Polygamy plagues the U.N. — Page 12

What do your pains mean? — Page 16

Mystery of the Prince’s Heart — Page 66
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battle of the
TASMAN SEA

EDWARD ANDREWS

Australia's first naval battle was fought out by the mildest men to object to any threat-cutting

THE first naval battle ever fought in Australian waters ended in a tame anti-climax. The convict-turned-pirates of the ship "Wellington" ran below decks halfway through the battle and meekly sued for peace.

They were not afraid of the two whaling ships which fought them, they explained later. But they were in mortal terror of the 200 wild Maoris massed on the beach, enlisted by the whalers as their allies.

Worse was at all surprising. The Maoris had strenue gastronomic tastes and hearty appetites ... as more than one shipwrecked mariner had learned to his dismay.

They had all the South Sea Islanders' unadulterated appreciation for "long pay" and even if convict-turned-pirates might be a bit lean on the bone, they could—at a pinch

—be turned into a very successful (and, according to reports, very tasty) stew... if your fancy happened to stray in that direction.

Moreover, the Maoris were no mean fighting men (judged by any standard)—and 200 of them would take more than a little handling. More handling, indeed, than the crew of the "Wellington" could accomplish.

Taken all round, the "Wellington's" men were probably the mostest and most easily frightened pirates who ever sailed the Pacific.

It was all a mistake to charge them with piracy, they told the judge in Sydney. They only wanted to escape from Norfolk Island, and they had always intended to give the ship back.

The judge, unmoved, sentenced 28 of them to death.

The "Wellington" left Sydney on December 11, 1836, with 50 convicts and a military escort, bound for the penal settlement on Norfolk Island.

Captain John Harwood was peacefully shooting the sun at noon 10 days later when the convicts made a sudden rush and overpowered the guards.

The guards were chased two-and-two and put into the hold with the ship's crew. The convicts immediately put on the troops' uniforms and mounted sentries.

They gave three cheers, cried out, "Liberty or death," and began knocking off their shackles.

Harwood added:

"John Walton, elected captain by the convicts, then demanded the brig's charts and asked Harwood which was the best port to get water. Harwood, thinking over the chances of meeting a rescue ship, promptly advised him to make for New Zealand.

The convicts sent Harwood with his officers and passengers to their cabins and held a meeting to elect new officers. They also drew up a set of rules and set up a council of seven to enforce discipline.

Walton kept a log of the "Wellington's" voyage to New Zealand.

"December 23: This day regularly placed men in watches. Fourteen sentries and seven to work ship. Enacted regulations to prevent irregularities and dissensions. Composed a council of seven to judge and punish misdemeanours, regulate the supply of provisions and water."

Walton ceremoniously examined the wounds of troops and prisoners and found none of them serious. Harwood admitted at the trial that the convicts treated everyone on board with kindness.

Walton's entry for the first day ends: "Regularity and good order predominant and a glow of satisfaction on every countenance."

On Christmas Eve the Council of Seven tried its first delinquent. A man who went to sleep at his post was given extra duty and had his grog stopped. Another convict who crept into the hold, borrowed a case of wine and got drunk was sentenced more severely. He was put in irons at once and the council decided to maroon him when they reached New Zealand.

On Christmas Day Walton and his council relaxed their strict discipline. He entered quaintly in his log: "As the only deficiency we have at present found on the part of the government was in not supplying us with plums, issued an order that if any individual on board has plums they must be given up."

No one, apparently, felt like praying. The log continues briefly: "Plums were procured."

The convict pirates killed four seamen and three sheep for dinner and lazily away their Christmas Day. "A very comfortable day moderately indulging ourselves with some gin and

CAVALCADE, November, 1951
A L USU-VIS Lovebirds
are so devoted to each
other that if one dies, its mate
expires of a broken heart. A
British bird-lover, who
cherished a pair, found one
dead. The other began to
pine, so bird-lover conceived
a scheme to save it. She put
a mirror by the cage. The
lovebird cooed and, cuddling
up to the mirror, lived for
two whole weeks. It might
have been living yet if it had
not dropped dead of a broken
mirror.

brandy," Walton records happily.
The next day he began cleaning
up the ship. The deck cargo was
thrown overboard to lighten the brig
and the hands put to work painting.
Some of the men became ill and
Walton could find no drugs on the
ship. "Shameful neglect of the part
of the Government," he declared.
Another man found drunk was put
in double irons and had his grog
stopped.
But on January 2 when the brig
was in sight of the New Zealand coast,
the Council of Seven had its most
serious duty. One of the convicts
had tried to organize a rebellion.
After a two-hour trial the council
sentenced him to double irons and
marooning in New Zealand.
The log abruptly ends: "He is to
be kept on deck day and night and
not allowed communication with any
person whatsoever."

When the "Wellington" reached the
Bay of Islands, the convicts found
that two whaling ships, the "Sisters"
and the "Harriet" were already
watering there. This was what Har-
wood had hoped would happen.

For a few days Walton carried
through a bluff. He visited Captain
Duke of the "Sisters" and Captain
Clarke of the "Harriet" and invited
them both to dine with him.
Harwood eventually smuggled a
note by a native to a missionary on
shore who passed it on to Captain
Duke.

At dawn next day the "Sisters" sud-
denly opened fire on the "Wellington.
the "Harriet" soon joined in.
The whalers were not good mark-
smen. It took nearly four hours before
the combined fire managed to bring
down the "Wellington's" topmast.
The "Wellington" carried two long
four-pounders but the demoralized
convicts did not even fire back. They
were afraid of the consequences if
they became real pirates.

They were even more afraid when a
nigger from the "Sisters" pulled along-
side with an offer of terms from
Captain Duke. If they surrendered,
said he, no one would be harmed.
If they would not surrender, he had
arranged for 200 Maori warriors to
attack the vessel.

One look at the Maoris on the beaten
was enough for Walton and his men.
They surrendered at once to Captain
Duke.

Four convicts were killed in the
battle and seven others jumped
overboard and swam for the shore. Two
of these were drowned and the
Maoris rounded up the other five and
returned them to Captain Duke.

Duke loaded them all on the
"Sisters" from Captain Harwood and
his crew and sailed with his prisoners
for Sydney.

After sorting out the convicts who
had not taken any part in the seizing
of the ship, the Sydney authorities
put 26 convicts on trial for piracy.

William Carlisle, who had twice
stood trial for his life, escaped for
the second time. Carlisle had or-
iginally been convicted for murder,
but the trial judges had been dis-
satisfied with the verdict of the
military jury.

He ordered a new investigation
which exonerated Carlisle; but—be-
causes of red tape—Carlisle had to
wait months for an official pardon
to arrive from England.

While he was waiting in prison
zealous officials grabbed him to com-
plete a Norfolk Island draft. The
judge ruled that he had only expec-
ted his natural rights of escaping
from unlawful imprisonment and
could not be convicted of piracy.

Two other convicts, wrongly in-
cluded in the Norfolk Island ship-
ment, escaped on similar grounds. But
the others were all sentenced to death.

"The Australian" published a story
that the Government was planning to
erect a gallows on the North Shore
and hang the convicts to rot there in
chains as a warning.

"This," the paper declared, "will
answer no good purpose and would
shock the feelings and humanity of all
who have to pass up and down the
river.

A few days later the journal was
able to congratulate itself that the
Government had abandoned this plan.
All except convicts with previous
dead sentences against them would
be sent back to Norfolk Island.

This left six prisoners for the gal-
lows. One was shipped the day be-
fore the execution.

The five men spent their last 20
minutes of life in prayer. One of
them read from a prayer book the
seven penitential psalms of David.
Even the gallows bystanders, as
customed to hangings in convict
Sydney, were moved when he calmly read
the words: "My days are vanished
like smoke; and I am withered up
even as grass."

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CAVALCADE, November, 1951
WON UNBACKED

FRANK BROWNE

FROM the time that Melbourne Cup weights are declared those who know most about the game begin to search for the possible winner. The bookmakers, backed up by a most efficient "secret service" which gives them plenty of inside oil on what horses intend doing, and the calibre of the horses in those stables, get out a list of prices. They issue doubles charts, which in turn are studied avidly by professional and other punters. Wagers are examined minutely. The badly-handicapped horses, on known form, are to some extent neglected. Those who appear to be "thrown in" favourably handicapped are the early favourites.

So the game starts. Then, current form—and stable intentions—begin to play their parts. Every Saturday's racing in Sydney or Melbourne, and to a lesser extent in the other States, is reflected in the charts that appear punctually on the Tuesday following. A horse wins a race against a field of brumbies and goats. The stable announces him as a Melbourne Cup hope, and the papers duly print it. It comes cash for him, and he "advances in the market."

Another animal performs poorly, and consequently drifts in the charts. The tracks, too, are watched by men trying to find a clue to the Cup Pedigree of all horses who appear to have a chance of running out two miles and three-quarters, in an attempt to find hidden virtues in some of the probable winners at cricket scores prices.

So it goes on week after week. Meanwhile, the entries for the Cup steadily shrink. The list that first took three columns to print contracts steadily, a column—and then, finally—a few inches is enough newspaper space to print those still left in.

At last, final acceptances are declared.

Thus happens five days before the big race. The scrutiny of weeks is a mere passing glance compared to the analysis that those final acceptors get. The bookies add up everything they already know and then redouble their efforts to find out what is happening. The professionals go through the field just as thoroughly. Some have got the favourites going for big money, and now are looking for "dangers," preferably at long prices, on which to buy.

By the time mid-afternoon comes on the first Tuesday in November, the racing brains of Australia, backed up by years and years of experience, have sorted everything out. That doesn't mean that they can all pick the winner. With everything taken into consideration, there might be at least ten chances in the field for ten horses with not much between them.

But one thing that they should be able to do after all their calculations is pick out the ones who couldn't possibly win. The ones who are in to make up the field—or perhaps because somebody is sentimental enough to want to see his colours carried in the big race.

It's sad to relate that they can't even pick the ones who can't possibly win, with any certainty.

Three times in the history of the race, horses have started at 100-1, virtually unbacked, either by their stables or anybody else, and landed the big event. They were The Pearl, in 1871, Wotan in 1935, and Old Rowley in 1940. How come that they could conceal their true worth from everybody? How did the lynx-eyes of punters and bookmakers overlook them completely?

Let's have a look at these three "bolters" and see under what conditions they won their big races.

Our first case history is The Pearl. He never started as a two-year-old. As a three-year-old, the bay horse started eight times. He wasn't much of a looker, but galloped fairly well. His eight starts produced two wins.

In his four year old season, he showed no form at all. He started ten times and never looked like winning.

On August 1, in common with all other horses, he turned five. He started galloping fairly well on the track, and Mr. Taft, his owner decided to take him to Sydney, as a second string to his better stayer, Pyramus. He did better than the stable hoped. He ran second to Rosebud in the Metropolitan, and won the Sydney Handicap, conducted later at the A.J.C. Spring Meeting.

Back he came to Melbourne, and there were some bets for him in the pre-post Cup market.

There is no record of him doing anything startling during October, but the papers of the day record that he worked along quite well on the tracks.

Come the opening day of the V.R.C. Spring Meeting. He saddled up in the Hotham Handicap, and ran a most
The Pearl was always well placed, went to the front near the distance and won by two lengths. The second horse, Romula, fired in a protest, but it was quickly dismissed.

So, we come to our history No. 2. The case of Wotan, son of Siegfried, who won in sensational circumstances, in 1936, at 100-1, and the plaudits of the bookies.

Wotan was a New Zealander, operated by three brothers named Smith. As a three-year-old, he was an abject failure. He didn't go fast enough to keep himself warm.

He started in back races as a four-year-old and on September 12, actually won a back race.

But why his owners had entered him in the Melbourne Cup will never be known.

Why, on the strength of a win on September 12, in a back race, they decided to bring him to Australia, is just as great a mystery.

He arrived in Australia without fuss, but the keen eyes of the bookies and punters were on him.

All that they found to interest them was in his breeding, and not his form. His dam, Lida, had also thrown Game Carrington, winner of the Caulfield Cup, and Peter Jackson, a Moonee Valley Gold Cup winner.

Wotan had two starts in Australia prior to the Cup. He went very poorly each time, dropping out last. A report had circulated that he wasn't much good on a heavy track. This gained plenty of credence.

As the field lined up, he was something of a joke. He was even more of a joke when half the journey had been covered.

Young Crusader, the leader, was out in front, carving out a terrific pace. A good half a furlong behind from the leader, was Wotan.

In the last 50 yards, with the race all over, the despondent outsider came hurling along to snatch victory.

To make matters worse, he ran his race in Australian record time.

He tracked everybody—not the least his owners, who had a few pounds on him for sentiment's sake and no other reason.

Only one man made a fortune out of the outsider's win. That is, only one punter. This was not a student of form or breeding. He was a man who dreamed about the race, and Wotan was the one who won the race in his dream.

Third in the parade of 100-1 Melbourne Cup winners is Old Rowley. He differs from the others in that he had been a really good horse.

Old Rowley showed signs of being a good stayer from his early days. Then he went wrong. He spent a year in the paddocks.

Brought back, he showed little form. His owner-trainer, Jack Scally, persisted with him. He was entered for the Cup of 1940. He never got into calculations. He was an aged has-been, with a bowed tendon, and a doubtful suspensory ligament.

The Spring came along and Old Rowley saddled up in weight-for-age races. One run that made his trainer think his chances might be all right in the Cup was his dead heat for third, in the A.J.C. Spring Stakes, at weight-for-age.

But he didn't show up later. Still, what everybody had forgotten was that this former winner, distance star, had only 7-12 in the Cup. They had forgotten his Spring Stakes run. There was also the fact that only one aged horse, Tarcoola, 50 years before, had been able to win the Cup.

The has-been got up to win quite comfortably, without the proverbial decem on him, and the students of form took another hint.

There is nothing much to be learned from a study of the three long-shots.
Ah wives! You get 'em in ones, twos and threes but when they number hundreds, there's trouble.

NORAH SARLAT

POLYGAMY PLAGUES the U.N

WOMEN... they're everywhere! Even in the hushed precincts of the United Nations Assembly, belligerent with wars, imminent wars and threats of wars still to come, the Battle of the Sexes is raging. The Gorgon-head, The Issue: One man, one wife... or...?

Recently an overseas magazine published a condemnation of the marriage customs of a 100-year-old African tribal king, the Fon of Bikon. "The King of Bikon, who has 900 wives, sends his chifafa for girls in surrounding villages. About 100 of his wives stand around him in a semicircle-naked—as is the privilege and custom of the 'King's Own'. The father drags his daughter forward, throws her on the ground in front of the king, who steps forwards and puts his right foot on top of the girl's body, which means 'I accept this piece of cargo'. The girl may be a mother at 14 years. This is the everyday custom of the Bikon tribe of Cameroon... This is what happens with girls, young children and cattle.

No sooner was the article in print than the moaning and cultural drums of Western Civilization began to beat. Here was polygamy—in its worst form—still being practised in the enlightened 20th Century! In no time at all, a resolution was introduced into the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations asking for a full-dress investigation of the problem.

A committee was appointed and told to go ahead.

