

GOOD HEALTH

March - April 1957



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GOOD HEALTHREGD
No. 6439

MARCH 1957.

MADRAS-7 (S. INDIA)

As the Mighty, Majestic Tiger is powerfull in strength and distinctive in characteristics, so are the remedies listed here POWERFUL in efficacy and distinctive in the field of medicine.



For these remedies are much better formulated to give sure results where others would fail, and are dependable.



Testimonials and recommendations of doctors and cured patients, and their use in. The Curtius Clinic, Paris and Vienna testify to this.



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Paris	1946
Rome	1950
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Use a remedy from tis before you waste money on worthless stuff.



We guarantee you will get an entire satisfactory result

These Testimonials Received
Fully Prove It.

Full confidence your
medicines will put me
right as before I. M.

Thanking you sincerely
great result from Yo-
Zina tonic H. S. P.

... after one dose the
periods started S. C.

As (Vir-Vito) doing me good
send me 12 bottles M. C.

I used Vir-Vite I had a
complete cure D. P.

Messrs PREMIER (Medical) PRODUCTS

Estb: 1899

Head office:— London-Eng: Telegrams to:—

Post Box No 459.
Vepery, Madras- (India)
GENUGURE Madras



NOTICE: Payment is made with order FREE POSTAGE AND PACKING is allowed on orders over Rs. 10 in value except heavy goods such as Developer appliance and Jolly contraceptive set. When half charge Rs. 2 may be sent.

Payment must be made with orders upto Rs. 9 in value plus Rs. 1 postage (Packing is free) Not sent V. P. P. as charges are high.

NO WOMEN NEED WORRY IF SHE KEEPS

The Modern Oral Medicine for birth - Control

ALOSAN (Capsules or tablets) A FRIEND TO WOMEN.

For Alosan contains special ingredients, which inferior pills, etc do not have, hence they can be depended upon to give satisfaction in early cases, where others would fail. Alosan (special strength) capsules Rs. 12 Alosan, (extra strong) tablets Rs. 6 (postage and packing extra.) Keep a bottle handy to prevent pregnancy.

A CUSTOMER WRITES:

I use it (Alosan capsules) always... and if there is sometimes any obstinacy, a few doses of mixture (Hofmann's) puts it right.

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(Family Limitation)

by **MEDICINE**

Alosan should be taken for 5 or 6 days before the due date of the next periods (before periods have already stopped) This will prevent conception (pregnancy) occurring (N. B. Periods occur in intervals of 28 days.)

The Capsules are stronger but the tablets may be used instead if desired.

Taken thus, Alosan is a reliable means of birth - control, but if occasionally there should be some stubbornness at any time, a few doses of Hofmann's mixture will do the needful.

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YO - ZINA health tonic. For thin people who desire to put on pounds of flesh. Guaranteed to put on flesh on skinny arms, thin neck, bony chest. Contains flesh-forming ingredients. Per bottle Rs. 5. three bottles Rs. 14; 6 bottles Rs. 27.

TETROSAN blood tonic and cleanser. Completely cures eruptions on skin, such as pimples, ulcers, lepra, scabies, eczema, etc. Better than salves, etc. Cures through the blood by removing impurities and disease-germs from the blood. Guaranteed to cure. Per bottle Rs. 4-8. Three bottles Rs. 12-8; 6 bottles 24. (postage etc extra.)

EXCITING NUDE LOVELIES IN COLOUR.

Thrilling RARE photos of nude chorus girls, etc., in colour. Fully nude, young and beautiful clearly shown. Real lovelies with rounded thighs and firm rounded pink tipped breasts. Cannot fail to please. Choice selection. Price:—

1 doz. Rs. 40. 1/2 doz. 22. Send declaration with order "I am over 21 years old and require photos for Art use."

V. P. P. from: Premier (Medical) Products, Post Box 469, Vepery, Madras.

★ These are RARE French and other goods of OUT STANDING ACTION and are ★ GUARANTEED to PLEASE.

REGENO Special extra-strong Developing OIL. Causes enlargement of part. Contains expensive ingredients, such as musk Powerful, penetrating action guarantees results in length and thickness. Per bott: Rs. 10; 3 bottles Rs. 28. Full course (12 bottles) Rs. 110. FREE. If full course is ordered in one lot, Developer appliance, 2nd quality (Rs. 35) sent free (If 1st quality Developer is wanted instead of 2nd quality, Rs. 7 extra may be paid) postage etc extra.

FRENCHY X RING, for men. All rubber with special fitting. Worn at base of part. Improves power and arouses strong passion. Gives thrilling effect. Every weak man should use. Washable. Serviceable. Each Rs. 15.

PROLONGA, forte. Applied on part. Guaranteed action stops premature and prolongs Regular use cures over-sensitiveness. Rs. 12. a jar. Acts in 1/2 an hour.

Proto jelly Rs. 25. For same purpose but stronger action.

JANAK tablets for women. Tasteless in tea coffee, etc. Corrects Coldness. Arouses natural passion in 1/2 an hour Rs. 16 a phial.

Strong prolonged power

FRENCHY TABLETS (FOR MEN)

a la francaise A dose or two gives full iron-like confidence and competence Super-strength only one bottle Rs. 15, postage extra. Once tried always used.

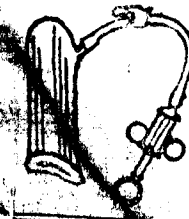
For slight conditions

FRENCHY X Drops

External use. Rare action of spanish fly with other aids. Per phial Rs. 6.

Dr. Richter's DEVELOPER appliance (for men)

Is advised by doctors to restore vigour and development to a weak shrunken part. Write for booklet or order a set now. It is guaranteed and sent with full directions to use.



You get better value as it is of superior quality Rs. 42 postage etc. Rs. 4.

Does not break easily. Free trial phial Regeno oil supplied with each.

2nd quality Rs. 35

For badly reduced conditions.

Rare super-action AID never fails. From an old gipsy formula combined with modern.

Frenchy TESTOTEIN forte

Synthetic Hormone. In 1 hour, arouses strong passion and competence

C'est magnifique (it is magnificent)

Dose. 2 tablets, to be slowly dissolved in the mouth for 10 minutes, one tablet at a time, so that active ingredients may be directly absorbed into the blood stream.

If used with Janak capsules (as directed) its temporary invigorating action, is perfect in the most reduced conditions and prolongs as it charges the blood with a maximum quantity of hormones.

Single strength Rs. 20 a phial
Double strength Rs. 38 a phial

EXCELLENT AS A TEMPORARY MEASURE for reduced CONDITIONS.

JANAK

CAPSULES

ENDS

feeble vitality and

no energy.

with a dose or two

Spel: Strength

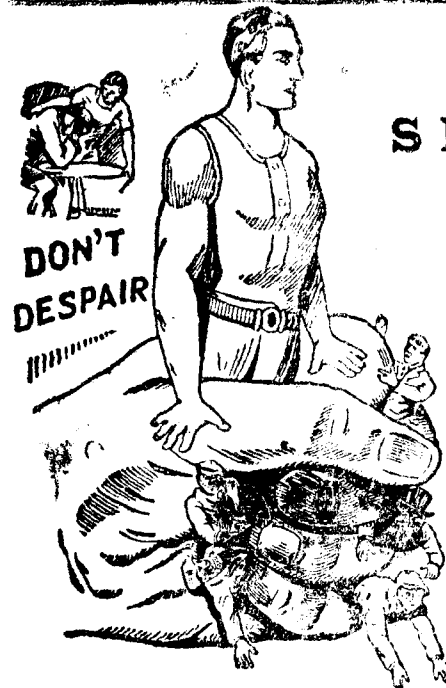
per bottle Rs. 12

THIS CUSTOMER tried JANAK and BOUGHT IT AGAIN.

D writes 'the JANAK acts well; send me another bottle.'

V. P. P. from: Premier (Medical) Products, Post Box 469, Vepery, Madras.

Better and Better Manhood Comes To You



DON'T
DESPAIR

VIR-VITE

SMASHES The Grip of
premature OLD AGE
and WEAKNESS

BETTER POWER - BETTER ABILITY
BETTER DEVELOPMENT

And Lasting manhood too, because
Vir-Vite renews healthy Activity of
the pituitary-Thyroid suprarenal and
vital Glands Thro Constructive hor-
mone nourishment

The necessary BUILD-UP which
Stimulants cannot do.

Wouldn't you appreciate THE END of weakness and poor manhood and the
BEGINNING of a full manly life?
Then do not continue to be old and weak any longer, when Vir-Vite can give you
strong, dynamic, confident manhood.

