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3

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CRIME

A SKYE Publication

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Fun in swimming!... See page 12.

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6	EXPOSE! -NUDE DEAL FOR SWIMMERS!
Se	BLACK COFFEE AND BULLETS
	EXPOSE! WORLD-WIDE DOPE, INC
S	A COFFIN FOR TWO Violence in a crowded airplane. 20
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	THE FAT MAN BLUES
4	EXPOSE ! —YOU CAN BE FRAMED ON A PERVERSION RAP! 28 The new angle for blackmailers.
	DEATH OF A LIVING DOLL
VI I	EXPOSE! TEDDY BOYS VS. GANG BOYS
	LAST ORGY OF A BLONDE BARFLY 40 Booze + Bums = Danger
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	PICTURE OF THE MONTH 6 Crime never pays.
	ON THE RECORD 8 Latest crime photo flashes.
6	CRIME QUIRKS 64 Oddities in the news.
AY, 1956	Illustrations on pages 12, 17, 23, 28, 29, 39 and 40 were specially posed by professional models.
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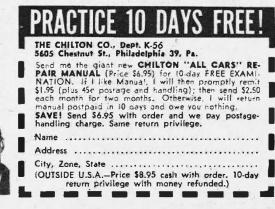
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TRUE CRIME





TRIPLE tragedy was enacted in Studio City, California, recently when a worldfamous artist killed his wife and son and then committed suicide. Pruett Carter, 64, depressed over chronic illness, shot his wife, Theresa, 50, and his son, Deal, 35, before putting a bullet through his own brain. Mrs. Carter's body is studied by Police Sgt. Pat Kealy (r.) while Sgt. Kenneth Scarce (below) checks the bodies of Deal Carter and artist father (on floor).





More important than Money, was . . . The saving of this innocent man!



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look up to you, and you will know the satisfaction of doing an important job in life.

print, the case was solved by Lawrence Stackable of the Michigan State police (an I.A.S. trained expert). Lawrence Stackable proved

once again that money is not the only reward for intelligent police work. He knew the thrill of helping to protect the innocent. The real

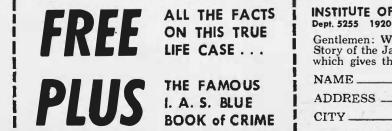
criminal in the case, a crazed and dangerous

fiend, was put away to kill no more.

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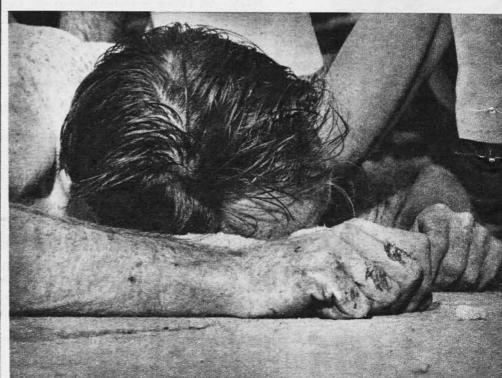


8



FAMILY quarrel in a Miami trailer court ended in death for Mrs. Jean McGrath (r.). Her estranged husband, John T. McGrath, stabbed her 15 times in the back with a six-inch hunting knife after a bitter argument. He then jumped into his car and fled. A few hours later he was found lying on a sidewalk without a shirt on (below). He had taken a huge dose of bichloride of mercury. Police discovered later that McGrath had swallowed raw eggs and milk before taking the poison, thus providing a built-in antidote. The killer is still on critical list.





(continued on page 10) TRUE CRIME #1314 SURF MADNESS Not much here, but what there is of it is luxurious velveteen. Halter top has high-rise bust. Original bikini pants front-shirred a-la-France! Black, Red. Sizes 32 to 38. \$8.98

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(Circular stitching lifts bust

up and out.)

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> 354 SHEER ROMANCE #354 SHEER ROMANCE Dreamy Nylon Jersey gown has sheerest Crecian bust sections, exotically outlined with Nylon lace. The exciting skirt is permanently pleated Nylon Tricot! Intriguing nocePays nin each nosegays pin each shoulder at shoestring straps. In Snow White, Jet Black, Baby Blue. Sizes 32 to 38. \$10.98

#35 EYE CATCHER Stripes accent cuffed bus and hour-glass lines. Built-in boned bra; back zipper and detachable straps. Rayon lastex faille in Black and White Sizes 32 to 38. Special-\$7.49

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ON THE RECORD Continued



BLOODY scene in Groesbeck, Texas, was the aftermath of a marital bustup. Mrs. Audrey Andrews (above) lies fatally wounded near her father, Barnard Bryant, and her uncle, William Bryant. The trio were shot to death by Mrs. Andrews' husband, Guy Andrews, Jr., in front of the Limestone County courthouse. Andrews feared that his wife's father and the uncle were plotting to permanently destroy his marriage. After gunning them down with a shotgun, Andrews (below) killed himself. He holds the stick with which he fired the shotgun, lying at his feet, to kill himself.



Who are Troubled with Getting Up Nights

Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness-Tiredness, Loss of Physical Vigor The Cause may be

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Men as they grow older too

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treatment that is proving of great benefit to men suffering from Glandular Inflammation or Rectal and Colon trouble.

need. You then decide whether or not you will take treatments

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TRUE CRIME

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Bathing suit makers and blue-nosed puritans are aghast at the naked look on Britain's beaches these days...

NUDE DEAL For SWIMMERS!

By Howard C. Dalrymple

true crime Exposé

HE MOONLIT SCENE is Sea Bathing Lake, Southport, Lancashire, on the northwest coast of England.

Time: 2 A.M.

Revealed in the soft lunar glow, a starkly nude, exquisitely formed blonde girl is seen reclining on the high diving board.

Close beside her, with an arm intimately about her shapely, bronzed (continued on page 54)



This ex-con couldn't live with his two wives or without them— He gave his first missus a shotgun blast—the second he treated to By Walter R. Porges

TRUE CRIME Headline Case

TO NEIGHBORS along Norwita Place in Venice, California, there was nothing unusual about the sounds of loud and violent quarreling coming from the home of Floyd and Christina Hunt at No. 1126. Most people in the neighborhood knew Floyd and Christina and their three children. They also knew that the 27-year-old painter occasionally drants too much and that at those times, in particular, his thick voice would carry out of the windows and into the street as he hurled insults and abuse at his wife.

One day in particular, October 16th, 1937, neighbors and passer s-by were shocked by the unusual violence of the domestic quarrel they could not help hearing. Several thought to themselves that this incessant arguing would some day end in violence. The voices at No. 1126 Norwita rose to an almost unbearable degree of loudness and abuse. The front door opened and Floyd Hunt came out. Muttering under his breath, he slammed the door furiously behind him and hurried off down the street, as neighbors watched from behind their window curtains

Several hours later, when quiet had long since returned to the residential street, Floyd Hunt returned. Under his arm he cradled a .410 gauge shotgun. A little unsteadily, and obviously a little the worse for a bout with the bottle, he walked up the path-to his front door. From a near-by playground his children watched him open the door and go in.

Once inside, the familiar drama began. Christina berated her husband for his constant drinking. Didn't he care about her and the children? Why couldn't he be a good husband like other men who lived near them? Did he want to drink himself into the grave? Floyd lurched around the room,

Floyd lurched around the room, shouting vile insults at his wife. One thing led to another and finally he accused her of going with other men. Suddenly, in a furious rage, he blundered over to the shotgun which was leaning against the wall. He picked it up and muttered thickly: "This has been coming to you for a long time!" The gun went off with an ear-shattering roar.

Christina Hunt moaned quietly and sagged to the floor, staining the carpet with her blood. She lay perfectly still, her breath coming in short gasps. Floyd Hunt looked down at his wife, her body torn and bleeding from the charge that had ripped into her. His whiskey-clouded brain could think of only one thing to do-flee!

A short time later, the Hunts' three children came home from the playground. Obediently, they were returning at the time their mother had specified earlier in the day. They opened the door, romped through the hall, and burst into the living room. For a second they stood petrified. Their mother lay on the floor, covered with blood. From time to time her lip trembled slightly. Her choked breathing was explosive in the quiet room.

Screaming, the children ran to a neighbor's home and sobbed out their horrible story. After a moment of disbelief, the man raced across the lawn to the Hunts' house. One glance into the living room con-(continued on page 46)



FIRST wife, Christina, was felled by shotgun blast from her husband.

SECOND wife, Mildred, sipped a cup of java seconds before death.



BLACK COFFEE and BULLETS

TRUE CRIME Exposé

What sinister figure heads the ring of narcotics peddlers that infests every corner of the globe? Here's the lowdown on the evil syndicate called

WORD-MDE DOPE, INC.

By Sam Carson

DVANCING, conquering always, never retreating; more forebodingly sinister than the H-Bomb or any of Atom Age

Man's ghastly engines of destruction; insidious, vicious, incredibly monstrous-the world wide traffic in smuggled dope today spreads its multiple, clutching tentacles over the earth and casts its foul shadow on every continent.

Millions – billions – of dollars, in the coin of virtually every nation, is changing hands as an illicit global drug market flourishes and the dope cartels, from the most obscure, regional ring to the vast international syndicates, grow fatter and more menacingly powerful.

Contraband drugs, ranging the scale from marijuana to the most insidious and lethal of them all-

"MAINLINERS" must have 'their daily shot of dope or they suffer dire tortures.





NARCOTICS Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger is in favor of stiffer penalties.



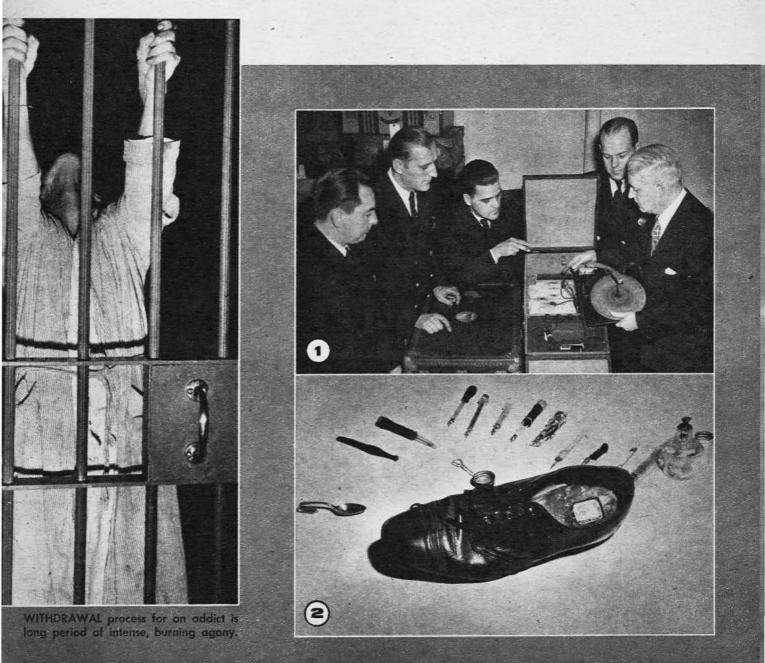
REPUTED to be the world kingpin of the dope peddlers, is Lucky Luciano.

heroin-are being sluiced into this country by way of the Mexican and Canadian borders, and through many Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf ports.

The smugglers, who now regard diamond-running as pretty small stuff when stacked up against the fabulous profits derived from the felonious fetching of illicit drugs, admittedly find it an amazingly soft touch.

Soft, primarily, because of the woefully undermanned U.S. Customs Service, whose New York Harbor watchdogs in the past eight years, for example, have knocked over only one really worthwhile batch of contraband—and that no more than a mere token seizure, a thimbleful, when you take into account all the big ones that got away.

We refer to the confiscation, last August, of 21 pounds of almost pure



heroin aboard the Saint Lo, a French freighter docked in New York.

In no wise meaning to disparage the efforts of the Customs men, who strive valiantly against insuperable odds, it should be pointed out that the heroin taken from the French ship represented no more than a two-day supply for the known addicts in the U.S.

In 1953, the Customs Service succeeded in snagging 16 pounds of heroin; in 1954, a minuscule 2 pounds, but did much better in 1955, with a score of 23 pounds in the first eight months, thanks to the Saint Lo take.

At least 10 pounds of pure heroin is required every day to satisfy this country's 60,000 addicts, it is estimated by experts on the U.S. Treasury's 250-man Narcotics Squad.

When you're thinking of potatoes or coal in the bin-or even an English bank note -10 pounds doesn't sound like very much. But 10 pounds of pure heroin when cut, re-cut, and cut again and again, ad infinitum, is worth billions when sold retail on the blackest of all Black Markets.

If the 60,000 American users are to survive, and get their daily bang of heroin (sometimes called Horse or just H) no less than 3,650 pounds of dope must enter the country illegally each year.

The U.S. Customs Service is an old, honorable and proud organization, tracing its history back to the days of George Washington's administration. But it simply does not have enough fingers with which to plug all the holes in the dyke, a barrier against the flood of dope that works more like a sieve.

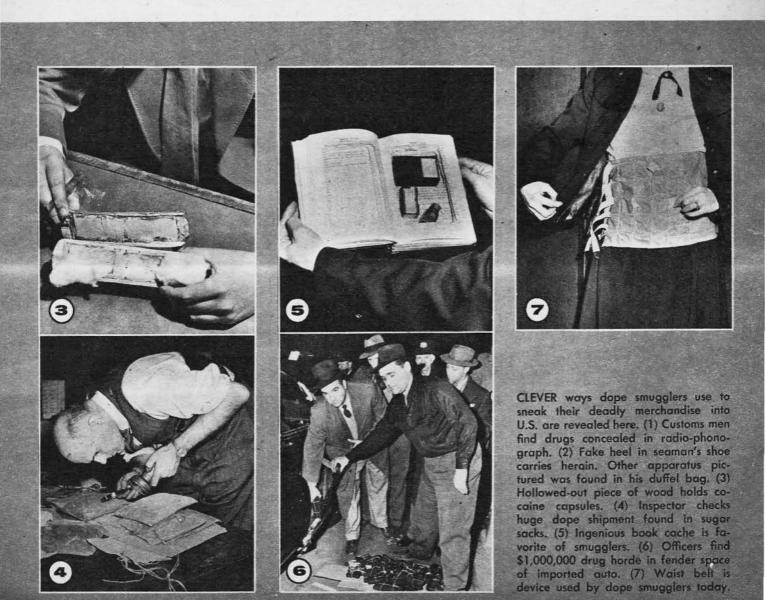
While on the subject of New York, statistics show that the city

leads the nation in drug addiction, as well as in convictions for narcotic violations.

During 1953-54, there were 8,785 arrests made in New York State for breaches of the drug laws and 6,838 convictions. It was estimated that about 95 per cent of the addicts involved are residents of New York City.

Something of the scope of World Wide Dope, Inc., was made graphically clear recently when police of the U.S., Peru and Bolivia smashed a two-continent dope combine which was all set to dump millions of dollars worth of cocaine on the American Black Market.

Raiders who swooped down on the cartel's two laboratories in Peru found raw opium worth \$20,000 and 12½ kilos of pure, uncut cocaine worth \$200,000, according to infor-(continued on page 59)



By Paul Warwick

TRUE CRIME Headline Case

T WAS ON MONDAY, November 21st, 1955, when the Seattle-Tacoma Airport in the State of Washington was suddenly turned topsy-turvy by the explosive effects of a broken heart.

A giant, four-motored plane was standing on the runway. Its burnished nose was pointed toward Los Angeles, next port of call for the forty passengers who were walking-tickets and credentials in hand-up the ramp that led into the big flying ship's interior.

Two United Air Line hostesses, Sally Shedd and a friend, stood just inside of the plane, at the head of the ramp, welcoming the passen-

FOUR SHOTS for his beloved and two for him spelled tragedy.

ANOTHER man was her goal, but the first one wouldn't quit.



gers aboard. Many of the voyagers already were seated, some of them fastening their seat belts prepara-tory to the take-off, when the last man in the line on the ramp ducked his head to walk from the ramp into the aircraft.

This last man aboard was Robert Clendenin, 26, a young stockbroker from New York.

Sally Shedd, the 25-year-old stewardess, walked forward in the plane with another passenger. She did not see Clendenin when he entered. But the other stewardess saw him - and immediately became alarmed, sensing that there was serious trouble in the air.

She recognized Clendenin as Sally Shedd's boy friend-a jilted boy friend-and felt that he had come aboard the craft to make trouble.

As the girl started brisky ahead to warn Sally that Bob Clendenin was on board, he brushed by her and rushed down the plane's aisle to the side of Sally-then grabbed her and forced her into a seat on the standing plane.

Then, with only a few muttered words and without unnecessary gestures, he snatched a pistol from the brief case he carried and fired four rapid shots. Two of the slugs ripped into Sally Shedd's chest; the other two lodged in the seat-one

narrowly missing an Air Force lieufenant who already had seated himself in the same pair of seats, next to the window. The lieutenant was unable to offer immediate interference, because he had fastened his seat belt before Clendenin's purpose was seen.

As the stewardess, mortally wounded, crumpled down on the seat, Clendenin rose to the aisle and started for the plane's open door, yelling as he went: "Don't follow me - and keep

away!"

