How to be Ruthless - and Win

I Am A De Facto Wife
Film story in pictures—Magic Town
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Names in cartoons or writings other than factual are fictitious.
IT was some time before I could get anybody to talk about Rocky. That's why I finally heard about Madeline.

Had Rocky, which is what I'm going to call an island in the Pacific, one of a group noted in those days for its savagery, been dismissed with a few casual remarks, I'd have lost interest.

I pieced phrases together, and all I knew about it was that it was not under British control, there were no missionaries there, a trading boat wouldn't accept a charter to visit it, and nobody would talk.

I might have lost interest, at that, but I happened to fall into conversation with a free drinker who had, at that moment been drinking freely.

"Rocky?" he said thickly. "It's Madeline. Worse than the worst."

I put a leading question. "She runs Rocky," he said.

From that moment, with the vision of the white woman dominating a mysterious Pacific island, I knew I had to get the story.

"You're not afraid of this Madeline, are you?" I asked. I wondered about her—the little clue I had made her out as a sort of male chief.

Somebody has said that, in the islands, if you're going to do any-
thing, you make up your mind and wait three weeks. It was nearly three weeks before the story of Madeline came one stage further. By that time I was on the deck of an abominable island steamer, and one day a vague island grew up out of the horizon. It proved to be a high island, long and whale-shaped.

"That's Rocky," an officer said.

"We wouldn't call there unless we had a couple of machine guns on the bridge. She don't like whites."

"Who's she?" I asked.

"That damn white woman who married the big chief. Came from New Caledonia with a bunch of escaped convicts—they say she knifed her husband in Paris one time. Got life in New Caledonia, and escaped with some others.

"What happened to the others?"

"The natives ate them and hung their skulls in the clubhouse."

"What did they do with her?"

"He laughed. "It's what she did to them. She must have been a sort of Amazon or something. Led them in their fights, and made the tribe tood dog."

"Is it true she married the native chief?" I asked.

"Well, there's no missionaries there," he said. "She couldn't have had a formal wedding, but I suppose she jumped over the tongs, or whatever they do."

"I thought Rocky was a terrible place," I said. "Cannibal feasts and all that."

"So it is," he said. "She don't stop at much. But the things I'm telling you are only grape-vine talk. There's a queen fellow, Julius—"

"Oh, I've met him."

"Well, he's got a tired or two loose, and no wonder; but he can tell you more about Madeline than anyone else, if you get him just drunk enough, but not too drunk!"

It was some time before I had a chance of contacting Julius.

You can bet that I concentrated hard to remember exactly what he said.

"No, I ain't French," he told me, "but they picked me up in Marseille for a bit of knife-finding I done there, and my father if I had one was French they said, so anyhow I got into a batch they was sending out to Noumea.

"We escaped before they beat and worked us to death. No, I swore I'd never tell who got us off. We near starved and died on the way, and when we got sight of Rocky Island, we thought it was heaven.

"They came out in their canoes, and some of them said that we was fit for nothing but to knock on the head for the sharks to eat, but another said something else, so they took us in and fed us, put us in a cage, and one by one they ate the foe. Only the woman, they didn't cage her. The big chief took her, and he gave her armshells that's worth pounds, and red shell money to hang around her neck.

"What'd ye want to know?" he asked.

"What did she do? Did she try and stop the cannibal business?"

"She? No! She's a devil out of hell. She used to sit and pick a bone with the best. She had an old Tower musket, which they had stole from the traders they caught, and she would shoot a prisoner as soon as look at you."

"How did you escape being killed and eaten?"

"Why, they had me tied up like a pig, and so was some of the others, and she was walking down the lot of them to choose which they'd put in the stone oven. The chief, he points at me, cause I was not as lean as some of them—but she lets a yell, and puts her hands in my hair—it was curly then—and she holds on to it, which, it seems, was what they done when they wanted anyone let off, only they never did want anyone, not as a common thing—"

I broke in. "You've been reading about Pocahontas and John Smith, surely?"

"He took not the least notice. It occurred to me, after that he did not know how to read. He was completely illiterate, it proved.

"So the chief and her, they argued a bit, and—"

"What was she like?"

"Not very tall, with hardly a rag on her except them native things, and red straight hair, and a buzzum like a bird. And her teeth was too long and too white when she laughed.

I never thought anything of her. But she would have it they was not to eat me, and—Julius, just as he was getting interesting, dissolved into crazy giggles.

He went on presently, without much interest; it was plain that his feeble mind had been strained too far.

"Tied me in a canoe, they did, and set me off like—who was it—Noah in the hurlrushes."

He yawned devastatingly, and sat down on the sand. Clearly the entertainment was over.

I had to make out the rest of the story from the confused hints that dropped now and then from Julius, when he was sufficiently primed. He had been almost dead from hunger and thirst.

Madeline? No, she wasn't dead, but it was a long time ago. Maybe she was dead, at that. It was time he was dead himself.

And, looking at the grey in the mass of untrained curls that had once saved the life of this modern Captain John Smith, I was inclined to agree.
Frank discussion of a problem which law could not solve or morals recognise.

I AM A DE FACTO WIFE

I DO not enjoy all the privileges of society because I am a de facto wife.

I met Tom four years ago at a cocktail party. When Dot, the hostess, introduced us, she said: “You two should get on well together. A lawyer and a journalist must have a lot in common.”

She was right. We hadn’t talked for more than half an hour before we realized how similar our interests were.

More than that, we quickly became aware that there was a strong sexual attraction between us.

Tom was 30 and I was 26. We were friendly for three months before he told me he was married. It was one of those affairs.

Tom, a twenty-two-year-old law student, was struggling through his final year. There had been infatuation, a swift flare of passion. As always, the consequences had to be reckoned with. The girl’s parents insisted on marriage, and Tom made no attempt to shelve his responsibilities. But the marriage was a fiasco.

The child was stillborn. There was nothing else to hold the young couple together.

Tom did his best. He was studying hard for his examinations and trying to earn enough money at the time to support his wife and himself. Jean, his wife, didn’t make things easy. She was continually nagging him, reminding him that marriage had been forced upon her, comparing her life with the lives of her friends who were still single, and free to flit as they pleased. She resented the fact that he was always studying or at lectures.

Tom worried and he flunked his exams. When Jean knew it would take another year to complete his study, she left him in a rage and went back to her parents.

Jean would not agree to divorce Tom, and he, feeling he was to blame for the situation, resigned himself to being held to a most unsatisfactory existence, spending his money to support a girl who had no other claims to wifehood than a legal name.

So at twenty-three, he had resigned himself to a life of enforced bachelorhood. Three years later Jean was in an automobile accident. She was badly hurt, losing the use of both her legs.

That was how things stood when Tom and I met. He told me his story when we would no longer deny that we were in love.

It took a lot of thought, a lot of weighing up and a lot of courage. I told myself that it was a modern world, that the outlook on such things had altered completely. I decided that Tom and I had too much to lose by staying apart, much to gain by being together. It meant sacrificing certain of my principles and ideals, and—because they refused to see any justification for my decision—it meant giving up my family, too.

Tom and I often talked it over together. For himself he had no doubts. He said it was my happiness that was at stake. I pointed out that I had had many opportunities to marry, but none had attracted me.

Having met the one man I could have married, and would have married if circumstances had been different, I felt it would be wrong for us to go our separate ways.

Three-and-a-half years ago, without the approval of law or clergy, I went to live with Tom as his wife.

In the time we have been together, Tom and I have known great happiness. Rather than giving me a feeling of insecurity, the nature of our relationship has had the opposite effect. We are not bound by legal injunction or technicality to remain together. We are faithful not because we have to be, but because we want to be. The knowledge that love and mutual respect alone supply the strong basis for our attachment gives me a feeling of security.

I know that as long as these feelings exist, Tom and I will have no desire to part.

On the other hand, should either or both of us feel at any time that our relationship has become meaningless, our separation would be a matter only of agreement between ourselves. There would be no dirty linen washed in the papers, no legal arguments about our decision.

In the freedom of our alliance, too, while enjoying complete compatibility, I think we have both been able to retain greater individuality than would have been possible within the restricting bonds of matrimony.

There has never been any question of our faithfulness to one another. Marriage vows could not add strength to our trust.

If I were to express the desire that our relationship be legalized, Tom might agree to try and force Jean to take divorce proceedings. But I
THE VICTIM

His head was bowed in deep distress.
His eyes were blank, his face was long.
A woman, as you well might guess, had done him wrong.
He'd gazed into her dreamy eyes
And felt his heart with passion glow,
He'd listened to her fond replies—Then come the blow!
She did not strike it with a knife
And leave him lying cold and flat;
She did not seek to take his life—For worse than that!
She thrust upon the hopeless clown
A fate more horrible and grim,
For, wearing his resistance down, she married him.

I am not sure that he would. I do not know whether Jean is aware of the situation. Tom pays her an occasional visit and takes her flowers and books. I am glad he does. Jean spends her day in a wheel chair, but Tom says she is amazingly cheerful. She bears no resentment, now, against him. I don't think Tom would have the heart to upset her by talking divorce.

There have been times when my position has not been easy. I have had to forego the pleasure of attending many social functions and entertainments with Tom, because I knew there would always be the few female members who knew our story and were narrow-minded enough to object. In his position, Tom naturally receives a number of invitations which he feels obliged to accept. He is popular, too, with other men and their wives. Society does not attach the same stigma to a man who indulges in an unconventional love affair as it does to the woman of the same affair!

When I say goodbye to Tom and see him off to a gathering, he must attend alone, I never let him know I have any heart-burning that it should have to be so. At first he would be apologetic at leaving me, but now, by unspoken consent, we look upon such occasions as inevitable and desirable in maintaining the freedom of our relationship.

Women can be cruel. I have had experience of their cruelty in the last few years. Tom and I have friends who know our position and accept it without question. Outside that circle there are many with whom we are forced to come into contact and who openly show their disapproval.

I have continued to work. A few months ago I had to "cover" a reception for my newspaper. Tom had been invited officially, and we saw no reason why we should not go together. I did not know that the hostess was a woman who had known my family for many years, and who now lived in a large house near our flat. She had refused to recognise me since the day I had left home.

She was receiving the guests inside the door. I told myself I could not walk past her, so I waited with Tom. When she turned to me her face became expressionless. I had been about to smile, but I stopped in time. She spoke to me coldly.
The **FIRE DOG of ASU**

FRANK SARAO

The legend that men of science are apt to live in a world of their own seems to have its base in fact. Testimony to this is a small bronze tablet that stands near the village of Asu, on Massacre Bay, the Samoan island of Tutuila.

In French, the tablet reads, "To our comrades who gave their lives for Science and Country."

The story behind the tablet dates back to the year 1787, when two French exploratory vessels, the "Astrolabe" and "Boussole," touched the island. Aboard the ships were a mixed bag of sailors and scientists. On the island were some of the most ghostly folk of the animal haunts of an island forest.

The vessels stayed many weeks at Tutuila. While the scientists pattered around after interesting facts and specimens, crews of both ships enjoyed some lavish native hospitality in the form of one long round of feasts and dances held in their honour.

At the hour of farewell, came a blunder. Just before the ships were ready to sail, a large party of men, headed by naturalists de Langle and de Lamanon, went ashore at Asu. Their purpose was to ask some of the natives to accompany them back to France.

They were most surprised to find there were no takers. The men and women of Asu wanted to stay put.

So keen were the scientists to have some live specimens to take home, and so foolish were they in the belief that the easy-going Samoans would not have the courage to resist, that an attempt was made to kidnap some.

The bronze tablet tells the rest of the story.

De Langle and de Lamanon were killed in the resulting fight; the rest of the party drew back to the beach, and the big dog hurled himself over a cliff on the heights above Asu.

Now the bronze tablet does not mention the big dog, and there is some doubt whether he ever did exist. Native legend has it that he landed with the French party, joined in the fight when his masters were attacked, and did more damage to his native opponents than any ten men.

The raiding party took to their boats. The dog, bleeding from many spear thrusts, made off into the hills. The native warriors went after him.

They followed the great animal to open ground above the village, and here he was cornered against an angle of the cliff. Spears were cast. The dog charged his attackers again and again. Then, defeated, he hurled himself over the cliff.

He sounds like a mighty shaggy dog to me.

Then, runs the legend, the warriors heard his body thud on the rocks below, and they heard his dying roars. These struck such terror into the warriors' hearts that they turned tail and ran madly back to the village.

Some time after this, a native, travelling from Asu to a nearby village, did not make it. On hearing nothing more of him, his friends trailed his footprints right to the heart of the deep valley below the cliff where the shaggy dog had taken the big dive. Here the prints suddenly ended.

While casting around for the lost trail, these natives were confronted by something that scared the hair off them, so that they fled the cursed spot. Although they got out alive, this was small consolation. The thing they had seen had turned their blood to water, and rendered them as simple as little children.

Till the day they died these men continued to babble of a huge dog, the colour of blood, the size of a bullock, who had held their friend's body easily in his jaws.

The legend persisted to comparatively modern times, and the valley became taboo.

Taboo it remained even through times of famine, when its groves of cocoanuts, its tropical fruit, and its beds of yam and taro might have helped to stave off hunger.

Because of the taboo, the dog had no chance to carry off anyone else, but he was still considered a blight on the land, blamed for all disappearances from the surrounding villages, all sickness, failure of crops, and even poor fishing seasons.

The man who finally killed the ghostly dog and the legend was Judge Gurr, the friend and lawyer of Robert Louis Stevenson. He had bought the taboo valley for a song to the tune of five hundred dollars, and had found it a losing proposition even at that figure. Never eager workers, the Samoan boys might be induced to do just enough to keep...
the plantation in running order, but they always seemed to recover their fear of the ghostly dog at the most critical times. The plantation lost money on those terms.

The Judge found an American manager named Brent who seemed able to get some work done. For a few months the plantation ran smoothly. Then one day a half-crazed native was found on the beach. From his delirious chatter it was learned that The Dog had appeared at the plantation and killed the manager. The natives had fled because they were afraid of being blamed for his death.

Judge Gurr was not so certain of this. It did not seem possible to him that a mere encounter with ordinarily harmless natives could produce the expression found frozen on the manager's face. He decided to keep an open mind on the matter.

It was some months after the tragedy, that another native reported having seen The Fire Dog in the valley. At this time the Judge and two other men were staying at the plantation. They decided to go out and see the ghost for themselves.

Armed with revolvers and rifles, the party went into the valley in the direction given them by the native boy. Soon they came upon a luminous trail marked faintly on the ground, and they remembered that the legend had The Dog leaving a wake of light behind him. They went on, slowly.

A faint glow now showed through the trees on ahead, and then they heard the coughing grunts of some animal. Was this The Dog?

They were soon to find out. The light grew stronger as they advanced towards it. As well as the coughing sounds, they could hear the animal wallowing in some kind of pool, and from the pool they saw flashes of green and blue light.

The animal sensed their presence, then, and they saw it come from the pool, dripping fire. Someone fired a shot, and the thing charged the party. The Judge stood his ground and pumped round after round at it until the ghost was laid.

Then someone thought of lighting a torch, and, in the glow of this, the party advanced on their victim.

"Gentlemen," the Judge announced, "we have succeeded in shooting a pig."

It was a very large, very old pig, not dangerous to man because its tusks had grown back in a circle. Lying there, it still shone with the same ghostly light. Was this the Fire Dog? The Judge was still not sure, remembering the look on his manager's face. Daylight investigation showed that the pool in which the pig had wallowed contained a drainage of the animalcula which normally cause phosphorescence in the sea. High seas had washed them into the valley and left them there in a shallow basin. High seas had also washed fish into the depression, and this was the reason the pig had been there.

