WAS THE RED CHAIR HAUNTED?

GEORGE MANNING

After Floyd died, his favorite old red chair kept on rocking—but now it rocked by itself. Crowds came from afar to marvel at its bewitched movement.

FOLKS who read surreptitiously of werewolves, sorcerers, vampires, boxers and devil worshippers might not have been too amused when an 8-year-old, red, upholstered, platform rocker wouldn't be still.

But in Floyd Holladay's quiet peaceful home in Muscatine, Iowa, such weird goings-on as a self-rocking chair was found to be a quite unbelievable phenomenon, especially since such mysterious, mechanical antics had actually been witnessed for 30 consecutive days. Well, this was something the inquisitive, gossipy neighbors shouldn't know about.

However much the Holladays wished to keep the family secret of this ridiculous chair, their nearest neighbors did finally learn about it and the furthest neighbors' neighbors, too. On the first Saturday afternoon in March, 1950, an estimated 400 amazed and mystified persons stood quietly in the Holladay home.

The curious and sceptical noted consciously the old red rocker's steady, backward and forward movements, just as if a visible person sat there rocking contentedly. Like a wild prime fire the latest hot news spread, and the Holladay family, because of their self-rocking chair, were to achieve mingled fame. Alert news services, whose facilities cover the nation, immediately sent their best reporters to the Holladay home.

On a subsequent Sunday it was conservatively estimated that 500 courteous, critical and doubting persons witnessed the ceaseless, measured motion of the old rocker.

The Holladays and their three sons, in the brief course of 36 days, had listened to various unsatisfactory explanations as to the reasons for their chair's rocking. They decided that while waiting for some logical explanation—acceptable particularly to them—not to be unduly frightened by the chair's weird actions.

Mrs. Holladay, however, honestly confessed that she would "get a little leery" of the chair's steady rocking to and fro when she'd been alone in the house.

Besides the Holladay family being utterly mystified by the old red rocker's actions, the phenomenon had forcibly intruded these particular folk, too: an interested science teacher, and those sceptical curious newspaper and radiomen.

A state correspondent for the Des Moines Sunday Register wanted a second time to be an impartial witness of the "rambunctious red rocker's antics," and reported "the top of the rocker's back continued to describe an arc of about two inches, just as it had Friday night."

Morton Gally, the science instructor in the Muscatine High School, with his knowledge of physics came, finally to watch and study the chair's mysterious, spectacular movements. After firmly stating that the chair was "delicately balanced," he gave freely as his personal opinion that the chair's ceaseless movement might be caused by: "Thawing ground around and under the house, passing cars, slammed doors, or persons walking about the house."

Mr. Holladay was laughingly scornful of what she considered nebulous theories. She stated, with much conviction, to a Des Moines Register reporter, "It started rocking long before the Spring thaw, and it rocks whether there's a car passing or whether anyone's slamming doors or moving about the house either."

Teacher Gally, however, was firm. He said, "Vibrations could be responsible for keeping the chair in motion, or the chair's vibration frequency is resonant to the vibration frequency of the floor of the house."

Gally told Mrs. Holladay that she had nothing supernatural, mysterious or unusual in this "rocking" rocking chair, that it was coincident with the time the frost began to leave the ground that this chair began rocking late in March.

He elaborated patiently, "The vibration frequency of the floor naturally would be greater during the period the ground is thawing." But the zealous teacher hardly succeeded in convincing Mrs. Holladay. She was present with the red chair more than any other member of her family.

And the old red rocker that wouldn't be still was to have the last rock on various and sundry scientific theories expounded by many people. It magnificently exploded every learned, cock-eyed theory, of why it rocked unatched by human hands, by rocking in defiance where no "perpetual" rocker had ever rocked before.

After 36 days of witnessing the strange actions of their rocker, once so dependably behaved, the Holladays had imperceptibly grown into the belief that "this chair has a personality, and even ears with which to hear."

In due course of time, the still mystified but anxious-to-learn—why Holladays, experimented determinedly. They had set the old reliable rocking chair in every one of the six rooms in their frame house. It wasn't particular. It rocked!

Did it rock because of an "invisible human body" sitting comfortably in its seat cushion? A number of people
braver than some said as much where all could hear, and some secretly voiced their opinions. But none believing their own statements, because they couldn’t explain why.

After 15 consecutive days of “perpetual motion” the tireless old red rooker on a blue Monday lost its arm. It was quickly snappped off when a too careless and excited visitor—probably excited at the prospect of sitting in a ghost’s lap for the first time in any person’s life—sat down heavily on the arm.

The long-suffering patience of Mr. and Mrs. Holladay, who had been hospitable enough to total strangers to hold open house to please undergraduates curious to see the chair, snapped as suddenly as the chair’s arm, and broke off, too. She and Floyd Holladay, who was fond of the comfortable old chair, agreed: "That did it! That ends open house for us!"

The manufacturers of the Holladay chair, until now quietly reading their newspapers at home, finally decided they must go to Clinton, Iowa, to thoroughly examine this prominent chair. Officials of the Kelly Chair Company, after due and careful deliberation, gave as their honest opinion on a Tuesday, that it was their belief “it is so delicately balanced that it rocks at the slightest vibration.”

However, they did not state how many of their “definitely balanced” chairs were now rocking untouched by human hands back in their factory where the Holladay chair had been made. They did further suggest in perfectly good faith—the Holladays tried hard so realize this suggestion—that a similar motor in the area could be the focus from which the vibrations commenced.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Knutze, another Muscatine, Iowa, couple, told the Holladays of some strange experience they had had nine years before, when they had lived only two doors from the Holladay’s home. The Knutzes’ mysteriously active rocking chair, quite unlike the Holladays’ rooker, would only rock at night. Mrs. Knutze said, “We sold it because it made too much noise.”

After the “bewitched” chair had been in motion for 15 days, without a satisfactory explanation for its strange and weird behavior being acceptable to the Holladays, Mrs. Holladay, justly triumphant, announced on a Saturday, that her famous chair was now worth up to 2,000 dollars. And she added, earnestly determined, “but we’re not sure we’d take that now.”

Her reasons for that statement were, “If the chair is worth more than 2,000 dollars and I have agreed to appear on a New York City television show, May 12th.”

Come that great event for which an entire nation waited tensely, but a bit apprehensively. Television, and more radio listeners, couldn’t be driven from their comfortable seats on the slowly gathering, suspenseful night of Friday, May 12, 1950.

This daring and eventual debut of the famous Holladays and their weird chair was appearing on a radio-television programme of the National Broadcasting Company, popularly known as “We The People.” Would the old red platform rocker of Kelly manufacture perform as gallantly as it had since March 23, only six days after a great storm had overwhelmed the family?

AP news stated: “The chair rocked violently during the show—almost imperceptibly before and after.” None of those experts, “learned opinions” which had been voiced back in the Muscatine, Iowa, home applied to the chair on the stage of the NBC broadcasting station in New York City. And the chair rocked violently! Television watchers saw it rock! It was the rational opinion of some that the chair seemed actually determined “to prove that an unseen intelligence was conscious of all that went on around and about it.”

Yet for eight long years, the Holladays said, their chair was no different than any other chair in their house, it was simply just a rocking chair. The only time it would rock was when somebody was sitting in it— and one could see who was rocking the chair!

Of course, Joseph Dunmger was there! He has been trying for years to dispel disinterestedly stated claims of those disinterested parties who test the claims of the Spirit Mediums.

He is called a “nihilist” and as the chairman of the Universal Council for Psychic Research, UCPR is not to be confused with the long established American Society for Psychical Research, with which some of the world’s great scientists have been connected in one capacity or another. Dunmger said: “This chair rocks. So what? It’s a rare physical phenomenon—not a psychic one. Perfect balance—that’s why.”

But Dunmger didn’t explain why this particular chair only found its “perfect balance” after eight long years of only rocking in the Holladay home—when a visible body rocked it.

But right after the programme, going simultaneously into the homes of millions of interested people, Joseph Dunmger found a person who would quickly disagree with him. He was Henry Roberts, an editor of the “Prophecies of Nostradamus.” Roberts said to Dunmger: “I disagree absolutely. The basis is purely psychic. That chair, I feel, has psychometrical quality of the person who sat in it, a fourth dimensional objectivity.”

In short words, Henry Roberts meant by the terms, psychometrical and fourth dimensional objectivity, the spiritual body of a once-living person is now sitting in that chair, and rocking it as it has been rocking the same time since that day, March 23, 1949. This spirit person is fully aware of all that goes on around it.

When Mrs. Holladay was asked the person who liked to sit in the old red rooker, she answered, “It was Floyd Brossart, my brother-in-law. He enjoyed sitting in that chair whenever he wanted to.”

Further inquiry revealed that on March 17, 1950, the Holladays moved into the house recently vacated by the Brossarts who moved to a Muscatine County farm. Floyd Brossart died on March 11, after two operations.

CAVALCADE, September, 1952
Burmese Blood Bath

In the heyday of its past, under power-mad rulers, Burma was a land to avoid—if you wanted to keep your head.

TOD JONES

Since the Second World War, when Burma made the headlines as the base for Japanese attack on India, it has once more been thrust into the background of world affairs.

But under the smiling politeness of the Burmese lies memory of Burma as a military power with armies raiding across the borders into China, Siam and India.

Under one of its most famous rulers, Alompra, the Burmese waged years of aggression against all of its neighbours, and the Indian border states were among the worst sufferers.

Alompra believed in the policy of frightfulness. His smiling, polite Burmese soldiers committed atrocities that would have made Chhongk Khan and Timurlane remonstrate.

One of the favourite Burmese devices to impress their enemies was to crush their captives and then cut a piece from the still-living victims and eat it in front of them.

Women, children and the aged were not immune from these fendos. As their ruler believed that the only enemies to be trusted were dead ones, those who did not manage to escape were usually herded together inside bamboo cages and burned alive.

Burma during the past was the happy hunting ground of unscrupulous European adventurers.

Alompra had no scruples about using the Europeans for his own ends; but when they were detected plotting against him, retribution was swift and horrible.

A Portuguese named De Brito showed the extremely bad judgment of entering into a plot to capture one of the King’s forts.

Unfortunately for him, Alompra brought troops to the scene with such despatch that De Brito was outnumbered and trapped.

At the King’s orders he was impaled. The place of punishment was a small hill looking down on the fort, and such was the delirium of his torturer that he lingered for three days before he died.

During the reigns of King Minda and King Thibsaw, there was a famous Burmese general named Mahabandula.

On one occasion a jealous scout brought Mahabandula news that an unexpected force of enemy troops were ready to attack his camp.

So upset was the general by the news that he promptly ordered the scout to be executed for bringing such distressing tidings.

Another Burmese general, who was involved in a defeat during one of the many local campaigns, so disgusted his sovereign by his lack of enterprise that his immediate execution was ordered by roasting over slow fires.

But the disgraced general was one step ahead of his ruler’s wishes. He promptly disappeared into the jungle with a small band of followers.

Before he could be apprehended he sent word to the King that he had captured a white elephant, which he was bringing as a gift.

In Burma a white elephant as the panacea for all misdeeds. The overjoyed ruler reinstated the general to his former rank with an ample monetary reward as well.

Life in the Burmese Court was never dull. It was never known when a purge of political plotters would be made.

While King Bagoysaw occupied the throne, the need for the courtiers to be constantly on the alert was even greater than usual.

The King had the habit, when annoyed, of suddenly arising and disappearing into an inner room.

When he reappeared, he usually had a spear, which was destined for the person who had aroused his displeasure, or in cases of acute distress, for the first person he saw.

King Minda, a contemporary of Queen Victoria, had a horror of condemning a person to death.

To spare his feelings, he merely intimated to his chief minister that he did not desire to see a particular face again. That made certain that the face and body of the subject concerned soon parted company.

A new palace had been built at Ava, the capital of Burma at that time. To the King’s immense disgust, a violent thunderstorm demolished its spire.

As it was impossible to punish the elements, Minda decided to vent his wrath on the architect, whose face was promptly outlawed from the Royal Presence.

A few hours later he decided that, another spire would have to be built it would be better to keep the architect alive.

Unfortunately, his officers had displayed their usual zeal. The architect’s head had long since parted company with his neck.

Through long usage, the Burmese had come to accept sudden death as a normal event; but the limit of
GOOOO NEIGHBOUR POLICY

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
You look sweet in a garden
But, begging your pardon,
Eve thought of that long ago.

Mary, Mary, I'm too wary,
Yes, you're a bewitching maiden,
But my wife's away,
So indoors I'll stay,
For look what happened to Adam.

—ERICA PARKER

The king and his advisers were discoursed that the people could be so unpatriotic as to avoid so necessary a sacrifice. However, they decided to modify their programme to the extent that they obtained sacrifices from the prisoners, and buried them alive at the city gates during the hours of darkness.

Human sacrifice was not new to Mandalay. When the city was founded, fifty-two persons had been buried alive to protect it from evil. Even the famous Lion Throne, on which the rulers gave audience, was the mausoleum of four unwilling victims.

Unable to refrain from intrigue, before long Supayalat once again began to sow suspicions in the King's mind. She told him that the few members of royal blood who had escaped the first massacre, but who were still in prison, were planning to escape and overthrow him.

It was accordingly decided to expedite the whole affair by arranging for an escape. Three prisoners were opened. As the drapes painfully ran out, troops shot them dead.

Eyewitnesses the next day counted over three hundred naked bodies, from which hands and feet had been hacked to enable the recovery of the mantles.

Shortly after this little episode, Thibaw, again at Supayalat's urging, decided he could win a war against Britain.

The Third Burmese War ended in a complete defeat for the Burmese, and a pension and exile for life in India for King Thibaw and Queen Supayalat.

...
boulder came uncomfortably close to a constable riding his beat.

The police, however, endured these insults and acts of hostility in the hope that Almighty Voice would eventually settle down. They were anxious to avoid open trouble.

One day, however, a report of a different nature came in to the barracks at Regina. Word came that Almighty Voice had stolen a cow. The Commissioner immediately called for Captain Allen.

"I'm afraid this is it," he told the Captain. "So far we have been patient with Almighty Voice, hoping that ultimately he would come to recognize our authority. I've no doubt that Almighty Voice stole this cow for no other purpose than to force us to show our hand. Well, Captain, it's that. The thief must be taken, brought in and punished."

Captain Allen saluted. "I'll detail Sergeant Colbrook to bring Almighty Voice in, sir," he said.

An uneasy atmosphere settled over the barracks when the nature of Sergeant Colbrook's mission became known. There was gravity in Captain Allen's voice as he addressed Sergeant Colbrook in his office.

"We've been expecting something like this, sergeant," he said. "I want you to understand the exact nature of this case. It goes beyond Almighty Voice's theft of a cow. There are not many Indians who recognize our authority as policemen yet. They must be made to recognize that authority and gain respect for the law. This is a test case for our authority."

Completing arrangements for his assignment, Sergeant Colbrook detailed a half-bred guide to accompany him to act as interpreter, the sergeant having no knowledge of the Indian language.

Almighty Voice was camped some distance out on the prairie. With him were a few other Indians. Not a word was spoken as the Mountie and his guide rode into the camp.

Sergeant Colbrook's eye immediately snarled out Almighty Voice. The Indian stood a little apart from his fellows. He was a muscular savage with jet-black insulent eyes.

