Cavalcade
Sept. 13
Wickedest man in the world
— Page 65
Contents  September, 1951
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Fact
Man-made Menace in the Ocean Depths  Jack Pearson 4
Love Versus the RH Factor  J R Solomon 8
Music Hath Charms — So What!  Robin Atherton 12
"Boss" Groker Meets the Britons  Frank Browne 16
Prince of Black Silence  Lester Way 20
Battle of the Bulge  Guy Doyle 24
The Captain Was Too Captivating  Wally Henry 32
He Killed Billy the Kid  J W Hemingway 50
Monsignorus Can Be Curious  Gerald Robbins 60
Wickedest Man in the World  John Adam 65

Fiction
The Reformation of Armand Dubose  Eric Wilson 38
Viewpoint on Tomb  Marcia McEwan 40
Dendec for Death  William Campbell Gault 80

Features
End of Arguments  28
Picture Stories  28-31, 55-58
Crime Capsules  34
Scenario—by Gibson  48-49
Stranger and Stranger  50
Pointers to Better Health  55
Home Plan No. 69, by Warwick Kells  64-65
Double Column  70
Picture Mystery, featuring Keith King  71-79
Talking Points  98
Cartoons  7, 11, 15, 19, 24, 47, 51, 59, 63

Names in cartoons and writings other than factual are fictitious.

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Advertising
As long ago as 1776, an American underwater craft attacked a British man-of-war in the Delaware River. And, from that moment, the development of the submarine has gone literally from strength to strength.

World War I saw the sub unveil the first glimpse of its terrible possibilities when German U-boat Hollics brought Britain to the verge of starvation.

World War II saw the terror increased in both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and though the fight ended in favor of the democracies, it was very significant that—in the Atlantic, at all events—the pendulum was, by the time of Hitler's defeat, swinging back to the side of the Nazis.

To-day, the submarine menace is more serious than it has ever been before.

The fondest dream of every Navy has always been the "true submarine"—an underwater vessel which never needs to surface to recharge its batteries and has no betraying breathing apparatus. There is now very indication that—often with the aid of those very scientists who designed the fleet that Hitler never had the chance to complete—this ideal is out of the dream stage.

The name "snorkel" . . . a sub based on plans captured from the Nazis . . . is already a common-place.

The actual "snorkel" (from which the sub takes its name) is merely a means of providing air while the vessel is cruising at periscope depth. It comprises two cylindrical tubes (something like a periscope, but of much larger diameter—one for intake, the other for exhaust). At present, most "snorkels" are fitted with diesel engines. The intake provides air for these engines which in peacetime could be used only for surface cruising. The exhaust tube, on the other hand, carries exhaust gases out of the submarine and into the sea. These tubes allow the sub to remain at a depth of 50 to 80 feet.

The "snorkel" need, therefore, no longer surface at night to recharge its batteries (as old-time subs were forced to do). At "snorkel" depth, it can remain submerged more or less indefinitely (some have cruised below surface for 30 days recently, a "guppy-snorkel" travelled underwater from Hong Kong to Pearl Harbour . . . 5,300 miles . . . in 21 days), Thus, the "snorkel" is a true "submersible ship."

It is also virtually undetectable.

When cruising, only the end of the periscope and the "snorkel's" tip show above water. Radar waves do not penetrate water. That means that a "snorkel"—if it showed up at all—would appear merely an almost indistinguishable dot on the matte eye of the radar screen.

The same applies to air observation. From a fast-flying plane, the thin wake of a "snorkel" would be for all practical purposes invisible.

Yet—lethal as the "snorkel" may be—it seems close to innocuous compared with improved subs which modern scientists have in mind.

The great obstacle to the creation of a true "submersible ship" has always been the mass of machinery with which submarines have had to be equipped. That obstacle is gradually being overcome.

In America, for example, the bulky old-time diesels are being replaced either by the so-called Walter engine or the German Kreislauf engine.

The Walter engine is a German development which uses hydrogen peroxide as its motive power. It is said to be capable of producing emergency speeds of at least 25 knots. The Kreislauf engine seems even.
more efficient and economical. It is a diesel which uses its own exhaust gases supplemented by injections of pure oxygen from oxygen tanks.

This engine permits deep underwater operation far beyond the limits of the "smorkel" breathing device. A submarine so equipped could have the ocean depths as its hunting ground and its hiding place. There it could lurk in secrecy, if not comfort, for days on end.

Yet both of these subs pall before the "steam-powered" sub, Britain and the United States are trying to develop.

The real potentialities of such craft can scarcely be calculated.

Their cruising range, for example, would be almost beyond conception. They could reach the Seven Seas and perform feats that now seem impossible. Without need for the huge (25,000-ton) batteries present subs must carry, with no need for diesel engines or the oil to fuel them, there is no telling what purposes these "steam-sub" might not serve.

Indeed, the trend is already clear—Amerío—and, no doubt, all other maritime nations—are working on plans for the many roles which the sub of the future will fill.

At least two U.S. submarines have been converted into "underwater transports." They are claimed to be capable of carrying more than 100 troops, plus amphibious landing craft housed in a large deck tank aft.

Another U.S. sub has been transformed into "an underwater cargo ship"; still another has become an underwater oil tanker... "a "milch cow," as the German type was called.

Four more subs have become (or are becoming) "picket craft." Radar antennas have been fitted on mast and deck, torpedo tubes have been removed, and the after compartment has been redesigned as a combat intelligence center. Yet, despite their mattress-like antenna, these ships can still dive for protection. They will be used to detect enemy planes or to control their own flying aircraft.

A submarine "guided missile ship" has been constructed, able to discharge a modified German VI flying bomb when surfaced. (A guided missile recently flew over 65 U.S. warships and was apparently untouched by any ack-ack fire.)

Moreover, the sub of the future will assuredly be armed with newer and more murderous weapons... both offensive and defensive.

On the defensive side, higher speeds and strengthened pressure hulls are enabling submarines to dive much deeper than the customary 100 feet or so. More efficient breathing gear permits them to be idle for longer and larger periods. More and more sensitive sound gear allows them to detect enemy ships at further and further distances.

On the offensive side, the submarine's attacking power is daily being increased and its vulnerability decreased. Torpedo directors are becoming more and more accurate. Electric "bouncing" torpedoes (which leave no wake) and "home" automatically on the target) are being produced. With the subs, torpedoes are swiftly extending their range. The subs themselves now move faster than the majority of their prey. For amphibious operations, "rocket launching" subs (which will combine secrecy of underwater approach, long range and heavy striking power) are visualized. And the end is not yet.

But what counter measures are available and how effective are they?

There are, of course, many gadgets for use against submarines. "Sonar," for example, sends out high-frequency sound waves which will bounce back as echoes from a sub. "Sonobuoys" (on the same principle) can be thrown over wide areas to warn ships and planes. But "sonar" is relatively useless against a sub using torpedoes of a range greater than "sonar's" range.

And "sonobuoys" cannot cover the immense areas over which even a "smorkel" can roam.

Planes may be fitted with radar or "MAD" (a magnetic airborne detector), but the "smorkel" has already whittled down much of the plane's usefulness.

On the other hand, the U.S. Navy Ordnance Bureau has tested a new type anti-submarine rocket that takes off from a shipboard launcher at "incredible speed" and "packs a jolt staggering enough to blow any sub, out of the water."

New types of large surface ships are being built, designed for the first time as anti-submarine vessels—40,000-ton "crusader-killers" which will be equipped with all the latest devices.

And, above all, there is the "killer sub"... a fast air-breathing type known to the U.S. Navy as the "guppy smorkel." Streamlined and stripped of all deck runs or other hindrances to underwater travel, the "guppy smorkel" is designed to take up where previous submerged fleets have left off. It will seek its prey in the ocean depths and its victims will be its sister-ships.

Whether these measures will succeed, only practice can prove; but it is worth remembering that most experts seem to agree that, at present, the submarine has a decided upper hand over all known methods to combat it.

The official journal of the American Ordnance Association has warned that the submarine has altered the whole strategy of total war. "The submarine will become the primary instrument of naval attack in wars of the future," the journal says. "It will remain after the big flat tops, the battle-ships, the cruisers and most other surface warships have been retired."

To which Dr. Vannevar Bush, U.S. scientific advisor in World War II, has added, "If we entered war soon against a technically and industrially strong nation... a nearly immune submarine fleet might determine the outcome of the war in favor of the enemy. Many anti-submarine methods of the last war are now obsolete. There is no cure-all."

So the matter stands... and, in this regard, it might be just as well to remember that official estimates claim Russia has at least 100 submarines of the very latest type housed in her Far-Eastern bases.

Perhaps the world should have imitated Leonardo.
MEDICOS ARE BATTLING A MYSTERIOUS FACTOR THAT
HAS BLIGHTED MORE MARRIAGES THAN ENOUGH.

ENGAGEMENT NOTICE

C...M...– The engagement is announced of June M... only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. M..., of Sydney, to Douglas P..., only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C..., of Melbourne.

ITS AN ENGAGEMENT NOTICE YOU
MIGHT SEE ANY DAY, ANYWHERE, IN
ANY NEWSPAPER... BUT THIS AN-
OUNCEMENT IS DIFFERENT; IT HAS A
STORY BEHIND IT.

Doug and June both came from good families and no sickness had been noted in either of them at birth. Doug had two aunts who, like their brother, had been quite healthy babies.

Being very young modern people (and wiser than most), Doug and June went to their doctor for a medical check before they were married. The doctor, after a thorough examination, discovered that both Doug and June were what he called RH positive. He also discovered that Doug was RH positive in a slightly different manner to June. He explained: "You have a slightly different gene formation on your chromosomes. A gene is a mysterious some-

thing which scientists believe carries the hereditary characteristics, such as brown eyes, red hair or left or right handedness. A chromosome is a microscopic body containing many genes. These chromosomes are handed down to a child by both parents, the mother donating one to each pair and the father the other. Whether you will be RH positive or RH negative is also determined by the genes.

"Let's call the RH positive gene D, or since genes are always in pairs, call it DD. In the same way label the RH negative gene d." 

Since Doug and June were both RH positive, they should both be DD, the doctor added. However, Doug was slightly different to June, whereas June is DD, Doug is Dd. This means that either Doug's mother or father was RH negative and the other RH positive.

Since gene D is stronger than gene d when the two are combined (Dd), a baby would be RH positive and not RH negative.

Ed and Valerie, on the other hand, wanted to become engaged about a year ago.

Ed's mother, however, when she was told they wished to marry, would not consent to the engagement being announced until both had been medically examined. It was found that Valerie was RH negative (dd) and Ed RH positive (Dd). Ed's mother forbade the engagement on the grounds that their children would not be healthy and normal, fit to carry on the family line.

Ed was whisked off to the other side of the world to forget Val.

Perhaps his mother was very wrong, but how to judge?

Another couple, Bert and Ruth, got themselves married despite the fact that he was RH positive and she RH negative (just like Ed and Valerie). Their first child, a girl, was quite normal; but their second child, a boy, developed slight anaemia after 2 or 3 days. Still, the baby was given a transfusion of RH negative blood and, after a few days, all signs of anaemia disappeared.

The next child, a boy, was born with severe jaundice, he died about the eighth day of his life.

Ruth's doctor sensibly advised her against having any more children, saying that her next pregnancy would be in vain, but (as women will) she had yet another child. It was stillborn.

Ruth and Bert's case is one typical of those two per cent of RH positive and RH negative combinations that are affected by the RH Factor

So let us look at the case of an RH positive man (having the genes Dd) who marries an RH negative woman. In the instance where the RH factor comes into play we shall take two cases. One is typical, the other shows an outside factor which came to light and which has not yet been stated.

The first case is that of Harry and Pat. Since Harry has two different genes there can be two different combinations with Pat's genes. The baby can either be dd (RH negative), or Dd (RH positive).

The first child was a boy who was RH negative; the second an RH positive girl. The third child was an RH negative, but the fourth was RH positive and died soon after its birth.

Harry and Pat did not have more children... but they could have had a few more and, provided they were RH negative, the children would have been quite normal, healthy babies. However, all other RH positive children would have died.

The other case is that of Margery
LAMENT FOR THE PRESENT
SORRY STATE OF
POETS

There’s a certain young poet
named Whoois,
Who takes twilight walks with
the Muses
But those nymphs of the
air
Are not what they were...
And the practice has led to
abuses

Another stirring stanza from
that immortal poet, ANON

and Max. Their first child, a boy,
was stillborn. The doctor found that
this was again due to the RH Factor.
As in previous cases, it only occurred
after one or two, perhaps even more,
having been stillborn.

Now why was Margery’s baby still
born? Margery served during the
early days of the war. Whilst in New
Guinea, the hospital in which she was
nursing was bombed. Margery was
badly wounded in the arm, losing
much blood. So many were wounded
(and the need for transfusions was
so urgent) that any blood was given
to the victims, provided, of course,
that it matched their blood grouping.

As a result, Margery was trans
fused with an amount of RH posi
tive blood making her incapable of
bearing any live RH positive child
ren.

This would not, of course, affect
any RH negative children she had,
so there was a 50-50 chance of
their children living.

Margery and Max were so alarmed

on learning this that they went to
a lawyer and sued the army because
of its negligence, which, they claim
ed, caused Margery’s inability to
bear live RH positive children.

Margery won her case but was no
more comforted than before.

Her next child was a healthy RH
negative girl; the next was an RH
negative boy, but Margery and Max
did not have any more children.

What is it that causes these RH
positive babies to be affected at or
before birth? When an RH negative
woman is carrying a child who is
RH positive, the mother’s system
builds up a number of anti-RH posi
tive agglutinogens to combat the RH
positive agglutinogens of the baby.

Agglutinogens, in order to under
stand them, can be compared to a
very broad and general way with,
say, the virus of any common ail
ment. They can, in the same gen
eral way, be compared with the
antibodies your blood system builds
up to combat this invader. The anti
bodies in the human blood system
destroy the virus in order to heal
the body; and, in the same way,
the agglutinins react with the agglu
tinogens of the baby. When this hap
pens, the red blood cells of the baby
are broken down and the tissues
(which are supplied by these blood
cells) are injured.

This is why a baby may be born
with jaundice as jaundice occurs
when the red blood cell is broken
down.

When a number of agglutinins
have been formed, owing to a num
ber of pregnancies, more red blood
cells are broken down and the tissues
are so badly destroyed that the baby
is born dead.

There is, however, no ill effect up
on the mother’s circulation. In this
way it does not matter to the

mother’s circulation how many chil
dren are affected by the RH Factor.

Can anything be done to cure the
results of this RH Factor? Unfor
tunately, it is not possible to prevent
a child from being RH positive if the
mother is RH negative, for this is
determined by genes. The only thing
to do is to try to help the baby’s cir
culation on birth.

Still, we do know whether a baby,
when in the foetal stage, is RH posi
tive or RH negative? This is dis
covered by testing the mother’s serum;
if the RH antibody is found to be
present, an affected birth can be ex
pected.

The doctor may, of course, cause
the baby to be born 3-4 weeks pre
maturely in order to make the break
down of the red blood cells less. This
is, however, a risk and can only be
done where every facility for deal
ing with premature babies is present.

If a baby is only very mildly af
fected, the need to transfuse may
not be necessary, as the baby’s cir
culation may be strong enough to
overcome this.

In a badly affected case, the need
to transfuse is very urgent. In some
hospitals in Sydney the complete
circulation of the baby is replaced
with fresh blood. Blood of the
same grouping as the baby (but
which is RH negative) is used. RH
negative blood is not affected by the
RH positive agglutinins present in
the baby’s blood and therefore pre
vents further breakdown.

Strangely enough, it has been
found that to transfuse RH negative
blood from a female is much more
satisfactory than transfusing RH
negative blood from a male. The
reason for this is not, however,
known.

