HER FACE MADE HISTORY
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Behind her facade of beauty and allure, Helen of Troy was a cruel, pitiless, designing hussy—a slave to selfish passion.

ONE hot summer morning more than 5,000 years ago, a tall, breath-taking, golden-haired beauty, who "moved like a goddess and looked like a queen," was bathing in a quiet stream on the Aegean island of Rhodes.

Naked, she held the drawsy hours away, striking abandoned poses to admire the seductive curves of her voluptuous figure reflected in the clear still water.

Suddenly a crowd of determined-looking women appeared on the bank. Rough hands grabbed her out of the water and clawed cruelly at her loveliness before they bound her to a tree. Then, like mad furies, her captors danced wildly round her and took turns at strangling her slowly to death.

Thus died the fabulous Helen of Troy, over whom, for a decade, nations fought, cities were razed and countless men and women were slain.

From childhood the name of Helen was famous throughout the Greek world. She barely reached her teens, yet the story, before kings, chiefs and warriors flocked to Athens to gaze on her—and to woo her.

Fearing the rivalry of these warlike suitors, she fled into open conflict, her father, Tyndarus, decided she must wed. He called all the love-sick suitors together for the purpose of choosing the lucky man.

Before he announced his choice, Tyndarus bound them with a sacred oath to abide honourably by his selection and defend to the death the right of the chosen husband to undisturbed possession of the divine Helen.

Then Menelaus—the bluff, hearty, red-headed and popular King of Sparta—was picked as Helen's husband. Triumphantly he carried his blushing bride home to his palace.

More interested in war, the games and hunting than the necessary attentions of love, Menelaus had but known it, had no hope of holding Helen. To his court there came a visitor, who wooed and won her behind his back.

His name was Paris, and he was the son of Priam, King of Troy, a rich and ambitious city-state in Asia Minor. Paris was a handsome weaving. His soft blond curl, patulous garish face and unshamed audacity caused Helen to fall in love as she had never done before.

Blind to the affair, Menelaus decided to go campaigning in Crete.

As soon as he was gone, Paris begged Helen to elope with him to Troy. Late one night, with a shipload of money and jewels and gold, they stole from the palace, they set sail across the Aegean Sea.

When Menelaus heard of Helen's desertion, he hurried home. Through Greece and adjacent islands, he sent couriers reminding the former suitors of their sacred oath.

At the same time he informed King Priam in Troy how treacherously Paris had repudiated his hospitality and demanded that Helen be returned.

But there was witchery about Helen. Already her beauty had captivated not only Paris' brothers, but his aged father as well.

"To hold this woman," it has been written, "they were prepared to fight the world to see their city smashed and their wives and children in servitude."

Asgenmon, brother of Menelaus, was elected commander-in-chief of the Greek force, which set sail from Aulis about 1300 B.C. It did not return for ten years.

Meanwhile, in Troy, Priam had also been collecting his allies from various parts of Asia Minor and Thrace. Under his son Hector, they waited on the shores for the invading Greeks.

The Trojans, however, were unable to prevent a landing. They were driven back over the narrow coastal plain into the security of the city walls.

To and fro over the years the fortunes of battle flowed. Under their great warrior, Achilles, the Greeks captured and sacked the 23 surrounding cities of the Trojans. But, thanks mainly to the stratagem of Hector, the defenders were able to keep Troy itself impregnable.

Then Achilles and Asgenmon quarrelled in the Greek camp over a pretty little captive maiden named Briseis, whom they both coveted. Exercising his authority, Asgenmon decreed that she should be his.

Achilles, who commanded the contingents from Phthian and Helles, thereupon withdrew all his troops.

CAVALCADE, October, 1932.
from the conflict. The Trojans, hearing the news, took heart, emerged from their city and drove the Greeks back to their ships.

Sinking in his tent, Achilles was informed of the impending disaster by his friend and follower, Patroclus. Graciously he gave him permission to join the fight, but he still refused to have any part in it himself.

Under Patroclus, Achilles' men saved the day. They took the Trojans on the flank and forced them to retreat again to the beleaguered city. At the gates, however, Hector reamed his chariot and turned to face Patroclus, whom he had left out-striped his comrades in the thrill of the chase.

Before Patroclus could raise his shield, Hector had thrown his spear unerringly into his breast. When Achilles heard that Patroclus had been slain, he drove his chariot to the gates of Troy and challenged Hector to fight.

In a deadly silence the two champions advanced to do battle. Achilles, warmed of Hector's unanny sun with the spear, was ready for them. Both started hammerlessly on his shield.

Hector drew his sword to defend himself, but he had no hope now against Achilles' spears. One sure thrust from the Greek killed him dead in the dust.

But Achilles' turn was soon to come. The effeminate Paris was no fighter, he knew he could not beat Achilles in combat, but he swore that he would kill him.

Day and night he waited on the wall.

At last came the chance he sought. He stood up, fitted an arrow to his bow and fired it straight and true to its target—the heart of Achilles, driving carelessly near the wall to his chariot.

In the ninth year of the siege, Paris himself was killed as he led a band of warriors on a foray outside the gates.

The death of Paris, the amorous prince who had caused the conflict, did not bring an end to hostilities. Helen, fearful of what Menelaus might do to her also, turned her ubiquitous, smouldering eyes on King Priam's only remaining sun, the youthful Diaphorus.

War-weary but loyal, the Trojan citizens looked on resignedly as the pair went through a marriage ceremony a few days after Paris was buried.

The bewitched Diaphorus then ordered them back to their posts. "The fight goes on!" he cried.

But the end was not far off. Troy was to fall within a year by the famous stratagem of the wooden horse.

The story is that the Greeks built a colossal hollow horse of wood into it crept Menelaus and 100 picked fighters, armed to the teeth. Then the opening at the side was closed and bolted from within.

Leaving the horse unattended on the blood-drenched plain before the city, the rest of the Greeks broke camp, boarded their ships and sailed away into the mist.

Rejoicing, the Trojans trooped out, believing the horse had been left as a peace offering to their pagan gods and that the war was at last over. With ropes they dragged it into the city.

That night, while they slept, the hidden Greeks crept out. They opened the gates to admit thousands of their fellows, who had returned in the ships under cover of darkness.

Caught in their beds, the Trojans were helpless. All were slaughtered,

and their city was burned to the ground.

Menelaus burst in on Helen and Diaphorus, slumbering peacefully in each other's arms. Before her eyes, he disemboweled and beheaded the loving Trojan boy.

Then with vengeance in his heart, he turned to wreak the same punishment on her. She stood before him, beautiful and unmarked in the dim light, and held out her arms in mute appeal.

Menelaus' blood-stained sword fell to the ground beside the mutilated body of Diaphorus. For ten years he had waited for this moment, deeming how he would kill her.

Now he could but kiss her and dash with rough tenderness at the crocodile tears she turned on with practised ease.

Back to Sparta Menelaus carried his wife. Back to their wives whom they had not seen for ten years went the other Greeks.

When Menelaus died, Helen again found herself in trouble. Her two illegitimate sons, by one of Helen's rivals, rose against her.

She sought refuge on the island of Rhodes, being welcomed by its queen, Polyxena.

But in reality Polyxena hated her. Like so many others, her husband had been killed on Helen's behalf before the walls of Troy. To a dozen or so of these widows, she sent a summons. They came and passed a death sentence on Helen.

A few days later they carried it out in concert, mourning and mutilating her fatal beauty with mad jealousy and rage.
Battle, murder, sudden death and buried treasure figure in the long turbulent history of this little-known Pacific isle.

Golden lure of Suworow

If it's treasure you're wanting, I can tell you where to look. It is a coral atoll, of course, in the tradition of treasure islands, and it would not be impossible, with modern equipment, to turn the whole flat sandy expanse over.

Three men, to my certain knowledge, have visited the island and come away richer for golden dollars, Mexican silver pieces, and Spanish doubloons—but the big prize is yet to be found.

The island is called Suworow. It lies squarely in the centre of the world's biggest ocean, about equidistant from Australia and Hawaii, and 300 miles due east of Samoa.

Who put the treasure there? Nobody knows. Suworow was a sort of bank in the old days. For centuries it served as a halfway house for the Spanish galleons voyaging from the Indies to the Strait of Magellan.

Even then there was rumour about Suworow and its fabulous wealth. And why Suworow? Look at the Pacific map. At the hundreds and thousands of other islands scattered in the broad swathe all the way from New Guinea to the Americas, and ask yourself why men spoke in whispers of the particular 600 acres of sand and scrub.

Livingston Evans knew, but he told nobody. When, in 1855, the Yankee whaler Ganon ran on a nearby reef, Evans headed the party from Tahiti which undertook the salvage of the precious cargo. He got it, too, every barrel of it, for this quiet, taciturn man was a firey sailor who knew the islands. But then, with the oil aboard his ship, Evans announced that the real search would now begin.

Landing on Suworow, he buried himself with an old map and a compass. Finally he slipped the hole of a particular tree and commanded his dusky crew to dig. Dig they did, for a full week, until they cursed their skipper and threatened to down tools. At length he shrugged, checked his calculations, and selected another tree. Three hours later spades rang on metal. A locked sea-chest was heaved up to the surface.

Evans had it carried off to the captain's cabin, there, in the presence of other officers, he smashed the lock. Inside was $16,000 dollars in American gold. Evans was satisfied. He looked for no more treasure, and he told nobody the secret of how he came to be in possession of the map.

The old shellbacks and beachcombers of the islands were scornful of this find. Opinions were voiced that Evans's map was really worthless, that he had merely been lucky in this vast bean-dip that was Suworow. There were those who hinted darkly that, given a few drinks and passage in a ship, they would make a strike that would turn Evans green with envy.

Nobody believed beachcombers, even in those days—but when the next due came, it came from the same place—Tahiti. Lance Barnett, a young English trader, was waiting for his ship to be refitted when he fell to drinking with a picturesque old derelict of the Tahiti beaches.

The ancient mariner's pitch was a familiar one. He knew exactly where the Suworow treasure was buried, but he was too old to bother with it himself. For a fiver—

Barnett may have been asinine, or he may have had plenty of money, but he bought another round and headed over the five pound. The old man took pencil and paper, painstakingly drew a map of the island, and marked two crosses. Barnett shrugged, pocketed the map, and wrote the fiver off to experience.

A few weeks later, however, his ship was passing Suworow. He got the map out, and was at once amazed at the accuracy of the old man's drawing. He took the ship in to an anchorage which was noted, with all leading marks, in the old man's spidery handwriting— and on his first trip ashore he was able to go straight to the spot indicated by the first cross.

With growing eagerness he dug—and four feet down he unearthed a small, iron-bound box. Inside were Mexican and Spanish coins worth about $500 dollars.

We can be sure that he made the shortest possible time to the location of the second cross. But here his luck changed. During the only brought him sand and more sand. Finally he gave the whole thing away, and sailed out of our story with a neat profit on his original investment.

And this brings us to the weirdest story of all—the tale of the Circular Saw battle and the turtle's horn.

In 1775 a party character named Handley Bathurst Sterndale arrived at Suworow to establish a trading post for the New Zealand firm of Renderson and Co. This firm, which had its headquarters in Auckland, was a famous trading con-
FOUND OUT

Did you know that a both sponge
is a skeleton of something?
At one time, it was living —
Though, of course, it was a
dumb thing
When first I heard the story, I
frowned, and nearly blub-
bered
A skeleton, of all things, I
had within my cupboard!

— WEASEL

Born of the time its vessels carried, the distinguishing mark of a large circular saw, usually painted in black on the fore-topside.

Sterndale took his task very seriously. He found the island deserted, but could not be sure how long the state of affairs would exist. He would soon be sitting on a furred stack of tramp goods, and in those practical times there was no saying whether a visitor would be friendly.

In heaps about the island were large concrete and stone blocks—the sort which vessels for centuries have been carrying as ballast and dumping on a convenient beach as cargo came available. You will find their like scattered all over the Pacific. Sterndale and his native boys manhandled them into the shape of a fort, which he armed well with ships' cannon.

The rest of 1875 and most of 1876 slipped by before trouble came—and then it came from New Zealand. The Circular Saw owners became dissatisfied with Sterndale's work, and were rather resentful of the fact that he was more inclined to dictate to them than receive orders.

Matters came suddenly to a head when a schooner appeared in the lagoon with a Captain Fernandez, sent by the owners to replace Sterndale. That worthy had other ideas. He withdrew with his boys inside the well-stocked fort, sealed up the gate with a loose stone block or two, and opened fire on the schooner.

Fernandez replied in kind, and for upwards of a fortnight fort and schooner swapped roundshot. Suwarrow had hardly ever been livelier—but not a great deal of damage was done. It became obvious that the schooner could do no more than keep her distance.

That was the situation when the brig Ryeno arrived, with one Henry Mair aboard. Now Mair was one of the famous New Zealand fighting clan of that name. Also, he was a friend of Sterndale's, and his sympathies lay entirely with the beleaguered factor.

Henry Mair discussed matters with Fernandez, and ascertained conditions which the captain was prepared to accept in order that the dispute might be settled legally. There was no easy way of putting these up to Sterndale, for by this time anyone attempting to set foot on the island in daylight was likely to make contact with a musket-ball or a chance of grapeshot.

Mair waited until darkness. Then, stripping himself naked, he let himself quietly down the anchor chain of the Ryeno and struck out for shore.

He worked his way slowly in across the shadowy lagoon, using the island breaststroke. The brig faded behind him, and there were no attendant shadows. In the cool water he was sweating as he felt the beach come up under him. He struggled for a moment in the shallows.

Then, just ahead of him on the beach, a black shadow moved. There was a chunk of metal, and something bulky slid over the sand into the water nearby. He gasped with relief.

A turtle! But why that metallic noise?

He went to the turtle-nest and examined it. An amazing sight met his eyes. The turtle had dug a shallow hole—and uncovered a treasure Spanish came lay loose about a rusted cask which fell apart in his hands. In it were more coins, jewellery and precious stones.

Mair was a man of action who believed in one job at a time. Selecting some pieces of eight and a couple of rings as souvenirs—nothing more than a handful in all, for he was naked—he rebound the rest of the treasure at the foot of a tree. He had to do this with his bare hands, of course, but it was only going to be for a little while. Then he went on to the fort.

