A SHAGGY greybeard on an unkempt white pony painted with purple spots came to a halt in horror one spring morning in 1600. Immediately he pulled a cord attached to the bridle and a curtain fell over his steed’s eyes.

He had just seen an equally scruffy character making his unsentimental marriage proposal to the slimy beauties in Vauxhall Park, and he did not want his pony corrupted by such brazen goings-on.

London’s two most celebrated eccentricities had met for the first time. The first was the celebrated Dr. Martin van Butchell, who in spite of his eccentricities was an accomplished dentist-cum-doctor. The amorous one was no other than “the poor knight of Windsor,” Sir John Dunleley, Bart., who spent a lifetime unsuccessfully advertising for a wife.

Both cranks were accepted by a tolerant Georgian community as harmless. They were.

Van Butchell, who traced his lineage back to Flanders, painted his pony to distinguish it from the common herd. Sometimes for variety he used black spots with circular designs on forehead and hindquarters, or painted it purple all over. He had extraordinary ideas of dress and wore a “utility” suit of his own design. It consisted of shirt, waistcoat, breeches and stockings all in one piece and fashioned from “elastic worsted.”

At his side, slung like a sword, was what he called a “Othinarin bono,” which he carried as a protective charm. Actually it was the jaw-bone of an ass, with which, Samson-like, he beat off the mob of unwelcomeurchins who tried to pull him from his sled.

He carried his eccentricity into his profession, refusing to visit any patient, no matter what the fee offered. When offered the post of Royal dentist, he snubbed George III, by refusing to tend his teeth unless the King went to his surgery like any commoner.

Van Butchell had no set fees, but charged his patients “two per cent of five years’ profit.”

When his first wife died, he decided to embalm her and instructed another “specialist” to prepare “a kind of pickle.” For some time after, he kept this “curious mausoleum” in his house and exhibited it to friends.

Hearing that the masts groaned to enhance their strength, van Butchell became a convert, let his whiskers grow and never allowed them to be trimmed. He became such a crank that the herculean powers of hair that he offered to sell the strands from combings at a guinea a time. History does not record how many sales he made.

Meanwhile his domestic affairs had been left to a housekeeper and to a maid named Elizabeth. One day Elizabeth, objecting to the overbearing nature of the housekeeper, complained to the doctor and threatened to quit. Van Butchell told her to go walking with him when he would “effectually put an end to all occasion of complaint.”

He forthwith walked her to the altar, where the unsuspecting maid was too dumbfounded to say no. Thus Dr. van Butchell got his second wife.

While van Butchell found a wife successfully by rush tactics, Sir John Dunleley failed because he tried to hasten slowly. The son of a man hanged for murder, Dunleley had no ideas of slaughter,” according to a scribe, “except of ladies’ hearts.”

After going through the wreck of his family fortunes when young, he spent the rest of his life looking for a wife to redeem the family home.

In the meantime, it was only his line age which kept him from destitution, for in those days the aristocracy looked after its own.

Influential friends introduced him to the chief dispenser of bribes and “hand-outs,” Prime Minister Lord North, who granted the ragged hawker a pension and a free house as a “poor knight” at Windsor.

Consipicuous because of antiquated dress, his demeanour and his way of life, Sir John the ladykiller became “one of the chief sights of Windsor.” His clothes were a century out of date, his favourite garb being a large knee-length cloak buttoned in front and called a roqueforte after one of Louis XIV’s dukes who first sported it.

His recurrent advertisements for a wife specified that applicants for the post of Lady Dunleley could be of any age, provided they had a sizable fortune. Widows, he added, would need more than young women—presumably to compensate for their faded looks.

Whenever Dunleley received his pension he made a beeline for London, “under the flattering idea that some lady of fortune might fall in love, either with his person or his title.”

In London he frequented Vauxhall Gardens and the theatres, eying the ladies but taking care to avoid “littering” girls. He did not, however,
object to the modest sort of woman

If the old actor thought a "buxom
man.on" or "limid maiden" had cast a
shadow over him, he approached, made
court to her, presented her with a
piece of paper and retired. The paper
contained his latest offer of marriage
which was always a progressively
boring repetition of the one before.

Often he became the butt for the
young bloods, who would dress up in
women's clothes and parade Vaux-
hall Gardens until Dneley made his
proposal. On other occasions he was
even more fortunate, for they simply
waited till he passed by in the street
and threw the contents of the stop-bin
over him.

He died in November, 1880, three
years before London saw the last of
van Butterell.

By then London had a new and
original prank who drove a blue car-
rriage in the form of a cock-eel. The
bride was an enormous gilt rooster
with outspread wings over an illumina-
ted scroll bearing the motto, "While I live I'll crow."

The step of the carriage was in the
form of a rooster, the trappings were
ornamented with crowing cocks in
silver, while another cockerel sur-
mounted the bar between the horses.
To cap it all, the buttons of the
coachman and manservant bore as
their crest the image of a cockerel.

The carriage belonged to an eccen-
cratic actor known as "Cock-a-doodle-
doo" or "Romeo" Coates, the most
adored Lothario in town. He was
loaded with money from the proceeds of
a West Indian sugar plantation, and
could have been a leading man of
fashion of the Regency period, but
for his overwhelming love for Shakes-
peare.

As such he had an enormous fol-
lowing, not because of his brilliance
as a Shakespearean actor, but because
whenever he appeared there was sure
to be a riot—a riot of laughter.

For "Cock-a-doodle-doo" Coates
altered lines to suit himself, lectured
the audience from the stage, talked to
acquaintances in stage-boxes during
the middle of an act and argued with
his fellow actors on the boards.

His favourite parts were Romeo and
Lothario, but the stage had seldom
seen older ones. On his first appear-
ance in Bath, the audience kissed him,
threw apples and orange-peel on the
stage, and laughed.

A thousand "fans" were turned
away when he made his London de-
bout at the Haymarket. All the great
—dukes, earls, viscounts and the Por-
tuguese ambassador—were there in
expectation of an uproar. They were not
disappointed.

The play had to be abandoned in
the fourth act, with Coates shaking
his fist at the interrupters.

At his last Haymarket appearance,
the player opposite him mimed his
eccentricities, and asked, as if the
words were in Romeo and Juliet:
"Why drive you in state about the
town
With curriece and pair, your
chest a cock?"

During the laughter that followed,
Coates wanted to fight his tormentor
and pulled off his coat. The audience
responded with hoots of "Long
Coates!", "Driving Coates!", "Flannel
Coates!" and "Petty Coates!

The other actor then apologised
Coates consulted with friends in a box
whether he should accept or not and
then shook hands. The play then pro-
ceeded.

Later, when Romeo "killed" his op-
ponent, a member of the audience
threw an orange at the corpse and hit
it on the nose. With a cry of pain,
the "corpse" rose and strolled off the
stage. That was the signal to pelt
Romeo off the stage too.

Pelted out of London, Coates went
on a tour of the Provinces and after
being "roasted" at Birmingham visit-
ed Shakespeare's birthplace. On his
monument he wrote:

"His name in ambient air still
floats
And is adored by Robert Coates."

Having thus made his "pilgrimage,"
the actor returned to London with
renewed hope, but was so severely
heckled that he decided to give up
the game and "to contribute more
freely in purse than in person" to
the stage.

It nearly broke his heart when his
cock-eel curri cue fell to pieces, but
he soon startled London with another
It was made of copper, shaped like a
kettle-drum on two large serpents,
with the heads of the serpent emblems
and his old motto "While I live, I'll crow."
He drove around London with two
heavily-serviced carriages, which had
their orders to keep a "respectful
distance."

Still an ardent theatre-goer, he was
fatally crushed between two car-
rriages on February 15, 1848, after at-
tending the grand annual concert at
Drury Lane Theatre. He died six days
later, aged 75.

London was without a public figure
of fun for the first time for a century.
DEADLIER
than the MALE

Bluebeard was an amateur compared to Gesina. She poisoned 30 people.

JACK GODWIN

A NOTED French criminologist was once asked if he could imagine a worse menace to any community than Jack the Ripper. "Yes," he replied, "Bluebeard!"

The skullduggery expert was voicing an opinion that police the world over have been unanimous about for a long time—that there is no branch of the underworld, from theft and fraud to mass-murder, in which women have not proved themselves the deadlier sex.

Henri Landru, the French "Bluebeard" guillotined in 1922 for the murder of ten women and one boy was a rank amateur compared to Belle Gunness, his female counterpart. Belle not only slaughtered some 14 people—she also escaped seat-free.

A five-foot-seven Amazon weighing 200 pounds, Belle Gunness purchased a farm near the American town of La Porte, Indiana, in 1901. She married a local Norwegian, with whom she lived for seven months.

He was killed when a heavy meat grinder fell from the wall and struck him on the head. The jury brought in the verdict of "accidental death" and his grieving widow went to the Norwegian's 4,000-dollar life insurance policy.

From then on, for many years, Indiana matrimonial journals carried regular advertisements asking if there was a "kind, honest man, preferably Scandinavian, who would help a hard-working widow raise the mortgage on her farm."

There were many. John Moo came from Minnesota with a thousand dollars in cash. Ole Budsberg from Wisconsin with two thousand. Andrew Helgelein arrived from South Dakota with 8,000 dollars and a sheaf of passionate love letters in his wallet. These and many others passed through Belle's front yard gates and shortly afterwards vanished without a trace.

So it went on until the night of April 27, 1908, when the Gunness home caught fire and burned to the ground. NeighborhoodSearchers, hot ash came across the charred bodies of Belle's son and two daughters.

Some suspicious-looking depressions in the ground of the backyard were attacked with shovels and revealed four gummysecks containing the well-preserved bodies of Ole Budsberg, Andrew Helgelein, and two children who had been left in Belle's care.

Four more gummysecks and hundreds of scattered human bones were discovered the next day. After the police had pieced them together, the total number of bodies was 14.

A half-witted farmhand named Lamphere later confessed that he had helped Belle bury "about half a dozen or so" people. According to him, Gunness preserved her widowhood by drugging her current husband's coffee, then battering him to death with a meat-cleaver. The female "Bluebeard" was never found, and to this day the people of La Porte swear that Belle is still alive and lurking somewhere in the country.

The world's slickest confidence tricksters are still trying to beat the record set up by Lydia Chadwick at the turn of the century. Lydia has the distinction of being the only lone-wolf swindler ever to cause the failure of a bank.

The daughter of an impoverished Canadian farmer, Lydia Chadwick had already served a three-year sentence for forgery when she appeared in the office of a prominent Boston banker. The incredulous Bostonian she "revealed" that she was the illegitimate daughter of the steel tycoon Andrew Carnegie, then still living, and wished to make a loan without her father's knowledge.

The banker demanded proof and named three witnesses to accompany Lydia to New York. There she switched while she drove up to Carnegie's mansion, ran the bell and disappeared inside. Twenty minutes later she was back.

She returned to Boston and showed the banker a promissory note for half a million dollars, signed by the steel king himself. "Please keep this quiet," she added, "Dad would hate the idea of me borrowing money!"

Lydia made several loans and repaid them promptly, except the last which she invested in good sound securities. Then she invited another banker, Ira Reynolds, of Cleveland, to her home and let him into her secret. The pile of good securities lay where the banker could see them plainly while Lydia was busy stuffing an envelope with others. Having him the folder, she declared that it contained bonds to the value of 14 million dollars and asked him to keep it safely in a vault.
BEAUTY IS WHERE YOU FIND IT
The curves all are perfection,
The lines are all inviting,
You can gaze with long affection
Upon the scene exciting:
Your eye can follow the rise
and fall
Of the contour, and study its mode.
But search as you will you'll find nothing at all
Like a beautiful country road!
— EX-REX

Reynolds, impressed by the heap of securities on Lydia's desk, declined to inspect the sealed envelope and willingly issued a receipt showing that Lydia Chadwick had handed to her safe keeping a folder containing securities worth $14 million.

Half a dozen banks advanced her staggering sums. The National Bank of Oberlin, Ohio, alone was sworn to the tune of $182,000 dollars.

It was several years before the bubble burst. A committee of bankers called on Andrew Carnegie. They were informed in no uncertain terms that the note allegedly bearing the steel king's name was a forgery and that he definitely did not have any illegitimate daughter.

When the envelope in Mr. Reynolds' vault was opened it was found to be stuffed with worthless paper. The following day the National Bank of Oberlin collapsed. Lydia was arrested, convicted of grand larceny and sentenced to ten years in the State Penitentiary, where she died in October, 1901. The exact size of her haul has never been determined, but the police estimated it at between six and seven million dollars.

In the realm of poison, too, a woman rules supreme. Gesina Gottfried, the German maiden whose pretty head was chopped off in 1838, was responsible for the death by arsenic of some 30 people. The list included both her parents, children, brother and three husbands.

The iron seems to have entered the soul of duplicitous Gesina when she discovered that her first husband, Franz Mittendorf, whom she had married at 17, was not a prosperous merchant as he had pretended. Mittendorf was, in fact, almost bankrupt and a violent drunkard to boot.

Gesina bore him two children and stuck out the life in a wretched Bremen slum until she met a young dandy named Anton and fell in love. A few weeks later Franz Mittendorf died. In agony after drinking a glass of beer his wife had liberally dosed with arsenic, Gesina was free to marry her lover.

An unexpected hitch occurred when her parents took a dislike to the young dandy and refused to accept him as a son-in-law. Gesina first wept, then admitted that "mother probably knew best." That evening the old couple ate a dinner prepared by their loving daughter and died during the night.

Anton, however, developed sudden scruples. He declared that he could not possibly marry Gesina as long as her children claimed part of her love. To Anton this seemed a fool-proof excuse—but not to Gesina.

She overcame the obstacle by poisoning both of them. Very reluctantly, the dandy allowed himself to be drugged to the altar. He made the mistake for marriage obvious enough to infuriate his bride. Anton became arsenic victim number six.

The ground in Bremen was getting a little hot for Gesina, so she moved to Hamburg. There romance with a wealthy fur dealer named Ringle was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Gesina's brother Wolfgang, just returning from the Napoleonic wars. Wolfgang set himself up as a keeper of his sister's morals and flung Herr Ringle out of the house.

Gesina, who had watched the scene dourly, went to prepare her brother's supper. The next morning Wolfgang died after terrible stomach cramps.

Ringle and Gesina were married and the fur dealer lasted two months before he went the way of his predecessor. As Gesina later put it in court "I couldn't stand his bad breath much longer."

