

GOOD HEALTH

May - June 1957

SL.
LIS m211, n57
n57.
191445

MAY 1957.

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.

INTERNATIONAL HONOURS RECEIVED

Paris	1946
Rome	1950
Vienna	1951

Use a remedy from us 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 for already great result from Yo-Zina tonic M. C.

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

As Vite-Vite doing me good M. C.

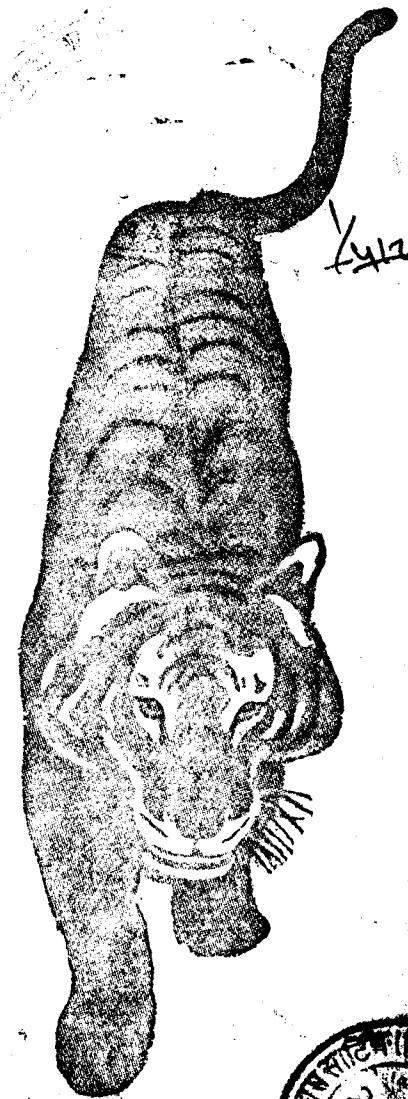
I used Vite-Vite complete D. P.

Medicines or rubber goods you get the best from:—
Messrs PREMIER (Medical) PRODUCTS

Estdt: 1899

Head office:— London Tel: Telegrams to:—

Post Box No. 444
Vepery, Madras.
GENUCURE



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

Payment must be made with orders upto Rs. 8 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

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

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.

BIRTH-CONTROL

(Family Limitation)

Order your requirements from us

Another Customer Writes

Alosan always gives me satisfaction and I never worry.

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

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

RESULTS GUARANTEED

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, boney 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, 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 per bottle Rs. 15, postage extra. Once tried always used.

For badly reduced conditions.

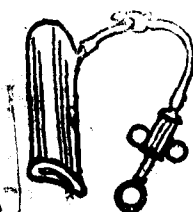
Rare super-action AID never fails. From an old gipsy formula combined with modern.

For slight conditions
Frenchy X Drops

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

de luxe quality **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. 46. postage etc. Rs. 4.

Does not break easily. Free trial phial Regeno oil supplied with each. 2nd quality Rs. 85

Frenchy
TESTOTEN 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.
SPECIAL

JANAK
CAPSULES

ENDS

feeble vitality and

no energy.

with a dose or two

Spcl: Strength

per bottle Rs. 12

THIS CUSTOMER tried JANAK and BOUGHT IT AGAIN.

It writes 'the JANAK acts well; send me another bottle'

V. P. P. from :- Premier (Medical) Products, Post Box No. 459, 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 Thru 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, nerves,
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 of
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. 10,
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 or-
dered 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 gland therapy of the world famous
Brown-Sequard formulae (concession rates available)

V.P.E. Isom - PREMIER (Medical) PRODUCTS, Post Box 459, VEFERY MADRAS

The Hiroshima Maidens

In a dozen Quaker households near
Manhattan, 24 young Japanese women
were waiting their turn to undergo plastic
surgery, some for the second or third time.
They all had one thing in common: ten
years ago they were on the streets of Hiro-
shima within a mile of ground zero on the
day the first atom bomb was dropped.

Shigeko was the youngest and prettiest
of Oyster-Fisherman Masayuki Niimoto's
three daughters. The two elder sisters and
their brother were away from Hiroshima
on Aug. 6, 1945. Shigeko was on her way
to the Hiroshima Girls' Commercial High
School, where she had just entered the
freshman class. As she crossed the Tsurumi
Bridge, someone called "Look!" It was a
few seconds before 8:15 a.m. Shigeko
turned. Then: "A blinding flash, and I
fell to the ground. I covered my eyes with
my hands. As I struggled to get to my feet,
something [the shock wave] threw me
down harder and blew me several yards. I
blackened out. I don't know for how long.
When I came to, it was no longer bright
sunshine but dark like dusk, gradually
changing to smoky red. My kimono from
the waist up was in shreds..."

Despite agonizing burns about her head,
neck, chest and arms, Shigeko made her
way to an aid station. There, three days
later, her mother found her. With doctors
all but wiped out—and the few survivors
helpless against disorders they could not
diagnose—Mrs. Niimoto took charge. When
she tried to remove the tatters of Shigeko's
clothing, the burned skin and flesh came
off, too. Morning and evening for a month,
Mrs. Niimoto anointed her daughter's
seared flesh with cooking oil and carefully
washed her eyes with bicarbonate of soda.

When the ash-grey tissue peeled off
Shigeko's skin was shiny and smoothly
lifeless. Eyebrows, lashes and hair were
gone. Worst of all, her chin had all but
disappeared, and the lower half of her face
looked as though it had been melted into
her throat.

After a nurse ordered her burned hands
bandaged, they became gnarled like briar
roots, and she lost the use of fingers and
hands alike. For Shigeko's was one of the
stubborn cases suffering both contractions
and keloid growths (in effect, tumors of
scar tissue). Shigeko could not work. She
had no hope of marriage. And at the Naga-
ragawa Methodist Church she met scores
of other girls in like plight. The Reverend
Kiyoshi Tanimoto called them "The Hir-
oshima Maidens."

The girls have picked up enough English
to get by without an interpreter; they
have adopted sleek Italian hairdos, col-
ored ballerina slippers and other U. S.
fashions. Above all, they no longer shrink
from meeting people as they did at home.

To the attendant doctors, these signs of
mental healing are as important as the
surgical gains. Although facial deformities
are being improved, and the use of frozen

hands and limbs gradually restored, plas-
tic surgery can never totally efface the
marks of the terrible seconds under the
bomb. Shigeko and the others quietly ac-
cept this fact. Said one of the girls to an
interpreter shortly before she was wheeled
into the operating room: "Tell Dr. Bar-
sky not to be worried because he cannot
give me a new face. I know that this is
impossible, but it does not matter; some-
thing has already healed here inside."

HIT and RUN REVOLT

Even for hot-tempered Cuba, 1956 has been a violent year. In October the two top policemen of the country were shot dead (and ten suspects mowed down by the cops). Earlier, a plan to assassinate president Fulgencio Batista was nipped, a provincial garrison was assaulted (eleven dead), an army plot was unmasked and 13 officers jailed. But what was supposed to be the main uprising was still to come. Last week it began.