Every dose of VIR-VITE is worth taking, FOR EACH DOSE PENETRATES
DEEPLY, TO GRADUALLY Smash The Grip of poor manhood by recons-
tructing your worn-out or undeveloped nervous and glandular organism - the
source of youth and manhood.

In this way VIR-VITE enables proper rejuvenation because it renews the glands, nerve
etc., and in some cases a few weeks use has put back years of lost manhood.

No man, lacking strong manhood, can afford to be without a course of this greatest
gland remedies, which has brought new happiness to hundreds of sufferers.

Write Now for a trial 3 bottles of VIR-VITE at our trial offer concession rate of Rs. 19
post free, and note how it starts building up better and better manhood. And while taking
VIR-VITE if you want something as a temporary measure, (for the time being) use Janak
capsules or Frenchy tablets.

VIR-VITE (for men)

Full course for total
Rejuvenation.

36 Bottles Rs. 220
1/2 course Rs. 110
Per Bottle Rs. 7.
6 Bottles Rs. 39.

If you want rapid results as
regards enlargement (or if any
deformity is present) use the Deve-
loper Appliance while taking Vir-
Vite, and you will see the
distinct improvement in this
way.

FREE
A Developer Appliance 2nd
quality (Rs. 35) sent free
if 1/2 course (18 bottles)
Vir-Vite (Rs. 110) is ord-
ered in one lot. (If 1st qual-
ity Developer is wanted
instead of 2nd quality Rs. 7
extra may be paid) Postage
etc., extra.

You can be sure of results as Vir-Vite is the genuine hormone gland therapy of the world
famous Brown-Sequard formulae. (concession rates available)

V. P. P. from:- PREMIER (Medical) PRODUCTS, Post Box 459, VEPEERY MADRAS

Mechanical Cupid Selects

"IDEAL MARRIAGE MATES"

-O-

With a blinking of lights, a digestion of
digits, and melodies played out on a mono-
chromatic scale, the giant electronic brain
took over TV last week. The machine
proved itself a better matchmaker than
odds-maker. Before election night was over,
CBS's Univac Babysitter Doug Edwards
wearily offered to give his magic brain
estimated cost: Do. 000,000) to Commenta-
tor Walter Cronkite for Christmas. But
on NBC's popular, 16 year-old stunt show,
People Are Funny (Sat. 7-30 p.m.) Remington
Rand's Univac No. 21 turned Cupid, brought
together a flesh and-blood couple as scienti-
fically selected "ideal marriage mates."
It was a clear-cut victory for Univac, hor-
mones and Trendex.

Sex, Politics Religion. The electronic
boy-meets-girl gambit began when self-
styled "Master of Informalities" Art Link-
letter, 44, read that some 14 Million Ameri-
cans belong to lonely-hearts clubs. Machi-
villian M.C. Linkletter, who once put a
rocodile in a woman's bathtub, and recently
sent a honeymoon couple to Utah to
prospect for uranium called on Dr. Paul
Popenoe of Los Angeles' American Institute
of Family Relations. Popenoe pointed out
that people get married in a haphazard way,
then drew up a questionnaire of 82 items that
affect marital relations (sex race, religion,
politics, weight, height, pets, drinking,
preferences, for double or twin beds, etc.)
Linkletter put ads in local papers asking
people over 21 who hankered for a mate to
get in touch with him. To the more than
4,000 who replied, he dispatched the ques-
tionnaires.

Then Univac stepped in, sifted and
sorted the answers of both sexes, spewed
forth a couple of its favorites: John Caran,
28, a Los Angeles adman, and pretty, brown
eyed Barbara Smith, 23, a receptionist. In
September the couple saw each other for
the first time, before the People Are Funny
camera, and boasts Linkletter, "hit it off
great."

Ideal Girl. By last week they were
holding hands and looking deep in to each
other's eyes. Said Barbara: "Univac is a
pretty good deal." But an old beau disagreed,
and next day Linkletter received a message:
"Dear Cupid: I come to you asking that
equity be done for a grave injustice to me
The girl that might have possibly become
my wife was taken by you and Univac
and given to another I therefore request
that you bring to me the one ideal girl who
can replace the one I lost and make my
life whole again." Mused Art: "The least
we can do is take his background and run
it through the machine. He'll have the
equivalent of 8,000 dates in a couple of
minutes."

Ignoring her old suitor, Barbara put
her trust in the machine and this week she
will announce her engagement to John.
Early next year Linkletter will buy the air
passage for a Paris honeymoon. "It's not
the natural thing," says John, "I'll grant
you that. But Univac figured out a lot of
things in advance which normally a couple
doesn't find out until later." Univac had
no comment.

REPORTERS AT WORK

World maps at the headquarters of major news-gathering organization took a rare beating as harried editors plucked and switched pins representing correspondents to keep up with widening, fact-breaking stories of war and rebellion. The correspondents took a beating too—from bullets, censorship, travel snags, official red tape and broken communications.

To cover the Hungarian rebellion newsmen based all over Western Europe poured into Vienna and headed for the Hungarian border, minus Hungarian visas, which were almost impossible to get. At a manure-strewn Austrian border village named Nickelsdorf, they grabbed interviews with escaping travelers from Hungary, and pleaded with Hungarian border guards to let them in. In Budapest all but one of the handful of Western correspondents had to rely on Westerners heading for the Austrian border to carry their copy out; telephones, cables and telegraph lines were cut. The exception: the London *Daily Mail's* Noel Barber, who had a car, enabling him to commute regularly to the border, where he worked over his copy in the Hungarian customhouse until another *Mailman* arrived from Vienna to rush it off for transmissions. He was gleeful at the way his job was going. "My paper loves me now!" he crowed one morning. "Oh, how they love me!"

Next day in Budapest, Barber made the mistake of violating a rule he had set for himself: no travel at night. With the London *Daily Express's* Sefton Delmer and an interpreter, he set out to tour the city. Russian machine gunners opened up on the car, almost cutting it in two, crumpled Barber in his seat. Delmer got behind the wheel and sped to safety on two flat tyres. A bullet had creased Barber's skull; forty stitches were needed to close the wound.

"Meantime correspondents were building up pressure at the Nickelsdorf frontier barrier. First to get through was the *Daily Express's* Sydney Smith. When the guards

lifted the barrier for another purpose, Smith, gunned his poised car, shot past them and, despite their shouts to halt, lit out for Budapest. Next day other newsmen persuaded the guards to let them through in cars and as hitchhikers on Hungarian army trucks. In Budapest they set up shop in the Duna Hotel, a dingy fleabag on the Danube. There they got a shaky warning from the New York *Post's* Seymour Freidin; a Soviet officer had just rescued him from a nervous Russian private as he was about to put a bullet through Freidin's head.

Other newsmen were not so lucky as Sydney Freidin. While covering a fight at Communist Party headquarters in Pest, Life Correspondent Tim Foot was shot in the left hand. A burst of machine-gun bullets ripped open the leg and abdomen of tall, famed *Paris Match* Photographer Jean-Pierre Pedrazzini. From the group Pedrazzini held out his camera to a *Mail* correspondent standing next to him at said: "Here, take a picture for me."

The U. P.'s Anthony J. Cavendish scored a feat by covering the Polish rebellion in Warsaw, then flying into Hungary with a Polish plane carrying plasma. He landed 30 miles south of Budapest, hitchhiked to the suburbs, had to walk the last five miles. He sent out a fast-moving 2,000-word eyewitnesser.

In London, efforts to get accreditation with the British Expeditionary Force to Egypt met with such bureaucratic bungling that most newsmen felt sure they were getting a deliberate run-round. When they applied at the Ministry of Defense, they were told to apply in Cyprus. When they arrived in Cyprus, they were told to apply in London. From Paris with French accreditation came a planeload of journalists including 32-year-old brunette Brigitte Friang, a heroine of the French World War II resistance known as "Madame Parachute." She carried an official letter authorizing her to make parachute jumps from military aircraft in the combat area if she could get there.

GEISHA GIRLS

The Japanese judge the private life of a geisha by the discretion of her indiscretions. Occidentals have been known to ignore her rigorous dance and song training and to lump her with the common prostitute, but this is patently unfair. Together with the hetairae of ancient Greece and the courtesans of France, the geisha belongs to the aristocracy of dalliance.