A Solomon-like ruling was in perfect order. Solomon himself was the greatest polygamist in history, with more than 1,000 wives to his credit. But the U.N. Committee set up to investigate the situation was not concerned with ancient moral mores.

In fact, polygamy wasn't legally abolished in the United States until 1868, when Utah applied for statehood. As a condition of admission into the Union, the state constitution had to bar the practice of polygamy advocated by the Mormons—a large religious denomination that had sprung up in the territory.

Actually, if the committee's scope hadn't been limited to the Cameron case at hand, it could have been directed to hundreds of other examples of polygamy flourishing around the world today.

Over on the Malay Peninsula, the Semang conduct a rather brittle system of monogamy, even though polygamy is not forbidden. However, husbands and wives are permitted to interchange at will.

In a remote part of the U.S.S.R., polygamy is very much in style. Citizens of the Kazakhstani Republic are allowed four wives, and it is a mark of wealth and community standing to acquire them. Among the Ainu of Northern Japan, third and fourth wives are very common, possibly because the marriage yoke is so easily shed. An Ainu marriage lasts only as long as it suits the convenience of both parties.

Further north, the Polar Eskimos have the right to acquire more than one wife, but it is rarely exercised. In place of that, it seems, an Eskimo may exchange his wife with any other Eskimo for short periods of time—or even lend his wife to a friend.

But possibly the largest part of the world condoning polygamy lies in those areas that are preponderantly Moslem. Under Moslem law, a man may have up to four wives. Yet no strict rules govern the conduct of the four, and few Moslems today wish to avail themselves of the opportunity. For one thing, the upper class Moslems, with an advantage of higher education, find the system distasteful as a matter of pride. And the lower classes, who might possibly desire polygamous arrangements, can hardly afford the luxury.

When the U.N. mission arrived in the Cameroon, it found the Fon of Bikon to be an aging gentleman who claimed to be well over 100 years old. In his compound were 119 wives.

According to the British Administrative Authority in the Cameroon, there have been no serious complaints for years, either by or about any of the Fon's wives.

The U.N. mission decided to pay a personal visit to the Fon of Bikon. When they arrived, the committee men found the tribe prepared for their visit. There was a marked but polite, remonstrance of the purpose of their call.

An address was read publicly to the Mission denouncing the magazine article that had stirred up the hornet's nest, labelling it an insult and a libel both to the people of Bikon and the Fon himself. It added that "the chief's wives have been and are still second only to their own children in the enjoyment of the good things of life, whether socially or economically. The only complaint the present chief's wives have to make is..."

CAVALCADE, November, 1951
TABASCO SAUCE. There's no doubt about these Latinos; they're fiery (or sometimes) loyers. Seems that one Mario Cadre, tempestuous foreman from Mexico, recently ran a feverish temperance over Ava Gardner. Determined not to allow this love-light to burn unobserved, Mario advised Ava of his condition in passionate love-letters. Ava poured cold water on the sensitive swordsman's passion by leaving his missives without answer. Mario apparently felt bitterly about it. He planned revenge. "I shall go to ze Hollywood," he proclaimed. "And when ze reporters, say ask me of Ava Gardner, then I shall say "Ava Gardner . . . so es these Ava Gardner . . . I never heard of her."

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

that they produce no children.

The Fon himself was indignant over the whole maturing affair, and announced his intention of seeking redress, through litigation, of the libel that had been made on him. With majestic dignity, he asserted:

"I am Fon Ndi of all Kom village. I hold undisputed sway over this Bikon Fondom, in other words Bikon State. I am the ninth of the dynasty of Kings in Kom. Peace of mind is good of my people and me. This is so because of the mixture of cultures. The white man has come with his and we seem to abandon ours for the new one. This new one, we do not know.

"I am far advanced in age, fairly over a hundred, and being nearer the other end of my life, the call to eternal peace may come to me any day. And so I request that you accord some measure of priority to my petition so that I may see the end of all the high-handed measures which have been applied to me. And when I am dead and gone, I shall tell my predecessors that I lived to see what I saw, and that in the end a U.N. Trusteeship Council came.

And as an added bit of testimony in their King's behalf, the women of Kom drew up and signed (with thumbprints) the following petition:

1. We the undersigned women of Kom, including some of the Fon's wives, protest against the wrongs concerning our husbands. We are happy to live with our husbands. We do not grudge sharing husbands. We live with them happily.

2. We, the Fon's wives, live happily with the Fon according to our native law and custom.

Bombarded with the weight of testimony — both written and actually observed — the U.N. Mission came to several broad conclusions concerning polygamy in Africa. First, it was noted that the peoples of Africa have their own culture and customs. Since they do not concede with those of other countries, it would be a mistake to look upon them through Western eyes. The customs of the tribes still command the respect of the people.

Polygamy is an economic as well as a social condition. Plural marriage is often the only method by which a preponderantly female population can be maintained economically and socially. It is a type of social security that has evolved and will have to continue until Western Civilization, through education, convinces the Africans that other ways are better.

In view of the fact that the mass of the people were attached to the custom of polygamy, the Mission was convinced that prohibiting the practice or direct intervention would create social chaos among the tribes.

As a result, they forwarded three proposals to the Trusteeship Council for action.

1. Proceed and effectively protect the right of women and girls to refuse to take part in any forced union, and to release themselves from any such unions.

2. Allow the wives of polygamous to withdraw from their marriages when it appears they no longer wish to accept their secondary positions.

3. Develop the educational opportunities, notably for girls, so that a higher concept of the role of women in society may be spread.

Back in the U.N. Council halls, the Mission's report was hailed, with few dissenting voices, as a wise, rational, and just conception of the problem.

Once the matter was successfully processed through the Council, the head of the Mission to the Cameroons, Awn Khalidy, Acting Permanent Delegate of Iraq, had the last word to say to the American press on the subject of the Fon of Bikon.

"We should leave the man alone. It is enough to handle 100 women at a time. May God give him strength in his arduous task."

SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

CAVALCADE, November, 1951
what do your PAINS mean

The quails and ophids you sometimes feel may mean everything or nothing to you.

EDWARD T. WILKES, M.D.

SEVERAL months ago, a mother brought her little girl to a hospital because of repeated skin abscesses. The child's body was covered with scars of old infections. She had never felt any pain, and the only way the mother knew something was wrong was when she saw the skin swell or become red. Once she was severely burned and yet experienced no pain. Another time she developed a bone infection in her leg, which drained pus before the mother realized she was seriously ill.

This unfortunate child had a rare abnormality—a congenital defect in the nerve fibres running from the skin to the spinal cord and thence to the brain. Had she had a sense of pain there would have been a warning of trouble in time to prevent her discfigurement and prolonged illness.

Broadly speaking, the pain sense is found wherever there is a touch, warmth, and cold sense. One exception to this is the cornea of the eye which has only pain endings. The pain sense travels from the nerve endings in the skin, in the nerve fibres to the back part of the spinal cord and thence to the brain.

The brain interprets these pain impulses and retains the memory of them for a long time. As an example, a soldier who had had his leg amputated, complained months later of the severe pains he felt in his toes and calf muscles, although he now wore an artificial limb. He was suffering from an illusion, but the pain he felt was real and terrible. It may take weeks, months, or even years for these so-called phantom pains to disappear, and for the brain to adjust to reality. However, if a surgeon cuts out a portion of the frontal lobe of the brain, the seat of these emotional memories, the patient no longer has the phantom pain.

Recent studies of pain have shown that there are special areas of skin and muscles that act as triggers for the spread of pain. This knowledge has been put to good use, for by inactivating these areas with a local anesthetic like novocainé, or spraying them with ethyl chloride, which temporarily freezes the skin, the pain in a distant region may be stopped.

In a short article we can only discuss a few of the common, significant pains. Most people worry about a pain in the chest, yet this does not always mean heart trouble. Such pain may be caused by simple difficulties, such as faulty diet with excessive gas, overeating, constipation, or chest muscle strain. Pain from other organs can sometimes be referred to the chest, as gall bladder disease, stomach ulcers, arthritis of the shoulder.

True heart pain, or angina, can be very characteristic, however. Recently, at a party, one of the guests carried out with pain around his heart. He clutched at his chest, became very anxious, his lips blue and his pulse irregular. The pain spread to his throat, then to his left arm along the inner part of the forearm, and into his little finger. He was given a small tablet of nitroglycerin under his tongue, which dilates the heart vessels, and was instantly relieved of his pain and his anxiety.

Many persons endure much suffering believing they have heart trouble when they have not, and others do not suspect heart trouble when the doctor would. Only a doctor is competent to decide the significance of chest pains in the heart region.

Everyone has had a bellyache at some time or other. Abdominal pain may be due to trivial causes like indigestion or gas, but it may also signify serious disease in one of the abdominal organs. Persistent or recurrent abdominal pains should be investigated by a doctor.

Broadly speaking, pain above the navel is caused by an ailment of an organ lying in the upper half of the abdomen, such as the stomach, the liver, the gall bladder and pancreas. Pain below the navel may be caused by disease in an organ occupying the lower half of the abdomen, such as the small intestines, the gall bladder, large intestines, appendix, kidneys, uterus, ovaries, or even the arteries or bladder.

Stomach ulcers are characterized by pains in the upper or mid-abdomen, often relieved by taking food, only to recur a half hour or so later. Gall bladder attacks, especially when due to gallstones can be excruciatingly painful and often cause the patient to double up. Usually, the pain is in the right upper abdomen, but it may spread to the lower abdomen, the right shoulder and back, and in severe cases even to the left shoulder.

Any right-sided abdominal pain may be an appendicitis. This can be easy to diagnose when typical, but is one of the most puzzling ailments in difficult cases. The typical appendicitis pain starts in the region of the navel...
FEARLESS YOUTH

A school teacher has (we heard) resigned with this heartfelt comment: "It's driving me as senseless as the set-up. In the schools today, the teacher is afraid of the headmaster, the headmaster is afraid of the inspector, the inspector is afraid of the Parents & Citizens' Association, the P & C Assn. is afraid of the rest of the parents, the rest of the parents are afraid of the children, and the children are afraid of nobody."

and spreads towards the right lower abdomen shortly. Vomiting may or may not occur. The pain may be slight or severe and is usually accompanied by tenderness over the right lower abdomen, later by stiffness of the muscles in the region. Occasionally the pain-spreads to the back.

Headaches are among the commonest of pains, yet it is often difficult to trace their cause. Simple headaches, which clear up quickly, may be due to such trivial and varied causes as lack of sleep, excessive exposure to sun, onset of menstruation, emotional tension, constipation, or even worry. On the other hand, headaches may be serious, and if persistent require medical attention.

The type of pain and location is a clue to its cause. For example, pain in the back of the head may be due to eye strain or sinus infection. Pain in the face suggests tooth infection or sinusitis.

In the severe form of headache known as migraine, the pain is usually one-sided, over the temple or forehead, sudden in onset. It can spread to the entire head. The basic cause of migraine is puzzling and difficult to determine. Sometimes it is due to an allergy, sometimes to an infection, and frequently the cause cannot be determined.

Migraine sufferers sometimes learn tricks to stop their pain, like pressing on the eyeballs or over the great carotid artery in the neck, or by using drugs that contract cerebral arteries, like ergotamine tartrate.

There are three types of drugs used for the relief of internal pains. One group consists of aspirin-like drugs which reduce the perception of the pain. Another group of drugs, such as alcohol and the opiates, control the pain, as well as decrease sensitivity to it. Other drugs are used for specific kinds of pain. These act by interfering with the mechanism of pain production, such as nitroglycerin for relief of heart pains caused by constriction of the coronary vessels.

Researchers have been able to measure with great exactitude the capacity of various drugs to relieve pain. Morphine, they found, raises the threshold of pain to twice its normal level, cocaine raises it by only 50 per cent, alcohol by 45 per cent, and aspirin by one-third. They were also able to show that beyond a certain dose, extra quantities of the drug had no effect, and that combinations are sometimes desirable where one drug produces a rapid pain relief and another exerts a long sustaining influence.

For very severe pains, such as usually occur in kidney stone or gall-stone colic, the more powerful opiates like morphine may be required. For pains of long duration, which are intractable, we also have recently developed new drugs like metadon and methadone.

This brings us to a consideration of the dangers of drugs against pain.

There is the danger of masking a complication of which pain is the warning signal, as in appendicitis or metastasis. There is also the possibility of toxic effects from overdose. Even aspirin, if taken in sufficient quantity can cause poisoning and death. Pyramidon and other coal tar derivatives so commonly used in headache mixtures more frequently can cause serious symptoms or death.

Nerve specialists can draw detailed diagrams of nerve pathways, resembling the wiring of a telephone exchange, with individual lines running through the spinal column to the brain. This knowledge has helped the physician to relieve many severe pains which are not controlled by the usual drugs.

There are certain painful conditions, such as severe neuralgia which can only be relieved by pinching the nerve with a probe or solution, or with alcohol. Surgery offers some hope for many severe types of pain which drugs cannot relieve. The nerve pain impulses path may be cut off by cutting fibers in the spinal cord.

REST PERIOD

By GLYCEYS WILLIAMS

IS TOLD TO SIT DOWN IN CHAIR AND REST FOR A WHILE AFTER WHICH BEFORE GOING ON TO PLAY

EXPERIMENTS WITH STANDING ON BACK OF HIS NECK

AMUSES HIMSELF TEETERING CHAIR, WITH HIS FEET HOOKED OVER ITS BACK

YOU TRY VARIOUS AEROBATIC PLAYS ON ARMS OF CHAIR

DECIDES TEETERING CHAIR IS MOST FUN

AFTER INEVITABLE CRASH CRUMBS OUT DESECRAPED, MOTHER RE-DUCES HIS CIDER BABY HAS RESTED LONG ENOUGH

CAVALCADE, November, 1951
What happened to Gladys Pryce?

Does the River Ouse still hide a grim secret... or is a girl hiding somewhere with an illegitimate baby?

J. W. HEMING

I AM always fascinated by the thought that a grown person can vanish off the face of the earth without leaving a trace.

A strange disappearance was the vanishing of choir-girl, Gladys Pryce, in 1922. She was a good-looking girl, intelligent, well educated; she had a fine singing voice. She was twenty-five years old.

When she was eighteen, her family first went to live in the London suburb of Woodford. St. Barnabas' Church, with the Rev. E. C. E. Wheeler as vicar, was High Church. Gladys' parents went to another place of worship. Gladys, however, became a teacher at St. Barnabas' Sunday School. She naturally got to know the vicar better, both in and out of church. Later he told frankly that he had often telephoned her at her job—she was a typist in a London insurance office—and had also written letters to her, care of her business address, regarding church work.

Years passed. Gladys was busy at her job and with her church, happy with her parents.

In August, 1929, the Pryces took their holiday at Bournemouth. Mr. Pryce had only a fortnight's leave, but Gladys had three weeks and remained at Bournemouth for a further week.

The vicar, who was married, also took his holidays in August. On that third week of Gladys' holiday as happened to be in Bournemouth, he saw the girl often and openly, although he did not mention the fact to his wife, nor did Gladys mention it to her parents. The vicar said that Gladys had developed yearnings to become a writer, had tried her hand on articles and short stories and now wished his collaboration on a novel. They were working on this book while he was in Bournemouth.