Sterndale welcomed him, and also his proposals for a peaceful settlement. He also welcomed the story of the discovery. The following day a truce was made, and all parties returned to Auckland to put the matter before the Courts. Considering the fact that the parties were running high in the two ships, Mair and Sterndale decided to keep to themselves the news of the find. It was no time for complications.

As it happened, neither of them would ever set foot on Suwarrow again. Mair was killed by natives in the New Hebrides. Sterndale died in America. All that remains of that strange enterprise, and of Henry Mair's incredible stroke of fortune, is his handful of souvenirs. If you are interested enough to contact the Mair family, of Auckland, you may be allowed to see the relics and the yellowed papers relating to their discovery.

That is the best I can do for you amateur treasure-seekers. Henry Mair's little cache should be easy enough to find. It should be beneath a tree, close to the water's edge, and probably somewhere on a dead line between the normal anchorage and the ruins of Sterndale's fort. And it should not be very deep.

As for the rest—has it occurred to you that nothing even as modern as a mine detector has been used on Suwarrow? Supposing you landed there with one—nothing elaborate, just one of those Polish long-range things like a mop with earphones—what chance would you have? Well, the island is only six hundred acres overall, and a lot of that could be washed out as unlikely. And those other treasures were in steel or iron-bound boxes.

Feel the need of a South Sea Island holiday? The flying boats run to Samoa now, and Suwarrow is just five hundred miles away.

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CAVALCADE, October, 1952
ALL FOR FREE

An Australian visitor finds how to spend a pleasant, inexpensive but rather breathless evening in the nightclubs of Paris.

BETTY NESBIT

There were six of us around the zinc-topped table in the Deux Magots at the corner of St. Germain-des-Pres, where Existentialism first raised its voice. Considering that all we had between us was 2,000 francs (rather under £2 Australian), we should have been sitting in a much less red-plushy cafe drinking our after-dinner coffee.

But we liked the Deux Magots, particularly the two grinning Chinese figures in the middle of the room which gave the place its name. After all, the coffee wasn't that much more expensive.

Our conversation was concentrated on how far 2,000 francs would go in taking us on a modest tour of the Parisian "boîtes de nuit." (We call them night clubs, the French call them "night boxes.")

"Not very far," we said glumly.

"It was our last night in Paris. We had prudently paid our hotel bill and we had been wise enough to leave money for our bus fare to the station in the morning in an envelope, together with our return tickets to London, under the carpets in our rooms.

So there we were, with the rather battered, pale blue 1,000 franc notes lying on the table in front of us. We looked at them hard, as if the looking might change them into 20,000 francs, enough to go somewhere.

Of course, for 2,000 we could sit around and drink beer, but we wanted something a little more spectacular to finish off our week's holiday in Paris.

It was Johnny who got the bright idea.

"This will take a certain amount of what the French call "sang frais," he said, "but it might work. Now, where do we want to go to first?"

We decided on "Le Monocle." This "quaint" little boîte in a back street at Montparnasse is a little out of the ordinary. Most of the regular clientele are girls, both young and middle-aged, who spend their nights drinking and dancing together.

"Well," said Johnny, "this is the lark. "Le Monocle," like most of these night clubs, only serves drinks. We go in, bold as brass, and sat down until a garçon comes over for our order. While we are sitting there the idea is to get as much a look at the place and the girls as we can.

"For free. It can't cost anything to look. We might even have time for a quick two-step.

"When the waiter comes over, I'll order dinner. We're all very hungry and..." He lowered his voice so that the people at the next table couldn't hear. "After all, everyone can't go around doing this sort of thing. Once the idea gets around, there won't be any profit left in the night club business."

It worked out all right, better than we had, as more amateurs, expected.

We took the Metro to Montparnasse and, after stumbling around a couple of ill-lit streets, found a lighted doorway with the words "Le Monocle" gleaming in neon. Not a very impressive location for a very famous place.

We went through the doorway, pushing aside the heavy curtain which hung in front of it. The room was certainly a "boîte"—not much bigger than a packing case. There was a bar in the corner near the entrance, and there were tables with banquettes on one side. We spotted an empty table at the end of the room.

"Madame, la patromne, greeted us as warmly as if we had come to spend (as she hoped) thousands of francs. For all she knew, we had.

Madame wore her hair cut short. She dressed in a mauve silk skirt, white jacket, white shirt and black tie. She smoked her cigarettes (American) in a long black holder.

"Americans?" she asked. "Australians," we said briefly, our eyes darting around as if on awnals. At least we were having a look.

Before Madame could ask us what we would like, Johnny had grabbed my hand and was leading us out on to the dance floor.

The other couples, without exception, were all women. All these tall and short, plump and skinny, blonde and brunet, attractive and not so attractive—they were dancing dreamily, cheek to cheek, to the slow, languorous music.

Eventually the music stopped, and there was nothing for us to do but return to our table. A little apprehensive now at the imminent testing of our plan, we made our way back across the floor. Every eye in the place seemed on us.

Only Johnny had not lost his confidence. "There's nothing to it," he whispered "Leave everything to me." A smiling wader was there before us, rubbing his hands expectantly at the prospect of selling the tourists some of the more expensive liquor reserved for them.

"We're very hungry," Johnny announced, "What do you suggest? How
Woman is a strange and perverse creature. You may call her a kitten, but you must not call her a cat; you may call her a mouse, but you must not call her a rat; you may call her a shar-pei, but you must not call her a fowl; you may call her a duck, but you must not call her a goose, you may call her a swan, but you must not call her a swan.

About some roast breast of chicken? Still smiling, the waiter politely emphasized the qualities of a very nice brand of champagne.

Just as politely, Johnny repeated we were hungry and wanted food—without delay.

The waiter shrugged his shoulders and went on search of Madame to solve the problem.

He wants her to explain to these unindulged Australians that no food is served here; only drinks.

The cost of the drink, far above the usual price, covers your meal in the bar. You need only have one drink or you may have as many as you want. As we weren’t having any at all, it was hardly a question with us.

Before Madame could get across to us, Johnny and I were pushing our way out towards the door, calling to the others.

“No good staying here,” says Johnny loquaciously, “Nothing to eat. We’ll have to find a restaurant.”

Our little party moved out of the door en bloc, in a rather sideways fashion, as we eagerly had our last look around.


We looked in at two other botte in the same street, both of them seemed dreary, as seen from the doorway. We didn’t bother to go in and sit down there.

We took the Metro back to St Germain and decided to try our luck at a posh joint in the Rue de Rennes. This was in a cellar, as were a good few nightclubs on the Left Bank, and we could hardly see through the smoke haze.

We were lucky enough to be just in time to see the volatile Freres Jacques, one of Paris’ best music hall acts. They were doing their famous song, “General Castagnet,” a satire on the military man. (The General was a fire-eating Mexican, always boasting about his fighting prowess; but when the war came he was ill in bed with influenza and died. He was, of course, buried with full military honours.)

Fortunately, the general didn’t get around to our table until the song was over. He wasn’t so easy to deal with, but Johnny made it quite clear that we were hungry and hadn’t enough money to eat and drink, so we really would have to leave at once, and find a cheap restaurant.

The general said he would call the boss, but Johnny pressed, 200 francs onto his tiny little hand, and we left, without trouble.

At the next stop, “Fleurs du Mal,” things almost got out of control. Johnny gave our usual order, “Roast chicken for six.” He was a little distant, since he was busy watching the floor show of beautiful girls with fig leaves in discreet spots (very small fig leaves), dancing to the tune of “A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody.”

“Roast chicken,” said the garcon.

Johnny couldn’t answer for the moment. One of the girls had stopped dead in front of him, and was gazing at him on the check.

“Roast chicken,” repeated the garcon.

This was our cue; we knew it now. With well-rehearsed precision we stood up.

“Assurez-vous, Messieurs, Mesdames,” pleaded the garcon, “I serve you cold chicken with salad.”

We froze, where we stood, but not for long. Before he could start off to the kitchen, Johnny came out of his trance and shook his head.

“Oh no, must be hot.”

“Cold,” insisted the garcon.

“Hot,” said Johnny, handing him 50 francs and shooing us out to the door.

This experience so unnerved us we had to spend some money in a small bar next door buying ourselves a couple of beers.

But we hadn’t done too badly, six nightclubs and just the cost of our faces in the Metro and tips. Of course, we hadn’t stayed as long in them as we would have liked, but you can’t have everything.

We had more beers and spent the last of the 2,000 francs on two taxis back to the hotel.

The concierge sleepily took down our keys from the board and asked us if we had enjoyed ourselves.

“Ah, ah,” said she reprovingly, shaking her head at us, “you Australians, I know you, spending all your money in those bolites de nuit!”

CAVALCADE, October, 1952
The Wallace case is an enigma. Criminologists still argue why murder—without motive—entered the lives of these two ordinary people.

J. W. HEMING

WHO WAS QUALTROUGH?

Mrs. Julia Wallace lay on the floor of the front room of her home in Waverton Street, Richmond Park, in the English city of Liverpool.

The poor glow of the match held by her husband was enough to show that she had been brutally murdered. The left side of the head was badly battered above the ear. From the wound, brain substance and bone were protruding.

The killer must have dealt the many blows in a frenzy. The first blow above the left ear was sufficient to kill, but the murderer had struck ten more times at the woman lying prone on her face. Blood was splattered over the walls, and even in pictures seven feet up the walls. Beside the woman was her husband's bloodstained macintosh, partly burned.

Thus, on January 20, 1931, rose the curtain on one of the greatest puzzles in the annals of English crime.

William Herbert Wallace, the dead woman's husband, hurled from the house and told two neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, that his wife had been murdered. The three went back into the house, lit the lights, and Wallace asked Mr. Johnston to go for the police and a doctor.

Wallace had been in another part of Liverpool, as a result of a phone message to the Central Chess Club—made from a phone box near his home by a Mr. Qualtough. He had found the back door of the house unlocked on his return and had then discovered the body of his wife.

Wallace was fifty-two, an insurance agent. Dapper, bespectacled, keen-eyed, he was a typical respected insurance agent. He had a very good character, both in his work and his private life, while his domestic life was known to be tranquil.

Wallace and his wife, who was the same age, had been married eighteen years. They had no children, and their hobby was music. He liked to play chess and was a member of the Central Chess Club which met at the City Cafe in North John Street, once a fortnight.

The district in which they lived was a quiet one, although there had recently been almost twenty robberies in the vicinity of their home, the burglars entering the houses with skeleton keys.

On January 19, 1931, on Monday, at about 7:15 p.m., a man who gave his name as Qualtough rang the Chess Club and asked for Wallace. The captain of the club Mr. Hardie, who said he did not recognize the voice, answered the phone and said Mr. Wallace was not in the club.

The caller said he wanted Mr. Wallace to call at his address, 25 Menlove Gardens East, the following night at 7:30, regarding some new insurance business. When Wallace arrived at the club later in the night, he was given the message. He said he did not know the name of the man or the street, but would naturally go after the business.

The next night, having finished work, Wallace arrived home at five minutes past six, had his dinner with his wife, who was her normal self, and left the house at a quarter to seven to seek Mr. Qualtough. The local milk-boy, Close, had delivered milk to Mrs. Wallace in person, at about 6:30. It might have been later.

Wallace went on his search and found, after many enquiries, that there was no such place as Menlove Gardens East. There was a Menlove Avenue, which Wallace knew, having taken music lessons there, but no such place as that given by the mysterious phone caller.

Wallace returned home. He found the front door would not open to his key. It was then a quarter to nine. He went round the back and could not open the back door. He knocked loudly on both doors.

His neighbours, the Johnstons, were just leaving their house. He told them his predicament and asked them to wait while he tried the back door again. This time he had no trouble, and he searched the house until he found his wife's body.

The natural supposition was that the crime had been committed by burglars in quest of money collected during the day from insurers. However, there didn't happen to be much. Four pounds had been taken from the kitchen, but was later found thrust into a vase in the front bedroom. The notes were bloodstained.

Mrs. Wallace was wearing some articles of jewellery, but nothing appeared to be stolen. Thus rather upset the theory of robbery as the motive. What other motive could there be? Mrs. Wallace hadn't an enemy in the world, and her husband had no motive. She was not heavily insured or wealthy; he had never been known to make a pass at another woman; he was not a violent man, his accounts were in order;
he had money in the bank and he and his wife were known to have lived on excellent terms.

Nevertheless, the police arrested William Herbert Wallace.

There had been no screams or struggles in the house, making it look probable that the killer was known to Mrs. Wallace. He had struck her down suddenly with an iron bar known to be kept in the fireplace but now missing.

The police said that this someone was Wallace. To explain the absence of blood on his clothes, they said he must have stripped naked, donned his macintosh, struck the blow, placed the blood-spattered macintosh beside the woman's body, set it alight, cleaned what blood might have landed on his feet or body, dressed again and gone out.

As Wallace was seen to board a train at 7:30, a quarter-of-an-hour's walk from his home, and Mrs. Wallace had been seen alive about thirty minutes by the milk boy, then Wallace must have moved quickly to have done all this as well as disarranging the bedroom as though a search had been made there for money.

The prosecution alleged that Wallace had made the phone call himself. It was proved that he was not at home when it was made, and he was not in the club. Yet Mr. Beatli, who knew his voice well, had failed to recognize it. The police said that Wallace had made the call to give himself an alibi, committed the murder, then gone to the district where Mr. Quirttough was supposed to live, advertising his search to draw attention to himself.

Wallace was tried at Liverpool Assizes on April 23. He pleaded "Not guilty." Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, K.C., and Recorder for Liverpool, led for the prosecution, and Mr. Roland Oliver, K.C., led for the defence.

Mr. Oliver emphasized that there was not the slightest proof that Wallace had sent the telephone message.

He pointed out that the conflicting medical evidence seemed to fix Mrs. Wallace's death at 7 o'clock, when Wallace could not possibly have committed the crime.

Wallace's calmness had been noted. Mr. Oliver pointed out that some persons are naturally adverse to "making a scene."

"Is there no such thing as the calmness of innocence?" he asked. "Did you hear him prosecute? Did you not hear the frankness of his evidence? You know what his friends thought of him, you know his life for forty-two years, you know his devotion to this point. Are you going to convict this man? Has the case been proved against him?"

Mr. Justice Wright summed up in favour of the prisoner. He made it clear that the jury could not safely convict with such a lack of proof.

