CAN CURSES KILL YOU? — page 12
CHRISTMAS with a BANG

In the luxury Athens hotel the season seemed far from festive with milling hordes of revolutionaries outside continually shelling and besieging the place.

When you can't get home for Christmas, the next best thing is to spend the festive season in congenial company at some famous and expensive hostelry—with someone else footing the bill.

At least, that is what they say. I had it that way in Christmas, 1941, and at times I found myself longing for the comparative peace and safety of enemy-occupied Crete or the frozen Gothic Line in Italy.

The hostelry was the fabulous Grande Bretagne, in Athens—a huge mellow pile of carved stone, with up-to-the-minute plumbing, dark paneling spattered with Old Masters, and acres of delicate parquet and mosaic flooring.

The congenial company? Well, it included about twenty other war correspondents, the Greek Prime Minister, Papandreas; his entire Cabinet, complete with wives and families, the British commander in Greece, Lt.-General Scobie, and his staff, a mess of liaison officers, including the Russian, and a gaggle of sinister figures who spent their evenings and weekends scuttling about in enemy territory.

Oh, yes—and there were some of the most gorgeous girls ever to be scared out of their calm detachment by shellfire, but at this juncture I had better not start remembering those.

Unfortunately, there were also one or two drawbacks. The Grande Bretagne had far too much glass, which mostly faced east, getting the full benefit of sun and shellfire. There were no servants, so you had to line up for refreshments in the huge restaurant and took your chances with red tabs and cabinet ministers for Army bully beef.

The parquet of the dance-floor was apt to be cluttered with sleeping Gurkhas, fresh from patrol actions in the shopping centre about two hundred yards away. The Greek Cabinet wasn't so congenial after all, for it wasn't too sure whose side anyone was on—and General Scobie's staff became notably cooler towards all correspondents when it read the dispatches cabled to Britain and America by some of the boys.

Athens had been just wonderful up to three weeks before. We were lucky people, those of us able to enjoy the Greek gratitude for a painless liberation.

Then certain characters of organisations variously known as E.A.M., ELAS, and KKE decided to lower the boom. What they produced was a full-scale Communist revolution, beautifully organised and opposed only by a couple of brigades of British and Italian troops and a loyal Greek brigade.

The battle went up when the Greek police fired on a mob of demonstrators, killing several. At once, a large slab of the American and British press, knowing very little about the pressures going on behind the scenes, began to scream imprecations at the Greek police for this unwarranted act of violence.

General Scobie stayed put, threw up barbed-wire barricades, and backed the police, thus drawing his own share of adverse criticism. At the same time about ten divisions of ELAS irregulars hit the city.

The show should have been there, but it wasn't. History says they missed by a matter of minutes—but I'm here to add that they made a pretty thorough mess of what had promised to be my best Christmas since 1939.

Everything went crazy. I went down to the Regent Hotel at the corner of Ommonia Square without first checking with Intelligence. It seemed important at the time—I'd left a ramrod, some laundry and a portable typewriter there. The way there lies straight down University Street, which would correspond with Pitt Street, Sydney, or Collins Street Melbourne.

Civilians moved at a trot-trot, their hands held shoulder-high. Soldiers went cautiously, rifles or Tommy-guns at the ready. At every intersection everybody eloped on speed and shot across. I was a bit slow on the first one, and a rifle-bullet cracked the floor behind me. After that I was much faster.

Down near Ommonia Square it was ominously still. A Bren-gun slammed in the distance. Mortar-holes scoured the pavement, in front of the Regent an overturned British truck burned fitfully.

Another truck came up, backed cautiously up an intersection near where I was standing, and began to turn. I began to cross behind it. A ruddy-faced Tommy leaned out of the back and said, "Hey, shit ain't too good!"

I saw the cloth of his greatcoat fling.

CAVALCADE, December, 1952
up where the bullet hit him. He was close enough for me to grab him and break the force of his fall—but it didn’t matter much to him. I often wonder what that man was trying to say. I think it might have been a suggestion that the victory of the Republic wasn’t healthy, anyway, that’s the advice I followed.

British Athens consisted of a city block—the Grande Bretagne, the King George V Hotel, and the Trianon Building. By Christmas week, ELAS brought up some artillery and opened an uneven but fairly accurate fire on the block.

Fortunately the enemy runs were only Italian 75 mm mountain pieces, and rather unreliable ammunition, but the general effect was quite unpleasant. A troop of British 25-pounders centred in Syntagma Square, just behind the hotel, opened fire in return.

No Christmas in Europe is complete, of course, without snow. No snow fell in Athens that December, but the enemy shelling provided the city with a queer substitute.

Before the Germans left, they had managed to wreck the Greek currency. The drachma wavered to the value of the post-World War I German mark. The price of a newspaper rose until it was 50,000,000 drachmas—and then every semblance of a money system fell apart.

But a lot of papers were sold at 50,000,000 drachmas each, and they were sold from the many newspaper vendors which line University Street. People bought a paper with a little stack of notes, each with a face value of 200,000 drachmas.

Then the money became so completely useless it wasn’t even worth salvaging, and the deserted kiosks were stacked with the stuff. When the ELAS shelled the kiosks, the air was filled with a eerie swirling snow of high-denomination notes.

On Christmas Eve we had a party. The ballroom was cleared of resting troops, and a regimental band made music. Somewhere along the line all war correspondents had been ceremoniously thrown out of what was termed the Fortress Bar, but for this special night our privileges were temporarily restored—provided we were the guests of some official.

We had no luck until a full colonel extended us his cordial invitation. He was a fine upstanding fellow, immaculate in his shoulder-boarded uniform. His name was Popov, and his chivalry was in the army of Soviet Russia. Popov had been deep in ELAS Greece until a week before the blow-up, since when he had been in the Grande Bretagne—so nobody could blame him, could they?

Anyway, we went into the bar then into the ballroom. The music played, and the dancers twirled, only except occasionally at the high-domed glass roof, from which a few splinters dropped. Outside, the shells still dropped, but everyone was used to them now.

There was only one little unpleasantness. At midnight we stood interminably while the band played the national anthems of everyone in the room—everyone, that is except Colonel Popov and his aides. They stood impassively at attention, then turned back to their drinks, every eye on them in silent speculation.

Later, the colonel unbarred the stage of doing one of those ballroom Cassack dances. He had a fine singing voice, too, and I can vaguely remember a group of us, including some Americans and two British majors, making a barber-shop job of the "Volga Boatman."

A good fellow, Popov—I wonder . . .

where he is now. Later still, somebody took the line but Christmas tree from the middle of the dance floor and rammed it through the windscreen of the Mercedes Benz belonging to the Soviet Ambassador. I don’t think it was Popov.

Some of us still had hangovers when we reported at the usual press conference the following morning. Intelligence had news for us. It seems that at the height of the hilarity a party of Athens seamen who were devoted ELAS supporters, had been having a party of their own. They had made a raft stocked it with explosives, and were busily engaged in floating it down the sewers towards the Bretagne ballroom when they were intercepted by a British patrol.

What a beautiful little Christmas present that would have been for the revolution! The whole Greek cabinet, the entire British staff, and a flock of influential spare parts—all gloriously gone! But this was only part of a bag which would have made Guy Fawkes himself turn green with envy.

A distinguished visitor had been due at the Christmas Eve party, but his plane was delayed a day due to something that cropped up in Italy. He landed in Athens on Christmas Day. squeezed his bulk into an armoured command vehicle, and ran the usual gauntlet of rifle fire into Athens.

I saw him arrive at the Grande Bretagne, puffing his cigar and grinning in his own unperturbable way. Fellow called Churchill.
that they wanted refuge from the rain, that they were depending on Krumen hospitality. The chief replied that the village was honourable, that the stranger who came in friendliness must share his house and all that he possessed.

He led Raatz and the interpreter to his hut; a large hut, clean and comfortable. Dividing walls were of plaited palm leaves, and three women were busy preparing food.

A short, plump woman of about thirty, Raatz estimated, wore a bright smile and a girlish eye. She had mischievous eyes lightening up her black face. Beside her was a girl of twelve or thirteen, a child in years, but with full womanhood announcing itself aggressively to any with eyes to see, which Albert Raatz had, but didn't use, and a woman as tall as the chief, slender as a fawn, graceful and splendid.

The Belgian offered the usual gifts. He doesn't say what, but they were received with great satisfaction. Then they squatted, and the women brought food. Whatever the food was, Raatz was urged into eating more than he wanted.

He gave a cigar to his host. They smoked in silence, and the interpreter grew drowsy. The chief called the women to bring in, and they came with downcast eyes. Even so, there was a curl to their lips, and darting glances at Raatz denied the modesty of their pose. They stood side by side, a few feet from Raatz—the nubile girl, the plump little wife, and the little beauty. Each had a different appeal, each was splendid in her nudity.

The host spoke to the interpreter, who roused himself and informed Raatz, 'The chief say, it time to sleep now. You choose the woman you want to be your companion.'

The Belgian sat silent and still. The girls stood before him and waited. No one knew what they were thinking, but Raatz asserted that in his mind there was shame, nothing but shame. He had been accepted as a price he was offering in a barter-deal he abhorred.

Other white men must have corrupted these natives, must have made similar deals with the chief. And the man was offering his own wife, his young daughter—

Rot anger rushed up, smothering his shame. 'I didn't come here to insult you,' he shouted. 'What I gave were gifts! They were given freely.'

The interpreter was plainly baffled and alarmed. He gestured as he tried to explain. The chief looked puzzled, the pretty woman sent warm glances at Raatz, and the host and interpreter whispered loudly.

Hopefully at last, the interpreter turned back to Raatz. 'The chief, he say his honoured guest must share all he has. He owns no other women, only these. He is very much sorry that they are not good enough for so great a man, but—'

"You fool!" Raatz stormed. 'Why didn't you tell him what I said? I need his hospitality, and wish to stay in his hut till the rain stops, but I do not bring shame for his family.'

After many ambiguous exchanges, Raatz was forced to see that the gleaming bodies being offered him were not being sold. They were part of Krumen hospitality, which literally shared all, with no exceptions. There was no shame in it, no humiliation.

On the contrary, the tribe woman welcomed a guest to his house and did not share his women, as well as his food, would bring disgrace on the whole tribe, just as a guest who refused such an offer embarrassed his

CAVALCADE, December, 1952

---

When it comes to hospitality these men

ALEBERT HENRI RAATZ was an upright Belgian. It is not entirely clear why he was wandering on the coast of West Africa in 1883, but his own report of the voyage shows that he was well-to-do, he was in his early thirties, and he had a wife in Belgium. He loved and respected his wife. The rumours concerning his purposes in Africa could mean that he was on a secret mission for his government, probably he was a geologist seeking valuable minerals.

Raatz arrived in the territory of the Krumen tribe at the same time as the seasonal rains, which halted him. The pounding torrent would go on for a month or more, and his camp equipment wouldn't keep it out. Besides, he needed fresh food to supplement his hard rations. He decided to seek the hospitality of the Krumen tribe, whom his native guide assured him were friendly.

He entered a village hopefully. It had thatched huts that looked weather-proof, its appearance was orderly, and it didn't seem it seemed good to Raatz. The people were well-built, clean-looking, not hostile.

The chief of the village came forward. Albert's interpreter explained
ALL IS INDEED VANITY WHEN YOU'RE TRYING TO BE GALLANT

Why is it when a cigarette To modern fair I offer,
Clamber with gallantry to my feet,
And then my lighter prove false, Inevitably, red of face, I sit, defeated, meek,
Because that lighter proves again,
The spirit's willing, the flesh is weak!—EX-REX

But Albert Rantz could not forget the beautiful wife he had at home.
To him this thing was unbelievable.
He let his temper loose. Humiliated
by the white men's scorn, the women,
drew back out of sight, and the af-
fronted chief beyond endurance.
In the end, he called his war-
riors and had Albert Henn Rantz
thrown out of the village—drunk,
alone, into the downpour.

He wondered the jungle—drenched
by the rain, tormented by exposure—
until half dead, he dragged himself
to an outpost. He had suffered
and nearly died, because, even in savage
Africa, he looked for the standards of
civilization which ruled his small,
provincial town in Belgium.
He could not understand that other peoples
have other standards, as sacred
to them as his were to him.
Even to save his life, he could not accept
hospitality that meant what it said,
and withheld nothing.

Of course it was a degree of hospi-
tality not peculiar to Africa. Travel-
lers in many parts of the world have
encountered it. Others besides the
innocent Belgian have survived the
counter with their honour still
intact.

Letourneau, an early French an-
thropologist, found this puzzling hos-
pitality common to many of the
islands. He describes how one
missionary faced with so overwhelm-
ing a welcome, gave up the idea
of converting the heathen.

The priest whose name Letourneau
mercy was withheld, was put aboard
and then, among the "savages",
one of the Sandwich Islands. Not knowing
their temper, he arranged for the
ship to stand by, to take him aboard
in case the natives proved hostile
which they didn't.

Likewise, the beautiful girls of the
island were paraded before the
honoured guest. He was urged, with
every possible provocation, to make
his choice. There were lots of girls.
The parade went on until the priest
red-faced, and made for the
beach.

And the girls followed him. Before
a boat could reach him, he was
surrounded and never freed. And then,
to his amazement and relief, he
realized that their intentions were in-
nocent. It was merely that they were
utterly unable to understand his
actions. They assumed he must be
the victim of some frightful deform-
ity, and was ashamed of it, and
hadn't it they were determined to
see such a curious phenomenon.

So the priest lost all his clothes—and his peace of mind.

There are rare exceptions, of course.

The men of de Bougainville's expedition
found nothing repellant in the hospitality
they encountered in Tah-
inu.

De Bougainville himself, in his
account of his explorations, relates
what happened when a party of his
men went ashore, unarmed, on Tah-
inu. They were met by a chorus of
welcome, by dancing girls and laugh-
ing men. The leader of the party
was taken to a large hut in the centre
of the village, which seemed a com-
monal gathering place. He was given
food and drink. Then, as a supreme
symbol of hospitality, he was urged
to choose one of the girls.

The Frenchman didn't hesitate.
They were all as lovely as an artist's
dream, and he choose a girl at ran-
don.

Immediately, things started to hap-
pen—a great shout from outside, a
hoisting of some kind of drum, the
entire village plunging into the hut
with armloads of flowers, emptying
the floor with trinkets.

The Frenchman stood with his
expectant Vahine, watching, marveling
at the happy laughter, the twinkling
eyes and the strange customs of
those native people.

At last the entire floor was strewn
with blossoms. The guy, smiling,
Tahitians, with many a backward
glance at the white men from the
sea and the golden girl of the island,
filed out—to surround the fenced
hut and burst into a long ritual song
of love.
CAN CURSES KILL YOU?

ALBERT A. BRANDT

In September, 1949, the police of Karachi, India, conducted an amazing experiment. They deliberately challenged the power of a Sadhu—a member of a mysterious sect whose adherents claim supernatural powers—to kill a human being by "one puff of his breath."

They lost.

For several years, this particular Sadhu had been causing trouble. Dressed in the white robes of his sect, he set up business as a mendicant in an alcove of one of Karachi's largest Hindu temples. This in itself was unusual, for ordinarily the Sadhu roam from village to village, sub-sisting, if need be, on charity but also performing many good works, such as healing by the power of will.

This Sadhu, however, seemed bent on wreaking evil. When worshippers refused to give him alms, he cursed them, and gradually the rumour spread that his curses always were fulfilled. For example, in August, 1949, he accused a seven-months pregnant woman with a demand for some of the rice she was carrying in a small bag. When she haughtily refused, he fixed glittering black eyes upon her and hissed: "Woman, go home. To-night you will bear your child, a male child. But it will be born dead because I have cursed it."

The woman failed to obey the instructions, but continued on a tour of the markets. Within an hour, labour pains set in. She summoned a taxi cab, and was driven home. A few moments after the sun set, she was delivered of a stillborn male baby.

Obviously, either this wicked Sadhu had tremendous ability in obstetrical diagnosis—being able to predict a premature delivery before the woman herself felt the first pain—or he could compel the woman to go into labour through the exercise of some mysterious thought-force.