Just short of 100 years ago, it was Okichi's destiny at the age of 18 to be assigned as paramour to 53-year-old Townsend Harris, first U. S. consul to Japan. Indeed, Harris, a white-thatched descendant of Roger Williams, threatened to break off trade treaty negotiations with Japanese officialdom until the girl was installed in his living quarters near the seacoast town of Shimoda. Long before she caught the consul's roving eye, Okichi was renowned for her beauty, her regal bearing and her childhood sweetheart, a peasant carpenter named Tsuru-Matsu, but after Townsend Harris' ultimatum, Japanese officials lured Tsuru-Matsu away from Okichi with promises of making him a samurai. On the rebound from this desertion Okichi agreed to go to lonely, kindly Consul Harris, and she fell in love with her middle-aged diplomatic Pinkerton.

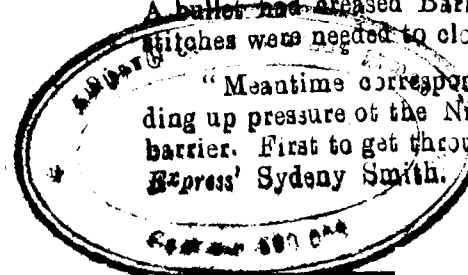
Unfortunately for her, Harris' arrangements with the Japanese called for the geisha to be spirited away whenever the "black ships" of the Americans were in port—and as these absences lengthened, Okichi consoled herself with sake. Consolation became alcoholic degradation, and Harris would have nothing more to do with her. No samurai, but still a carpenter, Tsuru-Matsu came back and married her; but love and liquor would not mix. When she was told that Townsend Harris had been buried among the silent hills of Brooklyn, Okichi lingered on a few years, then suffered a paralytic stroke; dragging herself pain-

fully to the banks of the Inubusawa River, she committed suicide.

O-Koi, second of the geishas, tailored her kimonoclad ambitions along career woman lines. Her first lover was a stock broker, her only husband a famed Kabuki actor who later deserted her. After two leading wrestlers (as prestigious in Japan as bullfighters in Spain) staged a public match for her favors, she came to the attention of the Prime Minister, Taro Katsura, and became his mistress. Throughout the Russo Japanese War of 1903-05 O-Koi had a place in Katsura's innermost councils without betraying a single confidence.

But the geisha had hitched her fortunes to a falling star. Though Japan won the war, the peace terms were unpopular, and the press reviled Katsura and his "concubine." With rioters in the streets, O-Koi had the presence of mind to tack a FOR RENT sign of her house and hid out in a back room. The lovers were reunited before Katsura's death, and O-Koi later entered a Buddhist nunnery, where she died after the end of World War II.

The story of Tsumakichi has the universal appeal of plain grit. During one night of horror in her 17th year, Tsumakichi woke to find a human head rolling past her on the teahouse veranda, saw a samurai sword flash twice toward her own body, leaving her armless. Her berserk adoptive father, the manager of the teahouse, had lopped off the heads of five of the six people sleeping under his roof that night. Primarily a dancer, she painfully mastered a new art. Holding a paintbrush between her teeth, she learned to paint ideograms and to draw designs on silk belts. Reading her own poetry, she won new fame throughout Japan. Tsumakichi, eventually entered a Buddhist nunnery, and is still alive, surrounded at 67 by the reverence that is accorded a Helen Keller.



191443

VENUS OBSERVED



Venus is the earth's nearest planetary neighbor (minimum distance: 26 million miles), but the dense white clouds that fill her atmosphere make her more mysterious than many a far distant star. In *Nature*, Radioastronomer John D. Kraus of Ohio State University tells how he has added, he hopes, one new fact to the few known about Venus.

Since early spring Dr. Kraus has received irregular bursts of 11-meter radio waves from Venus. Every day he measured a rough peak radio activity, and the peaks came earlier each day by a little less than two hours. After diagraming the peaks, Dr. Kraus concluded that Venus revolves on its axis in about 22 hrs. 17 min.

The periodic radio signals, he thinks come from "sources" that are clustered predominantly on one side of the planet. The radio

waves from sources are normally reflected back to the planet's surface by ionized layers in the Venusian atmosphere. The only waves that reach outer space are therefore reflected less strongly. In effect, a broad beam of radio waves sweeps around Venus as the planet revolves. Only when the beam points toward the earth is it detected by Dr. Kraus. So the time between the peaks of energy gives Venus' period of rotation.

Dr. Kraus does not claim to know what the mysterious sources may be. He suspects that they are thunderstorms. He has no idea why they seem to be concentrated on one side of the planet. When the reasons for this lopsidedness (a continent? ocean? mountain?) has been deduced, it will be the first information gathered by man about the Venusian surface.

Queen's Boudoir

Searching for treasures and art objects early archaeologists burrowed recklessly into ancient ruins. Often they missed or destroyed the subtle hints and clues that tell modern diggers how ancient people lived. Professor Carl W. Blegen of the University of Cincinnati now tells how careful, new-style digging uncovered the apartment of a Greek queen of the Homeric Age, more than 3,000 years ago.

For five seasons Dr. Blegen's group has been working at a site near Pylos in southern Greece, where the ruins of a Mycenaean palace cover the top of a hill. Most famous inhabitant of Pylos was King Nestor of the *Iliad*, and it is probable that the palace once belonged to him and his

Queen, Eurydice. The building which has two floors, was burned to the ground after Nestor's death, but the blacked ruins can still tell much about the people who lived there.

Earlier digs uncovered the great hall where Nestor held court: this season the workers moved to the eastern wing of the palace. As their shovels cleared the floors of a suite of rooms, they sensed the feminine touch. "Nestorina [Mrs. Nestor]," they called to Dr. Blegen.

Queen Eurydice had a spacious reception hall with a circular fireplace in the center. Her boudoir had frescoed walls, and its stucco floor was gaily decorated with dolphins and octopuses.

FILM ON SEX

Tea and Sympathy (M-G-M), as a play, was basically just a good matinee drama, and the tremendous excitement it generated in audiences was mostly Freudulent.

For almost a year the Hollywood censors and the studio bosses hassled over the weighty problem: the film posed. Is the moviegoer old enough to be told that there is such a thing as homosexuality? Is it decent to suggest that there are worse things than adultery? The answer to both questions was a resounding no, and the studio applied the fig leaf to the offending parts. As usual in such cases, the drama has been seriously damaged (Playwright Robert Anderson wrote the script), but the sex is still fully in evidence. Indeed, the censor seems in most instances to have used the fig leaf as his own eye patch.

The picture, for which the three Broadway leads have been retained, follows the play almost scene for scene. Tom Lee (John Kerr), the 17-year-old son of divorced parents, is a student at a New England prep school. On campus where every red-blooded boy is expected to go out for one team or another, Tom is regarded by his schoolmates as an "off-horse." He doesn't like football or baseball. He is quiet and gentle, reads poetry, listens to classical music. One day two schoolmates see him

sitting on the beach with several faculty wives, sewing a button on a shirt (in the play he was accused of lying naked on the beach with a school master who was generally suspected of homosexuality). The story goes the rounds, and soon the other fellows are calling him "Sister Boy."

Tom's father (Edward Andrews), an umbilical undergraduate, who after 25 years is still unable to cut the old school tie, is bitterly disappointed that his boy is not a "regular guy." On a visit to school, he urges Tom to get himself a crew cut like the rest of the fellows, forces him to give up the part of Lady Teazle in *The School for Scandal*. He begs Tom's housemaster (Life Erikson), a hearty extravert whose biceps are bigger than his husband, to make a man of the boy. The only person who really knows Tom and likes him, though, is the housemaster's wife (Deborah Kerr, no kin to John). In the end, when Tom has been driven to suicidal desperation by the taunts of his pals and a panic dread that he may really be what they say he is, it is she who restores his soul by giving him her body.

Curtain-in the play. But in the film, of course, the heroine must pay her homage to The Code. She loses her husband and is miserable ever after.

SHOTS & PLOTS

The DC-4, droning west from Santa Cruz to the Bolivian capital of La Paz with 47 political prisoners on board, had been aloft only five minutes one morning last week when one of the passengers asked a fellow captive, Andres Saucedo, for a cigarette. Imperceptibly, all the others strained to hear the reply from Saucedo, a cashiered colonel and their leader by common agreement. "In

flight, my friend?" Saucedo answered loudly. With that prearranged signal, the prisoners overwhelmed their three guards and took control of the plane. The DC-4 dipped a wing, swung around, headed toward Salta, Argentina, 600 miles to the south. Three hours later, the prisoners stepped out of captivity and into safe exile.