Despite this threat, the Air Force lieutenant, who now had loosed (continued on page 72)

When this guy fell in love, he fell hard ... He vowed that if the pretty airline stewardess rejected him, they'd share

A COFFIN FOR TWO

TRUE CRIME Photo Exposé

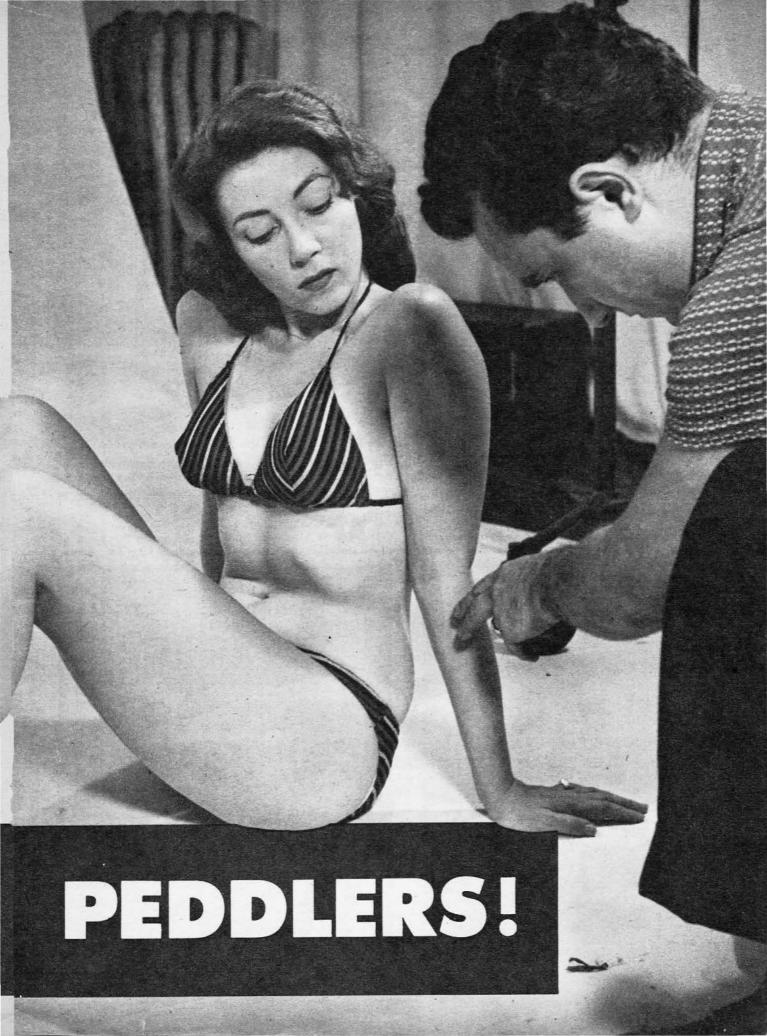


CROOKED photographer finds girl's name on list, calls her and offers modeling job. MODEL quickly responds to the bait. She has been out of work for so long that any opportunity to pose is welcomed.

Illustrations were specially posed by professional models.

Girls, beware of the disreputable model agency crook ... All too often, he's just a front for a vicious white slavery ring!







THINGS begin innocently enough, with the photographer politely arranging the unsuspecting young girl for clothed shot.



THEN, true to his sinister motives, the cameraman gets frisky and starts to pull model's skirt higher over her shapely legs.



COMPROMISE is reached when the girl agrees to appear in a one-piece suit. Photographer pretends to snap her picture.





HIDDEN camera catches girl disrobing in dressing room as evil plot develops.



MODEL doesn't realize that camera is filming her in intimate, undressed shots.

TDIF CRIM

CROOK enters (I.) and fumbles with the girl's costume. She gets angry, orders him out. Later, (below) he tells her photos have come out well and he can get more "work" for her. She is quite happy.







SECOND GIRL gets encouraging spiel from the crook. Big shock comes when he shows girl the photos.

FAKED pictures have indecent male figure added to dressing room shots. Crook makes proposition.





SADDER but wiser, heartbroken girl leaves the photographer after threatening to call police. She'll know better next time.

YOU CAN

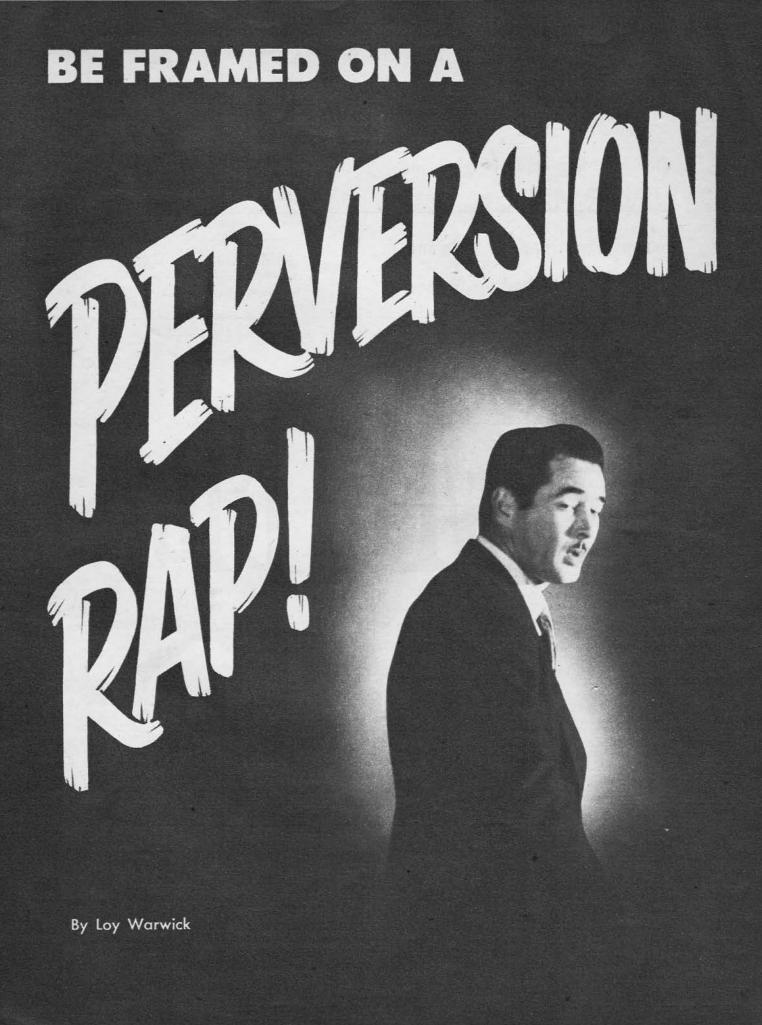
A new type of blackmailer– perhaps the lowest of all– is waiting in bars and taverns, ready and willing to be "friendly" with innocent strangers

THE TWO MEN left the neonfronted bar and ambled casually down the darkened street. One of the pair, older than his companion, was immersed in the conversation that had started in the bar. He chattered on about books and politics in a way that only those who have ever been lonely in a large city could understand. The stranger had found a willing

The stranger had found a willing listener in the young fellow walking beside him-and all it had cost him was the price of a few beers. The youth eyed his new-found.

The youth eyed his new-found friend coldly and contributed only an occasional "Yeah. ya can say that again." and "Politics is sure a strange business, all right . . ." (continued on page 56)

TRUE CRIME Expose



TRUE CRIME Feature Case

One love had made him kill and another had trapped him . . . When they strapped him in the electric chair he had a sad song on his lips . . .



SATURDAY night was his loneliest night.



IEUTENANT John A. Meister of the Lorain, Ohio, Police Department studied the body carefully. The woman lay sprawled beside the rumpled bed, her arms raised above her head as if to ward off the cruel blows that had battered her features into an unrecognizable pulp. The stab wound in her throat was deep and had bled profusely.

Kneeling beside the body, Meister touched the swollen lips and raised the blackened eyelids. Death, he judged, had come mercifully some six hours before. She was fully dressed in a light colored dress, silk stockings and patent-leather, spikeheeled pumps.

Meister got to his feet and looked around the shabbily furnished room. Everywhere was chaos. Chairs were overturned or broken, light cords were ripped from their sockets, a window was smashed and the telephone wires were cut. Mrs. Mary 30 Wallace, comely mother of four children, had not succumbed easily to her murderer.

"Who found her?" he asked Detective Bevan.

"Her thirteen-year-old son," replied Bevan. "He came home from school about twenty minutes ago and ran screaming into a neighbor's house next door."

Meister grimaced. It must have been a terrible shock to the youngster. His observation of the room was interrupted by the arrival of Dr. S. C. Ward, Lorain County coroner.

While the physician examined the body, Meister went outside and quéstioned the neighbor. The woman was still somewhat shaken, but able to answer his questions.

"When did you last see Mrs. Wallace?" he began.

"Around eight-thirty this morning," she replied. "She was hanging some wash out to dry on the line."

By Charles L. Burgess

Further questioning revealed that the slain woman's husband, Arthur, was serving a life term in Ohio State Prison for the holdup murder of a local novelty shop owner. Meister wondered if it had any connection at all with Mrs. Mary Wallace's death.

"Did you see or hear anything unusual around here today?" he asked.

"No, sir. A few minutes after I saw Mary, I left to visit with my sister on the other side of town. I only returned a few minutes before the Wallace children came home from school."

Meister concealed his disappointment. The neighbor's home was the only one within a hundred yards of the murder house. While it seemed odd that Mrs. Wallace should be murdered on the very day that her nearest neighbor was away, Meister reasoned that the slayer could very well have been someone who was



DEATH was her reward for spurning the attentions of an unwelcome suitor.



INSPECTOR John A. Meister caught elusive fat man killer after seven years.

close enough to the victim to know of her friend's movements.

"Did Mrs. Wallace have many visitors?"

"There was only two that I knew of," said the neighbor woman. "One was George Dance who owns a truck farm out in the country somewheres. Mary bought vegetables off him, or he gave them to her, I don't know which."

"And the other one?" asked Meis-

ter. "I never did know his name. He was one of the biggest men I've ever seen. He was at least six-feetfive if he was an inch and he must have weighed close to 300 pounds.'

"How often did you see him?"

"Twice, was all. He wanted to date Mary, but she wouldn't have anything to do with him."

Meister wrote down the big man's description in his notebook. Next, he talked to the victim's four children, but none of them saw the fat man or even knew of his existence.

Excusing the neighbor and the children, Meister looked around the partially snow-covered street. The house was situated at the end of New Mexico Avenue in what was known as the Cromwell district. It was sparsely settled by honest steel workers and their families. A more ideal spot to commit murder would be hard to find.

Returning inside, he found Dr. Ward preparing to leave.

"It's one of the most brutal murders I've ever seen," said the phy-sician, shaking his head. "She was bludgeoned a half dozen times with a ball-peen hammer. You'll find it on the bed. Yet as severe as those blows were, they didn't kill her. The stab wound in her throat severed an artery. In addition, she was strangled, her right jaw was broken and a shoulder dislocated."

"Any idea when it happened?" asked Meister.

"Making a rough guess, I'd say some time around nine-thirty or ten o'clock this morning.'

While the coroner was making arrangements to remove the body, Meister again studied the still form beside the bed. Despite the inhuman beating, he could still see traces of a pretty, vivacious woman.

Lighting a cigarette, Meister strolled into the kitchen. On the table were five cups and saucers. A few feet from an overturned chair was a broken plate. From this he deduced that the killer had shown up shortly after the children left for school, and that the titanic struggle had started right here in this room.

A bright reflection behind the wood stove caught his attention. Peering closely, he saw that it was bloodstained bread-knife. He found a piece of string and looped it around the handle before giving it to Lab Technician Marvin Hunker. "Check it carefully for prints," he

directed.

A check of the woman's possessions revealed no signs of money or jewelry. However, an oblongshaped envelope interested him.

"It's the same kind used by our local relief office," he told Detective Bevan. "According to the date, it was mailed two mornings ago.'

"Which means she cashed it yesterday," 'said Bevan. "Robbery could have been the motive."

Meister shook his head. "I don't think so. Robbers seldom kill unless cornered. This was something more personal. Like a rejected suitor, for instance."

After the body was photographed from several different angles, it was removed to a waiting ambulance from the funeral home where the autopsy would be performed.

Questioning the other residents along the street only deepened the mystery still further. Meister learned that the slain woman was somewhat of an enigma in that she seldom, if ever, spoke to anyone and almost never went anywhere. One woman was positive that Mrs. Wallace was afraid of someone.

Nor could the victim's father, who lived on nearby Georgia Avenue, shed any light on his daughter's murder.

"Mary was a good girl, lieutenant," he said sadly. "I'm sure you'll find that out as you go along."

Meister described the fat man that the neighbor woman had seen

VICTIM had no idea her fat killer's passion and hunger for her was so intense. entering Mrs. Wallace's house, but the grief-stricken man could not furnish any clue to his identity.

"Mary had very few friends after Arthur was sent up," he explained. "Folks seemed to stay away and of course she resented it. If it wasn't for the help the relief office gave her, I don't know what she'd have done."

The father said that about a week before the murder the slain woman was wearing a diamond ring.

"She said some man gave it to her, but she wouldn't tell me his name," he went on. "She said he wanted her to divorce Arthur and marry her, but she wouldn't hear of it.

Meister frowned as he jotted down a description of the ring. A thorough check of the murder house had failed to reveal the ring. Had the fat man taken it?

Returning to his office, he found one of the slain woman's neighbors waiting for him. He said that around 10 o'clock that morning he had seen George Dance hanging around the Wallace home.

"He was behaving mighty peculi-arly," said the neighbor. "First, he'd knock on the front door. Then he'd peek in some of the windows, and finally he went around to the back.

"How long was he back there?" "About a half-hour or so."

After the man was excused, Meister digested his story carefully. Just about everyone in Lorain knew or had heard of George Dance. He sold

vegetables from a small truck. He

recalled that George was a bachelor



32

and lived out on McLean Street. Had he become enamored of Mary Wallace and killed her when she turned him down? It was a possibility he couldn't afford to overlook.

Meister requested that a complete description of the fat man as well as the missing ring be broadcast throughout the East. He asked that all hockshops and second-hand jewelry stores be especially alerted.

Next, he conferred at some length with Chief of Police Theodore Waiker.

"Keep after that ring," advised the chief. "I've got a hunch you'll catch your killer that way.'

Accompanied by Bevan, Meister drove to the truck farm owned by George Dance. The latter, a tall, sparely-built man in his early 50s, answered their knock with a scowl.

"What do you guys want?" he demanded truculently.

"The answers to some questions," said Meister. "Do we ask them here or do you want to come downtown?"

Dance moved grudgingly aside and the officers entered a neatly furnished living room.

"I understand you visited Mrs. Wallace's home this morning?" asked Meister.

"Since when is that a crime?"

"It so happens," said Meister, watching the man's face closely, "that she was murdered this morning."

Dance's mouth popped open. "Mary? Murdered?" he cried.

Even though the man's surprise seemed genuine, Meister hammered away at him for more than an hour. Dance readily admitted hanging around the victim's home early that morning, but swore that he had received no answer to his repeated knocking. He said that he had felt sorry for Mrs. Wallace and had often given her some of his vegetables without charge.

"But I wasn't in love with her or was she with me," he said earnestly. "She was an awfully nice woman, and I did all I could to help her."

Meister described the fat man, but Dance only shook his head. "She never mentioned anyone like that," he said.

"Okay, George, that will be all for now," said Meister, rising. "But don't go away. We may want to talk to you again."

"The fat man is our killer," he told Bevan when they were back in the car. "But the part that stumps me is how he managed to keep his identity a secret from everyone."

Keeping his attention on the road, Bevan nodded. "Maybe he met Mrs. Wallace at some secret rendezvous?"

Meister frowned. "I hardly think so. The neighbors claim she seldom left the house. Besides, she had those four kids to take care of."

They found bad news awaiting them when they reached Headquarters. Hunker reported that he could find no legible prints on either the hammer or the bloodstained breadknife and that the only clear prints in the house were made by the murdered woman.

Undaunted, Meister and Bevan checked all the bus and railroad

depots for anyone buying a ticket within the past 12 hours who resembled the fat man. The maneuver drew a blank.

The autopsy report reached Meister's desk early the next morning. It shed little light on the investigation other than to say that Mrs. Wallace had died from the stab wound, and that she was not criminally attacked.

"At least we know it wasn't a sex crime," said Meister. "Now we can concentrate on the rejected suitor theory with more confidence."

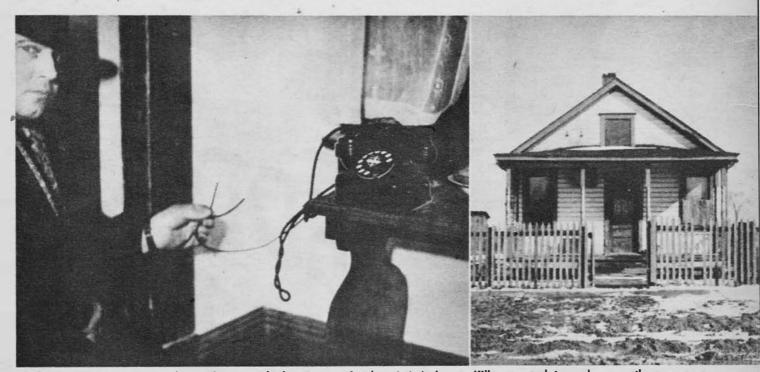
During the night a round-up of all police characters in and around the city was made. Scores of tall, heavily-muscled men were picked up and brought to Headquarters for questioning. However, by morning all of them had furnished airtight alibis for their whereabouts at the time of the crime.

The milkman and newsboy whose route included the little frame house on New Mexico Avenue were also questioned, but to no avail. Neither of them had seen or heard anything unusual while making their rounds.

A wave of excitement swept Headquarters late that afternoon when a heavy-set man was picked up trying to thumb a ride out of the city. Bearing deep facial scratches, he was hustled to Lieutenant Meister's office for questioning.

The suspect said he was Mike Minosky, an unemployed laborer. He vehemently denied having had anything to do with the slaying, or even knowing Mrs. Wallace.

(continued on page 48)



DETECTIVE William Bevan shows the cut telephone wires in the victim's home. Killer wanted to make sure there was no outcry. The murder house (r.) on New Mexico Avenue stands as grim reminder of a tragedy that left four children motherless. 33 TRUE CRIME

Juvenile delinquency is rampant all over the world today . . . How do youthful hoodlums of other countries compare with ours?

GANGS OF smirking, marauding, all too often literally murderous, teen-age youths are on the prowl today in more than one great metropolitan center of the world.

No longer does New York command the spotlight for its juvenile delinquency; its more than 100 street gangs, whose wars in 1955 alone resulted in six killings and the permanent disfigurement of scores of boys.

But now London, England, comes to the forefront with its lethal leagues of "Teddy Boys" and "Teddy Girls"....

Italy is plagued by a wave of youth crime, perpetrated by its own gangs of *Villetoni*--literally, "Young Bulls."

Even Moscow admits that the problem is getting out of hand behind the Iron Curtain, where juvenile gangs beat up schoolmates, terrorize teachers, and disrupt en-

TEDDY BOYS TRUE CRIME Special Report

By Lester Wallingford

tire neighborhoods with their depredations.

