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Cavalcade Clothes

CONTENTS
CAVALCADE.

JAMES HOLLEDGE

Did the wrong man die when they hanged Mate Bram after a night of brutal slaughter?

MANY strange and bloody crimes have been committed on ships at sea, but none is more extraordinary than the senseless slaughter of three slumbering souls on the barquentine "Herbert Fuller," sailing from Boston to Buenos Aires with a cargo of timber in July, 1896.

Perhaps the story is best told through the eyes of the ship's sole passenger, 20-year-old Lester Monks. This young man came from an aristocratic Boston family, but he was the black sheep. His parents were sending him on a long sea voyage to try to bring him to his senses.

They had chosen the "Herbert Fuller," as they had received good reports of the captain and part-owner, Charles Nash. He was an honest, sober man, and had 30 years' experience as a skipper behind him. His attractive, buxom wife, Laura, lived on board with him.

Captain Nash arranged for his aristocratic passenger to have a comfortable stateroom to himself, and on July 3—a calm day—this was crowded with friends and relatives.

The last visitor to go ashore was the lad's old uncle, Dr. Monks, who knew into just how had a state Lester's nerves, digestion and general health had deteriorated.

"This won't be a pleasure cruise, lad," he told him "You'll find the life tough and hard, but just the thing to put you back on your feet again."

Lester agreed with him.

"There's one more thing," added the doctor. "From what I've seen of the crew, they're a villainous bunch. I thought I'd give you a little present for safety's sake."

Dr. Monks drew from his pocket a revolver and a box of cartridges and handed them to his nephew.

Neither of them could have known that the weapon would later play a big part in saving the boy's life and bringing the "Herbert Fuller" back to port.

At first, however, it seemed the doctor's fears were ill-founded.

The captain and his wife, the two mates and the passenger took their meals together in the saloon. They were waited upon by a young mulatto steward named Jonathan Spencer.

Mrs. Nash made a great fuss of Monks, apparently impressed by his position in Boston society. This annoyed both the first mate, another thick-set mulatto named Thomas Bram, and the second mate, William Blomberg.

Monday, July 13, supplied the event that has puzzled criminologists for half a century.

That night, 130 miles out in the Atlantic, three persons were brutally hacked to death with an axe.

After dinner Lester Monks went to bed early. The saloon was empty, the light there was too bad for reading. Mrs. Nash had gone to her quarters, the captain was busy in the chartroom. The two mates had disappeared immediately they got up from the table.

The cabins of both Mrs. Nash and the passenger opened off the chartroom, in a corner of which stood a trunk which the captain usually used bedding. Nash good-night as he passed through this room, Monks entered his own door and locked it behind him.

A few hours later something like a scream awakened Lester Monks. It was a woman's scream. Quickly he felt under the pillow for his uncle's gun and crept over to the door.

Gun in hand, he threw the door open. The chartroom was empty except for Captain Nash lying in a pool of blood beside his overturned bunk. Monks ran to Mrs. Nash's room and called out. The door was open, so he went in. She lay in her bed amid a mass of blood-drenched blankets.

Holding his gun before him, Monks hurried on deck. The first person he saw was Mate Bram, who, apparently surprised at seeing a pistol waved at him, picked up a piece of timber to defend himself.

Bram accompanied Monks down to the chartroom. He inspected the bodies, then the pair climbed back on deck again.

It was two o'clock in the morning and nothing could be done till daylight. The two men seated themselves by the rail with their backs to the

CAVALCADE January, 1951
Bram had got his own gun and kept the man at the wheel covered, while Monks pointed his forward at the crew.

They waited for light.

Meanwhile, Jonathan Spencer, the steward—an intelligent fellow—had realized that Second Mate Blomberg had not appeared. He went down to his cabin and found a third murder. The mate, too, had been gagged to pieces.

On deck Bram suddenly pointed to an object half hidden in the lashings around the cargo of timber.

"There's the axe that did it," he cried.

Sure enough there was an axe streaked with blood-stains.

"Shall I throw it overboard?" Bram asked the passenger.

Monks made a mistake. He was only a youth, and this was not a situation for which he had been prepared at Harvard.

"Yes," he answered. "Toss it away. The crew might use it against us."

Quick-witted Spencer, who only that instant had seen what was happening, jumped forward yelling, "No," just as Bram heaved it over the side.

"You shouldn't have done that," Spencer told the mate.

"We don't find no axe," mumbled Bram, cunningly.

"What do you take me for, a God-damn fool," cried Spencer. "Don't you know a man has seen you with the axe?"

Apparently, however, this witness was too frightened or too shrewd to come forward, as Spencer made no move yet to back up his charge.

There were now nine living men on the "Herbert Fuller." In the morning they held a conference. Although Bram was legally in command, he was not keen to assume responsibility. Eventually it was decided to put the ship about and make for Halifax in Nova Scotia.

During the day one of the sailors came to Monks. He claimed that another member of the crew, Charley Brown (who had been at the wheel the previous night when the murderers must have been committed), had been acting suspiciously. He had just been seen throwing a pair of overalls overboard, and—sometimes the night before—he had gone down to his quarters and changed his clothes.

Bram and Monks decided to put Charley Brown in irons. The prisoner was dumped into a small space between the piled timber.

Brown protested that he was innocent and had merely changed his clothes because it was cold. He had discarded his overalls because they were worn out.

Anyway, Brown protested bitterly to Monks: It was silly to think he had done it. He had seen Mate Bram striking at the captain's bunk with an axe.

From his improvised cell in the timber Brown shouted out that, while at the wheel, he had heard a noise in the chartroom. He had looked through the window—as was possible from where he stood—and had seen Bram bringing his upraised axe down again and again on the captain.

The crew demanded that the mate also be manacled. Bram was firmly secured to the mainmast, where he remained for the rest of the voyage.

Thus left the ship without a captain or navigator. Fortunately, Monks had done a lot of amateur yachting. He decided to take charge. Manacled by his pistol, the crew was only too willing to obey his orders.

For the next week—until they made Halifax—Monks stood at the wheel, his loaded pistol on the binnacle.

In port the police immediately placed everyone on board under arrest. It was some time before they came to a decision as to who should be charged with the murders.

Both men under suspicion were strange characters. Charley Brown had a record for violence all over the world. It appeared that he was not quite normal mentally. He was renowned for wandering around the ship, muttering to himself. Once in Rotterdam he went out of his mind and fired a gun at a man. His shipmates testified that he was always hatching mad plans to set fire to the ship and start a mutiny.

Mate Thomas Bram, however, was the one the authorities finally picked out to stand trial for murder. He had often threatened to kill Second Mate Blomberg for his "damn sarcastic talk," and he was fond of audibly soliloquising: "Captain Nash might die some day, and Mrs. Nash could then get married to a younger man."

At the trial Bram's lawyers tried to prove that Charley Brown had lashed the wheel and then gone below to do murder with the axe. Expert witnesses, however, testified that almost immediately the ship would have come up into the wind, with her sails flapping, and waking everybody up.

More than anything else, Bram was convicted by his own action of throwing the axe overboard and the silly secret way in which—in the log book—he had tried to put the blame for that on Monks and Jonathan Spencer.

The verdict, "Guilty, without capital punishment," was an unusual one which had been made possible only by a recent statute. Believed, Bram went off to serve a life sentence in Atlanta Penitentiary.

Within 15 years he was paroled, and rehabilitated himself so successfully that he was soon master of a fine 380-foot schooner, the "Alvena." Impressed by his exemplary conduct, President Wilson in 1919 granted him a full pardon.

When he returned he bought a little restaurant down in Florida. Then he died, well over 80. Right to the end he stuck to his story that he was not the guilty party.
A BIG city is full of strange people and stranger screwballs. And if you want to meet most of them—drive a taxi. I tried it and I know!

My taxi-driving dates back to 1925, but people haven't changed, even though taxes have altered from the little "Mustard Fots" of the first Yellow Cab fleet to 1950 streamlined jobs.

It wasn't long before I learned that the night is when they gather in.

Nothing much happens on the day shift. You may meet a few odd characters—especially the ones who think they are being taken the long way round.

Others will rake out their money and carefully separate the fare, then complain bitterly because the meter has ticked up another shilling just as the cab stopped. All drivers have this worry. I remember driving one petulant bloke down the wrong street. It was my fault, and he cursed Cain.

So I said, "Don't worry, Master. I'll back out of the street and turn the meter back."

He fell for it, too!

But to see how the other half lives lowers and lets its hair down, take the all-night shift for a little while.

I was called to a luxury-flat block in Macleay Street one morning about three o'clock. A middle-aged character in a purple dressing-gown poured me a drink in a super-luxury flat.

He explained that his "daughter" had become ill and asked me to take her home to Strathfield.

I agreed, and we dumped into the cab a gorgeous—but unconscious—blonde of about sixteen years. If she had been really ill, I should have taken her to Sydney Hospital, but she was just plain dead-drunk.

It took her to the address given, dropped her—still unconscious—on the doorstep, rang the bell, and got to Hall out of there. I still wonder how she managed to explain to her parents.

Another night, a lovely wench who just dripped with silver foxes, staggered up to the cab, mumbled an address at Rose Bay, and fell in. Her destination was a block of flats, but when I got there she was completely unconscious.

Fortunately, she had her handbag. In it I found a driver's license with the number of the flat. So I carried her upstairs and got her key from the bag.

She lived alone, evidently. There was no one else there, so I slapped a wet cloth over her face. The make-up came off in a hurry, and even when she regained consciousness enough to mumble, "Money in hand bag... put me to bed, darling." Then she passed out again.

I put her to bed... it was a privilege. In fact, I was almost out of the flat before I remembered the fare! So I opened the handbag again and tipped the contents on the sofa. That done, I was over-weighted with dough. There was a great roll of tenners, fivers, and a hundred-pound note. I took the fare and a two-penny up. I'd earned it, I figured.

No, at night, there was hardly a dull moment.

About that time there had been a series of taxi hold-ups. Drivers had been bashed and robbed. So when three big, swarthy silent men got in my cab, I asked to be driven to a lonely outer suburb. I was a bit worried. They didn't speak the whole way, and the hair on my neck was crawling up.

Any moment I expected a blackjack to land on my skull.

We reached the destination, a dark mansion in a block street. I said to myself, "Now it comes!"

One of the men leaned forward with something in his hand. As I turned, I saw it was a training college for priests! It took me a long time to get to the fare that he had handed me. It was legal.

Yes, those were the years.

Today a taxi plate costs anything up to two thousand pounds. When I hear of it, I remember the day when I was working on the rank at the P and O. wharf at Woolloomooloo. Behind me was an old driver with a Hudson cab. He'd had it. "To Hell with this game! I wish a buyer would come along... he could have the cab, plate and meter for £40!" he growled... and he meant it, too.

Times were good in 1925. Our wages were £5 a week for six night-hour shifts. We made from 30/- to 50/- extra, and seven quid a week in 1925 was a lot of dough... remember?

Flats could be had in dozens—at rents ranging from 12/6 for a bachelor flat to £2 for a stream-lined furnished two-bedroom apartment.

Cigarettes were 9d for ten at the cut-rate tobacconists, and they were twice the size of today's lags.

A fine three-course meal anywhere...
NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

I've lived twelve months—or three hundred days and the sixty-five that came after—
I've had good-luck and I've had bad, too, and I've had my stint of laughter.
But I'd like to say if it happened again, I wouldn't like to change it this is the way that life should be...
and I'll not rearrange it.

— JAY-PAY

at the Cross cost about 1/-. and a
bottle of good wine was 1/3 with 3d back on the flagon.
What price progress now!
Still, those old Yellows, with no windows for the driver, were hell in bad weather. In 1925 Sydney had a terrific cyclone, and I was out in it for five days, soaked all the time.
In addition, the Company was very strict. We were inspected at the office before each shift. Boos and legmen had to be spotless and shining or else.

Nowadays, looking at the slip-happy Sydney taxi service, with its rackets, its high-flagging, double hinges, its often untidy and boorish drivers, I still wonder whether we weren't better off back in the Gay Twenties, when everyone spoke English and King's Cross didn't need a British Consul. Maybe, it will settle down again, but I wouldn't know.

In 1925, our worst customers were women—especially around the Cross. It was a common thing for these wenches to take a cab, and then offer to pay the fare on a rather basis. They were the harter.

I was taking a real lovely to Central Station one night. She said she was going to Melburne, and asked me to stop the cab in a quiet lane so we could drink a bottle of beer together. It's against my religion to knock back a beer, but I was surprised when she offered to cancel her trip and come to live with me! I guess she's still in Melburne!

One night I took a party out to Petersham. They loaded the cab with beer—do you remember when you could buy beer? . . . and I think there were at least eight people, although the cabs held five.

They paid me off, and I drove away to the Cross and pulled on the rank. Then I found they had left a dozen of beer staked next to the single seat of the driver.

I stowed it in the toolbox under my seat, thinking it could be useful later. On the ranks, a character sidled up and asked if I knew where he could get some beer. I could see he wasn't a copper, so I said: "Sure. Would a dozen be any good?"

I handed over the dozen—at 2/- a bottle. The character went off, marvelling at Yellow service.

But don't imagine for one moment that Sydney has a monopoly of taxi-riding screwballs! I have a pal who drives a tax in New York, although they're always referred to as "hacks" there. The things that have happened to that guy would amaze you.

He told me about the time he picked up a gorgeous gal who told him to drive to some theater. He drove, but heard a lot of wriggling around going on in the back of the hack. So he looked in the rear mirror—and nearly swallowed his gun. The honey had stripped to panties and brassiere, and was dragging a dress out of a small case.

"Lady!" chirps my pal, "you can't do a strip-tease in my hack!"

The gal cracks back: "Keep your eyes on the road, nasty! I'm in the show at this theatre, and I'm late. So I change in your hack—so what?"

Almost as bad was the job of ferreting a troupe of monkeys from an apartment house on Sixty-fifth Street to a Broadway theatre. My pal never did know how many monkeys were in that troupe. He just knew that they poured in and out of that cab in an almost endless stream.

Even animal screwballs are not unknown in America as taxi-drivers. Not long ago a character was doing a vaudeville act with two panthers. He used to take them to the theatre in a closed station wagon, but one night it broke down. So he took a taxi and spent half an hour persuading the driver to accept the full-grown beasts. They were quiet enough at first, but two fire-engines suddenly went past, with clanging bells and screaming sirens. It was too much for the panthers. They went completely nuts! Before the driver could control them, they had torn the inside of the cab to shreds. It cost a lot of money to replace the upholstery, glass, paint, and the driver's nerves.

A nice sort of screwball was the old lady who took a taxi ride through the park every morning. She was very fussy about the state of the car, but she was a nice old girl and the driver never harmed her by supplying a clean white sheet to put over the seat on which she sat.

Then one day the old lady did not come out for her ride and the driver was told she was very ill. She died a little later. She left five thousand dollars to "the taxi-driver who had shown kindness to, and put up with the whims of, a very old woman."
The blood-stained knives of the assassins of God spread terror and death in the Philippines.

**MOROS**

**are crazy killers**

"There is no God but Allah—kill for Allah!"

The early morning shoppers in the crowded town market place of Zamboanga in Mindanao in the Philippines, scattered as they heard the shrieks of the two frenzied white-robed men.

Attended by the commotion, a peaceful Chinese merchant inquisitively stuck his head outside the door of his store to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

It was his last sight of the world.

A kris, gore dripping from the blood channels on the steel blade, swung in a powerful arc, and the Chinaman's head rolled in the dust.

He was the fifth to die this particular October morning in 1909 at the hands of the crazy followers of the Prophet before the bullets of the constabulary halted the mad rush of the two Moros who had gone "juramentado."

When the bodies of the murderers and their victims had been dragged away, the people resumed their uninterrupted shopping as if nothing had happened. For hundreds of years such outbreaks of mass murder by the disciples of Mahomet had been going on, and they had come to accept them as incidental to the religious faith which 500,000 Filipinos follow.

The Moros of the Philippines—to which sect the two responsible for the massacre belonged—are a primitive survival in a modern world of medieval religious fanaticism.

Long before the arrival of the Spaniards in 1565, Arabian traders, teachers and Holy Men had emigrated to the islands of Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago. On becoming residents they inter-married with the native Malays and promptly proceeded to convert them to Mohammedanism.

The mass proselytization of whole tribes quickly followed.

While some became rulers and pillagers of peaceful surrounding tribes, others took to the seas as pirates, ravaging coastal cities and towns on the adjacent islands of Cebu, Panay Negros and even further afield.

When the Spaniards began establishing settlements, the converted Malays bitterly resented.

