ROYAL BABES were born in public

VANITY STRIKES TO KILL
### CONTENTS OCT., 1948

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The present Australian Tennis, Golf, and Bowls Champions used Dunlop Sporting Equipment in achieving their success.

ROYAL BABES WERE BORN IN PUBLIC

This month, Princess Elizabeth, heirress presumptive to the British throne, will bear a child who will be second in line to the Crown. Whether the Princess has her child at one of the Royal palaces in London, or at her country home at Windlesham Moor, the Secretary of State for Home Affairs will be present in the House during the birth.

This ancient custom goes back to early days in British history, when religious differences split history. This is how it all began:

One warm summer morning in June, 1688, the Queen of England, Mary of Modena, lay in labour in the great four-poster bed in the Royal Bedchamber at Whitehall, London. In those troubled days a royal birth was a public affair. London's aristocrats flocked to the palace to witness the birth. The ladies, allowed into the Royal Chamber, called out the most minute details of the Queen's ordeal to the gentleman who crowded the ante-chambers, and hindered the midwives who bustled in and out.

On this occasion the whole of England awaited the Royal birth because the country was divided into two camps, Protestant and Catholic. The Protestants were determined to get rid of Catholic James and bring Protestant William and Mary, of Holland, to rule England. They had already spread the rumour that Mary was not, in fact, pregnant, that the whole thing was a Royal
plot to ensure a Catholic heir to the throne.

Satirical caricatures published in Holland showed the Queen wearing a cushion strapped round her stomach to simulate pregnancy.

In a letter from the English Court, the Papal Nuncio told the Vatican that the Queen was "enjoying a prosperous pregnancy," despite the rumors from Holland that "Her Majesty's condition is a fiction and that she wears a cushion."

To dispel these suspicions, James II decreed that the child be born in London instead of at Windsor Castle.

As the courtiers milled in and out of the Queen's bedroom, "wounding her modesty with their gross remarks," a serving woman showed her way through the crowd and thrust a heavy copper warming-pan into the Queen's bed. Immediately the sharp-eyed Protestants saw a sign on which to hang a story that a male child had been smuggled into the bed in the warming-pan.

Soon all England heard the story that the heir to the Crown was a base-born child. The rumour gained strength when in Holland, William and Mary of Orange and their Court refused to attend the reception the British Ambassador gave to celebrate the birth, and William forbade his chaplain to say prayers for the Prince of Wales.

When the child was four months old, English Protestants petitioned William of Orange to take over the British throne, giving as their main reason that James' and Mary's heir was not in fact their own child.

James II then called an Extraordinary Council, which took evidence from 42 persons including the Queen Dowager and the Lord Chancellor, who swore on oath that they had seen the child's birth. From this time it became an English law that a Minister of the Crown must be present at the birth of a Royal child. But even this step did not entirely prevent malicious gossip.

In 1817, when George IV was on the throne, all kinds of ill-natured gossip surrounded the birth, in Hanover, of Frederick, Prince of Wales, to George's wife the Princess Electress.

The British Embassy in Hanover, in a despatch to England, wrote that most people at the Court thought the Queen's "bigness" was "rather the effect of distemper than that she was with child." He narrowly continues, however, "Her Highness was taken ill last Friday at dinner, and later I was sent word that the Princess was delivered of a son."

Now that the days of Court intrigues are gone and people are more civilized, Royal mothers have their children in private.

Queen Victoria was the last Royal mother to undergo the ordeal of labour in public, although, during her first confinement, a servant separated her bed from the Ministers of the Crown and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who were in the room.

The situation embarrassed them as much as it did the Queen. At each of her eight other confinements these official witnesses waited in an adjoining room.

Queen Victoria created another precedent when she had chloroform for the birth of Prince Leopold, the eighth of her nine children, in 1853.

Anaesthetics were then a new discovery, used only for the gravest operations. When women demanded that doctors anaesthetise them during childbirth, public opinion was up in arms.

The Church particularly opposed the idea, saying that it violated the Biblical precept, "Whosoever thou shalt bring forth children." Victoria put an end to this controversy when she had anaesthetics during Leopold's birth.

There is now a more forthright attitude about making a Royal pregnancy public knowledge than there was 22 years ago, when Elizabeth herself was born.

Her grandfather, George V, thought such announcements ridiculous. Nevertheless, the people of London took great interest in the then Duke of York and his Scottish bride and crowds gathered outside their London home at 17 Bruton Street on the day Elizabeth was born.

George V may have set this attitude from his mother, Queen Alexandra (then Princess of Wales), who did not cancel her public engagements before her birth.

On June 3, 1856, less than 12 hours before it, she attended a concert at the Albert Hall and returned to Marlborough House to receive the guests at one of the gay dinner parties for which she and her husband (later Edward VII) were famous.

But the last moment, the Prince of Wales received the guests alone.

The party did not break up until midnights. Next morning London read in the newspapers that the Princess had given birth to a son at 11 a.m.

The conservative "London Times" made a cautious comment on the Prince of Wales' behaviour. It said the event "though not actually unexpected was not preceded by any prolonged anxiety."

Thirty-one years later, when he was Edward VII, he hailed a Royal ball at Windsor to announce the birth of his grandson, Edward, now Duke of Windsor.

Guests cheered drank a toast to the young Prince and the ball went on. But times had changed so much that not even Queen Victoria was allowed to visit the new mother immediately.

In 1856, when the Duke and Duchess expected their third child, one thing worried the Duchess for calculations showed that the baby would probably be born on December 14, the anniversary of the death of their husband Prince Albert. Despite their hopes the date clashed and the baby who is our present King was born. Victoria decreed that he be called Albert as he was until he succeeded to the Throne when Edward abdicated in 1936.

Royal births have always been matters of extreme public interest. The birth of Princess Elizabeth's baby will be no exception.
JOSEPHINE BURNS

HE SEES WITH HIS HANDS

Blinded by a sniper's bullet, he "sees" the colour of cattle, runs his own stud farm

The showgrounds were massed with people. Flags fluttered from the buildings, a band was playing, and a section of the crowd was beginning to surge towards the judging ring.

The cattle were being led in. Short-horn bulls came first, snorting and pulling at the leading staffs. One of the judges stood at the entrance to the ring, and as each beast was brought up to him, he ran his hands carefully over it. Then he motioned the attendant to lead the bull on.

A show official stood close by, and as the judge finished with one of the bulls, he said to the man:

"I judged that black and white animal last year."

There was already another bull in front of him, and he put out his hands to examine it.

The official nudged the man standing next to him.

"Did you hear that?" he whispered.

"Hear what?"

"He said he judged that bull last year."

"Well, what of it?" the other man asked in surprise. "A bull with unusual markings like that wouldn't be hard to remember."

"It mightn't be for most people," the official said, "but that judge is blind."

It was true. James T. Scrymgeour, of Warwick, Queensland, one of the best-known breeders and judges of Poll Shorthorn cattle in Australia, lost his sight in the First World War.

It wasn't easy for a man who had staked everything he had on a blood-stock farm, to come home without his sight.

"Don't worry," his friends told him. "There must be some sort of work you can do."

I'm not worrying," Jim said. "I love my job. All I've got to find out is how to make double use of my hands."

Jim had a fiancée, but he came back prepared to give her her freedom. She refused to break the engagement, and they were married.

Mr and Mrs Scrymgeour went to England. The doctors had given Jim a little hope. Perhaps if he could see certain eye specialists in Hanks Street, something might be done. But two years of hospitals and treatments brought no cure.

Jim Scrymgeour then enrolled at St Dunstan's School for the Blind

His cheerful determination made him one of the school's best scholars.

Before they came home, the Scrymgeours spent eight months visiting famous studs in England and learning all they could about breeding horses and cattle. Mrs Scrymgeour acted as her husband's eyes.

In 1891, the Scrymgeours settled at "Netherby," in Warwick, Queensland. The "Netherby" stud was formed with six foundation matrons of pure Scotch Cuckshank blood. These and their descendants were the progeny of six imported heifers, three pure Dalhousie blood, and four stud bulls, brought from Scotland by Jim's father in 1914.

Jim had first to devise a means for finding his way about his property without having always to rely on someone's assistance. He had installed an ingenious arrangement, which he designed himself and actually helped to erect.

Overhead wires were taken from the house to the key points of the station, stables, cattle pens, and feed bins. A hollow metal cylinder was drawn across the wires by a length of rope, one end being attached to the cylinder and the other held by Jim as he made his way alone to whatever part of the station he wanted to go.

On his stock he hung tiny bells, each one varying in tone, so that he could identify the animals by the sound. The flapping of the bells told him also whether the stock was lying down, standing up or moving about.

Gradually Jim's fingers became so sensitive that he was able to "read" his stock through them. By moving his hands over them, he was able to describe them accurately, pointing out defects that were not always visible to the eye.

Jim Scrymgeour, with very little assistance, was working the "Netherby" stud. He bred horses, as well as cattle. He himself mixed the feed for the cattle, groomed the horses, and exhibited his stock in the Queensland shows.

At one of the shows, he stood talking to a man who had judged some of the cattle. Several bulls were being led past for a section with which the judge was not concerned. As one of the animals passed, Scrymgeour ran his hands over it.

"It would be a fine bull only for that faulty hock," he said to the judge.

The judge was surprised at the confidence with which the blind man handled the animal. He asked him for his comments on several bulls that followed. In every case Scrymgeour's judgement was faultless.

At the next show, Jim Scrymgeour was asked to be one of the official judges, and from then on he began to build up a reputation as one of the best cattle judges in Australia.

A patch of loose skin, a faulty hock, absence of crest or curl on the forehead, or legs that are too long do not escape Jim's sensitive fingers. After he has handled it, he is able to name within a few pounds, the weight of any bull.

Jim is also able to "feel" the colour of an animal.

At the Brisbane Show a few years ago, a friend of Jim's thought he would have a little joke with him
Jim had a keen sense of humour, and enjoyed a laugh. They were passing some cattle pens, and the friend said:

"Jim, what do you think of that red bull?"

Jim stopped and felt the bull carefully. He was silent a moment, then he grinned.

"You posh-darned liar," he said "It's black."

Jim Scrymgeour says he is able to distinguish the colour of an animal by the texture of the hair. It may be silky, soft or bushy. White is generally the softest, roan not quite as soft, and red is a good deal harsher.

The "Netherby" stock has been widely exhibited throughout Australia, and has won over one thousand blue ribbons and several hundred championships. One profile winner was a Shorthorn bull, Netherby Royal Challenge, which took seventy-five firsts, one second, one third, and fourteen championships.

Jim likes to lead his own stock into the ring. If it is strange ground he takes a guide.

When the Duke of Gloucester visited Queensland some years ago Jim led a special parade of champion stock on the Brisbane Exhibition Ground with his champion bull, Netherby Royal Challenge. Next in order to the parade and led by an attendant was Jim's champion Shorthorn cow Netherby Snow Queen.

Jim knew the ground well. As the parade approached the platform on which the Duke stood, he halted it and gave "Eyes Left." Then he swung his bull's head around and came to the salute.

As the parade moved on again, there was thunderous applause from thousands who watched.

Before finals were available in Sydney to transport stock from the wharf to the showgrounds, Jim led a string of bulls on many occasions from Darling Harbour to Moore Park without a pilot and with only an attendant who followed behind with other cattle, to shout directions.

The "Netherby" stud has been specializing in the breeding of Poll Shorthorns. Jim Scrymgeour believes there is a big future in Australia, as in the United States, for hornless cattle which travel better, with less injury than horned breeds.

Asked if he ever had any qualms leading a particularly fierce bull into the ring, Jim said, "No. But I believe in taking every precaution. A bad-tempered bull can do a lot of damage."

Jim said the fiercest bull he had seen did the round of the shows a few years ago. It was a magnificent animal but couldn't be trusted, and had knocked down several barriers and fences and had injured attendants.

Jim was judging at the Royal National Exhibition when the beast appeared in the grand parade. It was being led by a man named Jock whom Jim knew, and it seemed to be quite docile as it ambled around the ring. It won its class and also the championship.

Jim met Jock a few days later.

"Congratulations on leading the champion." Jim said. "But tell me, bow did you manage to keep him under control?"

Jock's eyes twinkled.

"Aye, Jim, I can keep that beast under control, all right. My prescription is two ounces of Laudanum injected into the bull before the parade, and while the drug is working I have four ounces of rum myself. Then I put the leading staff on the animal, and if they don't keep him too long on parade, he goes quietly to his stall. After that I have some more rum and hope the parade for next day is cancelled."

Jim Scrymgeour has developed a remarkable memory, with which he is able to associate the sensitive attuning of his ears to hold and identify sound vibrations.

He always speaks of the things he has "seen" and never refers to his blindness as a handicap. When he meets people for the first time, he is often able to sum them up in a matter of seconds.

Jim's sense of humour is ready to sparkle on the slightest provocation. He was telling a friend of a red flea that had made its appearance among the rabbits in Queensland. The flea had attacked the man, and the person asked what the flea was like. Jim answered:

"I don't know. I haven't met one, but when I do, I'll have more difficulty in getting a line on it than I would have in handling a Shorthorn steer."

Jim Scrymgeour leads a busy life. He is at present breeding blood horse tractors, Clydesdales, ponies, hacks and Arabs, Poll Shorthorn cattle, and prize poultry. He is an active member of the R.S.S.A.I.A., being for many years president of the Warwick sub-branch and vice-president of the Western District of Queensland. He is able to use a typewriter, and answers all his own correspondence.

Jim has never spoken about the events which took his sight from him on a battlefield back in 1915, but the story came back to Australia after him.

It was in the Jordan Valley as a Turkish attack was being launched against the Australian Light Horse lines. A man had fallen above the trenches and had to be brought to safety. Jim Scrymgeour volunteered to climb out and drag him to shelter.

As he was about to descend into the trench himself, he was caught by a Turkish sniper. There was a flash, and the world was blotched out. That was how Jim Scrymgeour, Australia's well-known cattle judge and breeder and a man of the greatest courage and determination, lost his sight.
Those days they thought you could battle it out waist deep in water!

BILL DELANEY

DEBUNKING

THE PRIDES OF THE FANCY

His name was John L. Sullivan, and they called him the Boston Strong Boy. Here was a man who, in his own analysis, was the original million-dollar rum hound, who made more money from fighting than any other man before him, and whose earnings from the profession have since been exceeded by only three men—Dempsey, Tunney and Louis.

The Boston Strong Boy, the last of the men who were called upon to fight fifty, sixty or seventy rounds.

How, the oldsters will ask you, would the modern boxer trained to perform for no longer than 45 minutes actual fighting time, react if he were compelled to remain in the ring for 75 rounds, as Sullivan did when he fought Jake Kilrain?

Seventy-five rounds, of which Sullivan won 45, most of them by knockout—and in between rounds he refused to sit down, saying “What’s the use? I only got to get right up again ain’t I?”

There indeed was a man—but consider this: the rounds averaged less than two minutes each, and the 27 rounds won by Kilrain were taken with wrestling throws, so that for the most part Sullivan received little facial or bodily injury.

For those were the days when rounds were fought for no predetermined period, ending when a man fell to a knee and hand or to both knees, continuing after a 30-second rest. If he was still suffering from the effects of a knockout punch he had merely to take a light lap and the round was again over. Thus a fighter could “stall” through a contest whose length seems to us to be phenomenal.

And although Sullivan took part in 45 bouts, only three of them lasted for longer than 10 rounds.

You will read of the “epic” battles between Jim Becher and Tom Cribb, one of which went to 41 rounds, yet, if you study the formula to which the contest was fought, you will find that most of the rounds lasted less than one minute, and that, in fact, the bout’s actual duration was 35 minutes, including intervals between rounds.

There was Cribb and the Negro Molyneaux, who fought out 34 rounds—in 53 minutes, and Bendigo and Count, who battled for 83 rounds. In Australia, almost 100 years ago, there was Kelly and Smith from the mist of whose battle there emerges no more fact than that they fought for over six hours, and with the exception of the last, all these bouts were of considerably less duration than a modern three-minute round but of similar roundage.

Of Sullivan’s fighting ability there can be no doubt, for, in spite of the fact that antiquity lends glamour to outstanding sportmen, he rose above his contemporaries like a Colossus, and his record indicates that in that or any other age, he would have been one of the truly greats of ringdom.

