

SIR!

WHERE MEN EAT MEN

A MAGAZINE FOR MALES

AUGUST 25¢



KEY TO IMMORTALITY FINALLY DISCOVERED

SEE PAGE 6

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SIR!

A MAGAZINE
FOR MALES

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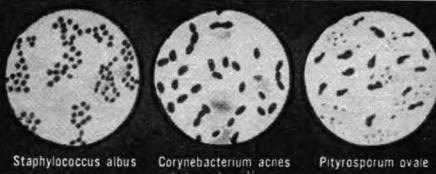
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NEW MEDICAL EVIDENCE SHOWS HAIR CAN BE SAVED!

Hair-Destroying Germs Disclosed



Shown above are germ organisms believed by many leading medical authorities to cause seborrhea and dandruff that may result in hair loss and eventual baldness.

"Kill these scalp germs," say these doctors, "and you remove this cause of itchy scalp, dandruff and seborrhea, ugly head scales and unpleasant head odors—and stop the hair loss they cause."

LABORATORY TESTS PROVE GERMS KILLED BY SEBACIN

Exhaustive tests* made by a nationally-known impartial testing laboratory prove conclusively that Sebacin KILLS ON CONTACT all of the hair-destroying bacteria named by leading medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness.

Sebacin was tested on cultures of *staphylococcus albus*, *corynebacterium acnes* and *pityrosporum ovale* on 1-minute exposures. The test method was the F.D.A. wet filter paper method described by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Sebacin killed the test cultures on contact.

*Report No. 6967, May 31, 1949

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES BLAME GERM INFECTIONS FOR COMMON BALDNESS

TESTED AND PROVED

by men and women
all over the U.S.

"Like many others, I had very little faith in your product. I was afraid using it I could resemble you. I was amazed, for it has done wonders for me and I assuredly recommend your product to anyone with falling hair."

Mrs. V.A.—Oakland, Calif.

"My husband has used a bottle of your formula and it's done wonderful results for his scalp and hair. So I'm sending for the treatment for myself."

Mrs. V.A.—Manhattan, Mo.

"On January 28th, I received my scalp treatment and I am sending you a box with it. From the first application and up to this day I have had no itchy scalp. And I cannot comb a hair out."

R.S.—Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Have tried many hair tonics, but your treatment is the only one that has proven satisfactory."

C.B.W.—Lynchburg, Va.

"Got rid of my dandruff."

R.H.M.—N. Kansas City, Mo.

"Had despaired of ever having normal head or hair until I received wonderful results from your treatment."

Mrs. M.B.—McKenzie, Pa.

"Stopped my scalp itch and been wonderful for my scalp."

A.R.—Belle Fourche, S. D.

"Received great relief from itchy scalp and dandruff. I have been using it and it has stopped my falling hair."

A.R.—Randolph Field, Texas

"My hair seems to be growing since I started using the treatment. People around here have noticed the recent results. I'll tell you more tomorrow."

Mrs. J.R.—Jacksonville, Texas

"I am sure delighted and really satisfied with the results. My dandruff and falling hair have stopped altogether."

J.T.—Stockton, Calif.

Washington, D. C.—New hope was offered to men and women suffering from the age-old problem of baldness, in recent testimony here by leading dermatologists.

Beware of these 5 danger signs

Neglect May Lead to Baldness



1. Over-dryness of hair and scalp

2. Scalp itch

3. Hair loss

4. Dandruff or seborrhea

5. Excessive oiliness of hair and scalp

Most people lose a few hairs daily. This is no cause for alarm as they are immediately replaced by the normal, healthy scalp. However, when you see any or all of the danger signs listed above, it is often a warning of scalp infection and approaching baldness.

Grateful users of Sebacin Basic Formula write that a single treatment will often eliminate annoying symptoms. By keeping the scalp clear and free of germ infection, you give nature a chance to replace hair loss.

In revealing statements, it was disclosed that specific bacteria are invariably found in seborrhea and dandruff, and may be the cause of these scalp conditions which result in baldness! The dangerous scalp bacteria named were the *staphylococcus albus*, the *microbacterium acnes*, and *pityrosporum ovale*.

In reply to direct questions, the medical authorities agreed that:

1. At least 50% of doctors and dermatologists experienced in treating hair and scalp disorders are convinced that seborrhea and dandruff are an important cause of baldness.

2. This baldness may be prevented if seborrhea and dandruff are controlled.

3. The bacteria *staphylococcus albus*, the *microbacterium acnes*, and *pityrosporum ovale* are invariably found when seborrhea is present and are considered to be its cause.

4. An antiseptic containing b-hydroxynaphtholene, sodium phenosulfonate, cinnamic acid and other specialized drugs can and will kill these germs.

This impressive testimony by competent medical doctors now made public for the first time, offers renewed hope for the treatment of sick scalps and the prevention of baldness.

Absolutely Nothing Known to Medical Science Can Do More To Save Your Hair!

At last offered to YOU is a revolutionary formula series based on the most recent medical knowledge of hair and scalp problems.

It's great news for those who are impatiently waiting for a treatment to help eliminate dandruff and seborrhea, scalp itch, dry hair, and to stop the hair loss they cause.

Read the facts on this page, the medical testimony, the laboratory report on how Sebacin kills



the hair destroyers—the *microbacterium acnes*, the *pityrosporum ovale*, the *staphylococcus albus*—on contact! Read what grateful

users from all over the United States write about the Sebacin treatment.

Then study our guarantee. You are the only judge. Remember the Sebacin home treatment must accomplish for you what it has for all the others—or the full cost of the treatment—every nickel—will be returned to you.

Maybe you're among those who have tried every kind of hair preparation until now with no success. Maybe you are skeptical as to whether Sebacin is the preparation you have been waiting for.

Either way, don't delay! You have everything to gain—at no risk. We can state without reservation that **NOTHING—ABSOLUTELY NOTHING KNOWN TO MEDICAL SCIENCE CAN DO MORE TO SAVE YOUR HAIR!**

Delay may cost you your hair! Fill out the coupon and mail today.

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 Send COD. I will pay postman \$10.00 plus postage charges.

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the KEY to IMMORTALITY

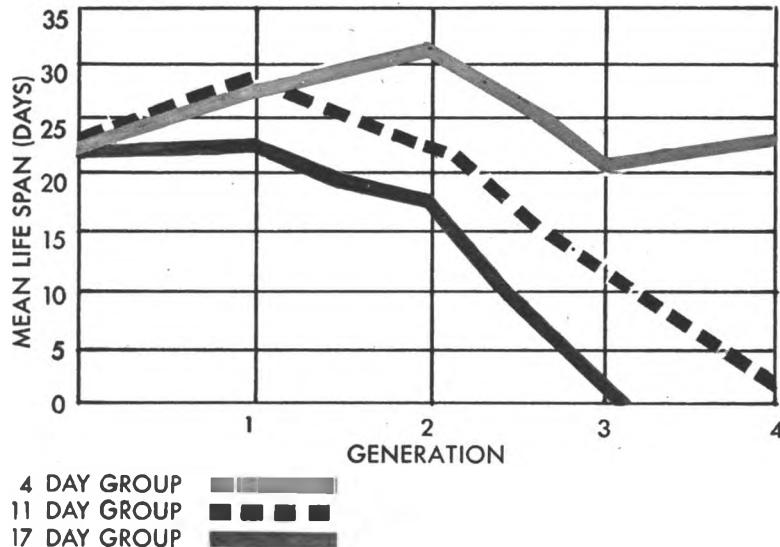


Chart shows how rotifers bred from young age group live longer than children bred from rotifers of mature and senile age groups.

IS science on the verge of solving the mystery of aging and death, of finding the key to eternal youth?

In fact, has that key to immortality *already been found?*

Unbelievable as it may seem, overwhelming in its implications to humanity, the answer is "Yes."

Not a cautious, qualified "Yes" either, but a definite, positive one.

The secret of physical immortality has been discovered. Not only that, but it has been applied to many generations of certain small mammals under strictly controlled conditions. It has been proven that their rate of aging can be speeded up or slowed at will. Finally, *aging can be completely stopped*, which means that any given tiny mammal of this species in which the aging process has been totally halted will never die, except from causes other than aging such as disease, malnutrition, accident, and so on:

Mammals of this species have been kept alive and in vigorous health to an age comparable in humans to more than 300 years! At that point, and since the experimentation had proven entirely successful, they were exterminated. If the experiment had not been discontinued following complete success, they would be alive today.

There is no reason to believe that what has been done with these small mammals—selected deliberately because they have all the basic functions of more

Science has discovered the strange aging factor which makes people grow old and die. Because of this astounding discovery, man may yet live forever

complex species such as ourselves—cannot be duplicated with the entire human race. *And soon.*

The time is not far distant when nobody need die from old age. The man of 5,000 years need be no older physically than the youth who has just attained full physical maturity. There need be no lines in his face, there need be no gray in his hair, there need be no stringiness and dessication in his muscles, and every cell in his body can be young.

If this sounds like a sensational pipe-dream, bear in mind that it is not considered so by the greatest biologists. The world of bio-chemistry has been jolted into an exultation it never experienced before.

Later in this article we shall explain, in detail, the amazing experiments which have resulted in the above findings and conclusions. First, however, let us survey briefly some of man's previous theories and experimentation on the problem of aging—most of it admittedly discouraging.

THE idea that physical immortality was not only possible but actually natural is very ancient. Since time immemorial men have sought for the "Elixir of Life" and the "Fountain of Youth."

Some of these experiments have been bizarre in the extreme—and some have approached the truth now discovered, although unwittingly.

In very ancient times, young girls (Shulamites) were placed in bed with aged men in the belief that some

has been DISCOVERED

By J. EDMUND SOKOLOFF



Mrs. Wilmer Munn's baby son will probably live to a ripe old age since Mama is twelve years old—and Dad is a veteran of seventeen.

THE KEY TO IMMORTALITY HAS BEEN DISCOVERED



All the girls in this family became mothers at fifteen. Newest addition may live to be 150 years of age.

of their youthful vigor would be transmitted. It was also believed that the breath of young girls would delay the onslaught of senescence and final death.

In ancient Egypt, the immortality-seeker took an emetic twice a month, and believed that if he vomited and sweated profusely and frequently his life-span would be prolonged. Modern biologists, aware of the harmful effects of accumulated toxins in the cells, will agree that this procedure was frequently beneficial, although it was a far cry from isolating the mysterious "Factor X" which has inexorably caused

even the most healthy to age slowly but surely, and finally die.

Paracelsus, the famous mystic, composed a "magic elixir" which he claimed would produce immortality. Nevertheless, he and his patrons died.

Perhaps the most fantastic of the immortality devices was known as "Graham's Heavenly Bed." Sold to the public in the 19th Century, it was a complicated contraption that—among other things—filled the air with the scent of perfume, played soothing music and surcharged its occupant with electricity. But again, its users died.

All through history, a great many people have lived to phenomenal ages, although the reason why has been puzzling up to now. In 1905, a Hungarian peasant died at the authenticated age of 195. The Austrian P. Kitzarten lived to be 185; the Yorkshireman G. Jenkins reached 169; and the famous Thomas Parr of England died at 152.

Parr, a hard-working farmer who lived frugally on black bread and cheese, might have lived many more years had he not been taken to the royal court and wined and dined. The unaccustomed strain on his digestive system—and not old age—killed him. An autopsy performed by the famous surgeon Dr. Harvey—discoverer of the circulation of the blood—showed no ravages of age in any of his organs, while there was not a gray hair in his head.

Literally hundreds more examples might be given. Curiously, in Parr's case and in the case of some of the others whose parentage could be checked, the father and mother were both very young at the time the long-life-destined child was born.

Was this a clue to the secret of longevity and perhaps immortality? Did the children of youthful parents inherit a tendency to longer life, the children of older parents a tendency to shorter life? Was there some mysterious anti-aging factor—again the mysterious "Factor X"—that was highly potent in young parents but that declined gradually in efficiency with older parents?

There was some evidence that this might be so. For example, Dr. Louis I. Dublin, famed biometrist of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, had noted a tendency in children born of young parents to live longer than the children born of older parents. Similar conclusions were reached by the Finnish researcher E. O. Jalavisto after extensive study.

THIS theory had never been tested scientifically until Dr. Albert I. Lansing, relatively youthful-associate professor of anatomy at Washington University of St. Louis, decided to experiment personally by breeding many generations of some short-lived mammal to find out with certainty whether the children born to youthful parents tended to live longer than those of older parents and, far more important, whether the increased longevity was cumulative generation after generation.

Dr. Lansing had always been interested in the mystery of aging. He knew that protoplasm—the basic ingredient of all living things—is potentially immortal. Why, then, do the cells age and finally die?

He concluded that it was because the body loses its ability to keep on building cells. So long as protoplasm continues to grow, it neither ages nor dies. The biggest trees on earth—the sequoias—are 5,000 years and more old, and they don't die until they stop growing. Pieces of chicken-heart tissue have been kept alive in a nutrient solution for many times the life-span of a chicken; they show no symptom of age, continue to grow, and appear to be basically immortal.

For his experiments Dr. Lansing chose *rotifers*—a

tiny animal that lives in pond-water and is so small that it can just be seen with the naked eye. However, it is quite a complex animal, having up to 1000 body cells, digestive and sexual systems, muscles, a brain and sensory organs, and even tiny whiskers.

What influenced aging in the rotifer very likely also influenced aging in humans, Dr. Lansing reasoned.

Rotifers were also ideal because they were easily obtainable and because they live only up to 24 days under normal circumstances, dying at that time of old age. Had longer-lived animals been chosen, Dr. Lansing might have died himself before he reached any conclusive findings!

For his experiments he used only the female rotifers, since they can reproduce without the assistance of the male merely by the stimulation of their water environment, although fertilization by the male also frequently takes place. Offspring born without male fertilization possess the research advantage of being exactly like their female parent, which makes it easier to calculate probable longevity.

Dr. Lansing started by placing colonies of female rotifers of identical ancestry in various glass receptacles containing the correct pond-water environment and the proper food, a form of algae. He already had considerable general knowledge of rotifer reproductive habits—that the female becomes capable of reproduction and begins to lay eggs when she is five days old, attains adult maturity on the sixth day, continues to lay eggs until she is about fifteen days old, and then ages and dies in another nine days.

As the first generation of rotifers started to lay eggs, Dr. Lansing and his co-workers took the eggs from these mothers and placed them in new receptacles, segregating them in accordance with the various ages at which the mothers produced them. The youngest group of eggs were the first laid by adolescent mothers five days old. The next was from mothers six days old, and so on up the line until the maximum age for egg-laying—seventeen days. The oldest mothers were actually senile.

This process was followed through generation after generation; the first eggs produced by the children of five-day-old mothers were set aside; the first eggs

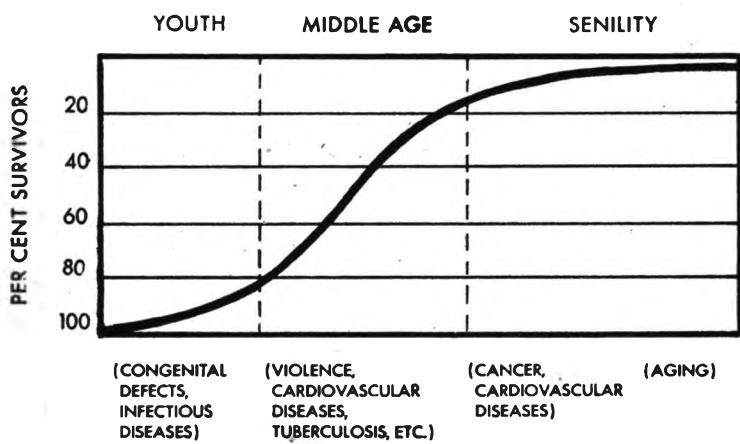
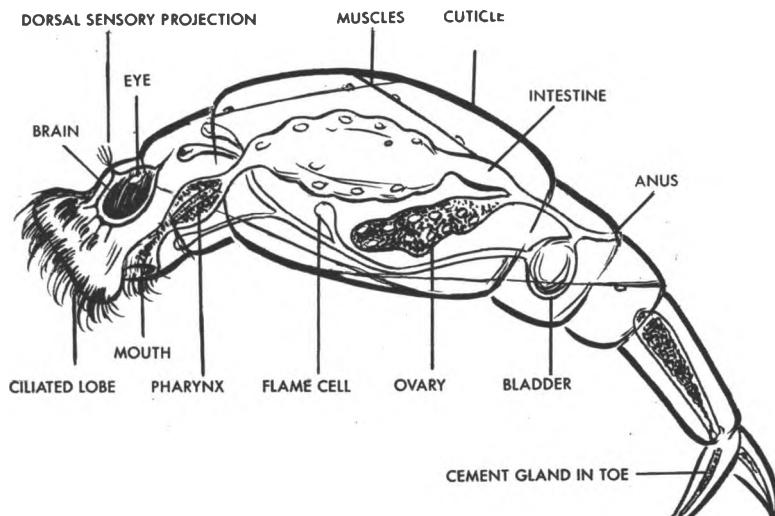


Chart shows main causes of death. Right, native girl of Congo region, though a child, is married.



Because of youthful marriages of Igorot natives in Philippines people live to be very old; those reaching 100 are put to death.



Here is the rotifer, on whom the fabulous experiment was conducted. Its system (nervous, reproductive, etc.) is similar to humans.

produced by these children were also set aside; and so on. The same principle of selection was followed in segregating the eggs—generation after generation—of mothers in the other groups.

Thus it was possible to point to any given group of rotifers and say with certainty: These rotifers and their mothers back through many generations were all hatched from eggs laid by mothers of a certain age—anywhere from five days to seventeen days old as the case might be.

Very soon, interesting facts began to emerge. Children born of

eggs produced by rotifers seventeen days old failed to live the normal 24-day life-span, but died at the age of eighteen days. Their children in turn died at a still earlier age—fourteen days. And the eggs produced by this generation failed to produce descendants, the line dying out.

This finding is of tremendous significance. Comparatively, children born of human fathers and mothers at the upper limit of fertility—ages forty-five and sixty respectively, let us assume—would have shorter-lived children whose children in turn—born when the par-

THE KEY TO IMMORTALITY HAS BEEN DISCOVERED

ents were approaching senility—would also be shorter-lived and so on, until finally the race would become very short-lived, and also incapable of reproducing and would die out.

THERE were other interesting findings. Skipping to a line of rotifers produced by mothers in what might be called the prime of life—eleven days old—it was found that the decrease in age at death was somewhat less generation after generation, while the strain produced one extra generation before it finally died out.

This trend was still greater in eight-day-old mothers; their children lived still longer in each generation while the strain did not cease until the eighth generation. With six-day-old mothers the decrease in age per generation was very slight while the line itself did not die out until seventeen generations had passed.

But the really sensational findings appeared in the line of five-day-old or adolescent mothers. With each generation the life-span increased slowly but steadily over the "normal" twenty-four days. After fifty-four generations it had reached 104 days—almost five times normal—and the trend toward longevity was continuing.

At this point Dr. Lansing decided that he had sufficiently proven that the mysterious factor which causes aging declines steadily in children born of adolescent and still-growing parentage, and that the process of increasing the life-span generation after generation by providing adolescent parentage to each generation could be continued "indefinitely."

Paraphrased in ordinary English, this meant that, since every generation born would attain longer life than the one preceding, we could eventually live to infinity.

And if this were true of rotifers, there appeared no reason why it should not also be true of humans.

WHAT is the "Factor X" that decreases the longevity of children born of older parents and increases the longevity of children born of younger ones?

Dr. Lansing speculates that it may be some "essential substance" present in the young for the very necessary purpose of stimulating cell growth but which decreases or is totally absent in the mature. In substantiation, he points out that his long-lived rotifers took longer to reach full maturity than their parents, and were larger. Conversely, the children of

relatively short; in fact, confirmation with several generations of hamsters, for example, could already have been achieved.

Which brings us to the question: Supposing "Factor X" is the basic key to longevity and ultimate immortality; what is the human race going to do about it?

It may be suggested that deliberate breeding of adolescents, generation after generation, is compulsory mating and an affront to human dignity as well as religious teachings. However, it may be that these objections do not apply as strongly as might appear at first thought, and perhaps not at all.



Age span of San Blas, Panama natives is tremendous. Most 12-year-old girls are already mothers.



Donald Jeremiah Hudson should have very long life; His mother is fourteen and his pop is only nineteen.

the short-lived rotifers matured more quickly but were also smaller—and died sooner.

Thus in the longer-lived strains the growth factor appeared to function longer and with greater overall effect.

These findings are tremendous in scope—and they also present many interesting problems. Undoubtedly experimentation has already begun along "Factor X" lines with laboratory animals such as hamsters, rabbits, and so on. It will undoubtedly be undertaken by stock-breeders. Greater attention will be paid to the connection between the ages of human parents and the life-span of their children. A whole new field of speculation and study has been opened up.

It appears likely that Dr. Lansing's findings with rotifers will be confirmed all along the line with other species. The time required for confirmation may be

We sometimes forget that in Nature's scheme of things, the mating impulse is strongest in humans during the very years of adolescence. Adolescents fall in love, and deeply, but they are prevented from marriage until they reach and have passed full maturity by the necessities of acquiring an education and financial stability sufficient to maintain a home. Otherwise, they might marry and have several if not most of their children before the ages of twenty to twenty-five, before growth has fully ceased and the processes of aging have commenced.

Doctors will say that young wives—young by our economy-imposed standards, that is—are both physically and mentally prepared to bear children at what we consider the high-school age, while childbearing then is actually easier than it is at later ages.

(Continued on page 67)

BASEBALL'S MOST FABULOUS ATHLETE



In 1948, Bill Veeck, right, signed Paige to hurl for the Cleveland Indians. When Veeck bought the Browns, he took Ol' Satch along.



Chair was put in Brownie bullpen so Paige can relax while awaiting call.

Paige is just as puzzling to Mantle as he ever was to Ruth.

Some say he's 60, but Ol' Satch just keeps mowing 'em down

By TED OTSU

ABOUT the crack of noon one day in 1952, Bill Veeck, a top boss of the St. Louis Browns tried in vain to long-distance Leroy "Satchel" Paige at the team's hotel in Washington, D.C. Finally, the travelling secretary came on the line.

"Sorry, Mr. Veeck," he explained. "Ol' Satch was up way past his bed time last night. A man his age shouldn't keep such late hours, but there he was swinging a bat at 20 minutes past midnight. . . ."

"Exactly why I called," cut in Veeck, "to tell Satch to order himself a suit with my compliments—not for his pitching but for his hitting."

When he eventually received the message, "Satchel" gave with a toothy grin and a typically modest quote.

"I'se been trying to tell that man all along that my real greatness is as a hittah. Pitchin' ain't so tough. Practically anybody can drop a ball in theah."

Actually, Ol' Satch had quite a two-way hay night at the expense of the Washington Senators.

He entered the game as a relief pitcher in the 12th inning with two runners on base and one out. Satch's

first toss resulted in a double-play grounder. In the 13th and 14th, he squirmed out of bases-loaded, one-out situations. At bat, he came up with three singles—the last one in the 17th to drive in the 3-2 winning run. On that play Ol' Satch didn't even bother to take second on the throw to the plate, despite the fact that the Senators would still have one more time at bat. His stomach was ailing and he was a little weary.

"Anyway," he said, "that was a curve hit to win the game. I knew those Senators couldn't get a run out of me if they batted all night." It also added to a suspicion that in ancient Satch, baseball may have found perpetual motion.

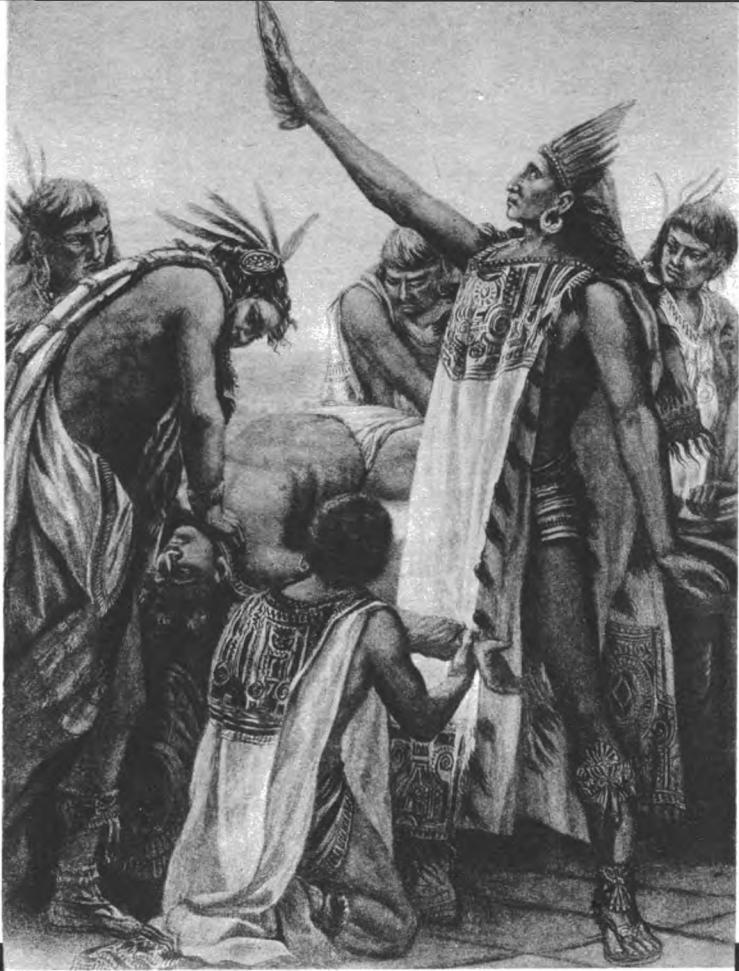
MANY fans who were around to watch the old time baseball greats will tell you that not only could the pitchers throw better then, but they could hit better, too.