Whether the pig had been the Fire Dog or not remains a matter of guesswork. The Judge made a great stride in quashing the legend by setting dynamite in the cliff and falling a few tons of rock onto the haunted spot, an action which impressed and natives so much that they consented to do some work around the plantation after that.

So ended the legend, perhaps the actuality, of the Fire Dog of Asu. He has not been seen since.
SOME men play with poisons for a hobby or a profession. They call them toxicologists. Others play with poisons as a means to a dead end. They call them suicides and murderers. The best wrap-up that potassium cyanide ever got was through the death of Hermann Goring and his co-partners in crime and suicide.

This, the potassium salt of hydrocyanic or prussic acid, is the most efficient of all poisons. It is extraordinarily rapid and absolutely certain.

A colorless liquid, you can find it in nature—in bitter almonds, in cherry, peach and plum stone kernels. Apple seeds have it in small quantities. It is present in the leaves of certain trees, and in the roots of some kinds of beans. You can poison yourself with any one of these things if you know the right quantities to use.

We know the symptoms of acute potassium cyanide poisoning. It is lightning-quick, giving a moment of unutterable fear, under the storm of bodily revolution, a trembling and sudden sweating pallor, a wrenched, abrupt scream—and death: death in a few seconds because the respiratory centre had been paralysed.

Many cyanide victims linger for two or three minutes, in a first trembling, then laboring for breath which comes in short spasms, and finally experiencing convulsions, and death.

You can kill a man with the active principle that is in every cigarette—nicotine. If you’ve got brown-stained fingers, don’t let anybody tell you that that is nicotine. It’s only a juice out of the weed. Nicotine has no color. It is a liquid, and deadly poisonous. If you want to get rid of your letters or your neighbour’s pet pup, all you have to do is inject a quarter of a drop into them. If you walk on two legs, two or three drops will do for you.

Whenever you come across a man in tremors and cold sweats, who is gasping, whose heartbeats are weak and weaken till you think he’s going to faint, and who has a feeble pulse, you might not like to say with certainty that he is suffering from nicotine poisoning, because the symptoms vary, but it’s a pretty safe bet that he is.

That women, more than men, employ poisons in crime is a fallacy. They’re about on the same footing, though for every female murderer there are four males. Records of experience show, that, for women, arsenic is still the Saturn among poisons. It surpasses any other on the score of favoritism. When a woman wishes to call it a day in a hurry she takes arsenic. It is, properly speaking, arsenious acid, and it comes in a white crystalline powder. When she wishes to make herself a widow, she feeds her husband arsenious every mealtime, so that the insidious evidence in the course of months has done its stuff.

Scores of poisoning females have used it in this way to get hold of assurance money or an illicit lover, but all most of them ever got was a quick drop ending in a jerk. For, although arsenic kills by degrees, and is a monster cunning in concealment, it usually can’t get away without leaving some traces of its presence in the body of its victim. Exhumations carried out eleven and twelve years after burial have revealed these traces.

It’s not a nice thing watching for the old breadwinner or the obstructive wife to deteriorate and die, but some can do it with the precise indifference of a citizen vivisecting a dog. Here are the few tips: arsenic poisoning has either acute or chronic symptoms. Acute is easy to recognize. There is a violence going on in the man. He writhes in terrible pain. He has some of the dreadful signs of cholera, as if his stomach and intestines were inflamed. He falls unconscious. Death follows. That’s all.

In chronic arsenic poisoning the victim sees his face getting sallow; he finds that he has no appetite; he suffers from stomach disorders. He doesn’t know what’s wrong with him, just tells the boys he’s a bit off color, and tries to doctor himself. Then he begins to get cramps, a leadenness takes hold of him and he can’t escape its fatigue. His hair falls out. Eczema rashes break out on his body. The doctor observes these and many other signs, but finds it most difficult to track down their cause.

You don’t have to go beyond your own vegetable garden to get a poison capable of making you very sick, if not killing you. Children who have the proclivity of children for putting things in their mouths, and also adults who like to bite a twig or chew a grass blade, should sidestep the
leaves of the common tomato, and even the fruit of that plant when it is green. Part of the ordinary potato, too, should go into a blue bottle marked with the skull and crossbones. In the buds and tops of the potato is solanine, a poison similar in its effects to atropine. If you've got a puzzling illness in the family it might possibly be that the potato is the cause.

It will probably seem unbelievable that these two plants should be poisonous, but when you realise that they belong to the same group as the deadly nightshade incredulity fades. The deadly nightshade, or belladonna, known by flourishing in dark shades, presents its own symbol of sinisterness. Its chief poisonous constituent is atropine, found in the leaves and berries. There is only a half per cent in the leaves and less in the berries, but don't let that fool you. It is a strong, concentrated poison. Besides the dangerous atropine, belladonna contains many other poisons, principally scopolamine and hyoscine, now, in its controlled use, added to the growing list of wonder drugs, and the best cure for seasickness yet discovered.

If you have a desperate hatred for a man and want to poison him, make your choice strychnine. The effects of strychnine poisoning are fearful and horrible beyond the wildest imagining. The tortures of the medieval ages and some present-day Eastern races are pleasures compared with it.

I went once with a police reporter to view a suicide who had taken strychnine, and I have never known a more intense horror and revulsion. If the man had been mangled and twisted and knotted by a machine he couldn't have been a more frightfully grotesque shape than he was. It was impossible to conceive how a human being could become so contorted. The strychnine cramps had forced his head backwards, guarded his hands. His body was bent into an arch supported by head and heels. Trembling residential tenants told of the hideous shrieks. The foam was still at his mouth and on his shirt.

In strychnine poisoning, the cramp is not continuous. There is a break every minute or two. But there is not much time for them to repeat themselves. The body cannot resist the powerful poison and succumbs to death.

Phosphorous poisoning is not popular socially, although it used to be back in 1832 on the appearance of matches. In the hands of a suicide or murderer the phosphorus-headed match was as effective as a knife or revolver. In following years, phosphorous went to the top of the Toxic Hit Parade, relegating arsenic to a poor second as the favorite weapon of murderers.

Give your husband or your wife a dose of phosphorous, and you can go out, have a drink, do the shopping, or chat with the next door neighbour, for it takes a few hours for the signs to appear. The victim groans, saying he has a pain in his abdomen, he complains of a choking sensation in the throat. Soon he begins vomiting. If he vomits at night in a room with the light off, he can be pretty easy to see the puddle shining on the floor, especially considering the background of gurgles, moans and coughing. Three or four days later the man will be yellow and his liver will have swollen.

Lead poisoning is a creeper, too, taking a few hours to let you know it's there. You feel sick, and there is somehow an uncanny taste of metal in your mouth. You begin in a little while to vomit. Pains start in your abdomen, and a cold sweat breaks on you. If you hold a hand to your heart you can feel its irregularity, but you don't need to do that to realise the difficulty it's having. Your kidneys become useless. You feel yourself becoming excited to a pitch bordering on hysteria and violence. Cramps buckle your legs, shift and grip your arm, twist your neck. Soon you can't move, held in iron paralysis. Death steps in with a practised hand.

But a man doesn't have to take lead to be poisoned by it. Plumbers and men who work with it get a chronic form of lead poisoning. You can often pick them out by their coloring: they go from slaty grey through intermediate shades to a yellowish grey.

If you're not sure the coloring means lead poisoning, ask him to oblige you by opening his mouth; then you will see the lead on his gums. This is lead all right, the same stuff you put in paint, exuded by minute blood vessels. The careless man does nothing about this. Then, one day when he is sitting down having a cup of coffee in a restaurant he suddenly realises that he cannot feel the cup. The paralysed radial nerve has killed feeling in his hand. It dangles limply as though an unliving part of the body. Matters get worse. The useless fingers can't button his coat, tie his shoe laces.

But lead poisoning symptoms have nothing on the effects of mercury.
HOW TO BE RUTHLESS and WIN

The sporting spirit is a fine thing, but unyielding determination wins matches.

Ever hear of Frankie Kovacs? Let me remind you, then, that he was the American tennis pro, hired by the manager of the last Australian Davis Cup team, to bring our tennis players up to concert pitch for the Challenge Round.

The Australian team received such a drubbing that six months later, the ALTA was still muttering in sackcloth, and it was only after fervent pleas by the American Association that it decided that it was worth while challenging for the Cup in 1946. The Australian defeat was not Kovacs' fault, for the sad fact is that we just didn't have a tennis player comparable to Kramer. But this Mr. Kovacs, now—he was the fellow who only seven years ago was exuberantly sweeping from the court all the best American tennis hopes.

And where, you ask, is Frankie Kovacs now? Frankly, I do not know, and although early this year he was appearing against Riggs without great success in pro tennis, the advent of the new pros seems to have swept him from the higher strata of tennis.

Riggs is still at the top, but in 1941, Kovacs was blasting him off the court with great regularity—such regularity, in fact, that Kovacs eventually announced that in fairness to Riggs, he would in future forego training.

As a result of this kinship, Kovacs appeared on the court at their next meeting looking like the character in the "morning after" advertisement, and actually took five sets to vanquish Riggs.

Ah, there was a tennis player! More—there was a Clown; and that was the tag Kovacs acquired, "the Clown Prince of Tennis."

Kovacs had fulfilled the destiny predicted for him by Bill Tilden, when he said:

"Kovacs is a man who will beat champions, but he will never be one. He lacks the stability to achieve greatness."

This, from Mr. Tennis himself, might have been thought a peculiar statement; for Tilden was prone to add novelty to an important match by taking time out in order to discuss a moot and controversial point with an umpire.

But the difference between Tilden and Kovacs was that while Tilden was creating a diversion, it was his opponent who lost concentration; but when Kovacs sat on his racquet, for instance, and deliberately gave away a point as a gesture of contempt for his vis-a-vis, the only person to suffer was Kovacs.

So Frankie's clowning earned him nothing but laughter from the spectators, and served merely to rob him of his concentration.

And there is the importance of being ruthless in any branch of sport. I'm told, for example, that cricket offers no greater pleasure than when it is played on an English village green—but that, unfortunately, isn't where "The Ashes" are won and lost.

Wally Hammond in 1928 played the game to win, and as a result, achieved the honor of scoring the highest number of runs—905—ever scored by an Englishman in a Test series. But in 1947, he led to Australia an English team which suffered such big defeats that Hammond must go on record as one of the least conscientious of all English captains. His powers of concentration gone, he left cricket with his mighty deeds of the past temporarily overshadowed by his one failure.

He had played the game to the spurt, and paid the penalty. I wonder if, from the shadows, his lankgorous demeanour was watched by the ghost of Dr. W. G. Grace, who led an English team to Australia in 1873—a team which was so much stronger than the Australian side that the introduction of a picnic spirit by Grace would have perhaps made the difference between the teams less obvious. Yet on one occasion when an Australian disputed with Grace the umpire's opinion that he was out, the Grand Old Man simply beckoned with his finger to his team and led them off the field. This was the same Grace who, in a County match, was caught and bowled when he was three, refused to leave the wicket, and stayed until his side had won. Even then, he continued to bat until he was bowled ingloriously by Kortwright. As Grace surveyed the stumps, the bowler said:

"What, are you going? There's still a stump standing"—and Grace, outraged at this lack of sporting spirit, replied that he had never been so insulted in his life.

Grace is remembered as a ruthless captain as well as a mighty batsman, and if there are some who will cavil at the manner in which he played the game, his faults have been lost among the legends of his greatness.

I am, as I have written before, a
WHO DO YOU THINK I AM—EINSTEIN?

Slip on my slippers, light my pipe,
To solace your father, the time is now ripe.
He's struggled with invoices long and involved,
The problem of lost shillings he's painfully solved.
He's been polite to querulous clients,
He's dazzled the market with the greatest of science.
So come here, my child, with the word that encourages,
And let's forget frugality and costly demurrages.
Your father is tired, the result of much homework,
What's that? Will I help you along with your homework?
Then let's get down to it, neither dilly nor dally,
This work is right down your father's alley.
Now, drawn here neatly's on Eastern mosaic
Oh, is that so—it's a test algebra?
With X, I perceive, as the unknown factor,
I wish your writing were more exact.
Please take it away, your poor father is tired.
And "X" marks the spot where he's quietly expired.

—W.G.D

great shrewder of Don Bradman, but
I feel that much of his success, both as a batsman and a captain, has been
due to powers of concentration given to but few men in any branch of sport.

It is a pretty safe bet that from the moment when the first ball is bowled in a match until the winning hit is made, there is no other thought but cricket in his mind. And Don Bradman will enter cricket history not merely as a batsman, but one of the wisest, shrewdest, and uncompromising captains Australia has had.

Take, now, your footballers. Football is, admittedly, a game in which ruthlessness is an integral part, and an easy—even natural—virtue to cultivate. The man who is heavily dumped by a Rugby tackle rises to his feet with the determination to seek repayment for the indignity; and provided he is on the "blind side" of the referee, no footballer worthy of the name will hesitate to sneak in a well-placed punch in return for one he has received a little earlier in the game.

Now, practically any Sunday at a swimming baths in Sydney, you will find a couple of cronies who have been friends since boyhood. One of them is "Bluey" Watkins, perhaps the most ruthless tackle in Rugby League has known—and, incidentally, one of the fairest. The other is "Jazzer" Byrne, a winger who played contemporaneously with Watkins, and, moreover, in the same club.

The two were inseparable, and with an overseas tour in sight, both were selected to take part in a trial game from which the touring side would be selected. They were picked on opposing sides. During the game "Jazzer," who told me the story, broke away and began a run which, it seemed, would inevitably end in his scoring the try that might clinch his selection for the trip.

"Suddenly," he said, "I was hit by a steam roller. When I picked myself up, I knew that I would be a passenger for the rest of the game, and that my hopes of a trip were shattered. That was bad enough, but the character who tackled me was my best friend, 'Bluey' Watkins."

"Bluey" got the trip, but "Jazzer" missed out.

The point of this story, of course, is that to Watkins, any man on the opposite side was his natural foe. The fact that the man flying towards him was his best friend just didn't enter his head, and the tackle he made had not an ounce less ferocity than any other he made during his career.

Boxing is a sport on which the difference between headline and brendline is infinitesimal, and the luxury of relaxation is strictly reserved for potential stumble-bums. Throughout 11 years of rule and 24 defences of his world's heavyweight crown, Joe Louis proved himself a gentleman of the ring—but no one, and least of all his victims, ever accused him of failing to follow up an advantage. Yet in his own way, Joe was always a merciful antagonist, for the reward of failing to stop his punches was quick and, according to his opponents, painless oblivion.

But what the heck—you're either a relaxing type, or you're not. If you're the cove who believes that a game can be played too hard, and that overmuch concentration can ruin a good day's fun, then I'm a bit with you. But don't expect to see your name in the next Olympic Games team.
Once I was on a job building a shed 28 miles long. They called it a snow shed—a covering which saved teams from getting stopped by snowdrifts while crossing the Great Divide of the Rocky Mountains.

On those high prairies of Wyoming, at 10,000 feet altitude, a peculiar lightness and clearness of air showed gleaming, icy peaks of much higher country 30 miles and more away. We toiled in blazing sunshine in sight of that frozen skyline where the real Rockies paled up into Utah.

