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JANUARY

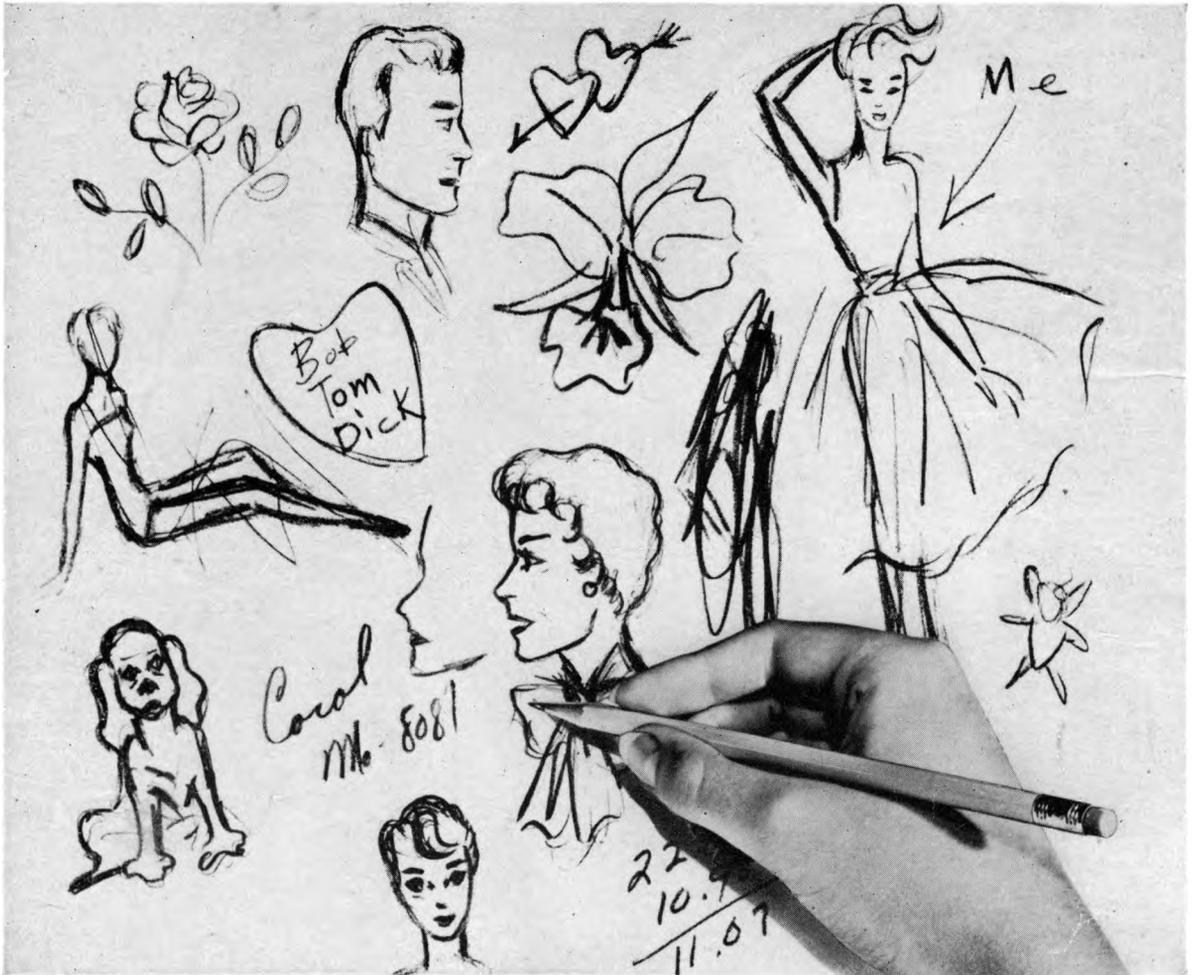
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CAVALIER

JANUARY, 1958

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In a girl-baited trap—Handsome



In Siamese boxing—feet are fair



In full color—a CAVALIER'S Lady



In a death squeeze—Floyd Collins

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VOL. 6 NO. 55

John H. Hickerson, *Advertising Manager*

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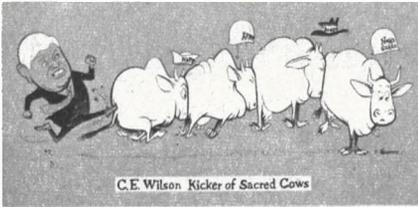
Thank you very much for your kind letter of August 15th and the copy of CAVALIER Magazine which you inclosed.

I enjoyed the cartoon. It was thoughtful of you to offer to send me the original and I would like very much to have it to add to my collection.

With kindest regards.

Sincerely,
C. E. Wilson

In September, CAVALIER ran a cartoon spread "Kicker of Sacred Cows" listing some of Secretary Wilson's peppery sallies against Sacred Cows like the National Guard and others. His letter of response appears above (mercifully, he did not kick us), the cartoon below. Now that Secretary Wilson has returned to private life, we wish him the best of luck. It's been fun having him around.



HUNTERS AND HORNS

Having lived in central Africa for a few years, I find it hard to suppress a smile at some of your African articles, though I hesitate to doubt their authenticity. But I really must point out your glaring misrepresentation in "The Unshootable Record Rhino" (July). At least three white rhinos are on record as having had longer horns than yours—one with a 62½" horn.

D. M. Castell-Castell
British South Africa Police
Umvuma, Southern Rhodesia

There are several confusions here, partly attributable to us. Our rhino Gertrude's horn measures 58", not 48" as our text says. Even so, reader Castell-Castell would be correct if Gertrude was a white rhino. As it turns out she is a black and her horn is still the longest.

THE DECLINE OF POETRY

Regarding Parke Cummings poem and "The Girl in the Long Red Skijamas" (Oct.) and your use of only one picture:

Your mag should use
And I hope it will next
A lot more pictures
And much less text.

G. Pleasant
Owensville, Mo.

MESSAGES TO CASTRO

I have just read your article "How I found Castro, the Cuban Guerrilla" (Oct.). I would appreciate it highly if you could tell me how I could join him as I am in sympathy with the rebels. This isn't a gag.

Lynn C. Benson
Florence, S. C.

I request information on how to enlist with Fidel Castro. Am veteran of World War II, acquainted with hardships and jungle fighting. My wish to serve with Castro is sincere in every way.
name withheld on request

Is there anything an individual can do to aid Castro's cause? From your article it seems that they are short of weapons and ammunition. I cannot offer much but I may be able to do some good.

William L. Page
Abilene, Texas

Hidden away in the rugged mountains of eastern Cuba, Castro is almost inaccessible to the outside world. The only way to contact him is through the Cuban underground in the U.S.—no easy task. The only clue we can offer is that the centers of the Cuban underground are in New York City and Miami, Fla. Good luck.

ARAGON THE PARAGON

It looks as if Art Aragon's trouble with Dick Goldstein might be a blessing in disguise. Now, after many years of being a prime target for Los Angeles fight fans, Art has finally won the popularity his record rates. Do you honestly think he'd have needed help to take Goldstein?

Joe Shore
Los Angeles

From the jury's findings, we'd say that Aragon thought he needed help.

Have just finished reading "My Last Fight Was Fixed" (Nov.). Goldstein is correct on one point—the fans here hate him. Aragon was his friend. About a year ago he pulled an attack on Aragon in the gym for publicity, with Aragon's consent. On the strength of that he got a fight. Goldstein is a psychopathic liar—God help any fighter who comes in contact with him. By the way, Aragon won about 80 fights out of 92 or 93, with more than 50 knockouts. He grossed over \$1,000,000 for the Olympic Auditorium, hence the name Golden Boy.

Mrs. Joan Stubbs
Los Angeles, Calif.

You sound a little blood-thirsty, Mrs. Stubbs. Since when are women such avid fight fans?

CIRCUS BUFFS

"Damndest Showman Since Barnum" (Oct.) about Art Concello, makes fine reading but I find it hard to feature John Ringling North, the man who made the gorilla Gargantua the Great a household name, the whisky-loving fop the article makes him out to be. It's hard to see him, too, pleading with The Little Man, Concello, for just one more railroad section. If North is this much of a fool, I suggest that the title for his next musical masterpiece be "Open the Door to the Nuthouse and Let Me In" instead of "Open the Windows Wide and Let the Sunshine In."

The circus has always been a warm, vibrant thing of color. Much of this is composed of the atmosphere connected with the train, the unloading and setting up, the side show, menagerie, etc. The circus should retain these features. The public will soon grow tired of Concello's colorless, motorized, ballpark edition.

Ralph Chambers
Oxford, Ohio

We seldom see factual writing when a townier writes about a circus. May I compliment you on the Bill Ballantine article on Art Concello and John North.

My father had a little mud show out of Massillon, Ohio, for 35 years. Before his death in 1947 he predicted the doom of the circus unless they changed their methods.

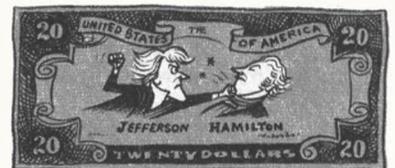
Sherlock Holmes Evans
Massillon, Ohio

THE FACE ON A \$20

Enjoyed "Jailbird Makers of the Queer" (Aug.) since I do photoengraving myself. Legitimate, of course. One mistake though: Thomas Jefferson's picture is on the \$20 bill, not Hamilton's. It is an understandable mistake, since few of us have a \$20 bill in our pocket long enough to see whose picture is on it.

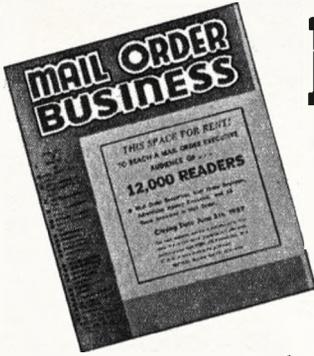
R. L. Armagost
Helena, Montana

You certainly don't. The mug on the \$20 is Jackson's.



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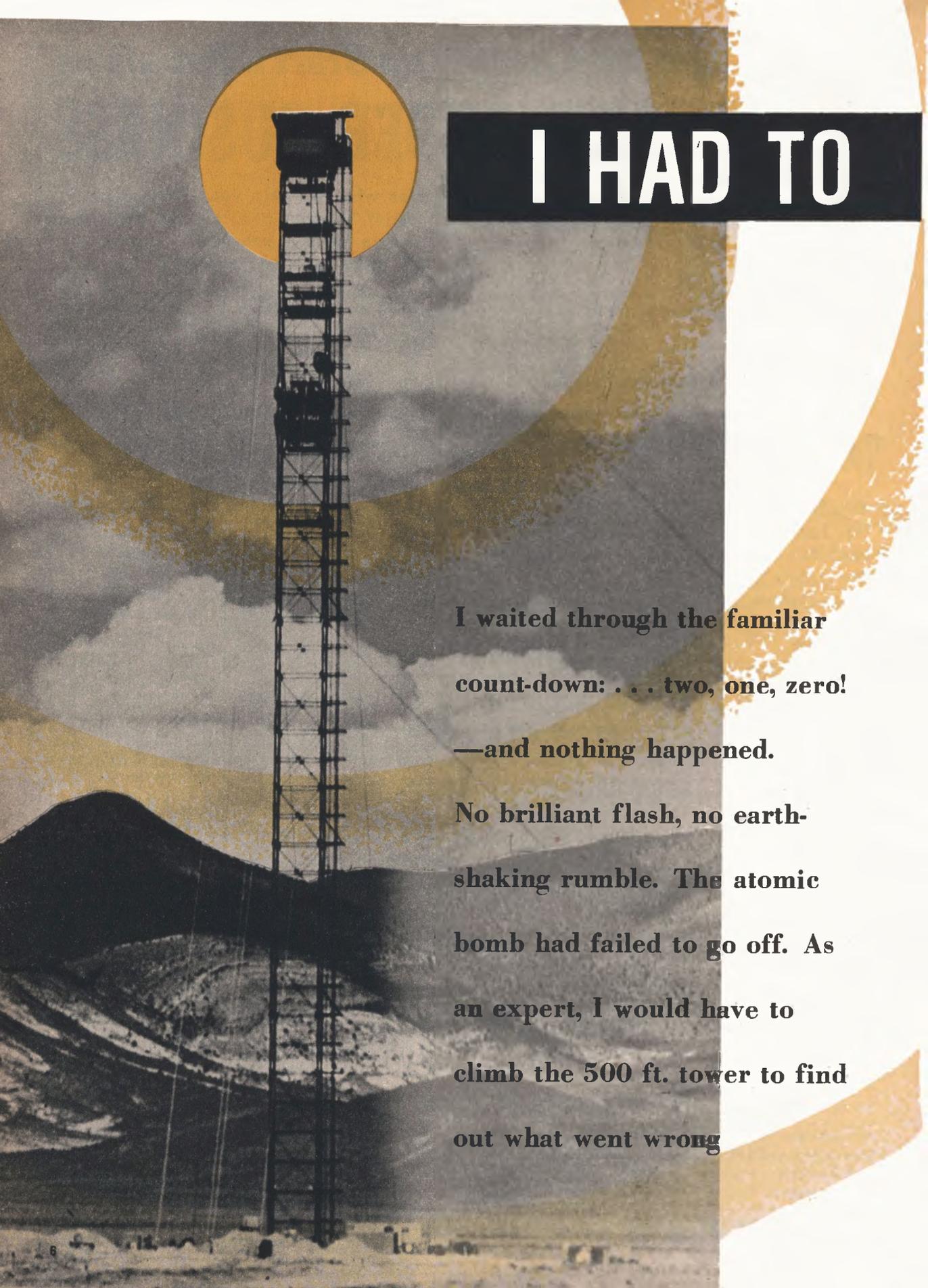
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I HAD TO

I waited through the familiar
count-down: . . . two, one, zero!

—and nothing happened.

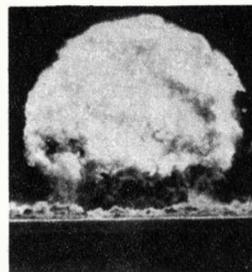
No brilliant flash, no earth-
shaking rumble. The atomic
bomb had failed to go off. As
an expert, I would have to
climb the 500 ft. tower to find
out what went wrong

DISARM AN A-BOMB



Rubin: he disarmed bomb.

Dr. Bernard Rubin, 33-year-old head of the Chemical Engineering Group at the University of California's Radiation Laboratory, was a member of the scientific crew at Mercury, Nev., detonating "Diablo"—the code name for the bomb of June 28, 1957 which misfired. One of a team that had been working on "Diablo" for a year, he knew how to put the infernal device together and if necessary take it apart. This intimate knowledge of the workings of man's most terrible weapon nominated him out of necessity to be one of the men who would have to climb the tower to the atomic bomb and deactivate it when it failed to fire on schedule. Here, in his own words, is his story.



Diablo: it exploded later.

On the morning of June 28, 1957, against odds of a million to one, an A-bomb failed.

BY DR. BARNEY RUBIN
as told to Lee Edson

doors, the most destructive force known to man is housed.

I was at the Control Point of the Nevada Test Site near Las Vegas when the news struck. Miles away in the desert 2,000 Marines huddled in trenches; nearby a special 17-man scientific party crouched in a steel dugout. On the balcony of the Control Point and at News Nob observers and reporters affixed dark goggles and waited for the flash from the fireball, a flash which never came.

Every tower is just one sinew in the vast multi-million-dollar system whose

It didn't seem possible. As head of the Chemical Engineering Group of the University of California's Radiation Laboratory at Livermore—one of the nation's two laboratories that design and test new nuclear weapons—I knew perhaps as well as anyone the months of blood, sweat, and tears that go into the making of an experimental A-bomb. There is the initial drawing-board planning and design based on information from previous tests, the development of new and more efficient nuclear materials, the fabrication of delicate precision instruments capable of recording the bomb's performance in a ten millionth of a second. Hundreds of laboratory experiments are performed to check out the bomb before it is actually proved. With \$3,000,000 riding on a test the bomb that gets to Nevada has to be good.

brain is the Control Point, a two-story, double-concrete blockhouse which sits on the side of a hill between Yucca and Frenchman's Flats, the two desert valleys that probably have seen more nuclear explosions than any other region in the world. These desert valleys, ringed by brown stark mountains, are pock-marked with bunkers and tunnels containing the latest electronic equipment. Even after five years of intimate association with A-bomb testing I am still amazed when I find in the heart of the blazing desert a ground hatch through which I can descend like a modern-day Alice into an air-conditioned underground world of electronic panels as complex as the main office of a telephone company. And all this vast maze of equipment is so interlocked that an accidental cut in a distant cable will show up as a warning signal at the Control Point.

But that isn't all. Once the bomb is ready for test the remarkable proving ground organization goes to work. A tower to hold the bomb steady is constructed. Although it is fated to vaporize in the intense heat of the explosion, this tower is no flimsy affair. It takes a couple of months and \$350,000 to build and equip. Five hundred feet high, it's an open-steel structure on four legs, set in a concrete base 20-feet square. It has a freight-type elevator, open on one side, as well as steel ladders along the sides. Atop the tower is a 20x20x20-foot room, strong enough to hold a five-ton crane. This is the cab where, behind metal rollup

Yet despite this organized machine precision the A-bomb had failed.

On that fateful day in June when I checked into Mercury, Nevada, the busy headquarters of the Test Site, preparations for the test of our bomb—the sixth test of the 1957 Plumbbob series—were already in full swing, and I had not the slightest inkling of any trouble. Indeed the preceding tests had gone well. But if I were a superstitious man, I might have had a premonition about the name given our bomb. It was Diablo, and as things turned out no other name could have been so prophetic.

The day before the test we made two series of dry runs, one at 10:00 a.m. and the other at 3:00 p.m. In these tests we use a dummy bomb, but we go through every step as carefully and as thoroughly as though an actual A-bomb were in the tower cab. Every one of our movements is checked. Nothing is left to chance.

I HAD TO DISARM AN A-BOMB

Throughout the sweltering day a team of picked meteorologists busily sent up weather balloons and checked clouds and winds. Weather is very important in A-bomb testing; in fact, it is the single most important factor that can cancel a test, since no test will be permitted if the expected fallout pattern for the given energy yield is such that a cloud can drop radioactive particles on an inhabited area. A prediction of favorable test weather must be the result of the unanimous agreement of all the meteorologists, who may number as many as eight. If one weather expert dissents, the test can be cancelled up to 10 minutes of the scheduled firing.

Midnight before the Diablo shot I arrived at the tower with a group of a dozen men to make the preliminary pre-arming installations. By 1:45 a.m. half of my colleagues, having finished their work, had gone, leaving besides myself a five-man arming party consisting of Forrest Fairbrother, and Walter Arnold, both engineers at Livermore. Robert Burton of the Sandia Corp. laboratory, Albuquerque, N. M., commander of the party, Edward Tucker, an electrical engineer from the Boston firm of Edgerton, Gernshausen and Grier, and Ray Yeager, the official photographer. It takes a good many skills to handle the intricate mechanisms of the A-bomb and its instruments.

At 3 a.m. we were ready, and from the Control Point Dr. Gerald "Jerry" Johnson, the test director, gave the signal—arm the bomb. In a matter of minutes we made the final connections. Yeager took the final set of photos, and we all crowded into the tower elevator and rode down. The security guard, whose job was to keep unauthorized personnel out of the cab, was dismissed, and a crane crew, which had been waiting for us, set to work to remove and haul away the elevator winch. We always do this before an explosion because we don't like to see a usable \$25,000 winch destroyed in the blast. My associates and I climbed into the waiting AEC cars and headed for the Control Point where we would watch the spectacular culmination of a year of concentrated research effort. Behind us, the bomb was now live and ready to go. I never expected to see it again. But I was wrong.

At precisely 4:30 a.m.—15 minutes before the scheduled zero hour—the automatic tape recorder crackled into life with the countdown, the familiar prelude to every test explosion. "H minus 15, H minus 14, H minus 13 . . ." the clear voice of the announcer resonated through the control room. On the control panel in front of me, red button lights turned reassuringly green, one by one, as each relay jumped to life, energized by a thousand electric circuits hidden in the amazing electronic complex of the proving ground. "H minus 12 . . . 11 . . . 10 . . ." New green lights popped on and stared unblinking from the console. Behind the console, dials swung reassuringly over the impassive white faces of meters. In a few minutes now . . .

"H minus 7 . . . 6 . . . 5 . . ." Even though I had been through this experience many times before, tension began to creep through me. Outside on the balcony scientists

and other observers put on dark goggles to guard their eyes against the flash. My colleagues and I who had armed the bomb remained glued to the board. "H minus 2 . . . 1 . . . ZERO . . ."

"My God," somebody yelled. "It isn't going to go."

Seconds went by. Everyone strained to look at the controls. Every light had turned green except one. But one misbehaving light was enough to tell us that somewhere in the vast intricate test network something was mighty wrong. The loudspeaker came on again, breaking into the momentary silence.

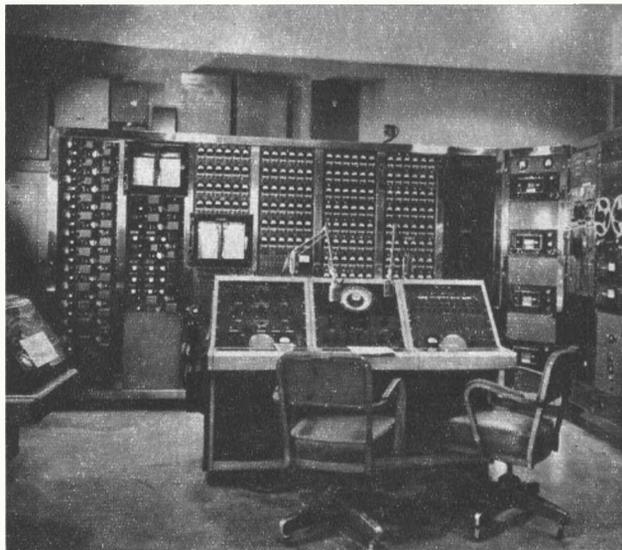
"Misfire," the voice announced, with barely suppressed excitement. "Repeat . . . misfire. Hold your positions."

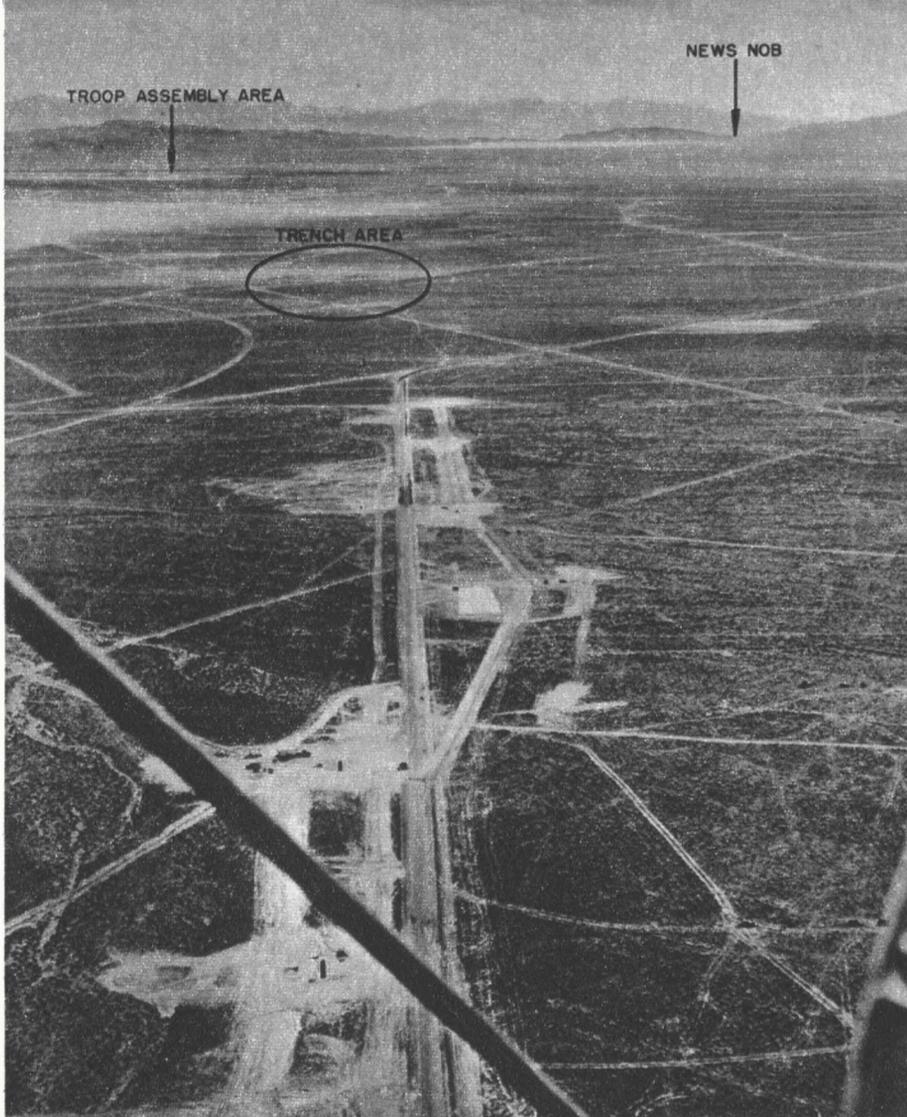
For the next few minutes nervous excitement gripped everyone at the Control Point. What could have happened? What was the next move? Outside, the tower still stood as I had left it, a thin rod of steel against the faint touches of dawn breaking in the sky. On top of that tower the bomb was nesting in its cradle, alive and for all we knew in danger of going off at any moment. More minutes went by, anxious chafing minutes, and still there was silence from the tower.

Finally, Test Director Johnson, trying hard to control his own inner excitement, called a special meeting. We filed in, some of us silent, others chattering, but everyone, I'm sure, felt as taut as wire. Looking around the smoky room I recognized representatives of every aspect of the science and engineering that goes into the making of an A-bomb. There was in addition to the arming group Dr. Alvin C. Graves of Los Alamos, Scientific Advisor to the Test Director, and Dr. Donald B. Shuster, Associate Test Director. Most of the men there were young, and despite their natural nervousness in the face of the unknown they exuded an aura of confidence that I have found in few other organizations. Working with a force as destructive as the A-bomb you have to be confident in what you're doing; if not, you had better find a job elsewhere.

Dr. Johnson opened the meeting with the big question: what had happened? Which link in the mighty chain had broken? Negatives of the bomb cab taken before the arming were hastily processed and brought [Continued on page 92]

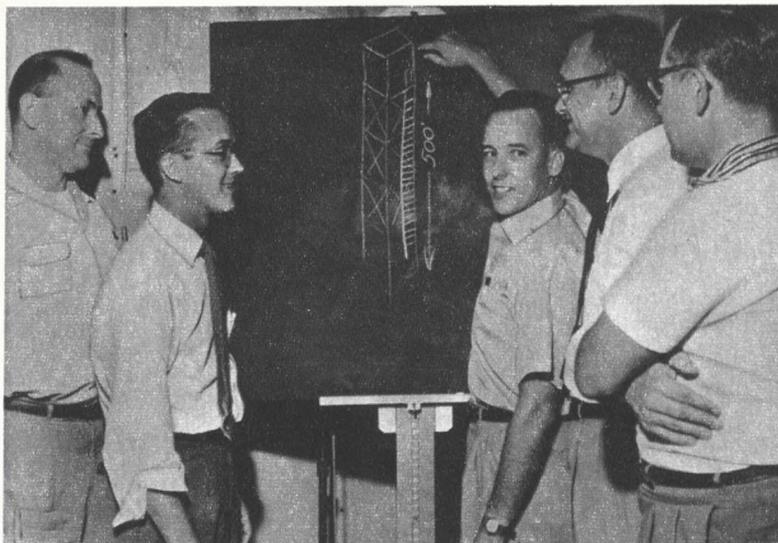
Control room at Nevada Test Site is nerve center of every atomic bomb test. Here scientists gathered. Here they saw with shock and dismay that the bomb had failed to fire.





This is an atomic bomb's eye-view from "Diablo's" tower at the Nevada Test Site. Foreground shelters at left are under test for French and German Governments. The trench area is 4,500 yards away. Troop assembly area is 9,800 yards away. Press is a safe 17 miles away on "News Nob."

From left, Rubin, Fairbrother, Burton, Tucker and Arnold smile with relief as they rehash their daring trip to disarm the A-Bomb. Burton points to sketch of cab where final, delicate work was done.



HANDSOME and the HOLY ROLLERS

by Theodore Pratt

Author of The Tormented



Now CAVALIER introduces a new character, Handsome, an ex-GI, who, before he settles down, wants to see America and meet its people. His first adventure finds him in Florida with a phony preacher and a wife with a very curious come-on

Handsome, the young man going around the country to see what there was to see and experience in the world, was called that because he was so good-looking. Almost everyone, upon first seeing him, especially girls and even women, thought of him by that term and referred to him that way. He wasn't very tall, but he was formed perfectly, with good broad shoulders, full chest, narrow hips, and well-shaped legs. His features were exceptionally regular, his skin like smooth-grained white oak, his eyes dark and luminous, while his hair was extremely black and slightly wavy. His most attractive quality, however, was that he was not vain in the least, showing no evidence of being aware of all his good physical traits; they were just there.

Actually, Handsome was not especially interested in women. But his looks continually so attracted them that, not out of his own choice, he often found himself in situations that would not permit him to ignore them. Then, if he felt like it, he would respond. Sometimes, when he didn't feel like it, difficulties followed, for Handsome had learned, beyond anything else, the truth of the axiom about there being no greater wrath than that of a woman scorned.

Handsome tried to avoid fights, especially over women, if he could. Even at 24 he had had enough of fighting. Taken out of college between his sophomore and junior years by the Army to fight in Korea, he had had enough of fighting. He had killed largely to prevent himself from being killed, and became very proficient at it, a skilled, legal murderer,

"I'll bet I could show you something you'd like," Sister Oder said eagerly.





Illustrated by Robert Patterson

HANDSOME and the HOLY ROLLERS

Continued from preceding page

not in the muscle-bound he-man manner, but rather in that of the smarter, shrewd way of quietly being ready, if pushed too far, to meet any challenge.

After returning from Korea, Handsome felt restless and didn't know what he wanted to do. He didn't care, right away, to return to college. He decided to get around the country and look at it and at its people. He wasn't sure what he was searching for. Perhaps it was an inner peace disturbed by war, or for some understanding of the turmoils of present-day life.

Whatever it was, his restlessness carried him, one day in Florida, on a truck on which he had hitched a ride, to a spot not far from the town ahead where a grove of live oaks was set just off the road. Here, under their great limbs from which Spanish moss dripped, two old patched gray tents had been set up, one small, one large. In front of the largest was a cloth banner which announced:

HOLY SANCTIFIERS—REVIVAL MEETING

Handsome had asked the truck driver to drop him off here. He had always wanted to see what went on at such a meeting. Now, faced with it, he didn't quite know how to go about making contact with the Holy Sanctifiers. No meeting was being held in the middle of the afternoon. The tents seemed deserted. The entrance flaps moved slightly in the southeast breeze, but that was all the movement there was to be seen.

He crossed the road and went onto the revival grounds, under the live oaks. He stood there for a moment looking up at them and admiring them. It was a pretty spot, a fine one in which to worship God.

Handsome entered the main tent. Crude backless wooden benches were lined up in church fashion on either side. At the back was a raised platform and a small, portable wooden pulpit. Here also, set before a collapsible slat chair, a bass drum stood; resting on a second chair was a large guitar. No one was about; it was utterly quiet in the tent except for the soft sound of gently flapping canvas.

He left the tent and went around to the second one. All the flaps of the smaller tent, front, back, and sides, had been pulled up to allow the air to circulate in the heat of the late November day. A gasoline stove and a table laden with groceries and dishes were set at the far end. Clothes hung from pegs driven into the tent posts. Two army cots were set up at either side.

On one of the cots a figure lay under a light covering. Handsome could see at once that it was a woman. He couldn't make out her head, but he could see the rounded line of her hip.

At the sound of his approach the figure stirred. The woman's head half lifted to see who it was. She had light brown hair, tightly coiled about her head, neat even though she had been lying down. She had a chiseled face with strong features, her straight nose, gray eyes, high cheekbones, and full definite mouth all standing out against a clear white skin.

At the sight of Handsome she sat all the way up as though he was worth looking at. She threw off the covering. She swung her legs over the edge of the cot: they were long and shapely.

She asked, "Who are you?"

"They call me 'Handsome,'" he answered.

She looked him over again. She observed, "They ought to."

If there was one thing Handsome could sense it was a woman's attraction to him. It wasn't difficult. Few women could keep admiration for a man out of their eyes or voices. No matter how they tried to veil it, it exuded from them obviously, seemingly beyond their control.

He had not come here for that. Mostly he had come here to see what the Holy Sanctifiers did.

To steer her away from what she plainly said with her look, he inquired, "Who are you?"

The woman laughed lightly. "I'm the preacher's wife."

That made it better. She was married. And to the preacher. "That's fine," he said.

She gazed at him, her expression seeming to ask why this made it fine. "Our name is Oder. My husband is Gideon, like from the Bible. He was the one ruled Israel for forty years; the other Gideon, I mean, not my husband. My husband is the Reverend, that's the way he's called. They call me Sister Oder."

"I'm very pleased to meet you," Handsome said.

Sister Oder stared at his formal good manners and mumbled, "Glad to know you. My husband's in town right now. Passing the word about the meeting tonight. It's going to be a big meeting, seeing as how it's Saturday night."

"What kind of religion is it?" asked Handsome.

"It's the Holy Sanctifiers," she said, "like on the sign." She didn't seem too interested in that. She kept her eyes on him.

"I mean," said Handsome, "is it a national religion, or what?"

"Not exactly," said Sister Oder. "There's the Sanctifiers, of course, and the Sanctified Church of God. We don't have any truck with them. They go their own way. They got their own ideas. No, you can't say it's a national religion, exactly."

"It's your own, then?" asked Handsome.

"We made it up," she admitted. "My husband and me. And let me tell you, it's just as good as any other. You come to our meeting tonight and you'll see. Are you coming to it?"

"I'd like to very much."

She looked at him narrowly, the admiration still behind her eyes, but now there grew a faint suspicion as well. "You been asking me a lot of questions," she said. "Why don't you sit down over there and let me ask you a couple?"

Handsome looked around and saw the place she meant. It was the other cot, presumably that of her husband. "Thank you," he said. He went to the cot and sat on it.

"You don't mind my asking you some things?" Sister Oder inquired.

"Why, no," he said. "Why should I?"

"Some people do," she explained. She took up a package of cigarettes and held it out to him. "Smoke?"

"No, thanks. I don't smoke," Handsome said.

She took out a cigarette, lit it, and blew out the match. She smoked contemplatively. She seemed to be considering something. She shot him a glance or two and then asked rather suddenly, "Why did you come here?"

Handsome answered straightforwardly, "I wanted to see what your church was like."

"You never saw a church like this before?"

"Never."

Sister Oder considered some more. "You ain't a Florida Cracker. God knows you can't find many of us any more, the way the tourists keep pushing us back." She thought that over darkly. Abruptly she sat up straight, regarded Handsome with outright suspicion, and demanded, "Now listen, you wouldn't be a writer, would you?"

Handsome shook his head.

"We don't want no damn writers around here," Sister Oder went on. "We had one once in a place we was at. We took him in to our bosom, which is just like the bosom of the Lord, and let him attend all the meetings, and he didn't put as much as a thin dime in the collection box. And then he went off and wrote about us for his paper. He called us some pretty hard names. Said we was low-down religion playing on people's ignorance. Said we didn't care about the Lord but only what went in our collection plate. And that wasn't all he said. That wasn't the worst. Not by any means. The worst thing he said was that we was responsible for getting a young girl all excited and hysterical-like so that she throwed herself in front of a train and got herself killed. That's what that there bastard went and said! And let me tell you if he didn't also say we should be run out of that town and let me tell you that we was run out. We was lucky to get away with our tents. We been looking for that writer ever since. If we ever ketch him out of his part of the country we're going to give him what-for."

Handsome was quite surprised at this long and vociferant outburst. He must have shown it, for Sister Oder quieted and said, "I didn't mean to tell you all like that. Or use that kind of language in there that I did a couple of times. It's only that I still get riled up thinking about it. So if you're a writer, you'd better say so right off."

"I'm not a writer," said Handsome.

"Then what are you?" Sister Oder persisted.

"I'm just on a trip, going around seeing the world," said Handsome. "I want to see everything in it I can. And everybody."

"Where you from? You ain't said that."

"Well, I'm from Fort Lauderdale. My family moved down here from the North a couple of years ago. There's my mother and father and I have a sister, too."

"They know you're going around?"

"Oh, yes."

"And it's all right with them?"

"I let them know where I am once in a while."

He gave her the opportunity to ask more about him, but when she did not take it, evidently not being able to think up more questions, he promised, "When I come to your meeting tonight, I'll put something in the collection plate."

Sister Oder seemed pleased. She considered him again. A thought appeared to strike her. "You play the drum?" she asked. "Not that there's much to it. Just beating it in time with the music. Can you play it, the big bass drum?"

Handsome nodded. In school he had often taken over the drums. "I had a little experience in college."

"I knew you was a college man," Sister Oder said; her suspicion of him, which had mostly disappeared, now returned. "From the way you talk. I ain't so sure I like that."

"I won't high-hat you," Handsome assured her.

"You better not," she said. "We're just as good as anybody else, educated or not. If you ask me, a lot of educated college people ain't as good as some other people I know and could mention. Now about the drum," she went on. "I help my husband by furnishing the music. I play the guitar. Hymns, though I'll never forget the night at a meeting I forgot where I was and broke into 'Hey, Stop Kissin' My

Sister'. To tell you the truth, I'd had a suck or two on a jug. But you should of seen the look on their faces before the Reverend stepped in and reminded me. Someday I think I'll do it again just to see that look."

She stopped, as if that concluded her thought.

Handsome sat there in the silence, waiting for her to go on. When she said nothing, he reminded her, "The drum."

"Oh, yes," said Sister Oder. She took a pull on her cigarette and blew the smoke out through her nostrils. "In most towns we usually find somebody who can beat the drum to my guitar. But here we ain't found nobody, not nobody at all." She considered him again. "If you think you can do it and you want to, you could see our meetings without having to put anything in the plate."

"That would be fine," Handsome said.

She considered him, carefully. "Where you staying?"

"Well, I'm not staying anywhere. I just arrived."

"And you got no luggage?"

"Only a toothbrush, comb, and small razor in my pocket." he answered. "I like to travel light."

Sister Oder sat up straighter. "You sure you're all right?"

Handsome didn't understand at once. "Why, yes, I'm—" Then he comprehended. "Please," he said. "You don't have to fear anything from me. I'm not trying to find out anything. I've just never seen a lot of things I'd like to see. A revival meeting like this is one of them."

She studied him even more carefully. The question in her eyes died and the interest came back, now stronger than ever. "How would you like to stay with us?" she asked. "Maybe travel around with us? That is, if it works out here. That way you'd be a Sanctifier yourself."

"I think I'd like it," said Handsome.

"Now mind you," she warned him, "I don't say I can fix it up. My husband would have the say about that. I'd have to ask him when he comes [Continued on page 54]



Now the preacher threw another punch. Handsome grabbed his wrist and threw him in a flying mare.



THE TERRIBLE TURTLE— *America's first sub*

David Bushnell's strange craft was an ungainly collection of brass and barrel-staves but he came within an ace of sinking the British Navy

Story and illustrations by
Victor Mays

On a September night in 1776, Admiral Lord Richard Howe's fleet of British warships swung confidently at anchor in New York's lower bay.

They had every reason to be confident—Washington's bedraggled army had been pushed out of Long Island in August and now held only a precarious hold on Manhattan Island, waiting for the British to land and shove them out. But Admiral Howe would have quickly lost his complacency that evening had he known of the strange submerged object that was slowly inching its way toward his fleet across the bay from the tip of Manhattan. It was a deadly and ingenious bit of Yankee ingenuity and its target was *HMS Eagle*, Admiral Howe's 64-gun flagship. It was the *Turtle*, the world's first submarine.

The *Turtle* that crept up on the British fleet in 1776 was anything but the result of a trained military mind. It was the brainchild of a quiet, serious farmboy from Westbrook, Connecticut, by the name of David Bushnell. Bushnell first came up with the idea of a submersible boat while still a student at Yale and by 1775 he was convinced that he could

build a working submarine. The news from Lexington and Concord galvanized Bushnell into putting his idea to work. Well aware that the Americans had virtually no navy and British ships could blockade the colonies at will, he rushed home to Westbrook and began working feverishly to construct the first submarine.

Bushnell's building site, Poverty Island off Saybrook, Connecticut, was aptly named.

In the next few months, Bushnell pumped most of his savings into his dream. Public backing for such a radical scheme was hard to get. And he did not wish to advertise his project. Tory spies were everywhere.

By September, 1776, the *American Turtle* was completed and ready for sea trials. Too frail to operate his invention himself, Bushnell enlisted the aid of his younger brother, Ezra, then a sergeant in Nathan Hale's company. Together they launched the *Turtle* and began tests in the sound.

In Bushnell's own words, the *Turtle's* "external shape bore some resemblance to two upper tortoise shells of equal size, joined together." It was built

of oak sections six inches thick, bound with bands of iron, caulked and covered outside with a waterproof layer of tar. The *Turtle* stood six feet high and was over seven feet long, with a beam of about five feet.

The operator climbed in through a small collar in the top. Over the collar, a low brass "conning tower" was hinged to swing down and bolt in a watertight seal. Underway, the operator's head poked into this brass hatch. Six tiny glass ports allowed visibility ahead, astern and abeam, and gave reading light underwater to a depth of 18 feet on a bright day.

On the submarine's bottom, lead ballast was attached to provide stability. Part of the ballast could be dropped in an emergency. With a one-man crew aboard, the *Turtle* rode with only conning tower and a few inches of hull exposed.

The question of power—in an era of sail and oar—did not stump Bushnell. He mounted a pair of canted oar blades on a hub in front of the hull. These could be cranked or pedalled around by the operator inside. This forerunner of the propeller pulled the *Turtle* along at a top speed of three knots. A similar screw was mounted vertically above the bow to raise or lower the submarine while underwater. A rudder on the stern was steered by a tiller under the crewman's right arm, and could also be used for sculling.

David Bushnell naturally was concerned for his brother's safety. Until the *Turtle* had fully proven herself, all trials were conducted with a hawser connecting the submarine to the shore. Ezra Bushnell shared David's enthusiasm and quickly learned to operate the intricate mechanism. It worked perfectly.

For surface cruising, Ezra sat on a heavy thwart within the hull, his head exposed and conning tower open if the sea was calm. To submerge, he first closed the brass hatch, dogging down screws which could be turned both from inside and outside. Next he stepped on a spring valve beneath his feet, admitting water to the bilge and allowing the submarine to dive. If he sank too fast, he grasped the handles of force pumps on either side and adjusted his buoyancy by pumping out water. This was also his means of surfacing. Essentially it is the same principle used in submarines today. The vertical propeller served as a depth control, much like modern diving planes.

The brothers discovered that the *Turtle's* maximum diving limit was 20 feet. At that depth, the oak began to ooze sea water. To help Ezra control his dive, David devised a depth gauge worked by water pressure, with a cork float rising one inch in a tube for every foot of depth. Once submerged, the operator had enough air for one half hour.

Bushnell realized that the *Turtle*, with her short

As the *Turtle* hovered beneath the *Eagle's* stern, Lee raised the auger to bite into the ship's hull.



underwater range, would have to approach her target on the surface, probably at night to reduce chances of being sighted. He installed a compass and coated the main points and needle with a phosphorescent, decayed wood called foxfire. The depth-gauge float was similarly marked for visibility in total darkness—probably the first use of luminous instrument dials.

For safety, all valve openings were screened to prevent clogging, and all openings could be shut off from inside if damaged.

While tinkering with the *Turtle*, Bushnell started experimenting with gunpowder explosions underwater. These were so successful, he attached a 150-pound oak container, full of gunpowder to the hull of the *Turtle*. To attach the charge to a target, he placed a sharp boring screw forward of the conning tower. The auger could cut into wood or copper-sheathing and was connected to the oak container by a lanyard.

Once beneath an enemy ship, the operator could raise the auger six inches and turn it by crank or pound it until it engaged in the hull. Then he would release both bit and powder magazine from the submarine. As he detached the magazine, a clockwork fuse was activated, set to touch off the blast at any time up to twelve hours. Bushnell figured the normal setting would be about 20 minutes, to allow the *Turtle* a good head start.

Autumn of 1775 drew to a close. The *Turtle* and her crew were ready. Bushnell was anxious for action.

Admiral Lord Richard Howe had his fleet anchored at Boston, a perfect target for the submarine's first effort. But before Bushnell could get his craft en route to Boston, however, Howe sailed to Halifax.

Frustrated, Bushnell tinkered with his submarine and fretted.

The British fleet was on the prowl again early in 1776. General Washington prepared to defend Long Island and New York with undisciplined irregulars and a handful of whaleboats, galleys and barges that formed his navy. The future looked bleak.

Meanwhile, both Bushnell brothers served with the Connecticut militia in New York, hoping to give the *Turtle* a chance.

The British made their move. On June 30th, General Howe's transports arrived and landed 34,000 men on Staten Island. Twelve days later his brother, Admiral Howe, sailed in with his large Royal Navy squadron to support operations. Bushnell stood on the Manhattan shore, staring at the world's best navy across the bay. This was his chance. But no orders came.

July passed and neither the British nor Americans moved toward battle. Meanwhile, Bushnell had to call for volunteers to replace his brother Ezra, weakened by illness so he could no longer operate the *Turtle*. Three stepped forward. It was mid-August now. Not much time to train them, but the *Turtle* had to be ready if called upon.

Bushnell drilled his volunteers in the submarine every day, each in turn, working along the New York and Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound beyond British view and after a week or so he chose Sergeant Ezra Lee of Lyme, Connecticut, to skipper the *Turtle*.

On August 27th, the Battle of Long Island began. The Americans couldn't hold. On the night of the 29th, Washington evacuated his Brooklyn entrenchments and withdrew to Manhattan. The British fleet moved in to anchor north of Staten Island. The situation was desperate. Word was sent to Bushnell at last. [Continued on page 94]

Rough Ride at Calgary

photos and text by

HY PESKIN

● The world's roughest ride is the rodeo—both in and out of the ring. In the ring, a tough and wandering breed of cowboy risks his limbs and often his life under the hooves of a mustang or on the horns of a rampaging bull for purses that average about \$100. Outside of the ring, he has to dig deep into his levis for transportation, equipment, fat entry fees (up to \$100 at the big rodeos). His only solace is the chance at a really big purse (as high as \$18,000 in New York's Madison Square Garden). For most rodeo performers, however, the rodeo business pays off in small purses and deferred hopes.

Like an actor on the road dreaming of Broadway, the rodeo performer making the rounds of the \$50-100 purse rodeos during the year dreams of the big outdoor rodeos of Calgary, Alberta, and Los Angeles, Calif., and the indoor rodeo each fall in New York's Madison Square Garden.

The pictures on the right show a typical bronc rider taking a wild one out of the chute at Calgary, Alberta. They offer proof that the man who tries the rodeo circuit has to thrive on the rough ride—on or off the horse.

At Tucson Rodeo bucking bronc tries to unseat cowboy with series of tricky weaves, leaps and humps. Cowboy's one rein must be unknotted and he can't wrap it around hand.



Bronc's skilled maneuver of landing stiff-legged, lowering head, works. Only eight wild seconds up, cowboy starts down.

True Adventure

They Didn't Know How To Quit

Every April 30, Foreign Legionnaires everywhere are called together to hear this story—the story of the men of Camerone and the fight the French will never forget

Illustrated by William George



by Wyatt Blassingame

In the deep snow of Korea a small group of French Foreign Legionnaires, fighting with the United Nations forces, had been cut off by the Chinese Communists.

They could fight on and be killed, or surrender. The French officer in command looked at the half dozen men with him. "Now," he said, "it is time to make Camerone."

A hoarse cheer went up from the men. They flung off their steel helmets and put on their kepis—the distinctive hat of the Legion. For if the time had come to die then they would die after the manner of Legionnaires, for which the word "Camerone" is the Legion equivalent of "The Alamo."

Almost any professional soldier—including drill sergeants at Parris Island—will admit that man for man the French Foreign Legion is one of, if not the best fighting force in the world. Whatever may be said of the Legion's morals or the brutality of some of its members, it has for a century and a quarter been a symbol of military courage, of the ability to fight and die for lost causes, or for no

cause at all except that it has been ordered to stand and fight, of the invincible power of human beings to endure and carry on in battle—and to give more than they take. No fighting force in the world has a more fantastic *esprit de corps*.

The story of Camerone may not explain this spirit. But for the Legion it symbolizes it.

Most armies celebrate their victories: the fete day of the Legion is April 30, the anniversary of a battle in which the entire Legion unit was wiped out. Every year on this date Legionnaires are gathered wherever they may be stationed to hear once more how the men of the Third Company of the First Battalion died.

Yet the story is little known outside the Legion. To the rest of the world it was a minor battle in a minor war with no decisive effect on history.

Many persons think of the Legion as being confined to the wars of North Africa. Actually the French have used the Legion wherever they had a [Continued on page 97]

The sands were littered with dead Mexican cavalry as the Legionnaires readied to charge the hundreds of infantry.





