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George Anne Bellamy had many lovers. She tasted riches, but she died broke.

JAMES HOLLEDGE

A BENT, frail old woman collapsed and died on a London street one February evening in 1788. Dirty, unkempt and starving, she was only one of many of the city's destitute who daily went unnoticed and unmourned in paupers' graves.

But 40 years before all, England had known her as vivacious and beautiful George Anne Bellamy, the star of Covent Garden Theatre, the idol of the playgoing public, the minx who twisted a dozen knights about her finger and whom a peer of the realm tried to kidnap for love.

Born in 1727, George Anne (her name was a mistake made by a servant registering "Georgiana") was the illegitimate daughter of a young actress named Catherine Seal, who, at 14, had eloped with handsome, but dissolute Lord Tyrwayle.

Tyrwayle promised to marry his actress, but pressing debts caused him to change his mind in favour of a Lady Mary Stewart, who, though "both ugly and foolish," possessed a fortune of £30,000.

Once he got his hands on the money, the noble lord left his wife in rooms in London and with Miss Seal fled himself off to Portugal, where he had squandered the post of English ambassador.

Living in "the strictest sin," the couple produced George Anne, whom Tyrwayle acknowledged as his daughter. But his roving eye then lighted on a Portuguese beauty named Donna Anna. Catherine retaliated by running off and marrying a British officer, Captain Bellamy, who consented to give his name to Tyrwayle's daughter.

To further complicate matters, Bellamy soon after disappeared. Catherine Seal returned to the London stage, and Lord Tyrwayle gave George Anne into the care of his adjutant, Captain Pye, to bring up with his own children.

At 11 George Anne was sent back to England to stay with a former servant of Lord Tyrwayle's who was married to a London wigmaker. She was taken to see her mother, but Mrs Bellamy pushed her out of her dressing room, exclaiming: "My God! What have you brought me here? This goggle-eyed, splatter-faced, gabble-mouthed wretch is not my child. Take her away!"

For all his amorous pranks, Tyrwayle cared for his children, and when he returned to England in 1742 George Anne received better treatment from him. She moved into his house, still run by the Portuguese mistress, Donna Anna, and joined three other daughters, all by different mothers, staying there.

Tyrwayle, however, was soon off to take the post of British ambassador to Russia. He made George Anne an allowance of £100 a year and left her in the care of friends in London.

Hearing of the £100, George Anne's mother (who had meanwhile married and been deserted by another officer, Captain Walker) arrived on the scene and dragged her off to live with her Tyrwayle was informed and immediately stopped the allowance, leaving mother and daughter penniless.

Mrs. Bellamy took the girl to Covent Garden Theatre and got her a job. She made her debut on November 22, 1744, and her beauty and talent soon won her public acclaim. At 15, George Anne Bellamy was the reigning queen of the London stage.

She was not tall, but her figure was "admirably proportioned," said a critic of the day.

Suitsors flocked around her, but George Anne would listen to no proposals that did not include "marriage and a coach."

One persistent admirer was Lord Byron, ancestor of the poet, but his intentions did not go as far as "marriage and a coach." When George Anne was adept that nothing less would interest him, his Lordship prepared a trap and waited for her one afternoon outside the theatre.

When George Anne appeared, he grabbed her in his arms, booted her into a coach and raced off as fast as horses could gallop.

An interested observer of the abduction was a young nobleman named Sir George Metham, who was himself waiting for a date at the stage door.

He set off in pursuit of his own carriage and successfully rescued the maiden from Byron's house in North Audley Street before that villan was able to work his wicked wiles.

Overcome with gratitude, the following day George Anne Bellamy moved into Metham's "elegant" house in St. James as his mistress.

Metham, however, was a gambler living far beyond his means. Before long, George Anne was maintaining the "elegant" house from her salary at Covent Garden, Drury Lane and other London theatres.

Incurably extravagant, George Anne was soon penniless in debt, a more serious condition in those days as it frequently meant incarceration indefinitely in a debtors' prison. Metham fled to Scotland to

CAVALCADE, October 1953
dodge money-lenders who were dunning him, and she was left alone.

George Anne then hit on the idea of opening a faro game in her house with the proceeds of her pawned jewellery. The bank had a lucky run, and in a few weeks she cleared enough to pay her debts.

Metham returned and, in horror at her gambling, ordered her to close the game George Anne obeyed, but only because she was tired of the game and affluent with £1,000, with which the rich young Lord Downe had presented her.

Anyway, she was bored with Metham and soon after replaced him with a businessman named John Calcraft, who was rapidly making a fortune as a provider and agent for British armies in Europe.

Lake Metham, Calcraft had a thousand excuses why he could not marry her, but he eventually signed a contract of marriage in which he agreed, under forfeit of £20,000, to make her his wife within six years. George Anne agreed and moved into his house, distinctly chancing her theatrical falling from "Miss" to "Mrs." Bellamy.

What the beautiful actress saw in the shabby, dirty Calcraft is a mystery. Indescribably slovenly in appearance and dress, he delighted in keeping a pet pig in his bedroom.

His irrepressible mistress put up with it for a while, then enlisted the aid of two of her admirers to creep in and kill it while Calcraft was away. Incomparable when he found the slaughtered porker, Calcraft was pacified by the wily George Anne who assured his gourmet's blood by describing the succulent sausages the pig would make.

George Anne's own personal cleanliness was resounded through London Daily she took two baths. In one she washed herself, but during the other, in which she remained soaking for several hours, she received visitors.

"There she lay," it has been written, "fastening up from time to time, with gold pins, those long locks of hair which came undone and obliged her to lift her magnificent arms out of the water—and sometimes not the arms only, but also a snow-white bust which seemed to have been sculptured of Parian marble."

When Calcraft was had up with guilt, George Anne cheerfully took over the management of his business. She investigated complaints by soldiers in Germany that the shirts supplied by Calcraft came unsown the first time they were washed.

Off to the manufacturer she went. After some argument she agreed to pay him threepence extra on each shirt to ensure they were better-made in future.

George Anne thought no more about it until the bills for the goods arrived. An irate Calcraft showed her that her kindness had cost him an extra £900, which he insisted she pay.

This and the discovery that Calcraft's discomfiture to carry out his agreement to marry her was because he already had a wife, led to George Anne's desertion of him in 1798.

Calcraft immediately sent her a bill for £2,750, which he held she owed him for clothes and money he had supplied. By the next mail, George Anne sent him her own bill for £23,507, for business she charged she had put in his way through her father, Lord Tyrawley.

Sackened of London, George Anne Bellamy accepted an engagement in Dublin, where she fell ill with a young actor named Digges and entered what she termed a "serious connection" with him. It lasted two years and, she said, made them "mutually unhappy."

During that time Digges bid her write. When he left her on coming into an £8,000 legacy, she was in debt to the tune of £20,000.

Back in London, George Anne found that younger favorites had captured the public's fancy. She continued as a star at Covent Garden for a number of years, but eventually descended to "bit" parts.

Still attractive, the actress became the mistress of the well-known actor Henry Woodward. When he died ten years later in 1771, he left her by his will all his furniture, plate, linen and china, and a substantial sum for the purchase of an annuity. But there was a lawsuit over the will, instituted by the actor's relatives, and his mistress got nothing.

The former queen of the London stage gradually sank into poverty and degradation, from which she seemed unable to extricate herself.

Once, hungry and destitute, she descended the steps of Westminster Bridge, hoping the incoming tide would cover and drown her.

As she sat there in the darkness, she heard a waif crying piteously for a piece of bread and the answering wail of her mother, "My God! What wretchedness can compare to mine!"

The words had an electrical effect on George Anne. She jumped up, went home to the garret she occupied and forthwith began the writing of her famous memoirs, from which she cleared several thousand pounds.

However, it did not do her any good, as it was seized by her creditors before she got her hands on it.

She was 62 when she died, friendless and forgotten in her will, which had nothing to distribute but debts, she hoped that her life "would prove a beacon to warn young women from the sheer share of vanity, dissipation and illicit pleasures."
father, the young violinist had given concerts in Milan, Bologna, Florence and Pisa, beginning with one at Genoa in 1793 when he was nine years old.

After the now familiar taste of success at the Leghorn concert, Paganini cut the parental fetters.

In company with his elder brother, and then with a new-found friend, Germi, who became his business manager, Paganini began a fabulous tour of Italian cities.

At each concert Paganini played his own variations on well-known works, mingled with his own lively compositions. His ungainly platform presence, his marvellous dexterity with the bow and the strange, spine-tingling music he called forth from the very timbers of the instrument threw his audience into a clamour.

Despite the hallowing of his local fame few thought of Paganini as more than another child prodigy. His phenomenal playing power and technical trickeries were looked upon more as oddities than the performances of a genius.

Until that time, no fiddler had experimented with the use of stopped harmonics or double stopping. By utilizing the stopped harmonic on every tone and half tone Paganini extended the compass of the violin and added a polish and brilliance to his playing; effects otherwise considered impossible. Other novelties were achieved by special tunings or scordaturas.

The daring of these effects and the sensational, exaggerated expression he put into them made Paganini a master out of his time. Few, if any, could play his compositions, and due to the exorbitant prices he charged for copies, only four of his compositions were ever published during his lifetime, although he wrote many.

Frequently, enraptured by the physical energy he put into his playing, and by his excesses at the gambling table, Paganini took refuge at a monastery at Cortona.

These recurrent disappearances gave rise to all manner of rumour, maliciously replenished when a deranged monk at the monastery seized Paganini’s bow and broke it into splinters. He wore that the soul of the devil was in the bow, making it play sinfully exciting music.

As punishment the monk was sent to the master with the fragments of the bow, to have another one made.

On the way he told how Paganini practised in his cell, while behind him a silhouette clothed in red made bony clawings in imitation of the master.

It was enough to set clamorous tongues rattling of Paganini’s imprisonment in a cell. Repetition of the tale added the information that he had killed his mistress in a fit of jealousy and was locked up with his companion the devil.

These rumours followed Paganini throughout his life. Often accused of charlatanism, it is possible he allowed them to ferment to add to his reputation for having more than earthly power.

His phenomenal performances on the G-string alone gave rise to the further belief that in his perodical disappearances he was allowed only one string to play upon.

In fact, Paganini’s virtuosity on one string arose from a love affair when he was attached to the court of Elisa Baccocchi, Napoleon’s sister.

He dared not approach the lady directly, so wrote for her a composition for two strings only, "Scene Amoureuse." Musically, it was an
MAKING HER DEBUT

A young girl went out one night —
Twice her first time out alone,
Although she knew wrong from right,
For last time she had to spurn.
Her extra was something to behold,
Her attraction for boys was shocking;
When, finally she returned home,
She had a little rent in her stocking.
— AM-EM

immediate success and Princess Elisa persuaded him to write a composition for one string, which he did — Sonata for the G-string, entitled "Napo'leon."
Further experimenting led Paganini to extend the harmonic compass of the fourth string to four octaves. He was often accused of using frayed strings so that he could show up his extraordinary skill on one, when the others snapped.

In 1813 Paganini left Princess Elisa's court, the chief reason being that he persisted in wearing the uniform of her Royal Bodyguard when conducting the opera orchestra.

Two years later Paganini met Antonia Bianchi, a vital, earthy woman who sang and danced in the cafes. She became his mistress and bore him a son, Achillino.
The mis-matched pair endured two years of one another's company, when Paganini bought the legal custody of his child and legalized his birth.

From that time all Paganini's energies were extended in order to build a fortune for his son. Always mag- nificently of his talent, he rarely played unless it was for money.

Frequent illnesses and the threat condition which in moments of exci- citement left him voiceless, forced him to take a rest. For four years he lived quietly on the estate of a woman friend in Tuscany. Her name was never divulged and many tales were told of how the violinist and his lover communed together with the devil in the guarded seclusion of the chateau.

On March 29, 1828, Paganini made a triumphal appearance in Vienna. For two months newspapers gave rave notices of his concerts. Prince Metternich, the Austrian Chancellor, attended every performance. Schubert, Strauss and Rossini were there. Gay critical Vienna gave him its heart.

His portrait was displayed everywhere. Lamps of sugar in the coffee houses carried the impression of his profile, his bust was moulded in butter. Leaves of bread were baked in the shape of violins and the famed Weimer Schnitzel was given an extra turn in the pan and called Weimer Schnitzel a la Paganini. His picture was engraved on snuff and cigar boxes and umbrellas and canes were surmounted by carved heads of Paganini.

Rumours of the master's devilry intoxicated the Viennese and for the first time Paganini took steps to refute them. He demanded and received apologies from the press and had printed a letter from his mother as proof that her son was no devil.

Unabashed, Vienna continued to fete him. A medal was struck in his honour, the Emperor gave him the title of "Virtuoso of the Court" and presented him with the gold medal of St. Salvador. Pope Leo XII conferred on him the Order of the Golden Spur.

From Vienna Paganini played his way to Paris and London. The legends went with him. In Paris he played his "Witches Dance" and the audience went berserk. Someone had seen the devil standing behind him guiding his fingers.

In London in 1831, his concert was postponed until he agreed to charge less for the seat tickets. The crowd who mobbed him as he left the theatre claimed to see fire and smoke coming from his horns' nostrils. People yelled at him in English, of which he understood nothing, and punched him to see if he were made of flesh.

Paganini made twelve appearances at Vauxhall Gardens for which he was paid £25,000. In addition he played at Queen Victoria's coronation for another £1,900.

Once, having almost lost his treas-ured violin, a Guarnerius, through gambling, Paganini had lost forsworn the casino. Now, by careful husbanding of his money he was a wealthy man, and his son's future assured.

In Nice, in 1838, at the age of fifty- six, Paganini died from the throat malady he had long suffered.
The rumours did not die with him. Because of a doubt as to his faith, the "music monster" as he was called, was refused burial in consecrated ground. For five years his son led his body hitherto interred here and there, to be exhumed whenever it became known where his bones rested.

Finally, an inquiry was held as to his orthodoxy, and Achillino had him buried with full honours at Pauca, near his estate.