The only way in which a healthy
baby can be born when an RH posi
tive man is married to an RH nega
tive woman (who has previously
given birth to a badly jaundiced or
stillborn child) is to have a baby as
a result of artificial insemination by
an RH negative donor. This method,
however, is still the subject of wide
debate and so is not widely used.
However, it has brought a great deal
of happiness to some families.

So you can see how necessary it is
to have good medical care during a
pregnancy or to have a medical check
before marriage. But do not be
alarmed. Remember: from all the
RH positive-RH negative marriages,
only two per cent are affected. Per
haps in the future, with the advance
of modern science, even this two per
cent will be eliminated. You never
know Love - it’s surprising.
If music be the voice of love, sing on; but remember all music isn't canned.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

ROBIN ATHERTON

—so what!

WHY should they laugh when you sit down to play after “Six Easy Lessons”? Music can come from an axe-blade or meat-diever—

Each time I hear “God Save the King” my personal association-ideas system brings up a picture of a fat little woman in black bombazine who is emitting the familiar strains from the region of her stern-sheets.

It’s rude, and damned irreverent, for the portly one was Queen Victoria, probably more unamused than ever when an enterprising inventor presented her with his pride and joy: a music-box to be concealed in a lady’s bustle and so engineered that whenever the lady sat down (if ever she wore it) it went into action and tinkled out “God Save the Queen.”

But Queen Victoria is not the only British queen whose name is linked with a giddy musical contraption. When Good Queen Bess wanted some particular favor from the Sultan of Turkey in 1593, she sent him an organ that would knock the pants off any of our picture-theatre instruments.

It played four times a day without an organist. After a clock had struck, chimes of bells pealed and several songs tinkled out, two carved angels raised their trumpets and tooted a celestial melody.

Following this, in the words of the man who was sent out with it in a special ship to erect it in Constantinople, “Then the musician went off, and played a sonata of five parties twise over. In the tops of the organ, at being 13 foute hae, did stand a holli bush full of blcakke birds and thrushes, which at the end of the musician did syng and shake theri wynges.

The English were always partial to novel instruments. In 1763 on “Ode on St Cecilia’s Day,” ”was adapted to the ancient British musicke, viz. “the salt-box, the Jew’s harp, the tongs, the marrow bones, the cleaver, and the hum-instrum or hurdy-gurdy.”

There was something red-blooded and vital about music in those days. Everyone had a hand in it.

The song surged into the kitchen, reached for whatever was nearest, then turned their teeth to the rafters and gave tongue to something topical, noisy, and—preferably—boisterous, while one kept time with the fire tongs, another maraca-ed on the salt-box, while another grabbed a marrow bone and, with it, beat on somnous hell out of the meat cleaver.

But one doesn’t have to delve back into the past for unusual instruments—

I sometimes wonder where Frank Oldenberg is these days. Last news was that he was on his way to England, following publication of one of the many songs he had written and, only too often, played in the streets as a busker.

Frank had a fiddle made from newspaper. Every inch of it—body, neck, scroll, sound pegs and tuning keys—was made from newspaper that had been glued and compressed into sheets; then soaked in linseed oil to make them wood-hard before being sawn and shaped. Only the bridge supporting the strings was of wood.

You could read Births, Deaths and Marriages of the 1860’s on the front of it, and the sporting news on the back.

It had a soft, mellow tone, and was made by Frank’s father, an Es- tojan who came to Australia.

Another chap I came across was a New Australian who was carefully gouging a tiny violin body from a piece of pine knocked from a fruitcase, in the wood-carving room at the Melbourne Technical College.

His tools were a handful of gouges and chisels cut down from standard-size tools so he could carry them in his coat pocket. They were about all he possessed when he escaped from Europe. He worked at the Tech at nights because his landlord objected to noise in his pocket-sized room.

When the fiddle body was fitted to a mandolin neck (red gum filled from a firewood pile and polished to the color of rosewood), and the whole thing finished, varnished and strung as a mandolin, it played quite tunefully and pleasantly, and fitted comfortably into the back pocket of his trousers.

That was the idea of the small size and the fiddle-shaped body—the musician liked bush-walking, and still chang to a habit of wandering; that of singing to the accompaniment of mandolin or guitar while wandering along the roads.

Amateur hours also bring to light some of the gadgets folks rak up when music enters their soul.

Australia’s Amateur Hour had rather a run some years back when ingenious muscians turned up with everything from washboard rhythm to musical saws.

CAVALCADE, September, 1931
Ah, sex is everywhere! Latest gadgets in Hollywood are burglar alarms that just drip with sex appeal. The conventional screeching and clanging alarm now in vogue will be replaced by the tearful screams of popular movie stars, guaranteed to bring every male from 15 to 75 rushing to the rescue. Claims ex-Marine inventor, Vincent de Cesare, 'Trouble with present alarms is that they scare almost everyone away from the spot marked X, no red-blooded male (nor most of the anaemic ones, for that matter) will be able to resist the appealing shrills of Lauren Bacall, Dorothy Lamour or Betty Grable! Or will they? Depends on the burglar, maybe. You never can tell for sure.'

—From "Photoplay," the world's best motion picture magazine

Young Jean Gilbert, of Brisbane, had already gone through the water-in-bottles and one-string-muggle phases when the Hour visited her home town. She decided that this tobacco bus (remember when?) would make a natty xylophone. After sifting through a couple of hundred to find 28 that were near enough to two chromatic octaves, she strung them on cord and tapped her way to the top of the voting.

One sank played tunes on an axe. The edge was so finely ground that he could create melodies by blowing across it.

A couple of young men got off extraordinary effects from a guitar and a couple of dessert spoons. Another character made himself an electric guitar from a tennis racket.

Corporal Randall, in RAAF blue, turned up with a mandolin that was, to all intents and purposes, quite orthodox—except that he'd made it himself from broken Tiger Moth propeller blades.

Then there was Bert Grey, of Dun-gee, who solved the age-old problem of how to play the bagpipes without blowing your lungs out.

Bert arrived at the studio for an Amateur Hour broadcast with his little effect on the back of a utility truck. It took four men to lug it into the studio.

One could say it was quite solidly built. Heavy wooden crossbeams supported a pair of blacksmith's bellows which connected to pedals, levers, struts and springs.

Even the branch of a sturdy tree was incorporated in this marvel machine which—when in full blast—forced a steady gale of wind through a set of bagpipes, and played the kettlekism as an accompaniment.

To carry on, the Pied Piper story is not so far-fetched as it would seem. Back in 1942, Edinburgh (Scotland) had a rat-catcher who accounted for 700 rats a week with two dogs and a tin whistle.

An old-timer told me that back around the 1800's the host at Jene-lyn—or was it Wombeyan Caves House?—turned on quite a performance for visitors when he stood in front of a small cave, attired in kilt and sporran, and started a lament for long-dead Scots and the bonnie hills of home.

His audience wriggled into view at the mouth of the cave and disappeared again when the show was over.

Then the bag pipes were blown and the rat-catcher and the rat-catcher's dog were pushed off into the empty space to escape.

Whether they were charmed or stunned was never quite satisfactorily established.

So there you are. If you must have music, you can make it from anything from a tobacco tin to an aeroplane propeller, and, if you feel like writing your own melodies into the bargain, see if you can unearth an old pamphlet of Mozart's. The title page reads 'How to compose as many German words as one pleased without the least knowledge of music.'

It was not done by numbers, it was done bythrowing dice.

Don't let it worry you if friends don't praise your musical outpourings. It's all a matter of taste. And Mark Twain said the last word on taste when he was handed over the call by a musical acquaintance for daring to blister a performance of 'Salome.'

"What makes you think you can criticize, Clements? Can you play the piano? Have you ever written a song?" asked the friend.

"No I can't and I haven't, and I don't even know the difference.” And I can't lay an egg either. But I know damn well when I get one that's rotten."

Sylvestor and His Guardian Angels

CAVALCADE September, 1951
The Man from Tammany Hall was tough, but the Cockney Breed and the Ould Sod beat him

FRANK BROUHE

"BOSS" CROKER meets the Britons

ONE day in the late nineties, a Cimarron disgorged an American gentleman who intended settling in England. He might have crossed the Atlantic for a number of reasons. The desire to dwell in hedged lanes and green fields, a yen to hear the nightingale at eve, a yearning to drench himself in the history of the fight little isle.

In actual fact, his migration had a much more urgent impetus. Had he not migrated, he would undoubtedly - as several of his associates did - have made a short trip up the Hudson River to a place geographically known as Ossining (and more colloquially and evilly named Sing Sing).

The man, whose name was Croker, was a dispensing New York politician As Boss of Tammany Hall (an organization which had been bossing that City's administration for some years), Mr Croker had been responsible for some trifling errors of judgment that had cost the City some money. For instance, he had entered into a contract for paving stones which involved some millions of dollars, and the contractor had forgotten to deliver the stones.

A Grand Jury investigated the City Administration and decided that not only could the City do without the Tammany Boys, but that certain of them should be provided with free board and lodging at the State's expense.

"Boss" Croker, with fine foresight, had stowed away a little pittance of a million dollars or so in England against the evil day. He decided that the time had come to follow his money over the water.

It was obviously an occasion which called for an open mind and a shut mouth.

And it was in this receptive mood that "Boss" Croker landed in England.

He set himself to spy out the land and its opportunities.

He went to the races a few times and decided that here was a field for exploitation.

He sent back to the States, asking them to send over a consignment of horses, with which he could make a name on the English turf.

His mates in America proved their versatility with the double-cross by sending him a collection of hayburners who had some difficulty in standing up, let alone running.

Doping was prevalent in America then, and the makes "Boss" Croker got were those shot so full of dope that nothing short of dynamite would have induced them to gallop.

"The Boss," most annoyed at this demonstration of the ingratitude of men, bought some English bloodstock, engaged a trainer (a man with a reputation for more guile than honesty) and bought some stables at Newmarket.

Then he received another shock. The Jockey Club, that stand body of men, notified him that they didn't want him at Newmarket.

"They can't do that to me!" shouted the late Boss. But they could, and did. So he took himself off to Ireland, where he set up a stud-farm. He had one desire. That was to breed a Derby winner, to show "those stuck-up chaps" of the Jockey Club that "Boss" Croker was not a man to be trifled with."

He also sent to America for a good brood mare. The one sent back was a mare called Rhoda B. For three years, the Croker Stud produced colts that turned into fair performers, but not stars by any means.

Then he mated Rhoda B. with Orme, son of the great Ormonde.

The resultant colt was a leggy chestnut who showed little promise as a two-year-old, running twice for two thirds.

But in his three-year-old year 1907, he began to show signs of class.

That year was a weak Derby year, the favourite at 13 to 8 "on" being another Irish bred horse, Slieve Gallon.

But Slieve Gallon couldn't handle the tricky Epsom course. He raced down to Tattenham Corner with his head in the air, and Orby, right on his wheel, shot clear as they straightened up.

It was all over then, and Orby strode home an easy winner, with "Boss" Croker looking towards the official stand and grinning.

He had bought off his million-tos-one chance revenge on the Jockey Club.

Back to Ireland went Orby, and "The Boss" settled down to make a real mark in breeding. Orby began to get good stock.

"The Boss," whose language was nearly as colorful as his past, gradually became respectable and was admitted to the circle of fashionable breeders. Now and then, however, there would be suggestions that he
Over 14,000 stitches go into a suit: A customer of average height needs 38,713 stitches by hand and 35,979 by machine. Trousers need 7,756 hand stitches and 19,545 machine; a jacket 32,014 hand and 29,013 machine. So — at least — estimates Hungarian tailor, D.C. Selly A. U.S. tailor, Oscar, found his suits had 47,249 hand stitches; 7,710 for the waistcoat, 9,591 for trousers; and 28,883 for jacket.

Sure that the methods used by Tammany in New York would be enough to win hands down in the rural elections of the Ould Sod, Croker went to work.

The old Tammany man never knew what had hit him. His slate of candidates was crushingly defeated. "God knows how many times some of them voted," said the "Boss" admiringly. "There were only three thousand voters in Ballybrinn, and we counted four times that many votes!"

Evidently, elections in those days went to the emuges rather than the worthy.

Croker once tried conclusion with the rural Irish in an attempt to win the Kerry Hunt Cup. He had the horse to do it, but didn't want to leave anything to chance. The race was for amateur riders, but Croker sent to England and got a professional cross-country hoop, who rode under an assumed name.

Croker's horse started a hot favourite, although a noticeable point about the betting was that the second horse had been very well backed by his connections to beat the favourite. "The Boss" saw his horse win by a great margin and was all smiles. The smiles only lasted a couple of minutes. The connections of the second horse fired in a protest.

Croker entered the Stewards' Room to find that the grounds for the protest were that his horse had been ridden by a professional. The charge could be proven without trouble and the visiting jockey, hoping to get off lightly himself, broke down and confessed everything.

He lost the race and was warned off for a year.

But the thing that really hurt him was that he found out that the owner of the second horse—a gent by the name of O'Rourke—had known all the time what the "Boss" was up to. He had merely been the mug, making a market for the O'Rourke entry, with no chance at all of getting the race.

The Croker Stud, in the years 1917—1920, made its mark on the English Turf. Besides Grand Parade, Orby threw Diamond, one of the best fillies English racing has seen, and Croker narrowly missed the thrill of breeding a third English Derby winner when Orpheus was beaten a head in the Derby of 1920.

As an old man, Croker, having been assured that all had been forgiven and forgotten, made a trip back to New York in 1920. He was happy to find that Tammany was back in control of the city, but he was far less happy to find that Prohibition was in force.

This was too much. He had intended to stay in the States, but the prospect drove him back to Ireland, where he died in 1922.

DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

YOUR WIFE CALLS FROM UPSTAIRS, WHERE SHE HAS BEEN MOVING JUNIOR'S ROOM, PLEASE TO GIVE HIM A GOOD SCOLDING FOR LEAVING HIS THINGS AROUND.
From the shambles of a massacre there arose an African chief who had a genius of warfare.

By Lester Way

In 1630, the Kassonkes raided a Serer chief's village. They were after loot—human loot, living bodies. They slaughtered those who were too old, or too young, for the slave market and carried off the saleable specimens.

Such raids were almost daily occurrences along the Senegal River in Africa, and this one would have been forgotten overnight, but for a young woman who was captured, and a boy who was not.

The captured woman was Fattiyaya, wife of a caravan trader, Pierre Loit, had known her, and had described her—a slender black body; a fine, thin nose; a well-formed mouth, and—blue eyes!

What was more important, she had a 12-year-old son named Samory. That name has passed into history.

Returning to the shambles that had been his village, Samory started at once to confront the dreaded Kassonke chief, and to demand the release of his mother.

Something about the boy impressed the chief.

He didn't release his lovely new concubine, but neither did he seize Samory to hold him as a slave. He kept the boy in his personal service, and was soon entrusting him with important affairs.

That was Samory's start in life.

He had a capacity for leadership, a power of attracting men's devotion which has been compared to that of Napoleon. He welded together an African alliance and placed himself at the head of a military force larger than any the Senegal region had seen since the days of the Arab conquests. He made himself king, and started on a career of conquest.

But the French were also engaged in conquering Senegal. That made things awkward, it made them particularly awkward for the French.

Because, by 1885, Samory commanded a force of over 60,000 men. According to a Colonel Frey, 5,000 of these were mounted, and it was a formidable army. The French were hopelessly outnumbered, they suffered defeat after defeat.

To be sure, the French were using native troops. They depended on the Senegal's sharpshooters whom they called "volunteers," though actually, with few exceptions, they were slaves whom the French had bought at the recognized price of £12 a head.

As it was, the war dragged on. Samory won major engagements, but could gain no decisive victory; his kingdom was never secure.

