

Cavalier

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Documented! I KILLED RICHTHOFEN by Gunner Buie
Exposed! AMERICA'S BILLION DOLLAR SEX RACKET

25c
DECEMBER

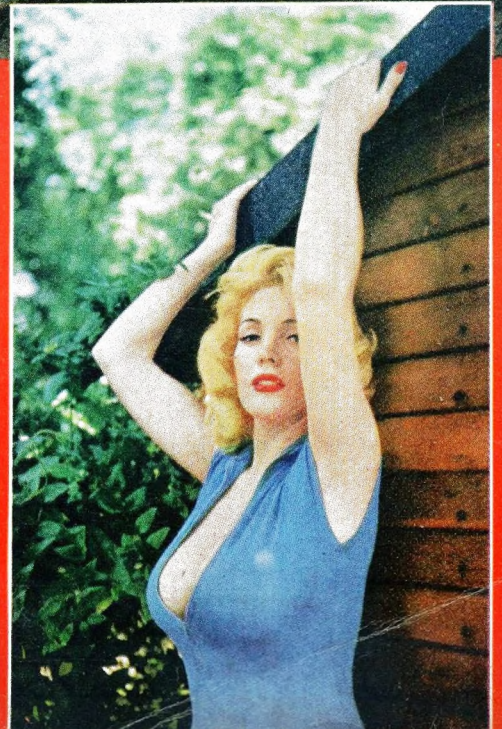


The Crash Heard 'Round the World

Why Do
They Hate
Jack Paar?



Blonde
Challenger



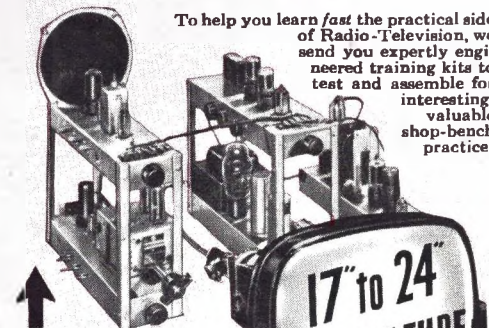
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Cavalier

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VOL. 8 NO. 78

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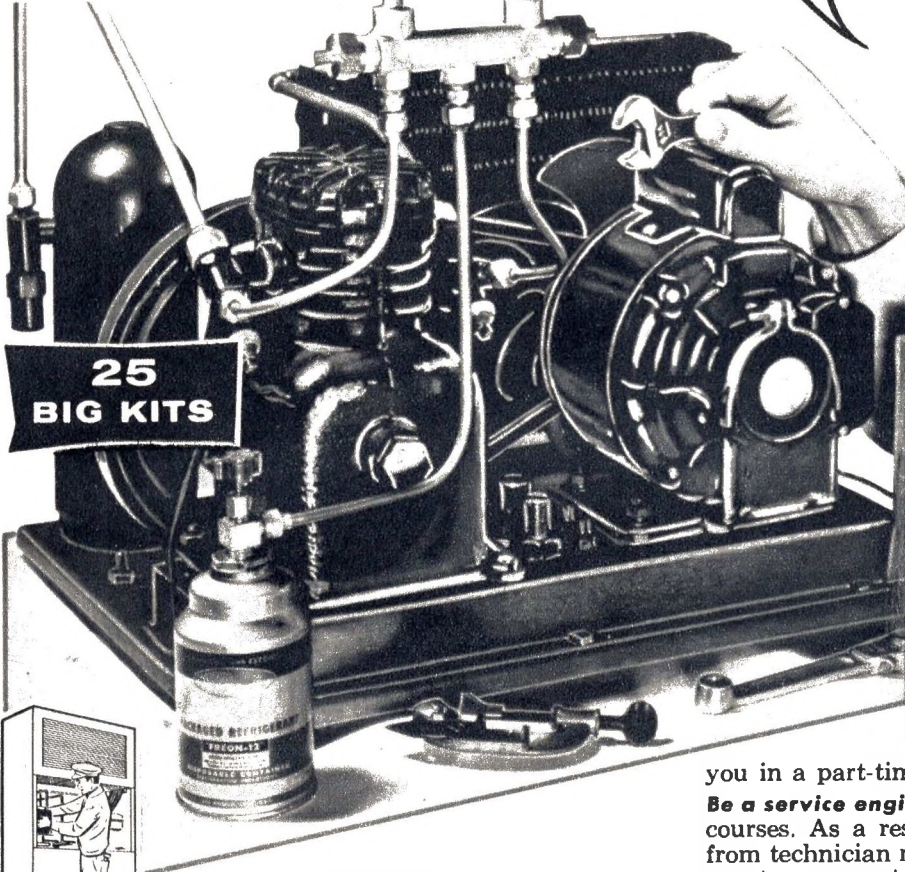
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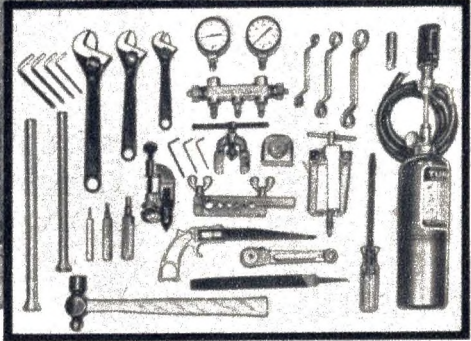
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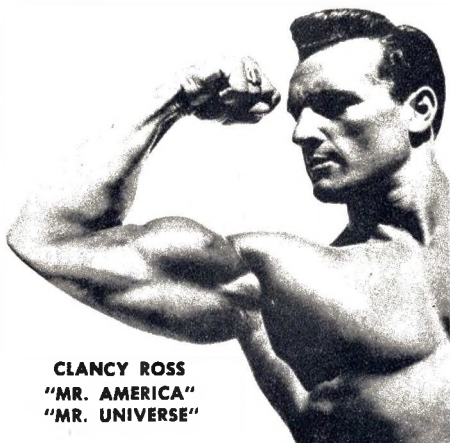
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Editor's Turn



THE RICHTHOFEN RIDDLE

Getting and running a story such as **I KILLED RICHTHOFEN** is quite an experience. This story demands that just about every World War I aviation book be rewritten. Naturally we were very curious as to why this story never came out before and asked writer Dale Titler how come. Here is his answer:

"As a boy of twelve, I read Floyd Gibbon's account of Baron von Richthofen's death under the guns of A. Roy Brown, a Canadian fighter pilot of 209 Squadron, R.A.F. Australian ground fire was also noted, and something was said about the Aussies putting in a claim for Richthofen, although the author declined to elaborate.

That vague reference lodged in the back of my mind where it has haunted me for twenty-one years. Fourteen months ago I decided to banish this ghost when I undertook the job of finding out what, if anything, was behind that stifled cry of protest that had emanated from the muddy trenches of 1918 France.

I couldn't find the answers in England, Canada or America. So I turned to Australia. There, to my surprise, I was able to contact a former Gunner of the 53rd Battery, Australian Field Artillery, a man who can reveal what *actually* happened on that fateful morning of April 21st. His name is Robert Buie. He is no stranger to Australians. His story is true.

The reason I know this, Mr. Curran, is because I have seen the official documents and papers in his possession. He has sworn to them and has agreed to present them for American publication.

In the event your readers may wonder why this man has never been brought to light before, let me say that *the facts have always been available.* Just why two generations of writers never bothered to take the time and trouble to dig them out, is as much a mystery to me as it may be to them."

—Dale M. Titler
Marianna, Fla.

In the meantime we had also checked with the Australian War Memorial at Canberra, inquiring particularly about the documents on page 15. Herewith the answer:

"With reference to your letter dated 8th September, 1959, it is advised that the photostat is of two documents included in the Library of the Australian War Memorial and presented for inclusion in the collection by Gunner R. Buie, 53rd Battery, A.F.A., on 20th July, 1931."

—J. McGrath
Australian War Memorial
Canberra, A.C.T.

HUIE AND SPRINGS WILL BE COMING

We felt the Richthofen story was so hot we rammed it into this issue at the expense of two stories we advertised—The Huey Long story by William Bradford Huie and the Elliott White Springs story by William E. Barrett. They'll be with us soon—though we have another WW I ace already on our January cover. He is Hermann Goering—that's right—who won the Pour Le Merite as a pilot in WW I.

DILLINGER AND THE F.B.I. . . .

. . . will be fighting their war over again in another story we have in the works. In the meantime we recommend *the F.B.I. story*—a top-notch movie starring Jimmy Stewart. Not only is this loaded with action but—and how did this happen, fellas?—June Allyson does *not* play Jimmy's wife in the movie.

Another good action flick is The Horse Soldiers, starring John Wayne. This is based on the novel of the same name and the novel was based on Grierson's raid—The Dash That Derailed Dixie you'll read about on pg. 44. Remember we said "based on" when you see a lovely lass joining the troop.

Speaking of lovely lasses, the January issue will introduce a new feature—Hurrell Visits—which will have ace photographer George Hurrell snapping a new beauty every month.

BEST BARROOM BET OF THE MONTH

—Just bet anyone that he can't spell the name of the Russian's head man, Khrushchev. Only trouble there is he mightn't be head man by the time you read this.

—Bob Curran

**THIS MAGAZINE GUARANTEED
OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**

We make such an offer for one reason only—to get new readers by calling attention forcibly to CAVALIER as a magazine whose editors are so proud of the material between its covers that they will make this sensational offer.

All we ask in making this offer is that you give us a "fair shake." Read every story in the magazine, then ask yourself this question: Have I received the value of the purchase price of CAVALIER in reading entertainment?

If the answer is "Yes," then we know we have gained another steady reader.

If the answer is "No," then:

1. Return the complete front cover of this magazine to us.
2. Write us a letter (pen and ink or type-written) of not less than 50 words telling us why you did not like the magazine.
3. Send your letter and the front cover of CAVALIER in the same envelope by first class mail to CAVALIER, Department 2, New York 36, N. Y.

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YOU ENTER FREE! No Statements — No Jingles — No Box Tops — No Guesswork — Only Skill Counts!

Yes, you enter this contest FREE. Everything you need to start is right on this page before you. The first four Official Puzzles (#1-#4) are at right below. Simply send in your solution to these four puzzles on one of the FREE Entry Coupons below... that's all you have to do to enter...

we'll send you Puzzles #5-#8 by RETURN MAIL (within 14 days) together with the official rules and complete details of how you may win up to \$75,000.00 in this exciting game (which for lack of space have not been printed here). Now study the sample puzzle below.

SAMPLE PUZZLE

Largest Island in the Mediterranean.

S I C I L Y

In this Sample Puzzle which is typical of all basic Official Puzzles there are just enough letters scrambled to correctly spell out the name of a certain island. Now look at the Clues. "Largest island in the Mediterranean." Of course you know this is Sicily and, sure enough, when you unscramble the letters, that's exactly the island name you come up with. Furthermore, you can tell by the outline of the island that you've got the correct answer. Finally, the pictured objects in the puzzle (Mt. Etna—a hot sun), also suggest Sicily. (NOTE: An additional clue with each set of basic Official Puzzles will be a list of island names from which to select your answers.)

Puzzles #5, #6, #7 and #8 will be mailed to each entrant within just **14 DAYS!**

YOU MAY WIN:

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4th PRIZE \$5,000.00

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HOW TO PLAY THIS GAME

The correct answer to each of the four FREE Puzzles below is the name of an island. The object of the game is to spell out the correct island name in each puzzle by unscrambling the letters in the puzzle. The pictured objects and other clues will help you verify your solutions.

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1

Famous for cigars

□ □ □ □

2

Inhabitants of this island are United States Citizens.

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

3

Saint Patrick drove out the snakes from this island.

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

4

Isle of the Mula Mula.

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

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Puzzle #3.....

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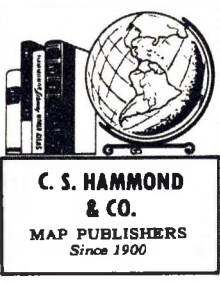
NAME.....

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CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

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Puzzle #2.....

Puzzle #3.....

Puzzle #4.....

NAME.....

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CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

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THRUST AND PARRY

Address all beefs and comments to CAVALIER Magazine, 67 W. 44th St., New York City 36, N. Y.

CONGRESS REPORTS

Thank you very much for giving me an opportunity to read William Bradford Huie's story on the "Servant-Athlete." ("The Great Service Servant-Athlete Swindle," Oct.)

It was one of the most forthright and informative pieces I have read on the subject. Mr. Huie and CAVALIER have struck a powerful blow for a more effective and efficient military force. . .

*Frank Kowalski, U.S. Congressman
Washington, D.C.*

. . . I think this ("The Great Service Servant-Athlete Swindle") was a provocative and well-written article which will contribute in some measure toward the effort of those interested in eliminating waste of military manpower. Our objective in the House Armed Services Committee is to encourage the Department of Defense to make certain that in each of the Armed Services necessary precautions are taken to avoid mal-assignment of military manpower.

Mr. Huie's article was very interesting and brought forth several matters which I am certain the Subcommittee on the Utilization of Military Manpower will want to look into.

*Melvin Price, U.S. Congressman
Washington, D.C.*

MONTY'S BROTHER COUNTER-ATTACKS

I am an elder brother of Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery and I have read the article on Page 48 of your September issue ("The Flat of Our Blade") with considerable amusement, although it is unnecessarily scurrilous.

I yield to no man in my belief that everyone is entitled to his opinion, but only if it is based on facts, which is far from the case in the article in question. The most glaring errors are the following:

1. In pouring scorn on the British effort at Falaise you obviously do not understand the master plan for the Normandy campaign, which was such a tremendous success. To reach Falaise the British Second Army had to fight its way through practically the whole of the German armour, whereas the American forces in executing the end sweep from St. Lô came in behind it.

2. Arnhem of course was a deliberate gamble for very high stakes which, if successful, would have ended the war in 1944 and saved countless lives—about which my brother was always very concerned.

3. What you said about the Scheldt Estuary makes no sense and is, I think,

the first criticism voiced on that score. You have probably thrown it in for good measure.

4. You say that Montgomery ignorantly predicted that the Germans could not possibly attack at the Ardennes, which is directly contrary to the facts. He was fully conscious of the danger created by the thinness of the American lines and warned General Eisenhower about it, but a calculated risk was taken.

In writing this letter to you I rest secure in the belief that I am not sufficiently important to incur "The Flat of Your Blade."

*D. S. Montgomery
Vancouver, Canada*

In answer to Mr. Montgomery and others we'll review the criticisms of Monty's tactics:

1. Falaise Gap. Gen. Omar Bradley who was there said Monty's tactics "mystified" him and "dismayed Eisenhower even more" and that they "shocked" the Third Army which "looked on helplessly as its quarry fled."

2. Arnhem. No one denies this was a disaster.

3. The Scheldt and Antwerp. Again Bradley speaks to say "Indeed of all the might-have-beens in the European campaign, none was more agonizing than this failure of Monty to open Antwerp."

4. The Ardennes. On Dec. 15, 1944, the day before the start of the German offensive Monty issued a directive which said, "His (the enemy's) situation is such that he cannot stage major offensive operations."

MATT'S THE MATTER

Just now read the current "Blade" episode, a truly wonderful character analysis. I kept gettin' madder'n' madder, till I came to the reference to Chester, then my attitude changed.

Agreed that "adult" westerns are decidedly childish, but "Gunsmoke" is about the easiest on the "adult" male constitution. CAVALIER is the "mosht."

*L. E. Gibson
New Philadelphia, Ohio*

We like "Gunsmoke" too. Just would like to see Matt Dillon loosen up.

Regarding Matt Dillon's according-to-you "dubious" and un-male relationship with Kitty, my husband and I feel you couldn't be more wrong. Based upon the very same data you have, we have reached a completely opposite conclusion—one that's far more logical, if I do say so myself!

Matt reacts to Kitty in much the same

way any man does who has known a woman long and intimately—he takes her for granted. There's something very touching in your concern over Kitty. Is a woman writing "The Flat of Our Blade?" Or has TOGETHERNESS slopped over into your pages from the women's magazines?

"Gunsmoke" is the story of Dillon's public life, anyway. They don't show how he gets his laundry done, either.

*Margaret Q. Wehinger
Long Beach, Calif.*

Yoicks! A woman write the Flat of the Blade?!?! Where would you find one with enough common sense? In re your explanation: why then does Kitty always look so downcast?



Kitty, with rare smile

JUST THE FACTS, MAN

CAVALIER's editors deserve the Flat of the Blade for including horror fiction in its pages.

Such material is nothing more than imaginative nonsense based on medieval superstition and supernatural humbug—hardly suitable fare for a magazine of the mature and realistic nature of CAVALIER.

Use this space for another good fact story and forget about fiction.

*Joseph Robinsky
Elizabeth, N. J.*

HOOSIER HOT-TALK

We think William Seabrook must be some kind of dope, wanting to eat human flesh. ("Why I Wanted to Eat Human Flesh," Aug. CAVALIER.) I don't like those kind of stories. It made me sick. My husband said he must be nuts. CAVALIER has some good stories in it but leave the naked women and girls out.

*Mrs. Bess Campbell
Indianapolis, Ind.*

[Continued on page 8]

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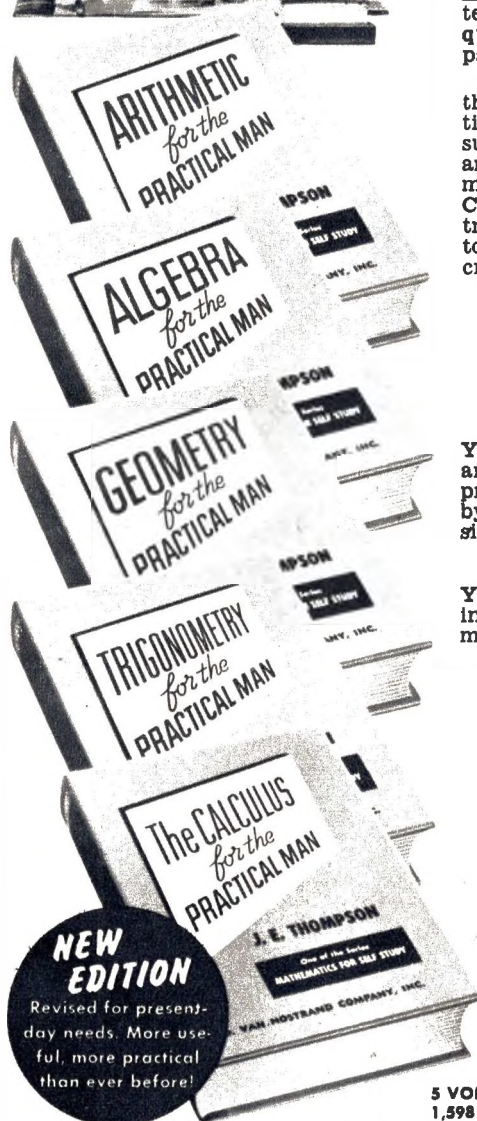
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THRUST AND PARRY

Continued from page 6

ORDER, ORDER WHO RUINED THE ORDER?

It was with great interest that I read the story of the "Laconia Order" in your September issue. ("The Bloodiest Allied Double-Cross of World War II.") In your article the author states that the plane bombing the helpless survivors was a "four motor Liberator with Allied identification markings" (English, according to the illustration).

In *Defeat at Sea* by C. D. Bekkar, who was a member of the German Navy, the author states "The Liberator with American identification marks came roaring up." Could you clarify this for me?

Albert Rayner
Kirkland Lake, Can.

Author Edward F. Oliver replies:

Mr. Rayner's source of information appears to be Mr. C. D. Bekker who was a member of the German Navy. Mere naval service does not qualify Bekker as an eyewitness to the Laconia affair.

In view of the fact that the Department of Air Force has no record of such an incident, I maintain there will always be a question as to whether the aircraft was British or American manned.

The article quite correctly used the word "allied" and there can be no argument but what this word is technically correct.

NEWS FOR PIN-UP PINERS

I enjoy your fine magazine very much, especially the stories about the War between the States. But, being an ardent admirer of the more beautiful category of the female sex, I would greatly appreciate more Pin-Up art. Much more. Very much more. I would consider it very kind of you to honor my humble request. Thank you.

Reader & Student of Pin-Ups
Houston, Texas

Starting with our January issue we will introduce a new CAVALIER feature, Hurrell Visits . . . which will have George Hurrell, the Hollywood glamor photog-

rapher, shooting an outstanding beauty each month.

His first choice is Diane Webber and even if you've seen Diane before you've never really seen her until you see her through Hurrell's camera's eye. You'll see four pages of full color, in keeping with



Diane, No. 1 choice

CAVALIER's policy of trying to find the best man for the job of satisfying each special interest of our readers.

STRIPPER TEED - - OFF

I have a beef. I refer to Mr. Charles Barton's letter in the August CAVALIER. I agree with Mr. Barton that drag racing on public streets is very dangerous and should not be allowed, but under proper supervision and on a private drag strip, this sport is very safe.

Since our strip opened about two years ago we have had no accidents at all and reckless driving (due to dragging on public streets) has dropped to almost nothing.

Lloyd W. Jones
Lawrence, Kan.

Looking through the August CAVALIER I came across the letter sent in by Charles Barton.

How can he call dragster drivers morons? These youths need skill and knowledge to build their highly specialized machines. They endanger no one since they run the dragsters only on strips made for the purpose and not against each other but against a clock. . .

If rodders are so dangerous, then why all the police-sanctioned hot rod clubs? Why doesn't Mr. Barton tend to his own

knitting or other athletic pursuits in which he may partake?

Martin Rosenfield
Brighton, Mass.

Am a regular reader of CAVALIER. Let me congratulate you on a fine magazine. There are a couple of hep-cat girls living across the hall from me here in the hotel and around the last of every month I am sure to receive a visit from one or both of them to see if I have finished reading my CAVALIER.

Being a bachelor without scruples, I look forward to their visits. . .

R.H.M.
Detroit, Mich.

We dig you, R.H. Right after the four dots, someone should insert the line "later we had coffee."

Please inform "rail enthusiast" C. A. Eggleston of Williamsburg, Va. that Spencer is in North Carolina. I enclose visual proof of my statement.

The Southern Ry. has been my hobby ever since I was old enough to know what a train was. I welcome any disagreement.

Keep up your fine work.

C. G. Heflin
Arlington, Va.

Station	10	11	12	1	2
Pelham	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00
Ruffin	10:05	11:05	12:05	1:05	2:05
Brown Summit	10:10	11:10	12:10	1:10	2:10
Greensboro	10:15	11:15	12:15	1:15	2:15
Winston-Salem	10:20	11:20	12:20	1:20	2:20
Winston-Salem	10:25	11:25	12:25	1:25	2:25
Greensboro	10:30	11:30	12:30	1:30	2:30
High Point	10:35	11:35	12:35	1:35	2:35
Thomasville	10:40	11:40	12:40	1:40	2:40
Lexington	10:45	11:45	12:45	1:45	2:45
Spencer	10:50	11:50	12:50	1:50	2:50
Spencer	10:55	11:55	12:55	1:55	2:55
Salisbury	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00
Salisbury	11:05	12:05	1:05	2:05	3:05
Moore Grove	11:10	12:10	1:10	2:10	3:10
Salisbury	11:15	12:15	1:15	2:15	3:15

The Southern RR time table

KING CAN DO NO WRONG

I sincerely enjoyed the article by Alexander King titled "My Days with a Zoo on My Back," in the Sept. CAVALIER. The sense of humor with which he told his story was wonderful. Too bad Jack Paar isn't the comedian this man seems to be.

By the way, I am a female but I read CAVALIER as an escape from daily drudgery. Perhaps sometimes it takes up too much of my time.

Lee Jackson
Alamogordo, N.M.

DON'T TELL IT TO THE MARINES

In regard to the ridiculous letter you published in your September edition written by Paul Harrington, obviously a Marine Corps reject or a brain-washed "Doggie," we would like to bring it to the readers attention that the U.S. Marine Corps won World War II. If the Marine Corps had received orders to the E.T.O., Hitler would have surrendered immediately.

As to the letter published knocking Matt McKeon, written by another idiot, McKeon was just trying to prevent the weakness in discipline shown by the Army in Korea. There is no doubt that the Marine Corps is the greatest fighting unit in the world. . .

Cpl. T. E. Hinds, USMC
A/Cpl. V. J. Atkinson
Santa Ana, Calif.

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The BIG FAT FLAME

We were stuck in the busy mid-Manhattan street. Behind us the traffic piled bumper to bumper, horns screeching indignantly. The Colonel leaned over to our cab driver. "What's wrong?" he asked.

by Harry Mayer
As told to him by
Colonel Fred P. Dollenberg

Grandpa toot around the square on a Sunday afternoon? Well, that's what these boys had under their P-40 hoods." The accident had started him off on his search, I supposed, and again he nodded. It hadn't been an easy journey. Apathy, defeatism — a young enthusiasm will always encounter these. I've done many success interviews, and it's a rare success that has been a joy ride. Dollenberg spent long hours off duty working on the problem of the antiquated spark plug, but when the war ended he still hadn't cracked it. Returning to a young wife and family the Colonel organized a non-scheduled commercial airline and operated it for 3 million miles, even introducing gliders for the first time in commercial aviation.

The cabbie pointed with his cigarette to the car in front, "Look."

We did. The car ahead of us—a shiny 1959 model—had stalled and the starter clattered endlessly with that empty metallic sound that you know in advance is not going to make the motor catch. Twisting the ignition key in helpless fury, the unfortunate motorist at the same time was exchanging uncomplimentary opinions with the drivers of the vehicles snarled behind him. At length he piled out of the car, wrenched at the hood, and looked fiercely at the inert engine. To no one in particular, but as though to vindicate himself to his tormenters, he shouted: "I just know it's those damned spark plugs. Only two thousand miles and already they're shot!"

Started, I turned to my companion. "Colonel," I demanded, "is this a plant?" He stared back at me, then he got it and he began to laugh. So did I, in a moment, and there we were in this taxicab, stalled between skyscrapers and going no place, roaring as though we'd never stop.

Spark plugs! That was the joke. The Colonel and I were on our way to his downtown office where I was scheduled to interview him for a magazine story. The subject—spark plugs.

You see, Col. Fred Dollenberg is the inventor and manufacturer of a device which is designed to allow automobiles to run without spark plugs!

Later, sitting in his top floor office, with the drapes parted to reveal the exciting lower Manhattan skyline, I got a more leisurely look at the Colonel. I wondered and asked about his smashed nose,—the war maybe?—and he smiled and said no, just an opposing tackle with a very hard head. Dollenberg was a star fullback at St. Joseph's in Philadelphia before he joined the Army Air Force as a pilot immediately after he got his degree as an engineer. After war was declared against Japan and Germany, he saw enough action to later receive the Inquirer Hero Award as Philadelphia's most decorated flyer, succeeding a similar award to Marine hero Al (Pride of the Marines) Schmid. He was one of the first to personally pilot Gen. Douglas MacArthur. Evidently there was considerable brilliance to this young fighter; he started the climb up to the brain trust, and some of the military manuals he was charged with preparing are still used by the Air Force. (Only part of this did I drag out of Dollenberg. Indeed it was only through reading a newspaper file that I learned of the Colonel's outstanding combat record!)

It was while Dollenberg was in command of a task force of seasoned P-40 pilots that a grim incident took place which set the then Capt. Dollenberg off on his restless search for perfection. A young ace, coming in safe and sound from a mission where he had gone through murderous enemy fire, never made it to his safe hut a few hundred yards away. He nosed a bit too low—no engine power to get the plane up quickly—and the trees that lay just short of the runway

caught the plane and pilot and crashed both. Dollenberg was horrified at the accident and at the paralysis of fatalism that seemed to settle on the shoulders of officers and enlisted men alike in the face of a tragedy so senseless. . . . After all, it seemed to say, it is true, isn't it, that more planes are lost through engine failure and other non-combat accidents than are brought down by the Japs? You had to expect such things—and accept them. . . . But Dollenberg couldn't accept them. Not when the cause of this type of accident could be ripped out of the engine.

"Plug failure?" I asked. He nodded, shortly. "This tragedy and others, too. Too many others. Did you know that spark plugs were invented more than 40 years ago for engines whose limit was 20 miles an hour? These very same spark plugs? And that in principle they haven't changed an iota since? Can you imagine a 2000 horsepower motor depending for ignition on a skinny little spark that had been intended to help

If it hadn't been for some weight-throwing on the part of one of the larger airlines which had begun to smart under the irritating competition it was getting from the Dollenberg outfit, the young man would undoubtedly have succeeded in commercial aviation and this particular story wouldn't have been written. But as it was, Dollenberg was forced out of business on the sort of technicality that somehow seems always to crop out against the small business, not the big. He had to sell.

Well, there he was — with a little money left from the debacle, a family, and a living to make for them. He turned his attention once more to the anachronism of modern engines — the spark plug. Starting again from scratch, he reviewed the problem.

"It's really quite simple," said Col. Dollenberg. "An engine provides power for a vehicle because gasoline, sprayed into the cylinder, is ignited by a spark. When ignited the gasoline burns pushing the piston down into the cylinder. The more complete the burning of the gas the more force in the cylinder. The more force, the more power. Obviously, therefore, the larger the spark the more gas ignited and burned. What we were after was a much larger spark, a big, fat flame!"

"And the conventional spark plug can't provide it?"

"No, it cannot. Every mechanic knows that."

"And the kid in the plane?"

"The P-40? What killed him was insufficient fire—a spark too skinny to ignite sufficient gas to give the engine instant power to climb up and over those trees."

"Why can't the spark plug give a fat spark?" I persisted.

The colonel spoke simply. "Because of its basic design. Every spark plug has an air gap—.025 to .035 of an inch—and the spark is no larger than the gap. No larger did I say? Only when the plugs are brand new is the spark even as large! Carbon forming immediately as the plug is put into use begins fouling, then ruining, the tip. The thin wire electrodes begin to wear away. The danger—and enormous expense—of this obsolete mechanism lies in these factors."

The answer to the spark plug was an igniter which had no airgap—which contained no wire electrodes—whose tip would not foul—which would not blow out even at the highest compressions . . . which would never need a replacement for the life of the engine.

Colonel Dollenberg went to Washington.

The Navy didn't accept him with open arms. The principle — fine! Let's see it work. And Dollenberg made it work. After the most exhaustive tests, he knew he was in. His LS-702 proto- (Continued on next page)



"The spark plug was invented more than 40 years ago. For the last 20 years it has not been doing an adequate job. The U. S. Navy and Air Force knew this only too well. The Naval Bureau of Aeronautics cooperated with me by undertaking extensive, expensive testing to replace obsolete spark plugs with this new efficient type of fuel ignition. We were successful with the LS-702—the aircraft predecessor of the present Lectra Fuel Igniter for automobiles. Today this extraordinary invention is replacing spark plugs in tens of thousands of automobiles throughout the country. By 1961 every car made will carry fuel igniters not spark plugs" . . . Col. Fred P. Dollenberg, U. S. Air Force, from a speech at the Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago, January 8, 1958.

Advertisement

HOW MOTORISTS ARE SAVING \$100 A YEAR

	SPARK PLUGS	LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS	SAVINGS
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Gas Consumption	600 gallons	465 gallons	\$40 per year
Additional cost of premium gas	\$50 a year	not a cent	\$50 per year
TOTAL SAVINGS =			\$100 per year

type was approved for U. S. Navy high-compression engine use.

If that had been it, it still would have made a good story—the revolutionary change that a former fighter pilot had effected in military aircraft. But that wasn't all. Dollenberg turned to the field of automobiles.

For more than 40 years the old-fashioned spark plug had been the standard gas igniter for every car made. During that time engine power had soared from less than 20 horse to more than 300. Every year the puny spark plug with its skinny little flame became less able to do its job. The new high compression engines were now burning out spark plugs in a few thousand miles of driving. In 1958 Americans paid more than 500 million dollars merely to replace worn-out spark plugs. To provide what spark plugs could not do, the big oil companies began to produce super and then super-super gas—at super prices! Not only were car owners spending a huge sum for plugs each year—they were also spending a fortune in premium gas for the privilege of keeping spark plugs in their engines. And even at that they were not getting their money's worth, as the new cars they bought very soon became sluggish ones.

If ever there was a call for a modern, efficient ignition mechanism to go with the modern automobile, this was it. Dollenberg heard the call. He marketed the LECTRA FUEL IGNITER!

There were problems. Little ones like designing the aircraft igniter to the same size and shape as the conventional automobile spark plug it was to replace. And big ones such as getting a small voice heard in the towering wilderness of the Detroit automobile kingdom. Dollenberg was helped by the shrewdness of fleet operators whose business depended upon efficiency and economy. Taxicabs running triple-shift around the clock installed the Fuel Igniter and reported a 10-20% increased gas mileage per car! Truck owners followed suit—and then the motorist. In less than 12 months, sales of the Lectra Fuel Igniter zoomed into the million dollar stratosphere!

I asked Dollenberg about the Lectra advertising claim that had jolted motorists all over the country. "Colonel, you've made the guarantee that LECTRA FUEL IGNITER will save a car owner \$100 a year or that you will take back the igniters and refund their money. How do you arrive at that one hundred dollars figure?"

"It's based on the average of 10,000 miles of driving in one year. First there will be a saving of from \$10 to \$12 a year in eliminating spark-plug cleaning, gapping, and adjusting at 5,000 miles, replacement at 10,000 miles."

"Does that mean that the Fuel Igniter will need no cleaning or replacing for a whole year?"

"It means that the Fuel Igniter will never have to be cleaned or replaced! I

mean that we guarantee that it will outlast the life of any car! Not only that: we are also guaranteeing that the Fuel Igniter will squeeze up to 6—maybe 8—more miles out of every gallon of gas purchased the first year and every year—or we will replace them free until they do. That's a saving of \$40 per year. And it will do this using regular gas—economy gas—not the super gas bought at such walloping prices. That means a saving of \$50 each year. And the igniters will do this every year of the car's life—they improve with age. They never wear out!"

As Dollenberg talked I drew up a chart. You can see it at the top of this page.

I said to Dollenberg, "Colonel, to a person like myself—a guy who drives a car well but knows next to nothing about its mechanism—who's always felt the car runs better after it's had a wash—how will I know right away I've really got something after I've switched from spark plugs to Fuel Igniters?"

The Colonel twinkled at me in sympathy. "I've always felt it a pity they don't teach mechanics to all school children. I think I know just how you feel. Anyway—very seriously—please listen to this: The first time you press the starter after you've installed the igniters (very simple—by the way), you'll hear and feel an instant clean throb and an immediate even roar of the engine. I tell you, you'll be astonished. Even on the coldest morning you'll get a thrill, listening to your engine kicking over instantly and then settling quickly into a smooth purr. As for stalling in traffic, like that fellow did this afternoon, that won't happen to you. Stalling is almost always traceable to a faulty spark—and the igniter will not fault. Climbing and passing? Even a big 325 horsepower car can and does falter on a hill or when it tries to pass if suddenly the spark plugs aren't burning sufficient gas. That won't happen to you. Instead you'll climb and pass more swiftly than you've ever known because you'll be burning gas, not wasting it. You've heard about the simple exhaust test? Try it. First, with the spark plugs in place, let the engine idle and stuff a ball of white absorbent cotton into the mouth of the exhaust. It will come out soaking with unused gasoline. Then try it with igniters replacing the plugs. The cotton ball will be almost dry. The gas burned instead of escaping through the exhaust. Or here's something else. Again with spark plugs in the car go into gear—or in drive if you have an automatic transmission. Don't touch the accelerator. Now note how much the car moves forward—if at all. Then unscrew the plugs and put back the igniters. If you stood still with spark plugs you'll move forward from 4 to 6 miles an hour with the igniters while not touching the gas pedal! The gas that was required with spark plugs in your car merely to idle your motor without being able to move it forward, carries you forward up to six miles an hour with igniters in the engine! One more final thing—with spark plugs a car must be looked over and adjusted several times a year. You know that from your own experience. But can you appreciate the concept of never, never having to remove or change spark plugs because you don't carry any? The concept of Fuel Igniters becoming permanent installations in your engine—for the life of your engine?"

"Yet, with all this—believe it or not—

I still haven't fully answered your question. . . . How you'll use more air and less gas. . . . the savings on your battery. . . . increased RPM. . . . how carbon—the enemy of spark plugs—actually increases the efficiency of Fuel Igniters. But what I've tried to say is that the spark plug is as inferior to the Fuel Igniter as the wagon is to the modern automobile. And just as out-dated, Auto mechanics know this now. The ordinary motorist is learning about it fast."

"One last question: What about Detroit, Col. Dollenberg? Do you feel you're fighting a crusade?"

Dollenberg looked out of the window, out into the dusk of the city. There was a reflective quietness about him as he thought of his reply. Then he said: "No, we don't believe we're fighting the big spark plug manufacturers. Oh, there's bound to be a competitive fight soon because it's a matter of only a short time before these giants will all scrap their investments in the obsolete spark plug and turn to the manufacture of fuel igniters. Meanwhile—to put it quite candidly—there is, of course, that huge investment in stocks of spark plugs to liquidate and while the big fellows are attempting to unload, LECTRA will be booming along." The grin came out again as he said: "I hope they take their time about it. At the rate we're going we'll be big enough to take care of ourselves shortly."

