Cavalcade's exclusive film story in pictures: OUT OF THE PAST

Page 78
CONTENTS

MAY, 1948

ARTICLES

The Pushes Broke and Fled
Bill Knox 5

Bloodshed is Fun
Harold Pollock 8

Road to Nowhere
Craig Rice 12

Father Tells His Son
Peter Pindoret 16

A Life on the Ocean Floor
Marie J Fanning 20

Uncle Mike Bows Out
Bill Delany 24

Experience in Italy
Cedric Muntpley 28

Operations Without Fear
Frederick Windsor 34

Six Dots that Spread the Light
Ray Heath 58

New Zealand's Self-made King
D'Arcy Niland 62

FICTION

He Hated Like his Father
Roderick Thew 38

The Little Dog Laughed
Raymond Slattery 42

The Last Brindis
Damon Mills 93

FEATURES

Passing Sentences
34

Photographic
35-76

Sleeping Out
Gibson 50-52

Medicine on the March
Raymond Slattery 53

The Home of To-day
W. Watson Sharp 66-68

PICTURE STORY: The Defeated
70-75

DANCE
Covalcade's Story of a Film
78

Cartoons
7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 33, 47, 48, 57, 61, 65

Names in cartoons or writings
other than factual are fictitious.

Publisher, KEN G. MURRAY • Editor-in-Chief, FRANK S. GREENOP • General Manager, FRED T. SMITH • Cartoon Editor, ALBERT A. MURRAY • Art Director, MAURICE CORK • Production, GEOFF SAGNELL • Business Manager, WALTER T. CHARLES • Promotion, JOHN MINNETT • Circulation, DOUGLAS SPICER

ADVERTISING

General Advertising Manager, COLIN A. FITZPATRICK
Advertising Representatives, KEITH G. MARSHALL, Leonard House, 46 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne
C. W. HANSEN, 75 Franklin St, Adelaide. JERE BAYARD, 2504 West 7th Street, Los Angeles.
Tale of the days when boredom led boys to crime and force was the remedy.

IT was during that period that our elders nostalgically describe as the “halycon days”—the end of the Edwardian period and the beginning of the reign of George V—that Victoria's most spectacular police patrol came into being.

Black Jack Johnson had beaten Victoria's heavyweight pride in the pouring rain at Richmond racecourse and had gone on to Sydney to beat Tommy Burns to pulp and take the heavyweight pugilists crown from him.

And around every pub corner in the mean streets of Melbourne's inner suburbs, spitting into the gutter, molesting passing women, “tolling” drunks, holding up homing wage earners on pay nights, standing over the pubs and taking their toll from their molls who plied the world’s most dreary trade in Little Bourke Street, Little Lonsdale Street and Latrobe Street, lurked the most sinister portent of the times—the flash larrikin.

In the dreary little suburbs with the mean little streets that now constitute the slums of Inner Melbourne, there was nothing to relieve the monotony for high spirited youngsters.
IN spite of warning notices distributed through steamship and airline companies, and through U.S. consulate offices, the rumor persisted in Europe that America is suffering a meat shortage. For the past year, travellers across the Atlantic have been including large quantities of salt and pickled meat in their luggage, especially to those unhappy people, the meat would still be treated that way as a preventive measure against the introduction of certain diseases.

So they congregated round the pubs, the billiard saloons and the brothel areas, menacing the decencies for all who used the streets after dark.

The police patrolled in couples in the infested areas, but the hospitals often worked overtime at week-ends patching up damaged copper.

They wore peg topped trousers, tight fitting coats with padded shoulders, bowler hats, pointy toed patent leather button up boots with dull kid uppers, flash ties.

They distained the knife or revolver as weapons, but the black jack, the sling shot and knuckle dusters were stock armament.

They had the police worried, but at last Commissioner Tommy O'Callaghan and Superintendent Nicholson (later Commissioner), hit on a plan.

They sent for the toughest cop then in Melbourne, Sergeant [later Superintendent] Matt Campbell and asked him to take over the job of suppressing the pushes.

He was given a very free hand.

After a painstaking search throughout the force Campbell selected ten of the toughest cops he could locate—every man a proved bare knuckle fighter, every man game as a pebble.

They went into strenuous training before starting on the clean up.

These men carried no handcuffs, no revolvers, no batons. They were strictly enjoined that as arrests, fines, and imprisonment had not alleviated the push menace they were to smash the larrkins with their fists.

These were not official instructions—they were told from headquarters that their job was to remove the larrakin menace by the most expeditious means.

Soon they became known and feared by the mobs as "The Terrible Ten"—a walking patrol liable to swoop at any time on unsuspecting push members going about their unlawful occasions.

They first made a surprise attack on the Bouveros, whose stamping ground lay in a rough line between the Carlton Brewery and Melbourne University southern boundary.

The Terrible Ten arrived in the midst of a pitched battle between the students and the mob, which was trying to steal the iron spiked fence round the plot of ground where the Engineering Faculty Buildings now stand.

Twenty minutes later the mob was flying. Night after night the ten policemen returned to the area and any larrikin who did not go instantly as he was told, was made very sorry for himself. The Bouveros faded from the scene inside a month.

The Hungry Seventy Two (so called because on one occasion they got in three quarters of an hour before the official guests at an official banquet in a Melbourne suburb and ate everything provided for 72 guests), put up a long fight, but were beaten after a year long guerilla engagement.

Gradually the Victorian police drafted to push areas plain clothes policemen with fighting reputations, but the Terrible Ten were still the most hated and feared copper in Melbourne.

"Hit where you see a larrikin's head" was their slogan, and they punched to such purpose that by the time World War I broke out in 1914, the pushes had almost been disbanded.

The war hastened their decline, as most of their members enlisted—one to win a V.C., a number to win commissions, hundreds to die on Gallipoli or in France and Flanders.

Sergeant Matt Campbell eventually became chief of the C.I.B.

His fighting ability was always venerado in every part of Melbourne.

Once when he was officer in charge on fight nights he was sitting at the ringside near the corner of a heavy-weight who was having a somewhat torrid time.

During a spell the weary pug took a big mouthful of water and without warning for direction shot the lot over old Matt.

Inside a few seconds Matt had his coat off and was getting through the ropes to deal it out to the careless one, when the stadium manager grabbed him.

"For God's sake have a heart," he said. "We can't afford to have you mauing that bloke about. We want him for a fight in Sydney in a month's time."


But when his verses were published the pushes were already dead—shattered by the fists of the Terrible Ten.
Better cared for than humans, these birds tear each other to pieces.

HAROLD POLLOCK

Bloodshed is Fun

IN Tahiti, much glamourised, beautiful island, I witnessed a most degrading, disgusting, blood spectacle.

On a balmy, sunny Sunday afternoon I strolled along a banana-palmed, shady road two kilometers from Papeete. Naked brown Tahitian children played like healthy young puppies on the grass. The elusive, fragrant perfume of a thousand exotic tropical flowers filled the warm air. Some 200 years ago, the mutineers of the "Bounty" had thought Tahiti paradise on earth. No wonder!

In a bend of the road I came upon a cosmopolitan, moneyed crowd of Chinese, Tahitians, French sailors, and a few European civilians. It was a shady glade beneath tall, protecting banana palms. Tethered here and there with pieces of purau (native bark string) and well out of reach of one another, were fighting cocks, birds moulded by cunning men into fighting machines. The people assembled were waiting to see the fight.

The growing crowd argued noisily; the first fight was about to begin.

Bets are wagered. Notes of large denomination are stuffed into grasping, sweaty hands. Now and then a knowledgeable bettor appraising looks over one of the birds.

Large brown-eyed women are laying the odds as well as the men.

"Ote" (start) the umpire shouts.

The first fight is about to begin, but no, not quite yet. The natural spurs, sharp and lethal looking, are not good enough for the owners, whose cocks will carry more money in the fight than they themselves could earn in six months of honest work. (The highest bet I heard of was one of 20,000 francs, £120). So the spurs are trimmed with a tip (pocket knife), until they are as sharp as, and harder than, needles.

The spectators have jammed themselves four or five deep round the 12 foot diameter ring.

The air is tense with excitement. The owners of the two cocks squat on opposite sides of the ring and fondle the lustrous feathers as they await the signal to begin, when the birds will fight desperately to exhaustion and beyond.

"Ote," husses the umpire.

The birds are released. To my amazement, in an instant they shape up like two boxers. Feet apart, a ring of feathers bristling from outstretched necks, eyes burning with hatred they move about each other.

After several feints, the black has a hold on the brown's scarlet, naked neck. With beading wings he instantly makes murderous, downward swipes with his needle-sharp spurs.

The brown counters cleverly, and with tearing spurs draws blood as he catches the other off balance for a moment.

The spectators roar approval, each segment of the crowd shouting advice to its fancy.

"Pahie" (kill), is the dominant cry.

They're clever, these two cocks, so cunningly, evenly matched that the fight will not be soon over. They forever circle with necks locked, each seeking the fatal hold on the back of the neck.

The black pecks viciously, and gets a fine hold. He flutters his wings to bring his ripping spurs high to deal out terrific punishment. The brown recoils from the onslaught, his neck and head gory. They are game, these two birds, unsurrendering. They are circling again. The brown gets his snake-like neck under the black's wing. From there he gets the effective back of the neck hold and quickly administers cruel punishment.

"Pata ratu" (put out his eye), exultantly howls the crowd. It seems almost as though the dumb birds understand, for the other re-rolls one eye and is obviously blind. He stumbles round the ring.

"Po te mata" (he can't see) glows the yelling crowd. But the blinded bird is not done. He sights his opponent with his good eye, and moves into position. Necks are entwined and circling begins again. Confident now, the brown flutters in the air and tries hard to deal the knock-out blow. But he has mummified a fraction. The black catches him off balance. He has now a fine hold, and forces the other's head to the gravel. Then his flashing spurs deal out horrible punishment.

I take my eyes for a moment from the bloody battle, and watch the spectators. The slit-cruel eyes of Orientals glint with satisfaction at the blood feast. Less demonstrative than the Tahitians, but somehow more cruel, seem the Chinese with slant narrow eyes set in round, inscrutable faces. The Tahitians jump and yell with joy as ripping spurs and tearing beak, find their mark.
"I was leafing through my old and battered copy of 'Alice in Wonderland' the other day, when a cancelled cheque fell out and lay at my feet. There on the top line was the date, May 14th, 1933. At the bottom was my father's signature in his firm, elaborate handwriting: 'Pay to the order of the Mother Superior, St. 23, signed John Matteo' and the cheque, drawn on the Pass Brook Bank of Scranton, Pa. I picked it up and, standing there in what is definitely the smallest apartment in Hollywood, I felt again the presence of the black-robed nun tapping out the rhythm for a small girl seated at an old piano, running the scales. I wasn't Elizabeth Scott then. I was that small girl, a kid named Emmy Matteo."

From PHOTOPLAY, the world's best motion picture magazine.

As the fight progresses so the roar of the crowd increases.
The air is a babel of Chinese and Tahitians, interspersed now and then with a sharp exclamation in French. With blood-dripping heads and gaping beaks, the cocks continue to spar, peck, and spur. Their movements become slower and slower as they tire. They fight more cautiously, more deliberately. One atom of reserved strength may now turn the cruelly close battle.
The brown feathers cleverly. Suddenly he seems a whirlwind of fury—he has the black by the neck, this time it seems in a death hold. Again and again he brings his spitting spurs into the scarlet breast that is his opponent's neck and head. The black bird desperately counters. Strength is leaving the other, and he in turn takes terrible punishment. Slowly he sinks to the ground. Wings out-stretched, legs akimbo, scarlet neck and head with one eye hanging by a piece of skin, he presents a hideous picture. With beak gasping for breath he felt sure the spark of life is passing from him.

The crowd, now a howling ring of barbarians, already proclaims the black as winner. The black just manages to prop himself sufficiently to keep upright. But he is past interest in his battered opponent.

Grimacing and exultant, his owner picks him up, fondles and smooths the blood-wetted, rumpled feathers.

The umpire points to the owner of the prostrate bird. He asks if he is through. The bandy-legged Chinese owner beckons him back. He picks up the cock.

The Chinese places the cock on the ground, and several spectators try to crowd in on him, but the umpire motions them back.

The half-blind bird manages to stay on his wobbling legs. The black is once more placed in position, but they both seem beyond interest in the fight and merely prop themselves, gasping for air and life.

The brown with a supernatural effort flapping of wings, suddenly delivers a vicious sideways swipe. The
dra from the howling onlookers is terrific. The fight is over.

The black lies on the dirt as still as death, and dead I thought he was. The bow legged Chinese whoops with delight, picks up his cock and administers mouthfuls of coconut milk.

The utterly exhausted cocks are placed under a running tap. Blood is roughly wiped from hideous neck and head. The birds are placed on the ground beneath a banana palm and forgotten.

Fresh birds take the limelight in the plaited coconut-frond ring.

Five more bloody fights were waged that sunny Sunday afternoon, each as horrible as the first. Some of the game little cocks were blinded, two were killed, but all were cruelly wounded.

During the intermissions the spectators gorged themselves with sweet corn, luscious, juicy mangoes, ice-cream and coconut milk sold by an enterprising Chinese from a stall.

No, I did not visit the cock-fights again. One gory spectacle is usually enough to satisfy the most blood-thirsty European.

"Moa Faatin" is illegal within the precincts of Papeete Town, but why worry about the environs. The Chinese and Tahitians want the thrill of the gruesome sport—the French authorities seem apathetic.

The police never bother to promenade outside Papeete town.

Any day, if you visit some of the township backyards, you'll see patient Chinese, or fun-loving Tahitians training and preparing the fighting cocks.

But hours the birds are massaged,

legs pulled, necks stretched. The cock is tossed into the air with a twist to help strengthen the legs and feet, and to teach him to gain balance quickly. He is monotonously oscillated for minutes at a time, and daily washed under a tap.

The sport is cruel from the start, and the game cock is subjected by the soul-possessing man-animal, to a life of torture from early childhood.

When your ship steams through the white smoking reef at Tahiti, and you hold your breath as you behold for the first time the magnificent mountains spreading their verdure down the beautiful valleys to the sea, remember that all is not beautiful in those enchanting valleys. The blood-baths of the cock fights take place in those same green valleys every Sunday afternoon.
CAVALCADE, May, 1948

Road to NOWHERE

Every man who crossed the bridge disappeared. Many corpses were found.

EVERY now and then the public is shocked by the spectacle of a one-man crime wave. Of such murder marathons one of the most astonishing, in my opinion, is the case of the vanished wayfarers on Mill Creek Bridge.

Nine men had ridden or walked over that bridge and never been heard from again. Searching parties had failed to find any evidence of quicksand. The only thing that was known was that from time to time somebody walked or rode across the mysterious bridge and was swallowed up as if by the sea.

A tenth victim was added to the list when Henry Bastian, a local farmer, called up the sheriff to report that one of his farmhands, Fred Kuschmann, had crossed Mill Creek Bridge and—no, he hadn't vanished—but he had been thrown from his horse and killed. An accident? Well, there was something about it—

"Fred was going to his home in Rock Island for a few days. He told me he was taking the shortest way, over the Mill Creek Road."

The sheriff recalled that on September 17 another farmhand, John Lauterbach, had taken the same short cut to Rock Island in order to save time, and had never been seen again.

"I loaned Kuschmann a horse to make the trip," Bastian went on to tell. "A little while after he had left, the horse came back with one broken stirrup, and some fresh blood on the tail. I was afraid something had happened to Fred. I'll admit that I didn't like going over that road. But I thought it was my duty, so I hitched up another team and found him there."

The sheriff looked closely at the broken stirrup that was still attached to the dead man's left boot, and turned to the coroner. The coroner looked at the stirrup, then he examined the body. He shook his head.

"This was no accident," he said. "He was beaten with some heavy instrument, possibly an axe or thick club."