Gladys did not mention her literary ambitions to her parents. The first book was later abandoned; but, during 1931, Gladys and the vicar began to collaborate on a novel.

August holidays came round again in 1931. The Pryces went to Norfolk. Again Gladys stayed on at Hunstanton for a further week. The vicar arrived on the scenic resort on the Monday and stayed until the Thursday, taking walks with Gladys and discussing the new book. Later, Mr. Pryce was told by Gladys' landlord that on one of those nights she had not been to the boarding house much later than usual and in a distressed state. On the nights after the Rev. Wheeler had gone back to Woodford, Gladys was in early.

"Shortly after her return home," her father said at a meeting some years later, "her mother discovered that her health was not in its normal state of regularity. She was pressed to consult our doctor, but refused."

The vicar stated that one Sunday night in November, he spoke to Gladys after church and she seemed worried about something. He told him that after he had left Hunstanton she had been walking on the golf links and had been followed by a man, who had assaulted her. As she did not mention the matter again he presumed that there had been no serious results.

But this was in the future. In the meantime, the book was completed and typed by the vicar. He decided he did not like the idea of the heroine committing suicide, wrote a new ending and posted it to Gladys. She returned the manuscript, having written across the bottom: "No—such an ending would be impossible, I think. I had to be—G.P."

A significant touch if Gladys thought the death of the heroine was inevitable.

On Saturday, January 28 (again according to the vicar) Gladys gave him the manuscript, which was locked up. The next morning she went to the garden, did not attend the service, but came along later to assist with the children. She appeared very distressed. She said to the vicar: "It is true—what I told you in the church some months ago. It is like the heroine in the book."

He asked her if she was pregnant; she admitted it, but she would not allow him to see her parents. He then said (so he claimed) that he would take her to the doctor on the following Monday.

That Monday morning, January 28, 1932, Gladys said good-bye to her parents and (apparently) set out for...
STATE OF THE NATION (V)

Summer is iciumen in murmurs sing cucucu...
for any such exotic sounds as may occur to you.
Mix up your sun-tan lotions, slip on your French swim-suits,
prepare to bask upon the beach and bronze yourselves, you beaus,
leap up, you little life-savers, discard your winter vests;
fasionate the females, prostate your hairy chests,
partly pitter, popplets, give the wolves a chance
to emit that bony whistle, to aim that interloper glance;
frick, gambol, revel Mum and Dad, don't be so staid,
relax, relax, why worry if it's ninety in the shade?

Summer is iciumen in... so raise a hearty cheer;
don't ruin things by pointing out that there's a drought in dear

—Jay-Pay.

the insurance office. But she posted a letter to the family doctor, telling
him to break the news to her parents
that she intended "to drown herself
in the River Ouse, near to where we spent part of our holiday last summer." With that letter was
enclosed an affectionate farewell letter to her parents. Both had been
written sometime on the Sunday.

Then Gladys Pryce vanished.

The police, however, managed to gather some information.

Two officials of Marchland Road Station, which is near the Ouse, had noticed a girl who resembled Gladys leaving the station on the day she vanished. They said the girl's direction was towards the river.

A man named Anderson said he saw this girl some time later by the river (about two miles away). Later still, a farmer and his daughter claimed to see the girl walking aimlessly
beside the river in heavy rain.

Further along the river, in the direction the girl was going, a gang of men were working. None of them could remember seeing a sign of any girl resembling Gladys. Yet, between them and the farmer, footprints were found on the mud which resembled the footprints of Gladys. These imprints led down to the water and did not return.

Which might seem an open-and-shut case... But (1) None of the witnesses actually knew Gladys. It could have been an entirely different girl. (2) The Ouse is a sluggish and often shallow stream. It was dragging
time after time. No portion of Gladys' clothing was ever found. (3) Two workers for St. Barnabas Church, both of whom knew Gladys very well by sight, swore they saw her the next day—alive.

One of these workers said he saw

Gladys standing on Liverpool Street Station, waiting for the 7.30 train which would take her to Woodford.
The other man said he actually saw her on that train. And that was the last news heard of her.
The train went far past her station. Did she go on into black obscurity? Where had she been in the thirty-six hours since she left her home? Had she been to the river? Had she a suicide? Or had she been making arrangements to vanish to some obscure place to have her child, and then to live on, too ashamed to return to those who knew her so well? Are she and her child still alive, or do they both sleep the long sleep?

No one knows. The fact remains that the vicar finally called a meeting. He had already written a series of articles denying suspicions made against him. Four years after the girl's disappearance he challenged his father in open meeting.

"I charge you with being solely responsible for the disappearance of my daughter!" shouted Mr. Pryce.

He produced a letter, unsigned, which the vicar was claimed to have written to Gladys after getting a note from her by mail on the day she vanished. This letter stated that she was going to sack the river.

The vicar wrote to her, at her business address on that Monday night. "My Dear Child, I did not see you as I hoped to-night, and I expect you did not go to music lesson. Would you mind writing me one word, 'Right,' at dinner hour to-morrow, and I shall know all is well? Forgive me being somewhat stupidly inquisitive as to your welfare. It will be quite right to write, as I am expecting to hear from preacher. Ever yours, in great haste. No need to sign telegram."

The vicar explained that all he wanted was a reassurance.

As soon as he had received her note, the Vicar added, he had gone off to the River Ouse—on the day she vanished—and searched all the places she might be expected to go.

The vicar worked unceasingly to find the girl. He even consulted a spiritualist, who told him: "She did not go to the river. She is beneath the trees." So he had Epping Forest searched by Boy Scouts.

Then, one day, the vicar himself disappeared.

He was missing for some days. He returned home one morning in the early hours. He did not know exactly where he had been.

The search for Gladys Pryce went on—for years. But no trace of her was ever found.

What did happen to Gladys Pryce? Did she voluntarily vanish? Is she alive to-day with her child? Has the River Ouse a secret it will not divulge? Or was she murdered and her body buried "beneath the trees"?

CAVALCADE, November, 1951
The attack came with devastating suddenness. Indians appeared in front of the Mounted Police and on both flanks. They opened fire while the police were still stumbling with their rucksacks, they advanced swiftly—not many Indians—but their fire was deadly. Three of the police pitched from their horses in the first minute, and half a dozen were wounded.

Crozier ordered his men to dismount. As they went out of their saddles, bullets from the advancing Indians killed two more. Some of the horses went wild and bolted, dragging Mounted by the stirrups. In the confusion, half the police lost their rifles.

The force was demoralized. The Indians were swiftly surrounding them. Crozier made a decision that was contrary to all the traditions of the North-west Mounted Police. He ordered a retreat.

It was not an orderly withdrawal. The Indians were closing in, and nothing but headlong flight could save the remnants of his men.

So, on that day of April, 1885, the Mounted Police of the Saskatchewan prairies saw the unique spectacle of red-coated mounted police in rout.

They were galvanized. Indians of both branches of the Saskatchewan River sprang to arms. The retreat did not stop at Fort Carlton; it didn't stop with the detail led by Crozier, the garrison of the forts joined in the flight. They fled from Fort Carlton, and from Fort Pitt, and Battleford, the largest town in the area, was beset.

A few of the white settlers, not knowing as much about the situation as the Mounted Police thought, were good time to indulge in the traditional pastime of killing Indians. Instead, the Indians killed the settlers and held their womenfolk as hostages.

So here was another Indian war, 35 years after the last of all Indian wars had officially ended. Only, this one was different. A few of the whites tried to kill Indians, but most of the white population of the area sided with them. There were eight or nine thousand French settlers on the Saskatchewan. They were with the Indians almost to a man, and the leader of the revolt was only half-Indian. The other half of him was French.

His name was Louis Riel.

Riel had won fame in 1870, when the Red River country was transferred from the rule of the Hudson Bay Company to the Government at Ottawa.

That was where Louis Riel came into history. He drew up a constitution, and a Bill of Rights, modelled on democratic lines. He was an Indian, with French blood in him, plus a college education. All sections of the Red River population, including the British, accepted his leadership.

A Provisional Government was handling affairs in an orderly manner, when a party of surveyors from Ottawa arrived to carve up the farms of the Red River inhabitants.

Riel's government ordered the surveyors off the land under threat of arrest. In response, a certain Mr. McDougall called on the British inhabitants of the area to rise in armed revolt against the provisional government, and he sent agents to the Red River to lead the rising.

A very small handful of the population responded to McDougall's provocation. One of his agents, Scott, led a small force in which some Indians were killed. Scott was arrested, charged with murder and executed.

And that put the Ottawa Government in an awkward position. But the Government can't admit it has committed a crime, so it sent a military expedition against the Red River with
He was not the only Indian immigrant to those prairies. When things were very hot on the Red River, Riel had gone down into Montana.

At that time, the northern tip of Montana was a refuge for remnants of many defeated tribes of United States plains Indians.

Louis Riel drew these remnants together, he camouflaged a contact they already had with the Cree further north. Under Riel’s guidance, they were merged into a sort of alliance. And those Indians in Montana were warriors to a man.

The battle at Duck Lake was not the minor incident the authorities supposed. It was part of a plan, a plan by which a dying race made one last desperate bid to preserve its own way of life.

As at Red River, a provisional government had been established. There was a British settlement at Prince Albert, and the British co-operated in setting up the government.

Riel was no visionary. He knew that formation of a government was meaningless so long as a rival authority maintained establishments in the same territory. Ottawa had Government stores, and it had forts (from which its famed police operated) and arsenals where arms were stored for an emergency. When Riel ordered the seizure of the store at Duck Lake, he knew what he was doing.

Quicken Lake was remote; it wasn’t important. He knew they’d set out a few Mountain—under the impression that it was an irresponsible Indian raid. And when those Mountains started retreating, then the Indians would know—and the French and British would know—that Riel really had established a government in the north-west.

As the red-coated police retreated from one fort after another, the Indians, from the Athabaska to the South Saskatchewan, went on the warpath... and it was one Indian rising in which white settlers were not molested. The Indians rose in alliance with the whites, with them against the central government.

Ottawa hastily recruited a force of five thousand men and sent it west under the command of Major-General Middleton, an English officer. He divided his army into three units and marched it on the three main centres of the provisional government. He personally led the detachment that planned to retake Fort Pitt.

As Middleton was fresh from England, with no knowledge of Canada (and even less of Indian methods of fighting), he naturally led his force to almost complete destruction. Louis Riel’s men were entrenched on the banks of Fish Creek, where wasn’t shown on any map and did not constitute a military obstacle—it just happened to be a place where trenches wouldn’t be seen by an advancing force.

The brass-hat took his raw volunteers right in among the Indian trenches.

Historians are politely reticent about the fact that only a few of those soldiers—those with the fastest horses—lived to fight again.

An army group under Lieut-Col Otter, who was a Canadian, met the Cree under Chief Poundmaker on the banks of Cut Knife Creek. Though Otter’s force outnumbered the Indians ten to one, Otter knew better than to stand and fight. His men were recruited in Toronto; few of them could even shoot straight, and Otter was acquainted with Indian marksmanship. He lost only a score or so of his troops and managed to withdraw in good order.

The war lasted three months. The army gradually wore the Indians down. Some of the chiefs were captured and others surrendered.

It ended officially with the arrest of Louis Riel... and with the American Indian way of life. It was also the end of something else. That pattern of life for the sake of which Indians, half-breeds and white transplants were ready to join forces and fight together was ending—the freedom of “open country”.

And Louis Riel ended with the way of life he represented.

They had to hang him. They did it on November 16, 1885.
Is it unhealthy to sleep with flowers in the room?

Much as it may offend all tellers of old wives' tales, the answer is "No, it isn't—except perhaps for the flowers!" As a matter of fact, you could spend the night locked inside a flower-show and feel none the worse for it. The legend appears to have arisen from the theory that flowers draw oxygen from the air and give out carbon; thus not only depriving the sleeper of the portion of air that he needs, but also poisoning what he does breathe. But here's the catch. Undoubtedly, flowers do absorb oxygen and expel carbon gases... but they do this in such minute quantities that they couldn't possibly harm any normal person.

What's the speed of a sneeze?

Shattering! Although the average vigorous sneeze travels a distance of only two or three feet, it leaves your nose at a speed of 350 feet a second—or more than 100 miles an hour. In addition, that sneeze shock can shoot more than 100,000 puffs into the air. Most of them fall to the ground within a minute, but about 1200 of them are likely to hang around for as long as two hours. These surviving grains are enough to infect a whole roomful of people. In 1935, indeed, a Sussex woman sneezed so vigorously that she dislocated her spine.

What's the origin of the phrase, "Hauled over the coals"?

Well, it's just another proof of how much better things are today than in the good old days. The phrase, "hauled over the coals," originated in medieval times when accused persons were tried by "Ordeal By Fire." This consisted of the defendant being forced to walk barefooted and handcuffed over a bed of red-hot charcoal or white-hot plough-shares. If he was that Providence would not allow the innocent to suffer nor the guilty to escape unscathed. Which made things very easy for the judges as—for obvious reasons—practically no one suffering the ordeal proved himself innocent.

Are People all that can come down in the world?

No, not by any means. Words can suffer the same calamities. Take the word "seaweed," for example. Originally, in the Middle Ages, "a seaweed" was an Imperial officer, an Inspector of Customs. Then there is "blackguard" (which is distinctly fighting talk to-day). Originally, "a blackguard" was a member of a kitchen detachment—the Black Guard—of a great man's retinue. Or consider when "a knave" (and we aren't taking about cards) means to-day. Once, a "knave" was just a servant in no evil sense. A "cheat," an official who looked after the "escouts" or estates which had lapsed and were forfeit

TURN ON THE JUNGLE JUICE

Now, you hardened cosmopolitans sit tight in your seats. It's Jungle Juice, all right, for the frut-club, guaranteed, Real Macoy (practically) with plenty of sting. In other words, it seems that there's going to be what passes for a wedding in the jungle tonight. In fact, a lot of ardent wooing is being belted out of that drum... and the loss is showing some interest, too.
Ah, it's been too much for her—she can't resist it; common, give, you big brute, you. What's the Indian Love Call got that you haven't got? So stop tampering with that tamperer and let her see what's behind that mask. You might as well take it off; you're not frightening her any more. She seems to be frightening you.

What'd we tell you—she's fallen (even though she's putting up a neat pretense of being overcome)? Who said I Wouldn't Leave My Little Wooden Hut For You?

Why, this one has all mod cons, plus everything in the latest exterior decoration, even that skull looks happy about it... so, my little cabbages, entrées, entrées! (By the way, these delighted dervishes are Monty and Peppa Lincoln; Feodoro and Leon, to you.)

CAVALCADE, November, 1951
A hanging teenager anticipated the Man They Could
Not Hang by descending from the gallows with gusto.

WALKER HENRY

MOST of London was in holiday mood that dull 24th day of
November, 1740.

No less than five malefactors were to be "turned off" on Tyburn
gallows—a distinctly full bill.

The five stars were already on the stage. Four of them were ancient
sinners. The fifth— the chief attraction — was young William Duell, a
stripling of seventeen. Master Duell stood charged with rape, robbery,
assault, kidnapping and murder.
THE SILKEN GLOVE...