In 1886, the French offered an armistice, but a treaty was signed. It recognized Samory's sovereignty, and provided for trade and travel between his kingdom and the French-controlled areas. In addition, the French undertook to enthrone Samory's son, Karamoko, in Paris, showing him the full glories of civilization, and letting him sample its delights.

It was on Karamoko that the French pinned their hopes. On this young savage, straight from the depths of Africa, Paris concentrated all its wiles.

But for debauchery, Paris afforded infinite facilities. Karamoko drank the sparkling wine. He accepted the numerous tempting consorts who offered themselves. He viewed the French army at drill, he witnessed mock artillery bombardments. And he kept a solemn face, saying nothing.

He listened intently to the French diplomats, the "experts on Africa." They could always get his car, they could count on a flattering attentiveness from him.

But they couldn't get any answers. During his entire visit, he spoke so rarely that Parisians wisely nicknamed him "The Prince of Black Silence." They even briefed an expensive courtesan to disarm Karamoko by her arts, and to find out what he thought of all he had seen and heard.

In the end, the experts themselves had to pay his lips open. They started with a direct question about Demba, chief of the Bambara.

Was Demba a follower of Samory's? Karamoko said, "Yes, Demba serves Samory very well."

Did Samory trust Demba? Did he have a high opinion of him? Karamoko nodded.

Then the diplomats explained, in language so simple that even a tongue-tied savage must comprehend, how Karamoko could continue to enjoy all the favors of France. They knew Demba, Demba was a man of great wisdom. Karamoko's future would be free from care, it would be full of pleasure, if he would allow Demba to guide him in all things.

Karamoko should urge his father to place Demba in charge of treaty relations, and to give Demba control of the army. This would be proof of
good faith, and France would reward Karamoko. Did the Prince understand? Gravely, the blackman nodded. "I understand," he said, "I have seen much, and I understand."

As a parting gesture, they loaded Karamoko with expensive gifts—in particular, they gave him the very latest thing in repeating rifles, suitably ornamented and engraved. He fondled it lovingly, and his usually somber face broke into a wide, gleaming smile.

Back in Senegal, Karamoko was escorted to the frontier of Samory's kingdom with fitting pomp. He carried his precious repeating rifle over his arm while he watched the approach of the escort sent by his father. It halted 50 yards from him. It was commanded by Demba.

Dembas advanced alone. He commenced to greet Karamoko with the usual ceremonial speech of welcome, but the young prince advanced him abruptly. He ordered Demba to stand beside the French officer, and to remain there, not moving.

Karamoko crossed over and greeted his father's warriors warmly. He turned and faced the French detachment. He faced the high-ranking French officer and the chieftain called Demba. And there, standing on his own soil, he gave the answer which the French had failed to get from him in Paris.

"Dembas serves the Touba!" he cried. "He is a traitor!"

He raised his repeating rifle and pumped three bullets into Demba's breast.

"Death to the traitor Touba!" he shouted, and his next bullet passed off the French officer.

His father's warriors opened fire, and only two of the small French

JAY-PAY

CAVALCADE, September 1951
Battle of the Bulge

Curves aren’t only lethal to motorists; feminine varieties, too, cause mayhem.

GAY DOYLE

If you’ll just be patient a moment until we stop gibbering, we’d like to announce that the United States of America appear to be on the verge of another (and quite as unevil) Civil War.

As a matter of fact, the opening shots seem to have been fired in what historians will probably remember as Fashion’s Battle of the Bulge (9).

In the corner on our right, coming out (and in all the best places, too), is "The Original Huubas-Huubas Girl" Miss Evelyn ("Treasure Chest") West... Belle of the Brassiere Belt.

In the corner on our left, also coming out in much the same manner, is "Mrs. America"... known more domestically as Mrs. Frances Cloyd... to the plaudits of assembled matrons of the Republic.

So—before the gang goes— we’d better put you right in the picture. (You’ll find several on Pages 20 to 21.)

Believe it or not, Miss West’s first job found her fully dressed. To tell the truth, she began as a "gum-chick," dispensing shaves in Petersburg, Illinois... for the munificent remuneration of fifteen dollars a week.

Rightly, Miss West realized she was not cut out (literally and metaphorically) for such a role. She began to develop herself (in all senses) at a dancing class. Before long, she had burst upon the gawping gaze of the public as "Hubba-Hubba Girl, No. 1."

And "burst" is the word. Soon her progress through the niteries read like a socialite’s description of Paradise... which was not surprising, for Miss West was billing herself as a "semi-classical nude dancer" (by no means an overstatement).

Then came a night at Slapsie Maxie’s club in "France... and Miss West put her best foot (or something) forward. A star role in "A Night at The Folies" followed. Miss West... and her "Treasure-Chest"... were going places.

She became "an exotic dancer"... clad (for short intervals) in a form-fitting black evening gown... and escorted by an appealing but ageing dummy by the name of Eddy.

Photographer’s flash-bulbs are reported to have exploded unassisted and the asterisk-mark on type-writers ran red-hot under the trembling fingers of social scribes.

Miss West thereupon extended her night-club bookings to include personal displays on ten theatre circuits... in California and other points, north, south, east and West. She also managed to cut into the cogging time of her fans to appear in the film "Gun Happy."

And—just to be sure that there was never a dull moment—she issued a visiting card. It read (tenderly but revealingly): "ACT: Very novel and unusual strip... sex, comedy, drama and suspense... Works mild or strong... 11 minutes."

The heat was definitely on. Simultaneously, however, there was cooling in the same localities as Miss West... breathing the same air, in fact: Mrs. Frances Cloyd... "Mrs. America," to you... recently elected as the perfect specimen of All-American matrimony.

"Mrs. America" must take to her breast the responsibility for the upsurge of the stormy billows.

Rondered reckless, perhaps, when crowned at Ashbury Park (New Jersey), "Mrs. America" was unwary enough to venture the opinion that a woman should be married before she can qualify as really matured and beautiful.

Which was evidently fighting-talk of a high-octane brand. Miss West (who has earned her nickname of "Treasure Chest" for two very obvious reasons) was immediately incited to unbother herself... in many senses and with considerable abandon. She let it be known that she took an extremely poor view of "Mrs. America's" excuses for poppings-off such generalities.

"What’s wrong with these curves of mine?" she demanded austerely of a bug-eyed portion of the Press, "I’ve never been married and I haven’t had any complaints about my assemblies."

Not a voice was raised to deny it. Even "Mrs. America" reserved her arguments. But Miss West refused to be assuaged.

"What has Mrs. America got that I haven’t got?" she insisted. "Judge for yourselves." The Press impuls-
Once upon a time, it used to be said in China that pidgin English was "English meat with Chinese bones." Which seemed to call for the explanation "How true! How very true!" When an Oriental businessman was asked by a British commercial attache what he thought of the state of the world, he answered "Very bad. Can do, no can do, what fashion." Which means "Very bad. To be or not to be, that's the question. Got the point?"

...savely hastened to oblige her. They judged that Miss West had got five feet four and three-quarter inches in height; 95 lbs in weight; 26 inches of waist, 36 inches of hips. "And what you're interested in measures 39 and a half inches," Miss West concluded expansively.

Breathing deeply, several comparative statuisans tore themselves away to check up on "Mrs America." They discovered that "Mrs America" was six inches taller than the Masonic. Height, five feet six inches; weight, 125 lbs; waist, 27 inches, hips, 36 inches, and the measures in dispute, 36½ inches.

Whereupon Miss West's manager briskly saved a golden chance of opening a new front. "This matter has been hanging on too long," he urged Mrs America. "I offer you a definite chance of an anatomy contest. Let the public sit in judgment on the assemblages of the two."

He even promised to pay "Mrs America's" travelling expenses. Unfortunately, "Mrs America" was then absorbed in the routine of getting herself a divorce and was unable to accept.

It would be charitable not to admit that Miss West has the weight of the evidence on her side.

But she is (from the record) taking no chances. Presumably working on the theory that a Treasure Chest is in danger if not covered, Miss West has gone in the protection of insuring her superstructure with Lloyd's of London. The amount involved is quoted variously at 50,000 dollars and 100,000 dollars (fifty for each," claims United Press), the risk being "occupational."

And Lloyd's should know. There was only one small hitch in Miss West's dolefulness with Lloyd's... and that was speedily overcome. It was caused by the policy's insistence that "the property to be insured must be examined and found to be in good condition." Though an ample supply of amateur observers was naturally available, these indeed were technical qualificatons. An expert was needed. He was soon found in the person of Dr. Philip R. Enxing, Physician and Surgeon, of Hollywood. In his official statement, Dr. Enxing disclosed that Miss W. was "negative" for the purposes of pathological research.

Both Lloyd's and Miss W. promptly signed on the dotted line.

What "Mrs America's" reply will be remains, of course, to be seen.

Miss West—es you have been able to observe for yourselves—is distinctly a Woman of Parts. She is (we have been informed) not solely an artiste, she is also an inventor. The latest product of her ingenious mind is a brassiere with a built-in zy cord.

This interesting contraption has been inspected by the U.S. Press, who opine that "though it may not have the significance of the brain-children of Thomas Alva Edison and the Wright Brothers, it is currently drawing much greater attention."

Basically, the device does not differ from the ordinary uplift in female morale... except for one difference. But what a difference! Instead of having to fasten the garment (or what have you) by reaching round to some point behind your back where you can't even scratch with enjoyment, all you need to do is pull a simple zipper... in front.

As Miss West explains "It's the sort of thing a lady can keep her eye on."

Miss W.'s answer to a maiden's prayer will be marketed as "The Hubba-Hubba Bra."
Do earthworms help the soil?

Now, think hard. Remember, most people who like the soil also like earthworms but enthusiasm for earthworms can scarcely be accounted for on scientific grounds. For plants to get the nutrients in organic matter, the matter must first be decomposed. The role of decomposer is played by many soil organisms, of which the friendly earthworm is only one. Not all productive soils have earthworms. Even today, it’s anyone’s guess whether earthworms are present because soil is productive or whether soil is productive because earthworms live there. Probably, it’s some of both.

How many photography can you take a second?

Latest record has been set by a camera which operates at a speed of 15 million pictures a second. When photographed by this camera, the act of striking a match can be snapped at speeds so high that nearly eleven days would be needed to show it on the screen at normal silent motion picture speed. Compared with this, the usual silent motion picture camera takes only 16 exposures a second.

What is a ‘Document Sensor’?

Believe it or not, a “Document Sensor” is the latest man-made monster produced by the U.S. Census Bureau. The idea is that the questionnaires are filled out by census collectors with a special metal pencil or metallic ink and are then fed into a machine. By magnetic contact, electric impulses are generated; these operate a punching device. In this way cards are punched out and these go into tabulators. The machine will run hour after hour and eliminate any clerical errors.

Who’s the richest-paid jockey?

By all accounts, Gordon Richards. It is estimated that in his years of riding, Champion Richards won £1,600,000 in prize money for his owners. In Britain, jockeys regularly got 10 per cent of the prize money, often more; thus Richards earned £250,000 in prize-money alone. In addition, he got at least £10,000 a year in retainers from owners. Altogether, he earned £400,000 in his career. Steve Donoghue was reputed to have earned £250,000.

Is it a good sign if a man gripes about his job?

Yes, definitely, declares the U.S. University of Michigan Institute of Social Reform after a four-year study. They claim that the man or woman who complains most about his job, his company and his boss, usually makes the best worker. Reason: “While this type will often spend his lunch hours denouncing his job, the driving urge to succeed will still send him speeding back to his job, fired with an excess of productive energy.”
And, we must say, we agree entirely with Lloyd's on their assessment... Don't be deceived by this inviting glimpse, however. Despite the promising signs, Miss Evelyn (Treasure Chest) West claims no relationship with Miss Mae (Came-up and see me) West. Evelyn has a career of her own... as exotic dancer and super-stripteuse.

And these two snippets of la 'Treasure Chest' in action, you will agree, leave no doubt about her popular appeal. Yet Miss West is not solely an artist; she is also no mean inventor... already she has designed "a platinium swimsuit" (a transparent one that you can show off in most of the best places, to you) and "the hubba-hubba bra" (which, being translated, means a brassiere with a built-in zipper... in front). Asked to what she attributes these successes in life, Miss West replied: "Oh, I've just learned to keep abreast of the times."
The ladies found him just too, too captivating; but if they had shunned him like a leper, he would have saved himself worse.

CAPTAIN Peter de la Fontaine was obviously born to demonstrate the cheering fact that no one can make a bigger fool of himself than a man whose profession it is to fool other people.

At first, however, the Captain showed every symptom of being one of those sun-blessed characters for whom Fate's weather bureau has predicted not a single rainy day. Which was where one, Jeanette, daughter of a marquis, stepped into the scene. The Captain apparently turned quite insane. He dashed to the wench's father and demanded her as his wife. Her father bowed him to the door. Crossing the threshold, the Captain paused to proclaim that he intended to have the girl "at any cost."

From the record, the cost involved was covered by the hire of a coach. The demured maid consented to elope. Not bothering about a mere marriage ceremony, the Captain bluntly whisked her off to Rouen. There, the pair spent an ardent, if impromptu, honey-moon, but the Captain seems to have grown satiated. He escorted his unsuspecting inamorata to Paris and successfully lost her in the streets.

When this came to her father's ears, the storm really broke. The Captain was in a coffee-house when he was arrested on a charge of "brutal abduction." He looked a moral certainty for the Bastille until—such being the way of all too few women—Jeanette reappeared to wail that it was all her fault.

Reverting from seduction to seduction, the Captain rejoined the Army. He was sent to camp when an unusually fragile infantryman was attached to him..."as a baumh". They were both hatched haggardly together in one tent when the baton surprisingly had a baby.

The High-Braves were battering their brains for a suitable penalty when Jeanette conveniently solved their problem by dying of small-pox. She left the Captain all her money. The Captain used it to tour Europe.

At least, that was the idea, but the Captain displayed his swordsmanship by skewering a fellow officer and again the Bastille yawned. The Captain panted aboard ship. Snapped up by Moorish pirates, he found himself in a Constantinople dungeon.

Ransomed, he next favoured Holland with his presence. In no time, he was as finely wooling a hussy's wife that he made Amsterdam too hot to hold him. So hot, indeed, that the diseased, hulked hul-hole of Carcasso seemed a comparative health resort.

Here, the Captain again expanded. Introduced to a wealthy widow, he actually wed her. This was another error. Though she presented the Captain with four children she continued to entertain a bevy of other gallants. The Captain cut off one swallow's ear.

The widow subsided and the Captain branched out as a plantation owner. His negro slaves immediately attempted to poison him. The Captain survived.


Unaware of this, however, the Captain wed a second rich widow (she still had the first). He also intrigued in some spritely going-on with a shop-keeper's wife. But one of his love-letters fell into the hands of the charmer's husband. When the Captain arrived at his next rendezvous, he found not only the lady waiting but her husband and her husband's brother as well...both threateningly restless. The wife went back to her husband. The Captain went back to his (second) widow.

And—unluckily—also to Zanner. The Captain was in one more tavern when he was greeted by Zanner, accompanied by a "woman in black."

The Captain was too engrossed in making passes at the mysterious female to notice that a man (also in black) was gawking something from a book.

Only later was he aware that the man was a Fleet Prison parson and what he had been reading was the Marriage Service. But, by then, Zanner had had him arrested for bigamy (it should have been tragedy).

The Captain was jailed. Zanner visited him in his cell. Understandably, the Captain swapped him with a broom and knocked him unconscious. That was the last straw. Zanner swore that the Captain had forged a cheque.