There wasn't a particle of dirt on the stirrup. When a man is thrown by a horse and dragged along the road there is sure to be some dirt on the stirrup, and this was a muddy, soggy road. Fred Kuschmann had been murdered.

Who killed Fred Kuschmann, and why? There was no money in the dead man's pockets. Robbery? Bastian told the sheriff that he had paid off Kuschmann before he left. That was eighty dollars, and he may have had other money on him, too. "It's the usual custom to pay a man before he leaves," he remarked. "My sister saw me give him the money. I guess everyone around knew about the vacation," Bastian added.

Everyone knew, then everyone was a suspect. But every farmer from round about was gathered there at the moment, offering suggestions and trying to be helpful. Everyone, that is, except one. The sheriff noticed his absence. Harry Mason, Bastian's nearest neighbor, who had been very helpful when John Lauterbach disappeared, was conspicuous this time by his absence. He decided to have a talk with Harry Mason.

Proceeding along the main highway bordering Mason's farm, the sheriff stopped short. There in the middle of the road lay a man's black umbrella with a gold handle. The handle was covered with moist blood stains. Was this the murder weapon?

Mrs. Mason met him at the door. She was greatly disturbed, inquiring in a quavering voice if the sheriff had come to tell her something about Harry.

"He's been gone since four o'clock this morning," she cried. "I'm terribly worried. I know something has happened to him, something like what happened to all those others."

"Was he carrying an umbrella?" the sheriff asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Mason sobbed.

Fred Kuschmann had been murdered, probably with this same stout gold handled umbrella, at about five o'clock that morning. The sheriff looked grave as he explained the circumstances to Mrs. Mason. What was Harry doing up and around at four o'clock in the morning?

"I'll tell you," Mrs. Mason explained. "For years he's been trying to find out who's responsible for all those men disappearing, particularly John Lauterbach."

So—what was he doing up at four o'clock in the morning, the sheriff wanted to know.

"To dig," replied Mrs. Mason. "He got up at that time three or four mornings a week to dig in the ground at various places on both sides of the Mill Creek bridge, in the hope that he'd find John's body. He was sure he had been murdered.

"And where did he get that idea?"

"From Klem Stenge!" Mrs. Mason replied. "Klem told him
that he had seen someone burying bodies near there."

The sheriff shook his head sadly. Klem Stengel, he knew, was regarded by everybody as a kind of harmless half-wit.

"What was Harry wearing when he left this morning?" the sheriff asked.

"It was an eccentricity of my husband's to wear a light overcoat, winter or summer," she replied. "Another, was to carry an umbrella no matter how fair the weather."

The sheriff knew of these two eccentricities of Mason's. So did everybody else in the vicinity. Henry Winters, a farmer who lived near the Mill Creek Bridge, knew of Henry's eccentricities and remembered them when the sheriff questioned him. He had heard a horse going over the mystery bridge early that morning and gotten a glimpse of the rider. It was Harry Mason, he said.

From all indications it was Harry Mason, all right. The sheriff issued orders to assemble a posse and go in search of the missing Mason. Just then he spied a young man in the crowd. It was Klem Stengel, the village idiot.

"Klem," the sheriff whispered, "I saw a body buried. I bet you didn't."

The blank face showed a trace of excitement.

"I did, too," he whispered back. "I saw a man buried—in the graveyard, this morning."

"I don't believe it," she sheriff said. "Show me where."

Klem led the way to the cemetery which adjoined Henry Winters' farm. He was trembling with fear as he led the way to one of the graves. The sheriff knew that grave well.

It was the grave of Elmer Clayton, who had been buried there in proper order more than a month before. But a closer look revealed something odd about it. The mound did in fact look as if it had been freshly turned up again.

He knelt down and started to scoop up the dirt with his hands. His hand touched something! He drew back with a start.

When more of the dirt had been cleared away, there lay the dead body of—Harry Mason!

Harry Mason had been murdered with his own umbrella. And the murderer had left the umbrella where it would cast suspicion on Mason himself.

There was one interesting thing about the case, however. Mason was not wearing his overcoat when he was found in the grave. The killer, whoever he was, had removed the overcoat and worn it himself when he rode back across the bridge. That was when Henry Winters spied him and took him for Mason. Evidently the killer wanted to be mistaken for Mason. That meant that he was a local man, somebody who was familiar with Mason's eccentricities.

Going over the files on all the men who had disappeared over the Mill Creek Bridge, the sheriff discovered another interesting fact. Every one of the nine men had at one time or another worked for the same farmer. And the farmer was Henry Bastian.

When the sheriff returned to the Bastian farm, Henry was burning hogs in the incinerator. They had come down with cholera, he explained, when the sheriff asked him how he was doing.

"Do they bleed when they have cholera?" the sheriff asked.

"Bleed? Of course not. What gave you that idea?"

"I got that idea because there's blood in the buggy in which you carried the dead hog down to the incinerator," the sheriff said. "I found fresh blood, also, on the floor of the barn under a pile of straw. And why was it necessary to put a blanket over a dead hog? Was it a hog you wanted to conceal; or was it a dead man? Bastian made a menacing move, but he stopped when he saw the sheriff's hand go to the holster of his gun. What proof, Bastian demanded, did the sheriff have to back up his suspicions?"

"Harry Mason's body is all the proof we need," the sheriff replied. "He undoubtedly suspected you all along. You discovered him digging for his nephew's grave and you killed him. That gave you two bodies to dispose of, his and Fred Kuschmann's. You buried Mason in the Clayton grave. Then you evidently conceived the idea of the accident to Kuschmann. You piled Kuschmann's body in the buggy and drove to Mill Creek Bridge. There you threw his body to the side of the road and attached part of a broken churn to his foot."

"You sneaked back to the barn, got the horse you said you loaned Fred, put on Mason's overcoat and rode back over the bridge. Then you turned the horse loose to find his way back to the barn. A rather complicated plot, but a clever one, Henry, only it didn't—"

A sudden change of wind blew the smoke from the incinerator in the sheriff's eyes. At this point Bastian bolted and fled. The sheriff fired but Bastian was out of sight by this time. A posse was quickly rounded up and later that night Henry Bastian was found. He had hanged himself to a rafter in a neighbor's barn.

For weeks afterwards skulls and bones were dug up all over the place. Bastian had been a one-man crime wave, a monstrous marathon murderer. And his motive? Who knows? Maybe it was to get back the money he had paid in wages to his farmhand victims.
Traditions of French chivalry broke up a flourishing Australian business.

Of the de Tours family, not one now is alive in Australia. The story of how the six daughters came to be married and scattered through France and America, and of how the son met his death, is entirely another story. This chronicle tells how an adoring father almost became the murderer of his adored son.

Years before Hugh D. McIntosh built the Stadium at Rushcutters Bay, I boarded for a few months at a quaint hotel adjacent to the park. The hotel is now converted into a block of flats. Pierre de Tours (that name is the only bit of fiction in this story), ruled his half-dozen daughters literally with a rod of iron. For he had lost his hand in an explosion when he was an officer on board a French battleship in the Mediterranean. To the stump was attached an iron hook, apparently useless except for waving ferociously during his frequent fits of Gallic rage. The girls would flee to their bedrooms until Hortense, the eldest daughter, who acted as barmaid and who was the only one ever to dare face the father when he was in a tantrum, would call out in French, "The storm is over." Her sisters, or rather half-sisters, would then unlock their doors, come out and go about their duties.

Pierre de Tours also had a son, young Pierre, a handsome stripling of nineteen years, with close-cropped auburn curls, bright brown eyes and full red lips. Old Pierre, who worshipped young Pierre, had been four times a widower. That is to say, he had had four wives, three of whom he had maintained honorably in diverse parts of the world. In his facetious moments, he used to pretend that he could never make sure which daughter was the offspring of which wife . . . but of young Pierre he used to say, "My son is the son of Marie, and my Marie was the most beautiful and the most loving wife any man ever had." He forgot to mention that he had lured his Marie from an Algerian harem with stories of the future wealth of the de Tours when their ancestral estates had been restored to them. Marie gave birth to young Pierre in Sydney and a few months later eloped with an Italian tenor who was touring Australia. She left a note for old Pierre, the sense of which in English was, "I believe your de Tours chateau is a castle in Spain and I do not relish being instead, the chateau of a fifth-rate Australian pub." The daughters reared the baby, helped to spoil him and now that he was near manhood, still waited on him hand and foot.

Pierre junior never worked. While the daughters, from Hortense the eldest, to Lucille the youngest, constituted the hard-working staff of the hotel, young Pierre's only regular duty was to converse in French every morning with his father, as they sat on the rear verandah overlooking the bay. Old Pierre had a muddled idea that his son would someday go to France and occupy the de Tours ancestral chateau after sundry tiresome legal difficulties had been overcome. Hence his insistence on young Pierre—and the daughters, too—always speaking French during family parleys.

Young Pierre dressed well and always had money in his pocket. He was seldom home before midnight and by the time he was nineteen had earned among his cronies, an envied reputation as a successful amanuensis. When some conventional busybody brought to the father the story of the son's first amorous liaison, the old man shook his snowy locks and roared with laughter. Young Pierre was then sixteen. His father delighted in every rumour of a fresh conquest.

Suddenly the young fellow became a morose anchorite. Rarely did he go outside the hotel. For a few weeks his father did not seek his confidence. But one moonlit summer night, as the gloomy youth lounged on a bench on the rear verandah, listlessly fondling his father's pet monkey, a savage little pest who would allow no one, except the de Tours, father and son, to handle him, old Pierre came out from the deserted bar and sat on the bench. For a few minutes he was quite silent and then coaxingly he began his interrogation. Here in English is the gist of the conversation, as I heard it that night through the open window of my bedroom.

"My son, what ails you?"
"I am in love, my father."
"But that is no reason for sadness. You have been in love many times in these last three years."
"She does not love me."
"Who is she?"
"She is a dancer at Harry Rickard's theatre."
"My god! And why will she not love you?"
"I do not know. She laughs at me."

"Eh, bien! Perhaps your old
CALLADE, May 1945

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS GOLD TO JANIE.

JANIE'S a girl who's truly smart,.
With housework her hands she's not spoiling.
Unlike Mary, and Martha, and Annie too,
She gets along fine without toiling.
For Janie, you see, is the gold-digging type,
In spite of her countenance meek,
No meagre old budget brings tears to her eyes,
For Janie gets paid by the Week.

"Father can help you. Perhaps what she wants is gifts. Present her with a bracelet—a pendant—a necklace."
"And the money?"
"You shall have it. Pst! Shall a de Tours be thwarted in his amours?"
The following night young Pierre rolled very drunk and very happy through the back entrance of the hotel and stumped up the stairs. It was long after midnight, but the dozing father had waited up. He was sitting in a small parlour and was drinking absinthe. Eagerly he called his son into the room. Young Pierre blinked at him as he swayed in the doorway. In the stillness I could hear every word through the partition that separated my room from the parlour. A few swift questions, and the old man had learned that the dancer had accepted a bracelet and had supped with the handsome young Franco-Australian.

For a month, young Pierre was in heaven. His place in heaven, however, was kept warm only by repeated calls on his father's finances. The old man stood up to it gallantly while he could. The revenue from the hotel was badly depleted. At least the old man was forced to tell his son that the "affaire" must cease.

There was peace in the de Tours household for two months. Young Pierre even settled down to serving in the bar occasionally. But business grew steadily worse. The rival hotel was winning the contest for custom.

The father banked his money only once a week. The takings during each week were kept in a big cash box which the old man had under a pile of linen in his bedroom wardrobe. The money was banked every Monday morning.

One Saturday night, after the bar had been closed at 11 p.m., loud yells from the old man's bedroom brought three or four of his daughters running to discover what was the matter. They found their father, his eyes rolling, as he held the empty cash box, open, in his right hand, and slashed the air with his hook.

"I have been robbed!" he screamed. "Twenty pounds gone! Do any of you know anything?"
Glaring madly, he advanced towards them, the hook upraised. They huddled together, terrified, in the doorway. Hortense bravely walked into the room.

"I believe you," he said. In a dull tone he asked, "Where is Pierre?"
"He went to town immediately after dinner," said Hortense.
"Not a word to him when he returns," he commanded. "Go to your rooms." As they retreated, they heard him mutter in agony, "My god, my god, a son to rob his father! It is too much. I shall kill him!"

Again terrified the daughters fled to their rooms. Half an hour later they heard their brother staggering through the hallway. Suddenly his father appeared in the passage with a lighted candle in his good hand.

"Come into my room, Pierre." He spoke quietly but there was a menace in his voice that instantly sobered the young fellow. Trembling, the son followed the father into the bedroom. The door closed. What followed was told me by Hortense, who had raked up courage enough to creep into the hallway and listen outside the door.

"So, you are a thief. You have stolen twenty pounds from your own father to waste on that worthless dancer."
"No, father."
"What! You would lie to me? Good-for-nothing pig, you are no son of mine. I am going to kill you."
The daughter crouching at the door was too horrified to move. She heard her half-brother pleading for his life. She heard her father shout curses at his son. Then old de Tours suddenly whimpered

"Do not die, my son, with a lie on your lips. Tell me the truth. You took the money?"
"Yes, father."
"After promising me to give up that habit?"
"But I did not spend it on her, father."
"Ha! Then on whom?"
"On a French girl who has come to dance at the Tivoli."
There was a long silence before the old man spoke, very mildly.

"That is a different matter, my son. You are forgiven. But for the future you must not steal. You must come to me and you shall have whatever can be afforded. Now tell me... what is she like?..."

Within five minutes the daughter heard her father laughing heartily, as young Pierre in a low tone gave him his confidences.

Hortense went quietly back to bed. The danger was past. There would be no murder.
A LIFE ON THE OCEAN FLOOR

MARIE J. FANNING

A woman and her small daughter sat close together on the lower deck, their hands tightly clasped. Near them were two men, a schoolboy, three women. They all wore holiday clothes, for it was a seacraft-bound ferry. In the fore-and-aft cabin there were many people. A man sat with his back to the wall his reading glasses resting on his nose and a newspaper on his knees. Two young girls of seventeen or eighteen were in a little group with two boys of the same age. One of the boys had a ukulele on his knee and his arm was around the girl next to him. There were young women, elderly women, businessmen on holiday, children. A man sat with his gold watch in his hand, but he wasn't looking at the time. No one was moving or speaking or seeing. All these people were dead.

The ferry, in two jagged, twisted sections, rested on the bottom of the sea. It had been sudden. First, the mighty impact, the sound of tearing and grinding as the ferry was cut in half, then its unbelievably swift disappearance beneath the water.

This was the tragic sinking of the "Greycliffe," in Sydney Harbour in 1927, after it had been struck by the liner "Tahiti." There were survivors. Passengers jumped from the decks before the vessel went down, and some of them managed to float or swim until they were picked up by the rescue boats that huddledly put out from the mainland. But there had been no escape for those trapped in the cabins nor for those who had only just reached the decks as the ship went under.

Although it is over twenty years since the "Greycliffe" tragedy, Bill Harris, one of the two divers sent down to recover the bodies of these people within a few hours of the disaster, has never forgotten the grim unforgettable scene that awaited him.

Now 76-years-old and living in quiet retirement after 40 strenuous years of diving, Mr Harris says that the "Greycliffe" job was the most nerve-wracking of any he tackled. It took two full days to get all the bodies clear.

To be a successful diver, a man must be strong and healthy, have good powers of endurance, and he is, of necessity, a jack-of-all-trades. The average life of a diver is not a long one, frequently his lungs are permanently affected by the constant pressure of the water in which he is immersed. Bill Harris, however, has shattered medical theories and statistics by his obvious good health and robustness after so many years of continual diving.

Harris did not become a diver until he was 26. He started work at 13 in a Newcastle colliery, but at 20 he went to Queensland and spent six years doing odd jobs in labouring and carpentering. While working on a bridge over the Fitzroy River, Harris was "dared" into becoming a diver. The engineer in charge was worried because the diver he had engaged had not arrived. The work had to go on, so he called for volunteers. No one seemed anxious to go into the water. He asked Harris. Harris said, "No."