The second longest match of his career was that against the talkative and provocative Charlie Mitchell. It lasted 33 rounds, and because it was fought under prize ring rules which allowed only for conquest by knockout or the withdrawal of an opponent, it was officially termed a draw.

For three hours and 10 minutes, Sullivan chased the taunting Mitchell across the rain-soaked ring and back again. In the first round it took the great John L six minutes to catch up to his opponent, and when he connected the blow was light. Yet Mitchell fell. He fell another 38 times—a plan of defence that was prompted by Mitchell’s knowledge that the champion had refused to train lest Mitchell should consider himself worthy of that inconvenience, by the knowledge that the champion sooner or later would be troubled by the wine to which he was so greatly addicted, and by the big black eagers he smoked by the dozen every day.

And so Mitchell ran—ran for over three hours, and at the end of that time, the champion was still on his feet, while his opponent took advantage of every opportunity to fall to the ground. When they called the bout a draw, both were glassy-eyed and exhausted, although John L had not received a worthwhile punch.

Over three hours of chasing and fighting, and a dozen years of hard living behind him, who could doubt the amazing strength of John the Great? Yes, oldster, we must admit that John L Sullivan had at least the stamina of a well-trained modern fighter.

Many years later—45 to be exact—another man named Dempsey was to lose his world’s heavyweight title to a man who had had the value of running away. Dempsey’s downfall, however, was not due to poor lugging to the fact that physically, he was an old man. When Tunney, glassy-eyed and apparently beaten down after that historic long count, he did exactly what Mitchell had done so many years before. In modern phraseology, he “got on his bicycle”; and Dempsey chased him—until at last he found that the younger man’s feet could travel faster backwards than his own could.

The Dempsey-Tunney fight lasted a mere 16 rounds—but who will say that in that comparatively brief time, both men suffered less from punches than their old-time counterparts who faced each other for three hours; for Dempsey, unlike Sullivan, was...
BURT LANCASTER says "Golden Lizzie—That's my personal nickname for Elizabeth Scott. Not that I have ever called her that to her face, I call her Liz. As most people do. Her eyes and her yellow hair and her husky voice and that chassé might fool you into thinking she is just another doll. She's not. She has sturdiness and sound economy like those original small Fords that were known as Lizzies.

But the outstanding thing about Liz, I think, is the fact that she's an original, not a carbon copy. I looked up "individuality" in Webster's. He puts it this way: "The quality which distinguishes one person from another, separate or distinct existence, oneness.

"Liz has it."

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

punched heavily and often—and he wasn't able to take a 33-second rest simply by falling to the ground. The fight, in fact, was 10 rounds of concentrated effort.

Go back to the giants of the past, such as Cribb and Malignac, notice how ponderous they were on their feet. They had to be, for there was a good likelihood of being taken by a hip throw, and they were consequently unable to pose themselves for a scientifically directed and executed blow. But make no mistake, Sullivan must have been a tremendous puncher, as was testified by the man from whom he took the world's championship, Ryan, who said:

"When Sullivan stuck me, I thought a telegraph pole had been shoved against me sideways."

Yet was he a heavier puncher than Dempsey? It is unlikely, at least, that he was a quicker thrower of lethal blows for it has been scientifically proven that the later champion's fist travelled at the rate of two miles a minute.

Among the men who have come down in ring history as 'men men' was Tom Cribb. Cribb, it is said, won his bouts by the simple technique of letting his opponent "break his hands on his nob"—that is, he would present his head for punishment until his opponent's knuckles were broken. Then he would finish off his helpless victim with a punch or two thrown from his heels.

Cribb was, then, truly an iron man—but that doesn't mean that he was able to present himself for a contest at the loss of a hat into the ring. In fact, throughout his career, Cribb fought a mere 13 bouts. Compare this with the performance of Joe Louis, who has participated in 61 contests of which 25 were in defence of his crown. Remember, too, that in order to come up in first-class condition for each fight—the first Walcott bout excluded—Louis spared his way through perhaps 100 training rounds it took as much as that to ensure that he would stay the distance. On the other hand, training in the days of Cribb, and Sullivan too, was a casual business.

It is safe to assume, therefore, that a 15-round match fought at high speed throughout, would find the Fords of the Fancy short of condition.

But back to the oldster, think he

s, of the conditions under which the Fancy fought. Neither rain, cold, heat or practically anything else short of magisterial intervention could prevent them from carrying the battle through to the bitter end.

In the year in which Eyer, the first champion of America, whipped Yankee Sullivan, another historic match took place between an Australian heavyweight named Hudson and Patsy Neil. The ring was pitched near the water's edge on a Staten Island beach. And when the men had been making it for 30 minutes, the tide rose so that they were fighting up to their ankles in water.

Finally, the water rose wastefully, and Hudson demanded that the ring be shifted to higher ground. Neil refused the request, and claimed the match. The referee agreed with Neil, and added this rider to his decision:

"Sure Neil won Hudson lost when he wouldn't toe the scratch. Why should the likes of him be afraid of getting wet?"

No one will argue that the conditions on that day were bad. But they were had too, during the match between Archie Moore and Jimmy Bivins last year when in an open-air arena at Baltimore, the sun was so fierce that at the end of the 15-round bout, Moore was crowned winner and fell flat on his face from sheer exhaustion, and Moore, remember was a boxer—so Australians know—who never undertook a fight unless he was in top condition.

So there it is. Cribb would have beaten Sullivan. Sullivan would have beaten Jack Johnson. Johnson would have beaten Dempsey. Dempsey would have beaten Louis... That has been the eternal cry since the earliest days of boxing as we knew it, and the same old group of dead clothes will go on until boxing dies. For the mirror of the years can throw back a distorted picture.
It took the U.S. Government quite a while to decide whether it wanted to pay the cost of his trip home merely to have him stand trial for passport infirmities. Meanwhile Dogface began to look around.

In the cell next to his own was a well-spoken, bespectacled bloke who kept his nails very clean and always dressed for dinner. He told the fascinated Dogface that he was a member of the British aristocracy doing time for fiddling his noble aunt's diamond tiara. When urged, he described the crime in great detail. The mobster spent six months in that ancient prison, and meanwhile, as at Dannemora, he learned a great deal from his fellow prisoners.

Uncle Sam's final decision was that Dogface was not worth prosecuting, but the British inhumanly ejected him from their tight little island, and eight months from the day he left Dogface was back in Detroit.

But Detroit didn't recognize him.

With the adaptiveness of a six-year-old, he had soaked up all the culture that the imprisoned English nobleman had missed. He had the mechanical manners, the speaking voice and the conversational know-how of Mayfair society.

A newspaper society page, heralding a debutante's ball, called the turn as a come-out present, the account ran, the debutante will receive a 200,000 dollar emerald and ruby bracelet, a family heirloom. Dogface Dolson locked his lips, bought a book on etiquette and began rehearsing in minute detail the correct way to crash a come-out party.

It was the smartest jewel robbery of the decade. No one suspected Dogface's true calling, for he didn't make a single social error. Perfectly dressed, in white tie and tails, he gained an unquestioned entrance to the swanky party. With half a hundred others, he moved slowly down the shuffle, receiving line. Lingeringly—too limplyingly—he pressed his host's slim, white hand. Then he walked straight across the ballroom and out the garden door with the fabulous jeweled bracelet in his pocket.

Back in his own hotel room, he was more delighted with his slick performance than he was with the glittering quarter-million dollar lump of stones he had garnered.

"I was really born to this sort of thing," he mused happily. He was glad, now, that he hadn't changed his name. After all, his family went "way back into the early, proudest days of American history. Hadn't his great, great, great grandfather come over in 1750? What if he had come over in the ship's bag with a ball and chain on his leg—the Dolsons were still one of America's first families, and he should be able to cut a neat swath in society on the strength of it.

His musings were interrupted sharply by a hammering on the door. He was astonished to hear the once-familiar summons. "Open up! It's the law!"

"I can't have made a mistake," he thought. "I can't! I know I didn't!"

But the brass-buttoned men in the doorway removed him of his emerald bracelet and offered him one of steel.

He was curious enough to ask, "What did I do wrong?"

"You didn't do nothin' wrong," the detective from headquarters answered. "You was a one hundred per cent perfect gentleman. You was too perfect, in fact. You even remembered to leave your calling card!"

Under Dogface's horrified nose, the detective waved the thin, white postcard the would-be gentleman had so carefully preserved and not one hour ago in the butler's silver silver. Inexpensive, rough engraving, it read "Mr. Horace Herman Dolson." Dogface remembered that the name was less artistically printed, was mellowing in last year's police blotter.
Passing Sentences

Burlesque Show Where attendance falls off if nothing else does

If we had used the advice we have given away, we should need none from others

An optimist is a man who gets tired by a non but enjoys the scenery

Hollywood Marriage Good way to spend a week-end

It is commendable to face life with your chin up, but don’t forget to duck

Sign on an automobile JUST MARRIED, Shotgun for sale

A genius is one who can make anything but a living

Someone said marriage is a lottery, but there is a high proportion of blanks

Sign under an old bayonet on display in a store “Rust in Peace”

Woman The weeper sex

A wrinkle is something that if a prune hasn’t got it’s a plum

A pessimist is a person who builds dungeons in the air

Women’s styles may change, but their designs remain the same

Nurse A panhandler

Many a man believes in heredity until his son acts like a chump

Roadside sign near a restaurant “O.K., So Go Hungry!”

Diplomacy is the art of cutting the other fellow’s throat without using a knife

Dumpers don’t scare me, says sparkling Joan Fulton, Universal Player.
Three horse-drawn carriages ping-ponged to a standstill. Five men sighted on the border of lonely Lachlan Swamp.

At 4.30 in the afternoon para-keets chittered and swamp birds called apprehensively as the men walked towards a cleared space. Nothing would alter their purpose. Young Dobie knew the meaning of the grim look on Mr. Donaldson’s face.

Mr. Dobie—a "second"—spoke a last word to his principal, and received his final instructions.

Dobie caught the signal from the other "second", Lieut. Burrowes of the 40th, who was acting for Major Mitchell. He walked with Mr. Donaldson to the centre of the clearing.

The duelists removed their coats and hats and chose their pistols. Thirty yards apart they turned and fired at each other.

The first shot cracked. It disturbed the birds, and the whirr of their wings blanketed the sound of the second shot.

Major Mitchell took careful aim the third time. His shot went through Mr. Donaldson’s hat, grazing his scalp. He himself just escaped death from his adversary’s pistol, the bullet narrowly missing his neck.

Before the smoke of the last discharge had cleared, the seconds stopped the duel. A few moments later the party left the ground, with honours satisfied, but the traditional handshake after such affairs was not exchanged.

Sir Charles August Fitzroy, then Governor, considered the case as it was at his bureau early the following Monday.

It was September 29, 1851. Even so recently the Governor had on his hands the problem of his Surveyor-General, Mitchell, and a member of Parliament, Donaldson, duelling in the Lachlan Swamp.

The dispute started when young Donaldson made a fiery speech at the hustings during an election campaign for the Cumberland seat Mitchell’s department, he said, cost the public £46,000.

Mitchell answered through the Sydney Morning Herald. He said that the department cost only £19,000, but Donaldson made it appear that, though this was the cost, Mitchell had billed the Colony for £46,000.

The Governor remembered the gossip the day after the Herald letter. He realised the value of Major Mitchell’s services to the Colony over 23 years of wonderful exploring trips, his ability as Surveyor-General. He also appreciated the brilliance of young Stuart Donaldson, just elected to the legislature.

He decided he would not prosecute either of them for illegal duelling. A wise decision Mitchell continued his admirable work, and was knighted. Young Donaldson was knighted too, and became first Premier of NSW five years after the duel that took place in the Lachlan Swamp—now known as Centennial Park and the site, 59 years later, of the proclamation of the Commonwealth.
The urge to be fascinating has sent man as well as women to the grave

NAN MUSGROVE

Vanity

The young woman winced as she removed a hair from the pitch black mole on her cheek. Three times she jerked at the mole. The three hairs she removed were three nails in her coffin. For her action began the mysterious process that causes cancer.

Six weeks later, in the cancer ward of one of Australia's biggest public hospitals, specialists estimated her remaining life span at eight weeks.

Seven weeks later, shortly after her twenty-fifth birthday, she died. Vanity had claimed another victim.

Two weeks before she removed the hairs from the mole her family doctor told her it should not be tampered with, and suggested that it be surgically removed.

She refused to have the operation because inevitably it would leave a scar.

Each year hundreds of foolish men and women do irreparable damage to their health, their appearance and their pocketbook by tampering with their vanity in which, in many cases, strikes back fatally.

Women are the easiest victims. One of their greatest bugbears is facial hairs, whether they grow from moles or not.

Pain and temporary discomfort are the only price paid for the removal of ordinary facial hairs by skilled electrolysis but death from cancer can result if the hairs that grow from or close to a mole are removed by electrolysis.

Women and men too invite cancer in their attempt to attain the even suntan their vanity demands. Skin doesn't like being burned, and hundreds of people find this out in doctor's rooms when they contract skin cancers.

Critical illnesses are caused when young girls with tender skins unused to strong sun decide to be beach bums and lie happily about the beach all day.

Rapidly they become seriously ill, blister in huge areas and swell in the face and ankles. As the blisters burst, a toxic condition supervenes, and a grave illness follows which sometimes causes death.

One girl, after ten weeks in hospital as a result of such an illness, is severely scarred on the shoulders and cheeks. She is finished with vanity.

Male vanity is mostly concerned with keeping a youthful, vigorous figure. And men have died for it.

The removal of fat by surgery is, fortunately, unknown in Australia, but it has been practised with fatal results in America.

Vanity stood by to watch Hollywood fat man Howard Hamburger die on the operating table as he took this drastic step towards thinness.

Howard had fallen in love with tall, brunette Dillie Nelson, a 21-years-old Hollywood writer and reviewer. Their wedding was planned, but Howard could not face the trip down the aisle with a bride whose lovely figure made his obesity so noticeable.

Predicted by his vanity, he died on the operating table while a surgeon was striving excess fat from his abdomen like rubber from a whale.

Dieting, too, has its quota of deaths among people who suddenly decide to change a bulge to a hollow. Outstanding example of this was film actor Laird Cregar, who couldn't stand the thought of "fat man" roles and dieted himself into his grave at 28 years of age.

But it is among the female of the species that vanity is King when it comes to unwanted curves. They'll diet themselves into whatever shape fashion dictates, regardless of the risk of tuberculosis, anaemia or chronic dyspepsia.

For dieting causes all these things, especially among women. Statistics show that tuberculosis has its highest incidence among young women between 20 and 30 years of age, and doctors repeatedly trace back its origin to dieting and the search for the curves that they think would make them desirable.

Vanity's greatest triumph has come from curves. For the hundreds of women who have tried to diet their bulges into submission, there are millions who cheerfully suffer untold discomfort that has often lead to permanent deformity, by zipping lashing or tying their unwanted roundness into corsets.

Right now women are whittling at their waists with constricting corsets and "waist nippers" in an attempt to achieve the tiny waist, the swelling bosom and curving hip that fashion's "New Look" demands.

The gruelling experience of their forebears couldn't matter less to them for vanity is a drug. They laugh self-servingly when the tortured and corset illnesses of the 1870's are recounted.

In these days sylphs did the same things with their waists and suffered "green anaemia" caused by corsets pressing their ribs on to the liver.

"Miss 1948 will be as turgid and tumescent a sylph as the ladies of the last century if they continue in their search for the New Look," said a Melbourne doctor.

He points out that constriction of the lungs and liver is the cause of this and not twitching sensuality.

But the ladies can't be warned with words and theories and America has done one step further in an attempt to show them what they're doing to themselves.
They're putting monkeys into corsets Dr A C Ivy, vice-president of the University of Illinois, is making the experiment and 40 female apes will soon have the New Look foisted on them.

He believes women may be squeezing themselves to death trying to conform to the New Look and doesn't want to continue the experiments on the four young women who undertook the tests.

He thinks the public would rather have his findings, and probably even if they are of the greatest import, they'll be disregarded.

At the turn of the century not even laws could stop the ladies deforming their shape. They took delightfully to a new corset that was a wicked harness that forced their bodies into an "S" shape. Women wore brassieres that made muscles and contours and later poured the shapely into plastic surgeons' pockets. When the operation, they'd get their breasts lifted back to the tip-filled feminine line that came in in the thirties.