I got up to go, convinced that Dollenberg's quiet confidence was well-founded. The product and the man were right for each other. Here's an incident which impressed me. A short time ago, LECTRA ran a mail order advertisement in the sober *New York Times*. One of the replies they got was from a gentleman in Pennsylvania who put it to LECTRA right on the line. Said the Pennsylvania man:

"I've read your ad in the *New York Times*. What I want you to do before I order a set is for you to send me a copy of that ad through the United States mails. Then if your Fuel Igniters won't come through with all those fancy promises—and if you don't send my money back if they don't perform as you say—I'll have Uncle Sam on my side while I go after you." The hard-bitten Pennsylvania man was sent the ad through the mails, all right. And he ordered a set of Fuel Igniters. LECTRA wasn't fearful that Uncle Sam would be after them. Because—and here was the kicker—Uncle is a LECTRA customer! Many military installations have field-tested the Fuel Igniter. As a result of these field tests, many thousand Fuel Igniters have been purchased by these government units.

So that's the story of The Big Fat Flame. I'm leaving a little space for a message from Col. Dollenberg. Meanwhile I'm on my way outside to the garage with my set of Fuel Igniters. I can't wait to get rid of those spark plugs!

This article has been presented both as an advertisement for the Lectra Fuel Igniter and as a public service. Especially do I wish to emphasize the words public service. It is flattering to be imitated, it is said, but since the invention of the Lectra Fuel Igniter, there have appeared so-called "imitations" which have failed to perform as promised.

We state, flatly and sincerely, that we can back every claim that appears in Mr. Mayer's story. Please look very carefully at the table which follows: The fuel consumption figures in this chart are compiled from extensive field tests by industrial and private users.

RECORD OF PERFORMANCE — LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS

NOTE—All Lectra-equipped cars in these tests used REGULAR GAS
(compiled from survey reports and field tests)

YEAR	Make of Car	Spark Plug Miles Per Gallon	Lectra Fuel Igniters Miles Per Gallon		(Gain) Extra Miles Per Gallon
			Miles Per Gallon	Miles Increase	
1956	Chevrolet V8	17.7	22.2	24%	4.5
1959	Oldsmobile	17.1	20.3	18.7%	3.2
1955	Nash Rambler	20.0	27.6	38%	7.6
1954	Plymouth 6	22.2	26.0	17%	3.8
1955	Ford Fairlane	14.0	21.2	50%	7.2
1957	Chrysler Windsor	16.5	21.0	20%	3.5
1954	Oldsmobile 98	15.5	18.0	14%	2.5
1958	Pontiac	15.6	19.1	22.4%	3.5
1957	Dodge D-500	16.0	21.5	35%	5.5
1951	Buick Super	13.0	17.0	22%	4.0
1958	Chevrolet	16.9	23.8	40.8%	6.9
1956	Plymouth V-8	16.0	20.0	25%	4.0
1955	Oldsmobile 98 (air-conditioned)	15.0	20.9	40%	6.0

All above figures confirmed by letters and reports available from our files in New York City.

Nothing is as exacting—as compromising—as cold statistics. In the final analysis, nothing will prove to you the extraordinary benefits of the Lectra Fuel Igniter as its performance in your own automobile.

Therefore we guarantee (and stake our reputation and our business on this guarantee):

That Lectra Fuel Igniters must be everything we say they are, everything we have led you to expect. They must make your car perform as you never thought it would and on regular gas. You must IN YOUR OWN JUDGMENT get easier starting, faster pick-up, improved economy (to conform to the table above) or you can return them after 10-day trial and get back every cent you paid—without question and without delay. What's more—they must continue to function properly for the life of your car or they will be replaced until they do.

We've taken a lot of your time in presenting our story. Now there's nothing else to say; the rest is up to our Fuel Igniter. If you want to try them (bear in mind our guarantee) they will be rushed to you as soon as we receive your order. For your convenience we are adding a coupon to the bottom of this page. If you'll fill it out and mail it I can promise you the most exciting automobile experience you've ever known.

Sincerely,
Jac. P. Dollenberg
Lectra Fuel Igniter Co.

Lectra Fuel Igniter Co., Dept. K-12
11 East 47 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Rush my Lectra Fuel Igniters by return mail on your money-back guarantee.

I enclose \$12.60 for 6 igniters

I enclose \$16.80 for 8 igniters

I enclose \$_____ for _____ igniters at \$2.10 each

Send _____ igniters C.O.D. I enclose \$1 deposit and will pay postman balance on delivery plus shipping charges.

My car is _____ year _____ make _____ model _____ no. of cylinders

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Ordinary plug with air gap on thin wire electrode—single short thin spark.



Fuel Igniters with surface conducted spark—the BIG FAT FLAME.



THIS IS THE MOST AMAZING WAR STORY WE HAVE EVER PRINTED

—The Editors



This man is Robert Buie, a retired Australian fisherman. Here is his story of how he killed Manfred von Richthofen, greatest ace of WW I. IT IS A STORY THAT DEMANDS THAT EVERY BOOK ABOUT THE MOST FAMOUS KILL OF WORLD WAR AVIATION BE REWRITTEN

I Killed RICHTHOFEN!

At 10:40 on the Sunday morning of April 21, 1918, over the Morlancourt Ridge in France, a brief but vicious air battle took place between British and German fighter planes.

streaking in at low level, a red Fokker triplane skilfully positioned itself for a quick kill on an enemy Sopwith Camel. As the pair flashed over the Somme River two miles behind the lines, the pursuing triplane was suddenly caught in a hail of machine-gun fire. It swerved drunkenly, nosed downward and crash-landed near the 53rd Battery of the Australian Field Artillery.

Another Camel droned in a wide arc to the south, headed for base.

Thus was born a fallacy which for 42 years was accepted as fact—that Baron von Richthofen, Germany's greatest war ace, was shot down by an enemy airman in a Sopwith fighter.

by Gunner Robert Buie

as told to Dale Tittler

Illustrated by Frank McCarthy

German fighter

Before that fateful day drew to a close, two air squadrons and a machine gun battery claimed the kill. The first claim, made by the two-man crew of a lumbering R.E.8 Reconnaissance plane which had earlier photographed the area, was promptly dismissed as pure fantasy. It was as far-fetched as another claim made years later, when a former Australian rifleman, writing anonymously for an Australian publication, related with great detail how he had downed the celebrated flier with a single shot as his red triplane roared low over the trenches. Other claims were likewise discounted. One English Squadron Commander fairly well summed up the false claims in 1923 when he remarked, "Every new kid in my squadron thought he was fighting Richthofen."

Captain Arthur Royal Brown was a Flight Commander in 209 Squadron, Royal Air Force. He survived the war with 12 aerial victories. On that April



At 200 yards, with his peep sight directly on Richthofen's body, Gunner Robert Buie began firing in steady bursts. Still

morning he led his flight into the mad melee of swirling, roaring machines that traded fire over the Western Front. As the dogfight reached fever pitch, Australian observers on the forward positions saw Brown's plane—for a few brief moments—dive on the pure red triplane. Manfred von Richthofen, the Kaiser's deadliest ace, was aiming that triplane at a young Canadian officer on his first combat mission—Lieutenant Wilfred May.

May, in his cherry-nosed Camel, was defenseless, high tailing it for home with both of his guns jammed. Looking back

at the ugly snout of the Fokker with its flickering machine guns clattering full in his ears, he realized that he was dancing with death. He maneuvered desperately. Later he said, "If I had been experienced, he would have got me, because he would have known what I was going to do next. As it was, I didn't know myself, and my erratic maneuvers baffled him. . ."

The Baron followed May across the lines, and May recalled that, "Richthofen usually stayed within his own lines, but he got so mad at me that he followed me over into



Richthofen came on, both guns blazing. Then, abruptly, the Red Baron stopped firing.

our own lines . . . and I almost became his 81st victory.”

In his combat report for that day, Brown wrote that he had gotten in “a long burst” at the German machine, after which “he went down vertically and was observed to crash. . .” But ground observers later testified that actually Brown’s Camel veered sharply up and away to the left, leaving the two to fly on.

Still pursuing, Richthofen rapidly gained on May, firing short bursts from his guns all the while. Both planes were now hedge-hopping over hilly terrain almost two miles

behind the lines. Near a sharp bend in the Somme River, as Richthofen closed to within 20 yards of the Camel, 45 rounds from a post-mounted Lewis anti-aircraft gun, firing at point-blank range, reached out for the flashing triplane. Fragments flew from the machine. The roaring engine coughed and sputtered. The propeller slowed and the plane glided drunkenly into the ground.

In England, Captain Brown was decorated for his action in the encounter. He was accepted—and widely praised by the Air Services—as “the man who shot down von

Please turn page

I Killed RICHTHOFEN!

Date: April 21st 1918.
 Type and No. of Aircraft: Sopwith Camel 10-45 797L
 Locality: 62 D 2
 Armament: Two Vickers Syn. Guns.
 Duty: M.C.P.
 Pilot: Captain A.S. Brown, D.S.C.
 Height: 5000 feet
 Result: (Destroyed.....)
 (Driven down, out of control...)
 (Driven down.....)
 Engagement with red triplane:
 Time, about 11-00 a.m.
 Locality, Vers sur Somme
 Remarks on Hostile Aircraft: Type, Armament, Speed, etc.
 Fokker triplane, pure red wings with small black crosses.
 Narrative:
 (1) At 10.55 a.m. I observed two Albatross burst into flames and crash.
 (2) Dived on large formation of 15 - 20 Albatross Scouts & S's and Fokker triplanes, one of which got on my ass tail and I came out.
 Went back again and dived on pure red triplane which was firing on Lieut. May. I got a long burst into him and he went into vertical and was observed to crash by Lieut. Bellers and myself.
 I fired at the same time as Lieut. Bellers.

Capt. Roy Brown's combat report. Note that he does not mention Richthofen's name, or say he saw the plane crash.



At 26 von Richthofen was top ace with 80 kills to his credit. There have been many rumors about his fate, but Brown story always had preference—perhaps because airmen hate idea of ignominious death from groundfire.

Richthofen."

During the post-war years, articles in magazines and newspapers endorsed Brown's part in the fight. *The Red Knight of Germany*, by Floyd Gibbons, was published in 1927. It carried a blazing—and highly dramatic—account of the Baron's fall under Brown's guns. Although tempers flared in Australia, it nevertheless became the authoritative account of the life and death of the great airman. World War I pilots, inspired to pen the adventures of War in the Sky, dedicated themselves to promoting the glory of aerial warfare. To their thinking, Richthofen could only have been felled by an aerial opponent. It was simply not fitting that he should have died by any other means. A fighter pilot who lived by the code of aerial combat must die by its rules.

In 1928 the controversy erupted openly, largely as a result of Gibbons' book. War buddies of Brown rose to his defense in London, and bitterly assailed an Australian publication of General Rawlinson's Report—a document which tended to disprove the R.A.F. claim. Earlier, Brown had contributed to several American and Canadian newspaper serials under the title: *My Fight With Richthofen*. It is strange that seven years after these serials were published—in April of 1934—Brown, when interviewed by the *Toronto Star*, flatly declined to comment on the fight. "I am not particularly interested now," he said.

In 1937 Wilfred May described his narrow escape for the same paper. He credited Brown with having saved his life, yet omitted any mention of having actually seen Brown shoot Richthofen from behind.

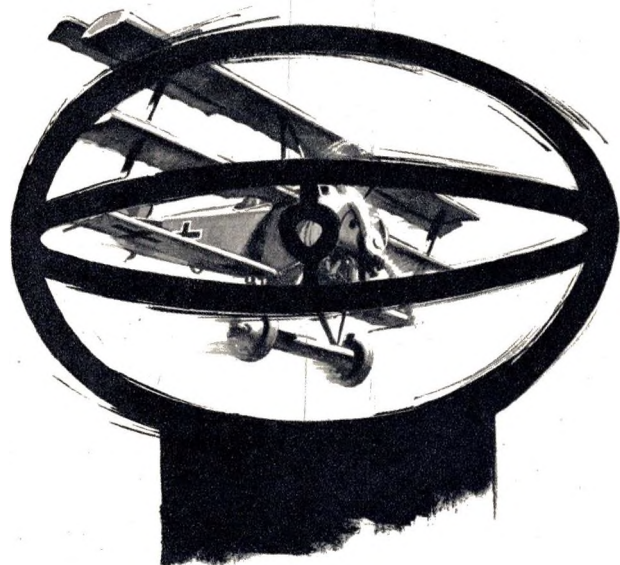
If Brown had pulled up and away from Richthofen as they crossed the lines, what happened in the interim? If Brown's burst struck the enemy ace, did Richthofen con-

5/21
 5th Div
 3rd Amst Div
 503 21
 German shot down
 by 53rd Battery AFA
 this morning was
 famous BARON VON
 RICHTOFEN
 5th Amst Div
 (S) [Signature]

Report from General Hobb's Fifth Division went out immediately, informing other commands of Gunner Buie's exploit. Document is on file with Australian War Memorial.

I Killed RICHTHOFEN!

Continued from preceding page



Fitter Bartlett, of the 53rd Brigade, made Buie this peep sight from an 18-pound shell case. The sight is now on display at the Australian War Memorial in Canberra.

Luftstreitkräfte. The Fatherland regarded its young eagle as a veritable demi-god, for even today the German school-boy will proudly tell you that Richthofen was unmatched and invincible in the air.

Richthofen was neither the first nor the last fighter pilot to fall prey to ground fire. Frank Luke, America's second ranking ace, fell under fire from a rapid-fire ground cannon. Mickey Mannock, who flew for England, met a fate similar to Richthofen's. There were others. It was ironic indeed that this man, who had repeatedly ordered his men never to



Gunner Robert Buie in 1919, shortly after he returned to Australia. He was known as a "smooth-faced boy, quiet and modest."

be pulled down to low altitude and become trapped behind enemy lines, should violate his own tactical concept.

Today, the man who put Richthofen out of action lives in New South Wales. His sole income is a small invalid pension. Owing to poor health he cannot work, and although the heart condition which took him out of the trenches in 1918 finally disabled him, he has twice been denied a war pension.

Undecorated and practically unrecognized for his gallant action, Robert Buie's concern is not for personal glory. A patriot still, he asks only "that the honor of destroying Germany's ace pilot belongs to Australia."

Here, appearing for the first time in any American publication, as told by former Gunner Robert Buie, is the true and complete account of Baron Manfred von Richthofen's last fight—and death.

It should be the death of the Richthofen controversy.

—Dale Titler

In October of 1916, I enlisted in the Australian Army and three months later sailed for France. On the 21st of April, 1918, I was with the 53rd Battery of the 14th Australian Field Artillery Brigade as an anti-aircraft gunner. Our position was roughly two miles behind the front lines on the crest of the Morlancourt Ridge overlooking the Somme River Valley.

The Battle of the Ancre had slackened. We had held our present position for about four months, manning our two anti-aircraft guns 24 hours a day by shifts.

The big guns had been quiet the night before and I got fair sleep, arising from my dugout at 6:00 to prepare for my duty beginning at 8:00. My dugout mate, Bombardier Seccold, also arose and we ate together our customary breakfast of bread and marmalade with hot tea. Snowy Evans, our other gunner, was also stirring about, noisy, talking a blue streak and joking with us as usual. We stood and sat in a small group, for the most part young boys dressed in khaki tunics, riding breeches and putties. We wore our helmets constantly as our position was fairly hot most of the time with a good share of shelling by German artillery.

Although it was a cool, cloudless Spring morning, the usual early air activity was delayed until mid-morning, when, at 10:40, a sizeable dogfight between British and German fighter planes centered on our front directly over the lines. The German machines were brightly painted Albatros scouts and Fokker triplanes, and the British squadron was composed of about 15 Sopwith Camels. A moderate East wind, unfavorable for the Germans, slowly drifted the engagement toward us.

The German Red Circus—or "Red Devil Squadron," as we called it—was in the melee. Their red machines were known to most of us and were led by Baron von Richthofen, Germany's crack ace, who had only the day before brought down his 80th plane. To single him out amid the 25 or 30 circling planes, however, would have been almost impossible.

I was standing by my Lewis gun, watching the air battle drift closer. Our guns were post mounted, especially fitted for anti-aircraft use, and could hold a pannier of 45 .303 calibre bullets, four of which were tracers equally spaced as every tenth shot. These were to help us judge where our fire was going so we could make corrections. As yet we had not received a newly designed gunsight which was to be used on our Lewis mounts, but Fitter Bartlett of our battery had studied a picture of [Continued on page 48]



Cavalier's Lady

New Blonde Challenger



If some enterprising gent in Hollywood should borrow a page from boxing's book and list the champ in each field and all the logical contenders for the title, it would help girls like Juli Redding, the blonde you're meeting here. It would also make girl watching—especially blonde watching—an easier sport to keep track of. Instead of guys looking out for dames like Ekberg long after this gifted "actress" has forsaken cheesecake, they'd be aware of new threats like Juli here. Unless our eyes are going back on us, we'll say Juli will be the blonde who succeeds June Wilkinson after she becomes an "actress" (oh, yes, it's bound to happen). Indeed, we feel an enterprising press agent could make hay with Juli. Just bill her as the he-man's Elizabeth Scott. Her face is reminiscent of Liz's (though the frame sure isn't) and like Liz she seems to have lost an E someplace. But that's all that's missing—as you can see. The statistics: 40-22-36. •





William George

The \$12,000,000 Dive That Saved The British

The gold was 400 feet down—an “impossible” depth—in enemy patrolled waters, but that didn’t worry John Johnstone and his “sea bums.” They figured their leaky old tub would sink before they even got there

by John Carlova

Illustrated by William George

A waterfront bartender once described John Johnstone as “a cross between a barracuda and a bulldog.” The description is apt. For sheer daring and determination, few men have matched Johnstone as a deep-sea diver. In the ports of Australia and New Zealand out of which he worked, his exploits are told and retold wherever seamen gather. Some of his admirers even claim that Johnstone, in the early days of World War II, saved Britain from defeat.

Johnstone, a big, rugged man with a wry sense of humor, would be the first to scoff at such an idea. Yet it has some basis in fact. In a fabulous underwater epic which made maritime history, he did indeed help Britain out of a pretty tight spot.

It all began one day in 1940, when Johnstone received a message reading, “Have a job which I’ve been told is impossible. Since you don’t know the meaning of the word, I figure this is just the job for you. Get over here at once.”

Johnstone grinned. The message was from an old friend, Captain J. P. Williams, an Australian salvage expert with whom the diver had often worked. He lost no time in getting to Williams’ office in Melbourne, where the stenographers eyed Johnstone appreciatively. Although his nose was broken and he sometimes moved as though divers’ weights were still on his feet, he had the rangy grace and craggy good looks of an outdoor movie star.

Williams ushered Johnstone into his private office, closed the door, locked it and said, “First of all, everything I have to tell you is strictly in confidence. Is that understood?” “Sure,” said the diver, mystified. “What’s up?”

“We’ve got a helluva tough job on our hands—and a highly secret one. Sit down.” Johnstone sat down, and Williams said, “I suppose you’ve heard about the *Niagara*?”



Capt. John Johnstone

Please turn page

Another two feet and the mine would blow the *Claymore* sky-high. And Johnstone’s lifeline was hooked on a horn.

The \$12,000,000 Dive That Saved The British

Continued from preceding page

"Sure. Who hasn't?"

A short while previously, on June 18, 1940, the liner *Niagara* had struck two German mines while making her way out to sea from Auckland, New Zealand. The 13,415-ton veteran of the Australia-New Zealand-Canada run had gone down in more than 400 feet of water. Although the 351 passengers and crew had been saved, the ship itself was beyond recovery.

"Think you can get down to her?" Williams now asked Johnstone. "It's damned important."

"Why?" countered the diver.

Williams told him. Although few people knew it, the *Niagara* held a fortune in gold—295 stout pine boxes containing a total of 590 ingots from the goldfields of South Africa. The value of this treasure was £2,500,000, the equivalent at that time of \$12,000,000. The secret hoard had been on its way to America, where it was to have been used to pay for urgently needed arms for beleaguered Britain.

In those early war days, when the U.S. was technically neutral, American law forbade the delivery of arms on credit. All payments had to be made in hard cash. To Britain, therefore, fighting alone, the fortune in the sunken *Niagara* represented desperately needed arms to hold off the onslaughts of Germany.

Johnstone gave a low soft whistle. "Looks tough for old Blighty, eh?"

"Tougher than you think!" responded Williams.

He went on with his story. As soon as word of the *Niagara* disaster had reached London, officials of the Bank Of England had hurriedly met in their gloomy headquarters in Threadneedle Street. "Countinghouse commandos" had made a rapid check of the British Commonwealth's cash and gold reserves, and their worst fears had been verified. Unless the gold in the *Niagara* was recovered—and quickly—Britain's war effort would be seriously hampered financially.

An appeal for help had then been flashed to the Admiralty. Within minutes the Empire's maritime leaders had gathered in a "top secret" room in Whitehall. The best salvage experts in England were called in. To a man, they declared it would be impossible for divers to reach the *Niagara*, let alone get the gold out of her. The ship was lying more than 400 feet down in waters notorious for their fury—a stormy "sea graveyard" located near Hauraki Gulf off New Zealand's North Island, which held the wrecks of scores of unfortunate craft. Even if the waters were calm, the salvage experts emphasized, it would be suicidal for divers to try to work at a depth of more than 275 feet.

Nevertheless, apparently hoping for a miracle, the Bank of England had commissioned Captain Williams to explore the possibilities of salvaging the gold in the *Niagara*.

"And that's how we stand as of now," Williams told Johnstone. "What do you think?"

"I think we'd better get to work," promptly replied the diver, "and damned quick!"

Williams had a map of Hauraki Gulf ready, but Johnstone didn't need it. He had worked in those waters before and knew them well.

"Those English salvage blokes were right about one thing," he informed Williams. "The *Niagara* is down too deep and the waters are too rough for ordinary diving operations. A man in a diving suit couldn't work down there—probably couldn't even live. We'll need a diving bell."

"But there isn't a diving bell in this part of the world!" the Captain protested.

"I know. We'll have to make one. Come on, let's go!"

The two men went to David Isaacs, a Melbourne consulting engineer, and told him what they wanted. Isaacs listened, took notes, drew a rough sketch, and then turned out a strange object that looked like an enormous rivet. It had a long, cylindrical body, reinforced to stand terrific underwater pressure. On the top was a manganese bronze dome, fitted with 14 quartz windows. This formed an observation center which, with its strong overhead searchlights, could afford views into the dark depths in all directions.

While the diving bell was being built and shipped to Auckland, John Johnstone rounded up a salvage crew. There weren't many young men available. Most young Australians and New Zealanders had already responded to the Commonwealth's call to arms and were in the services. The grizzled old sailors of fortune whom Johnstone finally gathered together looked more like tramps than possible heroes. As veteran salvage operators, they good-naturedly and even proudly bore such labels as "scavengers of the sea" and "sea bums."

Yet they had a spirit as strong and salty as the ocean itself. This was demonstrated the night in September, 1940, when Johnstone assembled his prospective crew in Auckland. In the murky light of a waterfront tavern, the diver warned the men, "This is the toughest job any salvage crew ever tackled. All I can tell you is that it's going to be hard and dangerous for everybody who goes out on it. Some of us—or maybe all of us—may not come back. If any of you want to back out, now's the time to quit."

One of the old seadogs shifted his pipe, spat disgustedly and spoke for the whole crew, "Hell, Johnny, you know we ain't quitters!"

Johnstone's next problem was to find a salvage craft. There was none. Everything that could float had been pressed into service to replace war casualties. A tiny, ancient steamer was finally found rusting away on a mud flat near Auckland. This was the 200-ton *Claymore*, a paintless derelict punctured by at least a dozen holes. It had no steering wheel, compass or doors, and looked absolutely hopeless—that is, to everyone but Johnstone's "sea bums." They hauled the old ship off the mud flat, patched up the holes and fitted her with a cockeyed assortment of bought, begged and "borrowed" gear.

The *Claymore*, ready for sea, looked as piratical as the crew itself. Observers who watched the floating junkpile heading out of Auckland harbor either laughed at it or shook their heads in disgust. Considerable wonderment was expressed, too, over the strange looking object on deck—the diving bell.

It was not until the *Claymore* was out of harbor that the crewmen were told exactly what they were after. They were then sworn to secrecy—more for their own sakes than the gold in the *Niagara*. German [Continued on page 71]

EXPOSED!

America's Billion Dollar

SEX RACKET



Here a top investigator reveals the inside workings of one of America's most lucrative businesses—FILTH

by Ernest A. Mitler

Former Assistant District Attorney, New York County and former Special Counsel, U. S. Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency



We are inside a mail order house that specializes in "girlie" photos. Its big warehouse-like office occupies what otherwise would be two retail stores on the ground floor of a building on Ventura Boulevard in Los Angeles. Near the doorway, a dozen girls sit addressing and stuffing envelopes. In the rear, perhaps 20 more men and women process the pictures or work on advertising circulars that will go into other envelopes.

It is the circulars—cleverly worded, highly suggestive, sent by the hundreds of thousands to every name on huge, purchased mailing lists—which attract the cash business. One circular which has brought in thousands of filled-in order blanks is designed to look like a hand-written, personal note. It has a snapshot of an almost naked girl attached, and starts out, seductively, this way:

"My name is Mary and I think I have something you want. I'm an art model—pose in the nude, you know, and I thought maybe you would like me or my girl friends to pose for you in a *very special* way . . . I know exactly what you want (all you men are alike), and I'm one of the few gals you'll find who *enjoys* pleasing you all the way."

Another not untypical circular that has been flooding the mails pantingly promises: "GENUINE STAG MOVIES . . . Absolutely nothing held back! Uninhibited showing of unobstructed situations!"

But the delivered pictures (stills start at about 35 cents; 50-foot movies from \$3) prove to be quite a bit different from the promised ones. Instead of unobstructed views of lurid scenes, they usually show a series of girls bare from the waist up and reveal less of what is below than can be seen by a balcony viewer in the average burlesque house.

To keep disgruntled customers as well as postal and police officials off its neck, this mail order house, like its competitors, operates under different names from month to month and is constantly changing the box numbers it uses as a mailing address. The ruses are financially well worth the effort.

Please turn page

Grab Writer s Filth-Dope Parties Fixer

By William Federici and David Quirk
TV writer, and dope parties
in the penthouse
distributor of
Malone, su
Department
ity.
d Vern. 41, v
such TV 1

City Aid Seized, Called a Star In Pornographic Movie Net

By William Federici and Sidney Kline
A crackdown on a major production and distribution center for pornographic movies—housed in a suburban home in a pleasant

Talent Hunt On Seek Girls Who Star in V-Mov

Dozens of attractive blondes, redheads and brunettes who starred revealingly in pornographic films were the biggest sex-movie rings ever uncovered in New York City. Island authorities disclosed. Assistant District Attorney Thomas Sullivan of Richmond County said the other four on more than 50 girls, mostly in their 20s, who acted in the movies, of having been distributed.

Held as Vice Film 'Actress'

found in Malone's home, detectives said. Davis was booked at the St. George station on charges of taking indecent pictures and hiring a woman to pose for them. He will be arraigned today in Richmond Magistrate's Court.

Sore at Wife's Sin Film Pay, He Tips Cops

By William Federici
The station home yesterday.

Nabbed as a Supplier In Filth, Dope Parties

(Continued from page 3)
... when vice and morals
... has been checking the por-
... graphic ring since Monday and
... grabbed in his great bills. B. L.
... home last



Last year, the stocky, well-dressed and well-educated owner of the firm netted \$100,000 on his mail order operations.

The pictures he peddles, preceded as they are by enticing, strongly sexual circulars, are what law officers term the "soft" side of the half-billion dollar a year pornography business.

Three thousand miles away, behind the facade of a small, second-hand book and magazine shop in the Times Square section of New York, is another side of the pornography mill. The proprietor here is known to pimps and perverts (and their employees or partners) throughout the country as a man who will buy any pictures they've got or are willing to set up, no matter how hot. He also is known to a growing number of carefully screened customers as an operator who can be counted on to sell erotica of every description, written or pictured.

There is no mail order business here, bringing with it the possibility of frequent, oppressive federal snooping. All sales and rentals are by personal contact—and in his case the merchandise is so obscene and in such demand that little or no sales persuasion is needed.

Prices are also higher, reflecting the demand. A deck of cards depicting in sketches different methods of sexual intercourse will sell for from \$3 to \$5. Scratchy, one-reel movies, elaborating on the same subject with live actors, sell for \$25 and up.

Books and pamphlets are also a big source of revenue. Typical is a little paperbound booklet called "Love in a Pool," which sells for \$5. On page after page the booklet describes in detail the purported amorous adventures of a circus hanger-on with members of the troupe, including five English girl acrobats at one time. The booklet contains three photographs. Two show a man and woman practicing oral variations of sexual intercourse; the other shows

two naked women committing perversions on each other. The booklet consists of 32 cheaply printed pages, and in appearance and subject matter resembles dozens of others the dealer has for sale.

In the New York area, this dealer's steady customers include: 1) the program directors of men's clubs in search of extra-spicy movies for a particular party; 2) salesmen who find that the gift of a dirty little book or an obscene photograph brings an appreciative chuckle from earthy customers and is good public relations; 3) promoters who need to corral the filthiest possible films in order to justify \$5 and \$10 admission charges to stag affairs they put on in basements and dingy rented halls; 4) men (and some women) who have built up extensive collections of pornography—usually as a very secret hobby.

Several times a year, this dealer also sends salesmen on



Some of the pornography put into evidence at Senate subcommittee hearing.

ON FILM - 16mm and 8mm

6. WIGGLE AND WAGGLE
Here is a dance that defies description. All we can tell you is that the gal who performs it undulates in such a teasingly different fashion that she soon will have you rocking and rolling in the same rhythmic way. This girl is not only built like a modern Venus but she is loaded with the special talent that men go for.

7. SHIMMY AND SHAKE
If you like your films with action, brother, this is it. A dark skinned bundle of dynamite has been endowed with all the natural resources that make men sit up and notice. And does this girl know it! She revels at the knowledge of her power and lets forth with a torrid dance that leaves you howling and squirming with delight.

8. TIME FOR FOLLY
This girl's idea of folly is a heights. Your fondest interludes.

All Film Available on 16mm or 8mm

8MM (50 ft.)	\$5.00 ea.
16MM (100 ft.)	\$8.00 ea.

SPECIAL BONUS! For a limited time only, we are giving away a special film ABSOLUTELY FREE with each order of all 8 films. This extra special and valuable gift is not for sale AT ANY PRICE.

NO PROJECTOR?
Don't let this sensational feature to 8mm film of Viewer only... purchase a projector.

WHAT'S YOUR PLEASURE... in NUDES?

REDHEAD BRUNETTE?

THEM IN FULL COLORED SLIDES or 3D

Ever since the Mona Lisa smile men have had the 'female' with a new light in their eyes. However, like such art treasures as the Mona Lisa, good art is seldom seen.

You Asked For Them

Hard-To-Please Adult Film Collectors are restless for these films. Tired of the run-of-the-mill stuff, they want less performance and spiritless action, they want us and demanded something with life and talent, beautiful girls... by girls who can't act a man body and soul. We searched long and hard and not in vain. What we came up with is strict mite! These girls are complete masters.

ON FILM - 16mm and 8mm

- 1. FORBIDDEN ECSTASY**
Within the intimacy of her boudoir a girl's most fondly desired dreams of self-satisfying indulgence are directed towards dreams of self-satisfying indulgence. Electrifying films have caught the lovely maiden so preoccupied she is unaware there is a witness to her hidden Ecstasy.
- 2. KEY HOLE CAPERS**
Behind the privacy of her locked door this curvaceous beauty performs routines that stem from her own fantasies. These are most delightful and comical.



Irving Klaw, alleged operator of \$1,000,000 a year pornography business, pleaded Fifth Amendment at hearings.

the road, with car trunks loaded, to supply trusted individuals in cities as distant as New Orleans with obscene films, pamphlets and an assortment of pornographic gadgets for men and women. His gross sales are estimated to be at least \$2,000,000 a year. To authorities, the fact that much of his material deals graphically and in considerable detail with sexual intercourse makes him what is termed a "hard core" pornographer.

Multiply the Los Angeles mail order firm by about 100 and the hard core Times Square book store operator by a dozen or so and we have the chief sources for the incredible amount of pornographic material now flooding the country. With hundreds of millions of dollars spent annually for "indecent" pictures, drawings, movies and stories, gov-

ernment officials wryly concede that traffic in obscenity has never been bigger or more blatant. These officials also grimly point out that the availability of pornography can be—and too often has been—a contributing factor in sex crimes of every sort from rape and physical mauling, to murder. Psychiatrists agree with them.

Yet while some stronger laws aimed at suppressing smut peddlers have been recently enacted, no appreciable reduction in the huge present volume of pornography is in sight. For there are three major reasons why smut—the rougher the better—figures to remain the big business it is by anybody's standards.

The first reason is the insatiable curiosity most of us have about anything concerning sex, and the titillating—though it is often denied—enjoyment people in general get out of seeing "dirty pictures."

Secondly, there is a maze of legalisms which seriously hampers the prosecution of obscenity vendors. In many courts, in fact, the most truly vicious and potentially most dangerous type of material is not considered pornographic at all.

Thirdly, new men and women are continually being lured into the sordid pornography fold for the same reason that bind the veterans to it. For some the appeal is dollars and cents; for others, direct participation in a pornography business provides a personal and frequently abnormal kind of sexual satisfaction they may not even have known they were seeking. In many cases, of course, the goals are a combination of the two: apparently more money than can otherwise be earned and sex thrills to go along with it.

Now let's explore each of these factors in more detail: When I was with the District Attorney's office in New York County, we took it for granted that at least some of the pictures and books seized in a raid on a pornography dealer would never reach our office as evidence. A few of the raiding policemen could always be counted on to pocket the smuttiest ones and take them home to show relatives and friends.

On to Washington a few years later and a noticeable upsurge of interest in the activities of the Senate Committee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency when it turned its attention to "obscene and pornographic materials." I was working for the Subcommittee then as an associate counsel and people who had never even greeted me before suddenly became back-slapping friends. [Continued on page 55]



The Flat

These guys (and gals) get a whack on the backside from the flat of

to Yves Saint-Laurent and the Fashion Racket

“Fashion is a form of ugliness so intolerable that we have to alter it every six months.”—Oscar Wilde

It's a mad world, my masters, and never more incredibly crackbrained than in the glittering, glamorous realm of fashion. What goes on there you would never, never believe if you didn't have the proof right under your very eyes year in and year out. Consider:

Every six months or so a little shnook with horn rims and round shoulders sits down at a drawing board in Paris and perpetrates some abomination like the sack dress or the “trapeze” look. Do the authorities then lead him gently away to the nearest funny farm and chain him to a wall for his own protection and the good of society? They do not.

Instead, swarms of dressmakers fall furiously to work cutting and stitching, and pretty soon the newest abomination is being paraded through gilt-and-gold fashion salons by cadaverous models who seem to be in dire need of intravenous feeding. They look terrible and the clothes look awful. Does everybody have a good, hearty horse-laugh and then ignore the whole horrid spectacle? Not at all.

Before you know it, uncounted thousands of American women are spending untold millions of dollars for the privilege of looking as ridiculous as the shnook in Paris wants them to look.

The latest of the shnooks to make a major splash in fashion design is Yves (pronounced “Eve”) Saint-Laurent of the House of Dior, a boy wonder whose creations have already proved to be idiotic enough to assure him a long and lucrative career in a field where foolishness and frivolity reign supreme. Barely in his twenties, Little Evie scored a brilliant success with the sack dress which made women with good shapes look shapeless and women with bad shapes look hideous. Not content with

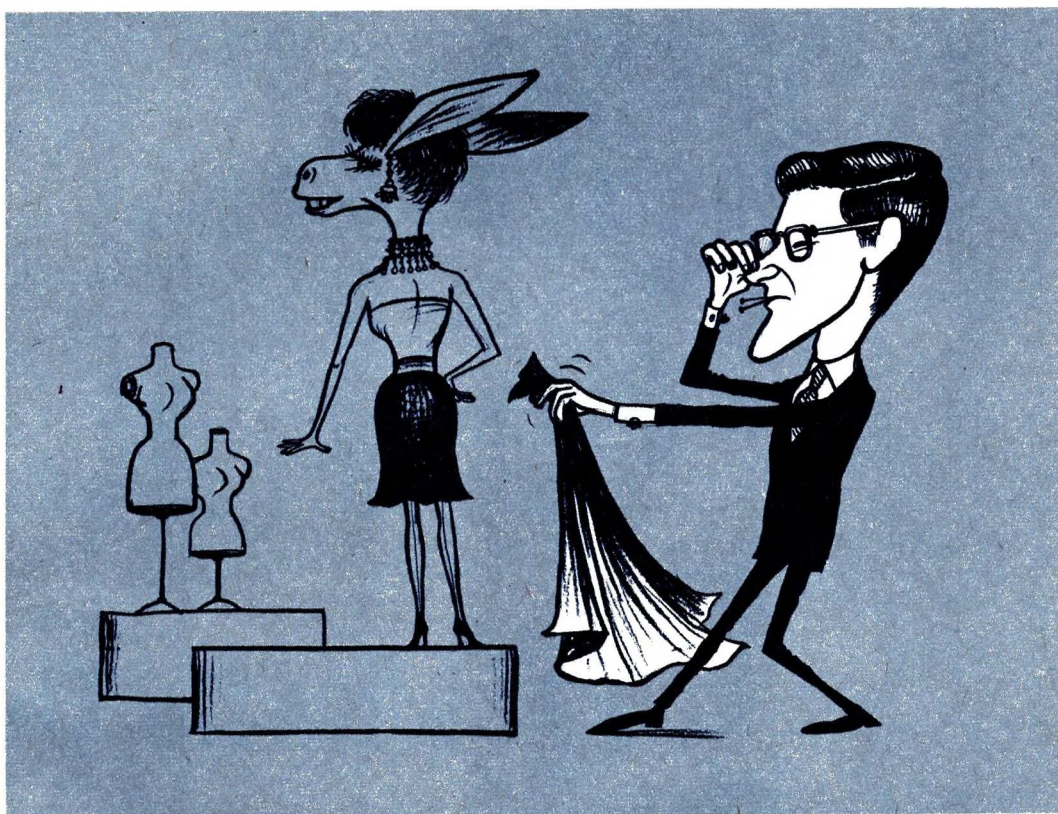
this sensational triumph of the designer's art, Evie is reaching for new laurels by launching a revival of the hobble skirt. Hobble skirts date back to the year 1913 and are probably the most ungainly and ungraceful style ever inflicted on womankind since the Chinese gave up mutilating the feet of their girl babies in the interest of chic.

