CAVALIER

L. A.'S CHIEF PARKER...THE COP WHO KAYOED MIKE WALLACE

DID A WOMAN DIE WITH CUSTER? NEW BRIGITTE BARDOT COLOR PHOTOS

25c
JULY

THIS MAGAZINE GUARANTEED
OR
DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

See Page 4

SEE . . .

ROBERT TAYLOR

AS THE LAWMAN
WITH THE
LAWLESS PAST

SEE . . .

RICHARD WIDMARK

AS THE OUTLAW
WHO COMES TO COLLECT
ON AN OLD DEBT

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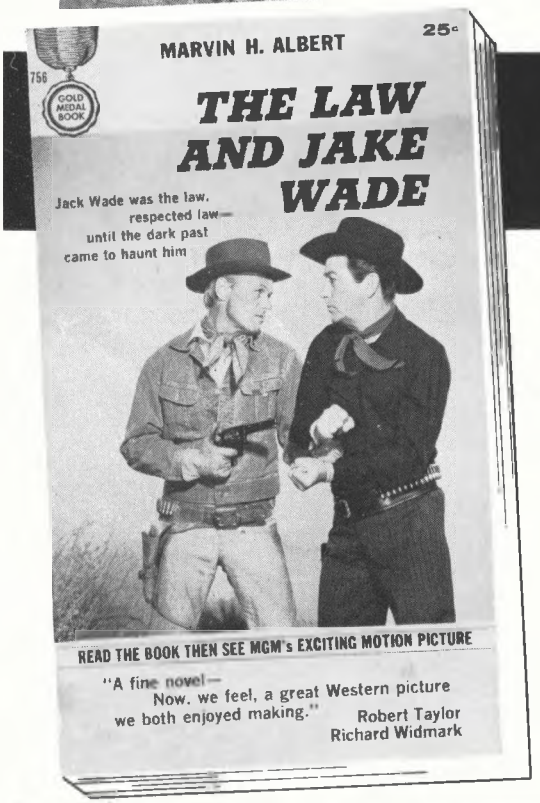

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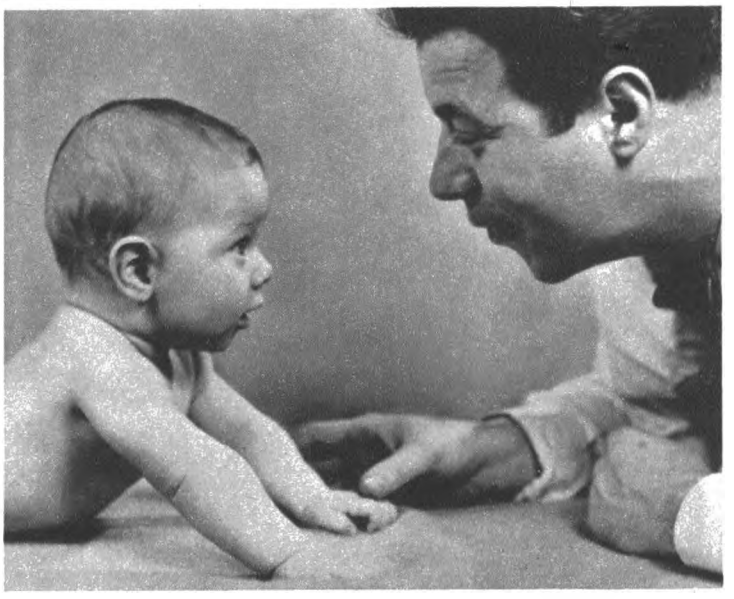

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CAVALIER

JULY, 1958 — **A FAWCETT PUBLICATION**

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Cover by FRANK McCARTHY

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John H. Hickerson, *Advertising Manager*

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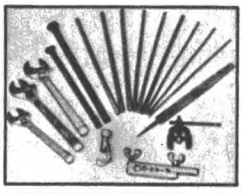

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"TRAINING YOU CAN TRUST"

inside Cavalier

In our June column we promised we were building a new CAVALIER—and you'll see we have those extra pages of color we told you about in this issue. And how did we fill 'em? Why, with Brigitte Bardot of course.

We didn't tell you then that we were so proud of the way things were going that we were building up to the offer we're making below. That offer calls to mind the guy who liked crap games because he knew the results faster in craps than in any other game. We like to know the results fast too.

Once again we feel we've hit every taste we can think of. The FIRST MAN OFF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE story (page 23) will probably surprise most of you. Yup, we thought it was Steve Brodie, too, till we heard of a guy named Donovan and asked Dick Schaap to check it out for us. He came back with the word that Donovan was second, Brodie third and Odlum, the gent you'll read about herein, was first.

Our first story this issue takes a hard look at William Parker, Police Chief of Los Angeles, the cop who won national attention last year when he was blasted on the Mike Wallace show. Being nosey, we asked Al Stump to find out what kind of a guy this boss of the world's toughest beat is. He did—see page 10.

CUSTER WAS NO LONG HAIR!

It was the same curiosity on our part that led us to ask Charles McCarry to check a newspaper report that said there was a lass with George Custer when he died. The truth is quite a yarn. You'll find it on page 27.

BEST DIET WE'VE HEARD OF

Saw an item in a column a while back that told of an actor who complained he'd lost 32 pounds while working in a movie with Brigitte Bardot. How'd you like to be in the service with a griper like that?

BONUS FOR HUNTERS AND FISHERS

We've got something new and something old in guns for you in THE WONDERFUL WEAPONS OF SIX-CYLINDER SAM (Page 42) and, in case this gives you a hankering to own an old dog-leg revolver of your own you might send for a catalogue of the Museum of Historical Arms (1038 Alton Road, Miami Beach, Fla.) for a starter. Major Hoffman is the guy in charge down there and he'll be glad to help you out.

Incidentally, if you'd like to emulate the fly casting done in GATOR BAITIN'—Freakiest Fishing of All (Page 45) you can get a seven and a half or 9-foot glass fly rod from any of the makers such as Garcia, Airex, South Bend or Shakespeare. If you don't have any alligators for a target, just put your wife's pet hat or cat on the lawn—that'll do the trick.

The GATOR BAITIN' feature is the result of a nice double play that went from Red Smith, N. Y. *Herald Tribune* sports columnist, to Hy Peskin, top sports photographer to us. We read about Rocky Weinstein in Red Smith's column, buzzed Peskin and sent him winging into the Everglades to get this unique picture set.

Those are the stories behind some of the stories you'll read here. This is the kind of digging and improvising that's going on here all the time. Hope you enjoy the results.—**Bob Curran**

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THRUST AND PARRY

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LET THE WELK-IN RING

I read your article about Lawrence Welk ("The Flat of Our Blade," April). I think the writer of this article must have been drunk. Tell him to change his brand of stump juice.

Wilburn Nusbaum
Hebron, Ind.

Lawrence Welk and his "Champagne Music" makes me burp. He is typical of the no-talent guys and dolls who the vast American public seems to take to its collective bosom. I am a British subject currently living in the U.S. Let me say that Welk never would be tolerated on the BBC network at home.

Cyril Sandhurst
New York, N.Y.

Fair enough, Cyril! Many of our readers sided with Mr. Nusbaum and others. However, CAVALIER *will continue to slash away at the pompous, the proud and the mediocre whenever the spirit moves us.*

HARMON—AYES AND NAYS

That Joy Harmon (CAVALIER's May lady) is out of this world. Let's have more pictures of this lovely doll and I'll become a lifetime subscriber to your magazine.

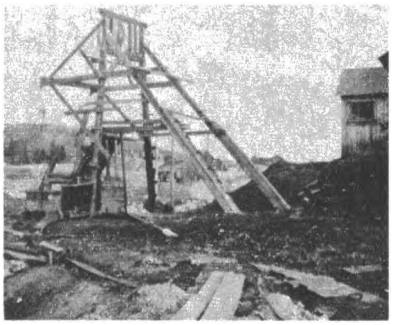
Tom McCormick
Chicago, Ill.

Who says Joy Harmon is sexy? She doesn't send me. This kid just doesn't rank with the greats of the bygone days.

Elbert Flint
Boston Mass.

Be gone with the bygones, Elbert. As for you, Tom, check the September CAVALIER *for new pix of Joy with her Brigitte Bardot haircut.*

DOE'S DELAPIDATED DOMICILE



I have just finished reading Mr. Beebe's interesting article concerning the "Mad Millionaire" which appears in the May issue.

I am enclosing a snapshot I took of the Matchless mine headframe, showing the left side of the cabin in which "Baby Doe" *lived* until her death between February 20 and March 7, 1935. Since she had been dead for some time when her body was found, no certain day when she died could be determined.

This picture was taken by me early in the summer of 1935. At this time, even the window frames and floor of "Baby Doe's" humble abode had been removed by hopeful treasure hunters in anticipation of a buried hoard which did not exist.

I believe Mr. Beebe is in error stating that "Baby Doe" was dead, frozen to death, in a shack by the headframe of the long closed Matchless mine at Leadville, 1936.

Death date verified by the State Historical Society, Denver, Colorado.

John Peavy
Arvada, Colorado

Thanks, John, for the picture and the added information.

FOREIGN MIDGETS

Let the foreign car owner feel superior and smarter. Let him also feel cramped, paralyzed and otherwise dead-ended after the lengthy jaunt from Southern Oregon to Mexico. ("Charge of the Light Brigade," Feb.)

So maybe I don't get 35 miles per out of my Roadmaster. I still don't like to feel like a cork in a washing machine. Give me a car that sticks to that wet pavement, floats over those chuckholes, and more than occasionally honks its horn to tell Mr. Volkswagen owner to get the hell out of the way.

I wouldn't be caught dead in one of those squirrely buckets. I'd be afraid of getting stepped on.

A/2C Edwin A. Parker
APO San Francisco

WHO GOES WHERE

I noticed in your fine story on Roland Garros ("The Man Who Put Wings on War"—May) that your illustration of the *Albatros* going down before Garros' gun placed the observer *behind* the pilot. I'm pretty sure it was the other way around. Am I right?

Aronel Windham
Denver, Colo.

Right you are, reader Windham. Our research department just went down in flames.

What kind of machine gun was Garros using in your story. (The Man Who Put Wings on War—May)?

Arthur Brite
Danbury, Conn.

Garros was using a standard, air-cooled, clip-fed Hotchkiss machine gun when he gave the jerries the works.

THE ARTFUL DODGER

Three Bronx Cheers to Walter O'Malley for deserting the Brooklyn faithful for the Los Angeles dollar. CAVALIER ("The Flat of Our Blade," May) hit the nail on the head by saying baseball is strictly a business with him. Let's put O'Malley on a slow boat for China!

Gus Riccardi
Brooklyn, N.Y.

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Meducrin, like so many other great medical triumphs, is not the result of just one doctor's work. Many able men have worked on the problem of baldness for many years; however, it remained for Dr. Kurt Riethmuller, M.D., the well-known physician of Gevelsberg, West Germany, to sift the results of previous experimentation and to scientifically coordinate these findings with his own experiments. After thousands of tests covering over 14 years, Dr. Riethmuller finally achieved his goal — Meducrin! Testing his new formula on all types of baldness, including the rare alopecia areata, he proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that his amazing discovery does grow hair — in some cases on heads that had been totally bald for over 20 years! This wonderful formula that holds such promising hope for baldness is now, for the first time, made available to Americans!

NEVER BEFORE A MORE EFFECTIVE DISCOVERY FOR BALDNESS . . .

Perhaps you are starting to lose your hair and have noticed one or more of the typical symptoms that all too soon lead to baldness — hair thinning at your temples or on top of your head, excessive dryness or oiliness of your hair and scalp, tightness and itch of the scalp, dandruff, excessive hair loss . . . or perhaps you have been told that you are suffering from alopecia areata and there's nothing that can be done for you. DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT! Something can be done! Something WILL be done if you let miraculous MEDUCRIN help you as it has helped so many other bald and balding people "for whom there was no hope." MEDUCRIN can give you a healthy scalp with a thick growth of hair once again. It can check the symptoms that lead to baldness if neglected. It can increase the life expectancy of your hair. It can improve your appearance, and all self-consciousness about your lack of hair — and give you a bright new outlook on life. MEDUCRIN can do all these things because it has been doing them for years — *is doing it* right this very minute — for many folks who had actually surrendered to baldness!

WHAT THIS DISCOVERY MEANS TO YOU

Meducrin means that now, at long last, something can be done — case histories show that hair can actually be re-grown — even on scalps that have been totally bald for years. It means that you can say goodbye to your fears of impending baldness because now — thanks to MEDUCRIN — baldness symptoms can be controlled. Although results may vary, a very gratifying proportion of MEDUCRIN users report re-growth of hair and total elimination of the tell-tale warning signals. And so well-proved are the results of MEDUCRIN, that you can try it for yourself — with absolutely no risk whatsoever, with absolutely no cost to you — unless it actually helps you!

NOTE TO DOCTORS: Many doctors and dermatologists are now using Meducrin in Patient treatment. Doctors, clinics and hospitals engaged in working on scalp disorders are invited to write for additional literature on Meducrin.

IS MEDUCRIN EFFECTIVE?

LOOK AT THESE ACTUAL UN-RETOUCHED PHOTOS

What Meducrin has done for others, it can do for you. No matter what the cause of your hair problem, MEDUCRIN holds out promising new hope for you. See what it did for Mr. W.B., who had tried all kinds of treatments for 7 years without success. Look at the new hair growth after three weeks with MEDUCRIN!

WATCH FOR THESE 5 DANGER SIGNALS

Fortunately, most cases of baldness do not come on without warning. Nature notifies us while there is still time to do something to prevent baldness, while the hair follicles are still alive and capable of being stimulated once again. If you are suffering from any of the following symptoms, the time to act is RIGHT NOW!

1. **Excessively dry hair and scalp**
2. **Excessive oiliness of hair and scalp**
3. **Dandruff**
4. **Tight, sore, itchy scalp**
5. **Excessive hair loss as revealed in your comb or brush, in your receding hair line, in thinning at the crown**

SPECIAL BARGAIN INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Your opportunity to SAVE $3.00 before MEDUCRIN is sold in stores!

REGULAR STORE PRICE $18.00

NOW! By mail only $15.00

for limited time only

YOUR HAIR WON'T WAIT

ACT NOW

ORDER MEDUCRIN TODAY!

CAN MEDUCRIN HELP YOU? READ WHAT "HOPELESSLY BALD" USERS SAY

- "After about 3 to 4 months, the growth of hair has advanced so much that . . . all the bald spots are covered." Mrs. I.V.
- "I was totally bald. After 1 week, the first signs of hair appeared. I have now been treated for eight weeks . . . I have hair of normal thickness all over my head." F.U.
- "After four weeks, I noticed the first signs of new hair. Over the whole head there are signs of new hair." P.N.
- "After three weeks, there was a slight growth of white hair. By the end of May, this showed a fully normal growth of my natural dark hair." A.L.

Other case histories testify to results of new hair growth as quickly as one week . . . up to 8 months. NOTE: Complete names and addresses of persons quoted are on file and may be obtained by writing to the U.S. distributor, Hartel, Inc., 904 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Miami 32, Fla.

HELPS WOMEN AS WELL

Meducrin offers hope for women, too — even for those suffering from troublesome, hard-to-cure alopecia areata. Dr. Riethmuller's scientifically-sound discovery has helped many despairing women to save their hair, gain new hair, new beauty, new self-confidence! It can do the same for you! Non-greasy ... ...not oily!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

If not completely satisfied after thorough and proper use according to the simple, easy-to-follow directions, your entire purchase price will be refunded to you upon the return of the unused portion within 30 days.

NO COSTLY OFFICE CALLS!

Benefit from MEDUCRIN in the privacy of your own home.

MEDUCRIN MUST HELP YOU OR YOUR MONEY BACK

You can find out how much Meducrin can do for you — without any risk whatsoever. It is guaranteed to help the condition of your hair and scalp or you can return the unused portion for a FULL AND IMMEDIATE CASH REFUND of the entire purchase price — no delay, no questions asked (if returned within 30 days). What can you lose by trying? Nothing! What can you lose by NOT trying? Your hair or your hope for re-growing hair once again. ORDER MEDUCRIN — and a new, healthier head of hair — RIGHT NOW!

ORDER NOW—SAVE $3.00

HARTEL INC., Dept. FC7

904 Chamber of Commerce Bldg. Miami 32, Fla.

Please send me a five-week's supply of Meducrin Lotion and Meducrin Creme, with easy-to-follow instructions for use.

☐ I am enclosing $15.00 which covers all mailing costs and taxes.

☐ Please send C.O.D. I will pay the postman $15.00 plus mailing charges.

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A Funny One for the Road

A worried-looking married woman who was extremely nervous went to the family doctor. After a long and thorough examination he announced, "I find nothing whatsoever wrong with you. How is your love life?" She replied, "All right," then explained, "we set aside every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evening for romance."

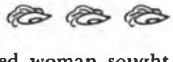
The doctor brusquely declared, "That's wrong, no good. Love or desire cannot be regimented or scheduled. Any time you feel the urge, whether you are cooking, ironing, washing the dishes, or eating—satisfy your desire at once and then you won't be nervous any more. See me next month!"

She promised to take his advice and departed. A month later she returned. What a transition! Her face was wreathed in smiles and she was as cool and calm as a cucumber. The doctor could hardly believe his eyes. He exclaimed, "You look wonderful! How do you feel?"

She gushed, "Marvelous! And I followed your instructions to a T!"

She hesitated a moment. "Of course my husband and I can't go in the Stork Club any more."

Figures prove that women spend at least 75 per cent of their time—sitting down!

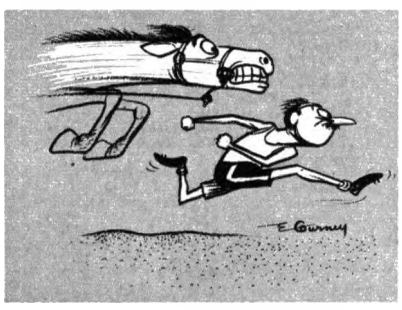


An excited woman sought out a psychiatrist and when he finally calmed her down a bit he asked, "Now, Ma'am, will you please tell me why you came to see me?"

"Well, it's like this," stammered the woman, "my husband, you see, he thinks he's a race horse."

"Oh, really," the M.D. said with a smile. "Worry no more. Psychoanalysis will cure him of his delusion. But it's a long process, may run into quite a bit of money—$50 a session, you know . . ."

"Oh, that's quite all right," said the caller, "Don't worry about money—he's won six races this month."



The owner of a circus was being pestered by a clown to engage him and his pet mongoose.

"My partner is very clever," he said, "he can talk, sing and dance—he is positively human."

"If that's the case," exclaimed the circus owner, "why is he on a leash?"

"Because," confessed the clown, "he owes me twenty bucks!"

A Texas multimillionaire oil man was touring the world in his private jet plane.

"That's London below," his pilot said.

"Never mind the details," snapped the Texan, "just mention the continents!"

It was a red-hot poker game and one of the participants got so excited that he dropped dead in the middle of the game. All the other players were stunned, then one of them said "Fellows, what are we going to do?"

There was a long silence, then someone said quietly, "Let's finish the round standing up."

An actor who had just returned from England complained about the price of a haircut in a Hollywood, California, barber shop. He said, "Over in London I was able to get a good haircut for just sixty-five cents!"

"Sure," snapped the independent owner of the shop, "but figure out the fare!"

The newly-wedded couple were lounging in their honeymoon suite when there was a knock on the door. The husband jumped out of bed and opened it, only to find, to his horror, a husky, tall, tough looking individual brandishing a gun. The man forced his way into the room, pushing the husband aside and shutting the door behind him. Intent on robbery, the thug had a change of heart when he saw the man's young wife lying on the bed in her flimsy pajamas.

"You!" shouted the thug to the husband. "Over there in the center of the room and not a peep out of you and don't make a move!"

The thug then drew a circle on the floor with some chalk and motioned the husband to stand inside of it.

"If you move one foot out of that circle, I'll blow your head off!"

The husband followed instructions and didn't move from the spot. He watched the thug dance with his wife. Then he watched him kiss her, and make ardent love . . All this time, the husband stood helplessly and silently looking on. When the thug had finally had his fill, he got up, and warning the couple not to yell for help, ran out of the room.

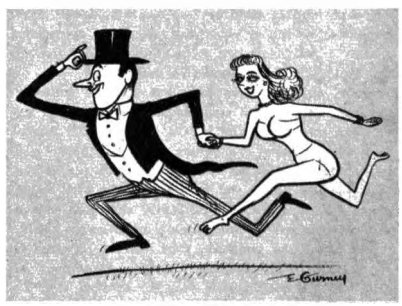
The wife, weeping, railed at her husband, "Why didn't you *do* something?"

A sly smile crossed her spouse's face. "Oh, but I did do something," he said. "When that guy wasn't looking, I put my foot out of the circle."

At a social function one evening, it was decided to have a scavenger hunt to liven up the proceedings. Various and sundry articles of clothing belonging to various persons were put on the list, as well as other items which were difficult to obtain. It was well after midnight when all of the participants straggled back to the party, and all had forgotten or missed something—that is, all but one man. He had received orders to appear back at the party with a blonde who was nearly nude, and, sure enough, he showed up with her. After being declared the winner of the event, he was asked:

"How did you manage to get her?"

"Married her!" was the laconic reply.



It was a hot summer afternoon and the men of a rifle company were performing poorly on the obstacle course. Each man ran through the course as if he had just returned from a 20-mile forced march. After everyone in the company had run through the course once, the captain called all of the men together.

"Listen," he snapped, "we're going through that course again, and we're going to keep right on running through it until everyone does it just right." He paused and then continued with a smile, "Now, each one of you just imagine that there's a rich blonde at the end of the course, waiting for you."

"Make it a poor redhead, captain," called out somebody from the rear. "She'll meet us halfway!"

What keeps YOU from making more MONEY?

Just what is the matter—why aren't you making more money? Look around—probably many of the people you know are doing a lot better than you.

What is the reason?

Your own native ability is probably just as good as theirs—your personality and appearance are probably just as good.

But—they have something you lack—the fact that they have a better job and earn more money proves that. Success today is measured by the dollar sign.

The secret is this—the man who prepares and trains himself for the job ahead is the one who gets the advancement and more money. The man who really has something on the ball doesn't need "Pull"—"Push" is the thing that enables him to get what he wants.

Ambitious men and women have found the way to get ahead in the business world—through LaSalle training. Hundreds of thousands of students have enrolled—our files are full of grateful letters from people who have bettered their earnings and position through LaSalle training.

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Headline Special

L.A.'s Chief Parker-America's Most Hated Cop

Mickey Cohen won national publicity for Bill Parker when he attacked him on the Mike Wallace Show. Now a top Coast writer gives you the real story

By Al Stump

In the eight years that William H. Parker has been Police Chief of Los Angeles he's been under constant attack from just about every corner of what is known as the biggest and toughest beat in the world. But it took a blast that started 3,000 miles away, in New York, to push this controversial cop into the national spotlight.

The date of this now famous attack was May 19, 1957. It was launched from the guest's chair on the Mike Wallace TV Show by an ex-mobster named Mickey Cohen who described Parker as a "thief," a "sadist," and a "degenerate." Apologies followed in profusion by Wallace and the network and a libel suit, instigated by Parker, was settled by his accepting a tax-free $45,975.09 from the network and sponsors. Cohen paid nothing.

Defense lawyers admitted that nothing Cohen said had any basis in truth. And an exhaustive researching of Parker's private life in order to get off the libel hook—it's admitted—was made.

That was that—for the time being. But no one living in the tough and enormous beat that is Parker's responsibility expects the attacks on the chief to all stop.

At 56, Parker is recognized as distantly as the *Police de Sureté* of France and Japan's *Keisatsu* as a leading lawman-criminologist. He's been rated by such experts as Sir Arthur Dixon of Scotland Yard and Supreme Court Chief Justice Earl Warren and J. Edgar Hoover as one of the best metropolitan chiefs—smart as a whip and incorruptible—of all time. Yet Parker easily is the most maligned and probably the most hated policeman in the country.

When Bill Parker took command in 1950, no one, at least, was able to argue that he was a greenhorn. Parker, a soft-voiced, steely-eyed six-footer of Irish-German descent was born in Lead, South Dakota, and he came from a prosecuting family. His grandfather and uncle were crusading county prosecutors in the Black Hills country and young Bill's high school specialty was reciting the "Exordium of the Knapp Murder Case," by Daniel Webster. At 18, he was a house detective at the Franklin Hotel, Deadwood, S. D. In 1922, he headed west. Days, he drove a Los Angeles taxi. Nights, he attended law college. Because lawyers were in over-supply in 1927, Parker joined the force as a $170-a-month rookie patrolman.

While he was still shaking the Dakota hay from his hair, he learned the department was shot with graft. Kent Parrot, a suave political boss, and Mayor Frank Shaw gave the rackets free hand.

ALWAYS IN A HOT SPOT. Police Chief Bill Parker has many enemies, can't even relax at home.


RAND JURY AIRS POLICE BRUTALITY
ny charges against cops possible
Chief Parker defends cop in beating
PARKER SAYS LAWL
WANT 'CONTROL' OF
L. A. terro
bombings
Cop brutality victim gets $500 award
L.A. Officials Unhappy Over Court's Ruling
Parker Says Ban on Ex-Convict Regist
Helps Tips Scales of Justice to Crimi
Major Crime Rise Told by Parker
One-Half of State Crime in LA Area
Parker, Biscailuz Show No Surprise
CHIEF PARKER WAR
Mafia Planning
City Her
Sues Parker, rs for $500,000
Film Anger rker
RKER OOTERS

L.A.'s Chief Parker-America's Most Hated Cop

Continued from preceding page

Almost anything went.

"Some nights," Parker recalls now, "I was the only sober man in the booking office." The lushness of this usually-dry and forbidding place can be understood when it is explained that bootleggers peddled their stuff out of station houses. An officer Parker was paired with on details went to San Quentin for wiring a reform investigator's car with a bomb—and blowing him into the hospital with 150 wounds. Parker himself was almost fired for arresting a drunken newspaperman.

One night Officer Parker paused in front of a Hollywood bagnio. The madam shrilled down at him, "Get away from there, you silly bastard! You're spoiling business."

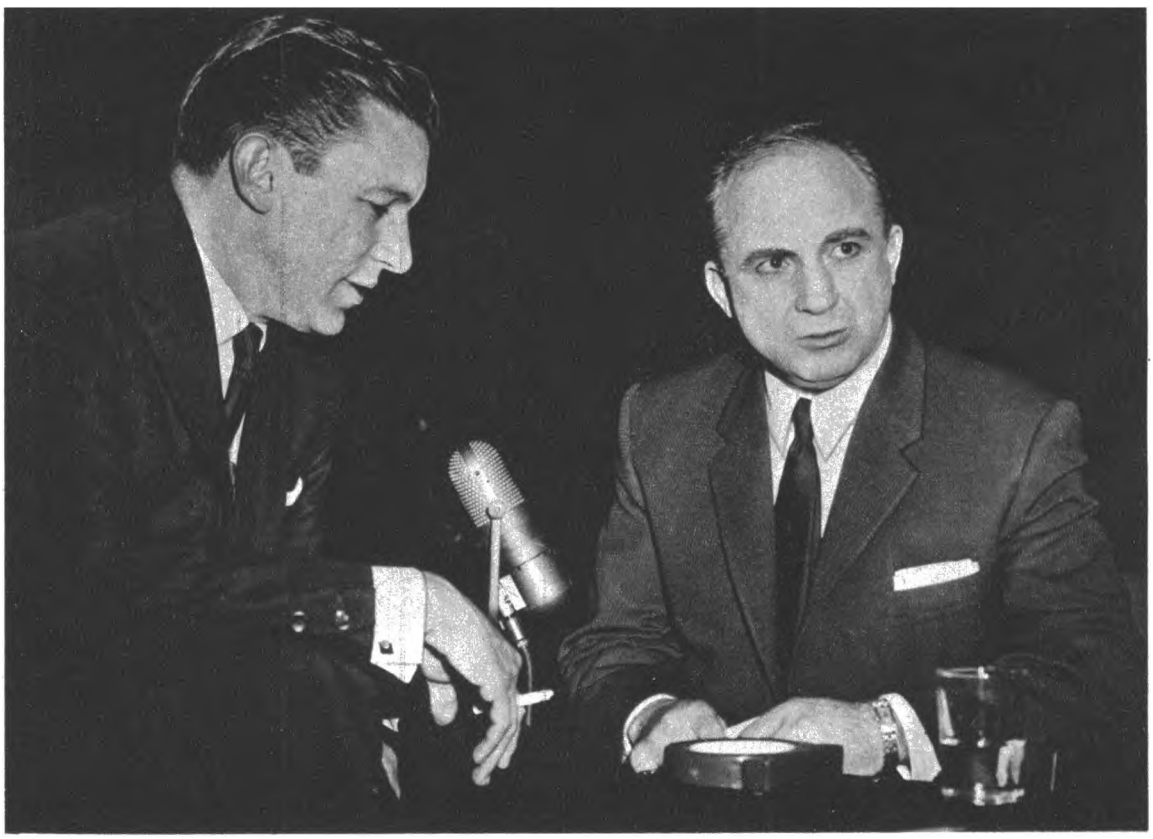
Parker pinched her, but in an hour she was back in action.

Competing in an examination for the rank of lieutenant, Parker was given a non-qualifying grade. Knowing the exam was rigged against him, he blew up. His protests helped bring a grand jury inquiry that brought resignations from 23 department brass hats. One of them involved in the fix blew out his brains.

A pedantic type with a rigid moral code, a rallying point for the clean officers on the force, Parker was passed up for promotion so often—despite top marks in every exam—that by 1943 he stood no higher than captain. Yet that year the Army commissioned him to direct all police and prison planning for the Normandy invasion. Later he reorganized the civilian police systems of Munich and Frankfurt. At Normandy, a strafing Luftwaffe pilot narrowly missed killing him. When he came home in 1946 with a shrapnel scar over his eye, he had a decision to make. Should he continue his frustrating career, or get out?

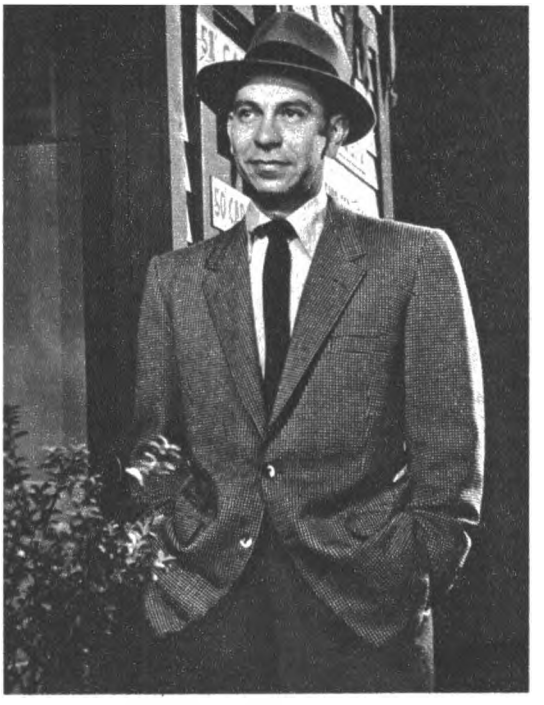
While he debated, a scandal, rocking L.A. harder than ever before, decided it.

Using a wiretap, a vice-squad sergeant named Charley Stoker offered evidence that the queen bee of the flourishing call-girl racket in Hollywood—one Brenda Allen—was police-protected. Grand jury indictments flew. Chief Clemence B. Horrall resigned under fire. In a 1949 competitive test to determine Horrall's successor, Parker scored the highest grade.



HE DROPPED A BOMBSHELL. Hoodlum Mickey Cohen blasted Parker on Mike Wallace TV program, caused interviewer to modify third-degree style. Wallace now soft-pedals questions, tends to avoid such bombshell subjects.

BODY, BODY, WHO HAD THE BODY? Marie (The Body) McDonald made news when she was "kidnapped."



JUST A FORTUNE MA'AM. Jack Webb has made a mint, given L.A. Police fine publicity with *Dragnet*.

PUBLICIZED MURDERESS. Barbara Graham confessed part in 1953 killings after developing a strange yen.

At the age of 47, he had what he'd always wanted—the chief's badge.

His timing, however, couldn't have been worse.

Late in '49 the California Crime Commission reported in a blistering survey that Los Angeles was "a blot on the face of decency, syndicate-controlled, a $50,000,000-a-year vice center." Public faith in the police had been destroyed. A gang war was on and blood flowed in the streets.

The first job facing Parker was to stop mob terrorism. On the Sunset Strip, playground of the perfumed gunsels who'd moved in from Cleveland, Miami, New York, Chicago, Detroit and Vegas, the betting was name-your-odds that the new man couldn't do it.

L.A. gambling was in a transitory period. At stake for the mobs was control of retail bookmaker outlets fed by Trans-America Wire Service, which could lead to control of the national horse wire itself, and in contention were elements of the old Capone Syndicate, Murder, Inc., the Detroit Purple Gang and *Unione Sicialiano*. With fabulous sums in off-track Santa Anita and Hollywood Park betting to be had, eastern torpedoes checked in faster than Parker could place them under surveillance.

Already dead, when he took over, were: Harry "Big Greenie" Greenberg, Maxie Shaman, Georgie Levinson, Paul "Polly" Gibbons, Bugsy Siegel, Benny "Meatball" Gamson, Hooky Rothman, Frankie Nicolli, Tom Buffa, Charlie Yanowsky and Neddie "The Beast" Herbert—all either ambushed, [*Continued on page* 79]

True Adventure

Rowdy Richard: the rake they couldn't wear out

Whether it was a boudoir or the Arabs' holy of holies, Richard Burton went where he damned pleased. There wasn't a weapon or wench that could stop him

by Alfred Bercovici

Illustrated by Tony Kokinos

Sir Michael Randolph, President of the British Royal Geographic Society, looked up from his desk one morning in 1852 and stared with visible astonishment at the young officer, Captain Richard Burton.

"You are really serious about this?" asked Sir Michael. "You really think you can gain entrance to the holy Mosque in Mecca?"

Captain Burton gave an abrupt nod.

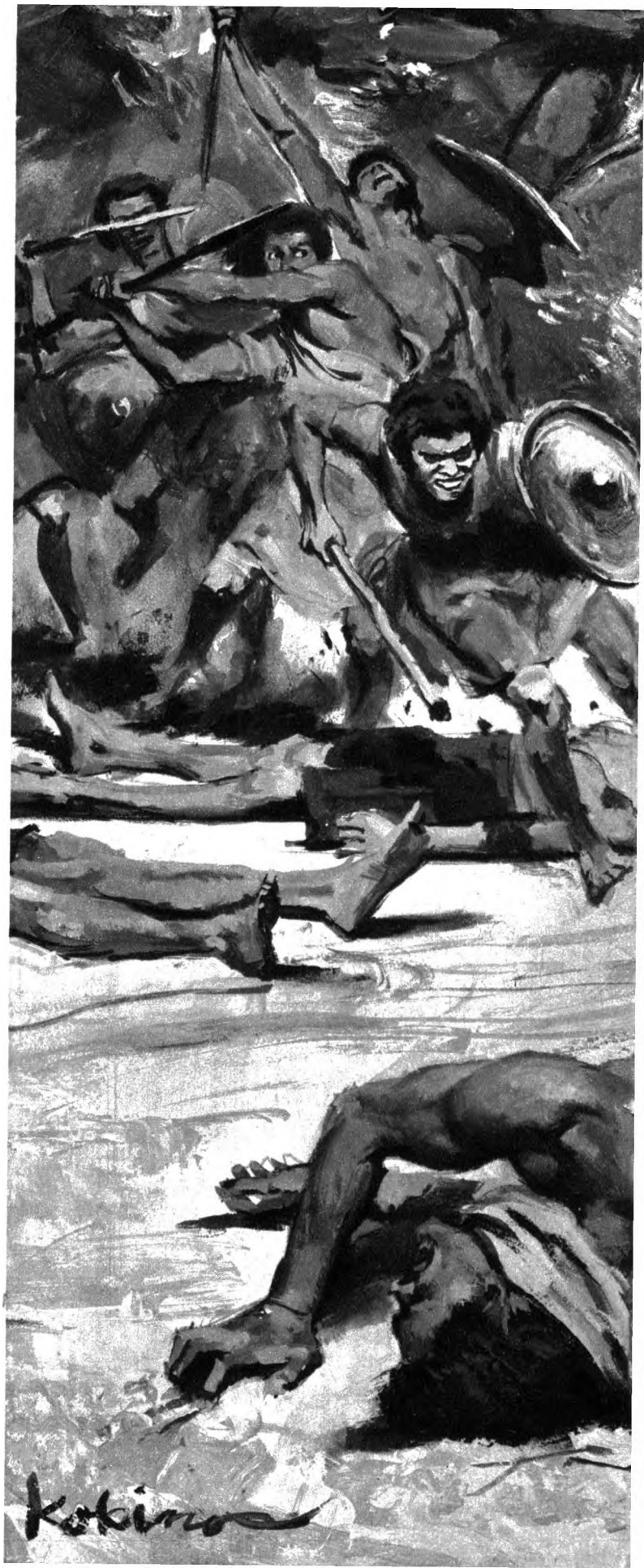
"I do."

"Other men—very able explorers—have tried to do it. All failed. In fact, not one of them ever came back alive. What makes you think you can succeed where they failed? You have no record whatsoever as an explorer."

Captain Burton smiled, shrugged.

"I have certain other advantages," he replied. "I can look like an Arab. I can talk like an Arab. I can think like an Arab. I can act like an Arab."

"Do you know what will happen to you if you're found out? The Moslems will torture you, mutilate you. In the end, you'll die by impalement on a stake. That's the fate of the infidel who dares penetrate the secret of Mecca." *(Please turn to page 16)*



With the broken shaft of a javelin dangling from his jaw, Burton faced the Somali's last charge.

ROWDY RICHARD

Continued from preceding page

"I'm willing to take the risk," smiled Burton.

On Sir Michael's desk lay the official record of Captain Burton. Although Sir Michael had already read the report, he now read it again. The record showed that Burton was 33 years old, that he came from an upper class but penniless English family, that he had served for seven years with the 18th Bombay Native Infantry in India. The record also showed that Burton, master of Hindustani, Sanskrit, Persian and Arabic, had acted as a secret agent for the British Indian Army. Masquerading as a Moslem merchant, Burton had compiled an invaluable mass of information concerning the religious, political and social activities of the native populace.