Even then Paganini was not al- lowed to rest. Fifty years after his burial his body was exhumed so that the master could be looked at again.
Recipe for 

RELAXATION

If more people relaxed, even for a few minutes each day, the hospitals would not be so crowded

LEE GUARDE

THERE is only about one chance in five that chronic fatigue—the "tired feeling" which makes you feel up with life, your job and the world in general—is caused by physical sickness.

At the Lahey Clinic in Boston, Dr. Frank Allen recently conducted tests of 300 patients who complained of perpetual tiredness, of frayed nerves, of tension and of feeling "like a yo-yo being flung in the bands of fate."

With only 60 could their chronic fatigue be traced to a definite illness—generally heart disease, diabetes, kidney trouble and tuberculosis.

The other two had nothing organically wrong with them. Yet their fatigue was not imaginary. As with millions of other people, it was as real as hunger, and the probable forerunner of serious nerves and breakdowns—but caused by nothing but inability to learn the fundamentals of relaxation.

Unless you can "let go" and relax, all the vitamins, minerals and medicine in the world will not cure fatigue.

Relaxation is the art of developing a rhythm in your work. Those who have mastered it can turn their energies on or off like a kitchen tap.

When they work, they work with all they have. When they are not working they relax—completely. They do not stay tense and wound up like a clock spring.

The American author, Robert Casse, has told of a two-word recipe for relaxation he got from his younger brother, Jim.

Jim Casse, at 45, is a business success without an ulcer, high blood pressure or a line of worry on his face. No matter how work piles up on him, he can step back and take a few minutes out for relaxation—with a cup of coffee, or just looking out the window at the traffic below.

Knowing that he had not always possessed this formula for releasing tension by putting the affairs of the day out of mind, his brother asked him how he achieved his serenity.

"It's a one-word secret," said Jim.

"It was given to me in the middle of a lake in my early 30's."

On vacation, Jim Casse had been invited by a champion girl swimmer to swim across the lake.

In the middle of the lake, completely exhausted and gasping, he gassed out to the girl he could see no further.

She gave him one calm, simple word of advice.

"And I've followed it," Jim Casse says. "I've followed it ever since—except that I've learned to apply it before I'm completely exhausted. It works mentally as well as physically. And it is so simple! All she did was smile at me and say: 'Float, Jim.'"

For those who can manage it, the daily nap is probably the most valuable of all aids to relaxation. Once you have the knack of taking a quick snooze anywhere—on the train, at your desk, before dinner at night—

you have mastered one of the prize abilities of modern times.

A cat-nap lowers blood pressure by 15-20 points and gives your heart a chance to rest. It is recognized treatment of such chronic illnesses as stomach ulcers, coffee, arthritis, tuberculosis and nervous disorders.

Sir Winston Churchill is renowned for his after-lunch nap. During World War II, he said: "I find I can add nearly two hours to my working effort by going to bed for an hour after luncheon."

Soldiers, too, know the benefit of a short snooze. Napoleon used to catch up on his sleep anywhere—even on horseback—and took a few minutes out for a nap before all of his major battles.

General Simon Bolivar Buckner, American World War II hero of Okinawa, was able to swing around in his chair at his desk, turning his back on his staff surrounding him, and fall into a deep, refreshing sleep for five minutes.

Thomas Edison is generally cited as an example that sleep is over-rated. He lived to 84 and rarely had more than four hours sleep a night.

What is forgotten is that he kept a couch in his laboratory. On it he took frequent cat-naps during the day, "constantly recharging the dynamo of his energy."

It is a mistake to forget a daytime nap in the belief that it will stop you sleeping at night. Actually, it often improves the night's sleep. Scientific research has proved that a daytime nap of reasonable duration can cure insomnia. The act of relaxation during the day makes it easier to relax at bedtime, and the mind finds that sleep comes much sooner.

Dr. Edmund Jacobson, America's leading authority on sleep and re-
"Alexander," said a man to his mate, "does your wife ever pay you any compliments?"

His mate grinned. "I'll say she does," he answered. "Only last night when we were sitting in front of the fire and it was burning low, she said: 'Alexander, the grate!'"

The method advocated to 'woo' sleep by Dr. Jacobson, in his standard book, "You Must Relax," is as follows. "Lie flat on your back, head on a pillow, arms beside the body, and legs slightly separated. One by one, tense and relax the muscles. By the time the pilgrimage from your forehead to your toes is completed, you will most likely be snoring."

If you cannot manage an actual nap, a few minutes in an easy chair with your eyes closed will go a long way towards demobilising your tension and combating your fatigue.

Tests have shown that the after-lunch rest (even though it does not go as far as actual sleep) has a definite beneficial effect on the quality of your work during the afternoon.

Not long ago, at Stephens' College in the United States, students were divided into two groups. Half of them were kept working in their classrooms after lunch. The other half were allowed to relax as they pleased in their rooms for an hour. The latter half got far better examination results at the end of the year.

Perhaps the most famous experiment to determine the efficacy of rest on a worker's output was that conducted a few years ago by Frederick W. Taylor, industrial engineer at the Bethlehem Steel Works.

Taylor noticed that at the end of the day men carrying pig iron were completely exhausted. Their average daily load was 12½ tons.

Borrowing a laborer, named Schmidt for a test, Taylor, watch in hand, set him carrying pig iron in a loading truck. After each trip, Taylor told him to sit down and rest for a few minutes.

Schmidt worked on that basis all day long—carrying, resting, carrying, resting. The rests enabled him to maintain his working pace and were frequent enough to stop his fatigue. At the end of the day he had carried 47 tons of pig iron—nearly four times as much as the other men.

It is not easy to forget your troubles and relax. You are probably saying: "My job is insecure. I'm behind with the rent. My daughter has infected tonsils, my son needs glasses and my wife wants to bring her mother to live with us. I'm not saving anything for sickness or old age. My boss is constantly telling me to speed up, get more sales, see more people. How can I be calm and placid?"

All that only illustrates the greater necessity. It is for you to slow up before you just "go to pieces." Susan won't get her tonsils fixed or Mike get his glasses if you have a break-down. You will not be able to work.

The whole strain of modern life, complete with its killers—worry, fear, hate, rush—is breaking men. In most countries, heart disease is now the greatest killer. How many of your acquaintances went to the cemetery last year from a sudden coronary attack?

Relaxation is the only precaution—and rest is the core of relaxation.

Learn to loaf. Emulate the Chinese, who make a cult of idleness. Remember that man is the only working animal. Do not hesitate to pilfer time for a little more living. Go out walking with no place to go. Play more with your children—but not with an eye on your watch.

However, do keep an eye on your watch for the time to take another nap—and sleep your fatigue away.
South Australia had

BUSHRANGERS

ELLALINE THEA

Only one gang of bushrangers operated in South Australia, but they wreaked havoc.

It was just on Christmas, 1839, and even in the outback station in the Lyndoch Valley there was a feeling of festivity. Mrs. Read, the station-owner's wife, although alone, went cheerfully to answer a knock on her front door.

Three men were there. Without warning, one of them knocked her down and another fired his musket at her. The wedding of the cherry bruised her cheek, but the slug missed. The three men then robbed the house. Thus bushranging came to South Australia.

South Australia was a carefully planned State, and never a dumping place for convicts. Perhaps that is why it had so few bushrangers.

Convicts transported to other colonies for minor offences undoubtedly became bushrangers in many instances because of the brutal treatment they received. In South Australia, which was not a convict colony, the raw material for bushrangers and the brutalising code of punishments were both absent.

Many of the poor victims of the sadism of their gaolers in the Eastern States ran away, joined blacks, or wandered around until hunter and loneliness drove them back to receive their fifty lashes. These lashes were administered with the cat-of-nine-tails, an instrument wielded fiercely on the very slightest pretext. The usual type was that used on insubordinate soldiers, but there was a specially vicious 'that's cut' used at Macquarie Harbor. In each of its nine tails was a double-twist of whipcord, and each tail contained nine knots. This could rip a man's back to shreds in very short order.

The excuses for flog, a convict were very numerous—far too numerous to fully mention. The convicts were badly fed and ruled with the strictest discipline by sadistic slave-drivers of overseers. If they felt like a little 'entertainment' these men made a false accusation and the victim was given his 'dose.'

If a convict was assumed to work for a freeman he might be extremely lucky and get a master who was moderately kind, but in the great majority of cases his master would be an ignorant man happy to have a sense of power in inflicting a flogging on a fellow-man at the slightest pretext. Convicts were often flogged to death because of public savagery on the part of their masters. They were worked like animals, fed like insects.

Even in those days it was a generally accepted thing that Sunday was a day of rest, but arrogant farmers kept their assigned convicts working. Some of their convicts, to get what they considered their rights, went walkabout on the Sunday, and returned on Monday to receive their fifty lashes!

A muttered, indistinct syllable of what might be insolence, was sufficient to earn a man fifty lashes.

Outside the gaolers and masters, the convicts had another enemy. Any freeman who saw a convict drinking in a tavern or abroad in the street after curfew, or accused the convict of being importunate, could have the man punished.

There was also a great deal of corruption among the officials. "The police made a considerable revenue by blackmailing convicts who were in business," and it was not surprising that this example helped convicts to become debased.

They had been brutalised to such an extent that murder and robbery meant little to them, while in the bush there was a certain amount of freedom. Thus many became bushrangers.

At the end of 1839, three men—Wilson, Green and another—became bushrangers in the country around Lyndoch Valley, South Australia. It is thought that they originally came from Victoria.

The colony of South Australia was then only three years old, communications were poor, and the three bushrangers had been robbing the settlers and travellers for some months before they looted Read's station.

News of the latest robbery was carried to Superintendent of Police, Imran, in Adelaide, and he set out with a party of mounted troopers.

The three outlaws were aware of the advent of the police long before the troopers arrived. They had probably expected the police to show up soon, but they were soonful of interference in the wide open country.

Roads had not been built, but cattle trails and bridle tracks were called "roads," although often too scant to find. In the Lyndoch Valley the
A reporter was interviewing a doctor who specialised in somnambulism "Doctor," said the newsman, "what is the foremost factor to which we can attribute the cause of the majority of sleep-walking?" The doctor smiled "Twin beds"

Superintendent and his men were moving along one of these trails through the scrub when they rode into an ambush, the three bushrangers opening fire from cover.

Luckily none of the men was hit in that first volley and they immediately dived for safety. Joman did not know how large the gang of bushrangers might be and probably thought it much larger than it was. In any case, he played safe and told his men to dig themselves in. He sent one man on the best horse for reinforcements.

Many days passed before the trooper was back with mounted police from Adelaide, Gawler and Mount Barker. And during these days the three outlaws had departed hence. The large body of police combed the district, but could find no trace of their quarry.

The bushrangers rode to Melbourne, arriving there about the middle of February, with funds in their pockets. They made their headquarters the Royal Highlander Inn in Queen Street, and relaxed with wine, women and song.

The third bushranger — whatever name he gave is not disclosed — was riding a horse along a street of Melbourne Town one day when he was recognised by a police officer as an ex-convict from Van Dieman's Land who had served his time.

As the horse was a very fine animal, the policeman took it upon himself to arrest the man on suspicion of stealing the nag. The brand proved to be that of Mr. Cox and the man was charged with horse-stealing. At the trial Mr. Cox's station superintendent could not swear to the identity of the animal, even though it carried the station brand.

The ex-convict was found not guilty and discharged. He departed from Melbourne, crossed the Murray into N.S.W. and vanished into obscurity.

When his companion was arrested, the other two bushrangers, Wilson and Green, hurriedly stopped painting the town red. But when he was released they started on a celebration which was conducted well, but not wisely.

Wilson, very drunk and creating a disturbance, on Sunday of all days (February 23), was locked up for disorderly conduct. While he was sleeping off his conviviality in the cell, he was inspected in the usual manner used even to-day, by policemen and detectives to see if they recognised him as a wanted man. They did.

Two of the men who peeped through the spy holes were South Australian troopers who were returning home after escorting some prisoners to Sydney. Those two men had been members of the party which had been ambushed a few weeks before. They had seen one of the am-

Bashers and they recognised him.

On the Monday morning the bushranger was fined five shillings and allowed to go. He did not suspect he was going to be followed so that the rest of the gang could be arrested. He was seen to meet Green and the two men were kept under observation that day while investigations were being made. That night they were arrested and charged with robbery at Read's station.

They were detained in Melbourne until warrants could be sent from Adelaide, where they were sent for trial.

A string of witnesses from the district around Lyndoch Valley identified them. Some even came from Portland Bay, where the bushrangers did a "job" on their way to Melbourne.

It was then realised that the man with the Cox horse had been the third bushranger who had attacked Read's station, and his trail was followed and lost. Perhaps he was only a case of "payment deferred," and Justice may have caught up with him later for some other crime. He might have been one of the famous and very numerous New South Wales bushrangers of the following years.

Wilson and Green were found guilty and convicted. There was only one sentence for bushrangers in those days. It was short — and extreme!
In the middle of Manhattan, in New York, anything can be obtained for a price—dope, gambling and sex.

RAY HAMILTON

MECCA of Degradation

SPARKLING in the middle of Manhattan like a chain of cheap diamonds is 42nd Street, the brightest and broadest thoroughfare of the world's biggest city. More crime and vice occur nightly on this fabulous street than anywhere in the Big Town.

Though 42nd Street extends clear across Manhattan Island, it is the stretch from Sixth to Ninth Avenues that gives the street its black reputation. "It is probably the most densely concentrated artery of iniquity in the country," according to the Keating Report, a citizen-supported survey of New York crime.

Peppering the three-block strip are bars, all-night movie houses, gambling concessions, cheap hotels, and open-air hot dog stands. Each easily serves as a pick-up rendezvous for adventurous men and daring women.

Every night, 42nd Street is packed with fun-seekers. They get what they want. But they pay heavily for it.

Tourists and servicemen are the biggest suckers for the 42nd Street operators. Located just two blocks from the gigantic Port Authority bus station, 42nd Street is the first stop for most New York visitors. For some, it is as far as they get.