We lived in side-tracked trains until bunk-houses and cook-houses were built for an increasing stream of men and materials. That spacious silence was thus broken by crashing machinery, clanging tools and harsh curses of sweating laborers: white, black, brown, yellow and red workers from far and wide. Yes. In my gang a full-blooded Red Indian rolled logs with a yellow Korean, a brown Mexican and a coal black soon.

The first evening my boyish heart was thrilled by a group of cow-punchers riding out of the sunset. They came to get a job, and others followed them, from time to time, from the surrounding prairies and the western ranges Broad sombreros, bright shirts, sheepskin “chaparejos” and jangling spurs, with lariats on their saddles and guns on their hips.

“Hawdy, pancake!” drawled a hawk-faced ruff, just like the movies. “How much’re they payin’ around here?”

“Ninety bucks a month, Feller.”

“Hell, boys! An’ we punchin’ cattle fr’ thr’ly.”

“Guess our bosses’ll chuck aroun’ ef we tu’n ’em loose.”

For days and for weeks those horses grazed on the prairie grass, saltbush and sage brush.

That sage brush was of a peculiar blend of grey, green, red and other elusive colours with a predominating purple. Its bitter-sweet fragrance filled the air.

Yet this was a hard country, cruel in its distances and violent in its extremes of heat and cold. Eagles soared miles high above it, watching, with their incredibly keen eyesight, for food.

“Gonna be all hell apoppin’ around here when th’ boys git paid,” remarked an old-timer.

Sure enough, there was an unholy rot of drinking, gambling and brawling in our womanless community when the monthly pay-day came. I watched, fascinated, this display of crude masculinity with unconquered money burning holes in its pockets.

Dice players (crap shooters as they called them), squatting in circles, Poker players sit, six at a table, with bottles of whisky beside their money. Mostly they drank straight from the bottle. A skinnny half-breed lugged a bucket of water around with a pannikin.

“Water, boy! I’m on here an’ I’ll give ya a dollar.”

They got more drink.

“WAA’ER BOOY, EF DAHLERS FR’ A DRINK O’ WAA’ER.”

Some winner yelled his thirst. The winners needed to keep their heads to keep their winnings. Thousands of dollars would finish in a few hands, perhaps ten of the hardest gamblers would get a thousand others’ wages of about a hundred dollars each.

“F’lave. Ah’ll raise dat to a hunnerd, gentlemen.”

That last speaker, a brawny negro, rolled his round, dark eyes and mouthed his words in animal abandon.

“Two hunnerd, black boy?”

“F’lave, mister!”

“F’lave,” spat back the negro-despising Southerner.

He won. Thousands. The mad game got madder as the day and the night went on. Losers drifted away, falling asleep here and there or quaffing drunkenly.

A big fat, pasty-faced blunder, with a gun on his hip, waddled slowly about. Several muscle men (nobody knew exactly whom or how many), were paid by this person and he took a percentage of winnings to keep order. Well organized.

I, as a lad of just 17 then, did not drink or gamble. I watched fascinated, these folkies that were to catch me, well and truly, in later years.

Inside the bunkhouse it got quieter as fewer hotters were left with bigger money. Whisky was plentiful, sold by a hardnutt friend of the order-keeper.

“Gamble no good,” said the Red Indian, who rolled logs in my gang.

“Me no gamble, kid.” He swayed before me holding a bottle of whisky in one hand.

“No Warmbush. No good.”

“Drink no good.”

“No, kid.”

Then he fell down flat on his back,
A CANADIAN type of machine chart to aid vaccums of infantile paralysis is being used at the Repatriation Hospital in Perth, Western Australia. Three patients at the hospital are learning to walk with the use of the chart, on which they stand and shuffle along. Doctors at the hospital are quoted as saying the expectation of life for these men, who were unable to move their legs and bodies from the waist down, has been increased considerably.

fell straight back from the heels, not bending his body, letting the bottle go. He'd done this off and on all night.

I watched him with a certain youthful awe, a respect paid to maturity. Twice my age, about my equal in height and weight (6 feet and 14 stone), he looked lean compared with my plumpness. His cunning prowess in handling legs impressed me tremendously. This Redskin was one that nobody could or should fail to respect.

He fell flat beside the big, pasty-faced gangster.

"Sonowabitchin, Injun!"

Up came Warmbull from the floor, sort of coiling upward like a snake, rearing up eye to eye with the tall and bulky insulator. It was so astonishingly unexpected. We all stopped, looked and listened.

"Arright! I fight you. Weeth thee gun, Weeth the knife. Weeth the feester. Wheeelll you want?"

We all waited. This was yes or no and man to man.

The pale face turned surrenderingly away. That was final. Warmbull fell flat back again. Episode closed.

A few freight trains and a couple of passengers roared up and past during the day and night. You could see them dark in daytime, lighted in night-time, coming with apparent slowness from 20 or 30 miles away and for as far beyond. A mighty queer effect.

As I went outside off and on towards morning, defeated gamblers walked stumbily in starlight towards the nearby railroad track. They jumped trains, broke after a month's hard toil.

I watched them and I wondered about the pathos and the mystery of Man.

"Waah, boys, arl I ken say is I'm a good loser."

By now—and long before for that matter—anybody was encouraged to drink so long as he had money. The sooner you were the better they liked you: with money.

Six pairs of eyes watched every shuffle and deal. They also watched the stranger's face as he bet and won steadily.

It was a notable dial at that. Gray, pale was the effect of dead-white skin with a stiff stubble of black beard.

Like Warmbull, I wasted no words after his introductory remark. One quick look at the five cards and they were faced on the table. Then buy. Then face them again. Then bet big or nothing.

As he continued to win, with never-changing expression, a perfect poker face, my youthful, non-drinking, non-smoking and non-gambling faculties became aware of a terrific tension emanating from this one to all the others playing in that room.

Quietly now, stepping over prone, dead drunks, ignoring raucous shouts outside, the sole surviving winners converged from four tables to three and to two and to one.

"Ten thousand."

In those days you had silver dollars as well as halves, quarters and dimes in the West. You also had five, ten and twenty dollar gold pieces. They lingered in the West long after the East. There were paper fifteens and hundreds and bigger, all yellow backs.

Anyway, Slim now had a heap of jumbled-up cash in front of him. Enough to live on for years.

By now, only the water boy, the organiser and I were left, besides the six last players. The whisky seller had gone.

Slim had nearly all the money in front of him when it seemed that his nerve broke, or something.

He drank faster and deeper from his bottle, pushing himself back from the table and standing up.

"Ya talk about ya tough guys! I was born in a cave an' suckled by a she wolf. Th' only mother I ever known boys."

Slim had an inhuman sort of face, it seemed to me: very prominent teeth but, above all, a non-human, greyish texture in his skin.

"Bite? No? No? Aaaaaah!"

Bang went the table and all the money.

Slim ran in a weird crouch out of the bunkhouse, with a long howl. Everybody else there dived for the scattered currency except me.

I watched that crouched, running figure going swiftly, not towards the Union Pacific railroad track, where all other desperate ones had gone to-night, but westward where brownish-foamed hill appeared to march upwards to the clouds.

We never saw him again.
She was dead, and it was murder; but that sort of thing happened to that sort of woman.

CRAIG RICE

The MURDERED MAGDALEN

Boogie-Woogie jam sessions in a deserted farm house, murder by fire, and a man hunt that ravaged anything ever seen in a movie thriller, combined to provide the police of a dozen cities and the Federal Bureau of Investigation with a neat puzzle in crime detection back in the Fall of 1943.

Another person who will never forget this particular case is a farmer living near Danbury, Wisconsin. He was searching for a horse that had strayed into the woods when a car whipped past on the lonely and little-used road. Wondering what such a sleek, obviously strange car was doing at this late hour of the night on a side road so remote from the main highway, he stepped out on the road to have a look. A shadowy figure emerged from the car, removed a large, lump burden from the back seat, threw it over his shoulder, and started toward an abandoned farm house just off the road.

The little bit of amateur sleuth that licks in every human heart awakened in the farmer's breast. In the faint light of the moon he could see that the car was a Buick, 1941 or '42 model. Flashlight in hand, he stole up behind the house and listened. Inside somebody was tearing up the floor boards, and presently he could hear the sound of a spade digging up the earth. And then, another sound—the agonizing moan of a woman's voice!

The mental image of a fiend burying a woman alive shocked and startled him. He moved—and the aged boards of the fuel box on which he was crouching creaked. A voice from within the house cried out: "Who's there?" A man's voice.

Armed with nothing but his flashlight, the farmer fled into the woods. A shot rang out, and then another. That second bullet had struck home—he felt the impact of it, but he didn't know where it had hit and he felt no pain. He dropped to the ground and hid himself in the underbrush. The beam of the pursuer's flashlight swept over him. He held his breath. After an interval that seemed like ages, the pursuing footsteps diminished in the direction of the abandoned farm house again. The farmer looked up and saw flames bursting from the windows. The woman! The fiend was making the house her funeral pyre.

By the light of the fire he could see the man now. He was short, and slim, and he was making his way back to the Buick. A moment later he was racing away from the scene of the crime. Forgetting his own wound, the farmer ran toward the house, intent on saving the woman inside, but it was too late. The old shack was one sheet of living flame. He tried to turn the flashlight on himself to see where he had been hit. It failed to work. He breathed a sigh of relief when he noted that the bullet had hit the flashlight and lodged in one of the batteries. By the narrow margin of inches the killer had failed to commit a double murder that night.

The fire was still smouldering when the sheriff of Burnett County arrived at the scene. While he waited for the ashes to cool, he and his deputy questioned farmers within a radius of several miles. Cruising police cars, alerted for the search, spread a net for the fugitive Buick. No results. Evidently the killer had made good his escape.

The charred embers yielded several important clues. A scorched gasoline can established the incendiary origin of the fire. The corpse was burned beyond recognition, but the coroner was able to determine that the girl was young, about five-feet-tall in height, and black-haired. That she wore expensive clothes was evident from the few patches of material that remained—a bit of blue gabardine, a shred of tan skirt and a fragment of the pink slip. An autopsy performed that afternoon revealed that the victim had been shot in the head, but was still alive when she was consigned to the flames. Only one finger was sufficiently intact to yield a print. But there were gold fillings in several teeth, and these might prove important later if the dentist who did the work could be located.

Certain things could be safely deduced from the meagre evidence in hand. Neither the killer nor his victim were local people, but the murderer must have been familiar with the neighborhood or he would not have known about the abandoned house or be able to find it in the dark. The house had not been occupied in years. Was the suspect a former resident of the place, perhaps?

And why did he go to such pains to destroy the body and make identification difficult? Was it because he was so intimately connected with the victim that mere identification of the corpse would be enough to implicate him?

The combined efforts of the police...
I HATE ALL ANIMALS—ALMOST.

The subject, dear readers, in all humility,
Is animals and their lack of utility,
And loth though I am to be detrimental,
Show me one animal ornamental.
Take, now the gnu—no matter how nicely he muzzles,
He's useless except for crossword puzzles;
Of cats I am finely awfully sorry,
And I'd be more so were I a canary,
When poor Noah took dogs on his floating Ark,
I bet he found out they bite worse than they bark.
With elephants, too, I'm not pleasantly struck,
Though maybe I'd feel better if I were Frank Buck.
The horse ranks even lower in my estimation,
For he brings me financial degradation.
So away with equines and canines one and such,
For none of them appeal to me overmuch.
But omit from these weary, hopeless thrones,
The two legged animal, feminine species.

W. G. D.

of several States failed to provide immediate answers to any of these questions, but farmers in the vicinity of the abandoned house came forward with information that was both unexpected and startling. For sometime back, they said, they had been hearing one goshawful racket coming from that house at intervals, and always late at night.

"The joint was jumpin' with jive addicts," was the way one of the policemen reported his findings to the sheriff.

It seemed that some musicians from nearby Superior, Wisconsin, and Duluth, Minn., had occupied the abandoned house and met there to hold jam sessions. From time to time they had filled the night with music, and, at dawn, they had silently stolen away, like the Arabs.

No one knew who these musicians were or from whence they had come. The neighbouring farmers had been curious, but with the complacency born of a lifetime spent in the country, none of them bothered to investigate.

"They weren't doin' no harm s'far as I know," one of them said, "so I just let 'em be."

The others said the same. The police suspected that many of them had enjoyed hearing the hot music blaring out from the place, and had crept up close to listen.

Well, at least somebody besides the vanished phantom of the farmer's story had been placed at the scene of the crime. Perhaps the jive artists could be traced through the musicians' union headquarters in Duluth and Superior. If the gun-wielding firebug could be identified as a musician it would at least answer the question: How did he know about the abandoned farm house? Except for the report of a stolen Buick at Richland Centre, 250 miles from the scene of the crime, there had been nothing on the get-away car. Missing persons bureaus had been unable to offer any help. The identity of the victim was still as deep a mystery as ever, in spite of one partial identification that turned out to be a mistake.

When the owner of the farmhouse and all former tenants had been investigated and cleared, there remained only two leads of any importance: the stolen Buick and the jam session musicians. The Buick was found in St. Paul. It bore a stolen licence plate and in back of the car was a bloodstained blanket. Steps were taken at once to compare the bloodstains with samples of the victim's blood. As for the jive-men, the musicians' union was able to supply the names of members who had been making the farmhouse the "jumpin' joint" reported by neighbouring farmers.

Altogether there were five in number. Four of them, police learned, were playing a dance date on the night of the crime, so they had an alibi. The fifth, let's call him Jimmie Gates, claimed he had spent the night in Duluth taverns, but he couldn't find anybody to back up his alibi. Gates was a hot suspect, but unless something could be found to link him with the crime Duluth police would be compelled by law to release him from custody within 24 hours. It was little enough time in which to break the case, but the situation was saved—by a finger.

Fingerprint identification has become so swift and efficient during the last ten or fifteen years that everybody takes it for granted. Few people realize how much skill it still requires—raising the dim traces of a print, reconstructing the imperfect ones, a job that is often almost as complicated as reconstructing a prehistoric animal from the fossil remains of a few scattered bones. Even when you have most of the fingerprints of one hand, and you rarely have all of them, it still requires great skill to make a positive identification. In this case the technician of the Minnesota Crime Bureau had only one print of the right index finger to work on, and they made it. My best hat—the one with the skull and crossbones rampant on a field of poison ivy—is off to the Minnesota Crime Bureau for identifying the body of Lorraine Edin of Minneapolis on the strength of one fingerprint.

Lorraine Edin. The name was a new one to the police of Burnett County, but the Minneapolis police records showed that Lorraine had served a 30-day sentence for vagrancy in 1944. Members of her family there said that on October 25, 1945, the day before the fire-slaying in the abandoned farmhouse, Lorraine had gone to visit a girl friend in Duluth.

Duluth. That was the place where police were holding Jimmie Gates, the swing musician who was having trouble making good his alibi. Lorraine's girl friend was located at a restaurant where she worked in Duluth. There police interviewed her and learned that Lorraine had been planning to marry a man by the name of George Moffit, but at 7 o'clock on the night of October 26—the night of the crime—she phoned...
Charlie Chaplin, who does many things in both his private and business life to disturb the normal, began the procedure early in life. Once, when he was at the peak of his popularity, a "Charlie Chaplin Center" was held in a theater in the East. This person who made up to look most like Charlie was to receive a silver cup. There were other awards for runners-up. The quiz show Charlie decided to enter the contest himself. He came in second!

her girl friend in tears, saying she and George had quarreled and she was checking out of the Duluth hotel where she had been staying. Why had they quarreled? Well, George might have found out at the last minute that his bride-to-be had been arrested several times as the inmate of a disorderly house. She had kept that secret from George, meaning to settle down after they were married--

No, the girl friend never heard of Jimmie Gates, and she was sure Lorraine never knew anybody by that name. Police then proceeded to question clerks and bellhops at the hotel where Lorraine had been staying, but all they could learn was that Lorraine Edin had checked out at 7:45 P.M. without leaving any forwarding address.