Looking up from the record, Sir Michael studied Burton's face. It was a remarkable face, beyond a doubt; bold, compelling, devilishly handsome. And the man, himself, exuded a tremendous animalism, an animalism so electric it was almost tangible. "He's half-god and half-devil," thought Sir Michael.

Sir Michael was aware of other facts about Burton—facts that were not on the young man's official record. He was aware that Burton, since his return from India, had established himself as England's foremost lover, greatest swordsman, most expert pistol shot and most accomplished horseman.

Burton's bedroom prowess had been for months now the talk of London. Openly contemptuous of England's puritanic morals, unashamedly boasting that he had broken every single one of the Ten Commandments, Burton went after women with unconcealed zeal. His smoldering, black Gypsy eyes had an almost hypnotic effect upon the weaker sex. The brilliant French authoress, Ouida, said of Burton: "He looks like Othello and loves like the three musketeers all rolled into one."

Burton's fame as a lover was surpassed by his skill with the sword. Sir Michael, himself, just a few weeks before, had attended a fencing match between Burton and the champion swordsman of France, Lt. Col. Andre Maurrat of the French Hussars. Disdaining the customary mask and jacket, Burton, standing in his shirtsleeves, had knocked the sword from his adversary's hands six times in a row. In the end, Maurrat, his wrist almost dislocated, had been forced to call it a day.

Sir Michael finally rose from his chair, signaling to Burton that the interview was at an end.

"I shall take up the matter with the committee," he told Burton. "If they should see fit to finance your proposed one man expedition to Mecca, I will let you know. The matter should be decided in a few weeks."

Burton stood up, too.

"I understand, Sir Michael," he said, that your recommendation carries great weight with the committee. May I ask what your recommendation will be?"

As Burton spoke, he fixed his rifle barrel black eyes on Sir Michael. The latter stared back, fascinated. He had never seen the like of Burton's eyes before; eyes that were wild, that fairly glittered with repressed ferocity. Eyes that were afraid of no man—no god.

"I will recommend," Sir Michael said, finally, "that the committee finance your expedition."

While waiting word from the Royal Geographic Society, Burton sojourned in Boulogne, France. There, he met and fell in love with a young English girl, Isabel Arundell. Isabel, who came of a noble English family, fully returned Burton's love.

The burning love affair, however, ran into a snag in the person of Isabel's mother. Mrs. Arundell detested Burton from the start. "He's penniless and godless," she told Isabel. "I will not permit you to marry him."

Burton's ferocious pride would not permit him to fight for his love. "If you wish to be a girl," he told Isabel, "you will listen to your mother. If you wish to be a woman, you will come to me. It is as simple as that. Make up your mind and let me know the answer."

Isabel, like so many women, decided to listen to her mother. Burton packed up and returned to England.

Upon his arrival in London, Burton received word that the Royal Geographic Society had decided to finance his one man expedition to Mecca. Burton immediately set about making preparations for his coming venture. His first move was to have himself circumcised. Circumcision was an integral part of the Moslem religion. Burton couldn't afford to overlook a single detail. One mistake meant death—the most horrible of deaths.

On March 16, 1853, a Persian Moslem, one Mirza Abdullah, made his first appearance on the streets of Alexandria, Egypt.

Mirza Abdullah, alias Richard Burton, set up practice in Alexandria as a hakim, or doctor. Always a keen student of medical knowledge, Burton, during his long stay in India, had absorbed all the tricks of mesmerism and magic practiced by the fakirs.

Burton's combination of western knowledge and eastern sorcery bowled over the Alexandrians. Within a matter of a few weeks, Mirza Abdullah was the talk of the city. Admiring eyes followed him along the bazaars, the mosques, the coffee houses. The natives whispered to each other that Mirza Abdullah must be a dervish, a man with preternatural powers.

Burton stayed in Alexandria for one month. He used the city as a testing ground, to correct any errors that might crop up. But Burton made no errors. He had the discipline to make his masquerade mental as well as physical. He not only talked, looked and acted like an Arab; he became, to all intents, an Arab, thinking and reacting like one.

Burton now undertook step number two. He booked passage on a boat for Cairo.

On board the boat, Burton met a Turkish trader, Haji Wali. Wali, a worldly man, took a great liking to Mirza Abdullah. One afternoon, Wali, dropping by Burton's cabin, found the latter checking a compass and other western instruments of exploration. Burton hastily put the paraphernalia away. Later on that same day, Wali, his eyes impassive, told Burton that Persian Moslems, such as Mirza Abdullah, were heartily disliked by the citizens of Cairo. Wali added that Mirza Abdullah, as a Persian hakim, could expect to fare very badly in Cairo.

Burton and Wali shared quarters in Cairo. Burton again set up practice as a hakim. However, heeding the words of Wali, he did make one change. He no longer was a Persian. Now he passed himself off as an Afghan hakim. Wali smiled to himself but said nothing at his friend's blatant duplicity.

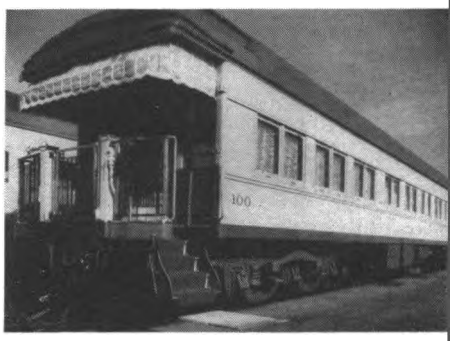
Burton, thriving mightily as a hakim, brought a servant into his home. The servant's name was Salih Shakkar. A shrewd, alert man, Salih Shakkar was a fanatically religious Moslem. One afternoon, while Burton was out, Wali caught Salih Shakkar examining Burton's scientific instruments. Thereafter, Salih Shakkar's [*Continued on page* 59]

The VIRGINIA CITY, Bachelors' Haven

It's a cross between a sultan's palace and the best of saloons—on wheels. Here's how the men who own it live it up in the grand manner in the plushest of private cars

Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg, publisher and editor respectively of the *Territorial Enterprise* (Virginia City, Nev.) are two bachelors who have just about the perfect way of getting away from the cares of the world. They simply pack up, climb into their private car, the *Virginia City*, have it hooked onto the first train out and tour the country surrounded by all the best things in life: fine furnishings, elaborate meals, a wine cellar, a well-stocked bar and the ability to see friends where and when they want to see them. This is in the tradition of a true Cavalier and the pictures on these pages show that it is every bit as good as it seems. Here is what it's like to just roll along, drink the best, eat the best, take a Turkish bath if you have a mind, drowse to the best music and be appropriately air conditioned in any climate.

Outside, the *Virginia City* is a conventional 83-foot, 90-ton Pullman-built car, but once inside a visitor is stunned by the splendor.



Above: Simple Pullman car exterior hides a hangout that would dazzle even a Texan. Below: owners Beebe, Clegg dine in style.

The *Virginia City's* plush red-and-gold dining salon sits six comfortably. Chandeliers are steadied by fine wires.

The entire inside decor is Venetian rennaissance in red and gold with antiqued gold panels on the walls, gold-backed mirrors in the dining salon, specially woven carpets shot with metallic gold threads and Venetian crystal chandeliers. Each of the car's three master staterooms has a mural depicting a scene of the long-gone Virginia & Truckee RR. Music is piped from an Ampex tape recorder and the volume is able to be controlled in each room in the car (including crew's quarters, bathrooms and galley). The drawing room boasts a marble fireplace, from a Venetian Doge's palace, which burns gas logs. The *Virginia City* (estimated cost: $200,000 with an additional $125,000 for the sumptuous interior) is not just an expensive museum piece, either. Its owners junket 6,000 miles yearly.

Before this wonderful caravan gets underway from its siding, owners Beebe and Clegg have to fork over 18 full, first-class fares to the next stop on the line, figure on an additional $40-a-day parking in a siding adjacent to their favorite haunts. Once this little business of money is taken care of, the *Virginia City* can be hooked on to the end of any train on any railroad and is off for the good things in life—complete with 50 bottles chilling in the wine cellar and more good things to eat and drink stored away in a 700-pound refrigerator. While Clegg and Beebe enjoy the scenery from either the observation platform of the "observation-drawing" room, a cook and steward are at work making this the best of all possible worlds.

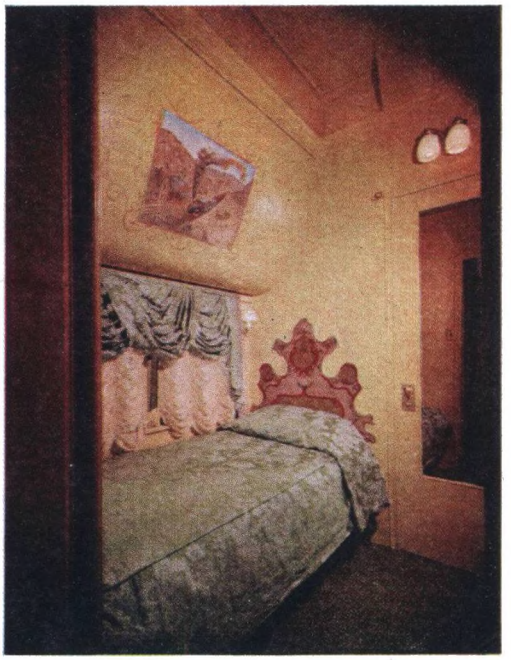
Both Beebe and Clegg have a list of standing orders for the running of the car that equals the orders for the siege of Constantinople. The chef has to be ready to trot out a breakfast of bacon, ham, steaks, lamb chops, salted fish and game any time for anybody on the car until noon. Lunch is a mild affair, but dinner more than makes up for it. Dinner in the *Virginia City* starts with good drinks, smoked salmon and caviar; moves into high gear in the dining salon with wines and champagne, followed by brandy. Let any cook dare serve hamburger or West Coast fish, and he will risk being banished to the first mail hook or whistle stop the car comes to.

The steward on the *Virginia City* has his work cut out for him: just keep a man-sized selection of champagne, beer and vodka chilling at all times and see that Beebe and Clegg's St. Bernard dog companion, "Mr. T-Bone Towser," is fed and walked at all stops.

Outside of all this, it's just one big rolling cook-out—gold-plate style. •

The owners enjoy a bottle in the car's lounge. Fireplace at rear burns gas logs.

Front view of the lounge shows ample room for a large party. Door at rear leads to brass-bound platform.



One of three *Virginia City* bedrooms. Beds are surrounded by murals of old railroading scenes.

Lost Gold And Murdered Maids

When John Slumach got tired of a dame, he made her as hard to find as his phantom mine. Fortunately two bouyant babes stopped him before he made the town a no-woman's land

Thomas P. Kelley

Illustrated by Harvey Kidder

It didn't take much to cause excitement in the little town of New Westminster, B. C. back in the year 1889—but whatever it took, John Slumach didn't have any of. Slumach, a full blooded Salish Indian was known as a "no-good Indian, a tramp, a thief and a skirt-chaser." In a few words: John wasn't what you might call one of the first citizens of the town.

All that changed one day early that fall. When John blew into town that day he was still dirty, he was still an Indian, he was quick to prove he was still a skirt chaser—but he now had gold. So much gold he was staggering *before* he went into the local saloon. Not even a few large glasses of the local choice hooch could get him to say more than there was "as much more as there are stars in the sky, where this gold came from."

Slumach, a medium-size man of 40, had long arms, black hair that snapped combs and a face that was hard on the furniture. Suspicious by nature, he eyed quietly the excitement around him. He would say nothing, except that he knew the location of fabulous riches. Although giving whiskey to Indians was illegal, the local gentry felt that with enough giggle-water under his belt, Slumach's lips would loosen. So Slumach was wined and dined royally.

Nor did certain members of the gentler sex ignore the uncouth Indian.

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Just as the drunken guests in the Old Frontier Saloon thought that no more could happen, Slumach threw a handful of rocks—raw gold—on the floor.

Lost Gold and Murdered Maids

Continued from preceding page

Several of them were very friendly to him, including a waitress named Mary Warne.

For the following three days, Slumach continued to be the town's biggest attraction. He cashed his gold, bought numerous drinks for the house at the Old Frontier Saloon, and flung his money around like a drunken white man. But neither the promises of wantons nor frequent drinks of fire-water could loosen the tongue of the Salish brave. He accepted the hospitality of his white brothers—and sisters—with a knowing smirk, and rebuffed all questions with many "fill-'em-up-again" gestures.

Then, on the morning of the fifth day, he disappeared without the whisper of a warning.

Later that day someone noticed that Slumach was not the only one who had disappeared from New Westminster. By an odd coincidence, Mary Warne was also missing. Several times in the past, however, the none-too-virtuous Mary had done a similar vanishing act, accompanied by some hot-blooded male, always returning alone at a later date, bitterly complaining about the fickleness of men. So no special significance was attached to her present absence; certainly in no way was it connected with that of the Indian John Slumach. The consensus among the few who cared was that she would eventually be back at her old haunts, another shattered romance behind her.

But in Slumach's case it was different.

Opinions varied as to where he had gone, why he had gone, and how he had gotten there. The days stretched into weeks. He was still talked about—and the stories of the Indian and his gold strike continued to spread until they were eventually heard in Vancouver as well as other districts throughout British Columbia. The former local bum was now a widely-discussed character, with his next appearance being looked forward to keenly.

Then, about six weeks after his departure, John Slumach suddenly re-appeared in New Westminster. And once more his knapsack was bulging with raw gold, "nuggets the size of walnuts."

For the second time, excitement ran high. The local hangers-on gathered around him. Within a half-hour after his arrival, a full-scale drinking orgy was under way.

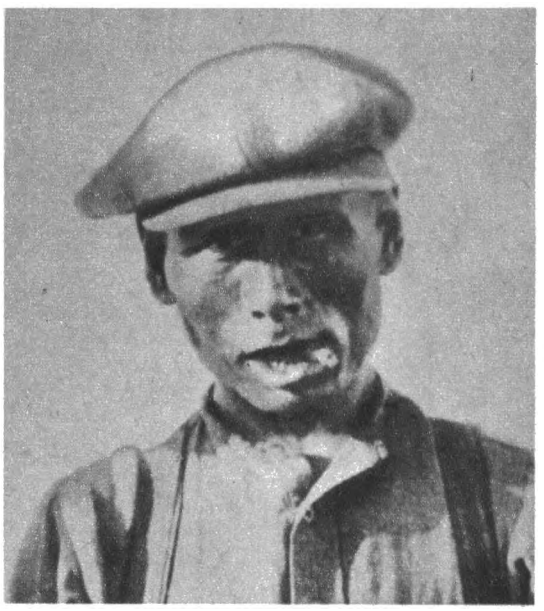
This binge developed just as the first had. Slumach spent money freely, helped himself to the luxuries of civilization and partook of the hospitalities of his white-skinned brethren. He would readily buy as well as accept drinks; he was host at two lavish drunken banquets that lasted till dawn. Each was ended by his tossing several handfuls of gold nuggets upon the floor. A smirk creased his ugly features as he watched his tipsy white brothers and sisters, on their knees, scrambling, cursing and fighting for the precious metal with the fury of wild dogs. On both occasions, painted hussies put on several rousing cat fights with no holds barred.

One day he caused a sensation by taking a bath in beer. "Hadn't had a bath in many moons and always wanted one in beer," was his comment. "Next time I'll take one in wine."

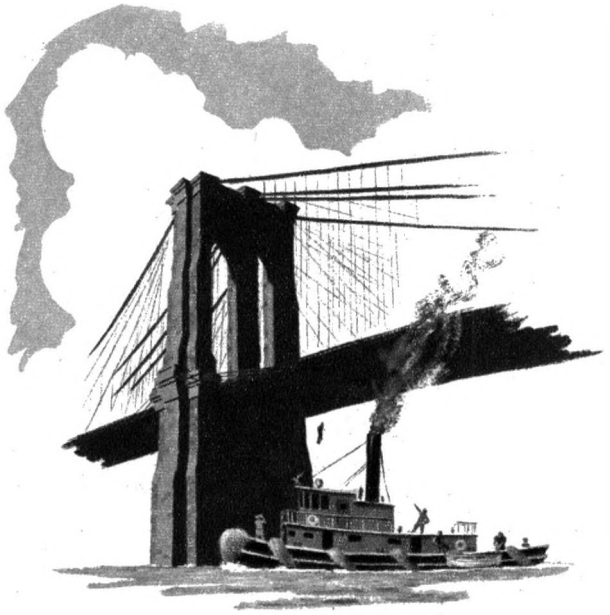
Oddly enough, certain women were suddenly discovering something downright fascinating about the almost-repulsive Slumach. At least it seemed to be that way; he received numerous offers of feminine companionship for his next trip to the hidden gold hoard. One young widow, Tillie Malcolm, told him she was sure he would find her to be, "A good camp cook, obliging and handy to have around."

But neither drink, flattery nor promises could make Slumach reveal the location of [*Continued on page* 72]

GREEDY Susan Jesner accompanied Slumach on one of his trips—and started him toward the gallows.



DEADLY John Slumach had a weakness for women and liquor, but never revealed the source of his gold.



First Man Off The Brooklyn Bridge

Robert Odlum made his gainer off the bridge long before Steve Brodie—and he did it, before witnesses, for a reason almost impossible to believe

by Dick Schaap

Illustrated by Brendan Lynch

As a handful of customers drifted in and out of "The Ship," a New York saloon on the corner of Broadway and 29th Street, a tall, strapping man named Paul Boyton sat at a table in the back, twirled his handle-bar mustache and pulled at his goatee. Then he slammed his beer stein hard on the table top. "For God's sake, Odlum," he said, "give this thing up. There's no money in it. I'm afraid you'll be killed!"

Robert Emmett Odlum, dark, handsome and 33, laughed gently. He had no intention of giving up. This was the morning of May 16, 1885, and no matter how earnestly Boyton or anyone else pleaded with him, Bob Odlum was going to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge.

"Forget about it, Bob," suggested Paddy Ryan, a famous prize fighter who had been knocked out by John L. Sullivan and spent as much time in "The Ship" as he did in the ring. "It's too dangerous. Besides, the police are certain to interfere. No one has ever been able to jump."

"Everybody says don't do it," Odlum answered evenly, as though he were discussing a weekend excursion to the country, "and if I don't, the

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Odlum was out of the hack and into position before the police could stop him.

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same people will say that I lost my nerve. You can just bet all you have that I'm going to jump. And I'll come out all right."

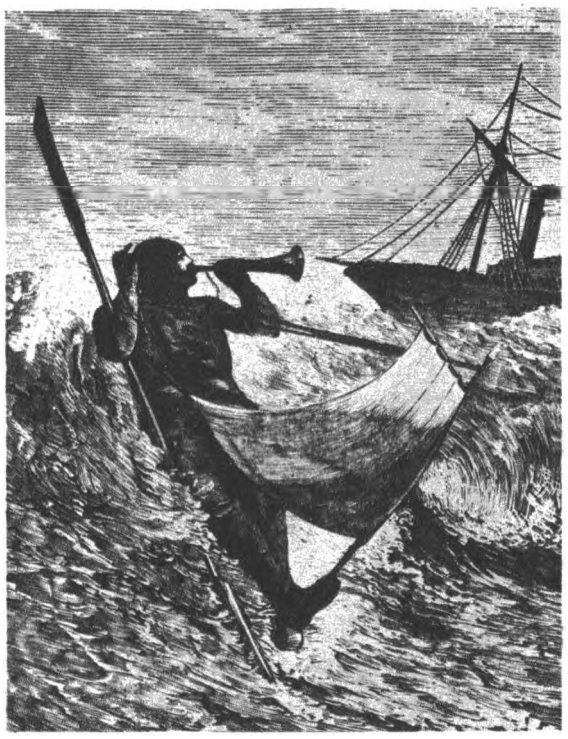
Odlum's plan to leap from the Brooklyn Bridge into the East River was no haphazard dream, born of heavy drinking or unrequited love. For one thing he hoped to gain fame and, eventually, money from his accomplishment. But more significantly, he was determined to prove a theory. "I want to demonstrate," he insisted, "that a fall from a great height is not fatal in itself. Today people are afraid to jump from flaming buildings into firemen's nets because they fear they'll die in mid-air. If I succeed, these fears might disappear. Thousands of lives could be saved every year."

Boyton, who owned "The Ship," leaned back, dragged deeply on a cigarette and carefully exhaled a perfect smoke ring. "Look," he said, in exasperation, "here's what I'll do. I'll hire three carriages and a hearse. You can go to the bridge in one of the carriages. The hearse may be useful afterward."

Odlum laughed again, somewhat hollowly this time. "It's nothing," he said. "I could do it every day in the week." Then he arose and lit a cigarette.

"I'm going for a walk," he said. "I'll be back shortly." He strode past the long bar on his left, pushed the swinging doors and stepped onto Broadway.

At the bar two newspaper reporters stood and sipped tall shots of rye. When Odlum left they picked up their glasses and carried them to Boyton's table. They knew the proprietor well. As the world's first frogman, and as a man who never hesitated to expound upon his own virtues, Captain Paul Boyton had long been a favorite source of colorful copy. Boyton had toured the United States, South America and Europe, giving underwater swimming exhibitions in his rubber suit.



Paul Boyton, America's first frogman (shown here on sea venture) was blasted by *Times* for role in bridge scandal.

Boyton had opened "The Ship" after a recent trip to Europe, and the tavern had quickly become a popular meeting place for the sports of Broadway.

"Good morning, Captain," said the first writer, a gaunt, middle-aged man who wore bifocals. "Is Odlum really going to jump today?"

"Looks that way, boys," Boyton replied. "He seems set on it."

"It'll never happen," said the second writer, who was younger, stouter and more cynical. "Inspector Byrne has sent out a warning to keep all suspicious-looking persons off the bridge. He's got a dozen extra watchmen on duty. Odlum doesn't have a chance."

"You're wrong," Boyton said. "He'll jump. I'll bet on it."

"How much?" Ryan, the boxer, asked.

"One thousand dollars."

"You've got a bet."

"Let me in on some of this," the second newspaperman said.

"I'll take your money," his companion offered. "Fifty dollars says he does it."

By this time, it was close to noon and a sizeable crowd had formed around Boyton's table. Jiggers of scotch and mugs of ale were momentarily ignored as everyone sought to place a wager. Three professional gamblers, donating their services for the occasion, established what they considered to be proper odds: 2-1 against Odlum jumping and 2-1 against him living if he did jump.

James Haggart, who was friendly with Boyton; "Cool" Herbert, who had come from St. Louis to watch Odlum jump; and Henry Dixey, an actor and a regular at "The Ship," supported Odlum. They had no trouble finding enough people who were willing to bet against them.

Bob Odlum was born in upstate New York, in a small town called Ogdensburg, on August 31, 1851. But before he was old enough to appreciate the beauty of the nearby St. Lawrence River, his family moved to the Midwest. As a youngster, swimming off the muddy banks of the Mississippi, Odlum fell in love with the water.

Odlum admired the daring of Sam Patch, a famous swimmer and diver in the early nineteenth century, and collected newspaper clippings of Patch's fatal attempt to jump into the Genesee Falls near Rochester, N. Y. On November 13, 1829, spurred by a long drinking bout, Patch leaped 150 feet from a wooden bridge to the falls. He lost his balance almost immediately—and crashed into the rocks. His body was never recovered.

Earl in the 1870's Odlum went to work for a Chicago paper, writing obituaries, covering minor scandals and handling the dozens of other chores that are reserved for cub reporters. But his passion for the water remained stronger than his passion for news, and finally, in 1878, he quit journalism and moved to Washington, D. C.

In the capital, after borrowing money from his sister, Charlotte, Odlum combined business with pleasure. He bought a private swimming pool and started Professor Odlum's National Natatorium. On opening night a glittering audience of statesmen, financiers and socialites turned out, and within a few weeks, the Natatorium was a success. Among his swimming pupils, Odlum could count the son and daughter of President Rutherford B. Hayes, and the sons of President James Garfield, Secretary of State James G. Blaine and General William T. Sherman.

When he was not giving lessons, [*Continued on page* 74]

Did a Woman Die With Custer?

When our reporter went searching for the answer to that question, he learned that the General definitely wasn't a long hair. He'd done a lot of living it up before he met his famous death

By Charles McCarry

Several months ago a report came out of Washington, D. C., that General George Armstrong Custer had died with a woman at his side at Little Big Horn. The report, to put it mildly, was startling. Few American heroes have been more widely written about than Custer, darling of the Union and ill-fated victim of the Cheyennes, and yet no one had suggested before that Custer had been so foolhardy—and amorous—as to make his bed with a woman on the dangerous plains.

Accordingly, CAVALIER asked me to find out the truth, from government documents and other sources, about the amorous life of General George A. Custer. As a result of these investigations, it is now possible to answer certain questions with which Custer enthusiasts still tease each other, 82 years after the sly General's death.

To whom did Custer's heart really belong? Was it, after all, his lovely, ladylike wife, Libby Custer, who wrote a small shelf of books about her idyllic marriage to the dashing cavalryman? But if this is so, what about the zesty young camp follower, Annie Jones, who comforted Custer between battles of the Civil War? Or did Custer give his heart to a beautiful Indian maiden named Me-o-tzi who betrayed her people for his love, and may even have been with him when he rode out to meet his celebrated death on [*Please turn page*]

Army Reveals Secret Of Custer's Last Stand

By FREDERICK C. OTHMAN.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—Now it develops that the long-concealed military secret of Custer's last stand wore skirts.

Gen. George A. Custer on the official report on Custer's girl friend so

This is the newsclip that started writer McCarry on his search for the truth in government files, old papers.

Long Hair and his men conquered and destroyed the village while his future bride, Me-o-tzi, huddled in her tepee.

Did a Woman Die With Custer?

Continued from preceding page

the Montana badlands? The ghosts of Custer's old loves floated out of a once-secret government file just recently, after a talkative Army officer asserted that the Army was suppressing an official report that Custer had an Indian woman with him when he and 226 of his troopers were slaughtered by the Sioux and the Cheyennes.

The Army quickly and sternly denied the whole business. It had no secret reports on Custer—and it certainly had no information that he had female companionship on his last patrol. Others were quick to point out that the happiness of Custer's marriage was a bright part of his legend.

But many hard-headed historians agree on this point: Custer may have loved his wife, but he did a lot of living in his brief, glory-spangled life. A brigadier-general and a national hero at the age of 23, the yellow-haired, fiery-eyed horseman caused more than one female heart to flutter and fail before he went down shooting on the banks of the Little Big Horn.

And there is plenty of evidence, in official government papers and in Custer's own writings, that many a woman looked on him as fair game—whether he was happily married or not.

Out of a forgotten and long-secret government file

Illustrated by Brendan Lynch

comes one of the ladies who found the Custer charm irresistible. She was Anna Elinor Jones, a 20-year-old beauty from Cambridge, Mass., who just about turned the Northern Army inside out in 1863 when she walked out on another Union general in order to share Custer's tent. Annie Jones's confession of her affair with Custer and a variety of other Union generals and civilian officials was kept secret by the government until 1948. Even after the secret label was removed, Annie's testimony remained in an obscure corner of the National Archives in Washington until just a few months ago, when it came to the notice of the public for the first time. While they are ready enough to believe the Annie Jones episode, government experts on the life of Custer are inclined to scoff at the idea that he ever took an Indian woman into his bed. One of them puts it this way:

"What would Custer want with a squaw? He could have had any white woman in North America."

But a Cheyenne woman who knew Custer during his Indian campaigns disagrees. Kate Bighead, a Southern Cheyenne who saw her village wiped out and plundered by Custer's troops in 1868, says that Custer took the most beautiful of the Cheyenne maidens as his Indian wife. Her words are recorded by Dr. Thomas B. Marquis, one of the most reputable of Custer historians, in an obscure pamphlet called "She Watched Custer's Last Battle."

Custer's choice, according to Kate, was her cousin, Me-o-tzi. This lissome girl, with raven- [*Please turn page*]

Did a Woman Die With Custer?

Continued from preceding page

Drawing of Annie Jones, for-generals-only camp follower. She shared tent with Custer, was later arrested as a spy.

Custer and his wife Libby. Even while he romanced at the front, his letters to her swore eternal fidelity and love.

black hair and large sad eyes, still lives in Cheyenne legend as "Custer's Indian wife." Girl children are named for her in each new generation and they, too, are called Wife of the Long Hair.

It was Me-o-tzi's tribe which gave Custer his Indian name —Hi-es-tzie, meaning Long Hair. Considering the treatment they got from him, they might have given him a harsher title.

The Southern Cheyennes had broken their treaty with the government by leaving their reservation, and their war parties had been raiding settlements and wagon trains in the Kansas Territory. The Army sent Custer and his 7th Cavalry Regiment to disperse the war parties and herd the Cheyennes back to the reservation. He swept down on them in November, 1868, as they camped in a big village on the banks of the Washita River in southwestern Oklahoma. In the blinding snow storm just before dawn, Custer's men hit the village from all four sides, carbines cracking, bugles shrilling, and the regimental band playing "Garryowen," Custer's battle song. In the wild, confusing fight that followed, scores of Indians were killed, and hundreds of others fled in the shin-deep snow, leaving their women and ponies behind.

Not wanting to be burdened with the scrubby Indian horses, Custer ordered after the battle that they were to be slaughtered. Amid the terrified screams of the squaws and children, Custer's troopers poured volley after volley into the pony herd. According to Custer's own count, 810 mustangs met their end that day—several brought down by the Long Hair himself as they broke out of the herd. Characteristically, Custer shot only at galloping targets.

After the horses were dispatched, Custer ordered the Cheyenne tepees broken down and burned, and the village's winter food scattered. Even an Indian had to be impressed by such a professional job of rapine, and Custer's reputation with the Cheyennes was made. A few days later, the Cheyenne chiefs and Custer smoked peace pipe together, exchanging a pledge never to make war on each other again. This promise, broken at the Little Big Horn, was to follow Custer beyond death in an incident so gruesome that few white men could even have imagined it.

The Cheyenne women found other reasons to admire Custer. Says Kate Bighead: "I saw Long Hair many times in those days. . . He had a large nose, deep-set blue eyes, and light red hair that was long and wavy. He wore a buckskin shirt and a big white hat. I was then a young woman, 22 years old, and I admired him. All of the Indian women talked of him as being a fine-looking man."

None found him finer looking than Me-o-tzi. Dressing her body in her finest deerskins, her hair shining with oil and ornamented with gaudy trinkets, she loitered near his tent, hoping to catch his eye. At last he noticed her, and she was soon his favorite. Me-o-tzi was always with him in camp, taking care of his clothes and keeping his tent in order.

Custer took the Cheyenne girl with him on his patrols across the Kansas plains. Her eyes were as sharp as those of any brave, and she knew the trails that war parties used. Through Me-o-tzi, Custer learned the Cheyennes' secrets, and soon he had hunted most of the remaining warriors down. All of Me-o-tzi's loyalty to her tribe and her race was smothered by her passion for her white lover. She was invaluable to a man who wanted to kill Indians.

"Me-o-tzi," says Kate Bighead, "went often with Long Hair to help in finding the trails of Indians. She said he told her that his soldier horses were given plenty of corn and oats to eat, so that they could outrun and catch the Indian ponies that had only grass to eat. All of the Cheyennes liked Me-o-tzi, and all were glad that she had so important a place in life."

Me-o-tzi's happiness lasted only a short time. In a few months, Custer's supplies ran short and he took the 7th Cavalry north. Me-o-tzi was left behind.

Her grief was great. She painted her face black and would not speak for weeks. Her family soon began to worry about her. Such a pretty girl was worth a good many ponies to an anxious young warrior, and many of them would have been glad to have Me-o-tzi. But she would not talk of marriage.

"After Long Hair went away," says Kate Bighead, "dif-

ferent ones of the Cheyenne young men wanted to marry her. But she would not have any of them. She said that Long Hair was her husband, that he had promised to come back to her, and that she would wait for him.

"She waited seven years. Then he was killed."

When Custer fell among his men at the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876, the ubiquitous Kate was in the thick of things. By that time she had attached herself to the Northern Cheyennes who, under Chief Lame White Man, formed a big part of the Indian horde that overwhelmed Custer.

After the battle, Kate says, two other women of the Southern Cheyennes, who had known Custer on the Washita, found his body among the dead.

"While they were looking at him," says Kate, "some Sioux men came and were about to cut up his body. The Cheyenne women, thinking of Me-o-tzi, made signs: *'He is a relative of ours.'* So the Sioux men cut off only one joint of a finger.

"The women then pushed the point of a sewing awl into his ears, into his head. This was to improve his hearing, as it seemed that he had not heard what our chiefs in the South said when he smoked the pipe with them. They told him then that if ever afterward he should break that peace promise and fight the Cheyennes, the Everywhere Spirit surely would cause him to be killed." Custer's broken promise had caught up with him.

Later, when Kate and some other Cheyennes found some food that the 7th Cavalry had cached near the battlefield, they again had reason to remember Me-o-tzi, and be grateful to her.

"When we found that Long Hair was chief of the white soldiers killed at the Little Big Horn," says Kate, "we joked among ourselves by saying: 'It is too bad we killed him, for it must have been him . . . who left all the good food for the Cheyennes, *his relatives.*' "

These two stories by Kate, who had no reason to lie, suggest that the Cheyennes did not doubt that Me-o-tzi was, indeed, Custer's Indian wife. They thought of him as a member of the tribe, and they had reason to admire his prowess with women when they saw how Me-o-tzi took the news of his death.

"Me-o-tzi," says Kate, "mourned when she learned of Long Hair's death. She cut off her hair and gashed her arms and legs for mourning."

An Indian woman mutilated herself in this way only when her husband died. It was a kind of symbolic "killing" of her body, which had been one with the dead man's body.

Released from her faithfulness by Custer's death, Me-o-tzi married a white man named Isaac, and they had several children. One of her daughters lives with the Northern Cheyennes on the Tongue River. Me-o-tzi died in January 1921, in Oklahoma. "But," says Kate Bighead, "her name is continued among us. A little granddaughter of mine is known to us as Me-o-tzi. Sometimes the young people joke her: 'You are Custer's Indian wife.' "

What about the chances of Me-o-tzi having accompanied Custer to the Little Big Horn? Very slim. If she had, she would have been in the camp of the 7th Cavalry, and Kate Bighead would not have seen her in her mourning. Custer apparently did not see his Indian wife again after he rode out of the Washita country in February, 1869. If Custer had an Indian woman with him, it was not Me-o-tzi, and the gossip that he had taken another Indian woman would surely have spread among the tribes, and reached the keen ears of the gossipy Kate.

All during the Me-o-tzi episode, Custer and his wife were exchanging their special brand of letters—part gossip, part diary, part passion. Libby, a perfect Methodist lady, was dead set against drinking, gambling, tobacco and whoring. But she was also quite a woman. About the time of the Washita Campaign, after nearly 10 years of marriage, Custer wrote to her in a wondering tone about their love life. "When other themes fail," he wrote, "we still have the old story which in 10 years has not lost its freshness. Indeed it is newer than when at the outset we wondered if it could endure in its first intensity."

Libby Custer often remarked on this subject herself. During the Civil War, after some of her love letters were captured by the Confederates, an embarrassed Custer suggested that she might be a little more cautious of her language. "Somebody," he wrote, "must be more careful hereafter in the use of *double entendre.*" Libby, with all the virtuous fury of a recent virgin, replied that no Confederate, "if he were a gentleman," could read impure sentiments into her letters. "There can be nothing low between man and wife if they love each other," she protested. "What I wrote was holy and sacred."

This was in early 1864, when their marriage was new, when Custer—"beautiful as Abraham with his yellow curls" —was the darling of the Army, and when Annie Jones, the voluptuous camp follower, was making sworn statements that she and Brevet Brig. Gen. Custer were something more than casual friends. Called on the carpet for smuggling Annie into his bedroll, Custer denied everything. "She seems," said Custer, "to be insane."

The Annie Jones report was political dynamite, and it was quickly hushed up. No whisper of the scandal ever reached Libby Custer's ears, but it may have been a twinge of conscience which caused the General to pen this line to his bride: "Loving so fine a being truly and devotedly as I do, it seems impossible that I ever should or could be very wicked."

Annie Jones, who loved glory and excitement as well as the next girl, decided to do her sleeping with the real thing.

In Custer, there was plenty of glory and excitement to go around. His famous end at the Little Big Horn has overshadowed his fantastic fame in the Civil War. At 25 a major-general leading the most famous cavalry division in the Union Army, he never knew a defeat in action. His insane courage made him a legend. Only two days out of West Point, he was cited for heroism at the first Battle of Bull Run. He captured the first Confederate battle flag taken in the war, ripping it out of the hands of a Rebel and running him through with one fluid gesture, at the Battle of Willimsburg on May 5, 1862.

A few days after that, he made an incredible one-man reconnaissance of the enemy lines in broad daylight, pausing to draw maps of the Confederate fortifications as he went. He took to floating over the Rebel lines in a balloon, shooting at the foe with his horse pistol. By the time the war ended, his division—the 3rd Cavalry—had captured 111 enemy cannons, every single field piece that ever fired upon them. The 65 Rebel battle flags captured by the Third were—and are—an all-time record, and Gen. Phil Sheridan presented them in person to the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton. The Third, with Custer always galloping in the lead and fighting hand-to-hand with enemy skirmishers, never lost a color, never lost a gun. From Abraham Lincoln, who sought out Libby at a White House reception to sing Custer's praises, to the youngest drummer boy in the Union Army, the Boy General had caught the country's imagination.

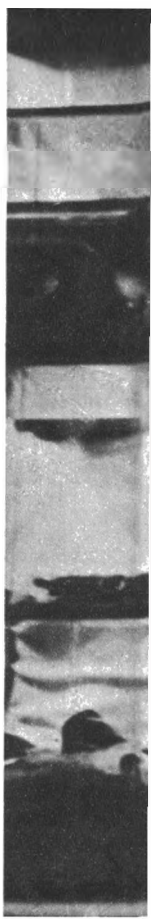
It was small wonder, then, that [*Continued on page 77*]

Door to Fukuchan's snake restaurant is huge barrel staves topped by live hawks.

