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Galleon of Disaster

There was wealth beyond dreams piled in the holds of the Spaniard’s Admiral and British buccaneers came home with silken sails.

The Manila galleon earned a cargo worth 2,000,000 pieces of eight. Every buccaneer in the world dreamed of capturing it.

Don Thomas de Alzola, captain-general of the King of Spain’s galleon, Santa Anna, barely condescended to notice the weather-beaten little ship that came sailing towards him off the coast of California one morning in 1579.

He dismissed it as some vessel sent by the authorities at Acapulco in Mexico to welcome his ship after the long voyage from the Philippines.

In a few days he would bring his incredibly rich cargo of silks, spices, and golds safely to port in Acapulco. His private profit would be enough for him to return to Spain and take his place as a wealthy grandee.

What was there for him to fear? The whole broad Pacific was a private Spanish lake. Only one foreigner—the ever-accursed Francis Drake—had ever disturbed its calm.

Don Thomas was completely dumb-founded when the little ship (less than quarter the size of the Santa Anna) sailed close to him—and fired a broadside with her heavy artillery.

The stranger ship was the Desire, owned and commanded by Thomas Cavendish, aged 20, a square of Suffolk. Cavendish and his brother had heard vague stories from Drake’s sailors about a richly-laden galleon which sailed every year from Manila to Acapulco.

With Elizabethan daring they had mortgaged their home and sunk every penny in a ship. They had then sailed boldly into Spanish waters, supremely confident that they could capture the great galleon.

The odds seemed fantastic, even to Alzola. The Santa Anna was 600 tons, carried 500 men and 30 guns. The little Desire had barely 60 men and 18 guns.

But Alzola’s men were sick and weary after their long voyage. And all but 10 of their guns were stowed below in the holds. The authorities at Manila had cleared the gun deck to make more room for cargo.

Cavendish made one attempt to board the galleon but was driven off. He then sailed steadily around the Santa Anna pouring in broadside after broadside.

After six hours, Alzola surrendered. Young Cavendish had taken the greatest prize ever won by a British ship.

The Santa Anna carried 122,000 pieces of eight besides “silks, satins, damask, muskets, spades, and divers other merchandise.”

When Cavendish’s sails blew out in a Bay of Biscay gale he made new sails from silk.

The Desire’s crew all wore gold chains when they sailed up the Thames to London. Queen Elizabeth knighted Thomas and his Spanish silver, released in London, was enough to start a panic in the London money market.

Cavendish’s brilliant exploit made the whole world aware of the Manila galleon. For the next 200 years, seamen dreamed of capturing the galleon—the richest prize in the seven seas. And three Englishmen succeeded.

The Manila galleon was unique in the world’s commercial history. Only the strange Spanish concept of political economy could have kept it sailing, almost unbroken, every year for 25 years.

Soon after the Philippines were first colonized, the court of Spain decided that only one ship a year should sail in each direction between Mexico and Manila.

As an encouragement to settlers, it was ordered that every man living in Manila should be entitled to ship a fixed amount of cargo on the galleon.

The yearly galleon carried goods worth an average of 2,000,000 pesos. Some cargos were worth 6,000,000 pesos.

Manila was not a prosperous colony under Spanish rule and the annual galleon became its principal revenue.

Some of the money came from trading—the cargo could be sold at twice its cost in Mexico—but the bulk of it came from fantastic corruption.

The ships themselves were provided by the Spanish Crown which also paid the crews.

The Manila authorities multiplied the positions on the galleons to provide more opportunities for graft.

Each galleon carried a captain-general, six officers, two bosuns, surgeons, chaplains, purser, accountants, masters of the silver.

The pilots were sometimes, but not always, trained seamen. The other officers were selected from those who could pay most.

The captain-general included sniders, lawyers, and treasury officials. Normally, the captain-general received a salary of 1000 pesos for the trip.
Actually, he paid the Governor up to 10,000 pesos for the post. He could expect to clear 50,000 on the voyage. One captain-general made 200,000 pesos on a single voyage.

The merchants made money in other ways. Between voyages, the galleons were allowed to rot for months at their moorings. Useful sums could be made from refitting them the following year.

They traded food, water, and ammunition to make room for cargo. The galleons were often overloaded.

But with all their faults, they were the largest, finest ships in the world. And they maintained a regular service across the Pacific from 1565 to 1815.

The wealth of the galleons was a constant lure to British seamen.

The most persistent, and unsuccessful of them all was William Dampier. In his first voyage round the world with the buccaneer Swan, Dampier sighted the annual Manila ship but Swan had to let it go because his ship was too short of provisons.

After exploring the Australian coast in H.M.S. Beobuck, Dampier became commander of the privateer St. George. He sighted the Manila galleon Rosario in 1703 but was driven off after a short fight.

Still determined, he sailed as pilot with Woodes Rogers on the Duke in 1708. Woodes Rogers attacked the 48-gun Nuestra Señora de la Encarnacion and captured the galleon after a long fight.

Two more British privateers tried to repeat the exploit 11 years later but the next successful attack was made by Captain Anson in H.M.S. Centurion in 1713.

Anson had been sent on a round-world voyage to harry Spanish trade. He missed the galleon off California, sailed to the Philippines and missed again.

He refitted his ship in China and waited for a third chance. This time he caught the Covadonga on its way from Acapulco to Manila.

The fight lasted two hours. Anson's man, in a smaller ship, won out by their ions, unlucky voyage, fought desperately.

When the Covadonga surrendered Anson found his prize contained 1,313,843 pieces of eight and 35,562 ounces of bullion.

Anson was promoted to admiral and raised to the peerage for the capture. The last galleon was taken in 1762 when an expedition from Madras attacked Manila.

Admiral Cornwall, the British commander, sent ships looking for the expected galleon from Acapulco.

The Spaniards intercepted the galleon and landed its silver secretly. Then the British cruisers, returning disappointed to port, sighted the greatest of all Manila galleons, Santissima Trinidad.

The galleon had sailed from Manila a fortnight before Cornwall arrived and was now returning because of bad weather.

In typical Spanish fashion, the galleon had only six guns on deck when H.M.S. Anson attacked at dusk.

By dawn, the Spanish commander had mounted seven more guns but H.M.S. Panther had joined in the attack.

The galleon, 2600 tons and the biggest ship in the world, fought on for two more hours.

British authorities later counted 1068 cannon balls embedded in her thick sides. Not one had penetrated entirely.
OUT IN THE SPINIFEX AND THE SAND, THE MEN IN KHAKI BRING JUSTICE, SUCCOUR AND CONSOLATION TO THE PEOPLE BEHIND BEYOND

“Mountie” of the Finke

L. E. Kingsbury

Constable Brown set a clump of spinifex on fire. The spiky grass blazed up and crumpled in a neat little bonfire.

The laughing merrily-constable who put on this little demonstration of the inflammability of this desert grass for us was about to board “the Ghan”—the train which runs tele-weekly from Oodnadatta to Alice Springs.

He was beginning his yearly patrol of his 106,000 square miles area—the largest one-man police district in the world. He wore the khaki uniform and broad-brimmed hat of the Northern Territory police, which until 1931 was a mounted force like the Canadian Mounted.

The north-bound train was halted at the Finke River—the constable’s station. Over on the right we could see several low-roofed bungalows of galvanised iron and a herd of black and white goats. Somewhere near them, although we could not see them, would be the camel team of 10 always kept up to strength at this police outpost.

On the left we could glimpse the Finke River, which usually runs only about once a year and the rest of the time is just a dry bed of sand, with only twisted gum trees to distinguish the banks... the world’s oldest river, it is said to be.

For the first time, Ron Brown was about to do his entire patrol by truck, in company with a Native Affairs officer—a patrol which takes him three months to do by camel.

A fifth of the Northern Territory in area, his district extends from just south of Alice Springs to the South Australian border and from the Queensland to the West Australian borders. On the trip on which he was about to set out he would travel 2,000 miles, covering the main cattle stations in the area.

A strange world it is, this “kingdom” of his. Ron Brown will tell you of a cattle station on the Finke River where there is a meteorite crater rated as the third or fourth largest in the world—“the meteorite fell a long time ago because the blacks don’t remember the noise of it,” he says.

He will describe to you the famous Ayres Rock north of the Musgrave Ranges which, he says, is “supposed to be the world’s largest stone or rock—1,800 feet high and about seven miles around. It’s a place where the blacks gather sometimes for corroborees.”

At one stage of the patrol Constable Brown veers off north-east to Andado Station on the western fringe of the Simpson Desert. From this station, he said, Professor Madigan crossed the Simpson Desert to Birdsville... “and I think he crossed well over 700 sandhills, some of them 80 feet high.”

The farthest point of the constable’s journey was to be Mount Olga, which is about 300 miles south-west of Alice Springs.

Constable Brown has been with the Northern Territory Police Force since about 1931 and stationed at the Finke River for more than half that time.

He and his wife and their two children had only two or three other families to permanent company at the Finke.

“Lonely?” he hardly seemed to know the meaning of the word.

There is always something going on. One day the phone rang with a call from the rail master at Alice Springs to summon Constable Brown hurriedly to a certain station on the line. The rail master said that some Balts were standing over a ganger there with knives. The ganger had managed to dash to a phone and call for help. Then there had been an eerie silence over the wire and silence.

Constable Brown hurried to the scene. On his way he met the ganger and his mate boiling for their lives. The Balts had come upon them when phoning. When he arrived at the station, a strenuous Balt attacked the constable but he disposed of him. Three of the rustlers had escaped and fled to the hills. As their punishment the Balts were heavily fined and transferred to the Trans Continental line.

The most frequent offenders he has to deal with are sheep and cattle thieves, apart from the usual drunks and disorders. Tribal murders, fortunately, had not come his way, although police officers in other districts had had their share of them.

Another of Constable Brown’s adventures was during a patrol the previous year. His vehicle became the first to go to the Petermann Ranges without a camel team supporting it and without a wireless set. He went over to the south-western aboriginal reserve to see whether any white men were trespassing there, prospecting or hunting for digno scalps, and also to see whether the country could be crossed by motor vehicles.

All Northern Territory police stations have black trackers, and Constable Brown had one who provided quite a few diversions. As frequently happens with aboriginals...
the returns which all employers of aborigines have to put in every six months, showing how many blacks they're employing and what wages they are paying them, and also how many dependants these aborigines have.

At Rumbekera, for instance, north of the Finke and on the train line to Alice Springs, the United Paint Company employs aborigines bagging and trucking ochre. And, of course, they are indispensable employees on the cattle stations.

The lineline of Constable Brown's territory is the Overland Telegraph, which stretches more than 2,000 miles from Adelaide to Darwin, and is said to be the longest telephonic line in the world. The Darwin exchange can dial an Adelaide number and get it immediately although 2,000 miles of sandhills, saltbush, salt lakes and uninhabited giber the lie in between. Over the smoke of aboriginal camp fires it stretches—one of the longest telegraph lines in the world, radiating from a capital city.

In the old days anyone stranded on a desert stretch without water had only to climb a pole cut the line to bring immediate rescue. That doesn't happen so often now but it would still be a successful S.O.S. for men like Constable Brown if his wireless transmitter failed.

However, the usual interruptions to the line are from wild turkeys or ducks becoming caught in the wires, from storms and floods, and from irresponsible with radios who fire at the insulators.

Just before World War II a linesman named Chris Nesbitt, working with the Wireless Telegraphy Service, was awarded the OBE for his work in re-establishing the communication when the line was cut by floods between Alice Springs and Oodnadatta. Meanwhile, Nesbitt and other linesmen went out by camel or pack horse and worked so slowly to the skin for days, replacing stretches of wire with coils dropped to them by plane.

So at the Finke there is the occasional visit of a linesman, as well as the occasional kangaroo shooter motoring up from Adelaide by jeep, and sometimes a prospector or two.

Two kangaroo shooters who were indiscreet enough to pick up a can of petrol they found by the track on their way to Alice Springs were later tried at the Alice Springs Police Court but acquitted. The police had had them tabbed all the way after picking up the can in this country where news travels faster than in any capital city.

The Northern Territory policeman is hardly less romantic than the Canadian "Mountie" with the territory he has to cover and the way he, too, always gets his man. Although the status of "mounted police" was removed in 1934, there are still a number of horse stations, and at the Finke, of course, there is the camel team of 19.

To listen to Constable Brown you would think his job was a cinch. He says that he has met wilder people at King's Cross than he has encountered in the Northern Territory! But you remember the story of the pugnacious Bull? And you remember, too, how easy it is for a man to die of thirst in this country if just a few things go wrong and he is stranded without water. And you decide that Constable Brown and his police district of more than 100,000 square miles live up to all the traditions of any Canadian "Mountie" story you've ever heard.
men who make
FACES
On the scarred remnants of human bodies, silent men with steady hands are working minor miracles.

RONALD J. COOKE

MANY a man of the R.A.A.F. (not to mention other scores of servicemen who fought in World War II) will never forget another man who had a thick-set and of medium build with a square, belligerent jaw, and a pair of tired friendly eyes peering through horn-rimmed spectacles. He seemed like half-a-hundred other men—except that his fingers—blunt, capable, inclusive—were the fingers of a born surgeon.

He was a Royal Air Force plastic surgeon, Dr. A. H. McIndoe ... and through his hands passed not only the tortured, fire-scarred bodies of pilots who had faced the flames, but also the pitiful victims of the Nazi blitz on British cities.

He gave them new tops lids for their scarred eyes, grafted fresh skin to their mutilated bodies; taught the streptococcus in suppurating wounds, made fresh faces from what Richard Hillary (whom he had healed) called 'laxon-strings' carved from legs, half-a-hundred minor miracles.

And all this with bombs ... some of them 2,500 pounds ... bursting about the hospital where he worked. In his autobiography, "The Last Enemy," Richard Hillary has summed up his impressions of Dr. McIndoe's hospital. He says: "It was perhaps the best hospital in England ... and its great charm lay in that it in no way resembled a hospital ... it anything it was like the inside of a ship ... the nursing staff were very carefully chosen, and during the regular blitzing of the district, which took place every night, they were magnificent."

And what Dr. McIndoe achieved under those difficulties is still being continued and improved in many parts of the world.

In Canada, on the second floor of the Queen Mary Veterans Hospital in Montreal is a floor marked Plastic Reconstruction. To most people the words may mean little. But to some 700 Canadian ex Servicemen, they stand for "Miracle."

Plastic reconstruction is the process of building eyes, ears, noses, hands and other external and internal parts of the human body. In the field implies, the principal materials used are members of the plastic family. The various parts are so skillfully constructed that they not only have a natural appearance, but in many cases fulfill the functions of the lost member. About 90 per cent. of plastic reconstruction cases treated at the Q.M.V.H. are for Servicemen, while the other 10 per cent. are civilians who go there because it is the most advanced plastic reconstruction centre in Canada. Plastic reconstruction doesn't supplant surgery but, instead, is used when surgical methods are not possible.

While achievements in plastic surgery by Dr. Wilfred Johnstone and his associates at this Montreal hospital approach the miraculous, these men look on such results as just part of a job which requires constant experimentation.

The department for the construction of plastic eyes and other plastic reconstructions at Queen Mary Hospital was started in October, 1945, by Dr. George M. MacDonald, as an adjunct to facial reconstruction following injuries sustained by fighting men during the war.