As this is written, all Paris is holding its breath to see whether Evie's revival is going to catch on and make him the hero of *haute couture* or whether the girls will show some sense for once and pass it up, thus making a bum of him. The chances are good that the hobble will become all the rage again. Experience clearly shows that nothing is too preposterous to fetch the fancy of a female in pursuit of fashion. As the immortal saying goes: Never Underestimate the Dizziness of a Dame.

It seems that the more freedom and independence the little darlings achieve in other directions, the more slavish and abject they become when fashion cracks the whip. Over the years they have given in, meekly and in droves, to every abberation dreamed up in Paris, no matter how senseless or grotesque. Right on cue, and with no back talk, they have submitted to having no bosoms at all (in the 1920s), or enormous bosoms (the '40s and '50s), big behinds (the bustle), or no behinds, hips that bulge and hips that vanish, waistlines that wander all over the anatomy from knee to throat, needle-point shoes that make your feet hurt just to look at them, hair that seems to have been cut by an electric fan, etc., etc., and if next year's style asks them to wear a bone through the nose and paint their ears green, they will doubtless do that as well and imagine it makes them look too ravishing for words.

Of Our Blade

CAVALIER's blade because we think they deserve it. Nominees are welcome



All the while they act as if they are being favored—as if these “precious” men in Paris are making them more attractive to their men-folk. Actually—and they’ve been told this more than once—it’s no secret that many of the “precious” men in Paris hate women and take out their hatred for women by designing clothes that make them look repulsive.

But in the midst of all this feminine foolishness, there is one enduring comfort for the male of the species and nothing that Saint-Laurent and his tribe can do will ever alter it. However appalling the styles of the future may be, the basic composition of the female form will continue unchanged and unchanging. Beneath the craziest Parisian fashion, baby’s essential assets remain unaltered. No matter how wildly the outer contour of bust, hip and waist may be shifted, underneath they remain in their proper places, eternally the same from style to style,

from generation to generation. And that’s what counts. Always has. Always will.

A delicious irony currently emphasizes this point and reduces all the exaggerated to-do about Paris styles to sheer absurdity and makes a tremendous joke out of the billion-dollar fashion industry.

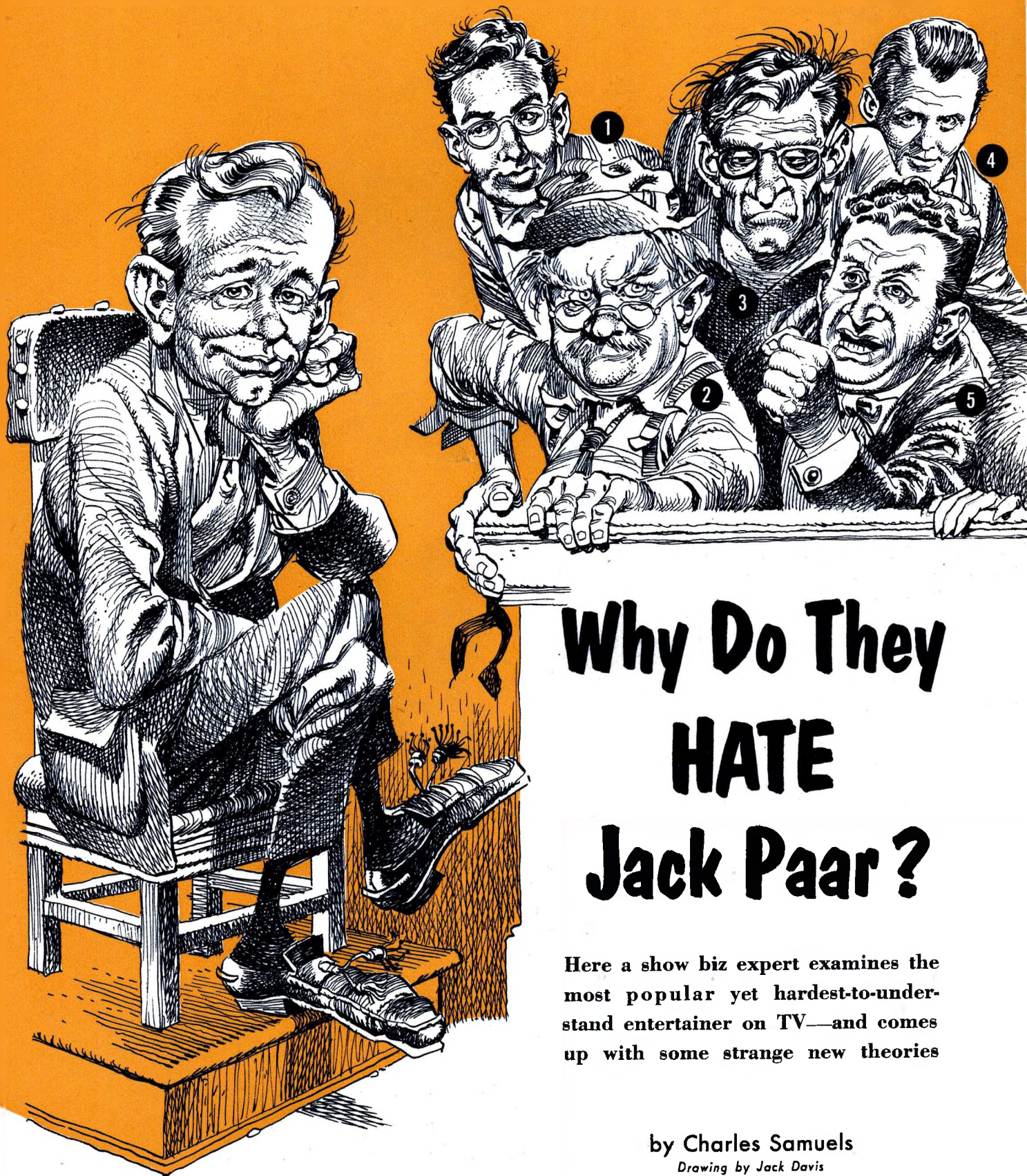
The most celebrated French woman alive today, the one most widely adored and idolized for her femininity and sex appeal, is Brigitte Bardot.

And did she achieve her enormous fame and popularity by tricking herself out in the costly and exclusive creations of the House of Dior, or Lanvin, or Balenciaga, or Mangin?

Don’t be silly.

She did it by wearing a towel. •

INQUEST JURY gathered by show biz expert Charles Samuels, author of *His Eye Is on the Sparrow*, includes 1. John Lardner 2. Charlie Weaver 3. Jack Douglas, Paar's writer for 12 years 4. Jazz expert Eddie Condon 5. Comedian Henry Morgan 6. Zsa Zsa Gabor



Why Do They HATE Jack Paar?

Here a show biz expert examines the most popular yet hardest-to-understand entertainer on TV—and comes up with some strange new theories

by Charles Samuels
Drawing by Jack Davis

7. Man-about-Broadway Irving Hoffman 8. Tallulah Bankhead 9. Ben Hecht 10. Dodie Goodman 11. Lee Barker, Editor 12. Press Agent Richard Maney. They help paint a picture of the strangest figure the entertainment field has seen since TV came into its own.



When John Crosby, star TV critic of the New York Herald Tribune, returned from a vacation trip recently, he said that the one big question he ran into everywhere he went was "What is Jack Paar really like?" Another question intrigued us more: Why do so many people in show biz hate Jack Paar? To get the answer and to find out what makes this new American phenomenon run, we commissioned writer Charlie Samuels to go out into the field and find out. Here's his report.—The Editors.

Jack Parr is fast becoming the century's most debated human riddle. The more people you talk to about him, the more puzzled you get.

The more you watch his show the more you wonder. Here is a guy who has none of the talents that made other names in television—he is not a star singer, dancer, actor or comedian—yet who is reaching a peak of success no other TV personality ever achieved before.

Indeed it would not be much of a gamble to predict that he will become the best-known entertainment personality this country has ever seen.

Why is he such a success? A good question. There could be only one way to get the answer—ask the brightest people in show business, the people whose success over the years has depended on their ability to know what the public wants and how to give it to them.

While doing that I could find the answer to another

Why Do They Hate Jack Paar?

Continued from preceding page

question: WHY DO THEY HATE JACK PAAR? The "they" here means the people of show business. If you listen to Jack long enough, you're convinced he and the regulars of his show are targets for a master show biz plot designed to make life miserable for the Paar troupe, especially Jack.

Tallulah Bankhead seemed the perfect person to start with. This veteran stage, screen, movie and radio star has never been afraid of anyone, has opinions on everything and is happy to slug it out with one and all. One of her most impressive outbursts was against Billy Rose whom she ordered thrown out of the theatre where she was rehearsing a play called "Clash by Night." What made the event important was that Billy, better known as The Little Monster, happened to be producing the show and had every right to be there.

Well, here is what this fire-eater from Alabama had to say about Jack Paar.

"I adore him, dahling, I find him perfectly fascinating, terribly amusing. I happen to be leaving tonight for a vacation in British Columbia. If the stations there do not carry the Jack Paar show I will come right back here and the hell with the vacation.

"It is not merely as a performer that I like Jack. He is most gracious, personally. When I wanted to go on the air and tell everybody what I thought of that stinking, lousy little magazine, *Time*, Jack permitted me to say everything I wanted to.

"Jack has wonderful guests on the air, but he is the mainstay, the anchor man. He has fine entertainers subbing for him, but something is missing when Jackie isn't on. Somehow it loses its suspense, its air of being a show on which anything can happen, and usually does."

However, I thought her press agent, Dick Maney, another

Broadwayite who always speaks his mind, might have a different opinion. Maney is an oddity among Broadway publicists: he writes so well that magazines often pay him for pieces about his own clients.

"I'm not as hysterical about Paar as Miss Bankhead. I think he's funnier than Ed Sullivan, or Bennett Cerf or Henry Morgan, and if that be flattery make the most of it. Paar is at his best when cueing such rabble-rousers as Elsa Maxwell, Alexander King and Hans Conried, at his worst when his persecution complex shows. He can dish it out but he can't take it. Let critic or reporter hint that he is somewhat south of Dean Swift or James Thurber and he waxes petulant and peevish. His greatest talent is the skill with which he snakes his way through that mess of commercials."

Ben Hecht, the famous playwright and author, is a happy cynic who once wrote a book called *I Hate Actors!* He is Hollywood's highest paid script writer and was co-author of the raucous, rollicking, ribald *The Front Page*. He says:

"I have always thought of Jack Paar as America's Number One Free Sleeping Pill. Now you tell me he has become one of the country's favorite television stars. That only proves what I have always claimed: audiences don't like talent. I have been on Jack's show once or twice and have seen him a few times; that was all I could take of that smooth artist. He is an amiable, non-functioning artist who is good only because of the late hour he goes on. If he is liked late at night, it must be because he interferes with no one's drowsiness or digestion."

One runs into a surprising shyness on questioning important television people on the subject of Jack Paar. Practically none of them cares to be quoted—for business reasons. But they will talk very freely if you promise not to use their names.

One big shot in TV, like Ben Hecht, was cruel enough to attribute Jack's success to the fact that he appears on the country's screens so late at night. "What else can you get on TV around midnight? The crummy old movies that they have on the late show? His public is like the gambler who will play at a crooked gambling house if it is the only one in town. They will listen to anything."

Another top TV producer said, "Do not forget that when this wonder boy came on the New York scene when the rest of TV was in such dismal shape that anything half-way new, fresh or original looked wonderful by comparison. Yes, the real secret of Jack Paar's success is that he has the best store-front in a disaster period. He is king only of the rear end of the TV schedule.

"In our business there are sponsors stupid beyond belief. But not one of them has been dumb enough to pull this guy out of TV's slum area and make a competitor and a gentleman out of him by giving him a showcase at a decent hour. Any of the big comedians who worked at the same time would murder Jack Paar. He'd be off the air within a couple of weeks."

Another show biz guy who didn't want his name used because he can use TV work said, "I do not even class him as an entertainer. At least he has never entertained me. I have been on his show but I did not find him funny. The kindest thing I can say about Paar is that he is the least offensive of the people who appear at that late hour of the night.

"I must also say, however, that he does not give off with the hideous cackle that Steve Allen throws off after each of his feeble jokes. He also admits he cannot act which is very shrewd of him. Steve Allen suffers from the delusion that in those little sketches of his he turns into a Henry Irving.

"But perhaps I am not the one to ask about TV—I

"I don't care what other people think about Jack Paar. As far as I'm concerned I think Paar is one of the underestimated talents in show business, because he makes what he does appear so easy anyone could do it. However, up to now I haven't seen anyone do it as well as he. He's got no big forte—but he's fresh and interesting and knows how to keep it moving."

—Jackie Gleason

"I have always thought of Jack Paar as America's Number One Sleeping Pill."

—Ben Hecht

"I can't bear to watch Jack Paar. TV people's favorite description of him is 'oldest little girl in television'. He can't tell jokes because he has not the guts. When you tell a joke you have to believe in it, not wait nervously for the response and when it flops blame your writers.

"He is the most complete non-showman in the trade. His show is popular because the spot was built up for years beginning with Jerry Lester and continuing with Steve Allen. He doesn't generate any humor. His luck is in having Charlie Weaver and those other people on with him.

"The bulk of his audience is ladies—not girls, ladies, old ladies—and they love the dirty stuff he gives them. Because of his innocent face they feel he does not really know what he is saying. What Jack Paar really reminds me of is a waspish kind of old spinster."

—Henry Morgan

don't like any of it. I agree with the brilliant man who described television as the medium in which Fred Allen failed and Steve Allen succeeded. Fred had more talent in his big toe than Paar and Steve Allen combined."

But some of America's most brilliant showmen are on Paar's side of the fence. Consider what Irving Berlin says about him. Berlin has been writing America's favorite love songs for 50 years. He also spark-plugged the best servicemen's shows in both World War I and World War II. If anyone knows what the world wants in entertainment, it should be a fellow like Irving Berlin. And he told us, "Jack Paar is a truly great showman. To be that means one has to know how to handle performers with tact, skill and intelligence. Jack Paar's extraordinary gift is hard to describe in detail. The magic of any star personality is. There is always a little mystery about it that we sense rather than understand.

"However, I would say that this young man has a fine, warm personality and a good sense of humor. Most important though is his uncanny ability to connect with his audience. It is true as Jack Paar says that he does not rely on jokes. He does not have to."

After listening to that, we were eager to hear the opinion of Irving Hoffman, better known as "Broadway's best friend." This Irving for over 30 years has been a cartoonist, a globe-trotting writer, a theatrical critic and a columnist for *The Hollywood Reporter*. He has never hesitated to criticize sharply the shows of his best producer friends and the poor performances by stars who are pals of his. Some of them bristled and burned, but never for long. If he said you were lousy he believed it and was probably right. The reason he hasn't an enemy in or out of show business is that he never wrote a bad notice

out of anger, spite or to settle a grudge. His only vice is making puns, and I must say he did not spare us when he delivered his opinion of Jack Paar. Here it is:

"If you are looking for a jury among Jack Paar fans you will get a hung jury—because everyone who watches him hangs on every word. I like him and I do not believe he could be replaced except by somebody like Dr. Gregory Zilborg, the famous psychiatrist. This is because what Jack presents as Paarticipants is a collection of cracked, crooked and crooked characters. How good he is we realize when he has a substitute. I except Arlene Francis who is wonderful always.

"When you have any of the others subbing for Paar you kill an evening. When he is on, you kill an evening. But like the rest of us he doesn't know everything and when he makes a flub it is a beaut. He thought Bob Kennedy was the most exciting guest he had on his show. Yet within the next night or two he called him the *son* of Senator Kennedy.

"Paar's personality is that of a boy scout who is going to help an old lady across the street, and he has helped many a budding talent just in that wonderful good-hearted boy scout manner. As everyone will understand, sophisticates feel that he suffers from an acute case of the cutes.

"I also believe he is in awe of royalty. Do you remember how often he practiced bowing when Elsa Maxwell promised to bring the Duke and Duchess of Windsor on the show? The boy has made it in front of Eisenhower but he is still shooting and dreaming of that command performance at the Court of St. James. Yet I wouldn't be surprised if all of that awe is a gag, a gimmick, a device.

"I find the ad-liberties Jack allows his guests very pleasant. I mean, as an example, the way he lets Genevieve ramble on. And he never gets in the way of his talent the way Jerry Lewis did when he was on the Paar show with Hines and Ford. Jerry kept interrupting until the girl began to cry.

"Jack Paar has the gift of eating his humble pie and having it too. Above all, he seems like such a nice boy. I mean the kind who was so handy to have around when the gang broke a window while playing baseball. If there was a Jack Paar on the team the bunch sent him over to apologize, knowing he would come back with the lady's subscriptions to whatever magazines he and the others were selling to get through college."

Eddie Condon, the bandleader and banjoist, is another showman whose opinions of theatrical performers are worth listening to. Eddie has been a pro jazz musician since his days with Bix Beiderbecke. He has been running his own night club successfully in New York now for about 15 years. On the whole he thinks pretty well of our hero.

"I was on his show," says Eddie, "and he's sort of a smooth guy. The way he introduces everybody makes each one look like a champ, a winner. That's quite a trick. Some people will tell you he is smug but I didn't get any sense of that.

"And look what he did for my pal, Pat Harrington, Jr. Young Pat was always a good comic but it was his appearances on Paar's show that got him into the money, a one-year contract with Danny Thomas with sure stardom straight ahead.

"The point is that Paar, being a real showman, liked Pat's work and turned him loose on the show. And when I was on the show Jack showed what he could do in an emergency, one that put him on the spot.

"He had set up everything for a discussion between me and some long-hair guy, [Continued on page 66]



Horror Fiction to Remember

BEEETLES

Hartley was a skeptic. He thought the stuff about the Curse of the Scarab on the mummy's tomb was hogwash. But that was before his first night visitors



"They come every night and crawl up the sides of my bed and try to get at my face. They crawl on my face, they. . ."

When Hartley returned from Egypt, his friends said he had changed. It caused considerable talk at the time.

Hartley had been known as a keen scholar, a singularly erudite fieldworker in his chosen profession of archeology; but at the same time he had been a peculiarly charming person. He had a worldly flair and a sense of humor which mocked and belittled it. He had carried this sense of the ridiculous over into his work; and while it was known that he was very much interested in archeology, and a notable figure in the field, he inevitably referred to his studies as "pottering around with old fossils and the old fossils that discovered them."

by Robert Bloch

Illustrated by Dom Lupo

Consequently, his curious reversal following his trip came as a complete surprise.

All that was definitely known was that he had spent some eight months on a field trip to the Egyptian Sudan. Upon his return he had immediately severed all connections with the institute he had been associated with. Just what had occurred during the expedition was a matter of excited conjecture among his former intimates. But something had definitely happened; it was unmistakable.

The night he spent at the club proved that. He had come in quietly, too quietly. Hartley was one of those persons who usually made an entrance, in the true sense

Please turn page

BEETLES

Continued from preceding page

of the word. His tall, graceful figure, attired in the immaculate evening dress so seldom found outside of the pages of melodramatic fiction; his leonine head with its Stokowski-like bristle of gray hair; these attributes commanded attention. He could have passed anywhere as a man of the world, or a stage magician awaiting his cue to step onto the platform.

But this evening he entered quietly, unobtrusively. He wore dinner clothes, but his shoulders sagged, and the spring was gone from his walk. His hair was grayer, and it hung pallidly over his tanned forehead. Despite the bronze of Egyptian sun on his features, there was a sickly tinge to his countenance. His eyes peered mistily from amidst un-
sightly folds. His face seemed to have lost its mold; the mouth hung loosely.

He greeted no one; and took a table alone. Of course cronies came up and chatted, but he did not invite them to join him. And oddly enough, none of them insisted.

They must have felt it even then. From their shocked descriptions of the man they seemed one and all to sense the peculiar *alien* quality about him. This was an Arthur Hartley they had never known, an aged stranger, with a querulous voice which rose in suspicion when he was questioned about his journey.

That was the strangeness they all grasped in Hartley. He was afraid.

They told me, and that is why I went round to see Arthur Hartley in his rooms. Others had spoken of their efforts, in the week following his appearance at the club, to gain admittance to his apartment. They said he did not answer the bell, and complained that the phone had been disconnected.

I went up to his flat one afternoon and rang.

No answer. I went into the dim hallway and listened for footsteps, some sign of life from within. No answer. Complete, utter silence. For a moment I thought crazily of suicide, then laughed the dread away. It was absurd—and still, there had been a certain dismaying unanimity in all the reports I had heard of Hartley's mental state.

I rang again, more as a gesture than in expectation of tangible results, and then I turned and descended the stairs. I felt, I recall, a little twinge of inexplicable relief upon leaving the place. The thought of suicide in that gloomy hallway had not been pleasant.

I reached the lower door and opened it, and a familiar figure scurried past me on the landing. I turned. It was Hartley.

For the first time since his return I got a look at the man, and in the hallway shadows he was ghastly. Whatever his condition at the club, a week must have accentuated it tremendously. His head was lowered, and as I greeted him he looked up. His eyes gave me a terrific shock. There was a stranger dwelling in their depths—a haunted stranger. I swear he shook when I addressed him.

He was wearing a tattered topcoat, but it hung loosely over his gauntness. I noticed that he was carrying a large bundle done up in brown paper.

I said something, I don't remember what; at any rate, I was at some pains to conceal my confusion as I greeted him. I was rather insistently cordial, I believe, for I could

see that he would just as soon have hurried up the stairs without even speaking to me. The astonishment I felt converted itself into heartiness. Rather reluctantly he invited me up.

We entered the flat, and I noticed that Hartley double-locked the door behind him. That, to me, characterized his metamorphosis. In the old days, Hartley had always kept open house, in the literal sense of the word. Studies might have kept him late at the institute, but a chance visitor found his door open wide. And now, he double-locked it.

I turned around and surveyed the apartment. Just what I expected to see I cannot say, but certainly my mind was prepared for some sign of radical alteration. There was none. The furniture had not been moved; the pictures hung in their original places; the vast bookcases still stood in the shadows.

Hartley excused himself, entered the bedroom, and presently emerged after discarding his topcoat. Before he sat down he walked over to the mantel and struck a match before a little bronze figurine of Horus. A second later the thick gray spirals of smoke arose in the approved style of exotic fiction, and I smelt the pungent tang of strong incense.

That was the first puzzler. The incense was definitely alien to the Arthur Hartley I knew.

"Clears away the smell," he remarked.

I didn't ask "What smell?" Nor did I begin to question him as to his trip, his inexplicable conduct in not answering my correspondence after he left Khartoum, or his avoidance of my company in this week following his return. Instead, I let him talk.

He said nothing at first. His conversation rambled, and behind it all I sensed the abstraction I had been warned about. He spoke of having given up his work, and hinted that he might leave the city shortly and go up to his family home in the country. He had been ill. He was disappointed in Egyptology, and its limitations. He hated darkness. The locust plagues had increased in Kansas.

This rambling was—insane.

I knew it then, and I hugged the thought to me in the perverse delight which is born of dread. Hartley was mad.

But I sat silently when he lighted the great candles about the room; sat silently staring through the incense clouds to where the flaming tapers illuminated his twitching features. And then he broke.

"You are my friend?" he said. There was a question in his voice, a puzzled suspicion in his words that brought sudden pity to me. His derangement was terrible to witness. Still, I nodded gravely.

"You are my friend," he continued. This time the words were a statement. The deep breath which followed betokened resolution on his part.

"Do you know what was in that bundle I brought in?" he asked suddenly.

"No."

"I'll tell you. Insecticide. That's what it was. Insecticide!"

His eyes flamed in triumph.

"I haven't left this house for a week. I dare not spread the plague. They follow me, you know. But today I thought of the way—absurdly simple, too. I went out and bought insecticide. Pounds of it. And liquid spray. Special formula stuff, more deadly than arsenic. [*Continued on page 52*]

FROM 72 FEET UP

The "wet handkerchief" part is still a gag. But with guys like Henri La Mothe plowing into 18 inches of water, and Vic Zoble diving while set on fire, anything can happen next

by Bill Ballantine

A first-class high-diving wonder man is Henri La Mothe, a balding, cheerful fatalist whose spectacular specialty is the most unorthodox dive in the acrobatic diving trade, a belly-whopper from the height of 40 feet into a pool of water only two feet deep.

La Mothe calls his 30-mph splash the most successful flop in show business. He is the only person in the world ever to perform this suicidal feat successfully—the admiration though not the envy of every professional aqua-actor.

This unique stunt was devised by Henri, when he was a runty four-year-old in the slums of Chicago, so that he'd be accepted by a gang of fuzz-cheeked toughs who were monopolizing the neighborhood's best swimming hole, a reedy pond under a Southside railroad trestle.

Recently Mr. La Mothe told me that he intends to continue making his fabulous belly-slappers for another 10 or 15 years. He is now 55.

I first saw Henri La Mothe's thriller at an upstate New York pumpkin-fair. For his feature dive in the Grand Finale, La Mothe was costumed as Superman, in long underwear dyed yellow, brief cerise trunks, oilcloth cape of royal-blue and heroic-sized false biceps.

After a grandiose introduction, Henri plunged an iron bar into a circular canvas pool to prove its shallowness. With broad pantomime, the bar then was bent into pretzel shape

Please turn page

La Mothe inflates his belly like a frog and plunges 40 feet.

—Into a Wet Handkerchief



FROM 72 FEET UP

Continued from preceding page

(after sly substitution of a length of rubber hose).

A slim wooden ladder (on loan from the local Volunteer Fire Dept.) shivered 40 feet skyward from the tiny pool's edge. Accompanied by ominous drum-roll, Henri began to ascend it slowly, rung by careful rung.

At the top of his perilous climb, La Mothe gingerly mounted a board hardly big enough for both his feet. After cautiously testing the ladder's four guy-out ropes, he paused and looked about calmly. He inhaled deeply—six, seven times, expanding his chest; his stomach bulged astoundingly! He crouched then, leaning well forward, and pretty much sneaked off the perch in a crawling position.

With toes barely clear of the ladder, La Mothe flung out his arms sideways in what I can only describe as a Hallelujah! gesture—elbows bent, fingers spread. Legs were crooked to a right angle at knees; toes pointed to Heaven. The man's back was well-arched, head thrown back. His rounded stomach paralleled the water's surface. Down he plummeted like a rock dropped from a bridge.

With a great smack the falling man slapped the water. There was an explosive splash that rose eight

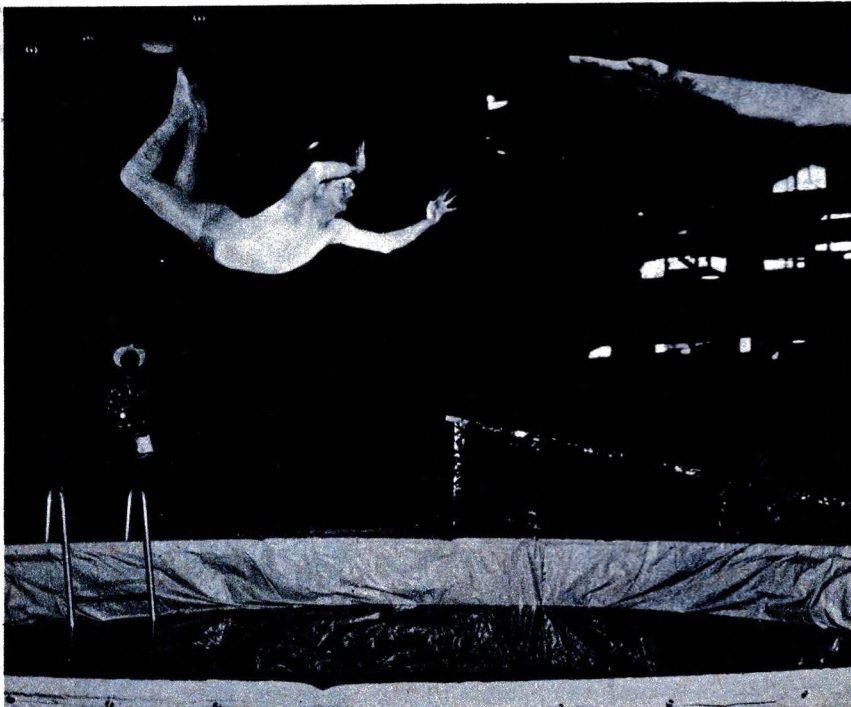
feet above the surface. The shock sucked the breath from the audience. Everyone (including me) remembered every horrible belly-stinging dive he'd ever made, and felt the impact sickeningly in the pit of his own stomach.

Superman Henri bounded upright. Looking silly standing in water hardly to his calves, he smiled and waved reassuringly. His cap wasn't even wet.

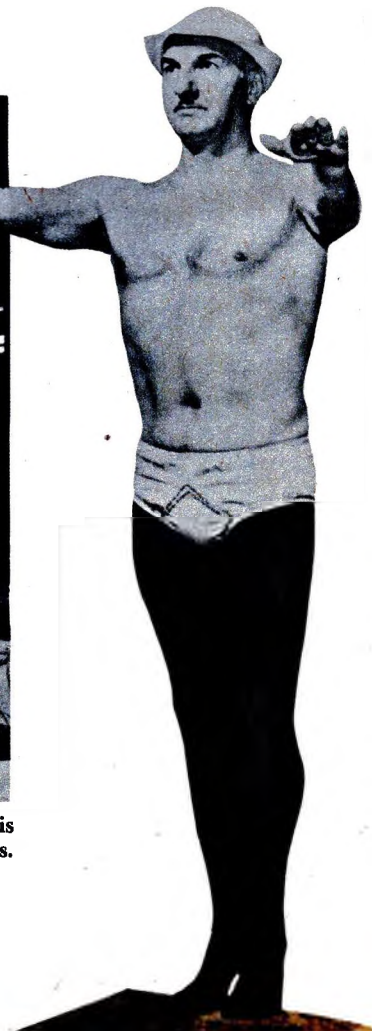
"My cap hardly ever gets wet," Mr. La Mothe told me later as we sat in the shade of the Fairgrounds empty grandstand. "The displacement, I've determined by careful experiment, is about eighteen inches, though I *have* come down in even less water than that, using my palms and forearms as a brake a bit stronger than usual.

"I learned that too when I was a kid—how to stop a dive. We had one called the Flying Elephant. The idea was to keep your head and shoulders out of water. Soon as you hit you'd scissors-out arms and legs—like putting an airplane prop into reverse. Sometimes you could keep out all the way from the waist up."

La Mothe's impossible leap is made possible by his remarkably controlled [Continued on page 81]



Henri La Mothe is still trim and elegant at 55, but he cheerfully abandons this elegance when he takes off, arms and legs flying, in one of his great comic dives.





OFF THE TOP of 40-foot tower . . .



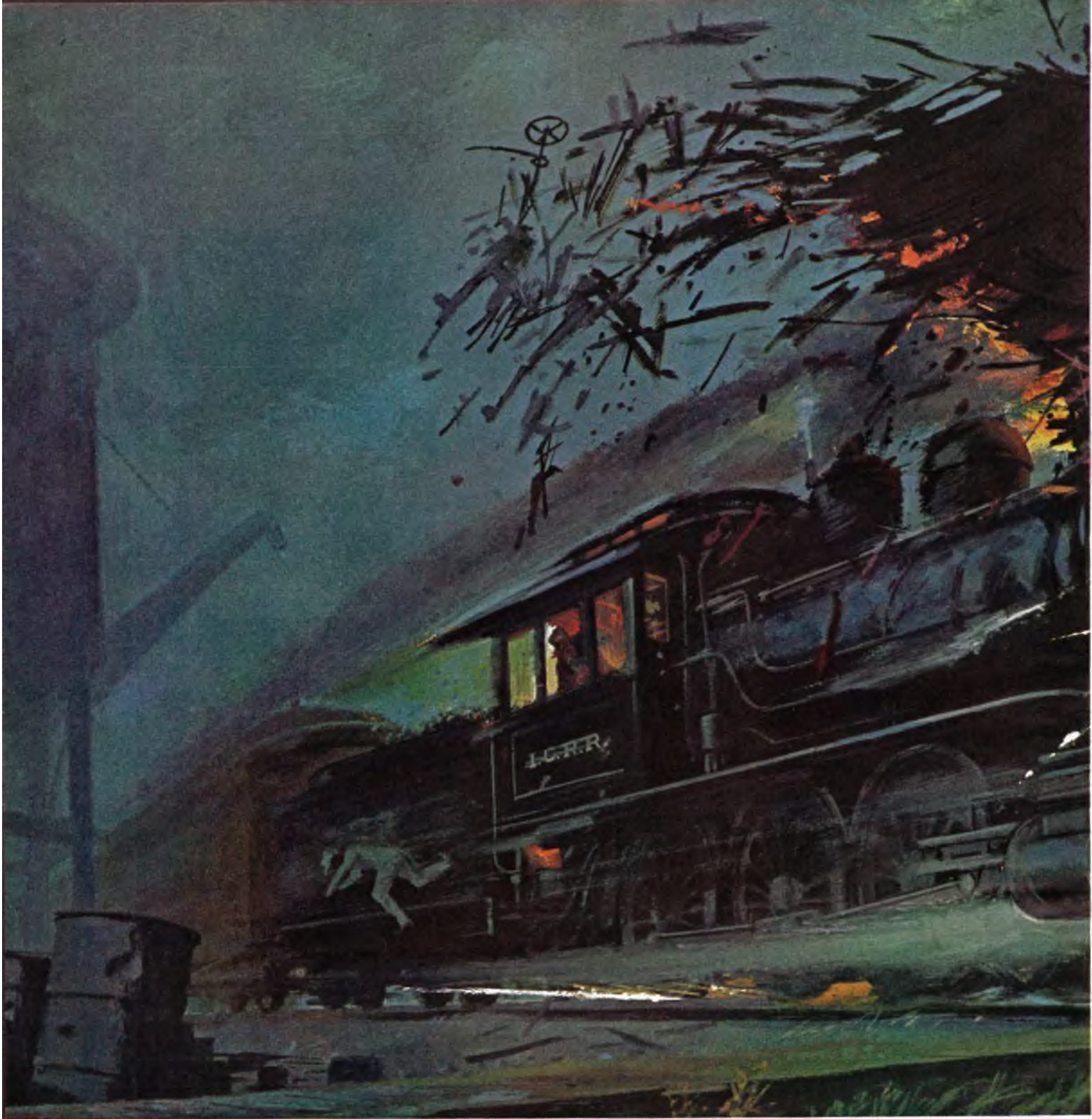
. . . out into swan dive, Vic Zoble . . .



. . . plunges through the air engulfed in a sheet of blazing gasoline . . .



. . . to end head-first in tank.



"Jump, Sim, jump!" Casey yelled as he frantically tried to halt the engine that was highballing him to his grave.

True Adventure

April 30, 1900

The Day Casey Jones Died

by Millie McWhirter and John M. Maloney

Illustrated by Herb Mott



**All Casey Jones wanted to do was bring the Cannonball Express in “on the advertised.”
But with the help of an engine wiper he became the most famous railroader of all time**

When the engineer pulled her out of Memphis, and started his 188-mile run to Canton, Mississippi, he was an hour and 35 minutes behind schedule. But he'd been highballing it all the way. Now there were only 13 miles to go. Only two minutes to make up and the Cannonball Express would arrive on time!

The fireman shoveled in the coal. The engineer pulled back the throttle, peered into the ghostly fog that grayed the Mississippi rails. The time was 3:45 a.m., April 30, 1900.

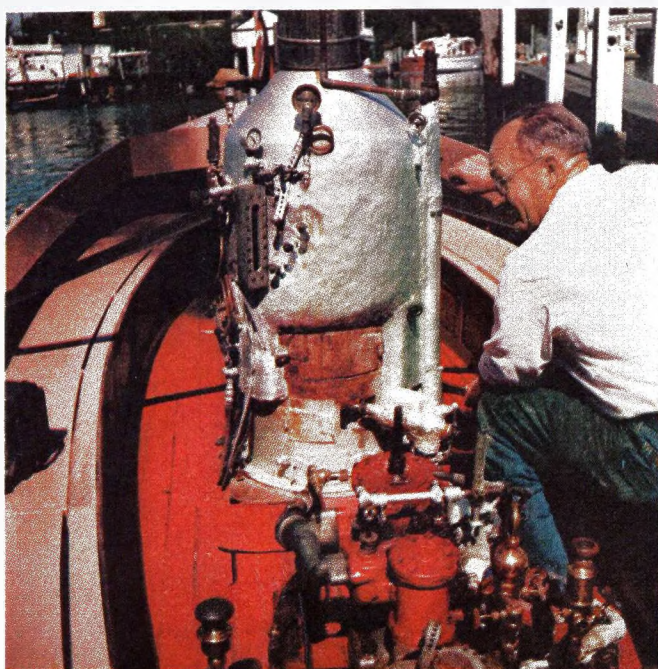
“We’re gonna’ make it,” the engineer shouted to his fireman. “We’re gonna’ bring ‘er in on the advertised!”

But Casey Jones didn’t make it. A few moments later, he was lying under Engine 382, his neck broken, steam shrouding his body. His right hand still clutched the broken cord of his Whippoorwill whistle, his left hand groped for the throttle.