At sight of the sergeant and his red-coat, the Indian's thin cruel lips twisted into a sneer. But Colbrook was quick to notice how his hand quickly tightened on his rifle.

About ten yards away from Almighty Voice, Colbrook reined in his horse. To his half-bred interpreter he said, "Tell him that I have come to arrest him for theft."

The guide transmitted this to Almighty Voice. The Indian sat on the ground before him. He said something to the other Indians who immediately laughed jeeringly. Almighty Voice then turned back to the interpreter and spoke again.

"He says," the interpreter told Sergeant Colbrook, "that if you move forward another foot he will shoot you."

The air became electric. Almighty Voice raised his rifle, pointed it directly at the sergeant's breast. In that tense moment, the other Indians bent their combined gaze silently, menacingly, upon the Mountie.

The Indian's threat was not idle. One "Sergeant Colbrook realized that from the expression in the eyes of Almighty Voice.

But into his mind came the words of Captain Allen. "This is a test case for our authority... upon it may rest the entire future history of the R.C.P.M."

Sergeant Colbrook did not hesitate. He had been told to get his man, even if it cost him his life.

He looked at the muzzle of the rifle aimed at him, saw the jet black...
eyes of Almighty Voice squinting through the sun. To the interpreter the sergeant said:

"Tell him if he has spoken. Tell him I gave him one last chance to come with me peacefully, that he will receive a fair trial and justice."

The guide transmitted the message. Almighty Voice replied without lowering his rifle an inch. The interpreter said to Colbrook, "His answer is the same as before."

Hearing this, Sergeant Colbrook hesitated no longer. His hand flipped the rifle. His mount started forward. Simultaneously came the vicious cough of a rifle. Sergeant Colbrook fell from his horse, a bullet in his heart.

When word was received back in Regina of Almighty Voice's cold-blooded slaying of Sergeant Colbrook, posts across the province were alerted. A reward was offered for the Indian's apprehension, with a description of the Cree being at once circulated. In the meantime, the murder was conveniently disappeared.

The search spread from Regina to all points of the compass. Days passed and stretched into weeks. Finally, when all efforts to locate Almighty Voice appeared fruitless, Captain Allen was placed in command of the search.

Weeks passed until the pursuit had spread over a radius of one thousand miles. It became, and still remains, one of the longest manhunts in the history of the R.C.M.P. Then, one day, a half-furred scout brought word that Almighty Voice had been reported in the vicinity of Duck Lake, 80 miles away.

With a full detachment of men, Captain Allen set forth immediately. On the way to Duck Lake, however, other reports came in which showed the capture was not going to be easy. On the contrary, it threatened to be hazardous in the extreme.

"It is no longer just Almighty Voice alone," a scout informed Captain Allen. "He has been planning several Indian raids against the whole R.C.M.P. The Cree in particular appear to have gone over entirely to him. It is hard to say how many Indians he has with him, maybe a hundred, perhaps more, many more. They are properly armed. If you are ever to take Almighty Voice, you will have to take them all."

The sun was barely over the horizon when the detachment arrived in the vicinity of Duck Lake. Here they were greeted with information that Almighty Voice, with many other Indians behind him, was encamped behind some bushes.

Hardly had the Mounted Police put in their appearance when they were hailed with a volley of lead that forced them to spread out and seek shelter. As it was, some of Allen's party had been hit and seriously wounded.

The police could not advance, and to retire was out of the question. Consequently, a desultory fire was kept up on both sides throughout the day.

Finally, Captain Allen decided upon a bold move. It was risky, it would mean exposing himself for a moment, but there was a slim chance that an appeal might be effective. He stood up from his shelter.

"We are not here to fight against our Indian friends," he called. "We are simply here to arrest one of you for murder. That man is Almighty Voice. Do not let him make outlaws of you all. I promise that if Almighty Voice surrenders, he will be given a full and fair hearing, while the rest of you will be allowed to return peacefully to your homes."

The answer was the crack of a rifle fired by Almighty Voice. Himself.

Captain Allen staggered as a bullet grazed his face. It was a bad wound but not mortal. And it was the only reply received to his offer.

As darkness set in, Captain Allen dispatched a man back to the headquarters at Regina. The result of this message was soon forthcoming. Following the slain man, the Indians were scoured by the Mounted Police. A battle ensued. The hosts that followed were virulent and bloody on both sides. When the smoke cleared, 31 dead Indians were counted on the ground.

One of these was a muscular savage with dark, cruel lips. Captain Allen looked about him at the slaughter, looked at his own wounded men, and felt the bandages on his shoulders. Then he looked back at the fallen savage.

"And all because he stole a cow," he said softly. "I thought of Sergeant Colbrook, and how that valiant man had ridden unflinchingly to his death. Perhaps now the Indians will come to realize that the Mounted Police stand for law, order and justice in Canada."

Captain Allen was right. From that day on, the Indians regarded Canada's red-coated guardians with a new respect. The silence of Almighty Voice had proved a test case indeed.
A HANDFUL OF HOAXERS

Except for the poor victims, everyone can laugh at a really good hoax. Here are a few inspired japes now regarded as classics.

THE art of the hoaxer has a long and gaudy record. He has flourished since the days of Meriwether Lewis and the other imaginative spirits.

Not until the 19th Century, however, did he burst into full bloom with the sort of ingenious and imaginative pranks that we either laugh at or gape at today.

Most famous and inspired of all the modern hoaxers was a certain Horace de Verte Cole. He died in 1888, having devoted his life and fortune to the perpetration of 99 recorded classic hoaxes.

One day in 1913, the Admiral of His Majesty's Home Fleet anchored at Portsmouth received a telegram aboard his flagship, Dreadnaught. It was signed by Lord Hardinge, the Permanent Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office, and informed him that the Emperor of Abyssinia was arriving by train that morning on a visit of inspection.

The Admiral's aide hurried ashore to make preparations. Before the train drew in, he had the red ceremonial carpet unrolled.

At last the Emperor descended. He looked a trifle uncomfortable (which was really not to be wondered at as he had never been an emperor before). Like the four other turbaned, robed and bearded members of his party, he was a friend of Horace Cole, and talking into the throat and on to the Admiral's barge without trouble

On the dock of the Dreadnaught, marines in dress uniform were drawn up. The Admiral and his staff greeted the visitor. The band played the National Anthem of Zanzibar, not knowing that of Abyssinia.

For most of his time on the warship, Cole enjoyed himself royally in the wardroom. But the "Abyssinians," frightened of the effect on their dummy beards and make-up, had to refuse all refreshment.

Cole explained their abstemiousness as religious scruples.

At the end of the day, the "Emperor" and his party pleaded urgent engagements in London, and escaped to shore in the barge—without suffering the ordeal of the 101-gun salute reserved for Ruling Monarchies.

One of the best—and also one of the most expensive—of Horace Cole's inspired hoaxes was the poor man as a result of the high costs of elaborating hoaxes, was "the sale of the Crown of Croatia."

Not long after the conclusion of World War I, he heard that a notorious millionaire wartime profiteer was offering to buy the monarchy of any one of the lesser European nations.

Several of them were "ringless in the post-war political chaos, and the ambitious millionaire did not see why he could not purchase himself a sur-

It was obviously too good an opportunity for Cole to miss. A mansion was rented, furnished and staffed as the Crown Legion Observance "dipломats" approached the millionaire. After much negotiation, he was permitted to interview the Crown "Ambassador."

Cole, as the "Ambassador," gave the performance of his career. After dropping vague hints about a mysterious American rival for the throne, he soon had the victim begging him to accept two million pounds as a donation to the Great Treasury.

An agreement was drawn up. The millionaire was to be crowned King of the grateful nation at a ceremony in the Legation House "Crown" dignitaries were to journey to London for the purpose.

On the appointed day, resplendent in full, heavily-tailed, Croat national dress, the millionaire arrived at the Legation. With great formality, he was conducted by footmen and officials to the ballroom.

The door was flung open. The millionaire was ushered into Half London, it seemed, to his utmost glee, was standing there.

Glasses in hand, they drank in mock ceremony to a gigantic picture frame on the wall. In it, he could see, was his own cheque for the throne.

Another fantastic hoaxer of world-wide repute was an eccentric former English Army Major, named Robert Noble. His happy hunting ground was the little town of Kamloops in British Columbia, where he lived out his years of retirement until he died in 1947. As an ex-soldier, his "Homburg Hat Switching Hoax" was a masterpiece.

The trick was played in an office in which Noble was working. The day the victim appeared with what was obviously a brand new Homburg, the hoaxer surreptitiously examined it.

At luncheon he went away and bought another hat identical in every respect but one—the second hat was half a size larger.

Sometime during the afternoon he switched hats. When the victim put on his Homburg to go home, he found it wobbled loosely on his head and was in danger of falling down over his ears.

The following day the victim appeared wearing the substituted hat.

CAVALCADE, September, 1952
Want a haunted house?... Well, latest entry in Britain's ghostliest home stakes is Bradford Abbey. Three spooks hover round these eerie halls. First is a monk, who suddenly stops out of ladies' walls... while they are undressing. His rival (or chaproner) is "a little old lady in grey" who distresses residents by sitting without warning by the fireside. But the thing has parents really worried. It's a damp baby who snuggles up beside them in bed.

"The switching of Hombrugs," observed Noble, scientifically, "continued until the victim threw one of them on the floor and jumped on it in a mad rage."

Australians, too, have perpetuated some classic hauntings. Who has forgotten the Erin Malley affair in 1944? An Adelaide high-brow literary magazine published a long series of "poems"—each, if anything, more meaningless than the first.

With a great fanfare, it announced them as the inspired work of a brilliant young poet named Erin Malley. For a few weeks the name of Erin Malley reverberated around the country. A lecturer on literature at Adelaide University discussed and praised the "poems." They were reverently dispatched overseas for publication as enduring examples of Australian verse.

Then the bubble burst. Young Servicemen revealed they had invented Malley and had concerted the "poems" in the most satirical argon.

They wrote the lot in one afternoon—by stringing together disconnected lines from scores of different poems. Soon after that, the Adelaide magazine ceased publication.

But "Erin Malley" was not alone. Just before the last war, a self-styled "Prince of practical jokers" descended upon Sydney from the United States. For several weeks, no one was safe from his exploding cigars, water-squirting buttonholes and other tricks.

Several university students, accordingly, decided to give him a taste of his own medicine.

In a luxurious hired limousine, they went down to the Inner Marquess at Circular Quay, on which the Merry Andrew was travelling.

There they presented him with an elaborately engraved invitation card...
When the Feathers Fly

A THOUSAND people — men and women — crammed the small amphitheatre to its capacity. They were tense and silent, and their attention was fixed on a shallow, circular pit around which they sat in rising tiered rows.

The floor of the pit was 28 feet in diameter. Down there, two fighting cocks were fluttering, darting, and savagely striking in a furious battle to the death.

The building was on the outskirts of a city situated way down in the south of the United States of America. The occasion was the Annual International Cocking Tournament Meeting, featuring the world’s greatest living fighers.

Three hundred years ago, in England, where the pastime grew to popularity, cock fighting was known as a poor man’s sport. How different in modern America to-day!

Contestants in top-class tournaments, such as the International, need to have easy access to hundreds of dollars. They put up their own purses and meet all their own expenses. Some travel more than a thousand miles to match their birds.

In a tournament of 20 contestants, an entrant must lodge a substantial sum of hard cash as a guarantee that on the due date, he will produce 10 feathered fighters of specified weights, ranging from four pounds twelve ounces to six pounds two ounces. The arrangement is that each contestant meets every other contestant, and the one whose birds win most of the encounters becomes the winner.

At the International meeting, a derby was conducted on each of two days immediately prior to the big tournament. They were akin to the preliminary bouts at a boxing stadium.

The difference between a derby and a tournament is that, in the latter, a string of birds must each be of a special weight, and one man’s representatives must meet those of every other entrant. In a derby, a maximum and minimum weight are declared, and birds of equal or close weights are matched, irrespective of ownership.

The International Cocking Tournament requires 1,000 dollars entry fee, and the two derbies call for 600 dollars each. Aggregate prize-money for the meeting reaches 40,000 dollars.

As the time approaches for the opening match of the series, waves of excitement sweep through the waiting crowd. Long before the first pair of cockers have had their deadly steel spurs strapped to their legs, the ticket holders are in a fever.

At last comes the announcement through the loud speakers. A pair of feathered blue-bloods is being brought to the pit for battle.

The picture reach the ring via a back door and an alleyway. Each carries his bird. The gamecocks are armed and their feathers are trimmed.

One is a Cooke Perfection Gray — silver gray with a red head and dark legs. The other is a red — a true Clareet. They are placed on the scales separately. Each must weigh exactly four pounds and twelve ounces.

Now the betting commences and there is plenty of big money on hand. “I’ll lay a thousand to seven fifty on the Gray,” cries a corpulent gentleman wearing an expensive tweed coat and a pair of heavy horn-rimmed glasses. Some favour the Clareet, takes the bet three times.

When the big betting boys have set their wagers, odds have been stabilized and the small punter has his speculation. His stakes are any amount between twenty-five dollars and a hundred. A bet of less than twenty-five is rarely seen.

The gray and the red birds are released, and they rush towards each other furiously. They collide in mid-air, at least three feet above the ground. With wings flapping and claws lashing each stirs furiously to throw the other off balance.

Suddenly the red bird drops, and there is a yell from the seats. “He’s ratified!” If you are familiar with cock fighting, you know that the interjector considers that the Clareet has had a blow which interfered with its breathing — thus causing a unwieldy sound in the throat.

The odds about the Gray are now top heavy. “One hundred to fifty on!” is called. The big bettors aren’t often wrong in assessing an injury. Rarely do they miss a fatal thrust.

In the Gray versus Clareet match, however, the diagnosis was incorrect. Clareet recovered to fight on. The battle was in the throat only. The lunge was unaffected. At the end of 15 minutes they were both still fighting furiously.

Now they were taken to the drag pit, a smaller ring for the decision of bouts not concluded in the larger arena. After half an hour of struggling in the drag pit, both birds were completely exhausted. Neither had the strength or energy to strike a death blow.

Eventually Clareet was tottering on rubbery claws, while Gray had collapsed from sheer exhaustion. The red bird took the decision on a count-out — a T.K.O. The betting went in the twiced and glasses had left his money in.

The fights are fully organised. Proceedings are directed through a microphone and amplifying system. At the microphone is the editor of a top-line game fowl magazine. He has a voice of authority, and he has full responsibilities to match it. He internes one pair of cocks from the main pit to the smaller ground, and directs a new set to take over.
PRETTY, PLEASE!

She loved nice things. It seemed a pity
To disappoint her, she was so pretty.
She loved fur coats and diamond rings
And any manner of pricey things.
So I invited her on a trip to town,
We did the windows up and down.
She said "Go-er" and "Ah" and "Oh!
She took my arm and didn't let go
Till I suggested we call it a day,
Then you should have heard what she had to say!

—ERICA PARKER

On the second day of this recent tournament, an unknown Gray rooster from Texas gave the knowledgeable patrons a shock and a new standard of cock-fighting fortitude.