At one time glass eyes were the vogue, but with glass comes the constant danger of breakage and explosion due to temperature changes, and the eye is likely to appear artificial. At the Veterans' Hospital "Lucite" (methyl methacrylate plastic) is now used exclusively for making eyes and has proved very satisfactory. "Lucite" eyes offer a better working surface for technicians than glass and thus can be given a more lifelike appearance. A "Lucite" eye is so sturdy it can be bounced on a concrete floor without sustaining damage. An advantage of plastic is that it can be formed around a stem which is inserted into a titanium ball attached to the eye muscles and which allows the artificial eye to move in the same degree as the good one. Not all plastic eyes have this stem—the type of eye prescribed depends on the condition of the eye socket.

The key part of the artificial eye is a plastic iris disc which resembles a small washer. The size of this disc corresponds to the size of the good iris. The disc is hard-colored to match the good eye by combining some of the following colors: yellow ochre, cobalt blue, chromium green, cadmium red, white-ivory, black, and burntumber. Two eyes are made for each patient. In one eye the pupil is a little larger to allow for night dilation, so that a person going out in the evening can substitute the eye with the larger pupil.

Once the iris size has been chosen and the colors applied, a pupil of "Lucite" is made in a steel die and dropped into the centre of the
"Lucite" orb. A cast of plastic modelling wax is fitted into the patient's eye socket and a pattern taken. A wax shell is produced from this, and a paste of "Lucite" powder and liquid packed into the mould. The eye is then baked, or "cured", in an oven. Once the eye has been formed, colors and vein lines corresponding to the patient's good eye are added. The doctors at Queen Mary Hospital have developed a new technique for making sure the color rendition matches perfectly.

Formerly it was necessary for the patient to sit for hours while an artist modelled the artificial eye from the patient's good one. Now a colour photograph is taken of the good eye and blown-up on a glass screen. Thus the artist can follow the eye pattern easily and there is no need for the patient to pose.

Adding veins to the eye is necessary for natural appearance and red nylon threads are used for this. A short thread of the fibre is separated into strands (monofilis) and the vein pattern reproduced in various diameters. The diameter of a single vein is increased by running two or more monofilis together. A plastic solution takes the monofilis into the different designs. To reproduce the delicate capillary beds, red oil pigment is applied sparingly. Brown or yellow oil colours applied by finger tip reproduce characteristic surface pigmentation. Tiny brushes and oil paints introduce other colour lines. The eye is then given a coat of clear plastic and polished. The high finish eliminates the possibility of irritation.

The total working time required to make an eye is about 24 hours. The patient has five visits to the hospital for fitting. The eye is ready. The nature waters in the eye socket, which are supplied by the tear ducts, are adequate to lubricate the orb.

About one-third of the patients treated by the plastic reconstruction department are eye cases. The rest of the work is given to making plastic skull plates, nasal fittings, drainage tubes and other internal parts, as well as new ears, noses and hands.

Man has always sought some method of devising appliances to disguise bodily and facial defects, and has tried numerous materials for this purpose. In recent years parts of the human body have been made from gelatine, vulcanite, latex, and acrylic. The vinyl resin type of flexible plastic became available during World War II and has had increasing success at the Queen Mary Veteran's Hospital as material for noses, ears, arms and other members.

Many men lost hands, ears, or had noses shattered during the war, and where surgery cannot help, plastics are used with outstanding success. It is first usually necessary to find someone with an organ shaped somewhat like that lost by the patient. A cast is made from the model and a pigmented plasticised mixture poured into a warm mould. The curing process is accomplished in an electric dry oven; satisfactory curing depends on the degree rather than duration of exposure. Too much heat for too long gives the member a brownish unnatural appearance. After it is taken from the mould, the prosthesis, or part, can be trimmed with scissors. Additional colouring is applied to produce the normal pigmentation. Tinting to get a flesh color is done discreetly.

The eye or nose is kept in position on the patient with adhesive—a dermoprene cement has been found most suitable. An ear or nose can be worn satisfactorily for as long as 24 hours at a time, though patients are advised to remove the prosthesis before going to bed, and to wash it every day.

Hands, too, are made from vinyl resin plastics. After finding a donor with a hand having almost identical contours and muscle positions to the patient's remaining appendages, a series of rubber casts is made. Then, on completion, the plastic hand returns every mark of the donor's, from finger nail indentations to knuckle wrinkles. The nail portions, when given a coat of clear plastic, have a perfectly natural appearance. Foamed plastic, encasing a flexible core made from "Lucite" and copper wire, fills the inside of the hand. The fingers can be curled by the patient's other hand and are strong enough to carry a light suitcase. Afterwards it is a simple matter to straighten them out. The hand is attached to the arm by metal clips which are not visible when a coat is worn.

Many a veteran who lost an eye, an ear, a nose or a hand in to-day leading a relatively normal life—and few business associates are aware of his loss.
test-tube
champions

SYDNEY GEORGE EBERT

Is Australia offering enough training facilities for its
sportsmen? Study these new vistas and think furiously.

H E A D man in the physiological de-
partment of Sydney University
is an energetic, gray-haired fellow
with twinkling blue eyes and con-
tagious enthusiasm. His hobby is
sport and sportsmen. He has brought
science to Australian sport and Aus-
tralian sport has enjoyed benefit from
the bringing Professor Frank Cotton,
D Sc., is our man.

Do you remember when, just a
brace of years ago, he introduced his
rowing ergometer to Sydney town? That
metal contraption of pulley-weight,
counter-balance, elbow-joints and indicator dials, pro-
duced many an amused smile on many a weather-beaten face when
the Professor explained its use. "Just a simple machine for measuring
the power produced by prospective oars-
men," he said. "Naturally, the mea-
sured standards will indicate whether or not the subject is capable to prove
suitable for rowing activity," he added. The rugged, experienced men
from the watercourses grinned more broadly and nudged each other—and
Frank Cotton, D Sc., answered them
with his spontaneous smile.

The Prof's gunners are rowing crew
is now well known throughout Aus-
tralia—even to those who have no
dealings with the sport of rhythm and
rowlocks. He tested several scores of
volunteers on the sliding seat of that
ergometer. He jotted down the read-
ings showing on the little dials. Then
he selected a team of four. There
were a pair of ex-schoolboy rowers
and two men who had never pulled a
shell. The crew, during its first sea-
son—1930—won the New South Wales
junior and senior rowing titles. Naturally everyone was very amazed
—everyone except Prof Cotton. He
wasn't at all surprised.

His next public experiment was
with the foot running boys who stride
over the really long distances of the
marathon—26 miles and 395 yards of
it. There was no machinery involved
this time. The Prof and his staff took
blood samples from selected runners
and subjected them to test "on the
spot." He explained that "the changes
that take place in the blood, under
stress of exercise, have a deep significance in body efficiency." "For in-
stance," he stated in an interview,
"the white cells in the blood may even
double in number during strenuous exercise. The marathon race is pro-
viding a unique opportunity for ob-
servation of changes in blood blood-
changes. We must remember that the
white cells in the blood help us to
combat disease."

But no doubt many Australians regard
the general physiological professor as
a unique type of academic personality
with an unusual hobby. In the field
of physical education he now ranks
with world famous physiologists such
as Doctors Cureton and Karkovitch,
of America, and Dr Jokl, of South
Africa. These scientists also expe-
rience with athletes—and to a much
greater degree than our own Professor
Cotton.

Mr. Harold Le Maistre, Director
of Physical Education at Sydney
Teachers' College and University,s
spent four years studying physical
education in America. He worked
closely with Professor Cureton at
Springfield, and also with Karkovitch
at Yale and Mann from Michigan—the
most famous scientific swimming
coaches in the world.

We asked "Hal" Le Maistre for
some facts on the invasion of the sport
coaching field by scientists.

"Cureton submitted the 1932
Japanese and American swimmers
to a battery of tests. which showed
that the Americans were superior
to the Japanese in height, weight,
general flexibility and buoyancy.
The Japanese were superior to the
Americans in power, strength (leg,
back, arm) and endurance. Tests
on stroke efficiency (size, style and
technique) showed that there was
very little, if any, difference be-
tween the two groups. Hence it
appears obvious that a major factor
that helped the Japanese "scoop the
swimming pool" at the 1932 Olympics
was their greater strength.

All of the 1932 American Olympic
swimmers could sprint over a very
short distance at a very great speed.
They could not maintain this speed
over longer distances. Likewise in
Australia we have many first-class
swimmers capable of swimming very
short distances, e.g., 25 yards, at a
very high speed, but they cannot keep
this speed up even for 110 yards. If
they do try and maintain this fast
speed they "die away" before the
Ah, science! At the University of California, Dr. John Cushung is typing the blood of fish just as human blood is typed for Red Cross banks. He hopes to gain information that will throw light on the mystery of fish migration, and also on the way higher animals become immune to various diseases in the course of evolution. Dr. Cushung hopes that his blood-type patterns will eventually reveal how far tuna, salmon and sardines will go to breed.

Finish. This suggests that, when a swimmer is near world class, the factor limiting any further improvement is more than likely concerned with endurance rather than whether his fingers execute this or that little embellishment.

For a number of years prior to the 1932 Olympics, Cureton had observed that champion long distance swimmers were all good floaters, whereas the sprinters in general were not. He submitted the 1932 Japanese swimmers to flotation tests and found that long distance men floated on their backs with ease, whereas the middle distance man did not float as high in the water, i.e., their legs were more submerged than the former group, while the sprinters were relatively poor floaters. Their legs were either deeply submerged or else they had difficulty in floating at all.

It is Dr. Cureton’s thesis that distance men should not be continually expending energy in keeping themselves afloat but should be using all available energy for forward propulsion. With sprinters it would appear that heavier legs are not a handicap in this regard but are more suitable for a shorter type of effort. We all know what good style means. It is the style that gives the greatest efficiency, i.e., the style that produces the best result for the minimum of effort. Good style means grace of movement—the better the style the more graceful.

Viewed from many angles, evidence points to the conclusion that swimming at uniform speed is the most economical way to race. This can be demonstrated by racing motor cars. Although human beings are not as machine-like as racing cars, the example illustrates my point. It is a well-established fact that the faster a car goes, then the higher is the petrol consumption in miles per gallon.

It would seem likely, also, that when two swimmers of the same ability and physical make-up compete, then the one who races at uniform speed and finishes exhausted would be the winner because he has expended his energy in the most economical way. I must admit that this argument is not entirely without a certain query, but, in the main, it appears to be very sound.

It can be shown just as readily that a swimmer doing one lap at four feet per second and the second lap at six feet per second does not average five feet per second, but less. As a matter of fact, the average is only 4.5 feet per second.

We hear of coaches producing swimmers, but very little acknowledgment is given to the swimmers’ parents.

To reach world class a swimmer must be “a natural.”

(1) His ability to co-ordinate movement must be inherent in him.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLYNAS WILLIAMS

WHEN FRED PERLEY, GLANCING OUT OF HIS WINDOW, SAW THAT THE NEW NEIGHBORS WHOM THEY HAD ASKED TO DINNER WERE DRESSING UP, HE AND HIS WIFE TORE INTO THEIR EVENING CLOTHES. BUT UNFORTUNATELY THE NEIGHBORS HAD GOTTEN A PEAK AT FRED, AND ARRIVED A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AFTER A LIGHTNING CHANGE IN DAY CLOTHES.
THE LADY LOVED AN OUTLAW

IN late April, 1861, the wild young men and women of Wheego and theirsaborus, in the Weddin Mountains, N.S.W., had a party in the woods, and the affair ended in the death of old Paddy O'Meally. Most were the children of convicts, and most had a strong Irish strain.

Helen, wife of John McGuire; Bridget, of Ben Hall, and, prostest and highest-skinner of them all, Kate, married to John Brown, then a stockman on Walsh's station.

A horseman came into the lighted doorway. Three inches short of six feet, he wore long, coal-black hair to his shoulders. He was a "flash" man of the bush, and he had the devil in his eyes. He was Destiny, ruddy into the life of Kate.

He was Frank Clark, otherwise Christie, now Gardiner, but, always, "The Darkie." A gaol-breaker from Pentridge (Victoria), ex-convict from Cocketon Island, absconding ticket-of-leave man from Carcoar, cattle-duffer, horse thief, one-time "stick-up" man (with Gilbert) when lawlessness was at its height on the Monaro Goldfields. Frank Gardiner.

His latest exploit was to skip bail after arrest for selling a cow (stolen) cattle in his butcher's shop at Lambing Flat, Dungans. He was on the run.

A foolish precaution at O'Meally's — so, on with the dance! Was it fate that sent Kate Brown polka-ing in the arms of the outlaw-to-be?

Gardiner took to the roads with John Pauley. He was at Fogg's horse on Nash River, wounded, when surprised by Sergeant Middleton and Trooper Howie. The Darkie shot his way out and hurried back to the Weddin. He was on the run again, and he meant to see Kate Brown before he left.

He did see her. McGuire brought him to Hall's hut. Kate was waiting, her sister Gardiner escorted her home, but it took them several hours to cover two miles. When Kate crept into bed without disturbing her sleeping husband, she slipped a love-token from Gardiner under the pillow, a heart-shaped nugget of gold that was to bind her wronged husband to gold.

Some were to figure prominently in Australian bushranging history. Johnny O'Meally, Daley, Mann, Donleavy, Johnny Gilbert (Canadian born), and a gentleman named Ben Hall, to name a few. Among the women were three daughters of John Walsh, of Wheego.

before many weeks had passed by.

Once more Gardiner departed from the Weddin. He returned in February, 1862.

Meanwhile, the two Johnnies, Gilbert and O'Meally, had been trying their "prestige hands at bushranging. Daredevil young men regarded the experienced Gardiner as Captain, but he needed steady men for his plans. McGuire would have nothing to do with it.

There is some argument whether it was now or later that Ben Hall joined the gang.

While completing his plans, and constantly dodging the police, Gardiner met no opportunity of pressing his illicit suit with Kate Brown.

On Sunday, 15th June, 1862, Gardiner, with seven others, at Eugowra Rocks, robbed the gold escort of £14,000.

Sir Frederick Pottenger, in charge of the police in the district, pressed the hunt for the robbers, eventually arresting eight suspects. They were McGuire, Brown, ostegenerous Paddy O'Meally, a man named Trotter, and Ben's brother Bill, with Ben Hall, Johnny O'Meally, and Dan Charters (from Northern Ireland).

But not the King of the Road.

While John Brown, who had been arrested because of the heart-shaped love-token given by Gardiner to Kate, languished behind the loss, The Darkie and Kate dallied in the outlaw's mountain-top hide-out.

Just after dark on 5th August, eight police under Pottenger surrounded the Wheego homestead.

It was midnight before a ruler on a white stallion canted straight for the cover under which Pottenger and two police lurked. The inspector whipped up his rope and pulled the trigger. He missed. He called on Gardiner to surrender, triggering again, with the horse prancing a bare

CAVALCADE, May, 1952

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STATE OF THE NATION (XI)

Ho, the Merrie Month, the gay! Down Under, lombplings leap and play! Birdlings, clear your throats and say 'happily': "Callooo-cally!" Covert, cops, And, rabbits, frisk! (Myxoma virus! Toke o' rinse! Slaw-worms, spritzen up! Be brisk! House flies, still more spirely winkle! Elephants, don't stand at ease! Zip up zoos! Press down your knees on keepers who've been hard to please! Consider: Jocund days like these are custom-built for public joy! Hither, children! Don't be coy!

