who are The Real Spies?
When he was finally subdued, the outraged guard turned on him and asked why he had tried such a foolish thing. And the killer, who had cold-bloodedly murdered four men, broke down and sobbed: "I can't stand it! Being tied to you every minute, like a dog... every move I make..."

The hardened desperado had gone berserk after being bound to another man for a mere 15 hours!

If this is what can happen to a "normal" person after such a short time, think how it must feel to be surgically bound to someone else for your whole life—as one Siamese Twin is to another!

Few of us can deny that we'd probably go berserk under these conditions, and wonder how it must feel to be in such a predicament.

Oddly enough, several pairs of Siamese twins have said they didn't mind their condition one bit. They further declared they wouldn't change—even if they could. Leat you think this is just sour grapes, let's take a look at the famed Godino brothers.

These boys, Lucio and Simplicio, were born of high-caste Filipino parents. Soon after birth they were adopted by a millionaire, who brought them up in an atmosphere of luxury and culture. They were never made to feel they were freaks, and were urged to participate in everything, including sports. They were good swimmers, golfers and, at tennis in particular, were hard to beat.

As for marriage, the good-looking Siamese twines had said they were going to marry for granted that they'd someday have children. They did, and when they eventually met, and married, two school teachers. After their honeymoon, they told reporters they'd had a delightful trip. As for their being tied together, that had been no handicap at all—but quite the contrary, since all four liked one another and got along just fine together.

At the age of 26, Lucio got pneumonia, and now lay in a hospital bed, deadly ill, with Simplicio lying completely well next to him. One might Simplicio wake up with a feeling that he could not describe. "I was drowsing," he said, "when suddenly a sensation came over me. I can't describe it... I leaned over to speak to Lucio about it. In leaning, I touched against his body. It was cold. Lucio was dead."

The death made it necessary for an operation to be performed, to separate the twins. With the aid of plastic surgery, it was successful. Then for ten days Simplicio lay in bed, smiling encouragement to his wife.

But on the eleventh day he died. In other words Simplicio did not want to go on living without his Siamese twin brother.

The more-than-physical bond that usually binds Siamese twins together is even more vividly shown in the case of the "Biddenden Twins." These girls, Eliza and Mary Chalkhurst, got their nickname from the fact that they were born in Biddenden, England. All through their lives, doctors kept telling them that no vital organs were involved in their connecting tissues—but again and again the girls refused to be separated.

When one finally died, at the age of 34, the living twin still refused to be parted from her companion. "As we came together," she said, "so we shall also go together." She died six hours after her sister.

Actually, you might say, such undying love and devotion must exist between Siamese twins—otherwise their lives would be completely miserable. But there was at least one...
pair that had disagreements—and still lived to a ripe old age.

These were the "original" Siamese twins, Cheng and Eng. Although they were Chinese by descent, they were born in 1851, in Sam.

At their birth, Cheng and Eng were almost put to death by orders of the King of Sam, a superstitious monarch who feared evil would come from the "little monsters." But they escaped this cruel fate and grew up to be very athletic young lads. One day as they were swimming around a vessel in the harbor, they were spotted by a Yankee sea captain. They told the sympathetic seaman how badly they were treated in Sam, and he let them run away by stowing them aboard his vessel.

Cheng and Eng travelled all around the world with this fellow, and, by showing themselves to curious people, managed to make and save a lot of money. After a while P. T. Barnum heard of them, and they joined his list of circus attractions.

Eventually they retired from circus life at the age of 44. They were wealthy men by then (having a joint bank account) and they went to North Carolina, where they settled down and married the two daughters of a clergyman. Eng fathered 12 children, while Cheng fell a step behind him with only 10. They'd been on the best of terms up to this time—but now their troubles began.

Their wives fought! And how they fought! It got so bad that the men had to build two houses, one for each wife. Every three days the twins moved from one house to the other.

Brawling wives weren't their only source of trouble, either. Cheng took a liking to bottled spirits—and became quite a drunkard. Eng not only feared this would undermine their mutual health, but he also suffered from Cheng's hangovers. The atmosphere grew so acrimonious that the two men weren't on speaking terms.

It was Eng who died first. And it was the poison from his body that killed his liquor-loving twin an hour later.

In the last ten years, about half a dozen operations have proven successful in separating Siamese twins—as far as at least one twin was concerned, anyway.

Stunning as it might seem, Siamese twins have often led happier lives—joined together—than they would have if separated. One of the reasons for this is that they find it so easy to make a very good living, because the public pays huge amounts to see Siamese twins in person.

The famous Floto sisters, for example, made as much as $300 a week. And—far from being well-flowered—they were enraged to be married many more times than any average good-looking girl. And all their suitors were handsome men, too.

The twins received a fine education, became good musicians and dancers, and were always in demand as entertainers.

Like all teen-agers, the girls had crushes on handsome men—Daisy adored Rudy Vallee—and they dreamed of love and romance. As they blossomed into attractive womanhood, they received many gifts and many notes from admirers.

Violet describes their "first kiss" from a famed guitar player of the time, who seemed to love Daisy but had never been allowed alone with her. "When Don Gallivan came to see my sister" Violet said, "he just stood there looking at her, and a big thrill ran through both of us. At that time, I hadn't yet learned how to will myself to be immune to my sister's emotions. Later on we both acquired the ability to blank out the other in romantic moments."

"This was, however, our first real-life romance, and it intoxicated both of us. I was as anxious for my sister to experience her first kiss as she was herself. Then Don held out his arms to Daisy—and kissed her on the forehead."

Eventually this engagement was broken off because Don wanted Daisy to give up show business and go to Mexico to live with him—but Daisy didn't think it would be fair to make Violet go to Mexico too.

Don was only the first of many romances for the girls. One of Violet's boy friends gave up in frustration when 21 states refused to grant him a marriage license on the grounds that marrying a Siamese twin was "contrary to morals."

Daisy broke off one of her engagements because she noticed that her boyfriend conducted most of their conversations via the telephone. And when he proposed in the same way, she felt sure he was too shy.

Eventually each girl did get married, though Violet married Jimmy Moore, an entertainer, and Daisy walked to the altar with Harold Estep, a master of ceremonies. After Violet's wedding, which was conducted in the great Texas Cotton Bowl, she was pestered with embarrassing questions about her love life.

She would tell reporters, without any hesitation: "It is merely a matter of psychology. When the proper time comes for it, Daisy and I just get rid of each other—mentally."

Daisy's husband, Harold Estep, couldn't quite get himself to mentally blank out Violet, however. And ten days after the marriage the girls woke up one morning to find Harold gone. When Daisy sued for divorce on grounds of desertion, Estep admitted the charges, and said he could hardly be blamed under the circumstances. There were times in a man's life, he added, when you can't quite get used to having someone else around—especially a twin bride.

6 CAVALCADE, June, 1951
A gruesome fate awaits those who are unwary enough to attempt to pluck the bloom of evil

Other trees in other lands have a reputation for malignant (and even deliberate) evil; but the Endua outshines them all.

Physically, the Endua is almost supernatural looking. Its color is purplish-brown, which adds to its eerie appearance. From the centre of it wave long, silky hairs covered with a sticky substance that serves to trap the insects on which the flower gets its food for growth. It is called the cannibal flower by white people who live in Africa. The Endua grows on a thin vine that winds itself around huge trees in the darkest part of the jungle.

The natives of Dahomy worship the Endua, even above the venomous snakes that they keep in their temples of faith. And they will kill in order to protect it. A peculiar fate awaited one man who didn't respect the natives' superstition regarding the flower.

He was a young man by the name of Henry Evans-Thomas. He came from London to take a job as chief clerk for a sugar plantation in Dahomy. But when Evans-Thomas arrived in Dahomy, he found no sugar factory. He found only the remnants of where one had once been. Instead, his boss, a man named Thordyke, was engaged in the slave trade on the coast of Africa. Thordyke pampered and adhered to the superstitions of the natives and had them believing he was a man of great power and influence. And when trouble threatened, Thordyke usually had a way of quelling it... either by marrying a daughter of one of the chiefs, or by invention, scheme and fast talk.

Evans-Thomas, being a soldier of fortune himself, saw the opportunities that awaited him if he played along. So he fell wholeheartedly into the slave trading business. Anyway, it was far more money that he could ever make shuffling among reams of papers in an office back in London.

It was the humid season in Africa, and the wet heat was almost unbearable for everybody. Evans-Thomas could stand the heat, but the insects that came with it were too much for him. He tried every way he knew to rig his quarters of the miserable mosquitoes, but everything he did was in vain. His nights became agony, and he was desperate for some kind of relief.

One day, he was out in the jungle with his Kroo cabin boy when he spotted an Endua flower. He saw the insects that were attracted to the flower, then trapped on the sticky hairs in the centre. This was the answer. With several of those in his room, he wouldn't have to worry about mosquitoes any more.

The Kroo boy pleaded with Evans-Thomas, explaining to him about the sacred flower and the penalty for molesting it. But the Englishman would hear none of it. Superstitions were silly nonsense to him. Why should he comply with native superstition when the flowers would be a great convenience to him? The Kroo boy's eyes were wide with fright as Evans-Thomas began picking the flowers and putting them into a sack. Then he turned and ran into the jungle as if the devil was after him.

That afternoon, Evans-Thomas distributed the Endua flowers about his room. The purplish-brown blossoms were a miracle. They served the purpose completely. That night, the young man got the first complete night's sleep he had had since he arrived in Africa. And he wondered why nobody had discovered that the Endua flower was the answer to Africa's insect problem.

Two nights later, Evans-Thomas
VIRTUE AND VERBICIDE

She was coy, demure and shy; 
had the twinkle in her eye; 
gave winful wows a very 
frigid shoulder, 
*till she spied (beneath of 
speech) 
other pebbles picked up on 
the beach — 
which was when the minx 
became a little boulder.

JAY-PAY

heard the loud chantings of the na-
tives of the village and saw their 
bonfire. It was the first time he had 
seen such a spectacle. He wondered 
what the occasion was. While he was 
on his front porch watching the na-
tives, Thordyke, his employer, came 
rushing up to him. Thordyke was 
excited and almost pushed Evans-
Thomas into the house.

"My God, man," Thordyke ex-
ploded, "do you realize what you've 
done?"

"I haven't done anything that I 
know of," the Englishman said, 
bewildered.

"Those darn flowers," Thordyke 
said, pointing at the room, "those 
flowers are what the trouble's about. 
Why don't you have to pick them? 
Those flowers are sacred to the na-
tives. They're out to get you because 
of those flowers, and there's nothing 
I can do for you."

Then Thordyke placed a rope of 
plaited palm leaves around the fright-
ened clerk's neck. "That'll protect 
you for a while. Only the head priest 
can take it off. But after that," 
Thordyke turned and hurriedly left 
Evans-Thomas' quarters.

It wasn't long before the hundred-
odd natives came for Evans-Thomas. 
He made no effort to resist them. 
The head chief came forward and 
took the rope of plaited palm leaves 
from around the young man's neck and 
made a motion with his hand. Several 
hunky natives forced Evans-Thomas 
at spearpoint in the direction of the 
temple.

They marched him to a room of 
the temple and shoved him inside. 
Evans-Thomas knew cold fear for the 
first time in his life. Above him and 
under his feet, he could hear the soft 
slithering and the angry hissing noises 
of the sacred but venomous snakes 
that were kept there for religious 
rites. And in the dim light he could 
see their beady eyes looking down 
at him, searching him out. He 
screamed and then danced madly 
about the room, trying to get away 
from the snakes. But they were 
everywhere he went. The room was 
filled with snakes.

Suddenly, he rushed through the 
doorway and fell at the feet of 
the guards who tried to hold him in the 
room. Then at that moment the 
Viceroy, Thordyke, and the other 
white men of the village appeared. 
The Viceroy pleaded for the white 
man's life. The head chief and the 
other chiefs went into consultation.

They decided that they would alter 
the white man's sentence. Evans-
Thomas was taken to a clearing in 
the jungle. The natives dug a pit 
and filled it with dry reeds. While 
this was going on, Thordyke edged 
closer to the young clerk and told 
him about the water hole one 
hundred yards to the south . . . that the 
natives would tell him to run for 
water.

The white man, stripped of his 
clothes, was placed in the pit and 
the reeds were lighted with a torch. 
Flames leaped up around Evans-
Thomas' flesh. He was given the com-
mand by the head chief to run in 
the direction of water. The river was 
a half mile to the north, and it would 
have meant sure death for the Eng-
lishman had Thordyke not told him of 
the water hole close by. The naked 
man ran with all his strength. Na-
tives were close on his heels, beating 
him with clubs and slashing at him 
with long knives. Some stood by and 
threw stones at his running figure 
in the darkness.

Evans-Thomas reached the water-
hole and jumped in. The natives 
mumbled their disappointment and 
kept brandishing their weapons, but 
the head chief intervened. The clerk 
was the first man, black or white, to 
survive the firepit treatment and the 
snake treatment.

Evans-Thomas stayed in the slave 
business in the land of Dahomey in 
Africa for many years after the night 
of his weird sentence, but he never 
at any time picked an endue, Africa's 
flower of vengeance.
THE WILFUL WAY OF WILLS

BRISBANE taxi-driver, Jack Masson, a naturalised Russian, has made a will leaving his fortune to be shared by any illegitimate children born in Queensland on the day of his death. To forestall possible legal difficulties, he obtained certificates from two doctors testifying to his sanity at the time of making the will.

"I've seen young people, illegitimate through no fault of their own," he said, "jacked from pillar to post. Perhaps I will be able to help some of them to a better start."

Masson's will is certainly original, but hardly more unorthodox than hundreds of wills in which people have rewarded friends, paid off old scores and expressed the odd interests and bizarre twists of human personality.

A will is a man's last chance to thumb his nose at the world—without the fear of being answered back.

It must have been with wry satisfaction that Ann Beresford, an old English lady, who lived in tears and tatters, anticipated the feelings of her acquaintances when they heard her will for those who scored her in life.

She left gifts of £100 each to fifty people who had shown her kindnesses, like the flower-seller who had pressed a shilling into her hand one day. To her neighbors who passed her by, she left—nothing.

There are many like her in seemingly humble circumstances who leave valuable and valid wills. A London bachelor, Mark Lewis, who rented a small room for thirty years at 4/6 a week, died last year and left £100 each to ten blind girls and ten blind boys and £2,000 to two hospitals.

Even more surprising than the unexpected people who do make good and valid wills are some who don't. Judges and eminent lawyers of all people have often turned out to be makers of troublesome wills.

Mr. Justice Halse Rogers and one New South Wales Registrar of Probate died without leaving wills, and numbers of prominent legal men have not made a will...not through neglect, but because they believed it unnecessary. The late Chief Justice of New South Wales, Sir Frederick Jordan, left a will which proved to be faulty. He drew it up himself when he was one of Sydney's leading probate and equity lawyers.

The main condition necessary to make a will valid is that it be signed in the presence of two witnesses. There is no special form required. The will of Harold Douglas, who disappeared in 1942 with two companions in a launch between La Perouse and Port Kembla, was washed ashore near Gosford (N.S.W.) in 1943. It was written on a blank cheque form.

Early this year, a Des Moines (Iowa) Judge declared valid a will written on a gin rummy score card during a game and witnessed by two players. It is not even necessary that the individual to benefit under a will be a human being...large sums of money are frequently left to birds and animals.

Bob Blair, a 52-year-old parrot, was the sole beneficiary in February this year under the will of retired Detroit policeman, George Blair. The policeman left the whole of his $6,000 dollar estate to the parrot who, he said, "is the only friend I have; he deserves every penny I'm giving him."

In the same month, an Ashfield (N.S.W.) contractor willed his dogs five shillings a week each for life from his $14,700 estate. He directed that a guardian be appointed to care for his dogs who would receive $250 when they had all died.

Biggest bequest to an animal was probably the $30,000 which a New York lawyer left to his fiver cat.

The special conditions and instructions attached to some bequests can prove quite an embarrassment to executors and recipients. A recent legacy to needy people in the parish of Icham (Kent) put the white-haired vicar in a spot. The will ordained that the charity was to be dispensed "in red flannel petticoats".

One man was left a legacy on condition that he never read a newspaper, while another was left £28,000 (all in firewood which he had to...
BELIEVE it, or not, the housing problem has caught up with Bette Davis. Bette acquired a fourth husband, Garry Merrill at Juarez (Mexico) in a quickie ceremony a few hours after Garry had obtained a divorce. After the happy event, there arose the even happier question of the honeymoon destination. “There were no prospects of any kind,” Bette said. “You can see Warner Bros studio any sunny day and honeymooners don’t like that sort of work.” Then Bette’s New Hampshire farm provided the last straw. She had sent its furniture to Hollywood. The couple eventually rented a Massachusetts cottage.

— From “Photoplay,” the world’s finest motion picture magazine.