The leader was a well-born, well-to-do daredevil of 29, named Fidel Castro. As chief of a 1953 uprising in eastern Santiago de Cuba, the island's No. 2 city, Lawyer Castro had been jailed, amnestied, exiled. In Mexico this year he pulled together a ragtag force, dubbed it the July 26 Movement (for the date of the Santiago attack), drilled it at a ranch near Mexico City. Last month Castro, crying "Liberty or death in 1956," called on Strongman Batista to step down and form a national unity government or face revolution. In Havana Castro's followers painted "This is the year" on walls.

Just before dawn one day last week, the revolt got under way—again in Santiago.

Machine gunners in olive-drab uniforms with black-and-red armbands masked "26 de Julio," fired on police headquarters. At the same time they tossed grenades and gasoline bombs on the building from a nearby rooftop and burned it down, while ammunition popped inside. For a time the attackers roamed the area freely, looting a hardware store for weapons. At other towns—Holguin, Guantanamo, Cienfuegos, Santa Clara—other Castromen rebelled.

Troops from Santiago's Moncada barracks quickly regained control of the deserted streets for the government as the rebels melted away without a stand. Next day they were back, sharpshooting from rooftops. Batista sent planes and 400 more troops and arrested known opponents of his government by the hundreds.

By early this week most of the shooting had died down (dead so far: 18). But the government believed that Castro was somewhere on the island, and Mexico City news reports indicated that Castro's irregulars might be heading for Yucatan, a mere 130 miles from Cuba. Batista declared modified martial law in Pinar del Rio, the indicated beachhead if Castro planned a small-boat invasion.

VICIOUS VIOLENCE

Along the corridors of Michigan's prison at Marquette marched a manacled man. Harold Hummel, Jr (alias Billy the Kid, alias John Dillinger) 26 on his way to the City Hall to be tried for the murder of a fellow prisoner. Hummel had little to worry about, since he was already serving a life sentence for another murder and Michigan law forbids capital punishment.

Hummel's victim was Jim Hudson, 49, a bull-necked, 200-lb. Negro who had lived by violence and could only die by it. In 1932 Hudson began serving a life sentence for the holdup-murder of a White Could, Mich. country storekeeper. In 1936

with a blackjack made of blue denim wrapped around small stones, he attacked five guards at the Southern Michigan State Prison at Jackson. A year later he jumped three more officers in the Jackson yard. Suffering from syphilis, for which he adamantly refused treatment, he once infected a Jackson guard with the disease by biting him. On April 21, 1952 Hudson rose screaming in the Jackson mess hall and led a riotous mob of prisoners on a five-day orgy of destruction.

Other convicts had good cause to hate Hudson. He stabbed one fellow inmate in

(cont'd: on page 3.)

INSANITY IN COURT

The question of what constitutes insanity for purpose of the law, which has plagued jurists and psychiatrists for a century got a spectacular airing in Massachusetts last week. In Boston, the governor's executive council of nine (lawyers and laymen, no judges) ended, with a dramatic reversal, a long debate with its collective conscience over the fate of Kenneth Chapin, 20 of Springfield, who two years ago used a bayonet to stab to death a 14-year-old baby sitter and her four-year-old charge. What convinced the council was expert and dramatic psychiatric testimony.

"After his arrest in 1954, Chapin got a routine psychiatric examination and was adjudged sane enough to stand trial. One by one, eight Massachusetts psychiatrists pronounced him sane, although one said that the sullen young killer was in the 'early stages' of schizophrenia. The defense tried to prove Chapin a victim of psychomotor epilepsy—not necessarily related to insanity.

Sentenced to death, Chapin appeared before a committee of the governor's council sitting as a pardons board. He could give no motive for the double killing beyond the fact that the baby sitter, Lynn Ann Smith, had screamed when she saw the bayonet in his hand. As he told it: "She opened the door and the knife was in my hand, and she screamed. I was pushed from behind or catapulted but nobody was there." Asked whether he wanted his sentence commuted to life imprisonment, Chapin muttered: "Just as soon go, just as soon go." The council voted, 6-3, to let him go to the chair.

But last week the council heard new evidence in a tense, six-hour session with famed German-born Fredric Wertham, for 20 years senior psychiatrist in New York City's hospital system. Author of *The Show of Violence* and *The Circle of Guilt*, he has a knack of appearing in such cases. Dr. Wertham listed 19 telltale signs of schizophrenia, found all of them in Chapin. One was lack of insight. "When I asked him what made him commit the murders, he answered: 'It's the way I am, I guess.'" Another item: "I had the feeling in talking to Chapin that I was talking to him through a glass wall. He had no emotion whatsoever."

Dr. Wertham made his most telling point when he banged his right hand repeatedly on the table, counting the 38 times that Chapin had stabbed the baby sitter and the 23 times he had stabbed the child. "Imagine doing this 38 times," he said. "He slaughtered this little girl, he stabbed her, then the little boy, and then went back and stabbed her again. He certainly acted like a madman that night." To Wertham there was no doubt that Chapin had suffered, at the time of the crime, from schizophrenia—a malignant disease, the cancer of the mind—and that he had not known the meaning of what he was doing.

On Dr. Wertham's say-so three members of the council reversed themselves and the body voted, 6-3, for commutation. Concluded Wertham: to electrocute Chapin would have been no deterrent to others because "it was a crazy crime and no juvenile on the street associates himself with this boy."

(VICIOUS VIOLENCE continued.)

the neck with a screwdriver. He threw pepper into the eyes of others. And night after night, when lights were out Jim Hudson spoke softly of his hatred for all men—including those who lay tossing on their cots in nearby cells. For these sins against prison society he was called horribly to account.

It was 5:30 p.m. on a mid-November day. Hudson sat quietly in his cell, eating off a tray. Other prisoners were lining

up in the corridor outside, almost ready for the march to the mess hall. Suddenly, through the iron bars of Hudson's door came a soaking spray of lacquer thinner, followed by a lighted match. The cell exploded in flame, searing through 25 coats of paint on the wall, melting an overhead electric light—and sending Jim Hudson, afire, shrieking in agony, to rage at the bars that held him in. He lived long enough to whisper a name: "Will Hummel."

Tough Fighter

Even before the bout started, the young pretender to the heavyweight title assumed the prerogatives of a champion. Floyd Patterson, 24, made Archie Moore, the fading patriarch (39, going on 43) of the prize ring, cool his heels for a quarter-hour before weighing in. Outplayed for perhaps the first time in his garrulous career. Moore sulked silently through the ceremony.

All week long, Moore had talked like a goateed tiger. He was fighting for pay, he reminded everyone in earshot, when this untutored upstart Patterson was still in short pants. Moore was "not without pity" for the kid, but they had sent a boy on a man's errand.