He entered the ring at five pounds and two ounces. His opponent was a Must-Houndhead Cross, almost completely black, even to the comb and wattles. They clashed in mud-rut, spurs thrashing and shackles spread like discs. There was strike and parry at electric speed.

They manoeuvred for advantage—a half-hold and a rearing back-rap, or a flank attack with the two and a half inch needle-sharp spur thrusting deep into the body.

Such a match couldn't possibly continue for long. It didn't. The gray bird struck his opponent a heavy blow below the head, and the dark bird was carried out by the tail—its feathers awry and neck broken.

An hour later the successful Texan Gray was back in the arena—this time matched with a Yankee Clipper in the S.O.I class. The Gray staggered to the fray with a darting leap that shot him higher than that of his first fight. The Clipper didn't leave the clay floor. The Gray sailed overhead. As he landed, pivoting to face his opponent, the Clipper pried on to him. They crashed together, and in a split second the Clipper had used his advantage and struck. His gaff was embedded in the wing of the Texas bird.

"Put your cocks!" called the referee.
Both handlers rushed forward and separated the birds. During the fifteen seconds period allowed between pittings, the Texas man stopped the bleeding of the Gray's wing by rubbing dirt from the floor into the wound. The order came to release the birds.

There was some wary stalking and evaded attacking for five minutes before the birds engaged. The Gray cock swept in from the right and clamped the Clipper's neck in the deadly bill-hold, kicking the spur directly into his body just beneath the wing. The referee called "Fit!" but the Clipper was dead.

One fight to a finish should be sufficient activity in a day for a champion cock. Two within an hour should dull the ferocity of any super champion, but the Gray was matched still once more—but only after a lengthy discussion between officials.

This time the Gray cock met a Brown-Rat Tassell. It was a slugfest that lasted a full hour. The Gray had dulled his brilliance with his two earlier fights, but marvelous condition pulled him through his final test. The Tassell was out cold when the count was applied, and a tired but victorious Texan Gray had become the hero of the meeting.

Maybe you are wondering what becomes of the birds who die in battle? All defeated gamecocks are preserved to the local hospital, where they provide poultry soup for grateful inmates. Streamlined, athletic fighting cocks would prove too tough as baked chook.
SOUTH SEAS MAN STEALER

Of all the infamous blackbirds who once infested the South Seas the most notorious was shrewd huge Ross Lewin.

CLEM LACK

UNTIL well into the eighties of last century, the South Seas was the haunt of adventurers and rascals of every nastiness.

Most of them died suddenly with their nose inside the mouth of a bullet fired by a rival blackbird or from the thrust of a palmwood javelin between the shoulder blades on an island jungle trail.

Their schooners would put into Townsville, Maryborough or Mackay and land their cargoes of black ivory.

After roostering for the night in a wayside tavern, they would sail with the tide at dawn—never to be seen again.

One of the most colourful of all these adventurers, pirates, blackbirds and gun smugglers was Ross Lewin. He was a man born out of due time. Over six feet in height, with huge chest, rippling muscles, iron fists and no thought of fear—he was a hangover from the age of buccaneers.

As a lad from an English village, he had cleared out from home and run away to sea. He enlisted in the Royal Navy and served in Chinese waters during the China war.

Constantly in brawls and scraps ashore, he was too much of a handful even for that renowned breaker of tough men, the British Navy, and they were glad to get rid of him.

For the next couple of years, he sailed as a member of the dreadnought crew of a British blockade runner for the South in the American Civil War.

In 1863 Lewin worked his way out to Australia. He first appears on the stage of Queensland history in that year, becoming second mate and recruiter of the 130-ton Don Juan.

Its owner was the Hon. Robert Towns, a Sydney merchant and member of the Legislative Council. He ran a 70,000-acre sugar plantation on the Logan River and needed a constant stream of kanakas to work it.

In August, 1863, the Don Juan set sail for the South Seas in search of recruits Lewin, as recruiter, had special instructions from Towns to treat the natives with the "greatest kindness and on no account to allow them to be ill-used."

Such scruples did not fit in with Lewin's own ideas and he did not stay long in Towns's service. He set up on his own account as a blackbird (varied with pearl fishing excursions in the Torres Strait), and speedily acquired wealth.

In 1867, Lewin was living in Stanley Street, South Brisbane, and advertising his willingness to recruit natives at £1 a head for the sugar plantations. He had two schooners—Spunkle and Daphne—and regularly ran cargoes of kanakas to Brisbane, Northern ports and Fiji. He had established a permanent recruiting station at Townsville, in the Hobbie.

Two years later the Daphne was unlucky enough to put into Levuka, Fiji, while H.M.S. Rosario was there.

An inquisitive party of bluejackets from the Rosario searched the ship and found 100 naked natives huddled together with barely enough room to move. Captain Palmer of the Rosario accordingly seized the Daphne on a charge of illegal kidnapping.

Captain Palmer made no bones about telling the Sydney Morning Herald (May 23, 1869) that "a wholesale system of slave traffic in its worst form existed in the Hobbies."

However, in court, his Honour Sir Alfred Stevens dismissed the charge, refusing to accept native testimony. Nevertheless, the evidence against Lewin was sufficient to cause the Queensland Government to revoke his license as a recruiter.

But being deprived of an official license, it made little to Lewin. He continued to supply natives to other recruiters. Commodore Wilson, in a report on the kanaka trade to the Queensland Government in 1869, prominently described him as the most successful manstealer in the Pacific.

Lewin and his kind would resort to any lengths to obtain kanakas for the sugar plantations of Fiji and Queensland. Piscine competition between rival recruiters sometimes broke out in open warfare. Every schooner carried its armory of rifles and revolvers and a collection of handcuffs.

Recruiters would encourage tribal warfare, and arm one tribe against another. Several young men could be bought from a chief for the price of a musket. After a time, however, the market became dearer, and one kanaka was worth one musket.

Various destitutes, including native women as decries, were used to entice young men to the deck of a schooner. They would be induced to go below, the hatches would be closed on them.
The American Pup's Way of Life ... A current big-time industry in the United States is the breeding, training, beautifying, education, hospitalization, recreation and even burying of the nation's 22 million dogs. With the bonning conditions of the post-war years, the canine standard of living has risen to fantastic heights. The 500 million dollars a year now spent on them exceeds the national income of six states: Wyoming, Nevada and Vermont.

and the schooner would sail away.

Naturally the trade was enormously lucrative. One shipload of kenas could be worth more than $2000. After paying $25 Government license fee for each recruit, the blackbinder would still net up to $20 on each man.

Lewin, who married a Townsville girl, settled permanently at Tomia. He established and developed a large plantation on the western side of the island, and lived like a feudal baron of the Middle Ages.

It was Lewin's boast, proved in many a rough and tumble fight, that he feared no man living. Nevertheless, he took no chances with the safety of himself, his wife and child.

His home, a spacious bungalow with wide verandahs, was constructed with all the strength of a medieval fortress. Its walls were built of solid rock foundations. Upon them were tiers of coral blocks up to four feet in thickness and cemented into position. They were designed to withstand the fiercest tornado, or even the cannonballs of an attacking ship.

A bodyguard of 100 well-armed warriors acted as Lewin's trusted army as well as taskmasters for his slave gangs. They were from Maligcolio and were hereditary enemies of the Tomia natives, whom they treated with merciless cruelty.

Their armory ranged from primitive weapons to muskets. Bone-tipped arrows poisoned in deadly fungus growths, needle-pointed palmwood spears, spears with clusters of bristling points made of bone and heavy carved stone clubs were their stand-bys.

For ten years Lewin reigned as unchallenged king of Tomia. He prospered and became one of the most powerful figures in the New Hebrides.

But there was generally a reaction against despots, and eventually Lewin eventually got his.

One day shortly after his mid-day naps, Lewin strolled out of his coral fortress and began to busy himself with pulling out some timber stored under the verandah.

Three days previously he had in a fit of rage drawn his revolver and shot dead a native he suspected of stealing a bunch of bananas. The dead man's cousin had vowed vengeance, and only waited for opportunity. After he had stolen a telephone and lurked about patiently. Hidden behind a palm tree, as Lewin with his back turned was dragging out the timber, he took careful aim and fired.

Shot in the middle of the back, Lewin staggered, stood erect for a moment and then fell prone in a crumpled heap. Throwing his weapon aside, the native raced for the shelter of the scrub.

Hearing the shot, Mrs. Lewin hurriedly placed her baby in its cot and ran out to the verandah. She heard her husband moan, and was horrified to see him lying on the ground in an unconscious, widening pool of blood.

He opened his eyes, and with her assistance grasped his way up the steps into the house. Inside, however, he collapsed and, after spasmodic attempts to speak, died in his wife's arms.

Punctually at the loss of their master, the bodyguard—feeling that the Tomia natives were about to attack them for revenge—raced down to the beach, mounted their canoes and set off back to their own island.

Soon after, Mrs. Lewin's brother returned from a trading expedition to the other side of the island. He found her alone with her dead husband.

Uncertain whether he had to face an attack from Tomia natives or a mutinous guard, he locked and barred all the doors and prepared for a siege. He and four trusted Tomia houseboys were the only garrison.

With loaded rifles in their hands, they waited beside the loopholes into the afternoon and early dusk for an attack that never came. Although he was positive hundreds of eyes were watching the house, the white man eventually scouted around outside, but he could see nobody.

Eventually he collected some provisions and made ready for an escape by sea, being convinced that if they remained they would soon be the victims of a cannibal feast.

Just as dusk was falling, the little procession left for the beach. The white man walked in front, with his rifle at the ready and looking warily to the right and left of the narrow trail. Then came Mrs. Lewin clasping her baby. Behind her trotted the four Tomia boys, carrying Lewin's body on a stretcher.

In the falling dusk, the pathway was a dimly corridor, peopled with whispering voices, each rustle from the jungle fraught with menace. Every moment they expected the Tomia yell of ambushed natives and a rush of dark bodies. But such was the fear and awe in which Lewin was held, they were unmolested. They reached the beach safely, just as night fell.

They pushed off in Lewin's cutter, which was anchored near the shore, and several hours later reached the safety of a mission station on another part of the island.

Here Lewin's body was carried ashore. With the assistance of mission natives, it was buried in an open grave not far from the mission house.

Lewin's faithful houseboys, taking their lives in their hands, returned in the boat to the homestead and recovered Mrs. Lewin's personal property. Although they were watched by hundreds of muttering natives, they were not molested.

Months afterwards, Mrs. Lewin made a sad farewell to the South Seas of tragic memory and returned with the child to her people in Townsville.
Do Spectacles Make Your Eyes Weaker?

Well, your guess is as good as ours. The expert view, however, is that they improve vision, relieve eye strain and cannot make anyone's eyes worse. They admit, however, that people who wear them unnecessarily do become so used to them that they imagine they cannot see as well without them. In middle-age people need stronger spectacles every two or three years. The cause is a weakening of the ciliary muscles of the eye. It happens, however, to everyone - whether they wear spectacles or not. No treatment or exercise can correct it - so glasses seem to be the only answer.

Are Motherless Pigs Happier?

If getting fat faster is any index they certainly are. Latest pig-raising gimmick on the States is synthetic sow's milk for baby pigs which are taken from their mothers two days after birth. Using the antibiotic, terramycin, chemists have devised a product which they claim makes the piglets 10 to 35 per cent heavier in their first eight weeks of squealing life. Believed of the necessity of feeding her brood, the sow can get on the job again without delay - and produce twice as many litters a year.

Is There Money in Seaweed?

Now you farmers, here's one for you. Have you been missing out on a fortune? Daily more uses for processed seaweed are coming to light. Latest is from Odo, where a factory is using it to make sausage skins - at the rate of 22 million yards a month. For some time, in Britain and America, derivatives of seaweed have been used in the manufacture of dental plates, rayons, synthetic rubber, waterproof sheeting, plastics, ice cream and jellies. There is at present no market for the weed in Australia, but in New Zealand collectors are receiving more than $100 a ton for dried weed delivered to a recently-established factory.

Are Eels Funny Fishes?

But definitely! For nearly 2500 years they have been interesting people. Aristotle devoted some time to their study and concluded they had "no sex, no eggs and originated in the entrails of the sea." That, of course, was ridiculous, but their propagation was a mystery - and remained so until the late 19th Century. Then biologists concluded that they spawn in the depths of the ocean. Soon after the parents die, and the young orphan eels make their way shorewards. They hole up in rivers and estuaries for the next half dozen or so years - until they reach sexual maturity. Then out they go again to the privacy of the deep and the cycle is repeated. Occasional muffs who do not mature remain in the rivers. They don't have their fun, but they do live longer - as much as 30 years, in which they may grow to six feet in length and 30 pounds in weight.

HELL with HOODOOS

What's this? We always thought theatre folk were notoriously superstitious - you know, about black cats, picking up pins, throwing salt over the left shoulder and that sort of thing. These two lovelies from Billy Rose's beauty roasts seem to have other ideas. Embarked on an orgy of fink smashing are Beverly Michaels (on the left) and John Brandon. Prospects of seven years' bad luck for breaking that mirror don't seem to worry these cute-as-cutes. If you're superstitious, just sit around biting your nails. There's more to come.
According to their horoscopes, these two devil-may-care let-dying dolls were both born under lucky stars—oh brother, they'll certainly need to be later if our Joan has opened in their dressing room could indicate the most terrifying misfortunes! Phoney say the girls, merely an outmoded superstition of people who don't know any better—oh well with figures like those they shouldn't have to worry about their fortunes anyway.

Just the same, my daring darlings, don't you think you might be overdosing things by walking under that ladder?—what's that you say? oh, we see... it's quite safe if you make a wish as you do the dirty deed... that's an idea... can we have a wish too?... all right we wish we could make the third on the match that's going to light those cigarettes for that, dear ladies we'd also cry to hell with hooch!
Health, Vitamins and Sunflower Seeds

In this common garden plant are medicinal properties of great value.

SUNFLOWER seeds, long only considered fit food for parrots, have been re-discovered in the United States as a valuable vitamin-packed delicacy.

Millions of health seekers there are daily chewing large quantities of what has been called "Nature's own vitamin pill." Dietitians say that every sunflower seed is a "little sun-lamp in your digestive system."

They say that the soft, succulent, meaty centre of the seed is beneficial to eyesight, complexion and the fingernails. It can control blood pressure, soothe the nerves and put a curb on increasing weight.

The stamp of official approval has been placed on sunflower seeds by the United States Department of Agriculture. Its experts confirm that they are rich in nitrogen, calcium, phosphorus, iron, carotene, thiamine, riboflavin and niacin.

Incredible as it may sound, laboratory tests have proved that these little striped seeds are as high in protein content as prime sirloin beef. They are said to be charged with more vitamin value (A, B and D) than any other field crop.

Apparenetly other races, in earlier ages, realised that sunflower seeds, relished so avidly by the birds, must have nutritious health qualities.

Sunflowers were grown in America long before the coming of Europeans. The Incas worshipped the tall, stiff, yellow-flowering plant as a "manifestation of the sun godess." They ground the seeds into a meal for baking.

The Russians, too, have long realised the worth of sunflower seeds. In the days of the Cossacks, each man was issued with two and a half pounds of seeds per day asiron rations. Soviet workers now still chew vast quantities of freshly roasted seeds.