Before long the Europeans found themselves up against as cruel and cunning a bunch of savages as ever walked with bitter memories of encounters with the clans, they bestowed upon them the name of their previous African foes—Moros—"the Moors."

Overtures to win their friendship were completely unsuccessful. Arrogantly proud, the greedy and Moros relied on their faith and the great prize native knives—the long-bladed kris—to force the Spaniards to leave them in possession of their homes.

Double-edged and razor sharp, the kris was an inseparable item of their attire. Not even when they were asleep was the blade far away from their hand.

Some were leaf-shaped and flat, others had the appearance of a wavy-edged household serving knife, except for one difference. This was the grooves ground into the blade from the handle to the point to allow the blood to run out of a victim. These made it easier to withdraw the weapon after it had been plunged into an enemy's body.

The ornamentation on the hardwood, silver and metal handles of the krises were beautiful examples of craftsmanship.

One thing all the knives had in common, however, was the Arabic lettering delicately etched into the blades. It read "La šimā allāh—Isha!"

But what the Spaniards feared more than the krises was the complete abandonment with which the Moros were prepared to die in their fervent ambition to kill as many Christians as possible.

They had been in the islands only a short time when the converted Malays began in indulge in their practice of carrying out individual holy wars for Islam.

Because the salient feature of the ceremony preceding such killings was the taking of an oath on the Koran, the Spaniards described the custom as "Juramentado," their word for oath.
AFRICA speaks— or does it? Richard Carlson recently invited some Hollywood friends over to view jungle scenes caught by the Carlson camera for "King Solomon's Mines." Warnors danced, lions attacked zebras, hippo battled another. At the end the guests were almost bush with their applause. Beamed the proud Carlson. "But the best thing about Africa is that the water was so dangerous we had to clean our teeth with champagne." "What vintage?" inquired Ronald Reagan coldly. And that was the end of that party.

(From "Photoplay," the world's first motion picture magazine.)

After considerable purification rites including the shaving of the eyebrows and scalp, and the paring of the toe and finger nails, the fanatic garbed himself in a white gown. Before his priest he swore to go out and kill the first Christian he met, and keep on his bloody mission until his own death occurred.

The devout Spaniards naturally viewed such heretics with some concern, and promptly proceeded to teach them new subjects a lesson. But they were up against tough customers. Their first expedition to Jolo failed.

The Moros continued their reign of terror.

Over 30 years later, in 1853, a second force (led by General de Cardenas) set out to suppress the Moros once and for all time. But, despite the punishment inflicted upon them by 2,000 Spanish and Filipino soldiers transported to Jolo in 80 ships, "juramentado" outbreaks still continued.

Then Spain was defeated by the United States in the Philippines and the Americans took over the job of bringing the Moros to their senses.

In an effort to bring law and order to the Archipelago without resorting to the use of arms, the Americans tried to win the friendship of the Moros through the influence of their rulers.

These were only too willing to make grandiloquent promises in return for rich gifts and handsome pensions. Although the bribes worked with the Sultans they did nothing to curb the enthusiasm of the warriros who continued their homicidal attacks on unfortunate Christians.

Reluctantly the order was given for punitive measures to be taken, and in 1898 a force of 400 men under General Leonard Woods was transported to Jolo.

One thousand Moros, with their wives and children, took up their battle station behind fortifications on the crater of an old volcano.

Although only armed with their krisss and spears, they fought until the last man, killing 81 and wounding 72 of the attacking force. Rather than surrender their wives and children, they killed them too.

In 1913, General John Pershing, famous U.S. World War I leader, was also compelled to take military action against the Moros.

After the subsequent encounter he is on record as having said: "A Moro can fight his own weight in wild cats.

Arousing out of these unequal battles, scores of stories have emerged illustrating the lengths to which the mad-dened Moros will go in their zeal to kill for their God.

They have been known when bayoneted to seize the barrel of the rifle in their two hands, and force the blade even further into their body to enable them to get closer to their opponent. With one hand firmly holding the barrel to stop it from being withdrawn, they then attack with the kris in the other.

Moros have dragged their bleeding and broken bodies over the ground by their hands—kris in teeth—in a last desperate effort to satisfy their unsuitable blood lust.

Resisting every effort to subjugate them, the Moros maintained a form of self-Government until April, 1913. Then, wearying of the unequal struggle, Princess Hadji Panay, adopted daughter and niece of Sultan Jamadi II, transferred the legal ownership of her hundreds of islands to the Commonwealth of the Philippines.

Today the Sultan of Sulu is only the spiritual and de facto ruler of the Moros, and his subjects have adopted more peaceful means of earning a living, and a less violent form of religious devotion.

But even in 1951 reports occasionally filter into Manila of one or more who have gone "juramentado" in the manner of his forebears.

For always there is the illusion of the heavenly harem of beautiful women to lure them on to death and destruction.
The man who was cricket

A flamy-tempered man with a beard broke all tradition and made himself a national name.

The English have the reputation of being a phlegmatic race. It is a well-deserved reputation, built up over hundreds of years by millions of men whose boast it was that they won or lost without emotion, with any public display of feeling being "bad form".

The cult of the poker face probably reached its peak in Victorian England. Which makes it strange that the staid members of London's most conservative clubs should have so far forgotten themselves in the 30's to cheer a man to the echo and fight to shake his hand.

And even more strange that the bearded giant so treated took the homage as his due. In view of everything, he seems to have been quite a man.

He was. The man who made Victorian England forget its established code of rigid behaviour was William Gilbert Grace, a Doctor of Medicine by profession—and by natural aptitude and training the greatest cricketer the world had seen.

Grace was more than a cricketer to the world in which he lived. He was cricket itself.

His progress resembled a Royal Tour. There were enthusiastic receptions and fanfairs wherever he went.

In a time and country where a twelve-hour day was considered a fair thing, and the idea of a five-and-a-half-day week little short of heresy, Grace popularised a game that was played on working days without serious opposition.

Anybody else who had shown any desire to lure the miner from the pit or the clerk from his stool would have been denounced as a menace to the Empire, the Established Church and the sanctity of the British home.

Grace rose superior to tradition, the rigid conventions of Victorian etiquette, and the measure of publicity accorded sport in his day, to become not only a household word, but the household word.

What was the answer?

Undoubtedly, the basic reason for his fame was his ability with bat and ball. His batting was superb. He played on wickets that would not today be considered fit for a high school match. Yet it is chronicled that it was "useless putting fast bowlers on to him." He attacked constantly, and his repertoire of strokes was complete. He liked to straight drive, and his power was enormous. Before rapidly increasing weight slowed him down, he moved with the agility of a cat, getting down the pitch to slow bowlers, and punishing them savagely.

He thought any ball that might be considered loose should be hit out of the ground...

On his day, Grace could disconcert any attack. In 1886, he faced Australia, with Spofforth "the demon bowler" and a powerful battery of supporting tunnellers, and completely demoralised them, to the tune of a rapid-fire 170.

His bowling, though good, was not up to the standard of his batting, which in his first-class career notched him up, to less than 5,596 runs. But he was a useful slow bowler, and bagged 287 wickets in first-class matches, although only nine were in Tests against Australia.

His fielding might have been the weakest point in his cricket. He regarded it as a bore. His huge hairy paws were always safe, but he showed a disinclination for ground fielding and backing up, especially as he got older.

Good as was his cricket, it could not explain fully his extraordinary hold on public imagination. He was a legend, and legends are built on more complicated foundations.

No precise information exists, but the explanation is apparently that Grace had "color".

What "color" is, is indefinable, but it is apparently the quality of investing everything that is done with a sort of heroic quality.

Outside of Grace, few people have had it. Strangely enough, one of Grace's contemporaries in another field captured public imagination in the same way. It was John L. Sullivan.

Lake Sullivan, Grace had many fine, manly qualities. But—like Sullivan, too—he had far more than his share of the Old Adam, faults that might have blighted a career, and unlovable attributes compared to many of his rivals.

Grace was fiercely intolerant. He cared nothing for interests or pursuits in which he himself did not indulge. That precluded most things outside cricket, talking about cricket, and eating and drinking.

He once lectured a member of his county team for reading in the train.
Watch your hats, men! Trade experts say the angle is an index to your character or mood. A hat dead straight on the head indicates lack of imagination, worn too much over the nose, a brim too much to one side, too much bounce. Full face needs broad crown hats, thin face, tapered crown, long features, taller crown. And watch these angles!

on the grounds that "reading books never helped anybody."

He was certainly not a good sport judged by present-day standards — or even by the much less exacting standards of his time, Lord Hawke, one of his greatest friends and fans, admits as much. Many of his methods savoured of the "raw prawn."

His truculent appeals for lbw, decisions off his own bowling were less appeals than demands. Most of the umpires were ex-professionals — they didn't like offending the Doctor, and the Doctor knew it.

If he gave a chance when batting, he was not above doing his best to baulk a fieldsman making the catch. "Miss it, damn you!" was one of his favourite cries.

He frequently argued with umpires when given out. On one occasion, famous fast bowler Kortright chipped off a ball with a beautiful in-swinger. Grace argued — and argued successfully — that the wind had lifted the ball. An over later, Kortright again got through his defence, and spread- ended both middle and leg stumps. "Don't go, Doctor," he called, "There's still one standing!"

Grace was a money-grabber of the worst type. He had no time for professionals, and thought it a disgrace that the Australians should be classed as amateurs when they were paid for loss of time. But he found no scruples to stand in the way of his accepting 50 guineas "expenses" for appearing in matches.

Yet, when this huge, black-bearded figure came through the gate and walked heavy-footed to the wicket, he seemed somehow to be one of the gods — a superman in flannels.

And he dominated the scene until he left the field.

Ernie Jones, a fairly rough diamond and definitely no sycophant, perhaps best summed up the feelings of bowlers opposing the idol. "I hope I never get him for a duck," he said. "It would be like breaking a cathedral window."

Grace trod the Test stage for 19 years. His first knock against Australia, in 1889, produced 152, a faultless exhibition of batting, against fine bowling. He appeared only once in Australia, when past his best, but still scored freely, and stylishly enough to show what had once been there.

When the series of 1899 loomed in England, Grace as usual was chosen as captain against the Australians. Nobody questioned his waning powers. But an English team without Grace? Dammit, man, unhackable!

The first Test, played at Nottingham, saw Grace get 25 out of 193, in reply to Australia's 283. Then Australia, on a fast crumbling wicket, got 230.

Things were not good for England as Grace, and his partner Fry, shaped up for the second knock. He pushed a ball towards mid-on, for a scratchy single. Two balls later, with Bill Howell bowling, The Doctor played forward to a nice length ball that nipped from the pitch, swung enough to beat the bat and took the off-stump.

The bearded giant did not leave immediately. But for once he didn't dispute the umpired finger.

He looked intently at the shattered wicket for some seconds, then shrugged his shoulders. Then, with his ponderous gait, he walked slowly towards the pavilion without a glance at the pitch.

Half-way there, he passed F. S. Jackson, who was to succeed him as England's captain. "It's all over, Jackson; I shan't play again," he rumbled.

Just before he reached the gate, walking out of the game he had really made, he passed a young Australian batsman playing in his first Test match. His name was Victor Trumper.

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

UNHAPPY MOTORIST REFLECTING GLOOMILY ON THE FACT THAT ON A LONG TRIP EVERY FIVE-MINUTE STOP FOR GAS MEANS A HALF HOUR WAIT WHILE THE FAMILY VANISHES FOR SNACKS, AND SHOPPING ERRANCS, AND POSTCARDS, WITH AN ADDITIONAL QUARTER OF AN HOUR TO FIND JUNIOR, WHO, WHEN HE RETURNED, WAS SENT TO HURRY THE OTHERS UP.

CAVALCADE, January, 1951
Artificial insemination is now a branch of science which is potent with probabilities.

Artificial birth for supermen

There was a time—in the United States at all events—when a rainy Sunday afternoon meant pretty much the same thing to rich and poor alike. But science has changed all that.

Today, the little women can and will ignore everything you and I have held sacred and worthwhile. If she's in a mood for a baby, all she has to do is to pick up the phone and ask for a messenger to deliver the essence of this or that genius, to be administered by her favorite physician.

Artificial insemination of the human and other animals isn't exactly new, but you haven't heard much about it as applied to women for obvious reasons. The operation is always done in secrecy, but physicians are well aware that the practice is on the increase. It comes into prominence today because there are millions of women in Europe who have no other hope of having babies. And there still are some women who hold to the ancient belief that motherhood is one of the primary responsibilities and privileges of being a woman.

With more men to go around in Europe, women still find many reasons for calling on the test tube to substitute for the stork.

However that may be, there is plenty of evidence that more and more women are finding new and better reasons every day for making this detour off the broad highway along which the race has travelled so long. Dr. Edward F. Griffith expresses the opinion in his book, The Childless Marriage, that the practice of human artificial insemination is likely to arouse as much controversy in the near future as did contraception a generation ago. And as one famous geneticist has put it, widespread availability of cheap and dependable contraceptives can be more damaging to the future of the race than the atom bomb and the modern bomber.

By comparison, the potentialities presented by the growing practice of fortifying the human ovum with liquid obtained from an unknown "donor" are even more awe inspiring. With the trend what it is today, it suggests the prospect of a future hierarchy in which the male labors of procreation will be limited to a few prepotent individuals of demonstrated powers, similarly confined to great public centres.

The wide interest of the medical profession in the subject of artificial insemination has been evidenced by numerous articles in the various professional journals. In one such which appeared in the Journal of the American Medical Association, the authors list the precautions which should be taken by the physician who brings about the meeting between egg and sperm to make his work legal and ethical. The ethical issue is met by obtaining appropriate statements from the interested woman and her husband, if she has one.

It is not possible for me to procreate. To promote the mutual happiness and well-being of myself and wife, I have requested the designated physician to inseminate my wife artificially with the sperm of a male whom he shall select. The doctor is advised of the desirability of obtaining a parallel statement from the woman. And then science takes over.

In the interests of the higher ethics, the physician satisfies himself that the husband is or should be sterile and that the wife is perfectly capable of performing her part of the unfurled marriage contract. That having been done, he casts about for a donor supernaturally superior and yet not too dissimilar in outward appearance from the husband.

It is important also, from purely scientific considerations, that the physician make an appropriate selection in terms of blood count, the RH factor, racial origin and so on. Naturally it would be a medical error if the progeny thus arranged for should have coloring radically different from that of both husband and wife, or should have strikingly aquiline features, when both husband and wife are round heads.

The legal issues raised by bringing children into the world by scientific rather than natural means are many and complicated. This was recently highlighted by the decision of a London court involving the legitimacy of...
ANIMAL ANTIQUES (VII)

Georgia the Goanna was entranced by Genevieve, her suave and supple slitherings made all his arteryles heave, the frills about her neck, he knew, concealed such beauties rare that George could only lick his lips and bulge his eyes and stare. He had the worst intentions, but Genevieve had more, she repulsed his sed antreaties with a glore of cold ignore, she wanted George to try the bait by which she'd surely hook him. Warn down at last, "Let's wed," he said. She took him. "Boy, that shook him!"

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**E. I. Ivanoff**

E. I. Ivanoff, a famous Russian veterinarian, was the first foster parent successfully to undertake artificial insemination on the grand scale. But lest pre-Bolshevik Russia be accused of revolutionary activities of a sexual nature it should be reported that Ivanoff's first request to the Russian Ministry of Agriculture for permission to use the technique he had developed received no better reception than to be referred to the State Agricultural College at Moscow.

It is officially noted that a committee of delicate-minded professors objected to having such unnatural experiments tried on their cows. Before the unemotional Ivanoff could employ his talents with these animals he found it necessary to buy his own cows, with which he is said to have obtained very fine results.

The Russians were in fact the first to make large-scale use of the scientific technique developed by Ivanoff and his fellow workers for fertilising cows and sheep. As early as 1936 it was reported that at one Russian breeding centre cattle were inseminated at a ratio of one bull to 800 cows, and sheep at a much higher ratio of 15,000 ewes to one ram.

The relatively small number of sperm in the seminal fluid of the stallion, however, is just one of the reasons why, for the most part, he has been left to proceed as nature intended.

To complicate the problem of artificially inseminating a mare, the life-cells have an extremely ephemeral existence. A mare's egg dies within five to eight hours after ovulation, and the sperm of the stallion has a maximum life of 48 hours at the outside, and usually lives not more than 24 hours. This means that it is usually necessary to service the mare more than once to ensure impregnation.

