CAVALCADE

Jan. '16

Six Secrets of Sex appeal — Page 12
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SUPER SHIPS OF THE SKIES
CHRISTOPHER JOHN

Experts of the air are fighting an unceasing secret battle for the supremacy of the skies.

WHEN a few months ago the Royal Air Force's "Canberra" shrugged off to Fairbairn drone in the Capital Territory, its captor made a determined bid to wrest from the Navy the title of the most silent of the Silent Services.

"Reports claim that your ship did better than 690 miles an hour," probed an agog newshound hopefully. "Is that correct?"

"It's wrong," murmured Captain Cuming blandly.

"What?":\n"Wrong? Too fast or too slow?" pressed the impatient newshound, declining to have any red herrings drawn across the scent.

"Just wrong," advised Captain Cuming, more blandly than ever . . . and departed nonchalantly about no doubt more pressing and less garrulous affairs.

Which seems as good a conversational gambit as any for revealing everything without disclosing anything.

And— much as it may depress all aspiring journalists — it is one which will probably be used much more frequently in the future.

With ever-increasing tempo, aeronautical experts of the world are fighting a secret battle for air supremacy; and the "Canberra" and its kind are only early prototypes.

Already, the experts are classing as practical possibilities fighter planes that will be more than half again as fast as their counterparts of World War II; that will fly more than half as high; and that will cruise more than twice as far with twice the bomb load.

And this is only the beginning. As at writing, aero engineers claim that they are well on the way to designing the first airplane type of atom motor.

They admit, of course, that they have struck bugs. For example, they have still to solve how to make an atom engine fast enough to drive planes at high speeds, how to hook up atomic power on to a jet; how to protect the crew from the deadly radiation.

And, they warn, "atom motors won't be practical—in our own lifetime, anyway—except for war; they'll cost too much."

Still, they have no doubts that these difficulties will finally be overcome.

Though most details of their activities remain naturally Top Secret, it has been disclosed that some experts are at present concentrating on "uranium motors." That is, the fuel is one kind of uranium (a rare, heavy white metal related to chromium). It is called U-235 (uranium-235), because it is 235 times as heavy as the heart of a hydrogen atom (the heaviest atom).

These U-235 atoms are the same type used in making the atom bomb which was dropped on Hiroshima and they serve as excellent fuel because they "furn" (split in two) easily.

The "motor" would be started by hitting uranium with neutron "bullets" (tiny electricity-neutral particles reaching only four times a bit

When a U-235 atom is hit by one of these "bullets," most of it splits into two parts—a gas called "krypton" and a metal, "barium." Some of the atom, however, is destroyed and changes into energy, giving off tremendous heat. Scientists visualize this heat being used to drive some kind of turbo-jet to propel the aircraft.

Moreover, the U-235 atom has neutrons in its heart and, when it splits, these neutrons are blasted out to hit and split other U-235 atoms. So the "motor" keeps running almost indefinitely by what is known as a "chain reaction."

To slow down or shut off the "motor," carbon stacks are thrust into the U-235 fuel, the carbon absorbs the neutrons given off by the splitting uranium atoms and so stops the neutron bullets from splitting other uranium atoms.

Obviously, a plane so powered could travel almost incredible speeds, reach unpredictable heights, and stay in the air for days at a time.

Which immediately gives rise to another difficulty. For men have been gazng up at the sky and they still don't know what is there.

The highest mountain in the world—Mount Everest—is only 5'/2 miles high; the official aeroplane altitude record is less than 60,000 feet, the highest occupied balloon reached 33.2 miles, and even sounding balloons don't seem to mount 32 miles. Yet the atmosphere is estimated to stretch from 660 to 60,000 miles above these distances.

It is a great air-ocean where man is a complete stranger. Can he hope to explore it and live? Scientists don't know. The high-climbing pilot (they realize) must face fantastic obstacles. First, there is the
Current radio rumour on the Razio declares that an ageing Shakespearean actor, who long ago had been reduced to parts in broadcasts (with the accent on soap-operas), accorded an uneasy acquaintance. "I've found the perfect atom-bomb shelter," announced the ancient dourly. "Where?" queried the friend. "My agent's office," explained the grey-beard. "There hasn't been any radio-activity there for months."

question of heat and cold. Any pilot knows that the higher he goes, the cooler it gets. But—strangely enough—it does not get colder indefinitely. It has been calculated that about 22 miles up (in the stratosphere) there is a region of constant temperature (about 57 degrees). Up about 29 miles, however, the temperature begins to get warmer until at 35 miles—in the words of U.S. engineer Harland Wilson—it may be hot enough to cook an egg (to the pilot).

Then by the time the plane touches 50 miles, the temperature has sunk again to 20 below zero. After which it begins to grow progressively hotter until there is a very real danger of the pilot drowning in the steam of his own boiling blood.

Moreover—to compound matters—it appears that just over 20 miles altitude a constant east wind blows at an average of 200 miles an hour.

And—even supposing that the pilot survives these hazards—there is worse in store. About 60 miles up, he will leave the stratosphere and enter the ionosphere. The ionosphere may be described as a kind of "radio-mirror", which reflects back to earth all but very short radio waves. Scientists believe that there is a very good possibility that man cannot survive in the ionosphere—even in a pressurised cabin. They warn that radiation from the sun and perhaps other sources might well prove lethal.

Must the stratosphere, therefore, be the all-time ceiling for high-flying planes? Again some scientists answer "No."

And why? The aero engineers make no bones about stating that the airplane pilot of to-day is rapidly becoming obsolete. They explain that even to-day's airplanes are so fast that the pilot's reaction time is "a stumbling block in the path of progress." The distance between two planes flying toward each other at 600 miles an hour diminishes at the rate of a mile in three seconds. Before a pilot can spot another plane, it is too late—unless he has automatic equipment. So the engineers have set themselves to plotting curves which will eventually put the plane pilot out of a job and let the plane fly itself.

Indeed, the first automatic flight has already been made. In 1960, a U.S. C-54 made a "push-button hop" from America to England guided solely by a mechanical brain. In other words, an "Automatic Flight Controller" a system of controls which are used in conjunction with an automatic pilot so as to produce a point-to-point flight with automatic take-off and landing.

And, working from these beginnings, Dr. E. E. Eildfson, research official of North American Aviation is now developing a plane which the claims will "require the man at the stick to do little more than keep breathing."

But as such a plane climbs through the stratosphere into the ionosphere, will science be able to keep the man at the stick breathing? Though—as has been said—most scientists are doubtful, others—including Dr. Eildfson—are inclined to a growing optimism.

To combat the extremes of heat and cold, they are calling new metals to liquid out. Current favorite seems to be "Titanium," a metal about 60 per cent heavier than aluminum, but only about half the weight of steel and which will successfully resist temperatures ranging from 300 to 800 degrees.

At present, the big drawback is the price of production of titanium, but producers are trying to develop a cheaper method.

One of the most interesting is Douglas Aircraft's use of paper. Daniels has discovered that paper, formed into a honeycomb structure, impregnated with resin and sandwiched between two thin sheets of metal, is "a strength-for-weight basis, the strongest material in the world."

Plastics also are taking on new roles. The Lockheed Company in the United States, is now producing what has been named "Lockform," a sort of plastic version of foam rubber that is rigid instead of yielding, and strong enough to replace metal reinforcements. All of which are steps in the right direction. But there still remains to be overcome the menace of the lethal radiation, both from the ionosphere and from the "atom motor." So far no suggestions in this regard have been made public, yet it is not improbable that the solving of one problem will mean the solving of both.

After all strange things have happened and, if man continues to be man, stranger things assuredly will happen. It's a habit.

Still, that is the future to show for the moment, all that can be said with any certainty is that when (if ever) some surpassing Pressman comes the first pilot to descend from the ionosphere, he will probably reserve the same reply which Captain Cuming was inspired to emit on Fairbairn's dome.
WALL STREET, the world's greatest three-ring circus, has been
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cally in its fluctuating history.

Its most appropriate nickname, however, is the Street of Frightened
Men, for hard-headed business tycoons get chills just watching the
ticker-tape machines as they relentlessly spell out the hieroglyphics that
mean fortune or bankruptcy.

Even in these days of sex equality, it
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lady. And yet, long before the Gay
Nineties, the most famous operator
was a woman, Hetty Green, who
nearly earned her nickname of The
Witch of Wall Street.

Hetty Green worshipped the almighty dollar with zeal. In her life-
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left then ahead in the world.
Hetty's mother and father impressed
on her the virtue of thrift. She seems
to have taken their advice very much
to heart.

Even at this tender age, when most
little girls play with dolls, Hetty
played with dollars, for already she
had studied the fascinating game of ac-
cumulating stocks until she had enough
to change into dollars. By the time
she was eight, she had a tidy bank-

account.

But her father and her grandfather
had poor eyesight, and found difficult
to read small print. Consequently, as a girl of 12, it became one
of Hetty's daily chores to read aloud
to the two men, the stock exchange
reports in the daily papers. By the
time she was 15, Hetty had a know-
ledge of the stock market, which very
few Wall Street experts could match.

She spent most of her time in the
company of a maiden aunt, Sylvia
Ann Howland, who possessed a size-
able fortune exceeding one million
dollars.

Naturally, by the time she was old
equal for her coming-out party,
Hetty showed every symptom of be-
ing a hard-boiled, hand-dashed busi-
ness woman.

Her home was ablaze with candles
for the occasion. Hetty became sud-

dently appalled at this wasted waste.
She hurried around each room, and
snuffed out candle after candle, long
before the startled guests were ready
to depart. Next morning, she prompt-
ly sold the partly used candles back
to the storekeeper from whom they
had been purchased.

When she was 35, her father died;
Hetty inherited one million dollars
outright, plus the life interest in five
million dollars worth of six per cent
United States Government Bonds.

Shortly afterwards, her aunt also
died. Hetty was named as chief
beneficiary in the aunt's will... a
life interest in an estate valued at
one and a half million dollars. But,
his Oliver Twist, Hetty wanted more.
She went to Court to gain absolute
possession of her aunt's estate.

She based her claim upon an earlier
will of her aunt's (which she pre-
duced to the Court). She and her
aunt (she swore) had made a compact
that neither of them would draw up
a later will at any time, without first
consulting the other.

The Court dismissed her claim.

Reverting for the moment from
finance, Hetty seems to have revolved
to flirtation. At all events, when she
was 35, she married Edward Henry
Green, who was some 12 years older
than Hetty, but had a million dollars
of his own.

Naturally, the cynics were openly
doubtful of any mere love match.
They described the nuptials as merely
an amalgamation of two financial
institutions. They were probably near
the mark.

If ever two entirely different char-
acters were wed, it was Hetty and
Edward Edward was an extremely
natty dresser; whilst Hetty got around
in rags. Edward took things easy and
believed that wealth was the open
savings to all the good things of life.
On the other hand, Hetty's motto was
work like hell and spend nothing.

The marriage never reached any-
things like the silver anniversary,
for the luckless Edward soon com-
mited an unforgivable sin—in Hetty's
eyes. He allowed himself to be out-
written in a business deal that cost
him several thousand dollars. Hetty
promptly pronounced the failure from
her household for ever.

Hetty had two children, a son whom
she called Edward, and a daughter
named Sylvia. She idolized Edward,
but she had a strange way of show-
ing her affection. She even denied

CAVALCADE, January, 1952

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to oversee her business affairs. This was when she bought up an entire railway system just to spite a business rival. The deal was one of the very few that she came out of badly.

In the main, however, Hetty plumped solidly for the safe repository for widows' mites and rainy day nest eggs, solid United States Government Bonds bearing a regular six per cent.

In fact, her favorite pastime was to borrow a pair of scissors, and to sit for hours on the cold stone floor of a New York bank, as busy as a barber, clipping off interest coupons from a fat bundle of Government Bonds which she carried around with her in countless capacious pockets in her numerous skirts.

Hetty's skirts were an everyday topic in New York, and an evergreen subject for stage comedians to make ribald jests about. In fact, when the feminine Midas was at the apogee of her fabulous career and making at least 200,000 dollars a day, it was said that the greatest scoop any reporter could bring off, was to find out for sure just how many skirts Hetty really did wear.

Naturally, Hetty had no intimate friends, but occasionally, she had a luncheon date with another old money grub named Russell Sage. Sage was a worthy companion for Hetty, as his personal fortune hovered near the hundred million dollar mark.

When the two multi-millionaires put their feet under the same table, the scene was hardly one of gaudy, glamorous splendour. The wasters were not required to rush maddily with caviar, pate de foie gras and champagne. In fact, it was customary for the two toaklets merely to order a cup of coffee each, no doubt inwardly bemusing the fact that neither of them had had the foresight to carry a primus stove with them and sidestep even that minute expense.

Hetty would produce a battered duoflax from some mysterious pocket in one of her skirts, her gallant escort (not to be outdone) would light from his overcoat pocket a newspaper parcel containing a few salvaged sandwiches. Over this penurious bill of fare, the two meagers would plan some new devilry in the world of high finance.

Hetty hated publicity and was seldom interviewed, but she made no secret of the fact that in order to assume her terrific fortune she had formulated ten commandments. Even after the lapse of over 50 years, most of her axioms could be framed and hung in a modern broker's office as an appropriate primer for budding investors.

Hetty scoffed at the idea that making money was difficult. You just buy cheap and sell dear, she remarked cynically, without explaining exactly how you achieved this desirable state of affairs.

On one memorable occasion in 1903, The Lady Who Loved Money amazed everybody by actually inviting nine people to a dinner party in Boston. She greeted her guests warmly, and complimented the lady members of the party upon their elegant finery. Then Hetty demanded a faded black coat, and led her helpless guests on a marathon route march half way across Boston. When at last they reached their destination, they were ushered into a drab boarding house where they sat down to dinner. The austerity of the repast was gauged from the fact that the whole orgy only cost Hetty less than three dollars. It could almost be said that the only thing Hetty had spent was the evening.

In 1909, there was a short-lived recession. The Mistress of Wall Street, with her keen eye for changing economic conditions, sensed this depression from afar, and long before money tightened up, she had sold her huge holdings of bonds at a premium, and had many millions of dollars available to lend to anyone—provided their collateral securities were worth foreclosure and they agreed to pay an exorbitant rate of interest.

Yet—though she was worth millions—she was bankrupt of friends.

The richest woman on earth eked out a lonely old age. Her insatiable greed for money forced her to deny herself the base necessities of life. Dressed in somber rags, the pathetic Hetty, sick in body and soul, would walk miles to quench for free medical attention at slum clinics, where she gave assumed names.

The end came on the 3rd July, 1916, when the Witch of Wall Street passed away in a cheap Hoboken apartment house at the age of 81.

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6 secrets of SEX APPEAL

Wasn't it Victor Hugo who opined that no unclothed woman ever exerted half the appeal of a wench who had swathed herself in a transparent nightgown.

JULES ARCHER

YOU do not have to be unpowered to be sexy," states Lauren Bacall (who should know). "Showing your legs or your bosom is not necessarily sexy. It is a fallacy to think that just because you are wearing a low-cut gown or a tight sweater you look sexy. Sex should be subtly suggested. You do it with a look or an expression or with your voice. An actress should be good enough to put across the idea of sex without undressing."

Sometimes very ugly women can have tremendous sex appeal. As La Bruyere once noted, there are no ugly women—only women who do not know how to look pretty. And no woman is ever plain or ugly to a man she fascinates. An American travelling abroad was once amazed when he met a woman he had heard widely praised on the continent as the most bewitching beauty of Hungary. But she's not beautiful at all," he protested to an Hungarian friend. "In fact, her eyes are much too close together!" The Hungarian smiled tolerantly. "Ah," he said, "that is because you foolishly looked at her eyes—instead of into them!"

The first secret of sex appeal is an implied sensuality. It is an odd but universal fact that a great many men can react spasmodically, or be only mildly aroused by the sight of an undraped girl. But these same men will breathe faster, and experience a strong physical interest, while watching fully-clothed experts like Mme West or Gypsy Rose Lee—neither of whom is particularly beautiful.

In effect, strong sexual attraction is achieved by thinking and feeling in the following manner. When men are present, "I know he feels a strong attraction for me. I can read it in his face. And he knows that I am aware of this feeling. Even though we talk about innocuous subjects, he is thinking of me as a woman, subconsciously admiring me. And I'm glad of it, being a woman, even though we remain polite strangers."

The second secret of sex appeal is the ability to speak with your eyes. These are the windows through which most men are able to see your implied sensuality. Your eyes are capable of registering infinite shades and nuances of meaning. You can train your eyes to "speak" by practising the expression of your thoughts without words, through your glance. It is a fact that men often become infatuated, and feel a romantic thrill, at the first glance bestowed upon them by a girl who attracts them.