The Court found him guilty, and sentenced him to death. Appeals reduced the sentence to five years and transportation to America. The Captain sailed on September 9, 1702.
LAST LAUGH. Dance-addict, 23-year-old James Cumberland, of Brooklyn, blissfully entered a restaurant, two lissome lovelies clinging tenderly to either arm. Suddenly he propped on his heels with popped eyes, "Lemme go! Lemme go!" he wailed, distraughtly endeavouring to disentangle himself from the lovelies' clutches. "Now ain't you the one?" caroled the lovelies adoringly, entwining themselves even more tightly about him. "Alwus up ter a jokin' " They were still babbling with happy merriment when four equally pleased police (disguised as longshoremen) seized James from their strangling hold and arrested him for 13 armed robberies in one year.

ARDENT AMATEURS. According to Scotland Yard, shop-lifting in Britain is recovering its amateur status. Now that the blackmarket is dwindling, gendarmes assess that nearly three-quarters of the shoplifting is done by first-offenders. Offenders, at the constabulary (unusually but firmly), are now "sixty per cent. feminine"... with desperate mothers of starving children at an all-time low.

THE DEVIL IT WAS! Some citizens hold up banks; others just bust them open with dynamite; but the vast majority let them look over their own business. With all this, however, Edgar Tallon (currently in a U.S. cooler) has an attitude towards bank robbing which places him in a minority of one. The ingenious Mr. Tallon inveigled one Paul Belanger, member in good standing of a Canadian banking firm, into a basement session of black magic and convinced the perspiring plutocrat that he was in person an agent of the Devil. The Devil, he added as an after-thought, had sent him expressly to collect 15,000 dollars from Mr. Belanger. Aided by this infernal request, Mr. Belanger paid up handsomely. Result? As at writing, Mr. Belanger is doing time for embezzling the fifteen grand; Mr. Tallon is suffering the same fate as an accessory. The Devil is still at large.

DEATH DIRT. There was a certain macabre logic about the recouping of "Black Molly." a negroess who was brought as a slave from Africa to the West Indies island of Barbados in 1786. Molly was sent to a plantation where —on the strength of her motherly appearance—she was set to work as a midwife. Time passing as it will, however, Molly's master became puzzled at the lengthening list of stillborn children she was presenting. He made a surprise inspection of Molly's quarters. He found Molly cheerfully munching at what was left of a newborn infant.
THE REFORMATION

FOR SIXTEEN YEARS, THE WEALTHIEST MAN IN NOUMEA
LEARED THE SKELETON IN HIS CUPBOARD, IT GOT OUT

SIXTEEN years! Almost to the day! And now there had come an end! Councillor Armand Dubosc of NOUMEA put down the telephone and let his bulk subside into a protesting rattan chair. His heavy face at that moment was as ugly as were his thoughts. Yet there were those in Nouvelle Caledonie who thought of Councillor Dubosc as one whose kindness and philanthropy equalled that of M. Mauguir le marre, the well-loved Bazil Montour.

Armand Dubosc almost stopped breathing. The thought that for sixteen years had hung over him, dependent only on the whim of one man, had evaporated with the last breath of Monseigneur le marre, Bazil Montour—But no! It could not be true! Name-of-a-little-good-man! It could not!

ERLE WILSON • FICTION

OF ARMAND DUBOSC

Dubosc was seeing again his first offering behind his big store three miles away in the centre of NOUMEA. That office and Bazil Montour, thin and sandy in wrinkled and sweat-stained duck as he had appeared on that night sixteen years ago.

The scarecrow Bazil Montour had, without invitation, seated himself in the deep chair Dubosc reserved for important customers. Name-of-a-little-good-man, now? What is this? What does this beachcomber want? Money as shall not set. Dubosc, the wealthiest trader, mine-owner and timberman in New Caledonie, was also a money-lender—at high interest and against heavy security, for he was a hard man. But it was well-known that this Montour owned only a leaky, teredo-riddled cutter not worth twenty sous. Non! There would be no money for him—unless, one could never be quite sure, thus object, it was said, knew something of prospecting and he had just come from a long way up the coast. Nouvelle Caledonie was one of the richest islands in all the world in mineral deposits.

There was a fiery mark on his shoulder—a brand?
Dubosse allowed the ghost of a smile to come on a face as hard usually as the wood of the naiad.

"Ah, Monsieur Montour, is it not? We have not met before, I think."

The down-at-heel visitor smiled.

"No, monsieur, we have not met—not exactly. But I have had the—ah—happiness of seeing you before. Even saw you at close quarters, Monsieur Dubosse. Ah, yes; quite close. But then, monsieur, it was your back that was towards me."

"Morbleu! Your business?" Dubosse snapped.

"I happened to fall asleep, monsieur, in the shade of a rock beside La Cascade-du-Kagou. Do you bathe there frequently?"

Montour affected to stifle a yawn.

"Ah, you need not tell me, monsieur. You do not bathe frequently at La Cascade-du-Kagou— or anywhere else. How do I know that?"

Dubosse had not spoken. His visitor was grinning in malicious enjoyment. "Ah, bash; but it is simple—so simple. Your back, it has no sunburn, no, it is unblemished but for—"

"Well—?"

"But, for one most curious mark, monsieur. Wound, what does it signify, that mark so like a brand—so like a letter M on your right shoulder? Ah, no; you would be more unwise to use the gun you no doubt have in that drawer. Anticipating possible unpleasantness, Monsieur Dubosse, I have written a letter—to be opened only in the melancholy event of my demise. Pardon, monsieur?"

Montour nodded approval.

"That M so intriguing on your back, monsieu—" monsieur—"is it not so? And it is the brand put on those who have tried and failed to escape from Devil's Island. Plainly, monsieur, you are a man of unusual determination; for you tried a second time and got away."

Dubosse's face was grey and lifeless. With his thin coming, years of peace had ended. Years during which he had built up a new life. In which, at last, be, Armand Dubosse, had wielded power over the destinies of others. He was not loved, no.

Since young manhood when the fair fields of Provence had witnessed his wooing of Yvonne Bougainville and when he had killed a rival in a drunken quarrel—love had entered net at all into his life. But woman—yes, bought and tossed aside. It was poetic justice, perhaps, that he had been on his way along the St Louis road, bound for the home of Pierre Marace, an ex-gendarme whose daughter Quina was the most beautiful girl in Noumea—when the heat of the day had induced him to park his car, under the thickets, and, for once forgetting a rigid rule, threw off his clothing and lay his overheated bulk in the cool rush of enrolling Cascade-du-Kagou.

Quite unsuspecting that his baking had been seen, Dubosse had continued on to the home of Pierre Marace. He did gendarme had borrowed money from Dubosse on the security of his house, his interest payments falling from regular, altogether from one's point of view, an excellent reason for the father of such an attractive young woman as Madame Quina to be.

"What do you want of me, Monieur?"

"You expect mercy, Dubosse. You, who have not spared men or women—particularly women—since you left France. Well then; for the good of your soul, I shall be truly merciful. But it will not be in any way you will understand—yet. First, there is the matter of the Marace inheritance you will destroy it now, at once, and to old Pierre you will make a little gift, a mere trifle, of one hundred thousand francs. Ah, wait, monsieur; want I have but begun. To Madame Quina or rather to me, for we are about to marry, you will make over a half share in your nickel mines at Tili, your copper mines at Pami, your sulphur leases at Ille Buolu and your nickel works at Oucou. That will leave you still a very wealthy man, Dubosse, but it will do for the present."

Thinking back in the past, Armand Dubosse cursed his late tormentor as he reviewed those 'good works'. How the simple in bell must have laughed at that devil Montour, bounding another. The gift of a salaried position to the missions, innumerable cash donations, none of them small; the building of churches, hospitals, schools; the donation of scholarships; relief to impoverished families without end; every sou a drop of blood. A step sounded on the veranda. "Entrez—Entrez." Councillor Armand Dubosse's voice had once again its old note of impatience. It was Doctor Gery, solemn and sad-faced.

"Well, Monsieur Dubosse, our good friend is gone. I should not have worried you again so late only that before he passed away, Bazil asked me to take charge of this letter for you—be particularly careful that it reached you, hence my visit."

Armand Dubosse, with fear in his heart, took the letter.

"Please, Monsieur Dubosse, read it now. You were such—a close associate is it no doubt a last message of friendship," the doctor begged.

Dubosse nodded mutely. He read.

Armand, my old one; be at ease. I have not left, and never at any time have I written, any letter about my so-fortunate discovery that day at Cascade-du-Kagou. Relax, mon ami; but keep up the good works. We shall meet again, you and I. Au revoir, Bazil."

With the whole verbal repertoire of Devil's Island surging again into his mind, Dubosse sat down and—tied—

"Monsieur Dubosse, excuse me, I am puzzled—" The doctor was speaking. "What does it mean, can you tell me, when a man has a letter M' branded on his back?"

Dubosse's huge hand gripped the doctor's arm.

"What did you say?"

The doctor divested Dubosse's arm with fingers equally strong.

"Monsieur, I asked merely, do you know what it meant, a letter M' branded on the back of our late good friend, Bazil Montour?"

CAVALCADE, September, 1951
VIEWPOINT ON TOMBS

Marcia McEwan • FICTION

At a cafe table, an old Italian and an Australian girl both cherished bitter memories that called.

From his stool behind the cashier's desk, Joe surveyed his little kingdom. Small tables, draped with blue and white cloths gleamed in the subdued light. Two or three diners lingered over their tiny cups of black coffee. The waiters moved quietly through the blueness of cigarette smoke, laying the silver for the morning. Joe smiled contentedly. The cafe was his creation, his dearly-loved and lost child. It supported him now that his youth had passed. It represented the fulfillment of the great wish of his old age. The silver that shone in the till was a bright stream of hope, flowing with increasing speed towards the sea of his dream.

He glanced at a table for two, near the door. Only fifteen minutes until closing time and she had not come.

With much time for thinking, as he perched on his stool, he had wondered about the girl. Slim, supple, with soft, brown hair and a small, intelligent face, she should have had someone to take her to dine, somewhere better than this. Yet she came alone each night about ten, took her place silently in the corner, and ate the cheapest meal. Her face was closed-in against the world.

Joe shook his graying head. In the days when the world seemed so much happier and his face was unlined, such a situation would not have been allowed. War... it took so many of the young men. They died in glory, perhaps, but what happened to those so many young women who were left alone?

The last customers had paid their checks and gone out into the hot

She had the look in her eyes of one who doesn't see people, as people

CAVALCADE, September 1951 41
Women, women! You can’t win. According to Professor Morrison of Michigan (U. S.) University, a law was passed by the Romans as far back as 395 B.C., prohibiting women from driving chariots. "Infuriated Roman community immediately started a protest which lasted 20 years," reports the pleased Professor. "Then in the 180's B.C. they stormed the Capitol and rough-housed the senators. Their right to chariot was expeditiously restored." Same thing was tried in ancient Greece. First to break the law was Miss Lycurgus, wife of the legal eagle who passed the law. She was fined 6,000 drachm

night. Two lights burned in the dim cavern of the cafe. Joe settled down to count the day’s receipts before he ate his supper. He heard the screech of the street door. He must off the hunger.

The brown-haired girl hesitated in the doorway, her face white, tired, disappointed.

"Oh, I’m sorry. You’re closed. I thought I’d just be able to make it."

Joe looked at the clock. Reno and Tony would be anxious to go home. He hesitated, and remembered how alone she always seemed. Descending from the throne of his kingdom, he ushered her to the table for two.

"There is still time to serve you," he said, holding the chair for her. With remembered courtesy he bowed.

"Senorma, I was about to have my own supper. Would you do me the honor of dining with me, tonight, as my guest?"

Almost before the words had passed his lips he checked - was this female, this girl, was he committing? She put the right interpretation on an action which could seem so well or so badly? ... he watched her ... she seemed simpathic, he thought ... yes, she was with all certainty simpathic.

She raised her tired face and he saw the quick suspicion in her eyes. After all she had probably never noticed him, did not understand why he should be interested in her, unless this was a polite flattery.

He waited, holding himself with soldierly stiffness. His figure was still slight and trim, but his face was old, lined not unpleasantly, and his sharp, dark eyes, framed by wrinkles, were wise and kind.

For a moment she stared uncomprehendingly. It was the look of one who has not seen people, as people, for a long time. Then her eyes smiled quietly.

"I’d be delighted," she said. "Although I'm afraid, I’m not very good company."

The night was hot. Joe turned on the big fan. The draught lifted the girl's soft hair. Reno brought soup and a bottle of light wine. It pleased Joe to see that the girl ate with the enjoyment of one who was really hungry. He toyed with his own soup and talked. His guest must be entertained while she ate.

"All day I sat on my stool," he told her, "and I see many people pass in and out. Some are just casuals who chance to see my sign at the time the clock tells them they should be hungry. Others have known the cafe a long time. They come for conversation as well as food. They know the meals are good and inexpensive and that there will be others here drinking coffee, talking. They are the interesting people.

"Have you noticed, Senorma, that so many of the really interesting people eat cheap meals?"

The girl smiled. Joe's heart warmed because the smile was sincere and friendly. He had noticed how rarely he smiled.

"They're the people who are going some place, and doing it the hard way," she said.

"And you are going some place, aren't you?"

The girl leaned back in her chair. She watched Reno place the big plate of spaghetti on the table. When he had gone, she replied, "What I meant, of course, was that they are making something of their lives. They have a career - an art, perhaps - some goal to reach."

"Joe nodded. "I know. But you? I think you work very hard and late. You have a purpose like the others?"

"I suppose I have. It's not the same, though. As it is with these others who are building up I'm not going anywhere in life. There's nothing I can do now. But I have to make a journey. I've been working for it for a long time."

"Count overseas! So many of the young ones are doing that. They take advantage of peace," he amended, "-this interlude of peace. Where will you go? England?"

She shook her head. "Later, perhaps. I don't really know. I'm going to your country - Italy."

Joe's eyes sparkled with interest.

"A truly beautiful country. Me... I like this country of yours, with its blue skies and bright sun. It has given me a home. But it is only natural for a man to love best the place where he was born. Have you planned to visit any particular places?"

"Genoa," she said.

"Ah yes, Genoa - and Venice, the two bright eyes of Italy. Today they are only ghosts of their old glory, but once, Joe murmured dreamily, "once, there were names that thrilled the world, Senorma. They were the great cities of commerce, opening up the trade routes. And Venice was queen of the sea."

"Forgive me," he added, "if I sound too proud, but I am a Venetian, and even if a man has nothing else, great memories can make life a very sweet thing."

"Memories are things that are past and dead. They can't be loved," her voice was choked. Joe glanced at her shyly. Did she bend so naturally over her plate to hide the tears? She must have been hurt and she was very bitter for one so young. But weren't the young so much more likely to be bitter than the old, who had seen so much? He had been like that himself. It only felt, he could help her.

Pretending not to notice the tears, he was upset. He continued. "You'll find Genoa of today interesting. But it is the past that makes her so fascinating. You know something about the history of the city of the Venetian?"

Her voice was flat and dead. "Nothing. I hadn't thought about the city at all."

Joe waved his shapely Italian hands, shaking his head vehemently. "No, no! You don't travel just to go from one place to another or to run away! You travel to find something."

He leaned forward earnestly.
Senorma, you are going to Italy, but travelling won’t please you unless you can see the country as the centuries have made her.

The fork lay forgotten on Joe’s plate. He was remembering that he was more than Joe, the dago café proprietor; he was Giovanni Loredano; he was young and a soldier, with great dreams for his struggling Italy. That was a long time ago and the Italy he had believed united and peaceful had been laid waste by war, again. Still, there had been dreams, moments of glory… didn’t they make a man’s life worthwhile? Even his personal tragedy was less bitter when he thought about it as a little incident in two thousand years of history.