Why They Eat Snake In Tokyo

It's the sure cure for what ails you, or so they say around Fukuchan's Tokyo eatery—where the lively customers spark up their innards with a shot of viper's blood

Photos by Harry B. Wright



For a guy on the prowl in Tokyo with plenty of yen, there's no better place for him to head than Asakusa. This wild and woolly section in northwest Tokyo has just about everything a man could want. Night clubs, bars, *real* stripper palaces and every other kind of girlie joint fight for space. In the midst of all this grand sport is a special kind of restaurant that has a menu guaranteed to keep a man enjoying all the surrounding hi-jinks. It's Fukuchan's, and not only does it stay open 24 hours a day every day, but it's the only restaurant in the world that specializes in snake cuisine. Don't let this put you off, though. Wrestlers, prize fighters, entertainers and journalists rub elbows there to sample the slithering food for not only does it taste good, but fans solidly claim the dishes act like magic in stiffening flagging masculinity, vigor and vim, and also have the same effect in correcting sterility in women. Needless to say, the place isn't crowded with dolls. At any rate, male athletes (both indoor and outdoor) say there's no limit to making goals on a full stomach of snake meat washed down with snake-blood wine.

Come along on a jaunt to Fukuchan's. First off, you go down to 31 Matsukyocho, right next door to the Kokusai Theatre. You can't miss the place for the door is two halves of a huge wine barrel with a live hawk chained to a perch on each side. Once inside, you sit down at a large oval bar and watch the chef preparing the snake meat and blood "wine." Lanterns supply the light and the walls (just like Sardi's in New York) are covered with cutouts of the Japanese newspaper comic strip character, "Fukuchan" for whom the restaurant is named.

Now comes the difficult part, where to start. Finally, mouth watering, you decide on regular broiled snake with broiled heart, liver and kidneys swimming in a pungent, eye-watering snake-blood sauce as a starter. Then as second course there's live, still beating snake heart and kidneys in wine followed by *kabiaglachi*—barbecued snake meat on a stick that looks all the world like shish kebab. The banquet is washed down with *Mamushi-zake*—a drink of viper blood and alcohol—garnished with a snake's head just like the olive in a martini.

But before you get this irresistible meal spread before you there's some fun in store for you. The waiter saunters over to the live snake box, picks out the wriggliest and liveliest. Then, right before your starving eyes, he hooks your snake to a swivel joint in the ceiling, snips off the head with scissors and drains the mouth-watering snake blood into a wine glass. This you can hardly wait to drink, still warm. Then the heart, liver and kidneys are removed and you start the meal you'll remember all your life.

In case you're interested, Fukushan's uses two variety of snakes: the *shima* or striped non-poisonous snake (prized by tuberculars) and the *mamushi*, which is slightly venomous. This is the *piece de resistance* for this is the little wriggler that is claimed to be an aphrodisiac for men, a breast-builder for women. If you've been persnickety about this up to now, these last two facts should make you a snake-meat enthusiast right off.

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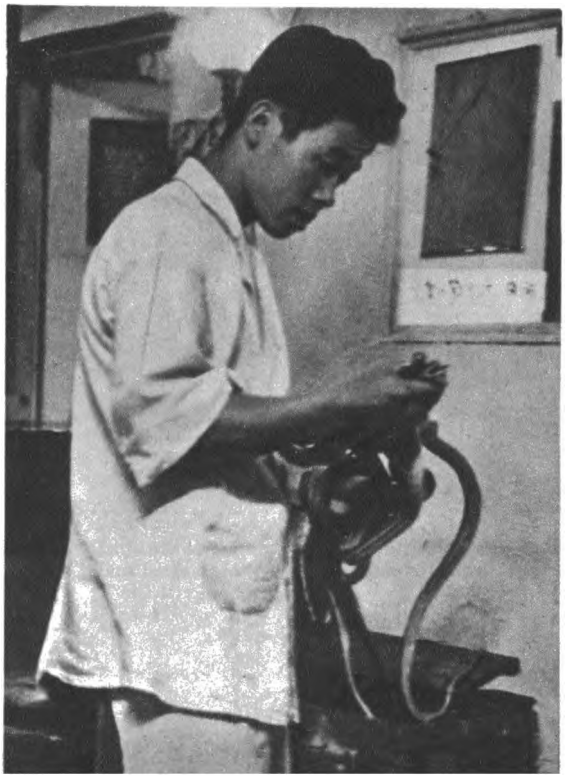
Restaurant proprietor Inada, 67, prepares the specialty of the house, skewered snake meat, as 23-year-old wife looks on.



Once live snake is selected, it dangles from swivel in ceiling as chef readies equipment.

Chef carefully selects proper snake from box for meal. Many of the snakes are venomous.

First step for cook is to snip off snake's head which is used to ferment snake wine.

Second step is to drain blood from headless snake and peel skin. Heart and kidneys are removed, eaten raw by hungry customers.

Why They Eat Snake In Tokyo

Continued from preceding page

Fukuchan's has pretty impressive endorsements. Japanese medical students guzzle snake wine just before gruelling exams and the national champion cyclist pedalled 150 miles before his last victory just to down a pint of snake blood. Finally, the clincher. When CAVALIER's correspondent got the pictures of Fukuchan's, three old gaffers volunteered the fact that they had been sexually impotent but certainly weren't anymore after going on a snake meat diet.

Fukuchan's owner, Sheiko Inada, who has run the restaurant for 20 years, says he got the idea when he was a boy up in the mountains of central Japan where rice and snake meat was like steak and potatoes. "Now look at me," he says, "I am sixty-seven years old and I don't wear glasses, have never been sick and have just had a third child [his wife is 28]. Maybe most of it is mental, but as long as snake-eating gets results, we'll stay in business."

Now you know. Also, you don't have to go to Japan to get jazzed up. Go out in the garden and grab the first garter snake you step on. You know what to do. And let us know if it isn't all wonderfully true. Fellow we know just took off for his shack in some woods just crawling with snakes. Finally, if the gal in your life doesn't measure up to Julie Newmar, try slipping a viper-on-the-rocks to her. You'll never get over it. •

Two Japanese film stars happily munch snake shish kebab, wash it down with man-sized swigs of potent snake wine.

The Man Who Streamlined Slaughter

Lt. Col. Ernest D. Swindon: his genius changed war forever.

A machine gun nest in Africa and an American farm tractor gave a quiet Englishman the idea for the first tank. To get it into action, he had to fight every brass hat in the army

by George White

Illustrated by Jack Hearne

As a dapper young man-about-London, Ernest D. Swindon enjoyed many gentlemanly pleasures, none of which were calculated to bring him enduring fame as the man who changed all wars forever. Among other things, he was a fanatic about automobile racing. He also liked to follow the more elegant horse races and enjoyed the conviviality of London's swankest clubs.

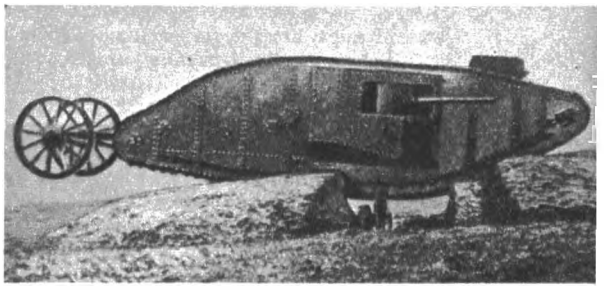
That this Ernest D. Swindon, gentleman and man-about-town, would invent the tank is, as he admitted, "A bit incredible." That he forced his invention through in the face of the combined opposition of the British generals is a bit more than incredible and shows the real stuff he had in him. As a matter of fact, the story of Swindon and his tank is one of the most remarkable to come out of World War I, or any war.

The British have a saying that wars are won on the playing fields of Eton, and in this respect Swindon complies with military tradition. Otherwise he was the most unlikely candidate for glory ever to pass through its ivy-covered gates. Yet his choice of a military career was, in his own eyes, logical enough. At 16, like most young English aristocrats, he was faced with a choice of three careers. He could follow a long line of bewigged ancestors who had gained distinction in English law; he could follow an equally long line of Swindons into the clergy and dole out the Word of God; or he could join the ranks of those Swindons whose military genius had helped forge the British Empire.

The choice of law offered certain difficulties in the form of huge stacks of dull books. As a divinity student he would be expected to behave with a piety and blandness he found too boring to contemplate. The military, on the other hand, offered brilliant uniforms and a companionship he found appealing.

His choice made, Sir Ernest, by the time he was 20, was a subaltern in the English army with a marked distaste for the military thinking of the Col. Blimps who dominated the army.

If anything, Swindon's next experience only confirmed how right he had been in the first place. Down in South Africa a scattering of Boers became so incensed at what they considered the



This 28-ton wrecker was the first tank ever used in battle. Wheels at tail steered tank.

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The Man Who Streamlined Slaughter

Continued from preceding page

high-handed treatment of the Col. Blimps in charge that they declared war on the whole British Empire. Not only that, but the aroused Dutch colonials began beating the pants off the most pompous British brass in sight. Before England knew what it was all about, it was being forced to draft every available man.

In a way it was like South Dakota declaring war on the United States, but those Boers were fighting mad and they just didn't give a damn. To hell with military tactics—just kill Englishmen. That was their attitude, and they enforced it with anything they could get their hands on.

Swindon's day came in February, 1902, shortly before his 21st birthday. Shaping up like a true Britisher, he was leading his men across the veldt toward a group of enemy commandos known to be entrenched in a dry wash. He was not liking it. His insides were cringing in anticipation of the bullets he expected at any moment, but he was no coward.

He reached the point at which military tactics required the enemy to rise from concealment and pour out the first fusillade. Nothing. Sweating profusely, he waved his arm forward in the best traditional gesture, and plodded on. There was no cover, and the ground underfoot was more gravel than soil. He could hear the crunching of the boots of his men spread out on both sides of him in open formation. He was so close now that the enemy would have time to fire but one round before he and his men—or what was left of them—would be into the wash for the bayonet mop-up. On his lips was the order, "Charge!"

And at that moment several ugly black cylinders were thrust over the edge of the wash.

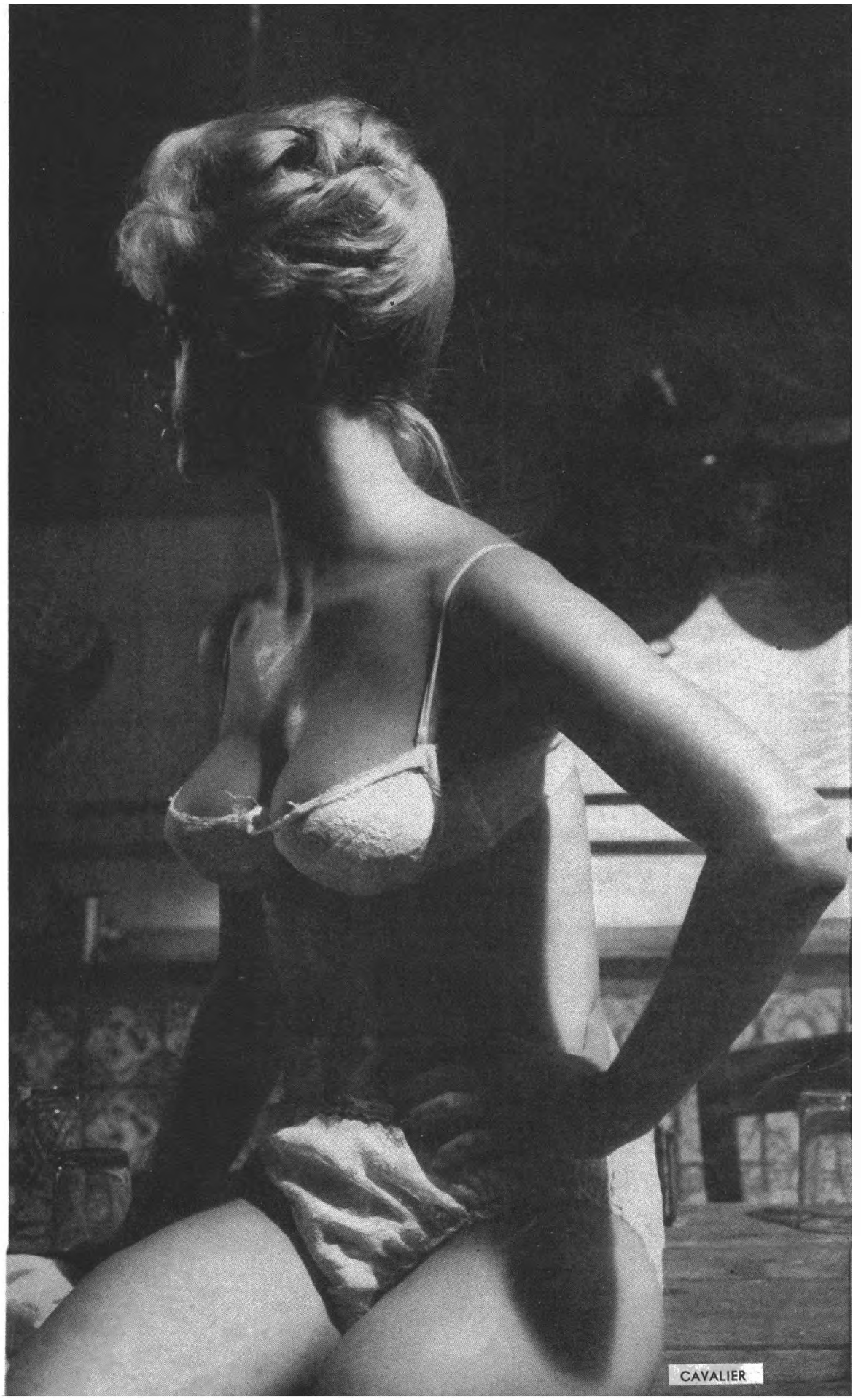
A roar of a thousand rifles broke loose. Bullets sprayed from those cylinders like water from a hose. Swindon's men were mowed down as though cut in half, as some of them were. He himself hit the gravel in a cloud of bullet-raised dust. Shattered rocks sprayed his face. Splintered bullets screamed. The very air tasted of lead.

Abruptly, there were only the cries of the wounded, a strangely solid sound, as of one man's moans magnified a thousand times.

No effort was made to make the massacre complete. Possibly the sight of supporting troops rushing up from the rear frightened the Boer commandos away. More probably they were quite satisfied with the damage already done. When the wash was taken, it was empty of everything except some curious webbing and thousands of empty brass shells. Swindon had run into the first machine gun nest—barring assorted variations of the old Gatling gun—in modern warfare.

Miraculously, Swindon was among the few survivors, and along with his recovery from minor bullet furrows was born an undying conviction that never did he want to be subjected to such an experience again. Tradition said that now that he was a blooded, experienced veteran, he should come [*Continued on page* 56]

As the first steel monster crashed through the wire and into the trenches, panic ravaged the German ranks.



Cavalier's Lady

Brigitte Bardot

CAVALIER's Ladies, though fetching in any pose, can also pout, shrug and pretend to be indifferent until aroused. Probably the best-paid ($150,000 a picture) and best-known pouter and shrugger in the world today is Mlle. Brigitte Bardot—BB to her fans, or the Sex Kitten as they call her at home in France. At 23, BB has pouted, shrugged and gotten aroused (also arousing her fans) in 20 pictures already, among them *And God Created Woman, Please, Mr. Balzac,* and *The Light Across The Street,* with enough films on the planning boards to keep her before panting audiences through 1960. Although she has a lavish wardrobe, Bardot has become the ideal female in practically any country you can think of by taking her clothes off or, better, simply leaving them at home.

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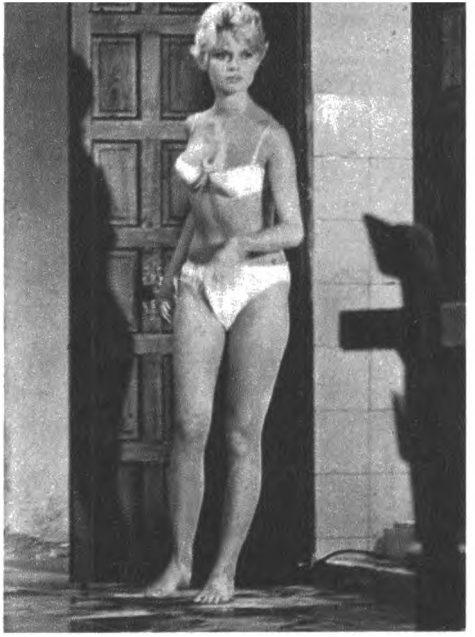
The secrect of the Sex Kitten's success (and what qualifies her for these pages) is that she just doesn't seem to give a damn, just so she's having a good time. She was married at 17, divorced just last December. Though currently seen with a married actor, she says she'll never marry again. As she puts it, "I do not like marriage. Always one man. I want to be free. I like many types of men." "The success of my films," she says, "proves that being nude is formidable." But only when you've got a 36″-18″-34″ body.

Film directors have learned that no matter what part they've got for her, Brigitte plays herself, and so they've kept the plot thin and the dialogue leaner than Army beef. With her pouts, her shrugs, her personality and even her body, Brigitte seems to say, "Let the Devil take the hindmost." In Brigitte's case, he'd like that fine. ●

Someone once said of Brigitte that "she looks undressed even when she's dressed." These two pictures give a chance for comparison and provide proof that the gent who said that knows talent when he sees it. Now if only someone could find out what she looks like smiling



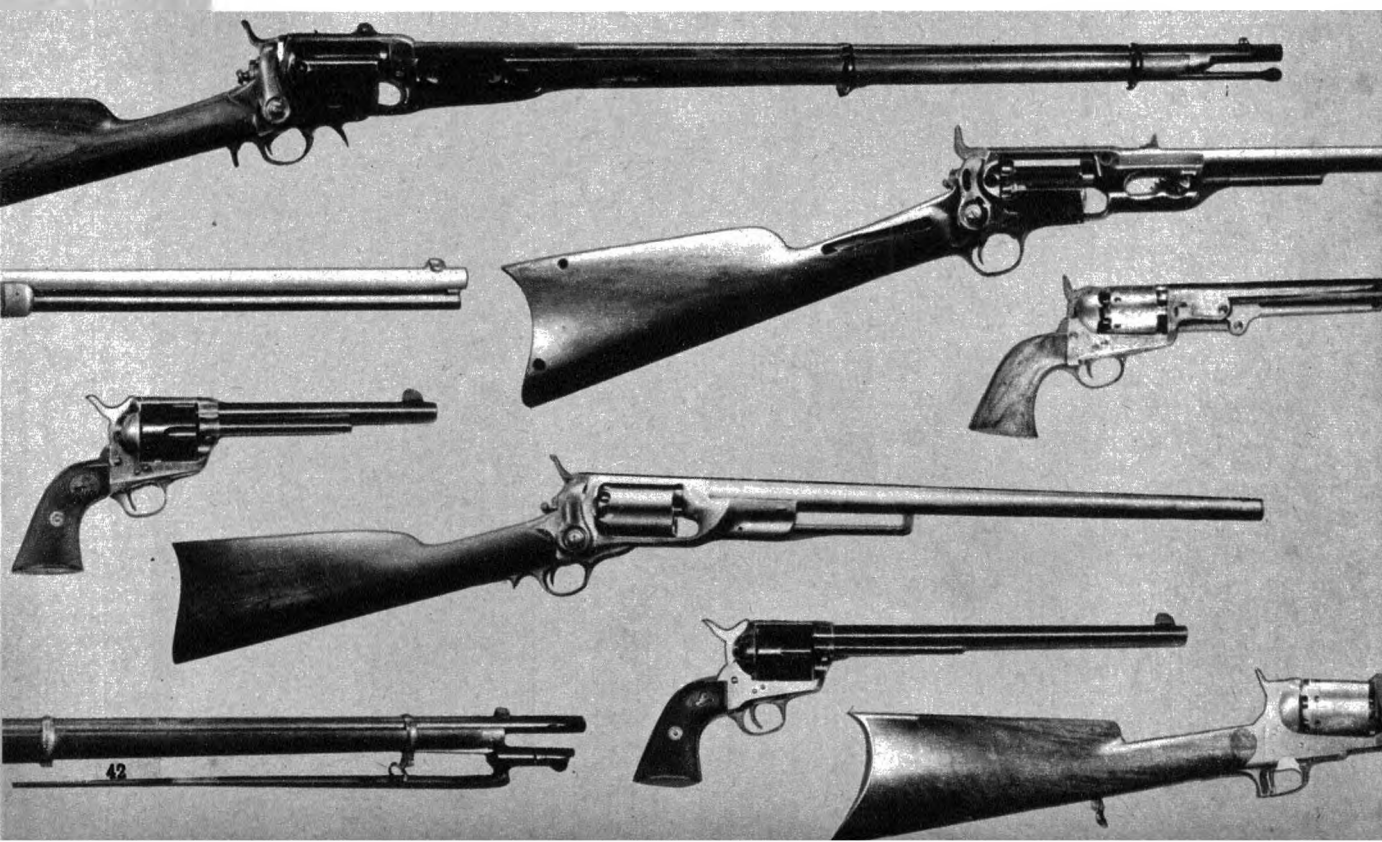
Photos by Peter Basch

The Wonderful Weapons Of Six-Cylinder Sam

Sam Colt—rifles before pistols.

Long before his six gun made him famous, Sam Colt's rifles were killing Indians, Mexicans and Rebels. Now, 50 years after they made their last one, Colt's is marketing a new rifle. That would have tickled old Sam

by Dale Shaw



When the front office people of Colt's Patent Firearms Mfg. Co. up in Hartford, Conn., recently announced their new line of rifles, you'd have thought Jerry Lewis had been appointed Ambassador to England from all the excitement it caused. However, the rifles had been there all the time—thousands of them—long before the company became known for six-guns. It was just that they hadn't been making them since 1903 that fooled everybody.

Now, out of the blue, Colt's is back in the rifle business with the Model 57 lightweight big-game repeater, a six-shot, 7½-pound Mauser-action job, and the Colteer Model I-22, a single-shot .22 for young hunters and plinkers.

Shooters and gun lovers everywhere have been amazed by news of the new Colt rifle line. But from 1834 when Sam Colt started work on his patent models, until 1903, Colt's and the rifle were hand and glove.

Colt knew the importance of long guns. He knew that on the battlefield they outnumbered handguns 10 to one. And you couldn't count on hitting a bear or deer at 100 yards with a pistol.

Sam Colt was born on a farm near Hartford, Connecticut in 1814, when the revolution was a fresh memory and a working flintlock hung on the mantel of every fireplace. Firearms fascinated young Colt. When other kids were sporting pea-shooters and sling-shots, Colt was tinkering with a flintlock pistol he kept hidden in a field. At boarding school, Colt's constant and thunderous experiments with gunpowder drove schoolmasters to distraction and when he went to Amherst, one of the finest gun collections of the day was to be found under his mattress.

Coupled with Colt's fascination with guns was a shrewd mind with a flair for the dramatic. In short, Colt was that rare combination of a mechanical genius and an advertising promoter.

When he was 16, Colt went to sea briefly and returned with a carved wooden model of his first gun. It was a revolutionary idea at the time—a gun with a cylinder bored for several chambers that would revolve and line up with the barrel one by one for firing.

Colt was convinced his invention was not only revolutionary, but the greatest. Once he got patent drawings and models made and got into production, the world would break down his door. He'd become a millionaire.

Sam blew his sea wages on a few crude metal models that blew up when they were fired. He was broke, dead in his tracks, when he hit on a possible money-making idea. In his chemistry course at Amherst, he had learned that a whiff of nitrous oxide, "laughing gas," made people do strange things; even stranger and more hilarious than a demijohn of whiskey could.

As a result, a fellow with a pushcart started turning up a few weeks later on streetcorners in New England cities. "Dr. Coult of New York, London and Calcutta," the poster proclaimed, and the jumble of bottles and tubes on his wagon proved he was a genuine man of science. When he asked for volunteers to enjoy the benefits of "laughing gas," they stepped up snappily. When the volunteers reeled, waggled their tongues, recited gibberish and insulted their wives, Colt backed their antics with a monotone of serious scientific patter dealing with the brain, the planets and the ultimate purpose of life on earth. When he passed the hat, delighted spectators made it jingle heavily.

Colt was a strapping figure. He had a deep, husky voice and grew a bushy, jet-black beard that put him ahead of his real years. He was a born barnstormer and money flew to his wallet. Before long he had bought a velvet-covered table, nickel-plated apparatus and a stage net to keep vegetables out of his act and victims out of orchestra pits, and was performing in leading theaters all over the East for big fees. Audiences howled and stamped for encores.

But Sam Colt hadn't forgotten his gun and his dream. He hired a 10-hour-a-day Baltimore gunsmith, John Pearson, and set him up in shop making working models. Between Pearson and Colt, the bugs were ironed out of the invention; the first shooting revolver was made, and it shot six times in six seconds without reloading. Nothing like this had ever been accomplished before, except by using separate gun barrels fastened together. Colt took his first working models to Washington with drawings and had patents registered for a rifle and a revolver. Then he went back on the road with his laughing gas act, sure he would be rich in a year or two at the longest.

Gas-show money kept piling in. Newspapers gave him raves. Between billings, Colt traveled to Washington to bend congressional ears regarding the revolutionary merits of his invention. He gave nicely finished pocket revolvers to important people. He put a few guns on display in special gun shops and passed out engraved invitations announcing the location of the samples.

Away from Washington, Colt wrote hard-driving letters to powerful politicos and generals.

Colt's brand of push paid off. He won a full ordnance board review for his guns. Rifle and pistol were put through mud, sand and water and fired for accuracy and endurance while bearded and graying generals looked on. Colt sweated out the verdict. When it came he was furious.

"From its complicated character, its liability to accident and other reasons this arm is entirely unsuited to the general purposes of the service."

Why, he wanted to know, was the first workable repeater in history *unsuitable*? Colt dismissed his detractors as single-shot-minded, and waited for a war to steam them out of their shells.

The first war that came along galvanized Colt into action.

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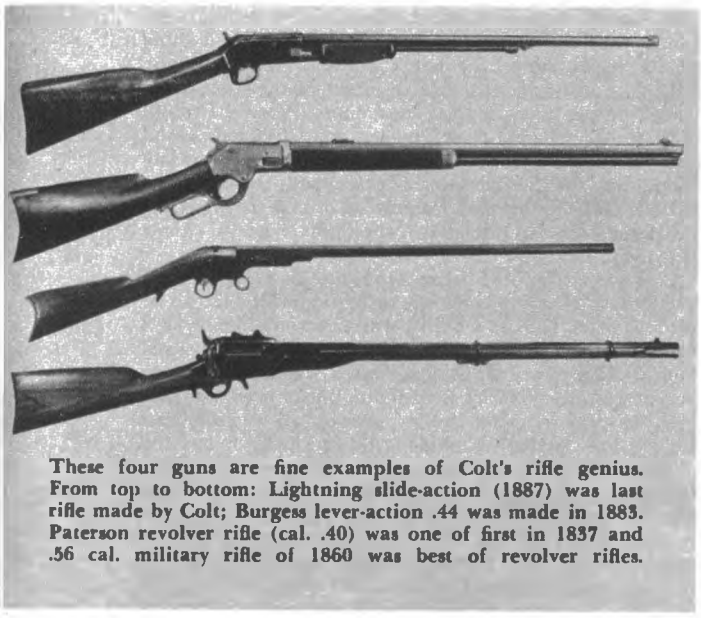
Early Colt revolvers like this dragoon were often fitted with stocks in attempts to adapt handgun to be a shoulder-fired, repeating weapon. Such improvisation was an attempt to offer both a rifle and a handgun.



These four guns are fine examples of Colt's rifle genius. From top to bottom: Lightning slide-action (1887) was last rifle made by Colt; Burgess lever-action .44 was made in 1883. Paterson revolver rifle (cal. .40) was one of first in 1837 and .56 cal. military rifle of 1860 was best of revolver rifles.

The Wonderful Weapons Of Six-Cylinder Sam

Continued from preceding page

It was the Seminole uprising in Florida. He had formed a company by then, had a factory in Paterson, N. J., built with stock-sale cash, running on a skeleton staff, close to bankruptcy. A quick sale might keep it going. Why try to outwait a review by the hide-bound ordnance board?

Sam Colt crated 50 revolver rifles and 50 pistols, boarded a coastal steamer, and headed for Federal headquarters in Jupiter Inlet, Florida, listening to the outraged shouts of his conservative backers fade in the distance. He knew that any general had the power to buy supplies he thought he needed. He knew that General Tom Jesup would buy. Jesup was desperate.

Sam Colt dropped one or two Washington names and Jesup welcomed him into his staff tent. After a few pleasantries, Colt come to the point, his beard quivering with sincerity.

"You need my guns!" he said flatly. "Everybody up North knows how these Indians have been drawing your fire with false attacks and then making deadly mass charges from concealed positions while your men reload their muzzleloaders. We also know that on a few occasions, whole platoons of cavalry have been annihilated. My invention, however, would have prevented this useless bloodshed."

"How?" Jesup asked interestedly. Colt showed him how. As calmly as he could, he set up and smashed targets with his revolver rifle, reminding Jesup and his gawking staff with each shot that such rapid fire would knock out the Seminole false-attack trick.

Jesup's sales resistance vanished. He wrote Colt a government draft for $6,250, but he didn't want the short-barreled guns, just the rifles because of their far better accuracy. Later orders were mostly for rifles, too. The Colt's rifle pushed the Seminoles back into the heart of the Everglades where they hid out for years without signing a treaty, but they never caused any real trouble again.

The ship taking Sam Colt back to New York foundered in a storm. Colt swam for his life and lost the vital bank draft. When he reached New York on another ship, news of early Colt-rifle victories was there ahead of him, and customers flocked to New York gunshops to see his revolver rifles. The government could damn well write him a duplicate check, and they did.

Colt had his foot in the solid-gold door labeled *reputation,* and was about to open it wide when the Seminole war ended. Hunters figured they didn't need expensive repeaters—muzzle-loading Kentucky rifles would do. Colt again marked time.

The Patterson factory went bankrupt.

Colt then returned to Hartford, broke again. He had tried to make money in guns. He had enjoyed a flurry of Florida business, and in the early 1840's a growing trade among Texas settlers who liked to shoot Mexicans and each other, but this trade hadn't been strong enough to hold the company. Side ventures in marine mines and insulated telegraph wire had fallen flat.

By the year 1846, Sam Colt at 32 was mighty discouraged.

In 1846, the Mexican War started and his sun rose again.

Samuel Hamilton Walker, Captain, U. S. Mounted Riflemen, a staunch Colt supporter and Texas fighter, showed up in Hartford to guide Sam in making improvements for the service. The famous Walker Colt revolver was the result, and it came in long and short sizes, rifle, carbine and pistol, with or without shoulder stock.

Inventor Eli Whitney made the first Walkers at his factory in Whitneyville, Connecticut. Later his machinery was transferred to a new Hartford factory and Sam Colt was back in business. He would never fail again.

The Mexican War put Colt on top. Stories of victories by his guns became legends. His factory hummed. Then orders began to arrive from England, France, Russia and Turkey. As happy as his old laughing-gas dupes, Colt shipped consignments, envisioning the whole world as a glorious gun market, which it was.

When Russia locked horns with England, France and Sardinia in the 1850's over who [*Continued on page* 63]

After 55 years, Colt's is marketing these two new rifles. At top, is single-shot Colteer .22. Bottom is Mod. 57 big-game rifle.

A long, deft cast, the strike and Rocky Weinstein hauls the quarry on the bank—a snapper of a gator.

GATOR-BAITIN'
Freakiest Fly Casting Of All

When we first heard about all this, we didn't believe it either. But Hy Peskin's camera brought back the proof that you can see here

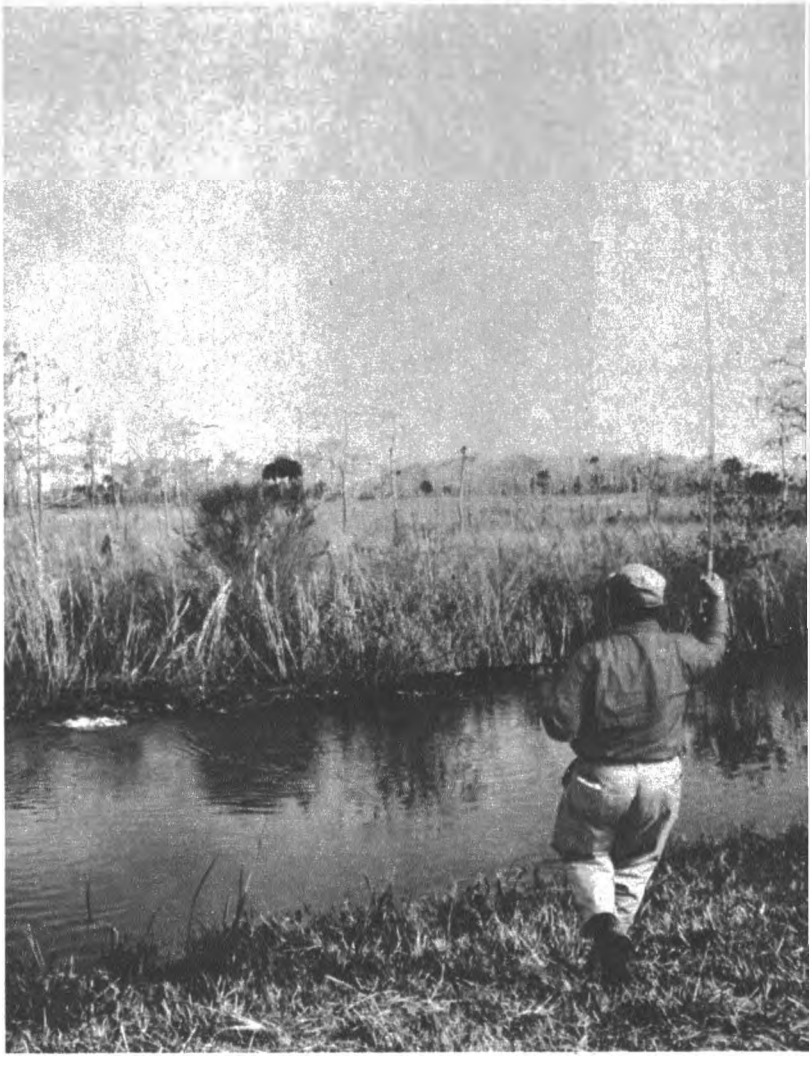
Please Turn Page

A gator spotted, Rocky starts his backcast. For long casts, he prefers glass for power, uses a special nine-foot fly rod.

GATOR-BAITIN'
Freakiest Fly Casting Of All

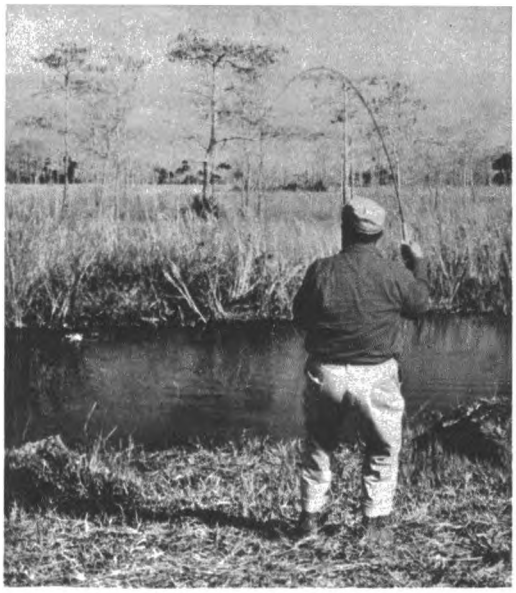
Continued from preceding page

From Wyoming's Madison River to New York's Beaverkill, fly casters count on nothing but good, honest trout teeth clamping on their feathers. However, down in Florida, Rocky Weinstein, a guide who specializes in fly-rod instruction nine months of the year, is whipping flies farther (120-140 feet) than most men can throw a can of beer, and all for the purpose of hauling in a mouthful of sharp teeth, a thrashing tail, and a pair of eyes as mean as Al Capone's. In short, Rocky's great flycasting skill is devoted as you can see in these pages to snagging alligators (after snook and tarpoon) in south Florida's Everglade canals. Rocky, often referred to as the greatest master of the fly rod going, has a living passion for casting a bucktail streamer farther than the ordinary man, and the way he floats a hackle like a flamingo feather 50 yards onto an alligator's snout is something to see. Rocky (who was christened Maurice) has plenty of dogma on his casting, thinks gators are a real test of skill both as a target and on the retrieve. For the real work, he uses a pair of glass rods (for "backbone") —a nine-footer and a seven-and-a-half—plus a heavy line for his overhead and sidearm casts. After the landing, Rocky releases the alligators. How about those gators as a fly target? Rocky says "they'd be hell on boots, but that's why I stand on the bank." •



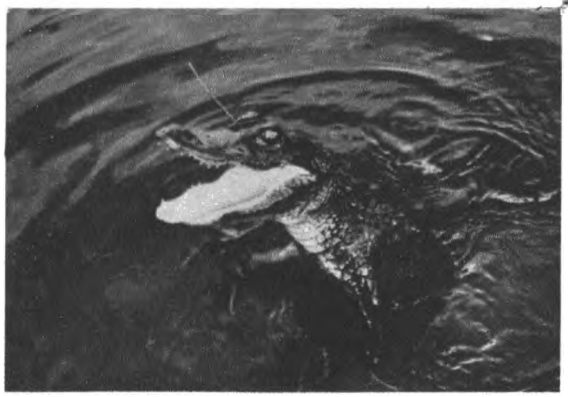
As cast is completed, Rocky lifts tip of rod to snag 'gator target at far side of canal. Long rod permits caster to keep slack out of casting line.

Photographed especially for
CAVALIER by HY PESKIN



Rocky's rod arches as snagged quarry starts rush. Caster's left-hand, holding line, and rod take strain.

