

Berthy Dix Says—

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like him because of his mother; she does not have a good character, but why take that out on her son? Some people also say he is lazy, but he will work when he has a job.

ANSWER: It is very hard for you, I know, to form a just estimate of your sweetheart when there are so many things against him, but if you want to be sure he's a good matrimonial risk, take each item by itself and analyze it to the best of your ability. If possible, discuss them with a more or less disinterested person, such as a clergyman or adult friend.

The fact that the boy's mother is not of good character does not necessarily reflect on the son, but is a point to be carefully considered. The environment in which he was brought up is bound to have made some mark on his personality.

The mere fact that he will work when he has a job is in itself enlightening. Does he make every effort to see that he always has a job? Or does he just lay off until someone comes around and offers him one? A man who is unwilling to make a very bad husband, unless his private income is ample for all contingencies. The fact, also, that your friend is simple for so many people is also cause for due reflection. If a thorough analysis of his character convinces you that he has sufficient strength to rise above his disadvantages—take him!

DEAR MISS DIX: I have been married for one year. My husband and I are congenial in every way except that he keeps speaking of his ex-wife. I've hinted that I do not care to hear her name mentioned, but still he continues. I've tried to ignore it, but it stays in my heart and mind.

DOROTHY DIX cannot reply personally to readers, but will answer problems of general interest through her column.

The Thorpe Affair

By Phillip Lealy

He nodded. "The problem before the house is how to clear the suspicion for the murder from your lovely name. Offhand, it looks like a hard job. What you newspaper folk call a tough assignment. But I see a light, I think, unless it's only a mirage. Maybe I'll know for certain after you've told me about Thorpe's enterprises."

"The whole system," she began, "works so well because it's so simple. Simple things always seem to get the best of others." She looked at him meaningfully.

He grinned. "Thanks for the compliment. So I'm simple. Go on with the story."

"Thorpe controlled three of the biggest wards in town. At any election, he could swing those wards about 95 per cent for anybody he chose. That made him plenty powerful and he could get just about whatever he wanted from the politicians."

"Well, it occurred to him that he could get away with anything in this town, so he decided to make some money for himself. The only way to make money in a hurry is to forget about the laws, so he opened up a gambling house. The mayor agreed not to close it up in exchange for Thorpe's support. It worked out fine."

"When was that?" Terry asked. "About four years ago. Right after the mayoralty election. If you remember it was a close race and the mayor got in by just the number of votes that Thorpe swung for him. He knew he had to swing along with Thorpe, or else. Anyway, that first joint Thorpe opened did pretty well, but not as well as he wanted. So he got the mayor to close up all the competing joints. After that it was easy sledding. That first place started to be overcrowded and rich folks in other districts began to complain about having to travel so far to lose their money, so he opened up two more houses. By that time the mint had nothing on Thorpe."

Terry listened attentively. He felt quite certain that this story was the truth. So far only a few loose threads to her explanations remained to leave him in doubt.

She continued. "But once he had everything running smoothly he took another step. This time it was the slot machines. When he declared himself in on a 20 per cent cut of that there wasn't anything the operators could do. If they resisted, the police would bear down on them and put them out of business. So they paid Thorpe off. He worked the small lottery racket the same way."

Terry was beginning to form a mental picture of rich society folk throwing away their money lavishly in luxurious gambling houses; of clerks and stenographers putting their small change into the hands of the corner bookie in the hope that a certain horse would come in first; of children playing away their pennies and nickels in slot machines in the hope of winning a five dollar bill; and behind it all, Thorpe, filling his coffers with the proceeds. His normal hatred for murder faded at the thought; whoever had killed Thorpe began to seem almost like a benefactor. But it was murder, and Kay was involved; right now that was all that counted.

She seemed to sense his thoughtfulness, but went on. "By this time he had a hand in every pocket of almost everybody in town. But then he got a brilliant idea. He knew that some society women have a lot of time on their hands and plenty of loose money that they were willing to spend for a thrill. So he arranged to have them gamble during the afternoons so their husbands and fathers wouldn't know about it. He was smart enough to know that once they got to gambling they'd keep going until they lost more than they could hide from their husbands. So when the women found themselves in a jam, Thorpe, generously agreed to forget the original debt—at so much a month. That way the women could keep their losses a secret, but they'd pay many times the price in monthly installments."

To be continued

Star Of Undercover Agents Promoted

(By GERALD WARING)

OTTAWA—Promotions are routine in the R. C. M. P., but when a promotion elevates an original member of the Canadian Communist Party to the rank of R. C. M. P. Superintendent, that's news.

Supt. John Leopold joined the Communist Party shortly after it was formed in 1921. At that time he was a rookie Mountie. There, for seven long years he was an R. C. M. P. undercover man within the Red organization, maintaining the most amazing deception in the annals of Canadian police work.