In the United States today, sunflower seeds are served as hors d'oeuvres or as an addition to breakfast cereals. Vegetarian establishments everywhere are featuring them. They will provide your sunflower nourishment either as a pleasant, tasty drink or in a tasty paste to be spread on bread.

At confectionery shops, sunflower seeds are sold roasted and salted. They are already competing with peanuts and popcorn in favour.

Salesmen have also jumped on the wagon. Many are now providing sunflower seeds as a free custom booster—instead of pretzels, pecan nuts and other former favourites.

The cause of this floure, and the introducer of the lowly sunflower seed as an important item of human consumption, is a Californian farmer named Aniol de Vlager.

For years he grew sunflower seeds for the same purpose as they are grown today in Australia and other countries—for parrot food, animal fodder and the oil in the seeds. Then, one day in 1936, while watching birds pecking away at the growing seeds, he felt curious about the taste and started chewing a few of them.

They tasted so good he started to haunt libraries and write letters to experts and government agencies for information about their use. As a result, he learned of their age-old history as human food.

De Vlager started his own promotion campaign—with retailers in every city in the United States. He planned to sell to them direct. To confectionary and health shops, and any other merchant who might be able to stock his seeds, he wrote a personal letter. The potential public demand for the seeds, he told them, was: "the hottest news to come out of California since the Gold Rush."

With intensive production methods, and the use of two huge harvesters he invented himself to extract every last seed, de Vlager, who calls himself the "Sunflower King of the World," is now making 100,000 dollars a year out of the former parrot food.

In England, too, sunflower growing is rapidly increasing in importance, although as yet no efforts have been made to utilise the seeds as a health food. A modern factory was recently built in Monmouthshire to process the seeds into vegetable fat and oil, for which there is a great unsatisfied demand.

Experiments have shown that a great variety of products may be developed from the seeds or their oil. These include margarine, cream, poultry feed and oil cake for livestock. It is believed that later honey, and wine from the blooms, and even a tobacco substitute from the leaves, may be added to the list.

The Commonwealth Department of Agriculture is trying to interest Australian farmers in the potentials of sunflowers as a commercial crop in Australia, but as yet only small areas have been sown. It is a pity, for as a source of edible oil alone the plant is a sure money-maker.

Also, when the public realises the vitamin benefits of the seeds, it seems certain that the sunflower will be just as rich a bonanza to its growers here as it is now to Aniol de Vlager in California.
GOOD SAMARITAN

In Columbus (U.S.) recently, Richard Faulkner raced off to the local jail with 25 dollars to bail out a friend arrested on a bad driving charge. The money was paid and the friend was released. Both were thankfully departing from the precincts when an eagle-eyed policeman of the law recognized Mr. Faulkner as a motorist he had once charmed with the same offense—and who had failed to appear. With no 25 dollars, the luckless Faulkner was shown into the cell just vacated by his friend.

BAFFLES IN UNIFORMS

Most spectacular jewel robbery of the year was the looting in 1945 of two trunks of gems (worth more than $500,000) from Kronberg Castle, near Frankfurt (Germany). Perpetrators were two U.S. Army officers and a WAC Captain. Only half the sweat was recovered when the culprits were arrested in Chicago, a year later. Mastermind of the plot, a Colonel, is still serving his 14 years sentence. But justice is inescutiable. The two accomplices got shorter rap --- a matter of fact they're now on the loose again. The WAC, who married the Colonel, and was with him on their honeymoon when arrested, has stated she will be waiting for him when he is released.

THERE'S THE RUB...

Irvig Levin of Van Nuys (California) is an honest man. When he found a bulging wallet not long ago, he immediately held himself to the local gentleman and handed it over. Satisfied with his good deed for the day, he returned to his car—and found he had been booked for illegal parking. But his heart really throbbed in sympathy for Ernest Bugis, of Stamford (Connecticut). Helpful Ernest stopped his Buick on a highway to go to the aid of a motorist in an overturned paddy. He had no sooner aligned than a truck roared up behind and smashed into his car. When the constabulary arrived, they arrested Bugis—for obstructing traffic.

THE FINGER'S ON YOU...

Be wary, be wary. Someone's been forging fingerprints! In America, cases are regularly reported lately of attempts by safe-crackers, second-storey-men and even murderers to leave imitation fingerprints at the scene of their depredations. No one knows if it has ever been successful, because the only cases on record, naturally, are the ones detected. Despite official claims that to the expert they are always distinguishable (not the same density and evenness), it's a sobering thought that one day some "Mephistopheles" will succeed in planting a fake—and really put the finger on an innocent man.

PHOTOGRAPH ☆ STUDIO STAR
SLEEPING PARTNER

ARNE PAULE  •  FICTION

She held him close and begged him to make love to her—so her husband would have an excuse for murder.

There was nothing about the service station to tip me off to the unexpected—just one of those lonely outback places, tumble-down and in need of paint. Rusty water tanks squatted round the building like red-feathered broody hens. It needed money spent on it—big money. And that's where I came in.

"What do you think of it?" Dolan asked me.

I grinned. "A wreck, just as you warned me, but with enough gold in it." Already I could picture it with cabaret attached, gaming rooms and flood-lit tennis courts, neon signs. "You've got a nice little concern here, Dolan."

"We have," he corrected, and patted his breast pocket. "Partner—"

He swerved the Ford m behind the bawlers and jerked a door open. "Better come in and meet our sleeping partner," he said.

I lit a cigarette and followed him round the back. It was even in worse condition than the front—if that was possible—but it suited my purpose.

"Don't mind coming in through the kitchen, do you?" Dolan asked.

I grinned. "Makes me feel more at home," I said.

He showed the door shut behind us and hollered, "You there, Jackie?"

We could hear footsteps on the stairs, but they were light and quick—too light for a man you could trust. I had my first qualms.


I caught my breath and stared at her good and hard. I didn't know what I had expected, but certainly not this.

Dolan grinned. "Never take things for granted, Ben, it's a bad policy. Jackie is short for Jacqueline. She's our sleeping partner."

I grinned back. "Yeah," I drawled, "but what I want to know is how far she carries it." I looked her over. My eyes rested on the top of her chestnut head to the tip of the finest feet I'd ever seen. What she had crammed in between them was more woman than any person of her tiny proportions had any right to be.

I didn't even notice that Dolan had left us to it and gone back to his rattle-trap Ford I was stunned. I said: "That shade of blue suits you."

She said, "You like blue? Most men do."

"I'm not most men," I said slowly. "I hate blue. But on you, it's good. You do something to it."

She smiled and I noticed how red her lips were, even without make-up. It made me wonder if you hit them whether her blood would look pale against them. I didn't.
CORRECTION

Somebody told me —
It sounded fun —
That there could live
As cheap as one.
I can't odd up
And I can't subtract,
But they assured me
It was plain fact.
But here's where the flaw.
In the theories lie:
You don't need maths.
To multiply
— ERICA PARKER

try and find out 'It's my eyes,' she said.
"Most redheads have green ones."

I couldn't think what she was talking about. I was concentrating on her lips still.

I looked at her eyes. They were blue as wet violets. Our eyes locked and I couldn't do anything about it. "Confound it," I said. "You're the loveliest thing I've ever seen."

She laughed, but there was no much there—only provocation.

"I said, "I met you two minutes ago and now I want to kiss you more than anything else in the world."

"Do you?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Well," she smiled, and I noticed that Dolan had shut the door after him. The walls seemed to gather in around us, hemming us close, away from everything and everyone else. I lifted her against me and lost myself in the fragrance of apple blossom perfume. It seemed to be all over her, as if it was a part of her. I kissed her and kept on kissing her, my susceptible senses reading
When I came up for air, I said; "It does show."

She smiled gently. "What does?"
"Blood on your lips."
She laughed in a puzzled fashion.
"I don't get it," she said.

"I thought it would look misapplied against the redness of your mouth," I explained.

"You know," she murmured, "you make me feel good."

I removed my hands quickly, and she hugged. "Not that sort of good," she said, and I replaced them.

Time seemed to stand still for an age. Then suddenly I began to wonder about Dolan—his going off like that and leaving us to it almost as if he knew what was going to happen. I had the doves and the proper ungarnet in my pocket as a token of his good faith, but he had a cool few thousand smackers of mine to keep him happy. I knew who was the better off, and my suspicions began to haunt me.

"Where's Dolan?" I asked suddenly.

She ran a cool hand up the nap of my neck. "Who cares?"

I hated to say it, but money's money. "I do," I said, then felt a bit sore about it. After all, there are times when you don't talk money. And this was one of them.

"Nice feel you're wearing," I said, then felt foolish changing the conversation so clumsily, but she didn't seem to realize.

"You say that as if you're a bit -- of a connoisseur?" she teased.

"I am. Plenty of girls wear nice clothes, but they spoil them. That neckline, for instance, not many could get away with that."

We both looked at it, and it gave me an opportunity I had been looking for. "With your figure," I said, "any low cut would look good; the lower the better in my expert opinion."

She smiled. "You know, we would be far more comfortable upstairs."

"And read," I confessed then.

"Nice thought."

I said. "I must see Dolan first."

"The thought of all that dough made me cold."

"Why, Ben?" she asked, and wound her arms around my neck.

I said sarcastically, "I reckon we'd better. He might wander where we've got to."

"He'd guess," she said carelessly.

I shoved her away from me. "What do you mean?" I said. "What do you mean—'he'd guess'?"

She stammered. "I meant he'd just think we'd wandered off somewhere. Like hell, I thought. Like hell he would. "I'll go find him," I said.

"No, Ben, don't," she pleaded.

"Why?" I asked bluntly.

"Come upstairs," she said pathetically. "Please, Ben, come upstairs with me."

"But aren't you feeling it?" I asked curtly. Then suddenly I realized she was scared. She was scared stiff. I grabbed hold of her by the shoulders and shook her till she was nearly limp. Her face tore off her shoulders and I had never seen anything so beautiful in all my life than the bare unblemished perfection and the disarranged chestnut hair. Her violet eyes were opened wide with fear, her red lips parted and gently damp.

"Don't, Ben, don't," she begged, and I suddenly realized what I was doing to her. I released her and my incipient nerves remained like brands on her clear skin. She pulled the front of her dress up and held it against her like an embarrassed child.

My lips had gone dry and I bit against them "Jackie," I said gently. "What's going on? Where's Dolan?"

She said quietly, "He was going to come in and kill you, while you made love to me. For your money, of course. He was going to dump the body somewhere."

And then the perfect crime. It was so neat it stunned me. "I see," I said. "And where do you come in?"

She let me have it fair between the eyes. "I'm his wife," she said. Our eyes locked, then I turned to go.

"Ben," she said worriedly, "where are you going?"

I didn't look at her "To find Dolan," I said.

She said, stammering a little, "You—you won't do anything rash?"

"I won't make you a widow, if that's what you're worrying you," I said harshly.

She said hesitantly, "That wasn't worrying me, Ben. I don't love him now."

I couldn't look at her. Not then I went outside to look for Dolan.

The place was as desolate as a ghost town. There was nothing to show he had ever been there—except the tire marks the Ford had made in the dust and a piece of paper—placard—of the bowser.

I tore it down and read it. It was short and to the point "So-long, honey. I haven't been happy for a long time and I know you will not miss me."

With my three thousand smackers in his pocket I guess it wouldn't be long before he found his happiness. As for me—well, what did I have to lose? Three thousand I had to lose—and I'd lost it.

I went back to her just as fast as I could.
HANDY WITH A RAZOR

LONG the South Drive of the Thousand Foot Level a truck came rumbling—creaking low, subterranean thunder between the grey rock walls. The noise was at first far away and vague, but familiar enough to be unmistakable.

It increased and speeded up into a series of crashes, as the small, worn wheels bounced over the narrow rails.

Nobody took any particular notice of it among the men who were sitting around smoking and waiting for the case at the pit, but somebody said casually, "Lefty bringing his last one out?"

"Yes," said Curley Severs, who was finishing a shift on the machine. "He couldn't keep up with a Queensland tram."

They all laughed formally, without real mirth but in acknowledgment of the shortcomings of a man who was called "Lefty"—not because he was left-handed, but because of a widely-held theory that both his hands were left ones.

They went on talking about the horses at the coast, but one or two kept half an ear attuned to the rumble of the approaching truck. With only half an ear in use, it takes a while for any message from it to reach the brain, and by the time the tempo of the wheels had registered in anybody's mind there was little time to act.

"It's got away from him. Mind yourselves!" somebody yelled.

The talk was chopped off. To compete with the suddenly alarming thunder of the truck, there was only the urgent scuffle of mining boots as men sprang for safety.

Lefty's truck burst onto the pit, out of the mouth of the drive. It shot to the end of the rails, where at normal speed the hammer would have tilted it as it stopped, and made it easy to tip its ton of ore down through the greasing and into the bin.

But it was going too fast for nice behaviour, half in the air before it
hate the buffer, and the rock flew everywhere. The dust overwhelmed the light of the one electric bulb.

When the dust settled there was nobody dead, or even hurt. But a boulder weighing a couple of hundredweight had hit the tank-stand on which Curley was balanced. The tank had sprung badly to one side, and since it was only a small 30-gallon affair, a swift cold stream of its water had left Curley somewhere about the chest, and saturated his lower half. Curley's hair was almost straight with rage.

Lefty came charging out of the driveway, many lengths behind his truck—panting, frightened and confused. He was a man of uncertain age, not young, not old, lanky skinned and bold-headed. He dug the heels of his big boots into the dusty stone, and slapped his hands like a scrub-turkey trying to take off in a hurry. "Thank God!" he said. "Nobody hurt. Thank God for that!"

Curley, His face dark, jumped down off the tank-stand and jerked a wrathful thumb at his own drooping shirt and trousers. "What do you call that, you fool?" he bawled. "No thanks to you it ain't me blood."

"Cripes, Curly!" Lefty stammered. "I'd never of forgave mese." "Well, you don't have to, you—you go," Severs roared. "But by heaven you will one of these days, if you don't get it into your dumb skull that you always push the trucks on an up-grade to the face, when they're empty. Comin' back with them full, you've got to bring 'em in like a grue death or they'll run away from you."

"I know," said Lefty, glumly. "I was hangin' back, but I stumbled over somethin' an' she went."

Curley stepped forward and sank his big, efficient fist into Lefty's stomach. When Lefty doubled up, he let him have another in the face, and the bald, uncertain man fell back with a smashed, blouding nose, and a look of even greater surprise.

Lefty reared himself away from the truck, instead of standing on his back and talking, as he usually did. The dusty, flackerine hat light gleamed on his eye, and on something else. In the first split second, nobody consciously realized what the other thing was, but there was a blue glint of death about it, and even Curley jumped back. "He's got a razor!" Peters squallled. "Get behind him, someone!"

Peters himself, his duty done in m avoidance capacity, was twelve yards along the drive before he had finished yelling, but he might as well have stayed where he was. The others swayed in the dusty light, none less certainly than Lefty, the man with the razor. The situation didn't fit the place or the people.

Keep back!" Lefty shrieked, because he knew that now they were all somehow against him. "Come forward, mister," Curley snarled. "Come one step an' I'll whiten you and cut your throat with your own razor!"

They were poised like doubtful, hate-inpiled dogs in their den, underground world where one of the causes that had been struggling day by day who had been struggling, day by day, suddenly hung heavily at the Thousand Foot Level. His platen, concerned with his job and his end of the machinery that issued men and ore, and not with the people, swung the safety-bar out of the way and called, "Come on! What's holdin' you blokes up?"