After the engineer had left them, Sherry, Harris's mate said: "Gawm, you're scared. Why don't you try it?"

Harris didn't hesitate. He went after the engineer.

"All right, I'll do it," he told him. "But only on the condition that Sherry goes down first."

Sherry went first, but he didn't like it. Harris went down and by the time he came up again he had made up his mind he was going to be a diver. Harris then joined the Maritime Services Board in Sydney and worked with this body until his retirement at 65.

A diver knows that danger lurks at the bottom of the sea. Every time he descends into the watery depths, he wonders just how close it will come to him and in what form.

It might be a ferocious fish, a jagged rock or a tangled spear. His only protection is his own wares and a long, sharp-pointed spear.

Harris has had many escapes, some of them bordering so close to disaster, that his diving mates gave him the name of "Lucky Bill Harris."

At one time he had gone down from a small vessel anchored near North Head in Sydney Harbour to recover a section of pipe. The tide was running strong but the water was clear. Harris had just located the pipe and was about to signal for a rope when he saw an enormous shark approaching. It was about 15 feet in length. Harris knew he hadn't time to get to the surface, so he stayed where he was. The shark came nearer, staring at the diver uncertainly.

For a moment it hesitated, then swam slowly past him. It wasn't a pleasant experience, but a few seconds later Harris had signalled for the rope to continue his work.

"You don't think too hard about things like that when you've got a job to do," Harris said. "You have a narrow shave, but you've just got to forget about it."

A portion of Darling Harbour was
The poet lived in friendless poverty, Secluded and unknown, but seeking fame, Which ever beckoned as a guiding flame Beyond his wilderness of misery, His sweetest songs of subtle pantomime. 

He gave the world, their praises to proclaim, Nor did they hold a thought deserving blame, So perfect was their flowing harmony. The world received them, in a single breath, Speaking their failure, casting them aside, As worthless fare, for it to contemplate.

But when the broken man sought peace in death, "Schoold! He is immortal!"—all too late!

Being cleared with a grab-dredge a few years ago, Harris was in charge of operations below the surface. As he stooped to shift some rubble, the dredge came too close and cut the air-pipe from his helmet. Harris was knocked to the ground, but he managed to roll over and pick up the end of pipe. Thus he held into position on his helmet and pulled himself to his feet. He signalled for his line to be pulled up, but it had slackened and become entangled with the dredge. The signal wasn't received.

Harris knew there was only one chance for him. He hung on to the pipe, loosened the air-valve on his helmet to increase the flow of air, and blew himself to the surface like a cork.

A diver's wardrobe is a weighty affair. He does first a suit of blanket flannel weighing 7 lbs. Leads with a total weight of 48 lbs. are then attached to his chest and back to keep him on his feet and to lower him into the water. His corselet and helmet weigh 21 lbs and his boots 35 lbs. When a diver disappears into the water, he is carrying just on 1 cwt. of gear and clothing.

A 3⁄4in. diameter life-line is connected from the diver's helmet to a 3-cylinder pump above the surface, and the pressure of air pumped is just the rate of half a pound per square inch to every foot of water.

Where the depth of water is not too great, divers can stay for lengthy periods under the water. Harris and other divers have worked continuously for eighteen hours repairing pontoons at the ferry wharves in Sydney with only fifteen minute breaks in every two hours. They would be in 10 ft. of water. With a depth of 60 to 100 feet, a diver must come to the surface gradually and in several stages, because of the heavy pressure. He sometimes takes 30 to 60 minutes.

Bill Harris said the most spectacular under-water scenery he came across was in the vicinity of Nelson's Point. Here the water is clear above a rocky bottom. There are deep gorges with a drop of 25 or 30 feet, 8 feet in width, and with marine growth covering the high walls. There is also a number of small caves measuring 6 ft. across the entrance and extending 10 or 12 feet. Fish are plentiful here, and whenever he was in this region, Harris was able to put his spear to good use. Once he speared a 24 lb. Jew fish. On another occasion he came across a 3 ft. shark asleep between two rocks.

A wide variety of articles has been recovered by Diver Harris from the floor of the sea. Among them have been anchors, timbers, piers, and wrecks, cases of whisky and sugar, cases. Some years ago he went down to recover a punt-load of timber in Black Wattle Bay, when a man approached him and said he had lost a full set of false teeth near the wharf three weeks before. Harris wasn't too hopeful of finding them, but he agreed to look. He searched the sand near the wharf for ten minutes and when he came up he had the teeth.

Harris has worked with the police on several occasions. He received an urgent call one day to bring his gear to Cook's River. The police were waiting when he got there. A man suspected of being the ring-leader in a large scale note forgery, had been chased along the river bank. Before the police could catch up with him, however, he had taken something from his pocket and thrown it into the water. Harris went down, and by groping around the spot indicated to him, he was able to retrieve the metal plate that had been used in the printing of the notes.

Although he is 76, Bill Harris is still an active man. He is asked frequently for his recipe for a long and healthy life. His reply never varies.

"Good living and plenty of beer," he says with a grin.

**Sylvester and His Guardian Angels**
in an effort to advertise the mushroom town of Goldfield in Nevada, outwitted the boxing entrepreneurs of the day by staging the sought-after Gans and Nelson bout. A novice in the promotion field, he ballyhooed the match so ably that the gate receipts created a record for a boxing match up to that time; and Mike, already possessed of a liking for boxing and a still greater love of lute, saw in Tex’s methods an opportunity to add to his even then considerable fortune. They became firm friends, and between them promoted four boxing events in which the customers contributed over one million dollars for the privilege of witnessing title bouts. In each, the magnet was Dempsey, his opponent being Carpenter, Firpo, and Tunney, the latter twice.

When Rickard died in 1930, he left behind two very tangible monuments to his organising ability—the mighty Madison Square Garden, and Mike Jacobs.

Rickard, caught in the depression, failed to prosper, but Mike Jacobs cannily rode the storm until the arrival of better days. Mike’s success has not been the result of a college education, for schooling was a strictly incidental feature of his youth. One of 10 children, his parents were German-Jewish immigrants who with complete ignorance of Irish burglars, took up residence in a part of New York that was traditionally reserved for exiles from the Old Sod.

The youthful Jacobs was consequently early indentured to the street-fighting game, and although it is not recorded that he achieved outstanding success in this field, it is certain that the activity bred in him a certain initiative that has been helpful in his later career.

He went to work for a boss as soon as he was legally able to leave school, and because it worried him to realise that for every pound he earned his boss earned many more, he decided to become the exclusive owner of his own energies. He started by selling tickets to the Coney Island sideshows—not, however, at the recognised points of disposal, but at subway entrances in New York City. Rival vendors, mad at thus being forestalled, sought municipal protection, and an edict was issued that tickets henceforward must be issued only from booths.

Mike overcame this obstacle by equipping his staff with portable booths of light cardboard. This innovation not only beat the edict, but enabled his sellers to make a quick getaway from rivals who believed in more direct methods than municipal control.

Next, he secured catering rights at Coney Island, and such was the appetite of pleasure-seekers that when Jacobs was still on the right side of 30, he was reputedly sitting behind over half a million dollars. But ticket brokering was still in his blood, and he had learnt, furthermore, that the average New Yorker was keenest on seeing any spectacle when tickets were apparently impossible to secure. Thus, by buying up most of the tickets for sporting and theatrical functions, he was able to raise their prices to a point where they became eminently desirable to the masses. He supplied a new version to this large-scale ticket scalping years later when, having taken
The desperate housing shortage all over the world continues to be pointed up by incidents, some of them funny, of them tragic. In this case, in a Canadian city, a householder who is subject to nightmares advertised in the local paper offering room and board to a couple who would not object to screaming in the night. Before dawn the next morning the telephone rang, and a woman's desperate voice came over the wire. "I've just read your ad in the morning paper," she said, "Tell me, just how often would you require us to scream?"

Over the control of the Madison Square Garden, he, as Mike Jacobs of the Garden, sold the most advantageous seats to Mike Jacobs, ticket broker, so that even the earliest-comers were unable to secure entry except at greatly inflated prices.

He is proud of the fact that he once sold for £1,000 a pair of seats for the opera season which he had bought earlier for £200.

His debut as a boxing promoter was in 1933 when he secured the right to put on for charity a contest between Barney Ross and Billy Petrolle. This annual charity bout is considered to be one of the choicest promotional tit-bits, for the trustees of the charity are broad-minded enough to realise that no man can produce such artistic extravaganzas without certain promotional expenses.

The only flaw in the arrangement, as far as Jacobs was concerned, was that he lacked a stadium at which to stage the contest. Then was born the Twentieth-Century Sporting Club an organisation in which shares are held exclusively by Michael Strauss Jacobs, and the offices of which were for some time under Jacobs' hat. The club secured the Bronx Coliseum as its arena and Mike, never a man to spoil a show for the sake of a dollar, ensured the success of the contest by temporarily engaging, also, the only other two stadia in the vicinity at which competitive events might be held.

Later, he moved on to the New York Hippodrome, where he promoted boxing, wrestling, roller and ice skating, tennis, hockey, and musical shows. His ambition, obviously, was to break the monopoly held by the Garden on such events.

In the meantime, with that uncanny flair for picking winners, he had signed up a fighter whom he had never seen in action, but who was later to become the greatest money-earner in the history of boxing.

The fighter was Joe Louis. It was the astute Jacobs who smuggled Louis into his world's championship by refusing to recognise Schmelling's prior right to meet Braddock—a bit of skull druggery that sent the German home in a huff, to gain recognition by most of the European countries as the champion. It was Jacobs who outfined those same countries, when they had almost completed arrangements for a title-fight between Schmelling and Tommy Farr, by offering the Englishman double the inducement to box Louis for the title in America. It was Jacobs, too, who was most mortified, apart from Louis, when the German temporarily robbed the Bomber of his glamour by defeating him at their first meeting; and it was in keeping with the Jacobs' luck that Joe became a bigger drawcard than ever when in their return match, the German was annihilated in the first round.

In short, what Rickard had performed for Dempsey, Jacobs had done for Louis.

Tough as an antagonist as he is in the promotional field, the sharp-nosed, gimlet-eyed Jacobs is considered to be an easy "touch" by erstwhile boxers and trainers down on their luck. But he never gives money, merely lends it—and the man who doesn't kick back gets no more loans.

Mike Jacobs lives unpertinently with his wife, and has no hobbies, except promoting fights for money, keeping dogs, and following the career of Joe Louis.

The latter hobby is probably the one on which he is these days keenest; that is why, perhaps, he and Joe will bow out together. When this happens, one of the colorful leaders of sport will become a legend.
"YOU city slickers make me tired," trumpeted Dave, slamming his schooner down on the table with a controlled violence which almost spilled the few remaining drops. "You talk as if we country blokes are a bunch of morons that don't even know the facts of life. Where do you get this know-all stuff from—standing in queues for smokes? Any cow-ocky could run rings round you if it came to dealing with a really vital problem!"

As the innocent retailer of the "Dad and Dave" libel which had provoked this outburst, Shorty twisted his glass and looked uncomfortable. Other members of the gang drifted over and joined the group, scintillating a fight or a story. The Professor straightened up in his chair.

"An interesting assertion," he said mildly. "You maintain, Dave, that the countryman is the real sophisticate. Can you produce evidence to support your case?"

Dave relaxed. His easy going grin spread again over his large red face. "My oath I can," he declared. "And for that last crack of his, the drinks are on Shorty."

Well, as you know, began Dave, I did my hitch with the Kews, and with a northern battalion at that. Most of those blokes knew more than the average office boy or counter jumper about which end of a cow gets up first; but as a typical yokel one was outstanding.

He was large, awkward, and slow-moving, and he used to wander round swinging his army boots as if they weighed a ton or carried a load of topsoil. This and his embarrassed good humour marked him for attention by our pain-in-the-neck of a drill sergeant, who was one of the base-issuing sardines kind.

The sergeant's best act, when our cobber had lumbered through some evolution a couple of moves behind the platoon, was to put on a Simple Simon grin and plop around in front of us hanging onto the handles of an imaginary plough, and bellowing, "Har, har, I'm a cow cocky, I am. Fresh off the turnips. One foot in the furrow!" It was funny, too, if you went for that sort of thing.

After a few repetitions, our rawest recruit was permanently dubbed "Cocky." His full name was somewhere in the records, of course, but among mates in a platoon you tend to forget even surnames. By the time the African show was finished and the Italian schemozzle was well under way Cocky's official handle had been lost in history. Strangely enough, nobody seemed to like this more than Cocky.

It was getting along towards the winter of '44 when we cracked through Rimini and out into the plains. We thought we were right but the weather beat us. The little, deeply ditched Italian fields turned to a black, treacle mud in which the tanks boiled down and the four-wheel drive jobs sank to both differentials. A cold, cutting wind came howling in from the Adriatic, bringing with it soaking, horizontal sheets of rain. With Jerry contesting every ditch, it looked as if we would be there till the spring.

On one such lousy day, Cocky and a cobber were clumping across a sudden field with the rain beating on their tin hats and gas caps. They were on a plonk-hunting expedition, but I think Cocky had organized it just to enjoy the homely feel of six inches of goo clinging to his boot soles.

Suddenly they heard a moaning noise coming from under a hedge-row. Huddled in a ditch, and getting what protection she could from the weather, was the shapeless form of a woman. She was speechless, but her white face was contorted with pain. Drawing their evidence from scattered shell holes in the paddock, the boys reached for their field dressings and leaped into action.

The inspection was short but thorough. You don't stand on ceremony in an emergency.

"Hee!" exploded Cocky. "This ain't a Jerry job! The signora's gonna have a family—right here and now, by the look of it! She certainly picked a crock time!"

The other Dig, a city type, turned white about the gills. A shell-pinter wound had no terrors for him—but this was something again. "What—I'll run for the doc," he stammered. "We've got to do something! Get her under cover! She can't—I'll—"

"Pipe down!" commanded Cocky. "There's no time for that. Family's on the way. Give us your gas-cape."

"But—but—" gasped the city man, struggling out of his cape.

"It's over to us," said Cocky calmly. "I don't know much about women, but I've helped things along in lambing season, and calving. Principle's the same. Give us a hand with 'er, and slip this gas cape underneath. Can't drop the little blank in the mud!"
DISILLUSION

I sought a prize before my heart grew old,
And lived in high ambition's fantasy
Of cherished hopes for those sweet hours to be
When destiny would make desire in gold.
While the four years in swift procession rolled,
Each day awakened brighter hopes in me,
Until my mind the glowing prize could see
More radiant than my eyes could ever behold.
At last my wish was granted. I was fraught
With disappointment and resentful ire
That my long waitings such an end brought,
Unlike the one that set my youth on fire.
But that I still could live in seren desire.

T W Neith

Despite the rain which pattered on the uppermost cape, and the wind which howled through the hedgerow, the delivery went through quite smoothly. The woman was a healthy young peasant type, and was able to help the amateur midwives quite a bit once the early pains were over. Nevertheless both Kiwis were sweating profusely when at last Cocky straightened up gingerly holding a small red yielding form.

"A real little Musso," he commented. "Got 'is trap open before 'e knows what it's all about. Don't blame 'im though. Now for shelter and the Doc."

Both were obtained in short order, though the shelter was merely a stone barn. The unit doctor congratulated Cocky on his performance, though he shuddered a little when he heard of Cocky's previous experiences in the field of midwifery.

But the farmer was not at all happy about things.

"We got responsibilities," he declared. "The little bloke has to have a fair go. I'll see the boys about it."

He need not have worried. Finding that the advance was halted, the platoon plunged into the foster-father business. Very soon mother and child were comfortably installed in a battered villa at a nearby beach resort, and willing Kiwis were foraging far and wide for suitable furniture and rations.