Once the male fluid has been obtained, it must be handled according to very precise rules to get best results. The sperm is a fragile and delicate cell, the life of which depends in large degree on the condition of the medium in which it swims. Even under artificial insemination, spermatozoa must have sufficient longevity for a long search to find the ovum, if any. To keep the storage battery from running out before the pallywag is in its true hunting grounds it has been found helpful to cool the fluid of large animals promptly to about 34-40 degrees. At this temperature the sperm remains almost dormant. Placed in the body of the receptive animal they quickly recover their activity, if the period of storage has not exceeded more than a few days a period which varies with individual species.

All of the authorities insist that a detailed and thorough study of the seminal organs of the animal is an essential preliminary to successful use of any of the various techniques of artificial insemination. The operator should understand not only the structure, but also the functions of each part of the complicated genitalia—whom are far more complex in the horse, for example, than in swine.

The advantages of artificial insemination, as demonstrated in the dairy field under proper handling, include, first and foremost, more efficient use of the vital potential of desirable males. On the average, from 40 to 50 cows may be serviced from a single ejaculate from the bull. Best practice indicates that not more than eight to 12 services can be expected from the stallion, and only two to four from the horse, which supplies an embarrassment of quantity if not quality.

Another advantage of artificial insemination is that it makes possible mating of animals which couldn't be bred otherwise because of difference of size. It also has been used successfully to produce hybrids between species which do not voluntarily mate. For example, zebroids have resulted from crossing of the male zebra with a mare, and progeny have resulted from crossing domestic cattle with the zebu and bison.

If there have been any efforts to bring about new human varieties through similar unnatural matings, they haven't been published.

But that this rapidly developing branch of the biological sciences is potent with possibilities, of both good and evil for the human race is scarcely to be questioned.

To what extent it will be used, under what conditions, and with what results to society, only the future can show. We can only guess whether it will produce automatons or supermen.
**is Hitler still alive?**

There are facts pro and con, but many Germans believe the Fuehrer is still in business.

ALBERT BRANDT

**MANY** Germans recently whispered to each other, "Have you heard the Fuehrer on the radio?"

In fact, a voice has been heard on shortwave which, if it is not Hitler's own, is an uncanny impersonation.

And yet the Nazi Fuehrer is officially dead since April 30, 1945, when allegedly he and his beloved Eva Braun committed suicide in the air shelter of his own Reichschancellery.

Unofficially, however, the intelligence officers of the occupation forces check on every new rumor that Hitler is still alive. Was the broadcast the real thing?

Intelligence officers questioned some Germans on their "reliably democratic" list. A few of them had actually heard the broadcast when they were toying with their shortwave sets on a certain Sunday morning. At 30 minutes past midnight they heard the Nazi hymn, Horst Wessel Lied, on the 42 meter band. After a few seconds' silence an announcer said, "Achtsung! Germans everywhere, the Fuehrer is speaking to you. Notify your neighbours Bed!"

Then after a pause "Adolf Hitler" spoke for about five minutes. He ended his talk with "Deutschland erwache—Germany awakens." Thus, we may remember, has been the revolutionary Nazi slogan with which Hitler always cut off his harangues.

A British correspondent heard of the broadcast. He interrogated Germans in all walks of life. One out of every five, he found, still believes that the Fuehrer is in hiding—probably without his moustache. A former official of the Nazi propaganda Ministry had been certain that the "Hitler-is-not-dead" myth is a fake. But after he heard the mysterious broadcast, he too considered it possible that Hitler succeeded in escaping Berlin when the Russians entered the city.

"In my official capacity," he said, "I had to attend most speeches Hitler made. It sounded exactly like Hitler. I tell you, the voice itself, the pronunciation of certain words, his familiar hesitancy, his microphone manner—everything from A to Z suggested the genuine Fuehrer."

He was asked "Couldn't it have been a phonograph record? Many of Hitler's speeches have been recorded, haven't they?"

"No, it was not a phonograph record," answered the former Nazi official. "That recent voice talked about affairs which happen to-day or have happened yesterday. He pointed out that the Russians have so far refused to join the other powers in their insistence that the top-ranking

war criminal of the world committed suicide. In 1945, for instance, Marshall Gregory Zhukov, then commander in chief of the Russian forces in Berlin, said, "Hitler may be still alive. The circumstances of his 'death' are very mysterious. No positive proof was found. He could well have taken off by special plane at the last moment."

In any case, an increasing number of "eye witnesses" have sworn that they had actually observed the Fuehrer's flight from Germany.

On July 3, 1946, Erich Kempka, the Fuehrer's private chauffeur, told the International Military Tribunal in Nurnberg that he had seen and carried the dead bodies of Hitler and Eva Braun in the bunker of the Reichschancellery. Kempka was described by the American prosecutor, Thomas Dodd, as "the only man able to say that Hitler was dead."

The former chauffeur declared that Hitler and Eva Braun had died between 2 and 2:30 a.m. on April 30, 1945, by their own hand. He had seen Hitler's corpse, wrapped in a blanket, lowered into a bomb crater, soaked with gasoline and burned.

A few months later former Reichs Youth Leader, Arthur Axmann, swore that he could end the Hitler myth, once and forever.

Axmann said he saw the dead Nazi chief, sitting upright on a divan, blood streaming from his right temple.

In 1945, the British Government ordered Professor H. R. Trevor-Roper, historian at Oxford University, to investigate all possibilities of Hitler's survival.

Professor Trevor-Roper could not discover any conclusive proof of the Fuehrer's death. Combining the yard of the Chancellery, inch by inch, neither the tooth of Hitler with their many gold fillings could be found, nor the jewellery Eva is known to have worn. And where was Hitler's faithful dog, "Blondi," who never moved?
In California, it is illegal to smoke in bed (as Los Angeles magistrate having stated that he is determined to sentence all offenders to two months in prison without the option). It is also illegal for a restaurant to put unbroken bottles in the garbage, restaurants, therefore, employ a man to break all bottles before they are set aside.

a step from his master's side? What the official investigator, however, established was that Hitler had spoken of ending his own life. Between speech and action, however, there is a notorious difference.

There you have it, say the proponents of the theory of Hitler's survival. There is some proof that he is dead, but it is not conclusive.

Some time ago the German Luftwaffe pilot, Captain Peter Baumgart, testified that he had piloted Hitler and Eva Braun to an airfield near Copenhagen, Denmark, where another plane was waiting for them. The date? He had his logbook to prove that it was April 30, 1945.

Captain Baumgart's story got little publicity. A former Nazi tank officer, Arthur Friedrich von Angeli-Mackensen, testified before American Intelligence officers that on April 30, 1945, Hitler, Eva Braun and some other high Nazi officials left Berlin's Tempelhof Airfield in several planes. He had not seen it with his own eyes—but had flown with them to Denmark. Who was the pilot of Hitler's plane? Captain Peter Baumgart, he said.

Mackensen said: "I am convinced that Hitler will reappear on the world scene one opportunity day in the future.

"I know that Hitler, Martin Bormann, the deputy Fuehrer, and Eva Braun safely reached the Tempelhof Airfield in tanks. There four Junkers and seven Messerschmidt planes were ready to depart at a minute's notice.

"Hitler and Eva climbed into one of the Junkers, while Captain Peter Baumgart, the pilot, helped to stuff away their baggage.

"Around 150 other people, mostly high SS (Elite Guard) officers, boarded the other planes. Under heavy bombardment we flew to South Denmark. We landed on the Danish Airfield of Thordan. There we all lined up to say farewell to the Fuehrer. Adolf Hitler made a short speech, saying that the future would be brighter for the Reich later."

So let us assume, if you like, that the world's No. 1 War Criminal succeeded in evading his nemesis. Where could he have found a haven? Where does he hide?

The most persistent report is that Hitler is hiding in Argentina, having arrived there by seaplane on May 1, 1945. A runner-up is that he escaped to South America in a long-range submarine the day before the Nazi surrender. There are "eye-witnesses" for both versions.

An Argentine businessman, Senior Carlos Caruana of Santiago del Estero, swore before western intelligence officers that on the night of May 1, 1945, he saw a four-engined German plane land on a strip of land near Resistance on the Argentine-Paraguayan frontier. Four men and one woman alighted. One of them positively was Adolf Hitler, moustache and all.

In June, 1949, the Austrian police found conclusive evidence that high Nazi officials had fled to Argentina's province of Patagonia in long range planes and established themselves there. But as early as June, 1945, any Argentine in the street could have been asked, "Where is Hitler?" and without batting an eyelash he would have replied, "In Patagonia, of course."

Some time ago a British newspaper brought an interesting report from its Buenos Aires correspondent. A federal police inspector in Patagonia had been dismissed after he had notified his superiors that he had reason to believe that important Nazis had disembarked at San Julian on the Patagonian Coast. He discovered that they were harbored on the estate owned by a German well-known in Buenos Aires. Germans in uniform there gave the Nazi salute and everything was conducted as if they were within the Third Reich.

In the Soviet Zone of Germany, people whisper from man to man another legend. Hitler is alive, they say. He is in Russian hands and will be used by the Reds in an emergency.

Nonsense? Not if you believe one of America's best-known former FBI men, Leon G. Turkou. This old hand in investigating subversive activities is certain that Hitler is kept a prisoner by Stalin.

In his recent book, "Where My Shadow Falls," Leon G. Turkou offers his explanation of Russian refusal to co-operate with the CROWCASS ("The Central Registry of War Criminals and Security Suspects") since March, 1946. And in Berlin, the ex-G-man met a senior officer of the Red Army, Lt.-Col. Vassilievsky. The American investigator mentioned that Hitler had evaded trial by suicide. The Russian smiled at this remark. When Turkou asked that in spite of thorough investigation no trace of Hitler's body had been found, the Russian burst into shrill laughter.

"Yes, Russia hides many a secret," he said, "One day the world will get an electric shock."

These are the facts, then and now. Is Hitler still alive? That is anybody's guess.
Does a fish diet really improve the brain?

No. The average man is just wasting his time gorging his system with fish, because the brain is fully developed at the age of six. According to Dr. Thomen of New York University, the superstition arose about 1850. Chemists then found that the brain contained a good deal of phosphorous. A German named Bucher announced that without phosphorous there could be no thought. Some time later, Louis Agassiz, Professor of Natural History at Harvard, heard that fish are rich in phosphorous and concluded that fish were, therefore, good for the brain. Hence the popular mistake.

Should a live rabbit be lifted by its ears?

No, if you can avoid it. Though many people think that the proper way to handle rabbits is to lift them by the ears, naturalists say that this is a cruel practice because the ears of a rabbit are very sensitive. The best way to lift a rabbit is to grasp the loose skin above the shoulders with one hand and to support the under-part of the body with the other. When rabbits are lifted in this way they generally do not struggle, as they do when lifted by the ears or legs. The danger of injuring rabbits by lifting them by their ears or legs increases as they grow older and heavier.

Is there a country called San Salvador?

No. El Salvador (or simply Salvador) is the correct name of the Central American republic, which is the smallest (and most densely populated) country on the mainland of the Americas. It is a common mistake to call the country San Salvador, owing to confusion with the name of its capital. Republica de el Salvador is the official name of the republic in Spanish. El Salvador means "The Saviour" and was the name given to the region by its conqueror, Pedro de Alvarado, a Spaniard.

What is a human body worth?

About ten shillings. It has been estimated that if the chemical elements composing an average human body were isolated and sold at commercial prices, it would be worth about that sum. Two-thirds or more of the body is composed of oxygen and hydrogen in the form of water. Elements composing the human body occur in the following percentages: oxygen, 65; carbon, 18; hydrogen, 10; nitrogen, 3; calcium, 1.5; phosphorous, 1; potassium, 0.36; sulphur, 0.29; sodium, 0.15; chlorine, 0.18; magnesium, 0.06; iron, 0.004; and iodine, 0.004. Besides these elements, the normal body also contains minute quantities of thiorium and silicon and, perhaps, manganese, zinc, copper, aluminium and cobalt.

They manage these things better in France. However, you care to look at it and here are two sides to the same question. Who is she... lovely Nathalie Nattier, whose address is Paris. On the left, you see her as she appears in her latest play "It Takes Two to Make a Marriage"... and, if you ask us, that's quite sufficient. On the right, she gives her own version of Marlene Dietrich, which is time for to Dietrich to look for her laurels, so to speak.

CAVALCADE, January 1951
At least, you must admit that she's picturesque— as Anctole on the right seems only too eager to endorse. If you're talking about pin-up girls—or boys—then you must admit she has hers in the nicest surroundings.

But when it comes to decoration, Yvonne Menard likes to leave a lasting impression. The lucky cartoonist is one of France's leading caricaturists—Jean Effel.
There's no better place than the old United States for selling a gold-brick or any of its many phoney equivalents

GERALD AITCHESON

No country in the world has cooked up as many ways to make money as America, but the "Crazy Man of 42nd Street" has originated one of the most original—and profitable—ways—to turn a quick buck.

"Crazy Man" goes into his act in the evening, when the famous street is packed with people and ablaze with gaudy neon. He staggers along in a pretence of drunkenness; but—unlike other drunks—he clutches a fistful of ten-dollar bills in each hand... which is enough to attract anyone's attention, let alone Americans.

As the character leans drunkenly against a building, still waving his mass of money, the inevitable crowd collects. Then comes an excited gasp. The man has struck a match and is actually burning a ten-dollar bill! Worse still, he drops the burning bill to the footpath and feeds the fire with still more crumpled bills!

By this time there may be anything up to a hundred people watching and wonderng. Suddenly the "drunk's" straightens up and produces a new wad of currency from his pocket.

"Here you are, folks! I looked you, and you can fool your friends! Get 'em now... genuine imitation ten-dollar bills, and only twenty-five cents for four! The fun of the world for only a quarter! Who'll have the first dollar's worth?"

There is a murmur of laughter... and soon the quarters, halves and dollars are pouring into the "Crazy Man's" pockets in exchange for crudely printed stage notes which may be bought in any novelty shop in America at one dollar for fifty "ten-dollar" bills.

It is a clever act—and profitable—but it may soon end because the American Federal Treasury intends to prohibit the production of the stage money.

Believe it or not, but some people have actually passed the joke notes in shops!

Another screwball sales gag common in the cheaper movie, burlesque and vaudeville shows of America is worked by fast-talking and quite uninhibited characters during the intervals between shows.

Immediately the lights go on, two men stand at the front of the stage. "Here you are, gents, the greatest bargain ever offered in an American theatre! A solid smoked three-piece pen and pencil set with a high-class matching ballpoint pen given for nothing! These sets are packed in a handsome box, and the price marked on the package is seven dollars and fifty cents. But by arrangement with the makers we are giving these sets away! Yes, GIVING them away! We're not selling these fine sets, but we ARE selling a unique novelty. Take a look at this! Pass it around! A tiny plastic camera, small enough for the vest pocket, but the picture is already taken! Just look through the viewfinder, and what do you see? A lovely lady in full color! Now turn the window, and she undresses and does a Charleston!"

"A full strip tease in a vast pocket, gents, and the price is only one small dollar! AND with each strip camera we GIVE this fine pen set absolutely free, just for the advertisement! Now, gents, who'll be the first? Thank you, sir!"

At each marvel the spectators sell at least thirty of the junk. It looks like a big bangle... and sure enough, the price of $1.50 is on a gold seal on the gaudy box. The little cameras may be just trash, but most buyers think they have a bargain.

Pick up a copy of "Billboard," the famous magazine of the American theatre and carnival world, and look at some of the advertisements aimed at just such men as the theatre spacers.

The pen and pencil sets are marked there, the price IS $1.50 a dozen sets! The little cameras are there, too, at $1.20 a dozen. Ten cents each!

Therefore for about seventy-three cents, the spacer has both pens and camera, and makes a profit of about twenty-seven cents. Not bad! No matter in what language you happen to say it.

In strip tease shows, "quirk" magazines—long outdated—are sold for twenty-five cents, with a "free" set of pictures of the performers at the theatre. The magazines are bought from the publishers for about two cents a copy, and the pictures are only bad halftones on cheap paper. The profit is even greater than that made on the pen sets.
RARE RULINGS.—The law, they say, broadens down from precedent to precedent. Here are a few of the latest precedents: (1) The Town Council, High Wycombe, England: "Cows are not conducive to ideal courting conditions and must be kept off the town's courting grounds;" (2) Beckley, West Virginia (U.S.A.): "A school master has the right to whip children who stop on their way to school to eat eschallottes and then come into the classroom smelling like wild onions;" (3) State Supreme Court Judge (Justice Ferdinand Pecora), New York City: "A husband who never notices the scars on his wife's body is not a real husband."