They blinked, brought back to a thousand feet below the earth, and suddenly there was no razor. They filed into the cage, looking and feeling sheepish, with Lefty's lip drooping again in pitiful anxiety to earn the respect and mate ship of the men with whom he worked.

The mechanism took them soaring to the surface, where the stars and the lights of the hotel across the flat were as bright as usual. They became unusually noisy comrades at the bar, because with things back to normal, some of them could quite believe in the stark, impossible pictures their minds held of a razor gleaming lethally on the Thousand Foot Level.

Everybody bought drinks for Lefty except Curley. 'He'd have done me in, if he'd had the guts,' Curley said, 'Cripes, Curly! Lefty said. ‘I never meant nothin’, but I thought it might stop you from bashing me any more.'

The afternoon shift team, rocking and bouncing on its rails like Lefty's truck, took them to their various streets. By the time Billingsly and Lefty got off at the same corner, young Billingsly was furious.

The stars were high and bright, the houses silent and dead. The young fellow thought he smelled something sort of experience he'd never had. "You held that razor a funny way, Lefty," he said. "It looked as if you wasn't going to shave with it."

"I wasn't," Lefty said, in a flat, toneless voice. "I was going to cut him open."

"Cripes! The kid exclaimed. "I always thought you'd handle a razor like a knife in a fight, but you had it different!"

Lefty produced the razor again, in the pale night. "No," he told Billingsly. "You open the blade wide, like this. Then you fold it right back—with its bend, blunt side to the handle, this way. You grip it in your fist, and you punch with it. It takes-lumps out of 'em, and it don't cut you, see?"

"Jeep!" Billingsly shuddered. "Nobody fights like that around here."

"No, son," Lefty said, softly. "They think they're tough around here, but they just bash each other like Curley's been bashing me. They should be in Melbourne in the old days—in the twenties. In those days a good blade put you ahead of the bloke who didn't have one."

"Gwan!" sneered young Billingsly, suddenly without belief in either Father Christmas or Squizzy Taylor. "You ain't old enough to have been in a razor gang, unless they had office boys."

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"If I was only an office boy I had no lesson, anyway," Lefty said, mildly. But the razor was in his hand, held not in the way of a man about to shave but gripped between the knuckles of a clenched fist, suggestive of gouged faces and of the surging, untold death that would follow a punch in the throat. "These blokes have only think they're tough," Lefty added.

Billingsly was really scared. "I'll certainly tell Cutt to lay off of you," he said.

"Don't tell nobody nothing," Lefty hissed. "If you do you'll get it. I didn't leave the bug smoke to get copped in a place like this."

Billingsly was certainly undergoing new experiences, but he liked them less than any previous ones. Lefty's dark hate, in the moonlight that shone on his keen steel, was far different from his fumbling, pleading ineffectiveness down the mine. He'd be a different man in the steady back streets of a big city, and even here he was one who was best left alone.

The young fellow was scared, and might have kept his peace forever, except that six days later Lefty was in the local lockup, and his Curley was in the morgue.

Curley had been brought up from the Thousand Foot mine half an ear, with an eyeball slashed, two of his toes squashed and bruised, and his big muscular throat cut deeply, violently, and finally.

There was no doubt about who had done it, and why. "I run over his toes with a truckful of ore, and he went for me again," Lefty told Sergeant Cooper, simply. "I couldn't take no more of it."

"But man, what did you kill him with?" asked the distressed sergeant, who had known and liked Curley.

Lefty produced the razor, and held it lovingly in the way he had shown Billingsly. The sergeant jumped back automatically, and then came forward again, his scalp crawling with fear. But Lefty handed over his unnatural weapon without any trouble.

Later, after Billingsly had blurted out his story in the dusty little police-station charge-room, Cooper thought he began to see the light. He went along to Lefty's cell and adopted the avuncular manner that had helped him many times, and the cause of justice almost as often.

"Now listen, mate," the sergeant said. "We've caught up with some of your background - from the times before you came to the goldfields, an' long before Curley even knew you for being awkward on the job."

"The others never bashed me, but I done nothing right there," Lefty told him. "Ten years I worked with cows an' for the cows. On the Bonanza, on the Dublin Luck, down the line at Fanny's, they was all the same. I drove a baker's cart for Wilson for nearly a year, a few years back, but he sacked me, too, for too many accidents an' mistakes with deliveries. The only time I didn't make no mistake was with Curley. I wasn't awkward with the razor."

"Why not?" Cooper asked. "Where did you learn to use a razor that way?"

"I seen an article once, about them razor gangsters," said Lefty, with the queer, calm pride that seemed to have possessed him since his arrest. "It stuck in me mind, somehow."

"Don't give me that!" the sergeant came back, dropping his manliness and suddenly snarling. "Billingsly's split his guts. We know you was a razor
TEMPERANCE PERILS

The horse and mule live thirty years
and nothing know of wine or beer,
the goat and sheep at twenty die
and never taste of Scotch or Rye,
but sinful, sinful, rum-soaked men
survive for three-score years and ten.

— ANON

gangster in Melbourne in the old days,
and I want the details.

Lefty grinned, sadly. "Aw, I told
him that I'd scare him," he said. "I
was never one of the razor boys. I
was never even in Melbourne, bar
for a week during the war, an' if
you look far enough you'll find that
out I was in the wheat-belt before
I came here.

"You're a liar!" the sergeant said,
but he was already doubtful.

"I ain't, worse luck," Lefty told him
in a flat voice. "I shoulda been in
Melbourne with the razor boys in
the twenties, but I wasn't."

"What's y' mean, shoulda but
wasn't?" Cooper barked.

"I wasn't clumsy with the razor,"
Lefty said again. "I wish you could
have been there to see, sergeant, but
there was only Curley there. If that big
cow was still talkin' he might tell
you he was a fool not to take care
after the first time I flashed a razor
on him. That time it was only a
fluke I had it on me because I'd
forgotten to drop it in at the barber's,
but afterwards I carved it. That
first time, I got a surprise how it
fitted into my fist the way I'd read
and I seen them all jump back, an'
I thought, 'Now we're equals, cub-
boss, this thing brings you down to my size.'"

"Yes, but what about today?" in-
terrupted Cooper impatiently.

"This second time there was only
Curly. I brought him down to a lot
smaller than me. I hit him and I
hit him where I wanted to. Hun
'cha all the rest could tell you I was
dumb with the razor, an' awkward
with a bar or shovel, an' bloody
now, but all the things that come
easy to them, but Curly's the one
that could tell you I wasn't clumsy
with the razor. I wish I'd of knew
years back, but I was never in Mel-
bourne bar once for a week during
the war, let alone being a member
of a razor gang."

The sergeant looked at Lefty, and
thought of Curley's luck, and sighed.
and went away. Back in the dusty,
airless charge room, he started to
write a report that eventually
brightened the eye of the official
alienists.

The report made Lefty's trial
unexpectedly short and dry for the
public, but it saved Lefty from the
collars, and even from much jail.
It sent him to spend the long years
ahead as the clumsest, least useful
man in the State asylum—and the
most harmless, amiable, although
his long, wild beard made him look
terrible.

But he could never shave or be
shaved, because the very sight of a
razor changed his fumbling, apolo-
getic character altogether, and made
it horrifyingly plain why such a
mild, pleasantly ineffective man was
where he was.\n
"I haven't spoken to my wife for months. I'm afraid to
interrupt her."

CAVALCADE, September, 1952
Mental escape from the tedious business of everyday living can be easily acquired by concentration and not a little imagination.

At first the going can be tough but stick with it and amazing results can be attained by perseverance.

Naturally the routine can be successfully applied by the feminine member of the household as well.

If at the end of the day you are too 'browned off' even to try there are other ways of spending a quiet evening at home.
NO ICEBERGS . . .
We mean the Greenland, not the Bond, variety. Annually 10,000 to 15,000 icebergs are formed by the continually advancing glaciers and ice-cap fringe of Greenland's west coast. They break away and set off on an 1800-mile drift southward, where they disappear in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. In an average year, about 400 reach and become a danger to the Atlantic shipping lanes. Last year, for some unknown reason, not one was sighted. No one has explained where— or why—they went.
SAFER DIVING ...
No more need salvage divers risk their lives in search of lost wreckage. The U.S. Navy's Bureau of Ships has perfected an underwater television camera. Before the diver descends, he sees on its screen what he is likely to find 'down under.' Every step may be mapped out, any dangers may be seen and the object sought may be located before the diver dons his helmet.
DOUGHNUT HOLES ... 
In an age of higher prices—and smaller products—strangest item we've heard for some time was a recent decision by the doughnut manufacturers of the United States to reduce the size of the hole from seven-eighths to three-eighths of an inch. Not only do you get more doughnut, but it will, they say, "handle better."

NOISY CORNER . . .
Barisal, a small town in Bengal, is renowned for queer noises—as of the continuous firing of heavy cannon. Scientists believe they are atmospheric discharges. They cannot explain, however, why people insist they come from different directions. In other places around the world, inexplicable sounds are sometimes heard—but Barisal has both the volume and frequency record.
DYING HOUSE ...
When a well-to-do Chinese feels he is going to die, his first thought is for the convenience of his family. He arranges to have his ailing carcass removed to a Dying House. There, for 1/6 a day, he can lie in a comfortable bed and philosopher as he awaits the end. The payment includes ministrations by three Buddhist priests, burning of joss sticks and supply of toothsome delicacies (meat, fruit and cakes) for the propitiation of the gods. Effigies made of paper are propped around the bed to represent grieving relatives. When death finally occurs, the body is dressed in paper clothes and burned with due ceremony by the management. All of this, it may be added, is only for the wealthy. The Chinese peasants, upon death, are collected and cremated free by the authorities.
THE OLD

The variety of wares of the famous Fuller's Brush Man has been propagated to the point of super-stupendous. However, if he will permit us, we here offer a few samples of bristly backbatterers which we guarantee not even a Fuller's Brush Man ever imagined. Consider this New Look in the Bathroom, with which a pet poppet seems to have solved an age-old problem.

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BRUSH OFF

The brush boys of brushdom are distinctly men of ideas as witness this innovation. There's no need to cry 'Pussy Pussy'—this isn't a cat's tail. As a matter of fact, its inventors have labelled it "The Bottom Beautifier". Seeing as it fits in all the right places where it's supposed to fit, who are we to argue with them anyway?

CAVALCADE, September, 1952
ARTHRITIS HOPES...

Is this long-time scourge at last on the run? In England, Dr Imre Baras has been experimenting for six years by injecting victims with the blood of pregnant women. He believes that an unknown substance manufactured in the women's bodies can alleviate much of the pain of rheumatoid arthritis. The British Medical Journal reports a 64% cure rate or "dramatic improvement" in a number of test cases.

YOUR TEETH...

Tooth decay is a problem for everybody. Cut out just one carbohydrate you now eat—preferably a sugary "tooth destroyer" like chocolate, jam, or ice cream—and you will materially lessen the chances of cavities developing in your teeth. To cut them down still further, see that you remove other carbohydrate particles from your mouth by tooth brushing immediately after each meal. The damage is done within the first half-hour after eating.

EXCESSIVE SWEATING...

Recently a new drug was developed by US scientists to treat stomach ulcers. Several doctors using it, however, discovered by chance that it checked body sweating. Previously people pining to the point of discomfort from the hands, feet, underarms and other parts of the body had to undergo a delicate nerve-cutting operation—the success of which was often doubtful. Taken in capsule form, the drug is harmless and patients can regulate the dosage according to their physical activities.

FOOD GERMS...

With the coming of warmer weather, food poisoning is a possibility in any home. The germs causing it are generally of the staphylococcus family, as in the case of boils. They thrive best at room temperature, so the natural precaution (after scrupulous cleanliness, of course) is to keep your food either very hot or very cold until eaten. The germs seem to favour such foods as cream-filled cakes and pastries, meat, poultry, fish and eggs. They are generally put there by people who handle them with sores, cuts or boils or suffering from colds or diarrhoea.

MENTAL ILLS...

Sufferers from stuttering, spasms, colics, anxiety, depression, homosexuality, fraudulence, impotence and alcoholism are generally cases of psychoneuroses. They can take heart from experiments conducted by Dr L. J. Modell of the University of Illinois over the past few years. In more than 309 cases, he has achieved marked improvements with the use of the "soda water" gas—carbon dioxide. Thus the future approach to neuroses is likely to be physiological rather than psychologic.
HELL WAS IN THEIR EYES

They were only an army of ragged frightened boys; but with their inspired general they made a nation.

THE Germans attacked New York at three o'clock in the morning of August 27th.

That is not a fantasy of the future, it is history. They were under British command, while the defenders comprised an army of freedom that had come from Boston.

It was 1776, and the colonies had revolted. A few skirmishes had been fought; the rebel army had surrounded Boston, and the British had sailed out.

The British knew that New York was more important. It was built on islands in the Hudson, and was easier to hold—because the British had a navy.

Then, as now, New York was a city apart from the rest of America. It was not affected by the mad fervour for freedom that had gripped the colonies. New York didn't want to be defended against the British tyrants.

Even so, the rebel army streamed in New York. It hadn't learned to march, and it didn't want to learn. In fact, it didn't know what it wanted, but it occupied New York before the British fleet arrived, and New York didn't want it.

Then its commander-in-chief had

to decide what to do, and he admitted that he didn't have a notion. The Continental Congress, which had appointed him, told him to hold New York—and he supposed he would—but he had to ask a subordinate named Lee how to go about it. Washington was a planter, not a soldier.

He accepted Col. Lee's advice. His army was on Manhattan, and he sent most of it over the river to Brooklyn to defend the heights.

Twenty thousand had come down from Boston, but no more than ten thousand remained by the time the British fleet arrived with its cargo of German mercenaries. The rest had simply gone home. More were going home every day.

Washington stayed on Manhattan and left the disposal of the forces on Brooklyn Heights to officers on the spot. Most of the troops were only 15 to 16 years old. In these circumstances, it is surprising that any defence was organised at all.

There were three obvious strategic points, of which Jamaica Pass was the most important. In the darkness the Germans crept up on Jamaica Pass, and found it defended by exactly five men.

Something over ten thousand Germans landed on Brooklyn during that night. Some went through Jamaica Pass and by daylight they were set for a frontal attack, with heavy forces already in the rear of the freedom army.

The boys on the heights saw green-uniformed Germans wading knee-deep through a dawn mist, and they were frightened. They didn't want to fight; they didn't know how to make a stand. They stood up to fire muskets into the line of advancing mercenaries, and a hail of lead hit them from the rear.

They were mere kids—with no training and no leadership. They screamed accusations of betrayal. Some threw themselves against the green line, some charged hysterically at the Germans in their rear. All were driven back.

Wildly they fired their muzzle-loaders. Then they tried to use the clumsy weapons as clubs. But the Germans had razor-sharp bayonets. Most of the trapped boys lay down on the ground and cried for their mothers.

The killing went on for hours. What had started as a job of work for the Germans became a joyous holiday.

They stopped killing only when they were tired out—and because there was no hurry. The army of freedom was trapped, its back was to the water.