From the grateful mother the boys learned that her husband had taken off with true Italian promptitude when the shells started coming in, and was last seen heading north at high speed. Of three houses once owned by this once prosperous couple not one had survived the bombardment. The mother took everything with the staid calm of Italian womanfolk.

The hunt was on. A general description of the defaulting husband was circulated throughout the Division, with instructions that if found he was to be returned in serviceable condition to Viszelsz. Gifts, including a magnificent streamlined perambulator, poured in. It was soon planned that the youngster's foster-fathers numbered thousands.

An ancient bag was found to act as nurse, but her standards of cleanliness were soon questioned by a committee of married experts from the platoon. She was demoted to janitor, and the boys took over.

When a few days later the platoon moved on, its task was willingly taken over by the incoming unit. Cocky was nervous as a cat until he had assured himself that the newcomers knew their responsibility. He was relieved to find that a fellow farmer, one Steve, immediately took over the leadership of the new team of foster-fathers.

Steve, who was a bit of a tough diamond and a dangerous man in an argument, besieged the nearest civil administration centre for meat, milk, and baby food. Another committee of married men was formed which decreed suitable exercise for mother and child and drew up a roster of fatigue for food preparation.

Visitors from all over the area were now becoming a menace, and as everyone brought something along as gift and admission fee, the youngster soon had a supply of food sufficient to see him well into manhood, and toys enough to fit out a kindergarten.

Those who dropped in were well rewarded, however, by the sight of as tough a bunch of fighting men as you could find in the Kiwi Division acting as nursemaids to the load of the manor. It was even money they would find the sergeant, a hard-bitten 'thirty-niner, pumping the primus while the corporal, an M.M. and twice wounded, argued the toss with a couple of recent reinforcements who were family men about the efficiency of condensed milk and army biscuit as a body-builder.

Enthusiastic washerwomen had the usual strings of white hunting flying which signify the presence of the Boss. The mother spent most of her time sitting in an armchair on the terrace, feeling at once dazed, grateful, and anxious for the safety of her first-born. It was generally supposed that the lady was an invalid, though in the normal course of Italian events she would have been back in the fields long before.

Cocky, pounding back down the road in a borrowed jeep every time he could be spared from the waterlogged ditches along the Rubicon that were the front, was always an honoured guest. He would spend hours discussing the problems of fatherhood, and soon the youngster became known throughout the Division as "Cocky's kid."

At last the search for the husband bore fruit. Following a slender chain of evidence, a party tracked him down to the village of Bellaria, just inside our lines. He was dragged back none too gently, and handed over to the security people who gave him a thorough grilling. Among other things, he admitted that he had been a tailor of sorts before prosperity overtook him.
THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

FRED PERRY WENT TO THE GALA MIDSUMMER DANCE AT THE COUNTRY CLUB ONLY ON THE CONDITION THAT HE COULD LEAVE EARLY, BUT WHAT WITH SPENDING AN HOUR OR TWO TRYING TO LOCATE HIS CAR, AND ANOTHER COUPLE OF HOURS WAITING FOR CARS TO THIN OUT A LITTLE SO HE COULD MOVE, HE WAS AMONG THE LAST TO GET AWAY.
Passing Sentences

Skiing is a sport that people learn in several sittings.

There is no wholly satisfactory substitute for brains, but silence does pretty well.

"Rooms to Rent" ad: Lady, furnished bed-sitting room, kitchenette, fast as possible, separate entrance.

Overheard: It's all there in his expense account, down in black and blonde.

The modern girl is one who'd rather be well formed than well informed.

The difference between a prejudice and a conviction is that you can explain a conviction without getting mad.

Adolescence: The period in which children begin to question the answers.

A politician is one who thinks of the next election; a statesman is one who thinks of the next generation.

Gold: A metal men dig out of holes for dentists and governments to put back in.

The road to success is full of women pushing their husbands along.

Friends: Two women mad at the same person.

A woman looks on a secret in two ways; either it is not worth keeping, or it is too good to be kept.

Business for sale ad: Health food manufacturer, business established over 20 years. Reason, ill health.

It's not the number of persons per square mile that counts, it's the number of square persons per mile.

Radio: An advertisement with knobs.

View from a Hill-top pleasingly posed by Universal-International's Martha Stewart.
"Now what am I offered for this fine specimen of Currency womanhood? Born and bred in this country, she was Twenty-eight years old and sound in tooth and limb. Look her over, man Who'll buy?"

There was a certain amount of excitement in old Sydney's Rocks area when this announcement was made one fine summer's day in December, 1825. A man named Martin Wheeler had placed a halter around the neck of his wife, Mary Wheeler, and had bid her out into the street where he now offered her for sale to the highest bidder.

"But a man can't sell his wife like that," said one of the Sterling women recently arrived in the colony.

"Oh, yes he can," she was told.

"That's the way he divorces her."

"Well, I've never heard the like," the Sterling woman said.

"This is not England, you know," a Currency lass told her. "This is New South Wales. In fact, it's The Rocks. We do things differently hereabouts."

"Now she's a fine lass," Martin Wheeler told his audience. "A bit sharp in the tongue, but if you'll look at her, you'll see other compensations."

The men in the audience laughed and looked at the other compensations, which were obvious. Standing with the halter around her neck, Mary Wheeler returned her stares. She seemed a bold, likely lass for any man.

"I'll bid two shillings," a man in the crowd shouted, and there was more laughter.

Mary Wheeler's eyes flashed, and then she laughed with the crowd and said, "Mind you, let none of you men take me too cheaply," and it was this show of wit that started the bidding in earnest.

"One shilling," was bid by an old man.

"Come on, you can do better than that," Martin Wheeler told him.

"I won't be an old man's darling," cried Mary. She singled out a tall sailor from the crowd and addressed him, "You'll bid two shillings, won't you?"

"I'll bid four, and if you're a shrew, I'll tame you," the sailor said, coming forward. He held the money in a fist the size of a young pumpkin. Mary Wheeler admired the fine tattooing on his arms, and the breadth of his chest.

"Done, then," said Martin Wheeler, taking the money and at the same time removing the halter from Mary's neck. "Good-bye, Mary," he said. "I'm a free man, and you're a free woman."

But the judge who some months later tried Mary Wheeler on a charge of bigamy did not take this same view of the matter. Mary's plea that she had been divorced from her husband moved him not at all. It was necessary, the judge said, for people of the class the prisoner came from to understand that a man bringing his wife with a halter around her neck, and selling her, did not annul the marriage.

For her bigamous marriage to the sailor, Mary Wheeler was sentenced to spend six months in a place of correction. As far as the records show, her husband Martin received no punishment. It was a man's world in Sydney in 1826.
He hated like his father

A traditional enemy of his family was dying — Andreas had to save him.

RODERICK THEW.

From the facing hillside across the valley, little puffs of smoke went out and hung like feathers in the still sunlight. At the same time the bullets from the rifles spattered into the ground where Andreas was lying on his belly, and little showers of sand and chips of rock rose and fell.

Andreas laughed. The party men had been lying on the hillside for a day and a night, trying to take the village. Now it was morning again, and they were still there.

There was nothing new about this. As the day wore on the party men would crawl through the hills and around and behind the village, and there would probably be hand to hand fighting when the sun went down. It was part of living on the border, high in the mountains. It was tradition.

Andreas and his men had got out of the village into ambush as soon as they knew of the raid. They had been holding them, but they didn’t know for how long.

The attack had stopped. Lying there on the side of the steep, horse-covered hill, Andreas thought of the only things he knew, the things that always happened among those hills from the dawn of time. Presently he thought of John, and of John’s family.

He remembered, when he was a boy, his father and uncle were teaching him to use an old, long-nosed Turkish rifle. They had been sprawled on their belly on the hillside above a road, just as he was sprawled now, waiting for the...
raiders. Only that day Andreas had been boasting in a boyish way that he could hit a moving target, and his uncle and his father were laughing at him.

Just then a man came round the bend of the road, riding down the road on a good horse, and Andreas had said, "I could hit that."

His uncle laughed and said, "Oh, but he's only moving slowly."

His father said, "You can try if you like; it's old Anapolous."

Something made Andreas go cold when he heard that name, boy though he was. Anapolous was a family he had been taught to hate from cradle days. To hit old Anapolous was more than target practice; it was part of the life and tradition of a family — his family, and its long feud. He raised the rifle, steadied it, squeezed the trigger slowly, and wounded Anapolous in the arm.

In the following years more than one Anapolous bullet had clipped into the ground at Andrea's feet. The crease in his car, where the lobe was half chewed away, was the nearest miss. For Anapolous, family and Andreas' family hated, hated long and strongly, and in a most practical way. Their fathers had hated, and their grandfathers, and the honorable old men before them. And all of this came back to Andreas when he thought of John, because John was John Anapolous.

The raiders began to fire again.

Firing in the daylight. That meant they were strong in numbers. Andreas knew, just as he knew the names of the flowers, how these things went. He knew that the people they had held in check might well be a small advance party. Their purpose would be to get men out into the hills, away from the village.

Paulos crawled up through the grass and lay motionless beside Andreas.

"It's all right in the village," he said. "They're covered down there. Half of our riders lie on rooftops."

"Good," Andreas grunted. He sighted along the barrel of his rifle and fired a careful shot at the fez-crowned head that came round a rock. He couldn't see the result.

"There's a party holding the road," Paulos said. "A strong party."

Andreas lowered his rifle. "Good," he grunted again.

"If we can hold the hill . . ." Paulos said, and let his words die.

"We can," Andreas said.

They lay there and waited. Andreas told Paulos something, and Paulos crawled away as silently as he had come. A few more shots from the raiders chipped down the hillside. There was no answering fire.

They kept lying there, silently. The sun grew hot. Presently the top of the hillside suddenly livened; the raiders, masked by the quietness, were coming down. They swarmed down, perhaps a hundred of them. Andreas blew his horn and jumped up. All the defenders of the village jumped up, firing their rifles and taking their positions with fixed bayonets.

The raiders went to ground and began to fire back.

The action became too quick for one man's eye to see the detail. But presently the raiders and the village men were hand to hand, swords and bayonets flashing and rapping, and Andreas, a flesh wound burning his thigh, a great hill bandit racing at him, had no time to think of John Anapolous, or anything else, except fighting.

It was like that until Andreas realized that he had nobody to attack. Then he looked around. He saw the raiders retreating up the hillside. And he saw John.

But John was a short man, and stocky. When Andreas saw him he was firing desperately against a great, wide-shouldered bandit.

Down John's face was a great scar; the blood dripped from it as he fought. There was a rent in John's blouse, and around the tear was blood.

Andreas thrilled — thrilled that the bandits had been beaten, and that his enemy, John Anapolous, was being beaten and killed.

The thrill died in a second. As quickly as that. Then, with a great howl Andreas charged upon the two. The gigantic bandit swung his rifle in a wide circle, viciously, and Andreas stopped, crouched, vowed for an opening, and went under the rifle butt, a short knife gleaming in his hand.

They engaged each other for a minute. Andreas and the raider; then John swung in, rocked on his feet, tripped, and went down.

Andreas and the raider had the field to themselves; it seemed as though nobody in the world was aware of them. They fought, parrying blows, panting their thoughts as they thrust with their daggers.

The hill bandit met tactic with tactic — until Andreas had manoeuvred himself onto a good footing. Then, in a sudden flurry of new activity, he sprang in and fastened himself to his adversary like a dog to the throat of a bull. Up and down his short knife flashed, once, again, three times, yet again. The great bulk of the bandit collapsed on the earth, and the life breath rushed out of his body with a mighty basso green.

Andreas stood up.

The sweat dripped in beads from his forehead. There was blood all over him. His burning wound had ceased to burn, but the leg was beginning to suffer.

He bent over the still body of John Anapolous, his enemy.

John's eyes met his.

"Strange work for you, Andreas," he said, "to save my life."

"Bah!" Andreas spat. "How could I let you die defending the village — there couldn't be a hero in the Anapolous family!" he swore.

John's eyes glazed. "Still the feud? Then kill me while I'm easy," he said.

Andreas picked him up without a word and carried him down the hill to the dusty road. His leg was stiff and he was limping with the weight of the burden. He hoped for a cart, for a horse to come along, for somebody to help him carry John Anapolous home.

Near the village he paused and put John down, none too gently, in the winy grass by the roadside.

John spoke again. "So our feud is forgotten, after all?" he asked, careful not to commit himself.

"When you're well," Andreas said, "I'll kill you. When you're well and strong. When you're strong enough for a man of my family to conquer . . ."

That was the way it had always been, and it was that way now.
He looked beyond Vicki to her dressing-table, and saw the little
glass dog laughing at him. Then he looked at Vicki again, and she was
laughing at him, too.

"Your jealousy is very flattering, Bentley Harden," she said, "But
Tommy is interested in me only as a singer. And I'm interested in him
as a band leader and my arranger—nothing more."

She turned back to the mirror, fixing her black, shining hair. She
looked cool and sweet and untroubled, and he thought that if he
hadn't known her so well he'd have been convinced of her sincerity.

He said, "Too bad I can't go to Melbourne with you."

He watched her keenly, but if the idea bothered her she didn't show it.
She shrugged her smooth shoulders, her face lit with the inevitable smile
that brought out the blue of her eyes.

"There's a husband for you!" she said with mock resignation. "Too
jealous to see a Melbourne trip in its true light, yet too busy with his old
night club to come along and look after the wife he's so afraid of los-
ing."

He got up and crossed the room,
A RESOLUTION ON ABLUTION.

Grandfather Jones, that hoary old gent,
For soap had a fervent obsession.
And both he avoided till Granda Jones
Brought to bear her full right of coition.
But now Grandpa sits alone in the chair.
For Granna has gone from life's stage,
And Grandpa is eighty and hearty and hale.
Boy! Will he live to a ripe old age?

— W.G.D.

how far a man like me will go to hold the woman he loves.

She put up her hands and took his wrists in them, and gently caressed his fingers from her shoulders.

"I'm on now, darling," she admonished. "I don't want have to powder my shoulders again."

She passed his hands and got up from the chair. She kissed him lightly on the cheek and moved, soft and graceful in her shivering gown, to the door and out.

The room was suddenly dark and cold without her, it seemed to him just like his life would be if she lost her. And he was going to lose her.

He was going to lose her to Tommy Vann. He knew it. He could see it in the way Vann looked at her, in the way his smiling eyes caressed her. The way they'd be caressing her now, at this moment, he thought. He walked from the room and down a corridor to the big, crowded Orchid Room.

Vicki was singing at the microphone. Something slow and foolishly sentimental, the pain of it shining from her eyes and writhing in exquisite agony to the rhythm. She acted her songs, just like she acted her life, he thought. He had met, courted and married her before he'd found out that she acted all the time.

In front of the band and to one side of the mike he saw Vann, grey-tempered and tall, handsome in the shirt, smooth way of his hand. His face was just one of a hundred men's faces turned towards Vicki, but you could read the same thoughts in most of them, Bentley Harden thought. Only, in Vann's face, it mattered.

Because the others would forget Vicki as soon as she finished singing, while Tommy Vann would be seeing her again and again, lingering with his eyes full of yearning, exchanging little secret smiles with her the way Bentley had been watching him do for weeks.

And in a few days he would be going to Melbourne with her. True, it was only a three weeks season on a radio programme, Vicki and the band as a unit; but three weeks is a long time, the night club owner thought.

Too long a time for Vicki to be away with Vann. The girl finished her song, and with the crowd calling for an encore Bentley Harden left the Orchid Room and walked slowly back to his wife's dressing-room to think things out. It was quiet, back there.

The little amber-coloured dog grinned at him from Vicki's dressing-table. He hated the thing. He hated it because Tommy Vann had given it to Vicki; but, more than that, it seemed to him that its silent laughter mocked him, was directed especially at him. And most of all, he hated it because Vicki loved it so. How could anyone, even a woman, be so passionately fond of a silly inanimate piece of glass?—unless it was really her love for the giver being showered on the gift.