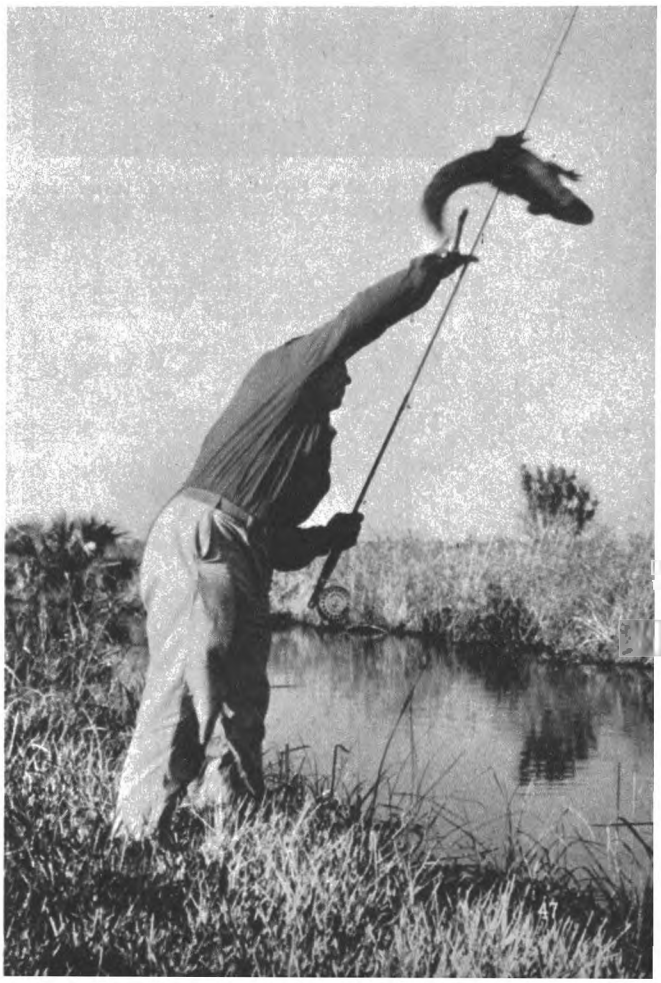
With catch ready for landing, Rocky prepares to let straining rod's action snap quarry ashore.



Enraged gator snaps at Rocky as pressure of rod and line steer creature to bank. Landing is ticklish job.

In its last struggles, canny foe turns turtle in attempt to throw hook. Angry gator can snap off angler's finger.

Proud Caster Weinstein heaves back released alligator. Landing of gator with barbless hook is angling feat.



SHOWMAN Florenz Ziegfeld. Associates still wonder how he produced hit shows.

ZIEGFELD: The Genius Who Owned Broadway

The greatest showman the theater ever saw lived a jet-paced life filled with wine, women and more women. One day he was a spendthrift; the next—a two-bit chiseler

By Charles Samuels

San Francisco woke up one morning long ago to find flaming red posters plastered all over town. The posters showed a man with king-size muscles grappling with a snarling, clawing lion. Under this, were the words:

WHICH ONE WILL LEAVE THE ARENA ALIVE?
Wallace, the Man-Eating Lion
or
Sandow, the World's Strongest Man?
See Their Fight to the Death ! ! !
Saturday Night, Nine P. M.
Midwinter Carnival Grounds
Tickets $5 to $25

Despite widespread complaints about the outrageous prices, the huge tent theater out at the carnival grounds was jammed on the great night. One reason was that Wallace was really a man-killer. He had attacked and half-eaten John Kelly, his keeper, only a couple of weeks before. There was also little doubt that if any man could stand off a bloodthirsty 540-pound king of the jungle it was the great Sandow, whose feats of weight-lifting at the recent 1893 Chicago World's Fair had caused him to be acclaimed both "the strongest man that ever lived" and "the world's only perfect human being."

Just before nine o'clock, the announcer pointed

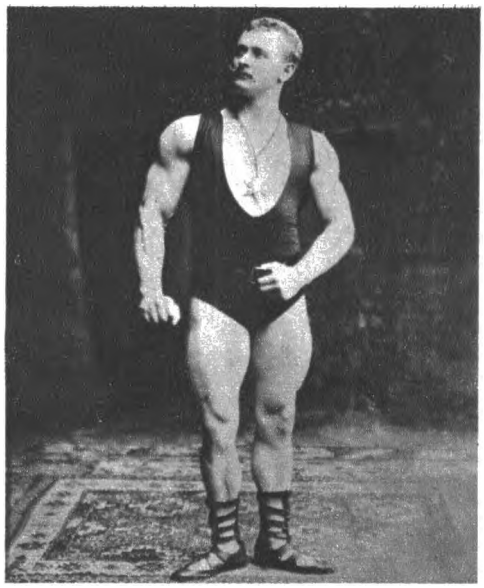
EXTRAVAGANZAS featuring scenes like this were typical of the Ziegfeld Follies. Daring costumes amazed Broadway.

out to the crowd that it was about to witness the only staged battle between a fighting big cat and a man since the ancient days of the Roman arena. He also declared that the twenty-foot spiked iron fence between them and the stage had been erected to prevent the terrible Wallace from leaping out into the crowd and eating alive those nearest to him.

As he finished his pitch the angriest-looking lion anyone had ever seen or heard came bounding out upon the stage. Roaring and snarling, he ran back and forth along the bars, pausing only to glare at the men out front.

Sandow delayed his appearance only until his golden-skinned adversary had settled down in one corner in a crouching position. He was stripped to the waist but wore skintight gloves. His chest was puffed out like a pouter pigeon's and he made his muscles ripple like waves as he walked to the center of the ring. But the audience could not help noticing that his eyes never left the huge beast who was watching him. This was true even when Sandow bent over to pick up an iron bar which he promptly bent double with no more effort than an ordinary man uses in twisting a hairpin. "That concludes Sandow's limbering up exercises," said the announcer.

Please turn page



STRONGMAN Sandow was one of Ziegfeld's earlier performers. He once socked a lion on nose.

CLOSED CIRCUIT TV IN 1928! Ziegfeld held remote control auditions of girls with a "visual radio" 30 years ago, had uncanny eye for beauty.

MILK BATH dreamed up by Flo made singer Anna Held famous.

ZIEGFELD: The Genius Who Owned Broadway

Continued from preceding page

Whereupon a gong at the side of the ring was rung, signaling the start of the great battle. The gong did not cause the big cat to stir and he also made no move as Sandow, hands outstretched like a wrestler's, stealthily and ever so warily approached him.

And, with the breathless crowd watching every move, Sandow reached the lion's corner and did something so audacious that the people out front could scarcely believe their eyes. He reached out and calmly slapped the lion hard across the whiskers!

That brought a roar from the lion that rattled the whole tent. Seeing Wallace was about to spring for his throat, Sandow slowly backed away, alert as an Irish terrier. But he had not backed half across the stage when the snarling, snapping lion jumped. Sandow, however, was too quick for him. Deftly stepping to one side, he reached for the floor and threw a terrific uppercut with perfect timing. It caught the flying lion right on the side of the nose, and actually seemed to deflect the arc of his leap.

The crowd went mad with excitement. But, as it turned out, the man-eating beast was most impressed of all. As he came down sprawling on all fours, he gave one horrified look at his tormentor. Then, tail between his cowardly legs, he streaked for the wings and out of sight.

For a moment or two no one out front seemed able to believe their eyes. Sandow himself also was baffled. All he could do was assume a wrestler's crouch and wait for the lion to return to the fray. He faced one of the wings, but kept turning his head to make sure the lion would not jump in at him from the other side.

Meanwhile, though the audience was unaware of it, the manager of the tent theater and two of his assistants were frantically pleading with the lion to come out from the dark corner under the stage to which he had retired. He ignored their arguments, also their curses and their attempts to prod into action with sharp, pointed sticks.

Upstairs the crowd, that had paid $25 tops for the spectacle, were getting increasingly impatient. In what seemed no time at all they were yelling "Fake!" and some of the hotheads among them were suggesting a lynching party for all involved.

As the indignant crowd began to surge forward a slim, young slicker with a moustache darted out from the wings with a tin cash box under his arm. He hustled Sandow off the stage and out through the tent's back entrance into a waiting carriage. The strong man's luggage had already been stowed on this and in no time at all the pair were on their way to the Oakland Ferry—and safety—with most of the night's proceeds.

Even in the carnival business where gyp-and-run schemes are routine, this caper was a standout as a brilliantly conceived and executed swindle that got a bundle of money in one fast operation.

And swindle it was from start to finish. It was true enough that Wallace, the lion who had eaten his keeper, was still in the Midwinter Carnival's menagerie on the night of the scheduled "fight to the death." But he was not the lion that came roaring out on the stage. The ringer who

replaced him was an aged, toothless beast whose claws had been clipped as an extra precaution a few hours before the alleged scrap. The reason this unannounced substitute had come out raging was that he'd just been slipped a hamburger stuffed with hot Tabasco sauce.

In fact, his owner was so doubtful that he would show any fighting spirit that he suggested Sandow slip a hunk of lead pipe in his glove before slapping him. "Otherwise," he said, gloomily, "I doubt that he'll ever jump at you."

However, the most interesting thing about this historic fake is that Sandow's manager, the sly chap who had dreamed the whole thing up was Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr.

Yes, the same Ziegfeld whose name on a theater program was a 23-karat guarantee that you'd get your money's worth.

Broadway has always produced more than its share of oddballs and spendthrifts, but none more weird and baffling than this master-mind of twenty-two annual editions of the matchless *Ziegfeld Follies,* not to mention a dozen or so million-dollar Broadway musicals including *Show Boat, Whoopee, Kid Boots* and *Sally.*

But Ziegfeld's real and lasting importance to show business lay not in the great shows he staged, the millions they made nor even the fact that he was Broadway's greatest musical producer for longer than anyone else.

His impact was far more sweeping than that. Flo changed the public's whole conception of musical entertainment. Up to the time he put on his first Follies, musicals had been thrown together like so many fast-cooked theatrical stews, with a star or two to pull in the crowd, scenery that did not look too bad and girls in the chorus line who were willing to dance and sing their heads off for $20 a week, or $30 in a few cases.

In the end Zieggy became even more famous for selecting the world's most beautiful girls for his shows than for the brilliant way he combined costumes, color, lighting and magnificent sets.

Of course, there had always been beautiful women on the stage. But before Flo's era these had mostly been statuesque Lillian Russells built, like brewery-wagon horses, for stamina and plenty of hard wear and tear. Ziegfeld's long-legged, tall, slim show girls looked as though they were thoroughbreds, built for speed, class and good living. They did not have to know how to sing, dance or whistle. They could come from [*Continued on page* 85]

REAL WIFE. Billie Burke (now Mrs. Topper on TV) married Ziegfeld, had stormy time.

REAL LOVE. Some said madcap Lillian Lorraine was the real big love in the showman's life.

TOP COMEDIANS Leon Errol, Will West and Ed Wynn headlined Follies though Flo had no sense of humor.

SUICIDE Olive Thomas was just one of the many Ziegfeld girls who met a tragic end in life.

The Flat

These guys get a whack on the backside from the flat of

to STEVE ALLEN

Steve Allen never had it so good.

But somebody should tell him that anybody who gets paid more money than the President for hamming it up on TV one hour a week should stop being a cry-baby.

And Steve does drag down more of that pretty green stuff than Ike, his whole Cabinet and a few U. S. Senators combined. So squawking about anything does not sound good coming from the perpetually-peeved Steve. Let him complain to his wife, Jayne Meadows, who'd better get used to being a good listener if she is going to stay cooped up in a huge Park Avenue with this beef-and-bellyache artist.

Just lately Steve uncorked his masterpiece, a six-column newspaper attack against TV critic Jack O'Brien, citing how "rude, inaccurate, unchristian and vengeful" Jack is. People who didn't read O'Brien before started thinking he must be pretty hot stuff to steam up Grievy Stevie that much—because Allen was defending his fellow TV performers (Arthur Godfrey, Jackie Gleason, Ed Sullivan) from Jack's savage verbal assaults.

The topper in this tantrum of Steve's came with the announcement that great numbers of "TV people openly disapprove of O'Brien's professional methods." Since when are show people expected to like their critics? The best of them are heartily hated perhaps because, like most newspapermen, they can't be bribed, bullied or loved into writing phony praise.

The funniest thing in Steve Allen's six-column blast is that word "rude." As an arbiter of manners, Steve should look first to his own. It is pretty darn cold-blooded and rude to go down in an audience, mike in hand, and make a bunch of ordinary people sound like dopes. But for any pro ad libber it's a lead-pipe cinch.

Then there is Steve's handling of his guest stars. He will go off into a rhapsody about this one is the greatest, that one has a two-million hit record and then louse up the guest's act by butting in, a la the old Milton Berle. If Steve thinks the visitor is as good as he says he is, why not pay him or her the courtesy of letting him have the undivided attention of the audience?

If the guest is so great, but Steve can sing, dance, whistle or juggle with him on even terms, how great does that make Stevie? Less than two years ago Steve Allen was accusing Ed Sullivan, whom he is now mothering and fathering from the savage O'Brien, of "pirating" such stars from his show as Elvis (the Pelvis, now PFC) Presley, Ingrid Bergman and Frank Sinatra. Then he denied saying it.

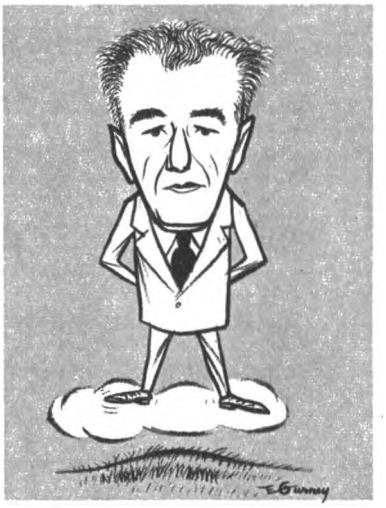
Steve's publicity people make much of the busy schedule Steve maintains. How then does he find so much time to brood over what the cruel critics are saying? Sometimes Steve gets so depressed by it all that he can't even count his money. "Steve has no intimate friends," says his manager, Jules Greene.

That's no mystery to us, Jules, old boy. We just wonder how he keeps even his semi-intimate friends. ●

Of Our Blade

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

to FORD FRICK



Handsome, genial Ford C. Frick was elected Baseball Commissioner on September 20, 1951. Under his careful supervision professional baseball has been going to hell fast ever since.

That's no secret.

It is no coincidence, either.

However, it would be cruel and unfair to hang all of the blame on poor old Ford who only drags down $65,000 a year for doing nothing—except what his bosses tell him to do. All they like Ford to do is play front man at the World Series games, the All-Star game and to tour the spring baseball camps down South. All the while smiling prettily for the cameras while keeping both feet planted firmly in mid-air.

Meanwhile, he doesn't make a bleat while those bosses —the 16 major-league club owners—grab every fast buck in sight. This includes putting only the restrictions these greedy guys want on the televising of games. Did Ford C. Frick do anything when the owners of the minor league clubs pleaded that their home town fans would not pay to see local teams if they could see big leaguers for nothing, night and day, on their TV sets?

DO anything? Why the High Commissioner of Baseball didn't even scowl at his 16 gimlet-eyed bosses! He didn't even mutter that if the minor league teams kept folding up each year soon there would be few or no box-office players like Mickey Mantle, Stan Musial or Ted Williams to pull the crowds in? Where would they learn to play like pros? At Harvard? On the Brooklyn sandlots?

The faithful baseball fan had been pushed around for years before Frick became High Commissioner and chief foot-kisser, so no one can say Ford started that practice. But he's sure done a great job of continuing it.

A fine example of how to lose fans and alienate people can be seen in the way Frick handled the All-Star game vote. When the overzealous fans of Cincinnati —and how the game could use more of those—balloted their favorites into the All-Star game, panic reigned. With a plan as firm as a wet noodle, the commissioner threw out the vote and proclaimed that in the future the managers would pick the teams. Here at a moment when baseball was dying for fans Frick took away one of the few chances the fans have to participate in the running of a game.

Of course being shut out of things shouldn't be anything new to fans. For years they've seen World Series tickets rationed and priced out of their reach while an unlimited number was always available to speculators, publicity-seeking actors and other once-a-year fans.

A Commissioner called Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis did fine running the show but the baseball owners have been unable to find anyone since to fill Judge Landis' shoes. Perhaps for the best of reasons: that they don't want to. ●

Handsome and the Junk Yard Queen

Our rugged adventurer meets a busty babe with a bloodthirsty brother in a junk yard. Before he's through, both get what they've been asking for

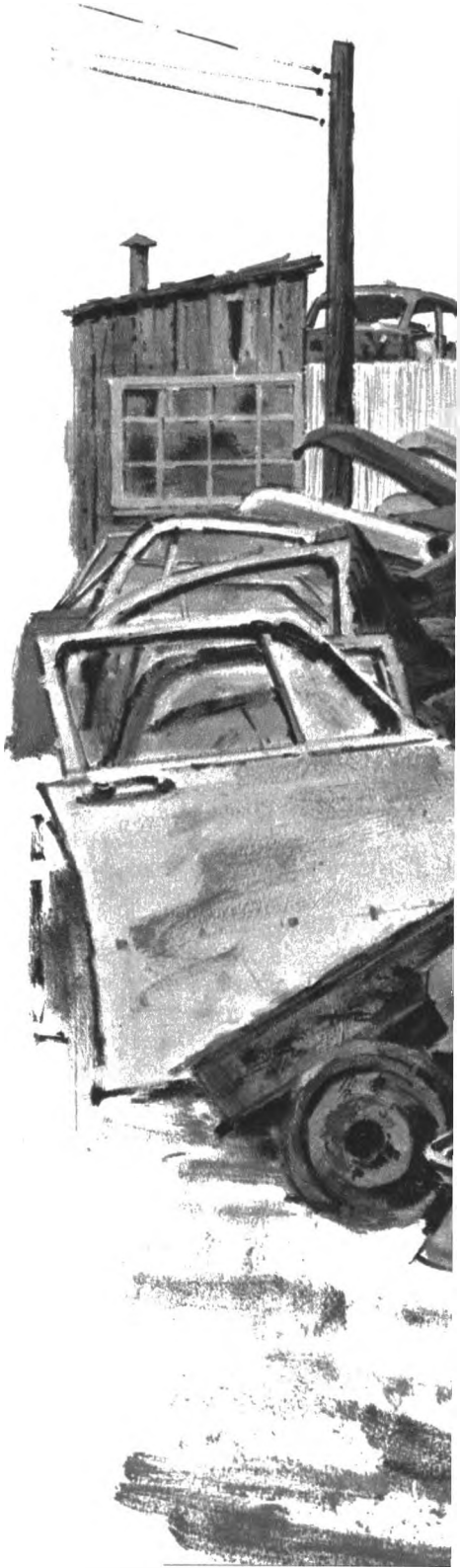
by Ted Pratt

Illustrated by Bob Abbot

Near Hartford, Handsome caught a ride on a produce truck going to New York from Maine carrying a load of potatoes for the produce markets. In the East he found it more difficult than in the West to hitchhike a ride, especially on a truck, for here there were more company regulations and even laws against the practice. The driver of this truck agreed to take him only after Handsome offered him five dollars. For much the same fare he could have taken the bus, but Handsome preferred trucks.

In the late afternoon the driver tooled the big trailer rig down the Boston Post Road, through New Rochelle and on to Pelham. Past this he applied his air brakes to descend a sharp hill where the road went under the overpass of one of the Westchester parkways, and then he rumbled on into the upper reaches of the Bronx. Here, on either side of the Post Road, was a jumble of auto junk yards, trailer camps, cabins, cheap motels, and grease-spot eating places. It was not a part of New York that appeared in the travel booklets.

Handsome regarded it with interest. He had never seen so many junk yards; surely this must be the greatest concentration of them anywhere in the country. Sometimes they were set side by side. He had always been fascinated by such auto graveyards and now he decided this was about the best place in existence to satisfy his curiosity. He asked the truck driver to let him out. [*Continued on page* 66]



Before the infuriated Greta could strike, Handsome pulled her close and kissed her. Now he was completely committed.

THE MAN WHO STREAMLINED SLAUGHTER

Continued from page 36

charging out for revenge. Tradition said that as a hardened combat trooper, he was worth 10 inexperienced officers.

Swindon said with conviction, "To hell with tradition. Bare flesh against machine gun bullets is ridiculous. Now what I have in mind is one of those snow-plow things on wheels. Push it ahead of you like a wheelbarrow and the bullets will glance off—zing-zing—with everything safe on the rear side."

The commanding officer to whom he was voicing the suggestion was sympathetic but practical. "And you would be pushing this — ugh — apparatus through swamps? Into this wash you were about to take? And 50 more miles across this bedamned veldt through thorn thickets and suchlike? Come, man, let's be sensible."

Sir Ernest knew further argument against the closed military mind was useless, but nevertheless he used his convalescent time to write a lengthy paper on the machine gun and its devastating effects on exposed infantry. His heart was in it, and his prose was inspired. Included in his report was an urgent suggestion that some kind of portable armor be devised to protect infantry attacking machine gun nests.

The report got all the way to Lord Kitchener, in command of the British forces, who read it with fascinated interest.

Immediately Swindon was ordered detached from the infantry and assigned to writing a first hand report on how brilliant leadership was winning the war. But his report on machine guns and mobile armor for defense was politely filed away, and never held against him.

His unique literary talents became useful again just as he was about to run out of work. In 1904 the Russo-Japanese War began, and Swindon was assigned to write its history.

Actually, Swindon had planned to breeze through his history of the Russo-Japanese War in one volume, but the more he got involved in automatic weapons, mobile equipment, and armor-piercing shells that riddled the flimsy Russian battleships, the more he got involved in the mental development of counter-weapons and defense. Always in front of him was that afternoon he spent on the veldt with the machine gun bullets screaming around him. In the next couple of years his one-volume history grew to two volumes, and while it drew no literary awards, or even got itself read by many more than the proofreader, it served to make him one of the best informed men on ordnance in England.

By 1910 the automobile was beginning to look practical. Swindon suggested it as a mobile piece of war equipment. He was by no means the first to suggest it, the idea being rather obvious, but he was the most laughed-at. British mobility was based on the army mule, and Swindon was advised, "When you find the motor car that can climb mountains, swim rivers, and graze off the land, come back and talk to us. In the meantime, never have the effrontery to suggest that we tie up our army in machines that will bog down in a mud-puddle."

The only event of importance in Swindon's pre-war existence occurred in 1912 while he was rounding out a hitch in South Africa. He was out at the "diggings" where the gold-mine operators were less inhibited than the Col. Blimps. One of the operators there was trying out a new-fangled thing called a Holt Caterpillar Tractor. It was doing things no mule could do, nor even a 20-mule team. On its wide, steel treads, it was scooping out a channel that would divert a live stream into a dry creek bed where the gold was expected to be more plentiful. It wallowed in mud. It pushed enormous loads up and over incredibly steep banks, and then plunged down again to repeat the maneuver. When a tree blocked its way, it scooped out the tree.

"It was astonishing no end," Swindon recalled. "When I directed an inquiry to the operator, he informed me it was a farm machine from America."

Swindon's astonishment was filed away in the back of his brain along with all the rest of his useless knowledge on ordnance. Once, in 1913, with the Kaiser acting more belligerent than usual, he did write a memo to the War Office, recommending the Caterpillar tractor, armored, as a weapons puller in place of mules.

Two things were seriously wrong with his memo, as Swindon should have known by then. In the first place it was from a mere lieutenant, and it was practically a military rule that good ideas come only from colonels and above. And it suggested the use of farm machinery in combat.

But Swindon was forgiven, and at the outbreak of World War I, in August, 1914, he was back on his old job of reporting British victories from the front. By direct orders from Lord Kitchener himself, Swindon was the only English reporter allowed to cover the war, and his daily column, by-lined "Eye-Witness" and released impartially to all papers after being censored by Kitchener, was all England had to read.

Swindon was 32 now, with the better portion of his youth behind him. And every day, with every 30-mile retreat, he became more mature and more bitter. On came the German hordes, and on, and on, and on. The British had their backs to the sea at Dunkirk. The French were racing to the front from Paris in short-haul taxicabs.

On went Swindon, however, from one end of the front to the other. He was there at the 12-day Battle of the Aisne, and watched the irresistible force meet the immovable object in a collision that bathed the countryside in blood. He was there when both sides dug in, and he was there when trench warfare became, not just a temporary thing, but a science of barbed wire, zig-zag front lines, shrapnel-proof dugouts, telephone systems, communication trenches, mud, firing steps, cooties, rats, first aid stations, no man's land, shattered trees, shell-holes, bloated corpses, and the smell of gun powder and death.

This was a war in which thousands died, not to gain a victory, but to preserve a stalemate. Swindon saw it going on forever, as long as man could breed replacements. The Caterpillar tractor became a fixation with him now. In his mind the armor plating around it had grown to include a steel-covered top and rear. It could be a steel housing that would carry soldiers through machine gun fire and turn them loose behind the German lines, or a mobile weapon spouting death and destruction from its own guns. A self-sufficient weapon that would clear the way for the infantry. Trenches would become meaningless, the stalemate would be broken, and the war would be won by what he envisioned as "machine gun nest destroyers."

Early in 1915 the desperate Swindon tried again, and this time he reached the big man himself. Coldly Lord Kitchener made it clear that the British infantry would muddle through, as it always had. Said he, "The addition of mechanical equipment, always subject to failure, can only complicate matters," a view he had expressed so often Swindon should have known it by heart.

Suddenly Swindon was inspired by a new idea. Since his machine gun destroyer was on the order of a mobile fort, he would take it to General Scott-Montcrieff, Director of Fortifications and Works. The upshot of that interview was that he was ordered to return to France immediately on a vague news-gathering mission that at least served the purpose of getting him out of the hair of the brass.

Officially Swindon was disposed of, but his idea was so laughable that it gained some favor as a joke. In the telling, the thing was variously referred to as a destroyer, and as a fortified land-cruiser, and destroyer and cruiser were two words that interested a certain Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty. In all of England no one was more responsive to new ideas, and when, after hearing the details, he announced that it was his considered opinion the plan would work, his words carried weight. But he was a Navy man, with no authority on the Army side, so after the brief flurry the idea died for lack of anyone to push it through.

In the meantime Swindon was covering all fronts as a roving correspondent, and while his reporting was undistinguished, he was probably the one man in the British Army who had seen at first hand every trick and weapon the Germans had to offer. In the meantime,

also, the horrible rate of slaughter had killed off so many old-time officers that promotions were going through at a fantastic rate. Back in London some bookkeeper kept feeding Swindon's name into the register every time a round of promotions went through. When in June, 1915, Kitchener finally permitted newspapermen to cover the war, and ordered Swindon back to London, the young man was astounded to discover he had become Lt. Colonel Ernest Swindon.

That was a rank of a different color. Brass, in fact, supported with weight to throw around.

His immediate move was to write up a full report, not only describing his machine gun destroyer in detail, but describing a surprise action in which 50 of his machines, spaced 100 yards apart and traveling at three miles an hour, would cut a swath three miles wide through the German trenches in less than 10 minutes. He was describing, almost to the letter, the battle on the Somme, and not a machine had been built. Nor did it seem likely one would be. Back came a letter from the Engineer-in-Chief which concluded, "I therefore think that before considering this proposal, we should descend from the realms of imagination to solid facts."

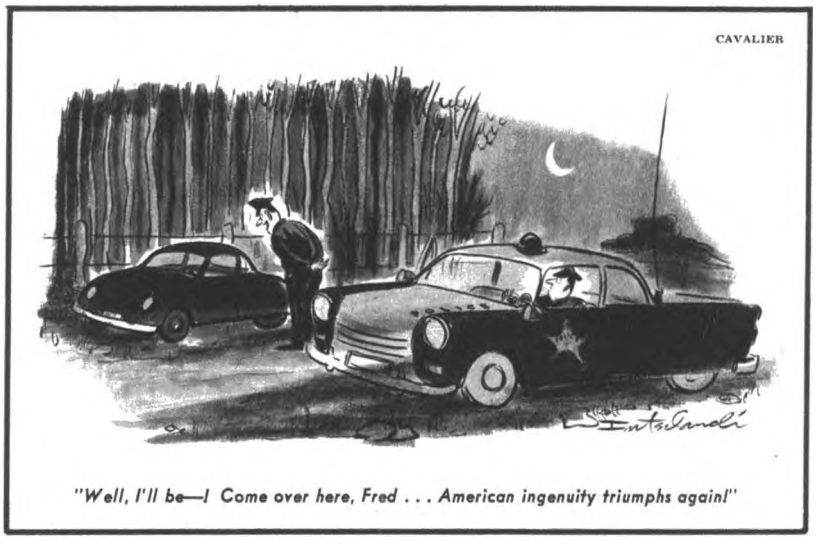
That might have flattened Subaltern Swindon, but not the Lieutenant Colonel. He roared back loud enough to induce the War Office to at least give his ideas a try with some real Holt tractors. The trial worked so well that more Holt tractors were ordered to replace mules in hauling howitzers, but to use them as land-cruisers—definitely no.

The amazing part at this point is that Swindon retained his sanity, but his hold was slipping. If Winston Churchill had not been stirred by the revived jokes about land-cruisers, there is no telling what might have happened. Churchill was not a man who niggled. He at once formed a committee to make the whole Western Front a sphere of naval influence by virtue of fast land-cruisers, bigger land-ships, and a great, sailor-carrying wheel some 60 feet in diameter that would roll over trenches like some ferris wheel gone crazy.

This was too much for the Army. Already Churchill had put a squadron of Navy planes into the air over the loud screams of the Royal Flying Corps, and was rapidly claiming the sky as the Navy's domain. If the wild man wasn't stopped soon, he would be running the army as a naval detail. Solidly the Col. Blimps lined up behind Swindon, and he was told to get started on his plans.

"Righto. Here they are," said Swindon, producing a well-thumbed sheaf of drawings from his briefcase. "Now where do I go?"

He was moving too fast for the Col. Blimps. There were certain channels to be gone through, and things like working models, and prime contractors, and Army Acceptance Tests. . . The list went on and on through accumulating bales of red tape. Swindon was not a patient man, but he was determined, and by making haste slowly he got his plans all the way through to the ordnance office.



"Well, I'll be—! Come over here, Fred . . . American ingenuity triumphs again!"

Swindon knew his brain-child was in none-too-sympathetic hands, but his plans were explicit, and he went away hoping for the best. For three months he waited feverishly while the reports from the front told of horrible losses. At last came the report. His machine wouldn't work.

He was aghast. He couldn't believe it. He demanded to see the machine himself. A smug officer, repeatedly telling Swindon what he thought of infantry-born ideas, took him to a test field outside London where the machine stood nose down in a mock trench. "We drove it up to the trench, and it fell in," said the officer complacently.

Swindon could only stare. In spite of his detailed drawings, his elaborate instructions on weight distribution over a 26-foot wheel-base, his graphic description of the monster spanning a 10-foot trench, the "experts" had merely bolted some armor plate on a short, conventional tractor, and driven it into a trench wider than the thing was long.

"Incredible," he kept murmuring, too stunned to become violent. "How utterly incredible."

But by the time he reached London, he was ready to explode, and did. No record has been preserved of what he said, but within an hour his machine gun nest destroyer—now called a Juggernaut to keep that word destroyer from reaching Churchill's ears—was in the hands of one Foster, a private contractor.

In vain Swindon pleaded to stay with his brain-child. Suddenly he was in much demand at the War Office as an "idea man," and he was told to leave mere mechanical details in the hands of the men who knew about those things.

"A new weapon, you know," he was informed. "Tactics and all that. Somebody must decide on how best to use it, and since you have come this far. . ."

Well, it was clear no one else wanted to be responsible for the thing if it failed. Swindon went to work, and among the ideas he developed was a 50-machine attack that would cut a three-mile swath through the Hindenburg Line. Into that gap would pour the infantry, and the stalemate of trench warfare would be broken forever.

Secrecy—the element of surprise—that he considered of vital importance. He even disliked writing notes to himself in which he referred to his machine as a Juggernaut, or destroyer, or land-cruiser, considering the names much too descriptive. For a while he considered calling it a reservoir because in his first plans some of the machines would carry reserve troops to be released behind the German lines. Then one day he found himself staring at some drawings turned top-side to on his desk. "Gad," he muttered to himself, "it looks like a water tank." And "tank" it will remain forever in history.

Looking into the future when his tanks would have to be shipped to Europe, Swindon devised still more elaborate plans. He did not have to be told England was loaded with German spies, planted long before the war began. So, recalling his first idea of snow plows as a defense against machine gun bullets, he arranged that his tanks be crated and shipped across the Channel as snow plows for the Russian front. The more he worked on secrecy, the more furtive he became, until at last he stopped talking even to himself.

The first workable models of Swindon's basic idea had been designed by a Lieutenant W. G. Wilson of the British Navy and a Mr. A. Tritton of Foster's engineering staff. The original idea of using a Holt tractor had been tried but it was found unsuitable for the requirements outlined by Swindon. Tritton had devised a new and much lengthened tractor system. The hulls were built in a lozenge shape and because of their great length were able to cross trenches nine feet wide. These first models were far better at crossing trenches than anything since devised. They were roomier. They were simple to maintain and all in all these 28-ton monsters had a length of more than 26 feet!

For a time the first model was known as *H.M.S. Centipede.* A second mock-up

version produced a bewildering anomaly because for production identification, it was called the Female. The No. 1 machine had had to assume the production title of "Male."

The so-called Female type was developed to "protect" the Male. It carried one Hotchkiss machine gun and four Vickers guns which were mounted to provide a very wide arc of fire designed to wipe out any possible anti-tank gun crews or stop enemy forces attempting to board other tanks.

The Male vehicle was a monster. It was covered with 12 mm. armor in its most vulnerable areas and the rest was protected by plates of six mm. metal. To each side was bolted an armored sponson or gun turret. From each of these formidable ports yawned British Navy six pounder guns.

Actually nothing comparable to Swindon's Mark I tanks had ever moved across the face of the earth before. No weapon had ever been designed that could create so much havoc. The man who had been frightened by a mere machine gun had conceived a machine with lethal factors greater and more deadly than had ever been known before. In this landship, manned by an officer and seven men, was the death-dealing capability of six modern weapons, combined with high mobility, armor and skilled tactical handling. It could blast steel and concrete redoubts to rubble. Its machine guns could hack barbed wire defenses to impotent tangles of junked wire. Its grapnels could then drag the barbed loops out of action leaving the way clear for the infantry to advance. Other machine guns could rake frontline or communication trenches.

Unquestionably, Swindon's Mark I tank was the ultimate weapon of its day, particularly in a war that had dug in, settled down and taken cover behind hundreds of miles of trench and dugout systems. As primitive as it might be considered today, it nevertheless filled a military need greater than the world had ever faced before.

The interesting feature of the Mark I tanks was the steering system. In the original models a pair of 4' 6" wheels were kept in contact with the ground by a set of depressive springs. To make a slight turn this tail was swung to one side by means of wire cables operated by hand by the driver. For sharper turns the steering tail was lifted hydraulically and the tank was steered through its secondary gearboxes.

These early tail wheels were vulnerable to shell fire and being outside the armored hull were subject to other hazards. All too often they snapped off under the punishment encountered in running over shelled areas.

The most usual method of steering was to lock the differential and to select neutral in the secondary gearbox on the side to which it was desired to turn; the secondary gear on the opposite side remained in High or Low ratio. By applying the track brake on the neutral side an even sharper turn could be made.

While these original tanks may appear grotesque and Goldbergian, compared to modern tanks, they were very roomy. The six-cylinder Daimler engines were very accessible and maintenance was simple. As stated before their obstacle-crossing ability has never been equalled.

Finally, Swindon was invited to watch his tank's trial run. After all his emphasis on secrecy on an international basis, he had forgotten all about local pride. When he arrived at the Foster factory, he was first amazed at the sight of a huge crowd lining the rails of a pasture in back of the plant. His next reaction was one of horror. With paternal pride, Foster, sons, and workmen had invited one and all to come and see what they had done.

Before Swindon could race across the field to stop the exhibition, the huge factory doors opened.

"NO!" he shouted. "NO!"

His voice was drowned out by the roar of the exhaust. The nose of the machine poked through. Its roar rose to a crescendo, and then the crescendo shrilled into a scream of stripping gears. The tank stopped, only its ominous nose revealed, and Swindon panted his relief.

"Why, mannie," he was assured. "You have naught to worry about. No one could have seen a thing they h'ant already seen. We've been testing it in the pasture for more'n a week."

But after that the lid of secrecy was clamped down, and when the next, and successful, tests were conducted, they were concealed beneath a huge circus tent.

Still Swindon's worries were not over. Production went into high gear, and now the time came to train crews. That was a poser. Military regulations still being on the polite side, Tommies could be asked to volunteer for special duty, but they could not be ordered into something they might regret more than their own lot. On the other hand, no one was more leery of volunteering for "I can't tell you what it is, but you'll love it" than the English Tommy. Hundreds had to be "let in on the know" before scores could be induced to join the tank corps, and of the scores who did join, at least one out of 10 demanded, and had to be given, his release. The jolting, banging, grinding, crunching course of the pioneer tank man was not an easy one to take when it was coupled with exhaust fumes, gasoline fumes, powder smoke, and the most God-awful din ever turned loose in a steel echo chamber.

It was a thin-haired Swindon who saw his tanks shipped across the Channel late in the summer of 1916. Most of the missing hair had been torn out in sheer frenzy at the wild publicity his top secret was getting. He was even getting letters from French infantrymen who hadn't seen a newspaper in months volunteering for his tank force. What he couldn't know was that the publicity was so wild, it was completely discredited, and it is a matter of record that the more publicity he got, the better kept was his secret.

Adding to the confusion was the fact that it was General Rawlinson, commander of Britain's Fourth Army, who was demanding the honor of using the tanks first against his section of the Hindenburg Line. Rawlinson had been among the loudest in opposing Ernie's new-fangled ideas, and a lot of Col. Blimps felt let down about his change of heart. Their doleful comments that no good could come of it were to have a strong effect on the outcome, as will be seen.

The zero-hour was set for dawn on September 15th, a date that will stand forever as the beginning of mechanized slaughter.

The Germans have the best report of what happened.

The advance sentries of the impregnable Hindenburg Line heard it first as a distant rumble, like a heavy freight train crossing a trestle, but more ominous. Nor was there a trestle still standing in the whole Somme area. The rumble increased until it became as the roar of a squadron of low-flying planes, but no planes could fly in the mists that shrouded No Man's land. The sentries exchanged nervous glances and wetted their lips. Through gunslits in the sandbags piled above them they could see, through the swirling mists, their barbed wire entanglements, some shattered stumps, a corpse-dotted sea of mud pocked with water-filled shell craters—and nothing else. A clanking noise was added to the rumble.