George Washington crossed to Brooklyn in a rowing boat when the massacre was at its height. From a hill, he watched his army being destroyed.

By midnight the Germans were exhausted. They had killed over two thousand, so they paused to rest and the quivering remnants of Washington's army crept over the hills and huddled in the little space left to them between the heights and the river.

Make-shift entrenchments were dug. The beaten kids could retreat no further, so they lay behind earth-walls and waited for death. All the white Washington, with measured head, walked up and down their lines, a giant of a man, saying nothing, giving hardly any orders.

There was no attachment between these whipped boys, and the commander-in-chief who had sent them into a death-trap. To him, they were slovenly Yankees, contemptible creatures little above the negro slaves of his Virginia plantation.

CAVALCADE, September, 1952
Rain commenced. It poured down.

The general continued his measured pacing, ignoring the rain.

It is almost certain that, in those hours, Washington had no more idea what to do than did the raw boys who were sweating and crying; that he saw only the disaster that they saw, that his silent pacing was his way of enduring his own hopelessness.

And yet, it was precisely what those boys needed. It gave the impression of something solid and immovable, of something unbroken and unbearably In their sobbing horror, his six-feet-three of calm was a thing to which they could cling.

The day wore into night, the rain increased, and the general continued to pace. His figure became a magnet. They watched it, watched his impassive face and began to feel an exultant confidence that Washington himself did not feel.

No attack came that night. The army of freedom was broken, beaten and trapped, so why go out in the pouring rain to finish it off?

Washington retired to his tent and wrote dispatches, as if it were routine. When, in the morning, he inspected the lines, he saw tears of adoration in the eyes of boys who were staring him down. He saw respect and worship in the solemn salutes of 18-year-old officers.

The rain became heavier, and, during that day, the officer had left with a small force to hold Manhattan Island, brought it to Brooklyn so reinforcements—Which meant that Washington's entire army was now in the trap.

There were the expert boatmen who had brought them over, however Washington wondered if it was possible to withdraw the entire army. His officers said that was impossible, even in darkness. The boys were in such panic that they would claw each other to pieces and wreck all the boats in their blind frenzy to get away. Washington agreed with them.

Then, without their knowledge, he ordered the shipmen to scatter every possible boat, to be ready soon after dark.

He said nothing of retreat; but he curtly ordered that the fresh troops should relieve the most battered units. Then, as a unit was withdrawn and sent to the river, another was moved into its position. That went on all night in the rain, shifting weary boys from one part of the hillside to another.

Only when the operation was complete, and the reinforcements—not knowing that they now stood alone—were marched down to the waiting boats, was Washington's deception of his own army revealed. But he not every man across, out of the trap.

Of course, more than half of them deserted at once, and that didn't leave much. What little force, however, was a hard core of youngsters who had come out of hell. They would now stand by Washington, march with him, suffer for him to the end.

Years of retreat and defeat followed. In those years Washington changed, and the boys became men, and their devotion to their commander grew and deepened.

Washington grew as gaunt as a scarecrow. His uniform went to rags; his great cloak became threadbare; but he never wavered and never so much as whispered of giving up.

The men marched through snow in bare feet, running away, always running away. But they stayed with their ragged general; they absorbed his stone-like calm and confidence; they waited for the time when they could strike back and destroy the hated Germans, and they never once doubted that time would come.

It came on a Christmas Eve at 8 a.m., in a snowstorm. And after desperate running, defeat, they had just managed to scramble over a freezing Delaware to safety.

It was madness to turn then, to cross the river, to attack the immobile Germans. Everybody knew it was madness, but, nevertheless, the army of freedom did it.

The Germans were so utterly victorious that they had set very few sentinels. It was Christmas Eve, and all were drunk when the wild-eyed scarecrows fell on them in a madly frenzied fury. The slaughter of innocents on Brooklyn Heights was nothing compared with the passion of killing that went on in Trenton that night. The army of mercenaries was all but wiped out.

And that was not the end. It was a beginning, a strange beginning to something that hasn't ended yet.
J. W. HEMING

THE WHITE-EYED KILLER

Was it insanity or just sheer natural wickedness that made him kill and torture for sadistic pleasure?

YOUNG Jesse Pomeroy had a hobby.

It is a good thing for 15-year-old boys to have a hobby—usually keeps them out of mischief. Jesse's didn't. His hobby was murdering children.

His appearance may have had a great deal to do with this, for children are often thoughtlessly cruel. And Jesse was ugly—particularly ugly.

He was lanky, sullen and secretive, with long arms and big hands. His right eye glared malevolently, his left was cold, white and fishlike. He had a film of white skin over it—a catarrh—and his upper lip twisted into a perpetual sneer.

Jesse Pomeroy started on his murdering way in his home town of Boston in 1881. Children of both sexes, usually returning from school, were lured into a secluded place, tied up and brutally killed. Many small corpses were found in the marshes which were close to South Boston at that time. Some were nude; others were tied to doorways and posts, all were horribly mutilated.

Within a few weeks Jesse had piled up the horrifying total of 27 children ghastly murdered! And there was no clue as to the killer.

During the weeks of terror, a boy of 12 named Albert Pratt, whose father was wealthy, was assaulted to school by an armed ruffian. This was a challenge to Jesse. He sent Mr. Pratt an anonymous letter telling him the 'game' had marked Albert down for the next victim.

Then came a lull, but Mr. Pratt still kept on his escort, who took Albert to school and waited for him afterwards. One morning, Jesse sent his younger brother Harry into the headmaster of Boys' School, which Albert attended, to tell him that Albert's father wanted the boy outside.

The teacher, William Barnes, let the boy go. He was not seen again for two days, when his mutilated body was found in the marshes.

Headmaster Barnes did some thinking. Harry Pomeroy said that he had been asked by a tall, dark man in a blue suit to deliver the message to the schoolteacher, but Barnes thought he was lying. He remembered that Harry's brother, Jesse, had a reputation as a cruel bully. He decided to keep an eye on Jesse.

Then Jesse made his first trip, with the score at 25. A boy named William Barton was playing near the marshes one afternoon. He was spoken to by a 'big, ugly boy,' who grabbed him and tied him to a telegraph pole. However, young Barton was a slippery customer and he got away. He fled to his home and told his parents. They informed the police.

The next day, Chief Inspector Hennessy took Barton round the senior classes of the schools to see if he could pick out his assailant. When William got one look at Jesse, Pomeroy he screamed with fear. They gathered Jesse in.

While awaiting trial Jesse studied legal books and prepared a defence that he was abnormal, irresponsible and the victim of uncontrolled impulses. At his trial he confessed to all the murders and others which may have been imaginary. He discussed mental abnormality, argued with the judge, and threatened the prosecuting counsel, judge, jury and opposing witnesses.

When the jury took into consideration the lack of motive, his behaviour in court and the vicious cruelty of the crimes they decided he was "Guilty, but insane." Crowds outside were howling for his blood. He was whisked off to a lunatic asylum.

But that wasn't the end of Jesse. In little more than a year the ghoul was turned loose on Boston again, pronounced cured.

His father, who had been almost ruined by Jesse's escapades, had no wish to have the boy back in his home. But his mother pleaded for him, and his father yielded.

Jesse was planning on a new act. No sooner was the trial over then he had dropped the 'mad act' and become a very good boy. So good that psychiatrists and asylum authorities, as well as Governor Groves and the judge who had tried Jesse—Judge Stephens—were sure that Jesse would kill no more.

His parents must have had some fears for him, for he never went outside the house or butcher's shop for several weeks. He was quiet and mild-mannered, even obedient.

Months passed and, to give Jesse something to occupy his mind, he was allowed to serve in the shop. He continued to behave himself, but his vicious little mind was wanting.

He was nearly 17 when his hobby got into its stride again. One child after another disappeared, but their bodies were not found, so Jesse Pomeroy could not be blamed, no matter how suspicious everyone might be of him.

But in spite of all the watching, he yet managed to find time and secret opportunity to add steadily to his list. At least a dozen children were murdered by him in this second phase of his activities, bringing his score to 30.

There was a refuse heap in the yard of his father's shop where offal from the shop was often thrown. The hot weather made it high in an offensive sense. Neighbours complained and Jesse's father was told to have the stinking heap removed.

CAVALCADE September 1952
When Jesse heard about the order he remarked calmly to his detaining mother, "I shouldn't be surprised. Mother, if they were to find something under that dump they don't expect."

Jesse was right. He had inside knowledge. They found the mutilated corpses of 12 children! And as they slowly disclosed the mutilating fact, the ghoul responsible stood in the yard whistling.

He was grabbed and rushed off to jail before the mob would get him. The mob shrieked all night outside the jail for his blood. Then they shrieked outside the Governor's house and Judge Stephens's residence. Governor Groves fled the city at the first opportunity and resigned his post under compulsion. Judge Stephens was transferred.

A man named Ruse became Governor, and his ticket was that Jesse Pomeroy would never be free again. It was a popular platform.

Jesse gloated in confessing his crimes and went back to his "mad" act. It had worked very well the first time, why not again? The huge lynching party which attended his trial was cowed into submission by 12 warders standing round the dock, armed police and a regiment of militia round the court.

The judge summed up so solidly against the accused that the jury took very little time to bring in a verdict of "Guilty of murder in the first degree." Jesse was sentenced to be hanged.

He appealed again and again from one court after another right up to the Governor. Ruse had already given out his policy. He repeated, "Pomeroy must hang!" A judicial tribunal was set up, however, and it changed the sentence to solitary confinement for life.

So, at the age of 11, Jesse was locked in a special cell. But he was not the model prisoner he had been in the lunatic asylum. He was a holy terror.

He decided to blow up the jail, including himself, if necessary. He started on three years' patient work to achieve his object.

The prison was lit by a highly explosive gas. The pipes ran through the granite blocks which held Jesse in durance. He pleaded that he wanted to work on an invention, and several small tools were given him. He attacked the mortar, knocked it with his bread and ate it. He managed to get one block of granite loose, but was heard, his work discovered and the tools taken away.

But he had reached the gas pipe. He had one match. By a trick he managed to put his lock out of order one night. He lifted out the house stone, punctured the gas pipe, had down and, just before his senses left him, struck his match.

As a newspaper put it: "There was a great detonation which shook the walls. Giant tongues of flame blazed and roared, several convicts locked in and helpless, were burnt to death.

Jesse's solitary life was hardly worth living, but he lived, with his murder score even larger. He was blown through the door of his cell and terribly injured, but he recovered.

The prison burned down. A new one was built across the river, with a cell made to order for Jesse Pomeroy. Years passed. People forgot him. It was thought he was dead.

But in 1935, after over 50 years spent in solitary, he was moved from Charleston Prison to Bridgewater State Farm, a sinister infirmary old man of 69.

His parents were dead, now he is dead. But his innocent victims died horribly a long time before
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF

Planning dictates generally rule that a house be divided into two sections, one portion devoted to the daytime activities and the other to the bedrooms. Variations of this arrangement are sometimes caused by aspects and other requirements.

Cavalcade's current suggestion is for a building site on which the view is to the side. For this reason the principal rooms — living room, dining room and main bedroom are arranged to take advantage of this outlook. The living and dining rooms have full length windows overlooking the view and the bedroom also has large windows on this side. Double doors from the living room open out on to a grassed lawn, but this could be a stone paved terrace or a deck, according to the ground contours.

The kitchen, laundry and bathroom are grouped all three being in positions which are convenient to the rooms they serve.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 50 feet and the overall area 1,220 square feet.
The Sword of Manurau

New Zealand’s famous Von Tempsky was a footloose adventurer and fighter who lived for battle and excitement

On the afternoon of September 1, 1888, in the forest of Te Ngatu o te Manu, Taranaki, New Zealand, a man died for death. It was not the first time of asking. During more than half of his 42 years death had been a close companion.

As always, he had no fear. He was quite calm as he swung his great curved sword against a rat snake and waited for death to come.

Te Ngatu was no healthy place to be, that truce afternoon. New Zealand’s bloodiest war—between the Queen’s forces and the fanatical Maori cult known as Hau Hau—had reached its peak here in Taranaki.

Now the redcoats had gone. The skilled colonial bush fighters had fallen back—under protest—at the order of this man who was their leader, and he stood alone. The tangled forest before him was full of the creeping brown shapes of the enemy.

The man was neither big nor burly: but even at that time he seemed to dominate the scene. His famous pointed beard now streaked with grey bristled with all its old ferocity. His keen eyes comb the forest as he whistled away at the rats.

He was an angry man that day, was Major von Tempsky. He had just found another disagreement with a regular officer, a disagreement which was fated to be his last. This lonely stand was his signature of protest.

To understand the manner of his end, we must first take a look at the beginnings of this Gustavus Ferdinand von Tempsky—Prussian officer and son of a Prussian officer, sword-fighter, explorer, vigilante, farmer and gold digger.

Gustavus von Tempsky was born in 1836, in Prussia. He went into an army training school, and graduated, with a commission.

But here the ordered Prussian course of his life was sharply diverted by his fiery soul. Three years of barracks and parade ground were enough. In 1839, he resigned his commission and went abroad.

Almost immediately he found the adventure he craved—on the isthmus between the two Americas. A strange, three-cornered battle was going on there between Spaniards, British and an odd assortment of Indians.

Into this minor war came von Tempsky—with a British commission. How he got it is not clear, but he was soon organizing and directing a force of Mosquito Indians in an attack on Nicaragua.

The campaign ended in the usual uneasy peace, with concessions and interminable discussions. Von Tempsky espied the parade ground forming up again, and knew it was time to go. He sheathed his sword for a while—that curved blade which he earned as a personal trademark and a monument of his Prussian apprenticeship—and took ship from the Pacific side of the isthmus northward to the new territory of California.

Remember the date? It was 1849, and the big gold strikes were on.

But the lure of gold paled before the lure of adventure. Von Tempsky stayed in California more than three years—but as a vigilante, an officer of the law.

Then he had some unfinished business to transact in Nicaragua, far to the south. He could have boarded another ship for there, but the wild country between appealed to the awakening explorer in him. With a doctor friend he headed south—on foot.

Eighteen months and three thousand miles of jungle later they won through to Nicaragua, where von Tempsky completed his unfinished business. The British resident there was one James Stanislaus Bell. He had a very attractive daughter. She and von Tempsky were married in 1855, and in the fullness of time a daughter arrived to bless the heart of the farming von Tempskys.

It could have been the end of the trail—but von Tempsky was already looking far ahead. Before very long the new family was off by ship for more open spaces—Australia.

They left the ship at Melbourne, found a farm not too remote from civilization, and settled down again. But von Tempsky could not keep his eyes from the sword hanging in its battered sheath above the fireplace. His wife took her head and resigned herself to another early move.

It came in 1859, when von Tempsky sold the farm and sailed for New Zealand. First the Coromandel goldfields claimed him—but he never did have much success with a miner’s pick. The sword steadfastly refused to assume the shape of pick or ploughshare—which was just as well for the future of New Zealand.

Worried up with the Moors—a desperate, futile sort of war against a cunning and scientific foe. The British redcoats, splendidly in battle against troops of their kind, were bewildered and then fearful of an enemy who refused to fight in the lines and squares, and who chose instead ambush and night raid.
When some vulgar lout tells you to "keep your hair on," you know what he means. But how did the meaning arise? Actually, the phrase seems to stem back to the Guards in Britain. It was the advice which non-commissioned officers gave to privates who were showing signs of restlessness. In plain English, it meant "Watch out or you'll go to prison!" ... the idea being that when a man was given "calls," his hair was cropped.

