

British Defeat Laid to Enemy's Showmanship

By Jack Jarmuth

THE sun had long since risen over a distant hill as the troops moved forward. It still was early morning but the dew of night had dried upon the ground and dust choked the soldiers as they marched.

Then "halt!" was called; the men rested. But there was no relaxation in their movements; if they sat their horses or crouched upon the ground, a note of expectancy prevailed their ranks.

William the Norman was moving into England; William the Conqueror held back his troops against the British awaiting only his own pre-arranged signal for the battle.

Taillefer the juggler moved, on a white charger to his chief's side. They conferred a moment; the great King William nodded, the juggler rushed forward.

Pulling rein before the British, he first sang the songs of Charlemagne and of Roland. Then, casting his spear three times in the air, he caught it as often by the iron head. On the fourth time he threw it among his enemies, one of whom he wounded.

Then he drew his sword, also tossed it three times on high and caught it with such dexterity that the enemy became frightened; cries of "witch" and "enchanted" filled the air; the British fled!

And thus the first juggler, the first showman to employ psychology of his calling, used his prowess to win a battle!

ONE of the most dramatic real life plays ever staged, both in plot and colorful setting, occurred in a quiet hour before dawn in San Diego bay.

In this case the chief character was the richly laden treasure ship, the "Santa Ana."

Captain Germeno was a brave but cautious commander, and feared for the safety of his ship and its treasure. He chose a black and moonless night to drop a long-boat over the side, man it with trustworthy sailors—six carefully chosen confidants—and load the frail craft with three heavy chests.

The long-boat put out for shore, oars muffled, small gray-blue waves following in its wake. Finally it scraped the white sands of the inlet; six powerful Spaniards waded to dry land, pulling the boat after them. Silently they lifted brass-bound chests from the bottom, trudged with their fabulous burden through the trees to a level plot of land deserted by the natives. Here they dug a pit, not deep, for they must return

Exposition Manager Describes Task Of Entertaining Public



A corner of the Exposition's Palace of Foods and Beverages, showing the luxuriant shrubbery and flowers.