One of the passengers on that ill-fated train was a reporter from the New Orleans [Continued on page 60]



Milt Gallop, an insurance executive, chugs up Cleveland's Rocky River in his 22-foot steamboat.



Gallop's "folly," a triple expansion engine, develops 8.9 h.p. and drives boat at top speed of 15 mph.



Gallop brings his folly into crowded anchorage.

Whackiest Steamboat Afloat

Here's the story behind the shriek Clevelanders hear from June to October

Photos by Frank A. Muth

Steamcars died more than 20 years ago, but there are still thousands of guys who say the internal combustion engine is a smelly, noisy mistake, and that the steam-driven car will make a comeback. And now the "steambuffs" have invaded boating. One of these buffs is Milton Gallop, an insurance company executive from Cleveland, Ohio.

When Gallop toots his big chrome-plated whistle, the folks in the yacht club perk up their ears and smile. Gallop's "folly" has become a sort of landmark—or watermark—in the Clifton Park Lagoon, on the Rocky River, and on the Great Lakes.

The "folly" is 25 feet long from stem-post to transom, has an 8'6" beam and draws four feet with bunkers full. The power plant, a triple-expansion Sissons which was made in England about 1900, turns up 8.9 hp and drives the boat at a top speed of about 15 m.p.h. There is a six-volt battery under the seat, which is used for lighting only, and a 20 gallon square fuel tank under the deck. The boiler is of the vertical live tube type, with 208 five-eighth inch tubes, and is welded top and bottom. There are two safety valves, one set at 125 degrees and one at 150. The boiler has been tested, cold, to 300

degrees. The burner is gun-type, and is steam-actuated, and the feed water passes through a tank of Zeolite on the port side under the planking, which is one inch cypress.

The whole affair is so bulky that it doesn't leave much room for anyone but Gallop and perhaps one or two small friends.

Gallop bought the folly 15 years ago from a man who was about to destroy her, and even though he's often kidded, he means to hold on to her. "I'm chief engineer," he says, "deck-hand, dock-hand, oiler, captain, chief-cook-and-bottle-washer, and of course I do all the necessary cleaning and repairing. So I wouldn't advise anyone but a real steam buff like me to get one!"

The "folly" will run on anything from old cooking oil to chunks of wood, but Gallop tries to feed her on a diet of coal oil. "She gives a smoother run that way," he says.

So if you should happen to be out Cleveland way, and hear the clear piping toot of a steamboat whistle, don't look for a Mississippi riverboat. It's just Milt Gallop comin' round the bend. •



Cavalier's

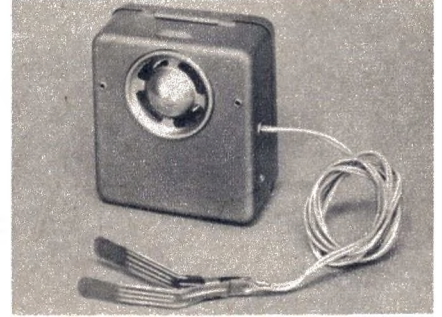
This department is not composed of paid advertising. Items shown represent the most interesting products Cavalier has seen this



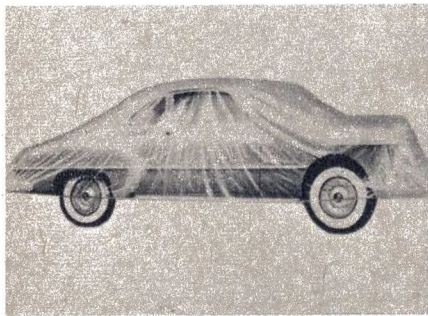
"DRESS-UP" is a new method of shoe care. It's not a polish but an enriching conditioner that goes deep into the leather to bring out the natural, healthy lustre. Keeps the leather soft and pliable. Easy to apply, "Dress-Up" avoids the mess that comes with polish. \$1 plus 25c postage. International Cleaning Products, Department K-C, 9 Wyckoff Avenue, Brooklyn 37, N. Y.



HOLIDAY FUN BOW TIES provide an extra lift to holiday parties at the office, club or home. Gay red and green felt with a regulation clip-on mechanism to hold it securely throughout the festivities. Makes a uniquely different gift. Be sure you specify Santa or Holly Berry design. You get them for \$1 each postpaid from Greenland Studios, Dept. CA, 5858 Forbes St., Pittsburgh 16, Pa.



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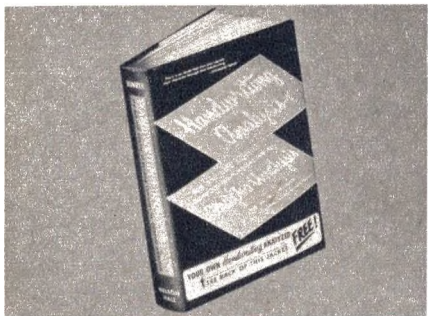
PORTABLE GARAGE protects your car against the elements. Made of heavy gauge vinyl plastic, it fits all makes and models. Folds compactly when not in use. Elasticized bottom always holds securely. Nylon threads add extra security to the cover. \$6.95 plus 45c postage. Extra heavy plastic \$8.95 plus 55c postage. Cryder Sales, Dept. G-24, Box 79, Whitestone 57, N. Y.



MORE DAZZLING THAN DIAMONDS are these man-made scientific gems. Brilliantly hand cut and hand polished, a 1 carat gem sells for only \$27, including tax. Here is a gift for someone special to you. Write for free booklet describing the many styles. There is also an easy payment plan available to you. Capra Gem Co., Dept. FM-129, P. O. Box 5145, Philadelphia 41, Pa.



LIGHT UP with this combination cigarette case and lighter. "Razzia" looks and feels like the real thing. Pull the trigger and the top flies open to reveal the cigarettes. The next shot brings a light from the nozzle. Lightweight so it can be easily carried. Lighter works every time. Get it for \$2.25 postpaid. M. Marshall & Co., Box 111-L, Elmwood Place, Cincinnati 16, Ohio.



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Buys for Guys

month. They are believed to be good values. The firms listed guarantee immediate refund of your money if you are not satisfied.

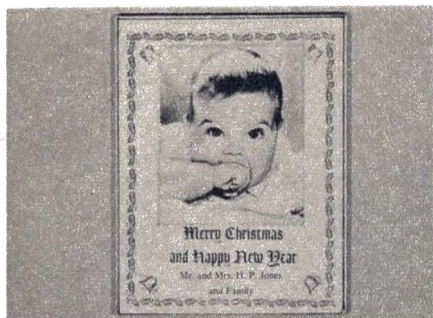


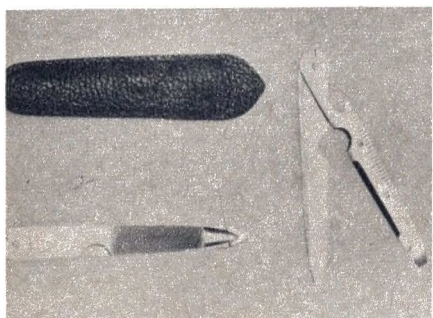
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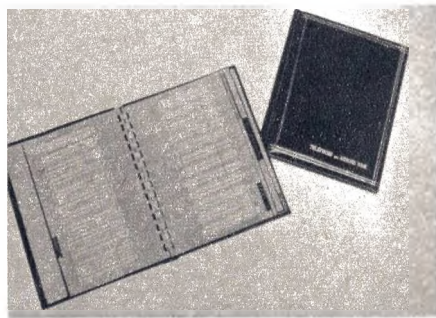
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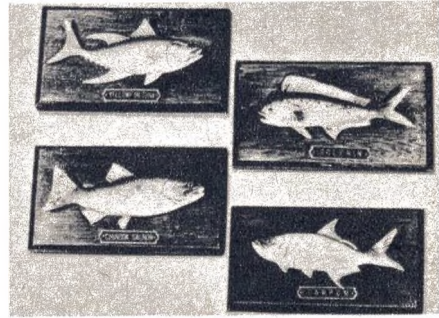
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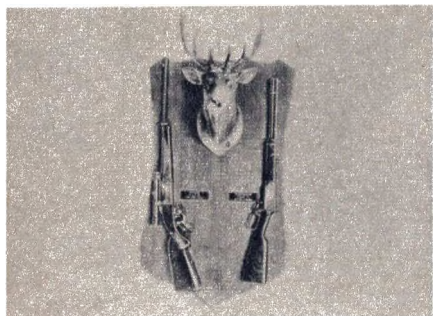
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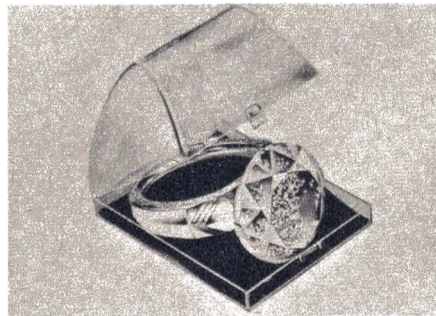
ADDRESS AND PHONE BOOK in embossed Florentine leather cover. Complete alphabet is visible. Space for over 2,000 listings with special 2-color index. Book is hand stitched along the edges, typical of the skilled craftsmen of Florence, Italy. Cover is moire lined. 8 1/4" x 11 3/4". Gift boxed. Price is \$1.49 postpaid. Tecla Evans, 87-C Prospect Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.



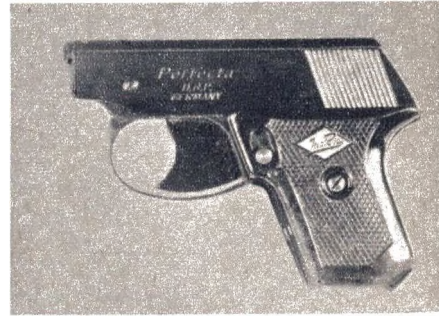
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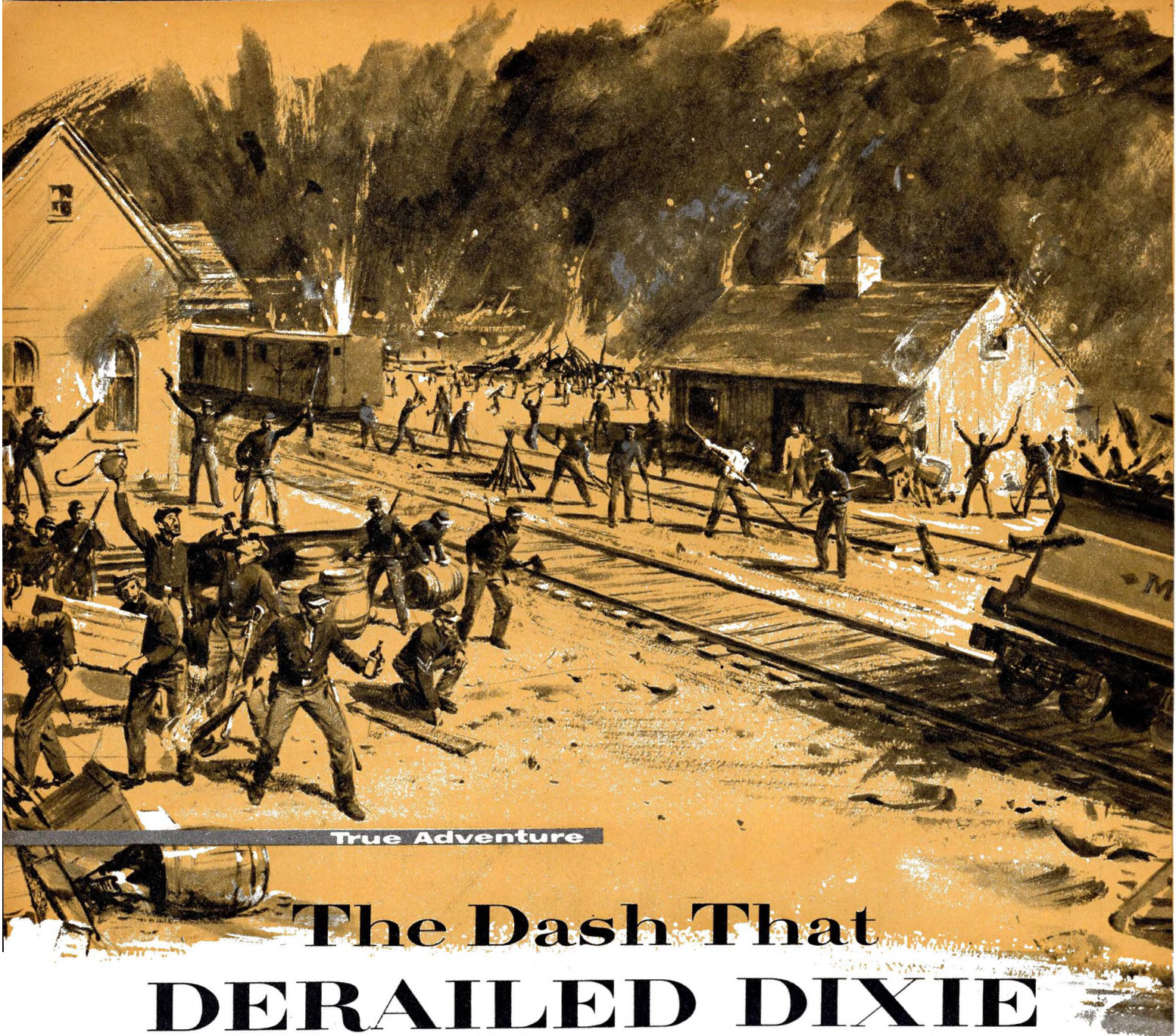
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True Adventure

The Dash That DERAILED DIXIE

Colonel Ben Grierson was no John Wayne, but they handed him a movie-sized job anyhow. “Take 1,200 men across 600 miles of Rebel-held territory and destroy the railroads to Vicksburg.” How was he to get back? . . . There were no plans for that

On the morning of April 21st, 1863, a force of some 1,200 troopers rode into the little Mississippi town of Starkville, arousing the inhabitants with their whoops and shouts. The citizens of Starkville grumbled mightily as they rose from their beds. They were quite used to the comings and goings of their Confederate troops, and of course they made allowances. Still, the shouting seemed unnecessarily warlike. After all, the Union lines were 80 miles away, a good safe distance in a day when armies moved only as fast as a team of horses. In any case, the citizenry went to the windows, cheered indolently in the voice of sleepy patriotism, and

by James Collier
Illustrated by John Scott

prepared to get back into their beds. But the troopers changed their minds about that. Instead of riding through, the horsemen stopped at the end of the main street and set fire to the shoe-and-saddle factory. Then, when the leather manufactory was flaming nicely, the troopers rode back to the middle of town, robbed the Post Office, broke into all the shops and scattered the merchandise up and down the muddy streets, beat up one or two protesting shopkeepers, and then rode out of town as quickly as they had come—heading south.

The good people of Starkville were not aware that they



Grierson's men were already cracking open the whisky barrels when the locomotives met head-on with a satisfying crash.

had seen a small portion of what was perhaps the most daring enterprise of the entire Civil conflagration. And it was not really until two years later, when the war was over, that Starkville's residents—or the residents of such populated places as Westville, Macon, Decatur, or Hazelhurst, for that matter—knew what had hit them. For although they had heard rumors, they could not really believe that a Union force of 1,200 men had in 16 days ridden 600 miles completely *across* one of the most heavily fortified sections of the South. Oh, perhaps a party of four or five scouts might have crossed the countryside and escaped detection. But not 1,200 men. Impossible.

The man to whom this incredible story belongs is Col. Benjamin H. Grierson. He was born in Pittsburgh and raised in Youngstown, Ohio. His particular talent was music. He could play any instrument he laid his hands on. At the age of 13 his enterprising spirit led him to start an orchestra, which played for dances in the Youngstown area. But enterprising or not, as he grew up, he realized that music was a poor way to make a living. He became a businessman in Meredosia, Ohio, married, had children and embarked on what might have been a singularly ordinary life. However, circumstances have a way of dictating for-

Please turn page

The Dash That DERAILED DIXIE

Continued from preceding page

tunes. In 1860 the Civil War broke out. A patriotic man, Grierson offered his services to the North. Because of his abilities, he rose rapidly in command. On March 28, 1862, he became a full colonel, commanding the 6th and 7th Illinois and the 82nd Iowa Cavalries. And it was with these troops that he reported to the dismal little Tennessee town of La Grange, the jumping off point for his incredible adventure.

Now, let us have a look at the situation of the war at that moment. Union troops were in possession of both ends of the Mississippi. They held Baton Rouge in the south, and of course the upper river in the north. But the mid-section lay in Southern hands. The great river was therefore of little use to the Union. Grant was determined to take it.

The pivot point of the Rebel holdings on the river was Vicksburg. In the spring of 1863 it was quite clear to everybody concerned that if Vicksburg could be taken, the South would be in a parlous way. Furthermore, everybody knew that the battle for the city would begin shortly. Grant was at the gates, waiting. But the Rebel commanders were not dismayed. Three important rail lines—the Mobile and Ohio, the Southern, and the Mississippi Central—fed into Vicksburg. The city could be supplied and reinforced easily.

It began to dawn on General Grant that the railroad lines had to be cut shortly before his attack. The only difficulty was that the tracks lay 200 miles inside Rebel territory.

But to an enterprising man, there is a way around every

difficulty. And so, on the morning of April 17th, 1863, Col. Ben Grierson led 1,500 men out of La Grange, Tennessee, heading south. His orders were simple: "Cut the railroad lines and create as much general mischief as possible." That was all. Nothing was said, for example, about getting back out of Rebel territory, for the very good reason that it was going to be difficult enough simply to get in. But then, of course, Grant knew that Grierson was an enterprising man.

Think for a moment of the problems. Where, for example, was Grierson going to bivouac 1,500 men, 2,000 horses and two field pieces? You can't hide a force like that in a cornfield. And how was he going to feed them? They had drawn only five days' rations before leaving. Since nobody knew how long they would be gone, there was no point in drawing more. And what about medicine? What about ammunition? Once he penetrated a few miles into Rebel country he'd be completely cut off from his supplies. And plainly, he was not going to be able to conceal the presence of his troops from the enemy. Every 12-year-old boy in the countryside would be reporting his position to General Pemberton in Vicksburg. Nonetheless, Grierson was happy with the job. He liked being enterprising.

For the first four days out of La Grange the Grierson troopers rode rapidly south with little interference. Grierson kept a scouting force of six or eight men a mile in front of him at all times. This little detachment was a fine example of his enterprise. Any commander would have put out scouts. Grierson went one better. Choosing Southern-accented men for the party, he dressed them in the butter-nut clothes of Rebel irregulars, and had them pass themselves off as Southerners. They were to strike up conversations with townfolk as they went by for the purpose of extracting information about Rebel troop movements. The troops called them the Butternut Guerrillas.



This rare photo was taken by a Rebel spy. It shows Grierson's men on the march toward Starkville, Mississippi.



Colonel Ben Grierson (seated, center) and his staff before the raid. As the song goes: where did they get those hats?

The plan worked brilliantly. For on the 21st, Grierson discovered that 1,800 men under Colonel Barbeau had picked up their track and were only 20 miles behind. He called his Regimental commanders together.

"Gentlemen," he said mildly, his evening cigar clutched lightly in his fingers. "We are now on our own. Barbeau is between us and our own lines." He paused to consider. "I suppose a man of honor would turn and fight him. But I rather think we'd better have a look at the Vicksburg railroad first." He turned to Colonel Hatch, his mild blue eyes as unconcerned as if he were planning a program of music for the Youngstown Ladies Club. "Hatch, why don't you run east and see what you can do about the Mobile and Ohio at Columbus? I rather imagine that since Barbeau's chasing us, nobody much will be around the depot. And then while you're at it, you might run on back to La Grange. Perhaps you can give Barbeau the impression that we've all gone home."

Colonel Hatch was perplexed. "I don't object to the assignment, Colonel," he said, "but you're cutting away a third of your forces."

"Yes," Grierson said blandly, "I suppose I am. That will be all."

It was an act of considerable daring. Already extraordinarily out-numbered, Grierson was taking what appeared to be a frightful chance. He had eliminated the possibility of standing and fighting. From now on it would be run and hide. Yet, he was buying time. It was only a couple of days' riding to the Vicksburg Railroad at a place called Newton Station. If he could destroy the line there, Vicksburg would be cut off from the east. It was, Grierson figured, worth the chance. He'd worry about getting home another time.

And so Hatch moved off with the 500 men of the Iowa 82nd, driving toward Columbus. The move worked. Barbeau took off after him. But Hatch had the jump. He destroyed the Mobile and Ohio in three places, burned the station at Okolona, and so confused Barbeau that he wired to General Pemberton in Vicksburg that the Grierson force was heading north. In Vicksburg, Pemberton relaxed.

The bug was out of his ear before it had begun to bite.

Now Grierson rode for Newton Station, 100 miles away. If he could reach the railroad before Pemberton found out he was still loose in the country, he could call his mission a success. With his scouts—the Butternut Guerrillas—running on before, he pushed toward the Okaxuler River. This small scouting detachment was turning out to be invaluable. The force was now nearly 100 miles inside Rebel lines. The inhabitants simply assumed that any troops they saw were Confederate—even when face to face with the blue uniforms of the regular Union force.

On the 21st Grierson hit Starkville, burning the saddle factory and doing other damage. He hardly paused to assess his work, but pushed on south. Newton Station was the goal; the rest did not matter.

But now the weather went against him. It began to pour down a fat spring rain, turning the roads into quagmires, and the little streams into rushing torrents. For two days the troopers plowed forward through the thick mud, soaked to the skin, unable to find dry ground for sleeping or dry wood for a fire. It didn't matter much. Grierson was not allowing them much time for sleep.

On the 22nd they reached the Okaxuler River. It had stopped raining, but the river, swollen by the torrents, had over-flown its banks, creating a swamp three feet deep and six miles across. If Grierson was dismayed, he did not show it. If he got caught by Rebel forces when he was in the middle of this, he'd be cut to pieces. He sent out his scouts for information. "Find out if Pemberton has the wind up," he said. "And see if the locals know we're about."

The Butternut Guerrillas rode off. For two hours Grierson sat at the edge of the vast swamp, calmly smoking a cigar and waiting for his vital news. Then the scouts returned. They were grinning. "Well, Sergeant?" Grierson said.

"I guess it's okay, sir. The people around here are trusting as babies.

"There's a school up the road a piece, sir. They let all the kids come out and cheer us as we rode by."

Grierson smiled. "That's fine, Sergeant," he said. "I'm glad to find we're welcome."

And so they pushed their horses into the flood. The footing was slick and treacherous, and in the center of the swamp, as they passed through the bed of the river, the water was running swift. Horse after horse stumbled, throwing a cursing rider into the muddy wet. A dozen mounts drowned, caught in the heavy push of water. But four hours later Grierson had his troops safe on the other side. Without pausing to rest they went on toward Newton Station.

Ahead lay the little town of Philadelphia, on the banks of the Pearl River. One small plank bridge crossed the Pearl: nothing more. If the Rebels burned the bridge before Grierson could cross he'd be held up indefinitely looking for a ford. There was, Grierson knew, a time for finesse and a time for the direct blow. And so he charged. He ran his troops as hard as he could run them for 20 miles. They raced through the countryside, dumping astonished wagoners into ditches, fluttering up behind them clouds of chickens and leaving farmers standing stunned by the roadside at this miraculous appearance of 1,000 bleary-eyed Union troops charging like madmen through their peaceful countryside. The men were

[Continued on page 76]



THE DAY I SHOT RICHTHOFEN

Continued from page 16

one in a new ordnance manual and had made me one to scale from a discarded 18-pounder shell case.

Two German machines had fallen out of the fight when I noticed one of our machines corkscrewing from the melee and falling toward the ground in the vicinity of Vaux-sur-Somme. It straightened out at a low level and darted across our lines for safety. An all-red Fokker triplane immediately gave chase, and although our airman had a fair lead, the German rapidly gained on him.

By this time our C.O., Major Beavis, had received a telephone message from our forward observing post, informing us that these two machines had separated from the fight and were flying directly down the Somme Valley toward our battery. I had already cleared my gun and made ready for action.

The pilot in the Sopwith was twisting and turning to escape the short, erratic machine gun bursts fired by the German airman, but he continued to be forced lower and lower toward our position.

I was not then aware that the Camel was being flown by Lieutenant Wilfred May of 209 Squadron, and the pursuing red triplane by Baron von Richthofen.

We were free to fire at any time without command, but as the planes neared us, barely 50 feet off the brow of the ridge, I was prevented from firing immediately, as the two machines were almost in line, with Lt. May's plane blocking my line of fire.

Major Beavis and Lieutenant Doyle were on my right and left respectively, each about 30 yards away. Captain Ellis, on slightly lower ground at my center, observed the oncoming planes from the flank and shouted, "Fire on that plane, Buie!" But I still could not, owing to Lt. May's position.

I had swiveled my gun to follow the red machine, and Snowy Evans, manning the other gun on my right, got first clearance and opened up at a range of slightly more than 300 yards. The triplane flew steadily on, still firing short bursts at the Camel. It was now barely 20 yards behind and 10 feet above May. Very close, indeed. I was at the ready with my finger on the trigger, waiting the clearance.

It came.

I can still remember Richthofen clearly. His helmet and goggles covered most of his face and he was hunched in the cockpit aiming over his guns at the lead plane. It seems that with every burst he leaned forward in the cockpit as though concentrating very intently on his fire. Certainly he was not aware of the danger of his position or of the close range of our guns. Had he seen our battery so near at hand and had been so inclined, he could easily have leveled his machine guns on us with devastating results.

At 200 yards, with my peep sight di-

rectly on Richthofen's body, I began firing with steady bursts. His plane was bearing frontal and just a little to the right of me and after 20 rounds I knew that the bullets were striking the right side and front of the machine, for I clearly saw fragments flying.

Still Richthofen came on, firing at Lt. May with both guns blazing. Then, just before my last shots finished at a range of 40 yards, Richthofen's guns stopped abruptly. The thought flashed through my mind—*I've hit him!*—and immediately I noticed a sharp change in engine sound as the red triplane passed over our gun position at less than 50 feet and still a little to my right. It slackened speed considerably and the propeller slowed down, although the machine still appeared to be under control. Then it veered a bit to the right and then back to the left and lost height gradually, coming down near an abandoned brick kiln, 400 yards away on the Bray-Corbie road.

I looked to my gun. It was empty. I had fired a full pannier.

Richthofen's plane *did not* come to earth in a spin, or vertically with full power as some writers have stated. It was far from demolished. Rather, it came down as though the pilot was bringing it down, although on landing parts of the wing and the forward section of the fuselage were damaged quite badly.

I remember looking up and seeing Lt. May, who had flown on a little way, turn back. He circled once around our battery before flying into the West, toward, I presume, his base.

I remained near my gun post, for it was a standing order that no men were to show themselves in the open ground where the plane had landed as it was in full view of the German batteries.

Despite the order, souvenir hunters streamed from all directions. Men from the 108th Howitzer Battery arrived first on the scene. I understand that Lt. Frazer, an Intelligence Officer of the 11th Brigade, was among them. He released Richthofen's safety belt and had him lowered to the ground, and upon examining his papers, found his name. The rush for souvenirs then began in earnest and a padre of the 8th Field Artillery Brigade is said to have tried to recover as many of Richthofen's personal effects from the "souvenir kings" as he could.

As I watched the activity at the plane, I remarked to some of the Diggers from the other positions, "He flew that low over us that we couldn't miss him." Forty years later, almost to the day, I received a letter from James V. Rake of Brisbane, a 3rd Division Headquarters Signaller, who had overheard me, and repeated my words in his letter exactly!

In a few minutes the word came back. "It's Richthofen, the German ace!"

My Digger mates slapped me on the back and congratulated me. At first I thought they were carrying on with me, but some others came up and confirmed it. I felt very proud. It has been the most thrilling experience of my life.

A guard was placed over the body and plane, and within half an hour Major Beavis, having claimed the body for the 53rd, had it wrapped in a blanket and carried to our battery dugout on a stretcher. There I saw it.

In the crash Richthofen's face had been thrown against the gun butts and suffered minor injuries. Blood had come from his mouth which indicated at first glance that a fatal bullet had pierced a lung.

According to the popular versions, death came from a single bullet which had entered his back and passed forward through the chest.

This is not true!

Richthofen was struck in the *left breast, abdomen and right knee!* I examined these wounds as his body lay on the stretcher. His fur-lined boots were missing, as were his helmet and goggles and other personal effects, these having been taken by the souvenir hunters before his body arrived at the battery. He was wearing red silk pajamas under his flying clothes.

The wounds were all frontal. Their entrances were small and clean and the exit points were slightly larger and irregular in the back. Later, Colonel Barber of the Australian Corps and Colonel Sinclair of the Fourth Army, both medical officers, made separate examinations of the body and their reports agreed that the fatal chest wound was definitely frontal.

At about 1:00 that afternoon, there arrived at our station the Wing Commander of 209 Squadron, Lt. Colonel Cairns, accompanied by another officer and Captain Roy Brown, who, to everyone's amazement, claimed to have brought the Baron down. He appeared very sincere in his claim, but Major Beavis and our other officers would have none of it. By then I had learned that a third Camel piloted by Captain Brown was supposed to have followed Richthofen from the fight, but while still two miles distant, had broken away and made a wide curve to the right of our battery, being, at the moment of my fire, well south of us over Corbie, a mile and a half distant.

Brown's machine was definitely not in the action at all. No plane pursued Richthofen. There was only May pursued by Richthofen. *Two planes only!*

Certainly no third plane had been in my line of vision when I first sighted the two oncoming machines crossing the lines two miles away.

I have a vivid recollection of Captain Brown. He appeared quite well and fresh, hardly the sick and exhausted man described by some writers. He got a glimpse of Richthofen's body on the stretcher. I shook hands with him, after which Major Beavis, Captain Ellis and I reviewed the action and showed the air officers where Richthofen fell. When confronted with the facts—that scores of officers and men had seen his plane on

A Funny One for the Road

Pausing in his lecture to a group of army recruits, the security officer said, "Sergeant Benton, you must often have done sentry duty and you can give the men an example of proper procedure. Suppose you were patrolling your post at night and you saw a figure stealthily crawling towards camp in the dark. What would you do?"

"I would call for assistance, sir, and help the officer to his quarters."

M. C., Norwich, Conn.



Grandpa was interviewed on his 90th birthday. The reporter asked, "If you had your life to live all over again, do you think you'd make the same mistakes?"

"Sure," said the lively old man, "but I'd start sooner!"

L. W., New York City



First morning after the honeymoon, hubby got up early and prepared a fine breakfast of orange juice, coffee, bacon, eggs and golden brown, buttered toast. He served this to his delighted bride in bed, then asked, "Have you noticed exactly what I've done?"

"Of course, darling," she replied. "It's absolutely perfect."

"Okay," said the husband, "this is how I want my breakfast served every morning from now on!"

E. R., Columbus, Ga.



Note for a new dictionary:
Cavalier—A gentleman who winters at Nassau, summers at Monte Carlo and springs at blondes.



The former play-for-pay girl fell in love with and married a wealthy gent who knew nothing of her past. On the honeymoon she was horrified to encounter an old customer who also happened to be a friend of the groom.

"Oh, you've already met my wife?" said the husband.

"Yes, we got acquainted some years ago when she was in business," replied the friend, a roguish twinkle in his eye.

"Why, sweetheart, I didn't know you were a business woman," the groom exclaimed. "What line were you in?"

Before the embarrassed babe could stammer a reply, her old customer spoke up. "Women's clothes—and she was quite successful with them, on and off."

D. B., Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Colonel Bloobstutter says, "I woke up this morning feeling like a 20-year-old. But where could I get one at that hour?"



A blue nose, lecturing on the evils of whiskey, shouted excitedly, "Drink is undoubtedly the greatest curse of mankind! It makes you insult your boss! It makes you quarrel with your neighbor! It makes you take a death-dealing weapon in hand and shoot at your own wife! And it makes you miss her!"

J. P., Coshocton, Ohio



Sorry Sportsman: Golfing he hooks 'em; fishing he doesn't!



Then there were the two starlets who by mistake walked into a men's club. The first panicked—and ran, but the second stayed calm—and collected.



"Funny how a kid's ambitions change," reflected the proud papa. "When my boy was six he wanted to be a cowboy, when he was nine he got all steamed up about being a jet pilot and when he got to be twelve I'm hanged if he didn't decide to be a nuclear scientist!"

"He's fourteen now, isn't he?" said the friend. "Has he changed again?"

"Yes," daddy admitted. "He got a look at Cavalier's Lady and now his only ambition is to grow up!"

J. J., Melbourne, Australia

Tootie, the Cutie, was backstage putting on her makeup when her chorine chum remarked, "That was some fight between Johansson and Patterson!"

"Yeh?" said Tootie. "Over who?"

H. H., Washington, D. C.



In the rock'n' roll set, you don't just get a haircut—you ask for it by the brand name. So the youth sat down in the barber chair, said, "Give me a Tony Curtis," and promptly dozed off. Twenty minutes later he awakened and was horrified to see himself in the mirror as a "baldy."

He screamed at the haircutter, "I told you I wanted a Tony Curtis!"

"Sure," said the indignant barber, "and that's what I'm a-give you! You think I no know what is a Tony Curtis? Why only lasta week I see him three times in 'The King and I!'"

D. R., Grand Falls, Canada



As usual, Ferdie Freshwater was boring the guys at the bar with his angling tales.

"Knock it off, will ya, Ferdie?" said a companion. "Don't you ever think about anything but fishing? Don't you ever think about baseball—or women?"

"Sure I do!" declared Ferdie. "Only last night I dreamed I was all alone in a canoe with Sophia Loren!"

"Hey, hey! How'd you make out?"

"Terrific! I caught a twelve-pound bass!"


P. C., Hollywood, Fla.



A Texan and his wife, visiting Paris, dropped in an art gallery and within a matter of minutes had bought up masterpieces of Picasso, Rembrandt, Van Gogh, etc.

"Well," he said to his wife, "let's get started on our shopping now. That takes care of the Christmas cards."

H. H., Washington, D. C.


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our right and 2,000 yards away when Richthofen went down under my gun—they went away with Brown apparently satisfied, for he said that he “had brought one down, but it must have been in another sector.”

The Germans refrained from shelling the downed plane, as they wanted to allow time for our Diggers to remove the body. Then too, they may have thought that their pilot was only wounded. As darkness fell however, they opened fire with a barrage intended to destroy the plane and the troops moving it, but they were too late as it had already been dismantled and was on its way to the R.A.F., according to the general existing orders governing captured enemy aircraft.

We all knew that the R.A.F. was contesting the action, but as all claims and evidence had gone to British Army Headquarters for evaluation we could only await the official decision we knew would be in our favor. It came one month later, while I was still in the line. The dispatch from General Rawlinson, Commander of the British Fourth Army in France, was directed to the 53rd Battery and to me, and gave me the credit for shooting down the German ace. The findings of the inquiry clearly stated: “. . . that after very careful consideration and the weighing up of all the evidence, it has been proved beyond all doubt that No. 3801, Gunner Robert Buie, 53rd Battery, was responsible for the destruction of Baron von Richthofen.”

Until a few years ago, there was a newspaper printed here in Australia called *Smith's Weekly*. The editor got in touch with London, where this official document is filed, and received a copy for publication. It is a part of the Rawlinson Memorial copies of the British Fourth Army Record.

During the past 42 years I've read some strange accounts of what was supposed to have taken place during the action, and each has been more fantastic than the preceding one. But by far the most incorrect versions are contained in Gibbons' *The Red Knight of Germany*, and Quentin Reynolds' *They Fought for the Sky*.

Gibbons' said that:
“. . . one bullet traversed May's right arm.”

May landed back at base without a scratch.

“There was a bullet hole in both the right and left breast.”

Apparently Gibbons did not read the medical reports, of which there were a total of four. All agreed that there was only one bullet hole through the chest.

Richthofen crashed in “no-man's-land” —“on the outskirts of Sailly-le-Sec, not far from Corbie.”

Actually, the machine came to rest beside the Bray-Corbie road, well behind the front, two and one-half miles from Corbie and two miles from Sailly-le-Sec. These are measured air distances.

“Directly in front and beneath the pair (Richthofen's pursuit of May) are the trench positions of the 33rd Australian Field Battery.”

Our Battery was the 53rd.

“Lieutenant Mellersh (of 209 Squadron) made a forced landing . . . within

his own lines.” Richthofen's plane “came to a stop right side up in a shell hole not fifty yards from where Mellersh (was) standing. . . Under Lieutenant Mellersh's instructions the body (was) carried . . . to the closest underground shelter.”

This young Lieutenant, whom Gibbons has somehow placed in charge of the situation, later became Air Vice Marshal of the Royal Canadian Air Force. He died in a helicopter crash in 1952. Letters which he wrote after Richthofen's death as well as records of 209 Squadron, disprove Gibbons' account. Lt. Mellersh returned to base with Brown, May, and other survivors of the dogfight.

Quentin Reynolds' recently published volume, *They Fought for the Skies* drew heavily from Gibbons' faulty material and completely ignored the ground action. Their information is all wrong, as is Captain Brown's personal account which appeared in several American and Canadian newspapers under the title *My Fight with Richthofen*.

Brown was definitely not there. His narrative, as well as those of Gibbons and Reynolds, are untruths—so intended or not.

It's been said that the controversy over who shot down Richthofen would never be settled because, even granting that he was fired upon from below, simultaneous firing by Brown in the air complicates the matter beyond all hope of solution. This is utter nonsense! There was never a controversy in the first place, but rather an attempt by the R.A.F. to distort the truth in their reluctance to accept the fact that the greatest ace of World War I was downed by a mere ground gunner instead of one of their own pilots. It's no secret that the Air Services needed morale bolstering during those critical days.