They did other things too that deform them in the cause of vanity. They prop along the city streets in tight, stilt-heel shoes that throw their spines out of alignment, strain their pelvis, upset their nervous systems and puts lines on their faces that all the facial and cosmetics cannot erase.

Cosmetics, these days, have risen to the ranks of highly scientific products that are always harmless and often beneficial to complexions, but only 20 years ago, complexion aids were generally used privately and were often compounded from simples that brought death in their trains.

One favourite was a paste of arsenic spread thickly on the face as an overnight bleach. The ladies loved it; they spread it on and went to bed. In the sleep they ate it, snuffed it up their noses, got it in broken skin and pimplies. They died like flies, but their skins were white.

Not fair but with an inevitable deformity and painful illness rate is the trick still practised in America by quacks of restoring youthful facial contours with wax injections.

Men as well as women have tried this to their sorrow. It seemed good to them, temporarily, sunken cheeks fill out and wrinkles disappear.

Within weeks, however, the wax shrivels with the normal nutrition of the skin, causing ulcers and the beaming of a disease called "Paraffinoma." This is characterized by deformities far more hideous than any of the ravages of advancing years.

And this is where the males come in and come in in a big way. Vanity wants pettishly for them till they approach their fifties knowing well that it's them as many of them turn their thoughts towards the company of winsome blondes and brunettes that they fall into the trap so cunningly set.

For the male who plays fights harder than the female against the onslaught of age. His over-exactions often cause disaster in the form of heightened blood pressure, cardiac failure and paralyzing strokes.

And so it goes. Year in and out, Vanity claims victims in death, deformity and illness among men and women who forget that it strikes to kill.
DEATH STALKED THE TIMBERLAND

Whole towns and families were wiped out in a holocaust of flame

It was Bloody Sunday—14th February, 1926—and the Gates of Fire held high revery in their own particular paradise, the mountain timberland of Victoria, centring around Noojee, Warburton, Powelltown and the Dandenongs. This is the nursery of tall timber, tough, fearless hushmen, and women and children indoors to hardship and baptised with flame. The day was dark with billowing smoke clouds shot with orange-mouthed furnaces, and its night brilliant with a thousand torches of destruction.

The bush caught at Grant's mill on Big Pat's Creek, out from Warburton. Tom Donald saw the fire take hold. He was the engine-driver on the mill, and he could fight as only the timber men of the hills can and must fight for their lives. But this was no mere bush fire, it was a frontal, demented fury of flame that no man's hand could stay.

Casting aside his useless beater, Tom dashed for his hut. What was the hut, his stacks of furniture, compared to life—his life, his wife's, and those of his three boys aged respectively, eight, six and four years? To hell with the hut! To hell with home!

"We can't save the house," he yelled, as he reached the door. "We'll try to get to the old mill, we'll be safe there!"

The old mill had been burnt out earlier. It was a stark, blackened desolation with nothing left but some in a desert of forest fuel, it spelled Life—if they could reach it.

With his wife carrying the youngest boy and Donald, the second, and with the eldest scurrying beside them, the family ran. Miraculously, they reached the track unscathed, but the fire cut them off and Tom headed down a narrow path towards the old mill, only to find the fire depositing and encircling and the family trapped in by a ring of burning fury.

In a last despairing effort, Tom smothered the child in his breast as best he could and, trying to shield his wife, took the first onslaught on his own back. When he reeled and fell, his wife collapsed over him with the baby clutched in her arms. The eldest son staggered a few steps before he, too, dropped in his tracks.

Here, when the holocaust had passed, the searchers found them—a whole family wiped out in a few short seconds, and later found Tom Donald's house intact, unscathed, unblackened even.

Nor were the five Donalds the only to the God of Fire on this tragic day.

At Worley's mill, near Gilderoy, a few miles distant, fourteen men, women and children abandoned the mill and their homes to the onrushing flames and began a desperate race for life towards the doubtful safety of the township itself.

In the dense smoke two men lost contact with the main bunch as a wall of flame leaped at them. In a frenzy of despair they plunged headlong through the fire and, burned, blistered and half-blind, staggered round until they fell into the creek. They reached Gilderoy, and then Melbourne Hospital the next day, but not before the bodies of the other twelve had been found, huddled together in common death.

Meanwhile, at Neehan, on the Gippsland side of the timber belt, Peter Olsen, his wife and three children were staging a fight with their home: their worldly goods, and their very lives, the stakes.

Benten back to the door, Peter screamed the retreat, and the family dashed towards water, and life, with the fire in pursuit. When they were but a few yards from sanctuary, snakes of flame caught them, leaping their legs their arms their necks, in scorching coils. And there the Olsens died, except one son who somehow managed to crawl to the creek.

The full tally of death by burning on this fateful Sunday was thirty-one persons, men, women and children. All these on one day—the most tragic loss of life from this cause in the history of the Australian bush, for this was the most fierce and devastating bushfire even to ravage the Victorian timberlands.

When the shroud of smoke lifted, Men, licking their wounds, took some consolation from the gleam of death in the stories of epic bravery, fortitude and nureculous escape which that day also witnessed.

On the Tuesday after the fire, Mr and Mrs G. Vennell walked into Powelltown, the man carrying his two-months-old daughter. After a desperate effort to save their house, they had dashed to the water-race but the heat had crumbled the bank and the life-saving liquid had flowed away.

To save the child from burns, the mother plastered its body with mud from the bottom of the race, and the family sheltered behind a huge boulder, holding a sheet of iron over them for protection until it became too hot to hold. Sparks and burning twigs then forced them from their shelter, but the worst of the fire had passed, and their man danger on the track to the township had been from falling trees.

In addition to the toll on human life was the trail of desolation and misery left in the wake of the flames.

At Erica, four mills, twenty houses, timber stacks, and miles of tramways were destroyed and 120 persons rendered homeless and destitute. Here alone, without forest destruction, £30,000 of damage was done.

A factory, the school, and five houses were burned at Britannia Creek. The Goodwood mill, stacks and sidings, and Saxton's mill were
A MAN just back from America says that if he was re-incarnated he would choose to be a New York dog and live in luxury for the rest of his life. To add to the comfort of New York poodles Horwitz Tellich just released "Leash" which according to their advertisement is an exclusive cologne for good house dogs. "Leash" advertising blurb claims that it is deodorising, has a clean woody scent and is as refreshing as a run under the sprinkler. Then why waste it on dogs?

lost at Gilderoy, as well as four miles in the Nayook-Labertouche State Forest, but the greatest destruction of residences and business premises occurred at Noojee, in the heart of the timber country.

Here the fire swept in from the west, where forty men, striving to hold it, were forced back as another fire from Loch Valley, to the north-west, hurled itself on the little township.

Noojee was doomed. That was the last word received on that day; it came as a telephoned appeal to Warragul asking for a relief train to be rushed through to take out the women and children. The train staff cut red tape and started, but they could not get through, for the fire had burned bridges on the track.

No move was heard of Noojee until five o'clock the next morning, when Leo Curnum staged a daring and hazardous dash through five miles of burning bush and eventually reached Neerim and brought back a doctor and provisions.

Nearby Fumina fared no better, for there only three houses remained after the fire had passed. In that one night of terror, Noojee was virtually burned off the map, but it grew again—these places always do.

The damage to sawmills and plant alone in this timber area was estimated at £350,000, and £500,000 was considered necessary for the immediate relief of the homeless and workless hundreds who had lost their all in the blaze.

The tragedy provoked the generous instincts of the general public. The Melbourne "Argus" opened a relief fund on 17 February, and on that day over £11,000 was subscribed. This and other funds were later incorporated in the Lord Mayor of Melbourne's Fund, which, by the end of the month had over £110,000 in hand.

Yet the relief given from this source, and from Government funds was not always wisely conserved. In 1930, every house except three in Fumina had been built out of relief money but scrub and bracken fern were growing around the doors of several places in the district. On one property the scrub and bracken were growing up through coils of rusting fencing wire, "relief" wire which had never been touched since it had been dumped off a wagon nearly five years before.

This is one of the tragedies of the hill lands. Its people will not learn even from bitter and tragic experience, or perhaps it is that they are so inured to fire and its havoc that they can permit the fuel for future conflagrations to accumulate under their noses, indifferent to its fire import.

The bush floor, cleaned out by fire, soon gathers its habitual litter of discarded tops from the mill cuttings, and under-like scrub and bracken thrive in the environment. At the prod of the stark horror of 1926, safe, well-built dugouts were constructed near every home and mill, yet by 1931 few, if any, were safe and most had collapsed and were unusable.

Fire laughed sardonically—and took toll of ten lives in 1932.

The 1925-26 summer was a notorious fire period and disastrous to the timber resources of Victoria. As early as late October the scorched had consumed 5000 acres of valuable timber country at Nyora (Healesville), and one at Sassafires and Olinda in the Dandenongs. In early December Tallangatta, the Otway and Rubicon Forests were devastated in the latter place alone up to £50,000 worth of timber being lost.

January claimed fire forest land at Beech Forest, the Dandenongs, Warburton the Upper Murray, (the latter being the spread of a tremendous fire spread over two hundred miles of country from Castlemaine, Buffalo Toorquay and the Grampians.)

These were the major conflagrations but there were hundreds of others, culminating in Bloody Sunday and tapering off to the minor holocaust in the Great Dividing Range where the small township of Kinglake was practically obliterated ten days later.

Since 1932 the efforts of bush fire brigades and of conscientious forest rangers have begun to have results. The volunteers were organised, and worked in teams under experienced leaders and with improved methods and fighting equipment in the way of beaters and later, sprays. The motor car improved mobility and enabled shock tactics and quick relief to danger spots.

Forestry commissions, too, have diminished the risk by clearing out undergrowth and getting substantial fire breaks, while the R.A.A.F. does a good job of fire spotting.

These methods with strict supervision of grazing and timber cutting licences, and of burning off periods are doing much to minimise the danger, but it all needs manpower and money.

Yet it should be a good insurance premium. We have not timber to burn, only 10 per cent of our total area is malleable timber, whereas Canada has 30 per cent, and even Great Britain 64 per cent.

Even were this not so it is worth paying for, if only to prevent another Bloody Sunday. That can happen again.
A SIMPLE epitaph. A simple grave. Just a few stones heaped up by loving hands. And over them a rock, a large rock with the words lettered on it, crudely, in white paint: "Here lies Pete. He got killed."

Pete was killed, but nobody was notified, there was no coroner's inquest, nobody asked How, or When, or Why. Nobody?—well, not exactly. There was one, Pete's one and only mourner. He knew that Pete had been killed. More than that—he knew Pete had been murdered!

But Pete's one and only mourner was young, too young to know about police and coroners and laws.

For Pete was not a man. He was an owl! The lone little mourner's own pet owl.

Now owls are said to be wise, and we may take little Gordon Ulrich's word for it that Pete was as wise as an owl could be. And, being wise, Pete would have known who it was that killed him, and that would have helped the police of Kelso, Washington, to solve without delay the riddle of another murder, a murder no less real then the murder of a pet owl, but more interesting to the grown-up world of police and juries and courts.

For in this case the victim was not a pet owl, but a girl. A young girl—she was only sixteen when she died—and she didn't die alone.

But dead owls, like dead men, tell no tales, so it was up to the police of Kelso to find out How and Why and by whose hand young Sybill Otto came to her death.

The police of Kelso didn't know it was a murder, not at first. And they knew nothing at all about Pete. All they knew when the call came through was that a girl had been blown to bits in an explosion at Coffin Rock, about two miles from Kelso up along the Columbia River.

When they arrived at the scene they could see nothing more at first than strewn wreckage and a hole in the ground where a house had been. That, and a young man sitting on the ground and weeping as he hugged the mangled body of a young girl to his breast. The victim was Sybill Otto, teen, and the young man was her husband, Rudolph Otto, wounded war veteran.

The only present one who was able to throw any immediate light on what happened was Charles Knowles, a passer-by.

"I heard the explosion and saw the building go up. I even saw the girl's body flying through the air."

Dorothy Ulrich, the victim's 15-year-old sister, told her version of the tragedy.

"I was standing right here in the yard. Sybill came out of the house and went into the building. A minute later it blew up."

The building which had been wrecked by the blast was an outbuilding of the Ulrich house.

Rudolph and Sybill Otto had been living with Sybill's parents. Rudolph told his story:

"I was in bed at the time. I have been in the Veterans' Hospital for almost eight months with a bad leg. Sybill came in to see me just before she went out. We were talking—she just asked me how I felt and if there was anything she could get for me."

"Could it have been suicide, perhaps?" Rudolph scoffed the idea.

"Kill herself? No, never Sybill would never kill herself. She had too much fun living. She was wonderful."

Sybill's father, Charles Ulrich, declared under questioning that he never kept any explosives around the place.

"I can't imagine what happened," he stammered, obviously puzzled as well as grief-stricken. "I can't imagine—unless—"

Unless—but that was all police could learn from the girl's father. He agreed it looked like murder, but pressed to venture an opinion, he only shook his head. Sullenly.

Did Rudolph have any idea who might have wanted to kill his wife?

"No—no, I guess not."

Meanwhile, out in the yard, detectives searching the site of the explosion had picked up some copper wire and a dynamite cap. The killer could have strung wire from the house, but that seemed unlikely, since the Ulrich children, playing in the back yard at the time, would have noticed it. The detectives questioned the youngsters on that point. They had seen nothing. But Gordon, the boy, did have something to tell, and it wasn't about Sybill. It was about an owl.

"I didn't see nobody today," said the child, "but last Tuesday somebody killed my owl."

The boy's sister laughed. Gordon was just a lad, she explained. But the boy persisted. He had dared the owl, she said, and named it Pete. Pete flew close to the house after that, and he was as nice a pet as any boy could want. Then—

"Last Tuesday I was over in the woods, and I heard an explosion. I found my owl blown up, just like somebody blew up Sybill."

Dorothy scoffed at the boy's story.

"His owl wasn't blown up," she laughed. "Some hunter shot it with a shotgun."

Gordon stuck to his story. Pete was blown up. He could tell. "I heard him chew down by the river," speaking gently as one should about a departed pal.

It was a touching story, but for the moment it was overshadowed by what seemed like much more important evidence. One of the detectives...
I don't know," he said sharply. "We've been in the hospital for eight months."

A bit of checking into the past lives both Rudolph and Sybill was early in order.

The first piece of information about them came to light after only a few days. About a month ago she had disappeared from home two weeks before he had gone away and her family didn't know where. Mr. Ullrich had gone around town looking for her at a home of a girl friend where she had been staying, but she wasn't there. They guessed Sybill had run away with some man, but couldn't or wouldn't say who the girl friend with whom Sybill had supposed to have been staying.

Rudolph, the victim's husband, was equally determined about it, but he seemed to have his own private opinion about who he was and how he should be caught and punished. Told of the latest developments in the case Rudolph said:

"When I get well enough to leave here, I'll take care of that."

But you can't take the law into your own hands, Rudolph was reminded.

"We'll see," he replied defiantly. "Whoever killed Sybill will pay for it. If the law wants to take my life after that—well, I have no objection. I'd just as soon die and be with Sybill."

He denied that he knew who the other man was, but he himself would attend to that, too, when he got on his feet again.

"Sybill was my wife," he said primly. "I loved her. The revenge for her death will be mine."

The victim's father was also uncourteous, but for another reason.

"Is it necessary to drug this up?" he asked. "We are a very proud family. I have ten other children besides Sybill. We are ashamed of what she did. She has been punished for what she did."

He eventually agreed to talk, but insisted he did not know the name of the other man.

"We located Sybill in Yakima," he said, "but we did not find the other man. She met him in Portland while she and Rudolph lived there. Rudolph worked nights. All I know is that the man is a good dancer. Sybill liked to dance, and Rudolph has a bad leg and cannot dance.

At the request of the Kelso police the Sheriff at Yakima tried to find a good dancer named Harvey, and it was not to his discredit that he was not immediately able.
THINKERS are classified as "hang-thinkers" and also "word-thinkers" by famous
Enchaelman Sir Cyril. But Think-thinkers think in visible
pictures and their mind is rather like a continuous silent
picture. Word-thinkers hear the world spoken in their ear.
When they get a letter from a friend, they hear him uttering
every sentence in his own distinctive voice. Their mind
pictures consist solely of sound tracks. Sir Cyril has
found the greatest proportion of things-thinkers among chil-
dren, women and most in adequately people.