Floyd Patterson, a cool (He's like ice in a glass," said a trainer,) lithe and rope-muscled Negro, was potentially the youngest champion (as Moore was undoubtedly the oldest). Only a few years before, Patterson had been an underprivileged Brooklyn kid, a tough and aimless truant who ran with the backstreet gangs and snarled himself into a school for wayward boys. He came out of a lower East Side gymnasium to win the 1952 Olympic middleweight championship at 17, went on through a passel of rugged amateur scraps and only one defeat in 31 professional fights.

Patterson worked toward boxing's highest throne with class and precision. When he was not working with the gloves on, he was studying movies of Archie's past fights. and, with canny Manager Gus D'Amato, planning his battle, round by round. Still, the smart money rode with the veteran. It was Moore, Moore, Moore, as squat, cold-

eyed men talked around their smoldering cigars about the old man's wile, experience and mulchlike punch. Only a last-minute showing of 'Eastern' money drove the odds down where they deserved to be: Moore, 7-5

For a few moments in the first round, men who had bet on Moore could still tell themselves that their money was safe. Archie's shuffling flat-footed style seemed to be keeping him out of trouble. He even landed a couple of crisp rights. Maybe he was pacing himself. But Patterson kept crowding in. His fast hands, held high and dashing as a hummingbird, punished the old Moore flesh, and all of a sudden the countless battles Archie had fought, from Toronto to Tasmania, seemed to catch up with him. The starch leaked out of him. Carelessly, he dropped his guard. A lopping left hook whistled out of nowhere, to separate him from his intellect. He climbed off the canvas at the count of nine; then a sharp right cross dropped him for good. It was only 2 min. 27 sec. of the fifth round.

Archie Moore was led away, the light-heavyweight title still tenuously in his hands. The factor that helped to lick him - age - offered the new heavyweight champion of the world a fancy future: his best bouts and biggest purses (this one: do: 114,000) were still ahead. "Patterson has the potentialities of a great fighter," said Archie when he found his tongue. For the first time ever, the guady pitchman was guilty of astonishing understatement. What the sport needed next was some men good enough to take on the young and growing champ. The man most fitted for the assignment: Retired Champion Rocky Marciano.

T.V. THIRD DEGREE

THE lights dim, and a single spot pokes over the silhouetted shoulder of the inquisitor in to the eyes of his chosen victim. The victim fidgets in the straight-backed chair and the third degree commences. The victim might be Social Lion-Huntress Elsa Maxwell. "Miss Maxwell, how old are you?" Miss Maxwell, nonplussed: "Why, 73." "Miss Maxwell, if the moral climate of your set is so stifling, who don't you get out of it?" Miss Maxwell: "If I withdrew from every one who bounced from bed to bed, I'd have very few friends." Or the victim might be Toots Shor, the New-York restaurateur and drinking man. "Toots, why do people call you a slob?" Shor: "Me? Jiminy crickets, they must ha' been talking about Jackie Gleason."

The inquisition is called *Night Beat*, and the inquisitor is a tough young veteran of radio-TV named Mike Wallace. On four nights a week, as many as a million and a half New Yorkers stay up late (11 to midnight) and tune in to independent station WABD to watch with a mixture of suspense, fascination and sympathy while Interviewer Wallace, a onetime do: 20, a week announcer, pokes at the privacy of celebrities, public officials and others who like to ventilate their egos. In only 13 weeks the show has transformed ambitious Mike Wallace in to one of the most ardently wooed personalities in television. Last week both NBC and ABC were pleading with him to sign long-term contracts.

Night Beat is built around Wallace's ability to probe convincingly and assert glibly, to be sulphurous and rude-all in the name of inquisitiveness and good often gamy fun. He induced Humorist Abe Burrows to talk freely

about his psychoanalysis, enticed Theatrical Director Joshua (Picnic) Logan to say: "I demand provocativeness and exposure of the human flesh because that's the way to portray romantic love: people understand raw flesh." He badgered the high priestess of radio interviewing, Bachelorette Mary Margaret Mc-Bride into confessing: "I never found the right man, but I contemplated having a baby with an Italian I was in love with." The questioning often gets embarrassing or the living rooms, as when he asked Milliner Mr. John about the "extraordinary number of male homosexuals in the fashion industry." Mr. John minced words.

When Irish Actress Siobhan McKenna appeared, a question about the Jewish mayor of Dublin led to some McKenna comments that set the WABD switchboard ablaze before the show was over. Advised next day that more than 1,000 New Yorkers had called in accusing her of anti-Semitism, Actress McKenna hastened to reappear on *Night Beat* next night to explain, with soft, deep-throated embarrassment, that her listeners had misunderstood, as indeed they had.

Under the circumstances one of the surprises of Wallace's show is that he continues to line up willing victims at the rate of eight a week. "They come on," he says, "because they're exhibitionists, or because they rather like the challenge, or because they have something to say and haven't had an opportunity to say it anywhere." Only a handful, e. g., Maurice Evans, Eartha Kitt, have refused, and so far none of his victims has run up to smite him with a microphone.

PLUGOLA and PAYOLA

One of the chiggers beneath the skins of network bigwigs and madison Avenue operatives is the custom of the fre plug, or 'plugola' ATV comic, disk jockey or M. C. Slips a brand name in to his patter, e. g., "They said I was drunk, but it was all relative-Old Grand-Dad," and he or his gagwriter can count on the

"payola"-a case or two of whisky in the next delivery. Offenses have occurred most persistently on the Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Arthur Godfrey, Steve Allen and Robert Q. Lewis shows: yet the networks fear to order their stars to stop the practice.

THE MAD BOMBER



BOMB IN GRAND CENTRAL

Bomb Found In Seat
Of B'way Movie House!

*Mad Bomber's New Attempt
Spurs Hunt by 20,000 Cops*

15 More Bomb Scares

CRACKPOTS ON 'BOMB' SPREE

As any goggle-eyed New Yorker could guess from reading the biggest and blackest headlines, the "Mad Bomber" had struck. His calling card: a crude but workable bomb made of gunpowder, set to be detonated by a cheap watch movement wired to a flashlight battery all contained in a short (2-5 in.) length of ordinary pipe capped at both ends. And, to provide the final touch, the pipe was stuffed into a man's red sock.

He had been striking, on and off—so police said—for the last 16 years, but only now had the harassed New York city cops decided to let the city newspapers play the story up big, in the hope that wide publicity would flush him out. Besides, the Mad Bomber's latest activities were such that the cops could hardly keep the case to themselves.

Last month in a Brooklyn movie house, a pipe-bomb exploded, injured seven people. On Christmas Eve a pipe found a sock-wrapped bomb in a telephone booth of the New York Public Library. Three days later the bomb squad followed a tip to Times Square's famed Paramount Theater, searched high and low after the last show, found another pipebomb hidden in a seventeenth-row seat. Two detectives dressed in protective steel clothing gingerly loaded the bomb into a steel-mesh

enclosed police truck, whisked it out to a lonely beach and set it off.

