

They came to eat hot dogs and cotton candy, and to watch the animals go through their paces. Instead, many stayed to die or be maimed, as roaring flames riddled the Big Top. Here, panic-stricken circus-goers flee in terror, crying out for loved ones.

(American Red Cross photo)

FIRE UNDER THE BIG TOP

They went to see the clowns and the elephants, but instead were caught in a burning ring of blazing horror.

By Jim Barnett

One by-product of war is the sense of guilt adults often project towards children. It's as if they are trying to make it up to the little ones for the loneliness and heartbreak of a world the youngsters never made.

In the summer of 1944, even American children were feeling the emotional pinch of war. True they had not experienced the terrors of the blitz. But there were psychological stresses none-the-less which had been brought on by the disruption in family life. With more than 15 million men under arms the vast majority of young households had

been denied the presence of fathers.

For the most part, American mothers were making do as best they could. If they spoiled the kids a little, who could blame them? The idea was to keep the youngsters happy and occupied, to add a little glitter into the wartime austerity wherever possible. A movie, a puppet show, a circus performance served as magnets. For a few hours at least they would provide a respite from the drabness.

The undercurrent and excitement running through Hartford's Barbour Street was palpable as eager children clutched their mothers' hands urging

them towards the huge tent which had been erected on the vacant lot. The fact that the July 6th temperature was already flirting with 100 degrees wasn't enough to slow them down. All the kids cared about was that it was Thursday afternoon and Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey Circus had come to town and there would be clowns and animal acts and aerialists. There'd be peanuts and hotdogs and cotton candy.

An observer watching the on-coming ticket holders would have been singularly impressed with the few men in its midst. The kids were being shepherd-

ed by mothers and grandmothers for the most part.

Past the gaily painted circus wagons the matinee goers pressed, pausing for a moment to stare in wonder at the roaring lions, the malignantly graceful leopards and the huge grunting bears. This was the way a circus should be, under the big top.

The roustabouts and performers watched the early arrivals with a show of good humor. Anyone who has anything to do with a circus has a deal of the ham in him. And they knew that the delighted squeals of the unsophisticated youngsters would be a heady wine to them.

The menagerie tent was the first to go up in flames. Many, watching the performance within the main tent, were driven into milling, screaming panic as flames consumed the canvas over them.

(Photo courtesy Acme from the American Red Cross)



Even though the 520-foot tent would be only half full with an audience of 6,738 occupying the grandstands, it would be a fine performance.

Right on schedule Merle Evans, resplendent in his bandmaster's uniform, mounted the podium and gave the down-

beat. His 29 musicians blared forth with *The Entrance of The Gladiators*, which had become a veritable circus anthem.

The baggy pants clowns with their comic fire engines and other gear raced into the center ring and went through their antics which were punctuated with

the high pitched squeals of childish laughter from the audience.

Hardly had the clowns departed when the steel-barred runways leading from the outside animal wagons to the big cage were laid down. Children moved forward in their seats, their eyes large

with controlled terror as Alfred Courts' lions, tigers, jaguars, leopards and bears stalked through the runways to be put through their paces by attractive May Kovar. They were only a portion of the Ringling Brothers' complement of over 1,000 animals - most of them jungle killers.

As the act reached its climax, the Flying Wallendas, Joe, Helen, Carl, Herman and Henrietta, shinnied up to their perch near the tent's top and began testing their apparatus in preparation for their death-defying no-net aerial act. The mid-afternoon sunlight glistened on their gaudy costumes.

It was exactly 2:30 P.M. Throughout the huge tent circus employees stood at their posts as fire watchers. One, stationed near the tent's main entrance, became concerned over the four big cats which had begun to balk at going through the runway towards their wagons. He decided they posed more of a threat to the crowd than the remote possibility of fire did. He moved to help the animal handlers.

It was at that exact moment that an unidentified woman stood up in her seat in Grandstand Section A and shouted, "Fire!"

