

Get Out Your Scissors

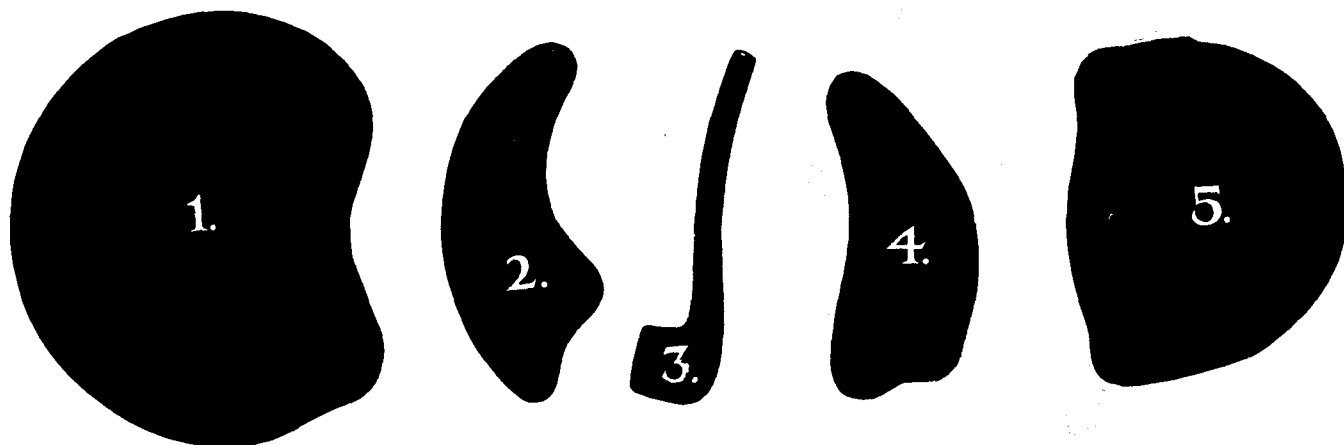
There are endless possibilities in the five peculiarly shaped black spots you'll find below. Endless possibilities for amusement and entertainment. And for profit, too, as you'll find out a bit farther along. With them you can caricature prominent persons, your friends, national types.

Read the simple directions, below, and start playing this fascinating game. Once

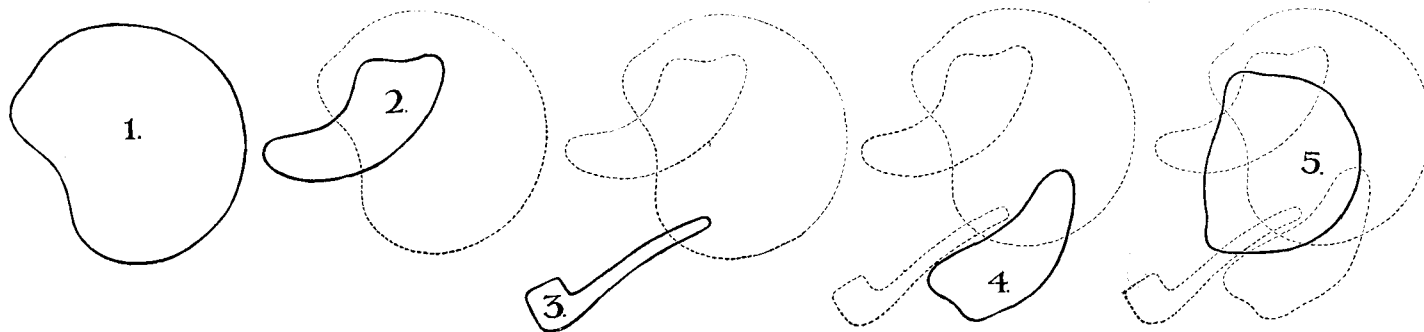
started they won't be able to interrupt you for meals or sleep.

Colliergraph parties ought to prove mighty popular, too. You see, not only can you juggle the spots so as to form countless combinations, but you can try doing it blindfolded or with one hand tied behind you, or standing on your head. Gather 'round the table, lads and lassies, and watch.

Here are the pieces—cut them out



The Colliergraph below was made this way



This is how it's done

Cut out each of the five black figures. You might mount each one on cardboard, by the way. (Not that it's necessary but it makes it a lot easier to handle them and also makes them wear better.) When you've laid them on top of one another—a part of each necessarily protruding—shift the projections about a bit until you have a portrait. Then hold them down in the center so none will slip. With a pencil trace the outline, remove the pieces and fill in the silhouette. On the right is a large sample of what can be done with them and all around this page is a neat border made up of others.



\$5.00

each for those published

When you've achieved something really neat and unusual in the way of a Colliergraph, slip it into an envelope with your name and address and send it to Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. If we think it's worth reproducing we'll send you a check for \$5. Your entry may be just a head or it may be a caricature of a national figure.

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LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

DOUBLE DANGER

By Fitzhugh Green

This story is true. Commander Green lived it in December, 1916, when he donned a diver's suit and went beneath a destroyer looking for a loaded torpedo on the bottom of Newport Harbor

THE night before it happened I waked up in a cold sweat. I felt as if I were being suffocated. Cold, clammy hands were at my throat. I couldn't move. Paralyzed with terror, I lay there waiting to choke to death. Until then I didn't believe in premonitions. Now I do.

Next day my dream came true.

I was temporarily on detail at the United States Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I. This navy base lies on a small island in the middle of Newport Harbor. For this reason it is convenient to have destroyers steam right up to the station for their torpedoes. The factory which turns out these undersea projectiles lies near by.