Perhaps one of the most shocking factors to be found in the upsurge of teeming youth crime around the world is that it has become undeniably "co-ed"—as we shall try to illustrate, not by speaking in wide generalities, but by the citing of actual cases of record.

But first: For more than two years, London has been rocked by a rash of violence committed by young male delinquents, who call themselves "Teddy Boys."

With the possible exception of their tendencies toward violence, one of the most remarkable distinguishing marks of the Teddy Boy gangs is the costume which members affect, not to say arrogantly flaunt.

The costume of the typical Teddy Boy is more a uniform, inspired by the sartorial atrocities sported by the dandies of the era of King Al-

vs GANG BOXS.





"EDWARDIAN" youth chats with his Teddy Girl sweetheart in a London dance hall while others rock with wild jazz tempos.

TEDDY GIRLS puff on "sticks" and swap stories of their escapades as they stand on sidelines of Birmingham dance hall.

bert Edward VII, son of Queen Victoria. Edward reigned from 1901 to 1910 and, you might say, was quite a dresser.

This uniform may, of course, have variations, motivated by some individual affectation. But overall it is unmistakable in general design. Following is an example:

Dark suit with velvet-collared jacket, padded tremendously at the shoulders and reaching, usually, almost to the knees. "Drainpipe" trousers taper to bottoms that hug the ankles. The tie is tightly knotted, a mere string affair, most frequently seen in the form of a bow with dangling ends. The vest is gaudy, most always double-breasted. Boots are heavy, crepe-soled.

These are surface details. Scotland Yard is more concerned about such concealed Teddy Boy "accessories" as a length of bicycle chain (for slugging) worn under the jacket lapel and fish hooks (for slashing) worn in the cuffs.

Which brings us back to the rising ranks of Teddy Girls who have found this outlandish plumage irresistible. Time was when, authori-36 ties point out, one girl would attach herself to the leader of a gang.

But today, young girls by the score bedazzled by these glorious Edwardian garbs, join the mobs. And, in the opinion of some authorities and social workers, they become even more of a problem than their male consorts.

"She makes dates with members of rival gangs," says Rev. Douglas Griffiths, who runs a youth club in . London's slums, "and then gets the kick of watching the boys fight over her."

As she grows in number, the Teddy Girl has developed her own distinctive costume which, as might be expected, is a modified version of the boy friend's. That is to say, it features everything but the drainpipe pants and the unruly mop of uncut hair, another distinguishing mark of virtually all Teddy Boys.

The Teddy Girl also has adopted one of the Teddy Boys' favorite "accessories"—the razor blade, as a weapon, of course.

We'll cite just one case herewhich came up in Hampshire Assizes, at Winchester, about 45 miles south of London, where Gunner Sydney John Page, of the Royal Artillery, was charged with criminally assaulting a 17-year-old.

The gunner pleaded not guilty and was found not guilty. What is pertinent to our story, however, is the testimony—under questioning of his accuser, Yvonne Joan Hall. Prosecutor Anthony Cox outlined the case:

Page and the girl fell into conversation one night and he escorted her home. When the fime a me to part, "Page committed an offense after a struggle" (said the prosecutor), whereupon she whipped a razor blade from her pocket, slashed the soldier across the face and he, quite understandably, took off hurriedly.

When the prosecutor had concluded, the judge offered:

"Young girls do not normally walk around with razor blades in their pocket."

Yvonne: "I had been using it for sewing."

Then, under further questioning, the girl said she had not minded when Page kissed her, but strenu-TRUE CRIME





STREETCORNER kids talk of gang doings in front of candy store. Note peg pants on boys-skirts, sweaters on gals.

PUNKS caught in stolen car are typical of kids who get in trouble. Bushy haircuts, "cool" clothes mark them as hood lums.

ously objected to what happened a little bit later.

Defense Attorney Stuart Priestly then asked Yvonne if she made a statement referring to Page as a Teddy Boy and herself as a Teddy Girl.

Yvonne: "I can't remember."

Then Yvonne admitted she was wearing a tight black skirt at the time of her encounter with Page. "But," she added, "it wasn't as

tight as those worn by the Teddy Girls."

Again the judge interposed: "Do you know Teddy Boys have something of a tradition for slashing with razor blades?"

Yvonne: "No, I don't." Judge: "Come along, now. Even I know that."

The girl stuck to her denial that she was one of the mob, winding up her testimony with:

"But, I admire Teddy Girl clothes because they are the fashion."

Gunner Page, who neither tried to defend himself nor offer any witnesses, was promptly acquitted.

Like the Teddy Boys and Girls of London and England, (more of TRUE CRIME

which later) the multiple gangs of New York-and particularly New York-not only have their "uniforms" but they have their teenage molls as well.

But they differ in many respects. Except for the common, and highly accurate, denomination of "hoodlum," they have no overall covering title, such as the Teddy Boys. They derive their identifications from the names of the gangs to which they belong.

There are the "Falcons," the "Golden Guineas," the "Navajos"and so on into the hundreds.

As to apparel, or uniform, the youthful hoodlums of New York wouldn't be caught dead, much less alive, in the elegant Edwardian sartorial monstrosities of the London Teddy Boy.

But to come right down to it, both costumes are so outrageously offensive to good taste, there isn't much choice. The New York juvenile gangster's outfit is much simpler to describe, however. Skin-tight blue jeans, preferably faded and much the worse for wear; leather jacket, with the name of his gang emblaz-

oned on the back; shoes optional, but occasionally heavy-soled (for kicking adversaries or victims while down) ankle-high boots. Never a hat-and infrequently a haircut.

The girls of the gangs, as unwholesome a collection of young females as were ever at large upon the earth, imitate this uniform, most of them in its entirety, right down to the jeans-only theirs seem invariably to have somehow managed to acquire an even snugger fit.

One gets a fairly clear picture of the character of these teen-aged molls when he knows that only recently more than 50 of them engaged in a violent battle on Lookout Hill in Brooklyn's big Prospect Park.

The melee was broken up after five courageous Youth Squad detectives waded into the midst of the clawing, kicking, belt-swinging hoydens, who were just wheeling into high gear. Ten of the combatants were extricated from the maelstrom of flying feet, fists, and heavybuckled belts and taken in custody. Eight were 15 years old, two 16.

(continued on page 66)

HE WAS SLIM, shapely and

true crime Feature Case

10ath

blonde. And she was dead-very dead. Someone had put four bullets into her beautiful body. Her corpse was found in a lonely

field in a suburb of Milwaukee one chilly morning two years ago.

"Who'd ever want to kill anyone as good-looking as that?" sighed an officer.

"Well, there's one consolation," spoke up Chief of Police Branson, "we shouldn't have too much trouble identifying her." He was right. Within minutes

after the inevitable gathering of curious onlookers, someone recognized her. She was Gloria Johnston.

It turned out that she was from Milwaukee, a member of one of its most prominent and highly-respected families. She'd always had her share of suitors, had been married twice and was now separated from her second husband.

It could not be said that there was a dearth of suspects. The vivacious blonde had been extremely popular. The problem was to find someone who could be classified as a suspect and who also had a .45.

For it was a .45 that had taken the life of the blonde. Apparently she'd gone out with someone who had turned on her as they stepped out of the car. The four heavy bullets had struck her with such force that they had gone through her

body and plowed into the ground. Police Chief Branson began rounding up suspects. He talked to many of them.

Among them, he questioned one Grady Burt, proprietor of a roadhouse. The police chief never had been able to quite fathom Burthandsome, apparently of good breeding, a college graduate, yet he seemed content to run a cheap roadhouse. In fact, within recent weeks, he'd got into a gunfight with another roadhouse owner. The case was coming up in court soon.

First, Chief Branson asked, "You knew Gloria Johnston, didn't you?"

"Sure." Grady Burt admitted with a smile.

"Pretty well?"

"I suppose."

"Was this gunfight you had over her?"

"I wouldn't say so," Burt answered easily. "Oh, and one more thing, chief. Just bye-the-bye. I didn't kill her."

"Do you have a .45?" "No," replied Burt.

"I'd like to see your gun."

"Sure thing."

Still smiling suavely, Burt led the police chief into his sleeping quarters. Hanging up on the wall was a holster and gun.

"I can save you the trouble of looking," Grady Burt said as the two men entered the door. "It's a .38."

The police chief made no reply. He stood for a moment and stared at the holster. Then he said, "I'd like you to come back down to Headquarters with me for a paraffin test."

The suave man remained completely unruffled.

"I indulge in target practice all the time," Burt smiled. "So, sure, you'll find some gunpowder marks on my hand-the result of firing

my .38 revolver." "In that case," said Police Chief Branson, "you can have no objec-tion to taking a test."

An hour or so later, the test completed, the chief and the handsome roadhouse owner faced each other alone again.

"All right," the police officer be-gan, "where is your .45?"

"Are you kidding? I've got a .38 revolver and you know it.'

"I know you've got a .38 that doesn't fit too well in your holster. And the reason it's a little out of joint is that it's too small for the holster-the holster is made for a .45 revolver."

"So I like holsters a little bigger. What does that prove?"

"There were powder mark flecks in the palm of your hand. How did they get there?"

"Again-so what? I told you I liked to practice firing that .38."

"Ah, but, Mr. Burt, if you had been shooting that .38 of yours there wouldn't be any of those flecks in the palm of your hand. I'll tell you something you never learned in college. You can't get those powder flecks in your palm from firing a revolver. A revolver sprinkles them around the back of your hand. Those powder marks of yours came from an automatic. Now, where's that other gun?"

Grady Burt broke down and admitted he had had a .45 and also that he'd killed the pretty blonde. He claimed it had been during a violent argument and pleaded self defense.

But, like his .38 revolver and its over-size .45 holster, his story was a "little too small" for credibility. Burt was sent to the penitentiary for life.

EDITOR'S NOTE: All names are fictitious as presented in this case. THE END





There were plenty of men in her young life . . Which one had turned brutal killer?

She liked her booze and she was just crazy about men

Too bad that she couldn't handle both at the same time!

ERHAPS it was not surprising that Helen Olsen should fatally burn herself-at least not to the cops and firemen who investi-

or the case. What they couldn't predict was the amazing turn of events a week after the death was listed as accidental, and the case officially closed. For a forsaken woman, eaten by the cancer of jealousy and teetering on the thin tightrope between love and hate, was to quite unwittingly lead the baffled police to the tenuous trail of the actual murderer.

At 28, Helen Olsen had everything a woman might reasonably want. She was tall, with the magnificently proportioned figure of a Viking goddess. She had a beautiful face crowned by a glory of natural golden hair. She had three lovely children and a man who was slavishly devoted to her.

Yet Helen Olsen was desperately, unrelentingly unhappy. Her face and figure had led her to nothing but trouble. Her three children by her two divorced husbands had been taken away from her. The one man who really loved her-her fiance-was away at sea most of the time. She had no choice, she felt, but to solace herself with lesser men, and with the whiskey bottle.

That was Helen Olsen's real trouble- the bottle. And because the police and the Bureau of Fire Investigation who were studying her death soon understood that, they decided-quite logically-that Helen had got intoxicated and had set fire to her bed while smoking. Besides, who'd want to harm her? If anything, she had more friends than was good for her.

The smoke had been seen by a passerby, billowing through the windows of her Brooklyn apartment

at 2:30 on the morning of November 7th, 1952. He had turned in an alarm-just in time it turned out, for the flames were rapidly spreading to the rest of the 20-family apartment. Families huddled in their night clothes on the sidewalk outside while the firemen exitnguished the flames.

It was not till they traced the flames' origin to Helen's apartment that they found her. She lay, magnificent in death and naked as the day she was born, on the floor just inside her own doorsill. Her outstretched arms told only too graphically how narrowly she had missed reaching the revivifying fresh air. How close she had been when the gaseous poison of the smoke filled her lungs and cut her down. Her charred bedroom left no doubt where the fire had originated.

As in all cases of fire fatality, the Bureau of Fire Investigation had been summoned. Assistant Fire Marshal John Tiedemann, together with Detectives Edward Fitzgerald and Walter Murray of the 68th precinct had begun the investigation. It appeared to be strictly routine.

It appeared to be strictly routine. There were, of course, the empty whiskey bottles on the linoleumcovered kitchen table-three of them and two glasses, one rimmed with lipstick. Helen Olsen had entertained a male drinking companion that night, and Murray and Fitzgerald went looking for him.

They talked to Helen's mother, who lived but a few blocks away in the Bay Ridge section. She told of Helen's background, of Einar Skogrud, her present fiance, "a fine man," and captain of a scallop dragger out of New Bedford. Skogrud put into Fulton Fish Market every three weeks or so. He took a shower and came to see Helen. His ship had sailed for Georges Bank the night before Helen died.

Fitzgerald checked with Skogrud's owners. He learned that this was true. He forgot about the fishing captain, turned his attention to the local bistros.

There wasn't one that Helen had missed. Drunk or sober, her radiant presence was like a breath of fresh air in the murky barrooms of Bay Ridge. Everyone knew her. Strangely, she had not been seen that last fatal night. Apparently she had entertained serious company, at home.

Next day the autopsy report came through from Kings County Hospital. Helen Olsen had died of burns and asphyxiation. There was no sign of violence. Death was apparently accidental.

Though her unknown drinking partner had failed to come forward, the police had no alternative but to list her death as accidental and close the case. They figured it probably was, anyhow. Just another unhappy kid who'd taken too many drinks and smoked one cigarette too many in bed.

And there the case remained dormant for a week. Till a phone rang on the city desk of the now-defunct *Brooklyn Eagle.*

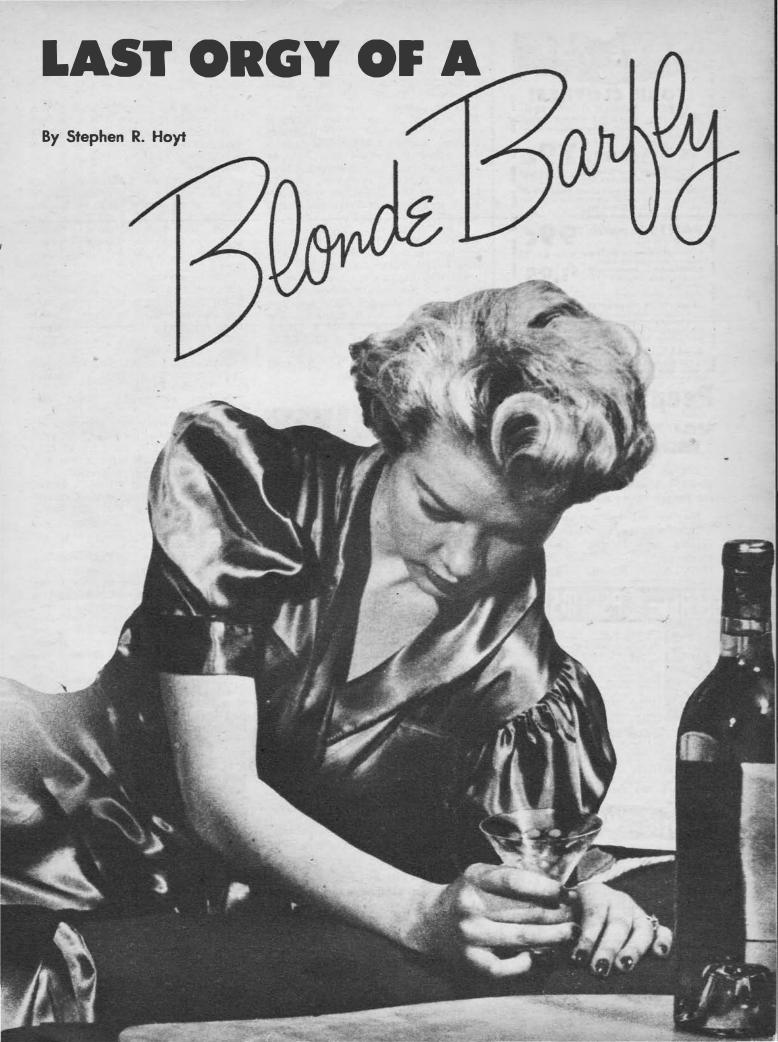
It was the voice of a woman, pitched high with hysteria, shrill with anger.

"I know something about the Helen Olsen death," she said. "It isn't what the police think. That woman was deliberately set on fire."

"Who's this?" Reporter Dave Engel inquired.

"Never you mind," the woman said. "Just see Walter Larson." And she hung up.

Engel phoned Chief Fire Marshal Martin Scott, head of the Bureau of





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Fire Investigation. "Probably a nut," he told Scott. "But I thought you ought to know."

"We'll check on it," Scott promised. "Thanks for calling."

Scott phoned Kings County DA Miles F. McDonald, who talked it over with his chief of the homicide bureau, Assistant DA Louis Andreozzi. And Fitzgerald and Murray were sent back on the investigation.

They checked on every Walter Larson in the Brooklyn telephone book. In Bay Ridge there are plenty of them. It was none of them.

"Let's go back on the bar beat," Murray suggested. "That's where all her friends are." And after a while they found Walter Larson.

He was big, a red-faced ex-seaman with the complexion of a man who's seen too much dirty weather and done too much drinking. He now had a shore job as a loader at the Brooklyn Port of Embarkation.

"You guys are crazy," he told the assembled police officers.



KILLER was jealous of barfly girlfriend

"Maybe so," Murray said. "But did you ever know Helen Olsen? Do you know she's dead?"

"Sure I did. Drank with her many times. Say, what's this all about?" Murray said, "Someone carried a torch for her. A lighted one."

Larson stared at him. "And you think I did it?"

Fitzgerald shrugged. "Somebody bes." They told him about the does." phone call.

Larson listened in apparent amazem nt. Either he was a consummate actor, or he was genuinely surprised.

"This is incredible," he said. "You'll have to believe me.

"I had nothing to do with Helen Olsen's death. But I believe I know who made that phone call."

He told of a woman named Annie Andersen. He and Annie had been

going together on and off for years. He had lived with her briefly after first coming ashore. But they couldn't get along. He now saw her infrequently.

Meanwhile, he met Helen Olsen. They never formally dated, he said, but met frequently in barrooms and drank together. Sometimes when she'd had too much, he'd take her home.