Babe Ruth, when he was a port-sided chucker for
(Continued on page 59)

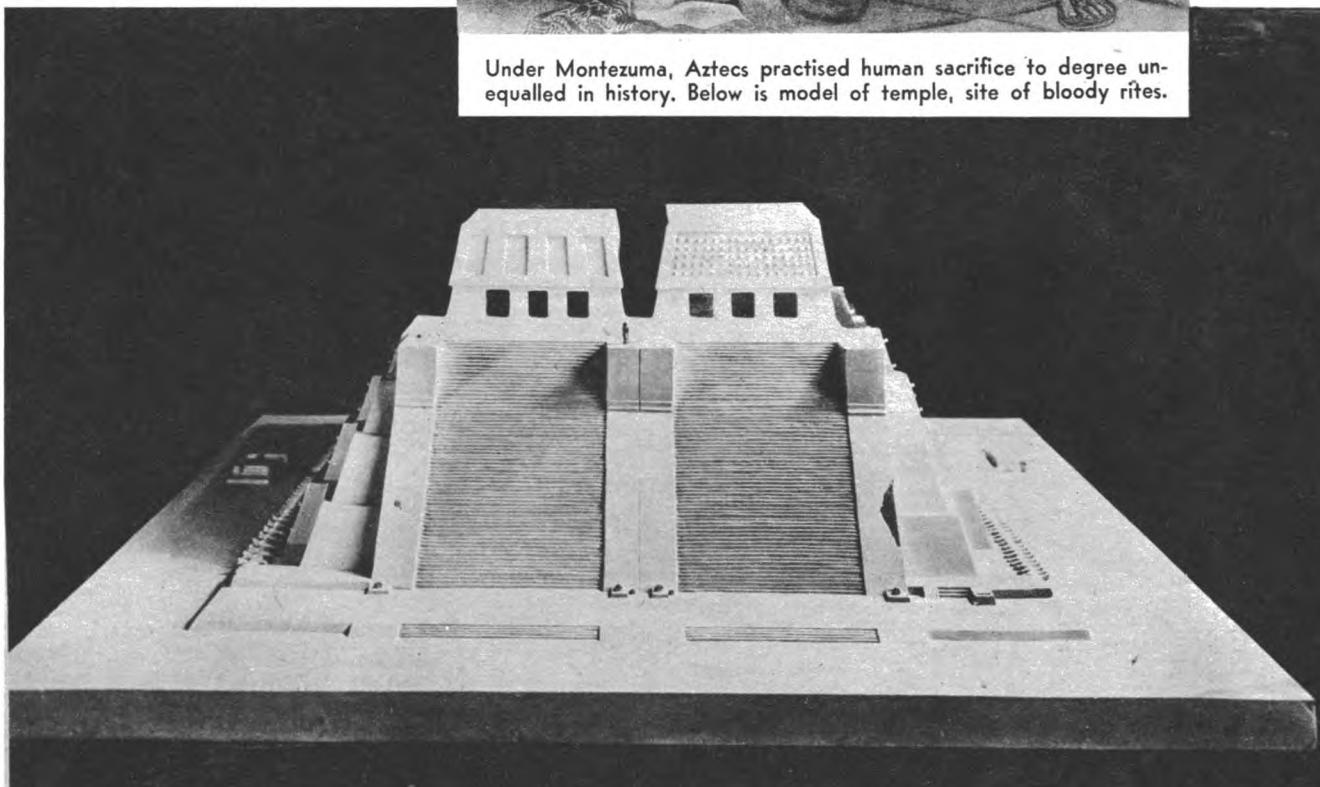


Once again Satchel Paige vows that this will be his last season.
In his prime, experts feel he could have won 45 games with ease.

HOW THE AZTECS FORTOLD THE FUTURE



Under Montezuma, Aztecs practised human sacrifice to degree unequalled in history. Below is model of temple, site of bloody rites.



By utilizing their strange powers, the Aztecs could have saved their empire

By CARL NORRIS

PRINCESS Papantzin was unaware of the stunned eyes that watched her as she sat meditatively in the royal garden. From a distant patio, the scream of a caged jaguar ripped the hushed air, but Papantzin did not hear. She sat motionless like an idol hewn from stone. Clutched tightly in her left hand was the highly polished jade amulet with which the Aztec dead were buried. The gaudy finery she wore was the raiment of the dead.

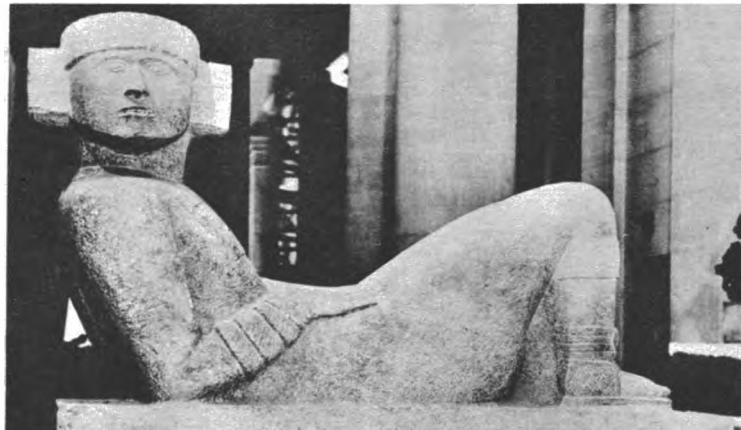
At last, a fearful court noble ran through the long shadowy corridor to the throne room and reported the dread news to Papantzin's brother—the emperor, Montezuma the Great.

Montezuma, who often killed the bearers of evil tidings, listened in mute horror, then with a wave of his hand dismissed the messenger and the entire court. Sick with fear, he was at the moment in no mood for further killings.

The day before, he had personally attended the elaborate burial rites of his sister Papantzin. He himself had seen the massive stone slab swung into position, sealing the dead body in the gloomy sepulchre. He knew that Papantzin was dead. He knew, also,



The god Quetzalcoatl disapproved of sacrifice. The Aztecs knew they were destined to be punished.



Aztecs' gods were mighty stone structures, top. After Spaniards came, even gods were ruined, below.



that not even a strong-bodied Aztec warrior could have pushed aside that heavy stone and escaped from the grave.

The tale that Papantzin was soon to tell him served only to bolster his most abject fears. This was another warning from the gods—more terrible and more explicit than any of the others which had been tormenting Montezuma and his people.

No historian or scientist has ever been able to explain satisfactorily the series of mysterious omens that warned Mexico's ancient Indians of the coming of the white man. Omens which included a prophecy that named the exact date and ranged from brilliant lights in the night sky to a vision of the future brought back from the land of the dead by Montezuma's own sister.

Princess Papantzin lived through the conquest of Mexico and was among the first to be baptized. When the early friars learned of her return from the grave, they investigated thoroughly and sent back to Spain "a duly authenticated account of the miraculous resurrection."

IN the year 1519, the Spanish adventurer, Hernan Cortes, was in Cuba, preparing a fleet and army to explore the strange new world that lay to the north. On February 10, he set sail for the conquest of this fabulous land—Mexico. (Continued on page 61)

THE LAND WHERE MEN EAT MEN

Only the men of the Bangala tribe
are allowed to feast on human flesh.



**The Bangala still murder
to satisfy their terrible
craving for human flesh,
which they prepare in a
weird and hideous manner**

By Roland Blackburn

THE laws of civilization lay it down that under no circumstances is it lawful to eat human flesh, but the custom of feasting upon a man's roasted body is still considered a normal and mighty desirable thing in some parts of the world. In Central Africa I have seen a man's roasted buttocks being carved into tender slices with the same finesse you would expect a French chef to use when carving a turkey. Unwittingly I have eaten grilled human ribs after being blandly assured that the dish was pork. That time I was so violently sick after being told the truth, that my retching started a hernia.

There are certain well-defined rules and regulations concerning the eating of human beings, and these rules are strictly adhered to by every cannibal tribe in Africa. The flesh of relatives, for instance, is never eaten, and some tribes forbid any woman to eat human flesh. Only the male of the species is allowed to go into the pot, for a meal of cooked female is alleged to bring on violent attacks of indigestion and to incur the contempt and displeasure of the gods.

Most notorious cannibal tribe in Africa is the Bangala, whose grazing lands and settlements stretch for thirty miles north of Leopoldville on the Upper Congo. To satiate their craving for human flesh the Bangala indulge in body-snatching from the local cemeteries. The practice became so common that recently the death penalty was imposed on anybody caught removing a corpse.

The Bangala also feast on the bodies of those killed during hunting expeditions or in skirmishes



The Kia Kia headhunters use skulls of victims for their blasphemous rituals. Skulls are sometimes used as vases—sometimes as wine cups

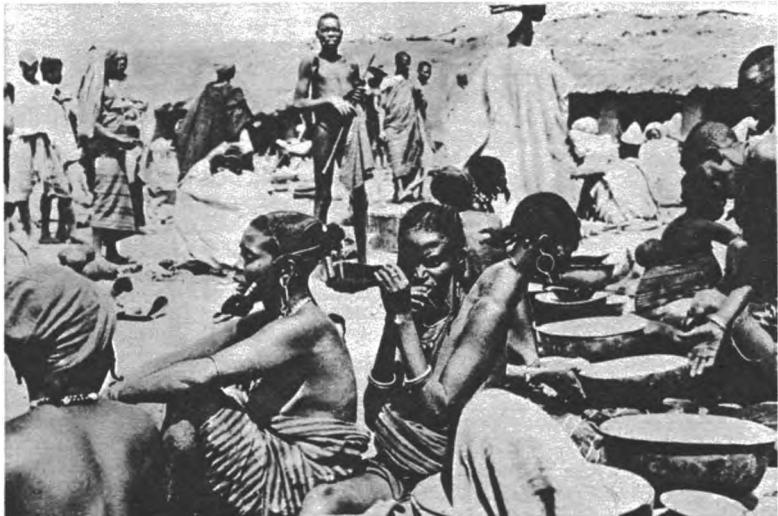
with neighboring tribes. They kill badly-wounded men and use them for the next meal.

THE way they prepare a meal of human flesh is so barbarous that authorities are inclined to think there must be some centuries-old hidden origin behind it. Their victim, if he has not already been killed or wounded, is subjected to slow and lingering torture. Three days before the feast his limbs are broken and he is placed chin deep in a pool of water, his head being fastened to a log so that he may not be drowned. On the third day he is taken out and killed. This process is supposed to make his flesh more tender.

Once when I was returning down-river from Stanley Falls, six of the boat's crew were in irons on board ship. They were Bangala, and had eaten two of their number during the voyage up to the falls.

(Continued on page 66)

Bangala women are never eaten—it is thought their flesh would bring about violent attacks of indigestion or incur displeasure of the gods.



When this fiendish sport
was finally banned, Old
England was almost as de-
cadent as ancient Rome

By HARRY GRAHAM



BULL-BAITING NEARLY WRECKED THE BRITISH EMPIRE

BY outlawing bull baiting, Britain saved her empire!

This disgusting and barbarous game, which consisted of having a bull attacked by dogs, had been England's national sport until the House of Commons banned it in 1832.

Unlike bull fighting in Spain, Portugal, France, and Latin America, English bull baiting included neither men, horses, nor ceremony. It pitted specially bred bull dogs with massive jaws of steel against a bull who was tied to a tree on a long sturdy rope.

The blood-letting exhibition that thrilled gentle ladies as well as virile men was basically simple. Either the bull threw the dog high into the air with its horns, so that the fall would break the canine's neck, or the dog would grab hold of the bull's nose with its teeth and hold on—sometimes for eight hours—until the bull died of suffocation.

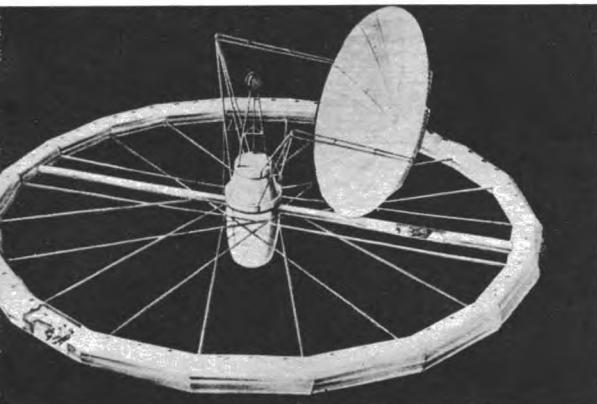
The bull was usually of the best breed. It was strong, ill-tempered, and cunning, and it was made to fight while tied to a tree by a rope fifteen feet long. It was the ancestor of the famous Angus steer.

(Continued on page 80)





With jet power, space travel would be too slow. But by using stellar light pressure, "taxi" service between planets will be common.



Sail would be circular shape and slightly concave. Strong supporting wires would hold it to the ship.

HOW INTER-SAILBOATS

Space ships of the future most likely they will draw their power from the

By L. MacKAY PHELPS

WHEN will man succeed in escaping from Earth's gravitational chains to voyage from planet to planet?

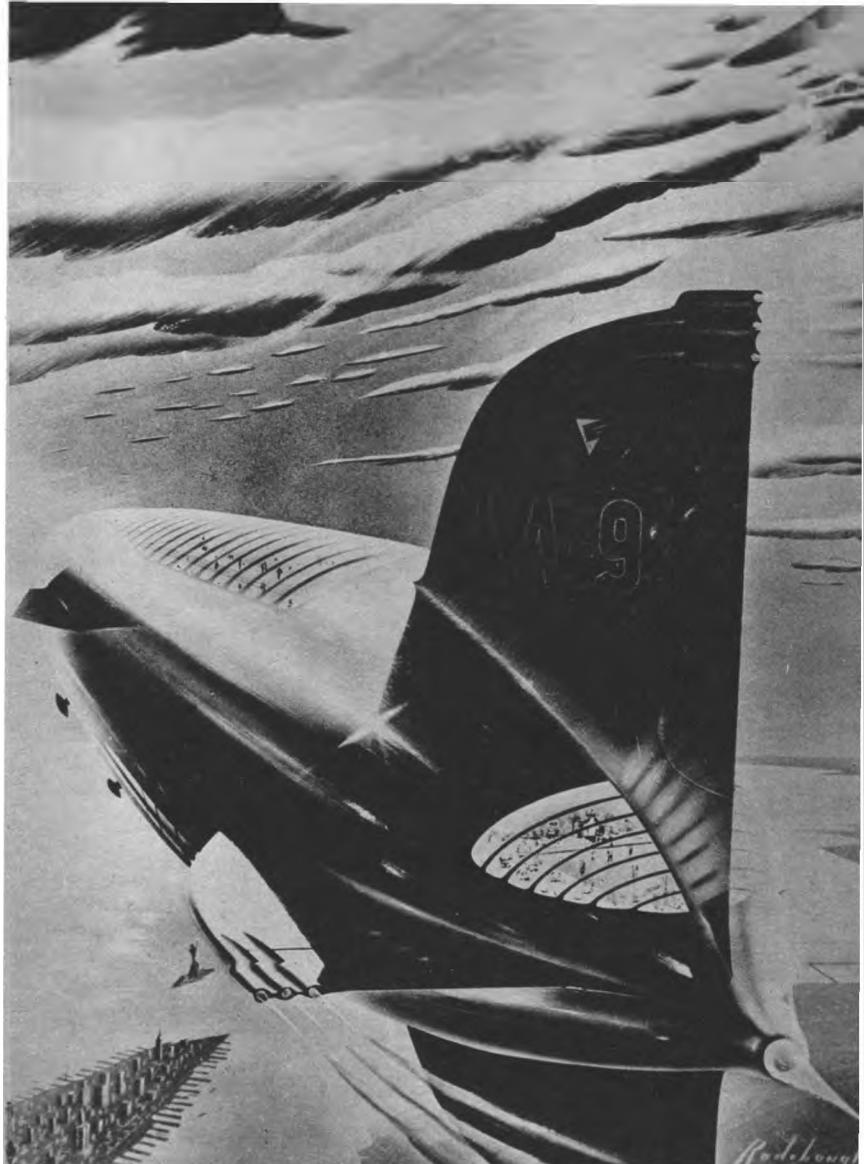
All men of imagination are fascinated by the possibility of space flight, which is becoming closer to reality every day. It is not only possible—but *probable* that within the next few years the first manned "space station" will be circling the Earth in an orbit 1,000 miles or so above our planet and making a complete revolution every couple of hours.

The race to build such a space station is already on, with Russia striving her utmost to outspeed the U.S. Furthermore, any day now we may hear the electrifying news that the first unmanned space rocket has landed on the Moon. We may even be permitted to witness the landing—signaled by a magnesium flash—on our television screens.

It is a foregone conclusion that the conquest of space is just around the corner. Our armed services are even now "training" specially selected men to be space pilots and navigators. Many of you who read these words will probably set foot on worlds other than Earth within the next few decades.

But the most intriguing possibility is that the long-haul space ships of the future will be far different from the roaring rockets or atomic-engined projectiles of science fiction.

They are very likely to be gigantic sailboats—"Schooners of the skies." For the final conquest of the vaster reaches of space—distances meas-



Jet dirigibles like one above may thrill science fiction addicts, but they'll move too slowly to carry tomorrow's space travelers.

PLANETARY WILL WORK

**will not be jet-propelled. Instead,
pressure of light radiated by the stars**

ured in trillions of millions of miles—man is likely to return to sailed craft, albeit however bizarre and newfangled in design, operating on the same principle as the crudest wind-propelled hollowed-out-log of thousands of years ago.

The propelling force for these space sailboats will not be the wind, since there are no air currents in the vacuum of space.

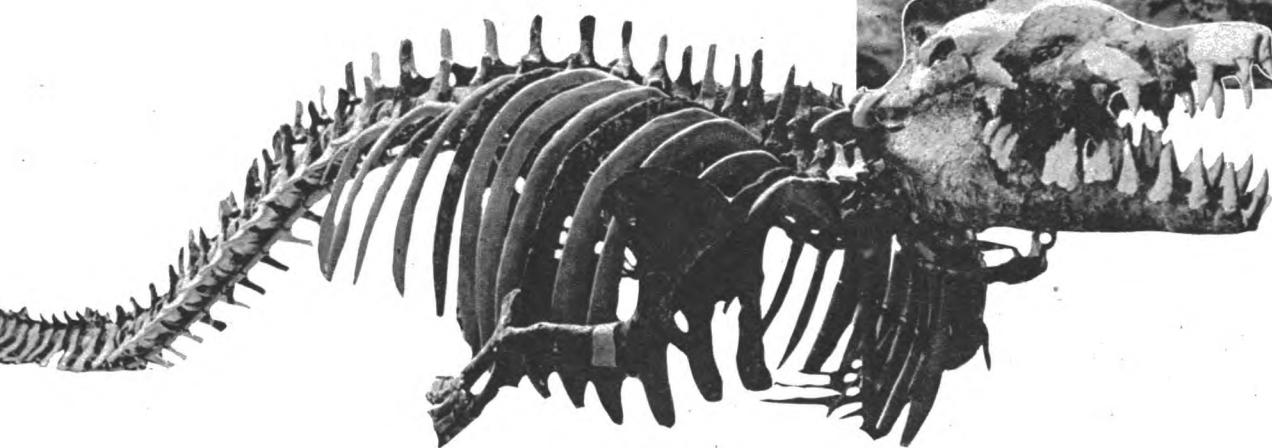
It will be, instead, the pressure of the light radiated by the countless stars themselves. It will be a force capable of driving the space-schooners at steadily increasing speeds that know no top limit, except possibly the fixed speed of light itself—186,000 miles a second. And obviously, no fuel will be required, since the light from the stars is being perpetually squandered.

(Continued on page 62)

SEA SERPENTS, LIKE FLYING SAUCERS,
SEEM TO BE HERE TO STAY

Old Sea Serpents

Never Die—They Just Swim Away



Pre-historic sea monster whose skeleton is shown above lived almost exclusively by eating men. Today's serpents are friendlier.

By EDWARD T. FERGUSON

RECENTLY, off the coast of Africa, twelve sailors were almost killed by a sea monster!

The men took off from ship during the night in a large life boat. As they neared the shore, a huge black and green serpent, resembling a dinosaur, shot into the air from the water. It turned its saucer-shaped eyes upon the tiny craft.

Suddenly, it surged forward and brought its long slimy body with a crack across the middle of the boat. The craft splintered in half, and the sailors were pitched into the cold water.

Then, instead of attacking the men, the sea monster dove with a tremendous splash back into the deep.

When they made their way safely to shore, the sailors told of their experience. They were laughed at, however, for no one would believe this fantastic story.

Nevertheless, the laughter of skeptics died down when several prominent scientists announced that it was entirely possible for pre-historic sea monsters to still exist. This is not the first case of its kind that has been reported.

What's more, the scientists explained that the previous reports ran in the same pattern. Upon seeing human beings, the beasts would run away. There is every indication that these serpents not only still exist, but also, they have lost most of their vicious, blood thirsty habits.

One of the most famous sea monsters in the world today is Wat MacKintosh, who lives in the depths of





Forty-foot-long monster with whale-like appearance and elephant tusks was washed ashore near Suez Canal after being rammed by ship.

beautiful Loch Ness in Scotland. Despite the fact that he is 200 years old, he is still eagerly looking for a wife—the price he must pay for being such a rare species.

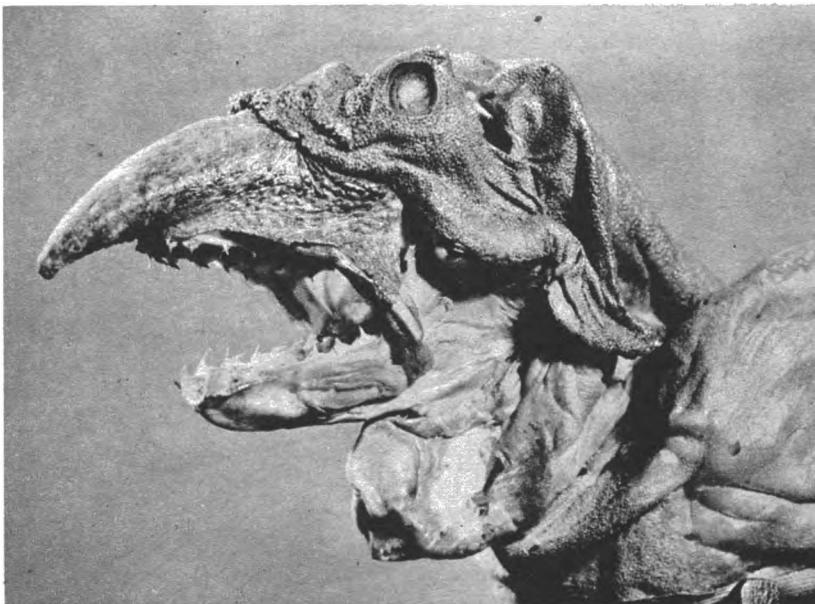
Mackintosh is one of the shyest creatures of pre-ice age ancestry still on the earth. For the first time since before the war, he appeared in 1950 before a small party of tourists near historic Urquhart Castle. As soon as he realized that he was being watched and photographed by the eager sight-seers, he ducked from sight.

When asked about Mackintosh's 200-year existence in the lake, nearby Scottish residents answer in a thick twang, "Old sea monsters never die—they just swim away."

DROMATE Lake in County Monaghan, Ireland has a serpent which is considered a curse and a sign of ill-being, contrary to Mackintosh, whom the Scots advertise with pride.

Dromate Lake teems with fish, but the Irish will neither go fishing nor bathing in it. They are just too afraid and superstitious.

(Continued on page 71)



During the Middle Ages, it was believed that this sea monster had power to cause certain death to anyone it fastened its eyes upon.



"Darling, I'm going to kill you. Right now," I said. She didn't look up. Maybe she didn't hear me. Then I stepped behind her chair.

Murder GO-ROUND

The only trouble with this husband was that he needed some lessons in love . . . or in murder

By WILLIAM SARGENT

THE wind whipped the skirts of my top coat as I hurried across the dark, deserted street. I was late again and I knew that once more she would be angry with me. The self-service elevator slowly inched up to the sixth floor. Fumbling for my key, I hurried down the hallway. Before I entered the living room of our apartment I hung up my coat and hat. I was hungry and tired and had decided just that afternoon that my only out was to kill my wife.

Looking back on it all, I suppose that I decided that tonight was to be the night for the murder because of the wind. Even through the walls of the apartment it sobbed and sighed out in the darkness. It came and went with strange gusts of violence.

I went into the living room. She was there, watching television. Neither of us spoke when I came into the dimly lit room. I sat down. I could see her face in partial profile. How I hated her. As I sat and hated her I became aware of the wind again.

By listening carefully to it I could almost imagine I was hearing a high wind playing through pine and pinon trees on some distant mountainside rather than here in the actuality of the man-made canyons of Manhattan.

"Listen, the wind is growing louder," I said, and turned my head to look at her. She continued staring into the eye of the television set; staring into its fantasies with eyes that were wide and hypnotized. She didn't answer me.

"Darling," I tried again. "Hear the wind? Doesn't it remind you of something? Doesn't it remind you of our honeymoon in Colorado?"