The jury retired for an hour. It was the fourth day of the trial. When they returned they delivered a verdict which struck everyone dumb. It was "Guilty."

The judge said nothing about the verdict when he sentenced Wallace to death. Wallace said, "I am not guilty. I don't want to say anything else."

Naturally, Wallace appealed. The Court of Appeal had then been in existence for 24 years, but at that time it had only freed one man under sentence of death—a man named Charles Eillson who was condemned for the murder of a woman in Soho, in September, 1911.

The Court of Appeal pealed the bell of freedom a second time in the Wallace case. It quashed the verdict of the jury and Wallace was released.

Twenty-one years have passed since that trial, but the murderer of Mrs. Julia Wallace has never been found. Before the Court of Criminal Appeal was founded Wallace would have been hanged on the jury's verdict. Who really did kill Mrs. Wallace? Who was the mysterious Quirttough?"
DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

MERYN ANDREWS

Victous Rocky Whelan was one of Tasmania's worst murderers.

"You've not seen him, I suppose?"
"The dirty, murderin' blackguard, him?"
Finn took that as a negative to his question. He addressed the man.
"Best carry a lantern when you go round your fires to-night. I'd hate to shoot you in mistake for Rocky, like I nearly did last time I hunted for him this way."
Mountain laughed; it rasped with nervousness and was without humour.
"That was close. I just called out in time."
"Yes, Well—" The constable's eyes lingered over the food on the table. A meagre enough fare, but it was a long trip back to Hobart Town. He sighed audibly; Granny was not notoriously hospitable. "Keep a good look out for Whelan and report if you see him."
Mountain stood near the open door, listening intently until the policeman's footsteps faded into the night. At Granny's nod of satisfaction, he closed the door, dropping the bar in place.
"Come out an' finish eatin', Rocky," Granny invited.
The lowered side-flap lifted, and a haggard-eyed man crawled from under the table. As he straightened up, he uncocked a pistol carefully before slipping it to his belt. Throughout the interview it had been aimed from under the table straight at the policeman's heart.

It could have been fear, terror, that caused this family, living in an isolated hut in dense bush, to give food, sustenance, and protection to Rocky Whelan. Rocky was an outlaw who would kill—and had in fact killed—a man for fourpence.

Nowhere in the annals of Australian crime can there be found a tally of cold-blooded murders in so short a time as that confessed to later by John (known as Rocky) Whelan, bushranger and killer.

GRANNY MOUNTAIN sat at the bottom end of the table. It was of old-fashioned type with wide drop-sides. Her son was at the top end, a gaunt, ragged charcoal burner. His family found space at the board on a stool with their backs to the wall.

A booted step sounded outside the hut. It was isolated, a pioneering patch in the bush of Devil's Den, beyond a middle in the lower slopes of Mount Wellington, up a long valley leading from Sandy Bay, out of Hobart, Tasmania.

Granny's eyes gave silent order.

The children bent their heads over their plates, pretending to eat, on the example of their mother.

Mountain rose from his stool to move in unobtrusively to the door. It opened to allow the waverling glow of the tallow dips to shed a golden hue over the face of Constable Finn.

The charcoal burner gave gruff greeting, then stepped back quickly so as to remove himself from between the door and the table.

Finn nodded "Rocky Whelan's been seen prowling through the gullies this way. I thought I'd best warn you." Casually he added,
LAST SYLLABLE

Matrimony is most fellows' fate,
The prelude lightened by a blissful note—
But quite expensive for the dating man
Who showers gifts upon his darling Darcey.
Then comes the CEREMONY. Gifts again,
And dues, which are the bridegroom's obligation—
Imposition, mortmain, and the organ's notes.
Make him (pro tem) forget his big obligation.
It may be quite O.K. Though dear in price,
In MATRIMONY money a husband wallows,
But sometimes there will come a big-sized rift—
Dissolve an aura, and ALIMONY follows.
Through all these stages of a husband's life,
There is no doubt—it's really rather funny.
(Though not for him)—that all the blessed time,
From first to last, the accent is on MON(ry).

WEASEL

He wounded him in the head, then battered him to death with the butt of the pistol.

Dunn's widow raised an alarm
When her husband failed to reach home. The resultant search discovered Dunn's body. Dunn's was not found until after Rocky had confessed on the night before his execution.

Whelan was suspected of Dunn's murder, and a reward was offered for his arrest. But Rocky had taken to the wild country fringing Mount Wellington. He found succour with the Mountain family, whether by: terroring them or because of their sympathies, none can say. The authorities gave them the benefit of any doubt. His hide-out, however, was in a cave in Proctor's Road, Guilly, a mile beyond Devil's Den.

Despite the true and cry, Whelan still prowled—a lone, but murderous wolf. An elderly man near Baghdad, a young man on the Wexbury road, and a hawk man near Cleveland, all felt victim to his pistol. One crime netted him four shillings, while another returned the miserable sum of four-pence.

Three days after the Cleveland killing, it was rumoured that Whelan was in Hobart Town. Police attempted to comb the town. Rocky was finally located in the Earlshawk (now the Commercial Hotel). He submitted to arrest without any dramatic struggle.

It might be thought that the dumb testimony of corpses, unsupported by strong corroborative evidence, would provide the prosecution with a case that any defending counsel would welcome as a dream. Rocky, however, had made one exception to his invariable rule that dead men tell no tales.

Shortly before the Cleveland killing, Whelan bailed up a man named Taylor on the Baghdad Road, close to the spot where he had made his third acknowledged killing. Taylor knew the man.

"There's no need to shoot me, Rocky. Here's all my money!"

Answer came from an ominous jerk of the pistol. Whelan emphasised it.

"Get out of your car and march into the bush, hands over your head."

The victim complied with the order, of necessity, backed by a cocked gun. He marched into the bush with his hands clammy with fear and the sweat of terror oozing from every pore of his body, but he persisted in protesting. He even attempted a feeble joke.

"I know you don't want to shoot me, Rocky. Put that pistol away; it might go off."

To all of which Whelan replied doggedly: "Keep your hands up and keep on walking."

Eventually, however, Whelan was induced to relent. The victim willingly handed over all of his money, and he made solemn vow that, if Rocky spared his life, not one word of the incident would ever be mentioned to any living person.

A solemn promise! Perhaps it should have been kept, but there were other lonely travellers along the roads, and a mad, lone wolf with thoughts only of murder in his blood-red brain was on the prowl through the bush around Hobart Town.

Taylor returned post haste to the settlement and informed the police. There were more than corpses now to brand Rocky Whelan, an armed highwayman, threatening death to his victims, no other proof was needed that he was a killing outlaw.

Dead men tell no tales! Early in 1855 in the old Imperial Gaol, one of the last three men to die there, the one exception to his ruthless rule brought death at the end of a rope for Rocky Whelan.
In his wild, beautiful, colourful art Vincent van Gogh tried to express the tumult of passion that was in him. The Dutchman was livid, trembling with rage. After the wine, he threw the wine-glass, then, as suddenly, fell across the table sobbing.

And the ex-stockbroker lifted him tenderly in his arms and carried him out of the café, to a house on the outskirts of Arles that was painted a bright sunflower yellow.

The Dutchman had chosen yellow because it was the colour of sunlight, because sunlight—and all the dazzling shades it evoked—excited his passions and kept him in a fever of excitement.

His name was Vincent van Gogh. The friend who carried him home that night was Eugène-Henri-Paul Gauguin.

A few years later, Gauguin was to finish off his life in Tahiti, after having used up all his canvas and all his paint, after having made more prints from Island paintings and used them to cover every available wall with masterpieces.

Gauguin was the guest of van Gogh in the yellow house, urgently invited because Gauguin had been literally starved in Paris. The Dutchman, on the other hand, received a tiny pittance from his brother.

It was to be the start of something bigger, of an artists’ co-operative guild. Van Gogh and Gauguin were to work together for a time and, as they could, bring another, and then another, unrecognized genius to share the yellow house.

It was van Gogh’s idea. Maybe it was a good idea, but it ended with the crash of that wine-glass. Gauguin couldn’t resist telling van Gogh how to paint, and van Gogh couldn’t hide his irritation.

Quarrelling constantly, working feverishly, and drinking—it made a bad mixture. Van Gogh’s nerves went in the instant when he threw the wine, his reason snapped.

Van Gogh was abjectly repentant on the following day. He apologised, and the two men worked on their paintings until darkness stopped them. They didn’t go to the café. Instead, Gauguin went for a walk.

The streets of Arles were narrow. In 1888, they had no lights, and, as Gauguin walked, he began to hear a soft padding of feet behind him.

He turned, and was able to recognise Vincent van Gogh only a few feet away. The man’s eyes, his manner, warned Gauguin that he was facing a raging lunatic. Van Gogh moved on him, and dull light glinted on the blade of an open razor.

“Vincent!” Gauguin rapped the name sharply. “What’s wrong with you? Do you want to murder me?”

Van Gogh snapped the razor closed and hid it behind him. He moved away, walking backward, then turned and, with an unsteady gait, ran into the darkness.

Gauguin didn’t return to the yellow house that night, but went to an inn. He thought that van Gogh’s over-strained nerves would settle; that in the morning, he would find him normal again—normal as Vincent van Gogh ever was.

As a youth, he had been launched, monomously, into what promised to become a successful career as art-dealer. He did show aptitude for the business, without showing any interest in the paintings he handled. Then he abruptly lost interest, and decided to become a minister of religion.

He actually entered a theological college, but he was too impatient for painstaking study. Besides, those clustered halls of learning jarred. On van Gogh’s request, the church sent him among the miners of the black-belt of Belgium as a missionary.

He took his mission so seriously that he embarrassed his superiors.

He stripped the very clothes from his own body to cover the miners, then made more for himself out of old sacks, and slept on the ground, his feet without shoe for long periods of time.

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Van Gogh went a step further. He took a sick harlot to his room, nursed her, fed her while he himself starved, even planned to marry her to “save her from misery.”

That was too much. The church disowned him; his own family washed their hands of him, his small income was stopped, and he was stripped of his status as missionary.

That broke van Gogh’s spirit as his health was already broken. A dribble of support began to come from his younger brother and, as an escape from misery, van Gogh began to paint. He went to Paris.

But Vincent van Gogh had to have something in which he could lose himself, to which he could give himself as completely as he had given himself to the Belgian miners.

It was not to be found in the art, or art-hungry men of Montmartre, as he went south.

There was something in the quality
TOMAS HUXLEY, the renowned evolutionist, had a remarkably developed power of concentration. Once, in the barber's, he continued to sit in the chair after his hair had been cut. The barber nipped him gently and asked, "Asleep, sir?" Sitting up, Huxley said, "Certainly not. I am very near-sighted. When I removed my glasses, I was no longer able to see myself in the mirror opposite. Naturally I supposed that I had already gone home."

of the sunlight, in the colour of the fields, in the earthy life of the peasants, that caught him up as he needed to be caught up.

Almost overnight, he ripened into a genius. For nine months he painted, painted, painted. He completed more canvases in that time than most artists can complete in ten years, all recognised masterpieces today, each worth a fortune to any collector.

In this mood of excited achievement, he sent for Gauguin, and they worked feverishly together until the squabbles brought van Gogh to mental collapse. But behind the squabbles lay nine months of startling work done in a state of sustained emotional elation, and behind that again was the unrelieved poverty that kept him hungry, dependent on his brother's meagre charity. Something snapped in his brain. He went after his dearest friend with an open razor, creeping on him, bent on murdering him.

Gauguin's sharp raymnond changed the direction of van Gogh's mana.

He stole away, but he was not sane. Gauguin spent the night at the inn, and went to the yellow house next morning.

He found it surrounded by an angry crowd, and they seized Gauguin. They accused him of murdering van Gogh, they painted to the blood on the threshold, to the trail of blood leading to van Gogh's bedroom.

Gauguin led the police into the house. They found Vincent van Gogh unconscious from loss of blood, but still alive.

And with only one ear, a towel around his head, soaking up the blood that still poured from the place where an ear had been.

The murder of Gauguin hadn't come off, but van Gogh had kept the razor. He had to do something with it. On the way home, he decided that he would cut his own throat. But apparently that idea didn't make a strong appeal. Before he got around to doing it, he remembered something.

A girl—a gypsy in the Aries brothel who had frolicked with him and, playfully, had twisted him about his "funny-shaped ears." In the same joking spirit, van Gogh had promised her, next time he came to enjoy her charms, he would bring one of his ears and present it to her.

He was sane, he was joking, when he made the promise; but now he was mad, now he had a razor in his hand.

He slashed the right ear off clean. He wrapped his head in a towel, and carried the bloody ear to the house of joy, and fulfilled his vow to the gypsy blonde. She painted, and van Gogh went home and painted there.

He recovered his strength, and his sanity. He learned from his doctor that all he needed to keep his reason was to avoid over-excitement, and the doctor helped him, trained him in the art of calming himself when his emotions became aroused. Van Gogh was able to do it quite easily. He could have finished his days serene and sane.

But not if he painted in the only way he wanted to paint, not if he threw himself exultantly into the creation of beauty. He realised that before long, and then, quite rationally, he made his choice.

He chose insanity.

Three months of wallowing in an orgy of work, with beauty taking shape under his hands, and then, madness again. In his madness, he would do humiliating things, would paint insane pictures, but he would come out of it, and there would be another two or three months that were his.

For over a year, he made astounding use of his same months. His store of unsold paintings mounted, his bequest to posterity became richer each day.

The fever of inspiration began to fade at last, he became dull, and painting became labourious.

He borrowed a revolver, he made sure every chamber was charged. He didn't want for another fit of insanity, but placed the muzzle to his temple and pulled the trigger.

That was July 29, 1889. A few weeks earlier, a Paris art critic had drawn attention to the remarkable work of Vincent van Gogh. That critic started something that still goes on. What van Gogh did with the revolver was to make sure that, when the whisper of appreciation had grown into a chorus of praise, there would be no unsung, second-rate van Goghs.

That is why a van Gogh is definitely a van Gogh. Whether you like the paintings or not, the whole man is there, in every one of them.
The End of Arguments

Are Men's Heads Changing?

Don't panic, people, but it's apparently going on right before our eyes—notwithstanding previous opinions of anthropologists that the human body takes centuries to change in general structure or size. New York's Columbia University has for many years been studying the head shapes of immigrants and their American-born sons. They have found that, in this relatively short period, their average head form has undergone "far-reaching changes." Jews from East European countries generally have very round heads, their sons now are more long-headed. On the other hand, Southern Europeans, particularly Italians, who previously had long heads, have changed into short, round-headed types.