A man has been a student of medicine and dentistry at Edinburgh University for 15 years because his father’s will provided him with an income of £500 a year “so long as he remains a student.” The “student” was quite happy with his lot until British dentists’ incomes began to soar under the National Health Scheme. “My allowance from my parents will last the money I could earn from my spare-time work as a dental mechanic was good enough to make me live an enjoyable life among the students,” he said recently. “But a dental practice seems to mean a prosperous living, and that seems a bigger lure than being one of the boys.” So he has decided to pass his examinations, renounce his studentship, and his bequest and become a rich dentist.

One of the richest wills of recent years was that of Lord Mildmay, famous English steeplechase jockey, who was drowned this year. He tied for years to win the Grand National but could do no better than third in Cumnor in 1941. In his £1,128,972 will he handed the ghost to his godson, Edward Cazalet, son of his trainer. The will provides that the boy should have every opportunity of becoming a steeplechase rider and leave him £10,000 and 13 horses to help him fulfill Lord Mildmay’s ambition.

A 67-year-old San Francisco wharf-labourer who died last year left all his estate, valued at $150,000, to film star Ann Sheridan. The beautifully penned will, written in 1947, was addressed to “My beloved Ann Sheridan, The Picture Star, and No One Else in Hollywood, California.”

People who live in expectation of bequests from friends are frequently surprised at what they do get. An 80-year-old English spinster (who had an estate of £25,000) recently left her corsets and “all their contents” to her friend, Miss Emily Parker. When Emily Parker got the corsets she found 31 pound notes sewn inside them.

Young American, Ronald Dean, was left a Bible by a rich uncle, whose favorite nephew he had been. He could not understand why he had been left nothing but a Bible. Some weeks later he casually picked it up, flicked over its pages and came upon a neatly folded stock certificate when turned out to be worth more than 7,000 dollars. Ronald is reported to have been a devout Bible-reader ever since.

Few wills, however, have caused so much trouble and confusion as those of eccentric sewing-machine heiress, Mrs Daisy Alexander. She inherited $50,000 a year income from her father’s estate, millions held in the sewing machine company. One of her main occupations in life was making and cancelling wills; but when she died early in the war, at the age of 80, the only will found was dated 1909. Her solicitors at once began a bizarre hunt for the wills they had helped her to draw up. A mine detector was used to search for metal boxes which it was thought might be hidden in the walls and floors of her home. They even hunted for Mrs Alexander’s pet parrot to see if it would talk. As at writing, there is no report of what the parrot said (if anything), but lawyers are inclined to suggest that it was probably rude.

On March 16, 1949, Jack Wurm, of Palo Alto, California, picked up a bottle washed ashore on a San Francisco beach. Inside was a crumpled piece of paper with the words: “To avoid any confusion, I leave my entire estate to the lucky person who finds this bottle and to my attorney, Barry Cohen, share and share alike.” It was signed by Mrs Alexander.
The clock-and-dagger days have waned; drum men at desks are the stars of espionage.

The economist and industrial expert are the key men in espionage—"intelligence" is the preferred word nowadays—because the economy of a nation is the key both to its war potential and its designs. Here is about the way they work:

Take a country—any country. Let's call ours by the E. Phillips Oppenheim name of Ruritania. Ruritania is a satellite of some big power which, to the other big power in the world, represents the potential enemy.

Ruritania is full of embassies and legations, each there for a number of purposes, not the least of which is intelligence. Now, let us take a particular embassy. This is an ambassador, a number of top aides who are called counsellors and secretaries, and a staff of clerical help and servants. The counsellors and secretaries are chosen for their particular abilities—economics, ordnance, aviation, transportation, communications. Their job is to find out and report what is happening in Ruritania.

Their bits of information are put together and form the jigsaw puzzle of the nation they are studying. The economist and the other specialists are able to take their visual observations and sets of isolated figures which, taken alone, may be meaningless, but which, put together, can produce a picture of an industry and, through it, the economy of a nation.

Let me illustrate. Say that Ruritania is a big steel and coal producing country. These are the armors of war, and figures on their production are sometimes as important as facts of some secret weapon. First of all, the foreign intelligence service in Ruritania finds out where these mines and mills are located. These would be prime targets for bombing planes.

Next, how much coal is being mined? The Ministry of Mining is chary about giving out these figures.
and when it does, intelligence men pay little attention to them, or read them with a practiced eye, adding as many tons here, subtracting so many tons there. The best way to find out the coal tonnage is to find out how many mines there are. That's easier.

Trade union figures are generally accurate or, if these are not available, the population of the mining towns can be added. From the total figure, the economist will subtract the number of persons he considers necessary to man the town itself—the municipal government, the merchants and their help, the service trades, etc.—and the result will be a pretty good estimate of the actual number of persons who work in the pits.

To be worth his pay, our economist must be able to tell how much coal these miners can dig in a year, give or take a few hundred thousand tons, close enough for the information wanted. Statisticians then weigh all figures against the amount of mining machinery Ruritania is importing or making (these figures are usually available and accurate) and the condition of the mines. When they are through with it, Ruritania's coal mining is no longer so much as a secret.

That's the way it is with steel, too. And when you know a country's steel and coal resources, you pretty well know its whole capacity.

Espionage becomes more difficult in the realm of science and secret weapons. But even in this area, it is not necessary to get blueprints from traitors or fools. A glance at a new type of plane flying high above will tell an aviation expert that it is different. He will know why it is different, even though he can't tell you how the difference came about.

Weapons are top secret, of course, but not for long. Atomic energy bombs are a classic example of this. American scientists warned as soon as the first A-bomb was dropped on Hiroshima that it could not be kept a secret. In fact, but for a quirk of fate which led German scientists up a blind alley from which they could have returned except for Hitler's disbelief in atomic weapons, they may have beaten us to the A-bomb by some months.

Let us examine another field. Say, for example, that the nations to-day are searching for a new metal alloy which would withstand the heat of supersonic rocket missiles. Say also that one of the serious drawbacks to the use of these missiles is that such an alloy has not been found. It would be useful—may, vital—for one nation to steal the formula or a bit of the metal itself if another nation were successful in developing it.

Attempts would be made to steal the metal and the formula, of course. Should this fail—and it fails more often than it succeeds—then scientific papers are scanned carefully, and every word that is written about the new metal is read avidly. No one article and no one paper in itself can or will give away the secret. But a word here and a word there, put together by an expert, give a vital clue, and the rival government's scientists are off on a new scent which, in time, will be successful.

The visual field is also not to be overlooked. The industrial expert in Ruritania, for example, can get a pretty good idea of the capacity of a smaller by riding past it in a train; the communications expert can tell fairly well how efficient or inefficient a country's communications are by a casual trip through a country even though he is accompanied by counter-espionage agents and a bevy of secret police.

Thus, there are few secrets to the expert in his own field, and practically none to the central intelligence office which co-ordinates the findings of six men everywhere.

Does this mean then, that the day of the old-fashioned spy is gone, perhaps, forever? That there are no more Mata Hari?

Not at all. There are a number of people who are out to make a fast dollar or two wherever they can; from both sides, if possible. These are used, but what they offer is generally taken with a grain of salt. They may be what they say they are. On the other hand, they may be counter-espionages.

In time of war the intelligence agent and counter-spy have to work in cloak-and-dagger fashion, as Allied agents worked for us during World War II. But generally, in peacetime, spying is a profession of professions, not for the amateur but for the economist, the industrialist and the linguist.

You can go back to your E. Phillips Oppenheim now.

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**BLOCKS**

- **RASPBERRIES WITH LITTLE LIZZIE**
  - The RASPBERRIES has built for him with his new blocks

- **DEMOLISHES HOUSE WITH ONE SWIPE**

- **CRAWLS OVER BLOCKS AND TRIES EATING ONE BUT DOESN'T LIKE IT**

- **BUILDING WATCH BLOCKS IN IMPOSTERS OF ANTY SU**

- **IS DISTRACTED BY A BLOCK ON WHICH HE SEEMS TO BE SITTING**

- **IN TRYING TO GET IT OUT FROM UNDER, DISCOVERS THAT BLOCKS CAN BE KICKED**

- **ANTY SU DEMONSTRATES AGAIN HOW BLOCKS SHOULD REALLY BE PLAYED WITH**

- **HOLDS OFF AS LONG AS HE CAN AND THEN DOES A THOROUGH JOB**

- **INDICATES HE'S TIRED OF THE GAME BY VORNING HIS BACK AND SQUEEZING HIS THUMBS**

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MILD BILL AND FATE

Born in a little village called Troy-grove, Illinois, on May 27, 1837, he took to guns early and, even as a boy, was a crack shot with either rifle or sixgun. At 18 he decided to go out and win his spurs—or perhaps he had run out of girls in Troy-grove.

But there was no doubt about the time at 24 he tangled with the McCamey Gang at Rock Creek Station on July 12, 1851. Opinions differ as to exactly what happened, but this seems to have been the way of A.

David McCamey was the agent for the Overland Stage Company, for which Hickok worked as a teamster. McCamey had a gang of tough hombres, he also had a feud running with a man named Wellman. Hickok was on Wellman's side in the argument—perhaps because he just naturally didn't like his boss. He heard the fight and round the stable one day and slipped away. McCamey soon afterwards stalked to Wellman's office with a gun in his hand and homicide on his mind.

Hickok was hiding behind a curtain; he leaped McCamey with lead. Two members of the gang, who had been left outside to guard the door, came running into the office and met a laden screen which was too thick for them to penetrate. It penetrated them instead. The McCamey gang ceased to exist.

Hickok kept his guns warm from then on. During the Civil War he served with the Union Army as a sharpshooter, a scout and a spy. He was captured several times by the Southerners, who ordered out the firing party; but Hickok always managed to escape. After the war, he moved round the West, gambling for money to spend on the girls he liked new places and new faces—especially feminine. And the girls liked him. He was six feet tall, with broad shoulders, slim waist, small hands and feet, he had golden brown silky hair which parted in the middle and let curl on his shoulders; he wore a handlebar moustache and had droopy blue-grey eyes.

Clothes? He was the dandy boy of his time. He paid $100 a dress for his kid or thick-tanned high-heeled boots, wore the finest linen white shirts, with stiff medium collars and white four-in-hand ties; his black Prince Albert coats were bordered with white braid, and he wore a wide-brimmed felt hat with a low crown, usually grey. His striped pants were the finest homespun.

But the most remarkable thing about his dress was that he never wore a holster. He carried two six-guns, tucked in the front of his belt, butts in for a cross-draw. A girl who popped up several times m Hickok's career was a red-head of the baddellos named Susanna Moore. Whether she followed him or he followed her, history does not say. But she caused Hickok's challenge to Dave Tutt.

Hickok had been paying court to Dave's sister, Belle. Dave was a lumper for several spurious gals. Then Susanna Moore arrived in town and Hickok dropped Belle and went back to his old love. Dave didn't care what happened to his sister; but as soon as he saw Susanna, he made up his mind what was going to happen to her.

Hickok's ideas didn't coincide with Dave's. One summer afternoon he walked into the saloon where Dave sat at a table with Susanna—and handed out his challenge to the dud which introduced this story.

Springfield was a noisy frontier town, but there was perfect silence in the plaza as soon as Tutt showed at one corner and stopped to the back of a wagon.

J. W. HEMING

JAMES BUTLER HICKOK leaned across the drink-scarred saloon table and pointed a finger at Dave Tutt. "I'll see you on the plaza in ten minutes," he said, coldly. "And come a-shooting!"

Ten minutes later most of the townfolk of Springfield, Missouri, had gathered in the doorways which fronted the town square. It was a hot July afternoon in 1855, and as the entertainment in the American West in those days somewhat lacked variety, being limited to drinking, carding and women, there was always a good house for a free show.

The leading actors needed no introduction. James Butler Hickok was called Wild Bill, although his name wasn't Bill and he was not exactly Wild—yet for those days. Except for his clothes, you could have called him Mide. He was good-looking, a fancy-dresser, and went for the ladies in a big way—mainly "sporting girls."

CAVALCADE  June 1951  20
ANIMAL ANTICS (XII)

Multicent the Magpie is a very flighty wench; her socialite abandon makes sedate sisters blush; she flutters gaily here and there from break of day to night, and, they say, she's always fresh for fun when the sun is out of sight.

Her neighbours hint morosely of the dark rings round her eyes and view her feckless goings-on with censorious surprise; but they stifle sprouts of envy and pretend to boudoirly yawn when they wake and find she's still around and chattering in the dawn.

JAY-PAY

Hickok showed up, right on time, at the opposite corner. He had Susanna on his arm. He placed her in a doorway for safety.

Tutt stepped out from behind the wagon and began to walk diagonally across the square towards Hickok, his gun in his hand. Hickok walked towards Tutt, his hands empty until the two men were about a hundred yards apart. Then Hickok, still walking steadily, drew a gun almost casually.

Tutt halted, brought up his forty-five, and fired. A window splintered behind Hickok, who continued to advance. Tutt must have been scared stiff by Hickok's coolness or reputation. He fired again—and again. Hickok still came on steadily. When they were 75 yards apart, he stopped, rested his gun on his bent left wrist, took careful aim and drilled a neat

hole in Tutt's heart! It was nice shooting . . . even for those uninhabited days when target-practice was as regular as dinner.

He was marshal of Fort Riley, Kansas, in 1866, when it was a hot little town. He served as a scout with Generals Custer, Hancock and Sheridan in Indian wars. He was marshal in various wild towns, the wildest of which was Abilene, Kansas.

When Hickok arrived in Abilene, the marshal was Big Tom Smith, a man who never carried a gun. When a man had stepped over the traces, Tom just knocked him cold, draped him over a hip and carried him to the hoosegow! But one day he turned his back at the wrong time and got it performed with lead. Mild Bill stepped into the vacancy.

He had Susanna Moore with him in Abilene, but he dropped her for a lovely widow named Lake. A gambler named Coe was also making eyes at the widow. Perl was as good-looking as Bill, but had no speed with a gun. One night Coe went on a drunken rampage with some cowboys, came riding back into town busterously and fired at a dog.

Hickok was in the saloon where Coe dined. He heard the shot and ran out, his gun in his hand. Cee, pretty drunk, called that he had just shot at a dog and raised his gun, perhaps to demonstrate. That was a suicidal thing to do with a man with such fine nerves as Hickok. He shot Cee dead. Bill's best friend, Mike Williams, was in the saloon. He heard the shot and rushed out to help Hickok. Bill heard the door open behind him, twisted like a flash and killed his mate.

That seemed to excitement Hickok of killing. He joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and toured with it for a couple of years. He met a lot of new girls. He never had of that life, went back to Abilene, married Mrs. Lucy and settled down for a few years.

Then the old adventure bug got under his skin again. Or perhaps it was the ex-widow. Whatever it was, he made a move. He had heard that Deadwood, Dakota Territory, was now the wildest spot on the Western map; he went there to gamble. A lot of bad men had also gone there, many of them enemies he had made with his women-chasing and his shooting iron.

On August 2, 1876, Bill broke a rule he had never broken before. He sat down to play poker with his back away from a wall. He wanted to change seats, but his friends—f all of them were his friends—laughed him down. Bill started to play and, after a few minutes, glanced nervously over his shoulder at a man standing behind him. The man was drunk Hickok remarked that he had never let a man stand behind him, before his fellow-players laughed and said it was only Jack McCall, the town bum. Hickok shrugged and decided to take a chance.

McCall promptly took a chance also. He took a gun from under his coat and put a slab into Hickok's back—and his heart.

McCall had never possessed so expensive a thing as a gun before. Somehow, he had one when he needed it. Perhaps some of Bill's enemies had put him, by proxy, at last!

Scared at what he had done, McCall turned to the room and worked his trigger. The gun held six slugs. All were duds except the one which killed Hickok! McCall was mowed down. A dead man tells no tales.

The cards Hickok held as he fell were ace and eight, which combination has ever since been called the "Dead Man's Hand."
For seven years, Mrs. Mollie Mally dominated American women's tennis. This Norwegian-born girl played a fierce hitting game that came closer to the man's style than any of her contemporaries.

That's why one day in the late summer of 1928, the ten thousand spectators sitting around the newly-built Forest Hills stadium were amazed to see a seventeen-year-old Californian miss fairly blasting the champ off the court. Helen Wills, the new Champion, was to become, like Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth and Bill Tilden, a sort of American institution.

But unlike them, her reputation was built entirely on her sporting ability. They had color and glamour, no matter whether they were dealing with opponents or merely lighting a cigarette. The girl had no more glamour than an adding machine—and made very nearly as few mistakes. She won without a smile, gave no quarter and asked for none. She never gave any sign that she cared a hoot about the plaudits of the crowd, or that winning meant anything to her.

Only once in her entire career did her expression not show it, but inside she was flaring with fight.

