More moralising will not halt an armed and determined enemy bent on conquest.

April! The month in which Australia, in 1915, reached full nationhood; when her manhood stood proudly in the company of the earth's great. War is never of the Australian's seeking, but too often in the brief span of his existence as an Australian, he has walked the bloody path of death and suffering so that his people shall preserve their liberties and their way of life. For however we may differ among ourselves as to the merits of those liberties, or the worth of our way of life—we still (and always shall) prefer them to a ruthless substratum, and the destruction of our race and blood.

April 25th, 1915.

In the early hours of that cool, still morning a great armada of battleships and troop-transport glided darkly over a silent, glassy sea. The Australians and their blood-brothers, the New Zealanders, were moving towards a shadowed coast brushed by the faint light of a thin, crescent moon. Miles to the south the English and the French were also stealthily approaching the landings assigned to them.

So quiet was that sea, so quiet was the dimly-seen land to the east. But that serenity, broken only by the soft throbbing of ships' engines and the wash sweeping the hulls, was the prelude to a hell which was to forge the glory that is Anzac.

Anzac? It stood simply, on that dark and fateful morning, for the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. But since that day it has turned the eyes of the whole world to the lands of the Southern Cross. It gave to the peoples of Australia and New Zealand a surge of national pride never before known, it set in later years a standard worthily and faithfully upheld by the men who fought in World War II for the preservation of the same liberties and the same way of life.

The man who glorifies war is a fool. Yet it is paradoxical that in wartime men (and women also) reach supreme heights of self-sacrifice, of valor, and of mateship. Thus arise of every nation. The tragedy of humanity is the war—with all its waste, its sacrifices, its wasted moments of high valor, its blood and death and suffering—as a primeval and senseless way of settling the differences between nations.

But there it is: More moralising will not halt an armed and determined enemy bent on conquest and the triumphs of that conquest. Nothing (even in this atomic age) but armed men will break the rush of armed men nothing but our armed men will, in any foreseeable time, stand between us and extinction if others are eager to destroy us.

And so, on that April morning long ago, because of this truth, the men of Anzac came soundlessly in their ships to meet the Powers that would destroy them. So quickly is the wheel of history spinning in our time that the enemies of that day are likely to be our allies of tomorrow. Another World War has been fought and now the ever-spinning wheel of destiny will undoubtedly weave strange patterns in the fabric of national alignments and rivalries.

Men at the great Council tables of the nations are still too conscious of the armed might supporting them, always superimposed on the soft utterances of diplomats can be heard the threatening raps of steel; and hanging now like a greater sword of Damocles over the heads of the nations' leaders and their peoples is—the atom-bomb.

That it will never be used again is the fervent prayer of all sane men, but, it has been used—and there are still men who, in the ultimate moments of bitter emotion, are not sane.

But the atom-bomb was far away on that far yesterday when the Anzac met the brave and stubborn Turk; the most brilliant and inventive scientific minds had not then tarnished their fine achievements by forging a military weapon that would bring slaughter and holocaust to whole cities in one obliterating moment of horror. That unforgivable contribution to mankind's terror and unhappiness was yet to come.

War—total warfare—was just beginning in 1915, and the monstrous conception came out of Germany—modern Germany—who decided to tread the pagan paths of the barbarous Huns and Goths in the belief that the sufferings of infants and old people would bring paralyzing horror and haste victory.

It seems there are minds to-day who believe the atom-bomb (because it is a modern scientific marvel) is not as...
MAN-Bites-Dog Department

Mr Demetrio Gomez, of San Antonio, Texas (U.S.), civil servant by occupation, was pleasedly returning home when a rutlessuke bit him on the leg. Immediately began to write in his convulsions, feebly fled for 15 feet, and collapsed stone dead. Explained Demetrio nonchalantly, "I handle a lot of sodium cyanide, a deadly poison, at the plant. I've gradually built up an immunity to it, the little snake hadn't!"

barbarous as a row of sharpened wooden stakes driven through naked bulls. Actually, we should apologize to the Anzac, the Atilus, and the Genghis Khan of old, for among the moderns of to-day are so much more ruthless and implacable men.

It was to meet and defeat the ruthless and implacable men of the Central Powers that the Anzacs, that April morning, moved so quietly towards Gallipoli. The men of Anzac were attacking there to defend their homelands; for, should they fail, then their enemies would rend the lands they loved.

They were young men—though with veterans among them—and they were tough and newly-trained. Their frames were lean, the hot sands of Egypt had stripped the fat off them. They were determined men, but their fighting qualities were unknown as the ships moved in to the shore. And on those crowded ships no man could say whether he would be alive or dead at the end of the day.

Rank upon rank they stood, silent, every one a volunteer, waiting for the hour. Their thoughts? Who can tell at such a time? Undoubtedly in those moments before the ordeal some of their thoughts went back to sunlit lands, to wide plains and rivers where the red-guns threw deep shadows, to gleaming beaches and foaming breakers, to farms and station and crowded city street. Yet what would that day bring to them?

That we now know. The Landing on Gallipoli was made in country such that once ashore they were committed. The enemy was before the sea at their backs. It was the same for the English and French attacking in the south. There could be no retreat. That far yesterday! Somewhere in the dark hills a warning light shone. The Turk was alarmed; but the 3rd Brigade of the Australian 1st Division kept from the landing-huts and cleared the way with bullet and bayonet.

Shouts of boats, filled with howling Anzacs, being towed to a little beach under rising hills; great transports swaying men out of their decks into more boats, men, heavily wounded down with arms and ammunition, descending a hundred ropes ladders to the decks of destroyers, iron barges being lowered and filled with stores, warships opening up with thundering guns on the hideous and ghastly and the fort of Gaba Tepe a mile or so to the south; the hills now showing the puff and burst of Turkish shells as rifle-fire and the battle of machine-guns roared in a roar of sound.

The morning sun brightened on the shore of Gallipoli—ragged, broken, with an ugly, twisting gullies and valleys running under abrupt hills and sheer cliffs. The scent of saline was heavy in the air, soon to be mingled with the stench of cordite and blood.

And with the rising sun the race of battle mounted. Units became lost in the tangled country; battalions chased until mixed, but in they went. The toll of the wounded and dead steadily mounted. Deep and rolling now was the thunder from the warships' guns. The Turkish fort of Gaba Tepe, south of Anzac Cove, was shelled by the cruiser "Benchine," but every now and then a mocking Turkish gun would send its distant shell screaming towards the landing beaches and the ships close by.

Imagine it, if you can. A bright, sunny Sunday, a calm blue sea. Just off the coast the rusty transports, still discharging men and stores. When afternoon came, many had died. Many hundreds were dead; hundreds more wounded. From hourly had taken them to meet their hour.

Low over the hills, now and again above the central ridges burst the Turkish shrapnel; their machine-guns out the bushes above the crews of the Vickers. Those Turkish guns seemed to lose the ridges and gullies with lead; but it was not, the deadly Turkish fire, that gave the Anzacs pause. A black night flaying with red fire across the miles of the broken hills. Men were still coming ashore.

Night heard sewage flung and fighting, trench and dug, ammunition replenished; weary men gulped water if they had any, walking wounded made their way as best they could from first-aid posts down to the beach, prodded patrols crept forward to discover and harass, preparation was made to meet the inevitable counter-attack. Men asked, "Where are we?" and "Where's the rest of our men?" but in the day-long battle practically all units were mixed up.

But the Anzacs had won their footing. The Landing had cost them dearly, but they were ashore. Down south the English and the French also had landed—the English from the beached "River Clyde" in one of the greatest feats of heroism in the long story of British arms.

So the long campaign began. But the Anzacs had won. Their achievements in the following months—and later in France and in Palestine—are now also history.

On that day, that Sunday, that 25th April, 1915, the bayonets of the men from "Down Under" won for them a place, with the immortals, a reputation mounting on later fields of battle, as being the finest shock troops in the world.

On that day yesterday they brought Australas and New Zealand to full attention. Their sons, in World War II, have kept proudly high the standard their fathers had raised. And what of their sons' sons? Well, what of them? The breed is the same.

That far yesterday! It is April again.
Fredrick Small was small by name and by nature. His luck was comparatively small too. He planned the perfect crime, he faked the unbreakable alibi, but both were broken.

Fred was short and thin—a little man (in more ways than one). He walked with a dejected hump, he had small, mean ways and was held in small esteem. The only thing big about him was his ego—that was enormous.

Fred, however, must have had good reasons when he chose to exorcise them...or some woman were more foolish than one would expect, for he married three times.

His first wife died in child-birth, what happened to the child the records do not reveal. It may have also died (which would be a happy release).

His second wife was a greater success—financially, at least. Having got very tired of Fred (which might be a reasonable expectation, if all they said about him was true) she found herself another man—or Small said she did. At any rate, Fred threatened his wife’s alleged lover with a shamming of affections suit. The man was wealthy and in a high position. Rather than face the scandal he settled out of court.

Fred took the money, divorced his second wife, and looked around for a third. He had him a get-rich-quick plan...and fast!

He found a young and pretty girl—he was in his forties in that second decade of this century—and he married her.

Small had the money he had got from his second wife’s supposed lover, he planned to get more—much more. He spent some of the money he had in buying a cheap weatherboard two-storied (with cellar) cottage near Lake Osipoos. New Hampshire. U.S. Lake Osipoos was a tourist resort—shoofin’ fishin’, huntin’ and that sort of thing.

It suited Fred. The first thing he did was to take out a full insurance on the house against fire.

He spent some more money, this time on electrical gadgets. He set up a laboratory in the cellar. The cellar often contained a deep pool of water which had seeped in, but all the houses on the lake shore suffered from the same trouble. Fred picked out a dry section for his bench and began to tinker.

Fred’s next move was to try to take out a twenty thousand dollars insurance on his wife’s life (unknown to her). The company backed. The policy was a little too big for an unwise man. Fred had to put out another hunk.

He was compromised with a second policy (with his wife’s consent). He took out a joint coverage for twenty thousand dollars. This was on both the life of himself and his wife. If he died first, she got the money, if she died first, he collected.

He now went on with his tinkering until Autumn sent away the tourists to warmer climates. Most of the cottages closed, but the Smalls were permanent residents.

He made a closer friend of Ed Connor, the local insurance agent and a solid citizen. He suggested to Ed that they take a trip to Boston. Ed was not so sure—"I know a lot of people in Boston," said Small, "and I could put you in the way of a lot of business—and we could make a pleasure trip of it, as well."

Connor decided he might as well make the trip. There was no business left at home. He fixed a date in October. He also incidentally fixed the date of Mrs. Small’s death.

Now really Fred went to work. He began to pack his bag. He put in the things he valued most—papers relative to the divorce of his second wife (from which he might hope to do a little blackmail later on), his insurance policies, an armoured inventory of the contents of the house in case the insurance company might get lousy...and a loaded revolver. Also some wine and overnight clothes.

The liveryman in the nearby village of Mountview was named Kennett. Whenever Fred wanted to go to the train he always called Kennett to his house with a horse and buggy. And as they drove away Fred would always call back farewells to his wife.

Fred told Kennett to call on the date fixed for the trip. He and Ed Connor would leave on the four o’clock train. Kennett had always got a whisky when he called for Small and he looked forward to the job.

That morning the grocer from Mountview, one Sosquet, visited at the Small house on his usual rounds. He found both Mr. and Mrs. Small happy and cheerful. Mrs. Small gave him an order.

As soon as the grocer had gone, Fred got into quick action. There would be no more callers before Kennett and he had much to do. He took his wife upstairs into the bedroom. He may have knocked her out a prettied she was playing a game. However he managed it, he carefully and securely trussed her up with the thin experimental electrical wire he had been using. He made a good job of it, too.
He pulled the bed into the centre of the room. That placed it right under a beam. His apparatus would soon make sure the beam was burnt through. The beam would fall and smash the skull of the corpse. And all this would happen in several hours time—better make it seven hours—ten o'clock that night—when he would be over a hundred miles away.

When Kenneth arrived he was not invited into the house for a whisky. He decided Small must have run out of rye. Fred came out and called loving farewells back to his wife as usual. Kenneth didn't hear her answering (dead women seldom do), but he took no notice of that at the time.

He took Fred into the village, where they picked up Ed Common. Common and Small went to Boston. They registered at Young's Hotel. When they were settled in, Ed guessed at Fred.

"Let's forget business for awhile," said Fred. "Let's paint the town. But first—let's go to the Parke House and send some postcards to the folks. I promised my wife I would."

Ed was an agreeable sort of customer, he went along. Fred sent one postcard to his wife, on which he placed the date, the place and the exact time.

Connor and he then cracked a bottle and took in a show—some silent movies at the Majestic Theatre. At ten o'clock Fred smiled to himself. The house would be going up in flames now, while he sat over a hundred miles away with the perfect alibi in the shape of solid citizen Ed Connor.

So far he was right, too. At ten o'clock some campers saw flames rising from the Small cottage. They rushed to save the house. But there wasn't a chance. In a very short time the place was burnt to the ground.

Meanwhile, Ed and Fred returned to Young's Hotel. Just as they got in—

Hand over that bag!"

"You're mad," said Fred.

"It didn't work, Small," said the detective. "The contraption you fixed to fire the house at ten o'clock worked all right, but the fire first burnt away the floor of the bedroom, and the bed fell through, with the body. The same thing happened on the lower floor, with the result that the body fell into the water in the cellar. It was charred a little, that was all! She was tied up with fine wire like this in your bag; she was also shot in the head, ballistics experts will prove whether this was the gun that did it. We have the bullet, which was still in the skull. Your alibi was a waste of time, Small."

A year later the hangman in the State Prison at Concord dropped Fred Small into a cellar, but there was a rope round his neck which prevented him reaching the bottom.
new hope for
BALDNESS

ROBERT SMITH-FIELDING

Baldness has been a problem for doctors for centuries, but
new hopes to-day are looking for the shiny scalp regiments.

"YOUR hair roots may still be alive,
even if you are totally bald or
are losing your hair!"--

This statement is made by Carl
Brandenfelds, "hair-farmer" of St.
Helens, Oregon, and he backs up
his words with documented cases.

Men and women have worried about
baldness for centuries, and their
concern is both natural and obvious.
Almost everyone agrees that a full,
luxuriant growth of hair makes any-
one more attractive than a bald and
shiny "billiard ball." Loss of hair
usually makes a person look older,
too, and this more aged appearance
can have considerable effect on get-
ting or keeping jobs, wives and many
other vital aspects of everyday living.

In years past, baldness has been
thought to be a sure sign of diminish-
ing virility, but hair expert Carl
Brandenfelds states that no scientific
evidence has ever been uncovered to prove
this theory.