She looked up then. In the darkened room the sickly glow from the television screen gave her face a ghastly, long-dead pallor. She slow-

ly turned and looked at me. In the gloom I couldn't actually see her eyes—just the wet glint of moisture, the quick glisten of sudden movement.

"Are you nuts?" she said. Her voice was harsh and off-key with her determination to hurt me, to make me squirm.

"Darling," I said quickly. "Please turn off the television set for a few minutes. I want to talk to you. We've got to hash this out. What's happened to us? To you and to me? To our marriage?"

"You happened," she said. "There is nothing wrong with this marriage that your dropping dead wouldn't cure."

I QUIT trying then.

I didn't have to take that kind of talk from her—not at all. I got up and went into the bedroom. Carefully I closed the door behind me and stood leaning against it in the darkness. I was breathing hard, almost panting.

Just then a gust of wind rattled the window panes across the room. I went over and stood looking out into the storm and the night. The street light on the corner below jerked and bobbed, throwing its sickly yellow cone of light about the dark pavement in an incomprehensible pattern. I was frightened.

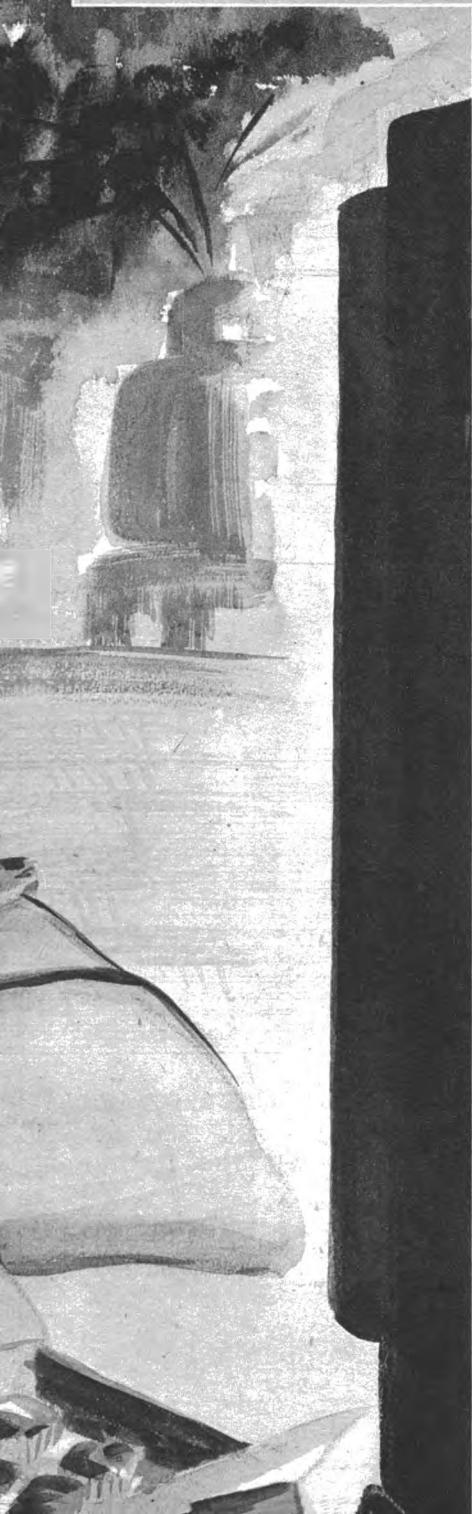
I now suddenly realized exactly how I was going to go about it. I was going to murder her right now, this very evening. She'd had her last chance. It was too late now.

I recrossed the room and stood once more by the door listening. There came the sounds of an overly loud station break. Quickly I opened the door and went back into the living room. She didn't even look up when I entered.

"Darling, I'm going to kill you. Right now," I said. She didn't look up. Maybe she didn't hear me.

I stepped in behind her chair and

(Continued on page 76)





Finish of Kentucky Derby shows Dark Star, right, beating the Dancer by a head. Some say gray horse would have won if ridden differently.

How GREAT is NATIVE DANCER?

By BOB McKNIGHT

Man O' War, Seabiscuit, Colin, and Discovery all failed to win the Derby, yet became turf immortals. Will Native Dancer follow in their footsteps?



Man O' War is considered by most to have been the greatest race horse.



Alfred G. Vanderbilt, shown with his wife, left, was disappointed when the Dancer, right, lost Derby. Most experts see happier days.

WHAT makes a great horse great?

No horse has caused more tongues to wag on this question than Native Dancer. Like Man O' War, the gray horse breezed through eleven straight races without an upset—until the Derby.

Whether your personal nomination for the greatest horse goes to the Derby Champ, Dark Star, or whether you prefer to string along with fabulous racers such as Man O' War, Citation, Seabiscuit, Colin, St. Simon, or even some obscure plater which has captured your fancy, the answer seems to us to lie in determining what ingredients go to make up a truly great race horse.

Does the cost of a horse give us any idea as to the future potentialities as a racer? Not from where we sit. Many of us will remember that Alsab was bought as a yearling sale for \$700, yet went on to be a high bracket money earner. Pericles, on the other hand, brought \$66,000 at the yearling sales. The last we heard his connections were seriously considering putting him on TV giving race results as the only means of getting their investment back.

Is conformation or physical perfection the answer? No again. Assault had a club foot. Ben Travato was halter-strung in his left hind leg, yet was one of the best horses of his year. Joy Smoke was halter-strung in both hind legs, yet beat the great race mare, Princess Doreen, among others, in the Bryan and O'Hara Handicap. Tenny, who figured in the world famous match races with mighty Salvator, was sway-backed to a fault, but carved a permanent place for himself in the pantheon of the turf. St. Simon, the undefeated English stallion, was over at the knee.

CAN we turn to blood lines with any degree of hope? Better tread easily. More than one thoroughbred, his sides galled by the plow harness, has come roaring out of ignominy to the glory of the winners' circle. Others have emerged from the shafts of bread wagons, hansom hacks, and bakery wagons to add new and glamorous tales to the endless lore of the turf.

Master Robert, a Grand National Steeplechase great, came very near to being sired by a Clydesdale horse. At the last moment, Dobbs, his dam, was given one more chance with a thoroughbred. Moorside 2nd was the stud selected. Master Robert was the result. He was a large foal with a big head, big feet, and a big heart, though the latter wasn't suspected until after he won the Grand National, for which he'd

(Continued on page 58)



Scientists now believe that the light of that silvery moon may be a major influence over your life and your loves

By WALTER MILLER

CAN THE MOON AFFECT YOUR LOVE LIFE?

LAST April newspaper headlines throughout the English speaking world blurted forth details of London's "Horror House" which police uncovered in the Notting Hill slum section of the world's largest city. The gruesome story began after John Christie, tenant of a small Notting Hill flat, moved out after 20 years occupancy.

The new tenant pulled down a newly papered bathroom partition, with the innocent intention of recessing a washbasin in the alcove which he knew lay behind the partition. He was permanently distracted from this ambition, however, when his labors uncovered the upright, nearly nude corpse of an attractive young woman. The woman had been strangled, and her face heavily rouged and powdered after death.

Scotland Yard officers got on the job promptly, and

within a week found five more bodies, similarly treated! The corpses were concealed behind the walls, under the floorboards, and in the small backyard garden.

All this was horrible enough, but the final autopsy reports brought forth an even weirder angle. The women, said the medics, had been murdered at approximately monthly intervals, and in each case when the moon was full. Official word followed from the police for the apprehension of a "Moon Mad" sadistic sex killer who would most probably strike again if not stopped before the next full moon! Fortunately, this moon killer was apprehended before he could strangle another victim.

GENERALLY speaking, criminologists have more respect for the

(Continued on page 72)

It's a well-recorded fact that more fistfights and brawls take place during season of the full moon.

John R. Christie, the "Moon-Mad Slayer" of London, strangled his female victims during full moon.





POSED BY PROFESSIONAL MODEL

Domestic life is more peaceful during the wane of the moon; quarrels usually arise when moon is at its height.

the *Man* WITH THE MACHINE-GUN *Brain*

By R. MAMULA

I forced my hand another inch forward on the desk, finally reached the gun. I position my hand, aim the gun near the top of the door so that when Bob opens it I can give him the full force of the blast right in the head.

In about five minutes he'll be back to eliminate the one clue that should now be bothering him—the gun he so stupidly left on the desk after murdering me.

How ironic that he should have done this to me. After I'd transformed him from nothing into a prodigy. All those tedious years of tutoring, ten years alone on languages. I alone am the one responsible for the miracle—rather, the curse, of his terrible genius. Only last year he successfully defended a case of homicide. Three months before that, he gave a piano recital that astounded the world. Yes, his accomplishments are varied. Including the art of murder. I never could understand why our so-called civilized society gave the likes of Bob license to prowl the world over, as if his purposes were not anti-Man. Clearly, his kind is a threat to all humanity. Nor could I ever understand why society gave them the full protection of the law. However, I have only myself to blame for this ignoble end.

Bob was never satisfied. Neither was he grateful. It was no surprise





"I will shoot for Bob's head, destroy the evil processes that lurk inside. He will die and men everywhere will thank me for my deed."

NICOLAI

*The Man With The
Machine-Gun Brain
succeeded where the
others failed—he
actually committed
the perfect crime*

when I learned of his gnawing hunger for my possessions. But that day when I first learned of his desire for my wife Mira was the day I decided to destroy him, law or no law.

I'LL never understand how he managed to attract Mira. Not that I blame her. He'd acquired superb powers of concentration, could even hypnotize people with those small green eyes that never seemed to see, but which really see *through* everything. Perhaps this awful power of hypnosis explains his phenomenal success in all those diverse fields.

He'd secretly plotted again me all the time I was plotting against him. And just an hour ago he'd beaten me to the draw, shot me as I sat here behind the desk feigning a cordial air when he appeared in the doorway. But he'll return. I know how that machine-brain of his operates. He'll be back for the gun he stupidly left on the desk after murdering me. While the law protects the likes of him it also forbids him to murder. He'll get the shock of his life to see me still alive, waiting for him.

My eyes are filmed with something thick, opaque. I try to roll them, to clear my vision. The blurring remains. But in another minute he'll be here and I will destroy him. Then I can die in peace.

The gun shakes. I steady it, move the other hand slowly, closer to the gun-hand. I will hold the gun with both hands so that my aim is better. My strength is ebbing fast.

Now, the clatter of his footsteps up the stairs, those dumb, yet calculated footsteps. I wait, get my trigger finger ready. I will shoot for Bob's head, splatter the evil processes that lurk inside. He will die with me and rational men everywhere will be grateful to me for having rid the world of another fiend. (Continued on page 54)



It's trick photography, all right! But the trick is being done by Percy. The human spiral doesn't worry about where to put his head.

THE HUMAN SPIRAL

The newest twist in Denmark is Percy—who ties himself in knots



Dandruff? Try TNT (toenail test). If you're as agile as Percy, you'll find this leg art handy.

SO many strange twists in life are coming out of Denmark these days. Percy, a contortionist, is one of Copenhagen's most popular night club entertainers. He's also one of the few men in the world who is paid money to keep himself out of shape.



Man, dig that crazy hipster! Percy knows all the angles when he twists laughs out of his audiences.

THE HUMAN SPIRAL



Whenever Percy listens to "Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginny," he starts dreaming of the mountains.



You have to be a human spiral in order to avoid spilling coffee on your trousers. Percy shows how.

The trick is to stay far enough away from those burning logs. Percy backs up, but then he doesn't.

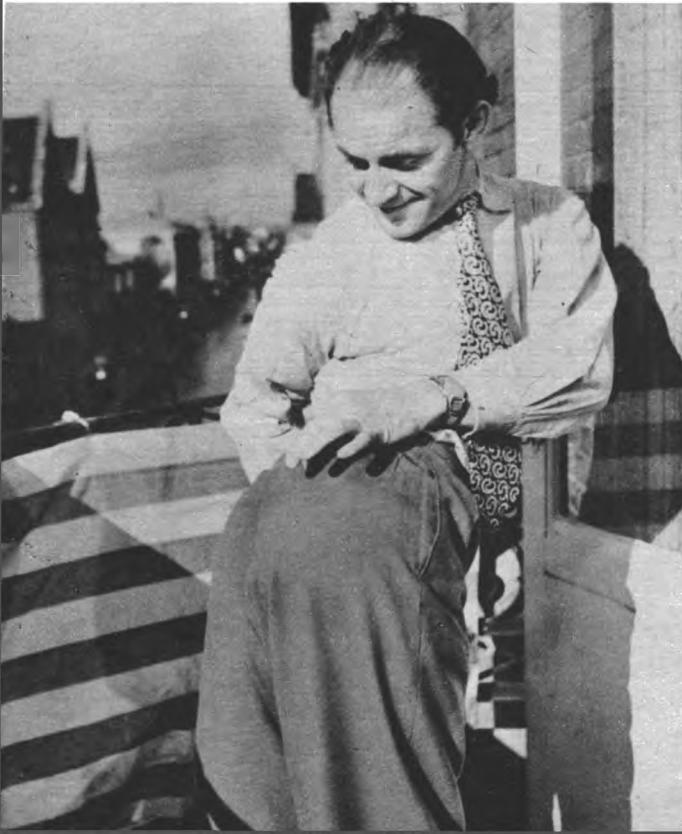




By any stretch of the imagination, there are hundreds of ways to light a cigarette. The stretch shown here is far from imaginary.

You have to be a human spiral to sew up a rip on the seat of your trousers without taking them off.

It's so much easier for Percy to scratch his chin with his feet whenever he's pondering a problem.



What You Should Know About WINES

Chilled or room temperature, dry or sweet, the most popular drink in the world is a simple glass of wine

By E. B. SANTANA

WINE, once considered a "sissy" drink by American he-men, is being rediscovered as a great dinner treat. Even American wine makers are giving European imports stiff competition.

Throughout history, wine has been the most widely-consumed alcoholic beverage in the world. Scientists investigating the relics of men who lived in the Stone Age, have found clusters of grapeskins, seeds, and stems thoroughly mashed together—proof positive that fermentation was the object.

The first activity of Noah after he left the Ark following the Flood was to plant himself a vineyard and make some wine. The ancient Egyptians considered wine the special gift of one of their earliest gods, Osiris.

The potency of wine consumed in unwise quantities has always been recognized. Ulysses, when he wanted to escape from the clutches of the Cyclops, used a sweet, powerful Maronean red wine somewhat resembling the present Tokay, to get his guardians drunk. Circe, the enchantress, who turned her admirers into swine, first filled them full of sweet, strong red wine. She found her sorcery worked better afterward.

The undesirability of drinking heavily while abstaining from food has also been recognized through the ages. Pliny the Elder, commenting on the "new and undesirable fashion" of drinking while "fasting," pointed out that it made the mind unfit for important tasks.

Nevertheless, he was so convinced of the virtues of wine when drunk properly that he compiled a list of more than 100 different varieties. Actually, there are thousands of wines, varying according to the types of grapes and processes of manufacture.

Even wines from the same vineyard, manufactured under identical formulas, vary from year to year. One year they can be full-bodied, gentle to the tongue and palate, and having a fine bouquet, the next, they can be thin, harsh, and coarse in scent.

Thus a *vintage wine* is a wine from a good grape year. Usually the labels of fine wines bear the dates of vintage and bottling. Some wines improve after bottling. Vintage Port, for example, should not be drunk until it is at least twenty years old. It will continue to improve until it is forty or older, much as does a charming woman.

On the other hand, cognac does not improve. Generally, wines and brandies of less than 14 per cent alcoholic content improve after they are bottled while the stronger varieties do not. This is due to the fact that the high alcohol content halts fermentation.

Port is an exception, because brandy (port is a fortified wine) is added before fermentation of the natural wine is completed. The brandy and sugar counteract each other, causing a bitter taste the longer the wine ages.

The whole subject of vintage wines is so complex that it is best—if you want a really exceptional wine of any variety—to get the advice of your liquor dealer, who probably has charts of good and bad years. For example, 1917, 1920, and 1924 ports are from vintage years and are ready to be drunk now. Burgundy is best when it is around ten or twelve years old. Champagne excels between ten to fifteen years of age, after which its sparkling quality declines. Chianti is good only at three years of age.

Clarets are the weakest wines in alcoholic content—from nine to fourteen per cent. There are probably more varieties of claret than any other wine, and they are distinguished by their dryness and lightness. They are red in color, and they generally take the name of the province in France or even the specific estate where the grapes are grown. You cannot go wrong if you use Claret as an "all-around light table wine."

Chianti, incidentally, is merely an Italian Claret. In other countries, similar wines have their own distinctive names.

Other wines of slight alcoholic content—both red and white—include bordeaux, rhine, moselle, burgundy, alsatian, and some of the Hungarian table wines

All these wines may be either sparkling or still. Actually not too many (Continued on page 54)

SOME FAMOUS WINES AND HOW TO SERVE THEM

<u>TYPE OF WINE</u>	<u>COLOR</u>	<u>CHARACTERISTICS</u>	<u>SERVE WITH</u>	<u>SERVING TEMPERATURE</u>
Chablis	White	Dry, full-bodied	Fish, Oysters	Slightly chilled
Graves	White	Dry, delicate	Fish, Oysters	Fairly cold
Moselle	White	Dry, sharp	Fish, Oysters	Colder than room temperature
Rhine Wine	White	Dry, mellow	Fish, or for entire meal	Thoroughly chilled
Burgundy	Red	Dry, full-bodied fine texture	Meat, game, highly seasoned fish, cheeses	About 50-55 degrees
Claret	Red	Dry, delicate	Meat, cheeses	Room temperature
Chianti	Red	Dry, mellow	Main meat course	About 50 degrees
Sauterne	White	Sweet, aromatic	Dessert	Fairly cold
Madeira	Red	Sweet, mellow	Soup, dessert	Cool, not cold
Chateau Yquem	White	Very sweet, highly perfumed	Dessert	Fairly cold
Barsac	White	Sweet, delicate	Fish, dessert	Fairly cold
Sparkling Burgundy	Red	Slightly sweet, effervescent	Meat, dessert	Cold
Champagne	White	Dry to moderately sweet	Entire meal	Thoroughly chilled
Port	Red	Somewhat sweet, heavy, rich	Nuts, fruit, coffee	Room temperature
Sherry	Red	Dry to moderately sweet, nutty flavor	Entire meal	Slightly chilled
Cognac and other Brandies	Vary	Very heavy, aromatic	Coffee, cheese, fruits, nuts, cigars	Room temperature in "pony" or "snifter"
Liquers	Vary	Very heavy, aromatic	Coffee, cheese, fruits, nuts, cigars	Vary from room temperature to very cold

*Some wines may be obtained in both white and red



Inside the room, a woman gave a strangled cry and spread shaking hands over her face. The man, fire-eyed, exploded into curses.



NIGHT SHIFT

As elevator operator, Joe thought he knew the secret in Room 402. There was one angle even he never suspected

"FOURTH floor. Watch your step, Miss."

The doors of the elevator slid apart and its lone passenger made a hurried but graceful exit.

Joe, the operator, slumped against the door frame, folded his arms and followed with half-closed eyes the slim brunette's progress down the carpeted hotel corridor.

Poor kid, he thought, even as he admired the trim turn of her ankles, the unaffected rhythm of the suit-clad hips. Nothing wrong with the girl's face, either, he remembered. Tonight wasn't the first time he had seen it. This babe was beautiful. Awful young, though.

. . . Poor, starry-eyed, damn-fool kid.

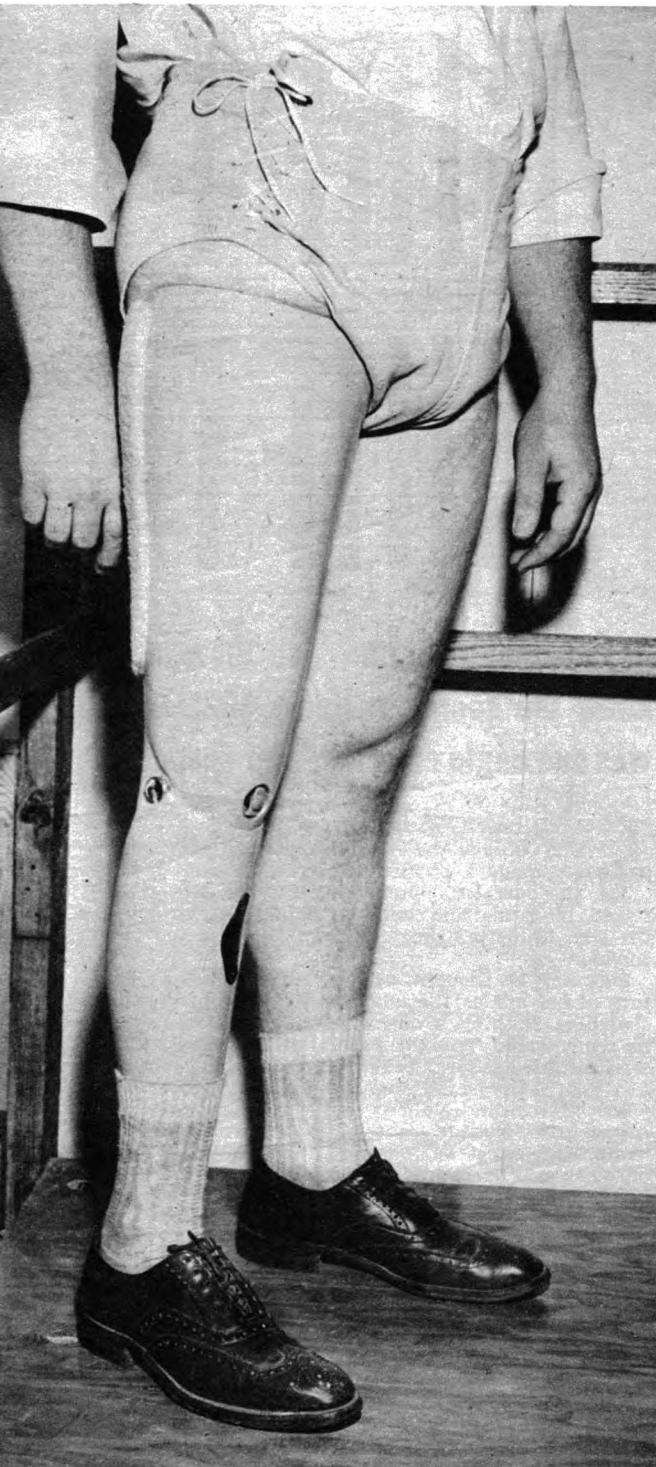
Joe yawned and glanced at the signal board inside his elevator. Nobody wanted up or down at the moment, although it was past midnight and his was the only car still operating. He would wait. He knew this babe's destination and was pretty sure she would be back shortly for a return trip to the lobby.

She had stopped at 402 all right, he noted. It was the last door at the end of the hall. He saw her lift a black-gloved hand and knock, so lightly—timidly, he wondered—that the sound of it could not be heard.

Joe snorted, kicked at an empty cigarette package near his feet. 402 and his women! A different dame every time he was in town. Sometimes a different one every night, even. The guy was an ex-pro football player and looked it—yard-wide shoulders, all the rest of it. And his years on the gridiron hadn't marred those lean, rugged features the dames all went crazy for. He was a salesman now, with a big sporting goods

(Continued on page 77)

By L. I. PENTELL



Newest artificial leg works like suction cup, gives more free movement and comfort to amputees.

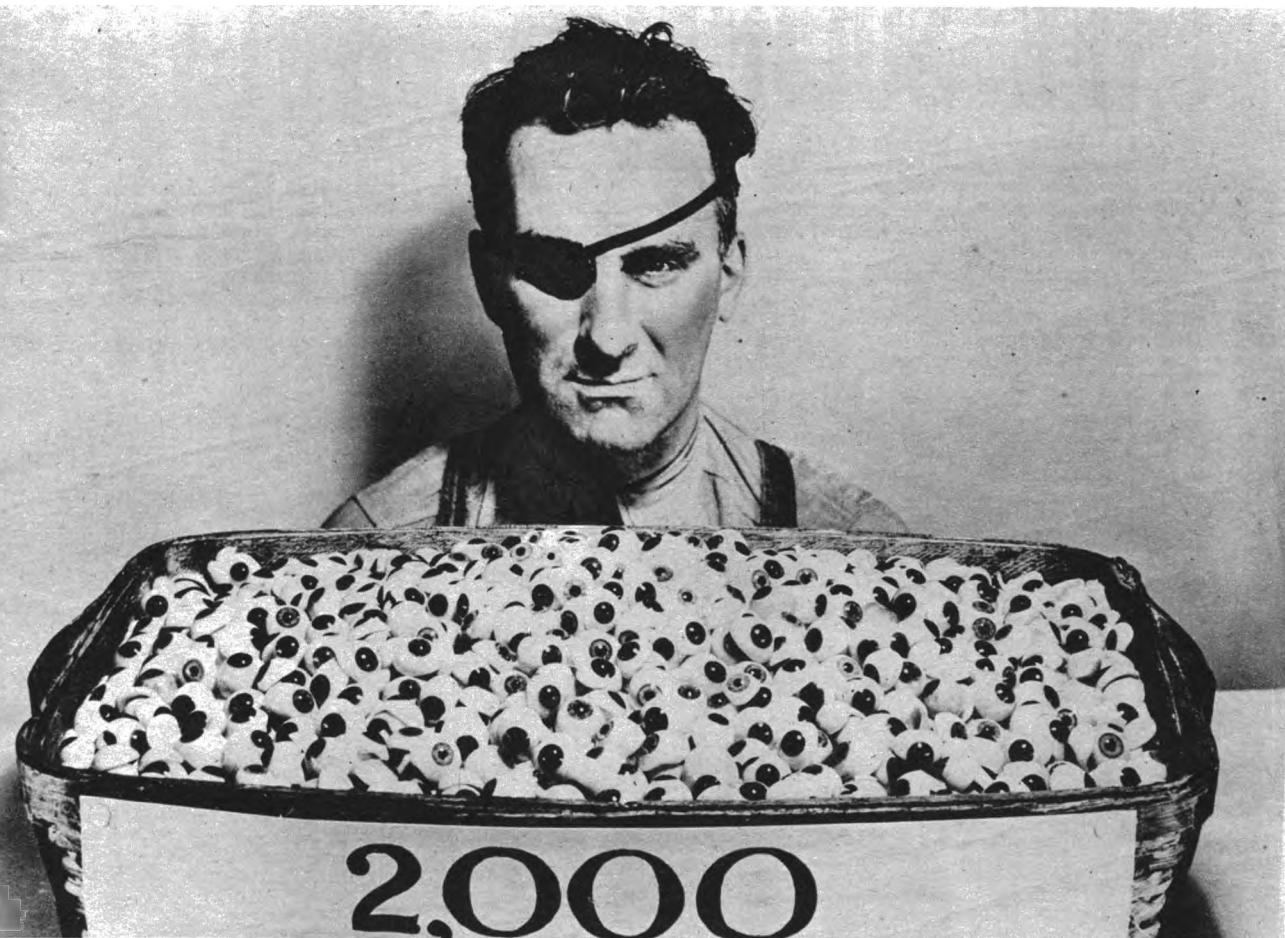


Artificial "testing" leg has taken 111,000 "steps" to determine construction and material weaknesses.