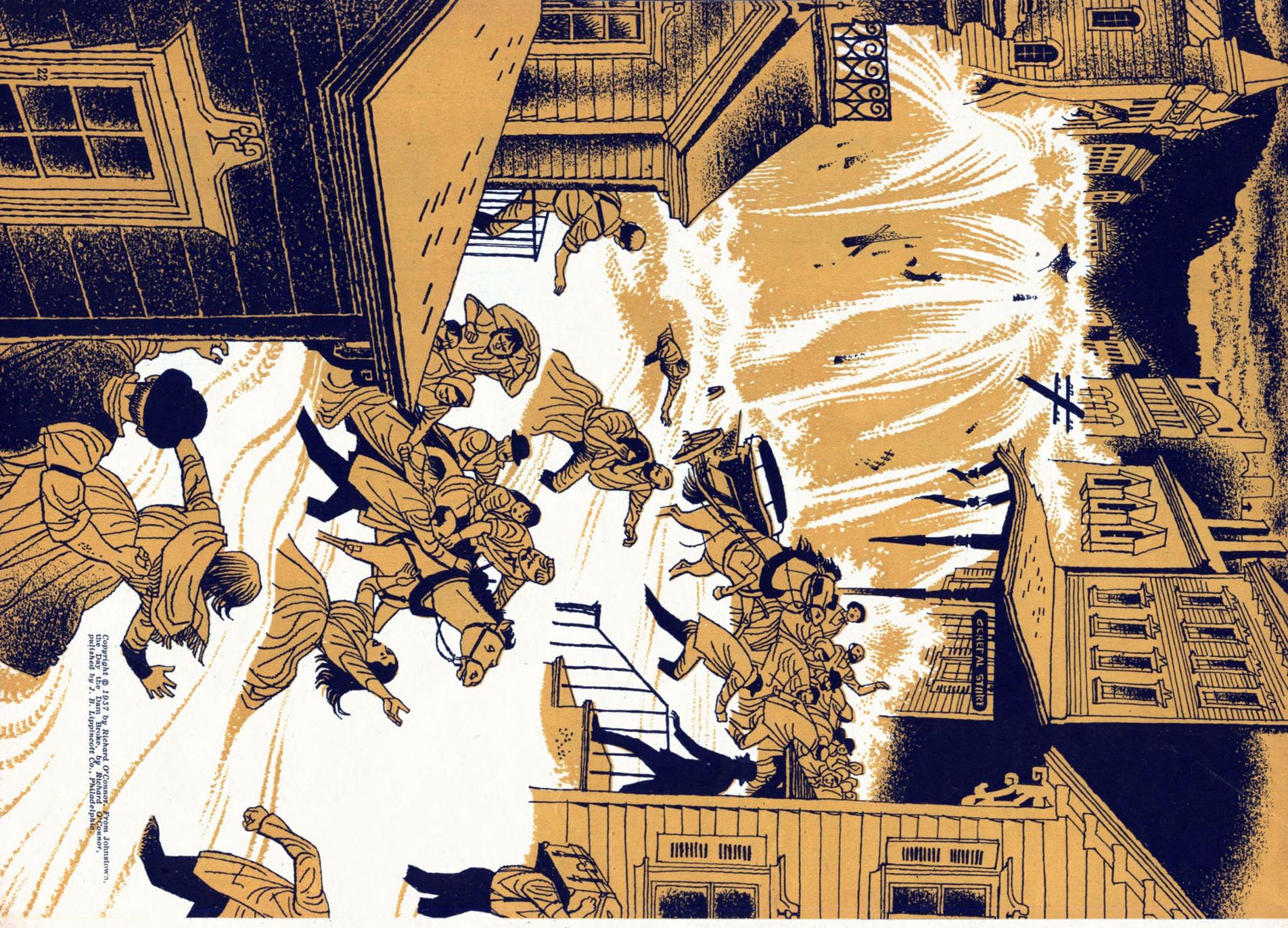
Cavalier's Lady

SANDRA EDWARDS

Photos by Peter Gowland

● When the editors of *CAVALIER* launched a campaign to present each month a girl who qualifies as a *CAVALIER'S LADY*, we turned naturally to Peter Gowland, famous California photographer, before whose lenses pass the world's loveliest women. Searching diligently among his many beautiful models, Peter has found for us a worthy titlist for January, Sandra Edwards. Posed with foil and hat, as an old-time Cavalier might have seen her, she fits our bill—a sexy duchess, aware of the difference between men and women, and happy about it.





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THE DAY OF THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD

Like most disasters it could have been avoided. The townspeople had been warned that the dam was doomed—but they wouldn't listen until it was much too late

Though the Johnstown Flood has never won the attention of historians and novelists in the way that the San Francisco Earthquake and Chicago Fire have, it is the greatest disaster in American history in the terms of lives lost. Its 2,200 dead totals more than the combined casualty lists of the Earthquake, the Mrs. O'Leary Fire, the Iroquois Theatre, the Cocoanut Grove and the Winocoff Hotel fires. It also outstrips another famed disaster—the *Titanic*—by more than 600 lives.

Fourteen miles up the valley from Johnstown, Pa., South Fork Run empties its rush of mountain water into the Little Conemaugh. Almost two miles up South Fork Run from its mouth, on the night of May 30, 1889, stood the world's largest earthenwork dam. Its builders believed it to be impregnable. Judging from its dimensions and the engineering standards of the time, they had considerable justification for viewing their work with pride. It was doubtful, however, whether those engineers would have been quite so elated over their achievement on the night of May 30. The years had not been kind to the South Fork dam.

Even in comparison with today's monolithic steel and concrete dams, its proportions were considerable. It was 931 feet wide and 272 feet thick at the base. The rim of the dam was wide enough to accommodate a two-track wagon road. The structure rose more than

by **Richard O'Connor**

Illustrated by Denver Gillen

100 feet above the old creekbed to which it was anchored. Well made for the time in which it was built,

the dam had a stone core extending 20 feet above the normal water line. It was filled with earth but reinforced with an outer wall of stone technically known as riprapping, which was 20 feet thick at the base and tapering to four feet thick at the top. A layer of slate was placed between the core and the riprap to hold the earth filling in solidly. Five 24-inch discharge pipes extended through the rock culvert in the base of the dam, the flow of excess water being regulated through valves operated from a nearby tower. A spillway 72 feet wide and 10 feet deep was cut into the solid rock at the eastern end of the dam.

The dam stood 404 feet above the city—"our sword of Damocles," as some of Johnstown's citizens described it, not too seriously.

For a moment the street was black with desperate people. Then the flood swallowed them with one mighty lap.



THE DAY OF THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD

Continued from preceding page

Behind its stout wall of earth and masonry were impounded the waters of South Fork Run and a dozen crystal-clear creeks and brooks running into the reservoir, or Lake Conemaugh as it was called. The lake was three miles long and more than a mile wide in places, the largest artificial lake in the country. Its bed was the bottom of an old ravine, and the water was 100 feet deep in places. Twenty million tons of water were impounded in the reservoir. That was the equation that worried some people in Johnstown for years: 20,000,000 tons of water, 404 feet above the city.

Many people felt as though they were living under a huge and rickety old wooden water tower which threatened to burst its seams at any moment. If the dam ever broke, they knew, it would be the equivalent of Niagara Falls pouring down the valley of the Little Conemaugh for 30 minutes.

Completed in 1852, the South Fork dam was designed to provide the water for a canal from Johnstown to Pittsburgh. Just two years later, the canal for which it was built became outmoded by a steam railroad. Horse cars, convertible canal boats, brawling teamsters, inclined planes and the canals themselves all became part of the picturesque past.

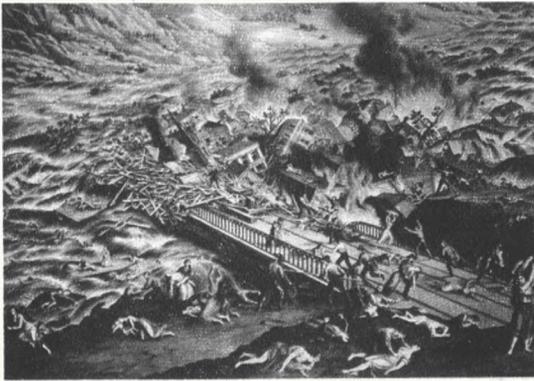
The railroad had no further use for the dam and for years the dam simply moldered away up in the hills, visited only by hunters, fishers and nature-lovers, half forgotten in the city below.

In 1879, after being sold and resold, the dam and reservoir were bought by a promoter who formed the exclusive South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club which had among its members such nabobs of Pittsburgh as the Mellon banking family, Andrew Carnegie and Henry Clay Frick. Despite the presence of these personages from Pittsburgh on the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club's roster, Johnstown was not overwhelmed with joy when the club took over the South Fork reservoir. The club soon made it plain that, for all the wealth of its membership, there was no intention of making thorough repairs on the dam. The discharge pipes were broken and inoperative. Nor could excess water be drained around the dam, for the spillway was fitted with gates to prevent the game fish with which the lake was stocked from escaping. The break incurred by the floods of 1862 was repaired haphazardly after the club assumed ownership of the reservoir; it was filled in with tree stumps, sand, clay, hemlock branches, straw and leaves—whatever seemed to be at hand. But that the dam, which contained the South Fork reservoir, or Conemaugh Lake, might finally break was generally considered too remote a possibility for Johnstown to worry about.

The night of May 30, in the countryside around Conemaugh Lake was a meteorological nightmare. There were cloudbursts in the mountains, waterspouts in the valley of South Fork Run, and the roar of floodwater from all directions. The waterspouts were particularly mischievous, tearing holes 10 feet deep in the loam and clay soil around Conemaugh Lake. One witness of the damage done by the waterspouts said, "It looked as if



TRAINS were flipped as easily as people when flood hit. Flood bore 33 locomotives, 315 freight cars on its crest.



TERROR ruled the streets of Johnstown as the waters left fires—as shown in this 19th century artist's conception.



DEATH was everywhere next day. Final toll was 2,200 dead. Over 900 were listed "not known to be found."

a powerful shovel, with an area of many feet, had been dashed into the ground by some mighty force and with a swirl had torn out an immense chunk of earth."

A waterspout actually is a freakish, funnel-shaped cloud that plays over the surface or in the vicinity of a large body of water, loosing its rivetlike jets of water, somewhat like a miniature tornado. Other residents of the lake shore were frightened by it, and a farmer who had lived in the neighborhood for 37 years said it was the worst storm of his experience.

Western Pennsylvania really didn't need this additional soaking. For more than six weeks the mountains had been absorbing moisture in various forms. On April 6, a 14-inch snow had fallen and melted almost immediately. It rained on eight other days in the remainder of the month. The tempo of precipitation increased in May, with 11 days on which from one to six inches of rain fell, before the storm of May 30-31, during which at least eight inches fell. The amount of water deposited on the western watershed of the Alleghenies by this storm has been estimated at 4,320,000,000 tons.

An early riser among the Lake dwellers was one Colonel Unger, a former hotel man whose military ranks are obscure, and president of the South Fork's sportsmen's club. He awakened to a sound he had been hearing at intervals all night—rain on the roof. It was still pelting down, steadily as when he had drifted uneasily into sleep. Unger clambered out of bed in his third-floor room in the clubhouse and looked out the window. The lake was obscured by a heavy fog, but he could hear the roar of water above the drumming of the drain.

Unger was keenly aware of the burden of responsibility that rested upon him that morning. It was too late to consult by telegraph or telephone with his fellow club members in Pittsburgh; yet if he ordered the gratings on the spillways removed, and possibly other emergency measures taken, he would look like a fool if the rain suddenly stopped and the threat to the dam suddenly eased. At the very least a summer's fishing would be ruined and the lake would have to be restocked. Flattered by his position as president of the club, Unger hated to displease its wealthy members.

Unger would have liked to crawl back under the covers until the whole infernal crisis had passed, but his sense of duty would not let him shirk. His fellow clubmen trusted him to do the right thing. Slowly and reluctantly he pulled on his clothes and went downstairs. It was a few minutes

before 6:30.

John Parke, the young civil engineer, was waiting for him in the common room on the first floor. His high boots and breeches spattered with mud, Parke obviously had undertaken an inspection at first light.

"How bad?" Unger asked curtly.

"The water at the dam has risen two feet during the night," Parke reported. "Around the shores of the lake it's rising at the rate of three feet an hour. I'd say the feeders were pouring 3,000,000 gallons an hour into the lake. If that keeps up all morning—"

"No sign of a letup in the rain?"

"I'm no weather prophet, sir, but looks like an all-day storm to me. The water in the spillway is running seven and a half feet high, and the gratings are clogged with branches and all sorts of debris brought down from the mountains."

Unger shook himself, breathed deep, and said, "Then the gratings will have to come out. There's no other choice. Let's get the workmen busy on that right away."

It was soon evident that Colonel Unger's agonizing decision to lift the fish gratings on the spillway was of no avail. The workmen were unable to budge the heavy iron grids, tangled as they were with branches and other debris. Unger and Parke looked at each other in dismay. Both had counted on opening the spillway to relieve considerable pressure from the overburdened dam.

"What can we do now, Parke?" Unger asked, his voice edged with despair. "Could we try cutting another spillway through the western end of the dam?"

The rush of water trying to burst through the dam was too clamorous to allow a discussion on the spot. Parke drew Unger away from the dam so they could make themselves heard without shouting and without being overheard by the workmen.

"It's probably too late to dig another spillway," Parke told Unger, "but we have the men and the shovels, and anything's worth a try under the circumstances. It's almost solid rock at the other end and the men won't be able to dig very deep in the next few hours. Not deep enough to take a great amount of pressure off the dam. The water's risen five inches since I last measured—not long ago. It's less than six feet from the crest of the dam right now. When it reaches the top and starts flowing over it, the dam's through."

"There's always a chance those feeders will stop pouring into the lake." [Continued on page 60]

The Secret World of Love-for-Sale

This story may shock you. It is the full story of the secret world of prostitution. Here are the customers, the vice-squad cops, the girls themselves, truly revealed



Since becoming Chief Magistrate of New York City in 1950, John Murtagh has given special attention in his courtroom to the problems of derelicts, dope addicts and prostitutes. Believing that modern laws dealing with prostitution are ineffective and hypocritical, he decided to prove his contention and to offer his solution to the problem in a book. For a collaborator he chose Sara Harris, a skilled writer and sociologist who interviewed hundreds of people from the prostitutes' world. The result: the controversial book **CAST THE FIRST STONE** (McGraw-Hill 1957. Copyright © 1957 by John M. Murtagh and Sara Harris) from which the following story is taken.



by Judge John M. Murtagh and Sara Harris

Prostitutes, from the very young beauties to the shabbiest old fleabags, say that you can measure women in the "business" by the kinds of operations in which they engage, or the streets they frequent, and the places in which they solicit. They say you can appraise the pimps, the men the girls love and support and take orders from and call their own even though three or four other girls may be calling them theirs, by the girls themselves.

In New York, and almost any big American city, prostitutes occupy four categories. In the first category are the expensive call girls, earning up to \$100,000 a year (\$300 and up for a night) who live in sumptuous apartments and are hard to meet. The business men who use these call girls to soften up customers protect their phone numbers as they would a tip on the stock market and the word is that a girl who is easy to get to is not

“top drawer stuff.” On the rung below the call girls can be found the house-girls who work at a base occupied by a madam and one or two girls who change from week to week. House prices range from \$7 for 10 minutes to \$50 or \$100 for the night. Just below the house girls are the girls who hustle their own business in the supper clubs in the swanky upper East Side. At the bottom of the play-for-pay ladder are the street walkers. While the call girl, the house girl and the club girl can all be described fairly accurately, as to looks, location, and income, the street-walker cannot because streetwalkers come in all shapes, sizes, and ages (women—eight months pregnant have a good market, a 62-year-old does quite well in the Times Square area—there are “all kinds of wacks in a bag of tricks,” she says—and in the same area teen-agers in faded blue jeans abound.) Streetwalkers work in all sorts of sections from Coney Island, where because competition under the board-walk is keen, prices have to be low, to Chinatown (where the lovers are the kindest), to Harlem, where white men seeking thrills invest the plainest of white women with some of the mystery Harlem itself holds for them, to Times Square with its horde of hot-bed hotels. Prices vary but, in dickering, most streetwalkers use a variant of the classic sales pitch, “For a five spot, I’m just aroun’ and lets y’ll do your own work. For a ten spot I helps you out some. But honey, gimme twenty and you don’t do nothing but hang on.”

Why do girls become prostitutes? How do they learn to live with the hurts, the humiliations, the debasements of their lives? The following two stories are drawn literally from hundreds. They do not begin to give all the answers—nothing could—but they may shed light on some of the forces behind a life and existence whose real horror is that for the prostitutes themselves there is no horror.

NAME: *Mary Stewart*

AGE: *18*

MARITAL STATUS: *Single*

EDUCATION: *Grammar-school graduate*

Mary Stewart appears quiet and demure, quaint, in fact. Her long blond hair, worn in a braid around her head, makes her look older than her 18 years. So does her erect stance. She carries herself very straight.

“Hincty little ofay” was what the habitués of Monkey’s afterhours bottle club used to call her during the first few months she lived up in Harlem with Bible John. Bible John is a tall, handsome pimp who spouts the Bible like a preacher and runs a series of illegitimate businesses behind the façade of a righteous-looking, religious-objects store.

Hincty little ofay is Harlesemese for snooty little white girl. Mary Stewart loved the label. She reveled in it. She was only 16 when they began calling her that, a

The Secret World of Love-for-Sale

Continued from preceding page

lush, ripe 16 with a figure that the colts at Monkey's called a "coke frame—streamlined like a Coca-Cola bottle."

When she walked into Monkey's at 2 o'clock in the morning, leaning on Bible's arm, she in the tight black dresses Bible liked her to wear, and Bible himself in the off-green suits, a little tight around the buttocks (and why shouldn't they be tight? A man has as much right to show his figure as a woman has), and yellow shoes and gray fedora hat, they made a striking couple.

How she loved Bible for making her aware of the blessings she had never counted worthwhile before—her youth and her white complexion. Before Bible had come into her life and gone to the trouble of instructing her about herself, she had never thought that being young and white was anything special. For Mary, to be young had been to be sensitive to how different you were from other girls and to be easily hurt and miserable most of the time. But here at Monkey's, to be young and to be white were unique assets that made her infinitely desirable. To be young at Monkey's was to be feted there and to be white was to be right.

Bible's friends, all sweet men like himself, used to kid their white girls with the phrase "white is right."

"Yessiree," they used to say. "Brown is down. And white is right." Of course, their voices always sounded mocking, but Mary was one who could see beneath the mocking tones and know how much of a premium all these men placed on the color of the skin they pretended to make fun of. If not, why then should they regard her as such a precious one here?

Oh, there were other white women at Monkey's who came, as Mary did, with their colored sweet men, but they never managed to catch the same kind of attention. Most of them were older and few of them had "coke frames."

Sally was a Monkey habitué, too. She was Betty's wife-in-law, a woman of about 35. She had brown hair and eyes and a fair skin. She might have been attractive except for a slash on her face that extended from her eye to her mouth. She had once told Mary that her sweet man, Pal, had cut her.

"But why?" Mary had asked. "Why would he do that?"

"Because," Sally had answered, "I deserved it."

Mary had said, "Nobody deserves to get their face all cut up. After all, our face is our fortune."

Sally had held her hand to her head. "I did something terrible."

"What?" Mary had asked.

But Sally had been unable to tell her for a long time. Finally, she blurted it out. "Jeez, kid, I went and called Pal a nigger. Jeez!"

Mary used to be frightened every time she looked at Sally. She made up her mind that she would never commit the crime Sally had, no matter what. And yet, when she reflected, she could almost understand why Sally had done the terrible thing. Sally must have felt, as she did herself sometimes, that it was a comedown for a white girl to live with a black man. But was it? Really?

Maybe it was a comedown for some white girls who hustled for their sweet-men and gave them all their money

and then had to share their attentions with five or six wives-in-law. Mary could be proud indeed because she was one girl who didn't have to get along with a single wife-in-law, not to mention seven, as that sweet daddy called Jo-Jo had. And Jo-Jo was an ugly man, too. She sometimes wondered what his girls saw in him. He used to spend one night a week with each of them. Why, Mary wouldn't even be surprised if the girls didn't know which one he regarded as his main chick. Probably told Chinky that she was, and then Rita she was, and so on right down the line.

Mary thought she might die of jealousy if Bible ever did as Jo-Jo did and got himself a full stable. But he never would, as long as Mary stayed with him and remained such a productive hustler. It was really a great compliment he was paying her. After all, before she'd come to him, he'd had a stable bigger than Jo-Jo's. Sometimes he'd had eight or 10 or 12 girls. And now he was making do with her alone. She, of course, was considered one of the top, if not the very top, of the Harlem hustlers. Her tricks paid well, \$25 to \$100, and she took six or seven a night. Sometimes she took more than seven, if either she or Bible had a project that warranted it.

Her mink stole was one such project. Bible had presented it to her after they'd been together for about four months. Her mother and father would probably say it wasn't a present from Bible at all but one from herself to herself, since her money had paid for it. But she had a different point of view. What difference whose money? Bible had thought up the idea of the mink all by himself. She hadn't had to nag him. The other girls had to nag their men for everything they wanted. You wouldn't catch them buying mink stoles just like that.

Sometimes, watching Bible sleeping in his pink silk pajamas and with the pink sheet tucked beneath his chin, she would think of her father and mother lying in bed. Pa was such a filthy man. Poor Ma. To have to be with him all the time. No wonder she was so sickly and always had been ever since Mary could remember. Poor Ma. Why was she such a dumb cluck? Why hadn't she learned as early as Mary had what a woman's body was for? Not to be abused by a man but to be used to get what one wanted out of life. Now Ma's body was all dried up, though. No man would pay for it. Pa had used it, that's why. Pa. She could spit on Pa.

Mary Stewart feels contradictory about her mother. She loves and feels sorry for her sometimes, and at other times, when she recalls her life at home, she dislikes her with a conscious desperation. But her feeling toward her father is clear. It is unadulterated hatred.

"One time he went and raped me," she says. Just like that. Expecting no shock. She says it as easily as she says everything else about herself. "I was thirteen years old. Ma was in the hospital, gone there to have her fourth kid she didn't want."

Mary had been out all day after school had let out. She had come home around 8 o'clock, uncomfortable because she had forgotten she was supposed to fix her father's dinner. He was sitting in the little room with an open

bottle of whisky.

"The drink was running down his chin. He looked so dirty. I guess he never shaved in God knows when. His whiskers were just terrible. I wanted to ask, 'Why don't you do right and be like other fathers? You could shave once in a while. It wouldn't kill you.' What was the use of talking to him, though? He'd only laugh or slap me around. When I was younger, he used to knock me down if I got fresh to him once in a while. So I said to myself, 'What should I talk to him for? Let him drink himself silly if he wants. I should worry and get sick and die?' So I walked right past him to get to my room."

She heard her father get up from his chair and begin walking toward her room. She cuddled under the blanket and closed her eyes tight. She began to count his heavy footsteps. One, two, three, four, five . . . ten. He stumbled. Good. Maybe he'd fall. No such luck. She counted the steps again. One, two. And now she could hear him standing at the door. He rattled the knob. She wasn't a child who knew how to pray but she asked God to help her.

Now he stood by her bed. His whisky breath nauseated her. He bent down toward her. He said, "Mary."

She pretended to be asleep and snoring.

"Mary," he said.

The next morning he was ashamed of himself. There were tears in his eyes when he looked at her.

"Him and his phony waterworks he could turn on and off. He said he was sorry for what he done to me. Yeah. Yeah. He was so sorry he came back three times before my mother came home from the hospital."

Mary found herself daydreaming about her mother's home-coming.

"I thought Pa'd go back to her once she got home and leave me alone. Besides, I wanted to tell her about Pa. I figured maybe we could get closer together if I told her and she'd take all us kids and go away some place. Kick Pa out. He wasn't any more good to her than he was to us. She sometimes told me she hated him. So what'd she go on staying with him for? I asked her one time and she said, 'If I left Pa, honey, how'd I support you and the other kids?' I really laughed because Pa never had supported us. All he ever did was make the relief people tell us we couldn't have an allowance like they'd give us if he wasn't hanging around the house drinking everything up. Ma always supported us herself, cleaning people's houses. Why'd she have to go and tell me Pa supported us for? Such a big lie. I wasn't one of the neighbors she was ashamed to have know the truth about us."

Sometimes Mary thought the neighbors were the dominant influences in her mother's life, more important than she and her brothers and sisters.

"I'd ask her, 'Who counts more, Ma, your neighbors or your family?' She'd say, 'Mary, that's silly.' I'd say, 'Silly or not, who's more important?' She'd say, 'Sure, my family's more important. What kind of mother would I be if they weren't?' I'd say, 'O.K., if your family's more important, act like it.' She'd say, 'Don't go getting fresh now. Mary'

But she'd do what I wanted. Except when I told her about Pa. She wouldn't do anything about that dirty old man. Gee whiz, she wouldn't even listen to what I had to say about him."

Her mother was sitting in the old rocking chair and holding the new baby, who had been named Robert Taylor for the movie star.

"Ma," Mary said, "I got something terrible important to tell you."

"Yeah?" Her mother went on rocking Robert Taylor. Her stringy blond hair, neither short nor long, fell into her eyes as she rocked.

Mary spared no details when she told her.

Her mother brought her buried face up out of Robert Taylor's neck. "Do you swear to God, Mary?" she asked.

"Yes," Mary said, "I swear to God."

"God would strike you dead if it's a lie you're telling on your father."

"But it's no lie." Mary began to cry.

Her mother cried, too. The tears ran down onto Robert Taylor's head. She got up and placed him in his crib. Then she came back and sat on the rocking chair again and pulled Mary onto her lap and held her close while she rocked back and forth. She kept on crying and calling her "baby."

Mary liked being in her mother's arms. She felt close to her. She felt warm and protected. She still remembers the wonder of the feeling.

"I just wanted her to keep on rocking me and holding me. But she stopped before long and told me to never mention one word against my father again as long as I lived. She said if she ever heard me say anything she'd slap me one. After a while I found out what was bothering her. The neighbors. She said they better not find out about Pa and me, or she'd never be able to hold her head up among them."

Her father stopped coming to her after her mother returned. Sometimes, though, she heard the two of them arguing in their room at night, her father calling her mother "a cold, cold iceberg, gr."

She spent as much time as she could outside her home. She joined a girl gang that called itself "The Seven Snappy Steppers" and took a blood vow to be true to her "sisters."

"I guess the time I was with the Steppers was the happiest in my life. We did everything together. We walked with our arms around each other. We practiced the walk so we'd really be fancy steppers, like our name said. Other girls were jealous and wanted in. We told them no no. Seven was what we started out and seven was what we intended to stay. I used to think we'd stay seven fancy steppers after we got married and had kids of our own. I got the idea of making the kids we had 'Seven Little Junior Steppers.' It was great, but I knew it couldn't last the way I liked it. The Rattlesnake Rowdies made it their girls' auxiliary. There were seven of them, too, one boy for each of us girls."

Mary's boy was named Shorty.

"They called him Shorty because he was tall," she said. "Six foot two and a half inches. [Continued on page 75]



As soon as the courteous bandit hopped off the train, the trainload of soldiers let go a withering blast of fire.

Rogues and Murderers

The Gentleman Bandit Who Worked the Trains

Bill Carlisle held up the Union Pacific's trains like a commuter catching the 5:18, while sheriffs, huge posses—even a trainful of soldiers—couldn't nail him in the act

By Tom Bailey

The Union Pacific's *Portland Rose*, eastbound, was just a few minutes late as it pulled out of Green River, Wyoming, shortly after 9 o'clock on the night of February 4, 1916. Amos Jones, who presided as head porter over the affairs of the plush club car back of the six Pullmans, was shining a pair of shoes when something jabbed him in the ribs.

"Snap out of it, boy," a gruff voice said. "I want you to take up a collection for me pronto."

Jones, who was always a bit jittery about having something jabbed against his side, looked down at the gun muzzle and said, "Y—yas, suh!"

In the club car the man with the gun barked, "This is a holdup, folks! Get out your wallets and toss them into the porter's cap!"

Some of the passengers were a little slow in shelling out. A bullet fired into the car ceiling brought them alive.

"That's more like it," the masked gunman said. The mask, several noticed, was a white silk handkerchief with an initial in the corner, but, as a result of the con-

fusion, no one could remember later what the initial was.

Porter Jones, his hands a bit shaky, marched before the gunman collecting wallets.

"Thank you, sir," the bandit said each time a wallet was surrendered.

In the last seat of the car a woman watched the proceedings and began stripping rings from her fingers.

"No, lady," the bandit said, "keep your rings. Robbing women is one thing I don't do. Just the men."

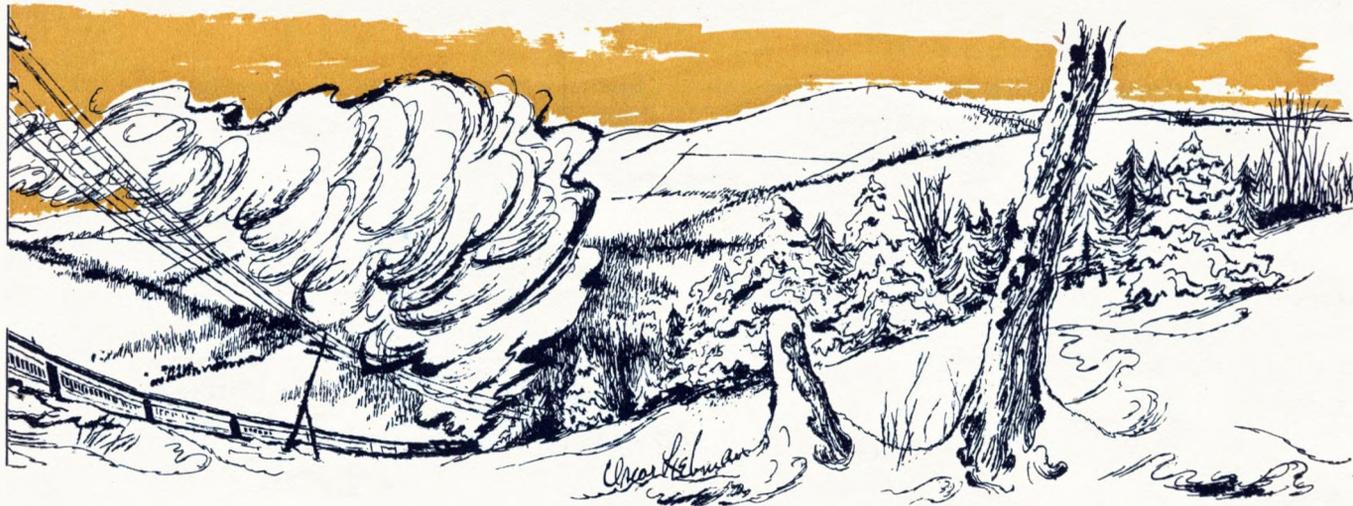
In the next car, a Pullman, the porter pushed open a compartment door and advised the occupant that a robbery was in progress.

"Oh, please don't take my ring!" a woman's voice pleaded.

The bandit shoved the door shut and motioned the porter forward.

In that car were only four male passengers and each in turn was required to surrender his valuables, but from the rest, all women, the bandit took nothing, repeating his statement made earlier, "Robbing women is one thing

Illustrated by Oscar Liebman



I don't do, lady." And he never did.

The train was traveling about 50 miles an hour, with Rock Springs, the next stop, just a few miles ahead. Had he waited five minutes, Conductor J. J. Fitzgerald would have had plenty of help in apprehending the bandit, but—excited by news of what was going on—he quickly pulled the emergency cord. At the Rock Springs depot at that very moment were a sheriff and four deputies meeting the train to apprehend an alleged check passer.

The train shuddered to a stop.

"Give me that stuff," the bandit said and snatched the loot from the porter's cap. He quickly stuffed the wallets and money into his pockets and ran to the end of the car. In the vestibule he opened the door and leaped off the halted train.

There was about six inches of snow on the ground and in places it had drifted to a depth of two feet. The temperature was hovering just below zero.

The bandit found himself in open, rolling country, bleak and desolate, with no refuge in sight. He knew he would have to move fast before a posse reached the scene.

When William M. Jeffers, president of the Union Pacific (later war-time czar of rubber production), heard about the robbery of the *Portland Rose* he practically blew his top. This was the company's crack train and to think that it had been robbed and the passengers abused by a lone bandit gave Jeffers acute indigestion. He summoned his chief detective John C. Gale to his Omaha office and told him, "I want that man caught and I don't want any excuses. Get hold of every sheriff in Wyoming and tell them to get that fellow or else."

When Sheriff Matt McCourt got under way an hour and a half after the robbery, all the posse could find were tracks in the snow, and with the wind whipping the ground bare in spots, these were difficult to follow. The trail led back toward Green River, then along a stream it faded and finally vanished completely.

In Omaha the original \$500 reward offered by the company for the apprehension of the bandit had been raised to \$1,500. It was to go much higher. The "White-Masked Bandit" was being publicized in all the big western dailies and even in New York, where the *Times* referred to him as "the gentleman bandit" because of his courtesy to women. There had been many other train robbers of the past, including the James boys, who were publicized from

one end of the country to the other, but in those days the newspapers were not as big and the means of securing news was not as swift as in 1916. In those days, when newspapers were striving for circulation, a modern train bandit was just what they needed. The White-Masked Bandit received more publicity than had all the other train robbers put together, especially after April 4, 1916, for on that day he struck again.

The *Overland Limited*, out of Chicago, was on schedule between Cheyenne and Corlett Junction, Wyoming. It was about 8:30 o'clock when a dozen or so passengers sitting in the observation or club car at the end of the train saw a man swing onto the platform shortly after the train had slowed down for a switch. None paid him any attention until he slipped a white handkerchief out of his pocket and tied it around his face. With a gun in his hand he shoved open the door and stepped into the car. "Put up your hands!" he ordered. "This is a holdup!"

As on the previous occasion, a few heeded the command while others merely sat and stared. Train holdups were something you read about in dime novels.

"I mean business, folks! There's a fifteen-hundred-dollar reward riding on my head, so get 'em up and be quick about it!"

Twenty-three hands went up simultaneously. One man had lost an arm and could offer but one hand. The bandit stepped over to him and when he saw the empty sleeve he apologized. "Excuse me, he said. "I thought you were holding out on me. Now you ladies, God bless you all, can put down your hands, because I never rob women. That's it, thank you."

He summoned the porter. "Pass your cap, boy, and you men shell out."

As the porter passed down the line, a woman tossed a coin into the cap.

"Give that back to her, boy."

The woman, never identified, accepted the coin and smiled.

Finding that his crack *Overland Limited* was being robbed, the conductor hastily scribbled a message, "*Overland Limited* has bandit aboard," and passed it to the brakeman, who tossed it off at a way-station. From there it was quickly flashed by telegraph to W. J. McClements, chief of the company's special agents.

McClements went into high gear. In 30 minutes he had

posses moving out from nine towns and cities on the *Overland's* route through Wyoming. Out of Fort Steel rode 21 men, and out of Hanna, 13 more. Walcott and Medicine Bow each dispatched 15 men. Rawlins and Cheyenne together sent 121 while Saratoga, Grand Encampment and Casper dispatched 48 more, for a grand total of 233 manhunters, all loaded for bear.

The *Overland Limited* bandit dropped off the train as it puffed up a steep grade. One of his last gestures was to toss a kiss to a woman as he slipped off into the deepening spring twilight. Though he was to walk 150 miles in the next five days, ride for 20 miles in an automobile and travel by stage another 20, none of the 233 men hunting him saw hide nor hair of him.

And so the headlines were made day after day. There was no doubt about the robber of the *Overland* having been the very same bandit who held up the *Portland Rose* for he had been courteous to women. He was "a gentleman bandit," said the staid *Kansas City Star*.

The nine posses were joined by still more and finally the total number of men hunting the train robber reached almost 500. It was the biggest manhunt in Wyoming and possibly in western history. But it didn't enjoy the success of other manhunts, for the bandit was not captured. By now the rewards for his capture, dead or alive, totaled \$6,500—a lot of reward money 41 years ago. Then too, the penalty for train robbery in Wyoming was death.

The *Denver Post* had been one of the newspapers helping to build up the legend about the White-Masked Bandit and one day shortly after McClements announced he believed the real bandit was in custody, an assistant editor on the *Post* opened a letter addressed to the editor and read:

Dear Sir:

The Union Pacific has placed a large reward for me, dead or alive. I have spoken with one Deputy Sheriff who has made the statement that he would like to see me first and he would shoot first and arrest me afterwards, which means I'll be given no show. I don't mean this letter to be a boast, so I am sending you the proof that I am the party I claim to be. I am sending you the watch chain that I took from a passenger on my last holdup. I'll return the watch in my next. I'll hold up the next Union Pacific west of Laramie just to convince the police that they are not holding the right party. Please return the chain to its owner with my compliments. I remain, sincerely, the White-Masked Bandit

The bandit's threat to hold up the next Union Pacific train west of Laramie gave McClements a laugh. "I wonder if he expects us to believe that," he said. "What he's trying to do is draw out attention to that particular stretch of road while he strikes elsewhere. But we'll fool him good."

"Bandit Calls His Shots," ran a *Post*

headline a few days later, for a Union Pacific train headed west out of Laramie was robbed by the courteous bandit who stopped once in the midst of collecting wallets to boast, "I've told 'em I'd rob a train west of Laramie and now I'm doing it . . . Never mind, lady. Put that back in your purse. Robbing women is one thing I don't do."

The bandit slipped off the train a few moments later and there wasn't a single lawman in sight.

However, the letter to the *Post* signed "White-Masked Bandit" had been photographed and reproduced in the paper in the bandit's own handwriting.

A rancher near Cheyenne, John L. Phelps, was a subscriber to the *Post* and when he read the letter he thought the handwriting was familiar. The capital "B" in the word "bandit" seemed to register somehow. Suddenly Phelps leaped up and ran into the next room where he rummaged through an old roll-top desk. He had received a letter a few months back from a cowpoke who had worked for him, asking for a job. His name was Bill Carlisle. He got the letter out and laid it beside the reproduced letter in the newspaper. He looked at the capital "B" in the signature, "Bill Carlisle," and then at the "B" in "White-Masked Bandit."

The writing on both letters looked as if they had been written by one and the same man. That man was Bill Carlisle.

Carlisle's father had been a severely wounded Union war veteran. He drew a \$12-a-month pension and could not support his son. Bill had started west at 16 and in Chicago the police had arrested him near a railroad yard, accusing him of stealing from a freight car. Bill denied the charge and the officers beat him when he wouldn't confess. In the scuffle, he pushed one of the officers back against the others and all three tripped over a rail. One dropped his revolver and Bill snatched it up, covering them with it. He forced one of the officers to handcuff himself to the others and then Bill handcuffed all three to a wire serving as a mainstay for a telegraph pole.

He later sold the officers' guns for \$24 and beat his way to Montana where he hired out as a cowpoke, only to find himself working for a band of rustlers. Arrested one night by Canadian Mounties, who crossed into Montana from Saskatchewan, he was turned over to Montana authorities, but since it had been an illegal arrest he was released.

Carlisle then walked to Wyoming and when he arrived at the Phelps ranch he was ragged and destitute. He worked nearly two years for the Phelps before leaving to work for a bigger outfit. What he had been doing for the past two or three years the Phelps family did not know. In fact they had not heard from him until he wrote asking for his old job back. But unfortunately Phelps could not provide work for him at the time.

"I just wish I could be sure Bill is the White-Masked Bandit," Phelps said to his

wife, "or that I could be sure he isn't, one or the other. I'd hate to hurt him by turning him in."

The Phelps family talked it over for several days and then they decided that if Bill Carlisle was the White-Masked Bandit it was their duty to turn him in.

The sheriff at Cheyenne agreed that the letters appeared to have been written by the same man. So did the Secret Service men to whom he took the letters.

When Chief McClements received word that Bill Carlisle was his man, he put a deputy on every train running through Wyoming.

Meanwhile, just to prove that he hadn't been kidding when he called up the *Denver Post*, the White-Masked Bandit wrote another letter to the newspaper, returning the first watch he had taken from a passenger and saying that he would return the second soon.

The *Pacific Limited* running from Greeley to Rawlins was crowded. Fred Dudley, one of McClements' special guards was sitting in the observation car keeping his eyes on the rear platform. He turned curiously as a man sitting next to him said, "I see you're wearing a star, sir. Are you a special deputy for the railroad?"

Dudley was not in the habit of talking with strangers when he was on duty but the man's smile was disarming, his eyes friendly. He looked like a substantial citizen.

"Yes, I am."

"What would you do if this train was held up?"

"If that Carlisle fellow gets on here today," Dudley replied, "it will be the last time for him. I'm watching that rear platform."

The brakeman came along and joined in the conversation, which veered around to the two recent robberies. The unidentified passenger had many theories about it.

As the train approached Hanna, a regular stop, the brakeman and Dudley got up and stepped out onto the observation platform.

The stop was only for a couple of minutes and when Dudley returned to his seat the stranger leveled a gun at him. "I'm Carlisle, the White-Masked Bandit," he said. "Let me have your gun." Carlisle reached over and removed the officer's gun from a shoulder holster. "Now get up and walk ahead of me." Then he yelled, "Hands up, everybody! This is a holdup."

Some of the women passengers put their hands up. "No, not you ladies! Put them down. That's it. Now you gentlemen get your hands up and keep them there."

Again the porter was used as a collector. They passed down the car, the porter in the lead. Dudley came next, with Carlisle right behind him.

They passed right through the train, the porter collecting wallets and cash in his cap. He finally had to fold the cap in his arms in [Continued on page 95]



Cavalier's Cars

By Griff Borgeson

The big news from Detroit is that the horsepower race seems to be over. The Automobile Manufacturers Association has recommended that manufacturers, after the 1957 model year, "not advertise or publicize actual or comparative capabilities of passenger cars for speed, or specific engine size, torque, horsepower or ability to accelerate or perform, in any context that suggests speed." This voluntary sacrifice of horsepower, the greatest sales gimmick since sex, leaves Detroit's pitchmen in about the same spot as a driver who's comfortably leading a race only to have six of his eight spark plugs foul out. What does the pitchman have left to sell? Well, there's styling, safety, reliability and comfort. And there's gas economy—if he can sell that.

It's pretty obvious that the U.S. motoring public is a long way from rebelling against the modern road barge that averages no better than 14 miles to the gallon. There's plenty of truth to the Detroit line that "we build what the public wants to buy."

Still, there's a husky rebellious fringe. There are urbanites who drive 90 miles a day and really feel the fuel bill. There are travelling salesmen and all manner of citizens who earn a livelihood on the road. There are the foreign light-car fans who like to motor efficiently and inexpensively. And there are the many people who live on the edge of the general prosperity, where every dollar and cent really counts. As new cars get thirstier and the cost of gasoline continues to rise, other drivers are likely to find their interest in fuel economy growing.

When they do they'll be able to get the economy answers from guys like Les Viland. Les is a gentle, soft-spoken man in his thirties, a deep-thinking engineer who has made a hobby and a career out of fuel economy. I first met him back in the late 1940's when the Mobilgas Economy Run was new and when any one of the contenders would have swapped his grandmother for half of what Les had already figured out about timing and driving for fantastic miles-per-gallon. He played a key role in most of the early Economy Run wins and then took off for Detroit and a research job with American Motors.

In June of '56 Les toiled out to my place in the mountains north of L.A. in a Rambler station wagon he'd brought out from Detroit and was about to drive coast-to-coast on a NASCAR-sanctioned economy demonstration. A few days later AM broke the news that Viland and co-driver Chakmakian had averaged 32.09 miles per gallon from L.A. to N.Y. while averaging over 40 mph for 2961 miles.

Last May Les was on the coast with a Rambler wagon again, running economy tests and feeling frustrated. The car he had was scarcely loosened up and he'd just been told by the factory to head for Winnipeg, Canada. From here he was to take off for Monterrey, Mexico, 1946 miles south. His orders: set a new fuel economy record.

Les had plenty of reasons for not feeling joyous. The biggest was that the previous year he had had the help of tail winds a good part of the way. But he knew that on this run he'd be fighting cross winds steadily, and wind resistance is the biggest consumer of fuel.

As it turned out, cross winds were the least of his worries. When Viland and Chakmakian fired up their Rambler in frigid Manitoba on May 8, they were heading into one of

the worst storm seasons in recent midwest history. They skirted tornadoes, bucked fierce head winds, coped with near-freezing weather and drove through lethal floods. But although the previous year's run had been a breeze and this one was a genuine ordeal, Les managed to push his car's miles-per-gallon figure from 32.09 to 33.98.

How did Viland manage it? He says it's really not hard when you know what you're doing. The basic requirement is a reasonably thrifty car. The Rambler overhead-valve six, with its modest appetite, low weight, and smaller-than-most frontal area, was the starting point. Beyond this, Viland's tricks were those that anyone can use.

Recognized economy contests forbid coasting or the shutting-off of engines while the car is in motion, so Viland did no coasting. The rules also demand that traffic regulations be obeyed to the letter; the Rambler stayed at legal speed limits even when downhill running invited exceeding them. Viland held rock-steady speeds as long as possible, because increases in throttle opening and in engine revs mean the gobbling of more fuel. He cut extra stops, unnecessary throttle movement and braking to the minimum.

On starts, the car was shifted out of low as soon as it was rolling, and was slipped out of second below 15 mph. Viland kept engine revs as low as possible. When approaching hills he stepped the speed up slightly to avoid costly lugging.

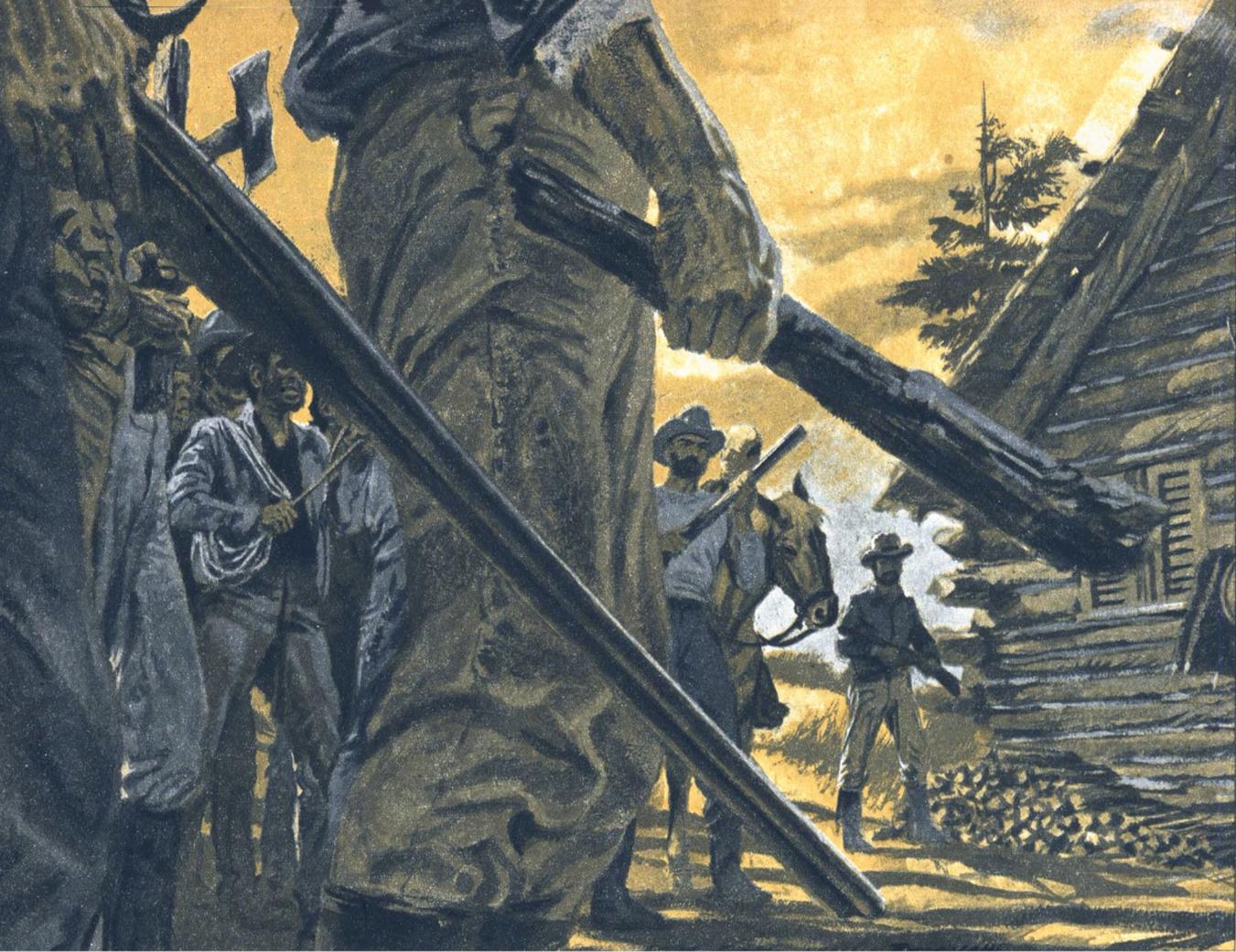
Says Les, "Few drivers know that a warm-running engine gives better fuel economy than one that runs cool. During the Rambler economy run we did most of our driving in the daytime, when the air was relatively warm and dry, rather than at night, when lower air temperature cools the engine and higher humidity allows more water vapor in the fuel-air mixture. Economy takes a beating at night."

A very important trick in economy driving is to keep a watchful eye on the way the wind blows. Trees, shrubs, grass all can serve as weathervanes. The idea is not to fight a headwind in order to maintain a certain average speed. The harder you push against an opposing wind the more fuel you sacrifice just to maintain speed. Take it easy when you're bucking a headwind, and make up your average speed when the wind changes and gives you a free push.

For best economy, of course, the car's engine should be in good tune, with its carburetor, valves, spark plugs and breaker points all properly adjusted. Heavy summer lubricants used in cold weather will cause wasteful friction. So will misaligned front wheels and dragging brake shoes. Finally, if you pump the tires up to 28 or 30 pounds pressure you'll reduce their rolling resistance, get better economy and only a slightly harder ride.

"All this," says Viland, "is nothing but common sense. Any driver of a current Detroit car can get at least five extra miles out of each gallon of gas if he'll bother to apply it."

And maybe we'd better start bothering. Within 20 years, experts say, U.S. petroleum resources will be over the hill. The easy pickings will be gone and what's left will be much costlier to come by. Detroit's salesmen may not be too happy about the end of the horsepower race, the new emphasis on such sedate subjects as economy. The rest will benefit. •



Armed with clubs and shotguns, the angry crowd came down the road. Suddenly they were confronted by eight Donnellys.

Rogues and Murderers

The Town That Committed Murder

For 33 years the Donnelly family harassed a community with fists and fire, and no man knew peace. But one night, its fear wiped out by anger, the town fought back

By Thomas P. Kelley



No feud on the North American continent—whether those of mountain boys like the Hatfields and the McCoys, or the range wars of the West which spawned outlaws like Billy the Kid—can compare in savagery and brute violence to that war between the Black Donnellys and the normally peaceful inhabitants of a small Canadian farming town in the province of Ontario. Lasting nearly 33 years, it was marked with murders, mob fury, highway robbery, arson, and barbarities that will never again be matched. Up in Lucan, Ontario, people still speak of the Donnellys in awed voices, though it all happened nearly 100 years ago.