TAX DISPUTE



God and Mammon have long been partners in Kyoto, whose centuries-old Buddhist and shint temples are a potent magnet for worshipers and sightseers from all over the world, but changing times have exacted a telling strain on the partnership. When they were cut off from government subsidy by the MacArthur constitution, which divorced Japanese church and state, most of Kyoto's temples began charging admission fees in order to support themselves. The result was a bonanza of tax-free riches. This delighted the Buddhist and Shinto priests but filled Kyoto's Mayor Gizo Takayama, a Congregationalist with ill-concealed envy. To Mayor Takayama, whose father founded the first Y. M. C. A. in the city, the sightseers' gold was an asset that should be shared by the temples with the city as a whole. To help pay off his city's deficit (1,800,000,000 yen) and to construct a vast urban convention hall, the mayor proposed a 5-to 10-yen tax on each temple admission fee.

Kyoto's priests cried out in dismay. "Whoever heard of a man having to pay a tax to worship his God?" they protested in handbills and newspaper ads. By way of answer, city hall pointed gleefully to at least one priest who had absconded with some 9,000,000 yen contributed by visitors at his temple, spent 2,000,000 of it on geisha girls

and cabarets and the rest on a sloe-eyed model whom he set up as mistress of her own bar. Admitting that "perhaps some priests have become a bit too worldly," the abbot of Zen Daitokuji Temple insisted nevertheless that one bad priest should not be used to damn the entire clergy. The priests found an unexpected ally in Kyoto's Communists who, bitterly opposing the mayor on any count, promptly joined the fray with a sound truck that blared out the charge that Takayama was "persecuting religion." With their most pious mien, the priests thereupon barred the doors of their temples to all but "genuine worshipers," whom they admitted free. The definition of a "genuine worshiper?" One who agreed to make a "voluntary" (and hence tax-free) donation later.

Last week, with the situation thus staph-mated, bustling rotund Ichiro invited priests and mayor alike to Tokyo to talk the whole thing over.

Let the temples charge their admission, he suggested; let the city collect its tax. They let the temples put in for heavy tax deductions against the national government on the expenses in their maintenance.

The temples reopened this week to a31 comers.



Rearming Under Difficulties

West Germany was rearming in a mood of sullen reluctance to anything military with a bitter hostility. Restaurants and bars boasted signs: "Men in uniform not wanted." Readers canceled subscriptions to newspapers and magazines which carried recruiting appeals. At dances, girls refused to dance with soldiers; it was demeaning, one girl explained. Every day, there were new incidents in which civilians had assaulted and roughed up some hapless recruit. Soldiers were jeered in the streets had insignia ripped off their uniforms. In a Hamburg restaurant, to brawl started when

civilian custom rs yelled at three soldiers: "Why don't you get a decent job and stop living on our taxes?" One German unit reported that seven out of every ten of its men had been either insulted or attacked physically.

The situation has become so bad that one Christian Democratic Deputy has proposed "measures to defend our soldiers against attack by the population." Munich's *Sueddeutsche Zeitung* editorialized wryly: "The Bundeswehr is being established for the protection of the state. Is the state now supposed to protect its soldiers against citizens?"

The 14-Mile Drop.



The Navy last week broke the world balloon altitude record long held by the Army but it did not do the job with unruffled dignity. Its helium-filled balloon, made of plastic film, and 128 ft. in diameter rose without trouble from the same bowl-like depression near Rapid City, S. Dak. that the Army's record-setting flight used in 1935. Far below its partly expanded bag hung a spherical aluminum gondola stuffed with scientific apparatus. Inside were Lieut. Commanders Malcolm D. Ross and Merton L. Lewis, wearing man-from-Mars pressure suits and festooned with instrument to measure their heart action, breathing, etc., and report the readings to escort aircraft and ground radios. The primary purpose of the flight was not to make an altitude record but to study conditions on the fringe of space and human reactions to them. The Navy intended to keep its "Strato-lab" (the gondola) at peak altitude for about three hours, a period impossible for rockets or rocket planes.

The balloon rose rapidly, glinting in the sun. At 56,400 ft., Commander Lewis reported that he and Commander Ross were having coffee, a prime necessity of Navy men. Some what later he remarked that the sky was clear and dark blue-black. The balloon continued to climb. In two hours and 50 minutes it passed the Army's altitude record (72,396 ft.) and reached 76,000 ft.

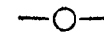
Everything so far had gone well. Ross and Lewis dropped the balloon intentionally

to 75,000 ft. and started to make the observations that were the purpose of the flight. Then the trouble started.

The gondola began to spin crazily, 14 miles above the earth, and the great gasbag would not stop descending. Apparently a malfunctioning valve on the balloon had begun to release helium. The men radioed that the balloon was out of control. They dumped all the ballast and strapped themselves to the gondola's seats. "We are calm, cool and collected," they radioed. "we think we'll stay with the balloon as long as we can."

To reduce the dangerous speed of descent, they jettisoned batteries, oxygen apparatus, everything in the gondola that could be torn loose. They were drifting over the sandhill cattle country of northwest Nebraska, and little by little the descent of the balloon decreased to a safer rate. As the gondola approached the ground, the crew detached the gas bag, which sailed off on the wind. The gondola dropped the few remaining feet, its fall cushioned by a plastic shock absorber, and the two men from Mars stepped out. Almost at once a light airplane piloted by Don Higgins of Ainsworth, Neb landed beside them.

"Have you got any coffee?" the balloon-men asked. Except for temporary deafness, they were unhurt after their 14 mile fall. "We got no work done," remarked one of them. But it was lovely up there.



"Dames? They get a gentlemen and try to change him into a thug. They get a man and then want a mouse. They pick a guy who is the answer to all their prayers, and then they start rewriting their prayers."

HE DIED OF 4 BULLETS



"I'm a goner," said President Anastasio Somoza to U. S. Ambassador Thomas Whelan the night Somoza was shot down by a 27-years-old gunman. "They got me this time. Tommy," he added. Rushed from Nicaragua to the Canal Zone, the 60 old strongman with stood a four-hour bulled-removing operation and later a wind pipe incision to ease his labored breathing. But he never fully regained consciousness in the U. S. owned Gorgas Hospital. Late last week, just seven days after the shooting he began to sink fast. A few hours later, as he had foreseen, Tacho Somoza was a Goner.

He died, as Nicaraguas' Ambassador to the U. S. Guillermo Sevilla Sacasa curtly put it. Of four bullets." A man of great personal charm. Somoza was also a no-nonsense dictator with many enemies; he was well aware of the danger of assassination, and usually went about well guarded. But in mixing with the people at a political rally and dance in the town of Leon, Tacho provided the fatal opportunity for a young Nicaraguan who was in appearance an innocent dancer but at heart an assassin bent on what he conceived to be glorious tyrannicide and a martyr's death. (He was riddled on the spot by Tacho's aides.)

The rule of Nicaragua fell on Tacho's sons even before their father's death. Pump, self-effacing Luis, 34, who by grace of a push from his father was First Designate (Vice President), took on Tacho's executive duties and after Tacho died the blue and white sash of office. West Point-educated Anastasio Jr. ("Tachito"), 32, Commander of the 4,100-man Guardia Nacional, failed something like 3,000 suspected ene-

mies of the regime, personally tested many of them with a newly imported lie detector, soon freed all but 300. He unearthed no plot-but the arrests doubtless discouraged any enemy attempt to cash in fast on the assassination.

* Old Tacho used to test his foe's veracity with a magneto-powered shocking device, *la marquina* (the little machine) wired to the victim's testicles. ("Hell Tacho once said, "the damned thing isn't so bad. I've tried it myself-on my hand."

Tacho Somoza ruled Nicaragua for 22 years by king-of-the-hill toughness. "I'll give this country peace if I have to show every other man in Nicaragua to get it," announced just after the U. S. Marines ending their occupation in 1933, turned over the command of the Guardia him. The Guardia shot scores and brought peace. Meanwhile, by "buying from heirs" Somoza acquired coffee *fincas* and cattle ranches parlayed them into a fortune estimated at 20 million-some do: 20 million more than the Nicaragua's annual budget. He reputedly owned one-tenth of the country's farmland plus interests in lumber, liquor, sea cement, power, textiles, cotton-ginning, sugar-milling, air transport, merchant shipping, even a barbershop-an estimated 480 properties. "You'd do the same thing your self if you were in my place," he used to explain. Nicaragua advanced a little; e. g., more than 600 miles of allweather roads were built to connect the Somoza properties, but it remains a poor (yearly per capita income: do 245), dusty, undeveloped country.

A burly, outgiving 200 pounder, Tacho, delighted in shooting, swimming, poker dancing (he was fact-stepping through the Cha Cha Cha shortly before he was shot).

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We Guarantee This.

Don't waste money on inferior gland treatments which cannot do you any real good. Vir-Vite is a genuine remedy and the best remedy you can take, if you want a proper cure, because.