Can You Take a Snake's Throat-Print?

Two hundred members of the British Herpetological Society are at present looking for. They are recording by photograph the throat prints of every British snaker—a task never attempted before. To a snake expert (the herpetologist) the colour pattern on the throat of one of his darlings identifies its variety as surely as a nameplate.

Can Amnesia be Faked?

It certainly can... as a matter of fact, latest psychiatric opinion in the United States is that 30 per cent of people claiming to have lost their memory are "practising deliberate deceit." Research over a period at the Philadelphia General Hospital has established that most genuine cases of amnesia are linked with a nervous disease or psychosis. The malingerer's amnesia attack, on the other hand, is generally traceable to a family quarrel, a disappointment in life, trouble with the police or general misfortune.

What is a Salamander?

Don't ask us how he gets his name, but we do know he's a guy who works in the Texas oilfields and earns over £1000 a minute for a certain job of work. Before your eyes is lighted up with a money-hungry gleam, however, let us hasten to add it is believed not one of the breed has ever died a natural death. Oil wells have an unpleasant habit of bursting into flames at frequent intervals. The salamander puts out these fires—by crawling close and hurling nitroglycerine bombs at them. He is clad in an asbestos suit and has a metal cable fastened to his waist. With his bombs, he tries to sever the connection between the flames and the oil—a feat that requires almost as much skill as nerve. His standard pay for what is generally less than a five-minute job is £5,000, but he earns it. There always comes a day when, overcome by the heat and smoke, he collapses and drops his bombs. Then there is nothing left for those on the other end of the cable to haul back.

TO KEEP A MAN

GUESSING

Here are two gay young things of the dim distant past decked out in the sort of daring, nine-piece swimsuit Grandma wore to keep cool on the sands and men at a distance. Of course, in those days, men were more plentiful (count 'em!). However, they don't seem to be very interested in the doings of these diffident damsels preparing to woo the cool coxswees of the surf.

CAVALCADE, October, 1952
Every generation has a different idea on the correct attire for sea sirens. The 1952 version, as typified by these two, favours bra and trunks and a maximum of bare mudflap—and we'd be the last to object to it. With apologies to the poet, we can only murmur: 'Have you seen nymphae full as beautiful as these, emerging daily from the seas?' Unlike Grandma, they don't believe a girl will come to harm simply by uncovering her charm.

While some like to plunge headlong into the breakers without delay, others—like this lissome lovely—prefer to dally fearfully upon the edge and dabble a cautious toe. However, from the look of that Mona Lisa smile and by the glint in those roguish eyes, we'd say that she was more interested in attracting the gaze of some saucy, straw-hatted fellow upon the promenade than entrusting herself to the perils of the deep.
"Oh my poor Head"

Your headache is not a disease, but a real warning sign of some malfunctioning of mind or body.

Aust ralia, if figures do not lie, must be well on the way to becoming a nation of cephalalgies—victims of chronic or frequent headaches.

Craniun trouble is so prevalent that we consume twice as many patent pain-killing remedies per head of population as anybody else.

There are more than 3,000 known causes of headaches. They include asthma, high blood pressure, sinus infection, head injuries, kidney disease and brain tumors. Just as persistent and painful, however, may be headaches caused by psychological reasons—anger, anxiety, emotional upsets, sexual maladjustments, family squabbles and so on.

Only in the last decade or so have medical science made any real advances in finding out why we should get a pain in our head following these causes, when the brain itself has practically no more feeling than a stiff pudding.

Brain surgeons, on the course of operations in which local anesthetics were used, began to question the patients while they were on the operating table. With permission, they gently pushed and prodded the inside of the patients' skulls to discover the sensitive spots.

Over a period, it was thus established that the pain areas were mostly in the dura (a tissue which covers the brain) and the larger cerebral blood vessels.

Nowhere are headaches and their causes and cures being studied so thoroughly as at the Headache Clinic of the Montefiore Hospital in New York. By means of drugs, surgery, physiotherapy, correction of eye troubles and psychological tests, the clinic has been able to cure 85 per cent. of cases treated.

After a complete physical examination, a new patient is subjected to a blood count, a Wassermann test, a check with an electroencephalograph (brain-wave machine) to detect a possible brain tumor or other diseases of the nervous system, a skull X-ray to disclose any bone disease, or displacement, a check of teeth, ears, nose and sinuses, and finally tests for possible allergies.

When all these avenues have been explored without revealing the cause of a headache, the patient passes on to the psychiatrists. In 50 per cent. of cases studied at the Montefiore Clinic, a mental, nervous or emotional condition is a factor behind the headache trouble. In 35 per cent. of the cases, it is the sole cause.

When under skilled and experienced questioning the reason that is disturbing the patient (even of losing a job or of becoming an old maid, want of affection, self-consciousness and so on) is revealed, and is sympathetically talked over, in most cases the headache clears up.

Nearly 50 per cent. of chronic headaches, it has been estimated, are due to migraine, sometimes called "the bilious headache." It is probably the worst and most painful of all. Fortunately it is not difficult to diagnose and can nowadays generally be successfully treated.

Migraine is a periodic attack of agonizing, throbbing pain over the right or left temple, or both. Nausea and vomiting frequently accompany it to add to the patient's discomfort.

Until 1926, little could be done to relieve it. In that year, however, a French doctor, W. H. Maier, discovered that injections of ergotamine tartrate (a derivative of cajet which is used to control obstetric hemorrhage) would stop most migraine attacks.

A migraine attack is followed by distention of the cranial arteries, which causes the pain. Ergotamine tartrate contracts these arteries sufficiently to give relief.

Unfortunately, it cannot be used by sufferers from high blood pressure, because—by the constriction of the arteries—the blood pressure is raised even higher.

Despite the general success in treatment, migraine is still a mysterious malady in that the ultimate cause—the trigger that sets off the dilation of the arteries—is unknown.

More than anyone else, migraine attacks the perfectionist type—the executive full of driving persistence and impatient of time wasting and unproductivity, and the woman who follows her husband around the house with a dustpan and an ashtray.

Recently a California psychiatrist, Dr. A. R. Furmanski, reported the results of a long period of research in migraine types. As usual, he found the well-known migraine characteristics.

But he also discovered these people showed "a marked need for love and approval, severe disappointment from the slightest loss of self-esteem and acute depression after failure or criticism." On the credit side, however, they were generally "polite, unselfish, gentle, amiable and incapable of hostility and aggression."

In these very estimable qualities, Dr. Furmanski believes, can be found the reason for their migraine. He thinks that "migraine headaches are triggered by a love-hate imbalance, by a disruption of the equilibrium between the desire for love and approval and the normal aggressives or 'hate' instincts."

Headaches can be blamed for more human misery and misfortune and loss of working time than any other of man's afflictions. At long last, however, they are on the run, with improved medical and psychiatric techniques. It is no longer necessary for any victim to suffer in silence.
HAND OF GUILT...

In Arizona in 1932, a group of Indians was under suspicion for the murder of a white woman on their reservation. Ordinary methods of interrogation had failed with the grim, impassive braves, but it was obvious one of them was the culprit. Special Agent Street of the F.B.I. suspected an Apache named Golney Seymour. Producing a bottle of "magic water," he announced it would reveal the murderer to him. A quantity of liquid was poured on each man's hand. Golney Seymour was last, and the liquid on his palm slowly turned pink and then bright red. "Blood" shouted the Special Agent. "The blood of the dead woman. You, Golney Seymour, are the killer!" Trembling, the Apache babbled out a confession that later convicted and sent him to prison for life. Even to-day he does not know that Street poured ordinary water on all the other Indians and a colourless chemical (orcinol, which turns red when it comes in contact with the am) on him.

TIME OF DEATH...

"When did this person die?" traditionally demands the fictional Houndshue. When the corpse is fresh, the answer is not much of a problem to a medical examiner. However, when the body is discovered long after the deed is done and after it has been subjected to wind and weather, painstaking investigation is necessary. Not only what is left of the departed's anatomy, but clues found in, on or around it, and evidence of habits, odors, friends and movements must be collected and sifted. Bacteriologists and entomologists may be called in to correlate chemicals manufactured by putrefying bacteria with the life cycles of insects that have swarmed over the body. Again, mineralogists may be set to study the composition, structure and texture of nearby rocks and earth, and perhaps determine not only the time but the place of death.

POLYGRAPH PROS AND CONS...

Although the polygraph, or lie detector, has been in use in the United States for more than 30 years, and is being increasingly employed in attempts to separate truth from falsehood, controversy still rages as to its value. Its reliability has not been definitely proved because it records emotions, which are not as cut and dried and capable of graphical representation as its supporters claim. The polygraph consists of four separate gadgets to record changes (while under questioning) in breathing, blood pressure, pulse rate and sweating. It is not certain, however, that separate reactions to those resulting from a lie could not be produced by confusion, misunderstanding, self-consciousness or anger.
GEORGE stood on the street corner, waiting for the evening to pass. It was early yet; he had scarcely finished his reluctantly eaten tea, and it was too early for the picture shows to be opened. Anyway, he didn't want to go to a picture show.

All he wanted was a drink, and he wanted a drink so much that he felt as if little animals were crawling all over his skin. His mouth, his stomach, every nerve in his body cried out for a drink.

He would have liked to go back to the hotel to write a letter to Lorna. "Darling," he would write, "darling, I haven't had a drink for a whole week."

But if he went back to the hotel while the bar was still open, and with the smell of liquor to make a torment for him, it wouldn't be true any longer.

As he stood on the corner, a drunk came weaving his way past, smelling of spirit and long-acquired dirt, his eyes red and blind with alcohol.

George forced himself to look, and to keep on looking. "You'll be like that one day, if you don't pull up now. If you get any lower, you won't be able to come up again. It's such a little thing—to hold out for a few hours without a drink. It will soon be all over, and you can go back to Lorna and the kids." Of course, Lorna was right—women mostly are right about that sort of thing. And after young Bobby started screaming in his sleep because he was afraid that his father was coming for him, it was time someone closed the door on him. Heaven knows, Lorna hadn't found it easy.

"Come back when you can do without it," she said.

Perhaps she would be proud of him, if she saw him standing there, every part of him crying out for a drink. But again, maybe she didn't care any more. Why should she? She was still young—plenty of fellows found her attractive; fellows who didn't get drunk and scare the kids.

Suddenly he shivered, and he realized that he was sweating. He had expected that, and he knew that in a few minutes he would get the shakes. That was the way it took you—you sweated and then you got the shakes, and then you sweated again.

One good stiff drink, maybe two, and your crying nerves would calm down, like a ravaged land after a cyclone. And all those silly, niggly little pains that nearly drove you mad—the aches in your head and in your teeth, the soreness in your mouth—disappear as if by magic, with just one drink, maybe two.

But if you have that drink, you waste a whole week's fighting and agony. You get back to where you started. That's far, far away from Lorna and the kids, so you don't have a drunk—perhaps.

Suddenly George knew that he couldn't face the evening alone any

CAVALCADE, October, 1952
ALL CHANGE

Women, it's said, are less changeable than men,
Uphavels are not to the feminine taste.
Well, I'd say that may be quite true here and there, now and then,
But little of this in my own life I have traced.
I have long ceased to feel any sort of shock
When as often as chances my Susie can find,
She changes her nylons, her hat, and her frock.
And by heck, she's a wizard at changing her mind!

more. If he was to win through without a drink, he must have help:
All he wanted was to have someone to talk to, someone who would understand, who could make him see that all this agony was worth while.

But the people who hurried past had no thought for George. Their lives were round, complete; why should they bother about an alcoholic?

"I'll stop someone—the next likely person," he thought. "I'll go mad if I'm left alone. Go mad, or have a drink."

Two lovers came by, hand in hand, but in each other's eyes George hated them because they were so happy, so oblivious. Was it so much that he asked, that someone should care whether he lived or died?

The boys playing in the gutter turned their minds to mock warfare.
One pointed a short piece of wood at his friend. "Bang, you're dead!" he cried, and the other boy fell in the road, his bare heels spurring the twinkling dust.

"My life is as real as their play," thought George. "I'm defeated by something intangible, something that has no reality. I build my life and something cries: 'Bang, you're dead,' and I fall into the dust."

Then he saw the girl, walking towards him, with slow steps, a shopping bag in her hand, her arms strong and golden-brown against the bright cotton of her sun-dress. He fell into step beside her; but she was so lost in thought that she started as he spoke.

"Look, Miss," he said, "you can call a cop if you like, but I swear this isn't an ordinary pick-up. I've just got to have someone to talk to—just to have a cup of coffee with and talk to. We'll go into that cafe there, and you can walk out any time you like. I promise I won't follow you."

The girl turned and looked at him. George had the feeling that he was being summed up shrewdly, and possibly not entirely to his advantage.

Then suddenly she laughed. "I can always do with a cup of coffee," she said. "But let's go to the cafe round the corner. The coffee's better, and I'm going to get you to buy me some apple pie and ice cream."

They walked side by side, silence into the cafe. Neither of them spoke until they had been served with the coffee and apple pie.

"Okay," she said, "tell me what it's all about."

He talked, to his great surprise, with as much ease as if she were an old friend; all about Lori and the kids, and how it feels to want, a drink terribly, and not to have one, how sometimes it gets too big for you, and you have to get someone to help you—just to listen, really.

At through this, the girl sat there, saying nothing, just listening, which was all he wanted. Finally he exhausted himself as a topic of conversation.

"Your turn now," he said. "What's your story?"

She hesitated. "I'm married," she said. "I studied the tablecloth, drawing designs on it with her fork.
"It didn't work out. He left me. You see, I can sympathize with you, because I can't bear to be alone any longer, either."

She didn't raise her head. George suspected that her eyes would be filled with tears.

"One time for results, his heart was filled with pity for someone else. He was shocked to realize how long it had been since he had had any feeling for other people's troubles.

"That's tough," he muttered. "He'll come back—you see if he doesn't."

Her lips curved in a bitter smile. "Yes, he'll come back. He'll come to fetch his best suit. He was at the dry cleaners when he left, and it cost thirty-five guineas. I keep it hung up outside the wardrobe. I brush it every day, so that it won't get dusty. I like to keep it where I can see it when I lie in bed, because it reminds me of what he'll come back, and I'll see him again, and maybe I can make him see that I don't go on living—" her voice trailed off.