It began in 1847, when Jim Donnelly, an Irish immigrant from Tipperary, arrived in the village of Lucan, Ontario, along with his wife, Johannah, and their two small sons. Even his enemies admitted that Donnelly was an extremely handsome man. Well-built, unusually muscular and fast-moving, he had curly, jet-black hair, was utterly fearless, quickly aroused, and never forgot an injury, factual or fancied.

His wife, Johannah, had been born and raised near the Galty Mountains in Southern Tipperary, where her father was a rough-and-tumble fighter of note.

Perhaps that's where the old girl got some of her training for the grim years ahead. At the time she met her future spouse Johannah was 18, had stern and swarthy features, agate-hard eyes, and the big hands and shoulders of a prize-fighter. In later years she sprouted a miniature Vandyke, wore red flannels, smoked a pipe and told of her youth in the Galty Mountains. According to her, the district was so tough that the mice wore horseshoes.

Old records prove Johannah to have been the primary instigator of the Donnelly feud. Again and again she stressed to her seven sons that she could never look upon them with true motherly pride till, like their father, each had killed "at least one man." Under no conditions, according to Johannah, should a man forgive his enemies.

The Donnellys, with their first two children—James Jr. and William (the latter had been born with a club foot)—arrived at Lucan in the Biddulph district in May, 1847,

The Town That Committed Murder

with all the family possessions on a cart pulled by a team of horses. Two cows trailed behind. They liked the look of things in the vicinity and decided to stay. It was typical of the clan that with most of Canada as yet unsettled, the Donnellys chose to live on privately-owned land, 100 acres some 4 miles from Lucan. It was Jim Donnelly's idea that possession was nine points of the law.

The owner of the land had no such broad-minded views. A few days later, on hearing of the trespasser, the rightful owner rode over to his property to tell Donnelly there had been a mistake.

Jim Donnelly, busy axing trees, narrowed his eyes when he heard the words of the other. "Mister," he said, "you just better forget all about this land. Turn that horse around and ride out of here while you're able to. I'll overlook your mistake this time."

"My—my mistake!" exclaimed the rightful owner, flustered. "You say you'll overlook my mistake?" He looked into the eyes of Jim Donnelly and what he saw there must have terrified him. Incredible as it may seem, he never made a further attempt to regain his property.

During the next eight years, Donnelly stayed out of serious trouble. The farm grew prosperous and five more sons were born, named, in order of birth, John, Patrick, Michael, Robert and Thomas. But all along there were petty quarrels and bickerings between the Donnellys and their neighbors, and the family name gradually became unpopular.

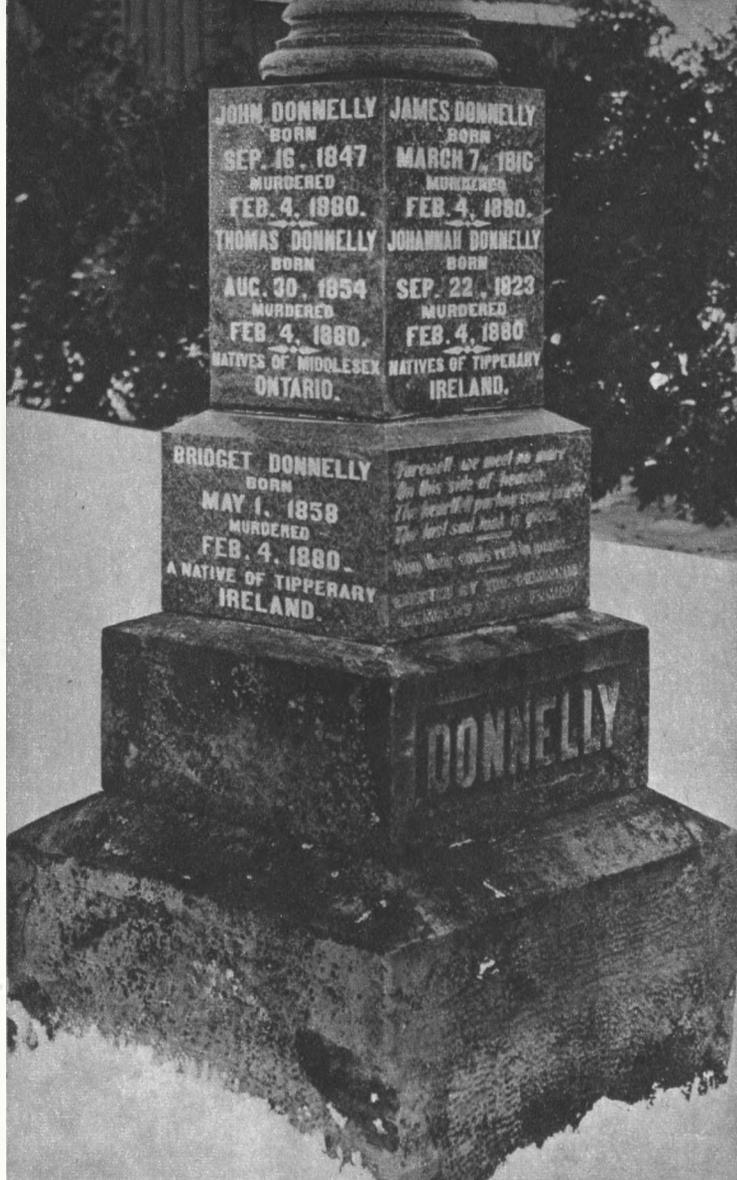
Then, in 1855, John Farrell came into the picture. Farrell was a direct antithesis of the timid landowner Donnelly had intimidated. A one-time blacksmith, he was a big, unkempt, unruly Irishman, with a neck the size of a stovepipe and just as dirty. Farrell, who had a little money, had heard the timid landowner's story and promptly bought the farm from him. He figured, by forcing Donnelly off the improved property, to make a killing.

Farrell confronted Donnelly and demanded possession. Donnelly greeted the new owner with the same hospitality he had shown toward the old. He peeled off his coat.

Farrell, who was five inches taller than Donnelly and 40 pounds heavier, put up his fists. A few minutes later he was so badly beaten he was barely able to drag himself to the gate. Donnelly helped him along with a final, powerful kick that sent him sprawling at the feet of his waiting horse.

Having lost to Jim Donnelly in a battle of brawn, John Farrell sought help in the courts. The decision awarded Farrell 50 of the farm's 100 acres. Donnelly had lost half the rewards of eight years' labor.

The following two years were marked with constant quarrels between Farrell and Donnelly; there were many accusations but neither side used violence. Then, in the spring of 1856, Farrell found three of his cows poisoned and named Donnelly as the culprit. But he lacked evidence. A month later Farrell's barn went up in flames. Again



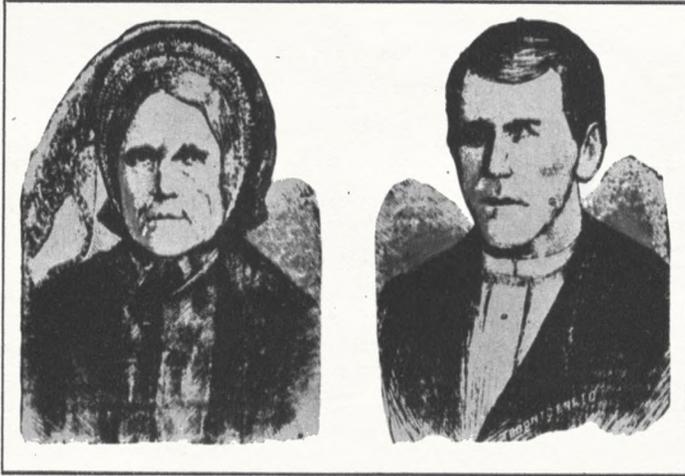
At the Donnelly plot near Lucan, a headstone bears mute testimony to the fury of a town gone wild. All were buried in one grave.

suspicion pointed to the Donnellys, but once more there was no evidence.

One evening as Farrell sat down to his supper, a musket ball whizzed through one kitchen window and out another, missing his head by inches. Farrell seized his gun, threw open the kitchen door, fired into the darkness, loaded and fired again. He waited, listened, but heard nothing. Then he went to his stable, saddled a horse, galloped into Lucan and demanded the immediate arrest of his neighbor. The Lucan constable refused, saying he had no proof. "Who the hell needs proof?" demanded Farrell. "It was Donnelly of course—him or one of his hellions. They're as black in sin as their father!"

From then on the family was known as "The Black Donnellys."

The final clash between Donnelly and Farrell came during a logging bee the following year. Excitement was high in the district because railroad surveyors had been through Lucan. When the railroad was built, there would be new



The mother, Johannah Donnelly, taught her sons never to forgive an insult. Son Thomas, right, was called "worst of the lot."

Newspaper drawings of William Donnelly, left, and Johnny Connor, boy who witnessed the night of horror and testified at trial.

THE DAILY GLOBE, TORONTO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11

SURVIVING WITNESSES OF THE BIDDULPH MURDERS

WILLIAM DONNELLY.

JOHNNY CONNOR

(Note: The newspaper clipping includes several columns of text, some of which are partially obscured or cut off in the image.)

prosperity for all. In celebration, people had drunk more than usual. Jim Donnelly, especially, was almost in a stupor. Quick to see his opportunity, Farrell suddenly held up a hand for silence. "The railroad will be a fine thing for the district," he spoke loudly, "but first we should rid it of some thieves and would-be murderers. One of them isn't far from me now. I can smell him from here."

Drunk as he was, Jim Donnelly heard the words and knew whom they were meant for. He got slowly to his feet, eyes narrowed in one of those glares that made you "hear the sound of shovels diggin' your own grave," as one townsman had put it. He shouted, "If you're looking for trouble, Farrell, here I am."

Farrell bounded forward, throwing down his ax; some said he threw it at Donnelly, but missed. A minute later, the two were at it. This time, however, intoxication had robbed Jim Donnelly of his quick reflexes. Farrell's first blow put him on his back while the watching farmers cheered at the unusual sight and urged Farrell on. Cursing

his foe and his own clumsiness, Jim Donnelly rose, walked into another punch and again felt the ground beneath him. But in falling, his hand came in contact with an iron bar. Springing to his feet and shouting, "Take this to hell with you!" he sent it crashing against the head of Farrell. The latter slumped to the ground, mortally wounded.

Still clutching the iron bar, Donnelly suddenly shouted to the others, "The first one who lays a hand on me gets the same medicine." He began a backward retreat to the roadway.

"Don't be a fool, Donnelly," someone called. "You're going with us to the constable. Throw down that bar or we'll take it away from you."

"The first one that tries won't live to tell about it," was the answer. "Another murder won't make it any worse. They can only hang me once." The threat was enough. Unmolested, Donnelly reached his horse and escaped.

When John Farrell died three days later, a warrant was issued for Donnelly's arrest. The [Continued on page 83]



Gibbs meets U. S. (opp. page) each trip.

AN AUTHENTIC CAVALIER

Meet Mr. United States

Arrogant, grouchy William Gibbs will gladly blister an admiral or bankrupt a shipyard to get the only thing he wants—great ships, like his *United States*

Each morning on which the world's fastest liner, the *United States*, is at sea on the Atlantic, a sharp-tongued old curmudgeon calls by radiophone from New York to ask her captain and her chief engineer how she is sailing. The answer, for five-and-a-half years now, has been, invariably, "Fine." Yet tall, lean, 71-year-old William Francis Gibbs has gone on checking up on her daily performance by phone on each of some 120 round trips the *United States* has made since her record-breaking voyage in July, 1952. And on all but two of her arrivals and departures (doctor's orders made him miss those), he has been on hand to greet her and to see her off.

On these occasions, the ordinarily sourpussed Mr. Gibbs, whose arsenal of profanity is one of his best weapons, is as cordial as he ever gets, even going so far as to speak genially to lowly crew members of the great superliner. The reason is that, of more than 6,450 vessels that have been born on Gibbs' planning boards and built under his autocratic eye, the *United States* is far and away his darling.

In following his lifelong obsession with building ships, Gibbs has raised more hell in our shipyards—and contributed more to the improvement of our fighting and merchant fleets—than any other man. But though he has long been the world's greatest naval architect, and head of the biggest and best private designing and procurement office in the history of shipbuilding, few members of the general public have ever heard of him. His scorn of fame is such that his firm of Gibbs & Cox, which employs 1,000 people and fills 15 stories of a building on the Manhattan waterfront, has never had a press agent nor issued a single release to the papers. Gibbs himself has rarely spoken a civil word to an interviewer.

His wealth is such that his firm, which does some \$8,000,000 worth of business a year and is wholly owned by William Francis and his younger brother Frederic, hasn't bothered to collect literally millions of dollars owed to it—or even to add up the total.

"He tells them to keep the Goddamned stuff," a staff man says. The cussword is one of the few printable ones of the vast and pungent vocabulary of oaths with which Gibbs salts and peppers his conversation. His arsenal of billingsgate is only the most colorful of the weapons he has used in his 40 years' war with the high Navy brass, the

By Carlton Brown

chant shipping, and sundry prying bastards in Government agencies who have had the

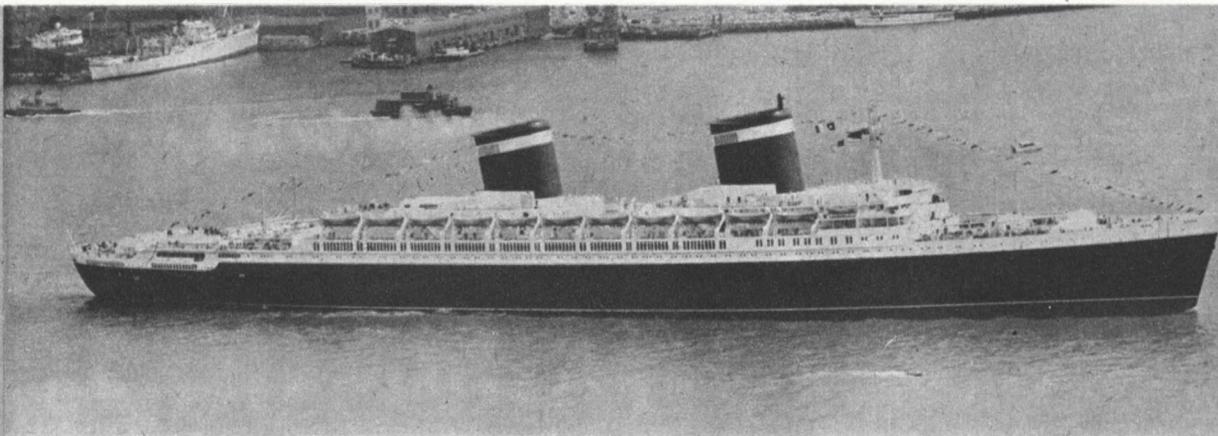
gate him. He has backed up his verbal ack-ack with the big guns of stubborn determination, integrity, courage, and devotion to our country's supremacy on the high seas.

"Gibbs is a genius," Vice Admiral Emory Land said recently. Himself a towering influence in forging our naval strength, Admiral Land bases his estimate on a quarter-century of being on deck when Gibbs' innovations have clashed against the opposition of Navy and Maritime Commission diehards. He has seen Gibbs risk his reputation and career time and again in pitched battles for his ideas, insisting that shipyards meet his specifications to the last rivet—cost them what it may.

One measure of Gibbs' success is that during the war years of 1940-46 an astonishing 74 per cent of all our Naval vessels—destroyers, LSTs, cruisers, escort carriers, auxiliaries and icebreakers—and 68 per cent of all merchant ships over 2,000 tons, were built to designs or working plans turned out by Gibbs & Cox.

Gibbs, who from childhood had always been interested in marine design, became a lawyer at his father's insistence. Meanwhile, he devoted nights and off hours to studying naval history, marine architecture and engineering, drawing his own dream-ship blueprints. At 29, without a degree in his part-time specialties but with a fanatical faith in his ability and destiny, Gibbs quit the law and boldly struck out to conquer his chosen profession from the top. With Frederic's help on the slide-rule and the cost estimates (William Francis has never been good at mathematical details), he worked out complete blueprints for a 55,000-ton passenger ship—larger than any then afloat—as well as plans for a harbor development at the tip of Long Island. The ship's improvements in hull and machinery, plus the new take-off point, were designed to cut the record for ocean-travel time to England by a full 10 hours.

Though nobody in the shipping world had ever heard of the Gibbs brothers, they won approval of their \$75,000,000 vision from the Long Island Railroad and J. P. Morgan. Only the imminence of World War I caused the shelving of the enterprise. At Morgan's direction, both brothers were hired by a big merchant-shipping company, and at the start of the war William Francis was appointed naval architect for the U. S. Shipping Control Agency. From this



spot Gibbs worked out plans that made him the father of our record-busting production of Victory ships in World War II—simplified, standardized designs, hurry-up procurement methods, interchangeable parts that could be manufactured all over the country and assembled at any shipyard.

After World War I, the Gibbises returned to their pre-war jobs, and then, on request from Washington, formed their own firm. Its first assignment was to convert the *Leviathan* from a troop-transport to a luxury liner. Because of Gibbs' exacting specifications for this job, and his iron-fisted insistence on their being met, the shipyard that made the winning bid lost huge sums in unanticipated costs.

An even costlier discrepancy—to the tune of \$4,000,000—brought bankruptcy to the yard that built the *Malolo* for the Matson Line in 1927. The first ship actually built from Gibbs' designs, it incorporated his expensive innovations in collision-proof construction. The sinkings of the *Empress of Ireland* and the *Titanic* had horrified Gibbs and motivated his insistence on compartmentation—the building of watertight doors between bulkheads which could be sealed off in the even of collision or fire. And Gibbs wasn't going to let any shipyard cut corners on his bulk-heading specifications just so that shipyard could stay in business.

By a rare coincidence, the superiority of Gibbs' new system was demonstrated on the *Malolo's* shakedown cruise. In a fog off Cape Cod, a freighter rammed her at full speed on the engine-room bulkhead—exactly the kind of collision that had sunk the *Empress of Ireland* with a loss of more than 1,000 lives. Gibbs rushed to the controls on the bridge that operated the watertight doors. Then he rushed below. Water was pouring into two compartments, but the doors were not shutting. He ran to the emergency hand controls, but before he could use them, the doors had started to descend. He knew that they were adjusted for a delay, to allow seamen to escape from the compartments, but in his haste he had overestimated how many seconds had elapsed. The doors closed tight as soon as they were supposed to, and the *Malolo* was safely towed back to New York for repairs on an almost even keel.

"That collision gave us a status no one could argue with," said Gibbs not long ago.

Before World War II, maritime officials and private ship-owners had seen no compelling reason to contend with

British and other foreign superliners for North Atlantic passenger trade or speed records. It took the World War II conversion of the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth* to show us the value of superliners as big, fast transports which could each whisk a whole division of troops at a time across the ocean.

When the smoke of the battle between the progressives and the standpatters had cleared away, the U. S. Lines had a government subsidy that paid more than half of the ultimate \$76,800,000 cost of the *United States*, and Gibbs, who had long been pressing for just this kind of ship, had the go-ahead on the most advanced and exacting set of plans he had ever conceived.

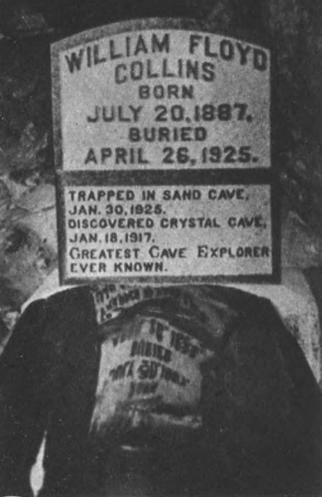
Into the building of the *United States* went every idea that Gibbs had fought for in the past and some controversial new ones too. To reduce weight aloft, Gibbs specified more aluminum—stacks, walls, doors, decks, and even rails—than had ever gone into any structure in the world, on land or afloat. To make her unsinkable, Gibbs specified new highs in compartmentation. To give her speed, he packed into her yacht-like hull a high-pressure, high-temperature steam plant using new alloys and improved engineering.

Her performance has been so spectacularly good—she broke the *Queen Mary's* record on her maiden voyage without being fully let out—that no new liner is likely to excel her for many years. When one does, it may very well be the sister ship to the *United States* that Gibbs has the happy prospect of designing.

In accepting a highly esteemed medal of honor for the culmination of his work and dreams in the *United States*, Gibbs expressed his appreciation for the cooperation of hundreds of thousands of people and as many as 10 Government agencies in the building of the supership.

A few months ago, when Gibbs was appointed one of 24 committee members to study international standards of ship construction, a reporter noted, "He has been accused of having fanatical views on safety. He sparred with the owners of the *United States* even on the installation of a wooden piano, because it could burn."

The fact is, Gibbs yielded on this point—perhaps because he is a music lover. He yielded on another point too. He let the U. S. Lines have its wooden piano and a butcher's chopping block, but farther he would not go. He equipped the shuffleboard games with fireproof discs, and in the orchestra leader's hands he placed an aluminum baton. •



Collins' tomb is in his most famous discovery, Crystal Cave.

By
Homer
Collins

with
John
Lehrberger, Jr.



Author Homer Collins was at brother's side until the end.

FLOYD COLLINS in Sand Cave

-America's Greatest Rescue Story

Buried alive, Floyd died slowly, attended by the press.

But only his brother could tell this, the FULL story.

When Floyd Collins was trapped at the bottom of a cave in 1925, his brother Homer was 23—14 years younger than Floyd. After working to the point of collapse during the rescue attempt, Homer moved away. A general contractor, he now resides in Louisville, Ky.

There have been many catastrophes in which hundreds of men were trapped underground. Yet none of these received anywhere near the attention that was given to my brother, Floyd Collins, the lone cave explorer who was slowly being tortured to death in 1925 in a dark crevice dripping with icy water. Cave explorers, miners, engineers, college professors—men from every walk of life—tried to save him. The odds were overwhelmingly against them, but as the situation grew worse they only increased their efforts, never giving up hope. Floyd, trapped by a fallen rock, was held in a rock vise, unable to move. He never gave up hope—neither could his rescuers.

The road that led to Floyd's famous entrapment began when he was only six years old. At that time, he used to wander alone into Great Salts Cave about a mile from our home. Before long, Floyd was a full-fledged cave explorer, spending more and more of his time in a strange world of underground rivers and lakes, crystal flowers, stalactites and stalagmites. Floyd was out to find something and his desire to find it was greater than his fear of danger. Finally, in 1917, he found Crystal Cave, one of the largest, most beautiful caves in this country. The fact that Crystal Cave was somewhat remote from the main road caused Floyd to decide in 1924 to open a cave near the highway, more accessible to tourists.

Sand Cave was only about 100 yards off the road leading to Mammoth Cave and was the ideal location for a commercial venture. Tourists stopping at Sand Cave could also be directed onto Crystal Cave.

To open up Sand Cave, Floyd went down into the hole day after day by





This famous picture of Floyd Collins trapped in grip of rock crevice shows how he looked to struggling rescuers.



Cave site was mecca for sensation-seekers and meddling hangers-on. National Guard and police had to keep order.

Tiny passage to Sand Cave hampered early rescue attempts by hastily-assembled, volunteer workers.



FLOYD COLLINS in Sand Cave

himself. All day he would lie in the mud and gravel picking up the loose rock by the light of a kerosene lantern.

Monday, January 26, 1925, Floyd started off for the Cave enthusiastically. After six weeks of work, he was confident he would complete his work in Sand Cave that week. As he started off on the five-mile walk to Sand Cave, I waved goodbye and headed for Louisville where I planned to buy an automobile and visit friends for the week.

At the end of the week, I returned and, stopping for gas at a station near home, my thoughts were interrupted by a young boy who shouted in the window.

"Have they got your brother out of the cave yet?"

These words came like an explosion. I was stunned. Then I asked him what he meant by that. He told me that Floyd was trapped in a cave, but at last word he was still alive. At once I started up my car and drove at full speed toward Sand Cave.

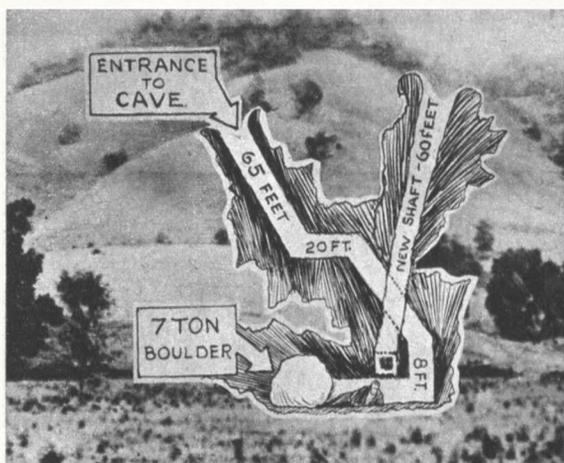
Along about the middle of the week Floyd had spent almost 30 hours working in the hole without coming out.

At the farthest end of the passage there was a small vertical chimney, about 10 feet from top to bottom, on which Floyd had been working. He finally managed to enlarge this crevice sufficiently to squeeze through, and on reaching the bottom he found a little cubby hole about the size of a salt barrel. Squatting in that small space, he saw that there was a crevice below him. This crevice was not vertical, but sloped downward at a steep angle, apparently dropping off into a large cavern. The space was much too small for him to get through and there were many loose rocks overhead. He felt that this was the last obstacle standing between him and the big cave he had been seeking. But it would require the utmost caution to get past this point. He surveyed the situation to see what would be required the following day before returning to the surface for a badly needed rest.

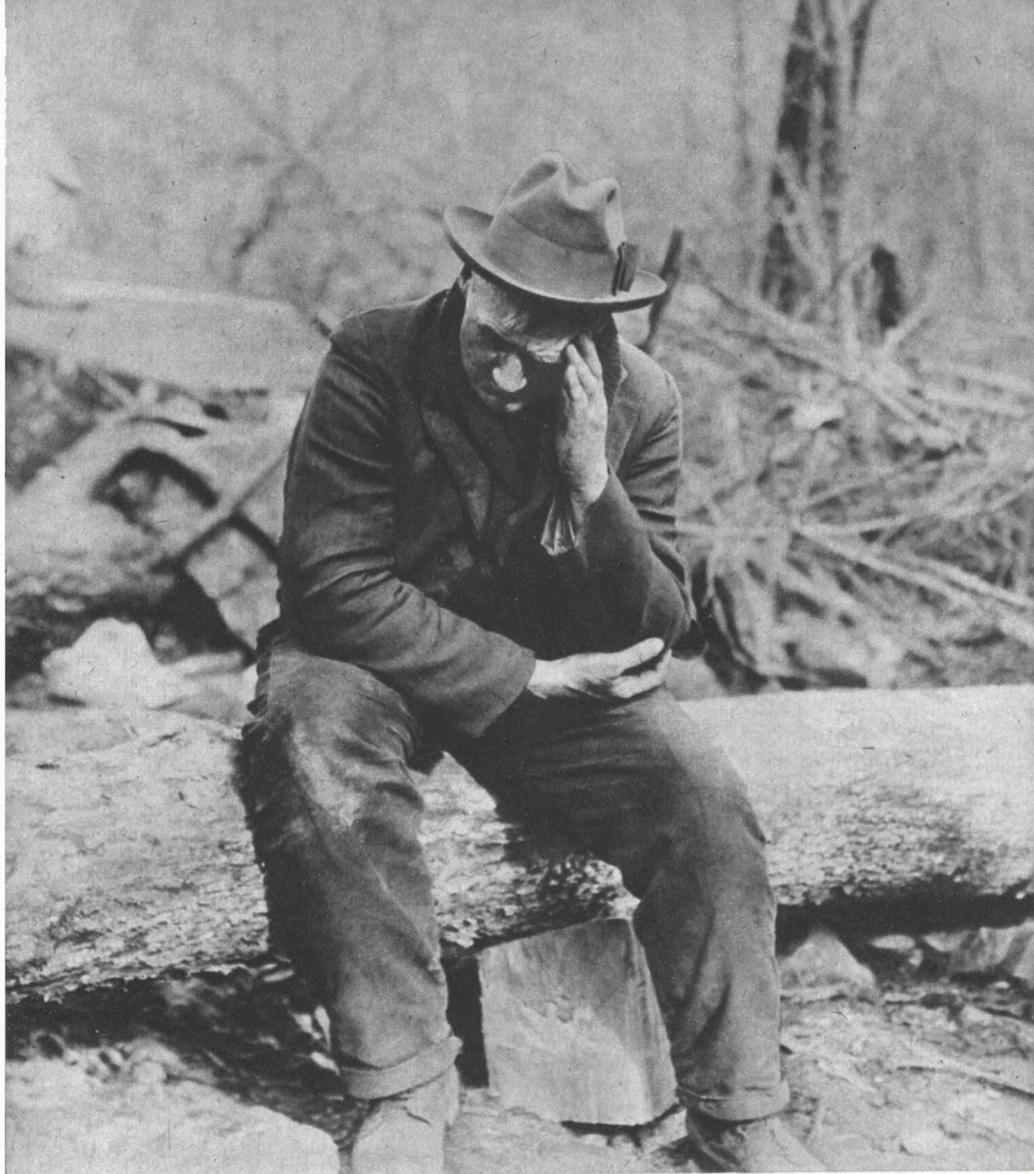
Friday morning, January 30, Floyd informed a friend, Bee Doyle, at breakfast that this was the final day. Before nightfall the cave would be open. Floyd was very excited as he anticipated the discovery; Doyle was more concerned about Floyd's safety. Floyd told him that he had cleared out most of the loose rock the day before, and on this trip it would merely be a matter of squeezing through that final crevice into the big cave. Doyle cautioned him repeatedly about taking risks, but Floyd was too happy with his success to be worried.

As Floyd entered the cave for the final push it was about 7:00 o'clock in the morning. Crawling and sliding down the rock-strewn passage, he worked his way deep into the ground. In about 20 minutes he arrived at the top of the small pit below which was the cubby hole and the last crevice. He had a rope tied to a projecting rock in the section of tunnel just above the pit. There was no need for the rope yet, for this pit (or crevice if you prefer) was so narrow that he had to force his way down through it. But beyond the crevice at the bottom of the cubby hole

Once the old entrance was closed, rescuers raced to sink another shaft as shown in map below.



Map cutaway shows position of trapped Collins; his original entry shaft and course of rescuers' shaft.



Lee Collins shows a Father's grief as he keeps the long vigil by the entrance to Sand Cave.



Engineers crouch tensely over radio amplifier hoping to detect a signal that proves that the entombed man still lived.



—the obstacle which he had not yet squeezed through—there was a drop-off to the cavern below. He needed the rope for entering that cavern. He started into the narrow pit above the cubby hole feet first, forcing his way down until he was in that barrel-like space. Imagine climbing down a chimney no bigger around than your own body, and lined with projecting rocks which dig into your flesh and tear your clothing. This was the sort of thing he had to squeeze through before arriving at the cubby hole; then the real work began.

Squatting in the cubby hole for a brief rest he surveyed the situation before starting on the last leg of his downward journey. He fed his rope through the opening, moved a few rocks out of the way, then tugged on the rope for one last check before starting into the crevice.

He noticed that there were some rather large, loose rocks overhead. He lay beneath a huge limestone boulder weighing several tons, but this did not bother him as it was wedged solidly in place. But beneath that boulder he saw a smaller rock. It weighed less than a hundred pounds, but it gave him some concern. This rock appeared to be very loose, and it hung in the narrowest part of the opening through which he must pass. He took the greatest care not to dislodge it.

Grasping the rope in his hands, he quickly lowered himself to the floor of the cavern. His excitement mounted as he found himself standing in a fairly large space. Looking back up the slope which he just descended it seemed incredible to him that he could have come through that small crack in the ceiling where the rope disappeared. Judging from the amount of rope played out he figured that he dropped down about 80 feet. Now he began to investigate the cave.

While Floyd was engaged in examining the cavern his light flickered. He decided that he had better leave. Turning toward the entrance, he started the climb to the crack in the ceiling through which he had to squeeze before starting the crawl toward the entrance.

There was no trouble in climbing up from the floor of the cavern. However, he pulled himself up and arrived in a few seconds on the hole in the ceiling. Now he began the difficult task of pulling himself through the narrow crevice. It was a slow process, and he was anxious to be out of the cave to tell of his discovery. Shoving the lantern in front of him he pulled himself into the opening with all his might. Very slowly he drew himself upward. He had gone through similar places a hundred times before—many more difficult than this.

In the narrow crevice it was impossible for Floyd to carry his lantern. He pushed it in front of him as far as possible, set it down, then followed behind. The cubby hole was now almost within reach. Before advancing the last few feet, however, he first pushed the lantern through.

He managed to shove it into the open space and the lantern fell on its side. The light went out and he was left in darkness.

Although he was in a precarious situation, Floyd did not become excited. He figured that he would be able to light the lantern again as soon as he reached the cubby hole; if not, he would have to feel his way out. His only concern at the moment was to get out of the binding crevice in which his body was wedged. The shape of the crevice was such that he had to place his arms at his side in order to move forward. Bracing his feet against the rocks he pushed, twisted and turned, seeking the best position for his body to move forward. His face was pressed hard against the rocks as he struggled to advance. Straining with all his might, he kicked out with his right foot and struck a loose rock which was hanging over his legs. Without warning the rock broke loose and fell.

Floyd's left leg was at the bottom of a V-shaped crevice, and the fallen rock, pointed end downward, lodged in the crevice just above his ankle. He was not hurt, but with his foot caught by the fallen rock he was unable to move. Floyd's right foot was still free and he used it to try and kick himself loose. At the same time his kicking dislodged some more rocks from above, trapping his right foot as well as the left.

Floyd realized that he was going to need help. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning, and he would not be missed until that night. It was cold and wet in the crevice. The jagged rocks made it impossible for him to lie in a comfortable position. It was bad enough to lie there for even a few minutes—he dreaded the long hours which were ahead of him. If only the boots could be removed, he thought, there would be a chance of drawing his foot past the rock. That would mean torn flesh, but it would be better than lying there in the darkness for hours, perhaps days, waiting for help. However, he could not reach the boots. In the meantime every movement brought loose material sliding into the crevice, solidly packing the space around his body. His hands were torn from clawing at the rocks; his muscles were sore from the strenuous effort; his body ached from the cramped position and the jagged rocks on which he was lying. When he stopped struggling, he could hear the beating of his heart. The deathly silence was broken occasionally by the clatter of gravel falling into the cavern below. The sound was magnified, reverberating through the rocky prison for a moment, then leaving it in silence again.

Realizing that all motion is futile, he spent most of his time lying still, praying. He had to wait until someone came down to free him. The hours passed, but he had no idea of the time. Minutes seemed like hours. The rocks were hard, the dampness penetrating, and the dark-

ness heavy. He waited and prayed.

Friday night, Bee Doyle waited anxiously for Floyd to return from the cave. He finally concluded that Floyd must be working overtime to clear the final obstacle since he had been so confident that morning of breaking through. Doyle went to bed.

Saturday morning Doyle rose and checked to see if Floyd had come in during the night. The bed had not been slept in. Doyle was somewhat alarmed. Before eating breakfast he hurried over to the house of a friend, Ed Estes. Floyd had not been there either. Estes took the matter more calmly and tried to reassure Doyle: Floyd was experienced—he knew how to take care of himself—he would show up all right.

Doyle returned home and ate breakfast. His fears grew stronger. Immediately after breakfast he went to Estes' house again. Doyle convinced him this time that they should check on Floyd to see if he was in trouble. Estes called his son, Jewell, who was seventeen years old and the three men headed for the cave. On arriving at the entrance they found Floyd's coat and hat on a ledge outside.

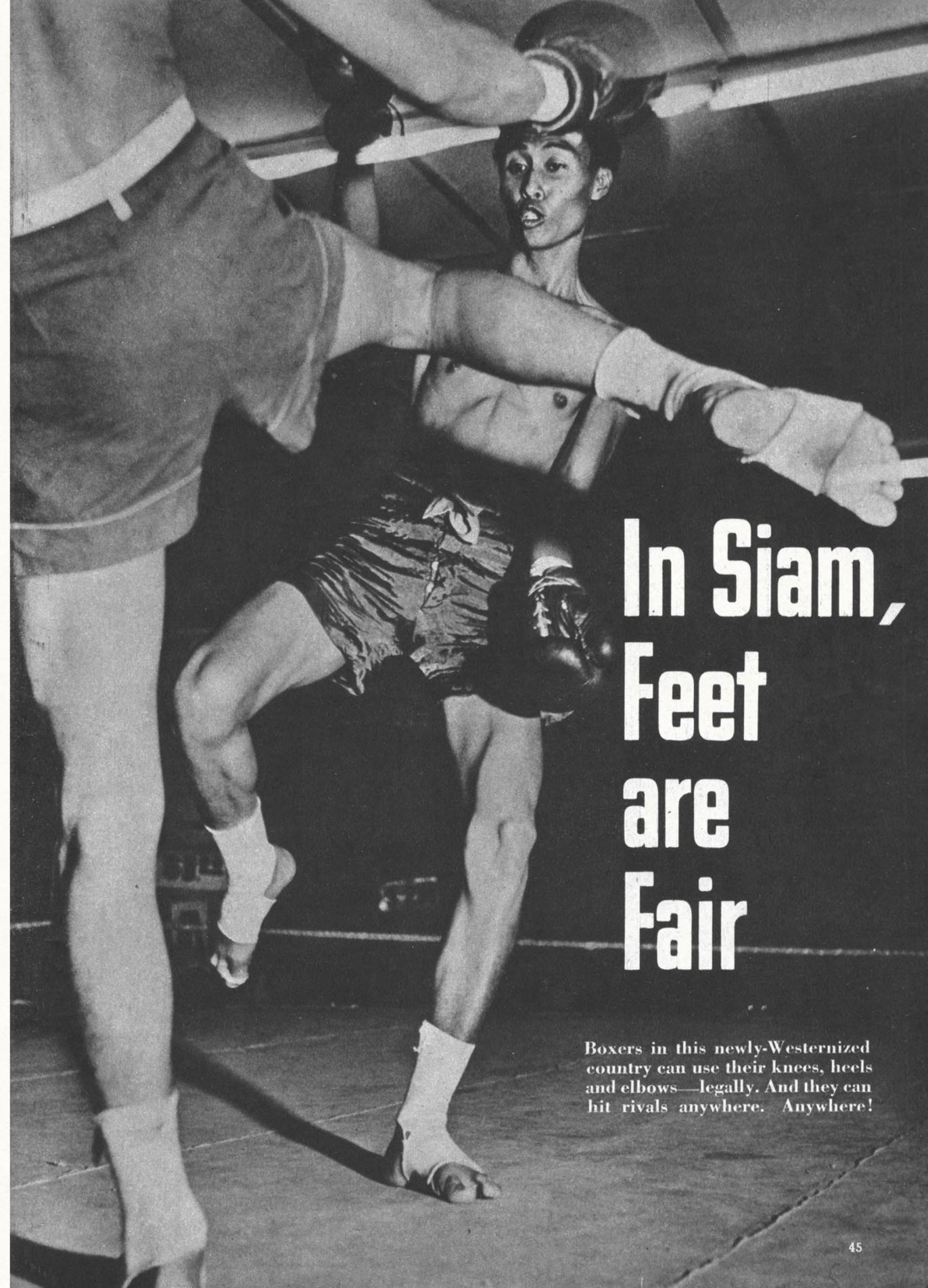
Jewell was slender and strong, capable of traversing the difficult passage, so he led the way into the cave. The older men made it to the beginning of the first tight squeeze in the passage where they waited while Jewell went ahead. The young boy, unaccustomed to crawling through rough caves, showed courage in going forward alone. He finally succeeded in reaching a point where he was able to talk to Floyd.

Floyd had been lying in the damp crevice, helpless, for twenty-four hours, his left foot held tight by the stone which had fallen on it, and his body nearly covered with gravel. Unable to sleep, he had waited in silence, listening for the sound of his rescuers. Occasionally he had tried to free himself, even though he knew it was useless, for it is difficult to lie still—in pain, shivering from the cold—and do nothing. He prayed that someone would come after him, wondering how much time had passed and how much longer it would take. Then he heard Jewell's voice. Rescuers—it would be only a short time now. He quickly explained the situation, assuring Jewell that he could get out all right with a little help.

"Get my brothers over here," he said, "and tell them to bring some boys over with them."

Jewell hurried back to tell the news to his father, and the three men left the cave to go for help. Doyle and Estes rode to Crystal Cave on mules and informed my father that Floyd was trapped. Father called my brother Marshall who was in the house at the time and the four men started back to Sand Cave. Valuable hours were slipping past. A telegram was sent to Louisville to call me home. Meanwhile I was already on the road, unaware of the accident.

[Continued on page 67]



In Siam, Feet are Fair

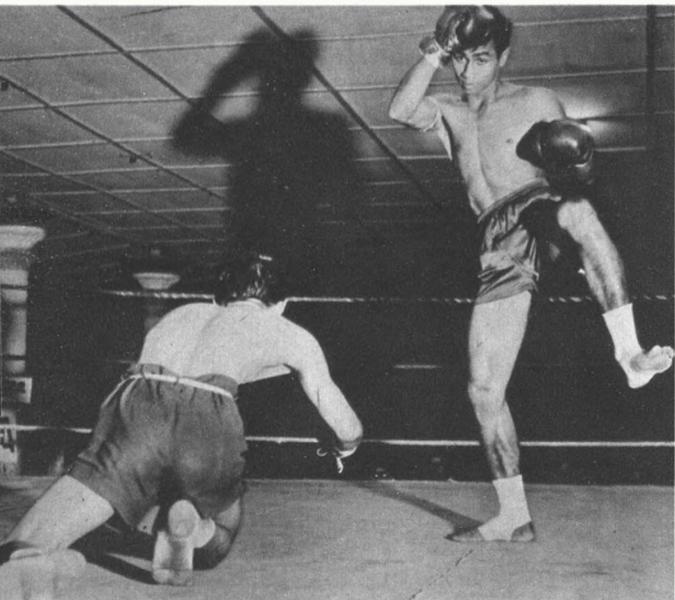
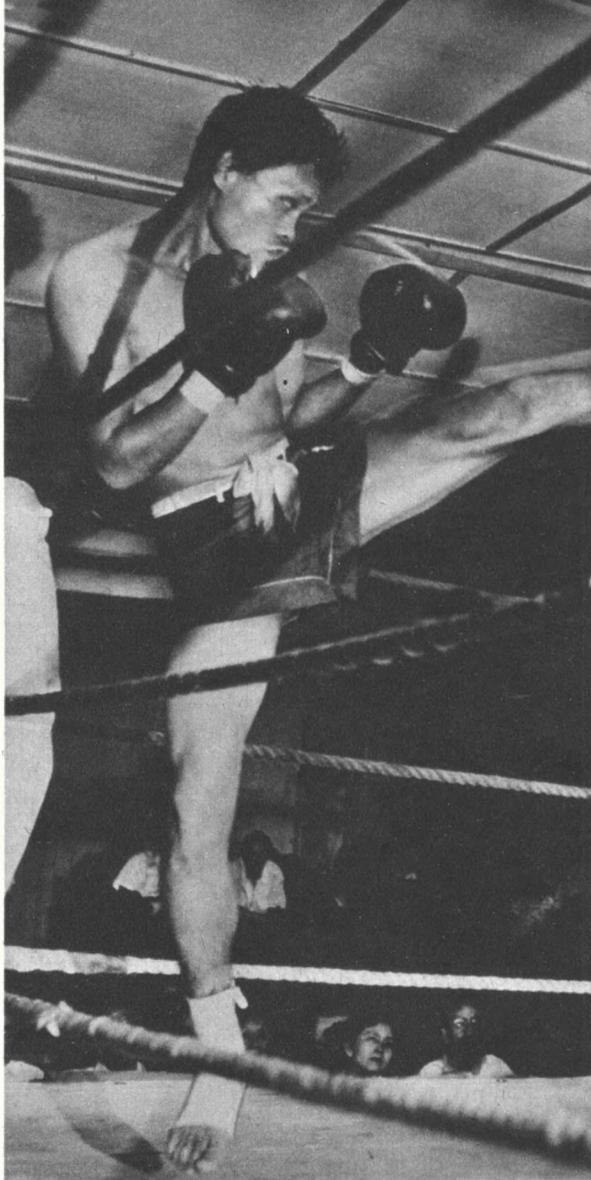
Boxers in this newly-Westernized country can use their knees, heels and elbows—legally. And they can hit rivals anywhere. Anywhere!

Dear Slapsie:

THAILAND

Well, hello from your old pal, Rocky, and leave me tell ya the guy who said travel learns you was sayin' somethin'. Till I hit this joint which used to be called Siam where all the twins come from, I would a bet anyone you was champ of the world. Now I would take lots of eight-to-five against—because, no hard feelings, I don't think you'd ever get past the prelims here. Over here wrestlin' throwin' buttin' and bitin' ain't legal—that wouldn't help you none—but on the other hand you can use the knee, the elbow, the foot and the heel and you can use 'em anywhere on the other guy's chassis. Anywhere! Imagine it—over here Willie Pep and Jake LaMotta and those guys could pull all that stuff right in the open. But I gotta admit they've got some good show biz ideas here. When the two boys come into the ring, they start off with a lot of bowin' and scrapin'. Then they start shadow boxin' and this shadow boxin's supposed to warm 'em up and put the whammy on the other guy. While this is goin' on, guys at the ringside are playing drums and blowin' flutes to cheer their guys and help 'em get rhythm which they figure is a great help to a tiger. Then when the boys get mixin' it up real good, the music gets louder and faster and pretty soon it sounds like the stuff they play in the movies when the bad guys are chasing the good guy through a swamp. Believe me, Slapsie, it's no place for a guy like you what believes so strong in the Markus of Queensberry, at least when the ref is lookin'. And before I forget it, would ya send me a couple of large coarse C notes as just last night I drop a wad bettin' on some bum that looks great and how was I to know he has a glass kneecap and couldn't take a left heel to the rear end.

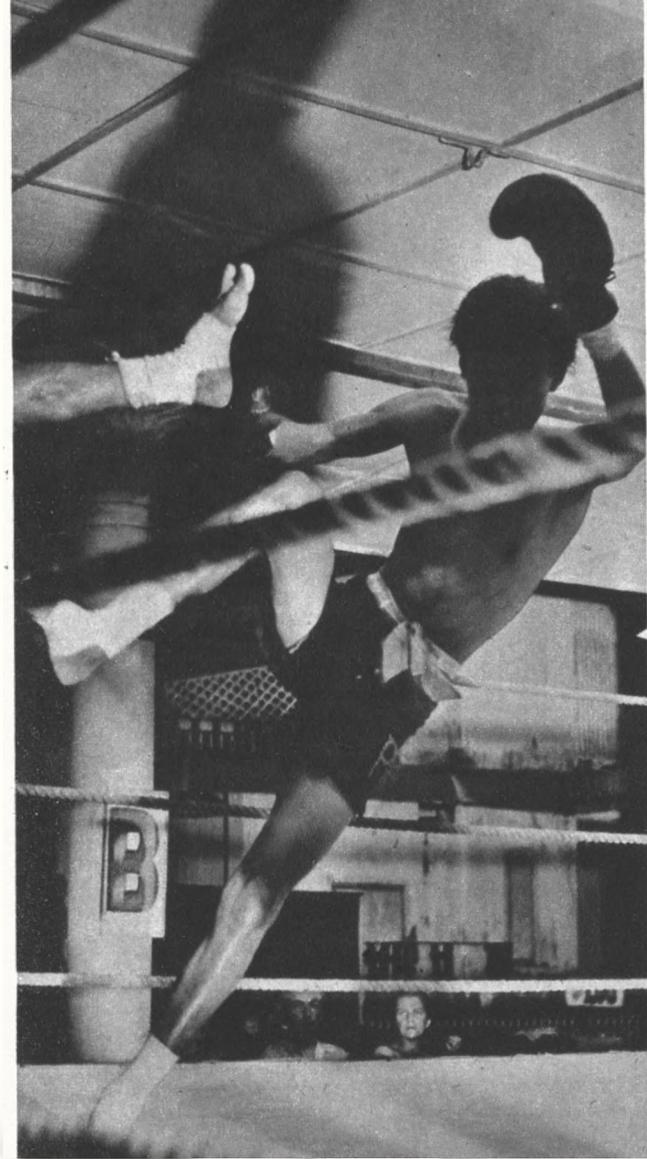
Yours in sports—Bob (Rocky) Curran



WARM-UP. Before fight starts, each battler goes through distinctive shadow routine which is supposed to hex foe.



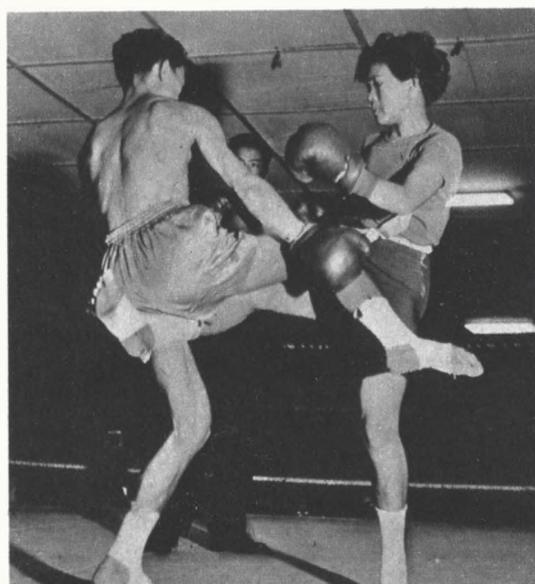
HOT EXCHANGE against the ropes features left jabs and rights like those we see in U. S. rings.



DROPKICK is as legal and popular as a left jab. Lad being kicked made fatal mistake of leading with his right foot.