1. Only Vir-Vite gives the necessary gland and nerve BUILD-UP, which others cannot do.
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3. Only Vir-Vite is a tested FULLY PROVED remedy for partial or complete lost manhood.

THESE CURED PATIENTS

Wiped-Out Past Failure & Monetary Loss

By Taking Vir - Vite So Will You

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Test No. 1649
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"In 1943 Vir-Vite gave me a complete cure and I need it again. I used 9 bottles and 2 Regeno.

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Vir-Vite succeeds

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Test No. 3856 Send 1 developer, 18 Vir-Vite, 2 Regeno Oil My friend got...

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For Vir-Vite has been PROVED in hundreds of clinical tests on sufferers, and what it has done for other men it will do for you.

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Extra Strong

REGENO

Non-Oily Liquid
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POWERFUL PENETRATING ACTION.

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V. P. P. from - Premier (Medical Products.) Post Box. 459, Vepery, Madras

"Steward, is this boat on time?" growled the passenger.

"Oh," replied the steward, "we never worry about little things like that. We're happy if it's on the right ocean."

GUARANTEED BETTER VALUE

HIGH-CLASS RUBBER PREVENTIVES

5 Ways

Superior

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New type Grecian Caps (tips) see below. New Type Crocodile sheath. Unique design Cannot fail to please. One Rs. 6 Three Rs. 11

Special Quality **C.B.C.** White Latex F.I.S.

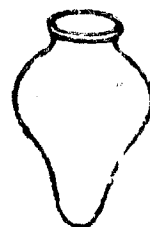
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CONSERVES VITALITY



This is strongly recommended because it ensures spontaneity, the absence of which has a bad effect on the nerves. Colour snow white, texture superfine, yet its elasticity and freedom from splitting is so great that each can be stretched several feet.

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2 C. B. C. 2 Lola
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Birth Control
Sponge and special
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imperceptible in use

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Finest white latex. medium thick texture special make. Guaranteed to last two months. Three sizes.

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Both Rs. 12 (introducer lasts years) Jelly, per tube Rs. 7.

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EXTRA SPECIAL FOR Safe Birth-Control (or V. D. prevention)

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Rs. 10.
DISCOUNT

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1 Frenchy Ring

At concession rate of Rs. 43 post free by Air-Mail.

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The Lady said Yes

Sent V. P. P.
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HOFMANN'S SUPER STRONG MIXTURE ENSURES

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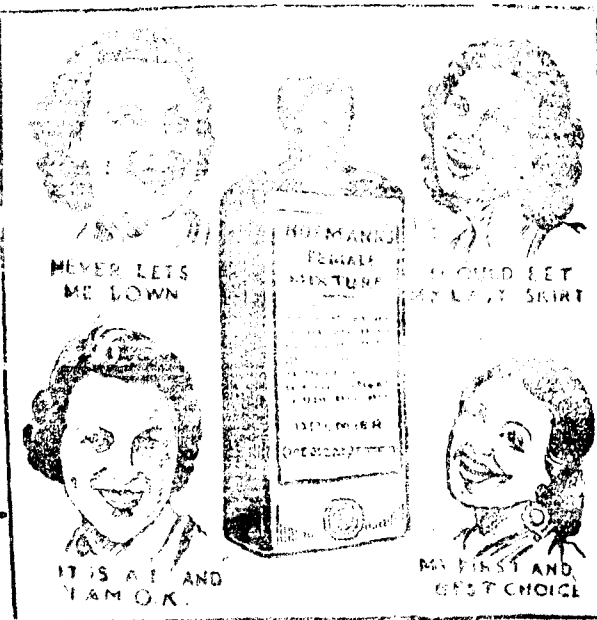
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This high-potency,
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from the proved
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GIVES
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Cheap mixtures
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The high price of
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is due to the fresh
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why it is so
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Hofmann's Mixture
is SUPER STRONG
and
TRIPLE-ACTIVE
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It contains
special
non poisonous
ingredients
which inferior
mixtures do not
have. If taken
properly
IT CANNOT FAIL

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No. 38

GOOD HEALTH

REGD
No. 6439

APRIL 1957

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Full confidence your
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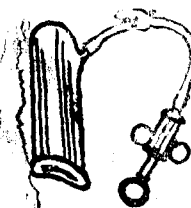
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Does not break easily.
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Rare super-action AID never fails. From an old gipsy formula combined with modern.

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Synthetic Hormone.

In 1 hour, arouses strong passion and competence

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feeble vitality and
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VENUS OBSERVED



Venus is the earth's nearest planetary neighbor (minimum distance: 26 million miles), but the dense white clouds that fill her atmosphere make her more mysterious than many a far distant star. In *Nature*, Radioastronomer John D. Kraus of Ohio State University tells how he has added, he hopes, one new fact to the few known about Venus.

Since early spring Dr. Kraus has received irregular bursts of 11-meter radio waves from Venus. Every day he measured a rough peak radio activity, and the peak came earlier each day by a little less than two hours. After diagramming the peaks, Dr. Kraus concluded that Venus revolves on its axis in about 22 hrs. 17 min.

The periodic radio signals, he thinks, come from "sources" that are clustered predominantly on one side of the planet. The radio

waves from sources are normally reflected back to the planet's surface by ionized layers in the Venusian atmosphere. The only waves that reach outer space are therefore reflected less strongly. In effect, a broad beam of radio waves sweeps around Venus as the planet revolves. Only when the beam points toward the earth is it detected by Dr. Kraus. So the time between the peaks of energy gives Venus' period of rotation.

Dr. Kraus does not claim to know what the mysterious sources may be. He suspects that they are thunderstorms. He has no idea why they seem to be concentrated on one side of the planet. When the reasons for this lopsidedness (a continent? ocean? mountain?) has been deduced, it will be the first information gathered by man about the Venusian surface.

Queen's Boudoir

Searching for treasures and art objects early archaeologists burrowed recklessly into ancient ruins. Often they missed or destroyed the subtle hints and clues that tell modern diggers how ancient people lived. Professor Carl W. Blegen of the University of Cincinnati now tells how careful, new-style digging uncovered the apartment of a Greek queen of the Homeric Age, more than 8,000 years ago.

For five seasons Dr. Blegen's group has been working at a site near Pylos in southern Greece, where the ruins of a Mycenaean palace cover the top of a hill. Most famous inhabitant of Pylos was King Nestor of the *Iliad*, and it is probable that the palace once belonged to him and his

Queen, Eurydice. The building which, has two floors, was burned to the ground after Nestor's death, but the blacked ruins can still tell much about the people who lived there.

Earlier digs uncovered the great hall where Nestor held court: this season the workers moved to the eastern wing of the palace. As their shovels cleared the floors of a suite of rooms, they sensed the feminine touch. "Nestorina [Mrs. Nestor]," they called to Dr. Blegen.

Queen Eurydice had a spacious reception hall with a circular fireplace in the center. Her boudoir had frescoed walls, and its stucco floor was gaily decorated with dolphins and octopuses.

FILM ON SEX

Tea and Sympathy (M-G-M), as a play, was basically just a good matinee drama, and the tremendous excitement it generated in audiences was mostly Freudulent.

For almost a year the Hollywood censors and the studio bosses hassled over the weighty problems the film posed. Is the moviegoer old enough to be told that there is such a thing as homosexuality? Is it decent to suggest that there are worse things than adultery? The answer to both questions was a resounding no, and the studio applied the fig leaf to the offending parts. As usual in such cases, the drama has been seriously damaged (Playwright Robert Anderson wrote the script), but the sex is still fully in evidence. Indeed, the censor seems in most instances to have used the fig leaf as his own eye patch.

The picture, for which the three Broadway leads have been retained, follows the play almost scene for scene. Tom Lee (John Kerr), the 17-year-old son of divorced parents, is a student at a New England prep school. On campus where every red-blooded boy is expected to go out for one team or another, Tom is regarded by his schoolmates as an "off-horse." He doesn't like football or baseball. He is quiet and gentle, reads poetry, listens to classical music. One day two schoolmates see him

sitting on the bench with several faculty wives, sewing a button on a shirt (in the play he was accused of lying naked on the bench with a school master who was generally suspected of homosexuality). The story goes the rounds, and soon the other fellows are calling him "Sister Boy."

