

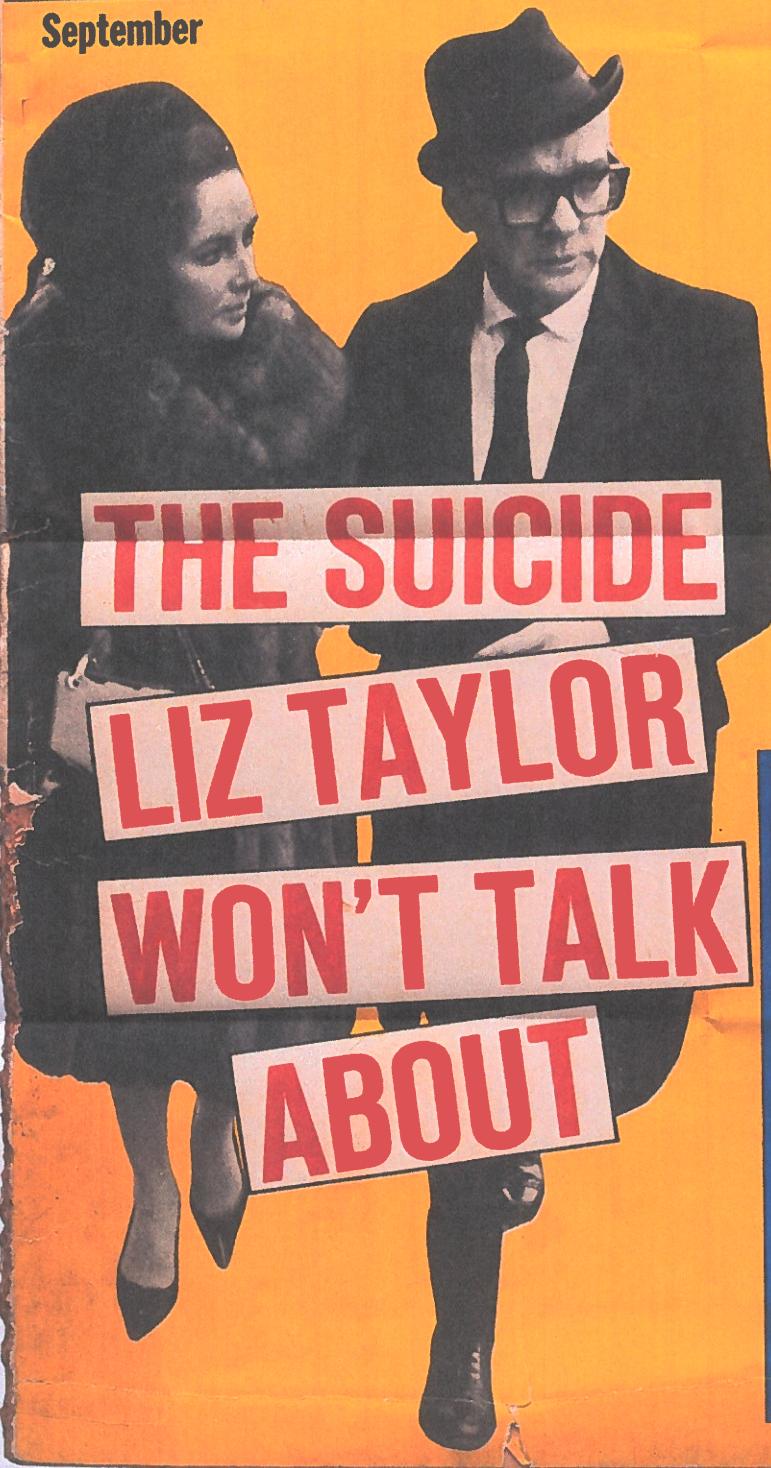
How Beach Towns Fight The Homo Invasion

WHISPER

PDC

September

35c



THE SUICIDE

LIZ TAYLOR

WON'T TALK
ABOUT



Will Mia Farrow
Burn Out Sinatra's
Torch For Ava?



Why They're Saying
Warren Beatty Will Never
Marry Leslie Caron

BY I. M. KAMP

THE last issue of WHISPER disclosed that America's beaches are being taken over by homosexuals.

At the start of the summer season, hundreds of thousands of homos staged the biggest beach assault since the D-Day invasion of Normandy.