Then the first awesome shapes bulged out of the fog. A monstrous hulk dipped into a crater and came up again, throwing off mud and water as it reared 10-20 feet into the air. Then it crashed down like a falling tower, and the barbed-wire entanglement beneath it flattened like limp string. Cannon-fire belched from its front, and cannon-fire belched from the steel turrets on its sides.

Some sentries fired their automatic rifles. It was like firing at a granite cliff.

On came the great brutes. One climbed the sandbags of the front trench, hung poised for a moment, and lunged across like a closing draw-bridge. For a moment it remained there while its cannon and machine guns turned the trench into a shambles. Then it roared smoothly on.

It rolled over a spurting machine gun nest, crushing the crew with its treads. Elsewhere other fog-shrouded shapes were blasting open concrete fortifications with their six-pounder, high-explosive guns. All of Swindon's knowledge of high-velocity, high-explosive weapons was in the fire-power that gushed out. What the shells didn't kill, maim, or stun, the flying concrete did. In less than five minutes the vaunted Hindenburg Line was reduced to a shambles.

Of the 50 tanks in Swindon's first group, 32 overcame their mechanical problems to be in the assault. Spaced at 100-yard intervals, they blasted a hole nearly two miles wide through the German lines, and then they ran wild. With their six-pounders they blew up ammunition dumps, and shrugged off the falling debris like an elephant shrugs off dust. Gun emplacements in the rear sector they reduced to rubble, and all human resistance was blown to pieces.

That was the decisive hour, and the horrors of war would never be as mild again.

But where was the infantry to consolidate the gains?

Back on the English side of the lines, Swindon was a man gone mad.

"Easy, man, easy," he was consoled. "We can't very well go risking our Tommies until we see what the bloody tanks will do."

And not a man went over the top.

The Col. Blimps had had the last word. "Theory is bosh," they had cried in what amounted to a concert. "Until these tanks are battle-tested, don't risk a man."

And old-school, old-tie Rawlinson had listened. Tradition had overcome his impulsive idea of trying something new. He held back his eager troops, and if he ever felt any regrets, he had plenty of stupid precedent to restore his morale.

He also had a grim consolation. In their enthusiasm the young, eager tank crews, in gallant monsters named Big Willie, Giant Toad, Jabberwock, Hush-Hush, and Creme de Menthe, had gone far beyond the limits of discretion. One by one, laboring under tensions far exceeding their field training, they had run out of gas, and then out of ammunition, and that was it. With no infantry to support them, they were sitting ducks for the few German artillery crews that managed to rally around their field pieces. Only nine tanks returned.

For a few days all Swindon had to listen to was the "I told you so's" of the Col. Blimps. Then Intelligence began getting reports from behind the German lines. The Germans were stunned, crushed, utterly demoralized by the "cruel, vicious attack."

After that, Swindon was made. If the Germans themselves admitted he had a good thing, then maybe he had something.

Back to England went orders for 100 tanks, 500, and make it 1,000. In the final and conclusive battle of the war, 400 tanks took to the field at once like so many armored knights hunting for peasants. By that time Swindon was a major general, and the next he knew he was being knighted. As Sir Ernest Swindon, inventor of the tank, he found he enjoyed unlimited credit at any bar of his choice.

There is a nice sequel to Sir Ernest's story. In Germany a certain Captain Wegner of the Motor Transport Corps so admired the devastation wrought by Ernie's tanks that he dared suggest to *his* Prussian Col. Blimps that the Germans try them too and seven months before the war ended, he managed to get 45 tanks into action. Of these, 29 were promptly destroyed, eight were captured, and the remaining eight knew better.

But things do change. When World War II rolled around, it was a German named Erwin Rommel who drove his tanks all the way across France and Africa while the British were trying to recall just what it was Ernie Swindon had said about mobile, armored defense. Or was it offense?

Such, then, was the lasting fame of the man who mechanized slaughter and changed war forever. •

ROWDY RICHARD

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eyes, whenever he looked at Burton, had a cool, watchful look.

Burton, more and more sure of himself, decided the time had come for step number three . . . a pilgrimage to Medina where lay the tomb of the Prophet, Mohammed. After Medina would come the fourth and final step—the expedition to Mecca.

Burton began to collect together a varied assortment of friends to join him on the pilgrimage to Medina. He knew it would be suicidal to attempt the trip alone. Between Cairo and Medina were hundreds of miles of desert. And, lurking in the desert, ready to pounce on the unwary traveler, were both the savage Maghrabi tribesmen and the Bedouin bandits.

An unexpected happening jolted Burton into fast action. Normally, a lusty drinker, Burton, during his masquerade as Mirza Abdullah, had scrupulously avoided liquor. Liquor was forbidden by Moslem law. At any rate, Burton, one night in the safety of his room, opened a concealed bottle of Scotch and had himself a sip. One sip led to another. The drinking bout ended with Burton, loaded, staggering out into the street and chasing a couple of dancing girls down the main drag.

The next morning, all Cairo was agog at the scandal of Mirza Abdullah's behavior.

Knowing he had made a terrible, perhaps, fatal mistake, Burton swiftly collected his motley collection of friends, told them the time had come for the pilgrimage to Medina.

Burton's caravan of 28 men pulled out of Cairo that same afternoon. Salih Shakkar, the servant, went along with Burton. Wali, who stayed behind, remonstrated with Burton against taking the suspicious servant along. Burton, however, felt it would be safer to have Salih Shakkar by his side where he could watch him than to leave him behind.

Burton and his caravan were six days out on the desert when the dreaded Maghrabi tribesmen struck. The caravan had just pitched camp for the day; tents were being hoisted and the evening meal was being prepared. Suddenly, the air was filled with hideous cries. A second later, the feared and vicious Maghrabis, urging on their camels, rushed in to attack.

Burton's men would have bolted in panic—if they had some place to bolt to. As it was, they froze in terror as the Maghrabis swept towards them.

Just as the Maghrabis came within attacking distance, Burton bellowed to his servant, Salih Shakkar: "Bring me my supper!"

Burton's bellowed order had the sought for psychological effect. It calmed the panic among his men, stiffened their backbone to fight. "Praise be to Allah—what a leader we have in Mirza Abdullah—a man so contemptuous of the enemy he can think of food in the midst of an attack!"

All through the night, the caravan was under the constant fire of the Maghrabis. In the morning, the Maghrabis made one last desperate assault. It failed. The Maghrabis then turned and disappeared into the desert. In the fray, the Maghrabis had lost 50 men, Burton six.

On its tenth day in the desert, the caravan ran into Bedouin bandits. The bandits, playing hide and seek, would attack, then disappear, then attack again, then disappear again. For days on end, the Bedouins kept up this running fight.

It was a weary and haggard caravan that finally came to rest in Medina. Burton's men were in a state of almost complete exhaustion.

Burton had hoped he could keep his caravan together until they reached Mecca. Now he had to give up this hope. His men had had enough of the desert. They wanted to stay in the safety of Medina—for awhile, at least.

Burton heard that a great caravan of pilgrims had pulled out of Medina just a few days before bound for Mecca. Accompanied only by Salih Shakkar, Burton took out after the caravan. He traveled along the road, Darb El Sharki, a road never travelled before by a Christian. It was a road used only by Moslems who felt need of great penitence. The reason for this was simple. There was no water on the road. (Burton jotted down observations of the road and the surrounding area. Sixty years later, during World War I, Lawrence of Arabia, following Burton's trail from Medina to Mecca, praised Burton's notes as being correct in every detail.)

It was five days before Burton and Salih Shakkar, their throats parched, caught up with the great caravan.

The caravan paused at El-Zanbah, the last stop before Mecca. Here, Burton, like all the other pilgrims, donned ceremonial garb, shaved his head, bathed and put on a white robe. Salih Shakkar followed suit. The eyes of the servant were constantly on Burton. Burton, in turn, kept the servant under constant surveillance. He made up his mind to kill Salih Shakkar if the latter made one wrong move. For tomorrow morning, Burton was determined to enter the Moslem holy of holies, the Kaabah, the alleged birthplace of Mohammed, in the great Mosque in Mecca. If everything went well, he would be the first Christian ever to penetrate the mystery of the Kaabah. If he failed—well, he would be torn to pieces quickly—if he was lucky.

Came the morning. Burton, accompanied by a grim-faced Salih Shakkar, set forth for the Kaabah. Underneath Bur-

ton's robe, attached by a clip, were pencil and paper.

As they approached the holy temple, Burton and Salih Shakkar became part of a vast horde of pilgrims, all heading towards the temple. The pilgrims were from all parts of the East—swarthy Moslems from Java, fierce Albanians, cat-like Hindustanis, handsome Syrians, rugged Moroccans, fierce Kurds and Afghans and the wild black Takruri.

As they neared the holy Mosque, a great surging wave of religious frenzy rolled over the pilgrims. "Praise be to Allah!" they chanted. "Allah—the all wise, Allah—the all-powerful, Allah—the all compassionate!"

The last phrase brought an ironic smile to Burton's lips. If he were found out, he knew what sort of compassion he could expect from these frenzied, fanatical zealots.

The frenzy reached a wild height as they entered the temple. The air literally trembled with screams of ecstasy and howls of penitence.

The Christian world had heard that the Moslems had worshipped at some sort of a great black stone in the Kaabah. But what sort of stone it was, what it looked like had, heretofore, remained a mystery.

Burton, coolly pushing his way to the forefront, examined the black stone. It was a meteorite. Reckoning that the Moslems were too far gone in their religious ecstasy to pay attention to him, Burton coolly measured the stone—measured its length, width and circumference. Then he casually took out his pencil and paper and wrote down the measurements. With paper and pencil still in hand, Burton then began to write down observations of the Kaabah, itself.

As Burton glanced around the temple, his eyes fell on Salih Shakkar. The servant was staring at Burton with unbelieving, horrified eyes. Burton tensed. If Salih Shakkar were to give him away now, it meant instant death, a death too terrible to relate. Suddenly, Salih Shakkar, his mouth working nervously, moved towards Burton. In agonized suspense, Burton awaited the approaching servant.

"Master," whispered Salih Shakkar, "Are you insane? Stop what you're doing or you'll be killed!"

A wave of relief flooded over Burton. With a smile, he put his arm around Salih Shakkar's shoulder. The two men then walked out of the temple.

Outside, Burton said to Salih Shakkar: "You could have given me away. Why didn't you?"

Salih Shakkar hesitated a moment. Then he replied: "Master—I do not know who and what you are. I have my suspicions. That is all. But I do know that you are a bold and brave man. And the bold and the brave are the beloved of Mohammed. That is all I know. That is all I care to know."

Burton returned to England to find himself a famous man. The entire western world was awed by his daring feat. Even the Moslem world, after recovering from the initial shock of discovering that their holy temple had been penetrated by an infidel, expressed begrudging admiration for Burton's dauntless courage.

Burton's first step upon arriving in England was to seek out Isabel Arundell. The girl, however, was still tied to her mother's apron strings, refused to marry Burton.

Not the bleeding heart type, Burton airily proceeded to lead a life of riot and revelry in London. He scandalized society with his unconcealed admiration for Moslem marriage laws. He thought Mohammed absolutely right in permitting a man four wives. According to Burton, one wife put on airs, deemed herself your equal, two wives quarreled, three were no company, but four wives—by the providence of Allah, the All-Wise—fight and make up all among themselves, while the husband enjoyed comparative peace—and of course, all four.

However, Burton quickly tired of London's social life. He needed action the way a thirsty man needs water.

He accordingly approached the Royal Geographic Society with another "impossible" expedition. He wanted to lead a venture in search of the headwaters of the Nile. It was a feat that many explorers had tried to accomplish. None had succeeded. All that was known about the source of the Nile was that it must be deep, deep in Central Africa.

The Royal Geographic Society, because of Sir Michael Randolph's insistence, finally gave its very reluctant backing to Burton's proposed venture.

Accompanied by a young English big game hunter, John Speke, Burton sailed for Zanzibar. His choice of Zanzibar for his headquarters was for a very particular reason. His coming expedition was going to be a desperate one. For such an expedition he needed desperate men. No sane man would willingly go on such a death-defying venture.

Zanzibar was full of desperate men. In fact, no other type lived there. It was probably the wildest, most depraved spot on the face of the earth.

But even in Zanzibar, Burton had difficulty in mustering together a caravan. Men simply quailed at the prospect of a journey through the mysterious, unfathomable depths of Central Africa.

Burton finally succeeded in raising a caravan of 132 men. It was probably the most unique caravan in the history of exploration. There wasn't an honest man in the lot. From the caravan commander, Said ben Salem, to Kidogo, the guide, it was a caravan of scoundrels, thieves and murderers. Outside of his gun bearer, Sidi Bombay, there wasn't a man Burton could trust—not even, as it turned out, John Speke.

Burton finally got this grotesque caravan under way just before the onset of the monsoon and malaria season.

Burton drove his caravan fast and hard the first week. He wanted to get his men out into the thick of the African wilderness where the instinct for survival would necessitate their sticking together. The men grumbled and swore—but obeyed.

Curiously enough, Burton's main source of trouble was his junior associate, John Speke. A moody young man, alternately humble and disobedient, frightened one second, fearless the next. Speke was what we would call today a highly unstable character.

Marching over a mountain called the Home of Hunger, Burton and his caravan came to the village of Zungomero. Burton tarried for three days in Zungomero. They were three days too long.

The natives of Zungomero were big and strong—but submissive. The keen, ruthless eyes of the caravan commander, Said ben Salem, spotted in the natives choice material for the slave market.

On the third day, Burton, accompanied by Speke and Sidi Bombay, went off into the jungle to hunt big game. When they returned to Zungomero, they found the natives herded into a compound.

Burton, followed by Speke and Sidi Bombay, headed towards the caravan site. There, he found Said ben Salem waiting for him. Standing by Said were the entire 130 men of the caravan.

As Burton approached, Said, with an arrogant smile, declared, "I have given orders to turn back. We are taking the natives to the slave market."

Burton walked up to Said. Fixing his black eyes on the Arab, he declared:

"You make one mistake, Said ben Salem. You do not give orders here. I do."

And with that, Burton's right fist crashed into the Arab's jaw. Said toppled as if hit by a bolt of lightning.

Kidogo, the guide, went for his knife. Burton, grabbing the guide, hurled him against the side of a wagon. As Kidogo bounced off the wagon, Burton's fist lashed out again. Kidogo's unconscious form joined that of Said's on the ground.

Burton then addressed the rest of the caravan.

"I do not expect you to give me honor. You have no honor. But I do expect you to give me obedience. These two men I have struck down with my fists. The next man who disobeys me, I will strike down with a bullet. Is that clear? If there's one of you who doesn't believe me, let him stand forth."

No one stood forth.

A half hour later, Burton's caravan departed from Zungomero and headed into the jungle.

For over three months, the caravan struggled through the jungle. Finally, Burton's men emerged onto a plain. The plain was called the Valley of Death.

Terrible as the jungle had been, it was as nothing compared to the Valley of Death. Huge clouds of mosquitoes and tsetse flies assailed their every step. Black pismore ants bit at their feet, their bite like red hot pincers. A half dozen times Burton had to quell potential mutineers. Curiously enough, each time there was trouble, Said ben Salem stood firmly by Burton. Burton repaid the Arab by restoring him to command of the caravan.

After successfully traversing the Valley of Death, the caravan passed on to the Nsagara range. Here, a runaway slave girl with the comical name of "Don't Know" was picked up. But "Don't Know" proved to be anything but a comical girl. She took a wicked delight in playing the sex-starved men off against each other. Hardly a night passed with-

out knives flashing. Burton finally solved the problem by taking the girl for himself. At the first native village encountered, he sold the girl. He did so with reluctance. He told Speke, "She was wonderful to make love to. She was all woman, all fire, all passion. When you went to bed with her, it was like testing your manhood."

The caravan again entered the jungle. Suddenly, dreaded malaria struck at Burton's men. Within a matter of hours half the caravan was incapacitated. Speke, raving and raging with malarial fever, begged Burton to turn back. Burton refused. Burton, himself, came down with the disease. In spite of the high fever that wracked his body, Burton drove his men on as relentlessly as ever.

They had just passed out of the jungle when Kidogo, the guide, who was in the forefront of the caravan, gave a wild shout. Burton raced to Kodogo's side. At the sight that met his eyes, Burton gave an exultant cry.

Against a background of steel-hued mountains lay a mighty body of water. Burton, turning to his men, cried out: "We have come to the end of our journey! Behold a feast for soul and sight!"

And with that, he collapsed.

For 27 days, he lay in a coma, more dead than alive.

When he finally came to, Burton, confident that the huge body of water—later to be called Lake Tanganyika—was the source of the Nile, ordered his caravan to turn around. Just as the caravan was about to pull out, a small tribe of Arabs came out of nowhere. The Arabs told Burton of another great body of water only a few miles away. Burton, still terribly weakened by his ordeal, ordered Speke and Kidogo to check the Arabs' claim.

A couple of hours later, the two men returned. The Arabs, said Kidogo, had spoken the truth. There was, indeed, just a few miles to the north, another great body of water. A wildly excited Speke declared he was positive this second body of water (later to be called Victoria Nyanza) was the real headwaters of the Nile.

And then Speke, with incredible gall, went on to declare that he, John Speke, should get sole credit for this discovery.

When the caravan reached Zanzibar (the entire trip, back and forth, took two and one half years), Speke took off immediately for England. Burton remained behind. Upon arriving in England, Speke, in a speech before the Royal Geographic Society, claimed full credit for the discovery of the Nile source. He then went on to make a wild attack on Burton—calling him a liar, fraud and thief.

Burton, upon landing in Britain, shrugged off Speke's attack. Going before the Royal Geographic Society, Burton gave a sober, matter-of-fact account of the expedition. He admitted that, of the two bodies of water, he did not know which was the source of the Nile. (Subsequent expeditions proved it to be Victoria Nyanza.) However, regardless of which body turned out to be the source, he felt that, as leader of the expedition, he should be credited with the discovery. Burton concluded his impressive speech by challenging Speke to a debate before the Society.

Speke "eagerly" accepted the challenge. But, on the day of the debate, obviously unable to undergo the ordeal of a face to face meeting with Burton, Speke killed himself.

Burton again sought out Isabel Arundell. The young lady's position remained the same. No mother's approval—no marriage.

Burton was lazing around England, both the darling and horror of society, when the Crimean War broke out. Because of his knowledge of the Mohammedan mind, Burton obtained command of a group of Turkish Irregular Cavalry, called the Bashi-Bazouks. The Bashi-Bazouks were a wild, anarchic force, rejecting discipline in any form. When Burton, upon taking over, attempted to enforce discipine on these wild horsemen, they retaliated by breaking every rule and order handed down. A battle of wills developed. Burton's disciplined will finally broke down the undisciplined will of the Bashi-Bazouks. In the end, he made soldiers of them. In fact, outside of the regular British Army, they were the best outfit on the allied side, far superior to the French, German or regular Turkish forces.

After the Crimean fracas had been resolved, Burton returned to London. He promptly approached the Royal Geographic Society with a new venture, this one even more "impossible" than the previous two.

Burton proposed to the Society that they support an expedition to the grim citadel Harar in Somaliland. Harar, the center of the East African slave trade, had probably the most evil name of any city in the world.

The Society was fascinated by Burton's proposal. No white man had ever dared enter Harar. The Somalis had sworn to kill any white man on sight because of a prophecy that Harar would be doomed if a white man should ever trod its streets. In the end, the Society gave full financial support to Burton.

Burton sailed to Aden. There, posing as a Turk, he commenced to raise a caravan. But very few natives were willing to

"Go on back to camp, Ed, I'll reset the trap."

sign up for an expedition to Harar. Just the mention of that evil city was enough to make men quiver with fear.

Burton again was forced to end up with a caravan of cutthroats. His two caravan commanders, Hammal and Long Gulad, were both outlaws. Trying something new, Burton added two women cooks to his caravan. Since both women were handsome former dancing girls, it was obvious that they were expected to serve more than just the food needs of the men. A sexual realist, Burton believed that part of his trouble on the Nile expedition had been the sexual frustration of his men.

The journey to Harar was neither long nor arduous. In fact, it was downright peaceful. The presence of the two women had a highly pacifying effect upon the men.

On the outskirts of Harar, Burton met a lone Arab trader who had just come from Harar. From the Arab, Burton learned that the Amir of Harar hated Turks more than he hated white men.

Burton, at first, was not deeply disturbed by the Arab trader's words. He could change easily enough from the role of Turk to that of Arab.

But the more Burton thought about the matter, the more bothered he became. Who was this Amir of Harar to exert such terror? Suddenly, an exciting thought entered Burton's mind. What if he were to enter Harar as a white man, after all? Would the Amir really dare to have him killed on sight? Or could he bluff him out of it?

It was a staggering challenge Burton posed himself. But it was the sort of challenge he never turned down.

There was great consternation among his men when Burton announced that he was going to enter Harar "disguised" as an Englishman. With the exception of Hammal and Long Gulad, they flatly refused to go along on such a suicidal venture.

One bright, sunny morning, Burton, accompanied by Hammal and Long Gulad, approached walled Harar. Burton, attired in an English hunting outfit, carried a revolver tucked in his belt. The first white man ever to enter Harar, Burton walked into the city as if it were an every day custom with him.

The Somalis greeted Burton's entrance first with stupefaction, then with horror. A wildly screaming crowd of men and women grabbed Burton, began to tear at his face and clothes. Burton, trying desperately to get his revolver, was unable to free himself from the clutching hands. Fortunately, a group of Somali warriors, pushing their way through the crowd, seized Burton and led him away; Hammal and Long Gulad, ignored by the crowd, raced back to the caravan.

That same afternoon, Burton was led before the Amir of Harar. The Amir, a thin chested, cruel-faced youth of 24, was surrounded by Somali warriors who eyed Burton with horror and hate.

The Amir beckoned Burton to approach. Burton, casually fingering his revolver, strode boldly up to the Amir. The latter extended his hand for Burton to kiss. Burton ignored the hand; instead he made a perfunctory bow.

In a loud, angry voice, Burton declared:

"I hope Your Excellency's purpose in summoning me here is to apologize for the outrageous manner in which I was received here in Harar. Certainly no Somali would be received in a similar way in my country."

"What is your country?"

"England."

"And what do you want here in Harar?"

"I came to offer you the friendship of my people."

"We do not want the friendship of the white people. Did you not know that?"

"I know it now," said Burton.

The Amir turned and spoke to his Somali warriors. Then, addressing Burton, he said in a cold, flat voice, "My soldiers will escort you to the gates of the city. You are free."

Burton pretended pleasure at the Amir's words. Inwardly, however, he trusted the Amir the way he did a cobra.

Once outside the city gates, Burton took off at full speed for his caravan. His men greeted him with stupefied joy. They had taken it for granted that he must be already dead.

Burton's caravan was rolling in a matter of minutes. He wanted to put the greatest possible distance between his caravan and Harar. He had the distinct feeling that he had not seen the last of the Amir and his Somali warriors.

He was right. At twilight, as Burton's men were putting up their tents, the Somalis, 350 strong, struck from ambush. At the moment of the attack, Burton was in Hammal's tent. Trapped in the tent, Burton, after emptying his pistol into the Somalis, seized a sword. Suddenly, the tent began to collapse. Burton, crying out to Hammal to follow him, charged into a horde of javelin-throwing, club-wielding Somalis.

Burton saw Hammal go down under a Somali club. He turned to go to the latter's aid. At that moment, a Somali hurled a javelin into Burton's jaw. Burton, a javelin jutting from his jaw, lashed into the Somalis with an insane ferocity.

Burton, all over the field of battle, wrought havoc upon the enemy. Somali after Somali fell before his flashing sword. The Somalis began to show signs of panic before this terrible fighting white man who struck with the strength and swiftness of a god. Suddenly, the Somalis bolted altogether, fleeing helter-skelter into the surrounding jungle.

There were 16 dead among Burton's crew. Hammal, who had suffered only a minor injury, raced the caravan back to the safety of Aden. Burton, his jaw still transfixed by the javelin, was unconscious during the entire trip.

In Aden, a European doctor removed the javelin from Burton's jaw. The operation left a long scar on Burton's jaw and cost him four back teeth. Within a few days, however, the indomitable adventurer was back on his feet.

Burton returned to an absolutely awed England. From now on, as far as the Royal Geographic Society was concerned, he could name his expedition.

Burton's next venture was a comparatively tame one. He sailed for America to make a study of the Mormons in Utah.

Burton enjoyed every minute of his stay with the Mormons. He was especially delighted by their polygamy.

Upon returning to England, Burton again looked up Isabel Arundell, again asked her to marry him. Isabel, who had been vainly seeking her mother's consent for 10 years, finally said, "Yes."

With marriage, Burton suddenly found himself confronted by a dilemma. He had no means of a livelihood. The Royal Geographic Society was willing to stake him to expeditions, but not to a living. And Burton had been out of the Army too long to be able to get a commission.

Through political influence, Burton finally secured a position in the British consular service. He was given the thankless job as Consul to Fernando Po, a pestilential island in the Bight of Biafra, West Africa.

Bored by consular routine, Burton took off on an expedition into the Cameroons. He climbed the mysterious Pico Grande and from its height discovered and named three other great peaks, Mount Victoria, Mount Albert and Mount Isabel—the last, of course, in honor of his wife.

After five years at Fernando Po, Burton was transferred to Brazil. His new post gave Burton the opportunity to explore South America. He made the interminable and difficult journey up over the roof of the continent, the towering Andes. And then, to cap matters off, he navigated by raft that mighty and dangerously swift river, the Sao Francisco.

Burton was next shifted to Damascus. There, he took time off to go forth on a new African expedition. He journeyed to the land of Dahomey, the land of the cruel and savage Amazon warriors.

The Dahomey venture put an end to Burton's career as an explorer. A brutal attack of malaria, contracted during the expedition, left his body permanently weakened.

Burton's final consular appointment was to Trieste, Italy. Here, moody and restless, he began his translation of the "Arabian Nights," the work that was to bring him everlasting fame.

Finally, Burton the indestructible, died in Trieste in 1890 at the age of 69.

The great English poet, Swinburne, speaking at Burton's funeral service, had this simple truth to say:

"Dick Burton's life was more exciting than any tale to be found in the Arabian Nights." •

WONDERFUL WEAPONS OF SIX-CYLINDER SAM

Continued from page 44

should collect taxes in the Crimea, Colt shuttled between London and the Continent keeping combatants happy. In London he told the war ministry that British troops with revolver rifles would not have had to lay seige to Sevastopol a whole winter, they could have knocked over the city in weeks.

In the court of Imperial Russia, the bushy face of supersalesman Colt was also loved. Here was a man who could win them a war. Grand Duke Alexander, acting for the Czar, asked if Colt could manufacture 100,000 rifles to exact specifications and have them shipped into Russia?

Colt calculated the problem and the profit with lightning speed, then he nodded.

Colt didn't stop a minute when the Crimean War ended. He sold guns to Cuban rebels—and then he turned around and sold rifles to the Spanish government on the island.

Rebels everywhere liked the rapid fire of Colt guns. British-hating Irishmen got onto the handiness of the Colt and bought them. British police in Dublin used Colts in self-defense.

Six-Gun Sam was a true champion of equality and free trade—as long as the money rolled in.

Colt's Patent Firearms Mfg. Co. boomed through the 1840's and '50's, making pretty much the same revolver gun in a variety of models. Just about anyone who could afford ammunition owned one.

The earliest Colt's were not breechloaders. The Sharps single-shot, with its simple sliding breechblock dovetailed to the barrel, was a true breechloader, while the first Colt loaded powder and ball in through the front of the cylinder. The lead was pressed down over powder with a ramrod. There was no cartridge as such, only a simple cloth sack containing powder and ball. If this was used it was torn at the base to let the flash of the primer reach the powder.

The trouble with muzzle-loaded black powder was that if bullets fit loosely—cast wrong or the chamber was worn—flash from one chamber could ignite another and cause a double discharge. Sometimes three or four chambers would fire at once, hit the frame and carry frame and barrel down the yard. A Colt's rifle was experimentally designed with bullet deflectors to protect the left hand of the shooter. Most early revolver-rifle shooters were wise to the trouble and loaded carefully. When the big blast came—maybe once in about 2,000 rounds—they just got a sore shoulder and a big surprise. One thing they were smart enough never to do was fire the gun with a bare left arm, or to bring the fingers of the left hand up in front of the cylinder. Instead, they let the barrel lie on the flat of the hand.

For firing, each chamber of the revolver was drilled at the rear, toward the shooter, and fitted with a nipple. A brass percussion cap containing fulminate of mercury was fitted over the nipple. The hammer smacked the cap, and that was it—blam!

Such was the Colt's product, and they were turned out by the hundred thousands at a fine profit. But while Sam Colt was enjoying bonanza days, changes were taking place in the gun world.

In 1849, a man named Walter Hunt invented a bullet containing its own powder designed to fire from a repeating rifle. This rifle was improved by a mechanic named Jennings and some 5,000 of these rifles were made.

Also, coming along to compete with Colt, were Horace Smith and Daniel Wesson who improved on the Hunt bullet, substituting fulminate for powder. It was a flop. In 1854, Wesson patented a centerfire, metallic cartridge and a year later, Smith and Wesson sold out to a block of financiers, including Oliver Winchester, a wealthy shirt maker. The new company was called the Volcanic Repeating Arms Co. Winchester soon took over the company and with gunsmith Benjamin Tyler Henry designing, the great Winchester Arms Co. was on its way with the Henry rifle.

In 1861, Colt's revolver rifles were still the only worthwhile repeating shoulder arms. Although the Army never officially adapted the revolver rifle, officers like the great sharpshooter leader, Col. Hiram Berdan bought them for their own detachments. Although the Colt rifle was great at short range, gas leakage prevented it from becoming an important long-range weapon like the old, reliable, single-shot Sharps.

Meanwhile, Benjamin Henry was working away on the Volcanic to make it load and fire brass cartridges. In 1863, he finally succeeded and the day of the revolver rifle was over. Henry's rifle was the famous .44 and fired a rimmed cartridge that was struck in two places by a divided firing pin.

With Winchester backing it lock, stock and barrel, the Henry rifle competed with another advanced lever-action repeater designed by Christopher Spencer. The race started by Colt for a working, effective repeating rifle was over. Colt's revolver rifles were outdistanced, even though his revolver was still king of handguns.

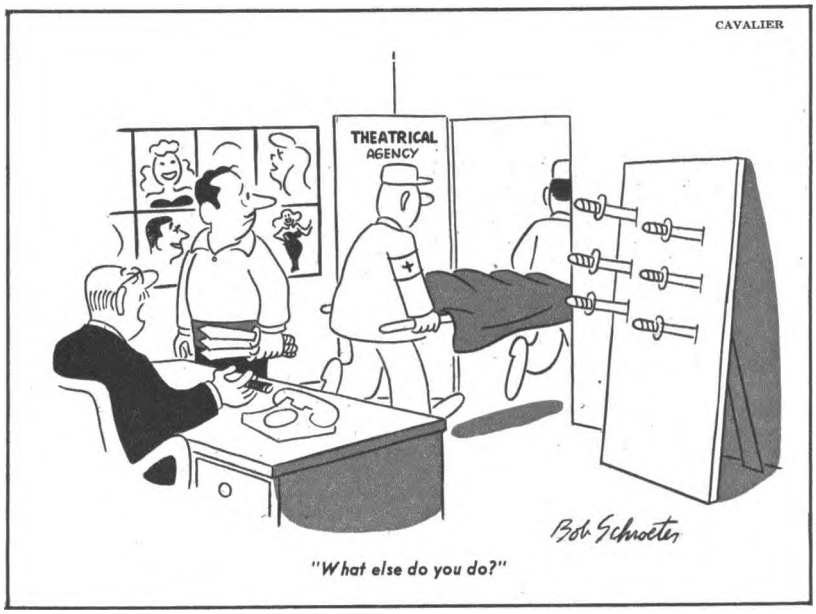
After the Civil War, Spencer sold out to Winchester (who was by then putting his name on the Henry) and the gun became the Winchester Model 1866—the beginning of a famous line.

But Colt had written a great page in the history of American long guns. His revolver rifles dominated the field from 1834 to 1865. Later, from 1883 to 1884 he produced a short lever-action rifle called the Burgess (which blew up a storm with Winchester because of its similarity to the Model 1873). Finally (until the just-announced guns) Colt made a slide-action repeater, the Colt Lightning, from 1885 to 1903.

When it discontinued the lightning in 1903, Colt's went out of the rifle business completely and turned its skill entirely to the design and making of fine handguns.

Now Colt's is back in the rifle business again, and there are those who say, *about time*. You'll have to look over the new Model 57 .30-06 or .243 big-game rifles, or the Colteer 1-22 .22 single-shot and decide that question for yourself.

If Sam Colt himself were alive, he'd probably say "Well, after all, I started all this over a hundred years ago and a rifle with my name on it can't be beat—even if it isn't a revolver rifle." •



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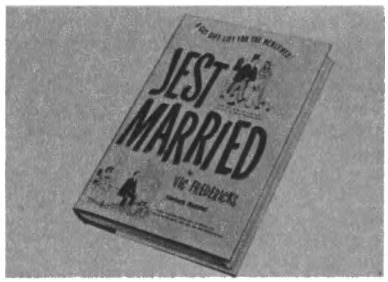

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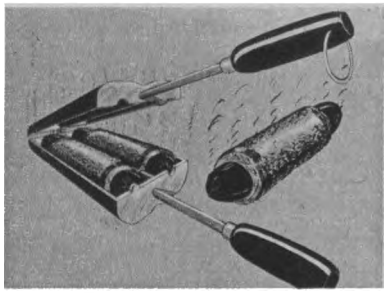

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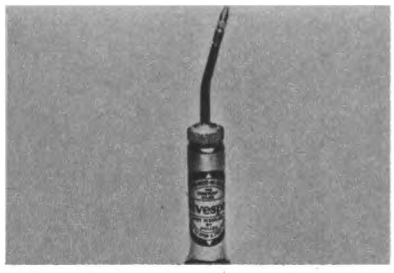

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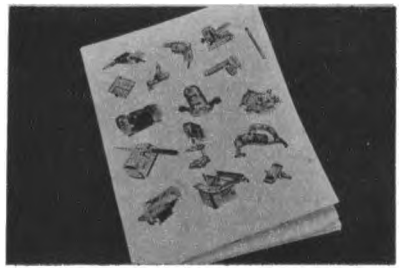

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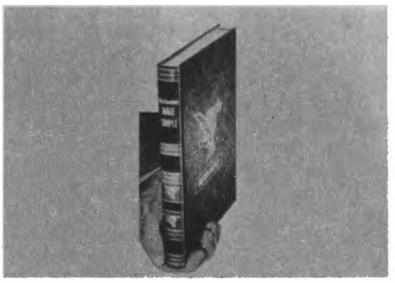

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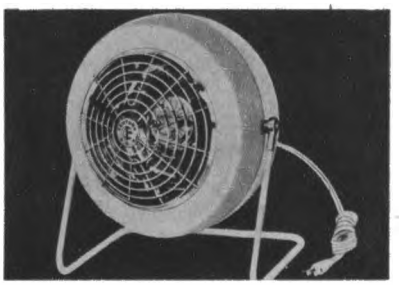

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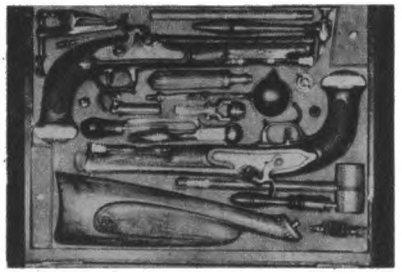

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HANDSOME AND THE JUNK YARD QUEEN

Continued from page 54

As the truck rumbled on, soon lost in the great lines of many other heavy vehicles which created a continual roar of traffic, Handsome examined the junk yards. He walked along a little way to study them, deciding to try to get a job at one of them for awhile.

Most of them were surrounded by stout high wire fences with gates that could be closed at night to keep out thieves. From them all came the smells of grease, oil, rubber, and rust. He stopped to peer into one of them. Past the jagged piles of discarded auto parts lining each side of the entrance, and set near the side fence inside, was a dilapidated shack that obviously housed both the office and living quarters of the place. In front of it stood two people.

One was a giant of a man, with long thick arms, and ham-like hands. He looked a little stupid, or at least not exactly bright, and on his heavy face, as he gazed out at Handsome, there came a wide-mouthed grin.

The second person was a statuesque, flaxen-haired girl of perhaps 22. She had a form whose magnificence Handsome had rarely seen before. A cream-colored blouse, clean except for several grease spots on it, fitted over her big jutting breasts as though ready to burst in two places. Below, she wore faded blue jeans that clung to her wonderously shaped body like another skin. To Handsome, perhaps because of the sharp contrast of rough clothing covering feminine form, there was nothing more appealing.

Ordinarily, Handsome might have gone in here to inquire about a job. The girl certainly was a rare attraction. But on the truck trip down from New England to New York, Handsome had been thinking back on his recent travels, his jobs, and the women who always seemed to be connected with them. In Florida there had been Sister Oder of the Evangelists; in Arizona, travelling with them in the house trailer and car they stole, were Gloria and Jane who had tried to rape him; in Hollywood there was Leslie Somners, the belligerent woman movie director he had tamed on her own bed; in New Hampshire there was Ruth, the glamorous actress on vacation.

For the time being Handsome decided he had had enough of women, and would prefer avoiding them. When the moment of need for them came to him there was rarely any difficulty; his looks usually comprised a ready passport to that exciting territory.

He passed up the yard containing the flaxen-haired girl and walked on a few steps to the entrance of the one directly next door. This one seemed to be filled with the bodies of old buses, their wheels and running-gear removed so that they sat upon the ground. In front of one of them a yellow bus, above whose door was a hand-painted sign, "Office," and occupying an old, rain-stained wicker chair, sat a thin-faced man, a little better than middle-aged, who stared at him without expression.

When Handsome entered the yard and approached him the man looked up and inquired rather querulously, "Do anything for you?"

Pleasantly, Handsome answered, "I'm looking for a job."

The man squinted at him. "How'd you know I wanted somebody?"

"I didn't know. I just came in."

"That so? Where from?"

Handsome explained that he was travelling around to see the world after returning from Army duty in Korea. He was too restless to settle down right away, and wanted to savor different sections of the United States.