Tom's father (Edward Andrews), an umbilical undergraduate, who after 25 years is still unable to cut the old school tie, is bitterly disappointed that his boy is not a "regular guy." On a visit to school, he urges Tom to get himself a crew cut like the rest of the fellows, forces him to give up the part of Lady Teazle in *The School for Scandal*. He begs Tom's housemaster (Life Erikson), a hearty extravert whose biceps are bigger than his husband, to make a man of the boy. The only person who really knows Tom and likes him, though, is the housemaster's wife (Deborah Kerr, no kin to John). In the end, when Tom has been driven to suicidal desperation by the taunts of his pals and a panic dread that he may really be what they say he is, it is she who restores his soul by giving him her body.

Curtain-in the play. But in the film, of course, the heroine must pay her homage to *The Code*. She loses her husband and is miserable ever after.

SHOTS & PLOTS

The DC-4, droning west from Santa Cruz to the Bolivian capital of La Paz with 47 political prisoners on board, had been aloft only five minutes one morning last week when one of the passengers asked a fellow captive, Andres Saucedo, for a cigarette. Imperceptibly, all the others strained to hear the reply from Saucedo, a cashiered colonel and their leader by common agreement. "In

flight, my friend?" Saucedo answered loudly. With that prearranged signal, the prisoners overwhelmed their three guards and took control of the plane. The DC-4 dipped a wing, swung around, headed toward Salta, Argentina, 600 miles to the south. Three hours later, the prisoners stepped out of captivity and into safe exile.

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VIR-VITE
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The necessary **BUILD-UP** which
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Wouldn't you appreciate **THE END** of weakness and poor manhood and
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Every dose of VIR-VITE is worth taking, **FOR EACH DOSE PENETRATES
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In this way VIR-VITE enables proper rejuvenation because it renews the glands, ner-
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No man, lacking strong manhood, can afford to be without a course of this greatest
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Write Now for a trial 3 bottles of VIR-VITE at our trial offer concession rate of Rs. 19,
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Rejuvenation.

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Vir-Vite (Rs. 110) is order-
ed in one lot. (If 1st qua-
lity Developer is wanted
instead of 2nd quality Rs. 7
extra may be paid) Postage
etc., extra.

You can be sure of results as Vir-Vite is the genuine hormone gland therapy of the world
amous Brown-Sequard formulae. (concession rates available)

V. P. P. from:- **PREMIER (Medical) PRODUCTS, Post Box 459, VAPREY MADRAS**

The 14-Mile Drop.



The Navy last week broke the world balloon
altitude record long held by the Army
but it did not do the job with unruffled
dignity. Its helium-filled balloon, made of
plastic film, and 128 ft. in diameter rose
without trouble from the same howl-like depre-
ssion near Rapid City, S. Dak. that the
Army's record-setting flight used in 1935. Far
below its partly expanded bag hung a spheri-
cal aluminum gondola stuffed with scientific
apparatus. Inside were Lieut. Commanders
Malcolm D. Foss and Morton L. Lewis,
wearing man-from-Mars pressure suits and
fashioned with instrument to measure their
heart action, breathing, etc., and report the
readings to escort aircraft and ground radios.
The primary purpose of the flight was not to
make an altitude record but to study condi-
tions on the fringe of space and human re-
actions to them. The Navy intended to keep
its "Strato-lab" (the gondola) at peak altitude
for about three hours, a period impossible for
rockets or rocket planes.

The balloon rose rapidly, glinting in the
sun. At 56,400 ft., Commander Lewis repor-
ted that he and Commander Ross were having
coffee, a prime necessity of Navy men. Some-
what later he remarked that the sky was
clear and dark blue-black. The balloon con-
tinued to climb. In two hours and 50 minutes
it passed the Army's altitude record (72,395
ft.) and reached 76,000 ft.

Everything so far had gone well. Ross
and Lewis dropped the balloon intentionally

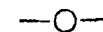
to 75,000 ft. and started to make the obser-
vations that were the purpose of the flight.
Then the trouble started.

The gondola began to spin crazily, 14
miles above the earth, and the great gasbag
would not stop descending. Apparently a
malfunctioning valve on the balloon had begun
to release helium. The men radioed that the
balloon was out of control. They dumped all
the ballast and strapped themselves to the
gondola's seats. "We are calm, cool and col-
lected," they radioed. "we think we'll stay with
the balloon as long as we can."

To reduce the dangerous speed of descent,
they jettisoned batteries, oxygen apparatus,
everything in the gondola that could be torn
loose. They were drifting over the sand-hill
cattle country of northwest Nebraska, and
little by little the descent of the balloon de-
creased to a safer rate. As the gondola approa-
ched the ground, the crew detached the gas
bag, which scared off on the wind. The gondola
dropped the few remaining feet, its fall cushi-
oned by a plastic shock absorber, and the two
men from Mars stepped out. Almost at once
a light airplane piloted by Don Higgins of
Ainsworth, Neb landed beside them.

"Have you got any coffee?" the balloon-
men asked. Except for temporary deafness,
they were unhurt after their 14 mile fall.
"We got no work done," remarked one of
them. But it was lovely up there.

"Dames? They get a gentlemen and try to change
him into a thug. They get a man and then want a mouse.
They pick a guy who is the answer to all their prayers,
and then they start rewriting their prayers."



REPORTERS AT WORK

World maps at the headquarters of major news-gathering organization took a rare new meaning as harried editors plucked and switched pins representing correspondents to keep up with widening, fact-breaking stories of war and rebellion. The correspondents took a beating too—from bullets, censorship, travel snags, official red tape and broken communications.

To cover the Hungarian rebellion newsmen based all over Western Europe poured into Vienna and headed for the Hungarian border, minus Hungarian visas, with were almost impossible to get. At a manure-strewn Austrian border village named Nickelsdorf, they grabbed interviews with escaping travelers from Hungary, and pleaded with Hungarian border guards to let them in. In Budapest all but one of the handful of Western correspondents had to rely on Westerners heading for the Austrian border to carry their copy out; telephones, cables and telegraph lines were cut. The exception: the London *Daily Mail's* Noel Barber, who had a car, enabling him to commute regularly to the border, where he worked over his copy in the Hungarian customhouse until another *Mailman* arrived from Vienna to rush it off for transmission. He was gleeful at the way his job was going. "My paper loves me now!" he crowed one morning. "Oh, how they love me!"

Next day in Budapest, Barber made the mistake of violating a rule he had set for himself: no travel at night. With the London *Daily Express's* Seton Delmer and an interpreter, he set out to tour the city. Russian machine gunners opened up on the car, almost cut it in two, crumpled Barber in his seat. Delmer got behind the wheel and sped to safety on two flat tyres. A bullet had creased Barber's skull; forty stitches were needed to close the wound.

"Meantime correspondents were building up pressure at the Nickelsdorf frontier barrier. First to get through was the *Daily Express's* Sydney Smith. When the guards

lifted the barrier for another purpose, Smith, armed with his pistol, shot past them and, despite their shouts to halt, lit out for Budapest. Next day other newsmen persuaded the guards to let them through in cars and as hitchhikers on Hungarian army trucks. In Budapest they set up shop in the Dana Hotel, a dingy fleabag on the Danube. There they got a snaky warning from the New York *Post's* Seymour Freidin; a Soviet officer had just rescued him from a nervous Russian private as he was about to put a bullet through Freidin's head.

Other newsmen were not so lucky as Sydney Freidin. While covering a fight at Communist Party headquarters in Pest, Life Correspondent Tim Foot was shot in the left hand. A burst of machine-gun bullets ripped open the leg and abdomen of tall, famed *Paris Match* photographer Jean-Pierre Pelizzani. From the ground Pelizzani held out his camera to a *Match* correspondent standing next to him and said: "Here, take a picture for me."

The U. P.'s Anthony J. Cavendish scored a feat by covering the Polish rebellion in Warsaw, then flying into Hungary with a Polish plane carrying plasma. He landed 30 miles south of Budapest, hitchhiked to the suburbs, had to walk the last five miles. He sent out a fast-moving 2,000-word eyewitnesser.

In London, efforts to get accreditation with the British Expeditionary Force to Egypt met with such bureaucratic bawling that most newsmen felt sure they were getting a deliberate run-round. When they applied at the Ministry of Defense, they were told to apply in Cyprus, when they arrived in Cyprus, they were told to apply in London. From Paris with French accreditation came a planeload of journalists including 32-year-old brunette Brigitte Friang, a heroine of the French World War II resistance known as "Madame Paraclete." She carried an official letter authorizing her to make parachute jumps from military aircraft in the combat area if she could get there.

GEISHA GIRLS

The Japanese judge the private life of a geisha by the discretion of her indiscretions. Occidentals have been known to ignore her rigorous dance and song training and to lump her with the common prostitute, but this is patently unfair. Together with the heterae of ancient Greece and the courtesans of France, the geisha belongs to the aristocracy of dalliance.