It was about then that sophisticated New Yorkers knew that the Mad Bomber was not just whistling through his teeth; the sensation-loving papers cheerfully nursed the taunting nerves. Off the presses came a rash of interviews with psychologists, psychiatrists, jewelers, bomb experts, handwriting experts, cops, scientists. Columnists discoursed learnedly on the psychopathic makeup of the man who so desperately wanted recognition; speculated on everything from his childhood to his sex drives (either weak or strong, depending on the columnist). Hearst's *journal American* thoughtfully provided a do it yourself spread on how to make a pipe bomb; Scripps Howard's *World Telegram and Sun* gave an artist's rendering of the Bomber's face (details for which were somehow set forth by a hand writing expert).

Suddenly police switchboards jammed with calls telling of planted bombs. Detectives by the squad were kept on the run (107 times last week alone) to such public landmarks as Madison Square Garden, Grand Central Terminal, Yankee Stadium, the new coliseum and the Empire State Building. Sometimes came up with a firecracker or an empty piece of pipe, and only once at the Paramount with the real goods. Said one weary cop: "This city has plenty of wacks with a screw-ball sense of humor."

At week end the papers, thirsty and counting in a news-dry holiday period, were still going strong. Everybody but the cops was enjoying the thrill. But there was not a man in his right mind who dared to buy a cheap watch, a small piece of pipe or a pair of red socks.



THE PRODUCTIVE GUANAY



The bird islands off the coast of Peru are more than a fabulous sight to tourists. The birds are among Peru's chief assets: last year they produced fertilizer (guano) worth more than \$30 million. Their value is on the increase because the Peruvian government's Guano Administration Co. has recently encouraged the birds to colonize the mainland. According to Ornithologist Robert Cushman Murphy of New York's American Museum of Natural History, the company's management of the birds is one of the world's greatest examples of practical conservation.

About eight years ago, the company decided that lack of food is not the factor that limits guano bird population. The cold Pacific off Peru is incredibly rich in life; besides such large items as tuna and whale, it contains about 25 million tons of anchovetas, the six-inch fish that is the favorite food of the birds. The company decided that the chief reason why the birds did not increase to the limit of their abundant food supply was that their small islands were overcrowded and not in the right places for harvesting fish efficiently. The birds cannot normally nest on the mainland because land animals kill them and destroy their eggs.

The company tried an experiment of setting guards to protect small peninsulas where a few birds alight occasionally. The guards shot predators such as foxes and condors, drove away egg-stealing humans. The birds responded at once by accepting the protected peninsulas as artificial islands. They come by thousands, then by millions, and settled down to fishing and producing guano.

The peninsulas have now been cut off with eight-foot walls. A typical one,

Punto Salinas, 73 miles north of Lima, has 70 acres of birds. Mostly black-and-white guanays (cormorants), they stand wing to wing like a rippling blanket. Though the colony was established only this year, it already numbers some 2,500,000 birds. Other shore colonies are growing as fast, and some of them allow the birds to exploit parts of the fish-rich set they could not reach before.

The company looks on its birds as cheap and willing workers for the national good. Each guanay, it figures, eat 240 lbs. of anchovetas a year, processing its catch into 33 lbs. of guano. Twenty-two of the 33 lbs. is harvestable; the rest is lost mostly at sea. The cash value of each bird's annual production is \$0.04, and the company is the guardian of 30 million birds.

The company is not yet satisfied. It is establishing still more land colonies so that the birds can fish closer to home. It is thinking of killing off pelicans, which are big eaters but poor producers. Sometime in the future it hopes to be guarding 100 million bird workers.

In spite of its present success, the company never forgets the catastrophe that hit the birds in 1942. A warm current called El Nino crept down the coast of Peru. It drove the anchovetas away and starved millions of guano birds. Next time, the company intends to have a chain of walled-off peninsulas all the way to Chile. Then the birds can fly south by easy hops, and escape death-dealing El Nino.

* Named for the Christ child because it arrives about Christmas Day.

GUARANTEED BETTER VALUE

HIGH-CLASS RUBBER PREVENTIVES

5 Ways

Superior

1. Specially suitable for hot climates. They do not perish easily.
2. Untouched by hand, rubber gloves are worn during testing etc.
3. Careful Selection. Inflation tested 4. Special quality.
5. Fresh stock Direct from manufacturers by Air-Mail.

The below New Type Goods Are Also Guaranteed to please

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

Special Quality

C.B.C.

White Latex F.L.S

SPHINX

Special quality

LOLA

Latex F.L.S

imperceptible in use



BRIND



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.

1 doz: Rs. 20 1/2 doz: Rs. 11
1/2 doz: Rs. 6 (postage, extra)

Genuine New Type GREEKIAN CAPS (TIPS)



Covers only the end part like a glove. Does not slip off, even when the part is deflated, as the band at the opening fits firmly into the valley behind the 'head' white latex.

1 doz: Rs 20 1/2 doz: Rs 11 1 doz: Rs 6.

Birth Control

Sponge

and

special

Spermicide

Solution

beta

Rs. 8.

Spermicide

Jelly

for

Rs. 6.

Special Washable C.B.C. Rubber Sheath

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

One Rs. 5 Three Rs. 14

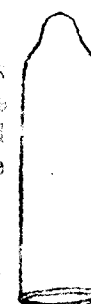
Special C.B.C. Rubber Contraceptive Pessary

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

genuine CROCODILE Washable F. L's

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

1 doz. Rs 30 1/2 doz: Rs 16, 1/2 doz: Rs 9



Hot Cha FRENCH TICKS

Cannot fail to please.

With special fitting at closed end

1 doz. Rs. 30 1/2 doz. Rs. 16: 1/2 doz. Rs. 9

RS. 10



every way. different kinds for

postage, etc extra

B. C.

2 Lola

French tick 1 Crocodile

1 Grecian cap

IR-MAIL per V. P. P. or in plain wrapper on receipt of cost. plus postage etc.

PREMIER (MEDICAL) PRODUCTS P. B. No. 459, Vepery, Madras.

All medical goods herein are Guaranteed to Please

MARRIED MEN

Who lack

Strong Manhood

Should write to us and know the SURE WAY to get powerful erection; prolonged sexual ability; full development of the Male Organ (if reduced) and the removal of every weakness defect and deformity. Address your letter to. The Specialist, Premier (Medical) Products, Post Box 459, Vepery, Madras (India)

Family Limitation. IF WORRIED ABOUT PREGNANCY

Write to us (stating date of last periods) and we will advise (in closed cover), or we will send, if desired, the best for an absolute sure result. Strictly confidential.

For Birth Control, for Ladie's use

INTRO-VAGINAL JELLY CONTRACEPTIVE, with introducer appliance

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 therefore entirely safe. Each Rs. 10 3 Rs. 29. (sent with full directions to use.)

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

Rs. 10.