George tried to think of comforting words, but before he could say them, he got a bad attack of the shakes. He shook so much the girl looked at him with wide-eyed alarm. "It's all right," he said. "Just keep on talking. Talk about anything.

"When I was a kid," she giggled, "I lived on a property up North."

"That's right. Go on Keep on talking."

He was trying to keep his teeth from chattering.

"I had a pony. His name was Prince, and everybody thought he was such a pet, because he was so small. But he used to turn right round and bite my foot while I was riding him or try to buck me off."

George clung on to the cafe table, and gradually the shakes became less and less, until he regained control of himself. He shook his head to get the perspiration out of his eyes, and tried a shaky grin.

"Sorry about that," he said. "Tell me more about the pony."

"You don't really want to hear, do you?" she asked.

"Candidly, I couldn't care less," George said. "Thanks for seeing me through." He suddenly realized that he could go back to the hotel, because the bar and lounge would be closed. He had negotiated another day without a drink.

"Look," he said, "maybe I see you again, if things get too tough to handle alone? And if things get tough for you, you must get in touch with me. I'll help you out together."

"I'd like that," she said. "I'd like it very much."

He walked beside her, silent as before: as if everything that had to be said had been said. He carried her shopping bag, as they climbed the stairs to her flat.

As she opened the door and put on the light, he looked automatically towards the wardrobe, but there was no suit hanging there.

A muffled sound made him turn towards the girl. She had her face hidden in the door post, and her fists bent in a full rhythm against the woodwork.

"It's gone, it's gone!" she cried. "He came and took it while I was out, and I never saw him."

A tremendous blissfulness enveloped George, and when he spoke his voice seemed to come from far away, even from another world.

"Oh, God!" he cried. "Let's go and have a drink! Let's go out and get really drunk!"
A WEIGHT OF GOLD

JOHN FORD • FICTION

THE water was only black in the shadowy
patches near the piles. It slapped and
sucked against the wood as the launch
sailed on till its nose was abaft of a bol-
lard. Rogers cut the motor and jumped
from the cockpit.

He ran a line to the bollard and then
looked along the sleeping wharf.

Jensen came to him, a shadow which
broke itself off from the darker gloom of a
watchman's shed. He carried a small box
and handed it to Rogers.

Rogers nodded a greeting and hefted the
box in his right hand.

"It feels O.K.," he said

Jensen grinned. "It should. It's the real
stuff. Worth its weight in gold." He snarled.
"That's funny, that"

"I'll feel more like laughing when we've
got the money for it," said Rogers. "This
is a risky game. The Government takes
a very dim view of gold smuggling."

"The Government takes a dim view
of lots of things," said Jensen, "but it hasn't
stopped us before now."

"Maybe," said Rogers. "Anyway, I'd better
start. I'll get in touch with you later. Give
me a hand to shove off."

He dropped on board and into the cockpit.
He pressed a button and the motor roared
and snarled and then dropped its voice to
a quiet purr as he throttled back. He
jerked his head at Jensen, who tumbled
with the rope and threw it on deck. Rogers
waved and spun the wheel. The launch
flitted its stern at the wharf and swished

SMUGGLING GOLD OUT OF THE COUNTRY IS A RISKY BUSINESS—ESPECIALLY
YOUR PARTNER IS A TRICKSTER ADDICTED TO THE DOUBLE CROSS

CAVALCADE, October, 1952
A grazier we know tells of a young jockey he recently took on who, at college, had been a champion runner. When detailed to round up some sheep one day, the boy dismounted the horse offered him and moved on doing it on foot. That evening he returned to the homestead and reported, “I soon caught the sheep, but those lambs led me a merry dance all day. Got them in the end, though.” Puzzled, for he had no lambs in the flock, the grazier accompanied him out to the yard “show me those lambs,” he ordered. “There they are, over there,” said the jockey, pointing. The grazier looked over and saw, among the sheep, a defeated and utterly exhausted group of rabbits.

Montgomery was sitting at a small desk, a lamp spilling light on to his long thin hands, strangely white for a sailor. He added with a paperknife, crumpled it to the desk, nodded, but made no move to get up.

“Ah,” he said, “you’ve come like the wise man, bringing riches.”

“Sort of,” answered Rogers, grinning as he dumped the box on the desk.

“There it is,” he said, “four hundred grand ounces of it. Legal price a bit better than six thousand. To you—twelve thousand.”

Montgomery nodded, silent.

“How much do you expect to get for it in Singapore?” asked Rogers.

“They pay ninety pounds an ounce without a murmur.”

Rogers nodded, eyebrows raised and lips puckered in a soundless whistle.

“How about Ceylon up there? Won’t they watch the ship?” he queried.

Montgomery got up from the desk and peeled out of a port hole as he shook his breeches bows and in on the lee of the ship. He stopped the motor and let the launch drift in the ship was blacked out.

He peered up at the rail and called. A second later a peak-ended shadow came to the side and a rope ladder tumbled down to him. A seaman climbed down and after dropping from the launch deck motioned Rogers to the ladder. He felt for the small box, and with one hand clamped awkwardly up.

He climbed for the rail and hard hands grabbed him and plumped him on his feet. Another seaman materialized and Rogers followed him along an unsteady deck, up a wet slippery iron ladder and down a passageway to a cabin on the bridge. The seaman knocked, a voice answered and Rogers pushed open the door and stopped in.

“Do you think your partner will fall for that?” How will you fake the absence of the money?”

“A paper packet, torn, with a small sun still inside it, will convince your partner that the rest of the six thousand was washed away in the wreck,” answered Montgomery.

Rogers stared at him, seeing the plausible, cunning face with the sneering slash of a mouth. He lunged at Montgomery and was hauled back
by the sailors. The third seaman leaned against him to smother his struggles.

Rogers used his knee.
The man fell, hands wrapped around his head, and screamed till the echoes rang with the noise.

Rogers jerked an arm half free and rammed his elbow in the face of the sailor on his right. The sailor bowed and pressed his hands to his pulpied top lip.

Montgomery jumped in to help, and Rogers swung a heavy boot. It caught Montgomery on the knee cap. The other sailor ran for the door and Rogers sank his wrist in his stomach. The sailor jacked-knifed with a soft moan.

Rogers turned towards the desk. He grabbed for the box at the same instant as Montgomery. They wrestled, panting, lunging out at each other. Rogers had only half a grip on it, as he heard more sailors running along the passage.

He ran to the door without his box. Sailors appeared around a bend, and he ran the other way.

Another sailor got out of the darkness as he tumbled down the clambering rungs. Rogers yelled and swung the baton again. The sailor fell back whimpering.

Rogers jumped over him and ran for the rail.

He tumbled down the ropes, the white face of the sailor staring up at him as he let go and dropped feet first. The sailor sidestepped, and they rolled into the cockpit, snorting, gasping, punching. The sailor flung a fist into Rogers' face and made him see stars. Rogers fell back. As he did so, the sailor grabbed a handful of his coat collar and hauled him to his feet. Rogers sagged, and the sailor drew back his fist for a Sunday punch. The launch clumped against the ship's side and he staggered.

Rogers pushed him over the side.

The sailor popped up like a cork and grasped the launch gunwale.

Rogers slammed the heel of a boot down on the fingers gleaming white in the gloom. He felt them crush and flatten.

There was blood on the wood as the sailor turned and floundered to the rope ladder.

Rogers ran a hand across his bloodied face and snapped the self-starter switch. He gunned the motor and turned the launch away from the ship.

Back in the cabin, Montgomery pushed his way through the group of sailors and leaped to the wheelhouse.

Montgomery shoved the engine zoom telegraph to half-speed. Then he turned and ordered the seaman from the wheel.

"Give me that! I want to take care of something personally!"

The seaman looked at him in astonishment.

"You're going to steer yourself, sir!"

"Yes, yes," snapped Montgomery.
The ship began to thud and tremble as the screws bit harder. Montgomery turned her in the direction of the launch.

The sea had got up. The rollers were sullen, menacing. They slammed over the freighter's bows and flooded along the deck. Slowly Montgomery edged her round, till the ship was running before the quarter gale and headed towards the harbour mouth down coast. He ran for three-quarter speed. The seaman looked uneasily through the port, then ahead, then looked sideways at the captain.

"We're only about a quarter-mile from the Oyster Bank, sir."

Montgomery smiled and looked quickly at him, then turned back to the wheel.

"Don't worry, friend. I'll catch up with my colleagues long before that."

Rogers did not look back after he had thrown a curse at the ship. The launch was rolling on her beam as
THE BIG BULGE

Laugh and grow fat —
They tell us that
So what are you at,
O solemn Pat?
This we can tell
If you laugh like Hell,
It's — well,
it's swell!

— WEASEL

He eased her across the swell and straightened up, with the seas piling up one after another under her stern.
He looked up at the sky, and ahead at the sea. He could see nothing but he knew the harbour breakwaters were not far ahead. Once inside them he would be safe.

A roller lifted the boat high, high, and slammed it crabwise down the trough. He yanked at the wheel, and as he did he looked over his shoulder.

Out of the dark the ship was coming, bearing down at a monstrous speed. He wet his lips gone suddenly dry.

He peered ahead. Lying like a skinny finger on the water was a dark line of rocks and blocks of cement which he knew was the southern breakwater. He was closer than he had meant to go. The Oyster Bank was near.

He craned. “You can't follow me much closer, smart boy. Another two hundred yards, and you'll have to go about.”

He stared as he realised the ship was still charging down crazily. “Hello,” he whispered, “Hello”.

The freighter struck. So suddenly that Rogers — realising what was to come — staggered. The ship shuddered and haltingly the stern swung around till the hull was broadside on to the breakers. A succession of waves pushed her further on to the bank. Then started the thud, thud, thud that meant the quick break-up of the ship.

He got into calmer water in the lee of the wreck. She was still some distance away, but her bulk rearing into the air created a wavebreak.

Men were shudding down davits into half-launched lifeboats. On the bridge he could see Montgomery clad now in oilskins and seaboots — shouting and gesturing wildly.

Most of the boats were launched. As Rogers watched, he saw Montgomery run from the bridge. He wasn't wearing any oilskins.

Rogers watched hungrily as the captain thrust it into an inside pocket and buttoned the oilskin.

Montgomery clumped across the high-angled decks. He stepped towards a rope ladder flopping over the rail. He humped his way down several rungs, then waited. On the water was a lifeboat crammed with men, two of them holding it off from the ship.

The lifeboat swung out. Montgomery waited for it to swing in. It started to surge in and he jumped. He missed.

Rogers stared at the spot. There was nothing to mark the place where a man had died.

A snatch of excited chatter was flung to him on the wind. “... those oilskins and oilskins didn’t give him a chance!”

“Neither did our hundred troy ounces,” whispered Rogers.
BOTTLED BLUES
FROTH BLOWN BY
—GIBSON

The lost beautiful bottle! More precious than pearls or rubies... Ah, sweet nectar...

All the week you dream about it... You cherish and protect it...

With a will of iron you withstand all temptation...

then at last! the day is a scorcher... you have mown the lawn... the moment of consummation is at hand... it repose on ice... it is cold perfection... it is...

gone!!!!!!...

Yes... the little woman gave it to Aunt Flora Belle to roaffle for some benefit... and to make matters worse, you find that it was won by the guy next door who is a strict teetotaller.
STRANGER

and

Strangers

PACHYDERM PUCKING

Charles E. Davis, a 73-year-old retired optometrist of New York, has the odd hobby of collecting hairs from elephants' tails. Since 1928 he has obtained specimens from more than 50 per cent of all the elephants in the United States. Up to a foot in length, they are either black or brown and look like piano wire. Mr. Davis likes each trophy in a cellophane envelope, with full information as to how it was snared. Generally he collects them himself on zoo visits. "I just take hold and pull," he says. "Sometimes the animals object, but there's not much they can do about it. They can't see what I'm up to, because elephants can't turn their heads to look behind." Hearing of the Davis collection, a missionary in the Belgian Congo recently sent him an elephant-hair bracelet. These are highly prized among the natives, but custom forbids anybody to wear one unless he has killed an elephant with his own hand.

ANTIQUE FINGERPRINTS

Thirty huge oil jars were discovered in what had been the basement of a house during archaeological excavations at Mycenae, Greece, in 1890. Although they were calculated to be 3500 years old, the fingerprints of the men who had sealed them with clay were still intact on them.

CANINE COCKTAILS

Even a clinging dog, it has been discovered by researchers at the University of Georgia, takes on Dutch courage under the influence of liquor. In a litter of four Dalmations, a balking female had assumed control. One timid and submissive male pup generally missed out in the rush at feeding time. However, when he was previously dosed with a quantity of alcohol equivalent to a single nip of whisky for a man, the table was turned. He strutted around like a gamecock, nonchalantly shouldered his way through to the plate and disdainfully ignored the futile yappings of the temporarily deposed female despot.

HAGGIS HISTORY

Haggis, the festive national dish of Scots everywhere is really of Greek origin. Aristophanes referred to it in "The Clouds" in 423 B.C. He called it "kolla probatina," but from the description it was quite evident that haggis. Later Henry IV of France introduced it into his court under the name of "bocchi." Its use spread through France, particularly in the army. From captured military cooks, the English learned its preparation and took it home. It was not until the 17th century that the Scots decided to adopt it as their own. Haggis is generally made of the heart, lungs and liver of a sheep, minced with suet, onions, oatmeal, salt and pepper, and boiled in a bag, usually the stomach of a sheep.

"Mine was a sort of rags-to-riches story that never quite came off."
If you were walking along Hollywood Boulevard and spied this duplicate eyeeful, you would not be seeing double. No, lucky feller, you would be gazing at the red-haired, brown-eyed Dumonte Twins. Of French and Spanish descent, but born and raised in Hollywood, Norma and Alma (don't ask us which is which) both stand exactly five feet eight inches tall and weigh seven stone five pounds . . . also, to coin a phrase, even their mother can't tell them apart.
MEAT FOR MOTHERS

Healthier babies have been recently produced following an increased protein intake by their mothers during pregnancy. Obstetricians at the University of Chicago selected more than 600 expectant mothers and placed them on different diets in which varying amounts of meat were included. It was found that the more meat the mothers ate (that is, the greater their protein intake), the healthier were their babies.