CAR RACKET.—Ted Nader, of Wil- liamstown, West Virginia (U.S.A.), is minus 1500 dollars because he was in a hurry to buy a new car. A fellow-employee at the foundry where Nader worked declared that he had "connections" and could get a new car within a week. All Nader had to do was to pay him 1500 dollars in advance so that the "connections" could swing the deal. Nader had known his fellow-workman for several years and paid up promptly. Delivery was promised within six days. Unfortunately, police broke up the racket two days after Nader paid his deposit. Fifty citizens (including 20 from the factory where Nader worked) had been swindled. A gang of four made a clean get-away with 100,000 dollars. Footnote: The worker who accepted the deposits was innocent and acted in good faith. The racketeers had promised him two per cent commission on every deal he closed. Even the cars delivered as bait were a gag. The police learned that they had already been heavily mortgaged to finance companies.

SKELETON ASSASSINS.—None of the guests at a masked ball held in 1944 in honor of Colonel Rodolfo Lozada, Governor of the State of Sinaloa, Mexico, danced more gaily than four caballeros wearing skeleton costumes and death's head masks—and no one was more darting with the señoritas. Their macabre costumes put them in the spotlight and they revelled in it until midnight. Then, in full view of the gathering, they approached the guest of honor, bowed to his companion, Senora de Michel, and announced: "Even the Evil One sends you a gallant message, Senora!" Drawing then their pistols, they then shot Lozada dead and, fighting their way through a police cordon, vanished without trace.

DE-BAGGED.—When Fred Zalepanski, Chicago truck driver, caught a burglar in his room, he made the intruder take off his pants; go next door without him; and call for the police to come round and collect him. Which they did.
HASMAT ALI waited at the well. Yusuf would be there soon.

Hasmat's mahogany-brown face was set. His burning black eyes stared vacantly at the short sapling "dhanda" he held in his left hand.

He would have to be very careful and strike just hard enough to stun and avoid killing.

He walked over to the tamarind tree and sank his wide-bladed cane-knife deep into a dead stump of branch, threw the "dhanda" to the ground, together with a small coil of rope he carried over his arm; and, after one keen glance towards the well-worn track where it straddled the nearby ridge, squatted on his heels.

He broke off a twig from a lantana bush beside him and chewed the frayed end slowly.

"And so do all things return," he quoted softly to himself. "As Allah willed."

He let his thoughts wander back over the years to the day when, in his quest for water, he had dug the well here. He remembered how proud he had been when he had shown the well to Hanzan, his girl wife, and how her eyes had opened wide in amazement.

He sighed deeply as he remembered his hopes for a large family. Truly his seed had not found in her fertile soil.

Hasmat Ali sighed again. "So be it—Allah is all-wise," he muttered.

Looking up, he saw the man Yusuf approaching the well. Yusuf drew closer and cried in greeting. "Salaam walekum!"

"Walekum Salaam," Ali answered rising to his feet. "What news?"

"Today we begin to cut Kennedy sahib's number five field. Rhamat Ali had it from Hanif Sanhadar yesterday afternoon," answered Yusuf. He squatted on his heels as Hasmat Ali had done.

"And where didst thou speak with Rhamat?" Hasmat inquired softly.

"I waited with him last night before moonset," replied the other.

Hasmat's mahogany-brown face was set. His burning black eyes stared vacantly at the short sapling "dhanda" he held in his left hand. His honour was at stake and the stain could be wiped away only in the grim manner of his race.
"He and the others from the settlement call for us at six of the clock." Hasmat Ali, grasping the piece of seeping in his hand, stepped to Yusuf's side. 

"Tell me, what wood is this?" Yusuf glanced at it. "Ghawa," he stated finally. "Didn't thou think to fool me by peeling it?"

Hasmat brought the 'dhanda' up and down in a swift looping arc that ended in a dead thud on the squattng man's head. Yusuf collapsed slowly onto his face. Hasmat Ali dropped to his knees and pressed an ear to his victim's chest. The heart-beat he heard was strong and steady. He rose hurriedly and, raising hold of one limp wrist, dragged the body, face down as it lay, to the tamarind tree.

It was no easy task to lash the unconscious form into an upright position against the trunk, but in his urgency he did it quickly. Tearing the soiled white sateen breeches from the lean shanks, he used them to bandage the sagging head securely to the tree. He drew a bucket of water from the well and tossed the naked figure, then squatted where, without turning his head, he could watch both his victim and the path to the well. Yusuf's body twisted. His eyes rolled in agony.

The whisper that reached Hasmat's ears was husky with pain.

"Bhar — Bhar — Bhar — Amah Bhar —" He kept calling for his father until Hasmat Ali spoke in a loud clear voice.

"Where art thou after moonset, pig?" he demanded.

Yusuf's mouth strove vainly to form words. Then, defeated at last, it sagged agape.

"Answer me, filth, thy time grows short!" Hasmat commanded.

Words tumbled from the pinioned man's lips.

"I slept, Hasmat Ali Gee — I slept before moonset — I swear it, Hasmat Ali Gee — by all things holy I swear it —"

Hasmat Ali's voice was deadly with hate. "Thou lying son of a pig! Was it thy spirit, then, that walked in my sugar cane?" he said.

"Mercy! Mercy! Have mercy on thy friend, Hasmat Ali Gee — the love of Allah, have mercy on me! Twas not of my doing — my choice, I swear it, Mercy, O Great Ali —" the wretched man's voice rose to a wail as Hasmat Ali rose to his feet.

"Duffling swine! Call on Allah for mercy, I have none for pig!" He spat full into his victim's face.

He plucked his cane-knife from the stump, and with practised fingers performed on Yusuf an operation he had often done on his own and his neighbours' young bulls before breaking them to the plough. He was disappointed when the bowls stopped abruptly as the wretched man fainted, but he completed the thing swiftly.

Mindful of the short time left him, he went on to remove both ears, cutting them off close to the head.

He drew a second bucket of water and threw it into the wretch's face, while he awaited results, he and sharpened a short piece of kamba branch. After a brief wait he grew impatient, and without showing any visible qualm at the horror of his act lifted a循环 and stabbed the pointed stick deep into a bloodshot eye.

The naked creature wailed a wavering scream of anguish.

Again his torturer moved, plunging a pointed stick deep into Yusuf's other eye. The screaming rose to an effusive crescendo.

Hasmat Ali gazed at the writhing, undailed figure. Then in a voice hardly above a whisper he called.

"And may the curse of Allah rest in thy spirit for all eternity!"

He turned on his heel and followed the path that led to his home.

Smoke ascended lazily through the rice-straw thatch of his kitchen as Hasmat walked to the lean-to that housed his agricultural tools. He chose a coil of new manila rope and took a file from its clenched in a wall post. He walked to the open-walled rice hut, hung the rope on a protruding beam, and seated himself cross-legged on the smooth dung and clay floor. He began to file the already sharp edge of his knife, testing the keenness now and again with his thumb. He wanted, eyes staring restlessly to the kitchen doorway.

He watched Hasizan come through the entrance.

Her sari had fallen away from her head, revealing her jet black hair and slender throat with its necklace of linked sovereigns.

"Salam walekum, Ali;" she bid him, placing "emphatic," savoury curry and goat's milk on the floor before him. "Be pleased to eat!"

Hasmat ignored the greeting, seating his eyes instead on the full pointed breasts her untrained bodice revealed as she bent forward. He noticed a tricklet of perspiration winding its way between them.

Hasmat Ali sized somberly at his wife, following the lines of her body from her head to her feet.

"Raise thy head, and look at me, Hasizan," he said tenderly.

She obeyed slowly, but her eyes would not meet his. Hasmat admired the beauty of the face before him. For long moments he watched her, and in the distance he heard a clatter of voices.

Hasizan heard it also, for she looked up at him fearfully and said.

"Thy food grows cold, Ali, and thy fellow cutters approach!"

He looked at her sadly.

"Where I go there is no need for food. How didst thou know the others would call for me, Hasizan?"

He added gently.

She remained silent, but her shoulders began to shudder.

He rose, grasping the knife firmly.

"Farewell, oh thou unhappy woman!" he whispered.

He reached out and gently fitted from her back the black and shiny plait, winding them around his hand as he raised them; clear of her dusky neck. He stooped and pressed his lips to the bowed head. Then, straightening quickly, he raised his knife and slashed.

He stared vacantly at the headless body at his feet, his limp fingers slowly releasing their burden. Because he saw not through the tears that flooded his eyes, he groped blindly for the rope.

He staggered unseeing towards the jack-fruit tree, his fingers fumblingly tying a slip-knot in the rope.

"Ah Allah wallekum!" he gasped.
desert patrol

The sergeant with a grrouch was leading a rookie constable on a desert chase for a killer — but was he north or west?

JAMES PRESTON • FICTION

A sudden bullet came to wrang splinters from the rock and made him jerk instinctively.

Tough as an ironbark and almost as weathered, Sergeant Brough jerked savagely at the brim of his hat and swung from his saddle.

"We'll bury this poor devil and camp here," he said.

Constable Maclean jerked up his head and looked at the other with a puzzled frown. "Camp?" he said.

Brough lifted his eyebrows and glanced up. "That's what I said, constable."

"But there's two hours of daylight yet."

"Two and a half to be precise!"

Maclean felt his face begin to burn and swung stiffly to the ground.

The following morning Brough had him out of his blankets before daylight. The bitterness of the previous night still rankled in Maclean and he jerked at the bridle savagely, causing his horse to draw away.

Brough said: "Take it easy, constable," and Maclean pressed his shoulder against the horse and swore.

With the sunrise they moved out of the valley, Brough leading.

Brough still sat straight and firm in his saddle. Dust and heat and flies and the rancid smell of horse sweat didn't seem to worry him. He was always there just ahead, a damn good sergeant. There was no doubt he knew his job. Under different circumstances Maclean could have liked him. As it was, he almost hated the man.

It had begun back at Carnadoo. Maclean had been there only a week when the Inspector had called them in and told them of the murder.

"From what I hear, this is the work of a killer."

CAVALCADE January, 1951
Query from the United States, "This concerns my wife, whom I first met in Sydney when I was a GI. The other day, she hit me on the face, broke my glasses, kicked me in the shins, then she tossed all my belongings down the stairs, after that, she took the baby to a neighbour's house, came back, called the police, and threw the kitchen clock at me. She also waved some bumware at me, locked me out of the house, phoned the airline company, and filed suit for divorce. Do you think she still loves me?"

Maclean had sensed the friction between the two older men and had put it down to the fact that Brough regarded such a recent arrival being satt with him into the desert. Brough turned in his saddle and beckoned Maclean up beside him. "What makes you think he came this way?" he asked Brough. Brough smiled slightly. "I don't think I know him," he said. Maclean looked at him in surprise. "The Inspector said he would head west.

"While we head north. Is that what's worrying you?" Nettled, Maclean said. "But what if he did head west?"

Watching the heat waves rising from the horizon, Brough said: "History would repeat itself, constable. I would be denoted for disobeying an order from the Inspector."

Late in the afternoon they came to a saskatoon shaded by a few trees. For some time Brough sat looking at the ground, his grey eyes taking in every leaf and stick. Then he swung from the saddle and stood with the bridle looped over his arm. Waving the flies from his face, he said: "See that rocky outcrop dead ahead?"

Maclean shaded his eyes and nodded. "I wouldn't be surprised if Lanigan's there."

Maclean almost dropped his saddle surplice. "Then why don't we go on? I don't understand."

Brough glanced over his shoulder. "Are there lots of things you don't understand?"

Maclean sat back. The Inspector had been right. There were a great many things that the constable didn't understand, but he had never been afraid of asking questions.

"I'm going to take a look around, constable," he said. "I want you to wait here for me."

Maclean rolled out of his blankets and stood up. "In the middle of the night," he said.

"It will be daylight by the time I get where I'm going."

"And while I'm waiting and you're riding around the country, who's going after Lanigan?"

"Leaving the worrying to me, constable, and just obey orders," Brough said. Maclean couldn't see his face as he swung into the saddle, but he sensed the anger in the older man's voice.

He watched the sergeant ride into the night, then propped his back against a tree and lit a cigarette.

When daylight came he saddled his horse.

An hour later Maclean rode up to the rocks. He carried his rifle across his saddle and his eyes moved restlessly from side to side, watching for the slightest movement.

Alert as he was, the bullet that whanged splinters from the rock at his side made him jerk back instinctively. His rifle slipped and he made a grab for it, then his horse reared and a numbing pain enveloped his left leg as it was crushed against the rock. He hit the ground with a roar that brought a grunt of pain. His horse went galloping back the way he had come. Through the shimmering pain mist before his eyes he saw a man slip from some rocks on the west side and stand there shuddering his eyes against the sun. The man saw him and brought his rifle up. Maclean rolled to the right, taking his rifle with him and the shot missed. He threw a shot in reply and crawled into the shelter of the rocks.

In the safety of the rocks he wiped the sweat from his face.

"You over there!" the man called.

"You can start saying your prayers!" Maclean carefully laid his sights on the hat showing above the rocks and fired. A mocking laugh was his answer and he swore softly, knowing that he had been tricked.

"You fool," the voice came again. "You don't think you can beat Steve Lanigan in his own country, do you?"

"I'm going to have a damn good try," Maclean told him.

Maclean shifted his position to ease his leg and a bullet chipped the rock by his head. He ducked quickly. Lanigan was no fool with a rifle. While he stayed where he was Lanigan couldn't rush him. But he had no water and the sun was hot. "Hit passed over the air. He tried to put these thoughts from him, but they persisted. How long could he last without water? And when the sergeant came back, would he know where to find him?

Watching intently he saw Lanigan peer cautiously around the base of a jagged splinter of rock. He fired and saw the face disappear quickly. He waited for a reply but none came. Perhaps he had got Lanigan with that shot.

"Better clear out before they catch..."
up with you. Lanigan,” he called.

“Think I'm a fool?” Lanigan replied. “You can't have your eyes on me if you don't think I'd come on my own, do you?”

Lanigan laughed. “Tryin' to scare me, eh?”

That made Maclean feel a little better because it looked as if Lanigan did not know there were two of them on his tracks. But where was the sergeant?

The sun climbed higher and he began to feel thirsty and the throbbing pain in his head increased. He eased his leg to a more comfortable position and as he did so something shiny on the ground close to the base of the rocks caught his eye. It was a small tin of beef that he carried for emergencies.

He sent a careful shot skimming over the top of the boulder where Lanigan lay, then dived for the tin.

He reached it and sprang for cover again. His leg doubled under him as he fell and Lanigan's shot passed over his head.

Still watching the ridge, he took out his knife and prised open the lid of the tin. The meat inside looked firm and cool. He cut off a small portion and put it in his mouth. It was salted. He spat it out and tossed the tin high in the air, watching it curve over to drop in the rocks in front of him. It rolled and lay glinting in the sun.

“Get thirsty, copper?” Lanigan called and Maclean threw another shot at the rocks on the rise. Lanigan laughed. “I've got plenty of water here!” He taunted. “It won't be long now.”

Towards midday Maclean's tongue felt like a furry ball on his mouth. The thought of water not a hundred yards away almost made him lose control of himself.

An hour later Lanigan called. “I'll take a brandy with you, copper.” Maclean did not reply and Lanigan called again. Then the hat appeared over the top of the rocks. Maclean sat quietly and rested his aching head against the rocks. Lanigan stepped out and sprang back. After a while he came out again and stood looking towards the rocks. Maclean did his best to keep his rifle steady, but his shot kicked the dust at Lanigan's feet. Lanigan dived for cover.

The tin glinting in the sun mocked Maclean, and he reached out with his rifle and dislodged it. It dropped lower and when he sat back he could not see it.

As the afternoon lengthened Maclean felt weaker. A black mist crept towards his eyes. He came to with the sun on his face.

Why didn't Lanigan come and finish it? A bullet would be better than this. His throat ached. He tried to move and the pain stabbed along his side. He heard a shot, then the blackness came down over him again.

The next thing Maclean remembered was water trickling—a drop at a time—down his throat. He didn't try to reason how that came about but lay there and let the water run over his parched throat. When at last he opened his eyes it was to find Brough bending over him.

The old sergeant pressed him back. “Don't worry, he's safe enough.”

When he had recovered a little Maclean sat up and looked around. Lanigan, a brooding scowl on his face and the handcuffs glinting in the sun, stood to one side.

“How did you find me?” Maclean asked Brough.