She had had no callers while she had been at the hotel, nor even her fiancé, George Moffit. She had behaved in a normal way, coming and going quietly, and giving no indication that she had any fear of an attempt on her life. She had paid her hotel bill in full before leaving.

Once more police questioned Jimmie Gates, again without success, and a call was put out for George Moffit, the man Lorraine had hoped to marry. Meanwhile the stolen car in St. Paul had been checked and the facts about it failed to fit into the case. Besides, the blood on the blanket failed to match the victim's. But investigation of Lorraine Edin's background had added still another name to the list of suspects, that of James Tyler. Tyler, it seemed, had been the evil influence in Lorraine's life. It was he who drew her back into the underworld of vice every time she tried to break away from it and go straight. She must have been sincere in her desire to lead a decent life, for at last she went to the FBI in Minneapolis and reported James Tyler. To a rat like Tyler that would be a "double-cross," and if he found out about it—the police would have to look no farther for the motive, or the man. The call went out far and wide for James Tyler and bring him in!

While the hunt for Tyler went on police questioned George Moffit. He admitted having quarreled with Lorraine, but apparently he still knew nothing of her past. It was just that she had some silly notion about moving far away from Duluth after they were married, and he couldn't understand why. Apparently the poor girl was trying to flee from the evil influence (or death threats) of James Tyler, without letting George know the reason why.

The police knew now that Tyler was their man. He was known to have owned a 1941 Buick sedan. He was a boogie-woogie addict and he had taken part now and then in the jam sessions at the deserted farmhouse. The manhunt was on, and it led from Minneapolis to Des Moines and from there to Kansas City. It was November 19th before Tyler was cornered in Chicago.

His story, when he finally confessed to the sheriff of Burnett County that after Lorraine Edin quarreled with George Moffit, he, Tyler, picked her up and offered to drive her back to Minneapolis. On the way he told her that she had reported him to the FBI. That did it. From that moment he determined to kill her.

"Her death was the result of a set of circumstances I couldn't control," Tyler told police. "I had a can of gasoline in the car, and after I shot her I took her to the abandoned farmhouse and set the place on fire."

A life sentence ended the criminal career of James Tyler.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

THE TRAIN WAS HELD UP QUITE A WHILE AT THE STATION WHILE EVERYONE TRIED TO HELP FRED PERLEY ELUDE HIS DOG WHICH HAD FOLLOWED HIM; BUT WHEN THE TRAIN PULLED OUT AT LAST IT WAS FOUND THAT SOMEHOW OR OTHER THE DOG WAS ON BOARD WHEREAS FRED APPARENTLY WAS STILL CROUCHING BEHIND CRATES IN THE BAGGAGE ROOM AT THE STATION.

CAVALCADE, June 1948 33

CAVALCADE, June 1948 32
Passing Sentences

Etiquette is the noise you don't make while eating soup.

A fool may easily find more faults in anything than a wise man can mend.

The modern miss is weak in the nays.

She gazed at him with a fire-away look in her eyes.

Pity is being nice to everybody from God down.

He was a fortune hunter just widow shopping.

A banker is like a man who lends you an umbrella when the sun is out and asks for it when it begins to rain.

If you must give advice, become a doctor or a lawyer and sell it.

Propaganda is the other side's case put so convincingly that it annoys you.

A maiden lady is in the prim of life.

In the eyes of the lover, pox-marks are dimples.

Newspaper fame is a case of hero today and gone tomorrow.

There is no better evidence of true friendship than to speak of a man's vice to his face, and of his virtues behind his back.

If you have a fight with your conscience and get beaten, you win.

An honest politician is one who, when he is bought, will stay bought.

Spanking is a stern punishment.

* NO TIME FOR LAZINESS!
Hazel Court, who plays for Gainsborough films, is in an energetic mood.
LOST CARGO
of Women

The hour before dawn on May 14, 1835, the lookout of the convict ship "Neva" was heard to cry, "Breakers dead ahead!"

Only the men on watch heard him. Below decks were one hundred and fifty female convicts, nine free immigrant women, and fifty-five children all bound for the colony at Port Jackson.

Immediately after the first outcry, the vessel struck hard, unshipping her rudder.

The captain ordered the pinnace lowered, and he and the surgeon and two crew members boarded her with the intention of inspecting the damage to "Neva's" hull. But the moment of striking had thrown down the prison in the body of the ship, and now the decks swarmed with a horde of panic-stricken female convicts, who swamped and sank the pinnace before it could sail clear of "Neva."

Now the longboat was lowered, in a last vain attempt to rescue the women from ship to shore. Bearing them back with fists and feet, the crew permitted only a select number to enter the boat with the captain and first mate.

When the longboat capsized and sank in the heavy surf off King Island, the last hope of the unfortunate aboard "Neva" had vanished. All in the longboat perished, except the captain and first mate who succeeded in swimming back to "Neva."

Within a few moments of their return, the ship broke into four pieces, each momentarily floating on the raging waters with its cargo of clinging, screaming women, most of them in night attire.

Of all the souls on board the "Neva," only a few months before a new ship out of Cork, Ireland, only twenty-two were saved. These landed on the shore of King Island.

Seven of this number died from the effects of their eight-hour immersion. The remaining fifteen made tents of materials washed ashore, and found provisions which fed them during the next fifteen days.

At the same time, on the other side of the island, were crew members of a small vessel which had also been wrecked on King. These men saw an unusual amount of drift in the surf and walked around the island to investigate, along with a sealer who lived there the year round.

These men joined the "Neva" survivors and lived with them until all were rescued on the 14th of June, with the exception of one woman and two sailors who were away on another part of the island. They were picked up some time later.

In the wreck of the "Neva," one hundred and fifty-nine women, fifty-five children, and nineteen crew members were lost.
The hotel was booked out—the offer of a room for the night had a sinister motive behind it.

* CARL BUTLER

The rugged man with the twisted nose and scarred lips pushed the hotel room key into my palm.

"I'm sorry to hear you ain't got a room, Have none. No thanks gue, mister."

I took the key. How was I to know he gave me the room with a view to murdering me?

I settled down between the sheets after I'd hung a fat roll of notes out the window on the end of a string. I got them from my gambling blonde partner—"in her absence."

I rolled over nice and comfortable and went to sleep.

I opened my eyes wide. It was my room door clicking open that wakened me. Light seeped through the window, and I could see the door

I could see a long, black cylinder nosing its way round the door. I am very sensitive to silencers on the end of revolvers.

I slithered out of the bed, and slipped a couple of dark socks on the pillow where my head should have been.

The gun was followed by a man with a twisted nose and scarred lips. Just his head. Enough to sight on the socks. Then came the whoop of the bullet into the pillow. Tiny men raced up and down my spine and kicked me in the stomach. Then there was a second, ugly whoop.

Scarred lips drew his head back. I slipped back into bed, and put my head where the socks were neatly holed.

Scarred lips came back, ignored my "dead" body, and searched the room. He found nothing.

After he'd gone I couldn't sleep. At 7:30 a.m. I dressed and strolled down the stairs. Scarred lips was in the lobby, his back to me. I went...
over to him and dropped the room key into his hand.

"Thanks, old man," I said. His face was white.

As I left the hotel I felt a touch on the arm. Detective Mulligan.

"Why, Mulligan, old man, let's go and have a mailed.

He jerked his thumb back in the direction of scarred lips.

"Bad man," said Mulligan.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Old-time thief. Used to work for your blonde partner. Does all her dirty work for her."

I started to pull two and two together. Could it be that scarred lips had spied on me cleaning out the blonde's desk, let me do it, and then decided to relieve me of the worry of the roll of notes?

The notes? I had left them on the end of the string, out the window. I raised my hat to Mulligan.

He grunted, "See you in court."

Mulligan has his humorous side.

I dashed back up the hotel steps and met scarred lips coming down. He grabbed my arm.

"Listen," he snarled. "I know you cleaned out the blonde. Just let me have a little of it."

I punched him short in the stomach and he folded.

I went up to the desk clerk in the hotel.

"Did that big, ugly fellow just went out throw in his key?"

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk.

"Cancelled his room, too."

"Good," I said. "I'll take it."

"The room was snapped up right away."

I took another room. It was near the one I had slept in that night. Seeing that the passage was clear, I slipped up to the door and listened. Not a sound. I twisted the handle and leaned on the door. It flew right open. I toppled into the room, right at the feet of a pair of silk clad legs.

A soft, husky voice purred at me.

"This is very informal," said the voice.

I got up. She was about twenty-four, fresh as a day in spring.

I coughed and cleared my throat. I glanced out the window. The string was gone. The notes gone. I looked back at the girl. She winked at me.

"I've got them," she muttered.

I set my jaw. "O.K. Miss Beautiful, hand them over."

"But I want them," she said.

She tugged her hand in my arm and edged me to the door.

"You can search the room if you like. We could have lunch together today and talk over what we will do with all that cash."

She could have put the roll anywhere I played along.

"O.K. Lunch."

We fixed the time and the place.

She went out early. I watched her walk down the passage. I went across to her room but the door was locked. I went back to my room.

Scarred lips came in presently. He punched with short, savage jabs and I went down, and then out. When I came to, my old friend Detective Mulligan was nursing my head. The girl was patting my hand.

Mulligan said, "I was tailing scarred lips. I watched him enter this room. How did I know he was bearing you up in here?"

The girl looked at me. "What about our lunch date? Remember,

we have something to discuss."

We went out to the girl's car, and went out to that harbour side cafe.

"I know you," said the girl. "All about your working that gambling racket with that dirty blonde."

This nice girl had me thinking. She took a photo of me from her bag. A copy of my old police photo.

"Hey," I said, "where did you get this?"

The girl was looking to the door. I glanced over. My friend Mulligan was making his way over to our table. He reached it and sat down. I glared at him.

"Go away," I suggested.

I decided to talk to the girl. Mulligan or not. "The money," I hinted. "Where is it?"

Mulligan interrupted. "You mean this?" he asked and threw the roll on the table.

I stared at him. At the girl. At the money.

"All duds," said Mulligan.

"Phoney money. Your dirty blonde ex-partner paid her gambling customers with counterfeit notes. You skipped out just in time."

Mulligan got up. "We pinched scarred lips."

"Assault?"

"No. Carrying unregistered gun, etc."

Mulligan turned to go, then added "By the way, I don't want you to meet this girl, but she insists. My daughter, Carol."

"I've been tailing you for six months," she whispered, nice and soft and husky, "I want to keep you out of trouble."

Out of trouble? Ha! I go to work every day now. Fight the income tax. Fight my boss for more money. And yesterday somebody passed me a dud two shilling piece.

I am shocked at anyone cheating an honest working man with a phoney two bob.
Shooting the Rajah's cheetah was an accident—was the ghostly aftermath a dream?

GARNETT RADCLIFFE.

EVER heard of Kutanpore? No, I don't suppose you have; it's not a place where they encourage visitors. It's a small independent native state tucked away in the north-east corner of Rajputana, ruled by an hereditary Nawab. When I was there the name of the Nawab was Haitham Ali Khan. Like most Rajput princes he was a fine looking chap, six feet high, black beard, tiny hands and feet and an air about him as if he owned the world. He was a cultured man too. Spoke perfect English, played all the correct games, beginning with polo, and wore European clothes except on state occasions when he turned out in green silk robes with about a hundredweight of jewels hung about him. Yes, he'd all the veneer of civilisation but just how deep that veneer went I'll leave you to judge for yourself.

I'd gone to Kutanpore on a job. They'd sent round for Sergeant Instructors to train the Kutanpore State Troops, and I'd applied. It had seemed a bit of all right to me. You got extra pay, your own bungalow and a servant. Besides I thought it would be more interesting than mucking about in the machine-gun school at Mhow showing ham-handed recruits how to strip the lock of a Vickers. Nothing gets you so browned-off as instructing. So when this Kutanpore chance came along I shot in my application ek dum and thought myself mighty lucky when it went through.

Before I went the Old Man had me in his office and gave me a lot of good advice on how I should behave. No running after women, or getting drunk or breaking into temples after jewels or anything of that sort. If I got myself into trouble, he explained, the Government of India wouldn't be likely to send a punitive expedition just to get me out. Kutanpore was an independent state, and no one was going to start a war on my behalf.
Mrs. Hollister and Mrs. Dunn hadn't seen each other for several months. "I understand," said Mrs. Dunn, "that both your son and your daughter got married. How is your daughter getting along?"

"Excellent," replied Mrs. Hollister, meaning, "She has a fine thoughtful husband! She has breakfast at bed every morning, doesn't have to lift a finger. Every day, during the early afternoon she goes shopping and later she plays bridge. She's a regular lady!"

"And your son?" questioned Mrs. Dunn.

"Oh, my son, my poor boy. His wife is downright lazy. Why, she stays in bed until 10 o'clock and never does any work. Spends all afternoon playing cards. She's a regular no-account!"

I said, "Yes, sir; I quite understand, sir," and saluted. I wasn't worried. Looting and running after native women weren't in my line. I meant to be a good boy, keep my nose clean and save all I could against my next leave.

Well, I went and after I'd settled in I liked it all right except I found it a bit lonely. The only other white man in the place was the political officer, an old regular Indian Army colonel who wasn't the sort to hob-nob with Sergeant-Instructors.

To think of it, I don't know what he'd do except lie under a punkah and drink burra pegs. Probably he was wise. But I think he'd have enjoyed his good health very long.

I understood all that and I did my best to keep my own sheet clean. That is to say I did my work as well as I could, shut my eyes to a lot of things that were pretty odd to a white man's way of thinking, and refused anything in the way of bribes. I knew there was a lot of knife and poison business in Kutaporre, and my motto was "Safety First."

"All the same, I got into trouble. It was nothing serious, at least I didn't think so at the time."

It came about soon after my arrival, in a very understandable way. After all I had arrived in India full of excitement at the prospect of being able to hunt, as every young man does, it seems almost unnatural to be in the same territory as the big cats without trying one's skill.

So I took the first opportunity that offered, and as there was nobody about to go with me, I went alone, armed only with a .303.

Once in the lonely twilight of the jungle fringes I didn't feel like running any undue risks, which prevented me from plunging into places where every kind of danger might lurk. I watched the tree branches for crouching men-enters, listened intently to every rustle of the grass around, and more than once made ready to aim at a shadow which seemed, for the moment, to be remarkably like a tiger.

Then I saw one—it was prowling slowly, pawing to sniff the air, and apparently unaware of my presence, or completely careless. I took up a position which gave me an advantage and seemed to be perfectly safe, for I had heard how a wounded animal will attack with the greatest ferocity. But I underestimated my skill—I killed it with a single shot.

I approached cautiously, to make quite certain that it was really dead. It was—but I reciprocated almost as big a shock as if it had jumped up! I had not shot a jumble pariah as I believed. I had drilled one of the Nawab's hunting cheetahs through the head.

A beautiful cheetah it was, with a gold collar made in a sort of snake design, that being the Nawab's emblem.

If I'd had any sense I'd have buried the thing and kept my mouth shut. But I was too honest for that. Like a proper Joe Soap, I went to the Nawab, gave him the collar, explained how the accident had happened and said how very sorry I was.