Whichever it was, his power was close to miraculous.

Over a span of two years this Sadhu placed literally scores of curses on persons who offended him. His reputation spread until very few people failed to give him alms. However, certain persons who were not superstitious deliberately went out of their way to affront him, some of them even spitting on him.

These—and there were no less than six—the Sadhu killed by "one puff of his breath." He breathed at them through his hands, and they either dropped dead instantly or at a later time the Sadhu specifically designated in uttering his curse.

The police finally decided to investigate. They brought the Sadhu to Karachi police headquarters, and asked him if it were true that he could kill by curses.

"Yes, it is true," the Sadhu admitted calmly.

"Well then," the police said, "you had better prove it or we will put you in prison as a fraud, and a public nuisance. Kill somebody or go to jail."

"Who will offer himself?" the Sadhu asked calmly. A Buddhist priest of excellent education, who had no belief in the so-called supernatural powers of the Sadhu volunteered.

"Stand close to me," the Sadhu directed. The priest did so. The Sadhu formed a funnel of his hands and breathed through this funnel into the priest's face. The priest gasped, clutched at his heart, staggered and fell dead.

This incident was very widely published at the time. The Karachi police could do nothing to the Sadhu, for no laws covered murder by supernatural means. They did, however, ask him to leave the city, and he complied.

The Sadhus are the most mysterious and certainly the most feared of the Orient's mysterious gods. Compared to them, the fakirs are mere types.

There are very few real Sadhus, probably no more than 15,000. They worship no idols, have no temples of their own, and profess allegiance only to a universal god they refer to as "Sat" or "The True One."

They garb themselves entirely in white, wear no cosmetics or jewels, keep their hair cropped short, and abstain from meat, tobacco, alcohol and drugs. All their energies are concentrated in their mental powers.

Many of the Sadhus are wealthy, and bear titles as a matter of fact, as only permitted for the benefit of the poor. But some Sadhus, like the man mentioned at the start of this article, abuse this rule and their powers as well.

Just how powerful are Sadhu curses? Fortunately, several well-attested cases have been published recently, so we can draw our own conclusions.

In October, 1949, for example, the London "Herald" published a story involving no less a personage than Mr. A. N. Berry, Under Secretary of...
LOCAL guides in the Swiss Alps are expected to exhibit an aesthetic enthusiasm for the pays of snow-clad ridges and towering peaks. One such mountaineer from the Basle district, however, recently exceeded the degree of inspiration that custom demands. "Be careful not to fall here," he warned an American tourist, "because it's merely dangerous. But if you do fall, remember to look at the right. The view is extraordinary."

The Indian Ministry of Agriculture, and his daughter, Vinna.

A renegade Sadhu called at the Bery home in New Delhi and asked Vinna for alms. Mr. Bery also came to the door and ordered the man to leave, adding that the Sadhu was a charlatan.

"A charlatan?" the Sadhu inquired. "Then here is my curse. Your house will be plundered by fire until you admit my power!"

The next day several small fires started mysteriously in various rooms of the house. Day after day this went on. The family and servants were kept busy detecting and putting out fires.

The police was reported to the Sadhu could not be located. It was impossible to live in the house, and Mr. Bery finally moved his family into a hotel. The fires promptly ceased.

A few days later, Mr. Bery and his daughter returned to the house. Suddenly flames sprang up from the stone floor where the girl was standing, and her face was wracked in fire.

Then Mr. Bery noticed an astounding thing: his daughter's garment was ablaze, but there was no damage to the material and the flames were cold. He rushed her out of the house and the flames ceased, both girl and dress were unscathed.

Now Mr. Bery admitted he was defeated. He notified Sadhus living in New Delhi that if they would pass word along to their colleagues to remove the curse, he would admit the man's power and also give him an envelope of money for the poor.

A few days later the Sadhu appeared at the door, accepted the envelope without a word and walked away. There have been no mysterious fires in the Bery home since.

Many Sadhus curse fall short of death. Death, apparently, is preserved for supreme results. In an amusing instance related by Mr. J. McGuire, formerly superintendent of the railway station at Ramgarh, about 40 miles from Calcutta, a railway ticket collector was the victim of a mild but annoying curse.

It appeared that a Sadhu had boarded a train without a ticket, and had no money to pay his fare. The ticket collector ordered him to leave the train at the next station.

As the Sadhu left the train, he said to the ticket collector: "You have misconstrued a Sadhu. You will be punished. You will be struck dumb from this moment until your pregnant wife bears a male child."

He closed the door and the train started. Then the ticket collector noticed that, although he felt like laughing, he could produce no sound with his mouth. He tried to speak and no words came forth.

It struck him then: "How did that man know that my wife was pregnant or even that I have a wife?"

Three weeks later, the ticket collector's wife was delivered of a boy. At the same moment, her husband was able to utter the first word he had spoken since the instant the Sadhu had cursed him.

This case is very famous, and it is attracted by the railway doctor and other physicians who examined the ticket collector during the time he was mute, and could find nothing wrong with him—except that he couldn't produce a sound with his mouth.

Do the Sadhus have supernatural powers? Apparently the British Government appears to believe so. Many years ago, according to persistent legend, a Sadhu while visiting Gibraltar was approached by an Englishman. Unable at the Great Siege, whose remnants have long been inhabited by a tribe of apes, the Sadhu pronounced a curse: "The day there is no ape on Gibraltar, the British Empire will lose yonder fortress."

Since then Britain has seen to it that there are always apes on Gibraltar. During World War II, when the ape population of the Rock dwindled alarmingly, apes were brought over especially from Africa.

As a matter of fact, ever since the Sadhu uttered his famous curse, the British Government has maintained a special officer on Gibraltar with a very unusual title: "Officer in Charge of Apes!" His sole duty is to feed the apes and make sure the day will never come when there are no apes on Gibraltar.
Science has never explained why pretty schoolmarm Emeline Sagee appeared before many people with her ghost walking beside her.

LIKE many other French girls, Emeline Sagee was a pretty, brown-eyed brunette. She had a saucy little nose and a shape to match. As far as outward appearances went, she was a typical young mademoiselle.

There was, however, a certain "something" about Emeline that set her apart.

This "something" was not easily visible. In fact, it was not at all apparent when she applied for a job as a governess at the exclusive girls' school, the Pensionat Nouvecluse in Valmiera, Latvia, around a hundred years ago.

The school directors, who carefully looked her over, saw nothing more than a very attractive and capable looking young lady in her twenties. Their references said she had been born in Dijon, France, on October 30, 1847. The references went on to state that Emeline Sagee was an excellent teacher of elementary arithmetic, and that children liked her very much.

The writers of the references had probably thought a good deal of Emeline, for they had helpfully refrained from mentioning why she had been fired from her last job, or from ten or fifteen other jobs before that. Then again, perhaps they didn't mention it because they felt that no one would believe them anyway.

So it resulted that the directors of the famous girls' school saw nothing at all wrong with Emeline, and hired her on the spot.

The girl thanked them profusely, for she badly needed a job. She had been married in Dijon at the age of 16, but her husband had run away from her six months later. She never married again, and therefore could depend on no one but herself for a living.

According to the school records, which are still available, everything went along quite satisfactorily for three or four months—so far as the new governess was concerned, at least. Then, on May 5, 1840, the first of a really weird series of events took place.

On that May afternoon in 1840, a 12-year-old girl was hurrying through the corridor of the Pensionat Nouvecluse in the direction of the arithmetic class when she saw Mlle. Sagee, herself, coming out of the door of the room. The teacher smiled, told the girl to hurry or she'd miss the first problem of the day, then went down the hall away from the room.

The girl quickly entered the door, thankful that she hadn't been scooped for being late, and vaguely wondered why the teacher was leaving during class. No sooner was she inside the room, however, when she gasped. There was Mlle. Sagee seated up near the blackboard!

Not only that, but the very teacher who only a second ago had smiled and told her to hurry, was now frowning and saying she'd report her to her parents if she ever came in late again.

The little girl staggered something about seeing Mlle. Sagee just leave the room, and how did she get back so soon? The other children laughed at this, and the girl quickly dropped the subject. She didn't want to be the laughing stock by insisting that she had seen something which was obviously impossible to see.

It was about three weeks later, while the children were attending a sewing class in the large Assembly Room, that the 12-year-old girl got her chance to have the last laugh.

This room had French windows opening into the garden. And as the girls poked away with their needles, a few of them noticed Mlle. Sagee enter the garden and begin to pick flowers. Nothing was unusual about this, of course—until not until the governess who was teaching the sewing class got up and left the room.

Then most of the children turned their eyes toward the garden and began to watch and make comments about the flower picker. Suddenly it was noticed that her whole manner seemed to change. Where before she had been quite vivacious in her movements, she now seemed to be moving slowly, as if in a trance.

At almost the same instant the girls were startled to find that the chair first vacated by the sewing teacher was taken, again, by Mlle. Sagee! They looked into the garden; there she was! They looked at the chair in front of them, and there they saw her, also. There were two Mlle. Sages!

The figure before them seemed almost doll-like in stillness. It didn't say a word, but just stared at the other Mlle. Sagee in the garden.

After several minutes, the sewing teacher was heard coming back. Then, just as suddenly as she had appeared the second Mlle. Sagee vanished into nothingness.

CAVALCADE, December, 1922
An agnostic world recently learned that the Japanese had put on the market a pernicious firewater concoction which they insisted was as good as the best Scotch whisky. They bottled and peddled it through the Orient as genuine Scotch. The Scots, of course, heard the news, but took it calmly. What sent them in a wild fury was the later information that the phony labels showed "Made in Scotland, England."

The excited children of course told the sewing teacher exactly what had happened. This lady looked into the garden and saw Emelie Saeki picking flowers—quite hackneyed, as usual—and thinking the girls were trying to make a fool of her, told them to get back to their stitching and to stop the nonsense.

The girls obeyed, but once class was over there was much talk among them about Mlle Saeki's mysterious "twins."

By now the pretty brunet's "twins" seemed to be getting more familiar with her surroundings, and had evidently made up her mind to stay. She was seen more frequently about the place.

It happened while Emelie, teaching class, was doing an arithmetical problem on the blackboard. All at once her double appeared again, right next to her. As Emelie wrote on the board, the twin imitated her every gesture, only without actually writing itself. Thus continued for some seconds before one of the girls found her tongue and, pouncing vigorously at the second Emelie, cried out for the original Emelie's attention.

The French governess turned, saw what was next to her, and fainted dead away. As she did so, the image disappeared right before the pupils' eyes.

Another governess was called to take care of the unconscious arithmetic teacher. And soon several were there, listening to the girls all trying to tell the story at once. Even now most of the teachers and directors thought the whole thing might be just some complicated schoolgirl prank—which had caused Emelie to pass out—and they threatened each and every child with severe punishment as soon as they learned what had happened.

As for the story of the "twins," they more or less ignored it—it was so ridiculous.

They could not, however, ignore the fact that the girls had begun to write home about the strange Mlle Saeki, and parents were beginning to write back to the directors, threatening to withdraw their daughters from the school if something weren't done about these queer goings on.

As a result of such complaints, the pretty French governess was called before a meeting of the Board of Directors—the same ones who had hired her. She was told by them that she would either have to give some logical—and absolutely—explanation of her "twins," or she would have to resign immediately.

Upon hearing that she had no recourse but to tell the truth, Emelie Saeki broke down and cried. She was so racked with grief that it was many minutes before she could sob out a coherent story.

Everything the children had said was true, she wailed. She did have a ghastly "twin," and it had already cost her almost a dozen jobs. She had learned how to project this image from her body at a very early age, but had never learned how to keep it from projecting itself at moments when it was best for her interests that it not be seen. And because she was unable to control it, she just couldn't promise that it wouldn't come to plague her pupils again.

The directors of the school were quite astounded by the phenomenon, but it was an age when a number of other queer happenings had been reported throughout Europe, and so Emelie wasn't bundled up and hurried off to a "snake pit," where she and her ghost could pass the time with people who thought they were Napoleon and the like.

Instead, all they asked was that—much as they regretted having to part with such a good teacher and governess—she pack up her things and leave as soon as possible.

By now Emelie had ceased crying. She was resigned to her strange fate. She thanked everyone for the pleasant time she'd had at the school, before the trouble began, and left to pack her small bag of belongings. So humble was she, and so well-liked had she been, that the directors decided to give a small party for her before she left.

Either through a whim of Emelie's double, or because Emelie herself wanted to prove that what she'd told them had not been due to a weakness in the head, the guests at the party all had a chance to see for themselves the burden that plagued her life.

It happened when the meal was almost over. Out of nowhere the second Emelie appeared, to stand next to the seated one and duplicacy every move she made in the process of eating.

The grown-up directors and governesses stared at the apparition every bit as dumbfounded as the children had been. Some blessed themselves, and one—the one who later wrote a complete, documented report of the case—went up to touch the figure. Like the girl in the sewing class, she also found it to be soft—"something like cheesecloth" in texture.

When dinner was finally over, and Emelie started to leave the room, the image gradually faded from mortal sight.

That was the last recorded appearance of Emelie Saeki's supernatural double. As far as is known, no attempt was made to follow her career after she left Lutin. Transportation and communication being what it was in those days, the Permanent Nuns' Board director who wrote about Emelie was content just to describe the occurrences at school, and did not proceed to France for further information on the girl's history.

It is pretty certain, however, that Emelie returned to her native Dijon and stayed with an aunt for the rest of her life, which was a fairly short one. The books in the church at Dijon state that she died on November 1, 1848.
The Indian climate often plays tricks with the faithfulness of broad wives—as Edward Fullam found to his cost.

IAIN MCDougALL

EDWARD FULLAM was a typical Indian civil servant. The son of a surgeon in the Indian Medical Service, he held the position of Assistant Examiner of Military Accounts in the Department of Meerut.

At home in England he would have been a clerk, but like others in a service intent on bearing the white man’s burden, he gloried in this rather important sounding title. He was a figure in the dull official society of Meerut.

Fullam was a quiet man with quiet tastes. He would probably have seen out his service to a comfortable retirement in England, if he had not made the mistake of marrying a dashingly vivacious woman nine years his junior.

Mrs. Augusta Fairfield Fullam was a most complex character—murderous, reckless, and incurably romantic. Blue-eyed, with brown hair, and a tall, buxom figure, she was almost the direct physical opposite of her slight and sickly husband. For some years however, their marriage was happy, and they lived quietly at Meerut with their three children.

In 1909—when she was thirty-five and her husband forty-four—she fell in love with a married man, Lieutenant Henry Lovell William Clark, an officer with European blood in the Indian Subordinate Medical Service.

A clandestine affair developed and continued uninterrupted for some months—until Fullam noticed the Lieutenant kissing his wife outside her bedroom door in the early hours of the morning.

Augusta managed to satisfy him that the affair was harmless. A little later Clark was transferred to Agra, and Fullam forgot the incident.

It was at the time of this enforced separation that the idea of murder first began to exercise the minds of the guilty pair. They wrote regular and lengthy letters to one another, and by degrees the suggestion of poison insinuated itself into the correspondence.

In April, 1911, Clark sent Augusta a supply of arsenic, with instructions on how to administer it—which she promptly did—in her husband’s tea.

The unfortunate Fullam was duly sick, but suspecting ordinary food poisoning he went away for a holiday and recovered. When he returned home, however, the attacks began again.

Fullam seemed to be immune from the doses of arsenic that his wife was daily administering to him in his food. In desperation the lovers decided on a bold approach. Clark made up a medicine strongly impregnated with arsenic, which was to be given to the sick man as a “cure.”

It was a joyous Augusta who wrote a few days later to say that her husband had been taken to hospital and was not expected to live. Then, in sadness, she wrote the next day, “I have a great disappointment in store for you, my husband is not going to die. You’ll have to send more poison.”

As soon as he came home, more arsenic was administered, and again Fullam returned to hospital. Again he was discharged, but this time the Departmental authorities decided that the Indian climate was too much for his broken health. He was told he was to be retired.

The long course of poisoning had indeed wrecked the unfortunate man mentally and physically. Instead of taking ship back to England, he allowed himself to be persuaded by his wife to take a house in Agra.