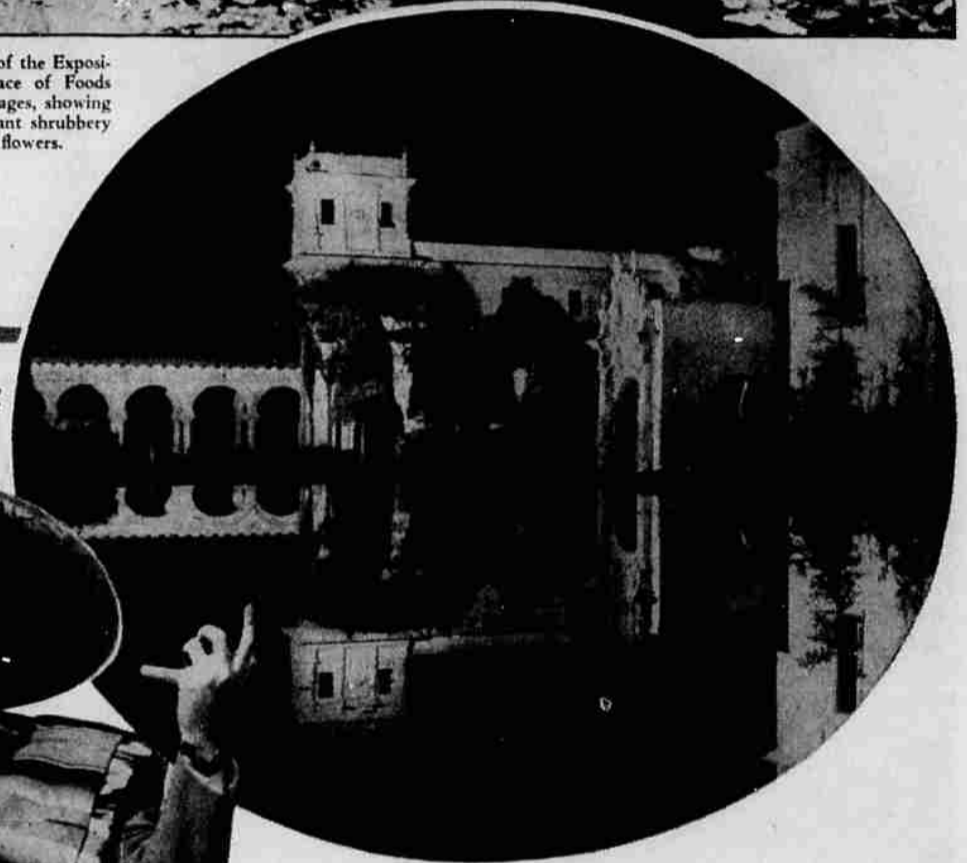


Another view of the Palace of Foods and Beverages. The riot of flowers and shrubbery surrounding the palace and other buildings has proved one of the outstanding attractions of the Exposition.

Senorita Marissa Flores, charming Spanish dancer at the Exposition.



Even Ben Bernie succumbed to the Spanish influence during his recent visit to the Exposition.



Corner of the House of Hospitality (left) and the Cafe of the World (right) reflected in the placid waters of the lily pond.

ventions required for the Exposition buildings have not revealed the hiding place.

THE sea rovers never returned. Followed by storm and an inevitable fate, the "Santa Ana" was finally captured and pillaged by Captain Woods Rogers and Captain Tom Cavendish, English sailing men bent on capturing Spaniards and whatever treasure they found aboard.

They searched the "Santa Ana", found a small amount of gold—but not the three great chests, of which nothing was seen again.

The play had ended, the curtain fell upon one more lost treasure.

Wayne W. Dailard, who runs the biggest show on the Pacific coast this year—the San Diego Exposition—admits there is very little new in show business since not alone the time of Charlemagne but way back into the centuries before Christ.

BUT he does insist there's a difference in the manner in which "a show is dressed."

"It's a crazy business," he says, "but don't forget for a moment it's a great business; there's more genuine fun pleasing people than anything I know."

An item which might possibly have appeared one summer morning in the Athens Light, 500 years before Christ, could easily have read:

"There were 27,500 people at yesterday's opening performances in the Dionysiac theater to witness the first comedy of the season. The audience was, of course, purely stag."

Which very plainly meant, if any citizen had his doubts, that the theater was for men only.

It wasn't until more than a hundred years later, in the fourth century, that women were admitted to the performances and then only to

the tragedies. When the ladies of the day stormed and protested, over the years, they finally were permitted to see what were known as the "middle comedies," not the good old ribald high or low didos. Performances then lasted from dawn until dark, with time out for meals.

Why does an exposition, or a fair, or even a carnival, have banners floating in the streets?

Mr. Dailard explained:

"It's an inheritance from the very early days of London, when that city's slums were fairly tawdry districts.

"The banners were spread from house to house to hide the drab and dreary fronts as visiting monarchs and potentates came to town. They were gay and festive; they became an inseparable decorative touch to every fair since those days.

"ANY showman will admit, if he is an honest showman, there is really nothing new under the sun in this peculiar business of entertaining people," declares the exposition's director.

"It is only the manner in which we dress whatever is being presented can the new be found."

"Of course we have scenery today which they didn't have in the days of Greece; of course we have modern buildings, and air-conditioning, and great orchestras, though the music of Athens was also great.

"But the shows themselves, the types of performances, the variety, all resolves itself into something which has been done and seen ages ago."

"What about the most modern acts?" he was asked. "What about Sally Rand, for instance?"

Mr. Dailard laughed.

"It is a pity you didn't catch the opening performance of Salome. They say she was great!" he replied, as he walked away down the flower-lined Avenida de los Palacios of the California Pacific International Exposition . . . to stage a "brand new show."

to sail with the tide. Into it they lowered pirate loot worth the ransom of several modern kings — treasure of Cathay, gold and jewels from New Spain, emeralds and rubies from Hindu temples. For a moment these men stood over it, gazed out to sea an instant, remembering permanent land marks against the uncertain hour of their return. Then they pushed rocks and earth over what was to prove the lost grave

of hard-won earnings valued in millions of American dollars.

The time was in the 1580's; the place what is today Balboa Park, site of the California Pacific International Exposition. Not many feet under the ground it lies, waiting for some fortunate adventurer to appear with an ancient parchment map of its exact location. No such map has so far come to light; even the exca-