Recently the New York police listened to the sad tale:

Harry, a 27-year-old St Louis factory worker, wanted to see New York. He arrived by bus. Eager for a quick tour of the glamorous city, he hurried from the bus station and walked to 42nd Street. The bright lights awed him.

Harry was standing at the corner of Ninth Avenue when a stranger asked him for a match. Harry obliged.

"Just get into town?" asked the stranger, eyeing Harry's suitcase. "About ten minutes ago," said Harry.

The stranger smiled. "Quite a town, isn't it?" Harry nodded. The stranger added, "Got a place to stay?"

Harry said, "No."

"Nice little place around the corner," said the man, "cheap. And you can get anything you want." Harry caught the inference in the man's tone. To Harry this was adventure. It was why he had come to New York. Anything you want.

He said okay to the stranger and they hailed a taxi. During the ten-minute drive, Harry got the feeling they were riding in circles. But the stranger directed the driver knowingly. Harry sat back expectantly. Already, he was mentally building the story he'd tell the boys at the plant when he returned to St Louis.

The hotel was small. Everybody seemed to know Harry's companion. He didn't even have to register.

"Take care of that in the morning," the stranger suggested.

Upstairs, the stranger continued his friendliness. "Why not have a smoke?" he asked. "I'll send up a friend I think you'll like."

Harry was delighted. They sure worked fast here, he thought, and he smiled at the stranger left.

The girl was young—so young that Harry was surprised. And she was pretty. They were together a few minutes when the knock came at the door. It was a wait with two drinks and a bowl of ice cubes.

"Ten bucks," he said.

Startled, but eager to play the big-shot, Harry paid. He was ready to pay for his fun. He had $300 worth to him, enough, he had figured, for a memorable week in New York.

Ten minutes later, Harry was broke...

There wasn't much he could remember to tell the police. After the waiter left, he had carried the drinks back to the girl. She sipped hers, while Harry downed his with a gulp. Then he reached over to kiss the girl.

Suddenly the world blacked out. Harry came to in a dark alleyway. He had no idea how he got there, what had happened to him, or to his suitcase. His money was gone.

To the New York police, it was an old story. A few weeks later, they located the hotel and cleaned up one of the town's most vicious dens of pimps, prostitutes and "mickey" operators.

But that didn't help Harry. The Traveller's Aid gave him a ticket back to St Louis, and he is there now, ruling his costly adventure on 42nd Street.

Watching out for pimps is a major task for police on the 42nd Street beat, but there is an even bigger problem—narcotic peddling.

"You've got to keep an eye on everybody every minute," one policeman said. "People who look like
WHY IS IT THAT . . .

When women walk along a floor,
They shake the place from door to door.
And when walking along the street
They’re heavy enough for a Navy Fleet.
While men, much heavier in frame,
Make little or no noise on the same.

When women run, they lock their knees—
(to go forward, if you please?)
They move their feet in circular motion.
Why? I haven’t a notion.

The elbow is held against the side,
The forearm swings in and out like the tide.

Why don’t they swing the arm forward and back?
They just don’t seem to have the knack.
Women certainly are funny cutes.
Yet, because of them, men go to battle
Life definitely does not make sense,
Perhaps the men who are so dense—
—RAY-ME

they’re just shaking hands can easily be passing a bushel of the adult.

In a ten-minute period, the policeman pointed out four men who were, he said, ready to buy or sell drugs. They wore sport clothes, loud shirts and purple suede shoes. It was like an identifying uniform.

However, as well organized are the actual transactions that only a fast policeman can intercept them. Sales are arranged, deliveries completed and get-aways made in passing cars with such perfect timing that an arrest demands the utmost vigilance.

Still more dangerous than the professional peddlers are the adults who use narcotics as bait for teenagers. Every night New York’s addicted youngsters converge on 42nd Street. Constantly, they parade back and forth among the crowd. When they get tired, they rest in the all-night cafes, which is their hang-out.

The teenagers are virtually male and female prostitutes. As they meander the busy street, they study adults who, according to their devised plan, look like customers. They will go home for an hour with anyone who can offer them marijuana, and they’ll spend the night for a shot of heroin.

They operate with blatant aggressiveness. If an adult—man or woman—walks slowly along 42nd Street, he will be approached by a teenager almost immediately. Conversation-openers are usually requests for a match or the time. Then the youngster brings the conversation around to sex. Should the adult appear responsive, the kid boldly asks

"What is there in it for me?" Uninformed adults may offer money. Says the teenager, "Money can’t buy what I need."

Thus, in a single evening, one plain-clothes detective was able to arrest five girls and nine boys who promised him "the time of your life" when he indicated that he had a supply of narcotics in his hotel room.

Dr. Lowell C. Levell, the noted British psychiatrist who recently studied New York’s anti-narcotics campaign for pointers on a similar London crusade, said:

"The damage done by these narcotics-carrying adults is irreparable. Unable now to obtain any drugs through the former channels which the police have destroyed, the teenagers will stop at nothing. No authority can estimate the number of youngsters who give their bodies nightly for narcotics. In time, they will be eager to sive more."

Surrounded by camps of all types and the home-port for countless Navy vessels, New York City is invaded each night by thousands of men in uniform. Few of them have personal friends or steady girls in Manhattan, the rest head to 42nd Street.

Waiting for them is every possible type of "salesman."

Aged prostitutes openly proposition them on street corners. Hopeful homosexuals ply them with liquor. The sex-starved unmarried women who abound in Manhattan, follow them. Fuzzy-haired dealers in "hot" goods are eager to sell them anything from a "genuine imported zircon" to the latest editions of pornographic booklets.

They pay heavily—in money and health. New York’s venereal disease rate is always among the country’s highest, and most of the victims are members of the Armed Forces.

A study of 100 servicemen—V.D. cases, picked at random, showed that 61 of the victims had met their women in the 42nd Street area. Shocked by this evidence, a New York newspaper editorial warned:

"This obviously centralized vice clearly proves that the available women cruising the 42nd Street district are walking death-traps. Our servicemen deserve better protection. To us, the rampant disease indicates that the police control is pitifully inadequate."

To-day, 42nd Street ranks high among the world’s headquarters of evil. As the haven for pimps and perverts, the open-house for sex and swindles, as the bargain-basement for drugs and degenerates, it has well earned the title of Manhattan’s Barbary Coast.

Smart says stay away from it.

CAVALCADE, October, 1953
Tilby Smith's plot to dispose of his wife was watertight, until -

THE owner of a service station near Ashtabula, Ohio, stood at the window and watched the rain pattering down on the drive-in. It was an American public holiday, Memorial Day, 1830.

Dusk was falling as the proprietor turned to switch on the lights. Then feet pounded outside on the concrete, and the door was flung open to admit a panting man. It was the garageman's brother, Tilby Smith. He was carrying his two babies in his arms.

To his startled look of inquiry, Tilby Smith burst out: "It's Clara. She's been shot. Bandits held us up just after we left here."

Hastily summoned by the proprietor, a police patrol car from Ashtabula arrived in a few minutes. Leaving the children at the station, Tilby Smith accompanied the police half a mile down the road to the murder scene.

They found an old truck parked at the side of the road. Lying in the gutter beside it was the body of a young woman. A bullet hole gaped in her forehead, and her face and hair were caked with blood.

It was apparent she had been shot while in the truck. Blood was splattered about the inside of the cabin. On the floorboards, about the opening for the gear lever, was a large pool of blood, slowly dripping through to the ground.

At Police Headquarters, Captain H. F. Bixler took a statement from the grief-stricken husband, Tilby Smith. He told how he left home with his wife and two children late in the afternoon to go visiting. On the way, they stopped at his brother's for a chat and then drove on.

His wife, Clara, was holding their three-months-old baby in her arms. Their other son sat between them, asleep.

About half a mile from the service station, on a lonely back road, two men stepped out of the shadows and waved them to pull up.

As he did so, Smith saw they were armed with revolvers. One remained at the front of the car, while the other came round and ordered Smith to "stick 'em up."

Tilby Smith reached down to the floor for a crank he kept there. The bandit saw the movement and fired.

Whistling past Smith's head, the bullet struck his wife in the temple. She slid to the floor.

The gunman in front shouted to his companion to "get going" and both ran up the road to a parked sedan, which they drove away.

Smith got out and opened the door to lift out his wife. He laid her on the ground, grabbed the two children in his arms and ran back to the service station.

At dawn, Captain Bixler and his assistants were out at the scene of the crime. They searched assiduously but could find no tracks of the robbers' car described by Smith.

However, in a gully at the side of the road, they found trampled grass suggesting somebody had waited in ambush for an oncoming car.

More important was a pair of goloshes they picked up. They had only recently been discarded and belonged to a woman.

Scouting further afield, the police detected the imprints of a woman's shoes, the heels sinking deep into the soft ground. They followed them across country a couple of hundred yards till they came out and were lost on a nearby road.

Captain Bixler then received some important information from a police patrolman who knew Tilby Smith. It was to the effect that he had seen Smith several times lately in town with a strange, young, dark-haired woman. Two detectives were sent out to Smith's small farm and brought him in for further questioning.

Bixler produced the pair of goloshes. "Ever seen these before?" he asked.

Smith shook his head.

One of the detectives standing round interjected: "You might as well come clean, Tilby," he said. "Who was the woman?"

Smith hesitated, so Bixler played his trump card. "Was it the woman you were seen with here in town the other day?" he asked.

From the look on his face, the police knew they had stumbled on the truth. They pressed their advantage with a barrage of questions fired from everywhere round the room Smith wilted and cracked.

It was a weird story Smith gave, although he insisted it was exactly what had happened the previous night. He now said that the woman who had been seen with him had
The boss was dictating a letter. "Smith, Smith and Brown, solicitors." He cleared his throat, then continued.

"Gentlemen—" The stenographer interrupted. "I beg to differ, sir," she said. "I've been out with all of them."

"I don't know her name, but I think it is Marie," he began. "I can't tell you where she lives, either. She has been married and is part Indian. It was about ten days ago that I met her. I picked her up after seeing her at the movies. I met her again several times."

Proud of his success as a lady-killer, Smith claimed the girl had fallen desperately in love with him. "She knew I was married," he said, "but that didn't make any difference to her. She was violently jealous of my wife. She boasted of her Indian blood and threatened me."

"She told me I had to get rid of my wife, or she'd get rid of me."

Smith said that he kept an old gun under the seat of his truck. The girl found out and must have taken it. She knew he was going visiting with his wife on the evening of Memorial Day.

On the night of the murder, the girl had appeared out of the bushes with a gun in hand. Smith said she had it pointed straight at him, so he stopped. She ordered him out and round to the back of the truck.

He obeyed and heard a shot. Then he saw the girl running away. He lifted his wife out of the truck, picked up his children and ran back to the service station.

"I didn't know what to say," he concluded. "I was afraid that if I mentioned she'd kill me too, so I made up the story about the robbers."

Captain Bixler gave an order for the girl to be brought in Ashtabula. It is a large town, and it did not take long to discover where she was working as a maid.

Her name was Julia Maude Lowther. She refused to talk on the way to Headquarters, and even when confronted with Tilby Smith her face was expressionless.

Smith indicated that she was the woman, but she maintained she had never seen him before.

Captain Bixler ordered Smith to read his new statement aloud in her presence.

As the white man cold-bloodedly painted her as a cruel, calculating killer, the eyes of the Indian girl flamed with hate.

"You rat!" she snarled. "You told me you'd never bring me into it. You men are all alike."

Turning to Captain Bixler, the girl went on. "As he talked, I'll tell you the truth. I'm not afraid to die. But before I do I'll see he goes first."

Julia Lowther's statement told how Tilby Smith had picked her up at the movies ten days before. He begged her to see him again, telling her of differences with his wife.

He promised her everything, saying he was going to poison his wife and elope with the Indian girl to Florida. The girl had been agreeable.

But he lost his nerve and the night before the killing he appeared at Julia's place of employment and gave her the gun, saying simply, "Use this." He detailed the plan whereby she was to step out of the bushes as he drove up with his wife and shot her.

Smith promised that if anything happened later, he would take all the blame and keep her out of it. Nothing could happen, however, he reassured her, because he would make the robbers do it.

The girl explained that she discarded her galoshes to run better when getting away. The gun was hidden in her room, where it was later recovered by the police.

 Tried for the murder of his wife, Tilby Smith was found guilty and died in the electric chair on August 27, 1931.

The Indian girl, Julia Lowther, was also convicted, but a recommendation of mercy from the jury saved her from the same fate as her paleface sweetheart.

She was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Maryville Reformatory for Women, Ohio, which, she said, "sadly as she was led away, was a fate worse than death."
THE END OF

Arguments

Is man more intelligent than women?

Psychologists of the University of California, after conducting an extensive survey, say they are. They found also that men were more courageous, showed the greater emotional balance in crises, are more logical and less likely to get into debt. Women, according to the psychologists, excel in faithfulness in marriage, moral character, imagination, poise and understanding of the needs of children. Neither sex is a worse loser at sports than the other, and there is little difference between them in courage in the face of pain and stubbornness.

What causes earthquakes?

There are two types of earthquakes—volcanic and tectonic. Volcanic is not so common, nor does it cover so wide an area as tectonic quakes. These latter are caused when two sides of a crack in the Earth's crust rub against each other as one side rises or falls. Usually they occur near large mountain ranges where great weight produces cracks.

Congenital or Inherited?

What is the difference between congenital and inherited characters? The former is one which is present at birth, but not all congenital characters are inherited. Many defects present at birth are produced by accidents or defects. For example, congenital syphilis is due to an infection which is transmitted from mother to child, but it is not inherited. Conversely, many inherited characters are not present at birth.

What is the largest structure in the world?

The largest structure in the world is the Great Wall of China. Built more than 2000 years ago as a defense against invading armies, it contains about 3000 million cubic yards of material. It is still standing and is one of the most remarkable achievements of mankind.

What is the gestation period for elephants?