The sergeant screwed the cap back on his water bottle and stood looking down at him. “I suppose I owe you an explanation,” he said. “But first, why didn't you wait for me?”
Maclean moved uncomfortably. "I wanted to see if you were right about Lanigan being here."
Brough's lips moved in what could have been a smile. He nodded. "I did the same thing many years ago—that's why I'm still a sergeant."
"With a grudge," Maclean said.
"With a grudge," Brough repeated. "The Inspector never let me forget it. You wouldn't know about that."
"Where did you go last night?" Maclean asked abruptly.
Brough looked out over the shimmering desert and when he replied his voice was low.
"Many years ago," he said, "I disobeyed an order, and made a mistake. The Inspector was right and I was wrong. I didn't want to do the same thing again."
"But you knew Lanigan would be here?"
"Yes. It's the only water for the next fifty miles. I guessed he would be about here, but I wanted to make sure. This morning I took a look for his tracks further on and when I got back you were gone."
"So you headed for here?"
"Not at once. I wasn't sure if you had come on. Then I saw the sun on your rifle."
Maclean smiled wanly. "Not my rifle," he said. "It must have been that tin I've been out to it for a few hours."
The sergeant turned to look at the tin glinting among the rocks. Lanigan dived for his rifle. His handcuffed wrists showed him a little, but he caught it up and fired from the hip. Brough straightened as though punched hard in the back and slumped down. Lanigan swung round, but Maclean fired from where he lay and his bullet ploughed into Lanigan's chest. He coughed and went down.
Maclean climbed to his feet and limped over to Brough. A red stain spread quickly across the sergeant's shirt front as Maclean turned him over. Brough's lips moved.
"See what I mean about learning?" he said. He coughed and blood spattered his shirt front.
"I'll let you back to camp," Maclean said.
Brough shook his head. "No use," he whispered. "Don't forget to tell the Inspector. He headed west."
"But he didn't." Inspector said.
Maclean covered the lean old face reverently.
As he caught the sergeant's horse and climbed stiffly into the saddle his lips set grimly. When he got back he would tell the Inspector that Lanigan had gone north, not west. The Inspector wouldn't like that, but Maclean was looking forward to telling his father what a stubborn old fool he had been.

"Thank goodness! I thought it was my husband."

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BRIDGE SCORE
Her husband handles finance?
Quite ably, I expect.
At least in his advances.
He's certainly direct.
Your husband likes the races?
Ah, now you're getting warm.
Just put him through his paces—
He surely knows his form!
—ERICA PARKER
You had a Christmas beetle... she wanted it... a kiss for the beetle. She got the beetle... you collected a smack on the ear and crept around for weeks dodging the ribald remarks of the school kids who had it straight from her that you had tried to kiss her.

... she had seen all the shorts at the first show she didn't like the second feature at the next she loathed the star in the film at the next theatre... then you struck a show with just the films she wanted to see... by that time all the shows had sold out... and you knew the rest, brother.

You make arrangements to call upon her one evening... you arrive... she has left a message to wait as she had to go out for a moment... you spend the rest of the evening listening to Aunt Fanny as she tells the story of her family's various complaints, etc... the phone rings... you need not wait as the menace has decided to spend the night with a girl friend.

... you come home with a black eye earned in honest honorable combat... she gave you a long lecture dealing with the evils of physical violence then whacked the hide off you just to teach you a lesson.

... you went to a cocktail party given by your boss... she tried to "get off" with the host... insults the hostess... falls into the fish pond... upon arrival home she spends what's left of the night bawling you out for making an exhibition of yourself.
RICH ON RABBIT.—A rag-and-bone merchant in Portsmouth (England) found that rabbit skins were fetching good prices. He decided to go all-out for the business while the market was soaring. He employed a team of men to go from house to house asking for skins. He also bought a motor-lorry and took his booty up to London once a week. He came back with the cash. Soon he had a larger staff, more lorries and was making several trips to London each week. He not so long ago sold his business for a tidy sum.

MOUSE MAGICIAN.—Mr C W S Tancock of London (England) claims that he has a singing mouse. "It chirrupps," he says, "and sings like a bird. Usually it is out of sight (apparently in the walls), but in different parts of the house at different times. Once I tracked it down and watched it for a moment. It sat in a corner, quivering all over like a wood-warbler in full song as it chirped and trilled without pause. Then I moved and it vanished."

MINER'S MONEY.—Arriving for work at the pit-head in a £1.000 saloon car comes thirty-three-year-old Edwin Midgley a miner at South Kirby colliery (England). A year ago, Mr Midgley won £16,000 in a football pool, but after a long holiday he found he was getting bored with doing nothing. So he became a miner once more. "I've always been a collier and always will be," states Mr Midgley (who is the father of four children). "Besides I want to keep my money for a rainy day."

“...I always leave that way”
nightmares are curious

Are nightmares funny or aren't they? Well, you'd better consult Broadway comedian Red Marshall about that. Marshall claims that he has had every kind of nightmare in the stud-book. From the little pink elephant job right along to losing your pants in the middle of a pack-moon-crowd. At the moment, he seems to be having snake-trouble for which there's no use blaming the bar-tender; he's packed up and gone home. But worse is still to come.

She may be the cream in his coffee, the minx, but why the heck does she sprout a beard like that? It's enough to put any man on the waggon.
Ah a-a-a-h, what a break! The beard's gone but what's the use? She's glorious, she's gorgeous and she's willing. But what can Marshall do about it? What could you do if you suddenly found yourself tired and footless?

**THAT TIRED FEELING . . .**

If you're feeling over-tired, you can put it down to one of thirteen causes:
1. Working when you are suffering from illness.
2. Playing when you should be resting.
3. Auditory fatigue brought about by noise.
4. Optical fatigue, due to over-use of the eyes.
5. General physical fatigue as the result of hard work or loss of sleep.
6. Working in bad air.
7. Too much alcohol or tobacco.
8. Fatigue from faulty diet.
9. Chronic carbon-monoxide poisoning from driving a car with a faulty exhaust.
10. Run-down state during recovery from infections.
11. Repercussions from depressions and wars.
12. Infections of the teeth, tonsils and adenoids.
13. Fatigue resulting from incompatibility in marriage.

**EYES RIGHT . . .**

The whites of your eyes should be a faint, glossy blue, shining with the liquid gloss formed by the natural oils. Your eyes require two hours more rest than your system needs sleep. If you usually sleep seven hours, you must give your eyes an extra two hours rest during the day. Do this, and you won't need to worry about fine work or constant reading ruining your sight. Keep your eyes clean with regular eye-baths—a separate bath for each eye, as inflammation or infection spreads quickly. Simplest eye exercise is to blink repeatedly. Whenever you think of it, have a blinking period. It sets everything round the eyes, working properly again.

**EXERCISE YOUR HEART . . .**

Complete inactivity is dangerous for a heart-patient, declares Dr. William G. Leamen, a Philadelphia (U.S.) cardiologist. Dr. Leamen says that a heart-patient, urged "to take it easy," may quit his job, be numbered among the unemployed for years and die at an early age. It has been shown that over 70 per cent of patients attending heart clinics can perform useful and productive work and support their families. Similar views have been expressed by Dr. William D. Stroud, professor of cardiology at the University of Pennsylvania. He explained that nature has a way of opening up detours blood roads when certain arteries become clogged and no longer supply the area of the heart-muscle with blood. Moreover, modern science has the treatment of heart disease well in its grip and new drugs are proving extra-efficient in checking its ravages. What was once regarded as a deadly menace is now known to be a disease which can be mastered.
the Spawning of Hell's Kitchen

J. W. HE.MING

From woodland beauty grew one of America's vilest haunts of naked vice and brutal crime.

IN New York was once a cauldron bubbling with vice and mayhem which they called Hell's Kitchen. Everybody knows that—but how and where and when? And also why? With a few who's who's.

Hell's Kitchen lasted a long time—about a century too long. It began early in the nineteenth century and was not cleansed out until in 1888. Hoover's G-boys, working with squads of New York police, ran a vacuum over it.

If you had been looking for the site of Hell's Kitchen about the beginning of the nineteenth century (which was before it existed) you would have walked down what is now Thirty-ninth Street, then only a woodland path, running towards the Hudson River on the West Side of New York. There were trees—yes, trees with birds in them—and not soot-birds either.

This was the Aspinwall Estate, stretching from what are now Fifty-first Street to Twenty-ninth Street. There was a huge English minor house occupied by the Aspinwall clan.

In the early part of the nineteenth century the immigrants from Europe were pouring into New York, poor, illiterate and desperate. They crowded into already crowded tenements. Irishmen were in the majority, a large number of Germans, with generous sprinklings of Greeks, Italians, Jews, Poles and Nagazes.

In the very early years of the nineteenth century the Aspinwall family died out. The caretaker's lodge was still open, for the Aspinwall gardener remained as caretaker over the boarded-up house. Around 1820, the scattered heirs of the Aspinwall estate decided on what was rapidly becoming a ruin. They split the estate up. John Jacob Astor and similar shrewd men of money realised that New York property was sure to rise in value, jumped in with both feet and hands full of cheques, and grabbed up the estate. Astor and his men ran up rows and rows of two-story tenements, along the Thirties, from Tenth Avenue to the River. Hell's Kitchen was being spawned.

It originated in advance and naturally grew up the same way. As the spot was near the river it was natural that other buildings would also rise—such useful places as factories, warehouses, breweries, stores, and saloons (on every corner), pool rooms and pawn shops. The seething mass of immigrants—with criminals who had learnt their professions in the Bowery—flowed like an almost putrescent stream into the tenements.

The Tammany politicians suddenly got a whiff of this district—it had not yet been christened—and a whiff was easy to get. This summing up cauldron of the unlawful could be used. So the politician rented whole suites or tenements. They were turned into "stubs" for the boys and girls—the very adult boys and girls, who were expected to do a little strong-arm work at election or other times. Tammany Hall also dropped a hint to the police that the district was to be left alone. The baby began to find its feet; the cauldron began to boil.

In the midst of all this turmoil there was one link with the old days. The lodge (or caretaker's cottage) of the original Aspinwall estate had been left standing in its own bit of ground. It was a little present from the Aspinwalls to their gardener, who lived on there, getting old, but not to have a man next-egg looked away somewhere else. The cottage was battered, but stood with upturned nose on a rock at 533 West Thirty-ninth Street. Each side of it were stinking tenements.

One night, in the spring of 1888, the gardener was just retiring to bed. Although it was close on midnight there was plenty of noise outside—fighting, singing, drunken men and women. The gardener walked round his four small rooms, closing and locking the windows. He was just about to put the bar across the back door when several men burst in, led by Bully Mullin. The gardener knew Bully, a great, hulking brute who had formed the Gopher Gang. A mob which was to last out several leaders before it expired. With them was Mrs Livingstone, a charming lady with a delightful hobby of slicing throats. She happened to be Bully's "housekeeper" at the time.

Whether the gardener was asked for his money or whether such courtesy was neglected is not known. The next day an old friend of the tenant found the house in violent disorder,
he did not find the gardener in the
gardener's nest-egg. Bully Martin
made good use of the nest-egg, while
it is suspected that the gardener's
body was weighted with some of his
own goods and dropped in the river.
The police were so baffled that
Bully Martin, Mrs. Livingstone and
the gang decided they had an open go.
Very shortly afterwards, Bully Martin,
his floozy, some dope-heads and
alley-dames moved into the
gardener's lodge and set up house.

The time was coming quickly when
the salubrious district was christened

That same year of 1830, a Hoboken
fisherman pulled up his boat at the
jetty of Thirty-ninth Street and de-
cided to take a stroll while the tide
was changing.

He strolled past the late gardener's
cottage. Mrs. Livingstone was posted
in the doorway on the look-out for
patrons or pigs to pick up. She
decided the fisherman—Jack Waters—
looked like a pigeon who might have
a dollar. She called to the boys in
the back room.

They had a lot of "fun" with Jack—
- after emptying his pockets—such
games as punch-the-bag, football and
skittles. Then Mrs. Livingstone had
a bright idea. While Jack was
manning in a side alley, she ran inside,
got a few large bottles of alcoholic
spirits, emptied them over the fisher-
man—and added a lighted match!

Jack Waters must have been some
sort of a Superman. As the gang
descamped to let him burn, he got to
his feet—a living torch—and ran for
the Twenty-fifth Street police sta-
tion. As he ran he managed to beat
out the flames, and when he reached
the station he was all out—in more
ways than one. He collapsed on the
floor.

As soon as he was conscious, he
was asked where he was attacked.
"Down there near the water," he
screamed. "In Thirty-ninth Street—
the old gardener's cottage — Hell's
Kitchen!"

So came the christening! Yet the
name was then applied only to the
one house—that ghostly house of
murder and unmentionable vice.
Later it was to spread over the whole
district, and the "chefs" and "cooks"
of the Kitchen delighted in it.

Especially Bully Martin,
There was nothing of the Napoleon
about Bully. He was huge and had
great strength.
He spent most of his time picking
fights. In his drunken rages he would
stagger along the streets swinging
a great stick with which he would bash
down anyone who didn't move fast
enough.

He made a lot of enemies, which is
nothing to be astounded about. One
night Bully Martin got a full cargo
of liquor aboard and carved his way
through the district. At last, worn
out by his exertions and feeling the
weight of his drinks, he staggered
into a gutter and lay down to sleep.

One of his enemies saw him. Every-
one went armed in Hell's Kitchen—
from a heavy pistol down to the
bundle load pipe. This enemy had
a lead pipe. He used it. It was
Bully Martin's turn to be cleared out
of the street.

It was in the original Hell's Kit-
chen (the cottage), too, that Ding
Dong Bell opened his Crane College.
Ding Dong was a little skinny and
pinched-faced son who packed a
lot of wit into every square inch. He
became a self-appointed instructor of
the children of the neighbourhood,
giving them expert teaching in such
useful subjects as bag-snatching,
shop-lifting and climbing through
small windows of shops to unlock
the doors for their elders.

He was a professor, and Ding Dong
Bell! He might have given Dickens
the idea for Fagin. One lucrative
pastime he gave to his students might
be called Pick and Toss. He got
the kids to sneak around the ten-
ements and dink into temporarily
inhibited rooms. If they found any-
thing of the slightest value they
would punch it and toss it out the
window to Bell waiting below.

Bell was careful to instil a hatred
of the police into all his pupils, so
that the kids got great fun by drop-
b railroad tracks from roof tops on passing

CAVALCADE, January, 1951
The lure of artificial gold has engrossed men through the years and the search is still continued.

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FRANK S. GREENO

**gold**

from a lump of lead

In the year 1783, Dr. Price, of Guildford (near London), took poison and died.

A year earlier he had published a paper in which he had described how, by mixing red and white powders, he had made gold.

He had brought specimens of this gold before the king... and it had been fine gold. But the conservative Royal Society (of which Dr. Price was a member) ordered him to repeat his process before its officials. Dr. Price's suicide was the answer.

Yet Dr. Price was not the first or the last to make the strange claim that he had found a way of manufacturing gold. Far beyond written records, back into the dawn of time, reach stories of men who could make gold... the alchemists. And the same hope stretches ahead of us in the minds of physicists of the modern school.

In the fourth century after Christ, Constantinople—then a world capital—firmly believed in a "philosopher's stone," which could transmute common metals into gold.

In the year 296 A.D., the Roman emperor Diocletian ordered the destruction of all ancient books which treated of the admirable art of making gold and silver.

Four hundred years later, the Arab Abou Moussaah Yuseff al Sofi (also known as Geber) recorded his experiments with the "philosopher's stone" in many volumes. If he did not discover the stone (who did?), at least he was able to produce corrosive sublimate, red oxide of mercury, nitric acid and nitrate of silver.

Also in search of the "stone," another Arab—Rhazes—learned how to distill alcohol. The search for the stone led the English philosopher, Roger Bacon, to invent spectacles as well as producing a formula for gunpowder and a magic lantern. The list is almost endless.

A few of the more bizarre of the experimenters will suffice. Albert Magnus was one of the strangest. He was a dunce who had to be thrashed through the simplest tasks, and, when he was 30 years old, he showed not the slightest scholastic promise. Then suddenly... so the legend says... the Virgin Mary appeared to him and offered him mental brilliance, either for divinity or philosophy. Albertus showed philosophy... and spent the rest of his life seeking the philosopher's stone. He enlisted as a pupil Thomas Aquinas. Together, it is said, they built a brazen statue and "by magic brought it to life." It was acting as their household servant; but it proved to be of an exceedingly garrulous turn. As a matter of fact, it talked so much that, in the end, Aquinas smashed it with a hammer.

At this, Magnus appears to have weakened. In 1259 he became Bishop of Ratisbon... but the lure of the stone proved too strong. Four years later, he resigned his position and returned to his experiments.