Just short of 100 years ago, it was Okichi's destiny at the age of 18 to be assigned as paramour to 57-year-old Townsend Harris, first U. S. consul to Japan. Indeed, Harris, a white-thatched descendant of Roger Williams, threatened to break off trade treaty negotiations with Japanese officialdom until the girl was installed in his living quarters near the seacoast town of Shimoda. Long before she caught the consul's roving eye, Okichi was renowned for her beauty, her regal bearing and her childhood sweetheart, a peasant carpenter named Tsuru-Matsu but after Townsend Harris' ultimatum, Japanese officials lured Tsuru-Matsu away from Okichi with promises of making him a samurai. On the rebound from this desertion Okichi agreed to go to lonely, kindly Consul Harris, and she fell in love with her middle-aged diplomatic Pinkerton.

Unfortunately for her, Harris' arrangements with the Japanese called for the geisha to be spirited away whenever the "black ships" of the Americans were in port—and as these absences lengthened, Okichi consoled herself with sake. Consolation became alcoholic degradation, and Harris would have nothing more to do with her. No samurai, but still a carpenter, Tsuru-Matsu came back and married her; but love and liquor would not mix. When she was told that Townsend Harris had been buried "among the silent hills of Brooklyn," Okichi lingered on a few years, then suffered a paralytic stroke; dragging herself pain-

fully to the banks of the Inubusawa River, she committed suicide.

O-Koi, second of the geishas, tailored her kimono-clad ambitions along career woman lines. Her first lover was a stock broker, her only husband a famed Kabuki actor who later deserted her. After two leading wrestlers (as prestigious in Japan as bullfighters in Spain) staged a public match for her favors, she came to the attention of the Prime Minister, Taro Katsura, and became his mistress. Throughout the Russo Japanese War of 1903-05 O-Koi had a place in Katsura, in most councils without betraying a single confidence.

But the geisha had hitched her fortunes to a falling star. Though Japan won the war, the peace terms were unpopular, and the press reviled Katsura and his "concubine." With rioters in the streets, O-Koi had the presence of mind to tack a FOR RENT sign of her house and hid out in a back room. The lovers were reunited before Katsura's death, and O-Koi later entered a Buddhist nunnery, where she died after the end of World War II.

The story of Tsumakichi has the universal appeal of plain grit. During one night or horror in her 17th year, Tsumakichi woke to find a human head rolling past her on the teahouse veranda, saw a samurai sword flash twice toward her own body, leaving her armless. Her berserk adoptive father, the manager of the teahouse, had lopped off the heads of five of the six people sleeping under his roof that night. Primarily a dancer, she painfully mastered a new art. Holding a paintbrush between her teeth, she learned to paint ideograms and to draw designs on silk belts. Reading her own poetry, she won new fame throughout Japan. Tsumakichi, eventually entered a Buddhist nunnery, and is still alive, surrounded at 67 by the reverence that is accorded a Helen Keller.

HE DIED OF 4 BULLETS



"I'm a goner," said President Anastasio Somoza to U. S. Ambassador Thomas Whelan the night Somoza was shot down by a 27-years-old gunman. "They got me this time. Tommy," he added. Rushed from Nicaragua to the Canal Zone, the 60 old strongman with stood a four-hour bulled-removing operation and letter a wind pipe incision to ease his labored breathing. But he never fully regained consciousness in the U. S. owned Gorgas Hospital. Late last week, just seven days after the shooting he began to sink fast. A few hours later, as he had foreseen, Tacho Somoza was a Goner.

He died, as Nicaraguas' Ambassador to the U. S. Guillermo Sevilla Sacasa curtly put it. Of four bullets." A man of great personal charm. Somoza was also a no-nonsense dictator with many enemies; he was well aware of the danger of assassination, and usually went about well guarded. But in mixing with the people at a political rally and dance in the town of Leon. Tacho provided the fatal opportunity for a young Nicaraguan who was in appearance an innocent dancer but at heart an assassin bent on what he conceived to be glorious tyrannicide and a martyr's death. (He was riddled on the spot by Tacho's aides.)

The rule of Nicaragua feel on Tacho's sons even before their father's death. Pump, self-effacing Luis, 34, who by grace of a push from his father was First Designate (Vice President), took on Tacho's executive duties and-after Tacho died-the blue-and white sash of office. West Point-educated Anastasio Jr. ("Tachito"), 32, Commander of the 4,100-man Guardia Nacional, jailed something like 3,000 suspected ene-

mies of the regime, personally tested many of them with a newly imported lie detector,* soon freed all put 300. He unearthed no plot-but the arrests doubtless discouraged any enemy attempt to cash in fast on the assassination.

* Old Tacho used to test his foe's veracity with a magneto-powered shocking device, *la maquinita* (the little machine), wired to the victim's testicles. ("Hell," Tacho once said, "the damned thing isn't so bad. I've tried it myself-on my hand.")

Tacho Somoza ruled Nicaragua for 22 years by king-of-the-hill toughness. "I'll give this country peace if I have to shoot every other man in Nicaragua to get it," he announced just after the U. S. Marines ending their occupation in 1933, turned over the command of the Guardia to him. The Guardia shot scores-and brought peace. Meanwhile, by 'buying from heirs" Somoza acquired coffee, *fincas* and cattle ranches parlayed them into a fortune estimated at 60 million-some do: 20 million more than Nicaragua's annual budget. He reputedly owned one-tenth of the country's farmland, plus interests in lumber, liquor, soap, cement, power, textiles, cotton-ginning, sugar-milling, air transport, merchant shipping, even a barbershop-an estimated 430 properties. "You'd do the same thing your self if you were in my place," he used to explain. Nicaragua advanced a little; e. g., more than 600 miles of allweather roads were built to connect the Somoza properties, but it remains a poor (yearly per capita income: do 245), dusty, undeveloped country.

A burly, outgiving 200 pounder, Tacho delighted in shooting, swimming, poker dancing (he was fact-stepping through the Cha Cha Cha shortly before he was shot).

"Steward, is this boat on time?" growled the passenger.
"Oh," replied the steward, "we never worry about little things like that. We're happy if it's on the right ocean."

Mechanical Cupid Selects

"IDEAL MARRIAGE MATES"

—O—

With a blinking of lights, a digestion of digits, and melodies played out on a monochromatic scale, the giant electronic brain took over TV last week. The machine proved itself a better matchmaker than odds-maker. Before election night was over, CBS's Univac Babysitter Doug Edwards wearily offered to give his magic brain (estimated cost: Do. 000,000) to Commentator Walter Cronkite for Christmas. But on NBC's popular, 16 year-old stunt show, *People Are Funny* (Sat. 7-30 p.m.) Remington Rand's Univac No. 21 turned Cupid, brought together a flesh and-blood couple as scientifically selected "ideal marriage mates." It was a clear-cut victory for Univac, hormones and Trendex.

Sex, Politics Religion. The electronic boy-meets-girl gambit began when self-styled "Master of Informalities" Art Linkletter, 44, read that some 14 Million Americans belong to lonely-hearts clubs. Machiavellian M.C. Linkletter, who once put a crocodile in a woman's bathtub, and recently sent a honeymoon couple to Utah to prospect for uranium called on Dr. Paul Popenoe of Los Angeles' American Institute of Family Relations. Popenoe pointed out that people get married in a haphazard way, then drew up a questionnaire of 32 items that affect marital relations (sex race, religion, politics, weight, height, pets, drinking, preferences, for double or twin beds, etc.) Linkletter put ads in local papers asking people over 21 who hankered for a mate to get in touch with him. To the more than 4,000 who replied, he dispatched the questionnaires.

Then Univac stepped in, sifted and sorted the answers of both sexes, spewed forth a couple of its favorites: John Caran, 28, a Los Angeles adman, and pretty, brown eyed Barbara Smith, 23, a receptionist. In September the couple saw each other for the first time, before the *People Are Funny* camera, and boasts Linkletter, "hit it off great."

Ideal Girl. By last week they were holding hands and looking deep in to each other's eyes. Said Barbara: "Univac is a pretty good deal." But an old beau disagreed, and next day Linkletter received a message: "Dear Cupid: I come to you asking that equity be done for a grave injustice to me. The girl that might have possibly become my wife was taken by you and Univac and given to another I therefore request that you bring to me the one ideal girl who can replace the one I lost and make my life whole again." Mused Art: "The least we can do is take his background and run it through the machine. He'll have the equivalent of 3,000 dates in a couple of minutes."