He told the girl about his Venice, she leaned on her hands and some of the tautness went out of her as she nipped at the olives Reno had brought with the coffee. The wind from the electric fan blew her hair over her face. He remembered how he had waited beside a girl whose hair fluttered, like that in the wind of an aeroplane propeller. Together they had watched the plane rising, like a silver bird in the blue void…

“Don’t look only at what you see, today,” Joe said. “That is why the tourist, who looks with his eyes, but not his soul, is always disappointed. He sees squalor, poverty, the rubble of war-worn buildings. He is told the architecture is Renaissance, or Italian-Gothic, and he finds it insipid, compared with his modern buildings. But you, Senorma, must see the use in which they were built, and the builders…

“There are many fine tombs in the cities of Italy,” he said. “Great artists were commissioned to make resting places of marble for the pope and prince, so that their names and deeds would not be forgotten.”

Joe remembered a plain stone in Venice. There was no heroic inscription on that. Only two names and a date: Isabella, and her little Mariotto. She died in childbirth when her time had come. She’d had only a vexing father-in-law to comfort her, because, somewhere, there was another, an alien’s grave. It had seemed so unnecessary then, but when he looked back he saw that it wasn’t how civilizations were built.

He stumbled for words, looking at the girl. “Yes, there are fine tombs in Italy. The guide will say, ‘This is the tomb of such-and-such.’ But what is the good of looking at tombs unless you see around them, and understand why those names have been remembered.”

The girl’s eyes were fixed on him intently, glinting through her lashes. He was tempted to tell her about those two sons of his—a handsome boy who died, not for the country that was, but for a dream of glory. It had taken him so long to see the chubby children who played by the canal as men, following the pattern of all mankind, and, therefore, not wasted. Enough of this talk of tombs. Tonight she must be entertained, not made more sad.

“You must try to see Venice,” he said. “Don’t be disappointed if the water is dark and greasy in the canals, and the peasant women throw vegetable scraps from the windows onto passing gondolas. Our Venice is the child and the bride of the sea. The marshes were her fortress against the Vandals. Once, in her great days, when the merchant mariners brought gold and spices and cloth from the East, the canals were thronged with gondolas. Then ornamentation became so extravagant that the Doges decreed all gondolas should be of uniform blackness…”

One day, when he was returning from the market with his mother, little Giovanni had fallen from the
Perhaps he had been speaking not to help her, but to ease himself of the thoughts which tangled and untangled themselves in his mind as he sat, day after day, at his cashier's desk. Could it be that in comforting her he had sought comfort for himself? Emotions were strange, confusing things—how easily they could deceive a man about his own motives.

Still the girl said nothing. Joe leaned forward anxiously.

"Forgive me," he said. "I have talked too long, and all this talk of the past and graves and the dead history of one small country is not good for a young lady to hear at dinner. Pardon an old man who likes to reminisce."

The girl started. She stared blankly at him for a moment, then seemed to remember where she was. "No," she shook her head, "do not apologize to me. I want to thank you for all you have told me. I'm afraid I've lived for too long time without being able to see around tombs. My husband... he was a pilot. I was eighteen and we'd only been married three months when he was shot down over Italy. He was buried at Genoa. For years my only thought has been to see his grave."

After she had gone Joe slumped in his chair, not seeing the dishes on the table, nor hearing the fan. Even in his sorrow he was glad he was of a race who were not ashamed of open tears. He was glad, too, for her sake, because the closed-mien look had gone from her face. But it was hard, even after so many years, to be philosophical when one thought of lonely women, and chubby children who had played on the bank of a canal.

"I got them for two kisses. One I gave my husband and one I caught him giving his secretary."

CAVALCADE, September, 1951
Ah! A ticket for a fancy dress ball! I'll bet the family let their hair down at this.

I can just picture Auntie Flo in her Pierrot costume. She's worn this outfit to every ball for the past forty years.

And Uncle Charlie will surely be there doing his — I mean a dash as a daring Mexican.

Eunice Bull, who was a great fan of the late Douglas Fairbanks, fancies himself as a swashbuckling type well, it's even money he turns up as a cavalier or musketeer of something.

With a little persuasion Mum and Dad could easily be talked into going as Romeo and Juliet.

Fred is sure to represent "Big Chief Pain-in-the-face" — and Alec will be the ghost that was supposed to go west.

Sister Susie for a certainty will wear her latest swim suit but isn't it a shame — I've just noticed that the ticket was for last year! Damn it!
**STRANGER and Strangers**

**NEW-STYLE SMUGGLERS** are on the border of Holland and Belgium. In the past two years, a gang of Dutchmen smuggled hundreds of drunken pigs out of their country. Method is to stuff the porkers full of crude alcohol, pop them into knapsacks, then "pigg-y-back" them past the fame Stockinged cattle, too, have been following the same path. The hooves of the bovines are muffled with heavy socks, to prevent moming; their mouths are smeared with soap. As soap has an attraction for the cattle's taste-buds, the animals are content to silently lick. Purpose? Cheap Dutch florns are transmitted profitably on the blackmarket into France.

**BIGGEST FEE in medical history** was paid to the French surgeon, Jean Petit, by Augustus the Strong, elector of Saxony. Petit had performed an operation on the elector's foot in the record time of 11 minutes. He was paid a medical fee of 10,000 thalers, travelling expenses of 1,000 thalers; a diamond ring, other valuable jewellry, and a life annuity of 1,200 thalers. Sum total. Value exceeding £16,000.

**TATTOOING RATTLESNAKES** is a pastime of US Professor Angus M. Woodbury . . . but his excuse is he does it for scientific reasons. He marks the snakes with numbers so that they can be identified. In the past ten years, he has tattooed 177 rattlers Process? A home-made outfit of six needle points, mounted on piano wire, vibrating on the casing of a mechanical pencil. Eight dry-cell batteries furnish the power. The needle-points punch through the tough skin and the scales to make the tattoo permanent. All rattlers are tattooed under the body just behind the head.

**ITSY-BITSY BITES** have been confounding the U.S. Air Force. Recently a plane full of Army officers suddenly found the passengers more or less flat on their backs . . . beating frantically at an assorted swarm of flies, mosquitoes, grasshoppers, plant vermin and Mexican bean beetles that had unexpectedly attacked them. Three minutes later, however, the insects were flat on their backs. They had contacted walls thoughtfully sprayed with a deadly DDT-pyrethrum combination. Idea was to test methods of combating the carriage of bugs in international planes.

**AH! WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY!** Seems that a Brighton owner of a television set suffered raucous distortion at a regular time each night. Unable to trace the cause, the rate tele-fan enlisted the aid of certain television detectives. The sleuths quickly traced the disturbance to a girls' school. Distortion, they explained, was caused by massed women combing their tresses while retiring to bed.

If our hats are in the way, just remove them.

CAVALCADE, September 1951
MODELLED FROM LIFE

Evan wanted to be an artist's model. Well here's a real live one for you - Laura, Pelton (pronunciation: 'Shelb-an'). one of the 1000s of the 1070 students at the Art Students' League, New York. Laur is a sculptor's model. Her husband, Myron Berg, who owns a 'Art and Dianetics' film studio, teaches a reception class of the nine most popular psychiatrists of the time. Laura is student number nine.су

And why shouldn't Laura be popular? Give her a scrap of cloth or a few beads and she can invent half a dozen poses. What's more, she can freeze into them and, even after the usual five minutes rest in each half-hour, she can resume them perfectly from memory. "Get bored?" says Laura, "No, I just let my mind wander and plan how I'd do the painting myself."

CAVALCADE September 1951 53
LIVERISH?

Feeling liverish? Well, if it's not a case of a hair of the dog that bit you, there's a simple test to diagnose your woes. By means of a dye (taken by mouth or injected into a vein), medical men can now diagnose whether the liver is really doing its job of filtering poisons or waste matter from the blood. If the liver is working properly, the dye will be removed from the blood. The test is harmless, easily applied, and may be repeated without ill-effects from time to time.

WATER AND WEIGHT:

A professional wrestler may take off eight or ten pounds in weight during a wrestling bout and yet regain that ten pounds within the next 24 hours. But no wrestler has ever put on even eight pounds in the same time. Reason? The weight lost and gained is mostly water, as fat tissue of the body holds water like a sponge. In every pound of fat there is a little more than three pounds of water, so that when one pound of fat is lost, four pounds of weight is lost. Moral? To keep weight down, drink whenever you are thirsty but drink just half as much of any liquid.

EGG-EFFICIENCY:

How valuable is an egg for bodily health? More than most people suspect. The yolk of an egg is especially valuable from a vitamin standpoint. Egg yolk contains vitamins A, B, C and D. In addition to assisting the liver to store up sugar, it aids all foods to do their utmost in providing nourishment. So don't under-rate the egg, it deserves a front place from a body-building standpoint.

WHY A STY?

When a sty occurs, immediate treatment by heat is effective. But what is the cause of the sty? A sty is an outward sign of inward trouble usually meaning a run-down condition—overuse of eyes, general tiredness, thin blood. Regular bowel movement, fresh air, cod liver oil, a general building up of the body should prevent styes.

BACKACHE.

Does every picture tell a story for you? Do you suffer from pain in the lower back without knowing what causes it? Remember that the pain may be caused either by infection (perhaps of the teeth, the tonsils or the sinuses) or it may be caused by an injury. There is an easy way of telling which. When the pain is due to injury, the patient can usually lie down, adopt a certain position and be practically free from discomfort. On the other hand, when the pain is due to infection, it becomes worse when the patient lies down, because rest slows up the circulation and counters the relief which is often given by walking or other exercise.

CAVALCADE, September 1951
The man they chose for executioner was one of their intended victim's best friends... which was easier

J. W. HEMING

he killed BILLY THE KID

It takes two to make a killing—the killer and the killed. When Billy the Kid was wiped out, the scores concentrated on Billy. In fact, they did more than that. They accused his killer of murder.

So let's look at it with an open mind.

William H. Bonney was born in New York on November 23, 1859. At the ripe old age of twelve, Billy was a tough little hombre in Silver City, New Mexico. And I mean tough. He had already stabbed a man to death—a blacksmith at that—and had started to carve the 23 notches which he later boasted on his six-gun.

Billy was next heard of when he shot three men on arubushes (they had been friends of the blacksmith). At the age of fourteen, instead of wearing a coat too large for him, a torn shirt and worn boots and pants, he had become a dandy with a tall black sombrero like a top hat with a narrow brim, a brightly-colored shirt set off with a Mexican handkerchief, a long coat and a fancy waistcoat, mole-skin pants and a decorated Mexican gun-belt, crossed to hold two holsters.

He could shoot with both hands, though he preferred the right.

Then he had to leave Mesaville—on Mesaville's good.

He rode towards Phoenix—and he needed money. He saw three Indians bringing in skins to be sold. He dismounted the three—sold the skins for them.

After a while, Billy pooled up with two other unbridled characters—W. O'Farrill and Charlie Boyd. They were seen at an association “rushing” Rustling.

When Billy was sixteen, he had grown to five feet six, but he was still called “Billy the Kid.” The business of rustling, however, unfortunately leads to violence. The notches increased on Billy's gun. To twelve—

But women are little-cattle... as Billy discovered. He took a fancy to a fifteen-year-old blonde farmer's daughter named Caroline Wake. She was doing extremely well when a discarded boy-friend came upon the ever-loving couple at a very awkward moment. Billy shot him dead.

His girl talked Billy just beat the bush out of town. The girl's boy-friend had not earned a gun.

Billy finally moved to Lincoln.

Billy and his two cronies got a job on the ranch of Jose Miguel Sedillo, a forty-year-old Mexican who had a wife, an eighteen-year-old son and a rather luscious fifteen-year-old daughter. Billy took one look at the mop-top and said: “Thats for me!”

And believe it or not, he went on-or-less straight for years.

But reading of the cattle-men and sheep-men in the county finally reached a climax in 1878.

There were two bitter rivalry factions. The sheep-men and nesters were led by Murphy-Dolan crowd. But there was a fly in their ointment. He was John H. Tunstall, an Englishman, who had come into Lincoln and had opened up in opposition to Murphy.

What began as a price-cutting war slowly grew more serious. Tunstall's men assistant was a man of fifty, Alexander A. McSween. He was Tunstall's accountant, partner... a lawyer, once trained as a minister and deeply religious.

Murphy took the side of the sheepmen, Tunstall built a store like a fortress and took the side of the cattle-men. Towards the end of January, 1878, in the pool room opposite the Courthouse, Billy got into an argument with a drunken sheepherder and shot him (dead as usual). Tunstall promptly put Billy and his pards on his pay-roll as gun-men.

The sheriff of Lincoln was a man named James A. Brady—engineered into his job by Murphy. His father, Dan Roberto Brady, was the county jester. The drunk whom Billy had shot in the pool room had had a gun in his hand. The incident passed.

There is a Bill of Sale in existence showing that Billy sold a sorrel horse for $125 dollars on February 13, 1878. It was bought by the local doctor. The doctor mentioned that during his rounds he had seen the sheep-men setting ready to march on Lincoln.

The sheep-man slipped into town, keeping out of sight. It was almost sundown when a man walked to the door of Tunstall's store and called: "Is Mr. Tunstall there? He's wanted!"

The man was Sheriff Brady. Tunstall walked out on his porch—and went permanently down under a hail of lead!

CAVALCADE, September 1951
From all sides men ran towards the fort's store. But into the street rode the cowboys—a horde of them. The war was on!

It lasted for days. Billy, despite his age, took charge of the cattle. He managed to shoot Sheriff Brady (dead) with a slug in the back. The other side shot to McSween's house, and riddled McSween as he came out reading his Bible. Billy and his men were driven into the hills, but still waged war.

The noise of the strife was so loud it reached official ears in Washington. President Hayes contacted his old friend, General Lew Wallace. Wallace was writing a book and reluctantly put aside his pen. You may have heard of the book. He called it "Ben Hur." He started for Lincoln.

Result: The war was called off. ... with pardons all around. Billy and his pardes went to Fort Sumner. They began a series of raids on the bands of the big cattleman Ball, the acting sheriff, didn't seem able to check them. John Casum and other cattleman scoured the country for a new sheriff.

Which was where Billy's Nemesis came in. The man selected by the cattleman was Pat Garrett—ex-buffalo shooter, thirty, six-feet four-and-a-half inches tall, with a large handlebar moustache—a determined and ruthless peace-officer. He was also a close friend of Billy the Kid and his gang. He knew all their secrets.

Undoubtedly Garrett was appointed for the special purpose of getting Billy the Kid.

But the Kid and his men were not easy to find. Hearing that they would be coming into Fort Sumner for Christmas, Garrett and his posse waited on them on Christmas Eve—gave Tom O'Fallon a leaden present. He died curing Garrett while the posse played poker. The other five men beat it for the hills.

Garrett traced them to a hut. At dawn on Boxing Day morning, he shot Charlie Bowdre (dead again). The Kid, Billy Wilson, Tom Pickett, and Dave Rudabaugh surrendered. The prisoners were taken to Santa Fe.

Billy was tried in Mexico and found guilty of the murder of Sheriff Brady. He was sentenced to die on May 13 in Lincoln.

Colored hand and foot, he was lodged in the courtroom of the Lincoln County Courthouse with two guards—Deputies J N Bell and a murderous character named Bob Olinger. Olinger constantly threatened to kill Billy with the contents of his shotgun. He went out to lunch one day and the Kid got Bell's gun. Bell ran and the Kid shot him (dead as usual). He then handed Olinger as the deputy crossed the road Garrett was out of town.

Billy could have escaped into Mexico, but he was in love with a pair of dark eyes in Fort Sumner, he went there. He had twenty-one notches in his gun—two short of his ambition.

Garrett scoured the land all the way to the border, then gave up. Bill was living six miles out of Fort Sumner and was often in town. A drunk named George Graham, in another town, heard two friends of the Kid say he was in Fort Sumner. Graham sold the information to Sheriff John W. Poe for one dollar. Poe took the story to Garrett.

