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FIFTY FAIR WOMEN

Miners came to town with their gold, and girls were waiting for them.

I was nearing Christmas time. One would rather have reached the goldfield before, or after, but ships didn't keep time, and planes were not much help.

I had seen a goldfield before, one that was widely scattered over miles of tropical jungle with a few dauntless pioneers working not very profitable claims.

There had been no women there, and nobody seemed to be distressed by the fact. When the miners wanted female society, they took a few months off from their claims, and travelled to Sydney or Melbourne, returning happy but broke.

I was a respectable middle-aged lady, and they received me politely, asked me to lunch a few times, offered me whisky which I didn't want, and one or two souvenirs nuggets, which, for reasons purely personal, I declined with thanks. Solitary, strange, remote from the world—that was my impression of a goldfield.

But the goldfield I visited years later, some days before the Christmas celebrations, was amazingly different. You could reach it in that new day of air travel without danger, although not without a good deal of inconvenience.

When you arrived, you went to the one "hotel," and asked for a room.

The proprietress, whom fortun-
ately I had met before, didn’t receive me gladly, but she did find me a room of sorts, and said she hoped I wasn’t going to stay very long. The place would be “busy” soon. That was an understatement.

From the week before Christmas, the man began to “come in.” And ready to meet them came, from all points of the compass, “the Girls.”

By the time that the season of peace and goodwill had dawned, there were about fifty. Every corner of the hotel was filled—the bar functioned day long and night long, and the few scattered songs that had ushered in the festival became a constantly roaring chorus.

The miners sang ceaselessly, mostly old bush songs or ordinary melodies, somewhat jazzed up to suit “The Girls” didn’t sing. Some of them had sung on stage and concert platform, but all knew just how best to please their patrons—that knowledge was their stock-in-trade—and they were aware that man, unstrung, and well, it, likes to do his own singing.

“The Girls” can’t have liked this Christmas bellowing; many of them could have emulated the Venetian under the same circumstances; but they smiled and praised. They knew their job.

They were never tired. They never interrupted. They were always sympathetic, always eager to take the part of the speaker, whoever he might be. They didn’t mind a man being drunk, nor did they tell him to go and shave himself before they’d speak to him.

They spoke in soft tones, and smoothed the self-esteem of their companions till the latter fairly purled. They were the essence of everything feminine, from the toes of their small, costly shoes to the top of their exquisitely dressed heads. To men fresh from months of the jungle, with only wild savages for company, they were heaven.

It was a wonderful show of fashion there in that remote pub, with the overflowing bush pushing up to the edges of the verandah. “The Girls” had armed themselves with all the latest from America and Paris; silks and velvets, gold and silver trimming, embroidery, costly cut and clever design.

That year, almost everyone was wearing backless dresses; but most of the Girls had chosen modest little frocks that pleased rather by what they concealed, than what they displayed.

Now the pace began to increase, there was dancing to the wireless, not much wider than one might see in some Palace de Danse down South, but nevertheless unorthodox. There was singing that degenerated into a roar of half a hundred men scarce able to stand, accompanied by feminine shrieks.

I found my room a refuge; the native boys brought food. There was no chance of sleep that night.

It was late or early, I don’t know which, when there came a scarcely audible knocking at my door. I took no notice. The door was locked, and no one had any right to disturb me. But came again, and with it a woman’s voice—“Let me in. Oh, let me in!”

There was something desperate in the sound. I answered, speaking close, so that I could be heard above the tumult outside. “Who is it?”

What do you want at this late hour?”

No answer, just the knocking, harder and more desperate, and something like crying, that followed.

“Who are you?” I asked, somewhat foolishly, since I did not know anyone’s name.

The woman, whoever she was, did not answer that she shook the handle of the door. “Oh, let me in!” she called again.

I unlocked the door, and instantly, from the lights and the roaring sounds and the reek of drink outside, a slim shining figure burst into the darkened room, and slammed the door behind her. She locked it almost as she entered, and shot the bolt as well.

It was too dark for me to see what she was like. She was panting as if she had run a mile, and hardly keeping back her sobs. She flung herself on the second bed of the room, which had been stripped of all but the mattress, and lay there like a corpse, unmoving and silent.

Later in the night there was a violent attack on the door; and a name that I could not distinguish was shouted, together with kicks and blows.

There was a low dispute presently outside the door, and some remonstrance Silence followed.

The man did not move or speak. The tropic dawn was not yet due. I tried to sleep, in the comparative quiet that had fallen on the house. By and by, I woke. It was half light, and the room was empty of anyone but myself.

I never knew who the refugee had been, or what was her desperate need. She left no story behind her, and no trace save a breath of sweet and powerful scent.

In the morning I asked the manageress to find me transport of some kind. I did not fancy another day or night in the “hotel,” to which I had been obliged to come by the absence of all shelter elsewhere.

After a day of difficult walking, I reached a shack owned by a mining company, and found rough shelter there. The rest has no interest. But my experience among fifty fair women is something unforgettable and something that won’t happen again.
The anatomy student was enjoying his meal when he suddenly left the table and turned back into the kitchen. At that moment a newcomer, a young man with a commercial traveller’s bag in his hand, entered the restaurant and sat down at a corner table.

Gregory Cazacu was a moody, unhappy fellow, who earned his living by peddling women’s underclothing round the country side. A few years before he had been a brilliant medical student in Bucharest, but he had been forced to quit his studies when the depression ruined his father’s business.

He ordered a bottle of cognac, a thick, greanish, local wine, and a plate of mutton borsch from the pretty, little waitress, Helena Marin. Cazacu, however, had no eyes for her beauty. His mind wandered back to his happier student days.

From his steaming plate he picked out a rib of lamb’s tail and meditatively sucked. Then he placed it on his side plate as he remembered his anatomy lectures.

“Let me see,” he mused. “How many vertebrae are there in the human spine?”

Suddenly he sat up, snapped out of his reverie by what he saw in the little bone on his plate.

“Why,” he muttered to himself, “that looks more like a human bone, a phalange, than the vertebra of a lamb’s tail.”

Picking up the bone he turned it over in his hand. Then with his thumb he fished out several more bones from his plate.

There was no doubt about it. The skeleton of a human finger could be easily distinguished. Suddenly, with a feeling of horror and revulsion, he realised what he had done.

“These are human finger bones,” he exclaimed. “I have eaten human flesh!”

Shudderingly he picked up the bones in his handkerchief, and pushed his plate away. He had to get out of this place and to the police.

He looked around him at the hungry labourers, stuffing their mouths with nasty-smelling food. Had he gone mad, or had he walked into a den of cannibals?

Jumping up he rushed to the waiter, threw some money down, and rushed out into the street. What a sight to be out in the clean air again, as if he had been released from some foul pit.

The chief of the local police, Commissar Dabija, listened to Cazacu’s story incredulously. Was this an escaped madman who had walked into his office?

“I can see you don’t believe me,” said the former medical student. “Well, here is the proof!”

He rumpled the bones out of his handkerchief, and showed them to the chief medical officer, Dr. Paul Svetz.

“Doctor, can you tell me what these are?” he asked, pointing to the tiny bones on the table.

“Why, those are the phalanges of a human finger,” the third finger, I’d say.”

The police chief wasted no time after that. He hurried with the doctor and other officers across the town to the Piccadilly Restaurant.

Straight into the kitchen they marched, and found fat, swarthy Angheloff grilling a slice of liver and a steak.

Dr. Svetz told him they were Public Health Officers, and desired to see if the meat harboured cannibalistic tendencies with the regulations.

Shrugging his shoulders, the cafe owner pointed out the storeroom, and the doctor entered. He carefully examined a raw kidney and a piece of liver. Coming out, he nodded to the chief, who went up to Angheloff, still busily cooking.

“Where do you buy your meat?” he demanded.

“In the town market, generally,” said the chief, “but today I bought some fresh meat and mutton from a peasant farmer from the hills. They were cheaper than the market.”

Telling his men to clear the customers out and shut the shop, Dabija had the doctor thoroughly examine all the meat in the kitchen. As they...
JOAN CRAWFORD says: I am an adopted mother.

My four are Christena—eight, Christopher—four, and Cynthia and Cathy, who are babies. Before I was burnt and thrown in the garbage can.

Two factors keep that from becoming true immediately. One is that kids demand room for growing. Cynthia and Cathy pushed Christena and Christopher out of the nursery. They alternate now, these older two, between my only spare bedroom and sharing my sleeping porch. So the other six must wait a bit until we can add wings to the house, or something. I am now experienced in the matter of maternal pinch. Children are a costly investment, but an investment that pays the highest returns in the world. —From PHOTOPLAY, the world’s best motion picture magazine.

feared it had come from a human body.

When told, Angheloff was stupefied.

"But how can it be?" he cried agast. "I bought it from the peasant—it looked like mutton!"

They eventually got a description of the peasant out of him. He was a little, short man with a black beard, who often came around the shops selling meat.

The stuff was then interrogated. The waitress, Helena, and the kitchen-maid denied all knowledge of the meat. The assistant cook said the same. It had looked like mutton to him, although some of it seemed to have a peculiar smell.

Then it was discovered that the water was missing. Heinzle was his name, and he had apparently walked out with the customers.

A general alarm was issued to all police to pick up both the missing water and the peasant who had supplied the meat. The police theory was that Heinzle was the murderer, who had cut up his victim and disposed of the pieces to the peasant, with instructions to sell them to Angheloff, so that he himself could watch, and be sure of their final disposal.

In a few days a peasant who fitted Angheloff's description, was picked up in the neighbouring village of Succava. He was a travelling meat-vendor and often visited Botosani.

Dabija hurried to the village but was confronted with an irate man clad in a suit. The man was sick in bed in his home, and had witnesses to prove it, on the day he had allegedly sold the human flesh.

The detective was unsatisfied. This was undoubtedly the man Angheloff had described for no other bearded peasants ever sold meat in Botosani.

Trying to puzzle this out, Chief Dabija returned to his office to be greeted with the news that the water Heinzle had been captured. He had been hiding in a room in a local hotel.

Under intensive questioning, however, he insisted he knew nothing about the human meat. He had run away, certainly, but that was because he was frightened of the police as he had been stealing from Angheloff's cash register.

The doctors had determined that the flesh had come from a middle-aged man. Men were sent to check Heinzle's home-life, to see if any of his women friends were missing.

In the back room of the shop detectives found some women's clothes. Angheloff admitted they belonged to his wife who had left him a few days before.

Dabija jumped on this news like a fearsome terrier. He confronted the rightened man with the fact that both the peasant and Heinzle had cleared themselves.

"I didn't kill her," Angheloff asked. "She went away I told you."

"How did you do it, Angheloff?"

"I didn't. I didn't. You can't prove anything on me."

This was strictly true. Dabija's evidence was too flimsy to convince a jury at a murder trial.

Then the investigators had a stroke of luck. Under a piece of matting on the bedroom floor was a huge bloodstain. Also in the backyard, was found the charted remains of a burnt mattress.

The dead prisoner broke down and wept. "All right, I did it. Now are you satisfied?"

In his confession he stated his wife always nagging him. Unable to stand it any longer, he had smashed her over the head with an axe.

He had thought that cutting up the body and cooking it was the best method of disposal. The parts that couldn't be cooked, the hair, finger-
The Bible says snake-bite doesn't matter to certain people. A sect runs a risk.

ANTHONY STRONG

THE SHRINE BUILT WITH Snakes

GEORGE HENLEY, as a small, elderly man whose eyes, set above a face that is almost invariably covered with a stubble of beard, gleam with the light of a fanatic. Like his neighbors of Pineville, Kentucky, he is semi-literate, lives frugally in a small shack, and gets his living by working in the coal mines dug in the hills that surround his home.

But among his neighbors, Henley is regarded with some veneration, for as a member of the Holiness Faith Healers, he has proved his faith by allowing himself to be bitten by no less than 290 snakes—and has recovered from all of the bites without resorting to medical aid.

Had he sought the assistance of a doctor, he would no longer be a member of the cult, because healing must come from faith alone. As he says: "If I am bitten, it is better that I die trusting the Lord than to sin by asking the devil to send a doctor. The serpent is the devil—and how am I going to conquer the devil if I can't conquer a little snake?"

He will support his words by referring you to the Biblical promise upon which the cult is founded:

"They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them. They shall lay hands upon the sick, they shall recover." (St Mark 16:18.)

To Henley, as to the other tens of thousands of Holiness Faith Healers, snakes are regarded with religious awe. To overcome their bites is to banish the devil, to succumb to them is proof that the bitten person has not the strength nor the will to resist temptation. Most of the snakes which have sunk their fangs into Henley were copperheads and rattlers—serpents which, according to a well-known herpetologist, Dr. R. Allen, will produce death in only one per cent. and five per cent of cases respectively, provided the victim seeks quick medical assistance.

Henley, of course, refuses medical aid, but it is possible that having survived the first few snake bites, he has developed an immunity towards copperheads and rattlers. Other cults have not been so lucky or immune—or they have lacked Henley's faith, for in eight years, at least 13 deaths by snake bite have been recorded among Holiness Faith Healers.

Proudly, they will recall the case of Luther Morrow, of the Grassopper Community of Tennessee, who deliberately allowed a rattler to bite him without ill-effect: that is, to Morrow, the snake, however, died within an hour.

One of the factors contributing to immunity, say herpetologists, is that the full-billy centres of Holiness Faith Healers are also the location of ill-weather in which potent corn liquor is distilled. In addition, the fanaticism of the cultists, manifesting itself in asceticism, hysteria and hypnotism, help them to overcome bites.

The cult came into being in 1930, when an itinerant evangelist, K D. Browning, gathered a few believers around him on Pine Mountain, Kentucky, then the main centre of the faithful. Browning found his inspiration in the Biblical quotations:

"Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and all over the power of the enemy, and nothing shall by any means hurt you" (Luke 10:19) and "For behold, I will send serpents, cockroaches among you, which will not be charmed, and they shall bite you" (Jeremiah 8:17).

To the illiterate, superstitious Kentuckians of the hills—many of them descendants of Scotch-Irish criminal immigrants, the Biblical promises of immunity from snake bite—and the mountains of Kentucky abound in snakes—was sufficient encouragement to join the cult. Soon, the gospel was being preached in the hill-billy centres of Tennessee and Virginia, whose inhabitants were just as ready to follow the lead given by wild-tongued and eyed evangelists. Virginians, as unschooled in academic subjects as their fellows in the neighboring States, were good potential cultists, and in 1935, headquarters of the Holiness Faith Healers was moved to Stony Creek, a remote town in that State.

There, twice each month, the believers gather at the Shrine of Divine Healing—or as it is known to outsiders, the Church of the Snake Healers—in order to reaffirm their piety. Thousands of cultists, carrying baskets to light their way, struggle along tenuous paths, armed with baskets of food to sustain them through the day-long and night-long meetings.