"One night about three weeks ago I was drinking with Helen," Larson said, "when Annie came in.

"She had it all built up in her mind about how Helen was taking me away from her. Though I hadn't seen much of Annie lately, anyhow.

"Well, anyway, she called us both about every name that's in the book. Then she broke a beer glass over the bar and tried to slash Helen's face. It's lucky I caught her armand just in time, too. Then the bartender threw her out."

Fitzgerald asked, "And you think she's trying to get you in trouble over Helen's death?"

Larson shrugged. "What else could it be?"

Murray leveled him with a look. "We'll leave that for later," he said.

He added, "But we'll try to help you out. We'll talk with Annie Andersen. What's her address?"

Larson shrugged. "I don't know. She's always falling behind in her rent and moving. But she never wanders far from Bay Ridge."

"We'll find her," Fitzgerald promised.

It took no very skillful sleuthing. Annie Andersen's presence was known in every bar in Bay Ridge and welcomed while she had a buck. But when she became plastered, she got noisy and profane-and openly amorous. Refused more drinks, she would scream and throw glasses till hustled out through the door.

Nobody knew just where Annie lived. From her appearance it might have been a trash bin or coal pile. But bartenders promised to notify the police at her earliest appearance -and this wouldn't be long, everybody knew.

It was that night, to be exact. At McLean's Bar. Annie liked to go there for a stimulating argument. This time she hadn't even warmed up before Murray and Fitzgerald arrived. The bartender had phoned them to hurry before the glasses started flying.

She was a tall, gaunt woman, with large, bony features, bad teeth and startling blue eyes. She teetered on her high heels, surveying them owl-ishly, and demanded, "What do ya want?"

"What do you know about the death of Helen Olsen?" Murray asked. "Nothin'."

"So that's why you phoned the Brooklyn Eagle? About nothin'?" TRUE CRIME

"How d'you know it was me?" "Larson says you were jealous. Says you're trying to pin Helen

Olsen's death on him." A crafty look stole over her wrin-

kled face. "Well, it's true-that I called the *Eagle*, I mean. Larson killed her."

"How do you know?" Murray asked.

"He was always foolin' around with her when her man's away at sea. And he's mean enough."

"How?"

"One night he got mad at me. He put a match to my nightgown and walked out. Lucky I wasn't too drunk to put it out." Fitzgerald said, "Larson claims

he only knew Helen Olsen casually."

"He's lying," Annie Andersen shouted.

"We'll find out," Fitzgerald promised.

They called in the Fire Investigation Bureau again. The apartment was again carefully examined. Helen Olsen had been in bed

when the fire started. It was unquestionably well underway before she became aware of it. She had leaped out of bed, staggered toward the hallway door in the nude.

But the poisonous smoke had already done its work. She collapsed and died within a foot of the fresher air of the hallway.

Unquestionably she had been drunk. Yet not too drunk to wake up. It seemed obvious that the fire had not started in her bed, as first thought. And nobody had touched a match to her night dress, for she wore none.

Her dress closet was between her bed and the open window. The latter had fanned the flames, blowing them toward the door, for the room was more badly burned near the window.

The bed was badly charred, but the investigators examined the dress closet, determined that the fire had started there.

Helen's dress, her undergarments, shoes and stockings-or what was left of them-had been flung on a nearby chair. She had not been near the closet that night, could not have started the fire. There were no packages of cigarettes around, only butts in an ashtray on the kitchen table. Besides the fire had not started in the kitchen.

Beyond a doubt. Helen Olsen had been asleep or drunk on the bed when it did start. And somebody else had done it: Walter Larson, for instance. Annie Andersen, vindictive, drunken slut that she was, had turned a closed case of accidental death by fire into a search for a vicious and inhumanly callous murderer.

The police took Larson into custody. The big, red-faced ex-sailor trembled with fear. "Look," he told TRUE CRIME

Murray and Fitzgerald. "I'm no angel. But I'm no killer, either. And I never set fire to her clothes, like Annie Andersen says.

"I don't know how Helen Olsen died. I had nothing to do with it. Anybody who knows anything in Bay Ridge can tell you that Helen Olsen never meant nothing to me. It's all up in Annie Andersen's mind."

Murray and Fitzgerald agreed that it could be. They again checked all the bars where Helen and Larson -and Annie-hung out. Like many sections of New York, Bay Ridge is a small, neighborly community within a large city. Everybody knows everyone else-particularly in the taverns.

Helen Olsen had done a lot of drinking with Larson. When they were drunk he'd sometimes paw her. But Helen had drunk with many other men who did the same thing. As did Larson with other women. There was no evidence that Helen was Larson's special girl.

"Annie was jealous of Helen because she was so much better looka bartender said. "Specially ing," the night she went for Helen with a broken beer glass. Said she'd scar her for life."

Fitzgerald and Murray continued their rounds. They got a description of every man Helen had ever drunk with. They ran them all down, checked out all except a tall, sandyhaired man with a big jaw. He'd been seen with Helen a couple of times, the latest about 10 days ago. But nobody knew who he was. Probably wasn't important, anyhow. Nobody'd seen them on the murder night.

"Maybe Annie's lying," Murray said to Fitzgerald. "Maybe she isn't. One thing for sure-she knows how Helen Olsen died."

"You think maybe she did it?" Fitzgerald asked.

Murray shrugged. "Could be. We'll find out."

Larson was brought from his cell. Despite her protests, Annie Andersen was ushered into the small office.

"Now," Murray said. "Do you still accuse Walter of setting fire to Helen Olsen? Did he once set fire to your nightdress?"

Annie looked at the big man, sitting tense on the edge of his chair. His gaze met her blue eyes steadily. Her glance dropped to the floor. "Yes," she said.

Larson sank to his knees on the floor. "Annie. For God's sakes, Annie. Tell them the truth. You're crucifying me. You know I never burned you. You know Helen Olsen never meant nothin' to me. Don't let me fry, Annie. Please don't."

"This is a serious charge," Mur-ray warned her. "You could send an innocent man to the chair."

"He did it," Annie repeated stub-



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bornly, and stalked from the room. Larson broke into great choking sobs, then wept uncontrollably.

"What do you think?" Murray asked Fitzgerald later.

"That we'd better talk to Annie." "I still say he did it," she insisted.

Said Murray, "That's not what we came to talk to you about. Why are you so sure that Helen was murdered?"

"Because Walter Larson is a firebug," she said. "Anyone who'd try to set fire to one woman would do the same to someone else." She stopped talking, her eyes bright with fear, then, "Say, you don't think I did it?"

'You were jealous of her," Fitzgerald pointed out. "You tried to cut her up.

"I hated her. She could've had any man she wanted. And she had to take Walter.

"But I was too drunk the night" she died. Besides, she'd never let me inside her apartment. Would never drink with me in her kitchen."

"How do you know she drank with someone?" Murray shot.

"It was in all the papers," Annie said.

"And how do we know you were

too drunk?" Fitzgerald asked. "Ask anyone," Annie said. "Ask Chester Elliott-he took me home that night. Put me to bed."

Elliott was a truck driver who lived in a furnished room on 49th Street, Annie Andersen said. Fitzgerald and Murray went there at once.

Elliott was out of town on a long haul, his landlady said. He was not expected back for several days. She gave them the name of his firm and promised to tell him to con-tact the police.

Meanwhile, they continued questioning Larson and Annie Andersen. Murray and Fitzgerald doubted that Annie had committed the murder. They agreed that Helen would never let her into her apartment after their previous fracas. And there had been no signs of a struggle there. Besides, only one of the two whiskey glasses had been rimmed with lipstick. They concluded that Annie's confirmed knowledge of the manner of Helen's death was based on either a tremendously intuitive feminine hunch, or that she had correctly fingered Walter Larson because she had inside information that he set the fire.

About Larson, the detectives weren't quite sure. Discounting several arrests for drunkenness he had no police record. There was nothing to indicate he was capable of such a cruel murder-nothing, that is, except the word of the drunken Annie Andersen.

Just as she continued to accuse him, Larson steadfastly denied the killing. He blamed Annie's jealous passion for his very dangerous predicament with the law.

Then, two days later, Chester Elliott walked into the Bay Ridge precinct station. He was a tall man in his early 40's and wore glasses.

"I understand you want to see me," he said pleasantly.

"It's about Annie Andersen," Murray said. "Do you know her?" Elliott grimaced. "Only too well, I'm afraid."

"Do you know where she was on the night of November 6th and 7th?"

"Only for the 6th," Elliott quipped. "She got drunk and was home in bed by midnight of the seventh. I know because I put her there."

Fitzgerald and Murray looked at each other, crestfallen. One strong murder suspect had just flown out the window.

"Do you know Walter Larson and

Helen Olsen?" Fitzgerald asked. "Larson, I know slightly. I only knew Helen Olsen by sight and by reputation. I'm sorry to hear she's dead."

They asked, "Did Annie Andersen ever tell you that Larson tried to set her night dress on fire?"

Elliott blushed a deep scarlet. Then he began to laugh. Somewhat embarrassed, he said, "Annie An-dersen never wore a night dress. She always slept in the raw.

He admitted knowing Annie and Larson had lived together, and that she was highly jealous of him. How much Larson liked Helen Olsen, he didn't know.

"Just one more question," Murray said. "Where did you go after putting Annie to bed that night?"

"I went home to bed by myself," Elliott said.

After he'd gone, Fitzgerald said lightly, "Looks like we've done a masterful job of detection. We've eliminated both our suspects and we're right back where we started. One thing's for sure, if Annie never wore a nightdress, Larson couldn't have fired it."

Murray just sat there, silent, thoughtful. Finally he picked up the intercom, called Personnel. "See if there's a police record on Chester Elliott," he ordered.

Fitzgerald looked at him, questioningly.

"You remember the descriptions of all the guys who Helen went bar-crawling with?" Murray asked. "I think so."

"And one of them had sandy hair and an over-size, projecting lower jaw, like Elliott."

"But that man didn't glasses," Fitzgerald protested. wear

"Maybe he just didn't wear them that particular night."

Within minutes there was a dossier on Chester Elliott on Murray's desk. Elliott had first been arrested in 1932, for disorderly conduct. Sentence was suspended. Three years later he was arrested for felonious assault. The charge was dismissed. In 1936 he was arrested again for TRUE CRIME disorderly conduct. Sentence was suspended. He was arrested again in 1948-for grand larceny. The charge was dismissed. In 1951 he was arrested again for felonious assault. The charge was dismissed. Despite his five arrests, Chester Elliott had never spent a single day in jail.

"And guilty or not guilty of these various charges, that doesn't make him a murderer," Fitzgerald said. "No," Murray agreed. "But it

"No," Murray agreed. "But it makes him a potentially bad actor. Or a very good actor if you consider the frank, innocent way with which he cooperated with us.

"Here's something else," he said, pointing to the dossier. "In not one of these mug shots does Elliott wear glasses."

They showed the photographs to the bartender who'd described Helen Olsen's drinking companion.

He looked at the pictures carefully. "That's him, all right," he said. "I'd remember that pugnacious jaw anywhere."

"But you don't remember what night he and Helen Olsen were in here together?" Murray asked.

The bartender wiped some suds off the mahogany, shook his head. "Nope. Only that it wasn't the murder night."

Apparently satisfied, Murray said to Fitzgerald, "At least that makes an awful liar out of Elliott. He said he knew her only by sight."

When they tried to find him, he was away on another long haul. "Have him come in and see us when he gets back," Murray told his boss. "It's about Annie Andersen."

Elliott waltzed into the station house three days later. A friendly smile lighted his face. "Heard you wanted to see me," he said, extending his hand. "Always glad to help the police. Do anything I can."

"Sit down," said Fitzgerald. "And tell us why you lied about Helen."

Elliott protested he didn't know her. At least not by name.

"But you told us you knew her by sight and reputation," Murray pointed out.

"No, I didn't," Elliott said. "I misunderstood you."

They put him in a lineup. The bartender picked him out. They grilled him some more, flashed his photo around other bars.

He'd been seen with Helen Olsen several times. Nobody could say for sure about the murder night. They questioned him again, didn't tell him that.

Murray said, "We were told you took Helen Olsen home." He didn't say when.

Elliott said, "But I didn't go in the house."

"There were two whiskey glasses on the kitchen table," Murray reminded him.

"But I didn't kill her," Elliott said. He was taking it for granted police knew he'd seen drunken Helen on the fiery murder night. TRUE CRIME "Come on, Elliott. Tell the truth!" He finally did. The jig was up and

he knew it. He admitted setting the fire deliberately. "I got up out of bed," he said.

"Helen stayed there. She was very drunk.

"I asked her for a date over the weekend. She told me that she couldn't go because she had a date with someone else. While I was getting dressed, she turned over facing the wall and fell asleep."

That made him mad, Elliott said. And he was jealous of her other date. He lit a cigarette, stood looking down at her as he smoked, admiring her. And his jealousy, his terrible longing to possess her alone for himself, mounted till it became a frenzy of rage, a whiplash goading him to maniac fury. "The door of the clothes closet

"The door of the clothes closet was open," he related, "so I threw the cigarette inside. I thought I'd fix her. I'd burn up her clothes so she couldn't keep her date with this other guy." Then he walked into the kitchen, he said, and downed a drink of Scotch.

"I sat there about 20 minutes drinking whiskey," he continued. "I saw a slight haze of smoke, but didn't do anything about it. I had four or five more drinks."

Then he heard the roar of flames. A huge ball of fire leaped from the clothes closet. He said, "I took my topcoat from the kitchen and ran out of the apartment.

"I guess I just blew my top," he summed it up.

Thus, Annie Andersen, by trying to put the finger on one man, had unwittingly pointed out the real killer. Walter Larson was exonerated of any guilt and Annie, because she had never accused him under oath was not held for perjury. Larson swore he would never again get tangled with a jealous woman.

Elliott was arraigned in Brooklyn Felony Court on Saturday, November 22nd, just two weeks after the killing. He was indicted and charged with first-degree murder.

He went to trial on May 25, 1953, in Kings County Court and the next day interrupted the proceedings to plead guilty to first-degree manslaughter.

Judge Carmine J. Marasco acceptted the plea and sentenced Elliott on July 21st to 7 to 15 years in Sing Sing. He is still there.

Though there can be no sympathy for Elliott, he had been put there by an ironic quirk of fate, by his endeavor to help Annie Andersen out of her predicament when she was suspected of the murder herself.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In order to protect persons innocently involved in this case, the names Einar Skogrud, Walter Larson and Annie Andersen are fictitious as used here. THE END



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BLACK COFFEE AND BULLETS

(continued from page 15)

firmed the story. With shaking hands he ran to the phone and called Venice police.

A short time later, the usually quiet street was crowded. Uniformed policemen, plainclothes detectives, medical examiners, reporters, and photographers besieged the house.

A search for Floyd Hunt was quickly organized. Police called on all his friends. None had seen the man for several days. The officers then began making the rounds of his business acquaintances.

A short time afterwards, Hunt was arrested at the home of a friend. Minutes later, word was flashed to Police Headquarters that 24-yearold Christina Hunt had died of her wounds.

By then, Hunt was sober enough to understand fully what had happened. He readily admitted shooting his wife after a violent argument. He said that he went to the home of his brother and borrowed the shotgun on the pretense that he was going hunting.

Hunt went on trial for murder in January, 1938. A few days after the trial began, he dramatically interrupted the proceedings and pleaded guilty. The jury took a short time to reach their verdict. A grim-faced judge solemnly pronounced sentence in Superior Court. Floyd Hunt was to be committed to the penitentiary for a period of from five years to the end of his natural life.

Upon hearing the sentence, Hunt slumped into a chair, sobbing: "If I only had that night to live over again. People can't understand what liquor can do to a person . . . the terrible things it can make them do.'

The moody house painter was sent to San Quentin prison shortly afterwards to begin his sentence. Although he was regarded by inmates and guards alike as a man hard to get along with, he gave prison authorities no trouble. Long hours by himself in his cell set him to brooding even more than he had while he was living with his wife. Beyond the grim walls of the prison, strife swirled through a distant continent and one day the rumble of bombs at far-off Pearl Harbor catapulted the country into war.

In the prison, life changed little from day to day. Floyd Hunt lived only for the time when he would walk forever out of those massive gates, back into the free world. In 1944, six years after he had entered San Quentin, Hunt was transferred to Chino. Almost a year later, the war ended outside the gates, but Hunt remained at war, brooding bitterly about his misfortunes.

Finally, Hunt became eligible for parole. The members of the parole board were impressed by his eagerness to start life again. He was honestly penitent about the tragic events of 1937. The board approved his request and paroled him on February 19th, 1946.

On that day, early in the morning, Floyd Hunt walked through the grim doors of Chino for the last time. He glanced at the early sun, smiling at him through the trees. For the first time in many years, Floyd Hunt felt that life was worth living and that he would make a fresh start.

He started working again as a house painter. He started to build a new life, trying to forget his past. And, inevitably, he started drinking again . . .

In 1949, Floyd Hunt, now 39, met an attractive 29-year-old woman, Mrs. Mildred Marsh. Mrs. Marsh, mother of three children by a previous marriage, worked at the University of California at Los Angeles as a cashier in the Student Union in Kerckoff Hall.

The two began to see each other regularly and, a few months later, Floyd Hunt proposed. He and Mrs. Marsh were married the same year. They settled in Santa Monica and life became routine. Every morning Mrs. Hunt kissed her husband goodbye and went to her job at UCLA. Floyd Hunt continued working as a house painter, and the two appeared on the surface to be a happy couple.

The only thing that kept the marriage from being a truly happy one was Hunt's drinking. At first, it began harmlessly enough, with just a drink or two after dinner. But, as the years went by, his apparent resotion to stay on the wagon became too much to carry out. From time to time he would stop at bars on the way home from work, and would finally bluster into his house in a drunken stupor. Mildred Hunt begged her husband to stop, principally because she feared for his health.

In 1954, Floyd Hunt's weakness began to catch up with him. One day, while coming home from a visit to a bar, he fell to the ground, clutching at his heart. It was only a mild heart attack, but a doctor advised him to stop drinking. Mildred Hunt begged her husband to follow the doctor's advice. And for a while, he did.

