

Woman who Dives 100 feet Into Laming Tank FRAID OF THUNDER



Bee Kyle.

By H. C. L. JACKSON.

SHE STOOD poised on a little platform high in the rafters of the gaily decorated Coliseum, poised in a bright red bathing suit, her nerves at E-string tension for that whirling plunge into the little tank of water 100 feet below.

Fifteen feet in diameter, that tank, and six feet deep. Across the face of the water the assistants already had spread the film of gasoline. In a moment, at the whistle, they would light it, the flames would puff up, and she, like a flashing comet, would shoot down and down, through them, into the shallow water beneath.

She glanced below—measured the size of that tank, small enough at that distance; her eyes shifted to the thousands of white faces turned up to her.

Strange how white they seemed, how blank and waiting, hardly a motion anywhere, except in the lazy waver

of the big flags-of-all-the-nations hanging from the rafters.

She sensed, rather than felt, the huge flag of Sweden hanging there, five-feet to her right. Then her eyes went down again, ready for the whistle.

TRAPPED BY FLAG.

Shrill and clear it came. An attendant shot a match at the gasoline, and leaped back. The flames whirled up with a roar, and she, the high-diver, balanced on her toes, and dropped into space.

In that split-second she heard a hiss of silk, the great Swedish flag, answering an air current set up by the gasoline, spun out, and round her, rolling her in its folds.

"And," she told me yesterday, "I knew I was caught. I knew if I tried to grab that flag it would tear, and draw me away from that tank below. And, you can believe me or not, I heard a voice, just as clear as you can hear my voice, and it said:

"Roll out, like it was a blanket."

She rolled, all this in the flickering of

Dares Death to Earn a Living and Is Making a Quilt in Which Every Patch Recalls a Brush With Disaster



The great Swedish flag spun out and around her, rolling her in its folds.



"It's just a job," says Miss Kyle.

but the folks seem to get a bigger thrill out of the flames, so I added them on. It really doesn't make much difference. I wear a close fitting cap, and when I come up I can usually push the flames away all right. Of course, sometimes I get burned, but that's part of the business."

"Tell me, Miss Kyle," I asked, "do you think the people come to see you get hurt, or to see you land safely?"

Miss Kyle glanced around her dressing room at Eastwood Park where she's been appearing, and looked thoughtful.

LIKES HOUSEWORK.

"I don't know," she said. "But I have an idea that the folks don't really want you to get hurt. I feel that they somehow want to get away from themselves, just as they do when they go to the movies, and I guess they all stare up at me, and watch me fall, and each of them feels as if he were me, up there, and coming down, and getting as much of a thrill out of it as if he were doing it himself. I guess folks want something different, just as I like to putter around the house, and work on quilts and things."

"Does your work make you nervous?"

AFRAID OF ONE THING.

"Oh no, it's just a job. I grew up to it. I can't remember when I learned to swim. And my first dives were made when I was five or six years old. And then I got to going higher. I guess the first what you'd call high dive was when I was 14 in Montreal. That was 40 feet and I guess I was nervous then, but you get used to everything in time, that is, I do, except one thing."

"And what's that?" Miss Kyle looked a little ashamed. She glanced at her manager and he grinned. "Well," she said, "I don't know whether it would sound very well to have you write it, but I'm awfully afraid of thunder."

job. They could scream their heads off now. I concentrate.

"**B**UT," she went on, "it's funny now, even in the length of time it takes me from the top of that 100-foot ladder to the bottom of the tank, and I guess that's around two and a half seconds, how hard you have to concentrate. You see, I start my dive backward, turn over when I'm half way down, and land feet first."

"Now, I have to know when to start relaxing my muscles for the turn and then contracting my muscles so I'll come on down feet first, and then when I hit the water I know that I don't dare start bending my feet to stop my speed before I'm up to the waist in water, because if I do I may break my neck. And if I don't start bending my feet when I am up to my waist, why, then, I'm likely to break my back."

MUST BE DONE RIGHT.

"You see, that tank is six feet deep, and I'm five feet tall, so I don't have much clearance. It has to be done just about right."

"I'd think it was enough of a stunt without burning gasoline to land in," I suggested.

"Well," Miss Kyle explained, "so do I,

an eyelaah, and went plunging down, even through her backhand loop, to smash into the water.

FRANTICALLY the attendants dragged her through the hissing gasoline flames. She was unconscious. And the doctors in the dressing rooms found every rib on her left side broken. She was black and blue from ankle to neck.

But she was alive, and her manager breathed a prayer of thanks to whatever gods of daredeviltry managers worship. She stirred and came to consciousness and lying there, she said:

"Another piece for my quilt." "Out of her head," the doctor muttered. "No," said Bee Kyle, the high-diver, "I mean it, another piece for my quilt."

HER PATCHWORK QUILT.

Because you see, Bee Kyle who, at an early age, already is a veteran high diver, is making a quilt, a patchwork affair, out of pieces of her old bathing suits.

"It's fun," she told me. "Because I can look at that quilt when I'm so old I can't dive any more, and each piece will carry with it some memory."