A girl friend, Katarina Haft, was next in line, followed by a long series of young and middle-aged lovers who lived just as long as it suited Gesina. Fate caught up with the pretty poisoner in 1839. She had wiped out the entire family of a physician named Rumi. She was foolish enough to hire her as a cook. One day Herr Rumi discovered a hat sprinkled with white powder. He took it to a chemist for analysis.

Gesina was charged with the murder of Mrs. Rumi and her two children only—the rest of the list she revealed from sheer bravado. Unmoved by the death sentence, she confided to her attorney that the only thing that worried her was that now people would discover that she had false teeth.

On April 2, 1838, Gesina Gottfried mounted the scaffold. Her last request was to be heard a joke from the prison guard. "A nice naughty one, if you please."
Hugh Glass—lean, tough and middle-aged—was scout and hunter come upon his body. Nearby, in near-dying condition, lay the bear.

One of the trappers bathed and dressed Hugh Glass’ wounds. He was unconscious most of the time, but moving him on horseback was out of the question. The expedition, in constant fear of Indian attack, could not tarry.

Major Henry, the leader, called for two volunteers to stay behind and care for the hunter. "It’s likely old Hugh’ll die before morning," he announced. "The volunteers will have to give him a decent burial and then ride on to join the rest of us. If he should linger on for a day or so, they’ll have to stay with him. That’s a chance they’ll have to take."

No one stepped forward. The Major then offered a bonus of 50 dollars to each volunteer, and two young trappers—Bridger and Fitzgerald—agreed to stay with Hugh Glass.

For five days, isolated in the vast prairie wilderness the two waited for the wounded man to die.

Occasionally he regained consciousness, but most of the time he lay in a coma, chattering away in delirium. Gradually pain grew in his two companions as they realized the gap was increasingly widening between them and safety with the rest of the party.

On the morning of August 24, 1823, they took the easy way out. They talked each other into the belief that Glass could not live much longer, and it was madness to stay with him.

Taking his musket, powder and ball, hunting knife and flint with them, they left him on a rough couch of boughs and rude off.

They caught up with the expedition a week later, and learned over Glass’s effects to Major Henry as proof of the hunter’s death.

A day or so after the craven pair had left him, Hugh Glass recovered consciousness and realized what had happened.

In him at that moment was born an indomitable will to live and to save himself—he could avenge their desertion.

And save himself Hugh Glass did, in one of the greatest feats of human endurance on record. Driven only by the power of hate, and suffering from wounds that prevented him from standing up or even sitting on his haunches, he crawled to safety through 200 miles of rugged, Indian-infested territory. Sometimes his pain was such that he could not even crawl, but had to squirm along on his belly like a snake.

The nearest white settlement was at Fort Kiowa, the Missouri River, more than 200 miles to the east. Glass knew that he had to get there if he was to live. With incredible determination he set forth on his hands and knees.

His progress was slow and painful. Roots and insects, mostly grasshoppers, were his food. His drink he leaped up like an animal from stagnant pools he came across.

Day after day Hugh Glass moved forward. Once a rattlesnake crossed his path. He grabbed it as it struck, and with his bare hands squeezed and knocked the life out of it. It provided sustenance for three days.

Often he saw bands of marauding Indians in the distance, but by lying flat on the ground or slipping into holes and covering himself with grass and weeds, he managed to keep out of their sight.

On the 14th day he reached the Missouri River, 50 miles from his starting point. In the waters of the river he found fat, lazy cattle, some of which fell victim to a crude spear fashioned from a stick.

Glass stayed there three days; feast-
NATIONAL HOLIDAYS

A THEORY that you can tell a man's nationality by the way he goes off on a vacation has been developed by a Swiss hotelkeeper. "The Frenchman," he says, "takes a holiday with his mistress, the Englishman climbs into a railway carriage with his wife and nine children, the American packs off with his golf clubs—but the American takes a vacation with somebody he's trying to sell something to."

Then he managed to ford the river and crawled off on his next leg—to the Cheyenne River, more than 50 miles further on.

A windfall came one night when, shivering in a hollow as he tried to snatch some sleep, he heard the yowling of wolves.

It took Glass hours to reach the carcass of the stray bison the wolves had killed. By that time the pack, fed and satisfied for the time being, had gone off to sleep. He shivered through the grass and sunk his teeth into the torn flesh.

When his hunger was staled, he dropped strips of meat off the flanks and pulled out the liver and other tasty morsels. Drying them around his neck, he crawled off again on his way.

The meat lasted Glass until he reached the Cheyenne River, where he hoped to find more fish. The water, however, was too muddy for spearing, and starvation was again looming.

He crossed the Cheyenne lying flat on a log, and there was only open

country now to the Missouri. But the chilly nights and autumn rains were driving reptile life into hibernation. Only a few grasshoppers came his way, and he was reduced to chewing bark.

Glass pressed on. His wounds were healing, and, although he could not yet stand up, he could make faster progress now that thick callouses had developed on his hands and knees.

At last there came a day when he crawled up the bank of the Missouri. By landmarks he realized Fort Kiowa lay about 50 miles downstream. Undeterred, he prepared to set off again.

Then luck brought a couple of trappers down the river in a boat. They picked him up, fed him and cut him a rough crutch so he could at last walk upright. A week later, on November 5, 1838, he hobbled up to the gates of the fort.

For Hugh Glass his journey was just starting. The next spring, his health recovered, this man with a mission—to kill the two men who had deserted him—set out after the Henry expedition.

Many months later, a ghastly-looking apparition in tattered buckskins, with a heavy beard and horrible scars where one side of his face should have been, he pounded into one night on the gate of the stockade in the Montana Rockies which the party had built.

A trapper opened up, took one look at him in the light of an uplifted lantern, then jumped back and slammed the gate in his face.

He rushed to Major Henry. "It's Hugh Glass," he cried. "Or if it isn't I've seen a ghost."

The Major strode out and opened the gate himself. Glass entered, rifle at the ready. "It's all right, Major," he announced. "I'm no ghost. Now show me the two who left me to die. I've come a long way for the I will kill them, as they deserve."

He was told that Bridger and Fitzgerald had left the party to join the army. They were stationed at Fort Atkinson, 1200 miles away in Nebraska.

Major Henry gave him a horse and the unrelenting old plummam set off once again after his quarry.

"I've come to kill a couple of curs, " he told the officer of the day when he eventually turned up at Fort Atkinson.

Surprisingly, however, he let himself be talked out of it. "Bridger and Fitzgerald are now in the army," the officer told him shrewdly. "As an American you can't shoot other Americans who wear their country's uniform."

The old fellow scratched his head. "Guess you can't," he replied. "I'll wait till they get out of the army."

A few years later, Hugh Glass was trapping on the upper Missouri when he heard that the two men were soon due for discharge. He joined a number of buffalo hunters going south and headed for Fort Atkinson.

On the way the entire party was massacred and scalped by Red Indians. Thus Hugh Glass never did get his revenge, the thought of which had kept him alive on his incredible crawl.
There are many human beings who have tails. Is this a throwback to the ape?

MEN WITH TAILS

L. MACKAY PHELPS

So far as is known, the baby grew up to live a perfectly normal life.

In the U.S. alone over the past fifty years, numerous cases have been reported.

If we include other countries where accurate medical records are kept, the total soars into the hundreds. In addition, many other instances of tailed babies have failed to reach the medical journals simply because the doctors concerned failed to "write up" the phenomenon. Doctors often remove tails from young babies simply as a matter of course, and may not even inform the parents—who might be embarrassed or alarmed—of the fact.

There are actually tribes where tailed babies are born in great numbers. Best known among these are the Dyaks of Borneo and the head-hunting Igorots in the Philippines. There are so many tailed Dyaks that explorers and others have referred to them as "monkey people." But there are also numerous other tailed peoples—in Paraguay, the African Sudan, Ethiopia, the Lomasco Coast, Kurdistan, Turkistan, Southern Indo, China, Ruspa, Siam, and many of the Pacific Islands.

Toward the close of the last century, a ten-year-old girl was exhibited in Europe as "the missing link." She had been brought to the Norwegian explorer Karl Beck as the daughter of a "tailed jungle family" while he was travelling in Siam. Her parents were both dead—but both had possessed tails. The natives insisted that many tailed families inhabited the deep jungles.

This girl greatly resembled a monkey—only she was human. Her nose was flat as a chimpanzee's, her lips were thick, and her entire body was heavily covered with hair—\\including a thick, bushy growth on top of her head and tufts on her face. Her tail was so long that it was not possible for her to sit as normal humans do.

(Incidentally, she was returned to Siam and people of her "tribe" after having been presented with a large supply of trinkets and other gifts.)

Many tailed people exhibit pronounced simian characteristics. They are not necessarily the children of aboriginal, jungle-dwelling parents. For example, Dr. Carl Henning describes in the famed "Virchow Archives" (Vol. 160) a girl born in Altenburg, Saxony, in 1895.

Thus baby, the illegitimate daughter of a farm girl, was so unusual in appearance that the midwife ran out of the house screaming that a monkey had been born and that its sire was the Devil! Had the village priest not promptly interfered, the superstitious country folk would have killed both mother and child.

The child had an abnormally flat face and was completely covered with hair at birth. Its tail, curved like a monkey's and possessing great mobility, was about a foot long.

For four years, Dr. Henning kept the "monkey girl" at his hospital. He thought at first that her hair would fall out after a few days, but instead it grew as luxuriantly as an ape's. Except for the flat face, the hair, and the tail, the child appeared like a normal girl of average intelligence. She died at the age of four of pneumonia.

At the headwaters of the Yurua River in the Amazon basin lives another tailed tribe. One of the superstitions of other peoples in the area is that the females of the tailed tribe have had sexual relations with the coast monkeys which inhabit the region. (Thus, of course, in an erroneous notion; cross-breeding of humans with any of the apes is impossible, which proves that man is a different species, despite many similarities. Man is not an ape, nor is an ape a man. Lions and tigers, on the other hand, are both closely related members of the cat species, and hence can be successfully mated, producing the hybrid tiger.)

There are many reports of tailed tribes in Africa, all close to the Equator. Some have very long tails.

There are tailed men and women in Central Africa who are imitated by "less fortunate" tribes, whose members don artificial tails made of hairy skin for ceremonial occasions.

Not all tailed peoples are venerated. In Kurdistan and Turkistan, where tails two inches in diameter...
Peepting Joey

A woman who had recently acquired a parrot and a canary hung their cages out of the way in the bathroom when she had visitors calling. One evening one of the visitors entered and proceeded to take a bath. The canary stopped singing and trilled: "Peep! Peep!"

"Peep nothing!" screamed the parrot. "I'm going to take a good look!"


cite necessary to produce high percentages of tailed offspring.

The "monkey-men of Borneo," have been observed by many white men. The Dyaks are a large tribe, numbering from three to four million people, and the tailed humans are minded with the normals in considerable numbers. There is a persistent native belief that the Dyaks are descended from monkey-man, who, in turn descended from monkey-gods.

How many tailed Dyaks are there? Anthropologist W.F. Alder examined 80 natives in a single village, and found that six of these were tailed. Explorers who have travelled up the great rivers into the interior jungle lands almost invariably report that a common sight is "the boomerangs on which the apemen are accustomed to sit, each perched in a convenient spot with a small hole, allowing the tail to pass comfortably through."

Tailed people have been reported throughout history. The ancient historians Polybius and Cleidias, for example, both mention men of Ceylon who had "long hair and tails and were of remarkable swiftness of foot." Marco Polo writes of men on Sumatra "with long tails." The 17th Century English scientist Dr. William Harvey knew of the tailed men of Borneo.

That people often have tails is proven beyond doubt. But what causes these tails?

Any student of human embryology knows that at one stage of its development the unborn human child possesses a tail.

But the tail, like the appendix, is useless to the human race now. It is said to be a "holdover" from remote ancestors that appears sporadically and that may, however, be transmitted through the generations by selective breeding once it reappears. It's "holdover" nature is indicated by

Hirsch in "Medical Anomalies" thus:

"There are a great many cases in which the anatomical relationships of the tail are such as to indicate that it owes its existence to the persistence of at least part of the vestigial tail found in every human embryo."

It is known that every living creature—including man—repeats the entire history of its ancestry from a single-celled being to its present stage of development in the growth of the embryo. The human embryo, for example, begins with a single cell, and at an early stage of its development has fish-like gills, showing that in the remote past our ancestors lived in the sea.

Anthropologists now generally agree that some half-million years ago there were several types of ape-like creatures on earth. They all lived in trees, and all were tailed. Most of them remained in the trees; they developed into the apes of to-day. But one, bolder than the rest, elected to descend to the ground; he learned to walk erect and became man.

It is now generally conceded that our pre-human ancestors had tails. Now and then the tail reappears on one of us—half a million years out of date. If it is unaccompanied by other pre-human characteristics—such as the human face, a plenitude of hair, and sometimes ape-like intelligence—it is seldom more than a mild embarrassment. Generally, but not always, it can be removed by a simple operation.

Everybody, as a matter of fact, has several vertebrae of a tail tucked on the end of his spine. If the tail is a little longer than usual, it's no great cause to worry. By and large, the human tail is vanishing from our species as surely as the vermiform appendix.

Know People by Their Driving

The Barker
The Lost Weekender
The Yoo-Hoo
Witchcraft did not die in the Middle Ages. Some European folk believe in it today.

Early last July, behind the locked doors of an ancient windmill on the Isle of Man, the strangest convention of the year was held. It was a conference of witches, called together by a sedate British businessman. Their purpose, he explained, was not only innocent but rather scientific. They wanted to discuss ways and means of using witchcraft for the betterment of mankind.

"I know a number of practising witches," he said. "They are quite nice people. They no longer ride on broomsticks, consort with Satan, or impose curses on people. They only wish to do good."

This healthy aim is probably quite true of the witches of Britain. But their opposite numbers in Europe, the witches and sorcerers of Italy, Germany, France and Scandinavia, would undoubtedly consider them a fairly spiritless society.

European witches would lose their status in the community in no time if they went around swapping spells and holding conventions. They exist, not to better the modern world, but to preserve their centuries-old trouble-making specialties. They run crops, kill cattle, and cause anything from a cold in the head to ravings madness. And sorcerers' business is good these days. Nearly all remote communities, and some not so remote, support working witches. The witches can be either men or women.

And in the little, far-off superstitious communities their word is law. They can cure disease or cause it. They can detect the presence of evil spirits. They know who in the village has the "evil eye," and what can be done about it.