Webster Britt. A month and a half
ago—that was about the time Sybill
ran away to Portland with that fellow
named Harvey. But what would Har-
vey be doing experimenting on Gor-
don's pet owl so near the Ullrich
house? And what would his motive in killing Sybill? When it
came to motive, who had a better
motive than Rudolph Otto himself?
Wasn't it time, then, to do a little
checking on Rudolph?

Inquiries at the Veteran's Hospital
near Portland brought quick and
surprising results: The records there
showed that Rudolph Otto had served
on a mine layer in the North Sea.

The superintendent said:
"Mi. Otto was conducting an ex-
periment here with a new type of
mine. We gave him a room in the
basement to use as a shop."

There was no time to be lost. The
conor's inquest was being held that
morning, and there was still one im-
portant problem facing the Kolos
police. How did Rudolph set off the
charge when he was in bed in the
house at the time of the explosion?

Testimony that was supported by
others, including Sybill's mother. No
trace of wires had been found leading
to the bedroom. On the contrary, the
wires seemed to lead out to the dune
by the river. The charge must have
been set off by electricity, and there
was no electric power in the house.

The searchers found what they
were looking for inside a pillow on
the bed—two flashlight batteries and
a coil of very fine copper wire wound
up on a spool. Otto had planted the
bomb in the outbuilding, then he had
run the wires out, concealing them
somewhere from view, and, when the
explosion went off, be simply pulled
in the wire, rewound it on the spool
and hid the whole apparatus inside the
枕.

The police arrived late at the
coroner's inquest, but with the vital
evidence in their hands.

Right then and there Rudolph Otto

I used the experimental mine I made
in the hospital for that. I had the
dynamite with me because I intended
to go on with my experiments. I used
all of it. I placed it in the out-
building and ran the copper wire to it.
When I saw Sybill go into the build-
ing, I set it off with the flashlight
batteries. After the explosion, I pulled
the wire into my room and hid it un-
der the bed.

Which only shows the more how
misleading clues can be.

And how even a dead owl, or a
dead man, for that matter, can some-
times tell truer tales than the living.
IT STARTED this way

Petronius polished up his leather belt and buckled it round his tunic. He was tired, but a Roman soldier with a proud reputation couldn't let up on the spit and polish if he was worth his salt. It was salt day tomorrow, too, and he had plans: His salt would buy him many things. Petronius way back collecting his salt has never been forgotten, because his "Salt" day was the first pay day. We still collect our salt, but the word has grown to "salary".

It was the 1560's, and at last people had begun to play "golf" without fear of retribution, and not only was the ban lifted, but it was whispered that Queen Mary herself had become an enthusiast. And indeed she had. It was in fact she, who had been educated in France, who first referred to the boy who served her on the golf course as a "cadet"—pronounced in French "cadvay". Hence--the "caddy" of today.

Down in Cheapside the ladies twittered round the old Indian. The established Cheapside traders didn't like it at all. There was a steady stream of ladies of fashion flowing to the colored man for his ingenious device that carried the thread so easily. The merchants joined them. But the old Indian refused to disclose his secret even when he died. That was in 1545 and the first needles ever sold became heirlooms, for it was not till 1630 that the art of making them was rediscovered by Christopher Greening and his sons.

There was indignation amongst the city fathers of Brussels one September day in 1528. Other cities in Belgium were making tapestries so similar to theirs that the rich merchants were buying them without knowing.

The burghers got together and later that same year passed a law which brought the first trade mark into existence and protected their industry. The mark was a shield with a B on either side woven into the tapestries, the coat of arms of Brussels itself. Now trade marks are carried by almost every commodity.

Old Joe the farm labourer watched through the window of the workshop then hurried down to the village inn. "Eli Whitney and Phineas Miller have made a machine that separates cotton from the seeds," he reported.

Before the astonished inventors had collected their wits scores of farmers had carried off the machine to copy it. All Whitney and Miller had was the satisfaction of knowing that in 1793 they invented the first machine and productivity was increased a thousandfold.

HANGING by a Thread
MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING fascinates the hardy souls that tackle dangerous cliffs for the sheer joy of walking up walls. Here is a close-up of the man pictured on the previous page held from death by a single rope as he climbs a forbidding letter-box "chimney" at Mont Cesaire in Canada. Skill and judgment, patience and stamina are all important. Right, above—Relaying the leader, Peggy Jenkins, another member of the Alpine Club of Canada, keeps an eye on the rope. If the second or third climber on the rope falls, he can be held. If the leader falls—it's just too bad. Right, below—A nail in the wall is all the help the leader has when the pitch between ledges is too smooth.
NYLON HAS STRENGTH as well as glamor if it's in a properly coiled rope. Alpine climbers are as careful of their ropes as flyers of their parachutes. A tangle could be the difference between life and death.

OVER THE TOP on a formation known as a finger-crack. First rule for climbers is that if one hand is moved the other hand and both feet must be firmly set. The cameraman had to learn to do all this to get these pictures.
**TECHNICAL INTERLUDE**  Climbers' equipment includes special boots. Handmade, they have metal clips around the edges called "wing nails." Centre studs are "muggers." Below is the Carabiner used with the piton and attached to it with a snap catch. The climber leader runs his rope through the carabiner, and last up pulls it free. These devices are with their ropes and common sense the climber's safety equipment.
HAZARDS of the climb the Alpinists undo the rope that has bound them together through their adventure. Ropes are tied with special knots that won't slip or tighten and jam.

"The greatest enemy to man is man."
Burton

"The man who smokes, thinks like a sage, and acts like a Samaritan."
Lytton

"The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is under ground."
Sir Thomas Overbury

"The man within the coach that sits,
And to another's skill submits,
Is safer much (Whate'er arrives)
And warmer too, than he that drives."
Prior

"Young men think old men are fools; but old men know young men are fools."
Chapman

"A nickname is the hardest stone that the devil can throw at a man."
Haggett

"No man is matriculated to the art of life till he has been well tempted."
George Eliot

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."
Young

"The man that has no friend at court,
Must make the laws confine his sport,
But he that has, by dint of flaws
May make his sport confine the laws."
Chatterton

"Protestations with men are like tears with women, forgot ere the cheek be dry."
Middleton

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty, In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel, In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!"
Shakespeare

"Three things a wise man will not trust,
The wind, the sunshine of an April day, And women's plighted faith."
Southey
A REVOLUTION, thought Tomas Alonzo Hombrito, was a thing!

A very good thing!

His sharp little eyes danced playfully once again over the scrawled note that had been handed to him.

Like a thin, scrappy bird he hopped out of his creaking office chair, skipped to the doorway, returned to his table, his thoughts on revolutions as such.

Revolution! And here was his Casa Verde warehouse bulging fat with those stout uniforms and greatcoats and gaiters that he had snipped up for a song after the Sierra affair last summer. Nor was that all. There were the discarded medical supplies he had hoarded at Arana, campaign hats in long lines like soldiers on the shelves at Rio Cenudo—true, the hats were a little dusty and faded, but were they not hats?

He looked at the note again. Then he called his secretary.

"Marqueta!"

Marqueta arrived, slim and languorous and questioning.

"Senor?"

"Marqueta, my sweet plumaged little parrot, please to sit down," Tomas beamed at her.

"Child of my office, Guide of my Success. Your esteemed employer has news of the considerable greatness"

"Senor?"

"There is to be a revolution, little one!" Tomas sat back and waited for

The double-cross put a fortune into his pocket—and then stood by him.

the news to hit before continuing.

Marqueta shrugged.

"Listen, little one," Tomas spread the note before him on the desk, cleared his throat and read aloud.

"Senor Tomas Hombrito, I have the pleasure to inform you that my forces shall attack those of the present reactionary Government at 1 p.m. on the Friday of next week. Please amend the time to 2 p.m." Tomas winked. "The General obviously remembered that siesta does not usually finish before two p.m. "Signed, Jose Ricardo, General Commanding the Snipers followed Senor Tomas' progress with their bullets.
Rebel Forces of Soltavia.

"There is yet a footnote, little cherry. The General says he shall need uniforms, medical supplies, hats and guns."

Marquita's lovely eyebrows raised themselves in understanding.

Tomas chuckled. Then suddenly he sobered. "Of course, you understand, little one, this is a military secret. Now please to take your pencil and pad while I dictate terms to the Government for the purchase of these necessary commodities."

Tomas was happy. The weeks that passed were indeed good ones, if somewhat quiet for a revolution.

"Ay, ay—what a revolution! Uniforms, hats, boots, greatcoats, guns, underwear, and a hundred other articles of war streamed from Tomas' warehouses like angry ants from a disturbed nest.

Then—Nombre de Dios—came the order!"

Two million rounds of small arms ammunition. To be delivered at once to the Government garrison at Rio Conudo. The cost? $100! To the cost! Tomas was beside himself with joy.

Then, all at once Tomas checked himself. Or at least, Marquita rather churlishly thrust a stick in the wheel.

"Senor," she pointed out, with a yawn, "we have not of the ammunition!"

Tomas' heart gave a leap. "We have not of the ammunitions!" Then his face broke into a smile of relief. "But of a certainly, little pony. There is much ammunition. Remember you not the consumption your humble Patron purchased from the late President of Santa Maria?"

"But Senor Boss, this—"

"Enough! I go in the person to deliver the bullets within the hour." He strode importantly from the room and collided at the doorway with a tall, uniformed stranger who had just entered.

"You talk of bullets, Senor Marquita."

Tomas straightened his hat.

The stranger went on: "Is it not a miracle that I should enter at this propitious moment, Senor? When I too, wish to talk of—bullets?" He checked his heels and bowed again.

"Permit me, Senor, to introduce myself. General Ramon Oliviera, of the Rebel Forces of Soltavia—at your service."

"You wish for bullets, Senor General?"

"Of a muchness, Senor—say, two million rounds?"

"Two million rounds?" Tomas spread his hands in dismay. "I am overcome with grief for your cause. Excellency," he cried, his mouth dropping with anguish, "already have I sold two million rounds to the reactionary Government forces, but these last few records I have not more of ammunition."

The General seemed unperturbed.

"Have you yet delivered?"

"No, Senor General, but—"

"Then knowing as I do the criminal meanness of our enemy the Government, I do not doubt that you were offered—perhaps three centavos per bullet?"

Tomas lowered his eyelids. "Perhaps Excellency."

"Then all is well," the rebel exclaimed, with a sweeping gesture. "We shall pay you four centavos per bullet.

"Cash!"

"Cash—even at this moment, Senor."

The General hastily scribbled a cheque, and handed it to the delighted Tomas.

Tomas smacked and spread his hands in a dispossession gesture. "The honour you have given me is great. Excellency. To show my everlasting gratitude, I shall deliver the ammunition myself."

"With my help," beamed the General, and bowed.

The bounding hills of Soltavia were painted pure gold for Tomas Alonso.
They were brothers—but the drought had seared their tempers as hot as the earth.

MARIE J. FANNING

KEN stopped into the kitchen. He threw his hat on the table. Dust clung to his clothes and covered his boots. There were red streaks of it on his face.

Joe was there. He was cutting a slice from a stump of bread. An opened tin of strong-smelling fish was on the table and a jug of cold tea. Joe picked up a cup and filled it, drinking the tea down in great noisy gulps.

Neither of the men spoke.

Joe pushed the bread across to his brother, but Ken gave no sign that he noticed. He pulled out his empty pipe and stuck it between his teeth then looked past Joe, out through the open door.

Three long years of drought had stripped the parched, sun-baked earth of everything but the dry red dust. From where he sat, Ken could see their few miserable, under-nourished sheep. There were but eleven hundred of them now. They'd brought them nearer the house. He could see them standing close together in the corners of the paddocks, trying to get shade from one another as the blazing, merciless sun beat down on them. Several were lying down. Ken guessed they were dead.

"I'm going to take the sheep to town," he said abruptly.

Joe was sitting on the end of the table.
Ken coldly ignored his question. "I'll be back when you've knocked a bit of sense into your head," he said. "I'll leave the sheep to your care."

He went out.

Joe heard his horse going down the track past the house. There was a strange silence in the house. Even the clock in the kitchen had stopped. Outside it was the same. Not a sound. Joe slipped the edge of the table with both hands. It was as if everything waited—in what?

He began to laugh. "Quietly at first, then louder, louder until the sound of his voice echoed through the house. He had broken the deathlike silence. He was free."

He went over to the cupboard and took a bottle from the corner. It was whiskey. Ken would take a drink only when he was in town. He wouldn't touch it at home. He said a good farmer never drank at home.

Joe poured some whiskey into a glass. His outburst had drained him of energy and feeling. He didn't care now what happened. Nine years of pent-up resentment and disappointment had broken free in one mad eruption. It was over. Ken could sell the place. He could do what he liked. What did it matter?

Ken was always right. He knew it. Joe knew it. That was it. He was always right. Even about Esther he was right.

Joe was sixteen when his father was killed. It was less than a year after his wife had died. He fell off his horse. Joe thought he had been drinking. He said so to Ken, but Ken had boxed his ears. Ken was nineteen then. He had taken over the farm. It was a hard life. Joe didn't want to work on the land. But Ken had shown him what a waste it would be. So Joe stayed on.

That was nine years ago.

Joe was young. He knew that. But he got older. It was just the same then as it was today. He took things without asking Ken. Something always happened.

One time he grew the pumpkin for the show. Joe liked gardening. For a long time he had a small vegetable patch at the back of the house. He didn't bother about it now. The pumpkin was a beauty Joe had never seen such a big one. He had looked at it every morning. Again he saw it grow while he watched. He decided to put it in the show. Ken didn't worry about it at all. He said he was too busy to bother with the crop. He was busy combing up his sheep or fencing his bulls for people to stare at.

Joe was proud of his pumpkin. He didn't sell Ken about it. Ken hardly ever went near the vegetable garden. Joe came in early from the paddocks two mornings before the show. He wanted to have a look at his pumpkin. He would cut it the next day. He hurried around the house and went out to the garden. The pumpkin wasn't there. He felt about with his hands, threw back the leaves, dug up a little of the earth with his fingers. There was no pumpkin.

He went inside. Ken was there, looking at a piece of meat over the fire. Joe was silent. He went and sat on the corner and pulled off his boots. Ken spoke to him over his shoulder.

"I saw that big pumpkin in the garden to Mrs. Bertram," he said. "We never get through it. I don't like the stuff much anyway. The right young Bertrams will make short work of it."

Joe was still silent. Ken turned around.

"You don't begrudge them the pumpkin, do you?" he asked. "I think the time you put in in the garden could be better spent, anyway. There's more important work to be done on the place: turning a lot of fancy vegetables for the two of us."

Joe picked up his boots and walked across the floor and out the door. But he didn't speak. Ken shrugged his shoulders as he looked after him.

Then he went back to his cooking. Joe took it badly, but it didn't last.

He went down to the kennels after dinner and got Jess. Jess was his own dog, although they used her for the sheep.

He tramped over the paddocks and out to the road, the dog trotting along at his heels. Evening was falling in a soft, grey dusk. As he passed the Bertram's house, young Jimmy was trundling firewood through the gate in his billycart.

"That was a beaut pumpkin you gave us, Mr. Joe," he said, grinning broadly. "The biggest one I've ever seen."

Joe dug his hands further into his pockets. His heart swelled a little with pride.

Mrs. Bertram walked down to the rate, a baby tucked under one arm.

"Yes, Joe, it was a lovely pumpkin," she called. "We had some for our dinner. It couldn't have tasted nicer."

Joe smiled and nodded. He walked on, feeling better already. Someone knew it had been a good pumpkin. It would have won a prize at the show.

When war broke out, Joe had wanted to enlist. He had been in town the day the news came through. He wanted to put his name down then, but he waited. He'd get things straightened up a bit and he'd tell Ken. But he didn't.

One day a letter came for Ken. He opened it and handed it to Joe to read. It was an order for Ken to report to duty. He had joined the army.

They were hard years for Joe, the
three that Ken was away, Joe had been almost happy struggling along on his own. Vic Bertram had helped him for a time, but as soon as he turned eighteen, Vic was off, too.