The man asked, "What you want to work in a wrecking yard for?"

"I like to look at all the parts stacked up."

The man stared at him curiously. "You'll get over that."

"You mean I'm hired?"

"I didn't say that. I don't know a thing about you. Here you walk in off the street and somehow know I'm looking for somebody. How do I know you ain't a robber? You got any references?"

Handsome answered equitably, "Not right around here."

"Well, you got any identification?"

"I've got my Florida driver's license and Army discharge papers."

"Let's see 'em both."

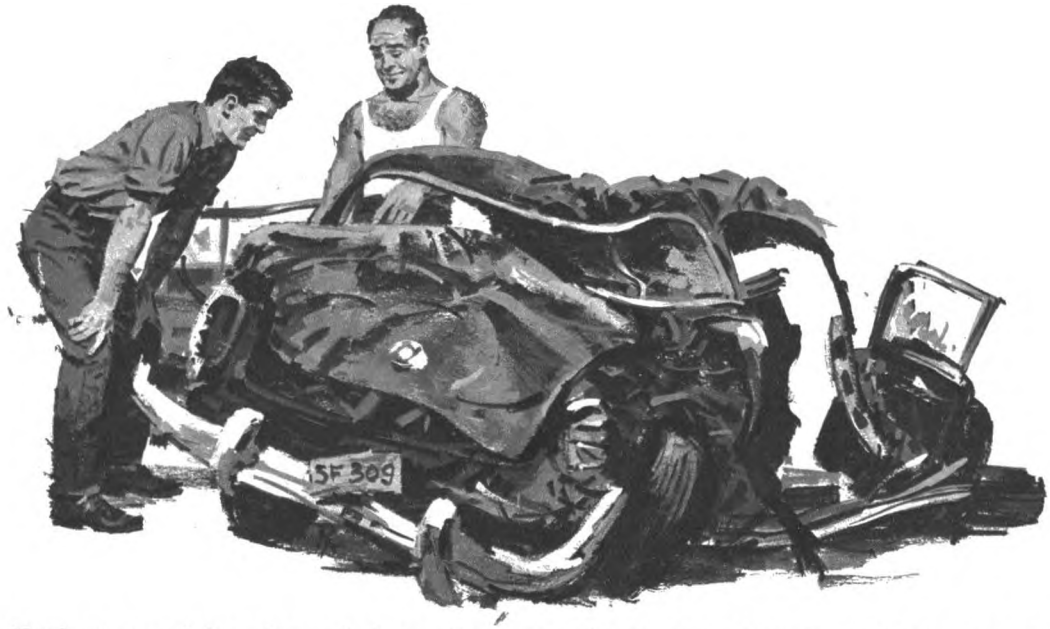
Handsome took them out and showed them to the man, who examined them carefully and then grunted, "They're all right as far as they go. But how do I know you didn't steal them?"

"You don't, except that I fit the description on them."

"Supposing you do. That don't mean you wouldn't want too much a week."

Handsome wanted to know what the job was exactly and what the man offered.

"I'm offering, top, no ups or downs, fifty dollars a week. Your job is here every day of the week, seven days, selling the stuff, working on it, and stacking it. You



As Handsome peered into the wrecked car, Otto leered wickedly and pointed to the blood-soaked upholstery.

get a place to live, too, in the bus hull over there; it's fixed up." He pointed to the body of a white bus not far from the office. The folding door stood ajar.

Handsome walked over to it. Opening it all the way he first peered in and then entered. All the seats, except a side one which served as a couch, had been removed. The interior had been re-modeled as a small apartment, with a cot, wash basin, potbelly heating stove, electric plate, portable refrigerator, and a tiny, cramped bathroom at the rear with a stall shower. There were even curtains to cover the windows all around.

When he came out again his plance caught the curious couple next door, both still obviously listening, the giant watching, the girl not looking, but staring to one side.

He told them, as well as the man, "I'll take the job if you'll give it to me, but I'll tell you I don't know too much about what everything is."

The man waved a hand. "You don't need to worry about that. Things is pretty well marked. That's because I had so many morons working for me; you know what a moron is?" He jerked a thumb at the giant next door. "That's one over there."

The giant called angrily, "Drop dead!"

"You see what I mean?" the man asked Handsome. "I hope you ain't a moron; you don't sound and look it. But I had to label everything so's the others could find it. For prices we got lists and printed books you can look up everything in. I'll tell you after. Right now I seen your name, Richard MacKinnion, on your papers, but what do they call you?"

Handsome glanced at the couple on the other side of the wire fence and watched the effect of what he was about to announce on them as well as on the man. "They call me 'Handsome.' "

His new employer said, for the benefit of his neighbors, "Let's go in my office where we ain't got any noses snooping."

He led the way into the yellow bus whose floor was set flat on the ground, and Handsome followed. The place was cluttered with benches and tables laden with dusty car radios, dashboard clocks, door handles, locks, and speedometers. Papers and books covered other space. On the walls, covering some of the windows, hung a vast array of large pin-up calendars, each showing a naked, highly nubile girl in vivid color. The one over the roll-top desk had the largest breasts Handsome had ever seen on a woman.

The man said, "My name's Lundy; Jake Lundy." He noticed Handsome's examination of his calendar collection. "I'll tell you something," he announced. "None of them ain't anything compared to her next door. No matter how her and that brother of hers give me unfair competition, she's got a shape better'n any of these. Of course I ain't ever seen her stripped down, but I can tell."

Handsome inquired, "That's her brother, then?"

"Their name is Rath. She's Greta and he's Otto. You got to watch them every minute."

Handsome observed, "It seems to me they watch over here every minute, too."

He looked up and through one of the bus windows at a customer who had entered the yard. He went out, with Handsome after him. The man, a mechanic from a garage down the road, evidently a steady customer, wanted a door window regulator for a '57 Ford. Lundy took him, telling Handsome to follow, to a nearby bus whose floor, inside, was strewn with second-hand regulators. The mechanic found what he wanted at once and they all returned to the office. Here Lundy opened a thick book, leafed through the pages, and said, "New, it's $6.95; second-hand to the public, $3.50; to you, $3."

The man paid and, carrying the regulator, left.

To Handsome Lundy explained, "Now that's the way it works. There really ain't anything to it. All you got to do is get around the yard and sheds and study on where everything is. Then when a customer comes in and asks for something you know where to find it. Then you come back here and look it up in this book."

He indicated the book he had consulted, named *Motor's Crash Book Service*. "This is for insurance appraisers mostly, but we use it, too." He flipped its pages for Handsome to see the entries. "It gives the value of all parts of about every car made. You take a look at the customer and give him a price you think he can stand; usually it's about half the list price, but sometimes you can get two-thirds. For mechanics like that one you let them have it for a little less, so he can chisel that much more out of his customer."

Handsome studied the prospect. "There must be more to it than that."

"Well, there is," Lundy admitted. "A yard, no matter how big it is, ain't got everything, and you get a lot of customers who want, say, a left front door for a '55 Olds Eight-eight, maybe, that you ain't got. Then you look in this other book." He showed Handsome a still thicker book which had stamped on it, *The Hollander*. "Now this is what we call our Bible of Interchange. By that is meant that if you ain't got that exact kind of a door this book will tell you what other kind of door will fit that car, year, and model. That way you don't lose a sale. The trouble I had with the

"Oh, come on . . . you've turned back your speedometer enough for tonight!"

morons I had was that they couldn't make out these books; you think you can?"

Handsome examined them and replied, "I think so, if I study them nights."

"Come with me," Lundy said.

Handsome followed his employer into a number of bus shells which contained the more valuable parts of wrecked cars which had to be kept under cover out of the elements, such as hub caps, gears, instrument panels, chrome bumpers and decorative strips. In rickety sheds back of the bus office he studied other parts. There were racks of springs, doors, fenders, grills, manifolds, brake drums, axles, and drive shafts. Motor blocks sat on the ground, along with transmissions. Bins held smaller parts. Much was hung from the ceiling, while boards with holes bored into them had valve stems driven into these on which various kinds of wheel bearings were racked and kept well greased.

Back in front of the office again Lundy explained, "The way the wrecks work is this: The insurance companies, when it costs more to repair a car than it takes to pay off on it, send out bid sheets to all the yards telling what kind of a car it is and punching on a list the condition of all parts. Usually we go to see the car and if we want it, send in a sealed bid, with the highest bidder getting it. Then we bring it here with our wrecker, you see mine over there, to junk it out. Some yards only pull the wheels and leave the rest intact, but I try to get the parts off on account of customers don't like to wait while you junk them off. That means taking off all the good stuff we can sell for second-hand; you'll keep at that in your spare time between customers."

"I thought junk was worthless stuff."

"Not in this business. Junk is the best stuff. Scrap is the dirty word around here, that's the rest, and parts of others that get obsolete we got to throw in the scrap truck—that's it there." He pointed to a very old but large truck partially filled with rusty car hulls and other parts. "When it's full we drive it to the scrap yard and sell that load."

"Now I don't know if you're on the level or not," Lundy said, "but I'm going to take a chance leaving you here tonight. All I ask is that if you ain't what I figure you for, don't steal my eyeballs."

"You don't have to worry, Mr. Lundy," Handsome assured him.

Lundy regarded him sardonically. "Maybe not." He looked up at the sky, which had clouded over and hastened the descending darkness. "You can make out with the groceries in the living bus tonight and for breakfast, and tomorrow get what else you need. I'm going along now. Keep open until dark; there won't be any business after that, then lock the gate. I'll be late getting here tomorrow morning on account I'm going way down in the Bronx to see a wreck that killed six people."

Handsome didn't see Greta and Otto again that day. It began to rain, dismally, and he retreated to the office. When full darkness came and he went down to pull the gate closed he noticed that theirs had already been locked. On the way back he saw that a light showed from their shack.

To his own apartment Handsome carried the books he needed to study. In the bus shell, with the rain drumming on the roof and the traffic on the Post Road dulled to a low roar, it was actually cozy. Handsome pulled the curtains and built a fire in the potbelly to take off the chill in the air and then investigated the small refrigerator. He found eggs and frying ham, with bread, butter and coffee, and made himself a meal. Afterwards he got into bed to study the junk yard books. When his eyelids began to droop he discarded his shirt and, raw, squirmed under the covers.

In the morning the rain had stopped and after breakfast Handsome emerged to find Greta and Otto out in their yard. The girl, along with her brother, worked with a wrench to dissemble a wreck. From Otto came a hoarse laugh in which there was admiration for the bashed car. "Not a bad one, nice and smashed in, except nobody was killed in it. I like them that kill people and where there's lots of blood." He saw Handsome and called out, "So you're working for the old goat."

"I'm working for Mr. Lundy," Handsome replied.

" 'Mister' Lundy!" Otto mocked. "He ain't called that by nobody around here." He looked about. "Where is he?"

"He's gone to see a car."

Suspiciously, Otto demanded, "What car?"

"He said it was one that had been in an accident when six people were killed."

Otto flung down both his wrenches. "Why, the old bastard! I want that one! Listen," he told his sister, "I'm going down right now to look at it and take along the bid sheet and put in our offer." He strode into their office, came out a minute later stuffing a paper in his pocket, and then went to a jalopy car that stood nearby and got in.

Greta called after him, "Don't you go and overbid it just because it's a good wreck!"

He waved one of his great arms and broad hands, and squirted the jalopy out their drive into the maelstrom of the Post Road traffic.

Handsome looked up as a customer came into his yard. The man asked for a generator for '54 Chevvy. Handsome remembered where these were piled and found one promptly. While the man was examining it, he went into the office to look up its price. He came out again and quoted the junk reduction price to the man, who proposed, "I'll take it for a dollar less than that."

Handsome, after an instant of consideration, conceded, "Okay."

To his surprise, Greta's voice came from next door addressing the customer. "Hey, Mister," she called, "I'll let you have one, for another dollar off."

The man looked startled. After glancing at her, back at Handsome, who said nothing, and back at her, he said "Why not?" He put down Handsome's generator and went out to the road and into the next yard.

Handsome stood watching them as Lundy drove in and got out of his car. He followed Handsome's gaze and asked, "She underbid you?"

"Is that what goes on here?"

"It's a form of suicide. It's what comes when people competing in business get to hate each other like we do."

Lundy watched and listened with Handsome as a new customer entered Greta's yard and asked if she had a hub cap for a '57 Plymouth. She said she had and the price was a dollar and a half.

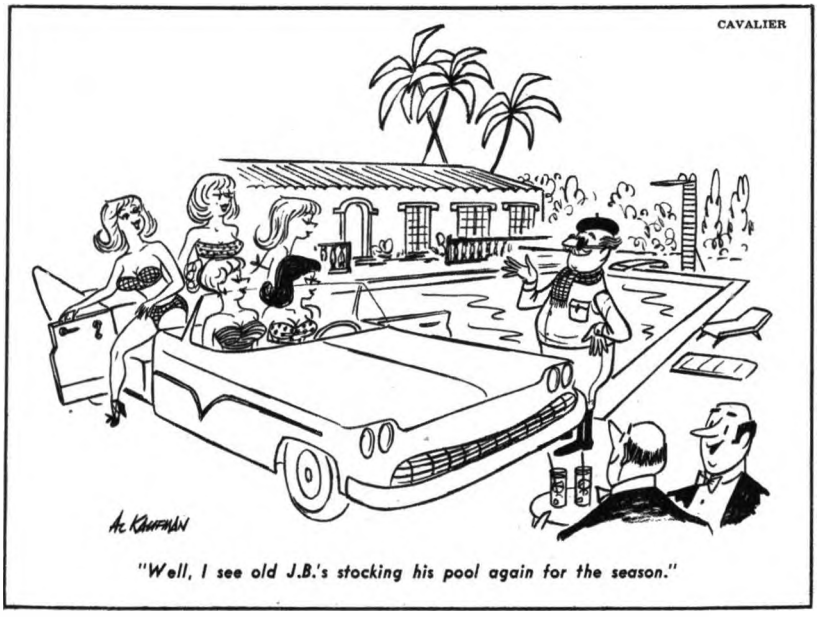
Lundy called out, "I'll sell you a cleaner one than she's got for a dollar."

The man looked bewildered.

Vindictively, Greta told him, "I'll let you have mine for seventy-five cents."

"You can have mine for fifty," Lundy said.

"Twenty-five," Greta said in this perverse auction.



"Well, I see old J.B.'s stocking his pool again for the season."

"Fifteen," Lundy bid.

Greta cried, "I'll give you mine for nothing!"

That seemed to settle it, with Greta's negative bid the winning one. She started to give the man the hub cap when Lundy said, "Listen, Mister, can you use two free ones? I'll give you two if you don't take hers; that way you can have a spare."

Suspiciously now, the man asked, "You mean this?"

"Sure I mean it. Come on over and get them."

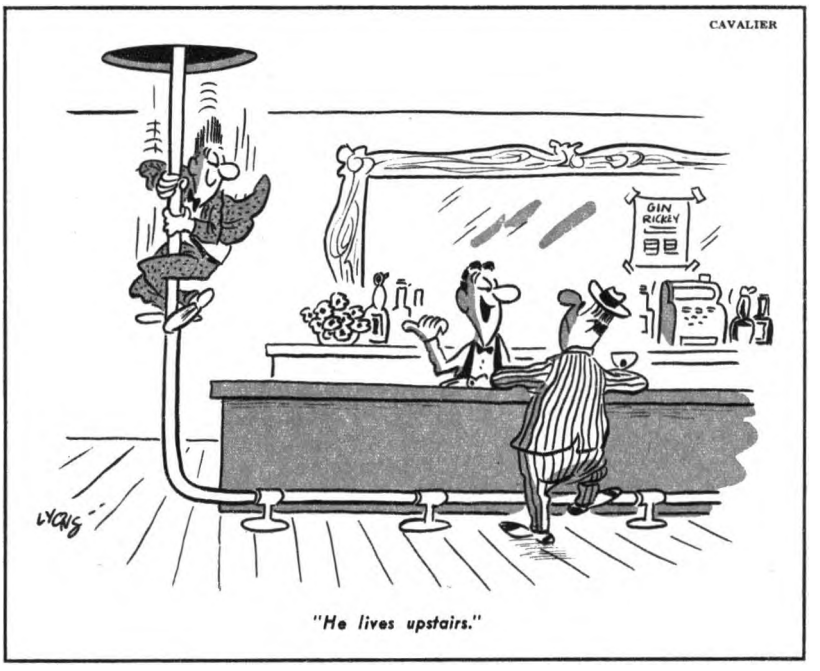
Greta flung down her hub cap, accepting defeat.

Afterwards Lundy told Handsome, "I just did that to really show you. We go along for awhile without doing that, both realizing we got to make a profit, then we'll start a crazy price war that lasts a couple of days or a week or more.

"I don't know, Handsome, I just don't know. I thought I'd tell you to do it, but if it goes on like this it'll put both yards out of business."

"Can't you do anything about it?"

"I don't know what. I tried to get them to listen to reason, but they won't. We've come pretty close to killing each other and some day maybe we'll do it. My wife wants me to sell out and retire to Florida and sometimes I think it's a good idea and I even put out some feelers about it. But nobody'll buy my yard because they know what happens here."



"He lives upstairs."

Handsome inquired, "Are you going to bid on the car you saw?"

Lundy shook his head. "It's too badly smashed."

Several days later this car, which had been bid on successfully by Otto, was dragged by him with his wrecking truck to the yard next door. Handsome, looking over at it, could well understand why all six passengers in it had died. It barely represented an automobile any longer. Its roof was bashed down to the seats, it was nearly broken in two, crushed at the waist so that it was barely a foot wide. On top of that it had been folded in on itself after being accordion-pleated at the front end. Virtually nothing was intact.

Otto, lost in admiration for his purchase, showed no sign of his usual antagonism when he said to Handsome, "Ain't it a beauty?"

Handsome admitted that he had never seen anything like it before.

"You want to see it close-up?" Otto asked.

"I'd like to."

"Then come on over," Otto invited.

Handsome, reflecting on the almost childishly changeable attitude of Otto, went around to the next yard. Standing before the wreck, Otto said of it, "It's the best I ever seen." He touched what was left of the front seat, seeming to caress it: "Three died right here." He ran a hand lovingly over what had been the rear seat. "And three here. They had to cut out the bodies with acetylene torches; you see where they did it?"

Otto touched the blackened stuffing that exuded from burst upholstery and gloated, "Look at the blood, soaked in all over here. And in the front, too. It's the most I ever seen. No, sir, I never seen as much blood as that before and I seen some beauties in my time."

Greta came out and glared "You gave a hundred dollars for this? Why, you paid a junk price for scrap!"

Defensively, like a little boy being scolded, Otto pouted, "I wanted it. There won't ever be another like this." His tongue ran over his thick lips as his pale eyes went lovingly over the wreckage.

Greta caught sight of Handsome as if for the first time, and took her anger out on him. "Get out!" she cried. "Go on back where you belong!"

As Handsome turned to leave, Otto gave his hoarse laugh and said. "She don't like you."

Three days later Handsome sat with Lundy in his bus office and said, "I've been thinking about the situation here."

"I been thinking about it for a long time, too, Handsome, but it ain't done me any good," Lundy said.

"I might be able to."

Lundy regarded him. "You mean sell the yard for me?"

"If I did," Handsome proposed, "would you give me the regular real estate commission of five per cent?"

"Sure I would, but who you going to sell it to? Nobody wants to buy a condition like this."

"Except for two possible customers," said Handsome.

Now Lundy stared. "You mean them two next door?"

Handsome nodded.

Lundy cackled. "You crazy?"

"Maybe," Handsome admitted. "But look at it this way: You've already said the two places can't go on the way they are, cutting each other's throats. If they were to merge and become one single yard it would be the biggest along here and do the biggest business. There'd be an advantage to that."

"Say!" Lundy exclaimed. "I never thought of that. But how you going to convince them two thick heads it'd be a good idea to buy me out?"

"I don't know yet. But what I'd like to know is would they have the money to make a down payment?"

Lundy considered. "I expect they would; their folks done pretty well and left them a fair pile. But—" He stopped, to look closely at Handsome. Then he cackled again. "I see what you got in mind. A good-looking fellow like you—and her. You think you can make one merger that'll bring off another."

Handsome shook his head. "I wish it would be as easy as you make it sound. But it isn't, not with the way she feels about me. Even if I could do it, and I'm not saying I won't try, it wouldn't have any effect on Otto. He might even want to kill me if I touched his sister."

Lundy observed, "You got a pretty hard row to hoe there, boy."

"That's right, Mr. Lundy. You'd help me if you'd place a reasonable price on your yard, even one that would be a bargain to them."

Lundy stuck out his lower lip. "Well, I don't know about that there bargain idea, Handsome. I'd hate to think them two got it at any bargain."

"You want to get out of it, don't you, Mr. Lundy?"

"Yes, but—now look here, boy, a yard like this, with the land and all, is worth as much as twenty-five thousand dollars."

Handsome asked bluntly, "Do you think you can get that?"

"Maybe not. But I'll want—"

"Don't make it too high, Mr. Lundy."

"All right—a sure twenty thousand."

"Would you go lower than that?"

Lundy looked more thin-faced than ever. "Now you listen here, Handsome, I want twenty thousand and you ask that."

"I'll ask it, Mr. Lundy, but what will you take?"

"Nineteen thousand, bottom."

"Absolute bottom?"

Lundy glared at him. He demanded, "Can you really live in Florida, nice and warm most of the time?"

"It's fine," Handsome assured him.

"Then if it comes right down to it—and don't you let them know for a minute unless you got to, I'll take—I don't even like to say it—eighteen. That's a bargain price."

"I'll try to get it," Handsome said.

"How much time will you give me?"

"If you can't do it in two weeks you won't do it at all."

With that Handsome agreed.

Now Handsome started his campaign.

The first part of this was paying absolutely no attention to Greta. By no look or word, in the days that followed, did he give any evidence that she existed. Lightly he answered Otto's jibes, but if Greta said anything, he did not acknowledge it. He ignored her completely.

The second part was putting a stop to the Lundy yard's side of the cutthroat competition of underbidding each other and even giving things away out of spite. When Handsome had a customer and clinched a sale and Otto or Greta called over that they had the same article at a lower price, Handsome did not fight it.

Each day Handsome phoned to Lundy and listed for him the sales made, but he was not able to report anything affirmative in the larger sale they had in mind.

Handsome was beginning to wonder if his tactic of trying to intrigue Greta by ignoring her would bear any fruit. The next day, the eighth, he noted with interest that Greta appeared in her yard clad in a skirt instead of her constant jeans. When Otto came out and saw her he asked, "What's the idea of getting dressed up for nothing?"

"Shut up!" she told her brother.

Otto approached the fence and, scowling, called over to Handsome, "You been making up to my sister. Now that's a thing I don't stand for."

Handsome thought before he replied, "I'd like to hear what she says about that."

"Then you come over here," Otto ordered.

Handsome went out his gate and around into theirs. When he arrived in their yard, Greta was standing there, too. Her blue eyes blazed at him.

Otto told her, "Tell him what you told me."

"When you're away he makes remarks to me. He keeps looking at me in my jeans in a way a man shouldn't look at a woman. That's why I've taken to wearing a skirt. Once he reached through and pinched me."

"I didn't," Handsome replied.

"You're calling my sister a liar?"

"I'm calling her a liar."

"Then," Otto declared, "you got to fight me."

"If you want."

As Otto rushed like an enraged animal, Handsome remained where he was until the last instant, then lithely sprang aside. As Otto went past him he reached, grabbed, pulled, and spun him about, so that the man suddenly was running backward, off balance. He sat down with a thump.

He came up again, panting, "That ain't no way to fight!" He swung. Handsome ducked easily, and rose to plant two swift jabs in the man's thick mid-section. Otto grunted with surprise and pain. He swung again. Handsome wasn't there. This time he repeated what he had done before to the midriff.

It was easier hitting Otto in the middle because he was so big, but Handsome varied it by planting one on the man's nose, bringing an instant spurt of blood. Otto swiped at it with one ham hand at which, smeared with red, he then looked with greater amazement.

Enraged, Otto lost what little control he had originally, and began to simulate a lumbering windmill. When he came again, running, Handsome caught him by the wrist, twisted his own body about, and used Otto's momentum to send him in a flying mare.

Otto did not seem able to learn. A second time he rushed and again Handsome sent him through the air. This time he stayed down, breathing hard, still bleeding, and grunting with defeat.

When Otto lurched to his feet and stood, weaving groggily, he thought the man was going to fight again, but instead he gave his hoarse laugh. "You don't weigh two-thirds what I do," he said. "How'd you do that?"

Handsome asked him, "Haven't you ever heard of the flying mare?"

Otto took out a large red bandanna handkerchief and wiped his nose; the handkerchief and his fresh blood were the same color. "Show me."

Handsome showed him how a flying mare worked. Otto laughed, asking, "Where'd you learn to fight like that?"

"Around," Handsome answered. "And in the Army."

"You know something?" Otto asked. "I don't think you did that to Greta. You ain't been saying anything to her at all. I think she made it up."

"Let's shake on that."

They shook.

The next day Handsome was busy at his accounts in the bus office when the light from the doorway was blocked off. He looked up to see Otto standing there. The big man came in to say, "I can't get over it you licking me and then showing me how you done it."

"That's an example of cooperation," Handsome said.

Otto thought that over. "You mean the opposite of what these two yards been doing to each other?"

"And it shows the value of their being merged before they ruin each other."

Otto scratched his head. "I thought about that last night."

"Then you think it would be a good idea to buy out Lundy, Otto?"

"I guess it would. I guess there ain't any doubt of it. I even mentioned it to Greta, but she don't think so at all."

"Then I guess it can't be done."

"I guess it can't. I'll talk to her some more, but it won't do no good."

The days went by fast. Handsome looked for some sign that Greta had softened and saw that, if anything, she seemed to have hardened. She went back to wearing her blue jeans and the extra make-up and care for her hair disappeared. Otto shook his head at him and advised that she wouldn't even listen to any more talk about merging the two yards. She wouldn't even allow Handsome's name to be mentioned to her. She was bitter and uncompromising.

On the thirteenth day, when Handsome talked with Lundy over the phone, the man advised him, "You better admit you're licked, Handsome."

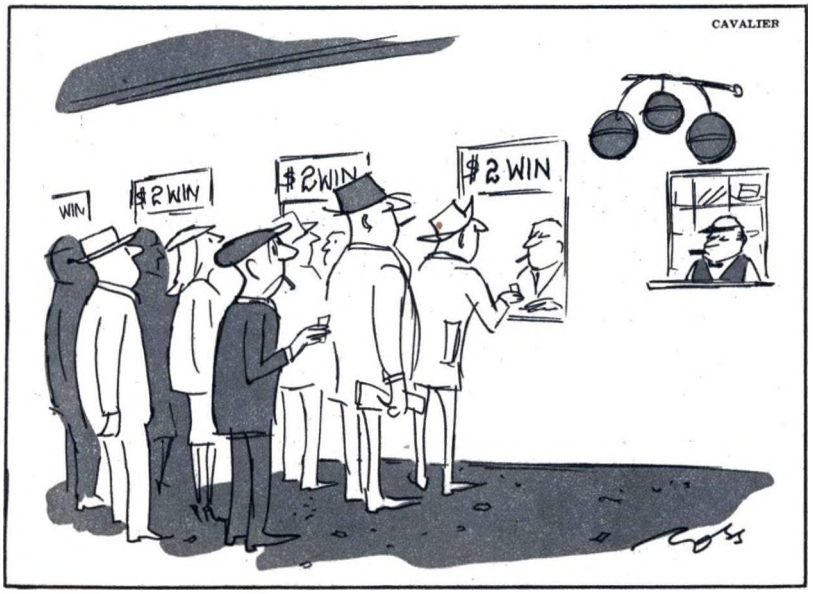
"It looks that way. But I've got one more thing to try."

"What you going to do?"

"I'll let you know tomorrow if it works."

"I'll be there to find out."

Handsome carried out his last desperate measure late that afternoon when



Otto was away and Greta was alone. When he went out and around to the other yard he felt he had nothing to lose. He walked quietly, so that Greta was not aware of him until he stood close by her and she looked up. Icily, she asked, "What do you want?"

"This," he said, and stepped quickly to her. Before she knew what he was doing he had taken her in his arms and his lips went full upon hers.

It was an instant before she fought, but when she did it was savagely, like a wildcat. She tried to twist her mouth away and when he held it with the fierce pressure of his own, bending her head back, she used her arms. When that failed she tried her legs. She nearly upset them, but Handsome managed to keep them upright and his embrace tightly, warmly about her.

Abruptly, she desisted. She went limp for an instant. Then, as though involuntarily and uncontrollably, her arms came at him in a different manner, grasping him. Her lips responded. Their embrace and kiss, now mutual, lasted for a long moment.

She gasped when they parted. He looked closely into her eyes, their blue wide and deepened, and he whispered, "I'll leave my gate unlocked tonight."

That night, late, he pulled all the curtains of the bus apartment. Then he got a full fire going in the potbelly, so that the iron reddened. He stripped, turned out the light, and got into bed, where he lay with his arms behind his head out of the covers. The glow from the potbelly cast a soft, just right dim light.

Two o'clock came and went. He dozed, and decided to sleep, giving her up.

He became sharply awake again when there was a slight noise at the door.

It edged open slowly, and she appeared, standing there. She was clad again in a dress.

"I'm not coming in," she announced. "If you think I came here for anything like that you're crazy."

Softly, he asked, "Why did you come?"

"I came to tell you what I thought of you." She tried to put censure in her voice, but it wouldn't come.

Gently, he said, "You've already told me, Greta, in two ways. I liked the way you said it this afternoon."

She stepped forward and halfway to him. "That didn't mean anything!"

She kept coming toward him, reviling him, until she stood at the side of his cot. He let her go on for a time and then he reached out and took her by the arm. He pulled her down to him.

"I'm everything you call me," he told her, "and a rolling stone besides. I want you to know that."

The next instant she was in his arms and their lips met as they had that afternoon, only more gladly, and between the moments their mouths reached hungrily for each other, she murmured, "Oh, Handsome, I don't care, I don't care what you are! Oh, Handsome!". . .

Later in the night, when they lay together with the glow from the stove on them, she whispered, "Handsome—it wasn't only to sell the yard to us that you—?"

"After what we've just had together, Greta, you can't say that."

She reflected. "I guess I can't." Fervently, she grasped him once more.

In the morning, Otto entered the discussion about the purchase of Lundy's yard. Handsome told them, "He wants twenty thousand, but—"

Otto said flatly, "We won't pay that."

"I'm supposed to tell you he won't sell for less than nineteen," Handsome said. He glanced at Greta and then, as if to show his appreciation of what they had been to each other, revealed, "But I'll let you know he'll take eighteen."

Greta, smiling, said, "It's worth that."

Otto agreed that at this price it was a bargain. Handsome asked them if they wanted him to get Lundy over this morning to arrange the details. Otto gave his laugh. "You know something?" he asked. "I'd like to call the cruddy old goat myself and tell him he just sold his yard; I think I'd get a kick out of it." He went in their shack to make the call.

Greta turned to Handsome. "You're going to stay, aren't you? We'll need another man on such a big place. You can be foreman."

He shook his head. "I told you I'm a rolling stone, Greta."

Her face fell. "But I thought—"

"Don't forget," he reminded, "I said I'm everything you called me before."

"I know," she admitted. "But can't you change your mind?"

"If anyone could, it would be you," he said, "but no one can."

"If you'd stay," she proposed, "we could pay you a good salary."

He shook his head.

"Seventy-five a week."

"It isn't the money, Greta."

"A hundred."

"I'm sorry, Greta."

"How about it if we made you a partner?"

Handsome was adamant. Softly he said, "The deal will be wrapped up and I'll be moving on today."

"Just to wind up the deal," he found himself adding, "I'll stay today and help tear down the fence between the yards. I'll leave first thing tomorrow."

Greta straightened like a parched plant to the kiss of falling rain. She even managed a little smile. "Don't talk about it any more. I'll be over to cook your dinner tonight."

"O. K." Handsome agreed. "Come early. Real early." •

LOST GOLD AND MURDERED MAIDS

Continued from page 22

his mine. A careful watch was placed on his movements.

One night, about a week after his return, he had been drinking heavily in the Old Frontier Saloon and two of his drinking cronies, nearly as tipsy as he, had finally been obliged to help him to his hotel room and put him to bed. Early the following morning the pair returned to the hotel, for he had promised he would have a surprise in store for them.

Greedy visions dancing in their heads, the two went to his room and got the promised surprise. Slumach was gone. No one had seen or heard him leave.

Two months later, again heavy with gold, he made another of his sudden, jack-in-the-box appearances, and still another drinking bout got under way.

For the following 16 months, John Slumach continued to amaze and bewilder the populace of New Westminster with his wealth and his sudden appearing, then vanishing, acts. Of course his presence, even if he was uncommunicative about his mine, always meant lavish spending on his part, as he "bought the best of everything for everybody," and local merchants looked forward to his next visit to town. Wantons, moochers and barflies cheered wildly at the approach of the red-skinned playboy. But in the spring of 1891 a shocking discovery caused many to regard Slumach in a new light.

It was while Slumach was paying one of his visits to town that a fishing boat, trawling in the nearby Fraser River, brought up the body of a pretty young Indian girl in its nets.

She was recognized almost immediately by several of the crew—possibly for very good reasons—as Susan Jesner, an ex-waitress in a New Westminster cafe, who had disappeared a few months earlier. It was known that Susan was not averse to making "a few extra dollars." The body's features were battered and several gold nuggets were found in the clothing. This was enough for the police to connect her with Slumach. Like the dead girl, he was a Salish Indian, and he always carried a pocketful of gold nuggets, similar to those found in the possession of Susan Jesner. The law swung into action.

Presently John Slumach found himself ensconced in the local bastille, where a barrage of questions was shot at him.

At first, with a sneer on his moose-like features, he denied he had ever seen, let alone known, the dead girl.

When this was soon sharply disproved, he changed his story. Well, er—yes—yes, he did know her, now that the fact was brought to his attention. Come to think of it, he had known her very well; in fact she had accompanied him on his last trip into the Pitt Lake Mountains, had been with him for about six weeks. Sure he remembered her: "She kept me warm at nights." She had come to him the night before he left New Westminster.

"She said she wanted to get away from here for awhile," Slumach said. "I told her if she would cook, make herself useful and never tell the location of my mine, I would take her with me and give her some nuggets for her time. She agreed, came with me, then as we were returning to New Westminster she had the accident. Too bad."

"What accident?"

"We were in my canoe and we were just a few miles from here when she fell out of it," was the answer. "You know how swift-running the Fraser River is. She drowned before I could get to her and there was nothing I could do about it."

"Why didn't you report the matter on your arrival here?" the police asked.

"Report it? I didn't know it was necessary. Why it was just a little accident; I never thought that anyone would be interested."

The police were not so sure that it was "just a little accident," and intimated as much; but they had only suspicion to go on and Slumach stuck to his story. He was finally released.

Two days later, Provincial Police Constable Eric Grainger arrived in New Westminster from Vancouver. Constable Grainger, a master man-hunter, was detailed to learn all that he could about Slumach. Tall, husky, a one-time athlete of note, Grainger dressed himself for and convincingly acted the role of a prospector with a bankroll, who might be interested in any proposition, legal or otherwise. Getting acquainted with Slumach was easy, but Grainger soon learned, as so many others had, that the Indian clammed up when asked anything personal.

Then one morning Slumach was gone.

The usual five or six weeks passed and Slumach returned. Once more he was loaded with gold and again there was a hot time in the old town that night.

During his absence, Police Sergeant Harold Nichol, in charge of the Missing Persons Bureau, had come upon some facts of most unusual interest. In checking through his files, Nichol learned that during the past 16 months, eight women who had formerly lived in and around New Westminster were missing. On the list of three white and five Indians were the names of Mary Warne, Tillie Malcolm, Mary Murdock and Susan Jesner. Each of the women had vanished, one by one, at exactly the same time Slumach left New Westminster for his mine.

Then exotic and shapely Molly Tynan, a half-caste, drifted into town from Vancouver. Molly Tynan represented sex with a capital "S," knew it, and was happy about the whole business. She was around 28, the daughter of a woman from the land of Confucius and a man from the River Shannon.

It was soon apparent to the watching Grainger that Molly was out to attract Slumach right from the start. Securing a job as waitress in the Sasquatch Cafe, the Indian's favorite eatery, she made it a point to see that he would have no cause to complain about the service. Her best smiles were for him alone, and she only rolled her eyes at his pawing hands. Bending low, she set food-laden plates before him, and what he saw quickened his pulse and took his mind off his dinner.

It was exactly what the half-caste wanted.

Constable Grainger, who several times had been the Indian's eating companion at the restaurant, became worried. He did not want Molly Tynan to end her days in the Fraser River, another of Slumach's victims, and knew immediate steps were necessary to avert more tragedy. The girl had to be warned that she was playing with dynamite. Late one night Grainger knocked on the door of her room. She opened it, showing no surprise at his presence.

He came directly to the point. "Miss Tynan, I am not a prospector as you might have been led to believe. I am Constable Grainger of the Provincial Police."

She nodded. "I know, or at least I suspected as much."

"Indeed. And did you suspect that John Slumach might be a murderer?"

"I am almost certain that he is."

As he stared in surprise, she added: "In Vancouver I heard several stories about Slumach; that is why I am here." Her eyes went to a chair. "If you will sit down, Constable Grainger, there is a story I would like to tell you. A very brief story of my life."

Molly Tynan, referring to herself as "an adventuress," told enough to convince Grainger that she had been around and knew the score. Speaking Chinese fluently and with Vancouver having thousands of Chinese residents, she had provided for herself by being an interpreter. Then she had heard of Slumach, of his seemingly-inexhaustible gold supply and his fondness for broad-minded women.

"So I came here and made it a point to meet him," she told Grainger.

"What good would a fortune be if you were dead?"

"I've heard rumors of women who have gone into the mountain with Slumach and never returned. But it's my one chance for big money and besides, I know how to take care of myself. See!"

Her right hand made a swift movement, shot into a pocket of her dress and appeared with a small revolver.

All of Grainger's attempts to discourage her from accompanying Slumach were useless. To the avaricious Molly Tynan it was her big chance for riches—"All the raw gold I can carry"—and she was confident that she could take care of herself.