If you wish to test the power of your eyes to speak for you, make this revealing experiment. Stand in front of a mirror and cover all of your face with cardboard except your eyes. Now watch the changes of expression in your eyes as you register (by feeling these emotions) love, despair, hate, grief, flirtation, desperation, fear and joy in turn. You will be amazed by the eloquence of your eyes—and convinced that you can convey the idea of sexiness by the use of eyes alone.

The use of your voice is a third way to achieve sex appeal. Think for a moment of how effectively the idea of sex is conveyed by such Hollywood personalities as Charles Boyer, Laurence Olivier, Clark Gable, Marlene Dietrich. You don't even have to see them—hearing their voices on radio, you can recognize the electrical, compelling quality of their personalities. It is interesting, in that connection, to note that many radio stars—never seen by their public—receive fan letters avowing love.

"The expression, 'falling in love with a voice,' is hardly an exaggeration," states Dr Eustace Chesser. "Love at first sound is as possible as love at first sight!" How do you go about getting sex appeal into your voice? First, remember that it isn't only the culture of your voice that counts—it's also the way that you speak. Don't try to imitate any movie star's way of speaking, because it will only sound affected and ridiculous. Develop the personality of your own voice.

An interesting trick of speech which can help you do this is to use words sparingly. Don't be a chatterbox... did you ever know a woman who talked too much to have sex appeal? Try to be a little subtle in your speech—think a great deal, and reflect only a small portion of that thought in what you say. This will add greater depth to your conversation, and be much more attractive—because more provocative—to men. The more you talk, the more obvious you are. The more obvious you are, naturally, the less mysterious and alluring you are.

The fourth secret of sex appeal is subtle flattery. It is only human to be attracted to people who seem to
It had to happen. Already one young Hollywood star is in open revolt against the age-level of today's movie romancers. Why are they saying all the good roles to men like Panza, Gable and Tozer?" hawks John Derek. "Guys like that, old middle-age, can't play the love scene like a kid of 24" (which just happens to be Derek's own age). Reason? "Well," opines Derek, "in real life your first kisses are so great that you sweat, your eyes teary, and you practically quit breathing How can guys on the plus 40 mark act a young kiss like that?" All aggrieved souls of 45 and plus should address their complaints to Master Derek—not to us.

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

be attracted to you. Any man, consequently, cannot help responding to a girl who shows genuine interest in and attention to him. Note that word "genuine." You can be genuinely interested in almost any man, if you want to be. A man quickly senses such interest, is flattered by it, and responds to it eagerly. On the other hand, even a natty man can quickly spot an "act" by a girl trying to pretend interest, attention and admiration. Such an obvious tactic will only tend to frighten him off, or make him feel contempt for the girl who trusts it.

By really being curious about and interested in a man, you inspire him to confidences which draw him spiritually closer to you. The more of himself that he gives to you, the more attractive he will find you. In other words, you can actually add to your sex appeal by being less self-centered while on dates, and concentrating on him. Even if you don't have any particularly strong feeling for your date, such practice is good for you, and will enhance your feeling of self-confidence.

For want of a better description, the fifth secret of sex appeal must be described as inscrutability. Sexual desire in a man is always heightened when the object of his interest is unapproachable and somewhat mysterious. This is based on the workings of the laws of taboo. What is taboo, or forbidden, is always fascinating. The girl who defies being placed in a category, who can't be "figured out," will always intrigue and excite the average man.

This element is most important early in a dating relationship, when a man is "feeling out" a girl he has recently met, trying to learn what makes her tick. If she is quickly "figured out," there is a tendency of the man to lose interest. On the other hand, if with each date he finds her more provoking and baffling, his interest is heightened—and eventually reaches a state of blind and even desperate love.

Inscrutability, as well as some of the other traits we have discussed, can be achieved with a light touch. You don't have to act like Greta Garbo in Camille to be sensually alluring. In fact, your chances are better if you are a pleasant companion Pleas ant . . . but restrained, with a subtle use of all your powers of sex appeal.

The final secret of sex appeal is your personal grooming. A good subtle (not overpowering) perfume will always add to your allure, if used sparingly and with taste. Buy and wear the kind of clothes that emphasize your physical charms—but be wary of loud or too daring items which may label you as "cheap" in men's eyes. It goes without saying that men like their dates to look fresh, clean, and nicely made-up. No matter how pretty you think you are, fine personal grooming can often make you more attractive than a slovenly pretty girl.

The six secrets of sex appeal are most important in getting the interest of a man you like, and holding that interest. You should exercise caution, however, in being sure that you don't rush him into marriage while he is in a state of infatuation. Because that could be as fatal a mistake for you as it would be for him. Marriage is too serious a business to base merely on the response of a man to your sex appeal.

Once you have his interest securely hooked, you can afford to let him know you better. At the same time, you get to know him better. Sex appeal is not a sufficient reason to marry. It is simply a technique which gives two people an opportunity to consider how well-suited they would be as marriage partners. But that opportunity may never come, unless you use the six secrets of sex appeal—implied sensuality, the ability to speak with your eyes, the provocative use of your voice, the subtle flattery of interest and attention, inscrutability, and personal grooming. What man could resist that combination?
The frontiersmen and the Quakers were clashing... with Indians in between

LESTER WAY

Battle of brotherly Love

By 1763 the Conestoga Indians had been reduced to exactly 20 persons. They had become close friends of the whites and that had killed them.

Even so, there were 20 left, with the kindly Quakers of Philadelphia on one side of them, and the wild frontier on the other side. The frontier people were not Quakers.

Just before dawn on the 14th of December, an old Conestoga Indian asleep in his hut heard the shrill shriek of dry snow under mocassined feet. He got up, wrapped his blanket around him, and went out to investigate. The sound stopped, the night was black, but he heard horses stamping somewhere in a nearby wood.

He went toward the woods, and heard a shout—"That's him! It's the one that killed my mother!"

A musket exploded in his face, and the old Indian dropped. Instantly, 50 whooping frontiersmen charged the huts and commenced killing.

But there were only six Indians there, two of whom were women and three children; the rest were away somewhere else. Mathew Smith, who led the massacre, was specially enraged at finding so few to kill.

So 14 Conestogas were still alive somewhere. The killers rode back to Paxton Town, planning further murder. On their way, they boasted to a man named Thomas Wright of what they had done.

"What? Don't you believe in the Bible?" Smith demanded of the gurgling Wright. "Don't the Scripture command us to destroy the heathen?"

It sounded good—but it was merely an afterthought.

Non-resistance was the Quaker creed. The Quaker leader, William Penn, and his followers had settled among the Indians, had treated them as friends, and had never been molested.

That is why Matthew Smith quoted Scripture, for the embittered people on the frontier said that the Philadelphia big-wigs could be self-righteous only because tough frontier people screamed them.

When Penn and his followers had settled among the Delaware, they had solemnly agreed not to take up arms against each other, and had both kept the contract. That was fine—only, it didn't apply. Every frontiersman knew that, when Penn arrived, the Delaware could no more make war than the Quakers themselves. The Iroquois had conquered them, disarmed them, and bound them never to use weapons again without permission of their conquerors.

But in 1767, when the Delaware refused to vacate land claimed by the whites, the Quakers had called in the Iroquois, who ejected them. It was just as easy as that.

But that was all changed. Pontiac, chief of the Ottawas, had succeeded in calling all the tribes on to the warpath, the Iroquois had released the Delaware from their bond, and the Delaware were making up for lost time. They were killing, torturing, and burning all along the border.

While their rulers mouthed platitudes about brotherly love, the men of the border were returning to homes in ashes, to wives murdered and mutilated, to children butchered or carried away. That is what was behind the Conestoga massacre.

Hearing of it, the authorities moved the 14 surviving Indians to jail in Lancaster for safekeeping, but the men of Paxton had bigger plans.

There was an Indian settlement in the valley of the River Lehigh, with missionares in charge. These Indians were Christians, 130 of them, and it was a prosperous community. But they were Indians, and easy meat.

When the Paxton men started forming an army to wipe out these Indian converts, the Quaker authorities were in a fix. They couldn't offer armed resistance (which was all that would stop the border men) and yet they had to stop them.

They moved the Indians into the city, but the population of Philadelphia pelted them with stones as they passed through the streets. The British Regulars (who were to guard them) threatened their lives instead, because most of these regulars had had a taste of Indian fighting.

Paucity, the City Fathers conspired the Indians, like so much freight, to the Indian Superintendent in New York, but didn't bother to inform the Governor, Sir William Johnson of it, for the frontiersmen were already marching on Philadelphia, over a thousand strong.

Only armed force could repel them—and the colony was literally built on a foundation of brotherly love and refused to use armed force.

There was no way out for the Quaker rulers then. Yet who was in the wrong? The lands of the Indians were being fenced, their hunting grounds destroyed, their young people degraded by white invaders. They fought for their own heritage in the only way they knew.

Of course, the frontiersmen had committed outrages as horrible as the
For the attention of all aspiring Isaac Waltonians with spear-guns or otherwise: There are two reasons for the proverbial persistence of angles. The first is that the fish are hitting. The second is that the fish are not hitting. Which also reminds us that fishing anecdotes are an excellent guide to character. You're sure a man's a really convincing liar if he can keep both hands in his pockets while describing the fish that got away.

Indians, but they had faced inconceivable hardships to carve homes in the wilderness, had enriched the colony by their bravery and sacrifices, and when their homes were burned and their families murdered, the authorities had answered their appeals by phrases about brotherly love.

The frontiermen believed that every Indian was a potential murderer. They felt a duty to their own dead, and to the women and children in their care, to weed out the savages. And they believed that the rulers of Pennsylvanians were deliberately sacrificing them in their own interests. When they marched on Philadelphia, it was not merely to murder Indians, but to force a change of administration.

Even so, the Quakers of the city had the bitterest pill of all to swallow. They were profoundly sincere, and just as deeply conscious of their responsibility to the helpless savages confined in the city barracks. If they refused to act, the Indians would be slaughtered and their proud record of wise and temperate rule would be torn to shreds.

The buckskin army was almost on them before the City Fathers made their move. It was a good chance. The Quaker leaders called the whole city to arms. They took to arms themselves and organized the defense with vigor.

The barracks were fortified, a dozen cannon were mounted, covering every approaching street, and the men to the city were guarded by armed citizens, and scouts kept them informed of the exact position of the Paxton men.

The savages were to within three miles of the barracks.

It was only then that Governor Penn made one last attempt to avoid an actual clash of arms. He went to the Paxton men and ordered the entire battery of cannon to be fired as a warning to the frontier men. The salvo made a big noise, and a noise which the men from the frontier understood. Their march stopped abruptly. Maybe it wasn't a strictly non-resistant tactic, but it saved the day for Benjamin Franklin, with two or three emissaries, rode out, and the Paxton men were glad of an excuse to retreat gracefully.

They broke up. Some went peacefully into the city to see the sights, some started looting farms in the neighborhood, but most drifted aimlessly away.

The most bitter of them rode with Matthew Smith. There was nothing amiss in their movements. They had remembered the surviving Conestoga Indians who were being held in Lancaster Jail.

They took the shortest trail to Lancaster, 50 men in all, and arrived when the inhabitants of the little town were at the meeting house.

The town wasn't even alarmed. It was still waiting for news of the Paxton men's attack on Philadelphia. The sound of galloping horses didn't cause a flutter in the meeting house.

The Paxton men went to the jail. The jailkeeper stood aside while they burst open the door. They found the 11 Indians huddled in the yard against a stone wall, with only a few sticks to protect themselves.

Muskets were fired at such close range that the stone wall was spattered thick with the brains of murdered children, women and men. And then the killers surprised the Indians in terrible mutilation of the dead.

When the townsmen streamed out of the meeting house and into the jail yard, but there was nothing they could do.

But the Paxton men had forgotten something. In their zeal to kill helpless Indians, they had forgotten the Delawares. While the fighting men of the frontier were chasing tame Indians in Philadelphia, a dozen of their own homes were burned out, and their families murdered.

They stuck to the frontier after that.

HELPFUL
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

SIT TUTUALLY AND ARGUMENTIVELY AS FATHER BEGINS LECTURE ON HIS RECENT BEHAVIOR
SEES HIM LOOKING FOR AN ARM THAT AND SAYS QUITELY HE'LL GET HIM ONE
BRINGS HIM ONE FROM THE OTHER ROOM, AND FATHER CLAPS HANDS, BEGINS OVER AGAIN
SAYS EXCUSE HIM, FOR TOOTING, BUT HE THINKS HIS CIGAR HAS GONE OUT

AS FATHER RESUMES, WHILE FUMBLING FOR MATCHES, DECLAINS TO KNOW WHERE THE MATCHES ARE
RECEIVES WITH MATCHES, AND BRINGS THINGS TO A DEAD STOP BY TRYING TO STRIKE A MATCH FOR FATHER
RESUMES ATTENTION: HUMIDES, LITTLE CIGAR GOING AGAIN BEGINS HIS TALK OVER FROM THE BEGINNING
BEGINNIN IN TO SPIN HE SPOILS ASHES DOWN HIS VEST, FATHER ENDS LECTURE

CAVALCADE, January, 1952
HOW DID IRIS WATKINS DIE?

She finished her crossword puzzle and walked out into the black dark, forever.

J. W. HEMING

It was the dead of night near the little Welsh mining village of Blackwood, in the month of September, 1925. There were no lights in the houses at this hour; no light except that of the moon, throwing deep shadows.

Out of those shadows stepped a man. He had a bundle over his shoulder. He crossed a little bridge over a stream, and as he walked he left the stench of a badly decomposed body drifting behind him.

He moved along the bank of the stream. After six steps he stopped. Fear would not let him go further. He had come far. He must get rid of the terrible thing on his shoulder.

He let the bundle slide to the shallow water of the stream. It lay there huddled up and quite limp. The man drew a raincoat, in which he had carried the corpse, closer round which had once been a pretty girl.

He moved away into the shadows—and they swallowed him up for ever.

Let us go back six weeks to the evening of August 12, 1925. And a very different scene. In the kitchen of a small cottage in Blackwood sat two happy persons. One was Iris Watkins, pretty, 21, popular. She worked as a shop assistant in the village. At the moment, she was just finishing the working out of a crossword puzzle. Her grandmother, the other person in the kitchen, was chattering about the time she wasted on such things.

Iris lived with her grandmother because her mother had married a second time. Her mother also lived in Blackwood, some distance from the grandmother's cottage.

Having finished the puzzle, Iris wrote a couple of letters.

At last she decided, as she had nothing else to do, that she would walk along to the pulley box.

She went out casually and on the way to the box she met a friend named Phyllis Jones.

"I'm just going along to post these letters," said Iris, "Wait for me and we'll walk back together."

Phyllis waited—but Iris never came—although she posted the letters. Phyllis went last, deciding that Iris must have met someone else. She had—but who?

At home her grandmother became alarmed as the hours passed and Iris had not returned. About midnight she went out herself. She called on Iris's mother, thinking the girl might have gone there. But she had not done so.

The grandmother, who was devoted to the girl, hurried home. Still the girl did not return.

The next day miners, their families and villagers searched the district.

The police were called in and they questioned Iris's many friends. Her most intimate pal—Alice Clarke—said she was sure that Iris had no serious love affair. She liked going out with boys (and particularly pillon ridding) but she had no particular male friend.

Other people came forward to say they had seen Iris on the night she disappeared, but most of them said she had been alone.

One man, well-known in Blackwood, said that at night on August 12 he had been on his way to the station to meet his wife. He had seen a girl wearing a macintosh and a light pink frock standing with a youth under the railway arch. They were still there on her return. The youth kept his face averted.

On that night of August 12 Iris had been wearing a pink cotton dress, a patent leather belt, a silk slip, and woollen underwear. Over these she was wearing a raincoat.

The statement of the well-known citizen looked like a clue, but later, at the inquest, a young man named Holman said he was the young man under the railway arch and the girl was not Iris Watkins. His evidence was proven to be correct.

A miner saw a girl resembling Iris walking—rather hesitantly, he said—with a tall man in a trench coat. The two were standing beside a motor cycle with a pillion seat on a mountain path.

A farmer came forward to state that, on August 10, two nights before the girl's disappearance, he had spoken to Iris Watkins and a man. They were on his farm—Kinco. He told them they were trespassing, but that they could stay. He had known Iris since she was a child. The day after the girl disappeared, he had seen the man again.

The farmer gave a detailed description of Iris's companion.