Bank of England officials are claim-
ed to be studying a new Ameri-
can invention for printing banknotes on
preparated nylon. Fervent hope of the
bankers is that the complicated tech-
nical process for the manufacture of
nylon paper will blind prospective
forgers with its sheer science. Mean-
while, not to be outdone, six police-
women of Cambridga (England) are
to be ested six pairs of nylon stock-
ings a year. (What this is designed
to prevent has not been disclosed)
All of which is no doubt very in-
formal... BUT... the Anti-Narc-
cotic Bureau advised that on the
other side of the law) illicit traf-
sickers in narcotic drugs are feeding
cannels packets of hashish and opium
wrapped in nylon and then carting
the contraband stomach-borne through
the customs.

MALE AND FEMALE...

In Oregon (U.S.), James Barthwell
aggravating sued his wife for divorce,
charging that she was "carrying on
a correspondence with the garbage
collector." Asked for proof, Mr.
Barthwell presented the court with
a love-note he had found in his
trash-can. On the other hand,
Denver housewife Lucy Groves un-
expectedly unearthed a pale-blue
sarter underscarf signed, "So you'll remem-
ber me," in her husband's overnight
bag. Mrs. Groves concealed her
suspicions until the next Thank-
giving Day. Then she set the turkey
on the table and watched her hus-
band carve... until he disclosed
the sarter (and a divorce writ)
snagged in the stuffing.

ART FOR...?

There must be something in this
art for art's sake business after
all. As witness are Alec Dossena,
who had the reputation of taking
more American art experts for a ride
than any other plagiarist (alive or
dead). Dossena specialized in learn-
ing the techniques of the Old Master.
Short of the necessary, he became
employed by a firm of art dealers.
He produced an "Ancient Greek"
Athena (purchased by the unsus-
pecting Cleveland Museum for $120,
dollars), a "19th Century Tomb" (at-
tributed to "Mano de Falsade"), which
set the Boston Museum back about
$200,000 dollars, and an "Athenian
Greek" statue for which even the
Metropolitan Museum fell. This suc-
scessful partnership of fraud, how-
ever, collapsed when Dossena dis-
covered that he had received a (very
irregular) annual salary of $1300
dollars while his employers had ac-
accumulated over three million dollars
And ultimately out of all—Dossena
did not even know he was perpe-
trating frauds. He thought he was
copying pictures for churches.

* Opposite: Study by Jack Howard
CURTIS leant against the iron rail of the balcony and looked down into the street.

Shops were still open and he could hear the sound of wooden-soled slippers clacking on the sidewalks. The slap of ivory on wood—a Mah Jong game in progress. A thousand voices rising and falling in the singsong cadence of the Cantonese language.

At last, he turned and went in through the heavy curtains to Wai Hing. She sat cross-legged on the bed with a photograph album held open in front of her.

"This is my favorite," she said, handing him the book.

Curtis sat down beside her and put an arm around her slim shoulders. He studied the small black and white rectangle before observing slowly, "Two against convention."

They were standing on Repulse Bay Beach, on the far side of Hong Kong Island—her body touching, her face lifted happily towards his. In the background, a group of Europeans stood looking at them.

"They've always watched us, haven't they?" he added bitterly.

"Your people as much as mine."

She rose with one swift movement and said, "I'm tired, darling. Let's go to bed."

He nodded. After so long together, they had little need for talk. He reached for the light switch and clicked it up. She turned against him in the darkness and for a time they forgot, almost, the things that hung heavily between them—the knowledge that this would be their last night, that tomorrow, they would end it.

She whispered into his shoulder, "Perfect, it's always perfect."

She came down the temple steps, the spring gone from her step.
A SIDELIGHT ON THE SINGLEMINDNESS OF THE MODERN MISS

He tried her with words and with flowers, with diamonds where cold sunlight burned, he tried her in soft, moonlit bowers — and all of them worked —

—JAY-PAY

When next she smiled it was to ask, as though of no one, "Why? Why?... Why couldn't I have been white or you Chinese?" She started to cry quietly.

"What will you do when I've gone?" he wanted to know.
"I'll go back to my village. I couldn't stand Hong Kong without you."
Curtis said abruptly, "I don't want to go."
"But you will."
"Yes."
On the harbor, a ferry hooted distantly.
Fifteen hundred nights they had been together like this in each other's arms, but never again. For at the beginning, he had decided, "We can never marry."
It had started with a shy exchange of glances, but even at the first meeting they seemed to understand each other strangely. In those days her English was poor and his Cantonese worse. Now they switched from the one language to the other almost without knowing they were doing it.
Oddly enough, after several months, it was he who brought up the subject of marriage again.
"I love you, Wu Hing, and nothing else matters. We mustn't lose this ever."
Her first reaction was one of joy, but it didn't last very long before the wisdom of her sex and of her people gave her caution.
"I'll always be happy with you, you fool," he insisted.
"No. Year after year, your friends would be telling you that you had made a fool of yourself! And no matter how much you loved me, you'd eventually begin to believe them. In a few years, my beauty will have gone. One morning, you'd wake up beside me and realize that you had nothing but an old Chinese woman."
He laughed at that and kissed her, but the thought stayed with her. The weeks that followed were weeks of倍伏 as, in both of them, common sense struggled with emotion. They quarreled often for little reason. Until one day, she said, "I'm worse now than when you didn't think of marrying me. Something must be decided and there is someone who can help."
"Who?"
She made no answer, but when her eyes strayed towards the shrine in the corner, he knew. That afternoon, she told him, she was going shopping.
Unknown to her, he followed closely through the crowded streets.
At last she started up steep concrete steps towards a temple with a white pagoda and he stopped—and waited.
He had been right.
She stayed inside the building for a long time, and when, at last she emerged, the spring had gone from her step.
He moved in front of her, "Wu Hing."

If she was surprised at seeing him there, she didn't show it. "He burned Jos Sticks," she said, flatly.
"And?"
"It would not be good to marry"
After that day, the subject was closed.
And so the end came and already the ship that would take him back to his own country lay moored to a buoy in Hong Kong Harbour.
"Would you like to smoke?" Curtis asked her.
"Please."
He turned the light on again and reached for the package of cigarettes. As he leaned over her to slide one between her lips, she lifted a hand to brush the tips of her fingers across the line of his eyes. "Chinese eyes," she whispered, fondly.
He smiled at her as she lighter flamed, "My best feature."
"Yes."
They rose early next morning. She would get to the ship with him, they decided. It was all over and the steamers meant his return to the life of his own people. A hired motor launch was to take him and his luggage away. Wu Hing stood beside the doorways of the building while the coolies carried the trunks to the stone jetty where the launch lay, rocking to a small swell.
Someone shouted to him; it was time to go. Wu Hing stared vacantly at a point between her feet. Curtis started to say something but the words stuck. After fifteen hundred days and nights there was nothing to say. He grabbed her arm above the elbow and squeezed it, once, briefly. And he was walking.
Finally he stood looking down onto the faces of the grinning coolies in the boat. One stopped on to the gangway and reached a hand to help the white man down.
But for some reason Curtis swung around to look at the ship. He could see it plainly—huge and white. A foreign thing intruding. Next his eyes crossed to Wu Hing who still stood, unmoving on the other side of the road.
The smells of the native city and its sounds came to Curtis strongly. Familiar, friendly things. He began to walk again and at the same instant she started towards him.
They met in the centre of the road, and he said, "It's no good, I can't leave you."
Her words tumbled one on another. "No, you mustn't, not ever."
"I caught her to him, not caring who looked on.
The launch driver called, "Master."
Curtis looked around at him and saw that he was pointblank towards the ship. He was about to shout something back to the fellow when he saw the child. And so did Wu Hing.
It was a girl of perhaps ten years. She walked slowly, clutching a small parcel to her thin chest. Behind her a dozen Chinese youngsters skipped, laughing. They were chanting "Half-Half, Half-Half."
The child was beautiful as only the Eurasian can be—rather like a Portuguese, though her clothes were Chinese. Though she pretended not to notice the mocking behind her, her pointed chin trembled.
"Half-Half," jeered the children Off to the side, the steamer whistled. Curtis remembered his first decision. "We can never marry."
"And he knew what he had to do.
At his side, Wu Hing seemed not to have heard the voices laughing. But she was looking fiercely at something else—at the parcel the Eurasian girl was carrying.
"Jos Sticks," she whispered.
Curtis lifted an arm in signal to the launch driver. "All right. I'm coming now."

CAVALCADE, November, 1931
ROBERT MORROW

FICTION

HE WAS JUST ANOTHER BLACK BOY ON THE TRACK OF AN OLD MAN
GOANNA ... BUT CHARLIE ADAMS HAD A HATE OF ‘BUNGS’.

YOUNG NANDOO slipped down among the rocks and, with one eye on the white gum he was using as a landmark, began moving stealthily towards the great, rounded boulder on which the goanna lay basking in the sun. Carefully he wormed among the rocks, crawling over sharp stones and pushing his way through the clumps of prickly spinifex, taking care to make no mistake that would warn the goanna of his approach.

There was an eager light in his eye and his brown face shone with perspiration as he concentrated on putting his tribal training to the use for which it was intended. Ahead there was game, a tasty snack for himself and the elder men, and he thought with keen pleasure of the praise he would receive when he presented it at the camp. In his hand he carried a throwing stick, carefully holding it so that it did not rattle against the rocks as he passed between them. His grubby shirt, tucked into the top of his baggy stockman’s trousers, hung open at the neck and seemed to sag down from his middle far enough to trip him, but his passage was as easy and unhindered as if he were naked.

Sitting with their backs against a flat rock by their camp were two stockmen, Harry Wyatt and Charlie Adams. As they sipped hot, black tea and smoked some of the native stock riders sitting on their horses around the mob of bowing cattle they talked quietly between themselves. They had been mustering all morning and had a fine bunch of bush cattle to show for their hard work, but as they rested briefly after the lunch of boiled beef and damper, it was not the cattle nor the muster about which they conversed. With some of the natives lounging under the trees only 50 yards away, Charlie Adams was vehemently describing to his patient listening mate his reasons for distrust ing all Aborigines.

“They’re the laziest blacksards under the sun!” he growled, waving his arm in the direction of the trees. “Look at ‘em! And if you set ‘em a job to do by themselves, they’ll last as soon’s your back is turned.” He jerked his head to add emphasis to his words.

Ahead, there was a tasty snack for himself and the elder men.
And not even lost," he went on even more desperately. "No sooner are you out of sight than one of the foot-horse bastards'll take it into his head to walkabout. And he don't even leave a message. He just downs tools and goes. You mightn't see him for weeks... or for months... or maybe, never. Or perhaps he'll turn up some day... without a blush (even if he could blush if he tried)... and take up the job exactly where he left it off.

And too bad if you'd put someone else on the job... he'd take it as a kind of personal insult if his liver wasn't quite right.

"Maybe, it's part of their religion to go walkabout... but why the hell can't they find themselves different religions... one that'll let them yakkie six days a week and do all the walkabout they walk on their time off.

"But it's no use arguing with a hʌŋ... he'll only say 'Yes, Yes,' 'Yes' or 'No,' 'No,' 'No'... depending on what they think'll please you most... and just when you think you've got them persuaded, there they are once again. Feckless that's what they are... just feckless no-hopers..."

"And... as I said... you can't trust 'em, either... never turn your back on a hʌŋ... that's my motto... not unless you're the type who enjoys having his back scratched with a spear... which I'm not, Bub, they make me sick!"

Adams stared once more towards the trees and spat disgustedly.

Harry Wyatt drew slowly at his pipe and briefly murmured, "Aw, I dunno, Charlie..."

"That's the trouble with you—you dunno!" snapped Adams balefully.

"Either you're too trusting or too careless. I'm tellin' you—y'y can't trust rungers! I know! Why—I'll bet ya that if they were given half the chance, and they thought they could get away with it, they'd knock us both off in a couple o' weeks!"

Wyatt was well used to Charlie's fixed ideas, which were not so much his actual beliefs as they were subject to which he could always blame one of his beloved arguments; and he grumbled to himself as he protruded muddily, "Not unless they meet a reason... though, Charlie..."

"Course they got a reason. They'd punch the tucker and the bag of tobacco, and the bally cans and every bit o' iron in the camp. Anyway, one reason that'd be good enough for 'em is the fact that they'd be dammed heroes if killin' us an' their flamn' names'd be sung in every corroboree this side o' Turkey Creek."

Wyatt shook his head slowly from side to side and grinned patiently. "No. You're all wrong, Charlie. You might get the rungars don't that, but those blokes with a touch o' civilisation—they use their noggin's a bit!"

"Civilisation!" scoffed Adams in derision. "That's what makes the blighters worse'n ever. They haven't got the brains to cope with it. Why, these blokes don't reason things out f' themselves, they act on instinct, and their instinct has never yet made 'em do anything outta kindness or brotherly love. They only act when they have to, or when there's something in it for 'em."

"Well," said Wyatt, "I've heard of blackfellows helpin' whites outa strife..."

"Yeah!" retorted Charlie. "But only when they stood to gain from it. All they think about is chummin' tucker, an' they don't let anything stop 'em. Given half the chance, any one o' these 'boyes' of ours would grab the bag o' flour or the sugar an' go bush. It probably just hasn't entered their heads. He shook his shaggy head. "Every one of 'em's the same, and I trust none o' 'em."

"Remember Kennedy up at Cape York there... with enough prongs in his back to cut out a pin-cushion... remember the Hornet Bank massacre up in Queensland... helpless women and kids being plastered over the head with nullas for nothing (as they tell) except that the bums were hungry for a feed of mutton... remember Giles up here in the Territory... remember what's happened to more than one lugger crew up Arnhem way... remember those prospectors who went out an' didn't come back... it might have been thurst or it might have been hunger or it might have been the sun... or again it might have been that they just didn't hear the 'kurichan'... the killing shots creepin' up on them out o' the dark. No, never trust a hʌŋ... not for me."

Wyatt sucked noisily at his pipe and then spat, "You'd be out a mile, Charlie," he said softly as he squatted absently at the grazing cattle. These 'boyes' have always been treated right by us, and I reckon they probably think the world o' us—despite your cranky temper." He threw his partner a sly grin with the last remark, and Charlie grunted in disgust.

Nando knew he was very close to the govna now, even though he had not looked up. He stopped at the base of the big, smooth rock and carefully raised his head over its edge. The reptile was still there, blissfully unaware of its impending doom, and Nando felt a thrill of pleasure as his quick eye measured the distance. He could scarcely keep back a quiver of excitement as he balanced the throwing-stick in his hand and prepared for the kill.

Suddenly his arm froze in the act of lifting the stick. A guttural voice had reached his sharp ears, and peering around the boulder he saw the two white bosses at the foot of the slope below him. His heart beat happily for here was a chance to demonstrate his prowess as a hunter before the white men. Then he frowned and sank out of sight among the rocks to consider the problem with which he had all at once found himself confronted.

Not far from the hill, and in a direct line with the drowning poison, the pack-horses stood tethered, and he knew that a throwing-stick bouncing down among them might cause them to break their halters and bolt.

