CAVALCADE

FEBRUARY, 1953 1/6

Scalped by Wild White Men — page 20
DEMON'S DRINK

MANUEL FRANCISCO

Neither alcohol nor opium can compare to the intoxication caused by Mexico's peyote—the most evil narcotic of all.

WHEN DE QUINCY wrote his fantastic "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," he no doubt believed that he was setting down on paper the most incredible hallucinations, visions and other drug-induced symptoms and phenomena man is capable of experiencing.

He had good reason to think so. De Quinran remained an opium addict throughout his entire adult life, having become a slave to the drug while still a student at Oxford University.

But De Quinran was wrong when he assumed that the fantasies produced by opium are the ultimate in drug-induced illusions. In the North American continent, in widespread areas of the dry lands of the western states—such as the Rio Grande basin—and southward in Mexico, grows a plant which has been described as "the most evil narcotic in the world." Compared to the exudate of this plant, opium produces merely mild day-dreams. Compared to it, mariquana—which grows widely in many areas of the United States and presents a serious problem to the authorities—creates little more than child-like memories.

Use of this drug—which contains as many as nine different alkaloids, some of them strychnine-like in their effects, the others morphine-like—is spreading rapidly among certain American Indian tribes, among some Negro groups, and even into Canada and the Hudson Bay region. Thus despite the fact that opposition to use of the drug on the part of civil authorities in the United States, Canada and Mexico has never been abated, denunciations of the devil-plant are of no avail. Addicts of the super-drug respect its effects that they consider its members of a semi-religious cult.

This drug is peyote—as it is termed in Mexico, peyote as it is generally designated elsewhere. It is found in the flesh and juice of a small, spineless, carrot-shaped cactus, and it may be eaten or prepared as a thick brownish liquor which constitutes the most devastating drink known to man. Sometimes it is mixed with fermented fruit juices, but this is generally rare and actually designed to dull its terrific effects; confirmed peyote addicts seldom drink it except under the firm conviction that these drinks are bad for their health and will ultimately kill them.

Its effects are so exhilarating and seemingly so miraculous in many ways that it has attained a wide variety of names—a "god," a "demon," "The Giver of Visions," "Key to Earthly Paradise," "Drink of All Evil!"—depending on the point of view.

The first stage of "intoxication" which occurs after only a moderate amount is taken, is great physical and mental exhilaration, due to the quick action of the strychnine-like alkaloids. For this reason, many of the Mexican Indians take peyote as a stimulant during foot races, when on long and tiring journeys, or when doing heavy work. It is also used in moderation as a stimulant during ritual dances.

The second stage is one of profound depression, nausea and wakefulness. Despite his misery, the addict finds it impossible to sleep for at least twelve hours, even if he takes no more of the drug.

In the final stage—which sets in after more peyote is consumed and is produced by the morphine-like alkaloids—the addict experiences visual hallucinations of the most fantastic kind, as well as disturbances of the senses of touch, hearing, and smell. He often develops a strange super-sensory power which enables him to "see" at incredible distances and read the thoughts of others—or at least appear to do so—without uncanny accuracy. In this stage, he may point out the location of lost or stolen objects, identify criminals such as thieves, and predict the future. His faith in his supernatural power at this stage is so great that he sometimes appears to work "miraculous" cures.

The effects, however, are often unpredictable and often overlap, due to the opposed effects of the stimulating and depressing alkaloids battling against each other. Often in the early stages a form of paralysis of the muscles resembling lockjaw may set in, the addict requiring as much as four or five minutes to utter a single word.

There may be a heightened reflex action of the skin, making it quiver at the slightest touch.
In the stage of extreme peyote intoxication, the pupils of the eyes are widely dilated, although the addict is totally blind to his actual surroundings. If he struggles to walk, he weaves and stumbles like an alcoholic, and all his bodily movements lack co-ordination, while he trembles constantly. He may have the agonized sensation that his face, tongue, and all his limbs are swollen to enormous size, sometimes he may actually "feel" the pain and at others only suffer mental anguish due to this imagined deformity.

The actions of peyote addicts, too, are highly unpredictable while under the influence of this drug. A man may be sitting absolutely motionless, apparently wholly lost in the ecstatic kaleidoscope of visions that constantly surge before his vacant eyes, when suddenly he will leap to his feet and "run amok," frothing at the mouth and with only one thought in his brain—to kill anyone and everyone he can reach. Usually he is quickly seized and overpowered, and the murderous impulse soon passes—but often human slaughter has been the result of peyote intoxication.

Two amazing effects of such a drug are that consciousness is never lost in any stage of intoxication. Even though the addict may be acting like a madman his conscious mind is fully aware of what he is doing through some form of "split-personality" release. There are no hangovers or ill after-effects.

Finally, the addict, at the height of his intoxication, is completely without worry and feels himself especially favoured by the gods and in temporary possession of godlike powers. Among the Indian tribes that belong to the peyote "cult" are the Hitchchoks, Klawas, Connaches, Caddas, Otos, Zacatecas, Tarahumaras, Winnibegos and the Delawares of Oklahoma.

The Delawares provide interesting insight into why peyote has gained such a grip on so many Indian tribes. Oppressed in the past by the white man, transported by force from their original lands to unknown and undesirable soil, their religion and customs gradually disintegrated under the humiliating reservation system. Mostly poverty-ridden, they naturally turned to a panacea which permitted them to forget, for a time, their miseries and relive their past glories.

There are many elaborate preliminary ceremonies. Among the Hitchchoks of Mexico, for example, the men deck their heads with brilliant feathers, while the women wear bands of red and yellow feathers across their backs.

A great fire blazes in the porch of the temple, which is a vague combination of Spanish and American-Indian architecture, built of white stucco. To one side, several old men beat an insistent rhythm on native drums, for it is believed that steady drumming enhances the effects of the peyote. A medicine man sits near the fire beside an enormous pot of peyote liquor, chanting weird melodies.

The scene is a crazy hodgepodge of cultures—the walls and floor of the porch are jarred with holy water, a stuffed fetid skunk tied to a stick, several small clay birds, and a Crucifix.

Now the dancing begins, a quick, leaping walk in which both sexes participate. Twilight is deepening, but that makes no difference; nobody can sleep while the peyote is in him. As the dancers eat slices of peyote from pouces attached to their belts or swig from the great pot, the frenzy of their movement increases, their bodies turning and jolting convulsively with each leaping step. They drool and spit in a manner that would be disgusting to us, for the alkaloids in the drug greatly increase the flow of saliva.

Taken any form, peyote is extremely disagreeable to ingest, at least in the early stages of intoxication when the senses are still keen. It has an extremely bitter taste and a very unpleasant odor. If eaten, it must be thoroughly chewed, and even if drunk, the nausea is very great. Furthermore, to attain complete intoxication, large amounts must be consumed.

During the first night, not much peyote is consumed, since the purpose is to avoid extreme nausea and "drop out" theussy as long as possible. Throughout the second day the fasting and moderate peyote consumption continue, for everyone is full of unnatural energy and sleep is impossible. The second night is the same as the first, but the third morning there is the greatest fasting of all—and then the peyote dance is on.

Now everyone eats and swills peyote as fast as he or she can. Suddenly a man with glazed eyes screams out a vision. "Boo and so is a man of evil, I see him in such and such a place making love to the wife of Such and Such." Another may mumble, "If Ramon Figueroa will place his hands on my head, he will be cured of his tuberculosis." Still another may shout, "I see rain beyond the mountains, it will be here on the morning of the fourth day and our crops will be saved from drought."

Often these "visions" are uncannily accurate. It may be that certain visions—dormant at other times—are measurably heightened by peyote intoxication. Clairvoyance and telepathy may actually occur.

Naturally, some of the "revelations" result in pandemonium, on the spot.

There is another type of peyote vision—a panorama of patterns and events in unbelievably vivid colours resembling certain dreams, but far more realistic.

Women in the dreamer's embrace change into flowers and vice-versa, visions of the entire earth are seen, the dead appear and deliver messages, measurable riches lie everywhere, and the dreamer soars through space from star to star. There appears to be no limit whatever to the diversity and magnificence of these peyote dreams.

Regarding how much it is required by the ignorant and superstitious, peyote is nevertheless one of the most vicious drugs in the world. Its effects are largely hallucinatory, and the "good" it does is largely due to faith in the part of the cultists.

Stamping out the use of peyote will, unfortunately, be a long and difficult process in which education will probably prove more successful than legislation, which so far has proved disarmingly inadequate.

The appalling truth is that at this very moment, the use of peyote, instead of decreasing, is increasing by leaps and bounds.
As head of the Cheka, this monster sent half a million people to their deaths.

JACK GODWIN

THE WHISPERING POLE

No one ever heard Felix Dzerzhinsky raise his voice. The men who—as the mad, blood-stained head of Cheka, Russia's dreaded secret police—sent half a million people to their death, spoke in the softest drawing room tones. As an American newspaper reporter once put it, "He punes at you and you get mazed down your spine."

Just what turned this mild-mannered scholar-idealistic into a fanatical revolutionary is one of the mysteries of history. Son of a wealthy land-owning family, Felix Edmundovich Dzerzhinsky was born in Vilna in 1877. A Pole by ancestry, he became a Russian through adoption.

At 18 Dzerzhinsky joined the illegal Social Democratic Party, much to the horror of his relatives. The Czarist police caught him red-handed, operating an underground printing press. Young Felix got his first taste of the interrogation methods he was later to perfect—two fingers of his left hand were squashed in his own press to make him "sing."

Dzerzhinsky did not sing. Sent to Siberia, he escaped, was recaptured and promptly escaped again. In 1895 he fought in the unsuccessful revolution that followed Russia's disastrous war with Japan. High on the police blacklist, Dzerzhinsky was hunted from town to town until 1912, when the law caught up with him for the last time. Nine years hard labor in a Siberian hell-camp was the sentence.

He was still behind barbed wire when the revolution of March, 1917, tore the Czarist Empire to shreds. Together with tens of thousands of other political prisoners, Dzerzhinsky found himself at liberty. He joined up with the most radical of the parties struggling for power—Lenin's Bolsheviks. He rose quickly in their ranks and by November 7, 1917, when his party overthrew the reshuffled "provisional government," Dzerzhinsky had become one of the Bolshevik top-military officers.

The Bolsheviks seized power, but in order to hold it they needed an instrument of suppression. With his unerring knack of picking the right man for the job, Lenin ordered Dzerzhinsky to create it.

On December 20, 1917, the most dreaded secret police force the world has ever known was born. Dzerzhinsky christened his organization "Extraordinary Commission to Fight Counter-Revolution and Sabotage," but soon everyone knew it by its abbreviated Russian initials—"Cheka."

As first Soviet citizen thought it to be merely another government department, Dzerzhinsky had different ideas. He remembered the clumsily brutal but ineffective methods of the Czarist police, whose efforts always seemed to trail one step behind the revolutionaries. He formulated an entirely new way of dealing with one's opponents, something he called "pure terror."

On August 30, 1918, Lenin addressed a mass meeting at the Michelson Factory in Moscow. The Bolshevik boss was walking through the ranks of saluting workers when a dark-haired young girl blocked his path, raised a heavy army pistol and fired three bullets into him.

The girl was Dora Kaplan-Raks, an anarchist belonging to the Socialist Revolutionary Party. She faced the firing squad bravely and never had the satisfaction of knowing that one of her shots had lodged near Lenin's spine and was to be the indirect cause of his death four years later.

For two days, while surgeons fought for the life of the dictator, an ominous silence hung over the Russian capital. Then, simultaneously with the news that Lenin would recover, came the Terror.

During the night, Dzerzhinsky's Cheka rounded up 500 ex-capitalists, nobles and intellectuals in Moscow and Petrograd. None of them lived to see the following morning.

Herdled like sheep into the cells of government buildings, the condemned victims were called out one by one. A courtyard was the usual execution chamber. The prisoner was told to kneel and a pistol placed against the top of his spine. At that moment the trigger of a heavy army revolver began to roar, drowning out the shot. Three minutes later the yard was ready for the next victim.

The purge did not end with these first 500—it had only begun. Before Dzerzhinsky's lesson in "pure terror" was over, the tally had risen to ten times that number.

The Cheka frankly admitted that their victims had nothing to do with the attempt on Lenin's life. "We are not interested in complexity," wrote Dzerzhinsky's adjutant, Latos, "but we mean to strike fear into the hearts of all those who would oppose the regime."

People were not arrested—they dis-
AVERAGE.
I think that you would say I am
A man of average taste,
A man of average figure, too,
Forty inches round the worst.
And—measured I must sure
ded,
If I'm not wearing vest—
Forty inches on the tape
Around my money chest.
But when a mummy round the links
I proudly show my spouse.
She confirms that I am an average,
Nuisance round the house!
—EX-REX

number of victims of the Cheka during its four years of existence. In the course of the Civil War alone, 14,000 former landowners, 11,000 teachers and 1,220 priests were "liquidated."

When, in December 1921, Dzerzhinsky reported to Lenin that "the task with which you have entrusted me is completed," nearly half a million people had learned the meaning of "pure terror."

The Cheka was officially dissolved.

However, this merely meant that it continued to function under a different name and leader. Rechristened 'State Political Administration'—"OGPU," it was placed under the command of another Pole, Vyacheslav Menzhinsky, who had been carefully groomed for the job.

Lenin had another task waiting for Dzerzhinsky. In January 1923, the "Whispering Pole" became Commissar for Railroads. Seven years of war, revolution and civil war had left Russia's rail system in almost total collapse. With worn out rolling stock and hopelessly inefficient personnel, the state railways—life-line of the Soviet government—had all but ceased to function.