Three ushers, Mike Dare, Kenneth Grinnell and Paul Bunyon, saw a small tongue of flame licking its way up the

canvas tent wall. Hastily they grabbed fire buckets and moved toward the minor blaze. By the time they got to it, the heat had become so intense that it drove them backward, searing their clothes and blackening their faces.

The fire had already attained incredible speed as it raced upward over its flammable canvas route towards the tent's top. According to some witnesses, the blaze spread "Quicker than the eye could follow it."

The audience was so overwhelmed by the speed of the fire's path that it stared at it in mute fascination for long moments. There were few shouts or screams. But the performers knew that a catastrophe was in the making. Their response was immediate.

May Kovar listened to the panic-stricken screams of the animals in the runway. "Hose down those cats!" she shouted to a circus worker.

Under the nozzle pressure of the water the four leopards were forced step by step through the passageway to the safety of the outside corral.

Bandmaster Evans from his vantage point at the far end of the tent saw the fire racing up the front wall of the tent and igniting the roof. "It just kept coming," he would say later, "and when it

(Continued on page 52)



(Photo courtesy American Red Cross)

A victim of Ringling Brothers Circus tent fire is carried past an animal wagon by volunteer rescue workers. Response of performers and ushers was immediate. Many workers availed themselves 'round the clock, to care for the injured.

the woman through the emergency room, the policeman kept saying, "Bad one. Bad one."

The medical staffs went about the sad but necessary business of separating the dead from the still-living.

Almost immediately a four pronged investigation was launched under the direction of the National Transportation Safety Board. Chicago Transit Authority Chairman James J. McDonough at first mentioned the possibility of a failure in the signal system which might have been caused by the winter storm. He later ruled this theory out when it was proved that all electrical equipment had been in proper working order.

By Sunday the possibilities had been narrowed to human failure on the part of the motorman of the Dan Ryan train who had been able to inch his way through the block signal. Had the collision occurred on a straightway rather than a sharp curve there probably would have been little damage and no injuries. It was said that the angle of the impact had been responsible for the derailment.

The crash was one more in a series which had plagued the Chicago Transit System since it had been inaugurated in 1893 in time for the opening of the Columbian Exposition. Its 12 fatalities were the greatest number to be suffered on the elevated portion of the system. However the all time high resulted from a crash and fire aboard a Chicago street car some time ago. ■

FIRE UNDER THE BIG TOP

(Continued from page 9)

reached the center poles, they were burned from their grommets and fell one by one."

Evans gave the order, "Blast it!" Heedless of their own peril, the bandsman began playing at top volume. Within seconds they were blaring out John Philip Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever*, the signal to roustabouts and circus workers all over the lot that something terrible was occurring in the main tent and that they should come on the run.

The terrible occurrence was that the flaming sections of canvas were falling on the milling, screaming, trampling, suffocating women and children below, covering them with a fiery shroud which bore them to the ground and cut off all chance of escape.

The most unfortunate were the ones who had tried to follow the most logical escape route through the big top's main

entrance. They hadn't reckoned with the fact that the animal runways would become a lethal obstacle to the outside and safety. Had the fire broken out five minutes later, the runways would have been removed.

As it was, they were still firmly in place. They stood some four feet high at either end of the reserved seat section. For the very old and the very tiny getting over them proved an insurmountable barrier. The ones who couldn't make it fell between the chutes. Those following them began crawling over a carpet of writhing bodies as the flaming strips of canvas from above fluttered downward, setting their clothing on fire.

One man tried to protect a prostrate woman with his own body. "Give her air!" he pleaded. Nobody listened. They kept coming on inexorably in much the same manner as the fire was moving across the tent roof and licking away at the supporting poles and guy wires.

One small boy, in a futile act of heroism which would have done justice to someone much older, kept trying to lift his fallen grandmother. Tears streaming down his face, he pleaded with the adults around for help. Nobody listened and the crowd surged on.

In this setting a mound of burning bodies piled up.

Others were being cut down as if by gunfire by the quick darting flames which spurted from the canvas. Still others were wrapped in sheets of canvas so large that the could envelope 100 persons at a time.