But his search seems to have been in vain. At all events, whatever he had learned of the "stone" died with him.

Then there was Nicolas Flamel, a citizen of 14th century France. Flamel discovered a mouldering, old stone which... though it was written in Latin... he believed to be the original work of the Biblical patriarch Abram. This book Flamel studied for 81 long years, but still he found no formula for the making of gold. Refusing to be bested, he travelled Europe to find someone who might instruct him. Whether he succeeded in his quest or not is not on the record, but he returned to absorb himself so deeply in his books that for three years he neither washed nor cleaned his beard. He had his reward when... on January 13, 1339... he transmuted mercury into silver. On April 25 of the same year, he claimed to have produced gold. But it was too late. He was now an old and feeble man aged 80. Before he could disclose his secrets—presuming that he had a secret—he too was dead.

Another rather exotic alchemist was Bernard of Traves. He was already an immensely wealthy man; but his greed for gold was apparently insatiable. He spent his whole life and his entire fortune in futile study, travel and experiment to discover the "stone."

At last, an old man, penniless and unrewarded, he admitted defeat for exactly two months. Then, like an addict mad for his drug, he returned to his quest. Even when he was over 80 years old, he was shut in his laboratory, working day and night.
He was 54 when he died but it was the gold of wisdom, not of metal.

"The great secret of philosophy is contentment with one's lot," was the message he left to the world.

But, if the alchemists were un-shakable in their belief in the existence of the philosopher's stone, fear of the alchemists' experiments resulted in one of history's earliest attempts to check inflation of the currency. In 1604, England passed an Act of Parliament, declaring that the making of gold and silver from other metals would be regarded as a felony and treated as such.

In 1445, however, the Treasury seemed to recover from its panic. In that year, Henry V issued patents to selected "scientists" so that they might try to find the philosopher's stone "for the great benefit of the wealth of the realm."

About a year later, the King was disappointed to learn that no success had been reported. He therefore appointed a council of "ten learned men" to investigate what was going on. Apparently, nothing was... at least, there is no historical evidence that the council ever issued any findings on the matter.

A second English King, Edward II, had better luck. Edward invited the famed French alchemist, Raymond Lully, to come to England and make gold. Lully duly arrived and was quartered in the Tower of London.

In the Tower he is reputed to have handed King Edward six million pounds in gold for a war against the Turks. Cynical modern historians are inclined to suggest that Lully raised the cash, not by the philosopher's stone, but by levying a poll tax on wool.

Which, in its way and in the England of its day, was almost as miraculous as gold from lead.

Many of the alchemists, too, seem to have been extremely wealthy men.

One was an Englishman, George Ripley by name, who claimed to be seeking the Stone. Wherever he collected the money, it seems assured that every year he presented one hundred thousand pounds in gold to the knights of Malta and Rhodes for their war against the Saracens. Even Old Nicholas Flamel—before he died penniless—mixed alchemy with considerable business acumen. There is no doubt that, during a trip through Spain, he collected debts owed by Spanish Jews to residents in Paris... on a cent per cent interest basis "because of the dangers of the road."

And so it has gone on. Though the alchemists of the past have disappeared, men still follow the quest.

As late as 1935, such sober publishers as the Funk and Wagnall Company of New York, in a book edited by Henry Smith Williams, declared: "The newest discoveries in physics make it clear that the creation of gold by transmutation is theoretically possible, even probable. Moreover, they reveal the processes by which allied elements (notably mercury, thallium and lead) might some day be transformed into gold. Perhaps some amateur radio-telegrapher experimenting with high-frequency currents may some day accidentally discover a catalyst which will change base metals into gold, just as Perkins discovered the secret of mordant dyes when a student, while trying to make synthetic quinine."

"Down, boy! Down!"

Why not? We have already split the atom... we may be near the hydrogen bomb and its limitless potentialities. Some day someone may hit on the formula for which the alchemists sought so long... and all the gold in Fort Knox will be going at bargain prices.
planning for additions

With the homes they would like best costing so much more than they can afford, most intending home-builders in this cycle of high costs are faced with what appears to be an unsurmountable difficulty. CAVALCADE, however, suggests that you plan first and build additions later.

Adding to a house is generally an expensive undertaking, attended by a great deal of inconvenience while walls are being knocked down and rooms remodelled. The expense, however, can be reduced to normal and the inconvenience reduced to practically nil if the house is planned with the express intention of adding rooms later.

The accompanying sketch is of a three-bedroom house that could be built in two or three stages without disturbance to the nucleus house which was first built. This nucleus house consists of two bedrooms and a living-dining room, with kitchen, bathroom and laundry (all shown in solid block).

The third bedroom fits snugly in the angle left by the other two and the living room and garage can be added quite simply.

This is a plan which lends itself to both modern and conventional treatment and would make a very liveable home. There is a built-in wardrobe, linen and coat cupboards in the hall, a built-in sideboard in the dining room, and a modern cupboard and equipment set up in the kitchen.

The overall area of the complete house, excluding garage, is 1670 sq feet. Minimum width of land is 60 feet.
the drunken lion of the Punjab

His glittering jewels were like the stars in the sky but the Koh-i-nor was the brightest of all his wealth

JACK PEARSON

He was Ranjit Singh, the Sikh Lion of the Punjab and the three great joys of his life were wealth, women and wine.

His only complaints were "that he could not drink like a fish while remaining sober enough to continue drinking like a fish indefinitely" and "that he could not eat like an elephant without vomiting." His dancing-girls were "like the stars in the skies." In his turban he wore the fabulous Koh-i-nor, and his treasures were so checked with jewels that he was forced to bury portions of his fortune in the ground.

At the early age of 17, he set himself up as a ruler of the Punjab by murdering his mother and confiscating her possessions. But he did not allow success to run to his head; he made up his mind to march slowly.

On the plains of India, the power of the British East India Company was growing steadily. He soon realised that he must either fight or make friends with his white neighbours.

Ranjit Singh took steps. Disguised as a peasant, he visited the British camps.

One agog glance convinced him that his own unruly levies were no match for the British-trained native sepoys. Ranjit Singh promptly entered into a treaty of "perpetual friendship" with the Company. The Company, at the moment being unaware of Ranjit Singh's ideas of "perpetuity."

Still, that was something the Company had yet to discover. Ranjit Singh next began to build up an army—mainly by attracting desertsers from the British ranks. He also enlisted Dutch, French and Italian officers.

Soon, Ranjit Singh and his Sikhs were on the march.

Mostly victorious, Ranjit Singh demonstrated, however, that he wished to be benevolence itself. He merely forced his victims to join him in a "gentleman's agreement" by which they handed over to him everything they possessed.

The Sikh Empire expanded . . . and Ranjit Singh had acquired a sizeable fortune, a well-stocked harem, and a varied cellar when he brought off one of the biggest coups of his career.

The latest civil war had just been fought in Afghanistan and the defeated Shah—Suja—had been driven out by his rival, Dowt Mahomed. In his haste to escape buying his thrust slit, Shah Suja was guilty of two grave errors of judgment: (1) He fled to Ranjit Singh for protection, and (2) he arrived wearing the Koh-i-nor in his turban.

Ranjit Singh was delighted to see the Shah; he was even more delighted to see the Koh-i-nor.

He wasted no time in opening negotiations for another of his treaties of "perpetual friendship." The Shah was inclined to demand a Ranjit Singh refused to be fobbed off. He had the Shah tossed into a dungeon and starved him until he had just strength left to oblige. The two princes met to seal the treaty. By some unfathomable stroke of utter idiocy, the Shah adorned his head-dress with the Koh-i-nor.

Ranjit Singh acted with punctilious courtesy. As soon as the treaty was signed, he suggested that—"as a pledge of eternal amity—he and Shah Suja should exchange turbans. Out of politeness, the Shah could only consent. Radiating satisfaction, Ranjit Singh once more reclined on his pillows, while the Koh-i-nor now adorned his brow.

The Shah bowed himself from Ranjit's presence and briskly escaped through the sewers of Lahore to put out his tale of woe to the British commanders.

The sympathetic Company did its best to pacify Suja with a yearly pension.

But Ranjit Singh's presence was too strong, and the Sikhs (the "Khalises," as they called themselves) were the strongest nation of bandits in India.

But the Lion apparently became bored of ravishing.

He turned his undoubted organising powers to arranging feasts. These were noted for their torrents of alcohol, their mountainous piles of victuals, and their crowds of dancing-girls—and invariably ended promiscuously drunken orgies in which the host, his guests and the dancing-girls all joined.

It says something of the Lion's stamina that he survived years of these wild junketings with the loss of only one eye and the addition of an unsightly pock which pitted his cheeks.

His mental powers, however, were unshaken. Though he could neither read nor write, his memory was phenomenal. He could even recite without mistake the post-

CAVALCADE January, 1951
In Edinburgh, the Lord Justice has ruled that because Kathleen Love threw her engagement ring in her fiancé's face, she didn't intend to break off her engagement. "To say that the return of a ring by a woman, in all cases, was an irrevocable step would deprive the female sex of one of its most cherished privileges and the stage of one of its most hackneyed situations."

Ranjit Singh — accompanied by a side of unguer (and unpalatable) solubility, a large train of artillery, numerous elephants and even more numerous squires of stuporous liquors and dancing girls — reached the British camp and Lord Auckland, High Governor-General.

Lord Auckland gave a banquet in honour of the Lion. The Lion appeared highly of the Scotch and Irish ha'penny. In his turn, he gave a banquet to out-banquet all banquets of honour of Lord Auckland.

The festival concluded with a protracted course of the particular heady blend of jungle-juice cherished by Ranjit—a beverage distilled from raisins and sugar with powdered pearls.

The Allied armies advanced. Peculiar as it may sound, they did succeed in reaching Kabul. But the austere life of the hills had proved too much for the Lion. He himself was laid low with fever and dyspepsia. While he still returned a little strength, he hurled his doctors from his presence and summoned priests of every creed that he could call to mind. He was prima facie followed by a second stroke. For more than a month, he lay speechless until—at the age of 58—he died. . . with the Koh-i-nor still clasp to his brow.

On the last day of his life, he sentenced 100,000 pounds sterling among his followers and bade them carry the Koh-i-nor to adorn the huge and bloody idol of Juggernaut, Godess of Death.

He was cremated together with four of his wives and seven slave-girls who had been selected for the doubtful privilege and the Koh-i-nor? It did not reach Juggernaut, but it did somehow contrive not to disappear.

With the Sikh Empire, the Koh-i-nor crashed to earth on the corpse-strung field of Gujerat and was handed to John Lawrence, a British officer. Lawrence slipped the gem into his pocket.

Dressing for dinner that night, he threw his waistcoat onto the back of a chair with no thought of the jewel hidden there.

Six weeks later, news came that Queen Victoria wished to have the gem.

"Where is it?" John Lawrence asked the Company's distraught Board of Directors.

"Well, you had it last!" pointed out his brother, Henry.

"Of course, of course! So I did!" replied John, not bestowing an eye-lid.

"Call my servant."

"You remember a small box in my waistcoat pocket some time ago?" he asked the servant.

"Yes, sahib," the servant answered.

"I put it in one of your cases."

Presumably a cold sweat must have beaded John Lawrence's brow, but he showed no other outward sign of his anxiety. The Board of Directors eyed him with uncorrupted lack of enthusiasm as he dismissed the servant with no more eagerness than if he were sending him to bring a glass of water.

"Bring me the case," John Lawrence ordered. A battered, old tin trunk was produced. "Open it," Lawrence bade. The servant did so.

"There is not a thing here but a bit of glass, sahib," he announced disappointingly.

That "bit of glass" was the Koh-i-nor. And that is why the richest treasure of the drunken old Lion of the Punjab is now one of the brightest jewels in the British Crown.
Thought for the coming year: If you placed a thousand worms on
the ground, and to end in a perfectly straight line, one of them would be sure
to wriggle and spoil it. State of the Nation Summary. Civilization is a
state of society in which a person who is over ninety years old has a hope
of missing the next war. Traffic Warning. A French motor-cyclist has
succeeded in riding his machine on a tight-rop...so the last refuge of
pedestrians has been lost, eh? Social millenniums. It used to be an insult
to offer a girl a drink of liquor, but nowadays she just swallows the
result. A woman's declining years are before thirty, she rarely declines
later. Social maladjustments. Some women when they quarrel become hysteric.
Others become historical—they make up the past. From the office's financial standpoint, if
you want to learn the value of money, just try to borrow some money.
Many an optimist has become rich simply by buying out a pessimist. Many a man
has the wolf at his door because his wife has a silver-fox round her
neck. Dubious Definitions. A clever girl is one who knows all the answers
but waits for the question. A perfect gentleman is one who makes every
other man in the room uneasy. When a pretty girl turns her back on
romance, it's usually just long enough to freshen her make-up. No woman
minds being a martyr, so long as other people realize that she's keeping
it a secret. Notice outside a suburban dance-hall: Clean and decent
dancing every night, except Sunday. Quir Corner. A clever girl is one who
knows all the answers but waits for the question. A Perfect Gentleman
is one who makes every other man in the room uneasy. Financial Jottings.
If you want to learn the value of money, just try to borrow some money. Many an
optimist has become rich simply by buying out a pessimist. Recipe Ever
tried soft soap for wiping off dirty looks? Our Radio Column. Radio
announcers aren't so conceited, it's the disc-jockey who puts on the airs. The
ideal voice for radio should have no substance, no sex, no owner, and a
message of importance for every housewife.

OUR SHORT STORY. A dairyman won first prize at an Agricultural
Show, modestly refused to take any credit for his success. "I owe it all to
the udders," he explained apologetically.
INTRODUCING HERSELF, DESIREE CODE HOPES CAIN WILL FIND TIME TO HELP HER WHOSE SHE SHARED A FLAT HAS DISAPPEARED...

ELSIE MERRICK WAS HER NAME.... SHE WORKED AT THE POSTEL GALLERIES AND LIVED A VERY QUIET LIFE....

"SHE HAD NO RELATIVES OR FAMILY! WE HAVE BECOME VERY GOOD FRIENDS," DESIREE CONTINUES. "IN ANSWER TO CAIN'S QUESTION SHE SAYS YES, ELSIE HAD A BOYFRIEND.

THERE'S THE ANSWER -- WHEN A WOMAN DISAPPEARS YOU REVERSE THE OLD IDEA AND FIND THE MAN.... I'M SURE SHE'LL COME BACK.

CHEERED BY CAIN'S OPTIMISM DESIREE RETURNS HOME -- TO FIND THE PLACE UNSACKED AND ALL ELSIE MERRICK'S THINGS GONE.

MEANWHILE, FLASH CAIN CONGRATULATES HIMSELF ON NOT HAVING TO TAKE A SMALL CASE HE DOESN'T WANT TO HANDLE....

IF ONLY THAT DESIREE WERE MIXED UP IN A WORTHWHILE CASE....

IMpressed BY THE FACT THAT THE PLACE HAS BEEN SEARCHED, CAIN AGREES TO INTERVIEW ELSIE MERRICK'S BOYFRIEND. HE SENDS DESIREE HOME....

OH, MR. CAIN -- I CAME RIGHT BACK -- ALL ELSIE'S THINGS HAVE BEEN TAKEN!

BESIDES .... THE PLACE HAS BEEN SEARCHED AS WELL ELSIE WOULDN'T HAVE TO SEARCH THE PLACE....

BUD CALLAN IS RELIEVED TO SEE CAIN .......

FRANKLY, ELSIE HAVEN'T BEEN IN TOUCH WITH ME FOR FOUR DAYS, AND I WAS GETTING WORRIED....
CAVALCADE, January, 1951

---

FLASH CAIN REALISES THAT CARATTO WAS NOT SURPRISED AS HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN TO FIND THAT CAIN KNEW THE GIRL'S NAME, OR THAT CAIN REFERRED TO HER "DISAPPEARANCE."

AND HE RE-EXAMINES THE PICTURE, WHICH IS HUNG TO REPLACE THE STOLEN RELIEF..."

CAIN TELLS DESIREE WHAT HE HAS DONE, AND THANKS HER FOR GETTING CARATTO OUT OF THE WAY. HE ASKS HER TO PARTNER HIM IN ONE MORE INVESTIGATION.

---

CONVINCED THAT CARATTO'S ATTITUDE HIDES SOME GUILTY KNOWLEDGE, CAIN TELEPHONES TO DESIREE...

AND SOME TIME LATER, HE RETURNS TO THE GALLERY...

CAIN GETS DESIREE'S OPINION OF THE PICTURE, WHICH HANGS IN PLACE OF THE MISSING OLD MASTER, CONFIRMS HIS SUSPICIONS, BUT...