DISCOUNT

Frenchy HONEYMOON PACKET

6 Frenchy finest fl's 1 phial Frenchy X drops
3 Frenchy Ticks 1 Phial Frenchy tablets (treble X)
1 Frenchy Ring

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

FOR MARRIED PERSONS (On health and) (moral grounds)

Guaranteed Superior Quality

TYPE A APPLIANCE, like natural M.O. and used by hand (no water filling) Serviceable. Price Rs. 45 (including postage etc.) Cash with order (not sent V. P. P.) cannot be sent outside India.

TYPE B APPLIANCE (worn strapped-on by weak men) Fits securely and stands out like natural M. O. (no water filling) Serviceable. Price with straps Rs. 55 (including postage, etc.) (Cash With order (not sent V.P.P. cannot be sent outside India.) with hollow shaft to fit over part (strap-on kind) Rs. 60. special size supplied to order.

TO PREVENT AND CURE FOUL DISCHARGE AND SMELL FROM FEMALE PART (FOR MARRIED PEOPLE,

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. Antiseptic Solution Rs. 5 bottle.

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

HOT NOVELS

on sex each Rs. 3-0-0

A night with Nancy
Naughty Virgin.
Naked on Roller

Immodest Skater.
Broadway Maiden

Venus on wheels.
Plaything of Desire

Love Clinic.
Dishonoured.

Woman of passion.
The Lady said Yes

Sent V. P. P. postage etc. Rs. 10

every 2 books or 10

'Good By'

Vepary P. O. M

MAN'S BURDEN IS

To have vigorous vitality and healthy manhood, every vital gland must be healthily active and vigorous, for science shows that it is strong vital glands that make a man-a-man.

A course of Vir-Vite will lessen and finally remove the burden of declining vitality and poor manhood, because when you take a gland remedy as good as Vir-Vite is, you can expect nothing less than beneficial gains and fully successful results, as Vir-Vite is formulated to cure-not to fail, and its uncommon action positively restores natural vigorous activity of vital glands (and also vital nerves) and thus full manly vigour.

FIGHT WEAKNESS THIS SURE WAY.

For Vir-Vite removes partial or complete feebleness, causes development (if lacking); stops prematurity, and restores youthful energy and vigour.

REMEMBER, Vir-Vite **MUST** do you the utmost good, and taking it, you will be pleased with the confident inner feeling of powerful vigour and competent manhood.

Note the direct action on vital glands and nerves.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER. Try 3 bottles of VIR-VITE at a concession rate of Rs. 15 Post free.

This offer is made as we know that this quantity of Vir-Vite gives better vigour and that a full course will give a complete cure.

6 bottles Rs. 89 Full course (36 bottles) [Rs. 220]
12 bottles Rs. 76 Half course (18 bottles) [Rs. 110]

If something is required as a temporary measure (for the time being) while taking Vir-Vite, use Janak capsules or French tablets or Prolonga forte as an immediate aid.

PLEASING RESULTS ARE GUARANTEED.

If any deformity is present or rapid results as regards enlargement is required, use The Developer Appliance while taking Vir-Vite and you will appreciate the distinct improvement in this way.

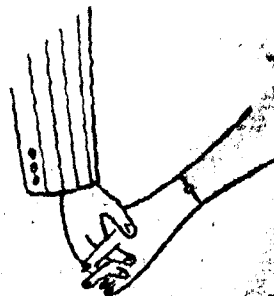


HIS
GAIN

IS

VIR-VITE

to
restore
healthy
natural
activity
of
VITAL
GLANDS
&
enable
a
normal
love-life



The Hiroshima Maidens

In a dozen Quaker households near Manhattan, 24 young Japanese women were waiting their turn to undergo plastic surgery, some for the second or third time. They all had one thing in common: ten years ago they were on the streets of Hiroshima within a mile of ground zero on the day the first atom bomb was dropped.

Shigeko was the youngest and prettiest of Oyster-Fisherman Masayuki Niimoto's three daughters. The two elder sisters and their brother were away from Hiroshima on Aug. 6, 1945. Shigeko was on her way to the Hiroshima Girls' Commercial High School, where she had just entered the freshman class. As she crossed the Tsurumi Bridge, someone called "Look!" It was a few seconds before 8:15 a.m. Shigeko turned. Then: "A blinding flash, and I fell to the ground. I covered my eyes with my hands. As I struggled to get to my feet, something [the shock wave] threw me down harder and blew me several yards. I blacked out. I don't know for how long. When I came to, it was no longer bright sunshine but dark like dusk, gradually changing to smoky red. My kimono from the waist up was in shreds..."

Despite agonizing burns about her head, neck, chest and arms, Shigeko made her way to an aid station. There, three days later, her mother found her. With doctors all but wiped out—and the few survivors helpless against disorders they could not diagnose—Mrs. Niimoto took charge. When she tried to remove the tatters of Shigeko's clothing, the burned skin and flesh came off, too. Morning and evening for a month, Mrs. Niimoto anointed her daughter's seared flesh with cooking oil and carefully washed her eyes with bicarbonate of soda.

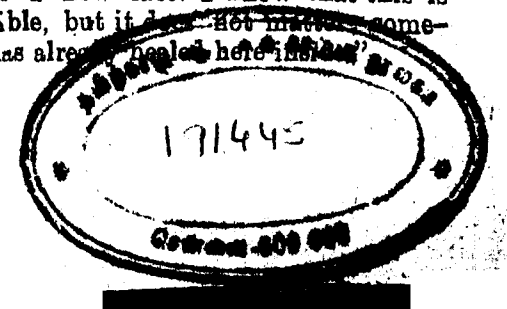
When the ash-grey tissue peeled off Shigeko's skin was shiny and smoothly lifeless. Eyebrows, lashes and hair were gone. Worst of all, her chin had all but disappeared, and the lower half of her face looked as though it had been melted into her throat.

After a nurse ordered her burned hands bandaged, they became gnarled like briar roots, and she lost the use of fingers and hands alike. For Shigeko's was one of the stubborn cases suffering both contractions and keloid growths (in effect, tumors of scar tissue). Shigeko could not work. She had no hope of marriage. And at the Nagagawa Methodist Church she met scores of other girls in like plight. The Reverend Kiyoshi Tanimoto called them "The Hiroshima Maidens."

The girls have picked up enough English to get by without an interpreter; they have adopted sleek Italian hairdos, colored ballerina slippers and other U. S. fashions. Above all, they no longer shrink from meeting people as they did at home.

To the attendant doctors, these signs of mental healing are as important as the surgical gains. Although facial deformities are being improved, and the use of frozen

hands and limbs gradually restored, plastic surgery can never totally efface the marks of the terrible seconds under the bomb. Shigeko and the others quietly accept this fact. Said one of the girls to an interpreter shortly before she was wheeled into the operating room: "Tell Dr. Barsky not to be worried because he cannot give me a new face. I know that this is impossible, but it doesn't matter. Something has already healed here inside."



HIT and RUN REVOLT

Even for hot-tempered Cuba, 1956 has been a violent year. In October the two top policemen of the country were shot dead (and ten suspects mowed down by the cops). Earlier, a plan to assassinate president Fulgencio Batista was nipped, a provincial garrison was assaulted (eleven dead), an army plot was unmasked and 13 officers jailed. But what was supposed to be the main uprising was still to come. Last week it began.