Curiously, all his hate was for Tommy Vann. It had been welling up for weeks, and even though he thought that Vicki encouraged the musician he had nothing but love for her. He wondered about that. Maybe it was because he thought of her as a child, or something less than a child. She acted the same, forever playing one part or another, so that he felt she had no real self, no individuality. Perhaps that was why he found it easy to heap the blame onto Vann. He thought of Vicki as a valuable possession, something that Vann was trying to steal from him.

If Vann wasn't around with his good looks and his smiling eyes, he'd be in no danger of losing her, he thought—

He slumped into a chair, his pulse throbbing strongly. That last thought had brought something into the light, dragged it from the dark corners of his mind where he'd been hiding it for so long. If Vann wasn't around. All right, let's face it, he thought. After all... it wasn't as if he hadn't warned the bandleader.

He thought back, reviving snatches of conversation that radiated grim warning on his own part, smiling denial on Vann's.

"... 'd you really have to keep Vicki from me so much, Tommy? What do I have to do to get my wife to myself—shoot you or something?"

"Sorry, boss. Got to have lots of co-ordination between singer and band, you know. Takes plenty of working out"...

Yes, Tommy would have been less than a half-wit if he'd failed to read the warning on such occasions. He'd been warned, but he'd ignored it.

"I'll kill him," Bentley whispered to himself. "I'll kill him."

Away in the Orchid Room the music stopped. The dressing-room was warily quiet, and he waited for Vicki's heels to sound along the corridor. They didn't. Then the music started again, a popular dance tune without vocal; and he could imagine the pianist leading the band while Tommy Vann danced with Vicki or sat at a table with her.

"I'll kill him," he said, aloud. On the dressing-table, the little glass dog grinned at him.

Bentley Harden went to his office behind the Orchid Room, and took the automatic pistol from its drawer. He could hear the rhythmic strains of Tommy Vann's music as he left the club. He took a taxi to King's Cross, but got out a couple of blocks from Vann's flat and walked the rest of the way. There was no sense in drawing attention to himself, he thought. No sense in leaving a cab driver to remember next morning that he'd dropped a passenger outside a building where there'd been a murder.

There were probably other, cleverer ways of doing this thing, he thought, but then, he wasn't clever. The only way he knew was to wait for Vann in his flat and kill him when he arrived; do the job with as little fuss and as inconspicuously as possible.

His hands were gloved. He had wiped the pistol clean, and he would leave it in the flat with the body. The weapon was unregistered, could not be traced to him. With ordinary luck, no one would ever know who had killed Tommy Vann.
It was around two o'clock, and the stairs and passages of the apartment house were deserted. Tommy Vann's flat was unlocked, as always. Big-hearted Tommy—"drop in anytime and have a drink, whether I'm there or not." Bentley smiled. Drop in and kill me some time. Almost sadly, he thought of the bandleader coming home for the last time. It's too bad, Tommy, but I warned you. You're not going to steal her from me, Tommy. I won't let you.

He found an armchair, and waited in the darkness.

It was after three when Vann arrived. He came in and switched the light on, and saw the man in the chair. He was surprised, but he smiled his easy, white-toothed smile. "So here you are. Vicki was wondering where you'd got to. Want to see me about something, Bentley?"

He held his cigarette case invitingly. Harden refused, and the bandleader took one for himself. Through the blue haze he turned handsome, inquiring eyes on the night club operator.

He was smiling, like he always smiled, whether he was waving his baton at the band or talking to Vicki. The smile was a fixed quality on his face; Harden thought of the little glass dog and made a mental resolve to destroy the thing. If he didn't, it would always remind him of Tommy Vann.

"I'm going to kill you, Tommy," he said.

But even those words could wipe the smile entirely from Vann's face. It lingered in his eyes, but there was fear in them, too. He looked at Harden, searching the determined mask he saw there.

"Why?" he said, trying to sound puzzled.

"Vicki," Bentley Harden's voice was low, bitter. He fingered the pistol in his pocket.

"And what about Vicki herself?" Vann said quietly, still searching Harden's face. "Are you going to kill her, too?"

"No. Only you, Tommy. I warned you, remember?"

"Yes... I remember." Reflectively, almost as if talking to himself, he said, "I should have heeded your veiled warnings. I should have got to blazes out of this town the first time you mentioned it. Only—"

"Only you didn't," Harden said. "Maybe you thought I wouldn't kill to keep Vicki." He pulled the pistol from his pocket, and Vann's nerve snapped at sight of it.

"No, Bentley, not. Don't be a fool. For God's sake—" He was still backing away when Bentley fired.

The shot was shockingly loud. The night club man sat still, listening for opening doors, inquiring voices, but the only sound was the hum of a passing truck on the street below. He crossed to the crumpled man on the carpet, felt his chest. He was dead, all right. He dropped the pistol onto the floor beside the body, and went home.

"Where've you been, darling?" Vicki said sleepily. "You know how I hate going to bed without knowing where you are. It makes me feel so lonely."

But she was down picking some-
thing from among the broken glass. It was a tiny roll of paper. She stood up, unrolling it with tiny shaking hands. Bentley said, "What is this? What have you got there?"

She lifted her wide-eyed gaze and said, "Tommy told me that if he should ever die unexpectedly I was to smash the little dog and find what was inside it. He told me when he gave it to me, three weeks ago. I thought it was just a joke, but..." she trailed off, her face white.

Bentley took a quick step forward, but an authoritative voice at the door said, "All right, I'll take it."

The sergeant strode heavily across the room, broken glass crunching beneath his feet. He took the paper roll, looking from the girl to her husband and saying, "What's going on around here, anyway?"

The paper had rolled itself back to the size of a fat cigarette, and the policeman's clumsy fingers took time to unroll it. He read its message aloud, read it with maddening deliberation.

"Dear Vicki, this is a funny way to do things perhaps, but I did not want to worry you with it in case I was wrong, yet just had to find a way of warning you if my suspicions turned out as I feared. Not that there was ever anything but business between you and me—though I could never convince your husband of that—but I like you a lot, and want you to know about Bentley. He is more than just a jealous husband, Vicki. He is insane. He has threatened my life many times in a veiled, half-joking way, but the look in his eyes every time I looked up and caught him looking at me was no joke. I could never tell whether he would really kill me, Vicki, but it circumstances are such that you are reading this now, then it is time for you to leave him. He is mad, Vicki. Get away from him while you are safe—" The sergeant couldn't bother to read any further. He looked curiously at Bentley Harden, and said, "It's signed, Tommy Vann."

"It's a lie!" Harden cried. "I'm not mad, I'm not. He was a swine. He was trying to steal my wife—"

"So you shot him," the policeman said.

"Yes, but I'm not mad, I tell you. I'm not!" The killing of Vann seemed suddenly unimportant now, but he couldn't stand them thinking he was insane. He was Bentley Harden, a man who'd been willing to kill to keep his mate. He was sane, same... he screamed at them, telling them so.

"That will do," said a voice. It was the second detective, gripping him by the arm.

"He is mad. I've known him for a long time, but I wouldn't let myself admit it." It was Vicki, sobbing, her face in her hands. Bentley stared at her, lost and hurt.

"His jealousy drove him insane," the girl cried. "He was jealous every time a man spoke to me, and he got worse all the time. He saw himself as the injured husband, a man determined to hold the woman he loved. He dramatised himself. He was all the time acting... acting..."

He stood there, wide-eyed, appearing not to hear; he offered no resistance, made no comment.

As they led him away, a hard little ball rolled from the toe of his shoe and came to rest against the skirting board. It was the solid glass head of the little amber dog. He looked down and saw it resting there, laughing up at him.
Sleeping

Lullaby by GIBSON

If, at any time, you wish to enjoy the healthy pleasure of sleeping out in the great open spaces of your backyard, and your choice of equipment happens to be a hammock...

You will find that quickness and agility coupled with infinite patience are essential, otherwise your efforts are likely to meet with disaster.

Care should be taken in your choice of supports. Trees should always be equal in strength, especially if the weaker of the two should happen to have a nest of robins, galahs, or mozzies in her hair.

An insect spray is an absolute must, although hardened sleeper outers have found that it is much easier to put up with the mozzies.

If you happen to be the nervy type it is wise to have a bottle of aspirins or a brick handy, in case the noises of the great out-of-doors prove too distracting...
It has been found that colour plays an important part in health and has curative powers in disease, particularly in nervous ailments. If a person is neurotic, has morbid fancies or makes himself unhappy by dwelling on the dark side of life, he should sit for an hour a day in the light of a delphinium-blue or rose-red glass pane in a window. Yellow light is said to be stimulating. Stomach pains are relieved by yellow, green or blue light. Red is suggested as helpful for heart ailments such as dizziness and high blood-pressure. Headaches can be eased by blue or violet light.

Radioactive sex hormone has been made for the first time. The conquest of cancer may be advanced by this achievement. Scientists have long known that there is a relation between sex hormones and cancer. Sex hormones are now being used in treatment of some forms of cancer with success. It is hoped that these treatments will be made to succeed in more cases when doctors are able to determine exactly the relation between the hormones and cancer.

A Way to save patients from bleeding to death after escaping death from blood clots in brain or heart, was announced by Drs. Conrad R. Lam and Leonard L. Cowley of Detroit. Fatal blood clots that come sometimes after operations and childbirth, may be prevented by using a chemical, heparin, which makes the blood more fluid. When patients are given heparin, the time it takes their blood to clot may be prolonged from a normal 19 minutes to two hours. But when it takes as long as two hours for the blood to clot, the patient may bleed to death from a cut or from the operation wound.
THAT pain in the side may be nothing more than a symptom of indigestion, but it is apt to conjure up the worst kind of pictures of surgeons in white gowns and the anaesthetic smell and quiet hush of the operating theatre.

Whether it does turn out to be indigestion or something of a more serious nature, the pain should not be a cause of despair.

There is a ninety per cent. chance it will be nothing you should worry about, and the other ten per cent. of chance, that some kind of operation will be necessary, should no longer be regarded as the bogey it has been in the past.

One small example of the advance made is the simple case mentioned above, tonsillectomy. Where a general anaesthetic used to be necessary, the patient can now get by with a local anaesthetic in an operation that takes only a few moments and has less after effect than ever before.

For the larger example, consider the success surgery has had in combating one of the greatest post-operative killers, pulmonary embolus. This was a dramatic form of death, more often than not occurring when the recovering patient first got out of bed, sometimes even at the point where relatives were waiting downstairs with a taxi for the patient to go home.

The embolus is a blood clot that fills the veins in one section of a lung, shutting off the oxygen supply. Where the clots came from was a mystery the surgeons set out to unravel. There was some urgency in

since the only operation that could prevent death in this case was an operation skilled and timely performed.

Surgeons connected the lung clots with those of another commonly encountered post-operative symptom, phlebitis, where the leg of the patient became inflamed through clot formation in the veins there.

Research led them to the conclusion that there was no connection between the two, since the clots in the leg veins were too firmly sealed to the walls of blood vessels to come adrift and reach the lung.

Little progress was made until the discovery of a set of chemical substances which could be injected into the blood stream and serve to cast a shadow in the X-ray.

From the X-ray pictures of post-operative patients, the surgeon can now locate the potential lung embolus while it is still in the leg veins. He will then incise above the position of the clot, and tie the vein. In a short time other veins have taken over the work of the sealed ones.

It is even possible in this way to prevent a clot reaching the lung after it has passed out of the vein system of the leg, by tying off the main blood return route from both legs.

So the constant menace of lung embolus was overcome, many lives that would otherwise have been marked for death, and there were fewer grey-bearded surgeons in the world. For the future is the possibility that a recently discovered set of anti-coagulant drugs will prevent blood clots forming and render this type of surgery unnecessary.

There are still numbers of worried surgeons because so many people are reluctant to undergo some of the small operations that would make their later and major operations unnecessary.

Consider for example the numbers of men and women who needlessly suffer the inconvenience and pain associated with varicose veins, when surgery is the swift and painless instrument that could relieve the condition in less time than it takes to read this article.

There are two procedures. First, the backflow of blood from the deep vessels of legs is checked surgically, and then into the empty diseased veins is injected a mild irritant which makes the blood vessel walls adhere to one another, eliminating the old passages and forcing the blood into the deeper and normal channels.

Treated early enough, varicose veins are simple things to get rid of, the operation requires only a local anaesthetic, leaves only a minute and hidden scar, and is one you can walk away from when it is over.

Whether you “believe” in operations or not, they are often forced on you by circumstances, and some of the associated fear may be removed by knowledge of what is to be faced. A person who has a decayed tooth needing surgical removal may be afraid to have it extracted because he or she is a “bleeder.” The surgical dentist has the answer to this in an injection which stops quite a lot of the bleeding, and transforms the blood that does come up into a frothy substance not unlike cotton wool.

Removal of the tonsils or the
appendix are now simple operations requiring little fortitude on the part of the patient. Many people suffer the mental anguish caused by the presence of those unquietly blisters you read about, when electro-surgery could remove these in quick time.

Consider the toll taken by the disease, angina pectoris, and what surgery is able to show as results of its new techniques in the fight against death from this complaint. Up to a very few years ago, angina was in the "hopeless" class. Then surgeons tried new operative methods, some of them successful. One was to increase the blood supply of the anginal heart by attaching to it other tissues through which blood was to flow. One was to remove the thyroid gland to give rest to the angina-stricken heart.

Of ten patients so operated on, nine survived the operation; seven are still alive. Of the seven, three were operated on five years ago, four of them were operated on four years ago. This is remarkable in that, a very few years ago, all ten would most certainly have been dead.

Cancer of the esophagus is another killer that may be successfully put in check by the surgeon's skill. This is a deep-seated cancer of the tube connecting the mouth with the stomach. It has been cured by means of surgery, but there were failures and radium treatment was preferred. Now there have been cases where such cancer has been operated on with success, giving hope to the many people who would ordinarily die within months of the diagnosis.

Going along with these advances in surgery are forward steps in the form and administration of anaesthetics. The terrors of slow induction of anaesthetic by inhalation have largely been done away with, and after sickness is rare. Patients are generally given what is known as "premedication," being put to sleep in their beds so that they miss the nerve-racking trouble from ward to theatre. Chloroform is used less, and ether is being supplanted by cyclopropane. Curare induces muscular paralysis after injection, and increases the chance of survival in some types of operation. Improvements in "local" anaesthetics has made many lesser operations easier for both the surgeon and the patient.

These are things of to-day, when surgery has become less dangerous than crossing the street.

From another angle, to-morrow promises instances where new discoveries in drugs will eliminate the need for surgery in some cases. Russian scientists have reported the elimination of epilepsy by anaesthetic treatment of the brain, and expect to achieve cures with this method in other ailments.

But even without these possibilities, the growing knowledge of such things as electro-surgery and the possibility of using sound waves to perform painless operations, without incision, on deep-seated complaints, is proof that fear of surgery, even now a relic of the past, will soon become a laughing matter.

It is always to be hoped that pain in your side is nothing more than the result of a spat your stomach and liver are having, but it will help to remember that, even if the worst comes to the worst, it is not such a bad prospect, after all.
Six Dots

THAT SPREAD THE LIGHT

RAY HEATH

In 1812, the year in which Bonaparte was defeated at Moscow, Louis, a harness-maker's three-year-old son, was playing with an awl in his father's Paris shop. The accident caused the little boy to puncture his eye with an awl and a family tragedy which was not recognised for many years, as the happiest misfortune in the world.

Little Louis immediately lost the sight of one eye; through infection he soon lost the sight of his good eye, too, and he was blind before he started school. He carried out his studies by touch, feeling the large embossed letters of the alphabet which had been invented in 1764 by Valentine Hauy, and though this was an improvement on the clumsy system developed in Spain in 1517, it was a difficult way of learning.

Louis Braille, the blind harness maker's son, studied until the early age of 17 he became an instructor in a school for the blind, teaching grammar, geography, arithmetic, geometry, algebra and music, as well as leatherwork learned from his father.