Actually the period is from 15 to 22 months. The African elephant reaches maturity at from eight to 12 years and can breed until a very advanced age. A feature of this animal is that Nature has given it its own method of birth control. Because of the action of certain hormones produced during and after pregnancy, female elephants cannot bear again until 42 to 48 months after giving birth.

Does intake of water affect egg production?

When hens do not get sufficient water to drink, they do off the lay. No, it is not a strike against conditions—not a voluntary strike, anyway. The reason is that about 65 per cent of an egg is water. Funny thing, all of the things we eat and drink are mostly water—even beer.

When night falls, Paris comes to life. This dancer in a Parisian night club is the cynosure of all eyes as she dances across the stage, judging by her costume. She could be a fly-by-night star. Nobody gives her the bird—she has them with her. And if no one gives her any flowers, why should she worry? She has them, too. Flowers, birds—what, no bees?
Paris is certainly the city of no inhibitions. After dark it really opens its eyes. The stage is set for entertainment. “Where beauty exists, let it be shown,” is the uplifting axiom adopted by the Parisians. And, so you won’t get any false impressions, the naked truth is here revealed that Nature is the greatest force in existence.

The scene changes and here the central character illustrates the liberty of expression, of deed—and of thought. At the same time she pays tribute to Miss Liberty of U.S.A., while her co-entertainers symbolise the life of New York. With these damsels as skyscrapers, it is no wonder visitors rubbneck (as the Americans describe looking upward).
Fifty years of beauty

QUEENS

Girls in the first beauty contest met with derisory years. Now some girls earn a living from such contests.

MARK PRIESTLEY

JUST over fifty years ago a bevy of hatless young ladies paraded shyly past a batch of beauty judges and launched a news worthy modern craze that has set hearts beating faster ever since.

There were cries of "Shameless", "Disgraceful huswif", yells of scandalous protest. The quiet fact remains that the winner of the world's first recorded beauty contest—at the seaside resort of Folkestone, England—died a spinster and never wore a bathing costume in her life.

From blushes to Bikinis, the amazing vogue of beauty contests has spun through half-a-century of change and charm. The first entrants wore everything except make-up—and hats—and the judges were swayed as much by hairnets and hairpins, daintily placed, as by bashful smiles.

One of the first girls who ever strolled across a platform in a swimming costume—knee length—was sharply booed, reproved at her chapel and sacked from her job.

Ever since the first international winner died tragically in Buenos Aires, most people took it for granted that the road of the beauty competitor was the route of white slavery.

Twenty years ago Mussolini sternly banned beauty queens on moral grounds and the luckless Miss Europe of 1929 was publicly cursed by her church.

Yet more than 2,500 beauty contests will have been held in Britain before the end of this year. More than that number will have been held in U.S.A., and a few will have been held in Australia. Prize money in these contests will total over £200,000 in England alone. There will be contests for the "Perfect Shape" and the "Most Beautiful Brunette," the usual array of bathing beauties, the "Cotton Queen," the "Silk Queen," the "Salt Queen," plus the usual "Miss Australians," "Miss U.S.A." and finally a funfare of trumpets for "Miss Universe."

In fifty really big contests, the prizes may range from £1,000 cash to lavish world tours and free trips to Hollywood.

So lucrative are the profits that professional organizers guarantee to stage the contest, provide a parade of luscious lovelies, lure the crowds with a team of celebrity judges and arrange the prizes—all for an inclusive fee.

It's a strange fact that nearly a hundred beauty titles last year were shared by a dozen girls. With professional contests have come professional beauty queens—curvaceous charmers who make big money contests a career or at least a paying sideline.

Twenty-year-old city typist Judy Brown, for instance, was 1951's Miss Festival of Britain and 1952's Miss Casino Amsterdam. Not content with winning a luxurious round-the-world flight, she became Miss England and then was chosen to spend a week in Venice trying for the Miss Europe title.

Many vacation resorts in the season elect a Beach Girl every week and a string of professionals find they can pick up the prizes merely by moving from one town to another.

Beauty-queening is more assured work than the often unenviable task of seeking stage and screen jobs.

A girl who won 35 international contests actually received seven hundred proposals of marriage. Not long ago, a beauty competition was won by a woman of fifty.

Despite professional opposition, prizes have been won by housewives, policewomen and university students with science degrees. The professionals just happen to have made prize-winning tougher, that's all.

One vacation resort recently suggested that entrants should be made to swim the length of the baths before judging just to prove they're genuine bathing belles. Another town banned peroxide blondes. On another occasion, organizers banned the use of cosmetics.

Yet the biggest eye-opener came at a contest when only twenty-three girls out of thirty entrants perished. The others were disqualified or indignant because, it seems, they had peddled out their costumes—and even a revealing two-piece was not a sure test of natural beauty. One girl was even wearing a piece of moulded plywood to keep her tummy flat.

Even the Bikini, say organizers, is not fraud-proof and bathing beauty contests are on the decline. In 1954 the chances are that many of the beauty queens will go before the judges in scanty frocks and evening gowns instead of bathing dresses.

One stage further, in fact, and then they will be wearing everything except hats—and the kaleidoscope of beauty queens will have spun its full circle.
CARD SHARPS
A Chicago firm of manufacturers has, for decades, specialized in making every known kind of crooked gambling device. Now it has invented its masterpiece—a Card Holdout Machine, which is sewn into the trousers. A wearer of this machine, while playing cards, can switch packs without being caught—if he has enough practice at it.

COAL STEALING
It must get cold in Camden, New Jersey, U.S.A. The Camden Coal Company has been robbed 34 times in the last five years. The company still has not learned to counteract thieves. So much of a habit has it become that whenever a robbery has taken place, the boss rings the police and says: "It's me again."

CROOK EGOTISM
When you have anything to hide, the only thing to do is to hide it. But some people are so vain that they lead themselves into trouble. A newspaper photographer took a photo of a man in Washington, U.S.A., and conducted an interview with the man on world affairs. The interviewee stated that 1953 "will be a good year for everyone." The next day, police recognized his photo as a man who was wanted for house-breaking and bail-jumping. That same day, the criminal was in gaol.

CUTTING CAPERS
In Russia, a cobbler named Kalesnikoff got tired of cutting leather. He decided to cut human bodies. In short, he became a surgeon. He had no surgical training, but he must have had a natural aptitude for the job, because he worked his way up to chief surgeon at Kiev Hospital. He operated on more than 500 patients before his duplicity was discovered. The discovery following a bungling in one of the operations.

COURTING CATASTROPHE
Captain William Cranston, of Scotland, was fifty years of age and he fell in love with a girl of 25. Her name was Mary Blandy. However, the girl's father would not give his consent to his daughter's marriage. The Captain convinced Miss Blandy that her father's obstinacy was due to illness, so he gave her some "medicine" to give to her parent. Mary did so and her father died. Cranston fled the country with the loot from the estate, leaving Mary to face the music. Mary was hanged. The Captain died before he could be brought to justice and the sole heirs for the Blandy fortune were Cranston's legal wife and his son!
As the long freight came laboring up the heavy grade the two men dove from the willow thicket, scrambled through the half-open door of an empty boxcar, and sprawled panting on the straw-littered floor. One of them was powerfully built, with sand colored hair and cruel, glacial eyes. His thick, mottled fingers grasped the handle of a battered brief case.

The other man was small, and foxy looking. A dirty black stubble covered his weak, undershot jaw. He fished in the pocket of his coat, drew out a pint flask of whisky, and offered the bottle to the big man. "Have a pull, Charlie," he said obsequiously. "We sure were lucky to hit the railroad just where the grade slows 'em down."

Charlie reached for the flask. "Take it easy, Scudder," he said. "You're shaking like a jelly."

Scudder listened to the bellow of the locomotive's exhaust rolling back over the train. "A killin's bad business," he whined. "Even for twenty grand, a killin's bad business."

The big man grinned mirthlessly. "And who's gonna pin it on us?"

He propped himself on one elbow, picked up a straw, and began to chew it with his strong white teeth. "Listen, Scudder," he said. "Somebody pulls off a bank stick-up and bumps off one of the tellers. When folk read that in their Sunday paper we'll be up in the next state, and well hid."

He spat out the straw and groped for a cigarette. "Those dumb cops will be watching the roads, expecting we made a getaway in a fast auto." He blew twin jets of smoke from his nostrils. "Hell, Scudder. We're too smart to use the usual old routine," he said.

Scudder sat hunched, knees drawn up to his chin, alone with his nervous thoughts. When he closed his eyes, he could see the teller, backed up against the door of the old-fashioned safe, grabbing wildly at big Charlie's gun hand. Scudder flinched as he heard again the flat crack of...

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THEY SIGNED THE OLD MAN'S DEATH WARRANT.

THEN THEY UNWITTINGLY SIGNED THEIR OWN

DENIS BROSNAN • FICTION
**SHEEP'S EYES**

Mary had a little lamb —
The boys did not care a lot,
Now Mary's grown and has two calves —
The lads now stare a lot

—AH-EM

Charlie's .32. He saw the clerk reel, slump drunkenly to the floor. Scudder hacked his dry lips and reached for the bottle.

Then it came, electrifying in the thickening gloom — a single, dry, rasping cough from the far end of the long, double-bogie caroom. Scudder froze. His eyes bulged.

"Hell, we got company!" Charlie had the gun in his hand. He rose to one knee, swaying with the motion of the car. He said loudly, "Get on your feet, whatever you are, and come up here."

Something stirred, down in the straw. "Don't shoot!" a wheezing voice said anxiously. "I'm comin' up there fast!"

A shapeless bundle of rags edged out of the gloom and stood before them. There was still enough light to reveal the wizened, monkey face, the bright saddle eyes. The old man couldn't have been a day under sixty.

Scudder sucked his breath in sharply. He saw the faded yellow worsted, the worn, cracked shoes, the limp bedroll draped over the thin, weathered shoulders. "Chuck," he croaked. "A hobo. A hobo bummin' a hitch on the railroad."

The old face wrinkled in a feeble grin. "That's right, gent. Just taking a little trip up north. I'm assumin' to get me a job in the oil country."

Charlie's eyes were hard as glass. "Mister, you been spying on us?" The hobo shuffled uneasily, watching the gun in the big man's hand. He shook his head. "No, sir; I ain't been spying. Just been lyin' back there in the straw, mindin' me own business."

Charlie grunted maliciously and thumbed back the hammer of the blunt-nosed .32. "But you heard our palaver, old man; you know what we got in this here box."

"The hobo backed up a step. "I guess I can't deny I heard you fellers chewin' the rug."

Scudder stared stupidly at the intruder. "Hello, Charlie. What're we gonna do?" He felt a hollow numbness in his stomach when no answer came and lurched over, grabbing at the pistol. "No, Charlie. Don't shoot. Don't let's have another killin'."

Charlie cursed savagely and lutt the smaller man hard on the mouth with his free hand, but Scudder was strong and tough, he clung desperately to the gun. "That's right," he heard the hobo squeak. "Youse guys got enough trouble without chuckin' up another shootin'."

Charlie wrestled for the gun. "Back off. Scudder. This old fool has heard too much." But Scudder's grip had the strength of his fear and suddenly he heard the big man say. "OK. Scudder, this ain't the place," and he let go of the thick wrist as he felt the tenseness go out of it.

"Open up that bedroll," Charlie ordered. "I know you hobos always carry a bit of candle and we've got to have a light."

The old man silently spread open the bedroll, found a stub of yellow candle, watched Charlie rapt a match and hold it to the wick. The big man dripped blobs of wax on the lid of the brief case, stuck the stub of candle upright in it, then peered up at the hobo in the fluttering yellow flame.

"Close the door," he said to Scudder. "We don't want no draught in here to blow her out."

Scudder got up, went to the sliding door, and pushed it closed with hands that were sweating.

Charlie studied the hobo with his cold, gleaming eyes. "Old man," he said, "you sure bought yourself a heap of trouble." His free hand sought the flask again. "It sure is a pity I gotta put a slug in you."

"Charlie was too smart to let this old man live to put the finger on them. "But this ain't the place," Charlie was saying. "We gotta wait till we're crossin' one of them high bridges before we give it to you."

The sad, monkey eyes gleamed in sly darnation. Then his lips moved and the words came softly, so Scudder had to strain to hear. "Either way, you lose," he said.

Charlie jerked upright. "What do yer mean, we lose?" The old man sat down on the bedroll. "It's the door," he said patiently. You fellers can't be used to ridin' the freight. You can't only open these doors from the outside!"

Scudder sat frozen with the shock of it.

Charlie was on his feet, he rushed to the door, spread his palms on its smooth, steel-lagged surface, and thrust with all his strength. The thick door wouldn't budge. It was securely locked by the iron pawl that dropped into its slot when trapped as the door slid shut. And the big, teeshaped handle was on the outside.

Scudder rushed to join Charlie and together they kicked and pounded in vain effort to slide open the door.

"It's no use," Scudder sobbed at last. "We're locked in till they open up from the outside when we reach the city."

Charlie's face was a white, fear-crazed mask. He knew now there'd be no stealthy dropping from the boxcar to the ballast as they crawled slowly through the freight yards. He knew also that armed railroad police searched the freights at the terminals whenever a state alarm was out. Dimly he heard the thin piping voice of the old hobo. "Guess you fellers are in deep enough without havin' a stiff in here with you when they open her up. Shootin' me would be just plum foolishness."

Suddenly something snapped inside. Charlie and he began to laugh hysterically. "Yeah," he agreed, shaking as he said it. "Shooting you would be downright foolishness."

The candle flickered and went out. The freight raced on through the night and the big loco's thrashing side-rods spun glittering silver arcs as it arrowed for a bracelet of lights glittering on the northern horizon. When the waiting blast of the whistle came whipping back, one of the three men trapped in the boxcar pucked his withered, monkey face, and chuckled softly to himself in the darkness.

CAVALCADE, October, 1953
When a dead man points a gun at you, you need great control over your mind.