The police searched but could have discovered themselves the trouble. The stranger came forward during the inquest, said he was the man spoken to on the Kinco Farm, and proved the girl he was with was not Iris Watkins.

The search went on for weeks, and at last began to slacken off. People began to whisper that Iris must have run off with some man.

Forty days after her disappearance, however, she did turn up again. A Mrs Tedstone, who lived by a little...
STATE OF THE NATION (VII)

With a Happy New Year! Wish many more to come!
Frivol, frolic, festivate! Don't sit round looking dumb
Buck up your bosom cromes! Give their spams a sprightly smack!
(Ignore them if their screams reveal they're sun-burned on the back)

Be the Life of Parties! Gombo! Like young goats!
Don't huddle up in corners crooning sour notes!
Wobble on tinwhistles! Let your offspring yell!
(But strong! Don't plug your ears and order them to Hell!)

Explode nervy-curdling crackers! Revive your darkest jokes!
The world (they say) is littered up with crowds of pleasant folks,
all eager to obet you... BUT — if you're not the kind to thirst
for a star role at a lynching — you'd better find them first.

—JAY-PAY

stream on the outskirts of Blackwood, was crossing the tiny bridge when she saw what looked like a bundle of clothes about five or six yards away. She went a little closer. Suddenly she realized that she had found Iris Watkins.

The body was decomposed and almost all the clothing was gone from it. Strangely, the shoes and stockings were on the body, which had one arm in a mitten, the last garment wrapped roughly around the corpse. The body could not have been there long, and it could not have been washed down the sluggish, shallow stream. Even if the stream had been capable of such a feat (because of the heavy rain of August 14), the fact that the body had been placed where it was found was easily proved. The shoes were soaking wet on the uppers, but the soles were dry! The body had fallen with the bottoms of the shoes stretched out of the little stream.

The dress and the underclothes might have rotted away (shreds of wool and silk were found adhering to the body), but not the patent leather belt, which was never found. The mitten covered the shoulders and head.

A post mortem examination on September 14 by four doctors revealed that the girl did not die from drowning; her lungs were quite free of water. Dr. Howell Evans said of the inquest that he could not swear to the cause of death. The girl's jaw was broken and one knee was dislocated. There were injuries which could have been caused after death. There was no poison in the stomach, no signs of translucence or of blows having been delivered to the head; if one excepts the broken jaw. He believed, nevertheless, that Iris Watkins had died round about August 12—the night she disappeared—and that her death was due to violence.

The coroner asked the doctor if he had any theory as to the nature of the violence.

"Yes," said the doctor. "An attempt at sexual outrage!"

"You mean, her jaw and knee were injured in that attempt?"

"Not necessarily. Those parts may have been bruised during the attempt, and the fractured and dislocation might have later resulted from quick decomposition of the bruised parts. In my opinion, death was due to shock, and I think the injuries were caused during life."

The coroner's jury found, by a majority of seven to two, that Iris Watkins had been murdered by some person or persons unknown. To which the coroner rather mysteriously commented, "I am bound to accept your verdict, but I profoundly disagree with it!"

The attempt at outrage was proved to have been unsuccessful. A theory put forward by the police at one time was that the body had lain in a culvert (about 20 yards up stream from where it was found) for the six weeks before it was discovered. But this idea was contradicted by the facts.

The culvert was infested with rats. These rats might account for the missing clothes, but why shouldn't they touch the shoes, stockings or coat? Or the body? None of these showed any sign of being gnawed by rats. And the body was badly decomposed. If it had been washed down a rocky stream in the state it was found, it must have been knocked to pieces.

It is not difficult to reconstruct what happened. Iris had only one intention when she went out, to post two letters. She did so, then accidentally met some man—some man she knew fairly well. It was raining hard. To go for a walk in the rain would have been foolish, but perhaps his home or some other shelter was nearby. They went there. What happened then is known to only one man, and he has never spoken of it to anyone he is likely to speak. But, if the doctor was right, there was a wild struggle. Suddenly the girl collapsed in the man's arms—and he found she was dead.

What happened next? Perhaps he had no intention of committing murder, but he had a dead body on his hands! After his first mad panic, which had knocked all thoughts of sex from his mind, he thought firmly. He must find a place to hide the body. This might have been in his own home or near it. Probably the next day he joined the others in searching for the missing girl, leading them away from the real hiding place. But, as time went on, the decomposition of the body set up a new flavour. Someone would be sure to smell it soon. He must get rid of it—for a spot which might point to him.

Despite his revulsion, he must have bundled up the body that night and gone to seek a place to dump it. He would have to carry it far. And that's where we came in.
The man-killer's grim exterior hid a strange streak of softness. Heaney and retired. Sharkey and Stirling were leading contenders for the vacant championship belt. Tex had just begun his organizing of the bout when he went down with an appendicitis attack. Dempsey, who had come from New York in answer to the slammer's call, knew that Tex was going to die. But Tex didn't guess. He reckoned that he would be up and around in a week or two.

Rickard had never believed that Tunney could beat Dempsey — not the Dempsey that Tex Rickard knew. Even after he had seen 'The Manassa Mauler' beaten twice by the young mariner, he was unconvinced. He wanted to make a third match. It was Dempsey who declined. The ferocious fighting machine was by then only a pulse-quenching memory. Luxury living and a glamorous girl wife had dulled both his ferocity and reflexes.

"No fight," he said. "I don't want him to punch me around the eyes again. I don't want to go blind. What good is money if you're blind?" It had been the decision of a man whose experience had not been wasted.

Now Jack was standing beside the death-bed of his pal. "Sure I'll fight again, Tex," he promised and Rickard's face lit up with a smile. The promoter saw it all. Another million dollar gate and Jack Dempsey standing there in mid-ring, again soaring in victory.

Three days later they told Jack Dempsey that Tex Rickard was going. The medics and the nurses left the room, and the world's toughest pug took his friend's hand. Rickard was unconscious. A little while later he died. Dempsey walked down the corridor. He seemed very tired.

He had told Tex he would fight again. It was a lie, but he figured that Tex had died happy — confident that his friend was about to smash his way back to the top of the heavyweight list again.

He remembered the fight with the Frenchman Carpentier. Rickard had been excited that afternoon. "Look at that crowd, Jack!" (The organizer had tilted back his straw hat as he spoke.) "It's the first million dollar gate!"

Later he had come to Dempsey in the dressing room. "Yes, sir, this is the first million dollar crowd, Jack! But let me tell you something. This Carpentier is a nice fellow, but he can't fight. I could lunk him myself. So I want you to be careful and not kill him. I'm not asking you to pull any punches. But be careful and don't kill the Frenchman, Jack. If you kill him, boxing will be dead. Just take it easy and knock him out when you get ready. If everything goes all right, this thing will go on." Everything went all right and it did go on.

Earlier there had been the Willard fight, Dempsey's first match for Rickard.

It was after Rickard had watched his stone-faced charge batter the giant Willard into a helpless hulk in three rounds that he became convinced that Dempsey was the greatest fighter he ever lived. For all his life he believed so. It was the faith of promoter Rickard that subscribed most of all to the change from Bill H. Dempsey, freight-loading hobo and thug, to Commander Dempsey, of the U.S. Coast Guards, successful nightclub owner and a leading American citizen.

American journalist, Jim Tully, described Dempsey, the physical being, way back in 1935. "His forehead slopes," wrote Tully. "His ears are close to his head. Since the mauling was always too severe in close to Dempsey, they are not distorted as
GOOD OLD U.S.A. Official of the South-Western Bell Telephone Company learnt that there had never been a telephone in Telephone, Texas. The company built a special line to the township. In the same vein, a 13-year-old couple in Syracuse received a $7 dollar refund cheque for income tax. They returned the cheque to the tax people, explaining they couldn’t accept it because they were so thankful to be able to keep on working.

are the average butcher’s. His eyes are small, vivid, soft and quick, out of the ring. Inside the ropes they slant, make-like, into a steady store. His body springs upwards as he walks. His muscles are loose, without bulge. Like the tiger, he is not muscle-bound."

That was the Dempsey who couldn’t set foot in a public place without men, women and children nudging each other and whispering and pointing. He was Dempsey the celebrity, but it is doubtful if he ever forgot the days of straw away trips on goods trains and the days of mouthful meals and no punch bars barred in the fight to keep alive.

The civilised Dempsey was a different character. It has been written of him that in conversation he never directly challenges a statement. One of his most popular conversational phrases is, "You might be right." Another is, "I don’t know about that.

The famed Dempsey accepted the new world in which his hammering fists opened him a path. A brassman wrote of him: "He loves laughter, guile, noise, the blare of the band, the clink of a melodrama, the touch of women. Long trained in sinful nooks, he does not classify men and women according to their morals."

In his veins runs the blood of mixed nationalities. There is Indian, Irish, Scotch and Jewish, and the mixture has given him an amused tolerance for the peculiarities of mankind. When sportwriters came to tell him of Gene Tunney’s love of Shakespeare, the Marquess Mather just smiled. "The old boy’s all right if he helps Gene’s racket," was his only comment.

He is completely free of racial prejudice and always has been. During the first World War he struggled with his problem for weeks before deciding that he was not satisfied to risk dying for a cause which was too complicated for clear understanding. His decision did not help to earn him the hearts of his fellow Americans, but their silence did not give him any anti-social reactions.

He has handled a colossal sum of money since his success. It is claimed that the total would approximate $5,000,000. Of that amount it is agreed that legal practitioners received at least a million, while one woman relieved him of another million. Nobody has ever seen or heard him act bitterly towards either.

For years Jack Dempsey has been ever-ready to pass out a handful of dollars to friend or relative who has a hard luck tale to tell, but in a business deal he can be as tough as a successful money-lender. On at least one exhibition tour he refused to strip without a guarantee of $5,000 dollars—and when he couldn’t count sufficient cash customers to meet his financial requirement he called for "a com of the realm—in advance. It was like his dealings with life. He would play with a dog or horse, and he would be as gentle as a mother with her baby—outside the ring. Once he climbed through the ropes, he was all fighter and one hundred per cent savage. Training for the Tunney fight, he swarmed all over a sparring partner who was much too old for the job. Dempsey beat him to the ground and he stayed down, without moving. That’s too bad, Jack," said an onlooker, feeling sorry for the old fellow.

The champion scowled. "That’s too bad," he retorted. "When you bet between the ropes you’re supposed to take it."

When rugged, perfect-conditioned Dempsey found that film actresses Estelle Taylor seemed to like having him around, he was satisfied that he had found heaven on earth. The luxurious (and extravagant) screen star was out in the front rank of the glamour girls. They married, and Dempsey entered a new life which must have tasted every vestige of his inherited Indian passion.

The immaculate Estelle organised a household that made Mrs. Emily Post’s unabridged advice to the young housewife read like a description of housewrecking. Their bedroom was a delicate affair of silk and lavendar, where there were monogrammed pyjamas and embroidered pillow slips.

Estelle also had her own ideas of what was best for her “be-man.” After all the hardships Jack has endured, I want him to have comfortable and inviting surroundings,” she wrote to a friend. "He has had enough of the hard side. I love him to have little dogs around—it will soften the cruel strain in him. Also I want him to be versatile, to be able to do many things—"

Unfortunately, she was not similarly tender to his friends.

In 1924, Dempsey had met an Irishman who knew all that there was to be known about the fight game. He was Jack Kearns. He became Dempsey’s manager on a half and half basis, and the combination paid dividends all around. The two men scorned written contracts—their was a gentleman’s agreement.

When Estelle Taylor entered Dempsey’s life, Kearns was vehemently antagonistic. The lady’s presence was openly resented. When she married her Dempsey she removed him entirely from Kearns’ influence and took over the manager’s duties.

The champion was no match for his wife. He declared the Kearns verbal agreement broken. ‘You see I’m married now. A fifty-fifty split with Kearns is too much; I must look after my wife’ he apologised.

At the time, la belle Estelle was earning about $50,000 a year as a movie star.

Which was when the worried, hounded, m混淆ive Dempsey fought Tunney for the first time—and lost his title. It was after that fight that he stumbled into his apartment with his face battered beyond recognition. Estelle stared and turned pale. "My God! What happened?" she gasped.

"Honey, I forgot to duck," the ex-champ mumbled through swollen, bruised lips. His statement appeared in the Press throughout the world, to prove that the man-mauling, slug-fight machine was human after all.

Jack Dempsey, ex-champion of the world, soon lost his pretty actress-wife, but Estelle’s cost-off husband was adopted overnight by millions of American females. To most Americans he is still "champ"—even though he forgot to duck."
What Do You Mean by "The Bloom on the Chocolate"?

No, you wolves, it doesn't mean that something is about to happen. Think again. Have you ever wondered about that fine white film which sometimes forms on the surface of chocolate, especially after a heat-wave? This film is cocoa-butter that has risen to the surface during the heat and crystalized there. Chocolate makers refer to it bitterly as "the bloom". The cause is partly improper "tempering" of the chocolate, with insufficient cocoa-butter in the first place. However, "the bloom" is a natural ingredient of the chocolate, involves no chemical change, and is completely harmless.

What Mountain Range Is Still Growing?
The Himalayas. The latest episode in the crumbling of the earth's crust which has produced the highest and most extensive mountain ranges on the earth occurred lately with a heavy earthquake in Assam. The first folding and uplifting of the Himalayan ranges took place about 40 million years ago, but has gone on intermittently since. Recent geologic studies of the north-western part of the Himalayas gave evidence of large-scale up-lifts of recent date. The uplift of the ranges relative to adjacent basins often approaches (and in some cases exceeds) 12,000 feet—two miles. Evidence of the greatest relative uplift was between the Bag Snow Mountain (elevation between 12,000 and 23,000 feet) and the Lakan basin (8,000 feet).

Is the Horse on the Way Out?
Yes—. in the United States at least, from all records. According to the U.S. Bureau of Agricultural Economics for the Department of Agriculture, there are fewer than 2,000,000 horses in the country. For the year 1929, these figures show a decline of 7 per cent in horses and six per cent in the number of mules. The peak in the number of horses was 21,430,000 (reached in 1915). In 1925 there were still 8,000,000 horses on farms. On these figures, both horses and mules must eventually disappear. (N.B.: Comparative figures for Australia are not available—perhaps to maintain the reputation of the outback?)

How Old Is a "Crown Piece"?
The first Crown (now 5/-) Piece was struck 400 years ago by the Protector Northumberland in the name of King Edward VI of Britain. Last year's Festival of Britain gave double velocity to the King's Warrant for a new five-shilling piece of his own. Moreover, for the first time since the gold sovereign went out of circulation in 1925, the St. George and the Dragon design (conceived by Pemberton) returned to the coinage.

When the spot-lights flare and the music hoes, the lovelies of show business are just on their toes to prove for the edification of the cash customers, who have been known to gibe that it's wonderful, but even showgoers have not yet achieved perpetual motion. Between shows, they let their hair down, unzip their zippers (or what have you)—and relax. This damsel, for example, settles down to shake no mean stringing-needle. (And, just between us, we must say we approve of her stance.)
Others, of course, prefer a less sedate siesta—but don’t get the wrong idea; this isn’t mayhem or massacre or even a short summary of Refferty’s rules; these mappets aren’t tearing their play-meat limb from limb, they’re just running her through “a back-stage massage.” They claim that it helps her glide more easily across the floor. We’ll take their word for it.

But wenches will be wenches—whether you will or not—and there’s nothing so relaxing for most of them as a little light natter. And who can blame them? After all, there’s no gossip like stage-gossip—and this “oh-but-you-won’t-tell-anyone-else-will-you?” seems to be extra titillating. By the way, these babes belong to the Florentine Gardens in Hollywood, but it’s the same back-stage most anywhere.
KING of the CON-MEN

Charles responded by sending still another suit of clothes from his father, disguising himself, and selling the garb. The shock was too much for Price Senior. He dropped dead.

Charles emphasised his grief by desiring from felony and setting up as a brewer (how modern it all sounds). At least, he wished to set up as a brewer… but he lacked funds. To Charles, this was a mere prelude.

A notice appeared in the public press: WANTED A partner of character, probity and extensive acquaintance. Fifty per cent, without risk. Must possess capital between £300 and £1,000. P.S. None but principals, and those of liberal ideas will be treated with...

It says something for the true artist’s lack of business acumen that a member of the theatrical profession should recognise this as his cue. None less than Mr. Samuel Foote… "the celebrated comedian"… stepped forward to donate £500. Charles happily accepted the donation and just as happily vanished.