You'll have fun if you annoy your parents when you break that toy they bought themselves to buy! So set your spirit soaring! Pour the pennies in a circle. Why, the wellies mode to ring! Shout, wolves and werewolves! Prance and sing some neat and nasty little thing as "Nonny-no! Dingle-ding!"

Ho, welcome, Merrie Month so gay! Let joy abound, Ayunt dismay! Join in the fun! Why worry, pray, if corns should ache on Ancients' Day?

—JAY-PAY

five yards from the muzzle of the rifle. Once more the gun whined. Two slugs from the rider's revolver whined past Pottenger's ear, as the horse wheeled and jumped to the run. The infuriated Inspector went to the homestead, where he arrested seventeen-year-old "Warrigal" Walsh, Kate's brother, on suspicion of being a "waggon telegraph" of the outlaw. He was, and one of the best.

But Gardner had not gone far. After the police had taken "Warrigal," he returned to Kate. At Ben Hall's home they made plans to elope. They started that night and crossed the Queensland border a week later. As Mr. and Mrs. Frank Christie, they opened a wayside inn at Apsley, west from Rockhampton. Two guilty men, Ben Hall and Johnny O'Malley, were discharged at Bathurst. Some of the innocents had been freed earlier, but McGurk stood trial twice for his life in Sydney.

After the first trial for the escort robbery, a reward of one thousand pounds was offered for Gardner, but the Detectives could not have cared less. He was prospering in business, and he was happy and contented with Kate. On the journey through Queensland, they had met a couple named Craig. In partnership, Craig ran the hotel, Gardner a store.

But the wheel of destiny was turning. Yarning for news of home, Kate had a letter sent to Taylor and, in turn, Taylor dropped hints that came to the ears of Detective McGlone.

On March 2, 1884, McGlone knew that Christie was his man. He approached him in front of the store. It was a short, vicious struggle, but the detectives clapped on the cuffs.

Gardner's trial created a sensation. He was not charged with the Eugowra escort robbery, but with wounded saloon. He married and became the father of two sons. Rumour has it that he was shot dead in Colorado during a poker game in 1902.

But what of Kate Brown, the pretty, flighty, and misguided young wife of the mountain? Penniless, with all hope gone, Kate returned to the west, where she lived with Taylor and her sister, Bridget. She met Dick Taylor, a "drunken, quarrelsome blackguard," and with him went to the Hokitika goldfield in New Zealand, lived there in a tent for a few months and then shot herself.

The verdict was suicide!
WAS KINSEY REALLY THE FIRST?

The Master Kinsey burst briskly into the best-seller class, but what of the lorn, maligned ghost who stood at his elbow?

MARGARET CLARKE

Ever since Dr Alfred Kinsey exploded into the public scene with his report on the "Sexual Behaviour of the Human Male" (and was briskly banished to the reserved lists of Municipal Libraries, the masculine section of the populace has been engaged in squinting furtively one at another and openly registering the most libellous of suspicions. And—
to make matters more exciting—those females who have been mercilessly permitted to study the tome have immediately radiated absorbed interest, kettishly protruded their claws... and prepared to scratch.

Indeed, the sensation has been somewhat similar to what Hollywood—in a mood of modest understatement—might term "stupendous". And the plaudits have not been confined exclusively to the lady, various scientists have also shown every symptom of losing their aplomb to have such fresh vistas opened to them.

But were the views really so fresh? Has an entirely new light been thrown human beings?

In short, was Dr Kinsey really the first to make a scientific survey of the more exotic sexual points-on of his contemporaries?

I am, of course, always open to contradiction, but I should like here to be recorded as voting "No."

Admittedly, when Dr Kinsey issued his treatise, he was treated with all the reverence and applause of a new comet that has suddenly flashed into human ken. Amid chidings of pleasant revulsion, he bounded into the best-seller class. But with what justification? Was Dr. Kinsey such an early pioneer as he was hailed? Consider.

Less than two centuries ago, another author issued a series of volumes on much the same theme as Dr Kinsey. And what happened? Such being the capacity for change in men and manners, this literary innovator—far from being lauded—had his books banned and burned, while he himself was gored again and again, and even twice sentenced to death.

Only in recent years, after a fresh study of his maligned works, has at least one English critic gone so far as to proclaim that this alleged degenerate was "savagely in earnest": "perhaps the first sexual psychopathologist..." in other words, a Dr Kinsey born in advance of his time.

He was—and is—known as the "infamous" Marquis de Sade... and modern psychologists may not find even his childhood unimportant. De Sade’s parents—according to the custom of the country and the times—were disposed not to spare the rod for fear of spoiling the child.

But his grandmother adored him (a significant point).

He was only 14 when he fought in the Seven Years War and, at 21, he married a plain (but wealthy) moppet, Rose de Montaleil—though he was paying more attention to her much more eye-worthy younger sister.

It does not seem, however, that marriage was de Sade’s first experiment in sex or that, after marriage, he confined his investigation to his spouse. Though the reasons are obscure de Sade was not long wed when he was sentenced to his first jail term. His parents managed somehow to hide this skeleton in the family cupboard and there was no public scandal, but de Sade... probably not yet sure enough of himself to realize why he had done what he had done... suffered a change of heart. On his release, he weakened sufficiently to write to the Governor of the island admitting "terrible guilt."

Still, there were no grave complications until in 1788 the "Keller Scandal" burst over Paris. This is what occurred: de Sade was 28, handsome, charming, socially popular and a father. Rose Keller was a young widow.

One day, Rose suddenly raced to the gendarmes to announce that the Marquis (whom she admitted she found very attractive) had taken her to his house, stripped her, whipped her with a leather thong, rubbed her down with an ointment, put her to bed... and left her alone. She told police that such conduct "perturbed her so badly that she had knocked her sheets together and escaped by the window."

The Marquis was arrested and charged with assault.

The trial caused a sensation. Police Inspector Marsac grimly determined that this idle-minded young aristocrat should be taught a lesson.

However, the Marquis cut a dash in Court, won much sympathy and caused not a little merriment. Only Inspector Marsac did not find it funny when de Sade pleaded that, far from having acted criminally, he had proved himself a public benefactor—had he not shown the efficiency of the ointment he had prepared?"
OUR Office Golf Council reports that he once actually saw a Golf Club. But, after trying hard for weeks to master the game, he was forced to the conclusion that golf was not his cup of tea. This dawned on him one day when, excavating a bunker like a bulldozer, he paused to remark pleasantly to his cadets: "Funny game, golf, isn't it?" The cadets gazed wearily towards the nineteenth hole. "Tm not meant to be," he advised bleakly.

Why Rose Keller was not able to produce even the smallest bruise or scratch to bear out her story! The Court, presumably the judge, was ruled out of order and the Marquis was ordered to pay compensation to La Keller—who, it may be said, used the money as a dowry and remarried a month later.

For the next two years, the de Sades lived an apparently normal life. Renee had another child. Then, suddenly, the usual rumors began to ripple in widening circles. The lid blew off. In 1778 de Sade and a handsome young valet were arrested in Marseilles and charged with poisoning and a variety of other sexual offenses.

The charges were based on threats girls had been taken ill. Exhibited in the Court included a bloodstained parchment whip (studded with nails) and some drugged confectionery.

The girls recovered, but the Marquis was tried by an unsympathetic Court presided over by a gloomy judge, with Marais again giving evidence.

The fact that the girls (who were enchanted with de Sade) begged that the whole thing should be called off, made no difference.

De Sade was sentenced to death. Now in his early thirties, de Sade had no wish to die. He thought hard and acted fast. When the warden opened his cell to prepare him for the scaffold, there was only a dummy in the bed.

De Sade was on his way to Italy accompanied by his lovely young sister-in-law, Louise. (And, in explanation of this, it may be mentioned that he would have preferred to marry Louise rather than Renee if he had had a free choice nine years before.)

De Sade's early life was filled with fantastic mother-in-law, Madame de Monteureil, who turned to love unpleasantly.

There is no evidence to support the theory that she was in love with her son-in-law and that he rebuffed her advances; but her malignant behaviour lends some colour to the belief. Or perhaps she was just an embittered and frustrated old woman.

At all events, when Louise ran off with de Sade, Mme de Monteureil was bound, herself, the man whom so many women admired must be put beyond the reach of all women.

The simple and obvious thing would have been to have had him brought back to France—and to the trial—where he had been sharpened for him.

But that would disgrace an old and noble family. There were more subtle ways.

Before the French Revolution, there existed in France a means by which well-placed persons might have embarrassing relations or irritating friends imprisoned indefinitely and without trial. Mme de Monteureil resorted to this means; she obtained a

"lettre de cachet"—an order for arrest signed in blank by the King.

She then managed to entice her son-in-law back to France. He was immediately flung into prison.

If it had not been for the devoted Renee, it is hard to believe that de Sade would have survived. Certainly he would have never written all the books that may yet bring him belated honours.

Renee pulled strings until he was moved from his foul dungeon into a less nauseous cell. She saw that he was provided with books, pen, paper, and ink.

In the solitude of his prison, de Sade was thinking, writing, and shaping his philosophy.

This philosophy became the kernel of the novels, short stories, plays, and verse he wrote during the next 11 years.

His writings reveal a thinker with a passionate sense of justice, a deep love of humanity. We find him advocating the abolition of capital punishment, complete freedom for women and their equality with men in all phases of life, a more equitable distribution of wealth and most of the modern creeds of economic enlightenment.

In the meantime, the French revolution had broken out and, in 1793, the new rulers of France released the "lettres de cachet" prisoners. De Sade staggered out of gaol—to start his life again.

But more masts, another death sentence, his most sensational writings and a lunatic asylum still lay between de Sade and the grave.

His first trouble was politics. He embraced the French Revolution when he was out of gaol in 1790. But though he believed in Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, he hated bloodshed. When the Terror was let loose to bite the necks of the aristocracy, he protested. He was arrested for "moderation" and gaolled. The date for his execution was once more fixed. Only the death of Robespierre and the end of the Terror saved him.

Constance was waiting for him at home. There, cared for by her, he wrote the two books which were to make his name "infamous"

They were "La Philosophie Dans Le Boudoir" and "The New Justine". Napoleon Bonaparte immediately ordered all copies to be confiscated and burned... and, for generations afterwards, men raised horrorstruck hands in public and read the books in secret.

De Sade, of course, did not approach his subject with such scientific impersonality as Dr Kinsey did, but there is little (if anything) in his books which Kinsey did not also reveal.

Perhaps if de Sade had used more tabulations and statistics and fewer blow-for-blow descriptions, his works might have been accepted. But he paid the penalty of being too graphic and was once more indred in a cell.

After two more years in gaol, de Sade was sent to a lunatic asylum—Napoleons fancy way of dealing with men who embarrassed him. But de Sade the scientist could not be repressed; next thing he is using modern occupational therapeutic methods to treat his fellow lunatics.

Some years after his death in 1814, the monks of St Gall in Switzerland dug up his body to examine it. Their phrenologist reported that the head showed much tenderness and love for humanity.

So there you have it: Was de Sade really so "infamous" and was Kinsey really the first to say it?
What is meant by "A Maid's Market"?

Now, patience . . . patience . . . patience! There is absolutely no need for panic. "A Maid's Market" is not an auction sale of prospective inhabitants of harems. It seems, as a matter of fact, to have been an Old Bulgarian Custom. According to the record, in pre-war Bulgaria all housemaids seeking jobs and all maidservants seeking housemaids used to meet annually on November 6 in the main square of Sofia, the Bulgarian capital. There, employment agreements were made—each agreement being binding for one year. In this way, both housemaid and housewife could look forward to twelve months of security. BUT—housemaid-hungry housewives of Australia will kindly avert their eyes from local F & V Markets; there's enough trouble there already.

What Are "Bar sal Guns"?

Subside . . . subside, you armchair strategists! "Bar sal Guns" are not the latest Top-Secret Weapon. Geomorphologists (characters who try to explain why the globe bulges when it bulges, y'know) assure us that these "Bar sal Guns" are "mysterious sounds that emanate from the earth." Though we have never heard one, we understand that they most frequently occur "on or near large bodies of water" and that they "sound like distant cannon." They are named after the town of Bar sal (India), where they were first reported.

Who (or What) Were "The Millerites"?

Well, it's a sad story. "The Millerites" were a congregation of over-credulous citizens who gathered round one William Miller, a prophet of New York State. Master Miller disclosed to his followers the disquieting fact that the Last Judgment was timed for October 26, 1843. No less than 75,000 bug-eyed Burgesses believed him. They sold their businesses, settled their affairs; and, on the morning of the due day, donned white "ascension robes" and climbed to hill-tops to await the Last Trumpet. Twenty-four hours later, when no Trumpet had been heard nor even a single funeral note— they climbed down again from the hill-tops to beg goods from what had been their own stores. Master Miller, himself, confessed to an unfortunate mistake in his calculations and offered a fresh set of statistics. There were no takeoffs.

What is the Smallest Lethal Dose of Aspirin?

Apparently, it all depends on you. Experts opine that approximately ninety tablets (450 grains) are about as much as any normal stomach can stand. But a United States citizen recently attempted to cure a headache, dosed himself with 38 tablets, and died within three hours. Which was the obvious cut for another would-be suicide to slip down 300 tablets . . . without noticeable result except a slight tendency to belch.

"Mother always knows best, they used to tell us when we were too young and helpless to defend ourselves. . . . But if this jive line of loveliness is any criterion, mother certainly does especially if she happens to be a real behind the scenes Mother of Show-Business . . . to cut a long story short, a ward robe mistress. . . . one of those great unheralded people who can produce such household eye-wash as this for Maestro Billy Rose's "Diamond Horseshoe" in Hollywood."

CAVALCADE, May, 1952
Among a score or so of exotic jobs, she is the girls' confidant, adviser and arbitrator. She'll settle their scraps for them... see her in action up above and she'll even coax them into Hats To Out Hat All High-Hats which no milliner on this earth could persuade them into wearing. Meet her! She's Aggie Ferguson (twenty years a wardrobe mistress and once dancing lead of Europe!) And her ladies? Jeanne Tyley and Anne Cannahan... with—

Estelle Gregson, coming up... and undoubtedly one of the masterpieces of Aggie Ferguson's eye for colour, charm and——you're telling us——form. No wonder the Maseiro Rosa takes 'em in... even unto the ailes... and even more understandable that Aggie's classed as Key Woman (Priority A)
PHILATELISTS CAN BE FADDY

Being a short treatise on the Art of Stamp Collecting, and a few salutory warnings on where the obsession may lead you.

They say that you don’t have to be crazy to collect postage stamps... but it helps just the same. Consider.

Some years ago a Berlin philatelist left instructions on his death for the word “Philatelist” to be inscribed on the headstone of his grave, along with the picture of the famous Cape (South Africa) triangular stamp. The wording “Thou Has Entered Unto the Sign of the Good Hope” was also included.

Then there was the Italian who, in 1869, entered a Cairo hospital for treatment. His entire body from toe to collarbone was found to be tattooed with exact representations in detail and colour of some of the most interesting of world stamp issues!

The walls of the shop established in 1892 by Mr Ackland, a stamp dealer of Melbourne, are papered with no less than one million stamps, the cymostr of jealous eyes.