By this time Augusta was in the last stages of despair. She decided to give her husband one last grand dram dose in the soup. But Fullam, and Clark added a hypodermic syringe of arsenical solution to his veins, just to make sure.

The dead man was duly buried. White society in Agra and Meerut suspected a lot, but said nothing. Perhaps it had been heat stroke that carried the poor fellow off, after all.

The widow kept her house at Agra, and was visited constantly by her guilty lover. The pair had crossed their first hurdle. Now there remained only one more—Mrs. Clark.

This lady—like her husband—was a European, a former hospital nurse. Clark’s first attempt to do away with her was with poison, which failed when the servant he had bribed to administer the powders handed them over to his mistress.

Like Mrs. Fullam, Mrs. Clark had three children. Although she now knew that her husband had made up his mind to kill her, she seems to have done nothing about it—except perhaps watch her food.

In fact, although Clark was ready enough to murder Fullam, he shrank from killing his wife. He told Augusta so, pointing out that it was difficult to poison an ex-nurse.
THE BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE OF A MODERN INVENTION

How to take the scolding note out of a voice that was so sweet is the problem faced by many a man who fell (but hard) for a figure neat,
Whose eyes roomed oft to tiny feet and ankles slim and shapely legs,
Whose eyes were always keen to greet their lovely owner—to the dregs.
He drank her beauty, loved her voice, listened to each word she'd say,
In his magic he'd rejoice, longed to hear it night and day.
But through the years its changing tone took on a scolding harsher sound,
Till he felt regret's sharp teeth biting in the life he'd found.
Till he wandered long and oft how to end the scolding tone—
And found it vanished magically—when she used the telephone!

—EX-REX

After one more unsuccessful poison attempt, Augusta got her romantic mind to work. She drew up a plan that was so impractical that it eventually ruined them both.

She suggested that Clark hire a band of assassins to kill his wife at home and make the attack with burglary, while he himself established an alibi elsewhere.

The cruel scheme was put into operation. Three professional murderers were recruited from the native district of the city. On the evening of November 11, 1911, Clark told his wife and family that he had to go to the railway station. He warned them to be careful because there were thieves about.

Clark strolled nonchalantly away from his home to give the waiting murderers their chance. But when he returned at one o'clock, expecting the deed to be done, it looked as if his wife was going to be as hard to kill as Fulham had been. He found her lying on the floor, bled to death. He was convinced that Fulham had been killed by a gang of desperadoes, who had locked up the yard by her bull terrier, too frightened to enter the house.

Clark's desperate mind was made up. There was to be no turning back now. He himself entered the house and took a shot from his bed and wrapped it round the head of the dog, which he afterwards locked up. Then he spurred his horse, and cut his way into the railway station.

The murderers entered the room where Mrs. Clark and one of her daughters slept. They split the sleeping woman's skull with a waddy, rendered the room to leave the appearance of a burglary, and departed.

Hastily summoned doctors from the hospital found the woman still alive, but she died next day. The whole affair had been handled so amateurish, and Clark's replies to police questions were so unsatisfactory, that his arrest followed almost as a matter of course.

He could give no sound reason for his long absence at the railway station, while the dog mutilated with a shot from his bed was discovered still locked in an outhouse.

The police, like other white residents, had heard the unsavoury rumours linking Clark with Mrs. Fulham. They decided to search her home. And here they found the most damning proof of all, Clark's briefcase opened, it revealed all her lengthy passionate letters to him, neatly filed. Each was a document of guilty love and murder. She, too, was arrested, and her husband's body exhumed.

In February, 1913, the pair of lovers, and their hired accomplices, were tried at Allahabad. The woman's letters—detailing step by step the long poisoning of Fulham, and incriminating to the murder of Mrs. Clark—were evidence that could not be denied. Augusta Fairfield Fulham and Henry Lovell William Clark were condemned to death.

At this late hour it was Clark who indirectly saved Augusta from the gallows. She was already in child to him, and accordingly she received the clemency of the law. Her sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. Clark was duly hanged.

Mrs. Fulham was a strange mixture, as her letters show. When planning the murder of her husband, she referred to herself and her actions in terms that suggested she had little, if any, guilt complex.

At her trial she asserted that she was under Clark's influence, but just the opposite seems to have been the case. One final conclusion must be drawn—that she was cold-blooded in all but the passion of sex.

She gave birth to her child in prison, but lived only to serve a year of her sentence.
the WOOF WOOF man

James H. Meldreth

How Daddy Browning hit the American headlines in the wild 1920's with his amorous adventures and unconventional wooing of plump, pretty "Peaches."

AMERICAN sensational journalism has fostered many curious characters to titillate the public with antics unconventional. None, however, provided a better show than the tall, distinguished-looking, middle-aged New York real estate operator, Edward West Browning, better known as "Daddy" Browning and "The WOOF WOOF Man."

He hit the headlines in the 1920's and stayed there until his death in 1934. Present-day publicity accorded Texas oil heir, Shepherd King, and Samia his luxurious belly dancer from the land of the Nile, is small beer

indeed to the red-hot revelations once printed about the doings of Browning the most strangely amorous man about any town.

Born in 1874, Browning devoted the first 40 years of his life to piling up the millions that later enabled him to gratify his weird whims.

In appearance he was quite handsome, with an upright, trim figure, abundant grey hair parted in the middle and a ruddy healthiness in his smooth, clear skin. The effect, however, was spoiled by his drooping sensual mouth and flamboyant clothes—flowered and coloured waist-

costs, starting ties and eccentricities such as having 20 buttons on his coat sleeves.

In 1915 he married a beautiful blonde fling clerk in his office. For her, on top of a New York apartment building, he constructed "a country estate."

"I wanted to do something different," he told reporters as he showed them round when it was finished. "I wanted to do something that no one else had done. I wanted a home like no other home in the world."

No one can say he did not succeed.

The Browning home was unique.

It was furnished with hundreds of huge bronze spiders, doves, frogs, turtles and dragons, all equipped with electric eyes that winked on and off.

Everywhere in this bizarre penthouse mansion were spraying fountains, illuminated with hundreds of coloured lights. The walls of its 40-odd rooms were done in heavy embossed gold leather, and festooned with crossed battle axes and spears and glistening gargoyles.

In 1920 Browning divorced the wife he had married eight years before. To assuage his loneliness, he decided to adopt a young girl and devote his life and money to her upbringing.

Accordingly, he inserted the following advertisement in the New York papers:

"Adoption—Pretty refined girl, about 14 years old, wanted by aristocratic family of large wealth and highest standing, will be brought up as own child in beautiful surroundings, with every desirable luxury."

Within a week, 12,000 letters from either hopeful girls or ambitious mothers poured in. After long consideration, Browning chose—and signed adoption papers for—a pretty, elfin-faced, little immigrant girl named Mary Louise Spas.

He interviewed reporters with the girl, posed for photographs, and handed out free gold cigarette cases as mementos of the occasion. Mary Louise, to exploding flashlights, threw her arms around his neck and called him "Darling Daddy."

For several days, all went well with "Daddy" Browning, or the papers forever after dubbed him, and his adopted daughter. He took her on fantastic shopping sprees. They went dining, dancing and riding around town in his sky-blue Rolls Royce.

Then a shrewd reporter, who went rummaging in the records of the New York Board of Education, broke a story that Mary Louise Spas was not a 14-year-old schoolgirl—but a wide-awake young woman of 21.

Almost simultaneously Mary Louise flounced out of Browning's penthouse "country estate." She proceeded to slap a half-million dollar damage suit on her "Darling Daddy."

The reason was certain allegations which, she said, he had attempted to extort from her and which were far from fatherly.

Browning bitterly announced: "I wash my hands of her. It's always the way when you try to help people—they turn on you." He had the adoption voided and settled the claim out of court.

The hullabaloo had barely settled down before "Daddy" Browning was back on the front pages with an even juicier episode.

Early in 1926, at a high school dance in a New York suburb, he met, and fell head over heels in love with, a plump, beautiful, but rather heavy-legged blonde pupil named Frances Heenan.

"Daddy" immediately gave her the pet name of "Peaches."

He visited the girl's mother and obtained her permission to an engagement—and a marriage when the girl turned 15. Meanwhile "Peaches" was to continue at school, to which

CAVALCADE, December, 1952

25
However, "Peaches" soon gave in and on April 10 they were married. She and her mother moved into the Browning penthouse.

Six months later "Peaches" packed up, went home with her mother and started a divorce suit.

"Daddy" countered with a 17-page statement to the newspapers. He met the reporters and photographers in his "post office." This was a special room at his home set apart for the storing and filing of the letters sent him by other females hungry for a little of Miss Heenan's luck.

He gave a complete list of the presents he had showered on "Peaches" up to that time. They included: 200 bunches of flowers, 50 boxes of chocolates, 20 boxes of fruit, one emerald coat, one fox-trimmed coat, one Russian sable coat, 60 dresses, 15 flower vases, 7 flax, 10 hats, 30 pairs of shoes, and 100 photographs of Edward West Browning.

Such definite evidence of "Daddy's" generosity resulted in a fresh avalanche of letters. Forty thousand poured in during the week before the hearing of the divorce case.

The charges and counter charges made by "Daddy" and "Peaches" remain the most sensational ever aired in a divorce action.

"Peaches" opened proceedings by telling how "Daddy" brought home a bonking African gander as a pet. She described his playful habits of substituting rubber eggs and trick spoons and forks in hotel dining rooms.

He wore her nerves to a frazzle (and also earned himself another nickname) by getting down on his hands and knees in imitation of a dog and crying, "Woof! Woof!"

She also complained that at night, when she would not dance for him in the nude, he refused to let her sleep. He set off alarm clocks and sand-papered shoe-tees under her ears.

"The fact is my wife was never a wife except in name." Daddy replied indignantly. "She occupied a bedroom with her mother. I was merely a drudge for the girl."

In March, 1937, the presiding judge, A. H. F. Meeker, gave his decision. He ruled in favor of the "Woof Woof Man," dismissing "Peaches's" claim and denying her any alimony.

"Daddy" Browning went on his publicity-tour way. In November, 1937, he held his own beauty show and presented a gold cup to the winner. At Christmas, 1938, he gave a party for 40,000 children. The following June he hired Madison Square Garden to auction 25 blocks of real estate. During the depression, he wandered up and down Broadway, handing out ten dollar bills to unemployed chorus girls and models.

In his last years, "Daddy" Browning got his greatest pleasure out of his post office room. Before he died, he had 2,000,000 letters stored in it.

"Let's see any matinee idol do as good as that," he used to boast. "Look at this one from a girl in South Dakota. It's 38 feet long. Here's another beauty from a little thing in California. One hundred and fifty pages of endearment. Just think of that! Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like this."

On October 12, 1934, this most fabulous version of a Browning died following a stroke. Not mourned him as did the nation's editors. "He was," said one of them, "a living symbol of the wild and carefree Twenties. His improbable romances and doings, and their handling in print, marked the closing days of slap-happy journalism"
WHERE IS THE DEEPEST DEEP?

Finding the deepest hole in the ocean is a favourite game with natural scientists. Cape Johnson Deep, off Surinam Strait, in the Philippines (31,440 feet), held the record for only a short time after its recent discovery by United States geographers Britton has now come up with a better one. H.M.S. Challenger, working near Guam, reported finding bottom at 35,640 feet, almost seven miles. The spot will be known as Challenger Deep. A lead weight of 140 pounds, lowered on a steel wire, took 99 minutes to strike bottom. Another method of verification was to set off explosive charges in the water; operators among the echoes with hydrophones after they bounced back up from the bottom.

WHAT IS MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS?

This chronic disease of young adults in the 20-40 age group is increasingly in the news lately, but as yet little is known of it. It is caused by destruction of the myelin sheath covering the nerve fibres, which interferes with the passage of nerve impulses. The victim's walk, speech and sight become affected. As a result, he often exhibits symptoms that could be mistaken for those of drunkenness, or even of paranoia. Often, however, there are few outward signs of its presence. The person affected may seem in belligerent good health, but this appearance of well-being may be hiding an insidious agent that is destroying the nervous system and may eventually render him helpless. Latest estimates of the incidence of multiple sclerosis in America place the number of victims as high as 250,000.

WHO MAKE GAMBLERS?

Researchers at the University of Chicago, according to a report in the "Bulletin of Mathematical Biophysics," have concluded that gamblers come in four main types. The first, and most numerous, are mainly interested in a big win, irrespective of the odds against them. The greater the amount to be won, the more they disregard the element of risk. They are generally the buyers of lottery tickets. The second type of gambler is the one who most frequently makes chance his profession. He studies odds and balances the risks against the returns and the chances of making a killing. Naturally he makes the best poker player. The third type may be classified as psychopathic. He bets for the thrill, and is uninterested in the odds or the size of his possible winnings. This type is generally to be seen feeding tokens into slot machines. The fourth type of gambler is the exact opposite of the third type. He does not consider himself a gambler at all, and only worries on what he considers a sure thing. Unfortunately, the sure thing sometimes blows up in his face—or, for example, when he has been trapped into betting on what he believes is a fixed race by confidence men.

A Paris is one of the common extensions of civilized man. It's noisy, naughty, exciting and unique. More symbols of its charm than anything else are the gay, flamboyant, saucy and streamlined Parisienne. This quartet of the famed "femmes folles" which the photographer captured at a recent contest for the title "La Plus Jolie Belgeuse" (Pretty Belging Girl to you), shows just what we mean.
Still on the trail of the saucy, frivolous mixers for which the City of Light is renowned, our camera correspondent reported to the annual mannequin show at the Hôtel de Paris, where are premiered the latest bathing suits the fashion houses have dreamed up. These two models captured the approval of the chef, who left his oven for a closer view. Can you blame the men?

Here's a final example of the provocative, sultry scenes of Paris. These two ‘plus police balconnieres’ (if we've ever seen any) are decked out in up-to-the-minute beach attire inspired by the “soucoupes volantes.” We can tell you that means ‘flying saucers,’ but we can’t even hazard a guess as to what is keeping them in the right place on the bewitching brunette on the left.
Is the fair sex gradually gaining control of the world's pursestrings and the power to rule men?

**do women rule the world?**

The oldest known word in the world comes from the ancient Japanese. It defines a husband, and it is strikingly uncomplimentary.

Literally translated, this age-old sawbreaker puts the husband in his place as "He who is permitted to sleep in a lady's house by night."

No sleeping; in the lady's house by daytime, of course; only by night. In the daytime the Japanese husband—seven thousand years ago—was supposed to be working.

Working, moreover, at what the lady told him to do. Otherwise he wouldn't be permitted to sleep in her house.

Nobody, also, that the house was the lady's, and not the husband's. He was only a privileged sort. She could kick him out when she wanted to—and often did. The children inherited her name, not his. Property descended to the daughters, not the sons. Everything—including the right of final authority—belonged to the female sex, in the last analysis.

Ancient Japan was the first matriarchy of which we have accurate records. Males were reduced to the position of workers, breeding devotes and fighters—when they were commanded to fight by their female superiors.

That is the story of history. The question now is: Is the Western world in danger of becoming a matriarchy? Is it, in fact, already one?

Unquestionably the ideal social structure is a compromise between matriarchy and patriarchy. Such a compromise was reached in the Western world during recent centuries—and remained in operation until the invention of the typewriter.

Until then women ruled the home. The woman reared the family group in every way; the men hunted, tilled, fetched and fought. Often the woman helped. Generally each discussed important problems with the other on a basis of equality until an agreement was reached.

Now much of that cooperation has gone by the board. For more than half a century a woman has been steadily encroaching on the sphere of her husband. Today she may be said to rule the world—an actuality if not in appearance.

She has also become the most selfish, demanding, aggressive, vicious, frightened, ruthless (toward her own sex and men as well), sex-starved and frustrated female in history.

Approximately 85 per cent of the money spent in the United States, for example, is spent by women, or is doled out by them to be spent as they direct. The same applies to most other countries.

Due to the fact that the average white woman outlives her husband by an average of five years, the preponderance of property owned by women is now tremendous.