In London again he declared for business as usual. Disguising himself in high-heeled shoes and a tight suit (which made him look about two feet taller than he was), he employed a congenial village idiot, appropriately christened Summe, as his "personal servant" and branched out as one of the most skilful forgers in criminal history.

The moronic Summe had already disposed of more than £300 worth of Charles’s wardrobe paper when the man had himself arrested. It will cause no surprise to report that Summe got 12 months’ hard. Charles Price got away scot-free. He was not heard of again until 1783.

Even then four years were to pass before he slipped. It was a clear case of vaunting ambition over-reaching itself. Charles, it seems conceived the bright idea of making a sucker out of London’s Big Business. He came panting into a London importer and exporter’s office, eager with news.

While in Holland (Charles informed the appalled merchant) he had been made the bearer of evil tidings. The merchant’s agent had been robbed of £2000 by a Mr. Trevo and wanted it back… but fast Charles added nonchalantly that he was acquainted with Mr. Trevo and provided a detailed description.

Now, strangely enough, the very next day, the merchant encountered a man who exactly fitted Mr. Trevo’s description. With all the native cunning of a born city slicker, the merchant accepted the stranger and invited him to dinner. There, the merchant startled his guest by charging him with the fraud. The guest admitted his fault and offered to pay £500 (on account) to prove his bona fides, the guest produced a £700 banknote and asked for change. The merchant handed him a cheque for £500.

And please don’t shrug at once. You were right the first time. Yes, the banknote was a forgery… and Mr. Trevo was Mr. Price (disguised).

Mr. Price was too delighted with his ingenuity even to flee.

For once, however, Charles was caught napping. He was still snug in his lodgings when the gendarmes pounced on him. A jubilant Bench of Justices expeditiously sentenced him to death.

But Charles refused to swing. In the condemned cell, he hanged himself with his neck cloth. The date was January 16. Included in his estate (for probate) were two artificial roses, 77 separate costumes (suitable for all ages) and two engraved plates for forgy £1000 notes.

WALKER HENRY

Charles Price in his teens had learned more than most disciples ever dream of.

WHEN, in 1786, the warden of Trafalgar Fields Prison found themselves gaping at a suicide, dangling from a cell door, the citizenry of London heaved a unanimous sigh of relief.

Charles Price, the classic example of all good con-men was dead. But not before he had deprived a worn-out collection of too-trusting burglars of more than £200,000.

Charles was only 12 when he pulled off his first coup. The unfortunate Price Senior happened to be an old clothes dealer. Young Charles easily deduced that, if he purloined a few garments or so from his parent’s stock, they would never be missed.

Charles, therefore, chose a select-tailored suit—raped off the gold lace; and bore his spoils to a Jewish huckster.

It can have been only sheer sadistic bad luck that the Jew should then elect to prance hot-foot to Price Senior to reklaim the apparel… at the right price, of course.

Young Charles had cautiously worn his brother’s clothes when he visited the Jew. His brother—presumably struck too speechless by injured innocence to argue—naturally got all the blame.
Ah, women . . . snug in a London alley-way, Charles Raines was early bidding his girl friend a warm good-night when a police whistle shrilled and a fugitive figure came darting through the darkness. Gallantly dismissing his girl friend, the publicspirited Mr. Raines took a flying kick at the suspicious fugitive. Subsequently, he was fined $2 for 'obstruction.' Mr. Raines had over-run a Scotland Yard plain clothesman in the execution of his duty. Even more disillusioned, however, was Harry Cole, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts (U.S.). When an on-the-camp pugilist was K.O'd outside Harry's house, Harry invited the victim to come in for medical treatment. The patient immediately shuffled Harry and departed with five dollars from his host's wallet.

G-R-R-R-R . . . With a strange, strangling noise, Radio Station WSNR, of Winter Haven, Florida (U.S.), suddenly went off the air for 20 minutes recently. Later, a slightly distraught voice—announcing itself as Announcer Dick Marsh—quavered back onto the airways to report that, earlier, a six-foot, 300lb huskie had appeared in the studio, grasped Announcer Dick tightly by the larynx, half-swallowed the arm of Chief Engineer Orden Craig, and announced tersely: "I have a message to deliver to the world." With some subtlety, Dick and Orden lured their uninvited Guest Of The Night into a spare studio and allowed him to shout into a dead microphone. Later, Sheriff Hagan Parshall disclosed that the out-sized, would-be prophet was Harold Buike . . . former inmate of a nearby insane asylum.

Noblesse oblige . . . When Marvin E. Melveta, executive of a lumber company in North Little Rock, Arkansas (U.S.) opened his office one morning, he found suspended from the safe knob a note which read: "Good safe—we couldn't get in!"

The tender touch . . . Mrs. Emily Claus, 42-year-old housewife of Kentucky (U.S.), sought for divorce, testified that her husband had just become tired of being married and had abandoned her. "But," she added hastily to assure the judge, "my husband was always a perfect gentleman." And even more cherished was Los Angeles architect, Hermann V. Schuermann. Only after his funeral did Herman's trustees discover that he was a bum! Further complications ensued when both his wives appeared to claim the body, each insisting: "He was a wonderful husband!"

Silent Service . . .

In Panton (U.S.), after a street argument in sign language, three deaf-mutes were hauled off to court on a charge of 'railing and brawling.'

* Opposite Study by Jack Howard
I had turned in my copy for the day to the sub-editor and was having a quiet drink in the saloon bar of the Austral Club in Collins Street when I noticed this character.

I had a vague feeling that I had seen him before, but was unable to place him. Catching my eye, he seemed to hesitate, then he picked up his glass and came around to me.

"Excuse me," he said, and his voice carried a soft foreign inflection. "You are of the Press. Perhaps you would be interested in buying a story?"

I laughed. "Listen, friend, my trouble is selling stories!"

He looked at me anxiously. "You think I waste your time, eh? Listen, you heard of Karadin? The one they called 'King of the Underworld.' I worked for him, I tell you all about him. I need ten pounds. I got to get out of this place. What you say?"

He laid his palms flat on the bar and waited.

I said, "I'm not Edgar Wallace. Go ahead, tell you story. If it's any good I'll give you two pounds."

"Two pounds?" he shrugged. "What is two pounds? Bah! All right. For two pounds I tell you about Karadin's puppet and the string that broke."

No one (and my companion) knew where Karadin's Puppet came from or what his proper name was Karadin always called him "Highness," sort of sneeringly.

He was old—maybe sixty, maybe eighty, who knows!—and thin. So thin he looked as though he had been skinned, all his flesh scraped off him, and the skin replaced. His black clothes hung on him like overcoats on cloakroom pegs, and his face above them was dead-white like the face of a corpse.

Only the eyes lived, and they seemed to be vital only with hatred.

I think it was only hatred for Karadin that kept him alive, for I never saw him eat.

It was a hopeless, helpless sort of hatred that seemed to feed and thrive.
AN APPALLING EXAMPLE OF THE PITFALLS OF INFANT INNOCENCE

Poppa on a ladder brushing point upon a wall,
From the ladder Poppa having heavy fall.
In the room—Mumma hearing little Tommy squal.
Rushing to her offspring, making Poppa real.
"Stop your crying, Tommy! You should laugh at him, poor kid!"

"Merts to you!"—(Tom's bitter socks)—"That's exactly what I did!"

—JAY PAY

on its own impotence. Karadin knew—and he loved to taunt Highness about it.

What horrors had reduced Highness to the thing he was no one knew, nor what the hold Karadin had over him. That he had some hold was evident. He had something on all of us who worked for the King. His influence, his power, was what had cut a woman's throat in Sydney, myself, we, all, no matter.

When Karadin first appeared in Melbourne's underworld, Highness appeared with him; a black, crow-like figure who changed no whit during his master's rapid climb to power. Whichever the obscure figure of Karadin appeared, there was always Highness at hand. It was "My count, Highness," or "Brum wraa, Highness," or "Luck my boots, Highness." And whatever the request, there was always the same cunning, wordless obedience.

Some said that Highness was a Central European prince whose son or daughter Karadin held hostage. Karadin himself claimed descent from Bha Khan, the Red Scourge of Hungary, and it is easy to believe, for his ruthlessness and brutal cruelty were something new in Australian crime circles.

He was something foul out of an older world.

He came here penniless and alone, save for Highness, and during the war years plowed his way to the top of an organization in the complete scope of which the police do not guess even now. Dope, white slavery, military information, the black market—all rackets that paid off was Karadin's.

But the thing in which he took a personal pride and joy were his gambling houses. Not ordinary, dingy, seedy, or fancy shops, but the real thing. Big old mansions decked out with such luxury as might almost have prided the palaces of the Caesars. And they had become the "Three for city sophisticates."

It was more to be naughty, sophisticated.

And always at Karadin's side floated the black shadow that was Highness, Highness the less-than-man, Highness the spectre, waiting, waiting.

After the war, and the wild boom that followed, the shady began to run out for Karadin. He knew it; he knew that the old peacetime order was coming back; and he made his plans accordingly. Information—not hard to get if you paid for it—that his latest "house" was to be raided. He gathered us all into his office and told us it was finished, and then he told us his plan.

It was simple enough, a gale night, a packed house. There would be a hold-up that would not thousands. It would be Karadin's final fling in the country.

After the talk with Karadin (the man with the pale-blue eyes went out) I went out to a little coffee shop, kept by a countryman of mine. There, for the first time since I had worked for Karadin, I saw Highness alone. He sat in a tiny alcove, straight before him, a cup of black coffee at his elbow. I slid into a vacant booth, half drew the curtain and watched.

A few minutes passed, then a stranger entered. He bore the pallid marks of the prison—perhaps the concentration camp. But he had about him a military carriage and an air of "damn you" that I had often seen among certain castes in the old country many years ago.

When he saw Highness, he seemed to gaze and almost run towards him. I heard him say: "Highness? Oh, Highness?"

But there was in the title no trace of the sneer I had been used to. Rather was there deep humility, almost reverence.

I caught the words: "Caryl—yes, he—death—many years," and once the name "Belsen". Then the stranger drew the curtain.

Latter I told Kurtz about it. He shrugged. "Let Karadin worry," he said. "Highness is his puppet; let him pull the strings. Meanwhile, there is much to do. It is tonight."

"Tonight?" I was surprised.

At ten o'clock the guests began to arrive. So many Jews, so much wealth.

I looked around. Karadin was among among the guests like a vulture hovering over its prey, but the black shadow was missing. Resedus was amused. "No skeleton at tonight's feast," he murmured, and stalked away to kiss the head of a new arrival.

More people began to come in, and I was caught up in the whirl of excitement. I wish you could have seen that place. It was magnificent. It made me sick.

The guests were enjoying themselves. It was exciting, it was illegal they were seeing life. Life? Bah! Sheep! What did they know of life?

Midnight approached in Karadin's office we waited for the hour.

We drank wine, smoked cigars and talked of this and that. Not that we were nervous. No, it was a long time since any of us had been nervous. Karadin was in one of his expansive moods and was telling us some amusing story. I forget what it was. He broke off as the door opened.

It was Highness. He shuffled across the luxurious carpet and stood with bowed head before Karadin. It was not until he moved his hand that we caught the gleam of the automatic in it.

Karadin's jaw dropped. The cigar fell from his fingers. He looked as though a picture out of the wall had turned and spoken to him. He said, "Highness?" His voice trailed off on a rising note.

Karadin turned deadly eyes on each of us in turn. Resedus grinned like a wolf. Kurtz picked the cash from his ear and smiled. "Here is your puppet, Karadin," he said, "Pull the string."

Highness did not look at any of us. Perhaps he knew that no one would lift a hand to help Karadin. Perhaps he didn't care. He raised his head, and the hatred was gone from his eyes. There was nothing there, only a vague benevolence.

The gun pointed to the curtain, but it was firmly held in a claw-like hand. Highness looked at Karadin and his voice came. It was like the sounding of rusty knives, long disused, like the grating of metal it was. He said, "Caryl's my son Caryl for whose life I was hostage, I died in the hell of Belsen."

"The string is broken, Karadin!"

And he raised the muzzle of the gun.
BILLY TEA

He seemed to smile, then he drank deep from the pannikin.

JAMES PRESTON • FICTION

For the third time since they had started work that morning Steve Lawson rested his axe handle against the dusty leg of his trousers, spat on his hard hands and wondered about the man he worked with. Tony—that wasn't his name, but it was much easier for the men of the timber camp to pronounce—had stepped from a truck at the camp the previous day and in his quiet, but good English, had asked for the boss. He seemed to be the spokesman for the dozen New Australians the authorities had sent up to the camp. The timber men, tough as the trees they felled, and quick to judge the character of a man, had looked at each other, raised their eyebrows expressively and said little. Many of them had fought "over there"—some of their mates had died there.

The following morning the boss had brought Tony over to Steve and said, "This chap's done a bit of cutting. Take him along with you and show him the ropes."

Steve shook hands and they climbed into the truck. And all the way to the tractor-churned track where the truck dropped them off, Tony did not speak, just sat there gazing at the passing bush, his wide, dark eyes betraying nothing of the thoughts going on in his mind. In an effort to put him at his ease, Steve had pointed out several landmarks, but Tony simply smiled his thanks, nodded and went on staring at the bush.

The face of winter was still in the air, but the bush was already tinged with the scent of spring. Among the leaf-mould that surrounded the huge bales of the black-butt and stringy-bark, the bracken was losing its yellow sheen of the cold and was weaving a new tracery of tender green shoots. The black, scorched patches of undergrowth, where bush-fire had raged in their seasonal ravagings, already bore a pattern of newly-sprouting grass. The tips of the wattle seemed already to carry a hint of their coming fragrance.

There was a dampness of dew... not the chill, frosty dampness of winter, but a mellow softness as if the earth was beginning to drink its fill before the summer-heat parched it in a long thirst.

Flickering beams of sunlight broke through the scrub and wove a tracery

TONY WAS A STRANGE, RETICENT MAN... LIKE THE BUSH OF THE NEW LAND WHICH HE HAD SOUGHT.
of wavering light and shade. From the hidden recesses came a vague twittering, a dim mumbling... a monotone of sound that sometimes shaped itself almost into a melody. Occasionally an axe-stroke sang clearly like a bell and somewhere in the distance a kookaburra laughed raucously.

Tony glanced up and saw Steve watching him. He looked embarrassed and swung the axe up quickly.

"Take it easy, Tony," Steve told him. "You don't want to knock yourself out the first hour or so."

Tony said, "Thank you," and went on swinging the axe.

Steve shrugged and slowly rolled a cigarette. "Smoke?" he asked, offering the other his match.

Tony shook his head. "No thank you. I do not smoke."

He was a big man and the flesh still hadn't covered his ribs properly. Used to judging others by the standards of the men he worked with, Steve found himself thinking that some good food and healthy outdoor work would do Tony a lot of good. What was going on behind those dark eyes he did not know, but he guessed

shrewdly that the scars of suffering were still raw. And penetrating that veil of reserve was going to be some job.

They were very silent with strangers, these men... and it wasn't merely a strange language that clung to their tongues. It was as if they feared to put their thoughts into words... as if they all hid words which must not be spoken for fear speech would revive memories that they were washing with all their hearts to forget.

Steve wiped the sweat from his hands and grabbed the smooth handle of his axe. The sweat on Tony's hand was cold enough for him. Steve had cut down the side of the tree with no axe. He had used his axe on the footboards and grabbed the end of the saw that Tony had given him. Their sweating bodies sweated in unison with the axe, they worked on.

"Show him the ropes," the boss had told Steve. But, after an hour or so of steady work, he realized that there was little he could teach Tony.

The saw cut deeper into the heart of the tree, white sawdust spurting from the ends of the cut as it went back and forth. They stopped sawing while Steve drove a couple of wedges into the cut to ease the pressure on the saw, then they took up the rhythm again. For a long time neither of them spoke.

A sharp, stinging creaking came from deep inside the tree and a tremor ran up the trunk. Steve said: "All right. Grab your axe," and sprung from the boards to the ground. Tony climbed down beside him and they stood watching as the tree swayed still more and a few leaves fluttered to the ground. Then, suddenly the tree came down, a rushing sound, ending in a dull crash. Leaves fell behind in the rush, drifted down over the fallen trunk like green snow.

The long form of the tree rolled and groaned... with a dwindling clatter of breaking twigs. It seemed that some huge prehistoric monster—caught up at last by the fatality of time—had surrendered to its enemies and was bent only to die.

There was something heart-breaking and something despairing about the prone bulk. All its former pride and beauty were lost—lost even by the mercy of some lightning-flaring tempest, but by the hands of puny men.

"It's a damn shame to kill them," Steve muttered, and Tony looked at him quickly.