A Sydney stamp dealer for many years incorporated a “stumpy” picture of a Japanese maiden in a rickshaw, drawn by a cook, beneath the glass counter of his shop. The picture was composed of dozens of pieces of coloured stamps placed together.

There’s also a Sydney collector who has in his possession a writing desk made in 1869, stamped inside and out with 1,600 stamps.

A few years ago, to publicise an issue of United States stamps, the Phoenix (Arizona) Chamber of Commerce selected a young girl as its official “Stamp Sweetheart.” She was dressed in a two-piece bathing costume wholly adorned with representations of the particular issue.

In 1948 a Queensland stamp dealer produced a badge for collectors. Inscribed on it reads: “Stamp Collecting—The Hobby of Kings. King of Hobarts.”

The word “Philatelist” figured in the centre, with a map of the world, reproduction of the famous 1840 Penny Black, and two hands clasped in greeting.

The badge sold at 3s., 1/2d. of which went to a Fund for British War Relief.

In Britain a woman who likes to give pleasure to her stamp-collecting friends has been making very suitable gifts at Christmas of “stumped” pull-over scarves, ties and caps. On these she has carefully knitted in detail reproduction of some of the most interesting stamps, from various lands.

Also in Switzerland, there is a philatelist who makes his living painting pictures—using only pieces of stamps for the process. He outlines his subject, portrait, or landscape onto a canvas with pencil and stamps, pastes pieces of colorful stamps on to it.

His gear comprises scissors, glue-pot, magnifying glass and tweezers. He averages two to three paintings a week and derives a comfortable living from his self-appointed profession.

An American woman collector attended a fancy-dress ball on one occasion wearing a garment decorated with 30,000 different stamps. She carefully pasted them on to a muslin foundation, forming unique patterns. The cuffs comprised foreign issues, while the Stars and Stripes flag on the back of the costume was made up of American issues. “Revenue” stamps made up her mask and fan.

Then, in 1892, a London (in some places) commenced to wallpaper his library with stamps. Using 61,242 stamps, he finished papering the room 15 feet by 12 feet in three months working 11 hours a day.

Still another eccentric collector of Sussex used 36,000,000 stamps to completely adorn the walls, ceilings, chairs, tables of his home. The specimens were valued at the time at £30,000, and it took 55 years for the entire home to be decorated.

In the home the collector also exercised his ingenuity by making portraits of Queen Victoria, the Union Jack, and the Eiffel Tower.

Originally he started pasting up the stamps as a joke, finished it in 1892—almost a job of a lifetime.

Before the war a café in Paris boasted an interesting collection of French stamps beneath the glass top of its tables. Visitors never tired of visiting the café, especially philatelists.

A New Zealand collector doesn’t waste his torn stamps. He pastes them onto the cover of his leather stamp albums and forms appropriate designs with them. He has protected them against wear and tear by varnishing.

Other collectors have made their own Christmas cards, using stamps as base for designing. The spectacular specimens have been pasted onto a piece of folded card the front of which has been cut into some fitting shape.

So go to it, you philatelists. Give the Post Offices of the world a heart-throb.
CANINE CARUSOS

U.S. opera singer, Violet Cortopassi, has bitterly filed a damages suit against her next-door neighbour, Claims La Cortopassi. "Whenever I start to practise my singing, my neighbour's hunting dog and spaniel promptly sound off . . . and off key. I have had to give up my singing career and am under medical attention." Asked for her version, the defendant (Mrs. Nellie Opalsky) retorted tersely. "She has cats!"

UNDER THE CUSH...

Give a woman an inch and she wants to be a ruler. In which, appalled Customs officials of Southampton (England) will be only too happy to agree. Recently, the keen-eyed law enforcers were examining a suite of furniture which a slick-looking matron was bringing from the United States to Britain. Some human microscope amongst the Customs men bent to examine the upholstery and probably made the noises which are commonly punctuated "Tik! Tik!" Proudly he pointed out to his colleagues that, though the furniture was not new, the nails in the upholstery were in fact, they were suspiciously shiny. The astute sleuth extracted a few nails, fingered delicately underneath—and out came a pair of nylons. Several more nails revealed several more pairs of nylons. By the time the whole suite had been dismantled, the Customs had 13,000 smuggled pairs of the coveted legwear (valued at £20,000) on their hands (so to speak).

CITROEN COUP

See how it is? Nothing sacred nowadays . . . not even machines! In 1949 it was revealed abroad in France that the latest Citroen model had an engine which would put all rivals to shame. The gang of car swappers were immediately struck by inspiration. All they needed, they opined, was the secret of the motor. Once they had that, bids from rival firms would be astronomical. No sooner planned than performed. The gang learned the road where the new Citroen was being put through hush-hush trials. One morning they lay on either side of this road, rushed out, halted the car, clubbed the crew cold, and bodily lifted the coveted engine out of the chassis. Here, however, something seems to have gone wrong. For obscure reasons, the secret is still un-revealed—either by the Citroen people or anyone else.

★ Opp.: Study by Andre da Diesas
BEYOND THE BELL

THAT'S what they thought, anyway. They picked him up and put him in. A woman came along there five hours later, white-faced and without her hat; and the sergeant brought him out, took her bail money, and said: "He's all yours, missus."

He watched the woman take the man's arm and lead him gently away.

"Frankie, didn't you tell them?" she protested tenderly as they walked along the street.

He shook his head.

"Why not?"

He didn't answer. He muttered something thickly, but it wasn't an answer.

"You should have, Frankie." He shot the words suddenly, gibberly. "You think they'd believe me?"

"Didn't they know you, though?" she persisted. "Who you were?"

"I don't know, I don't know," he said, irritably, wearily. "What difference does it make?"

She told him softly, quickly, that it was all right. But the unfairness of it hurt her. He was no drunk. Whatever else he was, he was not that.

She wondered what he'd been doing. Nothing—nothing more than stumbling along, maybe, with that gait he couldn't help. Or sitting on the kerb with his head in his hands, like the last time she saw him, lost in the jungle of his thoughts, and the thoughts breaking in tortured sound from his lips, loud and fierce, and himself unaware of it.

"Where are we going now?" he said.

"Home."

"Home!" He spat the word bitterly.

CAVALCADE, May, 1952
THE RED LIGHT
She was only a traffic cop's daughter, and, before she went out at night, she had learned all her Poppa could tell her about heeding the warning lights.
But at last, a wolf in a rooster-made her heart go chuff-chuff-chuffing and she couldn't help mixing her signals.
She was stopping at nothing.

JAY-PAY.

"You must be hungry," she turned the words. "I've got a nice tea for you, and there's some of that favourite—"

She held him tightly, looking up at his worn face as they passed into the light. Thirty years ago carrying a face of forty, as though someone had fisted him with a mask. He shivered to remember a photograph of him as he had been.
The Joe's was coming down early, breathing out of the darkness like a sick cold smoke, dimly tinged with the lights. The footpath quivered and echoed their footfalls. A match fell on a doorstep, picking out the contour-map of a face, and died behind the ruby end of a cigarette.

An arm swung in front of them, and cried gaily: "Ah, see you found him all right, Grace. Where I say?

"Yes."

"I thought it was Frankie I saw.

"How are you, son?"

"Never better, Joe," Frankie said grimly.

"That's the stuff," Grace, I'd like to walk along with you, but I've got a meet on in a few minutes."

"That's all right, thanks, Joe," she said.

I'll pop around Sunday night for a yarn, if that's okay. You be in, Frankie?"

Frankie nodded. "Be glad to see you, Joe."

They went on, and Joe looked after them till his smiling face was closed up. He kept looking after them, hearing them out of the bush. He knew Grace ten years ago when she was 15. He'd introduced Frankie to her. Matchmaker Joe, Caput McCurley, he reflected wryly God, why in hell did it have to be him—keeping it tough for her, making it tough for Frankie, because he hated himself for what he was to Grace.

"He said Sunday night he'd be around," Frankie pointed out.

"That's right, dear."

"I won't be home Sunday night," Frankie said. "I don't want any talk. He always starts dragging it up."

"It's only because he thinks you like to talk about it," she soothed him.

"Well, I don't!"

"No."

"I don't like it, see?"

"Well, he won't come, darling. He never does, does he? Not lately?"

She knew Joe understood.

They turned, and walked on in silence down the narrow, dim street. The lights were only a hole here and there in the blackness. Fences leaned out like smugged teeth. There was a shop on a corner, glowing, like a beacon—vexed business, poky, crammed with goods, run by a gab of a woman with a pile of dyed, yellowish-grey hair and a panelled shoe in it.

Grace waved slightly, piloting Frankie towards it. She felt the resistance jolt in his arm.

"What do you get some risks for the baby, dear?" she explained.

"I'm not going in there. I stopped and pulled away from her.

She looked anxiously at him. "It won't take a minute."

"I'll wait."

She hesitated, unsure whether or not to leave him. Then she saw he sensed his mistrust, and she smiled. "All right," she said lightly, but the look of anxiety came back on her face when she turned into the shop.

There were three people there. Grace would have to wait her turn. Frankie drifted on a little way down the street. He stood teetering on the kerb, looking across the road. The row of tawneys stared back, their windows blind and grey as oyster.

A lout in a tight coat, a cocket hat, and swinging plinty shoulders approached with a squint of a man.

The lout tapped Frankie on the shoulder. "Well, if it ain't the champ. How's tricks?"

"I don't know you," Frankie said.

"Sure you do. Me and you used to be sparring partners, remember? You was a tiger for showing me things, remember. Say, who's the jerk behind you?"

Frankie lifted his head, and the lout hit him solidly behind the ear. Frankie stumbled. He faced up, wobbling, his hands jerking mechanized.

"Show us how you can stop this one, champ."

A blow landed between his eyes.

The lout laughed, his eyes bright, and picked off the helpless man. "And this one," he rapped, uppercutting Frankie, "Frankie fell and rolled over on his side, moaning slightly.

The lout stood there, talking big, and his scrappy mate gaped in ad-

mination. And they only started running when Frankie's wife came from the shop and saw him lying there and cried out. Two others came pelting from the shop, and a woman from across the road hurried up.

Grace put her hand under Frankie's head, cushioning it. The blood was seeping through the battered flesh under his eyes as through sponge rubber. There was a dead dullness in his eyes, nothing else.

None of the bystanders moved. The woman who ran the shop said to another in a hushed whisper, "Them bushies—great cop they're on to now. Ain't it? Knocking him down just so they can skite they beat the ex-champion. Rotten aura—somebody ought to take a turn with a whip."

They helped Frankie to get up when they saw Grace helping him. Frankie shook himself away, staggered against the fence, hung on, head down, groggy.

Grace stood near him, unable to say anything, waiting. She touched his arm. He jerked up suddenly, wildly, and he cried: "What are you doing, you fool. Get away!"

Her hand only tightened on his arm. They were silent, those looking.

"Look at you," Frankie said. "You used to be a cop with me. Don't you see what I am? Get away. Walk off now and don't come back. Go while the going's good."

"Don't talk like that, darling."

The pressure tightened on his arm. "Come on."

He was saying something, choking on the words. She led him away.

The street was deserted except for them and she could see it filled with them that used to fill his life.

Frankie was crying with a subdued harshness. She held his arm, and stared hopefully at the darkness ahead. There was nothing else she could do.
The Ghost and Mick

ATHOL YEOMANS • FICTION

There had seemed no sense in what the drunk was saying: but perhaps he should have heeded.

Thomas Aloysius Malloy—
known to some of his friends and all of his enemies as The Mick—was making a clean getaway.

To a chance observer on the Evening West this might not have been so obvious. The Mick was sitting quietly in a first-class compartment staring blearily out of the window while the train plumped through the winter night.

The Sunday papers wouldn't have called it a clean getaway either, because Mick was no imagination-stirring criminal. No confidence coups, or payroll robberies for him. He was a teller of drunks, a snatcher of bags, a basher of old men, and (when it suited him) a con man as well.

Still, everything had been going nicely for him—with coin enough to buy plenty of figure-carressing drapery suits and the same sort of girl friends—until last night, when his practiced bludgeon had put a woman in the morgue.

"Woman slain," screamed the morning paper, "Robbery Not Motive." You don't say so, bitterly reflected The Mick, who had contemptuously left the handful of loose change in the crumpled figure's bag.

"Police still searching for clues," went on the sheet. Mick didn't have much confidence in the paper, and he knew it wouldn't be long before the cops started the routine pick-ups. A short stay in the country was The Mick's heart's desire at present.

His hideout was a shack half lost in the scrub on top of the mountains, some 50 miles ahead. Marge was there already. He'd had time to see to that—after all, she was his girl, and he was a believer in modern comforts. Marge hadn't liked going, but he had insisted, he had had his reasons.

The gin was wearing out of him; than his taut nerves jangled, and he glimpsed it.
Marge was a woman, and most women would sing easily enough under a little pressure. With her out of circulation for a while, he'd see she had no opportunity to sing about him.

So Marge had packed and gone, as he had told her. Mick had been nursing his own grumbles as he took his seat in the well-lighted first-class compartment of the mountain train. Then suddenly he had had his doubts. There was a drunk— a very drunk, lonely, man who wanted to talk. He had talked to The Mick ever since they had tumbled through the foggy lights of Redfern Yard. Struth, thought Mick, haven't I got enough on me mind without this ratah?

"Of course, there's ghosts," said the drunk out of nowhere.

"Eh?" said The Mick, his interest suddenly jolted.

The drunk leaned forward and tapped his finger on Mick's knee, bringing his bespectacled, nondescript face nearer his fellow athlete. He nodded his head. "Of course," he exclaimed impatiently. "There's just what I've been saying. I know one myself."

\"I know one myself,\" Marge muttered. \"You know the hill on top of the mountains?\" Mick nodded.

"Well, you know the old cutting up there the trains don't go through any more?"

Mick dropped his cigarette and grinned at the face. \"Easy. Easy,\" he warned, \"he's just in those parts. He warned himself. \"Never heard of it, sport,\" he muttered, sidling back in his seat. \"They scatter ghost there,\" said the other. He leaned back with a smug leer.

Mick looked at him. The mug's nod, he thought. \"What sort of a ghost?\"

\"It's like this, see. They old cutting used to be part of the main railway line. A few years back they dug out another way round on the other side of the hill, about half a mile away. Longer but not such a steep grade, they reckon. You can't even see the old way up from the train now."

\"But they got a ghost, all right—ghosts of an engine and crew. This engine was running back to the sheds from the top one night—just the loco by itself. See engine by itself? Pilot engine, they call them—help the trains up the steep grades and run back light. Anyway, this loco went over a 50 foot drop on the old cutting rounding the hill... made a hell of a mess. Killed the driver and fireman, tore down some of the bank, shot fire to all the grass. They had inquiry into it, but they never found a reason for it. The tracks were all okay, and they couldn't find anything wrong with the engine that'd shied it over.

"Couldn't even find anything around that might have been put on the line to trip it over. Finished up a real mystery, it did."

"Well, the engine still ran every Steam up, heading on, the lot. When it gets near the main line, it goes over the edge, just like before. He stopped and shook his head in a fuddled way.

"What happened to it?"

The drunk leaned at him disappointedly. \"It vanishes, of course. All ghosts vanishing.\" He peered out through the glass. \"I got out here. See you some more.\" He heaved his case from the rack.