The way he took it surprised me, knowing his temper and how fond he was of his hunting cheetahs. I'd expected to get the whole of a strip torn off. I knew he'd often had one of his objects trampled to death by elephants for a lesser thing than I'd done.

But there was none of that. He took my explanation like a gentleman. Maybe his eyes went a bit red, but when I'd finished he was smiling.

"A most unfortunate mistake," he said. "Poor Mehrul was the best of my cheetahs. To think of her being mistaken for a pariah! Well, accidents will happen. No one can guard against accidents, can they?"

"No, sir," I said, pleased to find him so reasonable.

Proper gentleman he was. When I offered to pay the cost of the cheetah out of my pay he just waved his hand and laughed. I can see him now, laughing with his white teeth and his black beard while his eyes were like bits of red glass.

That night I turned in as usual on my camp-bed on the verandah of my own bungalow. I'd gone earlier than usual for I was very sleepy. Instead of reading a bit as I usually did, I seemed to drop off directly I tuckered in the mosquito curtain.

I woke up to find myself no longer in my bed. I wasn't even on the verandah of my bungalow. I was lying still dressed in my pyjamas on a marble floor and everything seemed uncannily cold and silent.

I stood up and looked about me. My head was aching and my eyes didn't seem to focus properly at first. Then but by I made out my surroundings.

It seemed to be a long-shaped hall of room I was in, but there was no door or windows to be seen. It was lighted by a single powerful bulb (electric light was one of the few blessings of civilization bestowed by Kutaporre) set in the centre of the roof twenty feet above my head. The walls, like the floor, were marble and decorated with huge grotesque, menacing figures that laughed.

Then I noticed something else. The place was halved as it were by a pit about ten feet wide running from one end wall to the other. To cross to the other side you had to jump that pit. From either side of the pit..."
A TROUBLED traveller has just told of an experience he had the other morning in the dining room of a first-class hotel.

It was inclined to help him understand the problem that Mr. D. F. kept himself up against.

"I ordered two soft-boiled eggs," he writes in a shaky hand. "The waitress hurried away, but in a couple of minutes she was back."

"This worry, sir," she told me, "but we're not serving boiled eggs this morning. Our egg-boiling machine is out of order."

I even nerved myself to jump the pit so that I could investigate the farther side. It was precisely the same as the side on which I had first found myself. Marble walls and marble floor and not a cranny through which a lizard might have wriggled.

I jumped back again, and as I did so I heard an expectant rustle in the pit. But I was safe up there. No snake that was ever hatched could have climbed up the smooth sides of the pit.

Last the only thing was to wait and see what happened. I lay down against the wall to be as far as possible from the edge of the pit and closed my eyes. And despite the coldness and hardness of the floor, I presently dropped off.

Then I began to dream. When I was a kid the favourite and strictly forbidden playground for myself and my brothers was the top of a dangerous cliff. As kids do we used to pretend to push each other over for the sake of the thrill.

That seemed to be happening in my dream. I was being slowly, remorselessly pushed towards the edge of the cliff. Neater... Neater... Neater... Neater... I gave a great yell of terror and started up, to find myself almost on the edge of the snake-pit.

The floor seemed to have shrunk. My back was hard against the wall, but my feet were within an inch of the edge. Then I realised what was happening. The wall itself, worked by some invisible machinery, was moving slowly and noiselessly towards the pit, pushing me before it. As I tried to strain back my feet were slipping forward on the marble. A few more seconds and I'd fall among those cold-eyed, watchful horrors below. I jumped in the nick of time when there was scarcely any foothold left. The wall on the farther side hadn't moved and I collapsed on the safety of the floor.

As I did so the wall that had pushed me, slid without a sound back to its original position.

I knew then that I was being watched by invisible eyes. I was in a torture chamber of horrible ingenuity such as could only have been devised by an Oriental mind.

Anyway, I seemed safe where I was now. After a time I again fell asleep. How long I slept I don't know, but I was woken in exactly the same way. The second wall—I mean the wall on the side I now was—was sliding me towards the pit.

Again, I had just time to jump for my life. I knew now what the game was. I was a helpless prisoner in a place where I would never dare to go to sleep!

I began to walk about, sing, dance, beat my hands, everything to keep awake. I even jumped back and forwards over the pit as a variation.
And every time I jumped I heard the rustle of the watchers below.

Hours that seemed to me like centuries passed. The figures on the walls were grinning down at me. They were waiting—waiting till they could creep forward to push me into the pit of scaly death.

Thrust had added itself to my misery. After I don't know how long, I collapsed from sheer weakness. As in a nightmare I felt the wall with those mocking figures creeping towards me and I seemed powerless to move.

At the last possible moment the spell snapped and I sprang. I had jumped short and for a frightful second felt myself falling down to where the grizzly heads swayed like horrible flowers. Then my hands caught the opposite edge of the pit and with a strength only terror could have given, I dragged myself to safety. And as I did so, I heard myself whimpering like a terrified dog.

So it went on, a cat-and-mouse game with the walls for cats and myself as mouse. They were moving faster now, giving me less time to recover after each jump. I suppose the torturer who was working the machinery was growing impatient.

I have only a blurred memory of what happened towards the end. Looking back I seem to see myself leaping like a crazy thing back and forwards across the pit. And then with a shock of overwhelming terror I realised the walls were advancing simultaneously.

They came very slowly, like a tide creeping up a beach. At last I found myself on a ledge barely six inches wide. On the opposite side of the pit exactly the same amount of floor still remained. And then, with a last refinement of cruelty, the wall stopped.

For minutes that seemed like years I fought for my balance above the expectant snakes. Then I made a last frantic leap across the pit, grabbed for the ledge on the other side, hung by my fingers for a few moments, and then heard myself shriek horribly as my hands slipped and I fell . . .

I did not fall among the snakes, but into the darkness of merciful unconsciousness. What horror that spared me I shall never know; but my imagination still keeps me awake from time to time with vivid and horrible speculations as to what must have happened to those hideous forms sprawled and shivered over my unconscious body.

Next thing I realised was that I was in a bed in the Kutanpore State Hospital. They were treating me for snake-bite. The native doctor told me I had been bitten several times by a Russell's viper which had coiled itself at the foot of my camp-bed, and had been delirious with a high temperature for days, and I pretended to accept his explanation without question.

They were very kind in the hospital. When I was well enough to return to British India, the Nawab himself came to see me off. He gave me a handsome present of money and a final word of good advice before I left.

Speaking of the snake that was supposed to have got into my bed, he said:

"No one can guard against accidents, but let this be a lesson to you to be more careful in future."

And I've been careful—careful never to return to Kutanpore.
MECHANISED

matches

Flicked out by
GIBSON

In the far distant past, man, with the aid of a hunk of flint and a piece of metal, managed to bash out a few sparks for the purpose of making fire. The mortality rate for thumbs during this period was very high.

Nowadays with the piece of metal streamlined into a small wheel and the flint neatly packed away in a metal container, man still strives to flick out a spark or two. The mortality rate for thumbs remains about the same.

The "Storm-Proof" type of lighter is usually affected by the rugged out-door blower who uses a mixture of kerosene and fuel oil in place of the usual fluid.

Greatly favoured by young men-about-town and Ex-R.A.A.F. types are the "one flick and it's lit" lighters. The R.A.A.F. blazers are the ones who use high octane fuel.

Most modern lighters are guaranteed to light anywhere under any conditions. Many of us don't need high pressure sales talk to convince us of that.

Psychologists may have an explanation for the strange fact that although women buy cigarette lighters for their husband or boy friends they always use matches themselves. We have our own idea.
Which leads us to a strange thought. Imagine what a furor ordinary safety matches would have caused if they had been invented after cigarette lighters!

MEDICINE ON THE MARCH

RADAR, famous for its use in military aviation, is now to be used to heal the sick. Experiments have shown its potential value in medicine. It will be used to heat living tissues in conditions where that is desirable. Radar can be beamed and localized like a spotlight and the patient will be free to move away from the radar director at any time. The medical use of radar was under investigation some years before the war. It had not then been given its name, radar, but was known as microwave therapy or microkymotherapy.

SULFA drug has cured cases of meningitis where penicillin and streptomycin have failed. The sulfa drug was made more efficient by giving with it another chemical, urea.

NITROGEN mustard, war gas chemical, has become one of medicine's new weapons against disease. It has now been used with apparently good results in treatment of a rare but usually fatal skin disease, known as mycosis fungoides. This disease is believed to be related to leukemia and Hodgkin's disease. Hard reddish tumors of the skin which tend to spread and ulcerate are its characteristic symptoms. The war gas chemical has proved effective in stopping the itching caused by the disease, and the tumors have rapidly disappeared.

CAVALCADE, June, 1948.

Which leads us to a strange thought...
Blackmailing

A NATIONAL LEADER

A story newspapers dared not publish at the time, is still a scoop.

The following story is authentic, though it has never previously been told. It deals with the successful blackmail of Sun Yat Sen, the first President of the Chinese republic, and father of the revolution which overthrew the Manchu Dynasty in 1912.

It was accomplished by an employee of the Chinese Customs who was of doubtful character, and witnessed by the writer.

On a hot and sultry day in the summer of 1916, the Japanese Mail Steamer, Mishima Maru, from Europe and bound to Shanghai and Japan, wended her way up the many intricate bays of the Whangpoo River leading to her mooring buoy at Shanghai.

I had been detailed for duty on board this vessel, and was the first to step on board, when the gangway was lowered.

I leaned over the rails of the hurricane deck, watching this seething mass of yelling humanity, when I noticed near the ship, sampans with their hoods down, concealing the occupants. They were parcelling the length of the vessel, and occasionally, when they came close to the gangway, the hood would be partially raised by the occupants to scrutinize the passengers leaving by other sampans. The Customs' launch arrived, pushing her way through the massed sampans to the gangway. As the launch bumped alongside the gangway, a Britisher whom I will call Jones, which was not his real name, stepped forward and introduced himself as the Customs searchers arriving on board to search the vessel for contraband.

Jones was known to me, and to many other junior officers as unreliable and often we wondered why after which he directed his steps to the saloon, where he undoubtedly intended to quench his thirst.

I followed shortly after, and walked through the saloon. My suspicion had proved correct, for he was sitting comfortably alongside of a glass of beer having a deedy conversation with one of the junior saloon stewards. When I made my presence known, their conversation ceased, and in company they left the saloon.

Thirty minutes later, I was surprised to see Jones and his staff leaving the ship. This meant that the ship had not been searched. Their business did not concern me, so I continued with my duty.

Three days later Jones was suspended from duty, and the six men comprising his staff were immediately discharged from the Customs Service. Such a mass dismissal had never been previously known, and I made it my business to inquire from one of the discharged officers, the reason, and learned the following:

On the day that I had seen Jones in the saloon of the Mishima Maru, he had been approached by the Japanese steward whom I had seen him conversing with, over a bottle of beer. He wished to know whether Jones was the officer-in-charge. When answered in the affirmative, he stated that he had some good information to impart, which entailed thousands of Yen for Jones, and 500 Yen for himself.

Jones, not having joined the Customs for the benefit of his health only, lent a sympathetic ear to any suggestion where money was concerned.

"You promise me," said the steward, "five hundred Yen, I will tell you something good, and you can make plenty of money."

Jones fell for the temptation and the contract was sealed.

"You go," said the steward, "to number six cabin and you will see two Chinese passengers. One is dressed in European, and the other in Chinese clothes. The one in Chinese clothes is the servant. You tell the servant that you know he is Sun Yat Sen. He will be very frightened and pay you plenty of money to keep quiet. Only the Captain and myself know that he is Sun Yat Sen."

"But how do you know that he is Sun Yat Sen?" questioned Jones.

"I never tell a lie," answered the Jap with a grin. "If he refuses to pay, you tell him you will talk to
the men in the sampans on the river who were waiting to shoot him. Every time a Japanese ship came to Shang-
hat from England, sampans watch for him and think he is on board, and will kill him if they have a
chance. You tell him so, he will be very frightened, and pay you any
money."

He walked away grinning, leaving Jones to get on with the good work.

Jones proceeded to number six cabin and entered, assuming that he
was compelled to search the cabin. He addressed them in English, but
was not answered.

"You don't speak English?" he
asked the servant. "Perhaps if I
tell you that you are Sun Yat Sen,
you will understand very well."

The servant jumped up from the
floor of the cabin and closed the
cabin door, admitting that he was
Sun Yat Sen, making use of perfect
English. He requested Jones, being
a Chinese Government employee, not
to mention that he was on board, as
he was travelling incognito.

This Jones promised on one con-
dition only, that he be paid for his
silence. Sun Yat Sen refused the
condition until he was faced with the
alternative of paying Yen 40,000 or
being exposed. He agreed to buy
Jones' silence for Yen 30,000, pro-
mising not to report the matter. So
Jones left the ship, Yen 30,000
richer than when he first went on
board thirty minutes previously, pay-
ing his informer Yen 500, which he
had promised.

It looked like an easy blackmail
set-up; but the consequences were
complicated.

It was certainly easy money, but
Jones was not aware that the wily
little Japanese steward had left the
ship to enjoy life on his ill gotten
wealth in the bad lands of Shang-
hat. He also had found a golden
opportunity, and on the following
day approached Jones for an addi-
tional Yen 500. Jones had already
given to each of his staff a thousand
yen per man, and to part with an-
other five hundred was rather hard.
However, he paid, he could do noth-
ing else, and the smiling little Jap
left happily.

On the following day, Jones for-
warded the balance of his money by
draft to England. That evening,
the Jap once again put in an appear-
ance, demanding still another five
hundred yen. This was the straw
that broke the camel's back, and
instead of receiving more money, was
presented with the toe of Jones' boot.

This was a dire insult to the son
of Heaven, and he immediately pro-
ceeded to the Custom House and
exposed the whole matter. Jones ad-
mitt ed his lapse into temptation, and
explained what he had done with
the money. The draft was stopped
en route and returned to Shang-
hat, and the money forwarded to Sun
Yat Sen. When all was settled,
Jones was discharged and sent home,
where he was conscripted for war
service in France, and ultimately met
his death.

The only portion of this story
which is untrue, is the name of the
blackmailer which I have refrained
from mentioning, as he made amends
for his deed by giving his life, that
we may remain free citizens.

56 CAVALCADE June, 1948
Anthony Strong

You See The Music, Too

Your imagination is stimulated and your sympathy aroused by what you hear as well as what you see.

Louis Applebaum is 30 years of age, a music composer—and unique. He is unique in that while other composers are eager to seek fame and fortune in Hollywood, he has deliberately turned his back on all three.

Applebaum's reason for rejecting the many Hollywood offers he has received is that "so few of its films are worthwhile in respect that they show any interest or any awareness of important sociological and political developments." As an alternative to flouting away his time and a possible $1,000 a month in the celluloid City, he stays in Canada at one-tenth of that salary and writes background music for the National Film Board.

Applebaum has already written the musical backgrounds for two Hollywood productions, and knows all the angles to the business. During the making of the film, "Tomorrow the World," he was given the task of creating the right degree of suspense while a Nazi-indoctrinated boy crept up behind his small cousin with a poker. The effect was gained by the introduction of a reverberation which, beginning almost inaudibly, increased in volume until it reached crescendo, then abruptly ceased. The technique was simple: Applebaum merely recorded the sound of a gong being struck—and played the recording backwards.

Hollywood's reason for wanting Applebaum was elementary: whether you realize it or not—and, mostly, you're not supposed to—music is present at least 50 per cent of the time in the majority of films. This time excludes the music in the out-of-the-way musical shows in which are featured compositions by the "straight" melody makers, such as Cole Porter, Johnny Mercer, Rodgers and Hammerstein, and Burke and Van Heusen.