Begins then an orgy of emotionalism that may continue for 24 hours.
SONG OF THE HARP.

Her eyes were the blue of the heavens.
Her hair the color of corn.
Her voice had the lift of the skylark.
That sings on a fine summer's morn.
They met. He called her angel,
And she replied in kind.
They entered holy wedlock,
Their Fate for ever entwined.
She was, he said, his angel,
For who was he to part.
When she flew so often in the air,
And boy! How she could hop.
—W.G.D.

Under the spell of the Elders, about whose necks were the deadly snakes, the believers begin to clasp symbols, clap rhythmically, and when they have passed the stage of vocal intelligibility, to utter gibberish and to stamp in primitive dances—an effect that has caused more than one spectator to remark that Holiness Faith Healers and jitterbugs possess a lot in common. Meanwhile, venomous snakes are passed from hand to hand and hung around necks.

Children do not always take easily to the rites, and screaming babies are often forced to handle copperheads and rattlers against their will. Last year, when 15-year-old Kentucky girl, Fay Nolan, panicked and was bitten, she was hidden away by her parents for a month until, with her right arm paralysed, she was again taken to a meeting and ordered to prove her faith.

But in spite of the Biblical promises, Fay's nerves failed, and she collapsed. Then, before 6000 cultists, a 10-year-old girl indicated her contempt for Fay by dancing around the circle with a mass of snakes coiling her body.

While the handling of snakes is the basis of the religion, many Holiness Faith Healers, far gone in hysteria, take part in the "Baptism of Fire"—a rite in which bodies are held across a flaming torch that has a handle soaked in kerosene for a week. To justify this ceremony, too, the Elders have gone to the Bible.

"When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flames kindle upon thee" (Jeremiah 42:2) No deaths have been recorded as a result of this practice, but another rite ("and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall hurt them") has brought death to two women who, while in a frenzy, drank strychnine.

The three States of America concerned by the activities of the Holiness Faith Healers have passed Statutes forbidding the practice, but, backed by the Biblical promises, the cultists have expressed their scorn for the law.

They, like the Dukhobors of Canada and the Raskolnicks of old Russia, are so frantically wedded to their fantastic belief that it is a pleasure to them to suffer the penalties of law-breaking—they become martyrs then, and to their mentality, martyrdom is a glorious and highly satisfying fate.

When two female members of the Healers were arrested recently, the gaol was surrounded by cultists who prayed noisily for the prisoners—who, nevertheless, indicated that they needed no prayers to aid them.

"I don't mind staying in gaol," said one. "I have a year old baby and a girl of 12, and they can both handle serpents and fire. I am caring for them the Lord. We don't chew gum, and we don't drink coffee."

Meanwhile, in the Hills, Bill Parsons, Elder of the Shrine of Divine Healing, made a bitter indictment on the laws of the State.

Among other remarks, he said:

"Let everybody get closer to God and handle more and bigger snakes. There is no Church on earth that can handle snakes as we do."

He is probably right.
A rough town in the bullet belt taken over by a guy who could clean up

GOLD! Just on half a century ago that cry sent thousands racing madly towards Klondike. Strikes of fabulous wealth had been made. Lucky prospectors had become rich overnight. In thousands of hearts the magic word engraved itself in glittering letters.

That rush never brought to the North a more astonishing character than the slick rogue who in ’98 became the “Dictator of Skagway.” “Soapy” Smith was great in his own small way. He started as an ordinary confidence trickster, but rose rapidly through the grades of gangsterdom to the position of dictator first in Creede, the silver mining town of Colorado, then in Skagway.

Skagway was the ideal centre for his activities. At the time of the rush it was the sort of inferno with which the slumgoer is only too familiar—except that it was a thousand times worse. Ships, regular, chartered and condemned, poured into it, carrying men from the far corners of the earth.

Those men knew no lure but gold, no law but their own desires and methods of growing rich. Not that all of them grew rich. They discovered that the business or reaching the goldfield was in itself arduous, the work of finding gold was at best a gamble, and the outcome of the advantage for many was poverty, starvation, and death.

People whose entire estate was on their backs tramped in an almost un

landing line of hopeful and vociferous seekers; and when the cold winter came the snow did not damp their ardour, though it froze many of them to death.

It is to be wondered whether the face of the corpse in the snow, was any worse than that of the successful digger who came back, his fists full of gold, to pour that wealth into the saloons, gambling joints and brothels of Alaska’s boom towns. For the gold won on the Klondike was a fine example of wealth which, even if it was not “easy come,” was indeed “easy go.”

The result can be easily visualised. Men who, through luck or perseverance, suddenly found themselves with handfuls of gold, became mad with success—they scarcely and trampled on their less fortunate fellow seekers in the mad race back to the boom towns. And in those towns the more crafty tradesmen and women of easy virtue, found a fairly easy matter to effect the transfer of the gold from those who had won it to their own pockets.

In short, plentiful gold and reckless men, preyed upon by cunning men and women, were a sure foundation for a community in which the law was nothing more nor less than a figure of speech, silently represented by a token force completely incapable of upholding it against the superior numbers and the devil-may-care disposition of the population.

The “Mounties” were ever then the officials representatives of law and order; but they were appalled by the size of their responsibility, and by the rugged individuality of outstanding characters who in Australia would have been called the “leaders of the push.” They had a knack of bossing.

Such a leader was “Soapy” Smith, and against this turbulent background he operated with spectacular results.

Colonel Sam Steele of the Canadian North-West Mounted Police declared “Skagway is the roughest town in the world. ‘Soapy’ Smith with his gang of one hundred and fifty ruffians runs the town and does what he pleases. Robbery and murder occur daily.”

From the moment “Soapy” heard of the rush North he realised with the quick intuition of his type that Skagway was the ideal place for the exercise of his warped genius. He had been operating with his gang in the mining towns of the west of the United States, particularly in Creede.

He was then in the prime of life, some few years under forty, and one cannot help admiring his gifts—warped though they were—his powers of leadership, audacity, the eye to see the way to the domination of a large but self-occupied community, the gift for organisation, the unscrupulous bent for extremes, and the clear-headedness in exploiting amiable follies.

“Soapy’s” methods were blackguardly, his failures were as violent as his successes, and his death quick.

The incident which gave “Soapy” his first chance to assert his personality was the familiar cry of “Murder!” in the streets of the port. A bar-tender had fired at two men and killed one of them. Incensed miners had sprung upon the assailant, yanked him out of his saloon and were preparing to string him up to the nearest pole.

“Soapy” had the nerve and coolness of a leader of men. Accom-
PHENOMENON
Where there is dark there isn’t light.
And yet, there’s little doubt,
Some folk at night
Are very bright.
When all the lights are out!

T.W.N.

panied by his lieutenant, "Bishop" Bowers—so-called because of his sanctimonious air—and other leading lights, he rushed to the scene where the shivering wretch would have been throttled in a few moments but for "Soapy's" intervention. Elbowing his way through the crowd with sure shooter drawn, and backed up by his toughs, he declared he would drop the first man who dared to touch the rope.

With consummate effrontery he crawled out in his Southern tongue: "I always thought Skagway was a law-abiding town. Boys, we must do things right and proper. Do we know this man is guilty? Has he been given a fair trial? Come, now, give the man a chance."

The amazing thing was that, in this, the world's toughest town, he got away with it. And, with almost devilish genius, he knew every beat of its pulse. No sooner had the culprit been huddled off to jail than "Soapy" was making a collection for the widow. Within a few minutes a thousand dollars were in hand and given to her, and Skagway added its approval.

Then, following up his victory, "Soapy" audaciously announced that he was going to run Skagway—and run it "right." He did, much to the amazement of the gang and not a little to "Soapy's" profit. No other sharks got a look in, for they were told, short and sharp to clear out. The pickings of Skagway were to be left to its dictator and his minions. "Soapy's" gang dealt faithfully with any free-lance who dared set foot on their preserves, a bullet or a savage beat-up being his warning. At the same time the chief opened up a dance-hall and gambling saloon known as "Jeff's Place," for the sole purpose of fleecing any poor devil who was innocent enough to set foot inside.

In that city of shacks and tents, "Soapy" did not lack material for his nefarious harvest. Thousands streamed into Skagway and out beyond into White Horse Pass with their horses and belongings en route to the El Dorado they sought. They suffered untold hardships and the sinister title of "Dead Horse Gulch" by which the pass became known, casts a little light on the tragedies that occurred. On one mile of its most difficult stretch the carcasses of three thousand five hundred horses were lying.

There were no vultures to pick their bones clean, but plenty of human harpies to prey upon the unhappy spectators who had hoped to win quick wealth. Many a victim was found lying lifeless by his sledge with a bullet hole through his back of skull, and everything that he had collected. Some were lucky where the actual finding of gold was concerned; but they were worn out with the terrible journey, with frostbites that robbed them of the use of feet and hands, and all were ragged, haggard and hungry.

Such were the morals of Skagway in the days of '98, and for a few months "Soapy" reigned unchallenged. Then, one day the gang clubbed and robbed a Scots miner named Stewart of his hard-earned three thousand dollars worth of gold dust. He was not of the forgetting sort, and was as tough as "Soapy" himself. Stewart went around telling his story to Skagway's engineer, Frank H. Reid, Major Strong and the element that had always opposed "Soapy's" gang.

It jerked them into action. They declared that they had had enough of "Soapy's" rule; decency must be restored; order maintained; the gang cleared. A fiat was issued to "Soapy" that if the gold was not returned every member of the gang would be arrested. He gathered his toughs and swore they would fight for their "rights and liberty."

Then, gun in hand, he strode to where Engineer Reid was holding a meeting of the men of Skagway who were determined to end "Soapy's" dictatorship. The two men's eyes met—"Halt!" snapped Reid, swinging his pistol forward. "Soapy's" gun came forward at the same moment. Simultaneously the weapons blazed; "Soapy" fell with a bullet through his heart, Engineer Reid dropped, too.

The fall of "Soapy" was a signal for a terrible vengeance on the gang who, leaderless, had no guts to stand up to the citizens they had so long preyed upon. Cornered and trapped, they yelled for mercy, but got little. To-day the bodies of "Soapy" and the man who ended his dictatorship lie within a few yards of each other.
THE WORLD IN WATER

ON a scorching August day in 1877, when stifling heat rolled along the streets of London, an argument came to an abrupt end on the doorstep of a tenement house called "Syracuse."

"I'm orderin' yer to remove yerself and yer precious water by dusk on the morrow!" The agent of the law strode off, leaving old Abel Coombes with a gross impression of mean eyes, commiserated features and beefy, gauntleted calves.

He closed the door slowly and returned thoughtfully to a room which was cool—even dank—compared with the simmering heat of the street. The walls were virtually blanketed with water. On shelves that might have been constructed to hold a massive library, there were scores of jars and bottles, all filled with a liquid that was for the most part perfectly clear.

For fifty years Abel Coombes had been collecting water.

He had samples from the streams, the rivers and the oceans of the world, from springs reputed to possess miraculous powers of healing; from canals on whose surfaces, at festival time, petals had been strewn as the barge of some Monarch or Potentate had glided by.

Abel's interest was never scientific. His was an interest of association. The water was the talisman that set him recollecting and romancing. A quarter of a part of the Nile, grasped in his hand and held up to the light, set off a train of thought about the Pharaoh. A sample of a stream in a Norwegian fiord brought a picture of a thin white line of water perpendicular on a great black face of rock. A cupful of Mediterranean became a sea and a pageant of ships, from the galleys of Caesar to the pug-nosed frigates of Lord Nelson.

And now he must vacate "Syracuse." He must remove his strange chattels.

In this collection of his, amongst the gallons of water in the sealed and labelled containers, old Abel had the answer to the arrogance of the bungler.

Abel Coombes was born in London when England was still flushed with the naval victories of the early years of the century. His family had direct contacts with the sea. His father, Isaac Coombes, was a partner in a small shipping firm that traded in a radius limited, except for occasional trips into the Baltic, to ports in the Channel and the North Sea.

The Coombes family lived at Greenwich, and frequently entertained captains and senior masters. Perhaps their stories accounted for Abel's strange hobby. He himself said that he was enchanted for the rest of his lifetime by his first sight of raindrops on a spider-web caught in a beam of sunlight.

It happened when Coombes Senior was walking his offspring in the park. The lad had strayed to the back of some shrubbery. Isaac had little patience when he found his son carefully tapping drops of water off a spider-web into his cupped hand, nor did he have any sympathy when Abel almost broke into tears because the golden lights in the centres of the drops went out the moment they splashed into his palm.

During the years of his youth, Abel's passion for collecting water grew in secret. But at eighteen he was free to indulge as he pleased. His father had died and left him some property and a share in the business.

Abel at once set about forming his collection, every ocean, every sea, and every major river must be represented. He had the determination of a modern stamp-collector.

By the time he was twenty he had covered the British Isles. He had samples from the North Sea, the Irish Sea and the Atlantic. The labels stated briefly what time of the year they were taken, and noted the state of the sea—whether calm or angry. He also had samples from lochs in Scotland and quiet lakes in Ireland.

His family found his growing collection too much for comfort, and he was obliged to leave the home at Greenwich for the tenement in Soho. It was part of the property left to him by Isaac.

His hobby became really expensive when he started to travel. Between wars and minor squabbings, he covered portion of Europe and brought back watery souvenirs of rivers and lakes in a dozen kingdoms and States. With the sample from the Grand Canal of Venice came music and song, with a clipping from the Rhine, the reflections of forests and castle, with the River Seine, the city of Paris in autumn array.

He was also paying seamen on foreign and distant trade routes to bring him back samples from harbours and roadsteads. But it was rumoured that the seamen left their sampling until their ships had dropped anchor at Tilbury and then filled the jars from the most convenient landing stage.

About this time there are several accounts of Abel. His eccentricity seemed to have been confined wholly to his consuming passion for water.
KISS ME AGAIN.

Oh, Sandy MacDougall, tell me this,
Where did you learn this wise to kiss?
Where springs the secret of this art
That creates flutterings in my heart?
Give me, I pray you, explanation
How attained you the art of osculation?
My dear, replied the lover MacDougall,
When in the Boy Scouts I played the bagle,
And kissing me is now familiar
Because the arts are quite similar.

In other respects he was quite rational, courteous—in fact, charmingly so—always well-mannered and capable of giving an intelligent view on matters in general.

Leonard Villon, a lawyer connected with old Isaac's estate, called to see Abel one evening and pointed out that his funds were running out even if the water was being held. But Abel, having so easily ensnared a victim, refused to consider business matters until the unfortunate lawyer had been taken on a "grand tour" of the jars.