Mick looked out. They were running downstream into the last station before the hills. He sighed as he saw his tormentor shamble across the platform to the exit名家. Ghosts, he thought, and right in our own backyard. He grinned inaudibly, for his shack was just near the old cutting. He could see the old embankment across the gully from his back door, but he'd never been near it.

The train rolled across the bridge and over the placid water of the river he could see the line of mountains standing dark against the skyline. To The Mick they looked friendly and protective.
with the gun in the bottle. Sooner
t I get out of this hole the better, he
thought wozzily. He rose and picked
out a piece of wood from the box,
throwing it onto the fire with a

Marjan sniffed. He'd got 20 years
easy if they caught him Twenty
years. A lifetime. She almost wished
they did.

"Get out of the light, will ya?" she
snarled.

"Ar, shut up!"

She looked at him, contempt sharpening her face. "Jees, you crack up
easy."

The Micks chair toppled as he
lurched to hit her across the face
with his fist. She was sobbing as
he thumped across the floor of the
shack and slammed the door behind
him. Outside, it was cold and clear,
with the frosty stars swinging in the
dark sky.

Across the gully he could see the
old embankment, running around the
hill into a faint starlit gash of cutting
at the far end. Suddenly, the drunk's
story flashed across his mind. In spite
of his depression the Mick's face
twisted in a grim Ghost, he jeered.
Only ghosts that bleeple'll ever see
would be out of a bottle. I might
walk... get out of the place for a
while. Might make me feel better.

There wasn't much light, but
enough from the stars to see by. He
struck off down the hill, staggering
with the effects of the gin but soon
reaching the bottom of the slope.
He could see practically nothing now,
and was glad when he climbed out
of the heavy trees and started up the
hill towards the old line.

It took him ten minutes to clamber
up the steep grade to the embank
ment. He looked back across the
blackness, but the trees hid the light
from the shack. He turned and looked
at the slab side of the bank reaching
out into the sky above his head.

He heaved himself to the top, panting
as he climbed. When his head
and shoulders were above the level,
he stopped. To his left, he could see
faintly the black gloom of the cutting.
The other way the bank curved round
the hill and vanished.

He stood still and waited for his
breath to come back. A freight train
away over the hill on the main line,
making its way up with a long
rhythmic hammering, made him feel
suddenly alone. He shivered and
wasn't quite sure why.

A faint whisper of wind rustled
through the weeds. The old cutting
silent and alone, seemed to be wait
ing for something to happen. The
Mick wished he was well out of it.
The gun was warming out of him now
he turned to go.

Again he seemed to see the Drunk,
sitting edgily on his seat, his spec
scared face swaying in the con
ulnerating light of the carriage. He heard the
reedy, unsteady voice telling of the
train that had men and used no
coal—but which still ran down the
overgrown track in front of him.

The Mick tried to grin, but some
how his face wouldn't do it. He
shrugged instead. Who the hell was
he anyway, an old woman, letting
that salt's yarn get on his nerves.
Something rustled through the grass.
He seemed to hear his taut nerves
pingle like snapping cords.

Then he saw it... coming around
the corner. Even in the dim light
there was no mistaking that bulging
squat shape, festooned with tatters
of steam.

It was a railway engine.

Lamps lit and air pumps sighing, it
rolled around the bend towards him.
Mick's startled gaze watched it loom
larger, but it took on no more def
inite shape—a wreath, a fear of
the night, never shifting from its
course. Fixed where he stood, he
watched it for an eternity, watched
it bearing down on him, growing

ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT

CAVALCADE, May, 1952
BLISSFUL BLUSHES

How often must I hide my
shame.
When meeting some bright
guy—
Of whom I can’t recall the
name,
No matter how I try
He seems to know me very
well,
His face does look familiar.
He says "Old boy, you’re
looking swell!"
Which makes me feel still
caller.
Yet, on occasion, are we part
I still and gain a breath.
He calls me "JOE" — my name
is "ART."
He doesn’t know me either.

That celebrated poet ANON in
a quandary.

larger . . . larger . . . its blackness
cutting out more and more of the
sky behind it
"Ghosts," yelped The Mack hysterically.
He forced himself up to the
level, stepped forward, tripped and
died. He was half on his knees when
IT hit him.

In the station signal room the doctor
packed his black bag. In the yard
outside, the ambulance men stowed
away the unidentified body of Thomas
Aloysius Malloy; next to them the
local sergeant started the motor of
his truck, taking home two bloody
envelopes.

The night officer stood watching the
doctor.
He looked up from his bag at the
railway man. "Made a mess of him,
didn’t it? I wonder . . . ."
His words were lost as a train
pounded by up the road outside,
swamping the room with sound and
rustling the instruments in his bag.
The night officer punched the tele-
graph, thudded home the long signal
levers and wrote in his book as the
last carriage rumbled into quietness.
The doctor put on his coat, picked
up his bag, and opened the door.
The light fell across the platform and
shone on the ambulance as it rolled
out of the yard. He turned back
"You’d think he’d hear it coming
wouldn’t you?"

The night officer shook his head.
"You’d be surprised. Those pilots
rolling downhill hardly make a sound.
Every week you hear of settlers
nearly being skittled. Different thing
to pulling a load up a hill."

"The driver said he hit him on the
old line, didn’t he?"

"That’s right. Must have been going
home from the picture or something.
Probably took a short cut."

"But I thought they didn’t use that
line any more."

The night officer pushed back his
cap. "That’s right, but all the time
this year kept washing out the new
section in the main line. They had
to rely on the lot, so they ran a single
line down the old cutting to take off
some of the traffic while they worked
on it. The temporary line’s only been
down a few weeks."

He turned and glanced at the clock
"All the traffic went back on the
main line at midnight. That bloke
was dead stuff. The pilot ensures that
hit him was the last one to use the
old way."

"And could you imagine it . . . something jammed
in the breach-block and we made up."
PARLOUR TRICKS
Sleight of hand by GIBSON

A good trick is the "take a card... any card" routine. You ask little Willy to choose a card, place it back in the pack, then tell him he'll find it on the roof of the post office.

"Tying up Poppa" is a wow... Take Poppa into the next room. Tie him to a chair and bet him five bob he can't escape under two hours. This keeps the old boy occupied for the evening and it's worth five bob, anyway.

One of the toughest tricks of all is getting out of the winding of wool; even Houdini would have to give this away.

One of the most spectacular feats of LeRoi-Leclerc is the "artificial black-out"... This calls for a smooth line and perfect co-ordination of movement.

If things are a bit on the quiet side a few Judo tricks can be quite interesting. If she happens to be an ex-service girl they can be very interesting. Only be careful of breaking an arm or something.

Still... a really smooth guy with a little imagination and skill should be able to cope with quite a lot... and still have fun.
FOR FERDINAND . . .

It's a sorry world for bulls in the Missouri town of Spokane (U.S.). A news flash reports that a Spokane resident, Mr. Homer C. Cook, has just been awarded Patent 2,895,456 for an invention, "the halter wear-on," which (we understand) is designed to deter bull-crazed bulls from clashing with rivals. The contraption consists of two triangular metal plates, separated by coil springs, that fit one over the other on the forehead of the animal. A halter holds these plates in place; the outer plate carries a number of inward spikes which pass through holes in the under plate so that, if butting is attempted, the pricking is severe enough to break a bad habit. This device, adds the inventor, is usable for other well-known butters not of the bovine kind.

DOG'S LIFE . . .

Bored with his father's insurance-broking business, Captain John Eldred, of London (England), has branched out for himself in life. He received his inspiration when, one day, he passed a morose medley of motorists queuing outside a horserace shop to buy their dogs' scrips. Captain Eldred thought fast, moved even faster (towards an estate agent), rented himself an office, and set up the sign DOGS' DINNERS. To-day, happy owners of happy dogs can save both their time and their corns by allowing Captain Eldred to forward them every morning "one lb. of chopped horserace, garnished with parsley and covered with grease-proof paper." And Captain Eldred's trademark is a jump post!

MEET "ACE" . . .

Yorkshire mathematician, J. R. Womersley, of the National Physical Laboratory, Teddington (England), has recently introduced the world to ACE (known more formally as Automatic Computing Engine). ACE, it appears, is actually a monstrous electronic brain which Mr. Womersley and a team of "under-thirty" scientists have designed and built at a cost of £40,000. His brain-child (the design) may be hired by the public at £1 an hour or else he can be bought (in a reduced version) for £15,000.

SLEEP SHOP . . .

Latest highlight in the American Way of Life is the "Sleep Shop," an establishment which specializes in all the most modern rest gadgets. For the woman who goes to bed upset, there is a "hearthesk pillow" (waterproof and made of quilted satin) to cry on, price 3/-. On the other hand—and rather dearer—you can equip yourself with a "Lullupine," which (claim the manufacturers) "has a constant soothing tone, meanwhile dispelling a relaxing perfume." An exploring mattress for sluggish-bed is hourly expected.

"Don't look now, but I think we've struck pay dirt."
Get into the swim

Maybe, you don't think it's possible to improve on nature, but shoot a quick look at this! What if winter is coming howling and hi-cup-cupping in, remember that good old cliche—"If Winter Comes, Can Spring Be Far Behind?" The answer—under current weather conditions—is, of course, doubtful, still there's no harm in hoping. So why not make—by yourself—to-measure swim-suit? First, of course, there's a matter of fitting. Pick your own model.

Then, of course, there's this "Flexure Bros" (to you)—and there'll be absolutely no need for you to worry about what those wandering waves are doing—stays, we understand, "insure control of the diaphragm" (and several other things besides). And next there's a matter of measurements (depending on which beach you happen to be at). In this case, Fitter Dunkerbrink checks model Terry Hatley's measurements—you lucky, lucky man.
RADIOIODINE . . .

About 230 hospitals and clinics throughout the United States are now using radio-active iodine for treatment of thyroid gland diseases, reports the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. Clinical reports state that more than 1000 cases of hyperthyroidism have been treated with radio-active iodine and in 95 per cent, the disease was brought under satisfactory control.

ANTI-COMPLICATIONS . . .

Simple stretching exercises are eliminating backache and headache complaints among workers and are also reducing absenteeism, states "The Journal of the American Medical Association." A typical case quoted is that of a telephone company which experienced a heavy prevalence of backaches, headaches and other complaints among its thousands of women operators seated with a forward thrust of head and neck at the switchboards. Examination revealed that the women were suffering from contracture of ligaments in several parts of the body. When simple stretching exercises were taken three times a day, the complaints were soon eliminated.

ULCERS OUT! . . .

According to "The Journal of the American Medical Association," most persons with serious peptic ulcer can now avoid surgery by receiving a new ulcer drug, "bathane" (trade name). The drug (a synthetic compound, taken in tablet form) blocks the impulses of the nervous system which stimulate the over-acidity of the stomach. "It is our present opinion that "bathane" is a medical treatment better than that heretofore available and that need for surgery has been decreased," "The Journal" adds.

BLOOD TESTS . . .

Doctors in the near future may have a blood test that will detect various diseases and also measure the effectiveness of different methods of medical treatment, declares Dr. Elbert L. Kahn, of the University of Michigan (U.S.). The basis of the new test (known as the "universal reaction") comes from 25 years of continuous study by Dr. Kahn. As an example, he cites the following episode: One of his laboratory assistants was voluntarily tested with the "universal reaction" and her blood pattern showed changes suggestive of some disease; two months later, physicians diagnosed tuberculosis and the girl was hospitalized; she was discharged a year later, and a second test by Dr. Kahn showed her blood serum pattern had returned to normal.
SERVICE STATION SLAYING

Find your man... That is the eternal order issued to every pandarne sooner or later; but how many of them do

not discovered until six years later!

There are other similarities.

On the night of September 16, 1925, youth Fred Lagness drove his light-blue, sports model car up to the small gas station of Harry Cyb on the outskirts of Ypsilanti, Michigan. He had with him an older man, Grover Terry, and Cyb came towards them as the car pulled up. Lagness got out. He knew Cyb, as he lived in the district.
The gas station was joined to a house and through a window Mrs Cyb could be seen ironing the clothes of

her five young children.

Lagness did not want petrol. He was a flash young man, often broke, but he had not come to rob. He worked in the Ford works. He could get petrol from Cyb on credit. He had got five gallons that way some days before, and left as security with Cyb an Indian blanket which had been given him by his girl. That girl was to play a large part in the whole affair and she had even begun it by giving Lagness that blanket.

The young man asked the service station owner for his blanket. He didn't want his girl to miss it. Cyb refused to give up the blanket unless he was paid for his petrol. They argued. Cyb told Lagness a few things about himself and Lagness threatened Cyb. They got more annoyed. Suddenly Lagness swept up a three-pound fireman's hammer and brought it down on Cyb's skull. Cyb fell—and stayed down. Lagness and Terry stared at the unconscious man.

"You've cracked his skull," said Terry.

"I never heard it crack," said Lagness. "I never hit him hard."

"Hard enough," said Terry. "We gotta get out of here. No one saw us go too dark!"

Lagness picked up the lump body and placed it on the running board of the car. He got in the car. "Get going," he said. "You told me to slug him."

They drove fast along the highway. Lagness leered out of the car and held Cyb's wrist. The pulse was strong. The car swerved and Cyb fell to the road. Terry pulled up the car. The two men got out, rolled the garbageman into a deep ditch, climbed back into the car and sped away into the darkness.

Mrs. Cyb wondered what had happened to her husband. She rang the police. They found a trail of blood. They cruised along the road, and their headlights picked up a large pool of blood in the center of the roadway. It led them to the man in the ditch. He was swiftly conveyed to a hospital in Ypsilanti, where he died the next morning.

Immediately the injured man had been taken away, the police patrolled the road. They saw a man strolling along aimlessly and, as it was after midnight, they gathered him into their car. He was a farm laborer named Harmon Crosse, 33 years old, and he had scratches on his face and hands. They took him to the farm where he lived and found there his 33-year-old brother, William, and young 24-year-old Owen Lidke. They also had scratched hands and faces and the clothes of all three men were torn and bloodstained. There were more bloodstains on their touring car—on the fender, side curtains and both seats.

They explained these bloodstains. William Crosse said he had lost control of the car and it had dived into a ditch. They had cut their hands and faces getting the car back on to the road. In spite of solid questioning, they stuck to this story. Undersheriff Elliott took them into Ypsilanti. He had three suspects an hour after finding Cyb.

Harry Cyb had been popular in Ypsilanti! When he died the next morning there was open talk of lynching the three suspects. It would not have been the first time innocent men were lynched.

Eleven days after their arrest the Crosses and Owen Lidke were secretly brought before the court and remanded until October 1, without bail.

Evidence was given that the blood which was on their car was human blood, Mrs. Florence Richardson, who lived near the gas station, said she was driving past Cyb's about 11
o'clock when she saw an open model car standing at the gas pump. Harry was filing the car's tank. She thought she saw a man about to strike Harry, but she could not be sure, as it was very dark. The man would be about the size of Herman Crosse.

Herman Crosse was tried first and a strong of circumstances was put up against him. But, in spite of the case built up by the police, the jury, after 12 hours' deliberation, found Crosse not guilty. The charges against the other men were not proceeded with.

Finding it was so easy to get away with crime, even the major crime, Lagness gave up his job and took to armed robbery. He married Genevieve Allen, who had given him the blanket, and he was doing all right.