How extreme this can become was shown in a trial in Italy not long ago, at which a young Italian in his early twenties, Armando Antonetti, was convicted of murdering his aunt because he believed she had put the evil eye on his family.

When things began to go wrong with the Antonetti family, Armando consulted the local magian, a powerful and much-feared individual called Constantino di Girolamo. This sorcerer quite literally ran the little village of Giuliano di Monte Acuto.

Di Girolamo agreed with the young man that his family was bewitched. Someone, he said, had put the evil eye on the house. Antonetti insisted that they had no enemies. Then, said the sorcerer, it was a friend, someone they didn't suspect.

To find out who it was, he gave the young man an old but relatively uncomplicated spell.

The family was told to fill a huge cauldron with dirty clothing and water. They were to bring to a boil an open flame. As the clothing steamed, the entire family united around the fire were to beat it with sticks all this, of course, in the dark. During the ritual, he promised, the culprit would arrive and knock at the door.

The ritual was barely under way when there was a knock at the door. It was young Antonetti's aunt, a 65-year-old woman, who had innocently chosen this moment for a visit. The Antonetti said nothing. But the following evening, Armando trapped her and beat her to death.

He was sentenced to 15 years. But the sorcerer, who was tried for instigating murder, was acquitted. There was no evidence against him, since nobody in the village had the courage to testify.

Witnesses kept glancing nervously behind them as they gave evidence, fearing that some demon or apparition would suddenly appear. The judge, annoyed, asked why all the witnesses stood on one foot as they were being sworn. It turned out that this excused them from having to tell the truth as they gave their evidence.

This happened not 100 years ago, but last year. Nor was it the only event of its kind, though few were so serious. Since the end of the war there has been a revival of sorcery, and the belief in it, in Europe.

Not only do the illiterate and superstitious believe in witchcraft. An educated European man who studies sorcery as a hobby, consulted for this article, said quite seriously.

"More than two-thirds of the people you see in mental hospitals are not ill, but possessed with a demon they can't get rid of. The treatment given them by doctors is a thorough waste of time."

Getting rid of the demon was difficult, he admitted, because it couldn't be helped by an outsider. The victim had to do it himself, a feat requiring years of training.

However, less disciplined people take the easy way, and hire someone to do it.

Most witchcraft, however, is not so complicated, involving simple things like bewitching cattle or unbaptized babies, or causing droughts, or putting the evil eye on someone. Belief in the evil eye is probably the strongest superstition of all, and one of the
Semi-Anatomical Analysis Of Homo Sap

People, who are alleged to have a brain,
Usually choose to use it to complain
About something — it seems it makes them feel good.
To explain why something or other's bad. Who would
Think that with all they have to do, they'd be
Bothered to talk so long, so bitterly.
About small irritations, then, at the end of their tether,
With everything else all right, complain about the weather?
And people, confronted with a fellow homo;
Having nothing to say, but a keen desire to yap,
Produce such bonamites as "I hope you're well!"
When actually they'd like to see the man in hell.
People — you are alleged to have a brain,
I said it once, I say it now again.
And further say, with all my powerful lungs,
That I'd believe it — except that you have tongues!
— Ex-Rex

oldest. People who possess this power
are supposed, simply by looking at
the victim, to cause illness, death, con-
vulsions and poverty.

Sometimes, if the person is a witch,
the course is deliberate. But sometimes
the whole thing is unintentional, and the possessor of the evil
eye simply can't help himself. Unless
he walks around with his eyes closed,
he lays waste to the whole village.

Unconscious owners of an evil eye
are, of course, the most difficult to
track down. A recent example of this
involved a German farmer who was
tried in Düsseldorf for beating the
village blacksmith with a shovel. The
farmer, 60-year-old Johannes Balding,
claimed that his cows became ill
for no evident reason.

"I knew," he told the court, "that
they had been bewitched. They had
had evil spirits and poison gas washed
on them."

This, another combination of the
superstitions and the modern, resulted
in a fine of £33 or 60 days, with, ap-
parently, no compensation for the
outraged blacksmith. Johann Kruse, a
witchcraft expert called in to advise
the court, explained helpfully that
"Every village on this heath (Lune-
berg) has its own witch."

Protecting cattle against the evil
eye involves a number of rites, the
most usual of which is sprinkling the
barns with melted wax from a blessed
candle. Thoughtful farmers, having
protected their barns and houses by
this method, save a little of the wax
to sprinkle on their children's hair,
as this, they believe, prevents sore
throat.

Next to cattle, crops are most seri-
ously endangered by the evil eye. In
some parts of France, farmers protect
themselves by sawing egg shells
which have been saved from the pre-

vious Mardi Gras Beware, the evil
eye!

In the prudent folklore of Europe,
peas and cattle take precedence over
wives and children when it comes to
defense against black magic. Unbap-
tized babies, however, are very vul-
nerable.

One of the most unshakable strong-
holds of superstition on the continent
is the province of Brittany, in France.
and here, in remote areas, newborn
babies are still carried to church for
baptism with a bit of brand in each
sleeve to protect them.

Asked if he could provide any use-
ful spells, the sorcery expert consulted
suggested two. If a young girl wishes
to dream of her future husband, she
should fall asleep on her left side,
and recite any rhyme containing the
following three names: Gaspard,
Balthasar, and Melchior. Almost any
rhyme will do. There are many in
existence, but a clever girl can make
up her own.

The second spell, perhaps of dubi-
ous value to city dwellers, is called
"How to Poison a Woman," and begins:
"Take three kinds of herbs, a little
human blood, and dried bread with
magic properties..."

To the witches who met in England,
all this is primer stuff. The equipment,
300 items of it, included a magic
wand, a number of swans' wings, and
an altar covered with calcareous signs.

How all this can be turned to
"doing good in the modern world" re-
mains to be seen. Continental witches,
still earning a tidy income and pay-
ring the rent with simple things like
sending sheep and manufacturing
love potions, have made no comment.
Adrienne Leouvrier was a great actress and loved by many. But she was sad.

The actress who couldn't laugh

BILL DELANY

She was the greatest actress of her time and she was dying. Beside her bed stood the handsome man who, of all her paramours, remained her most loyal and best beloved, and alongside them stood a Jesuit priest.

"My child," said the priest, "do you repent your sins?"

"Yes."

"Including that of being an actress?"

The young woman raised her eyes towards the priest, and in them he read revolt.

"Repent being an actress? No! There is no sin in being the greatest actress of the day."

"Then, I must decline to deliver extreme unction."

Death was close now, but suddenly the woman's eyes lit up in fury. With a defiant gesture, she pointed to a bust that stood on the mantelpiece.

"There is my world," she cried passionately. "There is my hope—yes, and my God!"

The man who had modelled for the bust, who had been the last of her lovers, started forward, then stopped; for Adrienne Leouvrier, the toast of Paris in the 1720's, was dead...

The story of Leouvrier and the dashing Maurice de Saxe, illegitimate son of Duke Augustus II of Saxony, was not altogether the sordid story of illicit love, for although the actress had known many affairs of the heart, her love for de Saxe was inspired by real devotion and selflessness.

Adrienne Leouvrier was beautiful, magnetic and, perhaps, a schizophrenic. The daughter of a penurious French hatter—who himself died raving—she was moody and discontented, but intelligent enough to raise herself from poverty to fame.

It was not until she met Maurice that she learned to love. And at their first meeting, she exclaimed, "Now, for the first time in my life, I seem to live!"

Yet de Saxe was to cause her much unhappiness, for, as the son of a king, he sought a crown for himself—and was prepared to sacrifice Adrienne in the achievement of his ambition.

She, too, was ambitious. Even as she worked at the wash-tubs as a child of ten, she used her potential talents to win the sympathy of her fellow laundresses. An instinctive actress, she recited poems in her clear, passionate child's voice, with an emotion that brought her a welcome from the grand houses to whom she delivered laundry.

Yet, always, she chose poems of tragedy and gloom. Nor, in her subsequent career, could she play a comedy role with success.

She had just entered her teens when her father moved to Paris and, for the first time, she went to school. Immediately, she organised a dramatic society, of which she became the leading lady. Adult theatre was a mystery to her—but when she played in her first tragedy, neighbours who came to watch her with tolerant amusement, wept at her ability to inspire emotion.

Actors and actresses from the Comedie Francaise came to encourage the child genius—until they discovered that her benevolence was misplaced, for the 13-year-old Adrienne was taking away their own patrons.

They pointed out that the theatre did not hold a Royal licence, and even attempted to have the children化妆 for breaking the law. The juvenile players were forced to disband, but Adrienne Leouvrier had found her vocation and for the next few years continued to pursue it with gloomy zeal.

Paris continued to hear of the young genius. At 15, she had gathered more experience than most of the best French actresses—and, incidentally, as many lovers.

Still a gloomy companion, her passionate nature drew men both to her theatre and her boudoir.

Her mournful unpredictability at once brought her lovers ecstasy and despair. She was tender and cruel, selfless and uncompromising; she rejected unfaithful admirers with biting words and abrupt dismissals, while those whose motives were frankly amorous were received with great tenderness. She received many offers of marriage—and accepted only one, the man virtually deserted her on the steps of the church. She had, in the meantime, borne two children.

In 1717, she achieved the ambition which she had so stubbornly pursued; at 25, she joined the Comedie Francaise.

Overnight, she became a sensation. Her snaky enabled her to open a salon to which she invited the nobility of Paris—and they came Voltaire dedicated a number of poems to her. She could not learn to laugh with
The time had come for the six-year-old to receive a lecture from his father on the facts of life, the birds and the bees and simple biology. When he finished, the father said: "If there is anything you don't understand, ask me now, son." The boy thought for a moment then asked, "Why do they publish the Saturday Evening Post on a Wednesday?"

The Importance of Sex

Imaginatively, he began an intrigue with the Princess de Conti, one of the loveliest women in Paris—and one who was more than ready to be swept off her feet by such a gallant as de Saxe. Forced by the king to marry an epileptic hunchback, she saw in Maurice de Saxe the personification of her dreams.

By circuitous means, she persuaded her husband to be convinced that she was one night entertaining a lover in her boudoir. The Prince, furiously charging into her room, made accusations against her that left her one hand, alternative she left him. Those who accompanied the Prince, finding his accusations groundless, gave her every sympathy.

But the Princess's duplicity failed in its purpose; de Saxe had, in the meantime, met Adrienne Lecouvreur. Typically, he swept her into his arms.

They remained together for nine years—years which, while they seemed not to cause her outward signs of happiness, showed how completely she had fallen under his domination.

When de Saxe decided to end his life, he killed himself. His last words were: "Adrienne, I love you." She was his last love and he died in her arms.

As an alternative, de Saxe asked Adrienne to finance his venture. She lent him everything she had, a total of one million francs. He came back to her throned and moneyless, for he failed to win the Duchy by election.

She received him gladly, he, on the other hand, was so bowed down by self-pity that he either neglected or abused her. He turned his attention now to the Duchess of Bouillon, who welcomed his advances with enthusiasm.

Openly boasting that she had won de Saxe from Adrienne, she attempted to achieve a coup d'état by publicly humiliating the actress.

Adrienne was then playing "Phèdre" in Racine's tragedy of that name, and at the opening performance found herself confronted by a jeering gallery of her rival's servants. The Duchess was seated in a box close to the stage.

The jeering increased until the actress, reaching a psychological stage of the play, walked deliberately over to the box and, facing the Duchess, spoke the lines.

"I am not of those women void of shame, who savouring in arms the joys of peace, harden their faces till they cannot blush."

The Duchess, pale, rose and left the theatre, amid the thunderous applause that greeted her rival's exit.

On March 15, 1730, Adrienne Lecouvreur was taken ill on the stage. Although near to collapse, she finished the play. As they bore her to her home, they knew she had been poisoned, and inferred that the Duchess, after all, had had the last word.

Lecouvreur died four days later, her last words and gestures symbolizing the love that had lasted nine years.
The End of Arguments

Do Hoboes Worry?
The general idea that tramps, sun-downers and hoboes live an idyllic, carefree existence has been exploded by a survey recently conducted by a team of researchers of the Illinois Institute of Technology. They interviewed a number of derelicts, criminals and psychopaths and compared the results with those obtained from similar questioning of a group of well-to-do businessmen. They found the two groups were concerned about different things—but all worry. Strangely the hobo was much more concerned about his personal appearance than the businessman. He also worried about politics, sexual morality, marital difficulties, neighbours and relatives much more than the businessman. All the men interviewed complained about financial difficulties, but the hoboes were more bowed down with their troubles and more concerned about meeting people and the non-fulfilment of their ambitions than the well-heeled brigade. None of them displayed the well-known 'I-don't-care' attitude they are supposed to exemplify.

Can You Beat Your Wife?
English marriage law is a hotch-potch that has just "grown" through the centuries. It leaves the bride, in many ways, little better off than in the bad old days when she was unceremoniously designated as a "chateau!" A husband is legally at liberty to chastise his wife for misdemeanours by hitting her with a stick—provided it is no thicker than his little finger. He also has the right to decide where the couple shall live. Unless she can prove his choice is "spiteful and unreasonable," he can drag her off to set up housekeeping in an Eskimo igloo or a Zulu kraal. All the household goods belong to the husband if they were bought out of his money or wages. Even her savings out of the weekly housekeeping money can be legally claimed by her lord and master. A woman, it seems, signs away a lot of her rights when she puts her moniker on the marriage register.

Does a Crab Walk Sideways?
A sideways gait is a common characteristic of a large number of the many hundreds of different kinds of crabs. Most marine biologists put the reason down to the fact that the crab's body is often broader than it's long. Although most creatures move with the head in front some, like the starfish and sea urchins, can move equally well in either direction. Lobsters and prawns flap their tails and move backwards. Squids and cuttlefish have a similar habit, but accomplish it by a crude "jet propulsion," forcing out a stream of water through a tube under their heads. Perhaps the kangaroo has the best method of making progress. He always goes ahead in leaps and bounds.

IMPS OF MISCHIEF

Improving the landscape on one of England's beaches as she takes time off from the workaday world for some fun with waves is 21-year-old Bett Simons. All the way from Adelaide, South Australia, she arrived in London not so long ago and her evident attributes quickly won her a place in the modelling field.
Among Bett’s new-found friends is model Monica Cairns, also 21, who likes nothing better than a day on the beach away from prying eyes and people. Monica, who has had small parts in films and on stage, believes in maintaining her good looks with a little vigour when she’s down beside the sea.