STOPPING THE SHAKES

Trembling, nervousness, "butterflies in the stomach," and other signs of an acute bout of intoxication (D.T.'s as we call them, or psychomotor agitation if you like medical terms) can be relieved in a short time by a new drug called Dimethylethyl recently developed in the United States. Known as a relaxing drug and swallowed in gelatin capsules, it has been proved to be far more efficacious and quick acting than the barbiturate sleeping pills previously used, which took about 36 hours to effect a patient's recovery.

GUARD AGAINST GLAUCOMA

One of the leading causes of adult blindness is the eye disease called glaucoma. Strangely, however, in most cases the sight of the people afflicted can be saved if proper treatment is started early. The snag is that few know when they have glaucoma. Telltale signs of its onset are frequent changing of glasses without satisfaction, inability to adjust eyes to the dark of theatres; loss of side vision, blurred or foamy sight, and rainbow rings around eyes. Although these may be caused by other, less serious eye defects, their presence should mean a visit to the doctor for safety's sake.

TAPEWORM TROUBLE

Doctors at Tulane University, New Orleans, have discovered a new and efficient method of treating patients infected with tapeworm. It involves the use of arsphenamine—the skin-yellowing, anti-malaria drug used extensively in World War II. They report 100 per cent success with it after one or two treatments.

TAMING TOBACCO

The presence of nicotine in tobacco has long been cited as a potent argument against smoking. An Argentine scientist, Mentore Severi, has now come up with a method of extracting the nicotine and making tobacco safe. The process is a long one. First it involves softening the tobacco for ten days in heavy water that is renewed every 24 hours. Then it is soaked for another 12 hours in an infusion of ordinary tea. The resulting tobacco, when dried, is said to be practically free from nicotine and to have lost none of its original quality.
SHAPED FOR SPORT

Can you explain the reasons for the successful specialising in different sports by different nations?

Have you ever noticed that individual nations seem to excel at certain sports which their national representatives win consistently over the years?

In the track and field department, the most disinterested bystander is no doubt aware that the white man for the past half century has been lucky to snatch minor placeings in sprints and hurdles events of International standard. The American negro monopoly of these items—and the high jump and broad jump—has made the record book read like Harlem's Who's Who. That is equally true of the boxing situation.

An examination of the records of 50 years of middle distance running throws the spotlight on to Great Britain and her procession of mighty runners and half-milers. The Finns and the Swedes have excelled over the longer distances and at the javelin throw Germany, Hungary and the Central European countries have produced outstanding muscular men for the hammer throw and weight lifting events. The little brown men from Japan have wrested swimming supremacy from the Americans during the past score of years, while their triple and long jumpers appear to be in the game to stay. France, Italy and Hungary share honours in fencing.

A survey of international team games divulges the brilliance of India's and Pakistan's ability at field hockey. There is not a country in the world whose international superiority at a chosen sport can match their mastery of the curved stick game.

Perhaps you say to yourself: "Oh, they just happen to have been trained in those particular sports!" That could be true—could be—but have you noticed that there is a similarity in build among most champions and record holders in particular sports?

Note that we said "most!" There is always the occasional character who is definitely the wrong shape for the task, but who settles down to an orgy of record breaking and embarrassment of theorists.

Of course, the research on body build was conducted by American scientists. Prime mover was Professor T. X. Curton—probably the most outstanding physical educationist in the world to-day. Hundreds of photographs of past and present champions were studied, and special tests and measurements were applied to hundreds of world-ranking athletes.

It was discovered that top-class high hurdlers, jumpers and pole vaulters generally have relatively longer than average lower legs, that is, from the knee down. They also have greater overall leg length in relation to body weight.

The weight event champions, such as hammer throwers and shot putters, are of course powerfully built men, but they also have unusually long upper arms.

Weight lifters and wrestlers and many rated divers are all in the one physical group. They usually have relatively short limbs compared with the length of trunk—or body. They are the stumpy types.

Top rank swimmers are naturally floaters, and they have unusual flexibility—particularly in the ankles and the spine. They can arch the back easily. Swimmers also have greater than average chest capacity. The type has a deep broad chest, broad shoulders, normal hips and straight rather than bow legs. There is often a tendency towards knock-knees.

Australian pentathlon representative and University lecturer in physiology, Forbes Carlile, is a keen sport scientist as well as competitor. He wrote, concerning the build of a swimming champion:

"To start with, the swimmer will generally strike one as being heavy for his height. The runner (other than sometimes the pure sprinter) and the great majority of champion swimmers are pole apart in physical appearance. One needs no expert knowledge to distinguish the lean, greyhound-like runner, the tall, muscular rower, the compact, heavily-muscled weight lifter or the rounded, chunky body of the swimmer."

The typical record-breaking sprinter is a well-muscled man built on the little pattern, with linear bones. Jesse Owens was a perfect example of the type. Peoples of all nations have their individual physical characteristics. That is the first probable clue to the query of a nation's consistent production of champions of a specific sport. They are built for it.

In India it is not for any gigantic acreage of green-lawned playing fields, iron-hard, dusty, level areas are the sports arenas of the Indian youngsters. Immediately the number of their possible outdoor games is reduced. Cricket and hockey can be played and are played almost to the complete exclusion of other European sports. Hockey, less expensive than the wicket game, has more players.

Many theories have been advanced for the marked superiority at the dashes and the jumps. Talon, Owana, Dillard, Ewell, Stanfield—are dozens of them. Most of the theorising fraternity speak only in terms of physiology. They mention hinder protuberances and muscular elongation. Maybe they are correct, but we follow the school which em-

CAVALCADE, October, 1952
phrases the negroes' amazing ability to relax naturally. He wastes none of his energy.

Surely the heredity factor can also be applied to the dark man. None can deny that it is really not so long since he tried the jungle trails of his native Africa. In those days his life often depended upon his agility and speed. He has inherited the fine body build of his ancestors.

His invasion of the boxing field is obviously prompted by both economic and sociological reasons. If he is a success he makes a lot of dollars in a short time, and with them comes prestige and removal of the hated colour discrimination. It is one activity to which he has been openly invited. There are very few such activities in America. In the boxing ring he defeats the white man with much of the ability that gives him success on the oarsman track.

The reason for the success of Central Europeans in weight events, we find in their natural way of life. The German and Hungarian educational systems provided for many hours of mass exercise. Strenuous movements were performed in unison by huge groups. The individual remained static.

The natural consequence was the development of heavy muscle and great strength at the expense of agility. Hence sprinters and jumpers are not expected from these countries, but their representatives come to the fore when the task is to handle large portions of heavy metal.

The Japs' success in the water is largely the result of their remarkable floatability, but the Nipponese penchant for adopting and unmuting the ideas of other peoples has paid off in the swimming pool. They started developing a national swimming style during the late 'twenties. The Japanese crawl was evolved, and the U.S.A. were relieved of world swimming leadership from 1932 onwards.

The Japs have performed well at the hop, step and jump and broad jump events, mainly because of the surprising power of their legs. Most logical explanation for such unexpected strength is the Japanese habit of squatting rather than sitting. It is a common posture from childhood through adulthood. Allad to this tendon-stretching habit is the prevalence of bicycles in the Japanese islands—further exercise for the legs.

Scandinavian success in the distance races provides no surprise for the traveller who knows his Sweden, Norway and Finland, particularly the latter country. Nurmi and Ritola, the two most famous Finns, would rather run than walk.

In fact, running is an old Finnish custom. In the absence of trains, trams and buses, your Finnish mate does his journey on snow shoes or on a jog-trot on ice-hardened roads. Cinders and turf are reasonably easy thoroughfares after Finnish highways. Spears and javelins are also common items in Finland. They are hunting and fishing weapons.

Ace American coach, Dean Cromwell, has propounded a theory for British ability at the mile and the half-mile. He wrote—

"We find that mental more than physical racial characteristics have played an important part in the British success. Middle distance running, as the name suggests, requires neither the natural speed of the sprinter nor the inherent staying power of the long distance man."

"Because no natural physical qualifications are needed other than a sound body, it is a branch of running in which practically everyone starts from scratch. Consequently, those who excel do so, not because of physical reasons, but because they are equipped with greater determination and doggedness than their opponents."

"The Englishman has shown these qualities in his political theory, and the same characteristics that have built the British Empire make John Bull's sous hard to beat in events that put a premium on strong-willed determination."

Italy's and France's sharing of the epee and foil fencing honours amazes nobody. The weapons are part of the tradition of both countries. They were developed there, and their thrilling and parrying has made pages of Italian and French history.

Hungary's success with the sabre emanates from a similar circumstance. The heavy slashing saber is a Hungarian weapon, and its proper manipulation for centuries has been an important subject of Hungarian military training.

Held the saber not suited the physical abilities of their tramcases, the military brass hats most assuredly would have substituted another weapon.

CONTEST

By GUYAS WILLLIAMS

Things being a little
quiet announces sud
lown he can throw
forward than and can

WON'T THROW SMALL STONE, EXPLAINING WHERE LET'S SEE HIM DO IT

TO HIS SURPRISE, TED SAVES HIS SWORD BY A GOOD STEP

CLAPS, THEY WERE ONLY WAITING UNTIL NOW ROY II, SMART IN DRESSING

WINS UP FOR A FULL

MACHINE, AND KEEPS GO, SAYS HE HAVEn'T SEEN UNTIL THE RIGHT SIDE STORE AND SVEN'S LONG TIME

SAYS THE TROUBLE IF HE HAVEN'T SEEN UNTIL THE RIGHT SIDE STORE AND SVEN'S LONG TIME

AS TED WINS AGAIN, CRIES HE KNOWS MANY TIMES, AND HE'S SEEN ONCE ONE ON THE LINE, WHICH LEADS TO HEAVY ARMAMENT

CONTEST AND ARMAMENT BY ROY II, ARRANGED WHEN ROY II, VERY WILD, MERRYLY MUSSES FUM IN NURMENH, NEXT REGISTRATION
CONSCIENCE was the KILLER

Tormented with a killing mania, his conscience decreed he shoot himself.

The man who rode down the lines at Monterey, wide open to Mexican bullets, was obviously fearless. Urging his troops on, he was an inspiring target for the enemy—yet while men around him fell, he stayed alive. Blatantly challenging Death, he at last threw up his arms in a hopeless, frUstrated gesture.

"God, can't one bullet hit me?" he exclaimed passionately.

And then those near him knew that this man did know fear—not the sudden-stilled fear of dying, but the haunting, lingering fear of living. The welcoming hand he held towards Neneen had been brushed aside.

He must have been an unhappy man, although on the face of it, he had no reason for gloom—except, perhaps, for the men he had killed in battle. But even in his youth, before his first vicious bullet had taken a man's life, he was unpredictable and depressed.

His name was Alexander McCulngh, born in the State of Kentucky, where he could follow his great hobby without suffering legal retrib-

ution that should follow a killing.

Possessing all the attributes of nobility, he was tall, handsome, dignified and intellectual. He might, in other days, have become a Round Table knight. Perhaps that was the way he pictured himself, for it is fact that the majority of the duels he fought were inspired by the wish to avenge a slight to a lady.

Yet, as often as not, the slight had passed unnoticed by the lady and those around her—had, in fact, not been intended by the man who would later die at McCulngh's hand.

In spite of his distorted sense of chivalry, the man was no sentimentalist. In his whole life he did not know a solitary love affair.

Strangely, in his duelling career, he was never technically the aggressor. It was his habit to provoke the other until, blind with rage or conscious of his manhood, the man chosen for death spoke the challenge.

There was reason in this; as the challenged, McCulngh had choice of weapons, and in the use of the pistol he was unsurpassed. He was hit only once—during his first duel in 1828, when he was but 17 years of age.

A year later, he killed a man named Marshall, a close relative of his mother. The smell of blood was in his nostrils and the urge to kill was in his heart. So, gratuitously, he chose to maintain a feud with seven members of the same Masquepp family—all of them established pistol shots and officers of the Vicksburg Rifles.

His first victim of this family was John Menilfees—a laughing young man who, in spite of his youth was no novice at duelling. Indeed, Menilfees and his party arrived at the ground in the same spirit as they would have attended a hunt. They knew little of McCulngh except that he was from Kentucky, was extremely popular with the ladies and that even those men closest to him often watched him with strained, half-fearful eyes.

Menilfees had only a vague idea why he had called McCulngh out. The evening before, the Kentuckian had cast his monocle and, almost without knowing it, the affair had ended by an agreement that there should be pistols—and coffee—for two at dawn. The ordering of coffee was an ironic McCulngh touch, for he knew but one man would drink it.

Menilfees arrived supremely confident, and with the preliminaries over, the men stepped out the races Menilfees turned, and in the split second before he fired, must have noticed that McCulngh was still drawing on his pipe.

The shot from John Menilfees missed McCulngh, throwing aside his pipe, walked slowly towards him, raised his pistol at short range and fired. The spectators, aghast, saw McCulngh lie dead at the man momentarily, walk over to his second, and accept his cup of coffee.

Franklyn, eldest of the Menilfees, attempted to draw McCulngh into another duel on the spot. The Kentuckian, however, acted strictly by duelling etiquette and refused that Franklyn's second arrange details with his own man. Then, cooly pulling at his pipe, he declared his intention of wiping out the Menilfees family.

McCulngh got drunk... completely, morbidly drunk... that night. He sat alone, speaking only to re-order his drinks. His hand shook as he lifted his glass, so that the Menilfees adherents gave hope for the following day's outcome. McCulngh continued to drink till dawn, yet his hand, as it lifted his pistol, was steady, and his aim was true.

Franklyn Menilfees died with a bullet between his eyes.
That night another duel was arranged—and the following morning another Mississippian died. Within a week, the whole family had been wiped out.

But seven quick deaths did not satisfy McClung’s disturbed sense of honour. At a State ball at Mississippi’s capital one night, a young man persistently annoyed a lady belonging to a distinguished family. Before McClung could act, another guest named Alcorn—later to become State Governor—pulled the offender from the house.

For no other reason than that he had been thwarted in his self-imposed mission to avenge the honour of Mississippi’s fair sex, McClung immediately attempted to provoke a challenge from Alcorn. Like another prominent American against whom the Kentuckian later took umbrage, Alcorn kept his temper and, probably, his life.