Baldness has been a problem for:

perhaps thousands of years, but there
is surprisingly little medical knowl-
ge of about it. Doctors are frank to
admit that in many cases they do not
know what makes hair fall out, or
what makes it start growing again.

There never has been the intensive
medical research into this subject as
for the great scourges of mankind.
Probably this is due to the fact that
while millions of people are cursed
with balding heads, few, if any, vic-
tims have actually died from this ail-
ment.

Most people have chanced falling hair
along with the weather something
they could talk about but not do any-
ting to improve. However, Carl
Brandenfelds refused to be discouraged.

The story of Carl Brandenfelds be-
dins back in the 1920's with a bet
Carl's father wanted to make with
him. Brandenfelds senior wanted to
wager that his son Carl would be
totally bald before he reached 35. It
was a bad bet for Carl because back
through the years almost every male
member of the Brandenfelds family had
exhibited shiny nests even younger
than this. Carl's father, the former
Count Frederick von Brandenfelds, was
an avid student of genealogy, and his
records on their family tree revealed
shiny heads back to the days of
Martin Luther.

When Carl declined to accept the
bet, his father advised him to get
married as soon as possible because
his chances would be better while he
still had hair. Carl took his advice and
married another Nebraska native
Pauline Freedman, while they were
both attending the University of Ne-
braska.

Carl prided himself on the "map-
"of hair he had as a young man, and
his father's warning bothered him. He
evaded a crude headpiece to look
like a totally bald head just to see
how bad that would be. One look

in his mirror gave him the shock of
his life and started him on the path
which resulted fifteen years later, in
the development of his new world-
famous formulas and massages.

Carl Brandenfelds never been one
to accept unsatisfactory answers just
because they were the best at hand.
He began to learn all that he could
about the causes of baldness while he
was still in college, and he spent two
extra years studying subjects he
thought might be helpful in his search.

Fifteen years passed since Carl
heard his father's dire tidings. Carl
was thirty-six. He and Pauline were
growing potatoes and sifting on their
ranch near St. Helens, Oregon. And
Carl's father had been absolutely right — Carl was very rapidly growing bald!

By this time Carl had made several
observations which he thought held
clues to the causes of baldness. For
one thing, Carl had watched medical
students at the University of Nebraska
cutting cadavers. Every one of the
cadavers with a full head of hair had
a lot of fatty tissue underneath it.
The baldheaded ones all had their skin
drawn tightly over their bony crania.
Carl decided that if he could
cause fat to grow underneath the
scalp, he might cause hair to grow as
well.

In his constant reading Carl
Brandenfelds learned that sulfa mixtures
had helped to thicken the hair on rabbits. Carl continued to study and to
experiment — and to try out his experi-
ments on his own balding head.

Late in 1948 Carl worked out a

treatment which he felt was the right
answer. Without saying much about
it, he applied his discovery on him-
self. About this time the Brandenfelds
went away for several weeks on a
trip. On their return — to Carl's tre-
mendous elation — his friends began
to comment on his increased hair!

Carl Brandenfelds did not accept this
as conclusive proof, however. He asked for twenty volunteers to try out his new treatment. This request appeared in the St. Helens Sentinel-Must on January 22, 1946. Overnight it was reprinted in metropolitan newspapers all over the country. Carl was flooded with volunteers and inquiries. One smooth-topped citizen offered one hundred dollars for a treatment others offered amounts ranging from postage cost to two hundred and fifty dollars. Carl turned down all the offers of money, but he furnished his solutions without charge to a group of twenty two local volunteers.

The progress of Carl’s “guinea pigs” was reported throughout 1946 by press, radio and newsmen. The St. Helens potato grower was promptly nicknamed the “hair farmer.”

Not all of the “guinea pigs” grew hair. A number of them did, however, and many St. Helens businessmen were pointing with pride to wisps of newly-growing hair. Hairs on spots that had been shiny bald just a short while before.

In April, 1946, Carl Brandenfels decided that actual results warranted offering his formulas and massage to the general public. Before long thousands of men and women all over the country were applying his formulas and using the Brandenfels pressure massage. Carl has no way of knowing exactly how many of these people have grown hair, but he can display thousands of testimonials from satisfied users. In fact, an independent firm of certified public accountants inspected and documented these letters, and they have so far certified more than 10,000 letters of praise for the Brandenfels’ home course.

These “success stories” continue to arrive with every mail. They come from every state and from 2,950 cities and towns throughout the United States.

The Brandenfels’ home course consists of three interrelated steps. Formula “A” contains a small percentage of sulfaamidazole, and it is Brandenfels’ belief that this formula has what is described as a bacteriostatic action on the scalp. That is, the formulas kill the foodstuffs which harmful bacteria feed, and these bacteria then are starved to death.

Formula “B” contains lanolin and other ingredients. This formula is designed as a softening agent and to help the vital ingredients of Formula “A” penetrate into the skin. In addition, Formula “B” acts as a dressing and conditioner for the scalp and hair.

The Brandenfels’ Pressure Massage is something quite different from commonly known exercise. In the first place, it is not done on the top of the head but from the base of the neck up to what Carl calls the “hair band.” The massage temporarily increases the blood supply to the scalp area, helps the two formulas penetrate into the scalp and aids in the revitalization of the scalp.

“I wish everyone could sit at my desk and read these heart-warming letters,” says Brandenfels. “To me, these expressions of thanks are the thrill of my whole life.”

During the past few years, Carl has continued his research, including a series of medical tests on his formulas and massage. In one of these tests, a group of twenty-seven men and women used Brandenfels’ Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage under medical observation. Each of these people was given a medical examination at the beginning of the test, and a small slice of skin was taken from the bald area of his head.

These people were examined again at intervals of about four weeks, and photographs were taken at each of these times. At the conclusion of the tests, another small slice of scalp was taken from the same spot as the first and extensive microscopic studies were made to determine the change in cellular structure.

The doctors who conducted these experiments testified that of the 27 people 11 of them displayed “marked or unusual” change in the amount of hair they had, and that five more showed “a slight amount of new hair growth.”

In addition to developing his formulas and massage, Carl Brandenfels has evolved a set of simple rules for the care of your scalp and hair.

**KEEP YOUR HAIR CLEAN—** and be sure that you clean your scalp properly.

**KEEP COMBS AND BRUSHES CLEAN, TOO**.

**DON’T BRUSH YOUR HAIR** any more than absolutely necessary to keep it groomed into place.

**DO NOT IRITATE YOUR SCALP** with irritants, vibrators, fingernails or harsh combs.

**DO NOT WEAR A TIGHT-FITTING HAT**

Carl Brandenfels has published his rules and explanations for them in a booklet. He will be glad to send his “Rules for Care of Your Scalp and Hair” to anyone who is interested in them and will write to Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.

CAVALCADE April, 1952

CAVALCADE April, 1952
Paul Bunyan

Of the Whalers

Legends are slow-growing around these parts. We've had our share of frontiersmen, of pioneers hunting the far horizon They built us up and we've forgotten them. Not so the Canadians. From the wealth of their history, no richer than ours, giant figures emerge. You've heard about their Paul Bunyan, the king of the lumberjacks? The legend had it he was two hundred feet tall, combed his hair with a full-grown fir-tree, and made Canada's myriad lakes with his giant footprints. He is credited with building the huge Canadian timber industry, with winning the country from the wilderness.

Why haven't we, in Australia, and New Zealand, found a Paul Bunyan? The answer is, because we haven't looked. Bunyan is fantasy, but somewhere, at some time or other, there must have been a real Paul Bunyan. He must have been a giant, a builder, a battler and, cutting out the French-Scottish exaggeration which is a part of the Canadian legend, maybe he was seven feet tall.

We can match him at those measurements I give you Capt. John Guard.

Jacky Guard was a big man, too—a truculent black-bearded pirate of a man with a taste for strong honey and stronger liquor.

Bunyan founded an industry—and so did Guard. He enters history around 1819, sailing his little 60-ton brig "Waterloo" out of Sydney to rove around the littoral known coastline of New Zealand.

His chance came early in 1827; as usual with Jacky Guard it was disguised as disaster. He was working the Waterloo through Cook Strait, the turbulent body of water separating the two main islands of New Zealand, when he was caught in a marine trap.

The little brig was caught close in on a lee shore.

At last Jacky Guard was forced to a grim decision. He was going ashore anyway, but there were two ways he could do it—either broadband on and helpless, or head on and under full control until the last moment. There was only one course he could take. He put the helm hard over and squared the yards.

The "Waterloo" picked up speed for her final run. The cliffs closed about her.

But, somehow, almost marvellously, a narrow channel opened ahead. Guard had his bow on the gap and a mighty wave gathered up the craft.

Then the gap of the wave slackened. The brig was gliding easily in deep water which had scarcely a ripple on its surface. Jacky Guard had found the perfect harbour (which is now known as Tory Channel).

But the full importance of the discovery did not strike him until the following day, when he climbed to the summit of the protruding ridge and looked out across the Strait. Here and there, blowing and wallowing on the surface, he could see whales!

The land-mass of New Zealand was roughly eight hundred miles long, and pierced by only one gateway—Cook Strait. Any whale wishing to pass from the Tasman to the Pacific or vice versa must swim right around this mass or pass through the strait. As a whale was an animal, and so must breathe, it could not pass Tory Channel unobserved. This was the perfect site for a new industry—whale whaling.

He headed for Sydney, where he engaged hands and bought suitable gear. In May, 1827, the whaling station which came to be known as Port Underwood, was launched.

But in Sydney Guard was becoming a mystery. Many shrewd operators tried to find the whereabouts of Jacky Guard's secret cache, but his own hands were picked men, paid to keep their mouths shut.

For seven months the secret held good. Then, in September, 1828, Capt. William Worth followed a hunch or some hard-won information into Cook Strait. As he rounded his ship "Elizabeth and Mary" along the southern shore, he sighted a couple of whalers rowing hard for what seemed a solid chaff-face. He followed them in, found himself in a fair channel with a favourable tide—and then stumbled upon Jacky Guard's secret.

The fabulous race was on. Within a few months, Port Underwood was the greatest whaling port in history.

But it attracted the scorn of the earth. Jacky Guard and others of his crew were careful whom they recruited, but there were many who were not so scrupulous.

A man of action was Capt. Guard. He headed for Sydney in 1829. There he married a pretty fifteen-year-old lass named Betty Parker. She was the first white woman to live in the South Island of New Zealand. Their son John was the first white child to be born there. Soon a daughter, Louisa, was added to the Guard family.
Four and a half months after the wreck of the “Harriet” he set foot again in the hostile village. His Betty and his daughter awaited him.

And then trouble broke once more. The boy was in the hands of another chief, who demanded similar ransom. It was a shrewd Maori trick, Guard knew, but he was a hard man. With the combined force he went to the other village. The chief met him, impudently displaying the boy. For once the big black-bearded skipper was powerless. The Maoris had him covered. One false move, and he and the boy would die. That was certain.

But his own men had no such scruples. One man shot the chief. Another snatched the boy and ran with him even as the Maori had done before. The crash of a redcoat volley signalled the opening of the first battle between British troops and Maoris. It was a massacre.

Five years later, the Maori warriers had accepted the protection of the British Queen.

And Jacky Guard himself? He went back to Tory Channel.

**HOUSE NUMBERS**

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

- Only find any house numbers, rings doorbell, ask if this is No. 24.
- Waits while nothing happens.
- Dies perhaps it didn’t ring, presses button again, holding finger on until he hears bell rings.
- Listens, hears sounds of voice, things they said: we have heard bell.
- RINGS AGAIN. This time bell seems to go on ringing, just as he spots the house number—62—on the letter box.
- Hears tumult inside and disappears away. Very fast.

CAVALCADE, April 1952
when Nature slips a cog!

L. MACKAY PHELPS

The human body is perhaps the world's most intricate machine, but occasionally it's apt to become berserk.

NOT so long ago, in Tasmania, two babies were born joined together over the entire top of their heads. The father of these little girls expressed a very natural wish when he said, "I hope doctors will operate and try to separate them; I would thank God if only one survived."

Unfortunately, it was not to be. It was decided that any operation would kill both and therefore none was performed.

Which is not an isolated case. Only a little earlier, in England, babies were born joined at the top of the skull (though they died within a few days) ... and many other instances can be quoted.

In fact, the story of such abnormalities stretches back over centuries.

Perhaps the most amazing bicephalic (two-headed) human on record was Edward Mordake, an Englishman who lived to the age of 23 and then committed suicide.

His true name was not Mordake, and it is said that he was of noble blood and heir, in fact, to a peerage—but that he refused any contact with his family, even refusing to accept visits from them. He was wealthy, and had excellent medical attention, provided by Drs. William Treadwell and B. Matthews.

Edward is described as having been a man of good figure, with a handsome face and keen intelligence. But on the back of his head was another face—that of a beautiful girl who was "lovely as a dream, hideous as a devil"—in Mordake's own words.

This was the face of Mordake's own twin sister! Due to a minor slip-up in the process of fertilization—caused perhaps by disease in one or both of the parents, drugs or poisons in the maternal bloodstream, an injury to the mother during early pregnancy, or chromosome imbalance—the twins did not develop separately, but grew actually joined together. All that developed of the sister was a face and the rudimentary brain, the face being on the outside of the rear of Mordake's skull, and the brain actually inside his skull, so that the two brains were literally in contact with each other.

The female face was reduced in size, something like the face of a grotesque doll. It occupied "only a small part of the posterior part of the skull, yet exhibited every sign of intelligence, of a malignant kind, however."

Though Mordake's sister had little intelligence, she was intelligent enough to realise that she was a monstrous, an appendage more attached to her otherwise normal brother. Quite understandably, her sole emotion was hate, and her principal motivation a desire to torture her brother.

Thus the weird female face sneered and smiled maliciously when Mordake was attempting to carry on a conversation or break down in painful sobbing. The tiny eyes watched and followed the movements of persons as they passed behind Mordake. The miniature perfectly formed lips "glittered without ceasing" under such circumstances.

Since the twin had no lungs, it was incapable of producing audible sound. Nevertheless, due to the close proximity of the two brains, there was some form of mental telepathy between them. The wretched man and his equally wretched, hideous sister. She talked to him constantly by direct thought-transference, often arousing him from sleep by her projected, venomous thoughts.

For years, the tortured man kept a diary, in which he recorded the strange association with his skull-imprisoned sister. He wrote of her as his "evil twin which never sleeps, but talks to me forever of such things as they only speak in hell. No imagination can conceive the dreadful temptations it sets before me. For some unforgiven wickedness of my forefathers I am knotted to this field—for a field it surely is."