Tennis—a sport that has always pandered to temperament—did she do anything that was unorthodox.

Born in 1906, the year of the Frisco earthquake, Helen Wills was the daughter of a doctor, who was no great shakes at tennis himself, but was determined that his coaching and careful attention to building physique and stamina could make his kid a champion, then a champion she should be.

At twelve, Helen, a serious-faced child, big for her age, was quite capable of giving almost any girl in America a good game.

The next five years, culminating in the National Championship victory at Forest Hills, saw her develop physically into a robust girl, with legs and arms too massive for beauty, and a face that might have been beautiful had it shown any sign of expression "Little Miss Poker Face," they called her, and the nickname stuck.

From a tennis viewpoint, her game was built on rigid adherence to the copy book. There was nothing versatile about her, and she was so mean the most brilliant stroke player of her day. But playing against her was like playing a brick wall.

Typical of her game was her 1928 American Championship win against Helen Hull. An analysis of the match, which Wills won 6-2, 6-1, showed that her opponent earned more points than the Champion. But she lost on errors, errors made trying to break through the rock-like defence of the Californian.

In 1928, Helen Wills came to Wimbledon, and the denizens of the Centre Court wondered what had hit them.

She walked onto the court, her eyes hidden beneath the eyeshade that she had worn from the time she started playing. She uttered not a word, nor even bothered looking at her opponent until play was called.

Then she proceeded to demolish the unfortunate lass at the other end. When the carnage was over, she collected her sweater from where it hung on the umpire's stand, and walked off. Her handshake for the defeated girl offered her hand was as cold as an Eskimo's nose.

That first year, she breezed straight through the Wimbledon rounds like a wolf amongst chickens. In the final, she bumped Kitty McKane. Kitty was a good player, but no Suzanne Lenglen.

What McKane had was guts and imagination. She refused to be intimidated, joined the ranks of the giant killers and ran out a winner.

Miss Wills went her way.

In three months' time she smashed her way to an Olympic Tennis title, at Paris, the only time that Tennis had been included on the Games program.

It was three years before she was able to win her first Wimbledon title, and the year's maintained her line for a season.

In the meantime, Suzanne Lenglen had retired. They had met only once, in an exhibition on the Riviera, and Lenglen had won. Arguments about the relative ability of the two players have been waxed for twenty-five years.

From 1927, for seven years, it was a waste of time playing the Wimbledon's women's singles. Not only did the American girl win them, but nobody took a set off her, or even looked like taking a set.

As often happens, these years saw the emergence of an unlucky player. This was Helen Jacobs. This girl, who hailed from Arizona, was two years younger than Helen Wills. From 1928 onwards, she played a sort of...
Three Toasts For Cynics—
* For Coming-Out Parties: “Here’s to woman! She requires no eulogy; she speaks for herself!”
* For Legal Functions “Here’s to the Bench and the Bar. If it wasn’t for the Bar, there’d be little use for the Bench.”
* For An Author’s Dinner “Here’s the author’s very good health. May he live to be as old as his books.”

had picked up her sweater. She was walking off!
“His leg hurts, I can’t go on,” was her only explanation.
For a moment or two, the crowd was thunderstruck. Then panic-stricken broke loose. There were boos for Wills and cheers for Jacobs.
There was a near-miss when it was announced that Miss Wills was going to play in the doubles final.
This convinced most people that her walk-off had been merely the act of a bad sport.
If the uproar, which went on in the Press for months, upset Helen Wills, she gave no sign of it. She showed the same contempt for what other people said or thought that she had always shown.
By 1924 it was all forgotten. The name of Wills had gone into tennis history. The new Champion, that charming girl, Helen Jacobs, was popular, and it became the fashion to say that probably Helen Jacobs had developed into a better tennis player than Poker Face had ever been, anyway.
In 1935 there was a bombshell. Helen Wills had entered for Wimbledon. She was making a comeback!
In the meantime, of course, everybody had forgotten just how good she had been.
They were not allowed to forget it much longer. She went through the Wimbledon preliminary rounds with the loss of only one set.
Then, she faced Helen Jacobs in the final.
Fighting with a wonderful length, and with speed as great as she had ever mustered, the ex-Champion won the first set at 6-3.
Helen Jacobs won the second set, 6-3.
Third set had everybody on their toes.
Playing beautifully, Helen Jacobs woke up to a 4-2 lead. The poker face at the other end didn’t register, nor did anything happen when the lead became 5-3.
In the next game, Helen Jacobs ran to 30-15 on her own service. Match point! If ever Wills was going to show her white feather, this was the time.
But she didn’t. She made it 5-5, and then went on to win the set and the title, 7-5. It was a great comeback.

Three years later, in 1938, after playing very little in the meantime, the 32-year-old Champion came back to Wimbledon.
In the warm-up for the Championships, she had been beaten twice by the one girl. Friedel Hilde Spirling. This girl, who played a technically unorthodox game, seemed to have the measure of the unimaginative American.
They met in the fourth round of the Wimbledon title.
The first set lasted a terrific time. Twice, Spirling had set-point, but always the other girl staved off defeat.
Finally she won herself the set 7-5.
The second set was just as hard fought. Helen Wills eventually won it, and the match 6-4.
The match had lasted no less than two hours, a record for women’s tennis.
The final, almost inevitably, was against Helen Jacobs. The first set was a hard-fought battle. Slower and less daring that she had been in her younger days, Helen Wills wore her opponent down to take the first set.
In the second set, Helen Wills jarred her Achilles tendon. She began to limp in the first few seconds. She was invited and urged to retire.
She refused.
And Helen Wills went on to win her last Wimbledon title.
She played no more big tennis after that.
She was a sporting phenomenon. The crowd respected her ability but never felt that they knew her. She never concealed the fact that this was exactly as she wanted it.
THE END OF ARGUMENTS

Can a camel go for weeks without water?

Hesitate...hesitate, please! The camel is a vastly over-estimated animal. Experts have assessed that three or four days is the most the beast can last without a drink (and that under only favorable conditions). The camel was originally thought to store water in its hump and, more recently, in pouches of its stomach. Both beliefs have an element of truth and both are, to an extent, fallacious. The hump is of solid fat and, on drawing on the fat, the beast also draws water. Water stored in pouches of the stomach rarely exceeds a gallon. One expert, Leach, considers that the pouches merely serve to moisten food during digestion and that the water is drawn from general circulation.

Can some blind people instantly regain full sight?

Extremely doubtful. And it depends a lot on what you mean by "seeing." Stories of those born blind who have instantly regained their sight (either by surgery, suggestion or downright magick), usually betray ignorance of the fact that "seeing" in the higher animals is an acquired skill. Experiments on chimpanzees (which had been reared from birth to the age of 16 months in total darkness) showed that sight was at first meaningless. It took the ape six weeks even to learn to reach for food which they would seize eagerly when touched against them. Mr. Carl A. Klein, who lost his sight in 1946 and regained it suddenly in 1949, states that he found it necessary to re-educate himself gradually in the art of "seeing."

How long do you sleep at night?

If you're an average person, you're normally asleep about 15 minutes after touching the pillow. If you're thin, nine hours sleep is what you need; if fat, you can get along on seven. Experts claim that the average person can get along without sleep for only 84 hours before nature takes its rightful course. During sleep, you change positions about 25 times.

How did the common signs in arithmetic begin?

The common signs in arithmetic resulted from efforts to save time. For instance, the Latin "minus" was for speed written "m-n-e" with a little line over the top to show what had been omitted. Then the letters were also omitted, leaving the familiar "-". A Welshman at Oxford is said to have used two small lines of equal length as a substitute for "equal to" ("=="). The Arabs invented the multiplication and division signs. They turned the "plus" ("+") sideways ("×"), as they regarded multiplication as a quick means of adding up.

Punch Packing Pretty

"Wore, you wolves... There's a red light burning so stand back... She's Barbara of Ciro's nightbirds... but, damore as she looks, she knows all the answers to all the questions... Just try her and see."
If you don't believe us, take a glimpse of her in action. First you see her enjoying just a spot of practice with her husband, Bruce (what some men will do for l-u-u-v-e Still, if Bruce can take it, we can). And then you see her putting theory into practice. This nasty slice across the wind-pipe is guaranteed to make the most avaricious athlete hang his head for several days — and it won't be entirely from shame, either.

And Barbara isn't the type who is always round your neck. If you object to her type of necking, she can provide other samples. This wristlock-cum-hold-nelson is, at worst, liable to crack your arm in at least three places or, at best, leave you muscle-bound for several frustrated weeks. Which probably explains that while Barbara never lacks admirers, most of them are content to admire from afar. Tamara Andreeva was the daring camera addict who braved the mayhem.
jealous queen
and golden spurs

When a mouse marries a tigeress, there's sure to be trouble if the mouse asserts itself.

WALKER HENRY

UNDoubtedly King Henry II of England should never have been such a fool as to marry Eleanor of Aquitaine; but it can only have been sheer insanity that inspired him to believe that, when he had, he could cherish a mistress as well.

Queen Eleanor was distinctly not a woman to be trifled with. The daughter of William V, Duke of Aquitaine, she came of a stock noted for its unbridled delight in the shedding of human gore. This unpelling family trait was, in Eleanor, only thinly disguised by "a face of beauty rara" and a fine figure.

But Eleanor was born in a robust age; despite a reputation which today would have repulsed most wolves, she did not lack for woes.

As a matter of fact, she even managed to wed Louis the Fat, heir to the throne of France.

When the old King died and Louis, panting asthmatically to the throne, the new Queen found she had ample scope for family hobbies. Promptly declaring war on the Count of Champagne, she burnt the Cathedral of Vitré to the ground—together with thirteen hundred people.

Noting his wife's character, Louis wasted no time, and departed on a Crusade. Briskly, Eleanor followed him, and took complete command of the French army. Nett result: Seven thousand French knights were massacred by the Saracens.

Lous displayed unexpected good sense by immediately putting the Mediterranean between himself and his spouse and winning a divorce.

It was here that Henry appeared. How such an unsuitable character could have found the strength to woo Eleanor is beyond imagination. At all events, she married him.

He had already provided Eleanor (or Eleanor provided him) with several children when the strain began to tell, Henry commenced to yearn for a less nerve-racking play-fellow.

He found her in Rosamond, a peaches-and-cream blonde, who was the second daughter of Walter, Lord Clifford. Her contemporaries called her "the Fair"; and she seemed to have been as unsuitable as Henry himself, in fact, a dumb blonde.

Yet, by some unfathomable stroke of good luck, their somewhat meagre afferre prospered. Rosamond had actually borne two children before Eleanor had even the glimpse of a suspicion that her husband was treasuring the likes.

One day however, the keen-eyed Queen Eleanor watched her husband strolling nonchalantly in the garden of Woodstock Palace. Bright gold spurs glittered on his heels; and from one spur stretched a thread of silk.

"Ah-ha!" deduced Eleanor, a woman of no illusions, and inconspicuously set herself to trace the skein to its source. The thread led Eleanor into a thicket in the middle of the Park. There the lady was agog to discover a ball of silk, pernicious unravelling itself . . . under the tugging of a spur, perhaps?

Still, she refused to be hurried. The mystery was not yet solved.

Henry . . . being Henry . . . instantly gave her a chance. He left Woodstock for a long journey. He was barely out of sight before Eleanor was searching the thicket again. Suddenly, she almost collided with a low door, hidden in shrubbery. Opening it, she found herself in a dark, narrow tunnel; squirming through, she stepped into an exquisite bower of flowers, sheltering—not, don't guess; you were right the first time—Rosamond.

What happened next may best be imagined. If you desire the whole details, you should consult The French Chronicle of London. Most of them are not only too obscure to be printable, but also too nauseating to be plucked out. Among other things, Eleanor had Rosamond stripped and toasted between two fires; after which she was placed in a cold bath and flung to tatters by "an alde hag." More grotesque enormities ensued in her death.

When Henry heard the news, he out-wormed all worms. He tottered back into Eleanor's bed.

He remained there long enough to assist her in bearing eight children; to see his sons grow to manhood; and then to have them—with the open approval of their mother—revolt against him.

He cast one fleeting glimpse at Eleanor, plaintively muttered: "I no longer care for myself or the world," turned his face to the wall and died.

Eleanor passed in an odour of respectability. The date was June 26, 1307.
HOME . . . WELL, HOME?: Apropos (or something) to the Syndycside citizen who is alleged to have spent five Christmas Days in the cells (with a promise to make it six next December), may we present Val Preston of Illinois (U.S.)? At writing, he is still pleading in vain with a Warden to extend his six-months sentence. Preston claims that he needs extra classes to complete his theology course. Then there are bitter complaints from officials of a Salt Lake City Prison. They're hurt because L. Wintera (a forger with an obvious one-track mind) pulled away his year in chokey by printing bogus cheques in the calaboose's printing-shop.

RED-HOT MAMA: Charles Pollock of Chicago caught 135-lb. Miss Susy Lanks in his hotel bedroom, grabbing his wallet. Mr. Pollock grabbed Miss Lanks coyly repulsed him with a straight-left and a rabbit-killer. Two of Mr. Pollock's friends rushed to his aid. Miss Lanks aimed several dismaying swipes with a razor. The representatives of the frustrated Stronger Sex retired warily and phoned the constabulary. Three stalwart gendarmes were maulled into semi-hospitalisation before Miss Lanks consented to be handcuffed and led away.

THE WHEN OF IT: After a close study of crime statistics, Dr. Hans Von Hentis, of Yale University, reached some conclusions: (1) 45 per cent. of all homicides occur between 6 p.m. and midnight; (2) most burglars are arrested between 2 a.m. and 4 a.m. in the morning; (3) the next greatest number of arrests occur in the following two-hour period, (4) first-born children have a higher rate of criminal tendencies than their younger brothers and sisters . . . you lucky seventh child of a seventh child.

THE TEETH OF DEATH: Toxicologists (experts on poison), when they are called in on a case, naturally expect to find poison. However, other things sometimes turn up as well. One morning a London businessman was found in his bed. "Suicide" was his doctor's opinion. The businessman seemed to have imbibed a dose of the deadly poison, "wolfbane." Unfortunately, a life insurance company became suspicious. Toxicologists went to work. They found not only wolfbane in the dead man's stomach but also tiny fragments of dental wax. They examined the corpse's teeth. One of the molars had a large cavity in which was both wolfbane and dental wax. Verdict Murder By Dentistry.
Hank and I were shaking her's dice to see who'd buy the next round, when this little guy came in. I wouldn't have paid any attention, except that the man struck me as being too typical of an obnoxious type. It was all there. The short stature. The flashy pin-stripe suit, with the massive shoulders and drape cut. The too black, and too shiny, and too curly hair that formed a well-trained duck's tail on the back of his neck. The manicured nails. The hand-painted tie. The sharply-pointed, black, patent-leather shoes. The precisely cut mustache, making a dark line along his upper lip. And finally his black eyes that watered too much. He made me nervously alert the minute he came in.

The girl on his arm was inconspicuous in comparison. She was exactly as tall as he, but her whole manner, her whole being was quieter, cleaner . . . reserved. She didn't belong with him. I knew it, and as I watched them I felt that she knew it too. She listened intently when he spoke to her, but as soon as he looked away, her eyes were no longer on him. She might as well have been a thousand miles away. Her dress was too tight. She was wearing black hose, and there was a tiny golden chain around one ankle . . .

I hated his guts. I hated him because of her. He was foul. He was rotten. I hated his . . .

She looked at me then. And I looked at her. I couldn't look away. Nor did she. Her eyes were large, and luminously dark. Her face was a mask of impassivity. She was looking at me. She was drawing me to her . . . closer and closer. Neither of us had moved, yet we had met, there in the smoky atmosphere midway between us . . .

Dan's Bon-Day-Voo is a one-man enterprise owned and operated by Dan himself. That's Dan Marble. He earns every penny he makes out of his little business by working fourteen hours a day.

Sitting on the other side of Hank was old Abner Hoskins. Abner actually was Brigadier General Abner Lee Hoskins, Retired. He was about 70 years young, and had the thin, wiry, whiplash body of an old cavalry man. His beard was rather sparse, but thick enough to give him an air and the bearing of an officer and gentleman.
HOME THOUGHTS FROM NEXT DOOR

Tinkle, tinkle, little brook,
I don't wonder what you're at,
such hideously noxious noise
can only come from girls and boys
whom parents beg in proudful manner
to "practise scales on the pianola."

JAY-PAY

She looked at the punk kind of strangely. I thought she was going to say something, but she only shrugged resignedly, and finished her drink. As she tilted her glass up, she again looked directly at me. There was nothing warm, nor inviting, nor promising in that look. Don't get the wrong idea; She was telling me her story...and I understood, perfectly. She knew that I understood about her. She looked away.

"That's the trouble with old duffers like you. You think you own the world. Well, you don't, she said...