My brother-in-law, Dick Elliot, was in charge of production. After work hours I went over to his office.

"Have you seen Mr. Elliot?" I asked a yeoman.

"He's down at the dock, sir. Haven't you heard about the accident?"

"No. What accident?"

"Dropped three torpedoes overboard. Man badly hurt."

The U. S. S. Flusser was in at the time. I asked if he meant her.

"Yes," he replied. "They were putting her allowance on board. The whip carried away. Nasty mess."

I hurried down to the dock. The accident didn't sound spectacular, but I knew it might be serious. A secret test had been planned. A new-type charge of high explosive was to be tried out. Ordinarily ballasted exercise heads were used on torpedoes fired at practice. These took the place of the war-heads loaded with deadly TNT, so that the projectiles, propelled by compressed air and guided by automatic rudders, ran from ship to target without the slightest risk to personnel. Just now the Navy Department was anxious to determine the effect of a full charge on a specially built caisson that would represent a section from a battleship.

Jaunting on the Gooley Bottom

One of these loaded torpedoes had been dropped overboard. The destroyer lay moored at the dock. Around her stern were gathered a group of workmen, officers and bluejackets.

I watched two divers don their rubber costumes and helmets and go down the iron ladder into the water.

Two hours passed without success. It was a delicate job taking hold of a torpedo which was loaded. Ordinarily, the war heads would not have been fitted until they were aboard the vessel. This time they had been put on in the shops. The divers were cautioned against touching the firing pin.

Five o'clock came, and the torpedo was still not recovered. The officer in charge decided that the job might as

well be left until morning. The weather was perfect, and there was no way that the torpedo could go adrift. Soon it would be dark and the divers could not do their work properly.

One or two of the men lingered. Elliot asked me if I would like to put on a suit and see how it felt to take a jaunt on the bottom of the bay.

"You bet!" I exclaimed.

Before I had a chance to change my mind someone opened up one of the diving suits for me to step in. As the clammy garment was hauled up around me, I felt as if I were being embraced by some huge limp animal. When the helmet was bolted on, shutting out the fresh air and light, the sounds and the smells of life around me, a sudden panic of desire to be free seized me. But I was too late.

I found myself descending the iron ladder which led from the pier into the black water. The weights on my feet dragged me downward. The burden of the helmet on my shoulders oppressed me. Beads of sweat stood out on my forehead, not because I was warm, but

because I was more nervous than I had ever been in my life before.

Now an eerie voice, so close to my head that I jumped, came to me: "Don't forget the torpedo, old man. It's loaded, you know." It was Elliot, using my telephone, the wire of which paralleled my air hose leading out of the helmet.

"You bet your life I won't!" I shouted back.

I heard a chuckle. "Needn't yell, you know," came back. "Just talk in a natural tone, and we'll get you."

A Baleful One-eyed Monster

But there wasn't a natural tone left in me. Soon my feet struck the bottom. I felt as if I were stepping in a huge bowl of oatmeal, soft, sticky and clinging.

The light of the fading day above was gone. To my right in the direction of the destroyer was a glow I knew to be the powerful under-water lamp that had been let down to help the divers pass a strap around the deadly missile which had sunk.

My nerve grew with the sight of this light. "May I walk over and take a

look?" I inquired by telephone of those on the dock, though not in a natural tone even yet.

There was a noticeable pause before the reply came, as if my guardians were debating the risk of letting an untrained diver approach that mass of "bottled hell," as the deck men called loaded torp. Then came a laconic: "Sure, if you keep clear."

Slowly I plodded toward the light through the gummy mire which sucked away at my boot soles.

Presently I came up to it. Such effulgence would never have been possible save in my world of green brine. I reached out to touch it. In the silence of my isolation, broken only by the quiet sighing of my air supply, I yearned for the reality which the big lamp stood for.

But even as my arm went out I paused in mid-air—mid-water, I should say. There before me on the bottom, at the farther edge of the green-white disk of light cast down by the lamp, I saw what made my heart stop for a beat. It was a great bulbous head of glimmering metal with a baleful cyclopean eye that glared resentfully at me. That the head was the lost torpedo's forward dynamite chamber and the "eye" but the lacquered socket of an adjusting screw did not undo the sinister impression the steel beast made.

I started back, then paused. The sight of that one-eyed monster lurking there on the bottom fascinated me just as had the light. I stared at it, and it stared back at me.

Fondling the Engine of Death

I knew it contained at least four hundred pounds of the highest mine explosive made, a charge that would be set off by just a touch of the right sort upon the tiny firing mechanism at the nose tip. I knew it would be a very sensible thing to back away and reclimb the ladder to the dock, divest myself of the horrid cloak that gripped me and slip over to the Officers' Club for a whisky and soda before we dined.

But I didn't. With the perverseness of a lunatic I strode forward and leaned over the torpedo until I could lay my wet palm on its vaselined shoulder. For a few seconds I stood thus in a silly posture of conciliation as well as triumph over the immobile engine of death. Then I straightened up and stepped back.

"Wow!" I ejaculated the word involuntarily as the helmet I wore was struck a heavy blow from without.

Instantly through the telephone came, "What? Are you all right?"

But I did not answer. I was too busy executing a crazy maneuver combined of trying to regain my balance as well as to overcome a sudden foolish panic, and at the same time to dodge what looked like a big brass kettle which had abruptly appeared behind my back while I was making forbidden passes at the torpedo.

What had happened was that the destroyer afloat overhead had been shifted ten feet astern while I was down, bringing her port propeller abaft me. This was to give the divers a better

(Continued on page 48)



Logan V. Reavis

"I was rising drunkenly to my knees"