SPARE PARTS for your BODY

By BART RIORDAN

Medical science is now able to restore almost every part of the human body



It would take all the artificial eyes in this basket to replace the 2,000 eyes lost annually in industrial accidents in America alone.

INCREDIBLE though it may seem, science now has in storage virtually enough spare parts of the human body to go a long way toward attaining the creation of man by man!

But these "banks" of blood, bone, nerve and gland have not been established for the day of the Great Experiment. Instead, they are in use today in man's fight to prolong life as replacements for human parts wasted away by age or destroyed by violence or disease.

Here, in anatomical detail, is what science can do—and is doing—in manufacturing spare parts for the living human body.

Over several thousand years, up until the present, doctors were baffled in their efforts to restore something like normal vision to aged eyes curtained by cataracts. Now it's possible to recover sight through the insertion of a plastic core in the damaged eyeball.

The lens in the normal eye could be described as a jelly-filled capsule of a tough material resembling cellophane. A cataract is a clouding of this normally transparent lens. The general practice in combating this infirmity is to remove part or the whole of the affected lens and then, on recovery of the patient, to equip him or her with special glasses with a limited focusing range.

The new and ingenious technique in which plastic lenses are substituted was disclosed in the British medical magazine "Lancet" by Dr. Harold Ridley, a London surgeon. In the operation he performs, one of breathless delicacy, only the front part of the lens capsule, with the jelly, is removed. The back part is allowed to remain as a sort of a frame to prevent the artificial part from slipping farther back into the eyeball. Since the (Continued on page 67)

Decent citizens were shocked at the goings-on in Storyville

CAFE SOCIETY SECRETS

THIS is the incredible story of Storyville, birthplace of Cafe Society, gossip columning and jazz music.

During the recent explosive vice trial of Mickey Jelke, heir to oleomargarine millions, the impression was given that Cafe Society is a product of our inflationary times.

This isn't so. The free-spending cafe social set, almost exactly as it is today, first saw the light of day in Storyville, the officially designated redlight

Out of their escapades and those of the hundreds of prostitutes who plied their lucrative trade in the district emerged the gossip columns. These first made their appearances in newspapers almost solely dedicated to recording the piquant happenings that took place nightly in the 38 narrow streets comprising Storyville.

Frank to the point of libel, the columnists had pipelines into most of the brothels and faithfully reported



Many of our modern dance rhythms originated in call houses in the French Quarter in New Orleans



Some of the girls were specially-trained dancers, a few even came from the high-faluting ballet!

district of New Orleans and for 20 years the most notorious sin center in the United States.

Members of the plush pub-touring set of that day were about the same type as those making up Cafe Society today, idle sons of the rich, politicians, top business tycoons, gamblers, theatrical personalities, procurers, and girls of no noticeable morals.

And, then as now, they had but one aim—to close the night in erotic revel. In Storyville, since its streets were solidly lined with houses of assignation of high and low degree, this was easily accomplished.

to their readers the latest indiscretions of the cafe socialites of that day.

THE creation of the redlight district of Storyville was a desperate solution of a flagrant civic problem that had long baffled New Orleans.

Plaguing the Louisiana city for generations, commercialized vice was so rampant in the 1890's that the outraged respectable element of the booming metropolis at last rose in protest and demanded that the city government wipe out prostitution.

By ARTHUR EVERETT SCOTT

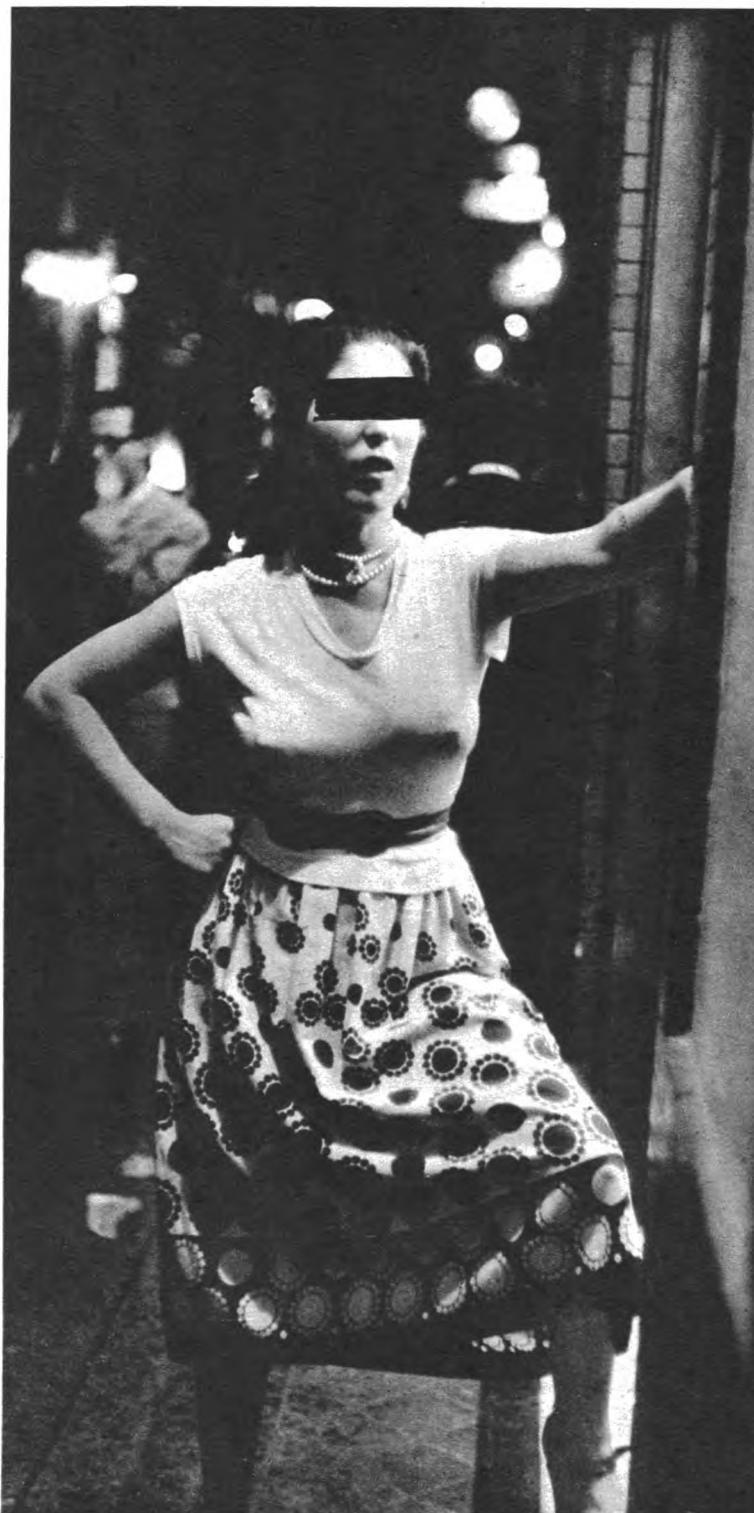
Spearheading the uprising, the Rev. E. A. Clay, pastor of the Dryades German Methodist Church, charged that a vast network of bordellos enwrapped the city. On Sunday, October 30, 1892, speaking to an overflow audience at his church, he declared:

"There are over five hundred of



New Orleans continues its clean-up drive; cops nab new vice ring.

these dark places scattered throughout this city from Carrollton to the barracks, and they run the gamut of condition from the palatial palaces of velvet and gilt down to the veriest stinking and reeking pesthole of foul nags and noisesomeness. Fifteen hundred angels of death and damnation inhabit these places. They affect and imperil the virtue and honor of



You won't find any street walkers (as posed by this model) in New Orleans today. Police are vigilant in maintaining clean-up.



Girls in better houses were well-fed. Wine was on the table for every meal—including breakfast.

CAFE SOCIETY SECRETS

every girl in the city."

After fumbling with the political hot potato for five years, the City Council finally came up with a compromise cure, a proposal that the city set aside a redlight district and bar the rest of New Orleans to prostitution in any guise.

Introduced by Alderman Sidney Story, the measure was adopted on July 6, 1897 and went into effect on the following October 1. Confining the district to the French Quarter, the measure specified a solid block of 38 streets in which cribs and parlor houses could be operated openly without the interference of police.

Although at first violently opposed to the ordinance, most of the town's madams in time resigned themselves to the new order and set about loading their ornate furniture aboard moving vans. By 1898, the segregated district, already labeled Storyville by the mocking transplanted sporting girls, was in full, riotous swing. By 1900, with 2,000 harlots on tap in almost 300 bagnios, the section had won the reputation of being the most sinful spot on the North American continent.



North Basin Street before the crack-down. This is in the cheaper section, where low-class houses were.

Storyville had barely got into its stride when the founding fathers of what we know today as Cafe Society adopted it as their own special bailiwick. Philandering business leaders, bored sons of wealthy planters and playboy scions of a number of the city's oldest and richest families soon were familiar habitués of the better class saloons and cabarets scattered throughout the district.

Their favorite diversion, outside of their own private personal relationships with the painted inmates, was to take out-of-town friends or visiting business associates on explorative tours of the swankiest of the district's bordelloes. On one such night out, a New Orleans businessman hosted a party of out-of-towners and squandered more than \$20,000 by the time dawn started to lighten the sky.

As a rule the cafe set opened these debauching junkets by first stopping off for a drink at the Arlington Annex, at Customhouse and North Basin. Here they were welcomed by Tom Anderson, political ruler of the district and bankroller of a number of houses and taverns. Usually before sending off the pleasure-seekers with his loud-mouthed blessing, Tom would confidentially drop the names of those brothels which had just added some "new choice stuff to their stables."

A must stopover on any of these licentious larks was a visit to the mansion of Josie Arlington, who reigned for years as redlight queen of New Orleans. Located at 225 North Basin Street, Josie's four-storyed establishment, from the outside, looked like the home of a society dowager. But the interior was something else again.

The visitor, once he stepped over the threshold, was stunned by the overpowering richness of the furnishings. Overhead were glittering cut glass chandeliers. Exquisite oil paintings, a number of them of great value, were on the walls. Underfoot were costly Oriental carpets, and at windows and doors hung delicate lace curtains and imported velvet drapes.

Only the elite ever had the privilege of admiring the decor of Josie's pleasure palace. As stiffnecked in her social requirements as a member of the DAR, Madam Arlington only trotted out her line of merchandise—and they were always the most beautiful girls in the district—when a caller gave convincing evidence that he was either loaded with loot or was a person

(Continued on page 56)



Girl looking out of door by tavern is prostitute. The upper floors were most beautifully decorated.



These lovely French actresses put on special costumes to show what the girls looked like in New Orleans around the turn of the century.

THE TRUTH ABOUT PREFABRICATED



Top, an outside view of a new pre-fabricated house, selling for \$7,500 including lot. Below, interior is roomy and comfortable.

Many people have the opinion that pre-fabs are fragile buildings made of inferior materials. But the truth is that they are really constructed stronger

HOMES

By WILBUR BOND

THIS year, an estimated 10,000 to 20,000 cash-conscious young husbands will save anywhere from a few dollars to several thousand dollars apiece on the purchase price of their new homes.

On a three-bedroom house, costing on an average around \$10,000, quite a few of these astute fellows will save between \$2,500 and \$4,000. On smaller houses ranging down to the two-bedroom home with generally smaller rooms, the savings will not be so large, but they will be as great in proportion—as high as \$2,000 in some cases.

These savings will be accomplished without any loss in the quality of the completed house. Furthermore, they are within the reach of most enterprising prospective homeowners who have the brains to read a blueprint and who can drive a nail straight. The lucky guys don't even have to know how to handle a saw.

In addition, extra savings in interest payments made unnecessary by the lower initial costs will accumulate over the lives of the mortgages. Generally these savings will range from one to several thousand dollars.

The above-mentioned fellows will save all this dough by purchasing one of the many types of prefabricated homes now on the market, and doing much—and sometimes all—of the erection work themselves.

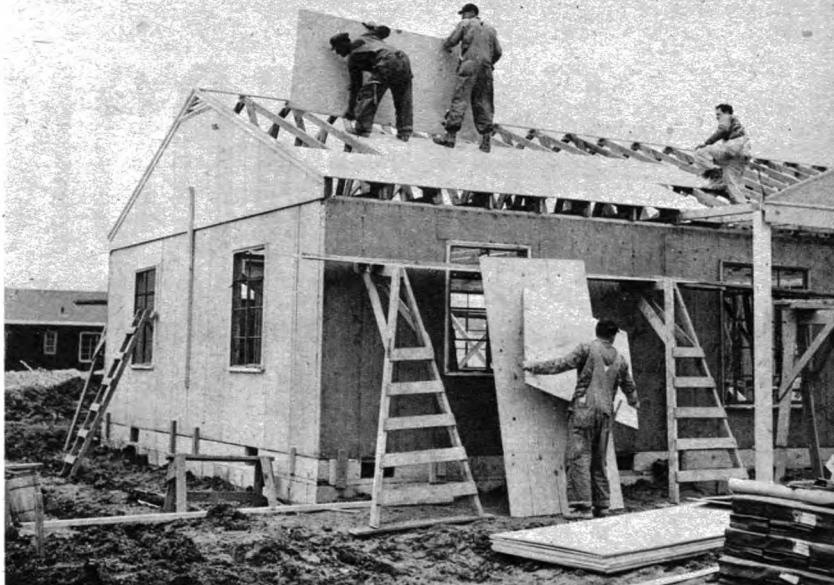
Before you decide that this is a project you aren't competent to tackle, let me give you some facts on the savings possible to the average man, unskilled in the use of construction tools, in doing as much as possible of the work in putting up his own home.

A three-bedroom prefabricated house, purchased at the factory, may cost as little as \$2,500 (I've seen prices considerably lower than that).

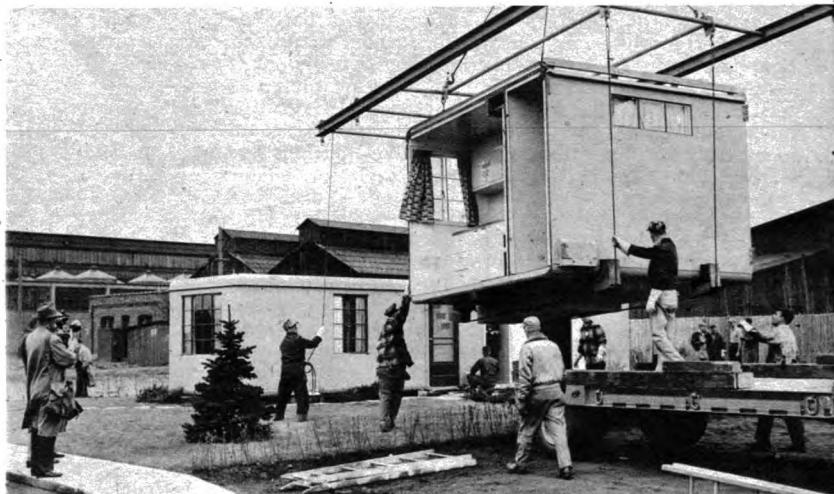
Erected on the site, however, it's in the \$10,000 price-class. Why?

In a survey conducted recently, it was shown that a very large chunk of the cost of a house is dispersed

(Continued on page 74)



Putting together a pre-fab is like working a jigsaw puzzle. House like this does not require skilled labor, can be rigged up quickly.



Depending on size, pre-fab can be assembled on lot, or it can be delivered to new site in one piece. Pre-fabs are booming in U. S.



the MOONSTONE

The moonstone brought Lon his evil wish, but not the way he had expected

By H. M. BASSETT

LON Cadwell shuffled along in the direction of the cold water flat that he called home. He did not hurry. *She* would not be there. There would be no supper ready and no real meal when she did come. He knew that the neighbors called his wife, Josie, a barfly. Her days were spent lolling over a bar. She spent her evenings in a drunken stupor. Long ago, Lon had given up trying to change or reform her.

A man can stand just so much, and no more, he was thinking. I give her money enough to run the house, but she's always broke. We never have a decent meal. And the house! A pigpen. No, I've told her. I've warned her. I won't take any more.

He turned into the shabby tenement house that they shared with seven other families. Dragging his feet up the stairs, he tried the door before searching through his pockets for the key. "Out," he muttered.

He unlocked the door and opened it into a messy kitchen. Dishes filled the table and sink to overflowing. The white gas stove was coated and spattered with the grease of many meals. The sink, clogged with coffee grounds, had egg shells and fruit peelings floating among the dishes.

Lon hurried into the other room of the small apartment. It was a combination bedroom and living quarters and messier than the kitchen. On the once expensive bed-divan, grey sheets which looked as if they had never seen soap and water, were piled in a heap. The soft, thick mattress was torn and soiled. Thick rolls of dust were everywhere.

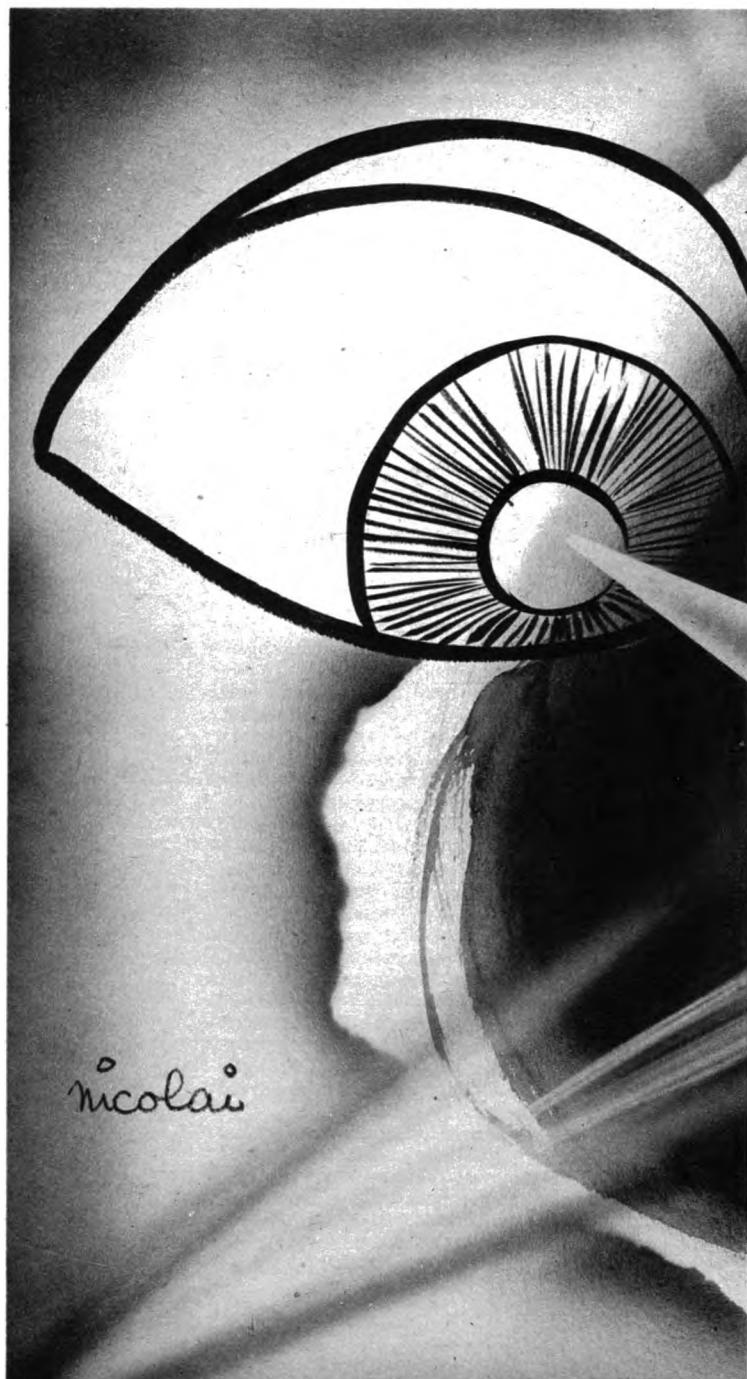
Soiled and discarded clothes, cheap magazines and empty bottles cluttered all the available space. The small coffee table was covered with dusty glasses, more bottles, and miscellaneous articles including one frayed satin slipper. Lon had kicked the mate from his path as he entered the room.

With a nervous glance towards the kitchen door, he crossed to the tiny clothes closet. Ducking under the cheap dresses, he knelt and with shaking hands lifted a loose board. From the hiding place he took a small object and slipped it hurriedly into his pocket. He backed out and shut the door quickly. He returned to the kitchen just as a tall, blowsy woman entered.

She slammed the door and leaned against it unsteadily, trying to focus her eyes on her husband.

"Huh! Home early, aren't you?" she said with a silly grin. "What's the matter? Wanted to see little Josie?"

Lon stared at her with naked hate in his eyes. but merely said, "How about something to eat?"



THE woman moved aimlessly around the room, tossing her handbag onto the table and throwing her hat into a chair. After staring vacantly into the sink for a few minutes, she automatically rinsed a couple of plates under the faucet, then made coffee and opened cans. When the meal was ready, Lon ate in silence. Josie sat opposite him drumming her fingers on the table and drank a cup of coffee.

Lighting a cigarette, she flicked the match in the direction of the stove. She dropped the ashes on the floor, and finally ground out the cigarette under her foot. Lon watched her, and thought, "the slut."

When he had finished the miserable meal, Josie reached for her bag. She opened it wide and turned it upside down. The contents rolled over the table and many dropped to the floor unheeded.

"Look, Lon. Broke! How about some money, eh?"

"Why, Josie, I gave you the housekeeping money only yesterday," he exclaimed. It can't be gone already."

"And why can't it?" she said belligerently. "You're eating aren't you? They don't give food away."

"I've told you before. I give you enough money to last the week

(Continued on page 52)

The scene enacted before his eyes brought a gasp of horror to his lips. A woman was dragged down a corridor by two uniformed men.





Peter Garland was a professor at the University of Berlin and has lectured extensively in Holland, Austria, Germany and America. He is a professional psychographologist and has aided in the psychoanalysis of many patients by detecting mental aberrations from their handwriting. He is frequently consulted by leading psychologists.

Peter Garland is well-known in Europe and U.S.A. as graphoanalyst.

YOUR PERSONALITY REVEALED IN YOUR HANDWRITING

Every time you apply pen to paper you are revealing everything about yourself. By looking at your handwriting an expert is able to tell all about your talents, your ambitions and can even tell about your love life!

By PETER GARLAND

NEVER before in the history of mankind has Nature withheld fewer secrets from man. Yet, the closer man has come to solving the riddle of the universe, the more of a mystery he has become to himself. The Atomic age has dawned on an average citizen sick at heart and in spirit, insecure in his relationships with others, confused and anxious about his meaning and place in the scheme of things.

The need for explaining man to himself has resulted in the sudden popularity of the science of psychology. Its purpose is to help him achieve happiness and self-fulfillment. Its scope includes a variety of methods: interpretation of dreams, hypnosis, automatic writing, ink-blot tests, free association, recollective identification, electric shock, chemical shock, narcissus and narco-synthesis. All these are in extensive therapeutic use in the United States today.

One method, however, which has been practiced with notable success in Europe (Switzerland, Germany and France) for the last decade has been virtually ignored in our own country. This is *psychographology* or the analytic reading of handwriting as a key to personality and personality problems—ranging from occupational guidance and the identification

of emotional conflicts, to the prediagnostic interpretation of sexual inhibition, perversion, alcoholism, paranoid delusion, and the variety of neuroses that modern man is heir to. This is a far cry from the popular notion that the graphologist is an ignorant itinerant who visits county fairs and carnival shows with no other equipment or preparation for his work than a collapsible tent and a smooth line of talk.