The latter team, incidentally, write exclusively for Bing Crosby. This makes them about the best-paid composers in Hollywood, for they split $50,000 a year.

Much of their success is due to the fact that their songs are written in Crosby's voice range, and with attention to his peculiar type of delivery.

These men, however, are the publicized composers of Hollywood, who not only receive screen credits, but whose songs, written originally for films, might eventually find their way to the Hit Parade. This happened to the Burke-Van Heusen opus, "Swingin' on a Star," which stayed at the top of that public opinion barometer for 20 weeks.

A good deal less well-known than these song-writers are the men who write the incidental music for screen plays, for their music has no longer a life than the film. Divorced from the action and plot of the show, the melodies are often meaningless. If it were, it would probably defeat the first object its being used—to create a mood without distracting the audience's attention from the play.

According to H. W. Heinsheimer, who has studied closely the technique of picture scores, and published his observations in a book called "Menu-}

gene in F Sharp," the music inserted into films has a dual purpose—to influence the audience, and to assist the players.

He quotes as a hypothetical example, the young actress who has a nervous habit of throwing her head into the air as she is delivering her lines. A composer, he says, can make this less obvious by using music to make it seem that the head tossing is intended. By underscoring, that toss of the head with a strong musical beat, it becomes not a mannerism, but a deliberate gesture.

Furthermore, music is used to slow down the actress who speaks her lines too fast. The trick, says Heinsheimer, is not to select a rhythm that is very much slower, but rather one that trails a little behind her, and does not completely fit into her tempo. This has the effect of making her seem calm and collected when actually she is performing too quickly.

By somewhat the same subtle means, a fat man can be made to appear fatter, and a thin man thinner.

All the major film companies in Hollywood permanently employ these "film doctors." Staffs vary from three to six, and they may write scores for up to 10 pictures each year. Dean of the background music composers is Max Steiner, who was composing for films as far back as 1930.

He says that when, in that year, John Ford produced "The Lost Patrol," the story of which was the vicissitudes of a group of men lost in the desert, a sneak screening revealed that the picture lacked ren-
tion in the appropriate places. One of the chief difficulties was that during a fight between the men and a band of invisible Arabs, the fact that the tribesmen were invisible failed to stir up excitement in the hearts of the audience.

It was suggested to Steiner that music might create the illusion that the audience was actually seeing the Arabs. He wrote a score, and although the Arabs remained invisible, it was obvious that when a member of the patrol fell, it was to a tribesman's bullet. In other words, says Max Steiner, music had supplied the missing suspense.

Heinsheimer points out that it has always been accepted that music was essential to a moving picture. Even in the days when Pauline Frederick was weekly being placed in front of rushing trains, it was the pianist or small orchestra that helped the suspense. Thus, in the days of the "silents," it was the habit of producers to screen the show before a music writer, who made note of apt musical titles, from which a list called a cue sheet was made and despatched to every theatre in the country at which the film was to be shown.

It would probably include every facet of music from "William Tell" to "Hearts and Flowers," with prolonged silences when the occasion demanded them.

For this service, the cue-sheet boys were rewarded with amounts ranging from £2 to £5—until they got wise, and instead of recommending the music of some long dead composer, started to write the music themselves.

One of the boys, Max Winkler, eventually published an encyclopedia which supplied the right kind of music for any setting, whether it was in Abyssinia or Zanzibar.

"The villain," observes this handy guide to the silent film exhibitor, "ordinarily can be represented by any agitato of which there are thousands. Distinction should be made between sneaky, boisterous, crafty, powerful, and evil-minded villains. Each can be dealt with in his own tempo with good effect."

"A crafty villain who does not exhibit any physical villainy in the course of the picture can be easily described by a dissonant chord being held tremolo and very soft. If the villain happens to be of the brute type, and indulges in lots of physical activities, a fast-moving number would be more apt.

Sometimes you have a villain whose power to do evil is mighty, but he achieves such evil deeds without any physical activities, in which case chords, slow and heavy, should be a proper synchronization."

The result was the sort of music you sometimes hear when your favourite radio station is broadcasting a parody on the old-time theatre. And, at that, you are never left in doubt concerning the identity of the hero or villain, and although you might enter into the spirit of the thing and laugh in a good-natured manner when you recall how simply our immediate forefathers took their entertainment, pause now for a moment, and hearken to the philosophy of H. W. Heinsheimer:

"The next time you go to a movie watch the music around the villain, won't you. We might laugh about the hats or airplanes of 1925. But did we really progress so much?"
The PAIN THAT wasn't THERE

The other day an apparently healthy friend of mine mentioned in conversation that he’d just come from one of his routine visits to his specialists.

He’s not a highly imaginative man, nor is he the coddle-yourself-from-winter-ills type. Far too sane and normal for all that.

“Your specialist?” I raised an eyebrow.

He nodded. “For two years,” he said, “I’ve known I’m dying of cancer.”

This was such a fantastic statement that I wondered whether he was joking.

“Really,” he assured me. Then he told me the story—the collapse, the consultation, the verdict; “three months to live, with an operation in two years.”

The operation was a great success. After convalescence he lived as though he were perfectly healthy; but the leaves of the calendar flicked over.

Two years, he had. And that, he had just told me, was two years ago.

Sometimes it is hard not to be embarrassed in the presence of such unostentatious courage.

“Are you in pain?” I asked.

“No, no pain. Not yet. In fact, no symptoms, yet. You see, I’ve felt perfectly well since the operation; but at any time I will begin to notice the symptoms of the end. They’ll come quite suddenly, and my doctor has told me what they are. I shall report them to him when I feel them.”

“And then?” I asked.

He shrugged “Six weeks, two months—” He did not finish.

The remarkable thing about it was that, knowing exactly what to expect any morning of his life, this courageous man felt no pain, did not feel the symptoms, went on living—and part of his living is to make other people laugh!

The experience of medical men is that, in ninety-nine cases out of any hundred, this man would have commenced reporting the symptoms to his doctor in three to six months after the operation. Not because of any worse affliction—but because he would have imagined the symptoms. Knowing what to expect, he’d have convinced himself that this or that pain or feeling had now set in, even though it had not.

A doctor told me this: One day an old patient of his a healthy middle-aged man came to his surgery.

It’s a professional call this time, doctor,” he said, “I’ve got appendicitis.”

The doctor smiled. “How do you know?” he said.

The man had pangs in his right side; he had to lie down to ease the pain. It was a constant dull ache for the last twenty-four hours.

“Well, you’re one man who can diagnose his own ills, apparently,” the doctor said. “You make it sound like appendicitis to me. We’d better get it out.”

The man, prominent in business and busy, wanted to know whether the operation could not wait for three months while he attended to some urgent affairs, so they agreed that an X-ray would tell.

The X-ray told all right. It told as much about the man’s mind as about his body—for not only was the appendix perfectly healthy, but it was one of those freakish appendices which was abnormally placed on the man’s left side—so that with him an ache in the right side would probably never be appendix.

But the doctor did fessick out the basic fact—that there had been a pretty heated discussion about appendices and their symptoms after bridge a few nights earlier. The man’s imagination had done the rest.

A friend of mine rang me one evening and asked me if I could take his little boy to a doctor in a hurry. The boy had just been bitten with a red-back spider. The man was sure of this, since he had caught the spider, and the bite was obvious on the boy’s body.

We went to the doctor.

The doctor took a very easy view of it, squirred an injection into the bite, and said the boy might be in a little pain or fever for twenty-four hours, but he’d be all right, and there was no need to worry.

My friend was appalled at the apparent casualness of this. The doctor smiled (how often they do that!) and answered that of thousands of red-back spider bites he had known and treated in Queensland, not one had proved really dangerous, let alone fatal.

“But,” my friend said, “I know cases where people have died of those bites.”

“They’ve died after the bites, but not because of them,” he said, “and my guess would be that they’ve died of fear.”

He illustrated by telling of a man...
who was bitten by a snake, and driven twenty-five miles to a doctor for treatment. He was dead when he arrived—but dead of heart failure: the snake was a common, harmless tree-snake.

The power of suggestion is a strong and terrible thing, when it is undisciplined. Countless women in middle life imagine themselves into a state which calls for a major operation—the main causes of these operations are often the woman's self-conviction that she needs one.

How far this imagining of ills can go is well known—and it is also known that, from a persistent imagination, the trouble which was originally imagined may develop.

Most histories of hypnotism and auto-suggestion quote reliable cases like this: a man is put into a trance, and a piece of stamp-edge is gummed on his arm. The hypnotist suggests to him that the piece of gum-paper is really a blister. The subject comes out of the trance, the piece of paper is removed—and under it is really a blister! The blister is caused by the action of the man's mind upon the nerve centres emphasised by the covering stamp paper.

It is frequent to discover patients who imagine that they have brain tumours, that they are going mad, that they have blood pressure—in fact, they pick what they choose, on the basis that they have singing noises in the ears, feelings of dizziness, lassitude, and so on. Often the cause of the head noises (which are real) and the dizziness and lassitude (which are also real) is simply catarrh, which is blocking the nasal passages and poisoning the system.

But catarrh is too simple an answer—the imagination prefers to make a martyr of its owner by suggesting blood pressure, or worse.

The doctor who inevitably is consulted is no magician. Often he is able, as in the case of imaginary appendix, to say that this is not an appendix at all—but often there is a possibility that the symptoms are what the patient believes, and the business of finding out is important—because the doctor cannot afford the risk of ignoring a possible serious illness.

Normal behaviour, the doctors agree, is to report the reason for coming—and to await the expert's pronouncement. Abnormal behaviour is to over-describe symptoms and advance a sort of layman's diagnosis.

The doctors' biggest fear is that this exaggeration of symptoms, and the self-diagnosis, may obscure a real assessment of the case; and it is generally agreed that the patient who indulges in this excessive fear of his illnesses (really a form of self-pity) is actually hindering the doctor.

Most important of all, however, is the fact that by his worrying about symptoms, and by his imagining pains that aren't actually there, the patient has betrayed an anxiety neurosis—that is, a state of mind which convinces him of ills he has no real reason to fear.

Thousands of people a year find their ways into doctors' surgeries for this simple reason—they imagine or worry themselves there, because of some mental maladjustment. To many of them, the imagined ill is a way of escape from the battle of life—but that again, is another story.
His home is the greatest single investment the average man ever makes. No other expenditure made in an ordinary lifetime approximates it. It is the most important thing that it is given to most men to do.

Like matrimony, it should not be entered into wantonly, or without due thought and consideration. With practically all his savings at stake and a large portion of his income mortgaged for the next twenty years, it behoves every man to think deeply before taking the plunge.

For it is easy to make a mistake—and mistakes in house building are usually costly. Often they are never rectified, but remain for ever a thorn in the side of the home owner.

Mistakes generally occur through a too eager rushing into things, without giving the preliminary planning the proper amount of thought. It is rarely,
furniture scheme is centred around an open fireplace. The fireplace partly divides the living room from the dining room, but a wide opening gives an air of spaciousness, and permits the use of these two rooms as one, for entertainment purposes.

The kitchen is fitted up with every modern convenience, and is placed so that there is direct service to the dining room. In order to conserve space and to avoid the cost of building a separate laundry, a spin-drying type washing machine is built in with the other kitchen fittings.

On this page is shown an alternative plan on the same general lines as the original, but altered to contain two bedrooms instead of three. In this plan the bedrooms are grouped in a section of their own, which also includes the bathroom. Each bedroom is fitted with a built-in wardrobe, so that the maximum use can be made of the floor space. The rooms in themselves are not large, but the inclusion of the wardrobes adds to the effectiveness of the available area. The bathroom is quite up-to-date in its layout and fittings, and in each plan there is a separate shower recess. A large and roomy linen cupboard is incorporated in the three bedroom plan.

In the perspective sketch, a semi-modern appearance is given the house, but the plan is sufficiently flexible to allow quite a variety of finishes. The frontage required to accommodate this house is 55 feet. The building cost, at the rate of £150 per square, would be £2020 for the three-bedroom house, and £1680 for the two-bedroom house.

NO other Venetian Blind has so many exclusive features, as the "Aberdeen" (Pat.) All Metal Flexible Venetian Blinds. Note these outstanding features of the head-box alone.

1. Frictionless tape drum, ensures smooth and silent operation, plus extra long life of tape and slats.

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3. Automatic locking device allows raising, lowering and locking of blind with only one cord.

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WALT DISNEY, nothing if not thorough, knew from the very start that when he brought his cartoons to life he'd have to make them talk. And away back when Mickey Mouse was his staple, Walt himself did all the talking for Mickey, and everything went with a swing. His problem, however, was not simply to provide a voice for Mickey—he had, as time went on, to find a complete range of voices to suit his characters.

Photographs used in this series are copyright and reproduced by courtesy of Walt Disney.
PINTO COLVIG, a man of many voices, is a definite loss to the live stage but when it comes to putting words into the mouth of the famous dog Goofy Pinto does plenty. Pinto Colvig joined the Disney lot long before Goofy, he did many voices for Disney animals, but they were just jobs. Pluto, then Goofy were the perfect outlet for the best of his imitative talent.

AFTER A TRIP to South America Walt planned a film to set down his impressions of the Latins, called it "Saludos, Amigos" and introduced a Brazilian parrot. For the parrot's voice he tested several Brazilian actors, chose Jose Oliveira, who had the proper accent and correct mannerisms for the part. Guitar-playing, Samba-dancing Oliveira doesn't mind the parrot being called Jose too.
CLIFF EDWARDS used to be "Ukelele Ike". He was so well known in entertainment circles that when Walt Disney created Jiminy Cricket for Pinocchio, there seemed to be only one possible actor to get the right scrape-throat cricket sound. Cliff it was, and Cliff it has been ever since. The voices of Disney characters, now you've met them, are important and impressive people.

CLARA CLUCK, the opera-singing hen, might never have come about had not Florence Gill, scholarly musician and vocalist, risen to the heights of opera and had to forego it because her health was not strong enough. She went to America, lived in California, and one day, while humming "Swanee River", clucked it for fun. Thought it sounded good, took the act along to Disney. "How would you like on opera-clucking hen?" she asked. Disney decided that he'd like it fine.
"Sam, you're surly!"
Bright and early
That's the way a wife can speak,
Just because you hoist your burly frame from bed while muscles crack—
Just because you're not awake yet.
Brain is tired, and body weak.
You stumble
For the morning gas-jet, grumble
As of it you peak;
On your mettle
Boil the kettle—
"It's too weak!"
"What you need," she says, surprisingly,
"Is a night out with the boys!"
Drinks the too-weak tea, and rising
Urges you to bachelor joys
"You work hard, dear
"Men aren't engines,
She says, you fear
Some fearful vengeance
Hidden in her kindly tone.
But still you plan a night with Dan
And Charles—a night that's all your own
You have the night.
Bright light and boozing:
Near-forgotten bachelor joys,
Carefree, gay good cheer you're oozing
When you, past midnight, leave the boys
You're just about to hit the mattress
When you get a sudden peep—
It sobers you, and wakens you
You cannot sleep. You creep and look
And see the rather sumptuous new fur
Dangling grimly from its hook.
Sleep deserts you, drink-glow's gone
From jumbled ideas
In your skull babbling
Appears the truth of what she's done
Your great night out has been a pay-off
To soothe for what you've got to pay.
You lie and moan and try to fathom
The wiles of a wily woman's way.
So, sleepless, comes the dawn of day
You start to drowse; you hear her say,
"Wake up, dear, it's bright and early
Hope your night out went off well
"Sam—oh, Sam! You're not still surly!"
It's just the same if you were game
You'd mutter, "Go to hell!"