"You shouldn't talk that way, son I--"

"Aahh, shut up!"

Abner remained motionless, slightly hunched over the bar. The girl glanced nervously at him from time to time, but made no move to restrain him. Her fists were clenched, her knuckles white. She looked down at her hands. I probably would have gotten up and walked out, if it weren't for her sitting there.

Evidently Abner had had enough. The oldtimer rose slowly from the stool, not even bothering to finish his glass of beer. I guess Abner had kind of lost his taste for beer right then. As he stepped down from the stool, he must have accidentally put his foot down on the edge of the young kid's shoe.

"Goldamn you, you old sumervitch! I told you to be careful!"

The kid swayed around quickly, arm extended, and caught Abner's back-handed punch on the mouth. Abner fell back over his stool, blood spurting from his smashed lip, and would have crashed to the floor, had he not caught himself by one hand on the edge of the bar. With his free hand he automatically groped for his cane, which had been down underneath his stool, hooked over the top rung. The kid's eyes showed life then. Sparkling, exhilarated. In a split second he had grabbed the empty beer bottle that was standing beside the old man's glass. He grabbed it by the neck...the duty end.

"Now you old duffer, you been askin' for it..."

He raised the bottle, and took one step, leaning down toward Abner. His eyes were suddenly red in the corners, and his face held a look of maddened, joyful expectation.

It was written all over his face. This was his moment...his climax...

Once again I felt her eyes upon me. I looked at her. They were large eyes. But cool, purposeful. She had edged away a little from the action, but her eyes and her attention, all of it, were on me. She was drawing me to her again...

Just at the moment when the young punk stepped forward for the kill, his arm beginning the downward arc, the deadly beer bottle clutched murderously, old Abner shifted his body a little, and brought one hand up slightly from beneath him. Then I noticed his cane. A cane that had a sharpened point of steel upper on the end of it. And Abner's cane was white. It was white until the sword-like tip burrowed itself into his attacker's pin-striped groin, a perfect stab thrust. When the cane came out again, it was red. The punk screamed once. His arm and the posseted bottle froze in the middle of the swing. He seemed to see a few of the motionless faces in front of him, then he fell slowly away from the bar, and slumped to the floor, his legs folded beneath his belly, like a small boy who has eaten too many green apples. Before anyone could run to help, the old man stood up, straight and erect.

Brigadier-General Abner Lee Hosking straightened his coat. He straightened his necktie. He straightened his smoked glasses, over his sightless eyes. Then turning to the door, he squared his shoulders, and with back rigid and head high, strode out with the manner and the dignity that befits a gentleman and an officer. The old general, with a thrust of his sabre, had once again vanquished an enemy.

The sound of Dan's voice shouting into the phone seemed to break the mass hypnotic spell that gripped the crowd. Quickly I glanced at the spot where the girl had been standing. I felt a tug at my sleeve, and looked down. She was there beside me, looking up at me with the same big eyes, the same look. And there were no tears in her eyes...no tears. There was something else now, though...something new. Looking deeply into her eyes right at that moment, was seeing into her mind. And there was a softness there. Like a warm mist that reached out and enveloped me, and drew me closer...ever closer...to her.

Dan's place was a bedlam now. Someone stepped forward and bent over the boy. It was too late. The kid was dead. He was dead, and she was suddenly alive.

We were nearly to the door, walking quickly, quietly, with identical purpose.

The door swung out under the pressure of my hand, and suddenly the light and the smoke and the deafening turmoil of that milling mass of humanity that was Dan's Ron-Dey-Voo was gone, left behind us. As the cool, quiet gush of fog swirled up around us, she stripped my arm a little tighter...then tighter still. And as we strolled slowly into the good grey night together, I felt a great shudder, like a tremendous sigh, pass through her body, and she buried her face against my shoulder.
Dora was a sportsman

She was always game to gamble; she'd even bet on two flies crawling down a window; she was betting on Paddy now.

BIM ARNOLD
* FICTION

PADDY returned to consciousness as the light from the tiny barred opening in the opposite wall smote him across the eyes. His head was enlarged and all of it was on fire. His face was stiff and he felt blood in his mouth. But all this nothing compared to the ache that tore at his left knee.

Paddy the Thinker they called him.

Well he'd better get to thinking how he got into this mess, and how he was going to get out of it.

Double-crossed. That was it. There was no slip up with the job. He wasn't called the Thinker for nothing. His jobs were well planned, well timed, all hunkey dory. No slip-ups possible. He'd done the job, got the swag and was on his way when it happened.

It happened at 12:15 a.m., when he had stopped the car at Pope's Corner to get the "go ahead" from Dora. Even as the light flicked out the signal from the top window, the crash had come. From behind, of course.

Had Dora seen? Dora was clever. She helped him plan the jobs; she took care of the swags. He trusted Dora and asked no questions. Well, could she get him out of this little lot?

God! What a place. Paddy felt like a grub in a nut. It was all a hard kernel of stone, wet and thick. No openings, except the barred hole in the wall opposite, was apparent. How did he get here? How would he get out? He'd have to get out, of course. He wasn't going to die like a worm in a hole. He'd get out just
The height of the average man is now 5 ft. 10 ins., it has been ascertained in the different regions of the earth. Anthropologists claim that this is the height attained by various human groups back through the centuries. The ancient Egyptians and Greeks, the Chinese, and the early Indians of South-west America all achieved this stature at the zenith of their glory ... and then the scientists add that people in warm climates are dying at a faster rate than those in cold climates ... they are less resistant to infections. On the other hand, those tropical inhabitants who survive show less evidence of ageing bodily.

The sun had moved on when he awoke again. Immediately Paddy was conscious that in each hand he held a bar from his prison window. Bits of loose stone and powdered iron were fresh across the floor.

Paddy grunted as he edged towards the opening again. It was just now. Outside the sky was low and dark. Paddy looked down from the window.

Hell! Forty feet of rock face. From below sprays whipped up as each wave smashed against the cliff. White water thundered hollowly under the jutting rock, under the little stone prison that was wrapped around Paddy the Thinker.

"They needn't have bothered about the bars anyway," he muttered. "As the name of his own voice crept through the gloom, the only human sound Paddy screamed out and flung himself back against the wet slime of the floor, sobbing.

A faint moon rose and low clouds blew across its path. Paddy was thinking, silent again.

The Thinker thought of something new. "All he had to do would be to lower himself out of the window hole and maybe he could reach the roof of this place he was in. Maybe it was the top of the cliff. After all, it had been done before."

Paddy eased himself off the bags and worked his way across the rough floor. It hurt like hell, but his thoughts were tongues of fire stinging him on. He had to know what rat had got him into this and he'd never find out by lying on a heap of stinking bags dying of fever. With sweat stinging his eyes he reached the opposite wall and groped upwards until he grasped one bar of the little opening in each fist.

Suddenly Paddy fell backwards with a dull thud that sent a sour sobbing from his mouth and a searing agony from left toe to left hip. He lay quite still.

"They think the better pain back from his lips and began to move . . . slowly . . . cautiously . . . panting in deep gasps at every move . . . but always drawing closer to his goal. He had to make it.

Grinding his jaws, Paddy edged himself to the hole in the wall and looked out and up.

God in Heaven! God!

Above him the cliff face gleamed silver as the moonlight struck its glossy surface. No one could climb that. No one could climb it.

The Thinker thought more once more. He must be in a cave cut in the stone. If he searched the floor, there must be a way out. There was a way in, wasn't there? There had to be a way out.

Then he saw the flash. The clear flash of a torch from below. As tense as a Pointer he watched.

The signal! Dora was down there, right down among those rocks. Dora! His eyes never moved from the round white beam of light. Yes, there it was again. The "go ahead" signal known only to Dora and himself. His Dora. Somehow she'd found out where he had been taken and she'd come "God bless you, Dora. What a mate! You wouldn't let a man die like a loss. My old sorrow-strain, my pal, my Dora."

Paddy's teeth chattered with excitement, his wrists were too lumpy to cling to the rock any more. His one strong knee sagged; he slipped again to the floor.

The floor! There must be a loose rock somewhere leading to steps. He clawed like a searching fowl. He scrambled and winced in a delirium of joy and pain.

There was no loose rock.

Time was slipping on. Soon there would be no clocking darkness. He must go to the window again. Would Dora be there below?
The beam of light shone on the little window again and illuminated Paddy's stark face.

She was still there. The light moved downwards from Paddy's face, then stopped. His eyes followed it.

A foothold. Down the light travelled again. Another foothold. On again the beam travelled, revealing the row of wire and held down the sheer face of the cliff.

It might have been the remains of a rust-decayed fire-escape. Well, he'd climbed fire-escapes before... and he would again... if he could manage this one.

And why shouldn't he, the Thinker thought to himself? There seemed to be a tiny voice whispering in the back of his mind, "Gawd, y'fool... you bloody fool... there's nothing to it... it's just-kid-stakes... less than kid-stakes to a bloke like you."

He leaned towards it... and a wrench of his knee stabbed him with a slash of pain that silenced the little voice inside him. Yeah, it was easy... damned easy... except... oh, the hell with it... why of all the goddamned mad accidents of the world had it to be his knee? That's what would make it hard... perhaps too hard.

But Dora was asking him to do it... she was down there... his Dora... always the sport... never a one to leave a pal like a rat in a trap. She'd come out of her way to find him... to help him. Gawd knew what she hadn't done to get herself down there... not that she would worry about that... it was Dora's way... it was part of what made Dora the sportsman. They all admitted she was... and she had come to help him. She was trying to show him his path. She was telling him what to do.

So that was what he had to do. Slowly he eased himself back onto the floor. How could Dora know about his leg? The leg that hung loose from the knee? How could she know that his head swam and throbbed and blood poured his face?

There was no way of telling Dora these things. She had come to rescue him. What had she done to get down there to the foot of those cliffs? Dora with her slim brown ankles and her soft thighs.

He'd give it a go. Better to die smashed to nothing at Dora's feet than to rot away in a cave.

Yes, he'd give it a go. For Dora's sake. A true sportsman, Dora, risking her life to give him a chance. His Dora knew the way.

The Thinker began to think the thing out. Make a tight bandage around the bad knee with his shirt. Chuck away all the other clothes except trousers. His toes must be free—the ones he could use anyway—a few scratches would be better than being stirred up by a singlet.

Well, this is it. Dora. This is it.

Paddy the Thinker launched himself painfully up through the little window lifting his useless limb with both hands as he sat on its wide stone ledge. The white light of the torch flashed from him to the first ledge. About him was the vast black space of night, terrible and noisy with the roar of sea on rock. Paddy faced awarily towards the shabby rock and let his legs hang down until he felt the too-held.

Then, freeing one hand, he slid it to the first iron rail. What if it should be rotten as the window bars? Mustn't think, mustn't think Paddy mustn't be a Thinker any more.

Yes, think of Dora. Think of the night he met her at "The Jug."
BECAUSE THE VERSE, AT LEAST, IS FREE

When a woman buys a new dress, she has a reason why. Because her spouse refuses, because it slims her down, because it comes from Paris, because from a bazaar, because the style is popular, because the style's so rare, but mostly just because.

ANON

she was dancing, swishing a red skirt, eying him. She was his woman right away.

Another rung. Light on the next foothold.

She was clever. Dora. Not many dames clever and beautiful. He could wind her blue black hair around his two arms like a muf.

He'd bought Dora a muf--mink. The best for Dora. Dora liked mink.

The noise was louder, much louder. Of course he was getting nearer to it. Nearer to the sea, nearer Dora.

She was a sport all right, all right. Took her losses with a shrug. Remember the night she'd bet with Jimmy on the one dropping down the window. Quick three points! Bet! "Choose a randdrop, Jimmy, I'll have this one!" Laughter! Jimmy and Dora laughing over randdrop bets.

Jimmy had gone away. He couldn't have cared less. Not about Jimmy. Wasn't a real sportsman like Dora. Jimmy hated to lose.

Don't look down, don't look up. Just go on. Oh. On. Think of Dora giving the signals for the "go ahead" when he returned from his job. Dora waiting in the garage to drive away with the stuff while he went in... to stiffen his sash.


"Sure he made it. That means you win. A mink coat to you, baby."


Paddy the Thinker opened iron eyes. It was Jimmy's voice. Jimmy was there, muffled up. And Dora was there, too, in a big black cloak. He was on a bit of sand between rocks, his leg was numb. No pain.

Dora was talking. "I led a bit, Paddy. Jimmy said you were up there for keeps, even though the bars were rotten. I knew you'd get out if I showed you the way. So we took a bet. Jimmy and I. A mink coat for me, a sports car for him. You did me a good turn, Paddy."

"And now I'll show you the way back, Paddy." It was Jimmy again. "The easy way, through the inside of the cliff. Because you're going back, Paddy, where you'll be safe. Safe until Dora and me get away with the swag."

"We'll show you the way to get out from the inside, too, Paddy. It's easier than coming down the cliff," Dora was laughing.

"You'll have a sporting chance then, Paddy. Come on now. Up we go. A good show, Paddy."

Dora liked a bit of sport. Sure, Dora was a sportsman. The crowd all said so.

"Yes, I advertised for the sitter. It's a sort of—er—second childhood case."

46 CAVALCADE June 1951

CAVALCADE June 1951 47
You can't win...

By the one who knows...

GIBSON

If she decides that you need a hair-cut just one look and a few well chosen words can make you feel like this...

And if she is of the opinion that you haven't tied your cravat correctly she can do quite well with just a few words... and they may not be well chosen...

As for that soup spot on your suit? She doesn't even have to look or speak to make you feel like a tramp...

But if you happen to mention that you think her hat looks a little odd...

If your shoes are a little on the dim side she can do plenty with just one look...

She can play merry hell with your ego by just taking one deep breath...
PLASTIC WALTON: Latest sport in the US is goldfish racing. On a million-dollar pier at Atlantic City is a “fish-track,” consisting of 12 brightly lighted plastic tubes, each twenty-feet long, in a rack one above the other. Each contains a live goldfish and a plastic “shark” (twice its own size). The sharks (which are numbered) are operated from controls in the front of the machine. The goldfish are released into the tubes by an electric “startum-gate.” The fish that is scared most by the shark and can swim the fastest to the end of the tube, wins the race (and his sponsor, the bet).

GAELEIC GIANT: Wrestler Jim Cully, known to his friends, relatives and fans as “The Carpathian Gaal,” is a 22½-stone-Tipperaryman. When not tying them in knots, Cully wears a 21-inch collar and dresses himself in a suit cut from 5½ yards of cloth. When he sleeps, he spreads his seven-foot-four frame across two double-beds and parks his 14-size shoes underneath. He has a one-foot hand-span and a chest measurement of 54 inches (normal). He is bigger than Carnegie who was a mere 6 ft. 10 ins., and weighed 19 stone. But they all fall just as hard.

THE STRONGER SEX: Case workers in a New York social science bureau have discovered that women are anything from 50 per cent to 100 per cent stronger in most respects than men. They are also 95 per cent less susceptible to vanity . . . and 55 per cent tougher when it comes to having toasts cut out or being inoculated against disease. Experiments at the John Hopkins Medical School show that women are much more capable of doing accurately all sorts of mental work in a shorter space of time than men are. Moreover, they don’t tend to be so sensitive about “people standing over them.”

VEST-POCKET: Smallest sovereign State in the world is Vatican City, with an area of 109 acres and a population of not much over 1,000. A poor second runs the Principality of Monaco, with an area of 206 acres and a population of about 20,000. Third is the Republic of San Marino (embraced by Italy), with an area of 23 square miles and a population of 15,300. A little larger is the Principality of Liechtenstein, situated between the Austrian Province of Vorarlberg and the Swiss Cantons of St. Gallen and Graubunden, its area is 63 square miles and population 18,000. Largest vest-pocket State is Andorra, high in the Pyrenees. One of the loftiest countries in the world, its area is 191 square miles, but its population is less than 8,000.

“You’ll have to show me some more—Milly and I haven’t seen each other in months.”
ROLL 'EM OVER

If you're eager to roll 'em over—well, nor in the clover... but in the salt sea spray at all events, here's Florida's latest invention for doing just that thing. The huge wheel is made of plastic, it is so flexible that it can be twisted into any shape to suit the players. Here the gang are unrolling the plastic outer covering to wrap it round the wheel. Then, see what they'll do to you, you see—the wild waves'll really have something to say this time if we're any judges.

Of course, it's not all done by quickness of the hand, this water-nymph has her fingers through straps in the wheel—it gives her a grasp while her ardent assistants take her for a spin. Doesn't she get giddy?... Well, no more than she makes us. And just to demonstrate that she knows all the answers, she proceeds to fleet through the feat by herself. Our orbs aren't popping, we're just trying to catch her eye to ask a question.
ME RHEUMATICS...