This American misconception of the significance of handwriting analysis is all the more astonishing inasmuch as one of the pioneers in the study of graphology as a deductive science was that Jack-of-all-talents, Edgar Allan Poe, who also invented the modern syllogistic detective story. In the 19th-century, in fact, the reading of handwriting, far from being the preoccupation of gypsies, engaged the interest of the leading minds of Europe: Goethe and Leibnitz in Germany; the Brownings and Sir Walter Scott in England; Baudelaire and Madame de Staél in France. Writers of genius whose prime intellectual concern, in a pre-Freudian time and way, was with the meaning and motivation of character. A passage from Walter Scott's *Chronicles of Canongate* (1829) is an excellent example of the acuteness of the contemporary

approach to handwriting.

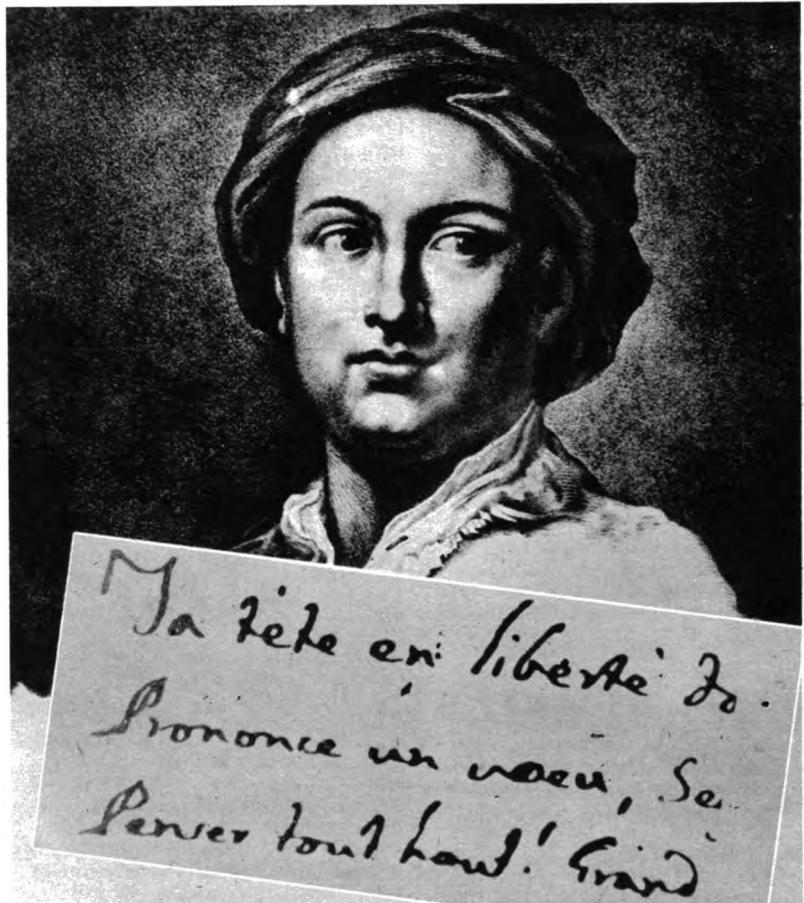
"... as I looked at the even, concise, yet tremulous hand in which the manuscript was written, I could not help thinking ... a man's character could be conjectured from his handwriting. That neat but crowded and constrained, small hand argued a man of good conscience, well-regulated passions, and to use his own phrase, an upright walk in life, but it also indicated narrowness in spirit, inveterate prejudice, and hinted at some degree of intolerance, which, though not natural to the disposition, had arisen out of a limited education. ... The flourished capital letters, which ornamented the commencement of each paragraph and the name of his family and ancestors whenever these occurred in the page, do they not express forcibly the pride and the sense of importance with which the author undertook and accomplished the task? I persuaded myself, *the whole was so complete a portrait of the man*, that it would not have been a more undutiful act to have defaced his picture or even to have disturbed the bones in his coffin, than to destroy his manuscript."

Scott's conclusions, translated into their psychological equivalents, would still be valid and accurate today. In comparing his "author's" handwriting-form to "an upright walk in life" he was actually prophetic of the discoveries which laid the scientific basis of modern psychographology almost seventy years later.

IN 1895, Dr. Wilhelm Preyer, physiology professor at Jena University, conducted a series of experiments to determine the origin of the writing force. The pen was first held in the right hand, then the left, then the mouth, and finally the toes (of the same person, of course). He proved by the incontrovertible similarity of the resultant writing patterns that "hand" writing was not a digital function but a centrally-organized brain function, and should more accurately be called "brain writing."

His colleague, Dr. Ludwig Klages, stimulated by the work of Crepieux Jamin, a French trail-blazer in scientific graphology, demonstrated that handwriting, despite being committed to paper, was actually an "expressive movement." All of the body's expressive movements, he went on, speech, pantomime, facial expression, gait and handwriting were inter-related and served to externalize inner tensions and drives of the personality.

(Continued on page 52)



Casanova's tremendous love life is revealed in his handwriting (above). Don Juan (below) also betrayed himself in a letter he wrote.



THE MOONSTONE

(Continued from page 49)

out. It's all you're going to get," he said shortly.

"Oh, yeah, that's what you think."

"Josie, I don't think, I know. If you've thrown away the whole week's grocery money, I'll eat at the lunchroom for the rest of the week. You'll have to get along the best way you can."

She stared at Lon in disbelief.

"You wouldn't dare!"

"Oh, won't I? You'll see. I'm sick of this—sick of it—do you hear?" he yelled.

"No money?—no money?—I've got to have some money." There was a long silence, then her voice rose in a scream, "You'll be sorry, Lon Cadwell. Oh, yes. You'll be sorry."

THE outside door closed with a slam that shook the windows. Lon hurried into the kitchen. First he pulled down the ragged shade, then locked the door and pocketed the key. Pushing back the dishes, he folded his long length into a chair by the table and pulled the small object from his pocket.

Under the dim light of the fly-specked bulb it looked not unlike a huge moonstone. About the size of an egg, it shimmered with an evil light. He tried to remember the man's exact words.

"It never fails," he had said softly. Leaning closer he dropped his voice still lower.

"It's like I told you. I never would let it go, but I need the money bad. Just concentrate hard on whatever you want the most. You'll see it right there in the stone. It never fails," he repeated.

Lon fondled the shining, evil thing. Now was the time. Now—he would see her as he had wanted to for months—dead! He glanced furtively around the room, then bent over the table, breathing noisily. The heart of the stone looked like liquid yellow fire, shot through with red lights. He watched it gloatingly. How would it happen?

Intent upon the stone, Lon neither saw nor heard a key turn softly in the lock or the door inch open slowly. All of his attention was centered on the picture forming amid angry red lights in the

heart of the object before him. He half rose, then sank back and stared as if hypnotized. What was this?

An electric chair—

The scene being enacted before his eyes brought a gasp of horror to his lips. A woman was being dragged down a narrow corridor by two uniformed men, followed by a figure in flowing black robes.

It was her—it was Josie—

Her mouth hung open, her body twisting and flailing about. She was forced into the chair and the hood drawn over her head. The electrode was strapped to her leg. The group moved back leaving the black clad man beside her. He bowed his head and his lips moved, then he too, stepped back. The lever was pushed and the body surged against the straps.

Lon covered his eyes. Oh, no, no—

He lifted his head in time to see a shadow like a giant arm move across the wall. He half turned and tried to move, but too late. He sprawled face down across the table. One hand still grasped the shining stone. The kitchen knife buried under his left shoulder blade quivered from the hard blow. Blood seeped through his clothes and dripped to the floor.

The tall woman quickly drew his wallet from his back pocket and thumbed through the thick wad of bills. Then she spat full upon him and backed through the door.

"No money, eh—" she screamed. "I told you you'd be sorry—" Her discordant, drunken laughter echoed through the hall as she hurried down the stairs.

Slowly the red fire dimmed in the heart of the yellow stone held in a man's dead, cooling hand.

THE END

YOUR PERSONALITY IS REVEALED IN YOUR HANDWRITING

(Continued from page 51)

Thus, a series of muscular contractions and extensions that produced a rigid upright stride would also be reflected in the rhythm of the individual's other expressive gestures. It would be registered by the pen in its contact with paper, very possibly in "flourished capital," which in Scott's shrewd words, "express forcibly . . . pride and a sense of importance," and, in turn, convey the psychological implications of social rigidity, inadaptability, and a prestige drive.

The stamp of recognizability which dominated all of Professor Preyer's acrobatically-produced examples was as individual and personal as a set of fingerprints. But psychographology begins where fingerprinting and the Bertillon system of identification leave off.

Handwriting, it must be remembered, is a medium of communication, an impulse for expression that originates within the brain of the writer and extends out into the world. Unlike other "expressive movements" it has the advantage of leaving its own record for analysis. As the letters grow right-wards into words, and the words into phrases and lines, the writer is building a bridge between himself (the starting point at the left) and external reality. In the defini-

tion of Dr. Max Pulver, the great Swiss grapho-analyst, "Writing is the path leading from the 'I' to the 'You'; it is the bridge over which the communication moves from the 'Ego' to the 'environment'."

In covering this path, the writer must unconsciously expose his conflicts with reality and the material world, his fears and anxieties, his ambitions and potentialities, the strength and direction of his emotional and sexual drives.

In forthcoming articles in this magazine, I shall go into the various aspects of grapho-analysis, and trace its evolution and development from the first treatise on the subject, *Ideographia*, published in 1664 by a Renaissance physician called Camillo Baldo, to the post-war vocational rehabilitational results it has accomplished in various hospitals. For the present, I must content myself with pointing out what graphology can do for you.

First, it will help you know yourself by pointing out your latent weaknesses and strength.

It will point up your hidden talents, identify your negative qualities and make you more aware of your positive ones.

It will help resolve your doubts about yourself in your work and intimate relations.

The character and temperament of your friends and loved ones will in turn be revealed by their handwriting, enabling comparison and appraisals of qualities which are rarely undisguised in the normal course of most relationships.

SINCE graphology draws many of its truths from the unconscious—the writer, concentrating on the literal import of his message, and unaware of the abstract meaning of his writing form, spontaneously reveals aspects of himself that his conscious mind would censor—it is last but not least, a faithful mirror of the sex drive in all of its devious variations.

I have chosen a few examples to illustrate this latter generalization. Before we examine them, I should like to add parenthetically that, with one exception, I have selected exaggerated types to make my point more apparent to untrained eyes, since the worst examples are often the best examples as object lessons.

The specimen below is a fragment from the hand of the Marquis de Sade who contributed his name and sexual appetite for torture to the human vocabulary in the form of the word "sadism."

ave in you
Dinner availed
complie ga
Vineer- de

De Sade's craving for tormenting others is revealed in the very manner in which his pen has stabbed and torn at the paper. The terminal strokes are daggerlike points or clubs (the c in the first word and the s at the end of the same line). The t-bar menaces the letters crawling under it on the second line like a raised stick; the lower zone loops in the first and third lines resemble flexed whips ready to lash out. The pastiness and blotchiness of the writing as a whole—ink is the vital fluid of the pen—indicate violence and exaggerated sensuality. The blotted and inked-in loop

of the S in the signature of the family name tell the rest of the story: a giant-sized father fixation which no doubt was the origin of de Sade's psychopathic need for inflicting punishment.

Another gentleman who enriched the English language is Sacher Masoch to whom we owe the term "masochism" which describes the erotic gratification derived from submitting to pain and injury.

Ein Gramm. -
- wi wi. -
- die -
- für -
Trotz Brigitte

Here again, extreme sensuality is apparent in the blotting and heavy inking. But what is most striking is that Masoch's writing (for a German script which is rigidly gothic and pointed) is curved and rounded, bent over backwards, so to speak, in a gesture of submission. Anyone familiar with the old-fashioned German educational system will realize how significant this deviation is and how it was rewarded in the schoolroom.

Casanova's handwriting belongs to the archetype "great" lover and insatiable seducer.

Once more, overbrimming sensuality is revealed in the heavy inking. The heart-shape of the opening letter is an excellent example of symbolism in handwriting (ideographs). In much the same way, the heavy, clearly articulated upright strokes, the curiously headed t's, and the P's, propped up and over-elaborated, all clearly denote obsessive phallic preoccupation and demonstrate the unconscious autobiographic revelation which writers sometimes bring to letter forms.

Casanova reveals himself in his handwriting as oversexed and under-proportioned, a Don Juan whose abnormal sexual drive originated in the fear of his own inadequacy as a male, and the need constantly to test and prove his prowess.

The following is the handwriting of a psychopathic exhibitionist with a more obvious variation on the phallic theme.

Want it
it

In conclusion, I have included another example of autobiographic symbolism which has no connection with abnormality or sexual aberration—and I should like to point out here that grapho-analysis is never based on the interpretation of a single writing device or mannerism but on the entire configuration of the handwriting's characteristics as they relate to, and modify each other.

The following specimen was submitted to me through the mails. I opened my report by informing the writer that he was a professional musician who performed upon either the violin or viola. If you examine the I's in his example you will notice that some are crossed with strokes that resemble fiddle bows while others are written like reversed G-klefs; the double gg in the word "suggest" is an inverted double G-klef and also is a fairly accurate replica of archaic music notation.

about. were (I) je
y address. not
time, I really do
if (I) know if
name is Donis.
The suggestion to

This information about his profession, coupled with observation I had made about his bedroom behavior, brought an indignant demand in the next mail for a personal consultation. His wife, he was certain, had betrayed him to me. It took a good deal of patient explanation to convince him that the truth about himself was in his own handwriting!

THE END

Get the
most out of life!
Earn
more Money!

DISCOVER YOUR HIDDEN STRENGTHS!

Become a real success!

Peter Garland, World Famous psychographologist, says: "Discover Your hidden strengths!"

Everything is in Your Hands. Through an analysis of your handwriting, you can now take full advantage of the secret powers of your mind. You can know the latent greatness in your personality. Now is the time to unveil your real capacities through an expert analysis of your handwriting. By taking advantage of this new knowledge of yourself, you will be admired by your own sex, fascinating to the opposite sex. You can also learn what your friends are really like. Through their handwritten letters you can now be certain of their deepest desires and inner emotions.



To secure this expert personal analysis, follow these simple directions:

1. Send a sample of your handwriting to Handwriting Analysis Service 21 West 26th Street New York 10, N. Y.

(Examples should be written on unruled paper and should be of 20 lines or more. If possible, specimens not written expressly for analysis are preferred since they are less likely to be inhibited or self-conscious.) Also, please use a non-ball point pen (no pencil, please).

2. Age and sex should be stated.
3. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope written in your own handwriting.
4. Enclose two dollars (\$2.00) by check or money order to cover the cost of your own personal analysis.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS SERVICE

21 West 26th Street
New York 10, N. Y.

Enclosed are my handwritten specimen, a self-addressed envelope, and \$2.00 (check or money order). Please send my personal analysis by Mr. Garland by return mail.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... Zone.....

State.....

THE MAN WITH THE MACHINE-GUN BRAIN

(Continued from page 31)

The door flies open. I shoot and the recoil knocks the gun from my hand to the floor.

IT was Mira. She collapses in a heap. Bob enters a second later. His box-like face is leering to see the look in my eyes. The gears mesh in his chest, wheels spin and the sound-apparatus starts humming. Almost immediately, the impulse is transmitted to the sound-apparatus and his metal jaws move, open. Three more seconds and the amplifier snaps on, the words flow out: "This is how I planned it. Now

the police will call it murder and suicide. You were jealous of Mira, killed her and then yourself. Your prints are on the gun. The letter in Mira's pocket is the one you wrote us while I was performing abroad, the one in which you threatened her for going off with me. It's a perfect case against you. Goodbye, master," and the machine uttered this last word with a hiss of sarcasm.

The last I could recall was the metallic laughter as the monster of my creation carefully navigated his hulk down the steps.

THE END

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT WINES

(Continued from page 36)

wines are processed to produce the fizz effect, since some do not take well to the process. Sparkling is always the result of bottling before the process of fermentation is complete or of adding more sugar after fermentation has taken place, and then bottling. Wines which take well to sparkling include burgundy, asti spumanti, moselle, champagne, etc.

The really strong wines are all fortified by the addition of brandy, which gives them up to 23 per cent alcoholic content. Among the best-known of fortified wines are port, sherry, madeira, and malaga, for example. Sherry is drier than port because the brandy was added after fermentation had stopped, thus increasing strength without increasing sweetness.

Among the fine sherrys are amontillado, amoroso, fino, and manzanilla. Sherry has the peculiarity that it should be drunk either soon after it has been bottled or after a lapse of decades from bottling, "bottle age" improves it during the intermediate years.

LIKE the natural wines, the fortified wines may be either red or white, dry or sweet.

Really potent are the brandies, of which Cognac is the best known. Actually, brandy or wine can be made from many fermented fruit and even out of herbs such as the dandelion, as our Federal Alcohol Administration notes.

There is a legend that brandies were first developed for overseas shipment, the idea being that water could be added at the destination, reducing the high-powered concentrate back to wine strength. But the fiery taste found its admirers, and brandies have been with us ever since.

Brandies range in alcoholic content up to 50 per cent and higher. They do not improve after bottling, but before bottling, they improve in the cask for 25 years or more. Beyond this period, brandies tend to lose their body and become thin and acid.

So the important thing to bear in mind when purchasing brandies is how long they were aged before bottling *not* the overall age. It has been pointed out that if so-called "Napoleon brandy" dating back 150 years were available—which it probably isn't—it probably wouldn't be worth drinking.

The question frequently arises:

THE ONLY PIPE AIR-CONDITIONED

The Secret is in the Specially Designed
Meerschaum Type **REPLACEABLE BOWLS** you get FREE
with every pipe

Cross-section views show HOW IT WORKS!



Ceramic bowl is placed in briar wooden bowl of pipe. Absorbent paper or cotton takes up all saliva and moisture.



The screw-on metal radiator ring cap quickly draws heat from bowl and gives it off to the air FAST! Also holds ceramic bowl in pipe securely.

HOW PIPE IS AIR-CONDITIONED and ALWAYS STAYS COOL!



NEEDS
NO BREAKING IN!
NEVER OVERHEATS!
ABSORBS NICOTINE
AND TARS!

ABSOLUTE
MONEY-BACK
GUARANTEE!

AIR-CONDITIONED FEATURE LETS YOU CHAIN-SMOKE! Because of the pipe's exclusive double-bowl the smoke is cooled as it circulates between the inner ceramic bowl and outer wooden briar bowl, now at last — you can enjoy pipefull after pipefull with unmatched cool, smoking pleasure.

SMOKES DRY — TOBACCO NEVER GETS WET! The absorbent paper or cotton packed in the space below the ceramic bowl quickly sponges up saliva and excess moisture. Your tobacco burns down to a full ash. No more throwing away wasted "wet-heal". Even extremely "wet smokers" can at last have the enjoyable, dry smoke they've always wanted.

NO MORE "SMELLY" PIPE ODOR—
EASY TO CLEAN!

No need to knock this remarkable pipe against hard objects to get out ash. No need to scrape or gouge to clean out any heavy carbon cake. Dr. Philip's Pipes do not form a cake—the ceramic itself acts as a ready-made cake. Using a match stick, you clean out the ceramic bowl in a few seconds. Then, remove the ceramic bowl and wipe out the pipe with paper tissue. When you absorb all the stagnant saliva, you eliminate the main cause of

"smelly pipe". Replace the ceramic bowl and you're ready for the next pipefull.

AT LAST! A PIPE FOR EVERY
TYPE OF SMOKER!

Dr. Philip's is the only pipe designed for each individual smoker. Dr. Philip's pipes come in SHORT SMOKE MODEL (15 minute bowl) and LONG SMOKE MODEL (3/4 hour bowl). All pipes are featherweight with a flat base that will not tip over. Made of the finest imported briar from Mediterranean countries and hand-crafted by experts.

TO GIVE YOU THE C-O-O-L-E-S-T SMOOTHEST SMOKE YOU'VE EVER KNOWN!

Ingenious bowl with porous wall absorbs harmful tars and nicotine while you enjoy the cleanest, sweetest, dryest smoke of your life!

A
PIPE SMOKERS
DREAM
COME TRUE!

NOW for the first time every man can smoke the only pipe designed to give you incomparable, rare enjoyment. Dr. Philip's pipes need no breaking-in because the replaceable bowls are a ready-made cake. The porous wall of the inner ceramic pipe absorb the harmful tars and nicotine. Only the cool, mellow, bite-free smoke comes smoothly through.

10-DAY FREE TRIAL!

You must be enthusiastically delighted and satisfied that this is the most wonderful pipe you've ever smoked, or return within 10 days and your full purchase price will be promptly refunded.

TRY IT AT OUR EXPENSE!

Mail FREE TRIAL Coupon NOW!

DURO SPECIALTY CO., Dept. P3
22 West 48th St., New York 36, N. Y.

I enclose \$_____ Please send me my Dr. Philip's Pipe including 4 EXTRA BOWLS.

SHORT SMOKE MODEL \$4.50
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If not satisfied that this pipe is all you claim for it I may return it within 10 days for refund of purchase price.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

How good are American wines and brandies?

The answer to that is: Some are very good indeed. There are California and New York champagnes, for example, as fine as any produced in France. Currently, however, the European beverages are available in this country at very low prices, and one good way of acquiring an education in wines is to try both the U.S. and European varieties and compare them.

NOW for some suggestions as to storing, handling and serving wines.

Wine should always be stored in a cool place where the processes of conversion into vinegar will be retarded. That is why they are often stored in wine-cellars. A good

storage temperature is around 55 degrees Farenheit.

Bottles should be stored on their sides. This is because each bottle contains a certain amount of air which, if allowed to contact the cork, might cause the cork to dry out and shrink or crack, permitting wine to escape and bacteria to enter, with resultant quick spoilage.

If bottles of old wine contain sediment, they should be placed upright several hours before the wine is to be used. This will give the sediment time to settle. Care should be taken not to shake the bottle while uncorking.

If the wine is of a sparkling variety and under gas pressure, a good precaution against explosion while opening is to wrap the bottle in a cloth. Most people prefer to

pour the wine into a decanter for serving, but some serve from the bottle, which may or may not be packed in ice, depending on the variety.

Tradition says that dry white wines should be chilled before serving while sweet white wines should not. The sparkling wines of either color always should be chilled. Dry red wines should not be cooled, while the chilling of sweet red wines is optional, since it lessens the cloying taste.

Except in the case of mixtures of wine and soda and a few tall drinks, ice should never be put directly into the wine, since it dilutes the qualities. Unlike whiskey, wine is too weak in the first place to stand diluting.

Wine should never be consumed rapidly. The flavor is too elusive for this sort of treatment. Instead, wine—and always brandy—should be sniffed appreciatively from time to time, sipped reflectively, held in the mouth for a few seconds, and then swallowed.

Another question that has been asked is: Should cocktails be served before a dinner at which fine wines are to be featured? Why not? Generally the cocktail period is a time for mild invigoration prior to the dinner itself. A cocktail serves the purpose more efficiently, perhaps, than a light wine. But limit the cocktails to one or two, otherwise the delicate flavor of the light wines served early in the dinner will be lost.

If wine is selected and served in this way, it will merit the praise of being called the "King of Liquids."

Why not experiment with fine wines, and find out for yourself how much they have to offer and how subtle they can be?

THE END



"I'm getting hungry. How about you?"

CAFE SOCIETY SECRETS

(Continued from page 45)

of breeding and social standing. Retiring with a fortune in 1909, Josie died five years later. But even in death she demonstrated she still was the standout madam of the city. Shortly after she was interred in a red marble tomb, the

city, in unconscious tribute to her reign, installed a red traffic light on the roadway passing the cemetery. Through a freak of illumination, the rays of the traffic light bounced off the polished tip of the tomb and, in the night, made it appear that a red light glowed over Josie's final resting place.

Thousands, including many girls from the district, made pilgrimages to the Metarie Cemetery before the city got around to replacing the memorializing red light with a white one.

DURING its heyday in the early 1900s, Storyville not only had its own trade journals, but guide books as well. The best of the latter was the Blue Book, now a collector's item, which was peddled to out-of-towners at a quarter a copy.

A 40-page booklet, the directory not only listed every girl in the district, including the latest arrivals, but carried blatantly outspoken ads in which the various madams boasted of the talents and versatility of their girls.

Among the largest of the advertisements was that of Queen Madam Josie Arlington, Illustrated with a line drawing of a sedate mansion, Josie's institutional notice stated:

"Nowhere in this country will you find a more complete and thorough sporting establishment than the Arlington."

"Absolutely and unquestionably the most decorative and costly fitted out sporting palace ever placed before the American public."

"The wonderful originality of everything that goes to fit out a mansion makes it the most attractive ever seen in this country."

"Within the great walls of the Arlington will be found the work of great artists from Europe and America. Many articles from the Louisiana Purchase Exposition will also be seen."

Other madams in their ads vied with Josie for the lavish-handed patronage of the city's Cafe Society crowd. The Firm, located at 224 North Villere Street, in a snooty announcement, declared: "... The Firm is also noted for its selectness. You make no mistake in visiting The Firm. Everybody must be of some importance, otherwise he cannot gain admission."

While not so ultra-exclusive, Eunice Deering, who operated a high-class house at Basin and Conti Streets, advertised with pardonable pride that she and her place were "known as the idol of the society and club boys. . . .



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Aside from the grandeur of her establishment, she has a score of beautiful women."