Ignoring her old suitor, Barbara put her trust in the machine and this week she will announce her engagement to John. Early next year Linkletter will buy the air passage for a Paris honeymoon. "It's not the natural thing," says John, "I'll grant you that. But Univac figured out a lot of things in advance which normally a couple doesn't find out until later." Univac had no comment.



TAX DISPUTE



God and Mammon have long been partners in Kyoto, whose centuries-old Buddhist and Shinto temples are a potent magnet for worshipers and sightseers from all over the world, but changing times have exacted a telling strain on the partnership. When they were cut off from government subsidy by the MacArthur constitution, which divorced Japanese church and state, most of Kyoto's temples began charging admission fees in order to support themselves. The result was a bonanza of tax-free riches. This delighted the Buddhist and Shinto priests but filled Kyoto's Mayor Gizo Takayama, a Congregationalist with ill-concealed envy. To Mayor Takayama, whose father founded the first Y. M. C. A. in the city, the sightseers' gold was an asset that should be shared by the temples with the city as a whole. To help pay off his city's deficit (1,800,000,000 yen) and to construct a vast urban convention hall, the mayor proposed a 5-to-10-yen tax on each temple admission fee.

Kyoto's priests cried out in dismay. "Whoever heard of a man having to pay a tax to worship his God?" they protested in handbills and newspaper ads. By way of answer, city hall pointed gleefully to at least one priest who had absconded with some 9,000,000 yen contributed by visitors at his temple, spent 2,000,000 of it on geisha girls

and cabarets and the rest on a sloe-eyed model whom he set up as mistress of her own bar. Admitting that "perhaps some priests have become a bit too worldly," the abbot of Zen Daitokuji Temple insisted nevertheless that one bad priest should not be used to damn the entire clergy. The priests found an unexpected ally in Kyoto's Communists who, bitterly opposing the mayor on any count, promptly joined the fray with a sound truck that blared out the charge that Takayama was "persecuting religion." With their most pious mic the priests thereupon barred the doors of their temples to all but "genuine worshipers," whom they admitted free. The definition of a "genuine worshiper?" One who agreed to make a "voluntary" (and hence tax-free) donation later.

Last week, with the situation thus estimated, bustling rotund Ichiro invited priest and mayor alike to Tokyo to talk the whole thing over.

Let the temples charge their admission, he suggested; let the city collect its tax. Then let the temples put in for heavy tax deductions against the national government on the expenses in their maintenance.

The temples reopened this week to all comers.

Rearming Under Difficulties

West Germany was rearining in a mood of sullen reluctance to anything military with a bitter hostility. Restaurants and bars hosted signs: "Men in uniform not wanted." Roadies canceled subscriptions to newspapers and magazines which carried recruiting appeals. At dances, girls refused to dance with soldiers; it was demeaning, one girl explained. Every day there were new incidents in which civilians had assaulted and roughed up some hapless recruit. Soldiers were jeered in the streets had insignia ripped off their uniforms. In a Hamburg restaurant, to brawl started when

civilian customers yelled at three soldiers. "Why don't you get a decent job and stop living on our taxes?" One German unit reported that seven out of every ten of its men had been either insulted or attacked physically.

The situation has become so bad that one Christian Democratic Deputy has proposed "measures to defend our soldiers against attack by the population." Munich's *Sueddeutsche Zeitung* editorialized wryly: "The Bundeswehr is being established for the protection of the state. Is the state now supposed to protect its soldiers against citizens?"

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This is no empty guarantee - but a bona - fide one

Vir-Vite has been PROVED in hundreds of clinical tests on sufferers, and what it has done for other men it will do for you.

Special
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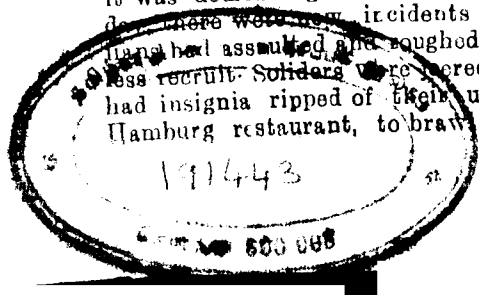
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The below New Type Goods Are Also Guaranteed to please

New type Grecian Caps (tips) see below. New Type Crocodile skin. Unique design. Cannot fail to please. One Rs. 5 Three Rs. 11

Special Quality **C.B.C.** White Latex F. L. G.

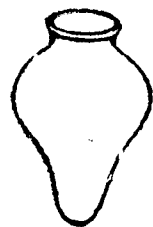
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1 doz: Rs. 20 1/2 doz: Rs. 11
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Our SPECIAL PACKET gives better value in

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Finest white latex medium thick texture special make. Guaranteed to last two months. Three sizes.

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For women for birth-control High dome. Spring rim. white latex. Each Rs. 5

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The inside is smooth and the out-side has a texture like crocodile skin, which women like.

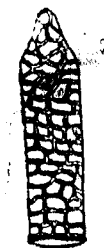
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1/2 doz: Rs 9

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Both Rs. 12 (introducer lasts years) Jelly, per tube Rs. 7.

Sent with full directions to use. By means of introducer appliance, jelly contraceptive is inserted deep into vagina to cover entrance of womb and sterilizes male fluid.

THE FEMALE RUBBER SHEATH. Like female part For ladies use (Birth Control) is inserted deep into vagina to entirely cover walls and lips of same. Male fluid does not contact vagina there for entirely safe. Each Rs. 10 3 Rs. 29. (sent with full directions to use.)

Rs. 10.
DISCOUNT

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6 Frenchy finest fl's 1 phial Frenchy X drops
3 Frenchy Ticks 1 Phial Frenchy tablets (treble X)
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At concession rate of Rs. 41 post free by Air-Mail.

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TYPE A APPLIANCE, like natural M.O. and used by hand (no water filling) Serviceable. Price Rs. 43 (including postage etc.) Cash with order (not sent V. P. P.) cannot be sent outside India.

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FEMALE'S DOUCHE. For washing-out female part. (better than hand-washing) worked with one hand, it forces warm water into part to clean out same and suction action withdraws water. Used after periods, after use of contraceptives and for health. Cures foul discharge if used with antiseptic Solution. serviceable, Price Rs. 16.

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Woman of passion.

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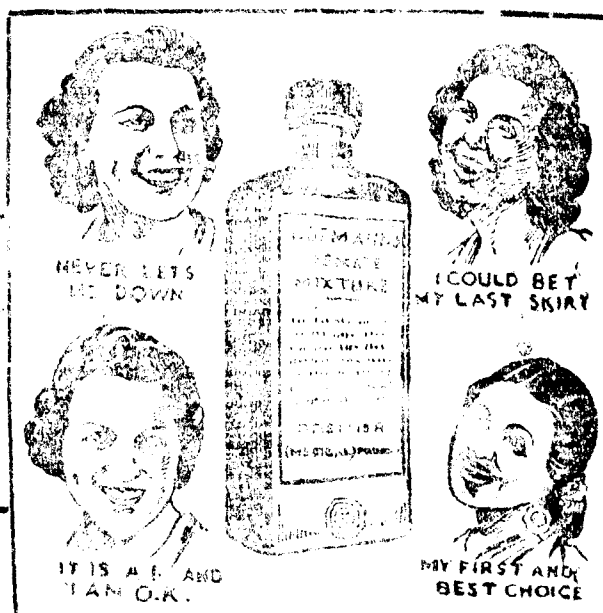
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safe to use.

It contains
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mixtures do not
have. If taken
properly
IT CANNOT FAIL

Ladies, if you have experienced failure with other mixtures, it is more reason for you to take Hofmann's mixture or the combined treatment and get a successful result, because Hofmann's mixture has a genuine action, which other mixtures do not have, and it cannot fail.

GUARANTEED TO ACT (often in 4 or 5 doses)

Prices:—Per large bottle Rs. 33 Per small bottle ($\frac{1}{2}$ quantity) Rs. 18 postage, etc., extra.
Tele. Code 'HOFMIX' (state small or large bottle when ordering).

COMBINED TREATMENT.

Hofmann's mixture (Rs. 33) should be taken with Alosan (special strength) Capsules (Rs. 12) postage, etc., extra. The strongest treatment, which we send with special directions, re: dosage, etc. The code word for the treatment is—combined and our address for telegrams is GENUICURE-Madras.

We can also supply $\frac{1}{2}$ quantity of the treatment i.e., $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle of Hofmann's mixture and $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle of Alosan Capsules at Rs. 25 for both. Code words:—half combined.

Obtained only from:—

Messrs. PREMIER (Medical) PRODUCTS,

Post Box No. 459,
Vepery Madras. (India).

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