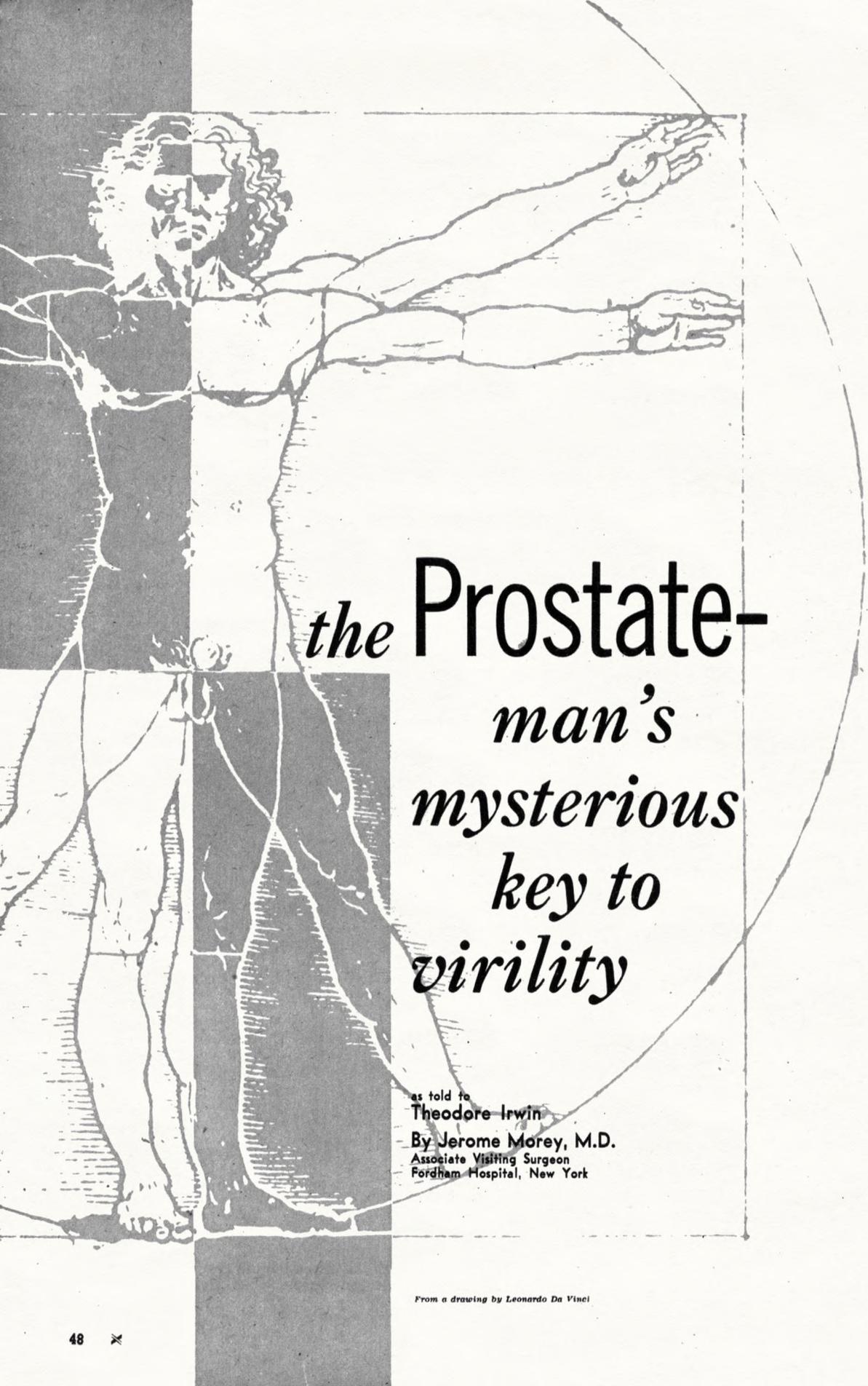


CRACKING KNEE to rival's head as he goes down under a punch is a standard tactic.



FLYING FEET can be directed at any part of opponent's body. Here one of many female fighters scores with right.

Photos by
Homer Page



the Prostate-
man's
mysterious
key to
virility

as told to
Theodore Irwin

By Jerome Morey, M.D.
Associate Visiting Surgeon
Fordham Hospital, New York

From a drawing by Leonardo Da Vinci

Located down where you sit, a gland no bigger than a chestnut

determines the fate of your sex life. Here, a doctor tells how it works

Little known to the average male of the species, hidden away internally where he sits down, is an odd little gland called the prostate. Though its owner may never have heard of it, the prostate is an accessory sexual organ vital to life-producing spermatozoa as well as to the human plumbing system. The prostate's ornery behavior often puzzles doctors; husbands are apt to be ashamed to talk about it to their wives. It has been blamed for impotence, sterility, mental disturbances and assorted other ills. When a man's prostate starts misbehaving, he is likely to consider it the most important thing in his life.

It was mighty important, for instance, to Diamond Jim Brady. The fabulous financier, who often had a quarter-million dollars in jewels on his person, sported flashy cars, lavishly entertained celebrities and included in his galaxy of mistresses the lustrous Lillian Russell, had one source of acute unhappiness. He discovered, to his great dismay that he had painful and embarrassing difficulty in urinating.

Brady's predicament was traced to his chronically inflamed prostate, which formed a bar at the neck of his bladder and obstructed the flow of urine. Surgeons in Boston and New York had refused to wield a scalpel on him because high blood pressure, diabetes and a heart ailment made his case too risky. As a last resort, Brady sought out in 1912 Dr. Hugh Young at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore. Dr. Young, the Texas-born dean of American urologists, had recently invented a new instrument called a prostatic punch that would simplify the operation without disposing of the patient. Diamond Jim studied the device, agreed to go through with the surgery and emerged from the hospital a jubilant, rejuvenated man ready to resume his amorous habits.

In gratitude for his regained freedom, Brady financed the building of what was to be known as the James Buchanan Brady Urological Institute at Johns Hopkins (the first of its kind in the United States) and later left \$300,000 for its endowment.

At the dinner dedicating the Institute, the sentimental Diamond Jim made a one-line speech. Charged with emotion, he said:

"The sky was never so blue and the grass never so green as they are this day for me."

Then he sat down. The Institute, an imposing memorial to The Prostate, is still one of the world's leading urological hospitals.

What Is The Prostate?

The average male first becomes aware he has a dingus like the prostate when his doctor, exploring for possible prostatic cancer or inflammation, inserts a rubber-gloved index finger into the patient's rectum and probes the gland's size and consistency.

"What're you doing that for?" the victim asks, uncomfortably.

"Your prostate," says the doctor.

"Oh," is the inevitable comeback, and the repartee usually ends right there.

What do we know about this exasperating gland? It's a

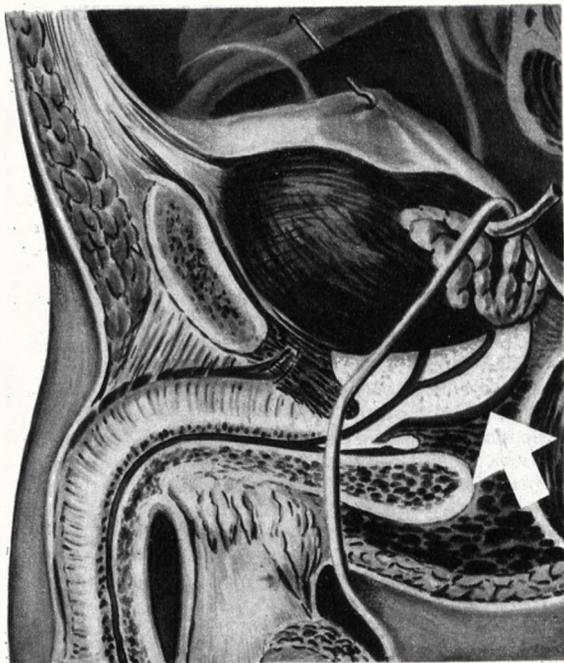
half-muscular, half-glandular, triangular organ about the size and shape of a horse-chestnut weighing only about an ounce. Within a finger's reach of your rectum, the prostate lies above your seat about on a level with the base of the penis, some four or five inches in back of that organ. Like a snug collar around the neck of the bladder, the prostate encircles the ejaculatory ducts and surrounds the urinary passage.

How The Male "Plumbing System" Works

Your plumbing equipment starts with two kidneys and two slim tubes (the ureters) which lead out of them. These tubes enter the urinary bladder (a storage tank for urine) and the bladder, in turn, empties out through another narrow tube, the urethra. The urethra extends from the bladder through the prostate, then travels the length of the penis, serving as the outlet for urine and as a channel for semen during sexual intercourse.

Is The Prostate Vital To Sex?

The chief function of the prostate is to manufacture a fluid which mixes with the ejaculate during the sex act. That fluid gives odor and volume to the semen, protects



Sideview diagram of male pelvis region shows key position of prostate enclosing urethra at base of bladder.

The Prostate—

Continued from preceding page

the spermatozoa against the acid secretions of the vagina and enables the sperm to keep alive and moving during their long trip to the female fallopian tubes.

Semen is composed of two fractions: the spermatozoa from the testes and the highly alkaline seminal plasma secreted by the accessory sex organs, largely the prostate and seminal vesicles. In the testes, the thick sperm are inactive because of the absence of sugars (fructose); once they get together, the diluted and energized sperm pick up motility at fantastic speed.

It's only under the influence of male sex hormones provided by the testicles that the prostate secretes its valuable fluid. When this source of stimulation is removed by castration or disease, the prostate shrinks and goes out of business.

What Is "Honeymoon Prostatitis?"

Sexual excesses, according to some medical authorities, are responsible for the disconcerting enlargement of the prostate. Yet Dr. C. D. Creevy, professor of urology at the University of Minnesota Medical School, points out that enlarged prostates "have been observed in Catholic priests, about whom there's no question of overindulgence." Some doctors attribute the ailment to the use of certain sex techniques, particularly coitus interruptus, the hold-back causing congestion in the prostate.

The pestiferous prostate is the villain when men, even young ones, have embarrassing distress on their honeymoons. Novice husbands who attend to the nuptial duties with too much avidity and frequency are apt to find that their overworked prostate rebels. The result is a temporarily alarming state of affairs known as "honeymoon prostatitis." But as soon as the bridegroom's marathon passion subsides and the newlyweds hit their normal stride of perhaps two or three times a week, the prostatitis clears up.

What Can Go Wrong With The Prostate?

As a man reaches his forties or fifties, this prostate may become increasingly sensitive to the male sex hormone. Its cells increase in size and number and dam up the urinary passage. Since a man can't live without eliminating waste, this tiny gland can be as menacing as a squad of machine-guns at a narrow mountain pass. This kind of growth is known medically as benign prostatic hypertrophy or enlargement; it's not malignant because it politely stays put within its own boundaries.

Only a eunuch or a castrate can be absolutely sure that he'll never be burdened with prostate miseries. And those afflictions vary all the way from abscesses, cysts, stone formations, painful or bloody ejaculations and prostatitis (a vague infection of the gland) to tuberculosis of the prostate, being hypertrophy and cancer.

Chronic prostatitis due to an infection produces pain or discomfort in the testes, the head of the penis and the perineum (between the scrotum and the anus). Antibiotics, hot sitz baths and a bland diet help control such infections.

The most common prostatic ailment is a simple overgrowth of tissue which may involve any or all parts of the gland. This enlargement may affect a man any time after maturity, although it's usually considered in some ways the



Premature declining of vigor is symptom old as man. Doctors now know prostate is often cause.

male counterpart of the female "change of life," with an entirely different physiological basis.

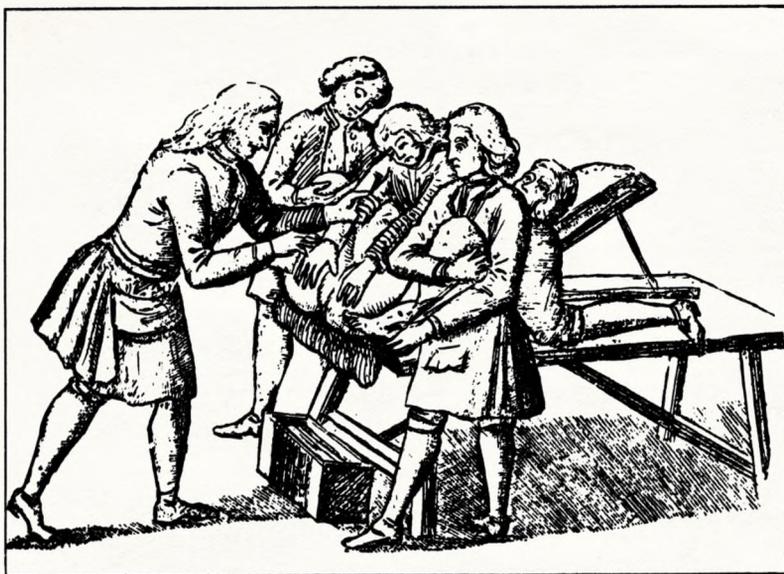
Almost no male in his middle years entirely escapes some discomfort caused by gradual enlargement of his prostate. Statistical studies show that fully half of the men over 50 have a benign prostatic hypertrophy. Yet it also affects about one in four men between the ages of 25 and 40—the fat and the lean, the tall and the short, the farmer and the banker.

The average man is ashamed to talk about his unruly prostate. He'll keep the news from his wife, somehow saddled with the notion that she'll think it's due to a venereal disease or suspect him, unjustly, of infidelity. Generally, he also fears treatment, fears cancer, fears growing old and losing his amatory vigor.

What Are The Signs And Symptoms?

A prostate case can often be recognized the moment he enters the urologist's office. There's a characteristic "prostate expression" on the man's face: he looks tired, worried and depressed, his eyes are restless and sad, he seems drained of stamina. His thoughts are preoccupied with the condition of his bladder, his nervous system is exhausted, his outlook on life pessimistic. That prostate is raising hell with him.

Symptoms of enlargement develop very slowly. If you've had it, you probably saw the first sign when you noticed you had to urinate often and urgently. Then the flow became weaker; time and pressure were needed before it could start. Symptoms increased gradually over a long period. You found you had to get up during the night more



tradictory opinions. Established facts are few and hard to obtain.

How About Cancer?

Cancer of the prostate is so common, and so easily discovered by a doctor merely by insertion of a gloved finger, that it's amazing so many cases are discovered only when they have become inoperable. About 12,000 deaths occur each year from prostatic cancer. Among men over 50, at least one out of seven have a malignant growth in the prostate, though in many cases there may be only microscopic evidence. Not everyone with prostatic cancer dies of it; in some, the disease is latent and apparently doesn't become dangerous.

Does Massage Help?

For an enlarged, non-cancerous prostate, medical treatment (without surgery) is not always simple. "Gentle massage of the

prostate," says Dr. Hugh J. Jewett of Johns Hopkins, "may sometimes be helpful in reducing the swelling and eliminating some prostatic secretion that would help the patient void a little better, but this has no permanent effect." For certain types of prostatitis, massage has been moderately effective, but it has to be done repeatedly; Massage is a simple and safe method of treatment, its chief virtue being that no operation is necessary.

Does Surgery Do The Trick?

For serious hypertrophy an operation remains the only really effective treatment. However, surgery does not mean castration in such cases. There was a time, as recently as 1932, when surgeons—aware that eunuchs never develop enlargement of the prostate—removed men's testicles in order to restore normal urination. The beneficial results proved only temporary and the operation fell into disuse—but not before thousands of testicles had been sacrificed.

Today, surgery generally involves taking out part or all of the overgrown prostatic tissue. An operation becomes necessary, according to Dr. Joseph Andronaco, well-known New York urologist, when the upper urinary tract is blocked by an enlarged prostate, a large amount of urine is left in the bladder after voiding, and there's danger of uremia developing.

The most popular type of operation is known as enucleation. An incision is made in the lower abdominal wall and the prostate is exposed. The surgeon reaches in and, with his fingers, can usually shell it out like an outsized pea popping out of a pod.

Via another route called transurethral prostatectomy, a hollow instrument with a sliding, sharp-edged "punch" is passed through the urethra into the bladder. A high frequency electric current enables the surgeon to cut and cauterize a channel through the prostate, like an apple core cuts out the stem and seeds of an apple.

Within seven days or so the average patient who had a benign enlarged prostate can be discharged from the hospital. In most cases, patients can [Continued on page 91]

Early urological surgery was not for faint-hearted. With hormones and refinements of modern surgery, doctors can cure prostate trouble, bring "rejuvenation" to sufferers.

and more often, then stand and wait for the stream to start. Now and then you had an ache in the small of your back.

What happens is that the urinary passage, encircled by the prostate, is narrowed and plugged up. The bladder fills, then swells and has to work harder to get the same amount of urine over the dam. The patient has the disagreeable feeling of incomplete emptying. He either can't urinate at all or his bladder overflows like a full cistern and he voids constantly. Now his "plumbing system" is really in a mess.

The back pressure in the bladder is reflected up into the kidneys and when the pressure is great enough, the kidneys can't excrete the waste products efficiently. These waste products accumulate in the blood and the result is uremia. Death from uremic poisoning follows—or used to. Nowadays, only a damn fool fails to get surgical relief long before this fatal chain of events is set in motion.

Prostatic enlargement may also clog the ejaculatory ducts and prevent complete emptying of semen from the seminal vesicles. That's where sterility comes in.

What Causes Enlargement?

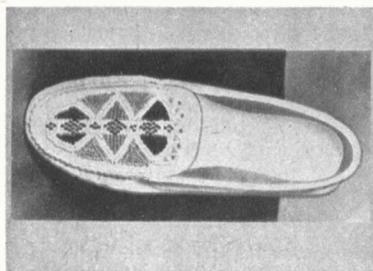
The big mystery about the prostate is just what causes its nasty growth. Sexual overindulgence has been mentioned as one possible culprit. Sedentary habits have also been accused of causing the trouble and it has long been known as a disease of taxi and truck drivers. Diet and overindulgence in alcohol have been ruled out as factors.

Many leading specialists believe that a change in the equilibrium of sex hormones is responsible. The male urine contains estrogen (female sex hormones) as well as androgen (male sex hormones). The normal relation between the two is altered with advancing age by a decreased internal secretion of the testicles. The result is a larger proportion of female hormones. This, it is assumed, starts the tissue changes in the prostate gland.

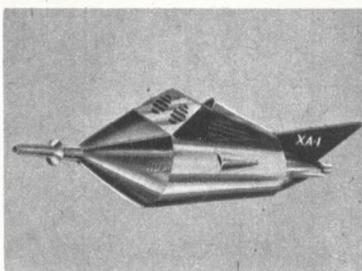
On one point, authorities agree: the whole question of causes is loaded with speculation and plagued with con-

Cavalier's

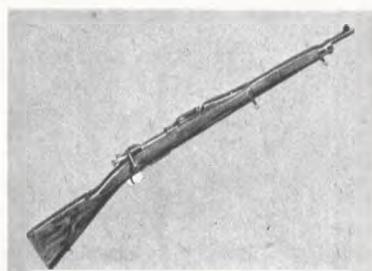
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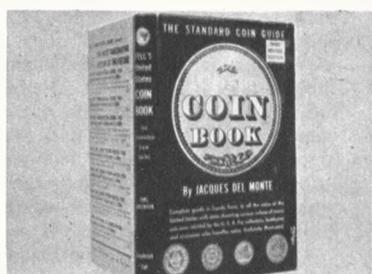
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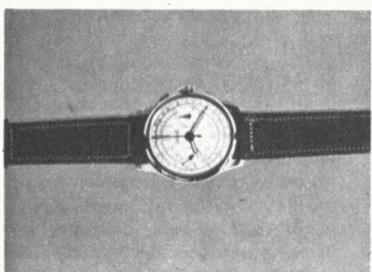
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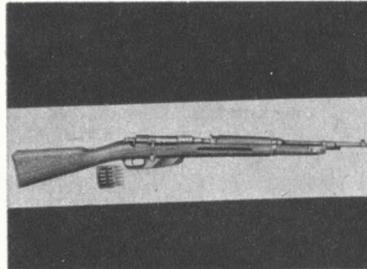
month. They are believed to be good values. The firms listed guarantee immediate refund of your money if you are not satisfied.



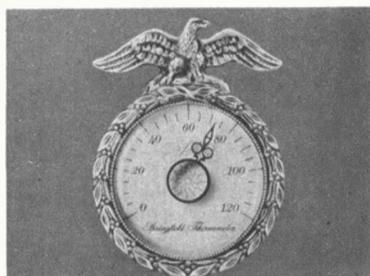
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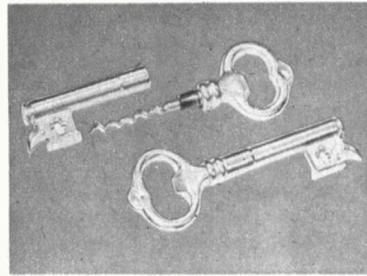
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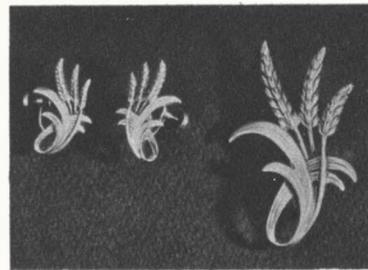
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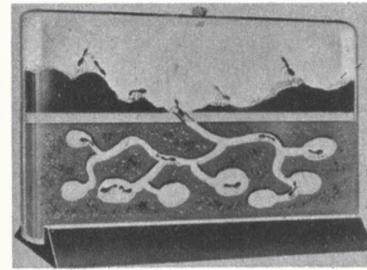
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ANT HOUSE will keep you and the children fascinated. Watch the ants dig tunnels, build rooms, etc. You'll see the feeder ants store away supplies; the nursemaid ants caring for the babies. Ant world is seen through the clear plastic walls of the 5"x7" house. \$2.98 postpaid from Tower Press, Inc., P. O. Box 591, Department CK-1, Lynn, Mass.



HANDSOME AND THE HOLY ROLLERS

Continued from page 13

back. But if you think you'd be interested, maybe we could make a place for you. Of course, you'd have to do some more work than just beating the drum. I mean help with the tents and cleaning things up. And going to town maybe and driving the truck when we got to know we maybe could trust you. You know how to drive a car?"

Handsomeness said he did.

Her suspicion returned again, strongly, for an instant. "Now you ain't never been in jail, have you, Handsome? You ain't maybe just out after having done something strong to put you there?"

He shook his head, smiling. "No, no, nothing like that. It's just the way I told you."

She looked him over again and accepted him once more. He was sure that if it hadn't been for his looks and her attraction to them he would have been rejected long before.

Sister Oder said, "There wouldn't be any place for you to sleep except in the revival tent. We got another cot. You could put that up on the platform. But we got to see what the Reverend thinks about it when he comes. We'll see what he thinks."

A little later that afternoon the Reverend Gideon Oder drove his truck into the revival grounds. Handsomeness saw how the tent equipment could be loaded in the back of the truck, including the wooden benches. The Reverend, when he descended from the truck, turned out to be a rather short, broad man with thick shoulders and a heavy, pug-like face. His nose was flattened as if he had been in many fights. When he opened his mouth he showed a gold tooth in the front. He was dressed in a shiny black suit and a string tie.

A quizzical expression came to his face at the sight of Handsomeness. Sister Oder got up quickly from her cot and went out to meet him. They talked in low voices so that Handsomeness could not hear. He knew they were discussing him, for the preacher's flashing dark eyes went to him a number of times. At first he shook his head. Then Sister Oder appeared to become persuasive. He didn't shake his head again, but he looked dubious.

After a time he came over to Handsomeness, who rose politely to meet him.

The preacher stuck out a large paw and said, "Howdy, Brother Handsomeness."

Handsomeness repeated the greeting, wanting to be agreeable. "Howdy, Reverend Oder."

"Sister Oder," the preacher went on pompously, while he searched Handsomeness with his glance, "has told me about you. She says you can play the drum."

"Yes, sir, Reverend."

The preacher studied and weighed him, plainly impressed with his respect-

ful reply. "I'll tell you we need a beater bad." He appeared to make his decision. "I don't see why things can't be worked out, Brother Handsomeness. I'll assume that you mean only good to us, not harm, we who do the Lord's work, that you come in the spirit of Jesus."

"I'll only mean you good," promised Handsomeness, "if I can do it."

"So be it, Brother Handsomeness," the preacher said. He coughed. "There is only one thing to understand. We can pay you your keep, your lodging, and your food, but we cannot pay you any salary. Your salary will have to be your opportunity to get close to the Lord. But I can tell you that your pay will be high in that fine coin."

"That's all right," said Handsomeness.

"I expect," the Reverend continued, "you have a little money for your own incidental expenses?"

Quite honestly and openly Handsomeness told him, "I've got about twenty-three dollars."

The Reverend's eyes dropped. "So be it."

Sister Oder, who had kept her own eyes on Handsomeness all this time, now suggested, "Him and me will see how he beats the drum. You get yourself a rest for tonight."

The preacher nodded. After looking again, hard, at Handsomeness, he moved toward his cot.

Sister Oder led Handsomeness into the big tent. They went up to the drum on the platform. "Let's see you work it," she said.

Handsomeness seated himself in the chair before the bass drum. He took up the sticks. He got the drum in comfortable position for himself and gave it a few experimental whacks. It felt good to be hitting one again. He gave it several resounding booms.

Sister Oder gave a quick nod and picked up her guitar. She sat down on her chair, looked at Handsomeness, and said, "Let's go."

She played a stirring hymn. Her touch was sure but not delicate. She was good and loud. Handsomeness joined in with a few tentative whacks on the drum. "Let them hear us," she yelled over the noise. "That's the idea."

Handsomeness banged away on the drum, keeping in time with her. He had a good sense of rhythm. The music pounded out. Sister Oder's fingers flew. But she didn't finish the hymn. Only a little more than halfway through she stopped playing.

"That's enough," she said. "If we play any more we'll have them coming for an afternoon meeting. We don't want them for that. Can't raise them up enough in the daytime. You need night to really get them going." She glanced at Handsomeness. "You can do it." Slowly, with her eyes slanted at him, she inquired, "What else can you do?"

Handsomeness looked away. He was shocked that a married woman was making such an advance. "Not much," he murmured.

"I'll bet you can," Sister Oder said. "I'll bet a good-looking fellow like you can do just about anything."

"I'm really not very accomplished," said Handsomeness.

She got up, put her guitar down, and started over to him. "I'll bet you are. I'll bet I could show you something you'd like. I'll bet—" She stopped as a noise of someone clearing his throat was heard near the front of the tent.

The Reverend Gideon Oder came down the aisle. If he had noticed anything, he didn't refer to it. "How is the young man getting on?" he asked.

Sister Oder reported, "He'll do fine." "Does he know how to pass the plate?" inquired the Reverend.

"I ain't learned him that yet," Sister Oder said. "I'll do it right on."

"I suggest," the Reverend said, "you start our evening meal while I show our new convert how to pass the plate."

Sister Oder looked for a way around that, but evidently couldn't find any. She had to leave Handsomeness with her husband.

When she had gone, the Reverend turned to Handsomeness. "Now, Brother Handsomeness, you sit down here on one of the benches."

Handsomeness felt better dealing with the Reverend alone. He hadn't been happy with the way things were going with his wife. He took a seat on one of the benches. From the side of the preacher's platform the Reverend took up a round wooden collection plate with a motheaten blue velvet lining in it. He brought this down to the benches.

"The secret of the whole thing," he instructed, "it to pass it slow in front of people. You pass it fast and they ain't embarrassed enough to put something in it. But you pass it slow, with everybody watching, they're more likely to put in something good. The slower the better. You'll get so you're expert at it, so you can smell out in advance who's trying to let it go by without contributing what he should. When you see one of them, you just stop right in front of him with the plate. Hold it right close up to his chin. That'll make him put out something."

All the while he spoke, the Reverend was suiting his action to his words, passing the plate slowly in front of Handsomeness, and at the last holding it close in front of him. "Now," he said, "let's see you do it."

They changed places. Handsomeness took the plate. He pretended to pass it before the Reverend. He went as slowly as he could. He wanted to succeed at his job.

"Fine!" the Reverend approved. "Fine! Now pretend I'm the kind who tries to get by without giving a thing. Let's see what you'll do to him."

Handsomeness did the same thing the Reverend had done. He stood boldly in front of him and held the plate close to him, almost right under his chin.

"First class!" the Reverend cried.

"You'll shake down the sinners, I can see that. I believe you're going to be a good asset to the Holy Sanctifiers."

Handsome inquired, "You'll tell me when to pass the plate?"

"We'll tell you everything," the Reverend promised. "Don't you worry about that. If you're interested in a revival meeting, you'll see one tonight. I'm a real stump-knocker. I can raise them up. I can see to it that the Lord hits them with sanctification. Too bad you can't be hit yourself," he said. "But you'll be sounding the drum to help the others. Do you a lot of good if you could get close to Jesus, though. Sometimes I get raised up myself so I get my own sanctification."

That evening Sister Oder kept her eyes on Handsome throughout the dinner they ate on a battered card table set up between the cots in the small tent. The Reverend must have noticed this, but he said nothing. Afterward, he took Handsome to the big tent to see that everything was in order for the meeting, which was scheduled to start soon. The Reverend lighted a gasoline lantern and hung it on the front tent pole. When Sister Oder joined them, Handsome was startled to see that she had put on a flowing black satin robe. It had white ruching at the neck and cuffs and a white handkerchief hung at her belt. She gave a very religious appearance. With the Reverend in his black suit, they made quite a beatific-looking pair.

The Reverend looked at his watch and said, "You'd better start the music. Let it roll out good and loud. Let them hear it way down the road."

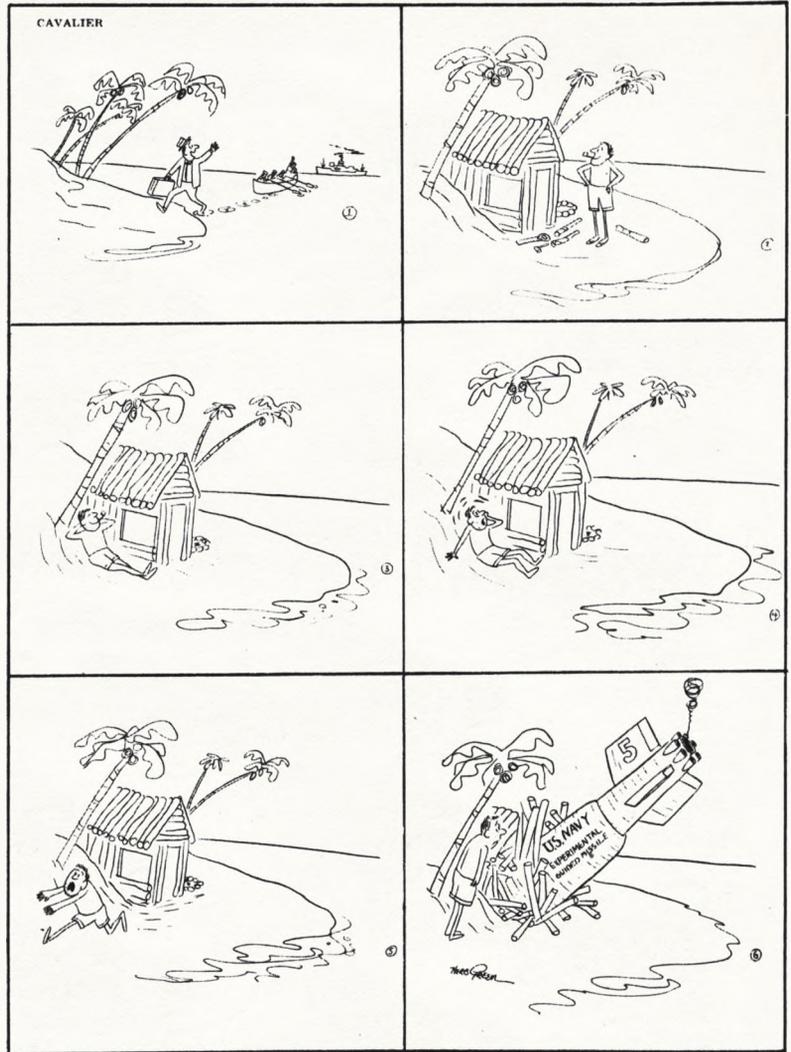
Sister Oder and Handsome took their places before the musical instruments. She kept her eyes on him as she began to play the same hymn she had started earlier. Handsome pounded the drum. He whanged it hard, sending out a boom that he thought could be heard for a mile. It felt good again. He enjoyed himself.

He didn't glance at Sister Oder, though he knew she was still looking at him. He stared straight ahead at the empty benches. Shadows fell and moved across them as the gasoline lantern swayed slightly. A wizened little man and a big fat woman appeared in the entrance of the tent. The Reverend went down to meet them.

"Howdy, folks!" he called. "Howdy and welcome! Come on in! Don't be ashamed to be the first, be proud! Come on right into the Lord's house!"

He shook hands with them and led them to a bench. He took up a place at the entrance and greeted the people as they arrived. "Make yourself to home in the Lord's house!" he cried. "You come to the right place! Here is where you'll find salvation! And sanctification! That's what we specialize in here. We got lots of sanctification for those who want it. Come on right in and get your sanctification."

People began to arrive steadily. Sister Oder played one hymn after another on her guitar, accompanied by Handsome at the booming bass drum. She kept looking at him and he watched the crowd



until it filled the tent, jamming it. Finally the people stopped coming.

The Reverend then came back to the platform. He stood behind the small pulpit. He held up a hand to indicate that the music should stop. Then, in the quiet, he stood for a long time just staring out at the crowd. He looked for so long without saying anything that some in the crowd became a little restless, as though an expectant tension had been built up in them. Finally the Reverend announced, in a voice so quiet that it was little more than a whisper:

"I read the Bible fifteen times. I know the Bible. I know it as well as any man. I can tell you all about it. I read it fifteen times. Any part of the Bible you want to know about, you just ask me and I'll tell you. My father was even better than me. Yes, I come from a long line of preachers. My father could say the whole Bible from memory. Maybe you don't believe that, but it's true; it's the whole truth. I'm not as good as that. I don't boast that I am, because that's pretty good. But I'm studying for it. Someday I'm going to be able to say the whole Bible by heart. I can do Genesis now. I can do it faster than my father, but I can't do as much."

He made a sign for the music to start again. Sister Oder played another hymn on her guitar. Handsome joined in, banging the drum.

The Reverend's voice was a little louder when he spoke again. He pointed a finger at the crowd and asked, "How much do you know the Bible? How much do you know the Book? How much attention do you pay the Lord? Now, I don't mean tonight. Tonight you're paying a lot of attention to Jesus. If you wasn't you wouldn't be here. I mean during the week. I mean how much thought you give to the Lord during the week. I mean how much you think about Him before you go into sin. Because if you thought about Him before you went into sin, you wouldn't go into sin. He'd save you. That's what the Lord is for. He's out to save you if you got sense enough to want to be saved. That's the Lord's job, and He stands ready to do it if you're ready to listen.

"He's begging you to keep your eyes open to hear him! Instead of that, what do most of you do? You close your ears is what you do. And that ain't all you close. You close your eyes, too. The only thing you don't close is your mouth when

you use the name of Jesus in vain, when you use His name to swear with." He raised his voice still higher. "That's a slap in the face of the Lord! That's a sin! And you better stop sinning!"

The Reverend motioned for some more music. This time, when Sister Oder played a hymn, with her eyes going from time to time to Handsome, the Reverend motioned for the congregation to stand. The people got to their feet. The Reverend led them in singing the hymn. He had a surprisingly good voice, rather high and sweet. Handsome, sounding his drum, joined in the singing. He was having a wonderful time.

After singing three hymns, each a little more resounding than the last, the Reverend stopped the music once again and motioned with both hands for the congregation to seat itself. On the benches again, the people waited eagerly. Handsome saw thin, sallow faces with deep expectancy in them. He saw women hungry for some kind of spiritual life, men avid to find expression of feelings long repressed.

This time the Reverend talked at some length. His voice became stronger and louder as he went on. "Have you got insurance?" he demanded. "Now, I don't mean insurance on your life. My life and your life don't mean a thing in regard to the kind of insurance I'm talking about. I'm talking about insurance on your soul. I'm talking about this kind of insurance with the King's Insurance Company. Have you ever heard of that? Maybe you think you have, but you won't find it on any door in Jacksonville or Miami or Tampa, where they have insurance companies. No, sir! You'll only find the office of this insurance company in your heart! Because this is the insurance company of the King of Kings! You know who He is.

"He operates the oldest insurance company in the world. It's the only one offering soul insurance. It's the only one that gives you good service to you yourself, not to your relatives after you're dead! The cash capital of the King's Insurance Company is the Holy Spirit. The company has got lots of that. Its capital is unlimited to those who want to join.

And you'd better join up right now!

"Because this is the only company insuring against loss in the Judgment Day fire. This is the only company insuring against shipwreck in the river of death. It's never changed its management! Its policies never expire just so long as you keep up the premiums. These premiums can't be paid in money. No, sir! They can only be paid in prayer. And you better take out your policy and start paying your premiums right now before the hell-fire catches you uninsured!"

The Reverend kept on with his sermon for nearly an hour. He remained more or less on the same theme for about the first half. Then he deserted that and hit here and there on anything that came into his mind. His voice always rose, until toward the end he was shouting. By then he had the people joining in, crying agreement with him.

"Better start now!" he advised. "Switch yourselves from your evil doings! The first chapter, the sixteenth verse of Peter. Amen!"

Several in the congregation echoed. "Amen!"

"Bless the Lord!" cried the Reverend. "If you think I'm wrong, read the Bible. Jesus stayed down here instead of going back to His Pa. He did it to save us. First chapter, ninth verse. That's the place it comes from. Some people will do almost anything. Some people will do almost anything on the sinning road! If your wife's been a rogue on the sinning road, you're going to find out! If you've been sinful, God is going to find that out, too! The Lord's going to give it to you, whatever! Lord God!"

The congregation answered fervently. "Lord God! Lord God!"

"Lots of people!" the Reverend shouted. "Lots of people wait to start dying before they get on the highway of being saved. If that's the way you want to go, I'm sorry. Because you won't get there. You'll be on a dead end road! Glory be to God! He's coming after you! And if you ain't ready when He comes, you ain't going to be ready afterward! Amen! Bless the Lord! Lord God!"

The congregation replied:

"Bless the Lord."

"Amen!"

"Lord God! Lord God!"

The Reverend let them simmer down this time in their responses. He spoke in a quieter voice, yet one pregnant with things to come. "Here," he said, "we ain't going to let that happen. Here we're going to be ready. Here we're going to get sanctification. We're going right out and get it. Maybe we'll have to jump for it a little, but we'll get it. And before we jump for salvation we got to do something else. We got to contribute to the Lord. The Lord can't go on without contributions any more than anybody else. We're going to pass the plate for the Lord, and He expects you to give. It's the only way Jesus has of getting on, so Jesus will be watching what you give. Don't stint the Lord! Don't be afraid to give the Lord silver. Those who got it, don't be afraid to give Him paper. He likes paper more than anything else."

The Reverend motioned for Sister Oder to play the guitar, which she did instantly. Handsome was about to beat his drum again but the Reverend motioned to the collection plate.

Handsome left the drum and took up the plate. While the guitar continued and the Reverend walked about among the congregation advising its members to remember the Lord, Handsome passed the plate. Nearly everybody contributed. Usually it was only nickels and dimes, but often it was quarters. Sometimes half a dollar dropped in the plate, and three crumpled dollar bills found their way into it.

Handsome went all around the tent. He followed the Reverend's directions and passed the plate slowly. When there were signs of resistance, he stopped dead in his tracks and held the plate right in front of the people, close to their chins. They fumbled in their pockets or purses and dropped in their contributions.

Toward the end the Reverend kept close to Handsome. His eye remained on the plate so that nothing could be filched from it. And when Handsome had gone to all the people the Reverend took the plate from him unceremoniously. After looking in it quickly he scooped out its contents and stuffed them in his pocket. At the same time he made his way back to the platform, motioning to Handsome



to follow, and as they went the Reverend cried, "We got to get on with Jesus! Come on, come on!"

Back on the platform, where Sister Oder had kept up her music, Handsome returned to his drum, to start pounding it again. Loudly, above the sound of both instruments, the Reverend addressed the congregation in a voice and manner as though to indicate that the main business of the evening could now begin.

"This is the time to get sanctification! This is the time to get hit by sanctification. Them as wants to be sanctified, come up in front. Them who wants to jump for sanctification, come up and jump!"

Immediately a thin, very pale girl rose from the middle of the congregation and went up to stand on the left, in the space between the benches and the pulpit platform. Once there, she turned to face the empty space on the right. Having once taken up her position, she gave a little jump. Then she gave another. She began to give them in rhythm with the drum beat, each time jumping just a little higher.

Handsome realized that the girl was jumping every time he hit the drum. He was so fascinated that his beating faltered. The girl jerked out of tune. The Reverend hollered, "Keep the drum going! Keep it agoing with the geeat!"

Handsome kept it going.

A man with a large bobbing Adam's apple left the benches and came up to stand on the right side. He turned to face the girl and then he began to jump, too. The jump was a quick movement of leaving the earth, as though straining to fly. It was spasmodic. Sometimes the head jerked back at the start of the jump, so that the jumper, while in the air, was looking upward at the ceiling of the tent as if searching for something there. As soon as he descended to earth he jumped again, on the next beat of the drum.

The congregation watched the two jumpers for a time. They called low "Amens" and a few "Hallelujahs!" at them.

"Come on up!" the Reverend exhorted them. "Come on up and get sanctification. You won't get hit by sanctification by staying in your seats. You got to leave

them seats to get what you want. You got to come up here and jump for it!"

At this others went up, joining the girl and the man. The women went to the left side and the men to the right. Even during the jumping not one of them crossed an invisible line between the two. The space in front became crowded.

Now Sister Oder made the music go faster. Handsome had to work hard to keep up with her beat. Those remaining on the benches began to clap their hands in time to the hastened beat. The jumpers worked hard. Their heads jerked so that it looked as if they might be snapped off their shoulders. They jumped higher and ever higher.

"Now you're getting it!" the Reverend cried. "Now you're jumping to meet God! Now you're jumping for Jesus! Jumping Jesus!" he shrieked suddenly. "Jumping Jesus!"

Handsome, startled, thought the Reverend had begun to swear. But he saw at once that, instead, it was an exclamatory prayer, for the congregation took up the cry. "Jumping Jesus! Oh, Jumping Jesus!"

"Sanctification is coming!" shouted the Reverend. "Sanctification is around here. Jesus is bringing it. You're working for it and He's going to give it to you. It's going to hit somebody! It's going to hit him!"

The music went still faster. Handsome's arm was getting tired. Sister Oder

over her and yelled, "call to witness! Sanctification has hit her! She's the first. She's got it! She's got sanctification!"

A man was next. He landed with an audible thud, between pounds of Handsome's drum. The preacher dashed to him.

"The Lord has seen fit!" he yelled. "The Lord has seen fit to come to this man! The Lord has touched him! With sanctification! His sins is washed away. He's forgiven his sins. He's pure again!"

Others began to fall. The Reverend was kept busy getting his congregation to witness their sanctification. The ground became so littered with people who lay twitching and uttering little cries that there wasn't much room for the jumpers. A man came up and lifted the thin pale girl to her feet. The man didn't seem very excited, even though the girl clung to him tightly. The man led her away out of the tent, into the night.

More couples found each other and went out. Their places were taken by new jumpers. Sister Oder kept the music going for them, Handsome kept pounding his drum, his eyes now wide with wonder, and the Reverend faithfully witnessed all sanctifications. There was no let-up. It kept on until everybody had jumped and been hit and either found a partner and gone away with him or had wandered out, sometimes staggering, alone.

Finally the tent was empty. The meeting was over.

Sister Oder gratefully put down her guitar. She wiped her brow with a handkerchief. She lighted a cigarette, and she looked very curious sitting there in her black satin robe, smoking.

The Reverend sat on the step of the platform and wiped his face.

Handsome was so taken up with the entire performance that he forgot that his own face was bathed in perspiration. He just sat there with the wonder of this aspect of life filling him. He thought that if he hadn't come here he would not have seen this, and the idea of missing it made him shudder.

The Reverend and Sister Oder didn't say anything for some time. The only thing the Reverend did after wiping his face was to take out the collection, count it, and then thrust it back in his pocket.

"How much?" Sister Oder wanted to know.

"Eighteen dollars and sixty-three cents," the Reverend said disgustedly.

"Pennies again," she said. "Anybody who gives pennies ought to be asked to leave. You'd think we was a free show."

Handsome, watching and listening, saw the Reverend make some kind of sign to Sister Oder. She seemed to remember Handsome and turned slightly to him. She smiled at him.

The Reverend got to his feet. "You did fine," he said to Handsome. "You did just fine. With both the drum and the collection."

"Was it my fault," Handsome asked worriedly, "that the collection wasn't as much as you expected?"

The Reverend shook his head. "Not your fault at all," he assured him. "You did first-rate." He sounded tired. "It takes the strength out of you." He pointed to the rear of the tent. "Your cot is back

In the February CAVALIER: HANDSOME AND HIS HAREM

**Our restless ex-GI starts for
Hollywood and gets tangled
up with two of the strangest,
zestiest lasses he's ever known**

On Sale December 26

wasn't looking at him now. She was having all she could do to play her guitar with lightning speed. A film of perspiration shone on her forehead. Her husband's whole face was covered with it. Sweat was breaking out on the cheeks of most of the jumpers.

They leaped into the air. They were losing time with the music. A few kept to the rhythm, but most parted from it forever and were not bothered. Probably they didn't even hear, for their eyes were staring now. Some were glassy, as though seeing into another world. They whirled and then jumped. They turned and danced. They bumped into each other and never felt it, though woman never touched man; they approached the invisible line between men and women but didn't overstep it.

Suddenly the thin pale girl who had first come up gave a shriek and then a tremendous leap, and when she came down again she didn't land on her feet but kept going all the way. She lay on the ground with arms and legs jerking.

The Reverend ran to her. He stood



there. Sister Oder will bring you sheets and a pillow."

Sister Oder joined her husband as he left the revival tent, saying to Handsome. "I'll bring the bedclothes right away."

Handsome found the cot. It was un-assembled, still rolled up. He brought it back to the platform, untied it, and laid it out. From his Army days he knew how to put it together. He was setting it up when Sister Oder returned.

She had taken off her robe. She had unbuttoned the top fastenings of her dress so that more than a hint of her plentiful breasts showed. She carried sheets and a pillow over her arm.

Instead of going straight to Handsome's cot, she went to the gasoline lantern hanging on the tent pole. "You don't need so much light," she said. She turned the lantern down so that it burned only faintly.

Sister Oder seemed to be in a hurry. She came over to the cot and put down the linen, saying, "I'll help you make it in a minute. Sit down and let's have a little talk."

Warily, Handsome sat on the cot, a little away from her.

Her voice was lower than usual when she said, "It's nice having you with us working for the Lord, Handsome."

"I guess I'm going to like it," he said. He wanted to see more meetings, and he feared that what Sister Oder obviously had in mind might interfere with this prospect.

She hunched over on the cot closer to him. Her hurry was almost indecent; she might have been racing against time. She reached up and ran her hand over his hair. "You got beautiful hair, Handsome." Her hand was sure and strong. It was the hand with which she strummed the guitar; she seemed to be playing a tune on him.

Handsome didn't respond. There was an instant's hesitation, and then, as though she had no more time for preliminaries, Sister Oder dropped her arm about his neck and whispered, "You need an engraved invitation to come to the Lord?"

Handsome answered, then. "You're the preacher's wife," he said stiffly.

She stared at him.

"You're married," he said.

"You mean that makes a difference?" she asked.

He nodded.

"I don't believe it," she said. She spoke hurriedly. She pressed herself closely against him.

Handsome didn't think it would be polite to separate himself from her, so he remained still. He didn't want to hurt her feelings. He hardly knew what to do.

When she obtained absolutely no response from her bold advance, Sister Oder inquired, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Handsome.

"I'll bet you're no good," said Sister Oder. "I'll bet that's it."

Handsome thought agreement to this might be a way out. "That's it."

"Maybe I could help you," she offered.

"A fellow like you, with your looks and your build, ought to know something.

I'll show you—tell you anything you want."

"Thank you," he said, "but . . ."

"You mean you don't want me to?"

"Well, not right now."

"You sound as if you don't like me."

"It isn't that," he said.

"Then what is it?"

"It's only . . ." He couldn't finish.

"You don't like me!" she repeated.

"You know that's it." She changed her tune quickly, as though hurrying again.

"You sure you don't?" she whispered.

"You sure you ain't just teasing me? I wouldn't mind that, except I wish you'd decide. We ain't got all night."

Handsome didn't say or do anything.

She waited for a time, and then, suddenly, she did and said quite a lot.

The first thing she did was to grab Handsome with the arm already about him while at the same time she brought up her other arm to get a strong hold on him. The second thing she did was to start screaming for help.

Handsome was so startled that he couldn't do a thing about it. He simply froze there with her arms around him, holding him, her screeching loud in his ear.

The gasoline lantern flared brightly, and he saw the Reverend Oder standing there. He was in his shirt sleeves.

That made Handsome try to get free of Sister Oder in a hurry. He began struggling with her. To the man by the tent post, it must have seemed that Handsome was attacking Sister Oder.

The Reverend ran over to the cot and grabbed Handsome by the shoulders and hauled him away from his wife. He threw him down on the platform and demanded angrily, "What are you trying to do?"

Handsome scrambled to his feet and started to say something, but was immediately drowned out by Sister Oder.

"I came here to make his bed for him and he grabbed me! He tried to do things!"

The Reverend turned to Handsome.

"I didn't—" Handsome began.

"He tried to rape me!" shrieked Sister Oder. "That's what he tried to do! He pulled at my dress!" She indicated her unbuttoned dress. "Look, you can see where it's all opened."

Handsome was speechless.

The Reverend approached him. He didn't seem very angry, but he was firm and determined. "That's what you do," he said, "when we take you into the bosom of the Lord."

"No," said Handsome. "It wasn't—"

"There ain't any use denying it," stated the Reverend. "I know sin when I see it, because sin is my business, and I can see it here. I won't put a hand to you myself. The Lord don't favor that, telling us to turn the other cheek. No matter if this is my pure wife before God, you tried to do this sinful thing to. But I'm going to do something else. I'm going to turn you over to the police. You got to be punished."

Besides resenting that, Handsome didn't like it on another score. Small-town officials usually made it go hard with a man for attacking a woman. And a police report on even a supposed at-

tack on a woman usually got into the newspapers.