Garrett, Poe and a man named McKinney rode to Sumner. At midnight they went along to the house of Pat Maxwell, who had been a friend of both the Kid and Garrett. Garrett left his men outside while he went in to wake Maxwell. He was sitting by Maxwell's bed, in the dark room, when he heard the Kid's voice! Billy had walked across from his cabin's place to cut a steak from a bear hanging on Maxwell's porch. He stumbled into the deputies and nearly killed them. Then ran through the heart. Then ran!

On February 28, 1881, Garrett followed, he tangled with one Wayne Harrell; Garrett grabbed a shotgun, to shoot him in limb and heart—and was magnanimously acquitted.

Billy the Kid was buried near O'Fallon and Bowdre. The cemetery was later neglected. It had twelve murdered men in it and was said to be haunted. Some drunken soldiers shot to pieces the wooden cross which bore the Kid's name.

But in recent years a headstone has been erected. It tersely says: "PALS Tom O'Fallon, Died Dec 1880, Charlie Bowdre, Died Dec 1880, William H Bonney, alias Billy the Kid, Died July." The pardes are together again!

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**THE PRESENT**

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

- With family standing round, is given package that Mrs. Ella has brought him.
- Rejecs offers to open it for him and goes to work getting string off, not making much headway.
- Successfully keeps package away from Mrs. Ella, who gets him to unwind to keep her gift admired, wants to open it for him.
- After long struggle triumphantly sets paper and string off.
- At once sets solemnly to work wrapping it up again.
- Loses all interest when family pries it away from him, opens it, and displays gift.
Honeymoons can be curious

Ever-loving couples, racing coyly for the lonely, Far Blue Yonder may take note—and hesitate.

GERALD ROBBINS

Honey is sweet, and a "moon" is a month. A honeymoon, therefore, should be a "sweet month." Considering how some people on this earth spend their honeymoons, however, they are often as far from being sweet as they are from being a month in duration.

In fact, the period that one poet has called "a little bit of heaven" is, in some countries, a little bit of the opposite. The word "honeymoon," itself, comes from northern Europe. In certain sections there it was once the custom for a newly married couple to get highly intoxicated immediately after the wedding ceremony, and to remain in more or less the same condition for the following four weeks. This effect was obtained with a drink called "mead." And since mead was made from honey, the first month of married life became known as the "honeymoon," or "honeymoon." Back in the Fifth century, Attila the Hun—who, incidentally, had conquered most of Europe—drank so much mead at his wedding feast that he didn't have to follow the custom of drinking it daily for the next twenty-nine days. He died from overindulgence.

The custom of getting inebriated immediately after getting married was way back into Biblical times. In even older custom, however, is that whereby the groom "carries" the bride off to some hideaway, where they can spend the honeymoon far from the jokes of friends and relations.

This desire of a newly married couple to be alone together—whether on a South Sea Island or at Niagara Falls—might seem so natural as to need no explanation. Yet, according to anthropologists, the custom is really a result of what marriage was like back in cave man days.

At that time, each tribe was ruled by an Old Man. As soon as a girl was old enough, the Old Man of the tribe would take her for his own wife. Therefore the only way a young fellow could get a wife would be to grab a woman—and run.

Among the Araucan Indians, in central Chile, the "Old Man" of the tribe no longer grabs up all the girls, but the cave man type of honeymoon still lingers on.

When a young man there meets a young lady who makes his heart beat double-quick, his first step is to sneeze her nightly.

After a short time of this, he gets some money and some friends and goes to her house. The friends give the money to the girl's father, then argue in long discussions about why she should get married.

While the discussions go on, the author sneaks out the girl. When he finds her, she cries for help and her own friends come running—fast.

In the meantime, the eager young men invariably manages to get the girl upon his horse, and they gallop off to the forest together—with everyone following in hot pursuit. As soon as he gets the girl far enough into the woods, however, the pursuers suddenly get tired and go back home.

A honeymoon is sometimes considered a sort of test period, to see just how well two people can stand being in one another's company—without exploding.

In the vicinity of Caraguaro, for example, when a wedding is over, the bride is taken home by her father. The bed chamber, with friends and relations, then goes to her house and knocks on the door. No matter how long he knocks, no one answers. So he searches the grounds until he finds a ladder—which is always around—and climbs into the house through a window.

Inside, he looks for the girl. She plays hide and seek, but eventually is discovered, giggling, behind a door or under a bed.

They remain in this room together, seeing no one but each other, and getting food passed into them through a grating, for five full days.

A somewhat similar custom is observed among a few tribes in the Sahara Desert. There the just married couple are locked up for seven days. If, on the morning of the eighth, they are still on speaking terms, the groom comes out, climbs a palm tree, cuts off the top, and brings it to his bride.

She cooks the stalk, which is considered a very tasty treat, and passes it around to other members of the two families.

The whole procedure signifies that, after spending seven days and nights alone with the girl, the fellow is still
willing to risk his neck to get her the best thing in life—and so they will probably have a very happy marriage together.

While being looked up together might not be the best way to spend a honeymoon, there's little doubt that most newly married couples would like to have a little privacy now and then. With the Kaffirs, in South Africa, however, this isn't always possible.

If a Kaffir girl gets as old as 16 and still isn't married, her father becomes very worried. Maybe people think she isn't pretty enough, or that she has some hidden disfigurement, or that she hasn't been chased. The old man demands she must get a husband as soon as possible—before her market value drops to zero.

So he figures out whom he'd like for her father-in-law, and sends a gift to the man's house. If the gift isn't returned, the way is open for negotiations.

The next step is made by the potential groom's aunts, who hang around the girl's house, watching her comings and goings, and reporting their findings back to her father.

If the young lady passes inspection, she dresses in her most colorful clothes and, followed by friends, goes to the boy's house.

The walk is more like a funeral procession than a wedding march, since everyone, including the bride-to-be, walks constantly all the way.

When she arrives at her destination, she finds all the men folk of the house, including the "lucky man," waiting for her. She kneels before them and takes off her clothes. Then she sits, stands, whirls around, and goes through every motion they tell her to, while they comment out loud to one another about her good and bad points—just as if they were buying a horse... no holds barred.

The women come in next. They also study her—punching her, punching her, pulling her hair, and testing her teeth. Finally the whole family gets together, and if the girl has passed all the examinations, a price is paid to her father and the wedding is completed.

There is still no privacy for the bride, however. Even on the wedding night, two male members of the husband's family stay with them until dawn, to make sure the marriage is actually consummated.

And all during the early part of the marriage the other relatives of the groom are constantly around, during the most intimate moments, to make sure everything is proceeding according to form and that he has not been snubbed.

In a good many parts of the world, a girl doesn't have much say about whom she gets for a husband.

In a few places, however, "honeymoon contests" have evolved, which give a girl a slight chance to nullify such a wedding—if she's strong enough.

Among the Hottentots, for instance, a girl who is married off to a man she flatly dislikes is given one chance, and only one chance, to get rid of him.

On the wedding night, she and the groom are left alone in a small hut. If the bride—using fists and feet, tooth and nail—can keep him from having his way with her for the entire night, she will get her freedom. If she loses, she's his for life.

Such loving couples often return from their honeymoons covered with bruises, or sporting black eyes and broken bones—but very happy about the whole business, nonetheless.

After all, some girls just enjoy playing hard to get.

"Don't you remember? You asked me that yesterday, and I told you I didn't know!"
Designed especially for a wide site with a southerly aspect, this month's CAVALCADE house contains two bed-rooms, the primary object being to construct a home which will give relaxed ease and an opportunity for casual living. A combination of timber and stone have been used in this design. The roof is flat, built up with layers of bituminous compound and topped off with quartz crystals. Thermal insulation is provided by patent insulating materials laid above the ceiling between the rafters. To ensure privacy, few windows have been used in the street-frontage. Bed-rooms and living room have been sited towards the north-east. The main entrance is centrally situated, allowing access to both living and sleeping sections. The floor is quarry stone, continued outside through the glass-wall and uniting exterior and interior by forming a wide patio at the rear. Both bed-rooms have built-in furniture. Bed-rooms and living-room have walls of glass. A built-in side-board completes the dining room and kitchen facilities include a servette. The bath-room has a separate shower recess and a cabinet-enclosed toilet.

PREPARED BY WARWICK KELLS

CAVALCADE, September, 1951
Brilliant poet, mystical dabbler in magic (white and black), he was stripped of his goodness by an old judge.

THE "most wicked man in the world"—according to Britain's celebrated judge, Mr. Justice Swift—was the brilliant Cambridge poet, Edward Aleister Crowley, who earned for himself this stigma by his dabbling in magic, black and white—and red.

Summing up in the libel case which Crowley brought against the authors, Nina Hamnett, and the publishers of her book, "Laughing Torso," the judge said "I've never heard such blasphemous, dreadful and horrible stuff as that which has been produced by the man who describes himself as the 'greatest living poet'."

"After forty years engaged in the administration of the law in one capacity or another, I thought I knew of every conceivable form of wickedness I've learned in this case, to see..."
Pork packers have not yet found a use for the grumblings of a hog, but a Japanese team is using the fear of rats to decorate a building. In Japan, the rats were bred to scare away rats. The record (with volume boosted) was played in a rat-infested warehouse. Next day, even terriers couldn’t find a rat in the premises. The inventors smiled.

ley’s own book “Magick” during the hearing. He had written: “Bloody sacrifice is the most efficacious in practicing magic, and human sacrifice is best.”

A further modern claim Crowley made during the case—that he had succeeded in “rendering himself invisible”—left the judge cold. At any rate, Crowley remained invisible when told he had to pay the costs of the hearing.

Crowley had a flying start in life as a master of magic.

His career in magic started when he was initiated into the “Hermetic Order of the G.D.” in London on November 5, 1906. His alleged “occult powers” soon won him a powerful place in the secret brotherhood and resulted in him publishing several books on magic.

Between these mysterious episodes, he found time to win fame as a mountaineer. Accompanied by the famous mountaineer, Eckstein, he climbed the Alps and several Italian volcanoes. In 1908, the pair went to Mexico, and distinguished themselves by climbing several Mexican volcanoes.

While in Mexico, Crowley founded a secret cult known as the “Lamp of Invisible Light.”

On his return to England, Crowley purchased the Manor of Bolehns on the banks of Loch Ness, in Scotland, to enable him to continue his study of magic and various religions of the world. While there, he married and went to the East to pursue his investigations.

For some time, he claimed, he lived as a Yogi in India and eventually penetrated the mysterious land of Tibet, where he was initiated into still deeper esoteric rites. Between his magical studies he found time to lead an expedition to climb Kanchenjunga, a hundred miles south-east of Everest.

Still pursuing his weird studies, Crowley next went to Egypt where he was initiated into several secret cults. On his return to England, he settled in London.

He published a magazine, replete with arcane wisdom, and had a prolific output of books dealing with magic (black and white). Practically all of his 100 publications were printed privately.

The quirk in his make-up which led him along the path of mystery and occultism found expression in his predilection for using pseudonyms in the literary field. Over a hundred Crowley aliases were identified. Some typical examples were: Count von Zonarff, Perdurabo, Rev. C. Verea, and Count Valdrin Szarek. He alternated his periods of literary activity with visits to Paris where he joined a select Bohemian circle and gained a certain amount of fame as a painter of nude.

Crowley’s American adventure in 1911 was marked by mystery, mummy and mumbo-jumbo. He set himself up in quarters in Seventh Avenue, New York, and soon had a following of occult-minded New Yorkers. Chief attraction at his place was a beautiful high priestess, whose only adornment was a bandage on her left breast by "Master Therion" (as Crowley’s followers called him).

Highlights of his visit, however, was a period of forty days spent at Nantucket, sitting on high cliffs overlooking the Hudson River. Armed with paint brushes, he painted a mural of fifty gallons of red paint, I painted two enormous legends on the rock surface.

The legends read:

"TRY MAN AND WOMAN IS A STAR.
DO WHAT THOU WILT WILL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW.
The local farmers regarded him as harmless crackpot and the-minded plebeians became confused with the type of "star" implied.

He lived with a friend for a week, each taking a vow of silence, the two communicating by means of signs and one monosyllabic, "wow." The experiment was later written as a story, and was published by H. L. Mencken.

On his return to London, and following the failure of his famous libel action, Crowley next donned the mantle of Nostradamus. He predicted the Second World War and suggested that if the courts and the British public had been more sympathetic to him, the catastrophe might have been averted.

On December 23, 1937, he held a ceremony at Cleopatra’s Needle in London, which was attended by representatives of the white, yellow, red, brown, and black races. He proclaimed his "Law of Thelema," and handed a copy to each of the race representatives present.

He stated that he had published it three times and that, each time, "war broke out nine months later through the might of his magic." He missed badly in his timing, but continued to operate his Temple in Chasney Lane.

When his strange and spectacular career ended on December 1, 1947, at the age of 53, followed by the death of his physicians next day, sensational rumors were circulated that the "Master Therion" had been responsible, by placing a curse on the doctor, for stopping Crowley’s allowance of morphine tablets.

Scotland Yard investigated but found that both men had died from natural causes. Yet even the official report failed to dispel the age-old theory that a curse is placed on those who associate with demonologists and black magicians.

In the years before his death, Crowley with a flare for effect, held contrived to convey a near-Mephistophelian air in his appearance. He adopted a pontifical manner and had his head shaved with a warlock on his chin. His eyes were staring and reptilian, he wore a huge ring on his right hand, shaped into two twin-ning snakes, which he claimed had magical properties.

Magical rites were performed at his funeral by a group of his adherents, and invocations made from his occult formulas. Even after his death, his followers believed in the potency of his magic. Representatives of the press were warned to be careful in their reports of the ceremony. One mourner said: "You had better be careful what you write—Crowley might strike at you."
• Warning to Wolves: It's not so much whether a wandering wench knows all the answers to all the questions, it's how she learnt them. To which we can only add that faint heart never won fair lady—not escaped one, either.
• Thus, no doubt, explaining why she wouldn't give him her number; she had his.
• Section for City Sticklers: You may be a fine, upstanding citizen, but it makes no difference to a banana skin.
• Middle-age is that period in a man's life when he'd rather not have a good time than have to get over it.
• Notes from Night-Clubberies: Stuffed dates. Blondes who order everything on the menu.
• So leading us to remark: the best waiters in most restaurants are the customers.
• Holy-Deadlock Department: An extravagance is anything you buy which is of no earthly use to your wife.
• Moreover, marriage is the only institution of correction in which you select your own jailer.
• And that, of course, is the reason why a man who says: he has the most wonderful wife in the world is not merely stating his own opinion—his wife thinks so, too.
• So, brothers, remember: no man should tell his friends any more than he wants his wife to learn from them.
• Admittedly a natural lead to our portion for Pentantinians. Especially the forlorn felon who has been complaining that prison beds are too short—perhaps he's in for too long a stretch.
• Overheard: "He's an athletic type all right, he can hang on the bar and chum for hours!"
• Which reminds us of a certain very anonymous alcoholic of our acquaintance; he gets so much wine spilled on his suit that he never bothers to get it dry-cleaned—he employs peasants to trample on it.
• Free Advertisement: Why not weave beards; they grow on you.
• We know of a contented wife who claims she's never the least worried that her husband is chasing other women; he's too fine, too decent... and too old.
• And just a reminder: Experience is a strenuous teacher, there are no grades, no degrees... and a few survivors.

OUR SHORT STORY: Then there was the radio announcer's tiny tot who was invited to say grace at dinner. "This food, folks," she announced in her clear, trilling treble, "is coming to you through the courtesy of Almighty God."
AND DECIDES TO CO-OPERATE

Driving to meet Truck Todd, Kathleen thinks over his proposition as a photographer. He wants to take pictures of mining. Wants Kathleen to write a story to cover them.

MUST WRITE WHAT I CAN'T HAVE THIS PHOTOGRAPHER STAND OVER ME

Kath tells Truck, as they go down the mine, that she would like him to photograph some things she wants to write about. Truck isn't very agreeable.

