

Doctor Gerson's FORGOTTEN CURE FOR CANCER

IND.

On the Q.T.

JUNE
25c



**BEVERLY AADLAND--TEEN
TEMPTRESS ON THE MARCH**



HOLLYWOOD SECRETS GIESLER WON'T TELL



**CHANGING
CAMPUS
MORALS**



**WHITE GIRL
FOR SAMMY?**

On the Q.T.



Mickey



Beverly



Sophia

ON THE Q.T. Published bi-monthly by Barton Magazines, Inc., at 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at Meriden, Conn. Single copy price 25 cents; yearly subscription \$1.50. Entire contents copyrighted 1960 by Barton Magazines, Inc. Printed in U.S.A. June, 1960. Vol. 4, No. 1.

WILLIAM BARTON
PUBLISHER

ROBERT L. PARKER
EDITOR

RHODA WECHSLER
MANAGING EDITOR

EDWARD HALLDORSON
ART DIRECTOR

JORDAN MALEK
ART EDITOR

Volume 4 Number 1

JUNE, 1960

CONTENTS

VERY MUCH ON THE QT

- Beverly Aadland: Teen Temptress On The March..... 8
- Why Brando Switched His Sexy Sparring Partners..... 18

STRICTLY ON THE QT ABOUT PEOPLE

- Hollywood Secrets Giesler Won't Tell..... 12
- White Girl For Sammy?..... 24
- The Night The Bobcat Got Clawed..... 29
- Rooney VS Paar..... 34
- The Girls Bobby Darin Won't Talk About..... 38
- Dick Clark: He's Got The Old Payola Roll Blues..... 40

FACTS ON THE QT TO THINK ABOUT

- The Fairy Wolf Packs Of Manhattan..... 10
- It's Murder On Location..... 15
- Germany's Curb Service Call Girls..... 20
- Changing Campus Morals..... 22
- Dr. Gerson's Forgotten Cure For Cancer..... 26
- Diplomatic Immunity Or License to Kill..... 32

