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THE PARACHUTE FAILED TO OPEN

FROM NEWS DIGEST

Numbers 4 and 5 jumped together—and one of the parachutes failed to open. A crowd of watchers saw the death plunge, and were powerless to help. The outcome was a miracle.

THE rocky earth beyond the airfield at Fort Bragg came rushing up at rate of 120 miles an hour as Sergeant Leon L. Peine tugged violently at the release cord of his parachute.

Nothing happened. There was no sudden jerk as the canopy snapped open and stopped the swift descent of the United States paratrooper to certain destruction below.

All around Sergeant Paine could see paratroopers gently swinging down to earth on their parachutes. Only he was hurtling to death.

The world ceased to exist for the sergeant as he reached up with grim determination and began to pluck with bleeding fingers and torn nails at the canopy which still refused to act.

In spite of the cold air sweeping through the paratrooper's uniform he were, he began to sweat.

Sergeant Peine began to count off the seconds, starting at twentyfive and counting backwards. He reckoned that he had exactly 26 seconds to live if the original calculations had been correct.

With a score of other paratroopers they had gone up to a height of 1,000 feet in a Flying Boxcar. It was purely a special manoeuvre jump for the benefit of the spectators who had been invited to Fort Bragg to witness the paratroops in action.

"We were lined up, ten men on either side of the yawning exit of the Boxcar," Sergeant Peine related, "going out two at a time, one on the left and one on the right. I was No. 4 man to go and opposite me was Roger D. Busch. Busch and I have been buddies for a long time.

He waved at me as we moved forward for the jump.

"Good luck, Leon!" he called out than the officer commanding the jump snapped, "Numbers 4 and 5, take count—three two, one, zero, jump!" We were instantly falling through space.

"I did not see Busch jump. I counted off four seconds—for we were only one thousand feet up—and then pulled the ripcord of the parachute, taking it for granted that the canopy would snap open. I stiffened my body for the jerk on the harness.

Then Sergeant Peine realised that there was no jerk. He was falling at an increasing speed, tumbling over and over and finally descending headfirst towards the ground.

With growing panic and frantic tugs he kept jerking at the ripcord and finally, in utter desperation, attacked the canopy itself but there was no hope. He had now attained the maximum falling speed any object falling from a height can attain: 120 miles per hour.

Suddenly, when he was less than 400 feet above the ground, he was jerked upwards.

"It felt as if every bone in my body had been dislocated Peine said. "For a few moments I thought that my canopy had opened, but a grisly fear gripped me and told me that it had not and that my brain had snapped under the strain."

He closed his eyes and then opened them and looked up and saw what appeared to be another parachutist entangled in his parachute's lines.

It was not until five minutes later, when Sergeant Peine took ground, harder than usual but without serious injury, that he learned the terrible truth.

Busch, who had jumped from opposite Peine, counted off four and then opened his parachute.

"I look up to check the canopy of my parachute," Busch revealed, "and I saw Peine come hurtling by, a look of terror on his face as he tore at the canopy of his parachute.

"I guessed instantly that I was witnessing the prelude to a ghastly tragedy.

"Peine's unopened parachute hit me on the side of the head and I shot out my hand and grabbed at it."

Busch's fingers closed over two thin lines attached to the parachute, trailing out in the wildly screaming wind that whipped past the two men.

"It felt as if my fingers were being torn from my hand, but I hung on to Peine's parachute," Busch said.

His descent became increasingly faster with the added weight of the man below, but his parachute stood up to the strain and began reducing the speed of the drop suddenly at about 400 feet above ground.

"I heard a snap above me, and then another," Busch related, "as suspension lines began to break. A gap appeared in the parachute at above 200 feet and I thought we were both going to hurtle to final destruction."

It was a moment of agonising unforgettable hell for Busch as he clung grimly to Peine's parachute harness, descending nearly twice as fast as he should, seeing and hearing his parachute begin to rip apart above him in the denser air below.

Busch had to decide whether he would release his hold on Peine's parachute and send his friend hurtling to death while he saved himself.

"I knew that if I released my hold on Peine's parachute I would be safe," he said, "but I would be sending Peine's to certain death. By hanging on to the parachute I knew, too that I was taking a million to one chance on the both of us coming through."

He decided that he would stick with his friend. It had been nothing less than a miracle which had brought Peine to within reaching distance of him in the first place; now they were going to live or die together.

A dirt road appeared below them, and just beyond it sharp rocks projected from the ground and a mountainous outcropping which would rip the two men apart like shreds if they hit it.