The screams of the dying drowned out the heroic musical efforts of the circus band.

A roustabout put the entire scene in its proper perspective when he said, "It was as if you'd opened Hell's doors, and you had all you could do to get your hands over your face and run t'other way."

Inside Hell's doors the torture was exquisite as children were separated from their mothers and grandmothers in the panic and children and adults alike milled around in the blazing structure hysterically calling for one another. Some women who suddenly realized their tots had been wrenched from their grasp fought with all their might to make it against the frenzied onrushing tide away from the safety of exits and deeper into the flames.

The lucky ones were those who hadn't made it into the center of the arena. They were able to drop behind the grandstand and squeeze their way through the side flaps. To do so demanded the most iron-willed self-control. One woman

tossed her three children from the back of the grandstand and then jumped herself. All made it to safety.

Less than three minutes into the blaze a sudden shift of wind sent a deadly draft inward from the main entrance, giving impetus to the fire racing across the tent too. Those on the floor of the grandstand were probably unaware of it. They were too busy trying to fight their way through the piles of folding chairs and human bodies. The chairs had been hurled down from the bleacher-like stands above.

The scene outside "The Doors of Hell" was no less distressing. Hartford police officer Reardon (no first name available) wrestled desperately with a screaming young woman who tried to claw her way back into the inferno. The woman, her clothing charred and ripped, her face blackened by soot repeated over and over again, "My God! My God! My kid's in there!"

The woman's cries received their counterpoint as one by one the burning tent poles splintered and collapsed, allowing what remained of the burning canvas to fall inward on the trapped victims.

Another woman ran from group to group, her fear-maddened eyes wide as she stopped anyone she could, crying, "My four children - where are they?" She saw one running toward her. Some minutes later she managed to locate the other three. "Thank God! Oh, thank God!" she repeated over and over.

Horrified circus performers milled around, staring at the results of the holocaust in numbed disbelief. By now the Hartford Fire Department had rolled up and coupled its hoses to hydrants. There was little for them to do. The conflagration had burned itself out in less than ten minutes.

But there was much for the rescue workers to do. First radio reports of the tragedy had brought swarms of Hartford residents to the scene in search of some child or other relative.

Hysterical men and women fought with police and circus employees as they tried to enter what was left of the burnt-out tent. Sobbing, screaming, shrieking, the bereaved had to be forcibly wrestled to the ground, where many of them lay inert until they were carried away.

Meanwhile the firemen had finished hosing down the charred ruins, cooling it to the point where they could go in and pull out the injured and the dead. As a great cloud of dust kicked up by the survivors who had raced from the burning structure hung over the parking lot, the rescuers began bringing out the victims on stretchers. They were ranged in rows on the ground between where the tent

had stood and the circle of the circus wagons.

The Reverend Andrew J. Kelly, Thomas McMahon and Raymond La Fontaine moved among the dead, offering last rites of the Roman Catholic Church.

If there was comfort for the dead and injured, the anguish of the living continued to mount. Thousands of sweating men and women, oblivious to the scorching 100 degree heat, attempted to surge against police lines in the hopes of finding loved ones who had somehow survived.

Hastily requisitioned ambulances, jeeps and trucks began their sad journeys. The still-living were ticketed for the city's four major nearby hospitals. The dead were consigned to the State Armory, where they lay strangely stiff and silent on cots, covered with army blankets.

Soon a long line of distraught men and women were moving through the armory's aisles as attendants turned back the blankets to reveal the dead woman or child beneath. (Of all 168 persons killed in the blaze, only five were men.)

A number of victims succumbed on the way to hospitals and were transferred to the armory.

At the site of the disaster, the circus performers were overcome by their own personal sense of grief. Although none of their number had died, they could not put the thought of all the dead children out of their minds.

Internationally renowned clown Felix Adler said in a hushed voice, "We heard a roar like the applause when one of the big acts comes off, only we knew the animal act was over and there shouldn't have been any applause. We knew right then that something was wrong. Then we smelled smoke. We then went over to see what we could do to help. I thought the menagerie fire in Cleveland in 1942 (forty animals were killed there but no humans) was the worst thing I could ever see. But this is the most terrible. Nobody in the circus business has ever seen anything as horrible as this."