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carefully surveyed the ground about him. To move left meant the possibility of the stick ricocheting into the camp amongst the men, whilst the only way of stalking the goanna from the right was by chambrering over a ledge of rock that would put him into its line of vision. To capture the goanna by suddenly dashing upon it was out of the question because of the height of the boulder and the smooth surface on which he would find no grip.

Some 20 seconds after discovering his predicament he began to move over the ledge to his right. His movements were slow and cautious, and he made no sound whatsoever, but when he looked up from breathlessly negotiating over some loose stones he saw that his quarry had its head raised stiffly and its beady eyes full on him. Nandoo remained so motionless that not even his eyeballs moved, but he knew before it happened that the goanna would suddenly go slithering down the opposite side of the boulder and disappear in the scrub.

His disappointment showing on his face, he cast a chagrined glance about him and slowly began chambrering down the slope toward where Harry Wyatt and Charlie Adams were still talking. He saw Adams suddenly rise from where he had been sitting, go to the fire and pick up a burning stick, with which he lighted his freshly rolled cigarette.

Nandoo glanced briefly back at the rock on which the goanna had been basking, glanced down at the horses whose presence had caused him to fail in his self-appointed task, and finally allowed his gaze to return to the two white men. Although he knew no one had witnessed the incident, he felt a tiny twinge of injured pride. He saw Adams leave the fire and go back to the rock, thus time sitting against a part sheltered by the low hanging leaves of a scraggly sapling, the foliage of which he moved as he shook his head to get rid of the persistent flies.

Nandoo’s nostrils suddenly dilated, his eyes widened and his arm came up with the stick balanced for the throw.

“As I was sayin’,” drawled Charlie, “Niggers think like animals. They can’t associate ideas, and they can’t work things out as quick as normal human bums. Put an Abo in a spot—and he’ll panic. He’s gotta have everything goin’ just right, like it’s been goin’ for all his life, an’ it’s the lives of all his ancestors.”

Wyatt’s head suddenly went up as he adopted a quick attitude of listening. He swung around and peered behind them.

“What...,” began Charlie.

There was the unmistakable “whoosh” of a thrown missile, then something flipped through the leaves of the sapling and clattered forcefully against the rock, inches behind Charlie’s head.

As Wyatt dropped sideways, Charlie maliciously hurled himself forward and then bounded to his feet with amazing agility. His alert eyes caught sight of Nandoo on the slope above him, and he gave vent to a roar of rage.

“You murderin’ little b—!” he cried, “You dirty-nosed little bungin’ bustard! I’ll cut y’ flamin’ throat! Try to dout me, would y’? Why, I’ll punch the bloody daylights outa y’!”

He started up the slope, obviously to carry out his threats, but had taken only a few steps when a hand grabbed his arm and pulled him back. He turned to see Wyatt standing beside him, a light in his eyes that was strangely half amusement, half mocking.

“Leggo!” drawled Charlie, shaking his arm. “D’you see what that little black cow tried to do?”

“Pipe down!” growled Harry. “It’s O.K. Go and have a look at the top of the rock you was sittin’ against.”
POETS CATCH A CURRENT COMPLAINT

Poets, wearied of declaiming sonnet, ode and roundelay, through the well-worn proclamings:
"Shorter hours and better pay is the call of the day, boys on burning decks upstanding, minstrels in a lost, unloved land. Change their tune and keep demanding: "Shorter hours and better pay!"
"Lives of great men all remind us we should earn as much as they,"
Cry the Poets: "Won't you find us Shorter hours and better pay!"

—Written by that ageless poet ANON in a mood of revolt.

Charlie opened his mouth to argue, but something in Wyatt's look kept him silent. He glanced up at Nandoo who stared back in open astonishment as though surprised and hurt at the outburst, and then turned to look back at the rock. He didn't have to go right up to the rock. From where he stood he could see the snake writhing with a broken back. He gulped and went pale under his weather-beaten tan. "One place you can't put a tourniquet is around your neck," said Wyatt drily. "An' that's where you damn near got hit." He spat and returned his pipe to its place between his teeth. "I was just in time to see the blanker raise its ugly lookin' head to strike before Nandoo threw that stick."

Charlie gulped and watched in silence as Harry went forward and finished off the snake.
"Copperhead," said Wyatt without emotion as he held up the battered, still twitching body by the tip of its tail. "Four 'n a half feet, if it's an inch." He grinned around the stem of his pipe at young Nandoo who had come slowly down the side of the hill. "Nice work, Nandoo. Plenty quick-feller you chucken, eh?"

The native lad's teeth flashed as his pleasant face split in a shy grin. "Yeah," he said. "Dat one plenty cheeky feller. S'posed he bite you—yoo die." He nodded his head, still grinning as he looked from Harry to Charlie.

"The boys," attracted by the incident, had left their lounging and moved nearer to the white men and Nandoo.

Wyatt waved an arm at them. "O.K.," he said. "Saddle up. We gotta get moving." He moved off towards his horse with Adams, clamping Nandoo on the shoulder as he passed the lad.

Charlie was very quiet as they saddled their horses, and although Wyatt didn't speak to him, his face wore a suppressed grin, for he knew what his mate's thoughts were.

Later that afternoon, as they pushed the herd further into the hills in search of more cattle, Wyatt feigned disinterest when he saw Charlie rule through the dust to the rear where Nandoo and another native urged the stragglers along. When Charlie returned to his mate's side, neither spoke, but certain suppositions Harry entertained were proved correct when he saw Nandoo proudly exhibiting the expensive clasp knife that Charlie Adams had always claimed to be one of his most prized possessions.

CAVALCADE, November, 1951
You inspect it...

Carefully tend and care for it...

The family hold a conference over it...

Develop ulcers over it...

Yet after a few years it ends up something like this...

You buy it...
NEW LOOK IN GHOSTS...

A news flash reports that the Sergent family (England) have been forced from their home by the latest thing in ghosts. Their unwelcome visitor was "a nylon-tearing poltergeist." According to the report, the poltergeist one day pounced, picked up a pair of nylons, ripped them out of their cellophane packet, tore them enthusiastically and dropped them on the floor. The nylons were "hopelessly laddered." Considering the price of stockings these days, the Sergents sensibly surrendered their flat to the poltergeist!

BITTER BIT (or something)...

Who says that dogs aren't intelligent? Boyne City (U.S.) surprisingly reveals that a 165lb St. Bernard dog (part of Boyne City Ski Club) was missing after a heavy snow storm over the resort area. Club Manager Charles Moll gallantly led a rescue party. The rescuers found the St. Bernard frozen stiff in a snow-bank and forlornly bore the bound back to the club-house. There they sympathetically fed the animal some warm food and a double-shot of brandy. The St. Bernard immediately sat up and begging for another dose from the bottle.

AND ANON...

Not content with initiating the fraternity of Alcoholics Anonymous, the United States has now gone one better. California and all places north and south are sponsoring another society titled "Anonymous Anonymouses." The new club is dedicated to the laudable purpose of dissuading screen-stars from wearing dark glasses.

LOVE, HONOUR . . . AND PAY

Every husband knows what it costs to support his wife. But just where should he set a limit? Well, if a wife promises in writing never to ask her husband for money, can he hold her to her promise? "No," rules the New Jersey (U.S.) Court of Chancery. "A husband must protect his wife from signing stupid agreements." If a wife is arrested for beating up a neighbour, must her husband pay for her lawyer? "Too right," declares the New York Court of Appeals: "The husband must pay, just as he would have to pay for her doctor if the neighbour hit her back; reason: the suffering caused to a wife by a guilty verdict might be even more upsetting than if she was injured."

FLASH BACK...

A Press flash reports that a young Army officer's wife recently shattered a Buckingham Palace Garden Party by appearing in a hat more than 100 years old. "Oh, I just found it in a trunk of old clothes," said little Mrs. Luskey, nonchalantly indicating her ostrich-feathered bonnet (with ostrich feathers) "Grandmother left it."

"Uncle Harry's old trunk. Funny thing, nobody seemed to know what happened to him"
Common, you wistful wolves and jocund stage-door Johnny's if there's any of you left... don't let those show-girls lay you in the aisles every time... turn the tables (or something) for a change. Look... it's easy... just a matter of the quickness of the hand deceiving the eye. Take Fred Schmecker, for example... a pass of his palm and an ogie of his optics and there she is... right up in the air about him... and flat-out to get him.
LOUD SNORES . . .

Don't snore at the midnight snorer . . . no matter how much he may irritate you. The luckless fellow may be suffering: (a) enlarged turbinata bones of the nose; (b) a bent septum (the bone and cartilage between the nostrils); or (c) adenoids . . . all of which obstruct breathing.

On the other hand, the fellow may just be lying on his back with his mouth open. (In this case, turn him over.) But, whatever the fault, snoring noises are all due to vibration (while breathing in and out) of the soft palate and the uvula (the little portion of tissue hanging between the tonsils). Remedy? If the right side of the nose is blocked, lie on right side (or vice versa).

BEWARE, MOLES . . .

Don't disturb moles, scars or growths in any way. Watch them and, if any change takes place, consult your doctor. When a mole has been present for months, it is natural to think that it is not cancerous. But if changes take place in these "innocent" growths, the fact that they may develop into cancer should not be forgotten. Experiments have shown that in 20 per cent. of these conditions (moles, scars, growths) skin cancer develops. In some cases cancerous growth and "innocent" growth are going on at the same time.

FEELING BILIOUS?

Despite these unsympathetic doctors who deny that there is such a thing as biliousness, most of us have experienced that dull appearance of the eyes, sallow skin, dirty tongue, headache, nausea and vomiting which go by the name. Whatever the title applied to the symptoms, the complaint is usually due to over-eating or eating when tired or worried. Best treatment is to do without food for 12 to 28 hours, though a little water can be taken. A tea or dessertspoonful of Epsom Salts should be taken immediately. After 12 to 15 hours milk foods may be taken.

STRESS AND STRAIN

It seems almost a cliche to say that the stresses and strains of modern life are more and more breaking down the personality of individuals. But what is less well-known is that when a calm, optimistic individual becomes increasingly edgy and irritable, the changes in his shape and personality actually affect his bodily health. For example, a thin man with short body and long legs is likely to develop peptic ulcer or TB, while a fat man with a long body and short legs tends to liver, heart and blood-vessel disturbances. Natural defences seem powerless to prevent mental and physical strain from causing physical ailments.

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It's a good old-fashioned legend that most artists die broke in the gutter... Yeah?

JAMES GLENNON

There's Money in Music

Music hath charms—despite what you may think of the latest crooner or calypso singer—and not all of them are aesthetic.

Which goes not only for the Tap-Pan Alley boys of today—but also for the maestros of the past.

During the past century, public appreciation of great singers and instrumentalists has made it possible for hard-headed entrepreneurs to engage their Paderewski's, Galf-curios and Corcorans on contracts that the Crosby's and Hope's of that time might have envied.

Further, the drawing power of famous singers, pianists and violinists has lasted longer.

At the peak of his success, Ignace Jan Paderewski received $33,000 for a one appearance in New York. During his career of forty-nine years as a pianist, his earnings are said to have totalled $5,000,000. And it must be remembered that for many years he renounced the concert hall for politics.

John McCormack's name stands near the top of musical money-makers, his earnings from opera, concerts and gramophone records being given at $4,000,000.

Theatre and concert managers were pleased enough to pay Enrico Caruso the large sums he demanded; on one occasion $31,000 for a single appearance. His twenty-one years of gramophone recording brought him royalties averaging $25,000 per year.

We are told that Fritz Kreisler's earnings from music over half a century totalled $4,000,000. Yet he tells us that when he first played in London (where he was later "King of Violinists") his audiences failed to appreciate him. In 1902 he played at Bournemouth (England) for a fee of four guineas. His accompanist got six guineas.

At a recital in Carnegie Hall, New York, in 1910, Lilly Pons were diamonds to the reputed value of a million dollars. Detectives stood backstage while she thrilled her way through the programme.

In the late thirties, Jascha Heifitz appeared in the film "They Shall Have Music." Press agents told us it meant $125,000 dollars to him.

As for back as 1899, the Imperial Opera of Moscow engaged Fedor Chalupin at a salary of $8000 a role one year (whatever that sum meant in those days). Acclimated to getting what he wanted, even in financial matters, his singing earned him about $5,000,000 between 1922 and 1937. He died in 1939.

After her debut in "Rigoletto," Ameda Galf-curio signed a three-year contract for $750 dollars per performance. Later, when she gave a series of recitals in the United States, she received an average fee of $2500 dollars for each concert. Six months after her debut in Chicago, royalties on her gramophone records are reported to have realized $500,000.

Looking back into what might be called the early stages of the "Golden Age of Song," we find that even in the later 19th century the great ones of music found it a highly profitable career.

Francesco Tamagno (1859-1909), creator of Verdi's "Otello," got $130,000 dollars for forty engagements in South America.

The 19th century opera contralto, Marie Malibran, whose first husband went bankrupt, made her debut in 1829 and later gave 155 performances in Milan, for which she was paid $130,000 dollars.

In 1866 Jenny Lind, "the Swedish Nightingale," netted $155,000 dollars from 130 concerts in the United States, her management making more than four times that amount.

So—now that we have reduced the profession of music to a matter of vulgar finance—let us go further back... in the days of the "great masters" and see how Schubert's and Rossini fared.

There was, of course, a time when composers and performers were hardly more than servants. They were hired and treated as such. In time Kings and Cardinals bought them over, just as film magnates today might sign up a popular author. For instance, Louis XV bestowed upon Rameau the order of St. Michael. As this French composer could not pay the official charges in connection with the recognition, the King graciously offered to defray the expenses.

"My thanks, your Majesty," said Rameau. "But if you would let me have the money, I could find much better use for it!"

Schubert, who sold many of his 600 songs for the price of a meal, left an inestimable legacy in his music—and an estate worth less than two dollars.

Rossini, on the other hand, did well out of his music and was able to spend the last forty years of his life in retirement. For every note he wrote in "Semiramide" he received 38 cents per note. Every time Patti sang in that opera she got 29 cents per note.
Mozart was allowed a court salary of 800 gulden (about 800 dollars a year) by the Emperor Joseph. He was one of the world's most prolific composers. From childhood he had Favours thrust upon him. Yet he died a pauper. His "Requiem" was one of his best compositions, for which he was paid 30 ducats (about 115 dollars) in advance. Death robbed him of his balance.

Handel's life was a series of financial ups and downs. For over thirty years, up to 1737, opera held his attention. In eight years he had dissipated 50,000 dollars on operatic production. When he faced bankruptcy, he turned to oratorio. After a return of good fortune during the last ten years of his fruitful creative life, he left an estate worth 125,000 dollars. Because he was an unusual figure, physically and otherwise, in early 19th century music, Paganini hired large audiences to hear his violinistic wizardry. Many attended in the hope of catching a glimpse of the devil that people said entered his frail body as he began to play. And so his financial rating was high.

An old book reports that at one concert in Paris he played a work of fifteen pages of violin music for a fee of one hundred and sixty-five thousand francs.

Two years after the death of Johann Sebastian Bach, his "Art of Fugue" had attracted insufficient sale to cover the cost of the plates on which the music was engraved. The plates were sold by his family for the price of old copper.