"I could not manoeuvre the suspension lines to work the parachute one way or another, and it seemed that the wind was pushing us directly towards the rocks I glanced up once and then didn't care to look again at my parachute with suspension lines flying wildly in the wind, broken, and the parachute on the point of tearing completely apart," Busch said.

Suddenly Peine's feet struck the dirt road. To prevent himself from crashing right on top of Peine, Busch endeavoured to throw himself to one side, and hit the road with a bone-shaking crash, but the parachute collapsed at that instant and saved him from being dragged along the road.

Ambulances which had been standing by raced with wailing sirens to the scene, expecting to find two critically injured men.

But when the ambulance men raced up, they found Busch assisting Peine to rise!

They were taken to hospital and their bruises and slight abrasions treated. It was while they were being given first aid that Peine learned the truth for the first time.

He had believed up to this moment that his parachute had opened and that someone from above had become entangled in it.

It was only in hospital that he learned that the parachute which he had seen above him just before the crash had been Busch's.

THE AMAZING RED VITAMIN

The healing power of the red crystals of the new Vitamin B-12 is awesome. One teaspoon holds enough to save the lives of 50,000 people. A fraction of a millionth of an ounce of this amazing red Vitamin combats the majority of deadly anemias and their fatal nerve degenerations; saves life in sprue, the scourge of the tropics; battles fatigue in victims of other diseases.

At Hillman Hospital in Birmingham Ala., I talked with scores of people once doomed by these afflictions. They told me strange stories of how the red vitamin had brought them back to life.

A middle-aged woman had been carried into the clinic with a fiery red tongue, and mouth and throat so sore she could hardly drink or eat; she had deep fatigue; every move meant superhuman effort. Four days after one tiny injection of Vitamin B-12 the soreness was gone from her mouth, her appetite was ravenous; in a couple of weeks she was back at her housework.

A 71-year-old Negro bricklayer had slowly gone downhill with "lowblood" - anemia. At last he couldn't lift a brick. He couldn't fasten his clothes or tie his shoes. A few injections of B-12, so little nobody would notice it. Now he was working full shift, again despite his age the champion bricklayer of the country.

A foundryman had fallen sick years ago, with unaccountable hemorrhages from his lungs, blood lower and lower in red cells. He had grown so weak he was sure he would die. "Thouse shots of B-12," he said, smiling "They didn't save my life, they dug me up!" He was ready to go back to his job.

The true-life stories told me by these and scores of other resurrected people had this common denominator: they had all been given up for dead.

Now their healthy, grate-ful faces expressed conviction that the red vitamin had brought them back from the grave.

From what fatal ills had they been suffering? Some from pernicious anemia, in which blood grows so thin that victims gasp for oxygen. From its accompanying nerve degeneration, which sends them down to the grave in a trembly paralysis. From nutritional macrocytic anemia causing those inflamed mouths. From sprue, a killer of the tropics.

We have the new red vitamin today in virtually unlimited quantities, but the first tiny crystals of it weren't isolated until 1948, the hunt for it had begun 25 years ago when Dr. George Minot was awarded the nobel Prize for discovering that vast daily meals of liver helped pernicious anemia cases.

The trouble with Dr. Minot's treatment was that his patients had to eat endlees liver to keep from dying. Liver, liver, liver, to the point of nausea. Chemists began cooking extracts of liver to be injected. It's estimated that there are now at least 100,000 people alive in the United States because the chemists kept making safer and more powerful extracts of liver. But repeated liver injection are inconvenient, costly, and sometimes cause irritation and serious allergies.

Could there be a simpler treatment? The liver is a kaleidoscope of thousands of subtle chemicals mixed together in bewildering complexity. Might there not be just one among them—a lifeaving X—that wrought the change in victims of pernicious anemia? Hundreds of lab man toiled vainly for years to find the answer. What stymied their search was the fact that there was no experimental animal for pernicious anemia. The only way new drugs could be tested was to see if they'd make blood in pernicious anemia patients. These were next to impossible to find. They were being kept healthy on liver extracts. What doctor

would let his patients relapse just to aid chemists in their chase for a may be mythical X? In 1946 Dr. Mary Shorb, a little microbehunter in a big Government laboratory, accidentally answered the chemists' need for experimental animals. She wasn't looking for the elusive X; she was working with bacilli that turn milk sour. She found that her lactobacilli grew like mad when fed certain liver extracts—the very ones most potent to keep pernicious-anemia Patients from dying! Here, potentially, were lab animals by the billions.