To his physician, Mordake wrote, "I beg and beseech you to crush it out of human semblance, even if I die for it."

This was impossible, for to destroy the brain of the twin would have been to destroy Mordake's own life as well. His physicians, hearing a suicide attempt, kept a careful watch over the tortured man. But in spite of all...
STATE OF THE NATION (X)

Summer is gone and the Wind from the West will soon be massaging each asthmatic chest sneezes and sniffs and rheumy red eyes will welcome the frosts with dyspeptic remorse, dark cupboards will open distraught moths will sink from warm nests in woolies, whole households will shrink as they breathe, waiting down on the crisp autumn air, the brazen aroma of campfire and poppets!...beware! soon all your part dimples will turn to goose-pimpls, while mothers doff offspring with nauseous simples to cure their incurable cadi-din-th-aceed.

Oh, month unpredictable, is Summer dead? L-L-U-V-E, come to bed!

JAY-PAY

therein

in

however, he managed to obtain a quantity of arsenic and killed both himself and the sister-fare who had ridden for 23 years on the back of his skull.

These bisexual cases in which two heads are actually fused into one are very rare. Fortunately, most of them are born dead. A curious fact is that some (like the two in Tasmania)—in which two separate heads are joined by fusion of the cerebral hemispheres—are born with relative frequency.

In Telford, Canada, a woman gave birth to twin daughters who were joined face-to-face, the jointure extending from the chest to the lowest abdomen. Twins similarly joined were recently born in Port of Spain. Trinidad. In another instance, face-to-face twin girls were born in Staten Island, New York. They died before an operation for their separation could be performed.

Perhaps the strangest of all sexual addictions is the change of sex of one individual from male to female or vice versa. This happens with some frequency in almost all species.

One of the most famous instances occurred at the turn of the present century. Eve Levaldér, wife of the manager of the Paris Variétés, bore a daughter Jeanne, who turned into a male and changed her name to Jean before she reached the age of 18. Inheriting her Wealthy Father’s estate upon his death, Jeanne-Jean cared for her widowed mother throughout the remainder of her life.

It may be that Jeanne-Jean actually changed completely from one sex to the other, with certain organs developing, while others atrophied and shrank, but it is also possible that she was a true hermaphrodite—one of those very rare individuals who have

the reproductive organs of both sexes. If so, she could have been changed into either sex she preferred—presumably the one that was more pronounced—by a delicate series of operations involving surgery, plastic surgery, and hormone treatments.

Such an operation—as mentioned in previous article—was performed in New York City only recently. Its purpose was to remove female characteristics, thus “changing” a girl-boy into a boy. It consisted of removal of the internal female organs by an operation known as hysterectomy, formation of the male organs to develop and expand, and plastic surgery to remove external indications of femininity. The operations themselves required two weeks. Then followed a period of several months, during which the individual, identified only as Joanne-Jean, developed masculine characteristics because of the greatly increased flow of male hormones and the stoppage of female hormones secretion due to removal of the female glands.

The operation to transform a female-male into a girl is similar, only that it is reversed.

Incidentally, the New York Jean-John above mentioned subsequently married a charming young woman and is enjoying a perfectly normal and happy married life.

The above merely scratches the surface of a tremendous subject. It should be sufficient to give the reader a feeling of awe in the presence of the basic mystery of life itself, and it should tend to dissuade him from ever feeling mediocre—or anything other than the deepest sympathy—when confronted by one of these distorted fellow-creatures.
If the ancient Philistines had had at their disposal Countess Marie Tarnowska instead of the delusive Delilah, they would probably have succeeded in ensnaring the entire Tribes of Israel . . . not just one single solitary Sampson.

The daughter of a Russian count with the somewhat surprising name of O'Rourke, Marie was still in her teens when she began to influence her male acquaintances.

Especially sedent were no less than a Prince, a Baron and a Count Tarnowska.

"You can pick between the Prince and the Baron," advised old Count Tarnowska . . . with the wisdom of age.

"Oh, I'd simply l-o-v-e-e to be a Princess," drooled Marie glibly, and promptly eloped with the Count.

Count Tarnowska rapidly set out to prove himself everybody's man. He displayed his charm with the Misses Denison's Prayer Book, the Moskauer Boeletchen, the climax came one morning at breakfast.

"Who is that girl?" asked the Count.

"Marie, of course," answered a maid. "She was just here."

"Who was here?" repeated the Count.

"Marie," replied the maid.

"What a silly girl!" exclaimed the Count.
Brace your biceps, you he-men. Latest theory of U.S. obstetricians is that the more he-men Daddy is the more likely he will father boy babies. And the theory's working! The ration of boy babies to girl babies is controlled by the sex hormones. Thus husbands suffering from gland diseases (such as gout and Graves' disease) have more than the average number of female offspring.

"Oh, he shot himself through the head, I believe," replied M. Prilukoff.

The happy couple wandered through Europe (wearing currency like so much confetti) until they reached Venice. Here, however, M. Prilukoff was summoned urgently back to Russia... "an important business" (so he said). At a loose end, Marie was despatched to Count Paul Kamarsky, a widowed Colonel who was... very wealthy.

The Colonel was blissfully bankrupting himself by paying Marie's debts when M. Prilukoff came sauntering back to disclose that his "important business" had been M. Prilukoff confessed that he had not only lost every rouble he owned, he had also stolen £32,000 from his clients.

The tactical position was... as military authorities say... dynamic. M. Prilukoff had proposed marrying Countess Marie and had been accepted, so had the Colonel. But Count Tarnowska, who had recently complicated matters by divorcing her husband, was leaping upon the legal error of the Colonel's estate. M. Prilukoff rubbered his hands approvingly and really got down to business.

The Colonel set up a legal defense, but his lawyers were no match for Countess Marie. The Colonel's estate was in jeopardy. M. Prilukoff was jailed for perjury, and the Colonel was left with nothing.

Marie was sentenced to five years in prison. The Colonel was left with nothing and was forced to sell his property to pay off his debts. Marie was eventually released on parole and started a new life in France.

CAVALCADE April 1952

Young Nicholas returned to Britain, a revolver and shooting his imprudent host several times in the stomach. "Why did you do that?" asked the Colonel, with some justification. And then he cut himself all the more by adding his assailant to escape.

It was a magnificent quixotic gesture, but it was also completely futile. The over-careful M. Prilukoff had sought to draw suspicion from himself by writing a small note to the police, incriminating Nicholas. When Nicholas leaped from the Colonel's apartment, the sendarmures were waiting. Presented with the note Nicholas was impelled to incriminate Marie. Marie evaded the score by incriminating the ingnant M. Prilukoff. And—after a few weeks—the Colonel clucked everything by dropping dead.

On May 10, 1819, a Venetian jury found the Colonel's three playmates "guilty"... with a rider to the effect that Marie and Nicholas "were victims of partial mental illness."
Which is The "Newest Moon"?

Hesitate, hesitate, you amateur astronomers! Don’t be premature. Actually, the "newest moon" is Nereid, a faint satellite of the planet Neptune. The "new moon" was picked up two years ago with the 93-inch reflector telescope of McDonald University, Texas (U.S.). Nereid has been photographed on nineteen nights. Findings reveal that it takes almost a year to travel around Neptune, that its path is shaped like a fat crescent three times as long as it is wide, with Neptune near one end.

Does Lightning Strike Twice in the Same Place?

The answer is "Yes." Lightning almost always strikes twice in the same place, and sometimes as many as forty times, claim Westhouse (U.S.) engineers, who have studied lightning for 35 years. To the human eye, however, most repetitive strokes look like single flashes because they are spaced only thousands of tenths of a second apart. But sometimes the separate strokes actually can be seen. The first discharge sets up a "lightning channel" between cloud and earth, then comes a brilliant flash from earth back to the cloud (the "return streamer"). Once the original channel is set up, and number of charge centres in the clouds may send their bolts down to earth.

How Do You Smell a Rose (or Anything Else)?

Now don’t rush. This is a subtle one. Actually, nobody knows for sure. According to Yale (U.S.) University scientists, however, whatever you smell gives off a gas that absorbs heat of certain wave-lengths given off within the nose. The nose detects this loss of heat and sends it to the brain, which interprets it as a sensation of odour. Earlier theories held that odour is a chemical sense, caused by aromatic particles hitting the nose and going into solution on its moist inner lining.

Do Cats Favour Grog?

Quiet, quiet you feline fanatics, the matter has not yet been decided. Reports have always been current of fallen denizens of the cat world who are supposed to delight in burying their whiskers in a foamy saucer of beer or who are not content unless their saucer of milk has been spiked with a dollop of gin; but how many of these anecdotes are true is unprovable. Tests recently undertaken in the United States, however, suggest that these fawning tabbies are neurotics. Experiments reveal that normal cats ordinarily will not touch anything spiked with alcohol. Neurotic cats on the other hand, show a marked preference for alcoholic drinks.
And there you have it. Take a peek, poppies, at the Shape-of-Things-to-Come (beach-inspectors permitting, that is) . . . It's the Future (Hey! Hey!) and the Dead Past can go bury its face in the sand so far as we're concerned. Still, if she finds the autumn winds beginning to bite a trifle wolfishly, she can always come under our plaudit, the bonny wee lass!

Just the same, you can't expect any sea-siren to scamp herself with just one swim-suit can you? Two's the bare minimum (okay, okay; no pun intended) and here you have a glimpse of a second production from that magical sewing-machine. But give her time to change first. Eyes left, you chaps! No! No! Right left, right off the page! Wait Wait Wait. And Eyes Right . . . And Right again. Now wasn't it worth it.
COPRA COMMANDO

A white warrior from Denmark was more than a match for the shark-toothed brown Vikings of the Southern Seas

AMONG the islands of the Bismarck Archipelago, off the north-eastern coast of New Guinea, are the seventeen islands of the Hermit Group, 70 miles south of the Equator. Over the past half century they have at various times been visited by various scientists. But in the days when Bully Hayes and other Pacific adventurers and blackbirders roamed the Pacific, the Hermit Islands were always given a wide berth, for these islands were the home of ferocious warriors.

Like the untamed warriors of the Torres Strait islands, they were a race of sea raiders, head-hunters and pirates.

Still, the Hermit Islands were wealthy in copra and the expanse of waters lapping their shores was rich with pearlshell.

In the eighties, the big European trading firm of Hornsleth and Co at Rabaul was especially anxious to obtain a footing on the Hermits, but when one of Hornsleth's agents and his ship's crew were massacred by the Hermit savages in 1888, the Hermits were left in comparative isolation for a few more years. Then, in 1899, Hornsleth sent a well armed party to the islands. They, however, were greeted by a horde of warriors. The party quickly sailed off.

Hornsleth last decided to enlist the aid of one of the daredevil adventurers who sailed the South Seas.

The man they selected was Paul Ortoft, a Danish South Sea trader. Ortoft (or Leonard, as he was better known in the Solomons, New Ireland and other regions of the Pacific) was six feet five in height.

Ortoft recruited for his raid one of the most remarkable "commandos" ever assembled on any enterprise, lawful or unlawful. The members of his band were half-term savages from the Solomons—Melville and Malaita—massive warriors with scarred faces...men expert in death.

Late one night, a small schooner, drafted in towards the largest island of the Hermits. On muffled oars and screened by darkness, the ship's boats descended silently to the sandy beach and unloaded their cargoes of warriors.

Ortoft was the only white man among that band of seventy savages, but he knew how to handle them. At a muttered word, they fell into single file behind him as he paddled through the tall grass and coconut palms toward the fire of the village on the crest of the hill. In a chorus of palms, a store's throw from the village, Ortoft stood while his men clutched behind him, clutching their war clubs.

The vicious whine of a flying club whizzed over his head. Dark figures leaped at him and men from the shadows. They made no outcry but came on silently as ghosts.

Ortoft leaped forward, momentarily disconnecting the assailants.

The Danes told him about him with berserk fury, swinging his rifle like a club. He broke the stock over the second skull. On all sides his men were fighting for their lives, and a series of deadly duels raged.

Throwing away the smashed pieces of his Winchester, Ortoft seized the barrel. With shortening grip, he slashed at a full figure. A glancing blow from a club numbed his left arm, but he still chopped swiftly with all the strength of his right arm at his opponent's head. The man's neck snapped like a carrot.

At last last the surviving Hermit islanders fled into the scrub. Ortoft's left arm was broken, he was bruised and gashed in a score of places, more than a third of his men had been killed, another third had suffered wounds of varying seriousness.

When the sun rose, Ortoft's men routed the islanders out of the scrub. Those who refused to submit were knocked on the head. All organized resistance broken, Ortoft held a polynesian with the village elders.

He established his trading post and went back to Rabaul to report his mission accomplished. Then he returned to take over management of the station, keeping his black retainers as a sort of Pretorian guard to ensure that the new regime achieved permanency.

He settled down, taking unto himself three native wives. In 1908 he was officially recognized by the German authorities as the chief of the tribe. He was still ruling his island kingdom when Australian expeditionary forces invaded German New Guinea during the First World War. It is believed he died about twenty years ago.
A REAL EARFUL...

Twenty-five-year-old Joseph Walsh, New York gentleman of his word and all points thereinabouts, had the bloodhounds-of-the-Loew baying madly until they gave ear to him. Sensibly it was Joseph's plight to habit to learn a prospective victim's shopping habits and back, then he would make out to himself a cheque on his unsuspecting prey, which he would persuade some trusty merchant to cash. Business prospered amazingly and Joseph accumulated a veritable selection of charges ranging from forgery and parole violation to general mayhem. Gendarmes were gnawing morosely when Joseph happened to step down 55th Street, keeping his ear open for business. Detective Schrock took one passing glance and briskly arrested him. Asked to explain the reason for his initiative, Gendarme Schrock explained: "He had too much ear...they stuck out too far and they were too big. Moreover, they were in-bitten at their tops...our records said that they"

COOL, CALM AND...

New York passers-by recently lingered to observe two young men methodically loading cases, each packed with 50 cartons of cigarettes, into a car outside the Eclipse Candy Company. Unhurriedly, the gentlemen finished their job and drove off with twelve cases loaded with 500 to 600 cartons and 5000 to 6000 packs. The crowd drifted on. What none of them knew was that the two labourers had previously threatened to shoot the company manager, Nathan Gordon, and had left him tied up made.