The Maoris took the white men's weapons and adopted methods to suit them—methods which were perhaps 50 years ahead of their time. They struck swiftly, and fled before the ponderous military machine could move after them.

Von Tempsky was one of several men who could see the answer. A mobile fighting force was needed—a lightly-armed unit which could live as the Maoris lived, and which could go after them into their own territory, the interlocked tree and scrub of the bushland.

His previous experience in jungle fighting gave him his chance. In August, 1933, he was commissioned lieutenant and given a free hand in forming what was to become famous throughout the Empire as the Forest Rangers.

He picked tough colonial types—farmers, sailors, miners—men as handy as himself. A tricky and strenuous course of bush fighting toughened them up.

Then the Rangers left the roads and beaches and went after the enemy. They moved as the Maoris moved, ambushing the ambushers, striking swiftly on flanks and in the villages to the rear. Their efficiency was demonstrated by the exploit which brought von Tempsky his captaincy.

At Paremata, when the Maoris were in a seemingly impregnable position, he and Thomas McDonnell worked their way through a brush swamp right into the heart of the enemy defences. They lay there for two whole days and nights, carefully noting the Maori strengths and weaknesses.

When the attack went in, it was based on von Tempsky's information and covered by von Tempsky's sharp-shooting Rangers. The Maoris fell back in confusion.

The war went on, with the Rangers always out in front. The Maoris grew to dread their elusive, remorseless enemies. They clustered the Rangers, and particularly the man who led them, "Manurau," meaning "the many backs."

In another five months he won his majority, again on the field of battle. This time it was for his part in the bloody siege and final wild charge which carried the great Maori fortress of Orakau. But as his name (prestige) grew, so Major von Tempsky began to clash ever more violently with his superior regular army officers.

A serious blow-up occurred in September, 1934. After the capture of Wadestown, which confirmed von Tempsky as a national hero, the pay of the Rangers was unaccountably reduced from 4½ to 3½ a day. The man refused to proceed to Opotiki, where von Tempsky had gone independently. He returned to the capital to argue the matter with the Minister of Defence, Sir Harry Atkinson.

Von Tempsky's hot temper did not improve matters, and his men made them worse when they staged a sit-down strike in Wellington.

The War Minister ordered von Tempsky to take his men to Waipu (in a new battle area) and hand them over to Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser.

He did his best, but only succeeded in drawing the wrath of the Minister upon himself when the men mutinied. Von Tempsky landed in his resignation.

Like a raging lion von Tempsky called the Minister out to give him satisfaction on the field of honour. When this was refused he went off home to Coromandel. There he demonstrated another of his accomplishments by writing a book of his experiences in the Waitaki and Taumako wars, and illustrating it with his own pen and brush drawings.

Eight months passed for von Tempsky in this kind of inactivity. He had sworn he would not serve the Government in any capacity, and, however much he regretted it, he was determined to keep that vow.

But the New Zealand people helped him overcome the difficulty. The offending Government fell, and the new one immediately appealed to him to withdraw his resignation. He returned to the forces; and in 1938 was appointed Inspector of Armed Constabulary.

In reality it was the old job back again. Manurau and his Rangers took to the forests again with revolver and Bowie knife and the great curved sword. This time the foe was the murderous Hau Hau.

Again they hung on the flanks of the enemy, raided the villages in his rear, carried out marauding reconnaissance. The fame of Manurau was in the Taranaki sky, and the Maoris went back before it.

But still the feud went on between the brilliant improviser and the regular officers. At Te Ngatu o te Manu, where the Hau Hau were strongly entrenched, von Tempsky assumed the position and countered attack. The officer commanding, Lieutenant-Colonel McDonnell, ignored this advice and ordered a retreat.

Von Tempsky argued, then accepted the inevitable. He watched the redcoats go, gave the order to return to his own men, then stood waiting for the enemy, whittling with his sword at a rate nine times faster than that of six Dusky warriors concealed behind logs, in rude pits and even in the treestumps poured in a murderous fire on the retreating troops.

Von Tempsky fell with a bullet through his head. By thus exposing himself he had drawn much of the fire upon his own body. This was his final protest and perhaps his greatest heroism.

The end? A great cry went up from the Maoris, "Manurau has fallen! The sword is still!" A woman dashed forward and hacked at the dead face in revenge for a slain husband. That night the bodies of the dead were stacked on a funeral pyre—with that of von Tempsky in the place of honour.

But the legend of Manurau has never died. Fifteen years later Kimble Bent, the American renegade, visited a hut in the Maori settlement of Parapara. An idol Maori rose in greeting, and said, "You have set your foot on glory. Benedita is an empty hat. Thus lies the sword of Manurau."

The sword, a sacred relic, is still in Maori hands, hidden somewhere near the old Taranaki battlegrounds, and Maoris and Pakehas alike remember the incomparable warrior who wielded it.
Hear about the monkey who soaked her strapless gown in coffee so that it would stay up all night. Bachelor Bulletin. A man is incomplete until he is married, then he is finished. Our office gardening expert reports, "My potato crop turned out very well this year. Some were as big as marbles, some were as big as peas and, of course, there were also quite a few little ones." Talking Point. It's a pity alchoholics didn't tell us when as well as how to speak. It Which leads us to recall the voice of experience we overheard the other day saying, "Never beat your wife with, or at, anything." Funny Business. At an election for officers of a New York macabre's club recently, twice as many votes were cast as there were members present. Most moppets want a man with a future; but most any old maid will settle for a future with a man. Paragraph for Philologists. Marriage is not a word, it is a sentence. Then there was the escaped convict who laughed when they were putting bloodhounds on his trail. He knew he was under a Town Talk. The best way to treat a man who drinks too much is seldom. A pessimist, they say, is a man who has been in business with an optimist. Piscatorial Patter. Many a man goes off for a day's fishing and doesn't catch anything until he gets home. We know of a little girl at a wedding who went home in tears because the bride had changed her mind. She went up the aisle with one man and came back with another. Safety Snippets. Approach a school the way you used to do when you were a child. Slowly. Hear about the beautiful nurse they all call appendix. Because only the doctor can take her out. Then there was the eight-year-old essayist who wrote, "Quakers are very meek, quiet people who never fight or answer back. My father is a Quaker, but my mother is not." Signs of the Times. Walter. "Is anything all right, sir?" One look at the feminine uplift ads is enough to convince one that honesty is no longer the but policy. Which naturally brings us to remark that a thing of beauty has a boy for ever. International Note. Diplomacy is the art of letting someone have your own way. You know about the miner who invented the wrist watch... he didn't want to keep putting his hand in his pocket. See us at your earliest convenience, says our favourite pawnbroker.

OUR SHORT STORY. A reporter recently telephoned a well-known movie star to confirm a story that she was about to divorce her fourth husband. She replied, "Divorce him? Don't be silly! Why, I hardly know the man."
YOU CAN'T THAT'S ALL!

NOT FOR PUBLICATION
MEMO No. 1. MY HUSBAND IS NOT HERE.

MY DEAR LADY, ME LANCE IS AWAY THAT'S ALL I HAVE TO SAY.

AS SHE CAN'T GET ANY NEWS FROM THE TOP KATH P A LANCE DISCOVERS THE STAFF ENTRANCE FOR A CHANGE OF WORKING SHIFT.

WE WERE PERFECTLY HAPPY UNTIL HE DIDN'T COME HOME. A WOMAN RANG TO SAY HE WOULDN'T BE BACK ANY MORE. HE WOULDN'T TALK TO ME FROM HIS OFFICE.

AND UNCONVENTIONALLY MEETS TUG HARRIS.

USING HER CHARM KATH MANAGES AN APOLOGY FROM THE FACTORY WORKER BY WAY OF A CUP OF COFFEE. AND PUMPS HIM.

KATH'S JOB IS TO GET SAM LANCE IN STORY AND NOT ABOUT WHY HE STAYS AWAY FROM HOME BUT HERE TOO SHE GETS A KNOCKBACK.

PERSISTENTLY WORKING THAT SAM LANCE HAS THE TOP, KATH FINALLY LEARNER FROM AN AIRCRAFT EXECUTIVE.

THUS KATH LEARNS THAT SAM LANCE HAS BEEN STATIONED IN THE FACTORY FOR SEVERAL DAYS.

"AND THE TRUTH COMES OUT.

SAM LANCE, WHO KNOWS ALL THE SECRETS OF LATER TYPE AIRCRAFT, IS MISSING."

"AIRCRAFT WIZARD MISSING"

"LAST RACE"
**MY DEAR LADY, WE BE-**


**Why? His wife rang us up.**


**TO KATH, KING COMES ON THE WILD IDEA OF A WOMAN TOLD LUCY LANGE HER HUSBAND HAD LEFT A WOMAN TOLD THE AIRCRAFT COMPANY SAM LANGE WAS SICK.**


**KATH CONSIDERS HER THOUGHTHE TRUCK TO SOLVE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF SAM LANGE. THERE IS A WOMAN TO BE FOUND.**


**THE NEWSPAPER ROUND THE FACTORY, STAFF OF THE AIRCRAFT COMPANY think woman has been trying to find out about sam lange.**


**AS THE NEWS GOES AROUND, BULL MACK DOES HIS JOB AND PASSES OUT WORD TO A COUPLE OF THINGS.**


**AT THE GRAPHIC OFFICE KATH GETS A TELEPHONE CALL FROM A WOMAN WHO WANTS TO SEE HER AND...**


**THE VISITOR ARRIVES AND OFFERS SOME INFORMATION ABOUT THE NOW CELEBRATED SAM LANGE MYSTERY.**


**"TUG HARRIS IS CALLED IN."


**"FOR QUESTIONING THE KIDNAPPERS OF SAM LANGE WANT TO KNOW WHO THE WOMAN WAS WHO ASKED TUG HARRIS THE QUESTIONS."**


**"I DON'T KNOW! THAT'S A JOG TO THE MEMORY!"**


**"IT WAS THAT WOMAN WHO WAS KNOCKING AROUND THE AIRCRAFT PLANT ABOUT LANGE DISAPPEARING."**


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**"THE VISITOR ARRIVES AND OFFERS SOME INFORMATION ABOUT THE NOW CELEBRATED SAM LANGE MYSTERY."**
FOLLOWING THIS LEAD KATH KINGS GROWS WITH HER VISITOR

I WONDER IF KATH’S HOLDING OUT ON ME?

A QUICK CONFERENCE WITH A POLICE INSPECTOR DISC.. OCR THAT KATH MUST BE TRACED BEFORE SHE’S BEEN MISSING LONG ENOUGH TO CAUSE ALARM

TRUCK TOTT GOES TO THE MORGUE WHERE A MAN HAS BEEN BROUGHT IN AND IDENTIFIED AS TUG HARRIS, AN AIRCRAFT WORKER. HE IS BADLY BEATEN UP.

WHAT’S YOUR INTEREST IN SAM LANGE?

YES, WHO’S BEHIND YOU?

KATH COULDN’T TALK. SHE IS MYSTIFIED BY WHAT HAS HAPPENED, AND KNOWS NOTHING.

HE WAS DUMPED FROM A CAR. WE’RE TRACING THE TYRE MARKS.

THIS IS THE MAN WHO HELPED KATH.

TRUCK TRIES TO PICK UP A LEAD FROM LUCY LANGE BUT SHE IS VERY ODD, TENSED, OBSESSED WITH HER HUSBANDS INFIDELITY

I’M SURE LANGE HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED

TODD, ALARMED BECAUSE KATH HAS FAILED TO RETURN, TELEPHONES HIS BOSS.

AS A CAR SOUNDS ON THE HOUSE EDRIVE, LUCY JUMPS TO HER FEET, SHOWS ALARM.

WHAT’S WRONG? YOU’LL HAVE TO GET OUT QUICK.
GO ON — GET OUT!
NOT SO FAST.
WHAT IS THIS?

HE'S ANOTHER OF THE
INVESTIGATORS.
WELL, WE'LL BUMP
HIM.
WE'RE KILLING
TOO MANY
PEOPLE!

WHILE LUCY LANGE ADMITS
COMPlicity IN CRIME BY
HER FEAR OF KILLING TOO
MANY PEOPLE, TRUCK
SENSES HIS DANGER
PREPARES TO HIT FIRST,
AND

...BONDED AND HELPLESS,
KATH KING IS CARRIED
INTO THE ROOM!

THE TYREMARKS ON THE
CAR, CHECK WITH THOSE
FOUND NEAR HARRIS'S
BODY. LUCY LANGE HAD
SAID TOO MUCH, AND AN
EMBRYO SPY RING IS
BROKEN.

THANKS, MISS KING.

Throughout Australia the demand is for—

Choice of
the People!

Obtainable at
MULTIPLE BRAND
INDEPENDENT
SERVICE STATIONS

take C.O.R — take Care On Roads

THE COMMONWEALTH OIL REFINERIES LTD. * ALL STATES
CAVALCADE, September, 1952
MART TOOK HIM WITH HER

The roses round the door weren't climbing a trellis; they were standing in solitary ranks along the edges of the wide lawn. They were a guard of honour that attended Vladimir Monk by day and night. They drew attention to how far back his house stood from the street and the street itself was exclusive and tree-lined.

The thorns weren't all on the roses. The ones on the roses scratched the skin, but the thorns in the letter Vladimir Monk held in his hand tore deeply into the flesh.

Something about the handwriting on the envelope had been familiar. Familiar in the sense that he lifted it unopened from the telephone table where the maid put the mail, and took it into the garden to be read.

He read it among the roses. Sally came out of the side porch with her long legs flashing from the loosely belted bathing robe as she ran barefoot across the grass, down the slope behind the house. Hibiscus hedges sheltered her from every gaze as she let the robe slide off, and ran into the water of the swimming pool with hardly a splash.

Vladimir Monk stuffed the damned letter into his pocket and watched the scumillation of clear water in the sunlight, and the glowing traces of Sally's creamy skin, trailing languidly just beneath the surface.

The sight of all that Sally showed left him as cold as a jam advertisement. It is worry that makes men impotent worry and fear. Vladimir's lip twisted as he twisted the words of Scripture, "Perfect fear casteth out love," he thought. In his pocket the restless fingers mashed at the letter that brought him that perfect fear.

+++

Dear Vladi—I don't want to come back into your life any more than you would like to come back into mine. What we had was wonderful, and I cherish the memory of it too much to even risk the disappointment that might come now, should...

No, my dear Vladi, I don't want any of the fabulous money you have made, either I do not envy it, and I do not want it, and I could not try that dirty blackmailing trick even if I felt like doing so, because it would destroy the only lovely things I have now, my memories. But there is one touch spot in my life just now, Vladi, and I would like to have a little help just the help that you might come to see me. There are no
strings to it, my dear. It is a very simple wish that will cost you nothing, but it will mean, oh, so much to me.

Yours,

The signature is in the address. Did anyone else ever call you Vlad?

No one else had called him Vlad. Sally came out of the water and stood gleaming wetly and laughing.

"Take a plunge, Val," she called.

"Come on!"