Over the years I've received many letters from my old Digger mates. H. E. Hart, one time Battery clerk of the 53rd, wrote the original account. James Rake was on the spot a few moments after the crash. T. G. Lovell stood right alongside of me and E. C. Tibbits was within 100 yards of where the plane came down. They were all around me when the action took place and they all tell the same story.

The mystery as to what one of the fragments was that flew off Richthofen's machine was solved last February when I received a letter from another Digger mate—Ray McDiarmid of Moruya.

His letter said in part: “There was a good dogfight on somewhere in front of Corbie and one of the Pom planes (British planes) dropped out and Richthofen got on his tail. I was a machine gunner in the 11th Brigade and had a crack at him as he passed but did no good. About 10 seconds after I heard a gun on my left open, I saw the plane stagger and get out of control. Something was thrown out of the plane, which proved to be Richthofen's goggles, but I'm darned if I can remember the bloke who picked them up although I knew him.

“My mate, Joe Hill of Coffs Harbor, was one of the first on the scene and got a chunk of the petrol tank; he gave me a piece and I cut it into a map of Australia and made a dead meal ticket of it. I still

have it.

“We were told in Corbie orders next day that a Gunner Buie had shot down Baron von Richthofen, and my diary confirms this. The Poms tried hard to claim the victory, but, as an eye witness, I'll swear to the fact that he was shot from the ground. The only thing I'm croaked about is that I missed him.”

I venture to say that I am the only man who can show this proof. The R.A.F. certainly cannot, for they have no such official record. The Military and Air Force Chiefs would assuredly have given credit to an airman if there had been any doubt at all.

Following the results of the inquiry, General Birdwood, General Brown and Major-General Hobbs made a special visit to our battery to congratulate me for my work. General Birdwood was the first to approach my gun. He was a small man, very smart, and spoke quickly. He wore a slouch hat the same as we did and was known to all of us as “The Little Digger.” He shook hands with me vigorously and remarked that it would have been more fitting had Richthofen been brought down in an air engagement, and a great pity, also, that he wasn't just wounded and taken prisoner.

“Richthofen,” he said, “was a very gallant man, but nevertheless, he is better out of the way. He was very destructive toward our men. What do you think of it, Buie?”

“I'm proud to have been the one who brought him down, sir,” I replied. “I'll never forget it.”

General Birdwood nodded and touched my arm. As he took his leave his last words to me were, “Good luck and goodbye. Keep on bringing them down, Buie.”

I saluted and said, “Goodbye, sir, I'll do my best.”

General Hobbs was next to come to me and he greeted me in much the same manner. He examined my gunsight carefully and was quite impressed with it. I explained that it was a makeshift sight as our new ones had not yet arrived from Ordnance. He asked if he could have it as a souvenir when it was replaced and I readily agreed. Later it was sent to him, and after his death it was handed over to the Australian War Memorial at Canberra where it is on display today, along with other items recovered from the crashed plane.

During the night of August 8th—my 25th birthday—after spending eight months in the line, while large scale operations were in progress on the Amiens Front, I suddenly lost consciousness and was carried to the rear. When I came to in a field hospital, I realized that the war was over for me. I was sent to a convalescent camp, then to Lewisham Hospital in England. A few weeks later I was invalided home aboard the hospital ship *Somali*. On my tunic was a tag which listed my illness. It said *Myocarditis*.

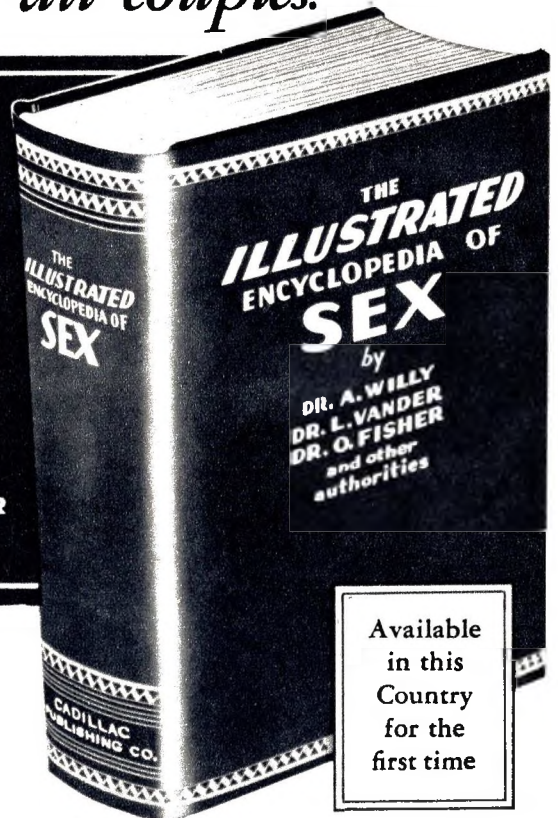
Back home again, I became an outpatient at Randwick Military Hospital, until, in 1919, at my request, I was discharged from the Army as medically unfit.

Before my enlistment I had been a professional fisherman out of Brooklyn

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on the Hawkesbury River, where my parents had settled from Scotland in the early 1800's. I went back to work as best I could, but my heart condition became critical and I developed chronic bronchial asthma.

In 1938 I was re-admitted to Randwick but after three months was discharged with the usual verdict—*not due to war service*. I have never been able to understand their reasoning in this, for I was marked physically fit when I enlisted.

My doctor warned me not to do any kind of work, but I had my family to think of so I continued on as best I could. I'm 66 now, retired, and my wife and I live on a small invalid pension on a piece of land near Calga "in the Bush." It is a humble old place, but it's home and



we're happy. Our children—five girls and two boys—are all grown.

I often think of the war years and of the day I downed Richthofen. Although I officially received credit, I must include my old Digger mate, Snowy Evans, who passed away in 1925, and who manned our battery's other gun.

Yes, the evidence has been twisted and distorted over the years, but the facts cannot be erased. Many people in America, England and Canada have never acknowledged Australia's victory. Documentary evidence is what counts however—and I have it.

The honor of destroying Germany's greatest ace belongs only to Australia. •

For further discussion of the proof, see Editor's Turn on page 4.

BEETLES

Continued from page 34

Just elementary science, really—but its very simplicity may defeat the Powers of Evil."

I nodded like a fool, wondering whether I could arrange for him to be taken away that evening. Perhaps my friend, Doctor Sherman, might diagnose. . . .

"Now let them come! It's my last chance—the incense doesn't work, and even if I keep the lights burning they creep about the corners. Funny the woodwork holds up; it should be riddled."

What was this?

"But I forgot," said Hartley. "You don't know about it. The plague, I mean. And the curse." He leaned forward and his white hands made octopus-shadows on the wall.

"I used to laugh at it, you know," he said. "Archeology isn't exactly a pursuit for the superstitious. Too much groveling in ruins. And putting curses on old pottery and battered statues never seemed important to me. But Egyptology—that's different. It's human bodies, there. Mummified, but still human. And the Egyptians were a great race—they had scientific secrets we haven't yet fathomed, and of course we cannot even begin to approach their concepts in mysticism.

"I learned a lot, this last trip. We were after the excavation job in the new tombs up the river. I brushed up on the dynastic periods, and naturally the religious significance entered into it. Oh, I know all the myths—the Bubalis legend, the Isis resurrection theory, the true names of Ra, the allegory of Set—

"We found things there, in the tombs—wonderful things. The pottery, the furniture, the bas-reliefs we were able to remove. But the expeditionary reports will be out soon; you can read of it then. We found mummies, too. Cursed mummies."

Now I saw it, or thought I did.

"And I was a fool. I did something I never should have dared to do—for ethical reasons, and for other, more important reasons. Reasons that may cost me my soul."

I had to keep my grip on myself, remember that he was mad, remember that his convincing tones were prompted by the delusions of insanity. Or else, in that dark room I might have easily believed that there was a power which had driven my friend to this haggard brink.

"Yes, I did it, I tell you! I read the Curse of Scarabæus—sacred beetle, you know—and I did it anyway. I couldn't guess that it was true. I was a skeptic; everyone is skeptical enough until things happen. Those things are like the phenomenon of death; you read about it, realize that it occurs to others, and yet cannot quite conceive of it happening to yourself. And yet it does. The Curse of the Scarabæus was like that."

Thoughts of the Sacred Beetle of Egypt crossed my mind. And I remembered, also, the seven plagues. And I knew what he would say. . . .

"We came back. On the ship I noticed them. They crawled out of the corners every night. When I turned the light on they went away, but they always returned when I tried to sleep. I burned incense to keep them off, and then I moved into a new cabin. But they followed me.

"I did not dare tell anyone. Most of the chaps would have laughed, and the Egyptologists in the party wouldn't have helped much. Besides, I couldn't confess my crime. So I went on alone."

His voice was a dry whisper.

"It was pure hell. One night on the boat I saw the black things crawling in my food. After that I ate in the cabin,

alone. I dared not see anyone now, for fear they might notice how the things followed me. They did follow me, you know—if I walked in shadow on the deck they crept along behind. Only the sun kept them back, or a pure flame. I nearly went mad trying to account logically for their presence; trying to imagine how they got on the boat. But all the time I knew in my heart what the truth was. They were a sending—the Curse!

"When I reached port I went up and resigned. When my guilt was discovered there would have been a scandal, anyway, so I resigned. I couldn't hope to continue work with those things crawling all over, wherever I went. I was afraid to look anyone up. Naturally, I tried. That one night at the club was ghastly, though—I could see them marching across the carpet and crawling up the sides of my chair, and it took all there was in me to keep from screaming and dashing out.

"Since then I've stayed here, alone. Before I decide on any course for the future, I must fight the Curse and win. Nothing else will help."

I started to interject a phrase, but he brushed it aside and continued desperately.

"No, I couldn't go away. They followed me across the ocean; they haunt me in the streets. I could be locked up and they would still come. They come every night and crawl up the sides of my bed and try to get at my face and I must

sleep soon or I'll go mad, they crawl over my face at night, they crawl—"

It was horrible to see the words ooze out between his set teeth, for he was fighting madly to control himself.

"Perhaps the insecticide will kill them. It was the first thing I should have thought of, but of course panic confused me. Yes, I put my trust in the insecticide. Grotesque, isn't it? Fighting an ancient curse with insect-powder?"

I spoke at last. "They're beetles, aren't they?"

He nodded. "Scarabæus beetles. You know the curse. The mummies under the protection of the Scarab cannot be violated."

I knew the curse. It was one of the oldest known to history. Like all legends, it has had a persistent life.

"But why should it affect you?" I asked.

He was silent for a moment before he spoke, and then his words seemed to be wrung out of him.

"I stole a mummy," he said. "I stole the mummy of a temple virgin. I must have been crazy to do it; something happens to you under that sun. There was gold in the case, and jewels, and ornaments. And there was the Curse, written. I got them—both."

I stared at him, and knew that in this he spoke the truth.

"That's why I cannot keep up my work. I stole the mummy, and I am cursed. I didn't believe, but the crawling

things came just as the inscription said.

"At first I thought that was the meaning of the Curse, that wherever I went the beetles would go, too, that they would haunt me and keep me from men forever. But lately I am beginning to think differently. I think the beetles will act as messengers of vengeance. I think they mean to kill me."

This was pure raving.

"I haven't dared open the mummy-case since. I'm afraid to read the inscription again. I have it here in the house, but I've locked it up and I won't show you. I want to burn it—but I must keep it on hand. In a way, it's the only proof of my sanity. And if the things kill me—"

"Snap out of it," I commanded. Then I started. I don't know the exact words I used, but I said reassuring, hearty, wholesome things. And when I finished he smiled the martyred smile of the obsessed.

"Delusions? They're real. But where do they come from? I can't find any cracks in the woodwork. The walls are sound. And yet every night the beetles come and crawl up the bed and try to get at my face. They don't bite, they merely crawl. There are thousands of them—black thousands of silent, crawling things, inches long. I brush them away, but when I fall asleep they come back; they're clever, and I can't pretend. I've never caught one; they're too fast-moving. They seem to understand me—or the Power that sends them understands.

"They crawl up from Hell night after

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night, and I can't last much longer. Some evening I'll fall completely asleep and they will creep over my face, and then—"

He leaped to his feet and screamed. "The corner—in the corner now—out of the walls—"

The black shadows were moving, marching.

I saw a blur, fancied I could detect rustling forms advancing, creeping, spreading before the light.

Hartley sobbed. I turned on the electric light. There was, of course, nothing there. I didn't say a word, but left abruptly. Hartley continued to sit huddled in his chair, his head in his hands.

I went straight to my friend, Doctor Sherman.

* * *

He diagnosed it as I thought he would: phobia, accompanied by hallucinations. Hartley's feeling of guilt over stealing the mummy haunted him. The visions of beetles resulted.

All this Sherman studied with the mumbo-jumbo technicalities of the professional psychiatrist, but it was simple enough. Together we phoned the institute where Hartley had worked. They verified the story, in so far as they knew Hartley had stolen a mummy.

After dinner Sherman had an appointment, but he promised to meet me at 10 and go with me again to Hartley's apartment. I was quite insistent about this, for I felt that there was no time to lose. I feared suicide very much, for if ever a man was on the verge of complete mental collapse, Arthur Hartley surely was.

It was nearly 11, however, before Sherman and I rang the bell. There was no answer. We stood in the dark hallway as I vainly rapped, then pounded. The silence only served to augment my anxiety. I was truly afraid, or else I never would have dared using my skeleton key.

As it was, I felt the end justified the means. We entered.

The living-room was bare of occupants. Nothing had changed since the afternoon—I could see that quite clearly, for all the lights were on, and the guttering candle-stumps still smoldered.

Both Sherman and I smelt the reek of the insecticide quite strongly, and the floor was almost evenly coated with thick white insect powder.

We called, of course, before I ventured to enter the bedroom. It was dark, and I thought it was empty until I turned on the lights and saw the figure huddled beneath the bed-clothes. It was Arthur Hartley, and I needed no second glance to see that his white face was twisted in death.

The reek of insecticide was strongest here, and incense burned; and yet there was another pungent smell—a musty odor, vaguely animal-like.

Sherman stood at my side, staring. "What shall we do?" I asked.

"I'll get the police," he said. "Touch nothing."

He dashed out, and I followed him from the room, sickened. I could not bear to approach the body of my friend—that hideous expression on the face affrighted me. Suicide, murder, heart-attack—I didn't even wish to know the manner of his passing. I was heartsick to think that we had been too late.

I turned from the bedroom and then that damnable scent came to my nostrils redoubled, and I knew. "Beetles!"

But how could there be beetles? It was all an illusion in poor Hartley's brain. Even his twisted mind had realized that there were no apertures in the walls to admit them.

And still the smell rose on the air—the reek of death, of decay, of ancient corruption that reigned in Egypt. I followed the scent to the second bedroom, forced the door.

On the bed lay the mummy-case. Hartley had said he locked it up in here. The lid was closed, but ajar.

I opened it. The sides bore inscriptions, and one of them may have pertained to the Scarabæus Curse. I do not know, for I stared only at the ghastly, unshrouded figure that lay within. It was a mummy, and it had been sucked dry. It was all shell. There was a great cavity in the stomach, and as I peered within I could see a few feebly-crawling forms—inch-long, black buttons with great writhing feelers. They shrank back in the light, but not before I saw the scarab patterns on the outer crusted backs.

The secret of the Curse was here—the beetles had dwelt within the body of the mummy! They had eaten it out and nested within, and at night they crawled forth. It was true then!

I screamed once when the thought hit me, and dashed back to Hartley's bedroom. I could hear the sound of footsteps ascending the outer stairs; the police were on their way, but I couldn't wait. I raced into the bedroom, dread tugging at my heart.

Had Hartley's story been true, after all? Were the beetles really messengers of a divine vengeance?

I ran into that bedroom where Arthur Hartley lay, stooped over his huddled figure on the bed. My hands fumbled over the body, searching for a wound. I had to know how he had died.

But there was no blood, there was no mark, and there was no weapon beside him. It had been shock or heart attack, after all. I was strangely relieved when I thought of this. I stood up and eased the body back again on the pillows.

I felt almost glad, because during my search my hands had moved over the body while my eyes roved over the room. I was looking for beetles.

Hartley had feared the beetles—the beetles that crawled out of the mummy.

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They had crawled every night, if his story was to be believed; crawled into his room, up the bed-posts, across the pillows.

Where were they now? They had left the mummy and disappeared, and Hartley was dead. Where were they?

Suddenly I stared again at Hartley. There was something wrong with the body on the bed. When I had lifted the corpse it seemed singularly light for a man of Hartley's build. As I gazed at him now, he seemed empty of more than life. I peered into that ravaged face more closely, and then I shuddered. For the cords on his neck moved convulsively, his chest seemed to rise and fall, his head fell sideways on the pillow. He lived—or something inside him did!

And then as his twisted features moved, I cried aloud, for I knew how Hartley had died, and what had killed him; knew the secret of the Scarab Curse and why the beetles crawled out of the mummy to seek his bed. I knew what they had meant to do—what, tonight, they had done. I cried aloud as I saw Hartley's face move, in hopes that my voice would drown that dreadful rustling sound which filled the room and came from *inside Hartley's body*.

I knew that the Scarab Curse had killed him, and I screamed quite wildly as his mouth gaped slowly open. Just as I fainted, I saw Arthur Hartley's dead lips part, allowing a rustling swarm of *black Scarabaeus beetles* to pour out across the pillow. •



SEX RACKET

Continued from page 25

A number of Congressional aides, it seemed, were hoping to get a peek at the highly obscene films the Subcommittee had managed to lay its hands on during the course of its investigations. "I must see the pictures to gain a better understanding of the scope of the smut problem," one after another used to tell me with a knowing and lascivious wink. The screenings of the films were among the best attended movies ever shown on Capitol Hill.

Meanwhile, the phone was ringing almost daily with requests from many citizens in the Washington area who never before had shown the slightest curiosity in the Subcommittee's work. In alternately belligerent and wheedling tones they now were asking for a glimpse of our films "in order to be enlightened about the horrible material which is threatening the morals of our teenagers."

We did get important anti-pornography legislation passed. But, of course, there is a sizable community appetite among responsible as well as irresponsible citizens for sexually suggestive and pornographic material. I have seen it ex-

pressed each time I have worked on an investigation involving pornography; we all have seen it every time a movie or book banned in Boston becomes a huge success everywhere else.

Other examples?

When a New York State legislative committee issued a report a few years ago on pornographic traffic in that state, copies of the report were gobbled up by the citizenry in record time. Not because the report was against obscenity, but because it was filled with examples of the "dirty" pictures it was fighting against.

And, of course, on any given night, some members of organizations which have shouted longest for stronger anti-pornography laws will be applauding stag shows in their meeting rooms, shows which feature the vilest of pornographic movies—and they get vile enough to follow not only men and women into the bedroom, but men and men, women and women, and humans and animals.

Whether this interest by so many people in pornography is hypocrisy or normality does not very much concern the obscenity peddler. The important thing for him is that it is there and guar-

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WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW (and women, too)

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Omaha 2, Nebr., Dept. FMC-10299 Amount wanted \$ _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

OCCUPATION _____

AGE _____

Husband's or wife's occupation _____

antees him a sizable number of the "better" people as customers. A Chicago detective once summed the situation up beautifully for me when he observed: "I'm out to throw every one of those bastards [pornography vendors] into jail, but I have to admit I sure do like to see their movies."

Moving onto the legal area, most cases of alleged pornography start the prosecutor off with all the disadvantages of a man trying to secure a jail sentence for a jaywalker. The general legal criterion for pornography is that it be material of a lewd nature which has been sent with the intention of inciting lust or arousing indecent and immoral thoughts. But knowing that people are buying books and pictures for these reasons and proving that they are being marketed for obscene purposes are two very different things. Moreover, judges have always been extremely cautious about infringing on the publication or distribution of any literature for fear that they may be violating freedom of the press. As a result, local district attorneys and federal prosecutors have long complained about over-frequent acquittals or absurdly light penalties in obscenity cases which enable the accused to go right back into business again.

Last year, for example, Ted Paramire III, son of a former Hollywood motion picture director and a big dealer in "girlie" photos who relies heavily on the most suggestive advertising circulars, was picked up during an attempted general crackdown on mail order operations in the Los Angeles area. Paramire promptly pleaded guilty to violating a municipal ordinance. He was fined and smugly paid \$500—a sum representing roughly two days' profits for him. After his conviction, he not only resumed business in the same way, but soon moved to bigger and more elaborate quarters. When I met Paramire in Los Angeles last autumn, he had brushed off his arrest and conviction like the fly specks they were and was boasting that his business had never been better nor the future brighter.

A few years earlier, two long-time partners in alleged mail order obscenity named Roy Ross and Louis Tager suffered even less damage in a bout with federal authorities that had some comic aspects. The men were charged specifically with distributing a large number of obscene movies, and Tager, figuring he had no chance for acquittal, pleaded guilty on five counts of the indictment.

But Ross went on trial first. The prosecuting U. S. attorney centered his attack on several films in particular. He noted that in "Busy Signal," a woman wearing only a brassiere and panties squirms and rolls alluringly on a bed while talking on the telephone. In two other movies, women with exposed, heavily-developed breasts tie them with rope and caress them and other body parts. In a fourth picture, a group of nude women are playing baseball.

Although some of these pictures had been sold to youngsters, the judge still refused to regard them as harmful in themselves or obscene. Ross was acquitted and the amazed Tager hastily withdrew his guilty pleas and was ac-

quitted later also.

This courtroom leniency is not confined to vendors of "soft" pornography; it has also been welcomed appreciatively on many occasions by hard core operators as well. A police raid on the apartment of a man in Washington, D. C., some years ago uncovered 14 boxes of unquestionably obscene movies, slides and pamphlets, and a 500-picture file indexed according to types of perversion. Some of the pictures actually showed the man's wife in the nude committing indecencies on herself while the couple's small children looked on. Yet this dealer drew only a 60-day jail sentence and a \$200 fine. Also in Washington, a man who once put on a stag show complete with the lewdest kind of films for almost 200 youngsters aged 11 and up, was handed only a \$100 fine for the offense by the soft-hearted judge.

The case of David Stephen Alberts, for years one of the biggest hard core operators, has followed a fairly common pattern. Alberts used the mails to sell thousands of lewd pictures and also distributed rubber contraptions designed to provide sexual excitement. And one of his most popular items was a little 12-page booklet he sold for \$4 titled: "Lessons in Love," that depicted 23 suggested positions for sexual intercourse.

Alberts was arrested for violating obscenity laws in 1949 and drew a 60-day sentence. Arrested again in 1950, he pleaded guilty on two counts and was fined \$200. After another arrest in 1951, he was given a 90-day sentence that was suspended. And in 1955 he was convicted on two more counts—but after all these convictions he still was only put on probation. Police feel today that Alberts is still very much in the pornography racket, working behind the scenes while his wife outwardly handles their business affairs.

Because the courtroom wheels do move so slowly and often so lightly, government officials have been unable to halt several other big hard core operators. Two who have been barely scratched in numerous brushes with the law have been Eddie Mishkin and Irving Klaw, both of New York City.

Mishkin, who uses book stores as a cover for a huge traffic in obscenity, refused to answer all questions thrown at him during the Senate investigation into pornography on grounds that the answers would tend to incriminate him. But it is estimated he still grosses at least \$1,500,000 a year and it is known that he was the leading distributor of "Nights of Horror," a book dealing lewdly with lesbianism and homosexuality that was declared obscene by the U. S. Supreme Court.

Klaw also is believed to be selling more than a million dollars worth of stuff a year although he was identified four years ago by the Senate Subcommittee "as one of the largest distributors of obscene, nude and fetish photographs." Every once in a while, however, pornography dealers do slip and give police and Director William Callahan's hard-working mail frauds division of the Post

Office a much-needed break. Last April, for example, postal officials swooped down on Ben Himmel of New York City, whose Pigalle Imports was identified by Postmaster General Summerfield as "one of the East Coast's largest dealers in obscenity." Himmel's slip, according to reliable reports, was a humdinger. One of the mailing lists he was sending his smut advertisements to contained the names of members of the National Press Club in Washington, U. S. Senators, and the Secretary of Defense. A few complaints from these sources and Himmel became target number one for a big raid. But at this writing it remains to be seen whether even the personal resentment of influential Washington people will mean a stiff prison sentence for Himmel.

The mail order boys can afford to work fairly openly. Their pet precaution, as noted earlier, is to change business names and mailing addresses frequently. (One of the biggest, who used to send out as many as 60,000 pieces of mail a day, operated under no less than 37 names in eight years.)

Postal inspectors manage to get themselves on mailing lists using fictitious names and, from time to time, every mail order dealer can expect to be charged with sending out obscenity and find his incoming mail (filled with orders and dollars) impounded by federal authorities. When this happens, the dealer responds swiftly and smoothly by getting a court order which frees his mail until a trial can be held which may be weeks away.

Meantime, the dealer now is able to receive almost all the returns from his last mailing and issue his next under a different company name. And when his case does reach court, the chances are he will get off with only a token fine. As Inspector Roy Blick of the Washington, D. C., police, commented after witnessing a series of light penalties: "When you can make such an amount of money as the average run of these people make on this material . . . and the penalty is anywhere from a \$100 to \$500 fine, or a year in jail, you can see why they are willing to take their chances on it."

Ironically, many authorities feel that the mail order material actually is more objectionable than hard core pornography because it is more likely to get in the hands of young people and give them premature, unhealthy ideas about sex. Every time a boy subscribes to a magazine, buys a tool or toy by mail, or sends in an entry blank for a contest, his name goes on mailing lists compiled and sold by commercial firms. It is just such mailing lists, containing the names of youngsters of 10 and 15 as well as men of all ages, that the dealers in mail order obscenity buy to bait over and over again with their circulars.

Probably the nastiest, yet often legally immune types of pornography, are the so-called bondage and fetish books being circulated with ever-increasing frequency by obscenity peddlers of all sorts and frequently displayed on newsstands as well. The books may show no nudity at all, no sexual manifestations in the usual meaning of the words. Instead, they feature fights between women wearing high

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J. F. C., District Game Warden

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Every day is a new adventure for men in Forestry and Wildlife Service. Some hunt and trap mountain lions, coyotes, wildcats. Some are trained to parachute from planes or land in helicopters - to help animals marooned by fire or flood, often to save the life of an injured camper, mountain climber. Adventure, public service, and good pay - an unbeatable three-way combination!

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Amazing new kind of fire extinguisher. Tiny "Presto" does job of bulky extinguishers that cost 4 times as much, are 8 times as heavy. Ends fires fast as 2 seconds. Never corrodes. Guaranteed for 20 years! Over 3 million sold! Sells for only \$4.95.

Show it to civil defense workers, owners of homes, cars, boats, farms, etc., and to stores for re-sale—make good income. H. J. Kerr reports \$20 a day. Wm. Wydallis \$15.20 an hour. FREE Sales Kit. No obligation.

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black boots or spiked heels, drawings of persons bound and gagged in awkward positions, beatings with long whips and chains and, quite frequently, spankings.

For the average person, such pictures provide no sexual stimulation and appear ridiculous and rather disgusting. Therefore, the average law enforcement officer and judge see little reason to associate them with obscenity. Yet for some people the sight of high heels, boots, whips and other fetishes can be sexually very arousing. These same individuals are also likely to get erotic thrills from the idea of either inflicting torture or being tortured. The great tragedy of the bondage books is that they can awaken and develop such fetishism in younger people, especially, and thus make them sexual deviates. And such deviations can, when magnified, lead to violence and even murder.

A few years ago, for example, a 17-year-old Florida boy was killed in a manner which psychiatrists called a definite sex crime and linked directly to bondage literature. The youngster was discovered hanging from a bar set between trees. His feet were bound by a rope and the rope also encircled his neck bending his body back in an arc and strangling him. A dozen variations of this unusual death position were later discovered by police in a number of bondage books.

In a more celebrated case, two Brooklyn high school seniors from good families went off on a rampage one night. They started off by beating up two old men they found walking in a park. Then they flogged a pair of teen-aged girls with a horsehair whip. Finally, they rounded out the evening by accosting another old man, burning his feet with a lighted cigarette, smashing him to a bloody pulp with their fists and then throwing him into the East River where he drowned.

At their trial, young Melvin Mittman and Jack Koslow admitted that they had received all of their brutal, sadistic ideas from the fetish and bondage books and magazines they read regularly. The boys drew 10 to 20-year prison sentences; the book publishers were not even indicted.

Unfortunately, for those who seriously hope to reduce the volume of pornography, there is no more a shortage of men and women in the business than there are customers. Dealers enter the racket in a variety of ways. Sometimes they are average working-men in fields not touching pornography—like a former San Francisco dairy worker named Joseph Schillaci who has become one of the biggest dealers in mail order smut. More often, they are in occupations that can be adapted or utilized for pornography, such as art, photography, printing and the newsstand business.

The owner or employee of a camera shop or newsstand may drift into handling dirty pictures to oblige some customers and soon find himself devoting more time to his side line than to his regular trade. For the artist, photographer or printer, producing off-color material may start out as a hobby or an occasional assignment and develop into a specialty.

In a case that flooded New York last

winter, Daniel Malone, an official in the city's water department, was discovered to have produced dozens of sex movies during his spare hours. He had developed into a fine photographer during the war, and had turned to shooting pornographic movies afterward both to keep his camera eye in shape and because of a considerable personal interest in the subject matter. When police finally nailed him, they revealed he had compiled a list of 300 women—ranging from not-so-ordinary housewives to bit players on the stage—to choose for his movies.

But Malone, at least, was a skilled photographer. I once prosecuted and convicted two young men-about-New York who knew so little about a camera that the movies they took were often so fuzzy it was hard to know they were filthy.

The two men used to obtain their models by picking up the names and addresses of unemployed young actresses from the cooperative receptionist of a theatrical agency, and subsequently talk the girls into posing for pin-up pictures. Getting the unemployed girls for \$25 to \$50 to strip to the waist for photos was usually no problem; and the ones who were most cooperative were then sounded out about posing for stronger bedroom stuff with men. For such efforts, the girls would be promised thousands of dollars—and the partners alternately played the male lead or took the movies.

Since the pictures were of such poor quality, they did not sell well in the established pornographic outlets. The partners' fun and business rudely ended when the girls started to complain about not being paid and one model finally walked up to a policeman on Broadway and revealed what had been going on.

Authorities agree that the male dealers in pornography cover a wide spectrum in their sexual habits. I have known dealers whose personal lives are as clean as the material they sell is sordid. They are married, have children, commute daily from the suburbs, and have only a mercenary sales interest in models, pictures and smutty books. "This is just a business to me that is completely divorced from my home life," says one such operator. "All that interests me about the material I deal with is how high a price I can get and how much I can sell."

But other operators, like the pair of New Yorkers, tend to get much more involved physically and emotionally in the material they produce or sell. And the material is often a reflection of their personalities. Some hard core dealers are exhibitionists who like to be in the pictures they sell; some use their business to provide a steady flow of bedroom partners. Others are decidedly homosexual—one Los Angeles dealer, for example, mails out thousands of pictures of naked male models a year at \$2 apiece. Still others use their girl friends or wives as their principal models. This is usually explained as an "economy" measure to save money, but there can also be a lewd kind of delight for a certain kind of man in knowingly tempting thousands of others with nude, seductive pictures of his woman.

As for the women who work in the pornography mill, most were or still are aspiring actresses. Their story is a familiar one. The theatrical jobs did not come through but the modeling jobs with fringe agencies did. The agencies service the mail order picture dealers and in Los Angeles they also supply the talent for the half-dozen or so photographic "peep show" establishments scattered about the city.

These are studios where for about \$6 anyone who wants to call himself an amateur photographer can spend an hour taking pictures of a nude girl model. It is a measure of the lofty artistic standing of the places that the usual signs on the walls read: "No touching models!" "No photographing pubic hairs!"

My investigations also disclosed that several West Coast model agencies permit any person to hire a girl for a day's private posing, dressed or nude, for \$45 or \$50. One who anted up the money frequently last year was a short, mild-looking television repairman named Harvey Glatman. But three of the models he hired never came back because Glatman was also a sex maniac.

The girls were taken one by one into the desert and tied up for what they must have expected would be typical bondage pictures. Glatman took photographs, all right, but then he raped each girl and strangled her. He was finally caught when an intended fourth victim managed to grab his gun and hold him off until the police arrived. Glatman was given the

death sentence in one of the swiftest murder trials in recent California history.

The possibility of another Glatman and the probability of numerous clients who like to let their hands as well as their eyes roam are occupational hazards which models willing to pose suggestively in the nude must face. But most of the girls are well satisfied with their work. The money is so good, averaging from \$150 to \$200 a week, that many continue to model for mail order firms after they get married. The girls invariably are very lovely and often alternate between night club chorus jobs and "soft" pornographic modeling. "About the only problem they give us," says one veteran photographer who does circulars and movies for mail order houses, "is in the bondage and fetish pictures. These girls are too normal to see anything erotic about the fights we will ask them to stage for a picture so they are likely to wind up giggling instead of battling."

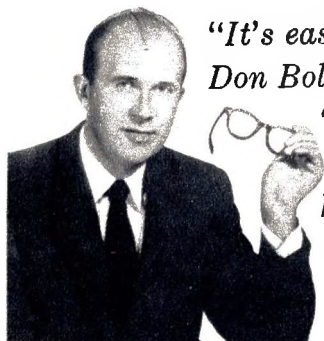
Few of these models ever drift into hard core pornography which is a different line of work entirely. The great majority of women in the sexual intercourse and sodomy movies are prostitutes, drug addicts, or both. When a dealer wants to shoot hard core films, he will usually contact a pimp who will assemble a cast of three or four women and one or two men—the latter probably bar or hotel employees with whom he comes in frequent contact. The pay is high—up to as much

as \$400 per person for a night's work which may result in four movies and dozens of obscene stills. But the films become like an annuity for the producer, for pictures like these never become outdated. Hundreds of prints of each movie are made and sold immediately, and in later months and years hundreds more will be made to be distributed covertly and show up at stag parties throughout the country and perhaps abroad.

Some of the places where such movies are reported to have been shot during recent years were in a plane hanger in Tucson, Arizona, a barn in Massachusetts, and two connecting rooms in a cheap hotel in New York City.

Much of the information contained in this article was obtained during an intensive personal investigation I made to determine the effectiveness of a new federal law I had helped draft after the Juvenile Delinquency Subcommittee complete its investigation into pornography. Where previously a person mailing pornographic material could be prosecuted only at point of mailing, the new law makes it possible for him also to be prosecuted wherever such material is delivered. Moreover, maximum federal penalties for pornography have been raised to five years in jail and/or a \$5,000 fine for the first offense, and double that for subsequent ones.

I learned that from the government's point of view the strengthened law has paid some dividends. Last January, a married couple who had been mailing



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During a recent interview, Don Bolander, director of Career Institute of Chicago and a leading authority on adult education, said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how.

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Question: *What do you mean by a "command of English?"*

Answer: A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversa-

tion—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

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Answer: No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question: *Is this something new?*

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Question: *Does it really work?*

Answer: Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in business and social life.

Question: *Who are some of these people?*

Answer: Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists

HOW TO SPEAK AND WRITE LIKE A COLLEGE GRADUATE

and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers, and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, and many others.

Question: *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer: In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question: *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

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If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, "HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH," just fill out and send the coupon below.

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lewd material from California was arrested on a warrant issued by the U.S. Attorney at Boise, Idaho, where some of the mail had been sent. As a result, both Charles and Mary Hall were sentenced to 10 years in prison, the heaviest sentences postal authorities could recall in an obscenity case.

Another plus for the new legislation was the fact that the crackdown last autumn on some dozen Los Angeles mail order dealers—including Paramire and Schillaci—was sparked by complaints from irate parents in Philadelphia whose children were being deluged with California-mailed dirty circulars. And assisting Los Angeles police in the raids that uncovered more than 10 tons of obscene or near-obscene material was Thomas McDermott of the Philadelphia district attorney's office.

But the resulting sentences were generally as light and mild as ever, with Paramire paying his \$500 fine and Schillaci drawing a one-year prison term that was promptly suspended. Thus, not even the most optimistic police and postal officials really believe they have put a crimp in pornography traffic. To do so, they sorely need some more laws and a marked change in some judicial attitudes.

One valuable step would be to define specifically as criminal the mailing of advertisements soliciting orders for pornographic material. All too often today,

judges ignore the obscenity in the comedians and rule only on the material that is sold. Since the dealer now has his dollars, the delivered pictures and books usually are far less smutty and suggestive than the ads which have brought in the orders.

Another key step would be the enactment of much-needed laws that would define bondage pictures as pornographic.

Finally, and perhaps most important, more judges should consider the whole pattern of dealer behavior as well as the material itself when determining penalties. As Chief Justice Warren of the Supreme Court has said: "It is the manner of use which should determine obscenity. It is the conduct of the individual that should be judged, not the quality of art or literature."

Meantime, the obscenity business continues on its half billion dollar a year path with few interruptions. The mail order people are sending their circulars out at the rate of 200,000 a day and drawing record returns and profits. The clandestine hard core operators are largely still prospering mightily, and bookstores are filled with more bondage pictures and pamphlets and borderline obscenity magazines than ever before.

"Let the mothers howl and the government shout," said one big dealer in pornography recently. "Business is good and it's going to stay that way until somebody figures out a way to change human nature." •



THE DAY CASEY JONES DIED

Continued from page 39

Times Democrat. "I imagine that the Vaughan wreck," he wrote, "will be talked about in roundhouses, lunchrooms, and cabooses for the next six months."