"You're going to get right in the truck now," said the Reverend, "and I'm going to take you to town to the police." To his wife he said, "You go get yourself covered, maybe in your ecclesiastical robe, because you got to go along with us and put in the charges."

Sniffing, Sister Oder rose from the cot and left the revival tent.

"Are you ready?" the Reverend demanded of Handsome.

"Wait a minute," said Handsome.

"Don't think you can run for it," the Reverend warned. "I'll have them after you and they'll get you. And don't think you can strike me down." He stepped close to Handsome and ordered, "You look at my nose and see how many fights I've been in, and then think twice about trying to take that way out."

Handsome didn't say anything. A suspicion had entered his mind that there was more behind this than had yet appeared, but he didn't refer to it. But now it came out into the open.

"Of course," the Reverend went on, "there might be another way to settle this matter."

Handsome, curious as to how the approach would be made, inquired quietly, "What?"

"That there twenty-three dollars you said you got," the Reverend broached. "You really got it?"

Now Handsome saw it all. He recalled how the Reverend's eyes had dropped when he told him of his money; now he wanted to add it to the disappointing collection of \$18.63. It had been a simple working of the badger game, in which a woman is supposedly surprised by her husband with another man and the husband agrees to forget it if enough money changes hands. The only thing wrong with the way it had been worked on him was that he was certain the woman's interest in him had been genuine.

He remembered Sister Oder's haste. That was it, then. She had been working with her husband, all right. But she had thought she might have time for Handsome, too. She was trying to improve the game a little, but had not succeeded.

Now that he knew, Handsome almost laughed outright. He wouldn't have missed the Holy Sanctifiers for anything in the world. He felt no particular anger at either the Reverend or Sister Oder.

In answer to the Reverend's question about his having the money, Handsome answered, "I have it."

"Of course it ain't much," the Reverend said. "Not for a serious thing like this. But if you was to turn that over to me, and then if you was to leave here, get out down the road right now, tonight, and if you was not to say anything about what happened here—to save my pure wife's good name—the Lord might think that was the best way to decide this matter."

Handsome regarded him with narrowed eyes. "If I give you the money, you won't do anything more about it at all?"

"That's right, Brother Handsome, that's right."



THE DAY OF THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD

Continued from page 25

"Yes, there's a chance. . ."

By noon it was obvious that cutting a new channel around the western end of the dam would divert only a trickle of water. The trench dug by the workmen, flailing away at the rocky terrain with their picks, knowing that the fate of the town below depended to a great extent on their efforts, was pathetically inadequate. It was only two feet wide and 14 inches deep.

The level of the lake had reached the crest of the dam at 11:30 a.m.

From now on, Parke knew, it was touch and go.

Shortly after, John Parke decided the situation was hopeless. The dam would break in a matter of hours. There was nothing left to do but spread the alarm, get the warning to Johnstown in time for people to reach the hilltops all around them. The engineer mounted his horse and rode at a gallop north toward the village of South Fork, which was almost two miles away. He stopped at farms along the way to warn those families that the dam couldn't last much longer and they must move to the rim of the valley. He also alerted everyone he saw on the streets of South Fork, crying, "The dam can't last more than a few hours. Get to higher ground as fast as you can!" Not everyone took him seriously.

A few minutes later he strode into the South Fork tower of the railroad and, white-faced and tense with excitement, paused only to tell Miss Ehrenfield: "Warn Johnstown that the dam is about to break!"

Before Miss Ehrenfield could speak, however, Parke turned and hurried out of the tower, mounting his horse and heading back to the dam. What the woman operator started to tell him was that the lines to Johnstown were now inoperative. The telegraph poles had been washed out along the flooded tracks west of Mineral Point. Still she could, and did, relay the warning down to the Mineral Point tower. It was one of many warnings sent down the line that day; it should have been the most impressive, but Parke was youthful, a stranger in the locality, and no special emphasis was given his bulletin.

Parke rode back to the dam believing, as he said later, that "everybody in the Conemaugh region did or should have known of the danger," and it wasn't until several days later that he learned his message never reached Johnstown. There was nothing left to do at the dam. The erosive power of the sheet of water behind it could not be withstood; the center of the dam was a mere fretwork of mud, sticks and stones, and crevices the size of barrels had opened up in the face of the structure.

Shortly after 3 p.m. a V-shaped notch

10 feet deep was suddenly gouged out of the center.

A few minutes later the whole propulsive energy of 20,000,000 tons of water was directed at the weak spot.

At 3:10 p.m. the center of the dam gave way with a "thunderous report" that echoed against the walls of the valley. Lake Conemaugh leaped from its artificial bed at the bottom of the ravine and plunged down the South Fork valley. Ahead of it, like a boy aimlessly kicking a football along, the flood tide pushed the fragments of a 300-foot-long segment of the dam.

"The dam did not burst," Parke reported later. "It simply moved away. The water gradually ate into the embankment until there was nothing left but a frail bulwark of wood. This finally split asunder and sent the waters howling down the mountains."

Parke, the workmen, Colonel Unger, other employes of the club and several residents of the vicinity could only stand and watch the lake empty itself of water, flood debris from the mountains, the docks, the fleet of pleasure craft. It was an awesome spectacle. Crouse, the manager of the clubhouse, said that "when the dam broke the water seemed to leap, scarcely touching the ground. It bounded down the valley, crashing and roaring, carrying everything before it."

Herbert Webber, the club's handyman who had prophesied just such an event for years, watched the lake drain itself away in less than an hour, and said that by 4 o'clock, 50 minutes after the dam collapsed, the level of the lake was so low it "showed bottom 50 feet below" the former shoreline on which he stood. There was a dread fascination in watching one's worst prophecies come true, especially when they had been so rudely rejected.

Once the reservoir broke loose from the dam, it hurtled down South Fork Run to its mouth two miles away. The flood front had a crest 40 feet high. To point up the force and violence of that juggernaut, John B. McMaster, an engineering professor who made a painstaking study of the flood (the manuscript of which has been deposited with the Historical Society of Pennsylvania), wrote that "it would have made a stream 500 feet wide, 20 feet deep and 12 miles long. It would have taken 36 minutes to go over Niagara Falls at the same depth and velocity of the Niagara River." When it reached the confluence of the Little Conemaugh, the amount of water in that already flooded channel was doubled.

The flood crashed against the mountain on the north bank of the Little Conemaugh and washed upstream far enough to tear out an iron bridge. It swept over the evacuated village of South Fork. Then it started down the Little Conemaugh on its 14-mile sweep through a

heavy industrialized valley to Johnstown.

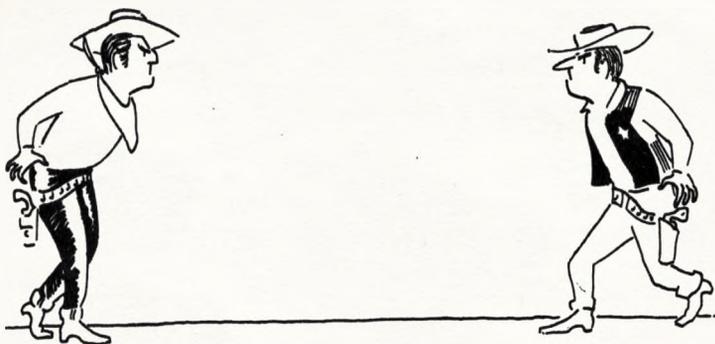
The Chicago-New York Limited, eastbound, had been waiting on the tracks just west of South Fork for five hours while railroad crews labored up the line to clear away a landslide between South Fork and Kittaning. The engineer caught sight of the flood wave bearing down on the village and immediately started the train racing across the bridge over the Little Conemaugh only a few seconds before the flood wave reached it. The water from the dam struck the bridge, tossed it into the air and carried it downstream. A freight train stacked up behind the Chicago-New York Limited was less fortunate. The flood toppled its pusher engine and carried the boxcars downstream.

In the telegraph tower west of Mineral Point, Operator Pickerill, his lines dead in both directions, had no warning of the disaster except the roar of the floodwater, followed a few moments later by the spectacle of human beings bobbing downstream on its crest. A few hundred feet west of the tower an engine waited on the tracks. Pickerill shouted down to the engineer John Hess, "The dam's broken—clear out or you'll be washed off the tracks!" Hess tied down his whistle and raced his engine backwards toward East Conemaugh. The shrieking train whistle was the only real warning received by that borough. Hess didn't stop until he reached the east end of the yards; then he jumped out of the engine and ran up Railroad street to his home, arriving in time to gather up his family and take them to the safety of a hillside. The train whistle blasted away behind him. It didn't stop until the flood picked up the engine, choked its boiler and swept it downstream.

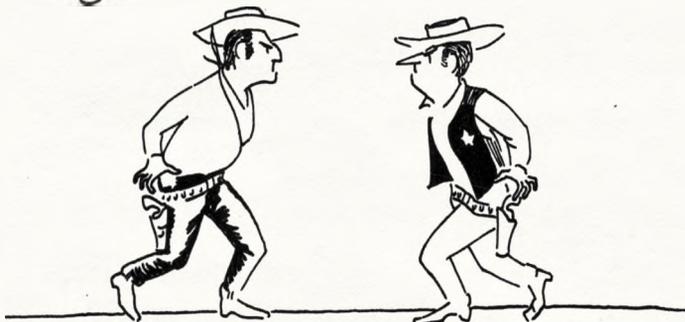
The village of Mineral Point was completely destroyed by the flood, all 32 of its houses and the woodworking plant of the Cambria Iron Company torn from their foundations. Sixteen persons lost their lives. The telegraph tower was toppled, too, but not before Operator Pickerill fled to higher ground a few yards away. The stone viaduct which carried the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad across the Little Conemaugh, 70 feet above the normal level of the river, was snapped "like a pipe of clay" and dashed to pieces.

In the East Conemaugh yards the Day Express, eastbound, was still laying over, waiting for word that the tracks near the summit had been cleared. The water kept rising on the tracks, and few of the passengers could conceal their apprehension; still, they depended on the railroad to get them out of there if the situation grew really dangerous. It was clearly the railroad's responsibility to remove them to a point of safety. The Pennsylvania always knew what it was doing; hadn't it risen to the Civil War and other emergencies with the greatest efficiency? Yet many of the passengers couldn't help feeling that the Day Express had been shunted into the yards and forgotten. Perhaps the railroad had more to worry about than 50-odd passengers and their baggage.

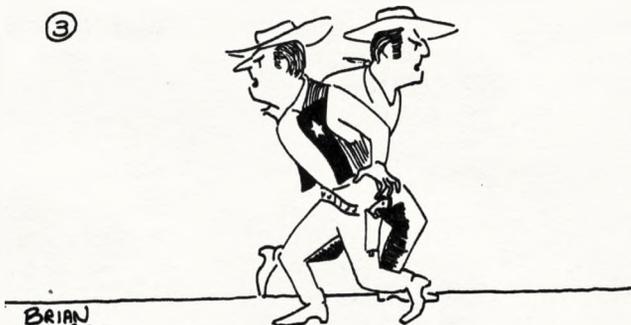
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BRIAN
AUAIG

"Howdy."

In the first section, 20-year-old Jennie Paulson, a slender and vivacious girl from Allegheny City, and her traveling companion, Elizabeth Bryan, also 20, of Philadelphia, were chattering unconcernedly. They and the children on the train were the only ones who refused to worry. At least one of the other passengers bitterly envied them their youthful unconcern. All that bothered Jennie Paulson at the moment was the fact that she was invited to attend a week-end house party at Miss Bryan's home in Philadelphia. She hoped she would be equal to the social demands of the occasion.

Near by in their Pullman seats sat

Charles A. Richwood and his bride, Edith. They had been married the previous afternoon in Pittsburgh, had endured a cramped and distressing night in transit, and were on their way to New York. They had counted on finding themselves amid the solid comforts of the Fifth Avenue Hotel by nightfall, but now they had spent hour after hour on this miserable siding and knew they would not reach New York until the early hours of the next morning.

It was getting along toward 4 o'clock, the rain kept pelting down, the river kept slowly rising.

Far up the valley was heard the approaching shriek of Engineer Hess'

whistle. People craned their necks to look up the tracks, conscious of the urgency implied in the continued whistling. Conductor Bell hurried to the platform outside the Pullman, conferred hastily with the Pullman porter, Frank Phillips, and the two brakemen on the train. They agreed the whistle must be a signal that something serious had happened upriver. The trainmen split up and hurried through the cars, calmly telling the passengers, "Please step up the hillside as quickly as possible," and refusing to discuss the order further.

A few moments later the 40-foot wall of water was bearing down on the East Conemaugh yards, blotting out the horizon.

Jennie Paulson and Elizabeth Bryan, the 20-year-old girls bound for a Philadelphia house party, were among the first passengers to heed Conductor Bell's warning and start for the hillside. Once outside the Pullman, Jennie caught at her friend's arm, staring in dismay at the dirty water swirling around her new white kid shoes.

The girls went back into the Pullman for Jennie's overshoes and were just descending the platform steps when the flood struck the car. Many days later and many miles downstream their bodies were recovered. Jennie had her overshoes on.

The newlywed Richwoods had the most frightening experience of all the survivors from the Day Express, who numbered only about a dozen. When they heard the whistle on Hess' engine, Richwood hurried out to the platform. Up the valley he beheld a seething, turbulent wall of water, whose crests seemed mountain-high, filling the entire valley and carrying everything before it as cornstalks before a gale." A moment later the first plunging wave snatched up the Pullman.

"With one hand I grasped my wife around the waist, and with the other held onto the window casing like grim death, vainly trying to resist the terrible rush of water which instantly filled the car. Through this opening I had the presence of mind to force my wife, whom I immediately followed, and we at once found ourselves making the most dizzy and fantastic convolutions in our struggle up to the surface.

"Up, and up, and up we went. We were drawn upon the floating body of a car, perhaps our own sleeper, now containing three persons, two men and one woman . . ."

Mrs. Richwood appeared to be unconscious, or nearly so, and her husband hurriedly set about trying to revive her and at the same time hold onto their precarious refuge atop the spinning, ricocheting railway car. In the bucking current other objects were hurled against the car, almost knocking them loose. Huge tree trunks battered at them, and other railroad cars, floating roofs, machinery, dead livestock and bridge timbers. Edith's eyelids fluttered a little and she regained consciousness. They clung to each other, expecting to be thrown back into the flood at any moment.

Then "the car crashed against some ob-

struction and we were thrown off. But here again Providence intervened and we were soon assisted upon a large float containing about 20 persons. Some there were with crushed and mangled limbs, others bruised, torn, and almost naked.

"We were fast approaching the north bank. Now directly in our path lay an immense structure, which proved to be part of the great steel manufactory [the Gautier wireworks], containing tons upon tons of molten metal, and from whose cupolas issued an awful hissing of steam, mingled with huge volumes of water as from the crater of some volcano . . ."

Richwood related that he saw scalded workmen floundering to the surface, then sinking to their deaths, and realized that he and his wife were being carried to a more agonizing ordeal than drowning. They caught a plank floating past and pushed away from the raft, kicking their legs as a means of propulsion. They never learned what happened to those who chose to stay on the raft as it drifted toward the cauldron formed by the Gautier works and its ruptured boilers and shattered furnaces.

"Clinging to each other, with our light float between us, we now heard ourselves being encouraged by those on the bank who had witnessed our desperate struggle. As we passed a point some 50 feet from shore we saw one of those sturdy fellows, stripped to the waist, plunge into the water, and with long, swift strokes succeed in reaching us. With untiring efforts, in which I was unfortunately too weak to assist, our deliverer succeeded in drawing us to shore, where willing hands tenderly cared for us."

The flood tossed locomotives around like so many bobbing corks and swept the East Conemaugh yards of the Pennsylvania as clean as a bowling alley. The 16-stall roundhouse and nine heavy engines under repair were carried downstream, along with hundreds of other cars, locomotives and rolling stock, and rails, ties, buildings and sheds full of equipment. There were plentiful examples of the tremendous force that had gathered behind the flood. It drove the stud bolts almost through the brass number plate on Engine No. 1019. It hurled a boxcar through the wall of the Brethren Church on Somerset street, and bore the Pennsylvania Railroad's office safe from East Conemaugh to Millville.

The casualties among the hundreds of railroad employes working in the yards and their families at home in the borough of East Conemaugh undoubtedly would have been much greater, had not Engineer Hess tied down his whistle and raced down the valley from Mineral Point in advance of the flood.

The flood next fell upon the borough of Woodvale with its full and devastating weight. Sweeping around a bend in the Little Conemaugh, the mass of water rolled over the borough like a steamroller crushing a cardboard toy village. Except for one section in the borough of Johnstown, Woodvale suffered a heavier loss of life and property than any other com-

munity in the drowned valley. It was largely a residential area, Cambria Iron's woolen and flour mills being the only local industries. Maple avenue, bowered with shade trees, was considered the most beautiful street in all the boroughs.

Woodvale's casualty rate was particularly high because so many people were caught in their houses by the flood wave, according to Charles B. Clark, compiler of the Johnstown City Directory. "Some of them, hearing the noise, attempted to run to the hills, 40 to 60 rods distant, but not many succeeded in reaching a place of safety, as the water was already too deep for rapid running; and what added to the horror of the situation, a train of freight cars was standing between them and the hill. These cars started to move with the flood, and thus many perished just at the portal of safety."

Virtually every house and shop in Woodvale was flattened by the flood or carried off downstream. All that was left standing were a stubbornly resisting fragment of the woolen mill and one wall of the flour mill.

A few of the citizens saw the flood strike the Gautier wireworks with infernal effects, exploding boilers and geysers of steam. One witness said later, "It seemed as if the whole works arose and moved forward on the water slide, as the whole came down the valley."

In its 14-mile sweep of the Little Conemaugh valley, the flood had picked up so much debris that it was practically "a moving dam driven along by the thrust of the water behind it." Yet, in a sense, this was a blessing because it choked the speed of the deluge and gave many persons time to take refuge on higher ground; every place where the valley walls grew narrower "it would jam up so tightly that for a moment the mass would cease to move," according to the study made by Professor McMaster. The temporary halts and pauses "go far to explain the slow progress of the flood."

The theoretical velocity of such a mass of water, Professor McMaster calculated, was more than 60 miles per hour. "Even allowing for friction," he stated, the distance from the dam to the borough of Johnstown "ought to have been traversed in 25 minutes." Instead it took almost exactly an hour.

A partial inventory of the wreckage hurled upon Johnstown by the flood would include the following items:

The woodworking, woolen and flour mills of the Cambria Iron Company.

The viaduct and several bridges between South Fork and Johnstown.

The Gautier wireworks and its massive furnaces, boilers and other heavy machinery.

Two hundred huge reels of steel cable and wire weighing more than 200,000 pounds.

The roundhouse and other buildings in the East Conemaugh yards of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Thirty-three locomotives, weighing from 50 to 85 tons each.

Eighteen passenger cars and 315 freight cars.

Hundreds of tons of pig iron.
An estimated 50 miles of railroad track.

Brick, stone, mortar and timber from hundreds of smashed houses.

Telegraph poles and wire between South Fork and Johnstown.

Parts of the wrecked dam.

Various types of farm machinery from the valley holdings.

Horses, cattle and human beings . . .

Thus the first gigantic wave of the flood was a battering ram of iron, steel, masonry, wood, human and animal flesh.

Actually, the flood had divided into two prongs before descending upon Johnstown. The Gautier works had split the flood front into two thundering torrents. One followed the channel of the Little Conemaugh toward the Stone Bridge. The other went charging up Jackson, Clinton and Franklin streets to an uproarious union with the Stonycreek above the confluence of the rivers.

It was 4:10 p.m. when the waters of the South Fork reservoir washed over Johnstown.

At 4:10 p.m. the bolt of water from the South Fork reservoir struck the already flooded city, just as some residents were getting ready to move their furniture back downstairs, recover their milk cows from hillside barns, and revert from the rowboat and the raft to the horse and buggy as a means of transportation. The rain was still coming down steadily, but the black clouds were yielding to gray. There was no warning that the boroughs up the Little Conemaugh had been flattened and washed away, except for the brief blast of factory whistles and the running shriek of a train whistle.

It took just 10 minutes for the waters of Conemaugh Lake to drown the city.

One of the most clear-sighted descriptions of that spectacle was furnished the *New York Sun* by a man who had watched it from the crest of Johnstown Hill:

"In an instant the deserted street became black with people running for their lives. An instant later the flood came and licked them up with one eager and ferocious lap. The whole city was one surging and whirling mass of water, which swept away house after house with a rapidity that even the eye could not follow. The course of the flood was as unreasoning as the freaks of a madman and as cunningly devised as the blows of an armed maniac running amuck. A part of the wave seemed disposed to follow the course of the stream while the other part was intent upon dashing into and through the heart of the town. The conflicting forces of the element, however, kept together until the point between Franklin and Market streets was reached. Here they separated, one current sweeping along the course of the Conemaugh to the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge and the other making the dash through the town. Thus the flood had two prongs, one as destructive as the other."

To most people the flood was simply a desperate close-up, the sudden and overwhelming rush of water, the quick scramble for a refuge or the split-second grab for a piece of wreckage to keep afloat on raging waters, the agonizing

struggle to keep one's head above the surface, the wild careening ride down the valley, a hand stretched out from some more stable fragment of the wreck and scatter of the city. Death or survival, was a matter of seconds for most. For those who survived, that splinter of time would be the most vivid moment they ever experienced.

Sixteen-year-old Victor Heiser had watched the floodwaters creep up Washington street outside his home all that day, whenever he could steal time from his books. School was out for most of his fellows but, as he wrote later, "my education was forced beyond my years." He was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Heiser, and his father, a 50-year-old veteran of the Civil War, had a stern Teutonic sense of paternal duty. Victor was going to amount to something, Victor would not disappear into the sweat and glare of the Cambria Iron Company's mills, the destiny of most of his school-mates. So, as unwilling a scholar as most healthy boys of his age, he attended public school in the daytime and learned French and German at night with a tutor. Most of the summertime was spent at a private school. He was allowed to spend one month out of the year on a farm as the "sole concession to leisure."

In the rainy darkness of late afternoon Victor was ordered by his father to look after the family's fine pair of carriage horses. The stable was on higher ground than the house, but the senior Heiser believed they should be taken to a nearby hillside for the night.

The boy had just taken the horses from their stalls and was leading them out of the stable at the rear of the house when "my ears were stunned by the most terrifying noise I had ever heard in my sixteen years of life. The dreadful roar was punctuated with a succession of tremendous crashes."

Victor glanced up at the second-floor windows of his home, where his father and mother were standing. It was his last living glimpse of them. His father motioned violently, signaling him to climb up to the red tin roof of the stable. And it was the boy's long training in absolute obedience, as it developed, that saved his life.

He clambered up to the roof of the stable only a moment before the flood hit Washington street. "From my perch I could see a huge wall advancing with incredible rapidity down the diagonal street . . . As this wall struck Washington street broadside, my boyhood home was crushed like an eggshell before my eyes, and I saw it disappear."

The stable on which he perched was able to resist the flood for only a few moments before it was ripped from its foundation and began rolling over and over like a barrel on the flood tide. "Stumbling, crawling and racing, I somehow managed to keep on top," he wrote later. He then jumped to the roof of a neighbor's house just as it and the stable were about to collide. The neighbor's house groaned and creaked under the pressure of the floodwater. Just as it was about to collapse in this hydraulic em-



brace, Victor leaped to another house which was more stoutly constructed. "For years thereafter I was visited by recurring dreams in which I have lived over and over again the fearful experience of hanging with my fingernails dug deep into the water-softened shingles, knowing that in the end I must let go." When he did let go, he landed back on the roof of the Heiser stable by one of those freaks of chance in which the flood abounded.

From the whirling rooftop, as it tore downstream toward the Stone Bridge, Victor saw his friends and neighbors go to their deaths with all the irrelevant and often grotesque effects that did not seem to belong in the midst of tragedy. He saw Mussante, the Italian fruit dealer, his wife and two children, racing along on "what seemed to be their old barn door." There was a Saratoga trunk open beside them and the Mussantes were frantically packing their possessions into it, oblivious of the terror around them, as if they were hurrying to catch an excursion train. Suddenly a mass of wreckage heaved up out of the thrashing waters and "they were crushed out of existence." Victor saw the stoutish Mrs. Fenn, his neighbor, "astride an unstable tar barrel which had covered her with its contents." He saw Dr. Lee's Negro hostler shivering on the roof of his master's house.

The shattered stable was passing a two-and-one-half-story brick house when Victor decided to seek a more promising refuge and leaped for its roof, where a small group of people were standing.

Victor Heiser was safe, for the time

being. He had looked at his watch a moment before the flood struck, when it was exactly 4:10 p.m. Already possessed of something of the detachment of the scientist, he looked at his watch again. "It was not yet 4:30; 3,000 [his estimate was far too low] human beings had been wiped out in less than ten minutes."

With a great bound the floodwaters washed over St. John's Roman Catholic and the German Lutheran churches at Jackson and Locust streets. Also destroyed were St. Mark's Episcopal, the Welsh Baptist, the Welsh Congregational and the German Reformed churches. Near St. John's stood the convent which sheltered the 13 nuns who taught in the parish school up the street. They hurried up to the second floor when the flood struck, and Sister Ignatia, who was in charge of the convent, clasped her crucifix and prayed. Somehow the flood spared their building, and all the sisters survived to be of great assistance in caring for the hundreds of injured and sick.

The flood could be whimsically merciful, and it could be freakishly, almost playfully cruel. One of its most ruthless blows was reserved for a large and happy family that lived on Locust street: John Fenn, his wife and seven children. John Fenn worked 15 hours a day in his small hardware and tin-goods store on Main street to support his brood, which added a new member every 18 months with calendar-like regularity. At 35, he looked older than his age, bent, wispy-haired, often weary and harassed—but a contented man.

Fenn was hurrying home when the flood wave struck the city. His wife was watching from the second floor of their home as it overtook him. A few seconds later the house was smashed to kindling, and Mrs. Fenn found herself and her seven children clinging to the edge of their roof, which was rocking and plunging downstream.

One by one, the children were washed off the roof and drowned—Daisy . . . John . . . Virginia . . . Genevieve . . . George . . . Bismarck . . . Francis.

Each time she made a move to save one, the flood would boil up and snatch another child.

Then there was nobody left on the roof but herself. She whirled around on the impromptu raft almost demented with shock and grief. It was she whom Victor Heiser had seen whirling downstream on a barrel, her face and body covered with tar.

Mrs. Fenn was carried three miles down the flooded valley. Rescuers grappled for her raft and hauled her ashore. Still in shock, she told them quite calmly what had happened to her and her family. Suddenly the reality of her loss penetrated the artificial calm and she wailed:

"My God, what have I to live for?"

Young Dix Tittle and his family, among the few with enough foresight to flee to the hills hours in advance of the disaster, had a perfect view of the destruction of Johnstown. Far below they could see the waters thunder over the intersection of Broad and Portage streets, where an aunt, uncle and cousin lost their lives, as they later learned. The spectacle was so awesome, Dix recalled in after years, that "many people thought the end of the world had come and prayed fervently."

The dramatic leap Conemaugh Lake took down the mountain valley was indeed accompanied by apocalyptic effects. "We heard a roar and then a terrific rush of air which snapped off trees from six to eight inches in diameter standing in the streets. Behind this moving wall of air came the water, thousands of tons of it, bearing muddy debris and many bodies."

They saw the wooden structure of the Eureka Skating Rink—half a block long—rise in a dowagerlike manner from its foundations and float down the valley, stately "as an ocean liner going down New York Harbor." A short time later, but out of sight, the skating rink was broken up and scattered; no trace of it was ever found.

They saw many people rushing to the roof of the new Hulbert House as the flood surrounded the building. The hotel looked impregnable, but suddenly it was crushed like an eggshell and collapsed. . . .

What the Tittles saw from a distance, the destruction of the Hulbert House, was tragic but impersonal. Close up, it was terrible. Most of the guests and a number of people who had taken shelter in the hotel, believing it was one of the strongest structures in the city—almost 60 persons altogether—were assembled in the

lobby and offices. When the whistles blew the alarm, F. A. Benford, the proprietor, sent his son Walter up to the roof to find out what had happened. Walter shouted down the stairs that all he could see was a cloud of dust on the horizon and it appeared to him that Prospect Hill had just caved in.

The flood struck as most of the people were running upstairs to see the supposed cave-in.

Mrs. J. L. Smith and her three children, who had been keeping to themselves after her husband brought them there for greater safety, stayed in the lobby. A little more curiosity might have saved them. They all died very quickly as the first three floors of the brick structure collapsed and the flood poured in. Smith himself stayed at his stonemasonry works down near the Stonycreek, where it was presumably much more dangerous, and survived. So did their frame house—small consolation for him—although more expensive homes in the neighborhood were swept away.

The wooden mansard roof floated free from the wreckage, and the Benfords, with a half-dozen others, did not even get their feet wet in making their escape.

One of the survivors was G. B. Hartley, of Philadelphia, who related: "When the great rush of water came, I was sitting in the parlors of the hotel. Suddenly we were startled to hear several loud shouts on the streets. These cries were accompanied by a loud crashing noise. At the first sound we rushed from the room panic-stricken.

"There was a crash and I found myself pinned down by broken boards and debris of various kinds. The next moment I felt the water surging in. I knew it went higher than my head because I felt it. The water must have passed like a flash or I would not have come out alive. After the shock I could see that the entire roof of the hotel had been carried off.

"Catching hold of something, I managed to pull myself up on the roof. The roof had slid off and lay across the street. On the roof I had a chance to observe my surroundings. Down on the extreme edge of the roof I espied the proprietor, Mr. Benford. He was nearly exhausted, and it required every effort for him to hold on to the roof.

"Cautiously advancing, I managed to creep down to where he was hanging on. I tried to pull him up, but found that I was utterly powerless. Mr. Benford was nearly as weak as myself. We did not give up, however, and in a few minutes he managed to crawl up on the roof.

"Crouching and shivering on another part of the roof were two girls, one a chambermaid of the hotel and the other a clerk in the store next to it. The clerk's arm had been torn from its socket. I took off my overcoat and gave it to her. She was in a pitiful state. A young man was caring for his mother, who had had her scalp completely torn off. He asked me to hold her head until he could make a bandage. He tore a thick strip of cloth and placed it around her head. The blood saturated it before it was well on.

"Soon after this we were rescued, more dead than alive."

Eight persons saved themselves, at least 49 lost their lives in the Hulbert House. One of the victims was a very attractive young woman whose identity was never established, nor was it determined how she came to be in the hotel. The only clue to her identity was the monogram on her clothing, "J.H.G."

The stone bridge which was 50 feet wide and accommodated the four tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad's main line to Pittsburgh, was turned into a firm and effective, only slightly leaky, dam. It crossed the Conemaugh just below the confluence of the Little Conemaugh and the Stonycreek. Solid-footed and based on seven 58-foot stone spans, it was built to last centuries (and, in fact, still carries the Pennsylvania's main line across the Conemaugh). The flood could not even shake the Stone Bridge. Partly this was because the main body of the flood, following the channel of the Little Conemaugh, struck the Westmont hillside overlooking the confluence of the rivers and spent much of its force. It still had sufficient propulsion to shatter the borough of Millville on the other side of the Conemaugh before plunging down on the boroughs of Cambria, Morrellville, Coopersdale and Sheridan Station.

Behind the Stone Bridge, however, thousands of tons of wreckage, most of the spoils of the flood's sweep of the valley, were backed up in mounds 20 to 30 feet high, covering 30 acres. Johnstown itself was converted into a lake of filthy water. The South Fork reservoir had simply transferred itself from the mountain valley to the city below, and the Stone Bridge had become a rough approximation of the South Fork dam. The great jam of debris consisted mostly of shattered houses, plus locomotives and railroad cars, steel tracks, hundreds of miles of steel cable and barbed wire, machinery, boulders, trees, animals and humans. It was so tightly jammed together—much of it actually bound with wire and cable into gigantic and unbreakable packages—that it later took days to tear, chop and blast traverses in the mountains of debris. To illustrate the force with which the flood rammed all this wreckage together, a steel rail found in the pile-up behind the Stone Bridge was twisted into a perfect letter "S".

Many people survived in the watery catacombs which honeycombed these ruins, trapped between crushed walls, between houses, under roofs. Once the main force of the flood had spent itself, an estimated 2-3,000 persons, the living and the dead, populated this accumulation of ruins. Many extricated themselves and fled over the shaky hillocks and water-filled crevasses, reached safety within an hour after the flood struck; others were rescued by their fellow citizens.

Many more were trapped in the debris when fire broke out and burned for three days and nights. Three hundred charred bodies eventually were removed from the blackened mass of drift. It was the most horrible aspect of the Johnstown disaster.

At 5:45 p.m., about an hour and a half

after the flood wave hit the city, the drift towering 15 feet above the Stone Bridge caught fire. The fire broke out in several places almost simultaneously, from live coals spilled out of a stove in a wrecked house and from a railroad car whose cargo of lime burst into flame when slaked with water. Then crude petroleum spilled from another car and gave the flames an explosive impetus. Oil-soaked bridge timbers caught fire and burned fiercely.

It was dark now, and the flames cast a lurid light over the flooded city.

Assistant Editor George Gibbs, from his still-intact vantage point on the second floor of the *Tribune* building, wrote: "Down at the bridge—what a glow it made! People were told that the wreck had been fired to clear the way, to break the jam. Well that they believed that story. St. John's Church, with a corpse in it [Gibbs referred to Mrs. Mary McNally, whose funeral services had been interrupted that morning by the rising waters], fired no one knows how, and then the houses on both sides of it. How like the guards the people watched the flames, and questioned one another. 'It's going down; it's blazing up again; it's coming this way!' Calls from roof to roof, 'What's burning now?' and answers that in the stillness succeeding the first wild hours had an awful sound."

Even those out of reach could not feel safe in the flame-streaked twilight. "Their refuge was the wreckage left behind and the few buildings that, sheltered in some way, survived the shock. But all around were buildings falling. Crash succeeded crash, wild shrieks were heard on every side, and 'our turn next' was the thought in every mind."

One of the most chillingly precise and restrained accounts, close-up, of how the fire swept the ruins backed up behind the Stone Bridge was provided by a Catholic priest, Father Trautwein, who had hurried to the scene just after the fire broke out. "A thousand persons were struggling in the ruins and imploring for God's sake to release them," he later told a *New York Sun* reporter. "Frantic husbands and fathers stood at the edge of the furnace that was slowly heating to a cherry red and incinerating human victims.

"Everyone was anxious to save his own relatives, and raved, and cursed, and blasphemed until the air trembled.

"No system, no organized effort to release the pent-up persons was made by those related to them. Shrieking, they would command, 'Go to that place, go get her out, for God's sake get her out,' referring to some loved one they wanted saved. Under the circumstances it was necessary to secure organization and, thinking I was trying to thwart their efforts when I ordered another point to be attacked by the rescuers, they advanced upon me, threatened to shoot me or dash me into the raging river.

"One man who was trying to steer a float upon which his wife sat on a mattress lost his hold and never again appeared. The anguish of the man was simply heart-rending. He raised his arms

and screamed in his mental agony, then disappeared below the surface of the waters.

"Every effort was made to save every person who was accessible, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that fully two hundred were spared from cremation. One young woman was found under the dead body of a relative. A force of men attempted to extricate her and succeeded in releasing every limb but one leg. For three hours they labored, and every moment the flames swept nearer and nearer.

"I was on the point several times of ordering the men to chop her leg off. It would have been much better to save her life even at that loss than have her burn to death. Fortunately it was not necessary, but the young lady's escape from mutilation or death was closer than she will ever realize."

A 19-year-old girl from Millville named Rose Clark was even more gruesomely trapped in the flaming debris. The flood had caught her on a Johnstown street and carried her downstream on some floating wreckage. Fortunately she found herself on top of the drift at the Stone Bridge after the main body of the flood had passed. Her head and torso were above water but she couldn't extricate her left leg from the crushed portion of a house in which it was caught. She saw flames spurt out of the drift an hour later but still hadn't managed to wriggle herself loose, although she could feel the flood-water swirling around her legs and knew

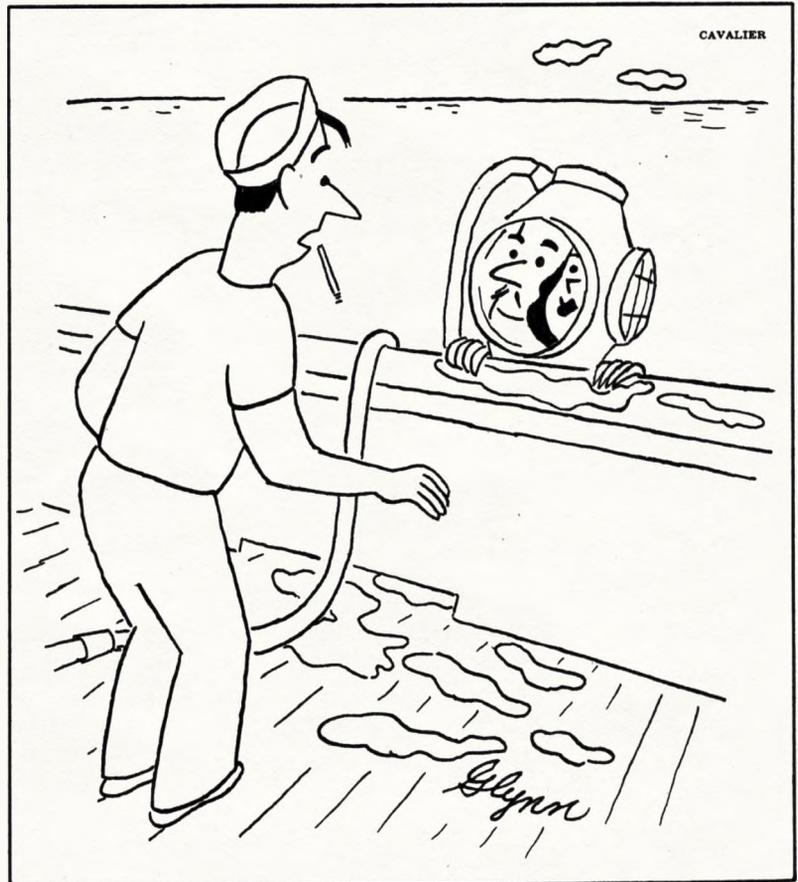
that a sudden shift in the debris beneath her might cause her to be sucked into the waters below.

Rose had the oddest sensation that some ghostly hand was clinging to her left ankle and wouldn't let her go; it held on so tightly that her foot was benumbed.

The flames came sweeping closer to the place where she was trapped. Catching a glimpse of men moving across the smoky horizon of the burning ruins, she called out to them for help. Three men came to her rescue. One carried a small axe, another had a knife in a sheath attached to his belt. They tried to pull her out of the trap and failed, although they almost wrenched her arms out of their sockets. They hacked away at the splintered boards which held her in a viselike grip, but it was something beneath them that clutched so relentlessly. Something down in the water kept her pinned to the wreckage.

One of the men risked his life to dive into the water and explore under the ledge of the drift in which she was trapped, an operation about twice as hazardous as chopping a hole in an ice-covered lake and hoping to find one's way back to light and air and life. The man disappeared so long that his companions feared that he had been caught on a snag and drowned. But he came up a moment later, his lungs bursting and his eyes bloodshot.

After climbing back onto the drift and pausing to catch his breath, he told the other two men:



"Wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. Know what's holding on to this girl's ankle? A dead man!"

"This is no time for grisly jokes," the oldest man of the rescue party said.

"It's no joke," the swimmer said. "There's a corpse with a death grip on this girl's ankle. If you don't believe it, go down and see for yourself."

"I'll have to take your word for it," the older man said wryly.

Rose had managed to keep a grip on herself, knowing that succumbing to panic might be fatal, but now she wept openly. The fire was coming so close that she could feel its breath feverish on her face. They would have to abandon her, and she would die in the flames. What frightened her almost more than the imminence of a terrible death was the thought of dying in the clutch of that dead man. She could imagine how he had made one last desperate grab to save himself, feeling warm flesh in his hands and hoping for a fleeting instant that he might save himself, then clinging to her even as death overwhelmed him. It would be horrible, somehow obscene to die in that stranger's clasp.

"Don't leave me," Rose begged the men. "If you can't get me out, don't leave me like this. You have a knife . . ."

The older man said, "We won't leave you, girl, and that's a promise."

The man who had explored under the wreckage assured her, "I'm going back down there and cut you loose. Don't worry. I know my way this time."

Again he plunged into the water-filled crevasse, and a few moments later she could feel him working at the thing which clung to her with an insensate fury and seemed to be saying, "If I die, you die too."

The swimmer hacked her ankle loose, and the other two men dragged her out of the wreckage. She fled with her three rescuers only a few minutes before the flames spread to the area where she had been trapped.

Johnstown was, in every sense of the word, a dead city.

Its population had been decimated.

All forms of communication with the outer world, telephone and telegraph, mail and rail, were blacked out.

The valley was swept clean of the Pennsylvania Railroad's main line to Pittsburgh, 20 miles of track to the east of Johnstown carried off like jackstraws, and the Baltimore & Ohio's trackage had been torn up for a mile stretch along the Stonycreek.

Six of Johnstown's 35 physicians had lost their lives, leaving a scattered and inadequate medical force to care for the hundreds of injured and sick and to cope with the possibility of epidemics—particularly typhoid and malaria—in the immediate backwash of the flood.

The police and other law-enforcement agencies were no longer functioning. The jail and its solitary prisoner were gone. The sheriff was last seen whirling down the Conemaugh on a piece of wreckage.

Except for those on the hills, most of the city's dwellings had been uprooted

and were jammed together with those of the upriver boroughs and villages in the drift behind the Stone Bridge. Most of the people were homeless and had lost everything they owned, some of them literally stripped to the skin.

The gas and electric-light works had been destroyed and there was a continuing danger of explosion from the natural-gas mains, which might destroy what was left of the city.

Every factory, mill and shop from Mineral Point to Sheridan Station was either in ruins or covered with layers of water and silt.

Food and medical supplies, clothing and blankets, were swept away with everything else.

It was a dead city, cut off from the world by flooded rivers.

The next day, Saturday, June 1, dawned bright and clear. The rivers were perceptibly lower, the water in the streets of the drowned boroughs was sinking, and the fires in the churches and other buildings were burning themselves out. The worst, barring another storm, was apparently over. Or was it? Perhaps the worst was still to come, even under the cheerful June sunshine—the immense job of cleaning up, the agonizing scenes as families sorted themselves out and counted up their private casualty lists, the recovery and identification of the dead, the prevention and control of disease, the overwhelming task of rebuilding.

By now the outside world was well aware of Johnstown's plight. Downriver towns knew what had happened an hour or two after the city was destroyed, not merely from the masses of wreckage which escaped from the barricade of the Stone Bridge but more alarmingly from the number of animal and human bodies that were swept downstream. Telegraph operators on the all-but-submerged tower at Sang Hollow, four miles below Johnstown, were plucking people out of the river and hauling them onto their roof soon after the flood struck the city. At Bolivar, people on the flooded banks of the Conemaugh grappled for and removed 11 corpses, plus one small boy who had miraculously kept himself alive in the terrifying process of being dashed downstream. Two hundred and fifteen bodies were recovered at the river town of Ninevah, which became known as "The New Golgotha" in the newspapers. Other bodies were found to have been snagged in the branches of the chestnut trees lining the deep cut of the Pack-saddle gorge where the Conemaugh emerged from the mountains, rose above the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks and swelled over the treetops for a short time. In Pittsburgh, too, on that corpse-ridden Saturday, watchers on the banks of the Allegheny began fishing out the flood's victims; towns on the Ohio and even the Mississippi were reporting that they had recovered bodies from Johnstown.

The flood exhibited enough freakish benevolences to furnish its survivors with conversation pieces for years.

There was a couple married just before the flood came, according to the

story picked up by a New York Sun reporter. The whole wedding party ran up to the second floor, then the third, in the home of the bride's parents. They all stayed through the night in those cramped quarters. Shortly after daybreak the bride and groom, their parents and the wedding guests, emerged from the house in all their finery and picked their way over the wreckage, the ladies squealing in fear of soiling the hems of their gowns in the muddy water, so absorbed in this performance that they did not consider the possibility of sinking into the oozing wreckage and being trapped below. When they reached safety, the dangers they had just surmounted became apparent to them, and one lady promptly collapsed.

Some of the city's livestock had amazing and often inexplicable escapes. A mare standing in a downtown alley was engulfed by the flood. Several days later she was found in a stable a half mile away, muddy but unhurt. Rescue crews digging under two wrecked freight cars a few days after the flood found a stable buried under them. Inside, dry and snug, they found a cow chewing on her cud, a small dog barking at the cow, and five angry hens clucking at the dog.

The Victorian modesty of the women sometimes hampered rescue operations. Men working through the wrecked houses outside the rough triangle formed by the burning drift behind the Stone Bridge found women hiding in several of the attics, yelling for help and at the same time ordering the men to stay at a respectable distance. Realizing this was not an ordinary case of feminine perversity, the men finally had to deduce what the trouble was, the women refusing to discuss such a delicate matter.

The women had lost most of their clothing and were huddled in dark corners in their torn chemises and other unmentionables. They refused to be helped out but shrieked every time the men started to move on to more tractable victims of the flood. Finally, hunger triumphing over modesty, the women agreed to climb down on two conditions: the men would have coats or blankets waiting to cover their nakedness, and, on their word of honor, they would turn their backs while the women descended. The mission was finally accomplished in an agony of mutual embarrassment.

Even less apropos than ultra-modesty was a billboard standing just east of the Pennsylvania Railroad station. Untouched by the flood, it was plastered with a three-sheet advertising the Opera House appearance of the *Night Off* company then straggling through the hills to the east. Its red, white and black colors provided a garish contrast to the subsequent sight of coffins stacked at the depot and the waiting room temporarily converted into a morgue.

"INTENSELY FUNNY," the sign's tallest capitals proclaimed, until days later when someone tore down the inappropriate sentiment.

Two-thousand-two-hundred people had died—only 600 less than The Union lost in the battle of Gettysburg. •



FLOYD COLLINS IN SAND CAVE

Continued from page 44

It was noon when Doyle, Estes, Marshall and Father reached the cave. A crowd had already gathered around the entrance. Marshall quickly organized a rescue party and they entered the hole. Of those who accompanied Marshall only Lewis Brown stayed with him all the way. Lewis Brown was a Negro who worked as a "trailer" at Mammoth Cave, bringing up the rear of touring parties to see that no stragglers became separated from the rest of the party. When Marshall finally contacted Floyd, although they were separated by no more than 20 feet, he could not find the place where Floyd had gone down.

"I don't see any hole," Marshall said. "How did you get down there?"

"You must be in the wrong place," Floyd answered.

Marshall went back about 20 feet in the lateral tunnel which was about 10 feet higher than Floyd's head, and he found a hole where Floyd had been digging. There was a bag full of sand on the floor of the passage at that point. Marshall started into this hole, but soon found that it came to a dead end where Floyd had stopped digging. He backed out of this blind alley and called to Floyd again.

"I went into one hole up here, but it's blocked up."

"Was there a sandbag where you went in?" Floyd asked.

"Yes."

"Well, that's the wrong place. I was using that sandbag to kneel on while I dug there, but I gave that hole up after awhile. Come back to the other end of the tunnel and you'll find a narrow crevice that's just about over my head; it's a little pit about 10 feet deep. Be careful as you come down it—don't knock any rocks on me."

Marshall found the crevice and peered down into it, but still he could not see Floyd who was hidden beneath a ledge of rock.

"It looks to me like this thing has fallen in some, Floyd; I can't get through it. Don't worry though, we'll dig it out and get down to you."

And so the rescue work began. Marshall and Louis Brown stayed there digging without letup the rest of the day, gradually enlarging the crevice. Marshall had been sick and was in no condition to be working in the cold muck, but he would not leave the cave. Saturday afternoon passed and still they were not able to squeeze through the small pit leading down to Floyd. This pit, or crevice, just above his head was no more than 10 feet from top to bottom, but it separated him from his rescuers all day Saturday, at the same time permitting them to talk to him with ease.

After the boy in Cave City told me that Floyd was trapped I immediately sped

toward Sand Cave. I kept repeating to myself:

"If only I had stayed to help him when he asked me . . ."

On arriving at Ed Estes' place I parked my car on the side of the road and ran across the field.

A crowd of spectators was rapidly growing—sightseers who could see nothing—bystanders who got in the way and added to the confusion. Curiosity was beginning to play its terrible part. There were 50 to 100 people standing around, and numerous campfires were burning on top of the bluff. The snow which covered the ground was being melted by these fires and the water was running over the bluff into the cave. There were icicles hanging from the ledges.

When I arrived at the entrance I asked if Floyd had been removed from the hole yet. They informed me that he was still trapped, but that it was possible to talk to him. There was a lantern standing nearby, so I grabbed it and started in.

On entering the hole I found that it made a vertical drop of about eight feet. From there on it sloped steeply downward. I proceeded feet first. The floor of the passage was covered with mud from the water that was running in. I came to the first tight squeeze, and found many would-be rescuers who would not or could not get through it. There were

about a dozen men in the passage in front of the squeeze. As I crawled past them I asked if anyone had been to Floyd. Apparently none of them had. I noticed some whiskey bottles on the ledges and saw that a few of the men in the tunnel were drunk. The air was filled with cigarette smoke.

I wiggled through the squeeze and left these men behind. From the way the passage turned as it dropped down, I figured that it must be doubling back under itself. In one place it seemed to be shaped like a corkscrew. Finally I reached a level stretch of tunnel at the end of which was the pit leading down to Floyd. Oscar Logston, German Dennison, and my brother Marshall, were working in this part of the tunnel. They were the only men that I had encountered after leaving the first squeeze. Oscar Logston was at the top of the pit over Floyd, trying to enlarge the opening so that he could get through. I shouted down to Floyd.

"Floyd, are you all right?"

"That's my old buddy, Homer," he answered. "I knew you'd be coming down to help me. I'm not hurt, but my left leg is caught in a crevice. Watch out for loose rocks up there—my head is right at the bottom of the pit you have to come down through."