A few months later McClung, man of chivalry, seconded an acquaintance at a dawn duel. A man well and practically versed in duelling etiquette, he was somewhat put out when a youth named Allen walked on to the ground reserved for the principals. He rebuked the youth sharply, and the latter responded with some heat.

It was a strange, almost inexplicable, adelicot to their brief exchange of words that McClung did not attempt to follow up the quarrel. Allen, however, was of a different mien; time and time again he confronted the Kentuckian in a manner which, with any other man, would have brought immediate and fatal consequences.

It was as though McClung had recognised in the slight, highly-strung youth his Nemesis. Finally, Allen forced the duel by slapping McClung on the face.

The Kentuckian fixed strange terms; pistols at 50 paces—a distance, that made a fatal wound impossible and a hit most unlikely.

Allen fired first and, of course, missed. McClung had not even lifted his pistol, but the other continued to walk towards him, intent on a second shot.

McClung’s usually ineradicable features took on an indescribable sadness. Then, he shot Allen dead.

The one duel he had tried to avoid hung heavily on his conscience. After early attempts to explain the circumstances and his regret at being forced into the duel, he never spoke of Allen again.

A few months later, he tried to force combat on his commanding officer—a man known to history as Jefferson Davis. Davis, then leading his troops in the war against Mexico, stubbornly refused to issue a challenge or to be provoked into duelling.

McClung, drinking heavily now, threw out his challenge to Mexican bullets and his plea to Destiny.

“God, can’t one bullet hit me!”

None did—then.

He fought other duels, and invariably drank coffee alone. He grew more and more depressed, more and more ready to take offence, and to see slight offered when none was meant. To ladies, he maintained his great courtesy; to friends he was considerate and loyal.

But... since the Allen duel, he had kept few of his friends.

Then, one day in an hotel room, he poured a glass of water on the floor. That was to ensure that when his blood flowed, it would not run towards his clothes.

He ordered coffee for two—but he knew that his would not be the hand that lifted a cup.

McClung reached for the duelling pistol that had taken 14 lives. He lifted it to his head and blew out his brains.

“If you’re dressed to go out, so am I.”

62 CAVALCADE, October, 1932
Where space is a problem

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 93)
Prepared by
W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

There is always a keen demand for small house plans of the two bedroom size.

CAVALCADE suggests the accompanying plan in which there is a minimum of floor space and not one square inch has been wasted.

Entrance is across a flagged, hooded terrace which gives protection to the front door. One large living room serves for both lounge and dining room with direct access from the dining room to the kitchen.

The two bedrooms are placed to enjoy the outlook and are both convenient to the modern bathroom. A sufficiency of built-in cupboards and wardrobes is a feature of this layout.

The minimum width of land necessary to accommodate this house is 52 ft. or 40 ft. if it is turned sideways. The overall area is 1,100 square feet.
Skeleton Queen

For his queen and Pedro chose the only woman he had ever loved—although she had been mouldering in her grave for years.

It was a fantastic procession—that day in 1533, when the mad King of Portugal made a skeleton his Queen.

Along the 16-mile route from the small city of Coimbra to Lisbon, Portugal's capital, thousands of torchbearers stood shoulder to shoulder in two solid lines on opposite sides of the dusty road.

Slowly, in utter silence—since all had been forbidden to speak under penalty of death—the macabre procession moved along the living lane. In it were the might of Portugal—bishops, nobles, ladies of honour—every one clad in gala ceremonial costume.

For this, in the tortured, distorted mind of the King who had commanded it, was a day of celebration—the coronation of a Queen he refused to admit was dead.

High above the marchers, uplifted on a dais carved on the shoulders of a score of slaves, seated on an ornate throne, was the skeleton of the dead woman.

The skeleton was clad in coronation robes that glittered with jewels. Only the hands, spinal column, and skull were visible. The hands lay regally—shriners with rings—on the carved and inlaid arms of the great chair. Above the skull, magnificently coiffed for the occasion, lay a wealth of hair that was still dizzingly beautiful despite the years in the damp earth.

Entering Lisbon, the procession proceeded through the main streets of the city to give the populace a glimpse of their new Queen.

Slowly the dais approached the Cathedral, entered through the wide-open doors. There, with the full panoply and ceremony of the Church, the skeleton was crowned Queen Inez of Portugal.

Following the coronation, all persons of sufficient rank to merit the honour passed before 'Queen Inez' in single file. In turn, they knelt and kissed the skull and jewelled hand.

Though the skeleton, following the Coronation, was placed in a magnificent mausoleum in the royal abbey of Alcobaca—burial place of the ruling house of Portugal—it was the only concession the mad King made to reality.

Each day he visited the tomb. The King talked to the skeleton as though it were alive, listened attentively, and nodded in agreement. He would shake his head from time to time. He made no decision of importance without consulting his dead Queen.

Throughout the remainder of his life, the mad King never remarried. He was faithful to Queen Inez to the end, visiting her each day and continuing to bestow upon her every honour due a living queen. At his death, he was buried as he had commanded, at her feet.

There is no stranger or sadder love story than the tragic romance of Crown Prince Pedro of Portugal and Inez de Castro, his "beautiful one." Though macabre, it is one of the world's greatest romances.

In 1541, Alphonse the Proud ruled as King of Portugal. To further cement his alliances, in that year he married his 14-year-old son Pedro to Princess Constanze of Aragon. Neither ever set eyes upon the other until Constanze, with her train of servants and ladies of honour, arrived in Lisbon for the royal wedding.

One of Constanze's noble ladies was her own cousin, Inez de Castro, daughter of a rich and powerful family. Inez was a girl of great beauty, with long, golden hair, eyes of deepest azure, a perfect complexion, and a slim, graceful figure.

Inez was far more beautiful than Constanze, and Pedro was fated to fall in love with her—and she with him. Being both of high moral fibre, they refused to be unfaithful to Constanze, but comforted themselves with a glance, a touch of the hands, a word of tenderness. Nevertheless, they failed to hide their infatuation for each other. With a woman's intuition, Constanze soon realised that Pedro and Inez were in love, and she nagged him unmercifully.

King Alphonse also noticed the state of affairs. When Constanze became pregnant, he thought of a stratagem that would effectively prevent Inez, at least, from ever giving way to her passion for Pedro.

Thus was to get Inez in consent to serve as godmother to Constanze's expected child. If Inez would only do this, religious and conscientious scruples would be her from precluding the father of her own godchild to make love to her. The King asked Inez if she would be godmother to Constanze's first-born, and the "beautiful one" acquiesced.

Then Fate completely changed the situation. Constanze died in giving birth to a son, Ferdinand, who would ultimately murder the throne after the death of Pedro, provided that Pedro himself lived to be King Inez as the Church was concerned, Pedro was now free to marry his beloved Inez.

Pedro knew that King Alphonse would oppose any marriage to Inez, since the King wanted a wife with.
THE famous statue of Christ, high in the Andes on the border of Chile and Argentina, nearly preoccupied on open conflict between the two countries when it was first erected. The Chileans were astir but, as it stood, the Saviour’s back was to ward them. Possible serious consequences were averted by a quick-witted Santiago newspaper editor. The reason, he announced, was undoubtedly that the Argentineans needed more watching over.

more influential connections than the de Castros for his heir-apparent. He knew that if he married Inez, the King would make life miserable for her, perhaps even have her assassinated in order to free his son for a marriage more in accordance with royal politics. There seemed but one solution—to marry her in secret, pretend that they were not married, and evade any efforts of the King to marry him to somebody else for so long as the King lived. After the King died, he could then announce that he and Inez had been married all along, prove the marriage by Church records, and have her crowned his lawful Queen.

The King, anxious to break up the affair, insisted that Pedro spend almost all of his time at Court, where Alphonse persisted before him in a constant succession of bountiful demands. But Pedro adamantly refused to have anything to do with any of them. Whenever he could, Pedro visited Inez in the Combra castle. Sometimes his visits were of only a few hours, and many of the visits were clandestine, in order to avoid annoying his father.

Inez bore Pedro three sons and a daughter. Gradually the rumour spread that she and Pedro were not living in adultery, but were actually married. In the meantime a new King has ascended the throne of Castile—a man who by a curious coincidence was named Pedro—Pedro the Cruel. Political refugees from Castile began swarming into Portugal, among them several brothers of Inez de Castro.

These events alarmed Alphonse Court plotters whispered to him that the Castoros were plotting to kill Ferdinand, the son Constanzia had borne Pedro, in order that one of their stern’s sons might ultimately rule as King of Portugal.

The King announced that Inez must die. With her out of the way, the threat of the Castoros to Ferdinand’s life would be removed, while Pedro—deceived of the woman with whom he was so deeply infatuated—might very likely agree to a marriage of the King’s choice.

According to a chronicle of the times, Ferdinand, Alphonse hastened for a long time. Finally, on a day when he knew that Pedro would not be at Combra, he rode to the castle with the three principal plotters:

Inez was in the garden when they arrived. She knew without being told why they had come.

But Alphonse, at the sight of the “beautiful one,” was stricken with an acute attack of conscience. He refused to give the command for the assassination, but instead played clumsily with Inez’ children. “After a long interview he mounted his horse and rode away without saying any order to the three nobles,” Lopez narrates.

With Inez out of sight, however, he changed his mind. Whether or not the nobles argued with him, history does not record. But, in any event, the three nobles soon returned to the castle. The King was not with them this time.

“Inez was in the garden when they returned,” the chronicler relates. “She had thought that the danger was gone when the sound of the King’s cavalsie died away. As she stood, she heard the beat of horses’ hoofs. But the horses were not Pedro’s.”

There beside the Fountain of Love Pedro had built for her, the three noble assassins beat Inez to death with clubs.

After the murder of his beloved, Pedro’s character completely changed. He started a rebellion against his father, and mercilessly laid waste the countryside, destroying villages and cities and slaughtering indifferently.

History was to record him as “Pedro the Butcher.”

Finally, at the pleading of his mother, he agreed to cease the rebellion if the three assassins were banished to Castile. When his father agreed, he returned to Lisbon, where he plunged into a life of licentious gaiety. When his father tried to interest him in a girl, he merely seduced her and callously cast her aside. To further insult his father, he took a beautiful mistress, a Galician girl named Teresa Laurensco. He refused to even think of matrimony.

Then the King died, and Pedro became King Pedro I of Portugal. Now he was able to put into effect his great scheme of vengeance.

First, he ordered the magnificent mausoleum be built. While he was awaiting its completion, he negotiated a treaty with Pedro the Cruel, through which the assassins of Inez were returned to Lisbon for punishment. Somehow, one of the three managed to escape and flee into Italy, but the other two were executed by tortures too exquisite to describe, while Pedro looked on, resulting in his revenge.

As the weeks went by, Pedro’s obsession that Inez still lived became more apparent. He gave up all of his mistresses. “His tortured spirit,” writes Lopez, “was never at rest.”

Just as it was that Pedro’s obsession at last reached the state that he concluded Inez was not dead, even psychoanalysis could not tell us perhaps it was a slow progression into madness. But at any rate, Pedro finally commanded that the body be exhumed, dressed in crimson robes, and brought to Lisbon for coronation.

No nation ever had a stranger ruler than the skeleton of Inez de Castro! Even though Pedro’s love was the love of a madman, the story of that magnificent obsession clutches the heartstrings as few other tales of romance in the whole history of humanism have done.

There is a brief sequel to the tale. For over 400 years, the tomb of Pedro and Inez remained undisturbed. Then, in 1810, it was broken open by pillaging French soldiers.

The two skeletons were intact, lying feet-to-feet in the marble sarcophagi. And when the French soldiers opened the casket of Inez, they paused for an instant reverently.

For even they could not but know that before them lay the bones of a woman who had once been beautiful. On the skull of Inez de Castro—hardly harmed by the passage of centuries—still gleamed a wealth of golden hair.
Recipe for Riches. Make money faster than your wife can spend it.
A Turf Topics. Horse sense is something that prevents a horse from batting on men. A modest girl, they say, never pursues a man—and neither does a mouse. A mouse trap is a tool. Give a husband enough rope and he'll hang. A Witch naturally leads us to add that wise husbands don't criticize their wives' clothes too freely—they just make allowances for them.
A Longest word in the English language is the one that comes after the phrase 'And now a word from our sponsor.'
Musical Moment. Pain-crawling is like synchromation—an irregular movement from bar to bar.
A Witch reminds us that a music lover is a fellow who, upon hearing a soprano in the bathroom, puts his ear to the keyhole. Have you met the folk who say they've dropped in for a drop, but really mean they've called in for a drop?
More Holy-Destiny. To a man the ideal wife is the one who thinks she has an ideal husband.
Dubious Definitions. A fox is a wolf that sends flowers. Overheard. 'Why did Daisy call her new baby 'Encore'?'—'Because it wasn't on the programme.'
A Few girls these days bother about sewing—but they are still excellent wheedle women. A Motto for Wolves. She who hesitates is won. A Warning for Wantons. The stork is charged with a lot of things that should be blamed on a Lark. A Matrimonial Meditation. Every time I argue with my wife, words fail me.
A Conversation Piece. When men talk about women it is generally figuratively speaking.
A Housewife is the kind of person who looks at a sausage and thinks of Pienso. A Correction. There are no idle rumors—rumors are always busy.
A Witch reminds us that although it takes two to make a burger, only one gets it. Have you ever heard about the double disappointed butterflies?—they went to a dance and found it was only a moth ball. Few mothers worry about what their daughters know—it's only how they found it out.
A Voice of Experience. No man should tell his friends any more than he wants his wife to learn from theirs. A Feminine Folly. Some women take the plunging neckline to heart. A Slumber Snaps. A man has insomnia when he can't sleep when it's time to get up. A Witch leads us naturally to observe that the one most concerned about having his chickens come home to roost is probably the rooster.

OUR SHORT STORY. A Chicago dead mite was recently reported to be seeking a divorce from her dead mite husband because he used abusive slang language with her. 'He used language I never saw before,' she complained.

CAVALCADE, October, 1952
HELP MRS. THING GET SOME REFRESHMENTS READY WE'LL NEED 'EM

I WONDER.............?

IN RELAYS THEY COME OUT OF THE SMOKING INFERNAL TO GET A LITTLE REFRESHMENT

KATH'S MISSION IS TEMPORARILY FORGOTTEN WHILE SHE SAVES A HOP IN THE RIGHT TO SAVE THE PROPERTY

HE TOLD ME TO HELP YOU...