Half a dozen previous Commissars had failed to remedy the situation. Lenin pinned his last hope on the red-eyed Pole who had made a science out of terror.

The morning after his appointment Dzerzhinsky appeared at the Mogilev railway station. "There was an express train from Orsha due here at 7:30—30 minutes ago. Where is it?" he asked the surprised station master.

The official answered that he did not know. Apparently the train had not left Orsha at all.

"Wire the station master there and ask him what the matter," ordered Dzerzhinsky.

The wire was sent and for a full hour the ex-Cheka chief waited for an answer. None came. The station master at Orsha was drunk and simply did not bother to reply.

Dzerzhinsky and his staff took a special train for Orsha and found the station master still far from sober.

Ten minutes later he looked down the muzzle of a firing squad. The soldier crashed out, and Dzerzhinsky softly announced to the watching personnel: "Comrades, as from today the Orsha-Mogilev express will run on time."

After two years, during which 270 state employees were executed for "subversion," Dzerzhinsky had the Russian railways in some semblance of order.

Simultaneously, he undertook the momentous job of rounding up Russia's one million street children. These waifs, whom the civil war had made homeless and parentless, were overrunning the country like a plague.

In March 1923, Dzerzhinsky launched the combined forces of Red Army and OGPU on a full-scale drive against the orphans "to kind the

appeared from theatres, restaurants and the open street, men and women were suddenly seized, bundled into waiting cars and whisked into oblivion.

Inquiries at police stations were futile, even dangerous, sometimes the suspect himself was never seen again. Entire families were wiped out without a trace, swallowed into nothingness—liquidated. A phantom hand that struck from the dark and rubbed out the victims as if he had never existed—that was Dzerzhinsky's "pure terror."

From the middle of 1918 to the autumn of 1920, civil war raged over Russia, and it was Dzerzhinsky who kept the Bolshevik home front together. Purge after purge, the number of victims increasing every time, reduced Lenin's internal enemies to a state of quaking hysteria. One careless word or unguarded action—and out of nowhere reached the long arm of the Cheka, and the offender was heard of no more.

It is impossible to estimate the total
WHAT MAKES US OVEREAT?

MAX MILLMAN

Here are the reasons why many people overeat to the point of treacherous and dangerous obesity.

The one and only important cause of obesity is overeating. Although in the past, heredity, the glands and abnormalities of metabolism were blamed for excessive weight, today these theories have been largely discarded. Practically all authorities in the field of nutrition and metabolism agree that the only time superfluous fat accumulates in the body is when the food intake is greater than that utilized in energy or work.

We require food for life and health. Thus, of course, is common knowledge. What we often forget, however, is that we sit down at the table to eat not so much for the purpose of self-preservation as because of hunger and appetite. It isn't always easy to tell where hunger ends and appetite begins. The two terms are not synonymous. Hunger is antenst we are born with it. It is independent of learning or conditioning. In the physiologic sense, hunger may be defined as the unpleasant sensation in the pit of the stomach resulting from a lack of food.

Appetite, on the other hand, is an emotion. It is a desire for a repetition of some pleasant taste, smell or experience of the past. We are not born with our appetites, but acquire them as time goes on. The savoury flavours of sweets, pastries, relishes and the like tempt us to return to these foods again and again. The feeling of contentment from a well-filled stomach is another experience that we like to return to altogether too often.

We might say that hunger is a necessity and appetite a luxury. In the final analysis, all overeating (and, for that matter, undereating as well) is caused by a disturbance of our appetite-regulating mechanism. A plump person who declares that he overeats because he is hungry really means to say that his appetite, for one reason or another, keeps making unreasonable demands on him.

The amount of air and water in our bodies is regulated with a remarkable degree of precision by mechanisms which automatically cause their prompt elimination should they accumulate to an excessive degree. The same, however, is not true of food. All superfluous calories are deposited in the form of fat tissue.

Since appetite is an emotion, it is inconstant, flexible, capricious and changeable. It can be controlled and disciplined almost at will.

Factors capable of influencing our abnormal cravings for foods are numerous and varied. But they may be classified in several fairly distinct categories. If you belong to the large army of overeaters the chances are that it is because of one or more of these reasons.

There are many instances of obesity in adults traceable to early childhood or even infancy. The youngster who is forced or coaxed to "finish the cereal" or drink an extra glass of milk may react in one of two opposite ways. He may rebel against it and present his mother with an obstinate feeding problem, or he may become overimpressed with the importance of food and continue to overeat for the rest of his life.

In a similar way, the child whose good behaviour is rewarded with chocolates and sweets is bound to remain convinced of the desirability of these delicacies for many years to come. Even more damaging is the bad example set by gluttonous parents. Children are more likely than not to follow suit. Example is the best teacher, even though the teaching be fallacious and misleading.

It has been known for some time that obesity "runs" in certain families. It has been shown, for instance, that when both parents are stout, more than 70 per cent of the offspring can be expected to be overweight. When only one parent is obese, the figure is approximately 45 per cent, and when both father and mother are of normal weight, less than ten per cent of the children can be classified as obese. Until recently, heredity was held responsible for this phenomenon. Today the belief prevails that obesity is solely an acquired characteristic. Two-fold evidence supports the newer point of view. Fat people with obese parents respond to weight reduction treatment the same as those whose parents were lean or of normal weight. And the weight of identical twins may vary greatly from time to time, while all other characteristics such as height, build and the colour of the eyes and hair remain constant at the same.

It has been stated, and very aptly too, that many people overeat because of emotional starvation. They find food a handy gratification.

Worry, fear, anxiety and fatigue will cause one person to lose his appetite completely, the next may react by overeating. "When you are emotionally upset, do you eat more or less?" A large majority of several hundred fat people answered "more." They admitted that when...
ever they became nervous or upset, they just couldn't stop nibbling or chewing. This explains the trauma that many people worry themselves into obesity.

The mental angle of obesity as portrayed perhaps best of all in the person who, strange as it may seem, employs obesity as a defence mechanism. He clings to his fat because it relieves him from certain responsibilities, such as marriage, an unpleasant job or rough playing with the boys, that he prefers not to shoulder.

There was a time not so very long ago when obesity was looked upon as a symbol of good health and prosperity. Fat was synonymous then with power, strength and robust health. Double chins and spare tyres were regarded by many as shields of protection against illness and disease. In other words, instead of recognising obesity as a detriment to health and life, as we do today, our grandparents saw in it a perfectly harmless and even beneficial state of nutrition.

Today the hazards of obesity are no longer questioned. Life insurance statistics show conclusively that excessive weight not only predisposes its victim to a long list of serious conditions such as diabetes, heart disease and high blood pressure but shortens its life expectancy to a shocking degree. One outstanding figure for people between the ages of 45 and 50 will suffice as little as 25 pounds of excess weight diminishes their life expectancy by fully 25 percent.

Sound knowledge and sensible eating practices are gradually replacing misinformation, superstition and indifference. Today more people seek medical advice for weight correction than ever before. Even more important, parents, teachers, nurses and public health workers have come to the inevitable realisation that the best way to combat obesity is by prevention.

Charts showing man's daily dietary requirements and listing the calories value of foods are easily available nowadays. A lack of specific information may lead to widespread dietary indiscretion.

For instance, the size of the meal does not always reflect the number of calories it contains. A bulky meal composed largely of fruits and vegetables may yield fewer calories than a smaller one containing large amounts of cream, butter and sugar. It is up to us to select our foods wisely, making sure that our diet has both the proper food elements and calories.

Some people overeat because they feel (usually as a result of habit) to diminish their food intake when their activities lessen. This type of overeating has been labelled "relative overeating," and it is responsible for the obesity seen so frequently in the retired athlete, in the person who has changed to a less active occupation, in the patient convalescing from an illness or an operation and in the man or woman who has slowed down with advancing age.

Supposing John Doe, aged 20, weighing 154 pounds, is a hard worker and wishes to retain his present weight. He requires a daily diet containing 4000 or perhaps even 4500 calories. However, when he reaches middle age or changes to lighter work, he must diminish his caloric intake at once or obesity will surely result. The familiar middle-aged spread and the notorious maturity appearance are no longer looked upon as something inevitable. All that we have to do to prevent this dangerous type of growth is curtail our caloric intake in accordance with our activity and our work at physical exercise.

"I was never fat until my operation" is a comment frequently made by obese patients, implying that the operation is to blame. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Here is a situation where more than one factor usually comes into play. First of all, convalescence means lesser physical activity, with all its dangers of relative overeating. Secondly, friends and relatives bring fruit and chocolates and urge us to eat more and more, presumably for the purpose of helping us regain health and strength more rapidly. And finally, after a serious operation or illness, worry, frustration and a sense of insecurity may enter the picture and cause still more eating.

The hypothalamus is a small structure in the brain, just above the pituitary gland. It has been observed that the appetite increases following inflammation, injury or tumour of this structure. However, the number of obesity cases resulting from the disturbance of the hypothalamus is exceedingly small.

More is known at the present time about the composition of foods, and about man's dietary requirements than ever before. The physician of today sees in the fat man or woman a patient entitled to all the sympathy, professional care and attention accorded the diabetic or arthritic person.

He realises, however, that the only way to prevent obesity or cure it permanently is to remove its cause. Prevention should be started early, best of all by the parents who are in an excellent position to surround their children with wholesome eating influences. In older people, the proper use of mental hygiene coupled with intelligent understanding encourages temperate eating and drinking practices.

The treatment of obesity calls for a thorough appraisal of all the factors responsible for excessive eating in each separate case. This can be accomplished only through accurate and complete cooperation of physician and patient.
COAST OF PEARLS

ONE night in the 1890's, a well-known white pearl master of Broome—just in from a three-weeks' cruise with a good haul of the lustrous gems—sat in on a poker game. At dawn he rose from the table broke—money, pearls, even his luggage had been lost.

He returned to his bungalow and swore roundly as, in entering, he stumbled over the top of a massive golden-lip pearl shell he had used for years as a doormat.

Looking down at it, he noticed an unusual blister on the lining. On an impulse he opened it with his knife. Inside, a chance in a million, was a perfect round pearl, worth more than all he had lost.

For 80 years, like a magnet, the chance of such a lucky strike has been lureng adventurers to Australia's northern coast. From Broome in the west to Thursday Island in the east, they have ranged the warm, azure waters offshore for the elusive pearl.

In the heyday of the industry before World War I, more than 500 luggers worked the 3000 miles that comprise the pearling grounds. Now the total has shrunk to less than 100 vessels.

Exciting, colourful and cosmopolitan Broome, on mangrove-fringed Broome Bay, has long been regarded as the pearling capital of the Commonwealth.

To it, in days gone by, went pearl buyers, divers, speculators and rogues from all over the world. In their wake followed Asiatic sailors of all varieties to ply an age-old trade in quaintly-named Shaba Lane.

Broome was one spot where the "White Australian" policy did not apply. It swarmed with Japanese, Chinese, Malays, Malaysians, Indonesians and South Sea Islanders. It was a racial melting pot, where men forgot colour as they sought for gems to adorn the necks and arms of beautiful women the world over.

The first big pearl found on the coast was Black's in 1875. Black was the captain of a trading schooner, who "bought the pearl from a native for a broken pocket knife." A few months later, he sold it in London for £22,000, and Australia's "Coast of Pearls" became famous.

Many of the greatest pearls similarly meant little to their original finders. The "Southern Cross," a four-inch-long oddity of eight pearls forming almost a perfect cross, was sold for £34,000, was first sold for a song.

At low tide one afternoon in 1882, 12-year-old Tommy Clarke was strolling along the sandy beach at Broome on the north-west coast, when he suddenly spied the strange-looking white cross in the seaweed.

He picked it up and raced home to the squidal shack in which he lived with his drunken, me'er-do-well father. With trembling hands, the man examined the boy's find and his bleary eyes lit up. "They're pearls, all right," he decided. "Mean the world to me!"

Down at the jetty was the pearl-laden luster of a shrewd character named "Shiner" Kelly. To him Clarke sold the "Southern Cross" for ten pounds and a bottle of rum.

Tommy Clarke, who died at Broome in 1983, devoted the rest of his life to the pursuit of the pearl, but never found another of more than trifling value.

In 1904 one of the biggest pearls ever found, a brilliant 'drop' of well over 100 grains, brought death to four men.

Worth more than £5000, it was a single pearl, that is stolen by a dishonest diver and smuggled ashore for secret sale.

Before the duffer could dispose of it, however, it was in turn stolen from him in Broome by a vicious Malay named Pedro Marquez.

Marquez enlisted the aid of two other desperadoes, Charlie Hagen, a Norwegian, and Simon Espe, a Patagonian. Together they offered the pearl to a buyer from Perth, Mark Liebfried, for £500.

Knowing its value, Liebfried eagerly agreed to meet them with the cash after dark. They selected as the rendezvous the deserted schooner Mint, beached down the bay near Dampier Creek.

Liebfried kept the appointment and, the following morning his body was found floating in the mangrove shallows beside the schooner. His head was battered in. Strangely the £500 was found intact in his pocket. Apparently the killers had taken fright and fled without it.

To-day Liebfried lies buried in Broome cemetery. Marquez, Hagen and Espe are buried in the grounds of Peril Gail, where they were hanged for the murder a month later.

The fatal pearl mysteriously disappeared. What happened to it was never discovered, as the three killers refused to talk.

The life of the pearl divers was filled with hazards. In the early days of the industry, men were frequently stricken with paralysis by a too-swift ascent from deep water, drowned by the reverberating of their airlocks on coral or by some venomous sea creature, or attacked by groppers, sharks, octopuses and giant mollusks.