Mary Shorb went to work at the University of Maryland, and there one day, purely by accident, met Dr. Karl A. Folkers, Merck & Co. chemist. He was one of the few remaining devotees still chasing that X in liver, making slow progress because he had no test animals. He made arrangements for Dr. Shorb to collaborate with the Merck chemists. The chemists sent to Maryland each raw-liver fraction which was known, by tedious chemical testing, to provide new, blood in pernicious anemia patients. Eventually her little lactic bugs began registering the lifesaving activity of new liver stews, as the Merck men held their breath, drawing closer to the real chemical McCoy.

Within two years Folkers and his co-workers, Drs. Brink, Koniuszy and Wood, pinned the X down in the form of a smidgen of beautiful bright-red crystals.

A thirtieth of an ounce was all the men could get from four tons of liver. But what unearthly magic! The late Dr. Randolph West of Columbia University injected the most infinitesimal dose of any chemical in medical history into three pernicious—anemia. patients, in relapse. The crystals in one dose were equivalent to the weight of one two-hundredth of an inch of one human hair. They'd actually be in visible to the human eye—several doses of the crystals had to be dissolved in water so a dose could be measured out. Yet an injection started sick human bone marrow pouring out quarts of good red blood.

B-12 was no permanent cure; it had to be injected from time to time, usually

at long intervals. But it seemed that a drib of it held the lifesaving virtue of a million times as much liver extract.

B-12 had a great advantage over extracts of liver. The latter vary widely in potency while pure crystals of B-12 gave the doctors a precisely reproducible treatment. Many patients developed allergy to liver extracts but not, so it seemed to the red vitamin.

Yet wasn't B-12 a mere laboratory curiosity? One gram from four tons of liver! Than fate smiled. The men of Merck, Squibb Upjohn, Pfizer and Loderle—independently found that the mould which makes streptomycin also produces B-12 as a lifesaving by-product. The supply was potentially limitless.

The red vitamin's action against fatigue is weird. A sailor was brought to the Hillman Hospital Nutrition Clinic., down to 90 pounds from his normal 150, so tired he could hardly breathe. diagnosis: macrocytic nutritional anemia. Treatment: one injection of B-12. Three weeks later as he was walking home through the woods, a rabid fox attacked him. He seized the beast before being bitten and choked it to death.

Vitamin B-12 probably will not replace liver extracts completely. Liver remains the greatest of all nature's medicine's and chemists are sure to dig other X's out of liver extracts.

Beyond its action as a remedy, B-12 can cause a vast increase in available meat supplies. Livestock, especially pigs-poultry, doesn't thrive best on purely vegetable rations; many farmers supplement his diet with "animal protein factor." This APF, mostly a by-product of the fish industry, has always been in short supply. Now it turns out that its predominantly important ingredient is B-12. Since the production of B-12 by fermentation is limitless, it can be fed to our livestock. Thus the red vitamin can vastly increase our protein supply—and consequently that of all the life-giving B-vitamins including B-12 itself. For their best natural source is meat.

LOOK AT THIS MAN

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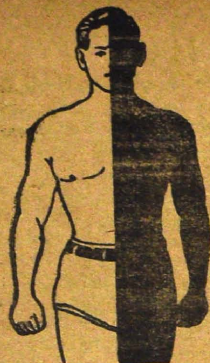
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A Yellow Dog Eats the Profits

By JOHN GODWIN

AN overpowering, acid, wild animal stench hit me like a blow as I walked into Harry Leeming's tent and made me gasp for breath.

Harry raised his six-foot frame from the heap of baits he was preparing and flashed a sunburned grin:

"Don't let it worry you, son, you'll soon get used to it. If you want to catch dingoes you've got to smell like 'em."

This was my first lesson in the lore of the "dogger," the professional dingo-hunter. Lesson No. 2 was leaning against a tentpole—a beautifully-stuffed and mounted dingo's head with square fore head, pointed ears and gentle dog eyes.

Harry waved a thumb at the trophy. "Have a good look at him. Pretty little pooch, isn't he? I shot him near Cloncurry—and by the time I got him he'd killed 400 sheep."

We pushed the tentflaps aside. Before us stretched the rolling, brown Queensland plain, quiet and shimmering with heat.

A small plane roared out of the whitish-blue sky, zooming close to the ground. It wasn't dropping bombs, but "sticks" of poison baits, one every ten yards and enough of them to wipe out every dingo in the area. Harry merely shook his head.