Keeping a weather eye on her two curvaceous companions is coy but cute Yvonne Adair. Once a nude showgirl on the London stage, she clings to conservative one-piece swimsuit on the beach, so, unfortunately, this is the best our cameraman could do for you. And with that you laddies will have to be satisfied.
DAVID had a SLINGSHOT

In an age which has spawned such lethal trifles as bacterial warfare, the atom bomb and pyramid clubs, one is apt to feel that man has reached the summit in the art of lethal murder. Yet his skill in helping his fellows from this world did not attain that peak solely with the advent of gunpowder and the atom.

More than once this world's Goliaths have been brought down by a little well-timed ingenuity. Now David might have had nothing but a slingshot, but brother, he really started something! Let's take a look at what other Davids have done; and every one of them without benefit of either chemical propellants or atomic casserness.

David started something when he used a slingshot against Goliath. For more deadly weapons have followed

ED DIECKMANN, JNR.
WHY MEN KILL

Statistical study of homicides by various authorities in England and the United States reveals that more than half of them are caused by arguments over trifling incidents. The situations that brought them about are various, but most are absurdly trivial. Chief among them are disputes concerning domestic or family affairs. Thus an irate husband beats and kills his wife because his dinner is not ready on time; a drunken youth shoots his mother for remonstrating with him about liquor; a man knifes a friend over a bet in a penny poker game. More than ten per cent of all murders, it has been estimated, follow quarrels about no more serious affairs than these. Other occasions that cause quarrels frequently leading to homicides are disputes over money or property or over insulting remarks or personal affronts. It is significant that, in more than 50 per cent of these incidents that result in a killing, either the slayer, the victim or both has been drinking.

NO STOMACH FOR SMUGGLING

A dope smuggler the other day swallowed a container of heroin when captured by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. After a talk with the Mounties, he readily confessed and demanded an immediate operation to remove the container, which contained 40 capsules of heroin. Had it been left in his stomach, the container would eventually have disintegrated and the released heroin would have killed him instantly.

FORTUNE TELLING FAKE

Fortune tellers continue to thrive. Currently more than 20,000 men and women in the United States are making a living from the racket. They include swamis, astrologers, tea-leaf readers, crystal gazers, "character-analysts" and "mental-science counsellors." Their take has been estimated at 200 million dollars a year. Shrewdest of all is a new type of charlatan, known in the trade as a "cold reader." He displays all such gimmicks as a crystal ball (which can be seated and produced in court as evidence) or the ghost of your poor departed grandmother (which an unbeliever can grasp in his hand and reveal as phosphorescent cheesecloth). The cold reader has no gimmicks beyond his knowledge of human nature and his cool effrontery. He reads the client's mind "cold," just looking him over and deducing or drawing from his mind his past, troubles, hopes and fears. As long as he remembers to add, "Of course, I do not claim any occult knowledge of the future," it is said that he is legally safe.
BIRD OF PREY

THE DETECTIVE ARRESTED THE KILLER BUT HE BROKE FREE BUT HE OVERLOOKED AN AVENGING BIRD

NOW there was quiet, the warm, close serenity of sleep.
Then suddenly, a frightening crash, heavy footsteps on the board flooring and the grey light of dawn flooding his eyes.

"Don't move," came the threatening voice. The blurred outline of a tall, thick-set stranger filled the shock with a dark, alarming shadow.

Joe Need lay still, momentarily frozen by the shock of discovery.

With one sweeping movement, Forster pulled away the blankets, swiftly checking for weapons concealed under the bedclothes.

"Now get up," he ordered. "On your feet. One false move and I'll let you have it."

Need swung on to the edge of the bunk, sitting there naked except for a brief pair of shorts. He was a lean, healthy young man in his early twenties, with a firm, brown body and the powerful shoulders of an athlete.

"On your feet," Forster repeated, menacing him with the revolver, "And outside.

'Six months I've been trailing you," Forster went on grimly. 'That's a long time for a killer to be on the loose.'"

Forster stared at his captive, at the thick blond hair, the narrowed blue eyes still veiled with sleep, the full, sensuous lips. He didn't like what he saw, because he knew what went with it, underneath. Need was a

ALLAN WATKINS • FICTION
Pour me a beaker of Grecian wine
While on this sunny bank recline
You do not like the wine, you say,
You prefer some ale your thirst to obey!
Well, so do I if it comes to that—
I'd rather the Keg than the
Vintner's Yst
But beer is scarce—I don't repine,
Just pour me a beaker of Grecian wine!

—FX-REX

renegade, an outlaw, a murderer, without scruples or mercy. Six months ago, Detective-Sergeant Forster had been on this case, and now that it was almost concluded, Forster felt the tense expectancy and strain of the past few hours melting into relief and the gratification of a job well done.

"Well," Neely said in a pævish voice. "Do we walk to go, or swim?"
"I ride," Forster retorted. "And you row. And remember this: My younger sister's nervous. Even since I saw the mess you made of Harrison in that last stake-out job you pulled, I've been wanting to have a go at you!"

They churned over the sand and thick patches of spider grass and suddenly Forster heard the nearby squawking of a bird.

Neely paused and swung around, grumbling "That's Oscar—he's been keeping me company." He pointed through the scrub, a short distance away, under the massive boughs of a lilac-pilly tree. The cage was about seven feet in height, made of sponges and wire. In it, behind the bars, a dirty, excited sea-bird frantically tried to beat and extend its wings.

Forster motioned Neely towards the cage. The despicable filthy, the broken feathers littered about, the obvious suffering of the bird brought from Forster a gape of incredulous horror.

Neely chuckled. "Not much spirit in it now, but it kept me amused. You know something, it can cry like a baby."

Forster swore. He called Neely every vile, obscene name he could think of, but even that was insufficient to cool the heat of his fury.

"Keep your shirt on," Neely said sourly. "I found it on the beach—half drowned. I reckon I'm to be commended for saving the damn thing."

"It's not it, the detective smiled.

Neely shrugged and pulled open the rough door on one side of the cage. The bird stumbled through, its white-rumpled, beady eyes glittering with hate, its long sharp beak opening and closing soundlessly.

Once clear of the bars it made a weak, clumsy rush in Neely's direction and skidded into the sand, struggled to its feet again and limped past the two men towards the shore, its giant wings flapping pathetically at this unexpected freedom.

Forster's row boat was anchored on the other beach, a short distance away, from where Neely's dinchay was pulled up on to the sand.

Forster sat in the bow, covering Neely with his gun. He felt uneasy. It was a long way over to the coast—two miles of restless water. And the sea was deep in these parts.

They were a hundred yards out from the island beach when Neely showed signs of slackening.

"Keep it up," Forster ordered. "We're a long way yet!"

Suddenly a scoop of cold, stinging salt water splashed full into his face. Automatically he screwed up his eyes, the gun wavering in his hand. And then something caught him violently on the side of the head. With an agonising cry, Forster tried to rise. His feet tangled with each other, and a moment later he was over the stern, the boat capsizing with him.

Neely followed the detective, tossing both oars aside and diving cleanly into the gentle swell. He came up ten feet away, between Forster and the island beach, shaking the water out of his eyes and laughing.

"Race you back to shore," he yelled.

Forster did not answer. Luckily the boat was upside down, kept afloat by a pocket of air trapped under the hull. Now he was trying to hang on to the slippery boards, and at the same time divest himself of his unwieldy clothing. It was a difficult job and Neely found some amusement in the sight of the thick-set middle-aged man struggling to keep afloat.

With one last shout of triumph, Neely started swimming. He was about fifty yards from the shore when the shadow glided across the water in front of him, a huge, destitute shadow that suddenly seemed to blanket the sunlight. Puzzled, he stopped swimming, treading water and looking about him.

And then the bird, the same ragged sea-bird he had imprisoned on the island, swooped down from nowhere—its beak open, its glassy eyes boring into Neely's eyes. He saw the curved talons, the gigantic wings arched in a power dive and heard the hiss of the wind behind it.

The beak ripped open his shoulder and drew a throbbing spurt of blood. One wing flapped crazily in Neely's face, blinding, smothering him as he lost control of himself and began to sink.

Forcing himself to the surface, bashing for breath and wipping the fringe of hair from his forehead, Neely saw the bird wheeling for another attack. In demonizing horror he watched it hovering thirty feet above him, and as it dived again, Neely submerged.

He held his breath underwater for as long as he dared, conscious of the biting pain in his shoulder and the red stain discolouring the sea, conscious of the deep, paralytic fear sucking the air from his lungs and reason from his mind.

When he finally came up, coughing and gasping, with cramped knuckling itself in his belly, the bird was waiting for him. It dropped like a stone and found foothold, frenziedly tearing at his unprotected head, at his blood-smeared shoulders, biting and sparring with its hard, spiked beak. There was no respite from the winged monster.

In weakening panic and almost insane with the incredible violence of the bird, Neely tried warding it off with his hands, futilely splashing the water into foam, diving and turning and thrashing about in a wild endeavour to escape.

This was now—the present—inhuman, uncalculated. The defenceless swimmer and the mad gull and the wide silence of the sea. The man of prey and the bird of prey locked in the struggle for survival. One to live, one to die.

In a few minutes, an eternity of sickening dread, Forster watched the giant bird flying away, gliding in the air current over the island.

Then slowly, floating, the sourness in his stomach and talking to himself, just to hear the comfort of his own voice, Forster started slipping out of his water-logged clothes in readiness for the long swim to the beach.

CAVALCADE, March, 1933
DOHERTY crawled out from under the truck, rolled his blankets into a swag, sat on it and smoked a cigarette. It was early, but the smoke was rising from the crude chimneys of the shacks and humps, and an old rattlesnack utility was stuttering up towards the gully where the best workings were. The waste stretched away on all sides, treeless, billy, dotted with white dumps.

When it was open, he walked down to the store a grotto dug out of the hillsides, beamed and pillared and roofed over with canegras and dirt. From the door he peered into its dimness, lit by a couple of swinging hurricane lanterns. There was a girl at the short counter and the sight of her widened his eyes with pleasure.

Garbed in brief dusty shorts, a striped jackenoo shirt and heavy boots, she had all the right curves and bulges and not too much of them. Backview, anyway, she could have come right off a magazine cover. Doherty decided, and he had seen plenty of magazine in his lonely backblocks jobs. He wondered if the face matched and stepped inside.

He stood beside her, glancing down at the swell of her bosom, the clean profile, the mass of tawny hair. She turned her face quickly, sensing his stare, and there was the wildness of an animal.

D'ARCY NILAND • FICTION
Doherty stood square. Never soft-pedal with the mug who wants to get nasty; beg into him from the bell. That was his principle. He stared deliberately close to the man's face and his words were soft and remorse, "What'd I say? I said what dirty big teeth you have, grandpa."

The tension struck. Those in the store watched, expectant. Doherty warded with his big fists bunched. The bearded man glared. Then he shrugged and shifted towards the counter.

Doherty went out.

Lily Amos, with pick and shovel over her shoulder, was just leaving her shack as Doherty got there. He took off his hat, and said, "I've come to apologize to you, Lily."

"I don't want your apology," she snapped. "And don't call me Lily."

Doherty looked her up and down, drinking in her shapeliness and wild beauty. "Listen," he said, "I don't know the first thing about opal. You could show me the ropes, and once I knew them you wouldn't get a better partner. And you need a partner."

She brushed past him, and he scurried to the store where Thorry Bishop said he had arranged accommodation for him over on the field.


"Nope."

"Suck it through a dirty sock. Nobody's got any time for them. They won't work, and I'm not grubsticking 'em any longer—so they'll have to push on. And the sooner the better."

Doherty went down a few shafts that afternoon, and soon got the hang of opal mining. Until he got a mate to help sink a new shaft, he decided to try one of the numerous old abandoned holes, taking the drive in further.

When he came up out of the hole, for the twentieth time, he saw Lily Amos on her claim two chains away. She was at the top of the crater-like dump, winding the windlass to bring up the laden cowhide bucket.

He walked over to her. "Give any more thought to that partnership idea of mine, Lily?"

She ignored him.

"Both of us need a mate," he went on. "Cuts down the time, makes the job easier. Why don't we team up?"

She straightened up. He saw the sweat dripping from her chin, the sheen of her bosom. "Talk for yourself, you! It's like your damned hides to say I need a mate. I need no one. I can do as well as any man and better than most."

Doherty studied her for a minute. "Yeah, maybe you aren't such a good idea, that," he said slowly. "Working with a cross-grained bush sourc from birth wouldn't be much shop, I reckon. You look like a woman, and that's about all. As a consensurate sort of partner, I couldn't see myself buying scent or pretties for you. You'd look a poke. You need taming. Give me a week and I'd tame you."

As he turned she graced his head with a clod of earth. He dabbed at the blood with a handkerchief, but he was grinning.

On the third day he was there, Lily Amos struck opal! Real opal! She got on to a rich seam of the best quality, flashing stuff of reds and golds. Smith, the field valuer, gave her $200.00 on the spot for the small parcel she brought him. He'd make fifty on it when the buyers came from Sydney. By nightfall, most of the prospectors on the field had examined
the parcel which was at Smith's hut.

When Lily Amos went down her shaft next morning, she knew someone had been there during the night. There was a flurry of footprints in the soft dirt, and the opal bed at the base of the wall had been gouged in further. Instantly, she thought of Doherty, and her rage drove her up the shaft and across to his claim. She picked up a heavy stick and clambered up the dump to where he was at the windlass.

"You dirty ratter!" she cried, and laid the stick across his shoulders. He lost his foot and went sprawling down the dump. She followed belabouring him. He threw up his arms to protect his face, rolled, and agilely got to his feet. He grabbed her. The smell of her sweaty body, the squirm of her flesh in his fingers, the heat in her face drove desire surging through him. There and then he wanted to show her she was a woman and he was a man.

"You little savage." heancrushed, darning her "What's got into you?"

That night Lily Amos sat in theinky blackness of the drive-in with a rifle, waiting. Three hours later she heard the muffled sound of voices. Crumbs of earth fell down the shaft. Boots scuttled against the sides. She crouched back, the rifle cocked.

The first man fell with a soft plop on the ground at the bottom of the shaft. Another plop, and then both men were in the drive-in. A match flared. The two candles they held threw hulking shadows on the walls. Suddenly Lily Amos stepped out with the run to her shoulder. The men gasped, stood rigid, like figures of ice.

Then Nesbitt, the quick-witted one, melted into lightning movement. He snuffed both candles with his hands and lurched against Jackson, at the same time dropping down. The rifle cracked, split flame. The girl yelled with fury. The cavern was full of echoes, sound, grunts, breathing, scuffling noises. There was the sharp snap of a bone, a moan, then silence.