Heeler, the blue cattle dog, knew a quicker way. Follow the boss. So he darted in every time the packhorse stopped, and nipped each heel in turn, and fell flat on his belly to avoid the kick that flashed out as Bob enlivened his pace.

Another quarter of a mile along the bottom of the gorge I could see ahead where it opened out into a plain, and there was the house. A bleak, bark homestead nailed to poles and staring at me through two glassless windows that looked like evil eyes. Four rooms and a skillion, with the front door open, showing a narrow passage between walls of bark and poles, with earthern floor, dividing the house into two. There was a well inside the sliprails.

I pulled over to the dogleg fence and yelled. There was no answer.

I yelled three times, and then saw dust rising about a quarter of a mile away, where the gorge opened out on to a plain.

"Gone for the horses," I told myself. I opened the sliprails, wound up a couple of buckets from the well, and gave the horses and the dog as much as they would drink.

I was wiping my mouth after taking a long, cool drink, when a shrill voice startled me.

"G'day, young feller!"

I looked up and saw a tall, good-
THE people of Edinburgh are very proud of the cleanliness of their city, as an American recently discovered. The Yank was standing on a street corner waiting for a girl friend. He pulled out a packet of cigarettes, lit the last one in the packet, and casually tossed the empty packet in the gutter. A Scot, walking past, stopped, picked up the screwed-up packet and said to the American: "Is this yours?" The astonished New Yorker stammered "Yes, why?" The local said: "I merely wanted to point out the fact that nobody else in this city wants it." The visitor took the empty packet and put it in his pocket.

looking young woman standing in the doorway. She had black eyes and hair, and a voluptuous mouth, with a figure emphasising her bust and hips, dressed in shabby jodhpurs and blue shirt. Good looking, I thought, but there was something in her big black eyes I didn't like, though at the time I couldn't fathom it.

"Good day, Missus," I said, respectfully. "I'm looking for water for a couple of mares. They'll pay good money. Is your husband about?"

She didn't answer for a bit, but stood there, looking me over with a sort of speculative air, and I remembered with a pang of fear that she'd been watching me, apparently, out of one of those dead men's eyes of windows, without letting on. I repeated my question.

"He ain't well," she said, "He's lyin' down. Come in, I'll get you somethin' to eat. You can unsaddle and turn out when you've e't."

I sat on a slab stool on the other side of the table, silent, watching me out of her big black eyes while I ate myself as full as a wooold bale, and drank luke-warm tea from a pannikin dipped from a black bottle over a fire in a dark chimney.

When I was too full to hold any more I said to her: "What's wrong with your husband, Missus?"

"He's dead," she said. "He cut his throat this mornin'. He was always a bit horned like, and lately he's been himin' that I was carryin' on with one of the mob he duffes cattle with off of Bar Plun Station, on the other side of the Ironstones. Last night he threatened to cut his throat, for about the empty-oth time. So I handed him the razor an' told him to get it over with, instead of talkin' about it so much. This mornin' when I went in to wake him... I been tryin' to keep my horse all the mornin' to go for help, but she won't be cot. You better take a look at him. He's in there, on the bed."

She motioned towards the dark door which I assumed led to the bedroom.

Call me a coward if you like, but I admit that by the time she'd finished, the pannikin I held was refillin' on the slab table and I was in a state approaching rage to panic than I've ever been in my life before or since. You must remember that I was a mere kid, just turned eighteen, and though there were few men better able to handle the job I was on in country to which I'd been born and bred, I had no experience with strange females or suicides, or, it occurred to me, murderers.

Was this woman a murderess? I asked myself, swiftly. She had guilt in her eyes, and her story of the suicide of her husband was a bit too matter of fact for me. No tears or hysterics. Just a plain, sulkly, frightened look, slick and smooth, like a really good lie. It was odd that she'd butchered him, and was in a spot by my arrival. I took a firm grip of myself and told myself that I must not lose my nerve would be the end of me.

I got up, casually, watching her, and wishing I had the rule that was on the pannikin. I pulled the strung of greenhide that lifted the wooden latch, and shoved the door inwards, held my breath, clamped my teeth.

And there he was, stretched out on a crude busk hook, covered with a sheet that was stained with dried blood. On the floor was a patch of blood that had soaked into the earth, but was still moist. A hairy arm, stained with blood, hung down from the bed, and just beneath the fingers was a brass-handled blade razor, on the floor. It was stained red. The head of the dead man hung grotesquely over the edge of the bunk, showing ghastly things, and the thin beard had red stains.

I froze in my tracks, but could not take my eyes away for seconds.

It was the first time I'd looked on a dead human, and the sight was far too shocking to leave me normal. After perhaps a half dozen seconds I threw backwards over my shoulder: "When did you find him like this, Missus?"

There was no answer.

I looked around. The woman was gone.

I crept out of the death chamber, backwards, and shut the door. She was not in the kitchen. I heard footsteps from the back of the house, and ran to the open back door.

She was mounted on Daisy Bell, chasing Bob the pannikin away with a stockwhip.

I yelled. She turned the horse, and shouted back at me, as I stood there still suffering from shock: "You wait there. I'm goin' for help!"

Then she slabb'd Daisy Bell with the single spur, and was galloping along the gongs towards its junction with the plain.

I started after the pannikin and then got a vision of myself chasing a woman through the scrub in cattle duffers' country, and the paramour for whom she'd killed the settler taking a shot at me from cover, and removing a witness for the Crown—the only witness.

I stood awhile and cold reason told me to go back to the house and sit down and finish my meal, and then they came back, which ought to convince anybody of my innocence.

So I went back on shaky pins to the dark kitchen and sat on the slab stool with my back to the wall of back and poles, and tried to drink the tea that was left in the pannikin. When I went for a refill, I dropped the pannikin from my shaking hand into the fire.

Back at the table I tried to think,
but couldn't see anything except the hunters put on my track, chasing me back to the Hazard. I'd half made up my mind to try to reach the Police Station at Wattleton, and gave the information to the Sergeant there, when a movement of the back door of the death room caught my eye.

My hair seemed to leap right off my head. The shock cured my trembling and left me stuff with fear. While I watched, paralysed, the muzzle of a rifle was poked slowly through the opening between the door and the wall. This was followed by the red-stained head and shoulders of the dead man. When the rifle was pointing straight at me, the corpse stepped into the kitchen, and stood erect, a thin man with a scruffy, grey beard, where it wasn't stained red. He was holding a magazine rifle as a kangaroo shooter does at the moment when he is within range and is waiting for the gun to stand still before sightin' on him.

I stared, aghast, at his eyes, little, reddish marbles with a dull glow in them, and remembered that the woman had said he was barmy. I was still frozen with horror when the apparition spoke: "Set still, an' you won't get hurted none," he said, in a shrill treble. "She's gone fer fancy man, just as I planned for her to, the hike. They'll come back to bury me, an' I'll finish 'em both. I knowed she was ka-out' with one of 'em, but I couldn't find out which, though I foxed 'em So I kills a micky in the scrub, ketches the blood in a bucket, splashes it about a bit, d'y' see, an' pits the pluck an' the worndope where it'll look like I've cut me throat from ear to ear, an' wnts under the sheet till she comes in with the breakfast to wake me up in the mornin' d'y' see. She lets out a yall, drops the plate, an' bolts to ketch her horse, which I heard her tellin' you won't be cot. She wants to go straight to her fancy blake, d'y' see, an' fetch him here. The hitch. That's what I committed suicide for, d'y' see! Y' can't beat an old hound fer thakin' a thing like that out, son."

While he was talking he was fondling the rifle, with the barrel pointed my way. He sat down on the step that led from the bedroom to the passage, and with the shift of the light on him I could see his eyes glister with madness. He was barmy all right, but he knew how to use a rifle.

I decided to try to talk him out of it. "What will you do when they get back?" I asked.

He cackled hellishly, and I saw a red blaze in the little eyes.

"I got ten shots in the magazine," he said. "I'll put a couple in each, to make sure. The others'll do for what you carry out orders, son."

Another shock hit me like a bullet. "Orders?" I said. "What have I got to do with it?"

"You're the one that buries 'em," he said. "I got a crook back since I got fell on a horse, I can't use anything heavier than a rifle. You bury 'em Then you won't get hurted none. I got a pick an' shovel in the back room, there."

The ghost sat there on the step, chewing tobacco, and splitting the juice in the dust of the earth floor, glistening with his beard smeared with calf's blood.

I could see myself helpless while the lunatic committed double murder, and then stood over me while I dug their grave and rolled them into it. The only thing I could do was to shout a warning when they approached the door. He'd shot...

Nothing surer. He was mad, and in the murder mood. But if I ducked under the table before...

No. The way he held the rifle told me he was an expert. He'd get me, under the table or over it, Baulked of his prey he'd take it out on the intruder who baulked him.

He sat there and watched me out of those little red eyes.

And at last I heard the distant hoofbeats, steadily drawing nearer, and saw Old Man Death rise to his feet, the rifle held at the ready. A sideways glance at me, only twelve feet from the nose of his gun. He spat tobacco juice and seemed to settle himself on his spread feet. Not ten feet from the door through which they'd come.
"You keep quiet," he said, in a deadly tone.

The hoofbeats drew nearer and nearer on the track that passed the house in front. A wild hope leapt into my brain that they would come in through the open front door, and thus force Death to turn his back to me, and give me a chance to throw the tin plate at his head and upset his aim while I jumped him from behind.

But no such luck. I heard them gallop through the opening of the sliprails, and pull up outside the back door. There was silence for a few moments, apparently while they were listening to the horses.

Then I heard them outside the door, the voice of the woman, and that of a man.

"Don't come in! He's waiting to kill you with a gun!" I yelled in a strangled scream.

The madman spat a stream of tobacco juice, raised the rifle to his shoulder and took slow and deliberate aim at my chest as Heeler crept silently from the step behind him and nipped him savagely on each heel in turn. Heeler made no sound.

Old Man Death dropped his gun. I jumped and caught it up, and covered him with it, while he hopped about on the floor, feeling his heels and cursing.

Heeler crouched between him and me, keeping him at a safe distance.

The world was spinning round me as I backed towards the door and lifted the latch with a hand behind me, and covered Old Man Death with the rifle, while Heeler worked him towards me as though he were a bullock that had had a lesson from a good cattle dog and wanted to go where the dog wanted him to go. He hadbis hands in the air and his red eyes on the dog, and he kept lifting his feet like a horse with the string-halts.

When we were all outside I spoke over my shoulder to the pair whom I had saved.

There was no answer.

The madman spoke, shrill, sharp, angry.

"They've gone! Cleared! Vamoosed! Him an' her! Both of 'em!"

I worked myself round him so I could see without giving him a chance to jump me in case he was trying something. Then I saw that it was true. They'd gone, both on one horse, apparently, when I shouted to warn them.

They'd sneaked away, leaving Daisy Bell lathered with sweat, still dripping foam like soap suds, as she stood with legs apart, breathing in gasps.

"Watch him, Heeler," I said to the dog, and Heeler gave me a look which was an assurance that he'd see that the madman kept his place. He walked round him, white teeth showing, eyes eager for a chance to try them, while I filled the oil drums from the well, rubbed down Daisy, packed the remainder of the corn beef and pickles in my tucker-bag, and tossed the corpse's rifle down the well. I climbed aboard Daisy, with my own rifle in one hand, and said to the dog "Heel 'em, boy!"

Heeler darted in, gave Bob, the packhorse, a start, and took swiftly on his belly to let the flying hooves pass over his head.

As I rode past the front of the evil-looking dark house towards the Pinnacles, Old Man Death poked his head out of a window and watched us.

"Next time I come across that damn dog, I'll shoot him," he shouted.

Heeler showed his teeth in a soundless laugh and looked at me as much as to say "Oh, yeah!"

"I've never gone the full 18 holes—it always gets dark before I finish."
Hollywood, which has already presented us with the indubitable delights of 3-D; the staggering stupendous surge of stereoscopic sound.

As well as the peerless passion of panoramic pulchritude

But now it seems we can expect even—

Miss Williams diving into, as well as out of the screen.......

Or maybe the all colour, all sound, all stereo, all round.

Atmospheres will leave us little to look forward to

Except, possibly, outright audience participation.
SMOKER SAVER

A cigarette case with a time lock on it to prevent the owner from smoking too much has been invented by a man in U.S.A. There is a watch mechanism in the bottom of the case which keeps it locked for regular periods determined by the owner. The watch movement is stopped when the case is opened, so that the time limit cannot be shortened by keeping the case open. The inventor claims that, by this means, a man cannot get a cigarette. What about cadging one if your time has not expired?

SYNTHETIC SINGER

Manchester University's electric brain has been taught to sing "God Save the Queen." No, it is not done by means of a recording hidden in the machine. The brain was given a coded version of the score, which it proceeded to interpret, and then constructed the necessary waveform to give effect to its interpretation. The brain can also diagnose trouble inside itself and report exactly what has gone wrong. Now they are working on the brain in an effort to teach it to replace faulty mechanism within itself.

SPORTING SPECIALIST

The editor-in-chief of a leading newspaper in U.S.A. bawled out his sports writers for their inability in picking winners at the race meetings. Any horse, he contended, is exactly as good as his heart. He could easily pick the winner of any race if he were supplied in advance with an x-ray of the horses' hearts. He stated he would prove it by selecting the winner of the Kentucky Derby. So he sent a reporter to Kentucky to take the necessary pictures. The reporter could not get them, but, rather than risk the editor's anger, he took the required number of x-rays of the heart of an ancient nag, wrote the name of a Derby entrant on each photo and posted them to his boss. The editor made his selection from the photographs, had it inserted in the newspaper—and it won! He still does not know of the trick played on him.