ON THE BALL

Baseball is generally believed to have a happy and sympathetic home in Brooklyn (U.S.A.). This theory, however, was recently blasted by George Nolan and Paul Weston of the local gendarmerie. According to court records, the patroonmen had paused to view the antics of one Thomas Yacenda, who, in the centre of a group of onlookers, was massaging a baseball and then tossing it up at a second-storey window. There, the pitcher's brother, Arthur Yacenda, would produce a fisherman's net and snare the sphere. Like a pan of enraged umpires, the gendarmes closed in on Thomas, who fled upstairs to his brother's apartment. In the subsequent harry-bury, Thomas was sent to hospital and Arthur to a cell. Later in evidence, Gendarme Nolan and Weston swore that Thomas had been stuffing money and betting slips into the ball for delivery to his illegal bookmaker brother. "Huh," commented Magistrate Mastrap, "Now who says Brooklyn cops play ball with gamblers?" No one did.

Opposite: Study by Barry Louden
I noticed her there at the table, tossing a word to

I didn't look much. Just a half mile of sandy street with a row of dust-laden trees down the centre. I cruised slowly, looking for a hotel. There was a building on the right, two-storey, with a balcony around the top floor. I swung across the road and pulled up.

The footpath in front of the building was paved. On it were three round tables and an odd assortment of cane chairs, all of them full. Glasses of water, looking, beer were on the tables. I spoke to the nearest man, a fat hunk in a stained grey shirt and grey-white trousers.

"Morning. Is this a hotel?"

He shook his head vacantly and waved me through a double doorway. I went in slowly—because after the bright Mozambique sunlight I couldn't

see much of the dim interior.

There was a bar over by one wall, behind it was a slim young gent with a patch of black fuzz under his nose. He jabbered something.

"I'm looking for a hotel." I told him.

The smile went out like a dying candle.

"Hotel? Hotel?"

He looked at me as if I was Portugese for hotel? I pointed to myself and said "English."

He could understand that. He shot from behind the bar and motioned me to follow him. He stepped at a tiny office. Behind a cluttered desk sat a little fat man with a soup-stained tie.

He listened to theerman mutter "You are English?"

I nodded. "I'm looking for a hotel." "This is a hotel. Upstairs. You want..."
When a he-man from the jungle roams he finds the city tame,  
Don’t let his big lips bluff you,  
don’t subscribe to his white man’s man,  
As he booms how all and sundry fell to his unwary aim,  
Let him brag about his conquests, you can lodge a counter-claim.  
That the jungle of the city, underneath, is just the same . . .  
All the men there too, are hunters  
AND the women always game.

JAY-PAY

to stay in our side-water?”

“Yeah. Two days,”

He sat down again and waved his hand at the only other chair. When I was in it, he continued: “We don’t get  
many English people here in Java. They all stay in Zaferman’s  
and play at the Casino”

In other words, what was I doing in the place.

I told him that if the little frighter “Java”—which ran between Durban and Zaferman’s—had retained her  
health, I wouldn’t have come near the village.

I’d seen the ship as I came up the street. She was tied to a tilted wooden jetty, the scally Lomboko under her.

He absorbed my explanation carefully.

Then he said “There as one thing. I am going away tonight and will be away five days. So I will not see you  
again before you leave.”

I took out my wallet.

Ah, yes,” he said, “and also there is no other European in the village who can speak English. So when you  
want anything you will have to call for Elias Elasi.”

An awing shout and a screen door banged. Elias padded in, bare black feet slipping on the cement floor.

“Elais speaks enough English.”

He turned to the boy: “Elais, this boss is English. Now compreender Portugese.”

“Yes, boss.”

“You must look after him well.”

When I got to my room Elais was there, opening the window.

“Elais.”

“Basa?”

“What’s Portugese for boss?”

“Basa? An.”

The boss must ask for eereveja!”

“Good. Bring me some eereveja.”

I noticed her as soon as she entered the dining room. She was tall, rather dark. Almost too dark. But she had  
all the bumps and hollows in the right places, and she walked the way I like them to walk—head up, chest out,  
confident.

Her companion at table was a noseless  
non-some old crook who now and then  
tossed in an odd word as though she  
were spitting sour plumetones. It  
seemed as though she didn’t like me.

After dinner, there was a long report to  
write. I worked at it until about  
ten, when there was a knock on my door.

I opened it; Tall and Slender was there. She walked in and Elais filled the doorway.

She looked at me and spoke to Elais.

“Tell me, Elais, if the boss wants anything.”

I looked at her and said to Elais:

“Tell me, Elais, what I have everything but, if I had some more beer I’d offer her a drink.”

She answered, she disappeared. She  
went on the bed, moving aside some of  
my papers to make room. Then Elais  
was back again, with a load of fresh  
bottles. He put them on the table and  
stood in the doorway.

“Basa, this nonsense.”

She shut him up quickly. He backed  
out. I poured two beers and handed  
him one. I picked up my beer.

“Luck,” I said.

“Sadedada!”

After that, we pointed to a few  
things and swapped nouns, but my  
heart wasn’t in it.

Then there was another knock on  
the door. She pushed me back, opened  
the door a little way and spoke through the gap.

I could hear a man’s voice from outside—pleading, arguing threatening.

Then suddenly a male hand grabbed  
his wrist and pulled her outside.

When I got to the door he was trying  
to drag her down the corridor and  
the look she gave me would have  
encouraged a mouse to spit at a lion.

I knocked his hand away. He turned  
and swung at me with his other hand.

It held a pamphlet, three feet of mak-  
ning hippo-lude that whistled at me in  
Japanese.

I scrubbed Queenberry rules and  
gave him my knee and then a good  
right hand. When I stopped towards  
him, he scrambled to his feet and  
shambled down the passage, his  
dirty shoes squeaking on the polished  
floor.

She was sitting on the bed in my  
room, her blouses pulled to one side.

All was quiet except the steady hum  
of the generator which supplied light  
that cut out about eleven o’clock.

Then I awoke it was almost light.  
she was standing at the foot of the bed.

She came and kissed me—light-  
ly—before she went to the door. I  
was almost asleep again by the time  
it had closed behind her swaying back.

So, for a moment, I was not sure  
that the scream was real. It wakened  
me and made me hear a thump against  
my door and something slide down it.

As I opened the door, she came with  
her. Her blouses were dashed and a dark  
stream flowed from the rent.

Then I noticed the man standing  
on her. His fingers were long, whole  
and sinewy. He dropped the knife  
and rubbed his face with both hands.

He moved past me, into my room,  
keeping carefuly over the figure on  
the floor. All right English!” I told  
him, he said.

“My knife has been with another  
man. All the village knew who he  
was, but no one would tell me. And  
she laughed at me! Today I began  
to worry. All the way while I was  
driving the worryings were there. And  
I got very angry. So I came back to  
heat her and find out who he was.

“When I got to my room she was  
not there. I went to the room of  
my mother, who eats with my wife at  
the dining table. My mother will  
know that my wife has been asking  
about you.”

Bai-bai! In my room and in my  
head. I could now sit in the crone  
and my visitor, and I could mean  
what Elais had been telling when  
she shut him up.

“Do I have been waiting outside  
your door Senor Four hours And  
I got her.”

He looked at his hands and they  
seemed to embarrass him.

“I do not blame you, Senor. She  
was pretty girl, and you could not  
know she was married.”

He was silent a moment then.

“When do you leave?”

“Today,” I said.

“Good God now You can be across  
the border at Reskino Gacan by  
eleven. You can do no good by stay-  
ing here. You might spoil my story.”
cry of a cat

ALAN F. YENESS

FICTION

On the fifth night, he saw the cat; an ugly black creature, it came padding across the lawns

SHE WAS A CRANK AND A PERSISTENT ONE, HE THOUGHT; BUT WAS THAT ALL SHE WAS?

My friend, Jim Purdie, is by no means an emotional man. So when, on successive evenings, he exploded into venomous outbursts of temper—directed (for no reason that I could see)—at his inoffensive son, I was to say the least, surprised.

And when he ended up in a father of all "drunks," I was startled.

On the second night, I eventually got him near sober.

"You wouldn't believe me, David," was all he would say at first . . . and he spent the longest minutes of my life gazing into the fire. How long this would have gone on, I have no idea, but suddenly there was the peevish "meow" of a mewing cat. Purdie leapt from his chair at the sound, stood, trembling, staring at the half-closed window.

"What on earth's the matter, man?" I asked. "Snap out of it! That was only a cat. Surely you don't expect it to jump through the window and eat you?"

He sat down again, limply. His face was grey, his eyes sunken, the pupils dilated. I made a momentary impression of an aged man desperately ill. When he spoke, however, he appeared to have won a battle within himself.

"Have you any brandy, David?" he asked. "I need a drop—badly."

I brought him a fairly stiff measure which he gulped. Presently he was calmer and spoke in a steadier voice.

"David," he said, "I don't expect you to doubt me when I say I was not drunk when what I'm going to tell you about happened. I wasn't. Tonight is the first time I've been drunk for goodness knows how long. I wish I had been 'tankered' all last week. Then I could shrug the whole thing aside and forget it.

"I hope to Heaven you can give me an explanation of it that will leave nothing to doubt. But I don't think..."
“Gadget Princess” is three-year-old Dawnelle Davis who lives (literally) surrounded with thousands of gadgets. She sleeps in a gadget-bed, she eats from a gadget-table. Her toys include a musical bed, a jackknife rocking horse, a bow-and-arrow gun, and a long-handled, two-wheeled cart which she pushes vigorously through her gadget-filled house. And how has she accumulated all these exotic playmates? Simple! Poppa and Mamma Davis run the “Gadget-of-the-Month” Club. Manufacturers send them new products, the proud parents try them out on Dawnelle, if she responds ecstatically, it’s a chunk.

“You are a moral coward,” she accused. “You are not aware of the inquisition of the Spirit World. You do not know that the Saints will visit you to test your fitness for a High Place in the Other World. You do not know that the disembodied voices will question you. You cannot lie to them, you cannot devise them. They read your soul. You cannot cheat them. They cannot be thrown aside like a newspaper because you do not wish to consider the tidings they bring.”

Purdue felt an unpleasant quaking along his spine. “They will come to you without warning,” she said. “And until you accept it, you will have to accept it. They will create in you a feeling of such loneliness that you will lay your soul bare to them in desperation. You will be judged as condemned or accepted. Are you afraid of the alternatives, young man?”

The tenor seemed to break suddenly. Purdue gulped, suddenly convinced that he was in the maddening company of a lunatic. Moreover, being a father of two children, he was inclined to reserve the term “young man.”

“Madam,” he said, softly. “I am as prepared for death as any man of my age. No more, no less. What’s more, I find death a distasteful topic of conversation.”

He returned his attention to the newspaper—but she was not so easily dismissed.

“Distasteful, indeed!” she accused. “You are a moral coward!”

“Eh?” Purdue registered indignation.

“Madam, will you please?”

“A moral coward,” she swept on. “Have you examined your soul? Have you reflected on the evil that has corroded it? Can you face the inquisition of the Spirit World?”

Purdue stared at her wide-eyed. “What the devil,” he demanded at last, “are you talking about?”

“Huh?” she shrieked. “You are not aware of the spirit world. You do not know that the Saints will visit you to test your fitness for a High Place in the Other World. You do not know that the disembodied voices will question you. You cannot lie to them, you cannot devise them. They read your soul. You cannot cheat them. They cannot be thrown aside like a newspaper because you do not wish to consider the tidings they bring.”

Purdue felt an unpleasant quaking along his spine. “They will come to you without warning,” she said. “And until you accept it, you will have to accept it. They will create in you a feeling of such loneliness that you will lay your soul bare to them in desperation. You will be judged as condemned or accepted. Are you afraid of the alternatives, young man?”

The tenor seemed to break suddenly. Purdue gulped, suddenly convinced that he was in the maddening company of a lunatic. Moreover, being a father of two children, he was inclined to reserve the term “young man.”

“Madam,” he said, softly. “I am as prepared for death as any man of my age. No more, no less. What’s more, I find death a distasteful topic of conversation.”

He returned his attention to the newspaper—but she was not so easily dismissed.
"She may be a crank," he mused, "but she's certainly a persistent one."

Purdie drifted off to sleep. It was a quiet and peaceful night. Stars twinkled in the patch of blue-black sky visible through the half-open window, moonlight softened the gloom of his bedroom. Nothing stirred...

He moved slightly, breathing a little heavier as he lay on the bed. Vague, distorted images formed, a picture... across the room. The Woman sat at his bedside, her challenge of unreadiness for death.

"All alone with a mob of specks," he thought. "As long as the woman was awake, the words met the surrounding world..."

The whole of eternity was centred in a pair of steel-grey eyes, all sound was a soft, inaudible voice and chilling words. "You are going to learn about the spirits. You will be very sorry... You are going to learn about the spirits..."

From the well of sleep, his mind struggled to say wakefulness. There was something unaccountable, bizarre. It was in the atmosphere.

The sound seeped into his hearing... it seemed part of the very air. A voice, insistent, frighteningly clear... "I wandered lonely as a cloud."

A vision of an unsold face at the window, not placeable as human or animal, real or illusionary. Purdie awoke, startled."

He forced unwilling legs to take him to the window. His eyes searched the room, the vicinity of the window, the garden below and finally the sky. Stars twinkled in the blue-black expanse, beneath which nothing stirred nor disturbed the quiet. A wisp of fluffy cloud filtered the cold brilliance of the moon... Indelible upon his mind were the incisive words "I wandered lonely as a cloud."

Purdie shivered as its soft meow reached his sharply-attuned ears. It, too, seemed lonely as a cloud.

The remainder of that night was for Purdie a tunnel of watch-faces at one moment, then the soft, insistent voice repeating that single line of verse. He was alone on a vast sea, huddled on an immobile raft he was alone in an infinity of sky, clutching at a solitary cloud... until the reasonless voice persisted. "I wandered lonely as a cloud."

Somehow Purdie struggled through the following day. He dined alone, struggling to read the newspapers in a corner of the lounge and, desperately tired, went to bed.

The weather had not changed. Sky, moon and stars revealed their loneliness as before, there was the same stillness. Before slumping onto the bed he took from his suitcase a loaded revolver (a ubiquitous detective requirement of his business as representative of a firm of financiers) which he placed under his pillow. Almost upon the instant that sleep came to him, the wheels of the train again ground across his mind and the watched sequence of events resumed.

"I wandered lonely as a cloud."

Once again the vision of the unsold face—Now it was followed by a snarl of laughter. In panic, Purdie snatched up the pistol and rushed to the window, hanging the...
A WARNING OF THE DEFICIENCIES OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

She said her mother taught her (of course, "for her own good") what to do with men who didn't "treat a lady as they should," the idea, no doubt, was excellent, but—unluckily—poor kid, her mother didn't teach her what to do with men who did.