Then he found the law wasn't so dumb as he had expected. It put out his arm and raked him in in Detroit for armed robbery. And he was handed a sentence of from 9 to 13 years.

He was very much in love with his wife and was in love with him.

Certain sharp policemen had a bright idea. They got in touch with Lagness's wife. They had an idea he had been concerned in some other hold-ups, but they had no suspicion about the Cyb murder.

One day Lagness got a letter from his wife. It said: "I understand you are writing to other women. I want to warn you that if this is so you'd better quit. If I tell authorities what I know, you'll never get out of there. Now don't make it necessary for me to warn you again."

That was one in the solar plexus for Lagness. He, being young and foolish and very much in love, had told his wife all about the Cyb killing. And now it looked like it would come home to him. He guessed where the wrong information about his writing to other women had come from. But what could he do about it? He couldn't tell her it was a police stall.

His letters were censored. He did try to tell her—but she never got the letter.

Months went by and he began to breathe easily again. One afternoon he was called into the visiting room. His visitors were two state detectives, and his stomach got knotted in it. One of them told him that they were there to make enquiries about a murder—and that made the knots more frantic.

Lagness denied knowledge of any murder. So they said he might be able to help them and give them a lead, as he knew most of the people round Ypsilanti. Did he ever know a man named Harry Cyb?

Lagness tried to take a tight grip.

"I can't remember that far back," he said.

The detectives let him off, but they breathed easier. After all, he thought, even if anyone had talked they had no other evidence, and his word was as good as anyone else's.

But a hint is a handy basis to work on and the police were busy. They dug up another garageman, who said that on the night of the murder Lagness had had petrol put in his car and had borrowed a hammer and driven off. And then they learned that a car resembling that seen near the scene of the murder had been found at the bottom of the Detroit River.

They took in Lagness's wife. They asked her what had happened to her husband's light-blue car. She didn't know. Then they told her all about

Lagness writing to some girl in Detroit. And they added that Lagness had said in prison that he was ditching his wife when he finished his time.

She believed them and she spilled the beans far and wide. She told how Lagness and Terry had murdered Cyb, returned home at midnight and got her to help them clean the blood-stains from the car.

Terry was gathered in. He broke. The next morning, March 13, 1933, nearly six years after the murder, Lagness was charged with the crime. Lagness and Terry pleaded guilty. They each received life sentences.

So Lagness will never regain his wife, unless a parole board says so. He is a gardener in the State Prison of Southern Michigan and has made flowers his life. The prosecution said that he and Terry killed Cyb to rob him, but, as they did not do so, that seems hard to believe.

So an old crime was cleared up, and the instrument which was used was a woman's jealousy. That'll teach you!
Coat and Badge by Doggett

He died on the day of the race which made his name live on.

FRANK BROWNE

YOU'D get a lot of varied answers if you asked a team of sports fans to name the father of organised sport. The odds are a million to one against anybody naming the man with most claim. But there's a man who set down an annual event and financed it.

His name was Thomas Doggett, and from the year 1716, Thomas Doggett's coat and badge have been raced for on the Thames by the six fastest London watermen.

Thomas Doggett was not an athlete, but an actor. He was born in Ireland and won a lot of success on the Irish stage, before coming to London. He formed a friendship with the playwright, Congreve, and soon reached the dizzy heights of actor-manager of Drury Lane.

At first glance, he doesn't seem at all the type for a patron of sport. What led him into promoting his annual race was the desire to do well by the Waterman of the Thames. In his day the river was London's principal highway. There were nearly 16,000 watermen plying for hire and the value of their goodwill to a theatre manager is obvious.

He did nothing about it, until one night in 1716, after supper at the Swan Tavern, Doggett emerged on the landing stage to find it raining, blowing, the tide against the direction he wanted to go, and no waterman willing to take him. Finally, a young apprentice waterman (the apprenticeship was six years) offered to take him. On the way home, the young waterman gave Doggett such an ear bashing on the hardships attending being a Thames waterman, that Doggett decided to promote his annual race.

On August 1 the first race took place. The notice announcing the event said: "This being the day of His Majesty's Happy Accession to The Throne, there will be given by Mr Thomas Doggett, an Orange Coloured Livery, with a Badge representing Liberty, to be rowed for by Six Watermen that are out of the Time during the past Year. They are to row from London Bridge to Chelsea. It will be continued annually, on the same day, forever."

It has turned out that way. Doggett died in 1721, but in his will he charged the Admiralty Office with the conduct of the race. Five pounds were to be spent on the purchase of a silver badge, weighing about 12 ounces, eighteen shillings for a cloth of livery; twenty shillings for making up the cloth, thirty shillings to go to the clerk of Waterman's Hall.

The race was an amazing test of strength and skill. The course of slightly under five miles, was rowed in the heavy everyday boats of the watermen. On top of that was the fact that the heavy Thames traffic had to be negotiated. There was also the fact that betting was heavy on the race, and that it was the accepted thing in those days for spectators to take a rather more active role than they do to-day.

In 1736, one Evans, when well in the lead, was downed with a well-aimed bottle, which put him out of the race, and nearly out of life as well. In 1730, the bows of the leading boat were stove in by a bigger craft containing the supporters of a rival.

London Bridge was the only bridge over the course in the early days (there are now 11) and this also was a boast for the unwary. Supporters of various entries used to station themselves on the bridge and drop stones and water in the boats as they shot through.

The exuberance of the spectators led to Doggett inserting a clause that if a race was not won fairly, it must be re-run. There were numerous records of two and more races having been run in the one year.

From about 1800, attempts were made by various watermen to lighten their craft, and new designs appeared, which made greater speed possible. Wooden outnames were in vogue from about 1800 onwards, but it wasn't until 1867 that the use of the modern racing shell was permitted.

Of the earlier winners, easily the most famous was John Brougham. Brougham won the event in 1830, after a sensational race in which he survived all attempts to nobble him.

In 1834 he turned to boxing, and became the father of the London Prize Ring. He laid down the first set of rules, which lasted from 1743 to 1838, and introduced gloves.

Of later winners, three Barry, Harding and Ted Phelps went on to become Sculling Champions of the world.

In 1910, Foon, an American, won the race, the only time that it has gone outside England.

Strangely enough, nobody has any record of the name of the first winner of the race, but there is a printing of him, which hangs in the Waterman's Hall. He is a swarthy, beetle-browed, lumbering customer, who sits at the ears of what appears to be a high-sided flat-bottomed dory. The rowlocks are mere nitches cut in the gunwales. He is dressed in a white shirt with full sleeves, and around his head he has a spotted kerchief in blue and white dots.
In the records are also items of interest about the banquets that were held in the basement of the Waterman's Hall, which were traditionally part of the race. It appears that most of the winners believed in water as purely something to row on, and that when it came to lubrication, favored more hearty beverages. With melancholy regularity, it is recorded that the winner finished very drunk. There were often fights and riots between opposing factions, but little criticism of this appears in the chronicles. High spirits after a boat race appear to be the accepted thing in England, where happenings on boat race night, after the Annual Oxford-Cambridge race are extremely lively.

The race passed under the control of the Fishmongers' Company, one of the Guilds, back in 1769, but the Watermen's Company, which controls Thames traffic, and still has some Watermen, who are now largely bargemen and lightermen, puts on the annual banquet.

The ceremony attached to the race has gone unchallenged. Trial heats are run for a month before, on a course from Putney to Hammersmith. The date is shifted occasionally, as the race is never rowed on a Sunday, and also to ensure that the competitors row with a full tide.

The start and finish are almost where they were originally, although the two taverns, the Old Swan and the White Swan, have long gone, a source of disgust to many no doubt, who preferred to watch without leaving the tap-room.

For the start, great ceremony is observed. The starter is the barge master of the Fishmongers' Company. He wears a great cocked hat of gold and silver. His robes are red, with gold braid. He calls the starters, each clad in a different colour, to the start line, which is a tape stretched between two anchored wherries. He fires an old-fashioned horse pistol to start them. They dash away up river, followed by a horde of supporting craft, right into the teeth of the traffic. Neither side does anything about courtesy. The barges on barges passing about pleasurecraft, and equally pleasant repartee comes back from competitors and supporters.

The race in its early days, with the heavy boats, took nearly an hour and a half. To-day, with the lighter craft, it takes round about 23 minutes. But it's still no pleasure pursuit, and is generally accepted as the toughest sculling test in the world.

As the field comes down to the finish line, the finish judge, dressed in ceremonial robes, like the starter, waits, and as the winner crosses the line, raises his hat, and calls for three cheers. Then, by tradition, all competitors, with their boats, are taken aboard the following craft, regaled with a quart of ale, and a rub down. Then back to the Waterman's Hall for the beano.

The event has even produced a poet, although his name is unknown, and his metre anything but classical. One night at Lambeth, in the year 1737, a young waterman wrote on a wall:

"Tom Doggett, the greatest dray droll
In his parts,
In Act a man was certain a master of arts;
A monument left—no herald is fuller—
His praise is sung yearly by many a sculler.
Ten thousand years hence, if the world last so long,
Tom Doggett will still be the theme of their song,
When Old Nell with Lewis and Bourbon are forgot,
And when numberless Kings in oblivion shall rot."

"Don't worry. When he asks me an embarrassing question I'll just change the subject."
CAVALCADE'S suggestion for this month is a medium-sized two-bedroom home which features the modern trend towards outdoor living.

The living and dining rooms are combined, forming one large room which overlooks the two terraces. Glazed doors and a large picture window open on to a paved terrace facing the street, while a sheltered partially enclosed terrace at the rear of the building is also accessible from the living room.

The two bedrooms are each equipped with a built-in wardrobe. There is a coat cupboard in the entrance hall, and a linen cupboard adjacent to the bedrooms and the bathroom. A store cupboard opening off the kitchen is another useful feature which allows fuller use of standard kitchen cupboards.

The garage is attached to the house, with side access across the rear terrace. This could be added at a later date if necessary.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 55 feet and the overall area including the garage 1,360 square feet.
Hey for the Honeybrew

MUCH as it may depress all alcoholics (anonymous or otherwise)—as well as "Yes" voters in prohibition referenda, representatives of breweries and even mere beer-drinkers—we are compellied to report that the Humble Hop—for so long abused as the prime cause of the toper's degradation and downfall—has been grossly maligned. Whatever may be its current evil reputation, the general (if somewhat inconvenient) idea is not the beginning but only a continuation in the development of the cup that cheers—and also pleasantly mutes.

Actually, the rot really commenced to set in when there first appeared on the earth an aggressive but which we are still unprepared to admire and emulate.

To cut a long story short (and coin a phrase), the busy bee must shoulder the blame. And none too soon, either, if you ask us.

Though there were undoubtedly earlier encounters, the first authentic evidence of the man-mates-bee saga is in a rock painting (assumed to be about 15,000 years old) which was unearthed in 1919 in a Spanish cave, recently titled "Cuevas de la Arana."

"The Spider's Cave."

This ochre-red work of art shows what may be a man or a woman, dangering from what—possibly with some creations of the imagination—could be conceived as a tree. In one hand, the figure is grasping a bag; the other hand is suddenly inserted into the heart of an obvious bee's hive. A few bees (about the size of wedge-tailed eagles) are hovering expectantly around the climber.

Maybe, the scene depicts an early— but sufficiently spectacular—an attempt at primitive self-liquidation, vice versa, it may be just a plain, old-fashioned Stone Age Study of Neanderthal Native Satisfying Sweet Tooth. And there is nothing to show whether the honey gatherer (if she or he or it was a honey gatherer) intended to chew honey straight off the cob (as it were) or to use it as the basis of something still more stimulating.

But, whatever was the idea, that prehistoric aparian had certainly started something.

There seems to be some dispute whether the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Assyrians, the Hindus, the Greeks or the Siroons were the first to recognize a good thing when they saw it and to get well in on the ground floor.

It is still a fact, however, that long before hundreds of years has marched by—indeed the majority of our ancestors were spending happy days of their years imbibing a peculiarly virile brand of jungle juice, named variously as "hydræmæl," "mead," "meth" or "mythyn." This beverage was so highly regarded that the Greeks claimed it as "Neptunia"—"The Food of the Gods."

The concoction was composed of three types: (a) Simple Mead, (b) Compound Mead, and (c) Vinous Mead.

The rude forefathers of our race appear to have harbored a pronounced preference for "Vinous Mead"—their choice being no doubt induced by the fact that "vinous mead" seems to have much of the potency of undiluted ethyl alcohol.

In ancient India, honey was elevated to— if anything— an even higher pinnacle. Every Hindu was hidden to turn his right side toward a bee-hive, as though saluting a god. The highest of all Hindu deities, Krishna, was symbolized by a bee and was called "Madhava"—"born of honey." And the common or garden run of Hindus themselves, collected gallons of honey as a food, a medicine and as an alcoholic drink. At religious ceremonies, "huparka" (mixed honey and herbs) was swilled down with the utmost "I drink thee for luck, power, glory and for enjoyment." (As "huparka" seems to have been just another species of "vinous mead," the "enjoyment" is, perhaps, self-evident.)

In Northern Europe, the Germanic tribes crowded round the honey-brew like a mob of drunk-faced brutes parading for a lagoon. As a matter of fact, "mead" was in such plentiful supply that—according to eminent manuscripts—a fire at Messen (on the Upper Elbe) was quenched with "mead" because the inhabitants had more "mead" than water. In the Heaven of Warriors, the halls of Valhalla "flowed with mead and the dead heroes drank without cessation of an inexhaustible supply." Sometimes even "blue-mead" (which somehow seems reminiscent of a solution of tan boot polish in water) was served and in the Middle Ages, honey hunting increased its status to become "an honoured sport of kings."

Nor was Britain (before 1656 and all that) behind-band. One honey legend—to quote a half-forgotten...
You will forgive us for mentioning the subject; but honey is also famed as an aphrodisiac.

Since the dawn of written history, a large proportion of the love charms and philtres of both East and West have been mainly composed of honey. Many Aztec people did—and still do—regard honey as a magical substance "which controls the fertility of cattle and women." (The comparative order of value is an Oriental idea; not ours.)

For instance, in Morocco, a wedding celebration is, to say the least, a nymphomaniaea Nivarna. The guests are plied with goblets of honey-wine until they both drink and accommodate themselves. The bride and groom are fit to fall on their faces. After most of the company have assumed this position (generally in pairs), the groom is supposed to accompany his bride to the wedding chamber and there engross himself in consuming even larger quantities of honey-wine.

When—after a day or so—he is released, it is unanimously acknowledged, to wit, The Little Stranger is not already on the way, the bride has obviously been bewitched... and a divorce will be expected shortly.

On much the same theory, the nuptial supper of an Ancient Roman couple normally consisted of milk, honey, and—believe it or not—poppy seeds.

In India, Hindu weddings are often starred honey-brew. The bridegroom kissed the bride and said (false modesty here) "This is honey; the speech of my tongue is honey; the honey of the bee is dwelling in my mouth, and in my teeth dwells peace." Whereupon the bride was anointed with more honey on her forehead, mouth, eyelids, ears and other areas which had better be confined to the retinue of medical text books.

After this, the happy pair might naturally be expected to stick together for the rest of their lives.