And this feminine control is increasing menacingly. Adding to the increment is life insurance, almost all of which is bought and paid for by men. A very large percentage of it, however, will ultimately be paid to women.

Generally the modern woman of the white countries is spoiled and self-centered. She is less feminine and less interested in men, less interested in husband, home and family than are women of eastern lands or of native races. She is also more expensive, more ruthless and bored, less spiritual and possesses less individuality.

White women are convinced that the first obligation of men is to please them. In other countries the first goal of women is to please men.

Replying to this sort of criticism recently, a famous American woman writer put the blame on the male. She said that modern white men are losing their manhood. Consequently their wives got less real, demonstrative, earthy love than native and colored women.

Of course, she was partly right. The male has largely given up his natural role as the lover and protector of his female. Instead it's the other way round.

That's the secret and that's the danger. How it's going to be, frankly I don't know, since things have gone so far—but we men should shock our women off the pedestal where we placed them in the first place.

Let's concentrate more on being good lovers and companions for our wives and less on providing them with "things." When necessary, let's put the masculine foot down—and hard.

The Little Woman may yowl, but she'll love it. Subconsciously she's known all along that Nature never intended the human race to be run as a matriarchy.

That's why she's been so miserable.
ON THE RUN...

Last year, 76 prisoners escaped from gaols in England. Every one of them was recaptured in a few days or, in some cases, hours. There are always men ready to gamble on a prison break, despite the fact that the odds are heavily loaded against them. With efficient methodical routine, the police give them little chance of remaining long at liberty. The escapee's description is circulated throughout the country; his habits, haunts, relatives and friends are watched. Each of the hundreds of reports from persons who phone Scotland Yard to say they have seen the escapee on a bus, in a café or in a picture show, is painstakingly followed up. "The strain of shifting from one hideout to another, never staying in one place for more than a night or two, has reduced most of them to a pitiable plight," a C.I.D. officer recently told a reporter. "He is up against three things, altogether apart from the police, any one of which may cause his recapture—prostitution on the part of a female associate, paying off of old scores by the underworld or a simple slip-up by the escaped man himself." All of which seems to show that escaping these days is not worth the bother.

DEATH PENALTY...

It is a sobering thought, and one not generally realised, that there are quite a few misdemeanours for which the culprit is legally liable to be called upon to undertake the long jump. In N.S.W., alone, for example, there are nine crimes for which the death sentence may be imposed. They are murder, attempted murder, rape, carnally knowing a girl under ten, burglary with assault and intent to murder, robbery with wounding, setting fire in an inhabited house, setting fire to a ship, exploding gunpowder or derailing a train and thus endangering life, and hanging out false lights to cause shipwreck. In practice, however, the death penalty for many years has been reserved for murder and rape, and in the case of the latter, the penalty has always been commuted to imprisonment. Not since 1894 has anyone been executed for attempted murder. In that year two men were hanged for wounding four police in a shooting battle. Even for murder, due principally to political policy, few death sentences have been carried out—seven in N.S.W. in the last 35 years. The last person hanged in N.S.W. was John Trevor Kelly. He went to the gallows at Long Bay on August 24, 1930, for the murder of Margee Stannard. It is significant that in succeeding years with the law providing a death penalty that is never carried out, murder charges have steadily increased.
RAMROD was grazing in the twenty-acre paddock when Emerson came for him that day. Ramrod was old and battle-scared, but he still knew how to hate.

The bull's hate was reflected in the tiny black eyes. All his life, he'd wanted to gore Emerson. As a calf, Emerson had teased him with the sharp steel rod. Since then it had been his ambition to gore the man to death.

Emerson pulled his back around behind the bull and threw the stockwhip across his neck in a slinging blow. Ramrod snorted and red rage welled in him. He wheeled to fight; but the whip cut across his snout and he snorted again and reluctantly began trotting across the paddock.

Emerson drove him out on the road and down it to the green flats. The bundle of roadworkers busy outside the flats gate stopped work and leaned on their shovels to stare at the red bull.

Emerson let the bull through the wire gate and closed it again. Ramrod stood a few yards inside the fence, snorting at him balefully. Then Emerson unhooked the rod from his saddle and stepped through the fence. Ramrod snorted and pawed up the grass.

Ramrod let the man come to within a few feet of him. Then he threw down his great head and charged Emerson stepped lightly aside and jabbed him in the neck as he passed.

The bull bellowed and wheeled to charge again. Emerson waited, stepped aside again, and jabbed the rod into an old scar on Ramrod's shoulder. Then, satisfied, he got back through the fence, leaving the enraged animal to paw at the ground and snort its annoyance.

** * *

Ten miles down the line, the camp of railway workers heard about Emerson and his bull, Ramrod. The men discussed it in the German, Latvian, and Estonian tongues. A young New Australian by name of Franz heard of it, and he was very interested.

He came one day on a motor-bike, and he stood looking at the bull in the paddock. He was lithe and tall and very dark, and he drew looks of curiosity from the nearby roadworkers.

Ramrod sauntered up from down the fence and Franz walked to meet him, his eyes dancing and his heart thumping with excitement.

Ramrod stopped and looked moodily through the fence at this new man.

DAILY THE MAN GOADED THE BULL. THEN CAME RAMROD'S REVENGE.

RAMROD

CAVALCADE December, 1952 37
Franz smiled and leaned over the fence with his head outside it. Ramrod snorted and jumped towards him with a vicious upswing of his head.

Franz lifted his arm out of the way and walked back to the roadworkers.

"You be damn careful mate," said one, "That's Ramrod!"

Franz smiled. "A fine bull," he said in measured English, "I want to see Missy Emerson!"

A worker pointed up the road. "Follow that road—you'll see his house on the left!"

Franz met Emerson some miles up the road on his horse.

Emerson's ego rose when he'd heard Franz's request. "So," he said loudly, "you want to see Missy Emerson?"

Franz nodded eagerly. "Yes, Missy Emerson, please!"

"All right, I'm going down that way now. You follow me!"

The roadworkers stopped work and watched as the two men came back. Emerson took the road and climbed through the fence, Franz's eyes were shining as the bull rushed. He watched as Ramrod passed Emerson four times, and by then the shorn had left his eyes and he looked depressed.

Emerson got back through the fence and smiled at him. "There, what did you think of that?"

"Well," and Franz, still looking depressed, "I am—what you say in English—the disinterested.

"Disappointed," said Emerson, his face reddening. "Why?"

Franz spread his hands. "I hear there is a man who fights bull in Australia. I come to see bull fight, like in Spain. But you are not good bull-fighter. In Spain the people would swear and throw bottles at you."

With Emerson grinning and speechless Franz went to his motor bicycle and brought back a strap of plunger steel. "Zeus," he said, securing it with his knuckles. "The ram!" He bowed slightly and smiled. "Can I see Missy Emerson?"

"I will not hurt Ramrod."

"Go ahead," Emerson said softly. "But warn you enter that paddock at your own risk."

"I will not hurt Ramrod."

Franz smiled and climbed through the fence. Ramrod snorted and watched his approach. For the first time, another man had dared to challenge him.

Franz walked right up to within a yard of him, and stood staring looking at him. "See now," he called, keeping his eyes on Ramrod's great head. "I show you the class that makes the people clap."

"From his pocket then he flung out a wide red handkerchief, flung it out so that it spread and floated before Ramrod's black eyes, then Ramrod galvanized into action. He leaped, his great horns sweeping down and up to lift the man."

Franz pivoted, flinging up his handkerchief and allowing the horns to pass beneath it.

Ramrod wheeled about, saw the small red cloth outlining again, and roared as he pumped it at it.

To the watchers that time, it seemed that the great horns had brushed the coat of Franz.

Again and again he drew the enraged bull into a bellowing rush. Again and again, his dark eyes flashed fire, as his clever feet cleared him by inches. Until finally, Ramrod stood trembling, with his head lowered and his breath wheezing—refusing to continue the frustrating fight against the elusive man and his handkerchief.

"There!" Franz called. "There now, the valiant would make his kill."

He measured the bull's neck for an instant with the glinting rapier, and backed off to the fence.

The roadworkers broke from their stunned silence and started talking and laughing and clapping him on the back."

"All eyes turned on Emerson, all eyes smiling unanimously, telling him how incomparable he was, telling him that they'd throw bottles at him in Spain."

"He turned, his pride hurt as never before. He looked at Ramrod, still wheezing with his head bowed, and he hated the bull for not nailing Franz then he reached for his rod."

He was through the fence and advancing on the motionless bull, before anyone was aware of his intentions. He stepped a few feet from the bowed head and lifted the point of the rod towards the great head. One quick thrust—between the horns and into the neck—steadily now.

The rod was shaking as Emerson made his thrust. Doubt and fear had unnerved him and the thrust was weak. He saw the point skew off the bone and he heard the rap from the watchers. Then Ramrod's big horn had swept under him and flung him high in the air.

Franz was in there in a flash with the red handkerchief floating between the bull and the fallen man. But Ramrod gave no thought to it. His thundering charge was for the prostrate man whom he hated. In a few seconds it was over. His huge sweeping horn came down and tore into the man's body.

He tossed his head and up went the body again, this time with blood pouring from a gapping wound. Then, with the sight of blood, Ramrod gathered to his full strength and attacked Franz. Again and again he attacked the elusive figure, again and again he missed his mark.

Until at last he could attack no more. He stood tired and weak and fell before legs buckling. Slowly he began to sink down.

The flush of fire was in Franz's eyes as he approached the bull again. This was it! This bull had killed a man. This bull must die!"

He stood close up, with the rapier horizontal before him. His eyes measured a spot directly between the horns.

The rapier did not waver as he flung the weight of his slender body behind the thrust. The rapier ran in to its full Ramrod died where he fell.

Then Franz, one time master of Spanish Fencing, stopped swiftly and cut the tip from the beast's ear. He placed the two Styx transversely carefully in his pocket, and walked quickly back to where the workmen were gathered about the corpse of a man.

"He might have been a great master," he said in measured English, "if he had been born in Spain."

A roadworker looked up at him. "You might have something there, mate. But he was born in Australia, and here he was a plain dumb fool."
THE QUARRY
IN THE TREETOP

LIFE WAS HARD IN THE WILD NEW ZEALAND GUMFIELDS BUT IT GREW HARDER FOR BIG MIRKO WHEN HE TANGLED WITH RED McGUIGAN.

D'ARCY MILAND • FICTION

I CAN tell you about Big Mirko Antunovich. He was the man they frightened up a tree at Te Anahera. I was up there on the gumfields then, and so were seventy others. It was in the thirties—bad times, bad men. A tough, grim, hard-faced lot, not much good in the good times, worse in the bad. Flogged from all over the country, disillusioned by the hopeless misery of their own lives and sharing the melancholy blight of the depression.

Here they had come to battle for a living, digging for the great chunks of petrified gum, an heirloom from the kauri forests of thousands of years before. They trenched and gilded that sour, bare soil, and by the fruits of the earth they made their bread and butter.

I can still see Red McGuigan coming amongst us when somebody told him we had the quarry in the bag. A huge man, shaggy-headed, and with bristle eyes. He limped up to the tree and the cords in his neck stood rigid. He shouted, "I want you down here alive, Antunovich. And I'll wait till you come down. I want you to be able to feel what I'm going to do to you."

He might as well have been talking to an empty tree. There was no sign of Big Mirko in the branches. His great frame, six feet six inches tall and built in proportion, roosted unseen in the threat of mass of parasitical kauri vines that filled the crotch fifty feet from the ground.

"And if McGuigan don't get you," shouted one of the men, "we will. And it won't be before time!"

"This is my trouble," Red McGuigan told them all, standing there, and I'll take care of it. Keep out of it."

"We've got scores to settle, too," "You've had chances to settle them," McGuigan said. "This is my score and I'll settle it. I don't want the mob."

He turned to his brother Lanny, a thick man with a dark complexion and frosty blue eyes.

"Don't use that rifle, Lanny. Not even if he's a milling shot."

"There's no harm in knocking a few splinters off the swine's carcass."

The dark was coming on the ground, the air chilling now that the sun had gone down.

And over all there hung an air of tense expectancy. A reckoning was at hand.

Alone in the tree, Big Mirko must have felt like a cornered rat as he tried to visualize what would happen to him if these men, each one of whom hated him, managed to get their hands on him. Like a hunted

CAVALCADE, December, 1952  41
BEST of all Jewish stories we've heard recently concerns a slum peddler with a clever son, who came top of his class.

The father explained that it was all done by "practical demonstration." For instance, he would say, "Lest night Jacob say he got to
write a composition on ethics. What is ethics, father? he say I make the practical demonstration. Jacob I say, suppose a lady she come into the shop, she finds a dress she likes and gives me a pound note. Just as I'm going to the till, I see it is not a pound note but a five-pound note. Now, here comes the ethics. The ethics of the case, my son, as do I tell my partner?"

amused he had sought refuge, but
he would have been far better off
on the ground. He was inexorably
caught in a trap of his own choosing.
There was no escape. Inevitably
that crazy pack down there would get
him to the end. And then Red Mc-
Guigan would kill him.

"We'll get the fire going," Red
McGuigan said. "Keep a watch to-
night."

Some of the men had drifted off,
but there was no sign of about thirty
there, and nothing was going to shift
them. They were in a dangerous
mood. Their hostility had been sharpened by a nervous itch to achieve retribution. Their long
smouldering resentments were alive.

The judges that nettled them
demanded satisfaction.

Big Milko had terrorized the field,
and many men feared him and
avoided him. They had, some of
them, tackled him for his braggadocio
his insults. They never made the
same mistake again. Big Milko
throttled them.

He didn't just take a man in his
arm, powerful as boulders, but beat
him. He disabled him. He broke
the arm of a man named Hughes,
and gave Lofty Bookb a tattered

His strength was colossal. Where he found weakness he fed his
power on it. He was a glowing
mysterious man with a typical Slavic
face, with a brusky flare on the high
cheekbones, and small cold grey eyes.

He sneered at them. He
tolled them he could work them dead.
He carried on his back store-sacks
that two men could not lift. He was a
bad egg, and had done time. He
carried the newspapers, cuttings rec-
cording his convictions about with
him. He'd thrust them under your
nose and bluntly command you to
read them.

One, I remember, was for knifework at some place in Hawke's Bay.
He stabbed a Chinese. Another was
for robbery. And another recorded
three years against him for molesting
a Maori woman. Proud of the cuttings, he was. Well, you get types like that.

I said he stood over the field. He
always poked the newcomers.
He found his match the day the two
McGuigans came. Red and Lunny, and
Red's wife, Rosie, came from the
headlines down in Auckland.

The McGuigans were not wild men.
They were rather quiet, and kept to
themselves. But they were ruthless

men, and savage when it was nec-
essary. They'd taught and worked to
feed their great rough bodies from
the time they were youngsters, life
had been one long depression for
them. They wanted nothing from
anyone, and they never interfered in
anyone else's troubles. Never cross
the McGuigans, and you were right
You got along fine.

I knew all this when they came to
the field, because I knew them well.
I'd worked with them catching wild
horses out beyond Arara. Big Milko
didn't know. He might have taken
it easy had he known it.

When he saw Red's wife, Rosie, the
only white woman at Te Anau, his
eyes went over her, and he took his
hat off and introduced himself. She
just nodded politely and turned away.

Big Milko plopped over to Red Mc-
Guigan. He had an amused sneer
on his face. "You make a good start,"
he said, "bragging here. The boys
gonna have a good time now."

The next second his jaws clapped
together and he fell on his back, stunned merciless on his face. The
look changed. He jumped up, and
Red McGuigan hit him again, splitting
his cheekbone. Big Milko swung
and whirled half a dozen times. He
tried to get up and hurt McGuigan,
but Red was too evasive, big and
all as he was. He buried a left and
a right in the Dalmatian's belly,
hooked him, and sent him down
again.

Every man on the field was there,
cheering, to see him get up and fetch
up his knee. McGuigan back-stopped,
and telling the Dally that if he wanted
dirt he could have it, lashed out
with his boot, catching the other on
the shin. He doubled, and Mc-
Guigan brought up his knee, splat-
sling Big Milko's nose all over his
face. He fell down and sat there,
panting, bloody, dazed.
been conscious at all since then?"