Jackson lit a candle, then another. He was kneeling. Nesbitt lay across Lily Amos' legs where he had fallen. He dragged himself off, breathing hard.

"She musta had her leg on that rock when I fell on her," Nesbitt muttered.

"What'll we do?" Jackson said "We can't let her--"

"Don't start getting panickey, Nesbitt told him. "I'm away ahead of you. Listen, I got an idea. We'll take her up and dump her down one of the old shafts. Tomorrow, we'll kid to have a go at the shaft, set off a couple sticks of jelly, then turn it in as a duffer. This bitch'LL be buried for keeps."

"What about when she's missed?"

"Who'll find anything? Anyway, if the coppers come snooping the most likely mug they'll pick on is that Doherty."

"Hell, I think you've got something, mate," Jackson said. "And there's nothing to stop us taking over this claim of hers as ours."

Nesbitt went up first, climbing by means of the foot and hand holds crunched roughly out of the sides of the narrow shaft. He wound up the bucket in which Lily Amos was jammed. He tied her at the side of the dump.

"Listen, Fred," he shouted down the black hole. "This piece'll be out for hours Save yourself coming up. I'll come back and we'll do a bit before we fix her up. She's helpless, anyway."

That was Nesbitt's mistake. Lily Amos came to an hour later, and one slight movement told her her right leg was useless. In the silence the picking and voices of the men came up to her. Then the picking stopped, and she heard Nesbitt say they would turn it in. She had an idea what they'd be doing to her. In rage and desperation, she painfully dragged her body to the mouth of the hole. She scraped over a lump of hard clay and let it drop. One of the men swore in sharp surprise.

"Come on up, why don't you?" she jeered. "You dirty ratter! Come on up!"

She let go another clod, and heard it strike the bottom.

"Nesbitt, she's got us!" Jackson cried. "We should have put her away when we saw!"

"Come up!" Lily Amos challenged. And down went a rock. She kept dropping wretched rocks and clay chunks, dragging them off the dump around her Jackson began to abuse Nesbitt in terror. The grud heard him frantically scurrying, desperately swearing that he was going to try and make it. She dropped another missile. It made a different sound, and there was a loud moan.
You have been mired by a likely mold, 
Who across your path perchance has strolled? 
Have you been off-guard to a slumbersome smile 
That was half in friendship and half in guile? 
And you say you have learned from what took place, 
Not to look twice at a pretty face? 
Yet I saw you doting on one last night! 
Well, you never learn! And THAT'S all right! 
— EX-REX

For hours she kept it up, fighting off the waves of sickness and pain, hearing the querulous shouts and cries of the men, the scuffling like animals trapped in a pit.

At daybreak she saw on the immense waste around her a man half a mile away. She tried to shout, to wave, but the darkness dropped down on her. Doherty had seen her, though, and he came running. He saw the pale, bloody face, heard the sounds below, and put it all together.

Down behind the dump, Doherty waited. He saw the bearded face and shaggy head as the man stumbled out of the hole.

Jackson shouted down the shaft: "She's out to it. Come on, quick!"

Then Doherty grabbed him, hauled him around and dropped him with a hook. He dragged him behind an ironstone cuterpit, and waited for Nesbitt.

Nesbitt clambered out of the hole and looked up quickly, astonished when he saw Doherty. Doherty calmly beckoned him. For a moment Nesbitt peered about for a means of escape, then, realizing there was none, he swore in wrath and rushed down upon Doherty.

Doherty stopped him dead with a straight left, and sent him shuddering to his knees with a right. He grabbed the long bar, pulled Nesbitt's head back, and almost knocked it off his shoulders with a terrible uppercut.

Two hours later, Doherty sat beside Lucy Amos in her hut. "Dunno how many times I came here last night looking for you," he said. "You had a lot of explaining to do, Lil. I waited around all night. When you didn't turn up, I knew there was something wrong. Lucky for you I turned up when I did. Just shows you—you need a man for some things."

"I had them all right. I handled them."

"Sure, you'd do me!" Doherty told her. "I like your spirit. But when I saw you defenseless, helpless, I knew some things—and underneath that toughness of yours you're all woman."

"How you got it?" Lily Amos stirred on the stretcher, then winced. "But you're all right. I had you wrong. And I owe you something."

"Forget it. I'll look after you while you're laid up. Then I'll be on my way."

"No, you don't. You don't coddle me like a nurse. I want nothing from no one for free. But I'll take you on as a partner, fifty-fifty. You can take it or leave it."

"Coldly practical, though her tones were, she couldn't disguise the anxious expectancy in her eyes."

"Okay," Doherty said. "You win. And one of these days I'll prove it."

"What?"

"That you're all woman."

"Will you?" Lily Amos said with a quiet expectancy, looking away.
Invented by

THE "LITTLE WONDER READING LAMP"

11. A very young, unsophisticated boy will be placed in a bottle with a wire tied to his little tail.
12. Foot is gently tapped on the floor, this sets rocking chair in motion which supplies power to
13. Chock attached to back of chair, this depresses
14. Lever with ratchet and
15. Sets automatic switch in "on" position, this activates
16. The cable release which lets up the
17. Roller blind and reveals
18. Pin-up picture of a nautical lady set — the sight of this shocks and electrifies the shy young boy; set and the vibrations are carried by the
19. Wire down to the
20. Lamp which is a glass receptacle with all the air sucked out and a piece of wire
21. Called a negative in
22. More wire that carries the stuff to the lamp which then for some unknown reason makes the illumination

"AUTOMATIC GLAD HAND"

This handy little gadget comes in very useful if you are loaded with merchandise and some mug wants to snake you by the hand. Back and forth motion of the pedal extremely supplies motive power, it can also be used to scratch the back of your ever-loving wife. That's if your ever-loving wife wants her back scratched.

"THE GUNGA DIN SLUMBER MAKER"

Junior awakes in the night and calls for water. Ignore him. He will then give with that well known war cry, the cat being very startled will take off in a great hurry pulling on string attached to his teline rudder piece which lifts catch that releases an exceedingly hard ball. The ball rolls down incline and upsets glass of aqua into funnel and thence into the gaping face piece of Junior.

Ball then falls through hole on to a chute and does Junior a smart dang on the side of his sweet little cranium — thus inducing a deep sleep that should last well into the next day.
PENGUIN PASSION
After long and patient study, ornithologists now know all there is to know about the love life of penguins. To the little fellows in the white waistscoats, love is a highly ritualized affair. The male bird always begins the conquest by a show of apparent indifference. He first turns his back on the female of his choice. Then he marches past her with arched neck and flippers thrust stiffly out in front of him. Once past her, he peeps back over his shoulder to see the effect of his strutting. If she is impressed, he repeats the process until she begins to show some interest or he falls down in exhaustion. After they mate, the birds generally remain faithful to each other for years. The "marriage" is only broken by the death or disappearance of one or by "divorce" (one penguin finding a new mate), which occurs in about one out of every five "marriages."

WORDY
Although the unabridged dictionary of the English language contains from 300,000 to 500,000 different words, no one uses more than a tiny fraction of them. Shakespeare, who had a wide vocabulary, used no more than 24,000 words in his writings, and 5,000 of those he used only once. Milton used 17,000, but there are only 7,500 different words in the English Bible.

It has been estimated that the average person uses no more than 2,000 or 3,000 words in everyday speech.

ALIMONY ACCOUNTS
Alimony payments to divorced wives in the United States now total $320 million a year. A famous band leader was recently ordered to pay his former spouse the sum of $54,000 over ten years—more than $5,000 a week. That isn't a record, but it isn't bad either. Asked by the court to present an estimate of her "necessary annual expenditure," one gravy hunter, asking for $25,000 a year, listed the following as "absolutely essential": Rent $1,000, food $360, daughter's education $240, tips $120, daughter's entertainment $120, daughter's companion $240, chauffeur $450, clothes $1,000, winter trip to Florida $300, summer home $700, doctor and dentist $200.

PARACHUTE PROPELLORS
Experiments are being conducted by the British Supply Ministry with a new form of propelling parachutist, which may supersede the present "umbrella" type. Tests have been made with dummies fitted with a whirling telescopically propeller—fitted over the head and shoulders. Invented by an Italian, it is claimed to let the parachutist down gently and to be controllable in the air. So far no human guinea pig has been willing to give the apparatus a practical test.

"Of course I believe in love at first sight—it's happened to me often enough!"
DOWN GLAMOUR

Formerly a dancer in Earl Carroll's Vanities, LeGay Wallenda now earns her living as a trapeze artiste. And, in that job, you have to keep fit. Even on vacation, as LeGay is here, she takes advantage of anything handy for a spot of limbering up.
SIDE SLEEPING

Dr. James McDonnell, in the "Lancet," recently pointed out that people who sleep on their backs or on their stomachs put undue strain on their joints and run the risk of inexcusable pains and aches in later years. He advocates sleeping on your side, in a straight, horizontal line. When you sleep on your back, you over-extend the knee joints and put a strain on the small of the back. Likewise, the front sleeper has to turn his head to the side and so twist his neck.

COLD SORES

An explanation for the repeated cold sores and fever blisters with which some people are afflicted has been advanced by Drs. Blank and Brody, of the University of Pennsylvania. They are caused by a virus which most adults harbor. Exposure to the sun, stomach trouble or colds can set the virus to work and result in the sores. When they develop frequently without such a stimulus, however, Drs. Blank and Brody put the blame on psychiatric factors. These "psychological" cold sores attack the very "good" people, that is those who are "passive, submissive and anxious to please, but whose concern with conforming to the good and true conflicts with their actual circumstances. The conflict is such that emotional upsets producing cold sores results.

STEPS TO MENTAL HEALTH

The American National Committee on Mental Hygiene has listed 13 "don'ts" and "avoids" for psychiatric well-being. They are to avoid worry, hurry, kicking against life, self-judgment, looking for motives in people, excited standards for success, the conscience bogey, being shy and sensitive, running away from your emotions, too much analysis of yourself and your thoughts, lack of self-confidence, poor diet and insufficient sleep.

TURN ON THE TEARS

American scientists have established that human tears, even when heavily diluted, can demolish scores of different species of microbes. This potent, death-dealing power stems from a compound called lysozyme, present in abundance in the tears.

UNDERWATER EXERCISE

A correspondent in the British Medical Journal recently advocated older people doing their daily dozen in the bath. He pointed out that muscular movement in the water uses up much less energy and is more suitable to the dwindling capacities of their hearts and circulations. Gentle exercise in the bath results in just as high a consumption of oxygen, which their tissues need, as exhausting physical sports or strenuous games. Exercises underwater cause only a slight increase in pulse rate and no rise in blood pressure.
PUGS NEED TRAINERS

A boxer who has been trained correctly will not suffer injury. But even a champion needs a good second!

One of the first necessities facing an embryo Les Darcy is that of the right adviser, both before and during a fight. Even a ring genius needs the right advice from the corner during a fight. A fight mentor who doesn’t know his job is just as dangerous to a boxer as is a poor defence, and can be as annihilating as a pole-axe right to the chin.

The man in the corner doesn’t suffer the headaches and the sore jaw which inevitably invade the victim after a K.O. Nor does he stand out there in centre ring waving happily to the cheering crowd while a beaten opponent is assisted through the ropes and downstairs from the ring apron.

The ticket holders pay little attention to the chap with the white sweater who handles the water bottle and the towel, but his analysis, ability and strategy mean a terrific amount to the youngster who is in there throwing and dodging them. The second can easily have more power than the contestant in the matter of winning or losing.

When Jimmy Carruthers stunned the world with his one-round knock-out victory over Vic Towell to win the world bantamweight championship, everyone praised Jimmy to the skies for his performance. And rightly so. But his trainer, Billy McConnell, who seconded Jimmy in that fight, and in all other bouts in which our champion has engaged, is entitled to as much credit as Carruthers.

McConnell knew that Towell was a slow starter. Hence he advised his charge to take the fight to Towell from the opening bell. Jimmy did just that and the result is history. But, if McConnell had told Carruthers to box safely, the result would have been different. Jimmy would have had a tougher fight on his hands and Towell may even have won it.

Few Australians would deny that one of our best seconds is Sydney’s Jack Dunleavy. “Gentleman” Jack has always said that a second must be “on the job” all the time. For every moment of a fight he is working out counters and tactics. He is ready with instructions to switch the policy at a moment’s notice. He is keenly searching for any suggestion that will make things easier for his boy.

In between rounds the second vigorously nurses his boy. He bolsters his confidence, if necessary.

Unfortunately, there are seconds who do more damage to their charges between rounds than does the opposition during the fighting periods. They pull the poor fellow like a baker pummelling dough, and “pound his ear” with abuse and gibbering confusion which, in most cases, leaves the poor misguided pug feeling like a rudderless ship in a hurricane.

Dunleavy says, “Too often you see seconds rush into the ring and hold a boxer’s feet off the ground the moment the moment he sits down. Of course, if they think this is the way to rest his legs, they should try it on themselves. Others pull a man’s arms and shoulders about. After all, his arms are getting maximum exercise during the fight, and they don’t need pummelling in the rest period.”

Jack Dunleavy is a staunch supporter of the use of plain cold water as a dependable reviver for a fighter. “Put it on the back of his neck,” says Jack, “and it will freshen a man better than anything else you could use.”

That rare personality, the good second, not only rehabilitates his man during the all too short interval—he also keeps a close keen eye on the opposition camp and its activities. He has already decided what advice he would be offering if he were over there, and he concentrates on discovering what they have planned.

As well as being one of Australia’s shrewdest seconds, Jack Dunleavy is also recognised as a great boxing trainer. He is known to have spent months teaching a boxer the punches and sequences which could win a match for him.

He was handling Jack Haines when that middleweight-de-luxe was preparing to relieve Ted Monson of his championship. Monson was a solid defender whose jaw was very, very hard to reach. He kept it hidden behind a right arm coverage which had all the impregnability of Russian’s iron curtain. It seemed that he could take body punishment all night long without giving ground.

While the rest of the experts regarded Monson’s chin protection as his greatest strength, the debonair but crafty Dunleavy assessed it as the champion’s weakness. The fight saw his judgment vindicated.

Haines came out round after round and smashed powerful-fisted blows to Monson’s right shoulder and upper arm. The effect was much the same as gradually filling the protecting wood surrounding a medieval castle. Eventually it ceased to be a defence.
for the island against the enemy.
Monson's right arm must have developed into a leaden-weighted mass of pain. There came a time when he just couldn't hold it up any longer. That was when Dunleavy sent Hames in for the kill. He collected his title in the fourteenth round.