"Look at this!" exclaimed Abel for the hundredth time. He shook another jar at Villon's face and continued, "Look at it! The sacred River Ganges! I tell you, the prayers of millions can be heard drowning the easy running of its waters!" He pressed the sample to his ear momentarily. Eager to share the delight, he pressed it against the side of Villon's head. At the sudden touch of cold glass, the lawyer jumped back sharply. In doing so he knocked a jar from the table behind him. It fell onto the fender and smashed.

As if it were a rare jewel, Abel once offered a fiancee (whom he lost) a blending of a dozen different waters from such places as the East Indies and others that might be considered romantic. Weary of having played second fiddle to an uncertain number of gallons of water, she threw the gift in his face, drenching him so thoroughly that the romance was snuffed out to the very last spark.

By 1877, Abel was down to his last penny. He could no longer travel. For new exhibits he depended upon two or three sailors who took pity on him. He had sold his "Syracuse" over his own head.

He wanted the nation to buy his collection. He was surreptitiously giving a civil hearing. He was to be ejected from his house.

When the bailiff and the constables called, the street was still blanketed with heat. The men were hot and sweaty, irritable and in a hurry to have done with the business.

In the half-light, they did not notice the trickle of water under the door. They knocked. There was no answer. Their patience survived two more knockings, and then they smashed the door in. They stepped onto a swamped floor.

The shelves were empty. Broken jars lay near a doorway in jagged confusion. Searching for Abel, they splashed out to the scullery. Here a big trough had been built. The men were suddenly chilled at what they saw.

The waters of the world, the collection of fifty years, had been poured into the trough—despite the fact that most of it was merely overflow. Beside the trough was the amber bottle from Africa—uncorked and empty.

Abel Coombes had cheated the bailiff. Having drugged himself, he had drowned in a blending of the rivers and lakes and oceans of the world.
What made the lady's husband smash
the camera and tear up the picture?

CR A G R I C E

THE AVENGING SNAPSHOT

A ROVING street photographer
was plying his trade on the beach
at Santa Monica, Cal., one sunny day
in the spring of 1911. He spied a
couple seated on the sand and, sizing
them up as good prospects for a souve-
nir photograph, snapped their pic-
ture.

"Here you are, folks," he called
our cheerily.

Before he could finish his little
spiel the man was on his feet, hop-
ning mad. Snatching the camera
from the hands of the startled pho-
tophographer he brandished it over his
head.

"Give me that negative," he threat-
eted, "give me that negative or I'll
smash this machine . . . ."

Dumb with astonishment, the pho-
tographer handed over the nega-
tive.

The photographer glared after the
couple for a moment, and then he
started to follow them. "If he was
mad about having his picture snapped
with the lady," the young man rea-
soned, "he must have an important
reason. Maybe he's been up to some-
things . . . ."

Playing sleuth, he shadowed the
couple and made a note of the
address where they turned in. Then
he went to the police.

The young man grinned. He pull-
ed a print out of his pocket and
handed it over to the police, explain-
ing that he had made two snaps be-
fore the subject knew it.

The police investigated the ad-
dress given them by the photographer
and learned that the couple was
known there as Mr. and Mrs. Daw-
son of Denver, Colo., but that all
the letters they received were from
St. Louis, Mo. Inquiries directed to
the police of that city brought an
medicate telegraphic response, and
before the day was over the Dawsons
were in the Los Angeles Jail.

Our true life story takes us now
in Ottawa County, in the extreme
north-east corner of Oklahoma, near
the Missouri boundary line. On the
edge of a deep wood stands a bleak
house.

A man knocked on that door one
night. He was the Sheriff of Ottawa
County, and he was calling to inquire
about a little matter of murder.

A farmer living in Miami, the
County seat, had ridden in to report
that he had come upon the dead body
of a young girl with a bullet hole
in her head. On learning from the
medical examiner that the girl had
been dead about two weeks, Sheriff
Ben Totten had made every possible
attempt to have the body identified.

Rumor had it that the house was
the abode of Dr. Allen Hoeber, leader
of a strange religious cult, and the
place was known as "The House of
Deuteronomy.

What the sheriff wanted to know
was whether the young woman found
dead in the woods was known at the
House of Deuteronomy.

The woman who appeared at the
doors said she was Corn Wentworth,
the matron of the house Dr. Hoeber,
she said, was away, and so was Mr.
Garrett, his assistant. The sheriff
politely inquired if by any chance a
young woman student or missionary
had been reported missing lately.

Corn Wentworth replied that no
one had been reported missing. Faye
Church, the housekeeper, also dis-
claimed any knowledge of a missing
girl. In back of the house the sheriff
found a well-cultivated farm, in sharp
contrast to the wild, overgrown ap-
pearance of the grounds in front of
the place. The men who worked
the farm for Dr. Hoeber told the
sheriff they had given all they pos-
sessed to the prophet, and spoke of
him with the profoundest respect.

One man, however, Sam Kirby, opned
up enough to disclose that a Mrs.
Carns had left the house a week
ago after a row with Mrs. Church.

When the sheriff located Mary
Carns she told him that one of the
girls, Josie Byers by name, had left
the house of Deuteronomy alone,
and in tears, about two weeks before.

In the meantime Dr. Hoeber and
Mrs. Wentworth were brought in, but
after looking at the body in the fun-
eral parlor they declared it was no-
body they had ever seen before. Josie
Byers, they said, had left voluntarily,
when she decided she didn't want to
be a missionary. A week later Mrs.
Carns came in. She took one look
at the body and said, "That's Josie;
I'd swear it. Get Faye Church."

Faye Church was brought in. "It
looks like Josie," she said. "It's hard
to tell, but the hair is like hers and
she had just such a dress."

Mrs. Carns was more willing to talk
now. "I've no fine notions about Allen
Hoeber," she declared. "He's as
smooth as they come, and Corn Went-
worth, too. I mistrusted the whole
outfit when I found some of Josie's
clothes hidden away."

A deputy who had gone to make
inquiries at Josie Byers' home in Pay-
netteville now returned with an inter-
esting report. Her family hadn't
heard from her in weeks. "I picked
up two positive means of identify-
pation," he told the sheriff, "a chart of
her teeth from the family dentist
and the fact that the little finger of

CAVALCADE, July, 1948 25.
through the house with the sheriff. All the records were gone. So was 10,000 dollars.

There's more to this than murder, the sheriff told himself. What about the girls? Where did they come from and where did they go when they left the house? The men denied that they knew anything about that, so Sheriff Totten went to see Mrs. Cairns again. This time she was willing to talk. She hadn't left the house voluntarily, she said. She was fired.

"It was Cora Wentworth's doing," she told the sheriff. "I was too noisy, she said. She wanted to shoot me. There was a gun in the house. She was furious when I said I didn't see why Jim Garrett had to take the girls out on their assignments.

"I have absolutely no use for Mr. Garrett, or that sanctimonious little preacher, either. I was glad to get away from that house, Mr. Totten. It's an evil place. Those poor girls—only God knows what has become of them."

Mrs. Cairns was able to offer only one possible clue as to Dr. Heeber's destination. She remembered that he had once received a package from a store in St. Louis. Acting on a hunch, the sheriff decided to explore the city himself, in the hope of finding some trace of the girls who had left the house of Deuteronomy in the company of Jim Garrett, ostensibly as missionaries.

It was a long shot, but it hit the mark. In a tenderloin saloon he let it be known that he was from Oklahoma, and presently a girl came and sat down beside him.

"Garrett took us to a place and left us with a strange man. He was a horrible man. He knocked my teeth out. They said they'd kill me if I talked." The following night a series of raids netted two dozen girls who had been abducted into white slavery. Dr. Heeber went after his friends in the mysterious house in the Ozarks as "missionaries." They were simple girls from the hill country and none of them had ever been in a big city before.

Poor little Josie Byers had escaped that fate—only to meet death at the muzzle of a .38 caliber revolver. That was Sheriff Totten's next task. To find that gun, and the person who fired it. Was it Jim Garrett? Dr. Heeber? Mrs. Wentworth?

It was the long arm of coincidence, reaching clear across the continent to the street photographer on the beach at Santa Monica that made the answer to that question possible—an incident that was true to life, but almost too strange for fiction.

"Mr. and Mrs. Dawson" turned out to be Dr. Heeber and Mrs. Wentworth. Heeber admitted selling the girls into slavery, but he denied the murder. It was Mrs. Wentworth who finally put the finger on him—and then only some time later, on her deathbed, for she had been slowly dying of an incurable illness. The murder weapon had meanwhile been found under a floor board in the basement.

"Dr. Heeber killed Josie Byers," Mrs. Wentworth declared in her deathbed story. "The girl was infatuated with him. She wanted him to marry her and threatened to tell certain things if he didn't. He woke me up in the middle of the night and told me he had decided to do it. They went away together. At five o'clock in the morning he came back—alone. He said he had shot her with my gun and asked me what to do with it. I fired loose a board in the attic and put it there. We hid her clothing, and in the morning we said she had decided to go home."

Dr. Heeber confessed the murder and, an hour later, committed suicide by swallowing poison. Cora Wentworth died of a tumor before she could be brought to trial.

Both had sinned against the laws of men, but they had also sinned against a Higher Law. For it is written in the same Book of Deuteronomy: "Thou shalt be perfect with the Lord thy God."

And it was that Higher Law that exacted the punishment.
Street musicians touched the heart of a man who gave limbless soldiers a big legacy

BARTY YOUNG

KILLEEN

AND THE "LIMBIES"

"Poor Killeen is dead, and a better friend a limbless soldier did not have."

BEHIND that opening line of an obituary published in 1923 lies a truly amazing story of a young Anzac to whom Australia owes an everlasting debt of gratitude and thanks, and yet of whom so few people know so little.

But this is not the story of Killeen himself, but that of his love for fellow Australians who today lives and will never die, although Killeen has passed on to the place where all good soldiers eventually go.

It was a Friday night in August, 1919, Sydney was packed with tired and weary late shoppers hurrying to make final purchases before the climes of nine. Mingled among the crowd were men in khaki, battle veterans of the Middle East, of Gallipoli, of France, back home with war at end... and peace.

Shop lights shone out on the passing parade as they poured along the pavements of each street. Some were happy, some sad, for the years of war seemed to have left its mark. On one corner where a little more than five years before had stood a German band brilliantly rendering excerpts from "Flora Dora," now came the twang of an out-of-tune banjo, played by a legless Aussie wearing a grease-stained tunic.

His battered slouch hat, containing new decoy coppers, rusted beside it, while four of his also maimed mates rattled collection boxes under the noses of the passing throng and muttered "Help the old Dig."

Around the block, George, King, Pitt and Market, it was the same. Those battle heroes, now broken and limbless, muttering "Tippery," as they scraped on old fiddles, blew through battered cornets, and hawked on broken-reed mouth organs. Here was a new army, an army of beggars, their legacy for galant duty to their country.

It was on that August night that Frank Killeen, a young Anzac who had left a leg behind on Gallipoli, swung along on his crutches among the passing parade in Pitt Street. Killeen, at the time a pioneer member of the newly-formed Returned Soldiers' Association, was a sad man. The sight of his fellow Anzacs begging in the streets worried him. He shamefully hung his head as memories went back to London where he had seen veterans of bygone wars haunting the streets begging for food.

Killeen's blood boiled as the cry of "Help the old Dig" echoed in his ears. Here were his battle comrades, maimed and broken, left to beg for a crust of bread. Killeen bit hard on his lip as his brain churned "Help the old Dig certainly, but they must never be allowed to beg. The sights of London must never occur in Sydney," Killeen muttered under his breath.

So home that night went Killeen to evolve a plan; a plan for looking after all those maimed and limbless war veterans.

Within a month there had been founded the Limbless and Maimed Soldiers' Association, with Killeen working like a Trojan. Around him he had gathered a body of war-blasted men, who, like Killeen, were anxious to see that their war comrades were not left begging on the streets for an existence.

Things were soon under way. A request to the Commonwealth Government found pensions for the men increased by £60,000 a year; the Red Cross were busily finding suitable jobs; membership was increasing, and above all, the cry of "Help the old Dig" was now seldom heard in the streets.

It was not long before Killeen found himself the "father" of 950 war-bruised heroes in New South Wales alone, and a new battle cry was ringing throughout Sydney for help for a worthy cause.

Donations began to roll in from businesses houses, estates, and private citizens, first of whom to head the list was Sir William Vickers with a war bond for £100. That was in 1922, and the tiny cogs in the great machine that Killeen had planned three years before, were slowly beginning to work.

By this time Killeen's idea had spread throughout the nation, and in each State a similar body was under way, all using the same blueprint for rehabilitating and helping the man who had given a limb for his country. Killeen became Federal President.

In New South Wales the membership of the Association had grown to 1400 and a great deal more money was needed to further the schemes that Killeen had in mind. Never for one moment was Killeen idle. Day and night he was planning for the betterment of the crippled soldier.
IT'S SPRING—DARN IT!

The bloom is on the rose again,
The petals are softly unfolding,
And birds in the trees with soaring hearts
The joys of the Spring are upholding—
But harbinger of Spring—Avast!
Away with blooming roses,
You wonder not at all to us
Who've blooming running noses.
To heck with the birds in blooming trees,
From us with blooming winter sneezes,
And take away the blooming waffles—
For us, instead—hot wet bottles.

Funds from Armistice Day collections, from parties and dances, from small art unions and donations were now rolling in to help this worthy cause.

And then, like something unbelievable, it happened. Frank P. J. Kilkeen, who for four years had given his all to help his fellow-men, resigned. Few knew through those years that he had been a sick man, suffering from diabetes. Within a few months, June 1923, Kilkeen was dead.

Truly an amazing man. A man that loved his fellow-men. A man whose sympathetic feeling led to the founding of an organisation that will forever remain a monument to him.

But with the death of Kilkeen the seed he had sown grew even stronger. Where Kilkeen left off other men took over, and the great work continued.

The time was now ripe for the Association to go after bigger things. A prize of £20 was offered to any member who could produce a scheme for raising £50,000 in five years; another £20 prize to the man who submitted the best plan of how to distribute the money to the advantage of members, and according to Association policy.

One of the prizes was awarded to H. B. Sheldon, present registrar of the Co-operative Building Societies in N.S.W., a member, who suggested the idea of an old age provident scheme. Today more than £100,000 stands to the credit of Sheldon's idea, which distributes nearly £2400 each year among men of the Old Brigade. A magnificent feat.

The scheme was launched a few months after the death of Kilkeen, and by 1924, organisers using the slogan "Expenses Nil"—to combat the unfavorable reaction then among the public due to questionable running of charity shows—funds were pouring in.

In that year one art union netted the Association £4,000. Later a Sydney Ugly Man's contest returned £20,000, and a charity matinee at Her Majesty's Theatre, with a star program, which included Moscovitch, Ella Shields, Maude Fane and many other artists who gave their services free, brought nearly £1,700 into the fund.

But the old age provident scheme under which members of the Association 55 years and older now participate, was only one of the many angles that the hard-working committee of the Association in 1924 was handling.