"Only for a few minutes," McGugan said. "When I found her. Just long enough to say what happened."

"How long ago did it happen?"

"I don't know how long. All I know is I knocked off about three and she wasn't about when I came in. Stuff was cooking on the fire. I waited a bit. Then I noticed the water bucket was gone, and I went down to the creek. She was moaning on the ground. The mud was all churned. She must have put up a bit of a struggle. He punched and kicked her, did he?"

"She's in a bad way," the doctor said with a worried frown.

"Never mind the soft touch," McGugan said. "Give it to me. How bad?"

"So bad I'll have to operate here—now. There's no time to get her to a hospital. You'll have to help me."

"Let's get going, then."

I left them and went out and down to the tree. Two fires burned there. Ten or a dozen men sat round them. Linty McGugan still nursed the rifle. I told him what was happening, and I saw the look harden and freeze in his eyes. He said nothing. The men were talking in low overtones among themselves.

Three hours ago. . . I couldn't get the picture out of my head; Red McGugan appearing at the top of the slope with his wife in his arms, carrying her as if she were a dead woman. Big Mirko in his shack, through the dirty panes, must have seen him, too. He must have seen the look on his face and the way he walked, and Linty McGugan and the three or four of us with him going up to Red full of questions.

He couldn't have heard Linty McGugan's blasphemy, but he must have known why Linty was running towards his shack with us following. He must have seen the men coming from everywhere and known the talk had spread, and that the feeling against him was rising like the wind.

For Linty McGugan crashed open the door and we swarmed in after him, through to the back. We saw Big Mirko lying down the gully and into the forest. We gave chase, and heard him blundering through the scrub. And in a little while our ranks had swelled, and the forest was riddled with searchers. We split up and enreled him and came in on him. We stopped, and then we could not hear him any more.

We came into the clearing and sud-

During Linty McGugan cried, "Look! There he is!"

Big Mirko had just reached the lowest bough of the tawa tree, and was unstrapping the buckle of the belt by which he had made the ascent. For one moment he froze, and there was an indescribable look of alarm and fear on his face. As Linty McGugan threw the rifle up to him shoulder, Big Mirko flung himself flat into the nest of kahikate vines, and the bullet chipped the bough where he had been.

I thought of him up there now. It was hard to know what strange thoughts were whirling around in his mind, but he must have realised he had made a terrible mistake. He had cut off his escape. What had been the reason for it?

I could only think of myself in his place—running into the bush, pursued by an ever-increasing pack of hunters. Big Mirko was not a coward. He would have stood up to any man, or any two men together, but it took the fear of the mob to even
THE CLINICAL THERMOMETER DOES NOT MEASURE EMOTIONAL HEAT

The days are getting nice and warm. The sun feels good, the breeze is fresh, and good it is to bask around and let kind nature soothe the flesh. The evening, too, is nicely mild, the moon its tender brilliance yields, a man is warmed by ardent thoughts—a woman's as cold as she feels!

him. And it took the incident to concord their hatred into a hard core of violence. He didn't have a friend in that camp. He knew he could turn to no one for help. They were ready and anxious to lynch him.

Nobody in the world could have been as elated and terrified as Big Marko Antunovich at that moment.

There was only one reason for his climbing the tree. The chase was too hot. He must have realized he couldn't get away from us on the ground. He couldn't have gone into the tree to escape. He went there to hide—to hide until nightfall, when he could come down and vanish unseen. He must have been in a state of fear. He fell off the tall tree and the agony he expressed was real. Yet cunning, too, for he did not choose the greatest heights that would have taken time to climb, but the slender twigs.

Bad luck for him. Just a few seconds delay on our part, and he would have been as safe in the bush. Now he was trapped, and we sat below him.

Over on the hill, the one square light burned in Red McGugan's shack. The red firelight danced on the trees, the hard faces glowed in the upper darkness. One by one the men drifted off to their huts as the night went on, until there were only four of us left—Linty and me at one fire, and two mates from Kaita at the other.

Linty McGugan stood up. His voice was harsh, merciless.

"Whatever you do, Antunovich, you can't get away. We'll wait till you come down, or die of hunger and rot there. We can wait weeks."

We waited for an answer, but there was none. He sat down again at the fire. Four hours later I woke out of a doze. Linty was still there, wide awake, staring at the fire. The other two men were asleep under their old Anzac overcoats.

The dawnlight softened the sky, and the light in Red McGugan's window went out. Linty stood up, and I felt a cold tremor run through my bones. The grey sky was bleaching to bright gold. A little while the sun rose, pouring long shafts of early light through the trees.

The sound of old Sullivan's rat-tat-tat started up, and we saw it going down the hill. It woke the two men from Kaita. They stood up. Nobody said anything. We knew the doctor was on his way back. Old Sullivan must have slept in his bus all night.

"Tom," Linty said to me, "go and see, will you?"

I don't know, but I had a feeling I was nearly at the hut when Red McGugan came out. His face was haggard and lined. He didn't see me. If he did, he said nothing. He just passed me, and I watched him go, the sun glistening on the crosscut saw.
"BUNG-HO"

Drawn From The Wood
By GIBSON

You plot dark plots about it.

Much "wangling" and telling heart-breaking stories about it...

Then one fine day you finally land it... ...

You carefully nurture... care for... protect it... ...

Then comes the much-lusted-for moment... you wait anxiously for the sweet moment of broaching... when some... ...

Damn fool does this to it!!!
SIMILANS IN SPACE...

With space ship travel said to be just around the corner, U.S. scientists have been experimenting with animals to find whether gallivanting around the earth is likely to be medically harmful to the crazy coons who try it. In New Mexico recently, five monkeys were catapulted in a V-2 rocket 80 miles above the earth, higher than any living thing has ever gone before. Under anaesthetix, the miserable monkeys were strapped to sponge rubber beds in pressurised containers fitted in the nooses of five different rockets. Tele-meter equipment was attached to their bodies to relay changes in their pulse rate, respiration and blood pressure back to the earth. The records thus obtained showed "no significant disturbance" in the readings. This led the researchers to conclude that "space travel will not be as harmful to man as was heretofore believed." It was planned that the containers holding the five monkeys would break off from the rockets at the peak of their flight and parachute down safely. However, in all cases, the parachutes failed to open and the monkeys were dashed to death.

PRIMITIVE PULSES...

Taking the pulse as an indication of a patient's sickness or health extends back before the dawn of medicine, before the discovery of blood circulation. Ancient Chinese physicians put great stock on the taking of the pulse. Apparently they measured it against their own respiration, about four beats to each breath being considered normal. Of course, the physician himself had to be in a healthy state for a true reading. He generally visited his patient in the morning, before eating and when he was free from all cares and distractions. "No rational basis existed for understanding the pulse," it has been said. "It was only possible to describe what the finger felt and to interpret this empirically in terms of the primitive medical ideas of the time."

MAN IN QUANTITY...

All in all, the human body is one of the most complicated, but smooth functioning, of all machines. An average man's blood vessels extend over 100,000 miles, his capillaries cover an acre. His heart beats 100,000 times a day, pumps 22 parts of blood a minute and generates enough energy in two hours to lift 65 tons a foot in the air. Each kidney has about 1,200,000 tubules, extending for a total combined length of 75 miles. Once every 50 days, he consumes his own weight in food. His brain contains 12 billion cells, his lungs 300 million air cells. Each second, ten million red blood cells are destroyed and replaced in his body.

"Fine time to say his first word!"
Contrary to the general view, show business is not always a static thing. Breathing space in the hectic pace of the big city, the lovely ladies of the chorus sometimes snatch a moment or so of relaxation. Some spend it doing up their hair, slipping cold cream on each other's backs, nattering over a cigarette about stage-door Johnny or spinning their yarns. Others, like the pretties we have collected here, prefer a few quick hands of cards.

It would take a very wide-awake wolf to trick those dainty dolls into a friendly game of strip poker—but perhaps Ferdinand there has some such plan. He seems to be drooling over her hand, and that could be an anticipatory gleam in his eyes. But why talk about him anyway? It's hardly likely you'd be interested with two dazzling eyefuls like this to hold your attention.
We were so taken by the haunting loveliness of the ravishingly beautiful Ferdinand's soul-making, that we decided to give her a close-up all to herself. We could discern forever about the exquisite classic lines of her profile. There seems to be something magnetic about her—the same aura of enchantment that one sees in statues of the goddesses of ancient Greece. And after all that, let's face it—we've got to admit we don't even know her name.

**POLIO PROMISE . . .**

From America comes news of a new and hopeful weapon in the battle against polio. It is a blood fraction called gamma globulin, which has been called "a rich storehouse of disease-fighting anti-bodies." Initial research at Baltimore's Johns Hopkins University and at Yale University suggests that it "may be able to attack and destroy polio before it gets to the nervous system and wrecks its paralyzing effects." To monkeys previously infected with "reinforcements of human gamma globulin," Dr. Bodian of Johns Hopkins has fed live polio virus. None of the monkeys contracted polio in its paralytic form. Now, of course, the question is: Will it have a similar effect on children? However, as yet, experimentation has not advanced to the stage where a definite answer can be given. Large numbers of children will have to be tested with it over a period, and, unfortunately, at present, supplies of gamma globulin are strictly limited.

**BETTER BREAKFASTS . . .**

The age-old debate regarding the benefits of stocking up the body's internal engines with a satisfying and sustaining breakfast has been settled once and for all by an investigation carried out recently at the University of Iowa. Elaborate tests of girl students showed that those who missed their breakfast altogether or were content with a cup of tea and a slice of toast, "turned out less work, were slower in their reactions and had less muscular steadiness." The same girls when given a good, nutritious meal in the morning, "increased their work output, were quicker on the draw and did not tire so easily." The tests also proved that girls need not go hungry in the morning in the hope of preserving their figures. None of the girls in the study showed any weight variation whether they ate breakfast or not.

**BLOOD PRESSURE . . .**

Despite a widely held belief to the contrary, there has been no drug recently developed that will cure high blood pressure, one of the main causes of death from heart trouble. The rumours arose through over-enthusiastic American press reports on the experimental use of hexamethonium chloride. At writing, that drug is believed "capable of reducing blood pressure in some cases, particularly when given with another drug, hydrazinophthalazine, or with a poor-salt diet." But, warns Dr. Irving Wright, president of the American Heart Association, "it is an absolute cure; since the blood pressure returns to its previous high levels when it is stopped, or the patient becomes tolerant to it."

CAVALCADE December, 1952
HEAVY WEIGHTS, HEARTS AND HERNIA

LE GUARDE

A summation of medical opinion on the lifting of heavy weights and its effects on the body.

"THAT'S too heavy for you! Don't try to lift it!" How often have you heard the friendly warning? It has become almost a cliche, hasn't it? But you should still be careful about the pounding in the parcel. That body of yours is a machine, and any machine is designed to handle just so much strain. Too much stress forces a breakdown.

We are all familiar with conscious reactions: from lifting of excessive weights. There is the extreme effort, the obvious strain, the attendant respiratory difficulty, and the enormous relief and comfort which comes with the lessening of the burden. But what are the after effects - on the heart, in causing hernia and nervous strain?

Have you ever thought of the occurrence of injuries among the wide muscular gentlemen who lift barbells and other masses of heavy metal, in contrast with those occurring among other sportsmen such as footballers, wrestlers, basketballers, etc.

A recent canvass of orthopaedic specialists divulged that, among their sport-practising patients, the iron-men were completely missing. Brusied and sprained knuckles apparently are most common ailments, and they are the result of bad timing and loss of balance.

The good weight-lifter is careful to avoid excessive taxing of his strength from an awkward position. It produces not only inefficiency of effort but overstrain of a body component not intended for such resultant exertion.

Common knowledge blames the lifting of heavy weights for far too many heart attacks. Actually, the physical strain of lifting weights is handled by the skeletal system and not the cardiac muscle.

Dr. Paul White, famous American heart specialist, stated that he knew "of no one who died of heart strain because of excessive exertion." It is the person with a diseased heart, and the one suffering a considerable emotional strain attendant upon his activity, who usually gets the heart attack.

You must agree that there are more cases of heart failure on golf courses than there are, for instance, in wrestling rings. Heart specialists for years have claimed that heart attacks are more common with nervous than with physical strain, although most cardiologists decline to give them unreserved confirmation.

American Dr. J. L. Rudd recently addressed the United States Y M C A. Physical Directors' Conference on the subject of heart strain induced by excessive weight manipulation. He stated:

"Over a period of ten years from 1928 to 1932, we observed the applicants for the job of labourer at the Watertown Arsenal, Massachusetts, lift a 125 pound bag of books to the shoulder in one motion. Some of the men examined were older individuals and some were in poor condition.

"The excessive exertion and the nervous strain associated with this effort was noticeable in many of the hundreds who applied for the job.

"We asked a Sydney doctor about the possible adverse results of handling heavy weights. He is a practicing specialist in world-famous Macquarie Street. Our expert told us:

"Hemiplegia, more familiarly known as a stroke, or shock due to a rupture of a cerebral artery, might be expected from the high blood pressure caused by heavy lifts, but such a result is practically unknown.

"Consider the number of people, mostly over 60 years of age, who have hemiplegia; these older men with worn-out circulatory systems do a form of weight lifting in bed to develop their strength by various types of self-lifting exercises.

"They do not appear to suffer another rupture in a cerebral artery. The former apprehension which most doctors viewed these activities has, to a great extent, disappeared with the absence of any of the minor and major after-effects so often feared.

"Paraplegia (paralyzed in the lower limbs), bedridden for months, or injured by bullet or shrapnel, with bladder and bowel difficulties, are given strenuous arm and shoulder exercises in beds, on mats, then are given crutches, taught to lift themselves, to go up and down stairs. They do a strenuous form of heavy lifting dry, in and out with great benefit, and without any known injury resulting."

Probably the world's most famous...
Occasionally the advice of the bystander, addressed to the active character who is about to hoist masses of the heavy stuff, carries a warning about hernia. Once again we call upon American Dr. Rudd to adjudicate. Says Dr. Rudd:

"We recall no hernias caused directly by weight-lifting in the gymnasium or at Watertown Arsenal. One might think that because of the increased abdominal tension, some of the hernias could come through the inguinal canal. Such has not been the case. As a matter of fact, there is a tendency to believe that the abdominal muscles in weight lifting become stronger and hold fast against the tendency of the hernial ring to be patent. The hernia impulse to be fast or the indirect hernia actually to reduce."

"So far as we can find out, no insurance company—life or accident—refuses a weightlifter a policy. This would be especially true in the case of the accident insurance companies if they felt that heavy lifting would cause a protrusion of a pre-existing congenital weakness in the inguinal canal. Many insurance companies feel no hernia develops unless a congenital weakness predisposing to hernia had always been present and they state that if produced by an exertion, it would be only because of an aggravation of a pre-existing tendency. There must be a lump, ecchymosis, tenderness and pain immediately after the claim meeting cause had been operating."

A great series of non-medical activities actually benefit by the practice of pushing, pulling and lifting weights.

People who indulge in the strenuous pastime of scrambling upward over the ascending faces of mountains, prepare themselves for their rugged recreation by heaving heavy weights around. Members of mountain climbing clubs load themselves with bowlers and perambulator weighing from 50 lbs. to 200 lbs. and they struggle up to altitudes of 2,000 to 3,000 feet above sea level.

In 1934 a number of Boston (U.S.A.) doctors were asked to comment on the advisability of such strenuous activity. Twelve of the medics were approached, and their unanimous verdict was that "little, if any, harm was likely to accrue."

The Appalachian Mountain Club has been in existence since 1884. A doctor who is a member of the club was quoted as saying that he knew of "none of the older men who have been affected by the exertion." He mentioned one member who is in his 70s and is still active.

Many well-known and successful swimming coaches have improved the performance of their charges by adding weights and extra impediments to them. The magazine, "Life," published a photo of recent breaststroke champion Keith Carter in training. The swimmer was wearing leaden-weighted shoes. He also had his legs strapped together, thus being laden with the burden of considerable extra weight to be handled by arm and shoulder motions alone.