Unlike many composers of his generation, Mendelssohn grew up surrounded in luxury. His father was a wealthy banker, his mother the daughter of an equally successful banker. There was nothing in the way of his artistic inclinations. Ironically, his brilliant compositions brought him handsome returns.

Mozart became famous, and rich, on the strength of his "Cavalier Russiaca."

After several failures and facing insolvency, Giordano wrote his now famous "Andrea Chenier." When it was due for performance at La Scala, Milan, in 1887, he said: "This is my last card. If this opera is not a success, I shall play no more."

Then there is Stephen Foster. Some writers have suggested that he spent most of his life in poverty because his songs were not appreciated. But from 1843 to 1869 his average income was $1,271 dollars a year. When he moved to New York he entered into an agreement with a publisher for 630 dollars a year for twelve songs, with another contract in his pocket for six songs a year at 400 dollars. Unable to sustain his output, he asked for advances and ended in the metaphorical gutter.

After his death certain rights on his songs reverted to his widow and daughter and a renewal of copyright yielded between 1879 and 1880 a total revenue of 4,198 dollars.

Intertwined into the turbulent life story of Richard Wagner are constant references to money matters, both in connection with his extravagant personal affairs and his musical projects. It was just as well he had a royal patron and loyal friends. In 1854 he fled to Switzerland to again escape his creditors.

Against a background of uncertain finances he planned his music dramas. Because the far-sightedness of his time believed in the lasting power of his music, his massive stage works saw production. In 1876 three complete cycles were given at Bayreuth—Richard conducting. With him acting as producer and a cast of eminent singers, including Lehmann. The deficit was 30,000 dollars—a huge loss in those days.

At one stage of his career, Wagner was paid $500 dollars for a "Centennial March," a pot-boiler written to commemorate America's Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia. So we could go on, revealing the profits and losses, the triumphs and disappointments of those who devoted themselves to music.

Speaking generally, however, music has returned the interpreter a larger financial reward than the creator of the music he performed. And it would be safe to say that most musicians—famous and obscure—started on their careers with an artistic ideal, rather than the goal of wealth, in mind. The life stories of such people prove that.

Much could be written, too, about the profits derived by melody thieves and tune twistlers who have borrowed, subtly and blatantly, from the musical works of the departed great.

But that is another story.

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**PARKING ASSISTANT**

**By GLUYAS WILLIAMS**

- Sees woman having trouble with narrow parking space and calls to have a music.
- Makes a survey of space available distances and so on.
- Signals to clean it, after considerable time concerning which way he wants it cramped.
- Keeps her backing and filling, sometimes in his desire to speed things up, giving both gestures simultaneously.
- Gets her to back in at last bring her persistent efforts to come forward, by blowing in from of her.
- Woman leans out of window and gives signs trying to get out of parking space, not into it. Man hurries down street, very red.

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58 CAVALCADE, November, 1951
QUEENSLAND

ROBIN HOOD

CLEM LACK

Jimmy Wilson had “taking ways” until he took to the rumbo.

THE little settlement of Brisbane
Town drowned in the hot sunshine
of the summer of 1846.
The era of convict settlement had
ended officially in 1836, but not until
late in 1842 was the Moreton Bay
district declared open for free settle-
ment.
The population of Brisbane still
largely comprised red-coated soldiers
and “cavers,” as the convicts were
called from the colour of their jackets.
Under the central archway of the
convict barracks, a building of rubble
and stone with iron-barred windows,
were placed the triangles to which
offenders were strapped for flagging.
One day in the summer of 1846,
Jimmy Wilson, a young assigned con-
vict employed by the Leith Hay
brothers on their station at South
Tooburrara on the Darling Downs,
behaved himself in one of the taver-
ns.
Next morning, he was sentenced to
twenty lashes and halted to the tri-
angles. Here “Bumblefoot,” the
deserter, waited hopefully to recei-
ve him.
With glittering, fiendish eyes, he
watched Jimmy being trussed up. He
ran the cat-o’-nine tails through his
stubby fingers as a caressing, almost
sensuous pleasure of anticipation.
He swung the cat-o’-nine tails
After the first stroke, Jimmy gave
a scream of agony. Thereafter, how-
ever, he remained grimly silent,
though flecks of blood showed on his
bottom lip where his teeth had hit-
ten through the flesh.
Jimmy lapsed limply into unconsci-
ousness before the last stroke was
applied, his back a mass of bleeding
flesh.
A convict threw a pail of water
over Jimmy to bring him round, and
help to his feet by ready hands
Jimmy eagerly drank the “fingers” of
rum poured out for him from the
flask of a bystander. They led him
away.
But next day, Jimmy was missing.
Soon he had word of young daredevils and was pilfering the
 provision drums that carried sup-
plies to the outlying stations.
His first important step in his brash-
running career, however, was to have
his revenge on the Leith Hays.
One evening he and his gang gal-
loped to the Leith Hay station. Coolly
walking into the parlour, twirling a
pistol in his fingers, Gentleman
Jimmy made an elaborate bow to the
four dim-burned men in the parlour
“Sorry to disturb you, gentlemen,”
he apologized in polite report.
Standing in the doorway behind
their leader were two men with
sears concerning the lower portion
of their faces.
The appalled company, whose
guest conversation had been so rou-
tinely interrupted, included the hosts (the
brothers Leith Hay), and the Rev
Benjamin Glewne (pioneer clergymen
of the Church of England on the
Darling Downs). Only a few hours
before the hold-up, the reverend
gentleman had officiated at the first
society wedding at that end of the
Downs.
The bride was Miss Macarthur, of
Sydney, sister of Madame Patrick
and George Leslie; the groom was a
Mr. Francis Robert Chester Master.
Afterwards Ussher of the Black Rod
in the Queensland Parliament

The newly-married couple and most
of the guests had left, but the bro-
thers Leith Hay, the clergymen and
one other guest were lingering over
their pipes and brandies, when
Jimmy Wilson and his mates walked
in.

“Gentleman Jimmy put on a good
act. He was well educated. It was
believed that he was the product of
a famous English University. His
politeness and suavity were punc-
tious. Bringing the station cook into
the parlour, he courteously invited
everyone to sit down with him and
his mates.

As a matter of fact, Jimmy bowed
like a courtier and exclaimed: “I
hope I don’t intrude, gentlemen.
Please sit down. If you don’t,
I can’t answer for the whims of my
friends, whose somewhat unpropo-
nessful faces are now visible on the
verandah. Please, don’t inconvenience
yourself. I’ll sit down and take a glass
of grog, if you don’t mind.”

Jimmy poured himself a glass of
grog.

Smacking his lips, he remarked
with the air of a connoisseur: “Ah,
capital stuff! My friends outside will
join us by turns, and we’ll make a
night of it. You see, I’ve brought
your cook and servants to wait on
us.”

Then, refilling his empty glass, he
observed casually: “By the way, I
hope you don’t mind, but I’ve taken
rather a fancy to your horses. Thank
you for keeping them so handy in the
paddock.

“Ah, gentlemen, your very good
health! I’ll just take a peep at your
guns in the next room. No, don’t
get up! I know where they are.
I’m afraid I must borrow some of
them.”

To all outward appearances, the
night was passed pleasantly—a good
time being had by all.

CAVALCADE, November, 1951
Unfortunately, for themselves, the Leith Hays had an exceptionally well-stocked wardrobe. Jimmy and his mates wanted a new rigout. They staged a sartorial orgy, trying on boots and suits of clothes and donning clean starched shirts and other finery—"in exchange" (and Jimmy) for the soiled ragged clothes they left behind.

At dawn, the outlaws took possession of all the firearms at the station, and one of them even relived Mr. Glennie of his watch. Then the gang made their leisurely way to the stables, where they saddled and bridled Leith Hay's imported thoroughbred mare and the best of the other horses.

Then, wearing their boots' costumes, with their boots' miles slung about their shoulders, and packing their boots' ammunition and brandy flasks about them, they took a courteous farewell—after a generous stirrup cup—and galloped jubilantly away.

But Gentleman Jimmy was a man of sensitivity.

When he discovered that his mate had taken the clergyman's watch he flew into a passion. Was this the way to treat a kindly gentleman of the cloth? His gentlemanly instincts were outraged. His henchman reluctantly handed over the watch.

But the problem was how to return it to its former owner. Jimmy found a solution.

Meeting the mailman from Quart Pot Creek, Jimmy asked him to return the watch to South Tooburne for Mr. Glennie, "with his compliments."

Jimmy and his gang, which was augmented from time to time by several escaped convicts and ticket-of-leave men, continued to roam among the scattered stations from Warwick as far as the border of New South Wales, but his reputation appears to have been more of a Robin Hood than that of a desperado.

But the end had to come.

One day, Wilson and his gang were working their way across country from Ballandean when they met a teamster. The teamster's dray had a good store of liquor aboard.

While the bushrangers were busily engaged in drinking themselves insensible, the teamster sent his mate hell-for-leather to Tenterfield to bring the police.

Several young squatters joined the attacking party. When they came in sight of the dray it was covered with a tarpaulin. The stolen mare, hobbléd, was munching the grass nearby.

Believing that the gang was sleeping off a drunken carouse, the police officer signalled the party to dismount. Barely had they stretched their cramped legs before creeping forward on the (supposedly) unconscious men, than the tarpaulin on the dray moved suddenly. The police horses shied, the next moment a volley burst from beneath the dray.

One of the police party got a slug in his leg and his horse was shot dead.

Inspired by this, the yelling bushrangers brandished their guns and rushed out from under the dray.

As a charge, it was a bad mistake. Their legs wouldn't hold them.

The police and squatters poured in a volley; in a few minutes four of the bushrangers and three of their horses had been killed.

Gentleman Jimmy and those of his companions who remained alive were quickly overpowered. Some weeks afterwards Jimmy swung on the gallows.

But his name lived on. Thereafter the locality was always known as "Wilson's Downfall"... and it is known by that name to this day.

"I gave him some of the best years of my life but I still have some left... Interested?"
Are you building on a corner site? Here's a plan. The principal rooms have been placed along the main front, opening on to a terrace from which a good outlook is obtained. The entrance gate and path are placed on the side street so that the porch does not take up any of the more valuable main frontage. The entrance path continues beyond the porch direct into the garage.

The living and dining rooms are one large unit, divided only by an irregular shape. Both these rooms have full height windows overlooking the terrace. The kitchen adjoins the dining room with direct service with a meal recess for breakfast, and quick meals. The two bedrooms are placed with windows to capture the view and each is fitted with a built-in wardrobe. There is a coat cupboard in the entrance hall and a linen cupboard near the bathroom.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 75 feet. The overall area is 1,530 square feet.

house with a
CORNER SITE

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 82)
PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.
THE MYSTERY OF THE PRINCE’S HEART

Was it the heart of her son which the old Empress cherished in the jar of vermeil?  

JACK PEARSON

It was the year 1879. Cetewayo ruled over the Amazulu.
From Cetewayo had come the command for war against the scarlet-coated soldiers of the White Queen Victoria who stood on his borders, and against the white farmers and traders who coveted his lands.

Already the long-bladed stelbing assegais and the skull-crunching knobkerries of his Zulu "impi"... those massed regiments with the thundering fact... had drunk deep of the white ostrich-plumes tossed over their iron head-rings and their ex-hide shields, the "impi" had charged again as Chaka had once

taught them to charge... in a sickle-moon formation, with two curving horns like a bull's to close round the enemy in a circle of death. So they had rushed upon the willing Red Coats at Isandula... slaughtering and slaughtering until there had seemed none left to slay. Some 4,000 of them had raced forward to Rorke's Drift... to recoup before a funny biscuit-box barricade manned by 139 British infantrymen and a fox terrier dog.

Now it was April, both sides had retired to lick their wounds, and the Prince Imperial had landed in Natal.
Born on March 20, 1856, he had just celebrated his twenty-third birthday... a slightly-built stripling, still tall enough to be proud of his silky, sprouting moustache.

He had been a mere lad when his father's armies had been ground to pulp under Prussian jack-boots at Sedan and he himself had fled with his mother to England. He had not been much older when his father also had arrived, only to die. He had been enrolled at the British Military College at Woolwich to train as an Army Engineer and there he might have remained in safety... if he had not been too true a Bonaparte not to rebel against the monotony of barracks-square soldiering.

He had come to Africa of his own free-will... The bewildered British commander, Lord Chelmsford, seems to have done his best with a bad job. He attached the pugnacious Prince to his personal staff as "extraordinary aide-de-camp" (presumably opening that this might succeed in keeping him out of mischief).

Unfortunately, the Prince evinced a pronounced distaste for being kept out of mischief. Set to compiling depot records and reports on camp lists, he became fretful. The routine bored him. He wanted action.

He got it. Subjected to the Prince's nerve-shattering barrage of persistent argument, Lord Chelmsford voicelessly consigned Louis Napoleon to the Devil—or the Zulus (there really wasn't much difference)—and agreed to his joining a reconnoitering party.
The expedition turned out to be everything the Prince (if not his escort) could have desired. Marching out with a Colonel Harriman, Louis Napoleon was soon successfully ambushed by a Zulu raiding party, saved his skin only by hell-for-leather riding; and returned, bloodied and, against all odds, in one piece.

"At last I've been doing a soldier's job," he enthused. Colonel Harriman, it appeared, took a dimmer view. At all events, he had a word in Lord Chelmsford's private ear.

And here the mystery begins.
The one certain fact is that the Prince, having tasted blood, was thirsty for more. On June 1, the British forces began to advance on the Zulu capital at Ulundi. On June 2, Lieutenant Carey (bearing all the symptoms of having also been worn down by the Prince's irresistible powers of persuasion) asked Colonel Harriman if he "might ride ahead with the Prince Imperial to verify a sketch."

Considering that precautions had been too late to keep the Prince well away from Zulus, Colonel Harriman's reactions were, to say the least, startling.

"All right! Take six whites and six Basutos for an escort and you look after the Prince," the Colonel says to Lieutenant Carey.

Whereupon the mystery rapidly enters the realms of fantasy. By some grotesque coincidence, Louis Napoleon, Lieutenant Carey, six white troopers and a Kaffir guide reached the rendezvous, only to discover that the six Basutos were missing. Without bothering to wait for these re-

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sweating troopers hit a fire to brew a pot of coffee. No one—not even the Kaffir guide, who should have had his eyes open—noticed the scattered scraps of freshly chewed "unfi"—
sucked libera of sugar-cane—
a sure sign that Zulus had been squattting in the kraal not long before.

Almost an hour passed. "Time to get on," Lieutenant Carey hinted at about a quarter to four. "Give me ten more minutes to finish this sketch," the Prince replied.

He had hardly spoken when a bottle of musketry echoed from the corn not 20 yards away and, as a trooper named Rogers slumped mortally wounded onto his face, a swarm of Zulus leaped, assaog in hand, from the "tambooke" grass.

A complete account of what followed will never be written. The best that can be done is to piece together the jumbled accounts of the survivors.

Apparently, the whole patrol panicked.

Flurried by the terrible Zulu war-cry, the horses plunged and reared. The Prince had been riding a huge, grey horse—at least 16 hands always difficult to mount. Now the heat was unbearable.