It was just after Ken came back that Joe had first noticed Esther. She was growing up then. He remembered her when she was lanky and awkward, like a spindly legged colt, with a metal brace on her front teeth and partings down her back. Then suddenly he noticed she was no longer awkward. Her figure was graceful and she wore lipstick. Seventeen. She looked older. She served customers in her father's store in the town.

Joe was even busier after Ken came back. There were lots of things Ken wanted done to get the place in order.

While Ken was away, Joe had bought some pens. He'd decided there was money in them. There were only eight when Ken came home. Joe had built a sty himself, carefully following the printed instructions in a copy of "The Country Gazette," and keeping the boards always whitewashed and spotless.

Ken had been back a week. Joe went into town, and when he came home, Ken was teasing down the walls of the sty and neatly stacking the timber.

"What are you doing?" Joe stood staring at him in dismay. "I'm pulling it down. I'd be in the way when we put up the new cow stalls."

Joe clenched his hands tightly. His face was red.

"What've you done with the pens? I got a good price for you. That's what made me sell. Bob Winter came round this afternoon and offered to take the lot."

Joe nearly hit him then. It took all his self-control to hold the punch back. He knew it was useless hitting him.

Then there was Esther.

They were fighting the third year of the drought. Joe went into town for supplies. The wheat was getting low.

That was the day he first began to think of Esther as a woman. She saw her as a woman. She was twenty. Her hair no longer fell on her shoulders. She had it twisted into a soft braid around her head. Her lips were full and painted a bright scarlet. She wore a low-necked blouse. Joe watched her from inside the door. She was talking to Bill and Harry Burton, fiddling her head on one side and pursing her lips in mock disapproval at what they said to her. Her eyes flashed from one to the other. She was pretty.

When Joe went to give her his order, he found he was nervous. He stumbled. He was angry with himself. Esther smiled at him. Her head on one side as it had been when she talked with the others. As she handed him his tobacco, her hand brushed his. It could have been accidental.

Joe went into town as often as he dared. He stood around in the store, not in any hurry to make his purchases. He stayed afterwards talking to Esther, lingering so late that he had to ride like fury to be back in time for milking.

It was only a month ago that he had asked her to walk with him down the river bank one Saturday afternoon.

The sun had been shining. Even though the river bed was dry and the grass was burnt to black stumps on the banks, and he knew he must go back soon to the fight against the drought, he was happy. He took Esther's hand, and they swung along together like lighthelthered children.

All the way home he thought about her. How could he ask a girl to marry him now? It would be years before they were on their feet again even if the drought ended soon. What would Ken say if he knew he wanted to get married?
and Joe discussed the drought with the men standing about.

Ken told him rumour had it Esther's father was trying to marry her off to one of the Burton boys. It might be true. He didn't care.

It was getting dark. Joe raised his head and reached again for the bottle. It was almost empty. He pushed back his chair and stood up. He was a little unsteady on his feet.

Joe woke next morning to the feeling that something was wrong. He was lying on top of the bed fully clothed. His head throbbed dully. His mouth and tongue felt thick and swollen. But there was noise. He listened. Outside there were birds. A lot of them. They flew overhead, squawking and shrieking as they went.

There hadn't been birds for a long time. They had left when the drought got bad.

Joe straggled to his feet. His eyes hurt as the light caught them. He went out through the kitchen.

The door stood open. He looked out then caught his breath.

There were clouds coming up. Great banks of them. Not the light, fluffy clouds that came to torment them through the drought, passing angrily over their heads, or turning into vapour as they watched. These were dark, heavily laden, rain clouds.

They had already blotted out the sun.

That was why he had heard the birds. They were flying before the rain.

He had hardly time to plunge his face into the little water left in the bowl, to light the fire for his tea when the rain came. Not blessed, quenching, softening rain, but heavy torrents that lashed the roof and the ground with a noise like the cracking of thousands of whips.

The drought was broken.

It rained like that for three days.

The river had risen, angry and swollen, overflowing its banks. But Joe didn't care.

On the fourth morning he went out to see the sheep. They had started to climb before the rain began. They were fighting now to keep their feet. Water was sweeping down the hillsides. It churned the cracked, baked earth into a thick, yellow morass and rose steadily in the flooded paddocks until it covered the lower wires.

As he waded through the paddocks Joe saw the fences sway and lurch. The water was moving swiftly. It loosened the posts in the sodden, softened ground. If Ken had been there, he would have been rushing about, shouting orders, knowing what to do.

Joe squared his shoulders. He was alone. This was one time he could show Ken he wasn't a fool.

Hours later, deep in the water, he was still working with pliers and snippers. The flood-gates had broken loose and had been swept away.

He was soaked to the skin. His back ached, his legs were numb. His fingers had no feeling as he grouped the wire. His brain was fogged.

Where was Ken? He should have been there.

Something heavy bumped against him. He looked down. It was a ram, drowned, lying on its back. Behind it was another. There were sheep everywhere he looked. All of them were stiff and bloated.

Suddenly Joe started to laugh. He shook helplessly, standing there waist-deep in the water. He didn't know why he laughed. Perhaps it was seeing the drowned sheep. Ken had wanted to sell them. He wouldn't let him. He had hit him. But Ken was right, he was always right.

Joe dropped the snippers. He was still laughing as he stooped to grope in the water. His foot slipped and he clutched desperately at the nearest post. It leaned forward, and he toppled. His legs were numb. They wouldn't hold him up.

As he fell, he heard someone shouting. Ken had come home.
Isn't it strange?

by Gibson

That although I buy all the best products advertised in the smartest magazines such as...

... the toothpaste which is guaranteed to bring lustre to the dimmest molar; not only does it cure everything from dandruff to housemaid's knee, it can also be used for cleaning door knobs.

LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!

use

Hairo

HAIR TONIC

And I wouldn't dream of using anything but "Hairo" for what's left of my crowning glory. Any day from now I will be mobbed by thousands of glorious women, all fighting for a lock of my hair. That's what the ad. said, anyway...

DID YOU "PEPPO" YOURSELF THIS MORNING?

The smartest

PEPPO

in our every barrel

Of course, I wouldn't dress in anything but the best advertised suits and fine linens. Yet...

And what a feeling that good old "Peppo" feeling is! Out of bed every morning like a jet propelled lark, slapping everyone on the back and being slapped down in return...

Isn't it strange, that although I use all these infallible aids in the pursuit of masculine perfection, I ALWAYS LOOK SO MUCH LIKE ME?
A rollicking
Frollicking
Jolly good night
Wasn't had by one and all
What if Old Lachester finished up tight?
What if Old Joe took a fall?
The boys were together, together again
They hadn't relaxed in a year!
Cavorting
And ranting
I hast to explain,
In sheer boyish humour my dear,
You can bring on the fair sex
They're jolly good fun!
But your muscles will flex
With more freedom
When you're out with the boys
And you savour the joys
Of fast, uninhibited speed
No dear, they were neither disgusting nor crude
Imagine poor Jack being that way!
You know Peter wouldn't tell jokes that are rude!
Why, he had almost nothing to say!
A monstrous,
Bounteous
Dinner we had,
With laughter and clinking of glass
We talked of the past of the days good and bad
How quickly such evenings pass
Laughing
And chaffing
And carrying on.
They forgot about time, anyway
So that's how it was. You can well understand
As a night it was great, as a night it was grand
And now you don't think that I really was there
Well I was. So were Mimi and Fay!

MORRIS McLEOD
Bring Out Your Dead ...

They saw lights and smelled roses, and died to travel in the dead-cart.

It was nothing new, this shadow which rose out of the East and cast most of the civilised world into a midnight gloom from which forty million were never to rise again.

From Greek times, mysterious plagues which came in a night and lingered for years had been known to Europe. In Asia the Assyrian had come down like a wolf on the fold, and typhus had come like a wolf on the Assyrians, for that was the destruction of Sennacherib's army. In the 14th century the Black Death destroyed sixty million, and caused so great a desolation and lack of manpower that grass grew between the cobblestones of London streets.

And here again, in 1664, was a foreign sailor lying on the Wapping Stairs, clutching his groin and roaring in agony. They ripped open his shirt, and there on his flesh, grotesquely patched with blue, were the visiting cards of the plague, "the tokens." The Black Death and the Great Plague were both bubonic fever, carried by the fleas from the rats which scurried through the stinking cesspools of streets, scavenged in the head-high piles of household refuse which stood in slimy pools at every corner, haunted the dark, filthy houses which crawled with vermin of every kind.

Long before the Greeks had suspected that the rat was the carrier of plague (On the statue of Apollo, the deity who preserved against it, a small rat was often depicted beneath the god's foot.) But the people of Restoration England had forgotten. When the Great Plague started its rampage they...
A MAN may be worth £2,000 a year in his business capacity, but this capacity is dependent on a physical body worth about 5/- in chemicals. Man is made up of 63 per cent oxygen, 18 per cent carbon, 10 per cent hydrogen, 3 per cent nitrogen, 2 per cent calcium, 1 per cent phosphorus and 1 per cent copper, zinc and what not. His body is soft, brittle and vulnerable and its survival is partly due to its spare parts. What are they? A spare eye, a spare ear and several spare fingers and toes.

blamed the cats and dogs and killed them off, and threw the bodies into the rivers, where they fed the rats. Take a walk through London, the city whose gates have been thrown open to death. Two hundred thousand and already fled into the country, and ten thousand houses are locked up. The heavy boards nailed hastily over the windows and doors are grim testimony to the panic flight of their owners.

The ravishes round the fine houses are splintered with sudden rubbish, and the courtyards cluttered with litter blown in by the wind—a wind that has lost its freshness and blows putrid and stale through the deadly month.

The streets are silent and empty now. Down the lanes and by-ways the reese and fowls strut carrion-like over the festering mounds of garbage and the rats eaten hungrily before continuing on their terrible way. There is no Pied Piper to charm them away this time, no hopeful sign in this land of pestilence.

The air is filled with an intolerable odour. It comes from houses marked with a red cross where doors hang lilly open and windows creak on their hinges, from the cesspools of filth and slime moulderling in the sun; from the alleys where rotting corpses are in last stages of decomposition. For the dead-cart does not bother with bodies difficult to handle.

Here and there from an upper window a starved white face looks out, belonging to the survivor of a household compulsorily shut up for forty days. For the wealthy this method of isolation was effective, for the poor it was impossible, for no poor man could buy enough food at one time to last for six weeks.

They were always sneaking forth pawing with their disease-infected hands at food in the open markets, haunting the butchers' stands at Whitechapel, clutching at the starved diseased fowls in the lanes, savaging in the bread bins outside bakeries, grabbing the rotting fruit in the gutters, until the market place was a marseal scene of dead bodies and bloody animal carcasses lying side by side. The butchers, such of them as survived, departed for fields outside London to slaughter their beasts, sending the meat into the city on packhorses.

In other streets the people came from their houses to dance in the streets, maddened to recklessness by their terror.

In wild bursts of mass hysteria, men, women and children behaved like animals—committing every known crime in the last desperate bid for survival.

The noise of brawling mingled with the moans of the stricken in this hell that was wretched London.

Uncontrolled lust, murder and rape were abroad. Often the dead were violated, ravensous and furious dogs preyed upon the dying, children were forsaken by their parents, and infants sucked the poisoned breasts of dead mothers. Whole streets of boarded-up, quarantined families broke out and shotled through the city, spreading the pestilence fur-
HAVE you ever raised a wolf-call? Have you ever stood on a street corner while some particularly gorgeous piece of femininity undulated by and felt your lips pursing involuntarily in today's most popular expression of opsonic appreciation? No, not you, of course, Mr. Magnus—cuddly—or are you kidding yourself? Somehow the wolf has become symbolic of the virile male on the prowl. At the appellation "Wolf" uttered coyly by a long-lashed damsel, the man about town fills his hat at a more rakish angle and bars his canines in a significant smile, the aging suburbanite straightens his sagging shoulders and disregards the doctor's warning about his blood pressure, and the aspiring youngster drags out his brilliant impersonation of Cornel Wilde.

And the wolf-call, or whistle? The girls have come to expect them, and to react accordingly. It's a girl's right to be indignant if she likes, but her annoyance would be nothing to her humiliation and sense of failure if the expected tribute were not forthcoming.

Well, here it is straight from the shoulder, you malest of males. You've been stealing the ladies' thunder. You're in the same class as that fabled and titled breed of lads who wear feminine underwear. The original wolf was a woman!

Now it's not easy to trace this business back to its very beginning, as wolves of the hairy, four-footed type have been around for about the same length of time as man. It has been established that there is no valid instance of a wolf attempting to imitate a man, but the reverse may have been true long before our ancestors could spare the time to invent a language of their own. What we do know for certain, however, is that there were she-wolves in Babylon. In the long twilitks of those golden days the town gallants strolling the streets used to keep a wary eye out for certain veiled ladies who invariably appeared at that time.

And did the Babylonians smoothly signify his appreciation in the modern manner? He did not! When he sighted something male that appealed to her fancy it was the lady who gave the "All clear" signal. The gentle siren note was the signal for the selected gallant to close m. smartly and make his arrangements—on a cash basis. Yes, indeed, the Scarlet Woman of Babylon was a wolf!

We next hear of it in Rome. We find a couple of free citizens of that celebrated metropolis strolling in the gardens on the Palatine, above the city square. They had had a busy day—a session in the steam baths in the morning, followed by a cup or two of Falernian with the girls of the social set on the terrace, and an afternoon devoted to the news and views session in the Forum.

"Well, well, canus," says one. "Here it is quick again, and nothing more to look forward to but one of those banquets, with that bore Lucullus in the chair. Of course, the seniors will write it up—nightingales' tongues,幅度 peacocks, and few Poppas dressed as a maid and served by Nubian slaves as a dessert—but you know how boring these things can be."

"Very true, my friend," replies the other. "One has to be there, if only because there's nowhere else to go. Poor that lighting scheme for the Colosseum failed. It was all right when they had those Christians steeped in oil—but how soon they ran out of Christians!" He sighs.

"How I would welcome something simple, uncomplicated."

Suddenly his wish is answered. They are passing a garden piece of low, sculptured hedges where a plaintive wolf reaches his ears. Canus pauses, raises one eyebrow significantly. The call is repeated. "Woo—woo!" it waives enticingly. "Woo—woo!"

There were she-wolves in Rome. With their genius for naming things, the ancient Romans called them "Lupae," which means just that. These girls of the professional class were barred the city. Just why this was so is not clear, for Rome was not noted for its prudesness, and the ban did not extend to those well-to-do sisters, the "Hetaerae." Being novices at their chosen calling, and having no assets except those provided by a bountiful Nature, they took to frequenting the gardens at midnight.

There they concealed themselves coyly from view, and conducted their advertisements campaign by means of the wolf-cries which gave them their name. A Roman gallant could accept the challenge, or he could walk on with a saucy flick of his toga. It was all strictly impersonal and without prejudice.

If he accepted, he was诱导 away to the comfort of an establishment called—yes, the Romans had this one figured out, too—a Spermaceti. Fair samples of these interesting buildings exist in Pompeii and Ostia today. In their ruined state they are notable chiefly for the fact that each room has a bed, that each bed is of stone, and that no two beds are the same shape. The exact purpose of each bed is explained, even demonstrated, in lifelike and detailed engravings on the walls.

The profession of she-wolf was not a dead-end one. These were career girls and many of them travelled far. At least one became Empress of Rome. I say "at least" because there were other empresses who were snobs enough to conceal their antecedents, though their subsequent histories indicated an experience that was not gained as the cloistered daughters of nobility.

A "Lupa" who found favour quickly became a "Hetaera with a villa of her own, an established place in
the community, and a host of devoted admirers. The "Hetaerae" occupied a position similar to that of a top-flight Geisha in old Japan. She was talented—played several musical instruments, sang, and danced. All these and more were at the disposal of the man on whom she chose to bestow her favours, for the "Hetaera" was a law unto herself.

All very interesting, you say, but all this happened two thousand years ago. What is the connection?

Well, the fact is that there is apparently nothing quite so undestructible as a wolf-call. The Romans spread their civilization through the known world and across the Mediterranean to the fringe of Africa. A whole host of towns and settlements grew along the northern shoreline of the dark continent.