SAVING SWEAT

A Los Angeles business man has invented a hospital bed that will save nurses a lot of work. The bed is so equipped that a patient can suit his every whim and arrange his own comfort by the pressing of various buttons on a panel alongside the bed. He can warm the bed, lift the section under his head, swing a bed pan out from under, rise up a wash basin (with hot and cold water). Nor can he control only the bed. Other buttons adjust the windows, shades and lights in the room. Who wants a job as a nurse?
Lithesome limbs are always attractive—and very expressive. The owner of this pair says she can tell a story with her legs, and, judging by the look of these legs, it would be a perfect story. Here she is portraying a worldly woman. Her legs are reputed to be the most beautiful in the world. Who is she? No, not Dietrich or Betty Grable. She is ballerina, Colette Marchand.

Here is another view of Colette's limbs. They certainly are perfect. Colette made her film debut in "Moulin Rouge" and proved to be as good an actress as she is a dancer. With those expressive legs she could steal many a scene. Here she is telling of an exhilarating flight upward—a balletomane's fulfilment of the inspired idealist. Mind if we break into the conversation?
Here is the rest of her—and the rest is every bit as good as the legs. Look at that little body, that beautiful face. It was stated on page 52 that her legs can tell a story. That is correct. With these gorgeous gams she can delineate every dramatic pose and every delicate nuance—without words.

INDIGESTION

Indigestion is very common with people in all conditions—even trained athletes. It may be due to simple factors, it may be a symptom of some deep-rooted trouble. The chief causes are Unbalanced diet, constipation; eating too quickly, irregular eating, eating when excited or fatigued, insufficient mastication; exercising too soon after a meal; eating too much; eating with a cramped stomach, i.e., not sitting up straight when eating. Meals should be taken at the same time each day and at regular intervals. Nothing should be eaten between meals. If you correct your bad eating habits and you still suffer from indigestion, see your doctor.

BRAIN SURGERY

Experiments are being made to cure cerebral palsy, epilepsy and other brain ills by the removal of abnormal brain cells by surgery so that their functions may be taken over by the nearby healthy cells. Dr. Robert W. Doty, of Utah University, is in charge of experiments. So far these experiments have only been made on cats. Sections of the visual centres of the brains of animals were removed and Dr. Doty noted the speed with which the brain reorganized and new cells learned their duties of those which were lost. Dr. Doty hopes it will not be long before similar operations are performed on humans in order to cure brain diseases and brain injury.

NEW NOSES

Dr. Joel Pressman, of the California University, has developed a new technique in making new, or remodelling smashed noses. He uses a tantalum mesh—a fine metallic screen—which can be moulded and implanted within the nose to take the place of smashed nasal bone. In time, fibrous tissue grows into the mesh, firmly fixing the metal implant. In some cases a small sheet of tantalum is used instead of the mesh. The fibrous tissue tends to form a firm basis for the shape of the nose, so that the metal sheet may later be removed.

DIET FOR FALSE TEETH

Even false teeth need a good diet, according to Dr. Dorothy F. Radusch, of Minnesota School of Dentistry. This is because diet affects the gums and bone around the teeth. She says, "We all need to eat highly nutritious meat, milk, eggs, butter, fruit, vegetables and whole grain and enriched cereals in proper quantities. We should all use sparingly the various kinds of sweets."
From the blood-stained pages of past history there are few stories of a woman's revenge as dark as that of Parysatis.

**Cunning** and cruelty combined to make Parysatis a powerful force in the city of Perseus, ancient Persia. When she had her enemies in her grasp, she displayed her own special talent—a talent for devising lingering tortures.

The most savage of her personal campaigns against those she hated arose from the clash between her two oldest sons, Artaxerxes and Cyrus. Artaxerxes was heir to the throne but his mother conspired to have Cyrus, her favourite, given the crown.

Unsung by her efforts, the old king Darius, on his deathbed, had Artaxerxes proclaimed king and gave Cyrus the job of setrap of Lydia, a post which would keep him away from Persia.

Before long Cyrus was plotting with his mother to kill his brother. When the king went on a pilgrimage to a temple at Pasargadæ, where priests were to hold a ceremony to consummate his kingship, Cyrus lay in wait in the temple. But an informer warned the king and Cyrus was apprehended.

Artaxerxes was about to put his brother to death when Parysatis rushed forward, wrapped her arms around Cyrus, and pleaded for his life. Moved by her eloquence, the king set Cyrus free.

Cyrus was far from grateful. He wanted no time in raising an army, including crack fighting contingents from Sparta, and marched almost to Babylon before Artaxerxes decided to act.

"You have saved the life of Cyrus to the end that he might plunge us all in war and trouble," Queen Statira said bluntly.

Statira was a beautiful woman, well-loved by the king, and popular with the people.

Parysatis was already jealous of her influence with the king and, after the argument on the eve of battle, she listed Statira for destruction at the earliest opportunity.

The king met Cyrus at a place called Cunaxa, near Babylon, and surprised him with the speed and unwavering efficiency of his attack.

Cyrus plunged into the fray on his horse searching out his brother. He broke through the king's bodyguard, threw his lance with such force that he fell from his horse. The lance struck the king in the chest, penetrating his armour and inflicting a deep, but not fatal wound.

Securing a new mount, but minus his distinguishing tiara, Cyrus rode back into the melee. A young Persian, Mithridates, running by his side but not knowing who he was, flung a dart at Cyrus which entered one of his temples near his eye. Blood gushed out and Cyrus crashed from his horse.

Mithridates secured the blood-stained trappings from the horse.

When Cyrus came to, he was helped to his feet by some of his followers. Too dizzy to ride, he was supported as he walked, when a miscreant Carian camp-follower ran up behind him and cut open the vein under his knee. Cyrus fell again, this time striking his wounded temple on a rock, and died.

The news of his brother's death was brought to the king. Mithridates produced the trappings from the horse. Mæsabates, the king's servant, cut off the head of Cyrus and delivered it to his master. Seizing it by the hair, the king displayed it about the battlefield. This ended the fight, and Artaxerxes retired victorious.

The king was overjoyed. He caused the story to be spread that he had killed Cyrus by his own hand when they met in personal combat.

But he rewarded lavishly the three men involved in the death of his opponent, with the tacit understanding that the gifts were to buy their silence. The principal gifts went to the poor Carian who had hamstringed Cyrus, Mithridates whose dart had pierced his temple, and Mæsabates who had cut off his head.

The queen mother set out on a relentless campaign of revenge. The Carian was the first.

He was dazed by the riches bestowed on him and his capacity got the better of his common sense; Mithridates had been given the greater rewards and thus led the Carian to make a foolish claim that it was he and he alone that had killed Cyrus. The king, angered by the fuss the man was making at a time when he wanted the world to believe he had killed Cyrus himself, ordered that the Carian be beheaded.

The king handed the Carian over to the tender mercies of the queen mother. The torturers were instructed,
and they were carefully supervised in their work by Parysatis, to stretch the Carian on the rack for ten days, then tear out his eyes, and drop molten brass into his ears till he died.

The Carian disposed of, Parysatis turned her attention to Mithridates. She set a trap.

Mithridates was invited to a feast. He came dressed in the clothes and golden ornaments he had received from the king. The servants of Parysatis plied him with drink. They praised him, inflating his ego, till, tipsy with wine, he began to boast.

"I am worthy of much greater gifts than these for what I did that day on the battlefield," he said.

One of the servants scoffed. "There wasn't anything remarkable about finding some trappings that had slipped from a horse and giving them to the long.

"I was the man who killed Cyrus. I and no one else," cried Mithridates.

Parysatis reported to the king what Mithridates had said. The death sentence passed, she arranged for Mithridates a ghastly torture known to the Persians as "the boats."

It consisted of putting Mithridates in one boat-shaped box and clamping another of the same size on top. His head, hands and feet were left outside. Before his body was sealed in, it was drenched in a mixture of milk and honey. Then the mixture was smeared over his face.

Before long his face, exposed to the blazing sun, was covered with myriads of flies. Inside the box prison, flies, ants, and other vermin were attracted by the milk and honey. Gradually they began to eat him alive, burrowing into his flesh.

It took Mithridates 17 days of incredible suffering to die.

Aiming now at getting Masabates in her power, she prepared another of her traps. Challenging the king to play dice for 1000 drachmas, she let him win and paid up immediately, acting as if she were greatly concerned at her loss.

Laughingly, she asked for her revenge and suggested that the stake be a servant. The king agreed.

Parysatis made sure that she won and demanded that Masabates be delivered to her. Not suspecting her intentions, the king sent him to her.

The servant was handed to the executioners with some more of Parysatis's diabolical instructions. He was flayed alive, his body placed on three stakes, and his skin stretched on to other stakes nearby.

The king was angry when he discovered what had happened and reproached her for what she had done. But Parysatis knew how to handle her son. She laughed at his reproaches, asking him what sort of a king he was to be worrying about the death of one "rascally servant" when she had lost 1000 darics of gold but was not making a fuss about it.

Realising he had been duped, the king had the matter hushed up. But the anger of his wife, Statira, brought her again into conflict with the queen-mother who decided that the time was ripe to dispose of the fourth and last victim on her list.

For Statira she chose a nice slow poison. The question was, how to administer it. The two women ate together from the same dishes and from the same parts of them to make sure that one could not poison the other.

The queen-mother was equal to the occasion. She smeared one side of the meat knife with poison and left the other side untouched. When she sliced a piece of meat, she gave to Statira the portion tainted with the venom.

Dying in terrible agony, Statira accused Parysatis before the king, who was at last moved to action against his mother. He put all her servants on the rack, and sentenced her favourite woman servant, Gigas, to death for her part in the crime.

But the king could not bring himself to harm his mother. Her punishment was banishment to Babylon.

So great was her hold over him that before many years had passed, he was reconciled to her and she returned to keep herself in his favour by humouring him in everything he desired.

There is no evidence that she paid for her crimes, or died from any other cause but old age.
The Messina earthquake killed 57,000 in the first 37 seconds and cost the lives of forty per cent of the population.

THOUSANDS . . .

thousands died in seconds

ATHOL YEOMANS

As the American steamship "Washington" sailed through the straits of Messina, early in the morning of December 28, 1908, the captain felt the ship give a gigantic lurch under his feet. He was about to sound the alarm, expecting to find that his vessel was aground on some treacherous shoal, when he noticed that they were sailing smoothly on.

It had been a giant wave rolling underneath the hull, the captain realized. And he knew enough about the Messina straits to worry about the cause of it.

Shortly afterwards, as he brought his ship into Messina harbour, he saw that his hunch had been right. The shores of Italy and Sicily bordering on the narrow strait of water between them had been brutally raked by an earthquake. Before his eyes and that of the silent ship's crew, Messina, the prosperous capital of Sicily, lay in its own blazing funeral pyre.

The whole shoreline was hidden in a fog-like haze of dust and smoke, while flames leaped angrily out of the murr as they devoured the ruins of Messina. About 36 of every hundred buildings had been reduced to a pile of rubbish by a giant earthquake shock which had rumbled underground, outwards in a circle, from some point under the sea off-shore.

Of the acres and streets of prosperous commercial buildings and graceful homes nothing remained. In 37 seconds the quake had utterly destroyed every building in the shore area except the Archbishop's Palace and two banks.

As posted ahead load of terrified sailors went ashore to help the stricken city, they turned their heads away from the floating hulks that bumped against the bows of the ships.

The sea had risen up into a curling wave that completed the destruction the quake had started, and the harbour was choked with gristy wreckage.

The exact time of the shock was recorded in observatories all over Europe. It was 5 hours, 20 minutes and 27 seconds after midnight—shortly after 04 hours Greenwich mean time. By dawn the world knew tragedy had befallen the city. Warships raced immediately from ports all over the Mediterranean—British, Italian, German and Russian.

As rescuers picked their way into the city they heard no sound but the moaning and screaming of the thousands of injured trapped under every building. In other streets there was nothing but an ominous silence, broken by the soft splash of rain which started soon after the shocks.

Further away from the centre of the city hundreds of survivors stumbled aimlessly, many shocked into madness by the suddenness of the quake. Many were ill-dressed, and others were stark naked.

Loss of life was fantastic. Over 57,000 of the total population of 180,000 perished in Messina alone, while another 30,000 were crushed to death in the provinces. Over 40% of the population were slain.

There were bodies underneath every pile of rubble, in every street, in every corner. With them were those still living, moaning unheard for release.

As soon as the news reached Rome, King Victor Emanuel left for Sicily in the days that followed he and his Queen fared side by side with relief and hospital workers The King made a personal gift of 200,000 lire to buy food and clothing for the 120,000 homeless.

It took two days to piece the most fragmentary of stories together, for the survivors could give no coherent account of it. One group of shivering, naked Messinians were found wandering aimlessly 30 miles away across the island, with not the slightest idea of how they got there.

The British Consul, Mr. Ogsten, gave one of the first personal accounts. He and his family were sleeping on the top floor of a tall building where they lived when the city was convulsed. His wife roused him and told the Consul to bring their infant daughter to safety while he shepherded their other children downstairs to safety.

Then the roof fell in as he held the baby in his arms, and he fell with the tons of masonry. An hour and a half later he recovered consciousness to find himself staggering about the torn streets, still clutching the child. His wife and other children...
lay buried under the piles of stone and timber.

Signor Ruset, a Public Official, was one of the handful of survivors from the plush Hotel Trinacria. He was awakened by an unearthly rumble and a tremendous flash of lightning. As he dragged himself up from sleep the first shock nearly threw him out of bed. As he put his feet to the floor the building was torn to pieces, and he fell underneath the wreckage, unconscious. When he recovered he was pinned under feet of rubble. Over his face was draped a heavy carpet. Undaunted, he chewed through it with his teeth until he had a large enough hole to shout through for help and rescue.

Reggio, across the strait on the mainland of Italy, was another wrecked city. Here, the entire city had been thrown about and dumped in a different shape. The centre of the town had dropped below sea level and was under water, while there were hills a short distance away which had not been there minutes before.

A workman, heading for his job in Messina, was just stepping on to the ferry at Reggio when the shock struck. The water suddenly rushed away, dumping the ferry 8 feet to the harbour floor, and then swept back with such force that it tore the wharf to pieces and threw the ferry on top of it.