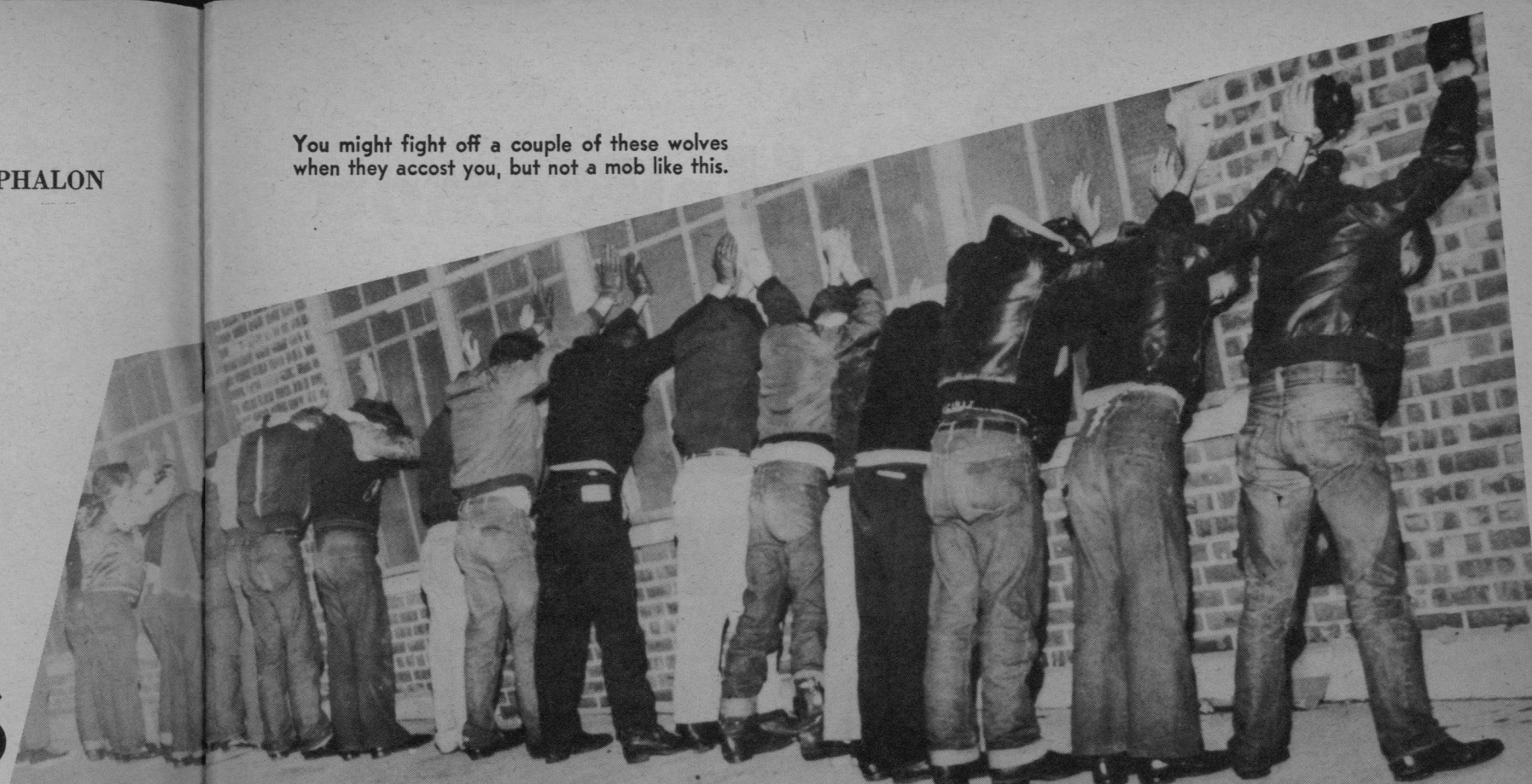
GLIMPSES ON THE QT

- Caught In The Act..... 6
- Celebrity Capers Down Mexico Way..... 36

By NORMAN PHALON

The *FAIRY* WOLF PACKS of MANHATTAN

You might fight off a couple of these wolves
when they accost you, but not a mob like this.



**More Vicious Than the Rest, More Fiendish in Their Use
of Torture, These Perverts Have Brought to New York Streets a
Terror so Fearful that Even the "He-Men" JD's Steer Clear of Them!**

VICIOUS NEW streams of depravity are branching off from the tidal wave of teen-age terror that is currently sweeping through the streets of New York.

A perverted new breed of teen-age hoodlum, hot with the lust for blood and the embraces of his fellows, is achieving dominance in the wolfish street gangs that baffle the forces of law and order in the world's biggest, most glamorous city.

Hard-put to cope with the senseless killings and the violent rumbles that erupt suddenly in the city's trouble spots, authorities have taken little notice of the intensified homosexual activities that are creating terrible new crimes and intensified new passions.

With boy friends instead of girl friends, the growing ranks of teen-age perverts are banding together and proving to be even more vicious and vindictive than their more masculine counterparts.

They prowl darkened streets and city parks in eager wolf packs, seeking out lone victims who are forced to submit to unmentionable indignities and outright torture.

You see them everywhere in tight, giggling groups.

Their hair is marcelled, often dyed. They wink and flutter their eyelashes when a man goes by, but turn up their noses disdainfully at even the most beautiful of women.

They are not incapable of violence against women, however. In one case a homo gang disfigured a lovely girl because her well proportioned charms seemed to be distracting one of the newer recruits who was still wavering between a normal sex life and the warped perversions of his new friends.

He apparently forgot all about the girl and all other women to boot, when he saw her pitifully scarred face. And this may well have been because he knew that the same thing, or worse, was in store for him if he tried to back out.

One of the most prominent spots for the twisted twerps who make up the new breed of teen-age pervert is in the heart of Times Square. You can see them by the hundreds, standing on corners and outside all night movies looking for likely prospects. The cops began picking them up for awhile last fall, but the drive slowed down (Continued on page 48)

both of which he wrote himself.

Then he turned to the work of another writer, the late Kurt Weill, for the 30-year-old "Ballad of Mack the Knife."