---

CAIN TELLS DESIREE. REVOLVER IN HAND, STANDS IN THE DOORWAY, AND SHOWS THE FURY OF A TRAPPED MAN...

---

PATIENTLY, FLASH CAIN GOES THROUGH THE GALLERY, LOOKING CAREFULLY AT EACH PIECE.

CAREFULLY, HE GOES THROUGH THE CATALOGUE COMPARING THE PICTURES ON THE WALL WITH THE ONES ENTERED...

AS CAIN MAKES A POINTING DIVE OUT OF THE BEAM OF CARATTO'S TORCH, THE GALLERY KEEPER TURNS AND FIRES... IN THAT SECOND, DESIREE DIVES FORWARD...

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SHE HAS NO HOPE OF WRESTLING WITH HIM, BUT SHE STOPS HIM FOR THE ONE NECESSARY MOMENT...
C/M not C/KM.

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CAVALCADE.

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SAVES

COSTLY

ENGINE

REPAIRS

CLEANS - yes

prevents the formation of
harmful deposits because of its
exceptional detergent characteristics

RESISTS - yes

assures you greater
protection against corrosion
and wear of all engine parts

OXIDATION - yes

because of a clean
engine correct selection of
crude solvent refining and resistance to
change in body as temperatures alter

LUBRICATES - yes

Vacuum Oil Company Pty. Ltd. (Inc in Aust)
The white warrior had seen the white girl and yet there seemed no way to save her.

POR four days the "Comet," London to Melbourne, fled in the storm, like a barren doe with the bay of hounds in her ears. The fourth black night engulfed the brig with Bass Strait. Like a zigzagging shaft of white-hot steel, lightning stabbed earthwards; it emblazoned a gaunt, massive mountain athwart the bowsprit.

"Hard a'starboard!" the captain ordered, with voice and a wrench at the wheel, the helmsman answered. The brig shuddered from the violent buffet of a beam sea, and the mainmast snapped, the lookout, a mere lad, catapulted into the dark, seething water.

"Man overboard!" a dozen hoarse voices cranked the alarm.

"Hold your course," the captain ordered gruffly. In an aside he said to the mate, "We're in treacherous water, mistah. That's Wilson's Promontory to port. We've run past Port Phillip Heads in this blasted storm."

Which were about the last words he ever spoke.

At dawn Tom Walton dragged himself wearily from the sea. He staggered across a shelving beach and dropped exhausted at the foot of a gnarled tree at the northern end of the mountain.

Some hours later Boollarra, chief of the Yarrami, raised a hand. The tribe advanced cautiously to his side. They gathered around the gnarled tree in a wide circle to stare at the figure on the ground.

"Kill!" said Nyooki fiercely. He was a tall, young buck, fleet of foot and a proved warrior. The old men had named him chief-elect following the death of Boollarra's son Beenac. He drew back his arm to cast a spear.

"Stop!" Boollarra snapped the order curtly. He knew of Nyooki's ambitions, plots and treachery; he would follow no lead given by the young buck. He stared at the sleeping youth speculatively. "It is the..."
A young wench, training to be a teacher, was giving a demonstration lesson. The subject was Scripture—the parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins. "But, miss," inquired one of the class plaintively, "What's a virgin?" The teacher went red with embarrassment. "Oh, don't bother about them," she replied. "There are so few of them nowadays!"

A spirit of Beenac came to his people.

Nyooki scowled darkly, he wanted no reincarnated Beenac with the tribe. "It is a trick of the Budgeroos to steal the secret of our salt," he challenged.

The chief frowned at the shrivel thrust. His treaty with Yindi, chief of the hillmen, bartering salt and fish for wallaby meat and skins, was unpopular with Yarrami warriors. While the chief pondered the problem, Walton stared restlessly. He stretched stiffly and opened his eyes. Fear gnawed at his stomach when he saw the formidable ring of black men.

Brown eyes were wondering, yet scorned with hostility. Black hodes were pressed, and spears quivered in young bucks' hands. Beyond the inner circle, the old men stood, half-awake savagery in their rheumy eyes. Pandanipes and lubras—eved yet curious—peered through the gaps between the men.

With three hundred aborigines surrounding him, Tom Walton rose cautiously to his test. Though tough and wily for his sixteen years, he was no match for some of the young bucks, but his head crept to his chest—knife. He would sell life dearly.

Nyooki broke the tension Walton's movement had created. "How can the spirit of the black man be white as the hands of the chinees?" He asked sarcastically.

"The dead bones of the brown wallaby are white as a lubra's teeth," Boollarra retorted scathingly. "The wise men will say it is the spirit of Beenac."

Several old men edged forward cautiously. They glanced from Nyooki to Boollarra doubtfully. They hated the peace with the despised Budgeroos, and they had named Nyooki chief-elect because he would give them war. They yearned for the feasts on human flesh that followed battle, but they feared Boollarra's anger.

"It is Beenac come from the land of the spirits," they pronounced solemnly.

Nyooki muttered angrily but the wise men had spoken, and he must bid his time. Sullenly he joined in the corroboree of welcome to the bewildered white youth.

Hope of escape was strong in Walton, but he mistook the Gippsland Lakes for Port Phillip Bay and, seeing no signs of settlement or shipping around the lakes, he clung to the security of the tribe rather than face the unknown. As he learned the language and customs, he realized that, as a "jumped-up black-fellow," he was treated with respect, even with awe. He fitted himself into the role of Beenac, watching always for a chance to escape by sea.

That boy of yours... he will carry on your name. You have brought him up with love and care, and you want him to have the best possible start for his career... a position in the steel industry. He will keep that happy outlook as opportunities open up before him... as the industry's Staff Training Scheme fits him for promotion.

Australia's ever-developing steel industry has big plans for the future, plans in which your boy can take a successful and secure part. This is his chance.

Contact the nearest office or works of The Broken Hill Proprietary Co. Ltd now. Your local B.H.P. manager will be glad to help your boy plan his career as an engineer, chemist, metalurgist, or highly skilled tradesman in the steel industry.
You're never too old to learn. At Columbia University (U.S.), psychologists have established that while the most efficient age for learning is between 14 and 25, thereafter your ability to absorb new information decreases only one percent per year. At 45 you're still able to learn more than you could before the age of 14. Even at 65, you can still pride yourself on being able to absorb knowledge half as fast as you could when you were 25.

Then there came a morning—after a year of captivity—Walton sighted a schooner. He made for the shore, reached the lake. He saw the canoe and the tribe inside. He fashioned a gong, a makeshift buoy, and shot it toward the canoe. Before he had traveled a mile, Walton knew that his had failed.

He allowed himself to be taken ashore, must court his own peril, must court the death penalty himself. Sullenly he took a seat in the stern and urged the paddler to the shore. Before he had traveled a mile, Walton knew that his had failed.

“Beenee must be brought back to the tribe unharmed,” he warned. “To kill his white body would let his spirit return to the land of the dead. The dead would be angry with the Yarram. They would come in white bodies and take the hunting grounds of our tribe.”

The old men nodded wisely, so it happened to the Korumburra. But Nyoooki scowled, then a cunning light flitted in his eyes. A party of warriors were picking up the tracks of Beenee. Nyoooki watched them for a few moments then, gleaming the line of flight, set off at a smart pace. None would see what happened when Nyoooki overtook Beenee. Alone, Nursing the young warrior's purpose, Boollarna despatched a party of young bucks. The black shouted angrily, but the white man pushed a light canoe into the water and, glimmering about, paddled furiously. Nyoooki shot an arrow. Beenee's canoe was for gathering shellfish, being broad and awkward to paddle. He set about dragging a long, heavy canoe into the water, but before he could launch it, half a dozen young warriors rushed down to the bush.

Nyoooki scowled. He could not capture now, but he could not kill without suffering the death penalty himself. Sullenly he took a seat in the stern and urged the paddler to the shore. Before he had traveled a mile, Walton knew that his had failed.

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Cries of alarm drew the girl's startled eyes to the mass of natives about her. All were gazing in fear, except the big chief. Unconsciously, she fingered the ruby and the natives leaped back a pace, pointing their spears at her to ward off an attack. The girl realised instinctively that the ruby was a talisman they feared, but the chief was not afraid, he was smiling craftily as he held up his hand, palm stretched, in sign of friendship.

Yindi made it plain to the girl that she would not be harmed but that she must come with the tribe. She obeyed—and then gradually they dwindled on her a suspicion she could hardly put into words.

The tribe regarded her as a 'White Goddess,' the ruby as a red eye of death.

Yindi, crafty and cunning, spread the word of the fatal power of the ruby. He led the Budgeroi from tribe to tribe through the mountains, terrifying the weaker tribes into paying tribute to the White Goddess. Elected with his success, he decided to test his powers against the lake and coast men, the Yarrami. He led the Budgeroi down from the hills and out towards the lakes.

The two tribes met and gathered in separate groups half a mile apart. The chiefs and the wise men advanced to the come. Boollarrag met the hunters and with gestures of friendship, but he found the Budgeroi arrogant and Yindi truculent.

"The White Goddess of the Fire lives with the Budgeroi," Yinda proclaimed threateningly. "She will look with her red eye of death upon the Yarrami, unless the lake-men give her much salt and fish and many nutten-birds and possams."

The wise men of the Yarrami were nervous, they heard that the red eye could wither the vitals of a strong man, it drew blood from the stoutest warriors to give it colour. Boollarrag was no less meanly, he was under no delusions as to what the White Goddess was; for the chief of the Korumburras had told him that white men sought a white woman in the bush, they had heard rumors of Yindi's White Goddess. Boollarrag feared that if white men came into his domain they would stay, as they did at Korumburra.

"The Yarrami will pay tribute to the White Goddess," he said slowly. He was anxious to get the Budgeroi and then dangerous captive away from the lake.

"Yes," the wise men agreed with cunning looks. 'The Yarrami will lay their gifts at the feet of the White Goddess'.

Yindi scowled, he did not want to show his captive to the Yarrami, but he saw no way of avoiding the inevitable consequences. The parties withdrew to prepare for the ceremony, but the Yarrami wise men sought out Nyook, they were tired of Boollarrag's pacifism and they hungered for the feasts that followed battle.

Troubled in mind, Boollarrag sought Becane. He came on the white man in a clump of scrub at the lakeside. Walton looked up guiltily when the chief surprised him, putting the finishing touches to the canoe. His hand lasted on his treasures ships-knife, but the chief paid no heed to him, he looked over the canoe with appreciative eyes.

"Becane wishes to go back to the white man's tribe?" Boollarrag asked speculatively.

Walton started, realising for the first time that the chief had known his origins throughout. He nodded his head.

"THE MAN WHO
Never Dies"

Even Voltaire admitted that he was the man who knew everything!

In the middle of the 18th Century a strange character appeared at the French Court. He was ordinary to look at, well built and simply dressed, but he possessed a power over other people, despite the scandalous rumours regarding his origin. In fact, gossip gave him many origins. Some said that he was an Alsatian Jew of poor birth, others, again, declared he was a natural son of Charles II of Spain. His name was the Count of St Germain, and trustworthy witnesses claimed that they had known him back in 1710, when, so they said, he was a man between 40 and 50. Others, equally sincere, spoke of him as being that age in the middle of the 18th Century! Even the great Voltaire paid him the tribute of declaring that he was the man who never dies and who knows everything.

And maybe Voltaire was not so very wrong. The Count was a man of parts in those days when knowledge of the arts was a help and not a hindrance. He was an accomplished poet, painter, though every subject was loaded with jewels—a jewels a feeling of the Count's. He had a large head of his own, which he carried everywhere with him. He was an expert musician, and though his compositions are rarely heard to-day, his name as a violinist still remains in Europe. But the Count was even more famous about his accomplishment, and one day he threw away his violin, saying: "I have nothing more to learn!"

Gullible people believed that the Count had discovered the elixir of perpetual life, and even at the beginning of this century a woman retired to a castle in Rumania awaiting his appearance. Naturally he never did appear. For to-day we know that we cannot avoid old age, though we can lessen its hardships. One of the main factors in this regard is the institution of Life Assurance. Thanks to the confidence of three million Australians, and the wise investment of their savings by the Life Offices, Life Assurance guarantees real security to all its policyholders, and also provides material benefits for every Australian.
Pacific Janns: When a motorist, whose car had plunged into a swamp near St Paul (U.S.) refused to pay the bill for having it pulled out, the tow service promptly pushed it back into the swamp. An even more bemused motorist at Pacific Beach, California, lost a wheel from his trailer. Watching pop-eyed, he saw it roll slowly but determinately into the hands of another man who immediately loaded it into his car and drove off at speed.

"Yes," he said despondently. "White men live where the sun sets down." Boollara told him: "A white man's big canoe floats on the sea beyond the entrance. I will let you go...but you must not go alone, you must take the White Goddess of the Budgeroi with you. I will aid your escape.

The presence of a white woman with the Budgeroi had been suggested to Walton by native rumour, but the fact that a ship was anchored outside the entrance was a surprise to him. He hesitated for a moment, thinking that he should get to the ship and bring a rescue party ashore. Boollara read his thoughts.

"Yandi would kill, if the white men come," he advised. "Do as I say, Beezle, and when you reach the white men, tell them that Boollara is a good man then they will not come to take the hunting grounds of the Yarrami.

"It shall be as you say," Walton agreed. "Tell me your plans."

From the side of a low hill, Elizabeth Preston watched the weird sequence of the porpoise unfold on a level clearing below her. A party of older men squatted on the ground around her. They were her bodyguard and warders, and, though they were absorbed in the spectacle, the girl had no thoughts of escape, she knew that she was safe with the tribe and had no idea where to go if she did elude them.

Gigantically bespectacled figures gestured and pranced in the wavering light of a dozen fires. Through each motion had its significance, it was meaningless to the girl. She could distinguish Budgeroi from Yarrami, for the hillmen favoured more red paint than the others who looked ghastily, white skeletons strutting on the stage.

Long after midnight, as the tribes weaved apart, a barbaric shout rang out, it was the battle-cry of the Yarrami. After a second of stunned silence, the hillmen answered with blood-chilling yells. A ram of spears hurtled through the air. The tribes charged, to meet with demonic shouts and screams, spears thrusting, waddies bludgeoning, axes hacking.

"White woman, where are you?" Clear above the babel came the voice. Elizabeth stiffened in amazement, for the words were English. "Here," she screamed. "On the hill."

The guns marked at her threateningly, but the white girl, whirled on them, the ruby flashing haleful fires in her hand Shrieking evilly, the black women gorged on the ground, fevered with anxiety, the girl's eyes sought for the white man who had called.

He came through the think of the crowd, a powerful built Yarrami. The hammer-crash of a studded waddy on human skulls and the simmered gleam of steel in his left hand marked his progress. He broke through the melee and raced up the hill.

"Run! Run for the bush," he shouted.

As the girl darted into the scrub, Boollara's axe shattered Yandi's skull, and his barbaric scream of victory ended in a choking gurgle of death, Nyooki's spear, driven in on heaven, pierced the old chief's heart. Walton cursed, but he redoubled his speed to overtake the girl, for their dagger now was tenfold without Boollara to protect their flight.

The hill, ghostly guns of the bush closed in pallidly behind them, now and again a twist snapped, but mostly their naked feet paced with soundless practice of the sandy soil. Far away across the bush they could hear the sea singing.

Down broke as the fugitives reached the hidden canoe. Walton dropped it to the water and handed the girl to a thwart sandships. But before he could step in to the stern, Nyooki rushed from the brush, screaming diabolical threats of vengeance.

"Paddle for your life," Walton shouted, pushing the craft well clear of the shore.

He whirled as Nyooki lunged his first spear. Walton ducked his head from its vicious whiz, but the barb slit his ear.

He flattened to the ground, anticipating a second throw, the black grinned maliciously and aimed low. The white man cut-jumped, and the missile passed under him. While he was sprawled on the ground, Nyooki charged, waddy lashed.

Walton somersaulted, but towards the black, not away from him. Taken by surprise, Nyooki tried to propel himself deep in the black man's heart.

"Into the canoe! Quick!"

The girl's voice was shrill with alarm. A dozen natives broke from cover, brandishing spears, as Walton staggered to his feet. He stumbled groggily to the canoe and clambered in. The hill dipped deep with the paddle, and the frail craft lifted towards open water with a hail of spears whirring viciously around it.

Walton laughed croakily, they were just out of spear range as he faced the canoe to the charming water of the entrance. The frail craft lifted and bounded like a cork in a cauldron of boiling water, but it surged through the surf. Walton knew the black man's craft could not follow. He looked around for the ship.