Every suggestion that was put forward for the betterment of its limbless and maimed members was prosecuted. Better artificial limbs, travelling concessions, medical attention, financial assistance, etc., were all listed on the programme.

But perhaps one of the greatest advantages that was given members was the formation and establishment of the Limbless Soldiers' Aquatic Club—the only one of its kind in the world—which has been in operation at 68 Wentworth Rd., Vaucluse, since 1926.

Strangely enough, while these limbless Aussies had been in uniform they suffered little embarrassment, but in after years it was found that many members were suffering an inferiority complex when forced to display their torn limbs publicly.

In London during the 1914-18 war it was nothing to see an armless Digger carrying piggy-back his legless cobber. The two men co-operated as one, each helping the other, but early in 1924 an incident at Bondi Beach started what is now one of the greatest pleasures of the limbless soldier—the Aquatic Club.

It all started when a surf-loving "Limbie" was carried from the dressing sheds to the water-edge by a friend, similar to the procedure during their London days. As it was a freak turn, the huge crowd of Bondi sunbathers rose from the beach to watch the episode. The men became so embarrassed that they returned immediately to the sheds. "Never again will we swim in public," they said.

This was a terrible blow not simply to the two men concerned in the episode, but to the hundreds of limbless men who heard about it, as they did.

To them, anxious to take up the broken threads of life as best they might, this was a warning signal a ruthless, if thoughtless, symbol from the public that a man maimed in a struggle for freedom might be looked upon more as a freak than a hero.

This was completely frustrating to men who were already self-conscious; it was a threat which seemed to cut them off from a chance of establishing themselves again in normal living. It is easy to understand why, though they had been brought up on the beach, they said, "We will never swim in public again." But where could they swim in private?

Here was another worry for the Association. We must get our men a place where they can swim and enjoy their sport without becoming a star act for the gazing public.
A few years earlier a grand old lady, Mary Ann Dewar, who had lived in Woollahra, passed away, leaving her estate of £52,000 in the hands of trustees for deserving charities. At one time Mary Ann Dewar had owned a portion of the land on which the Carlton Hotel, in Castlecrag St., Sydney, is now built.

Perhaps it was that one of the trustees, William Hamilton, witnessed the Bondi affair, because when approached, he offered £5000 from the estate to purchase any property the Association thought suited for a clubhouse for its members.

When later told that they could buy the property on the harbourside at Vaucluse for £6500, Hamilton said "Buy it and we'll pay."

It was not long before the "Limbies" of Sydney were enjoying their own club—and privacy.

The palatial Aquatic Club with its private swimming pool—now headquarters of the Limbies' Swimming Club—its bowling green, billiard and card rooms, and where limbless soldiers can now enjoy a few weeks' rest at moderate charge, helped to give peace of mind and at the same time physical fitness to the men who felt they should hide their wounds from public gaze.

It wasn't long before the complex was entirely forgotten, and these battered and war-torn men were missing visitors to watch their prowess in water sport.

The result had far exceeded all expectations, and in the days the limit once threatened with a bette, solitary and inactive life, go abroad for swimming tournaments.

At Blackheath, N.S.W., recently they held a challenge tournament with able-bodied swimmers, and in several events the winner was a man who swam without an arm, or a leg. It was good to see. These men, who had made a great sacrifice in war, had established their proficiency under a handicap, and were normal men again! That's a big thing.

But all through this great effort to help the limbless and mauled soldier, the name of Killeen lived. The seed that Killeen had sown had truly taken root.

And then came World War II Quick's the old "Limbies" realised that they would soon have comrades of another generation—and another war—to look after.

But this time there would be no need for the cry of "Help the old Dog" to echo through the streets of Australia; no need for the long weary years of building up an organisation to look after them; no need for these new war-battered veterans to hide their feelings, for the machine that Frank Killeen had

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

FRED PERLEY SPENDS A GOOD DEAL OF HIS TIME
DIRECTING STRARRERS TO OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES DUE TO THE
PLUME'S HOUSE NUMBER IS HIDDEN BY SHRUBBERY, THE PAINT IS WORN OFF THE LAPPETS; THE WINDLES HAVE NEVER GOT AROUND TO REPLACING THE ONE NUMBER THAT DROPPED OFF THEIR NUMBER PLATE, AND NONE OF THE HOUSE NUMBERS CAN BE SEEN AT NIGHT ANYWAY.
Passing Sentences

Stones and sticks are thrown only at fruit-bearing trees.

A bore is a person who never seems to have a previous engagement.

You can’t do anything wrong in the eyes of your mother because she is always looking at you with her heart.

Pulsing proposal. “I'm a stranger here. Would you direct me to your heart?”

The law gives a man the right to open his wife’s letters, but not the nerve.

A cheap substitute for happiness is pleasure.

World peace depends upon what is in our hearts more than what is in our treaties.

A girl doesn't have to worry very much about her family tree if she has the right kind of limbs.

Growing old is a bad habit which a busy man has no time to form.

Folks used to make their own clothing on spinning wheels. Now they lose their shirts on 'em.

The period when a fish grows most quickly is between the time we catch it and the time we describe it to our friends.

What passes for women's intuition is often nothing more than man's transparency.

Many nations apparently want to wrest in peace.

The only trouble with being able to read a woman like a book, is you're liable to forget your place.

Pawnbroker: One who lives off the flat of the land.

Fun is like insurance—the older you get the more it costs.

* Invitation to relax is given charmingly by Marilyn Monroe, 20th Century - Fox starlet.
Murder on the “Ullswater”

The brig “Ullswater” was no place to be that afternoon. It was a day of clear sky and blue water. Nature was pleasant, but the second mate of the brig was vile.

The cramps had been out to the ship that morning, drawing their craft around the “Ullswater” and affronting any man of the crew who wished to desist a small purse of gold, and promise of a berth on any other vessel in the harbour, with better conditions.

The second mate had laid out with a marlin spike the first man who had tried to leave the ship. So the cramps had gone away, and the crew had added one more grudge to their score against this man, the second mate, Skews.

Then, in the afternoon, and with the loss of one life, they finally settled the score.

It began when Skews called the cabin boy to him. This was his favourite cabin boy. To show the favour, Skews had beaten the boy almost every knot of the voyage out from England.

“Bring me a rope’s end,” Skews told the boy.

“But, sir, I haven’t done anything,” the boy protested.

Skews’ worthy reply was that this was just the reason why the boy deserved a beating. “You’re on this ship to work,” he snarled.

The boy brought the rope’s end and Skews took it from him and told him to turn around. He laid the rope’s end across the boy’s back, but only once.

Patty was the man who surrendered.

Skews struck Patty across the face with the rope. Patty bundled his big face and felled Skews. Someone cried “Fight!” and men came running.

When Skews climbed off the deck, he had a knife in his hand, a case knife sharpened to a point. Before Patty could realize what was happening, he had been stabbed.

Skews stood over the fallen man and glared at the others around him.

“Men!” Skews snarled. “Scums! I’ll do the lot of you!”

Then he ran at them with the knife and they scattered before him, letting him reach the rail where he turned and faced them. Quite mad, now, he ran at them again, and a foot came out and tripped him. They piled on him when he fell.

The police came out to take Skews into custody, and to transfer Patty to the hospital where he was to die three days later. Skews was brought to them in tons.

One of the police remarked on the battered appearance of the murderer.

“He fell and hit his face on the deck,” a seaman told them.

The verdict against Skews was one of “wilful murder,” and he was later sentenced to serve in the road gang.

The man who had come to Port Jackson in August of 1849, as second mate of the brig “Ullswater,” remained as a guest of His Majesty’s Government.
LUCK FOR A LADY

The wheel stopped at twenty-two.

Swiftly the croupier’s rake slid across the table. A few people pushed back their chairs and left. There were others waiting to take their place—Americans, English, Italian, French. Men with bored expressions, women with the excitement of first play making their faces flushed and their eyes bright.

Fifteen. The croupier’s rake moved again.

This time the eyes turned to a young man who sat at one end of the table. He was dark, good-looking, obviously English. His hands moved to add to the growing stacks of chips in front of him.

The eyes turned back to the wheel. Seventeen. Again they were on the man at the end of the table.

Someone behind him asked, “Who is he? I haven’t seen him before.”

Another voice answered, “I don’t know. He must have made a few thousand to-night. Beginner’s luck.”

People at the table were waiting for him to place his chips. The croupier was watching him closely.

Then he swept his chips together and rose from the table. The croupier looked relieved.

As the young man walked away from the table, he saw a woman standing close by. She was staring at him. She wore a white evening gown and her blonde hair was swept high to the crown of her head. She was beautiful.

As he drew nearer, she stepped forward a little to meet him.

“Pardon me,” she said, “but you are English, aren’t you?”

He looked surprised. “Why, yes,” he said.

She spoke hurriedly in a low tone. “I am so pleased. I am English, too. My name is Susan Wright. Could you help me?”

He looked at her apricot skin, the wide grey eyes, the full red mouth. “If it is possible, I shall be glad to help you.”

She smiled at him.

“What is your name?”

“Roger Fraser.”

“I shall call you Roger. You can help me. I am in difficulty. I must get some money—quickly. Would you come back to the table and play with me? You have luck tonight. I have been watching you.”
He walked briskly back to his hotel. He didn’t bother to undress but threw himself full length on the bed.

He wondered who she was. He hadn’t even asked her the name of the hotel where she was staying. It was foolish of him. But she would be at the Casino again that night he was sure.

Roger was there early. Carefully he looked through all the rooms to see if she was already at the tables. She wasn’t. He chose a table that was near the door. If she came in he would see her.

“It was eleven o’clock when something went wrong. He was beginning to love. The wheel spun again. He lost. Once more he placed his chips. This time it would be all right. Fourteen was his number. Five came up.

He was pale and a pulse was beating in his temple. If this should be the beginning—

He lost again. He plunged. Again he stood up and showed his chair back savagely. Everyone was watching him.

“Poor devil,” they were saying.

“Is he lost yet?”

As he left the Casino, the uniformed doorman stepped forward.

“You’re out, monsieur.”

Roger gave it to him.

The man examined it, then dropped it into a box.

“You will take out a new one. This expiring.”

He hadn’t the price of a meal now, let alone a card for the Casino. He made his way to the hotel. He sat on the edge of his bed and dropped his head in his hands. He was a fool. He should have known his luck wouldn’t hold that long. If he’d been content with last night and gone today as he had planned, there would have been the woman.

He smiled bitterly. Even there his luck hadn’t held.

He lay down on the bed. If he could only raise a few pounds. His luck might be good again tonight.

But were he would leave tomorrow. Suddenly he sat up. There was a chance. She might be there tonight.

“You’re out. Monsieur?” the doorman asked.

Roger’s hand went to his pocket. He remembered. He hadn’t one.

“I am looking for someone. She is inside. If you will let me in, I shall fix up about the card later.”

The doorman looked at him suspiciously.

“I’ve heard that story before.”

“Well, it’s right this time. Let me in and I’ll be back in five minutes.”

The doorman opened the door grudgingly.

“All right, then, but not a minute later.”

Roger walked through all the rooms. Then he saw her. She was sitting at a table with a pile of chips in front of her. She had on an ice-blue dress, with diamonds on her white neck and in her hair. She looked excited. Her eyes were sparkling, and she laughed softly as she reached across the table to place her chips.

There was an elderly grey-haired man sitting next to her, and as Roger stood looking at her, he bent forward and whispered in her ear. She looked up at him and laughed again.

Roger waited. She had won again. Now she was standing up and walking away from the table, leaving the man who was with her to gather up the chips.

Roger went up to her.

“Hello, Susan,” he said.

She stood quite still looking at him. Her face was suddenly expressionless, her lips pressed tightly together. But it was her eyes he noticed. They were cold and hard.

“Susan, can I speak to you a moment?”

The grey-haired man was walking toward them. Still Susan didn’t answer. She just stood there staring at him.

The man came up and took her by the arm.

“What goes on here? Is something wrong?” He looked at Roger.

“Do you know this man?”

Susan looked straight at Roger without blinking.

“No, I’ve never seen him before. He doesn’t even know my name.”

Roger opened his mouth to speak, then he closed it again. His face hardened.

The other man turned to him.

“Would you mind leaving the lady alone? You are annoying her.”

Roger turned and walked to the door. As he went he heard her say.

“How strange. He must have mistaken me for someone else.” Then in an excited voice she added, “Thank you so much for getting me out of trouble tonight.”

The doorman held out his hand to Roger.

“Where’s the card?” he asked.

“The lady wasn’t there,” Roger told him.

He stepped out into the street. A soft, misty rain was falling. He turned his coat collar up around his face and walked slowly back to his hotel.
Crocodile's Brother

KEVIN HARTE

The black man was better than whites—and crocodiles were on his side.

The big muster was almost over. Only a few more "scrubbers" had to be brought in and branded before the big drive started for Wyndham Meat Works. Stockmen, black and white, clustered about the flickering campfire in the "home" paddock of Yaraandoo Station. The overseer, Mick Carson, spoke as he poured his tin pannikin of tea.

"I met young Joe Hansen down by the creek today, Ted."

"Yeah?" answered Ted Cummins, "How's old Bill keepin'? Did he say anything?"

"Bill's fine. He's up in Darwin at the moment, gettin' some skin grafted over those scars on his head."

"How'd he get those scars, Mick?" asked Cummins, rolling a cigarette.

"I've been meaning to ask you since I first met Bill."

Mick threw another log on the fire and sent one of the black boys to relieve the man who was guarding the branded cattle.

"It must be over ten years ago since it happened," began Mick, "Big Bill was workin' for me at the time—"he was my best rider."

As Cummins listened, Mick's voice seemed to fade away and the flickering fire turned to the crimson glow of a Territory sunset. Mick told his story:

Yaraandoo's northernmost out-station was on the tree-clad banks of the Fitzmaurice, in charge of Big Bill Hansen. Thirty huts, of roughly-seasoned timber slabs and with sheet-
ONE sunny May day in Central Park a blind man was seen rapping for attention with his cane. On his chest was a sign: "Help the Blind," but no one paid much attention to him. A little farther on another blind beggar was doing better. Practically every passer-by put a coin in his cap, some even turning back to make a contribution. His sign said "It is May—and I blind!"

This touch of poetry in a prosaic world was readily recognised.

bark roofs, set among tall gum-trees, were Hansen's domain. Half a mile away, through the gums and lantana, glittered the waters of the crocodile-infested Fitzmaurice.

Under Hansen's care were four aboriginal stockmen. All except one were good workers, and obeyed him without question. The disobedient stockman was Illbut, a sturdy fellow from the Cape Scott Reserve.

Illbut had always hated taking orders from a white man. Recently he had actually been abusive to Hansen. Only the latter's great patience saved the abo, from a thrashing. Hansen knew the reason for Illbut's outbursts—recent smoke-talk from the coastal tribes had told of a great corroboree to be held shortly. The other three "boys" were satisfied so long as they got good tucker three times a day.