JAY-PAY

statement wide open, peering frantically about the garden.

In the centre of the moon-soaked lawn was the cat, squating in solitary state, looking at him, metal-gray eyes unblinking, magnified by the clear air. Its maddening laughter rivalled his veins.

Purdie aimed the pistol and twice drew upon the trigger. A throbbing scream of death-pan robed him of his last vestige of reason. He leapt from the window and raced across the lawn, seeing the last, convulsive tremor shake the animal's body where it writhed into the shadow of a tree. As he stooped over the body it was not a cat he seemed to see, but the body of a withered crone whose metal-gray eyes glared at him through death.

With some wild, instinctive desire to conceal the body overcoming his repulsion, he put his arms beneath it and lifted. He came upright, almost screaming in the hysterics of the fear which knotted every nerve and organ of his body as dust trickled from his rigid hands.

"Believe me, David," Purdie said, gulping another drink, "I don't know what I did for the rest of that night."

"And what," I asked, "happened next morning?"

"I came out to the breakfast room feeling as if I could never eat anything again," Purdie replied, looking at me rather sanctimoniously. "The manager of the place came up to me and said 'Sorry you had such a bad night last night, Mr. Purdie."

"I exclaimed: 'How—?'"

"'Oh, we were all kept awake by that confounded cat. I had it buried first thing this morning. Nasty-looking black kitten it was—ugly as sin.'"

We smoked for a minute or two, then Purdie:

"I couldn't the morning tram home. I was in a sweat of fear until we'd passed several stations that the old woman would board the train and pounce on me again. I was mighty glad when a very talkative salesman entered the compartment and talked without a pause for the rest of the trip. I don't ever want to be alone again as long as I live."

"Don't blame you," I said sympathetically. "And that's why you went to pieces when your wife was visiting that sick relative?"

"Yes. She took the youngster, of course, and stayed a couple of days."

He sat up and went to the window.

"Must have all been bad dreams, I suppose," he said, over his shoulder.

He smiled a wary smile.

"Do you know what caused my flare-up over the boy?" he asked in the end. I shook my head.

He refilled his glass, looked at me over the rim.

"Just after dinner, the evening I arrived home, the lad wanted to tell me the latest thing he had learned at school. When I listened he began reciting:

"'I wandered lonely as a cloud...'

"Well, I guess I'd better be going Joan, sorry to break the party up this way!"
"HOME COOKIN'"
WAFFLE IRONED BY GIBSON

Dear John,
Gone to the Movies
have left dinner
on table love Sue

Oh yeah! Where's the
dinner? Thinks a chap's
going to starve, hey?

Lemme see now... oh!
Spanish omelette... that's
the shot

Eggs pepper flour
a spot of good old cow
juice tomato mid
peppers, aye as well
shoot the works while I'm at
it

And now for a brisk whisk...

And bingo! Into the old frying
pan with it...

May as well relax with a smoke
while waiting... I put the
tobacco down somewhere
somewhere! Oh, m-
goddam!

Well, I guess a lot of ladies
would be glad of a sardine,
at that.

Gibson
ANTI-ATOM GLASS . .

A folding glass window for atom-bomb explosions has been announced by the Pittsburg (U.S.) Plate Glass Company. It is a “sandwich-glass,” like an automobile wind-shield. The outside is a solid sheet of glass, the sandwich is a layer of plastic backed by inner glass. Both the plastic and the inner glass are divided into four sections, superimposed, and set in the window so that their edges form a big X. When the atomic-pulse shatters the front glass, the plastic and inner glass stop the flying pieces and then fold inward before they can break. It is claimed that these windows have survived blast explosions stronger than the Hiroshima blast at one mile, while ordinary windows were shattered so badly that large pieces were blown 30 feet inward.

BRAVE NEW WORLD

The day may well come in the future when a conscious molding of individuals (and even of races) by means of chemistry will present “problems of fearful fascination,” predicts Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, Oxford professor of chemistry and foreign secretary of the British Royal Society. He claims that as physiology advances and as the relation of chemicals on cell and tissue clarifies itself, it may be possible by deep-seated chemical intervention to change processes which today are normally unchangeable. He also points out that chemically-induced hereditary changes in human cells are already known “in a crude fashion” and that the influence of drugs on personality is already giving concern to law and medicine.

LOTUS LAND . . .

When two lotus seeds sprouted and began pushing out leaves, no one was more surprised than Dr. George W. Harding, of Washington (U.S.). The young plants looked quite normal, but the seeds (collected by Japanese scientist Ichiro Ohashi) had been picked out of a Mauchurnan pest deposit and are claimed to be more than 50,000 years old. Dr. Harding is now waiting hopefully for the plants to bloom in order to learn just what type of orchid did flourish in that misty past.

BLOOD RAIN . . .

Believe it or not, in southern France, Italy and the Balkans, the rain that falls is sometimes red like blood. Panicked peasants can now be reassured that the phenomenon has been explained. Current explanations is that storms, rushing up from the Sahara Desert in Africa, blow up red dust and carry it across the Mediterranean Sea where it comes down as “blood rain,” which probably gave the Sicilians their excuse for banditry—a very favourite hobby of theirs.

"The place is in a mess . . . Henry made a sudden left turn"
Lithe and Limber does it...

Now, little ones, if you want to keep that so-juvency loveliness, you must keep lithe and limber, too. That's the advice of Earl Carroll's eyes-their advice is put into practice. Man who keeps moppets with a kick in 'em, of course, there's the shower... (N.B. — The showerer is Shagol Maaney)

Then, after the shower, Terry leaps into action... he calls this the "Sit-Up" and, judging from general impressions, it seems to be an opt title from all angles... it's good for the back and want, Terry alleges, as well as for extra subtlety after the steam bath. We'll take his word for it... and if he needs an understudy, he... etc... well, we're in the market.
TIRED FEET...

Are you having trouble with your feet? Do they feel tired at night? Well, here are two simple exercises:
(1) With your legs on a footstool, stretch and separate your toes as far as possible, then grab with the toes (as if trying to hold something tightly), until the feet begin to tire, (2) stand behind a chair with your hands resting on the back; place your feet with the big toes together and heels three or four inches apart, bend your knees slightly, rotating them outward without shifting the heel and toe position, (3) walk forward slowly and naturally 10 to 15 steps, just before each foot makes contact with the floor, turn the front part of the foot inward as far as possible—pigeon-toed fashion. Foot muscles so strengthened will reduce fatigue.

SPRAIN...

If you're the energetic type, you're probably going to sprain your ankle (or something) one of these days. Here's the trick: Bask a handkerchief or wet in cold water and wrap it around the offending joint, keep moisturizing the bandage after a few hours, strip up with an elastic sticking plaster or wide bandage and keep the injured part at rest. If you have hurt your arm or wrist support it in a sling, if your ankle or knee, rest your leg on a low stool. If the swelling is abnormal, send for a doctor.

ONIONS...

Eating lots of onions every day will make you anemic in a week, claim four Chicago (U. S.) doctors in a report to the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology. Under the direction of the doctors, Illinois University College of Medicine students ate over two lbs. of cooked onions a day in addition to their regular food. After five days, they all felt very tired, their fingers and toes were pale, and blood counts showed a red cell drop off as much as a million and a half at the end of seven days. The group will continue its study to find whether onions should be banned from the diets of high-altitude pilots and persons doing strenuous physical work.

BLOOD PRESSURE...

Surgical removal of the adrenal glands (one of which lies over each kidney) has helped overcome certain types of high blood pressure which threaten death, reports Harvard (U. S.) University medical school professor, Dr. J. Hartwell Harrison. The operation has been tried on 14 patients, nine of whom showed distinctly beneficial symptoms. These patients are being given adrenal hormones by hypodermic injections.
The Glamorous "1500"

Frank Browne

It's nice to win an Olympic Medal of any sort, but some of the events carry much more prestige—and glamour, too—than any of the rest.

In Olympic Records, no one event has any more importance than the others. A Man won an Olympic medal, and that's that. But in actual fact, some events carry more prestige than others. One of them is the 1500 metres.

There was nothing very sensational about the first Olympic 1500 metres race. Ernie Flick, of Australia, running for Great Britain, topped off his earlier triumph in the 800 metres, with an easy win. At Paris, four years later, the race (like everything else that happened at that Olympiad) was run in an atmosphere of complete confusion. It was run on a Sunday, and this resulted in half the finalists who were from the U.S.A., refusing to run. It was won by Bennett, of Great Britain, in nearly half a minute faster time than had been registered by Flick at Athens.

At St. Louis, in 1904, the 1500 turned into a glamour event, and has stayed there ever since.

Drains came to the race in 1912 at the Stockholm Games. In the final, out of fourteen starters, seven were Americans. It was the best middle distance line-up that the U.S. had ever had. John Paul Jones, the world record holder, Mac Sheppard, holder of the title, Norman Tiber, O. Midda, W. Mclure, and Abel Kivat, were the Yanks. The man they were most frightened of was A. N. Jackson, of Britain. They decided to run as a team. The idea was to let Jones and Kivat run for the tape, with the others running three abreast behind in the last lap. This would turn any challenger to run very wide, get past them. One of the other assets, also from Great Britain, was J. Noel-Baker.

The gun cracked, and away they went, with Arnold of France setting terrific pace. He led for two laps, and then Wade of Sweden took over. Kivat and Jones had begun to cover, and as the bell rang for the final lap, both shot past him. Behind them, Tiber, Jones, and the fishing Sheppard put out their screens. Jackson, Britain's hope, was well back. His chance of reaching the leaders looked pretty slim.

Noel-Baker, with the quick thinking that was to carry him to a British command on the Western Front in the War that broke out two years later, decided to do something. "Come Jack, let's have it!" he exclaimed, and headed for the outside, with a headlong sprint. Jackson, paced by the flying Baker, got much closer in the next two hundred yards than he ever could have done without the pacing. With a hundred yards to go, Baker dropped exhausted. By this time Jackson was going fast enough to sweep past the 'screen,' and go on to cut down the leaders. He won running away, in time nearly seven seconds under the existing record.

The race eight years later at Antwerp saw the downfall of a man (had the event been the medium of betting) who would certainly have started at "odds-on." This was Joe Raymond, the Chicago taxi-driver, who was lucky enough to smash his own record, every time they put him down. In the final, Ray made a couple of errors of judgment. The best he could do finally, was eighth place.

The Paris Games of 1921 saw the race riveted with a new interest. Paavo Nurmi, the Flying Finn, who had dominated the long-distance events at Antwerp, had put in his name for the 1500. Few people thought it possible that a man could train himself for both the steeplechase and the 3,000. Still, enough speed to win the shorter race.

It worked out that the event just didn't know Nurmi, the first-footed Finn, was the greatest runner that the world had seen. He ran, as usual, stop watch in hand. He took the lead not long after the start, and began to pile the pace. What everybody expected him to do, was what so many other long-distance runners do, when they tackle distances too short for them. They thought the pace would tell on him. But he swung into his third lap with the same vigour that had been noticed in his first two. The breath that everybody had taken was conspicuous by its absence. Clockers found that his lap times varied hardly at all. He finally went through the tape, the leader of a distant pack of weary runners, in time that shattered the previous record by the seconds. Within two hours, he was to lay with the 5,000 metres field.

Four years later, France, with only one track and field Olympic victory in the history of the Games, had everything sewn up Jules Ladoumague, unquestionably the fastest miler, or three-quarter miler in the world, was reckoned as a certainty, not only by his own countrymen, but by the world at large.

Nurmi wasn't starting in the short race this time. But another Finn from...
the same town, Abu, was a runner. This was a 22 years old watchmaker, Harry Larve. A protege of Nurun's, he had been taught plenty of tracks by the Master.

Ladoumègue never looked in danger of defeat. That is for the first fourteen hundred metres. The classically styled Frenchman led by ten yards, and nothing was making much impression on him. Then Larve pounced. He didn't shorten or lengthen his stride. He just stepped up the number of strides that he was taking, as a boat crew does when the cox calls for a fast dozen.

He caught the Frenchman right on the tape, and beat him.

Jack Lovelock, the New Zealand Scholar developed into a master tactician over a four lap course. Others could, and did, run better times in events without him. But except for four defeats by Stanley Wooderson in 1936, he was invincible. And there was no question that the Wooderson defeats were at a fairly early stage of his Olympic preparation.

The field for the Berlin Final, as usual, bristled with famous names. There was Cunningham, Gene Veniske, and Sam Roman, of U.S.A. Bocelli, whose times said he was a better runner than he had been at Los Angeles, Miklós Szabo of Hungary. Phil Edwards, still a great distance runner, comes, runner up in 1932 and Erik Nystrom of Sweden.

Over the final stages, Cunningham shied still further ahead, and ran an unbelievable 3 minutes 47.6. He had not only smashed the record himself, but carried the field along so fast that the four next men behind him all broke the existing Olympic record.

After a break of thirteen years, the Olympic Games broke out again in London, in 1948. Aided perhaps by years of neutrality, Sweden had developed a trio of magnificent 1500 metre men. They were Lennart Strand, Gösta Bergkvist, and Henri Eriksson.

The heats concluded with Lennart Strand apparently a world's certainty. Never "off the bit," he had loaded his way around to record 3:54.2 seconds. It was the slowest heat of the Swedish trio, but whereas they had been pushed out, he had run virtually unpaced.

Stand was a waif of a man, built on the lines of Jack Lovelock, and most of the other great middle-distance men. This probably cost him the race.

Between heats and final, it rained, and rained hard. The cinder track became a bog. It became a test of strength as well as speed.

When the sun cracked, Hensen, of France, took the lead, and Strand settled himself down behind him, obviously doing well within himself, and ready to take over at the vital stage. This went on for 1000 metres. But then, it was not Strand, but his companion, Eriksson, a 28 year-old fairly heavily built fireman, who made the move. He surged past both, and set up a fast lead. Strand let him stay there, until the straight was reached.

Then he hauled out his effort. He gained steadily on Eriksson, until, with 300 to go, he caught him Catches. Eriksson was one thing, passing him another. The men were locked together for a few strides and then the smaller man cracked. Eriksson went on to win in 3:49.8, a great run on a heavy track.

That's the 1500 story to date. The winner of the event this year at Helsinki is possibly as well concealed as have been most of the winners of the past. Only one thing is certain, he'll have to be good.
THEY COPPED A COW

There was a resounding bang and then... panic, at Kota Bahru, the Malayan campaign had claimed its first of far too many casualties.

Suddenly, an explosion—from the direction of the beach—it sounded—shattered, drowning the tinny soundtrack of the film. A voice yelled through the semi-darkness.

"The Japanese have landed Down with the British!"