"Why do you say that?" he asked. Steve shrugged. "I don't know. It just gets you deep inside sometimes. You can't work in the bush all your life and not feel something of Creation."

A new expression crept across Tony's face as he furtively eyed Steve's suntanned profile. "You read a lot, yes?" he asked.


Steve picked up the saw and his axe and together they walked to the next tree. The little bird sat on its branch. Quickly they cut notches for the boards and took up their positions. The sun climbed high overhead.

At midday Steve took the water from a pouch on his belt and looked around. He snuffed his satisfaction. It was ten to twelve. Not bad judgment. "All right. Take a spell and we'll eat," he said.

Tony instantly placed his axe against the base of the tree and climbed down, waiting for Steve. He looked up, saw Steve watching and turned away quickly. And, going through Steve's mind was the thought that many years of discipline lay behind that instant reaction to his words.

They walked over to the shade of a clump of gums and placed their lunch bags on a log. Tony opened his bag and began to eat, quickly. Steve's eyes narrowed.

"Just take it easy for a while and I'll make a brew of tea," he said. "There's no hurry."

Tony stopped eating, his mouth full and a sandwich held in his right hand. "Yes?" he said.

"Yes. Ever tasted billy tea?"

Tony shook his head and went on eating slowly this time.

Steve filled the billy from the washbag and gathered a few tiny twigs. He shredded some bark and set a match to it. It began to blaze, the flames invisible in the strong sunlight. He piled on a few larger sticks and red flames licked about the little pile. When it had burned down to a red hot glow he picked up the billy, scraped a nest in the heart of the fire and set the billy down carefully.

More sticks were placed carefully.
about the billy, then Steve sat back on his heels, a slight smile of satisfaction on his face. He reached out, broke off a green twig, stripped the leaves from it and laid it across the top of the billy. He caught Tony watching him, the brown on his face.

"Stops the water from getting smoked," he said.

Tony had stopped eating and sat with his hands resting on his knees. At intervals one of them would be lifted to brush a fly from his face, but, apart from that, he sat without movement, his dark eyes fixed on the fire.

But Steve knew that he did not see the fire, or if he did he saw only the flames forming memories. He glanced at the other from under his eyebrows and did not like what he saw. This was something he had never struck before, something he didn't quite understand. He was used to working with other Australians, men who talked and were silent, who swore and laughed as the mood took them. Men who cursed the bush yet loved it, mostly coming back to die in it. He had never worked with a man who had drawn an intangible veil over his eyes and the suffering there, who spoke little yet was pathetically anxious to please.

The water in the billy began to bubble at the edges and Steve took the little tin of tea from his lunch bag. He tipped a pile of the dry tea into the palm of his hand and waited, his grey eyes intent on the water.

The bubbles spread to the edges and across the centre of the disturbed water. It moved restlessly for a few moments, then began to bubble in long, swelling eddies. Steve opened his fingers and the tea dropped into the seething water. For an instant the turmoil stopped, only to go on again with renewed vigour. He waited for a few seconds, then lifted the billy from the fire, his hard fingers hardly registering the heat of the wire handle. He smiled up at Tony, broke a leaf from the gum shrub beside him and stirred the tea with it several times before carrying the billy of steaming tea over to the log and opening his lunch.

"You make tea strangely," Tony said.

A sandwich halfway to his mouth, Steve said: "I wouldn't say that. It's the only way to make real tea."

"Is it the Australian way, yes?"

Steve bit into his sandwich and chewed thoughtfully for a while. "I suppose it is when you think of it.

"But surely the gum leaf must spoil it?"

A slow smile spread from Steve's eyes to his mouth. He looked at Tony. "You can answer that when you taste it," he said. "Here. She should be drawn now." He took an enamel mug from his bag and filled it from the billy, adding milk from a bottle and sugar from a jar. He stirred it and handed it to Tony.

Tony smiled, shook his head, and said, "No thank you. It is your dinner."

Steve grunted. "Go on, take it," he urged. "I brought two mugs."

Tony took the enamel mug and Steve saw the red spots on his white hands. By the time he had finished the tea, he thought, there would be blisters on those hands. He waited expectantly as Tony sipped the tea.

"Well?" he asked.

Tony nodded. "It is very good. I would like you to teach me to make tea like that."

Steve smiled his pleasure and stirred the dust with the toe of his boot. "I suppose it's not as easy as it looks," he said.

"I would say it is an art—an Australian art," Tony said.
"That's all right, Tony. I understand," Steve told him.

Tony nodded, that thoughtful nod so characteristic of him. "All you Australians say that," he said quietly. "You do not ask questions. But we are a better people. Most of us are sufferers from an illness you Australians have never known. We still remember that fear of the gas chamber—it took my grandfather, my parents and my sister. For years I lived in constant dread of it. I came here to forget; but one cannot forget these things so easily."

"You don't have to talk about it, Tony," Steve said. "The bush'll help you, you see."

"The bush, and men like you."

"I've done nothing."

"You didn't mean to, but you have."

When I came here there was hate still in my heart, hatred of all that scared me."

"I haven't always been a timber worker."

"I could see that by your hands." Tony nodded slightly. "But you never questioned me. You took me as I was to teach me the ways of the bush. That is why I have to thank you. When you handed me this—be lifted the mug of tea—you gave me part of Australia."

Steve shrugged his bare shoulders and thoughtfully poured himself another drink of tea. He looked deep into the mug, watching a few tea leaves swirling round with the motion of the spoon. What he saw seemed to please him, because he smiled and looked up at Tony.

"Have another cup," he said.

Tony smiled back at him and held out the stained, chipped enamel mug. He nodded.

"The tea," he said, "is very good."
'SWITCH WITCH'
DIALED BY GIBSON

What with them getting married... leaving for other positions... going on holidays, etc., our switch operator seems to look vaguely like this...

There's the beauty who has everything... everything that is except the right number when you want it...

Some of them get your number right from the word go...

It is amazing how some specimens can hold a conversation over the wire with two boyfriends... bawl out the office boy... make passes at a caller... chew gum... and not get more than four urgent calls mixed up all at the same time.

Of course, there's the very efficient number who can work a switchboard... no one seems to be interested in her except the boss... and he's always too busy to see her.

Switch girls are girls who work switches... and brother... how some of them can switch!
WINGS OF YOUTH  A 13-year-old high school pupil, Ronald Wileness has the U.S. Air Force running round pop-eyed. At Iona Junior High School, young Ronald filled in his leisure moments by designing plans for adding a third combustion chamber to the ordinary dual-chamber jet unit. His science teacher Mrs. Esther Wilcox, was so taken by Ronald's designs (which he drew for a "Science Fair"") that she posted them to Griffiss Air Force Base. Agony Air Force officers have currently invited Ronald to visit the field and "make a personal explanation."

THE OLD ORDER  The Ergonomics Research Society of Birmingham, England, has reported that the standard eighteen-inch height of chairs is not the correct one. "For really comfortable sitting," declares the Society, "a chair sixteen inches in height is admirable." (Presumably giants and dwarfs have not been consulted as to their views on the subject.)

ABRACADABRA OUT  Hastate  hastate  you should and bustle! Looks like the good old Black Magic is on its way out. Even the home of the ancient Voodoo is turning to new mysteries. According to London reports, even native African medicine men are sending to England for more and modern super-streamed magic tricks to confuse, alarm and depress their unsophisticated patients. Three articles most popular with medicine-men are: (1) cushions that squeal when you sit on them, (2) exploding cigars; and (3) finger rings which, skillfully handled, can squirt a spurt of water into a too-believing friend's eye.

TRAFFIC PROBLEM  You can't win, you motorists! In the United States, a new geyser is reported to be growing where visitors were accustomed to park their cars in the Norris Geyser Basin area. Park Ranger Naturalist M. D. Seth predicts that pronounced changes can be expected in the vicinity of the roadway leading to the parking area. Two years ago, the Ranger says, he noticed that the needles on trees north and south of the parking area were turning brown and dying; although there was no evidence of insect attack or disease. Soon, the Ranger predicts, the parking space will be unusable.

CHITTER-CHATTER  Believe it or not, research workers at Cornell (U.S.) University have decided that office discussion about last night's date or the week-end races may actually help to get more work done. Singing on an assembly line also helps. Proof: An office-executive was worried because his general office was always in a depressingly uninbusiness-like uproar while his private office was as quiet as a tomb . . . until he learned the general staff were producing more work per person than his private staff.

"Let's call him 'Daddy' and throw this place in an up-roar!"
"It's Just a Little Bull"

Not that you could call him a stick-in-the-mud, however...there's no doubt Ferdinand Junior has a roving eye...but he seems to focus it in the right places. Why, the shock's even dragged him to his feet. What does he care if the orchestra's playing "Where's My Wandering Bull Tonight?" He's satisfied where he is, let them find him.

No, this isn't Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer...and it isn't even Ferdinand Who Was So Fond of Flowers...but maybe, he's Ferdinand's half-brother...at least, his ambitions seem to be similar to Ferdinand's, judging by his overwhelmed condition. And what's it matter if the rest of the bulls hiss him...his gain is distinctly their loss.
FOR WORRIERS...

The part of man's brain with which he does his worrying has now been located, reports Yale (U.S.) Professor Dr. John F. Fulton. In a speech to the American Philosophical Society, Dr. Fulton declared that the "worry areas" consist of fibre projections from the frontal lobes of the brain. Dr. Fulton added that the first cutting of these "worry fibres" to relieve anxiety was done by Dr. E. A. Moniz, of Lisbon. Dr. Moniz got the idea from a report that chimpanzees no longer showed either anxiety or signs of frustration after their frontal lobes had been removed. Further study led to the identification of the exact fibres for the surgeon to cut.

TWO BLACK EYES...

Quite a collection of citizenry are inclined to worry because they have "bags" under their eyes. Some of this worry is unnecessary. Though the condition is often seen in elderly persons, it is not necessarily due to kidney trouble or heart disease. It is not necessarily a sign of debauchery or dissipation, either. The condition often runs in families, it seems to come and go, or the size of the "bags" may vary with the season or the time of the day. An unsuspected cause is often some allergy. If the "bags" get worse in autumn or winter, food allergy may be suspected. Fatigue, especially in elderly people, may aggravate the "bags".

ANTI-TOOTHACHE...

A new anti-dental decay compound of flurane has been announced to the American Chemical Society. The compound is a flurane-containing salt that not only adds flurane to the water, but removes it when the concentration rises above about 15 parts per million. More than this may cause mottled teeth. Extensive tests over the past decade show that flurane in drinking water in the proportion of one part per million will decrease markedly dental decay in children's teeth. Many U.S. cities are now adding flurane to their drinking water.

HUMAN PLUMBING...

Slim gadgets reinforced with wire mesh can be used successfully to patch the wind-pipe and bronchial tubes when tuberculosis, injury or cancer requires removal of a section of either bronchial tube or wind-pipe, states Dr. Donald L. Paulson, of Texas (U.S.). The kind of patch "provides a living scaffold" for new lining tissue of the wind-pipe or bronchial tube to grow on. The patches have meant the saving of lung function and even of life.
he opened up the
AMAZON

JOHN CHILWELL

A tattered Cavalier of Spain helped solve a golden riddle.

LATELY a seven-line newspaper paragraph reported tersely that one of the world's oldest puzzles had been solved.

According to the London "Daily Mail" (Nov. 7), two Englishmen—John Brown and Sebastian Snow—had proved that the source of the Amazon River is Lake Ninoeocha.

Just that curt announcement recorded that the goal explorers had sought for centuries, had been revealed.

It began on September 9, 1622. Then, the few pariahs and slavers who inhabited the desolate settlement of Nueva Cadiz on the island of Catabua, off the coast of Venezuela, had crowded to the foreshore.

An odd-looking craft of rough-hewn hardwood planks lashed together with jungle vines and waterproofed with resin luffed into the wind and threw over a rock as an anchor.

Two years earlier, the 26 gaunt and famished men aboard her had left the other side of the South American continent and had crossed it at its widest point—a distance of 5000 miles. For 4000 miles before reaching the Atlantic had it followed the course of a mighty river (previously unknown) which their leader, a cavalier named Francisco de Orellana, had called the Amazon because of the warlike women he had had to fight there.

As for their leader and the other 25 survivors of the jungle terror, they had been found lost in a second "brigantine" built upriver which had disappeared ten days before on the open sea.

As it happened, the larger ship was merely becalmed and arrived at Nueva Cadiz two days later.

Without an experienced sailor among them or navigational aids of any kind, they had mastered the whirlpools, narrows and snags of the Amazon and the storms of the open sea. They had navigated for the first time the whole length of a river mightier than any other, survived the barrenness of areas which even the wild beasts had deserted, and lost only 14 men to the poison dart of hostile Indians and jungle fevers.

Instead of bringing fame to its leader, the expedition brought only an ignominy which dramatists have labelled "Orellana's Tragedy" and which it has taken historians four centuries to debunk.

He was accused of abandoning 160 men to their fate in the upper Amazon (sometimes called the Orellanas) on the pretext of going ashore to look for food. The truth was that once he had gone ashore, he found it impossible to get back.

Francisco de Orellana was born in Trujillo in the Spanish province of Estremadura in 1511 and went to the Indies at the age of 16.

A couple of years' inactivity bored him so much that when he heard that his equally-restive kinsman, Gonzalo Pizarro, was about to lead an expedition east in search of the fabled Golden Land of El Dorado he determined to go too.

Both Spaniards and natives died like flies of starvation, disease and attacks by hostile Indians. Six hundred miles inland, Pizarro decided to send Orellana along the Napo River with 60 men to look for food.

The boat was made of rough logs hewn from the jungle, held together with nails melted from horseshoes, and kept watertight with "oskum" made from the tattered remnants of their clothing.

Orellana's venture was a desperate gamble and accepted as such. Two days after leaving the main body, the boat struck a submerged tree trunk, stranding it in a plank. Fortunately they were near the left bank, where the boat was beached and repaired effectually, or they would have met a sorry end as food for alligators and piranhas, small carnivorous fish that hunt in large schools.

By the next day, their food was exhausted, and they boiled hides and strips and the soles of their boots to satisfy their stomach pangs. Nine days later, when they had rowed with the current some 800 miles, some were too weak to stand. Others had died from eating poisonous roots.

On New Year's Day, 1542, a delirious cavalier cried out that he could hear drums, and the starving oarsmen rowed on with redoubled energy. It was not till the following night that the elusive drums were heard again, and at the next turn in the river they ran into a small encampment of Indian canoes, which scattered in fear.

Caused by kindness—a rare thing in the Peru of the conquistadors—the Indians proved true friends in need. In return for a few trinkets and pieces of cloth, they gave the invaders partridges, wild turkeys and fish.

Finding it impossible to row back against the current, Orellana proposed to wait at the village for a couple of months in the hope that Pizarro would struggle through the jungle to their Eden.

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Three men volunteered to try a
land march upstream to find the
others. But realizing they would not
have a chance, Orellana had to drop
the idea.

Before long it became only too ap-
parent that they had outraged their
welcome, as the Indians grew appre-
pensive about their dwindling food
stocks. Orellana was forced to move
on.

With some pangs of conscience, he
had to assume Pizarro lost, which
was not unreasonable in view of the pit-
able condition of the expedition when
he left it. But he was wrong; for two
months later Pizarro and his 160 starv-
ing followers reached the camp to
face a terrible 1000-mile struggle home
from which only 50 men emerged
alive.

By then, however, Orellana was
well on the way to the sea. He had
reached downriver at a large village
ruled by a chief named Apana. The
Greeks to build a second “brigantine”
Apana feared them when they
were children of the Sun (his God),
and went when they left.

On April 12, they reached the vil-
ages of the fierce Mochipeno, who
lived up to their reputation by at-
taeking them. It took a two-hour battle in
which 18 Spaniards were
wounded, one fatally, to rout the
Indians and confiscate their well-
stocked larders.

A month later the Spaniards had
their celebrated brush with “Amaz-
ons,” who “appeared to be very tall,
robust, fair, with hair long and
twisted over their heads, slims round their
loins, and bows and arrows in their
hands.” They were “as ruthless with
their own menfolk as with the enemy,
shooting them down if they retreated
from the Spanish fire.”

A friar, Gaspar de Carbajal, who
acted as chronicler for the voyage,
got an arrow through his eye, the
arrow passing through my head and
sticking out two fingers length on
the other side behind my ear.”

By early July, when the scene
changed from savannas and high
banks to lowlands, and the current
 grew more sluggish, they were heart-
tened to notice a rain and fell in the
river as if it were tidal. The river
was now so wide that they never saw
its bank again, but forgave food from
the many islands in the stream.