These other boys were scared of Illbut, and he knew it, and used the fact to obtain more "baccy" for himself. Once, so the boys told Hansen, Illbut had swum the crocodile-infested Queen's Channel, and, they assured him, a reptile had swum beside the abo, carrying his weapons in its savage jaws.

Illbut boasted he was "blood-brother" to the crocodile and none would ever touch a man who made a boast like that. More than once he had threatened to call the crocodile his "brothers" to eat the terrified stockboys unless they gave him their "tigger-twist" tobacco. He was a bully, this black stockman.

As he jerked the saddle from his sweating horse, Illbut's mind was far away—he was thinking of the corroboree that was soon to be held. He led the horse towards the water-trough.

A bunch of scrubbers had just been turned into the temporary branding pen which was roughly fenced with warped gidgee saplings. The hard day's work over, Hansen strode towards his slab hut and lit his pipe. Once inside the hut, he sat on the edge of his bunk and grunted as he pulled the work-stained riding boots from his weary feet.

A shadow darkened the open doorway. Hansen looked up and squinted his blue eyes. Outside, the sun was setting in a blazing cauldron of colour and, because the hut faced West, Hansen could not at first distinguish the figure silhouetted in the glowing doorway. As his eyes became used to the glare, the ugly features of Illbut slowly materialised. He had watered the horse.

"Oh—what d'you want?" asked the lean overseer, "Tiger and the others have got your tucker."

The aborigine advanced further into the hut.

"This fella want 'em plenty white tobac," he demanded gutturally.

"What!" exploded Hansen, bounding to his feet, "Strike me pink! I just gave you your weekly ration yesterday!"

"You give 'em more! This fella we bye-bye.""Yes! You'll leave bye-and-bye all right—after the muster's over. That's when the mission wants you back, and you're not going to roam the bush while I'm still in charge!"

"This fella leave now!" roared the abo. "No go back to Mission—go longa corroboree!"

Hansen unbuttoned his khaki shirt, preparing to wash himself, and turned to the stockman.

"Listen, Illbut," he said, "you might be able to boss those other boys, but don't come the wild-man stunt with me or I'll thrash you to within an inch of your life."

Unexpectedly, the big abo lashed in the butt of his stockwhip and sent Hansen reeling.

The overseer shook his head to clear it and went charging back at Illbut. Black man and white crashed in the dust floor of the hut and rolled through the open doorway.

Outside, they lurched to their feet and fought like demons Hansen did what he had threatened to do—he thrashed Illbut to within an inch of his life.

From the first moment it was apparent that the act of fighting had wiped out the color line: Illbut, who despite his truculent and sullen attitude, had always known where a lack man should stop when dealing with whites, was now over that line, and having gone too far could not seem, go far enough. He dodged and flailed with every trick learned in a hard and reckless life.

Through his tangle Illbut had managed to keep his grip on the stockwhip, and made every endeavour to use it again, seeking out the lash about Hansen's ankles to trip the white man for a second advantage. Hansen gripped the lash to pull the whip, knowing that if Illbut let go he would be dexterous, and that if he did not, he would be hugged off balance, but Illbut, also knowing this instinctively, jumped in and raised the butt of the whip for another blow at Hansen's skull. The white man dived like a battering ram into Illbut's stomach, and the black man doubled up, aiming a vicious uppercut at Hansen's unprotected chin as he did so.

Hansen dodged the blow by throwing his two arms about Illbut; they both went down, and when they got to their feet the whip lay between them on the ground. They managed to do without it, and fought bitterly to the finish.

Hansen made it a final and terrible lesson. He stood over the unconscious black figure on the ground, breathing heavily and wiping sweat from his glistening brow. The other three boys stared on with eyes peering out like onions. A white man had beaten the crocodile man.

"You, Tiger," roared Hansen, "take this fella Illbut longa run—quick fella now! Take him hut!"

Tiger and the other two abos carried the battered Illbut to their hut that night Hansen shifted his bunk and slept facing the doorway, but to one side, and with his hand on the butt of his revolver. However,
the expected spear did not thud into the space normally occupied by the bunk, and Illibut was actually grinning at breakfast the next morning.

"He's happy," though Hansen, "too damn happy. I wonder what he's cooking up now?"

The beasts in the branding-pen were soon thrown and branded. The actual smell of burnt hair mingled with the sweet bush air, and Hansen detailed the black boys to their job of collecting the few remaining scrubbers.

Illibut compiled with alacrity and rode off along the trail to the river. He had not ridden far when he surprised three beasts grazing in a small, gum-tree-fringed clearing. A willy-wagtail was dancing along the red bank of one big stream, but took to the air in panic at the crack of Illibut's stockwhip.

Never had the black man gone to work with such gusto. His spirited horse pranced under his urging hand, the stockwhip snapped, cracking, over the heads of the cattle, and they began to move.

There was a wide grin of undisguised enjoyment on Illibut's face, which might at first have suggested that the fight, and any ill-will growing out of it, had long died from his mind.

Moving gracefully, as if he were indeed part of the beast that carried him, he urged the cattle into movement. Lumbering awkwardly, they went forward. Illibut moved in behind them, his black arm flashing untiringly with the whip. In a picturesque sort of way he might have been an avenging god pursuing the cattle with grim intent; to the more practical eye he demonstrated what every good stockman should be.

The beasts bellowed and lumbered off into the bush as the stinging lash snaked across their backs. Illibut spurred his horse forward and gave chase. The undergrowth crashed beneath the thundering hoofs of the cattle and startled cockatoos took screaming flight from the tall kangaroo grass. Crows and tall grey owls squawked from the bushes.

The cattle turned away from the river, but Illibut turned them back in the direction of the rolling, brown waters.

A cunning, diabolical plan was racing through the abo's mind. He would show the white man that it didn't pay to thrash Illibut. The three beasts he was chasing were among the fattest steers on Yarrang dieri. A few quid would be lost if somehow or other they fell into the Fitzmaurice and were taken by the crocodiles. Cruelly, the abo lashed the cattle and kept them charging through the scrub towards the river.

With a crash the beasts burst through the tall, slender saplings and plunged into the muddy waters. The mud on the river bed was like glue. The bawling cattle found themselves trapped.

Illibut yelled with glee and jerked his horse to a halt on the brink of the six-foot bank. His stockwhip snaked out and lashed the bawling, frenzied, thrashing cattle. In midstream and drawing closer were a line of black snouts and eye-edges as the lucking saturions dashed in for the kill.

"Come, brothers!" yelled Illibut in his native tongue, "Come and devour the white man's cattle!"

In a matter of minutes the quiet waterway surged into a mass of blood-flecked foam as it echoed to the hoarse bellows of the battering saturins. The cattle were torn to shreds. Soon only a crimson patch remained in the brown surface.

Illibut was cackling with joy at the slaughter, and yelling his thanks to his "brothers" when a voice interrupted him.

"What the hell's all this?" It was Hansen.

The bellows of the cattle had brought him down to see what was wrong.

Illibut swung around in his saddle and his grin vanished.

"Bark," he said in answer to Hansen's question, "him give way. Cow fall in river—crocodile finish him."

"You lyn' dingo!" bellowed Hansen, leaning forward in the saddle.

"There's no mark where that bank's collapsed. By God, Illibut, if you drove those cattle into the river I'll skin you alive!"

"This fella not lie," snarled the abo, "Hansen be—cry make'n trouble longa Illibut."

"I'll make trouble for you all right, you cow, you're comin' back to the homestead with me and I'm taking you to Sergeant Flinders at Victoria River Downs."

Illibut looked sick. He was scared.
of the “white man piece.” He must not let Hansen take him away.

“Come on, you black ———” shouted Hansen, and reached out to grab the black stockman’s collar.

Instead of catching the collar, however, he caught the coiled lash of Illibut’s stockwhip on the temple. He crashed sideways out of the saddle as his horse reared up and squealed in fright.

In a flash the black stockman was on the ground beside the dazed overseer. As Hansen struggled to his feet, Illibut smashed him twice across the skull with the heavy butt of the stockwhip. Hansen sank to the ground. Illibut snatched up a billet of wood and smashed it across the white man’s head. Only that the missile was deflected slightly by a log, Hansen’s brains would have stained the grass. His face was streaked with blood which ran from the ugly gashes. Hansen’s horse’s reins were tangled in a bush and it pranced around fiercely as it tried to get free.

Ilibut glanced around guiltily—nervously—and then grinned. The “white man piece” would chase him now, but his tribe would protect him, for he would be a great man when he returned with all the white man’s possessions and plenty of “baccy” for the tribe. Now he had to get rid of Hansen. His “blood-brothers” would do that for him.

Ilibut stooped to lift Hansen. His mind was crammed with dreams of the impression he would make on his tribe when he returned.

With a mighty jerk Hansen’s mount ripped its reins free from the bushes and floundered back, right on to Illibut, who did not see it.

The black stockman screamed as the force of the bump sent him flying into the Fitzmaurice. His legs stuck in the mud and, though he struggled fiercely, he could not move them.

In unconfessed terror the trapped aborigine watched the advancing snout of one of his “brothers.” With scarcely a ripple, the saurian drew steadily closer.

“Go away!” yelled the aborigine, “Go away, brother! I am your brother—you no harm me! Stop——”

The black stockman’s terrified scream was drowned in the roar as the reptile attacked him. Savage jaws closed on Illibut’s shoulder and he screamed as the fangs sank in.

Relentlessly the reptile retreated to deeper water, and the struggling, gasping native was desperately trying to gouge the monster’s eyes. With a gurgle the waters closed over his black head. The “crocodile man” had joined his “brothers.”

Once again, Cummins heard Mick’s alarming voice. The glowing fire resumed its natural appearance.

“Tiger and the other boys found Hansen later in the day and brought him up to me at the homestead,” Mick said. “He was riding again in six months.”

“Illibut owes his life to you, then.”

“No,” said Mick, spreading his blankets, “he owes it to the Flying Doctor Service. If I hadn’t had a pedal wireless to contact the Flying Doctor, he would’ve died of cerebral hemorrhage. Well, Ted, I think I’ll turn in now, good-night!”

“Good-night, Mick.”

The fire flickered feebly, and its weak light slowly gave place to the paler beams of the rising moon.

Over the camp settled the peace of the bush night, the eerie long shadows, and memories.
SWEET and DRY

With a Dash by Gibson.

Glad you arrived early old chap, you can give a hand at mixing the doings, nothing like having everything ready for the guests when they arrive.

Hmmmm, not bad, not bad at all, maybe a little on the dry side though, maybe a

dash of the old Cherry Brandy will help give it that 'certain something' that makes a good cocktail.

Smooth, pretty smooth at that. Could be a bit sweeter, or maybe even a little dryer, any way a thirsty man would be glad to taste it, still I guess a

dash or two of sweet and dry Vermouth won't do any harm in fact.

It's just about perfect, that's what it's just about on to make it more perfecter still! a splash on a dash a rum'n bran'y will fix it on.

Gibson
MEDICINE
ON THE MARCH

INHALATION of the drug, amyl nitrite, will stop hiccups. Dr. R. C. Nairn, a lieutenant surgeon in the British Navy, demonstrated the drug's effectiveness when standard methods failed to relieve hiccups in a stoker. In a desperate search for one remedy, Dr. Nairn examined his stock of medicines for an anti-spasmodic that had not been tried. He found amyl nitrite and gave it to his patient. It worked.

If you can't be taught to make your mouth water at the sight of a juicy beef-steak, there may be something wrong with your brain. This is the basis of a speedy examination that physicians can now use in searching for serious brain damage. Your mouth waters at the taste of a juicy beefsteak. That is known as an inborn reflex. But even young babies can learn to have the same mouth watering or start sucking movements at the sight of food. This acquired reflex is known as a conditioned reflex. The ability to form new conditioned reflexes depends on the action of the higher nervous centres and especially in mammals upon the cortex. The higher in the animal scale, the more does this ability to form conditioned reflexes depend upon the brain cortex. Inability to form new

reflexes points to serious damage to the brain cortex, perhaps a brain tumor which is interfering with the functions of the nerve centres. The doctors believe that by testing for reflexes they may be directed towards the injury.

Lethal doses of potassium cyanide, one of the deadliest poisons known, have been made harmless to the nervous system of animals—and by inference, man—by Soviet scientists. They neutralised the poison by administering simple anaesthesia to the animal subjects. The anaesthesia nullified the effects of powerful hormones, like insulin and thormin, and allowed the body to rid itself of the poison while the subjects were in a coma.

A pinch of bicarbonate of soda may some day be used to improve the performance of athletes and others engaged in tasks requiring physical exercise. It has been found that bicarbonate of soda can increase the rate of elimination of carbon dioxide from the body. Experimental work is still in the preliminary stage, and considerable research must be done before the correct amounts of bicarbonate of soda can be determined. Too much can make a person ill.
THE MAN WHO
Stole Food

When the doctor came to certify death he berated the hangman for a fool.

IN Naples, the year 1823, there was a man named Gino Gaspari who was hungry.

In time of hunger people are apt to be much worried by ethics. This was the way with Gino Gaspari. He stole food. He might have gone on stealing food for quite some time, if it had not been for that devil of a shopkeeper.

Snow lay deep on the streets of Naples. Gino was cold, hungry, desperate. In his hand was a shovel, his tool of trade. Not that he was employed by the city to clear the streets. The shovel made it look as though he had business to be on the street outside the shops.

The shops in those days were open-front stalls. This one was a bakery. The smell of good bread was chilled and preserved on the cold winter air. Gino stopped and inhaled the aroma. He adopted the attitude of a man about to shovel snow. His experienced eyes sized the shop, weighing the chances of slipping in and snatching a loaf of bread and then getting safely away with it.

At that moment the baker came out from back of the shop with a tray of freshly baked loaves.

"Much snow," the shopkeeper said.

"Too much," said Gino.

"Bad for business."

An idea came to Gino. "Not that I'm hungry right now," he said.

"But that bread smells so good it might be good to eat. What's it worth for me to clear the snow from in front of your shop first?"

"Nothing," the shopkeeper said.

Gino shrugged. "I was going to start here, anyway, because I like the smell. Just thought I might wangle a loaf from you, on the side."

He gave the shopkeeper a roguish smile. The man was not amused. He grunted and went back to the bakery. As soon as the door had closed, Gino ran into the shop and snatched two of the fresh loaves of bread. He sprang back to the sidewalk. The shopkeeper flung the door open and came after Gino.

"Steal from me," he shouted. "I'll show you what I do with thieves."

The man was big and Gino was little. The snow that was his aid in the theft now became his undoing. He swung it in his defence, and the blade crashed against the big man's temple. He fell groaning to the snow. And Gino turned and ran into the arms of two policemen.