The picture theatre panicked. The audience rushed to the exits, several were trampled underfoot.

The panic eased only when the lights were turned on, and a British officer said: "Keep calm, the explosion was at the ice-works. The Japanese have not landed."

But the explosion was not at the ice-works. It was a cow—unsuspectingly straying to graze—that had stepped on a landmine on the beach.

That cow was the first—potentially premature casualty in the war in Malaya.

The man who called out "The Japanese have landed" was a fifth columnist.

Kota Bahru was a hot-bed of fifth columnists. And it was on the Kota Bahru beach that the Japanese made their first landings just after dawn on Monday, December 8th, 1941.

What was the extent of Japanese espionage in Malaya and Singapore in the years before the Pacific war that is hard to estimate, but it must have been considerable.

Here is one story of Japanese espionage, the truth of which is attested to on the record:

Amidst the passengers who disembarked at Singapore from a Japanese liner on November 23rd, 1934, were two modestly dressed, softly spoken young Japanese.

We will call one of them Sato Oehida, although that was not the name on the passport, a covering declaration to which described him as an employee of one of the trading interests of Koichiro Ishihara, who pioneered iron-mining in Malaya.

The passport of the second man said that he was Ken Otka, an author.

They were met at the wharf-side by Yoshio Nichimura, Singapore manager and a director of the Ishihara Engineering. The youtchof for Oehida was accepted without question. Nichimura was a well-respected member of the Japanese community in Singapore and, amongst other things, President of the Japanese Society.

The passports were stamped after the merest formalities, and Nichimura drove the young men away in his private car. He took them to the Tokuma garden, a geisha house on the Singapore coast. The young men retired early to their beds.

Oehida spent most of the next day at the offices of the Ishihara company. Otka saw the sights of the city, called at the Japanese Consulate-General, looked in at the Japanese Commercial museum, and met several other high-ranking Japanese.

Oehida was so busy that he could spare time only for a brief call at the Consulate-General. He was Nichimura's guest at lunch at the Japanese Club. The only other guest was Hiroshi Kokuba, a prominent member of the Singapore Japanese community.

This man had no apparent regular occupation, but he was reputedly a successful industrial speculator. He was a generous patron of the South Seas Association which sponsored many Japanese-Malayan friendship entertainments.

The two young men returned to the geisha house early that evening. In the next few days they hardly left this pleasant resort. But they had many visitors.

Among them, the Europeans were humble-ranked servants, who were stationed at defence points of growing importance on Singapore island.
Attaches of the Japanese Consulate-General were always at these parties.

The recently formed Special Branch of the Singapore police would have accepted the parties as a normal part of Japanese life—but for two slight incidents.

The first was the presence of a young R.A.F. non-combatant at two successive nights. The second was that two gunners were brought to the geisha house and returned to their barrack afterwards in a private car.

Kakuba had been under quiet surveillance for some months.

The Special Branch decided to look a little more closely into these geisha house parties.

Their inquiries uncovered a sensational network of espionage and attempted bribery in which the two young Japanese were closely woven.

The young R.A.F. man admitted that he had been offered a substantial sum of money if he could produce a copy of the Air signal code. The gunners had been trying to get information from them, and that Ohashi had offered cash for any information they could pass on.

Police officers visited the geisha house at night on December 4 and talked with the two young Japanese.

The man we have named Ohashi was nervous. Under questioning he confessed that he was a lieutenant-commander in the Imperial Japanese Navy. He also confessed that he was engaged on a special espionage mission, that the cover for his work was the Ishihara Sango Kosha (by whom he had never been employed), that his companion was a spy, and that Yoshih Michimura was fully instructed about their aid and advanced funds for their work.

The man we have named Otaki was not hard-boiled. He would admit nothing, even when papers amongst his belongings showed that he was a member of a strong-arm branch of the Black Dragon Society.

The two men were locked up for the night. Next day they were placed on board a Japanese liner leaving that evening for Japan.

The Navy officer had pleaded that no mention be made of their detention and deportation to the Japanese Consulate-General.

But that office was fully informed of the event almost as soon as it happened. So too were a number of Japanese suspected of espionage activity.

Three of them hurriedly booked passages on the ship that took the deportees from Singapore. Other suspects went to ground.

Amongst them was Kakuba, the social lion. He and another suspected agent were flushed from their hideouts two days later, held on warrant for some weeks, then deported.

One of the first calls the police made on the morning of December 3 was at the offices of the Ishihara Sango Kosha. They were looking for Yoshih Michimura. Michimura was out. A message was left for him to call at police headquarters at 2.30 o'clock that day.

Surprisingly, Michimura kept that appointment.

As the clock at police headquarters showed 2.30 he stepped from his car, walked briskly into the Special Branch office, bowed elaborately and with great formality to the officer who met him, then, with a strained mien, fell in a crumpled heap at his feet.

Yoshih Michimura died a few minutes later without uttering a word.

A post-mortem showed that cause of death was strychnine poisoning: the inquest verdict self-administered.

But—whatever you care to call it—it was "farmak,"—moritatob, perhaps, but still the old Nip system of "Farmak."
DESIGNED FOR A STEEP DECLINE

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 57)

Prepared by
W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

Again featuring the trend for out-door living, CAVALCADE suggests a home plan in which the terrace is an important feature. This occupies a fairly large area and serves also as the main approach to the entrance door and to the car port.

The large combined living and dining room has double doors opening on to the terrace from the living room end, and large full length windows to capture the view from the dining end.

A feature is made of the open fireplace with a book cabinet built in on one side. The two bedrooms each have ample built-in wardrobes, and from one of these there is a chute direct to the laundry.

As the land falls away steeply at the rear of the building, the laundry is accommodated at a lower level underneath the main bedroom.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 55 feet and the overall area excluding car port 1200 square feet.
BE WARY OF WENCHES

A careful study of the literature of Sex-Appeal (as set out by Acknowledged Adepts) has made the strategy of the impassioned puppets of the planet only too painfully evident to those Whittled down, their plan of attack is based on SIX STANDARD WILES

Wile One: "The first secret of Sex-Appeal is an implied sensuality."

This meant the tactic by which the Female Fascinator (hereafter referred to as the FF) gets her man, not by disobeying as soon as she has been introduced... In short, she achieves this (we quote) by sitting and thinking “I know he feels a strong attraction for me; I can read it in his face, and he knows I am aware of his feelings.” Whenceupon the Male Victim (hereafter referred to as the M.V.) becomes mesmerized by thought-transference, becomes his keeper, protege his chief; registers Incipient apphesis, and emits Neanderthal noises (commonly termed "The Caveman Reflex"). This wifey—though not necessarily lethal—is nevertheless dangerous. If it succeeds, it will undoubtedly lead to something much more serious. The M.V. must therefore restrain his animal instincts and resort to the first...

Counter The M.V. should also sit silent, thinking, "Her slip shows nothing was slippier.” After a second or two, he should go on to remark nonchalantly “A penny for your thoughts?” thus causing what is called “A Quandary.” As it would be highly embarrassing for the FF to confess what she really is thinking at the moment, she must either report instantaneously with a good, swift, or suffer a spasm of nervous stutters. In the latter case, the M.V. scores full points and keeps his copy clean. Women, however, are notorious for their ability to produce a heart-warmingly convincing lie on the spur of the moment and so the M.V. must be on constant guard against...

Wile Two: “The second secret of Sex-Appeal is to speak with your eyes.”

The reason for this is that the FF’s eyes are the windows by which most men are able to see her implied sensuality... and so become infatuated. The text-books add that the M.V. becomes infatuated fastest if the FF’s eyes are capable of "registering infinite shades and nuances of meaning." (N.B.: The procedure prescribed for cultivating these "shades and nuances" is for the FF "to stand in front of a mirror and, covering her face except her eyes with cardboard, in which to watch the expression of her eyes as she registers love, desire, hate, rap, fear, joy, fluctuation... and desperation."

It is this last emotion which the M.V. should aim at arousing by employing the second...

Counter: On, rather, one of two Counters—A and B. Counter A is in some circles frowned upon as being on the brutal side. It consists of the M.V. staring at the FF, leaning hystically from his seat, and shouting in an appalled voice—"Good God, girl! You must see a doctor! You’ve got Si Viter Disease!"

This treatment rarely fails except with the most insensitive of eye-witnesses, but M.V’s with finer feelings generally incline more towards Counter B. Here the M.V. permits the FF to essay herself into full flutter before he whispers anxiously—"Good heavens, how that soot in your eye must be hurting you!” while extending a handkerchief (preferably with a wistful look at the FF) and muttering—"Here—wipe it out with this!” If the FF recoils in gagging revulsion, the M.V. again scores full points and adds ten for "A Sniffler!"

On the other hand, if the FF accepts the handkerchief and, maybe, even chuckles a word of thanks the M.V. must wait...

Wile Three: "The third secret of Sex-Appeal is the use of your voice.”

CAVALCADE, April, 1952

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GAY DOYLE

A warning to all professional bachelors and also to some husbands who may be in grave danger of being overwhelmed.
WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

... or his wife, either! Not the U.S. Army, anyway. Recently a she-robinn demonstrated her femininity by throwing Camp Atterbury, Indiana (US), into a huddle. Striking tents, two top sergeants discovered her nestling atop a tent-pole. There were four blue eggs in the nest.

Sought was a Colonel Stacey's decision. "Any day now the stock will deliver four young robins; the tent must stand!"

Experts are unanimous that an "electric, compelling voice" is "utterly irresistible" to men. The FF is instructed to listen to gramophone records of Charles Boyer, Clark Gable, Marlene Dietrich, Donald Duck, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Lure, et al., select the one "electrically compelling of them all, and model her speech on them." Required Result: Love at first sound... unless, of course, the MV avails himself of the next authorised.

Counter: This is simplicity itself. The MV need merely extend a pocket of breast gesture, discussing meanwhile on cold-in-the-head and the impossibility of curing same. If the FF's voice soars to a lofty falsetto, the MV once more scores full points and adds twenty for "A Howler." However, should the FF make the lozenge with a reasonable imitation of enjoyment, the MV must recognize that he is about to be confronted with...

Wile Faw: "The fourth secret of Sex-Appeal is subtle flattery..."

It is a basic principle of the art of Sex-Appeal that "no man can help responding to a girl who shows a genuine interest in himself and his work." He quickly senses it and responds eagerly. Curiously, the MV didn't know. But he was "drawn spiritually closer" to the FF... except that, now and again, he may fall back on a really neat.

Counter: And one which demands some suavity. Here everything depends on the MV's patience. He must wait placidly until the FF finally crows with huskily "irresistible" fervour. "I suppose you have an extra wonder-you-la-la job?" "Yes," he replies, bowing his head to hide a blush of conscious pride. "I am employed as a St. Bernard dog at the Koansoku Ski's Hostel." If the FF leaps like a leaping in the direction of the nearest gendarme, the MV is awarded an annual bonus for an "Everest." But if the FF responds with a bark of happy laughter (or grudgingly embarks on a shaggy hound anecdote), the MV must steel himself for...

Wile Faw: "The fifth secret of Sex-Appeal is inscrutability."

This element (Spontaneity is unanimous) is most important in an early dating relationship when the MV is "swallowing" the FF. And it must be handled delicately. "Inscrutability" (as all practitioners point out) "can be achieved with a light touch." The FF need not act like Clint Carbo or Sarah the Sphinx. "Pleasant, but restrained, with a subtle use of all her powers"... that's the shot to leave the MV hyped on with the FF's "esoteric mystery." Only on two doses and the MV can be expected to burst all inhibitions; become obsessed with a mania to learn "what makes the FF tick"; and... provoked and baffled—end in a state of blind and even desperate love. Only the most remorseless-minded of MV's ever survive this test. And...

Counter: And undoubtedly a desperate measure, in which Surprise is All. For maximum effect, the MV, faced with the FF's inscrutable squint of mystery, must suddenly clutch at his throat, breathe ferociously down her neck and yell. "BOOOO!" If the FF falls flat on her face, the MV is allotted his total score multiplied by seven for "A Boozer" and is allowed, if he wishes, to retire from the game. Vice versa, if the FF falls in the opposite direction and collapses into his bosom, the MV must become alert for a Wise which has been there all the time and has only now come out with him.

Wile Faw: "The sixth secret of Sex-Appeal is personal grooming."

Known as "Making the Most of Yourself," this Wise is much favoured by FF's Chieftain. It demands that the FF's perfume should be "enticing but not overpowering"; her clothes should accentuate "her physical beauties" (blouse and linens are highly recommended); and she should occasionally take a bath. Thus the MV cannot fail to compare her "personal grooming" favourably with her pet race-horses and will be "irresistible" compelled to take a chance... unless by some mischance... he has backed a string of wrong ones, which will lead him to his sixth and final...

Counter: And if the MV doesn't hurdle this, he's gone. According to protocol, the technique is: The MV shall extend the forefinger of his right hand, run it daintily round the neckline of the FF's frock, withdraw his digit as if stung, by a whip, and blast symbolically. "Tschus! Goosebump! You must be cold! Let me wrap you in my coat." If the FF crowns him with her handkerchief he is declared "Four Flushes," and departs, howed but undefeated. "The Winnie!" Contrarily, if the FF actually al-
double column

International Note: When Grandma was a girl, she didn't do the things girls do to-day, but then she didn't do the things Grandmas do to-day, either. Financial Footnotes. The thing that keeps a man financially bent is having to face his bills and foot them all at the same time. Which reminds us that a bunk is a place where a husband makes due allowance for his wife's shortcomings. Grandpa-Living Department. There once was a man who always called a spade a Spade—until he tripped over one in the dark. Thus—by some obscure process of relativity—leading us to remark that the only time some men turn the other check is when they've shaved the first. And—as our Barbering Baron hinted when he was filling up the price-ticket—dandruff reveals something really important about a man he still has hair. Family Features. Every wife's hope—to be weighed and found wanting. In which regard, we must confess that we never had a chance to argue with our wife... words fail us.

Then, of course, there was the hoppet who had a tiff with her Army officer friend... obviously a rift with the lieut. Our Tame Film Fan opines that there should be a University degree awarded for seeing... Bachelor of Paris, no doubt? And, while we're on the subject, there seems no harm in pointing out that ideas are things that come to a student when he's out with a wench, and leave him when in with an exam paper.

Still, worse things happen. Our Cubicle Colleague complains that our habit of talking to ourself wouldn't be so bad... if we weren't such a damned bore. Yu Old Time Recorde Shoppe. The bloke in the next flat is meaning that he's got a new complaint: he's suffering from a displaced disc; his wife threw a gramophone record at him. Doctor-Who-Tells-Tattle. Burning the candle at both ends is one sure way of going out like a light.