Sharks were not the deadliest ene-
BRITISH resident of Hong Kong has a native servant who goes around the house as quietly as a mouse for fear of disturbing his master. One day he asked the boy to call him the next morning at seven as he had an important engagement. At seven the boy entered his master's room. By the bed he left a note. When the Britisher, awoke later he read: "Sir, it is seven o'clock. Will you kindly get up, please?"

They seldom attacked a man in diving dress. When they did, they could be generally frightened off by the sudden release of air bubbles from the valve in the helmet.

In 1915, a Koepanger named Francis Paddy came up with a spine-tingling account of the flesh-eating habits of the groper.

He was working in a good patch of pearl shell, where only a few days before a fellow diver had been lost. Killer whales had chased an old humpback right up to the luger. The lines of the submerged diver had become entangled in the ferocious fight that followed and snapped. He had sunk to the bottom and been drowned. His body had not been located.

But that was the luck of the game. As Francis Paddy moved at work over the ocean bed, his mind went on pearls. He had no time to think of his missing mate. Suddenly, as he rode ahead, he spied a huge black body.

It was a groper. Oblivious of his presence, it was wrenching and tug-

bolts upright, he lunged for Benham's arm with his other hand.

But the Australian was ready. He grabbed the outstretched hand and yanked it towards him. Losing his balance the Jap toppled over on the floor.

One kick with his heavy, lead-soled boot and Benham had done what the Jap had intended to do to him—smashed in his glass face-piece. Then he jumped aside the body and stayed there until it went limp.

Back on the Gertude, Benham and his crew watched as the Japs hauled up their comrade's body and sailed away.

They did not seem impressed by his shouted opinion that the poor fellow must have fallen on a sharp piece of coral and so broken his face-piece.

A variety of reasons, including the cultured pearl, have been put forward for the present stagnation of the pearl industry.

All of them are no doubt contributory causes. The real reason, however, may be the scarcity of men like those old-time pearlers. It is an occupation that requires a special degree of toughness, courage, and enterprise.
SCALPED BY WILD WHITE MEN

THE white war party came over the last rise overlooking the Red Indian camp at a trot—cavalry, artillery, and civilians, 750 strong. They were intent on massacre, eager for revenge on the crowded Indian village scattered along the creek in front of them.

Guessing what was going to happen, an old Indian Chief desperately hurried the American dog, with a white banner of truce above.

The leader of the raiders, Colonel Chivington, spurred his horse forward, waving his rifle at the men behind him.

"Remember our wives and children!" he shouted. "Remember our womenfolk murdered on the Platte and Arkansas!"

His Confederates needed no urging. They fell on the friendly Cheyenne village, and at the end of the one-sided slaughter the bodies of 200 Indian men, women and children littered the cold winter ground.

The date was November 28, 1864, and the place Sand Creek, in Colorado, U.S.A. The massacre, the bloodiest page in the history of the wars with the Red Indians, caused a public outcry against the ringleaders, a congressional inquiry, and started a controversy which raged for years.

Colonel Chivington was in danger of being disgraced, but there was so much conflicting evidence brought forward that he was cleared. No one knew whether the Cheyenne village was really friendly, or whether earlier depredations by its inhabitants had warranted the fate that befell them.

The trouble was brewing in 1861, when the Indians started a series of attacks on the settlers in the state. They increased in number, and between 1861 and 1864 there were murders, rape, burnings, and lootings by the Cheyennes, Sioux, and their brother tribes which brought no retaliation from the scattered white men.

Construction of the Kansas Pacific Railroad through the territory further aroused the natives. The track might go through they said, but no white man would ever settle along its length.

Despite offers of peaceful settlement by the whites, the Indians preyed on isolated forts, attacked stage trains, and held up communications so effectively that at one stage the city of Denver was almost reduced to starvation.

Along the Platte River, whole families were massacred and their farms burned, a few of the women being spared and taken captive on each occasion. Some succeeded as a way out, for the Indians were no respecter of their slaves.

Any woman captured was used as the common property of the entire raiding party until the braves reached the safety of their village, then she became the chattel of the man who captured her. He could sell her, kill her, or gamble her away as he pleased.

One such incident, in the anxious days leading up to the Sand Creek massacre, was the capture of a young married woman, Mrs. Ewbanka, on August 8, by a band of Cheyennes.

She carried a child in her arms, but by some chance the captors did not harm the infant.

In May, 1865, she was recaptured by her own people, and gave a signed statement to her rescuers, Lieutenant Trues, of the Iowa Cavalry, and Judge-Advocate Zabriskie, of the 1st Nevada Cavalry.

When first taken by the Cheyennes, she was hauled to the lodge of the old chief. She made little forced me, by the most terrible threats and menaces, to yield my person to him. He treated me as his wife. He then traded me to Two Face, a Sioux, who did not treat me as his wife, but forced me to do all manual labor done by squaws, and he beat me terribly.

"Two Face traded me to Black Foot, a Sioux, who treated me as his wife, and because I resisted him his squaws abused and ill-used me. Black Foot also beat me unmercifully, and the Indians generally treated me as though I was a dog, on account of my showing so much determination towards Black Foot.

"Two Face traded me again, and I then received a little better treatment. I was better treated among the Sioux than the Cheyennes, that is, the Sioux gave me more to eat. When with the Cheyennes I was often hungry.

"During the winter, the Cheyennes came to buy me and the child for the purpose of burning us, but Two Face would not let them have me. During the winter we were on the North Platte, and the Indians were killing the whites all the time and running off their stock.

"They would hang in the scalps of the whites and show them to me and laugh about it. They frequently ordered me to wean my baby, but I always refused; for I felt they would take him from me and would never..."
IF HISTORY DOESN'T REPEAT ITSELF SOMEONE GETS ROBBED

I wonder, yes, I often really wonder
As on the recent, pleasant past I ponder,
However in the days not long gone by
I looked a luscious maiden in the eye,
And said the things the poets often say
About how she over my heart held sway.
Such talk could be but rank extravagance
Provoked by one small, glowing glance—
And if I spoke, influenced by her eyes,
I guess I must have been just hypnotised!
And now, awakened from the hypnotic trance,
I see the maiden led me on a dance,
Made me say things no man should ever say,
And do things which, though foolish, were gay,
And though I see how futile it must seem
To say those things which only poets dream,
In my mind now it is completely plain
That I hope to be hypnotised again!

—EX-REX.

let me see his little face again"

Mrs Ewbank was a strong frontier woman, and recovered from the nightmare.

This set the whites howling for vengeance, but there was more provocation yet to come. A party of Indians approached a Government wagon train on November 12, gained the confidence of the teamsters with a show of friendship, then fell on them and slaughtered fourteen men.

The only survivor was a boy, who was scalped and left for dead. He was driven to timidity, and died later from the frightful wounds.

The infuriated settlers vowed they would not tolerate any more. They enlisted the aid of the military, and set off for the largest Indian settlement they could find. They were guided by a half-breed to the Cheyenne camp on Sands Creek. At the time, in the heat of the white men's rage, it made no difference whether their prey was friendly or not.

The white men killed the Indians in the same fashion as their own families were killed. They shot or stabbed their victims, then scalped and mutilated them.

The massacre had the effect Chivington wanted. The Indians were beaten and demoralised, defeated by the same treacherous tactics they had used themselves.

A belly laugh rolled up and down the state when a spokesman for the Cheyennes complained that "they had always heard that the whites did not kill women and children, but now, after Sands Creek, they had lost all confidence in them."

But the Indians collected many sympathisers among the whites, and indeed the story was a shocking one.

A Military Commission ponderously took evidence, sitting at Fort Lyon, in Denver.

It was headed by Colonel Tappon, of the Ist Colorado Cavalry—an officer who hated the sight of Chivington.

But he could find no evidence to prove that Chivington's action had not been justified, and the affair fizzled out.

The Indians took advantage of the public sympathy. Within a few months they were back at their old tricks, burning farms and killing whites.

After three more years of skirmishing and bloodshed, General Hancock set forth from the east with an expedition of heavily-armed men. His aim was to persuade the Indians to enter the newly-formed reservations by a judicial show of the strength of the white man.

Out in the plain country, he contacted a band of Sioux in the district to the west of Fort Larned. He negotiated with the chiefs, and they made appointments for further conferences.

They did not keep their promise, and the patient Hancock made fresh forays, times with them. The Sioux did not bother to appear at the appointed time, and the General awoke next morning to find them gone. They had stolen everything they could from the cavalry camp as a parting gesture.

But despite continued treachery, the peace-making efforts of the military leaders from the East were eventually successful. In a few years the Indian attacks had dwindled to practically nothing, and most of the tribes were settled in reservations.

Twenty years later, while Colonel Chivington was addressing a large public gathering, he mentioned the massacre. "No matter what was said," he stated, "I will stand by what we did at Sands Creek."

He could not have expected the reaction to his words. The packed audience rose to their feet as one and cheered the old army man.
LOTTERY LUCK

The tower and pathos, good luck and bad, hum the details of big lottery wins.

Australia's pioneer lottery was "Tatts"—now well-known throughout the world. In its infancy the project was really struggling—but not on account of public disinterest. Originally the Post Office declined to handle letters addressed to Tattersall's, Hobart. The Tasmanian Government wasn't unduly worried. Agents in Hobart and Launceston were receiving enormous mail deliveries daily—and there was no mention of Tattersall's on the envelopes, most of which had been posted in Victoria.

Nowadays the Commonwealth Government is not too proud to extract a substantial payoff from the Tasmanian institution. Their gain is poundage on postal notes and money orders as well as postage. Two hundred thousand Tasmanian tickets are sold each fortnight, with a couple of heavier Melbourne Cup consultations annually. These sales aggregate a lot of poundages and postage stamps.

In fact, the Postmaster General's Department draws top prize of the last, augmented by the take-off from the Queensland Golden Casket and the New South Wales and Western Australian State lotteries. Tasmanian officials don't fare badly either: Apples, Canned Ale, and chocolates are far behind Tatts on the schedule of State revenue-earning commodities.

Sixty-nine years ago a burly ex-butcher from England purchased an hotel in Pitt Street, Sydney. His name was George Adams, and the property he bought was known as O'Brien's pub. Adams, with a flair for showmanship, set about attracting the drinking public to his bar. First, he rechristened his hotel, Tattersall's, after the famous English sporting club. Next, he imported chunks of special marble from throughout the world and built-in the row famous Marble Bar.

Geo Adams was essentially a sporting man, and he wanted sporting gentility to use his pub. He decided to run a sweep for his customers on the 1881 Sydney Cup. It was a success. The £2,000 in stakes came in during the first day.

"Tatts' Pub Sweeps" soon became well-known. The sovereigns were rolling in Adams was doing so well with the venture, and drawing so many satisfied customers to his Marble Bar, that eventually the moralists took up the challenge. The result was that sweeps were declared illegal in New South Wales.

Adams transferred his sweep business to Brisbane, but the Puritans, flushed with their success, were hot on his heels. Sweeps were outlawed in Queensland. Geo moved south to Tasmania in 1895, and at last found himself free of his prejudiced pursuers. The southern islanders gave him a happy welcome.

First prize in present day "Tatts" is £10,000, while the big Melbourne Cup consultation is worth £30,000.

Although many winners of Geo Adams' sweeps have found that the money led them to trouble, the founder himself profited well from his idea. When he died in 1904, he was owner of a coal mine, a coke works, a theatre, and hotels, and he was a big shareholder in electrical enterprises.

The Queensland Golden Casket came into being at the end of World War I. Annual payments for tickets exceed £3 millions while a quarter of a million investors share £2 million prize money.

It was only after some vicious argument that the New South Wales State Lottery came into being. Its
Erich Maria Remarque, author of "All Quiet on the Western Front," was asked whether the book was based on any diary. "No," he replied, "I kept no diary. I wrote it ten years after the war. I wrote about the horrors of war in a country place blooming with flowers." Asked "Did you write anything during the war, when you were living the horror of it?" Remarque smiled, "Yes, I wrote poetry, about flowers."

mid-fifties. His staff of 400 includes men and women clerks, ticket-sellers, accountants and tellers.

The New South Wales lottery office last year wrote to an investor in the Newcastle district. They sent a result sheet and informed him that it was believed that he had won a prize. On presentation of the ticket he would be paid his cheque. He arrived at the office with a small package tucked under his arm. It was an oblong piece of wood securely gummed to it was the prize-winning ticket. He had used tickets to paper the walls of his shack. He had sewn out the piece carrying his ticket. His prize was $40.

Most fortunate investor known to Director Quinnan is Sydney jeweller and novelty dealer, Bruck. The remarkable Mr. Bruck is said to have won more than $50,000, including six major prizes, two of which were firsts. He sometimes purchases hundreds of ticket in a single lottery, but his agents collect them in groups of four.

Fate dealt differently with 72-year-old Walter Western. He had bought tickets in the lottery regularly since its inception. One day the right result came through. A press reporter hurried to tell him the good news. He had won the $6,500 at last—but, as though he had grown tired of waiting, the old man had died the evening before.

Lottery winnings have brought security and stability to many, but to some they have meant trouble, maladjustment and hatred. In New South Wales two brothers fought over a lottery share, father sued his son, son sued his mother. In Queensland, two sisters swore a deadly and permanent enmity.

An Englishman named Whittaker won $40,000 in the Calcutta Sweepstakes. At the time he owned a second-hand garage, a modest bank account, and his fiancee was an attractive English lady. The lucky winner sold his property, ran out on his girl, and moved to Paris. There he obtained for himself a glamorous Mademoiselle and a plush flat. He enjoyed a life of luxury for a brief twelve months—then his Mademoiselle's other boy friend murdered him. There was still $2,500 left of his fortune.