The difficulties of his own education, allied to the further difficulties of teaching others, gave Louis Braille a restless desire for some simpler method of writing and reading for the blind; when a cavalry officer named Barbier developed, in 1825, a code of twelve dots which the blind could read by touch, it was a great improvement; but, yearning for a simpler method still, Braille evolved a

Hex which, using only six dots in various combinations, gave the sightless a complete alphabet, figures, abbreviations, and punctuation marks.

Because young Louis lost his sight before school-days, the blind of the world today have a simple and efficient system of reading, writing, playing games, typing, telephoning, studying maps, and doing many other things—by touch.

A blind solicitor in Sydney, for example, sits behind his desk discussing cases with his clients. He was an adult before he lost his sight (the average age of blindness in Australia is 34), but the loss, though it involved him in extra work and study, has not impaired his legal efficiency.

With a pocket-size writing frame before him on his desk and a stylus in his hand, he is able to write down his memoranda and notes in Braille, and by running his fingers over the notes he can read them and recall to mind what they mean. Like many blind people who depend on reading and writing, he has added many symbols of his own to the universal Braille code, so that his notes, though they would not be legible to other people, are a kind of " shorthand" that can be quickly read and understood by the man himself.

He is only one of thousands whose life remains normal because of the developments of Braille. To every blind person today, through the administration of the Blind Institution, there exists every opportunity of (a) reading; (b) writing letters; (c) typing manuscripts; (d) reading music and playing the piano; (e) playing chess, draughts, cards, etc.; (f) doing mathematical calculations; (g) making telephone calls with a Braille dial; (h) using Braille maps, diagrams, etc.

These activities are made possible because Louis Braille arranged the six-dot combination along the lines shown in the diagram.

Through the possible combinations of these six dots the blind have an alphabet of 63 characters, including letters, punctuation marks, contractions, general guide signs, and mathematical symbols.

There is more in Braille reading than finger tip recognition of the symbols; it is also necessary to interpret. Aside from the primary significance, Braille letters of the alphabet when standing alone are abbreviations of
frequently used words. For instance, the Braille character made up of two top dots side by side in a group, may signify the letter “O,” the word “can,” or the number 3, depending upon whether the character is read alone, whether it is preceded by a sign meaning “letters follow” or by a sign signifying numerals.

This may sound very involved to the sighted person, but tests have shown that sightless children picked up finger reading much more quickly than the sighted adults who were trained to teach them.

The Blind Institution of N.S.W. has a system whereby any sightless person in the State has a teacher sent to his or her home, and is taught proficiency in Braille free of charge; the Braille reader has Braille magazines, both imported and locally printed, available from a library of 19,000 books—these include such Australian authors as Idriess, Clunie, Timms, Ernestine Hill, but where in print a book is published in one volume, in Braille it may take from two to 10 volumes, according to its length, not only because Braille takes up more space than type, but because a special Manila paper is required to carry the embossing of the dots.

Apart from reading and writing, Braille has made many other pastimes possible to the blind. Chessboards with the white squares depressed and the black raised, with white men bevelled round the edge and black men plain, chess pieces with a peg in the top of the black to distinguish them from the plain-topped white, playing cards with their value embossed on the corners in Braille, music written in Braille so that the blind musician can feel the notes with one hand and play them with the other until he has memorised the piece, tape measures and foott rules embossed for “reading” by touch, maps and diagrams embossed so that their outlines can be followed and understood—all of these are made possible by the Braille system, and have helped further the aim of blind institutions everywhere—to enable the blind person to live as normally as possible, to learn by touch what other people learn by sight, and to take part in normal interests.

But the work Louis Braille made possible is carried on very largely by the voluntary work of interested people—people who learn to write Braille so that they may hand-copy for the blind books that are to go into the library, give their work because the installation of Braille printing for the limited number of copies required would be unduly expensive.

Intricate and involved as the work seems, this voluntary labor of many people of normal sight, has lightened the burden to the extent that full services to the blind are maintained in N.S.W. for the cost of about £2000 a year. Every penny of this money comes from voluntary public subscription, and all of it is spent on the needs of blindness.

New ways of widening the world of touch for the blind are steadily being found; and as each one is proved it passes into use. This may be some consolation to anybody reading this article, since the average age of blindness in Australia is 54, and there are more than 3000 totally blind people in the Commonwealth, but thousands more who, while they have a little vision, have to depend on the aids of Braille.
An outcast aristocrat thought he might as well become royalty, and did.

D'ARCY NILAND

NEW ZEALAND'S SELF-MADE KING

As you look, out over the quadrangle at Cambridge, a little-faced man with large innocent eyes set wide, and a double part in your hair, you dream of a tiny splash of land in the south. Your blood, French and adventurous, tingles with the thrill of little New Zealand, that is yours for the seeking and taking, a monarchy and all therein—a flag, a royal salute, and a court.

The time is the 1870's. Your name Charles Philip Hippolytus de Thierry. The land of your vision is New Zealand.

That Micawber-like father of yours, still charming, still talkative, kicked out of France because of his roguery, making a moonlight flight with your mother through the Netherlands, and settling at last in England. You remember his boasting how close he had come to the guillotine.

You knew only the shams, Charles de Thierry, that bleak, penurious room above the fish-market, where you saw the family increasing brother by brother to intensify the poverty.

One day your chance came. Three men, you will remember, called at your lodgings. You looked out of the window at their knock, and you were amazed. One was the Rev. Thomas Kendall, a missionary who had brought with him from New Zealand two savage chieftains, Mongi Hika and Waikato. You did not look at the tired, kind face of the Siegymann. You saw only Mongi, with his great hooked nose, and his face beautifully tattooed in blue, and his coarse, black hair in a bun on the top of the head and skewered with a pied hutu feather.

Listening to the Maoris and watching them over tea you over-rated their intelligence and under estimated their shrewd business sense. You were far more naive than they.

You waited three years, de Thierry, and then you received from Kendall the document signed with the thumb-prints of the great chiefs, Nene, Patuone, and Mungwai deeding to you 40,000 acres of land at Hokianga in return for 36 axes.

At last your dreams were crystallizing into reality. Elated, you made preparations. The first ship ever chartered to colonise New Zealand was yours when you equipped the old and rickety Princess Royal, a 360 ton barque.

You stood on the poop gazing at the glitter of the sea beyond the river mouth, and it seemed to you that already you could smell the spice-laden winds of a Pacific Island.

But what was this strange hoodoo that dogged you, this devil that pushed obstruction in your path? Yes, at the last moment, your ship was condemned as unsavoury.

Some time later, a band of go-getters formed a syndicate, and you could not believe your luck when they chose you as their leader. To them, you, so sober, ambitious and sincere, were heaven-sent. The principals had a programme which included the obtaining of a concession to cut the Panama Canal; to ply ships from Europe to America, calling on the East Indies, Australia, and New Zealand, shipping back valuable cargo—and your 40,000 acres, they said, would produce enough wherewithal from their sale to merchant houses to maintain your little colony in prosperity.

On a brilliant day that seemed to portent nothing but auspiciousness, you sailed from Panama, given the royal salute of 21 guns from the shore batteries. You were dressed prosperously. You were on your way.

Not even when the syndicate failed to carry through with the Canal concession which they had obtained and fell through altogether, did you worry. You had got what you wanted from the combine.

Leaving Tahiti at last, where you had been stranded, the trade winds blew your little ship off her course, and you came to the beautiful Marquesan island of Nukahiva. What was your joy when immediately on landing the awe-struck natives anointed you as a king?

But you felt this was only a feature of your great destiny, and you sailed for Sydney. There, in that busy-growing town, berthed in among the forests of mast in the harbour you left your ship and chartered a better one, the Numrod.

You went on to procure a seal for yourself, and had it recognised. You had a flag made of silk in crimson and azure, and you took away all Customs forms for your own use.

In your little ship, with the fig pommously fluttering mast high, you finally came to your Hy-Brasil, and settled up the Hokianga River among the anchored ships there to the satirical cheering of the ship masters and their crews. But you could not see...
the joke at all, could you, de Thierry?
You remembered all the strife and travail you had undergone, that all seemed worthwhile now; and you had tears in your eyes of gratitude and joy. You marked your landing by planting on the bank of the Hokia-a, somewhere above Rawene, a eucalyptus tree. Twelve miles into the bush, on the trunk of a great puriri, you were gratified to see that Nene had chopped the letter T for Thierry. You named Mount Isabel after your daughter, and on the top of it you built a rough cabin.

From that gaunt outpost, you could see the miles of forest and the flat stretches of the shallow river; and all that made up your dominions; and it was there that you openly rejoiced in the titles of Baron Charles de Thierry, King of Nukahiva, Sovereign-chief of New Zealand.

The joke soon wore off with Lieutenant McDonnell, the garrison and himself your powerful competitor. He had all the things you didn’t, especially the alluring of money and rum, and soon your emigrants who were not keen on working for nothing, took their pockets and palates to him. Your prophetic promises and vehement harangues that you would give them everything once you could sow the land and open up trade carried no weight.

Even when you had perforce to leave Mount Isabel, your wooden castle, and in Auckland live in poverty, teaching music to the rough and hardy young colonists, you always spoke with high hope of the democratic realm over which you would one day rule.

When in that little ramshackle house with the crooked floor, in a hilly street, you turned on your bed, looked at the harpsichord, and then at the Sister of Mercy in attendance on you, your words given with courtly grace were: "I’m sorry to trouble you so much."

When England officially acknowledged New Zealand as a colony in 1840, you were completely ignored and sat upon. It seems queer that France, who was at that time snooping around in the Pacific for colonies, did not make you the thin end of a wedge to prise open the door of a rich colonial empire—even by war. Maybe they did send secret envoys to your court, Charles de Thierry, and perhaps you refused their overtures—for to asent would have been a singular departure from your never-failing idealism.

Those that knew realized that your empire had broken like a bubble, for you were the man that chased a shadow, and yours was the story of a failure. But not you! You never lost your dignity. Shreds of kingship still cling to you. Though it tottered, you kept your position on the pedestal of the visionary.

But that last word: the word pardon, which you repeated interrogatively several times—what did that mean? Were you trying to hear someone—someone who was upbraiding you for wearing a borrowed nightshirt that was too big for you, in which to die; upbraiding you for a wasted life spent in the pursuit of happiness, a life begun in poverty and ended in total destitution? Or was it someone fighting to push past your dimming senses praise for your motives and efforts; someone giving you for the first time in your life a pat on the back?
In a period when restrictive legislation has put an even greater value on space than on money, it is essential in every home plan that every available inch is used to the utmost advantage. For this reason, one of the first things to decide in planning a home under these conditions, is not what can be put in, but what can be left out. CAVALCADE this month suggests a three-bedroom, two-storey house that embodies the absolute maximum of accommodation in the minimum area.

From the porch, one enters a hall that occupies little more than 30 square feet, but by reason of the elimination of walls between this and the living room, appears much larger. The staircase ascends direct from this hall, and here again not a square inch of space has been wasted.

An air of spaciousness is achieved by combining the living and dining rooms, which, in themselves, are not large rooms. Both of these open on to a stone-paved terrace through glass doors. Windows make up the greater part of the walls of these rooms, thus adding still further to the illusion of space.

(Continued on page 68)
The kitchen is placed immediately behind the dining-room, with direct service. It is fully equipped with a modern array of cupboards and built-in fixtures, including a washing machine. The space under the stair is utilised as a brick cupboard, opening from the kitchen.

The three bedrooms and bathroom are all grouped around a minimum sized hall on the first floor. Each bedroom is fitted with built-in wardrobe so that the minimum of unit furniture is required, and the greatest use can be made of the available floor space. The bathroom includes a separate shower recess, and is fitted up in conformity with the modern manner.

Wide, overhanging eaves, and a comparatively low-pitched roof, give the house a modern appearance that is quite in keeping with the Australian climate. Large windows admit a maximum of sunshine where it is most needed, and the use of flower boxes flanking the entrance of the terrace, add a bright and colourful note. Several variations of this outside treatment can probably be used to advantage with the same floor plans.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 40-ft., although it has been planned for a corner lot with a frontage of 50-ft. At the rate of £150 per square, the building cost would be £2,200.

**Aberdeen**

**All Metal (Pat.) Flexible Venetian Blinds**

At all leading stores. If unobtainable write to SMITH COPLELAND & CO PTY LTD, 33 Regent St, City, Sydney. M116.

Also makers of finer canvas goods for over 53 years.
Cavalcade's Picture Story

The Defeated DANCE

To entertain the hungry, dissatisfied people of post-war Germany is part of a programme of keeping peace. The Little Theatre in Frankfurt was made a complete wreck by bombing. In 1945 the Special Services of the U.S. occupation forces requisitioned it to be repaired for entertainment. Workmen took two years to put it into commission.

(1) NOW THE LITTLE THEATRE plays two sessions a day, one at 5 p.m. in German and one in English at 7 p.m. The entertainment-starved audience puts up with many discomforts for the sake of the sparks of gaiety. The lovely ladies (above on stage, at right, limbering up for the chorus) are German—so is the entire cast of the Follies.
CORINNE, star of the show, seen on the last page limbering up, takes her White Star Girls through exercises at every rehearsal. The backbone of the performances is feminine curvaceousness, as popular with the Germans as with the Yanks. U.S. personnel at the 7 p.m. session may entertain German guests. Some entertainers are used for the German and English performances, encourage to act in English. Their English-spoken parts are particularly clear and well done, get a great hand from the Allied listeners.
SCARCITY OF MATERIALS in very short supply. German carpenters use any old thing that comes to hand to prepare stage settings. The ceilings and walls still show evidence of war damage, though most of the theatre's interior is now restored.

FREDERICK GOEBEL, unrelated to the late propaganda minister, builds the set of a new variety show in miniature, with the help of an apprentice. Maintenance of the Little Theatre is charged to German economy, but performers are paid out of box office receipts. Theatre is non-profit, and other income is used for costumes.

SCRACITY OF MATERIALS taxes this dresser's ingenuity as she turns old costumes into new, trying out effects on a Germon show-girl. U.S. authorities believe that such enterprises as this theatre are helping re-educate Germans in general entertainment, killing the Nazi-built idea that the theatre is another means of political propaganda.
Two-Sided Question

Here in my negligee I creep
To a cozy divan
With a fan
And a book
And look
A girl of contentment deep,
But weep
For the loneliness of my nook
You took
A glance
Around the place
Before the dance
And you seemed to say
By the envy written on your face
That I was lucky to live this way.
The word is plucky if you must know—
There's not a thing here you wouldn't like,
A deep rich carpet (as carpets go)
Large, comfy chairs
In pairs
That strike
A lavish note
You vote
For such:
For glass and chromium cocktail bar,
For discreetly soft dull lights as much,
As tasteful
And wasteful
As such things are
You dream of negligee billowy soft
Showing airily,
Fairly,
Bare brown arms, .
Of intimate drinks,
And ice that clinks
And intimate evenings and girlish charms.
You want them all, and you've made that plain,
I know exactly what you would do,
But I do not know what I have to gain
By giving the things I've got to you
I'm lonely,
But only
Because I'm looking
For something better
Than doing your cooking

Morris McLeod
OUT OF THE PAST

AN RKO RADIO PICTURE FROM THE NOVEL "BUILD MY GALLOWS HIGH" BY GEOFFREY HOMES, STARRING ROBERT MITCHUM AND JANE GREER--ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BELBIN.

WHEN JOE STEPHANOS PULLED INTO JEFF BAILEY'S COUNTRY GARAGE, JEFF WASN'T THERE, AND THE DEAF AND DUMB LAD COULDN'T SAY WHERE HE WAS.