Among the dead was the American consul and his family. In the ruins of the Hotel Trinacria were found the bodies of several women who had jumped out the windows to certain death

Investigation by rescue parties showed that for 11 miles round Messina the ground had been torn up and the outline of the landscape altered beyond recognition. Chasms cut across the ground, railway tracks were scattered like spaghetti over the fields, and roads had vanished. Farms were wrecked, and the plight of one local mayor, who sent a telegram to Rome, was common to many. He resigned because his town had vanished completely.

Many had strange escapes. In Messina, Professor Felli found himself sitting in the ruins of a large apartment house completely protected by his bed, which had caved in and formed a tiny cell. Another man was dug out alive after eight days' imprisonment without food or water. A baby survived four days' burial.

Devitably, gangs of looters ravaged the town and for weeks police shot on sight. The bodies of these vultures were added to the huge piles of dead, whose only burial was to be showered with quicklime, dumped on ships and barges, and sunk in the sea miles off Sicily.

Pitiful stories of relief work opened the purses of charity all over the world. Every European country contributed food, clothing, and funds. As the ships pulled in to the ravaged cities of Messina and Reggio, boatloads of starving, uncontrollable destitute swarmed round them, begging bread and water.

The disaster was an example of the need for the Red Cross and other distress-relief organisations, for then there was no trained force ready to move into action at an hour's notice. The 1900 wave was that it was no place for a woman. Even the "Times" correspondent observed that "lady nurses are more a hindrance than a help to the authorities." How wrong were these views has been proved since.

"David is an awfully nice person — when he's single."
of the Silver screen

With sex appeal a basic commodity of the screen, there have been four principal types of allure: the Vamp, created by Theda Bara, the It girl, exemplified by Clara Bow, the Oomph girl, typified by Ann Sheridan, and the clean-limbed, modern pulchritude, ranging from Betty Grable to Marilyn Monroe.

Pola Negri belonged to the vamp era. The prodigious Pola reigned in the '20s, and though her reign was not long she was magnificent while it lasted.

Aged 54 now, she was born in Poland and dedicated to the Russian Imperial Ballet.

After her dancing days the pretty Polish creature, still a young lass, became a dramatic actress on the stage in Europe. She appeared in a few films, too, one of which, "Passion," was directed by Ernst Lubitsch in Germany a couple of years before he went to Hollywood.

She was about 21 then, and it was "Passion," in 1920, that introduced Pola Negri to America.

Quickly she was a great star, a veritable siren, dark, sly, stylish, sleepy-lidded, smouldering, conveying panting passion, hinting at the untold ardors of a temptress.

In Hollywood she limelighted in such films as "A Woman on Trial," "Three Sinners," "Loves of an Actress," "The Secret Hour."

After the screen learned to talk she made "A Woman Commands," but though she knew how to use her voice she encountered difficulties of language and enunciation. In 1933 she retired from the screen and returned to Europe to live.

In 1943 she emerged from retirement to do a supporting role in "Hil Diddle Diddle," filmed from the Broadway musical, and did it very well. A few years ago, living in the U.S., she wrote her autobiography, "As Much as I Dare," but she didn't dare too far.

When a reigning star she queened it regally. In that era glamor queens married titles, but Pola married three, a baron, a count, and a prince.

Another man in her life was Valentino. He was reputed to be madly in love with Pola at the time of his death, and she was supposed to be the mysterious Woman in Black who made anniversary pilgrimages to his shrine.

On the day of Valentino's burial she found 20 news photographers waiting outside her house when she went forth to attend the funeral. They thought she could have made a more impressive entrance and asked her to go back and do it again.

And with the unquenchable instinct of a majestic extrovert she obligingly did so.
Whenever a sportsman dies, a cry is raised: "Sport is killing our youth!"

**SPORT SHOULD BE BANNED?**

RAY MITCHELL

**SPORT**, in various forms, has existed from the beginning of time and it is a safe bet that it always will exist. The day sport is eliminated the world will be ashes, with not a breath of life in the Universe.

There are three trains of thought regarding sport. There are people who treat sport as a religion. To them it is the most important feature of life. A second group is the exact antithesis in its views. They regard sport as a waste of time, as a means of destroying youth by death or injuries incurred in their sport or sports. Finally, there is the third group to which all rational beings belong—the group which says sport is essential to the welfare of the community.

Sport is not the beginning and end of existence. Other things are of equal value and, in certain instances and events, those things must take precedence. But, in all phases of life, in all states of world economy, in peace or in war, sport is essential, even if relegated to background training and relaxation.

But the greatest value of sport comes in the physical fitness which is necessary in order to become adept at the sport chosen. Physical culture has many beneficial effects on the body. Briefly, it circulates the blood correctly, assists the breathing, creates stamina, sharpens the reflexes, aids digestion, develops the chest, develops power, strengthens the back, squares the shoulders, tones up the system and corrects various physical defects.

This means good health, which shows, not only in the well-being of the persons indulging in physical culture, but in the welfare of future generations. It also means clearer thinking—something that is needed in these days of threatened peace.

Actually physical culture should be known as "physical and mental culture." Of the benefits of physical culture, let us deal fully with only one aspect—reflexes. The other points are self-explanatory and need no enlargement.

To get a true picture of the word "reflexes," a definition is necessary. The dictionary states "Noting the involuntary action of the motor nerves under a stimulus from the sensory nerves."

To understand this, one must understand the brain's relation to the muscles of the body. The brain can be likened to a radio. Every movement we make is controlled by the brain.

We step off a pavement into the path of an oncoming car. What happens? We can see the car, after we step on the road. It is very close. A message is conveyed to the brain to move the body out of the way. The brain, in turn, sends a message to the muscles of the legs to move back. How fast we move depends on the co-ordination between brain and muscles.

In other words, our reflexes act. A well-trained man sharpens his reflexes. The co-ordination between mind and matter, developed by physical culture, makes both work so fast as to appear simultaneous.

The difference between a trained athlete and an untrained one is manifest in boxing perhaps more than in any other sport, because of the added knucke an unfit boxer will get.

A fit boxer sees an opening. Immediately he throws a punch on the unprotected spot. The position is reversed. A boxer throws a punch at his opponent, who is fit and trained for the fight. The latter's reflexes act quickly, so that his actions appear involuntary. He ducks the punch, or parries it, or slips it or he counters it.

An untrained boxer sees a punch coming his way. He tries to slip it, but, too late he realizes that he did not train for the bout in hand. The punch connects. Similarly, the untrained boxer sees an opening, but, by the time the punch is thrown, the opening has gone—and his opponent has scored a blow of his own.

The people who decry sport cite as an argument against it the deaths and injuries which occur. A footballer gets a broken leg, a cricketer is struck by a ball, a boxer suffers a fractured nose. Those things are unavoidable and are present in all forms of life—particularly in the home, and more particularly in the bathroom and kitchen.

Boxing suffers more from public opinion and less from injuries than most other sports. People who do not know, or have read something about fighters of the past, state that boxers are punch-drunk. Hollywood does not help boxing by showing films of punch-drunk fighters, portrayed by actors who have got that way from watching one fight on...
...An absent-minded professor was awakened at 2 a.m. by the ringing of the telephone. "Hullo," said the caller, "is that one, one, one?" The sleepy-eyed professor replied, "No. It is eleven, eleven." The caller apologised, "So sorry to disturb you with a wrong number." The professor yawned. "That is O.K. I had to get up to answer the phone."

A television Hollywood shows films of brutal, bloody brawls, which for camera trickery, are masterpiece. The actors really do not receive a punch. Film-goers see these scenes and think they have seen a "dismaying" brawl. That is the extent of the "knowledge" of boxing of the people who say the sport should be banned.

In the dim past, fighters fought on and on until their brains became scrambled. They took terrific punishment for fight after fight until the brain was so bruised that there were so many ruptured blood cells in the brain, that the boxers lost their equilibrium, power of thought, part of their sight and speech.

But in these days, a boxer is showing any one of these signs of punch—drunkenness, he is not used any more. The stadium doctor will not pass him.

A fit boxer will not suffer those injuries to the brain. And an unfit boxer will not get far enough in the game to be attractive to the promoters, so, after a few trials, he is not used.

Deaths? Sure, there are deaths in every sport. They cannot be avoided. But the strange thing about it is that every time a boxer dies, it makes front page news. A public outcry against the sport is raised. Yet, if a jockey dies, a few lines appear in the papers in the form of a space-filling news item. The uninformed would thus get the impression that boxing is more dangerous than other sports. Far from it. Let us examine some figures.

Dr. Thomas A. Gonzalez, chief medical examiner of New York in 1951 released some enlightening facts. He stated that from 1912 to 1950, boxing deaths in New York State amounted to 21, football deaths to 22, and baseball deaths to 43. He said, "Thirty-two years of boxing competitions have produced fewer deaths in proportion to the number of participants than occur in baseball and football and far fewer deaths than result daily from accidents.

"From these facts it can be seen that the moral and physical benefits derived from boxing far outweigh the dangers inherent in it or any other competitive sport."

The report also stated that other sports resulted in: Basketball, 7; handball, 3; wrestling, 2; soccer, 2; cricket, golf, polo and relay races, one each. He did not mention horse racing or other sports.

That report was for New York State alone. What about the rest of the world? In the Universe there are over 20,000 active professional boxers and many thousands of amateurs. If each pro boxer had 10 fights each year (and that is a conservative estimate—some have less, but most have many more) that would mean there are 200,000 boxing contests every year.

Yet, in the past eight years, there have been 100 deaths in the combined ranks of amateurs and pros, the whole world over. As, on the 200,000 figure per year, there would be 1,600,000 fights in pro ranks only, in that eight years, there has been one death for every 16,000 fights, or one death for every 1600 boxers who enter the professional ring.

One thing which has an important bearing on ring deaths is that no physically fit boxer ever died as a result of his last fight. If a fit boxer dies, it is the result of the accumulation of much punishment over many fights. Most deaths occur to boys, who, through some physical defect, should never be in the ring. A thin skull perhaps. Where amateurs have died it is because of a physical defect. Roughly one-third of ring deaths are amateurs.

Throughout the world, in 1959, there were ten times the amount of deaths in football as there were in boxing, and these deaths represented a greater proportion than in boxing. But there was no public outcry to ban football. Nor should there be, it is a manly sport.

Speed racing in Europe accounted for more deaths than boxing and football combined throughout the world. Motor cycling speedways fill more morgues than boxing or football. But no headlines. So why the outcry against boxing, the world's oldest pastime?

Sports do not produce near the amount of fatalities of motor accidents on the road. It is a fact that motor accidents throughout the world produce thousands of times more deaths every DAY than all sports combined produce every YEAR.

Proportion? There are about 250,000,000,000 people in the world and a great number of these do not use motor cars. Statistics state that someone dies from a car accident every few seconds, so that it can be seen that sports deaths are so incidental in proportion as to be non-existent.

Nor are automobile accidents the only killer of life. Accidents in the home, or other forms of transport, murders and diseases are great killers. To say nothing of warfare. With regard to illness and diseases, if everyone played sport, there would be room for more patients in hospitals. And, if sports were abolished, hospitals could not cope with all the sickness which would result—nor would there be sufficient police to cope with the added crime.

The people who decry boxing have never seen a boxing contest in a stadium. Yet they want it banned, while they tolerate other sports such as cricket (a grand game) as being the pastime of "bearded folk." Yet there have been deaths in cricket, and in golf, boxing and all other sports. So, if we ban boxing, we must also ban cricket, football, polo, speedway racing, horse racing, speed-car racing, cycling, surfing, wrestling, baseball, basketball, hockey and every other form of sporting activity.

And, of course, we would have to ban all cars, aeroplanes, ships, trains, trams and other means of transport—except, perhaps, the wheelbarrow.

Having done this, we would have to stay home and play chess. And even in chess, a death has been recorded. As a chess player of many years I take my life in my hands every time I get out my board and chessmen!
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KATH KING THE ROBBERS' RUNNER

BY SYDNEY OCKENDEN
DRAWN BY PHIL BELBIN

GOOD, TRUCK. I'LL MEET YOU ON THE CORNER

KATH KING IN A MOMENT OF RELAXATION DRESSED TO MEET TRUCK TOOD, HER PHOTOGRAPHER FRIEND, FOR A NIGHT OUT.
TRUCK IS LATE. KATH BEGINS TO REGRET ARRANGING TO MEET HIM ON THE CORNER.

WHILE KATH Waits FOR TRUCK, THE REST OF THE CITY keeps ON THE MOVE.

KATH, STILL SURPRISED BY HER ENCOUNTER, CLIMBS INTO TRUCK'S CAR. AS THE CAR Pulls AWAY, SOMEBODY HAILS IT.

THAT GIRL THINKS THIS IS A TAXI! I'LL NEVER WAIT ON A CORNER AGAIN. I

YOU'RE EARLY. IT DOESN'T PAY TO WAIT AROUND. TAKE THIS AND WATCH YOURSELF.

BEFORE KATH CAN PROTEST, THE STRANGER thrusts A SMALL PARCEL UNDER HER ARM.

'I'LL GET IT SOME TIME.

'AND HURRIES ON HIS WAY. LEANING HER HOLDING A VERY CURIOUS BAG.

HELLO, THERE, KATH! SORRY TO BE LATE.

TRUCK CUTS KATH'S STORY SHORT. THROWS THE PARCEL in THE BACK OF THE CAR AS THEY DRIVE TO GO
FOR DINNER.

DON'T TALK NOW, HONEY. SAVE THAT ENERGY FOR EATING!

THE PHOTOGRAPHER AND THE WRITER PROCEED TO ENJOY THEMSELVES AND

... AND KATH, STILL SURPRISED BY HER ENCOUNTER, CLIMBS INTO TRUCK'S CAR. AS THE CAR Pulls AWAY, SOMEBODY HAILS IT.

AFTER A LONG NIGHT OUT, KATH IS ABOUT to GET INTO BED WHEN SHE REMEMBERS THE PARCEL -- still in TRUCK's CAR.