The others had not been able to squeeze through, and no one had been down to where they could reach Floyd up to that time. I was about the same size as Floyd, so I figured that if he could get down I ought to be able to. Oscar told me that he didn't think I could make it. I still had my city clothes on, so I backed up to a spot where there was room enough to sit up and began taking it off. I stripped down to my underwear and





They're Pierre's. He's in the den reading Cavalier

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even removed my shoes before starting down into the pit.

I left my lantern at the top to be lowered down to me after I reached the bottom. It was very difficult to get through this hole because of the sharp, jutting rocks. The tight squeeze was bad enough, but the burry-rock dug into my flesh as I forced my way through, going down feet first. At the bottom I began to feel around with my feet and I shuddered as my feet came down on Floyd's head. There was barely room enough to crouch in the barrel-sized cubby hole into which his head protruded. I called up for the lantern which was lowered to me on the rope that Floyd had fastened in the tunnel up above.

When the lantern arrived I saw for the first time how completely helpless Floyd was. His face lying against a rock which pressed his nose to one side. Both of his arms were pinned in the crevice alongside his body so that he could not use his hands which were completely out of sight. Gravel and mud had poured into the crevice around his body. He was lying on his left side, turned somewhat on his back. Water was dripping steadily in on him from above, and there was no way for him to avoid it. His lantern was lying there in front of him with the globe broken.

"How come your lantern is up here and your hands are caught at your side that way?" I asked.

I pushed it through first," he said, "before trying to get through myself. If you can dig away some of this gravel and enlarge the crevice, I'll have my hands free. It's my left foot that's caught by a rock. Once I get it free I can get out of here."

I began removing the gravel from around his body. There was no place to dispose of the rocks, so I told the men up above to bring down some sort of a small bucket which could be used to raise the material out of the pit. They passed the word along the tunnel to the outside.

It was Saturday night and Floyd had been in the cave since early Friday morning with nothing to eat.

"I'm awfully hungry," he said.

I yelled up to Oscar Logston to send out for some food. The word was relayed along the tunnel. Ed Estes had his wife prepare some food for Floyd. About an hour after the message was sent the food arrived. There were nine sausage sandwiches and a pint bottle of coffee. With all the rock that I had removed while waiting for the food to arrive, Floyd still could not get his hands to his mouth. I held his head up for him and placed the food in his mouth.

That strange meal was like a feast to Floyd. I crouched there holding his head away from the rock, feeding him like a baby. He had lost a great deal of energy and was very hungry. It was obvious that he was in pain and his strength diminishing, but in spite of his suffering he did not complain. I could not help crying. After feeding him I dug furiously, piling the gravel at my side in the cubby hole. A one gallon syrup bucket was lowered to me after a while. I filled the

bucket with the loose rock which I dug away from around Floyd's body. Oscar Logston pulled it up and dumped it in the hole, some twenty feet away, where Floyd had first dug before trying the one in which he was stuck.

"I can move my right foot a little," Floyd said. "I've worked the boot off my right foot, but I can't get to the other one. If I didn't have that heavy boot on, I believe my left foot would slide through."

I continued digging the gravel away from around his body. It seemed that as fast as I removed it, more kept sliding in. Meanwhile Floyd remained perfectly calm.

"It's a venturesome thing to explore," he said. "I guess we're all subject to it." "Did you find anything down there?" I asked.

"Oh, my, yes," he said. "I've been in a big cave, but there's no formation. It looked to me like the walls were smoked. If ever I get out of here I'm never going back in it again."

The icy water dripping steadily on his face was maddening. No matter how he turned he could not avoid it.

"Where's all this water coming from?" he asked. "It was not nearly so wet when I came in here."

"It's from the snow melting outside," I said. "There's a big crowd of people around the bluff and they have bonfires. I suppose the water is running over the bluff into the cave."

"The way that water is coming in," Floyd said, "I'm afraid it's going to foul up the tunnel I dug. It will have to be timbered up to keep from caving in."

I remembered that one side of the tunnel was solid rock, while the other was loose material. When Floyd dug through this tunnel it was dry and there was very little danger of the wall caving in. Furthermore, since he had been the only one using the tunnel, there had been no one blundering against the loose wall, making it unsafe by dislodging the rocks. But now that it was wet, and with so many inexperienced people passing through, there was considerable danger of a slide blocking the tunnel. Already the floor of the tunnel had been converted into an ooze of mud and gravel.

Floyd had used a number of burlap sacks to tow material out of the tunnel as he dug through. I wrapped these around him in order to protect him from the ever increasing flow of water. I covered as much of his body as possible, punching the burlap sacks into the crevice around his shoulders, and covering his face. He was greatly relieved to be free of the icy drip which had tortured him so long.

I had been in the cave for eight hours trying to free Floyd. He wanted me to go out and rest as I was cold, wet, tired and bruised. But my own discomfort was small compared to his. Finally I became too exhausted to work anymore. The flesh was exposed on my fingers from digging with my bare hands. Being clad only in my underwear, I was shivering violently.

"You had better leave, Homer," Floyd said. "See if you can get Johnny Gerald; he can help me. And try to get John

Adwell and Dave Johnson, too."

All three of these men were experienced in exploring caves.

"And when you come back bring an oilcloth down to keep this water from dripping on me," he said as I was leaving.

Oscar Logston helped me out of the pit up into the tunnel. I put my clothes on again and returned to the surface. When I came out of the cave it was Sunday morning. Although I had spent eight hours trying to release Floyd, both of his arms were still pinned in the crevice. I had removed a couple of bushels of gravel from around him with my bare hands, but more had slid in. At any rate he was resting more comfortably than before and had received some food. My new suit was muddy and torn. I changed into some old clothes and got a pair of shoes from German Dennison to replace the dress shoes that I was wearing.

That Sunday morning I was nearly hysterical. There were many people standing around at the entrance just looking on. I screamed at them to get out of the way if they couldn't help. It was no use; they paid no attention to me.

The news of Floyd's entrapment had spread rapidly. Newspaper reporters began to arrive on the scene. They asked me about Floyd and I told them they could find out by going down to where he was trapped. It made me furious to see these curiosity seekers standing idly around while Floyd was down there suffering. The reporters cornered everyone who came out of the cave and received conflicting stories—most of them from men who had never been past the first squeeze.

Many men went into the tunnel that Sunday. Most of them never got close enough to Floyd to talk to him. Some of them were physically incapable, others did not even try. But they came out of the cave with wild stories to feed the waiting reporters. One man stated that he had been to Floyd and found him dead. This was quickly refuted by another rescue worker.

The final squeeze just above Floyd's head was so narrow that only a small man could reach him. I weighed 160 pounds and was just barely able to get through. I needed some small, wiry men who could work in the cramped space where Floyd was trapped and dig through to reach the rock that was pinning his foot.

Outside the cave there was nothing but confusion. I tried to organize a crew to work in shifts down in the hole next to Floyd, as one man could not work there effectively for a great length of time. I had no success in organizing such a party. After awhile I gave up in disgust, deciding to go back myself rather than waste any more precious time.

Meanwhile, amid all the confusing reports coming out of the cave, my brother Marshall offered a reward of \$500 to anyone who would go down next to Floyd and find out for sure if he was still alive. Someone went into the cave, taking up Marshall's offer, and returned shortly afterward saying that it had caved in. He

claimed that the passage was blocked and Floyd could not be reached. I knew that a few rocks might have fallen, but not enough to make it impossible to pass. I was thoroughly disgusted with the reports of all these men who knew nothing of caves and were contributing to the general confusion.

"I'm going in and find out the facts," I said to Marshall.

It was late Sunday afternoon when I entered the cave for the second time. Some rocks had fallen, but there was no cave-in as had been reported. The passage was still open. The rocks had probably been knocked loose by the passing of so many people who had carelessly brushed against the loose wall. I went down to Floyd and once again started digging around his body.

He seemed to be in pretty good condition in spite of the fact that he had been in the cave for two-and-a-half days. His hopes were high. I noticed that the water was dripping in faster than ever, making the rescue work very difficult. I placed an oilcloth over him to shield his head from the maddening drip and fed him again. There was a crow-bar lying in the tunnel which he had used while working in the passage.

"If you can slide that crow-bar into my hand," Floyd said, "I believe I can get my foot loose."

His arms were still pinned at his side. The crow-bar had to be poked into the crevice alongside his body until he could get a grip on it. In this way I placed it in his hand and he began working on the rock above his foot. Every movement pained him. He tried as best he could to dislodge the rock, but his awkward position, the lack of space, and his weakened condition were all against him. He finally gave up the attempt.

I had decided to try and chip away the rock above him in order to make room enough to squeeze over his body and reach his legs. The boulder directly above him weighed several tons; it was solid limestone. I had carried a ball-peen hammer and a chisel down with me to chip away the rock. I started to work on it, but Floyd stopped me.

"That boulder is just wedged in there, Homer, and if you hammer on it, it may move. I'm afraid that if you jar that rock it will crush me."

I gave up that plan and tried again to remove the gravel from around his body. Not having slept for a couple of days, I was completely exhausted.

I cannot blame those who did not reach Floyd, for I don't believe I would have done it myself had anyone else been in there. For those who did reach him and tried to save him, I have the greatest admiration. When it became evident that I was not going to be able to get him loose on that trip, he made a request.

"I'm awfully cold, Homer, I believe that a whiskey toddy like Mother used to make would help me out."

"Now don't get me any moonshine," he said, "I want some good stuff."

"I'll do my best, Floyd," I answered. I had spent about eight hours again on this second trip into the cave. I left

him, promising to bring him a toddy the next time. When I returned to the surface it was Monday morning. Floyd had been in the cave three days. I wondered how much longer he could hold out.

There were more newspaper reporters gathered around the entrance. By this time I could not stand the sight of reporters or curiosity seekers. Men had been running in and out of the tunnel telling the reporters that Floyd was dead, that he was alive, that he was still trapped, that he was free, that the tunnel had collapsed—and all the while they were making the rescue efforts more difficult. A small thin fellow approached me as I was drying off from my trip in the cave.

"I hear that you are the brother of the fellow who's trapped in the cave," he said.

I looked him over.

"I judge you're another reporter."

"Yes, I am from the *Courier-Journal* in Louisville."

This slender young fellow was William Burke "Skeets" Miller, who later won a Pulitzer prize for his coverage of the story. He was unknown then and, to me, just another newsman.

"Now if you want some information about this thing," I told him, "there's the hole right over there. You can go down and find out for yourself."

To my surprise he accepted the challenge. As he was getting ready to go into the cave I advised him how to proceed, but he was too excited to pay any attention to me. I followed him a short distance into the tunnel, then came back out.

Miller was extremely small, so he had no great difficulty in getting past the tight squeezes. He managed to reach Floyd's side and saw for himself what the situation was. At last a reporter could give the world a first hand account of the situation. This was most fortunate, as there had been so many false stories given out. Miller was so impressed by Floyd's condition that he joined in the rescue work.

Before entering the cave again I had to fulfill my promise to Floyd and get him a toddy. Since it was Prohibition we had to get the whiskey on prescription from a drugstore.

We rushed back to the cave where an enormous crowd was now gathered. Cars were parked bumper to bumper alongside the road and in the fields nearby. Oscar had the whiskey bottle in plain view as we approached the cave entrance, for we had no reason to hide it. I was trying to get some sort of container to mix the toddy in before taking it down to Floyd. While we were getting ready to go in a deputy sheriff named Turner happened to see Oscar holding the whiskey. He confiscated the bottle which was still sealed.

"There's not going to be any whiskey going down there," Turner said.

I quickly explained to him that Floyd had requested it, but he would not give it back. At this I could no longer control my temper. Having promised Floyd that I would bring him a toddy, I was determined to carry out that promise.

"My brother is down there in the icy

water and mud," I shouted in tears. "He called for this and he's going to get it."

He still refused and I was furious.

"You're supposed to be the law—why don't you get these people away from here? Look how their campfires are melting the snow. The water is running over the bluff into the cave, and Floyd is down there helpless. We're trying to do something for him—those people are hurting him."

My plea was useless. Turner was determined to stop the drinking which had gotten out of hand around the cave. He was merely doing his duty, but at that time I could not see it that way.

Oscar said to me: "Homer, you know I can't get through that last squeeze, but I'll stay up in the tunnel and help you all I can. Maybe we can get enough rock out of there to free Floyd."

Oscar and I went into the cave immediately. The old bucket which we had been using was badly battered, so we got a new one to replace it. A one gallon syrup bucket was about the largest container that could be hauled up through the tight squeeze above Floyd's head. We fastened a wire around the bucket for extra strength.

This time we took a blow torch with us to work on the large boulder which formed the ceiling of Floyd's prison. Limestone has this peculiar property: it will crumble to pieces under intense heat.

Oscar and I went into the cave with high hopes of success. When we reached Floyd I scrambled down through the squeeze to Floyd's side, while Oscar remained just above in the tunnel, ready to haul out the loose rock. I told Floyd of my plan to use the blow torch and he agreed to let me try. Crouching in the cubby hole next to Floyd's head with the blow torch in my hand, I tried to light it, but it would not work. For quite some time I worked with it, trying to get it started, but with no success. Finally I gave up in despair.

"The thing just won't work," I said. "We'll have to dig."

Time was so important down there that I could not afford to waste a minute. I began digging without further delay. Floyd did not say much and I was too tired to talk.

I filled the bucket time after time. Oscar hauled it up, dumped the rocks, sent the bucket back down to me. By removing enough material from under Floyd, I hoped to lower his body to a point where I could reach over the top of him. It was very difficult because of the fact that his body took up all the space, leaving no room in which to work. I could not reach past his shoulders. And always more gravel kept shifting in.

In all this time Floyd never doubted that we would be able to free him. He had the greatest faith and boundless patience. He was calm all the time, cooperating in every way with our efforts. He was always concerned over our safety and comfort never complaining about his own.

I worked desperately removing the gravel from around him. Slowly the results began to show. After removing

enough gravel from beneath him, his body gradually lowered in the crevice until there was enough room to reach over the top of him. Soon I was able to get past his shoulders. At last I opened enough space to see his hands . . . the flesh was torn from his fingers where he had been clawing at the rocks! I shuddered at the grisly sight. Then I turned my eyes away and began digging again.

Floyd told me that he thought his foot might be free. Perhaps it was numb and the lack of feeling gave him this impression. He suggested that we tie a rope around his body and try pulling him out. This sounded like a good idea to me, for now I had removed enough material from the crevice to make it possible to fasten a rope around his chest. I decided to have a harness made to slip around his chest. With a rope attached to the harness several men could pull from up in the tunnel and perhaps we would be able to release him.

If we did pull him out in this way it would undoubtedly mean a broken ankle and extreme pain, but anything was better than to leave him as he was. Before leaving him I freed both of his hands; they had been pinned in the crevice alongside his body for four days.

Tuesday morning I went to Cave City in order to get a harness that would fit around his chest. A shoemaker made one for me. It consisted of a wide leather belt with a ring on it for attaching a rope. I returned to the cave with the harness and gathered some men to help me pull Floyd out. "Skeets" Miller and Lieutenant Burden of the Louisville Fire Department followed me into the tunnel. I went down through the squeeze to attach the harness to Floyd, while the others stayed in the tunnel just above us, ready to pull on the rope.

When I reached Floyd he was working the crow-bar trying to dislodge the rocks above his legs. The few inches that I had lowered his body on my previous trip gave him enough freedom to use the bar himself. He was punching at the rocks with all his strength, but in his weakened condition, after five days of lying on the wet rocks, his strength was nearly gone. Furthermore, it was not just the one rock holding his foot in the crevice, but several others which he had kicked loose when his right foot was free. Of course, if that one rock which formed such a perfect wedge over his left ankle could have been moved, we could easily have pulled him out.

I explained our plan to Floyd, showing him the harness that I intended to use. He told me to go ahead. The belt was strapped around him with some difficulty, and the rope was attached to the steel ring. Directly above us were Skeets Miller, Lieutenant Burden, Oscar Logston and German Dennison. Farther up along the tunnel there were several other men whose names I can't recall.

From my position next to Floyd I shouted directions up to the others. We began to pull. The belt tightened as the men strained at the rope. It was difficult for them to find traction in the slimy mud. There was considerable friction on the rope where it passed over the right angle turn from the lateral tunnel down into the crevice. But there were enough men hauling on the rope to overcome these disadvantages. Floyd's body moved. I could see that he was in great pain. It looked as though he were being torn apart. Finally he could stand it no longer and cried in agony!

"Stop! I can't stand it! It's going to

pull me in two!"

I tried to stop them from hauling on the rope, but was not able to do so immediately. Floyd was suffering terribly.

"It's breaking my back—stop them!" he pleaded.

I was becoming frantic myself. I pulled down on the rope and shouted: "Stop! You'll kill him!"

I tried to keep them from hurting him any more by pulling on the rope against them. They finally got the word and the rope slackened. Floyd was in agony. His body had moved forward a few inches, but his foot was still caught the same as before. It seemed as though he had been stretched out.

Floyd's cries of pain had completely unnerved me. The idea of pulling him out was given up. I left the harness on him and began digging. It seemed that the only way to release him without killing him was to enlarge the space around his body until a small man could crawl over the top of him and remove the rock.

I had been able to remove enough material to get past his shoulders and free his hands, so I figured that at the same rate it should not take too long to reach his legs. If we could only keep a small man working next to Floyd at all times we would soon have him free. The problem was to find enough men of this type to keep the work going continuously, and most important, to organize their efforts. The trouble was that each man had his own idea of how to go about effecting the rescue, and no single method was followed through. An organized effort in one direction was needed. There was too much confusion—too many new "experts" constantly arriving, each with his own plan—and too much "curiosity" cluttering the area with onlookers.

While I was digging, Floyd told me to



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stop for a moment. I stopped and he lay there as if he were listening to something.

"Homer, I keep hearing rocks falling down into the pit behind me. I believe there's a hole in the ceiling back behind my feet that those rocks are coming through. It must lead to the tunnel just above us. Maybe they can get to me that way. I remember seeing a small hole up there when I first came in."

There was, in fact, a hole in the tunnel up above, although I had not noticed it up to that time. It was not large enough to get through, and it was being used as a handy disposal for the material which was being dug out of the crevice.

"I don't think we'll be able to get down through it," I said, "but we'll do something. We're going to get you out."

I was not anxious to work on that project myself, for I felt that I could do more good working next to Floyd. Time was running short and I was afraid that it would be too late to start on a new project. The hole was very small and had been filled with rocks. It was about 10 feet above him, and that would mean 10 feet of digging through the rock, assuming that it did come out behind him. Now that I could almost reach his feet I did not want to change my approach.

When I became too exhausted to continue digging, I arranged his cover to protect him from the water, and headed for the surface. When I left the cave I met Johnny Gerald's at the entrance. I told him about the hole which might possibly go down behind Floyd, suggesting that he might try working it out. My nerves were badly shaken by the last trip, my body bruised and cut by the knife-like edges of the rocks, and the lack of sleep was beginning to tell on me. They rushed me to the Dixie Hotel in Cave City where I was put under the doctor's care. I faintly remember someone warning me: "You had better stay out or there'll be another Collins boy trapped in there."

At the Dixie Hotel my cuts were treated and I was ordered to rest. I had been in the hotel for about two hours when one of the reporters who was staying there told me that Floyd had been released. I immediately put on my clothes and slipped out of the hotel. There were no cars or wagons that I could use at that hour, so I went out on the road and hitchhiked to the cave. There was still a large crowd at the entrance. I asked someone, "Have they brought Floyd out yet?"

"No."

"Well, are they bringing him out now?"

"They can't bring him out; he's still trapped."

"Then I'm going back in the cave again and get him out!" I cried.

"There are quite a few men in the tunnel and you can't go in," the man said. "You are in no condition to be going in the cave; you're too weak. You had better rest up for a while if you want to do any good."

Dejectedly I climbed back up the hill and lay down on a cot, wondering what to do next. The rumor that Floyd was

free had been started by Floyd himself. "Skeets" Miller had gone into the cave and found the passage just above Floyd blocked by a rock fall. He was able to shout to him, however, and Floyd yelled back that he was free. Miller questioned him further and Floyd then admitted that he was still trapped. Why he told Miller that he was free I don't know. Perhaps he was afraid that his rescuers might give up hope, and wanted to spur them on.

So far I have related only my own attempts to rescue Floyd. There were, of course, literally hundreds of people who contributed their efforts. I cannot name them all, nor can I describe in detail the contributions that they made.

From all over the country came a continual influx of so-called well-intentioned men who were good in their fields but had no knowledge of caves. Hard feelings developed between experienced helpers and some of these "outsiders." Factions began to develop, and some harsh words were passed among the opposing groups. There were reports of threats among the rescue workers. The tension was high.

Meanwhile the human chain in the tunnel was contributing to the collapse of the loose wall. The members of this chain were unwittingly closing the only path of rescue. Floyd himself had foreseen this possibility early in the struggle. The men who were cluttering the tunnel, gradually weakening the loose wall of the passage should have been working to timber it up—but there was much confusion.

At the entrance of the cave Floyd's dog, *Obie*, kept constant vigil for his master. He would hardly eat, and many times I had to warn people not to pet him. *Obie* had often waited for Floyd at the entrance of a cave while Floyd was inside exploring. Floyd used to leave his hat, coat, or some other article outside and *Obie* would stay there until Floyd returned. No one could touch those articles while *Obie* guarded them. Now *Obie* was waiting again, but Floyd had been gone a long time. The dog would lie there on the ground watching the entrance then get up, walk over to the hole, and peer inside. He seemed to be asking, "Where is my master? What is keeping him so long this time?" He would stand there for awhile looking into the hole, then turn and walk slowly away. We could not get him to leave, and he was practically starving to death as he lay there waiting for Floyd. He was a one-man dog.

A small city had sprung up around the cave. The moonshiners were in their glory. Floyd was trapped on Friday. By Monday the area began to take on the atmosphere of a carnival, with much drinking, cursing and fighting in the area around the cave. Irresponsible people went into the tunnel with great fanfare, stayed for a short while just out of sight, then returned with wild tales of conditions inside the cave. The food which they were to carry to Floyd was later found lying on the ledges all along the passage. The air was filled with rumors. Someone said that there was no one trapped in the cave at all—that the whole thing was just a publicity stunt.

In Cave City, five miles away, people arrived by the thousands on their way to visit the cave where Floyd Collins was trapped. The hotels were filled and prices skyrocketed. The road leading in from Cave City was lined with automobiles. Crowds of people wandered along the road and through the fields. Moonshine was plentiful and drinking was in the open—there was no law. This was bitter irony after we had been prohibited earlier from giving Floyd a toddy.

On top of the bluff overlooking the cave entrance, and in the fields there around, dozens of large campfires burned. The melting snow found its way into the cave. The passage became muddier. The loose wall became weaker. Fools and drunks blundered through the passage, speeding the work of the water. Far beneath the ground, a million miles removed from all this, Floyd waited in silence.

* * * *

The cave, which had been just another hole up to that time, received its name during the rescue work. It was called Sand Cave. Actually this name was misleading, since it gave the impression that the cave was developed in sandstone. It is true that there was sand rock at the entrance and some sandstone inside the tunnel, but the cave itself was in limestone. The walls of the passage where Floyd was trapped were limestone; the pit which lay beneath him had limestone walls. It was a limestone rock which had wedged his foot in the crevice. There was no more reason to call this cave Sand Cave than any of the others in the region. All of them lie beneath a sandstone capping. (These caves which have been commercialized are perfectly safe. No tourist need ever have the slightest fear in any of them.)

Suggestions poured in through the mail telling us how we should go about getting Floyd out of the hole. They seemed ridiculous to anyone who had been down to him, but they illustrate the confused thinking that prevailed and the faulty conception of the cave which most people had. They could not understand why we didn't go in with a drill and dig past him until we could lift the rock off his leg. Those who realized that the passage was extremely small in diameter made the mistake of over-simplifying the picture. They imagined it as being like a pipe. Only those who actually reached Floyd were able to understand the difficulties involved. It was a peculiar situation—a combination of many factors, all of which were working against us. The icy water, the mud, the knife-edged rocks, the tight squeezes, the twisting tunnel, the huge boulder above Floyd's body which threatened to crush him if it were jarred, the danger of a collapse in the tunnel, the shifting gravel which surrounded his body—these were some of the conditions which had to be overcome. It looked almost hopeless.

It was now suggested that Floyd's leg be amputated. One account had it that I offered a reward to any surgeon who would perform the operation. This is not true: I was never in favor of amputation.

If there *had* been room enough to perform the operation, it would not have been needed. If we could have gotten to his leg to amputate it, then we could have moved the rock which was holding him. It was not yet possible to climb over his body; as soon as that was possible we would be able to free him. Nevertheless the idea persisted in the minds of those who had no conception of the actual conditions.

If we had been able to amputate, it would have meant almost certain death for Floyd. That cold, muddy, dripping crevice was not much of an operating table. Furthermore, Floyd was in such a weakened condition that he could not have survived the shock.

But even if all the obstacles were overcome (which would have been a miracle), he would still have to be dragged out of the cave. It was difficult enough for a healthy man to crawl out under his own power; to pull a man out who was unconscious, with a bleeding stump of a leg dragging over the rocks and mud, would have been inconceivable. There was no need to argue about the results of such an operation, however, for it was impossible to perform in the first place. There was only one way to save Floyd, which was to get at the rock that was holding his foot.

There had been a great deal of talk about sinking a shaft. I was opposed to the idea on the grounds that it would take too much time. Furthermore it would be necessary to blast, causing the loose rock of the tunnel to fall in. I was sure that Floyd could not stay alive for as long as it would take them to reach him. The shaft would have to be sunk lower than his body in order to be of any value. Those who favored the shaft claimed that it could be dug in a few days. Granting that this was possible I argued that the blasting might cause a fatal rock fall. The chief exponents of the shaft were mostly men who had not been down to Floyd.

It was a crucial time, for now we were almost able to reach the rock that was holding him. I tried to have the area cleared of spectators who were impeding the rescue work and melting the snow, but got no results. I wanted to have the tunnel timbered up to prevent its collapse before Floyd was freed. This would not be too difficult to do provided they did not wait too long. Once the loose wall began to cave in, it might be too late.

Tuesday evening the general manager of the Kentucky Rock Asphalt Company, an engineer by the name of Carmichael, arrived at the cave and began to study the situation. Wednesday morning 300 troops of the National Guard arrived. They had been called in to maintain order among the wild crowd that surged around the entrance. I was about to make another trip into the cave when several surrounded me.

"Don't try to go into the cave," they warned me.

"My brother is in there," I said. "You can't keep me out."

They *did* keep me out in spite of my protests. I was nearly crazy by then, for I



knew that Floyd must be released quickly if he was to be brought out alive. The increasing talk of sinking a shaft had me worried since it was almost sure to block the tunnel. I kept thinking to myself, "By the time they reach him, he'll be dead." Now that Carmichael was on the scene the shaft plan gained in strength and many people rallied to his side. I fought the idea but there were too many against me—too many "arm-chair" superintendents who had never been past the squeeze. I saw the reporter, Miller, Wednesday, and he informed me that he had been down to see Floyd since my last trip.

"Floyd's resting nicely," he said. "I've put an electric light by him." I was very glad to receive this news.

On Wednesday afternoon it was reported that the tunnel was blocked. This time the report was not merely a fabrication of some publicity seeker. There had actually been a cave-in within the passage. Just when it appeared that the rescue was at hand, nature prevented it. However, the fault was not entirely nature's; the highly publicized human chain which lined the tunnel had contributed as much as anything else to the cave-in.

The report of the collapse swung the weight in favor of digging a shaft. Lt. Gov. Harry H. Denhardt arrived Thursday and lent his backing to the decision. He was Brigadier General of the Kentucky National Guard. I remember him saying, "Practical men have had their way; it takes men with brains to get him out. We'll sink a shaft."

I argued with him. "You can't sink a shaft through this formation and get him out alive. We've got to timber up the bad places inside the passage and get all these damn fools away from here."

Denhardt ordered me away.

The shaft was started on Thursday

afternoon, February 5, 1925. I felt that this made the possibility of rescue more remote than ever, but Floyd had never lost faith, and I did not want anyone else to give up hope.

Later in the day I slipped past the guards and entered the tunnel with a flashlight. It had been reported that the first squeeze was closed. This was not true, for I went past that point without any trouble. Farther down I encountered some loose rock which was blocking the passage, but this could very easily have been removed. Each moment I feared that a dynamite blast might be set off by the crew working on the shaft. I did not want to be trapped myself by any rock fall resulting from such a blast. Nevertheless I stayed, calling to Floyd, and listening intently for an answer. It seemed to me that I could hear him through the debris. Whether it was Floyd or not, I cannot say for sure. Under such conditions, alone in a cave, you may hear anything you listen for. However, I was soon ordered out by the Lieutenant Governor's guards and the tunnel was closed.

With the abandonment of the tunnel no one knew for sure if Floyd was still alive. However, there was one development which kept up our hopes; this was the celebrated "radio test." The light bulb which Miller had taken into the cave was resting against Floyd's body. H. C. Land, a radio enthusiast conceived the idea of detecting any motions in the bulb by means of electronic apparatus hooked onto the other end of the wire at the surface. As Floyd breathed the bulb would be moved, and these motions should show up on the apparatus.

The equipment was brought in and the tests were begun. The signals were picked up and analyzed to determine whether or not Floyd was still breathing. It was concluded from the rate at which

the signals were received that they represented Floyd's breathing movements. In one report the frequency was about 22 to 26 cycles per minute. This was slightly faster than normal, but that was to be expected in his condition. It also showed that he was not suffering from pneumonia, for in that case the number of breaths per minute is about 50. This news was very heartening in view of the fact that so many people feared he would die of pneumonia before he was freed.

The reports from the radio test were like cries for help, spurring the men on when all seemed hopeless. The value of these tests has been questioned. Many argued that they could not have detected Floyd's breathing. The experts were in disagreement on this matter, but the fact remains that the tests were a great morale builder for the rescue workers.

As the public waited day by day for the news of Floyd's release, the throng of reporters around the cave hunted eagerly for any big news to send out. Any rumor or suspicion floating among the crowd was immediately pounced on, elaborated, and fed to the press. Some of the people who lived nearby—people who had never been into the cave—started a rumor which threatened the entire rescue effort. These people said that they did not believe Floyd was actually trapped; it was just a publicity stunt to attract tourists. They claimed that the whole affair was nothing but a hoax. This "hoax" story was sent out by a reporter and hit the headlines of the papers throughout the nation.

The public was roused. If the rumor was true, it was the biggest, most gruesome hoax that could have been imagined. Of course, there was no truth in the story, but it raised doubts in the mind of the public. Some people suspected that Floyd had another entrance to the cave—a back door through which he could leave whenever it was convenient. Many people thought he was not in the cave at all. We who had been down past the squeeze were disgusted with this rumor. The Governor of the State of Kentucky, William Jason Fields, ordered that an inquiry be held to dispel such doubts and get at the truth. The hoax rumor was refuted, of course.

Those who had thought that the shaft would reach Floyd within a couple of days were badly mistaken. My own objection to digging a shaft had been that it would take too much time; this prediction was being borne out. The collapse in the tunnel had come suddenly, catching us unprepared, and there was no means of getting food to Floyd. If it had been anticipated, a tube could have been taken into him to feed him while the shaft was being dug—a telephone could have been placed by him to communicate with the outside world. As it was, he was without food or companionship—only the light bulb lying against his body to remind him of the world he had left behind.

The radio tests gave great encouragement to the men working in the shaft. These men were exposed to considerable danger themselves, but never faltered in their efforts. When it seemed as though

the shaft might collapse the men did not stop working; the side walls were timbered up, and the work went on day and night without let-up. There were more than enough volunteers and many large corporations contributed to the rescue work. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad was particularly generous in sending material of all sorts, including expensive machinery. But with all the manpower and machinery available, it seemed as though we were helpless.

No one knows how many thousands of sightseers flocked to the area. There were several thousand automobiles standing in the vicinity; they were parked on both sides of the road, bumper to bumper, forming a line nearly 10 miles long on the road between Mammoth Cave and Cave City. The troops of the National Guard helped keep order among this enormous crowd and prevented any interference with the rescue work.

As the shaft deepened, the work became increasingly hazardous. There was constant danger of falling rock or of a collapse. In spite of these conditions hundreds of volunteers continued to pour in from all over the country. A heavy rain-storm put the entire framework of the shaft in danger, but the work continued. Morale had to be kept high under such conditions, and the reports from the radio test supplied this demand. Those who had faith in the radio test claimed that it showed Floyd still was alive. The public was kept informed of the progress in the shaft and of the results of the inquiry from day to day. Was Floyd still alive? Would they reach him in time? *Time* was the big factor—and it was running against him.

Before the shaft was sunk deep enough to reach Floyd from below, a lateral tunnel was started at the bottom of the shaft. This decision was made because of the difficulties involved in digging down through the dangerous formation at that level. There was not time enough to get below him as they intended at first.

On Friday morning, February 13, a crew in the shaft broke into a hole on the side and found a crevice about five feet long. They shouted Floyd's name, but received no answer. One of the diggers asked if anyone had coughed. They listened and William Bailey said that he heard the sound also—two coughs. None of the workers had coughed.

* * * *

Whether or not the sound that they heard was actually Floyd, I do not know. The report brought new hope to the exhausted workers, removing some of the fear that Floyd was already dead. It was expected that the shaft would reach him within a few hours.

The lateral tunnel which was being dug from the bottom of the vertical shaft to the cave did not follow any natural crevice. It was being dug through the limestone. This tunnel was in grave danger of a collapse. It was timbered up and the lateral heading was pushed on toward the cave passage. At 1:30 A.M., Monday morning, February 16, the lateral tunnel had been extended 10 feet from the shaft. At the same time that this announcement was being issued the men in the shaft were making the final dis-

covery. A man was digging with a spade when he broke through the last bit of earth separating the lateral tunnel from the cave passage. Minutes later Carmichael descended into the shaft. Ed Brenner was sent for, and the plucky miner scrambled into the hole which had been made. They waited tensely for his return. Five minutes later he came out with the sober announcement that Floyd was dead. An official statement was then released to the members of the press.

Now, the problem was to get Floyd's body out of the hole. They had broken into the cave at the top of the squeeze just above Floyd, and so were no better off than we had been before the shaft was begun. As a matter of fact the man-made tunnel was as dangerous as the cave itself. Floyd's foot was still held in the vise and no one could reach it. If his body was to be removed the shaft would have to be sunk deeper in order to strike the cave below him. It was suggested that his leg be cut off, but I could not bear the thought of that.

Now that all hopes of saving him were past, there was a general let down in the spirit of the rescue workers. No one was willing to risk his life any longer just to remove a corpse from the hole. The decision was made to fill up the shaft and let it be Floyd's final resting place.

The public had to be assured that there was no hoax; someone had to go in and take a picture of Floyd before the shaft was filled. On February 17, John Steger, staff photographer of the *Chicago Tribune*, volunteered for the job. He went into the cave and found Floyd lying with his face turned upward, and his left arm folded across his chest. There were no marks on his head except for a spot on the cheek, undoubtedly caused by dripping water. The photograph was made and the shaft was sealed. Church service was held on top of the bluff. The crowd disappeared. The struggle was over.

However, I felt I would never have peace of mind until Floyd's body was brought out of the cave and given a decent burial. So, somewhat reluctantly, I went on a lecture and personal appearance tour to earn the money to bring Floyd out of the cave. Finally, I earned what I felt was enough money for the undertaking and after 80 days in the cave, Floyd was brought out and buried on the hillside over Crystal Cave.

Later, my father sold the cave to Dr. Harry Thomas, the owner of Mammoth Onyx Cave, and it was decided to place Floyd's body inside Crystal Cave.

However, Floyd's body was to suffer one more indignity. Grave robbers broke into Floyd's casket years later and took his body a few hundred yards away. It was quickly recovered, however, and today Floyd Collins lies in the cave he discovered and all about him continue the caving activities he loved so well.

His dream that his cave would some day become famous came true. Currently, the Government is planning to include Crystal Cave within the Mammoth Cave National Park. Truly, for Floyd Collins, his greatest monument is his mausoleum. •



THE SECRET WORLD OF LOVE-FOR-SALE

Continued from page 29

He was ashamed of his height. He walked sort of stooped over, dragging his feet along after him. I told him he ought to become a fancy stepper, keep his head up high, but he laughed and said he might touch the sky. We laughed a lot together when we were alone."

Lying on the clubhouse couch with Shorty, she felt fine and wonderful to be making him happy—not dirty the way she had felt with her father—until the next morning when she ran into him and some other Rattlesnakes.

She said, "Hi, Shorty."

He did not answer.

She repeated, "Hi, Shorty."

He looked right through her, straight at her and right through her, just as though last night had never been.

"Look," she said, "yesterday you slept with me. Today, you won't even say good morning."

He said, "The guys got important things cooking. Be a good girl, huh? Take a walk and don't bother me no more till I tell you."

Remembering it all, she says she was so humiliated she wished she could die. But today she smiles at her story and says, philosophically, that she has relegated the hurt to its proper place.

That's men for you." She shakes her blond head knowingly and fingers her mink stole. "They're all alike, except my Bible. If my sweet daddy was like the rest of them, I'd cut him all up just like I cut Shorty. I did cut Shorty. I was such a silly kid then, all I wanted was revenge, and I didn't even care about what would happen to me after I got it."

She took a sharp knife from her mother's kitchen, went down to the clubhouse, found Shorty, and began to slash at him. Somebody called a policeman, who took the knife away from her and brought her to the station house.

Three weeks to the day before her fifteenth birthday, Mary Stewart was adjudged a delinquent and sent to a Training School for Girls.

"I'm glad the judge sent me up," she says today, "instead of putting me on that crazy probation."

She considers the Training School with its finely kept grounds and attractive cottages where the girls all have small but private rooms a nice place to live. Nor has she any complaint about the school's vocational, educational, or recreational programs. They were all all right in their way, she says, even though a little naïve in their assumptions that Training School sophisticates would become beauticians, or bakers, or typists, or housekeepers, when they were released.

"It's hard to talk about the program or the place now," she says, "because they left me kind of cold. I mean I went to classes and to gym and every place, but I

wasn't with it. Only thing mattered to me was the racket. Boy, it was sure something! I got invited in after I was there three weeks, and by Big Bertha, Bible's sister. She was head pop. Not very pretty. Homely, in fact. For a girl. But she would've been a swell-looking boy.

"I always tell her that. I say, 'Bert, you should've been born a boy.' She says, 'Yeah. But should have been and was is two different matters, tootsie doll.' She's still a pop at heart. She says any time me and Bible decides to call it quits, she'll be glad to take me on as close as we used to be in school. She says, 'Bible's my own loving brother and I wouldn't go poaching on his territory, but after all, you belonged to me before he got you. Right?' I tell her, 'Sure.' I'm really lying though. Being with Bertha was always different for me than being with Bible. I never liked it, but I was afraid not to go when she asked me."

Mary's induction into the racket and her homosexual relationship with Big Bertha began, as she says, some three weeks after the gates of the Training School had first closed behind her. She had been through the periods of hospitalization and cottage isolation that all new girls are subjected to, and this was her first night in the cottage that was to be her home during her entire stay. She had met her housemother, a kindly-looking fat woman in her forties, and her 15 cottage mates. But their names and faces were blurs to her.

"When I got into bed, I tried to remember one girl from the other, but I couldn't seem to. I tried to go to sleep but I couldn't."

She kept hearing small noises at her door. "Like somebody was picking my lock. I really didn't think anyone was, but I said 'Who is it?' anyways."

A husky voice she couldn't place answered, "Me."

"Who's me?" she asked.

"You'll find out," the voice said. "Just hold your horses, kid."

"What do you want to pick my lock for?" Mary asked again.

"Because I want to give you a little loving, baby," the voice said. And then the scrounging stopped, the door was open, and Mary had her second glimpse of Big Bertha, head of all the racket pops.

She was a dark-brown hulk of a girl with nappy hair and muscular arms.

"I hated colored people then, and I was scared stiff when I saw Bert. She said she wanted a little kiss from me. Then she got me in a bear hug. I felt terrible, but I knew I couldn't stop her, so I just stayed still and let her do what she wanted. After she got finished—she didn't do no more than kiss and hug me the first night—she said I better not tell anybody, if I knew what was good for me. She said the racket ruled at school and everybody was afraid of her and the other

pops. She said, 'Looky now, if you went and told anybody what I done this minute, they'd tell you they don't believe you. You know how come? Because if they believed you, they'd have to do something. They're too scared us pops might cut them up if they did.'

"I found out Big Bertha wasn't kidding me. Everybody was scared stiff of the pops in the racket. They were tough operators." Mary, once she had been initiated, drifted into the racket more or less easily.

Being with Big Bertha was no tougher than being with my old man, and I got to like it after a while. She was the head pop and all the other moms thought I was hot stuff to get her. None of them minded her being colored, so pretty soon I got to where I didn't mind either. Except I didn't want to go the limit when we first got together. Kissing and holding hands, O. K. Bertha said kissing and holding hands was a big deal for the birds, not for her. So what could I do? I said all right, Bert, do what you want. Listen, why not? What's a girl's body for, except to help her get things a little bit easier? Being with my old man never killed me, did it? What'd I have to lose? Nothing, if I told Bertha yes, but plenty if I told her no. She could leave me flat. Then I wouldn't belong to anything. Who wanted to be a crazy old lone wolf? Not me. Everybody picked on the loners. I didn't want them to pick on me. I knew they'd be afraid to, me having Bertha for a pop."

After Mary had "gone steady" with Bertha for a few weeks, they decided to marry. Marriage is a natural accompaniment of the pop-mom relationship at the Training School. It happens all the time when two girls decide they want each other forever.

"When Bertha said I was the only mom for her and she wanted to marry me," Mary says, "I told her fine. We had the wedding behind the laundry. My friend on kitchen assignment brought some cookies she snitched. All the girls said I was a gorgeous bride. I said, 'Nay,' but they said, 'Yea, yea.'"

Today, Mary believes her wedding to Big Bertha to have been one of the bright spots of her life. It gave her status and a feeling of importance to have the head pop pick her for a bride.

"Sure it was kid stuff, but I didn't know it then," she explains from her present vantage. "All those girls thinking I was so great made me think, well, gee whiz, maybe I am great. After all. That's why I got a soft spot for the crazy old school. That plus all the things I learned while I was there."

She learned how to "roll luses" and the technique of "boosting" merchandise out of department stores by rolling it up so small that it could be placed between the legs so nobody could suspect there was anything there.

Mary Stewart, by the time she was ready to leave the Training School, thought she knew every trick of hustling that related to women customers as well as men. For she had learned, through Big Bertha primarily, but not entirely,

that there were places in Harlem and elsewhere in New York where women came for thrills with other women. Bertha said many women customers were wealthy and paid higher than men did. She had excellent contact among madams who placed girls for work with women and she would introduce Mary. Pretty as she was, they would all bid high for her services and she could write her own ticket. Big Bertha wouldn't be surprised if she earned \$600 a week. Mary gasped at the idea of that much money; but, still, she wondered deep in her heart whether she couldn't do as well with men as women? Or better perhaps? And even deeper down she wondered whether she wanted to prostitute at all.

She had her answer on the night she met Bible. It was a stifling June night, her third night home. She had taken the subway to 125th Street and walked four blocks to the 129th Street address Big Bertha had given her. She stopped at the door, surprised at the shabbiness of the tenement building. If Big Bertha's stories about her contacts were true, why, Mary wondered, didn't she live more prosperously? Maybe she wasn't as trustworthy as she had seemed at school and Mary would do well to turn around and go home. She almost did, but found she couldn't. Something forced her up the three flights of creaking stairs. She hesitated in front of the door for a while, but then she knocked extra loud as a cover-up for the timidity she was feeling.

Bible came to the door. He took her hand and pulled her into the living room. It was small and dimly lit. Two sagging couches, an old easy chair, and a lamp table were the only furniture. Big Bertha sat in the easy chair and a wizened white man sat on one of the couches. But Mary has little recollection of either of them. She imagines Big Bertha kissed her and introduced her to the white man, who turned out to be a contact for taxicab drivers, but she is not sure.

"The only one I saw was Bible. The way that man looked at me. Wow!"

She'd never been looked at like that before, except by the pops at school. Who were pops, when you came right down to it? Just girls like Mary. And you couldn't be moved when their eyes devoured you. When Bible looked at her though . . .

"I'll eat my hat, honey-girl," he said, and his voice was a song to Mary, "if you ain't the prettiest chick I ever seen."

She didn't want to do it, but she found herself blushing. She tried to summon some gay remark but none came to her.

"Baby," he said. "Baby doll." That was all. And his tone turned her into a fairy-tale princess. "I never seen a prettier girl."

Mary grew to know Bible well in the following weeks, and, when he invited her to his home one night, she was happy to go. He lived on Riverside Drive, and his apartment was as different from Bertha's as it was possible for two places to be. The building was clean and well kept and his rooms were spacious. There was a large living room, its walls painted slate gray; the furniture was bright red

and mustard; there were a kitchen and two good-sized bedrooms. Mary told Bible this was exactly the kind of place she'd pictured him in, and she could hardly wait to start exploring every nook of it. He said he'd be glad to show her around but that he'd have to outfit her with some new clothes first. She laughed at that, because she knew that nobody could buy new clothes at midnight. But Bible could. He went to the telephone and made a call to somebody named Gloria Ann.

"Listen, Baby. I want you to hie your little self down to my pad and bring everything you got in size nine."

Mary was flattered that Bible knew her size without asking. She thought none of the women out home would believe her if she told them she had a fellow who knew what size she wore.

Gloria Ann, a lovely colored girl with huge eyes, arrived about 20 minutes after Bible's call. She carried two huge suitcases. She was breathless and her words fell over each other as she talked.

"I got some gorgeous dresses from Bergdorf's. Still hot off the hooks."

"Open up," Bible said. "Quit gassing and start working."

"O.K., O.K., lover boy." Gloria smiled. "Keep your britches on."

Mary never knew dresses and shoes and hats could be as beautiful as the ones Gloria showed her.

"Well, gorgeous?" Bible asked.

Mary said, "Oh, Bible, I just don't know. Everything's so beautiful, I can't make up my mind."

"Have a spree," Bible said. "Take them all."

But Mary knew she couldn't take them all. She appealed to Gloria, asking her to make a selection for her. Gloria said she'd like to see her all in black. Mary thought that was stupid, but she took the dress, shoes, and hat Gloria gave her and went into a bedroom to try them on.

"Hey, don't forget these," Gloria said, throwing a pearl necklace and some long pearl earrings at her.

Standing in front of the full-length mirror in the new clothes, she understood why Gloria had chosen black for her. She couldn't believe her eyes. She looked as beautiful as any movie star. Who would ever have suspected her figure was so good? She had always thought of herself as too skinny, because she'd been scrawny before she went to the Training School, and the sacks they called dresses there had prevented her from noticing how she'd changed. As for her legs, and the black, high-heeled sandals, they were nothing less than wonderful. And the pearls and earrings accentuated her fairness.

She placed the small black hat on her head, whisked the half-veil over her face, and walked into the living room.

Bible didn't say anything for a minute. He didn't have to. The look in his eye was enough. Then he let out a low whistle and told Gloria, "Take a standing order, baby. Keep my chick in black dresses that show her figure as good as this one."

If she had not known before, Mary knew she was Bible's girl now. Her only problem was escaping from her mother's

clutches so she could spend all her time with him.

"I'm not usually scared of Ma," she said, "only now with me being on parole and all, I don't want to make her so mad that she'll go and tell the officer she can't do nothing with me."

Bible mocked at her fear of parole officers. He said only squares were scared of them, and besides a smart girl like Mary ought to be able to handle her old lady. Why didn't she call her on the telephone and tell her to drop dead or something? Mary didn't like his talking that way about her mother, but she didn't say anything. Instead she went to the phone.

"Hello." Ma sounded sleepy and teary.

Mary said, "Hi, Ma."

"Mary," Ma asked, "Mary is that you? Where are you, anyway? Where you been so late? What are you always worrying me for? I got plenty to do taking care of Robert Taylor without having to eat my heart out over you."

Mary winked at Bible. "You can stop right now. You don't need to eat your heart out over me no more."

Her mother was silent at the other end of the line.

"I won't be coming home for a while. Ma."

Her mother said, "You better come home if you know what's good for you. You gone crazy or something? The parole officer'll call me tomorrow. I . . . Mary, look, come home, dear."

Mary steeled herself against her Mother. She said, "You better think up a good lie to tell parole. Ma. If you don't, I got something to tell them myself. All about how Pa raped me. Then you'll never be able to keep it from the neighbors."

After she hung the receiver up, Bible took her in his arms and kissed her for a long time. She had a fleeting thought about his being colored, and then she relaxed and enjoyed his love-making.

The rest of the night was loaded with thrills. First off, Mary was introduced to Bible's Cadillac. She had not known he had it, since he had always driven a yellow Chevrolet convertible to Bertha's.

"How many cars do you have?" she asked.

He laughed and handed her into the long, sleek car. "As many as I want, baby doll."

How he drove! Fast and reckless as though red lights were never made for the likes of him. Mary thought, I'll never have another wonderful hour like this. I'll always remember this Cadillac and Bible's hand on my knee and the crazy way he drives as though there was nobody in the world but the two of us. I'll never have a better time than I'm having right now.

All the same, she had a better time at Monkey's.

Mary's first night at Monkey's was better than anything. She created such a marvelous sensation walking in on Bible's arm and believing herself as gorgeous as he said she was. She held her head high, and seemed to ignore the looks people gave her and the things they

said about her.

Of course, in reality, she missed neither a word nor a look. And when she heard "hincty little ofay," as she did for the first time that night, she stored the words as compliments.

"What does 'hincty little ofay' mean?" she asked Bible later. "A man called me one."

"Snooty little white girl," Bible laughed. "*Hincty little ofay*, doll baby, means snooty little white girl. That's what you are, too, snooty with everyone but me. Right, baby?"

She nodded, while she wondered whether she really had anything to be snooty about.

Bible took her to Monkey's every night after that, and, more than anything else, she enjoyed hearing herself called "hincty little ofay."

"But, Bible, honey," she used to say, "I'm really not a snooty girl."

"Yeah, you are, baby doll," Bible would answer. "You are and you ought to be." Then after a couple of weeks had passed, he began asking why she shouldn't be snooty, a little beauty who could get \$100 just for spending an hour in bed with a guy. Wasn't that something to be snooty about? He asked her many times so that she began growing used to the idea of what he wanted from her.