Herman Wallenda said, "When the flames hit the roof we saw that we had to get down fast. We slid down the ropes and headed for the performers' exit, but people were so crowded there that we saw that we didn't have a chance. So we climbed over the steel cage that lines the exit. That was easy for us—we're performers. But the public couldn't get out that way."

Bandmaster Evans and his musicians had played until driven off the bandstand by the heat, which charred their uniforms. One of the heroes of the tragedy, he said, "I have been through storms, and blow-downs and circus wrecks, but never any-

thing like this. I hope to God I never see anything like this again."

One group of midgets sat inconsolable beside a circus wagon. One of them said in a stifled voice, "We can't talk. We're broken-hearted. We feel sorry for all those people. We can't say anything."

Perhaps the saddest job of all was assigned to Detectives Tom Barber and Edward Lowe of the Hartford Police Department. Their task was to identify six bodies which had as yet been unclaimed. Five of the six had been burned beyond recognition. Yet through the use of fingerprints and dental charts, the detectives were able to assure grieving relatives they were burying their own.

The sixth body posed a tragic mystery which goes on to this very day. Virtually unmarked by the flames, the beautiful little six-year-old blue-eyed girl had delicate features and light brown hair which reached down to her shoulders. All that could be told about her was spelled out in forensic jargon - "Unidentified; age, about six years; race, white; sex, female; height, 3'10"; weight, 40 pounds; eyes, blue; build, moderately developed; head circumference, 20½ inches; hair, shoulder length, blond or light-brown, curly."

Barber and Lowe did all the standard things which are done to identify a missing person. They sent out dental charts, talked to everybody who reported a lost child, had morgue pictures of the little girl published in the newspapers. They were sure it was just a matter of time until she'd be claimed.

However the days and weeks dragged by. September came and the Hartford schools reopened. Barber and Lowe made the rounds of the classrooms interviewing teachers and students, showing pictures, asking questions.

Nobody knew her. By now the child had been buried in a non-sectarian Hartford cemetery with a temporary grave marker which read, "Little Miss 1565." It became the Hartford Police Department's tender chore to make sure that on Christmas Day, Memorial Day and July 6th (the anniversary of the circus fire) a floral offering would be placed on her grave.

The temporary marker became permanent as three decades went by and the happy little girl, who'd spent her last minutes watching Alfred Court's animals and the Wallendas, became the subject of a mystery without solution.

Lowe died and Barber has long ago retired from the force. They'd spent a half a life-time hoping that they'd be able to uncover the one clue which would give "Little Miss 1565" a name. It was not to be.

Hardly had the cinders in Barbour Avenue cooled when Connecticut State Attorney Hugh Alcorn, Jr., began a probe into the disaster. First speculation revolved around a possible electrical malfunction or a carelessly tossed cigarette which might have ignited the canvas. Nothing conclusive could be developed on either score.

Immediate technical indictments were brought against circus executives and employees. And Alcorn blasted the management for failure to maintain more extensive fire prevention standards.

Said Alcorn, "There appears to have been inadequate firefighting equipment on the grounds provided by the circus management and inadequate personnel to operate the small amount of equipment available. Some passageways designed as exits were blocked with animal cages and other equipment. There is also in our possession information that the tent itself had been in use only since the road show started this season and that it had been treated with paraffin which was diluted with gasoline, making the entire tent highly inflammable."

From a financial standpoint Ringling Brothers was dealt a severe blow - having to pay out over \$4 million in claims and having been covered by \$500,000 worth of insurance. To its credit, not once did the management try to avoid paying out one of the 676 claims against it.

This might have been the end of the story. Like so many other tragic conflagrations it might have gone into the record books as "cause unknown."

But in 1950, some six years after the Hartford Circus Fire, 20-year-old Robert Dale Segee, startled Ohio police with his confession that as a 14-year-old emotionally troubled adolescent, he had set the fire.