Weights were extensively used by the military services during and after the recent war in the physical rehabilitation of injured and ill servicemen. The orthopaedic services even commandeered weights from the gymnasium to aid them in their humane projects.

We have to admit, however, that medical authorities are mainly unwilling to give an unreserved opinion on the effects on the human organism of the lifting of heavy weights. To strain or not to strain—that is the question.

Know People by their Dancing

The Smoker

The Stutterer

The Cluboisher

CAVALCADE, December 1952
THE LANGFORD LEGEND

NOW, he is old and fat and almost blind. He sits, a lonely and pathetic figure, in his dingy Harlem bedroom. His only constant companion is the guitar which he plucks with ebony, broken fingers. When he moves, his actions are laborious; his voice has the slowness, but not the querulousness, of age.

He is not, however, unhappy. There is no bitterness in him. Because the only man he ever bore a grudge against is dead, he carries no hate.

The man he disliked was Jack Johnson, whom he still believes refused him his place as world’s heavyweight champion.

The lonely man in the Harlem room is Sam Langford—a “white” black man who knew only one trade, boxing. Puiglimi served him badly, for although he fought 300 opponents, he was forced by financial necessity to continue to fight when his eyes saw only dim, vignette shapes.

Even then, he still managed often to win. No one knew of his disability, so no one was able to take advantage of it. He’d let an opponent hit him and get in close. Then, measuring the distance by feeling the other’s jabs, he’d deliver punches. And Sam Langford had a destroying punch, even at 43 years of age.

Langford—the "Boston Tar Baby"—met four world’s champions Gaus, Walcott, Keetchell and Johnson. He fought best at 165 pounds and was only five feet six inches tall. Yet he best men stouter and inches taller. For that, he paid with his sight.

When, after working for 22 years at his trade, he was beaten by a man who should not have put a glove on him, a doctor peered into his eyes and said: "Why, Sam, you old son-of-a-gun—you’re blind!"

So they wouldn’t let the Tar Baby fight any more.

"But if I’d seen the doctor coming, I’d have knocked him out cold," said Langford. "Then, I’d be fighting yet."

Sam Langford gave the first hint of his greatness in 1903, when he beat Joe Gaus, the lightweight champion. He weighed a couple of pounds over the weight limit; thus, he missed his first chance of winning a world’s championship.

A year later, he fought a draw with the welterweight champion, Joe Walcott. In 1906, when he was 29 years old and weighed 148 pounds, he knocked down Jack Johnson—45 pounds heavier—but lost in 15 rounds. Within two years, Johnson was heavyweight champion.

Johnson, as champion, would not fight another Negro, although on the way up he had never shown any prejudice against meeting men of his own colour.

"No one would pay to see two Negroes box," said Johnson.

The greatness of Langford is proved by the record books. As a man, too, he added many legends to the history of puiglimi.

It was he, for instance, who, when brought into a quiuble about the choice of referee, shrugged the problem away with the words "Ah ain’t worried, Ah carry muh own referee".

And the little, barrel-chested man held up his devastating fists.

Langford disliked drawn decisions, and would gladly have carried a fight to its finish. The story is told that when he was in Australia, the Tar Baby sweated out 15 rounds with Colin Bell on a steamingly hot day. The referee called it a draw.

"Ah like a straight out verdict," Langford said. "So I challenge brother Bell to a 75-yard footrace to see who gets the decision."

Bell, it’s said, agreed. The race ended in a dead-heat, and the referee’s decision stood.

Sam had a penchant for "naming his shots." Early in his career, he trodled out from his corner at the start of the second round and shook hands with his opponent.

"What’s that for?" asked the latter.

"This isn’t the last round."

"Yes, it is," replied Langford. He stood back and let go a killer. They carried his opponent away.

When the Tar Baby was training to meet Fireman Jim Flynn, an eminent sports writer named Hype Igro rashly predicted that the stocky Negro would be badly beaten. On the night of the match, Langford walked to the seat where Igro sat, and said: "Be ready I’m going to knock Flynn into your lap."

In the eighth round, the Fireman fell through the ropes at Igro’s feet.

These were the things, with his fists, that helped to build the Langford legend.

Langford’s puiglimi credo was simple. "First I makes them lead. Then I makes them miss. Then I belts them out at them."

To him, it was as easy as that.

Australians loved Langford as a man and idolised him as a fighter. They shouted loudly on Boxing Day, 1911, when at Sydney Stadium, he lost on points to the two-stone heaviest
McVea: They were with him to a man in the return match—and this time, the Tar Baby brought his own referee with him.

McVea, a master of defence, came from his corner to meet a bewildering number of punches—terrible, destructive blows that sent him staggering and reeling across the ring.

The relentless, uninterested Langford of the earlier match was gone. Now, he was a killer, a predatory creature who found the padded gloves an embarrassment. Throughout the contest, he kept up the relentless barrage. McVea stayed till the finish, but he didn't remember a thing after the first round.

In their third match, Langford 'cropped' McVea until the crowd was laughing at the futility of it all. In the thirteenth round, he pushed McVea gently to the floor.

A couple of years before, the wide-smiling Negro had been accused also of 'carrying' Stanley Ketchell, one of the three best middlweights the world has known. It was a six-round no-decision match, and the Tar Baby was palpably not extended. But, he said later, 'Ketchell was strong and dangerous. Ah could not knock him out in no six rounds anyway.'

It was an apparently simple statement—except that the man about whom Langford spoke was one of the toughest who ever pulled on a glove. In October, 1930, Ketchell, a middleweight, had met Jack Johnson, the heavyweight champion. He had stayed with the Negro gang for 12 grueling rounds, had taken all the punishment Johnson had distributed—and the points were roughly even.

In the twelfth round, he had knocked Johnson to the canvas and stood back, a triumphant grin splitting his bloody face. Then, the Negro had risen, pumped across the ring and smacked a lethal right to the smaller man's jaw, bowling him on his back.

The blow broke most of Ketchell's upper teeth, but even at that he had tried desperately to get up.

And yet Langford said, 'Ah could not knock Ketchell out in no six rounds.' He meant that he could have done it in ten or twelve rounds.

But the Tar Baby, in 1933, was still young and gloriously fit. In 1933, he was half-blind. He could see a little in the evening, but during the day he could not even see an opponent a couple of feet distant.

In that year, he won a championship. It wasn't much of a championship, for it enabled the Tar Baby only to call himself heavyweight champion of Mexico. It was fought on a bright, sunny day—which meant that Langford was fighting from memory.

His opponent was Kid Savage, and the contest was over in one minute and 45 seconds—the time it took Langford to grasp Savage's biceps and calculate the shortest distance to his jaw.

Soon after they found out that San Langford was blind,

Now, sitting in his tiny bedroom, he waited eagerly for the old caller who may, in his charity, come to share a bottle of beer with the old-time phenomenon. He will talk willingly, albeit nostalgically, of the years when, with a little help from Fate, he may have become a world's champion.

"Ah knocked Johnson down once when Ah was a kid," he'll tell the caller. "And Ah still think Ah should have got the nod anyway. But when he wins to be champion, he won't fight me. Fo' what? Because Ah would have beaten him, that's why."

Langford beat all the rest except Jack Johnson. Perhaps he is right. Perhaps he would have beaten Johnson, too.

"Pardon me, Miss, but let's just assume you have a cute little pup and I stop to pet him. Care to take it from there?"

CAVALCADE December, 1952
The narrow building blocks of most well developed suburbs pose difficult problems for the home designer, making it very artificial to depart from the orthodox. When an elongated or "L" plan can be used, a refreshing departure from the usual often results. By allowing the garden to flow past the front of the house and occupy the open space of the "L" an illusion of greater width is given to the allotment.

The accompanying plan has been designed with these thoughts in mind. A pleasing first impression is gained by the fact that the entrance path winds through the garden to the entrance door which is situated in the centre of the house.

The living and sleeping quarters are thus accommodated in separate wings, making for easier housework. There are two bedrooms, one with a built-in wardrobe and the other with a small dressing annexe. The bathroom is fitted in between the two bedrooms.

Planned for outdoor living, the living room has a large group of windows overlooking the front garden, and windows and doors opening on to a paved terrace at the rear. The adjoining room has floor length windows overlooking a wide window box.

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 95)
Prepared by W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.
PISTOLS FOR TWO

PETER HARGRAVES

Nowhere has duelling flourished so flamboyantly as in New Orleans. One man even kept a private cemetery in which to bury his victims.

NOWHERE has duelling flourished so flamboyantly as in colourful, polyglot New Orleans during the 19th century. Young Spanish, French and American horblows of its high society lived by a rigid code of honour, which demanded "a meeting at dawn" and a gambol with death on the slightest pretext—a hasty word, a difference of opinion or even a collision during a waltz.

Not until he had met an opponent with either dagger, bowie knife, pistol or rapier was a youth considered a man. Their greatest hero, whom they all strove to emulate, was a famous duellist whose skill was such that he was reputed to maintain a private cemetery in which to bury his victims.

For the first of the recorded duels that have been unearthed, it is necessary to go back to 1812, when occurred an encounter that set a pattern of courage and honour for the hundreds that followed it.

It started in Maspéro's Coffee House. A discussion at one table, where sat a well-known young militiaman, Cadet Dugas, and Antoine des Moulins, son of a rich plantation owner, gradually grew heated, though what it was all about has now been lost in time.

Suddenly the talk stopped. In the anxious calm that followed, all eyes were on the two young men. They stood facing each other and with second formality arranged the personal combat which the code of honour demanded.

Then, with a stiff bow, each marched out to spend the few hours before their meeting in farewell letters writing, will making and, perhaps, as anger cooled in the chill hours before the dawn, in belated regrets at their impetuosity.

Dawn found them, with their seconds, in a field by the side of the Marais Canal.

Then, once again, voices were raised in anger—those of the seconds Eisen hurried to his principal and broke the news that, through a misunderstanding, only one duelling pistol had been brought out.

"It does not matter," said Cadet Dugas. "Take a card, if my opponent is agreeable, and the winner gets the first three shots. If the loser survives, he gets the next three shots."

Des Moulins agreed, and called correctly as the coin was spun.

The seconds loaded the old-fashioned, muzzle-loading pistol with powder and ball, primed and cocked it and handed it to des Moulins.

Dugas stood at attention as his opponent raised the gun and, on the second's word of "Fire," squeezed the trigger.

But nothing happened. Through some fault the pistol failed to fire.

Des Moulins had two shots left, as under the duelling rules a misfire counted as a shot. The pistol was reloaded and again primed and cocked. For a second time it did not fire.

Dugas, aware disgustedly, obviously, the fellow knew nothing about the vagaries of duelling pistols. "Scratch the flint with your thumbnail," he called out. "Then it will be sure to fire." At the same time he advanced five paces. "I think ten paces is too far for him," he announced to the seconds. "He must have a better chance."

But, despite the advance, the pistol still refused to fire. What was more, it displayed the same obstinacy for Dugas himself—missing for each of his three shots, too.

The seconds then went forward and pleaded with the two youths that honour had been satisfied; that each had proved his courage.

Dugas and des Moulins placed at each other for a moment. Then one smiled and they fell on each other's neck like long lost friends.

Arm-in-arm, they returned to town for one of the three-hour breakfasts for which Maspéro's was famous.

However, few of the New Orleans duels ended so happily.

Perhaps the most bizarre of them all took place a few years later between Louisiana's largest planter, Feuston St Amand, and an unnamed slave dealer from Kentucky.

As in most of these affairs, the reasons are now hazy, but it is known that Amand slapped the Kentuckian's face and was challenged. He thus named the conditions.

They repaired to the west bank of the Mississippi, where the New Orleans suburb of Algiers stands to-day. A grave was dug. Each man stood beside it, back to back, three feet apart, and armed with a loaded and
The conditions were carried out to the letter. Both men wheeled and fired simultaneously—and both missed.

Neither tried to fly with his left hand. Instead, each threw the empty pistol away and started to transfer the loaded one into his right hand.

But Prout was clumsy. In the process he accidentally discharged the delicate bon-trigger, duelling pistol into the ground. Dauntlesse he stood before his opponent's now-leveled weapon.

Trouxette hesitated, and at that moment Paul Prout "saw his own death warrant." He said to his enemy, "What's the matter with you? Fire and get it over with."

Trouxette fired, and his bullet ploughed through Prout's chest. He was dead before his. second reached his side.

The Attorney-General of Louisiana charged Trouxette with violation of the anti-duelling law. However, after a six-day trial and an 18-hour deliberation by the jury, he was acquitted.

A stronger and more far-reaching law was immediately enacted by the authorities but it also had little effect. Another few years passed before any action was taken under it.

One summer night in 1845, two prominent men-about-New-Orleans—a Dr. Thomas and a Monsieur Lebeau—had a difference of opinion on the floor of the Orleans Ballroom.

Both were adamant that honour could only be achieved with a duel there and then on the balcony floor. A space was soon cleared. Then, armed with "colichemado"—slim, deadly, Céleste rifles—they set to.

Again and again, up and down the floor, the needle-pointed blades clashed in dazzling thrusts, parries and ripostes.

Both men were spectacular swordsmen. For ten minutes the crowded ballroom was completely silent—except for the chilling reverberation of steel on steel.

Then, with a wily jest and a huge laugh, the duellists for the eye to see, Lebeau's bird found the doctor's breast. Blood flowed and a dozen fellow doctors rushed to Thomas's aid to render medical aid. The wound was deep and painful, but did not prove fatal.

The following morning the two principals were charged under the anti-duelling law. Firm friends again, they jointly engaged a famous lawyer, John Grymes, to defend them.

Grymes eloquently argued to the jury that "a gentleman must fight under insult or stand the unbearable brand of coward."

Accordingly, the jury took only 20 minutes to acquit both Lebeau and Dr. Thomas.

Realizing the futility of it, the Government did no more attempts to outlaw duelling. It continued to flourish for nearly another half century, when it died of natural causes.

With young gentlemen of New Orleans, the art of duelling with any weapon had to be part of their education. To the town flocked European soldiers of fortune to act as masters-of-arms and open profitable schools of instruction.

At one of these schools—that of the famed Alexandre, Labouette—in the narrow "Alley of the Fencing Masters" there appeared some time in 1834, a slim fair-haired youth off a visiting Spanish merchantman.

His name was Jose Lulua, and he persuaded Labouette to give him a job as an instructor in knife fighting.

As "Pepa" Lulua, he was affectionately known, this Spaniard was to become the most skilled master-of-arms and the deadliest dueller in New Orleans. He never lost an encounter.

His skill, not only with the knife, but with fencing and pistol shooting also, which he picked up from Labouette, became legendary. From the school which he soon opened for himself, he made a fortune.

The most fantastic episode in Lulua's career concerned an army of revolutionaries and adventurers missing in New Orleans for one of the many attempts to overthrow Spanish rule in Cuba.

Pepa was a fanatically loyal subject to the King of Spain. Accordingly he publicly denounced each revolutionary as a coward and challenged every one of them to a duel.

He gave them the choice of weapons and swore he would fight them all—on a table—as long as they cared to present themselves.

New Orleans roared with laughter as not one of the duelling, devil-may-care, fire-eating revolutionaries appeared to answer his challenge.

As Pepa Lulua's fame grew, so did his wealth. He was able to invest in a number of promising businesses in the expanding city. One of these was a private cemetery in Lower Street.

Thus there developed the widely ridiculed—but unfortunately legendary—story that "as a duellist he was so deadly so he had to buy a cemetery in which to bury his victims."

On March 14, 1858, Pepa Lulua died in bed, aged 73. With him, it may be said, ended the duelling era in New Orleans.

Sporadic combats took place afterwards, but, generally, the city's young bloods found more sophisticated means of settling disputes than the slightly melodramatic "pistole for two."