The reporter was somewhat conservative in his estimate. The famous wreck of the Cannonball Express has been talked about all over the world for the past 59 years. Three generations now have stamped their feet, have sung "Come on you rounders if you want to hear . . . the story 'bout that brave engineer. . ."

And yet, in spite of this musical invitation to come hear the story, few people have ever heard the *real* story of what happened that night in Vaughan, Mississippi, of who Casey Jones really was. Many of the stories told are conflicting. They range all the way from his being a "brave engineer," to the claim that he was just "highballin' it down the rails, paying no mind to signals to stop him." Some people still question the fact that he was an honest-to-goodness man who once "mounted to the cabin." Or was he, they ask, simply the legendary hero of a ballad composed by a Negro engineer-wiper in Water Valley, Mississippi?

"What do you suppose Casey would say," we asked Mrs. Casey Jones, "if he knew some people claim he was just a legend?"

She stopped her crocheting, but she continued rocking for a moment.

Mrs. Casey Jones, who died recently at the age of 92, lived in Jackson, Tennessee, which was their home at the time of the fatal wreck. At that time, the Jones family was living on Chester Street, down near the I.C. tracks. The Chester Street house is now the "Casey Jones Railroad Museum," which attracts tourists from all over the United States and foreign countries. Until her death, Mrs. Jones had a modestly furnished room in the Blue Haven Nursing Home, just outside the Jackson city limits. Here, she divided her day between seeing people who want to hear more about her husband, answering letters which request such things as a button from Casey's overalls ("Imagine!", she laughed, "after all these years!"), and crocheting lace doilies which she sold for one dollar. She crocheted without benefit of glasses, her quick moving fingers wore bright fingernail polish, and her hair still showed a trace of auburn. Her voice had the soft warmth of the South as she spoke of "my husband" as if he died only yesterday.

"Well now," she said, "I don't cotton to folks saying my husband was just a legend." She stopped rocking, and laughed softly to herself. "But I reckon

he'd just laugh about it."

For Casey was a 6-foot 4-inch Irishman who laughed a lot, sang a lot, quilled a train whistle the likes of which no one has heard before or since. Railroadng was not only a love of Casey Jones, it was a passion. And if he were around today, he'd probably just laugh and slap his knee and join in on the chorus of those "two locomotives that's a gonna' bump!"

But doubtless he, like his wife, would be sobered by the verse that begins "Headaches and heartaches and all kinds of pain. . ." For this is probably the truest part of the entire ballad. The family of Casey Jones, both before and after his death, suffered many heartaches, many kinds of pain.

Casey Jones' father was Frank F. Jones, a country school teacher, who had four sons and one daughter. And it was as if tragedy held the stop watch on each of them. Professor Jones, as he was called, was boarding down by the Union depot in Jackson, Tennessee, in 1910, when a friend came to tell him that tragedy once again had claimed one of his children. That day, Eugene Jones, an engineer living at Fort Worth, Texas, left a note saying that he had "lost his grip on life," and had taken his own life. The friend who went to comfort Professor Jones reported that the 88-year-old man was "bowed down with grief over the sad news of his son's death. In a grief shaken voice, and with sobs and tears, the old man told a story of misfortune and accident that had deprived him of most of his loved ones. . ."

Professor Jones' only daughter, Emma, was drowned in 1896 while she was on a train ferrying across the Ohio River near Cairo, Illinois. A storm came up, the ferry capsized, and Emma couldn't escape from the car in which she was riding. Casey Jones died at the throttle in 1900. In 1904, Engineer Phillip Jones fell in front of his own engine when he recklessly climbed out onto the running board to make a minor repair while it was in motion. Casey's mother, Ann, died in 1906. And finally, in 1918, Frank Jones, also a railroad man, was a victim of the flu epidemic.

But of all the Jones boys, only Casey is still talked about and sung about today. It was Casey who became a part of American folklore, the symbol of heroism in the romance of the rails.

The real Casey Jones was born, on March 14th, 1863, in a backwoods region of Southeastern Missouri. Until recently, it was thought that he was christened John Luther Jones. But the museum at Jackson has just uncovered an old family Bible which records his name as "Jonathan Luther Jones."

When we mentioned this to his widow, she was not disturbed. "Well, anyway," she said, "folks called him Casey from the time he was 19 and came to take dinner at my mother's boarding house."

Mrs. Brady's boarding house in Jackson was famous up and down the lines for the meals she served to railroad men. Her pretty red-haired daughter, Janie, studied music and loved to play the piano and sing. But on this particular night,

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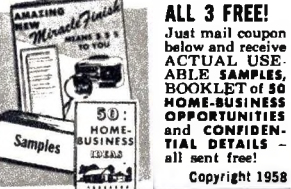
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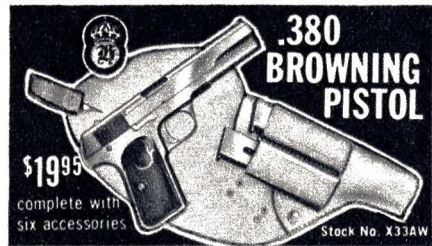
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Janie was helping her mother pass hot biscuits to the men gathered around the big walnut table.

A tall, black-haired young man came in to be seated.

Bose Lashley, an M. & O. brakeman, looked up from his dinner plate. "What's your name, son?"

The others paused and eyed the tall man. He blushed clear to the roots of his hair. "J. L. Jones," he said.

"Where you from?" Lashley asked.

"I'm from Cayce," he said. "Cayce, Kentucky."

"Well, sit down, Casey," Lashley said, and passed the fried chicken his way. "Make yourself at home."

Mrs. Jones was asked if that was the first time she'd seen J. L. Jones.

She shook her head, and her gray eyes were bright with remembering. "Oh, I'd seen him before all right. But I didn't know who he was."

Apparently, the tall man was the sort that a girl would notice. At that time, he was a brakeman for the M. & O. Railroad, and when his run brought him into Jackson, he often walked downtown, right past the Brady home.

The day Casey Jones arrived in Jackson, he'd already come a long way toward his goal of being an engineer, a real "hoghead," as they called it then. He fell in love with the railroad before he ever laid eyes on the roaring, black engines. Casey heard the call of the train whistle when he was only 13 years old, years before he ever made a whistle wail "Ca-a-a-asey Jo-o-o-ones . . ."

Casey heard his first train whistle during the time when his family was migrating from Southeastern Missouri into Western Kentucky, where his father planned to teach near the town of Hickman. The wagon carrying the Joneses and their few possessions had pulled up at Bird's Point, Missouri, waiting to transfer to a steamboat to take them across the Mississippi to Cairo, Illinois. It was then Casey heard the wail of an engine's steam whistle, the puffing of the engines, the clanking noises of freights being assembled in the railroad yard across the river at Cairo. From that moment on, the promised land for Casey Jones was the land of the steam engine, the open throttle.

When the family was finally settled at Cayce, Kentucky, the Jones boy spent most of his time down by the water tank, watching the locomotives pull under the hinged spout to fill the tanks of their tenders. He followed at the heels of the railroad crews, begging to help, asking questions. By the time he was 15, his mother finally resigned herself to the fact that she couldn't keep her oldest in school, that the roar of the big, black engines throbbled in his veins.

The boy's first work for the railroad was helping to load the cattle cars from Cayce. He hired out to stock shippers to go along and care for the stock in transit. He never missed a chance to watch the brakeman, the fireman, the engineer. The railroad men took a liking to the boy, and finally they helped him to become an apprentice telegrapher in Columbus, Kentucky. The Jones boy loved

the rhythm of the keys, but being a "brass pounder" was just another step up toward his goal, the cab. He worked his way up to the job of brakeman, and was transferred to Jackson, Tennessee, where he received the name of "Casey" and met the red-haired Janie Brady.

Casey was away on his runs a lot of the time during the next three years. But whenever he was in Jackson, he boarded at the Brady's, and on his days off, he and Janie would ride the streetcar down to Lancaster Park, where folks went, and still do, to take a drink of the healthy waters from the artesian well. Then they'd walk over and watch the trains puffing by. The engineers would wave to Casey and Janie as they stood there hand in hand—a proud, strapping man, and a girl whom he nicknamed "Little Bit."

There was only one problem in their courtship. Jane Brady was a devout Catholic. Now, as she spoke of it, she stopped and pointed to one of her proudest possessions. Hanging in her modest

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room is a picture of Saint Jude, which was sent to her recently by Danny Thomas.

"But my husband," she said, "was not a member of any faith when I first knew him.

"But you know what that man did?," she laughed now, remembering that unpredictable man. "The day he asked Papa for me, he told us that he'd just been baptized by Father O'Reilly. And sure enough he had!"

They were married on November 25, 1886, at St. Mary's Catholic Church in Jackson. For a while, the newly-weds lived at the Brady home. "I just moved into Casey's room," she said. "And Mama rented out mine."

By now, Casey had become a fireman, moving ever nearer the right hand side of the cab. But he was impatient to achieve his ambition, and he believed he'd get there faster by transferring from the M. & O. to the Illinois Central. The name of J. L. Jones first appears on the I. C. payroll in March, 1888, when he was a fireman for \$2.10 per day. There, he "shoveled in the coal" for less than two years, and finally in February 1890, Casey Jones mounted to the cabin.

He had served an apprenticeship of six years, and now he had reached the promised land of railroading. Casey Jones was the man at the throttle as the railroads roared into an era when being a "fast roller" was the mark of a good engineer, when the coveted mail runs were awarded to the railroad that could maintain the fastest schedules.

Everybody up and down the rails cottoned to Casey Jones. The dispatchers liked Casey because he could be depended on to take advantage of every break they could give him at passing points, and he'd bring 'er in "on the ad-

vertised." The workers in the yards hero-worshipped the man who could quill his whistle as if it were music from his soul. The man was the friend of everyone, of those who worked with him, and of folks along his run who'd stop in the fields and wave to him.

During those 10 years at the throttle, Casey Jones never had a serious accident, nor contributed to the death of a fellow-worker or passenger. It's true that he was suspended a few times for minor infractions of the rules, but this was not an unusual occurrence in those days, and his daring for highballing is attributed to his vigorous ambition, his confidence in his "iron horse" and in his own iron nerve.

Mrs. Jones remembers how happy they were during those years. Casey was doing what he'd always wanted. They had a home in Jackson. They were blessed with three children: Charles, who now works for the I.C. in Jackson; John Lloyd, who died in 1934; and the youngest, Helen, now Mrs. D. G. McKenzie, living in Alabama.

And then Casey volunteered for the new, fast run out of Memphis. It was a 188-mile run from Memphis to Canton, Mississippi over a single track, which was being put into top condition. But at the time it was still rough, and the schedule was fast and rigorous. But this was just another challenge to the man who loved speed, loved a run that required skillful handling of his engine. So Casey gave up engine 638 in Jackson, and on January 1st, 1900, he and his Negro fireman, Sim Webb, went to Memphis and began their ride to glory on the Cannonball Express.

"It was late in March," Mrs. Jones remembers, "when I went to Memphis, and my husband and I found a home and made plans to move the family over in a few weeks. Then I went back to Jackson and began gathering our belongings together."

On the morning of April 30th, she sent the children off to school and walked out on the front porch to shake out her braided rug. She looked up and there was Mrs. O'Hanlon, a scarf tied over her head, coming up the walk.

Mrs. O'Hanlon, a neighbor, had come to deliver sad news. But she never had to.

That morning, Mrs. Jones reached into her pocket, groped for her rosary. "Something's happened to my husband," she said.

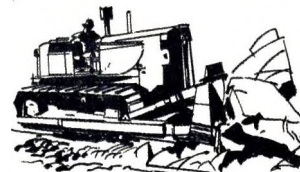
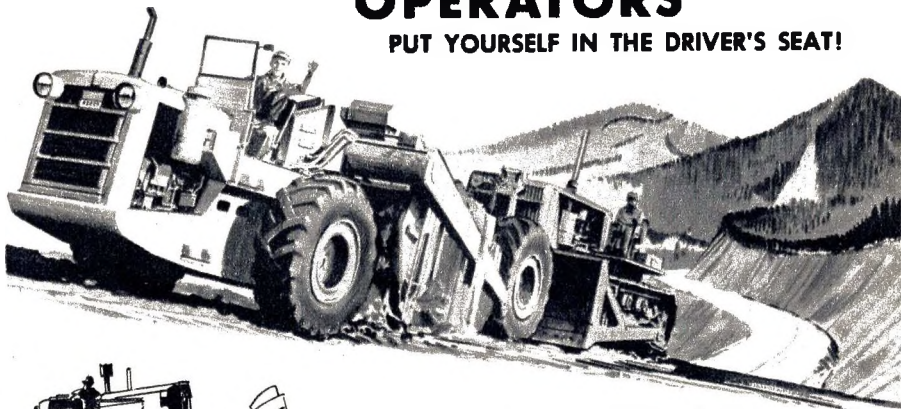
What had happened down in Mississippi has become a matter of controversy over these many years. But some of the facts are a matter of railroad record.

On the night of April 29th, 1900, Casey Jones and his fireman, Sim Webb, pulled into Memphis from Canton right on time. It was a cold night, with mist forming on the kerosene headlight, dripping like sweat from the iron horse. Casey and Sim were bone-weary as they pushed back their caps, wiped the soot from their faces, climbed down from the cab.

Casey Jones was met by the dispatcher who told him that Sam Tate, the engineer who was to take No. One south-

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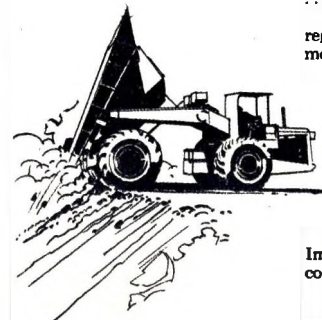
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bound out of Memphis, had turned up sick. Casey was asked to "double out" and take No. One down to Canton, Mississippi.

No. One was coming in from the north, and was already an hour overdue into Memphis. So Casey and Sim would have time to grab a bite to eat. But though Casey agreed to take the run, he insisted on having his own engine hooked up to the incoming passenger train. He spent his time with the roundhouse crew, oiling, polishing, putting his engine into top condition. By the time the engine was coupled onto the southbound train, they were an hour and 35 minutes behind schedule. Casey Jones took his orders in his hand, and mounted to the cabin.

Soon the mile posts were flying by. Sim Webb was "knocking on the firebox door." And through the gray Mississippi night, people along the run heard that Whippoorwill whistle moan out "Ca-a-a-sey Jo-o-o-ones," and some of them rose and lit their lanterns to highball him

through.

When Casey left Sardis, Mississippi, he had made up 35 minutes. Leaving Grenada, he had made up an unbelievable hour. On to Winona, and he was only 15 minutes late. Only five minutes at the Durant station. Now there were 35 miles to Canton. The Cannonball Express roared down an open track. They'd been given the right of way.

Thirteen miles to go!

"We're gonna' make it," Casey shouted to Sim. "We're gonna' bring 'er in on the advertised!"

And now it was 3:52 a.m., and they were approaching Vaughan, Mississippi.

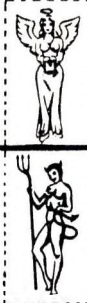
But an unknown factor moved into the orbit of events that were happening up ahead at Vaughan.

Ahead of the Cannonball Express was a two-engine freight, No. 83, going into Vaughan. Coming up from the south was another long freight, No. 72, and behind it, the New Orleans-Memphis Passenger No. 26, in two sections, running late. The two freight trains, one from the north

angel and devil

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and one from the south, had orders to meet at Vaughan, and according to instructions, they both pulled into the passing track, facing each other, engine to engine.

But the passing track was not long enough to hold both freights, and four or five cars of the northbound freight, No. 72, were left hanging out on the main line at the south switch. This meant that both ends of the passing track could not be clear at the same time.

Now the northbound New Orleans-Memphis Passenger, in two sections, was coming into the south end of Vaughan, with orders to get onto the siding back of the station, and let the Cannonball Express come through. The problem was not yet a difficult one. Although four or five cars of the freight train were still on the main line at the south switch, the train crew simply had to clear the south switch by using the "saw-by," a maneuver common to single-track railroaders.

The southbound freight backed onto the north end of the main line, allowing northbound freight No. 72 to pull up and let the Passenger train through. This they did, and now the Passenger cleared the south switch and chugged into the storage siding back of the station.

But now the southbound freight was still out to the north on the main line, and it had to get back on the passing track before the Cannonball Express could come through. Freight No. 72 started backing out to the south to assume its original position so that Freight No. 83 could again pull in and clear the north switch. But the unexpected happened.

As No. 72 started to back down the passing track, an air hose burst, cutting the air line, breaking it to a dead stop. The engine of No. 83, face to face with Engine 72, couldn't move on, couldn't get its cars and caboose off the main line to the north. The train crews began working with No. 72, replacing the hose, pumping up the air.

Casey Jones was roaring in from the north, the throttle pulled back into his lap, going more than a mile a minute.

Coming into Vaughan, the track bent into a lazy "S" curve. As the Cannonball Express turned into the bottom end of that curve, the engineer, sitting on the right side of the cab, couldn't see the track ahead to his left. He quilled his whistle, kept his hand on the throttle.

Sim Webb checked his fire, and then he rose to his window to look out the left side of the cab.

"Through the mist," Sim said later, "I saw a red light. Two red lights of a caboose up ahead on the main line!"

"Good Lawd, Mista' Casey," he shouted. "We're gonna hit!"

In the faint light from the firebox, Sim

saw Casey kick his seat out from under him, thrust the throttle forward, cutting the steam. The Whippoorwill whistle screamed into the night.

Casey Jones uttered his famous last words to his beloved fireman, "JUMP, SIM, JUMP!"

Sim jumped.

But Casey stayed with his engine. With heroic effort, he cut the steam, grabbed the Johnson bar, reversing his engine. He released the sand dome, pulled a warning scream from his whistle. In those few moments, he reduced his speed from 70 miles an hour to about 25 miles, and so saved the life of every person riding with him.

But the force of the cars behind the engine was too great.

The engine of the Cannonball Express plowed on into the caboose ahead, through a car of baled hay, splintered an open car of lumber, a car of bulk corn. Casey's baggage car straddled the track, but the passenger cars remained on the rails.

Sim Webb broke his leg when he jumped, and as the wail of the Whippoorwill died, Casey Jones rode his engine on that farewell trip to the promised land...

All of these facts are a matter of record. What is still debated in Jackson, Tennessee is how or why a skilled fast-roller like Casey Jones could have met such tragedy head on.

There are some who say it was the engineer's fault. "Going too fast!" they say. "Too fast, paying no mind to signals."

But others are adamant. "In those days," they insist, "the fast-roller was the idol of the rails. The fast schedule was the pride of the railroad. Anyway, if he was going too fast, his own conductor had the authority to slow him down, or stop the train at any time he felt the engineer was driving beyond the limits of safety. Any dispatcher who thought Casey Jones was going too fast could've stopped him by wiring on ahead to the next station."

But nobody stopped Casey Jones. He'd been given a clear track. And would any engineer, they ask, run through warning signals, roar through signals intended to stop him? Casey Jones was no "greenhorn." He was an experienced engineer!

The only man who could settle the whole argument died under his engine that night in Vaughan, Mississippi. But Fireman Sim Webb, who died July 1957 in Memphis, made a recording before his death. The recording, in which Sim tells the story of that fateful night, is played daily at the museum in Jackson.

"We saw no flagman," Sim relates. "We saw no fuseses."

Those who take no sides say that the wreck was the fault of no one. It was just a series of events that came together at the wrong time. One was that Casey was running an hour and 35 minutes late when he left Memphis. Naturally, nobody thought he'd make up all that time and come into Canton "on the advertised." So, when that air hose broke, blocking the freight on the main line, it was not considered a serious emergency. The crews began working to get that freight off the track, but they were not

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frantic. They didn't anticipate the Cannonball Express would be coming in within the next few minutes.

It was Casey's ability to get the most out of his engine that had made him such a good engineer, such a "fast-roller." And it was his ability to bring her in on time that had caused his death.

But there's one thing everybody agrees on. Casey Jones met a hero's death. He stayed with his engine, though he told his fireman to jump. He slowed his train so that no crewman ahead was hurt. He died saving the lives of the passengers who were entrusted to him.

Casey Jones was buried at Mt. Calvary Cemetery in Jackson, Tennessee, with a simple wooden cross to mark his grave.

Other engines, other trains, rolled on. Mrs. Jones took in boarders, sewed, crocheted, worked to keep her family together, to raise her children. In time, the wreck of the Cannonball Express might have gone down in history as just another wreck that occurred in the building of the country.

But it happened that there was a Negro engine-wiper in Water Valley, Mississippi, by the name of Wallace Saunders. He'd been a "rail" for many years, and had known and talked with Casey Jones around the yards. The death of Mista' Casey, the greatest engineer he'd ever heard tell of, saddened his heart, struck his very soul. And as Wallace Saunders worked and polished the engines, he began to sing . . .

"Come on you rounders if you want to hear . . . the story 'bout that brave engineer . . ."

Singing as they worked, the others in the roundhouse picked up the rhythm, made up more verses. The Ballad of Casey Jones became the song of the roundhouse, the rhythm of the railroad.

Wallace Saunders had no way of knowing that his music would one day be on the Hit Parade. And perhaps it wouldn't have been if his song hadn't been heard by two men, T. Lawrence Seibert and Eddie Newton, who thought it was a good vaudeville tune, a tune that should be copyrighted. "The Ballad of Casey Jones" was copyrighted in 1909, and since then has been heard all over the world. Recently, Mrs. Jones received a letter telling her that the ballad was being sung calypso style in Port of Spain, Trinidad.

But Mrs. Casey Jones took little comfort from the fact that her husband, and even herself, is known through the words of that song. She never liked it. Not because neither Wallace Saunders nor Mrs. Jones ever received a penny from the song, but because she received many heartaches from the verse that she felt "libeled" her.

She recalled the time when she was in Memphis at a dinner and the toastmaster announced that a duet would sing "The Ballad of Casey Jones."

Mrs. Jones leaned over and spoke to the toastmaster. "All right," she said. "But ask them not to sing the last verse."

She was referring to the verse that begins . . .

"Mrs. Jones sat on her bed a sighing

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Just received a message that Casey was dying, Said go to bed chillun and hush your crying 'Cause you got another papa on the Salt Lake Line."

The duet started. They'd gone through all the verses, and then they began, "Mrs. Jones sat on her bed a sighing . . ."

Mrs. Casey Jones stood up. "Stop the music!" she said.

She smiled when she told us about it. "They looked at me like they thought I was right crazy," she said, and laughed aloud. "But they stopped it!"

Even though the song is generally accepted as folklore rather than fact, Mrs. Jones resented that verse. Casey was the only man in her life, and after his death she wore black every day. She never remarried.

But Mrs. Jones did like the museum of her old home in Jackson. "It looks nice," she said. "I like to go there."

The museum has been furnished with authentic furniture of the 1900 era.

Mrs. Martha Gilland, hostess at the museum, insists that the museum be known as a tribute to all railroad men, as well as to Casey Jones. In the display cases are old railroad passes, historic timetables, early dining car menus, telegraph instruments, lanterns, steam whistles, and other memorials to the Age of Steam on the rails. One of the most prized displays is the cache showing the first issue of the stamp "Honoring Railroad Engineers of America," which went

on sale in Jackson on April 29, 1950.

The stamp was the dream of Mr. D. D. Crocker, a Jacksonian, a staunch admirer of Casey Jones. For years, Mr. Crocker had worked to bring his idea for a stamp honoring railroad engineers to the attention of the Postmaster General.

Finally, in 1949, Mr. Crocker received a letter from the office of the Postmaster General. Would he suggest a design, a color, for such a stamp?

The design suggested by Mr. Crocker is one showing the old steam engine, the modern diesel, and a picture of Casey Jones in the middle. The color is maroon. This was the first stamp ever to be issued to honor the common working man of America, the first time the design for a stamp had been suggested simply by correspondence. The first day of issue stamps can be purchased by visitors to the museum.

In the two years since the museum opened, Mrs. Gilland has welcomed hundreds of visitors. There are a few who still remember Casey Jones. They remember that Casey used to put coins in the axle cup to polish them, and then he'd give the bright coins to children gathered at the whistle stops.

Recently, a gray-haired man from Mississippi came into the Museum. "I remember," he told Mrs. Gilland, "when Casey Jones would let the children climb up into his cab and toot that whistle."

He reached out and touched the six-chime Whippoorwill. "And I was one of those children," he said. •



WHY DO THEY HATE JACK PAAR?

Continued from page 31

feller named Freeman or something like that, about Jazz versus Legitimate Music. We are there three or four hours ahead of time, talking it over. But when we get on, this long hair feller has lock-jaw. He turns to stone, can't say a thing. But Paar picked it right up, took it over so skillfully that we got off fine."

Which reminds us that what happened to Harrington (imitating an Italian) happened also to Dody Goodman, Cliff (Charley Weaver) Arquette, Genevieve and at least a dozen others who appeared on his show to achieve prominence overnight. The young team of Hines and Ford which Irving Hoffman mentioned made so much money in a few months after appearing on the show that they were able to buy a \$200,000 building in midtown Manhattan.

But far more extraordinary is Paar's ability to make overnight best sellers. Here is a partial list of them: Harry Golden's two books, *Only in America* and *For 2 Cents Plain*, Alexander King's autobiography, *Mine Enemy Grows Older*, Cliff Arquette's *Charley Weaver's Letters From Momma* and *My Brother Was an Only Child* by Jack Douglas, Paar's chief comedy writer for 12 years.

Jack's greatest feat as a book salesman was putting over Alexander King's *Mine Enemy Grows Older*. King, a Viennese adventurer and artist, had been a distinguished illustrator back in the Twenties. But little had been heard of him in recent years, largely because he had become a hophead, as described in his book. Paar went to town on both old Alex and his life story. Not only did he kick the book's sales through the roof, but Alex's appearance on the Paar show got him a weekly TV show on his own.

When Jack Paar's own book was offered to publishers, the bids ran very high. The book companies all figured that if he could put over the works of other people he ought to be able to plug his own autobiography right into the big money.

Other TV shows have put books over from time to time; Dave Garroway's, Arthur Godfrey's, and "This Is Your Life," which made the fortune of Lillian Roth's *I'll Cry Tomorrow*. But none of them has proved to be the book salesman that Paar is.

The man I chose to ask about all this is the smartest book editor I know.

He is Lebaron B. Barker, executive

editor of Doubleday and a guy who has found plenty of winners for his house. Among other distinctions, Lee is the editor for Herman Wouk, Van Wyck Mason, Hamilton Basso, Thomas B. Costain, Richard Llewellyn, Taylor Caldwell and over a hundred others. He surprised the public with *The Search for Bridey Murphy* and started the successful *Mainstream of America* series. I knew that he had bid an unusually large sum for the rights to Jack Paar's own biography which meant—knowing how his mind worked—that he believed Jack would be around for quite a while. The whole street called Publishers Row floats with the tears and broken hearts of publishers who picked the life stories of TV stars who were off the air before they could get the life stories into print.

"You are right," Lee Barker said on the phone. "We think that Paar has a continuing genius and that his vast popularity will last for a long time. Why shouldn't we have bid high for the Jack Paar book? Fifty million persons are interested in him.

"For one thing, he is the only performer who has conquered the medium, understands it and knows how to use it properly. He has realized that the great trick is to submerge his personality to bring out the color in the personality of his guests. He does not compete with his guests, but aids and abets them. Rarest of all, he knows what the public wants and how to give it to them."

Mr. Barker pointed out that even Paar could only sell a book that had some public appeal and it helped plenty when he had a writer with a personality to build up the interest.

After listening to these and other experts, studying hundreds of newspaper clippings and watching the Jack Paar show for quite a few nights, this non-expert was willing to give his opinion of this wonder boy of the air waves.

His popularity is neither a mystery nor an accident.

When Jack comes out on the TV stage and gives that "Oh you wonderful people, you!" smile, complete with dimple, you need little imagination to visualize little old ladies all over the nation gasping with love and admiration for him. He gets quite a lot of men also, including those who do not know what is going to happen next on his show, those who are delighted to listen to interesting people and many old sourpusses who just like to sit, watch and sneer.

Despite his gifts as a personality kid, this Jack Paar is a grown-up spoiled brat. I say this because of the way he neglects to and instead bellyaches endlessly both in private and in public about his pains, aches, worries, fears and enemies. Those blessings are of the sort most other men never achieve: an annual income well up in six figures, a dream wife, a nice child, a fine home and millions of admirers from here to the Gobi Desert and back.

If there was ever a star who wallowed in such public self-pity as Jack Paar does, we never heard of him. Or a star who preferred to fight his battles while work-

ing, supposedly, as an entertainer. In his days as a stage star, John Barrymore occasionally stopped a show, stepped out of character to bawl out women in the audience for talking too loudly, then stepped back into character and went on with the show. But that was only once in a while. And even Frankie Sinatra, the second biggest cry baby in show business, thinks the show should go on.

Now the test of such cantankerous behavior as Paar exhibits whenever overtaken by a naughty-boy mood lies in whether he gets away with it or not. And nobody can deny that up to the time this was written Jack has got away with having fits of tantrums, name-calling sessions and feuding with everybody who does not agree with him.

How long he will continue to get away with it is something else again. When the public starts turning on a star it often does a complete job.

Like many other actors, Jack left school when he was fairly young. His first job in a local radio station in Ohio consisted of sweeping out the place and other menial chores. In 1942, when he was drafted, he had moved on to the modest job of combined disc jockey and radio announcer in a Buffalo, New York, radio station.

It may have been in the Army that Jack decided he would be the cute, cherubic type that can get away with anything. One night while he was working before a Navy audience a commodore came in late. The officer was with five pretty USO girls. Any entertainer would have been annoyed but it is hard to think of anyone but Jack Paar turning on the Commodore with "What is this—a short cut to Bougainville?"

That got a laugh that rocked the place. Jack went on with this two-fisted line: "Those girls were supposed to do the Dance of the Seven Virgins, but last night they went to the officers' club and broke the contract."

Everybody present roared except the touchy Commodore. All he did was try to get Jack Paar court-martialed. He failed but only because Jack's Army superiors convinced the Navy it had no jurisdiction over their sassy, outspoken lad.

The first big break of Jack's life came in the Army when his performance was caught by a likeable, well-known writer named Sidney Carroll. In a magazine piece Carroll proclaimed Paar funnier than Jack Benny, Bob Hope and the other name comedians who were making USO appearances.

On coming out of the service, Jack was screen tested, because of the Carroll article, and given a \$300-a-week movie contract by RKO. Then he was handed the summer replacement job for the Jack Benny show.

Now little \$300-a-week actors in Hollywood are supposed to be all ears, even with a good summer replacement spot thrown in. Jack was all mouth, screaming "That isn't for me!" and "I won't stand for it!" whenever displeased by anything. He also would not take advice from Jack Benny who was doing all right in vaudeville before Jack knew how to spell "show business."

It is difficult to find show people who



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were in Hollywood in the middle and late 40's who liked the young whippersnapper. One who did admire him is Robert Preston, who came into his own as star of "The Music Man," the smash hit stage musical. Like everyone who has been to Hollywood, Preston knows that the way to get on in that foot-kissing town is by saying "yes" to the boss before he ever finishes what he's saying. Preston explains: "Jack Paar had the same reputation out there as Henry Morgan had in his radio days. He wasn't a yes-man. He wouldn't kow-tow to the big shots. He was a guy people stayed away from but if they let themselves go they got to like him. The trouble was that not too many of them let themselves go."

And one agent whose company handled Jack as long as its people could endure him, says, "Away from the studio Jack was a wonderful guy. He was considerate, loyal, charming, witty, generous with his time and money. But not everyone wanted to know him because of the way he slammed out at people."

Largely because of his truculence, Jack, his wife (the former Miriam Wagner whom he had married while he was in the Army) and little girl Randy ran into very rugged times before he got out of Hollywood in the early 50's. For quite a while he lived on his weekly \$25 unemployment checks.

In New York he had in-and-out going there until NBC called him in to do his night show. They had just suffered a catastrophe with a mish-mash called "America After Dark." Jack went over big and has been getting bigger ever since.

Jack got his revenge on Hollywood last summer after NBC conned him into taking his troupe there for a while. He claimed later the network had promised it would get him such guest stars as George Burns, Milton Berle, Dean Martin, George Gobel and Dennis Day, and he did a typical burn when they could deliver only one of them, Bob Hope.

Jack told newspaper reporter Vernon Scott that he preferred Hollywood audiences to New York ones. In New York, he explained, a lot of "old ladies who like to think of me as their son show up," but those in Hollywood were younger.

Having insulted the old ladies among his admirers, Jack went on to take on all the big name actors in movieville. He told Scott, "The big stars can't ad lib at all, and they don't know how to have fun on a show like ours. Comedians are the worst of all. They only do one-line insult jokes. Funny that their reputations are built on glibness, yet they can't speak so who needs them?"

"I don't like show business people," he added. "I never see them when I'm not working. Most of them are the biggest phonies in the world. They don't like me because I'm honest with them and they don't know where I stand."

"For the same reason I won't indulge in phony feuds. When I'm involved in a feud it's for real and I go for their throats."

As though all this was not enough, he told Marie Torre, a newspaper TV columnist, "This trip has shattered for

me the myth of the great glib artists out there. They can't put a sentence together. Without scripts, they're dead. They're afraid to come on the show and engage in a little conversation, because they can't talk without their writers. They're nothing without their writers. Oh, they're great when it comes to one-line gags, though." He made the point that movie stars only could say "It was fun" when he asked them about their last picture.

And talking to Miss Torre he again tore into the Hollywood comics whom he had been promised for his sessions. "They're afraid," he said. "The stars out here don't twinkle."

Next he took a good whack at his network, saying, "NBC has had \$250,000 worth of executives here and none of them can deliver... My show couldn't exist in Hollywood. The real talkers are in New York, the people who've been trained in radio and the theatre. We can ad lib funnier stuff than they're writing here."

That completed the interview with Jack having polished off the Hollywood comics, its tongue-tied stars and NBC.

Nothing could better illustrate the fat-headedness of this non-performer than such talk. It never seems to occur to him that some of these big comedy stars might not be afraid to ad lib with him at all. Years before many of them had gone on his program just for laughs. It may be that now Paar has a big-money show going they feel he should pay them more than the \$320 an appearance he pays one and all. They get \$5,000 a shot, sometimes more, for a single appearance on other shows.

Those tongue-tied stars he sneers at may be able to act, something he does not even claim he can do. An inability to ad lib was never held against Edwin Booth and other stage immortals. They were judged on their performances, not their ability to be fast with a wise crack or smart line.

Nobody denies that ad-lib ability of Jack Paar but there are other kinds of entertaining that millions of people consider more important. Bugs Baer, the veteran newspaper humorist, once told me that the best ad libbers he ever heard were not show guys at all but street corner loafers. Maybe Jack should find some of those for his show if he doesn't fear being over-matched.

That ad-lib ability of his takes a crazy form sometimes. It was partly responsible for his break (now partly repaired) with that queen of addle-witted performers, Dody Goodman. Jack likes to say he is a humorist, rather than a comedian, because he "thinks funny." This goes double, of course, for our Miss Dody. Everything is funny about that girl, her looks, her way of talking and what she says.

The funny stuff pops out of both these people, sometimes when they do not mean to be funny. The perfect example came on the night Jack squirted some water into the air as part of a gag. The water splattered on an over-heated light bulb in the ceiling. The bulb exploded, showering glass all over Jack. He nervously brushed the broken glass from his coat, and said,

"I knew Jack Douglas was a writer but I didn't know he was working the lights. I like a show unrehearsed, but not lethal . . . Frankly I was scared, I thought John Wilkes Booth was out there."

When the audience roared, he turned on the people out front, saying, "Why is it that when we work so hard to do a joke and something does wrong, I almost get killed, why do you laugh?"

"Did you get cut?" asked Dody Goodman.

"Where?" cried Paar in anguish. "Where? Blood? I think I'm cut, and you're trying to keep it from me."

"If you were bleeding, I would tell you."

"That's friendship."

Soon after this he began to quarrel publicly with Dody. When he first met her, Jack, being a showman, saw immediately how terrific she would be on his show. She was told to talk naturally and not try to kill the people.

Before long Dody, who was practically his creation, was getting barrels of publicity. Jimmy Cannon, the sentimental bachelor sports writer, one day repeated "I love you Dody Goodman" on every other line of his column. She became the talk of Broadway, Hollywood and a thousand main streets in between them.

Jack, who had been crazy about Dody's work, suddenly started to battle with her right on the nightly program. He believed she was trying to steal the show. Maybe she was. Their quarreling seems to have begun the night Dody pretended to think Dick Haymes, a guest that evening, was Frank Sinatra. The night Dody translated a Latin quotation that Jack had admitted not knowing, the war against the comedienne started in earnest.

To him, she seemed to be trying to steal the spotlight when she told a guy dressed in overalls "Your fly's open." But the killer came when he asked her to open her purse and she pulled out a false. There is no way to top that one and later he asked "Do you think it is nice to tell somebody his fly is open or to take out a false in front of an audience?"

Dody was dropped from the show soon

after all this and only recently had been accepted back as an occasional visitor.

What threatened to be worse trouble came on another night when he egged on Elsa Maxwell on the subject of Walter Winchell. She finally said that Winchell had never voted. Walter, the good gray columnist, acted as though he had been accused of being a Russian agent. He produced proof that he had voted, threatened to sue, and finally got a retraction.

The best example of Jack over-matching himself came after *Newsweek* had published his picture on the cover and run a long story about him. Jack denounced the magazine at length and repeatedly, though most people thought the story not only fair on the whole, but rather flattering.