This was the biggest hit of them all, and established Bobby Darin as more than a passing fancy of the bobby-sox set—a full-fledged star with a great future in show business.

His sensational night club appearances in Las Vegas added to his luster, and caused the "new Sinatra" phrase to be mouthed around.

Meanwhile, heavily involved in his work, Bobby had little time for girls, mother-images or otherwise.

But lately, having advanced to the point where he can relax a bit, he's found romance again, this time with a lovely young New York singer named Jo-Ann Campbell.

Clearly this link-up is no search-for-a-mother matter on Bobby Darin's part. Jo-Ann is not only younger, but much less advanced on the show business ladder than is her suitor.

It looks like Bobby, having found real success, no longer needs a woman to take care of him.

His many friends in show business certainly hope he has solved his strange girl problem once and for all. It couldn't happen to a guy with a nicer future.

FAIRY WOLF PACK

(Continued from page 11)

and the boys are back, doing business as usual at the same old stand.

The homosexual gangs which roam our streets are apparently even more at home with weapons than the usual brand of young punk, who is vicious enough for anybody's taste.

The homos regard stompings and shooting as crude. Rather they favor knives and razors as weapons of skill and delicacy. They have developed refined sexual tortures for their enemies and because they are more or less an unknown quantity, even the toughest street gangs leave them strictly alone.

One group of perverts is known to pay allegiance to a knife that still bears bloodstains from a vicious killing. It is used now only for ceremonial purposes, when a new member is initiated into the gang.

The boys aren't alone in their perversions. The girls of these warped neighborhoods, seeking new thrills, have begun to organize lesbian groups of their own.

Less obvious than the boys, the manish girls are equally vicious. In fact, some authorities say that the "butches" are twice as violent as the boys when it comes to outbursts of jealousy.

Most of the youngsters that make up the third teen-age sex are too young to drink, but they have found bars where they are served with no questions asked. Many turn to narcotics for additional kicks.

Under the influence of booze, nar-

cotics or both, all of their inhibitions are utterly destroyed. The homo gangs are eager to embark on violent forays against their "respectable" enemies, eager to experiment with newer, even more disgusting perversions.

Walk along the dimly-lighted West Side of Central Park some evening, if you dare. You will see the teen-age fairies clustered around park benches. They will invite you to share in their perverse pleasures.

If the hour is late and no one is in sight, they will not hesitate to use force. Sure, you can fight off one or two. But a chattering, clawing mob of a dozen or more?

Such things happen more than anyone, least of all the police, are willing to admit. All too often such crimes are kept from the press and the public. The shame is too great for the victim to bear. He prefers to suffer in silence.

Even when the victim lands in the hospital, as is often the case, he would rather have the crime listed as robbery with violence or attributed to an unprompted attack.

TAKE THE STORY OF Bob Travis, whose name has been changed here for his own protection, as he told it to this reporter from a hospital bed.

Bob, a clean-cut sixteen-year-old, was hurrying home late one evening last summer, when he was stopped by an effeminate youth about his own age.

The boy's full petulant lips framed an indecent proposal that was instantly rejected by young Travis. When the obvious homosexual persisted, Bob pushed him aside and hurried down the block to his home in a West Side tenement deep in New York's Hell's Kitchen area.

He gave no further thought to the matter. Queers, after all, were common enough. He could handle them if he had to, and usually they didn't bother you when you showed them you weren't interested.

It was about a week later that Bob was walking down the same street. The fruit minced out of the shadows to confront him again. With him were a half dozen other boys of the same type.

Bob looked up and down the street. There was no help in sight. The next thing he knew, he was hit from behind. Then there was a quick glimpse of steel and he felt a sharp searing pain in his side. He woke up in a hospital.

Bob's story is just one of many similar incidents that have been popping up with increasing frequency during recent months. Police files are full of cases in which the assailant is a homosexual aided by others of his ilk, who band together not only to beat up those who resist their advances, but those who might offend them in any way.

Jealous and vindictive, the fairy wolf packs will wait weeks and even months to avenge an insult. But only on rare occasions do their crimes of perversion erupt in the headlines.