The following afternoon when Grainger dropped into the cafe, she whispered that she had surprising news for him and arranged to meet him later. Around 10 that night she arrived at Police Headquarters where Grainger and Superintendent Michael Dayton awaited.

"He wants me to leave with him before dawn," she exclaimed, "and I have learned how he always manages to leave town without being seen. He man-packs his provisions, leaves here around 2 a.m. A mile away, on the north shore of the Fraser River, he has a canoe hidden in a weed-concealed bay. He takes off in the heavy mists before dawn and is miles away by sunrise."

He told me that we must first travel by canoe for two days. Then he said we would head into the mountains for five more, and finally have to climb some mountain to a 4,000-foot level. He added that when we got to his mine, I would see so much gold that I could not believe my eyes."

"When does he plan to leave?"

"In five hours."

"Miss Tynan," spoke up Superintendent Dayton, "I absolutely forbid you to accompany Slumach."

His words seemed to amuse her. "That's about all you can do," was her answer. "I am not your prisoner nor am I breaking any law. As for your concern about me, I have been on my own since I was fourteen and I was always able to take care of myself."

Since they couldn't dissuade her, the man-hunters gave her expert advice. Molly Tynan was an attentive listener. It was nearly midnight before she returned to her room.

The following morning, word drifted around that John Slumach had once more left town; Molly Tynan had also disappeared. To officers Grainger and Dayton, it was the beginning of a long wait.

The usual five or six weeks passed, and then one day John Slumach returned to New Westminster—alone. There was no sign of Molly.

But he was not destined to be alone for any great length of time. He soon had company—uninvited and lots of it. Minutes after learning of his return, Grainger sought out Slumach and found him in a bar. A strong hand dropped on the Salish Indian's shoulder and he was soon behind bars once more, answering the sharp questions of burly officers of the law. Slumach denied having any knowledge as to the whereabouts of Molly Tynan.

"How could I know where she is?" he asked. "Yes, at first she agreed to go with me to the mountains but when we arrived at my canoe to start the trip, for some reason she changed her mind. She suddenly said she was not going to go, turned and walked off. I paddled away alone and have not seen her since."

"Then you say she did not go?"

"She did not go with me. She said something about going to Vancouver."

Both Grainger and Dayton knew he was lying, and were determined to prove it. And surprisingly enough, they had little trouble in doing so. With the services of three fishing boats, the search got underway the following morning. A short while later the dripping body of the shapely half-caste was lifted out of the Fraser River in a fishing net—a hunting-knife embedded to the hilt in her heart. A look of terror was on her dead features.

Sure shot that she was, Molly Tynan had been unable to cope with her killer.

When news of the discovery reached New Westminster, angry men began to gather. The sound of rising voices reached the cell of the imprisoned man. That ominous warning, along with the incessant questions of his captors, was too much for Slumach. He broke down and confessed. Yes, he had murdered Molly Tynan, the day before he arrived in town. She knew the whereabouts of his mine and he had to get rid of her. They were paddling down the Fraser River when he suddenly turned in the canoe and tried to strangle her.

"She sprang to her feet, her hand went to the pocket where she kept her revolver," Slumach said. "I rose with her and drove my knife into her chest. But she fell backwards, the knife slipped out of my hand and she dropped over the side of the canoe. She almost tipped it over."

On a gloomy November morn in 1891, John Slumach was hanged in the jail at New Westminster. To the end he would not reveal the location of his mine, though it is on record that while on his way to the gallows, he cursed the gold that had helped to bring around his death, and swore that whoever found the mine would likewise know a violent death. A moment later he plunged through the trap.

There were no mourners.

Shortly after Slumach's earthly spirit took its flight, the first of many attempts to find the fabulous mine got under way.

John Jackson of San Francisco is one man believed by some to have actually discovered the Lost Creek Mine. Less than a year after Slumach's death, Jackson arrived in New Westminster, asked numerous questions for the next two weeks and finally, accompanied by two native guides, set out for the Pitt Lakes Mountain Range. Five months later he returned to New Westminster, 40 pounds lighter and a physical wreck. He told stories that should have discouraged any of his listeners who might have. secret ambitions of finding Lost Creek Mine. They were tales of incredible hardships:

"Flies enough to eat a man alive! At other times forcing myself through snow waist-high! Natural hot springs caused the heavy fogs that seem endless, and you're frightened and alone in a world of mist!"

Some noticed that John Jackson's knapsack was unusually heavy. Yet he made no mention of its contents or any discovery; a few days later he left town. Several years passed. Then a close friend of his since boyhood, one James R. Shotwell of Seattle, received a letter and a map from the then dying Jackson. Claiming to have discovered Slumach's lost mine, Jackson wrote that the map would guide Shotwell to the hidden bonanza. The letter went on to tell how the find had been made.

After reaching the Pitt Lake Mountains, Jackson had dismissed his guides and gone on alone. It was several months later when alone, desperately ill from the ravages of malnutrition and hopelessly lost, he stumbled upon a hidden

valley and Slumach's mine. The letter read, in part:

"With great difficulty I finally descended the steep cliff and reached the little creek running through that small and lonely valley. I knew I had struck it rich for gold was everywhere; you had only to bend down and pick it up. ——— I gathered up gold by the handful, some pieces as large as walnuts. My God, Shotwell, in the early morning sunlight the entire valley was glowing like a golden dawn! ——— I sized up the length of the stream as well as my surroundings, and knew that beyond all doubt I had finally stumbled upon Slumach's Lost Creek Mine. ——— I traced the course of the creek to where it flows into a subterranean tunnel and is lost. ——— Sick and weak as I was, I finally packed up all the gold I could stagger under. ——— Slowly and painfully I made my way out of that valley of incalculable riches, to begin my long trek back ————."

Finally, he reached the outside world. He wrote that in San Francisco the gold he carried brought him "around fifteen thousand dollars" (it was in 1892, remember) and concluded the letter with:

"Now the doctor has told me that I am liable to go at any minute but don't give up, Shotwell. You will be rewarded beyond your wildest dreams."

Shotwell, however, was no longer young, nor had he the necessary funds for such a search. He sold the map and letter for $1,000 to a Seattle resident, A. Rossen, who not only failed to find the mine but nearly lost his life in a mountain stream while attempting to do so. The map and letter changed hands several times and finally came into the possession of three Seattle men, who journeyed to Vancouver and engaged as a guide one Hugh Murray, who was familiar with the rugged area that is the Pitt Lake Mountains. It was recalled that Slumach, in his final moments of life, had called down a curse on anyone who would attempt to find his gold, and said curse must have still been potent for the search was an utter failure.

Murray, in later life—he died only a few years ago—often expressed his opinion that there was such a mine and valley, "just waiting to be found." He told how he and the three others, when leaving the mountains, came upon an elderly squaw who had once met John Jackson years earlier. She said he was trying to get to the head waters of Pitt Lake, was "wandering along, weak, ragged, his knapsack heavy," and had camped beside her that night.

"The fire was low," she said, "and he was sleeping when I crept up and took a look inside his knapsack. It was filled with gold!"

As recently as the early summer of 1957, interest was again aroused in certain sections of British Columbia and old stories retold, when a hardy individual who evidently puts little stock in the grim prophecy of a man on the gallows, announced that he intended to tackle the Pitt Lake Mountains country and search for the Lost Creek Mine. One grizzled old-timer who made a similar attempt 30 years ago and has only amputated toes—the result of frozen feet—to show for his efforts, told a member of the press:

"That will make about the hundredth fool, includin' myself, who has tried to find that blasted mine, and the bones of most of 'em are still lyin' around somewhere out on the Pitt Lake Mountains. Remember old 'Volcanic' Brown? There was a time when everyone around here knew of him.

"Old 'Volcanic' knew that wild country as well as any man that ever lived; as a woodsman he could give lessons to the Indians," replied the old-timer. " 'Volcanic' went out to find the Lost Creek Mine, swore he would not return till he did, and like lots of the others he never came back!"

That now almost legendary mine in a remote valley, somewhere in the vastness of the snow-tipped, towering and heavily-wooded Pitt Lake Mountains, is probably not more than 60 miles from the progressive city of Vancouver. In more ways than one, it is still a "ghost" mine. •

In the August CAVALIER: Suicide Run of the U-47, a great true World War II adventure.

FIRST MAN OFF BROOKLYN BRIDGE

Continued from page 26

Odlum lectured on the importance of swimming. "Every man, woman and child," he claimed, "should learn to swim as a matter of safety."

With no editors to divert his interests, Odlum constantly worked at improving his own aquatic skills. In 1880, he set a world record by remaining underwater for three minutes and 10 seconds. On July 4, 1881, he leaped from a 90-foot-high bridge into the Occoqua Falls in Virginia and escaped without a scratch. Two weeks later he challenged anyone in the U. S. to a swimming race for a bet of $250. No one accepted. He raised the ante to $500 and still no opponent volunteered. Somehow, among all this activity, Odlum even found time to develop a revolutionary method of artificial respiration.

After more than three years of operation, the Natatorium suddenly ran into hard times during the winter of 1881, and reluctantly, Odlum sold out at a loss of several thousand dollars.

For a while he disappeared from public notice.

Then in February, 1882, the following announcement appeared in the pages of The Washington Post:

"Frank Haggerty has agreed to give Robert E. Odlum $200 if he will jump from the Brooklyn Bridge into the East River. Odlum has accepted and will make the jump on the 26th inst."

The Brooklyn Bridge had been under construction for 12 years and still had not opened for traffic. Underground cave-ins, snapped cables and general carelessness had cost the lives of 20 men building the bridge. In 1878 the New York Council of Reform had denounced the project and said it was criminal to spend more money on a structure which "cannot fail to be taken down by the mandate of the courts or demolished by the winds." Yet by 1882 it was apparent that the gigantic span would soon become a reality.

Unfavorable gusts of wind and construction mishaps delayed Odlum's attempt until May 27. At 6:00 a.m., he cautiously approached the rail and started to climb up. But as he was about to leap, two policemen rushed to his side, reached out and arrested him. Temporarily he was thwarted.

Through reports in the newspapers Odlum studied the similar plight of a young, would-be jumper named Robert Donaldson. On May 11, Donaldson had decided not to leap off the Brooklyn Bridge only because, at the last moment, he had realized that a powerful wind would have blown him off balance. On May 31, four days after Odlum was stopped, Donaldson again edged toward the rail, disguised as a workman. An alert watchman recognized him and intervened. On his last try, July 10, Donaldson discovered that there were some boards missing along the perilous catwalk to the guard rail. Unable to reach the middle of the bridge, he abandoned the scheme.

Somewhat discouraged by his own failure to jump, Odlum returned to Washington. At home he drew intricate diagrams of the Brooklyn Bridge, plotted the most strategic points for a future leap and made up his mind that he would practice jumping techniques.

In June, 1882, Odlum went to Marshall-Hull, Virginia, an oceanside resort 100 miles below Washington. One warm afternoon he boarded a steamboat called the *Martha Washington* and, while a large crowd gathered, he climbed to a small platform at the peak of the boat's flagpole. Then he placed a ladder on top of the platform and a chair on top of the ladder. The chair was 110 feet above water level. Odlum stepped upon the chair, waved one hand at Paul Boyton—who had come from New York to watch—and calmly jumped out and away, avoiding the boat's deck. Just before he hit the water, Odlum twisted slightly, and his body turned. He splashed the surf side-first and vanished underwater

for several seconds. Abruptly he popped to the surface, signaled Boyton that he was unharmed and swam rapidly to the steamboat. "After that jump," Boyton greeted him, "the Brooklyn Bridge should be easy."

But Odlum wanted first to earn enough money to repay his sister's loan. For a short time he supervised a resort at Lower Cedar Point, Va., and in July, 1882, he saved three persons from drowning within a space of three days. Although one of the men he rescued was Sky Colfax, 16-year-old son of former Vice-President Schuyler Colfax, Odlum never received any financial reward for his bravery. If it bothered him, he didn't show it. To Odlum swimming itself was sufficient reward, and early the next month, purely for pleasure, he swam 18 miles from Fortress Monroe to Ocean View and back.

In 1883 Odlum, deciding to emulate Boyton, obtained a rubber suit and embarked on an exhibition tour. He did not seem to enjoy the one-day stands and a typical entry in his diary read: "March 15—Went into water today. Dumb assistant. Suit leaked."

On May 24, 1883, an event that was to determine Odlum's future took place. Thirteen years after construction had begun, the Brooklyn Bridge was formally opened. It was a bright, sunny Thursday and a million people flooded the banks of the East River to watch the ceremony. President Chester A. Arthur and New York Governor Grover Cleveland joined the mayors of New York and Brooklyn and proclaimed the official opening by walking gingerly across the bridge. Cannons firing from Governors Island and the Navy Yard drowned out the cheers of the spectators.

A few minutes before midnight the public began using the bridge. Within 24 hours, a quarter of a million people, each paying one cent, crossed the span between the two cities.

Odlum remained on tour for less than a year, long enough to contract a mild case of malaria. Then he returned to Washington and worked as a special policeman at Driver's Concert Garden, an usher in the National Theater and a clerk at Willard's Hotel. While he was holding the last job Odlum came to a decision. If he was ever going to raise the money to pay his debt, he reasoned, he would have to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge.

On Friday, May 15, 1885, Odlum said goodbye to his landlady, brushed off her fears about his safety and took a train to New York. He arrived Saturday and promptly set up headquarters in Captain Boyton's saloon. On Sunday, he walked back and forth across the bridge, accompanied by Henry Creelman, a reporter for the New York *Herald*. On Monday, despite Boyton's arguments, Odlum insisted he was going to jump.

By Tuesday, May 19, he had dismissed all doubts, but as he paced up Broadway to "The Ship," Odlum felt unusually nervous. A slight shiver danced down his spine. When he entered the tavern, the wagering was still going strong.

"I'll bet he's smashed into tiny pieces," one man yelled just as Odlum came through the swinging doors.

Boyton looked up from his table and saw Odlum pale for a second. "Everybody out," the captain said. "We've got some talking to do. Be at the bridge this afternoon and you can all watch Odlum jump."

The customers filed out, except for Odlum, Boyton, James Haggart and "Cool" Herbert. The four of them sat, solemn-faced, amid the uncommon quiet of the empty tavern.

"Are you positive that you still want to do it?" Boyton asked.

"I'm sure," Odlum answered, thinking both about his theory of high jumps and his need for money.

"Then I'll help you," Boyton said, thinking both about his friend and his $1,000 bet. "I'll hire a carriage and a wagon. Haggart will ride in the carriage. He'll go across the bridge first. He'll be dressed like a swimmer. Understand?"

Odlum and Haggart nodded in unison.

"You," Boyton said, pointing at Odlum, "will ride in front of the covered wagon with Herbert. You'll be dressed normally, as though you were making a delivery to Brooklyn. The police, I hope, will follow Haggart. He'll act suspicious and they'll think he's going to jump. Once their attention is diverted, you can go back inside the wagon, strip down and be ready to leap."

"That should work," Odlum agreed. "I know the point from which I want to jump. About one-third of the way across from New York."

"Good. Meanwhile I'll rent a tugboat and take it out into the East River. I'll get it close to the bridge and wait for you to jump. Afterward you can swim to the boat."

At 3:30 in the afternoon Boyton returned. "Everything is set," he told Odlum. "The carriage and the covered wagon are outside." Then he turned to the crowd at the bar. "If you want to see the jump," he said, "I'd advise you to get down to the bridge." In a few minutes "The Ship" was deserted again.

"How do you feel, Bob?" Boyton asked.

"Fine," Odlum lied, and rubbed his black mustache.

"I'd better be going now. I want to get the boat out. You should leave here about four. Good luck." Boyton shook hands with Odlum, waved at the others and walked out.

At 4:00 p.m., Odlum, Haggart and Herbert stepped out of the tavern. They saw a driver sitting in the carriage, but none in the wagon. "I'm not sure I can handle it," Herbert said. "Let's get someone to help us."

Odlum spotted a small boy coming down 29th Street. "Hello, son," he said. "Would you like to earn a few dollars?"

"I sure would, mister," said the boy, a Brooklynite named Albert Dowdell. "I have to buy a license for my dog."

"It's very simple, son," Odlum said. "Neither my friend nor I know how to handle this wagon. We're afraid the horse might be a little difficult. Can you do it?"

"That's easy, mister," the boy said. "I've worked in a stable."

A few minutes later, Haggart's carriage pulled away from "The Ship." Odlum, Herbert and their young driver followed in the wagon.

At 5:15, the carriage arrived at the gate by the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge, and the coachman paid the toll. The gatekeeper, who had been ordered to keep a sharp watch for Bob Odlum, suddenly gaped as the carriage rolled by him. He looked inside and saw a man in a bright blue shirt—a swimming shirt. The man semed to be trying to shield his face from view.

"It's Odlum," the gatekeeper shouted to the nearest police officer. "Watch this carriage." From all sides a dozen patrolmen converged on the carriage and formed a solid protective ring. Haggart, inside, grumbled menacingly and occasionally stared at the guard rail. The ring tightened around him. When Haggart gestured as though he were going to open the door, three policemen blocked it. The carriage slowed to a crawl. Even the pedestrians — by this time, there were thousands jamming the bridge—moved faster.

In the East River below, a tugboat called the *Charles Rumson* waited expectantly. Aboard it a tall, muscular man was looking up through a pair of binoculars. On the edge of the tug two men were preparing to lower a small rowboat into the river.

Some 200 feet and several vehicles behind the carriage, the covered wagon halted at the entrance to the bridge. The gatekeeper, who was trying to keep his eyes on "Odlum" in the carriage, paid scant attention to the boy and the two men. He collected the toll, waved the wagon on and turned toward the spectacle ahead. "That's a joke on the police," Odlum whispered to Herbert. "They aren't smart enough to get on to us in here."

Odlum climbed into the covered portion of the wagon as soon as it passed the gatekeeper. Quickly he pulled off the business suit he had been wearing and stripped down to tight gray shorts and a red shirt. He remained under cover until the wagon was one-third of the way across the bridge.

Suddenly Herbert grabbed the reins and steered the wagon toward the guard rail. Odlum darted out and, before a single policeman realized what had happened, leaped onto the rail. He glanced down at the tugboat and out past the lower tip of Manhattan to Governors Island. His face turned ashen. "My God," a policeman shouted. "we've been tricked. There's Odlum!"

The entire procession came to a halt. Thousands of people stopped and stared at the strange figure in the red-and-gray uniform. At exactly 5:35, Odlum raised his right arm straight over his head, pressed his left arm tightly against his side and, with a final look at the tugboat, jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge.

Ike Love, the captain of the *Charles Rumson*, watched in awe. "I saw something red," he said later, "coming through the air like a flash from the bridge."

political dodo like Mr. CHANDLER.

WASTED.

One of the saddest features in regard to ODLUM's death is that the man was wasted. Few people had ever heard of him before he made his fatal leap. He had occasionally jumped from various heights into the water, but his jumps were unostentatious and the public was never made to suffer from them. There was really no reason why the man should not have lived for many years and no one have been the worse for it.

ODLUM is dead, but BOYTON and many other well known persons are still painfully alive. There was every reason why BOYTON should have jumped from the bridge. For the last ten years the public has endured his advertising voyages in his rubber suit, and he has never failed to outrage public decency by arriving safely at his destination. Had he decided to jump from the bridge there is not a man in this city who would have been so heartless as to interfere with him. The very policemen would have forgotten their orders and would have turned their backs on BOYTON as soon as he made his appearance on the bridge. Indeed, it would have been easy to raise by popular subscription a large sum of money to induce BOYTON to jump.

But Mr. BOYTON, instead of satisfying the longings of his fellow-citizens, has never dreamed of jumping from the bridge. He has remained safely ashore and encouraged a poor harmless lunatic to make the leap. Several other men, every one of whom was in every way adapted to jump off the bridge, imitated BOYTON's example and helped ODLUM to throw himself away. We naturally feel sorry that ODLUM was wasted, but our sorrow that these men did not jump in his place is necessarily greater.

Vicious editorial attack on Boyton ran in N.Y. *Times* three days after tragedy.

For 100 feet Odlum shot down gracefully, his legs slicing the air, his arms stiffly positioned. Then, abruptly, Odlum hit a wind shaft. His arms flapped and his legs kicked out violently. Instead of cutting the water feet-first as he had planned, Odlum struck on his right side. A fountain of water erupted 20 feet high. "He made it," said Henry Dixey, the actor, who stood on the tugboat and held a gold stop watch, "in three and a half seconds."

For fully half a minute Odlum disappeared below the murky surface of the East River. Then he floated up, face down and motionless. Captain Boyton ripped off his shirt, dove off the edge of the tug and swam to Odlum's side. He grabbed the unconscious man around the waist and, battling a fierce tide, paddled 50 yards back to the *Charles Rumson*.

At 5:45, Boyton hoisted Odlum onto the tugboat. Odlum regained consciousness and opened his mouth. "Is that you, Cap?" he said.

"Yes, Bob," Boyton said.

"Did I make the leap?"

"Yes."

"What kind of a jump did I make?"

"A fine one," Boyton said. "One hundred and forty-six feet."

"I'm glad," Odlum said and passed out.

Boyton and Dixey carried Odlum to the cook's galley, a small, dark room filled with food and filth. Odlum showed no symptoms of drowning, but bright red blood spurted from his mouth. Boyton tride to pour a shot of brandy down his throat.

"It's arterial blood," a crew member said. "He's dying."

Odlum revived momentarily and tried to sit up. "Am I spitting blood?" he murmured.

"No," Boyton lied. "It is only the brandy."

At 6:15, as the tugboat was tying up at Old Slip wharf, near the lower tip of Manhattan, Odlum clutched at the table. At 6:18, while a deckhand was running to get an ambulance, Robert Emmett Odlum died.

The men who had been aboard the *Charles Rumson* were taken to Old Slip police station. Boyton, Dixey and the others faced punishment under section 175 of the New York State Penal Code: "A person who willfully in any manner advises, encourages, abets or assists another person in taking the latter's life is guilty of manslaughter in the first degree."

On the bridge Haggart, too, was arrested and charged with disorderly conduct for "disrobing in a public place." But Coroner Kennedy, who diagnosed the cause of Odlum's death as internal hemorrhaging, decided that all the prisoners should be released. "Odlum alone," the coroner said, "was to blame for his death."

After he was set free, Boyton wired Odlum's mother in Washington: ROBERT E. ODLUM JUMPED OFF BROOKLYN BRIDGE AND WAS KILLED. BODY RECOVERED. PLEASE NOTIFY WHAT DISPOSITION TO BE MADE OF BODY.

The next day, acting under orders from Mrs. Catherine Odlum, Boyton shipped the body to Washington. Odlum was laid out in a rosewood coffin and hundreds of curiosity seekers stormed the funeral parlor. Among the floral designs there was a scale replica of the Brooklyn Bridge. Later, during the procession to Mount Olivet Cemetery, 600 people watched the final trip of the first man to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge.

Today no one remembers Bob Odlum. Stop a man in New York City and ask him, "Who was the first man to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge?" You find only one answer. "Steve Brodie, of course."

Steve Brodie was the first man to leap —and live. On July 23, 1886, 14 months after Odlum died, Brodie, a rugged Irishman from New York's Fourth Ward, jumped 120 feet into the East River and swam safely to shore.

But even Brodie's accomplishment has been dimmed by time. There are historians who insist that he never really jumped. They claim Brodie went out under the bridge in a boat and then dove into the water. Although there were no reliable witnesses to Brodie's feat, his name has become synonomous with daring achievements. And Bob Odlum, who was first to jump in front of thousands of observers, is completely forgotten. •

DID A WOMAN DIE WITH CUSTER?

Continued from page 31

Annie Jones, who loved danger and courage and was quick to give her heart, deserted Custer's fellow Brigadier, Judson Kilpatrick, for the more thrilling company of George Armstrong Custer. Kilpatrick was young and he was handsome, and he had a reputation as a ladies' man. But he was no Custer.

Kilpatrick knew it and he didn't like it. Like many other officers, Kilpatrick resented the amount of newspaper space that Custer, scarcely two years out of West Point, was receiving. When he lost not only glory but also his mistress to the Boy General, it was too much. He denounced her as a Rebel spy. Here, from a sworn statement given to the provost marshal of Washington, is Annie's story:

"When I . . . went to the front as the friend and companion of Gen. Custer . . . Gen. Kilpatrick became very jealous of Gen. Custer's attentions to me, and went to Gen. (George G.) Meade's headquarters and charged me with being a Rebel Spy."

Annie had come to Washington in 1861, when she was only 17, seeking a job as a nurse in an Army hospital. Turned down because of her tender years, she talked an elderly general into giving her a pass to visit the Army camps around Baltimore. She was, besides being good-looking, an orphan without friends or funds and it was only natural that she found a good many generals who were anxious to "protect" her.

Kilpatrick's charges ended Annie's idyll with Custer. And they opened a long series of misfortunes for her. She was arrested immediately and committed to Old Capitol Prison in Washington. Annie used her charms to make her stay in jail as pleasant as possible. "During the time of my confinement," she says, "I became intimately acquainted with Capt. Mix, Mr. John S. Lockwood, the Supt. Clerk, and others." These gentlemen did their best to make Annie comfortable. One of them provided her with a new wardrobe, and later confessed that she had "more privileges than any other prisoner in my memory."

What Custer really thought of her doesn't appear in the record. Annie only hints at it, and Custer himself would hardly have committed his feelings to writing. But the fact remains that he must have thought enough of her to steal her from a brother officer—an open and dangerous insult that not even Custer would have risked for an ordinary woman.

Annie, always the realist, must have understood Custer's motives when he told Gen. Meade, in a formal report, that Annie was nothing to him—just a pest who hung around his headquarters. Necessity dictated Custer taking such a cold line, whether or not there was any truth in Annie's story that he was her lover. This was in March 1864, when Custer was married only a month to Libby, and he had a brilliant career opening before him. Annie must have known that she'd have to be sacrificed to these considerations. And, like Custer, she must have figured that she'd have little trouble finding a new protector.

In his report to Meade, Custer said that Annie first "became known" to him in the autumn of 1863, while he was encamped with his brigade at Warrenton Junction, Md. "She stayed at my headquarters about one week," said Custer, "and desired to stay longer, but I denied her permission to do so."

There is no explanation why he asked her to leave, but it could have been that Kilpatrick was already kicking up a fuss. Whatever the reason, Annie went. But Custer hadn't seen the last of her.

A few weeks later, he reported, she showed up at his new camp near Hartwood Church, Va. Wrapped in Army blankets against the bitter cold, she rode all the way from Washington in an unheated, jouncing ambulance thick with the stench of old blood. Custer, according to his report, was not glad to see her. He asked her to leave at once.

"But it being nearly dark and she representing herself as very much fatigued from having ridden nearly 30 miles, I gave her permission to delay her departure until morning."

This was the last night that Annie Jones and Custer spent within reach of one another. Their connection, whatever it had been, was ended. But Custer could not desert her entirely. He protested to Meade against the foolish charge that she was a spy. "I do not believe that she is or ever has been a spy," he wrote.

In the August CAVALIER:

Marine Lt. Presley O'Bannon leads a force of Leathernecks

TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI

On Sale JUNE 26

"This part of her reputation has been gained by her impudence." With a professional admiration for impetuous behavior, Custer added: "Her whole object and purpose in being with the Army seemed to be to distinguish herself by some deed of daring. In this respect . . . she seemed to be insane."

When it became obvious that none of her friends in the Army were going to

help her much, Annie took direct action. She wrote a four-page letter to President Lincoln. Lincoln immediately ordered Secretary of War Stanton to investigate her case. Annie, who in the meantime had been transferred to a prison near Boston, was soon released after signing a parole in which she promised not to cross into Confederate territory until the end of the war. She retreated to Boston to live with her guardian, a Methodist minister named Phineas Stowe. Life in a parsonage no longer suited Annie, however, and in 1865 she wrote a sad letter to Secretary Stanton, asking his permission to go to New Orleans. She wanted, she said, to offer her services again as a nurse. In every line of the Stanton letter is the unspoken grief of a woman who has been burned by life and who is trying, without much success, to make a new start. "The yellow fever or the climate might," she wrote, "happily relieve me of all apprehension as to the future in this world. Give me passage to New Orleans and I will never trouble you further."

If Stanton ever answered Annie's letter, there is no record of it. She was never heard from again.

Toward the end of the war Libby Custer, living alone in a Washington boardinghouse and recoiling in disgust from the "Sodom and Gomorrah" that was the war-time capital, had some reassurance about her new husband's moral condition. Custer had long since conquered Demon Rum, after finding that two drinks put him right under the table, and he never smoked or chewed. His only remaining vice—except for women—was an unfortunate tendency to cuss the enemy in the heat of battle. This worried Libby, and when he wrote to her that he had fought one whole skirmish with J.E.B. Stuart without staining his lips with profanity, she was overjoyed.

Custer played his hero role right up to the final minute of the war. He led the last cavalry charge against the Confederates, and when Lee sent out the white flag it was Custer who galloped out to meet it.

After the surrender, the Army found itself with a lot more brevet major generals than it could use. Custer reverted to his permanent rank of lieutenant colonel, and was sent to the plains to herd the Cheyennes back to the reservation. At the head of the 7th Cavalry, he accomplished his mission, with time out to take Libby buffalo hunting on one of her visits—and to break Me-o-tzi's heart. Then, in 1869, he took leave and visited political friends in Chicago. The Chicago *Times* noted his presence with a story about his night life. Faithfully, Custer reported the item to his wife. "The *Times*," he wrote to Libby, "a bitter, copperhead sheet, informed the public that I am pursuing blondes instead of the dusky maidens of the plains."

A couple of years later, Custer went to New York to mend political fences and to try to sell some gold mine stock he had acquired. Again he left Libby behind, but he kept her informed of his activities, and of the shameful conduct of some of their friends, who were living in sin with women other than their wives. Especially, he kept Libby up to date on his companionship with a certain Miss Kellogg, a singer on the musical comedy stage. In Custer's letters to Libby, Miss Kellogg, despite her occupation, appears to be a very refined lady indeed. She tells Custer that she is revolted by men who wear brown socks and can't spell, and confides that the General is one of only two gentlemen who have escorted her in public. Once, calling for her at her house, Custer found her not yet dressed. He waited, he told Libby, in the next room while Miss Kellogg put on her clothes, and the rustling of starched petticoats and the dainty aroma of sachet reminded him of home.

Libby showed no jealousy at Custer's attentions to Miss Kellogg, but she did want an explanation when he dropped this bombshell in the middle of an otherwise routine letter:

"One of the young ladies," he wrote, "has evidently taken quite a fancy to your Bo. She makes no effort at concealment. She said, 'Oh why are you married?' I said, 'Well, I found a girl I loved. And if you knew her you would love her too.' This fancy of hers was not induced by any advance of mine . . . I really think she is a good girl, but cannot control herself."

As much as women swarmed around Custer, he never—for Libby's benefit at least—seemed to lose his school-boy innocence about them, and it's a wonder that Libby didn't dent his skull for some of the things he wrote to her. On his New York trip, he encountered another girl who made bold eyes at him but, as always, he put temptation behind him—or so he told his wife.

"There is a beautiful girl," he wrote, "eighteen or nineteen, blonde, who has walked past the hotel several times trying to attract my attention. Twice, for sport, I followed her. She turns and looks me square in the face, to give me a chance to speak to her. I have not done so yet."

Whether Custer ever did converse with the young blonde is not recorded. His New York trip was a partial success—he managed to get rid of some of his mine stock, and he made enough political hay to get assigned to a soft post in Kentucky for two years.

But in 1876, Custer went back to the plains. At the head of the 7th Cavalry again, he led the expedition against Sitting Bull, in the depths of the Montana Territory. There, at the age of 37, he died.

Except for a few scraps of paper in a secret file in Washington and the memory of an old Cheyenne squaw, now dead, Custer's romantic secrets went with him to his grave. From the old documents and the faded letters, you can piece together some of the places to which his heart strayed—to Me-o-tzi, to Annie Jones, to Miss Kellogg, to the young ladies of Chicago and New York.

But who knows where his heart stayed? He could have had, as the man said, any woman in North America, and maybe he did have a few. But the one he always came back to was Libby Custer, who never had any doubt that he was as pure and true as he said he was. •

L A'S CHIEF PARKER AMERICA'S MOST HATED COP

Continued from page 13

gut-shot or ice-picked in the heart of the community.

At 1:30 a.m., not many weeks after Parker became chief, his phone rang at home. He had his first gang murder to solve. Sam Rummell, a socialite and wealthy underworld attorney, had been slain in front of his $50,000 villa in the Laurel Canyon hills.

Parker arrived almost as fast as his detectives. Rummell's body was curled up near the garage with half the neck blown away. Behind a tree, 29 feet away, was a 12-gauge Remington shotgun. The ambush had been a professional job—except for the odd fact that the slayer had left his weapon behind.

It soon became discouragingly plain why he'd left it. The gun was of obsolete manufacture—1901. It fired antiquated 3/16-of-an-inch slugs. Tracing it would be next to impossible.

Nevertheless, by a stupendous amount of backchecking, Parker and Detective Chief Thad Brown (whose name should be familiar to Dragnet fans) ran down the blunderbuss to a small Kansas town, where it had been given away as a premium award in 1905, and thence to a railroad hand, who stole it, and from there through various hands to a pawn shop frequented by Tony Broncato, a strong-arm hoodlum currently in Los Angeles. Broncato had good reason to rub Rummell. Parker began to weave a web of evidence around him.

The only trouble was that Broncato, along with Tony Trombino, another gunman, were shot right out from under the chief. One evening they were found pistoled to death in the front seat of their automobile.

Splattered-about brain tissue was the only lead Parker had. Yet he came up with a name and hard evidence to take into court.

Hiring a suite of rooms in the Ambassador Hotel (for privacy from the press), the chief pulled in seven prime suspects, sat them around a table and conducted a unique mass interrogation. It lasted three days, during which neither Parker nor the racket boys slept. Eventually, he figured, one of them would break. On the third day, one of the seven wandered into wrong answers and showed extreme agitation. His name: Jimmy "The Weasel" Fratianno, an ex-Cleveland convict and high-ranking Mafia member.

Parker was jubilant. He had a big one. "We have a solid case against Fratianno," he told District Attorney Ernest Roll. "We can place him with Broncato the day of the killing and almost trace him to the scene of the crime."

To the chief's shock, Roll refused to issue an indictment. Without a murder gun to place in evidence, said Roll, he wouldn't try Fratianno. And a gun Parker didn't have.

It was the beginning of a Parker-Roll feud which kept L.A. in a legalistic uproar—the D.A. charging that Parker was "arrest-happy" and Parker railing that Roll was a timid weakling. The two argued over what constitutes sufficient evidence with which to prosecute right up to Roll's death in 1956. Backers of Roll remain some of the worst enemies Parker has today. The chief claims their opposition hamstrings his department in delivering obvious gangsters to the death chamber. Opponents retort that Parker wants convictions first—and proof later.

Fratianno walked free (although to meet up with Parker again, and disastrously). The L.A. underworld laughed heartily. Editorial pages asked, "When will Parker do something? Is he to be another failure as the city's protector?"

Feeling dizzy by now, Parker caught it from another quarter. On Christmas Day, 1951, seven Mexican-American youths were arrested during a barroom brawl. Their lawyers submitted photographic proof that they had been brought to Central Station, piled upon by more than a dozen cops and brutally beaten. One youth—weighing 114 pounds—had a pierced bladder and broken ribs. "Blood of the boys was so thick on the station house floor," testified one witness before the grand jury, "that the attacking officers slipped and fell in it."

"Bloody Christmas" became the town's hottest issue. It boiled up higher when Anthony Rios, 37-year-old Mexican community leader, sued Parker and the LAPD for $150,000. "I was stripped and beaten at Hollenbeck Station until I could hardly stand," Rios told jurors. Rios showed them the scars.

Citizens organized to throw Parker out of office. Called onto the witness stand, he was denounced by Municipal Judge Joseph Call for permitting "lawless law enforcement and anarchy" by his men. The jury sent four cops to jail, fined a

fifth, forced Parker to suspend others.

The argument by the chief that his men, originally, had been attacked—that in similar instances cops had been killed in the Mexican section—drew no water.

If the embattled Bill Parker is anything, however, he is a man who rallies well from setbacks. He assigned a special unit known as the Bureau of Internal Affairs to screen the conduct of each of his 4,000-odd officers. Discipline tightened until some cops quit in protest. Psychiatric examination of all police cadets was instituted by Parker. In one year he fired from the force 22 men with "goon" tendencies. Since 1951, there has been no repetition of "Bloody Christmas" in Los Angeles.

More important to his success than that was the man named Jimmy Fratianno . . . still walking free and symbolizing open gangsterism in southern California.

Parker says now, "I wanted him so bad I could taste it."

On a 1953 day, two oil-field promoters informed LAPD Intelligence Division chief Jim Hamilton that a muscleman resembling Fratianno had threatened to kill them unless they dealt him into their business. "We've hit a rich field. We've been offered $15 million for it," they said. "But this guy wants two per cent—$300,000. If we don't agree, he'll cut out our tongues and shoot us afterward."

"He tell you this personally?" asked Hamilton.

"Yes, but mostly he threatens us over the phone."

Parker and Hamilton hardly dared hope that it was Fratianno. Or, if it was, that he'd continue to be so careless. They tapped one of the oilmen's phones. Recorded on tape came the Mafia executioner's unmistakable voice, mouthing some of the most vicious threats either of them had ever heard. Among other touches, eyes of the children of the oil operators would be gouged out.

Parker's airtight case was more than Fratianno's battery of lawyers could handle. For extortion, Jimmy the Weasel drew a 5-15 year stretch in San Quentin.

Suddenly the mobs found Parker hitting them from every side. Joe and Fred Sica—called the "conviction-proof California Capones" by the State Crime Commission—believed a public telephone booth was safe for supervising their extensive bookie spots. It was tapped and the Sicas went to jail. A furtive-looking "man and wife" checked into the seemingly respectable Southwest Hospital on Manchester Boulevard. They carried a wire-recorder miniaturized to fit into a cigarette package. When Parker's plainclothes team left, an abortion ring doing $1.5 million annually was in handcuffs. Not even Mickey Cohen escaped. After 11 years of hustling and mocking three previous L.A. chiefs, Cohen was wired for sound and sent to McNeil Island Federal Prison for $156,000 worth of income-tax evasion.