The nation's foremost anti-subversive agent brought on the continent's first crackdown on Communist leaders, and resulted in the imprisonment of eight of them for periods of up to five years.

Now 61, and already over the R. C. M. P. retirement age, Supt. Leopold no longer risks his life by personally infiltrating the Red organizations which are bent on destroying Canadian democracy. Instead, he directs many phases of R.C.M.P. anti-Communist activities from his desk in Ottawa's justice building.

Leopold joined the Mounties in 1918, five years after he had emigrated to Canada from his native Bohemia. He was intelligent, well educated, and spoke four languages, so it was natural that his superiors should select him for special undercover duties.

Thus it was that John Leopold disappeared from the ken of his Mountie comrades. Shortly thereafter an itinerant housepainter named Jack Esselwein gained attention in Regina as a "dangerous radical". He joined the Communist Party, became secretary of the Regina organization and a member of the district committee which ruled the Reds in Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

He worked in Winnipeg, attended party conventions, and eventually moved to Toronto, where he became a confidant of party leader Tim Buck and other Communist officials.

All the while Esselwein—or No. 30, as he was known to the few high ranking R. C. M. P. officers who were aware of his dual identity—was transmitting voluminous reports which in 1931 were to send eight of his erstwhile Communist pals to prison for membership in an illegal organization.

It was love that brought about Esselwein's downfall as a Communist. A former Mountie who had been a recruit with Leopold was living in California, and was in love with the daughter of a stonemason. The prospective father-in-law was a Communist, and in conversation with him the one-time Mountie let out the fact that Leopold was an R.C.M.P. spy in the Canadian Communist organization.

Then the heat was on. The Canadian Communist leaders, alerted by a warning from California, found that the former Mountie's description of Leopold tallied with that of Esselwein. Other incriminating evidence was uncovered. Then the politburo in Toronto expelled Esselwein from the party, and Leopold reappeared on the R. C. M. P. rolls as a sergeant.

He was assigned to Arctic duty, more for his own protection against the wrath of his Red comrades than for any other reason. After the conviction of the Communist leaders in trials in which he was the star Crown witness, Leopold was moved to a desk job in the R.C.M.P.'s special branch. That is the bureau which works unceasingly to uncover spies and saboteurs, and in turn seeks to sabotage subversive organizations.

For years Leopold matched his wits against Communists, Nazis, Fascists, enemy spies and saboteurs, and narcotics rings—and seldom lost. He knows more about Communist activities in this country than any other man outside the inner party council. And his recent promotion to Superintendent may well foreshadow intensified efforts to combat Communism in Canada.

Ellen's Diary

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grandmother now, never reached the adult years.

A question was brought to us recently, an intriguing one which tends to delay the fortunes of more than one youth and older, if affirmed.

It was left with us by a farmer-visitor as "tall, dark and handsome" as ever was the one a Gypsy-reader found in the lines of our palm in the long ago. Like odd lads, and whether from choice or circumstance we do not know, he has no car. And he was of the opinion "You've got to go after them in a car—nowadays!" "But James had no car in his palmy days!" we pointed out. "No, but James didn't do his courting in 1951!" he offered.

Which left us with the thought . . . what would James do in this Day of Grace? Would he beg of someone—granddaughter perhaps—"Where's that tin of axle-grease?" and drawing the old wagon from storage proceed to lubricate the wheels, trying, we are sure the fifth one to prove it road-worthy? Would he wash it with a hose instead of down on "the spark-way bridge" as once, until it sparkled like new . . . find a bright

That Body Of Yours

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tions that follow irritation injuries, with toluidine blue and protamine sulfate to control hemorrhages and finally whole blood infusions.

While the above information may make us less afraid of the atom bomb and its terrible effects, at present the best defence against bomb radiations is protection behind some sort of shelter of steel, concrete, brick or earth.

Dr. McLean points out that the laboratory chemical methods mentioned above to ward off irradiation injuries could not practically be used on the population of an entire city.

"The first week after exposure should be devoted to observation and good nursing care. Then the antibiotics, the transfusions, and the drugs that combat hemorrhage should be used in treatment during the second week and thereafter."

rug for the seat . . . and a bow for the whip? Or would he adjust his hat at a gallant angle and "team off" in the happy little truck? Not "would he" we recall, but "Must he?" "Ellen?" James looks up, "you look queer . . . sort of distressed. Does your head ache?" Until tomorrow . . . Diary . . . Good-night . . .

War Wounded Seek Voice In New Greek Elections



Two Greek soldiers, among a group of wounded just returned from Korea, are shown casting their ballots in the general elections, which two million voters turned out for on Sept. 9. Returns, which will take about a week and a half to complete, show the new Greek rally, led by P-1st Marshal Papagos, former army commander-in-chief, noted for the Greek defence against Italian invasion in World War II, and in the civil war that beat down the Communists, leading in the election with the Progressive party second in the vote counting.

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