WELL... COME ON...

DON'T WASTE TIME THERE!

AS KATH WATCHES THE MEN GO OFF TO FIGHT THE FIRE SHE WONDERS IF SLUG THING HAS THE ONLY JEEP IN THE DISTRICT THAT RUNS ON - KEROSENE!

THE FIRE IS BEATEN... BUT THE CROP IS LOST.............

WHAT A WONDERFUL THING YOU DON'T REDUCE THE INSURANCE?

IT'S LUCKY, BUT IT'S NOT THE SAME

PACKING A CAR WITH REFRESHMENTS FOR THE FIREFIGHTERS KATH AND MRS. THING GET OUT....

MEANWHILE THE FIREFIGHTERS CARRY ON A GRIM STRUGGLE TO SAVE THE CROP

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WITH HIS HEART POUNDING, HIS KNEES SHAKING, HIS MOUTH DRY

JOHN D. MACDONALD  •  FICTION

He awakened that Sunday morning from a sleep so deep that for many moments he did not remember that this was the day of all days of his life. When he remembered, he bounded up and ran through the second room to the door of the adobe hut.

Yellow sun, blue sky and brown baking hills. A clear, cool day and late, from the height of the sun. His sister, Rosalinda, was a dot of bright Sunday colour over at the edge of the stream that was now almost dry.

Augustin started to run toward her and then, remembering the day and its meaning for the first time, he slowed to a more casual pace. She looked up as he approached, and her cheeks flamed as she smiled. She had 16 years, one less than he.

“Much sleep for the toreador,” she said. “Everyone was quiet.”

“When are they, Hermana?”

“They went to the earliest Mass. You can see them coming now.”

As the sand underfoot, he waited the giant bull's charge.

He looked down the rutted road toward the village. His mother and father were coming slowly. At long distances he could know his father from the limp of the left leg into which had gone the horn of the great black Miura bull so many years ago in distant Spain when his father had been the famed Banderillero who had accompanied the immortal matador, Gaspar.

The three smallest children were running up toward the house. They veered and came charging down on their brother, the oldest child. But ten feet away they stopped abruptly and became oddly shy. Yesterday Augustin had been a familiar one with whom they could romp and play. Today all had changed. Today Augustin Galvez would enter the bull ring at Oaxaca.

Augustin met his father and mother at the door to the house. It seemed that he had been given new senses on this great morning. The fear that came from his mother was like a dark wave. She did not speak of it, but it was on her face, deep in her eyes. In his father there was a diff-
different sort of fear mingled with pride for his tall son.

His father turned to the children and said, "Leave us." The children went away. His father, inches shorter than Augustin, stood and placed his hands firmly on the shoulders of his tall son. "It has been many years, eh?"

"Yes, father."

"Perhaps it is all a selfishness on my part. To have a son do what I could not do. I had a certain skill with the banderillas no more. My son, you have fought well the calves at the tientos. You have grace. I do not know if you have courage. I have taught you how to know the bulls, how to watch for their faults and virtues. But knowledge is nothing without courage. Today we will learn."

"If I have but half of your...

"Do not think of me. Do not think of all the pesos of the village which have gone into your suit of lights. Think of nothing but that moment of great loneliness when you step away from the wall out onto the sand and in you and the black beast Pride will not substitute for courage.

"I cannot speak with you again, Augustin. Down there in the city, it will be all confusion, many people."

His voice broke. He embraced Augustin quickly, patted his back.

"Go now to Mass with Rosalinda. I shall meet you at the bus, with everything we shall need. Remember not to eat. Should you be wounded, it will make more difficult the work of the medicos."

During Mass he prayed for courage. Afterwards, at the bus, he found his father in the crowd. Only his father and Rosalinda were attending. His mother was staying with the small children. It was a special bus that the bus company had provided for this occasion, a large one, though quite old. Even so, it was packed full with all those from Eda who were coming to watch this fight, who had given their pesos for the needed things. His father carried in the huge bundle, who felt that the pride and honour of their village rode on his thin strong shoulders.

His father sat beside him, near the aisle, the bag pack on his lap, not wishing to trust it to the parcel rack.

Eleven miles passed all too quickly and then they were rolling down into Oaxaca. It was by then eleven o'clock, five long hours until the beginning of the corrida at four.

Everyone piled off the bus and gathered in a shouting, gesturing crowd around Augustin and his father. Here, in the city, it was highly necessary to make more noise to show that the city could not intimidate the men of Eda.

The impression, a thin nervous man, pushed through the throng and said, "Galvez! Galvez! This way, please. To my car."

He and his father were led over to a big, somewhat shabby, black sedan, leaving their friends behind. The people of the village of Eda would sit in a solid group on the sun side of the ring.

Senior Parental started up with a great clashing of gears, talking all the while. "Today will be the best day of our season. We go now to my house where you will rest and then dress for the ring. Galvez. There is great enthusiasm. They wish to see what Parental will do after his great triumph of last week. Three afternoons in the ring as a novice, a novillero, and already he has a following. And Galvez, those of us who remember the great record of your father expect much from you. Much. The third one, Vizcaino, is of no account. Truly a clown, amico,

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CAVALCADE, October, 1952
My Customers

The choice of the people!
At that moment Pimentel came in. “It is time to—eh, you are ready.” He cocked his head on one side. “Splendid, Calvez!” He hurried to the door, turned and said, “We will leave in twenty minutes for the plaza.”

It was then twenty minutes of three. Soon the three novilleros were in the back seat of the shabby sedan. Pimentel drove slowly through the streets. Children ran beside the car. Then all was confusion. There was a time of waiting in the room of the toreros between the Capilla, the bullfighters’ small chapel, and the infirmary, where two doctors laid out their emergency instruments.

After Augustine came out of the Capilla, he could hear the deep-throated murmur of the crowd and suddenly the brass band broke into “España Cana.” Augustine felt weak and sick, and the music did not stir him as it always had in the past when he had watched the great ones in the big Plaza Mexico far to the north.

Augustine was surprised to find himself walking in the running parade step of the bullfighter without even having to think. The music and the crowd were a vast confusion.

Behind them marched the banderilleros, the picadores, the puntilleros and hastily the antemarche attendants with their wheelbarrows and tools.

One by one they were introduced. He was the last to be introduced. Vizcaino got a scattering of applause. Polly received a great wido-mouthed roar. Augustine’s father limped out and gestured to Augustine. They stood side by side and the ovation was long and loud.

Then everyone was out of the ring. After the sound of the trumpets there was a curious stillness. The gate of the door of the bulls was wide. The animal came out, hard and strong and fast, moving the head with a cat’s quickness. The members of the cuadrilla ran him, flashing the working capes, dodging back through the narrow entrances of the buladeras as the bull raced by, grunting, snuffling, the great muscles of the black hump swollen with rage.

As they learned this animal, the buladeras with the working capes ran out into the ring, trailing the capes in the sand, snapping the bull in short punishing turns. Then Vizcaino stepped out. His passes were fluid, but he worked at a very safe distance from the bull. One pass merited a few feeble cries of “Ole!” The rest clattered half-hearted whiskers of derision. Had it been a truly good bull, the whistles would have been much louder. But the animal was uncertain on its charges.

When the picadores came out on the padded horses, the bull charged hard and well, but backed away quickly when he felt the pic. He was a borderline creature—not brave enough to be good, yet not cowardly enough to be sent out. The fight moved into the third stage. Vizcaino dedicated his bull, threw his hat up to the person to whom he had dedicated it, and went out with the sword and the machete for that final portion of the fight called the faena, which precedes the kill.

It was a miserable faena, combining an inept torero with an unstable animal. All he could do was chop the beast to left and right with the small cape, without grace, without great danger, without any poetry. He went in fast to kill and he tried to thrust the sword and ran away at the same time. He killed miserably in the fifth attempt and left the ring with an enormous chorus of whistles and catcalls.

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long moment, then turned and spat on to the sand by the barricade fence.
"You contracted to fight two animals. And two you will fight."

While Vraninas and Peralta each fought their second animals, Augustin tried to reach despite himself and find either heart or anger. There was merely a nothingness.

It was as though he stood in a patch of shadow that no one else could see. He only stirred out of his trance when the sixth ball of the afternoon charged in. He heard someone in one of the boxes above and heard him say, "A beauty! That such an animal should be wasted on that!"

He went out woodenly. Now the infection had erupted from the rebel feet. It was in his arms and his shoulders. There was no fluidity. His arms felt like the pointed wooden sticks seen on donkeys. The cape would not fall into proper folds.

As the ball charged he floated the cape out awkwardly and too high and went back in the little dancing steps. He had floated the cape too soon. The bull saw the movement of the legs and shoes and veered, charging them. Moving legs, hooking up at the cape. A great blow struck him in the chest and armpit and the plassa spun crazily under him, while a great shrill scream filled his ears.

And then the sound was gone and he looked up to see a squat little man running for the barricade in a huge skipping limping stride. For one long moment he did not know who it was and then he realized that it was his father who had risked running out to distract the bull. He jumped to his feet. It was impossible that his father could escape. Every throat in the arena was open in one long warning scream. Just as the bull dipped his head to hook up into the backlocks of the man, one of the banderillos, running in from the side, sped dangerously across, trailing a cape. It deduct the bull and Augustin's father went over the fence.

Augustin found that he was on his feet and running, that he had picked up the cape without remembering the act. For the man who had saved his father was now trapped himself.

Augustin cut sharply so as to enter the bull's field of vision, flapping his cape wildly, yelling, "Toro! A qui! A qui!

The bull swerved away from the man and Augustin barely had time to cramp the cape properly. The heavy embroidered sleeve of his jacket was ripped from elbow to armpit and he could feel the warm spreading wetness.

He set his feet firmly and brought the bull by him in a classic wrenova, the most stately of all passes with the big cape. The bull wheeled and charged again and he passed it on the other side, the cape moving so slowly that at each stage of the pass it seemed carved of deep red marble.

The third time he made the great show of "Ole!" was like an explosion in the plaza.

The bull wheeled and charged as though it were tied to a cable. Again and again and again and between the passes he talked to it, saying, "Come back, amigo. Oh, toke of heart, toke of beauty. Again, my precious little black one! Again, my toy!"

Each pass was like the slowest motion to his heightened reflexes. He felt the horn pass inches from his leg, and then he felt the cape as the horn tip lifted embroidered from his thigh.

And then, when the bull was blunted by the tears that filled his eyes, he sensed that it had reached the end of its series. He fixed it in place with a record, turned his back to the dosed animal and stood there for eternal seconds, looking upward at the highest part of the plaza.
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a beast in something that was dance, music, sculpture—combined.

And then, too soon, the bull was ready for the kill. He profiled and sighted along the sword held in his right hand, the muleta low in his left hand. He went in fast, swinging the low-held muleta out to his right, under the rapid right arm. As the sword slipped, without resistance, into the tiny crevice between the massive bones of the shoulders, striking downward to the brave heart, Augustin pulled his stomach in to permit the animal's right hand to slip by. The heavy shoulder knocked him sprawling.

As he reached his feet the bull turned awkwardly and came toward him, the brain willing one last charge, the body struggling to obey. Augustin stood without movement. The bull fell and rolled over onto its side, the black muzzle inches from Augustin's toes.

They let him make one circuit of the arena, holding aloft the heavy tail and the two severed ears, and then the crowd could restrain itself no longer. They swarmed into the ring and hoisted him up onto willing shoulders and carried him around and around the ring and then out through the big gates.

And he not suffered a horn wound, they would have carried him all the way back to the central square of Oviedo.

The wound was slight. It was dressed and he was told to avoid using the arm for several days after he had changed, they all went back on the bus, back to Eta.

There was a strangeness about all of them, about his friend Juanito, and his sister, Rosalinda, and even the screened man sitting beside him, who had so valiantly risked his life.

As the bus neared Eta and the long evening of celebration, Augustin came to realize that during the second flight he had gone apart from them and he would never be able to return the entire distance. Even the Augustin of that morning was a stranger—a small figure and far away. It was the start of a journey into far wild places, from which there was no returning.

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CAVALCADE, October, 1952 97
BURIED TREASURE . . .

The Pacific isle of Swarrows, about 300 miles due west of Samoa, is, according to popular Cavalcade writer Cedric R. Mantworp, the repository of a vast hoard of golden treasure. It is worth, in round figures, £1,000,000, or maybe ten times that amount. Swarrows's sandy beaches and deep lagoons have known many visitors, ranging from the old Polynesian navigators to the yellow and brown men of the East which is West, from the galleons of Spain and the caravels of Portugal to the lean, hungry craft of the peacocks and blackbirds, the first clippers of Confederate blockade-runners, and the solid brigs and schooners of honest traders. Some of these must have put the treasure there. "Golden Lure of Swarrows," on page 6, will give you the full details.

BOITSY DE NUIT . . .

Strictly speaking, that means "night boxes," and it's how the French refer to their night clubs. Betty Neust, recently back from a European tour, gives an amusing resume of an evening in the Paris boite de nuit on the cheap in "All For Free," on page 12. We hope to regale you with some more of Betty's adventures in the near future.

GHOULISH . . .

The love story of Crown Prince Pedro of Portugal and Inez de Castro, "the beautiful one," is retold by Leroy Thorpe in "Skeleton Queen." Murdered at the order of Pedro's father, the King, who feared her influence on the prince, Inez was later resurrected from her grave to be crowned Queen of Portugal by Pedro's side in the most shuddering coronation in history. Since she had not been embalmed, most of her flesh had rotted away, but disintegrated shreds of muscle and cartilage still clung to the skeleton's bones in places. This was the apparition to which Pedro ordered his court to pay homage. We'll leave Leroy Thorpe to tell you what finally happened to Pedro and his skeleton love on page 65.

NEXT MONTH . . .

In the Cavalcade lineup next month we have the same sheaf of interesting, unusual, up-to-the-minute reading. Damon Mills presents the lowdown on a delectable little damsel he calls "The Wickedest Woman in Rome." Bill Delany turns from sport, temporarily, to show how to pack a murder story ("Assistant of Death") with suspense, excitement and just the right modicum of gore. For the rest, Lester Way delves into Hawaiian history in "Crimson Undertow," Lee Garde discusses "Should the Unit be Sterilized?" and Jack Hensley travels to Mexico to discover "The Fate of a Fiction Master."
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