A Sydney public servant could easily hold the record average for success with more than one ticket. With his first two tickets he won first and second prizes in the State Lottery. His only other speculation was a half share in a ticket with a friend, some ten years later, it didn't pay a dividend. "I knew I was wasting that two and ninetopence," he said.

If you haven't yet speculated in lotteries, perhaps you are waiting for the ultimate British organised world lottery, discussed in 1948. Some of Britain's biggest bankers, brokers and insurance tycoons were talking of a colossal lottery, with a prize of 100 million pounds, and ten second prizes of five million pounds. The experts could see no difficulty in selling $100 million tickets at $1 each. Such a turnover would net the British Treasury $900 million. Don't ask us how the winner would cope with his $200 million. We couldn't count that much.
Do You Want Better Eyesight?

Recently studies conducted at College University, U.S.A., suggest that medical treatment for long-sighted, near-sighted, and far-sighted eyes would be a great improvement.

Doctors have found that office workers, who spend long hours at their desks, suffer from eye strain and other ailments caused by poor vision.

The results showed that the students who received the proper treatment were able to see clearly and comfortably.

In conclusion, it is advisable to take advantage of such medical treatments in order to improve one's vision and overall health.
"This is Tahiti," replied the sultry siren, taking his arm and leading him off to pay homage to the local totem pole. It was no dream. Jacques Boutinot had indeed paddled all the way to Tahiti—but the Riviera, not the Pacific variety. It's a tiny, little-known resort on the French coast, with a real South-Sea style beach, and trappings—maidens or totem poles—to live up to its name.

When she's not greeting canoing cameramen, our Tahitian beauty occupies herself like this on the beach. She's 22-year-old Kitty Glaizal, resting on her laurels as the recently chosen Queen of the Flowers by taking a vacation at Tahiti Beach. Five feet five inches tall and weighing 105 pounds, Kitty claims the excellent personal statistics of 33, 24, 35—you know where.
they
MAKE PAIN
a
PLEASURE

THE small, meek appearing elderly man stood in a dingy room in a New York tenement building. A smile played on his lips as he walked over to a dresser and took four needles from a drawer. Some of the needles were five or six inches long. One by one he inserted them into his body for their full length.

The gentle smile left the little man's face and was replaced by a look of absolute ecstasy. There was no indication of pain. Just an ecstasy that seemed to possess every fibre of his already scarred body.

His name was Albert Fish, and the act of inserting needles into his body was but one of the many ways in which he achieved happiness, contentment. Another of his methods of obtaining strange satisfaction was to beat his body with a brass-studded paddle until it was a bloody mass of torn flesh. To Albert Fish, sex and pain were the same.

The above statements have not been taken from a best-selling novel. They are part of the court records transcribed in New York City during the murder trial of Albert Fish. He eventually died in the electric chair for the brutal murder of an 11-year-old child.

Many people are familiar with the meaning of the word sadist. They know that a sadist gets an emotional kick out of inflicting pain on other people. Less familiar is the meaning of a word that is the exact opposite to sadist. The word is masochist and means a person who gets an emotional kick by inflicting pain on himself, or having someone else inflict the pain.

Psychiatrists tell us that all of us can have a certain degree of masochism in our make-up and still be considered perfectly normal. As an example, they point to people who get satisfaction out of applying iodine to a cut. The stinging sensation produced by the iodine makes the bearer feel strong and self-righteous. Similarly, many people take delight in extracting a splinter from their own hand or finger.

Everybody knows of, or has heard about, the woman who receives steady beatings from her husband or boyfriend. The neighbours shake their heads and wonder why the "poor dear" doesn't leave the brute. They figure she must really love him, or think him because of the kids. Well, that is true in some cases. But, in a lot of cases the little lady sticks to the brute because she's an out-and-out masochist. She loves her regular beatings. Punch by punch, bruise by bruise, she gets a kick out of it. If she was told thus she'd be insulted, but it's a psychic fact.

According to Sigmund Freud masochism is a kind of sadism "turned against oneself." Until recently, some sexologists regarded sadism as a very active and masculine trait, and masochism as a very passive and feminine trait. However, it is now known that there are a great many masochists who are extremely virile in nature and appearance.

One of the world's greatest sexologists, Havelock Ellis, points out that advanced cases of masochism usually show indications of sexual deficiency. This in turn means the masochist requires stronger than normal simulation to obtain a state of sexual emotion.

Psychiatrists are often asked, "What causes a person to become a masochist?" And they are the first to admit they only know part of the answer.

While there is no general, definite agreement as to what causes a person to become a masochist, most authorities do agree that it stems back to some childhood incidents, or series of childhood incidents. One of the most accepted theories is based on the fact that most masochists were children who were denied parental affection.

As a child, as a means of getting attention, the youngster took to injuring himself in various ways. Or, knowing that if it couldn't get love, the child realized it could get attention by being punished if it was bad. And that punishment was also usually applied on the buttocks, often bare. It is a known fact that most masochists pick a portion of their body near their sex organs to wound, which ties in with the theory of childhood spankings.

Who knows? Now that child physical punishment is becoming more and more obsolete, masochism may eventually die out. Psychiatrists tell us that no child can develop into a normal adult unless it receives plenty of affection from its parents and those close to it. If that is so, then it's a cheap price to pay to eliminate one of mankind's dangerous perversions.
CURIOUS CANINE...

A renowned American murder case was once solved by a dog. A mongrel named Sailor, he was inherited by Emmett Hefce when his brother, Harry Hefce, died. Six years later, Sailor had grown old and Emmett thought it would be a nice sentimental gesture to take him on a visit to Harry's former farm before he died. Sailor no sooner arrived at the old place, near Fairfield, Illinois, before he dashed out into a paddock and feverishly began to dig. Presently he unearthed a jar containing a letter from Harry's widow to her lover and detailing plans for her husband's murder by poisoning. Now remembered, the widow was interrogated by the police and confessed to the murder of her former husband.

SMELL OF MURDER...

Modern criminology records only one man who actually smelled out a murderer. His name is Dr. Lerner, of Boston, and he hit the headlines a few years ago over a patient with a cold he was called in to treat. About the man, and his room, the doctor noticed a peculiar aroma which had remained in his nostrils since his student days—the odour of a medical dissecting room. Dr. Lerner, on leaving, notified the police, who paid the man a hasty call. As a result, the patient, Oscar Barofinn, was convicted of murdering and dismembering his employer, Mrs. Grace Asquith, parts of whose body had just been found floating in Boston Harbour.

UNSOLVED...

What happened to the new courthouse in the frontier town of Talbot, Arizona, must be one of these elusive perfect crimes. After six months' construction work, the building was completed on September 24, 1889, which was thereupon declared a public holiday by the mayor. All day long the townsfolk celebrated. But that night someone perpetrated one of the most baffling unsolved mysteries. The courthouse literally disappeared. When Talbot woke next morning, the site was once again a vacant lot. Overnight, someone had removed it—and every nail, piece of timber and other material used in its construction.
HE WAS A KILLER, BUT SO WAS THIS TAWNY BRUTE

THE boss had said, "I don't care how you get it, Scuife. Buy it if you can. Steal it if you must. But get it. He had thumbed a thick sheaf of bills. "This is yours when you hand it over. Ten thousand, Scuife."

Now Les Scuife thrust his gloved hands savagely into his coat pockets. His pudgy red face quivered with rage. He drew a deep, long breath, and his voice was tight and brittle as he spoke to the man kneeling on the other side of the wide flower bed. "The big tawny dog lying on the turf pricked his ears forward and rose to a low crouch, inching forward as Scuife spoke.

"Ain't gonna change your mind, eh, Professor Klwood? Not even if I up the ante about five thousand? How about it, huh?"

The slow-moving man only a few feet away seemed not to have heard. He gave the rich damp earth a final pat before laying aside his trowel. He got to his feet, brushed the knees of his trousers, then stood cuddling the bowl of his pipe while his eyes slowly traversed Scuife's corpulent bulk.

"Not even if you up it fifty thousand, Mr—"

BERNA MORRIS • FICTION
Scalf watched as the professor tugged the reluctant dog around the corner of the laboratory adjoining the cottage.

He turned swiftly, pounced through the maze of paths to the doorway. He closed the door with quick purpose. His small intense eyes darted about, stopped suddenly as he saw, through the rear windows, the dim figure of the professor. Elwood was fastening the still angry Trin into a wire enclosure about a hundred yards in back of the house.

For all his hulking ungainliness Scalf moved swiftly through the room. His black, questing eyes focused into little points of intensity as they fell on the untidy desk. His thick gloved fingers pawed through the litter of papers. Then he straightened slowly, his fingers clamped rigidly on a large yellow envelope. He flattened the bulky folder between his palms, and his lips drew back from his teeth in a thin smile.

There was the sound of a door closing in another part of the cottage and the thud of approaching footsteps. Scalf dropped the envelope back on the desk and was stamping down into the charred embers on the dead hearth when Professor Elwood swung into the room.

Elwood brushed his hands together and switched on a lamp.

"Sorry to keep you waiting for that drink. Trin was being a little obstreperous." He laughed as he set a decanter and two glasses on the corner of the paper-strewn desk.

He stopped, the decanter poised over the glasses, his eyes glued to the yellow envelope lying atop the litter on his desk.

"Good heavens! I thought I nailed that." He snatched the envelope and turned to the wall beside the desk.

He swung aside a large pin-studded map and started unrolling the oilcloth of a safe imbedded in the paneling.

"Trin and I do our best to protect ourselves from my absent-mindedness, but sometimes even he can't help me."

The professor slipped the yellow envelope into the safe and pulled at the ponderous door. Scalf sprang forward. The poker glinted hoarsely in the lamplight as it crashed on the back of Elwood's skull.

For the space of half a breath there was silence in the room. Scalf stood, the poker still raised, and his breath was a slobbering noise in his throat. With a stifled grunt the professor's body crumpled to the floor, rolled slightly, and came to rest on its back. A trickle of blood oozed from one ear and dropped slowly onto the rug. From the wire enclosure in the rear of the house came a wild sobbing howl that rose to a thin pinnacle of sound.

Scalf faced the back windows and the fat folds of his face whitened. He hunched his shoulders, turned, and stepped across Elwood's body to the safe. His little black eyes gleamed. His small teeth clicked audibly as he pressed the yellow envelope and slipped it into his pocket.

For a silent, careful moment he stood, his eyes searching the room. Finally they rested on the body at his feet. He touched it callously with the toe of his shoe.

"You dumb cluck!"

He stepped across the body again and made his way to the door. He gave a last glance about, and the door clicked behind him.

Scalf started forward. At the edge of the flower bed he paused. In the deepening twilight he could still see the nodding shapes of the flowers. The dusk was heavy with their scent.

Something like a growl came from Scalf's throat. He gave a low snorting laugh, and brought his heel down on a clump of yellow puccas, grinding them into the soil. He kicked viciously at some tulips, gave another low laugh, and clamped through the middle of the flowers. Suddenly he staggered, clutched wildly at the air, and fell forward with a thudding crash.

From somewhere in the distance came a dull clattering sound.

For a moment Scalf lay still, then he pulled his face out of the moist, frigid soil and sat up. He spat out a mouthful of dirt.

"Goddam flowers—" He stopped, his mouth falling open, his eyes fastened on a thin copper wire hidden in the thick growth about a foot above the ground. He twisted his neck right and then left; the wire followed the contour of the bed.

"Darned dumb cluck and his homemade burglar traps!"

Scalf struggled to get to his feet, then stopped—his fingers clawing the earth—listening. Again there was a heavy clank from behind the cottage. Scalf's thick lips thinned. A trickle of moisture crept from one corner of his mouth. His eyes bulged as he stared at the copper wire.

"Oh, my gosh!" His voice rose to a shriek, "He's loose! He's loose!"

A high keening sound came from around the house. Frantically Scalf pawed the ground, trying to regain his feet, but something was wrong with one ankle. He thudded back down among the flowers, struggling with his clumsy gloved fingers to reach the gun under his left arm. But even as he clawed at his coat, the whining sound grew to a moan and a blast of terror, and the great snarling dog charged around the corner of the house.

Scalf screamed only once.
HE TRIED TO HELP A LITTLE MITE IN DISTRESS — BUT NO ONE UNDERSTOOD

THE afternoon was hot. To the south over the city a line of clouds loomed, blotched with rain. Above the sky was a taut blue whitened with the heat that beats up from city streets and is beaten down again.

The people in the street were languid. They walked, and licked their dry lips, and looked at the distant clouds, hoping. The leaves of the trees drooped listless, pale near the trunks, and almost seemed to pant for breath themselves. Early evening settled, unnoticed.

Two pubs echoed each other across the tramline. The thin ring of cash register bells slid through a hole in the hum of voices, the clank of glasses, the running of beer. Men, thin, stooped, pot-bellied, spitting, sat and swore and drank on the steps. Voices rose loud, sank soft, and the heat clamped down in waves over them. Sports-shirts stuck to running backs. It was near closing-time. From the restless hum an occasional voice stood out. A few men walked; lazy-kneed, down the steps, and scattered. Two of them paused on the edge of the pavement. One spat and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Well . . . I guess I'll be patent' along, Jim?"

"Goodnight."

They paused, neither making a move, feeling the heat. A mutual embarrassment, a flashed of dislike, took them. They grunted, ashamed, and moved off.