BOther THE PARCEL! I'LL GET IT SOME TIME.
Kath realises that somebody else was supposed to be waiting at that corner, and that it was a case of mistaken identity. Curiosity begins to work.

Finally, unable to sleep, she decides to ring Truck anyway, but...

As one of his attackers goes down, Truck defends himself against the others.

They are evenly matched until...

-- Truck must be a sound sleeper, he doesn't answer.

Inside Truck's flat. The telephone rings, but he isn't sleeping there.

Down but not out, one of the thugs grabs at Truck's ankle and pulls.

-- Truck loses balance and falls forward into the upswinging fist which wins the round.

Okay, Bud. Where's your car?

Using surprise as his weapon, Truck jerks an arm free from one captor, launches himself shoulder-first into another.

-- Okay, Bud? Where's the car? You're taking us on a trip!

The telephone has been ringing for a long time before Kath decides that no ordinary sleep would last through it.

As one of his attackers goes down, Truck defends himself against the others.

They are evenly matched until...

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-- Okay, Bud? Where's the car? You're taking us on a trip!

The telephone has been ringing for a long time before Kath decides that no ordinary sleep would last through it.
FUNNY! He must be home, and he can’t have been asleep...

DISTURBED BY WHAT HAS HAPPENED KATH DECIDES TO CALL ON TRUCK

THE POLICE TAKE OVER TRUCK’S FLAT AND KATH TELLS THEM WHAT HAS HAPPENED

AND OUT ON A LONELY ROAD A MOTOR-CYCLE PATROL PICKS UP TRUCK’S NUMBER PLATE

KATH GETS MOVING....

WHEN KATH REACHES TRUCK’S FLAT IT IS A SHAMBLES, AND NO BODY IS THERE! SHE REALIZES NOW THAT HER FEARS ARE WELL FOUNDED

PULL IN THERE! KEEP AWAY, COPPER

SUDDENLY THE MAN AT THE WHEEL OF TRUCK’S CAR SWERVES ACROSS THE ROAD

ACTING QUICKLY KATH Calls FOR HELP

POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THIS IS KATH KING OF THE GAZETTE...

SOON THE DESCRIPTION OF TRUCK’S CAR IS BEING FLASHERS TO ROAD PATROLS

THE MOTOR-CYCLE COP KNOWS HE MUST TALK

...AND HE KNOWS WHAT TO DO IN AN EMERGENCY
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Maligic Adrenaline Cream is now made in Australia precisely the same formula as the cream used in the above cases. Whatever form your rheumatism takes, whether lumbar neuritis, neuritis, sciatica, sciatica, neuritis arthritis, or any other, Maligic Adrenaline Cream will bring you the same remarkable relief. A simple large treatment chart, supplied with every jar of Maligic Adrenaline Cream shows you how to quickly locate the vital trigger spots.

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**MALIGIC ADRENALINE CREAM**

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WE sat at little tables like islands in a river of tropic heat, pursuing our sluggish, isolated thoughts. We were drinking Bobs, or seed limes with Curacao in the club bar at Tempest Remand—Ver Hoek, the Doctor from the cool mine, and me.

It was over two years since I had been to these islands and I was damned glad I sailed again in two days. Not that I was unsatisfied; I hadn't wasted my visit. The timber concession had been secured once again, and I could go back to Australia with a nice deal in rare veneers still in my hands.

Ver Hoek was an island trader. Owned one of those rusting hulks

MINA GRAY • FICTION

that last forever and become as much part of their owners as the shell of a hermit crab.

"Ever been to Samurat?" he said, his faded grey eyes sliding round the bar.

The doctor looked up first, making rings with his drink on the bar table. "No. Always promised myself I'd go... last of the really wild jungle and all that... hell of a hole I hear... but beautiful. Funny how those untamed places always lure a man like me with a nice safe living." He sighed.

Ver Hoek slumped round a little in his chair to look at me. "You?" he asked, not wasting words. "Ever meet Evert Taen?"

Again the doctor spoke as if I let my memory of Samurat hold me.

"Saw him once, the present Taen, I mean. They're all cast in the same mould. The world's got no place left for cavaliers, pirates, and the Taens." Again he sighed.

"Except Samurat," grumbled Ver Hoek.

I knew what he meant about the Taens. We all did. The Taens are the legend of these islands. The grandfather was demobbed from the Dutch Army in one of those scraps at the end of the nineteenth century. As a reward for distinguished service and because he liked the islands, they gave him the small island of Samurat, inhabited by blood-curdling head-hunters. It was all some kind of

only REGULAR guys

can be "regular guys"

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Dear Sirs,

Several weeks ago I purchased a bottle of "Danfree". Two applications completely rid my hair of all foreign matter. "Danfree" completely satisfied me where other preparations had failed. B.C., Moorabbin, Vic.

Dear Sirs,

Already after using it for about one week, the persistent dandruff has disappeared. I can recommend "Danfree" to everybody and have told all my friends about it. R.N.A., Essendon, Vic.

Quick-Acting DANFREE

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back to his island and staying there. That was why I was curious when my business took me to Samurat two years ago.

I left the boat and went by prahu up-river to where the old Tsan place stood seemingly unchanged.

They were sitting on the verandah... Tsan and his wife. It was only afterwards that I knew she was Mevrouw Tsan. They both rose as they saw me, putting their glasses down.

"This visitor is Mynheer Geoff Walker who was with me in the prison camp," he said to his wife in Malay. I sensed it was their habitual Lieunant, because he switched apologetically to English. He introduced his wife gravely.

I looked at Mevrouw Tsan curiously. She was of the same small, slightness in her. In her golden skin and black hair burned the mangled blood of Samurat and Holland. She must have been about fifteen years younger than Tsan. As I lit her cigarette I was aware of that veiled interest that comes into the eyes of some isolated women at the contemplation of a new man.

My boat did not leave for three weeks. I accepted their invitation to stay. I wanted to see why Tsan could continue to live in such almost legal splendour, still lord of Samurat. Very few boats called at the port. I had an idea the story of his shame might never have pattered through to the men of Samurat who are an ancient, proud race of head hombres and their women. It was even conceivable they would place no belief in the story— their loyalty to the Tsan was fanatical. The situation was interesting.

One evening we sat at the verandah waiting for Tsan to come back from an inspection of young heves...
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trees. She had on a slim white dress with a line of carved green buttons down the front.

My eyes followed down against the gentle white curves. My body tensed as I realized she had been watching me from behind her cigarette for some time. She reached out her small fine-boned hand and snuffed the cigarette. My eyes went slowly up to her face. She was not smiling but her mouth came in quick pants.

She leaned heavily forward in her chair so that her weight came against me. Her face, with its eyes closed as heavy as magnolia petals hovered near me. I gripped the arms of the chair with both hands but I kissed her. I sat like that for a long time ... her face against mine. Only when I wanted to take my hands from the chair did I realize I was holding them hard.

Suddenly she got up noiselessly and went, passing in the doorway to say, "You are late, Evert. I am rather tired. Mr. Walker will excuse me if I leave you."

I realized then that Team was on the verandah. I didn't really care if he had seen the situation was becoming more interesting. Strangely, when I looked up at him, he was smiling, as if at some old and secret joke.

By the end of the three weeks Anna completely absorbed me. My body ... my mind—like one of those carnivorous flowers that blossom in the depths of Samurial. I had to have her. I made plans to take her with me somewhere. Fortunately my host hadn't turned up to time there wouldn't be another now for a month.

I got impatient and set myself to break Evert Team's unreal domination of this island. I wanted to humiliate him before Anna. I knew
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CAVALCADE October, 1953
She's afraid of the dark," he snapped.
A small group of boys with lights, rifles and other unidentified weapons had assembled unwillingly at the foot of the verandah, but, under Taan's cold eye they did what he ordered.
I got my rifle.
You don't have to come," he said. I knew he didn't want me to come. I fell in behind him.
The sheer walls of the valley made it only a gigantic split in the rock against the sky, like the gashes of a trap. Presently it waited for us. It had been ghostly enough coming through the jungle at night, knowing the shape of death might dump any one of us silently. I didn't fancy going into that narrow valley. I said, "Didn't we better leave it till morning?"
I think he sensed my fear for the first time. He turned and grinned, but when he spoke it was only to say, "Of course we wait... I'm not insane."

I said, "How do you know she's...?" but at the dreadful look in his face, I didn't finish it.
The boys built pondoks. We made a fire. Taan went nearer to the edge of the valley and stood watching. As the fire burned up, there came a tiny pinpoint of flame from high up the valley. Anna was alive. The cords in Taan's face relaxed.

"This is how he loves her," I thought. It occurred to me that I had never loved a woman as Taan did Anna.

I wondered what would happen in the morning. We had, luckily, a good few boys with us.

It was just dawn when I woke after a nightmare. I had lain awake a long time and I knew that Taan had never relaxed his vigilance, leaning against a rock in the firelight, gazing up valley. He wouldn't be at his peak for hunting tigers, particularly in that narrow trap of a valley.

When I got out from under the pondok, the boys were grouped around. I knew enough Malay to question them, as I couldn't see Taan anywhere.
They seemed to take it quite casually that he had got up at dawn and gone alone into the valley. If the tiger broke back they were to get him... if he was in the valley. I went to the rocks and looked up the narrow precipice. Somewhere in there a man was walking, very slowly, very quietly, waiting and a beast padding after him.
I felt sure the tiger was still in there. One of the boys had found fresh pug marks amongst the rocks at the entrance, and it was unlikely...
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- Frequent complaints of sleeplessness.
- Frequent complaints of nervousness.
- Frequent complaints of anxiety.
was over "I have told Muvrouw Tean I will spank her if she takes such risks again . . . nevertheless she made a good tilt . I might have hunted him for weeks otherwise."

The next morning before I left for Kuching, she came out by herself onto the veranda! Her very paleness was deeper than ever.

"It was an insane thing to do, when you knew . . . I broke off shortly. Suddenly I was fed up with the whole island."

She looked at me. "Do you think I would have risked his life if I hadn't believed the tiger was dead?" When I passed Kampung Ulu they had killed a tiger and somebody had run to tell Evert it was the man-eater; I stopped the man from coming to tell the news to either of you." "But why?"

"It seemed to me a good time to prove to you and all of them that Mynheer Tean is no coward . that there is no evil thing on this island before which he has bent his head," she said simply.

In a way I understand her ghastly experiment. She had wanted to prove to me and the brown men that each man has his own type of courage and his own cowardice.

"You see," she said, "he was beginning to crumble before your sneers. I had to give him back his faith in himself . . . in the legend of the lords of Samurat."

"You loved him enough to spend the night in that valley alone," I said, stupefied.

"You forget, I thought the man-eater was dead," she smiled.

"Tean said you were afraid of the dark?"

Her face twisted, "Yes . . . I am afraid of the dark."

"Yet you . . . ."
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"I love him," she said. "That other time when he ran into the noise of the planes — even I... we of the jungle understand the noises of the jungle, but that other... that roar in sky... so many of them."

Suddenly I knew that what she said was the truth. A man with hearing sensitive enough to hunt tiger alone might very well be panicked by a fleet of planes.

I said, "Why did you let me make love to you?"

The malmala kids fell. She shrugged. "In the jungle also, we do not weigh things. If we want a thing, we take it if we are strong enough... but I knew I did not love you. It did not matter, it was a... variation. I knew you did not love me. Desire is different to love. Here, we do not quarrel with either, but we knew the difference."

Evert Team came through the door. The slight, arrogant figure was fabulously clothed in white shorts and shirt. It seemed impossible that this man had gone into a valley and killed a tiger alone.

*   *   *

"Queer yarn," said the doctor from the coal mine. He scraped his chair back. "Well, must be on my way now." His eyes looked at me with a new coldness that I knew they would have when I finished my story.

I knew, too, that the two stories would go on side by side; the story of the cowardice of Evert Team and the story of his courage, until each of them became a legend... another legend of the Teams of Samuel.

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changes in CAVALCADE. As Tenny-
son said: "The old order changes,
yielding place to new." There will
be more colour, more cartoons, more
tales.

MUSIC

Paganini was the wonder of his
age. There was no one in the world
could play the violin as he could.
His technique has lived on and is
adopted by all the greatest violins-
st of to-day. But, in Paganini's day,
people were ruled by superstition
and they thought he was in league
with the devil. The writer of this
article, Angus Haywood, is a music
lover. "Devil on a G String" is on
page 8.

BUSHERANGERS

The old convict days in Australia
produced many bushrangers, because
of the treatment meted out to the
convicts. But, as the convict settle-
ments were in the Eastern States and
Tasmania, bushranging was confined,
in the main, to those States. How-
ever, there was one gang which in-
vaded South Australia. And they
created some havoc before being
captured. Read about this gang on
page 16.

SPORT

Whenever a sportsman is killed
while indulging in his sport, some
people set up the cry: "Ban sport.
It is killing off our manhood." Sports
writer, Ray Mitchell, has taken this
as his theme in the article, "Should
Sport Be Banned?" (on page 98) and
he brings in statistics and arguments
which answer the question beyond
argument.

NEXT MONTH

There is an article and a story for
all. If you are agering and worrying
about it, read "Sex and Old Age." It
will give you new life. If you are
without energy, read "Pep Up
Your Protein Intake," and get new
vum. If you like crime, James Hol-
lodge gives you Just that in his arti-
cle, "Murder of a Mississou." Pat
Hay takes us along the road where
we meet "Knights of the Road," the
tramps who make trapping their
living. John Winston delves into
history and tells the story of a
romantic bandit in France. "The
Amourable Cut-Throat" is the title.
"Diamonds and Dukes" tells of one
of the greatest houses in history.
For boxing fans there is one of the
most dramatic stories in the history
of the sport. It concerns Joe Louis
and Max Schmeling. Writer is Ray
Mitchell and the title is "They
Needed Schmeling Salts." For those
who like legends there is "The Le-
mure Legend." It tells of a race
of people of superior intelligence
living in mountainous regions beyond
the reach of our civilization. And for
fiction fans there are three adven-
ture stories which are first class.

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