Although infected teeth and tonsils are the most common cause of rheumatism, another has been discovered. You may be eating too much starchy food. In many cases of chronic rheumatism, the large intestine shows changes in approximately two-thirds of the cases. This indicates that there was a lack of tone or drive to send waste-matters further along the intestine and out of the body. In other words, the lower intestine (bowel) had become lazy. By cutting down on starchy foods (potatoes, sugar, bread and the rest), the waste of the bowel is removed in less time. It is these wastes that are a factor in causing and aggravating rheumatic symptoms.

TO BATHE OR . . . ?

Are hot baths luxurious or healthful? Spring into them, brother. A hot bath opens up the blood-vessels and draws the water from the congested joints or elsewhere. Wastes are carried away by the increased circulation. After severe exercise or exertion, the hot bath removes waste products in half the usual time. The hot bath also relaxes the nerves and "quiet" the individual. There is, however, one caution. Don't bathe too long; it results in a weak feeling.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE...

While there is no drug that will reduce high blood pressure permanently, quieting drugs can lower the pressure for the time being. The elastic walls of the blood-vessels are not kept "on the stretch" all the time. It has been proved that infection of the teeth, tonsils, gums, gall-bladder and large intestine can raise blood-pressure and keep it raised until the infection is removed. Once the source of infection is suppressed, however, the blood-pressure is lowered and remains at this lower level—sometimes for years.

DON'T ASK YOUR FRIENDS...

It's something which even your best friends won't tell you . . . but even at the risk of losing your acquaintance, here's the real low-down. In some nervous and emotional individuals, food remains too long in the stomach, so that before all the food of one meal passes through the stomach, they eat another meal. This second meal has to start at the beginning of digestion in the stomach delaying the first meal for a little longer. If these nervous individuals would lie down on their right side for ten minutes before they eat their second meal, the first one would flow or syphon out of the stomach. Then the stomach would be ready.
Why Fear a
WASSERMAN TEST?

Tests for venereal disease have their fallacies; but it's always better to be sure than to sorrow later.

The belief is widespread among laymen and some physicians that a positive Wassermann test is a sure indicator of the presence of syphilis. All of this would be fine but for one thing. It is not based on facts. The positive reaction is not a specific evidence of syphilis. The tragedy of it is that many doctors record the Wassermann reaction as an infallible test for syphilis, and the positive reaction as a diagnosis of syphilis.

This fact, however, does not negate the great value of the test. In 1905, in Berlin, Professors Hoffmann and Schaudin discovered the germ which causes syphilis—a thin, spiral-shaped organism which is known as the spirochaete pallidum, meaning pale spiral. The identification of this germ through the microscope was an epochal event in medical history, for it enabled us to see the germ in the early, active stages of the disease. Then, five years later, Professor August Wassermann came along with his blood test. He based it on the biological principle that syphilitic blood will give a reaction to certain chemical reagents and thus give us a clue to "hidden syphilis," a condition which reveals no active symptoms. Normal, healthy blood does not give the reaction that syphilitic blood does. When a strong reaction is seen in the test tube, the result is set down as "positive" or "1 plus." When there is no visible reaction it is "negative."

We thus had for the first time two new methods of diagnosing syphilis—the spirochaete, in the early stages, and the Wassermann sero-reaction, after the disease has penetrated and entered the blood stream.

Therefore, for nearly 40 years, a positive reaction to the Wassermann test has been accepted as an evidence of syphilis somewhere in the body.

The usual procedure is for the doctor to send a sample of blood to a laboratory where skilled technicians make the test. The laboratory merely reports whether the blood is "positive Wassermann" or "negative." It is the doctor who makes the diagnosis of syphilis. While he may be correct in the vast majority of cases, there are many exceptional cases in which the report is erroneous and therefore may be responsible for a great injustice and needless suffering. In other words, the test may show a strongly positive reaction in a person who has not and never had syphilis. In brief, a "false positive."

Many doctors are not aware of the fact that some 40 or more different factors may be responsible for a false positive reaction. Among these are mumps, infections, tropical diseases and various upper respiratory infections. Veterans who have served in tropical or malarial areas and have been infected by the many parasites of those areas, often show a positive Wassermann without ever having had syphilis.

This point is well illustrated by an actual case history. John B., an ex-serviceeman, applied for a job in an industrial plant, and as a routine practice, a specimen of his blood was taken for a Wassermann test. When he returned the next day for the report, he was told the company could not employ him because he had syphilis. The young lady at the personnel desk showed him the report—"4 plus." Amazed because he never had had the disease, he rushed to his family physician, who had treated him since he had been a baby. The old doctor studied the report for a few minutes. "Who told you you had syphilis?" he asked. "The lady at the desk told me my blood was 4 plus." John replied, and then added, "and that meant syphilis, she said."

"Did the Army doctors treat you for syphilis when you were in service?" the doctor asked. "No," said John, "but they treated me for malaria which I picked up somewhere in the Pacific." "All right, John," said the doctor, "don't you worry about that report. I'll get in touch with the plant doctor and I'm sure you'll get the job."

On the following day, at the plant office, the young lady at the personnel desk was apologetic, and the plant doctor learned something from that old family doctor which he should have known. John not only...
got his job but was spared the anguish of believing he had syphilis and also the trouble and expense of two or more years of treatment for a disease he did not have.

About a year ago, two U.S. Army doctors working on this problem made a most interesting series of experiments. In one of the U.S. prisons, 80 inmates volunteered to act as guinea-pigs for the experiments. They were carefully examined and none of them showed any evidence of having or ever having had syphilis. Wassermann test were repeatedly negative. There was no doubt of their freedom from syphilis. The doctors then inoculated them with malaria by the bite of infected mosquitoes. Thereafter, over a period of 8 months, the blood of these prisoners was repeatedly tested to a total of 45,000 tests.

What did the tests show? Fifty-seven per cent. of the 80 men infected with malaria developed a positive Wassermann reaction in one or more of these tests. This certainly proved that these persons infected with malaria did occasionally show a positive Wassermann though they were not infected with syphilis. The same is true of other infectious diseases.

One can readily see the importance of this knowledge. Thousands upon thousands of men and women throughout the world have been pronounced syphilitic with all the social stigma that the world implies and forced to undergo long and monotonous treatment, often on the basis of a single Wassermann test with a false positive reaction.

The lesson that all lawyers and many physicians still have to learn is that there's such a thing as a false positive and that one cannot depend solely on one laboratory report showing a positive reaction.

Not only is the test itself liable to error, but the technicians who make the test and the clerks may furnish an erroneous report through a clerical error. Some years ago I had a personal experience of this in one of my veterans clinics. Like other clinics, we made a routine Wassermann test on every new patient. On a certain day, two new patients were admitted—one with an unmistakable case of syphilis, the other with an equally unmistakable case of gonorrhea, which does not react to the Wassermann test. Specimens of blood from both patients were sent to the clinic laboratory for the customary test.

To my surprise, when the reports came back the next day, the gonorreal patient was reported "4 plus" or strongly positive and the syphilitic case was reported "negative." Sensing that there was an error somewhere, we discovered that a clerk had thoughtlessly made a transposition of the reaction on the report cards. How often such a human error occurs, no one can say, but it certainly can happen often enough to make us feel that the Wassermann test, as usually reported, is liable to err in one form or another.

Every person who finds it necessary to submit to a blood test should insist that more than one test be made at the same time and in different laboratories. (It is not likely that several laboratories will make the identical error on the same specimen of blood.) He should refuse to subject himself to the risk of being declared syphilitic through a false positive reaction or a clerical error.

By the same token, the diagnosis of syphilis should not be made by a physician on the basis of a single positive Wassermann report. If, for any reason, only a single test can be made, it should be corroborated by clinical evidence or history of the disease, before a diagnosis can be made.

What has been said here does not detract from the great value of the Wassermann test. It is intended, however, to emphasize the fact that a single test is liable to error and that several tests should be made simultaneously in different laboratories, before the result can be accepted as definite. With this thought in mind, the Wassermann test can be considered the most important and useful diagnostic test that has ever been devised for the detection of this maiming and killing disease.

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**AFTERNOON NAP**

**By GLUYAS WILLIAMS**

**FURIES IN HOUSE IN EXCEMPT TO REPORT A STRANGE GUY IN THE YARD AND CAN HE KEEP HIM?**

**STOPS SHORT IN MIDDLE OF KITCHEN ON SEEING FATHER ASLEEP ON COUCH**

**WASTERS CLEARLY AND DISTINCTLY SEVERAL TIMES: "DADDY, ARE YOU AWAKE?"**

**MOVES UP CLOSE FATHER KEEPS EYES SHUT, SO THAT HE CAN GO ON WITH HIS NAP**

**BEES OUT IN HALL AND CALLS UPSTAIRS IN WHISPER, "HE THINKS I'M A WHISPERER BUT IT'S ALMOST A SHOUT, "IS DADDY ASLEEP?"**

**EXPLAINS HIS SITUATION TO MOTHER AND IN INCREASINGLY LOUD TONES PREPARES HIS PLAN FOR KEEPING HIM**

**CLAMORS OUT, MOTHER HE DOESN'T SEE WHY HE CAN'T MAKE VORQUET. FATHER DROPS OFF AGAIN.**

**BURSTS IN AGAIN TO CALL THE DOGS GONE, SO IT DOESN'T MATTER, AND SLEEPS ON SHUT-**

**FATHER SINGING, GETS UP**

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CAVALCADE, June, 1931 59
dream of
Murder
DAN McKay

Because a man dreamed, another man hung a noose; but was it really the right dream that was dreamed?

“Going over to Will Hayes’,” he told the Johnsons, “I might get back about nine.”

He called his dog and went off in the dusk, and that was the last they saw of him alive. Will Hayes and a man and wife named Staunton who lived with him were all seated out on the verandah when Ben arrived.

The Stauntons shared one drink with the two farmers and then, like good servants, lit a candle and went off to bed. Ben and Will settled down to drink and yarn away the night.

Voices in argument woke Staunton. He felt that he had been sleeping for hours, and the heaviness of the voices in the other room confirmed this idea. At first the conversation was indistinct, but as it grew more heated, Staunton was able to hear quite well. “I lent you nine pounds in August,” he heard Ben Cott growl at Will Hayes. “And I’ll have it from you, or know why.”

“In time,” Will said, calmer. “Have another drink now.”

Questioned later in court, Staunton said he had fallen asleep again at this interesting point, and that statement alone made his evidence seem dubious in value.

But he explained that such passages of words were not at all unusual when Ben Cott was drinking. The two farmers had never come to anything like blows over them, however.

When the Stauntons rose before dawn next morning, the kitchen was tidy and Will Hayes was moping in his room. He behaved in a normal manner at breakfast—normal for a man who had peered into the rum keg the night before—and afterwards took a shovel and went over to work on a drain that separated a cleared field from a bush-covered slope, within sight of the house.

Meanwhile, at Cott’s homestead the Johnsons and young Murphy had begun to search for their missing employer.

Johnson and Murphy went over to the Hayes place, where Staunton referred them to Will, then at work on the drainage channel. And they stood by while Hayes denied having seen Ben Cott since he had left for home at ten o’clock the night before.

Worried now, Johnson sent young Murphy to inquire after his master in one direction, while he questioned neighbours on the other side of the farm. No one had seen Ben Cott, and news of their search reached the ears of the local police officer, Constable Hedwell, who organised a search party to examine the turns of the creek and probe the deepest pools—unsuccessfully.

And then a remarkable man named James Anthony appeared on the scene to present Constable Hedwell with his first clue—one that few police officers would accept to-day. James Anthony had dreamed a dream.

In the dream, he told Hedwell, he had seen a man carry someone in his arms to the drain that ran around Hayes’ field, drop him there, and cover him with barks and leaves.

Hedwell rode into Maitland in the late afternoon, told his story, and eventually convinced the Chief Constable that there was more than an even chance of finding the missing man below ground on the Hayes farm. Hedwell rode back armed with authority to search the location.

The constable was a demon for duty and promotion. He had decided to take no chance that Hayes might in the night remove the body to another resting place and so make a fool of him. So on the night of November 13 a small group of men, including Johnson, carried lanterns through the bush to the edge of Hayes’ field.
They followed the drainage channel until they found the place where Hayes had filled it in for a distance of about ten feet. The shovels began to dig. And there was Benjamin Cott.

Will Hayes, when he lit the lamp and opened the door in answer to the constable’s knocking, seemed genuinely surprised.

When Constable Hedwell lined Staunton and his wife up with Hayes and began to question them, he found the employees willing enough to talk, although apt to contradict themselves. Hayes had less to say.

He repeated what he had first told Johnson—that he had parted on good terms with Ben Cott at ten o’clock on the night of November 13 and had not seen him since.

Asked why he had begun to fill in the drain, he told Hedwell, “It needed it.”

The constable took Hayes and the body of Benjamin Cott to the lock-up that night.

Along with Hayes, the constable took an axe he had found on the woodpile outside the house. There were dark brown stains on the blade and haft, and two grey hairs adhering.

A Dr Scott examined the remains of Benjamin Cott in his most exacting manner, and later accompanied Constable Hedwell and his prisoner to Sydney, where the inquest opened on December 15.

“William Hayes was yesterday committed to take his trial for the wilful murder of one Benjamin Cott,” a newspaper of the day noted briefly at the end of the hearing.

Evidence at the trial of Will Hayes was more than somewhat circumstantial.

Constable Hedwell told his story and exhibited the axe he had found at Hayes’ home.

Dr. Scott deposed that on examina-

then he had found that the axe blade litter exactly a fracture in the latter portion of the left parietal bone of the deceased's skull.

The blade showed certain stains, the doctor said, but these might as well have been rust as blood. He was unable to tell.

On the axe handle was a spot that could be identified as blood, although not necessarily human blood.

On the axe blade he had found a single white hair, adhering with some earth, which corresponded with white hairs on the dead man's skull— but he could not positively state whether it was a human hair or not.

In the box Hayes repeated his story but varied his reason for filling in the drainage channel.

This time he said he had found it blocked with bark and leaves and decided, as the same thing had happened often before, that it was more trouble than advantage to have it.

After 20 minutes in retirement the jury brought in a majority verdict against Will Hayes, one man dissenting.

As one newspaper summed it up—“There were few collateral circumstances of much importance. The matter seems enveloped in some degree of mystery still, which the evidence does not appear to unravel.”

Certainly no jury today would convict a man on such slender evidence.

Hayes and Cott had been the best of friends for a number of years. They might on this occasion have come to blows over the money owed. But there was no evidence of this.

Other axes than Hayes’ might have killed Cott. The doctor could not be certain that signs on the axe connected it with the murder. Or prove that Hayes had wielded it.

But William Hayes was hanged for the crime.
L-shape with south aspect
FOR six years I've wanted to tell this story under this heading. When first I cabled it, my version of that night's happenings in the Northern Adriatic made headlines in England and America, but only about 25 per cent of it got past the naval censors' blockade. In February, 1945, German Intelligence was not supposed to know that our lightest, fastest motor torpedo boats were using radar to find and kill by night the toughest of Hitler's armed convoys.

When I joined the Vesper flotilla at Ancona I was solemnly warned by four irate lieutenants. It appeared that a certain naval press officer had spread their fame throughout the Allied world in highly-coloured prose, so that in every naval bar they were likely to be greeted with: "What-oh the Spitfire boys—with water-wings!"

"Just one little flowery phrase and you finish up on the bottom of the Adriatic with a patent anchor round your neck!" they warned. "Spitfires of the Sea—Hell!" Well, I'm six years and half a world away from Jerry and Goebbels and The Duke—and the Tasman rolls in between me and Ted Lassen—so maybe I can risk it. That naval pressman was right. He was a quiet bloke, not usually given to hyperbole.

"Spitfires of the Sea" was his metaphor, and it's good enough for me!

The Vesper MTB was less than 42 ft. of plywood, powered by three Packard-bait Marinas which sent her along at nearly 50 knots fully loaded. In anything like a sea she worked with the freedom of a second-hand tenor on its way over Niagara Falls—but she paid her way. She carried an Oerlikon cannon forward, twin heavy machine guns in a barbette armoured, and a couple of little Vickers K's abreast.

Ted Lassen's craft varied from the others because she mounted twin Oerlikons instead of the machine guns. Her two tubes each contained a 21-inch Whitehead acoustic torpedo. For armour she had a little box of three-eighths-inch plate around the wheel.

I put in a week with the Vesper before anything serious happened. Three boats would go out at one time, usually led by Jerry, the R.N. type. He had seniority over the two R.N.V.R. blokes, Goebbels and The Duke, and they flaunted their wary stripes over those of Ted Lassen, who was merely R.N.Z.N.V.R.

The Duke was a small, fierce black-bearded fellow with a shocking Oxford accent and an unpronounceable French name. His sub-boat was burly and ginger-bearded, and they made a piratical team. Most of the others were clean-shaven and pukka Navy, but the discipline was of the freer and easier, all-in-together type.