Battle lines have been extended since, with this modern-day result: where organized gang slayings once were every-Saturday-night fun, *not one* has happened in Los Angeles in the past five years. Today the FBI regards L.A. Syndicate leaders as "tamed rats." They are under control and largely out of business. Parker's success has been thorough—not even his critics can deny it.

"I'll tell you why," says L.A. Police Commissioner Emmett McGaughey, a former FBI agent. "Parker's Intelligence set-up is unique. It's organized like the Army's G-2—precision-trained to anticipate the enemy. Intelligence has about 40 experts who do nothing but study the mobs and plot their intentions. When a new crook shows up, Parker knows what time he wakes up, where he buys his toothpaste and how many drinks it takes to loosen his tongue. He knows them so well they're afraid to make a move."

Yet for using the very tools that made for this situation, Parker regularly is roasted up and down California.

The most controversial of all his actions was the Cahan case of 1955. Charley

Cahan, a handsome lad of 31 with a stable of Hollywood starlets, masterminded what police say was easily the largest gambling operation in local history. "He had concubines, liquor by the case, a lavish penthouse, Cadillacs," reports an LAPD dossier on Cahan. "All this came from millions he took in from off-track bets. He had literally scores of agents milking the city."

Cahan was so big that he needed three interlocked organizations—a central bookkeeping system located near Los Angeles Coliseum; a callback system (by which bettors were required to phone twice and re-identify themselves, to avoid a police "plant"); and a system of alternate "spots," or rooms, which could immediately take over the action for any other spot that was raided.

"He was so big," Parker bitterly injects, "that many people assumed he was paying for police protection. He was NOT! We worked for months just to get close to him."

A hackneyed stunt, ironically, got Cahan.

Detectives sent a "termite inspector" to the building housing Cahan's accountants and, with the permission of the owner, installed dictographs. The playback proved Cahan's handle wasn't far off what many tracks rake in. The judge handed him a five-year probationary sentence, 90 days in jail and a $2,000 fine.

"Cahan pled guilty," says Parker. "Remember that."

In May, 1955, Cahan appealed to the California Supreme Court. He obtained a reversal and walked out free. Because secret microphones had been used, the

high court found, the bookie had been the victim of "illegal search and seizure," as defined by a U.S. Supreme Court decision of 1954.

When Parker blows up, he is a spectacular sight. The walls of the Police Building rocked and the chief tore into the court's ruling before the State Judiciary Committee. In the future, he pointed out, bookies would have a legal license to steal and the LAPD would be rendered powerless.

All that this gained Parker was a vote of no confidence from the press and public. "Parker would violate the law to enforce it," came back the court sternly. "We cannot tolerate the commission of a crime—the violation of the inalienable right of every man to privacy—even when it results in the apprehension of a criminal."

In Parker's view, this is rank stupidity. Gambling, and narcotics traffic (the two fields where listening devices are most vital to the law) have tripled in Los Angeles since the pivotal Cahan verdict. He intends to fight it out as one chief willing to buck popular opinion on wiretaps-dictographs if it takes the rest of his years in service.

The reader undoubtedly has his own views on unrestricted police eavesdropping. But hear Parker once more—

"CAVALIER should warn its readers that so-called 'unreasonable search' has become a mania in this country. Not long ago, one of my officers spotted two men entering a warehouse at night. Searching them for a gun, he found marijuana on one suspect. The user was brought in and booked—and then turned loose by a California court!

"Why? Because we 'had no right to run our hands over the suspect in such a detailed manner.' You don't look for a hidden gun by patting a crook on the hip pockets. Especially in a dark warehouse when you're one against two. Do you see how they're tearing down police authority bit by bit?

"Getting back to Charley Cahan," he goes on, "we had to wait until 1956 to get him, and make it stick. He tried a robbery job and we finally put him away in San Quentin—he's up there now."

Parker once played a prominent role in sending a beautiful, oversexed blonde to the cyanide chamber, and he's still hearing accusations that he did it illegally.

This time the issue was "free and voluntary testimony"—the question of just when and how a suspect may be made to talk.

It opened in 1953 with the clubbing to death in her home of Mabel Monohan, a Burbank, Calif., widow who was friendly with Las Vegas gamblers. The gamblers were believed by various thieves to be hiding money on the Monohan premises. Thus a motive for murder. After many false turns, the LAPD Detective Bureau was informed by an ex-con and stoolpigeon, Baxter Shorter, that the guilty parties were three safecrackers and former jailbirds named Barbara Graham, Jack Santo and Emmett Perkins.

"Barbara," explained Shorter, "is a two-way babe. She likes it with anybody."

By "two-way," Shorter meant that the Graham woman, a statuesque, movie-type blonde, was bisexual.

"And Santo is the guy you've been looking for on those killings up in Auburn," went on Shorter.

(In Auburn, Calif., a man and four children had been horribly butchered, then stuffed into the trunk of a car.)

After long sleuthing, which established the accuracy of Shorter's information, detectives located Barbara and her two pals cozily nestled together in an apartment house bed, picked them up and went to work to get a confession. But not before Parker suffered an awful jolt. Baxter Shorter, his star witness, was abducted at gunpoint from his apartment.

Without him, the case could go up in smoke.

Grilling the hard-case Santo and Perkins proved futile, so Parker and his strategists arranged for a good-looking sergeant, masquerading as the boy friend of another female "prisoner," to get acquainted with Barbara while visiting the jail. After a while, Barbara had a sexual yen for both the other "prisoner" *and* her boy friend. To them she babbled the truth of her guilt—also that of Santo and Perkins—and pleaded with them to

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"Follow that ca-- Oh, never mind."

arrange her an alibi for the day of the murder.

When the miniphone tape-recording of their conversation was played in court, pandemonium broke. Defense lawyers shouted, "Entrapment! She was tricked into an involuntary confession!"

Parker retorted that no physical pressure or any other form of persuasion had been used on the Graham woman, that she'd merely been given an opportunity to stop lying—and had.

Many legal interpreters still condemn Parker for arranging for a suspect to put the noose around her own neck—but in Parker's book, in a case like this, involving the indisputably guilty, the end jutifies the means.

The jury's verdict backed him up and the killers of at least six people were executed.

(Shorter was never seen again and today is presumed dead.)

Because Parker is such a dedicated cop, many who know him think of him as a refinement of one of the crime-election machines he's brought into the L.A.P.D. As the heat in the chief's chair grows, his personal life gets welded closer to his professional life.

When it all becomes too much for him, he drives out to his Silver Lake home and takes a long walk with his two Cairn terriers. His only other relaxation is fishing and hunting. He gave up night clubs and drinking because of his rising blood pressure, and also, friends claim, because of a trap set by his enemies. The chief once enjoyed an occasional glass and the Strauss waltzes at a German restaurant. But no longer. The plot—discovered just in time—was to spike his drink and photograph Cleanup Bill out cold on the floor. "Attempts to frame me happen all the time," he says, shrugging. "Usually, a woman is the gimmick. I never let a strange woman get me alone. I watch those dark corners, too."

Three anonymous threats to bomb his house were received in one recent day. Another time, a deputy sheriff learned that Parker was to be ambushed while driving through a wooded area on Los Feliz Boulevard. A crack shot, Parker insisted on driving alone through the woods, his snub-nosed .38 at his side. The assassins, evidently sensing the area was staked out, didn't appear.

An LAPD prowl car now picks up the chief at his home each morning and returns him at night. His wife (they have no children) keeps a .38 handy at all times.

Home for the Parkers is a modest cottage in a middle-class district. Here he has what he calls, wryly, the "Parker TV monitoring system," in which he and his wife flip the dial to learn what new outcry has been raised against him. Once, in a few evenings' listening, he heard:

1) That he "persecuted free-thinking minority groups" (the attorney making the charge was and is a known Communist).

2) That as chief he had no business campaigning for Eisenhower's re-election (L.A. Democrats agree: Republicans say Parker can make all the speeches he likes).

3) That his "Gestapo" was too tough on traffic violators (killed-and-injured traffic toll in L.A. yearly is 24,000).

4) That his force was inefficient and generally no good (Parker had just been cited by J. Edgar Hoover for outstanding enforcement).

Another bone of contention is the *Dragnet* TV show. Jack Webb's *Dragnet* is based on actual LAPD cases and gets Parker's cooperation. Much too much, say detractors. They believe the modest fee *Dragnet* pays officers for story ideas ($100), plus $150 for technical advice in some instances, is a form of rake-off.

Webb conceived the idea for *Dragnet* after LAPD Detective Marty Wynn suggested he do a show presenting the police as they really are. The radio version of *Dragnet* began in 1949. Two years later it was the most popular program on the air. Then Webb launched the TV *Dragnet* which also zoomed to the top through its realistic handling of police work.

In his film version of *Dragnet*, Webb delivered an impassioned plea for the use of wiretapping in police work—a view which Parker heartily endorses. The chief argues that *Dragnet* is the best publicity-good-will vehicle a force ever had.

A guarded view of the hard-nosed, unbending police chief is noted in official City Hall circles. Possibly because Parker once received an emergency call from Central Station, regarding a City Councilman picked up on a sex-perversion offense. "What shall we do?" asked the desk man.

"Book him," replied Parker.

The desk pointed out that the councilman could do damage to the police budget, that he would deny the charges and would sue.

"Book him," snapped Parker, "or I'll come down there and do it myself!"

The councilman no longer holds office and City Hall couldn't walk more carefully around the chief if he was mined with fragmentation bombs.

In Hollywood, things are ambivalent. Respect is there. But so is hatred and fear. Some justification for the latter can be found. Frank Sinatra, for instance, was soundly asleep in his Palm Springs, Calif. home at 4:00 a.m. of February 16, 1957. All at once there rushed in two L.A. detectives and a policewoman. Over the singer's objections, they served him with a subpoena to appear as a witness before a Congressional committee inquiring into movietown scandal. Sinatra

pulled on his pants and yelled for lawyers. Palm Springs is 106 miles from Los Angeles, far out of Parker's bailiwick.

It was a clear case of trampling on Sinatra's civil rights. The Police Commission had the chief on the carpet. Newspapers blasted him anew. Parker could only make apologies.

Just as factually, however, Hollywood gives him small reason to be fond of it. With only 160,000 population, it averages 90 rapes, 250 robberies, 1,500 burglaries, 1,600 bum checks, 700 car thefts and half a dozen murders annually. While his undermanned staff gropes with these, Parker gets a case like The Kidnap of the Dimpled Blonde—Marie (The Body) McDonald.

Collectors of esoteric trivia know all about Marie's "snatching." For those not informed, the picture beauty, in January of 1957, displayed bruises to back up her story that two swarthy men had abducted her from her San Fernando Valley home. They took her to a desert hideout, drugged her, raped her, forced her to perform vile physical acts and finally dumped her from their car near Indio, California. Or so moaned Marie.

PHOTO CREDITS

Page 11, 12, INP; Page 13, WW; Page 30, Culver; Page 42, Bettman Archive; Page 43, 44, Connecticut State Library; Page 48, 49, Culver; Page 50, l, Underwood and Underwood, r, Culver; Page 51, Culver.

Banner headlines. Mysterious witnesses. Lawyers representing more witnesses. A diamond ring which Marie allegedly secreted to foil the kidnapers. Hints that Hollywood big-shots had arranged the affair for publicity.

"And one devil of a headache for Parker," says Parker, wincing. "It cost us more man-hours than anything that's happened around here."

To get at the truth, Parker and his aides set up movie cameras in Marie's home. They asked her to re-enact the whole crime. The Body did, with quivering enthusiasm. Junior-grade cops watching her pulsating performance—in four acts—were so sold that they had to be restrained from rushing out and beating the bushes for the two thugs immediately.

Parker remained skeptical. Although pressure mounted and Marie's attorney, the famed Jerry Geisler, demanded that Parker launch a manhunt, the chief pointed out various holes in her story. The grand jury agreed. It refused, thumbs down, to return any "John Doe" indictments. A Hollywood spokesman said: "Parker dislikes the movie industry so much he's willing to let two rapists run loose."

But the chief was vindicated 14 months later. In March of this year, Marie hit Page One again. She charged that her husband, Harry Karl ("he hates me") had engineered the kidnaping. Parker gave Karl a lie-detector test. It showed him innocent.

"Now bring in that woman," Parker said grimly.

Marie bounced in brightly on the arm of Geisler. One hour and 10 minutes later, she emerged from the session with Parker, wilted and sobbing out another retraction—this time that Karl hadn't been involved. She'd lied, she confessed, for purposes of revenge.

Case closed—Parker hopes. And another $50,000 of police funds wasted.

And a final word from Hollywood:

"Parker," they now grumble along the Sunset Strip, "probably used a rubber hose on poor Marie."

Whatever he does, William Henry Parker, a stellar paradox of our time, can't win in merry L.A.

A total of 272 Los Angeles taxpayers have filed legal actions against Parker, claiming a total $12 million in damages. Minority Spanish-speaking elements have demanded Parker's head, and so has Paul Ziffern, the Democratic National Committeeman from California. A huge civil-liberties front in Los Angeles wants him ousted. Parker roughly estimates that 500 death threats have been aimed at him. Cop animosity is as old as the penal system, but in the case of Parker, even his own district attorney, city judges and State Supreme Court have joined in the verbal rubber-nosing. "I'm the most-sued man in the United States," says the chief with bitter triumph. "But they've never shaken me in my duty. And they've never collected a nickel from me yet."

Behind the running battle is that word "duty." *Nuestra Senora la Reina de los Angeles,* to give the place its full sonorous title, is a city which shucked off its inhibitions with Spanish rule, roared through the 1930's with a political administration so corrupt it finally blew the roof off City Hall, reformed briefly before becoming in the 1950's a Little Chicago for concentration of big-time mobsters, and today is said by the State Attorney General to produce one-half the criminal activity in California.

Last year it had 1,260 rapes, 162 murders, 26,000 burglaries, 154 kidnapings and 46,000 assorted major larcenies. Also it has 5,500,000 people strewn about its 453 square miles (plus environs), the largest civic area on earth and one of the most difficult to patrol. A good percentage of the inhabitants like to drink, gamble and wench, and they resent having to travel to Las Vegas or Tijuana for these sports. If anything, they find a shortage in the local facilities available—3,400 bars, three horse tracks, 1,500 bookies, 20 strip joints, 200 legal poker tables, Hollywood and the Sunset Strip.

Parker, on the other hand, is a man with little or no bend, a zealot. He worked his way up from the ranks, is a devout Roman-Catholic, and believes he can clean up L.A., if given his way. His way often is the violent way. It eliminates the fix and favors no one. "If we have to break heads to keep order," he remarks of his 4,500-man force, "we break them. And influence is no good around this town any more."

The result is a series of head-on clashes which rock the old pueblo almost daily. Almost any night you tune in TV in the City of the Angels you hear someone

naming Cleanup Bill Parker as a Gestapo boss, a wiretapping snoop, a bluenose, or a race-hater.

In 1954, President Eisenhower arrived at International Airport. The terminal swarmed with an unusual number of police, Secret Service agents and sheriff's squads. Shaking hands, Ike said, "So this is Bill Parker. I've heard of you, yes, sir." To an aide he inquired of the protective army, "Who's all this for—me or the chief?"

In any average month, the LAPD books 9,500 citizens for gambling, drunkenness and disturbing the peace. For merely *appearing* on the street in a tipsy condition, Angelenos are booked, fingerprinted and brought to trial. Parker has put the formal horse parlor for processing bets out of business, dried up prostitution, kept the heat on collapsible crap tables and clamped down on lewd shows. Dice games and wheels are scarce in L.A. Strippers can't bare their nipples and G-strings stay anchored. But the single biggest complaint against him is the allegation that he uses illicit wiretaps and other electronic listeners to gather evidence. The Supreme Court, in 1954, abolished such tactics. Parker denies he violates the federal ruling. But he's openly in rebellion against the law, and one of the loudest remaining voices in the U.S. campaigning for the legalized use of "bugs" and taps.

"While we're refused these tools," he says heatedly, "the Mafia and Las Vegas syndicates have moved into southern California in force. They're waiting to start a crime spree the likes of which no city ever saw—policy, narcotics, extortion, white slavery, the works.

"They're going to succeed, too, I'm afraid. The whole trend today is to build a protective wall around the hoodlum. The courts leave the police nothing to fight back with."

The chief's stand is so unpopular that a special measure was passed by the California Supreme Court last August 7, prohibiting him from using police funds to buy or plant bugging equipment in any private home or office. "Nobody is safe from Parker!" cries Paul Ziffern, the state Democratic Party leader. "He shields from legitimate arrest his operatives who pry into every home against all Constitutional guarantee of privacy."

Ziffern's view has many supporters. But there are other substantial sources—such as F.B.I. agents, working closely with Parker—who defend him and testify that he abides (if with extreme reluctance) with the restrictions against eavesdropping on John Doe. On another point, there is no question. A craftily-organized campaign to humiliate Parker and harass him out of office goes on in Los Angeles, and with the backing of some highly-placed Californians. Many have secret criminal tie-ups which are worth millions.

Those who question Parker's dedication have only to look at the chief to get the answer. He is paid $18,500 a year—less than the earnings of any bail bondsmen located around the corner from the Police Building. After eight years in office, he has aged so greatly that his friends are alarmed. Most of his hair has gone. He has high blood pressure and a jumpy stomach. He can neither smoke nor drink ("I used to like a shot of bourbon," he says, "but my plumbing won't handle it.") At home, his wife, Helen—there are no children—must keep a .38 handy at all times. An intellectual cop who reads the classics and worked his way through law school, he could make far more money practicing corporate or criminal law.

Then why does he stay on in the hot seat?

Swiveling back in his sixth-floor chair overlooking the industrial complex of smoggy downtown L.A., fixing the interviewer with a probing gaze from behind rimless spectacles, Parker admits he isn't sure of all the answers himself. "But one of them," he says, tapping a file on his desk, "is this."

In the file are the names of Jimmy Fratianno, executioner, narcotics overlords Joe and Fred Sica, the Mazzei Gang, big-scale abortionists, murderers Jack Santo, Donald Bashor, DeWitt Cook and Barbara Graham, "Chink" King, head of a vast heroin empire, Homer Mills, million-dollar Big Con specialist, "Glow Worm" Rooney, the West's top safecracker, Oscar Brenhaug, who killed five people by setting them afire.

All of them went to the gas chamber, to San Quentin, or were gunned down by police. To contain major vice, organized gang looting, murder in the streets, Parker has painstakingly built an ultrascientific Intelligence, Detective and Crime-Lab system equaling that of any city in the world. Treasury agents have remarked there isn't anything much more complete in Washington. Of 39 previous Los Angeles chiefs, none has a record to match Parker's. Some of the most bizarre crimes that happen fall into his lap. His force solves the bulk of them. Pride in continuing his work now drives him.

And while he sticks to the job, he worries. He worries all the time. In the foreseeable future, the Pacific Baghdad will be America's largest city, and Cleanup Bill moodily wonders what will happen to it then. Crime-and-lack-of-punishment constantly are on his mind.

Not long ago, during a coffee break at headquarters, a police captain noticed the chief frowning. "What's happened now?" he asked.

"I was thinking about Senator Kefauver and the Rackets Committee that convened here," explained Parker, his face glum.

"But that was nearly eight years ago," the captain pointed out.

"Yes, but when Kefauver left the Hall of Justice, don't you remember what happened?" snarled Parker. "Some ——— stole his hat!"

Up to now, Cleanup Bill still has *his* hat. The big concern of his associates as he goes about living up to his nickname is what might happen some night to the guy who walks around under it. •

ZIEGFELD: THE GENIUS

Continued from page 51

Tenth Avenue, Hogan's Alley or Montana. But when they walked across the stage Zieggy taught them to walk like queens, whether dressed or undressed. When they looked out at the audience Zieggy preferred those who had plenty of "come get me" in their eyes. He created this elegant, sexy type of beauty. It became his trade mark and even now the words "Ziegfeld Girl" means something quite special everywhere.

Flo has been dead more than 25 years now but you still can get an argument in any corner of the Lambs Club or Sardi's Restaurant by calling him heel or hero, louse or nobleman, spendthrift or chiseler, good family man or the greatest seducer of beautiful babes that ever broke his marriage vows.

The reason is that Ziegfeld was all of these all of the time. Even in the hot-spending Twenties, with millions of bucks rolling in and out of his two-way pockets, he never was able to shake off his larcenous ways and chiseling habits.

He was the kind of guy who would buy his latest tootsie a $20,000 diamond bracelet and argue an hour later with his bootblack about 20 cents. Each year, for more than ten years, he kept trying to smuggle a $35-a-week assistant press agent's name on the backstage payroll of the Follies as a chorus boy.

When it worked, Zieggy's partner, Charlie Dillingham had to pay half the $35. When it did not, Zieggy was stuck and had to carry the youngster on his office payroll.

Yet many knew how wild and extravagant Ziegfeld could be. It cost him $10,000 a month to run his country home at Hastings-on-Hudson, New York. He maintained a private menagerie there. Shortly after his only child, Patricia, was born he had an architect build her a playhouse modeled after George Washington's Mount Vernon Home and furnished with authentic replicas of Washington furniture, on a slightly smaller scale, of course.

For "roughing it" summers in Canada Zieggy had built himself a $160,000 camp deep in the woods 125 miles from Quebec. The camp blankets cost $2,000, the glassware was from Tiffany's and Zieggy had the local telephone company build a private telephone wire through the virgin forests so he could talk long distance for hours with the various people who worked for him. He also was fond of sending telegrams of 1,000 words and more. Eight full-time Canadian guides were on the camp's staff.

In spite of being something of a dude this spendthrift-chiseler had certain sloppy habits. He would pay thousands of dollars for a private railway car to take him across the country, but would arrive at the station with one extra shirt, two handkerchiefs and a couple of pair of sox under his arm. Wrapped up in newspaper, no less.

A score of times he shocked the sales people at Tiffany's and Cartier's by dropping in, purchasing a $20,000 diamond necklace or other bauble and refusing to let them wrap it up. He preferred to carry in his pocket such gifts of gems so he wouldn't have to wait thirty seconds or so until the cutie they were intended for could open the package.

Not that the baby doll they were intended for always got them. Once to appease the jealous wrath of his wife, he gave her a diamond bauble he'd intended to slip one of his showgirls. She threw it in a corner, and Zieggy walked out, and never mentioned the piece of jewelry, or asked whether she had picked it up.

Mrs. Z had picked it up all right, as soon as he left the room. The outstanding American short story writer of the day, Ring Lardner, once used this incident in a yarn he wrote about Ziegfeld. It was called, *A Day with Conrad Green* and showed the Great Glorifier, thinly disguised, cheating the widow of an underpaid employee out of his last week's pay, stealing a sketch from a writer, sucking up to society people and denying he owed money to the newsboy who delivered newspapers to his office.

All this also was true of the amazing Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr. He was obedient only to his own whims, consistent about nothing at all except doing, saying and behaving exactly as he pleased, and he never lost his nerve.

Few men liked him, but women, hundreds of them, were nuts about him. Whether rich or poor, drunk or sober, Flo had whatever it takes to make the knees of beautiful ladies wobble.

Unlike most of the world's other great showmen, Zieggy was born of well-to-do parents. His father was the beloved Dr. Florenz Ziegfeld, a German music teacher who came here in the early sixties, rose to the rank of Colonel in the Union Army during the Civil War, and afterwards founded the Chicago Musical College which became one of the biggest and best in the country, having at one time more than 6,000 enrolled pupils.

The doctor's son and namesake was born on April 21, 1867. Because he was puny as a child, his mother, Rosalie de Hez, a Frenchwoman of distinguished family, agreed that he live on a ranch in the Far West for some years. Flo came back, brown, tough, a crack rider and a superlative shot.

His father never gave up hope that he would take over his highly successful conservatory some day. But Flo only seemed interested in the music business when the prettier society girls dropped in for their piano lessons.

Before the great World's Columbian Exposition opened at Chicago in 1893

Dr. Ziegfeld sent Flo to Europe to sign up the most illustrious brass bands in Germany and France. Flo came back with a bunch of street musicians whom he booked into the Fair's Trocadero Hall as "Von Bulow's Famous Hamburg Band." When this aggregation of sour horn-blowers flopped, he put into the Troc a vaudeville show, including fire-eaters, jugglers, trick bicycle riders and sword swallowers.

For a time he also owned an act he called Ziegfeld's "Dancing Ducks from Denmark." The ducks danced all right, to the music of a harmonica, but the act only lasted a week. Somebody then tipped off the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to our Furred and Feathered Friends that the web-footed creatures danced only because Zieggy had a man under the stage heating up the thin boards on which the ducks were placed.

It was on a trip to New York in search of fresh talent for his show at the Fair that Zieggy discovered his first big drawing card in Eugene Sandow, a curly-haired Austrian strong man whose specialty was supporting a platform on which two horses and a pony were standing.

Sandow's agents demanded $1,000 a week guarantee. "He'll make three times that if you'll take ten per cent of the gross instead," Zieggy told them.

Sandow did even better than that—averaged $3,500 a week at Chicago, thanks to a smart press agent trick Flo thought up.

The night the strong man opened, Zieggy prevailed upon Mrs. Potter Palmer, leader of Chicago society, and Mrs. George M. Pullman, wife of the sleeping car king, to come to Sandow's dressing room to feel his muscles.

When news about that got out, every female customer at the Fair wanted to feel Sandow's biceps. They had to pay to get in to see the show, of course. Later when Sandow toured the country, Zieggy thought of various other stunts, though he never quite dared to repeat the lion-fighting routine they'd cleaned up on in San Francisco.

After a couple of seasons on the road with Sandow, Zieggy rented him out to the Ringling Brothers Circus at a healthy profit. One day in New York he ran into Diamond Jim Brady and told that fabulous spender of his new ambition. It was to produce musical shows on Broadway.

"There is a French girl singer named Anna Held," he explained, "who is a sensation in London. I'd like to bring her over here and build a show around her."

When Brady seemed interested, Zieggy went on, "But she wants $10,000 guarantee before appearing in New York, and I just have not got that kind of cash."

Brady gave him the money. Shortly afterwards Zieggy sailed for Europe with Freddie Zimmerman, a wealthy young sport. Instead of going directly to London, they headed for Monte Carlo where Zieggy within an hour dropped Brady's ten grand and all of his money at roulette. He then had the gall to cable Diamond Jim for $5,000 more. The cruel reply read,

"SHOW SOME RESULTS FIRST"

While Zieggy was reading this Freddie Zimmerman burst into the cable office to make the dismal announcement that he also had just been taken to the cleaners. Freddie wired his father to rush him $10,000 more.

"The money will come soon," Freddie said "but I can't wait here for it. I have a date with a beautiful girl."

Zieggy benevolently offered to wait for the money. They arranged to meet that night at the casino at 11 o'clock sharp. But as Freddie entered the famous gambling resort he saw Flo coming out.

"Why are you leaving?" he asked. "We have not even started to play."

"Oh, yes we have, Freddie," replied Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr. "Your money came but I've already lost every cent of it."

It was a tribute to Ziegfeld's charm that young Zimmerman didn't put the slug on him then and there, but as the song writer, Buddy de Sylva said years later, "There was something about Flo that made wealthy men think he was doing them a favor when he permitted them to lend him money."

But his power and influence over men was nothing compared to the hypnotic effect he had on women of all shapes, sizes, ages and income groups. He proved it when he walked into the dressing room of petite Anna Held, the girl who insisted on the $10,000 guarantee, stayed a half-hour, and came out with a signed contract, calling for her appearance anywhere in the world with no guarantee whatever.

Now Anna, like a great many dainty stage stars, knew everything about money except how to make it. She was born of a poverty-stricken Polish-French family and had to work in sweat shops as a child to help out her parents. Though only 22, she had appeared at every flea-trap theatre in Western Europe before becoming a big-money performer. The pride of her life was that she was married to a South American millionaire and had a small daughter.

But Zieggy had walked out of her dressing room with both her contract and her heart. Anna followed him to New York and never went back to the millionaire husband. Whether she and Flo ever were legally married is still a question. At a party Zieggy threw for a few friends on March 28, 1896, he and Miss Held simply announced they had become man-and-wife by mutual agreement.

That strange "marriage" lasted for 16 years—with great material profit for both. Held made Flo's first great fortune while getting filthy rich herself. The New York critics at first did not recognize the enchantment this five foot tall, 98-pound French sexpot held for both men and women. Held couldn't sing much better than Jayne Mansfield can act. But when she gave out with her two most exciting songs, *Come On and Play Wiz Me,* and *I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave* audiences everywhere flipped their lids.

The only sexy women New Yorkers had seen on the stage until then were brawny babes who looked like lady truck-drivers and were as earthy as barmaids. Held was wasp-waisted, but had an ample

bosom and the biggest pair of rolling bedroom eyes that ever thrilled a theatre audience anywhere. Her sex appeal was both overwhelming and as delicate and exotic as some rare perfume. One observer said that she stirred men in the same manner that a well-born lady does. He meant, of course, the sort of lady who is unable to control her own impulsive emotions.

Soon there were being marketed Anna Held cigars, corsets, hats, perfumes and face powders. Zieggy helped maintain her popularity by putting her in a series of well-dressed musical shows and farces. He also kept her name in the papers with an assortment of crazy gags.

The yarn that made Miss Held more famous than all of her stage triumphs combined was one that Zieggy sneaked into the papers disguised as a lawsuit. One morning a Brooklyn dairyman sued Ziegfeld for $35 worth of milk, stating in the bill of particulars that for a month he had been delivering two three-foot tall cans of milk to the producer's hotel suite.

Curious reporters asked Zieggy what he needed so much milk for. "My God," he said, "didn't you know that Anna Held for years has been taking a bath in milk every morning? That's how she keeps that rose-bloom complexion."

When the newspaper fellows proved skeptical, Flo let them peek into his bathroom and see Mrs. Ziegfeld disporting herself in a tub of milk. That got the story on the front pages. The only two large cans of milk ever delivered were of course those poured into the tub that day.

But it was typical of Zieggy not to pay the milkman the small sum of $35 he had promised to pay for the trouble of filing the lawsuit. When the dairyman complained to the newspapers about this, Zieggy got more publicity for Anna Held by whining.

"Of course, I didn't pay that fool. The milk he delivered was sour and almost ruined my wife's complexion."

By 1904, Zieggy, though only in his late thirties, announced that he had made all of the money he would need for the rest of his life, and retired. Soon afterwards he asserted that he had won a million bucks more at roulette in Monte Carlo. If he did have such luck the winning streak stopped suddenly. In less than two years, he was broke.

At Anna Held's suggestion he then produced the first edition of the Follies. It was based on the general scheme of the world famous nude show, the Folies Bergere in Paris, except that the chorus girls kept their panties on.

That first Follies—the 1907 edition—cost only $13,000 to put on and made a pot-full of jack. From then on for more than twenty years, Zieggy remained America's No. 1 musical show producer.

This small money chiseler never stinted, cut corners or hesitated to throw a $25,000 stage set away that he suddenly decided not to use. It was unheard of for him to permit his competitors, including George White, Earl Carroll and the Shuberts, to outbid him when he wanted a star in his show.

This was most true of the comedians, even though Zieggy never developed a sense of humor. The first time he saw Will Rogers, the great cowboy entertainer was trying to get a spot in Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic, the after-theatre supper show Flo ran on the roof of his theatre, the New Amsterdam.

"He won't do," said Zieggy who was leaving on a vacation. His assistant, Gene Buck, kept Will in the show and by the time Flo got back to New York Will Rogers was the sensation of the roof.

It was the same way with W. C. Fields, Eddie Cantor and Ed Wynn.

Until the day he died Fields insisted that he had never heard of the producer laughing except once. This was when Josef Urban, his Austrian scenic designer, slipped in a mess made by a baby bear Zieggy adopted and wanted to give his daughter.

"You laugh?" asked the indignant Urban. "Why?"

Zieggy couldn't stop laughing that night. "What are you complaining about?" he guffawed. "Ask anyone you meet, and they will tell you stepping into that stuff will bring you good luck."

Nevertheless, he kept raising the salaries of these comedy stars, whose jokes he could not understand, to levels never approached before on Broadway. Fanny Brice, the greatest of all the woman comics of the time, started in the Follies at $75 a week and finished drawing $2,500. Wynn went from $250 to $5,000. Leon Errol from $150 to $1,750, Cantor from $150 to $5,000.

Nevertheless, to the end of his career, Ziegfeld looked upon all comics merely as stopgap performers who served to keep the cash customers in their seats until the next number featuring his beautiful girls in their beautiful costumes parading across the New Amsterdam stage. That is about all most of his showgirls ever did. But it was enough to get many of them fame or millionaire husbands, and sometimes both. He paid them $75 a week minimum at a time when other producers were paying chorines $30. His more famous showgirls got $200 up. One gorgeous dish named Dolores was supposed to have ended up drawing $600 as a clothes-horse on Ziegfeld's stage.

Once Flo's woman clothes designer protested because he insisted that she put satin linings in all the gowns used in the show.

"Why spend all of that money on something the audience cannot see?" she asked.

"Because a woman walks differently, feels differently and behaves differently when she has some luxurious material next to her skin."

Dozens of the women who worked for Zieggy as showgirls later became movie stars. Barbara Stanwyck, Paulette Goddard, Mae Murray, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Ina Claire, Nita Naldi, Justine Johnstone, Billie Dove, Olive Thomas were a few of them. Irene Dunne played in a road company of "Show Boat." The ill-fated Helen Morgan made her biggest sensation as Julie at the New York debut of the same smash hit.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce was only one of dozens of Follies girls who married millionaires. Lina Basquette became the

bride of one of the Warner Brothers, Justine Johnstone was long the wife of another movie tycoon, Walter Wanger, while Bessie McCoy (the Yama-Yama Girl) retired after her wedding to Richard Harding Davis, the most popular war correspondent of the day. And the gorgeous Gladys Glad, of course, was married to Mark Hellinger, the newspaper columnist who turned successful movie producer late in his career.

But for each of them there were ten Ziegfeld showgirls for whom the limelight brought only disaster. Allyn King, Bobby Story, Lupe Velez and Olive Thomas all committed suicide. Helen Walsh was burned to death on Harry Richman's yacht, Martha Mansfield suffered the same terrible fate on a French motion picture set. Helen Morgan drank herself to death.

Perhaps the all-time hard luck Ziegfeld pretty was slim, blonde Inez Wilson who fell in love with Frank Tinney, one of Flo's early star comedians. Tinney got drunk and bit Inez's breasts one night. He soon afterwards went to a mental institution.

Inez made a comeback as a Hollywood movie star under the name of Mary Nolan. Again she had disastrous luck in her choice of big-shot lovers. This time the boy friend was one of the head men at the movie studio where she worked. In a jealous frenzy, he beat her up so badly that she was taken to a Los Angeles hospital. Then, getting mad at her all over again, he went down to the hospital, invaded her room and gave her a worse beating than the first time. She sued him for $500,000. Two years later she was thrown into jail for not paying a bill. Two years after that she was taken to a Hollywood hospital suffering from malnutrition. She died at 42.

Flo's unofficial marriage to Anna Held lasted for sixteen years. He was the most outraged man in the world when he discovered that to make the split-up official he needed a divorce granted by the courts of law, just as did ordinary people who'd obtained a license and been wed in church.

Early during the following year, 1914, Ziegfeld married Miss Billie Burke, then just about the most enchanting young light comedy star on the Broadway stage. Billie was English, had flaming red hair with a temper to match. She also had everything else that this indefatigable dame-chaser admired most in a lady—beauty, charm, a smile to break your heart and the manners of a queen.

But Billie herself says that Lillian Lorraine, an exquisite showgirl who had joined the Follies four years before, was the only woman her husband ever truly loved. Broadway blamed Lil Lorraine, who was an uncontrollable madcap, for breaking up the Ziegfeld-Held menage.

Yet the day Billie's and his only child was born, Zieggy came into the hospital room where she was lying, and said,

"What do you know? Lorraine got married."

Yet, everyone who ever met Zieggy, including the many who hated him, agree that he understood women better than a miser understands money.

He could hurt them, as he hurt his wife that day, but their hearts continued to belong to him as long as he wished. Lillian Lorraine was the only beauty he could not control and Lillian was the sort that no man ever bosses.

Zieggy believed he had the right to control the private lives of his stars—when these interfered with the performance of their stage duties. He demanded that Marilyn Miller and other of his women name attractions sign contracts promising not to get married for at least five years. When Fanny Brice's first child was born he hauled Nicky Arnstein, then her husband, to his office. He wanted a signed guarantee from Nicky, a handsome gambler and con-man, that Fanny would have no more blessed events while the Follies she worked in was on the road.

In Billie Burke's autobiography, *With a Feather on My Nose* which she wrote with Cameron Shipp, she tells of the continual round of surprises her marriage brought her. The first of these came on her wedding night when she discovered her Flo wore long woolen underwear interwoven with threads of peach-colored silk. Next morning he doused himself with perfume and powdered himself all over with a huge powder puff. He had his private barber come each morning to the house to shave him.

But Zieggy was anything but a sissy. He had muscles like iron, kept in shape like a professional boxer, used the roughest of towels on his skin after showering under a specially made shower that worked under triple the pumping pressure of ordinary showers.

Miss Burke, in her life story, makes no attempt to hide her jealousy of her husband's off-the-reservation love affairs.

Hard times that even Zieggy couldn't out-game came to him with the 1929 Depression. He lost every dime he had in the world on the stock market. The wealthy pals who always had bankrolls ready when he needed backing were down to their last Cadillac. Some of them even had to give up their mistresses. That is how tough things were. He built New York's most beautiful theatre—the Ziegfeld—which immediately turned into a costly liability. The last Follies Zieggy put on—the 1931 edition—was a flop. And Hollywood wanted no part of him, though they bought the shows he put on for plenty of money.

Shortly after the 1931 Follies failed, Zieggy telephoned Ed Wynn, who was on the coast, for a loan of $5,000. Wynn, thinking his ex-boss must be in desperate straits, wired the money. Typically, Zieggy blew it all on a private railway car that carried him across the country to Hollywood. But he was a sick man. In 1932 he was rushed to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital where he died in a state of delirium, in which he relived the glorious old days when he was master of the greatest girl and music shows ever seen anywhere.

"Just like Flo to pass on putting on a show," said Fanny Brice at the funeral.

It was also just like Flo to die broke, and still owing that same newsboy who had served his office for years over a thousand dollars. •

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