But this year the gay invaders met stiff opposition. The WHISPER story set off a nationwide protest. Residents of seashore communities from Cape Cod to Key West and from Fire Island to Catalina Island demanded that their local authorities take action to turn the tide of sex perversion.

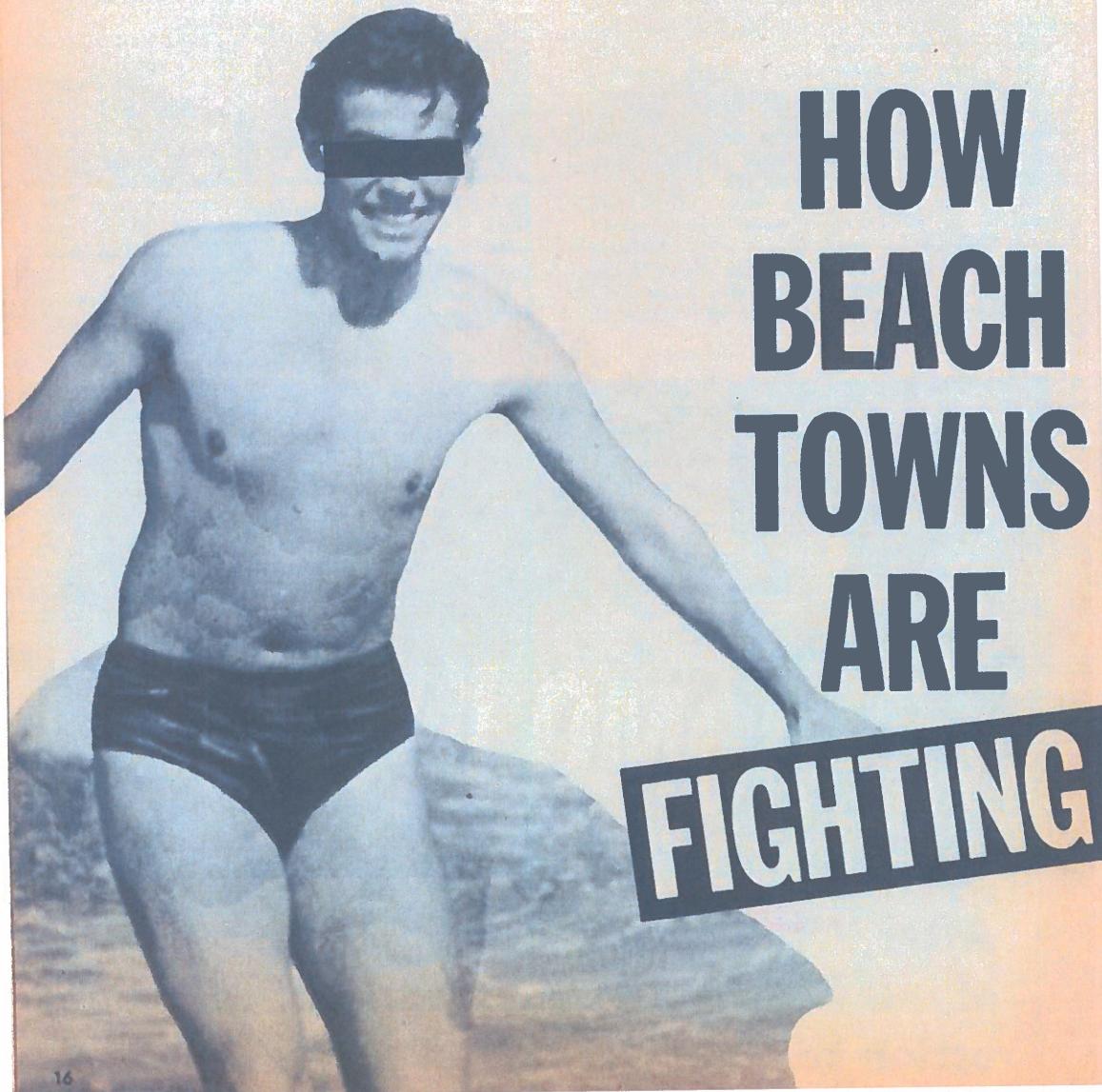
New laws were passed and old ordinances were strictly enforced to curb the erotic activities of

vacationing queers. Extra police were hired to patrol the beaches. More than 2000 limpwrists were arrested.