The start of what proved to be the big show caught MTB 404 tied up at her berth in the lee of the overturned Italian cruiser "Giallo Cesare" with a dud starboard motor. After hours of sweating and cursing they had the Marlin turning over sweetly enough—but even so they had to watch the other three boats move out without them.

Then Jerry's voice rasped over the intercom. "Come out, Kiwi, if you can! Goebbels returning with engine trouble!"

In five seconds we were cast off and skimming in reverse.

As night closed down the three Vesper were hammering along in a tight vee formation over the glassy sea.

"Looks like a show to-night, sir," said the cox, checking his tin hat and lifejacket. "Sorry we ain't got any of these for you. Still, better not 'ave them if we blow—you finish quicker that way!"

I grinned, but my mouth was rather dry. This was the cox's style. Come from Liverpool, I believe—a family of undertakers.

At last we lay beam to beam and cut our engines, watching the shore lights blink out. Other radar eyes were combing the night. On the green expanses of our own radar screen the turning beam sketched the approaches to Venice.

"Start up and follow me," said Jerry quietly.

A trained bustle, almost noiseless, and every man was at his post. The only other voice I heard was that of the Duke, chanting a hunting song. As I quieted the cabin where the radar was, I spied a last glance for the green glowing circle. In the top right-hand corner were five tiny white dots, in exact line. Just five little dots, to send 36 men scurrying to their posts at Oerlikon, torpedo and engine controls—enemy convoy!

I made the wheelhouse just in time, and grinned maliciously at the cox. He was a bulky figure in his tin hat...
A New Australian wanted to run a restaurant such as had never existed before. He advertised: "Cutlets Served From Any Animal In The World." His first customer was a wench of would-be wit. "Oh," she cooed blithely, "I'll have a...yes, an elephant cutlet." The ex-demon of Vienna regarded her with a glare of stern reproof. "Madam," he informed her coldly, "for one cutlet we cannot cut up a whole elephant."

and Mace West, but beside him Ted Lessen had discarded both. He was twiddling with the torpedo sight, a large peac-and-blade affair fixed rigidly into the cockpit coaming. "Kind of like a coffin in here, ain't it, su?" murmured the cox, shifting his chewing gum.

We were just astern of Jerry's MTB 407, with The Duke's boat breathing down our necks. The regular navy man was in command now, and even to an amateur his approach was beautiful. Muttering details of change of course and estimated speed of the enemy, he led us slowly in towards them, until the opposing line of vessels were running parallel and about a thousand yards apart, straight for the mouth of the main Venetian channel.

We were travelling at about 15 knots to the enemy's 10. Obviously he could not see us, for he altered neither course nor speed. We drew ahead of the German line, and then turned right about again. The inward turn had decreased the distance between us and the estimated course of the convoy to about 650 yards. At that moment Jerry signalled us to stop engines, then to put our helms hard over in a left-hand turn. As their speed slackened, the lean bows of the Vospers began to float around as they swung from line ahead to line abeam—six wicked Whitehead torpedoes trained on darkness.

Jerry's voice was almost conversational over the nutted speaker: "Ready, Duke? Ready, Kim? Fire when your sights are on!"

Suddenly they were there, big, black and frighteningly plain. Ted was bent over the sight, his hands on the torpedo release toggles. Off to starboard I heard a chugging sound as one of Jerry's fish went away. "Both!" snapped Ted, and yanked both toggles. The Vospers seemed to shudder and bounce. The tubes spoke together with something between a thudding and whooshing sound.

Then there was nothing again as the seconds raced by, as every one of us wondered whether the enemy had heard the firing, had spotted the dull glow of telltale flame from that porous tube.

We knew that the quarry were Flak-lighters, heavily armed landing craft somewhere in line between our LCT and LST, each carrying Bofors, Oerlikons, 88's, and high-velocity naval guns enough to blow us to matchwood with one broadside. And here we were, engines stopped, hawser still swinging through for the get away—waiting for it!

Through all this eternity of time the three shapes were visible, with others coming up astern. Then, miraculously, there were poplar trees among them—tall, sprouting, black-brown columns, one with flame at its heart. The explosions came knocking to us through the water before the dull boom of the explosions arrived.

When that happened we were racing for our lives, mufflers out and bows climbing high on to the steps. The moonlight was very bright now, and from somewhere on the blind side of what had been the convoy the escort was roaring round to get a crack at us. The murderous crack of an 88 arnurst leaped out of the sky to port. Something sang in a hush area between The Duke's boat and ours.

I saw something that Jerry had known was there all the time—the real reason for his careful manoeuvring. Ahead of us the moonlight burred on a rolling fogbank. The three Vospers slammed into it with howling motors, and everybody breathed again. We cut our engines, the quick flight to cover had concealed our identity and numbers, and with the possibility of more torpedo craft and even heavy ships lurking behind the fog screen no German vessel would follow far.

We sat there and watched the convoy drift. Explosions blazed out of the mist, darkness, and the group of white dots on the radar screen dwindled. We saw two disappear from sight under the turning beam. A third divided into two, and a fourth changed its shape to a thin line as it rolled over. When the beam came round again there was nothing left—not even wreckage.

How many died in that holocaust I don't know. There wouldn't have been less than five hundred, there could have been more than five thousand, depending on whether the German Navy was running munitions or troops into Venice to bolster the sagging Sanio Line. The point is that nothing did arrive, and that not one of our boats was hit. That made it a perfect operation.

Three other things I remember about that night. One was when Sparks, feeling round the radio dial, got on to the Dog-boat frequency, and a cool English voice, very like Jerry's, said, "Check your casualties. You can man all your guns? Right, we'll run in again and sink those belts." The Cox grinned at me and said, "You want to try them next time, ar—you'll see some real action!"

Then there was the signal Jerry made to headquarters as we slammed south for Ancona. It was the perfect naval signal, the sort of thing Nelson would have sent if he had been able to command an MTB half-lotlitta. With sublime terse understatement, it ran: "Five sighted—five sunk!"

As we came in past the Ancona breakwater just before dawn, The Duke flopped the port with as glancing a breach of naval regulations as ever shocked a N.O.C. He had spent the homeward run rigging a record player to his lost hull. Now he dressed ship ceremonially and stood with his men lined up on deck, wearing his fighting rig of pink hunting jacket and battered tophat while "Dye ken John Peel" thundered from the masthead.

The story I wrote got away from me a bit. I told of the action at the gates of Venice, described The Duke's boat as "hitting back like a spitting cat" when her torpedoes went, and mentioned those fantastic "poplar trees." When I visited Ancona a week later Ted and Jerry and The Duke met me sadly.

"I told you we should have dropped him overboard," said The Duke to Jerry.

They led me down to the boats. Amateur painters had been at work, and each boat carried an adornment on the side of her wheelhouse. The Duke had a spouting cat, Ted a neat row of poplars, and Jerry had settled for a five-barred gate of rustic simplicity.

CAVALCADE, June 1951.
a In case you hadn't guessed it, Woman has Seven Ages: (1) the infant; (2) the little girl; (3) the miss; (4) the Young woman; (5) the young Woman; (6) the Young Woman; (7) the YOUNG WOMAN. a Which reminds us that our disillusioned desk moppet is complaining that lipstick is a Scotsman's present, "because he gets most of it back." a Skeleton in The Family Cupboard Section: Relatives are inherited critics. a For the Education of Our Weather Experts: A notice over a Sydney dial barometer reads: "Don't hit me; I'm doing my best!" a And then, of course, there was the tourist who remarked that he liked the climate of Sydney: you didn't get any brand of weather—just samples. a International Footnote: Samson used the jaws of an ass to end a war; these days, that weapon is used to start one. a National Scene Sidekight: A Politician is a man who, when he sees the writing on the wall, starts to criticize the formation of the letters. a Social Jottings: Dancing is the art of pulling your feet away faster than your partner can step on them. a A vacation consists of 2 weeks which are 2 short, after which you are 2 tired 2 return to work and 2 broke not 2. a Traffic Topics: We recently met a taxi-driver who was screaming that he got only one tip in three days—and that was unplaced for the 3.30 at Randwick. a A French motor-cyclist has succeeded in riding his machine on a tight-rope—so the last refuge for pedestrians has now vanished, eh? a Financial Flickers: Business is getting bad; bar-tenders claim it's the high cost of living. a Rural Ruminations: Soil is a substance from which farmers and dry-cleaners make a living. a News Story of the Month: In Detroit, Michigan (U.S.) Roman Saint Love was charged with bashing his wife, Juliette a Domestic Department: When a man tells you he and his wife never quarrel, he's either lying or there's something terribly wrong with his marriage.

* * *

DOESN'T IT WORK, THEN: (1) Put down the number of your house; (2) double it; (3) add 5; (4) multiply by 50; (5) add your age; (6) add 355; (7) subtract 615. (You will find the number of your house in front of your age)—Like to bet?
AND YOU CAN'T TRACE HER AT ALL ... BUT WHY DO YOU SUSPECT MURDER?

BECAUSE WE FOUND SOME OF HER THINGS ON THE CLIFF TOP ...

... NOT CLOTHES, BUT A DRAWING BOARD AND SOME SKETCHES WHICH ARE UNDOUBTEDLY HER'S. THOUGH DAMAGED BY RAIN.

"WHEN THE OFFICER GAVE THEM TO ME, THERE WAS NO CONNECTION BETWEEN THEM AND SMITHERS' MISSING WIFE. A HALF-PINCHED SIGNATURE WAS THE ONLY CLUE."

SMITHERS SIR ... I WONDER IF THAT'S ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE WOMAN WHO DISAPPEARED.

AND SURE ENOUGH, SMITHERS IDENTIFIED THEM AS DRAWINGS BY HIS WIFE, A PROFESSIONAL ARTIST.

MY WIFE JUST DISAPPEARED. MR. CAIN, WE WERE UNHAPPY. TALKED OF DIVORCE ... AND I HAD A GIRL FRIEND, BUT I DIDN'T KILL HER.

HER DRAWINGS WERE FOUND AT THE CLIFF EDGE ... IT SEEMS SHE WENT OVER THE CLIFF. I THINK YOU PUSHED HER AND LEFT THE DRAWINGS FOR A FALSE SCENT TO SUGGEST SUICIDE.

BUT THEY HAVEN'T FOUND HER BODY, HER CLOTHES ... I DIDN'T DO IT I TELL YOU!

HER BODY NO ... BUT SOME OF HER CLOTHES HAVE BEEN WASHED ASHORE DOWN THE COAST.
I made the dresses you describe for Rosalie Smathers. She designed them herself.

Yes, that's the dress I made it but I've never known her label her goods before.

What puzzles me is that the only dress design in her studio is the one you found on the body—... and it is the only dress labelled with her name.

Flash Cain, knowing a man is accused of murder, feels that the trail to violent death is a little too strong. But he has only a dress to go on.

Furtively visiting the disappeared woman's flat, Cain searches... It only points to her death and to some Guatemalan who admits he wanted to be rid of her.

Della Dear, I want you to rob your office... to save an innocent man.

Cain and Black compare drawings and on the dress label they are the same...
IT WAS FAKE SUICIDE MADE TO LOOK LIKE A REAL ONE. SHE LEFT THE DRAWINGS THERE AND THREW THE DRESS INTO THE SEA.

"SHE LAPELLED THE DRESS SO THAT THERE WOULD BE NO MISTAKE. SMITHERS BLAMED HIS OWN DISAPPEARANCE!"

"I'LL PUT MY MEN ONTO IT, AND RELEASE SMITHERS."

"I STILL DON'T GET IT...."

"SHE HAD A RIGHT TO SELL HER JEWELLERY... SHE HAD TO GET MONEY THE THOUGHT OF FAILING DEPT FROM THE CLIFF TOP SHE'D GET HER HUSBAND LOCKED UP.

"THIS TIME I HAVEN'T BROUGHT A KILLER TO BOOK, BUT I HAVE SAVED AN INNOCENT MAN FROM GAOL. THAT'S WORTH CELEBRATING, EH?"

ONLY THE ELDEST SON COULD MARRY!

The Nambutiri Brahmins of Malabar practised the strange custom of "Henogamy."

All mankind, from highly civilised westerners down to the most primitive savage, has rules governing who may marry whom. While our rules are very flexible, being governed solely by eugenics, spaced to a greater or lesser degree by racial prejudice, the more primitive the race the more complicated the rules of marriage often become.

The strangest, and, at first sight, the most unfor system is henogamy, which has nothing to do with toads. The custom permits one, and only one, member of a family to marry, or alternatively one member may be forced to marry under certain rules which do not apply to the others.

For instance, the Nambutiri Brahmins of Malabar insist that only the eldest son may marry, for once a man is father to a son, he is free of his duties to his ancestors. Because of this the eldest son alone is worthy to receive his father's estate, and therefore he alone should be entitled to marry. For the first-born son is regarded as the fulfillment of divine law, all succeeding sons are merely the affaire of desire.

The son, on reaching manhood, is naturally anxious to have a male heir so that he, in turn, can pass his "dread" (or sip) on to his son. For this reason, plus the understandable surplus of women, the marriageable sons often have several wives without marrying a male offspring, the "dread" reverting to the father, who then conveniently transfers them on to the shoulders of the second eldest... and so on.

What about the younger sons? They, poor things, can take their pick of "inferior" Nayar women, but are excluded from their father's inheritance.

Behind this rigid, religious aspect of henogamy lies its down-to-earth and practical side. By regarding only the offspring of the eldest son as the family property, it is kept intact down through the years and not dissipated among countless descendants, as would be the case if the system were not enforced.

Modern civilization requires no such cast-iron doctrine. Thanks to Life Assurance every wise father can provide for the financial security of all his children until they are able to provide for themselves, should he die at an early age, while at the same time providing security for his own retirement.

Life Assurance is a unique form of saving plus security, and thanks to the healthy competition between our own and independent Life Offices, there are policies to suit every need and every purse.

[Advt]
They were men hungry for women; Ma Malloy didn't want to see the business she had built up drifting; but

"An! a pretty watch to serve it 'spice the grog.'

Busy though she was, Ma Malloy kept an ear cocked for tap-room gossip, it was a barometer for her business welfare. She did not miss Sam Yeldon's remark as she poured rum for Red Charley, and she saw Sam's wink, too. It was a leer; she doubled Charley's tot, and the wicked old bug grinned in pleasure.

Ma pursed her lips. She had a nose for trouble like a dingo for blood. Walls' Plains, the small village at the head of navigation up the Hunter River from Newcastle, was growing but it was not big enough for two shanties yet.

"An' he's startin' one in that place he built out o' what he robbed me of, runnin' me farm," she surmised. "He can't have any cash left, though."

That conclusion robbed Yeldon of much of his danger, but it did not eliminate Cliff Fenner. Fenner had money, and he was in it, perhaps more than the big ex-convict. Sam had brute force and little brain; Fen-

ner was shrewd and cunning. A little runt, slick and slimy, he was; had he been a big, he would have been a p Pompe, and Ma could think of nothing lower than walked, crawled, flew, or swam.

She stared thoughtfully at Red Charley, and he edged his empty glass forward hopefully. She tipped the bottle, and he gave a toothless grin at the gurgle of the rum.

"Find out what Fenner and Yeldon are up to," she told him quietly.

On the following morning a wagon piled with corn from Munday's plantation pulled in at the landing stage to unload to an empty barge. As usual during the past four years, Tim Coghlin was driving. He was 23, and Ma had watched him develop into a fine, upstanding man, with packed muscles and a healthy tan.
During his long years as a convict.

Most of her customers were freed convicts or ticket-of-leave men, and she, herself, had been twice transported. She liked Tom, so, when the work was finished and the overseer refreshed himself in her parlour, she asked permission, as was her custom, to serve an issue to the convicts—at her expense, of course.

She sniffed derisively as she drew a liberal measure of rum. The odour was for herself; she had no time for sentiment, she told herself as she took pamphlets out to the warehouse in which the convicts sat, patently but piously after their task.

"Bless yer, Mrs Melloy," the three older lads chorused.

"I'm thankful yer, Ma," Coghlin offered, and there was just a touch of pride in his voice that day. "An' I'll be buyin' a glass in yer tap-room before the week's out!"

Her face became animated with pleasure.

"You're gittin' your ticket-of-leave, Tom?"

"Aye, most any day now." Excited.

Ma did not hold with serving wenches in her shanty. Not that she was concerned with the morality of it, she told herself and her customers, if they asked, but they brought trouble and fights, and that took some of her best patrons from her; they went back to the road gang—perhaps to the hangman's moss. Then, if you did get a girl, she was off getting wedded next day. Ma preferred as if thought had been arrested, then she poured a double measure for Charley and whispered to him.