The shopkeeper was dead.

Justice was swift and summary. The magistrates heard the evidence, and sentenced Gino Gaspari to be hung by the neck until he was good and dead. They gave Gino twelve hours to repent of his sins.

Gino disliked the hangman on sight. He was a vile type. While good men were forced to steal their food, carrión like this thrived. The hangman did not care for Gino, either.

It was one of the privileges of the hangman's job that he could have the clothes from the bodies of his victims. Naturally enough, he dreamed of hanging wealthy men. Instead, he got stuff like this.

Gino's clothes were enough to make any decent scarecrow shudder. They angered the hangman, which made him fidgety, which made him want to get the thing over and done with quickly, which may have had some bearing on what followed.

"Stand here," he told Gino.

He placed the noose around Gino's neck, took the right amount of slack, and knotted it around the gallows. He let the rope go. Gino came down like a bird until the slack had been taken up. Then the fall ended and, in theory, his neck was broken.

So Gino Gaspari was dead. The hangman unknotted the rope and let the body down. He took away the noose and folded the rope against the next time he would need it. He began to remove the rags from the body.

"Thin pickings," one of the prison attendants said.

The hangman grunted. "Thieves, bandits, all the poor people in the city come to me. Why is it I never get any of the rich ones? I'll tell you why. Because the judges are crooked. They won't send their friends to me, not they." The matter was plainly weighing on the hangman's mind.

"He looked a lot better in his rags," the attendant said. The two men lifted the body and carried it inside, where they laid it on a table. They began to arrange the grave-sheet around it, hiding the gaunt and almost fleshless bones.

The body was left on the table. In due course the prison doctor came around to pronounce it dead.

He packed his thumb against the eyelid the attendant had closed and weighted. The eye looked at him. It swam around in its socket. The doctor swiftly took his hand away and called for the attendants. Fascinated, he watched the dead roll on the table,
the eyes open, the throat swell with
the effort at speech.

The resurrected Gino Gaspari tried
to sit up. The attendants came run-
ing into the room. The doctor said,
"Free this thing. Let it get up and
speak. Then bring me that bloody
tool of a hangman."

The doctor was not without human
feelings. "Poor wretch," he said
"You will have to be hanged all over
again. They ought to hang the hang-
man with you."

The attendants came back with the
hangman. By this time Gino was
sitting up on the table, with a glass of
wine supplied by the doctor be-
side him, dressed loosely in his grave
clothes.

"Monster Infernal hanger," the
doctor said to the hangman. "See
what you've done to this unfortunate
man."

"He was dead," the hangman said
angrily.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?"

The hangman swore that this time
there would be no mistake.

They walked Gino out to the yard
again. The hangman unfolded the
rope. He put the noose around Gino's
neck.

"Wait a minute," Gino said. "I'm
not going to be hung like this. Give
me back my clothes."

"Not on your life. You won't need
them any more."

Gino appealed to the doctor, to the
attendants. It was his right, he said,
at least to be hung like a man, in a
man's garments. The idea pleased
the doctor. It would be a nuisance
to the hangman.

"We'll go back inside and discuss
this," the doctor said. "Out of the
snow."

Inside or outside, the hangman was
firm. He had hanged Gino once.
The clothes, such as they were, now
belonged to him.

"Give me back my clothes," Gino
said.

"Yes," said the doctor. "Give him
back his clothes."

"Then he puts them on, and I
hang him, and I take them off again," the
hangman argued reasonably.

"That would be stupid."

"Are you going to give me back
my clothes?" Gino asked him.

"No. Definitely, no."

"Very well," said Gino.

The doctor had used a knife to cut
the grave-clothes away from Gino's
body so that he could sit up. The
knife lay on the table. Gino detested
the hangman, and he had nothing to
lose.

Gino took up the knife in one
swift motion, and he jabbed the blade
into the hangman's chest. Before
they could stop him, he had with-
drawn the blade and thrust again.

The hangman sank to the floor.

The doctor and the attendants
sprang at Gino. They wrested the
knife from him. He did not struggle,
having no quarrel with them. He had
evened his score with the hangman,
and that satisfied him.

Gino Gaspari got his clothes back.
When they had found another man
to replace the dead hangman, Gino
Gaspari was again led out to the
yard and there, in his clothes, he
was hanged. This time there was no
mistake.

The record does not show whether
the substitute hangman took advan-
tage of his right to the dead man's
clothes. Chances are that he was
willing to forego this pleasure.
THE RISE AND FALL
of John Montague

A golfer who could beat champions wouldn't take up golf—for good reason.

Scratch your memory for a moment: remember the name John Montague, of the golfing Montagues? He's the fellow who, about ten years ago, made world Press headlines for a series of feats that earned him the reputation of being the most sensational golfer of all time.

Montague's habits, you may remember, were that great factory of mischief, Hollywood. He was an intimate, on and off the golf course, of Bing Crosby and half a dozen other film city luminaries, and because of his association with people whose success depended on some extent on the imagination of their Press agents, golfers outside California were inclined to discount stories of Montague's prowess.

He had defeated one of the State's best amateurs, using only a rake, a shovel, and a baseball bat; he had won a $250 bet by driving a ball three-quarters of a mile in five clouts; he had taken on and defeated some of America's best pros, he had played 30 successive rounds of 67 or under ... these were some of the stories that currently circulated about the golfing phenomenon.

If these stories were fact, asked cynics, why did not Montague enter into the rich professional tournaments, instead of making a living by taking out fresh bets? Why did he studiously avoid the publicity which, as a sporting freak, was his inevitable due? Why did he once grab a camera from a photographer, smash it, and hand the photographer £25 as damages?

This latter action supplied the reason for Montague's apparent modesty, for the photographer, a quick-thinking gentleman, quickly pocketed the plate and sent the result to a national magazine.

Soon after this event, the Governor of California received extradition papers from the New York police.

"This man," it was charged, "is believed to have held up a roadhouse near Jay, New York, on August 4, 1930, brutally slugging the aged proprietor and taking $800 dollars. Three of the bandits were caught during the chase when their car overturned. One was killed, and two were given gaol sentences."

"The fourth, allegedly Laverne Moore, escaped, and is believed to be John Montague."

The impact on Montague's Hollywood friends was terrific. Bing Crosby, for one, found the charge incredible, and said publicly that he had known Montague for five years, and had never known him to behave other than as a gentleman, and that Hollywood still accepted him as an upright man. Crosby was one of a number of film stars who offered to put up bail to any amount.

But Montague, in spite of all offers of aid, went to New York to face the charges. Evidence against him was heavy. In 1927, he had been convicted of petty larceny, and in the overturned car of the hold-up incident, had been found a photograph of Laverne Moore, a set of golf clubs, and press cuttings praising his ability as a baseball player of some merit.

Moore, it appeared, had been an outstanding athlete at school, and the authorities had long suspected that if he were to be caught, it would be because he had turned to professional sport for a living.

Released on $2,000 bail, he was told by the judge,

"We have a rather unique situation here. On one hand, we have a picture of a vicious crime. Then we have a picture of a reformed man who left town, turned over a new leaf, and built himself up morally till he became a respected member of society."

"You have been returned, not for the purpose of persecution, but in order that you may be prosecuted in a decent and humane manner for the crime you have been charged with."

To friends, now, Montague confided that he had begun his phenomenal golfing career in Florida, but published stories of his skill had forced him to leave there and work in the Navaho goldfields, where he had struck it rich. He turned up in Hollywood in 1932 and his golfing ability earned him the friendship of many notables.

His appearances, however, had been confined to the film city, and the outside world, still suspicious of the authenticity of his legendary feats, heard with some satisfaction that he would, while on hand, play a friendly golf match with Graustad Rice, Clarence Badington Kalland, and the famous professional golfer, Alex Morrison.

It was an occasion for which the cynics had been waiting. Now, for the first time, it would be possible...
to gauge Montague's skill as a golfer; the opportunity, too, to prove that the fabulous tales that had come out of Hollywood were as synthetic as the manufactured stories about film heroes and heroines.

Those who had defended Montague against the charges felt a good deal of pessimism. After all, they said, Montague was suffering a great mental stress, and under similar circumstances it was probable that the country's best-known golfers would crack up.

The match took place at the North Hampstead Country Club, New York City. To the gallery was attracted some of the city's most famous people—among them a few whose duty it might later be to escort Montague to the penitentiary.

How would Montague react to all this? He indicated his reaction at the first tee, when he sent his ball winging straight and true towards the pin 300 yards away. Thereafter, he never fell off the line, and finished the round with a truly remarkable 65, five strokes under par.

Montague had answered his critics and lived up to his reputation as a golfing freak. Here was a man who might easily supplant Bobby Jones as the greatest golfer who ever swung a club, who might even equal Jones' epic "grand slam" of 1930, in which the British Amateur, British Open, U.S. Amateur and U.S. Open had fallen to the master.

No one questioned his ability to perform the feat, but its accomplishment might be forestalled by two eventualities: first, it was known that Montague had made his living by betting on his aptitude for hitting a golf ball longer and straighter than other men, and he could conceivably be rated a professional; and, secondly, when these events were being fought out, he might be in gaol.

Montague's trial was eagerly awaited by sensation-loving Americans, and when the date came, the gallery was as jammed as it had been a few weeks before, in a vastly different place.

Five hours after the jury retired, it returned with the verdict:

"Not guilty."

Public sentiment was behind the verdict, and Montague returned to Hollywood as an idol whose feet had been wiped free of clay.

Now, he could enter in all the important tournaments to clinch his place as the greatest golfer in history. He was reputed to have been offered an exceptional film contract, and to have rejected it. But Montague played little golf, and, proving the fallibility of public esteem, found at last the anonymity he had always sought.

After two years, he came from obscurity to enter the National Open—and returned a first round score of 69, after which he retired from the field. Perhaps he preferred to remain in obscurity, and had taken advantage of the Open to ensure that he would; or maybe, he was suffering from a psychological disarrangement that prevented him from regaining his spectacular golfing greatness.

Golf records books do not include the name, John Montague. But to those who saw him at his best, among them Bing Crosby, Montague will probably be remembered as the man whom Fate robbed of sporting immortality. It is rarely given to any man to be unbelievably good—especially at golf.

"Er—let me have that back—there's a P.S."
C. MASON KERR

CHINESE PIRATES TODAY

Patent spies tick-tack the news that makes a ship easy prey of yellow Vikings.

THERE has been a resurgence of piracy on the China Coast. After a lull in spectacular sallies the pirates once again have attacked a steamer, this time the Dutchman Van Heutz.

As long as the China Coast has been known to white men it has had its pirates.

During the war the pirates moved out of their notorious Baia Bay, 50 miles east of Hong Kong. Now they have shifted back. While the bay and the surrounding territory form their hide-out, their field of reconnoissance is Hong Kong with its Victoria City nestling beneath the shadow of The Peak, its Victoria Harbour and Kowloon with its bigger docks below the blue and often mist enshrouded hills (the Nine Dragons).

Anywhere in these localities you may meet a pirate and never know.

The pirates move everywhere, always on the alert for a likely ship to plunder. They move into the city and send out their scouts. The shipping community cannot detect them among the hundreds of thousands in the city. They dress, talk and behave the same as their more honest and law-abiding compatriots. All the same they are scheming, plotting, waiting with celestial cunning for a weakness in the port’s anti-piracy measures.

They are patient. They may wait a year for a likely ship before they strike. When they do attack they adopt general tactics that rarely vary.

Usually a band of about 20 board the selected vessel as passengers. When well out at sea they draw revolvers and first hold up the bridge and capture the wireless room, to gain control of the ship quickly and stop radio messages calling for assistance. Once assured that no signals have gone out, they fan through the ship and set to work to plunder cargo and passengers.

The attack upon the 4500-ton Dutch steamer Van Heutz last year was by far the most daring since the end of the war. The Van Heutz had been carrying an armed guard of 12 Dutch soldiers on every voyage up the China Coast. In December it departed with the guards because the coast seemed quiet.

The pirate spies picked up the information.

On a Sunday afternoon, when the van Heutz was 80 miles east of Hong Kong, bound for Swatow, the pirates rose. There were 25 of them booked as average passengers. They had revolvers and sub-machine guns booked as cargo. The passengers woke from their mid-afternoon nap to discover that the pirates had control.

The officers found themselves looking down the business ends of revolvers. They were herded into two cabins, closely guarded. The crew of 100 were forced into their quarters.

The pirate chief and his leading henchmen went to the captain’s cabin, drank his liquor and smoked his own opium. While this party was in progress the pirates robbed passengers of valuables and smashed baggage. The 1600 Chinese passengers were plundered methodically.

At dawn the pirates sighted a passing junk and stopped it by firing a shot across its bow. It was ordered alongside the gangway. With revolvers dug into their ribs six Chinese who were wealthy enough to ransom were taken aboard the junk.

Pirates followed with valuables, including money and jewellery, crammed into buckets and basins. The booty was estimated to be worth $180,000 in Australian currency.

Some pirates remained on the Van Heutz after the junk departed. Captain Viele and Mr. Atia with six of their men were told to get into one of the lifeboats and row themselves ashore. The pirates lowered the ship’s motor boat, overtook the lifeboat, and having changed their minds about holding the ship’s people to ransom, instructed them to row back to their ship. Then they left.

The Van Heutz went on her way, the radio screaming the news to Hong Kong. When she arrived in the port the Hong Kong police were waiting for her, and they began a most difficult investigation.

No information came through to Hong Kong as to the identity of the pirates. There was, however, one clue. The only European passenger, Mr. G. Collins, who had spent some time in Singapore, recognized one of the Chinese attackers as a man he had seen there.

It is generally agreed that the gang comprised Bias Bay men.

In a few instances pirates have been foiled. One of the most notable victories was that of the British steamer Sunning, 2555 tons gross, a high mark of piratical ambition. In 1923, on her way from Hong Kong to Kiangmoon, she was attacked by pirates disguised as passengers.

Without warning they fired on and seriously wounded Captain McKechnie and his chief officer. One Sikh guard was wounded and the other...
two overpowered. Then the pirates boarded the ship and escaped.

A second attack was made on the Sunning in November, 1926, while she was bound from Amoy to Hongkong. The pirates shipped a particularly strong band and their plans reached a high pitch of efficiency. They dropped into their key positions like well-trained soldiers. They worked so well that they had a bloodless capture.

Success made them careless.

Six Europeans, most of them ship's officers, and a Russian woman, were locked in the chief officer's cabin for the night. The men found two revolvers and some ammunition in a drawer.

While they were planning to challenge the pirates Captain Pringle and Chief Officer Thomas Beatty were navigating the ship towards Bias Bay under threat of death. One of the leading marks on the course is Chilang Point. Beatty suddenly pointed into the darkness.

"There's Chilang Point!" he exclaimed.

"Here, have a look for yourself!" he said.