Cape May, N.J., was the scene of a major battle.

On one side was a blueblood army of Social Register summer residents whose families founded America's oldest seashore resort. On the other was a motley mob of homos.

To keep the invaders from camping it up too conspicuously, the locals began erecting their defenses well in advance of "The Season." The Cape May City Council, local merchants and civic groups held a secret meeting to draft plans for the cleanup campaign.



"We are afraid publicity will attract more homosexuals and Cape May will become another Fire Island," one Councilman said when asked why the war conference was kept quiet.

"The type of homo currently frequenting Cape May is often wealthy, successful and influential," he added. "These types, once they become entrenched, attract the rest and the next thing you know the town is one big fairyland."

A clergyman warned the Cape May Kiwanis Club that business, civic and religious groups must band together to halt the annual infestation.

"We do not want a Victorian Greenwich Village here," he said.

The Council passed an ordinance outlawing skin-tight, bikini-style bathing trunks favored by many

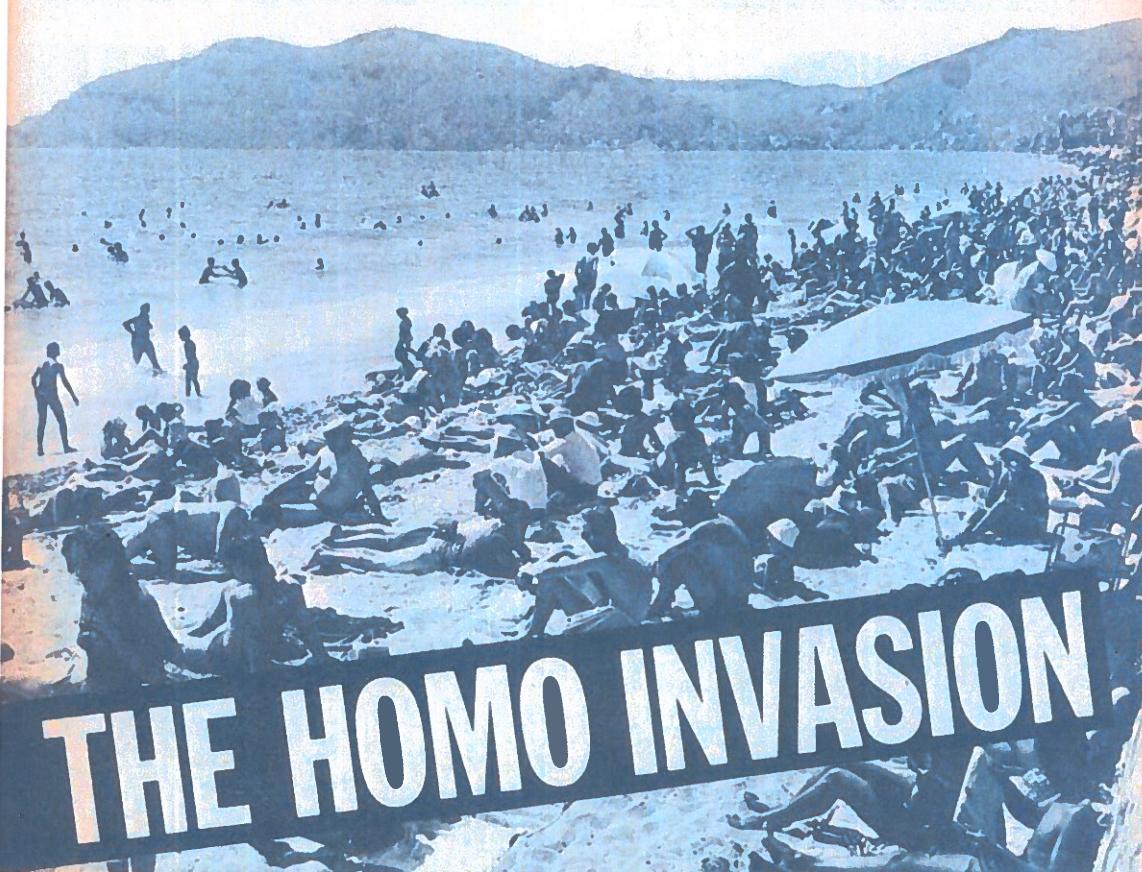
gay visitors to the aristocratic Jersey Shore community. Also banned were "fairy falsies," the padded athletic supporters that homo exhibitionists wear under their skimpy swim shorts.