But, after he had recovered from his attack, temptation once more became too great for Floyd Hunt to overcome. He began drinking again, and from time to time came home completely drunk. Instead of getting better, the situation was becoming steadily worse. Neighbors of the couple, who were living at No. 844 Pacific St., Santa Monica, heard Hunt's drunken raging several times a week, just as his neighbors had heard the same abuse 18 years pre-TRUE CRIME

viously on the quiet street in Venice. And, like Hunt's neighbors in 1937, they shook their heads sadly, wondering how long Mildred Hunt could stand up under such treatment.

Mildred Hunt herself didn't know how much longer she could take it. She confided to Captain Nick Janise of the UCLA campus police that her husband beat her on several occasions after he had come home drunk. She told the officer that violent arguments were a common thing in her house. She said that Hunt had killed his first wife and that she feared for her own life.

Finally, Mildred Hunt could stand her life with Floyd Hunt no longer. On August 28th, 1955, she moved away from him. Hunt was furious and his drinking became worse than ever. After a few weeks, he traced his wife to a Santa Monica address and pleaded with her to return to him. When his pleas proved to be of no avail, he threatened her. That device didn't work, either. Finally, he left.

Afraid, Mrs. Hunt moved again, this time to Los Angeles. Again, a few weeks later, Floyd Hunt caught up with her and demanded she return. She refused and the next day moved back to a different address in Santa Monica.

Late in September, according to a 35-year-old concession operator at the cafeteria, Mrs. Hunt moved in with him at No. 704 % North Coronado Street. The man said that he was going to marry Mrs. Hunt after she divorced her husband. On September 16th, he said, Mrs. Hunt took out a \$1,000 life insurance policy and named her father as beneficiary.

On the morning of October 25th, Mrs. Hunt went to work as usual. The morning rush of students kept her busy taking in money at the cash register. She was undoubtedly too busy to remember that it was Floyd Hunt's 45th birthday. . . .

FLOYD HUNT dressed slowly. As he straightened his tie before the mirror he frowned at the man who stared back at him-a man whose face plainly showed the bitter years of mental strife behind him. For a second he stood and looked at himself. So this is what it's like to be 45! Thinking of the years he had spent in prison he smiled to himself without a trace of humor.

It was about eight o'clock when Floyd Hunt arrived on the UCLA campus. Students scurried past him on the way to classes as he walked slowly and deliberately among the buildings of learning. One or two students looked at him from their windows as they dressed for their nine o'clock classes. Not one gave a second thought to the man.

Floyd Hunt continued his slow pace until he came to a building from which came the subdued chatter of several hundred voices. He TRUE CRIME

looked at the sign in front: "Kerckhoff Hall" it read. This was it.

It was about 20 minutes after eight when he stepped just inside the door of the big room from which came the unmistakable clatter of dishes and silverware. He looked around the room, his eyes darting swiftly from table to table as some 300 students sat eating their breakfast at the small tables.

For a few seconds he stood in the doorway and then suddenly his gaze froze on a table at which sat more than a dozen white-frocked men and women. One woman in particular held his eyes as he started towards the table. As he walked nearer, the conversation of the cafeteria employees on their break began to reach him ...

Mildred Hunt, sipping coffee and chatting with some of her fellowworkers, was glad that it was time for a break. The early hordes of hungry students had stormed the cafeteria and left it and its workers exhausted. She sipped her coffee again, then suddenly stopped, as though she were aware of someone staring at her from behind. She turned slowly in her chair, and her eyes met those of Floyd Hunt as he stood a few feet from the table.

For a moment, she felt ill. Then, as she looked more closely at her husband, the panic left her. He seemed to be sober and his face was more calm than at many times during their years of married life. He came closer, bent towards her, and spoke to her quietly.

Mildred Hunt rose from the table and she and Floyd went to an empty table a few feet away and sat down. Some of her fellow workers glanced apprehensively towards the pair from time to time, sensing Mildred's fear.

Quietly they watched as Floyd Hunt rose to his feet. He looked down at his wife, seated in the other chair at the table. Then, slowly and deliberately, he took his right hand out of his pocket. A woman screamed as she saw the gun in his hand. Without blinking an eye, Hunt pulled the trigger. The shots crashed explosively through the crowded hall

Mildred Hunt gasped, sat still for a moment and slid slowly to the floor. Workers and students threw themselves to the floor in panic. The bullet hole in Mildred Hunt's head spouted blood as her life ebbed away in seconds.

Floyd Hunt stood for a moment, looking down at the body of his wife. Then he slowly raised his arm, pointing the gun into his own mouth. At the last instant, a grim smile flashed over his features before he pulled the trigger and ended his own unhappy life.

"Happy Birthday, Floyd," he thought to himself, ironically . . . "Happy Birthday."



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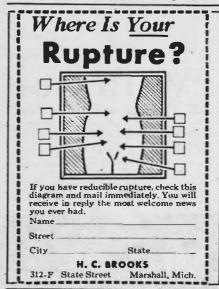
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FAT MAN BLUES

(continued from page 33)

"How did you get those scratches?" asked Meister.

Minosky smiled ruefully. "My wife and I had a fight last night. I was trying to get out of her life when you guys picked me up."

When a check of the man's story revealed he was telling the truth, he was released.

The first break came two days later when a Main Street jeweler called Lieutenant Meister. He said that a man resembling the fat man had purchased a ring similar to the one given to Mrs. Wallace.

Hurrying to the store, Meister questioned the proprietor. The latter said that the ring had been purchased about a week before the murder.

"He said his name was Harry Harlan and that he was going to give it to the prettiest girl in town," said Creedy. "I recognized the ring from the heart-shaped cluster of small diamonds."

"How much was the ring?"

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars. He gave me ten dollars down and promised to pay eight dollars a month."

"What address did he give you?" The jeweler frowned. "That's the funny part. He said he resided in Walker's Hotel. I didn't think anything about it until after he left. Then I checked the directory. There's no such hotel in Lorain."

Meister stared at the man, dumbfounded. "Walker's Hotel" was an expression used by the town's vagrants when they were locked up in the basement of the city jail. It came by that name because of Chief Walker.

Thanking the man for his help, Meister returned to Headquarters where he briefed Chief Walker on the strange twist the case had taken.



QUESTION:

John and his sweetheart agree to commit suicide. John kills his sweetheart but, losing his nerve, doesn't kill himself. What crime has John committed?

ANSWER:

Murder, probably in the first degree, since there is a legal presumption against suicide; in the absence of proof of such a fact, the law would presume both malice and premeditation. If a suicide note were produced, it probably would reduce the crime to murder in the second degree. (From YOUR LEGAL ADVISOR by Samuel G. Kling, Permabooks.) "Seems I do remember a big guy being brought in several times for vagrancy," Meister said, "but I never figured him to be the fat man we're looking for."

"How about his prints or mugshot?" asked Walker.

"We don't bother to book vags," said Meister dourly. "Anyway, I've a feeling we'll find out that Harlan is a phony name."

At the lieutenant's suggestion, a fast round-up was begun of local vagrants on the chance that one of them might remember the heavilybuilt suspect. They struck paydirt two days later when one of them recalled being hauled in with a man answering the fat man's description.

"Only his name wasn't Harlan," he said thoughtfully. "It was Naiberg. Frank Naiberg."

"Did he ever say anything about himself?" asked Lieut. Meister.

The man started to shake his head, then changed his mind. "Yeah, it seems he told me once that he was sure glad they didn't book vags in this town. I asked him why, but he wouldn't explain. Later, he told me the cops in Dearborn, Michigan, book you for spitting on the sidewalk."

A call to the Dearborn authorities revealed that Frank A. Naiberg had been booked and fingerprinted in that city for vagrancy on July 8th, 1937. They promised to forward his fingerprints and I.D. photograph via airmail.

"We'll have him in a cell in less than a week," Meister predicted. "A guy that big can't possibly hide."

It looked like the lieutenant was right when word came from Sandusky that a man answering Naiberg's description had been picked up trying to thumb a ride out of town. However, a comparison of his prints with the wanted man's soon exonerated him as a suspect.

Weeks passed, then months, without a word on the fat man or his whereabouts. It was as if he had vanished from the earth.

"We'll get him sooner or later," said Meister grimly. "As long as we have his prints, he'll make a mistake somewheres. somehow. Wait and see."

This time the veteran officer was right.

Meanwhile word drifted in that Naiberg had been seen in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and later in Denver, Colorado.

"He's undoubtedly heading for the coast," said Meister. "I'll alert the California authorities."

Years passed without Naiberg being brought to justice for his brutal crime. The dossier on the Mary Wallace case had long been relegated to the unsolved files by the Lorain police.

Then, suddenly, on the morning of March 27th, 1945, the telephone rang on Meister's desk. Now an in-TRUE CRIME spector, Meister scooped up the receiver. His caller was H. B. Fletch-

er, an FBI agent in Los Angeles. "Are you still looking for a man named Naiberg?" asked Fletcher.

Meister's hands shook with excitement. "I sure am. Do you have him?'

"We've got him, all right. A week ago he applied for a job with an inter-state trucking outfit here in Los Angeles. To get it he had to be fingerprinted. That did it."

Meister couldn't believe his ears. Mary Wallace had been slain on the morning of February 17th, 1938. More than seven years before!

THIS

The next day, Inspector Meister, accompanied by Chief of Police Walker, started the long trek to California by car. Upon their arrival in Los Angeles, they learned that Naiberg had confessed to the murder of Mary Wallace. He said that after leaving the Wallace home he had hitch-hiked from town to town, adopting a circuitous route in order to throw the authorities off the track.

Once in Los Angeles, he secured odd jobs around the city. In 1941 he met and courted a pretty, auburnhaired waitress. They were married two years later.

Returned to Lorain, he said he killed Mary Wallace because she wouldn't return his love. During the lengthy session he kept shaking his head and muttering, "If I only hadn't let them take my prints."

Naiberg revealed that he had sold the ring to a man in Reno, Nevada, about two weeks after the murder. The 32 dollars he had taken from Mrs. Wallace's handbag he had nursed along for food.

Frank A. Naiberg went on trial for his life in the Lorain County Courthouse in Elyria. With Judge Guy Findlay presiding, the trial lasted three days with the jury returning a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. Judge Findlay promptly sentenced him to die in the electric chair on the night of January 9th, 1946.

Three days before his execution in the Ohio State Penitentiary, Governor Frank J. Lausche gave the killer a month's reprieve on the basis of supposedly new evidence in the case.

When this new evidence failed to materialize, however, Naiberg was rescheduled to die on Saturday night, February 9th. As the huge. powerfully - built slayer walked slowly towards the execution chamber, he sang, "Saturday Night Is The Loneliest Night In The Year."

It was a mournful ending to a cold-blooded and senseless murder.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The names George Dance and Mike Minosky used in this story are fictitious in order to protect innocent people.

THE END





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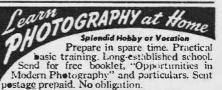
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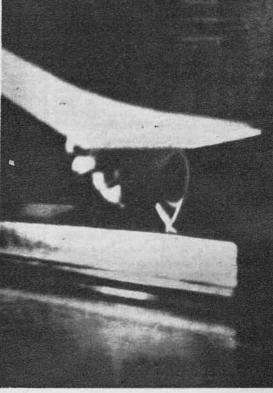


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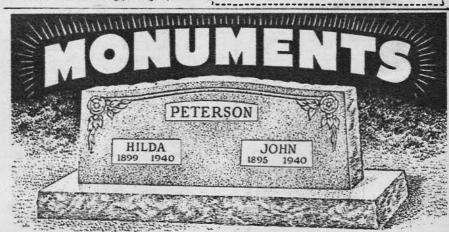
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Kutner's principle in this case was that each man was entitled to be charged or released within a reasonable time.

He went into federal court on behalf of all 22 men, under an old English law known as Jailhouse Delivery. This provided that the jail had to be cleared every 30 days and that each prisoner would have his day in court. Kutner's plea was that the 22 men were entitled to their day in court. Judge Charles E. Woodward agreed. Since no charges had been filed against any of them, Judge Woodward ordered all 22 men released. This was the largest number of men ever freed at one time in federal court on a writ of habeas corpus.

Another chaplain, Father Eligius Weir of Stateville Penitentiary, brought an unusual case to Kutner's attention. Four young men were serving a 14-year term for a holdup attempt they admitted and a natural life sentence for a murder they vigorously denied. They had already served ten years, enough to satisfy the robbery transgression.

On a warm July morning in 1935, the four teen-age boys strode into a South Side grocery store to rob it. They had heard it was a collection station for the crime syndicate. The owner and a customer were in the store. In the confusion that followed, the customer fell dead, a .38 caliber bullet in his chest. The youths fled but were caught.

They admitted the stickup attempt, their first, but denied having fired a shot. The gun one of them carried was a .38 caliber revolverenough to convict them of murder.

The four men told Kutner a different story: The customer had been killed by the grocer's son, who had testified that he was asleep in the rear of the store and had been awakened by the fatal shot.

Kutner began backtracking. It took him months to locate the gun used in the robbery. Then he obtained the bullet taken from the victim. Ballistics tests quickly established that the holdup gun had not fired the murder bullet.

The new evidence was taken to court, but various judges rejected it and refused to reopen the case. Kutner didn't give up. He found the grocer's son, then in the army in another state. He admitted he had lied at the trial. Actually he had fired at the four youths and had hit the customer

Rebuffed by the state courts, the parole board and the governor, Kutner went into federal court with his new evidence and the testimony of the grocer's son. Observing that "the sovereign state of Illinois was afforded every opportunity to rectify a gross miscarriage of justice," the judge ordered the four men released.

This marked the first time in American legal history that a group of men charged with murder were freed from prison by a federal writ of habeas corpus. Particularly gratifying to Kutner were two happy sequels to this case.

One of the boys studied to be a priest and the other three became solid citizens in different fields, with regular jobs. And the State of Illinois recently enacted a law that permits a rehearing of any case where a convict has some evidence of wrongful conviction.

To date, 1,011 prisoners have been freed through Kutner's court actions. During many visits to Stateville Penitentiary to talk to clients, he observed prison routine and came to some definite conclusions about our penal system. He contends that our custom of punishing a man for a transgression benefits neither the individual nor society.

lawbreaking With increased crowding the penitentiaries and almost daily prison riots, Kutner argues that there is only one solution-a program of rehabilitation that will thoroughly train the individual in moral conduct and a useful occupation. He believes that most convicts now learn only how to be smarter criminals. He admits that some can't be reformed, but insists that society will gain even if only a small percentage of those released become good citizens.

THE END





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NUDE DEAL

(continued from page 12)

shoulders, sits a handsome, fairhaired young man.

He, too, is nude.

In the moonlight, high above the water as if suspended in space, the naked couple are locked in each other's arms . .

On a terrace behind them, where the shadows are deeper, another couple are embracing.

Gay voices are heard from the lake and the shore, where other nude figures-girls and men-may be seen playing.

The girls are young, high-breasted, clean-limbed and curved of figure.

One of the nude revelers in this scene is a seductive little spriteall of 15 years old.

Some of the men are in their 30's. But most of the girls are in their teens

Now, the couple on the diving board are called to interrupt their love-making.

And the pair on the terrace reluctantly tear themselves from each other's arms.

Others come up from the water. Some don clothes. A few of the girls are seen giving their dripping boy friends brisk dryoffs with Turkish towels.

Then a bottle is passed around. First a crock of gin. Somebody wants whisky. A bottle is produced and is passed from hand to hand, lip to lip.

The shrill laughter of the young girls, gay and provocative, rises above all of the other sounds in the night.

Couples ease away from the group to dissolve in the shrubbery or other shadowy retreats.

And now, what may have started off as a prankish nude swimming party, takes on the look of an orgy. This was one of the "party nights"

of the Platers Club, held at the public bathing lake after closing hours.

Needless to say, the Platers and their girls have come to this spot uninvited.

To get to the lake and the scene of their sex romp in the raw, they had to climb a six-foot wall and force their way through a natural barrier of heavy brush.

Judging from the popularity of these revels, however, they were well worth the trouble to the participants.

The unclad young man we met on the diving board at the beginning told something of the Platers Club, membership in which ap-parently is regarded as something rather special.

"We are having a buttonhole badge made for members with the letter P engraved on it," he said. TRUE CRIME

"Then, of course, apart from ordinary Platers there are Master Platers.

"To qualify as a Master Plater, you must have bathed (in the nude) with seven different girls."

This frank statement was made to a curious London newspaperman who had observed the Platers at play.

None of the club members, however, were quite so straightforward the following night-when police swooped down on a similar nude frolic just before dawn.

"Most of the girls were teenagers," said one of the raiders. "One girl was only 15.

"There were seven men and five girls at the lake . .

Quibbling somewhat in the presence of the constabulary, one of the young men said:

"At one time, I think some of the. girls were swimming in the nude. "Men also were naked. But we

were on the other side of the lake.

"We did it for a lark," he continued. "We all had quite a few drinks at a party and decided to go for a swim to cool off.

"We took a bottle of liquor with us

There were considerably more than the seven men and five girls frolicking at the lake when police arrived.

But when a Southport sergeant energed from the bushes and shouted in stentorian tones. "Stand where you are," most of those who were not naked clambered over the wall and fled.

Those remaining had their names "taken." But, as it turned out, the most serious charge they faced was 'trespassing."

And this is interesting as an indication of the dwindling of modesty-of modesty, at least-in staid. austere old England.

By and large today, Britishers no longer regard nudists as "cranks."

One leading psychiatrist, speaking for publication, said recently: "There is nothing wrong with

nudism and near nudism.

"Discarding clothing does many people a world of good because it means they can temporarily shed the worries of work and everyday living.

"It relieves tension."

This liberal statement was made after an announcement that beaches all over England would now permit young couples and their children to sun themselves nude.

Said beach inspectors from Blackpool, on the northwest coast, to Margate on the eastern shore:

"No fuss will be made about the nude sun bathers-so long as they don't make a nuisance of themselves."

(What constitutes a nuisance was not made clear.)

During the summer season of 1955, many British beaches were so filled with naked bodies, male and female, old and young, they looked more like nudist camps than public seaside resorts.

And, as time goes on, there is every indication that more clothes are going to come off.