Still and all, she had a small minute of indecision when he brought the first \$100 baby to his apartment to meet her. In spite of everything she had done before and all the plans she had made at school, she thought—but this is *really* selling myself. Then Bible let her have it right between the eyes, saying, all right, the whole thing was up to her, she was the one who would have to make the final decision. But he had thought that she would *want* to help him keep her looking beautiful. She had no idea, did she, how much it cost him to keep her in clothes? He really wasn't angry with her, though, no matter how he sounded, just disappointed in himself for having mistaken a dumb kid for a smart woman.

It was the first criticism she had ever had from him, and it devastated her. Here was the only man in the world who had ever thought her worth anything, and now *he* didn't think she was either. Why? Because she wasn't, that was why. But she was, she was! She'd been with Bertha and her father, and Bible, himself. Why not this \$100 baby then?

The baby was nice enough to give her a \$10 tip for being a good, cooperative little girl, after everything was over. That was something to show Bible. He would be proud of her. He was.

NAME: *Jean Lee Simmons*

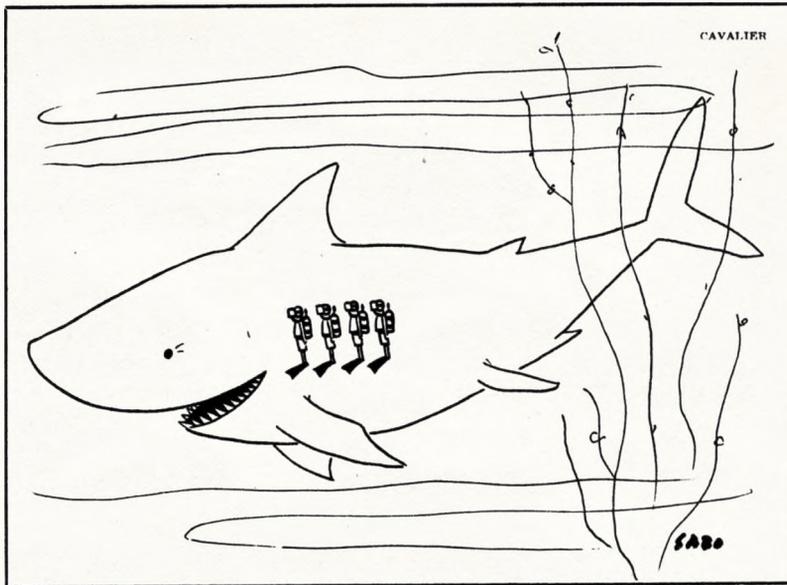
AGE: 24

MARITAL STATUS: *Separated*

EDUCATION: *College graduate*

Other prostitutes who know her dislike Jean Lee Simmons. Strangely, although she is a strikingly beautiful woman, they are contemptuous rather than jealous of her.

"Me jealous of Jean Lee?" Nance O'Brien, a pudgy, red-faced old-timer,



laughs at the notion. "Why should I be? She's a human garbage pail. I know she looks like she belongs at the Ritz with that gorgeous body and those big, baby-blue innocent eyes. But so what? Innocent! Ha-ha, as the old saying goes. I got only one thing to say if you ask me if I'm jealous or not. My tricks come back to me 'nce in a while. Jean Lee's tricks never come back."

Jean Lee admits that Nance is right. She has never, in the four years she has been a prostitute, had a customer come back after he'd been with her once. Having studied psychology in college, she is inclined to be analytical about the reasons why. Analytical, and, in the way of some intellectually lonely people, driven to reveal her deepest self.

"I want too much from my tricks. Do you know what that means? Can you possibly imagine the incongruity? I'm a prostitute. These men are buying me, and yet I want too much from *them*. I'm one girl who needs my customers worse than any of them have ever needed me. And they know it. I try not to let them know but they always find out. I loathe them and still, after they're finished with me, all ready to go back to the hearth and home and their pure little wives, I'm not ready to let them go. I keep pulling at them. I couldn't stand to have one around me too long, and still I keep pulling at them, wanting something. God knows they have nothing to give me. So they get mad. I'm rotten for their egos. Other girls can con them along. 'Oh, sweet daddy, you're such a great lover, honey.' But any line I attempt sounds hollow. How can I say, 'Sweet daddy, you're a great lover,' and at the same time be clutching out for something the poor things don't have to give? I try not to clutch. But I always do, anyhow. And so, in the long run, my customers are bound to know that money's the least of everything to me. They know I'd go with them for free. You'd think they'd like me for that. *Like* me! They hate my guts.

"A woman like me, who's got to keep clutching and demanding more from

them, is a waste of money to them. A woman like me tells them, in effect. 'You're not big shots, pals. You're not the great lovers those other little whores make you think you are. You've done nothing for me.' How can they like me or think about coming back? They've got troubles of their own. They don't have to be burdened with me and my odd sex needs."

Jean Lee cannot remember exactly when her sex consciousness began. She recalls reading books dealing with sex with some other girls from her school, the Packer School on East 82nd Street, and being vitally stirred by them during her earliest adolescent days. She recalls sexual dreams and lascivious imaginings when she was 14 and 15 years old.

"I never talked much about my feelings," she explains. "I certainly never told anybody at home. Both mother and dad were such proper people, I'm sure they wouldn't have known what hit them, if I'd said anything to them or acted like I sometimes felt impelled to."

But at school she gave way to her impulses. She was provocative with the boys and sometimes with the men teachers.

"But I never slept with the boys I led on until Billy Sachs," she says. "We were both sixteen. I'd known him almost all my life. He was handsome and brilliant. He had a sense of humor. I guess I thought he was the most wonderful boy in the world."

All the girls had their eyes on Billy, but nobody was surprised when Jean Lee won him. After all, the handsomest boy ought to go to the prettiest girl.

"I was flattered to have Billy like me best. I was so proud of him. We planned to get married when we were eighteen. We thought we would quit school then and take jobs, or our parents would see us through college after we were married, if they wanted to. We used to talk about the home and children we would have. We both wanted a large family. We really were happy together until . . . well, one night Billy and I were the only ones home, and I sat on the couch with him

as close as we could get and he started to kiss me. All of a sudden, the closeness and the kissing didn't seem to be enough for me. I began feeling far away from him. I felt lost and I thought I could find myself if Billy could only hold me close enough. So I begged him to hold me closer. He did. I said, 'That's not enough, Billy.' He said, 'I can't get you any closer.' I said, 'You can. You can.' I began talking to him in the language I had read in those books. The words that spouted out of my mouth! I couldn't believe I was talking the way I was. I wanted to say, 'Darling, I love you.' That's all. Just 'Darling, I love you.' But I wanted to say those other words from the books too. The more dreadful they were, the more I seemed to want to say them. They excited me so. They excited Billy too. Awful! Nauseating!

"Billy made love to me after a while and that was awful too. I guess it was as terrible for him as it was for me. He looked as though he loathed the ground I walked on after everything was over. I started to cry. I remember he didn't try to comfort me. He just said, 'I've got to go now.' I said, 'Yes, sure.' He said, 'See you around sometime.' I said, 'See you around sometime,' too. That was that."

Jean began going with other boys after her breakup with Billy. She got a reputation. The boys who had had her made jokes. She knew, and still she went on going with them, even soliciting them.

"Believe me, I felt low—like an animal, but a trapped animal. I say trapped, because I honestly couldn't help what I was doing. My mind was occupied with sex day and night. I was tortured by my visions. I was only relieved when I went with a boy and then the relief didn't last. It turned into disgust at myself after everything was over. What kind of dirty slut was I, anyhow? Why was I so different from the other girls I knew? What was the matter with me?"

During my better times I tried to talk myself into believing I was in love with all the boys I went with. I even tried romanticizing myself and, since I'd always read a good deal, identifying myself with some of the more enigmatic literary heroines.

"But in the long run, I knew, I was dirty, not romantic. If I hadn't known myself, my friends would have informed me. Friends! The things they said about me! The boys were worse than the girls."

Jean Lee married when she was 20. She married a man she met on a blind date which a friend of her mother had arranged for her. Naturally, he knew nothing of her sordid reputation. He was a young lawyer who had heard her mother's friend talk about how pretty and accomplished she was. At first Jean Lee hadn't wanted anything to do with a blind date—particularly one emanating from so respectable a source.

"I have plenty of boy friends," she told her mother's friend.

"But Barney's different," the friend said. "He's my idea of a perfect man."

Jean Lee wanted to tell her to keep him for herself if she thought he was so perfect, but she said, "If he's all the

things you say he is, why does he need a blind date?"

Her mother's friend smiled. "He doesn't need a blind date, honey. He just needs you."

Jean Lee doubted it. "Thanks for thinking of me, but I'm not going on a blind date with anyone."

Nor would she have gone if her mother had not begged her. "For me, Jeanie. Do it for me. I don't ask you for favors very often, do I?"

Later, after she met Barney and had several dates with him, horseback riding in the country, sailing at the shore, the theater, the opera, all the museums, she blessed her mother's insistence.

"He was the most marvelous man I ever met," she says. "I was transformed by being with him. I thought, if only I can keep him happy all our lives—I say keep him, because during those early days he seemed as happy with me as I was with him. And he said he'd never been happy before. God knows, I never had. I'd never known what it meant to be absorbed in another person and to feel that you could have no life without him but that with him you were fine and wonderful."

"In a way, it was as though all the complications of my life had suddenly unraveled. I don't mean that they disappeared completely. On the contrary, I found that I still had to keep seeing men. Sometimes I'd take three or four a night. How I always hated myself afterward. But there was nothing else for me. I was wise enough to know that I dared not go to bed with Barney. Nobody can know how I wanted to, though. He was my great hope. I kept telling myself, 'There's nothing wrong with you that Barney can't cure.' Sometimes I'd laugh out loud at the thought. 'The only trouble has been that I've never been in love before, and now I am in love, and Barney'll do what nobody else did for me. He really loves me. The others never did. That's why I was so frantic with them. I'll be relaxed and satisfied with Barney.'"

Barney began seriously courting Jean Lee almost from the day he met her. He gave her a beautiful engagement ring on their tenth date. When he put it on her finger, she thought she had never been so happy before. He said he wanted her to continue at college throughout their engagement, but that they would be together every moment she could spare from her classes and he could take off from his office.

They began buying furniture two weeks after they announced their engagement. Jean Lee enjoyed shopping with Barney. His taste in furniture was different from hers; he liked traditional and she liked modern, but their small conflicts were challenging rather than irritating.

"I loved to have Barney interested in furniture. He was different from my friends' fiancés, who told them to just go ahead and get anything they wanted. He said he was as much concerned as I was with the pieces that went into our home."

Finally the shopping was accomplished. Jean Lee had lit on a brilliant compromise to assure its success. She would choose the basic pieces, and he

would pick the accessories. After their furniture was bought, they had to shop for an apartment. They were fortunate to find exactly what they'd been looking for, a huge living room with a fireplace, a small bedroom, a good-sized den, and, strangely, in the middle of New York, a real country kitchen.

Jean Lee fell in love with the kitchen. She had never been domestically inclined before, but now she fantasied herself in a cute apron, the original, delectable dishes she would create, and Barney bringing his office associates home, and all of them envying him and calling him "a lucky dog."

"Barney, old boy," they said in her dream, "what did you do to deserve this?" Then they turned to their wives, fearful of having hurt their feelings, and patted them on their plump shoulders—all the wives had plump shoulders in her dreams—and assured them that they were good cooks, too.

Finally, when Jean Lee was 20 and graduated from college, the wedding day arrived and the long waiting time was over."

"My wedding was lovely," she says. "Mother and Dad spared no expense. Over two hundred guests came to the reception at the Park Sheraton. I wore a low-cut Hattie Carnegie gown with a huge train. Everybody said I looked beautiful. I know I felt beautiful inside and out. I told myself, 'I'm going to forget all the dirt. I'm starting a new life with Barney now and it's going to be clean and good.'"

But there was a nagging fear inside her all the same.

Itold myself everything would be all right because it had to be. But what assurance did I have it would be? Look at all the men I'd had before and how farcical we were together. Could love really make the difference? I tried to tell myself of course love would—of course—of course. I kept repeating those two words 'of course' as if they were the only words I knew, or as if they were a prayer or something. But then, while I was thinking 'of course' a terrible thing happened. I felt the same old sexual imaginings. I can't describe them. They were vulgar and weird, and that's all I can tell you about them. I thought, Barney or no Barney. I'll never find myself. I'm crazy and I might as well face it. If I were a decent woman, I'd leave right now, walk out on Barney and the wedding and everything."

She didn't, though. Somehow she managed to say "I do," and to kiss the bridegroom, and to comfort her weeping mother and mother-in-law. "My two mothers," she said sweetly, "and I love them both very much." Somehow she managed to dance with Barney and with all the other men who wanted to dance with her and to accept her friends' congratulations with fitting graciousness.

"Then it was time. After a million years or two seconds I was in the bedroom of the Pullman car to California that Barney had reserved for our honeymoon. He began to make love to me, gentle love, and I thought, you fool, if you only knew.

And then I thought, Oh, Barney, be good for me, be right, you're my only hope, darling, my last and only hope."

But Barney was no better for her than all the other men had been and she hated him. No! She loved him. She loved him desperately. He was her Barney. Her only love. But she hated him, too. She wanted to bite at him and slap him and hurt him as much as he was hurting her. How was he hurting her? He was so sweet and thoughtful. "As though I'm made of glass," she thought, "but I'm not made of glass. Oh, Barney, please, I'm not made of glass."

Afterward, while Barney slept, she struggled with her feelings.

"I lay in bed, miserable, telling myself I loved Barney and all the time feeling impelled to go out and find myself another man. Maybe then my tension would go away. I thought, Jean Lee, don't you dare get out of this bed! It's the end of your marriage if you do. Then I thought, it's the end of my life if I don't. The visions coming at me, the nauseating pictures driving me crazy. And I thought, Barney, my beloved last hope, I'm finished now. But there was nothing for me to do except go out and get a man. I started to put my clothes on. Barney woke up. He said, 'Baby, what's the matter?' I said, 'I'm just nervous, I guess. I was going out to get a little air.' He said, 'Wait. I'll go with you.' I said, 'No, please.' But he insisted. We stood on the train platform for about an hour and all the time I kept disciplining myself. I said, 'Don't let Barney know what you are. No matter what happens, don't let him know.'

"But I did let him know. I kept clutching at him in bed, wanting more and more from him. He tried so hard to satisfy me. Poor lamb. No man could have tried harder. But it was no good. It was just no good, and so I knew nothing would ever be any good for me any more.

"My honeymoon was a nightmare—for Barney as well as for me. I watched myself night after night, taking his strength away from him. I wanted to stop, but I couldn't. I was driven. And all the time something in me blamed Barney and wanted to hurt him the way I was being hurt. I'd tell him he was inadequate. Then I'd cry and tell him, no, I was the one. All he said was that maybe he could do better once we got home."

Jean Lee pretended to believe him.

"I'll never forget our first night at home. Finally, after he couldn't stand my demands another moment, Barney told me, 'Please, baby, let me go to sleep.' I looked at him. I said, 'All right then, go to sleep.' Then I said, 'Isn't it awful how two people start and how you end up when everything's over? You become utter strangers. No closeness after every thing's over, is there, Barney?'"

They lay and cried in each other's arms. And then it was 7:30 and he had to get up for the office. He begged her to stay in bed and not bother with his breakfast. She said, "What? Me stay in bed and miss breakfast with you, when I know darn well I won't be seeing you all day? What do you think I am, crazy or something?" Then they laughed like two lunatics, and he said, "Well, I could call

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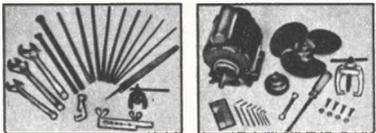


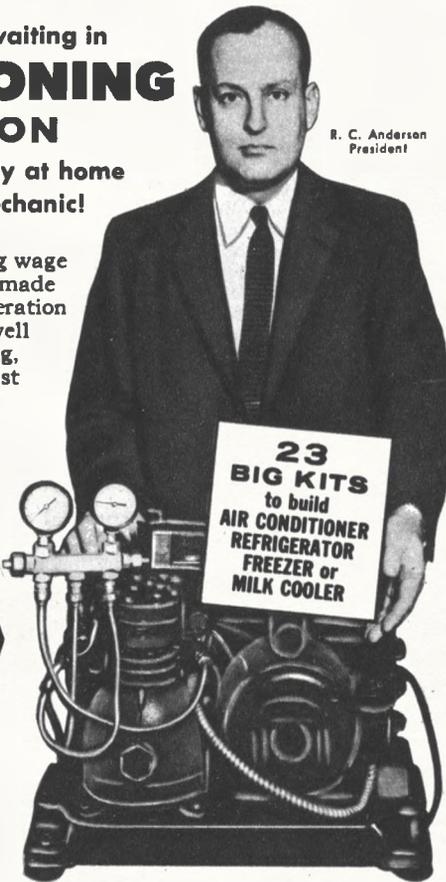
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you up some time during the day if you asked like a nice girl." And she said, "Call me up. Big deal." And he said, "Well, if you don't want me to. . . ." And she said, "Oh, but I do, I do." Then he said, "Darling," and the nightmare night was over for a minute.

But only for a minute. Because after Barney had kissed her good-by and she had admired the wholesome look of him walking out she thought, "If I were a decent woman, I'd leave him. I'd find some way to make him free of me." But she couldn't leave Barney. What good would her life be if she did? He was her only hope for salvation.

She began to clean the house, scrubbing floors that had been scrubbed by her cleaning woman, making dirty work for herself. Nothing helped. She gave up and went out to get some men. She took one to a fleabag hotel on 46th Street and the other to one on 48th Street. Then she called Barney and asked whether he couldn't please come home to lunch. She said she knew he was busy but she had to see him. "I guess I'm shameless," she said. And he said, "I'll sock you one if I ever hear you talk that way about yourself again. Remember, you're talking about the woman I love." She said, "Yes, I remember. Oh, darling, I remember."

She practically dragged him into the bedroom when he came home and he left without eating any lunch. That was when she vowed she'd save him from herself, no matter what and went to Eddie Pastor's and picked up three men in quick succession. Then she went home and tried to read. But it wasn't any good so she went back to Eddie Pastor's. A young man in a lumberjacket and tight-fitting pants was drinking Scotch at the bar. He was clean-cut and she liked the looks of him. She sat down beside him and ordered a Scotch for herself.

"You're the prettiest thing's been around here in a long time," he said.

She smiled back. "You're not so bad yourself." She downed her Scotch in a couple of gulps.

"Next one on me, baby?"

"Sure," she said, "and the one after that."

He put his hand on her knee. She let it stay. She hoped he would say something, that he would ask her, so she wouldn't have to do the asking. Maybe I can play hard to get, she told herself, smiling at the thought.

At last he said it. "How about having a good time, baby?"

She got off the bar stool. "Come on."

"Where?"

"Just come on," she said.

She led him to the apartment. She had never taken a man there before. "At least that was clean for Barney and me," she thought. "Now it won't be clean any more. Now I'm dirtying my home up, too."

She couldn't wait. She began talking those words to him and he grew excited.

Afterward, after he had made it clear there was no use clutching any more, she looked at him lying on Barney's side of the bed, fully clothed. God, she thought, he might at least have taken his clothes

off, and grew nauseous.

"Please excuse me," she said.

He said, "You're excused, baby. And how!"

When she came out of the bathroom, she said, "Go home, now."

He smiled. "I'm accustomed to paying for my good times, honey. How much did you say this one costs?"

She said, "Go home now. That's all."

He said, "I must be a greater guy than I think I am, to have a girl like you work for love instead of money."

She thought if he didn't leave soon, if he didn't stop taunting her, she'd be unable to control herself. "Please," she said, "go home."

He said, "Will fifty dollars cover the charge, baby?"

"Yes," she said, "fifty dollars will cover the charge."

He pulled two twenties and a ten out of his wallet and put them on Barney's bedside table. Then he opened his jacket and showed her the badge pinned on the inside.

"I'm an officer," he said. "And I'm taking you in."

"Wnat kind of an officer?" she asked.

"Why, honey baby," he said, "you weren't born yesterday. An officer of the law. You know, police, cop, policia."

He walked to the door, opened it, and whistled out. Another good-looking young man in a lumberjacket came in.

"Well, Mike," the man who had been with her told the other one, "this one's a fifty-dollar babe."

The man named Mike eyed her speculatively. "You could do better, dear," he said in a gentle voice. "You could get a hundred, two hundred. The girls who do have nothing on you. Tell me, you ever been arrested before, honey?"

"No," she said, "never. And I don't know why you're arresting me now."

The man who'd gone with her said, "Poor kid. Poor little innocent babe," in a sing-song voice. "Don't know what she did that was wrong at all, at all."

"I didn't do anything you didn't do," she said.

Both men laughed and told her to can the stuff and get her coat, because they didn't have all day to waste on the arrest of one prostitute.

She had often seen the police station they took her to from the outside but never dreamed she would be seeing it from the inside. It didn't look like a police station at first glance, except for the lieutenant and two other uniformed officers who were sitting at a narrow desk. It was painted green and the walls were beginning to peel. Aside from the officers' desk, there was a large table and a couple of straight chairs.

The man called Mike pulled a chair out for her. "Sit down, dearie. I'm sorry we don't have better accommodations for you ladies. But what can we do? The City of New York considers this good enough. Too bad, isn't it? But then we aren't often honored by the presence of elegant ladies like you."

She thought she could bear anything that happened from now on, if he'd only keep his mouth shut.

The man she had been with pulled out a card and began asking her a lot of

personal questions. What was her name and was the name she was using her real name? How old was she? Did she have any children? Was she married? Living with her husband? Did she have a job?

After she had answered all their questions, they told her she would be arraigned the next morning in Women's Court, and that, in the meantime, she was to make herself as comfortable as she could on the wooden bench. She thought she would not sleep a wink, but she must have, because they had to waken her when the man came to take her to court.

Court seemed such a strange place. She was herded, along with 10 or 11 other women, into a small caged area that led into the courtroom, and was told to sit quietly until her turn came. She spent her time examining the other women.

She was amazed at the look of them. They were so different from all her notions of what prostitutes looked like. There was a midget among them, and a short woman who looked to weigh every bit of 200 pounds.

Jean Lee could not believe that any man would pay good money to be with the likes of these. Yet if you listened to their talk, they would all seem to have as many customers as they could handle.

"If you cruise one trick and he says no," the 200-pounder said pompously, "there's always another one. If nine of them don't happen to like your style, the tenth one may. I go up to a trick and if he looks like I'm feeding him arsenic, I say, 'What's the matter with you? You like them skinny instead of fat? Drop dead, then. I'll find one likes them fat!'"

"Amen," the midget said feelingly.

The fat girl turned to Jean Lee. "You must be a new one," she said. "I can tell what you're thinking from the look on your puss. You don't believe there are guys could like me and Midge here better than a girl with a shape like yours."

Jean Lee said, "Yes, I do believe it." Although, of course, she didn't—then.

The girl called Midge smiled at her. "All kinds of wacks in a bag of tricks."

There was one nice Negro girl in her late twenties. She was tall and dignified, and she looked as if she took some pride in her appearance. She smiled at Jean Lee, and Jean Lee smiled back and asked her name.

"Lorraine Smith," she said in a warm voice. "Tell me honey, you been in before?"

Jean Lee shook her head no.

"This is my eighth bust. But I only been in the clink four times. Say, you scared?"

"Yes," Jean Lee said.

Lorraine took her hand. "Don't worry. This is a good judge sitting today. He likes to hear himself talk, so he bawls us out a lot, but the old coot's heart's in the right place. He's liable to call you a tramp, but if he can, he'll let you walk. He's no six-months' baby like some other judges I could name you. They'd slap six months on you soon's they'd look you in the eye. They talk nice and polite and make you feel like they're sorry for you. Nice little gentlemen they are. Then, when push comes to shove, they

say 'Six months in the workhouse. Oh, I hate to do this to you. It hurts me worse than it does you.' It hurts them, yeah, yeah, they should live so long. How come you got caught, honey? Did you cruise a bull or something?"

"What do you mean?" Jean Lee asked. Lorraine laughed. "You are new in the racket. You're still wet behind the ears if you don't know the lingo. Let me help you out. Cruise! To pick up. Bull! Cop. Cruise a bull. Pick up a cop."

"I didn't know he was a bull when I cruised him." For some unaccountable reason Jean Lee savored the unfamiliar words.

Suppose I were a prostitute, she thought, moved by the warmth and interest the girl Lorraine seemed to have for her. What would it be like? I'd have friends then, people I could talk my business over with, because that's what it would be if I were a prostitute, just a plain business. People could understand me the way these girls understand each other. But to be a prostitute. How awful. How awful? Any worse than what I am doing now? "I didn't know he was a bull when I cruised him," she repeated.

"Nobody does, baby," Lorraine said. Her voice was so kind, Jean Lee felt impelled to tell her her true story. She told about her life before her marriage, and about her life with Barney, and about how, despite her love for him, she had to go out and pick men up.

"And you never made a dime out of it," Lorraine said regretfully. "Kid, kid,

how dumb can you get. I can see right now I'll have to take you under my wing."

I have a friend now, Jean Lee thought, and no need for pretense with her. She knows me and still wants to be my friend.

Lorraine advised Jean Lee not to tell the judge that the officer had made love to her. "He'll never believe you, anyway. Even if he did, he couldn't admit it. How would it make New York's Finest look if the judge said, 'I guess these cops are human!' You cruise a trick and a bull picks you up, the judge is all set to listen to your argument. After all, it's only you against the trick then. But you cruise a cop and the whole thing's different. It's you against New York's Finest. You don't have a chance. You'll only cut your throat with the judge if you try to cut New York's Finest down. I know, honey; I learned the hard way and I'm not jiving you. All you got to do is say, 'Guilty, your honor,' and keep a real sweet smile on your puss and you'll walk, you being a first-timer and all. Take my advice."

Jean Lee took Lorraine's advice. It was hard to adhere to when she saw the man with whom she'd been the day before raise his right hand and swear to a complaint alleging that she had picked him up, taken him home with her, and asked him for \$50.

But, trusting Lorraine, she pleaded guilty. The judge gave her a long speech and remanded her to the House of Detention pending sentence.

When she got to the prison, she called Barney's office. His secretary told her that he had not come in nor called in his whereabouts. Then she called home. Barney answered on the first ring.

She said, "Hi, darling." He said, "Oh, thank God! I had visions of your being dead or something. Are you all right?"

"I'm fine," she said. "I guess." "Well," she could tell he was hesitant about putting the question, "where are you?"

Now, she thought, this is the time. I can tell him the truth and make him free of me once and for all. It's the only right thing. Right for whom? Not for me. How could I live without Barney?

"Jeanie, where are you?" he asked again.

"I'm in jail," she said. He said, "What did you say?" "Sit down if you're standing up," she said. "They are accusing me of being a prostitute, sweetheart."

Barney was quiet. She said, "Did you hear what I said?" "Yes," he said, "I heard. You must be crazy, Jeanie."

She said, "Not me. You're the crazy one—to have married me."

He said, "Jeanie, I'm coming right down."

She said, "Forget it. I'll tell them I don't want to see you. If you really want to help me, don't come. Please, Barney. I'm begging you."

He started to say something else but

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she never heard what. She hung up on him.

Three days after her arraignment, appearing in court for sentence, the judge, true to Lorraine's prediction, suspended her sentence and let her walk. Since Lorraine walked too, they left the courthouse together.

"Boy," Lorraine told her, "am I glad I beat that rap. I don't mind the workhouse so much. What's sixty days anyhow? Life's long and I been in worse places. Only thing that worried me was my sweet daddy and one of my wife-in-laws taking over and getting to be head chick while I'm in the clink. That I would not care for."

"I'm sorry," Jean Lee said. "I know I sound ignorant. But I don't know what you're talking about."

"I'll buy you a drink to celebrate us both being on the outside and tell you all about it," Lorraine said.

They went to Tony's, a joint across from the courthouse, and guzzled Martinis. Jean Lee had four to Lorraine's seven, and Lorraine talked about the life of a prostitute. She talked with the idea of convincing Jean Lee.

"I'll take you up to Harlem and introduce you to my Bob's pal, Sugar Joe. Next to Bob, he's the smartest sweet man around, and I got a feeling he'd blow his top over you. If you want to try him out, I can call up right now to make a date. What do you say?"

Jean Lee said, "Well, I'd like a chance to think things over and . . ."

Lorraine couldn't wait to hear her

out. "If you think you're nicer when you give it away for free. . . . Look, honey, you got the wherewithal. Now all you need's the guts. Of course, as I told you, if you think you're nicer. . . ."

"I don't think I'm nicer. It isn't that." She looked up from her drink and saw a car like Barney's parked in front of the courthouse. She felt herself getting hysterical. She pulled a ten-dollar bill out of her purse and left it on the table. "I've got to go this minute."

"Well, alright." Lorraine took her arm. "What are you waiting for then? Let's go."

They rode up to Harlem together. Jean Lee was grateful for Lorraine's constant conversation. She reopened the subjects she'd begun in the court—her wives-in-law and her sweet daddy.

"My sweet daddy's my man. I love him like crazy. My wife-in-laws are the other girls he's got hustling for him."

"Why do they hustle for him?" Jean Lee asked.

Lorraine said, simply, as though no other explanation could be required, "Why, because he's a sweet daddy."

"But isn't he your sweet daddy?" Jean Lee asked.

"You're not just beating your lip," Lorraine said. "Doggone right."

"Then why do the others hustle for him?"

Lorraine smiled. "You wouldn't believe those girls could be that dumb. They think he's their sweet daddy, too."

Three hours later she met Lorraine's sweet man, Bob, and Sugar Joe, his

buddy, at the Baby Grand Bar on 125th Street. The two men looked amazingly alike, both tall, slim, coffee-colored, somewhere in their forties. They both smelled piny and their hair was flattened down and shining with pomade. They both smiled when Lorraine introduced Jean Lee to them and looked at her as though she were a horse they were evaluating.

Sugar asked Lorraine, "Your little friend in the game, honey?"

Lorraine said, "Not yet. But she wants to be."

He said, "Copesetic."

Jean Lee got very drunk before the night was out and went home with Sugar Joe. He had a nice apartment on 58th Street in a house she didn't think would rent to Negroes. She didn't get much chance to look around, because they headed directly for the red, velvet-canopied bed.

It was good being in bed with Sugar," she says, "not satisfying, but good in a way it never had been with Barney. I could be as low as I needed with him. I said the terrible words to him and he said worse ones back. Nothing I did shocked him. I had to clutch at him, too; he couldn't satisfy me any more than any other man could; but he wasn't horrified to think I'd have to go out and look for other men after I got through taking what he had to give. All he wanted to do was insure I'd be well paid. I don't have the words to explain what a relief his casualness was to me. I joined his stable in the morning. Naturally."

He was a temperamental man who always looked for slights where none were intended. He was particularly sensitive to Jean Lee, because she had been to college and he had never finished elementary school. He often cuffed her for using a word or a phrase he did not understand, and she learned to take his abuse and to be abjectly apologetic as soon as she knew she had displeased him in any way. But he did get her plenty of customers, all she could take care of, and then, on the nights when he was not occupied with his other girls, he took her to bed himself.

"I got to where I'd do anything for those nights with him, give anything." She gave and still gives \$500 to \$600 dollars a week. "Nobody can understand how I feel, but, during my more lucid moments, I know what he means to me. Here is a man who knows me, really knows me as I am, and he can stand me. He can come to bed with me, knowing that I've had ten men before him, and not want to beat my brains out. I know he looks at me and sees dollar signs, and that makes me feel good. It makes me know he's as low as I am, even lower in some ways. Sweet Daddy Low, I call him. I don't have to worry about hurting him, the way I always had to worry about Barney. It's comforting not to wake up in the morning and look at a man and think you're ruining him. This boy's already ruined, so nobody can touch him. He's rotten and he's cruel. I hate him so much I could kill him sometimes, but even when I hate him most, I know I need him—and always will." ●

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THE TOWN THAT COMMITTED MURDER

Continued from page 37

Lucan constable, accompanied by several angry farmers, rode up to the Donnelly farmhouse. They were met at the door by the grim and scowling Johannah who asked, "What do you want?"

The constable said they wanted her husband.

"He isn't here," she said, "and you'll never find him. He's gone far away and I wouldn't tell you where even if I knew. Now get to hell off this farm."

The constable questioned the young Donnelly boys, but they too maintained a sphinx-like silence. Johannah had coached her brood well.

There were a few half-hearted attempts made to find Jim Donnelly all of which failed, for no one wanted to prowl around the Donnelly farm. Five months later he was still in the woods, less than 500 yards from his home.

When winter set in, Donnelly moved to the hayloft in his barn. It was lonely, cold and monotonous, but it was safe.

Spring came and Jim Donnelly returned to the woods at the back of his farm, where he remained until seeding time. Then complications arose. Johannah came down with a severe attack of grippe.

Jim Donnelly was faced with the problem of spring planting. He solved it by impersonating his wife. Johannah was almost as tall and heavy as her husband. Dressed in her clothes, Donnelly was taken for her by those traveling the roads and seeing him in the fields. Later, still dressed in women's clothing, he brought in the crops and did the fall plowing.

Snow again and once more Donnelly burrowed in the hay in his barn, exiled from humanity. The long winter months dragged along. In the spring of 1859 Jim Donnelly had enough of hiding. He walked into Lucan and surrendered.

At the trial Donnelly pleaded self-defense, but there had been more than a score of witnesses to the murder. He was sentenced to be hanged, but the verdict was changed to seven years' imprisonment.

Before he was taken away to serve his sentence he was allowed to speak with his wife. "I'll be gone seven years," he told her, "but I'll be back. Never forget that and never let my boys forget it. I'll be back. And when I do—"

Jim Donnelly had served almost three years of his sentence when the barn of a farmer who lived a good 10 miles from the Donnelly homestead mysteriously went up in flames one night. The farmer was a puzzled and irate man. Everything about the fire pointed to a case of arson, but to the best of his knowledge he had no enemies.

The very next night the unknown arsonists struck again. This time, the house of the farmer's neighbor burned to the ground. Two weeks later the barn

of a third farmer was burned during the night.

Fear and bewilderment swept over the countryside. Then someone recalled an interesting coincidence. Oddly enough, the three men who had suffered at the hands of the arsonists had been the principal witnesses against Jim Donnelly. A few days later the Lucan constable again made tracks for the Donnelly house.

The first thing that must have struck the constable was the tangible fact that the sons of Jim Donnelly were growing up and fast. James Jr., the eldest of the seven boys, now 20 and a husky fellow, was sitting on the front steps. Seventeen-year-old William, who was becoming a backwoods musician of sorts, was playing on his fiddle. Fifteen-year-old John was there and also the four younger brothers, Patrick, Michael, Robert and Tom.

In the doorway, broad-shouldered and scowling Johannah, glared at the approaching officer.

The constable only had time for a few questions when he felt a strong arm seize his shoulder, and he was gazing into the hard eyes of James Jr., who said: "You've

done enough talking. Mother told you we had nothing to do with those fires, and that means we had nothing to do with them. Get the hell off this place and stay off."

The constable got.

As the months passed the work of the "unknown" terrorists continued. Several barns went up in smoke and then a small hotel whose owner was known to have had unpleasant dealings with the Donnellys. It was also suspected that the Donnelly brothers were secretly engaged in cattle rustling. But, as usual, no one could prove it.

On a fall day in 1866, a grim-featured man stepped from the late afternoon stage that rumbled into Lucan. It was Jim Donnelly, returning home after having completed his seven-year jail sentence.

Down the main street came plunging horses and a heavy farm wagon carrying his seven husky sons hurrying to meet him. The next minute they were all milling around their father, slapping him on the back. Jim Donnelly, gaping in surprise, seemed unable to believe the changes seven years had made. These were no longer little boys. They were tall, rowdy and reckless young men, aware of the fear they inspired in others.

That fear was evident within seconds after their arrival in the village. Housewives gossiping on the streets suddenly took flight homeward. Loiterers remembered urgent business elsewhere. In seconds the streets were deserted.

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Then one of the Donnelly boys picked up a chair before the window of Molony's Wagon Shop, sent it crashing through the window and shouted to the others, "That's just to let some of the bastards know we've been here!"

Among those who had testified against Jim Donnelly at the trial was a farmer named Haskett. Around midnight on the very day Jim Donnelly returned to his family several masked riders rode up to Haskett's barn, "whooping like savages," and threw burning faggots into the hayloft before riding away, while the terrorized Haskett stayed indoors, his barn burning to embers. Three mornings later he found six of his cows dead in the pasture, poisoned.

After Jim Donnelly returned, the family began to terrorize the district in earnest. There were numerous street brawls and side-road gang fights, all of which were won by the Donnellys. There were other cases of poisoned cattle and arson. But by this time no one dared press charges against the Donnellys for fear of reprisals. Many families, fed up with being frightened, moved out of the district.

Word occasionally reached the outside world of the lawlessness and terror that prevailed in the Biddulph district. Among other stories were those of five Lucan constables who had been given merciless beatings by the Donnellys and told to "make tracks, damn you—and don't come back!" Three of them promptly resigned their jobs and quit the district. One didn't even bother to resign.

Eventually it became clear that outside

help was needed. From Caledonia, in June, 1870, Detective Hugh McKinnon of Criminal Investigations was sent to Lucan to bring order. McKinnon was an experienced and tireless sleuth who had been the nemesis of many a criminal. He had brains as well as brawn. McKinnon knew that the principal reason for such lawlessness around Lucan was the fear inspired by the bad boys of Biddulph. Plainly it was necessary to prove the guilt of the terrorists. McKinnon decided on a bold move. Posing as a man of means from Ottawa, "out for some fun and excitement," he struck up an acquaintance with the Donnellys and was invited out to the farm for a few days. He stretched it into a week and learned plenty.

"That week at the Donnellys farmhouse was a nightmare," McKinnon told later. "It was like being in the combination of a boiler factory and a madhouse. If there was one full moment of quiet during my stay there, I cannot recall it."

It seems that when the boys were not slugging others, they were practicing among themselves. The house rang almost continuously with their shouts. Arguments and bickerings were frequent; fists flew and blows landed for little reason and sometimes for none at all. "Just for the hell of it," was Tom's explanation.

At first McKinnon could learn little about the lawless activities of the Donnellys. All of them were suspicious and tight-lipped. But finally the break came. One night McKinnon was alone with James Jr. The eldest Donnelly boy, well in his cups, became talkative. What he

told McKinnon was enough to put most of the Donnellys in jail indefinitely. McKinnon promptly had warrants prepared for the arrest of Mike, Tom, John, William and James Jr. That would only leave Patrick and Robert, along with old Jim and Johannah, to run at large. The next day, accompanied by a constable and four deputies, McKinnon returned and arrested the five brothers. But when the day arrived for the five Donnellys to go on trial, it was the old story again. No one person would appear to press charges against them. Once again the Donnellys had terrified the district into silence.

McKinnon was furious. He promised complete protection to anyone who would testify. No dice. One of them drew him aside and told him, "You may think that all of us are cowards, McKinnon. It's all right for you. When this is over, you can go back to where you came from. We have to live here—and you don't know the Donnellys!"

Disgusted, McKinnon left the district! By the early 1870's, the Donnellys were beginning to become prosperous. James Jr. had acquired a farm of his own in the same manner as his father—by simply taking possession. The rightful owner, a farmer named Casswell, has gotten his arm, jaw and several ribs broken in a fight with one of the Donnellys and had finally been driven from the district. With Casswell gone, life for the Donnellys settled down. William and James Jr. had secured jobs driving the McFee Stage Coaches, and for two years they covered the Exeter-to-London run, with Lucan the midway point. Then, in May, 1873, the two brothers bought out the McFee line.

But they had a formidable competitor in John Flannigan, who soon set up a second stage-coach line. Flannigan was about 40, a short, powerfully-built man of enormous physical strength who entertained his friends by bending horse-shoes with his bare hands. He was well-liked by the village merchants, as well as by the rest of the countryside, so he had every reason to believe that most of the inhabitants of the district would swing their business his way.

For two years competition was stiff, with the Donnellys constantly losing ground to their rival. By the late summer of 1875, the Donnelly line was on its last legs, groggy and ready to hit the canvas. Then, late on the night of August 23, while the village of Lucan slept, several men slunk quietly through the blackness and made their way to John Flannigan's barn.

Early the next morning Flannigan came to the barn for the first hitch-up to London. A grim sight met his eyes. His two coaches had been sawed apart, his harnesses and other equipment slashed to bits and strewn around. The stalls of his horses were splashed with blood, the animals were dying. Horrified, Flannigan looked at their mouths: their tongues had been cut out. At the sight, John Flannigan nearly went crazy himself. Hurriedly he put the horses out of their misery with a shotgun. The blasts brought neighbors on the run and before long a small crowd had gathered. No one questioned or doubted the identity of the vandals.



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long march to the Donnellys with 17 men armed with clubs and shotguns at his heels. One practical man carried a rope. A large, angry crowd followed.

As they approached the Donnelly barn, the vigilantes saw William and James Jr. with the coach, about to depart for the morning run to London. Inside the coach were a man and two women. Seizing clubs, the two Donnellys walked toward Flannigan's men. William Donnelly

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called out to his passengers: "Stay in your seats folks, this won't take long. The coach will be pulling out on time!"

The kill-crazed Flannigan, shotgun still clutched in his big hands, walked on relentlessly.

Then, with Flannigan not 10 paces from William, a yell from the Donnelly barn broke the tense silence. The next minute, old Jim Donnelly, youthful for 59, strode from the barn followed by Robert, John, Mike, Tom and Patrick. All carried clubs. With six more Donnellys on the field Flannigan and his followers came to a halt. The Black Donnellys evidently had it all planned out.

There was a pause as the two forces faced each other, eight on one side, 18 on the other. All the Donnelly boys, smiling and fearless, close to the six-foot mark, well-built and undeniably handsome with swarthy, well-chiseled features and thick, wavy black hair, seemed to welcome the situation. They threw several taunts at the enemy and William called out, "Why the delay? Let's get started!"

Flannigan's first idea, apparently, had been to kill William Donnelly. Now, with old Jim directly before him, laughing in his face, he had to change his plan. Slowly the gun swung from the son to the father. Then, with a shout, Flannigan flung it to his shoulder. He was not fast enough.

Old Jim Donnelly slid under the gun barrel, grasped it and tore it from Flannigan, then ramméd the butt hard into the face of his foe. Blood shot forth. As Flannigan fell back, hands to his smashed face, old Jim swung the gun over his head and brought it down on Flannigan's skull with such force that the stock broke. To a man the bad boys of Bidulph then went into action with an utter disregard for life and limb and a savagery that was appalling. One farmer went down immediately, his skull smashed by Tom Donnelly's club. Mike Donnelly picked up one of his foes, raised him to arm's length and pitched him

headlong through a store window. Having lost his club, Patrick Donnelly hurried to the nearby blacksmith shop and returned with the horseshoes he sent sailing at his foes. Despite the better than two-to-one odds less than 10 minutes after Flannigan went down, his supporters were in full flight down the road. The spectators, realizing the inevitable outcome, had already fled.

The Donnelly coach, with its passengers, went out on time.

John Flannigan proved to have a harder head than the deceased Farrell. Within 48 hours he was negotiating for new horses and two stages in London. Seven days after the atrocities in his barn, he was ready to resume operations, the first run scheduled for 7 a.m. the following day. It was a schedule that was never carried out.

Around 3 a.m. in the morning of September 1, Flannigan's barn was a flaming holocaust and his horses dead. The two huge dogs Flannigan had left to guard the barn, were found nearby—strangled and spiked to a wall.

John Flannigan was out of business, temporarily at least, and the Donnelly coachline had the sole run of the road. They promptly raised their rates and put two more coaches on the run.

For six weeks the Donnelly stages rumbled on without opposition. Then came another night when men slunk through the darkness of sleeping Lucan. The following morning the entire countryside was aware of the latest destruction, but this time there was rejoicing instead of anger. The structure that went up in flames that night was the Donnellys' barn. Three horses and two coaches, harness and equipment were lost.

William and James promptly brought action against John Flannigan, charging arson. They swore he had been seen in the vicinity of the barn within minutes before the fire occurred. But as the de-



fense bluntly put it, "No one would believe a Donnelly even under oath." The brothers were laughed out of court. Flannigan had an airtight alibi. On the night of the fire and for two days before that time, he had been more than 100 miles away, at the farm of a sister near a crossroads settlement that rejoiced in the name of Punkeydoodle's Corners.

Both coachlines at a standstill, it became a race as to which would be first to resume operation. Time was the important factor. But the Donnellys had hardly secured the lumber for their own barn when Flannigan had finished his, and once more his coaches were rolling—the only stage line on the road. That was around October 15.

On October 24 John Flannigan's barn was again reduced to ashes. Once more his coaches had been sawn apart and his horses so horribly mutilated they had to be destroyed. Vowing vengeance, Flannigan grimly set about restoring his stage coach for one more crack at the Donnellys.

Meanwhile, clubfooted William Donnelly had fallen in love. The girl in the case—brave, crazy or both—was Nora Kennedy. In later years William once thoughtfully declared: "I don't think my wife's folks ever cared a great deal about me."

He may have had something there. Nora Kennedy's mother had said she would rather see her daughter dead than married to a Donnelly, and she turned the girl's picture to the wall. Nora's father went one better. He threw the picture out of the house and Nora along with it.

It was on a cold February morning in 1876, with a slate sky overhead, when several cutters pulled up before the church to announce the arrival of the

Donnellys for the wedding ceremony. William had put a down payment on the house and acres, where he intended to take his bride. It was a small, frame house three miles from the home of his parents.

The wedding party was held in the several rooms William had rented in FitzHenry's Hotel. With bottles flowing and William's violin screeching, the party got off to a whale of a start. No guests had been invited but late in the afternoon three uninvited visitors showed up. The trio consisted of Constable Bowden and two deputies, Reid and Courcay. Word had just reached Bowden that someone had identified James Jr., and John Donnelly as the two men responsible for a barn burning six weeks earlier. The bride's own brother, John Kennedy, was the informer.

Five minutes after they had stopped the party, Bowden, Reid and Courcay came rolling down the stairs, clothes torn and faces battered. The bad boys of Bidulph were right behind. Somehow William had secured Bowden's revolver and he fired as the officers fled from the hotel. Both shots went wild. William threw the gun down in disgust and watched till the three in the roadway had vanished. Then the Donnellys were back to the party which continued without interference till sundown.

Bowden and his men had the last laugh. The following morning, reinforced by deputies from surrounding villages, they went to William's newly purchased home and cut short his honeymoon—breaking into the house and surprising him as he sat down to breakfast. Taken to trial for shooting at Constable Bowden, William Donnelly was found guilty and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment.

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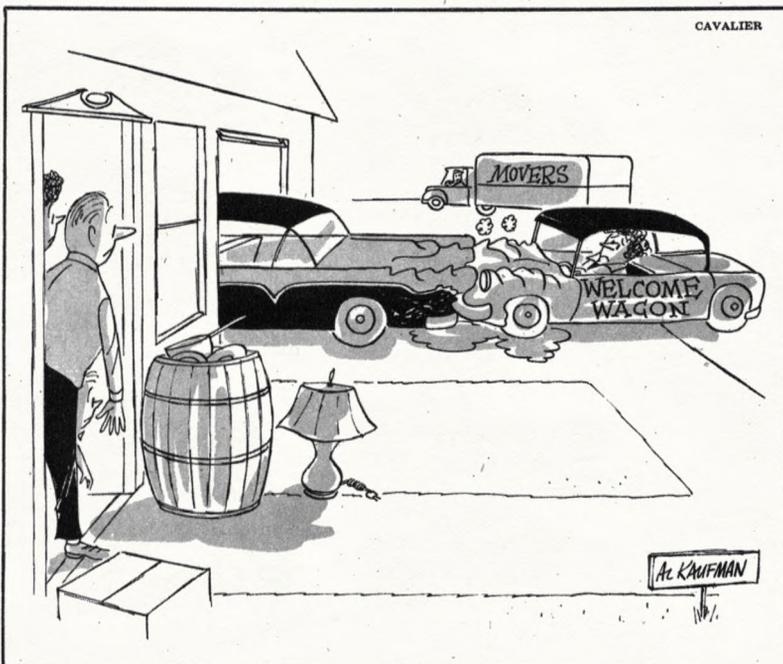
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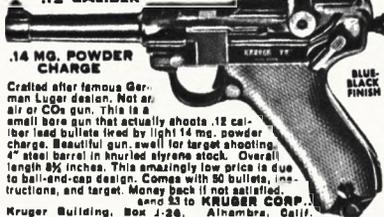


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that permanently disabled him, forced him to resign his office and eventually cost him his eyesight. Bowden was unable to prove the identity of his attackers.

The fact that the law had found William Donnelly guilty exploded temporarily. The myth of Donnelly invincibility, and one by one the people of Lucan came forward with accusations. Early in 1876 the Donnellys were faced with 13 different criminal charges to be heard at the Spring Assizes. The boys had been working overtime and the list included incendiarism, poisoning, brawling, wanton destruction and highway robbery.

Methodically, the Black Donnellys set out to persuade witnesses not to appear in court. One night three masked riders visited the farm of Patrick James O'Shea, who had charged Mike Donnelly with assault and robbery. O'Shea received a short lecture and a crashing blow across the face. He did not appear in court to press charges.

Dennis O'Heenan, who had charged Tom Donnelly with stealing farm equipment, also changed his mind after a night visit that resulted in two blackened eyes and a broken arm. Jeremiah Harrigan, another witness slated to appear, was pulled from his cutter and given a vicious beating.

When the Spring Assizes arrived the only person who appeared to press charges was one Patrick Breen. Breen, a stubborn man who had refused to be frightened into silence, claimed that his friendship with Flannigan had resulted in the poisoning of five of his cows. But he had not, or at least was unable, to produce any conclusive proof that the poisoners were the Black Donnellys. They were released.

Flannigan himself was back in business and the Donnellys, for once, were restrained from criminal methods. Honest competition proved too stiff for the Donnelly coachline. In September, 1876, after months of being in the red, they were forced to sell out.

A month later, to bolster the diminishing family finances, James Donnelly Jr., robbed the Granton Post Office. As a clever thief he would have made a first-class garbage collector.