One of the most recent cases to bring the increasing homosexuality of our teen agers into the glare of the public

spotlight was the Hell's Kitchen playground killing in August.

The Vampires, led by the "Cape Man" and the "Umbrella Man" roared down from Spanish Harlem to pounce on a group of innocent youngsters in a West 46th St. playground.

The hopped-up deviates stabbed three boys and mauled others. Two of the lads died, the other was hospitalized.

Only later did it come out that the Vampires were mainly a homosexual organization. Even so, this fact was almost completely ignored by the press, which concentrated only on the violence itself.

Youngsters who live in the area controlled by the Vampires speak in hushed whispers of the devilish rites and cellar orgies in which the gang initiates new members.

Rarely do these new members join the group willingly. Usually they are much too young to realize what is happening to them until it is too late. Once they are taken in, it is almost impossible to get out again.

One lad, Tony X, who was a member but managed to break away, told this reporter about the things that went on between the Vampires. Most of it was too horrible to repeat in print.

He did point out, however, that the Vampires do their recruiting among youngsters who have not as yet reached their teens. Many of these innocent victims are destroyed morally before they even have a chance to find out what the score is.

The usual procedure calls for a gentle approach. The youngster is befriended by an older homosexual boy, who tells the kid about the fun they have in the secret organization.

Like any youngster, the boy is caught up with the idea of being allowed to join a secret society. He is flattered as well by the attention given him by an older boy.

With the caginess that seems to be part of the make up of homosexuals, the older ones play it cool with the recruit, until they are absolutely certain he can be trusted to keep the secrets of the gang.

The younger boys are led step-by-step into the inner circle until suddenly they find that it is too late to back out.

Expecting something strange and wonderful on the night of his initiation, Tony was horrified by the treatment he received. The older boy who had befriended him, suddenly became his worst tormentor.

During the course of the seemingly endless initiation, Tony was handed from boy to boy in the darkened cellar. Each of them thought of some terrible new way to shame him—to destroy his maleness and replace it with their own vicious kind of simpering femininity.

When it was finally over, Tony was given over to his "friend" again. He was instructed to regard this friend as his master and do whatever he was told until the waiting period was up and he was made a full fledged member of the gang.

He was told, furthermore, that there would be a terrible vengeance if he ever so much as breathed a word about the things that had happened. Even today, he breaks out in a cold sweat as he tells his story, afraid that somehow the Vampire gang will get him again.

IN BANDING TOGETHER, the young homosexuals have created powerful gangs that can hold their own in any rumble. They have established terrible alliances that enable them to call for help from homos in every part of the city.

A number of these warped youngsters eventually turn into homosexual prostitutes, inhabiting the bright light areas of the city in a search for older homosexuals who will pay them to submit to their advances.

Often they go up to hotel rooms with these older men and then extort money from them by threatening to call the police and exposing them.

Many of these homos are out of town businessmen and conventioners, who are towers of respectability back home. They are deathly afraid that the news of their twilight zone sex life will reach the home town papers, so they pay off gladly and close the door on the young blackmailers with a sigh of relief.

In other cases, the young perverts will lure the older queer into an ambush set up by the gang. They will knock the older fellow on the head, take all his money and run off into the night.

Although they indulge in the same evil perversions, the younger queers regard the older men as saps who are easy marks. The boys are not aware that they can look forward to the same sort of twilight existence when they get older—that they are being hooked by a perversion that is even more degrading than dope addiction in the eyes of society.

They may be looking for new kicks at first, but the habit is hard to break. Sooner or later they reach the point of no return and they are doomed to face scorn and ridicule for the rest of their lives.

About the only help, if they want it, is through long and expensive psychiatric treatment. And even this works only in a small percentage of cases. Chances are better than two to one that they will never be cured.

While they cannot be cured, there is no reason to believe that the conditions under which they are allowed to prey on respectable citizens and innocent children cannot be done away with. The police and other city authorities can clean out the homo wolf packs, as well as the teen-age street gangs, with the full backing of an aroused city. If the namby-pamby methods used so far have not worked, it is time to resort to more forceful, more effective ways to clean up the teen-age crime and perversion on the streets of New York City.