Morrie McLeod
PUBLIC OPINION POLLS ARE BIG BUSINESS IN AMERICA. MEET RIP SMITH, POLL EXPERT, ON HIS WAY DOWN UNTIL HE HEARS ABOUT GRANDVIEW.

GRANDVIEW, THE NORMAL AMERICAN TOWN. A POLL MADE BY ONE OF RIP'S AGENTS SHOWS HE CAN GET ACCURATE COUNTS ON PUBLIC OPINION JUST BY POLLING GRANDVIEW.

WHERE GALLUP AND OTHERS TAKE WEEKS TO POLL NATIONAL OPINION, RIP CAN DO THE SAME JOB IN A DAY AT GRANDVIEW, SCOOPING THEM ALL.

SO THIS IS MAGIC TOWN! ALL WE DO NOW IS HOPE NOTHING CHANGES AROUND HERE FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS, AND WE'LL CLEAN UP! MAYBE!

BUT RIP, VISITING THE MAYOR, IS STARTLED TO HEAR A GIRL MARY, ASKING PROGRESS FOR GRANDVIEW. THIS DOES NOT SUIT RIP'S PLANS... GRANDVIEW MUST GO AHEAD!

WHILE MY FATHER EDITED THE LOCAL PAPER, HE ASKED FOR A NEW HIGH SCHOOL AND CIVIC CENTRE IN HIS SHOES NOW, I'M ASKING THE SAME THINGS!

REIP CRASHES THE MEETING AND TALKS OVER-WHELMINGLY AGAINST CIVIC PROGRESS FOR GRANDVIEW. MARY'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF HIM IS NOT A GOOD ONE... DON'T CHANGE GRANDVIEW! IT'S PERFECT AS IT IS!

RIP AND HIS FRIENDS, IKE AND TWIDDLE, WILL POSE AS INSURANCE MEN TO COVER THEIR POLLING ACTIVITIES....
NEXT DAY, RIP VISITS THE OFFICES OF THE GRANDVIEW NEWSPAPER, AND AGAIN MEETS MARY, WHO, AS EDITOR, HAS WRITTEN HER CANDID OPINIONS OF HIM. WHO IS EDITOR HERE? HAVE A COMPLAINT TO MAKE!

"BUT SOMEHOW, WHEN HE SAW MARY, THE IDEA OF COMPLAINING WENT RIGHT OUT OF RIP'S MIND. HE NOTICED SHE HAD NICE EYES, PRETTY HAIR..."

"YOU WANTED TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE STORY?"

"NO... NO!"

RIP DIDN'T SELL MUCH INSURANCE WHILE HE WAS COACHING THE BASKETBALL TEAM, SHARING SODAS WITH MARY, AND GETTING TO KNOW AND LIKE THE TOWN PEOPLE. PASS TO ME, RIP!

HIS FRIEND IKE IS KEEPING HIS EARS OPEN, GETTING THE DRIFT OF LOCAL OPINION ON PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION. TOO MUCH SMART EDUCATION -- THAT'S THE TROUBLE -- THE OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOLING DOES MY KIDS!

"AND HIS FRIEND TWIDDEL IS DOING THE SAME THING IN OTHER PARTS OF GRANDVIEW... YES, MY SON GOES TO HIGH-SCHOOL, BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE SELLING INSURANCE?"

WITH THE FIRST POLL COMPLETED, RIP WILL KNOW NOW WHETHER HIS SYSTEM IS SUREFIRE. THE END OF HIS STRUGGLE FROM POVERTY TO SECURITY IS IN SIGHT.

"THERE THEY ARE! WHAT GRANDVIEW THINKS! OKAY, NOW IKE WILL RUSH THESE TO NEW YORK!"

AND HIS SON GOES TO HIGH-SCHOOL, BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE SELLING INSURANCE?

CAVALCADE, June, 1948

NEW MOBIOIL

GIVES:

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- Complete Protection at All Speeds & Temperatures
- Improved Performance
- Perfect Lubrication
- Longer Engine Life

Mobiloil clean

VACUUM OIL COMPANY PTY LTD (Inc in Aust)
By now it is obvious that Rip and Mary have fallen in love— and now is Rip's conscience about the way he is fooling her and Grandview?

Oh— Rip?

When Ike suggests he play straight, Rip tells him he has gone too far to quit...

Why don't you give up, Rip? It may be a rat race but I'm out in front!

When Ike calls New York he tells Rip that Grandview is all they hoped, and the contracts are to be renewed...

So we pulled it off, Ike?

Yeah, Rip. A hundred percent!

Bad luck for Rip, but Mary comes looking for him, overhears his talk with Ike, and finds papers showing his little game in Grandview

Don't worry—I'll handle Mary!

Mary is really mad at Rip now, and writes a story that blows his system wide open.

Lawrence Smith is roll expert! Grandview revealed as miracle town.

Sovereign Hats... fit for a King

ANOTHER DEPENDABLE TOP DOG PRODUCT

THE FUTURE WITH A PASTBLE

82 CAVALCADE, June, 1948

CAVALCADE, June, 1948. 83
We ALL agree on
Tek!

WE LIKE TEK JUNIOR!

Tek Junior is the toothbrush kiddies like best. It's smaller and easier to use. For adults—Tek 3 Row and Tek Professional—a Tek for each member of the family.

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

FROM ITS ORIGINAL SOURCE, THE STORY REACHES OUT TO MAKE NATIONAL HEADLINES, THE BEST NEWS STORY OF THE YEAR!

OUR NEWS STORY TONIGHT IS ABOUT GRANDVIEW, THE MATHEMATICALLY PERFECT TOWN!

MARY'S PLAN FOR A CIVIC CENTRE BEGINS TO COME TRUE—AT THE COST OF LOSING THE TOWN'S PLEASANT OLD WAY OF LIFE——

MARY HAS GONE BACK TO WORK FOR ONE OF HIS COMPETITORS IN NEW YORK. MARY FINDS SHE MISSES HIM—A LOT.

THE BUBBLE STARTS TO BURST WHEN THE GRANDVIEW PEOPLE DECIDE TO RUN THEIR OWN POLLS, AND REAP THE PROFITS, ANY ANSWER WILL DO AS GRANDVIEW CAN'T BE WRONG.

LEAD ME TO THESE ALL-AMERICAN GUINEA PIGS!

GRANDVIEW POPULATION: 1000 ELEVATION:

IN THAT CRAZY PERIOD, FINE SPEECHES HELP OVERCOME ALL DOUBTS. MARY WILL NOT PRINT THE SPEECHES SHE FEELS THE BOOM CANNOT LAST.

WHAT IF THE BUBBLE BURSTS? WE'LL BUILD THIS CIVIC CENTRE WITH BARE HANDS, AS OUR ANCESTORS DID IN 1892!

COPE ON NOW! CAST YOUR VOTE!
RIP, in New York, sees the much-publicised results of Grandview's first independent poll — seventy nine percent in favour of a woman for President!

The seventy nine percent poll turned out so far wrong that Grandview changed overnight from Magic Town to Laughing-Stock, losing its humility. The town had lost everything.

In the news today we have the latest story of Grandview — and what a story!

Now that the bubble has burst it is up to Rip to go back and try to repair some of the damage. He has done —

Now you should go back, Rip!

So Rip goes back to Grandview...

... and this is what he finds. Rip finds Mary in the town hall room that used to be the centre of town life, before the downfall. Now it is deserted.

Mary!

"Finely Tailored
For Perfect Fit"

We're still unable to make sufficient to meet the terrific and ever-increasing demand for this popular, high-quality merchandise. If you can't find a Jantzen in the stores this season can you make your old cardigan do? Jantzen is well worth waiting for.
Why you should buy

'H. M. V.'

You choose a radio for one purpose only—to give you faithful reproduction of your chosen programmes. BEHIND every "H. M. V." is more than 30 years' experience in the science of sound reproduction in every "H. M. V." is every worthwhile feature of modern radio design. ON every "H. M. V." is the famous trademark—your guarantee of the high standards of tone, quality, craftsmanship and technical excellence which ensure reliability in operation. These are the reasons why you should buy "H. M. V."

Illustrated is Model 888, 5-Valve Dual Wave A C Table Model Receiver, 35 guineas (or by hire purchase)

"His Master's Voice"
TRUE-TO-LIFE RADIO

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LTD (Im. by Enclosure), HOMEBURY, N. W. 9
CONFRONTED BY THEIR FINE WORDS THE MAYOR AND OTHER COUNCILLORS ARE MADE AT RIP AND MARY — A HEARTY SIGN!

BUT I SAID THAT A YEAR AGO!

STIRRED OUT OF THEIR LETHARGY WHEN MADE TO LOOK FOOLISH, THE CITIZENS ARE AFTER RIP'S BLOOD BUT NONE CAN DENY THEY MADE THE SPEECHES!

WE'LL SUE YOU FOR THIS MAKING FOOLS OF SMITH / US / LYNCH HIM /

SEND HIM BACK TO NEW YORK!

THE CITIZENS OF GRANDVIEW LIVE UP TO THEIR WORDS — THE CIVIC CENTRE GOES UP IN JIG TIME — AND THE NEWS GOES TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD!

AND NOW FOLKS -- REMEMBER THAT LITTLE TOWN THAT MADE SUCH A BIG FOOL OF ITSELF? THIS IS A STORY / A STORY OF HOW A LITTLE TOWN MADE A COMEBACK TO WIPES THE SMILES OFF OUR FACES AND TEACH US A LESSON!

AND THAT IS THE STORY OF GRANDVIEW — RIP'S HOME, MARY'S DREAM, AND THE PRIDE OF ITS CITIZENS, NO LONGER MAGIC TOWN, BUT A GOOD PLACE TO LIVE IN.

RIP MAKES A SPEECH THAT TURNS THE TIDE AGAINST LETHARGY GRANDVIEW IS NOT LICKED YET ! ! ! ! ! ! !

WHY NOT FIGHT BACK? MAKE THIS A MODEL TOWN — BUILD WITH YOUR BARE HANDS AND SHOW THE WORLD GRANDVIEW CAN TAKE IT!

JENOLAN CAVES
Nature's Masterpiece Across the Blue Mountains

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TWO DAY TOURS
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By Motor all the way

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"Fly TAA-the friendly way!"

STUPE

+ WALTER SPEARMAN

What happened was the breaking of a dam and the spilling of emotions.

THIS Stupe Korolenko was forty. He was huge like the side of a building, with slightly hunched shoulders.

He used to be a wrestler, but he was stupid when he started and more stupid when he finished. The quick-thinking, clever wrestlers had it all.
over him like a tent, but they could only beat him on points. No one ever painted him for a fall. His strength saved him from that.

That night he left the flat earlier than usual. People stopped to look at him, hunched and grand-like in his loping stride. His thoughts were concentrated on his brother Jim.

"Jim'll beat him," said Stupe, over and over again.

Jim Korolenko was twenty-eight, built of steel and concrete, fast, and rapidly coming to the top. As a man he was not very nice to know. He had a churchish humour and a habit of throwing his weight around. He wanted it well recognized that it didn't do to tread on his corns

"Where's my blue suit?" Jim Korolenko snapped one night.

Stupe's little eyes blinked, and he hung his head to one side: "Blue suit?" he asked vacantly.

"Yes, dopey," snarled his brother. "Blue suit. Don't tell me you've gone and sent it to the cleaners?"

"Cleaners?" The puzzled frown disappeared from Stupe's brow. "Yes, Jim, I sent your blue suit to the cleaners."

"Hell, you're a silly bastard. That suit only came back from the cleaners two days ago, and I haven't worn it since. I told you to send the grey suit. Didn't I? Didn't I?"

Stupe looked at him, vacously: "Yes, Jim, you told me to send the grey suit, Jim."

"Then why the hell didn't you? You stupid... Ah—" He swung a back hander to Stupe's cheek, and the blow resounded.

"Just a minute—you did what I told you about the dressing gown?"

"I did what you told me about the dressing gown," repeated Stupe.

"You said, Jim, you said. Get my dressing gown from Wilson's shop and take it to Jeanie Mercer's—"

"You ape! You stupid chum! I told you nothing like that. I said: 'Get my dressing gown from Jeanie Mercer—because Jeanie is embroidering my name on it—and leave it at Wilson's shop where I can pick it up tonight.'"

Another swipe across the face, and Jim Korolenko, his visage thunder-dark with passion, hurled the door shut in his brother's face, so that it banged against Stupe's forehead. He began to walk down the stairs. The door was flung open, and Jim's rage-laden voice yelled: "You go and get it now and take it along to the stadium."

"I take it along, Jim," said Stupe.

"That was the way with Stupe Korolenko—he had a dog-like devotion to his brother.

Now he walked down the street towards the tram stop. He could have caught the tram at any stop along that road, but he always went to the one he was familiar with: that he was habituated to as the setting-off point to Jeanie's place.

He rode three sections. He was twenty yards from Jeanie's gate when a voice cried jovially: "Well, look who's coming. Hello, Stupe."

Stupe looked hard as he walked up, slow reflexes working. Then he grinned: "It's Little Bunny there. Hello, Little Bunny." Next second,
he pulled his cap off with a fumbling movement, and said: "Good evening, Miss Jeannie Mercer."

"Hello, Big Boy," chirruped Jeannie. "How are you? All right?"

"Yes," said Stupe, seriously. "All right."

Jeannie was a little brunette with a lot of henna in her hair. She liked shoes with large bows, and if her petticoat showed, she didn't care, because it had a little frill on the hem.

"What's cooking, honey?" she said. "Jim send you for something?"

It was obvious that Stupe couldn't remember what it was. Little Bunny, five feet and eight stone, dressed in a shapely suit, tried to help him:

"Listen to me, Stupe. I know you and you know me. We're cobbers. This won't be the first time I've tried to help you out, and succeeded. Just listen, careful like. Now the wrassle's still on, ain't it?"

"Yes, the wrassle's still on."

"And you come from Jim, did you?"

"I come from Jim," Stupe nodded. "Well, did he want you to get something from Jeannie? Or ask her something? Or give her a message?" Little Bunny went on in this vein for five minutes, while Stupe stood dumb in weathy ponderation, a mass of living stupidity. Then, slowly, his mouth fell open, and a smile trickled into his face as though he had triumphed. He said: "Yeah, I remember. Jim's dressing gown, Miss Jeannie Mercer, Jim wants you to give me his dressing gown."

Jeannie said: "But Stupe I haven't got Jim's dressing gown. He wanted me to put his name on it, and he said you'd pick it up to-night and take it down to Wilson's shop but I haven't even seen it yet."

"Wilson's shop!" muttered Stupe, his face blank again and his eyes staring. "Yeah, sure, I got to get Jim's dressing gown at Wilson's shop."

Stupe stood there, looking foolish. "You going in now, Stupe?" asked Little Bunny.

Stupe nodded: "To Wilson's shop."

"Well, I think I'll poke along with you, cooper," Stupe said good-night to the girl and started to walk off.

"See you again, Jeannie, Little Bunny said in a low voice.

"Won't do you any good," said Jeannie with a teasing chuckle.

"It would have once," he said.

"Sussed you," she shot back at him, and walked inside.

Stupe and Little Bunny got their train. Little Bunny lit a cigarette, and said: "Think Jim's going to win to-night. Stupe?"

"Yeah, Jim'll win," Stupe nodded confidently. "Say how you been, Little Bunny? You get home all right the other night?"