"They might as well save petrol" he drawled. "The birds and ants will gets those baits before any dingo comes near them. Besides, they handle the stuff too much before dropping. Dingo gets one whiff of man-smell and won't look at it."

Thus the war against the dingo remains an infantry war—in spite of aircraft, barbed wire, and germ attacks. It's a war of Harry Leeming and his 200-odd fellow doggers, fighting across almost the length and breadth of Australia. For only Tasmania, the island off the southern tip

of the Commonwealth, is still free from the dingo plague.

The doggers use standard equipment: steel traps, high-velocity 22 rifles with telescopic sights, and strychnine baits, for which the government supplies the poison at cost price. But, above all, they use their tracking skill and bushcraft.

Although the doggers co-operate with the various government boards, they are free enterprises *par excellence*. Payment is by bounty and varies from £1 per dingo scalp to £2/10/- for an entire skin according to district.

But to-day some hard-pressed farming communities are calling for standard rewards of up to £4 per dingo—anything to recruit more doggers to help stem the rising yellow tide.

For in Queensland dingoes are killing off sheep at the staggering rate of 500,000 a year—an annual loss of about £2 million.

In the past eight years the yellow dogs have reduced western Queensland's sheep population from 24 million to 13 million head. A single property in the Blackall district, which grazed 40,000 sheep two years ago now has less than 18,000. And although Queensland is the worst sufferer, losses in other States are mounting every year.

There is only one sin the bushy-tailed killer has not been guilty of—as far as we know he has never attacked a human being.

"But once," Harry remembered, "I thought I was going to be the exception."

Harry had been spreading baits in the wild scrub country around Winston, scattering poisoned meat casually, for a dingo will not touch scraps that look carefully arranged. Trotting down a hillside he suddenly caught his foot in a rabbit hole and went head over heels. When he tried to rise, a stab of pain told him that he had broken his ankle.

Harry's tent and gun were eight miles away, the nearest human habitation about twenty miles. He tried to crawl, but then the pain in his ankle became so fiendish that he blacked out. When he came to, the sun stood directly overhead. His foot was a swollen lump of agony. And then he saw the dingo.

It was an old male, as big as a large Alsatian, his snout grey with age. He was standing motionless beside a charred tree-stump, less than ten feet away. Harry never knew how long the dog had been watching him while he lay unconscious.

Somehow, by some animal instinct, the dingo must have sensed the hunter's helplessness, for he slowly came closer.

Normally you can't get to within twenty yards of a dingo, but this one edged up until he stood face to face with the fallen man, and Harry could smell his pungent canine breath.

Then the dingo showed his teeth in a snarl, a silent snarl, for the wild dogs neither growl nor bark. Harry had no weapon.

For ten dragging seconds man and dog faced each other, equipped only with what nature had given them. Then the dingo suddenly turned tail and trotted off into the scrub.

A farmer found Harry, almost delirious five hours later. Told about the dingo the farmer nodded: "Yes, I know that old one. We've been after him for three years. Last week he killed a fully-grown cow."

Australia has been waging total war against the dingoes for more than twenty years. Professional "doggers" amateur hunters, spring-guns, disease germs, and bait-dropping aircraft accounted for 25,300 of the beasts in 1952, 45,000 in 1953, and 49,000 last year. But in spite of all efforts the packs are still multiplying—and so are their victims.

The dingo is definitely not an Australian native, for apart from birds, reptiles, and insects, the smallest continent harboured only marsupials—pouched animals. Yet the dingo is a true canine

with every dog characteristic except the bark.

Normally, however, a dingo rarely stands more than two feet high, and measures about five feet from anout to tail-tip. He is one of the most silent of animals, and rarely uses his voice. When he does, it is a drawn-out whining howl, the ecriest sound of the Australian bush, one that makes sheep cluster together in fright & men reach for their guns.

The terrific power of a dingo's jaws exceeds that of any dog his size. He can completely tear away a lump of flesh gripped in his bite and in spite of his small body, is capable of carrying off a fully-grown ram.

The dingo looks graceful and gentle—until you see him in action in the middle of a flock. He will kill a sheep a night for food, he will kill three others and cripple a dozen more just for sport, and although dingoes are traditionally "lone wolves" they will someticular enterprise.

Dingo pups are appealing little buddles of yellow fluff, but Harry shook his head when I asked him if he had ever kept one. And he told me the story of the Victorian sheep farmer who brought a week old dingo puppy home after a drip to Queenasland. The farmer's propetty was far from dingo country, so his neighbours did not object to his pet. "Snowy," as he was called, grew up among sheep, was butted by the rams, played with the lambs, and followed his foster father like a dog.