OUR PRIVATE QUIZ: Question: A goat had a 2 ft. rope tied to its neck; there was a heap of garbage 30 ft. away; the goat wanted the garbage and got it. How did he do it?

ANSWER: The other end of the goat's rope wasn't tied to anything, so the goat just strolled over and ate.
AS THE WIND FRESHENS AND THE LAUNCH IS STUBBORN, KATH LOSES SIGHT OF LAND AND KNOWS SHE'S DRIFTING INTO TROUBLE.

DRAWING A COAT ROUND HER SHOULDERS FOR WARMTH, SHE WATCHES THE SMOKE OF A SMALL VESSEL COME NEARER.

AS KATH RINGS CLIMBS TO SAFETY THE STORM BREAKS ACROSS THE SEA AND THE RESCUE WAS ONLY JUST IN TIME.

KATH MEETS HER RESCUE TRAWLER SKIPPER JIVES. THANK YOU. WE COULDN'T LET YOU DROWN.
JIVES GIVES KATH SOME WARM CLOTHES AND LEAVES HER TO CHANGE

SORRY TO BE HUDDY WITH YOU LIKE A DRINK?

DON'T APOLOGISE I'D LIKE ONE

JIVES DECIDES TO BE FRIENDLY AND HE AND KATH DRINK TOGETHER

I MUST BE SEASICK

WITH KATH OUT OF THE WAY JIVES AND CLARROCK PREPARE TO TAKE OVER THEIR ILLICIT CARGO FROM A PASSING TRAMP STEAMER

AS DARKNESS FALLS A PASSING SHIP HEAVES TO AND A BOAT PUTS OFF TO BRING ITS MESSAGE PERSONALLY TO JIVES

I'VE MICKEY FINNED HER, CLARROCK! WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP HER LOCKED UP UNTIL WE GET THE CARGO

NO SEASICKNESS EVER DID THIS TO KATH KING!

KATH, HALF STUPID FROM THE EFFECTS OF HER DESTRUCTION THINKS THAT SHE CANNOT MOVE -- BUT SHE CAN HEAR

KATH REALISES THAT SHE HAS BEEN DOSED AND IS A PRISONER, SHE LISTENS TO TALK OUTSIDE
KATH, SMARTLY ATTIRE
AT LAST, SEEING A
COMMOTION AT THE END
OF THE MAIN STREET,
WHERE THE JETTY IS

AS ONE OF THE CURIOUS
SPECTATORS KATH
WATCHES THE POLICE
STRUGGLE WITH AND
OVERPOWER THE BANDIT
AND HIS ASSOCIATES,
AND REALISES HER
MESSAGE HAS BEEN
EFFECTIVE

KATH SEES THE POLICE
BOAT NEARING THE
FERRY. THE GEM
SMUGGLERS ARE CAUGHT

HASTILY SUMMONED TO
PHOTOGRAPH THE GEM
SMUGGLERS' TRUCK, TODD
ARRIVES BY CAR AND IS
SURPRISED TO FIND
KATH ON THE SPOT

TODD SAYS HE'D LIKE TO
BE PHOTOGRAPHED WITH
KATH. "THE GIRL OUT
WITTED ME," HE SAYS,
AND I RESPECT HER FOR
IT." KATH IS GLAD TO FIND
A GOOD LOSER

"TRUCK DRIVES KATH BACK
TOWARDS KIDME CAYNS.
THIS IS NO WAY TO SPEND
A HOLIDAY."

"IT BROKE UP
THE MONOTONY OF
THE POSITION... BUT
PLEASE TAKE ME BACK

Published in the interests
of Road Safety by
THE COMMONWEALTH
OIL REFINERIES LTD
(Commonwealth of Australia and
Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. Ltd.)
Had anybody ever reported the case of a carpet snake swallowing a duck? Old-timers fudged off the story.

I can't say that my sister was entirely to blame, there were several other complicating factors. But what she did suggest the 'Frog' and she selected the spot for it. Of course, it had to be near Dora's camping place.

My sister should have had more sense. We had all heard of Dora...

Dora was — so she reckoned — the last of her tribe, and the Old Timers of the district were inclined to agree with her. At least, they claimed that, to their knowledge, she had outworn about half-a-dozen husbands and no community on earth could survive a death-rate of that sort.

But whatever were the rights and wrongs of the case, the fact remained that Dora now lived in loneliness. The Carpet Snake was a fierce animal and the effects of the supposed death of Dora were not long in showing themselves.

The carpet snake lived near the beach, or, rather, he lived on comparatively lonely widows.

Dora was a gregarious character, and she was also an animal lover. Deprived of her companionship, her heart seemed to have been dissolved by a mixture of blue-tinged anger and melancholy.

Dora cherished all these soul-mates of hers dearly, but her tenderest affection seemed to be lavished on the fowls and ducks. She was a large woman — fatter than the Ace of Spades, and much more shaggy — and she took her pets (literally) to her ample bosom.

Those few hardy explorers who had penetrated into the malignant gloom of her humpy reported that it was furnished mainly by a small brick fireplace, an outsize in iron-framed double-beds and two stupendous hangings... one depicting the Thin Red Line standing, battered and unbroken, at Balaklava, and the other illustrating the Coronation of Queen Victoria (with whom Dora nonchalantly admitted a close blood-relationship).

The double-beds (the explorers added with shrewd relish) were imperially shared by Dora, any fowls or ducks which might be brooding and, on occa-
formed up to escort us past a plankton or so of fowls and ducks in the direction of Dora’s humpy.

We had almost reached it when Dora herself emerged to greet us. She was accompanied by a huge white drake which waddled to a strategic position on her rear and hissed venomously at us.

My sister and I jabbed to a nervous halt. The drake hissed some more and rubbed its reptilian neck against the folds of what Dora had evidently deluded herself into believing was a skirt.

Today, I realise that the pair of them must have given a vivid (if somewhat exagurated) impression of Leda’s activities with the amorous Swan; but I was then too young for such thoughts. I was also too busy trying to insert my sisters, incomprehensible between myself and the drake. As my sister had apparently been motivated by the same ambition, we collided heavily and the billycan fell to the ground with a hystericall clang.

The drake seemed to take the noise as a personal insult. It hissed louder than ever and even waddled a foot or two towards us. My sister and I shrieked. Dora surveyed us with an air of thoughtful amusement.

"You gibbit bowly," she asked at last, without any pronounced hope; but more as she didn’t want to miss an opportunity of keeping herself in practice for better prospects. "Ain’t got none? I regretted.

"Gibbit backless then," urged Dora, refusing to accept defeat. The drake underlined her request with a murderous thrust of its bill.

It is doubtful whether my sister was more appalled by the drake or by an ardent attempt at clasping us into our lair. She shrieked and cackling loudly, and, as we entered the clearing, a bodyguard of plume-chested biters...

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CAVALCADE April 1952

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This text seems to be a excerpt from a larger, more complex narrative, possibly a work of fiction, given its descriptive and vivid language. The presence of nature and animal descriptions suggest a setting that is somewhat isolated or naturalistic, where the interaction between the narrator and the natural world is a central theme. The narrative style is reminiscent of early 20th-century literature, with a focus on detailed observation and description. The excerpt touches on themes of curiosity, interaction with nature, and possibly the challenges and wonderment that come with such encounters. The focus on the drake and its reactions provides a poignant example of this interaction, highlighting the unexpected and often unpredictable nature of wildlife encounters. The narrative also seems to have a humorous tone, as indicated by the dialogue and the exaggerated reactions of the characters. This excerpt could be part of a larger story that explores the nuances of nature and human behavior in a rural or pastoral setting. The language and style are indicative of a writer who is skilled in crafting vivid and engaging descriptions, likely aiming to immerse the reader in the experience of these events. The use of descriptive language, personification, and natural imagery are characteristic of this style, which seeks to create a vivid mental picture for the reader. The overall impression is one of a well-crafted narrative that balances observation, humor, and a sense of wonder, making it a delightful read for those interested in nature, wildlife, and the interplay between humans and their natural environment.
but mostly to be sure that I was being allotted a fair share of the common store.

A sharp breeze seemed to ruffle the reeds, the bladegrass bent and parted; something slim and anxious swayed amidst them; there was a silent "Hi-a-si!" My mother's first warning, almost electrified me.

"Look out! Look out! A snake!" I shivered crepuscular.

It was my mistake. Either there was something wrong with my sister's reflexes or the laws of gravity were not to be underestimated. Or perhaps my manner was a trifle abrupt. At all events, my sister had been a trifle abrupt. At all events, my sister had been cut down. The waters of her eyes ran down the glasses she wore. She stepped on a banana peel and stumbled backward.

My tears were simply justified. An
appel to the better nature of the drake
were only so much argument wasted; it
merely re-doubled its clamour.
"Tread on its head!" my sister pre-
sorbed helpfully.
Her advice, though well-inten-
cined, was too late. Something, which (to
me) bore a close resemblance to an
express train, surged through the
scrub. It was Dora moving under full
pressure.

The drake trotted feebly to its legs
and expressed its joy at imminent
rescue by a screech so shrill that it
frightened even itself, and swooned
once more.

But Dora had speed her traversal
"Bass!" "Bass!" she pulled ahead
in an ever-increasing tempo. "Ho,
plucky fool, fool!" And, quickly, you
Swoon 'em duck! Best duck happens me!
Me fix you, too right! You see?"
She put on a fresh turn of speed
and thundered relentlessly at us.

"Gotta move on!" I shouted at my
sister, having no desire to be
overrun. My sister, however, had antici-
pated me. She was already across the
creek and moving at no mean pace
on the sprints I sped in pursuit. Behind me, an elephantine thumping indicated that Dora
was plunging into our "inspection" site.
Her lamentations soared heart-rend-
ingly and I judged that she must
have met the drake. "Ho! Plucky
damn poucincnain! Poor plucky duck!"
She was bellowing like a bull-racer.
"No nibbit honey! No nibbit take-
pence! Then stoop 'em duck! Bi, oh,
me fix you!"

She sounded as if she meant it, too.
I remembered my mother's second
warning. I lengthened my stride
"Lemme go! Lemme go! I never did
nothing!" howled my sister, under the
insane notion that I was Dora on her
heels. Like a miniature willy-willy,

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CAVALCADE, April, 1952
we awarily into the dunes.

My sister spurted into a narrow gully and promptly shot out again as if she was a guided missile back-firing. She exploded square in my face.

Disemboweling myself from the sand, I nucked ferociously in an effort to shift my sister from my shoulder-blades. I confirmed my sister's darkest suspicion. 'Murder!' 'Murder!' she pealed in an ecstasy of despair. I took her word for it and rapidly commenced to re-embody myself in the sand.

"How! No! Not murder!" someone disclaimed huskily. "Just looking for Dora, that's all!"

As I did not seem so far to have suffered any lethal wound, I was partially reassured. I rubbed one eye clear of grit and squinted spasmodically upward. Looming above us I glimpsed what, at first glance, appeared to be an escape from the ranks of Living Skeletons. A second squat convinced me that it was Old Tom Jones.

My heart lagged one sledge-hammer thud of relief and I relaxed. In a way, Old Tom's reputation was not a great improvement on Dora's. He, too, lived in a hut near the beach; he, too, was a poultry farmer; and—an extra story—it was commonly rumoured that once, when he was compulsorily hospitalized, they had had to wash off five skeletons before they undressed his skin. But as he had not been on speaking terms with Dora for the past ten years, I felt I could count on him as an ally.

"Murder be damned! What's-all the meaning of this?" he growled, yanking my sister out of her burrow.

"It's Dora . . . she's after us . . . with a waddy," I explained (I have never believed in spoiling a good story for want of a few details).

"Yeah! And she's going to cut our throats, she is!" my sister endorsed blood-thirstily.

Old Tom sniffed the air like a warhorse preparing for the fray.

"Hol! Is she then?" he said, enticed to have an excellent excuse for joining issue with an enemy of such long standing. "Lead me to her!"

"All right, you go first," consented my sister politely.

Ambling warily on his flanks, we advanced with Old Tom to the creek and our late "picnic" spot. The locality seemed deserted. There was not a sign of Dora ... and even less of the drake. But the makings of a very satisfactory bushfire were flaring where we had lighted our fire.

"Hol! Trying to burn out the district, too, is he?" grunted Old Tom, energetically stamping on the flames. Neither my sister nor myself could see that any good purpose would be served by contradicting him.

"I'll have her head for this," muttered Old Tom menacingly and strode hastily off somewhere in the direction of Dora's humpy.

Nearing Dora's humpy, Old Tom fell into an uncertain, rummaging shuffle at his cud of tobacco as he hearkened with due disapproval to the usual cracking, breaking, meowing and quacking of Dora's playmates (With some reason, they seemed to be able to scent him further than they could us). Then he sprang determinedly and marched into the clearing.

"How! Hide in the humpy, hey?" Old Tom asked himself rhetorically and answered himself by barging through the doorway. Fast clenched to clammy fist, my sister and I pressed in, too.

At first, we stood semi-blinded in the menacing twilight. Gradually, however, a desolate, shapeless figure materialized through the fetid miasma with an eerie rustle.

"Ghosts!" gasped my sister and al-
most jerked herself from my grasp. But I was above superfluous quavering when confronted by the allegedly supernatural, besides, I couldn't get my fingers free. I jerked my sister back into formation.

"Ho, so it's you, hey?" grunted Old Tom. As he spoke, the figure seemed to lift itself from the floor by some species of levitation and descend with wide-flung arms. There was the unmistakable rip of torn cotton as if someone had stepped on a skirt. "Bad!" came a melancholy moan.

"Why, it's only Dora!" my sister informed herself with agog astonishment.

Dora didn't bother to deny it. She was plowing in a mesmerized fashion at Old Tom and beating her outstretched arms in the approved manner of witches who wish to fly up chimney.

"No bad about it!" asserted Old Tom blandly, assuming a stern manner that would be magical chamois-leather. "Wetter you been up to, hey?"

Dora opened her mouth to its widest capacity (thus transforming her face into a cavity mainly surrounded by teeth) and vainly sought for phrases vehement enough to express her sense of outrage. Finding none, she closed her facial cavity with a strangled pulp.

Instead of speech, Dora resorted to a highly complicated deaf-and-dumb alphabet of her own devising. Franquely brandishing her hands (one of which grasped a bottle of the malignant concoction that Maggie the Shandy-treater so daintily administered under the dubious title of "Romu" and the other of which held a battered pewter tea-spoon), she offered up a mute prayer to her tribal Gods of Eloquence.