The detectives were at first inclined to discount Segee's story as an attention-getting ploy. But as the evidence mounted, it became apparent Segee was telling the truth.

Segee also confessed that he had once killed a nine-year-old girl and set several other fires, as well as committing three other murders. He blamed his arsonist activities on "a rider of a fiery red horse" who impelled him to act.

In justifying his actions, Segee commented, "I never got past the second grade, my father never had a steady job. All my life for any little thing I've done, I was beaten. If you had a bunch of brothers that called you 'dopey' all the time, maybe you'd understand. I never had a happy day in my life."

Segee was sentenced to from 2 to 20 years each on two counts of homicide on

November 4, 1950.

If he grieved over the fact that he never had gotten beyond the second grade, by his deranged actions he had made sure that a number of other children wouldn't either.

JOHNSTOWN FLOOD

(Continued from page 17)

combination of the Gap and a nearby hill served to protect the bridge from the full force of the water. The Stone Bridge remained standing.

Debris began building up among the bridge's arches, locking itself into place despite the swirling current. Soon an island of smashed railroad cars, factory roofs, barbed wire, hundreds of houses, dead horses and cows and hundreds of human corpses began building up. In time this grisly island towered over the bridge which held it in place.

Heedless of the contents, hundreds of surviving Johnstown residents clung frantically to the "island" crawling up out of the water, hoping to hold on until rescue came.

They might have made it. But as night fell, fate determined that those who had not died by the flood would die by fire. Suddenly a roaring inferno blazed up from the debris-created mass, literally roasting men, women and children alive.

Speaking of the conflagration, Swank said, "It happened with all the fury of hell you read about—cremation alive in your own home perhaps a mile from its foundation, dear ones slowly consumed before your eyes and the same fate yours a moment later."

The death wave had rolled through the valley. It had claimed most of its victims within the first ten minutes. The rest died later on the debris island.

Now the darkness of night fell across the hills and the town below. It was a night of grief and misery as numbing cold and rain gripped the bereaved. Among the superstitious terror mounted because of the number of unburied corpses. It was whispered as gospel that the ghosts of the unburied would rise in the night to whisk the living off with them.

Morning light brought more rain and the less squeamish among the survivors began the search for victims. What they found were blackened, bloated, limbless, mutilated cadavers that bore little resemblance to the living beings they had been just hours before.

What they were not to find were hundreds of bodies which were to remain among the missing forever.

Johnstown felt it had been cut off from

the rest of the world and had been turned into a corner of hell.

But the outside world had heard of the stricken city's plight and was rallying to its support.

By Saturday the first relief trains arrived, bringing with them the desperately needed boats which would aid rescue work and the continuing search for the dead. Fifty undertakers were aboard to prepare the corpses for burial.

One of those who was in the vanguard of the relief army was Clara Barton, now 67 years old and in failing health. The woman who had founded the Red Cross to combat the horrors of the Civil War was to stay in Johnstown heading up her delegation of doctors and nurses for some five months.

When her work was finally done, Miss Barton was given the highest recognition the people of Johnstown could think of. She was presented with a diamond locket on which was inscribed, "To Clara Barton. Too much cannot be said in praise of this lady. To her timely and heroic work, more than that of any other human being are the people of the Conemaugh Valley indebted."

The outpouring of money and emergency supplies represented the greatest charitable effort undertaken in the United States up until that time.

Of course, not all who came to Johnstown were there on philanthropic missions.

Some were opportunists who thought they would be able to prey on the unsuspecting by learning the stories of the people and traveling across the country as "Johnstown survivors" later.

Others were would-be pimps who had heard many young women had been left destitute and without families. They offered them gainful employment as prostitutes.

One who didn't come to Johnstown but thought he'd latched onto a good thing was the promoter of a private Pittsburgh museum who claimed to have found an infant floating unharmed in its cradle some 80 miles from the flood. He placed the infant, attended by a good looking blonde nurse in the window of his museum with the appropriate advertising signs.

The exhibit closed quickly. A more lasting memorial to the flood victims was the creation of a cemetery where 777 people were buried.