CAVALCADE December, 1952
• Our office nurse tells us that a smart girl is one who knows how to play tennis, golf, piano—and dumb. Our belligerent bachelor adds that women are the salt of the earth—they drove him to drink years ago. Advice for the aged. Do not resent growing old; many are denied the privilege. • Teenage, on the other hand, is the time between petticoats and cocktails. • Sweet young thing we know opinion that a man should have a girl who can share his interests. As far as she's concerned, she's interested in everything her man has a share in. • Our librarian tells of the women who came in hurriedly and demanded a book on marriage problems—complained she was married to one. • Sign in shop window, "Sale of Elastic Supplements to Siesta Realities—Charlies to You." • Worried young miss after operation asked her doctor if star would show. He told her it was entirely up to her. • The trouble with some marriages, they tell us, is that both husband and wife are in love with the same woman. • Probably the bravest sound in the world is a puppy's bark—under the verandah. • Arguing with a woman is like going into a shower with an umbrella. What good does it do? • Betty Remarks: Department. "No wonder she was a sensation. She had her backless gown on backward." • Nothing tells so much on a man as time—especially a good time. • When a woman suffers in silence, that's suffering! • You can always tell a well-informed man—his opinions are just like your own. • Ever notice how the human voice changes when a woman quits scolding her husband and answers the phone? • If a girl doesn't watch her figure, it's a certainty the boys won't. • A fool and his money are some party. • Hear about the cannibal who said to another after a satisfying jungle feast, "I get so fed up with people sometimes!" • Cynical Comment: The discouraging thing about some people is that they're here today and here tomorrow. • The men who really know a lot about women are too smart to admit it.

OUR SHORT STORY A feller came home unexpectedly one night and found his best friend making violent love to his wife. When his wrath had subsided for him to draw breath, his friend suggested that they treat the situation like adults. As they both loved the woman, he asked why they should not play a game of gin rummy—the winner to get the lady. The husband considered the proposition a moment, then agreed. "Okay," he said, "but what do you say we play for a shilling a point on the side, just to make it interesting?"
Modelling must pay quite well.

If you know the work, it does.

With pointed questions and direct answers, Kath quickly gets her information until...

Kath hastens to get the visitor's views, which might contribute to the story she is going to write.

Did you tell Miss King about your betting, Dolly?

Oh, she wouldn't be interested.

There is an interruption in the form of a masculine visitor....

After a whispered conversation at the door, Dolly brings in her visitor....

It sounds very interesting. I've had extraordinary luck at the races.

Well satisfied with a good story, Kath prepares to leave....

Pleased to meet you, Mr. Slank. Are you an artist?

He's just a--friend, Miss King.

Well, hardly.

Oh, one more thing. Could you send some of the artists you pose for here? I'll write down some names.

I don't like this, what put her on? Dolly?

I wouldn't know, chum.
Slank is very suspicious of why Dolly should be interviewed by a reporter. Dolly is defensive.

You know how much we've got to lose. Where does she live?

I want to steer you out of trouble. You're nice girl, I like you too much to see you in trouble.

Thank you, Mr. Slank. I appreciate your call.

She's a reporter for the Gazette. I said where does she live?

So Mr. Slank, worried for Dolly Sandow, pays a visit to Kath King's private address.

Then I'm dismissed?

I appreciate your call, but I must be the judge of what I do...

Just take my tip, Miss Sandow. Don't write about Dolly Sandow.

Kath has no hesitation in asking her new acquaintance to come inside.

John Slank explains to Kath King that he doesn't like to see her misled.

Dolly wasn't telling you the truth.

Kath is worried now by Slank's visit. He has made it clear that he wants to stop the Dolly Sandow story.

Kath tries to telephone Dolly Sandow, but receives no answer.
AFTER HOURS OF FAILING TO GET DOLLY, KATH DECIDES TO CALL AT THE STUDIO. SHE RINGS TRUCK TODD'S OFFICE. TRUCK ALREADY WAITING. THEY CLIMB THE STAIRS TO THE STUDIO.

KATH WASTED NO TIME. BUT FINDS TRUCK ALREADY WAITING. THEY CLIMB THE STAIRS TO THE STUDIO.

DON'T MOVE PLEASE -- A PHONE CALL TOLD US ABOUT THIS.

KATH TELLS THE STORY OF VISITING DOLLY, OF SLANK'S APPEARANCE, AND OF HIS ATTEMPT TO STOP THE STORY.

THOUGH THE LIGHT IS ON, NOBODY ANSWERS KATH'S REPEATED KNOCKING...

TRUCK TRIES THE DOOR, FINDS IT IS UNLOCKED.

TRUCK TODD SUDDENLY DIVES FOR THE DOOR. THE POLICE MOVE TO STOP HIM, BUT ARE TOO SLOW. TRUCK BOUNDS DOWN THE STAIRS.

KATH'S STORY STANDS UP TO LONG QUESTIONING, BUT SHE FINDS IT HARD TO MAKE THE STORY STICK. SUSPICION IS STRONG......

SHE'S DEAD! AT THAT MOMENT A SUGGESTIVE CHALLENGE CUTS THE SILENCE.......

UNANNOUNCED, TRUCK TODD STARRS IN. BEFORE YOU CHARGE ANYBODY, LOOK AT THIS.

-- DOLLY SANDOW -- RECOGNISE HER?
The dyed hair and plucked eyebrows made a difference, but it's the same girl, both say. But the changes didn't fool truck's photographic eye.

"Why, it's Freda, the forger's girl!"

"Yes, that's Mr. Slank. We call him Freddie the Forger."

Later. Your Dolly Sandoow wasn't any artist's model. Freddie was the artist--designing faked tenners!

Remember her back course luck? That was how she passed the tenners into circulation. The modelling was only a blind.

The detective explains that when Slank found Dolly being interviewed for the Gazette, he feared that the newspaper was on to the forgeries, and...

He killed her to keep the secret?

"That's so but how about a drink?"

No other movie magazine tells the Hollywood story so well as

PHOTOPLAY
Reilly came in out of the cold and sat on the edge of Inspector Jelline Redwing's desk. "Driff Cassell did it," he said.

"Well, we had him picked in the first three, didn't we?" Redwing said. "How did you find out he was the one?"

Reilly looked sour. "Suggins from the Shadow Squad," he explained. "Cassell killed Winchester because of that car business last year."

"Do we know where Cassell is?" Redwing asked. He spread all his fat that had once been muscle more comfortably over his wide chair, and peered ambivalently at Detective-Sergeant Reilly.

"We do," Reilly told him, showing a little satisfaction for the first time. "He thinks we don't, but we do. He and that cyanide blonde of his are holed up out at Ma Slatters'. We can pick him up any time we're ready."

"When would you say that would be?"

"Never," Reilly sighed. "All we've got is the body of a dead crook. What Suggins knows and what half the crooks in town know won't prove a thing."

"That's a setup I don't like any more than you do, Reilly," Redwing said. "Then let me bring him in, anyway." Reilly pleaded, suddenly plaintive and hopeful again. "Bowers and I'll wring it out of him."

"Now, now, Joe! You'll only get us all into trouble that way," said the inspector, reproachfully.

"We'll never get anywhere any other way," the younger man said passionately. "Let's have a look at the feller's record, Joe," Redwing suggested. "Get his file, and all the pictures we've got, will you?"

Redwing pored over the record of Cassell for a long while and the sergeant lounged and smoked in resentful dejection. But the old man was reading what he had expected and hoped to read.

Driff was a killer with a warped, twisted mind made to order for the inspector's shrewd psychology.
"Listen, Inspector," Reilly said.
"I'd better get back on the job. I don't know what to do next, but I'd better do something."

"Right," agreed Redwing, seemingly finished with Cassell's file.

Then the inspector talked softly for quite a long while, and the bored irritation on Reilly's face gave way to an expression of saved doubt. Redwing finished up by saying, happily, "So you see, you'll have a job after your own heart, if it works, Joe. Now get one of the photographers, and we'll have the picture altered."

After that was a short, busy session, and towards the end of it the inspector handed to the police stenographer a draft of a press release. It was mainly a description of Druff Cassell, without the name, but described him as "a man the police are anxious to interrogate regarding the recent murder of the underworld character, Alexander (Troop) Winchester."

Underneath the typed particulars of a man was a line added in Redwing's handwriting. "The man's face twitches," it said, "particularly when he is anxious or afraid, or is subjected to close scrutiny."

"* * *

Next morning, on the seamy side of the city, Druff Cassell paced the dingy back room behind Mr Slatters' wine saloon. Kay Semple—the pale, cold, greedy blonde who had had him fascinated for a long time—was propped up in the bed. "Of course it ain't me," Druff snapped.

"It could be you," the blonde insisted. "Anyone who even looks at this pitcher'd take a second look at you."

"What about the twitching face?"

Druff bawled, "They're after a pink with a twitching face, ain't they?"

The angry glare faded in Cassell's eyes, and he flashed a quick anxious look at the seedy mirror. His face was not twitching, of course. He made at twitch, twice, to study the effect.

The afternoon papers carried the picture again, a column wider than the morning ones.

"There!" said Druff, triumphantly, "Look at the but picture. Even a half-blind crow like you can see it ain't me."

"It still might be lovely," the girl said.

"Any rate, the twitching face settles it," he insisted, for the twentieth time. "They're barking up the wrong tree, as usual!"

In the early hours of the morning, he awoke in distress from a dream in which he had suffered from an involuntary twitch, and his wrists had been handcuffed to those of two burly detectives.

Next day the papers had nothing to say about the Winchester murder. It made him feel better, and it seemed to put some of Kay's fears at rest, too. That night they went to Tony's, to a table in a quiet corner where they were joined from time to time by underworld cronies.

He drank a lot, on top of the large quantity he had drunk in Mr Slathers' back room during the day, and felt powerful, successful, unbeatable. He had filled Winchester with lead almost a week ago, and here he was, well and healthy, and back on the old beat, and the cops were looking for some mug with a twitching face.

He suddenly felt Kay's long fingers clutching his arm.

He looked up. Kay was staring at a lonely man three tables away. The man was about his size and build. As Druff watched him, the man's face twitched.

The man lifted his head and saw them staring. His face began to..."
twitch more violently. A waiter came to their table with a new bottle.

"Who's that joke? That one over there?" Druff demanded of the waiter.

The waiter looked across the room. 'Some fellow from Melbourne, Druff,' he said. 'Only been comin' here a few days or a week. Seen him with Danny Yorks once, and they was both with a party another night. Mostly on his own.' Then the waiter's eyes widened a trifle and he added, 'Never seen his face work like that before, though.'

'We're starin' at him. We're all starin' at him. Remember what it said about it getting worse, Druff?' Kay hissed, her white face whiter than ever.

The man with the twitching face got up and went quickly out. Druff stood in a deep breath, and the girl said, 'Geesh, he was like you, too. Apart from the twitchin' face, I mean.'

'Well, what the hell does that matter, as long as my mug don't twitch.' Druff snarled.

On the way back to their shabby room, a few minutes later, a set of muscles in his chest began to feel vaguely stiff and sore, but he kept the tension on them. His face didn't twitch—it had never twitched, and now of all times, it must not start. It didn't, of course, even when they were in the locked room, and he let the muscles relax and examined himself fearfully in the mirror.

The next night Druff somehow couldn't bring himself to go again to Tony's, the place where they had seen the man with the twitching face. They went to the Creek's Nest, and it was pleasant until nearly midnight.

Then the man who looked like Druff but twitched was there again, a few tables away.

Druff said to Kay haughtily, 'There he is! There he is again! But before her eyes were properly focused, Reilly and another policeman walked into the restaurant.

"Hullo, Druff," Reilly said. "We've been looking for you.

"What do you mean? What do you want me for?"

"Winchester," Reilly told him tersely, and as Cassell's mind got into proper working order again hope surged up in him.

"I'm not the broker," Cassell yelled. "There he is, over there." He pointed dramatically, but the man was gone.

"He was there a second ago, the coat that looked like me, only his face twitched. You got it published about his face twitching, and you know man don't."

"Even your best friends won't tell you," Reilly said, sadly. "Did you ever look in a mirror, Druff?"

"In my spare time I have made two suits and a suit, but I can't find it very simple to follow. One possibly can't go very far and more than pleased!"

"I have made a shirt which fits perfectly, also blouses. I am thrilled with your course!"

-Mrs. K.M. of N.M.

WHAT'S THIS SPLENDID BOOK IS ALL ABOUT!

• How to Make Loverly Clothes
• How to Make Clothes to Suit Your Personality
• How to Learn Everything About Dressmaking—This New Easy Way
• How to Make and Save Money Through Dressmaking

FREE BOOK COUPON—SEND AT ONCE

The Dunwich School of Dressmaking
123 P.S. 123 Place, Dunwich

Send me by return mail your FREE BOOK, All About Dressmaking. I enclose this stamp.

NAME

ADDRESS

CAVALCADE, December, 1952

84
WHEN A WORM GLOWS

The little black bob of hair on Mr. Dimmus's top lip was one of the few ambitions he had achieved. He had, in fact, few ambitions. He thought he had realised one when, on the eve of his return from the tropics, he led the smitten Bertha to the altar. As a matter of fact, the ambition was Bertha's and he was merely carrying out the dictates of a stronger nature.

They say the only thing a lion fears is his likeness, and if this is true, Dimmus may be esteemed his daily— and nightly—fear of his wife. When he had been married a year he developed a morbid fear of displeasing her.

When by chance a day passed without a nagging word from his wife, Dimmies felt that life was good—but even then he had to be careful. The night was yet to come. If he disturbed her by turning over in bed or trying to arrange the mosquito curtain she was capable of giving him a smart back-beater on his pathetically puny back, complaining, "Can't you ever be still, Herbert?"

The first time this happened he was amazed. The second time, and thereafter, he learned sleep and made no answers.

When Bertha dropped all pretense of loving Dimmies he continued to worship her. Chivalry does hard in some men. He told himself that the tropics were too much for her; he

ERIC CURWAIN

This tonic restores natural health!

KINFORT's

fortex HORMONE THIAMIN COMPLEX
28/6 A FULL MONTH'S SUPPLY AT ALL CHEMISTS

After thirty years of age, your body slows down its own natural manufacture of hormones. You start to grow short of them. You start to need them. The result is part of what we call "growing old." It shows on skin, hair, muscle-tone, mental alertness and general health.

FORTEX IS an odourless penetrating cream, richly laden with hormones. It penetrates into your skin in a few seconds. It uses the skin's natural channels to feed these hormones directly into your system.

Within five days—often only two or three days—you feel the tremendous effect. It turns back the clock ten years!

Since men and women are physically different, their hormone requirements are different, too. Therefore there is FORTEX BLUE for men and FORTEX YELLOW for women. Ask your chemist for FORTEX Hormone Tonic and restore your natural health within five days!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Since this remarkable tonic is somewhat expensive, please use it as directed for a full week.

Then if you wish you may return it to Kinfort Ltd., Box 111, G.P.O., Sydney with not more than quarter of the contents used. You will receive an immediate refund of the whole of your purchase price. This offer shows how confident Kinfort is that this modern scientific tonic will improve your health noticeably within seven days.

"ForteX" is sold by chemists everywhere. They can secure immediate stock from all wholesalers. But if you have any difficulties in buying "Fortex" locally, please contact Kinfort Ltd. (Makers of Fine Drugs since 1847), Box 111, G.P.O., Sydney.

CAVALCADE, December, 1932
must send her south as soon as he had saved enough. His pale face grew even more thoughtful when he was alone, with Bertha he was still always cheerful and ready to jump to the word of command.

Then came the fateful week when the safety valve blew off and the old regime tipped. We are speaking now politically—of Pundibia itself, the Republic of a Thousand Revolutions. A little half-breeder soldier ran up the gory gamut to the presidential chair and declared to stay there. But a small, if unsafe, minority thought otherwise.

The Republic was sitting down to its Monday morning breakfast when a regiment of dusky little troopers padded in their moon-shine shoes through the gateway of the old Ribera fort, threw down their packs and jumped to the loopholes.

Dunmills lived in Chepo suburb, also on the coast, but to reach his office in Ribera he had to pass through Churugu, the capital, and take a second tram to the port. This was his daily journey—a triangle run with Churugu at the apex, inland. He arrived that morning about nine o'clock and found his office, which faced the fort across the street, menaced by the rioters poking through the loopholes.