Then decay set in. One by one the settlements were abandoned. The last of them fell apart when the mighty Roman Empire went down before the Vandals. But through those border towns many Roman customs were passed on to the grave desert peoples. Some of them persist even to this day.

One evening not so long ago I found myself in the oasis town of Bou Saada, in Algeria. A friend of mine, a French official, suggested a stroll down the street of the Ouled Nai. Now my experience of the native quarters of towns from Cairo, Alexandria, and Damascus to Aleppo and Damascus, had led me to believe that there was nothing new under the Middle Eastern moon—but I soon admitted my mistake.

The street was one of tall white buildings with narrow doors and fretted windows, exhaling a strange, musk-laden perfume. There was at least pleasantness than the usual smell of camel-dung, sweet, and roasting corn. The moonlight was beaten back by the ruddy glow of charcoal in a hundred braziers. Behind each brazier was a tiny pair of crossed sandalled feet, and poised in the glow was a delicate face of almost unearthly beauty.

From time to time these girls touched their hands to their mouths, and uttered a long, wailing cry. It was the Ouled Nai, at their chosen calling; but also it was the cry of the Lupae and of the women of Babylon.

The Ouled Nai have a strange and fateful heritage. Their people were cast out by their tribes for some sin for which they were the only punishment. The girls are trained almost from infancy in exercises which are designed to fit their bodies for a dual purpose—to dance and to attract men.

Their dances are the essence of the Orient, the pure original from which stem those tawdry imitations we see in the night spots of Cairo, Paris and Marseilles. Theirs is the poetry of motion. Often in the light of the braziers when the drums beat their peculiar cadence a fat, middle-aged woman will appear amid a group of lesson girls. For the long minutes of the dance she will change until she becomes more beautiful than they, for they are only the learners and she the adept.

In Bou Saada, as in other towns, they are persons of position and of some wealth even approaching the class and caste of the ancient Hetaerae. They might marry a merchant, a desert Bedouin, or even a sheikh. In their houses gather groups of artists and musicians comparable with the salons of the great French ladies. The wolf-call that is their badge of office is not their only link with the jewelled and gorgeous past.

Oh, yes—where were we, Mr. Maghulcuddy? I said Where were we, Mr. Maghulcuddy?—if you would just take your eyes off that typist's desk. You old wolf, you! Shall we go and stand on that street corner, eh? Or shall we just sit and think a little?
The young man was whistling happily as he closed the door behind him.

The expert called to his assistant in the next room.

"That's the man. Have a look at that. What would you say it was?"

A stout, middle-aged man with horn-rimmed spectacles came through the door and took the vase. He inspected it closely.

"Huh!" he said disgustedly. "A cheap and bad imitation of a Colebrook Dale!"

"Yes, the silly young fool. He paid £30 for it, too! It's not worth a fiver. If he had any sense, he'd have got someone who knew antiques to look at it before he passed over his money. But unless he asks me straight out I won't tell him he's invested his money in a fake."

The antique market in Australia is not big enough to provide scope for large-scale racketeers. But faking of antiques is done, and flourishes on the ignorance of the public.

The demand for antiques as a great overspill, however, that faking is a much more profitable business. In America and Europe there are factories which turn out copies of antique furniture, and the copies sell for less money than antiques. "Old pieces" of Sheraton and Tappahanic appear to be rooted by size, riddled with worm-holes, and have the weather-beaten patina of time. The upholstery is torn, and the wood is dented and scraped. Unsuspecting buyers, who feel they would like to possess something old and valuable, or amateur collectors who know little of their subject, are easily deceived.

Fakers give the colouring of age to the wood by the use of walnut juice, manganese of potash, or by burning the surface with acid.

At one time imitation worm-holes were made with buckshot, but modern fakers use a specially designed instrument which makes an almost perfect worm-hole. The only difference is that the fake hole does not penetrate the wood as deeply as the worm.

When such furniture is built, it is subjected to a course of ill-treatment which includes pounding with heavy sticks, rubbing with sandpaper or pumice, and dousing with blunted instruments.

The peculiar polished surface which characterises antique furniture is usually given by friction with wool after a slight coating of benzene, in which a little wax has been dissolved.

A widely known antique store in New York became involved in the racketeering business. This was discovered when a customer descended, uninvited, to the basement of the store, and there found an employee hurling bric-a-brac at a pile of brand-new antiques to "age" them for sale as antiques.

The building in quality of antique furniture has not been attempted in Australia. There are still dangers which await the willing purchaser.

Antique chairs and tables have been knocked down into five or six pieces, copies of the original made, and a piece of the old wood inserted in each fake piece. Buyers, recognising the genuine section, pay a high price for the antique, to find later it is only one-fifth or one-sixth genuine.

In 1933 two beds were made from the head and footboard of one antique bed, and sold without any trouble as "Old Colonial."
deal of genuine stuff is held by collectors and descendants of early settlers, but should these people express a desire to put a price on any article, other collectors and agents are ready to take it off their hands before it can reach the open market. Would-be sellers usually find it more profitable to send their antiques overseas, where a much higher value is set on them.

The word "antique" can be strictly applied only to products of the early and middle eighteenth century. Unknowingly, people have taken cedar from persuasive salesmen, thinking they were buying an antique. Cedar was not built into furniture until the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Genuine antique woods are oak, mahogany, rosewood, satinwood, and from Queen Anne's time, walnut. The most common antique furniture seen in Australia is mahogany of the Georgian period, made near the end of the eighteenth century. The wood is of good quality and is weighty, but the furniture is plain with few distinguishing characteristics.

Faked antique furniture from abroad has little chance of escaping the close scrutiny of Customs officers. If the furniture is brought to the country, the Customs authorities call in experts to certify that the furniture is genuine. If it is, no duty is payable, but should it not stand the test, full duty must be paid before it is released. The furniture is then stamped clearly and indelibly as a copy.

The majority of faked pieces are sold through auction rooms, where no guarantee must be given. Many buyers do not know they can demand a written and sealed guarantee from any dealer who purports to sell antiques. Should the article later be proved an imitation, the purchaser has a claim at law.

A case of wide interest was heard in the English courts a few years ago.

A man bought a set of Chippendale chairs, consisting of twenty pieces, from a reliable dealer. The dealer certified that the chairs were genuine.

Ten years later a dispute arose when the original purchaser wished to sell the chairs to another collector. The second man called in an expert for his opinion. The expert was the dealer from whom the chairs had been bought ten years before. His second certification was that the chairs were copies.

The court ruling was against the dealer. When the chairs were found to be fakes, and he was obliged to refund the purchase money in full.

Poor imitations of old chinas are of present flooding Australia, and are causing reputable dealers a lot of worry. Most of the copies have been imported as such from overseas, but have fallen into the hands of people who are either unscrupulous or ignorant, and are being sold as originals.

Small shopkeepers play a large part in this widespread racket. Believing there is money to be earned quickly and easily in the buying and selling of "old china," they read a book or two, and become familiar with a few names. Then they commence trading as an "antique dealer."

It is not difficult for anyone with a knowledge of china to distinguish between the genuine and the fake. When porcelain was first attempted in England, a lot of experimenting was done with paste.

The first paste was a soft or artificial paste. In later years the paste developed was hard. Processes worked with the years as machines came into use, and many components were discontinued for cheaper processes and mass production.

Every piece of old china has a distinguishing mark. These marks are continually being forged, but rarely do they fool the expert.

China described as "Old Chelsea," and marked with a red or a gold anchor, has been coming into dealers' hands recently. Most of it was made at the beginning of the present century.

To give a piece of china a convincing appearance of age, the faker exposes it to apparent ill-usage by greasing or smoking, then cleans it and repeats the operation until the dirt penetrates into the cracks.

Another method is to bury the china in a manure heap and let it remain until it has lost its freshness. Chemicals are also applied to eat the glass and alter its composition.

Cracks or a regular network of leaking can be produced on pottery or on oil paintings by similar processes. They are the result of a difference in the shrinking capacity of two superimposed layers. In the case of pottery, the two layers are represented by the baked clay and the glaze. In oil paints, the layers are pigment and varnish.

Overseas factories have added great to the confusion, as far as china is concerned, by imitating early productions. Before the war, the huge Massen factory in Germany was copying some of their old types of Dresden, many examples of which have now reached Australia, and are being sold as "Early" Dresden.

Japanese copies of early Chinese pottery are also on the market, usually bearing faked markings and dates.

There have been occasions when faked pottery has been hard to detect and has been accepted by the expert. It is now claimed that Australian museums are displaying pieces of china that are not genuine, or that are incorrectly labelled.

Antique china that has been repaired is not as valuable as in its original state. The secret restoration of this china is an industry in itself among antique racketeers overseas. Dealers have handled many pieces in Australia.

One large vase was bought by a collector in America in 1937. He brought it with him to Australia and took it to a dealer for appraisal.

"What value would you place on it?" the client asked.

The dealer looked at it carefully. "Ten pounds as an ornament," he said.

The owner was shocked. "I paid three hundred for it," he said. "I am sure it is genuine."

"A portion of it is, but the rest has been faked."
Tracing his finger around the vase, he pointed out a number of fine lines etched in the pottery.

"That is where the fragments have been carefully cemented together," he said. "Large pieces have been made out of plaster mixed with glue, then polished with sandpaper and covered with a weak solution of glue. That prepared it for the oil paint, which was used for copying the pattern of the vase. Then the place was imitated by a coat of varnish."

The vase had been so skilfully patched that only an expert eye could have detected the faked pieces.

"I knew by the feel of the vase that it had been restored," the dealer said. "The substituted pieces are always warmer to the touch than the glazed pottery."

The smell of oil paint will also reveal a restoration fake. Even if the old mending has lost all smell, the heat of the hand is usually sufficient to remove it.

Antique copper and bronze is seldom seen bearing a price ticket in Australia, but excellent fakes were brought into the country before the war.

The old patina found on these metals can be quite easily imitated. The action of rain, or immersion in some permeating substance, will generate hydrosulphuric acid. The objects can also be treated with water containing ammonia, carbonic acid, or exposed to the direct action of vapour or vapourised acid.

A woman in Missouri, USA, was sued in 1939 by irate customers. She was operating as a dealer in early American candlesticks. Her brasses were being bought by collectors and wealthy families, and her profits had totalled more than $10,000 dollars before her faking was exposed. She had her own workshop, where she took new candlesticks, manhandled them to produce nicks and dents, then treated them with acid to produce a greenish ancient cast.

Ironwork is very simply "aged," but strangely, dealers believe faked ironwork has not appeared at any time in Australia. Patina on iron is caused either by rust or by a slow process of oxidation, which confers a much dark tone.

Next to pottery, the greatest sale for costly fakes is in miniatures and paintings.

Early in 1930 a factory was set up in Germany, which turned out copies of world-famous miniatures by a photographic process. The intention of the organisation was probably not to defraud, but to enable people who could not afford originals to obtain copies for a few shillings.

The "miniatures" were excellently reproduced, and a large number of them were purchased by antique racketeers. Some were later imported in Australia at a landed cost of about one pound, have now changed hands many times and are being sold for anything from twenty to forty pounds each.

Another enterprising concern in Germany before the war, lithographed a number of Neville Cayley's bird paintings. They were sent to this country and are being sold freely today as originals.

Works of other artists which have been reproduced overseas and put on the market in Australia include those of Heyden Minus, Gruner and Conrad Martens.

Whenever a well-known artist dies there is an increase in reproductions of his paintings. If skilfully done, the artist's signature forged on it the copy often passes the scrutiny of many people before being detected.

The advice of reputable dealers is that the antique-seeking public should get expert advice before investing in any article of value, whether it be furniture, china, brass ware, or a painting. The sale may be made in good faith by someone who is quite ignorant that a fake is in his possession.
Most of the home plan suggestions that have appeared in these pages during recent months have been designed to come within the maximum area permitted by the current restrictions on building. These restrictions have such a limiting effect that for a house of more than two bedrooms only the smallest rooms can be attempted. For those people who can afford the obvious course is to wait until brighter days return.

This month CAVALCADE offers a suggestion for a larger home.

The house is approached up a short flight of steps beside the garage, leading to the front porch, which is sheltered under a concrete cantilevered hood. A feature of this angle of the building is the tall panels of glass bricks that light the stair hall, and give an appearance of verticality to the rounded corner.

There is a large area of glass along the street front of the house. An open deck on the upper floor is very useful for hot evenings, and its strong, cantilevered line adds considerably to the appearance of the house.

The entrance door opens into a circular hall, from which the main stair ascends in a graceful curve, whilst a smaller stair leads down to the garage. Double doors lead into the living room, which in turn opens into a study or den. These two rooms make a very useful suite for entertaining.

The dining room also opens from the entrance hall. It adjoins the kitchen, from which there is direct service by means of a hatch. Opening off the kitchen is a maid's room, with its own toilet and shower room. On the upper floor there are four bedrooms, all capable of accommodating two beds. Three of these rooms have built-in wardrobes, whilst one has a roomy, walk-in clothes closet.

The bathroom is in a position that is handy to all four bedrooms. It includes a separate shower recess, a basin built into a mirror-walled recess, and low towel cupboards at each end of the bath.

The minimum frontage on which this house could be accommodated is 50 feet. At the rate of £150 per square the building cost would be £4,600.

On page 78 are photographs of a model of this house with the plan reversed.

When brighter days return...
Although Masonite production has been greatly increased, it is regretted that you may still have some difficulty in purchasing all the Masonite you require.

Living rooms now have a New Look

Here's the “New Look” applied to the Living Room ... the modern line of built-in comfort and convenience. No building material interprets the “New Look” so effectively as modern Masonite.

MASONITE CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED
SALES AND SERVICE DIVISION: 269 Pitt Street, Sydney, 533 Collins Street, Melbourne, 337 Queen Street, Brisbane, 31 Chester Street, Adelaide
DRESS SENSE, not Victorianism, made women drop the hem of the skirt for city wear. Never again will they lose the advantages of health and beauty gained in the sun, nor the freedom of the sports and play clothes that became them so well. Bulky, frilled bombazines and long black stockings will never encumber our beaches again. Typical of the mid-twentieth century beach girl is this beauty svelte in her classic one-piece. Her suit is decorated with tiny blue angels tumbling from cloud to cloud. One-piece suits are most convenient (and safest) for girls who play the surf.

THE OTHER New LOOK

TWO-PIECE—nice even without the fishing net. Good-looking on the beach, these suits are less convenient in heavy seas. Lifesavers don’t promise to rescue bra tops that come adrift. Stick to a one-piece for surfing, the decorative two piece for maximum sun and air, and the tan you love so much.
NEXT GENERATION—or is it this one? This happy pair in brief play clothes are healthier and cleaner-minded. The sun reaches their bodies easily. They've no mock modesty about wearing appropriate playclothes. Mom leads the way, and very nicely, too.

MORNING. Check gingham makes the attractive dirndl that lightens housework on sweltering days. Designed for maximum coolness and ease of movement, it can be boiled, without being spoiled. Hot climates demand this sort of thing.
NOON. Away from the beach a brief two-piece might look conspicuous or out of place. Clothes designed to give the same benefits engender more energy, allow more relaxation.

NIGHT. Doctors say the most refreshing sleep comes when the body is not restricted, and movement is easy. This modern knee-length satin nightie with its plunging neckline allows every comfort and more restful sleep.
It has been discovered that asparagus is a weapon against some germs. This luxury vegetable contains a substance called quercetin which stops the growth, and therefore the poison production, of the botulinus organisms.

Progress with four chemical compounds is being made against the disease, elephantiasis. The chemicals are new antimony compounds, arsenical compounds, cyanine dyes, and piperazines.

Lead poisoning, once rated a hopeless disease afflicting painters, has been cured by use of a chemical developed during the war to combat war gas, known as B.A.L. The chemical literally pulls the lead out of the bones and tissues of the victim's body.

A new treatment being used for chilblains consists of doses of vitamin K, the anti-bleeding vitamin. Although it is considered better to give the vitamin by injection, this method is painful, and it usually has to be taken by mouth.

People who have had athlete's foot, ringworm of the scalp or some other fungus infection may be allergic to penicillin and streptomycin if they get pneumonia or other serious disease. The explanation is that the fungus infections set up an allergy so that a patient infected with any one of the common fungi may develop an allergic skin eruption to infection with any other fungus capable of producing the same sensitizing, or allergy-inducing chemical.