At least once he said that magazines only publish his picture on the cover because it increases circulation. If anyone has ever heard of a better reason for publishing a guy's picture on the cover he has not mentioned it to me. But just for fun I called a *Newsweek* editor I know to check on how much circulation Paar's picture brought.

A *Newsweek* spokesman called back a few minutes later, and told me, "Jack Paar has a habit of saying magazines only put his picture on the cover because that increases circulation. Well, the number of letters we received about his cover picture and story were negligible. And the week after that we ran on the cover a picture of a diseased lung to illustrate a story about cancer. That issue sold 10,000 more than the one with Paar's picture. So all we can conclude is that a diseased lung is more popular than television's big mouth."

Recently I talked over Jack's never ending quarrels with one of the most perceptive and intelligent TV executives I know. I asked whether he thought Jack Paar could go on for years. He replied,

"Only one guy can stop him. That guy is Jack Paar. He seems to think he is popular because of his quarrelsomeness. The truth, in my opinion, is that he is popular in spite of his battling. He also keeps shooting off his mouth about important world affairs. Anyone who talks that much is headed for disaster, sooner or

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later. He just has to say something so stupid and offensive that his audience will turn against him in disgust. And as we all know, a quarrelsome person is amusing only up to a certain point. Then people get fed up on the never-ending battling and blasting."

One of the Lindy Comedians—the bunch that hangs around Lindy's restaurant in New York, a gang Jack says he despises—was quoted on Paar this way, "This man does have a sense of honor, integrity and humility like they say. But the trouble is that he never makes allowances for anyone else's integrity, honor and humility. He is the kind of man who on Judgment Day with two billion other people milling around, is going to rush up and say to The Judge, "Well—how did I do?"

These are the opinions. Do they explain Paar's success? Who can say? To date no one has shown enough confidence in his ability to diagnose the Paar success to try to make money out of it. Generally success breeds imitators—but we've seen no one imitating Jack so far. Why? Because no one who'd like to—and there are many of those—dares to or can convince a bankroller he could do the job.

But the opinions we've gathered do help give a good idea of why Jack Paar is hated in entertainment circles. First, let's say Jack is not as hated as he feels. Nobody could be. But he does come close.

Why not? Most guys in show biz are talented and most have had to work like mad to get what little success they've achieved in the most competitive and unpredictable of all businesses. Imagine their natural reaction then to the guy who, with an intangible something they can't appreciate, becomes the success story of the decade. It's the same sort of feeling you'd get if the boss's son got the job you'd worked so hard to get.

Add to this the fact that so many people in show business today are currying his favor—and accordingly can't afford to give a straight opinion of how they feel about him. Swallowing resentment is not easy—but swallow they must because a nod from Paar can make them. Just ask Zsa Zsa Gabor, who'll say she just loves him, Cliff Arquette, Alexander King, Hans Conreid or any of the others Jack moved from the second-string team to stardom and all the nice things that brings with it.

Even the most enlightened of us has to admit he's not going to feel well-disposed towards a guy he envies, perhaps despises and yet pursues all at the same time. Nope, it couldn't be—even if the guy involved was the nicest guy in the business. And nobody has ever called Jack that yet.

No doubt the No. 1 reason why most show biz people find Jack hard to take is the way he's taken success—the test of the great so far as show biz people are concerned. Listen to Jack complain and you'd think he was doing five-a-day in a tank town burlesque show.

There are funny things about all of the yapping he does on camera and off. It never dawns on Jack that often he does not know what he is talking about, or that he can be wrong. Sometimes he gives

ideas off the top of his head about global problems and world-famous figures that betray a complete unawareness that anything has been said about these problems and celebrities before.

At least one important showman gave the opinion that Paar is smarter than he sounds at such moments, and is playing down to his audience. I disagree. I think one of the secrets of his popularity is that he is always on the same mental level as his audience, understands it perfectly.

With an audience of 5,000,000 he manages to make each admirer think he is talking directly to him or her. That's genius, brother! What other performer ever got away with so many laments about his pains and aches, the crabgrass killing his lawn and all the rest? That sure gets the old ladies in the mob of listeners. Their battered old hearts ache in his behalf.

A legitimate beef against Jack Paar is his whole-hearted belief in one-way free speech. He honestly believes that it is okay for him to lash out at everyone who annoys or fails to appreciate him, but anyone who slams back is vicious, unfair and a 14-carat louse.

But let this be said for Jack. He sure isn't sneaky about his squabbles. No matter whom he's fighting—sponsor, network, writers, columnists, magazines—he lets it be known. His fights with columnists have even delighted some of his bitterest critics because most show biz people are afraid to battle a columnist. When Jack does this he's doing the equivalent of kicking the boss in the pants. A lot of guys would like to do it, but don't dare.

You also cannot write off certain admirable personal traits of his even while deploring those that make many folks dislike him. He is loyal to old friends. Jose Melis, his orchestra leader, is only one of Jackie's pals from his old Army days who still works with him. Paar is generous with money, and never has tried to cash in financially on his ability to make stars of unknowns or best-selling books.

Here let me add my opinion about Paar's ability as a performer. He has made scores as a TV personality that no one can write off. Four nights a week he holds an audience of millions of listeners. Most of them are staying up long past their regular bedtime to see him and his guests pull their unrehearsed capers.

He has no equal as an interviewer (and that is one thing this writer knows about, having done it most of his life.) Jack Paar can draw fascinating stories out of people better than anyone I have ever seen and can make jerks look like wise men.

He has made his "Night Show" into the world's greatest showcase for fresh, new talent and also neglected old talent.

All in all, Jack Paar is a strange and fascinating guy. Perhaps he is the fore-runner of a new breed of show biz personalities. Perhaps he will continue to be the only one of his kind.

With someone like Paar as a subject, predictions are dangerous. But this I will predict. So long as he's riding high he will be a storm center. The day he changes is the day he will start on the road to oblivion. •



THE \$12,000,000 DIVE

Continued from page 22

raiders were active in New Zealand-Australian waters. If word of the salvage operation got out, the *Claymore* would surely be blasted out of the sea.

First, the sunken *Niagara* had to be found. John Johnstone and his younger brother Bill—who was in charge of deck operations on the *Claymore*—had designed a long wire "sweep" for dragging the ocean bed at great depths. This was trailed back and forth in the area where the *Niagara* had gone down.

There were plenty of wrecks in the vicinity, and it wasn't long before the Johnstones had a "catch." The anchor was dropped, John clambered into his diving bell and was lowered into the water. Although the bell had been tested before, this was its first dive under actual operational conditions. It was suspended from the *Claymore* by means of a crane-operated cable.

As it dropped deeper and deeper, John Johnstone peered out of his cramped little observation dome. The swirling sea closed in tighter and tighter, turning from green to murky gray to black. Strong undercurrents caught the heavy bell and literally began to toll it. The underwater pressure grew greater and greater. Although it couldn't be felt within the pressurized bell, it could be suffocatingly sensed.

"How's it feel down there?" Bill called over the ship-to-bell telephone.

"Like I was hanging in a telephone booth!" cracked his brother.

The searchlights were working fine, however, and their piercing rays cut through the underwater gloom. Disturbed fish scampered in all directions. Jungles of seaweed writhed fiercely, and great flashing dark shapes slashed through the light from the bell.

When Johnstone went past the 400-foot mark, he set a new underwater record for salvage operations. Up to that time, the record had been held by Italian divers who had used a bell to go down nearly 400 feet to work on the British liner *Egypt*, which had sunk in the Bay Of Biscay in 1922. It had taken the Italians three years to recover \$5,000,000 in gold and silver in the *Egypt*—a fortune which, up to the time John Johnstone went after the \$12,000,000 in the *Niagara*, was the richest ever salvaged from a sunken ship. Therefore Johnstone, who had just broken one record, had a chance of breaking another.

But not on this dive. The wreck on the ocean bed was not the *Niagara*.

"Wrong ship," Johnstone reported over the telephone. "Pull me up!"

The search went on. Several times the "sweep" snagged wrecks and Johnstone went down in his bell to investigate. Still no *Niagara*. After one such dive, Johnstone had climbed out of the bell and was standing on deck, smoking a cigarette and watching the anchor being hauled

up. Suddenly an ominous dark shape bulged out of the water. It was a German mine, caught in the anchor cable!

"Stop the windlass!" Johnstone shouted.

The order was immediately obeyed—and not a moment too soon. The mine swayed perilously close to the *Claymore's* bow. The contact "horns" were pointed straight at the bobbing ship, and the slightest touch would blow up the *Claymore* and everyone on her.

"Looks like we got a tiger by the tail," commented one old "sea bum," casually spitting overboard.

The other crewmen were not so casual about the situation. John Johnstone was already struggling into a rubber diving suit. He went over the side, worked his way up to the bow of the *Claymore* and, with a boathook, tried to pry the mine loose. It stuck fast.

Johnstone then signalled for the anchor cable to be lowered, allowing the mine to settle into the water, where he could get at it better. This was a ticklish operation. Even with the cable taut, the mine was only a few feet from the *Claymore's* plates. In the grip of the choppy sea, there was a chance the mine would be rapped against the ship. To minimize this possibility, Johnstone held to the deadly metallic mass with his boathook, trying to keep the contact "horns" away from the *Claymore*. As the mine settled into the water, however, one of the sensitive "horns" dipped beneath the diver's airline and hooked it.

It was an explosive moment. Up on the *Claymore*, some of the "sea bums" were so certain of a blast that they instinctively dropped to the deck. There was only a shattering silence.

Then, calmly, carefully, Johnstone slowly eased his airline off the mine and went on with his work. He eventually freed the mine, which was towed off by a lifeboat crew and, from a safe distance, set off by rifle fire.

Apparently not in the least unnerved by his brush with violent death, Johnstone continued his search for the *Niagara*. That very afternoon, after the "sweep" had caught another underwater obstruction, the diver went down in his bell again. This time his voice crackled over the telephone, "We've found her! This is the *Niagara* all right!"

The ship was lying on her side in exactly 438 feet of water. The holes blasted in her hull by the German mines gaped darkly in the underwater murk. Johnstone spent an hour inspecting the hulk from his observation dome, then had himself hauled to the surface.

The next morning, despite a lowering sky, he went back down in the diving bell. He now had to figure out the toughest problem of all—how to get the gold out of the *Niagara*. Johnstone never even had a chance to get started on the prob-



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lem. The bell had hardly reached the sea bed before a sudden, vicious storm struck. The *Claymore* was buffeted so badly that her bow anchor was torn away. This caused the little ship to buck and toss, swinging and bouncing the wreck of the *Niagara* like an enormous yo-yo.

Johnstone, inside the bell, nearly had the life shaken out of him. First he was thrown on one side, then the other, then on his head, then on his back. He was bruised, battered and almost broken in two. He held his hands above his head to keep his skull from being cracked open. His legs, fortunately, had folded beneath him, which saved them from being snapped off like matchsticks.

Several times the wildly swinging bell just missed the mine holes in the *Niagara*. If the heavy diving chamber had plunged into one of those holes, it would have been firmly trapped. There would have been no possible way to get it back to the surface—and Johnstone would have perished in a particularly horrible manner, buried alive in an underwater tomb.

As it was, the diver appeared barely alive when the desperately working "sea bums" hauled him back to the *Claymore*. Johnstone's head was covered with blood, but his brain was as sharp as ever.

"Got a great idea," he muttered between gulps of rum. "Head back to Auckland."

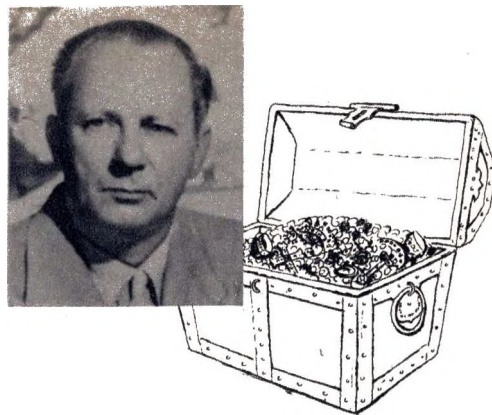
Back in port, Johnstone ordered six huge concrete blocks to be made, weighing five tons each. These were to be taken to sea and lowered on strong cables in such a position that they would hold the *Claymore* in place over the wreck of the *Niagara*. This would give the little salvage ship greater stability in the cumbersome, yet delicate operations that were to follow.

While the big blocks were being made, the *Claymore* steamed back to the area where the *Niagara* had been sunk. Johnstone, despite the fearful experience of his previous dive, went down in the bell again. From a detailed blueprint of the *Niagara* which he carried, he figured out where the gold was lying in the hold. The only way to get through to the treasure, Johnstone finally decided, was to blast the hold open.

This was easier decided than done. Underwater blasting, at best, is precarious. In a stormy sea, at a depth of 438 feet, anything can happen. Nevertheless, when Johnstone explained his risky plan to his crew, no one protested.

Again the diver went down in the bell, and, over the telephone, directed the lowering of explosives into place on the wreck of the *Niagara*. The blasting equipment and materials were crude. The slightest accident or miscalculation could have set off an underwater volcano that would have wiped out Johnstone and his bell and erupted directly beneath the *Claymore*. Several times, in fact, as the explosives swayed back and forth just above the hulk of the *Niagara*, Johnstone had to hold back the final drop of the lethal deposit. In a temporary lull, the drop was finally made—safely, and almost exactly where Johnstone wanted it. Everyone breathed easier.

Harry Rieseberg's Treasure Chest



If you happen to live near the outer entrance to Long Island Sound, possess good diving equipment—and some luck—here are two possibilities not only for real treasure in "golden eagles," but also gold, silver, and historical relics of great value.

On the evening of January 22, 1909, the British White Star liner *Republic*, bound for Gibraltar, Genoa, and Naples, was groping her way through a dense fog 26 miles southwest of Nantucket South Shoals Lightship. When the steamer passed out of the Narrows the fog thickened to such an extent that it was almost impossible to make any headway at all.

The *Republic*, a luxurious liner of some 15,000 tons, carrying a passenger list of 440 tourists besides her general cargo of merchandise, was also laden with a quantity of supplies for Admiral Sperry's fleet returning from its triumphant cruise around the world, together with provisions and other merchandise for the relief of the Messina earthquake victims. And in the vessel's strong-room safes was a large consignment of American "gold eagles" valued in excess of \$3,000,000.

Suddenly, at 5:40 a.m. a tremendous tremor ran through the huge liner as her engines were hastily stopped. Then followed a terrific crash. The port side was wrenched away where the steamer had been struck amidships by the sharp bow of the Italian steamer *Florida*.

Realizing the situation, the wireless operator Jack Binns hurried to the radio room and sent out his historic CQD message (before SOS): "REPUBLIC RAMMED BY UNKNOWN STEAMSHIP, TWENTY-SIX MILES SOUTHWEST OF NANTUCKET. BADLY IN NEED OF ASSISTANCE." That message which Jack Binns sent out to the world that night was the first time that radio was used in a sea rescue, and as a result only six lives were lost.

The *Republic* became so badly crippled that it became necessary to abandon her in a short time. Later, the United States Coast Guard cutters *Gresham* and *Seneca* endeavored to tow the disabled liner toward the port of Boston, but unfortunately the rammed liner began to settle so rapidly that her master, Captain Sealby, seeing no further hope of saving his ship, finally gave the order

to abandon ship. This was done immediately.

Then the *Gresham*, casting loose from the *Republic*, took her crew and passengers aboard and stood by until she sank. At 8:10 p.m. the *Republic* passed beneath the surface waters, sinking in 38 fathoms of water—228 feet. Many of the passengers and crew were killed by the collision while in their staterooms and quarters.

Only one known attempt has been made to bring this vast cargo of riches in "golden eagles" to the surface, and that was in 1919. It failed due to the great depth of the water and the inadequate equipment and gear which the salvors used.

Those who contemplate salvage operations on this wreck will not require underwater metal locating devices, for the steel-hull wreck itself still rests intact where it went down. But this treasure-laden ship can be salvaged with suited diving equipment only.

The other treasure rests deep down in the murky waters off Stonington, Connecticut, where the privateer frigate *Defense*, once a pride of the Revolutionary Wars, met her final anchorage on November 3, 1779, after striking the reefs just off the east end of what is today known as Fishers Island.

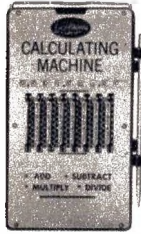
During the fall of that year, after having captured several British frigates and men-of-war whose cargoes had been transferred to her own hold, the *Defense*, fleeing from a British corvette while heading for port, struck one of the numerous treacherous reefs which abound in these waters.

Today, the wreck itself no longer exists on the seaway, but the gold and silver specie of the time, amounting to more than \$200,000, rests somewhere close offshore to Stonington in its original resting place. A lucky finder would without question have a treasure of great historical value quite apart from the small fortune in loot in relics alone. As the water thereabouts is not too deep, an aqualung apparatus might be used to locate this cache.

However, to aid in such a search, a Bludworth UML-20 underwater metal locator might be used on such operations. This device is used by the United States Navy as well as by aqualung divers throughout the world. •

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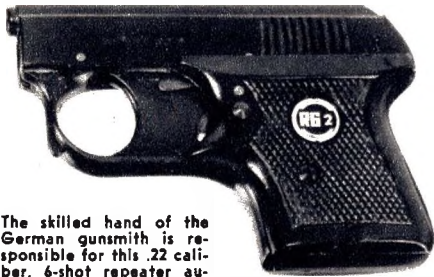


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Much still remained to be done, however, and much still depended on chance. After Johnstone had been hauled aboard the *Claymore*, the little ship backed away from the danger area and the explosives were set off. An underwater rumble was followed by a vast, boiling bubble which burst thunderously out of the sea and flung a tremendous geyser skyward. When the tower of water subsided, bits of wreckage and hundreds of dead fish could be seen floating on the sea.

It was probably the dead fish that caused the phenomenon which followed. Scores of huge whales converged on the area, closing in on the *Claymore* and disrupting operations.

"Hell!" swore John Johnstone. "As if I didn't have troubles enough! Bring out the rifles!"

There were only two rifles aboard ship. These were fired at the whales in efforts to drive them away. Instead of being frightened, however, the sea monsters seemed angered by the rifle shots. Sullenly, in a pack, they moved in on the *Claymore*, surrounded it and, in a strange, grinding, tightening maneuver, tried to crush the little ship to death.

Johnstone hastily decided that this was one time when discretion was the better part of valor.

"Let's get out of here!" he ordered.

It wasn't easy. The tough little *Claymore* had to twist, turn and bump her way through the circle of leviathans. Fortunately, night was falling. The darkness, along with a driving rain, diverted the whales' attention from the *Claymore*. By morning, the monsters had drifted away. Relieved, the crew steamed back to the blast area and operations were resumed.

When Johnstone went below in his bell, he found the explosives had blown a great, jagged opening in the belly of the *Niagara*. Heavy debris of all kinds lay inside. The job now would be to dig this debris out and try to get at the gold.

To keep the *Claymore* in place, the concrete blocks were brought out, set in position and firmly fixed to the little ship. Johnstone could now remain underwater long periods of time, directing the placement of a "grab" which was operated from the *Claymore*. This big steel claw dug into the vitals of the *Niagara* and tore out whatever it could clamp onto. It came up with furniture, fixtures, frozen lamb, messy tons of spoiled butter, a toilet bowl, a basket of fruit, a trunkful of ladies' lingerie, just about everything—except gold. After four days of digging, even the nondescript pickings got thinner.

On the fifth day, while John Johnstone was underwater, a hurricane suddenly struck. His bell began to toss perilously in the raging sea.

"We're bringing you up!" his brother yelled over the telephone. "Hold tight!"

The diver barely made it back to the ship. Even for that stormy area, this was a memorable gale. Black and fierce, it wrenched the *Claymore* free of two of her concrete anchors and caused her to drag the others across the sea bed. The ancient craft was nearly swamped. Half the time her decks were awash beneath the mountainous, onrushing, crashing waves. Water flooded through the decks

into the quarters below, and there wasn't a dry spot anywhere in the ship. The badly weakened plates threatened to burst at every blow.

One wild wave caught a crewman unawares and swept him across the deck. John Johnstone made a dive, caught the crewman and grabbed the rail just as both men were about to be dumped into the boiling sea.

"Thanks!" gasped the old "sea bum"—and promptly returned Johnstone's favor. He shoved the diver aside and scrambled after him just as a piece of heavy equipment broke loose, rammed past them, plunged into the sea. The *Claymore* heaved and groaned.

Somewhere, however, the gallant old tub found the strength to fight back at the elements—and win. Battered and crippled, she managed to limp into Auckland. There, while she was being patched up, John Johnstone, his crew

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and Captain Williams held a conference.

"I guess those salvage chaps in England were right," Williams muttered morosely. "It looks like it's impossible to get that gold out of the *Niagara*."

"Hell," spoke up Johnstone, "I haven't said it's impossible!" He glanced around at his crew. "Any of you blokes think it's impossible?"

The "sea bums" looked at each other. "Well," one said, speaking for all, "maybe it is, but we're not ready to quit tryin'!"

Johnstone grinned. "Good! Let's get back to work!"

Now, however, there was a new danger. A German raider had been sighted in the sea lane near the wreck of the *Niagara*. Two New Zealand warships had gone out after the raider, and all shipping had been warned to stay in port. Apparently Johnstone and his "sea bums" didn't think this warning applied to them. They put to sea in the patched-up *Claymore* and took up where the hurricane had interrupted their salvage operations.

Another interruption soon cropped up. Johnstone had hardly gone down in his diving bell before a strange ship appeared over the horizon. It stopped, then slowly began to circle the *Claymore*.

"John!" Bill Johnstone called to his brother in the diving bell. "You'd better come up! We've got company!"

By the time John had been pulled aboard, the strange ship had moved to within gunshot range. John grabbed a telescope and studied the menacing craft. It looked like an ordinary freighter except for two things: its lines were a little too sleek, and camouflaged covering had been torn away to reveal a set of powerful naval guns on the bow!

To complete the picture, a German flag was run up the mast. This was the usual signal that a raider was about to attack.

"What'll we do?" Bill Johnstone asked his brother.

John replied calmly, "Sit tight. That's all we can do."

He could see activity around one of the raider's guns, and the weapon was swung in the *Claymore's* direction. The little salvage ship was like a sitting duck in a shooting gallery. She didn't stand a chance. The only arms on board were the two rifles and a machine gun.

Sadly, John Johnstone took the telescope down from his eye.

"Prepare to abandon ship," he ordered.

It seemed as though the salvage operation, as well as the poor old *Claymore*, was about to be blasted out of existence. In confirmation of this, the raider's gun spewed smoke. The warning shot flung up a waterspout only a few yards from the *Claymore's* bow.

Grumbling and swearing, angered by their own helplessness, the "sea bums" unslashed the ship's lifeboat and lowered it into the water. Half the crew had climbed down to the boat before a shout was heard from John Johnstone, who was still watching the raider.

"She's running!" he yelled, pointing. "Look! She's running!"

The raider, indeed, had turned and was making full speed for the far horizon. The reason was soon apparent. A New Zealand warship had come over the opposite horizon and was in pursuit.

Johnstone lost no time in getting back to work. Lowered in his diving bell, he found that the hurricane had churned the sea bottom so wildly that sand and mud had piled onto the *Niagara*, clogging the opening into the hold. This necessitated a long, tedious cleaning out process with the "grab." Eventually, however, bits and pieces of debris again began to appear out of the hold.

Johnstone, eager to keep close watch, called over the telephone, "Swing me in closer to the *Niagara*!"

"You're in pretty close now," Bill cautioned him.

"I said to bring me in closer!" the diver ordered.

He almost ordered his own death. The big steel grab, swinging loose in a freak current, brushed past the bell and nearly bowled it over. Johnstone instinctively ducked, then watched as the grab made a circle and swept past the bell again, barely missing it.

"I think," murmured Johnstone into the telephone, in one of the master understatements of all time, "this is a little too close. Better take me back a bit."

From a safe distance, he watched the grab bite into the *Niagara*. It continued to bring out sand, mud and junk. In the underwater gloom, tired and cramped in his tiny observation dome, Johnstone couldn't help feeling discouraged.

On shore, in Auckland, Captain Williams was even more discouraged. He had just received a disheartening letter from an explosive expert in Australia. After studying reports of the crude blasting methods used by Johnstone on the *Niagara*, the expert had decided that the gold might have been blown through the opposite side of the hull—if, indeed, the heavy bullion had not crashed out when

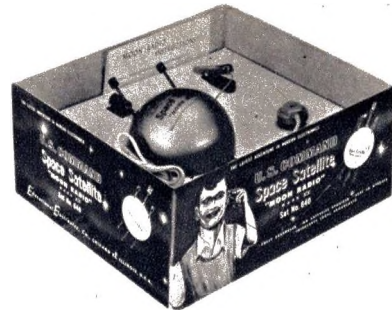


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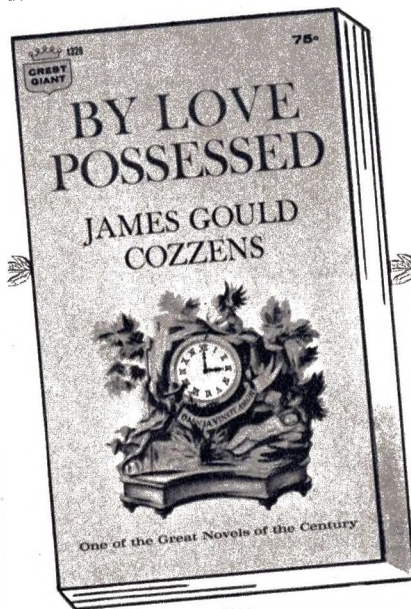


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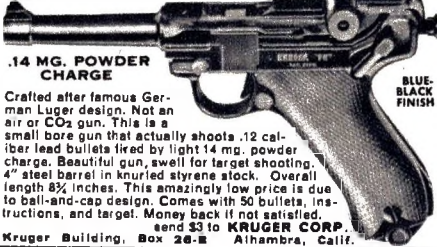
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the wreck first hit the sea bed. In either case, the treasure was buried forever at the bottom of the sea.

At the very moment when Williams was trying to decide whether or not to call off the salvage operation, Johnstone suddenly straightened up in his diving bell. He peered intently at a lime-covered box which had come out of the *Niagara* in the jaws of the grab.

"Pull me up!" Johnstone called to his brother Bill. "I think we've finally struck gold—and I want to see it!"

Johnstone was promptly brought up to the *Claymore*. He was standing anxiously on deck with the crew when the grab holding the slimy box broke surface. It swung inboard and the jaws parted. The box fell to the deck, smashed open and,



THE DASH THAT DERAILED DIXIE

Continued from page 47

exhausted. Their clothes were thick with mud, they had hardly eaten a decent meal for two days, they had gone without sleep. And yet Grierson was their man. They ran.

Still, word of their presence reached Philadelphia before them. When they mounted the rise which looked down upon the Pearl River, they found 30 irregulars standing on the planking, spreading pitch on the planking. Grierson did not hesitate. "Pistols," he shouted. They came down off the hill at full gallop. On the bridge, the irregulars blanched at the sight, and began to work more feverishly. One or two snatched up their rifles and banged a ball toward the onrushing cavalry. It was like casting a stone into a wave. As the Grierson troops smashed down the road the Rebels suddenly dropped everything and ran. A moment later Grierson was pounding his lathered mount across the bridge to the other side of the Pearl.

Still he could not stop. Ahead of him was Philadelphia, and then, just beyond, Newton Station. And so they started running again, driving the exhausted mounts toward the little town two miles ahead. As they rounded a bend, a cluster of white houses came into view. Standing in the middle of the main street were 100 irregulars, waiting grimly. Again Grierson signalled for the charge. The Rebels fired one volley, and then broke under the frightening sight of the stampeding cavalry. Grierson took the town. It was indeed an interesting situation. For 150 miles all the country around was in Rebel hands—except for the little town of Philadelphia. Immediately Grierson ordered the destruction of all Confederate Government property. But he permitted no looting, and no wanton destruction of private homes. There was to be no useless destruction under Grierson.

Now he sat down to think. Newton Station was 25 miles away. He had no idea if the Rebels were expecting him

amid a splash of mud and slime, revealed the unmistakable glitter of gold!

After the first awed hush, the "sea bums" broke out in cheers, dancing around and clapping each other on the back. John Johnstone, however, just stood there, gazing at the gold, grinning.

"Well," he cracked, "it looks like Britain is going to get her liquid assets after all!"

And she did. Practically all of the \$12,000,000 fortune was recovered. The gold was hauled up and hustled back into the war effort in time to help Britain—thanks to a deep-sea diver who didn't know the meaning of the word "impossible" and a bunch of "sea bums" who refused to recognize the word "quit." •

there; he did not know if Pemberton even knew he was still loose in Mississippi. But plainly he could not press his troops any further without rendering them useless. Grierson knew when to charge and when to wait. Now he pulled his troops into a plantation just outside Philadelphia, and rested them. And here, of course, a little foraging was entertained. Over the angry protests of the plantation owner, the Union troopers captured his henhouse and had themselves a chicken dinner. Despite their hunger and bone-aching weariness, the men were in high spirits. Ben Grierson had taken them into the heart of the South. They had succeeded so far. He would bring them out. And what stories they would have to tell back home!

Yet Grierson knew he could not linger forever. He had work to do. His first move was to scout out his forces for railroad men. He found three: a telegrapher, and two yard workers who said they could handle an engine. Then he spoke to Colonel Blackburn of the 7th Illinois. "Colonel Blackburn," he said calmly, puffing on the ever-present cigar, "I want you to run your men down to Newton Station tonight." He spoke casually, as if Newton Station were a place where he picked up supplies.

"That's twenty-five miles away, sir," Blackburn said dubiously.

"I expect it is," Grierson said. "You'll arrive there at dawn. I'm going to let the remainder of the men rest. I'll bring up fresh troops in the morning. If there are no Rebels at the Station do what you can about making it useless. If you run into a fight, hold it until I come up. Good-night."

And that was that. At sunset Blackburn, with the Butternut Guerrillas going on before and three railroad men riding uneasily beside him, began a forced march through the unknown countryside in the black of night. It was no picnic. They knew nothing of the

road. Every minute they expected a storm of Confederate troops to come piling out of the woods on top of them. With chill of night and fear upon them, they pushed forward, mile after weary mile. And then, as dawn was breaking, they reached the little rise above Newton Station.

Blackburn reined up, and sent the Butternut Guerrillas on ahead. As the morning sun came up out of the east, the scouts rode over the rise and looked down. They felt a little like Cortez at the Peak of Darien. After a week of nearly continuous riding, a week of sleepless nights, of empty bellies, of skirmishes, of running and fighting, Grierson's men were looking down on the Vicksburg Railroad.

The line ran east and west through flat empty country. A few nondescript buildings—warehouses and the like—were strung out along it. In the middle was the depot and a pair of sidings. One of the sidings was empty, but the other held 10 boxcars. Further along the same siding a locomotive with a flat car attached was taking in water from a tank. Except for one or two casual loungers, nobody was in sight. One building, a little bit up the track, was marked as a hospital. A half dozen Rebel convalescents sat in front of the door in the early morning sun, waiting for breakfast. It was a scene of peace and quiet.

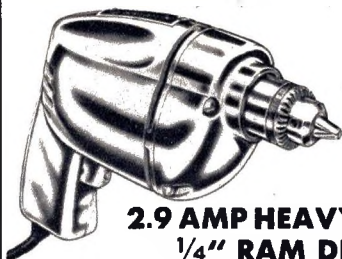
The scouts reported back to Blackburn. The Colonel was elated. He immediately dispatched a message to Grierson: "Depot unguarded, am proceeding as ordered."

And then, as he turned to direct his bugler to sound the charge, he heard the distant sound of a train whistle. It could, he knew, be carrying Confederate troops for Vicksburg. Or it could be travelling empty. In any case, he hesitated no longer. The regiment swept over the rise and charged down into the station. Bugged, the station master watched the troopers come. And then Blackburn's men were swirling across the tracks. Hastily the station master, the convalescing soldiers and the town loafers, who had not seen so much excitement in years, were herded into the depot at gunpoint. The train whistled again, this time quite close. Quickly Blackburn led his troops around behind the buildings along the tracks, and ordered them to dismount. And there they waited.

Three minutes later the unsuspecting engineer of the Vicksburg Railroad eased the train into the station. Fortunately, it was not carrying troops. And so Blackburn whistled his men out from behind the buildings, and took the train. But hardly had they begun to pick over the contents of the boxcars when there was another whistle, coming this time from the opposite direction. Blackburn was astonished. They couldn't have timed their arrival more fortuitously—provided that the second train contained no troops either. Shoving the newly arrived train crew into the depot, the troops retreated to cover of the houses again. The second train pulled in—again all boxcars. And again Blackburn's men charged out of their cover, waving sabers and pistols, and hauled the stunned

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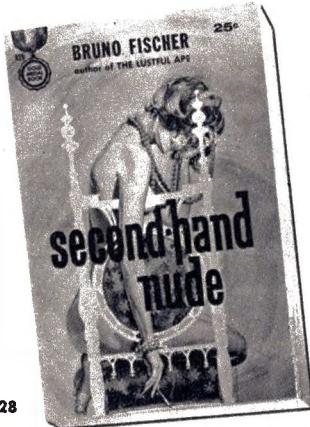
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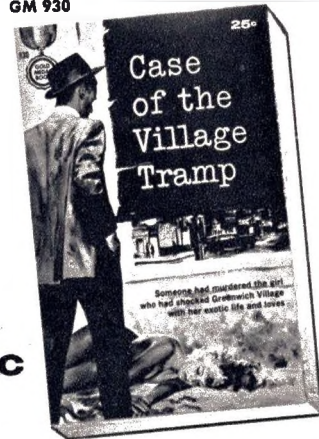
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trainmen off to the depot.

At this point Grierson rode up with the rest of his forces. The sight of the three trains sitting waiting for him was a tonic to his tired nerves. "What are you doing here, Blackburn," he said, "starting a railroad?"

Blackburn grinned. "A pretty good morning's hunting, sir."

"So I see." Then began the destruction of the railroad. The troops were like little boys let loose with baseball bats in a glass factory. They prised up the rails, heaped the ties into enormous piles, and fired them. They shoved an end of each of the iron rails into the blaze. As soon as each was well heated, they snatched it out, jammed the red end between the twin trunks of a low forked tree, and bent it into loops.

The contents of the trains was even more fun. All told they had 50 boxcars to explore. Ten of them were filled with raw cotton, ticketed for English markets. Four were filled with ammunition. Six contained bridge timbers and railroad ties. The rest were loaded with a miscellany of commissary supplies. And unfortunately, one was full of whiskey barrels. With a joyous roar the troops descended upon the red-eye, filling their canteens, or simply plunging their faces into the open barrels. They were now almost completely out of control. Between the whiskey and the pent-up victory-emotions, they became near madmen. They pushed the ammunition cars a little way down the tracks and fired them without unloading the powder inside. They covered the cotton cars with pitch, and set them blazing. They pulled down telegraph poles and burned them. They chopped hundreds of yards of telegraph wires to pieces with hatchets. They chased the train crews out into the woods, and burned the depot to the ground. And as a last measure, they backed both engines off a half mile down the track, and sent them roaring open throttle toward the place where the rails were torn out. The first engine hit the bare spot like a charging elephant, jumped the rails, rolled over on its side, and exploded, sending a shower of shrapnel across the depot. The second one bulled into the first with an enormous rending of metal, split in half, and lay on its side with steam escaping between the parted plates. It was indeed a sight of hell. A pall of thick black pitch smoke covered everything. At one end of the station, the burning ammunition cars exploded continuously, spraying sparks into the air. At the other, the two engines lay hissing wildly, like wounded buffalo gasping out their last breath. Between it all ran the drunken half-mad troopers, heaping ties and telegraph poles onto the flames, and hoarsely shouting incoherent victory cries.

Watching it all was Colonel Ben Grierson. For a while he let the men enjoy themselves. They had earned it he knew, and he felt it best to let them get the hi-jinks out of their systems. Further, Grierson was an enterprising man. He figured there was nothing better for sweating whiskey out of the men than fire-building. He was right. When he finally called a halt to the merriment, they were a grimy, dishevelled, smoke

stained lot—and fearfully hung over.

But now Grierson had troubles. The entire state of Mississippi would know where they were within an hour. Not only that, they would have some estimate of his strength. Pemberton was certainly not going to permit Grierson to ride unmolested about his own backyard. There was some going ahead of them.

He summoned his Regimental commanders. "A nice bit of work, gentlemen," he said.

"Do we run for La Grange now?" Blackburn asked.

Grierson paused. "Well, in view of the fact that we've come this far, I suppose we might just as well head south and join up with General Banks at Baton Rouge." It was a daring move. But Grierson had figured carefully. Pemberton would certainly assume that they were heading north. The distances were about the same, however, and he might be able to steal a march part of the way before the Rebels caught on. Sooner or later he would have to fight. But the closer he got to friendly territory before the battle, the less fighting he'd have to do. And so they moved out. Again he pushed his troopers. By 1:30 the last of the troops had cleared Newton Station. By mid-afternoon they were five miles away, pushing through a roadful of fleeing refugees who thought the whole Union Army had broken through. In Garlandville they fought a short battle with some irregulars. Still they pushed on. Finally, at midnight, Grierson led his exhausted troopers into a bottomland cover of sweet-gum and water oaks. The men simply dropped from the saddles and fell asleep where they hit the ground.