Regrettably there are very few Dunleavys in circulation. What is more regrettable is that there are hundreds of pseudo-trainer-advisers who are only too willing to sign up willing would-be fighters—on a percentage basis, of course.

A fit boxer, trained to the minute, will beat an untrained one, all other things being equal. Unfortunately too many so-called trainers do not even coach their boys into proper condition. Managers accept hots knowing well that if their nominee doesn't land a lucky knockout how early in the rounds, later he will be staggering around, puffing and gasping and absorbing punishment in a quantity which will catch his gameness.

The father of prize fight training hallowed his orders some century and a half ago. The poet was Captain Barclay Allardyce, generally referred to simply as Captain Barclay. He inherited the family Highland estates at the age of 18. But instead of sitting around and whiling away the lazy hours, the Captain became a fresh air and fine health addict.

With much self-imposed strenuous exercise he built himself into a muscular example of dynamic energy. At the age of 37 he could lift a weight of half a ton. At 17 he walked six miles in an hour and won a wager of 100 pounds in the process. At 21 he walked 65 miles in 12 hours, and a couple of months later he strode over 150 miles in 19 hours.

The Scottish physical culturist developed quite a scientific interest in body conditioning and the stresses and strains of heavy exercise. He accepted and won a wager to walk 1,000 miles in as many successive hours, covering one mile in each and every hour.

When he trained Tom Cribb, British heavyweight champion, Barclay became modern history's first trainer of a professional boxer. He had proved his own stamina so often on the road that it is not surprising to learn that the credit is his for mutating road-work into an important item in the prize-fighter's conditioning schedule.

He decided that the English champion was 90 pounds overweight. He doused him with medicine and allowed him to wander around in jail for the first couple of weeks. Then he introduced him to his own beloved pastime: walking.

Cribb was far from keen on the exercise, but day by day the mileage went up and his weight came down. In five weeks he had lost 28 pounds in weight, and he was tramping 30 miles per day. Barclay made him work as he had never worked before. There was a quarter mile run morning and evening, as well as sprints, and there was little food and no grog. For his relaxation the Scotsman invited the locals along to be taught the "noble art" by the fast-reducing champion.

The training lasted three months—the longest three months in Tom's memory. When he entered the ring to meet Molyneaux, who had almost beaten him at their previous encounter, the coloured fighter thought it was a ring-in affair. "This is not Master Cribb," he appealed to his seconds.

Most of Tom Cribb's friends also thought he was strange, balanced there on his toes, streamlined and flat-bellied like a sprinter. They thought he was still stronger when he danced a Scots reel around the ring after knocking out Molyneaux in the eleventh round.

History's number two trainer was, without doubt, William Muldoon, of America. He was a wrestling champion, weight-lifter and a boxer who eventually became the first Commissioner of the New York State Athletic Commission. Above all else he was a physical trainer—and a great one.

When John L. Sullivan was forced to accept the challenge of Jake Kilrain, his condition was terrible. Muldoon was the only man in America who could get him into shape in the short time available. Sullivan feared him and respected him—very unusual attitude for the blustering Great John L.

Muldoon undertook to do the job for 10,000 dollars. He practically built the heavyweight champion down to fighting weight, but only after forcing him severely 'on to the water wagon' and the virtuous couch.

The Sullivan-Kilrain brawl has been described often. For three hours they fought each other to a staggering standstill, and eventually Kilrain's seconds lost in the sponge. Muldoon's training had carried the day.

Training methods have altered through the years, but the object—physical fitness—remains the same. Always you will see the fit boxer and the unfit one. The trained boy will not be hurt unduly. But the untrained boxer runs a great risk of physical injury.

When embarking on a fitness career, select a trainer who knows—and practices—his art in the gym and in the ring corner.
It is amazing how little the average man knows of his prostate gland. Yet it is one of the most important in the male body.

JOHN C. was sick—very sick.

It had started weeks before, when he suddenly broke out in a profuse sweat, though the day had been cool enough. The sweating soon stopped, and John felt all right again.

However, the attacks kept recurring. Later, there were other symptoms. John's skin would itch terribly, and sometimes he'd vomit. He'd be walking along the street when suddenly his muscles would start to twitch and jerk. Now and then his whole body would tremble uncontrollably.

Several times he felt his eyesight growing dim, and a few times his vision "blacked out" completely for a moment or two. Then, one day, he became delirious, and suddenly collapsed in a "fit" that very much resembled an epileptic seizure.

"It's your prostate," the doctor said cheerfully.

"Am I going to die?" John asked for he had heard many frightening things about the decay and cankerousness of the male prostate gland. "Isn't prostate trouble pretty serious?"

"It can be sometimes," the doctor admitted gravely. "But often it isn't if caught and treated in time. In your case, it isn't."

When somebody suggested to George M. that his prostate might be setting up, he ridiculed the idea. "It's nothing as localised as that," he said confidently, with the assurance of a little but not enough knowledge. "I'm run-down all over. Been working too hard, I guess. All I need is a good rest."

He tried staying home a few days, watched his diet, got plenty of fresh air and sleep. He felt a little better, but not much. As soon as he went back to work, all the old symptoms returned, full force.

Next George tried various tonics and vitamins, but they didn't seem to help particularly.

The symptoms still persisted; in fact, his condition worsened as time went on.

Finally George submitted to a thorough physical examination by a physician who was widely reputed to be "fussy as all get-out."

"Nothing serious," this doctor told him encouragingly. "Just a little prostate trouble. We'll make you all right in a few weeks' time."

And, as the doctor had prophesied, George was soon as healthy, full of pep and invigorant as he had been years before. He felt like a young man again.

Several things George's doctor had said amazed him. "You've got the idea that disturbances of the prostate gland reveal themselves by localised symptoms, like an aching tooth or a pain in the appendix. This very often isn't true. An ill-functioning prostate can produce a wide variety of symptoms in many parts of the body. It can even cause serious mental disturbances, such as despondency and suicidal melancholia."

Then he added, "Fortunately, all prostate troubles can be easily corrected if they are detected and properly treated in time."

The prostate is a fairly sizable gland, located at and surrounding the commencement of the urinaries duct or urethra at the mouth of the bladder. It is connected with the urethra and the testes, and serves as a storage place for semen which is delivered to it by the testes, until such time as the semen is ejaculated from the body through the urethra. It has other functions, but this is the most important.

Due to its communication with the urinaries the outside of the body, the testes and, of course, the bloodstream, plus its peculiar function of serving as a storage place, it is extremely vulnerable to infection. One of the widest-published infections of the prostate is caused by invasion of the gland by venereal disease germs such as those of gonorrhea. Other sources of infection are diseased teeth tonsils sinuses lungs, and so on.

If the primary infection is not properly treated—as well as the infection of the prostate itself—an inflammation of the gland may develop which is known as prostatitis, and which may become chronic.

For some mysterious reason not yet known to medical science there is another form of enlargement of the prostate—not caused by infection—which occurs very frequently in middle-aged men. There may be no active symptoms and little or no pain.

Swelling of the prostate—from either infections or "middle-age" causes—often handicaps the flow of urine. One of the earliest symptoms is a vague feeling of discomfort and the urge to get up during the night.
to urinate often without success.

"Simple enlargement" of the prostate is not particularly dangerous, provided there is no restriction of the flow of urine. But if urination is impeded, poisonous and waste materials "back up," the kidneys may become infected, and toxicity and uremia may result.

Kidney stones may form. Normally, free-flowing urine carries off materials which ultimately form many of these stones, but when the ureters or kidney ducts are obstructed, these materials may lump together—either in the kidneys or ureters—and attain such size that an operation for their removal becomes necessary.

Too many men, plagued by vague prostatic symptoms, wait until unbearable pain forces them to visit a doctor. No man should ignore one of Nature's kindest warning signals—too-frequent elimination of urine, often in very small quantities.

Enlargement of the prostate is easily treated in early stages by massaging the gland. But even if the condition has progressed to the point where more drastic treatment is required, modern surgery offers several measures which are usually successful.

By transurethral resection, for example—a technique which involves cutting away the obstructing part of the enlarged prostate with an illuminated cutting instrument, the urethral channel may often be cleared.

Sometimes the entire prostate must be removed. This is most frequently done by suprapubic elimination. The abdomen is opened, and an opening made into the bladder into which a rubber catheter is inserted to permit the evacuation of urine. After the kidneys have resumed their normal functioning, the enlarged prostate is simply loosened from the surrounding tissues and lifted out. Cutting to remove the prostate is not necessary.

In both of these operations, the fatigue rate is very low.

Many men dread removal of the prostate because they believe that it will result in impotence or loss of masculinity. This notion is completely erroneous. Removal of the prostate neither increases nor lessens a man's sexual powers.

Even when the prostate has been infected and enlarged for years, surgery is often not necessary. Massage, supplemented by warm-lathering drugs such as penicillin, streptomycin, or sulfa, often eliminates the infection and reduces the gland to normal size. Naturally, part of this treatment involves the curing of contributory infections in the teeth, tonsils and elsewhere.

Many men have a horror of cancer of the prostate, and rightly so. With the life expectancy of men steadily rising, the incidence of prostate cancer in men of middle age and older is on the increase. In 1937, for example, in 15 per cent of all autopsies performed on men over middle age, cancer of the prostate was found. By 1945, autopsies revealed that 25 per cent—one in four—of all men over the age of 50 had prostatic cancer.

Fortunately, medical science has made great strides in the treatment of prostatic cancer. Fifteen years ago cancer of the prostate was considered incurable and meant almost certain death. Today, more than 50 per cent. of all cases can be cured.

Today, no man should be mystified or frightened by his prostate. Prostatic ailments—even cancer—can be successfully and usually easily treated if they are detected and treated in time. That is why it is sound commonsense—even if you feel "as fit as a fiddle"—to have a prostatic examination at fairly frequent intervals.

It's better to be safe than to sorry!
DESIGNED IN TWO WINGS

There are occasions when it is desirable to depart from the orthodox type of plan based on straight lines and right angles in order to take advantage of an outlook or to follow contour lines on a sloping site. Wings placed at an angle to each other, as in the accompanying plan, are frequently on advantage.

In this plan, the large living room includes a space for the dining table and a feature is made of the fireplace with a built-in radiogram alongside it. Full length windows open from this room on to a stone paved terrace. The kitchen adjoins the living room with direct service.

There are two bedrooms, each complete with built-in wardrobes. The modern bathroom is in a position which is convenient to both bedrooms. A line of sill height cupboards along the hall accommodates linen and other sundries.

This house could be extended quite simply by the addition of one or two bedrooms opening from the hall.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 45 feet or 80 feet, depending on which way it is placed, and the total area is 1,375 square feet.
the BANDIT who RAVAGED a NATION

RAGGED, dirty and apparently avowed by the might of American arms, the three Mexican Indians warily approached a military outpost in Mexico in April, 1913.

The Americans, in the midst of banditry and revolution, had occupied Vera Cruz, as reparation against the offences of the contumacious revolutionaries which were playing shuttlecock with the government and fortunes of Mexico.

Vera Cruz, under occupation, was giving refuge, food and shelter to thousands of Indians, half-breeds and whites fleeing from the areas overrun by bloodshed.

Without hesitation, the officer in charge of the outpost let the scruffy three through ... and missed fame and fortune by a hair's breadth. The three filthy subversives were no ordinary Indians. One was an American newspaper correspondent; the second was his personal servant, and the third was Emiliano Zapata, the most desperate bandit, revolutionary and murderer in history, captain of a horde which numbered up to 20,000 soldiers, self-appointed ruler of Mexico, as illiterate, cunning plotter who controlled three presidents.

Zapata had the Indian trait of cruelty, a twist for honouring his promises, a weakness for women and a complete indifference to human life. He killed thousands of Spaniards, half-breeds and other foreigners—some five hundred with his own hands.

At Vera Cruz, Zapata spent some days in disguise, marvelling at the efficiency of the U.S. troops if discovered, he would have been turned over to President Madero, who had offered 50,000 pesos reward for the bandit—dead or alive.

His ultimate aim, obscured by banditry and deprivations, was the return of Mexico to the Indians. He and his followers were not interested in rich farms or wealth from the ground—apart from easy loot. They turned the land back to the jungle and desert, never tilling the haciendas they destroyed, interested only in living a life of robbers in a mud hut.

Zapata was born in 1880, in Morelos State, a rancher's son. At 20, while a bandit, he was captured by an army patrol and given the choice of joining the Duen Government forces or being executed.

After ten years' service, he was pardoned, and returned to Morelos. Waiting for him were Eufemio, his young brother; 15,000 rifles, and a huge arsenal of ammunition and other weapons.

Then, with a thousand other supporters, Zapata set off on his revolution. In three years he was the most powerful man in the nation; and in eight he had grown from one state to one-third of Mexico, with his word as law to 4,000,000 people.

When he set out, he sent messages to other bandits to join him. One of them, a woman, sent back his couriers with their ears tied round their necks. The head of an emissary to another desperado was returned seven inside a stuffed monkey.

But despite his rebuffs, Zapata spread like an octopus, bringing the country under his thumb by burning farms, killing foreigners, and sack ing towns and cities.

His first hut raid was on the Spanish town of Yantocac, a city of ten thousand people, noted for the beauty of its women. Zapata descended with 3,000 eager vultures, with another army of women watching behind—the commons, carrying food and fuel. Every second woman carried a young child, and few of these mothers could name the father of the infant.

Supported by a mere 240 men, the commander of the garrison told Zapata to go to hell. Zapata camped for the night around the city and waited . . .

In the morning a group of boys, aged about 14 or 15, played at childish games in the courtyard of the unsuspecting fort. Suddenly, each tore a bomb from his shirt, threw it into the garrison, and died as the explosions told Zapata his plan had been successful.

In the next instant the screaming horde stormed into the town. After an hour of hand to hand fighting, bayonet against machete, the defenders capitulated.

The surviving half of the garrison was offered places in the army of the bandit. Fifty agreed, but the rest held back.

"Shoot every fifth man," said Zapata, usually stroking his moustache. The survivors hurriedly oversaw their reluctance. Two officers re-
African Allure

At a London dinner, the famous actress Lily Langtry once found her partner to be a genuine African chief. It was soon evident from the way the dusky potentate neglected his food to gaze at her that she had made a conquest. At the conclusion of the affair, he rose, bowed low and paid a tribute of praise “Madame,” he sighed, “if heaven had only made you black and fat you would be irresistible.”