At first he thought it was some kind of manœuvre, but his clerks were leaning out of the window, pleasantly excited and they said it was another revolution.

He immediately tried to telephone to the head office of the company in Churugu, but the line was cut, so he located up the clerks' home, and went down to the club on the seafront. Inside he found the usual group of English hippies, agents and bank clerks, who were preparing by the threatened hill in business to get in a few extra rounds of drinks.

STOP your Rupture Worries!

New Scientific Appliances bring absolute security and relief to rupture sufferers. Definitely holds the rupture when coughing, sneezing, working at any effort. Many say it has done away entirely with their Rupture. No matter where you live or what your occupation is. The Russell is light and inconspicuous. No hard pads to your womanly flesh! No metal plate to rust or corrode, no influx of underclothes, no buckles to stick. Adjustable in a few seconds recommended by doctors and by thousands of satisfied users.

Proof: Bertha says, "Your appliance fits perfectly. I am working in it all day without any trouble!"

Mr. P. E. Brown, Brisbane, Queensland, says, "Am very pleased with the abdominal belt and am glad now I left the required type to you."

Mr. W. G. Stevens, Sussex, Lower Hutt, N.Z., says, "I have been wearing one of your Single Appliances for six months now and in my opinion your claims are too modest. My work is of an exceptionally heavy nature and without your appliance I would have to try my job. I never have any least trouble and the belt is so comfortable I forget I am wearing it. My doctor said it was the best he had ever seen and was surprised the way my rupture was so perfectly held!"

14 DAYS TRIAL

Call or send name for details. Self-Measurement Form and 14 Days Free Trial Offer. No obligation. Address: The Russell Appliance Co. (Dept 36), 9 Martin Place Sydney or 184 Queen Street Melbourne Open Saturdays.

POST NOW!

The Russell Appliance Co., Dept 36
Bend details, self-measurement form and 14 days TRIAL OFFER.

NAME
ADDRESS
STATE
PRINT, PLEASURE

CAVALCADE, December, 1952
Never before such Under-cover Comfort

Gripper Fasteners
No buttons to pop off chip and break. "Grippes" convenient snap-fixing means a perfect trouble free wrasitline.

Action Back
Whenever your pocket, "Grippes" action back gives you without causing or binding—means less wear.

Tie Sides
For fractional fit, extra, wrasitline and longer life.

Slip into a pair of Pelaco Grippers and know what real under-cover comfort means. Men of all proportions will welcome the new freedom and easy-wearing qualities of these top line tailored—to your shape shorts. Wives too will appreciate their easier laundering longer life and button-free convenience. Gripper shorts are all round winners and because they're Pelaco you're sure of the finest quality and best value in town.

"Gripper" Shorts

By Pelaco

Dummins joined a couple of friends and began toasting for drinks too.

"There won't be any shooting. They'll run," said Captain Noble.

"Not so sure, Bill," said Skipper Harrison. "Where would they run to? There's only the sea, and I'm not taking them."

"Maybe they'll commandeer your ship. It's been done before, you know," said Noble.

Dummins suddenly remembered he had to take home a book for his wife, from the club library. He chose a spy-looking novel with lots of talk in it—the only kind she ever read. When he got back to the bar he found John Seebright had come in with the news that No. 11 Regiment was on its way down from Chirurga to dislodge the rebels.

Most of the members decided to go home, but a few stayed on to play billiards. Dummins had no steamer to clear for the oil company that day, so the big tanker unloading at the tank farm was not expected to finish before morning. He decided to go home, too, and just managed to catch the last train leaving Ribera for Chirurga. He passed No. 11 Regiment, arms at the trail, walking into the town.

At the head office in Chirurga, Dummins reported to his Chief before catching the train to his suburb. The capital was calm and probably most of the people were still unaware of the revolt in Ribera. The traffic to all other suburbs was running normally, and Dummins got home without trouble.

"Did you bring my books?" asked Bertha.

"Tut, tut, I'm sorry, darling. I quite forgot. I chose a book but I left it in the bar."

"Don't you think you're getting selfish, Herbert? And don't you ever think of me sitting here alone all

A WARNING TO MEN IN MID-LIFE

As about 50 years of age most men show a marked decline in vitality and vigor. At the same time, and for no apparent reason, they suddenly develop a nervous and emotional instability; they are unable to sleep, and lose interest in life; they suffer from joint pain; becoming irritable over nothing, easy to agitate, moody, indulgent, unable to concentrate, and over all there's a constant dragging tiredness. But this change is not confined to mid-life only. Quite frequently these symptoms appear at the age of 35 and there are many cases of men as young as 20 who have lost their power.

Do YOU suffer from any of these symptoms? If you show signs of just one it is a sure indication that your natural production of male hormone is decreasing, because it is this male hormone that governs the whole character and characteristics of the male.

Because NU-MAN contains genuine male hormone, it replaces the natural supply and so prevents the mental and physical decline that must otherwise surely follow. That is why from the day you start NU-MAN, you will find renewed virility, increased vitality, immediate relief from worry and a new, more aggressive, determined approach to life.

FREE! Tear out this cut now and write to-day for sample and full details of NU-MAN to:

A. B. WARD & CO.
Dpt. Cov. 21, Box 3323,
G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

Please PRINT your name and address

CAVALCADE, December, 1952
Don't Gamble
WITH YOUR FUTURE

... plan for Security with the A.M.P.

For more than a century the letters A.M.P. have represented security to generations of Australians. To most of us, life insurance and the A.M.P. mean the same thing.

The A.M.P. is the largest mutual Life Assurance Office in the British Commonwealth, with assets far exceeding those of any other life office in Australia. There are no shareholders, and all surplus belongs to the policyholders.

A.M.P. Representatives are trained to help solve your problems of financial security. A.M.P. Life Assurance can solve many of them, and the policy can be tailored to suit your pocket.

The A.M.P. is a sure friend in uncertain times.

NEW BUSINESS WRITTEN IN 1951, OVER £1,001,000,000.

AMP
AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY
GENERAL MANAGER: M. C. FUTTIFIELD
HEAD OFFICE 87 POST ST. SYDNEY, N.S.W.
Branches throughout Australia and in New Zealand and London.

day with no one even to talk to?"
"I'm sorry, dear. I'll bring it this afternoon."

Dimms thought it better not to mention the revolution. It would be foolish to worry needlessly. He reckoned the shooting would be over soon after lunch, he wanted also to keep an eye on the tanker just in case she finished pumping early and needed clearance. So he left home at the usual time in the afternoon and took the tram to Churra, but the service thence to Ribara was now off.

With two other men who had business in the port, he hired a taxi, although he was not hopeful of getting through. Sure enough, soldiers stopped them at the toll gate.

"No one can go through to Ribara," announced the corporal.

"If you don't let me go through you won't get any petrol for your trucks. I work for the oil company," said Dimms. He leaned back in his seat and made no effort to argue the point.

They got through. On the outskirts of Ribara the sound of shots caused the driver to halt. This was his limit. Dimms thereupon took the first side street leading to the tank farm, and there found Morby, the engineer, supervising the pumps and doing the work of four men.

"What do you want?" he asked grinning at Dimms. Everyone spoke to Dimms as if he was a stray dog people somehow liked. "Have you shot up shop already?"

"Well, you know, it's opposite the fort and they're shooting," said Dimms. "What time will she finish pumping?"

"About six in the morning. The oil's not too warm. Maybe you could send a message to my wife and tell her I'm all right?"

"Sure, I will. Anything else?"

"No thanks, Dimmy. 'Long."
A First Elizabethan to us later ones

Men pass away, but people abide. See that ye hold fast the heritage we leave you. Teach your children its value that, never in the coming centuries, their hearts may fail them or their hands grow weak. Hitherto we have been too much afraid—Henceforth we will fear only God.—Sir Francis Drake, 1540-96

We have pleasure in offering what Sir Francis Drake said as our New Year greeting to the hundreds of good people with whom we have become acquainted through Cavalcade, and other readers of this paper. We believe Drake's words will be an inspiration during 1953, that they will help us to carry on faithfully during the months in which fateful decisions, personal and national, may have to be made.

The Pelman Institute has always encouraged in its pupils the tendencies to self-confidence and self-respect, the cultivation of habits of body, mind and spirit which enable its pupils to stand up to the stresses and strains of life. Whatever the year 1953 may bring to us, as individuals, men or women, or as a nation, these habits will give us boldness to plan, stubbornness to resist, and the great quality of facing without flinching the dangers peculiar to each of us or common to the people as a whole—The Pelman Institute.

Bullets spun and whirled over Dimmuns as he walked farther into Hibernia. He could now see men, with machine guns and rifles, running on the flat roofs. He guessed the fort had fallen and the chase was on. A bullet smacked the wall in front of him. The streets were deserted—the only sign of life was on the roofs.

If it was no worse than this thought Dimmuns, there would be no difficulty in getting the message through to Morby's wife. He got to the club safely, ran up the steps and almost fell on the Stars and Stripes. The bulk it covered almost blocked the passage.

"Not John?" he asked. John Seebright was the only American he had seen that morning in the club. They nodded. Harrington explained "Two machine-gun bullets through his brains. He was in a billiard-room and they shot from the roofs somewhere opposite."

Dimmuns saw blood on the floor and a shattered portrait on the wall. It was strange to see the club with no one drinking in it. Men cursed softly. Someone had to tell Seebright's wife, too.

Dimmuns, passing restlessly through the bar, saw his book and picked it up. He walked down to the Point and delivered Morby's message. Next, he called at his office and, apart from bullet holes in the mud walls (all houses in Puchina are mud) saw little damage. Back in the street he got a taxi without difficulty and as he drove out of the town he saw bands of civilians, who had been lent guns to fight the rebels, now looting the Jap grocery stores and tearing the life out of the little shopkeepers.

When he popped into the head office to report the reception he got almost overwhelming. Him Dimmuns had forgotten that, the wires being

SEX KNOWLEDGE

If you are married, or about to be, you should send for...

SEX EDUCATION IN PICTURES

by David Farrell 11/ post free

SEND NOW

Also available—"The Sex Factor in Marriage," by Helen Wright, 8/6, post free. For other sex literature send 3d. Stamp.

EDUCATIONAL EXTENSION COLLEGE,
Dept. 86,
Box 1430, G.P.O., Sydney
down, no news could come through from the port. Consequently the Company was worrying about the tank farm and the tanker—not to mention the employees. Dimmins reassured them:

"I am very grateful, Dimmins," said the Chief. "It was very sporting of you to go back after lunch when you didn’t have to, you know."

"Didn’t have to? I thought Dimmins—" Then why did I go back?"

Buying a newspaper, he boarded the train for home. He read that some fifty soldiers and a couple of civilians had been killed, but the revolution had failed. The paper praised the civilians Dimmins felt sorry for the Japs.

He forgot to pick up his book when he alighted. He walked into a gorgeous sunset—one of those cool, rose-pearly mists the tropics provide as a compensation for the sweat of the day. Dimmins stopped at the cliff edge and felt a warm glow mounting in him. As he gazed at the sky words seemed to vibrate in living colours against the background of reds and yellows and mauves— "Very sporting—Oh, very sporting!"

That was what made him glow. And it was a real, physical sense of warmth. He felt elated. No one had ever before praised him so openly and so heartily. When he reached his house and put the key in the door he was chuckling to himself.

The quarrelous shaft struck him on the forehead. "Did you bring my book, Herbert?"

The chuckle died away as a chicken’s squawk does when you wring its neck. Then, most amazingly, it took up the note It had died on—and would not stop. Llike it or not, in the years to follow Bertha was destined to suffer it. The chuckle was now declaring the Dimmins' War of Independence. The declaration in actual words was to be nothing sensational, for Dimmins was not that kind. He looked at his wife and bit his moustache then rubbed it with a skinny finger— "What book?" he asked blandly.

---

A thousand ideas
Whether it be decorating, building, cookery, Home management, handicrafts or any of the hundred things that make life worth living

YOU’LL FIND ALL THE HELP YOU NEED IN

Australian HOUSE and GARDEN

THE PRACTICAL HOME MAGAZINE

---

Subscription Coupon

Lodge this form with your local agent or bookseller or post to the Subscription Department, CAVALCADE Magazine, 56 Young Street, Sydney.

Subscription rates in Australia and Mandated Territories: 18/- per annum POST FREE

Overseas countries: 18/- per annum, plus postage

Please reserve for me copies of 'CAVALCADE' for one year

NAME

(Black letters please)

STREET

TOWN

STATE

Please add exchange to country and interstate cheques 12/32

CAVALCADE, December 1952 97
Talking Points

OCCULT...

Hermann Volki's 'Girl With Two Bodies,' on page 25, is a fascinating account of a rare psychic phenomenon. The strange power that Emahie Sages passively enjoyed should make even the most skeptical scorners think. The appearance of a 'spiritual double' or 'astral twin' has not been limited to this French girl alone, but her case is the best authenticated.

To the spiritualist, an 'astral twin' is, supposedly, the 'eternal image' of one's self—the image that transcends the body and the grave. Oriental yogis, mediums, and a few psychic-possessed people have, it is said, the secret of projecting or materializing the 'astral twin' at will. Although, at first thought, such a power might seem a handy little attribute, in the case of Emahie Sages it proved nothing but a lifelong curse.

HENPECKED

In 'Do Women Rule the World?' (page 32), Homer Shannon presents a word of warning about the growing power of women. He alleges Western civilization is in danger of degenerating into a matriarchy—men reduced to the position of fawning serfs to woman-kind.

DEE ULS

With its cosmopolitan population, its proud, aristocratic, disdained, land-owning hierarchy, and its warm sub-tropical climate the city of New Orleans bred duelists almost as profusely as the swamps outside the city bred mosquitoes. In 'Petals for Two' (page 66), Peter Hurstcraves gives you a bright summary of these rival gamblers with death.

NEXT MONTH

Crime addicts are well catered for next month in Cavelonde with 'Red-Headed Tiger-Woman,' the story of Winnie Ruth Judd, America's most famous murderer, and 'Fate of a Lovely Wightman,' which describes how, when the near-nude body of a beautiful girl was found on a Long Island beach, the scene was set for one of the most baffling unsolved crimes of modern times—and the subsequent unfolding of the tragedy of a society good-time girl. If you think you are losing your sanity, you should look out for 'Dangerous Age for Men,' a daring examination of the widely-held (but now believed erroneous) idea that men do not undergo any major glandular and emotional transformation similar to the menopause in women. As a final offering in what we think is an outstanding line-up, we refer you to 'Loti Was a Laid Lover.' Ask any Frenchman to name the world's greatest lover, and it's pounds to peanuts he will select an Underpaid, maimed, high-bred and powdered little scamp named Pierre Loti, one of France's most important modern novelists.

PROMOTION

is something we all desire

... and in the steel industry your ambitions for a successful career can be fully realised. The industry has the real opportunities for promotion you desire, and, furthermore, will help you take advantage of them.

First of all, the industry is now in the midst of one of the greatest expansion and development programmes of its kind ever undertaken in this country. As a result, it can offer you unique opportunities in both the technical and commercial fields.

Secondly, the industry gives you every possible chance to make the most of your ability through special training and on-the-job experience, together with financial assistance in gaining professional qualifications. Promotion is from within the organisation, too.

Whether your interests are in a trade, engineering, metallurgical or business career, your best prospects are with the steel industry. Vacancies exist for trade apprentices and technical and commercial trainees. Apply now to—

The BROKEN HILL PROPRIETARY Co. Ltd.

STEEL WORKS: Box 196 Newcastle. SHIPYARD: Box 31, Whyalla, S.A.
MELBOURNE 243 Lt. Collins St. SYDNEY 23 O'Connell St. ADELAIDE.
28 Franklin St. MELBOURNE 100 Creek St. PERTH 163 St. George's Terr.
If You Love Luxury
To-day you can indulge yourself with justification because . . . NOW YOU CAN BUY STAMINA TROUSERS AT THE PRICE OF ORDINARY SLACKS. This is good news for men who want the best. Top quality and Outstanding Value.

ASK FOR Stamina SELF-SUPPORTING TROUSERS TAILORED FROM A SPECIAL CRUSADER CLOTH