The pirate took the binoculars, lifted them to his eyes and his companion stood by him. While they were standing there Beatty felt around until his hand touched the deep-sea lead. With a hefty blow he killed one of them and the two overpowered the second.

They had two revolvers and 150 rounds of ammunition. A third Chinese climbed up the bridge ladder. He was shot at point blank range and killed. The sound of the shot raised the alarm. Time after time the Chinese rushed the bridge. Fire from the officers drove them back quickly.

The pirates set fire to the superstructure in the hope of securing the defenders. As soon as the pirates moved astern the men on the bridge were joined by the party from the cabin with their two weapons and ammunition. A handful of white men, lightly armed in choking smoke, were confronting 40 well armed and desperate Chinese.

Captain Pringle made his way forward and dropped a anchor. This brought the Sunning's bow around to the wind and drove the flames down upon the pirates crammed aft.

Defeated, the pirates lowered two of the lifeboats aft and as many as could scrambled into them and escaped. The burning superstructure attracted the attention of passing ships. The Sunning's radio brought the British sloop Bluebell at full speed. The fire was controlled. None of the pirates were captured and hanged in Hongkong.

Even as the war was ending, the pirates were active. One Chinese merchant proudly told officers of the British Pacific Fleet that stowed in and liberated Hongkong at the end of August, 1945, that he could supply the warships with some fresh vegetables. Using a motor boat, he guaranteed successfully to run the gauntlet of the pirates from Macao, along the coast, a couple of times a week.

Beyond doubt, while the hunt goes on for the Van Heutz pirates, they are still robbing junks—and back in Hongkong they have their scouts watching, scheming, waiting for a chance to repeat their assault. They will be patient; they find it profitable.
Of the many plans that have been used for building small homes, very few have been able to combine new features with practicability. It may be true that there is nothing new under the sun, but it still seems possible on occasion to combine old features and new forms into something that is refreshingly different.

Cavalcade's home designer has developed a new type of plan under the title of 'the Radius Sunshine House'. Two plans for this type of house constitute Cavalcade's Home of To-day No. 42.

The house faces into the sun, and is designed on a curve, which ensures that the maximum amount of sunshine is trapped as the sun follows its natural course.

The layout naturally calls for a modern type of treatment and the house looks best with a flat or low pitched roof and wide eaves. On the perspective sketch the eaves are discontinued around the living room, and a dramatic appearance is thus achieved.

Designed for a two-bedroom home, the Radius Sunshine plan can be extended to almost unlimited extent. It can be placed on
almost any position on the block of land, the compass points being the main factor in determining the siting. The first plan shows the entrance door opening from a small covered porch into a hall which leads to the bedrooms and the bathroom. In the second plan the entrance door leads directly into the living room, with a screen, composed of a low cabinet on which flowers could be placed, providing desired privacy.

Each bedroom is fitted up with a built-in wardrobe and dressing table, and there is ample linen storage. The bathroom is conveniently placed in relation to the bedrooms, is modern in its fittings, and has a separate shower recess. The kitchen is completely fitted up, the equipment including a modern washing machine. Service from the kitchen is direct to the dining portion of the living room.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house to best advantage is 66 ft. The building cost at the rate of £200 per square would be £2800.

SNUG, COSY AND WATERPROOF WITH "ABERDEEN" "CLIMATE CONTROL" BLINDS

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The colour magic of "Aberdeen" gives a warm glow that brightens up those dark corners. "Aberdeen" "Climate Control" Blinds are made from guaranteed fadeless, waterproof fabric, in a wide variety of coloured stripes to harmonise with your favourite decorative scheme.

Your nearest "Aberdeen" dealer will gladly assist you with your planning—will give you estimates and free advice on suitable designs and colour schemes. You will be eager to put your ideas to work, transforming your verandah into a likeable, livable room. Samples of "Aberdeen" exclusive designs gladly posted.

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MAKERS OF FINER BLINDS & CANVAS GOODS FOR OVER 53 YEARS
Cavalcade's Picture Story

Glamour GAMS

Legs aren't just something to walk on. That part of a girl between the feet and the hips has become a major item of civilization, the business of making legs beautiful and keeping them covered is a big-money industry, demands advertising. Advertising in turn demands beautiful legs, and men to photograph them. This model wishes the stockings she's going to pose in were hers for keeps.

Photographer Farkas is only interested in photographs of the lady's legs, never down this time. He doesn't care how bored she looks. Farkas rarely photographs a figure, even more rarely photographs a face. He has a reputation for making more and better leg pictures than any other photographer going. He is glamour into gams.
**THIS POSE** would be almost impossible without the supporting sling. If you doubt it, get your legs up there and try to "hold it." Farkas uses every possible device to get the correct shape of beautiful legs, says women who cross their knees distort a nicely-shaped leg.

**AGAIN,** artificial aids just outside the picture. Discomfort to the model would hinder the work—Farkas wants the weight off her legs so that he can get exactly the right line into this pose. All he actually wants to photograph is stocking-tops down, which seems a pity.
NOTHING BUT BLOOD rushes to the head of a glamour model. The lovely legs that will finally appear in the advertisement will be anonymous, bodiless, faceless. Nobody's ever going to know that the model stood on her head to get the picture right. Acrobats with infinite patience make the best models for this sort of thing.

ZOLTAN FARKAS, the leg specialist photographer, doesn't take just any old model, even if she's an acrobat. Most of us might be content with any of the legs in this picture. But Farkas is fussy and right now is deciding which of the three pairs will give him the best picture and same size stocking the best advertisement.
Repeat Performance

A tune
That wings on echo to the soul,
And June
With stormy nights and crisp cold days,
A man and girl with but a single goal,
A cozy den, and then,
The old, old ways
Of man and maid
(However said they be)
Repeat the ancient story of the world
"It's nice of you to visit me."
Says she.
Cautiously, inviting on a sofa curled
He moves to take her in his arms
She slips
Aside, and makes a little modest play
And smiles at his provoked alarums
With lips
That slyly urge him on to loving gay,
And then allows a fleeting kiss
"Please stay,
To tea—mother will be home soon," he hears her say
He stayed to tea
And did the things he should—
The things she meant him to. She made him say
"I will" in the right places. She was good
Too good for him
He met her every whim,
So she had all she asked, and sometimes more.
Nothing to long for flight! far, but a grim
Desire for life not to be quite a bore
Then in her cozy den
Again in June,
A tune
That wings on echo to the soul
Swarms from the radio (there was a moon
And night had made her eager for her goal
And she
Had happily prepared for him his tea,
And made him comfortable—bold to say,
"Do stay,
"I so enjoy the minutes with you." He
Relaxed himself. The old, old man-maid way
Was theirs to tread instead,
Upon the chair,
She primly sat, and with his hair made play,
And crooned her happiness that he was there
"A pity, too," she said, "that we can't stay
Alone—
In half an hour my husband's coming home."

MORRIS McLEOD
EMBITTERED DAN TELLS HER, "I'M AN EXHIBIT I'M THE BLIND PIANIST AROUND HERE IT'S A BRAILLE PIANO/DEEPLY TOUCHED, CATHY TRIES TO BE FRIENDLY LIGHT ME A TORCH, CHUM--"

CHICK FRIEND OF THE BLIND PIANIST, DAN, TELLS CATHY TO LEAVE THE MAN ALONE REALISING SHE IS LOSING OUT, CATHY LEAVES

CATHY'S GUARDIAN-AUNT WILLEY REALISES CATHY HAS SOMETHING ON HER MIND, AND, ALTHOUGH CATHY REFUSES TO TALK, AUNT WILLEY REALISES THE TRUTH, THAT THE GIRL IS IN LOVE SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO YOU--"

CHICK TRIES TO BREAK DOWN, DAN'S BITTERNESS ABOUT HIS BLINDNESS DESCRIBES CATHY "BLUE EYES AND RED NAILS--CHARACTER, TOO," HE SAYS YOU'RE BLIND BUT SCHUBERT'S DEAD!"

"NOT CREATION OF THE GIRL UPSETS DAN MORE THAN EVER HE COMPLAINS THAT BLINDNESS IS STOPPING HIS COMPOSING, BUT CHICK KNOWS THAT DAN JUST LACKS INCENTIVE"

CATHY FEELS SHE WANTS TO HELP THE BLIND PIANIST ~~~~~~~~

FATHER WANTED TO WRITE MUSIC, BUT ALL HE DID WAS MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS!

CATHIE, ACCOMPANIED BY THREE FRIENDS VISITS THE CHEZ MAMIE NIGHTCLUB "ISN'T IT CUTE?"ASKS CONNIE, BUT BRUNETTE CATHY ISN'T IMPRESSED----HERE I BEGIN TO LIVE!"

UNTIL SHE HEARS THE PIANIST AND DECIDES TO GO AND SPEAK TO HIM
CATHY, LEARNING THAT DAN AND CHICK HAVE GONE TO THE BEACH, GOES TOO. MEETS THEM THERE AND GIVES HER NAME AS MARY WILLEY.

MARY PRETENDS TO BE BLIND IN ORDER TO WIN DAN'S CONFIDENCE.

YOU MAY BE HOLDING OUT YOUR HAND BUT I CAN'T SEE IT.

PRETENDING SHE, TOO, IS BLIND AND MUSICAL, THE GIRL TRIES TO TALK ABOUT DAN'S MUSIC.

I'D LIKE TO HEAR YOU PLAY SOMETHING....

I DON'T PLAY ANYMORE!

MARY TELLS CHICK THAT SHE IS PRETENDING TO BE POOR AND BLIND AND MUSICAL, HOPING TO INSPIRE DAN TO CONTINUE WITH HIS MUSIC.

THE FIRST ROUND IN THE BATTLE FOR DAN'S REHABILITATION IS WON WHEN HE ACCEPTS AN INVITATION TO MARY'S POOR LODGING.

AS CHICK COMES BACK MARY MAKES A BID TO BREAK DAN'S CYNICISM.

I WISH YOU'D TEACH ME TO PLAY....

YOU MUST LIKE BEING AROUND BLIND PEOPLE. I DON'T!

"Dad uses Mobiloil, too"
VACUUM OIL COMPANY PTY LTD.
As they talk of what they remember seeing before they went blind, Dan explains that he cannot write music because he cannot see anything, cannot get ideas.

Mary plays piano while visiting Dan's flat and her ability interests him.

How long have you been blind? Since my childhood.

Getting a new idea from something Mary has said to him, Dan writes a piece of music. Chick is delighted that his blind friend is trying to compose again.

Hearing that Dan has tried to write music, Mary wants to help further.

Couldn't his sight possibly be restored?

Chick explains that an expensive operation might give Dan back his sight. They try to devise a means of paying for Dan, who wouldn't accept charity.

Mary decides, under her own name of Catherine Mallory, to use some of her wealth to offer a musical prize.
For long drinks
Gilbey's Gin and Dry Ginger Ale Lemonade
or any Mineral Water ice and slice of Lemon.

or short
WHITE LADY  Half Gilbey's Gin. Quarter Gilbey's
White Curacao. Quarter Lemon Juice
Shake well

GILBEY'S is the Gin
THE INTER-Fatty's NATIONAL FAVOURITE

TELLING DAN ABOUT THE COMPETITION, THEY TRY TO INDUCE HIM TO ENTER--HE REFUSES--

THAT NIGHT DAN DOESN'T GO TO BED. HE SITS AT HIS PIANO TRYING TO WRITE MORE MUSIC

DAN HITS THE IDEA TO GO AHEAD WITH HIS MUSIC, PLAYS IT OVER TO CHICK, WHO IS ENTHUSIASTIC
GET THIS?
YOU GOT IT!

THROUGH THE NIGHT THEY WORK, DAN COMPOSING THE MUSIC ON THE PIANO, CHICK WRITING IT DOWN FOR HIM!

DAN, WITH CHICK'S HELP COMPLETES HIS ENTRY FOR THE COMPETITION MARY EXCITEDLY LOOKS AT THE MANUSCRIPT--HE'S DONE IT!

WITH THE MANUSCRIPT COMPLETED, CHICK IS WORRIED IN CASE IT DOESN'T WIN--WHAT IF HE DOESN'T WIN?

HE WILL WIN--
EL DORADO IS NO FAKE!

You may think El Dorado is a myth, but this will prove you wrong!

In the sixteenth century, when adventurers from Western Europe were carrying chunks of their rulers out of the New World, much of their incentive was supplied by tales of El Dorado, a place of fabulous wealth.

Today, in the index of any good atlas, you can find several El Dorados in America. There's one in California (and it's not Hollywood!), Arkansas, Illinois, and Kansas. However, all these places are far removed, in space and character, from the El Dorado sought by so many Europeans.

As a matter of fact, El Dorado was first thought to be the king or prince of a South American tribe. He was believed to cover himself with gold dust at a religious festival, hence the name which is Spanish for "the gilded one." Later it was applied to a city called Mocoa or Omoa. No proof remains that this city ever existed — if we ignore the verbal testimony of a gentleman named Martinez, who claimed to have entered the city and to have been entertained by "El Dorado" himself.

Contemporary historians do not record whether Martinez's sense of direction was poor, or whether he was too mean to share his discovery with others, but he never again set foot in the fabulous city.

Despite Martinez's "discovery," the search went on, and it is still continued by some people. El Dorado has lost its original meaning, perhaps, and is now used generally to signify money for money means security, that happy state of mind we all desire.

For more people, however, know that the El Dorado of security is a well-oiled version of Lady Luck. It is ready at hand for every Australian who takes out a Life Assurance policy.

Life Assurance is a "double-barrelled" El Dorado, too. It ensures future security for every policy holder because his savings are invested in worthwhile securities such as public utilities and Government Loans, in municipal development, primary production, and secondary industry. All these owe their success, in some extent, to Australia's three million policy holders. And in addition by placing their money at the disposal of these important investments, Life Assurance helps to make the world a more pleasant place for everyone to live in today.
Book NOW for Pioneers DARWIN and Central Australian TOUR

Now is the time to plan your winter holiday with Pioneer to Darwin and the far North, through the vividly colourful heart of Central Australia. Tours depart regularly following the historic Overland Telegraph trail—heading north from the chill southern winter to the romance, warmth and mystery of the tropics. These tours are overland travel in its most luxurious form—and early booking is essential.

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TAKING A FERRY-RISE BY NIGHT, DAN ADMITS HIS LOVE FOR CATHY --

STANDING BACK STAGE DAN HEARS HIS PRIZE-WINNING MUSIC PLAYED HE REMEMBERS THE PART "BLIND" MARY PLAYED WHILE HE WAS WRITING IT --

REALISATION OF THE PART MARY HAS PLAYED IS BROKEN BY LOUD APPLAUSE AS THE CONCERTO FINISHES, BUT HE HAS RESOLVED TO GO BACK TO THE "BLIND" GIRL --

YOU MAY BE HOLDING OUT YOUR HAND BUT I CAN'T SEE IT...