The young one crossed the street, head down and thrust forward. His eyes, shaded from the still strong glare by the rim of his hat, were hard. The second pub faced him, the same men sat on the steps, the same burmaids overfrothing the glasses, and the sturdy money fling backwards and forwards across the same wet counter. The same heat bent, fell, washed upon his back and eyes, and clamped around his temples. He passed the pub, going down the alley at its side, past the steps.

"Hey, Jim! Come and have a drink."

"No thanks, Ted, going home."

The voices echoed off the buildings. Even in the shade, here, out of the wind, it was so bloody hot. The beer hadn't made him any cooler — he sweated more. What's for tea? He didn't feel like eating. And with Lorry, big with their second child, tired and grumbling, and Ruth peevish after a day at school . . .

He turned into his street, head down, as though not to see the iron-spaced railings, the dull brown facades, the curve-worn polished steps, the brass door-knockers, cleaned so elaborately every day, as
LOWDOWN ON LOVE: Asked to write a composition on love, this is what one pert little 11-year-old moppet turned in: "Love is something that makes two people think they are pretty when nobody else does. It also makes them sit closer together on a seat when there is plenty of room at both ends. Love is something that young people have but that old people don't have because it is all dimples and star-like eyes and curls that old people don't have. It is something that makes two people very quiet when you are around, also very quiet when you aren't, only in a different way. When they do talk, it's all about dreams and roses and moonshine."

though not to hear the game of cricket of the kids, the gossip over three-feet high drinking front fences, the greetings.

Lorry was standing on the steps of the house, near the ornate, old wooden seat. He looked at her and a spark of pity took him. He kissed her on the cheek, but she repulsed him, irritated, annoyed. He looked down at the grass step. She felt sorry.

"Ruth's not home yet," she said duly.

"She's probably gone to one of the kid's places. I wouldn't worry."

"I'm not worrying, but she's later than usual. It's after six."

A flush of irritation hit up inside again. "She'll be home. It's not the first time . . ." 

He sighed, sat down on the seat, but back on his head, feet on the railing, legs wide apart, and rolled a lump cigarette. His wife seemed small standing on the step beside him.

"Jim, I wonder if you'd better ask the kids if they've seen Ruth. She's late for her tea now."

"She'll be all right. Stop worrying."

She sat down on the seat beside him. He turned to her with a sudden wave of sympathy.

"How is it, missus?"

She nodded her head sideways non-committally, and placed her apron with her hands.

"Not too bad," she said. "I wish it would come."

Jim said, "I'll go and ask the kids."

She sat and watched him go down the three steps into the street. He slumped from the kerb, trying to be nonchalant, slightly slouched, face thin. He spoke to one of the kids playing a game, and got a short answer. He moved on, looking lost among the children, and started talking to an archer sitting in the gutter.

After a while he walked back unconcernedly, pretending to look at the game of cricket. He sat down. "What happened?" Lorry asked.

"They haven't seen her since she left school at three o'clock."

"Did she go home with anyone?"

Well, young Georgie says she went off towards King's Cross by herself."

A little, doubtful, nagging tone came into his voice. "He said she was crying."
m, tight, small lips. She wasn't pretty. She was dirty, and her hair was untidy. Her school uniform was not long enough to hide a slack stocking, black, its white garter drooping glumly. Her feet swung in the air and she was looking at the ground in front of her. All her self-pity and loneliness were routed. She felt alive again; the pang of an emotion had touched her.

The little girl lifted her head and saw she was crying. A dirty handkerchief clasped in her hand was lifted to smear her cheeks.

Guido rose and walked towards her and sat beside her on the seat. The feeling of the loneliness of the lost for the lost, sprang up between them. He soothed her, searching for words.

** * * *

Jim felt the new breath of evening reach him as he walked away from his wife. Damn nuisance of a kid.

A guilty feeling of annoyance nipped his stomach. Thank God it was a bit cooler.

As he turned the corner a sail of hot air hit him, just one puff, and the sweat again beaded his forehead. Jim, walking fast, felt stifled. He slowed down, relaxed. Excused himself by scanning the road in the distance, looking inside the corner fruit shop.

There were few people, and the sun was low so that it burnt gold through the tilted windows of the flats on the other side of the road. He strolled towards The Cross. On the main road, the traffic swelled thicker. He unconsciously walked a little faster, turned down a sharp little hill into another main road, his feet sliding forward in his shoes. Turned another corner and knocked at a door opening on to the street.

No, Miss Merton hadn't seen her. Was anything the matter? Yes, she'd been upset in class about breaking her school case, but she hadn't said anything.

He turned back to the tram lines, crossed the street, went down the roadway opposite, steep, made of wooden blocks, sticking out of soft asphalt and looking like cobblestones. Another house with an iron fence and painted concrete verandah like his own, and next door to a factory.

Na, Jenny hadn't gone to school today... into town with her mother... hadn't seen Ruth since Friday. Sorry, anything wrong?

He followed the curve of the road which brought him out right in the centre of the shopping area. He felt a little lost. Where to now? He was taken aback by the sudden closure of his ways of escape.

A tide of annoyance crept inside him. What was the matter with her anyhow? What she needed is a good hiding—running away from home. A shot of fear glanced him if she hadn't run away. He turned sharply, retraced his steps towards the lights, past the pub where he had been drinking a while back. The anger in him began to grow and with it a pale fear.

The traffic—a taxi narrowly missed him—angered him. People seemed callous. The lights hurt his eyes... the hot day. Anger flashed up inside him against his wife, his kid, himself. He walked down the street, avoiding people's eyes, and looking in each milk bar, searching figures. The police? What could they do? Emptiness sank into his belly.

He came to a park where he knew there was a children's playground, and crossed the road quickly, looking sharply for traffic. The playground was closed—it was growing dark. He strolled along the path through the middle of the park, slouching, striving for ease, his self-conscious legs feeling as though they...
AT LAST THE TRUTH!
She was inclined to be rather
plain.
And they said she wasn't
showy.
She was short in stature, but
in the main.
They said she was elfin-small.
Joey,
Who loved them all and
worried none;
Pursued her with vigour: and
later, numb.
From the grim collection of
what he'd done,
Reported — she isn't shy, she's dumb!
EX-REX.

were running away from his body.
He was in an arena of people —
people who sat around and stared.
He spat a glance from hot eyes at
them. Hadn't they got anything
better to do than sit and stare, stare
at him?
The anger flared up, crept on his
chest. Quickly he crossed the road
back towards the lights, on the other
side this time. His hands were sticky
with anger. Then he saw her.
She was standing at the window of
a radio store, licking an ice
cream, her face dirty. She was watching
a toy electric monkey in the window.
Its gray fuzz bearded face was
nodding from side to side, knocking on
one side against a blue fan held in its
moving hand, a lorgnette in its other
hand came to its eyes and dropped
came to its eyes and dropped, a
frenetic grin bared its little teeth as
its jaw slackened, halted and rose again.
She turned and laughed upwards
toothily at a man holding her hand.
Jim's fists clenched, knuckles whit-
ened. The filthy dago! Anger dis-
integrated his brain . . . the man
smiled back at her . . . and its
strength swept into his body. He fell
at the couple, one hand grasping at
the girl, the other gripping the man's
shoulder, spinning him round against
the plate glass window. The man
slumped against the window, falling,
Amusement and terror whipped the
smile from his eyes.
"You filthy . . . If I catch you
near my kid again I'll kill you."
"Please, mister," Guido said. "She
is crying. She has fear, and I —"
"Get going or I'll break your
fistin' neck," Jim shouted. He snatched
up the battered schoolcase and
grabbed the girl's arm.
"Daddy, he bought me an ice
cream," she said. "I was crying — I
was afraid —"
"You come along with me, you little
brat!" Relief made him angry. He
hadn't anything to be afraid of now.
No more worry — so, reaction.
"Please, that's a right, mister."
Guido said. He was scared, eager to
explain, pleased with what he'd done.
He'd done a good turn he wasn't so
much a stranger: he'd helped some-
body.
"Get going, I said!" Jim was shout-
ing. "I'll break your filthy neck,
dago!"
He pushed Guido back, and Guido
looked bewildered.
A woman's voice came from the
crowd gathering on the footpath.
"What's happening?"
"Just a migrant fighting," a man
answered. "They think they can come
over here and do as they damn well
like!"
The monkey inside the plate glass
window groaned.

"Can you come and get me, dear? I think I'm being followed."

CAVALCADE, February 1933
Invented by—

By pulling a cord an indicator the required fodder is brought into position. The operator then pulls lever and winds handle which provides motive power to teeth. Then operator, by careful observation can gauge the munchiability, bitebleness, and general crunch power.

For bash discourager—this is a sort of hearing aid in reverse. It ensures complete quietness in even the noisiest assembly. Attached eyebrow can be raised at will, thus giving the impression of intent listening.

An auto accessory which helps pedestrians to make up their minds. The kerb topper is helped gently across the road, thereby saving much wear and tear on your fenders.

An arrangement for waking up fast when they go to sleep. Very effective when used at movies or theatre. Blanks only should be used for church services. It is also a valuable guide as to the condition of your reflex actions.

CAVALCADE, February, 1953
STRANGER

and

Strangers

BEER PROOF . . .

A British manufacturer has just come up with a beer-proof piano. Built of solid oak, it contains no sharp edges to bruise drinkers who might fall or be pushed by other sources against it. Beer mugs and cigarettes slide off sloping lids. The keys are covered with a fire-proof plastic that cannot be picked off and is immune to cigarette burns. Neither money, food, nor other articles suggested by inebriated funsters can be thrown into the works. Even the string assembly has been so built that "it cannot be removed to be played on as a harp in some Bacchic outpouring of song."

INDIAN INSIGHT . . .

The medicine men of the American Red Indians possessed many strange, still inexplicable, powers. The Papago tribe thought their chief medicine man, White Smoke, knew the secrets of life and death and could foretell the future—and perhaps their faith in him may not have been misplaced. In the Frontier Museum of Oklahoma are documents containing many of his uncanny predictions. Researchers into the documents recently transcribed a prophecy of his made more than 100 years ago which seems to foretell both the Atom and the Hydrogen Bombs. "After many tomorrows," White Smoke is recorded as saying, "a great fire weapon will come from the sky and kill many warriors. Soon after that, a still greater fire weapon will come and destroy all remaining warriors."

SKEETER SHEN . . .

That exasperating buzz of mosquitoes which can ruin your sleeping hours is caused by the vibration of the wings of the incessant little dive bombers as they hover for the attack. The marauding visitor herself (only the female mosquito does the bitings) is unaware she is making the noise and how it can both warm and torture the victim. Experts believe that generally her humming is a love call. Experimenters in Cuba, some time ago, succeeded in duplicating by means of a record on amplified version of one single mosquito's love call—and thereby lured to death 40,000 male mosquitoes.

JUST AVERAGE . . .

Zealous American statisticians seem to have a mania for averages. Recently they have been attempting to find the average age of the signers of the Declaration of Independence (44 years they eventually deduced); the average American bedtime hour (11 P.M.), the average building height in New York City (five stories); the amount of lipstick an average American woman consumes (over five years the equivalent of her height); the average annual mileage of the American family car (10,000 miles); and the amount of blood pumped daily by the average human heart (enough to fill an ordinary railway tank truck).
THRIFTY TIT-BIT

European girls to these postwar days often have neither the money nor materials for Fashions of the beach or sport attire. However, in necessity to make up something striking from odds and ends, they take second place to none—as this collection of Cornell celler confirms. We don’t know why her turned his back, but it certainly couldn’t be dislike of the trim, figure-hugging suit she’s contrived out of what was once an evening dress.

February, 1953

TOGS

Our inside on the left has apparently deserted her disdainful date to deck herself out in a neat little model that perhaps first saw the light of day as a tablecloth, or as a curtain. Wherever she got it, she’s certainly showing it off to better advantage than any table or window could. Her companion’s romper suit, from another material remnant, might be all right for romping, but we wouldn’t recommend it for swimming.

CAVALCADE, February, 1953
Anyway, who'd want to swim in these sylvan surroundings? This demure, modest miss—with another establishment job—seems to be a bit worried about a neckline she thinks is plunging too far. Personally we'd be more worried about plunging into the dank-looking pool behind her. She's sweet, we know, and plenty decorative anywhere, but don't you think she'd look even better with a real Australian background of surf and sun and sand?
Some inherent streak of perversity made this boy a mad-dog killer.

JAMES HOLLEDGE

SCOURGE OF THE CAROLINAS

The little out-of-town cabaret was noisy with the blare of music, the chatter of happy couples, the popping of corks and the clink of glasses. Suddenly the din stopped, as effectively as if someone had turned off a radio.

Five men had quietly appeared in the entrance. Black menacing automatics in hand, they moved to vantage points around the room.

"Everybody get out and stand in the middle of the floor!" rasped the leader, a tall, thin, red-haired hoodlum, whose eyes—cold, green and venomous—seemed to dart everywhere with the malevolent fury of a wild animal.

"My God! It's Coley Cain!" one of the patrons gasped.

"Yeah, brother, I'm Cain," grinned the bandit. "You wanna faint or something?"

Quickly and methodically, everyone was herded into the centre of the room. "Hurry up!" commanded the red-haired leader. "These aren't toy guns—sae!" Women screamed as the room reverberated to the blasting reports of several bullets he pumped into the walls.

While he kept guard, face twisted in a snarl and eyes as cold as ice, the other four raided the cabaret's cash register and relieved the customers of their money and valuables.

No one made a move, and a few moments later the bandits backed out with their loot. They jumped aboard a large sedan waiting at the door and roared away into the night. Coley Cain—daring, cold-blooded, nearly desperate whose weird green eyes had earned him the nickname of "Tiger"—had written another episode in his crimson career.