The leader was a well-born, well-to-do daredevil of 29, named Fidel Castro. As chief of a 1953 uprising in eastern Santiago de Cuba, the island's No. 2 city, lawyer Castro had been jailed, amnestied, exiled. In Mexico this year he pulled together a ragtag force, dubbed it the July 26 Movement (for the date of the Santiago attack), drilled it at a ranch near Mexico City. Last month Castro, crying "Liberty or death in 1956," called on Strongman Batista to step down and form a national unity government or face revolution. In Havana Castro's followers painted "This is the year" on walls.

Just before dawn one day last week, the revolt got under way—again in Santiago.

Machine gunners, in olive-drab uniforms, with black-and-red armbands marked "26 de Julio," fired on police headquarters. At the same time they tossed grenades and gasoline bombs on the building from a nearby rooftop and burned it down, while ammunition popped inside. For a time the attackers roamed the area freely, looting a hardware store for weapons. At other towns—Holguin, Guantanamo, Cienfuegos, Santa Clara—other Castromen rebelled.

Troops from Santiago's Moncada barracks quickly regained control of the deserted streets for the government as the rebels melted away without a stand. Next day they were back, sharpshooting from rooftops. Batista sent planes and 400 more troops, and arrested known opponents of his government by the hundreds.

By early this week most of the shooting had died down (dead so far: 13). But the government believed that Castro was somewhere on the island, and Mexico City news reports indicated that Castro's irregulars might be heading for Yucatan, a mere 130 miles from Cuba. Batista declared modified martial law in Pinar del Rio, the indicated beachhead if Castro planned a small-boat invasion.

VICIOUS VIOLENCE

Along the corridors of Michigan's prison at Marquette marched a manacled man, Harold Hummel, Jr (alias Billy the Kid, alias John Dillinger) 26 on his way to the City Hall to be tried for the murder of a fellow prisoner. Hummel had little to worry about, since he was already serving a life sentence for another murder and Michigan law forbids capital punishment.

Hummel's victim was Jim Hudson, 49, a bull-necked, 200-lb. Negro, who had lived by violence and could only die by it. In 1932 Hudson began serving a life sentence for the holdup-murder of a White Cloud, Mich. country storekeeper. In 1936

with a blackjack made of blue denim wrapped around small stones, he attacked five guards at the Southern Michigan State Prison at Jackson. A year later he jumped three more officers in the Jackson yard. Suffering from syphilis, for which he adamantly refused treatment, he once infected a Jackson guard with the disease by biting him. On April 21, 1952 Hudson rose screaming in the Jackson mess hall and led a riotous mob of prisoners on a five-day orgy of destruction.

Other convicts had good cause to hate Hudson. He stabbed one fellow inmate in

(contd: on page 8.)

INSANITY IN COURT

The question of what constitutes insanity for purpose of the law, which has plagued jurists and psychiatrists for a century got a spectacular airing in Massachusetts last week. In Boston, the governor's executive council of nine (lawyers and laymen, no judges) ended, with a dramatic reversal, a long debate with its collective conscience over the fate of Kenneth Chapin, 20 of Springfield, who two years ago used a bayonet to stab to death a 14-year-old baby sitter and her four-year-old charge. What convinced the council was expert and dramatic psychiatric testimony.

"After his arrest in 1954 Chapin got a routine psychiatric examination and was adjudged sane enough to stand trial. One by one, eight Massachusetts psychiatrists pronounced him sane, although one said that the sullen young killer was in the 'early stages' of schizophrenia. The defense tried to prove Chapin a victim of psychomotor epilepsy—not necessarily related to insanity.

Sentenced to death, Chapin appeared before a committee of the governor's council sitting as a pardons board. He could give no motive for the double killing beyond the fact that the baby sitter, Lynn Ann Smith, had screamed when she saw the bayonet in his hand. As he told it: "She opened the door and the knife was in my hand, and she screamed. I was pushed from behind or catapulted but nobody was there." Asked whether he wanted his sentence commuted to life imprisonment, Chapin muttered: "Just as soon go, just as soon go." The council voted, 6-3, to let him go to the chair.

(VICIOUS VIOLENCE continued.)

the neck with a screwdriver. He threw pepper into the eyes of others. And night after night, when lights were out Jim Hudson spoke softly of his hatred for all men—including those who lay tossing on their cots in nearby cells. For these sins against prison society he was called horribly to account.

It was 5:30 p.m. on a mid-November day. Hudson sat quietly in his cell, eating off a tray. Other prisoners were lining

But last week the council heard new evidence in a tense, six-hour session with famed German-born Fredric Wertham, for 20 years senior psychiatrist in New York City's hospital system. Author of *The Show of Violence* and *The Circle of Guilt*, he has a knack of appearing in such cases. Dr. Wertham listed 19 telltale signs of schizophrenia, found all of them in Chapin. One was lack of insight. "When I asked him what made him commit the murders, he answered: 'It's the way I am, I guess.'" Another item: "I had the feeling in talking to Chapin that I was talking to him through a glass wall. He had no emotion whatsoever."

Dr. Wertham made his most telling point when he banged his right hand repeatedly on the table, counting the 38 times that Chapin had stabbed the baby sitter and the 23 times he had stabbed the child. "Imagine doing this 38 times," he said. "He slaughtered this little girl, he stabbed her, then the little boy, and then went back and stabbed her again. He certainly acted like a madman that night." To Wertham there was no doubt that Chapin had suffered, at the time of the crime, from schizophrenia—a malignant disease, the cancer of the mind—and that he had not known the meaning of what he was doing.

On Dr. Wertham's say-so three members of the council reversed themselves and the body voted, 6-3, for commutation. Concluded Wertham: to electrocute Chapin would have been no deterrent to others because "it was a crazy crime and no juvenile on the street associates himself with this boy."

up in the corridor outside, almost ready for the march to the mess hall. Suddenly, through the iron bars of Hudson's door came a soaking spray of lacquer thinner, followed by a lighted match. The cell exploded in flame, searing through 25 coats of paint on the wall, melting an overhead electric light—and sending Jim Hudson, afire, shrieking in agony, to rage at the bars that held him in. He lived long enough to whisper a name: "Will Hummel."

Tough Fighter

Even before the bout started, the young pretender to the heavyweight title assumed the prerogatives of a champion. Floyd Patterson, 21, made Archie Moore, the fading patriarch (39, going on 43) of the prize ring, cool his heels for a quarter-hour before weighing in. Outplayed for perhaps the first time in his garrulous career, Moore sulked silently through the ceremony.

All week long, Moore had talked like a goateed tiger. He was fighting for pay, he reminded everyone in earshot, when this untutored upstart Patterson was still in short pants. Moore was "not without pity" for the kid, but they had sent a boy on a man's errand.