"Margate boasts a completely free and continental outlook," said the mayor, Lieutenant Colonel Charles Witts. "Everyone wants a holiday tan, and Margate wants holiday-makers to get what they want."

A fine tolerance for the utterly undraped form also is shown in Paignton, where mixed bathing in the buff is permitted, with no threat of interference by police.

As one Paignton housewife put it:

"My husband and I go bathing in the nude together at every opportunity. We know a lot of young couples who do the same.

"There is nothing immoral about it if you have a clean mind." THE END



"... And I'll call the story, 'The Sad Case of the No-Buy Editor!' " TRUE CRIME



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PERVERSION RAP!

(continued from page 29)

The kid walked slowly along, as though he was stalking a foe.

He looked over his shoulder and up and down the deserted street. There was no one in sight. It was time.

With one lightning-swift movement, the youth dropped back one step and simultaneously thrust an arm across the older man's neck and knifed his left knee into the small of his back.

The other man, caught completely by surprise, uttered only a pitiful cry before his windpipe was blocked and ruptured by the brawny arm of his assailant.

He collapsed in the other man's grip and was dragged into a darkened doorway. There, the youth released him and slugged him fiercely three times over the forehead with a homemade blackjack.

It was quite unnecessary, for the older man had been ko'd by the mugging grip.

But there was a deeper reason for the sapping. That was apparent in the youth's twisted features as he swiftly frisked his victim's clothing. He muttered wildly under his breath while he extracted a wallet and a gold watch from different pockets.

Stashing the loot into his own jacket, he straightened up and looked at his victim with a glowing hatred. Impulsively, he lashed out at the unconscious man's head with a kick so savage it drew blood.

The mugger turned and hurried down the street.

Nearly half an hour later, a cruising police patrol car caught the inert figure of the mugging victim in its probing searchlight.

The vehicle halted abruptly and two cops emerged. They ran over to the man and, within minutes, an ambulance carried him to the City Emergency Hospital.

There he recovered sufficiently to give the officers a good description of the youth who had attacked him.

The data was put on the police radio and all squads joined in the search.

It didn't take them long. The room clerk at a fleabag hotel reported that a youth with a blood-tipped shoe had checked in less than an hour before.

He had paid in advance for a 'buck a night' room on the top floor.

The officers raced up the stairs of the dilapidated hotel, taking them two at a time.

They knocked on the youth's door and drew their pistols.

Sleep in his eyes, the mugger opened the door a crack and the burly cops pushed in and had him handcuffed before he could put up a fight or attempt to get by them. They found the wallet and the gold watch underneath the kid's pillow.

"Okay, wise guy," a sergeant demanded, "explain this!"

The kid shook his head wildly. "I never saw that stuff before! Don't go plantin' nothin' on me, now," he yelled. "I got friends at city hall and they—"

He was hustled quickly out of the room and half dragged-half carried down the steps.

Later, at the emergency hospital, the youth was brought before his victim for identification.

The older man nodded and said, "He's the one, all right."

The cops were about to take the kid away, when a sly look passed over his face and he halted them.

"Okay, okay, I'm the one," he told the cops, "but I ain't to blame. He picked me up in the bar and bought me drinks. He can't deny that, can he?"

The youth didn't wait for an answer, but plunged ahead.

"Then he wanted me to come up to his apartment with him." The kid looked at the cops with mock-innocent eyes. "I didn't know what he meant. I—I'm sorta young and I just never met one of his kind before, y'know?"

The man on the bed looked at his accuser with shock and disbelief on his bandaged face. Then ne looked at the cops and was horrified at their cool stares. One of the officers dropped his eyes in embarassment.

"Anyway," the youth went on, "we left the place together and we were no sooner half way down the block when he started to put his hands on me.

"I don't go for that kinda stuff," he protested, looking at the cops for approval. "I'm normal, what I mean is I don't want no damned fairy touchin' me, y'know?"

The man on the bed had covered his face with his hands and was quivering with pain and shock.

Dimly, he could hear the kid drag on with his story. He tried not to think. His head was pounding with a thousand hurts and his throat burned from the strangling he'd been given. And, now, he had to listen to this!

Then a cold, rasping voice cut through his pain with a question:

"You want to press charges against this punk, mister?"

He opened his eyes and looked into the stiff, hostile faces of the police officers. They believed the kid, that much was obvious.

The victim had a swift premonition of the ugly publicity that would result from a trial if the kid stuck to his fantastic story.

Who would befieve him? What would his employer think? Would his fellow workers make smirking jokes behind his back?

And, what would his wife say about it? Not what she would say-TRUE CRIME for she would surely stick by himbut what reservation would she have thereafter when she submitted to his lovemaking? Good lord! What should he do?

He covered his eyes and managed to croak out: "No, let's forget it. It was all just a big mistake. . .

The kid sneered triumphantly at the officers. One of the cops made a gesture of disgust toward the victim. The lousy fag!

The kid would be booked for vagrancy-a 30-day charge-but his victim would be branded for life by his refusal to prosecute.

How often does an incident such as the one above occur? Ask any case-hardened police reporter and he'll tell you the "homo alibi" has come into ever-increasing use by street corner punks and hard luck drifters desperate for a quick and easy buck.

Get any two young hoodlums together with time on their hands and not a red cent in their jeans and the suggestion: "Let's go out and rollsome queers!" gets an eager response.

But their idea of a "queer" is any man who can be slugged and intimidated into silence by the homosexual charge.

Indeed, the chances of a true homosexual of the obvious type being frightened by such a smear is much less than that of a heterosexual male faced with the same threat.

Many homosexuals make no secret of their deviation. Since there is no danger of friends and relatives being surprised by any lavender revelations, they are quite immune to blackmail.

But the heterosexual male is extremely fearful of any "gay" allegations.

The pressures to be "normal," a "regular guy," are everywhere: in the family, the church, in social and business life.

It is no wonder, then, that the heterosexual male must beware of any hint of a homosexual element in his makeup.

Even such a notorious figure as Serge Rubinstein shied away from the subject.

Years ago, when he lived in Southern California, he took tennis lessons from the great champion, Big Bill Tilden.

The tennis star, now deceased, had served a prison sentence for "having carnal relations" with a 15-year-old boy.

One day, an acquaintance of Rubinstein's asked him if he knew that Tilden was being shadowed by the police because they hoped to catch him committing another homosexual act with a minor. (They later succeeded in this.)

Rubinstein's acquaintance, (he was reputed not to have any friends), kidded the financial wizard and asked him if the tall athlete had TRUE CRIME

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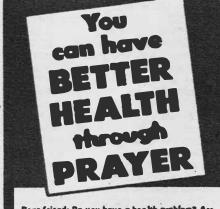
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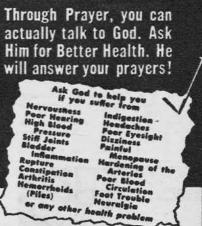
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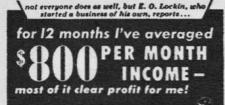
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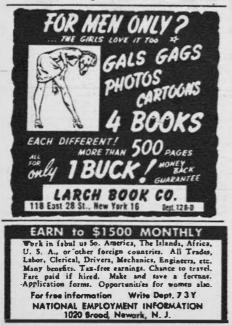
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made any passes at him once they were off the court.

Serge Rubinstein's immediate reply was: "That's the end of the tennis lessons. Tilden is a great teacher, but I'm through!"

His companion expressed amazement that a man who was notorious as a convicted draft-dodger and widely reputed to be a swindler of millions of dollars should be afraid of being linked with a homosexual.

Rubinstein's reply was blunt and realistically accurate.

"My enemies on Wall Street and on the newspapers can call me all kinds of scoundrel, but they respect me. I can afford any other name but 'homosexual'." he said. "They could laugh and whisper me into bankruptcy with that.

'No, I sympathize with Tilden because I believe in sexual freedom, but I must end the lessons.'

Coming from a man whose affairs with dozens of beautiful women were widely known and reported in newspaper gossip columns, this statement underscores the heterosexual's realization that the public is all too quick to believe a "fairy" accusation.

Vagrant punks and busboys without jobs are not the only predators. Perhaps the most dangerous is the unprincipled vice squad cop who uses his position and his badge to bulldoze an innocent man into paying large sums to avoid a contrived arrest for sodomy.

There have been numerous and despicable instances of corrupt members of police vice squads using the homosexual approach to trap perfectly innocent men in lucrative

blackmail plots. It works like this: One of the cops remains in the background, unseen by their intended victim, who often is not a sex deviate. The other cop approaches their mark and makes a suggestive play. If their intended victim rises to the bait, Cop No. 2 rushes in and the dismayed fellow is placed under arrest.

Sometime this unsavory form of police activity, called "entrapment" by the learned lawyers, ends up at the station house, and the prisoner is actually booked and eventually ends up in court.

But all too often it's a clear cut case of blackmail, with the cops letting it be known that they can be had and that for cash they'd be willing to forget the whole matter. And usually, if he possibly can, the victim will pay - and perhaps pay more than once before they're done

In this climate of fear, the blackmailer flourishes like a foul, ugly weed. He can not be trampled out permanently unless we change narrow, intolerant sexual attitudes. As long as fear of exposure remains a terrifying threat to a man's social and economic well-being, there will always be blackmailers.

THE END



SOUTHERN STATES ACADEMY Sta. E, Atla

DOPE, INC.

(continued from page 19)

mation released by U.S. Narcotics agents. In Bolivia, another \$10,000 worth of cocaine was grabbed.

While not so profitable by a long shot, this same syndicate dabbled in marijuana, which was smuggled across the Mexican border.

Mexico, of course, figures frequently in the Black Market reports. In June, as an illustration, a sealed indictment disclosed that the U.S. Narcotics Squad had seized 5% pounds of pure cocaine, to the value of \$2,500,000 in the retail market and had collared two couriers for an international dope ring.

an international dope ring. The indictment, opened by Federal Judge Robert Inch in Brooklyn, June 10th, charged Muriel M. Marfa, 31, and Miguel A. Hernandez, also 31, both of Mexico City, with "importing, shipping and possessing" drugs illegally.

Marfa and Hernandez took off from Mexico City May 14th, according to Assistant U.S. Attorney Howard B. Gliedman, toting the cocaine in false suitcase bottoms.

Following orders, when the pair arrived in New York they stashed the dope in safe deposit boxes in three banks and were waiting for a "contact" to pick the junk up when they. were tagged by agents acting on "information."

The ring down Mexico way had "sacks and sacks" of drugs on hand, Gliedman said, ready for shipment to the booming U.S. market.

It is a rare day when any bigtime dope operation is uncovered that the name of Lucky Luciano, fabulous king of the death-dealing trade, is not mentioned prominently, and with distaste.

Thus when three big rings of narcotics distributors were cracked wide open in New Jersey, Manhattan and Brooklyn last August, it was reported that their international connections reached across the sea to the Italian haunts of deported Luciano.

The series of whirlwind raids netted 11 men, four and one half pounds of heroin, 10 autos and four guns.

Although the three gangs operated independently, said U.S. Attorney Lloyd F. MacMahon, they cooperated with each other and handled a nationwide distribution of 75 pounds of pure heroin monthly.

After the heroin was given the customary 21 cuts before being sold at retail, it brought it a tidy \$3.780,-000 a month, or \$45,360,000 a year.

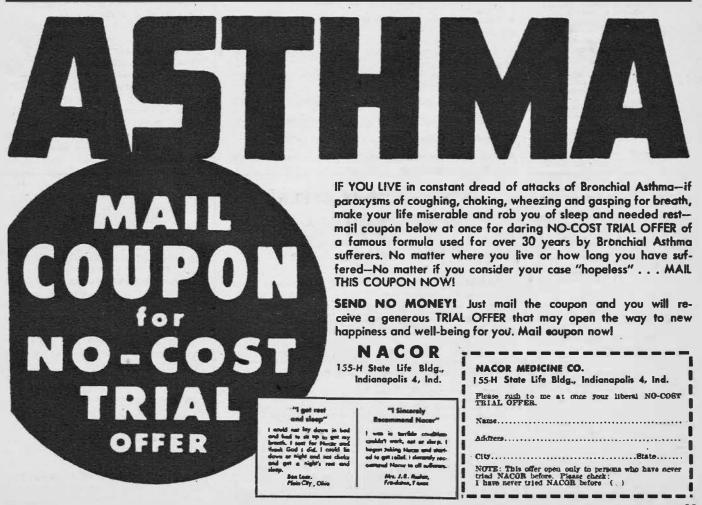
Several of the prisoners, said James C. Ryan, District Supervisor of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, were long-time chums of Lucky Luciano and one of the smashed gang bosses-Settimo (Big Sam) Accardi, 52, a New Jersey racketeer, who was fighting deportation-was at one time Lucky's close associate. "A member of Accardi's family is

"A member of Accardi's family is known to have been in touch with Luciano recently," said Ryan. "I wouldn't be at all surprised if this whole operation did not lie close to Luciano. He's there somewhere, a shadow lurking in the background."

The raids followed seven months of fabulous Sherlocking, with two Italian-language hep aces on Ryan's staff masquerading as chip-heavy, out-of-town dope distributors. This fearless, feckless pair infiltrated the rings with such overwhelming success that they spent some \$50,000 of the taxpayers' money buying up evidence.

One of the gang members was so completely bamboozled by one undercover agent that he took him to Mexico, where he thought—incorrectly – that he could purchase heroin at a lower price than the ring was paying its European suppliers.

Although it probably didn't bother him too much, the agent was bitterly reproached by his travelling com-



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panion, Aniello Santagata, of Kearney, New Jersey, after his arrest.

During this same month of August, on the 5th, Canadian police demolished an international dope ring and seized, along with two men and a woman, five pounds of heroin and one pound of raw opium. Value: \$1,000,000.

Value: \$1,000,000. The raid, which was pulled in Toronto with the aid of Royal Canadian Mounties, followed nine months of investigation, during which the gang was kept under constant surveillance.

They got their narcotic supplies, Canadian authorities said, from France and Germany.

Mention of France brings to mind the strange case of Louis (Loulou) Metra, 50, a chunky, affable, mildmannered man, who was chief of the French National Vice and Narcotics Squad. Metra had been a Parisian cop

Metra had been a Parisian cop since 1925, and was noted for his remarkable talent in capturing the confidence as well as the persons of shady characters.

The Paris underworld feared Metra. And in the shadowy haunts of Montmartre the word was, "Loulou'll get you, if you don't watch out."

To the accompaniment of deep sighs of relief among the criminal element of Paris, Metra retired from the force in 1948. With an office in Montmartre, he hung out his shingle as a private eye.

As it came about, numerous of his old friends among drug addicts visited him regularly. Indeed, they called with such persistent regularity that the suspicions of his former colleagues in the French constabulary were aroused.

So they began watching Metra's office with a telescope from an apartment across the street. One day they saw two known women users visit Metra, and depart with a bulky package. These females were followed to their apartment where they were surprised in the act of boiling down a mess of opium on the kitchen range.

But, there was no definite proof on which to charge, much less to convict, Metra of supplying the drug and the vigil was continued.

Metra, naturally, was a hard man to catch off base, because he knew the book of cop dodges by heart and might be said to have authored some chapters in it.

One day not so long ago, however, Metra plunged into the trap. He parked his car in fashionable Boulevard Suchet and stepped casually to the sidewalk.

Then, convinced he was not being tailed, and observing no familiar black Citroen-the standard squad car of the French detectives-in the vicinity, he returned to his own machine.

Picking up a brief case he began walking toward the entrance to the flat of a French nobleman, the Marquis de la Cour de Balleroy. And then his old buddies from the station house jumped him, after tumbling out of a Buick convertible -not a Citroen.

A parcel containing two pounds of raw opium, it was charged, was found in Metra's brief caseand the onetime scourge of the Parisian vice and dope rackets was himself ignominiously collared for dope peddling.

"I have only one favor to ask," Metra appealed to the detectives. "Please don't handcuff me."

While known dope addiction in the U.S. has declined to a ratio of one person in 3,000 (60,000 addicts) in 1955 from one in 400 (300,000 addicts) in 1930, Anslinger says, use of drugs has vastly increased in Asia.

Japan, according to Anslinger, which had no recorded dope addicts until recent years, now is concerned with the problem of growing addiction, fostered by illegal drugs smuggled in. Today, Anslinger said, there are between 25,000 and 50,000 addicts in Japan.

As the reader perhaps is aware, heroin, most vicious of all drugs, is a derivative of opium. And, more than any other drug, it possesses an insidious power to enslave victims, many of whom "get on the horse" after receiving pain-killing injections in hospitals or nursing homes.

Only a short while ago, and upon the advice of the United Nations Opium Board, which is determinedly fighting international dope traffic, England followed the action of 50 other governments and banned the deadly drug.

When the ban was announced in Britain, assurance was given that this sinister substance, which first kills pain and then kills the sufferer, will not work any hardship or misery on the ailing. There is available, in unlimited quantity, a satisfactory substitute, the government announced, called methodone. And methodone, it was declared, can do everything that heroin can-except make an addict.

The dope evil, and what to do about it, is far from being a clearcut proposition. This fact was dramatically, and sometimes angrily, demonstrated at the Senate Subcommittee hearings, before which a long procession of experts testified.

Much time was given to discussion of increasing the severity of penalties, in the cases of dope sellers and smugglers, and of making some drastic change in the handling of users.

On the latter issue, the experts were cleft down the middle from the very beginning, and were even more at loggerheads when the hearings ended.

However, some shocking facts were exposed for the first time.

No one can say, actually, how many dope addicts are at large in the U.S., and New York DA Frank Hogan branded them all as "a menace to society." Estimates of the number of users considered nearest the mark ranged from 150,000 up.

It also was emphasized that the problem of addiction has increased in this country, rather than diminished, since the adoption 40 years ago of the Harrison Act making the peddling of narcotics a Federal offense with heavy penalties.

Incidentally, there are a number of leaders who regard these penalties as much too light. Among them is Representative Henry J. Latham, New York Republican, who introduced a bill June 19th prescribing the death penalty for anyone convicted of selling dope to minors.

"Any person who sells or induces the use of narcotics by the young is lower than the basest murderer," said Latham.

"There is but one way to stop this. Impose the death penalty on these utterly contemptible persons who peddle narcotics to children."