ON LOCATION! Kath and Truck meet in the shadow of the Big Poppet Heads.

That's how you feel, Kath, that we can't see how we can work as a team.

Over a quick meal, they discuss the mining feature....

I CAN SELL MY PICTURES WITHOUT YOUR HELP?

Each concerned with their personal welfare, they go into the past.

WHERE'S THE MINE?

LISTENING TO TRUCK TALK, Kath is very attracted to this forthright man.

IN PROCEEDS TO OTHER HER INFORMATION

Listening to Truck, Kathleen thinks that she is very attracted to this forthright man.

TRUCK TODD EXPLAINS THAT HER JOB WILL BE TO WRITE AROUND THE PHOTOGRAPHS HE TAKES. He's boss of the job.

Ignoring Kath King's interest, Todd begins his work....

CAVALCADE September 1951
ARE YOU TWO WORKING TOGETHER?

THAT'S THE IDEA.

WHILE KATH CONTINUES HER INTERVIEWS, TRUCK TODD STANDS BY, AND DOES NOT TAKE PICTURES.

WE GO TO WORK RE-EXAMINING THE DISASTER.

-- FROM BEHIND THE BARRIER OF FALLEN ROCK A MINER SQUATS THAT MINERS ARE IN THERE BLEEDING TO DEATH

AT THIS MOMENT A BLINDING EXPLOSION ROCKS THE MINE.

THE EXPLOSION HAS BROKEN UP THE WORKINGS AND HAS SENT MEN JURRYING FOR THEIR LIVES.

MOVING IN TO THE OPENING KATH LEARNS THAT HELP MUST BE GIVEN QUICKLY.

KATH ANNOUNCES HER INTENTION OF TRYING TO SQUEEZE THROUGH THE OPENING TO GIVE HELP.

AS THE DUST SETTLES IT CAN BE SEEN THAT A HEAVY FALL OF ROCK HAS ALMOST SEARED THE ENTRANCE TO A PASSAGE.

MINERS COME RUNNING TOWARDS THE SCENE OF ACCIDENT. ONE WHO HAS SCRAMBLED FREE OF THE FALL BRINGS BAD NEWS.

KATH FINDS THERE ISN'T ROOM TO STAND UP, BUT SHE CAN MOVE.

ALTHOUGH WARNED OF GAS WHICH CAUSED THE EXPLOSION IN KATH WORMS HER WAY THROUGH THE OPENING.

IT'S TOO DANGEROUS.

THERE ARE WOUNDED MEN IN THERE--AND I KNOW FIRST AID.
Finding a wounded man badly bleeding, Kath does her best.

Using her clothing to bandage the wounded man, Kath manages to stop bleeding.

While Kath is helping the wounded miner outside, aid is coming quickly.

Crawling through the darkness, Kath King trips and sprawls forward.

She discovers a long loose wire.

In a break-through, a first opening to get in the mine, a man helps, pulling the man out of the narrow crevice in which they were trapped.

The episode ends without fatality, though Kath is the loser.

Dumb-founded, Todd finds himself accused of causing the explosion.

You caused that explosion, Mister, striking that match!

That's ridiculous! Truck didn't strike any match.

It had to be a match. It was a definite explosion. Only a naked light would cause it.

Kath hurries to a mine executive and tells him about the loose wire she tripped on.
dead-end for Delia

WILLIAM CAMPBELL GAULT • FICTION

THE ALLEY NEAR THE WAREHOUSE WAS LIT TERED WITH TINS, BROKEN BOTTLES, ROTTING GARBAGE AND A GIRL'S CORPSE

The only light in the alley came from the high, open windows of the faded dance hall bordering its east length. From these same windows the clean melody of a tenor sax cut through the murky air of the alley. There was nothing else around that was clean.

The warehouse running the west border of the alley was of crumby red brick, the alley itself littered with paper and trash, cans and bottles. It was a dead-end alley, no longer used.

The beat officer was at its mouth, keeping the small crowd back, and now the police ambulance came from the west, its siren dying in a slow wail.

The beat officer said, "Better swing out and back in, Sergeant Kelley with you?"

"No. Why?" The driver was frowning and nibbling nervously at his lower lip.

"It's his wife," the beat officer said.

He stepped forward and the patrolman rapped hard at his coat-sleeve.

"She really got worked over."

"Dead?"

"Just died, two minutes ago. How she lived that long is a wonder."

The driver shook his head, and swung out to back into the mouth of the alley.

From the west again, a red light swung back and forth, and the scream of a high speed siren pierced the night. The prowler car was making time. It cut over to the wrong side of the street and skidded for 15 feet before stopping at the curb.

The man opposite the driver had the door open before the car came to rest, and he was approaching the beat patrolman while the driver killed the motor.

"Barnes? I'm Kelley, My wife-?"

"Dead, Sergeant. Two minutes ago."

Sergeant Kelley was a tall man with a thin, lined face and dark brown eyes. He stood there a moment, saying nothing, thinking of Delia, only half hearing the trumpet that was now taking a ride at Dreamland, the Home of Name Bands.

Delia, who was only 23 to his 37.
Delia, who loved to dance, Delia of the fair hair and sharp tongue—was now dead. And that was her dirge, that trumpet taking a ride.

He shook his head and felt the trembling start in his hands. He took a step toward the other end of the alley, and the patrolman put a hand on his arm.

"Sergeant, I wouldn't. It's nothing to see. Unless you're a Humidean man, it's nothing you'd—Sergeant, don't."

Sergeant Kelley shook off the hand and continued down the alley.

Dick Callender of Humiduct was talking to the M.E. He turned at the sound of Kelley's footsteps.

Dick said, "It's nothing to see, Pat."

Pat Kelley didn't answer him. There was enough light from the dance hall for him to see the bloody face of his wife and the matted hair above it. He hadn't seen her for four months.

Then he looked at Callender. "She say anything, Dick?"

"Just—Tell Pat I'm sorry. Tell Pat Lois will know. Take care of you, the second sentence, I mean."

"None, Pat lied. The band was playing a waltz, now.

Callender said, "We'll give it a lot of time. Humiduct will shoot the works on this one."

Pat looked at him and used his title, now. "I want a transfer, Lieutenant. To Humiduct. His voice was very quiet. "You can fix it."

A piece of dirty newspaper fluttered by, stirred by the night breeze. The white-coated men were laying the stretcher alongside the body.

Callender said, "We've got a lot of good men in Humiduct, Pat." He didn't say. And we want our suspects brought in alive.

But Pat could guess he was thinking it. He said, "She left me, four months ago. I'm not going to go crazy on it, but I'd like the transfer."

"Well, see, Pat. The Lieutenant put a hand on his shoulder. "Come on. I'll ride back to headquarters with you."

They went in the lieutenant's wagon. About halfway there, Pat said, "It could have been one of those—pick-up deals, some mug out of nowhere who'll go back to where he come from." Shame burned in him, but he had to get the words out.

Callender didn't look at him. "I've got Adams and Prokowki checking the dance hall. They're hard workers, good men."

Pat said nothing.

Callender went on, quietly. "There must be some angle you've got on it. Your wife must have thought you knew this—this Lois, or she wouldn't have mentioned it. She didn't have enough words left to waste any of them on some trivial matter."

"My wife knew a lot of people I didn't," Pat said. "My statement will include everything I know, Lieutenant. Have her sent to the Boone Mortuary on Seventh Street, will you? I'll talk to her mother tonight."

"She—was living with her mother, Pat?"

"No. I don't know where she's been living these past four months. But it wasn't with her mother. I wish to God it had been, now."

They made the rest of the trip in silence.

It was a little before midnight when Sergeant Pat Kelley, of the pawn shop and hotel detail, climbed the worn stairs of the four-story building on Vine. The place was quiet; these were working people and they got to bed early.

Mrs Revolt lived on the third floor, in two rooms overlooking the littered backyard and the parking lot beyond. Pat knooped and waited.
There was the sound of a turning key, and then Mrs. Revolt opened the door. Her lined, weary face was composed, but her eyes quickened in sudden alarm at the sight of Pat.

"Pat, what is it?"

"I'd better come in," he said. "It's Delta, Mrs. Revolt. Something's happened."

She pulled her wrap over tightly around her, as though to stiffen her body against the words: "Come in, come in. But what—Pat, she's not—she's not—"

He came into the dimly lighted room with the rumpled studio couch, the gate-leg table with the brass lamp, the worn wicker chairs, the faded, dull brown rug. In this room, Delta Revolt had grown from an infant to the beauty of the block. In this room, Papa Revolt had died, and Pat had courted the Revolt miracle.

"Sit down, Mrs. Revolt," Pat said now.

She sat down in the wicker rocker.

"She's dead, I know. She's dead. My Delta, oh Lord, she's dead." She rocked, then, back and forth, her eyes closed, her lips moving, no decipherable words coming out.

Pat sat on the wicker lounge. "She was found in here—she was found near the Dreamland dance hall. She's dead. There'll be detectives coming to see you; other detectives, Mrs. Revolt."

Her eyes opened, and she stopped rocking. "Murdered—Delta? It wasn't an accident? Murdered—Delta?"

He nodded. Her eyes closed again, and a strangled sound came from her tight throat; she toppled sideways in the chair.

Pat got to her before she hit the floor. He put her on the studio couch, and was waiting with a glass of water when her eyes opened again.

Her voice was a whisper. "How did it happen?"

Famed British politician, Mr. Balfour was being shown the Empire State building in New York. He was told its height; how many windows it had; how many tons of steel and concrete; in what an amazingly short time it had been built.

And, to top everything else off, it's absolutely unbelievable by fire," ended his guide in a breathless gasp of triumph. "Pity!" murmured Mr. Balfour sadly. "Yes, a real pity!"

"She was hit with something blunt, comma emotion. Nobody knows anything else. But there's something I wanted you to know."

"Fear in her eyes, now. She said nothing."

"Before she died, Delta mentioned a name. It was Lois! I told the officer in charge the name meant nothing to me. I told him I didn't know any Lois."

The frightened eyes moved around Pat's face. "Why did you say that?"

"Because they're going after this one. She's a cop's wife and they won't be pulling any punches. This man in charge, Calender, can be awful rough. I'd rather talk to Lois, myself."

"But why should they bother Lois?"

"Delta mentioned the name, before she died. They're not going to overlook anything and they're not going to be polite."

"All right, Pat. I had a feeling, when you knocked, something had happened. I've had a feeling about Delta, for years. You can go now;"
Records left in the Arctic in 1905 by Admiral Robert Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, have been recovered. The papers, stuffed in a whisky bottle, were found on Ellesmere Island, about 360 miles from the Pole. Also in the case were copies of notes by Sir George Nares, captain of the British ship, "Alert," in the Arctic in 1875-1876. Peary had found the case in which the "Alert" notes were originally cached and had taken the originals with him.

I'll be all right. I'll want to be alone.

She was under control, now, this woman who'd met many a tragedy, who'd met her biggest one. The fortitude born of the countless minor tragedies was carrying her through this one.

Pat went from there to Symeore. He was off duty, and driving his own car. On Symeore, near Seventh, he parked in front of an old, red brick apartment building.

In the small lobby, he pressed the button next to the card which read: Miss Lois Weldon.

Her voice sounded metallic through the wall speaker, "Who's there?"

"It's Pat, Lois. Something has happened."

"He was at the door when it buzzed. She was washing in her lighted doorway when he got off the service elevator on the fourth floor. She was wearing a maroon flannel robe piped in white, and no make-up. Her dark, soft hair was piled high on her head.

"Her voice was quiet, "What's happened?"

"Delia's been murdered."

She lowered and put one hand on the door frame for support, "Pat, when—when—"

"Tonight. In the alley next to the Dreamland balcony. Slugged to death. She didn't die right away. She mentioned your name before she died."

"My name? Come in, Pat."

"It was not mycket. That could be done about the apartment's arrangement, but color and taste had done their best with its appearance. Pat sat on a love seat, near the pseudo-fireplace.

Lois stood. "Now, what did she say?"

"Pat frowned. "She said, Tell Pat I'm sorry. Tell Pat Lois will miss you."

"Tell that to Lieutenant Collender of Homicide, before he died. He might have been the one who shot that woman, and I told him I didn't know."

"Why?"

"I was trying to protect you. It might have been dumb. But they're going to be rough in this case.

She sat down in a chair close by, staring at him. "I saw Delia two days ago, Thursday afternoon. She told me then that she was sorry she'd left you. Could it have been that, Pat?"

"It could have been. Yes, that's probably what she meant. What else did she tell you?"

"Nothing. She was very vague. She'd been drinking, Pat."

"Drinking? That's a new one for her. Was she working?"

"I don't get that impression."

"Did she tell you where she was living, either? Do you know?"

"Pat shook his head, staring at the floor. The three of them had grown up in the same block on Vine, though they weren't of an age Delia had been twenty-three, and Lois was—let's see, she was thirty and the fairly well-paid secretary to a vice president of a text publishing firm. When Pat was twenty-two and freshly in uniform, he'd been Delia's hero, who'd been fifteen. At thirty-three, in another kind of uniform, one Army, he'd been Delia's hero, and she'd been nineteen.

At the moment, he was an old man, and nobody's hero."

Lois said, "I guess you need a drink." She rose. "Don't try to think tonight, Pat. It won't be any good."

"I was without her for four months," he said, mostly to himself. "I got through that, I don't know about this. I don't seem to have any feelings at all. It's like I'm dead."

Her back was to him. "I know That's the way I felt four years ago."

She poured a stiff jolt of whiskey in the bottom of a tumbler. "Four years ago?" He was only half listening.

"When you married her. She had no expression on her face as she walked over to him. Her hand was steady, holding out the drink.

He looked up to meet her gaze. "Lois, what are you doing?"

"I just wanted you to know," she said, "and now I'm glad you didn't tell that officer you knew me. That's a gesture I can hang on to. It will warm me, this winter."

"Lois—" he protested. "Drink your drink, she said quietly. "Bottoms up."

He started at her and at the glass. He lifted it high and drained it. He could feel its warmth, and then he started to tremble.

"You're one of those black Irishmen," Lois said softly, "who can go all to hell over something like this."

He stood up in the gutter. Or examine yourself a little better and decide if you were a girl headed for doom from the day of your birth and all you really loved was her beauty."

"Stop talking, Lois. You're all worked up. I'd kill anybody else who talked like that, but I know you really loved her, too."

"Who didn't love her? She was the most beautiful thing alive. But she was a kid, and she'd never be anything else. Even now you can see that, can't you?"

"Pat started at his empty glass, and said, "Thanks for the drink," he said, and walked to the door. There he paused, faced her. "It was probably a silly gesture, covering you. There'll be a million people who can tell them what Lois is. I'm sorry I got you up."

""Pat," she said, but he was through the door.

He caught a glimpse of her as he stepped into the elevator. She was in the alcove, both hands on the door frame, watching him with a last train of thought.

The Chief called him in, next morning. He was a big man and a blunt one. He said, "Collender tells me you want a transfer to Homicide for the time being."

"Pat nodded. "Yes, sir."

"How is it you didn't tell Collender about this Lois Weldon last night? A half dozen people have told him about her since."

"I wasn't thinking last night, sir."

The Chief nodded. "You're too close to it. Sergeant. For anybody else, that would be withholding evidence. I'm overlooking it. But I'm denying your request for a temporary transfer to Homicide."

CAVALCADE, September 1951
Scene A Wild West Saloon. Enter Very Bad Baddie, shooting from the hip. Amid shouts, Baddie yells: "Okay! Okay! All y'ouse dirty skunks outer here!" Cacciating customers zoom busily through windows into Far Blue Yonder . . . except one happy imbiber at the bar. "Well, what about it?" snaps Baddie, brandishing smoking gun at him. "Not bad," confesses imbiber blantly. "But there was a hell of a lot of them, wasn't there?"