SO STEPHANOS WENT TO THE MILK BAR ACROSS THE ROAD ~~~~~

JEFF BAILEY? SURE -- HE'S PROBABLY OUT WITH HIS GIRL FRIEND ANN MILLER --

AND THAT'S WHERE BAILEY IS, PROPOSING MARRIAGE TO THE CLEAN COUNTRY GIRL WITH WHOM HE HAS FALLEN DEEPLY IN LOVE ~~~

BAILEY HAS SOMETHING TO BE SCARED OF! STEPHANOS COMES FROM A PART OF LIFE BAILEY HAD BELIEVED CLOSED, AND HAS COME TO TAKE JEFF BACK INTO THE PAST ~~~

JEFF, WITH NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO GO BACK WITH STEPHANOS TAKES HIS SWEETHEART, ANN MILLER, FOR A RIDE AND TELLS HER WHY HE IS ALWAYS CAUTIOUS AND HALF AFRAID ~~~

TAKE A RIDE WITH ME -- I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING --

I ALWAYS MEANT TO TELL YOU, BUT NEVER GOT AROUND TO IT -- THERE'S BEEN TROUBLE IN MY LIFE -- I USED TO BE A PRIVATE DICK--

--FIVE YEARS EARLIER, JEFF BAILEY WAS KNOWN AS PRIVATE DETECTIVE JEFF MARKHAM, WITH A PARTNER NAMED FISHER. THEY WERE SENT FOR A CLIENT NAMED WHIT ~~~~~

JEFF WENT UP THE ROAD WITH STEPHANOS, JUST AS THE CAR)--

--BAILEY, KNOWN THROUGH THE DISTRICT AS A MYSTERIOUS MAN, SENSES TROUBLE WHEN HIS DEAF AND DUMB ASSISTANT COMES FOR HIM!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? SCARED OF SOMETHING?

--WHEN JOE STEPHANOS PULLED INTO JEFF BAILEY'S COUNTRY GARAGE, JEFF WASN'T THERE, AND THE DEAF AND DUMB LAD COULDN'T SAY WHERE HE WAS.

--SO STEPHANOS WENT TO THE MILK BAR ACROSS THE ROAD ~~~~~

--JEFF BAILEY? SURE -- HE'S PROBABLY OUT WITH HIS GIRL FRIEND ANN MILLER --

--AND THAT'S WHERE BAILEY IS, PROPOSING MARRIAGE TO THE CLEAN COUNTRY GIRL WITH WHOM HE HAS FALLEN DEEPLY IN LOVE ~~~

--BAILEY HAS SOMETHING TO BE SCARED OF! STEPHANOS COMES FROM A PART OF LIFE BAILEY HAD BELIEVED CLOSED, AND HAS COME TO TAKE JEFF BACK INTO THE PAST ~~~

--JEFF, WITH NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO GO BACK WITH STEPHANOS TAKES HIS SWEETHEART, ANN MILLER, FOR A RIDE AND TELLS HER WHY HE IS ALWAYS CAUTIOUS AND HALF AFRAID ~~~

--TAKE A RIDE WITH ME -- I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING --

--I ALWAYS MEANT TO TELL YOU, BUT NEVER GOT AROUND TO IT -- THERE'S BEEN TROUBLE IN MY LIFE -- I USED TO BE A PRIVATE DICK--

----FIVE YEARS EARLIER, JEFF BAILEY WAS KNOWN AS PRIVATE DETECTIVE JEFF MARKHAM, WITH A PARTNER NAMED FISHER. THEY WERE SENT FOR A CLIENT NAMED WHIT ~~~

--JEFF WENT UP THE ROAD WITH STEPHANOS, JUST AS THE CAR--

----BAILEY, KNOWN THROUGH THE DISTRICT AS A MYSTERIOUS MAN, SENSES TROUBLE WHEN HIS DEAF AND DUMB ASSISTANT COMES FOR HIM!

--WHAT'S THE MATTER? SCARED OF SOMETHING?
WHIT had been shot by a girl who stole forty thousand dollars and cleared out. He still loved her, wanted her back. He sent Bailey to bring her.

Jeff knew he would find the girl following a trail of evidence to Cuzco, Mexico. He knew he would find the girl who had cleared out.

He waited around cafes looking for Americans —

Jeff finds the girl, Kathie, he is seeking. She does not want to talk to him but mentions a place called Pablo's which she frequents.

Sometimes I go to Pablo's where there's American music.

Meeting Kathie at Pablo's, Jeff is so interested in her he forgets he is supposed to deliver her back to another man.

I've been here for two nights! You're a curious man.

Love follows fast, and Jeff decides to double-cross Whit. He wants Kathie and she wants him.

Kathie tells Jeff she shot Whit because she hated him, but she didn't take his money. She wants to stay with Jeff, not go back to Whit.

"Dad uses Mobiloil, too"
THEY AGREE THAT THEY WILL RUN OUT TOGETHER—THE WORLD IS BIG ENOUGH FOR THEM TO DODGE WHIT'S REVENGE COMING WITH ME? CAN WE GET AWAY WITH IT?

WITHIN AN HOUR JEFF WILL MEET KATHIE AND THEY WILL LEAVE.

BUT WHIT DOESN'T QUITE TRUST JEFF MARKHAM—HE AND MARKHAM'S PARTNER FISHER, HAVE FOLLOWED ALONG—JEFF IS CAUGHT.

JEFF LIES TO WHIT THAT HE CAN'T FIND KATHIE, BLUFFS WHIT INTO LEAVING HIM TO CONTINUE THE SEARCH. WHIT AND FISHER GO AWAY—SHE'S RUN OUT! I GOT HER TRAIL BUT MISSED HER.

TOGETHER AT LAST THEY GO TO ALL THE PLACES WHIT DOESN'T FREQUENT—BACK IN THE UNITED STATES THEY TRY TO MAKE LIFE TOGETHER...

THEY BECOME WORRIED ABOUT WHIT, IMAGINE THEY ARE BEING FOLLOWED, AND SEPARATE, PLANNING WHERE THEY WILL MEET LATER.

SOVEREIGN HATS
"FIT FOR A KING"

...another dependable TOP DOG PRODUCT

FIT FOR A KING...another dependable TOP DOG PRODUCT

CAVALCADE, May, 1948
Announcing
FURTHER SUBSTANTIAL REDUCTIONS IN PRICE OF MASONITE HARDBOARDS

Since the declaration of war, price reductions on Masonite Standard Presswood have averaged 30%. Tempered Presswood prices have also been reduced, but not in the same proportion, owing to the continually increasing costs of the tempering oils used.

Although Masonite is more freely available, demand is so heavy that supplies are not always sufficient to meet orders. Therefore, you may still have difficulty in purchasing all the Masonite you require.

MASONITE CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED
SALES AND SERVICE DIVISION 363 PITT ST, SYDNEY; 533 COLLINS ST, MELBOURNE; 337 QUEEN ST, BRISBANE; 31 CHESTER ST, ADELAIDE.

CAVALCADE, May 1948
Jeff tells Ann he'll have to go and clean up the trouble and explain things, now that Whit has sent for him promises to be back. Will you wait for me? Off course, I will.

Having cheated income tax of a million dollars, Whit is troubled about lawyer Eales having proof of his dishonesty. Asks Jeff to get papers back.

Jeff goes to rescue the papers for Whit, intending to use Eales's secretary, Meta Carson, to help him get the papers. Meta arranges to take him to meet Eales.

Jeff has suspicions about the set-up and hints to Eales that he has been sent by Whit about the tax papers.

Jeff forgives the past appears not to know Jeff and Kathie were lovers, asks Jeff to get him out of some more trouble.

Immediately Kathie reappears, tells Jeff she had to return to Whit, but very quickly makes love to Jeff again.

The Skeleton

In the Cupboard

It may seem odd to the young and healthy, but thousands of people have lived for the day they were buried.

All through history, mankind has shown forethought in making proper and even luxurious arrangements for burial. Back in the days of the Romans, for instance, there were ancient families that were mainly burial societies, and in Republican times they catered for both patricians and plebs. Under the Emperors, the lower class associations received great encouragement, but the imperial despots frowned upon the wealthier societies, and one by one they were suppressed.

Coming to more recent times, one finds that one of the functions of the great medieval guilds was to provide money for the dead, and worthy burial for their members. Our medieval forefathers may have regarded the earth as a mere pedestal to better things, but they were sensitive about the style in which they left it.

During the eighteenth century, sundry English undertakers promoted Burial Clubs, Sir F. M. Eden, in his "Observations on Friendly Societies," quotes an advertisement of one that paid its "benefits" in kind, "in kind.

"A favourable opportunity now offers to anyone, of either sex, to be buried in a general manner by paying 1/- entrance fee and 2d per week for the benefit of stock. Members to enter above 14 or under 60 years of age, if approved of, and to be free in 6 months from the day of entrance. The deceased to be furnished with the following articles: A strong elm coffin covered with super fine black, and finished with two rows, all sound, close doors, with best black japanned rails, and adorned with rich ornamental drops, a handsome plate of inscription, and above the plate and flowers bedecked. For use, a handsome velvet pall, 3 gentleman's clocks, 3 crepe hankies, 3 hood and scarves, and 6 pairs of gloves, 2 porters, equipped to attend the funeral, a man to attend the same with bread and gloves, also the burial fees paid if not exceeding one guinea."

Seventy-two years later, a similar prosperus appeared in a paper at Richmond, USA, offering (in the sprightly description of some newspaper man), "A peculiarly gotten-up corpse racket."

This desire for a "gentlemanly burial" survived well into late Victorian times; to-day, however, people concentrate more upon the amenities and possibilities of life. The little Burial Societies have given place to the modern Life Assurance offices, which have grown to be so great a force both for protection of the individual and general community good. In Australia alone, three million people hold one or more policies, and the premiums they pay are used firstly to meet claims as they fall due, and secondly for the general good of the community. To-day, for instance, Life Assurance has over £330,000,000 invested in Australia's development.
Now is the time to plan your winter holiday with Pioneer to Darwin and the far North, through the vividly colourful heart of Central Australia. Tours depart regularly, following the historic Overland Telegraph trail—heading north from the chill southern winter to the romance, warmth and mystery of the tropics. These tours are overland travel in its most luxurious form—and early booking is essential!

FREE FOLDER and DETAILS FROM

Pioneer tours
Melbourne, MU 6921, Sydney, B 0532, Adelaide, C 2514, Brisbane, B 5510, Hobart, 7470, Launceston, 1760.
JEFF RETURNS TO HIS SWEETHEART, ANN, WHO HAS READ THAT POLICE ARE HUNTING HIM FOR MURDER! HE REASSURES HER, BUT IS SEEN BY A JEALOUS LOCAL MAN!

KATHIE, FEARING THE MURDER OF FISHER WILL COME HOME TO HER, FEARFUL OF WHIT'S THREATS, SHOOTS HIM! YOU CAN'T BLACKMAIL A DEAD MAN!

KATHIE TELLS JEFF THAT SHE STILL LOVES HIM, AND THAT IF HE DOES NOT TAKE HER AWAY, SHE WILL ACCUSE HIM OF WHIT'S MURDER!

JEFF, UNABLE TO RID HIMSELF OF HIS LOVE FOR KATHIE, AND KNOWING THAT HE IS COMPLETELY IN HER POWER, PLANS TO GO AWAY WITH HER TO A NEW FUTURE.

WE'VE BEEN UNLUCKY A WE OBSERVE EACH OTHER... LONG TIME...

KATHIE, IN SPITE OF HERSELF, WONDERS WHETHER JEFF IS REALLY TAKING HER AWAY OR LEADING HER INTO A TRAP. JEFF WONDERS WHETHER HE CAN TRUST HER...

"BUT THE JEALOUS MAN WHO SAW JEFF WITH ANN HAS RAISED A HUE AND CRY.... THE POLICE HAVE CORDONED OFF ALL ROADS, AND JEFF AND KATHIE RIDE TO THEIR DEATH!"

"I'M SURE OF SHELL"

"I've got a large family and an old car. The family certainly makes a hole in the weekly budget. The car could, too, if I'd let it. Had it for years and clocked up countless thousands of miles but the figures I've kept show that, over that period, operation and upkeep costs have been light. I learned the secret soon after I bought the car. I got on to Shell products—now wild horses wouldn't drag me from the Shell symbol!"

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

THE SHELL COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED (Incorporated in Great Britain)
Kellogg's All-Bran does more for you than any laxative which is not also a food. It not only supplies the vital BULK your system needs every day for regularity, but, made from the vital outer layers of wheat, it brings you more protective food elements than wheat itself. Kellogg's All-Bran is an important source of Vitamins B, for the nerves, B_2_ for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones, Niacin for the skin and Iron for the blood. That is why it helps to build you up day by day as it relieves constipation. So change to Kellogg's All-Bran—effective, gentle, pleasant and safe. Get some today and enjoy it regularly for breakfast. Your grocer has it.

"TIRED BLOOD" and BLEMISHES

Kellogg's All-Bran is a blood tonic—richer in iron than spinach. It helps keep your blood at its proper iron level. Does away with "tired blood" and blemishes. All-Bran cleanses away blood impurities as it cleanses out internal impurities.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

* Registered Trade Mark

"In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,
But all afoot, the light-in'th' Matador
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds..."

BYRON

Perez trudged across to the president's box, the furnace-hot sand burning his slippered feet.

"The heavy fighting jacket felt like a bricklayer's hod across his shoulders. He could feel the slow stream of sweat trickling over the pebbles of his backbone. His legs had been shaking for the last half-hour, and when he waved the muleta at the bull he'd had to stamp his foot hard to stop himself from shaking all over. He'd never felt so tired."
He looked up at the president's box, and, removing the flat montera from his head, made the bands—the dedication. He dedicated the bull to Matra. He wondered how many hundred bulls that was now that had died in her name.

He looked casually up at the president's box as he moved away. El Toro sat up there next to the president-fat jowled head as big and brutal as the bull he was named after. He was one of the greatest of the aficion, a true lover of the sport. Perez wondered if he got as much enjoyment out of watching the fights as he did, out of whippings and torturing the rebels who were unlucky enough to fall into his hands.

Well, he'd dedicated the fiercest and worst of the four bulls; he'd killed so far to El Toro, so that ought to have pleased him. El Toro smiled at him in a queer way, though, when he'd done that and whispered something in the president's ear. The president had looked at Perez and as he was walking away had laughed. He hadn't liked that and he'd wondered why they'd done it—

He snapped the thoughts away from him, and selected his sword from the red hills held out to him in the crook of the boy's arm.

He went out before the president's box and flapped the muleta. The bull looked at him tiredly. There was a point high up on its shoulder where Valera, the picador, had sunk in his lance and the black blood was still seeping out. Perez was coming to count more and more on Valera and his lance and his early weakening of the bull with savage, strategic thrusts. And the man was such an artist that the blood that came with the slowness of death, nor with a spurt that proclaimed to the crowd that the picador and not the matador was killing the bull.

The bull pawed the sand slowly. Perez flapped the muleta again and stamped his foot. The bull started to trot slowly towards him. He shook the muleta and kept thumping his foot on the ground, faster and faster.

The bull stopped twenty yards from him and hung its head, sniffing at a patch of blood on the sand. He shouted, "Ha toro—ha, my little friend—come—come and be spotted" The crowd shouted with him.

The bull snaked its tail along its sides, raised its head, bellowed, and, suddenly making up its mind, charged.

Perez let the muleta drop limply from his hand. He drew himself up on his toes, pivoted so that only his lead left hip presented itself to the bull, and sighted along the sword.

When the bull hit him he went between the horns and thrust the sword in between the shoulders blades. He hissed out his breath thankfully as the sword went in hill-deep without the scraping sound of bone. He leaned against the bull and let it carry him stumblingly for a few yards, and then as it fell to its knees, coughing and roaring, he stepped lightly away.

"Ole! Ole, Juanito! He eats them—he eats them alive!"

He strode across the sand, keeping his back and shoulders straight.