Despite his admiration, however, she was not too proud to love the swarthy Indian. Once, from a captured town, there stepped Margaret Banton—christened Maggie Murphy—a smart, attractive American woman of fortune.

Although Zapatista did not bother with the formality of his usual “marriage,” she became his mistress. After a two-week honeymoon, she stayed with him for 10 months.

When Zapatista captured the city of Cuernavaca, Maggie was installed in a magnificent mansion—a subtle move which allowed Zapatista to sample the delights offered elsewhere.

Maggie then became interested in a handsome young regalo of a noble family.

Poker-faced, Zapatista held a huge fiesta in Maggie’s mansion, in her honour, where the richly dressed aristocrats mingled—under pain of death—with the filthy soldiers.

Maggie’s lover was not present, and after the party Maggie found him between the sheets in her apartment—nearly stabbed to death.

Zapatista liked bizarre and murderous practical jokes. A favourite was to dress a detachment of men as Federalists, release a garrison in some town by handing the commandant a posting order purporting to come from headquarters, and then turn on the surprised citizens.

While Zapatista was in possession of the rich state of Hidalgo, on the edge of the capital, President Madero sent a punitive expedition of 1500 men against him, all travelling in one train. Madero announced the coming destruction of the Zapatista mob.

Next day, the train arrived back at the capital. The soldiers had not dared much as left their carriages or fired a shot—Zapatista had ambush them with 3000 men and told them they would be annihilated unless they returned Mexico City burst into

doughter at the very thought of it.

Another train followed the soldiers. It had one carriage, and one passenger—Maggie Murphy. Zapatista had died of her.

Zapatista had captured Hidalgo without much fighting. The Federal garrison were bottled up in Pachuca, thankful to be left alone.

A few days later, Mexico City newspapers had full accounts of the ghastly fighting at Pachuca, saying that the insolent Zapatista had even hung up the Federal generals and moved them to listen to the battle.

The newspaperman heard shots, screams, the roar of flames, the cries of outraged women—all the noise of pitched battle. At the other end, Zapatista sat doubled up in silent mirth while a dozen of his men gathered round the telephone, firing their guns, shouting, burning paper bags, screaming like women—imitating a battle which never happened.

His cold savagery was a contrast to his childish jokes. At his headquarters he once purged 37 women and his housemaids. With thousands of the horde looking on, he selected every fifth man from the line—11 victims. Zapatista shot each one through the head. The ninth in the line shouted and spat at him. Zapatista ordered him to be staked out on an ant hill instead.

The eleventh went mad, and ran for his life. He was caught and brought back, gibbering insanely, to the laughing bandit.

Next day, every fourth man was murdered. On the third day, every third man. Another went mad, and was locked up with the first. At last only one was left alive. After a night alone to contemplate his fate, the victim was stripped naked, tied to a mule, and led to the head of a cazon of 28 beasts.

The man was escorted to the outskirts of Cuernavaca, and told to ride with his train straight to the commander of the garrison. It was the most horrifying sight the citizen had ever seen. On the mule behind the leader, were strapped the two men, still gibbering.

Every animal behind had two corpses strapped to it, lengthways. The last had one corpse and what the rats had left of the man who sat at the bandit chief.

The commander looked at the train of death and madness, then shot the mattress.

As a contrast to this fiendish murder, there were the dozens of foreign men and women, employed as Cowgirls, engineers, and servants on the haciendas, who found themselves riding to safety in Mexico City under armed escort—clutching a small fortune in money thrust on them by the sadistic Zapatista.

In 1918, he met his end. While negotiating with another bandit, he was lured into an ambush, a false conference. The enemys succeeded on him, and he sat at the parlor table. With his machine, he fought his opponent’s sabre until he was knocked from his hand.

Horrified, his wife looked on while Zapatista’s head was hacked from his body. The lullers left the corpse to rot, so the woman buried it in a rough hole in the ground, an unmarked grave that was never found again.

Zapatista’s head was exhibited on a spike in Mexico City for months, until the white skull was all that remained.

Even today he is a legend amongst the Indians, and hundreds of Mexicans have sworn that Zapatista’s smiling ghost has stopped them on the trail and given them silver coins.

His millions of dollars of lost was never found, and his horse collapsed without the pan which held it together.

CAVALCADE, March, 1953
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CAVALCADE, March, 1953

DEATH TRACK RACER

BY PHIL BOLIN
DRAWN BY PHIL BELEN

TRUCK TODD. ON THE EVE OF A BIG MOTOR RACE, MEETS HIS WEALTHY FRIEND, NICK MALONE.-------

YES, TRUCK— I'M RACING THIS ONE TOMORROW

WITH DAN JANIGSKI DRIVING, I CAN'T LOSE

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WITH DAN JANSKI DRIVING, YOU CAN'T WIN!

TRUCK QUICKLY TELLS MALONE HOW HE KNOWS THAT JANSKI HAS PLANNED TO SELL OUT THE RACE TO THE HUNGRY RED MAGNATI.

WHY? WHO'S THE HUNGRY RED MAGNATI?

THE SIGHT OF KATH KING TAKES MALONE'S MIND OFF RACING. TRUCK INTRODUCES THEM.

KATH, HERSELF AN EXPERT DRIVER, TAKES A KEEN INTEREST IN MALONE'S CAR.

A POWERFUL ANIMAL THIS, MR. MALONE!

IF MY ARM WAS OKAY I'D TAKE YOU FOR A DRIVE.

I'LL BET KATH WOULD LIKE TO TRY IT FOR HERSELF.

DON'T LET IT RUN AWAY WITH YOU.

A LOT OF CONVERSATION BEGINS BEFORE KATH SAYS, "WELL, DAMN IT, MR. MALONE -- I'LL DO IT!"

A CONVERSATION BEGINS AT THE GATES.

DON'T, PLEASE KATH!

A CONVERSATION BEGINS AT THE GATES.

I'D LOVE TO, BUT I CAN'T, MR. MALONE.

DON'T TRY IT, PLEASE, KATH!

THEY WALK SLOWLY AWAY FROM THE GARAGES. NICK MALONE IS THINKING OR HIS PROBLEMS.

I HAVE TO GET A DRIVER FOR TOMORROW'S RACE, MISS KING. WOULD YOU?

KATH TANSKI TRIED TO STOP THAT CAR WINNING. PLEASE DON'T DRIVE IT. I KNOW SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN.

CONGRATULATIONS, YOU'RE A WONDERFUL DRIVER, MISS KING.

I'LL BET YOU'RE GETTING A BIG SURPRISE. NICK MALONE IS THINKING OF HIS PROBLEMS.

MR. MALONE, DONT
KATH -- I'M SERIOUS
DON'T LAUGH.

TRUCK ISN'T USUALLY
AN ALARMIST.

CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHING
THE GARAGE, KATH IS
AMAZED AT WHAT IS TAKING
PLACE INSIDE.

TWO MEN BEND OVER THE
FRONT WHEELS OF MICK
MALONE'S CAR.

THIS IS PROBABLY RI-
DICULOUS, BUT...

... THIS WAY I HAVE
NOTHING TO LOSE, BUT A
NIGHT'S SLEEP.

THE BOSS FIND ME TO SEE
MALONE LOSSES THE RACE,
AND THAT I'LL DO.

SOMEONE WOKE MALONE
UP AND HE STOPPED ME.
SAYING 'WELL, TOO BAD'.

KATH RETURNS IN HER
OWN CAR TO THE BIG
SPEEDWAY GARAGE.
WHERE MICK MALONE
HIS RACING CAR IS
WAITING.

AND FINDS THAT
SHE IS NOT THE ONLY
PERSON OUT LATE ON
THE NIGHT BEFORE THE
RACE.

IS IT GOOD ENOUGH TO
TAKE THAT SHUFTY OUT
DAN?

SURE, AND
LOOSEN THE NUT ONE
 OR TWO PLAYS. THE
WHEEL WILL COME OFF
AT A HUNDRED MILES
AN HOUR.

AND IT WILL BE A SHEER
ACCIDENT
AND NOBODY'S TO
BLAME, EN'T IT? TOO
BAD FOR THE
DAME.
HEARING HER FATE SEALED KATH REALIZES THAT BUT FOR THE KID'S TELEPHONE WARNING SHE'D HAVE GONE TO HER DEATH

GOOD LUCK, KATH, I'VE A FEELING IT'S EVERYTHING OR I'M OKAY

SAUNTERING THROUGH THE CROWD, TRUCK ME COUGHERS DAN JANSKI, OVERHEARS HIM SPEAK:
DON'T WORRY PAL, SHE'LL CRASH IN THE NEXT LAP

WHAT DID YOU SAY, JANSKI?

AS THE FIRST CARS ARE FLAGGED OUT ON THEIR HANDICAP JANSKI AND HIS PAL WATCH
THERE GOES MAGRAITH'S JOB --- THE WINNER

THERE'S MALONE'S CAR AND THE GIRL
GOODBYE SWEETHEART!

I SAID KEEP AWAY, SON YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING

RED MAGRAITH, WHO HAS PAID JANSKI TO SEE THAT MALONE'S CAR LOSES THE RACE, IS ATTRACTION BY THE TROUBLED SCENE BREAK IT UP, WHO'S THE DRUNK? I'M NOT

AS MALONE WATCHES, THE TRUCK EXPRESS HIS FEARS. KATH SPEEDS AWAY. JANSKI AND HIS PAL BELIEVE KATH IS DRIVING TO DEATH

I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THIS IS OVER

WATCHING THE CARS MAGRAITH DEMANDS: WHAT WENT SOUR, JANSKI?
IT'S ALL OKAY, BOSS

KATH GOES INTO THE FINAL LAP ON THE RACE AS THE CROWD ROARS

CAVALCADE, March 1953
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<th>Attribute</th>
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<td>Decisiveness</td>
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and a Hold-fast Memory.

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235
Jim was quite a man. He became a hero.

But he lost—for Heather was quite a girl.

We pushed the canoe around a bend and into a long straight stretch of river. It ran due north for maybe a mile like a narrow highway through the trees. Pines went up from the water's edge and the noon sun gave the water a smooth metallic finish.

"Pretty," I said to Jeff Gray, my guide. Jeff was taking me deep into the north woods on a hunting trip which I had been promising myself for a long time.

Jeff grunted and dug his paddle deeper.

"Looks like smoke up there," I said. A smudge of black went up over the green of the trees.

"It is smoke," Jeff said definitely.

"Mackenzie's Landing. Reminds me of the first time I saw that place. Times Heather was really in bloom, you might say." He let out a dusty cackle of mirth.

"Heather?" I asked.

"Up ahead, Mackenzie's Landing. Mrs. Heather Mackenzie. She's still living there, but she's married now. Married one of those guys I'm telling you about."

He hadn't been telling me about anybody, but I let that go, and after a while I heard him clear his throat decisively and he began:

This was just after the first World War, and things were mighty rough. Jobs scarce and living expensive. I'd been laid up with a bad leg, so I didn't get work at the beginning of the season and came into Blind Lake after Christmas with five bucks in my pocket and no prospects. After a week there I still had no prospects, but I didn't have the five bucks any more, and I was getting desperate.

I took a job with Blue Mike Costello's outfit. You can't get no more desperate than that.

"A job?" he says. "Why sure, Jeff. I need a dynamite man." And he says it like it wasn't an insult.

"You can take that dynamite, Blue Mike," I says, "and you know what you can do with it. With a short fuse," I says and walked off.

"Hold on, Jefferson," he hollered. "Look here," he said, "I've got a load of grub to go in to camp. You drive that in and tell the foreman to give you a job."

Shad Collins • Fiction

CAVALCADE March 1933 81
I want on up to the livery barn where Blue Mike's team would be and told them I was the man that was taking them out. I found out the head was slated to go until the next day.

I was just turning to go when a voice says, "I'm riding out with you to-morrow," and I turn and see this kid.

His name was Jim Randall and he had the whitest face and the blackest hair of anyone I'd ever seen, baik Heather Bank and, though he wasn't a kid, either, as far as that goes, although he looked pretty young. He was tall, though, and had a good pair of shoulders and he was handsome.

The whiteness of his face made him look weak and sickly like a convalescent patient. That's about what he was, too, but I didn't know it at the time.

"What you going to do out at Blue Mike's hell camp?" I asked him. The last thing he looked like was a logging stuff.

"I'm going to work there." He had a hard time saying it. "Dynamite man."

He sounded as if he was scared of even the word "dynamite," but he was there the next morning when we pulled out. He was scared, too. I had found that out talking to him in the afternoon while we were waiting. He was scared all the way through.

He had got a pretty bad time of it in the war. A powerful case of shell shock, like they called it then, and had just got out of the hospital.

Dynamite was the last thing he wanted to have anything to do with, but if you're broke enough long enough, you'll do anything.

We saw the Finn, who handled the blasing for Blue Mike, the morning we were leaving. He came around to the livery stable and pretended to be surprised to see me. I told him I was driving a sled load of grub from Blind Lake up to the Three Rivers camp and he said: "So? Good luck, Jeff."

"I got a new shot man I'm taking in with me," I said.

"Who is this man, Jeff?" the Finn wanted to know.

"Jim!" I hollered. "Come and meet your boss!" I came mousing out behind the shadows and took a look at the Finn. "This is the guy you'll be working under," I told him.

"Shake hands with him while he's still got a hand left to shake."

Jim stuck out his hand, but the Finn didn't take it. They just stood there looking at each other as if they knew there was going to be trouble between them and were trying to see what the other fellow was made of.

The Finn fished in his pocket, reached out and dropped something into Jim's hand. "Here," he said. "You do that?" Then I saw what it was—a dynamite cap.

He took another one out of his pocket and popped it into his mouth like a piece of sausage. I'd seen him do it before and knew what was coming. He lit it down on the cap and took it out from between his teeth. It was crumpled up into an imaginary fuse. He did it that way all the time—never used the crimping tool at all—and it wasn't especially dangerous, but it would put your teeth on edge to see him do it.

"You do that?" the Finn asked grinning.

Jim's face was white and sickly-looking then it had been before. He handed the cap back to the Finn.

"No," he said. It seemed to make the Finn happy.

"Ha," he said. "You don't want to be afraid. Dynamite, it don't like a man to be afraid. Dynamite and woman—you get to treat them rough.

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82 CAVALCADE, March, 1953

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make them behave." He went back to the barn pretty pleased with myself and we got our horses out and got the load started.