Pat stared at him, saying nothing. The Chief stared back at him. "You'll want a few days' leave."
"Maybe more," he omitted the "sir."
The Chief frowned and looked at his desk top. His eyes came up again. "I don't like to humiliate you at a time like this. But why more? Were you planning to work on this outside of the department?"
Pat nodded.
"If I give you a direct order not to, that would be insubordination, Sergeant!"
Pat said nothing.
The Chief said, "Those are my orders."
Pat took out his wallet and unpinned the badge. He laid it on the Chief's desk. "This isn't easy, sir, after fifteen years. He stood up, momentarily realizing what a damn fool speech had been.
"You're being dramatic," the Chief said evenly. "The thing that makes a good officer is impartiality. Last night you tried to cover a friend. In your present mood, you might go gunning on a half-baked lead and do a lot of damage. This department isn't run that way. But it's your decision, Sergeant."
He picked up the badge.
Pat started for the door, and the Chief's voice stopped him. "It would be smart to stay out of Lieutenant Callender's way."
Pat went out without answering. He stood there, in the main hall of Headquarters, feeling like a stranger for the first time in fifteen years. It was then he remembered Lois saying, "You're one of those black triads who can go all to hell . . ."
He wasn't that complicated, whether she knew it or not. His wife had been killed and it was a personal business with him. His job for fifteen years had been to protect the soft from violence and fraud and charlatanism, and this time it was closer to home. Only a fool would expect him to continue checking pawn shops, he hadn't thought the Chief was a fool. But then, it wasn't the Chief's wife.
Detective Przowski came along the hall and stopped at the night of Pat.
Pat asked, "What did you find out at Dreamland last night, Steve?"
Przowski tilted his lower lip, frowning.
"Orders, Steve?" Pat asked quietly.
"From the lieutenant."
Przowski didn't answer that "Did your transfer go through?"
"No, I've left the force. Don't you want to talk about Dreamland? I won't remind you how long we've known each other."
"Keep your voice down," Przowski said. "I'll see you at Irv's at one-thirty."
"Sure. Thanks, Steve."

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Why continue needless suffering? . . . COROBIN is available now at your local Chemist. Price, 27/6 a jar.
Famous Polduk Man, long considered one of mankind's oldest ancestors, is an anthropological incident, no more than 16,000 years old, claims Dr. K. P. Oakley, of the British Museum. Dr. Oakley explores the idea that modern man has descended from this ancestor, also known as "Homo sapiens the Dawn Man." Chaired team prove the bones are by no means stated the 10,000 years previously claimed for them says.

Irwin wasn't a cop's hangout; Prokowksi was a Middle Westerner, originally, and a perfectionist regarding the proper temperature of draught beer. Irw had it at the proper temperature.

It was a hot day, so hell, and the beer was cool enough to savor the beverage. Pat drank a couple of glasses, waiting for Steve.

Steve came in at a quarter to two and Irw had a glass pouring for him by the time he reached the bar.

He was a big man, Steve Prokowski, and according to a college crew man right now. "Nothing," he said wearily, "lots of guys danced with her. Nothing," he said wearily, "lots of guys danced with her. Nothing there Shoe clerks and CPA's and punk kids. There was a guy they called Holley. That name means anything to you, Pat?"

"Danced with a shaker of the head. This Holley something special," Pat added.

Irwin really like to dance there's only one place to do it where you get the room and the right music. That's a place like Dreamland.

"I mean you can't catalogue a guy because he goes to a public dancehall, any more than you can catalogue people because you saw them on Grand Central Station. All kinds of people like to dance. Tom Holley drove a smooth car, a coupeditible. That's nighthawk stuff, right? But he liked to dance, and the story is, he really could!"

Steve finished his beer and Irw brought another Steve and casually, "Now, what do you know, Pat?"

"I'm out a job, I don't know anything beyond that. The Chief acted on Callender's recommendation, I suppose."

"I don't know. The lieutenant doesn't always confide in me. What can you do alone, Pat?"

"It's not my idea to work alone."

"He just climbed off his stool and put a dollar on the bar. "Out of that, Irw, all of them. He put a hand on Steve's shoulder. "Thanks for coming in."

"You're welcome. Thanks for the beer. I still work for the department, remember, Pat.""

"I didn't forget it for a minute."

"He could feel Steve's eyes on him in the mirror as he walked out.

Once at breakfast, Delia had been reading the paper and she'd said, "Well, imagine that!"

"I'll try,' he'd said. "Imagine what?"

"This boy I used to dance with at Dreamland, this Joe Helgason. He's a composer, it says here. He likes to dance, and always has, and he knows very little about music, but he's composed. And he must be rich. Holley, we always called him."

"You should have married him."

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**The Umbrella**

**First the Shade of Priests and Kings.**

**Now the Common Protector of the Millions.**

It is historically incorrect, but nevertheless a nice thought, to ascribe the invention of the umbrella to Europe to the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid. Yet in a way it is correct to do so because the Caliph sent a present of a beaded umbrella to Charlemagne and the beaded umbrella is the ancestor of our modern umbrella, it being designed to protect the Emperor's son and other important persons from the sun.

Actually that is really the function of the modern umbrella. A parasol, it is said, means "shade." It is made of canvas and a framework of wood or bamboo, in which the canvas is stretched across and the whole is held up by the user.

The umbrella is of great antiquity, appearing in the ancient art of Egypt, Nineveh and Pergamum, and in the East. The umbrella used as a parasol is still common in ancient China and Japan. They were generally used by women, and sometimes by men who did not mind being considered effeminate.

This probably continued to be used in Rome and China at least until the beginning of the 17th century. The umbrella was little if at all known in England during the next few decades. However, it became popular as a parasol for women in the 18th century, and during the reign of Queen Anne it became popular as a parasol from the rain, but again only for women. Gay's "Tyrant" (1710) speaks of women trudging through the wet "enveloped by the umbrella's oily sheet and ..." as a joke.

The first umbrellas were made of cloth, but now they are made of paper, which is more durable. They are often used as a protection from the sun, and are called parasols.

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CAVALCADE, September, 1931

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CAVALCADE, September, 1957
A WARNING TO MEN IN MID LIFE

At about 50 years of age most men show a marked decline in vitality and voice. At the same time, and for no apparent reason, they suddenly develop a nervous tension and emotional instability, inability to sleep, and lose interest in life. They suffer from pain and become irritable over nothing, easy to aggravate, moody, indecisive, unable to concentrate, and over all they have a constant dragging tiredness. But this change is not confined to midlife only. Quite frequently these symptoms appear at the age of 35 and there are many cases of men as young as 30 who have lost their powers.

Do YOU suffer from any of these symptoms? If you show signs of just one, it is a sure indication that your natural production of male hormone is decreasing. It is this male hormone that governs the whole character and characteristics of the male. Because NU-MAN contains genuine Testosterone, the male hormone, it replaces the natural supply and so prevents the mental and physical decline that otherwise would follow. That is why, from the day you start NU-MAN, you will feel renewed vitality, increased strength, freedom from worry and a new, more aggressive and determined approach to life.

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CAVALCADE September 1951
quietly with slit-lit eyes.

Pat could see the pulse in his wrist and he had a passing moment of goddess. "Where was she living?"

"The Empire Court, over on Hudson."

"Working, was she?"

"I don't think so. She never mentioned it. If she was, She was kind of distant about all that!"

Pat looked at Holgeson lovely. "Was she-living alone?"

Holgeson took a deep breath. "I don't know. I never went in over there. She was always ready when I called for her." He seemed pale and his voice was unsteady.

Pat felt resentment welling through him, but he couldn't hate them all. Everybody had loved Delta.

He said quietly, "There's nothing you know? You must have mentioned some names, or what she was doing. What the hell did you talk about?"

"We didn't talk much. We danced that's all. Sergeant, believe me, if I could help I would." His voice was raspy. "If you know how much I wanted to help." He shook his head. "There isn't anything I know, not a damned thing."

"All right I can believe that. If there's anything you hear, or happen to remember, anything at all, phone me." He gave him the number.

He went from there to the Empire Court, on Hudson. It was a fairly modern, U-shaped building of gray stone, set back on a deep lot. There was a department car among the cars at the kerb.

The name in the lobby read Delta Revolt. Pat pressed the button and the door buzzed.

It was on the second floor and he walked up. There were some technical men dusting for prints, and there was Lieutenant Colleander, his back to the doorway, standing in the middle of the living room.

He turned and saw Pat. His face showed nothing.

"Anything?" Pat asked him.

"Look, Pat, for the love of..."

"You look," Pat said. "She was my wife. You got a wife, Lieutenant."

"I'm married to my second, now."

He shook his big head and ran a hand through his hair. "The Chief said you'd resigned."

"That's right."

"You've been a cop for 15 years. You're acting like a rookie."

"I've only been a husband for four years, Lieutenant. I'm not getting in your way."

"We'll probably get a million prints, all but the right ones. We found a dressing robe we're checking, and some pyramids. The lieutenant's eyes looked away. "I'll talk to the Chief. Pat, I'll see that you get your job back."

"I don't want it back—yet. Thanks, anyway, Lieutenant." He kept seeing Delta in the room and somebody else, some formless, faceless somebody, and the goddess came again and he knew he wouldn't have the stomach to look in any of the other rooms.

He turned his back on the lieutenant and went down the steps to the lobby and out onto the hot, bright day. They were right about it, of course. A cop shouldn't be on a family case any more than a surgeon should. Emotion was no asset in this business.

He sat in the car for minutes, trying to get back to reality, trying to forget that cozy apartment and the lieutenant's words. The brightness of the day seemed to put a sharp outline on things, to give them a sense of unreality, like a lighted stage setting.

He heard last night's trumpet again, and started the motor.
The alley was bright, now, but no cleaner. The voices of the freight handlers on the street side of the warehouse were drowned by the racket of the huge trucks bumping past. He walked to the alley’s dead end and saw, for the first time, the door that led from the dance hall, a fire exit.

It was open, now, and he could see some men in there, squirming the floor with some granulated stuff. There was the sound of a huge rotary brush polisher, but it was outside his line of vision.

He went in through the open door, along a wide hall that flanked the west edge of the bandstand. The men looked at him curiously as he stood there, imagining what must have been last night. He could almost hear the music and see the dim lights and the crowded floor.

Along this edge, the floor was raised and there were stairs up here, for the speculative males, looking over the field, discussing the old favorites and the new finds, wondering what happened to this transient queen and that one. Some had married and not retired.

One of the workers called over, "Looking for the boss, mister?"
"That’s right."
"Won’t be in this afternoon. The joint’s been full of cops and he went out to get some fresh air."
"Okay." Pat turned and went out. It was nearly five, now. He turned the car to a U-turn and headed for Borden. He parked on a lot near Borden and Sixth, and walked the two blocks to Curtis-Husted, Publishers.

Louis was busily typing when he opened the door to the outer office. She looked up at his entrance, and her face seemed to come alive, suddenly.

"Past!" She got up and came over to the railing.

"It was pretty rough, last night. I thought a drunk and dinner might take us back to where we were Past way, anyway."

"It will, it will. Oh, Pat, if you knew what last night—" She put a hand on his on top of the railing.

The door to Pat’s right opened, and a man stood there. He had a masculine, vinic face and stoop-sway leer. He said, "You can go any time, Louis. I guess Mr. Curtis won’t be back."

"Thank you, Mr. Husted, she said. "I’ll be going in a minute."

He smiled, and closed the door. "My boss, the VH, she whispered "Isn’t he handsome?"

"I suppose, " Pat could feel her hand trembling.

She said quietly, "You’re better, aren’t you. You’re coming out of it."

"I’m better," he said. "This whole game is one blind alley."

"Della knew a lot of men—of people I’ll be with you in a minute."

They went to the Lump Post, an unpretentious restaurant nearby.

They had a martini each, and Louis told him, "Their spare ribs are the best in town."

She seemed animated. She said, "It’s going to be all right. It’s going to take some time, and then you’re going to be really happy, Pat. I’m going to see that you’re happy."

He ordered another pair of drinks, and they finished those before the ribs came. They went from the Lump Post to a spot on the west side, and Pat tried very hard to get drunk. But it didn’t work, the alcohol didn’t touch him.

They went back to Louis’ place. He sat with her in the car in front of her apartment and lit a cigarette.

"Come on up," she said. "I’ll make some coffee."

He shook his head. "I know Husted was paying for that apartment. Della was living in. I’ve known it for two months, Louis. And you did, too, didn’t you?"

Her silence was his answer.

You probably thought Husted killed her, and yet you’ve told the police nothing. Della probably told you yesterday or the day before that he was coming back to me. But you didn’t tell me that. Was it yesterday you saw her?"

"The day before. I didn’t want her to come back, Pat. And I didn’t tell you about my boss because he’s got a family, because he’s a fundamentally decent man."

"You didn’t want her to come back. Because of me?" Pat’s voice was hoarse. "You poor damned fool, you don’t know me, do you? No matter what she was, Louis, I’ll be married to her the rest of my life. But you were the one who could have told me she was coming back. You could have saved her life."

"Past."

Get out, Louis! Get out—quick! She scrambled out. He drove off.

Back at his apartment, he wrote a note and phoned it to headquarters. His note read:

Lieutenant Callender:

I wanted to work with Humoldt because I thought it would be safer that way. I could see how close you boys were getting. But it doesn’t matter now, because I’ve no desire to escape you. I killed my wife with a wrecking bar which you’ll find in the luggage deck of my car. I couldn’t stand the thought of her loving anyone else and I wasn’t man enough to rid myself of her. The checking I’ve done to-day reveals to me I would probably have escaped detention. I make this confession of my own free will.

Sergeant Patrick Kelly.

He waited there, 36 in hand. He waited until he heard the wall of the arena. Then he put the muzzle of his 36 to the soft roof of his mouth, and pulled the trigger.

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CAVALCADE September 1951

96
'WARE, SUBS! . . .

A new strategy of warfare is being planned for the ocean depths and naval experts are already arguing whether the conventional battle fleet (even with aircraft carriers) may not be outmoded. Some naval men have even gone so far as to say that the success or failure of any future war may be decided by new submarine craft under the surface of the seas. Obviously, to an ocean-bound nation such as Australia, the validity of these arguments is of primary importance. For the latest details disclosed on a highly hush-hush subject, read Mark Hope's "Man-made Menace in the Ocean Depths" - an authenticated account of what new perils may be in store.

SAVAGE SIDELIGHT . . .

Africa, someone has said, is the Primordial Mother of the Earth, the source of all life . . . but death as well as life is hidden in the mysteries of her fertil heart. And never did death come in a more macabre and hideous guise than in the story which Lester Way tells of "The Black Prince of Silence." It is a grotesque incident of French colonial history — and one which, for sheer terror, would be hard to equal in the annals of any nation. Yet it is cold, stark fact — another grim reminder of man's barbarity to man. Lester Way gathered many of his facts from an old French Army surgeon who once served in the localities where the brutalities occurred.

AH, LOVE!

What with one thing and another, honeymoons are notoriously interesting — but don't think that they all run in the same mould. Some people have queer ideas about what constitutes the ideal honeymoon; and most of the queerest of them have been collected in Gerald Robinson's "Honeymoons Can Be Curious." So read it . . . and then, when you're on your own, you hungry, happy people, don't complain about the weather. There's more than biling and cooking being perpetuated on the outskirts of Empire.

MYSTIC MURDER.

The age-old cults of black magic and devil-worship are by no means dead and have a habit of cropping up in some of the least suspected places in the modern world. For the story of one of the greatest (and most feared) practitioners of the art who lived not so many years ago, read John Adams' account of "The Master Thronson" — the strange Aleister Crowley, whose career sounds like the ravings of a horror-fictioneer and yet who roved the world in the early part of this century.