"Did I get home all right? Come off it, fellah; it was me that took you home. You were stewed."

"Yeah, that's right. You took me home. I forgot. You're a dope."

Don't you call me a dope, Little Bunny?" Stupe turned his huge neck and stared at his mate... For a few seconds their eyes held. Then Little Bunny gave a jovial cry and patted Stupe on the thigh, saying with emphatic self-deprecation. "Sorry, Stupe. I didn't mean nothing. Always shouting my big mouth off. But don't think I was reflecting, like. We're
cobbets, ain't we?"

"Yeah, we're cobbets, Little Bunny."

Stupe smiled, the muscles of his face twitching. He sincerely liked Little Bunny. They would have a drink together, and Little Bunny was always at the stadium, towing.

Give him a few under the belt, and Little Bunny would start: "You was a great wrassle, Stupe. I seen you beat some of the best men in the game. You remember Levinski?"

"Yeah, I remember," said Stupe, though he didn't. And he would laugh with gleeful pride: "I beat him up, didn't I?"

"You sure did, brother, you sure did."

Then Stupe would say: "And in your time, Little Bunny, you were a good jockey. You rode horses and you won."

Now in the tram he drew on his cigarette and leaned over to Stupe's ear: 'Say, Stupe, if I was you, I wouldn't say anything to Jim about you seeing me and Jeannie at the gate."

"No, Little Bunny."

"You know," Little Bunny said. "I really just happened to be passing when I saw Jeannie there and pulled up for a bit of a yarn. No need to mention it. You know what I mean."

"Jim is all right."

They left the tram, picked up Jim's dressing gown, and went on to the stadium. There were long queues outside, and people crowding through the doors. Stupe went to the dressing rooms, Little Bunny with him. There were six or seven other men in there and Jim Korolenko was pacing up and down like a tiger.

He looked up and his lips curled back over his teeth "Where you been, Dumb-bell?"

Various expressions appeared on the faces of the men. Little Bunny, looking around them all, said: "Why the blazes don't you paste him one, you big mug?"

Suddenly, Stupe's calm seemed to anger Jim all the more; or perhaps he wanted to follow up his abuse with a demonstrative exhibition of his despoticism. He bunched his fist and swung it around to crack on Stupe's jaw.

"You don't want to do them things, Jim," he said.

Jim snarled, and brought his arm around to jab the elbow in Stupe's stomach. Stupe didn't move fast, but he grabbed it and held it. A start came into everyone. Even Jim's eyes opened in surprise at this opposition.

"Let me go, or I'll flatten you!"

Stupe took his hand away, and turned to take off his clothes. The hush broke and men began to jabber. Jim pulled on his dressing gown, and sat down talking to one of the newspaper reporters.

Fifteen minutes later he walked down the aisle and climbed into the ring. There were boos and catcalls, and a quick temper showed on Jim's face. His curly hair glistened like black oil under the arcs. He searched around in the crowd on the terrace for Jeannie, saw her and waved.

Then Bernadi, tall, weighty, partly bald, came into the ring to a tumult of sound. He sat in his corner and stared from under his beetling brows.

"You win to-night, Jim," Stupe said.

"How would you know?" Jim
snapped back. He sat down and Stupe rook his dressing gown.

"What price King Kong?" yelled a wag.

"Ah, shut your face back there," bellowed a supporter.

The bell clanged, and both men paddled out like bears, circled, and went into the referee's hold. The yelling and shouting began.

"Go for him, Bernadi!"

Then a roaring cheer went up. Bernadi had his man in a body press. But it was only for a few moments. Deftly, speedily, Jim Korolenko freed himself.

Korolenko's face screwed up with pain. His hands slapped spasmodically on the mat. He struggled. Bernadi changed his position. He had his man in a split. Jim Korolenko grimaced and snarled, bitting his lips as Bernadi applied the pressure.

Jim bent almost double, swung back again like a spring under the torture, ready at the slightest luxy to seize his chance for freedom. When it came, he kicked and flung himself back, and rolled out under the ropes. The crowd boomed and jeered. He came back into the square. He punched. They locked again, and then the bell rang.

A surf of sound roared. The announcer was talking rapidly.

The bell clanged, and the men went out warily again. Suddenly, feeling his stomach, Jim Korolenko stretched upright. His face went deathly pale. His lips jiggled. He gave a short dramatic scream and collapsed.

Stupe Korolenko stood rigid, staring. Bernadi, the wrestler in the ring, was the same. Then someone started a movement. Police sprang up through the ropes. The referee knelt by the fallen man. A doctor came scurrying down the aisle . . .

Jim Korolenko was dead.

It took two hours for that fact to sink into Stupe's brain, and when it did, he realised he was in an office, and there were men in plain clothes about him, and a constable of police sitting in a chair.

A voice was speaking: A small voice coming down a corridor, getting louder and louder, and then it was there at his ear: "Come on, Korolenko, for the last time, why did you kill your brother?"

Stupe looked up, his mouth open, his jaw slack: "Kill my brother?" he muttered.

"Yes, why? Why don't you come clean and tell us. You'll make it all the easier for yourself."

"Did someone kill my brother, Jim?" Stupe asked.

The police, grim-lipped, looked at each other and shook their heads. A constable shrugged, and made a wounding monon with his hand near his head. Suddenly Stupe Korolenko started them by leaping to his feet and sweeping the chair back from him, shouting: "Who killed Jim? Who killed my brother? You tell me who killed Jim."

Tears blazed in his little eyes. Tactfully, one of the detectives said: "Take it easy, Mr. Korolenko, take it easy. Sit down and I'll tell you all about it." He pacified the big man, and somebody pushed a chair under him.

"Jim was poisoned," the detective went on, laconically. "Cyanide. That water you gave Jim to rinse his mouth with had cyanide in it. He must
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have swallowed some of it—enough to kill him. What we want to know is why did you do it?"

Stupe Korolevko said nothing. He sat numbed, tears streaming down his cheeks.

"Listen," said the detective, "have you got friends?"

Stupe nodded.

"Who are they?"

"I've got Little Bunny and Miss Jeanne Mercer."

"We've seen them. Anyone else?"

"No one else."

They tried to lead him into admissions, to get a confession, but it was hopeless. Stupe Korolevko was still in a daze when they led him away to a cell. Next day he was charged with murder.

Nobody knew how Stupe broke out of gaol, but he did; and he went straight out to Jeanne Mercer's place. She was soberly looking over a scrapbook of pictures and comment that Jim had given her. "He was a great wrestler."

"Yeah," Stupe said, sitting on the sofa, melancholy in his bereavement. "A great wrestler."

After a little while Jeanne got up. "I'm going into town, Stupe. Got to meet Little Bunny. Got to sink your sorrow somehow."

Stupe Korolevko went home and stayed inside for two days. Then he thought, or rather felt, about Jeanne Mercer; her words: "Got to meet Little Bunny." He felt there was something unfair about that, something indecent. She was Jim's girl. It was like doing something wrong behind his back. And Little Bunny—he had no right, either, to be with Jeanne. He wouldn't have gone with her when

What Price Security

'Difficult times' is an old, old story, and so is the effort to plan a margin of safety.

To the ingenious Chinese must go the palm for inventing printing by blocks, a paper note issue and the infernary spiral. It was a hard-pressed emperor with a war upon his hands who hit on the notion of printing paper money first and furiously in this way he hoped to meet the never-ending calls upon his treasury. Instead, he found that prices behaved like wild things let loose, and his unsatisfied subjects were quickly reduced to earning their small change in the Chinese equivalent of the suit-case.

In England, after the Norman Conquest, we find that the ruthless guilds show some curious points of contact with modern assurance practice, and need of loans and rates to enable the young of either sex to get work, and, in the words of Ludlow "any good girl of the guild could secure an unconditional dowry upon marriage."

It is the beginning of endowment assurance for children. Later, the merchants and craftsmen's guilds (which were part trade unions and part friendly societies giving assurance benefits), proved a steady influence in turbulent times. Between 1066 and 1270, the price of wheat fluctuated from £2 to £6/- a quarter, rising to the latter price when a farm labourer's day work was valued as 6d in harvest-time. The craftsmen of the town was in better case than the villain on the land, but his weekly possessions could hardly have been great, as witness a valuation made in Colchester in 1301. The value of a household's furniture in that town was estimated at rating from 9/6d to 17/7.

Even allowing for the great increase in the purchasing value of the pound, this would indicate that times were hard indeed, and it is easy to understand why the guilds were so well and loyally supported. In an uncertain world they gave a sense of brotherhood, and were the one refuge against the starvation and impoverishment that might so easily engulf a family.

Modern Life Assurance societies, the contemporary answer to the need for security, are—like the guilds—organizations devoted to mutual self-protection.

The first Australian Life Assurance office was founded in 1819. To day, 3,000,000 Australians are estimated to hold one of more policies, and the funds administered to protect their security and extend their insurance to receive $333,000,000 for investment in Australia's development and the general good of the community.

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Jim was alive. It wasn't right he should go with her now when Jim wasn't able to protect himself.

The old sense of guardianship welled up in Supte Korolenko's soul.

And his little brain grasped at other things—other things that were all of significance to it in its pathetic limitations. He fought with himself to remember these other things about Little Bunny that kept sliding teasingly, impishly, into his mind—how he used to have drinks, and what he could do with drugs on horses. And poisons. Drugs and poisons. And Little Bunny was in the dressing room . . . He'd been with him on the tram . . . Or was he thinking of some other time months ago . . . ?

He shook his head. "No, Little Bunny is my friend. Little Bunny is my friend."

But the feelings, the thoughts wouldn't leave him. For, just as though someone had come to the door and said: "Little Bunny killed your brother," Supte believed it.

A dangerous exultation was in his soul, for he knew where to go and what to do to avenge his brother and redeem himself.

He walked the two flights of stairs to the flat, and Little Bunny had no sooner welcomed him with garulous joviality than Supte said, looking soberly into the other's small face: "You killed my brother."

Little Bunny's head shot up. His face went pale, and he swallowed: "Come off it. What are you saying. Me, kill your brother! God, Supte, that's a laugh."

Supte Korolenko didn't move, or twitch a muscle of his face.

"You put poison in that mug, Little Bunny," Supte said, and moved nearer.

Supte Korolenko shouted with blaring eyes: "You shouldn't have killed Jim, Little Bunny. You shouldn't have killed Jim."

He made another step forward, and Little Bunny cringed back, sweat rushing to his brow. When his voice came out of his dry throat it was high, shrilly. "Don't do nothing to me, Supte. For God's sake, let me alone, willya?"

All this time Supte Korolenko never thought that he might be mistaken; that he had no reason whatsoever to think Little Bunny guilty of the crime. He was oblivious of everything except the fixed idea that he was his own and his brother's. Slowly, he moved, as though he had all the time in the world.

Little Bunny screamed like a trapped rat. "I didn't want to do it, Supte. For your sake. Honest. You're my pal. We're cobbers. Mates. I didn't want to do it. I must have been mad. But Jim—he took Jeannie away from me. He took my girl. And that day at the house when I went to see her. He picked me up by the collar and threw me outside. It must have

CAVALCADE is again in short supply, due to the necessity for paper conservation under economic measures applied by the Federal Government in its effort to assist Britain. It is, therefore, suggested that you ask your newsagent to reserve your copy.
His little eyes darted around, picked up an empty wine bottle on the table.

Stupe hunched forward, his head cocked to one side, the whole a frightening symbol of his menace and his habitual slowness. Shivering in terror, Little Bunny flung the bottle, which went wild and smashed against the opposite wall. Unarmed again, he broke into a precocious appeal.

"Don't do nothing to me, Stupe. Don't hurt me. Look," he licked his lips, panting, "look, let me go and I'll tell the cops everything. Put you in the clear. I'll tell them how I put the poison in the water. And they'll say why. And I'll say because I hoped Stupe would get the blame. I'll give me whole guts. Honest. I'll tell 'em. Honest! I'm a little yeller-gutted rat to do that, because I didn't have anything against Stupe. Nothing. I just wanted to do Jim in and get away with it. I'll tell 'em that, Stupe. Honest!"

He darted with a squeal along the wall, and crouched hideously pale in the corner, whimpering, his chest heaving with sobs. "Stupe! Stupe, for God's sake. They'll hang you if you kill me. Don't kill me, Stupe. Let me go. For God Almighty's sake... please... let me go..."

Swiftly, he tried to dart past Stupe and get out the door, but the great hulk of the man was over him like a vulture over a lamb, and pulling his head back with a jerk, Little Bunny squealed, high and terrible; then his neck cracked like a match, and he didn't squeal any more. He collapsed, limp and thrashing, in Stupe's arms. Stupe lifted him like a doll, and flung him in a crush of glass through the window. His body bumped below.

For a minute the big man stood there, stunned, looking at the jagged hole. Then his face screwed up with the shock of a latent realisation: little harmonies bent in the jumble of his brain, he mightn't have done it! He mightn't have done it! What did you do? And harder and louder the thoughts pounded, and as if they were the force of his body, they turned him about, alarmed and horrified, stumbling in a rush down the stairs, shrieking: "Bunny! Little Bunny! Little Bunny!"
Talking Points

- COVER GIRL: Twenty-year-old brunette Mary Sullivan (see cover this issue), is a business girl whose part-time modelling is so successful that she wants to do full-time work—but only as a photographic model, not as a brown-eyed and fresh-faced Mary enjoys swimming (and believes that a plump one piece swimsuit always looks best), horse-riding and tennis playing. She is the first CAVALCADE Cover Girl who has admitted to playing chess.

- HEALTH: Roy Heath said: "I didn't dream up 'The Pain That Wasn't There' because I had to find something to write about; I put aside something else to write it after meeting the man referred to in the opening paragraphs. The further I pursued the subject the more it became apparent that a large number of people torture themselves with imaginary illnesses. Hence I believe this article will have pretty general appeal."

CAVALCADE thinks he is right—hence page 62.

- NEARLY UNWRITTEN: There are some tales so difficult to hear, and so hard to write that the world never hears about them. The story of Madeleine, "The White Woman Cannibal" (page 5 this issue), is one. The full details will never be known, but the mystery uncovered by bits and pieces by Miss Grimshaw, is fascinating.

Difficulty is to decide whether the real story is in the facts about Madeleine, or in the patient way the author discovered them and put them together.

- NEWS: Walter Nash spent over 40 years on the China Coast as a customs officer. What he learned, and the adventures he had, in that time, is a fascinating record of a real "life of adventures." The amazing story of how the Chinese revolutionary leader, Sun Yat Sen, was blackmailed, is quite true—but after all these years is a "scoop" to CAVALCADE, an "untold story" of past politics.

- ANONYMOUS: CAVALCADE has never favoured anonymous articles, but "I Am A De Facto Wife" had to be an exception. It was a confession too frank to miss, too human not to interest all readers. But the unpleasantness which has more than once followed the writer for daring to live as a de facto wife, makes it understandable that her name be withheld from publication.

- BRIEFLY: Anybody who likes a good eerie set of old faces will be hot on the trail of "The Fire Dog Of Aun" (page 12). If you're blue enough to end it all, just read the revolver (page 16) about the terrible things that happen to you after you take poison, but before you die. Incidentally, surveys have often been made of suicides, and it has been found that women go more for poison than any other form of death, men go for shooting and throat-cutting, etc., as being more picturesque. Less painful, too: "Stupe" (page 93 of this issue), is one of the most realistic stories CAVALCADE has had for some time, and a very unusual wrestling story it is, too.

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