Further downstream they found a
suitable beach to careen the larger
boat. In 14 days both boats were en-
tirely overhauled.

“We did not get anything but what
could be picked up on the strand at
the water’s edge,” wrote Fray Gaspar,
“which was but a few small snails
and a few crabs of reddish color of
the size of frogs.”

On August 8, they sailed off on an
ebb tide on the last leg to the sea.
Sometimes the rising tide carried
them back further than they made on
the ebb and it was not until
August 21 that they reached the open
sea.

“Resting” for a day and night while
“negros” was checked, the odd crew
sailed north into an unknown ocean
without pilot compass or seagoing
sailors. By a miracle both reached
Cuba again without mishap.

Most of the adventurers found their
way back to Peru to kill or be killed
in the subsequent civil wars, but
Orellana still convinced from the few
gold and silver natives he had
seen on the trip downstream that El
Dorado existed, returned to Spain for
authority to explore the Amazon.

His reception, however, was lake-
warm, partly because Span suspected
that Amazon came within Portugal’s
“sphere of influence,” partly because
letters had arrived from Pizarro
accusing Orellana of deserting him.
Eventually Orellana secured a com-
mand in governor and expedition-
general to explore and settle “New
Andecusia,” as his discoveries were
named, but no financial help was
forthcoming from the Government. It
was not until May, 1562, two years
after his return to Spain that he
assembled the New World, ill-
equipped, undermanned and starved
of everything necessary for success.

Departures at the Canarvias and Cape
Verde Islands, and a series of storms
which sank one of his ships, delayed
his arrival at the mouth of the Ama-
zon until December 29, 1565. Then he
spent three fruitless months making
preliminary explorations and building
a brigantine for the ascent of the
river, while 57 men succumbed to
tropical fevers.

When everything was ready for
him to sail upper, he spent months
rouging up “cuit de eaux”

He died of a fever early in Novem-
ber, 1566, on an island at the mouth
of his mighty river without solving
the mystery of how to get back

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**DETOURS**

**By GLUYAS WILLLAMS**

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58 CAVALCADE January, 1952
niagara—
mother of death!

A FEW months ago, 38-year-old William Hill (son of the famed Canadian riverman, William "Red" Hill, and no mean mud-lark by his own right) fulfilled a death-bed promise to his father.

"Red" Junior attempted to be the fifth white man to defy the Falls and descend them alive. He took off in a "barrel" made of 14 truck inner-tubes, canvas and a fish-net. More than 200,000 spectators saw him go over the foaming edge. Next day his almost unaccomplished body was dragged from the lower river. The barrel had broken up.

Immediately, Bill's 32-year-old brother, Major Hill, announced he would go over the Falls in a steel barrel... whatever was his fate.

Only the pleas of a grief-stricken mother dissuaded him, until the Ontario (Canada) Government added aysertedly: "All further stout attempts to go over the Canadian section of Niagara Falls are banned."

And there for the moment the matter seems to stand. But for how long?

For more than a century the rewards for reckless pursuits with eternity in and over the roaring rock-slammed hell-broth of Niagara Falls have been strictly from hunger.

A fright of clippings, a transient, freak type notoriety, then, finally, a shabby, if not poverty-stricken oblivion--these have been the payoff for most of the men and women who, since 1829, have made death-seeking bids for cash and acclaim in the watery inferno of The Big Drop.

Even Red Hill, Jr., Niagara's riverman, admitted in his closing days that heroism as a trade was a poorly paying deal.

Three years later Red grasped the full meaning of his father's advice not to expect much from the river in the way of spendable compensation.

An earlier derring-do to discover that bravery-for-a-price at The Big Drop was a losing proposition was Jerry Penque. The tough-minded, swaggering little riverman recently ranked being swept over Niagara Falls for a reward he later characterized as "peanuts."

Penque's brush with churning death was a rather unadorned affair, coming as it did on the heels of one of the most spectacular exploits in the drama-splashed saga of Niagara Falls, the helicopter rescue of a damned 25-year-old mother and two drowned pilots from treacherous rapids 300 feet above the thundering Falls.

The series of rescue events first began to fatten the morning of May 15 when a motorist reported to police that a woman was clinging to a rock mid-river between Three Sisters Islands and Goat Island, several hundred feet from the drumming doom of Horsehoe Falls.

First futile attempts at rescue were made by two park employees and then by members of the Falls Fire Department. After several volunteers had been buffeted against the rocks by the ever-charging current, a plan was made to the nearby Bell Aircraft plant for a helicopter. In a short time, a rotor-propelled 'copter, manned by Owen Q. Niehaus, Bell Aircraft's chief test pilot, and Joseph A. Cannon, also a Bell test pilot, hovered over the screaming, fast-weakening woman, then slowly and surely set its pontoons on the swirling waters.

As Niehaus sat tensely at the controls, Cannon slipped down a ladder to the nose of the pontoon, threw the semi-conscious woman a rope and began hauling her aboard. At that moment a heavy wave slapped the aircraft, tore the woman adrift and sent the disorganized tableau careening toward the Falls.

After wildly spanning for 25 feet, the capsized helicopter bung up on a rock with both men aboard. Their rope still attached to the woman, they dragged her to their slippery perch in the boiling rapids and awaited rescue.

It came with the arrival of another helicopter, piloted by William J. Gallagher and his partner, George White. The airborne pair dropped one end of a rope to the marooned trio and the other end to police men on Goat Island. Using the rope as a guide line, volunteers manned a steel-hulled rowboat and brought the river-trapped three ashore.

The woman was identified as Mrs. Jeannette Bury of Niagara Falls who had vanished from her home the day before.

Forty-year-old Jerry Penque, veteran of years of dangerous engineering work around the Falls, came to grips with the repeat the day after the rescue, when he set out to salvage the $25,000 helicopter.

On his first trip out to the rocks to attach a cable to the disabled aircraft, the riverman was pitched into the rushing stream and clung to the copter for two hours before he was hauled to safety.

On his second perilous journey he was again hurled into the water but scrambled from the clutch of the tor.
tent and completed his salvaging assignment surprisingly in one piece.

It was later, while nursing his aches and cuts, that Ponga voiced his disillusion about heroes at the Falls.

"I didn't take the job," he said, "because of any love of seeing my name in the paper. I'm a family man and I had money.

"I knew the river bed like a book. I figured I could do the job and make at least $2,000 so my family and I could put a down payment on a small home.

"But after I had been taking a chance of being carried over the brink of the Falls for about six hours, what do you think they offered me?

"I ended up with $125. Peanuts!"

Although he may have been unaware of it, the disgruntled riverman was only echoing sentiments expressed down the years by others who had pitied their courage against the awesome power of the Falls and found that in the end it paid off in 'peanuts' if not in death.

Mrs. Annis, known to Taylor, for instance, were she alive today, could have told him that the Falls were poor pay. A burly schoolteacher, Mrs. Taylor, ensconced in a home-made barrel, hurtled over Horseshoe Falls, October 4, 1901, the first to successfully negotiate the Big Drop. She nibbled out a meager living for years autographing photos at a Falls Street post and died penniless.

All the barrel-jockeys, tight-rope walkers, swimmers and other stunters and courage-drunk crackpots who challenged the Falls over a century or so, only one really hit the jackpot. He was Jean Francois Gravelet, known professionally as Blondin, the world's greatest tightrope walker of his day.

Performing on a rope stretched across the roaring river, Blondin, in 1869, held one hundred thousand spectators spellbound with his prancing, somersaulting dainti on the swaying rope.

A year later he repeated his performance, placing the impossible upon the impossible. He walked across, pushing a wheelbarrow, cooked himself an omelette, and carried his man- ner across on his back.

Blondin ended life as the master of Niagara House, South Haling, England. Awarded many decorations, never the victim of an accident, he died at the age of 75 after a life of wealth and fame.

Which is where "Red" Hill Snr himself appears.

"Red" Hill first shot the Lower Rapids in 1871, riding the same steel drum Bobby Leach had used to duplicate Miss Taylor's plunge over Horseshoe Falls. Leach, a noted Falls daredevil, later died in New Zealand from injuries he suffered when he slipped on an orange peel.

Hill's second trip was made Memorial Day, 1870, in a specially designed steel drum, in which a hammock-like harness protected him from serious injury as the barrel rocketed through the raging waters.

His third and last barrel ride was marked by the emergence of Junior, then 17 years of age, as a fit successor to a fabulous father.

Making the try in a barrel in which a Greek waterer had suffocated in an earlier attempt, the older Red was trapped for hours in the dread Whirlpool, his rotund craft spinning dizzyly in its lethal grip.

Sensing death had finally tapped him, Red unlocked the hatch of his foundering craft and saw Red, Jr., a rope tied around his waist, bucking the treacherous currents. His son reached the barrel and helped tug it ashore.

Now Red Jr. has followed Red Snr. What next?

"Well, don't just stand there — someone get a fixture card!"
2 STOREYS with a VIEW

There are many occasions on which a two-storey plan suits best, especially when the land area is limited and when a good view is obtainable.

CAVALCADE's suggestion this month is for a two-storey home in which the view is from the rear of the site.

The room sizes are practically at a minimum to conform with present high costs, and the house would be improved by a little additional space if this could be afforded.

An open plan has been adopted for the lower floor, resulting in a spacious appearance. On the upper floor each of the three bedrooms is placed to obtain the benefit of the outlook. Each is fitted with a built-in wardrobe.

There is also more than usual cupboard space on the ground floor, which is a feature generally very much appreciated.

The total area of this house is 1,750 square feet and the minimum frontage required to accommodate it is 50 feet.
an ENGLISH SWORD in ITALY

Sir John Hawkwood carved fortune and favour for himself with cold steel.

MARGARET CLARKE

A DEEP-CHESTED, auburn-haired Englishman named John Hawkwood was riding through the streets of 14th Century Montecchio in Italy when he met two boggling friars.

"Peace be with you, Don Giovanni Acuto," the friars called, according to the custom of the day.

"God take your arms from you," returned Sir John, but with a bluff twinkle in his norden eye.

Nevertheless, the friars were taken aback by his apparent churlishness.

"Do you not know that I live by war?" demanded Sir John, with a huge back-stepping laugh. "If God gave me peace I should die of hunger!"

John Hawkwood, gentleman of Essex, England, was one of the last and greatest of the Condotheti: those leaders of the "free companies" of professional men-at-arms who roamed about 14th Century Europe in search of wars.

They were the terror of the civilian populace but the delight of kings and merchant princes whose increasing wealth from trade made them less and less inclined to lay down their lives for their country.

Sir John went to Europe in the first place with the armies of Edward III, of England, and likely enough he gave orders to long-bowmen at the battle of Poictiers. But we can only say for sure that the end of the war left him unemployed.

Still optimistic, however, he did not go home with his king. He stayed in Europe to find another war.

For a while Gascony provided him and his followers with food, wine, women, and gold.

But all good things must end. Came the Black Death, and Sir John sensibly decided to move to a healthier climate. Italy seemed to offer the best prospects.

The wisdom of Sir John's choice proved itself over and over again during the next thirty-four years.

Before he died in Florence in 1394, he served in turn the Marquis of Monferrato, the Visconti family of Milan, the Pope, Pisa, Padua and Florence, declining an offer from Venice, borrowed himself from Florence for a loan to Naples and enjoyed several periods of free-lancing.

Sir John had no trouble in paying his expenses from Gascony to Italy. Along the way he met another free-booting captain, one Bernard de la Salle. The two companies joined forces for a season of pillaging. Together they captured Ponte de l'Espirt, near Avignon where the Pope was then living and held the Pope himself to ransom.

Next, Sir John and his men surprised the Count of Savoy in his Piedmont castle and relieved him of a tidy sum of money. The loot of seven more castles filled their purses even more pleasingly.

Sir John was in this happy state when the Marquis of Monferrato went to war with Milan. Sir John signed up.

Immediately, the valley of the River Po became clamorous with plunderings, burnings, lootings, rapings and seductions, screams of terror, yells of delight.

To this very day one meets men and women in Northern Italy whom one might mistake for English.

Sir John's method of approach was much the same, whether he was free-lancing or working for an employer. If it were a question of reducing a town, he would burst upon it at night, and his men would flow over the walls like a waterfall or pour through the shattered gates like a river in full flood. Townsmen would be quickly put in the sword and the women raped, portable treasure would be stuffed in the saddlebags and buildings set on fire.

If, on the other hand, he simply wanted funds he would summon the townsmen into the town square and, as they trembled there, he would announce what ransom he sought if they were slow in acceding.

In spite of the recital of bloodshed, banditry and violence, Sir John cannot be dismissed as a mere free-booter: he made many contributions to the art of war. One of his most notable victories was the battle of Castagnaro when the forces of the Duke of Padua, whose commander he was at the time, defeated a Venetian army twice its size.

This was an age when the infantry was coming into its own. The cavalry which had reigned supreme while knighthood was in flower tended to wait in a serious engagement as inauspicious as Cracow and Poictiers where the unwholesome English long-bowmen made a serious business of shewing up the French cavalry. War was coming to be a polite pastime and was becoming a fine art, soon to be a science. Sir John Hawkwood was one of the first military leaders to depart from the knightly tradition and on this account history honours him.

It is not surprising that he was soon surrounded with a crack regiment of reckless free-booters—the most celebrated (but inappropriately named) "White Company."

And the White Company performed so successfully that in April, 1383.

CAVALCADE, January, 1952
When a matron found herself locked out of her apartment in Liverpool (England), a passing plumber—soon William Ball—sped to her assistance. William commenced by climbing through the matron’s bedroom window to unlock the front door from the inside. Before he could reach the door, however, the matron’s husband scuffled William by the seat of the pants and tossed him through the back portal.

Bernabo Visconti of Milan hired a band of reedousable German mercenaries and bid its leader, Count Conrad Limiet of Swabia, put a stop to the Company’s depredations.

Montrezzo sued for peace. And once again Sir John was out of a job.

Not for long. The Republic of Pisa was at war with Florence. Its ruler, offered Sir John 20,000 lira and his men ten thousand gold florins a month to conduct the war for him. Before long this salary was raised to 50 thousand.

Wealthy Florence, however, proved a tough nut. Before Sir John knew where he was, the Florentines were encamped outside Pisa.

The situation looked black, but Sir John appraised the situation; and bade the right horse.

The disgruntled English captain resolved to ravage the country around Pisa, until he had paid his overhead. Then he invaded Perugia in the Apennines—only to find himself evenly matched with a German mercenary who had been hired to defend the city. The two warriors prudently swore eternal friendship; then held a banquet at the expense of the Perugian Government.

For the next two years, the White Company continued its semis-on ..., with the result that the Government of Pisa soon decided it had made a mistake in allowing Sir John to leave its service. It was inviting him back... when Bernabo Visconti of Milan made a better bid.

He sent Sir John to defend his former victim, Perugia, which was being attacked by forces from the Papal States.

Somehow the campaign did not proceed according to plan... and Sir John found himself a prisoner of the Pope. But the Pisans, allies of Milan and mindful of uncomfortable plunderings, decided to ransom him.

Apparented encouraged by this, Sir John stirred up a revolt against Florence, sacked Lazzaro, Bologna and Reggio, fought a pitched battle against Florence and led an expedition against his first Italian employer, the Marquis of Montefeltro.

Everything was going along nicely when he suddenly resigned his command. Interference from the authorities, he said, and brusquely added his opinion that soldiers could not permit “writers” to meddle in military matters (Armchair strategists, please note). The Pope, delighted at the opportunity to score off his enemies, promptly offered Sir John a job—Sir John blithely took the field against his former employer.

But swiftly came the day Sir John allowed himself to be inveigled back into the services of the Visconti. As an added enticement, the Visconti Duke, Bernabo, offered Sir John the hand of his illegitimate daughter. Dominus Sir John was only too pleased to oblige.

He was now at the height of his glory. His fame in the peninsula was such that the English king appointed him English Ambassador to the Papal States, Naples, Florence and several other city-states.

As a matter of fact, he was so much in demand that it is hard to keep track of his escapades up and down Italy.

One moment he is in Verona supporting Bernabo Visconti’s claim for an inheritance which he alleged was being withheld from his wife. Next he is protecting Florence against the King of Hungary’s nephew. Presently he is down in Naples helping this same nephew wrest the crown from Prince Louis of Anjou. Then over to Padua on whose behalf he won the celebrated battle of Castiglione.

When war petered out he spent a summer ravaging the territory around Siena—before returning to the service of Florence.

It was for Florence that he performed his last military exploit. By then it was 1332... and Sir John had only two more years to live.