But as he grew older, Snowy became strangely morose, sittinn for hours watchinn the grazing sheep, baring his teeth in a curous silent snarl.

And than one night the farmer was awakened by the terrified bleating of his flock. He tore his rifle from the wall and rushed outside. Yes, it was Snowy but—a strange and terrifyng Snowy, standing among the bodies of three sheep whose throats he had tornout, his fangs dripping with gore, his gentle, yellow eyes blazing.

The farmer shot his pet, although, he could not be angry with him. For Snowy reared on a bottle, had followed Nature's inexorable law.

ZARA SPECIAL MIXTURE

FOR WOMEN

Zara Super Strong Mixture contains costly ingredients which make it very effective, even if other medicines did no good. It is very powerful in action and will give you full satisfaction, so write for it and prevent the disappointment you would get if you took some less effective medicine.

Zara Mixture has sold for more than 80 years—sure proof that it is very good. We also guarantee that it will give you satisfaction.

A Recent Testimonial.

"Last year I used a bottle of Zara Mixture and it was very effective. Please send me another bottle of this mixture per v.p.p."

Mrs. E. C. (Dhanushkodi)

Price Rs 30 a bottle, postage, etc extra. Save time by wiring for it. The code word is "SPECIAL" and our Tel. address is "NERVOLIN", Madras.

If you want more information write for advice and literature.



How To Cure SKIN Diseases Which Defy Treatment

Many people suffer from skin diseases which they cannot cure despite treatment with ointments, blood mixtures etc., They do not get cured because these medicines cannot remove from the blood the impurities etc., Which cause skin diseases. Until this is done, a proper cure cannot be effected.

It is not difficult to remove these impurities etc., from the blood with Zemro Blood Mixture, because it is a **REAL BLOOD CLEANSER**. It has a powerful Blood purifying action (5 times stronger than other medicines) which removes from the blood all the impurities and germs which cause leucoderma, Pimples, eczema, Piles, Psoriasis, bad sores, skin diseases, etc.

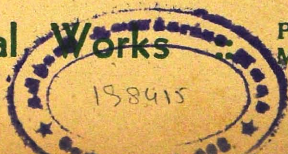
Treatment with zemoro brings wonderful results. Pimples heal and disappear for good, leucoderma patches go completely, and eczema, psoriasis, sores and other diseases are completely cured. Therefore do not continue to suffer from skin disease, but take Zemro and get completely cured. The new improved for mula gives wonderful results.

Prices:— One bottle Rs. 5; three bottles Rs. 14, six bottles Rs. 27, postage etc., extra.

If you suffer from any skin or blood disease, write for this free booklet "**How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases Permanently.**" It gives full information and the best way to get a lasting cure.

The British Chemical Works

Post Box No. 472
Madras-7, India.



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WORRIED WOMEN!

CROSS OUT

FAILURE

MONETARY

WORRY

LOSS

BY TAKING ZARA PILLS

Zara pills contain many very active ingredients which Make them **VERY EFFECTIVE**. Therefore do not waste Money on inferior medicines but take Zara pills instead. When you do this, you will cross out failure, loss and worry, because the pills will **ACT SOON** and give you satisfaction.

Zara pills are not harmful in any way. They have given satisfaction for over 30 years to thousands of women, because they are dependable and effective. Write for advice and literature if you want more particulars.

Prices.—Zara ordinary pills. Rs. 6/- a bottle, postage extra.

Zara Special pills. These pills are made extra strong and are very effective. They act soon in most cases Rs. 12-50 a bottle, postage extra.

Read These

Genuine Testimonials.

"Please send a bottle of Zara special pills. The last time they were very effective"

S. K. (Hardypet P.O.)

"I used Zara pills and they acted so I sent you a telegram cancelling my order for the Mixture."

Mrs. N. P. G. (Sambhar Lake).

"Your Zara special pills" were very effective. I tried other pills but they were worthless."

Mrs. K. B. (Calcutta)

WORRIED WOMEN!

Consult us if you are worried about **DELAY** or **FAMILY LIMITATION** and **BIRTH CONTROL**. We will give you prompt attention and advice if you write to us about your difficulties, and we guarantee complete privacy. We can supply very effective medicines etc for Birth Control & Family Limitation. Write for particulars.

The British Chemical Works, Post No. 472, Madras-7

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