After forcing the rear door of the post office with a commotion that awoke half the village, he lit the lantern and searched for swag. He was identified as he left the building. At dawn a constable and two deputies rode up to the Donnelly farmhouse to learn that the wanted man had galloped away from there less than 20 minutes earlier.

The posse took up the chase and overtook the fugitive on a sideroad about 10 miles away. James Donnelly was waiting for them, dismounted and with his fists ready. He not only handled the trio as though they were paper men but he stole one of their horses. He then made his way to the border, ending up at Detroit, Michigan, where he went into hiding. But James Donnelly did not have to worry about jail. He developed a heart ailment and seven months later he returned to Lucan to die. The Donnellys wept alone.

In 1877, with William Donnelly back from jail and the reign of terror continuing, eight men of the village, made ruthless by ruthlessness, decided to take the law into their own hands. In the dim light of dawn they rode up to the Donnelly farmhouse, they crept forward, fired the house and waited. The fire was well under way before voices sounded from within. The next moment the awakened Donnellys came hurrying through the front doorway and into the open. The horsemen started shooting, as had been planned. Five shots were fired before they galloped away, but the only casualty was the slight flesh wound Tom received in the shoulder.

The following morning the news swept over the district like wildfire. For the first time, the war had been brought into the camp of the enemy. From now on the battle lines were drawn.

The first rounds went to the Black Donnellys, now deeply embittered. In the Lucan area, the odds were two to one against any night traveler reaching his destination in safety. Farmers, homeward bound, would be pulled from cutters, buggies and wagons, and savagely beaten, sometimes tied to trees and horsewhipped by masked men, though the masks seemed hardly necessary. However, the masks served one purpose. If some victim was brave or foolish enough to take the matter to court, he would be unable to positively identify his attackers.

For two years the war continued sporadically, with the Donnellys attacking the villagers and the villagers waylaying the Donnellys when they could. Then, in 1879, a one-time lumberjack, named James Carroll arrived in Lucan from nearby Exeter. At 28, he weighed 200 pounds, all solid brawn, and he was not in the least modest about his fighting prowess.

In the Western Bar his arrogant manner and loud boasts of personal valor soon attracted the attention of the villagers. To one and all he said that he'd like nothing better than a chance to spit in the devil's face. Mention of the devil naturally brought the Donnellys to the villagers' minds. Told about them Carroll trumpeted, "Make me a special constable and I'll drive them to hell out of here in no time!"

Before the sun had set, a petition for a special constable had been written up that soon had 106 signatures attached to it and was on its way to the judge of Middlesex County.

And so James Carroll became a Lucan constable. His address in taking office consisted of 14 words: "I will drive the Donnellys out of Lucan, if it costs me my life!"

For all his boasting, Carroll was too clever to take on the Donnellys alone, as the constables before him had tried to do. His first step was to organize a vigilance committee of 150 men pledged to absolute secrecy.

In addition to his small army, on Carroll's side was the fact that the fighting strength of the Donnellys had greatly diminished. Age and rheumatism had incapacitated old Jim to such an extent



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that he was barely able to get around; Robert was in jail for taking shots at a constable; James Jr. and Mike were dead, the latter having been stabbed in a fight with lumberjacks far from home. However Tom, William, Pat and John remained still a dangerous foursome.

On the night of January 15, 1880, the Donnellys rode again—on what would be their last excursion of terror. Their victim was Pat "Grouchy" Ryder, who had lived on an adjoining farm for almost a quarter of a century. He had once been a friend but, like most residents of the area, he was now a bitter enemy. And the Donnellys had a score to settle with him.

Around 11:30 on that January night Grouchy Ryder heard horsemen approach his farmhouse. Looking out of his bedroom window, he saw five of the Donnellys in the snow outside. As he trembled in fear he watched them put the torch to his barn and all the outbuildings. On the following morning, old Jim and Johannah, who had gone along for the ride, were arrested, charged with arson, brought before a neighboring magistrate and a date set for their trial.

In court Ryder was unable to prove their guilt—it was his word against theirs. The countryside saw that once again the Donnellys would defeat justice.

They decided then the time had come for action. Shortly after sundown on the night of February 3, 1880, men from the surrounding districts began to arrive at the Swamp Schoolhouse in Lucan. Most of them were well-liquored and in a ugly mood. By 11 o'clock that night 55 men were assembled in the schoolhouse and drinks were being passed. Then James Carroll announced: "There are too many of you. Thirty will be enough."

Carroll then named John Kennedy,

Martin McLaughlin—a prosperous farmer and a recently made justice of the peace—and James and Thomas Ryder, along with John Purtell, as five of those he wanted to accompany him, and said lots would be drawn to determine the other 25. Fifty pieces of paper, half of them blank, half of them marked with an X, were then rolled up and placed in a hat. Those drawing the X went with Carroll. The others were told to "get along home, forget you were ever here and keep your mouths shut no matter what happens!"

At 1:15 a.m., in the bitter cold and blackness of February 4, a mob of 31 men, most of them armed with clubs, drew near the unlit Donnelly farmhouse.

James Carroll turned to the others. "You all know what to do," he whispered. "Don't forget, when I shout out, come on the run and show the bastards no mercy! Remember how they have terrorized this district for years. Kill every one of them!"

And then James Carroll walked up to the kitchen door. He raised a gloved hand and sent it against the barrier in several hard knocks that resounded loudly. A moment's stillness followed, then more heavy raps on the door. Presently the watching men saw a light go on in an upstairs room.

There were five persons in the farmhouse that night—old Jim, Johannah and Tom, as well as Jim's niece, Bridget, a delicate and somewhat feeble-minded girl of 21, recently arrived from Ireland. There was also Johnny Connor, an 11-year-old boy who happened to be spending the night beneath the Donnelly roof. Johnny, a son of one of the very few neighbors on speaking terms with the family, had agreed to look after the farm

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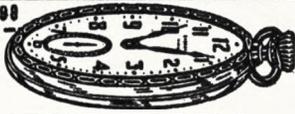
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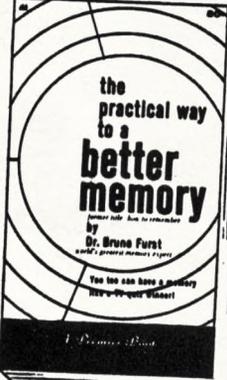
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stock while the Donnellys went to their trial at Granton in the morning.

Awakened by the knocking, Tom Donnelly made his way to the kitchen, set the candle he carried down on the table and opened the door. "Yeah? Who are you and what do you want?" he asked Carroll.

"I'm Constable James Carroll, here on business, Tom Donnelly, I've a warrant for your arrest."

James Carroll struck with lightning speed and Tom, sleepy, was too slow. Carroll's hand whipped from his pocket. There was a flash of steel, a metallic "click"—and handcuffs were on Donnelly's wrists.

Johannah and Bridget, in long-sleeved and high-necked flannelette nightgowns, appeared in the doorway between the kitchen and the front room. Each held a candle and Johannah demanded, "What's going on here?"

Carroll answered, "Enforcing a bit of law, and high time it was done. Where is your husband?" Johannah nodded to the nearby bedroom. He took the candle from Bridget's hand, brushed the two women aside and made his way to the bedroom. In the kitchen, Tom Donnelly was staring at the handcuffs on his wrists in a dazed manner. "What the hell?" he kept repeating. "What the hell?"

By then old Jim Donnelly had been aroused. Slipping into his pants, he met Carroll head-on in the bedroom doorway. Another quick movement on the constable's part, and handcuffs snapped around the old man's wrists as he heard: "You're under arrest, James Donnelly!" "Let's find out what all this is about," old Jim said. "You say we are under arrest, Carroll. All right, then, read the warrant."

Carroll's answer was to yell into the darkness outside the kitchen door.

The next moment a mob of shouting men poured through the doorway. The time was approximately 1:23 a.m.

John Kennedy, the brother-in-law of William Donnelly and howling like a madman, was the first member of the mob that bounded into the kitchen. Behind him came the others. Kennedy carried two clubs, tossing one to James Carroll, who caught it and made for Johannah Donnelly.

The young girl, Bridget, screamed, then turned and ran into the darkness of the front room. John Purtell, crazy drunk, ran after her with an ax.

Kill-crazed men, shouting and cursing, shoved through the doorway. Old Jim, forced into a corner, fought with a chair in his manacled hands until the mob beat him to a pulp. He died, his neck severed by an ax.

The mob made no concession to Johannah's sex. She perished horribly, near her spouse. She was beaten to her knees. They continued to club her long after she was dead.

Bridget Donnelly was caught in the bedroom, knocked to the floor, seized by the heels and dragged down the stairs. Her ribs and jaw were broken, her teeth kicked out. She too died, her throat cut.

Tom was the last of the Donnellys to

go down. Chopping bone-breaking blows with his manacled hands, he ploughed straight into the mob until they clubbed him down. He was dragged into the front room where the men went to work on him. Two minutes later he was ripped, slashed and beaten apart. Then his head was chopped off.

Johnny Connor, meantime, was hiding under the bed, and the mob missed him. He later testified in court: "After they murdered the old man, the old woman, Bridget and Tom, the men poured coal oil all over the house. They came into the room where I was hiding and poured coal oil on the bed I was under. Then they all ran out when they set fire to it, and I got from under the bed, put on my pants and tried to quench the fire with my coat—I went to the front room and saw Tom dead on the floor. I went to the kitchen and tramped upon the old woman. There was a light from the fire in the room where I was sleeping, from the kitchen and also from Tom's bedroom—I got out of the house and I could see the mob walking up the road.

"I ran over to Pat Whelan's place!"

Meanwhile the mob was advancing upon the home of William Donnelly. For many of the mob the murder lust was fast wearing off. Singly and in pairs, the men began to fall out, despite Carroll's urgings. By the time they reached the house of William Donnelly, only eight men walked behind Kennedy and Carroll.

Three people were in the house. John Donnelly occupied a small room near the front door, while William and his wife slept in an adjoining bedroom. The knocking on the door woke John who answered the door. John Donnelly never had a chance to defend himself. As he swung the door open, two shotguns roared out and he plunged face down in the snow.

Without waiting to identify their victim, the killers turned and ran down the road. They were under the impression they had killed William, for as they ran through the gateway, Carroll called out to the others: "The clubfooted devil is dead!"

Two miles from the home of William, James Carroll and the nine others, half-frozen, stopped at the home of one of the mobsters, who had left them earlier. They told the man of the latest murder, naming William Donnelly as the victim. There they had several drinks of whiskey and warmed themselves. And there each took the hand of the other and swore on the family Bible to remain silent and deny that they knew anything about the murders.

And that is the story of the Donnelly massacre, as told to the writer by a man who heard it from his own father—a man who was one of the mob.

With the Donnelly house in flames behind him, the boy, Johnny Connor, had run over to the farmhouse of Pat Whelan and told his harrowing tale. But such

was the reign of terror in the district that no member of the Whelan household would venture forth. It was not until around eleven o'clock the next morning that the crime was investigated by County Constable Alfred Brown. He found the Donnelly house completely demolished, the bodies of the dead horribly charred.

James Carroll was the first member of the mob to be arrested. Other arrests followed. In all, 14 members of the Vigilante committee were brought in; men who had been seen and recognized by young Connor. The accused were arraigned on the charge of murder in the police court in the town of London, on February 21, 1880.

The magistrate discharged a number of those arrested and finally committed for trial on the charge of murder, James Carroll, John Kennedy, Martin McLaughlin, John Purtell and James and Thomas Ryder.

It was decided that the prisoners should be tried separately. James Carroll was the first to be put in the dock, charged with the murder of Johannah Donnelly. Johnny Connor repeated his story, and though cross-examined for more than three hours, never once contradicted himself.

The jury failed to agree and a new trial was ordered. Meanwhile, most of the inhabitants of Biddulph Township supported the six men accused of being the ringleaders of the mob. And one Lucanite told a reporter of the *London Advertiser*: "Every one around here will agree with me when I say that the men that killed the Donnellys should all be given medals of solid gold, and special seats in Heaven!"

The second trial took place in the last week in January, 1881, with the defense of James Carroll being conducted by three outstanding lawyers. The trial came to an end on February 2, at 2:55 P.M., when the jury filed back into the

courtroom and the foreman announced, "Not Guilty!"

Cheers rang out in the courtroom.

With the acquittal of James Carroll the charges against the other five were dropped, since the evidence against him was identical with that against them. They returned to Lucan in triumph and were greeted in the manner of homecoming heroes.

Spirits broken, the three remaining brothers moved elsewhere without attempting retaliation. Robert Donnelly held several positions in various parts of Ontario, following his release from prison, and for some years before his death was a night clerk in a London, Ontario, hotel. William Donnelly moved from the Lucan area, though he and his

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wife were later returned to and buried in the family plot.

The story is told of Patrick Donnelly's eccentricity. As the years passed, the massacre of his parents and brothers preyed heavily on his mind; he seemed to live for only one purpose—to attend the funerals of the six men who had been accused of being the ringleaders of the mob and were later released.

No matter where he was, he made it a point to learn of each death and attend the burial. At every funeral he could be observed in the Lucan graveyard, like some macabre scarecrow. "Not dying until 1929 it was his peculiar triumph to outlive them all." •



THE PROSTATE

Continued from page 51

look forward to a reasonable uncomplicated recovery. Deaths are rare.

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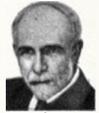
Some years ago, Dr. Hugh Young sent out a follow-up questionnaire to patients on whom he had operated for prostatic enlargement, inquiring whether surgery had affected sexual performance. From a West Virginian, came this reply:

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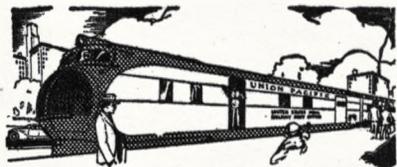
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I HAD TO DISARM AN A-BOMB

Continued from page 8

in for examination, but they showed nothing amiss. Instruments connected with the experiment were also normal. How about circuits? In the past there had been two other A-bomb failures and they were recalled as slide-rule-precise minds began to weigh possibilities and to fit in the parts of the jigsaw. Finally, the answer boiled down to one salient fact: there was no power in the cab. Somehow the electric firing signal hadn't gotten to the device. Why? And the answer was almost immediate: the elevator winch. The one step in our procedure which hadn't been included in the dummy runs was to remove the winch when we left the tower. In our zeal for economy, we had unwittingly broken the power circuit and stopped the flow of current to the arming mechanism.

Suggestions on how to disarm the bomb now came thick and fast. Somebody proposed that we lower a volunteer onto the tower by helicopter, but this idea was vetoed: sudden gusts of wind might hurtle the man into the steel framework. No, someone would have to drive to the tower. But once there should the winch be replaced so he could ride the elevator to the cab? That idea was turned down too. Nobody wanted to chance restoring the power, and anyway for scientific reasons we wanted to leave things as they were so as to make sure that we were right about what had happened.

When the meeting broke up an hour later, we knew there was only one thing left to do. The bomb had to be disarmed as it was armed: by hand.

"I think Burton, Rubin, Fairbrother, and his group should climb the tower," Jerry said.

And that was it. At 6 a.m., as the dawn was breaking over the desert, we trundled our inspection gear into the back seats of three waiting AEC cars and piled in with the equipment. There were nine of us on this safari. Arnold took the wheel of one car. I sat in back, my arm cradling a radiation counter; Fairbrother sat in front with the driver. Ahead in the glow of the morning the desert looked more desolate and mysterious than I had ever remembered it. Somewhere in the distance the detachment of Marines was still huddled in trenches, waiting; so was the scientific group near Ground Zero. Undoubtedly the newsmen were chafing at the unexpected delay, wondering what had happened. That damn tower, I thought, the indignation rising inside me, it should have been destroyed, but there it was ahead, still standing. The tenseness that gripped us all would remain until the bomb was safe.

Arnold slipped the car into gear, stepped on the accelerator, and in a few minutes we had left the Control Point behind us. Telephone poles and Joshua trees, looking like misshapen little gnomes, whizzed by as the car picked up

speed along the much-traveled macadam road. In about 15 minutes we drew up in front of a low windowless concrete blockhouse and parked. This blast-proof building was an instrument station and our first stop according to our plan. We were three miles from Ground Zero and if the bomb decided to go off now, we would be close to the region of possible flash burns and injury by the shock wave generated by a force equal to 10,000 tons of TNT.

Tucker, the electric circuit expert, unlocked the padlock on the huge steel bulkhead door and stepped inside while we crowded around the entrance, watching. There were hundreds of instruments strung around in cabinets, but our interest was centered on just one thing: the power. It was off. We were surer now that the trouble lay in the power break due to removal of the winch. Tucker cut off certain circuits, so that if power did go on accidentally, it presumably wouldn't be able to fire the bomb. But could anyone be certain of that? When you're dealing with an unexpected occurrence, anything is possible. So far as I was concerned, the bomb had been terribly close to going off before, and it was still armed.

The sun was coming up over the hills when Johnson called a huddle. Squatting in the shade of the blockhouse door we reviewed our information and made further plans. Fairbrother, Burton, and I would climb the tower. Tucker and Arnold would stand at the base to lend assistance if needed and to keep telephone communications open with the Control Point. Satisfied with this arrangement Graves, Johnson, and Shuster drove back to the Control Point, leaving Dr. Lewis Fussell at the station. We started off on the remaining three miles to Ground Zero. We were now rapidly approaching the region where a bomb explosion could turn flesh into cinder, where a blast could rip out insides, where radiation could stop hair growth and cause internal injuries. A few more minutes and we were at Ground Zero, the point of no return. Arnold got on the tower phone and reported our arrival. It was 7:30 a.m. and the really grueling part of the job lay ahead.

Looming high above us was the 500-foot tower, half the height of the Empire State Building, a pylon of open rugged steel framework, with the narrow ladders going to the cab. In that cab was the live bomb, but we didn't dare think about that.

"Well, let's get on with it," somebody said.

We unhitched our equipment. Fairbrother and I would carry radiation counters. Burton, our party leader, decided to take only a voltmeter. I was still fiddling with the sling of my instrument when Burton gripped the ladder and



"One of us has to go!"

started up. I was right behind him, Fairbrother behind me. We didn't say a thing, saving our breath for the arduous climb ahead.

The first 100 feet were easy, but after 15 or 20 minutes I began to tire and my breathing came heavier. Although I'm five feet eleven and weigh almost 200 pounds, I began to wish I had kept in better physical condition. Around me the area began to spread out in panorama. I could see the brown desert sloping to the hills half a mile away. Down below, Tucker and Arnold paced up and down, looking up from time to time and yelling words of encouragement.

At 200 feet, I no longer could hear a sound from the men below. My arms began to ache; I wondered idly why my legs weren't also aching since they were doing most of the work. My equipment, which weighed only 15 pounds, began to feel like a piano on my back. Nobody said a word, and the only sound was the soft clang, clang, clang of feet moving up the rungs of the ladder.

At the 250-foot level there was a platform and I threw myself on it for a rest. My breath was coming in gasps. I wondered how much further I had to go. I was sick of looking at ladder rungs. Then I gulped in the cool desert air, caught my second wind, and started up again.

300 feet . . . 400

A few more feet, I found myself saying, a few more feet, and I will be on top, and it'll be all over.

Just below the cab was an instrument platform and I paused there to unhitch my radiation counter. I swung the sensitive probe above me into the cab. Now was a critical moment. If any radioactivity registered, I would know that the bomb had "broken up" and that fissionable material was strewn about. And there would be only one thing to do: get out.

Not a murmur from the meter. I swung the probe again for good measure, but there was no responding swing of the dial, no dangerous click. I breathed easier.

Finally, after three-quarters of an hour I was in the cab. The bomb was as I had left it, sitting on a rack, surrounded by an audience of mute meters and counters in their cabinets. Burton pulled some wires. I walked gingerly to the equipment I was concerned with and performed the necessary disarming actions. Then I leaned against a table, shoulders sagging. Fairbrother got on the phone and called the Control Point. The ordeal was over. The bomb was safe.

That night there was a press conference in Las Vegas. The news of the A-bomb failure and our climb up the tower had made the wire services and I heard that the events had been flashed around the world. It was then, I think, that I felt for the first time the real impact of what had happened. I phoned my wife and told her that all was well.

I had been up all night and day, and I was dead tired. But after the conference I couldn't resist dropping into one of the casinos for a nightcap.

"What do you do?" a man at the bar asked me casually.

"Grow mushrooms in the deserts," I grinned. It was an old gag of atomic scientists.

We might explode our Diabolo A-bomb in the near future, but at the moment all I could think of was sleep. I finished my drink, returned to base, and went to bed. •

Ed. Note: Diabolo was exploded two and a half weeks after the misfire. The 500-ft. tower climbed by Rubin, Fairbrother and Burton was vaporized by a fireball visible 350 miles away.



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THE TERRIBLE TURTLE

Continued from page 16

The *Turtle* was towed down to New Rochelle by whaleboat, hauled out, carted overland to the Hudson, and moored in lower Manhattan. There Bushnell, Lee, and General Israel Putnam, commander of Washington's motley naval forces, planned the attack and waited for a calm night.

It came during the first week of September. The wind hauled around and dropped in the evening. Lee studied the position of the British ships carefully while Bushnell gave him his last briefing. The target was chosen: the 64-gun HMS *Eagle*—Admiral Howe's flagship.

Shortly before midnight, two whaleboats passed tow lines to the *Turtle*, resting at the foot of Whitehall. Lee hitched his belt, looked around fondly at the land, then climbed aboard. The strange flotilla pulled out, oars muffled, and the night swallowed the boats.

Out in the harbor, the tow boats approached as close to the British as they dared, then cast the *Turtle* loose. Lee, with hatch open, cranked toward his target. He soon realized he was in trouble. What had been estimated as slack water was actually ebb tide, running fast. Before he knew it, he was swept into the middle of the British squadron. Quick work on the tiller avoided collision with a frigate and wisely he elected to go on through the squadron, rather than try to fight the tide in full sight of the ships' watches.

Once past, Lee struggled to turn the *Turtle* around. He succeeded finally, but was able to do little more than hold his own against the ebb. He hadn't been sighted, evidently. All remained quiet. The waning moon rose.

The sergeant alternately pedaled and cranked the oar screw, waiting for the tide to slacken for his approach. He could hear the ships' bells every half-hour. Time dragged—one hour—two—two and a half—his arms and legs were lead. He gritted his teeth and fought fatigue. Then he realized he was slowly approaching the squadron again. Slack water at last.

Before him loomed the stern of HMS *Eagle*, black and vast against the graying eastern sky. Dawn was at hand. Not much time left. He summoned all his strength and drove across the narrow gap to the ship. Glancing up, he saw heads above the rail and heard voices, but no alarm. He guided the *Turtle* beneath the overhanging counter, reached out and touched the ship's planking.

Lee lowered his hatch, securing it tightly. Then he pressed the valve beneath his foot. Slowly, the *Turtle* submerged. Watching the depth gauge, Lee inched the submarine to starboard until he judged it was beneath the man-of-war. Carefully he pumped out a little water. His boat rose, then bumped gently and stopped. He was in position.

The sergeant raised the auger in the

tube and turned it hard. It failed to bite. He groped for a wooded billy at his side and pounded the bit upward, but it rang solidly on metal. Of all the places he could have chosen, he had come up under one of the heavy iron gudgeon straps near the rudder.

Lee swore and attempted to move to another spot, forgetting that the *Turtle* was now slightly buoyant. The submarine scraped past the easy turn of the *Eagle's* after bilge and popped to the surface like a cork. The submariner saw daylight flash through the portholes. Recovering quickly, he dove again, and did some fast thinking.

Daylight meant enemy longboats shutting among the squadron vessels and around Governors Island. His chances for escape would soon be nil. Even running submerged, he would have to surface for air many times before reaching Manhattan, and a pulling boat could overtake him easily. Capture of the *Turtle* must be avoided.

Lee turned and set a course for home. Luckily the tide was with him now. A few feet beneath the surface, the *Turtle* churned along, still undetected in spite of breaching beside the *Eagle*.

After a few minutes, Lee surfaced to check his bearings and discovered he was sweeping down rapidly on Governors Island. He changed course and dove again. Another check showed the island nearer.

Feverishly he cranked toward Manhattan, bobbing up often to orient himself.

Bushnell, still waiting at Whitehall, saw the *Turtle* returning at last and sent a whaleboat out to tow it in. Dead tired and disappointed, Lee made his report.

The *Turtle* was towed to Fort Lee, New Jersey. Lee attempted another attack on an enemy frigate anchored in the Hudson, but faulty navigation and river current thwarted him. Bushnell tried another operator without success.

At 0800 on October 9th, HMS *Roe-buck*, *Phoenix*, and *Tartar* weighed anchor and sailed up the Hudson, guns blazing. They scattered the woeful American fleet of small craft but sank only one sloop. On its deck was lashed the *Turtle*. Bushnell and Lee dove off and swam for their lives. The submarine went to the bottom with the sloop. It was its last dive.

Bushnell salvaged her soon after, but realized it was futile to try another attack without a fully trained operator.

The real significance of the *Turtle* lies not in what she might have done, but in what she was. Bushnell's wonderful wooden tub was the world's first combat submersible, operating on diving and maneuvering principles still used in submarines today. She paved the way for the most efficient weapon in the modern naval arsenal—the nuclear submarine. •



THE GENTLEMAN BANDIT

Continued from page 32

order to hold on to all the wallets and currency.

In the smoking car, the last man robbed was George Winn of Chicago.

Carlisle dug into his coat pocket and handed Winn a watch. "That's the turpin I took from the *Overland Limited*. See that it gets back to the man I took it from."

A few minutes later the train slowed down as it started through the Edison Tunnel and Carlisle swung off. But he made a bad landing and sprained his ankle so severely he could scarcely put any weight on it.

Four miles from the tunnel, at a station called Walcott, Dudley had the train halted and immediately called the road's president, Mr. Jeffers, who got up out of a sick bed to answer the phone.

Jeffers listened and then he exploded. "You say you were on the train, in the observation car, and the train was robbed?"

"Yes, but Carlisle didn't get on like he usually does. He was already on a passenger."

"Next time you ride one of our trains you'll be a passenger, too!" Jeffers shouted and hung up. In half an hour he was on a special train heading west out of Omaha and posses were spreading out from every town.

Unable to move very fast, Carlisle took refuge in the Platte River bottoms. His swollen foot gave him great pain and he had to hunt cover and rest it.

Posses from Cheyenne and Laramie arrived at the scene at 5 o'clock in the morning and spread out. Carlisle could hear them calling back and forth to one another as they worked the bottoms.

One group came straight toward him, passing his hiding place by no more than 20 feet. One of them, George Baccus of Laramie, was in plain sight and Carlisle knew that when the rider turned his head he would see him.

Seizing the opportunity to act before it was too late, Carlisle drew his gun and ordered Baccus to put up his hands. "I'm going to surrender," he said, "but you're not going to take me alive. I'll quit only by giving myself up."

The fugitive could hear other riders closing in on all sides of him and decided to walk out and surrender. He threw down his revolver and hobbled out, holding his hands over his head. As he came face to face with Baccus, the latter raised his rifle and fired point-blank, but the bullet merely fanned the fugitive's cheek and hummed away harmlessly in the brush.

"If I had my gun I'd kill you," Carlisle said angrily. "I intended to surrender peacefully."

Sheriff Rivers of Carbon County rode up, dismounted and walked up to Carlisle. "So we finally got you," he said

jubilantly. "Put these on and see how they fit." He took handcuffs from his belt and secured the fugitive's wrists.

Carlisle's trial was brief, with the defense offering no evidence, of which there was really none to offer. The sentence was life imprisonment in the Wyoming State Penitentiary at Rawlins.

For three years Carlisle served time, figuring that within 15 years he would be released, which was the normal time a lifer served. And then the governor commuted his life sentence to 50 years. Carlisle did not figure this was a favor, for a 50-year man had to serve at least half his sentence, or in this case 25 years, which added another 10 to what Carlisle would have served under a life sentence.

One day Carlisle, working in the shirt factory as shipping clerk carted himself up in a shirt box and shipped himself outside.

This was on November 15, 1919. When the boxes were delivered to the freight yards for shipment, Carlisle let himself out of his box and quickly walked away. He raided a sheep herder's camp not far from Rawlins, took food and a high-powered rifle and struck for the hills.

The next day he rode into the town of Rock River on a freight and caught a passenger train. He had the rifle wrapped in a blanket so no one would notice it. As the train pulled out of the station, he walked into the next car and was horrified to find it filled with doughboys returning from overseas. Each doughboy had an Army rifle swinging from his bunk or leaning against the wall of the car.

Carlisle had boarded the train with the intention of robbing the passengers, as he had done three times before, but robbing armed soldiers might prove difficult.

However, he decided to go ahead with his plans. He was an escaped convict doing 25 years and he needed money to get to where he was going—Europe, or maybe China.

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But again he was gallant. "You fellows are just back from France," he said, unrolling his rifle. "I'm a train robber, but I don't rob our soldiers or women. But you civilians in here can shell out."

There were three civilian passengers in the car and they shelled out—to the tune of \$400.

Carlisle warned that if anyone tried to follow him or caused a disturbance he would kill them. He passed on to the next car, where he robbed six more civilian male passengers, telling the soldiers and ladies to keep their money.

At Medicine Bow, as the train was slowing down, Carlisle swung off, and as he did so there was a rattle of gunfire from windows all along the train. The soldiers, all of whom had seen action, weren't taking it lying down.

Carlisle stumbled and fell as he leaped off. Bullets hit all around him, but the train was moving forward and soon the riflemen were out of range.

Carlisle got to his feet, suddenly aware that his right hand and wrist had been smashed by bullets.

He managed to reach a shepherd's camp where a friendly sheepman bound up his wound and gave him food. Doubling back, he crawled across the railroad tracks on his belly and walked across the Medicine Bow River which was frozen over.

And then a strange thing happened: Carlisle faded from view. Though the country was open and nearly 400 men were out looking for him, they found not so much as a footprint.

What happened was this: folks in that country were unfriendly to railroads which kept their sheep off railroad grazing lands, and since Carlisle had robbed only trains, they were for him 100 per cent. They passed him from ranch to ranch, sometimes hidden in a load of hay, and by listening in on the rural telephone line the ranchers were able to move ahead of the posses. Through these advance notices the fugitive was able to travel in comparative safety.

But when word came that Army troops were to be sent with orders to search every ranch building, Carlisle took matters into his own hands. "I don't want anybody to get hurt, or to be charged with harboring a fugitive," he said. "I'm going to do this my own way."

Equipped with a rifle and ammunition and a substantial food supply, he set out on foot to try and outguess the Army.

In addition to the Army troops, a dozen posses were still combing the region, in charge of an angry Chief McClements, dead set on capturing Carlisle.

During the early part of the night the hunted man started over open country, crossed a main thoroughfare, the Easterbrook Road, and headed into timber.

At an abandoned cabin he made a fire, soaked his wounded hand in hot water and rebandaged it. Before daylight tinted the hills he was at the cabin of Jim Williams, deep in the timbered hills.

"I'm Bill Carlisle," the fugitive said. "Can I get something to eat?"

"Sure thing," Williams said. "Come in."

Williams cooked a meal and then invited Carlisle to lie down in a rear bed-

room. "If I see anybody coming I'll get you up quick," Williams promised.

Before an hour passed, Williams awakened Carlisle. "I've seen some horse-men," he announced, "and they're heading straight for here. You must have left a trail."

Carlisle leaped out of bed and went to the back door. But the place was completely surrounded by horsemen. Apparently Williams hadn't been very observant, or he had been careless.

At the head of the posse were Sheriff Roach who had led the first hunt ever made for the White-Masked Bandit and Chief McClements of the Union Pacific.

Seeing that the house was surrounded, Williams stepped out onto the porch with his hands up. McClements and Roach rode up with their guns on him. They lined him up against the wall of the cabin and searched him for firearms. He was unarmed.

"Where is Carlisle?" Roach inquired. "Inside the house."

At this both McClements and Roach leaped back, taking cover.

When they had found cover, Roach said, "Tell him to come out."

Carlisle had been listening and did not

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wait longer. He raised his hands and stepped through the door.

Instantly, Roach fired. The bullet struck Carlisle in the chest, went on through his body and passed out through his right shoulder blade.

Carlisle slumped to the porch, his eyes wide with astonishment. He was wearing only his vest, open at the front, and no guns. He had had no idea they would shoot him.

Roach claimed later that Carlisle went for a gun, but no gun was found on Carlisle.

However, Carlisle miraculously recovered from his wound and was returned to prison to complete his sentence.

During the 20 years he served he met a Rev. Father Gerald Schellinger, who took an interest in his case.

Finally, Father Schellinger went to the governor. "If you pardon Carlisle and he does anything wrong again, I'll serve his time for him," he said.

So without opposition from the Union Pacific, Bill Carlisle was pardoned in 1938 and walked from prison with all his citizenship rights restored.

Today the white-masked gentleman bandit is a trusted and respected citizen of Colorado. •



THEY DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO QUIT

Continued from page 19

war to fight. It has fought in France and in Spain, in Italy, Germany, Russia, Indo China, Madagascar. In 1863 it was in Mexico because Napoleon III, in whose head, according to an English statesman of the time, "foolish ideas multiplied like rabbits," was trying to create a throne there for his stooge the Archduke Maximilian. The United States was too involved in its own Civil War to do more than protest verbally. The Mexicans, however, were protesting with every rifle, pistol, and loose rock they could get their hands on. The French held most of the cities; the Mexicans held most of the open country.

This was the situation in late April 1863 when the Third Company of the First Battalion of the French Foreign Legion—62 soldiers and three officers—was ordered to take a convoy of pack-horses loaded with 3,000,000 gold francs and ammunition from Vera Cruz to Mexico City.

Vera Cruz swarmed with Mexican spies who probably knew to the centime the amount of money being carried. But it was not the Legion's job to question orders, it obeyed them. And for three days the convoy moved inland without trouble.

On the morning of April 30th the company broke camp at 1 a.m., neglecting as is the Legion's custom to this day, to eat breakfast before marching. They had been marching for five hours, the sun was clear of the mountains and already beginning to get hot, when they passed through the village of Camerone. Only a few half naked children watched them pass. It was a small village; the odds are that not a man in the entire Legion had ever heard the name of it six months before. On the far side was a farmhouse with two barns and a stable in the back, the four buildings forming a square around a courtyard.

The captain in charge of the company was a small, dark, bitter-faced Frenchman named Danjou. Some 15 years before, he had come to the Legion as a young sous-lieutenant fresh from the military academy of St. Cyr, a youngster with a brilliant record at the Academy and with every prospect of a brilliant future. But when he had been with the Legion three years and already promoted to lieutenant something happened. Just what is not clear. Apparently it involved an excessive use of wine one evening followed by a political quarrel. This was at the time when Louis Philippe was losing his throne and Louis Napoleon was doing a kind of quick-change act by which he converted himself from President of the French Republic into Napoleon III, Emperor of the French Empire. Certainly Danjou's sympathies and those of his family had been with

Louis Philippe. Under Napoleon he remained frozen in rank for eight years and during this time he seems to have changed from a devil-may-care youngster into a dour and silent man. He was cited for bravery at Sevastopol where he lost a hand—in place of which he now wore one made of wood. He was cited again at Solferino where 37,000 dead and wounded lay for days on the rain-soaked ground.

Now he was in Mexico, a captain at last but with his once bright hopes of a great career long since blighted. A small, quiet, bitter man he rode at the head of his company, the wooden hand he had acquired at Sevastopol resting in his lap. At his left rode Sous-Lieutenant Maudet, a youngster just out from France. A cheerful, pink-cheeked boy, romantically proud of his assignment to the Legion, it is possible he reminded Danjou of himself 15 years before.

The third officer, Lieutenant Vilain, brought up the rear of the column. Vilain was a thin, gaunt man. He had come up from the Legion's ranks; he spoke a half dozen languages and his nationality might have been any of them.

It was a well commanded column. It passed through the filthy streets of Camerone, past the farmhouse with its barns and stable, and went on for another mile until they reached a spot where there were trees and shade against the fierce Mexican sun. Here Danjou raised his wooden hand and the column stopped. The men broke ranks and soon there was the odor of boiling coffee.

It was coffee no Legionnaire would ever drink.

From the low ridge of hills ahead came the sudden crackle of gunfire. As the Legionnaires ran for their own guns the scouts Danjou had sent ahead came riding back over the ridge. After them came a long line of Mexican cavalry. Even that first wave seemed to fill the horizon. It came down in a great rush on the handful of men under the trees.

One of the most incredible battles of all time had begun.

A bugler, a boy so young he'd had to lie about his age to get into the Legion, was at Danjou's side blowing commands. The small company formed quickly. They met that first charge with one murderous volley after another. And the Mexicans broke, swirling off to the sides like water around a boulder.

But even as they rode along the flanks of the Legion position there was gunfire from another direction. Down the road from Camerone, charging the Legion from the rear, came more cavalry.

Captain Danjou turned his cold face toward this new attack, estimating its numbers. He spoke to the bugler; the command rang out and the Legionnaires formed a hollow square two ranks deep,

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the pack animals in the center. But the position under the sparse trees was not a good one for defense. As soon as the second attack was broken Danjou ordered his men to start back toward Camerone. His idea was to gain the farmhouse, the barns and stable he had passed, and make his stand there.

Now the Legion moved steadily, taking their wounded and dead with them. This was a Legion tradition established long before in fighting the Berbers and Arabs of North Africa where if a wounded man was left behind "The women come out to cut up your remains" as Kipling once put it. The Legionnaires, whose Valhalla was of necessity chiefly sensual, found it comforting to know the more personal parts of their anatomy would not be removed by savage tribeswomen either immediately before or after death.

The company had gone only a short way when the main body of Mexican cavalry attacked. They came down the road from Camerone, and they came at a full gallop. The Mexican sun glittered on their carbines, swords, and steel-pointed lances—European cavalry would still be using lances 35 years later when Winston Churchill rode as a young officer under Lord Kitchener at the Battle of Omdurman.

The Legion square met the charge with volleys, the front rank firing then reloading their muzzle-loading rifles while the second rank fired. Men and horses went down, but the great mass of them came on. If they held, the sheer weight of their attack would crush the Legion square, scatter the Legionnaires, and the fight would be over.

Danjou recognized this, and broke one of his long established customs. It is a tradition of the Legion that the officers are sartorial dudes, as immaculate as possible under any circumstance. Danjou himself had not carried a pistol for years because, as he once said, "It is the duty of an officer to direct the fighting; he is more valuable that way than taking part in it." And adding with that kind of dark humor that remained with him, "Besides, a pistol belt wrinkles my tunic." But now he caught up the rifle of a dead Legionnaire and resting the barrel across his maimed arm, joined the fighting.

And at the last instant the Mexican cavalry broke, splitting around the Legion square like water around a rock.

Once more the Legion moved ahead, holding the road. Dead packhorses were left behind, some of them loaded with gold, some with munitions. Dead Legionnaires were tossed over the packs of the horses that still walked.

But they were not to reach the farmhouse at Camerone without another fight. Three hundred yards from the buildings the road was blocked by Mexican infantry, hundreds upon hundreds of them. Again Danjou spoke to his bugler; the bugle rang out and the long French bayonets flashed. The bugle called again—and the handful of Legionnaires, still carrying their dead and wounded, broke into a charge.

Before it the Mexicans gave ground. The Legionnaires drove on to the farmhouse and captured it. But the Mexicans

held the barns and stables, and so from the shelter of the adobe buildings they faced one another across the courtyard.

Now for a moment there was respite, a chance for Captain Danjou to look over what was left of his force. He was still un wounded as were his two officers, Lieutenant Vilain and Sous-Lieutenant Mauder. But almost half his men were dead or wounded, and practically all the pack animals gone.

And if the Captain had any doubts about the size of the force opposite him, it was not for long. The Mexican commander, General Milan, called to him across the courtyard. He had, he told Danjou, a force of 2,000 men. The General went on to state, courteously if somewhat obviously, that the Legion company had fought gallantly. However, they were now completely surrounded and their position was hopeless. The General offered honorable terms of surrender.

In the farmhouse the heat was already terrific, and a pale haze of dust filled the air. Dead men were piled against one wall. The wounded were stretched on the floor. Captain Danjou looked at them, then turned his dark face to the soldiers who were still upright. Perhaps he was remembering the dreams, the prospects of the young officer who had come out from France to the Legion so many years before; perhaps he was possessed of a sense of destiny, aware he was on the brink of becoming a legend. He raised his wooden hand to command silence.

"Legionnaires," he said. And then again, "Men of *la Légion étrangère*, I wish you to swear with me: there will be no surrender; we will hold out to the last."

It was one of those weird moments in history, heroic or stupid, depending on the point of view, that men under more normal circumstances find difficult to comprehend. Probably there were not a half dozen men in that farmhouse who had any understanding of why the Legion had come to Mexico, and fewer yet who cared. Most of them were not even French. Yet Danjou's answer was an almost frantic cheer. Even the bugler who was little more than a child and who was seeing combat that day for the first time in his life, who a few minutes before had been almost physically sick with terror, found himself caught up in the cheering and he began to shout with the others, aware suddenly of a bond, of a strange and savage brotherhood among these men. These were the Old Pros of battle and to them the reason behind the fight did not matter; it was their courage as Legionnaires, collectively and individually, that counted.

When the shouting died Danjou stepped to a window. He called courteously to General Milan that the Legion would continue to fight. His answer was a sudden roar of rifle fire and the Captain reeled backward from the window. But he did not fall. He stood with his legs spread, his dark face showing nothing. He raised his wooden hand to his chest, and when he moved it, a moment

later, it was stained with blood.

Maudet helped him across the room. He wanted the Captain to lie down but Danjou shook his head. "Put me here," he said, "where I can see." Then, when he was sitting, with his back against the wall, "Go back to the fighting." It was his last sentence. The blood welled from his mouth, and he was dead, still upright against the wall.

Lieutenant Vilain took command. The fight raged on through the morning, through the broiling heat of midday and early afternoon. Whatever may be said about the Mexican strategy, the soldiers themselves did not lack for courage. Time and again they stormed across the courtyard to batter at the doors and windows of the farmhouse, and die. Their bodies piled in the courtyard. Once they set fire to the roof of the house. The Legionnaires were without water to throw on it. The water from their canteens had gone to the wounded. They beat out the fire with their hands and clothing. But smoke filled the tightly barricaded building until it was almost impossible to breathe.

It was mid afternoon when the Legionnaires heard the first faint bugle call above the sound of the guns. Almost instantly the firing stopped. In the taut silence Legionnaires and Mexicans alike listened. That bugle could mean that somehow, miraculously, relief was coming through.

Then they heard the drums—the small, high pitched drums of the Mexicans. Minutes later General Milan was calling out that he had received a new detachment of infantry. His force, he said without exaggeration, now outnumbered the Legionnaires 50 to one. Certainly under these conditions surrender would not entail loss of honor.

Lieutenant Vilain, the officer who had come up through the ranks, lacked Danjou's flair for the theatrical. He did not even bother to answer the Mexican General.

So once more the Mexicans brought the fight to the Legion. In one rush they battered a hole through a wall of the farmhouse before being driven back. Through this their fire could sweep a good part of the interior. Lieutenant Vilain was killed and young Maudet took command.

The sun crawled slowly down the sky. By late afternoon only Maudet and five men were left on their feet. One of these was the bugler; another was a Corporal Maine, a burly, shaggy haired veteran who had fought against Abd-el-Kader in Algeria and been wounded at Sevastopol. He was German, but of why he had joined the Legion and of what he had done before joining there is no record. Perhaps of all the men in the Third Company he was the one who most nearly fit the general conception of a Foreign Legionnaire; tough and inscrutable. Even so, there seems to have been a touch of the poet in Corporal Maine and it was he, a little later, who would write the Third Company's epitaph.

By five in the afternoon the Legion-

naires' ammunition was exhausted. Water, of course, had long since been gone. They had not eaten since the night before. Obviously the next Mexican charge would be the last one.

But perhaps all these men were a little touched with the madness of glory now. Young Maudet put down the rifle with which he had fired the last round of ammunition. He took up his sword. For a moment he looked to where Danjou's body still sat, bolt upright against the wall. He made an attempt to straighten and brush his uniform. "My men," he said, "we will use the bayonet." And when the bayonets were fixed, "As Legionnaires we shall not wait for them to come after us."

He raised his sword and led them through the hole torn in the wall—six men against an army. They reeled into the late afternoon sunlight, and charged.

One of the men tried to get ahead of Maudet and shield him. He didn't make it. The young lieutenant took two bullets in the stomach and went down. A bullet creased the bugler's head and he fell unconscious.

It was Corporal Maine alone who reached the barricaded stable. What he might have done had he been able to get in is uncertain, but the barred doors blocked his way. Around the courtyard the Mexican soldiers had stopped firing.

The stable door opened and General Milan came out. And Corporal Maine, surrounded by more than 2,000 guns, an empty rifle in his hands, drew himself rigidly to attention, demanding as a Legionnaire the honors of war.

The Mexican losses have never been officially stated. The best estimate is they amounted to about 300 men, more than half of them killed. Of the Third Company's 65 men 31, including all three officers, were dead. The others, the wounded, the Mexicans took with them as prisoners.

It was the next day that a French relief force reached Cameron. There they found the bugler, who had been left for dead, still alive and from him they received the first detailed account of what had happened. But a better account, perhaps, was the one sentence message which General Milan allowed Corporal Maine to send his battalion's commanding officer. It read:

"The Third Company of the First is dead, my Colonel; but it did enough to make those who speak of it say, 'It had nothing but good soldiers.'"

In the Legion men have been speaking of it ever since. Napoleon III ordered the names of the three officers to be engraved in gold on the walls of the Invalides in Paris. In the Legion's Hall of Honor in Sidi-bel-Abbès Captain Danjou's wooden hand is preserved even now. And in 1892 the Mexican Government allowed the French to erect a monument at Cameron which bears the inscription:

THEY WERE HERE, SIXTY MEN
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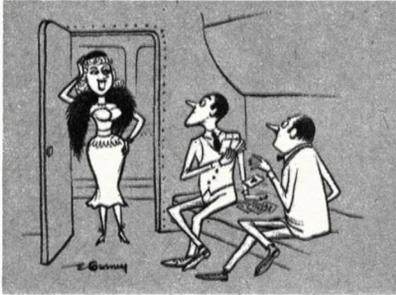
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one for the road

The well-built Hollywood star got quite a jolt when she opened the door of her train compartment and saw two guys sitting there playing cards.

Looking them over coldly, she said, "Gentlemen, this is my compartment and as you must realize, I can not afford a scandal. Therefore, one of you must leave!"



And then there was the inattentive Siamese Twin. Everything you told him went in one ear and out the brother.

★ ★ ★

Overheard in the cocktail lounge of New York's famous "21" Club: Said one gay blade to another, "Why don't you go to her in a perfectly straightforward way and lie like hell about the whole thing?"

★ ★ ★

House detective (on phone): "Are you entertaining a woman in your room?"
Young Man: "Just a minute, I'll ask her."

★ ★ ★

Then there was the Eskimo District Attorney who asked the witness: "Where were you on the night of November, December, January and February?"

★ ★ ★

Though the traffic jam stretched for miles, the nervous female driver in back of the guy in the roadster kept honking her horn incessantly.

The guy finally turned, gave her a withering look and coldly inquired, "What else did you get for Christmas?"

★ ★ ★

This happened at the last Senate Investigating session. After the man who was to be questioned took his oath and sat down, the chairman inquired, "Have you a lawyer?"

The man declared, "No sir. I have decided to tell the truth!"

Notice on the door of a Madison Avenue TV executive: "Gone for cocktail. Back in two shakes."

★ ★ ★

"I need a vacation," said the handsome cashier to the president of the bank, "I'm not looking my best."

"Nonsense, my boy," scoffed the president, "what makes you say that?"

"Well," the cashier said, "the women are beginning to count their change."

★ ★ ★

A married couple at a summer resort were seated in a secluded corner of the porch, completely hidden from view by a couple of palms. A young man and a girl, unaware of their presence, sat down in a hammock near them. The young man began to pet and tell the girl how much he loved her. Overhearing it the married woman whispered to her spouse, "Oh, Frank, that young chap doesn't know we're here and I've a feeling he's going to propose to her any minute!"

The husband replied sotto voce, "So what?"

"Cough loudly to warn him," his wife suggested.

"Like hell I will!" he said. "Nobody coughed to warn me!"

★ ★ ★

Two comedians were traveling on a train. One, reading a magazine, said, "Say, where does virgin wool come from?"

The other, half-asleep, stirred and said, "From sheep that can run the fastest!"

★ ★ ★

Grammatical note: The object of a proposition is always feminine.

★ ★ ★

There's at least one ineligible football star at every college. Same old story—he can run and kick but he couldn't pass.

★ ★ ★

As the good-looking blonde boarded the downtown bus, the distinguished-looking man sitting behind the driver gave her an approving look. But he gave no indication that his admiration would move him out of his seat. The blonde, obviously the survivor of a tough night, finally leaned close and said, "Could I please have your seat? You see I'm in a family way."

At this the gentleman shot to his feet—his attitude now paternal instead of predatory—and helped her ease into the vacant seat. Then after making sure she

was comfortable, he asked, "And how long have you been like this?"

"About a half hour," she smiled, "and, boy, am I tired!"

★ ★ ★

The manager of a major league baseball club was trying out a rookie outfielder. Said the manager, "Take a glove and go out and I'll have some flies batted out to you!" On his very first chance, the rookie goofed—and the ball hit him on the kneecap.

He missed the second too, which struck him on top of the head! The third went right through his glove striking him on the nose and drawing blood. That was it. The irate manager benched him!

Then the manager grabbed a glove away and barked, "Just watch and I'll show you how to do it!"

In position in right field, the manager signalled a batter to knock some out to him. Unhappily the manager didn't do any better than the rookie. He too missed balls and was also hit by a couple of balls.

Tossing his glove aside in disgust, the manager dog-trotted back to where the rookie was watching and snarled at him: "You certainly fouled up right field so no one can play in it!"

★ ★ ★

The new diner in the hash house had foolishly ordered the special steak and now he was beginning to see what was special about it. It couldn't be cut. Calling the waiter over, he told him what his beef about the beef was.

"There's been a mistake," the waiter admitted. "If you wanted something tender you should've seen the hat check girl."



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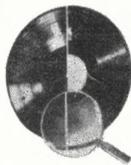
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