Small daily doses of thyroid can help women who lose their hair prematurely, if continued through pregnancy. This has been reported by Dr. Eleanor Delta of the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine in Baltimore. The thyroid must be taken under medical supervision.

A new vaccine that may stop undulant fever, a disease of both man and cattle, has been developed by Dr. I. Forest Huddleston, bacteriologist of Michigan State College. Undulant fever, passed on to humans from infected animals and in unpasteurized milk from infected cows, is a long, tedious, weakening disease which is occasionally fatal.

Ping pong balls made of acrylic plastic are helping tuberculosis patients back to health in the U.S.A. They are placed in a chest, holding the diseased lung collapsed and at the same time preventing a cave-in deformity of the chest cavity. In 14 months' experience of the new technique no complications have been noticed.

High energy X-rays of 20 million volts are to be produced by a machine for the treatment of patients with a deep-seated cancer. A new betatron to produce these rays, first of its kind, has been installed in University of Illinois College of Medicine, Chicago.
THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS

STORY OF THE PLAY, STARRING
FRED MACMURRAY, VAL LI AND FRANK
SINATRA, PRODUCED BY JESSE L.
LASKY AND WALTER MACBURN AND
REleased BY R. K. O. Radio Pic-
TURES—Illustrated By PHIL BELBIN

BILL DUNNIGAN, HOLLYWOOD PRESS AGENT,
ARRIVES AT COALTOWN WITH THE BODY OF OLGA
TRESKOVNA, BEAUTIFUL HOLLYWOOD STAR...

HE IS CARRYING OUT HER LAST WISH TO BE BURIED
IN HER HOMETOWN BILL STRIKES TROUBLE WITH THE UNDERTAKER

YOU'RE HOME, KID --

SHE'S STAN TROCKI'S KID!

HE REMEMBERS WHEN
HE FIRST SAW OLGA IT
WAS AT A REHEARSAL.
WHEN, AS AN INEXPERIENCED
CHORUS GIRL, SHE WAS
ABOUT TO BE FIRED

GET YOUR HAT AND GO!

BILk REFUSES HER BURIAL
UNTIL BILL FIXES THE
UNPAID ACCOUNTS FOR
HER FATHER'S FUNERAL.
BILL REMEMBERS OLGA'S
FARTHHER'S LOVE OF
MUSIC -- SHE WANTS TO
GO TO HOLLYWOOD

A YEAR LATER BILL
SEES HER AGAIN ON
CHRISTMAS EVE. HE TAKES
HER TO SUPPER

AT A CHINESE RESTAURANT,
OLGA TELLS HIM OF HER
DEAD FATHER'S LOVE OF
MUSIC -- SHE WANTS TO

BEFORE THEY LEAVE, BILL
REALISES HE IS IN LOVE
WITH OLGA. SHE GIVES
HIM A ST. MICHAEL'S MEDAL

VERNEH, October, 1948

CAVALCADE, October, 1948 89
MONTHS LATER BILL IS WORKING FOR MARCUS HARRIS, FILM MAN, WHO IS MAKING JOAN OF ARC. HARRIS FIRES HIS TEMPERAMENTAL STAR ANNA.

BILL DISCOVERS OLGA WAS ANNA'S STAND IN. HE HAS DINNER AT HER APARTMENT ---- SUDDENLY HE THINKS OF HER AS JOAN!

OKAY--YOU'RE FIRED!

BILL REALISES OLGA'S TALENT, TALKS TO HARRIS WHO AGREES TO SEE HER.

YOU KNOW ALL ANNA'S ROLE, BABY?

OLGA PLAYS A SCENE FOR HIM ----

NEXT DAY HARRIS IS RELUCTANT TO HAVE OLGA TESTED, BUT HER ARRIVAL FORCES HIM TO DO SO ----

OLGA IS A SUCCESS, GETS THE ROLE. HOUNDED BY REPORTERS, SHE IS ALWAYS TIRED ----

YES, I WAS A CHORUS GIRL---

NEXT DAY HARRIS IS RELUCTANT TO HAVE OLGA TESTED, BUT HER ARRIVAL FORCES HIM TO DO SO ----

OLGA IS A SUCCESS, GETS THE ROLE. HOUNDED BY REPORTERS, SHE IS ALWAYS TIRED ----

WE ALL agree on Tek!

"Tek Junior suits me fine! Cleans all my teeth easily."

"I like Tek Junior! It's easy to use too!"

I PREFER TEK PROFESSIONAL!

There is a Tek toothbrush for each member of the family. Correct shape... finest nylon bristles... longer lasting. Choose Tek Professional, Tek Three Row or Tek Junior!

Tek
THE BEST TOOTHBRUSH MONEY CAN BUY.

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON
ONE DAY, IN HER DRESSING ROOM, BILL DISCOVERS SHE IS ILL.

BILL GOES TO THE DOCTOR WHO IS TREATING HER, FINDS SHE HAS ADVANCED TUBERCULOSIS. SHE HAS NAMED HIM AS HER NEXT OF KIN.

OLGA FINISHES THE PICTURE HER ACTING OF JOAN'S DEATH SCENE IS INSPIRED.

NEXT DAY SHE DIES... BEFORE SHE DIES SHE ASKS TO BE BURIED AT ST. MICHAEL'S IN COALTOWN.

HARRIS TELLS BILL HE CAN'T RELEASE "JOAN" WITH A DEAD STAR ......... SHE DIED TO MAKE IT!

BILL LEAVES HIS JOB, TAKES OLGA'S BODY HOME. HE FINDS COALTOWN CALLOUS. MONEY IS WHAT PEOPLE WANT. NO-ONE WILL CARRY OLGA'S COFFIN OUT OF FRIENDSHIP.

Sovereign Hats...

ANOTHER DEPENDABLE TOP DOG PRODUCT
AN EASIER WAY TO IRON

with the new

"Wristesi" IRON

1. More control, firmer pressure, less fatigue with specially designed handle which supports hand, leaves wrist straight and easy.
2. Moulded rubber support prevents fraying of cord, keeps cord clear.
3. Special heat-dissipating fins keep handle cool.
4. Long-life, non-rusting element withstands over heating above normal working temperature.
5. 4 colours stream-lined cover is finished in chromium, or hard-wearing heat-resisting vitreous enamel in green, old ivory or primrose.

Prices in all Capital Cities:
£2-12-6 (240 volt), £3-6-0 (32 volt)

See the "Wristesi" Iron with the important new features at your Authorised S.T.C Retailer

Standard Telephones and Cables Pty. Ltd.
HE THINKS THE ENSUING PUBLICITY MAY FORCE HARRIS INTO RELEASING THE PICTURE. HE WIRE'S HIM FOR MONEY FOR FUNERAL EXPENSES.

THE BELL'S BEGIN TO RING REPORTERS RUSH TO THE TOWN.

ONE OF THEM RECOGNISES BILL AS HARRIS' PRESS AGENT. HE THREATENS TO EXPOSE THE BELL RINGING AS A STUNT.

YEAH, DUNNIGAN? IT'S A STUNT TO PUT OVER A FLOP MOVIE!

COALTOWN IS IN THE SPOTLIGHT BUT HARRIS TELEGRAPHHS HE WON'T RELEASE PICTURE.

THE BELL'S RING ON VISITORS WHO FLOCK TO THE TOWN. THE BODY OF OLGA'S COFFIN AT ST MICHAEL'S, REMAIN TO PRAY.

THE WORLD AGREES ON "GILBEY'S PLEASE"

DON'T SAY GIN
SAY
GILBEY'S
THE INTERNATIONAL FAVOURITE

GILBEY'S
THE INTERNATIONAL FAVOURITE
ENGLISH RECORDINGS
of the world's greatest classics
now available for the
Australian music-lover

Here is the news that every music-lover has been waiting for. English recordings of the great music classics interpreted by celebrity artists are now arriving in Australia. Your favourite concertos and famous masterworks played by the world's greatest orchestras and instrumentalists and singers will now be available in recordings which will delight you with their clarity and fidelity of tone.

ASK YOUR NEAREST DEALER
for the special catalogue of
IMPORTED ENGLISH RECORDINGS

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COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE (AUST.) PTY LTD.
THE PARLOPHONE COMPANY LTD. (INC. IN ENGLAND)
HOMEBUSH N.S.W.

A REPORTER TELLS BILL
THAT WATSON, COALTOWN'S
WEALTHY MINE OWNER,
WANTS TO STOP THE BELLS

HARRIS Wires HE IS RE-
MAKING "JOAN" WITH
JENNIFER JONES AS
STAR, BILL Keeps THE
NEWS TO HIMSELF......

AT MASS, PEOPLE NOTICE
THAT THE STATUES OF
ST. MICHAEL AND THE
VIRGIN ARE TURNING
LOOK! LOOK! -- THEY'RE
MOVING!

DEVOlT PILGRIMS FLOCK
TO ST. MICHAEL'S TO
SEE THE MIRACLE

FATHER PAUL TELLS
BILL THERE IS NO
MIRACLE, ONLY OLD
MINE SHAFTS UNDER
THE CHURCH SHIFTING
WITH THE WEIGHT OF
THE PILGRIMS...
Quink CLEANS YOUR PEN AS IT WRITES!

...because it contains a secret solvent

Quink's protective ingredient guards your pen these 4 ways:

★ Ends gumming and clogging—gives even flow
★ Actually cleans your pen as it writes
★ Dissolves and flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks
★ Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot

Science has shown 65% of all pen troubles are caused by ordinary high-acid inks. That's why Quink containing a secret solvent adds years to the life of your pen. You can get Quink in blue-black, permanent-blue, royal blue, green, red and purple—... in 2 oz. or 4 oz. bottles. On sale everywhere.

PARKER Quink

P.S. Quink is the best ink for all pens...
— the only ink for fountain pens!
See something new under the Sun

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Canberra F 390

KILL AND BE DAMNED

Ad Cran was a killer and he'd waited to get them for four long years.

DON JAMES

Someone walked down the hallway. Both of us listened to the footsteps. They passed, and I relaxed and lit another cigarette.

Helen got up from a chair, walked across the room and turned on the radio. She found a symphony and kept it soft. Music seemed to do things for her. She needed it.

"Mac, I'm frightened," she said, "She raised a hand and pushed her hair back over an ear, nervously.

I tried to smile reassuringly. A husband is supposed to be strong and reassuring and protective. In three years of married life, I'd tried to give her all of these things as well as the rest that goes with marriage.

"I think you're worrying too much," I said. "He won't come here. He's too smart. And the cops will have him any moment."
The telephone rang and I answered. It was Mike Bardie on the city desk at the paper.

"Ad Cran's in town all right," he said. "Gleson just called from headquarters. Someone tipped the cops. They're on it."

"Thanks, Mike. Anything else?"

"Some follow-up on the prison break. The guard that Cran stabbed died. The guards called in a gun. It's gone, so they know Cran's armed."

"Tell me if you get more."

"Yeah. And Mac—you can relax. Gleson says they've assigned a man to you and Helen. They're not taking any chances."

"That suits me," I admitted. "I'll write the column here tomorrow and send it in by messenger okay?"

"Right. You and Helen stay in the apartment. Cran and he'd kill both of you if he ever got out. He's tough enough to do it if he gets a chance."

"We're staying here until it's safe."

I hung up and the telephone rang again before I could turn away.

"George McKay?" a firm voice asked.

"Yes."

"Lieutenant Birch. Police Headquarters. We're placing a man across the street from your apartment. There's only one entrance Cran could use to get into the building. If he shows up, we want to get him in the street, rather than take a chance on gun-play inside."

"Thanks, Lieutenant."

"Our man's name is Brian. He's wearing a grey suit and hat. If anything makes you suspicious, raise and lower your blind several times. He'll be in to see you."

"Good."

"Keep your door locked and don't open it unless you know who's outside."

"Will you let me know when you get him?"

"I'll call at once."

Helen was in the kitchen when I put the telephone down. I went in and she was making coffee. I put my arms about her and held her. "They know he's in town and we have protection outside," I said. "They'll get him. We can stop worrying."

She didn't answer for a moment, and then she whispered, "I'll never feel safe until he's dead, Mac," she said.

It was only because the penalty for murder in this state is life imprisonment that Ad Cran was not dead.

It had all happened four years before. Back in the days when Ad was making headlines with his brilliant defence tactics in the criminal courts.

If there were a few raised eyebrows about the associations he had with some of the top racketeers in the city, there never was much said openly. Ad Cran had come up the hard way, putting himself through law school, and most people were willing to give him a pat on the back for making a name for himself.

I had known him since my early days on the police beat for the paper, and we had become close friends. I knew more about the background of Ad's connections with the underworld than I would admit, even to him, but I also realised that he needed them in his business.

And, of course, there was Helen. She was singing at Harry Perlow's night club, and she was wearing Ad's engagement ring.

Ad and I used to stop at the club and wait for her. Sometimes there would be a little party afterwards with some girl for me. That girl for me never meant anything. I was in love with Helen, her coal-black hair, the blue eyes, the things that blended into the woman she was. I tried hard never to let it come to the surface, and if Ad suspected it, he never told me. Helen knew it, although I had never told her.

She shot and killed Carl Clyde shortly before seven o'clock one summer.
It was one of those days when the three of us were going to have dinner together. At four o'clock, Ad called me and said he'd be late. Would I pick up Helen and would both of us meet him at his office? He'd found a new place to eat out on a highway and we'd drive out in his car.

At ten minutes after six, Helen and I walked down a hallway in the office building to his suite of rooms. The outer door was unlocked, and we went in.

Obviously Ad was alone in the suite, as the receptionist was gone, and her desk tidied for the night. The door to the office occupied by the two young attorneys who worked with him were open and the desks abandoned.

Helen walked straight to Ad's office, making some crack about our being late, and opened the door. She stepped into the room and then she stopped and I saw her become tense.

I looked over her shoulder and swallowed hard.

Ad stood by his desk looking down at Clyde. Ad had a gun in his hand. I didn't know so much ferocity could be in an expression.

He must have known we were there because he looked up and regarded us with solemn eyes. "This is a hell of a mess," he said. "It's going to take some careful planning."

I walked past Helen and looked down at Clyde. He was the big shot racketeer in town. A hard, smooth man who knew and played all the angles.

"Why did you do it?" I asked.

"Ad shrugged and put the gun on his desk. "Got something on me, and tried to nail it. Wanted something I wouldn't do to him. He threatened to get me discharged if I didn't. He could do it, too."

"You killed him?" Helen gasped.

"That's right," he said quietly.

"Look at it this way, Helen. He had it coming. He's been instrumental in the death of half-a-dozen men. I know I worked for him. Killing him was doing the community a favour. It was doing what the law should have done, but couldn't."

She shook her head and looked away.

Ad's lips tightened and he looked at me.

"We'll have to work fast," he said.

"There's a self-operating service elevator. The building is practically empty. We'll get him down to the basement garage where my car is. I'll get the attendant in his office and out of the way. You pile Clyde's body into the back of my coupe. We'll get rid of him out in the country."

I stared at him.

He snapped, "What's the matter? You're my best friend, aren't you? You know he had it coming..."

Helen spoke again in a tense voice.

"Ad! You can't!"

"Why not?" he demanded. "Neither of you can let me down." He looked at us cofidently, his broad shoulders posed, his dark eyes alert and calm.

I saw the look of horror that came into Helen's eyes. I saw it reflected in Ad's eyes. The way they narrowed and the hard, angry shine in them.

"You'll do as I say," he said.

His hand reached for the gun. I hit him with all of my 180 pounds. He didn't get up.

Helen and I looked at one another for a long moment without speaking. Then tears brimmed in her eyes, and she turned away and went out into the reception room. I watched her through the open doorway as she sank down into a chair and buried her face in her hands. Her shoulders shook with sobs, and then I saw her take the engagement ring from her finger. Her head was bowed and she stared at the diamond for seconds, then dropped it listlessly to the floor. She looked up at me.

"I was wrong, Mac. I made a mistake," she said huskily.

I took a deep breath and looked
down at Ad. He was breathing lightly, looking as if he were asleep.

I picked up the telephone and called the police.

Helen and I were the prosecutor's witnesses. The jury convicted Ad within half an hour. As they took him out of the courtroom he managed to stop and look at us with bitterness and hate. "I'll get out," he said. "When I do—I'll kill you both of you."