Yet, even here, the bee's abilities are not exhausted. Not only is the energetic little creature alleged to extend the love-lives of ardent amours; it is also claimed to be capable of making the sparrow of life itself.

For what it is worth, the Greek poet, Anacreon, is said to have died at the age of 115... attributing his stupendous vigor to a daily diet of honey.

Prast, the Beekeeper, elected King of Poland in 524 A.D., continued to keep conscious for 150 years... again buoyed up by hem.

A Scots knight named Owen is reported to have expired at the age of 151, leaving a natural son born to him when he was 90. During the last year of his life, he walked 74 miles a day. Thus feat (revealed Sir Owen) was the direct result of an unbroken diet of milk, vegetables and honey-brew.

Even Master Thomas Farr (the English Methuselah-al-of-Methuselahs who died at the venerable age of 152, after having married and produced a child at 102 and married once again at 120) admitted that he would never have made the grade if he hadn't dosed himself with honey-brew.

So there you have it. In future, when you are requested to disclose how the busy bee improves the seeming hours, don't say we haven't given you the answers.

Prospective proprietors of illicit stills may select one of two recipes:

1. Queen Elizabeth's Metherlin: "First, gather a bushel of thyme and half a bushel of rosemary; add a peck of bay-leaves and seethe these in not less than 120 gallons of fair water; then boil for a space of half an hour, pour all the water and herbs into a vat, when milk-warm, strain the water from the herbs and take to every six gallons of water one gallon of the finest honey; mix and let stand for two days; stir well twice or three each day, when it doth seem, skim off the dross, when it is clear, put it into a vat to cool."

However, if this method seems a trifle complicated, there is—

(2) Compound Mead: Boil three parts of water with one of honey over a slow fire until one-third has evaporated, while boiling, add chopped raisins (one half-pound to six pounds of honey), skim and insert a toasted crust of bread, remove scum which will again appear until the liquid is clear, when cool, decoct into vat; keep vat in warm room with the top open until the contents begin to ferment, add lemon peel, cinnamon, cherries and strawberries to taste; after fermentation (about two months) has ceased, close the neckhole of the vat; the longer the mead is aged, the more potent it will be, after several years in the cask, a lump of sugar should be added and the whole decanted into bottles."

And now... go to it... before the Pure Foods Act catches up with you. And don't blame the bees whatever happens. Someone always has to be stung.
Our Office Wolf claims he's enticed by a girl who—when she is good—is very, very good—but when she is bad, she's better. Which reminds us that, before the invention of firearms, many weddings were due to bust and error. Thus leading us naturally to observe that it's no good for any girl to be as fit as a fiddle if she hasn't any brain. Stormy Seas of Matrimony, Section We know a man-sminded minx who wants to marry a sailor and rear admirals. Her girl-friend, however, is just a little prima flower...she grows wild in the bush. And while we're on gardening hints, we'd like to point out that a chrysanthemum by any other name would be easier to spell. Social Jottings. Good speeches are like good sticks; they depend upon the yarns that are used. Then, of course, there was the uncivilized clot who approached his hostess at a party and inquired what was cooking besides the sherry. Road Safety Snippets. Traffic Sign for Cemetery. "Drive carefully. We can wait." Any man who can drive safely while kissing a winsome wench isn't giving the kiss the attention it deserves. A Temperament is a Temper which is too old to spank. Department of Democracy All men are born free and equal—but by the time they're old enough to realize this, they aren't. Tiny Trees' Corner. Come, chickabiddies! Everyone's heard about the three little pigs who left home...their father was an awful bore. Ministerial Moments. At last, a Minister of Education has confessed that parents are very important...without them he'd be out of a job. Snackers' Supplement. In case you don't know, smokers are those peculiar people who, the more they smoke, the less they feel. Advice to the Love-Lorn. A last needn't necessarily be shifty when she gives a wolf the slip. Backyard Banter. The nice thing about a vegetable garden is, if you don't plant soon enough, it's much too late.

**OUR SHORT STORY:** Our Leading Loan Shark reports that he has been approached by a curt character who announced that he was employed as a psychiatrist in a pottery factory—he took care of the cracked pots.
I'm going to do an interview... would you like to photograph her? What do you think?

Kath draped in furs is on her way backstage as the curtain falls.

Mary's unhappy husband had planned to commit suicide as his wife opened the door, hearing Kath's strange voice stopped him.

Come with me quickly, and I'll warn her before she comes in.

Kath makes her way to the star dressing room, and hearing the cheers in the theatre, knows that Mary Lascotte is still on stage.

Scenting a better story than any mere interview, Kath leads the unhappy husband away, while...

... truck Todd getting used to Kath's erratic ways. Watch's face is an idea.

The bullet flies wide from the gun and Kath0026s the would-be suicide.

What's the meaning of this? Kath thought it was Mary Lascotte's husband who was opening the door.

As Kath isn't interviewing the lovely Mary, he does it himself.

Kath, having taken Buddy, went home to her apartment, saying nothing to him about his talented wife.
Nobody knows I write all this stuff, the publicity gets it herself but I do it.

And now she looks at me and one of the staff and she's chasing round with another man.

Who is this other man?
I don't know his name, but...

Repeatedly she's rendezvous me at hotels while she drinks with this other fellow.

I've caught them together in my own home.

Then she'll try to make up to me and tell me not to be jealous.

Mason tells Kathie Ileft it with her. Now she depends on her show, she can't manage. He says, "And I can't do without her."

Concluding his story Mason tells Kathie, "I left it with her. Now she depends on her show. She can't manage. He says, "I can't do without her."

Let me help you... and don't do anything dramatic again. Good luck.

I set out to get a story and finish up as a Gogo-sister.

I did want to explain to truck. I wonder why he's not home yet?

Meanwhile, receiving no answer to his knock, truck enters Mary's dressing room.....
...AND FINDS ENOUGH TO STIR HIS CURIOSITY

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY HERE, MISS LACOTTE.

I CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT, MISTER HELPER!

GO FOR THE PUBLICITY. MARY ACCUSES TRUCK OF TRYING TO SHOOT HER.

SAM, CALL SOMEONE! THIS MAN....

MARY LACOTTE IMAGINES TRUCK HAS COME TO SHOOT HER. TRUCK POINTS TO THE BULLET MARK.... THE SHOOTING'S ALREADY OVER....

WHAT'S MORE, MISTER, I LEARNED TO SHOOT? TRUCK'S IDENTITY DOESN'T SAVE HIM....

SORRY... EVEN A PRESS MAN CAN GO HAYWIRE.

THE PUBLICITY WILL RUIN ME!

THE PUBLICITY MIGHT DO YOU GOOD. WHAT ABOUT A PHOTOGRAPH OF YOU LOOKING AT THE BULLET MARK?

SEND SOMEONE TO THE POLICE. I RING KAHI KING.

THE POLICE RING THE DAILY GAZETTE TO SAY THAT THEY ARE HOLDING A GAZETTE PHOTOGRAPHER ON A VIOLENCE CHARGE.
REMEMBER - ROAD COURTESY MEANS ROAD SAFETY!

ALWAYS GIVE WAY TO TRAFFIC ON YOUR RIGHT!

Published in the interests of Road Safety by THE COMMONWEALTH OIL REFINERIES LTD (Commonwealth of Australia and Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. Ltd.)
WHISPERS in the JUNGLE

THE WORLD HAD CRUSHED HIM, IN THE STEAMING BLACK HEART OF AFRICA HE HOPED FOR REFUGE

DAVID WILLOUGHBY SPENCER—Bachelor of Medicine—by the grace of a long-buried Board of Examiners—leaned on the rail of the rust-stained paddle-steamer which was asthmatically chuff-chuffing up the Mtrun River.

He sighed—it might have been in relief or discomfort—and tilted his topee to mop the sweat from his balding scalp. Then, wilting limply on the rail again, he resumed his plaintive eying of the river's bank.

Bush among the dark-green, sun-glided tapestry of the jungle, he could glimpse a fascioon of monkeys chattering abanonly as they swung from tree to tree to escort the steamer in her passage.

Dr Spencer regarded the towering forms

By God (he was thinking) they could be human; their pittering chatter could have been the jabber of coffee-lounge idlers and after-theatre crowds in the city; it carried the same unintelligible squealing, squeaking, muttering; confusion of sound that any huddle of men and women all talking together seemed to emit.

And yet—Dr Spencer's homesickness was blown asde in a grunt of disillusion—there was a difference... a real difference.

In the gable of the city, you—or he, at all events—could (if you were alert enough) often sense in a chance phrase, or a few words caught out of their context, an undertone of malice.

And then, if you listened more carefully, you began to realise that, beneath the syncopated notes of a city orchestra, there always ran the same counter-theme of malice enveloped by fear.

JACK PEARSON • FICTION

CAVALCADE May, 1952 81
Why not admit it? The men of the city lived in a constant struggle to destroy before they were destroyed. They lived in a state of perpetual unease, unease for themselves... unease for their jobs... and for the men who might rob them of those jobs. They felt they had to kill to avoid being killed... yet when they set out to kill, it was not for brave men with a sword, but without courage... subtly... from ambush...

And so their chosen weapon was not that of a warrior, but of an assassin... the whisper behind the victim's back... the half-truth, more vicious than a deliberate lie...

There (Dr Spencer told himself) was the difference. In the monkey's squabbling, he could pin-point no such undercurrent. Their voices might sound angered or jeering or challenging, but there seemed no hint of venom or of malice. It was as if they were fighting one another for the simple pleasure of a sporting jest. Without any ulterior motive, they seemed to mock at everything for the delight of mocking. They mocked at the steamer... at the river... at themselves... even at life itself... but there was no harm in their mocking.

Dr Spencer was sufficiently cheered to again regale his sweaty pete.

This might have been. When he had finally shuffled the city's dust from his boots, he had gone seeking something like this. Well, here it was... or was it? He hardly dared to hope.

A hippo, three-quarters submerged, stared menacingly at Dr Spencer as the paddle-steamer edged along a mud-bar and cautiously slogged round another bend of the river.

Dr Spencer ignored the wallowing beast and continued to watch the river's bank unblinking like a roll of shot-silk ribbon. Suddenly his shuttered eye-lids were jerked apart like a tugged venetian blind.

From the swaying back-drop of the jungle stopped what seemed to be a statue in ebony somehow instinc with life... a native girl with a grass-woven basket slung on one arm and a heavy brass necklace clasped about her throat... but with no other veil to her nakedness. Her smooth body, with its slapping flanks, gleamed in its coating of oil; with long, lute thighs and taut uplifted breasts, unconscious of her nudity, she viewed the passing paddle-wheeler with a frank interest.

"See her... unmarried by false shame or sham modesty," reflected Dr Spencer, startled by an excitement not in any manner sexual. Yes, this was it. Here was what he had been seeking... humanity at its most unspoiled, unmarred by any slick veneer of defence painted on prudery. It might be a cultivated; but here she was... the Primeval Mother... the animal, perhaps... but with all the animal's unstudied grace.

Dr Spencer was closer to happiness than he had been in years.

Yes, he had been right to come away from the city.

Yet—be he had to confess to himself—be he had had much other choice. In the end, it had been a case of get out or go under...

And yet it had commenced so quietly. The shutters closed again over Dr Spencer's eyes and the muddy waters swirled unheeded in the steamer's wake.

Surely he was arguing with himself for the hundredth-and-odd time there was room for two doctors in one suburb, surely a man who bore such high credentials as young Travers couldn't sink into the dregs of such unethical hypocrisy. But the facts were too plain. Young Travers...

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Defence Should Begin Now!

Last Summer has proved conclusively that bush fires are a threat to our way of life.

(Condensed from an article by C. A. Hungerford in "The Australian Beekeeper")

There are two main causes of bush fires. One is the accumulation of inflammable rubbish, and the other "pilot lights". These exist throughout the timber belt and have even been about 20. They may smoulder for six months or more, and may have a spot where one burned for two years.

How then do we control the bush fire menace? It boils down to using small fires early in the season to prevent big fires in mid-summer. Shut your fire as soon as it will run. This is important. Too soon it useless, and too late, even by one day, is dangerous. This preventative burning should break up the country into "fire-flight" compartments, and in every instance, local conditions and local weather should be taken into account that they may prove your allies and not your foes.

The big bush fire is an awesome spectacle, and it can only be stopped by isolating it, or by a series of "leap-frog" tremendous distances, and can produce an awe hundred witnesses to swear that they saw a fire "leap-frog" from Kurrajong to Camden Road in N.S.W. The distance is three miles. A break is one hope, but before burning it you must be sure that there is a base (such as a road, railway, or river) somewhere ahead of the flame base. Most such fires cannot be put out by these methods. Your best hope is the evening lull. The supreme effort should be made when this occurs.

Clean up all margins. See to it that there is no smouldering log, tree, or stump within reach of unburnt country.

Do not try to put out water you can trust water. Burn everything out to the last chip. If a burning tree stands, fell it. Drag or cut a log well back from the margin. A single overnight may mean the whole battle have to be fought again next day.

Finally a word of advice to Bush Fire Brigades: Big fires are no joke. Your captain will one day be responsible for lives and property. Don't appoint "old Joe", or the ex-comedian captain, because everyone likes him. Choose a man who knows his stuff—and then obey orders.

The article has been reproduced, in condensed form, by the leading Life Assurance Offices of Australia in the interests of their three million policyholders. Because your Life Office invests the savings you pay in premiums in many ways, you should be responsible for lives and property.

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Name

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CAVALCADE, May 1952
mumps! That's what you did! Everyone says so!"

"It had been the end of Dr. Spencer's tether.

"Damn you, woman! Shut up!" he had snarled, grasping the woman by the elbows and shaking her furiously. "And who do you mean by 'Everybody'?"

The woman's hysteria had deflated with the gush of a pricked balloon.

"Well, Doc Travers for one... he says so!" she had whimpered. "Doc Travers says he was there... and he tried to warn you... but you wouldn't heed..."

She had fumed from the room, and he had slumped back into his chair.

What to do?... what to do?... another endless search to solve an immoveable riddle. Perhaps he might have eased Travers for defamation... but what would have been the use of that? If Travers had demed the woman's story, Travers' statement would have carried the greater weight... if Travers had confirmed what the woman had said... well, it would have been only his own word against Travers... and, if it had come to a balance, Travers would have had the woman for support.

Somewhere in the back of his mind a dim whisper had seemed to repeat the motto which an old politician had once confided to him as the summary of all Parliamentary wisdom: "It doesn't matter bow big a lie you tell, so long as you tell it first... some of it is sure to stick."

And (Dr. Spencer had not been able to fight down the suspicion) had he done the right thing... or had worry led him into one more mistake?... he had kept reassuring himself that he was in the right... but was he?

Dr. Spencer had rubbed his palms across his desk as if he were smoothing a pack of cards. The game had been played.

Thank God, he was an old and confirmed bachelor! He had calmly pulled up his stakes... and gone.

He had started out whence even he had not known. Then something had suggested Africa to him.

What it had been, he could not now recall... perhaps some travel poster... perhaps some film, seen long ago and half-forgotten... perhaps some book whose writer and title both had escaped him... yes, he rather thought that it had been some book. The idea seemed to ring a bell in his memory.

How was it some author had described Africa... "the great undulating Mother of All the Living... the black, steaming womb, fecund with primitive growth... the primal source of human existence... brutal, perhaps... but open in its brutality... not crammald with the city's refinements of disused barbarity... a dark embrace within the shelter of which a man might escape... even if only to death."