Her gods must have been in a benevolent mood. Dora was instantly supplied with a spokesman from the somnous expanses of her double-bed, the drake—alas at a haggle—prorosed, 

"By God!" boasted Old Tom in a rumbling shout of enraged accusation. "It's Douglas! Douglas, me prize drake!"

The enormity of the crime seemed to deprive him, too, of the faculty of speech. For some moments, he gibbered feverishly and clawed at his throat.

"So not content with punching him from his pen, you got him drunk as well!" he finally contrived to gabble in a spatter of salvos.

"And me who's been seeking him for days!" he ended, the world's injustice heavily upon him.

Dora's body tensed (so far as her rolls of fat allowed). Furtively, she assumed the stony face of aullet being added to the Thin Red Line. The calamity crushed her. She dropped, destitute, and hung her head.

"He, yowia! Bad! Bad rubbish!" By cri, too bad!" she confided furiously, as bedizened the chief mourner at her own wake, and suitably trimmed the remains of the bottle of "Romu" down her gullet.

"And pluny no-good pruny to blame," she chucked expiredly in the manner of one committing Famous Last Words to posterity.

My sister and I did not bother to attend her death-threes. As a matter of fact, it was several days before we were game to venture far enough from home to learn whether Dora had survived and Old Tom had recovered his drake. Both had.

---

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EMIL PETAJA

Black shadows tortured Phil Hanson, lying on that unduly bed in his cheap hotel. They crawled out of the dark corners of his mind, surgery, mocking. There is no other way out, they said. Kill yourself!

He wasn't anybody in particular. Just a nice, pleasant young guy. Phil Hanson. Born in a small factory town, his folks died when he was a tow-headed kid. He was raised in an orphanage, an orphan asylum. He had no big brains, no special talents. Just an all-right guy, trying to get along in a cockeyed world. He never expected to have as much as five hundred bucks all in a lump. But it didn't matter. He had his health, so what? Maybe a little raise in his pay check now and then. Okay.

Then he met Marie. He fell hard. The miracle of it was she felt the same way. She fell for the skinny dope with the thin, freckled face and clumsy hands.

Just a couple of kids, nuts about each other. Small town stuff. When he got his first raise and bought that old jalopy, that was something.

Jeez, he would say to himself, sweedly, I'd do anything for you, kid. I'd die for you. That's what he said. And tonight he was going to prove whether he really meant it or not.

This is how it happened. Marie hadn't ever learned to drive.

It was on a sloping road out of town. Phil had promised to teach Marie to drive. She was doing fine when something went wrong under the hood. He climbed out, lifted up the hood, and started tinkering.

Somehow Marie got excited and let out the brake. The jalopy started to roll downhill. Phil tried to jump and yelled to Marie what he should do at the same time. He didn't make it. He fell under.

He would never forget Marie's face when he came out of it, at the hospital. It was pale as a sheet. She clung to his hand frantically. "I'll make it up to you, Phil," she sobbed.

He grinned. He didn't want her to know what he was going through. "I'll be swell, kid. Soon as I can, I'm going to San Francisco. They got fine doctors there. They'll have me new in no time!"

But seems he was all wrong. The best doctor he could find gave it to him straight from the shoulder. He seemed all right, except for that stiffening pain in his back when he tried to walk. His legs were okay; he could navigate on them as good as anybody. In fact, to look at him just, you would never know.

"It's your spine," the doctor said crisply.

"But it isn't bad!" Phil protested. "Just when I try to move too fast. That's all!"

The doctor shook his head. "It will get worse. It is progressive." In a year he would be flat on his back for good. Then his legs would go numb, then his arms, then his lungs. It might drag on five years.

"There's just one chance," he added. "An operation. There's only one man who'd try it. Unfortunately he's a very busy surgeon, and he comes high."

Phil licked his lips. "How high?"

"Maybe five thousand."

Five thousand dollars! Might as well be five million.

He decided to stick around San Francisco a while. Think it over. One thing was for sure. He wasn't going back and marry Marie. Make her life hell, watching him day by day.

So now, after three tortured days and nights, the answer remained the same: Kill yourself!

The only thing left to decide was how. Phil had made no provision for that.

His back ached with a dull steady flame. Funny how he could move. His legs were fine. It hurt like hell when he swung them down to the floor and sat up.

The floor was strewn with bits. The room was a rat trap. Inside, a guy crawled just looking at it.

Phil was lighting a butt from the floor when he heard the man in the next room move around. The guy did a lot of pacing back and forth. Through the cardboard-thin wall Phil heard him in there. Now he heard the guy move out, rattle the key in his door lock, and creep down the front stairs.

It made him think of something. The last time Phil went to the show—yesterday, maybe—the guy's door had been half open. He could see his legs on the bed. In the corner, on his slamy dresser, was a gun. A revolver." Phil hadn't thought much about it at the time. That was a tough district, a guy might keep a gun handy for protection. Now his thoughts focused on that revolver with a purpose. The man was out.

Phil's mind was hungry for death now.

Phil slipped out. He tried his own key in the guy's door. First it resisted, but he felt it give slightly. Pulling all his strength into a single twist, he forced it to turn. The spring snapped. It was open.

Shutting the door softly behind him Phil glanced around the room. Seemed nobody had troubles, too.

He turned to the dresser. A thrill of despair shot through him when he saw...
that the revolver was nowhere on it.

He started ploughing through the drawers frantically. He found it tucked under some more dirty clothes, way in the bottom. His fingers closed around it. It had a comforting feel.

Phil's eyes went up for a last look at himself in the mirror. The man staring back at him out of it was a mess. Lath-thin from his illness, his eyes gleamed out of dark hollows. His hair was rumpled. He needed a shave. He looked like something out of a nightmare.

All at once Phil saw something else. Behind him, through the mirror, he saw the door knob turn. The door flung open and a man stepped in.

He was big and blocky. He had slicked-down hair, black hair. It came to a v-point down his forehead. His mouth was twisted and hard. Pointed eyes bled at Phil. They were loaded with hate.

Still clutching the gun, Phil turned to mutter some feeble explanation. The guy didn't give him time.

"You won't get me!" he snarled out. Then he lunged.

His bolted fist cracked out at Phil's face.

The fury in the man's eyes terrified him. He clung to the revolver stubbornly as the man fought to take it.

But Phil kept it. He alighted down to his knees. The man closed in above him.

With a groan of pain, Phil gave a convulsive wrench. The gun barrel slammed against the man. There came a sharp cracking sound. The man pressed against his assailant with Phil's finger on the trigger.

Above him the man's face twitched oddly. His heavy lips slavered, his eyes bulged. Then he plunged down against Phil, face to the floor.

For some seconds Phil was too numb to move. He had killed.

It was the warm blood falling on Phil's hand that severed his momentary paralysis. With a shivery sob he pulled out from under the dead man and stood up.

He looked at his hands. There was blood on them.

He let the gun fall, and ran. He didn't even feel the pain sear his spine as he moved down the hall in a dash. Then he saw the landlady. She was an old mop-haired woman. She stood at the head of the stairs, clutching some towels and sheets. Evidently the guy next door hadn't gone out at all, just downstairs to ask the landlady for clean linen.

The look on her gaunt face. The way her eyes popped and her jaw slacked.

When she saw him coming, she screamed. She could see he was covered with blood. Phil pushed her aside and plunged down the steep stairwell.

After awhile he was too tired and sick to run any more. He sank down against the well stones of a murky alley and sobbed. Then he fought to get hold of himself.

When he could think halfway straight, he asked himself: What now? What was left for him?

He had to hide. Yes, that was it. He had killed a man. There was no more he'd go away with it. He wasn't a clever guy. Not very smart. He couldn't commit a footloose crime if he tried. The landlady saw him. She'd put the cops on his trail. Right now they were after him barring his description over radios and telephones. But—they didn't know his name, not his real one. There was nothing in that room to give him away.

Marie must not know. She must never know what happened to him. She would find somebody else. If...
would take time, but she was young. What happened to him didn't matter, but the cops had ways of finding things out. If they caught him, they would somehow learn who he was, then Marie would become involved.

He'd pay for his crime, sure. He wouldn't. But the cops must never take him alive.

He stole a coat in a cafeteria to cover the blood on his clothes. He washed his hands in a gutter. Always he kept to the darkest streets and macerowest alleys.

His back throbbed with a never-ceasing pain. To walk was sheer agony, but he kept on going. He had to. He flung one foot ahead of the other gamely. He must get away, get as far as possible.

When he sighted a patrol car or a cop, he hid. Moaning voices out of his mind started torturing him. The pain became a burning tire of torture as it made him bite the blood out of his lips to keep from screaming aloud.

Then he saw him. He was like a phantom in the San Francisco fog. Tall, black-mustached, he wore a long dark overcoat and a grey hat. His foot seemed to make no noise at all on the wet pavement. He would loom up suddenly out of the swirling fog, then he would vanish.

Finally Phil couldn't stand it any longer. If he was going nuts, he wanted to know it. When a sharp backward glance showed him that the phantom figure moving behind him in the grayness he ducked in a doorway. His heart pounded in his throat as he waited. He watched the tall figure loom up, stride into the foggy light of a street lamp, then march on.

Phil looked at his feet. Rubbers. He were rubbers. That was why his feet made no noise. But he was real. Phil's mind wasn't cracking, not yet.

Phil ducked in an alley and sloughed ahead. After awhile he noticed a change in the air, a rainy tang. He was close to the ocean. He could hear it now. Soon he was walking along a dark, wet, covered by tarps, was a pile of empty boxes near a dark warehouse. The tide was rising in, below.

He found an empty crate and crawled in. It was bitter cold, shivering, his mind blank for sleep. His eyes wouldn't stay open, but when he tried to sleep, the sharp needles of pain and the tumbling shadows pressed him awake.

Already he was good as dead. He thought suddenly, Why not? Here was as good a place as any. He couldn't get much further. It was the end of his rope. The whole Pacific Ocean was there, ready to help him.

He crawled out walked to the end of the pier. Below him, as he stared down, the black water washed it seemed to soothe and beckon him. The skated wind stung his face. No more running. No more torturing pain. No more thinking to do.

Phil swelled in a last breath of earth then plunged. He seemed to hear a vise shut somewhere, maybe just a ringing in his ears. Then the black waters shut up and closed over his head.

Blurred faces moved above him. Pain flooded across his body, then he felt something sharp jab his arm, and the pain left him.

Sleep. Merciful sleep. He wanted to sleep forever. That was all he asked.

Then he saw the angel. She looked just like Marie. Same red-tinted hair. Same blue eyes. Same tender lips. She was laughing and crying at the same time, as Phil forced his eyes open so he could see her better.

Her lips moved down. They touched his. She kissed him over and over whispering. "It's all over. Sweetheart. Everything is going to be wonderful from now on. I'm sure of it."

He shook his head, smiling. This must be part of that crazy last minute dream a guy has just before he goes out for good. Marie's face vanished, and he was sure of it.

But then another face looked down at him. "Don't run, fella. I'm a real cop, but somehow kind. Sharp grey eyes. A beet's moustache. It was the moustache. Phil recognized the eye. A sad, sad thing in his face.

"Who—are you?" he asked.

"Inspector Gregorio Hernandez."

"No, I was wrong. There was no dream. This was life—life with a little green door at the end of it. "You—you saved me."

"Phil, rasped.

"Yes, son. Inspector Gregg smiled gravely. "I lost track of you for a while, then I remembered the face I saw you jump."

"Why didn't you let me die?" Phil groaned. "What are you going to do now?"

"First of all, I'm taking you and this young lady down to the police station. She's been waiting a week for you to come out of it. She's getting a little impatient."

Phil started. "But the man next door I shot him?"

Gregg nodded. "Self-defense, of course. Leah Taggart was the most cold-blooded killer I ever saw. He would have maimed you to death, same as he did all those others, if you hadn't shot him. He was a menace to society. I want to be first to shake the hand that put him out of business."

Phil's mind whirled. So that was it. A killer, hiding in that shabby room. And he shot him. It was no crime to kill a man like that.

Sweat excited him and made him start up from the bed. He wiped away quickly when he remembered something else. His injury. The operation on his spine. How could he marry Marie with that hanging over him? He sank back, stifling a green sneeze. "By the way, Inspector Gregg's voice cut through his misery. "I almost forgot. There's a reward coming to the man who puts Taggart. Ten thousand dollars."

He chuckled, glancing over at Marie. "I wonder what it will come in mighty handy just now."

Phil's shining eyes met the girl's. Her blue eyes flashed with sweet happiness. Something clicked him, when he tried to thank the Inspector. All he could say was, "Yeah. Mighty handy."

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Talking Points

ANZAC . . .

Not for its dirt and horror and pain — though these can not be forgotten — but for its pride, its triumph in defeat and its making of a nation, CAVALCADE this month presents "That Far Yesterday," a first-hand account of the original landing, by E. V. Tomes. An original ANZAC, Tomes recalls that dawn so many years ago . . . and from his experiences he draws a moral which may be studied.

MORE DEADLY . . .

Master Rudyard Kipling must take the responsibility for remarking that the females of the species is more dangerous than the male . . . but we suspect that if the Maestro had encountered the Countess Tarnowska, even he might conservatively have willed. The Countess Tarnowska was let loose among the comparatively helpless masculinity of the last century. For further details of her somewhat (if faintly ghoulish) goings-on, read W. H. Behrens's "Deborah Plus Several Sampsons."

LEGENDARY . . .

Why hasn't Australia some figure of fable . . . ? Like Europe's Jack the Giant Killer, with his seven-league boots, Asia's Old Man of the Mountains or America's Paul Bunyan, who strudes from mountain-top to mountain-top and uses his trees for a walking stick? It can't be that the cutrency lack imagination (the exotic romancing of coffee-shop loungers and all others at points north, south, east and west disprove that). Or is the country too young? Maybe . . . but in "Paul Bunyan of the Whalers," Cedric Montiply makes a suggestion . . . and a good one, too, for in some ways his hero out-Bunyaned Bunyan.

THE STICKS . . .

For a glimpse of Australia outside the cities—an Australia that has not yet vanished—and a sketch of the children who live there, read Jack Pearson's "Dora and a Drake." It is authentic glimpse of the Queensland of its time and of many parts of the Queensland of to-day.

NEXT MONTH . . .

Look forward to CAVALCADE next month. It really does contain something for everybody. For Australia, "Mountains of the Future"; for High Adventure, "Gallus of Disaster" and other vignettes of general mayhem; for Sport, a Frankie Brown account of the most famous of Briton's watermen, Fiction, cartoons and oddsites, too; will be just your cuppa, we think.

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