In the early 1930's such scenes were common in both the American States of North and South Carolina. Feared and hunted to the death, he led a bloodthirsty gang on a crime rampage that is almost without equal in the history of the modern gang.

Of an old and respected Southern family, Coley Cain was born in the tobacco town of Raleigh. He first fell foul of the police in high school, when he joined a youthful gang in pillaging railway trucks. Soon caught and his companions—all sons of important Raleigh citizens — were freed on suspended sentences.

His education was completed at a well-known Carolina university, but he failed to distinguish himself. Even before he graduated, he had thrown in his lot with a man whom he revered above all others—a shrewd, well-connected safecracker and gang leader named Tick Proctor, then the kingpin of Carolina crime.

Proctor first hit the headlines in 1928 with a flock of daring safe robberies—banks, department stores, garages and so on—all over the twin states. When that field became too hot, early in 1930, he turned to holdups, and the authorities soon realised that a dangerous new menace had been added to his team. It was the snarling, trigger-happy Coley Cain.

Not until 1934 did the police score in the fight against the mobsters. In October of that year Tick Proctor and four of his breed were trapped in a beautiful, white-columned mansion they were openly occupying in Raleigh's exclusive residential section.

But if the police thought the nabbing of the leader and his principal cohorts—who all received long terms of imprisonment—was going to break the gang they were mistaken. Coley Cain was still at large, and he proceeded to weld the remnants of Proctor's crime empire into an even greater menace to law and order.

The "Tiger" disliked the ordinary routine of a hold-up. Often when he approached a store or roadhouse bent on plunder, he excused in first spraying the vicinity with a barrage of machine gun fire.

Not until May, 1935, did the authorities realise that the police equipment was quite inadequate to cope with "The Tiger" and his brood. Then the net was cast upon the unwary of Raleigh Police Chief H. L. Pierce, who was soon to trap him, they were provided with the arsenal, bullet-proof cars and tear gas, without which it would be impossible to track the modern gangster.

Chief Pierce's first break came on the night of September 14, 1935, when an observant patrolman reported an unattended sedan on a suburban street. That itself was not significant, but the fact that the corners of the rear window had been sawn out was. No one goes around making holes in car windows—unless with the idea of using them to spray lead through.

A squad converged on the car and then disappeared to various hiding places in the darkness around it. Two hours later their patient vigil was rewarded. Another car appeared around the corner and dwindled down the street.

Near the sedan it stopped and its...
lights went out. The watchers waited tensely as the occupants apparently inspected the lie of the land. Then suddenly the doors opened. Four figures clambered out and raced towards the sedan.

From behind bushes, trees and fences police sprawl Chief Pierce rapped out the command "Reach!" Three pairs of hands obeyed. The fourth figure, however, cursing with rage, went for his gun. A dozen fingers began squeezing triggers. The night was lit up by the blue and yellow flame of their shooting. The gangster went down, clutching his hip.

Handcuffs were clapped on all four prisoners. They had been on a hold-up in a stolen car and were returning to make a getaway in their own vehicle. The man on the ground had been hit only once—a wound in the hip from which he was soon to recover.

Pierce went over to him and shone a torch into his face, although his men had already told him it was Coley Cain himself. He saw the killer’s eyes and knew it had not been exaggeration to call them cold, green, venomous, malvolent.

Cain cursed up at him “Yeah, copper,” he snarled, “It’s Cain, all right, in person. You started this, but I’m going to finish it—later.”

When news of Cain’s capture spread through the city, crowds gathered outside the gaol, in the hospital ward of which he was incarcerated under strong guard. Lynching talk was rife, but the men were finally persuaded to disperse after assurances that Cain would get what was coming to him.

They were probably not satisfied with the sentence of life imprisonment he drew a few months later—especially as Cain boasted that no gaol could hold him.

He kept his word. On May 27, 1936, the Carolinas were electrified with the news that, with another mad-dog named Roy Cobb, he had blasted his way out of Caledonia Prison with guns smuggled into him.

Cain and Cobb swept into a mail office of violent crime. Garage proprietors, storekeepers and housebuilders operated in constant fear of the preying pair, who appeared out of the night in a crescendo of gunfire.

But the sand was running out for Cain, and, ironically, despite the packs of hunters on his heels, one solitary State trooper named Charles Hennessy was to be his nemesis.

On the night of September 7, 1936, patrolling in a police car, Hennessy and his partner received a radio warning to be on the alert for a certain stolen car. Soon after, as a matter of routine, they pulled into a house outside the town of Florence to look over the cars in the parking lot.

Immediately they sped the number of the stolen car they were searching for. Inside were two women. At the sight of the police, one of them blared a warning on the horn and shouted: “Coley! Roy! It’s the cops!”

Realizing now whom they were up against, Hennessy packed the two women into the police car and sent his partner off with them to Florence for assistance.

Left alone, he changed his mind and decided to go in after the quarry himself. Gun in hand he entered the house. Frightened customers told him the two mobsters had run out the back door on hearing the woman’s warning.

Hennessy pushed his way to the rear of the house and looked out the window. Flames burst from a dense patch of brush and bullets whizzed into the woodwork. Taking cover, the trooper began to trade shots with them.

As soon as they realized they had only one man to contend with, the pair made a break for it. Spraying the rear doorway with lead, they dashed around the side of the house for their parked car—and the Tommy guns concealed therein.

Seconds later all hell broke loose as they unleashed a blasting fire against the building. Shouting a warning to everyone to fall on the floor, Hennessy crawled to a window to continue the duel.

Courageously answering their fire with his automatic, he had the satisfaction of seeing Coley Cain slump to the ground with a slug in his stomach.

Cobb ran forward, grasped his sweetheart and dragged him over to the car. He dumped his body in the back and then, still keeping up the rat-tat-tat from his machine gun, he shot the car out of the yard and out on to the adjacent highway.

Within a matter of minutes, scores of officers had been thrown into the chase, but the gangster car got away. Then, at dawn, came a report from Clinton, 85 miles away. The body of a man had been found in a ditch outside the town.

It was Coley Cain, dumped there by his fleeing partner when he died from loss of blood from the wound Hennessy’s accurate fire had inflicted.

A few hours later Cobb was cornered. On his own he had no chance, and he submitted quietly. He soon went back to prison for the rest of his life.

The Carolinas settled down again to normal living. The most potent criminal menace in their history, who had made a mockery of law and order for years, was wiped out—through the courage of a solitary officer who saw his duty and did it.
Admiral Rous was responsible for our present-day standards of turf behaviour.

**AN OLD SALT AT EPSOM**

It is said that there are but four unchanging and unchangeable British traditions—Westminster Abbey, the Change of the Guards, fish and chips—and the Derby at Epsom.

Even the famous Alexandre Dumas a Frenchman and not very sympathetic to British tradition, was impressed by the atmosphere surrounding the famous English race classic. "In England," he wrote, "the races, and particularly the Epsom races, are not like our Marche or Chantilly, a luxury of the rich. No, Derby Day is a national fête for rich and poor, for gentleman of leisure and worker alike. It is looked forward to for 11 months, talked about for six, planned for three and remembered and discussed longer than it was looked forward to, talked about and prepared for."

The rules of the Classic, as established by the 13th Earl of Derby some 170 years ago, said that it would be open to three-year-old horses of both sexes, and the concept has been maintained since.

In 1844, however, a keen and shrewd clique succeeded in not only entering a four-year-old horse, but had the transient pleasure of watching it win the Derby.

The clique's inspiration for such duplicity was fundamental, it had backed the horse—Running Reun by name—for £50,000.

It was a sad ending to the deception that, due to the efforts of Lord George Bentinck, the Jockey Club disqualified Running Reun when it was proved that it was really a four-year-old named Macabeus.

The incident proved two things. First, that the Sport of Kings lent itself to hanger-mugger and, second, that the Jockey Club was composed of a lot of old sleepless, for it had already been warned that Running Reun was a "ring in." More, it had permitted another horse to race which, had it not met with interference from Running Reun, might have won the Classic, and later events indicated that this horse, Leander, was also a four-year-old.

So, 66 years after the first English Derby, it was clear that horse racing was in a pretty bad mess. Courses abounded in crooks, blackmailers and tout; horses were being pulled and doped, and it was even whispered that the Jockey Club handicapper was not averse, for a consideration, to weighting horses many pounds under its true handicap.

Racing, in fact, needed a dictator who could lift it out of its near-financial and complete ethical bankruptcy. It found the man in Admiral Henry Rous.

Following the "Running Reun Affair," Rous, as a steward, sat about the business of reforming the English turf.

Sacking the whole Jockey Club staff, he managed within a short time to raise the club's income to £38,000, and reorganised the system of handicapting. Then he turned his attention to the racing itself.

A contemporary writer said: "His bold and manly form, erect and steady to the last, in a shooting or pen jacket, wearing black boots or leggings of the same colour, dog whip in hand, ready for mounting his old bay horse for the course, no matter what the weather might be, was an imposing sight."

"Before the start he would take up his position close to the 'Bushes' like an equestrian statue, silent and motionless, the reins resting on the neck of his horse ... his eyes, once fixed on the runners, were seldom removed until he had discovered all he wanted to see in the different starters."

In an age of heavy gamblers, Rous believed that it was the "small people" who suffered most by unfair butting.

"Let the rich man ruin himself if he pleases," the Admiral said, yet he did not hesitate to denounce aristocrats in his best quarter-deck manner if he believed that they were relying less on fortune and their jockey's ability than on co-operative lack of effort.

His tongue, accustomed to rising above sea storms, blistered jockeys and trainers whom he suspected of skulduggery. Above all, he leashed the dedication of jockeys, whom he called "precocious, petted marmalikes."

"Any man who follows the advice of his jockey is bound to be ruined,"
he said, with a forthrightness that brooked no contradiction. "Admiral Rous was the greatest man I ever knew," Lord Coventry once said. "The standard of racecourse behaviour to-day is a greater monument to him than any Roux Memorial at Newmarket."

Admiral Rous was the kind of man who was bound to succeed in anything he undertook. Although his brother was the influential Lord Stradbroke, Rous' rise in the Royal Navy was due to his own ability to command, his unwavering sense of duty, and his seamanship.

His final exploit was to sail a frigate 1,500 miles in 20 days, while it was rudderless, without a keel, and leaking at a rate of two feet of water every hour.

The frigate ran aground on the Labrador coast during a thick fog and could, without loss of face for its commander, have been abandoned, but Rous, as stubborn on the sea as he was on the racecourse, brought her safely to England. Then, fed up with the sea, he retired and prepared to devote the rest of his life to racing.

In spite of the Admiral, nevertheless, the very composition of the sport made a complete clean-up impossible. The courses were still peopled by rough, tough, and tricksters—and all of them did not come from the masses.

The Admiral learnt, for instance, that one starter was making a nice income—reputedly £1,000 a year—from presents received from rich owners. He cited a case where one horse was given an 80 yards start to win the St. Leger. Another, who lived in a house owned by a jockey, paid tribute by allowing the jockey's mount invariably to get a flying start on the field.

Never a man to delegate responsibilities to anyone else, the "Sailor on Horseback" often earned the title bestowed on him by galloping his horse up to the course and, riding alongside a suspect jockey, urging the latter by threats to loosen the strangle hold he had on his mount.

The jockey, fearing the Admiral's hurricane tongue more greatly than any penalty that might follow, invariably loosened his hold. Then, to make it official, Rous persuaded the Jockey Club to introduce a plan which provided for suspension of jockeys who indulged in hanky-panky prejudicial to the fair name of horse racing.

It was a piece of turf legislation that, perhaps more than any other single factor, prevented the "precocious maulkins" from co-operating too wholeheartedly with the big gamblers of the day.

The administration side of horse racing became his whole life. Even the racing stable he had built over the years became neglected as he set out with the zeal of an evangelist, to rid the turf of its rogues, race-neggers and "lurk-men."

He didn't—couldn't altogether succeed, but he at least set a pattern of racecourse behaviour and discipline that is, by and large, followed to this day.

So, when the "little men" go to the Derby, he may be moderately sure that, apart from having his pocket picked or falling in with a tout, he will get a pretty "fair" go and won't necessarily be helped to lose his money by the duplicity of the rider of his chosen horse.

For, whether the jockeys realise it or not, the course at Epsom is shadowed by the figure of a motionless mounted man who, binoculars at the ready, is studying across the years their activities—and, it could be, their inactivities.
Two level houses are the obvious and usually satisfactory solution of most of the problems presented by sloping building lots.

The accompanying plan shows a suggestion on these lines for a three bedroom house on land which slopes from the street.

The living room and kitchen are situated at the upper level, the former being large enough to serve the dual purposes of lounge room and dining room.

From the entry a short flight of steps leads down to the bedroom wing and a similar flight leads upwards to the deck over the wing.

There are three bedrooms, each with built-in wardrobes, and a well fitted bathroom. The laundry is placed in one corner under the bedroom wing.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 60 feet and the overall area 1400 square feet.
IS SCIENCE FICTION FACT?

RAY HEATH

What is the cause of the spate of science fiction now being produced in every civilised country?

NEVER was a man in a stranger situation: eight months' flying time from the earth, locked in a man-made star that was a self-contained asharity—and grew, with his ship out of control and only one hour's oxygen left...

Only fiction, of course, but even as fiction, perhaps no stranger than the people who, only a few months ago, bought tickets for the first trip to Mars.