They took him away then, and Helen's hand was clenched tightly as I held it.

"It's all right," I told her. "He'll never get out."

I sat at colourless lips. "Mac—Mac, I'm frightened!"

Afterwards, when I took Helen home, she turned at her door and looked up at me. "Mac, I was so mistaken. I don't know—I'm not sure. I don't believe I ever loved him."

"Don't think about it."

Suddenly she was in my arms.

After we were married the following year, the cloud of Ad Cran gradually left us, and if either of us thought about the man in prison who carried murder in his heart, we never told the other. It was something to forget, something to be erased in the happiness that we found in one another.

The news flash that Ad Cran had escaped was like the dropping of an atom bomb into our happiness. Now as I held her and listened to the fear in her voice, I felt the cold edge of premonition knife through me.

If he had hated us on the day he had been convicted, what had that hate become now that we were married?

I shuddered and held Helen closer.

"Let's have our coffee," I said. "We're getting the jitters. We'll have to snap out of it."

The coffee didn't help much.

Before we went to bed, I pulled the blind back and carefully looked into the street. A man stood in a door-

way across from the apartment house. There was a feeling of security in seeing the detective, Brian, there and knowing that someone would be on guard all night.

It was probably the only reason we could get to sleep.

The tapping was light and insistent. Abruptly I was wide awake and reached for the gun on the night stand.

Helen was sitting up when I snapped on a lamp, her eyes wide with alarm.

"Mac! What's happening?"

I shook my head and got out of bed. At the apartment door I stepped to one side and spoke through the panel.

"Who is it?"

"Brian. I need your help and I have to use the phone."

His voice was very low, as if he didn't want to awaken anyone else in nearby apartments.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I think someone's on the roof. I'm coming in with you until we can get a squad car here. Let me in."

From the bedroom Helen called softly, "What is it, Mac?"

"Brian. He thinks Ad is on the roof. We're going to get help."

I lowered the gun and snapped back the bolt lock on the door.

The man outside pushed in so quickly I was thrown off balance. A gun in his hand raised viciously and cracked against my wrist. I dropped my gun.

Ad Cran closed the door behind him and centred his gun on me. "It's been a long time, Mac," he said.

My stomach muscles squirmed into tight knots to resist the messages of the gun. I felt dryness in my mouth. The pain in my arm was lost in the shock of facing Cran.

"No, Ad! I said. "Wait!"

"Wait? I've waited too long. Where's Helen?"

"Ad, you can't..."

"Where is she?"
Rome's GREATEST POSSESSION

In the history of Ancient Rome there are many interesting legends and fables, ranging from those which are well-known, such as the legend of Romulus and Remus, to those which are not so familiar. Amongst these, one of the most interesting is the story of Marcus Curtius.

After the sack of Rome by the Gauls in the early fourth century B.C., the Romans worked feverishly on the reconstruction of their city. Columns were set up, rebellious neighbours crushed and, in general, the city prospered. The civic and judicial administration was carried out in the Forum, given the distinguishing name of Forum Romanum, it was built on a flat and marshy space between the Palatine and Capitoline Hills. In the early days of Roman history, athletic competitions and market sales were carried out in the Forum, but in the latter part of the fourth century the Forum acquired a new dignity when the laws of the Twelve Tables were inscribed and posted there.

The Forum became a symbol, a symbol of Roman law and order but, in 362 B.C., all that it represented was threatened by an unexpected blow—an earthquake rocked the city and a great chasm appeared in the Forum itself. Fear and panic prevailed. The whole population was demoralised by rumours that Rome's last days had come.

To add to the general despair, the oracle declared that the chasm would never close until Rome's greatest possession was thrown into it. The people were at a loss to interpret the prophecy, but Marcus Curtius, a noble youth, stepped forward and declared that the state possessed no greater treasure than a brave citizen leaped, fully armed and on horseback, into the chasm which immediately closed.

This legendary hero of Ancient Rome set an example of civic responsibility which has been handed down to us through the ages. But today, our sense of civic responsibility has changed from a single effort, such as Marcus Curtius' feat, to one of mutual aid, and typical of mutual aid is the great institution of Life Assurance.

Here, over three million Australians are banded together, not only for their own immediate security, but to assist in the development of Australia. The money they set aside as policyholders is invested in works of great national importance, such as financing water supply schemes, housing projects and development of primary and secondary industries, so that every Australian benefits by Life Assurance.

Then Helen spoke quietly from the doorway behind me.

"How did you get here, Ad?"

He smiled apologetically and his eyes swept beyond me for an instant. "Hello, Helen. You're still beautiful. How did I get in here?"

I replied. "I thought you'd have a stake-out. It was logical but you shouldn't have used a man, Ad knew. I spotted Brian at once. He got cold and went for a stroll in front of the place. That was a mistake. He's unconscious in one of those dark doorways down there."

I stopped back so that I was beside Helen. She spoke again, "What are you going to do, Ad?"

"I said I'd kill you both. Nothing has changed."

He looked at me and continued. "You took care of things, didn't you? You put me away and got you Helen. It was next."

"This is no good, Ad," Helen said. "We can't mean anything to you now. Why can't you leave us alone?"

He shook his head, still watching me. "I know what you're thinking. Man, try it. But I'd as soon do it now as later. I want to see you dead more than anything I've ever wanted."

"Make sure I'm dead, Ad. If I ever lay my hands on you—"

"You'll be dead. A long time dead."

He advanced to the middle of the room, and I tensed myself for the leap. I watched his eyes. It would come first in his eyes and then in the tightened finger on the gun trigger. The dark eyes narrowed and he shook his head. "Later," he said, "Put some clothes on. Both of you."

He herded us into the bedroom. He let Helen dress in the closet while his eyes watched every movement I made.

"Where do you keep your car?" he snapped.

I told him where the garage was. "We're going there," he said. "You're going to drive me to the cabin I had at the lake. I've got ten grand there. In the old days I knew there might be a time when I'd need get-away money. It's been there waiting for me."

Helen came from the closet wearing a rain coat over a grey suit. Cran said, "Let's go! Don't make a breach. I can shoot any time, and I will."

The sleepy attendant at the garage paid little attention to us. In the car, Cran put me at the wheel with Helen between us in the front seat. The gun was against her side.

"You can kill her by making a wrong move," he said.

I nodded and we drove through the quiet streets. It was three o'clock in the morning when we left town.

Ad's cabin was musty from years of disuse and bitterly cold in the high mountain air of pre-dawn. Under Ad's direction and wary eyes, I built a fire in the fireplace, and then Helen and I laid him in an envelope from a hiding place at the head of a built-in bunk.

The money was there with some papers. Motioning us to chairs across the cabin from him, he examined the envelope's contents.

"Ten grand," he said. "With faked identification and everything else I need to get out of the country." He looked at us thoughtfully. "In those days I never knew when something might break and I'd have to get away quick."

"I'm sorry, Ad," I said. "Take our car and your money. You've got everything you need to get away. We're twenty miles from a telephone—twenty miles is a long way to walk. We couldn't report anything until long after you—"

"I'll take the car and I'll leave you both here. Dead."

"What does it buy you, Ad?"

"It buys black sleepless nights and thinking about you and Helen and a lot of other things."

"You're vindictive."

CAVALCADE, October, 1948
I'm a guy on the lam. A man who had a future and money and a girl. First, Clyde got in the way. I took care of him. But you and Helen wrecked the rest of it for me.

"What did you expect us to do? What could we do?"

"You could have helped me. That is, I thought you could. I didn't know that you wanted Helen that bad. Mac. Why shouldn't I kill you? Both of you?"

"But Helen is—"

"Helen is yours. That's enough."

She interrupted us. "All right, Ad. You've said it. But how do you feel about it? The words don't count. It's what you feel inside."

He smiled crookedly. "What do you mean?"

"You wanted me then, Ad. Don't you want me now?"

"Go on," he said tonelessly. "Say it."

"I'll make a deal with you. If you leave Mac here alive, I'll go with you. Wherever you go, I'll do whatever you want."

I said sharply, "Helen! Stop it. Don't talk that way. You can't!—"

Helen shook her head and still looked at Ad. "You wanted me once. I haven't changed that much, Ad."

"I don't like second-hand women."

He walked across the floor and sat on the corner of the table, the gun loose in his hand.

"But it's an idea," he said. "Just an idea."

"Damn you! You can't!—" I blurted.

"You want her alive, don't you?"

There was only one answer to that.

He said, "Or maybe you wouldn't if you knew what I can do with her. Maybe that's better than killing you. Something to give you those sleepless nights. Wondering where she is. What I've done with her. What's happening to her."

He smiled again. "And a lot of things can happen to a good-looking girl where I'm from."

"Is it a deal?" Helen asked.

Ad shook his head. "No deal. Helen. I'm travelling light and fast. I'd have to watch you every moment. I couldn't get you out of the country with me. I don't want you that much."

"And you think by killing us you'll revenge yourself?" I asked.

"That's right, Mac."

"How soon?"

"Now. I have to move fast. I can't waste time."

"You're crazy. You can't murder us in cold blood. You can't kill Helen. She would live with you the rest of your life."

"Shut up!"

He put the money and papers back in the envelope and put them on the table near him. He did it without taking his eyes from us. The gun came up in his hand.

I was aware of Helen's breathing beside me and the thought that I must get between her and the gun.

"It has to be me first," I said. "I'm going after you, Ad."

"No!" Helen cried. She tried to move past me.

I had to get her down and out of the way. There might have been other ways to do it, but it was the fastest, surest way I knew. Even at the last instant I subconsciously pulled the punch, but there still was enough force. My fist thudded against her jaw and she went down.

The first shot came. I was sidestepping now. I felt the bullet burn across my shoulders. It smashed into the wall behind me.

I turned, crouched, and sprang. The second shot went over my head. The third tore into my right thigh a second before I hit Ad in my wild lunge.

We knocked over the table and hit the floor. The gun cracked near my face, and I felt the heat of the shot I grasped at the arm and twisted. The gun jerked again, and the bullet was like the kick of a mule into my shoulder. I hung on, twisting the
and Ad grunted in pain. There was one more shot and Ad's other arm jerked. I swung hard at his arm. His head jerked back.

Dusk settled over my eyes and the room wavered. I remember watching the floor come up into my face as I swayed forward.

Helen was bending over me. Her face looked soft in my blurred vision. She smiled and her hands were busy with my shoulder. I looked around. I was on the floor, but there was a blanket under me and another over me. A few feet away, Ad was similarly covered with a blanket.

I tried to smile for Helen. "Pretty bad?" I asked.

"I don't think so. Flesh wounds. I'm going for a doctor."

"Bleeding?"

"I've stopped most of it." She looked at Ad. "His is the worst. It's an artery in his arm. I have a tourniquet on it."

"He's conscious?"

She nodded. "I've tied his legs, and his arm to the leg ropes. He's lost a lot of blood. He's weak."

She stood and looked down at me. "You saved our lives, Mac!" Tears came to her eyes and her lips quivered. "At first, I—I thought you were dead..."

"How about Ad? If it's a tourniquet—"

Our eyes met and the question was there between us.

She said, "It has to be loosened a little about every twenty minutes, or there will be gangrene. I remember that from the first aid I took during the war."

I nodded. I remembered, too. I'd had some first aid work before I went overseas as a correspondent.

The knowledge burned through my mind. If I loosen it and fail to get it tight enough, he'll bleed to death.

"Move me close enough to him to reach the tourniquet," I said quietly. Gently she helped me move closer to him.

"Mac—you couldn't—" She didn't finish the sentence, and I know that the thought was in her mind, too.

I remembered all that had happened and I remembered what she had said in the kitchen. "I'll never feel safe until he's dead..."

"Drove carefully," I whispered.

"And hurry!"

"Yes, Mac, yes."

I wondered which was the answer. Hurry to save me from death—or hurry to save me from murder."

She put more fuel on the fire and, with another belief kiss, she went out into the grey morning. I heard the starter of the car, and then the receding sound of the engine as she drove away.

I stared at the calling a long time. Ad moaned and I turned my head toward him.

"Can you hear me, Ad?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"You're washed up, Ad. You've played it out. Helen has gone after a doctor and the police."

"I heard her go."

"Hold your arm out. I can reach it. I have to release the tourniquet for a few seconds."

"Skip it."

"Hold your arm out. Don't make it tough. I can move and get to it anything."

"I said to skip it."

I leaned closer to him and looked at the tourniquet. The wound was in his forearm, and Helen had placed the tourniquet above it. She had used my necklace.

I reached for the knot. He jerked his arm away.

"Hold still, Ad. You may get gangrene if I don't loosen it."

"You wouldn't want that, would you, Mac?" he mocked.

"No."

"Helen was soft. She could have let me die."

"That's right."

"But she didn't. That doesn't mean
you won't let me die. Do it?"
"I want you to live, Ad."
"Who?"
"Answer it yourself. I'm no killer."
"Any man is at some time or other. I know. Remember? Killers used to be my career. I'm one myself."
"Hold out your arm."
"Go to hell."
"I'm going to keep you alive, Ad. You're going back and finish your sentence."
"You mean that, don't you, Mac?"
"Yes."
He was silent for a moment, and then he stretched his arm out to me. "Okay, Sucker," he said, "I don't want gangrene."

I watched the spurting artery. I didn't speak.

"Remember what I said about Clyde?" he continued. "I did what the law should have done, but couldn't. He was a murderer. I was the law—a life for a life. I was wrong. Let's even it up, Mac. I'm not going back to spend the rest of my life with sleepless nights. I'll rather die than go stir-crazy. Even it up for me, Mac."

"The sleepless nights are bad," he said.

"The sleepless nights are hell."

"Then I wouldn't want them, Ad. Not for me, nor for Helen."

Gently I tightened the knot until the blood had stopped running. Ad swore at me and tried to jerk free, but I held his arm until I was sure that the knot was tight.

I'd have to loosen it again, two or three times before Helen returned with the doctor, but I wasn't worried now. The knot would be tight and Ad would be breathing when they arrived.

Ad spoke harshly, "I hate your guts, Mac!"

I thought of all the sleepless nights before him.

"That's right," I said quietly, "You probably do."

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Talking Points

- COVER GIRL...
  Cover Girl this month is a nameless beauty. Californian Photographer, Don English, found her behind a shop counter, paraded her on a gate and rasped her with roses. Result: A shot any film star would envy. If a talent scout spots this, she shouldn't stay nameless much longer.
  Don saw a copy of Cavalcade in America, noted our weakness for beautiful Cover Girls and sent us a copy.

- BLIND
  CAVALCADE has a truly remarkable real-life story in "He Saws With His Hands" (page 8) which introduces one of the most remarkable and courageous men in Australia.
  Scary blonde, the blind cattle judge who can tell the color of animals by feeling them, has not only done an amazing job in conquering his blindness, but has rendered many years of important service in a task which seemed, above all others, to call for a keen eye.

- NEW...
  CAVALCADE is happy to offer something new again with this issue, in an extra eight-page photographic story and an extra two color pages. The new features are in keeping with the magazine's policy of giving readers more reading time, more variety, and wider interests, as this becomes possible.
  The historical article with color plate (pages 83, 89) aims at telling the background of some historical events which are vaguely unknown, but have an exciting unknown story behind them.

- MIRACLE...
  Russell Janney wrote "The Miracle of the Bells" in the hope of producing a successful novel, and it ran away with him. In record time he hit the top of the best-seller list, and was immediately chased by Hollywood, so that RKO released the film before the book had passed its first heady success. So this month's film strip-story presents at once the combination of a best-selling book and the story of an extremely successful film.

- ROYAL BABE...
  As the interest of the world centres on the first addition for some years to the direct line of descent to the British Throne, CAVALCADE'S article (page 9) gives interesting insight into some of the curious customs which have grown up around such events. It is difficult to realise that these customs had one object—to make certain that the rightful heir to the throne was always known. Though times (and customs) have changed, it is a story of unusual interest.

- COMING...
  How do black trackers do it? The simple, surprising answer is furnished by well-known author and authority on the Australian aborigine, W. E Harney, in November CAVALCADE. An old hand on the China Coast tells how the big drug rangers recruit international smugglers. An important article discusses your chances of being wrongly accused—and tending the rap, though innocent. And the rest of the magazine, including new features, maintains an equally high standard of interest.

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