IT was the custom of the swankier of these establishments to employ small orchestras to furnish music for the bacchanalian soirees the Cafe Society crowd staged in the glistening ballrooms of the sporting houses. Imitating their more prosperous sisters, the lesser-priced madams did the same, hiring coin-cadging musicians they encountered in the saloons and streets of the district. Out of this practice came the jazz band.

Inspiring the first jazz combination was a group of seven boys, none of them over fifteen. Headed by their singer-manager, Harry Gregson, later to become a captain of detectives in New Orleans, the youthful band performed with cowbells, an old kettle, a gaspipe, harmonica, bull fiddle and a fiddle fashioned out of a cigar box. Their nicknames included Warm Gravy, Whisky, Stalebread Charley, Cajun and Monk.

Organized in 1895 as the Spasm Band, the youngsters introduced jazz music to the world in the impromptu concerts they staged nightly for the show crowds. A well-known music phenomenon around town when Storyville opened, they soon found ready employment as entertainers in the red-light district.

So popular was the youngsters' free-wheeling version of music that their style was copied by other groups. One of these aggregations went so far as to appropriate the boys' billing of "Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band" and play an engagement at the Haymarket Dancehall on Customhouse Street. When the young originators threatened to stone the larcenous musicians into silence, the imitators changed their name to the "Razzy Dazzy Jazzy Band."

Storyville, which hit its peak in the early 1900s, heard its death knell sounded on October 9, 1917, when the city adopted an ordinance banishing all brothels from the city by midnight of November 12. The measure was a result of high-level government orders forbidding the operation of houses of prostitution within five miles of Army or Navy installations.

On the night of November 12, the last of the sporting girls, their arms loaded with spangled dresses, trooped out of Storyville into obscurity. Only three of its offsprings were to go on to greater glory in other cities—Cafe Society, gossip column and jazz music.

THE END

HOW GREAT IS NATIVE DANCER?

(Continued from page 27)

served his apprenticeship on the business end of a plow for several years. He was given a chance to show his greatness because his stablemate, Superman, went lame before the Aintree classic.

Chase Me spent the first four years of his career as a show horse. Given a chance on the track, finally, he won his first start by ten lengths, and went on to whip nearly every good horse in training at that time.

The truth is that no horse has any claim to greatness until he has proved himself great. He has no class until he has established his class, his speed, stamina, and courage, under fire. Courage and the will-to-win are undoubtedly the two most important factors in the make-up of a great horse.

WE believe the past performance records are the only true yardstick of a horse's ability. What he has done in the past is the only solid ground we have for predicting what he might be able to accomplish in the future, as in the case of Native Dancer. We must compare his record with those of the other greats, and there is no comparison with the gray horse's eleven consecutive wins—unless you bring up the fabulous Colin's fourteen in a row.

Man O' War still outranks all others in the minds of most people even though he suffered defeat, once, when the aptly named Upset took the decision. His outstanding characteristics were his phenomenal stride, (twenty-four feet), and his seemingly unlimited capacity to handle any impost assigned to him.

Citation was beaten once by his stablemate, the filly, Bewitch, and on several occasions by the gray speed burner, Miche, when he was trying for a come-back in California. It was after Miche had taken his measure, however, that he set the world record for a mile at Golden Gate Fields.

There have been many other great ones which must be considered when making our comparison.

Tremont, for instance, won thirteen races in a row. Hanover visited the winners' circle on no less than seventeen occasions without tasting defeat. Hindoo romped home in front in eighteen consecutive races.

Calgo, Jr., though he established his enviable record in Puerto Rico, was an American-bred. After winning his first race, he ran a close second before launching on an amazing campaign of thirty-nine straight victories. What made this all the more remarkable was that the record was established within the span of one year.

If we go beyond the territorial reaches of the United States, the English stallion, St. Simon, must be considered for top honors. He was finally retired to stud undefeated.

Then there's the fabulous Australian racer, Gloaming. He won fifty-seven of his sixty-seven starts, finishing out of the money only once. He was so good it became virtually impossible to find competition for him.

Such are some of the illustrious names and records which must be taken into consideration before we can hope to arrive at a rational basis for decision as to which of the great race horses of our time, and past times, is the greatest of them all. Even then it is impossible to arrive at a selection that would suit everybody. Each of us is inclined to put different values on separate factors, hence, even though all of us view the same set of facts or records, each of us may come up with an evaluation which is at variance with the other.

It is always risky to go too far out on a limb where a high-strung, finely-bred thoroughbred is concerned. Each has his strong points and his weak points. Each has his own personality, his own foibles. Many of the complex factors which go into the making of a great race horse are mathematically not measurable, so there is no slide rule by which any of us can say that one horse is greater than another.

It should be remembered that Native Dancer's grandfather, Dis-

covery, was one of the greatest race horses of all time. As a two-year-old, he was miserable. As a three-year-old he made the bookies weep. However, by the time he was four years old he came into his own in a style that puts him in a class with the story-book greats. Discovery was winning races with ease despite the fact that he was carrying as much as 143 pounds in some handicaps.

Native Dancer looked more like a champ in losing the Derby than most horses ever did winning it. Bumped off his stride in the first turn, the gray horse fought his way back to contention and gave Dark Star a head-and-head go of it at the finish line.

It seems that no great horse has ever won the Kentucky Derby. Unlike his grandfather, the Dancer has shown his true mettle at an early age. This writer will go on record as saying that Native Dancer, now that the Preakness is in back of him, will rise to the exclusive level of true greatness.

THE END

BASEBALL'S MOST FABULOUS ATHLETE

(Continued from page 13)

the Boston Red Sox, was such a menacing clouter, that Ed Barrow, general manager of the New York Yankees, wanted the Bambino for his outfield, despite Ruth's record (which still stands) for the most World Series shutouts.

Walter Johnson, probably the American League's greatest hurler, is one of the few players in history ever to knock a ball over the left field bleachers in League Park, former home of the Cleveland Indians.

Schoolboy Rowe, when he was with the Detroit Tigers, is credited with the longest four-base clout ever maced by a pitcher. It was in an exhibition game with the New York Giants, and Rowe gave the ball a ride of almost 500 feet.

Dizzy Dean was as much a terror

with his bat as he was with his arm—especially in the clutches.

And Satchel Paige, the contemporary of all these men, is no different.

Ol' Satch says he's only 40 years old, but he has been saying it for at least six years, which puts him at or over the 46-year mark. Some says he's 60, but whatever his age is, he could kill them all.

It is known that while playing in the negro leagues, Satch always managed to hit the ball around the .300 mark.

In 1948, when he came up to the Indians, he batted a meager .247, nothing for a pitcher to be ashamed of. But the following year, Satch's batting average rose to a healthy .304.

Satch didn't play major league baseball in 1950, but in 1951, Bill Veeck brought him over to the St. Louis Browns. That season, the ageless wonder clubbed the cover off the ball at a .479 clip. Last year, Ol' Satch hit .307.

WHAT records are available of his pre-major-league career

show he pitched 100 games a season for at least 17 years, and in 1941, he pitched every day for 30 days.

Once in Puerto Rico, he won 23 consecutive games while batting .400.

"When I lost the 24th by a score of 3-2," he recalls, "fans were sore and said I must have been out drinkin' all night."

HERE is Satch's pitching technique: Satch will use a windmill windup one time to throw a slow ball. On another occasion, he'll wind up fast and hurl his fast ball. Then he'll reverse the process.

He pitches sidearm, overhand and three-quarters. He owns a bloop ball and a blazing fast ball. He has a slider that cracks like a whip and a curve that snaps. He uses a fast double windup and a slow quadruple one.

In 1948, he added a few more pitches to his already imposing repertoire—a controlled knuckler and a variety of breaking curves. He also has a pitch he calls the "bat-dodger."

When he goes into his windup, he

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cranks his lean frame like a coffee grinder. He shoves his size 14 shoe high in front of him and then lets fly. Some batters contend that when Satch holds his foot in the air, he conceals not only the ball but the entire ball part.

To younger fans, this languid, shufflin Negro may be just another interesting name with a lot of dubious records—dubious because his peak days came before Branch Rickey lifted the major-league color line and Satch was restricted to Negro loops and exhibitions. But there seems no doubt that Paige would have won recognition as the greatest pitcher the game has ever seen.

In exhibitions against white teams, Satch faced and humbled the best. He struck out Rogers Hornsby five times in on afternoon. Joe DiMaggio nicked him for one slim single in five games—after which Joe classed him "the best pitcher I ever seen." He best the great Dizzy Dean, then in his prime, in a 1-0, 13 inning mound duel.

FINANCIALLY, Satch has done all right for himself before signing with Cleveland Indians. For at least 15 years he averaged \$30,000 a year

with the willowy arm that apparently never wearied. Negro fans wanted to see him pitch every day, and he usually obliged. Once in Pittsburgh he pitched a no-hitter against the Homestead Grays. Then he drove all night to Chicago where, that afternoon, he dusted off the American Giants 1-0 in 12 innings.

In the fall of 1947, Satch took the mound against Bob Feller's barnstorming All-Stars, a team of top major-leaguers, and not only blanked them but chalked up 16 strikeouts during his nine-inning display. That convinced the Indians there were still a lot of relief pitches left in the old arm, and they signed him on July 7, 1948. Two weeks later, he made his debut—in a relief role against his present team, the St. Louis Browns. In the two innings he worked, astounded baseball scribes counted an even dozen different deliveries and, as usual, nobody got home.

Old' Satch can still rifle a ball between two batters six inches apart but his outlook has changed.

"Looking back, I used to just stand out there with nothin' but speed in my mind. Nowadays I got thinkin' on my mind. Used to I'd tell the catcher to just hold the glove steady where the ball was to



"Why don't you pick on someone your own size?"

come and I'd hit it and hit it till the batter was gone. Now I out-cute them. I'm helpin' my old arm with thinkin'!"

But baseball's most fabulous pitcher is also giving rival hurlers plenty to think about every time he comes shuffling to the plate. A

skillful bunter and deadly clever on the hit-and-run play, Satch gives the Browns' lineup a hitter in the ninth slot.

There seems to be no end to Satch's abilities. Like Old Man River, he just keeps rolling along.

THE END

HOW THE AZTECS FORETELL THE FUTURE

(Continued from page 15)

Simultaneously, in the Aztec year 1 Acatl, the emperor Montezuma was driven nearly out of his mind by the unearthly portents that warned of the coming of the White God. Papantzin's vision—the most terrifying and explicit of the omens—painted in graphic detail just how the White God would arrive and how the ancient Indian empire would collapse.

The background to the incredible story was a prophecy made in the pre-history of Mexico. From a tangle of legend and fact emerges the fact that there was a benign god worshipped all throughout Middle America, known as Quetzalcoatl, "The Plumed Serpent." His skin was said to be white, he wore a beard, and his robes were decorated with the sign of the cross.

Unlike most Mexican gods, Quetzalcoatl disapproved of human sacrifice. Thus it was that a cult of self-bleeding and mutilation sprang up in his worship. Possibly because of religious strife centering around the matter of human sacrifice, the Plumed Serpent trekked to the Gulf Coast and arrived somewhere in the present-day state of Tabasco. Embarking on a raft of serpents, the god sailed away to the east, promising that he—or his sons—would return to resume rule in the calendar year 1 Acatl.

This was the legend that was already ancient when Montezuma began his rule of the Mexicans. Of a deeply religious nature, he believed implicitly in the old prophecy and lived in a constant state of fear from the time of the first omen. The Aztecs, of all the tribes in the valley of Mexico, most dreaded the return of Quetzalcoatl. They had conquered most of the country, were demanding cruel tributes from their vassals, and practiced human sacrifice to a degree never equalled by any race in history.

What punishment the White God would inflict upon them they could

only guess—but they knew his return would spell their doom.

In 1509 the waters of the lake surrounding Tenochtitlan, the magnificent Aztec island capital, became violently agitated. The weather was clear, there was no wind. Yet the awesome lashing of the waters continued, increasing in their fury, until the canals of the city began to rise and the streets were flooded.

Not long afterwards, another portent appeared in the heavens directly over the Aztec capital: a three-headed comet blazed from the East across the black Mexican sky and struck terror into the hearts of the valley population. Never had such a phenomenon been seen.

But a far more terrifying omen was yet to come. A tremendous light, shaped like a vast luminous triangle, appeared on the eastern horizon, its apex soaring high into the skies over the valley. It bathed the countryside in an eerie light and was visible from midnight till dawn for a period of forty days.

A neighboring king was so distraught by this warning that he immediately stopped all wars in which he was engaged, and prepared to welcome the White God with peace in his land and an easy conscience.

MONTEZUMA, half out of his mind, watched the tremendous light and beseeched his soothsayers to re-examine their interpretations and see if there were not some other meaning to the omen. When they simply repeated their first explanations, Montezuma ordered them strangled and called in other prophets.

And still the omens continued: a great temple of stone mysteriously caught fire and burned to the ground. A giant stone column crashed from nowhere into a plaza. A second temple burned—without apparent cause. The ghostly figure of an Indian woman was seen

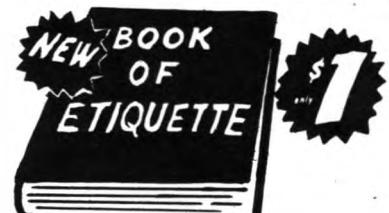
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walking the dark streets at night, wailing over the coming fate of "her children." Montezuma saw a vision of a horde of approaching men: they appeared to be half-man, half-deer.

Then, the warnings suddenly struck close to the emperor himself. The princess Papantzin died, was entombed, yet reappeared in her favorite palace garden and told that she had been returned from the land of the dead with instructions to warn her people of the coming events which she had been allowed to see.

She told of great ships, so enormous that beside them Aztec boats would look like toys. The ships were manned by ruddy-faced, bearded men with grey eyes. They wore strange costumes and shining helmets encased their heads. They carried banners unlike any others ever seen before. She said the men were called the Sons of the Sun.

Scattered throughout her beloved valley, Papantzin had seen bones—the remains, she was told, of her own people. And she saw black men erecting a great house.

Montezuma, of course, was thrown into a fit of terror by this revelation. He had a new sacrificial stone quarried and brought into the city. It was dedicated with the blood of thousands of living victims. He ordered that the temple of his war god be covered with jewels and gold. When his advisers warned that the already overtaxed population could not support such an added cost, Montezuma had the advisers killed instantly. In addition to the human sacrifices he offered up, he bled himself cruelly and fasted for days.

Then at last, in the year 1 Acatl—1519—a native messenger from the East brought Montezuma a report. It was in the usual form of pictures on *maguey* paper, a graphic account of the events to be reported. One glance at the scroll was enough to tell Montezuma that the end was at hand.

On the paper was an accurate sketch of the half-men, half-deer—the Spaniards on their horses, animals the Indians did not know. There were pictures of the ships Papantzin had seen in her vision. But—surest of all—there were the white-skinned bearded men, complete even to the symbol of the cross as worn by the ancient Quetzalcoatl. The great god had finally come from the East to reclaim his people.

Immediately Montezuma dispatched ambassadors carrying conciliatory offerings from Quetzalcoatl's shrine in Tenochtitlan.

Among them were an exquisite mask of turquoise and jade, two huge wheels representing the sun and moon, one of silver and the other gold. The desperate emperor told his emissaries to bring back more drawings of the White God, of his thundering sticks that could kill, and his strange attendants who were men, yet had the four-legged bodies of deer.

The Spaniards, their ambition fired by the sight of the rich gifts Montezuma had sent, began the long, hard march to the capital, Tenochtitlan, where they fully expected to find the streets paved with gold.

During the arduous march, Montezuma remained in his city, hearing reports of the White God laying waste to the countryside, accomplishing apparent miracles, and tearing down the temples wherever he went. As was to be expected, the White God forbade human sacrifice and set up crosses on the debris of the destroyed temples.

Doubts entered Montezuma's mind. Advisors and allies insisted that these Sons of the Sun were not gods nor emissaries of the gods. They reported that the strange beings could be killed, just like any mortal man.

Yet in his heart he knew better, and his own gods warned him continuously.

Cortes marched inevitably on, finally reached the city and even took Montezuma prisoner. Until the day he died—by stoning at the hands of his own enraged people—Montezuma was never sure whether the white, bearded beings were gods or men. Probably, because of his strong faith in omens, prophecies and oracles, he considered them at least the descendants of the god Quetzalcoatl. Everything pointed to it.

Ironically enough, Mexico had been prepared for the coming of the Spaniards. But the preparation served only to speed their final end. Had Cortes not arrived at the time when Quetzalcoatl was expected, history might have taken quite a different course.

However one chooses to interpret the mysterious portents, the old chronicles duly record them. Call them accident, blame them on the state of mind of the Indians, or regard them as natural phenomena that occurred during a tense moment in history and were exaggerated. There was no doubt in the Mexican mind as to what they meant, and that they eventually came true is one of history's most fateful coincidences.

THE END

HOW INTERPLANETARY SAILBOATS WILL WORK

(Continued from page 21)

ed, and only waits to be harnessed and put to work.

Does this sound fantastic? Then let's examine closely some of the reasons why certain top scientists believe the sailboat will be the long-distance space-craft of the future.

And why navigation will, in many ways, closely resemble the fine art of clipper-ship skippers of a few generations ago.

FEW persons realize the tremendous distances and power output required for even interplanetary travel. The Earth's gravity (which we scarcely notice unless we slip on a banana peel or fall off a stepladder) is actually so great that to overcome it a craft must attain a speed of around seven miles a second. It declines with distance, but even at thousands of miles out in space it is still a force to reckon with.

That is why all serious proponents of space travel do not visualize one-vessel trips between worlds. The fuel expenditures would be prodigious. For example, a rocket burning the most efficient chemical fuels and strongly enough constructed to stand the strains of takeoff and acceleration would be around 300 feet long and weigh around 7000 tons, of which all but 1000 tons would be fuel. All the fuel would be expended in one escape from Earth's gravity, and if the ship returned without crashing it would have to be "let down" by some elaborate parachuting device that would break the fall.

Radioactive fuels such as uranium have been considered, but here the problem of short supply enters. Earth's stock of uranium is so scanty that interplanetary flight on any large scale would exhaust it relatively quickly, just as we are now rapidly exhausting our known supplies of petroleum.

Though hydrogen is plentiful, it cannot be used for power. The temperatures required for the fusion of hydrogen with resultant release of energy are in the neighborhood of 20 million degrees Centigrade, and cannot be produced by man except by the ex-

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plosion of a uranium "match," which means that all the power available is dissipated in 100,000th of a second. A blast like that cannot be harnessed to drive anything.

These facts indicate that the needed power for long hauls must come from outside the ship. Fortunately, light from the stars is a tappable source.

As visualized now, passengers and cargo for space flights would be transported by "ferry rockets" to space satellites outside much—if not the majority—of Earth's gravitational pull, where they would be transferred to long-distance craft that actually never descend to the surface of any planet, that are originally constructed in space and that remain there throughout their useful lives.

Such ships, compared to jet planes and rockets, could be of unbelievably fragile and light-weight construction. Unless they came close to a planet or star, practically no gravitational forces would act upon them, while the principal strain they would have to endure would be the air pressure inside the living quarters. They would be, in effect, great bags of air, constructed perhaps of plastic-impregnated nylon or some light metal—materials frequently suggested for space stations. There would, of course, be some rigid internal structures, but

even they could be so fragilely constructed that, if they were on Earth, they would collapse under their own weight, slight as it was.

NOW for some of the reasons why space sailboats would be more efficient than rockets where conditions of weightlessness apply.

Even assuming that rockets could carry sufficient fuel for "round trips"—plus a payload, their speed would be relatively slow. Only at the start and end of a journey would they use power; the remainder of the time they would "coast" at constant speed.

The trip to the Moon, for example, would require about nine hours; to Venus, almost fifty days; to Mars, around ninety days; to Mercury, 110 days; to Jupiter, about twelve years; to Pluto, around 100 years; and to the nearest known star excluding our own Sun (Alpha Centauri, distance 4.3 light years), about 110,000 years!

At that rate, rocket travel inside even our own Solar System—except perhaps to the Moon and the three other "inner planets" Venus, Mercury, and Mars—appears to be just a pipe-dream unless we use an outside, limitless and constant source of power. Here is the low-down on light-power.

At the Sun's surface the light-pressure is terrific—sufficient to eject masses of flaming gases 100,000 or more miles in height at

speeds of thousands of miles a second. At the distance of Mercury—the closest of the planets—it is equivalent in pressure (not heat energy) to about one-250,000th ounce per square yard, while at the distance of the Earth it is equivalent to about ten times that amount.

If the Earth were not held in its orbit by the force of gravity, which causes it to fall toward the Sun at a rate of about five-twentieths of a centimeter per second squared, light pressure plus centrifugal force would gradually drive it further and further away from the Sun until ultimately it would be lost forever.

This, in fact, is what happens to comets—whose particles are small and of low gravity—which approach the Sun too closely. Light pressure disrupts them; the well-known phenomenon of cometary "tails" is caused by the reflection of sunlight on fine particles that are being driven away from the comet heads by light pressure. The tails of comets always point away from the Sun, while the speed of some of the particles is prodigious—many thousands of miles a second.

ONE of the most carefully drawn designs for a space sailboat visualizes a hull structure of a heraldic shape, perhaps 1,000 feet in diameter and weighing in the neighborhood of 2000 tons (Earth weight; actually there would be practically no weight at all in space).

Within the hull would be practically all the requirements for permanent living—even from generation to generation. The ship would be largely self-sustaining; for few supplies would have to be "boosted" up from any planet. Oxygen, hydrogen, and water could be taken aboard from some of the moons of Saturn, which are believed to be composed of ice. The asteroids and other small bodies in space contain carbon, nitrogen, various metals and metallic oxides. All of these, because of their low gravity, could be easily "mined" without danger to the space schooner.

Fresh vegetables could be grown in hydroponic tanks, while selected animal tissues for meat consumption could be grown in cultures containing vegetable nutrients. Crewmen—and presumably their wives—might be expected to "sign on" for their entire adult lifetimes. The fifty or more "desks" would provide comfortable accommodations for hundreds of persons.



"Just stepping across the street for a bite
—get your order the minute I get back."

The sail for such a ship which would give a practicable acceleration (sufficient to bring the speed in relation to the Sun up to seven miles a second in about 600 hours) has been estimated at about fifteen square miles in area, or a little less than four miles on a side if it were square.

If this sounds impossible to construct, remember again that there would be no weight problem, while no forces whatever would act on the sail other than the pressure of light. The sail itself would be built of some very light metal such as magnesium or lithium.

Actually the most efficient sail-shape is not a square but a circle. The sail would not be completely flat, but slightly concave, with the "hollowed side" held in shape by guy wires strong enough to resist the light-pressure and prevent buckling of the sail. Suspended from the center of the convex side of the sail would be the hull of the ship.

THIS ship, of course, would have to be assembled in space. That would be a fantastic task. It has been estimated that no less than several score of rocket trips, each carrying only a few tons of materials, would be required, while the cost might run as high as \$5 to \$10 billions.

But the ship, once built, would be practically eternal. Since it would require no fuel, it could make innumerable trips without additional costs other than the maintenance and salaries of the crew. Taking on its cargoes in weightless space, it could transport payloads of thousands of tons Earth-weight. By far the greatest cost in the delivery to a planetary surface of these payloads would be the shuttle-rocket expense at the end of each voyage. The same cost would apply in the movement of payloads from one planet to another.

The space schooner would be extremely safe. The pilots, for example, could make the most fantastic errors of navigation and the ship would be in no more danger than a sailing vessel off its course in mid-ocean. As long as it avoided coming too close to any planet or large moon, it could not be harmed except by a collision with a meteorite. Since most meteorites are tinier than grains of sand, damage done by such collisions might be expected to be negligible and not a factor endangering the lives of the ship or its crew.

Steering—just as in the case of an air-driven vessel—would be ac-

complished by the judicious use of a "rudder" and the angle of the sail. The rudder would be the ship itself, whose inertia would provide a "grip" for the sail in tacking. By the use of controlling sheets (guy-wires) the angle of the sail to the Sun can be altered through 180 degrees from direct vertical impact on the total sail surface to edge-on impact on only a thin crescent of sail.

Thus when it is desired to approach the Sun, the sail would be turned with its edge toward the Sun, in which position it would receive the minimum of light pressure while the Sun's great gravity would pull the vessel closer. To leave the Sun, the sail would be turned "full-face" to the Sun.

By "falling around the Sun" with the sail "reefed" and then exposing the maximum sail surface immediately after passing the Sun, terrific velocities would be possible. The value of this maneuver is realized when it is recalled that, throughout much of the time, all the planets are on the opposite side of the Sun from the Earth. The distance of Mars from the Earth varies, for example, from around 35,000,000 miles when both are on the same side of the Sun to more than 230,000,000 miles when they are on opposite sides. And they are only really "close together" about once in every fifteen years.

But the greatest advantage of the sailboat of space will come when man first attempts the journey to the nearest star outside our system. The distance of Alpha Centauri has already been pointed out, but there is good reason to believe that there are much closer stars that, because of their faintness or small size, have not yet been detected.

Probably the first interstellar trip will be to one of these stars. Assuming a rocket attempted it—and the star was only one light-year away—the trip would require 25,143 years at "escape velocity." But a light-drive sailboat—accelerating slowly but steadily—would make it in around twenty years.

So, if we ever reach the stars, or even have practicable interplanetary flight, the power must come from the stars themselves and not from chemicals or nuclear fission or fusion. And the only such power we have learned about so far is light-power itself.