Floyd Patterson, a cool (He's like ice in a glass," said a trainer,) lithe and rope-muscled Negro, was potentially the youngest champion (as Moore was undoubtedly the oldest). Only a few years before, Patterson had been an underprivileged Brooklyn kid, a tough and aimless truant who ran with the backstreet gangs and snarled himself into a school for wayward boys. He came out of a lower East Side gymnasium to win the 1952 Olympic middleweight championship at 17, went on through a passel of rugged amateur scraps and only one defeat in 31 professional fights.

Patterson worked toward boxing's highest throne with class and precision. When he was not working with the gloves on, he was studying movies of Archie's past fights, and, with canny Manager Gus D'Amato, planning his battle, round by round. Still, the smart money rode with the veteran. It was Moore, Moore, Moore, as squat, cold-

eyed men talked around their smoldering cigars about the old man's wile, experience and mulelike punch. Only a last-minute showing of 'Eastern' money drove the odds down where they deserved to be: Moore, 7-5.

For a few moments in the first round, men who had bet on Moore could still tell themselves that their money was safe. Archie's shuffling flat-footed style seemed to be keeping him out of trouble. He even landed a couple of crisp rights. Maybe he was pacing himself. But Patterson kept crowding in. His fast hands, held high and dashing as a hummingbird, punished the old Moore flesh, and all of a sudden the countless battles Archie had fought, from Toronto to Tasmania, seemed to catch up with him. The starch leaked out of him. Carelessly, he dropped his guard. A lopping left hook whistled out of nowhere, to separate him from his intellect. He climbed off the canvas at the count of nine; then a sharp right cross dropped him for good. It was only 2 min. 27 sec. of the fifth round.

Archie Moore was led away, the light-heavyweight title still tenuously in his hands. The factor that helped to lick him—age—offered the new heavyweight champion of the world a fancy future: his best bouts and biggest purses (this one: do: 114,000) were still ahead. "Patterson has the potentialities of a great fighter," said Archie when he found his tongue. For the first time ever, the guady pitchman was guilty of astonishing understatement. What the sport needed next was some men good enough to take on the young and growing champ. The man most fitted for the assignment: Retired Champion Rocky Marciano.

T.V. THIRD DEGREE

THE lights dim, and a single spot pokes over the silhouetted shoulder of the inquisitor in to the eyes of his chosen victim. The victim fidgets in the straight-backed chair and the third degree commences. The victim might be Social Lion-Huntress Elsa Maxwell. "Miss Maxwell, how old are you?" Miss Maxwell, nonplussed: "Why, 73." "Miss Maxwell, if the moral climate of your set is so stifling, who don't you get out of it?" Miss Maxwell: "If I withdrew from every one who bounced from bed to bed, I'd have very few friends." Or the victim might be Toots Shor, the New-York restaurateur and drinking man. "Toots, why do people call you a slob?" Shor: "Me? Jiminy crickets, they must ha' been talking about Jackie Gleason."

The inquisition is called *Night Beat*, and the inquisitor is a tough young veteran of radio-TV named Mike Wallace. On four nights a week, as many as a million and a half New Yorkers stay up late (II to midnight) and tune in to independent station WABD to watch with a mixture of suspense, fascination and sympathy while Interviewer Wallace, a onetime do: 20, a week announcer, pokes at the privacy of celebrities, public officials and others who like to ventilate their egos. In only 13 weeks the show has transformed ambitious Mike Wallace in to one of the most ardently wooed personalities in television. Last week both NBC and ABC were pleading with him to sign long-term contracts.

Night Beat is built around Wallace's ability to probe convincingly and assert glibly, to be sulphurous and rude-all in the name of inquisitiveness and good often gamy fun. He induced Humorist Abe Burrows to talk freely

about his psychoanalysis, enticed Theatrical Director Joshua (Picnic) Logan to say: "I demand provacativeness and exposure of the human flesh because that's the way to portray romantic love: people understand raw flesh." He badgered the high priestess of radio interviewing, Bacheloress Mary Margaret Mc-Bride into confessing: "I never found the right man, but I contemplated having a baby with an Italian I was in love with." The questioning often gets embarrassing or the living rooms, as when he asked Milliner Mr. John about the "extraordinary number of male homosexuals in the fashion industry." Mr. John minced words.

When Irish Actress Siobhan McKenna appeared, a question about the Jewish mayor of Dublin led to some McKenna comments that set the WABD switchboard ablaze before the show was over. Advised next day that more than 1,000 New Yorkers had called in accusing her of anti-Semitism, Actress McKenna hastened to reappear on *Night Beat* next night to explain, with soft, deep-throated embarrassment, that her listeners had misunderstood, as indeed they had.

Under the circumstances one of the surprises of Wallace's show is that he continues to line up willing victims at the rate of eight a week. "They come on," he says, "because they're exhibitionists, or because they rather like the challenge, or because they have something to say and haven't had an opportunity to say it anywhere." Only a handful, e. g., Maurice Evans, Eartha Kitt, have refused, and so far none of his victims has run-up to smite him with a microphone.

PLUGOLA and PAYOLA

One of the chiggers beneath the skins of network bigwigs and madison Avenue operatives is the custom of the fre plug, or 'plugola' ATV comic, disk jockey or M. C. Slips a brand name in to his patter, e. g., "They said I was drunk, but it was all relative—Old Grand-Dad," and he or his gagwriter can count on the

"payola"—a case or two of whisky in the next delivery. Offenses have occurred most persistently on the Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Arthur Godfrey, Steve Allen and Robert Q. Lewis shows: yet the networks fear to order their stars to stop the practice.

THE MAD BOMBER



BOMB IN GRAND CENTRAL

Bomb Found In Seat
Of B'way Movie House!

*Mad Bomber's New Attempt
Spurs Hunt by 20,000 Cops*

16 More Bomb Scares

CRACKPOTS ON 'BOMB' SPREE

As any goggle-eyed New Yorker could guess from reading the biggest and blackest headlines, the "Mad Bomber" had struck. His calling card: a crude but workable bomb made of gunpowder, set to be detonated by a cheap watch movement wired to a flashlight battery all contained in a short (2-5 in.) length of ordinary pipe capped at both ends. And, to provide the final touch, the pipe was stuffed into a man's red sock.

He had been striking, on and off—so police said—for the last 16 years, but only now had the harassed New York city cops decided to let the city newspapers play the story up big, in the hope that wide publicity would flush him out. Besides, the Mad Bomber's latest activities were such that the cops could hardly keep the case to themselves.

Last month in a Brooklyn movie house, a pipe-bomb exploded, injured seven people. On Christmas Eve a page found a sock-wrapped bomb in a telephone booth of the New York Public Library. Three days later the bomb squad followed a tip to Times Square's famed Paramount Theater, searched high and low after the last show, found another pipebomb hidden in a seventeenth-row seat. Two detectives dressed in protective steel clothing gingerly loaded the bomb into a steel-mesh

enclosed police truck, whisked it out to a lonely beach and set it off.