J. Edward Lumbard, U.S. Attorney for the Southern District, New

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York, called for stiffer punishment for dope pushers of all categories, advocating life imprisonment for third offenders. In this stand he was in disagreement with Assistant New York Mayor Henry Epstein, who contended that more stringent laws would not lessen addiction.

"Let us not forget," said Lumbard, "that selling narcotics is nothing short of murder on the instalment plan and that for those who persist in this pernicious traffic, no penalty is too great."

Lumbard recommended that the maximum sentence be raised from the current five to 15 years for first offenders: from the present ten up to 25 for second offenders. Also, Lumbard urged increasing maximum fines to \$25,000. The existing maximum is \$2,000.

Another U.S. Attorney, Leonard P. Moore, was in favor of allowing Federal Narcotics agents to tap telephone wires in their efforts to run down the big shots in the dope racket.

"The law against wiretapping in such cases," he said, "is like giving criminals high-powered automobiles while law enforcement agencies are

restricted to a horse and buggy." Dope "pushers" are, as most everyone knows, the retail peddlers. Ranked among the lowest form of amoebae peopling the racket, they constitute a double threat.

In fact, it has been estimated by no less an authority than Manhattan's General Sessions Judge Jonah Goldstein that 99 per cent of convicted pushers are also users. Also, says Judge Goldstein, 30 per cent of all persons convicted of any crime are addicts, literally driven to malefaction because they could obtain money for dope in no other way-and the heroin user needs from \$15 to \$100 a day.

Some time before the Senate Subcommittee opened its hearings in New York, a startling proposal for breaking the back of the drug racket was offered by the New York Academy of Medicine.

This bold plan which has worked very well in Sweden, would provide a legalized, low-cost supply of Grade-A drugs for addicts and, said a 33-page Academy report, would have the effect of putting the dope Black Market out of business.

The dope-using pushers, it was pointed out, would no longer have to sell to support their addiction, and would be only too happy "to forego this dangerous occupation if they were furnished their needed drug. Thus the bulk of the traffic would substantially disappear."

Perhaps the most vociferously antagonistic critic of the Academy's proposal was Narcotics Commissioner Anslinger who, when asked for comment, practically blew a gasket.

"If a plan like that is given serious consideration," said Anslinger, "then the first thing that should be done is to construct a State and Federal building.

"On the first floor there should be a bar for alcoholics. On the second, a narcotics dispensary for all addicts. And on the third and top floor, a brothel for all the sex deviates."

Meanwhile, in another quarter a campaign was underway to stem the rising tide of teen-age traffic in "goof balls" and "thrill pills."

These skull-busters are concocted from barbiturates and amphetamine (benzedrine) and, according to Commissioner George P. Larrick of the Food and Drug Administration, racketeers are even now exploring its possibilities. Thus far, however, he said, his agency has found no full-sized adult ring involved in the shoddy business.

Incredible as it may seem, 798,000 pounds of barbiturate drugs were produced in 1954-enough to make (we'll spell it out) three billion "goot balls." That's billions, not millions.

With the traffic increasing yearly, Thomas J. Scott of the Tariff Commission revealed that in 1952 benzedrine manufacturers turned out 52,000 pounds of their product, enough to roll into five billion (again, it's billions) 200 million "thrill pills."

Use of these drugs, neither of which may be obtained legally without a doctor's prescription, said Larrick, "leads to a breakdown in moral standards and is a factor in juvenile delinquency."

"Barbiturates," he said, "actually are more detrimental to the individual and society as a whole than morphine.

"When barbiturates are withdrawn from an addict, sometimes the result is death."

Returning once more to the racket in heroin and other opium deriva-tives, Commissioner Anslinger expects to see some prodigious progress against the dope evil in Ohio. That state has just recently enacted stringent laws and penalties-severest in the nation-and has adopted one that is entirely original. It provides a sentence of two years for inducing-or even trying to induce-a person to use or administer narcotics unlawfully.

Finally, pondering over Congressman Latham's bill specifying the death penalty for selling dope to minors, one recalls what happened in dope saturated Nationalist China a few years back, when the gov-ernment stopped the opium traffic cold.

It was simple. All they had to do to discourage dope dealers was to chop off the heads of any who got caught at it. One year, as many as 1,000 heads of opium purveyors rolled from the chopping block.

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NOT ON THE PROGRAM

At Tillsonburg, Ontario, Gerald Raes, 58, a farmer, walked unexpectedly into the living room of his home one night early in December.

The family television set was going full blast. But it was not the program upon the TV screen that engaged the farmer's attention.

On the contrary, his interest centered upon the two who sat in the darkened room watching.

They were his wife, Edna, 36, and his hired man, Hendrick Werkbrouck, 23.

And they were holding hands.

Raes told police he did not in-terrupt them. Instead, he said, he went to his bedroom, got his .22-caliber rifle with a 20-shot mag-azine, and returned to the living room.

A few minutes later, Tillsonburg police received a call from Raes

"Come quick," he said over the phone. "There's been some trouble."

When police arrived they found both the farmer's wife and the hired hand shot to death. Coroner R. E. Weston said there

were at least four slugs in the head and body of each. Only one cartridge remained in the rifle's magazine

BUDDING BUREAUCRAT

An Oklahoma City judge is worried about his 8-year-old son. He's afraid the boy may grow up

to be a bureaucrat.

Judge says he received a letter from the boy in New Orleans, where he was attending a meeting of the American Bar Association, which gave him quite a start.

"How are you feeling, Dad?" the boy's letter inquired. "Please check ves or no in the space provided.'

CONVERSATION PIECE

When police in Nanaimo, British Columbia, came upon a logger, they felt fully justified in arresting him for drunkenness-he was carrying on a spirited one-sided conversation with an attractive female dummy in a store window.

Vigorously, the drunk explained to the cops:

"I wasn't trying to pick up the girl. I was only trying to buy a boat ticket to Vancouver.

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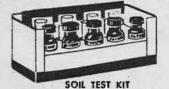
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That's what confronted this lucky male! "He forgot that he was a porter and had only one eye ... He availed himself of those rights which his calling gave him to act like a brute. Brutal he was accordingly-and happy!"... Thus begins a gay evening session of THE PLEA-SURE PRIMER. Thousands are now enjoying Rollicking Bedside Fun, and you will too, when you possess this ideal bed-side companion. Here's entertainment for open minds and ticklish spines. Here's lusty, merry recreation for unsqueamish men and women. Here's life with apologies to none. Collected, selected from the best there is, this zestful Primer is an eye-opener ... YOU ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE THE PLEASURE PRIMER 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE. IT IS GUARAN-TEED TO PLEASE OR YOUR PURCHASE PRICE WILL BE RE-FUNDED AT ONCE!



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TEDDY BOYS VS. GANG BOYS

(continued from page 37)

One last word about the youth gangs of New York, which may clear up a misunderstanding on the part of many students of juvenile delinquency, both in this country and abroad.

We refer to the "Zoot Suit." That horrendous garment, that "reet pleat" or "solid set of threads," is as extinct as the dodo, as outmoded as the celluloid collar and high, button shoes.

With its extravagantly pegged trousers and wide-shouldered long jacket, it came into being during World War II. Generally, youths who wore it were called "Zooters" and all who wore it, along with the name, were thought to be involved in organized juvenile crime.

But the point we wanted to clear up is that the Zooters, as a group, were never gang members. Of course, there were many individual boy gangsters who, in those days, arrayed themselves in these frightful garments--if they were so utterly lacking in taste.

We don't get very much out of Moscow about juvenile gangs. But we do get enough to report that authorities are extremely concerned about the mounting problem of delinquency among teen-agers.

Moscow, also, is worried about an eruption of what used to be called "flaming youth," crowds of young people who have developed a fanatical enthusiasm for autos of the "hot rod" type, together with a paralyzing allergy for work and study.

Meanwhile, Moscow is busily blaming "survival of the capitalist past" and "poisonous American influence" for the whole thing. Which causes one to wonder how these flaming youths-stylagi-could pos-sibly be influenced by the U.S., since they never get to see American movies, to read American books and periodicals, or even to become familiar with Western fashions.

Recently Colonel S. I. Khlysalov wrote to the Komsomol Pravda, the Young Communist League's newspaper, complaining bitterly that youths at Moscow Public School 355 had ambushed and beaten up his son because his daughter had exposed the depredations of the school's hooligan gangs.

This was not the first instance of such gangsterism in public schools, the paper admitted, and observed in its columns:

"We are forced to say that cases of beating Komsomol (Communist Youth League) and Pioneer (Child Communist League) members have occurred before.

"But no decisive measures have been taken. In an atmosphere of permanent threats, hooligans do whatever they want with impunity."

Italy, too, has been rocked by an outburst of juvenile violence.

From Rome comes a report of a boy who murdered his mother, father and sister-and "laughed when he was brought before the court."

And another report of youths, armed with revolvers being nabbed as members of a narcotics gang.

Violent crimes by youths in Italy have spiraled from an annual total of 4,721 in 1953 to nearly 6,000 last year. This number is expected to be exceeded when the tally is made for 1955.

Hooliganism also has increased in the streets, cafes, theaters and at sports events, where gangs of rowdies rampage, disturbing the peace, frightening lawful citizens, and picking brawls.

But with the Teddy Boys and their girls running wild, and drunkeness among Britain's youths under 21 reported alarmingly on the increase, London, apparently more than any other city, was harassed by the problem of youth crime and what to do about it.

Take the case of 19-year-old Donald Brown, Teddy Boy, who wanted "to be somebody." We encounter him standing in the dock at Old Bailey Court.

Brown hears a judge, lawyers, a doctor and a psychiatrist discuss his case . . .

He came from a broken home, they said. No parental care. Foster parents. Institutions. Began his wrong-doing when he was seven . . . Became a Teddy Boy. Wanted to be

in the limelight. Now, at last, Teddy Boy Donald Brown has achieved his ambition. He was certainly in the limelight. He was, indeed, somebody somebody who, a few minutes later, was sentenced to death for murder and was taken away to the cells.

A jury had convicted him of the savage, senseless slaughter of 65year-old Herbert (Buster) Blades in his tobacco shop at Stonebridge, Willesden. And Justice Glyn-Jones told Brown:

"You have been properly convicted of the cold-blooded and cruel murder of a blameless old man. The evidence of your background and emotional and moral immaturity, upon which the jury, no doubt, based their recommendation for mercy, together with all other facts, will be fully considered by the proper authority."

Prosecutor Christmas Humphreys, during the trial, read a statement in which the Teddy Boy told what had happened on that day, last June 13th.

"I went across the road," Brown was quoted, "and into the shop. I knew Buster very well. I said, 'let's have a beer just to celebrate.' He said, 'O.K.' and went into the back room to wash his hands at the sink. TRUE CRIME

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"I was behind him and let him have it with my Bowie knife. He didn't say anything. I carried on-sticking it into him."

Brown stole about 40 pounds, went to a West End movie, and shoved the knife under a seat. After visiting other movies and a dance hall, he rode a bus to Folkstone, where he took in a play-its title, "The Gay Time." Finally, he checked in at a Folk-

stone hotel where, he said, he took a "number"~of aspirins.

"Nothing happened at first," Brown went on, "but later I began to feel tired. I didn't want to cause any trouble in the house, so I went downstairs.

"I found the manager and told him what I had done, that I'd killed for money . . . and now I was going to die for it . . ."

Leslie Parham, the hotel manager, takes up the story:

"On the evening of June 13th, Brown came down from his room, holding out a tumbler and saying he had just taken 100 aspirins.

"Brown said, 'Here, take this, it's my blood money.' He offered me a wad of bank notes. I told him to put it back in his pocket and not be silly. Then he said he had been 'wicked.' "

When Brown was taken to a hospital, a nurse quoted him as saying, "If I don't go now, I'll go soon."

Another witness at the trial was Dr. Abbott Hobson. When he examined Teddy Boy Brown, the doctor said, "he showed no remorse."

Dr. Hobson was asked if he guestioned Brown as to whether he had seen any account of the murder in the papers. "Yes," the doctor replied. "He

said the stories made him feel good.

He said, 'I felt at last I was somebody.' "

Doomed September 18th to die on the gallows, early in October the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

It remained for Max Kay, a teacher at an "approved school" for delinquents, to round out the portrait of the Teddy Boy, after he escaped the hangman. Brown had been dismissed from the institution and offered a chance "to lead a decent life," Kay said.

"A few weeks later," Kay went on, "Brown returned to the school on a social visit. The circle of Brown's development had been completed. Here was the finished product - the final edition - the Teddy Boy at last.

"He had not had his hair cut since leaving us and it was piled in a thick mass of waves. He wore a dark suit. The enormously shoulderpadded jacket reached down to his knees . . .

"'It expresses my individuality," he said. 'I'm not just the same as the other fellow'."



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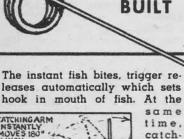
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It may be safely ventured, one would think, there were many other fellows Donald Brown would have cheerfully admitted being "just the same as"-his fellow Teddy Boys.

Of course, the reprehensible repertoire of the Teddy Boy is not restricted to mayhem, murder and other such forms of violence. As witness what took place in Bath, famed resort in southwest England, last June

It should be pointed out first, however, that in addition to the tidal wave of youth crime, Britain's teenagers have been seized in the grip of a fantastic mania for jazz and hot music generally.

By the thousands they jam-pack dance halls and other large arenas to slaver and swoon, as if in the possession of devils, as their favorite jive bands and swing singers give out with hot licks.

Recently, 3,000 such fanatical aficianados thronged the Aquaria Palais at Brighton. They climbed on chairs and tables to view their idols, and not a few young ladies-among them, of course, Teddy Girls-were so sent by the sultry rhythms that they fell to the floor, overwhelmed in their frenzied ecstasy.

The Teddy Boys traveling, as wolves do, in packs are to be found in attendance at all such orgies of rock and roll. And not infrequently their irrepressible tendencies toward trouble-making turn these clambakes into riots.

Which returns us to Bath. It was Saturday night-the big night at the Pavilion. The dance was in full swing. Everybody was having a gay and loud, but a lawful, time.

Then the Teddy Boys swooped down on the merry-makers like a gang of Storm Troopers. Girls screamed, some fainted, and some fled when they recognized those drainpipe trousers and velvet collared jackets.

Immediately a general knockdown - and - drag - out free-for-all erupted, while individual fights went on all over the dance hall. The Teddy Boys brought their bicycle chains and belts with weighted buckles into play, while knife blades flashed in a dozen quarters.

The police came and plunged into the milling mass of shouting, cursing, fighting youths. Among the first was Sergeant Edmund Whitmore. The courageous cop tackled one of the Teddy Boys' ring-leaders, Ed-ward James Porter, 23, a dockworker.

Detective Inspector Glyn Evans was to tell later of how Whitmore was knocked down and while on the floor was kicked in the small of the back by Porter. Evans said he rushed Porter and dragged him out by the hair of his head.

The injured sergeant was taken to a hospital, seriously injured.

According to Evans, as they were taking Porter to the police station,

they were surrounded by a menacing gang of Teddy Boys-"about 16 or 18"-who were shouting, "Let's jump them and get him (Porter) away."

A score of the combatants were arrested and when brought into court there was laid out on the bench a display of weapons which included a switch-blade knife, lengths of bicycle chain, a sharpened screwdriver, and several belts.

Most of the defendants were fined and put on probation. But Teddy Boy Porter, who kicked Sergeant Whitmore as he lay on the ground, was sentenced to prison for six months.

A similar outbreak occurred around the same time at Trowbridge. A group of soldiers from the nearby School of Infantry attended, not in uniform of the Army, but rather in that of the Teddy Boys.

When he was called to the hall, Constable Cecil Whitemarsh testified, "fighting was going on all over," with soldiers (in uniform) and civilians arrayed against the Teddy Boys.

One youth, Arthur Giles, White-marsh found "lying on the floor, his face covered with blood." Later in court, 20-year-old James Dennis Crask was found guilty of assaulting Giles and given a stiff fine. The judge denounced him in angry tones.

"We are sorry," said the judge sternly, "that we can't order you to be. flogged."

The British are a realistic people and they are wrestling with the problem of the Teddy Boys, as well as mounting youth crime in general.

Authorities are desperately trying to put an end to such shocking juvenile behavior as the recently discovered secret society of teenage youths, who inflict self-torture on themselves by burning.

"They term themselves strong and tough guys and inflict this burning upon themselves to give that impression," said Chief Inspector Kenneth Critchley. "But this time they have overstepped their mark and inflicted punishment on someone else."

The inspector referred to three youths arraigned in Juvenile Court for abducting a 12-year-old boy and torturing him mercilessly by repeatedly burning him with cigarettes.

Thus, the chronicle of youth crime on an international scale.

And what to do about it?

The Duke of Edinburgh recently offered a plan. The Queen's husband asked 10,000 Londoners to contribute \$2.80 each to sponsor a Teddy Boy in joining one of London's 250 boys' clubs.

And so matters stand.

Some day-maybe-somebody may come up with the answer. THE END

TRUE CRIME

They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

LBERT DORNE was a kid of the A slums who loved to draw. Before he was 13. he had to guit school to support his family. Although he worked 12 hours a day-he managed to study art at home in "spare time." Soon people were willing to pay good money for his drawings. At 22 he was earning \$500 a week as a commercial artist. He rose higher and higher to become probably the most fabulous money-maker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags to riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school at 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett, son of a distillery worker. left school at 14. And Austin Briggs. who once couldn't afford a cold-water flat, now lives in a magnificent home over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others: Nearly ten years ago. these men gathered in Dorne's luxurious New York studio for a fateful meeting. With them were six other equally famous artists - Al Parker. Jon Whitcomb. Fred Ludekens. Ben Stahl, Peter Helck. John Atherton. Almost all had similar "rags to riches" backgrounds.

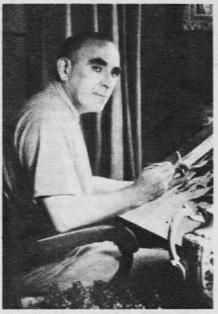
Dorne outlined to them a problem and a plan. He pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional knowhow that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long. successful experience. "Why can't we." asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work-taking time off from their busy careers. Look-



WELL-this best-loved soned, than American artist left through pictures? school at 15. TRUE CRIME

ing for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the warborn methods of modern visual training. What better way could you teach the art of making pic-NORMAN ROCK- tures. they rea-They made over



ALBERT DORNE_From the window of his skyscraper studio, this top, money-making artist can see the slums where he once lived.