CHICK TELLS CATHY THAT HE AND DAN ARE GOING BACK TO SAN FRANCISCO TO FIND THE BLIND GIRL. SHE IS OVERJOYED THAT DAN REALIZES HIS OBLIGATION TO HER.

CATHY FLIES BACK TO THE FLAT WHERE SHE LIVED AS "BLIND" MARY IS WAITING FOR DAN WHEN HE COMES.

FOR EVERY PART THAT MOVES YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL Motor and Tractor Oils and Specialty Lubricants.
How to be REGULAR
and build yourself UP!
Here's a natural
* LAXATIVE * HEALTH FOOD * BLOOD TONIC

Your health depends on what you eat — every day. To-day's soft, mushy over-cooked foods often lack the vital bulk your system needs for regular elimination. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies smooth-acting bulk which helps prepare internal wastes for easy, gentle and natural elimination ... no medicines needed.

Health Food
Made from the vital outer layers of wheat, Kellogg's All-Bran brings you more protective food elements than whole wheat itself! It is a natural source of Vitamins B; for the nerves, B2 for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones, Niacin for the skin and Iron for the blood. It not only relieves constipation, but builds you up day by day at the same time.

Delicious This Way
Kellogg's All-Bran has a tasty toasted, nutty flavour. You may prefer to eat it sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal or straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Ask for Kellogg's All-Bran to-day. Sold at all grocers.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN®

ROAD to JERICHO

There was a big break-out due. The Australian was held to hostage in the desert

CEDRIC MENTIPLAY

"But why on earth, man, must you go to Jericho? It's—it's not a place any more."
The colonel slapped his hands down on the table with a force that made the glasses dance.

Tony Rattray sighed and twirled his glass
"You forget, sir, that Australia is where I came from, Jerusalem is where I am, and Jericho is a matter of twenty-four miles, over the Mount"
of Olives. I’m about the last Aussie in the Middle East. I’ve finished my job with the disposals people, and I’ve wangled a bit of leave in Palestine to revisit some of the spots I knew in forty-one. Jericho is on my list.”

“You make it sound so damned easy.” The colonel was plainly tired of arguing, but made a last appeal to reason. “Now I ask you, my boy, to look about you. What do you see?”

Tony glanced around the room. The wide ornate lounge of the King David Hotel had become familiar to him during the past few days, but he had to admit that it had its unusual features.

Through the discreet gloom that veiled the southern wall he could make out the roughness of raw planking covering shattered windows. In one corner the plaster had scaled away. Naked brick showed uncompromisingly in the midst of a desert mural.

“The year is 1948,” explained the colonel carefully. “The damage you see in this room is the result of seisge. There are other rooms like this, scattered through this beleaguered country. All Palestine is an armed camp—and you want to go to Jericho! You know they caught young Moshe Hinomann red-handed after that train was blown up, and you know he’s been condemned to death. The Irgun Zevi Leumi and the Haganah have threatened that his execution will touch off a train of bloodshed throughout the Holy Land. It’s quiet now, all right—but it won’t be after the trapdoor falls at dawn tomorrow.”

Tony leaned forward. “All right, that means I go today. I can be back again tonight, and no harm done.”

The colonel closed his eyes and shrugged.

“So you’re going, eh?” Thought you would,”

“Glad you see it my way,” said Tony, jumping to his feet. “See you tonight.”

“Wait!” The colonel was regarding him with cold blue English eyes. “You will not go by taxi or bus, because there aren’t any—and you won’t go unarmed, because in that uniform and alone you’re an answer to a freeloader’s dream. My jeep is in the park outside. Here are the keys. There’s a Tommy-gun behind the driver’s seat.”

This conversation kept recurring to Tony as he piloted the lively little scout car through the Nablus gate and ran along outside the northern wall of Jerusalem towards Gethsemane.

Here and there he passed infantry sections of British troops moving with a measured lack of haste about their tasks. The sun twinkled reassuringly on their bayonets, and struck sparks from the fresh barbed-wire of the road-blocks they guarded.

Then the road grew white and empty before him—the road through the wilderness to the parched enigma of the Dead Sea lands. He cursed himself silently for a fool. What did it matter if he went back without seeing old Ali Hassan? The old rascal had probably forgotten him anyway.

Within a few minutes it was as if he were running alone among the mountains of the moon. His heart leapt with relief when he saw trench lines and gun pits cut cleanly into
How to shave

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S steel is the train traveller’s best friend. With iron it has made possible the evolution of rail transport to its present state of service and reliability.

The “puffing billy” of the early 1880’s contrasts greatly with the South Australian Railways’ latest locomotive as illustrated at left. It is capable of 70 miles per hour with a load of 500 tons.

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THE BROKEN HILL PROPRIETARY CO. LTD.
Iron and Steel Works, Newcastle, N.S.W.
“Good old Tommies,” murmured Tony, and let the battle go as weakness and reaction claimed him.

“You will come to the chief?”

Tony blinked. Battle-dress covered a multitude of nationalities, but this was Palestine, and the war three years over.

“I say, thanks a lot, Dig,” he replied. “But who are you? You’re not a Tommy. What’s your outfit?”

The dark eyes flashed, and the jaw-muscles twitched beneath the olive skin. “I belong to another army,” said the man.

“But—the battle-dress, and that job you just did?”

“You will come with us to our chief, Yacub. He will decide. There is a special reason.”

The three proceeded slowly down the hillside until they were joined by four others, all armed and equipped as British soldiers. An army Dodge eight hundredweight truck now stood beside the jeep, and the bridge had been repaired. The Bren gunner gestured him into the back seat of the jeep, which followed the truck at a fast clip down the road.

At length the vehicles swung off onto a side road, along which they travelled for perhaps five miles before easing themselves through screening bushes into the mouth of a small wadi.

In the shadow, a man sat stooped over a table. The Bren gunner snapped a British salute, stepped forward, and addressed the man in a language unintelligible to Tony. The man replied shortly, rose to his feet as if very weary, and came out blinking into the late afternoon sunshine.

“And so, my friend, you are to be our guest?”

Tony was conscious of a pair of great dark eyes peering at him from a face the colour of weather-beaten mahogany, yet still his impression was one of mildness, of infinite patience, almost of suffering.

“You guest? Seems I’m more like a captive.”

The old man shrugged. He led the way under the awning again, and Tony collapsed gratefully into a folding chair. The old man sat behind the table opposite him.

“And now, sir, are you mind telling me what this is all about?” demanded Tony.

The great eyes regarded him fixedly. “It is very simple, my friend. We needed a British soldier, preferably an officer and unhurt, so we had a trap. The Arabs you met were opportunists, as most Arabs are. Our men enjoyed their little skirmish, the Arabs are no more—and we have our British officer.”

“But—what is the point of that?”

“Pardon me, I should have introduced myself. My name is Yacub Heinemann.”

“Is it Heinemann?” Where had he heard that name before? He remembered. It was the name of the terrorist to be executed tomorrow morning.

The old man’s voice was bitter. “Moshe Heinemann—he is my son!”

Tony licked dry lips.

“But—I’m an Australian, here on leave. I’ve got no part in this. What can I do?”

“Nothing. When darkness falls a party will leave here for Jerusalem. They will bear proof to the British commander that you are our prisoner. If Moshe dies—you will not see another sunrise!”
How often do you drink liqueurs?

Do you regard liqueurs merely as an after dinner drink or are you one of the growing number of discriminating folk who seek Lochiel's aid in preparing satisfying "long" drinks of unusual flavour and undoubted merit. Here's a classic example!

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The ancient monks had a word for it—but not for the new, tall drink we've made of conventional Lochiel Abbeytine.

Three quarters fill shaker with arnished ice and add:
1 liqueur glass Abbeytine, 2 liqueur glasses White Curacao, 2 liqueur glasses Apricot Brandy, dash of Bitters, Juice 1 1/2 Lemons. Lengthen with Soda Water.

The voice was earnest. Tony gulped.

"Believe me, I am sorry," he said mildly. "I do not believe in terrorism. Moshe was impatient, and the British themselves had trained him too well in the arts of war—but he is my son."

That was the end of the interview. The night crawled by with agonising slowness. It was plain that the guards either knew no English or had been instructed to hold no conversation with him. His shoes were removed and his ankles were bound.

The numbness which had followed the first revelation now gave way to a frenzied desire to make a break for it. He gripped the side of the stretcher and threw his weight against his bonds, but even that slight movement brought a click of steel from the darkness outside. The lamp poised above his head revealed him all too plainly to the vigilant guards. Escape that way was hopeless.

A light further down the wadi caught his eye. A lamp was burning under the awning, and the stooped shadow of Yacub sprawled like a great black spider across the canvas.

The light with its brooding shadow had a hypnotic effect, for soon he fell into fitful slumber, in which Jews and Arabs floated before the sights of a Tommy-gun which persisted in jamming at the crucial moment.

He awoke at first light, to find Yacub bending over him.

"Well, any news yet?" Tony strove to conceal the tremor in his voice.

"Nothing yet." The old man was pale beneath his tan, and dark shadows were etched deeply beneath his eyes. "If the message has not reached your commander, or if he has decided..."
not to heed it, they will be making ready now. Moshe is a soldier—he won your Military Medal on the Suez when your cause was ours—he will conduct himself well."

Tony felt a great compassion for the old man. Somehow, he gained the impression that he was a member of a vast audience, watching a play in which he had no part.

"But why does all this have to be?" he asked. "Why do your people fight so hard for this lousy country? Look at it! Most of it wouldn’t carry a sheep to a hundred acres!"

Yacub shook himself out of his reverie to reply. "You are Australian, are you not? You fought for England when she needed you. Why? Your life is precious only to yourself and your people, and your country is on the other side of the world."

"Yes, but England’s our Old Country." Tony felt himself floundering. "It’s the Empire, and standing together, and——"

"But you would not live there?"

"No, can’t say I would. My home’s in Melbourne."

"My boy, we fight for Palestine because it is our country—the land of our people before they went out to wander the face of the earth. Now they are weary, and would return, so we must fight to make a place for them."

"Does that excuse your conduct in blowing up trains, wrecking buildings, killing the poor Tommies who are only trying to keep order?"

The old man frowned and threw up his hands. "I am against all that," he said. "It will bring us only hate and more hate."

"And my case? You will kill me in cold blood—in vengeance—for something that is not my doing?"

He watched the old man closely, but even so was not prepared for the change that took place. The worried, nervous civilian of a sudden became a keen-eyed fighting man, a fanatic even, with the glitter of resolve in his fine eyes.

"You shall die if they do not heed my message—but in vengeance. They must know they cannot ignore us! You—you are but a unit, a means to an end. There is no thought of vengeance. Please understand that."

Tony looked up at the tortured face. Well, that was a straight answer, anyway. It was up to the British Commander now, for it was plain that this man would show no mercy. And yet, even now the old fellow looked so sincere, so mild in his threadbare clothing.

"I understand. Wasn’t it somewhere round here that they used to pick out a nice fat goat, load it symbolically with all the sins of the tribe, and then heave it over a cliff? I hope that scapegoat was of an understanding nature."

The old man stalked away. Slowly the morning advanced. Another meal was prepared and eaten, and the guards were changed. Then suddenly the wadi was charged with tension. Two men in Arab dress appeared, and Yacub hobbled to meet them.

A long discussion ensued. The sweat broke out all over Tony’s body. It was over, one way or another. In a moment he would know.

Then Yacub was at his side, his lined face unsnivings, his eyes brooding and veiled. He shuffled as he walked, the weight of years and
living heavy upon him. For a long minute he gazed unseemly into Tony's face. His hand came into view, holding a long clasp-knife.

Tony gasped and winced uncontrollably. The old Jew stooped over him, moving so very slowly that it seemed as if the tension would never break. Then he found what he was seeking. With one sure stroke he severed the bonds about Tony's ankles.

"You may take your jeep and go now," he said tonelessly.

"What?" Tony sprang up. His numbed legs buckled beneath him and threw him back on the couch. Yacub still stood with the knife in his hand.

"You are free. Return to Jerusalem quickly. You need not fear the Irgun." The old man turned and shuffled away.

Tony, dazed at this sudden reprieve, looked at the old man, older now by ages, it seemed, as he willed in every line of his body. The spirit had gone out of him; he was a pathetic mortal shell, and Tony could not help feeling the pathos of it.

Tony rubbed the circulation back into his feet and started down the wadi.

He slipped into the jeep, started it up, and then was aware of a drab figure standing nearby. He cut the motor again and walked across to where Yacub looked grimly down the trail.

"Well, goodbye, sir," he said, holding out his hand. "I can't say I'm sorry to be going, but you people certainly kept your word. I—I'm glad they reprieved your son, and not just because in doing so they saved my own life."

The old man did not see the outstretched hand. His eyes were fixed on the rugged hills of Judea.

"Last night the party had trouble," he said. "A British picket caused delay. The message arrived in Jerusalem too late, for my son had already died. So, you see, you were not a hostage, after all."
Talking Points

- COVER GIRL: June Haver is something of an anachronism, to coin a phrase, a very fetching and decorative addition to 20th-Century-Fox's list of up-and-coming. Already well known for her work as well as her beauty, June might even be enough of a factor to sell the movie if she makes a hit. It's "Scud's Hoo, Scud's Hay," which might be Spanish, Eskimo, or Bobbysox, but will probably be easy to look at, seeing it's giving June her space.

- BETTER YET: Down our way, under a cloak of secrecy, there's something cooking. It has to do, strangely enough, with ramping up CAVALCADE to a higher pitch of entertainment. We can't help it if the mystery (meaning all of you), want more of this sort of thing, but we can help them get it. So watch for (a) extra pages (b) new features (c) more pictures (d) more colour pages (e) longer stories and articles (f) more pep than ever (g) no extra charge.

Watch! We don't bellyache this job; we just serve the facts. Our advertising is done by delighted readers, too.

- PRAISE: The praise for our new strip story of a forthcoming film is very gratifying. We forecast some months ago that this was going to be popular. Isn't it nice to be able to quote, "We told you so?" This time it certainly is nice. Of course, we knew all along we were doing the right thing—and who are we to object if we have to get an extra staff to handle the fan mail?

- NEW: Pleased to introduce three or four new names to this number of the smartest magazines in the bookstores. Ref. Hedy (page 8), Burles (16), Noonan (20), Young (28) and Hare (42) Which doesn't make three or four, but five. Good fellows, too. Local boys making good.

- EXPERIENCE: A different kind of experience is related by Beatrice Gran (page 3) when she describes how two kinds of soldiers come face to face, and what went on in a tropical pub where girls and fascists met on a common ground. Miss Granshaw writes, and with every person, that "this was one of the most fantastic experiences of my life, and strange as it may seem, every word of it is true just as I saw it."