Offenders were slapped with fines up to \$200 and jail sentences up to 30 days.

The police might prefer to use nightsticks but they restrain themselves in answering complaints about homosexual orgies on the beach in daylight and in full view of horrified women and children. "What can I tell my young son when he witnesses the mess on the beach?" one longtime summer resident demanded.

Atlantic City, 45 miles northeast of Cape May, used to be a summertime mecca for thousands of homos from all over

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After WHISPER exposed the homo invasion of our beaches, civic authorities went into action to stem the tide of perversion.



Liz Taylor

(Continued from page 15)

one ambition became to learn the English language—so he could converse in their native tongue with her and Dick.

He continually badgered his father to invite him to the Burton home—and, whenever he could do so without inconveniencing anyone, Gaston did. Before long, Liz and Dick began to regard the youth as a "regular"—and to treat him as their own son.

Last November, Gaston confided to the Burtons that he was having some difficulty with Jean-Louis. The boy's grades in school had begun to drop and teachers had said that he was becoming incorrigible.

"You know what he needs?" exclaimed Liz enthusiastically, "A change! A trip to the mountains! Why don't we take him along when we go to Gstaad (Switzerland) next week?"

And that's exactly what they did. The Burtons had rented a lovely chalet in Gstaad. Jean-Louis joined them there—along with Liz's own children from previous marriages, Michael, Liza and Christopher.

For the duration of the Christmas holidays, Liz made no distinction be-

tween her own children and her chauffeur's son. She bought him a complete winter sport outfit, including an Alpaca coat which he had admired in a shop window. She also arranged for his ski and ice skating lessons.

The three-weeks Jean-Louis spent in Switzerland were undoubtedly the most happy in his life. But, in a sense, they were also the most tragic—because it was during those three weeks that the shy, self-conscious adolescent realized that he was hopelessly in love with Liz.

When he returned to Paris, he promised his father that he would keep the trip a secret.

But, this time, he could not keep his promise. A few days after Gaston had left for Ireland with the Burtons, Jean-Louis felt helplessly alone—and couldn't resist revealing his feelings to someone.

The friend in whom he confided was a boy named Gerard, who lived in the same apartment building. Jean-Louis disclosed not only where he had been but also that he was madly in love with Liz.

About the same time, the heartsick young man broke off with the only girl he had ever dated, 16-year-old Françoise.

"I can't see you anymore," he said, "because I'm in love with someone else."

For several weeks, Jean-Louis walked around in a daze. His teachers viewed his state as just another indica-

tion of his growing incorrigibility. His friends paid little attention to him.

On February 22, Jean-Louis mysteriously vanished from school. He said nothing to anyone. It has since been rumored that he wrote a farewell note to Liz Taylor before he left, but that has not been confirmed.

A few hours later, he shot himself in the gallery at Boulevard de la Villette. When his body was identified that night, everyone presumed it had been an accident.

Only Gerard knew the truth—and now he had revealed everything.

"A few days after he had returned from Switzerland, Jean-Louis told me the whole story," the youth admitted. "He said how wonderful life had been there, and how wonderfully Liz Taylor had treated him.

"AND HE SAID THAT HE WAS MADLY IN LOVE WITH HER. HE COULD NOT EAT OR SLEEP BECAUSE SHE WAS ALWAYS ON HIS MIND."

Almost needless to say, neither Jean-Louis' father or Liz Taylor ever suspected that his love for her was romantic. Outwardly, he never showed it. He kept everything to himself.

There can be little doubt that his unforgettable vacation in Switzerland unwittingly brought about his death.

And here lies the most tragic irony of the drama: the more Liz tried to treat Jean-Louis as a mother would treat her own son, the more desperate became his fatal passion! • • •

homosexuals over the past decade.

Once the homos established a beach-head, they brought in their camp followers—mostly young, obnoxious types who made no secret of their vice. Colonies of homos sprang up and these, in turn, attracted swaggering, leather-jacketed toughs known to police as "queer-rollers."