He pushed the letter down into a corner of his pocket and walked slowly towards the pool, forcing a smile.

"Good in there?" he asked.

"I won't tell you," she teased.

"Come and find out."

He stood, serious-faced. She cupped her wet hands around his arm and shook him.

"What's the matter, big bear?"

"Don't, Sally," he said. He was angry because there was a plaintive note in his voice.

"Oh, don't!" she pouted. "Don't you like me any more?"

"Don't be a fool!" His voice carried an edge. She laughed and pushed him.

"Oh, cool off!" she advised.

He was caught unawares on the edge, tettering for a moment. Then she pushed him again, and saw him go in, clothes and all, and she stood laughing as he broke the surface, shaking the water out of his eyes.

She held out her hand to help him out, and laughed and apologized.

"Now you'd better come and have a drink, or you'll catch cold," she said.

It had happened before, and he hadn't caught pneumonia. He had shocked him back, and he felt clear-headed again.

"Come on, Sal," he said, and put his sudden arm around her bare waist. They went up to the house together, and she left her own lying on the grass where it had fallen. They sat on the terrace in garden chairs and drank their drinks, she in her scanty nearly transparent little swimming things, and he in a pair of shorts. The later afternoon sun beat in on them, and he had the illusion that things were good.

Sally came and sat on his knee and behaved very shamelessly for a young wife, but she seemed that he was not in the mood.

"Val," she accused, leaning heavily against him, "you have something on your mind."

"A business hitch, that's all," he said.

"Pout! Forget it!"

While he dressed he memorised the address on the letter. After dinner he said he was going out.

"Very well then," she said, "have your old club. I'll probably play strip poker with the boys."

He laughed. "You just dare!"

At least, he reflected as he drove the car through town, he had managed to leave in the usual light-hearted way. The club! It had little to do with the slum address—the slum address from which Marj had written, he did not even care to leave his car there in the street. He parked it in the city and took a taxi.

In the taxi he wondered whether he looked a little too well dressed. And he thought of Marj.

He had to go back 20 years to think of her. Back 20 years to a girl who had more womanhood packed between her firm little chin and her slender ankles than he'd ever dreamed of. Back 20 years to a two-pound-a-week flat—and you couldn't...
get much for two pounds a week, even then, but Mary hadn't minded.

Mary hadn't minded anything, come to think of it. There was that night on the beach late on the beach, after the traffic noises had stopped, and his old car stood alone on the road above.

"Oh, bash," she said, "why don't we just marry?"

He told her so near that she seemed part of him. He looked through the mist of her hair at the stars low over the smooth ocean.

"Marly," he told her, "I haven't the money. You know it, why do you always make me say it?"

Because you might realise it doesn't matter. All it would mean is that I could come and be with you all the time—and nobody would talk.

"Up where I live nobody would even know," he said, "except us. And we'd know when you could have some new dress, when there was an anniversary and I couldn't buy you a present.

"Money, money, money," she said.

"Oh, Vlesh, darling, money doesn't matter. Even— even responsibility doesn't matter really. I just want to be here, near you, all the time."

"We meet every day," he said.

"And I pay rent and you pay rent, and if we got married we'd only have to pay one rent, and I could keep my job . . ."

"And live in my place? You haven't seen it?"

"You've never shown it to me."

He kissed her fiercely, then, so stop talking. But eight days later she moved in. He came home and found her there.

"Look," he said, "if we get married, and you get tired of this—squallor, this poverty . . ."

"I wouldn't call it squalor, darling," she said.

"It's not living."

"Can't Dance?"

LEARN TO DANCE in the privacy of your own home with this NEW, EASY way! In a few days you'll surprise and thrill your friends when they see you FOCUSING—WALTZ—QUADRILLE—TANGO! Buy for FREE at post card back of this page or write for FREE literature which explains how YOU can learn at home— as all thousands others have done—the famous London Dance Institute way.

DON'T DELAY! POST COUPON TODAY! or write:

COUPON
A.O.I. DANCING SCHOOL, Box 418 G.P.O., Sydney
Dear Sir, Please send me a FREE copy of "Let's Go Dancing" I enclose $1.04 stamps.
NAME
ADDRESS

World's Largest Postal Dance School

Smoking Got You DOWN?

STOP SMOKING IN 1 DAY OR LESS

BE A NON-SMOKER by sending name and address AT ONCE for a copy of my helpful FREE BOOKLET entitled "How to Stop Smoking."

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

CAVALCADE, September, 1952
"That depends on what makes you live," she said. "You make me live."
"That would wear off in a week."
"In a week we shall see."
"And then get a divorce?"
She curled her arm around his neck.
"How can we get a divorce? We aren't even married!" And she laughed as she kissed him.

He himself had said the neighbours thereabouts wouldn't even know, she reminded. They'd just live there—and one day he would be rich and then they'd get married.

And that's how it was.

Not for a week, as he'd suggested, but for two and a half idyllic years.

Struggling years, hopeful years. They were worked and they lived and were happy, but things went well and they were happy. Then he hit it rich...

"There you are, sir; five and sixpence."

He paid the taxi driver and got out and stood looking at the shabby old stone tenement. The spiked iron gate creaked on its hinges; the front door was only a pace behind it, and was open. When the gate creaked a girl came out of a room and stood in the doorway, her open dressing gown showing her nakedly to him.

"Hello, deary," she said.

He swallowed the revulsion that choked him and said, "Is Mary here?"

"Gawd dammit, she's no use to you," the girl said. She thrust hack her dressing gown and put one hand on her hip. "What's so crook about me?" she asked brusquely.

He looked away. "I want Mary," he said.

The girl told him then, and he went along the narrow hall and up the stairs, and heard the girl's voice and a man's behind him. He threw the door open and the room was dark. He closed the door, shutting out the raucous voices below, and stood in the darkness. Then he groped along...
Pelanism

Scientific Training of Mind, Memory and Personality.

WHAT PELMANISM DOES

In every man and woman are certain qualities already being developed or awaiting development. Social life and the exigencies of earning a living develop these qualities, but sometimes slowly and often unevenly so that whilst there may be progress in one direction there is stagnation or frustration in another. The Pelman Course is designed to quicken the development of all qualities and aptitudes, the more significant of which are:

- Self-Confidence
- Judgement
- Observation
- Concentration
- Will-Power
- Initiative
- Decisiveness
- Self-Control
- Social Ease
- and a Hold-fast Memory.

Pelanism develops these qualities quickly, harmoniously and permanently. They become habitual processes manifesting themselves smoothly and evenly, and largely without conscious effort.

New Zealand Couriers, N.S.W., 26th Oct., 1951 — "No silent reading, no leisurely, and a definite tendency to do my own thinking and deciding."—N.B. 347, Postal Officer.

EAVING up to Peeples Vic., 20th Dec., 1951 — I can face up to people with confidence and am now doing it quite naturally — VS 2317, Police Officer.

EAVING up to Peeples Vic., 27th Oct., 1951 — I have improved my capacity for work! I can organise my time so much better now — VC 2697, Salesman.

ABILITY to Mrs. Vic., 14th May, 1951 — The Course has given me an enormous increase in ability to mix with people — VS 2317, Police Officer.

Smoker, Worry and Sleep, N.Z., 16th May, 1951 — I no longer smoke, worry or sleep like a child and work with sustained effort — NSH 2345, Officier Major.

Memory and Observation. Qld., 2nd Jan., 1952 — One of my aims was to pass a qualifying examination, and I have done so with credit. My memory and powers of observation have developed tremendously — 3160, Police Officer.

Everything Promised, Qld., 31st Aug., 1951 — Money, increased ability, health and freedom from mental worries — everything you promised has been obtained — QG 127, Medical Practitioner.

SERVICES APPROVAL

Pelmanism has been approved by the Services Education Committee as a course of education for the personnel of the Navy, Army, and Air Force. Applications for admission should be addressed to THE PELMAN INSTITUTE, 21 Gloucester House, 396 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

New Zealand Inquirers:

The Pelman Institute, with the approval of the Reserve Bank, has made arrangements to enable residents of New Zealand to enrol for The Pelman Course of Training without delay. Write in the first instance to: The Pelman Institute, Melbourne.

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AT ALL NEWSAGENTS

CAVALCADE, September 1952
Never before such
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stumbled to the door. He didn't know what he should do.
He didn't open the door; another man did that. A man who snarled.
"What's the matter, mister?"

Vladimor gestured towards the bed.
"A doctor," he said. "She—he's . . ."

"Waste of good money," the man said. "Scream!"

Vladimor grabbed the man by his greasy coat. "Look, here," he said, "this is life and death, Marj is . . ."

The man's bunched fist threshed into his mouth, and he felt his teeth climb. The sweat, warm taste of blood came from the nose, and then the pain started.

"Go, go on, get out!" The man said, and pushed. Vladimir spun and went sideways down the stairs, lost his footing, and sprawled, bumping to the bottom. He still lay there when raucous laughter and a babble of sound came. He scrambled up.

The naked girl in the dressing gown stood looking down at him. As she saw his face, the smile died out of her eyes. Her hard face opened on a harsh, unemotional voice. She called him a name a bully couldn't use to his team. "Go on—move," she said, and kicked at his stomach with the pointed toe of a cheap, tasselled mule.

"Get going or you'll do you over Ruin yer for life, 'e will," She laughed mirthlessly.

Vladimor Monk stumbled to his feet and reeled through the doorway. He felt clammy, and breathless, and his mouth hurt. Mostly he felt sore inside—and when he was out of the dark little street into the lamplight, and the taxi stopped for him, he slumped into the softness of the dark back seat trembling to the point of helplessness. He didn't care to drive his car, he had the taxi take him right home.

Sally was awake.
She came into his dressing room in
Man and boy...

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The A.M.P. is the oldest Australian Life Assurance Office and it is also the largest. Since 1849 generations have placed their trust in it to such an extent that today, on the average, one family in three relies on the A.M.P. In the last financial year almost half of the new business taken out was by people who were already members. The A.M.P. is run by policyholders. There are no shareholders.

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CAVALCADE, September, 1952
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and he felt cold, empty and alone.

Long afterwards he knocked over the untouched drink as he sat up and undressed. He saw Sol lying on the bed, eyes closed, breathing evenly. What had Sol been to him? He had nothing against her, she wasn’t to blame. He’d been rich when he met her, and she had had everything.

Vladimir couldn’t explain it. It was just that suddenly he remembered that Mary had been there, when money didn’t matter, and marriage didn’t matter, and Mary had seen it through with him.

Yes, she had had everything—except that she wasn’t Mary, and he’d forgotten for the moment all that Mary was. Or had he forgotten it? Perhaps in the first flush of his success he had been a little blind to some of the most beautiful things in his life. Certainly he had forsaken the passions in the lonely treelined hills with her, and it had been a long time since he looked her in the arms while they watched a sunset together. Success had brought the bustling dull lights of underground places, and the brassy orchestral music, and women who had no souls, but very lovely bodies. — And Sally.

Sally hadn’t actually belonged in the world of money. She looked bashful, and she was built for photographers. She had the kind of sensuously soft face that you see in perfume advertisements. She looked something that she had never been. But inside her head she had a brain, under her curving bosom she had a heart; and she had fallen deeply in love with Vladimir Monk.

Sally had inside her a sense of decency. She had guided their marriage out of the swirl of social excitement, and she had been all the life that Vladimir asked or needed. She had been vivacious and gay and faithful, and she had kept Vladimir.

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CAVALCADE September, 1952
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amused. She had been patient when he was busy, and amusing when he was unoccupied, and physically powerful.

She had made him forget everything that had happened before. And that was her talent, and it was made easier because she had a man who wanted to forget.

And because of her, he had forgotten Mary. He had forgotten Mary so thoroughly that now she came back with all the force of a new discovery. Mary dominated his mind again—and suddenly nothing that had happened since Mary mattered, but what had happened to Mary mattered terribly—painfully.

It wasn't anything against Sally, it was just that she hadn't been in the world where Mary and he had been. Nothing could make them as close together as Mary and he had been. And nothing could take Mary out of his life—Mary, whose only demand of him had ever been that she might see him before she died.

Then Vladimir went downstairs and got the whisky. Through the glow of it he saw Mary as she had been. That she had gone forever he couldn't believe, and the whisky didn't help him. The more he drank the steadier, and the more alert, he became, until he realized that the broken old hag he had seen that night was only the unburnt corpse of something he had not done to lose.

He smelt of drink, it is true, when they found him but he was not drunk when he did it. Sally was rich, and young enough to be happy, anyway. But, rather than live with the memory of what he had done, he had expertly, deeply, and finally cut his throat.

The note he left explained everything, though those who read it and smelled the whisky didn't understand. It simply said, "The law was not broken by what I did; but I destroyed life and this is the death penalty I merited."

It was too serious to laugh about, and Sally said he'd been overworked in his business. They said, "of unsound mind," but nobody was more sober and sane than Vladimir Monk when he went to meet his Maker. The truth was, Mary took him with her.

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IT MAKES YOU LAUGH

Called the "father of the modern practical joke" is Theodore Hock. His most famous exploit concerned a Mrs. Tottenham, 4 London "lady of easy virtue." With infinite skill, he wrote 3871 letters in her name. They all asked the recipients to call at her house at 10 am on November 27, 1915.

When the appalled woman opened her door at the appointed hour, she found two steps or cluttering up the street to the delight of a mob, the Duke of Gloucester, the Lord Mayor, the Governor of the Bank of England, the chairman of the East India Company, dozens of peers of the realm, and hundreds of tradesmen.

Since the time of Hock, many devoted hoaxers have appeared on the scene, notably the late Horace de Vere Cole, who spent his life and fortune amusing hoaxes on an art. You'll find a bright survey of his feats, and those of several other classic pranksters, on page 16.

MAN STEALING

Blockbinding was a cruel and infamous trade, but the recruiters hired a weird and picturesque crew, under Captain One Eye, who ranged the Pacific for human cargo in the 1890's. He would threaten a native chief that, unless a certain number of men were supplied, he would cause everyone in the village to lose one of his eyes.

To show he was capable of such magic, he would then solemnly drop his own glass eye out of its socket into his hand.

There were others just as celebrated—Captain Jenny, Timber Joe Proctor, and, of course, the notorious "Bully" Hayes. Probably the most adventurous and fearsome of all, however, was huge, ready-fisted, bucko-curfewing Rose Lewin. On page 28, Glen Look gives you the full details of his full-blooded career.

HIS FATHER WAS A BUTCHER

And so was Jesse Pomeroy, we might add. In the past Jack Heming

uous some strange characters in his constant delving into the deviant paths of crime. In Jesse Pomeroy, however, he has uncovered a boy whose ghoulish goings-on in said Boston would be hard to equal for sheer natural wickedness. If your taste leans towards the macabre, "The White-Eyed Killer," on page 50, should be just your dish.

NEXT MONTH

We have an outstanding line-up on the way for you in next month's CAVALCADE. If your fancy is for flamboyant huskies, look for "Her Face Made History," the lowdown on the bad but bewitching Helen of Troy. Lester Way has also done a fine feature, "The Man of Arden," on the painter Van Gogh, Cedric March play takes you through hunting in "Golden Years of St. James," finally, don't miss a gem of a fiction yarn, "Salute to Courage," an insight into bull fighting much in the way Ernest Hemingway used to write of it.

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