These he spent in retirement with his wife. He died at the age of 59... the father of nine children (at least four of them legitimate).

Some of his children married Italians and settled down in Italy. One son went to England, took his father’s English name and became an Englishman. And one daughter married a man named Shelley and a descendant—a poet named Percy Bysshe Shelley—renewed the family associations with Italy.

And to this day visitors to Florence may see Sir John painted on the wall of the cathedral, clean-shaven and handsome, eternally astride his eternally prancing horse.

CAVALCADE, January 1952
Our Trapped Office Wolf reports disconsolately that it seems he'll be having a nappy New Year. Nothing makes a nopep more afraid of a mouse than a man. International Incident: A news flash reports that a French dramatic critic recently fought a duel with an actor who claimed to have been molested; the critic was wounded - first time he'd ever been stuck for a phrase, eh? Thus leading us naturally to the one Amazon Thespian who wasn't a hum. He was inaudible. Which - for obscure reasons - inspires us to remark that these days some radio jokes seem so old that they must be the original patter Noah heard on the roof of the Ark. And while we are on the subject of the stage and its addicts, we must report the current rumour that performers in a thought transference act signal to each other by smiling... this is known to their mistresses as a code in the nose.

Town Talk: There's a King Cross gendarme, they say, who has been on the beat so long that he knows every crook and nanny in the district.

As a matter of fact, it was probably this same little limb of the law who pointed out that a juvenile delinquent is often a teen-ager who does everything you did when you were young... but gets caught doing it.

Health Hut: No matter how much some girls reduce themselves, they'll never be bargains. Which no doubt explains why women are habitually late for the sake of appearances.

The American Way of Life Section Grade A. The occupant of the electric chair who asked the prison chaplain to hold his hand during his last moments.

Calling Canberra: Nothing is ever accomplished by a committee unless it consists of three members - one of whom happens to be sick and another absent. Cafe Chatter: A farmer states that more and more girls in the country are running away from the land to become waitresses in the city... when they reach a restaurant, of course, they stop running.

Feature for Purchasers: Attention has been drawn to the inadequate salaries paid to some electronic scientists. Strange! Strange! We always thought they made a pile. Which reminds us of a harassed bookmaker of our acquaintance: He's squealing that the cost of living is balloonining so astronomically that he's had to lease his last.

OUR SHORT STORY: Princeton (U.S.) University students recently staged a debate with representatives of Yale University; subject was "A woman should choose death before dishonour". Princeton argued "Yes", Yale won.
AND EXPLAINS HE WAS DELAYED BY SOME WORK AT A DIPLOMATIC CORPS'S PARTY.

IN THE PLANE THEY HAVE A CHANCE OF DISCUSSING THEIR ASSIGNMENT IN THE DEAD HEART OF AUSTRALIA.

GREAT PLACE FOR A ROCKET RANGE.

WHERE DID YOU LEAVE TODD?

"GETTING INTO A TAXI TO DEVELOP HIS FILMS.

WELL -- HE HAS FAILED TO KEEP HIS APPOINTMENT -- AND HE CAN'T BE FOUND AT HIS STUDIO.

I MUST IMPRESS ON YOU THAT THIS WORK IS SECRET...

AFTER THE VISIT KATH STUDIES HER NOTES FOR A CONFIDENTIAL REPORT.......

PITY THIS IS FOR THE ARMY -- IT WOULD MAKE A LOVELY NEWSPAPER STORY.

MAYBE HE'S -- RELAXING I'LL FIND HIM.

I'LL GET HE CAME HOME FIRST TO FRESHEN UP AND HAVE A DRINK.

AFTER REPORTING TO THE BARRACKS KATH IS CONGRATULATED ON THE WORK SHE HAS DONE ~~~~~~~~~

KATH IS ABOUT TO LEAVE WHEN THE TELEPHONE RINGS AND ~~~~

USING HER KEY TO TRUCK'S FLY KATH GOES INSIDE AND FINDS ~~~~

-- THE STORY-BOOK VERSION OF WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A PLACE IS BROUGHT BEFORE DESPERATE MEN ~~~~~~~~~

CAVALCADE, January, 1952

CAVALCADE, January, 1952
WELL AWARE THAT SOMETHING IS GRAVELY WRONG, KATH HAILS A TAXI TO VISIT TRUCK’S STUDIO.

FAILING TO GET ANY ANSWER TO HER KNOCK, KATH USES HER KEY TO TRUCK’S STUDIO.

AN ESPIONAGE ATTEMPT WELL DESIGNED TO USE THAT TO YOUR ADVANTAGE—THAT SOMEONE IS VITALY INTERESTED IN THE ROCKET RANGE, THE TELEPHONE INTERCEPTION HER THOUGHTS?

AND FINDS TRUCK FONDS SENSELESS ON THE FLOOR OF HIS DARKROOM.

QUICKLY REVIVING TRUCK WITH AMMONIA, KATH HEARS HIS STORY—NOT GOING TO HIS FLAT FIRST, HE ENTERED THE STUDIO AND WAS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS AS HE ENTERED THE DARKROOM.

COING HOME TO RELAX AND THINK OVER THE SITUATION, KATH REALIZES THAT SOMEBODY IS VITALY INTERESTED IN THE ROCKET RANCE, THE TELEPHONE INTERCEPTION HER THOUGHTS?

SUE TRUCK. I TOLD YOU IT WAS A SHAMBLES. COME OVER BY ALL MEANS.

YOU DON’T SOUND YOURSELF, TRUCK GROGGY FROM THE K.O. BH?

SOMEBODY HAS USED THE DEVELOPING BATH IN A CLUMSY WAY.

RUINED! AN AMATEUR TRIED TO DEVELOP THE SECRET ROCKET RANGE PICTURES... AND FAILED.

I’LL COMPROMISE MYSELF HAVING A MAN I THINK BUT IT’S IN A GOOD CAUSE.

AHH, WELL THIS WAS PAINT NOW FOR a
SCARCELY FINISHED DRESSING KATH HEARS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. TRUCK CERTAINLY MADE QUICK TIME COMING OVER.

THIS APPROACH IS TOO NOVEL FOR TRUCK TODD.

FOR ONE SECOND BEFORE THE DARKNESS DESCENDS ON HER KATH REALIZES THAT SHE HAS BEEN TRICKED THAT THIS IS NOT TODD AT ALL.

WHEN KATH RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS SHE FINDS HERSELF TIED TO A BED IN A SHABBY ROOM.

JUST SO LONG AS HE DID MAKE A MESS OF IT.

HOT ANSWERING? WELL TRY HER NUMBER AND GET MISS KING OVER HERE. RIGHT AWAY.

KATH FACES HER POSITION OF DISADVANTAGE.

DO AS YOU'RE TOLD AND YOU WON'T GET HURT.

KATH IS AMAZED TO SEE TRUCK 4 DEVELOPED PHOTOGRAPHS SPREAD BEFORE HER.

TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT EACH PHOTO.

KATH TRIES TO COVER UP BY LYING ABOUT THE PICTURES AND IS SMACKED FOR IT.

WE KNOW MORE THAN THAT, BUT NOT ENOUGH.

THERE'S NO CHIVALRY WHEN IT COMES TO Photonographers, BUT KATH CONTINUES TO LIE ABOUT THE PHOTOGRAPHS AND HER IGNORANCE.

TEN MINUTES TO THINK IT OVER... TEN MINUTES.
I still think the real photograph might have been taken and the film left as a blind. I wish we could get Kath back.

A police call they've found Miss King.

Finding Kath safe with the police they hear her story.

Go right upstairs, gentlemen...

There was a light in the room -- the blind was up -- I flicked an S.O.S. with the light switch -- a policeman saw it.

Here are your photographs they didn't mean a thing without descriptions.

Remember the diplomatic party that kept you late? You were wired there so you could be recognised in future.

One symbol for all

Shell Motor Spirit
Shell Motor Oil
Shellubrication

Always in all ways

Shell serves the motorist

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THE IMPASSIVE GAZE OF THE JUNGLE GOD DREW MEN, AND WOMEN TOO, TOWARDS A GOAL WHICH MEANT RICHES, ESCAPE, OR DEATH.

MINA GRAY • FICTION

"... who is afraid will never penetrate to the heart of my country." Andra could remember Evert Helman saying that when they first met, looking at him with those odd, light eyes that saw so much... and so little. Now he came back to life with renewed force, now when he had almost reached the heart of Pulau Morah, and Evert Helman was dead.

And Andra was afraid. Night and day terror stalked him through the labyrinth of homes under the leprous shadows of the palm fronds. Evert's island! How he hated it. How he longed to find this fortune that waited in his heart, and then sail back to Holland with Evert's wife, Marta.

It had not taken Andra long to understand that Matai too hated the island. He had seen it in her slanting green eyes long before she had told him passionately with her soft lips against his, "You and I... we are alike... we both hate Pulau Morah... take me away, Andra." But Andra hadn't been able to take her away. After the war he had been thrown up like a piece of driftwood upon this island that had belonged originally to Evert's grandfather after he had fought off the Chinese pirates that harried its coast. Evert had offered him a partnership in the copra and timber if he stayed and helped to rehabilitate the island. For Evert, apart from the fact that this was his only home, the place where he had been born and grown up, the island with its miserable brown population was a deep responsibility that he had inherited. But for Andra, Pulau Morah was a prison out of which he longed desperately to escape, knowing all the time that he had nowhere else to go. What else could he do?

And so the days had passed for both of them in an increasing torment, until Evert had come back from one of his peripatetic parties with a feverish light in his eyes. He had found something. Money, he said, money enough to help the whole island. Money to buy machinery, to restart the plantation, money to build
a good hospital and pay a permanent doctor. At first Anders and Martie had thought he had fever, but when he made preparations to go to the mainland, they were convinced.

Then, one evening, Martie had come to Anders with a plan scribbled on a sheet of dirty excercise paper. They had pored over it together. "He would not tell me when he started," she paused, contemplative, "his own wife!" But old Pongulu went with him as usual," she shrugged. "So I know that he went up river and also where he landed.

Anders looked at the pencil map again. Then he looked up at Martie. Her slim golden body was always a hunger to him. He reached out for her but she evaded him, laughing mockingly, "You become a fool like Evert!"

She made a little grumble behind his back at his big, flabby form. She was sorry he was not so attractive as Evert, but with her husband she would be unprisoned here ever, with Anders she could escape. Only once had she been to Europe, but the memory of the glittering streets, the beautifully groomed women, the crowds of interesting men had stayed with her. It was a world she meant to have for herself again -- and now it was almost within her grasp. She hissed, "I cannot stay long, so you must listen. If you are to go up river, you know that within three weeks the river will be in flood you must go soon."

"Did you find out what this discovery of his was?"

"Gold," she said with an excited tilt of her small head. "I am sure it is gold. He has even talked to me of a fine stone temple up there."

"But there are no temples on Pulau Marah," he burst out, impatiently.

"How do we know?"

"Well," he paused, "there are none on the surrounding islands. It is supposed that the early Hindu invasion never reached this far."

For answer she pulled from between her breasts where it hung on a thin chain, a small pendant. She gave it, warm from her flesh into his hand, so that for a minute he trembled, but her eyes were on him impatiently.

"His thumb rubbed the oddly-shaped ornament, unbelievably, "Gold!" he quizzed, "Where did you get it?"

"Evert gave it to me."

"When?"

She nodded at the query slowly. Between them was the thought, "After his last patrol." He could not know that she had brought it from the mainland, that it was one of those inspired lies with which her animal-like brain was always fertile.

He turned the thing over in his hand, marveling at how quickly her warmth had left it. Through his mind ran exciting stories of old pots and necklaces found in other islands. Great, strange-shaped pots, blackened with age, grease and blood that yet shone with the true warm metal when scratched by the nail of some inexactful explorer. Such pots were kept in hiding by the natives and were often said to house evil spirits always in need of purification. Where there were such pots and necklaces there must once have been ore. Yet the natives had forgotten its whereabouts over the centuries, or professed to have forgotten -- and they no longer knew the art of working gold.

She let him clasp the pendant back around her warm neck. She was as much a thing of shadow and sunlight as the island, but infinitely more desirable, he thought.

She said, "I must go soon... or Evert wakes."

"If he sails next week, there is..."
not time for me to investigate this 
treasure of his. Once I am gone he 
cannot prevent me trying to find his 
treasure, but he will go to the main-
land.

Her green eyes watched him as the 
snake watched its intended prey, 
"That is not your affair...and it 
may be that Evert will not mind."

For a minute her eyes held his, 
then he looked away, pulling the map 
towards him. He had been with Evert 
on a few patrols and he knew the 
island by now fairly well.

"What is this big gap just after 
he leaves the river...it seems to be 
a blank space between two hills. It's 
an odd shape for a valley."

"It is the "Eye of Gergasi," she said 
releasing herself from his arms with 
a sudden restraint. He remembered 
then that she had enough native 
blood in her to make her pay atten-
tion to the superstitions of the island. 
He was used to faceless native names 
and he knew that they usually had 
some foundation in fact. They were 
meant to be some sort of guidance for 
the unwary.

"And what is this Eye of Gergasi," 
he asked.

"I don't know...it is just the Eye 
I must go now."

Anders was recalling this conver-
sation as he sat shivering in the damp 
heat of the late jungle afternoon a 
fortnight later. His one relief now 
was to think of Marte. She alone 
could take his mind off the terrors 
around him, the discomforts his hobb.
body had endured, and the growing 
mutinous spirit of his three Punan 
bearers. Evert was accorded obedi-
cence by the brown men because he 
had grown up amongst them, he was 
their leader by right of birth and the 
prestige his ancestors had won for 
him...but Anders had no such 
sure title...and they knew in-
stantively that he did not love their 
people.

His finger marked the pencil sketch 
where they were now camped. He 
thought in a sudden spate of terror 
that by now he must be the only 
white man alive on the island. Evert 
had proved too stubborn for them 
both. He had refused to tell them 
of what the treasure consisted and 
also to delay his trip to the mainland. 
When Anders had left, Marte had 
looked at him smiling her enigmatic 
smile and shrugging her slim, 
gold shoulders. He remembered how 
important life was in this teeming 
jungle and Marte knew all the 
poisons of the island, the juice of 
the bantu flower—the innocently-
seeming saplings of bamboo in food.

With a sudden need to be with 
other human beings, Anders lit a 
cigarette and sat under the 
flight, where the natives had hung 
evil-smelling roots to ward off the 
mosquitoes. By this time Marte 
would have done her part, it was 
for him to find the treasure. 
He held out his pipe, "Ponghulu, you 
are old and know the wisdom of 
your ancestors. Tell me the story of 
the "Eye of Gergasi."

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are old and know the wisdom of 
your ancestors. Tell me the story of 
the "Eye of Gergasi."

The old man looked at him impas-
sively as the other two younger men 
cowered terror-stricken. "I am old, 
Tuan, and the Eye would not be 
jealous of me. I will tell you so that 
we may turn back as I have begged you."

Shivering with the onset of fever, 
Anders listened.

"In the time when the gods walked 
the earth," began the old man, "there 
were also demons. Of these, Gergasi 
was the greatest and most terrible. 
Where the others had red eyes, his 
were black and so terrible that if a 
man had the misfortune to meet Ger-
gasi and looked into those awful eyes, 
then his flesh would fly from his
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---
THE RISE OF THE STONEBOILERS

The measure of difference between a civilized and uncivilized people is the comfort and security of their way of living. Our modern civilization is based on scientific research and expert knowledge, but in its infancy blind chance played a major part in its development.

For instance, we today, get hot water by turning a tap, or by filling a kettle and lighting the gas, but there are very few primitive people who have a regular supply of hot water.

Amongst the North American Indians, there is a unique way of providing this essential. While the hunters might have roasted their food over an open fire, they did not know the delight of eating soups or boiled food, until by some chance, one of them found a way to boil water.

These aristocrats of primitive people placed stones in the fire until red hot, and then with wooden tongs picked them up and dropped them in cunningly contrived water basins where they boiled the water and cooked the food. As the stones cooled, they were replaced by heated ones while the cook sat comfortably near the fire.

While we don't know how this method of cooking originated, we do know how Life Assurance started, and although it grew haphazardly today with its mathematics, it is one of the greatest influences for security and peace of mind. More than 3,000,000 Australians have taken advantage of this national institution not only to protect their future, but also the future security of their wives and children.