5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example. Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw the "glamour girls" for which he is world-famous. Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary. new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay." the instructor would actually draw, in detail. his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record to refer to as often as he liked.

School is launched; students quickly succeed. The Famous Artists Schools whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in art education) now has 5,000 active students in 32 countries. The famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still own it, run it, and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

Den Smith is a good example. When he became a student three years ago, Don knew nothing about art, even doubted he had talent. Today. he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in New Orleans.

John Busketta is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same companybut now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a big automobile company-on the basis of his work with the school. Now he helps design new car models.

A salesgirl in West Virginia enrolled in Famous Artists Schools. After completing her training. she became advertising manager of the leading store in Charleston.

"Where are the famous artists of tomorrow?" Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous." he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers all over the U.S. They ask us for practical, well-trained studentsnot geniuses---who can step into fulltime or part-time jobs.

"I'm firmly convinced." Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them do have talent. These are the pc ple we want to train for success in art if we can only find them.

Unique art talent test: To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 8-page Talent Test. Originally they charged \$1 for the test. But now the school offers it. free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

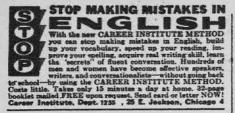
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NEW GIRDLE **DISCOVERY! Double Zip-Up Gives** Double Tummy Control Easy-On "No-Pull-No Tug" Dressing



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A COFFIN FOR TWO

(continued from page 21)

himself from the belt, stepped over the body of Miss Shedd and grappled with Clendenin-who fired still another shot that went wild.

The crazed young lover and the officer wrestled down the aisle until, at the door, the lieutenant flung Clendenin away from him and on to the ramp.

Halfway down the plane ramp, still staggering from the Air Force man's push, Clendenin put the pistol to his neck and pulled the trigger. With blood streaming from him, he raced another 25 feet-slipping a new clip into his automatic as he ran.

Finally, he stopped his mad rush for escape, placed the gun to his temple and fired again, this time with an effect that was to be fatal three hours later in the small hospital, not far from the airport, at Renton, Washington. At the same small institution, young Sally Shedd was pronounced dead on arrival by examiners.

Clendenin first met the girl in New York in September of 1954, when she was in the eastern city to appear as bridesmaid in the wedding of one of Clendenin's fraternity brothers

The love affair which blossomed after that meeting, according to friends of the couple, was not a spectacular romance-at least in its earlier stages. And also, apparently, its growth in strength was somewhat a one-sided process, with Clendenin's passions increasing, almost day by day, while those of Sally Shedd seemed to pursue a calm and unperturbed, though genial, course.

The couple, obviously attracted to each other-for she was shapely, blonde and pretty, while he was handsome-went to dances together. They saw the best shows on Broad-

QUESTION:

Is a married woman responsible for the crimes she commits?

ANSWER:

Yes. She is criminally responsble for any offense committed of her own free will. Sheis not responsible, however, for crimes, other than treason or murder, committed under pressure of her husband.

QUESTION:

John takes Henry's watch in the belief that it belongs to him. May John be found guilty of larceny?

way and, late in 1955, went to World Series games together.

There was correspondence, of course, and Bob Clendenin was able to find frequent reasons for showing up on the Pacific Coast, where Sally's duties as a stewardess kept her most of the time. Bob's father, also in the investment business, represented a New York house in Salt Lake City, Utah, where Bob had a custom of dropping in occasionally to pick up the new knowledge he needed to forward his own career as a stock and bond salesman for the firm his father represented.

Bob Clendenin, however, lived in New York in a fourth-floor walkup apartment which he shared with another man.

This friend, shocked by the news which reporters brought him on the night after the Seattle-Tacoma Airport slaying and suicide, recovered sufficiently to tell newsmen of the last sight he had remembered of Clendenin.

"Last Thursday, five days before the fatal episode," he said, "Bob and I were awakened by a phone call, presumably from Sally. I'd met Sally once or twice. She was very pretty.

"Bob did the talking. When he hung up, though, he didn't seem especially disturbed. But he saideven at that hour in the morningthat he was going out for a long walk.

"Later in the day, however, when I woke up, I found a note from Bob which said:

"'I'm going to Los Angeles to see Sally'.'

The friend also told reporters that Bob seemed "completely adjusted and had a wonderful sense of humor." Since the two young men first met at the University of Washington in 1952, the friend added, he had never known Clendenin to become particularly upset or worried about anything that happened.

The positive evidence from Seattle about his friend's behavior-on that ill-fated plane-seemed unbelievable to Bob's room-mate.

ANSWER:

No. A reasonable and honest mistake of fact will excuse the defendant.

QUESTION:

Upon the prolonged disappearance of John's wife, John is arrested for her murder. The body is never found or accounted for. May John be convicted?

ANSWER:

No. It is not enough to show merely that the body is missing; there must be direct proof of death. (From YOUR LEGAL ADVISOR

by Samuel G. Kling. Permabooks.) TRUE CRIME

After Sally and Bob were dead, however, in that small Renton hospital which was the nearest such refuge to the airport, discoveries were made which indicated that Bob Clendenin's love for Sally was a current which ran more deeply and more turbulently than anyone who knew him, including Sally, had dreamed.

The other stewardess on the plane, Sally's best friend, told police that Sally had been trying to "break off" with Clendenin so that she. Sally, could marry a Seattle man. Sally, had given that conclusive information to Bob, said the girl, on a date he and Sally had the night before the tragic airport explosion.

Sgt. Don Graddon of the Seattle police also found two letters in Clendenin's suitcase after the young man was "ushed to the hospital in the futile effort to cancel out his attempt at suicide.

Two of the letters were addressed, but unmailed, of course, to Sally.

One of them said:

"You are probably right that I am not the right man for you."

The other protested:

"Please try to understand. I love you."

The other note found by police was addressed, strangely enough, to Sally's father, Charles T. Shedd, of San Francisco. This was a much more elaborate communication than the other two.

"In June," it said, "we fell so much in love that we wanted to get married. We did not get married because of me. At that time, I did not have a job."

Then Clendenin went on to de-scribe his love for Sally as "the most beautiful, never-to-be-forgot-ten experience of my life."

Sally was in Seattle, he continued, he was in New York. And he asked her to transfer to a post with United Air Lines on the Eastern seaboardbut the transfer never was made by Sally.

Meanwhile, Clendenin wrote to his beloved's father, Sally's ardor had cooled. She had told him she could not marry him.

"And that," he wrote, "is why I am on my way to Seattle.

"I talked to her Friday and she told me it was all over and for me to forget it.

"For her, Mr. Shedd, I would give up my job or anything. I'm going to get her-or die trying.

"I do feel, sir, that as a husband for Sally, I would fill the bill as well as anyone.

"I write you because you are her father.

"I also write this because, if something goes wrong and the two of us die together, she and I (and I feel I can speak for her) would like to be buried together in the same coffin and in the same grave."

THE END

Bass Fishermen will Say I'm Crazy ... until they try my method!



But, after an honest trial, if you're at all like the other men to whom I've told my strange plan, you'll guard it with your last breath.

Don'tjump at conclusions. I'm not s manufacturer of any fancy new lure. I have no reels or lines to sell. I'm a professional man and make a good living in my pro-fession. But my all-absorbing hobby is fishing. And, quite by accident, I've discovered how togo to waters that everyone else says are fished out and come in with a limit catch of the biggest bas that you ever saw. The savage old bass that got so big, because they were "wise" to every ordinary way of fishing. This METHOD is NOT spinning, trolling, casting, fly fishing, trot line fishing, set line fishing, hand line fishing, live bait fishing, jugging, netting, trapping, seining, and does not even faintly resemble any of these standa d methods of fishing. No live bait or prepared bait is used. You can carry all of the equip-ment you need in one hand.

ment you need in one hand.

mentyou need in one hand. The whole method can be learned in twenty minutes —twenty minutes of fascinating reading. All the ex-tra equipment you need, you can buy locally at a cost of leas than a dollar. Yet with it, you can come in after an hour or two of the greatest excitement of your life, with a stringer full. Not one or two miserable 12 or 14 inch over-sized keepers — but five or six real beauties with real poundage behind them. The kind that don't need a word of explanation of the profes-sional skill of the man who caught them. Absolutely leral, too-in every state. legal, too-in every state.

This amazing method was developed by a little group of professional fishermen. Though they are public guides, they rarely divuige their method to their patrons. They use it only when fishing for their own tables. It is probable that no man on your waters has everseen it, ever heard of it, or ever used it. And when you have given it the first trial, you will be as closed-mouthed as a man who has suddenly discovered a gold mine. Because with this method you canfish with-in a hundred feet of the best fishermen in the county and pull in ferocious big ones while they come home empty handed. Nospecial skill is required. Themethod is just as deadly in the hands of a novice as in the hands of an old timer. My method will be disclosed only, to those few men in each area who will give me their yourd of honor not to give the method thanyone else. word of honor not to give the method to anyone else.

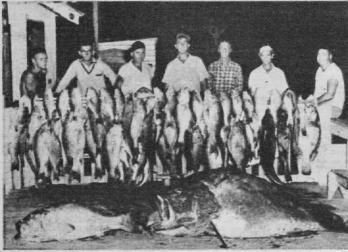
Send me your name. Let me tell you how you can Send me your name. Let me tell you how you can try out this deadly method of bringing in big bass from your "fished out" waters. Let me tell you why I let you try out my unusual method for the whole fishing season without risking a penny of you money. Send your name for details of my money - back trial offer. There is no charge for this information, now or at any other time. Just your name is all I need. But I guar-antee that the information I send you will make you a completeskeptic-unit ly oudecide to try my method! And then, your own catches will fill you with disbelief. Send your name, today. This will be fun. **EDEC & CADE 5** in-provided 1 litigate

ERIC K. FARE, Libertyville 1, Illinois

Eric K. Fare, Libertyville 1 , filinois Dear Mr. Fare: Send me complete information without any charge and without the slightest ob-ligation. Tell me how I can learn your method of catching big bass from "fished out" waters, even when the old timers are reporting "No Luck." Name Address .



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EXPERIMENTAL FISHING. In an effort to prove to the folks around Destin, Fla., that the product known as "Gypsy Fish Bair Oil" actually works, this field wip out of Destin on the Teknicolor was arranged, with Skipper Tim Boone. All in all, 1.295 pounds of fish was landed in luding red snapper, grouper, amberick and the big 264-Ib, warsaw. The anglers are from left to right: Pere Thorne, Joe Love Jr., Charlie Upchurch, Buster Niquer, Stew Keith, Joe Love Sr., and Roy Martin, all of Panama City. Gypsy Oil was used on every piece of bait and the results were astounding.

(Reprinted from the Sept. 1953 Issue of The Gulf Stream Sportsman).



Look at these beauties caught by Roy H. Mattin with the aid of Gypsy F sh Bait Oil! They're possible world records. Mail coupon.

Mr. McMahon and party with 150 bass and catfish from Lake Kentucky, Tenn. Gypsy's



Roy Ambrose, John Layer and John Layer, Jr. show off the fish they caught in northern lakes using Gypsy Fish Bait Oil. Mail the coupon.

Letters Praising Gypsy Pour in From Everyw

FISHERMAN'S PRODUCTS CO. Dept. 270 E, 2832 Niazuma Avenue, Birmingham 5, Alabama

SI POUNDS FISH FIRST OAT

"I am writing to let you know how wo Gypsy Fish Bait Oil really is. On the fi I used Gypsy I caught 50 pounds of d kinds of fish including one cathis that w 10 pounds. I used a pole and bobber. friends keep asking me what I'm using Esteller Scott, Gra

FRIENDS, HERE'S JESSE'S SOCRET

"Boy, oh boy! I catch more fish using Gy Bait Oil than all my friends put togethe keep asking how can I do so well but i ju at them and say you got to know how it's Jesse Messer, Brucevi

OR NO COST!

It makes no difference what bait you use ... plug, minnow, werm, fig or even s piece of cloth ... it doesn't matter whether you fish rivers, creeks, lakes, ponds or the ocean ... no matter what kind of fish you are after ... and whether you still fish with pole and bobber, cast, troll or spin ... all you have to do is dab a little GYPSY FISH BAIT OIL on the bait and you'll such more fish. larger fish everytime. It works any day, any time of day or night. In season, the fish don't live that won't strike bait scented with Gypsy Fish Bait Oil.

FISH GO CRAZY!

Fishing experts are just learning what wandering Romany Gypsies found our 100 years ago ... hungy or not any lish strikes any bait scented with Gypsy Fish Bait Oil. It excites them through the thousands of smell organs that cover their bodies. Like a shark goes wild at the smell of blood, so all game and ran fish go crazy at the first whiff of Gypsy Fish Bait Oil. They all streak madly to fight for your bait and usually the biggest fish wins! You'll keep hauling 'em in when everyone says fish aren't biting'.



AME

EVER CATCH FISH LIKE THIS? 'I have been using Gypsy Fish Bait Oil 2 years now and have never

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"I have been using Gypsy Fish Bait Oil 2 years now and have never found anything to compare with it. A group of fishermen were sitting along a stone crib in the Pormage River. In y were using night crawlers for bait and weren't catching anything. I cast my line in on the other side of the crib and before the sinker hit the bottom I had a 6 pound silver catfish. And I repeated this 4 times before any of the others caught a fish. I showed them my worms and to his day they couldn't figure how I can catch big fish right where they only got nibbles and a few small bullheads. They don't know I used Gypsy on my bait and they didn't. Last night another party and I caught 24 catfish on tods and eels in 5 hours using Gypsy. Rush this orders 21 am about out. The big cat sh run is scarting and I am nearly out of bait and I would not know what to do without it." Ray Hathaway, 226 E. 6th St., Port Clinton, Ohio.



#### FISHERMAN'S POUCH REE! WITHOUT EXTRA COST

With every bottle of Gypsy Fish Bait Oil you'll get fre a large waterproof plastic pouch. Ideal for funches, tobacco, matches, anything you want to keep day and fresh. Yours to keep even if you return Oil for money back. Mail order today!

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Be as skeptical as you like ... go ahead and say we're crazy. But mail coupon or write for your double size utial of the Gypsy Fish Bait Oil that's making experts out of amateurs all ove America. On arrival put up as deposit \$1.98 for one or \$4.98 for 3 bortl s plus C.O.D. postage thru postman. Use the next time you go fishing and if you aren't delighted return what's left for money ba k. Send cash and we pay postage. Gypsy makes everyday a good fishing day! Don't wait. Mail coupon.

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| Caught June 19, 1955<br>by Ray Crachel of<br>C & M Grocery Store,<br>3d S. Nicholas, Fresno,<br>alfornia. Used live min-<br>ows dabbed with Gypsy<br>ish Bait Oil.<br>Everywhere<br>TSH FIRST OAT<br>Tou know how wonderful<br>ally is. On the first day<br>t 50 pounds of different<br>one catfish that weighed<br>pole and bobber. All my<br>e what I'm using."<br>steller Scott, Grady, Ark.<br>'s JESSFS SECET                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | HATS OFF TO THE LADIES<br>"Gypsy Fish Bait Oil does everything you<br>say. Have been fishing Chain-of-Lakes<br>in Illinois. Have pretty good luck with<br>large mouth bass, pickerel and northern<br>pike. Also use Gypey still fishing to get<br>croppies, blue gills. 1 caught a 19-inch<br>heads."<br>Mrs. C. Loring, P.O. Box 352,<br>Elmhurs , Ill:<br>MORE LADIES USE GYPSY THAN ANY<br>OKEEN SCENTED BAIT "1 am enclosing<br>check for 3 more bottles Gypsy. I have<br>tried it and it is very good."<br>Mrs. Ruth K. McCarty, Dubay Colony.<br>RS. 81, Diaport, Wits:<br>FISHERMAN'S PROBUCTS CO., DEFT. 2:<br>2020 Remains and Bait Oil and<br>plus C.O.D. postage on arrival on gue<br>test trial for money back and keep po | "Hurry up th<br>it, Your fish<br>getter. I've<br>were worth<br>Oakie Fra<br>EXP<br>"I have use<br>and have m<br>in firesh wai<br>a pleasure<br>Fish Beit O<br>my friends:<br>35 Rosen<br>MAI<br>TO E<br>Free Fisherma | over, Box 1833, Log<br>TERT PRAISES GYP:<br>d Gypsy dope bait<br>war and on deep sea<br>ter and on deep sea<br>ter and on deep sea<br>ter and on deep sea<br>ter and your comp<br>man your comp<br>Henry<br>way St. Jamaica P<br>L THIS COUP<br>TODA Y<br>I'll pay<br>return Gypsy afte | I'm out of fish<br>s and they<br>s and they<br>an, W. Va.<br>W<br>for 3 years<br>ches. Both<br>trips. It is<br>end Gygsy<br>any to all<br>D. Martin,<br>lain, Mass. |
| tiends put together. They<br>do so well but I just laugh<br>to know how it's done."<br>e Messer, Bruceville Ind.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | Send 3 Gypsy (3 Free Pouches) Name                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 54.36                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | Remittan e enc<br>Send postage p                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                                                                     |
| CO.<br>5, Alabama                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | Address<br>City                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | Zone                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | State                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                                                     |
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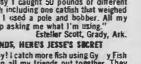
2347 S. Nicholas, 1 California. Used lin nows dabbed with Fish Bait Oil.

#### MADE TEST WHERE HE SAW FISH

"Gypsy Fish Beit O'll works wonderful. Put it on any bait, then put the line down where you can see fish and you can see how they fight for it." Mr. E. Bener, Se23 N. Albina Ave., PorNand. Oregon

#### 73 FISH IN TWO ODTINGS

"Gypsy Fish Bait ON is the best ever for really catching fish! The first time I used it on my bait I caught 30 fish and the next time I fished I caught 43 fish. And they were the largest I've ever caught." Louise Moore, Route 6, Box 280, Dublin. Ga.



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