The recriminations concerned the millionaires of Pittsburgh who had failed to keep the South Fork Dam in good repair. But in time even this animosity died out.

But now once again there are recriminations following a tragedy in the Cone-

maugh Valley. Once again the people of Johnstown and its environs are asking why the dams haven't been kept in better repair.

This time the waters swept down from the hills above Johnstown as a July thunder storm pumped its contents over the area and the Laurel Run Dam, a 42-foot-high structure released 101 millions of gallons of water. The flood swept over Seward, leaving 25 dead in its wake. It hit Tanneryville and 40 died. The final toll is still unknown since it cannot be determined how many were trapped in cars.

Once again the eye-witness statements tell of the terror.

A sixteen-year-old boy tells of seeing an arm sticking out of the mud and pulling the body of a young woman from the ooze.

Chief Deputy Coroner of Cambria County Arthur Keifer reports that the flood struck with such little warning that most of the dead were found still in their nightclothes. He reports that the runoff from the mountains surrounding Johnstown was so swift, it was nearly impossible for anybody to escape.

Where the recriminations of the 1889 tragedy were directed towards the posh South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, some of those in the 1977 flood are directed to those who have destroyed much of the timberland around Johnstown, bringing about the possibility of uncontrolled runoffs from heavy rainstorms.

For their part, the residents of the Conemaugh Valley come up with descriptions which could fit the earlier disaster word for word.

Mrs. Pat Hawks survived the flood along with her two teenage children, Melody 19, and Bob, 14. She says, "A wall of water came through here and took everything with it; cars, houses, people, trees, telephone poles. We waited until the helicopter came and took us out."

Not much was left of the Solomon Run Federal Housing project in which Mrs. Hawks and her family resided.

James DeBiase of nearby Windber pointed to a spot where the land fell sharply away from a bridge spanning Paint Creek. "There used to be a home there," he said.

All that was left on the site was a neatly trellised rose bush, in what had been a front yard, and far below on the stream's bank, a toilet from the basement.

Captain Greg Parrish of the National Guard, a helicopter pilot, told of seeing three bodies floating in knee-deep water

in Johnstown itself.

And people asked the same questions. The dams which surround Johnstown are more than 50 years old. Just what has the Army Corps of Engineers done to maintain them? Could they have done more?

And just as it was almost 90 years ago, the Johnstown flood of 1977 brought out the best and worst in people.

In Pittsburgh special collections of blood and clothing were being oversubscribed for flood relief.

And in the flood-stricken area, Cpl. Leonard P. Shaple said his men were working around the clock, "keeping the sightseers and busybodies out." ■

NEW YORK'S BLACKOUT

(Continued from page 19)

tions were: Will the next one take a terrible toll in human lives? Could it become one of the worst disasters in our history? Unfortunately the answer was built in. Of course.

The politicians demanded a foolproof network of power systems. It made for wonderful election-year rhetoric. However the situation remained beyond the ability of anyone to protect against a recurrence. At any instant a combination of poor planning, weather violence, mechanical failure and human error stood waiting to pull the switch once more.

Meanwhile people throughout the country looked to battle-hardened New Yorkers to tell it like it was when the lights went out. It was more than morbid curiosity that triggered the off-repeated query, "Where were you when the lights went out. What happened to you in the night-long panic?"

If you were a baseball fan attending the Mets-Cubs game at Shea Stadium, you'd recall that the Mets were trailing 2-1 in the sixth inning. You'd remember the players driving their cars onto the outfield grass, focusing their headlights on the diamond and engaging in a game of "phantom ball", an entertaining charade to keep ticket holders' minds off the blackout and to prevent panic. Some of the Mets spent more than an hour rapping with those in box seats, signing autographs and doing their utmost to keep a stampede from developing in the exit ramps where thousands might have been trampled.

If you were walking through one of the more opulent residential avenues, you'd recall uniformed doormen waving their flashlights around and well-dressed civilians racing into the streets to direct traffic.