But despite their condition, Grierson knew he was going to have to move his men on soon. The whole countryside was in arms. Grierson was not sure, of course, what forces Pemberton had sent after them. He knew, from questioning some of the irregulars he had picked up in Garlandville, that they were considerable. If he had known the truth he might have been even more worried than he was: for in actual fact he was surrounded. Colonel Wirt Adams, with two regiments and some attached artillery, was moving west from Vicksburg to cut Grierson off from a break-out toward the Mississippi. General Loring, in Meridian, was moving in from the east. To the north General Chalmers was camped at Okolona with his cavalry, cutting off all retreat. And in front of Grierson stood General Gardner with orders to cut Grierson off from the safety of Baton Rouge.

In actual fact, Pemberton in Vicksburg had over-estimated the strength of Grierson's forces; he assumed that the raiders were part of Grant's Vicksburg pinchers, and he was shooting at this annoying gad-fly with a blunderbuss, a fact which was not going to make Grierson's task any easier. After due consideration, Grierson took a chance and allowed the men to sleep through the night. He knew he was going to have a fight; he wanted fresh men to work with. At day-break he allowed them time for foraging, and a good breakfast on the resulting

supplies. Then he ordered them all into a sandy-bottom creek at the back of the bivouac for a bath, and a scrubbing of their clothes. The cold creek water would erase whatever was left of their hangovers; and the clean clothes, which they put on wet and rode dry, would make them feel a little more like professional warriors. Time was short, but Grierson knew he must swap time for morale. In mid-morning they moved out for the final 100 mile run to Baton Rouge.

In the middle of the afternoon, Grierson had two strokes of luck, both bad. The first was rain. It poured down in heavy torrents, chilling his troops to the bone, thickening the road dust to mud, and worse, swelling the streams cutting through the country. The second was the capture of a Confederate scout. From him they extracted the news that a Rebel regiment under Col. Love was only 10 miles behind them, moving towards Garlandville where they were sure to pick up Grierson's trail. Grierson moved. Through the rain and mud the troopers slogged forward, urging their tired mounts at a fretting pace. True, Grierson could have stood and fought the Love forces; he had two regiments to the Rebel's one. But there was a time to fight and a time to run. Grierson ran.

And then, just as darkness fell, they reached the Pearl River. They had crossed the Pearl once; now again it bent across their path.

Hastily Grierson put out scouts both ways along the river. They reported back in an hour. No bridge; but there was a small ferry tied up to the opposite bank half-a-mile down the river. Grierson did not hesitate. It would take them hours to shuttle 1,200 weary men and horses across by ferry. But there was no choice. The Pearl was too swollen for fording.

At the ferry point Grierson reined up and surveyed the situation. He could see the black bulk of the boat against the opposite bank. Above it was the ferry-master's hut. In grim silence his commanders gathered about him, peering through the blackness at the unobtainable object on the other side.

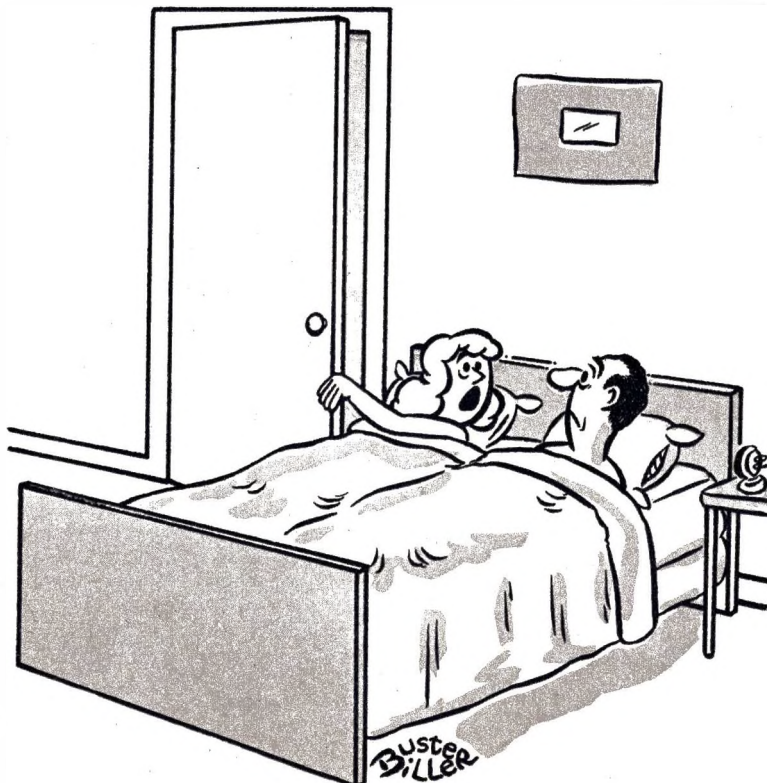
It should be remembered, however, that Ben Grierson was an enterprising man. With a suddenness that startled his silent forces, he raised his voice to a shout: "Hallooo the ferry," he bellowed.

Across the river there was the quick sound of a door opened and shut, and then a sleepy Southern voice. "Who's that?"

As a trained musician, Grierson had a good ear. Putting on a Southern accent as thick as blood pudding, he hollered back. "Gahd damn it, sir, a few of us hyar would like to git across, but yore harder to catch than the damned conscripts we're after."

Hastily the ferry-master leaped to his boat. "Yes suh, coming right over," he shouted. And 15 minutes later Grierson was in possession of the boat and a very surprised ferryman. But to Grierson's dismay, he discovered that the boat would carry only 24 men and their horses. For eight hours, as night passed and dawn broke, he stood silent on the banks of the Pearl, smoking his cigar as calmly as if he were in his own living room, while the troops were ferried over. His position was frightful. Love was closing from the back, Adams from the west. His troops were soaking wet, tired, hungry, and split on two sides of the river. But Grierson knew there was nothing else for it. And so, since there was nothing better to do, he enjoyed his smoke.

Then they were across and charging for the little town of Hazlehurst on the



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Mississippi Central line. A half-dozen loafers sitting around the station leaped to their feet as the column poured into town, and, howling with surprise, took off for the hills. Grierson charged up to the stationhouse, jerked his pistol from his saddle and rushed inside. The building was empty.

And of course an enterprising man could not let an opportunity like this pass. Quickly he ordered his telegrapher to send a message over the wires to General Pemberton at Vicksburg. It read: **THE YANKEES HAVE ADVANCED TO PEARL RIVER BUT FINDING FERRY DESTROYED THEY COULD NOT CROSS AND HAVE LEFT IN A NORTHEASTERLY DIRECTION.** He signed it **COL. LOVE.**

Pemberton would not be fooled for long, but Grierson was buying time. Every hour made a difference. Then, stopping only long enough to burn a rebel supply train containing ammunition and \$8,000,000 in Confederate money, he led his racing troops out of Hazlehurst.

Now it was fight and run. They had been out 14 days. They had not had five whole night's rest the entire time. They had eaten on the average of once a day. They had fought eight skirmishes, ridden night after night and day after day. They were exhausted. Grierson rode among them, shouting, exhorting them onward, sometimes waking a man sleeping in his saddle with the flat of his sword blade. It became nightmarish. At Gallatin they charged, sabers unsheathed, through 100 rebel irregulars. The same afternoon they found 500 men waiting for them at Brookhaven. Grierson simply ordered a charge, and they smashed through the troops and rode out the other side of town. The rebels here turned out to be Wirt Adams' advance guard. The noose was tightening. Still Grierson ran, pushing, pushing, always pushing. On the 28th he burned a depot and trestle at Bogue Chitto; it was fearfully dangerous. The column of smoke marked their position for 10 miles around. But his orders were to destroy railroads. And so he did. That same afternoon he destroyed eight freight cars at Summit. He also poured into the mud 30 barrels of Louisiana rum while the troopers wept at the sight. Grierson was adamant. He could no longer afford the luxury of good morale.

On the night of the 30th he pulled his filthy, exhausted troops into a pine grove for a short rest. He was there only two hours when pickets picked up a frightened civilian who said that Col. Wirt

Adams was bivouacked five miles away. The noose was almost closed. Grierson roused his troops and pushed on.

That was the morning of May 1st. They had come nearly 600 miles. Baton Rouge was only 50 miles further. Grierson no longer had any idea of the disposition of enemy troops—except that they were everywhere. As they tore through the country, farmers and little bands of skirmishers shot at them from behind barns and trees. There was no time to stop and fight; time only to run.

And then, just outside of Osyka, they came to Walls Bridge on the Amite River. Lined up along the river banks was a large force of the Louisiana Rangers. The time had come when running was no longer any good. Now they would fight. And so, with Col. Blackburn's regiment

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ON SALE NOVEMBER 27

in the front, they charged. This time they were up against trained troops, who would not break under a cavalry charge. The battle was fierce, bloody, and short. Col. Blackburn died in the first moments. Still his troops, sabers flashing in the sun, slashed their way through the Rangers, leaving the river floating with corpses—Union and Confederate. The Louisiana troops did not quit. Grierson simply cut his way through them. And then he ran again. He ran 15 miles, with six or seven regiments of fresh Confederate troops behind him. At Williams Bridge a handful of farmers fired at them. Grierson ran over them and went on. Baton Rouge was 16 miles away. They ran all the way there.

Of course, Union pickets fired on them. In the first place the Grierson troopers' uniforms were gray with dust. In the second nobody in his right mind would believe that this force had cut its way 600 miles through Confederate country. It was impossible. But Grierson raised a white flag, and rode close enough so that the Major in charge could see his uniform. And on the 2nd of May, Col. Benjamin Grierson led his exhausted, blood and mud-smearred men through the streets of Baton Rouge banked for a mile with cheering citizens.

The trip itself was incredible enough; the fact that Grierson so successfully carried out his mission was even more astonishing. The Vicksburg Railroad was a ruin. The Meridian was inoperable and the New Orleans and Jackson would be out of action for weeks. On the 3rd of June following, President Lincoln gave Grierson his brevet and advanced him to Major-General, for "gallant and distinguished service in his great raid throughout the heart of the so-called Confederacy."

And Grant took Vicksburg. •



FROM 72 FEET UP

Continued from page 36

abdominal muscles. To demonstrate to skeptics his amazingly developed mid-section, Henri sometimes pours a puddle of beer—about half a bottle—onto the floor of his 57th Street, New York City, penthouse apartment.

"Look," he'll say, "you've all heard of the guy who could dive into a wet handkerchief?" He spreads his pocket kerchief in the beer. "Well, that's me. Watch!" Henri strips off shirt, belt, wristwatch and shoes. Then he bounds from the floor like a startled frog. Arms and legs butterfly out. La Mothe lands on the wet spot with a soggy smack, and finishes with a beautifully executed acrobatic chest-roll.

At one of these impromptu demonstrations, La Mothe told me, "I can make my middle loose as a feather pillow, or hard as a rock." His stomach suddenly puffed out enormously, giving Henri the odd appearance of being pregnant.

"I've got a secret," he said coyly, patting the dome of tightly-drawn flesh. "It's really the secret of my dive. My stomach is so rounded when I strike the water that only a very small crown breaks the surface. It's almost like diving in feet or fists first. But don't get the idea it's easy; it's taken years to achieve that kind of control."

While occasionally still performing water comedy, an art for which he has a real knack, La Mothe no longer gags up his high belly-flopper. He gets more audience reaction by doing it seriously as the deadly dangerous feat which it is.

In the years since his hungry Superman-period, Henri has parlayed his splasher into a thriving enterprise called La Mothe's Aquacts. Sleek professional Danskin tights have replaced the dyed long-johns; the firm has two 40-foot interlocking ladders of aluminum with steel-cable guy-lines instead of rope. There are three collapsible pools: a very shallow one 12 feet in diameter; a deeper 17-footer; and a giant, designed by La Mothe himself, big enough (48 feet by 24 by 4) for sports show use as an arena for all sorts of aquatic events—races, ballets, casting contests, canoe-tilting and log-rolling. Aquacts rolling stock consists of a Volkswagen bus and a powerful five-ton panel truck.

La Mothe now has a family: wife, Birgit (Gjessing), former dramatic actress and Danish swimming champion, and five-year-old twins, Hilary Dane and Vivien Elette. Until his recent demise, there was a Siamese cat, a slugger named Bullyboy—pretty fair diver in his own right.

Besides the Manhattan penthouse, the La Mothe's have a home, studio and guest cottage situated on 92 wooded mountain acres in the Kittatinny of northwestern New Jersey near Delaware Water Gap.

The country place abounds in La Mothe improvisations. Studio floors, four

inches thick, are made of discarded diving boards; picture windows came from a defunct Quick Lunch. That restaurant's marble counter, resting on elm tree crotches, forms an outdoor patio table. Unique guest cottage is a wheel-less bus, once a mobile U.S. Post Office. A swimming pool, fed by chill mountain springs, is being built; also a sauna (Finnish steam bath).

The Great La Mothe makes very few pumpkin-fairs these days. Sports' shows keep him flopping in winter and in summer he performs at country clubs and beach resorts, where he frequently dives into kiddie wading pools, often leaping from such improvised perches as third-story window ledges, rooftops and yard-arms of flag poles. Henri's record high dive of 47 feet into two feet of water was made from an ensign standard at the Westchester N.Y. Country Club.

Henri's shallowest dive was into a wading pool of a Hollywood, Florida, resort. Brimful, the 12-foot pool had a maximum depth of 24 inches, 12 at its shallow end. Enough time had not been allotted for filling the pool by slow-operating garden hose; at show time the water was only 18 inches deep. Henri was forced to confine his flat-splash landing to a four-foot-wide strip along one side of the concrete pool.

"That one really scared me a little," he recalls. "I ripped a finger-nail on the pool's sidewall and I think my belly must've come within a quarter inch of smacking bottom."

Arrangements for trick diving at clubs and resorts often are haphazard. "Many times," Henri complains, "I've had to clear ten, twelve feet of ground to reach the water. And, brother, from up high those itsy-boo baby pools look just like a wet bathroom floor."

When I asked if the dive, ordinarily, is terribly dangerous, the belly-whomping specialist smiled. "Of course, it's risky," he said. "If it wasn't there'd be someone else doing it besides me. But I'd rather dive into a ten quart bucket than cross any highway or street. You never know what's bothering the man behind the wheel. His mind might be a jillion miles away—hating his wife, dreaming about his kids, trying to zero in on some dame. Maybe he just got a summons; bounced one check too many. He could be suffering from ulcers. He could even have a heart attack while he's got me in his sights."

I wondered what Henri thinks about before zooming into space for his puddle landing.

"Mainly I keep calm and in control," he said. "When I'm climbing the ladder I count empty seats, study clouds or notice particular people in the audience—especially pretty girls.

"When I dive I'm in complete command. Up there, it's strictly between me

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and the water and God."

Superstitions, maybe? Flying trapeze and most other performing aerialists swear safety by various amulets and portents. Old pair of shoes in dressing room means death. Never wear yellow on Fridays. Wear a new jock, you blow a trick sure.

"I try to keep away from that stuff," said Henri. "It don't mean a thing. Mind over matter is what's important. I'm even studying Yoga to improve my mental control. Why, you can't get a better color for high work than yellow—against the blue sky it's terrific!"

Henri has such confidence in his belly-ability that he wears no protective equipment whatsoever for his fantastic dive, not even an ordinary jock-supporter.

Ever injured? I asked.

"Never seriously," was the reply. "In this business you're only allowed one mistake. I haven't made it yet. When I do it'll be a doozie—a major catastrophe. Two sprained ankles is the worst I've ever had. Got them both on dry land. One by stumbling over a trained sea lion in the dark; the other backstage at a sports show—slipping on a mackerel."

Henri told me that he's never been interested in becoming a serious fancy diver.

"Comedy suits me better," he said. "The belly laugh has been my trade-mark since boyhood."

Henri, one of eight children, was the runt of his family, and scrawny enough to worm through a chicken coop's hen door. He had an inborn sense of balance; to his mother's horror, Henri delighted in walking the spike points of high iron picket fences.

"I had good reflexes too," he remembers. "The only time I ever slipped and fell, I was able to clap my thighs together in time to keep the points from spearing my privates."

Henri's father, a carpenter and part-time violinist for lumber-camp quadrilles, once swam the turbulent St. Lawrence river. Young Henri, in order eventually to emulate his dad in that feat, developed his physique by desperate methods. He learned to swim 180 feet under water; entered long-distance river races in which he was hopelessly out-classed. He hero-worshipped the kings of Chicago's muscle beach, a stretch of lakeside sand at 76th Street. "Frenchy" La Mothe did treacherous high dives off bridges, coal tipples and box-cars. Once he split an eye wide open on a gravelly bottom. Another time he knocked out a front tooth. He tore an ear, sprained his ankles, stove in every finger and several toes.

Henri never missed a Boys' Night at the Griffith Natatorium; the diving coach never failed to rail at him for horsing around the board. "I just couldn't be serious," Henri explains. "To joggle up and down and leap off into space has always seemed comic to me."

Nevertheless, soon Henri was working out with the Illinois Athletic Club diving squad, along with a chap who was beginning to shatter records, Johnny Weismuller, and his buddy, Stubby Kruger, destined to become America's first commercial water clown.

"There were so many wonderful divers

there," Henri says, "that I decided to see how good I could dive bad."

Young La Mothe's superb muscles got him a job as model at the Chicago Art Institute. "The artists liked me," he says, "because I had such muscular control that I could twitch any one they wanted, could take all kinds of crazy poses—like standing on my elbows eating doughnuts."

An instructor offered to finance Henri in a boxing career. "Nix," said the muscular doughnut-eater. "Not with my schnozz; too good a target." So the professor got Henri a job as apprentice in a small art service.

"Sort of paste-up boy and run errands," Henri told me. "Eighteen dollars a week."

This was barely enough for a dashing young blade to live on, but it didn't allow for much dating and dancing. So Henri began entering Charleston contests, making four and five an evening all over the Loop, sometimes in outlying theaters.

"I always copped a prize—first, second or third," says Henri. "Sometimes I'd coin a hundred dollars a week."

It was then La Mothe made first commercial use of his now famous belly smacker.

"My Charlestons were wildly acrobatic, and my belly-flop finish never failed to bring down the house."

At 23 Henri became the Charleston champ of the Windy City.

"That's when I first found out about show business," he said. "Up on the stage, after I'd won, they handed me a great big envelope. A contract! I thought. Hot ziggedey! Back in the dressing room I found out it was empty. I didn't get dime-one. They'd flimmed me."

But as a result of the ill-rewarded contest, Henri was able to blow town for the New York big-time. He joined an illustrious dancing troupe, "Dainty June and Her Newsboys, A Miniature Musical Comedy." It was run under the iron thumb of an avaricious stage-mother named Hovick, whose grotesque penny-pinching drive has been well-exposed in two recent best-sellers written by her daughters, Gypsy Rose Lee, the famous stripper, and June Havoc, dramatic actress.

"Then I really had my eyes opened to show business," says Henri. "What I couldn't tell you about those crummy times! I had enough hard knocks to do me the rest of my days. Old lady Hovick paid us kids with I.O.U.'s made out to her! She had a trunk full when I finally left to go on my own."

The company's advance agent, his girlfriend, a pair of eccentric dancers, the Brown Bros., and Henri (then De La-Monte) formed their own company, "Dance A Minute Revue" and made a 12 week tour, dancing away their shoes for the enlightenment of coal miners in Pennsylvania, Kentucky and West Virginia. Acrobatic Charleston, buck'n-wing, soft-shoe, waltz, clog, tap and black-bottom.

After that came lean days for Henri until a dancer friend heeled him into a rehearsal at New York's Paramount

Theater.

"Anybody here do the Charleston?" called the director from on-stage. Henri scrambled onto the apron.

Lindbergh had just flown the Atlantic. Henri had an inspired flash—an airplane dance! He thrust an arm forward rotating the hand—propellor! He lifted his arms—flaps up. He rotated and wriggled his trained stomach—motors revving up. Bit by bit he built the dance as he went along, and ended it with his spectacular belly landing.

"Whatinhell do you call *that*?" asked the director.

"The Lindy Hop," said Henri, without hesitation. The famous dance was born.

From then on Henri La Mothe was in. With the Lindy Hop he toured vaudeville circuits—big and little—as a single and teamed with his greatest rival, a former bookkeeper named Engstrum. Engstrum & La Mothe, Charleston Fiends, Exponents of Eccentric Footology.

Henri played all the movie palaces too. Sometimes he sat in the stage band holding a fake fiddle until time for his specialty. Sometimes he pretended to be a local boy, a plant in the audience or among the corps of ushers.

The Lindy Hop and Henri went into a Broadway musical; Henri opened a dancing school in New York.

Money rolled in. Beautiful girls rolled in and out of hall bedrooms, bridal suites and star dressing rooms. Then came the depression.

Dancing jobs were few and far between. La Mothe's Academy of Eccentric Terpsichore folded. Henri, on the strength of his meager Chicago art apprenticeship, began making advertising layouts for orchestra leaders and theater managers; he did minor art jobs for printer friends. To eat regularly, he designed menus and painted signs for Chinese restaurants.

While dance-money flowed, Henri had almost forgotten his diving prowess. But in 1936 he began again to cleave the water. An old friend, Ted Williams (not the baseball star, but an adagio dancer

and boyhood swim-hole chum named Whitey O'Connor) persuaded Henri to take the plunge at the New York Athletic Association. There the pair began picking up work as comedy divers at hotels and clubs of the Catskills-Poconos borscht circuit.

Soon Henri didn't care if he ever danced again. He was becoming the world's greatest high flat diver. The money, while still not fantastic, was getting better. (These days Henri can rake in as much as \$700 a week with his belly-whopper.)

"I never was really a dancer," he says now. "Just a very good acrobat. I had no music training at all; heck, I always had to count to make my steps fit in. In all my life I've spent only ten dollars for dancing lessons."

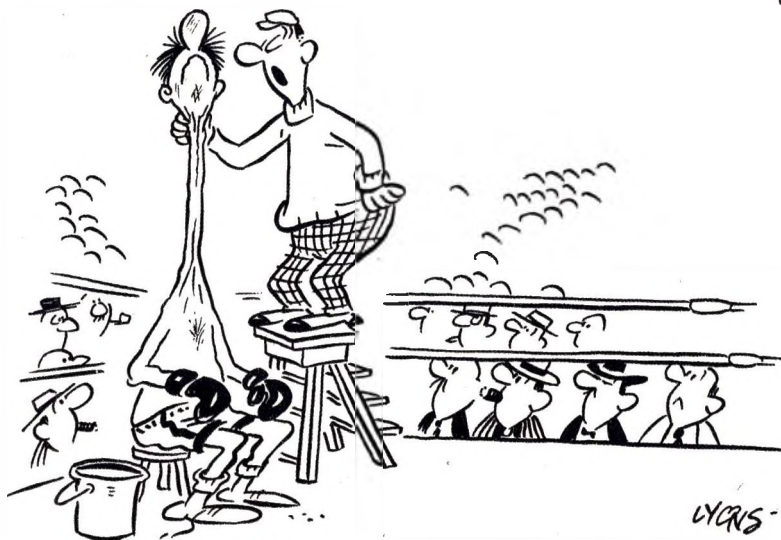
While Henri escaped from the dance world, he couldn't shake the art business. Today he still supplies drawings to printers and show people who befriended him in depression days.

One afternoon recently I visited La Mothe in his 57th Street penthouse. He was working at his drawing board under the sky-light.

"My room and board," he said. "Drawing board, dancing boards and diving boards."

He was tickling some lettering on a small show-card. On the tabouret alongside stood those old standbys of the novelty trade, a Dribble Glass and a Rubber Pretzel, plus a jar labeled "Snake Cold Cream (Really Scare 'Em)". Henri set aside his air-brush and began to sketch a cover design for a Honeymoon Score Card.

"What the heck," he smiled. "It all brings in a little extra cash and occupies my time in the dressing rooms between dives." Then La Mothe asked casually, "What you doing tonight? Birgit's driving in from the country; we're going to a water show. Diver friend of mine has the divers—Bob Maxwell from Miami Beach. I've just made him a dozen big devil heads for one of the water ballets. Built them on the roof out back out of celastic and chicken wire. There's the clay model there on the table." He



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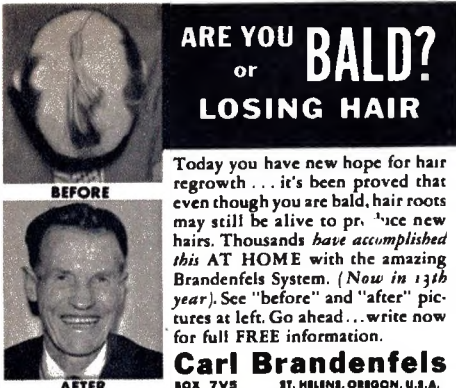
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nodded toward a small foot-high green-clay devil's head. It had a rather prominent Gallic nose and a small mustache. "There's a diver in the show," Henri continued, "you should meet—Vic Zoble, an old-timer in the business. Does a terrific flame dive from the forty-foot tower. They've got a high-diver too—Britisher. He's new at it, I hear; made his first 72-footer only yesterday."

Birgit drove in the panel truck whose springs were built for swimming pools, not human spines. The show was at Flushing Meadows in the old Billy Rose Aquacade arena, one of the finest marine amphitheatres in the East. Leaving Birgit in the seats with friends, Henri and I went back to the men's dressing room.

It was a steaming jumble of opening-night activity. However, La Mothe's diver friend, a sandy-haired fellow, was affable enough.

"Fire dives you want to know about?" said young Maxwell as we shook hands. "I can tell you all about fire dives." He had the flat stomach and heavy shoulders of the professional diver, and a deep suntan. I noticed some grease on my hand as we broke our salutation. "Look at this," Maxwell continued, showing me the hand I'd been grasping. It was terribly burned, thickly spread with ointment. "I got that at dress rehearsal trying to do a comedy dive with a flaming towel hung to my tail," Maxwell explained. "Damn near burned up all the cocoa matting on the high tower."

He said he wasn't concerned, and would dive as usual; a surgical rubber glove would keep out water and prevent infection.

We three stepped from the overcrowded dressing room and crossed the small backstage area to lean against the rim of the revolving part of the outdoor stage, broader than that of Radio City Music Hall. The night air off the Sound was refreshingly cool. Maxwell called over one of the other divers.

"Al Coffey," he said in introduction, "winner of the Pan-Am games 1955; now a pro."

Coffey was even more polite, soft-spoken and anxious to please than was his boss. When I asked for an opinion of Henri's belly-flopper, his eyes sparkled.

"Fabulous!" he said. "Incredible! Unbelievable!" He turned to Coffey. "Henri La Mothe," he explained. "He does a belly-whopper from forty feet into two feet of water."

"You're kidding," said Coffey. "God's truth," said the head diver. "Cross my heart, hope to pull a shoulder." "It's gimmicked then."

"Not on your life. No special gear. No padding. No nothing. And he lands bare-belly."

"BARE-belly!" exclaimed Coffey incredulously. "Impossible."

"Impossible, maybe," said the other diver, "but Henri does it, and he's almost twice as old as either you or I."

Coffey shook his head in dumbfounded amazement.

A willowy dancer, black-shirted and wearing a pink straw hat, sauntered over. "If he ever lands on his chest instead of his damned belly," he said, "the

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lungs'll collapse, break capillaries and he'll spit blood for a week of Sundays."

"Gee, I'm sorry you told me that," said Henri cheerfully. "Thank you."

"Sammy Lee, of Ohio State," said Maxwell, "he got banged up pretty bad once trying for the four-and-a-half."

"There's only one man ever been able successfully to do that one," added Coffey. "Joaquin Capillas of Mexico. If you're short on that last half turn you hit the water in a mighty sad position."

"They say," offered the eavesdropping dancer in the pink straw hat, "that Sammy Lee lost his eyesight for about a week. And he spit blood for almost four months."

"Another toughie," said Bob, "is the triple twister one-and-a-half, originated by a kid named Johnny Edwards."

"And don't forget Whitey Hart's full-twisting two-and-a-half from his tram-polette," added Coffey. "That's a tolerable dive to duplicate too. And if you want to know who is the best damn diver

the tower I'm plenty winded—like this." Zoble dragged out his tongue to its full length and sucked in his cheeks to simulate extreme lack of breath. "Stick around. If I survive this submarine deal you can see me go up in flames later. The fire dive's in the second half."

As Zoble made his way inconspicuously out the stage door toward the seats, Henri said, "Vic's one of the funniest divers in the business. What falls he can take!" He glanced around the back-stage area. "Looks like they'll only be doing 'dillys' here tonight. I don't see no props for the barber-shop, the carpenter gag or none of the other standards."

Henri knows them all. La Mothe's own favorite clown diving role is that of Baby Henri, in an act which begins in baby-buggy and 20-foot dress, and quickly disintegrates to bonnet, diaper and gigantic lollipop. Birgit, Henri's wife, usually takes the part of the nurse in this damp buffoonery. Climax of the gag comes when, in an attempt to coax Baby Henri down from the 14-foot diving tower, nurse falls into pool. While she floats face-up, the baby leaps and does a belly-whopper, crisscross, on her.

"Sure it's difficult," explains Henri, "but what a howl we get. When the dive is done properly, there's a pressure cushion of about two inches between us as we go under."

In only a few minutes Maxwell was back—dripping wet, bouncing and exhilarated by his troupe's opening plunge.

"Meet the other prima-donnas of Bob Maxwell's Water Shows," he shouted good-naturedly as the divers slapped past on bare feet, slinging water from their bare arms and shoulders. "Kevin Newell from down-under Australia; John Narcy, former Big-Ten champ; Gunter Mund from Germany, the Army champion. And our local-boy-makes-good, Whitey Hart, from Astoria, Queens."

A soaking wet chap with unmistakably British high cheek bones strolled by.

"And here's Jimmy Goodhead from London, England, the world's brand-newest high diver."

Jimmy responded with a pleasant toothy grin and went on into the shower room.

"Jimmy," said Maxwell, "is one of the world's best water clowns. He came here expecting to do his act. But his partner no sooner landed than he got himself a job too good to resist—five hundred a week, they say, for fifteen weeks a year, being recreation director for some rich guy's kids. So Jimmy was stranded—with a wife and kid, too. So we decided we needed a high diver. So Jimmy decided he was game enough to take the spot with no previous experience. This high dive of his tonight is only the fourth one he's ever made. You can't beat the British for downright bulldog guts."

Few acrobatic or comedy divers care to make the hazardous high drop; it's for specialists. "And crazy people," an acrobatic diver once told me. "Man, you come down an' you keep on comin' down an' down, an' you think you ain't got a breath left in you. Then you hit that water an' go on down some more. Your lungs, they're screamin', an' you have to have enough left in 'em to make it back

PHOTO CREDITS:

Pg. 15 bot., Australian War Museum; pg. 24, WW; Pg. 25, WW; pg. 37, Martin Iger

in the business, why it's Bruce Harlan, 1948 Olympics champion."

"Was," amended Maxwell quietly. "Harlan was killed just the other day. Didn't you see it in the paper? He fell while dismantling his diving platform."

"That's the way it goes in the diving game," commented Henri La Mothe. "You risk your neck every day jumping from a high tower and then you break it tripping over a curbstone."

Suddenly the band blared out. The stadium lights dimmed and a stream of blue-white spotlights cut through the night.

"Show's on!" said Maxwell. "Excuse us." He whirled and took off, shouting into the dressing room as he went, "Divers on the tower! All divers on the tower!"

A lanky fellow who'd been sitting in the semi-dark on a park bench over by the dressing room door, quietly observing us, now ambled up.

"Vic!" said Henri, in surprise. "Vic Zoble."

The fire diver. But he sure didn't look like one—more like a college coach. Zoble was balding and grey; he wore horn-rimmed glasses, sports jacket and slacks.

"You don't even look like a diver," said Henri. "Where's your trunks?"

"Underneath," said Zoble laconically. "This get-up is for my comedy number. I'm a heckler in the audience, then Bob goads me into goin' up on the board an' after a lotta palaver and comedy falls, I take a header into the pool. I grab an underwater cable, come up and get towed, fast as hell, into shallow water. Everybody thinks I have a miraculous stroke. Lotta laughs—they hope. I don't know how that drag bit's gonna work though. Last night I had to come up for air an' go back down to latch onto the cable rig. Don't forget that water's twelve feet deep there; when I come off

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up to the surface. Man, you can take the high dive and shove it. I tried it once, and that was once too many."

High diving has always intrigued men all over the world. Well-divers of India dropped 80 feet into water-filled holes. In Hawaii and Mexico, cliff-divers plunge into rocky shoals. One of the South Seas islands has dry-land divers who leap with ankles attached to long vine thongs.

Absolute minimum depth for a high dive of any distance is five feet; eight is more desirable. The highest dive on record, made in Panama in 1955 by Barney Cipriani, was 136 feet.

Doughty Jimmy Goodhead, as he waited calmly to make the fourth high dive of his entire life, said he figures his fall from 72 feet is about 80 miles per hour.

"I don't 'ave no bloody speedometer on me bloomin' keester," he explained, "but you can pretty near figure out the speed from the standard rate of falling objects. Some evening before showtime while there's still light, we'll take some movies and calculate the speed by the number of frames exposed between my take-off and when I land in the water."

Goodhead drops in a layout back somersault. With back facing the pool, he tilts off his perch in an upright position with arms out horizontally. He turns over once completely, then drops vertically, feet first, toward the water. The trick in falling is to keep the body leaning slightly forward, the angle controlled by position of the head, which, because it is a compact mass of bone and tissue, travels faster than the rest of the body. If the head is not tucked just right, the body is in danger of overturning and smacking the water in a sitting or back position. When this happens, terribly painful bruises result.


Another dive used by the high boys is the full gainer, in which the diver, facing forward, leaps into a back somersault above his perch and descends feet-first—arms out horizontally, body leaning slightly forward.

Entry into the water from a high dive is always feet-first with toes pointed, arms pressed to sides. There is danger of breaking ankles by striking the pool bottom. To prevent such contact, high divers use two underwater tricks: scooping (giant ankle to overhead arm-scoops made with locked hands) and somersault-save (a vigorous underwater roll with tight tuck).

The rush of water into nasal cavities, which can lead to acute infection of sinuses, middle ear and mastoid, is largely prevented by exhaling of breath through the nose. Few high divers wear nose clips or plugs, and of course only little boys jumping from bridges hold their noses with thumb and forefinger. There is danger also of water being forced into the intestines through the anal opening; for this reason some high divers wear two pairs of trunks.

Vic Zoble's comedy rumpus came just before the show's intermission; during that pause I had a chance to corner the fire-diver backstage over a cup of coffee. Like most performing divers, Zoble doesn't depend entirely for his living on water shows. Summer, daytimes, he

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is swimming director of the Larchmont, Long Island, Yacht Club; in the winter he is cabana club manager of the Seaview Hotel in Miami Beach, Florida.

Zoble got out of law school (N.Y.U.) in 1931 when barristers were even more numerous than foreclosures, so he took a fill-in job as fire diver at Jones Beach on Long Island, N.Y.—three dives a week and the pay a fabulous \$125. He hasn't been near a courtroom since. Zoble has had only five non-incendiary years out of 28. He was land-bound from 1937 to '42 with a broken back.

"There's not too much to this fire thing," Vic said to me as he pulled himself into a heavy sweat suit and wrapped his head and neck in a thick towel. "Of course, if the wind's not just right I guess I *could* get smoke in my eyes." He put on a bathing cap. "I like to keep what hair I still have," he commented, adding, "just before I go up on the tower, I immerse completely in the end of the pool out of sight of the audience and soak for a while. That wetness keeps me fairly fireproof for about ten minutes."

The water ballet was now on. On the pool's surface Henri La Mothe's devil heads were rhythmically bobbing, maneuvered by divers underneath. The flammable diver did his off-stage dunking. Then he scrambled in the dark up the back ladders to the top of the 40-foot tower. Up there Jimmy Goodhead awaited him with a bath towel soaking in two gallons of gasoline.

Zoble held out his arms sideways and the high diver safety-pinned the towel to the wet sweat-suit at the shoulders. Vic arched his back so that the gas-soaked cloth hung straight down. The bottom corners now were pinned to the back of the thighs. Then both men stood patiently waiting for a cue, saying nothing.

When the signal came, Jimmy deftly poured two cupfuls more of petrol over the towel and touched a match to it. With a ferocious whoosh, the towel blazed out! The heat was terrifying. Far below, the

chattering audience suddenly became very still. The sight of a man silhouetted by flames against the pitch dark sky was awe-inspiring.

With the wind in his face, Zoble can stand blazing for as long as 12 seconds without being singed. Eight seconds is the usual pause before toasting. The take-off is an ordinary swan dive. Zoble soars down, a horrendous flaming torch, in one and a half seconds. When he enters the water the flames scatter in the splash, lick around a bit, and are out completely by the time he surfaces.

"Well, that's that," said the redoubtable firebird, back in his dressing room. "Another good reason for Fire Prevention Week. Don't ask me why I do it. It's a living, isn't it?"

The buttinsky dancer in the pink

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ON SALE NOVEMBER 27

straw, from the adjacent dressing aisle, looked over the top of the line-up of mirrors. "Mr. Lamont," he said to Henri La Mothe, "why don't you add fire to your belly-whopper? It'd be *sensational!*"

"I imagine it would be," answered Henri. "What would I do? Pour brandy in my navel and go as a baked Alaska?" "Might be good at that," mused the dancer, missing completely the rejoinder's sarcasm. "Alaska's just been made a state. It'd be *real* topical."

"Can you beat it?" Henri muttered to me disgustedly. "You get to be the world's only flat high-diving belly-whomper and some nudnick of a hooper still tries to run your business." •

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"Reginald, are you forgetting that it's Marie's night off?"

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Connie Russell says:

“I love these
slow-burning
Springmaid
Sheets”



Miss Russell's current United Artists
record album is "Don't Smoke in Bed."