"It's the Comet, my old ship," he exclaimed.

"The Comet?" Elizabeth's voice was dim and strained with suppressed hope. "My father bought it to use when we settled here. I— I wonder..."

Her voice shrilled to a scream of excitement. Major Preston and his wife stood on the poop deck of the brig, staring fixedly at the approaching canoe.
SHARP GUY

DANIEL GORDON
FICTION

Ask Sammy Francis, he'll tell you that a sirloin steak—or a killer—is only as tough as your knife is sharp.

Standing behind the fountain, Sammy Francis could see the balcony room across the street. Through the clear, polished glass of his ice cream parlor, he watched Nate Tolson waddle through the swinging doors.

Sammy Francis smiled at Jane, then wondered why he smiled. He wasn't happy—that was sure. But he smiled anyway, from habit, maybe, and tried to think of the pleasant inside the new cash register made, instead of worrying over the fact that Nate Tolson had given him a week to close the place.

He didn't know why he liked the location. Maybe the peace and the quiet. Maybe because Jane came in every afternoon. He stopped looking at the room and began to polish the already immaculate marble counter.

"He's coming over," he said.

"But he gave you a week—" There was the sound of worry in Jane's voice. She had lived in the neighborhood all her life and she knew Nate Tolson's reputation.

"Makes no difference anyway," Sammy Francis said with a shrug. "In the Army I saved and planned for a long time so I could open a place like this. Now I'm stayin'!"

Nate Tolson spoke from the doorway. He guarded his words, seeing Sammy at the fountain. He said, "Kid—you remember that talk we had?"

"Yeah."

"Don't forget it," Nate Tolson said. "I figured you might—thought I'd stop over and remind you."

Sammy Francis was small and he looked frail. With his eyes twinkling on Nate Tolson's, his hand went back to the war. There had been mostly dark nights and Sammy—"This was a crisp, sunny afternoon. Still, there was something the same. Something that sent a crisp tingle of excitement along some People and made your blood run. Sammy Francis closed his eyes and said, "Get out, Tolson."

He heard Tolson chuckle, then the door slammed.

"Saved!" Jane said cheerfully. And hearing her, Sammy Francis knew that she spoke lightly to hide the fear in her heart. He said, "Week's up tomorrow."

"What then?"

"He'll be back, I guess. He'll be back and he may be a tough baby; tough and used to having things his own way round here. The thoughts and the knife and the war moved in a confused circle in Sammy Francis' mind. But Jane was talking.

"Are you going to the game?" she asked.

"Huh? What game?"

"The football game, silly. Stafford High is playing Altom. You can take me, if you want to."

"I dunno," Sammy Francis said doubtfully. "I'm gonna be busy.

And how he was going to be busy! Something about Nate Tolson needing doing. But either way, he'd lose.

"Nate got up. "I'll keep the date open, anyway. Praps you can close up just after the game starts; leave in time for the rush after the game."

"Maybe," Sammy Francis agreed.

He watched her slim, straight figure through the window. She was a pretty sight. He hummed the song as he went about the business of making a batch of simple syrup. You had to be careful to stir it. The sugar'd burn if you let it settle in the bottom of the pan. . . . A pretty girl—like a melody—that haunt—you—night and day."

Without meaning to, he stirred in time to the music, glanced up now and then to enjoy the new and fleecy freshness H of the store. He saw the knife. Abruptly, he stopped, snatched it, put the knife and put it in a drawer. Damn Nate Tolson. Damn Nate Tolson anyway!

The door opened and a man came in. Sammy turned down the gas so the syrup wouldn't burn.

"Afternoon," he said with a smile.

The man didn't smile. He said, "Son, I'm acting for the Board of Health. They've had a complaint at the office about your place."

So it was starting. And this was only the beginning. Well, they couldn't knock him out unless they swung harder than this. The place was as clean as a whistle.

"Have a look around, Doc. I'll bet you this is the cleanest store in town."

The man grinned and went behind the fountain. He opened the freezer and poked experimentally behind the coils. Sammy Francis watched
A NATIONAL Safety Council official in Chicago was to judge a poster competition. Subject of the posters was "How not to slip on the ice." On the way home, the official slipped and broke his arm. Equally wend was the result of over-exuberant affection. Two friends, rushing to greet one another, collided head on.

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"I'm sorry," the inspector said sternly. "I'm really very busy. Good day."

The next day the men took the juke box away. Sammy Francis watched incredulously as they loaded it in the van.

"But why," he asked the driver.

"Search me, son. Guess it isn't takin' in enough."

It was the purest honey. The kids from the school poured pennies into the machine in an endless stream. Why, the juke box paid more than the soda fountain. High school kids would come in for a nickel coke and stay to dance boogie numbers. They'd skip lunch for a heavy ration of Barry James "Look," Sammy Francis said desperately, "call the boss. Tell him we can come to some kinda terms on this thing."

"The driver shook his head."

"I'll call," he said, "but it won't do no good."

He was back soon. "Boss says bring the machine," he stated. "Sorry, kid. But I gotta keep this job."

Sammy Francis went out side to watch the truck drive away. Nate Tolson was standing in the doorway of the poolroom, wiping his hands on his apron. Sammy Francis thought he saw him smile, but he couldn't be sure.

With the music gone, there wasn't much to bring trade into his place. Ice cream could be brought at any drugstore. What the kids liked was music, and space to try out a few new steps. Sammy Francis took off his white coat and hung it in the back room. He put on another coat, hung a back-in-an-hour sign on the door and walked to the district police station.

Mike Webb, the policeman who had the beat, said: "You're missin' things, son. Nate Tolson has been here for years. We never have any trouble at his place and I never heard of him bothering anybody."

"He gave me a week to get out of town," Sammy Francis said slowly.

"Well, the officer grinned. "You're still here, aren't you?"

"Sure. I'm still here. But if you told me, my juke box is gone."

"You own the box or was it put in your store on percentage?"

"Percentage."

Mike Webb shrugged. "Nothing we can do for you then. Owner's got a perfect right to put it wherever he likes."

"Okay—and thanks, anyway."

Sammy Francis said wearily Saturday was a clear day, a bright day, an ideal day for football, surfing, cheering, and pretty girls like Jane. Thinking of it and thinking of missing it all, Sammy Francis swung the mop a little harder than was really necessary, considering that the floor wasn't very dirty. Youngsters and their parents had been passing since noon, but now the street was empty. If he opened the door he could hear the faint whisper of band music coming from the high school grounds.

He put away the mop and emptied the pool. If anything was going to happen, it ought to happen now. It did.

The door of the room opened and Nate Tolson came out. He looked up and down the street, then moved slowly and deliberately toward Sammy's place. Sammy Frances watched his lumbering gait. The man looked soft—but you couldn't tell.

Tolson didn't speak at once. He looked at Sammy across the sandwich counter. Sammy Francis thought of a burly member of the Gestapo who had once seen serving himself for an execution. It was an unpleasant thought and he shook it quickly. He said: "What's on your mind, Tolson?"

The sound of the voice seemed to do it. The moment of indecision was gone. "I told you to clear out," Tolson said slowly. "You didn't."

"But why? Any of your pool sharks taken the pledge?"

I used to get a nice play from the kids before you opened this joint."

Might help some if you scraped the grime off the walls," Sammy Francis said tauntingly.

"That's my business. It's also my business to see that young punks like you do as they're told."

Without meaning to, Sammy Francis had been fingering the knife, his fingers caressing the long blade.

Tolson said, "Put down that knife."

A little shake as Sammy Frances consciousness observed his trembling fingers, then the hardening resentment at Tolson's tone—"Make me," he said quietly.

Tolson was clumsy with the gun. But he got it out.

In one swift, eye-dazzling movement, Sammy Frances dropped down on the sand, a dull click. With the other hand he swept the knife from its place on the sand. He seized the shiny point one inch from Tolson's throat.

"Drop the gun, Tolson."

But there was little satisfaction for Sammy Frances in the clatter of the gun made as it dropped. He vaulted over the counter while Tolson stood stupidly, bewildered by the speed of it all.

Nate Tolson said in a hoarse whisper. "What ya gonna do?"

"I don't know, Tolson, I really don't know."

"We could call it square—" Tolson said hopefully.

"And have you plan a good, careful job next time?" Sammy Francis shook his head. If only Tolson hadn't quitted so easily. If he'd tried harder.

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with the gun the thing would be over by now.

He said. "Back up, Tolson, over against the wall."

"What for?" Tolson asked nervously.

"So I can give you a demonstration." As he spoke, Sammy Francis twirled the knife, his supple fingers wandering along the blade. The hollow, plunking sound of the knife as it hit the pumpkin.

Sammy Francis indicated a pumpkin carved into a jack-o'-lantern. "Between the eyes," he said, "which is exactly where. There was a flash, a shimmering flash, and then the hollow, plunking sound of the knife as it hit the pumpkin."

Defly, Sammy Francis unloaded the gun, tossed it to Tolson. "I've been throwing knives since I was twelve years old," he said, "but there's no future in it. The demonstration was to warn you not to get ideas. You do like I tell you and you got a chance. I haven't made up my mind. But one phony move and I'll treat you like a pumpkin!" He stepped back, slipped the knife up his sleeve and motioned toward the door. "Get going," he said.

 Nate Tolson shuffled past. Outside he said, "Which way?"

"Which way?" Sammy Francis was wondering, too. The railroad yards? The lake? Where didn't seem very important.

"That way," he said.

They walked in file. The lake was a mile on the other side of the school grounds. And as they neared the grounds, Tolson, encouraged by the noise, turned, as if to speak.

"Save it!" Sammy Francis warned him. "You make one move and I'll carve you!"

Tolson walked on. There was a sudden roar as they came abreast of the field. The first ball had ended.

Sammy Francis thought of June. I'll keep the date open, she had said.
and hard. The gun went spinning in the air. Sammy Francis dived up.

A voice came at his elbow "What do you know about this?"

Sammy Francis turned, his eyes wary as he recognised the face and badge of Mike Webb. "Why—nothing," he said. "The guy must've jumped his trolley."

"Mebbe," Mike Webb grunted heavily. "Let's see,"

Tolson's clothes were ripped and his face was covered with mud. Beside him was a rope, which he pointed accusingly at Sammy. "That's the man! But watch him—dangerous—got a knife!"

Sammy Francis looked at Mike Webb and shook his head. "I don't like the guy, you understand. But it's sad, very sad."

The officer looked at him closely and Sammy could almost hear wheels turning in Mike Webb's mind. Mike Webb said: "I dunno—" and his practiced hands patted Sammy.

"Nutbin on him," Mike Webb said, then, indicating Tolson: "Take him away. Not to the jail, though. The guy's probably a hospital case. Call the state people."

He turned his eyes on Sammy Francis. "If you had anything to do with this, now's the time to say so."

Sammy Francis shrugged. "To me the guy never did look too bright. But I didn't think he was this wacky. It goes to show you." "Okay," said Mike Webb. "Okay."

Sammy Francis scuttled away. Once off the field he walked swiftly, putting distance between himself and Mike Webb.

Back at the store he worked swiftly and methodically to serve the crowd that jammed the place after the game. Snatches of conversation drifted to him from the booths and stables. Nate Tolson's dramatic entrance had stolen the afternoon show.

The crowd had gone and darkness had come. Sammy Francis left the store unlocked and walked swiftly to the football held, past the goal line, down the sidelines, retracing the steps of the afternoon. He knelt and fumbled in the short, trampled grass.

"Looking for something?"

Sammy Francis watched the shadow detach itself from the blur of branches and become the threatening figure of Mike Webb. He'd been a fool to come here. He knew that now.

Mike Webb threw the flashlight beam full in Sammy's eyes. "Looking for something?"

"My—my pen," Sammy Francis said, lamely, floundering at his breast pocket. "I must've dropped it during the excitement this afternoon."

Mike Webb chuckled sympathetically and swept the ground with light. "It's a big field to search," he said, adding pointedly, "with no light."

"I didn't think of the light. Matter of fact I was in a hurry—left the store unlocked. Guess I'd better get 'em back."

"I'll go with you," Mike Webb said. "I could use a sandwich."

Jane was there, sitting on a stool. She wore a soft wool sweater and a tweed skirt. Her face was flushed from the cool night air. Sammy Francis thought he'd never seen her look so beautiful. He wanted to tell her so. But not now—not with Mike Webb at his elbow. Jane was happy and sparkling. She nodded and said: "I'm sorry. Sammy! It was wonderful."

"It was good," he admitted, wondering if it had been worth it. Heedless of Sammy's frown and Mike Webb's interest, Jane rattled on. "Oh, but Tolson looked like a fool, pontitning a gun at his own head—and in front of all those people."

What are they going to do with him? Sammy kept his voice even.

"Father says they'll send him to the state hospital for observation, perhaps keep him there for the longest time."

"I don't think so," Mike Webb said. "I really don't think so."

Then to Sammy: "That sandwich of mine—make it a ham on rye. And would you mind trimming off the crust?"

Numbly, with Mike Webb's eyes on him, Sammy Francis started the sandwich. He didn't need to watch his hands. He'd made too many ham-on-ryes. He knew. His practised fingers performed the task while his eyes and his mind were on Mike Webb's sandwich. He'd been drowned—and lucky! Would you mind trimming off the crust?

Carefully, getting the edges even, Sammy Francis stacked the sandwich, slid a plate beneath it and put it on the counter.

Mike Webb smiled at him. "Perfect," he said, "except I wanted the adams trimmed. Remember?"

Sammy Francis shifted his gaze helplessly to Jane. She returned the look but there was a strained urgency in her stare. Opening his mouth, ready to speak, floundering nervously among the jars and plates beneath the counter, Sammy Francis touched it and miraculously touched it again.

Slowly, he brought the knife into the light. It shone cleanly, without mud or dirt. He almost lunged to the sandwich, neatly amputated the crust.

Mike Webb inspected the sandwich, listened at the knife. "Thanks," he said succinctly. "I'll eat it as I go."

With a pleasant nod to Jane, he left. Still holding the knife, Sammy Francis regarded it unbelievably.

"But I left it on the football field," he muttered, "burnt in the mud."

"I know."

"What?"

"I said I know. I saw you. I thought you'd want it back again, so I remembered the spot. Soon as the crowd left I dug it up, took it home and cleaned it."

Sammy Francis bestowed a loving look upon Jane. "Without the knife Tolson would never be able to back his story. Life had suddenly become calm and uncomplicated. "Peaceful, that's what it was."

That look and the smile in her eyes—something told Sammy Francis that everything would be all right.
MIDNIGHT MANIAC...

Who actually did commit one of the grimmest murders in the history of the sea? Criminologists and historians have argued in vain about the killer who struck down his innocent victims on the "Herbert Fuller"... and no definite conclusion has ever been reached. On page 4, James Holladige again surveys the mystery and provides some new—and perhaps significant—clues.

SUPERMEN OR...

We recommend for your attention Homer Shannon's article "Artificial Births for Supermen?" (page 20), in which he outlines the much-disputed subject of artificial insemination of human beings and draws a few conclusions of what the ultimate results may be. Shannon has made a close study of his subject and knows what he's talking about.

THE KITCHEN OF HELL...

This month, Jack Heming—one of Australia's most prolific crime writers—concludes his series of the goings-on in the United States' "Hell Kitchen". On page 58, he describes how the "Kitchen" grew from a lovely country garden to a vice spot unequalled in the annals of the underworld. But don't be disappointed: Heming will turn up next month with another series as unusual and as striking as his last.

GOLD... GOLD... GOLD...

The gold may be petering out in them there hills... but there are still limitless possibilities ahead. Read Frank S. Greenop's article "Gold From a Lump of Lead" (page 60) and learn what science may still achieve. Beginning from the alchemists, Greenop traces the search for artificial gold through the centuries into the research of the modern laboratories. The way he sees it is that there'll be a day when Fort Knox won't be holding a monopoly.

NEXT MONTH...

Some new and unusual features await "CAVALCADE" next month... Watch especially for "The Deadly Charm of Radiant Jade". The Korean War has provided many examples of what can be achieved by Oriental Mata Hari's. Here is the story of one of the greatest of them... the Manchu Princess whose lust for love was equalled only by her lust for cruelty. And have a glimpse at "Are You a Human Radio?". Telepathy has become a subject for serious scientific discussion and, in this atomic age, who knows what strange surprises the future holds. Fiction comprises the terse and tragic "Fatal Decision"; "Crime at Saint Cloud" (a bizarre murder of France) and "The Princess Was Okay" (something from a new "CAVALCADE" writer, H. Clifford-Dalton).