As old Pancho slapped at him and pounded him with his gnarled brandy-soaked old fingers, he closed his eyes.
and let his mind slip back... Seeing El Toro must have done it... He thought back to the days when he couldn't get fights, when he was a young novillero and there were bull runs to be killed but they wanted men like Estebanes, Alarcon, Orozco and Diaz to kill them. Embittered, he had begun to mix with the rebels, thinking that no government that could allow a bull-fighter like himself to starve should remain in power. And then he remembered he had received a small engagement to fight in the capital. It had not been much, but he had been overjoyed. It was his chance to show them all how good he was. And then hard upon it a man had come up to the table where he sat at lunch in the cheap bull-fighter's hotel where he ate on the occasions he could afford a meal and told him bluntly his chance of fighting depended entirely upon whether he disclosed his rebel associates' names and where they held their meetings. Thers had only been a small party then, and he tried to ease his conscience by telling himself it was only children's stuff that would never spread. So he had told the man. . . .

He had met Manna long years after that and she had been one of them, too. But he was a successful matador now and he had told her many times how being his wife, she could not be one of them, too, as the people who paid him the fabulous sums he received for fighting were not the same people who were going through the land now with rifle and bomb demanding a new government.

He stirred on the table and opened his eyes.

Pancho had finished, and he asked

---

WHY IT'S BETTER TO RENT YOUR RADIO

Because for a moderate weekly rental, without deposit, you enjoy the full pride and privileges of a radio owner, without any of the worries or responsibilities—and at the same time you may, if you wish, exchange or purchase.

RENTAL FROM 3/8 WEEKLY
NO DEPOSIT
FREE SERVICE
FREE INSURANCE
FREE VALVE REPLACEMENTS
EXCHANGE FOR NEW MODEL ANY TIME
TRADE-INS ACCEPTED.

PURCHASE. If the set is to your liking, arrangements may be made to purchase within twelve months of its installation. Upon completion of these arrangements, you pay no more than its original value, as subscriptions paid are credited to the purchase price.

The CAVALCADE, May, 1948

EVER SHAVED WITHOUT A BRUSH?

ONE Smooth on Glider
TWO Smooth off Whiskers

You finish shaving in HALF your usual time!

Simply wash your face and smooth on Glider with your fingers—that's all there is to it! Then you shave off the most stubborn whisker.

Glider instantly smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. Lets your razor glide evenly...protects even the most tender spots on your face from scrapes and tiny cuts. Glider gives you close, clean shaves in comfort...and you finish shaving in half your usual time.

Glider is made by The J. B. Williams Co., makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

Glider Brushless Shaving Cream

No mess! No bother!

Glider does away with that muggy shaving brush. Glides on...let your razor do the rest. No mess, no bother. Glider gives you close, clean shaves in comfort...and you finish shaving in half your usual time.

Glider does away with that. Glides on...let your razor do the rest. No mess, no bother. Glider gives you close, clean shaves in comfort...and you finish shaving in half your usual time.

Glider does away with that.
Progress through STEEL

A NEW ERA of transportation was heralded forty years ago by the "horseless carriage" from which has developed the modern motor car. Standards of reliability and mobile convenience have been progressively improved in the motor car's evolution which has influenced sweeping changes in our habits of work, travel and leisure.

Steel's inherent strength gave the motor industry its first impetus, and steel's versatility today makes possible the streamlined beauty of the modern car's design and operation.

To make an average six-cylinder sedan requires 3,045 pounds of steel comprising 126 different varieties. This weight of metal is reduced by the processes of manufacture to about 2,000 pounds in the finished car. Due in large measure to the Australian steel industry's progress, cars assembled in this country contain as many as 76 per cent of local materials.

In many other industrial achievements steel has made an essential contribution to progress.

In truth, no nation can be economically strong without the capacity to make steel. Fortunately, Australia's steel requirements are assured by the productive capacity and efficiency of The Broken Hill Proprietary's Newcastle Steel Works providing a sound economic foundation for industrial progress.

THE BROKEN HILL PROPRIETARY CO. LTD.
Head Office: 422 Little Collins Street, Melbourne
Offices at Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Perth and Brisbane
STEEL WORKS: Newcastle, N.S.W. SHIPYARD: Whyalla, S.A.

He made out the scrap of blanket in the corner and the figure lying on them. in every limb. Later the pain would go and he would feel fine.

He got up off the table and dressed in his street clothes. He took out a roll of notes. Pancho shook his head and smiled. He said, "Dedicate a bull to me."

He said, "Here, anyway, buy your eldest a muleta. Make him a matador. It's the only thing left in this crazy world." He put the notes away and said, "You shall have the ears of your bull, too. I will tell you something I would not tell another, Pancho. I shall not be fighting much longer. I am not so quick as I was, and I have enough." He mused, "I wonder who I shall dedicate my last bull to?"

Pancho, because he had known Perez since he came into the sport and could say such things to him, grunted, "Praise God it is to a worthier man than that fiend of an El Toro."

Perez said, "It is such men as El Toro that keep the sport alive in these crazy times."

CAVALCADE, May, 1948
Perez said nothing. He pulled his Fifth Avenue homburg over his eyes and went out.

There were a lot of aficionados tried to pull him up for drinks, but he laughingly refused them all and went straight back to the hotel. Maria always travelled with him and she was waiting there for him.

Lately after a hard day under the brazen sun of the arena he looked for nothing so much as the cool soothing of her fingertips at his brows, bringing the quiet shadows of sleep to the eyes he had had to narrow to throbbing slits all day. Like all successful matadors he had led a violent life, and now he was looking for rest. And he was finding to his unending surprise that the little deer-eyed brunette he had married because she looked more like a flower than a woman was a soothing panacea, with her gentleness and calm, for all his ills.

But she was not there when he arrived home. He went through the four rooms of the suite calling her name, and then he rang the desk clerk thinking she might have left a message.

The man answered him haltingly. He said, "No, Senor Perez, the senora did not leave a message, but she went out some time ago." He stopped abruptly.

Perez prompted, "Yes—where?"

The clerk said briefly, "I do not know, senor," and rang off.

He sat around for a while and looked at some magazines. Then he went down to see the clerk.

He said abruptly, "You sounded as if you wished to tell me something more about my wife's going out—what was it?" He took out the roll of notes again.

The clerk said nervously, "No—no, senor—I do not want money. It was just that—" he looked around and lowered his voice—"I saw the senora leaving with two Hammer men."

Perez stared at him. He started to say, "But—" stopped, turned, and went slowly back up to the suite.

He had his meal sent up there, ate what little of it he could, gulped down his wine, and was picking up his hat when the phone rang.

When he lifted the receiver El Toro's voice said silkily in his ear, "Perez?"

He said, "Yes."

The Hammer chief's voice said smoothly, "We have your wife down here. We are questioning her. We have discovered that she is an active—a very active member of the rebel party. Has been for years it seems. Being the wife of such an—unreproachable citizen as yourself she has until now escaped detection. She has appeared at several meetings of the underground movement in this city. Her special job it seems—self-appointed it would appear—was to create a hornet's nest about your ears in this city. I am bringing her back."

His voice changed. It had the measured, merciless weight of a black jack thudding into a spine. He said, "We may find it necessary to keep her here for a few days. You will do nothing but keep on killing your bulls, Perez. I trust there will be no diminution of your artistry as I shall be there at each performance."

The receiver clanked down in Perez's ear. He fumblingly replaced the receiver on the cradle. Then he walked slowly, dazedly across to the
A little of this goes a long way

When thinking of liqueurs, connoisseurs realize that a little goes a long way towards making a successful after dinner drink. Lochiel realizes that a little of this and a dash of that—when properly mixed—combine to make delightful, satisfying "long" drinks for any occasion. Try them!

Kummell Crush

From the German "cumin" (Caraway seed), by a Russian formula developed at Riga and adored by the English, Kummell is truly international in repute.

Here's Kummell at an exciting new drink!
1. Liqueur glass Kummell, 1. Liqueur glass White Caraway, plenty of crushed ice and a nip up with soda!

Lochiel LIQUEURS

37 Frederick Street, Launceston, Tas.
A liqueur made by three scalpels. "How to be a Popular Hostess.

NAME
ADDRESS

G. A. C. 03/07/52

PAL—the NEW kind of razor blade!

FLEXIBLE IN THE RAZOR. Because it's hollow ground, PAL's keen, delicate edge is flexible. Follows the curve of your face with astonishing ease.

LIKE A MASTER BARBER'S SHAVE with your own razor! PAL's flexible edge floats over your face with just a feather touch. No "bearing down." No pull. No scrape.

More shaves to each blade. MILLIONS SOLD. PAL already sells by the million in Canada, the USA and Britain. Get PAL today from the shop where you usually buy your blades. Then prepare for a thrill with your first PAL Hollow Ground Shave! 4 for 10½d. Fits all popular double edged razors.

HOLLOW GROUND RAZOR BLADES
4 for 10½d.
a dead bull who'd been left too long in the sun.

There were moanings from behind the doors. A skinny rat skipped across their path and vanished under one of the doors.

Suddenly El Toro stopped. He snapped his fingers. One of the Hammer men took out a huge key and opened the cell door. El Toro stood aside. Perez went in. He could not see anything for a while. Then he made out the scraps of blanket in the corner and the figure lying on them. He went across and slowly dropped to his knees. He fumbled amongst the blankets and turned the face to him. The mouth was pounded to a livid jelly—the hair was matted with blood, but her eyes were open and he knew her by them.

He looked up at El Toro.

He said, "But she's—"

El Toro said swiftly in the same silky voice, "Yes. We had to question her rather—ah—thoroughly. Unfortunately, she did not tell us a great deal. And then, more unfortunately, she—ah—left us. A pity."

He pointed down at her bulging stomach. He said, "That may have made a greater matador than you. Yes, a pity."

He said, "She will have a mass. You are too great an exponent of the art for her to be denied that."

Perez slowly pulled a blanket across her face and got to his feet. El Toro coughed. He said, "I trust you will do nothing stupid, Perez. You are too great a fighter to die. And for a matador such as you there are many women."

Perez walked to the door. He said quietly, "Let us go . . ."

Later that evening the phone rang in the suite. In the stillness it sounded like a scream. Perez lifted it gently and said in a sober voice, "Yes?" There was not enough wine in the world to make him drunk.

The voice of El Toro said, "I understand, Perez, you were due for a week's holiday in your next city before you commenced fighting there. As you have used up almost all that week here we have been wondering if you would put in one last appearance here in the couple of days you still have at your disposal. We are all still hungry for the master. What do you say, Perez?"

He did not answer for a long time.

El Toro's voice said quickly, "Perez—Perez—are you there?"

He said tonelessly, "Yes. I will fight. . . ."

It was his fourth bull.

He had seldom fought as well. He remembered once a day in the capital and another in a southern city when things had gone as well for him. But such days were rare in the life of a matador. They were flashes of greatness that came only to the greatest of matadors and on the rarest of occasions.

He had seen El Toro rise to his feet several times shouting his name with the rest. Such praise from such
a perfectionist was a sign of the greatness of his fighting this day.

When Pancho had attended to his arm once more when a horn had occasioned him a slight wound the old man had said gruffly, "Such a coida is an insult to the fighter you are to-day."

He walked slowly across to the president's box now.

It was the time for the brindis. They put the microphone down to him. They were doing things in great style this day. He took off the montera. He looked around the arena. The stands were packed, both the shaded and the sunny sides—silently waiting for him to speak.

He said clearly, "I dedicate this bull to the rebels." There was a sudden stir in the president's box.

El Toro leaped forward, fat jowls livid. A murmur started in the crowd. He had said quickly, "I dedicate this bull to the thousands of rebels who have died in freedom's name. I dedicate it to the cause which I betrayed. I dedicate it to the men and women who are dying for the rights which we, like gutless sheep, allow to be taken away from us."

The president gestured frenziedly. An engineer moved up in the box. The microphone clicked. He knew it was dead. He raised his voice. He shouted, "I dedicate it to Maria and all her comrades. And now, rebels, take your bull—El Toro—"

He groped inside the shirt beneath his jacket for the Luger. He pulled it out and fired steadily at El Toro. Where El Toro's left eye had been appeared a red-rimmed hole. Two more bullets went into his heavy jowls like stones into mud. Perez kept firing until the Luger was empty. Then he threw it away.

He had not heard the bull behind him. A voice from the crowd screamed, "Juanito—behind you—"

He turned quickly, but this was one Valera had not been there to weaken, and hit him with all the vigour and strength of its three-year-old pride. The horn crashed through the bars of his ribs, and the sudden, quick pain had black-gloved hands on his brain.

Pancho was stumbling across the arena, screaming, "Juanito—Juanito—" But he was too tired to wait until he got there...
Talking Points

- COVER GIRL: Easy flowing lines are the first impression Joan Peters gives the more than casual observer, and those who observe Joan are more than casual. An outdoor girl with that indoor look, she added magical ability to beauty, when she appeared as "Captain from Castille" for 20th-Century Fox.

- LAW, ETC: Bill Knox, who wrote "The Pushes Broke and Fell" (page 5 this issue), was in Melbourne at the time of the "push" plague, and writes from experience as well as knowledge. The interesting lesson of the episode (end of the story), is that the "pushes" with their attendant threats to law-abiding people did not grow out of any social injustice, but developed among young irresponsible who had too much time on their hands.

- COLOR: Two fiction stories in this issue of CAVALCADE chase the action to where you're either quick or dead, and the result is a welcome change of exotic color bringing a breath of romance "He Hated Like His Father" (page 38), doesn't at first seem to be part of the modern democratic world—but it is, and the blood feud which in the thyme, as still dear to thousands of Balkan hearts, Damon Mills' fine story "The Last Bandits" (page 99) has a powerfully worked out plot—but more, it is a technically faithful to bull-fights.

- KELLER: Special interest may attach to "Six Days That Spread the Light" (page 58), in view of Helen Keller's vast and lecture tour. How anybody who is deaf, dumb and blind can conduct an international lecture tour is just one of those things which couldn't have happened but for those Six Days.

- DANCE: It has never been decided whether the battles that were won on the playing fields of Eton were won by the muscle-power built up there, or by the willingness of men to fight for a nation which gave them playgrounds. Earlier some years ago called a broken and dis-joined Germany by making "Strength Through Joy" his motto. Those three words won a generation. The Occupa- tion Forces in Germany believe that the same technique might re-educate the defeated people to democratic ideas.

- HOME: Every month a number of visit- ers call at CAVALCADE'S office to do something about the home plans which have now appeared in 40 issues of the magazine. Many CAVALCADE homes are to be seen, built and being lived in, right now. Architect W. Watson Sharp says he has plenty more ideas where those come from, and hopes not that any home maker will accept any plan just as it is without alteration, but that the series will cover every problem which presents itself to the builder of the modern home who has to get what he wants with due regard to building restrictions.

- STRIP: The exclusive picture-story series which CAVALCADE introduced with "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" (last issue), will be a very popular type of movie preview, and that's a forecast. "Out of the Past" (this issue), is a very entertaining story of very different interest—and there is a new treat in store with "Masie Town," which is next month's strip-preview. Photographic previews in five or six pictures are common enough, but CAVALCADE takes pride in the added interest given by telling the full story of films you have not seen in story form. Sydney artist Phil Bellon is doing a good job on it, too.

New Series, Vol 7, No 6

Published by K. G. Murray Publishing Company Pty Ltd
56 Young Street, Sydney
Printed by Cumberland Newspapers Ltd., Mosquito St.
Perthworth

108. CAVALCADE, May 1948

ONLY Skrip

THE WORLD'S FINEST WRITING FLUID

COMES IN THE CONVENIENT TOP-WELL BOTTLE

WASHABLE Skrip is a "must" for home and school—washes out of all washable fabrics with ordinary soap and water!

PERMANENT Skrip is made for business records and documents that must be preserved—withstanding even boiling water!

For Sheaffer Pen Service and Repairs, send to Stott's, Warriegal Road, Healesville, Victoria.
For Quality Suits
Crusader Cloth
GUARANTEED
NEVER TO FADE OR SHRINK