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While we don't know how this method of cooking originated, we do know how Life Assurance started, and although it grew haphazardly today with its mathematics, it is one of the greatest influences for security and peace of mind. More than 3,000,000 Australians have taken advantage of this national institution not only to protect their future, but also the future security of their wives and children. They do this, knowing they not only help themselves, but that through their savings wisely invested in works of national importance, they are helping the progress of all Australia.

Anders said sharply. "That Evert returned..."

Pondhulu sighed, looking into the shadows over Anders' shoulders. "He also did not heed my warning when he reached for the broom..."

Anders started. "How did you know? How could you know? He was alive when we left." He went on. "But the old man's eyes were as opaque as the surrounding jungle. Anders had lived long enough in these islands to know there were some things it was no use to guess at. He turned away, shakily, and threw himself down under the much palm shelter that had been roughly constructed for him earlier. He seemed to him that the sun would never loop up again above the steaming all of centuries. On the next hill lay the treasure Evert had found obviously, he could not turn back now and return to Marte empty-handed. But fear grew in him like a fungus."

The next day, he broke from the labyrinth of the jungle. Near now was that ominous blank space on the map. For the last couple of hours, he had been conscious of an increasingly evil stench that seemed to throw up an almost physical wall against his progress. But now at last, on the phosphorescent lime-white slope of the farther hill, he picked out excitedly with his telescope a delicate tracery of darker stone that seemed to rise above the blue plane. A temple that looked for all the world like the Borobudur!

There surely, was the treasure that Evert Holman had found... gold... forgotten for centuries, protected by fear and the jungle itself.

He laughed. But Evert was dead and only Marte was waiting for him. He stumbled forward, drunk with elation. The stench rose around him now with paralyzing strength. He stumbled drunkenly to himself. Then, rounding a clump of trees he stopped—stretched. Beneath him was the Eye. A great unwinking oval of encrusted earth that stretched as far as he could see on either side. He had seen such strangely barren parts of the jungle before, but always across them had marched the sword-like kunai grass. Here there was nothing. Nothing but a dark, moving, luminous mass quivered as if alive. The Eye of Gorgias! It seemed to him that the dark abyss leered at his disappointment. He sank back at it, wringing the sweat out of his eyes as it trickled down and blinded him. He searched feverishly for a way through the monstrous mass. In his hysterical excitement, the laboriously acquired instincts of the white man in the jungle deserted him. He picked up what looked like a firm path through the mass, and if Gorgias had shed a curving pascalashi. Anders knew that soon now the sun would plunge down and leave him in darkness in the stricken place. His old horror of snakes came back and he seemed to see Evert's face looking at him mockingly. The gold was so near, he couldn't wait, he couldn't wait. The golden flesh of Marte flitted tantalizingly before him. With a rush, Anders began to run along the path, sobbing. The strange temple now was overlaid with a pittance of sunlight. He fell on his knees and he fell with a scream that set the jungle at his back quaking insanely.

As the dark mass closed in and he began to sink, he knew two things clearly, that the Eye of Gorgias would close over him and wait perhaps a thousand years for its next victim... and that the treasure that Evert Holman had discovered was not gold... but... Oil!"
NO RENT IN THE MORGUE

There's a skeleton in every family cupboard, they say; but this one wouldn't stay made.

CALVIN S. ALLEN • FICTION

ALL the world looked bright and happy to Richard Quay this morning. That he was walking smack into a murder was undoubtedly farthest from his thoughts. "Ah, good morning, neighbor," Quay greeted brightly.

Friend and neighbor obliged with a grunt. Richard Quay frowned. Something serious had to be the cause. It wasn't like Gideon Trumble to be downcast. "When is she coming?" Quay asked.

Gideon raised his head from between his hands. "Who?" he wanted to know.

"Your mother-in-law." "Who said she was coming?" "Then it isn't that," Trumble protested, "will you go away and leave me alone?"

For reply Richard Quay sat down on the porch steps beside his friend. He watched Trumble curiously. "She can't do this to me," Trumble muttered to no one in particular.

Quay was about to ask him why and then he snapped his lips tight and waited. "Two hundred dollars now and another fifty coming up," Trumble's voice was drowned in the laughter.

Comprehension began to dawn on Richard Quay. His friends owned and rented out the apartment building next door. It was a headache at times. "Which one is it this time?" Quay inquired.

"Fourteen B," Trumble answered. "What's her name?"

Trumble raised his head out of his palm and stared at the dapper little insurance salesman. "Who told you about her?" he challenged.

Quay smiled. "You did, pal."

Trumble let his shoulders sag. "It's Miss Marcia Hunt," he explained. "She's four months behind in her rent."

"Why don't you throw her out?" Quay suggested.

"Trumble shook his head. "Have you seen her?"

Trumble raised his hands and made sneaky motions in the air with them. Quay broke into laughter.

"What until your wife hears about this!" Quay chided.

"You tell her and I'll break every bone in your body," Trumble roared. "It isn't like you think."

"How is it, then?"

Trumble kept his eyes averted. His stubby fingers tapped his knees tightly. "Every month for the last four months I've gone to see Miss Hunt. Every month for four months she has talked me into waiting."

Quay's blue eyes twinkled merrily. "Well?"

"Trumble was silent for nearly a minute, then he threw up his hands in despair. "So I'm soft," he groaned. "She's just a young kid. Her brother sends her money, see? Four months she doesn't hear from him. I don't know what to do."

Quay shook his head. "You'd never make a salesman."

Quay took his friend's arm and they walked to their respective doors. Quay left the building and closed the door behind him. He wasn't going to tell his wife about his troubles. He couldn't do it now."

Quay gazed out at the street. "Just leave it to me, pal," he counseled. "Of course there will be a slight commission."

Gideon Trumble wrinkled his brows. "You shyster! You double-tongued bargains-buster. Get out!"

Richard Quay tipped his hat solemnly and started down the street. He got as far as the corner where Trumble hailed him. "Wait!"

Quay turned. He could see Trumble's lips moving and guessed he was conversing himself to the effect that ten per cent of two hundred and fifty pounds wouldn't be such a bad deal. Quay came back to the porch. "All right, you win," Trumble muttered. "Then he gave a sly grin. "But there's one condition. You've got to get the money today."

If he expected Quay to object he was disappointed. "It's a deal," Quay said.

Richard Quay went directly to Apartment 14 B after leaving Trumble. He took time to brush at his coat sleeves, see that his tie was straight, and remove his hat before he rang the bell. He began to hum while he waited.

His tune grew a bit sour when there was no answer to his second knocking of the button. Then suddenly his humming broke off.

He had just noticed the door to 14 B was slightly ajar. Miss Marcia Hunt was home then. Probably she was in the kitchen and didn't hear him. He pushed the door open a bit more to call.

For a moment Richard Quay was unable to move or take his eyes from the man stretched out just made the bed. There was no doubt in his mind that the man was dead. A knife was sticking in his back.

At first Quay gained control of his feeble legs enough to step inside. He closed the door automatically.

Quay was just about to kneel be-
side the body when a light tap on
the door sent his head back with a
snap. He looked about wildly for a
place to hide, discovered a door open-
ing into a bedroom. He was back-
moving towards it when a voice called
through the door "Quay, it's Tramble.
Let me in."

Sitting up, Quay disburbed
the body and opened the door to his
friend. Gideon Tramble waddled in,
grimacing. The grin froze on his face
as he glimpsed the corpse.

"Who did it?"

Richard Quay gave Gideon Tramble
a look that was enough to cut the
fat man's size down by half. "How
should I know?" he snapped.

"Where's Miss Hunt?" Tramble
asked.

Quay had forgotten all about her.
Now he turned and made a quick cir-
cuit of the room. He didn't expect to
find her and he didn't. When he
bored round he found Tramble down
beside the body.

"Looking for clues?" Tramble re-
ported without looking up "It's the
way detectives work."

"Huh, you wouldn't know a clue
if--" Quay reached over Tramble's
shoulder. "What you got there?"

"I don't know. Some piece of
jewellery, I guess"

"Why, that's an amulet," Quay said.
"I thought amulets were something
you at"

"Of all the—oh, skip it. Where'd
you find it?"

Tramble pointed to the corpse. "It
was clutched in his hand"

"Did you ever see this fellow be-
fore?"

Tramble pulled himself to his feet.
"I'm not sure. I think he might be
the fellow who brought Miss Hunt
home one night this week."

Quay sighed. "You think that's

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**Our Egos in 1952**

The ego has definite responsibilities. One is to develop aptitudes and
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and competence so that the man or woman can match and keep her at
her place in the occupational and social spheres.

Another is to adapt itself to the changes provoked by circumstances
outside its control. This calls for courage to face realities and intelligence
to appreciate their significance.

The Year 1952 is likely to have as many changes as the years which
immediately preceded it. Some may be favourable to us. The writer of
this story believes that some will be, but we cannot forecast them.
What we can do is to fit ourselves to make quick adjustment to the changes
that will come, to take advantage of those which are helpful to us and
to refuse to be emotionally disturbed by those which appear to be harmful.

It is a happy reflection that each of us, with his individual ego, is a
survivor, a product of countless generations which, by strength, purpose,
stratagem and guide have resisted pressures, adjusted themselves to change
and lived courageously. Let each of us determine, D.V., to carry on in
the same way in 1952.

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CAVALCADE, January, 1952
a big help. He had taken the charm from Tramble and now he dropped it in his coat pocket.

"Don't you think it's about time we called the police?"

"I guess we got to," Quay said, "but I don't know how we'll explain it to save our own necks."

Tramble shrugged. "It's a good guess he's not been dead more than thirty or forty minutes. I can testify that you were with me then."

"And who's going to believe you?" Quay said. "You're as much a suspect as I."

Quay's words were keeping home when a series of heavy thumps sounded from the hall. Tramble leaped to the door before Quay could issue a warning. He peeked out. When he turned back, his face was like chalk. "It's him!" Tramble blurted out. "He split some potatoes in the hall. She's packing them up now."

Richard Quay guessed he meant Marce Hunt. He said, "Quick, Tramble get into the bedroom."

Tramble stared at him. "But why?"

"Do as I say. Get under the bed. I'll join you." As Quay uttered the last he was reaching down and grasping the dead man by the shoulders.

Tramble hesitated long enough to ask, "Where's your hat?"

Quay looked hurriedly about, saw his hat on the floor where he had unconsciously dropped it. Tramble grabbed up the hat and dove for the bedroom. Quay followed him, dragging the corpse.

"I can't get under the bed," Tramble wailed.

Quay swore, but he saw the impossibility of getting the partly man under there. He sped a closet. "In there," he snapped.

Tramble squeezed his bulk into the closet. To his horror, Richard Quay stood the corpse up and shoved it in with him.

The bedroom door had been left open in their rapid retreat. Now Quay caught sight of a pair of shapely legs as they crossed the front room. He was reminded of Tramble's description of Marce Hunt. Miss Hunt could be heard going into the kitchenette. Suddenly Quay remembered he had forgotten to notice if there was any blood on the rug.

Evidently there wasn't much, or the girl would have set up a howl. She returned to the front room but did not hurry there, coming on into the bedroom and closing the door. Richard Quay held his breath.

Miss Hunt's well-shaped legs stood close to the foot of the bed.

Suddenly a flowered-print skirt dropped down around those trim ankles. Quay's face turned a bright red. The feet stopped daintily out of the skirt and a hand picked it up from the floor. Quay had a glimpse of blonde hair. But Marce Hunt had moved too swiftly to see her.

Everything became very quiet. Quay felt his Adam's apple stick somewhere in his throat. Then the doorbell rang.

A low, husky voice said, "Damn."

The girl moved away from the bed. As her full figure lined up in the doorway, Quay let out a sigh. Marce had stepped on a black negligee.

Marce Hunt opened the front door and cried out, "Neil Bennett!" The door closed quickly.

The answer came in a man's deep voice. "Surprised, aren't you, babe? Thought you could throw me over just like that?" There came a snap of fingers.

"You got me wrong, Neil." The raw edge of fear still hung in Marce's voice. "You know the cops are still looking for you."

---

Stiff luck, Dave-Mobilioil would'a kept yer goin'"
"Yeah, and so do you. That's why you thought it safe to let Archie have a look at you."

"Marcus said, "You're all mixed up, Neil. I haven't seen Archie."

"It's no use lying, babe. I caught Archie in here less than an hour ago waiting for you. If you didn't see him, then how did he get in? I'll tell you. With a key you gave him."

"What did you do with the key?"

For a long moment there was no answer. Then Neil Bennett said, "Look. Look there on the floor." Marcus's voice was so low that Quay barely heard her say, "Blood."

"Yeah," Bennett said, "Archie's blood. But where's the body?"

"I don't know, Neil. I swear I don't know."

Richard Quay lay underneath the bed, his sweat making his clothes stick. He hoped Trumble would have sense enough to remain in the closet.

It was hot and close under the bed. To Quay's dagger he was suddenly seized with an urge to sneeze. He tried to hold it back without success. Silence rolled in from the front room.

Quay stirred from his huddling place. His worst fears were justified. Gray pants legs were moving toward the bedroom door.

Marcus Hunt moved off to one side of the room. Quay could guess what was coming. "Now," Bennett hissed. Marcus Hunt threw the closet door open, and she screamed.

"Quay!" Bennett rasped. Quay squirmed under the bed so he could look toward the closet. He saw Gideon Trumble's big feet behind those of the corpse. The big rogue was standing there, holding up the dead man. Marcus Hunt had become quiet.

"Hello," Gideon Trumble said ridiculously. "What do you think you're doing?"

Quay let go of the ankles and pulled out from under the bed. He was just in time to see Gideon Trumble's plump figure crash down on top of Bennett. Marcus Hunt screamed at Trumble and started to grab a handful of hair. Finding none she settled for the ears.

Quay saw tears begin to trickle down Gideon Trumble's fat cheeks. He grabbed up a blanket from the bed and threw it over Marcus Hunt's head. For a couple of minutes he beat his hands full, then Trumble came to his aid. Between them they succeeded in subduing the girl.

Quay turned to look at Bennett. The gummy lay very still. He was breathing guardedly. "I wonder how many of his ribs you broke?" Quay commented. Then he went to call the police. When he returned Trumble was gingerly feeling his ears.

Trumble sighed. "But she was so young and so—well, you know, Gosh, wouldn't you think she would hate this guy for killing her friend?"

"You've got a bit to learn about women like Marcus Hunt," Quay said.

I'll bet she didn't have a brother. Bennett was probably paying her rent and had to stop when the police got too close to him."

"I suppose that's the end of my two hundred and fifty dollars," Trumble said gloomily.

Quay grinned. "Cheer up, pal. There's a reward of five hundred dollars for Bennett. We split it fifty-fifty. That gives you two fifty."

Trumble scratched his bald spot. "I'm getting the small end."

Richard Quay shrugged, then he said, "Say, where's my hat?"

"There," Trumble said pointing to the floor.

"What's that hole doing in it?"

Quay demanded. "That," said Gideon Trumble somberly, "is where the bullet passed through when you jacked the legs from under Bennett and set off his gun."

"Wait a minute," Richard Quay probed. "Where was my hat to catch that bullet?"

Gideon Trumble hesitated at the doorway. "On my head," he answered.

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CAVALCADE, January, 1952 97
THINGS TO COME...

You buy-eyed buthets of the world today may not live to see the final results, but there are already strange portents in the skies and your prophecies may yet accept nonchalantly fantastic chips of the way. Beyond your wildest dreams. As a matter of fact, some of these aerial astonishments are already born slowly plotted out on the designing-board. Of course, no one can say for certain what shapes they will eventually appear, but read Christopher John's 'Super-Ships of the Skies' for some current intentions.

BROKEN SPELL.

This month, CAVALCADE is proud to produce a vivid vignette of two refugees from the hell of Hitler's Germany. They say that, in this world, to get the things you most want you have only to pull sufficient of the right strings. In reality, however, the strings sometimes break and the puppets cannot dance. In "Kara-din's Puppet," author A V. Passer tells of a string that broke and of what broke it. Don't discard its stranger things have happened.

NEXT MONTH.

For February, CAVALCADE presents a ball which should satisfy everybody from the ring-side seats to the bleachers. For sportsmen (and sports), Frank Browne tells how "A Cricketer's Name Came Good," sleuths (amateur or otherwise) may join Jack Heming in trying to deduce a case fit for Sherlock Holmes, plus other canons of the more exotic branches of homicide, for historians (professional and arm-chair) there's an E G. Angel yarn of bygone Sydney, a lusty piece of Queensland lore (Clem Lack's 'When Stockwhips Beat Shear-blades'), and for fictioners, there's another Paul Graham story plus several others of the same calibre. Stir this thoroughly with cartoons and pix and you'll find it just your cup of tea.
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