If you were a physician or nurse as-

signed to the intensive care unit of Bellevue Hospital, you'd remember how your hands ached mercilessly as you were forced to manually squeeze air bags to resuscitate patients with respiratory failure when your emergency generators failed to take over for the hospital's regular power supply.

And if you were a merchant or police officer along Harlem's sweltering Third Avenue, the Bronx's fetid Morrisania area or Brooklyn's heat-ridden Bedford-Stuyvesant shopping areas, you knew the terrible taste of fear in your mouth as a human tidal wave of brick-throwing, knife-wielding looters crashed around you.

You knew within minutes of the 9:34 P.M. power failure that this would be no repetition of the orderly reaction of civilians to the 1965 blackout. This would be a night of peril where one wrong word, one wrong move could lead to mass slaughter.

Said one police official, "This time the blackout came later (the 1965 one occurred at dusk on a cool November evening.) The people were already on the street, driven there by the heat in their apartments. They seemed to know that the lights were going to be off for a long time. It was a license to steal and burn."

Police sirens began wailing through the streets as prowling cars tried futilely to cope with the record 45,000 calls which overwhelmed the city's 911 emergency system. (On a normal Wednesday evening there are about 1,700 911 calls.)

New York City Police Commissioner Michael Codd did his best to beef up the number of cops patrolling the streets. He issued an emergency call to off-duty personnel, instructing them to report to the nearest precinct. On paper some 25,000 law officers were being mobilized to back up the 3,000 men already on the streets. Actually less than 2,000 showed up.

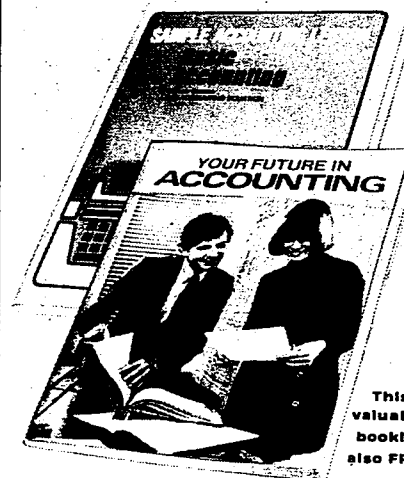
In Albany Governor Hugh Carey ordered State Police to take over patrol of New York City highways, allowing city cops to concentrate on the trouble areas.

And the trouble areas were getting worse by the minute.

An ice cream store owner at Fulton and Adams Street in Brooklyn gasped, "They're crazy. They're taking off their shoes and breaking windows. They're animals. They should be put in jail - and throw away the key. The cops are doing the best they can. There are about 500 kids on the street."

Reports of police injuries began to filter into headquarters. By midnight the 23rd Precinct with headquarters on 125th

This Free Sample Lesson could start you on a rewarding future in Accounting



This valuable booklet also FREE

If your present work doesn't give you the satisfaction and recognition you crave, why don't you learn accounting?

Accounting is a growing profession, one that is little affected by swings in the economy. The demands of business, industry and government for accounting services creates new opportunities for accountants each year.

To see how you can learn at home, send for the interesting sample lesson which demonstrates the practical LaSalle method of training. This lesson is yours free of cost or obligation. It will show you how you are guided step by step through actual accounting work... how you learn by doing... how you are prepared for the accounting tasks you will be called upon to handle in business.

No previous experience required

LaSalle's experienced faculty of CPA-supervised instructors starts you right at the beginning... then guides, corrects and grades your work all the way. The cost is low.

For over sixty years, LaSalle has been a leader in business education by mail. It has enrolled more than 2,000,000 ambitious men and women in its many courses. That is why a LaSalle diploma in accounting is a respected credential. Mail coupon today for free sample lesson and booklet. No obligation.

Send coupon for Free booklet

©1975 LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY - A CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTION

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
417 S. Dearborn Street, Dept. 49-018
Chicago, Illinois 60605

YES, I want, free of cost or obligation your sample accounting lesson and booklet.

Print Name..... Age.....

Address..... Apt. No.....

City.....

State..... Zip..... 9