By some inner miracle, Lieutenant Carey gained the saddle, but his mare bolted into the veld, Trooper Rogers' rideless mount racing at its heels.

Behind him, lying along his horse's neck, a Trooper Latoe dashed past the Prince, shouting as he went the totally unnecessary advice: "Deposez-vous, s'il vous plaît, M'sieur!"—"Get a move on, sir!"

If the Prince answered, Trooper Latoe did not hear. He only remembers the Prince running beside the grey, clutching at a pistol-hoist to hobble himself into the shrubbery, the

The last glimpse Trooper Latoe (or any other white man) had of him alive was of Louis Napoleon on his feet again and running... with the Zulu killers only a few feet away.

Without need for blame or excuse, it must be recorded that not one of the patrol turned back to offer the Prince his aid. Only... as they pounded to the shelter of the British lines... the Prince's grey runner joined their ranks, a trooper caught it by the bridle and led it into camp.

And, at this point, the fantasy becomes almost unbelievable. Though the British camp was so near the kraal that General Wood and Colonel Buller, peering through their binoculars, had a clear view of the Zulus leaving away two captured horses, no rescue party was sent out until the next day.

By then, the only inhabitant of the kraal was a Zulu woman who could not (or would not) say anything. For an instant, there was a fleeting hope that the Prince might somehow escape. But it was swiftly stifled. A shout rang from the bank of a shallow, dried watercourse. There, huddled in the "donga," the would-be rescuers stared at the corpse of Louis Napoleon.

Except for a row of medals—one a seal which Napoleon the Great had brought from Egypt—hanging round the neck on a golden chain, the body was stripped naked.

His sword, revolver, helmet and belts had disappeared; his spurs and one sock lay on a patch of grass. One blue eye was opened wide in a vacant stare, the other had been torn from its socket. In all, the Prince had been pierced by eighteen assaog wounds... all in front.

enforcements, the Prince and his party galloped into the veld.

It was (literally) the mistake of the Prince's life. At about three o'clock in the hot African afternoon, Louis Napoleon and his companions sighted five red huts (one with a small tattooed enclosure) about 200 yards from the commonly-titled Blood River. This was, the Kaffir guide explained, the kraal Hyoloyoz.

Except for a few dogs, there was no sign of life. Tall "tambooke" grass, five or six feet high and mingled with Kaffir corn, stretched between the huts and the river. In front, a narrow dusty clearing was strewed with the sold cases and broken pottery of what must once have been a communal cooking-place.

The patrol halted while the Kaffir guide sailed alone towards the huts. He returned to matter that they were all deserted. Without a care in the world, the patrol dismounted and left the horses to graze. The drowsy peace of the clearing was unbroken as the Prince and Lieutenant Carey sat down to make sketches and the

They lifted the blood-stained corpse onto a stretcher of limbs and blankets and bore it back to the camp. There, the last Napoleon was bundled into a coffin built of two tin-lined boxes and carried to Mitzibuz, where he was embalmed.

HMS Orient bore him to England and his grave. To his mother, they handed a jar of venoms which (so they said) contained his heart.

Perhaps it did—but that is the greatest mystery of all. Years later, when the star-crossed Empress Eugenie had gone to meet her husband and son in the tomb, an old Zulu warrier, Mittoe, lay dying in his kraal. Wrapped in his blanket, he glared dimly on the white men about him as he chanted his death chant and boasted his past prowess.

"And I, too, Inkoan," he sang huskily. "Even I helped flee the young White Warrior of the Grey Horse at the kraal Hyoloyoz... yet, him we slew in bitter night—he met us in the darkness and when his pistol would fire no more, he fought us with the sword. Seventeen times our assaogs drank his blood and still he fought... be fought until my assaog pierced his eye and sent him to join the ghosts... but we did not deal with him as we dealt with the other white men and the Kaffir slave... he had been so brave a warrior we took mutath but his heart... for it was good medicine to take his heart and so gain for ourselves a share of his courage... Bayeto!"

And there you have it. Whose heart? Any heart—was consumed in that vermine-scented bowl the Empress Eugenie chanted! Or was the heart of the last Napoleon made into "medicinal" for the Children of the Black Napoleon? Perhaps the embalmers of Mitzibuz could have said... but, they, too, are dead.
Kath King
-Luxury Dive-

By Phil Belbin and Sydney Ockenden

This is one kind of job the pressmen enjoy. Kath King and photographer Tricky Todd are among those present.

Levi Jones, wealthy and eligible bachelor traveler, has fascinating conversation. He is a very smart dancer, too.

Your city looks like fairy-land, tell me about it.

Meanwhile, for Tricky Todd, it is a case of working harder. Everybody wants to be photographed.

The ship is turned over to the social set, with a lavish entertainment held on board.

What's the disturbance?

Man overboard!
Instantly the search is on.

"I see him!"

Feeling shaky still, Kath gets out of her wet clothes.

The hospitable Mrs. Grandison fetches brandy and offers Kath some clothes.

"My daughter is ashore but her things might fit you."

Nearly drops his camera when he realises that the victim was Kath King!

"Did you get dizzy?"

"I feel someone jostled me."

Revived by the brandy and dressing, Kath begins to remember details of her adventure. Feeling sure she was pushed over...

Mrs. Grandison, a motherly passenger on the Mocambo, insists that Kath be taken to her own stateroom.

"Out of those wet things, child."

"There's no need for the doctor, Mrs. Grandison tells the captain. Fortunately I used to be a nurse myself."

"Extremely good of you not at all if my daughter drank too much."

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72 73
NOW THE SKIPPER'S CONVINCED IT WAS DRINK

WHEN TRUCK ASKS HOW THE GIRL IS, MRS. GRANDISON TELLS HIM IT WOULD BE CHARITABLE TO KEEP IT OUT OF THE PAPERS.

BUT SHE'S A FRIEND OF MINE.

AFTER A QUICK LOOK AROUND THE DECK, TRUCK LEAVES THE MOCAMBO WITH HIS PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORD OF WHAT HAPPENED.

ON BOARD THE LUXURY LINER, THE EPISODE IS FORGOTTEN AND THE FUN GOES ON -- FOR MOST PEOPLE 

AS THE WOMAN GOES BACK TOWARDS HER CABIN, TRUCK WONDERS WHAT ALL THIS IS REALLY ABOUT.

I FEEL I WAS PUSHED OVER...

PREPOSTEROUS! WHO WOULD DARE?

NOW YOU MUST COME ABOARD TO A DOCTOR

ASSURING KATH THAT SHE HAS MADE ENQUIRIES BUT THERE IS NO DOCTOR ABOARD, MRS. GRANDISON INSISTS ON TAKING HER ABOARD TO SEE THE GIRL. SHE HAS NO ILL EFFECTS.

THERE WAS SUCH A CROWD IT WAS AS IF YOU COULD DIVE.

TRUCK'S QUICK EYE GIVES HIM A MESSAGE. IF MRS. GRANDISON KNEW KATH COULDN'T SELLING SHE ACTUALLY SHUN THE GIRL PUSHED OVER. YET SHE PRETENDED IGNORANCE.

YOU'RE TOO KIND.

NOTHING! I ASKED YOU.

A DOCTOR. MRS. GRANDISON KNOWS DO NOT MIND SEETING A LATE PATIENT.
AT THE DOCTOR'S REQUEST KATH REMOVERS HER DRESS FOR A QUICK EXAMINATION
A LOT OF UNNECESSARY FUSS
THE DOCTOR'S TAKING HIS TIME
MEANWHILE TRUCK TOOK RACE TO DRIVE HIS TRUCK AND SHOWS CERTAIN PECULIARITIES TO THE POLICE
SHE BETRAYED THAT SHE SAW KATH GO OVER THAT MEANS SHE WAS WATCHING FOR IT AND THIS IS THE MAN AT THE CALL WITH KATH BEFORE SHE WENT OVER
I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOUR DRESS
THE COP RECOGNIZES LEVI JONES AS A SHARP CON
BUT WHY WOULD HE PUSH HER INTO THE WATER?
A POLICE PATROL MAKES RADIO CONTACT WITH THE MOCCAMBO AS IT SPEEDS ON ITS WAY. FINDS KATH HAS LEFT THE SHIP
AFTEHR HER DUCKING SHE HAD TO WEAR NEW CLOTHES - CLOTHES PREPARED FOR HER, CONTAINING SMUGGLED GOODS THE CUSTOMS WOULDN'T SUSPECT
RADIO - DIRECTED TO DR. HAMMER'S PLACE, THE CAR INTERCEPTS THE DOCTOR, MRS. GRANDISON AND OTHERS
TRUCK FINDS KATH IN THE SURGERY
DIAMONDS WERE SEWN INTO THE INSIDE OF THE DRESS - YOU - YOU SMUGGLER, YOU!
THEY FORCED A CHANGE OF CLOTHES ON HER THAT WAY MRS. GRANDISON BROUGHT HER ASHORE TO A DR. METCALF - I BELIEVE SHE SPOKE DOPE OR JEWELS WERE IN THE DRESS SHE WORE.
Mina Gray • Fiction

A sharp kris can leave scars like a tiger's, but did that really explain his nightmare?

While you are reading this, the House of the Tiger still stands at the third bend of that dark river in Sarawak...until the jungle takes it to itself...it will go on waiting.

My brother-in-law, John Anderson, is not an imaginative man. He does not suffer from "nerves." Yet, when I saw him after his return from the east, his appearance shocked me enough to force me to ask what was worrying him. He ran his big hand over his head and looked at me. I had an idea he was trying to make up his mind whether he should share his worry with me. At last he said, "I'll try and tell you. Understand I'm not asking you to believe it. I hope that you will laugh at it, so that I can laugh, too, and feel some again."

Karen, John's wife, and I have some Dutch blood in us. There is in our family a shadowy link with the once fabulous East Indies that still casts an aura of romance over many of Holland's oldest families. It appears in Karen in her unusual, slanting green eyes...and maybe in our instinctive feeling for colour which made us both quite competent commercial artists before Karen married...
John and left me to carry on alone.

John has a very satisfactory importing business. Karen continued her painting as a hobby flower studies, beach scenes, studio interiors and still life. All very pretty but of no artistic value. At the time of their marriage, John couldn't spare the time to go on a long honeymoon, but two years later they decided to go on a cruise to the east. They were very much in love and, as Karen had always been curious about those islands to the north of Australia with which our family had once been linked, he thought it was the most present he could give her.

She was excited when she knew the ship would call at Saramut, Naria, at last she could see the very island where the famous Evert Casu had painted so many of his greatest works. She was quite excited about it myself. John indulgently agreed to leave the steamer they were travelling on and pick up another a month or six weeks later.

Yet, John said, on the morning when he sauntered upon deck to get his first glimpse of the vast shadowy bulk of Saramut over the luminous water, he shivered in spite of the warm steaming air from the mudflats which almost engulfed the entrance to Tanjung Timau. For in the distance rose the strange gloomy peak of Bukit Hantu.

Karen joined him at the rail. She was alive with enthusiasm and was a little cold to his lack of it. Later, alone in the town's only hotel, watching a native cab waft us tepidly through the heavy tropic sun, he wished that he had refused his wife's request to stay there. He could easily have persuaded her that they could have seen all that she wanted in a day.

He was astonished when she suddenly informed him the next day that she was going up the river. He tried to reason with her. Saramut is, after all, no place for a white woman. She listened politely and then said with a strange hesitancy, "John, I've never in my life done exactly the thing I wanted. This time I'm going to..."

Seeing how worried she was, he paused on the threshold of their room, "I...

"I'm sorry, John. I feel I must go...I've never seen a great painter before."

"But Evert Casu has been dead 30 years!" he burst out.

Her eyes dulled for a minute, "Of course, there will only be the house... but I want to take my things there and paint!"

This was the first domestic crisis John had ever faced, but he faced it in his characteristic placid manner. He went out to make inquiries about this house, that had belonged to Evert Casu. The local officials and other whites, mainly Dutch, exhibited a strange unwillingness to talk about the house of their local celebrity, and the Afrikaner looked at him distrustfully. Eventually he learnt that beyond Tanjung Remis rose fertile flat mountains, dark with cedars and mahogany. In this forest amid the still of tens of centuries grew mushrooms, a muse in circumference and strange blossoms heavy with parasitic perfume. The only way through the forest was on the breast of the sluggish yellow river... and at the third turn of the river lay "Rumah Hammar" itself... the House of the Tiger.

John was not used to the island habit of giving things imaginative names and he asked the origin of this one. Here, again he was met by deep reserve, but at last he heard the whole terrible story. He went back to the hotel more determined than ever that neither he nor Karen should make the morbid expedition.

It appeared that Casu had lived to reason with her. Saramut is, after all, no place for a white woman. She listened politely and then said with a strange hesitancy, "John, I've never in my life done exactly the thing I wanted. This time I'm going to..."

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It appeared that Casu had lived...
Never before such Under-cover Comfort

"You've made a lot of enquiries," he said.
"While you've been digging up all you could against him," she answered.

It was as if she had shut him outside herself. They had never been like this before. He could see that it would do no good to try and stop her going, and by now his own curiosity was aroused.

The journey itself was no light-hearted cruise. The navigation of the undulating river, through falls where mad water churned between sharp-toothed rocks was a cold-blooded challenge to death each time the boatman tipped the rock surface with his long rod and sent the prahu swiftly onwards into the heart of Saramut.

But at last they reached the third bend and came out into low scrub around an old stone landing stage. The house itself was the usual colonial structure. There was a verandah around which the banyas had twirled and been hacked away apparently by the last visitors. The sunlight lay everywhere and by silvery butterflies and green beetles hovered in the quivering silence.

The boatmen refused to come anywhere near the house and built themselves a bush shelter of mangipalm leaves.

John and Karen had been camped in the house a week when he first noticed that there was a hardening of the change in her towards him. She had been painting a lot outside, but in the last two days she had begun to paint in a room at the back of the house. At first it amused him that she had grown so secretive, but when he went to call her one day, he found the door locked. At first he thought it was jammed and put his shoulder to it. But when she heard him, she opened it. They stared at each other like strangers in a tense

At last! Stylishly tailored shorts of finest poplin material with real "under-cover" comfort built into every inch. Men will delight in the new freedom and convenience of Pelaco Shorts... wives will appreciate the long-wearing, easy-to-laundry features of the sides and roomy action back. They're all round winners and because they're Pelaco you can be sure of top quality and value.
silence, then he said, noting the heavy key in her hand, "You locked it?"
She said reluctantly, "I...I must have done it without thinking...the key was in the door."
He shrugged, "Well, let's see what you've been painting?"
She dodged between him and the easel quickly. He laughed, "A surprise, eh? You might let your husband have a peep." He pushed her playfully aside, but she clung to him fiercely. At last, she said through her teeth, "If you go a step further you'll regret it."
He was shocked by the hostility in her voice. He shook her, "I'm fed up with this place. You and your da**ned Evert Cans, we're leaving in two days."
She looked at him, white-faced, "We can't go...I've got to finish my painting."
He was already sorry for his own violence, he put up his hand to pat her shoulder but she shrank from it as if his very touch was a kind of torture to her. He said, "What can you find to paint here?" His eyes searched the room. There was nothing but her chair, the easel and an old trolleys bed, already rolling.
She threw back her head and began to laugh at him. He fled from her taunting laughter. He wanted to thank it out by himself. In the next two days their relations grew worse. And the house itself, with its still heat did nothing to relieve his tension. He could not forget that somewhere outside...quite near...a man had been mauled by a tiger. It was as if he and Karen were puppets operated by something outside themselves, something evil, because he knew now that she hated him. He would catch her looking at him slyly...yet sometimes she seemed to fight against it and then her eyes watched...
him with such pleading that he re-
doubled his efforts to be patient . . .
as if he were fighting for them both.