Dr. Spencer had the average human distance for death... even for a death which sought him out kindly, enfolding him in the sweaty, caressing embrace of warm arms and hollering him gently into the dark comfort of sleep. But... he had reassured himself... it was really not worth consideration. No matter what dreams (if any) should come to disturb that peaceful sleep after he had danced away content, they could be no worse than the living nightmares of the city. At least Africa's death... despite who could guess what savage pangs that might accompany it... was consolingly personal... much to be preferred to the callously-clinical, sterilised manner in which the city disposed of its victims. Much to be preferred.
So Dr Spencer had sailed for Africa. Well, here he was.

The streamer chuff-chuffed further up-stream. On the river-bank the girl piroquetted...her haunches swaying...and pattered into the trees.

It may have been just his imagination, mused Dr Spencer, but the yammering of the monkey-tribes seemed to take on a sinister note as they farewellled her.

A noise—similar, yet somehow unpleasantly dissimilar—yammered at Dr Spencer's side.

Dr Spencer bestowed himself from his lounging and gazed without evident enthusiasm at the Kru-boy who was unmasking himself on the red bank.

As a general rule, Kru-boys were a product of Africa which Dr Spencer—even at earliest acquaintance—was inclined to deplore. To him, they were grotesque caricatures, unseaworthily reminding him of all he was trying to leave behind. In a way, they were worse than the monkeys. At least, the idiot mutations of the mon-keys were inarticulate...and so, excusable, weren't they?

But the pretensions of the Kru-men were conscious impersonations...vaguely degrading both to black and white in their meanness.

In the Kru-men, Dr Spencer had always had a vivid sense of a satire on the city...a satire that stripped the tawdry lacquer of the city-dwellers from their skins and reduced their visual brilliance to the ridiculous sham which it was.

Only in one thing—Dr Spencer was forced to confess—had the Kru-boys improved on the city. They had elevated the burglar's profession in all its branches to a fine art. They were past masters in thievery and...if Dr Spencer now turned a reluctant ear to the confessions of his navy-blue complexioned companion—he did so mainly from sheer delight of being positive that at least one thief was not in his cabin.

Besides, he knew this Kru-boy...

Over a series of early-morning cups of tea and the inevitable banana, Dr Spencer had developed almost a habit of acquaintance with him. The Kru-boy had apparently soon recognised him as a born listener and had not delayed in converting him into a kind of human waste-paper basket in which he deposited daily the dirty carbon copies of his scribings, his woes and the details of his love-affairs, which seemed to be varied, unimportant and to be retold salacious blow-for-blow with a gusto that was not so much Rabelaisian as the facet gurgles of a half-choked sewer. Amidst this confidential verbal litter with which he crammed Dr Spencer, there may have been some deeper fragments of truth...but always the contentions that satisfied a florishing crop of lice.

All of which made it transparently evident to Dr Spencer why this should be the boy whom a former employer had with breath (but understandable) vitriol christened "Amasus Outhouse" when providing him with a solicited testimonial to the value of his services.

The Kru-boy learned at Dr Spencer and provided a calloused thumb towards the vanishing girl.

"Behold, said She..." he mouthed...a smirk of happy salaciousness splitting his unpromising countenance like a red slice of water-melon. "She..."

"Hold your tongue!" Dr Spencer had sneered. He was intent on enjoying his illusion; and Amasus Outhouse was visibly one of those whose most heart-warming delight is to debunk all illusions, whether good or bad.

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Ladies! Write for details of Mondrox — a general tonic for women.
Anerias Outhouse submitted with the stumped expression of one who—

for reasons that pass human understanding—has been prevented from retaking a juicy slice of pornography.

The monkey tribe again decided itself of a surprise attack; for a second, the girl paused, then she plunged into the jungle.

Anerias Outhouse opened his water-melon lips, choked audibly as he was an initiate struggling in the effort to digest from disclaiming obscure mysteries which it is forbidden to reveal, and quenched himself miserably. His once-proud paunch seemed to deflate with a melancholy hiss into the pruneted semblance of a pricked balloon. He averted his gaze from the river-bank and stared morosely at Dr. Spencer, his cheeks puckered with the tearful wrinkles of an ill-done-by innocent, whose happy playfulness has been brutally shattered by a satanic sensor.

Dr. Spencer was shrewdly unswayed by a facile virtue. He hadn’t spilled the to the boy like that, he reproved himself. After all, Kru-boys were Kru-boys—a bastard hodge-podge of white and black in which there flourished healthily the more repugnant vices of both. It was not their fault that they weren’t as the girl had seemed to his—uncomplex and naked and unabashed.

"Garaus? Garaus?" he muttered with a hint of apology.

"Garaus? Garaus?" replied Anerias Outhouse, exciting pride at an opportunity to exhibit an Acera City education. "Sir, I wish to draw to your attention that the village of Garaus remains yet two or three bounds up river."

He brandished five out-stretched fingers to make his calculations amply clear. Dr. Spencer blanched a trifle.

"Well, whatever it is, it can’t be long now," he consoled himself dully.

Garaus, he knew, was the paddler-steamer’s terminus. Beyond that village lay rivers marked on maps only by a dubious line of dots; settlements of which no cartographer had ever dreamed, tribes to whom the white men were not even a myth, a land unawed... unaltered by the ages.

There was the real Africa, Dr. Spencer told himself. There was the seething, steamy womb of the living. There were the primal simplicities, unshackled by the make-believe and hypocrisies of civilization. There were men... and women, too... who felt no need to disguise their loves or their hatreds... who—if they wished to stay—slept, brutally perhaps, but openly.

Women who went to their lovers without twirling protestations of mock modesty... without the usual excuse of a sophisticated unconventionality... women who—unshamed and unhesitant—sought their lovers to satisfy an urge which was as natural to them as the trees and the vines and the reeds in which they made their making beds. There was life stripped to its essentials... life that had never felt the need to hide its nakedness... life that had never grown patrid and rotten by assuming a false prudishness... life, in fact, that was life.

And that was where Dr. Spencer was journeying.

The paddler-steamer nudged away from still another mud-bar and slid feebly towards a razor-backed clay ridge from which the jungle-growth reared like a windless wall.

"How far Garaus now?" Dr. Spencer prompted Anerias. Anerias was indignant by the proceedings of a portent instilling a not-too-bright child.

"For your information, sir," he said now, "he consoled himself dully.

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"For your information, sir," he said now,
assessed, "the town of Garua is now one more two, three or four beds ahead."

And, sturdily declining to have his mathematics refuted, he spread out his whole ten fingers in proof.

But it was not Anamels's abstruse system of calculation that caused Dr. Spencer to recoil from the rail.

With an ear-shattering blast of its whistle, the paddle-steamer was announcing that it had reached the further side of the ridge. Behind the razor-back was a small clearing, sown with a few plots of melanas and huddling precariously within a circle of graping jungle.

"Sure," advised Anamels, remonstrant.

"The village of Garua ... as I said ... observe!"

Dr. Spencer was observing. He was staring at a score or so of reed-woven native huts ... more or less bee-hive shaped, a galvanized-iron store, grilled to a nifty in the afternoon sun; and a delapidated wooden bungalow, from the verandah of which someone was languidly waving a cloth.

A crazy pier of untrimmed logs reached out into the stream and here and there a few black figures were already moving towards it.

"At last," Dr. Spencer breathed optimistically. Anamels endorsed his opinion by spitting raucously into the river, which was probably the reason why Dr. Spencer turned away abruptly ... and so first noticed the canoe that was converging with the paddle-steamer on the pier ... but from the opposite direction.

The craft held only one paddler, and his mind by every evidence was not on his job. He was again and again easing his paddling to glance anxiously over his shoulder and up the river.

Suddenly, however, he seemed to be stirring into an explosion of energy. There was no hesitation now. He resumed his paddling ... delving fiercely at the muddy waters as if he wished to lift his unpredicatable craft skimming dragon-fly-wise over the surface. He rowed with all the intent urgency of some fugitive who knew without seeing that a pack of ghost-hounds were baying at his heels. Yet, behind him, only the flutter of a bird's wing and an eddy of foam splashing round a rock broke the emptiness of the river down which he came.

"By God, a flying Dutchman ... an African flying Dutchman," Dr. Spencer mumbled to himself and wondered vaguely what elderch fury drove this obviously lug-ridden soul in such a frenzy out of nowhere into seeming nowhere.

- The canoe glissaded from a wave and tested omniously; but the oarsman merely drove his paddle deeper and plunged ahead on his course. As he swung from side to side with each dip of the paddle, his chest pulled and heaved and wide streams of sweat poured down his fowl to make mud of the ekses sprinkled on his hunched shoulders.

"Watch yourself! Watch yourself!" Dr. Spencer was on the verge of yelling. "Darn it to hell, man, do you want us to collide?"

He suppressed himself in the nick of time. With two swift thrusts of his paddle, the oarsman, evidentely abandoning his suicidal intentions, sent his craft swirling on its axis and speared unscathed across the steamer's bows.

The paddle-steamer and the canoe touched the pier almost simultaneously. As the steamer's gang-plank clattered down, the ancient tossed his canoe-paddle into the waters and clambered rathetically onto the pier decking.

He was a thin, wizened skeleton of
a man... ("There but for the Grace of God go I!" Dr. Spencer informed himself depressingly)... his bald head majestically decorated with a dragooned crest of once-ivory plumes. Equally gaudy and costly was his heavy tourmaline and gold necklace, which he wore as a symbol of his wealth and status. His face, a picture of self-satisfaction, was reflected in the mirror of his polished ivory handle, and he regarded himself with a self-satisfied air.

Ananas Outhouse squirmed, uneasily conscious of the watchful eyes of the others in the room. He was not a man to be caught unawares. He knew that they were looking at him, and he knew that they were thinking about him. He felt a twinge of guilt as he realized that his actions might have influenced them, but he also knew that he could not deny the truth of his own words.

Dr. Spencer seemed by some species of levitation to be hoisted momentarily into mid-air. All his ingrained professional maneture on the infallibility of Cause-and-Effect was collapsing, like the work of a jerry-builder, into rubble about his ears. He who had always refused to recognize the possibility that anything could happen by chance, was staring in amazement.

But it can't happen here, he was saying to himself, it can't happen here... yet... against all reason—no it was to all evidence happening here. The word "unlucky" seemed to be leading him on, back on paths he had travelled. He didn't like the sound of it. But he declared to accept contradiction without argument.

"Until..." he asked, hopefully hoping against hope. "What do you mean by 'Until'..."

"Until now they do not," Ananas continued nonchalantly. "So now he throws his medicine into the waters and takes himself down the river."

"But why?... why?" urged Dr. Spencer, more than ever convinced that the chain of events would stretch far.

Ananas's sneeze of contempt darkened into a scowl.

"Because the warriors up river are no longer useful of N'Gombi," he explained malvolently. "Because they say N'Gombi has grown too old... because the medicine he makes is no longer strong... because his magic fails in power... so that the crops perish and the hunting is poor... and the women bear no sons... and for all this, they say, N'Gombi is to blame... for they know N'Gombi's power is lost... thus they have been told"

Dr. Spencer was startled to hear himself speaking with such assurance. He could not believe what he was saying. There was no disguising it, no denying it. And

the "they" was the "they" he had heard in his surgery.

"But who told them?" he stammered.

Ananas Oouthouse squirmed, undisguisedly struck by a spasm of indignant self-righteousness.

"Why, who else but Wokari?" he informed Dr. Spencer accusingly.

"Who else but Wokari, who was once the wife of N'Gombi... Wokari, the girl on the river's bank... concerning whom I was truthful when informing the..."

...for the rest..."

"Darn me to hell!" Dr. Spencer prayed in earnest blasphemy.

"Yes, sir, indeed!" agreed Ananas, salving his own injuries by rubbing the salt well into another's wounds.

"Wokari, it was... it was she who told them what Etomo, the young medicine-maker, had told her..." for Wokari saw that N'Gombi was old and that Etomo was young and she believed Etomo... so now Wokari sits in Etomo's hut... and Etomo makes fame for the chief and the king's warriors... and N'Gombi flies down-river... at which all men are joyful that they were saved by Wokari Who Told N'Gombi's Crimes"

"Oh God, not here too!" Dr. Spencer begged aloud.

"Indeed, yes, sir," Ananas insisted delightedly. "And Wokari will wait by the river until she sees N'Gombi pass on his way when she will return to make Etomo glad!"

The rhythm of an old song was beating on Dr. Spencer's eardrums... "It's the same the whole world over!... It's the same the whole world over!"

"Ananas!" be said tersely. "Don't intrigue my baggage. I'm going home!"

He spun on his heel and stalked away to great N'Gombi, Who Had Once Been A Great Medicine Man, at the top of the bank.

He thought it might encourage a fellow-practitioner to be told that perhaps the only cheering aspect of a city's spread-campaign was the fact that, when it was being brewed, all concerned could be perfectly confident that, somewhere in the dark of some jungle, other witch-doctors would be doing the same.

In the tree-tops across Garret's clearing the monkeys yelled a deafening peal of sardonic laughter.
LION OF THE SEA . . .

Today, another woman sits on the British throne— and British history has a reputation for being brightest when a Queen rules. Great things are hoped for now, so, as a taste, we give you a flash of what iron men and wooden ships could do under another English Queen Read "Galleon of Disaster", it is a vivid episode of Elizabeth I., the red-haired Gloriana — and the man who fought for her.

RELATIVE . . .

With the exception of a few conscientious dissenters, the Maestro Kinsey has lately been drawing unblinend applause for his revelations of the less publicised sex habits of the human species. But was the Maestro really the first to delve into these deadly dangers in a scientific sort of spirit? Please don't all shout at once. Consider Margaret Clarke's article on Page 24— you'll be surprised.

PLASTICITY . . .

In honour of that Dr McIndoe, whose memory is still cherished by so many air force types of World War II, we dedicate the article "Man Who Made Faces" (Page 12). There you will find some short account of the minor miracles which McIndoe accomplished on those scarred and battered unfortunate who were sent to him for aid . . . as well as a glimpse of what is being done now, and what will be done in the future. The Plastic Surgeon has come into his own.

AND ETCETERA . . .

As for the rest— well, we can only hope you enjoy it as much as we did. For Australians, there's a new little slice of understatement, "Mountie of the Finkel", for Historians (Criminal or otherwise), the so-called story of A Lady Who Loved an Outlaw (we'll let you say how wisely or how well), for Those-Who-Like-Then-Reading-Exotic, we recommend "Philatelist Can Be Faddy" and "Hey For the Honey-Brew". Fictioners include that consistent collector of competition loot, D'Arcy Niland, as well as Jack Pearson and a newcomer, one Athol Yeramans.

NEXT MONTH . . .

If you will allow us to come a phrase, we think you will find next month's "CAVALCADE," to say the least International. For Wanderers in the By-Ways of History, you have "The Traitor Died in Honour" and "The Judge Ordered a Duel", for Criminologists (Amateur or otherwise) "A Neck For a Rope" and "Suicide With Public Aid"; for armchair word-travellers "Mysteries of the Sahara" and "Fantastic Footsteps on Time's Sand"; for fire-side strategists "Tomb of Thousands", and for sports, "America's Fifteenth Hole". Fiction and features are right up to standard.

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