Before mid-morning the village swelled with excitement. By midday, when Fenner's liquor arrived, every unmarried man within five miles had gathered at Ma Melloy's shanty near the landing stage to drink while awaiting the arrival of the boat from Newcastled.

"Four girls looking for husbands coming on the boat."

"Four girls looking for husbands coming on the boat."

Such was the startling announcement that Red Charley had launched on the eaves of rumor. It swept up the Hunter like driftwood on the crest of an incoming tide. From miles up, at Patrick's Plains, the ripples of it brought free settlers, freed men, and ticket-of-leave men, donned in their best clothes, hurrying to the landing stage to bid for one of the prizes.

Ma smiled as she laboured serving drinks to a crowd of men. She had made her gamble, but she had no qualms of conscience. Nor need she have had. She, herself, had seen possibilities made and accepted before a ship tied up in Sydney Cove, and she had seen those same couples married within an hour of the bride's landing. It was a commonplace of a while young community, predominantly male. Ma smiled grimly; Fenner would be lucky if he had even one serving wench for his grand opening that night.

"Here she comes!"

A shout from the landing stage provoked a thunderous echo from the packed shanty. Abandoning glasses, full, half-full and near-empty, the men rushed for the river bank, until one hundred males stared tensely down the waterway, eyes focused on the big boat lumbering upstream with eight convicts at the oars.

"There's no women aboard!"

A groan that welled to a throaty rumble of anger greeted the cry, but it changed almost immediately to excited shouts.

"Yes there is; two!" "Three of 'em, I count!"

The crowd swayed as men jockeyed for advantageous points close to the landing. Pushing, buffetting, elbowing for place, the mob surged inwards on the focal point Tempers were frayed by waiting and eagerness; fists flew on the slightest provocation, and the thud of heavy boots driven homewards followed, while a dozen savage fights passed unnoticed on the fringe of the milling mob.

The bedlam faded to a hushed silence as the boat drew nearer.

This was what they had been waiting for... this was what had set them tossing restlessly at nights. They eyed one anotherfurtively from the corners of their eyes... like a pack of mongrel dogs, wary of their fellows and determined that no one should rob them of an offered prize. There was a hungry look—like that of a famished, predatory beast—about their jewels as they stared. A sudden stir ran through their ranks.

A groan, almost of despair, welled from the throats of the waiting men, when it was seen that of the three women in the boat, two were wives of local settlers who were waiting to meet them. It left one prize only for one hundred competitors.
For weeks a destitute concert violinist, had watched an old violinist playing in the street below. As the man sawed out his wretched tunes, tenants cascaded coins. One day the concert violinist could bear it no longer. He went down and played brilliantly... for the sum of five pennies. Bewildered, he buttonholed the musican next afternoon. "Simple," was the reply. "You've also got to be an S.P. bookmaker."

She sat a little apart from the other two, but she was young and slender, though with a small, pinched face. She stared into the pack gathering with frightened eyes and gripped her bundle with hands that trembled. Here was no bunxum less to help with the clearing, but competition was too keen to wait on those with critical eye.

"She's mine! Take me, m'iss! I got 40 acres!"

"I got 60, two cows an' four pigs!"

Her voice came back, soft but bawling with fear. "But I'm bespoken."

"He ain't here! Take me, I got—"

A surge from the mob behind pitched the speaker, and a dozen with him, into the water. Some scrambled ashore, but others clung to the gunwale, pressing their claims to a corporeal beat them off with the flat of his hand and the boat edged to the stage.

The boat guard paddled a clearing at the edge of the stage, but before they could step up, the crowd parted from the rear to the determined advance of Lieutenant Peterson, of the local military detachment, and a dozen rodeoists. They quickly cleared the stage to allow the boat party to disembark.

"Now, m'iss, who is to meet you?" Peterson asked.

He had dispersed of the two local women and turned his attention to the girl. She was staring in bewilderment at the sea of faces. They were the faces of men, all silent, but some pleading, some caressing, some demanding, others frankly leering, but none of the face she sought. Her teeth bit her underlip as she struggled to suppress her tears. Fenner pushed forward.

"She's one of the girls I'm expecting, Lieutenant."

Peterson looked to the girl for confirmation, but she was staring at Fenner with something like consternation in her eyes. Suspicion stirred in Peterson; the girl should have been travelling with the other three in charge of Mrs. Fenner. In the front row of the crowd, peering between two of the soldiers, Red Charley whispered suddenly with excitement. He turned and, squirming like a fever, through dense thickets, wove a way through the press, then set off at a shambling, running Malloy's shanty.

"You say she's bonded to you, Mr. Fenner?" Peterson asked.

"Yes, here's the bonding paper." Fenner produced a packet, opening it for inspection. "There you are; Martha Brown."

"Oh, ain't I? I'm Sally Smithers!" Terror had at last given the girl tongue, and her words came with a rush. "He come on the ship, but I wouldn't sign, I come out here to wed..."

"Marry me, m'iss! Marry me!"

A chorus of shouts drowned out her last words, and Peterson held up a hand for silence. He was in an awkward predicament; he knew the trouble that would follow with an unattached girl at loose in the village.

"Unless you can pick out one of these men to marry, I'll have to send you back on the boat, miss," he said sternly, but the look of dismay on her face prompted alternatives. "You could stay if you bonded yourself as a servant, or if all the women will undertake to look after you."

"That's the same, Lieutenant."

Ma Malloy, using her ample shoulders and shanty abuse to good effect, buffeted her way into the circle of the rodeoists. Her thick lips twisted into a derisive snarl at Fenner, but he held his gaze, for he knew that he had overplayed his hand with Peterson. The lieutenant hailed Ma's advent with relief.

"You go along with Mrs. Malloy, m'iss; she'll look after you."

"Ma Malloy!" Sally's voice was a heartfelt whisper. She gripped her bundle in nervous hands and pressed close to the shanty keeper, as if seeking strength and protection. The crowd opened to give them passage, and Ma waddled to her hostelry, smiling triumphantly. Let Fenner have his grand opening night; Ma Malloy had the only serving wench in Wallis Plains.

"Nice enough for them as like 'em skinny," Ma told herself. She had left the girl in her own room to rest, while she had returned to the bar to satisfy the demands of the clamoring men. "But a pert enough little bag, I'll warrant, when she ain't scared."

Not until the slack time between day and night did Ma learn the true identity of her acquisition; the bubble of her hopes collapsed, and the disappointment made her spiteful. Who was Timmy Coghlin that she should consider him, anyway! Why did it have to be Tim's girl.

"Who's payin' yer fare to Newcastle to be wedded?" she demanded cruelly. "An' yer bed and victuals till that lazy, good-for-nothin' lug sus his ticket an' earns wages to keep ye?"

"I'll work to keep both of us," Ma had spurred a timid fellow until it showed a flash of temper and spirit. Ma liked spirit, but she was still disgruntled. She despaired Tim Coghlin, but she could not bring herself to use his girl in her bar.

"I'm not needin' any help, she snapped tardy.

"I'll find work somewhere," Sally sobbed, but her voice was shaky.

"That man that came to the shop'll take me."

"Huh! Ain't he it be said Ma Malloy turned an innocent girl out to her room? She felt she had been tricked; she glared at Sally angrily.

"I'll have to keep yer till the next boat, I s'pose, but we'll stay right in this room."

Despite the knowledge that some free drink would flow at Fenner's opening, the men thought the stronger attraction was Ma Malloy's shanty that night. They called and shouted for the girl until Ma's persistent refusal to allow Sally to serve soured them. They were in an ugly mood, and Ma's fat hand, hidden by the counter, grabbed the handle of her burglarizing mallet for emergencies, when Red Charley came to her rescue.

"Let's go to Fenner's. Free drinks at Fenner's!"

Reaction to his call was immediate. Calling abuse at Ma, the mob tramped out to hurry to the new shanty, but they found Fenner in a mullen humor. Having allowed two free drinks to each man he demanded payment for any more. The men felt that they had
The first "Tam Hare" in England was introduced at Manchester, in 1876. Invented by Mr. Gentry, it was the skin of a hare stuffed and attached to a wire in an open tube. It was dragged along the ground by men working a hidden wench at such a speed that the hounds were unable to catch up with it. The idea, however, did not take on. Only after 50 years was another track started, again at Manchester.

been doubly cheated. Angry shouts and curses greeted the order, and tempers rising high, fights started.

"The girl's serving at Ma Malloy's!"

"Like thoroughbreds to the nip of spurs, the men abandoned Fenner in a headlong race to win a spot at the counter of the old shanty. They found Sally at Ma's side, for, when the sudden quiet had fallen on the shanty, she had emerged from the room to learn the cause.

Her appearance had been hailed by vociferous shouts from the few men who had remained there. It had been taken up by disinterested men wandering round the village, until it had reached Fenner's shanty. Ma tried to push the girl back into the room when the mob returned with a run, but she ran to the other end of the bar and was pouring drinks when the first man breasted the counter.

Ma Malloy's shanty commenced the most uproarious hour of its existence, while in the new hotel Fenner stared glumly around the almost deserted room. A few men had remained, but they were hangers-on and cronies of Yeldon.

"We might as well close up, if we don't get them girls," Yeldon said sullenly. "Why didn't they come?"

"They might come next boat," Fenner said with a poor show at confidence. His eyes grew thoughtful, then lit up with cunning. "If we can keep the mob away from Ma's all they come, we'll get all the trade in no time."

A good fight 'ud wreck that place for a long time," Sam suggested hopefully.

"I'd cut you in for a third share, instead of only a quarter, if that happened soon enough, Sam."

"Now 'ud be soon enough. Come on, matey!" Yeldon said, and, with six men following him, he left the new hotel.

"It come be the boat, Ma. I'm on ticket o' leave."

As Yeldon and his men received their drinks from Sally, Tim Coghlin appeared at the door of the shanty. He pushed through the crowd without a glance to the bar, and his eyes bright with excitement as he took the drink Ma pushed towards him. He raised the glass to his lips as the girl screamed.

Coghlin stiffened. There was fear in that scream, and he saw the girl for the first time. She was straining back, and a man's hairy arm stretched across the counter, the hand gripping her blouse at the neck. He jerked savagely at it, and the cloth ripped; Sam Yeldon was staring a brawny.

Tim's aqual was of berserk rage. He wanted to the counter, the only way that he could get a clear run to hurl himself at Yeldon, but as his feet hit the board, Ma Malloy's mail crushed down Tim dropped to the counter. He groaned and rolled to the floor at the feet of the shanty keeper.

Ma's arm swung back once more, and the mallet flew through air. It cracked with a dull thud on Yeldon's forehead. Sam cursed and, releasing his grip on the girl, lashed out with hands and feet at the surge of angry men rushing him.

Seven stalwart men, fighting shoulder to shoulder, made a formidable core of defense, but the mob was fighting madly. Yeldon's gang caved ground, battling back with deadly, grim savagery, for they realized that they had unleashed a force that only blood would satiate.

"Through the back door! Run for it!"

Yeldon gave the order in a grating whisper, and his gang jumped for the retreat. Sam's boot, back-licking viciously, floored a man hard on his heels. He leaped through to the darkness, slamming the door to gain every inch of ground.

"To Fenner's! We'll get 'em at Fenner's!"

Red Cheryee screamed the rally, and the pack of cursins, shouting men poured out into the night; they were hounds of vengeance with their noses to the scent. In the sudden silence that followed their exodus, Tim Coghlin recovered consciousness. With his head cradled on her lap, the girl looked up at Ma Malloy; her eyes were hazyful of threatening.

"I'm never done nothin'. Why did yer hit him with the mallet?"

Ma's thick lips twisted sourly as she retorted, "Ta 'a had you on me hands for years, if he'd hit Yeldon. For breakin' his ticket o' leave, he'd a bin in a chain gang to-morrow."

"I'm—I'm sorry, Ma," Sally's anger was gone, but Ma Malloy did not seem to hear her; she was staring out of the side window.

"Himmm!" Ma grunted. "What happened to those girls Fenner signed up on the ship?"

"They gave his wife the slip," Sally told her. "They ran away and got married to some fellows they made up to when the ship berth.""
With a camera for a weapon, they ventured into the kingdom of the jungle where a Snake was God.

Bannermall leaned back and the rational chair creaked. He weighed nearly three hundred pounds. It might have been said that there wasn't an ounce of flesh on him—it was all fat. He had baby eyes, baby lips, baby cheeks. He'd inherited his money. He said, "Oh, the usual stuff—Elephants, Lions, Buffalo. I want to take as many feet of film as possible. I'll show you how to operate the cameras. They're sixteen millimetre, you won't have any trouble."

Karey nodded. "Well, we'll do as well as any place in the southern Luvua country. We can boat it down there and then branch off into the K'Nnuama Forest. As long as you don't care where we go, I might as well take advantage of it. I'd like to visit a tribe I've heard about for a long time, but never seen. The Atambi."

He smiled, and new wrinkles appeared in his lean face. "I have two reasons for wanting to find them."

"Two reasons?" asked Bannermall.

"Yes. First, I'm genuinely interested in all tribal customs and I want to witness a rather odd ceremony the Atambi are supposed to have. Second, no white man has ever reached them before, and to get to them won't at all hurt my reputation as a guide."

Bannermall shrugged. "It's up to you. All I want to do is a little shooting, and get some pictures of the action."

Karey began to sense the trouble as the expedition got under way. They started south of the falls. While Karey was loading the flat-bottomed river boat, juggling all the cramped space to make it come out even, several porters showed up with four cases of scented toilet soap. Karey laughed, supposed someone had made a mistake, and slowed half a case. Then, when Bannermall found out that his four cases of toilet-scented—weren't aboard, he fumed and sputtered. What the devil was he supposed to wash with? He went to the bow, took a bucket bath and sulked for twenty-four hours.

By that time they were well on their way, pushing against the sluggish, brown current, and already in scattered jungle. Karey noticed that Bannermall washed his hands about every hour. Whenever he got a drink from Ofuala, the hunch-backed messboy, he stared at the glass suspiciously and wiped it off again before drinking. After using his handkerchief thus, he would put it away to be laundered.

In Bannermall's very cleanliness, Karey sensed something unclean. He couldn't explain to himself too clearly just what he did sense. He shrugged it off.

Their first game was a herd of hippo which Karey hunted among a bed of reeds at a broad, flat turn of the river. They were downwind, and Karey maneuvered the boat to within shooting distance, then handed Bannermall the Marlin-Henry repeater loaded, ready to shoot. Bannermall missed miserably.

"Good grief!" said Bannermall. He started at the two pistol-packing eyes of the Animals, and the weeping of water flowing back from the bulky push of the animal. He yelled suddenly—it was almost a scream—and then in a panic tried to rush to the other side of the boat and escape. Two of the porters grabbed him. Karey, meanwhile, picked up the Marlin-Henry, aimed, fired, and sent a heavy calibre slug into the beast. It kept charging, but fortunately missed the boat.

Karey turned then to look at Bannermall. The fat playboy's eyes shone with panic. He was thrashing and...
struggling in the grip of the two blacks. He was yelling, “Get your filthy hands off me! Karley — do something! Get these filthy apes off me!”

Karley spoke swiftly to them in interior Congolese, and they released Bannerhall.

Bannerhall turned slowly to face the hunter. He held his infantile lips tight for a moment, and then in a low, acid voice he said, “I can’t stand their dirty hands on me. I can’t stand anything dirty.”

There was not much harmony between the two men after that. It seemed as though they had been born hostile to each other. I’ve heard witch doctors explain that in every man there is the spirit of a certain animal, and sometimes natural enemies just come together. May even be something to that.

Well, Bannerhall, after the incident of the hippo, became increasingly nasty with the porters. Oufala, the mess boy, bore most of it. He was usually handiest. If there was the slightest squeak on the serving tray Bannerhall would mew and swear at the black. Threaten to strike him, although Karley usually managed to stop that in time. Then at night when the twelve porters gathered in the bow of the boat to snug Bannerhall would often make them stop because he didn’t like the noise. The porters had been brought along from Owala because it was uncertain just what help would be available when they got to the K’Nuna Forest. They glared back at Bannerhall dumbly, and they muttered among themselves.

Karley didn’t like this at all. He was taking the porters into a strange and, to them, fearful country; he would need them in a co-operative mood.

They finally reached the K’Nuna Forest some weeks later. They left the boat and set off into the jungle. Karley kept the blacks going by jokes, oratory, and a kind of personal magnetism.

But in spite of Karley’s efforts something did happen. It was just one of those chance encounters.

It happened in deep jungle. They were well into it, now; thick, green jungle which was mostly hot and dark.

They followed a faint game trail; most of it was choked with foliage and the porters hacked the way with bush-knives. Later, the day it happened they still hadn’t found a clearing, so, in a relatively thin spot, some of the porters began to back one. Bannerhall sat on a fallen log, mashed his brow, panted, and lit a cigar. Other blacks began to set up the tents and start a cooking fire.