Incredible as it may seem, the sailboat is most likely to be the high-speed, long-haul space-craft of the future!

THE END



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This tribe of cannibals use human bones in the special war dance they perform before every one of their "long pig" expeditions.

THE LAND WHERE MEN EAT MEN

(Continued from page 17)

The captain told me that two of the crew had fallen ill on the upward voyage, and had been allowed to rest for a short time. On the next ration day these two men were missing, and when he made enquiries the captain was told that they had died in the night, and had been buried on shore.

This didn't satisfy him and he searched the ship. Horrified, he discovered parts of the missing men smoke-dried and hidden away in the lockers of the six Bangala. He rounded up the men and had them placed in irons.

THE ordinary native preparation of human flesh for food is not so elaborate as that used by the Bangalas, but even so it is carried out with great care. The body is first decapitated and cleaned out, after which it is held over an ember fire and thoroughly singed until every trace of hair has been removed. Then it is carefully cut up into joints, and is cooked—as much as is wanted for immediate consumption—in large pots, the rest being thoroughly

smoke-dried over a greenwood fire. But the natives will eat as much as possible while they can. They get the craving to fill their bellies with human flesh until they find difficulty in breathing and can scarcely stand up straight.

In the heart of the Congo country where no white man dares lay down the law, women who fail to keep up with the tribe when it is on the move are killed on the spot and cut up to provide the children and the dogs with food. No man will touch the flesh of a woman, but it is considered good enough for infants and dogs.

The heads of victims killed for food are thrown away after the teeth have been extracted. These serve to make ornaments such as necklaces and armbands which are worn by the women. The hair too, when it is not the thick wool of the negro, is used for plaiting into ornamental strips. Often the skin is removed from the body and is made into drum-heads. The heart is the most sought-after tid-bit, for to eat the heart of a man is to acquire whatever courage that

man possessed. By eating his arms also, the cannibals are supposed to acquire strength.

During a recent punitive expedition against the Mabode tribe, which had been reported to have indulged in cannibalism, I saw a native boy hit in the shoulder by a bullet. Looking supremely unconcerned and apathetic, he was carried to one side by the men nearest to him. I ordered the men to pick him up and take him to the camp where the other wounded were lying. They objected that he was only a boy and did not matter. I berated them and threatened to put a couple of slugs through their bellies if they didn't obey me. At that they carried out the order, but for some time after delegations of Mabode came to me with the argument that I might just as well let them have the boy for killing now the fighting was over. The boy recovered and became my house-boy, but he was never grateful to me for saving his life. He had been brought up to believe that it was an honor for a wounded man to be killed off by members of his own tribe and eaten.

I SAW another side of cannibalism when I visited the Bateke tribe of the French Congo. I was sitting outside my tent in the cool of the evening, watching the men get their food ready. This too was a punitive expedition, and several on both sides had been left dead at the scene of the fight. There were also many wounded, and fewer men to get through the fatigues-work, so we were not through till nearly dark.

In the deepening gloom a man passed me, with a package on his shoulders neatly done up in banana leaves. I asked him what he was carrying. "Food," he said. "Food for the men." I asked what kind of food it was and he replied that it was banana food. I discovered later that he and several other men were passing to and from the scene of the fighting, cutting up the bodies and bringing them down in small parcels so they wouldn't attract my attention as they passed my tent.

In reality most of these eaters of human flesh are ashamed of being cannibals, and are embarrassed if interrupted in their gruesome work. Nearly always after a fight in which somebody has been killed, when they have cut up the dead and are bringing in the flesh, they will carefully conceal their tracks. If you wish to pass through in the same direction they will tell

you of a much better path and almost lay hands on you to force you to take it. Not until you produce a gun and warn them to get out of your way "or else" will they fall back and allow you to pass the place where they are cutting up the bodies.

The notion that civilization has stamped out cannibalism in every country in the world will make any traveller laugh who has seen plenty of what goes on in Central and East Africa. There pot-bellied men live in terror of being coveted by their hungry fellow-tribesmen, who make a hobby of collecting gruesome recipes for the delectable cooking of prime human flesh.

THE END

KEY TO IMMORTALITY HAS BEEN DISCOVERED

(Continued from page 11)

Entirely aside from the problem posed by Dr. Lansing's findings, prominent educators have made the unconventional suggestion that it might be better for society all around if boys and girls were allowed to marry while in their early teens, be given a "vacation" from the educational and economic problems of life for several years in order to start a family, and then resume the other tasks now assigned to the teens and early twenties.

Men who have advocated these theories are by no means of Communistic or Socialistic ideology; quite the contrary. They merely feel strongly that the mating drive of the young is stultified during the years when it is strongest and likely to produce the healthiest children. This drive could be allowed to function as it should without change in the basic structure of our democracy, they feel.

A start in the right direction, they say, might be to remove the "stigma" attached to young marriages and allow young wives to live with their husbands while the latter are attending college, for example.

Most of the great religions, including the Roman Catholic Church, are in favor of youthful marriages and starting families early whenever possible. No greater deterrent to adolescent vice could be imagined.

Finally, youthful marriages with the early start of families need not be compulsory; in fact, quite the contrary. If they were free to do so our young people would select the mates of their choice and marry them at a very early age, with increased prospect of a permanent marriage thereafter.

All in all, it appears that the problem is not insoluble. And certainly Dr. Lansing has made one of the greatest discoveries of all time, if not the greatest. He has shown why nothing dies so long as it contains an active growth factor, and he has also shown how that growth factor is best transmitted—by young parents.

Results of further research along his lines will be watched with great interest. In the meantime, if you want your children to live longer than you do, marry and have them at an earlier age than your parents did. Give "Factor X" a chance to aid humanity toward the personal immortality that science has now shown is ultimately achievable.

THE END

SPARE PARTS FOR YOUR BODY

(Continued from page 41)

plastic lens is only half the weight of glass there is little danger of it sinking beyond its anchorage.

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If the plastic lenses stand the test of time, medical authorities declare that the new technique will be recognized as one of the greatest advances in eye surgery ever made.

ANOTHER medical miracle now being practiced is the substitution of new arteries for old. The first blood vessel graft of this type was made by Dr. Robert E. Gross of Boston in 1948.

Long years of research by many surgeons preceded the historic operation. Learning from his own and the countless experiments of other researchers, Dr. Gross found that he could take blood vessels from donor dogs, store them and then at a later date transplant them successfully into other dogs.

In preparation for similar operations on humans, the Boston surgeon collected and stored segments of arteries of persons who had met death in automobile accidents.

Chief beneficiaries of the technique, now widely practiced in cardiovascular surgery, are persons suffering from constricted or dilated arteries or malignant conditions eating away vital blood vessels. Also snatched from almost certain death through the transplantations are those victims of accidents or injury whose arteries have been damaged beyond repair.

The first blood vessel bank was established at the New York Hospital by the New York Society for Cardio Vascular Surgery in July, 1949. When donors are available at various hospitals, the surgeons on duty at the bank are immediately notified. To successfully salvage the desired blood vessel, removal must be executed not later than six hours after the death of the donor.

The blood vessel most sought is the aorta, the main arterial trunk that supplies blood from the heart to the body. So effective has the New York bank been in the storage and eventual grafting of this and other blood vessels, that similar banks are now being planned in other cities.

ALMOST commonplace in medical circles today is the storing and transplanting of bone. Among the first of these bone storage banks was the one founded at the George F. Geisinger Hospital, Danville, Pennsylvania, by Dr. Leonard F. Bush. Bone splinters obtained from operations, in which extra bone is removed, are kept in a deep freeze unit until they are request-

ed for use in the repair of other bodies.

The upper plate may become an outmoded accessory if experiments in the transplanting of "live" teeth are pushed much further. Studies carried on by Dr. Harry H. Shapiro of Columpia University indicate that in the not-too-distant future a dental cripple may be able to submit to surgery and a new and living set of teeth installed to replace those that have given way to disease or violence.

The first step toward this objective has been taken with cats. A developing tooth of "germ," which is not more than a few millimeters in diameter, has been removed from a donor cat and grafted into the socket of a host cat from which a tooth had just been extracted.

Fourteen such operations are known to have been carried out, and in all of them X-ray examinations were made before and after the surgery and continued throughout the development of the tooth germ, a term which in this case means about the same as seed.

In those cases where the donor teeth were not injured during the transfer, they developed and grew normally. This held true whether or not the transplant was the identical type of tooth as the one removed from the host cat, as when an incisor was substituted for a molar.

Cats were selected for these experiments because the growth cycle in cats is much like that in humans. Kittens, like the human young, are born without teeth, acquire a first or "baby" set and then get a second and permanent set after the natural loss of the initial teeth.

AMONG other human spare parts being stored for further use are nerves. At the St. Louis University School of Medicine, for instance, Dr. R. M. Klemme and associates have transplanted nerves that had been lifted from human bodies and then stored. A method for instantaneously freezing sections of freshly removed nerves, dehydrating them in high vacuum and protecting them in sterile containers until needed has been devised by Dr. Paul Weiss of the University of Chicago.

Human veins are also stored away and then rushed into use to serve as "artery bridges" in those cases where death is threatened through severing of an artery.

A small vitallium tube is lined with the vein section, the ends of the vein being slipped back over

the outside ends to form cuffs. The ends of the severed artery are slipped over the cuffs and tied in place with silk thread. The patient wears the artery bridge until the end of his life. This rich contribution to the longevity of man was developed by Drs. Arthur H. Blakemore, J. W. Lord and Paul Steffko of Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York City.

Recently it was reported that medical science has made a giant stride in its race to replace the essential parts of humans. This newest and highly revolutionary discovery substitutes healthy glands for those corroded by age or disease.

In removing the extraordinary new surgery, the Yale Medical University School said that three ailing men and women were returned to normal life through the transplanting from premature babies of hormone-producing glands.

In carrying out the trail-blazing operations, surgeons utilized pieces of the glands of babies lost in miscarriages or in operations necessary to save the lives of the mothers. Adrenal glands were replaced in men because their own had ceased turning out hormones. A thyroid gland was transferred to the woman.

Animal tests with the bits of glands indicate that new vistas of hope may open in the future for ailing mankind. Humans may get new glands to control diabetes without the use of insulin. Other transplantings may revitalize depleted sex glands, control thyroid disease and, perhaps, even arrest or cure some kinds of cancer.

The restoration of sexual vigor through the replacement of glands is not new but, in fact, was a much-publicized sensation of another generation. The most famous practitioner of these earlier operations was Dr. Serge Voronoff, Russian surgeon and physiologist. His method, which is well known to the public, was to transplant monkey glands to those humans seeking the return of the potency of their youth.

The new method of Yale University Medical School is radically different. For the first time human glands have been transplanted and these glands are believed to function not only in the renewal of sexual vigor but in the elimination of actual organic disease.

Is it possible to replace the human stomach? So far seven such replacements have been reported. The subjects were cancer victims.

According to Dr. C. Marshall Lee of the University of Cincinnati

College of Medicine the results in three of the cases are encouraging. The other four patients, according to the American Cancer Society, came through similar operations.

The first cancer victim operated on by Dr. Lee and then given a new stomach was a 53-year-old man. Two weeks later the "spare-part" stomach was functioning perfectly and the patient remarked that he felt "better than ever in my life." His appetite was normal and for the first time in a long period he could eat three normal meals a day.

Who knows when science will have other healthy parts to replace those parts of the body ravaged by cancer?

THAT man in time will duplicate the intricate mechanism of the human heart is indicated by machines now in use which perform the functions of the heart during cardiac operations.

Among the most advanced of these contrivances have been those conceived by Dr. Gibbon of the Jefferson Medical College. The latest of the five mechanical hearts developed by the inventive physician consists of a series of four pumps and a battery of corrosion-proof stainless steel wire screens, which serve as the "lung."

To bar damage to the blood's corpuscular constituents and to eliminate possible sources of contamination, there are no internal valves or moving parts. The pumps work by means of rollers passed over rubber tubes.

The cardiopulmonary machines take over the task of the heart during the time the surgeons are at work on the living organ. In the first trials of the apparatus twelve dogs—selected because the canine heart and circulation are approximately those of men—survived an hour or more of artificial circulation without ill effects.

So far the best the machine has been able to do for humans is to sustain life for 80 minutes. This was achieved in the case of a 41-year-old patient at the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia. Death came to the man when the artificial heart was disconnected and the burden of living was once more returned to the diseased heart of the ailing man.

Still defying man's ingenuity is the transplanting or duplication of living tissue. If this goal is ever attained, then science's storehouse of spare parts for humans will have almost completed its inventory.

THE END

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(Continued on page 71)

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Continued from page 7a

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THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

OLD SEA SERPENTS NEVER DIE —THEY JUST SWIM AWAY

(Continued from page 23)

Back in 1944, a small band of farmers set out across the lake in a small row boat, determined to kill the monster. The leader, a tall, 30-year-old man stood erect in the boat, holding his rifle ready.

Suddenly, a creature, seven feet long, with two clawed feet sprang out of the water a few yards from the craft. The young Irishman took aim and fired at the monster's head. He missed, and the serpent dived safely out of sight.

The sea serpent hasn't been seen since, but the Irish still won't brave the waters of Dromate Lake.

Two of Canada's most famous sea serpents live in the western province of British Columbia. They are, in fact, the most re-nowned pre-historic monsters in the world. Their names are Ogopogo and Amy Cadborosaurus.

Ogopogo and Cadborosaurus are serpents of tremendous length. They have been around for such a long time that even the Indians knew of them. Tribesmen living in the area today will talk freely of the many feats both they and their ancestors have seen them accomplish.

Ogopogo lives in Lake Okanagan. When the white men began to dwell along this body of water, he soon developed a fear for the serpent. Warned by the Indians, the settlers would prowl the lake by night with guns to prevent Ogo from devouring their cattle.

Once a half-breed, named McDougall, tried to cross the lake on a raft with his two horses swimming behind. He heard a crashing noise and turned around to see Ogo swallow the horses alive!

Before the white man came to this region, the Indians made it a practise to butcher a pig or deer and feed it to Ogopogo before they felt safe to cross the lake. When the white man came, however, this "toll" payment stopped.

From then on, Ogo was forced to catch his own meals, and from time to time, many white men have disappeared mysteriously.

In 1947, three youths incurred a strong protest from Gordon Wismer, then attorney-general of British Columbia, when they tried to

shoot Ogopogo with a .22 rifle. The official cited the law which reads, "No one shall hunt or kill fish or marine animals of any kind other than porpoises, whales, walrus, sea lions, and hair seals by means of rocket, explosive projectiles, or shells."

A MY CADBOROSAURUS lives in the Pacific Ocean off Vancouver. In fact, she is the most spectacular monster that ocean has ever known. Thousands of tourists swarm to Vancouver Island each year just to see Amy's ugly head and curvaceous body.

Many of these "sight"-seers get their wish, and their varied and conflicting descriptions are added to the vast pile of data already compiled by Amy fans in the United States, Canada, and other parts of the world.

Most viewers agree that Amy is 60 feet long with a small earless head. Her face looks like that of a camel except when she opens her mouth and bares her sharp, jagged teeth. She is a light sandy color.

In all the years that she has served the tourist trade industry in Vancouver, Amy has maintained a spotless record for not maiming or killing anyone. Recently, however, this record was nearly stained.

A native of Victoria, British Columbia came upon her one day, while she was floating about in Cordova Bay, snapping playfully at ducks as they flew by her. She craned her slinky neck in an effort to take at least a wing or a leg off one of the ducks.

The Victorian rowed his boat too close, and Amy almost took off his head. When she saw what she might have done, she quickly returned to her home in Davy Jones' locker.

In 1943, at the placid fishing grounds of Brentwood Bay, a motor boat containing a small party of fishermen was anchored several hundred yards off shore. Suddenly, Amy lunged to the surface near the boat and began swimming in the opposite direction.

The fishermen pulled anchor and began pursuing the serpent. They



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caught up with her and rammed their craft into the head of this friendly creature. Amy turned over, revealing a deep gash running from her head down her neck. She pulled herself into the cold water and disappeared.

ON returning to shore, the fishermen bragged boisterously about their deed to reporters. They gloated over the fact that they would become famous as the first men ever to kill a sea monster in modern times.

Streams of letters protesting this monstrous act poured into the offices of newspapers all over Canada and the United States. When the fishermen realized that their deed had incurred scorn instead of praise, they feebly offered their apologies to the press a few days later.

Miraculously, Amy recovered and made another appearance about a month after the assault. She seems to have forgotten the incident, for she has been showing herself off with regularity ever since. This year, Amy has already been seen a dozen times by tourists.

Somewhere in the unexplored rivers of Africa or South America, the waters surrounding the un-

inhabited islands of the Pacific, or the ocean bottoms at the North and South Poles, are the nesting places for the sea monsters.

These spots serve as sanctuaries for the prehistoric beasts and their offsprings. When the serpents get bored, they take to the seas, and after a long swim, they come up in the harbors of our cities.

There aren't very many serpents living today, but if they are left alone, these beasts may multiply and, in a few hundred years, become as plentiful as whales. However, most scientists believe that the sea monsters are headed for extinction.

The serpents, on the whole, have changed just slightly in the past few thousand years. Once the object of the caveman's fear and hatred, they have become docile and shy now. In prehistoric times, the sea monsters thrived on devouring men, women, and children.

Today, though, these creatures are still stalwart fighters when forced to defend themselves, their personalities have mellowed—and for the better.

For some mysterious reason, the sea monster has become one of man's best friends!

THE END

CAN THE MOON AFFECT YOUR LOVE LIFE?

(Continued from page 29)

influence of the moon than doctors. Thomas Brophy, for example, well known New York City fire investigator, stated as a positive fact that more incendiary fires were set during periods of the full moon. This had held true for years, he said, and he always ordered out extra details of detectives on bright nights at the full of the moon.

One Boston detective, handling a tough kidnaping case, figured out everything he could about the character and habits of the criminal he was seeking. He deduced that at the next full moon the man he was after would write a second ransom note, and laid a trap on this basis.

The Boston cop nabbed his man on schedule. He does not, we can be sure, scoff at the influence of the moon on human behavior.

Most medical men write such stories off as "coincidence." Or, they say, any real effect is due to the presence of more light, which could as well be from a neon tube as the moon. Light, for

instance, disturbs sleep; hence, the tradition that madmen become wilder at the full of the moon. The light merely disturbs their sleep, and they become restless and noisier.

Other doctors, however, feel that this may be a rather glib answer to a human tradition so strong that insanity has even been named "lunacy" after the Latin word for the moon. Dr. J. Sadger of Vienna, a psychiatrist, made an intensive study of a number of sleepwalkers who were, in fact, "moonwalkers" since their spells occurred only at the full of the moon.

Sadger did his best to explain away the phenomenon which he observed as the effect of light alone. Moonlight could, for instance, remind a patient of a candle held by her mother when she was a child. The association might be the incentive needed to set up the sleepwalking act. At the end, however, Sadger is not quite convinced. There *may* be, he concedes, some absolute power in moonlight which determines the

behavior of persons sensitive to it. Such a theory has not been proved but neither, he insists, has it been disproved.

THROUGHOUT history, of course, many fantastic powers have been popularly attributed to the moon. One belief was that men of genius reach the peak of their creative powers at the full of the moon. The eminent English authors Milton and Chatterton both believed their own intellects were most vigorous at these times.

Greenlanders believed that a maiden could become pregnant by staring at the full moon.

Icelanders believed that an expectant mother who sat facing the moon would give birth to a monster.

People in various parts of the world have believed that sleeping in the moonlight would cause blindness; that a waning moon carries away disease; that a child conceived in moonlight will be an epileptic; that at the full of the moon sexual excitement will be more intense, there will be more deaths, and there will be more healthy children born.

It is easy today to dispose of such general beliefs as superstition. Occasionally, however, specific reports come to light from apparently reputable sources which make one pause. For instance, take the case of the two French women mentioned (from the report of a French physician) by Douglas Kelley, M.D. in his article *Mania and the Moon*.

One of these women had a round, rather pretty face at the full of the moon. As the moon changed, however, her face twisted. In the last quarter it became so distorted and ugly that she refused to go out in public.

The second woman was an epileptic. This disease has been traditionally associated with the moon for centuries. Associated with her disease were dark spots upon her face. These spots changed each month, following the phases of the moon!

Doctor Kelley does not try to explain these anecdotes. Another man, Benjamin Rush, did. The full moon, said Rush, increases the quantity of light and hence the rarity of the air. A sensitive body, particularly an ill body, develops a kind of sixth sense and can perceive and react to these slight changes in the atmosphere. Hence all the phenomena men have always associated with the moon. They are real and explicable.

MOST moon myths have shown fear and terror of the moon. For every one where the moon is a force for good, you can find five where its influence is evil. This fact has led to one of the most fantastic yet intriguing theories ever developed about the moon.

The guilty party is a man named Hoerbiger. Hoerbiger believes that 15,000 years ago the earth boasted a highly-developed culture, centered in the now lost continents of Atlantis and Lemuria. People were in general living pretty happily, and *there was no moon*.

The moon, according to Hoerbiger, was a wandering body in the solar system. Fifteen thousand years ago, however, it approached near enough to the earth to be caught in its orbit and remain as a satellite.

Results on the earth were catastrophic. Tidal waves and earthquakes destroyed the continents of Atlantis and Lemuria, and new lands rose above the surface of the sea. The new and tremendous gravitational pull of the new satellite forced an almost complete readjustment of the earth's surface.

People were terrified. Survivors blamed the disasters upon the new luminous body visible in the sky at night. (If Hoerbiger is right, so were they, of course.) And the mythology that developed around the moon was naturally heavily slanted toward tales of fear and terror.

Hoerbiger brings forward, as support, the fact that several ancient cultures have stories of a time when there was no moon. Despite this, however, you will have to look a long way for a modern astronomer who will buy Hoerbiger's theory.

You will also have to look a long way, though—and this is what makes speculation so much fun—for an astronomer who can prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that it couldn't have happened the way Hoerbiger dreamed it up.

The sum up, it seems reasonable to assume that if you're getting along all right now, you needn't start worrying about the effects of moonlight on your health, sex life, luck at the racetrack or anything else. On the other hand, this author doesn't think for a minute that Thomas Brophy was wrong about those Pyromaniac fires at the full of the moon—or that it isn't a mighty good thing Scotland Yard got its man before that other Old Man in the Moon got set.

THE END

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THE TRUTH ABOUT PRE-FABRICATED HOMES

(Continued from page 47)

in wholesaler - jobber - contractor transactions. You buy a house on the site, complete as is, and a lot of your money has already been spent merely to bring the components together in the same place. Take the kitchen, for example. It contains—if it's fully equipped—a range, hot-water heater (in many areas), a trade-name sink and cabinets, a refrigerator, and maybe a Beldix.

A considerable portion of the cost of these items has already been consumed in middleman transactions. If your house is in a large development—such as the new 16,000-home Levittown development in Pennsylvania—you probably get more for your money than in a small development, or than if you purchase from a builder who has shopped for these items in lots of a few units or singly.

In the same survey it was found that lumber that costs \$1,000 at the local lumberyard could be purchased for \$250 at the mill; trim that costs \$980 locally costs only \$195 at the mill; glass—a 100-per cent saving; and so on.

The moral here is that you can save by taking advantage of mass purchasing power. The Levittown

homes mentioned, for example, were largely factory-built and merely assembled on the site without the use of even a hand-saw. They were outstanding buys for the money.

MANY manufacturers of pre-fab homes buy all materials and equipment in very large quantities and pass the savings on to you. The largest such manufacturer, for example, is expected to pre-fab around 12,000 new homes this year with, naturally, a great deal of standardization.

Other initial savings possible in the purchase of a pre-fab, erected on a lot you have bought yourself, may be broken down roughly into things you can do yourself that you postpone for the future. Practically every pre-fab manufacturer can sell you a house that is complete to the slightest gadget, including factory-installed screens and even built-in mirrors and medicine cabinets. But you can also get perfectly livable houses that lack even hardwood flooring, interior wallboard and baseboards, bathroom tiling, gutters, downspouts, and paint. Obviously they come much cheaper, and you can

install these things plus such luxuries as a breezeway, built-in bunk beds, plywood paneling and so on at your leisure and depending on what you can afford at the time.

Still other initial costs you may save—depending on the time you want to spend, your handiness with tools and your willingness to postpone to the future include: a substantial amount in the cost of the lot combined with, very possibly, a more desirable location; construction of the basement or a concrete slab on which the house will rest (a saving up to \$1,500); grading and landscaping of the lot; running in of utility lines; installation of plumbing and wiring; and painting, for example.

Some of these things require only reasonable intelligence plus the ability to follow printed instructions; others require some skill; while still others may have to be done by union labor if you do not want to run afoul of the building authorities. It all depends on the local setup, which you should check carefully before you decide what you shall buy and do yourself.

But you can see that—whether you have only the ability to drive a nail squarely or can do skilled work, the savings possible are considerable all along the line.

BEFORE we tell you, step by step, how to go about building that pre-fab, let's point out one thing. Many people have the idea that pre-fabs are fragile houses, built of inferior materials such as improperly seasoned materials, liable to "come apart at the seams," and looking as much alike as crackerboxes.

This is definitely not true. All the reputable manufacturers use materials of the finest quality (within the price range) which have been carefully tested to specifications; wood, for example, is kiln-dried and tested for water content. Cutting and assembly—as for example wall panels including windows and doors eight feet by twenty feet or more, complete with exterior and interior siding—are so accurately done that it's very seldom that a planer has to be used or a hole rebored. Often the sections themselves, due to the use of welding materials together by, for example, phenolic resins, "hang together" far more stubbornly than is the case with conventionally bonded units. Frequently they are bolted, dovetailed, or otherwise interlocked.