"There's a green piece," she went on, smiling. "It's a pretty green. That's a piece of the suit I wore the first time I tried a really high dive—when I was 14, up in Montreal. And then there's a white piece, but maybe you'd like to hear about that, only it's not very exciting. Nothing's very exciting in a job like mine."

LIGHTS GO OUT.

"But about this white piece, it belongs to the suit I wore that night in West Palm Beach when I'd just climbed to the top of my 100-foot ladder and—every light in the city went out. There I was, 100 feet up, and—not a light anywhere. It seemed scary, somehow, to be up there in the white moonlight, with shadows thick down below, blackness where there'd been hundreds of folks."

"I'll bet you climbed down as fast as you could," I grinned.

Miss Kyle shook her head seriously. "I couldn't do that. I just couldn't. If I'd ever climbed down that ladder that way, I'd never have had the nerve to make another dive. So—

SO SHE JUMPED.

"I just called down to the crowd below, and wanted to know if they could see me all right. They yelled back to climb down, and I guess they thought I was grand—

THE APPLE OF DISCORD

(Concluded From Page 3)

China," was the view expressed to me by Premier Wang Ching-wei of that country.

RECORD OF MANCHUS.

Generally speaking, their story runs somewhat as follows:

Once upon a time there were Manchus. Some 3,000 years ago the Bushen tribe of these people appeared in the southern part of the present Fengtien province then known as Chaosien. The Chaosien period of Manchu history extends to 108 B. C.

Their earliest record, presented in the History of Wei, speaks of them as "dwelling in caves and forests, their largest dwelling reaching a depth of nine ladders." They were fond of pig breeding, fish eating, making clothes of skins and using lard in great quantities on their bodies as a means of protection against the winter cold. They used bows four feet long, heavy as catapults, and their arrows with heads of green stone, were made of the hu tree.

THEY CAME TO STAY.

For the time being we shall skip the Kaokui, Pohal, Liao, Chin and Yuan periods of Manchu history, extending from 108 B. C. to 1616 A. D. or about 11 times the history of the United States.

Dragon-throne of China. Thus opened the Ching period in China's history, which terminated with the formation of the Chinese Republic in 1912.

LAST OF DYNASTY.

"The above may sound like a fairy tale, but has borne many serious consequences on the current Sino-Japanese-Manchukuo relations. Here are some of them:

The Emperor Kang Teh of Manchukuo, who formerly was the boy-emperor Pu Yi of China, is the last of the Ching dynasty. Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the late leader of the Chinese nationalist movement, and his followers had long regarded Pu Yi and his predecessors as usurpers of China's throne, while the Chings and their supporters for some 300 years insisted that they had obtained the throne from Li Tzu-cheng, not from the Mings.

BACK HOME.

With the formation of an independent Manchukuo three years ago, the supporters of the Kang Teh government virtually have adopted the Chinese nationalist viewpoints of yore.

"For centuries you called us foreign invaders and usurpers of your throne," they say. "Good and well. We are going back to our original Manchu home in

then," she explained, "and probably a scream would have upset me. Once a woman screamed when I was half way down, and I had four broken ribs and a black-and-blue back to teach me not to pay any attention to anything but my

THE DIAGRAMLESS CROSSWORD PUZZLE

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1—Sacred Egyptian bull.
- 5—Keen.
- 10—Tops.
- 14—Storm.
- 15—Beverage.
- 16—Heraldic bearing.
- 17—Cooking pot.
- 18—Osprey.
- 19—Tidy.
- 20—Movement.
- 21—French article.
- 22—Colloquial enthusiasts.
- 24—To count.
- 26—Female deer.
- 28—Braid.
- 32—To taste.
- 34—Alloy.
- 35—Lifts.
- 40—Wire measure.
- 42—To turn quickly.
- 43—To mistake.
- 44—Gulches.
- 47—Anglo-Saxon money.
- 48—Always.
- 8—To disturb.
- 9—Walked.
- 10—Bestows.
- 11—Space.
- 12—Design.
- 13—Coterie.
- 21—To speak.
- 25—Restricted.
- 27—Siberian river.
- 28—To dress.
- 29—Insect stage.
- 30—Ventilated.
- 31—Exists.
- 33—To transfuse.
- 35—Solitary.
- 36—More certain.
- 37—Scorches.
- 39—To drain.
- 41—To allow.
- 45—Large tub.
- 46—Mephistopheles.
- 48—Small waves.
- 52—Symbol for nickel.
- 54—Sun god.
- 56—Most terrible.
- 59—To fasten.
- 61—Weather-cocks.
- 62—Plunder.
- 63—To impel.
- 64—Masculine.
- 66—Medicinal plant.
- 68—Microbe.
- 69—Cry of bacchanals.
- 70—White frost.
- 71—Vehicle without wheels.
- 74—Man's name.

VERTICAL

- 1—Eager.
- 2—Lacking color.
- 3—Evils.
- 4—Bench.
- 5—To frighten.
- 6—Hostelries.
- 7—Part of play.

Answer to last Sunday's Puzzle:

S	P	O	T	F	U	O	O	R	S	A	T	S
M	A	L	D	A	F	O	R	T	E	V	O	I
O	R	I	S	O	R	A	G	O	F	E	T	T
P	R	O	S	P	E	R	S	E	R	I	D	S