Besides preying on perverts, the hoods also terrorized summer residents who had no dealings with the gay set. Rapes, robberies, assaults and other crimes soared in seaside communities that had never known any violence except an occasional Saturday night fight.

Finally, after tolerance had been stretched past all reasonable limits, law-abiding citizens demanded official action to curb the bawdy beach boys and their vicious playmates. Police in scores of seashore resorts responded this summer by getting tough.

In California, the Attorney General's office launched a statewide crackdown on motorcycle gangs and beach bums. County sheriffs and local police cooperated. Besides driving the motorbike mobs off the highways, they succeeded in driving hundreds of homos off the beaches.

As homos deserted the dunes in



Beach Homos

(Continued from page 17)

the East, South and Middle West. A few years ago, they assembled there for a homosexual convention.

This powwow, held on a Memorial Day weekend, resulted in at least one deliberate murder, two drownings, a few other fatal "accidents," drunken brawls in hotels and motels, sex orgies on and off the boardwalk and howls of indignation from local residents.

Vowing that the wild weekend would never be repeated, Atlantic City withdrew the welcome mat it had spread out for the homos. A dozen gay bars and several hotels and rooming houses were shut down. Scores of convicted sex offenders were advised to leave town.

Also caught in the crackdown were several Turkish baths, restaurants and movie theaters that catered to perverts

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and men's shops whose shelves were stocked with fairy fashions.

Since then, Atlantic City has been "off limits" to homos. Cape May has taken its place.

Thousands of teenage boys from all over the United States receive their recruit training at the Coast Guard Center at Cape May and these young men are a major tourist attraction for out-of-town homos. So many trainees have been accosted, molested, propositioned and even assaulted by sex perverts that Coast Guard officials have threatened to shut down the training base unless the situation is remedied.

As the Training Center keeps Cape May merchants in business during the lean winter months, the town would suffer a crippling economic blow if it lost this facility. So it's a simple question of who will move out—the Coast Guard or the deviates.

If Cape May City Fathers have their way, the Coast Guard base will remain but the sailor-solicitors will be driven out.

Like Cape May, several oceanfront communities at the East End of Long Island, on the Florida Gold Coast and across the continent on the Pacific Coast have been infiltrated by affluent

droves, several Hollywood agents received secret orders to keep their gay clients off the beaches for fear of arrests that might embarrass a large segment of Screenland stardom.

At Long Island's Hamptons—including swank Southampton, East Hampton, Westhampton and Hampton Bays—Police details were doubled and tripled this summer to combat the punks and perverts.

Local clergymen joined the Hampton Bays Board of Trade in all-out war against "summer hoodlumism." One pastor decried "the vulgarization of this lovely area by the greedy, the perverted and the lawless."

A Southampton resident pointed out that the town "already has all the laws it needs to cure these evils; all it has to do is enforce them." This summer, for the first time in a decade of increasing lawlessness, all the laws were strictly enforced—and the gay set driven underground.

The Hamptons, with their tree-shaded lanes, wave-washed beaches, 17th Century saltbox cottages and 18th Century mansions, have been the warm weather retreat of New York Society for 300 years. But the growing influx of homos and hoodlums caused many socialites to sell out and move elsewhere. Their wooded, oceanfront estates were chopped up into cottage colonies and the cottages, in turn, were rented to more undesirables.

The old families who are left have been fighting hard to preserve the area's traditional charm—and to keep it from being completely overrun by juvenile and adult delinquents.

Offshore on Fire Island, the 40-mile barrier beach between the wild Atlantic and Long Island's South Shore, the homos are firmly entrenched. The Cherry Grove section there is one of the nation's oldest, largest and most infamous haven-for homos.

In recent years, homos have been branching out to other Fire Island communities but the island's normal summer residents are trying to hold the line against them. This summer, Suffolk County police from the mainland raided several gay bars and broke up dozens of orgiastic beach parties.

Among the island's gay group, "camp" is the word for homosexual activities.

From Memorial Day to Labor Day, the beaches are crowded with perverts. Daylight is no deterrent to their forbidden joys. They sin in the sun as well as after dark.

Uncle Sam plans to convert some 30 miles of Fire Island into a National Seashore Park. That's all right with the summer residents who find no diversion in perversion and will be glad when respectability is restored to their communities.

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