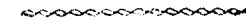
It was about then that sophisticated New Yorkers knew that the Mad Bomber was not just whistling through his teeth; the sensation-loving papers cheerfully nursed, the tantalizing nerves. Off the presses came a rash of interviews with psychologists, psychiatrists, jewelers, bomb experts, handwriting experts, cops, scientists. Columnists discoursed learnedly on the psychopathic makeup of the man who so desperately wanted recognition; speculated on everything from his childhood to his sex drives (either weak or strong, depending on the columnist). Hearst's *journal American* thoughtfully provided a do it yourself spread on how to make a pipe bomb; Scripps Howard's *World Telegram and Sun* gave an artist's rendering of the Bomber's face (details for which were somehow set forth by a hand writing expert).

Suddenly police switchboards jammed with calls telling of planted bombs. Detectives by the squad were kept on the run (107 times last week alone) to such public landmarks as Madison Square Garden, Grand Central Terminal, Yankee Stadium, the new coliseum and the Empire State Building. Sometimes came up with a firecracker or an empty piece of pipe, and only once at the Paramount with the real goods. Said one weary cop: "This city has plenty of wacks with a screw-ball sense of humor."

At week end the papers, thirsty and aching in a news-dry holiday period, were still going strong. Everybody but the cops was enjoying the thrill. But there was not a man in his right mind who dared to buy a cheap watch, a small piece of pipe or a pair of red socks.



THE PRODUCTIVE GUANAY



The bird islands off the coast of Peru are more than a fabulous sight to tourists. The birds are among Peru's chief assets: last year they produced fertilizer (guano) worth more than do: 30 million. Their value is on the increase because the Peruvian government's Guano Administration Co. has recently encouraged the birds to colonize the mainland. According to Ornithologist Robert Cushman Murphy of New York's American Museum of Natural History, the company's management of the birds is one of the world's greatest examples of practical conservation.

About eight years ago, the company decided that lack of food is not the factor that limits guano bird population. The cold Pacific off Peru is incredibly rich in life; besides such large items as tuna and whale, it contains about 25 million tons of anchovetas, the six-inch fish that is the favorite food of the birds. The company decided that the chief reason why the birds did not increase to the limit of their abundant food supply was that their small islands were overcrowded and not in the right places for harvesting fish efficiently. The birds cannot normally nest on the mainland because land animals kill them and destroy their eggs.

The company tried an experiment of setting guards to protect small peninsulas where a few birds alight occasionally. The guards shot predators such as foxes and condors, drove away egg-stealing humans. The birds responded at once by accepting the protected peninsulas as artificial islands. They come by thousands, then by millions, and settled down to fishing and producing guano.

The peninsulas have now been cut off with eight-foot walls. A typical one,

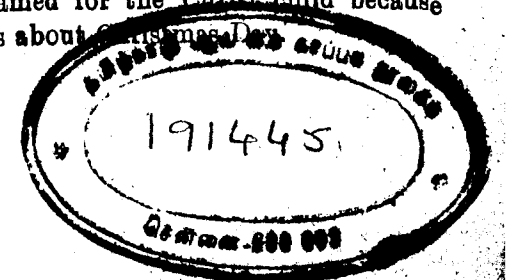
Punto Salinas, 73 miles north of Lima has 70 acres of birds. Mostly black-and-white guanays (cormorants), they stand wing to wing like a rippling blanket. Though the colony was established only this year, it already numbers some 2,500,000 birds. Other shore colonies are growing as fast, and some of them allow the birds to exploit parts of the fish-rich set they could not reach before.

The company looks on its birds as cheap and willing workers for the national good. Each guanay, it figures, eat 240 lbs. of anchovetas a year, processing its catch into 33 lbs. of guano. Twenty-two of the 33 lbs. is harvestable: the rest is lost mostly at sea. The cash value of each bird's annual production is do: 04, and the company is the guardian of 30 million birds.

The company is not yet satisfied. It is establishing still more land colonies so that the birds can fish closer to home. It is thinking of killing off pelicans, which are big eaters but poor producers. Sometime in the future it hopes to be guarding 100 million bird workers.

In spite of its present success, the company never forgets the catastrophe that hit the birds in 1942. A warm current called El Nino * crept down the coast to f Peru. It drove the anchovetas away and staved millions of guano birds. Next time, the company intends to have a chain of walled-off peninsulas all the way to Chile. Then the birds can fly south by easy hops, and escape death-dealing El Nino.

* Named for the Christ child because it arrives about Christmas.



GOOD HEALTH.

FORM IV

-0-

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Place of publication. | sec: B-31, Ritherdon Rd :
Vepery, Madras. |
| 2. Periodicity of its publication. | Every Month |
| 3. Printer's Name | S. Natesa Naicker, |
| Nationality | Indian. |
| Address | 20, Perumalkovil Garden St., Madras-1. |
| 4. Publisher's Name | J. C. Armitage |
| Nationality | Indian |
| Address | sec: B-31, Ritherdon Rd: |
| 5. Editor's Name | J. C. Armitage, |
| Nationality | Indian. |
| Address | sec: B-31, Ritherdon Rd:
Vepery - Madras. |
| 6. Names and adressess of individulas
who own the newspaper and partners
or shareholders holding more than
one per cent of the total capital. | Nil. |

I, J. C. Ambridge, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to best of my knowledge and belief.

Date 10th May 1957.

J. C. Armitage.
Signature of Publisher.

**YOUR MARRONAGE WILL BE RIGHT,
WHEN YOU TAKE VIR-VITE**

We Guarantee This.

Don't waste money on inferior, old fragments 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 **nerve BUILD-UP**, which others cannot do.
2. Only Vir-Vite has a powerful **paralytic action**.
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
(Extracts from original letters in our files)

Test No. 1649
dated 4 - 7 - 1949

...In 1943 Vir-Vite gave me a complete cure used it again. Send 9 bottles and 2 Regeno.

Given Up By Doctors
Vir-Vite succeeds:
Test: No. 5647 was
given up by doctors, but
now O. K. after 30th bottle
of Vir - Vite

Doing more good than
any tried.

Test No. 1628 the full course of Vir-Vite, is doing me more good than any I have tried.

Recommended by a friend who was cured

Test No. 3366 Send 1 developer, 18 Vol-Vite, 2 Regeno Oil. My friend got...

VIR-VITE IS GUARANTEED TO CURE

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

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.

**Special
Extra Strong**

Non-Oily Liquid OF OIL

POWERFUL PENETRATING ACTION.

Married men especially should use Regeno regularly as Regeno contains special ingredients which tone and strengthen the nerves, muscles and tissues of the M. O. Regeno liquid per bottle Rs. 4. 3 bottles Rs. 11 (Try 3 Bottles.) Regeno oil with addition of lion's fat, sandal oil etc. which makes an uncommon and reliable enlarging massage, per bottle Rs. 10.

1. F. B. I. - Bureau (Medical Products) - Post Box 444 - Albany, N.Y.