We weren't out five miles when we went into a stump and took half the box off the sled. I felt her slide and heard someone yell behind us on the road and then I got the team stopped. The damage was already done, but what interested me was who had yelled behind us. I looked back and there, a couple of hundred yards behind, was the Finn with a light rig. Right then I knew something was wrong. We got started and I gave the reins to Jim and crawled back and prised a box open. There it was, all nicely packed in an odd box.

"It looks like I made a mistake," I told Jim. "Blue Mike is making a dynamite man out of me whether I want it or not."

I told him what kind of "grub" was in the boxes we were packing. The boy looked for a minute as if he were going to take right off through the woods. Then he turned and looked back along the road. There was the Finn, about two hundred yards behind him. He was light, driving alone like a deacon going to church. He was hardening up.

"Our good shepherd," Jim said, looking back at the Finn and grinning for the first time. I think, at that, he wasn't any more scared about our surprise cargo than I was.

Dynamite is funny stuff. Sometimes you can't get it to explode and then again all you have to do is look at it and it goes off in your face. As cold as it was, I figured it was pretty safe, but we were pretty careful to see that we didn't hit any more stumps after that first one.

Everything went fine until we hit Mile Hill, just before we got to Mackenzie's Landing. We had just got a

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CAVALCADE, March, 1953
nice start down the slope when the roll started to go out of the sled.

The roll is the section between the ends of the front runners. It is the part that the tongue is fastened on to, the tongue and the runners. It's the transmission and the steering rear all in one, and when the roll goes out you just aren't hitched on to the sled any longer.

It dropped loose one side and the sled began to yaw so that the horses got scared and started to run and I didn't have a hope of trying to steer the thing any more and then I heard the Finn, just like the time before, yelling, only this time he was yelling "Watch out for that dogs!"

That was all I needed. It wasn't enough that we should be loaded with dynamite. We had to have soup too—nintr—in one of those boxes, stuff a lot more powerful and a lot more temperamental than dynamite. I guess Jim heard the Finn too and knew what he meant. He had already jumped when I kicked the other end of the roll loose, so that the horses were running free, and went over the side myself.

The next thing I remember is the Finn. He was standing right beside me and he was swearing in four languages. I pulled for my head out of the snow and there was the sled, only a few yards ahead, straight up in the snowbank beside the road. It was twenty—below weather, but my clothes were sticking to me with sweat and I was mad all through.

"Face off now!" I told the Finn, "Nobody told us there was soup in that box. You start facing it into me and I'm going over the axe in that sled. I'll chop your legs off until you're down to my level and then I'll beat you to a pulp!"

I don't suppose it scared him, but about that time he saw Jim Rannick and went after him. He got him up against the side of the sled and cuffed him a couple of good ones. The kid didn't look as if he had any fight in him. He was dead scared. He didn't even make a move to defend himself, but before I could take a hand at him someone whipped past me on skis and the next thing the big Finn was down on the roadway looking as if a tree had fallen on him.

It was Heather MacKenzie. She was a good-sized girl with hair like Jim's—that is, the same color, and eyes that blazed like the sun on me. She stood over that big Finn with her skirts raised, daring him to get up, but the Finn just lay there and got a big happy smile all over his face.

"Hello, Heather," he said, rubbing his head where she had hit him. "You pretty strong girl." He sounded as rough as a new father.

That's all he got the chance to say, because Heather had Jim went on down the road and the Finn and I had to catch the horses, fix the sled and work it on down the hill and around to the Landing. We stayed there that night.

This Heather MacKenzie was quite a woman. Even in those days when they wore dresses like tents she couldn't help letting you know how she was put together. She was pretty, with her face coming through that stand of black hair like the moon through a cloud. And she could take care of herself. I suppose before it was that much as anything that had got the Finn. Anyway, for a year or more he had been hanging around the Landing. A lot of other guys used to go up there too, but usually the Finn saw them back in camp and sort of discouraged them. He had knocked off all the serious competition at this time that Jim Rannick turned up there.

You would hardly have thought Jim would be competition either, to look at him, but I suppose it was just because he was scared and had been beaten by the Finn that Heather took him over. She was the kind of a woman who wouldn't have been able to turn aside a muggy dog. That night anyway, she couldn't do enough for Jim and everything she did made the Finn's red hair turn a shade redder. I could see that Jim wasn't making it any easier for himself in the time when he'd be working with the Finn.

We got to the camp next day. I got a job as a teamster and Jim went working with the Finn. Most of his work was pretty easy, because about all they were doing was clearing a small section of the river for the drive in the spring. Jim never did get used to handling the stuff, though, and the more scared he was, the more the Finn poured it on. It didn't help matters either, when Jim started visiting regularly at the Landing.

It got so that the Finn was trying all the time to get Jim to fight, and the fact that Jim wouldn't make all the men in camp think he was yellow. It was a fact that he was scared of dynamite and especially of nitro—so you can see Jim wasn't very popular. Nobody liked a coward, still, he wouldn't quit. You'd think he would have turned in his time, but he didn't. He just stuck to it as if he were trying to prove something. Finally the Finn cornered him in the bunkhouse one Sunday and laid into him and wanted if the kid didn't hang one on him.

He knocked the Finn back and he got a happy look in his eyes, the way he always did in a fight, and came for Jim. But he did a funny thing. He reached down behind his bunk and came up with a stick of dynamite—he used to have the stuff around half the time—and he came at Jim holding it in his left hand.
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"Now hit me," the Finn said. "Now hit me, Randall." He was grinning like an ape.

That took all the fight out of Jim. He looked at that stick and didn't lift a hand and the Finn went up and smashed him in the face. Jim didn't even get up for a long time. When he did, he went out without anyone speaking to him. But that'll show you how women are - indispensable as dynamite. That was the day he got engaged to Heather Mackenzie. I suppose that button by the Finn did more to make up her mind than anything Jim said or did - she was that soft.

That Sunday began the spring thaw, too, and in a few days the logging was ended for the year and there was nothing but the drive down the river. Right away we began to run into trouble. There was a bad patch of river in the narrows up there and the first day of the drive they had to shoot two or three little jams. The second day they got a real bad one.

We were all down there and Blue Mike turned to the Finn and said, "Shoot her."

The Finn started down but Jim didn't move.

"Well?\," Blue Mike said. And when Jim didn't say anything, Blue Mike just wagged a finger toward the camp. "Go for your time."

We watched the Finn going over the logs up-river from the jam. He wasn't a driver, but he liked to think he could do anything, and he went over the logs as mighty as a cat. Then all of a sudden he wasn't there any more. Blue Mike started to swear, pulled off his bowler and beat it like a drum, and all of us started to run for the river.

The Finn was all right. He hadn't been crushed and he wasn't hurt. But he was penned in there as nice as you'd like to see. He had his nose

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Can You Pick a Winner?

Noted Australian sports writer, Hugh Dash, reviews the form of the champions in SO YOU WANT TO BUY A HORSE — profusely illustrated in the March issue of M A N

On sale everywhere
out and that was about all and with the river rising behind that dam of logs, he wasn't going to have his nose out very long either.

"We've got to clear that fast," Bluey said. "Get me some stuff."

"Where's that Randell?" he starts to yell. "Where's that damn Randall?"

He didn't have to yell because that time Jim was racing along the river bank and we soon saw that he didn't have dynamite in his hands.

He had a bucket of soup, stuff the Finn used to use on junks. It might be too hard to get enough of the gunk stuff to do any good.

We saw him go into the water and across the first of the big rocks. Then he slipped on the rock and went out of sight.

While we were still waiting for the blast that would blow him out of the world, he re-appeared again, right on the face of the jam. You could see him searching it with his eyes, looking for the best place to plant the charge, and his face looked a little cyan with strain.

Anybody would have the right to look that way. He was right in front of the jam. Any one of those logs was big enough to crush a man and there were thousands of them, tossed up like jackstraws.

Behind them was a thousand tons of river with the pressure going up all the time as the logs damned the flow. Jim looked at it a minute and then climbed in under the top of the jam. In a few minutes he shoved again, moving fast now because he was working against a strong current. He was two-thirds of the way back and halfway down the side of a big boulder when he blew.

That was the last I expected to see of Jim Randall, but I have him up again.

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PRINT CLEARLY
When Dr. Fells failed to give his criminal patient the treatment he deserved, a relentless fate did.

The receptionist looked up and across the large waiting room at the man slumped in a well-worn, leather-covered chair. She raised a manicured finger to attract his attention.

"You're the last patient, Mr. Strom. Dr. Fells will see you now."

She was standing up and walking toward the outside door of the office even before he had risen.

He did not look at her. As he slowly rose, waves of pain and staggering weakness momentarily blurred everything from his mind. Then he recovered, chuckling grimly. The blonde doll would not have left so blithely had she known that the "last patient" was a man escaped from the state prison, with a bullet in his shoulder.

Strom pushed his right hand into the outside pocket of his overcoat and grasped the gun that lay there firmly. He kicked open the door carelessly and waited an instant in the darkness without. Yes, the doctor was at his desk. It was Fells, all right, a little greayer, a little plumper, a little more nervous. It was as he expected. The noise of the door crashing back sent the doctor leaping into the air. When he'd settled, jolted out of his customary complacency, Wulf Strom was in the room, with the door slamming behind him.

"Still playing at being a doctor, eh, Fells? Nothing like the desultory manner to the frightened patient." He glanced about the room. "Still the same," he continued in a harsh voice. "Well-filled book-cases, the neatly framed diplomas on the wall. From the University of Vienna, From the University of Paris! Sounds good, doesn't it? Solid, respectable, with just the faintest tinge of the rolling stone of the world." He paused.

Fells licked his dry lips, standing with lightning stabs about the room.

"You escaped—from the prison?" he asked, trembling.

"It was difficult. It had to be planned. Would it surprise you to know that I began planning my escape just four days ago?"

Fells' eyes lost their frightened look.

"You read about our marriage?"

The head across the desk from him nodded slowly.

"It was easy to take your betrayal, easy to accept five years in prison for a crime we both committed. Even if you were still outside, Strom's fate darkened. "Even if your word had sent me to prison I could rationalise that away. Law of self-preservation, anything. I might have acted the same way. But you were going to keep everything as it was—our office, our practice, our money. And you were going to let Marjorie alone. You promised. It was your last word. She loved me."

Fells sat back, puffing. He looked...
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up at Strom apologetically. "My heart. It's worse since you've been gone." Then he recovered.

"Yes, I promise, for Marjorie loved you. And how I emphasised the past tense. But can I help the workings of a woman's heart? You knew I loved her too, and when she realised that you yourself had begun the business."

The gun suddenly reappeared, its muzzle pointed straight at Fell's heart.

"And I began it," Strom shook with rage for an instant, then abruptly quieted. "It was you who helped her mind to change. Don't lie! Lyning will do you no good. You're going to die anyway."

Strom paused, letting this sink in.

"Where as she now?"

Fell's teeth were chattering. "Out," he managed to gasp. "Out for a few hours to some friend's house. She'll be back."

"When?"

"Not very long. Maybe an hour."

Strom's face brightened. He knew Marjorie's habits; knew that she never left a gathering until late. When she came back, she'd get the same treatment as he planned giving Fell.

Abruptly he rose, stripped off his overcoat, jacket, vest, revealing a blood-stained shirt. Then he removed swiftly, the while keeping Fell covered with the gun. As the shirt came away, he stepped back.

"You're going to operate, doctor," snarled Strom. "They wrenched me in the shoulder. Hit me right between the clavicle and the top tensors—and the bullet didn't come out." He expertly removed the crude bandage covering the wound. Fell's arm spasmed.

"My heart, Strom, you'll not ask an old friend to..."

"You'll do it scientifically, doctor, and I'll watch you. First cross-sectional X-rays, then local anaesthesia, then the extraction of the bullet. Finally the injection of penicillin with bee's wax to ensure healing of the wound."

"Strom! I warn you!" Fell stepped from behind the desk, tottered forward. "If you die..."

"That would make you very happy, doctor, wouldn't it?" snarled Strom.

"Now get to work! We're going to look at this now. We'll just lock the surgery temporarily."

Suddenly his voice purred. "You will follow my direction, doctor. There will be no mistakes. There had better not. Now, set the controls for the X-ray. I'll load the plate myself."

Strom stepped with the sharp born of long medical practice to the closet where blank X-ray plates were stored. He took out two, one large, one small. Moving to the glass-walled embank that held the X-ray machine behind thick, leaded, sound-proofed walls, he opened its door with the hands that held the gun, hiked the plate under the top bed of the machine's steel and stone table. As he came out again the transformers were already humming, Fell adjusting the giant thrust of power with expert, trembling hands.

"I shall enter the room, lie down on the table, and you shall take the X-ray. No tricks," he warned as Fell crossed the room to the switches.

"Remember I can keep my eyes on you even while you're out here. One false move and you get a bullet between the eyes."

Fell nodded dumbly, as Strom re-entered the machine's quarters, closing the door behind him through sheer unforgotten habit.

Within, Strom lay flat on the table,
watched the projecting plate come rapidly down towards his shoulder as Falls made the necessary adjustments from outside. For an instant he was lost in admiration of the layout. It was a caustic carried to its greatest extent. There was no possibility of the dangerous rays leaking out, no necessity for the operator to hide behind plates of leaded glass and lead itself, for the tiny, confined room was all one leaded box.

Leaded box With a shout, Strom raised himself as far as he could, tried to kick the door open with a thrashing foot. It held. The lock on the outside had caught. He looked up swiftly, saw Falls' hand through the window reaching for the switch. saw it close on it, came sharply down.

Strom brought up gun, pointed it directly at Falls through the glass and fired. The room echoed to the blast, as Falls, wide-eyed with terror, clutched his throat and sank to the floor.

Struck dumb, Strom placed the gun in his hand. It had barely chipped the six-mill thick glass. And Falls? Straining himself upward against the encroaching projecting plate, he could see the other flat on the floor, unbreathing, dead of heart failure, of terror as the bullet approached, harmlessly.

The room was silent, save for a faint hum.

Then Strom realised he was dead. As dead as Falls, as dead as the dead of two world wars. For the power was on and deadly rays were streaming invisibly through him as he lay caught, trapped in the coffin-like chamber beneath a fire-breathing monster that would drone on for hours, its teeth hurtling electrons, its life the hum of the transformers.

He knew what would happen when they shut off the power and came and found him. A few weeks of life—and then the hideous burns appearing while his flesh sloughed off and his brain turned to water.

Abruptly the room filled with thunder as he fired the gun wildly at the thick metal projector, fired at the enclosing glass walls.

The last bullet he saved for himself.
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