One of the people who read the science fiction story wrote "When Benson (this character we referred to) had only one hour's air left, what would happen to him? Would he stay up, floating round through eternity, or would he fall to earth? Also, if it took eight months to reach the height to which they had gone, how long would it take him to reach earth again?"

Quite legitimate questions, too; and questions which open up the whole of the biggest question—why science fiction?

There is a flood of such stories now, in every country in the world. Jacques Lombard, a French novelist, writes "The Crystal Corpse," introducing scientifically accurate facts new to fiction; Hollywood produces "When Worlds Collide," dramatising a catastrophe which we can only call "the end of the world." The U.S.A. produces month after month magazines filled exclusively with such items, generally called 'science fiction.' A fairly good working definition would be "fiction based on scientific facts."

The idea isn't new only the material in the stories of to-day is different from the material of science-fiction of the past Jules Verne wrote science fiction when he wrote "A Voyage to the Moon," "Round the World in Eighty Days" and "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." H. G. Wells wrote science fiction in "The Time Machine"—and Conan Doyle wrote science fiction of another type when he took the knowledge gained by explorers and based on it "The Lost World."

The general tendency of science fiction is to look forward—to guess what is coming next. Verne impressed by the introduction of the first clumsy submarines, imagined a highly efficient submarine, the "Nautilus," a fantastic idea to his publisher and readers then, but practical and in use to-day. His imagination captured by the sudden spurt of speed that came with steam power and the internal combustion engine, he dreamed a voyage round the world in 80 days. The people who laughed at that would have had him declared insane had he mentioned journeying around the world in the few days it would take to make a modern plane.

Aircraft were once kept at a low flying level because when you get high, oxygen becomes scarce, and men can't breathe. Then it became possible to equip planes and pilots with their own private oxygen supply, the state of the air outside didn't matter; they were made and they had air.

The creative mind of the author starts to dream—back comes the oldest question in the world, are there people on other stars? If we can travel outside the earth's air with our own oxygen, can we reach another star and find out? So an author imagines that somebody does this.

Very quickly he comes up against the problem of gravity. The spaceship in which his hero travels has to have the lack to outrun gravity—because that, like oxygen, diminishes as you move away from the earth's surface.

Then comes another question—when the ship is free of gravity, and cruising through space, the people in the ship are free of gravity, too, and there is nothing to hold them to the floor—they float up in the air of their vessel. Their weight changes, their muscular power varies—so the author has to study the effects of gravity and all the ways a person would be affected by the lack of or absence of gravity.

Because—and this is the whole point of science fiction—while the story is a sort of imagination as to what could happen, the author has to be certain that IT COULD happen, as a scientific possibility. He has to study science first.

The questioning reader asks, "What will happen to the man when his oxygen is used up?" The man will die, of course, because the human being, whatever he is, cannot live without oxygen. Now—what will happen when he dies? It depends on the circumstances of his ship, so long as it is powered and directed, it may float around in space indefinitely. But once it loses its power, all is lost.

All around it there are heavenly bodies, each of which has its particular measure of gravity, to exert some pull. And the space ship will not fly back to earth (or "fall" back to earth) simply because that is where it started from; it will "fall" to whichever of its surrounding heavenly bodies...
BERNArd Shaw's castric
wrath did not always score
him the victories he expected
When Cornelia Otis Skinner
opened in New York in his
play, "Candida," he called her
"Excellent — Greatest."
Miss Skinner modestly called
back: "Underserving such
praise." Shaw saw a golden
opportunity and promptly
called again. "Meant the
play." But he had struck a
target. Miss Skinner, bristling,
answered: "So did I."

exerts the strongest gravitational
attraction upon it at the moment. Thus,
scientifically, it could be "washed up"
by gravity upon, say, Mars or the
moon.

The science fiction approach
demands a pretty wide view of the
universe. It begins with a wide, sweeping
picture of a vast space in which
there are a lot of worlds, each with its
own seasons, its own climate, its
own air, its own gravity, its own
vegetation. Of these worlds the earth
is only one. Travel a million miles
into space, and the earth has become
only a distant star.

Perhaps, glancing on the world of
Uranus, all earthlings die we know
that two gases, oxygen and hydrogren,
mixed in the proportion of one to
two, form a substance which we call
"water" and which helps keep us
alive. But it is possible that on
Uranus oxygen and hydrogen don't
mix to form a "water" — and that if
any life existed there, it would be
supported not by what we call oxy-
gen, but by something else which

would not support an earth-man for
a minute. We breathe oxygen, we
drink a fluid of which oxygen is a
part, without air and water, we die.

You need some imagination to get
the picture — but that is the kind of
picture from which the science fiction
author starts. From there out he does
just about what the whodunit author
does with crime: he spins a story of
human beings involved in these par-
ticular circumstances, but just as the
whodunit author deals in death, the
means of inflicting it, the means of
detecting criminals, and bringing
them to justice, so the science fiction
writer deals instead with the facts of
gravity, space, distance, speed.

He tries, imaginatively, to picture
a world where man is master of his
natural limitations — and he creates
his situations to answer the questions
of wonder which are in every man's
mind.

The primitive man asked, "How far
away is the moon?" It took a long
time to get an answer, but he did,
eventually, get it. The modern man
asks, "Is there life on Mars? If so,
what sort of people would the
Martians be? Could they live here?
Could we live there?" And he has
no answers to those questions. Scien-
tists test for life on Mars and answer
"Maybe." Then the science fictioner
fills the gaps.

Thus, though the science fiction
story may strike a note of being im-
possible, that is hardly the word to
take. The situations may be unlikely
—or maybe they could only occur a
long way in the future. But they are
scientifically possible. The science
fiction writer isn't so worried about
that. He knows better than most
people how hard it is to get the
money that would build the jet craft
that could reach Mars. But he doesn't
want to build it; he just wants to give
a peep into the possible future.

But behind these bits of business,
the science fiction man is as con-
cerned with people as any other kind
of author. His men are keen, alert,
brave adventurers. They are con-
cerned with success more than with
love (though they have time for that,
too). They live in the atmosphere
of machinery and formulas, rather
than in the life of money and love.
Their main enemy is rivalry or jea-
losy; their main problem is space
conquest.

By the inverse process, of course,
there is the science fiction idea with
which Orson Welles stampeded
America 15 years ago—the invasion
from without. The men from Mars.
The Flying Saucer comes from
another planet to find out what goes
on here. The idea is irresistible that
if there is someone on those faraway
worlds, they will know, or want to
know, about us. So science fiction
classes that gap, too, to the tune that
if we don't find them they may find
us.

But it comes down to the final fact
that science fiction is not an innova-
tion, but a renewal. More detailed
and more daring than the science fiction
of Verne, because of the extra capa-
tibilities we now have, and the extra
things we now know, and the further
hopes we now entertain.

In a world kept science-conscious
by every news release of atom bombs
and nuclear fission, it seems that a
greater part of this new knowledge
must come to be reflected in the
stories we write and read. The
science fiction of to-day may well be
the forerunner of a new kind of
entertainment for to-morrow, written
about as glibly as radio and aero-
planes.
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DANGEROUS SIGNAL

Kath King, spectacular freelance writer, completes a vacation at Kismet Cove, drawing by Phil Belbin.
FOR SOME TIME KATH WATCHES A TINY DOT OR A CRAFT WHICH DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MOVING THEN SHE TAKES BINOCULARS

KATH, WATCHING THROUGH HER GLASSES, WONDERS WHETHER THE CRUISER IS IN TROUBLE, CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHY THE MAN ON BOARD SEEMS TO BE PREPARING TO LUNCH A DINGHY SO FAR OUT TO SEA

LOOKING THROUGH HER BINOCULARS LATER, KATH SEES THE PLEASURE CRUISER STILL THERE — BUT THE DINGHY HAS GONE

THE SUDDEN FLASH OF LIGHT FROM A PORTHOLE ATTRACTIONS KATH. SHE WATCHES AS IT IS REPEATED

THE FISHERMAN AGREES THEY'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK ————

WE'D BETTER USE YOUR LAUNCH, MISS KING

KATH AND JED SMITH WASTE NO TIME IN GETTING ABOARD THE LAUNCH

DON'T FORGET THE MESSAGE

I ASKED TIMMIE TO LET MY FRIEND FRANK KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED

THAT'S OKAY

... THIS IS MRS MASON. HER BOAT IS AWAY FOR THE DAY

TED SMITH'S BOY TIMMIE GOES UP TO THE HOUSE AND SITS AROUND ...
I wish we could see that light more often.

There it is again, Jed. Take her a point north.

There she is, Jed! A mile away, a couple of points north. Again on that course.

While Truck Todd arrives and is mystified because Kath did not wait for him, Kath and Jed near the distressed vessel.

I wish somebody would come....

As Jed alters the course slightly to keep the launch moving towards the signal.

Kath's launch finally runs in alongside the cruiser.

Jed jumps from the launch, and scrambles for a rope. He holds onto the sloping deck, but he makes it, and makes the line fast.

-- A huge wave breaks over the boat, nearly sweeping Kath overboard, and half filling the cockpit with water.

We don't want too many of them. Not before I get this water out anyway.

As Kath and Jed enter the cabin of the cruiser, they find a girl lying face down on the bunk in the cabin light blazes.

See if you can find Brandy, Jed.
IT MUST BE MIDNIGHT. COOK, I'LL GO TO SLEEP IF I STAY HERE.

THE BOY SEEMS TO HAVE WAITED A VERY LONG TIME. TIRED AND SCARED, HE SLOWLY WALKS AWAY.

THE GIRL EXPLAINS THAT THE BOYFRIEND CAME OUT FOR A DAY'S FISHING ON THE CRUISER, AND THE ENGINE FAILED.

WHEN HE FAILED TO FIX THE ENGINE, THE BOYFRIEND TRIED TO LAUNCH THE DINGHY, BUT IT WAS SWEEPT AWAY INTO THE SEA AFTER IT, AND SCRAMBLED ABOARD BUT COULDN'T GET IT BACK TO THE CRUISER.

WE'VE BEEN HALF AN HOUR AND WE'VE STILL NOT HEARD FROM ANYONE ELSE. "ANOTHER SIX MILES, I'D SAY." APPEARENTLY NOBODY ELSE IS COMING TO HELP YET...

THE CRUISER SHIPPED A LOT OF WATER AND THE GIRL BECAME SEASICK. WHEN IT WAS DARK ENOUGH SHE TRIED TO SIGNAL BY PULLING THE BLIND OF THE CABIN WINDOW UP AND DOWN.

OTHERS HAVE COME TO JED'S COTTAGE TO SEE IF THERE'S WORD OF KATH.

MEANWHILE TRUCK TOLD GOES TO JED'S COTTAGE TO SEE IF THERE'S WORD OF KATH.

"SOME OF THESE LITTLE BOATS COULD SIGNAL ALL NIGHT AND NOT BE SEEN."

"FUNNY. I WONDER WHERE KATH CAN BE?"

"TIMMIE SAYS KATH HAS GONE TO THE RESCUE OF THE CRUISER. ASKS TRUCK TO KEEP TRYING TO CONTACT THE POLICE. HE EXPLAINS SHE WAS TOO SCARED TO WAIT IN THE DARK."

"TRUCK TALKS TO THE POLICEMAN, TELLING HIM KATH IS OUT AT THE RESCUE."
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CAVALCADE, February, 1953
ONE afternoon as I came into work a bit late and with a lousy headache, I heard Stevens, the news editor, going into a song and dance in the reporters' room.

"Isn't Thomas in yet?" he bawled. "Why can't I ever find that man when I want him?"

"Why, Stevie, what's he doing now?" one of the Big Room men asked, they were all there in a group sorting out their assignments.

Stevens only glared, his face red and his horn-rimmed glasses seeming to magnify the anger in his eyes. But I was genuinely puzzled, and that's how I approached him: "Hello, Stevie. What's wrong? Got me in the gun again?"

He gasped truculently at me, and then muttered belligerently: "Come into my office straightaway."

Stevens deposed his rotund mass in the chair, and craned his neck like a fighting cock: "Listen, you recall a small assignment I gave you yesterday?"

"You mean the circus opening?"

"I don't mean the ladder in Mother Murphy's stocking! Of course, I mean the circus opening."

"Well, what's the matter?" I asked. "I turned in a rattling good story, if you ask me."

"Sure, you turned in a story all right, Good stuff Colourful Picturesque Best special I've ever had on a circus opening."

"Then why the grouse?"

"Why the grous? You lazy-brained, toppling hammers! That circus—its right there didn't open last night. That's the grous."

"What?"

"It's to open to-night."

There was nothing I could do but stutter in famous bewilderment.

"You wrote it from the publicity sheet, didn't you? Pure imagination. And here I am with a column of news about something that's not yet happened."

"Well, Stevie... I'm sorry. I didn't feel up to going in..."

"You're sorry! What am I going to say to the heads? Heaven help me, I can't get you. Sometimes I think I'm dealing with a pulp-faced cadet with more imp than ink in his veins."

I just stood there while he told me off. There was nothing else to do. I had it coming. Finally, in a calmer voice, he said: "Look here, Jim, this is no place for a man with a type-
writer in one hand and a bottle in the other. This is the third time I've had you on the carpet in two months. For the last two years you've been going downhill, and for the last six months—well, to put it bluntly, you've been a burden to us.

I could have told him I had been going downhill longer than that five years, six.

"By rights I should sack you for this, but I won't. I know you're a good man. I know what you can do if you'll only pull yourself up."

He stood up and leaned over, his hands on the desk: "I'm going to give you one more chance."

"That's fair enough. I won't let you down again."