On the night before they were to
leave, he went again to the room
where now she painted constantly.
The door was locked as usual but
there was a light under it. He thought
that he could hear Karen's voice and
yet it was not her voice. It was a
woman talking urgently . . . and
waiting for an answer. He knocked
on the door. She opened it. After
a minute she looked back over her
shoulder and then came out smiling,
linking her arm in his. He said,
"You've left the lamp lit in there."
She looked at him sideways, "It's
better for the painting."
He looked at her puzzled.

She said, "It'll dry out quicker."
Before he got underneath her mas-
quino net that night, he was over to
her. She was sleeping peacefully.
He sighed. They would be back in
time to catch the steamer from Tem-
pung Irum and then they would fly
to Sydney from Sumatra. He didn't
know what was wrong between
them, but he felt they could fight it
better on his home ground. He was
worried about Karen. She was get-
ting thinner and her eyes burned with
fearful intensity.

He fell into bed and was soon
heavily asleep, which was probably
due to the amount of Bola gin he had
consumed while thinking over his
situation.

He said that he didn't know how
long he had been asleep when he
woke up, his flesh creeping. He could
have sworn that Karen had called out.
Around him was a hot, musty
scent, and beyond the mosquito net
something was breathing heavily in
the dark cavern of the room. He rea-
lized that the thing that had wakened
him had been a slow, light shivering
across his bored throat. He put up
his hand. His throat was wet. He
put his finger to his mouth, it tasted
salty, like blood. All the time he
was trying to peer into the darkness
where the thing breathed heavily.
Suddenly he made out a dark shape
in the light of a creaking lattice. For
a mad minute, in his nervous state,
with the bars of light and shadow on
it, he thought "The Tiger!" Then the
thing was upon him, heavily, fiercely.
He was relieved to find that it was
human, but it had a knife which it
used with violent insanity. There
was no sound in the room but their
streamed, panting breath. At last he
got possession of the knife. He rea-
ized that, in spite of its monstrous
strength, the creature panting against
him was a woman. And in another
second an icy hand took hold of his
heart... it was Karen! As he looked
the knife away, he felt her body go
lump, she had fainted. He groped for
the torch, terrified that he had killed
her, but she still breathed. He was
astonished at her stillness after that
fury. Still gasping for breath him-
self, he laid her on his bed and lit
the lamp.

John looked at me, "Well, that's
the story. I don't know whether it
was the right thing, but, as soon as
she opened her eyes and knew me,
I gave her some sleeping drops that
we had with us, I kept her under
them until we reached Tempong Irum."

"Did she still want to go back
there... afterwards?"

After a pause, he said slowly, "She
didn't remember anything about it.
She even reproached me with the fac-
that I refused to take her to see the
house of Evert Claas. Yet I'm con-
vinc'd that there was some evil in-
fluence in that house. Something that
wanted to keep Karen there, and that
meant getting rid of me. I found out
afterwards that the rumour she ob-
jected to was that Evert Claas and

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CAVALCADE, November, 1951
that women had murdered the husband with a sharp knife while he slept. There is some ritualistic way of making it look like the work of a tiger... nobody was ever quite sure.

He stopped. "Well?"
I frowned. "I don't like to say this, but you were on a kind of rest cure. Are you sure the whole thing wasn't just a nightmare, as you say you went to the House of the Tiger?"

He answered, with the ghost of a smile. "I thought you might say that. You know I keep a room at the club here for when I'm in town. I'd like to show you something." Upstairs he pulled from behind his wardrobe a covered picture. He lifted the cover. He said slowly, "Alice, you know what sort of pictures Karen used to paint..."

But I was staring at it, excited... Everybody wondered why Cas never painted a tiger, he was so fond with jungle animals and the tiger always seemed the most obvious. It's magnificent. It was true. The picture before me seemed to have life of its own so that the room around us vanished. Involuntarily I backed from the blood lust in the amber eyes, and I could have sworn the black stripes quivered in the shadows. I burst out excitedly again, "It's a Cas all right... where did you pick it up?"

"At Rumah Hartman—The House of the Tiger," he said.

"Well that certainly proves you were there... Karen must be excited over this."

He let the cover fall over the painting and turned to me somberly, "Karen doesn't know that I have it." I stared.

He looked at me appealingly, "And it's not a Cas. Karen painted it... back there... in that room."

"Impossible." I pulled the cover up again and looked more closely for the signature of Cas. "It is not quite finished... perhaps Karen found it... even to me, the suggestion sounded ridiculous after so many years. Canvas in the jungle is not exactly everlasting.

"The paint was still tacky when I brought it away," he said.

"But that means?" I looked at him.

He looked back at me, worried, "I've been over and over it in my mind but there seems only one crazy way to reason it. If there is any truth in the natives' tale of Cas's spirit being immortal, then he needed Karen. The only thing he cared about was painting, and she could paint. But to keep her there he had to get rid of me. As he had done with that other wretched creature's husband. The woman used to model for him. Well, he very nearly succeeded in killing me the same way. I, too, would have bled to death."

It all sounded so logical that I looked at him, shuddering. He went on, "But I realize now that the thing that woke me in time that night was Karen's voice crying out in tomens, "John, oh, John." After that she no longer belonged to herself, she was possessed. She remembers nothing. Also, I want you to take this painting. I can't bring myself to destroy..."

"but I never want to see it again and I never want Karen to see it. She's much stronger now and I don't want a relapse."

I took it with me.

It hangs, still unfinished in my attic studio, but I think that I too shall have to get rid of it. The savage hurt in that picture has not yet been satisfied. And I am afraid that one night I shall set up and finish the picture and see the thing free, the thing that John should have left to rot in the House of the Tiger on the dark island of Sumatra.

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CAVALCADE, November 1951
I'll show you a real party when this brawl is over."

"All right with me, big boy."

That was before Goff got drunk. Even Zee-zee could spot the difference in how the boys treated him as he tanked up. As his tongue got thicker, his feet unsteady and his eyes glassy, she could see the contempt in their faces and hear the undisguised insults.

Puzzled, Zee-zee cornered Nicky.

"What gives?" she asked. "When Goff first showed up tonight you were bow-tied, in him like he was J. Edgar himself! Now you're practically spitting in his face. I don't get it."

Nicky's eyes followed her curves lovingly. "I've been out of circulation too long," he said appreciatively. "That guy, Goff, you can forget what I said about being nice to him. The way he's tanked up, he never remembers anything. We have to go easy when he's sober. With enough dough, he can fix practically anything. But he puts on his damned respectable airs and wouldn't speak to you if he met you on the street. Now look at him."

Goff was half-lying, half lying on the portable bar that had been set up for the party.

The busty, red-faced bartender was signalling "Goof's out like a light. What do we do with him?"

"Throw the bum out," Nicky said contemptuously. "Maybe the cops will pick him up and throw him in the tank. I hope so," he added.

That's when I stepped in. I'd been hanging around, watching Goff build up a load and listening to the contempt heaped on him as he soaked up the liquid anaesthetic.

Not that I had any sympathy for him. I hated his fat guts.

I made it a point to be closest when the bartender grabbed Goff's arm and pulled. I hadn't grabbed his other arm, he'd have fallen flat on his face.

"Come on," I said. "We'll walk him out."

We started him toward the door. The bartender expected to give him the boat through the doorway and watch him skid across the hallway on his nose. But somebody yelled for another Scotch and soda, and he had to let me handle him the rest of the way.

Goff lived with his wife Ellen and their children in a beautiful two-story colonial in the newest section of town.

I cautiously opened the front door with the key I drenched from his pockets, intending to lay him out on a sofa without awakening his family.

Did you ever try to take a drunk anywhere quietly?

I was pulling off his shoes when I heard a noise upstairs and in a moment Ellen appeared on the stairs. Her dark-brown hair flowing in a touselled cloud around her shoulders and wrapped in a light-blue dressing gown, she didn't look a day older than the little girl I had taken to the high school senior prom.

"I was hoping I could get him in without waking you," I said.

I knew we were both thinking that if she had married me instead of Wyatt, nobody would be carting me home in an alcoholic daze.

I had begun to lose out when Wyatt went to law school and I went to work to earn a living. Ellen was the fastest thumb from a snob you could imagine. But her father was a judge, and when Wyatt graduated and hung out his shingle they just naturally found their lives peaked to the same pattern. Mine didn't fit at all.

Wyatt strolled from his stupor and
sat up. His eyes were glazed and his head weaved back and forth. Ellen started across the room toward him.

Catching sight of her, Wyatt lurched to his feet. "Zee-zee, honey," he mumbled, "now we'll have our own little party." He threw one arm around Ellen and tried to kiss her.

I grabbed Golff roughly by the arm and pulled him toward me. "Hold it, Wyatt," I said sharply. "This is Ellen, your wife. You're home now."

Golff wavered unsteadily on his feet and then fastened his eyes on me. "I know you, You're Dean Sayers."

I turned to look at Ellen, almost falling in the process. "In my house in the middle of the night. My wife in her nightgown. I've caught you!"

He drew back his hand and laid a staring slap across her cheek. I was moved as he moved, but not quick enough to stop him. Then he staggered backward for a step or two and collapsed on the floor from my right to his jaw.

"He ever hit you before?" I asked harshly.

She said nothing, which was sufficient answer for me. "Show me where he bunks," I said.

With some effort I hoisted Golff to my shoulders. Fm the tall, almost skinny type.

I dumped Golff on his bed, pulled off his coat and pants, and went back downstairs.

Ellen called me from the kitchen. "I'm making some coffee, Dean. That's the least I can do for you."

I didn't really want to stay, because sitting across a kitchen table from her was the worst kind of teasing. Rather did I want to hurt her feelings. The bar upstairs had done too much of that.

Before I had finished my coffee I blurted it out. "Why don't you divorce that he?" I demanded. "You deserve better than that."

"You, for instance?" Ellen asked.

"You me for instance," I said. "You could do worse."

"Yes, I could do worse," Ellen agreed, her voice sincere. "But I'm not the divorcing type. There's our three children to think of."

I couldn't tell her she was wrong. That there had to be a blow-up before long, Wyatt had passed beyond the point where he was merely defending criminal cases. He was helping plan the jocks and taking a cut in the swag.

The day after the party Wyatt either wouldn't get to the office or wouldn't be worth a damn if he did. So I timed it that he got the letter when he reached his office the second morning.

It was a rather clever letter, even if I don't have too much education. It said the writer needed Golff as a lawyer in connection with a certain big job that had been pulled off recently, and that he was willing to split fifty-fifty with Golff.

The only recent really big job was the payroll holdup of the Masters Corporation. The bandits, according to the papers, had got about a hundred grand but left two guards dead.

Golff didn't waste any time. I was watching when he entered his office building. He was back downstairs in less than fifteen minutes.

I followed him at a discreet distance, until I was certain that he was headed for Scandia, a bustling little city some fifty miles north.

There was plenty of time, so I drove leisurely back downtown to a hotel. Using a pay booth, I put in a long distance call to the police department in Scandia. Scandia isn't a really large town, so I insisted on talking...
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CAVALCADE, November, 1951
once for the guy to stop. Maybe they will. Then they start shooting.

For a while the cops didn't know what they had. But their files soon showed that Shorty was wanted at least a half-dozen different places for boyish pranks like armed robbery and assault.

They couldn't quite figure out what Wyant was doing there. But they had liked and respected Ellen's father, a straight-shooting, fair-minded judge, and they felt sorry for Ellen.

So they let the newspaper boys believe Gaff was working with them and died a hero's death trying to capture a notorious criminal. The newspapers played it big, and I was glad.

You pick up little bits of information here and there, and I happened to know that Wyant was loaded with life insurance. So everything looked good for Ellen now. Plenty of money, and the kids would never have to apologize for their daddy.

I made one attempt to see if I had a chance with her now. I didn't.

"You're sweet, Dean," she told me. "But I belong to my children from now on. You do understand?"

I thought it would be that way, but you can't penalize a guy for trying.

Even so, I was feeling pretty cocky. The heat was off now and I could go pick up that hundred grand. Even without Ellen a fellow could have a lot of fun with that kind of dough.

I was sure it was safe enough, but I was still cautious when I sneaked up to that big corner post where we had buried the loot. The cops had been right behind us when the tyre had blown out and Shorty and I had had to take out across country on foot. We'd burned the money so we could separate and not have the evidence on us if we happened to be caught. I shouldn't have been so cocky. The cops had found the cache and had kept a stake-out on it all these weeks.

It was awfully nice of Ellen to come up here to tell me good-bye. But I haven't lost hope. Sometimes the governor called up at the very last minute, just before the switch is thrown, and grants a reprieve.

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CUP CLIPPINGS...

As punters have discovered for themselves, dead certs have no priorities for winning... even in the Melbourne Cup. This month, Frank Brownie gives you some close-ups of three Cup winners whom punters had given away before the race began. Once again, the shades of The Pearl, Watan and Old Rowley price the turf to revive the memories of old timers... which is one of the reasons the Cup season has for existing.

REBELLION...

The Canadian Mounted Police have a reputation for getting their man... or else. And the records of the Force show that the reputation has been well earned. But once even the Mounties were forced into a retreat before a polyglot mob of Indians, Englishmen, Frenchmen and what-not, led by a half-French, half-Indian breed. In “Even the Mounties Ran,” Lister Way has made a colourful study of an almost-forgotten episode of Canadian history.

THE EMPIRE CHARGE...

Africa, they say, is the Mother of Secrets and the Home of Mystery, and one of her strangest secrets is detailed by Jack Pearson in his “Mystery of the Prince’s Heart.”

Though the death of the Prince Imperial of France, while serving with the British forces in Zululand, roused a super-sensation in its day, time had almost erased it from the minds of anyone except historians, until an old Zulu chanted his death-song in his head and perhaps broke the hush-hush secrecy which had once surrounded a closely guarded State secret.

NEXT MONTH...

Christmas comes but once a year... and there’s no need for you all to huddle in corners and whimper “Why?” Next month CAVALCADE will present you with an unexpurgated version of how the whole unfunny business arose and will indicate several of those responsible for your unfortunate attention. In the meanwhile, we can only advise you to get on with sorting out last year’s Xmas Cards and hope for the best. In the fact section, you will find a neat demonstration on how their love-lives are apt to affect writers; a vignette of the One and Only Original “Dirty Dick”; and a nice piece of debunking (wrapped round a certain grimly reputed valley in the Canadian Ice Wasted). Fiction includes A Paul Graham story, “The Yellow Wind”; C. C. Sayers, giving the real run on the fall of Java to the Japs; and “The Stamping Ground”... a yarn redolent of the Northern Territory and its men.

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