There is a near-infinite choice of styles and layouts. A publisher's catalog may list several standard-



"I just want this teeny little recipe."

type homes, but the choice of materials is considerable, while in many cases provision is made for the addition of rooms without destroying the overall symmetry. You can use plenty of imagination in making your own pre-fab distinctive.

The first point to bear in mind in buying a pre-fab is: How much of the work am I able or willing to do?

Pre-fabs are delivered in different degrees of assembly, including the "fully-built," which is installed on your site by the manufacturer or his local dealer, who pays all the labor costs and naturally charges you for them. If you are interested in saving money, you will not want a "fully-built."

Some of the recent prices on fully-built, just for the fun of it, are:

2-bedroom, \$6,350; 3-bedroom, \$7,375; 4-bedroom, \$11,500. These prices include everything except the cost of the lot, plus transportation to the site. (Note two-bedroom factory price previously mentioned for comparison check.)

Transportation costs may range anywhere from a couple of hundred dollars to as much as a thousand. Cheapest method is by the factory truck; it also offers the additional advantage of a fixed delivery date. Most expensive is by rail and local truck; another drawback here is that the date of freight deliveries is often uncertain, which means that if you need to hire a local truck, plus help in construction, you will be very much "up in the air" until the knock-down house is already on the siding.

The greatest construction savings can be made with what is known as the "pre-cut house." All materials come to you pre-sawed, but there has been no factory assembly. Everything is carefully numbered, even the siding and floor-boards, and you are provided with a very detailed plan. If you are a pretty good handyman, you should be able to erect the pre-cut house in several weeks of work-time—say eight weeks.

Next comes the "panelized house," which is made up of sections—usually eight by up to 20 or more feet—which can be assembled quickly. Six men—some of these sections are pretty heavy—have been known to put together a six-room house (exclusive of the foundation and utility lines leading in) in a single day.

This means setting up the shell only, or enclosing the structure

and providing the exterior and interior walls, complete with doors and windows. Installing the plumbing and wiring is about ten days' work for a good man.

THE question has often been asked: How is the wiring put into walls which have already been assembled? The answer to that is: Wherever a wire is to run inside a wall panel, there is an entrance and exit hole somewhere in the panel. Through these two holes, and through fastenings already installed inside the panel in accordance with the most exacting electrical codes, a slim wire has been run, and fastened to the outside of the panel at both ends. You merely fasten one end of your electrical wire to this little "come-along" and pull it through. Simple, but effective.

You won't save a great deal by erecting a panelized house yourself unless the panels are pretty well stripped, as previously indicated. Most factories, for example, prefer to sell the panels complete with both the exterior and the in-

terior siding, plus skirtings, window and door frames installed, and so on. Even the doors may be pre-hung. Items that project like hardware and fragile items like glass may be separately packed, but they come along in the deal unless you specify otherwise.

How much you want a house "stripped" must be settled by negotiation with the manufacturer who will adjust his price accordingly. (For that matter, when buying a pre-fab of any sort, be sure to find out *what you aren't going to get* for the price listed!)

Another type of pre-fab is the "sectional," in which you get complete chunks of your house limited in size only by transportation regulations. Bolt or otherwise fasten together four or five of these sections, and you've got your house assembled. Obviously the labor saving here isn't great.

Now, if you figure you are industrious enough to make a good saving on doing a lot of the work yourself, you are at the stage where you should consider the problem of financing.

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For example, you will not be able to make your down payment on the whole shebang, move in anytime after closing date, and then just worry about your monthly payments thereafter, as is the case when you buy an already-built. You cannot get a permanent mortgage until the house is completed and the valuation of the entire property is established.

When you buy your lot, you may have to pay cash for it. Then you will have to pay the costs of preparing the lot, running in the utilities and getting the foundation or cellar in place. On the pre-fab itself, you will probably have to put up 25 per cent of the cost of the house in cash before the house is shipped, and the balance on delivery.

That sounds like a tough order, but it isn't so bad after you study it a little. If you are a steady earner and have a good credit reputation you will probably find plenty of banks and loan outfits of other types that are willing to finance you on a step-by-step basis. Maybe you've got the cash in hand to buy the lot. That should aid in getting a short-term loan for the purchase price of the house, plus additional loans as construction proceeds. Commercial lenders generally find home owners—even would-be ones—about the best credit risks there are.

The fact that you are saving on your construction costs by doing much of the labor yourself should enable you to refinance on a long-term mortgage as soon as the house is completed and approved by the proper authorities. For the market value of the place will probably be considerably above your immediate cash outlay at the start.

FROM what company should you buy your pre-fab? Here you have a wide choice; there are about 300 manufacturers in the field. Practically all will supply you, on request, with plentiful literature, plus pictures and detailed floor-plans, to plow through.

Here are a few of the big names, selected almost at random: American Homes (New York); Anchorage (Westfield, Mass.), Factory Built (McDonough, N. Y.); General (Chi-

cago); Green's Ready Built (Rockford, Ill.); Hannischfeger (Port Washington, Wisc.); National (Bay City, Mich.); Pease (Cincinnati, O.); Precision (Stockton, Cal.).

As you will note, almost all areas of the country are represented. By checking around a bit, you will be able to find a pre-fab manufacturer relatively close to you. This may be important, for some do not deliver by truck at distances greater than a few hundred miles, although they will ship by freight (ultimately costlier and slower, including the local truck, in many cases, than one-vehicle delivery) to any place. There are savings, too, on the shorter deliveries.

Also you will find that some manufacturers do not sell homes to individuals, but only to local builders. Some act as their own local builders, and sell lot, home, etc., complete. In the latter case, of course, regular financing procedures are followed, but you may often be able to effect a saving by arranging with either the manufacturer or his local dealer to allow you something off for work you do yourself, or for items you can get along without for awhile. Usually these people are as cooperative as possible.

Pre-fabs must be all right, for there are enough of these houses in the U. S. today to house the population of a city the size of Detroit. Most of them were built fairly recently, and the total is booming rapidly. Even if you buy a ready-built pre-fab "as is" you will often save on the prices local builders are forced to charge. And if you do the work yourself your savings can be much greater—depending on how much of the work you want to do and are able to do.

THE END

MURDER-GO-ROUND

(Continued from page 25)

quite carefully got a good grip on her neck." I have big hands and she's a small, slender woman. It all worked out nicely. She struggled a little, of course, but not enough to really bother. At least, I thought so at the time. About all the damage she was able to do was with her fingernails on the backs of my hands. She scratched them enough in several places to make the blood start.

As soon as she grew quiet I stepped back to have a look at her. Her face was twisted in the evil leer of

violent death. And, strangely enough, even though I was the one that had won, she had a triumphant look, as though she were the one.

Suddenly afraid of her eyes, I quickly crossed the room and opened a window. The wind rushed into the silent room and rustled papers.

As soon as I managed to push her body through the window and heard the satisfying sound of her hitting the concrete driveway far below I lit a cigarette. It was to be my last. I planned it that way.

As I smoked, a commercial started on the TV set. It was advertising the very brand that I was smoking. "Hum, that's a good one," I thought. "Something of a coincidence."

As soon as I finished this last cigarette I flipped the end of it out into the night. The wind caught it and raced it away—a wildly spinning pin point of erratic light.

Grunting with the effort I climbed up on the window sill, balanced there a moment, and then, toppled forward. To fall six stories doesn't take very long. I don't remember any pain upon landing. I must have immediately blacked out.

WHEN I came to I found myself hurrying across a wild-filled street. The wind was whipping the skirts of my top coat. Bewildered, uncertain, I wanted to scream as the self-service elevator slowly inched its way up to the sixth floor. Fumbling for my key I hurried down the hallway. As soon as I got to the door I hurried into the livingroom. She was there—watching television. Her face was drawn and tense with the excitement of the scene she was watching.

Then—it started all over again. I

once more said: "Listen, the wind has grown louder." And once more I told her: "Darling, I'm going to kill you. Right now." Once more she didn't bother to answer me.

Yes and I choked her again and she fought back again—scratching futilely at the backs of my throttling hands with her long, sharp fingernails. And, once more, after I'd thrown her lifeless body out the window, I smoked one last cigarette. Then, as before, I followed her to the cement driveway six floors below.

This same routine has been going on all evening. How many times we've been through it all I don't know. It's become a fantastic dream—a nightmare that runs a hideous, convoluted course over and over again.

It must be a nightmare, some impossible dream. It must be, for otherwise I'd be dead. No mortal body can withstand jumping from a six story window over and over again. That's what I keep telling myself. And I'd believe it too, if it weren't for my hands, my fingers that by now are mere stubs of flesh and bone that crawl with agony.

Through the course of this endless evening her fingernails have slowly worked their way down through flesh to bone—to bones that are becoming rapidly braided and scratched with the fury of her reoccurring despair.

What—what will happen to me, trapped as I am, when in the slow but inevitable course of this revolving nightmare I am no longer able to throttle her; when I no longer have even my present bloody, braided fingerbones with which to kill her over and over again?

THE END

NIGHT SHIFT

(Continued from page 39)

concern, and Joe supposed his gift of gab came in handy with the dolls, too.

Joe shrugged his own thin shoulders inside the snug-fitting uniform of dark red gabardine. Not that he envied the guy, he told himself. He had a right pretty wife of his own. But he couldn't help it; it gripped him to see all these gals—some of them just kids like the babe at his door now—making fools of themselves over the big blowhard.

The girl had rapped twice more,

each time more loudly. Joe stepped back into his car. Sure enough, after one more extra-loud knock, she gave up and returned slowly to the elevator. Faint surprise tinged the disappointment on her face when she found the car waiting.

Suspecting, perhaps, that she had been watched, she remarked with some embarrassment, "Nobody home, I guess."

"Maybe he's asleep," Joe said.

She didn't buy that. "Most likely." She permitted herself a slight

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smile. "I knocked hard enough to wake the dead." She stepped inside the elevator. "I'll wait in the lobby."

JOE'S hand went automatically to the control, but he was reluctant to start down. He visualized her in the lobby, waiting. For what? For nothing. Getting the come-on from the lobby wolves. And her not even out of high school yet—he would bet on that. Such a little thing, too. Shorter, even, than Joe himself.

He told himself not to get soft-headed about it; he asked himself what he was—a Boy Scout looking for good deeds to do? Hell, it was none of his business.

But aloud he said, "I could let you in the room with a passkey, if you'd rather wait there."

Lashes fluttered over the kid-blue eyes; a faint flush crept up her cheeks. Easy to tell she was new at this sort of thing.

With a light, nervous laugh, she asked, "Do you always let strangers into guests' rooms around here?"

"He won't mind," Joe said dryly. "I've done it for him lots of times."

Maybe that would be enough to send her on her way? He saw her eyes go dark for just an instant; then they focused with new determination and Joe thought he could read her mind: *Of course there've been others. But now it's different. He said so.*

"Besides, you're no stranger, Miss," Joe ventured to add when she remained silent. "I've seen you and—" he jerked his head towards 402—"him together, several times lately. In the lobby, in the coffee shop downstairs."

"Oh?"

"Fact is, my wife was talking about you two just this afternoon." He had forgotten this until now, but it was true enough. "Asked me if I thought it was serious between you two. . . . You know married women," he added with a laugh, "always matchmaking."

The girl looked puzzled. "Your wife?"

Joe pulled back his shoulders. "She's a waitress in the coffee shop," he explained. "Maybe you've noticed her. The blonde?"

"Oh yes, I remember! She's awfully pretty."

Joe had expected the surprise in her voice. People were always flabbergasted to learn that he, the runt who ran car number one on the night shift, had managed to win himself such a doll.

But now he found himself wanting to do more than just surprise this youngster; for some reason

he wished he could really impress her. He would like to grab her wrist, hard, and say with authority, "Not all dames are taken in by bulging muscles and collar-ad mugs. Little guys like me—with faces nobody looks at twice—sometimes we can be pretty important, too." But who was he to convince her it was so?

The girl was talking again—sparring for time, maybe—saying something about how she hadn't realized hotel employees took any interest in the guests.

Joe's smile was one-sided. "I know. We're like the fixtures to you. Me, now—I'm just part of this elevator."

He thought, if only his job were a big, important one. Then he could speak out. And maybe next time she was on the chase for Mr. Right, she would look beneath the surface.

"No, really," the girl protested. "I didn't mean that!"

If he were the hotel manager, now. Or the house dick.

Something clicked in his mind. Why not put on an act? The kid would probably fall for it.

He cleared his throat, made his tone low and confidential. "Matter of fact, Miss, there's more to my job than meets the eye." He scanned the corridor briefly, in true conspiratorial style, then lifted his uniform coat to disclose a gun-butt, protruding from his hip pocket. "Any trouble around here, nights, I'm the boy who takes care of it."

The girl swallowed. Her eyes widened with respect. "You mean, like a—a house detective?"

Joe nodded. "But keep it quiet. Nobody's s'posed to know."

"Oh, I will!"

The gun was the house dick's, right enough. O'Reilly had slipped it to him a scant half-hour before. He was going to pay a little call on the merry widow up on nine, the cop had confided, nudging Joe. "Got her convinced I'm a big business exec. Don't want to scare the little lady," he had explained, "so keep this for me for about an hour, huh?"

THE girl stared at her watch now, bit her lip. Finally she made her decision. "About my waiting in the room—" she colored again, just a little—"I guess it's all right, if you say so. . . . It would be fun to surprise him," she finished with a self-conscious grin.

He'll be surprised all right, Joe agreed silently, as he accompanied her back to 402.

Facing the door, he hesitated

only a moment, then plunged the key and twisted it, flung the door wide.

The girl, who had been digging in her purse—probably for a tip for him—had stepped across the threshold before the sordidly intimate scene met her eyes.

Inside the room, a woman gave a strangled cry and spread shaking hands over her face. The man, fire-eyed, exploded into curses.

The girl in the doorway stumbled backward, wheeled and flattened her trembling body against the corridor wall to the right of the open door. Her eyes closed. Joe found himself in a similar position on the opposite side of the doorway. He felt like something slimy had just crawled over him.

For a long moment there was no sound but that of hoarse, piteous sobbing from the room's feminine occupant. Then came the thud of a big man's feet, the slamming of the door. Joe and the girl remained motionless.

Finally she said, in a dazed monotone, "You knew. You knew there was—someone—in there with him."

Joe stared at the carpet beneath his feet. "I passed the door before—heard 'em laughing." His words were as flat, as toneless as her own.

"You wanted me to know what kind—" She choked. "I—I suppose I ought to thank you."

Joe said, "I shouldn't have done it."

The girl stepped close to him, touched his arm. "You won't get in trouble, will you? I mean—you being a detective—"

Joe flung her hand aside. "I wish I hadn't done it!"

But he had. And suddenly he wanted the kid out of this, away from the hotel entirely, home in bed where she belonged. "Come on," he barked, "I'll take you down."

Obediently, she matched his swift pace to the elevator.

Inside the car, she spoke again. "Please. Don't feel bad about this. He doesn't mean anything to me. Not really. By tomorrow—" she tried hard for a laugh—"or next week anyway, I'll have forgotten I ever knew him!"

"Sure," Joe said, wishing she would shut up. "Sure you will."

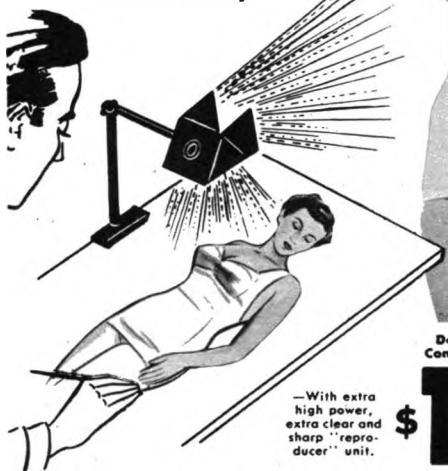
The light opposite number nine on his signal board blinked on; there was an urgent, accompanying buzz. That would be O'Reilly, wanting down. Wanting his gun. Well, he would just have to wait.

The girl stepped from the car into the nearly-empty lobby and

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turned. The blue eyes were older, much less gullible than they had been fifteen minutes ago.

Joe muttered a hasty "Night, Miss," and closed the doors on her wan smile, her softspoken answering "goodnight."

As the car lifted, he tried to picture the girl's pretty face when she learned the full truth about the little surprise party he had engineered this night. When she

found out he had been as stunned as any of them, finding that the woman in 402 was—his wife.

Because the kid would know all about it when she read tomorrow's papers. Would it make the headlines, he wondered? They might even run his picture. Sure they would. After all, it wasn't every day an ex-Big Name in the sports world was found murdered. . . .

THE END

BULL-BAITING NEARLY WRECKED THE BRITISH EMPIRE

(Continued from page 19)

Unlike ordinary bulls, those used in this sport had unusual neck muscles, and one was able to send an ox hurtling to the ground with a mere flip of its head.

The opposing canine was bred specially for this sport. Its limbs, though short, were agile and sturdy. It was bred primarily for its enormous square jaws that were capable of super-tenacious gripping power. This dog eventually became the national symbol of England.

Despite the fact that the bull was given a diameter of only thirty feet to defend itself, the match was fairer than the kind of bull fighting that still prevails in Spain and Latin America. The bull will always stand more of a chance against a dog than a man.

The contest would start in an atmosphere of nervousness that always comes with the expectation of something dreadful. Hearts of spectators thumped loudly in their chests, and the dogs strained eagerly at their leashes to "get" the bull.

In fact, the only creature that appeared at all unconcerned was the bull—but only until it saw the dog released and sent charging. Then it would get its head into position to toss its enemy with its horns.

At no time was the bull's purpose ever to gore the dog. In fact, the horns were often sheathed in leather or covered with metal buttons to prevent the bull from ripping the dog's hide.

Instinctively, each animal knew what to do. Neither had to be trained. The dog went for the bull's nose, because it was the easiest to get at. The bull's peculiarly strong neck muscles caused it to prefer throwing its opponent into the air.

If a bull should catch the dog with one of its horns too early in the fight, an attendant would be entitled to save the canine by

catching it as it came down or by breaking its fall with a slender rod.

Bulls had been known to toss dogs as far as fifty feet in the air, and on one occasion, a bull sent a canine flying into the third row of the stands, into a lady's lap.

Like an aged prizefighter battling a youth, the bull had to score early with its horns, or else it would eventually become worn down by the skirmishing.

Sometimes, in order to be sure the bull would keep fighting at top fury, beaten pepper was blown into its nose before the fight.

Often a floral wreath was tarred to the bull's forehead between the horns, so that in case the dog should miss the nose, it would come away with an encouraging trophy between its teeth.

Shrieks and cries would fill the air as the dog lunged for the bull. Inevitably, the bull would slip its horn under the dog's stomach and hike it into the air. If the canine recovered from the fall—though shaken up—the fact that it had managed to snatch the wreath was a big morale boost.

The screams of the crowd would turn to cheers, goading the relentless bull dog into a closer and faster battle.

Instinctively, the dog would approach its opponent on its belly, once it was threatened by the bull's horns. Thus it was desirable to breed the dogs for their short legs as well as their large and powerful jaws. The short-legged dog could move without having to crawl on its stomach, and still be difficult for the bull to toss into the air.

Once the dog latched its massive jaws upon the bull's nose, the fight was over, for nothing could cause this canine to lose its grip until the bull had suffocated to death. Yet it took a great dog to be able to pin a bull.

In an afternoon, one bull could throw as many as fifty dogs. A champion bull would last for months, throwing a total of a thousand canines.

BULL baiting became popular in Britain as far back as 1174 and reached its height during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Thursday was fight day, and by decree of Her Royal Highness, herself a great fan, all other entertainment was closed. Even the Globe Theatre, which featured the plays of Will Shakespeare, closed its doors in deference to the bull fight.

First, bull arenas lined the Thames River, and England's well-tailored lords rubbed shoulders with unwashed thugs to watch this blood-splattering event.

Later on, interest in the sport began to lag, and bull baiting was held in the underworld section of London, called Hockley-in-the-Hole.

For awhile, promoters tried to stimulate interest in the sport by featuring a few bear baiting contests on their programs. The same rules applied to bears as to bulls, but since bears were scarce in England, this variation of the sport died out quickly.

When the "game" was moved to Hockley-in-the-Hole, it was eventually degraded even more by the criminals who took it over. In order to give the sport added excitement to suit their perverted tastes, the hoodlums tied sharp blades to the bulls' horns, giving the contest the aspect of a cock fight.

If the promoters favored the dogs, they would have the bulls' horns clipped. In either case, the bull baiting turned into one of the most disgustingly sadistic spectacles known on Earth.

Betting was a gentlemanly sideline in the early days of bull baiting. When the underworld characters took over the game, the contest very often was rigged to favor the "right money."

The underworld also took over the collection of entry fees. Owners of dogs ordinarily paid a nominal fee to enter their canines against the bull. When the criminal element took over, the charges rose to two pounds, which eventually proved prohibitive.

Finally, bull-baiting degenerated into the disgusting sport called bull-running. In this event, men and women replaced the dogs. They would madden the bull by making hideous noises with their voices. Then they would proceed to beat the poor animal to death with bull clubs.

By 1832, the House of Commons had no choice but to outlaw bull-baiting. Intoxicated with victory over Napoleon in 1815, the English degenerated into a licentious way of life resembling a Roman Carnival. The health and welfare of the public were neglected, as bull-running orgies were carried on in the streets by drunken mobs.

That year, all of England was in the grips of a terrible cholera epidemic. Mobs of half-starved, half-dead, and crazed men drove bulls and dogs through the streets. They shouted and cursed, smashed windows and looted shops.



Then in the middle of a cleared street, they would hold bull-baiting contests. If the dogs couldn't pin the bull, the game would degenerate inevitably into a bull-running affair to the glee of the mobs who drank huge quantities of whiskey and ale stolen from the nearby pubs.

Orgies like this went on for weeks, and the decent people of Britain were terrorized. Something had to be done, and it was. The sport of bull baiting was outlawed.

LIKE bull fighting in Spain and France, bull baiting was a leftover from the Roman conquerors. But the purpose of the Spanish bull fight, primitive and terrible as it

is, does not realize itself in slaughter alone. The thrill comes not from killing the bull but rather from the ability of the matador to preserve all the grace and poetry of which man is capable while confronting his deadly foe in the sun-baked arena.

English bull-baiting was as degenerate as the games held in Nero's infamous Circus Maximus. The more powerful Rome grew, the more disinterested Romans became in merely watching chariot races and athletic events.

First, the "Circus" began featuring gladiator contests between captive foes. One man with a sword would battle another equipped with a heavy ball and rod. The loser either would be carved to death or have his brains beaten out before cheering Romans.

Eventually, even these fiendishly sadistic events became too dull for the citizens of Rome. The "Circus" began featuring a show in which lions would claw and chew up helpless Christians who were herded into the arena.

Nothing caused the decline and fall of the Roman Empire so much as did the "Circus." At one time, Romans respected their fellow men as creatures of dignity.

Just as the "Circus" changed a beautiful sunlit afternoon into a blood-soaked, bone-crunching nightmare, so the Romans, with each taste for brutality whetted, degenerated into subhuman beings.

They lost their self-discipline and became soft. Ultimately, they lost their empire.

The members of Parliament in 1832 had learned the lessons of history well. They knew what degraded practises and customs did to an empire.

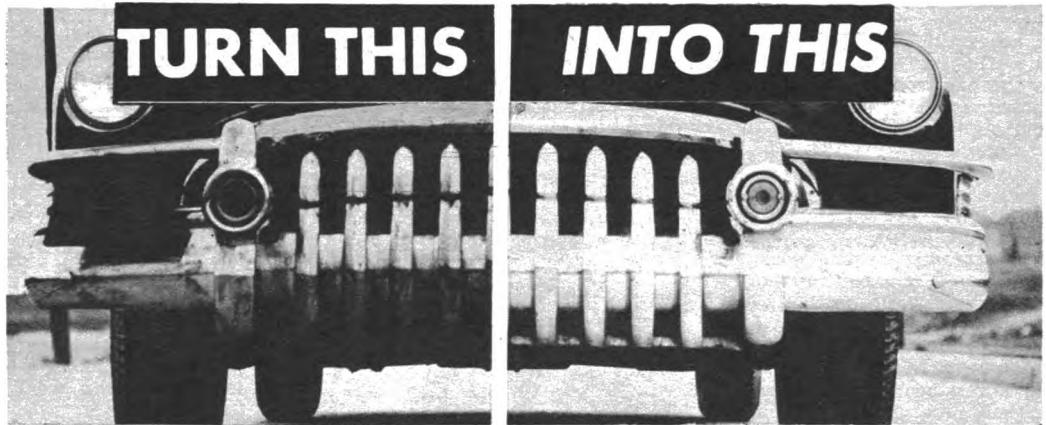
The British people were in danger of becoming weak and unresourceful, for if bull-baiting spread to bull-running, it wasn't inconceivable that such contests would feature only men in the arena. The way the mobs were running wild in the streets in 1832, this certainly seemed likely.

After bull-baiting was outlawed, British dignity was slowly restored. For a while, the lower classes persisted in enjoying the sport, but eventually it died out among them, too.

Today, Britain's moral fiber is strong. The English people are showing tremendous recuperative powers after the last war. Yet, if bull-baiting had not been outlawed in 1832, there may not have been an England, today.

THE END

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