"Okay," he grunted. "It's up to you now. This is the assignment. The Polish princess, Wanda Krzakowska, arrives here from the Continent today. She's on a lecture tour to raise funds for Korean war orphans. You can contact her at the Hotel Regarda, have the interview back as early as you can. And by hell, Jim, I want a story—her background, adventures, the profile touch, you know—not just a few society party skirrmishes."

I reached the Hotel Regarda and I was full of ambition to turn it into a good story.

I found the manager of the hotel, a little man, pigeon-nest and smelling of scented bathwater.

He said, "I'm afraid the Princess can see no one. She is very travel-weary and has not yet recovered from her excitement. She has asked me to say that she will be ready to make a statement to the Press later—some time after four o'clock."

By bribing the lifeman, I got the room number. The Princess' personal maid opened the door—she was dressed to go out—and tried to shut it, but I got my foot into place and was inside before she could do any-

thing about it. She said things in Polish, glared at me, and finally stamped into the bedroom. I thought she wasn't coming back, but she did, and coldly informed me that Her Highness would see me in a few minutes.

"That is most gracious of Your Highness," I called.

"It really is very bold of you," came Her Highness' voice, "and I should by rights refuse to see you."

"Your Highness has not been called charming for nothing."

That seemed to please her and she laughed.

"Pour yourself a drink. You see, I know the weakness of your newspapermen. In live little minutes I will have finished dressing."

I took her advice, only I poured two. She certainly sounded charming and courteous. Her English was good, so was her Polish accent.

"Tell me, Your Highness, how is the fund for the Korean war orphans progressing?"

"Ah, people have been so kind. You know, already I have collected over a hundred pounds. Money just waiting here for me when I came. People are so good. Now really I should—" She came from her bedroom into the lounge, speaking, but the words shortened to a dead silence as she saw me, and I just stared at her. Instantly there was nothing on her face but a slight smile of interrogation.

"Would you like a drink?" she asked, sweeping over towards the decanter. She was shaven in red, with her black hair piled high.

"So you're Wanda Krzakowska. And do you really think you make a good Polish princess, old girl?"

"I beg your pardon? What do you mean?"

"I must be the last one you ever expected to meet here. In this country, in this city, in this hotel.

---

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Sydney.
Tell me, how is every little thing behind the Iron Curtain, or wouldn't you know it?"

She stiffened and put on the hauteur. Yes, she was good all right. I laughed outright, and she said despairingly: "Will you go, or must I have the manager remove you?"

I just sat there and laughed. It was funny. "So that's your line, oh? Collecting for starving, parentsless homeless kids. You're certainly doing all right for your little self, Princess!"

"Get out! Get out this instant!"

She went toward the phone, I wasn't ruffled I simply said to her: "You're smart. You're shrewd. Surely you realise what a spot you're in. I'm not merely the long-forgotten husband. I'm the fellow who was sent along to interview you to get a story. Well, sweetheart, I've got that story, and without asking you a word. And what a story! It's the scoop of the year. Can't you see the headlines? Polish Princess a Faking Impostor Collects Thousands. It's the story of a lifetime. See what I mean?"

I watched her face whiten, so that her highly-coloured lips looked like blood on chalk. She just stood there. Then she said quietly: "Yes, I think I do."

And that was the end of her accent, too.

I poured her a drink and another for myself. "You know, that'll set me up again. I was at a crisis in my life... on the way out."

There was something like bitterness in her face, or rather the vacuousness of a hedged animal. "I see. You're going to blackmail me. How much do you want?"

"Nothing so crude. Nothing so unsatisfying."

"You don't really mean you would?"

"I mean every thought you're thinking Fate has stucked you between my fingers like a moth."

Her pose drooped like the artificial thing it was. "You wouldn't expose me—Jim, you couldn't—not now."

Her face grew sick in the coloring tone. But the sight of her there, whining the words mackined me, and I wanted to make her suffer, as she'd made me. I let her have it. That cold wet morning I came home from the night shift to find her gone, the note on the mantelshelf a few brief words perfecting the end of our life together.

What is a man that he can go so from shock to humiliation to murderous rage, as I want? A rage that burned like a new power in me, and drove me through that house full of vindictive vengeance, so that I was outside walking fast in the rain, hunched into my overcoat, and gripping the revolver in my pocket, before I was aware of what I was doing.

I went on impulse to the Bechamel. I'd taken her there twice when she'd wanted to go. Palms and sleek waiters, lewky carpets and dim lights, soft music. She wasn't at the Bechamel. I asked the commissioner, and he told me to try the Scherezade.

The Scherezade was the same as the Bechamel, only there was more of everything and the bill was bigger. I came up the street opposite the entrance, and was about to step off the kerb to cross when I saw her come out of the foyer and pause on the top step.

I stepped back into a dark doorway, pulling the gun from my pocket. I had her smiling face in the sights, and then his—the dissipated face of the well-rugged, middle-aged man she was with.

They came down the steps, arms linked. They hurried up the footpath a little way towards a waiting car. My finger tightened on the trigger. The wind blustered around the corn-

"Don't you think I've had my remorse?"

"Remember you've never had a decent sentiment in your life. You don't know anything that's not selfish or mercenary. Did the playboy you run off with save you the life I failed to provide? Or did he?"

"Jim, believe me, I tried to stay, but I couldn't. I wanted to live—my only hope..."

"Shut up! You sound like a two-reel melodrama. And this is your idea of living. Travelling around the world with a title and an accent a mad, sumptuous clothes, fine hotels—and all the eggs that fall for your sorrowful appeals for afflicted Korean children."

She walked to the window and I followed her with my eyes. This was one of her old stunts, the play fo...
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ADDRESS

Cav 253
Down in the foyer of the hotel I felt even more bitter. I went down the street and hit the pub. I had three whiskies. Then I found a phone booth and dialled the office number. I wouldn't go back there. I'd turn in the story. I'd ask Stevens for a rewrite man and give it to him. But I wouldn't go back.

Then, when the line was open, and Stevens voice grated in my ear, I hung up.

I couldn't do it. I think that in a way I still loved her. She'd had a scare. That was enough. She'd get out of town now. Maybe she'd climb on the straight and narrow. If she didn't, somebody would cop her sooner or later. But I couldn't do it.

I moped about for an hour or so, needing every drink I had. Then I went back to the office to hand in my resignation. I didn't care that I was thrown up Stevens could go to hell. When he saw me he gave me a hallow and opened up: "So you're back. Nice of you to let us know you work here. You've got a story, of course."

"There is no story."

"You're damned right there's no story. You saw, you never went near her, did you? Well, this is it, Thomas. You can get your time. You're through."

He got my back up. "You're not ringing me a crook, are you? I'm pulling out. And I tell you there's no story. And I was with her, and it's like your damned halo to tell me I'm a bar. I just left her, not five minutes ago."

"Five minutes eyeswash. You blundering no-hop, do I look like a babo in the wood? Wanda Krevitska's dead. She jumped out of a window two hours ago."

I went away after that, and started a little paper in the country. Maybe I'll come to the top again some day.

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CAVALCADE, February, 1953
She was suffering from laryngitis so could not scream when the man entered her room—to murder her

**THE CAGED HEART**

SHE wasn't asleep, but had drifted into an in-between state where the weariness of her body was a floating pleasure, the lightness of her limbs a temporary escape from fear in the immediate fact of being ill.

It didn't last. The doorbell sounded viciously, and Beth was frightened again. She didn't move while the memory of the sound throbbed, its potential repetition an agony. It came again, and Beth got out of bed and threw a robe around her. She hesitated at the door, unlocked it, and flung it open like a challenge.

It was only her big and brusque and, right now, very angry downstairs neighbour. Mrs. Clausen said, "My kitchen is all wet, a regular flood, You—" She frowned past Beth at the open bed in its davenport frame. "You were sleeping so early," she asked. "You're sick?"

"Just a cold." It came out a whisper, grotesque, without reson ance. Beth smiled apologetically and touched her throat. "Laryngitis, I—"

"I'm sorry to disturb you, then. But your kitchen is leaking down—"

Beth gestured her in and they went into the small kitchen. There was a puddle under the refrigerator. Beth opened the door and there was a half inch of water inside, and a slow dripping from the pipes. "I'm sorry," she formed with her lips. "It was defrosting. The pan is too small. She turned the knob up to its maximum. "It'll be all right now."

"Don't defrost it again," Mrs. Clausen said. "Not when you can't take care—"

"I'm sorry," Beth whispered again. Mrs. Clausen strode out.

The bed was closer than the lock on the door. She'd take care of it later. She was chilled now and she burrowed into the bedclothes. She had been worried about her voice at first. A mild laryngitis, the doctor had said. Nothing to worry about.

Beth was warm now. She snuggled into the covers. There was peace here because she was alone. And then, because her loneliness was a conscious thing, she thought of Jerry and the peace was gone.

She had stayed with him for a year. That, in itself, was a tribute to patience and an effort to understand and help. Gay Jerry, the continually smiling. Very stimulating and warm and happy to be with—at first. The revealing had taken a long time, step by painful step. The core of cruelty for which the smiles were a glittering mask, the vicious sadism that his gaily termed mockery and harmless fooling. Finally, there had been the puppy that had tumbled across their feet as they walked home through the park one afternoon. Jerry had broken its back with a kick. He had laughed at her hysteria, steering her rapidly homeward, his fingers pressing into the...
flesh above her elbow "A puppy? what's a puppy?"

There was only the sound of rain that fell straight and sudden and windowless. The bedlamp was still on, and Beth could see the door, and the

knob was turning.

Terror awoke wildly within her chest. The door opened slowly and Jerry came in and closed the door behind him to lean against it, smiling.

The words on Beth's lips were a

crack. Jerry said sabotously, "Lost

you voice? Laryngitis? What a

shame." He came to the bed and

leant over her and said softly through the smile, "You can't even

scream." He put his hands gently on

her neck. "Supposing, of course,

there were anything to scream about."

He moved away and looked around

the room, and sat down easily in a

chair, facing her.

"Did you think you were being

smart? Did you think you were really

hiding? I've known where you were

for a week. I saw the doctor. A

man naturally is concerned when his

wife isn't well."

Jerry moved his shoulders and

shivered affectingly. "Suppose you

make me some hot tea."

Beth didn't move, staring at him,

and her husband rose slowly and

moved to the bed and yanked the

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CAVALCADE, February, 1953 93
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CAVALCADE, February, 1953
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was over.

But he released her and stood up, carefully brushing his knees, straightening his tie. "Not yet," he smiled. "Everything’s better when it’s slow."

Beth got up and went to the bed and sat there, watching him dully through the effort of keeping her head from spinning away.

"You ought to see a doctor," she whispered. "Maybe you can still be helped."

That was the wrong thing to say. That was the end of her reprieve. The limit of his desire to prolong. It took his smile away. It brought the thing to memory. He came toward her and his eyes made her sick, and then closed her eyes against him. She felt his hands on her, his nails pressing into her throat.

She didn’t struggle, as if she wanted it to come quickly, like the taste of her operation. The other came bringing oblivion. From a vast distance she heard the angry doorknob, heard it closer as Jerry drew away from her, her eyes losing the dead thing, becoming alert and frightened.

Beth whispered, “The fire escape. You can get away!” looking up at him without hate. It was enough to have him bounded, to try to forget him. He wheeled suddenly and heaved up the window and went through Beth waited. She went to the window to shut it, and saw him in haste on the slick iron steps. She saw, without comprehending, the step on the wet step and the desperate, futile clutch at the railing below her. She heard his wild cry, and she turned from the window in sickness.

The doorbell continued to ring. Like a robot, Beth went first to the kitchen to turn the refrigerator setting again off the defrost position. Then she let in the maid Mrs. Clausen and the bailed-out-of-bed janitor.
CHEKA

In "The Whispering Pole," on page 8, Jack Godwin tells the true story of Felix Dzerzhinsky, a Pole by ancestry but a Russian by adoption, who sent half a million people to their deaths in the mad, blood-crested head of the most dreaded secret police force the world has ever known—Russia's terrorising "Cheka."

PLEASURABLE PAIN

Robert J. Galway examines the make-up of the masochist, the sex-psycho sadist who gets an emotional kick out of inflicting pain on himself, or having someone else inflict the pain. Masochists are not as rare as you might think. Many normal men and women are known to have a certain degree of masochism in them make-up. This story is on page 32.

EPSOM SALT

Derby Day at Epsom, in England, is quite a social event. The classic event is the famous event with the most famous racing stewards. But the event is often overshadowed by the event. However, Admiral Rous, England's most famous racing stewards took control and rid the sport of as choice a collection of crooks, black-markers and race-ragers as ever existed outside the pages of not Gould Bill Delany tells how he did it on page 60.

PEARLS

Peter Hargreaves takes readers along the coast of West Australia and along the northern waters to Thursday Island in search of pearls, those lustrous gems that add to the status of beautiful women the world over. Pearl diving is an adventure extraordinary—not only in the setting of the gems and the accompanying hazards of the deep—but because of the greed of the human being. Often a great deal leads to murder.

NEXT MONTH

Outstanding features and stories await readers in next month's Cawcade. James Elluldege tells the story of Hugh Glass who was torn by what was known as "Be Refused to Die." What are the functions of your prostate gland? This gland is very important and if not looked after, can cause terrible pain. Read "You And Your Prostate Gland" next month. Albert Yarran tells of "The Bandit Who Ravaged a Nation," the story of Zapata, one of the most cold-blooded murderers in history. Boxing fans must not miss Sydney Ebert's "Fists Need Trimmers." Fact stories by Bill Delany and other well-known journalists, and fiction by that master, Darcy Nielson, make the March issue of Cawcade something to be remembered.

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