Karley, meanwhile, busied himself jotting in his notebook. This evening he wrote:

Should contact Atambí soon. Definitely smoke country here; saw several species today one monkey in a tree. Don’t think Bannerhall noticed it. Don’t think he’d be happy when he learns why I want to visit the Atambí. Anxious to find out if Atambí use poisons or non-poisonous varieties in their ceremony — if, indeed, the reports of their ceremony are true . . .

There was suddenly a scream of terror.

Karley brought his head up. Bannerhall’s tent had already been pitched and Bannerhall apparently had stepped into it. Right now he was stepping out of it. Backwards, and in a hurry. His eyes were as big as clock dials and he was pointing with a fat, trembling finger. His jowls were green. “In there!” he gasped.

Karley jumped toward the tent, at the same time worrying his Mauser from its holster.

Bannerhall apparently hadn’t even thought to draw his own pistol. Karley looked inside. There was a snake in there. It was thick-bodied, sand-colored, and had bright, oblong markings along the back, end little, triangular markings on the side. It was perhaps five feet long — it was in a half coil now, weaving its head about in a bewildered way, and spitting its forked tongue in and out rapidly. It had a small, horned protruberance on its nose.

Karley let out a quick, sharp cry, then pulled the trigger. The big slug smashed the reptile’s head. It thrashed about, dying.

“Great gods, that was close!” Bannerhall stared. “Wasn’t it poisonous?”

“Yes,” said Karley, “I’m afraid it was. Quite dangerous. Some have recovered from its bite, but not many. It’s a Gaboon viper — related to the rhino snake, but marked differently. They live in the deep forest.”

Bannerhall didn’t even answer. He pressed his lips together and then he wheeled about, toward the porters who were gaping at all this. His eyes lighted on Oufala, the mess boy.

Bannerhall shot a finger at him. “You helped put up the tent. You allowed it to happen?”

Oufala blinked.

Bannerhall then made a loud noise that was somewhere between a roar and a scream, rushed forward, swept up a bush knife, and swung mightily at Oufala. Oufala barely managed to dodge the blow. His eyes were great white rings — Karley glimpsed his terrorized face just before he whirled away and ran for the jungle.

Bannerhall kept after him. He swung the bush-knife again. He made his roaring-screaming sound — “Bannerhall!” Karley shouted. “Stop that! Drop that knife!”
Bannerhall didn't seem to hear him.

Karey rushed across the clearing, came up behind the fat man just as he was about to swing, grabbed his upraised arm, and then twisted until the knife fell.

Bannerhall whirled and there was fire in his eye. He swung his fat fist at Karey.

It was a wild and clumsy swing, but there was weight, and even some power behind it—it might have done damage had it struck. Karey slipped under it nimbly and at the same time sent a short hard blow—one that travelled a little more than eight inches—to the exact centre of Bannerhall's jaw.

Bannerhall's eyes glazed over and he rocked a bit before he fell flat on his face.

In the days that followed neither spoke of the incident again, but the silence between the two men was like the space between a gnomesly thumb and a hollow-ground razor edge. And Karey was kept in maddening uncertainty trying to watch Bannerhall to see if the man didn't shoot him in the back, and trying to keep the porters from deserting at the same time.

Somehow, Karey kept everybody pushing on.

Four days later they met the Atamhi.

It came about very simply, the party emerged into a swampy clearing, and there, on the other side of it, stood at least forty tall, slender warriors in skins and plumes. They seemed to be waiting for them. Everybody stopped.

Bannerhall gasped and went white.

"It's all right," Karey said, keeping his eyes on the warriors. "They've have ambushed us if they meant harm. They don't want to kill us. At least, not right at the moment..."

"I—I shouldn't have allowed it!"

muttered Bannerhall. "We shouldn't have come here."

"Shh!" said Karey sharply. He turned and spoke to the porters. Most of them were standing in half-frozen attitudes, looking at the tall man. Then Karey said to Bannerhall, "Wait here. Don't move; don't look worried. Cover me, and if they start an attack, stay where you are and shoot back. You don't stand a chance running through the jungle."

Bannerhall groaned.

Karey stepped forward and started across the swampy clearing.

The tall warriors watched him unmovingly. Even their eyes didn't move. They were all exceptionally tall; they reminded Karey somewhat of the Nuer of the White Nile, the stock men. Their muscles seemed hard, black leather straps on their bones. There was one who stood forward and a little apart from the others, and who seemed to be the leader. He was dressed a bit more resplendently. He wore a breas tk ren, copper bracelets, and about his head a wide, snake skin band into which plumes were stuck.

Karey halted several paces from the warrior, lifted his hand and said in interior dialect: "I come in peace."

The tall warrior evidently understood. He repeated the word, "Peace!"

A tension had been broken, and the others stirred and muttered among themselves.

Now Karey spoke very slowly and helped his words along with gestures. "We come. Bring presents. We will talk. We will look. After three suns, we will go in peace."

The warrior seemed to understand that. His voice was rather deep and serious, and he answered just as haltingly in the same dialect, or at least an understandable version of it: "I am N'Tinkeno, chief of Atamhi. I take presents. I give presents. We
A country journalist, overcome by the heat (or something) of a local race-meeting, assured his readers: "As the horses neared the post, the crowd were so on their toes that the women in the grandstand stretched their necks, and nobody looked at them; two men were run over and nobody picked them up; two other women fainted, and two men batted over them."

will talk. You come with me to the village."

Karey smiled, and NTinkono smiled back, showing long, strong, yellowish teeth.

This party was led another several miles into the jungle—Bannerhall grumbling frantically all the while—and then they came to the Atambl village. It was rather large for a forest kraal; Karey estimated some fifty or sixty thatched huts.

Karey grunted, and then suddenly his grin faded as they came to the main clearing, and he saw what was waiting for them ahead.

Apparently the whole village had turned out to meet the strangers—Women, mostly with infants, and older and smaller children lined both sides of the clearing. At the head of the clearing was an orchestra of a kind of xylophone, some long Reed flutes whose ends touched the ground, and several assorted drums. Before the orchestra sat a hessock, covered with leopard skin, And before this throne there was a thatched cage affair, perhaps the size of a piano crate, its corners stove in into the ground. Through the thatch Karey could see the slowly writhing forms of perhaps a score of snakes.

He heard a half-choked groop beside him and he knew that Bannerhall had seen, too.

The tall chief, NTinkono, now took his place at the leopard skin hessock where there was an involved reception ceremony. When there was an expectant pause, Karey called forth the porters who bore the trade boxes. Bannerhall hadn't wanted to bother with those supplies of cloth, beads, wire, mirrors—but Karey had insisted. He made the presents and the Atambl were pleased.

Abruptly, the orchestra began to play. There was a curious, broken rhythm in the drums and xylophone, and the sound of the flutes curled around and over it, like a serpent on a limb. The lines of watchers began to chant softly. They began to shuffle their feet.

NTinkono sat on his throne with his palms on his knees, his eyes slightly closed, and his head cocked to one side. As though waiting for something.

Bannerhall fidgeted and Karey whispered sharply: "For the love of Mike—be still!"

The drums kept beating. Presently, the chanting rose in volume and pitch. The dancers formed a file and began to move around the clearing in a sinuous pattern.

"It's their snake dance!" Karey muttered excitedly to Bannerhall. "But we don't dare use the camera. Not without showing them first. Letting them get used to the idea. Damn—why couldn't they have waited?"

Bannerhall said, "Why would we have to show them first?"

"Too dangerous otherwise," said Bannerhall. "They might turn on us at the first sign of anything unusual. You can't afford to startle them."

The drums throbbed more loudly. Abruptly NTinkono rose from his leopard skin throne. He held up his hand. There was a sudden and awful silence. The line of dancers stopped. The music stopped. All of the Atambl turned and regarded their chief with wide, expectant eyes. He walked slowly forward toward the thatched cage in the middle of the clearing. He walked with stiff, unnatural steps. The drums began to beat softly again.

NTinkono opened a thonged door on the cage. The drums quickened, crescendo; the watchers began chanting again. Slowly, slowly, NTinkono reached inside, into that tangle of snakes. Karey slanted at Bannerhall. Bannerhall's jaws hung, and his puffy cheeks seemed suddenly to deflate themselves. Karey looked back at the cage again. NTinkono carefully drew out a thick-bodied snake, and held him on outstretched palms. The bright pattern of its scales rippled, showing a menacing iridescence. It was a Gaboon viper. The drums went into a purring beat, and NTinkono backed away from the cage, and then someone else ran up and closed the door and tied the thongs again.

NTinkono turned. He looked up from the snake. The reptile lay inert except for its head and neck which wove back and forth slowly and appeared to keep time with the chanting and the drums. Its delicate forked tongue flicked nervously.

NTinkono looked directly at Bannerhall, and then walked toward him.

Bannerhall took a backward step. "No—don't bring that thing here!" he said.

"Bannerhall?" Karey's whisper was low, but arresting: "Whatever you do, don't move! Don't let an eye if you ever controlled yourself in your life, do it now! Just—just hang on till he finishes!"

Bannerhall stood where he was and stared, and his eyes widened a little more with each step that NTinkono took toward him. NTinkono still held the snake forward. He moved slowly and inexorably.

And Bannerhall tried That much must be said for him—he tried. He pressed his lips together and every trace of color went out of his face, and he rocked and trembled.

NTinkono came to within two paces He stopped. He thrust the snake forward at Bannerhall and grinned something which was obviously the equivalent of "Here—take it!"

"Go on!" whistled Karey "You've got to!"

Bannerhall was still trying. He lifted his fat arms. He got them to the level of his waist. He held them there, working his plump fingers in and out. A pitiful moan sounded through his compressed lips.

"Take it!" said Karey in an agonized whisper.

Then Bannerhall suddenly screamed. All the terror of his thinly civilized soul was in that scream. It was loud, and it was sudden, and it startled NTinkono. The chief dropped the snake. The snake lay there, turning only its head this way and that in bewildered fashion Bannerhall backed away. With quick, puckish movements—too quick for Karey to interfere—he yanked his pistol from its holster, pointed it, and fired one shot after another into the snake.

A great, concerted howl rose from the Atambl, and they closed in on the two white men and on the twelve porters. They trussed everybody, of course.
They trusted Karey and Bannerhall and Ofuala the mess boy and the rest. They stung each man by his hands and feet, to a long pole, they strung the poles and their burdens like so many hams along two parallel raised drying racks at the opposite end of the village.

All through it, Bannerhall wailed and kicked and screamed. "It's all your fault, Karey! Now you've done it! Damn you, damn you, damn you!" screamed Boardman Bannerhall the Third.

Karey thought: He thought hard and fast. And he got an idea.

It was some time before he could catch N'Tinkeno's attention. He finally did so by shouting the chief's name during a short lull in the excitement. The chief came over to him and glanced at his stupefied face.

This time Karey spoke more slowly and carefully than ever. "N'Tinkeno, haer. I am a great witch doctor and magician. Set me free a little and I will show you how to make a man bitten by a snake, and still not die."

N'Tinkeno pretended not to understand at first. He even started to walk away. Then Karey spoke his name again in that quiet, commanding way of his. He used every drop of personal magnetism he had, perhaps. At any rate, N'Tinkeno turned, listened again, and then frowned and considered the matter.

It took a great deal of palaver. Perhaps ten minutes of it. But N'Tinkeno finally deepened his frown—so as to show that all of this was very much against his better judgment—and ordered Karey temporarily freed. He announced to the rest what Karey had promised to do. Have a man bitten by a snake, and magically save him from death. The idea interested all of them very much. They formed a circle, and Karey stood in the middle of it rubbing the circulation back into his wrists and ankles, and they waited for him to do his stuff.

He was finally ready. He made a good show of it. He took his time and he turned first in a slow circle and looked at all of them. Next he pointed to the snake cage. They all looked. He swung his arm slowly, and now he pointed to Bannerhall, where he hung.

Bannerhall had been watching all of this in a stupid way. He'd understood none of Karey's words to the chief. But he seemed to suspect the meaning of Karey's gestures. "Karey! What are you doing? What are you trying to do?"

Karey didn't answer him. He pointed again to the snake cage and said in dialect: "Hang a snake!"

N'Tinkeno repeated the order in the Atamib tongue. Two warriors ran to obey. They were apparently specialists at the business of handling reptiles; they didn't do it haphazardly as N'Tinkeno had during the ceremony, but used forked sticks and a thong. They picked out another Gaboon viper, and brought it back, half-parroted.

In dramatic, hollow tones, Karey said, "First—magick!"

The Atamib watched and waited. Over the squirming, protruding fat body, Karey made a series of mysterious waves and passes, and all the while muttered nonsense syllables.

Suddenly, he turned to the two snake-handlers and beckoned. They came forward. He pointed to Bannerhall's fat leg, just above the knee, where the trouser leg had fallen and the flabby flesh was exposed.

Bannerhall howled: "Karey—you—can't do this! You're an inhuman fiend!"

Karey made a gesture of command. The snake-handlers stepped forward and lifted the sluggish, thick-bodied viper to Bannerhall's leg. Bannerhall this time screamed until it seemed that he would tear the lining from his throat.

They put the viper's head to the flesh. The angry, frightened thing struck and sunk its fangs deeply—Bannerhall bleated once with the burning pain of the venom, and then he passed out cold.

Karey kept up his cackles of glee until his mouth was red. The Atamib pressed forward, staring. A man bitten by a Gaboon viper died in a very short time; they wouldn't have long to wait.

Five minutes passed and Bannerhall didn't die. He opened his eyes, as a matter of fact, gave another pitiful moan, and promptly fainted again.

Ten minutes passed. Bannerhall was a sallow grey-green color. He had become conscious again, and he writhed and groaned with pain. His leg was blue and swollen where the viper had bitten. His eyes were dull, and his jaw was slack and half-paralyzed.

But he didn't die.

Night fell, and the Atamib lighted fires and torches and Bannerhall groaned all through the night, and Karey stood over him and muttered and gestured, and—Bannerhall didn't die.

Somehow Karey, though dead tired, stayed on his feet. Kept gesturing, kept mumbling. He had to do that to hold their attention. By morning Bannerhall slept. His pulse was slow and his face was ashen and his breathing was so faint that it was almost unnoticeable.

But he wasn't dead.

And finally, in the middle of the morning, when N'Tinkeno came quietly to Karey's side and handed him a scruffy chicken for a present, Karey knew he had won. He was glad he had remembered that story told to him by an old witch doctor. The old gnome had claimed that no matter what the snake—the hoop-snak, spring snake, milk snake, Gaboon viper—pigs were quite immune to their bite, because a pig carries so much surplus fat.

He had wondered whether a man with a lot of surplus fat might not also absorb the poison and survive. Fortunately, Boardman Bannerhall had been very fat. Karey permitted himself a grin.
Talking Points

BITTER BLOSSOMS...
Many plants of the jungle (and not a few of more civilized localities) bear within themselves the bitter taste of death. But none is more deadly or more bizarre than The Flower of Vengeance which Wayne D. Mote describes in this issue of CAVALCADE. The centre of barbaric traditions, the cause of who knows how many weird deaths, this flower is no figment of the imagination. It exists...and lives its murderous life today. The story Mote has to tell is well substantiated...which is just one more example of truth's ability to make the gaudiest fiction seem trite.

SIAMESE TWINS...
All Australia recently followed the story of Siamese twins born in Tasmania. As it happened, these children were joined head to head and died without any possibility of being separated and living normal lives as ordinary human beings. This month, CAVALCADE gives you an insight into the lives of other Siamese twins...how some have suffered and how others have managed to make a compromise with the world and have lived at least comparatively active and happy lives.

THE MILD WILD-MAN...
Almost everybody has heard of "Wild Bill" Hickok, celebrated American of the American frontier...and most of what they have heard has been entirely inaccurate. In "Wild Bill and Fate" (Page 20), Jack Heming gives you the real Hickok and those who have read of him or have seen screen versions of his career are due for some surprises. Heming has made a thorough study of his subject...and has proved to our satisfaction that Barrie's "Peter Pan" is not unique in portraying the "mildest mannered man who ever sank a ship or cut a throat".

WASSERMANN...
In these days when the campaign against venereal disease is being more and more firmly pressed, the rights and wrongs of the Wasserman test are of vital importance. In "Wey Fear A Wasserman Test" (Page 59), Dr. A. L. Wolbars discusses the subject from a medical stand-point and shows just what the test will...and will not...do. Dr. Wolbars has reached some new and interesting conclusions which are well-worth studying.

SEA-SNIPERS...
For an authentic story of courage and adventure in World War II read Cedric Montplais's "Snipers of the Sea" (Page 60). It is a fantastic—and action-filled—story of the men who went out in the Little Ships. Montplais made this trip himself. He has photographs to prove it.

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