printed by Cumberland Newspapers Ltd, Macquarie Street, Burwood, for the proprietors, Cavalcade Magazines Pty Ltd, 36 Young Street, Sydney, to which company all manuscripts should be addressed.

Frank S. Greenop, Editor-in-Chief

Produced by the X. G. Murray Publishing Co Pty Ltd, Sydney
Publisher: Ken G. Murray
Editor: Ray Mitchell
General Manager: Fred T. Smith
Circulation Editor: Albert A. Murray
Production: Walter Kavanagh
Business Manager: Walter T. Charles
Promotions: John Minnett
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Art Department: Cornel Swen

Sole Distributors: Gordon and Gullick (A.C.T.) Ltd

Advertising
Colin A. Fitzpatrick Pty Ltd
30 Young Street, Sydney AU 2007
Keith G. Marshall, Kite Lane, (off 469 Little Collins St), Melbourne AU 3003
Arthur L. Shamba, 156 Great Street, Adelaide AU 5001

Next Month
W.C. Fields was the comedian with the bulbous nose, who invariably carried a bottle. Read "Man With The Technicolor Nose," by James Hollidge in the Honduras they have a wife market. "They Trade Their Wives" is the title "Ways To Swing A Fist is the title of the boxing article by Roy Mitchell. It describes the different styles adopted by various boxers. Dr. W. Schwesheimer shows how you can live longer, while Peter Hargraves tells of "Murder In A Rackets". Music lovers will relish the story of the world's greatest coloratura soprano, Ena Sess. There are four other fact articles and three excellent fiction stories.

Fact
Sex and Old Age
Arthur Everett Scott

Diamonds and Dupses
Peter Hargraves

Knights of the Road
Pat Roy

They Needed Schmeling Salts
Ray Mitchell

Moor of a Mistress
James Hollidge

Amiable Cut-Throat
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Names in cartoons and writings other than factual are fictitious.
ONE of history's more famous men who also possessed a real zest for living was the French archeological Count Jean Frederic de Waldeck. His enthusiasm was so great and unbounded that it led him into many widely divergent fields, at various times he was a soldier, sailor, painter, explorer and revolutionary fighter.

Nor did he neglect romance. At the age of eighty-four, this remarkable man took unto himself a bride of seventeen, and sired a son by her. At the age of one hundred, he published a book on archeology. Up until almost the moment of his death at 109, his interest in the sex life was intense.

There is a well-known adage to the effect that "A man is as old as he feels." One of the most celebrated examples of recent times was the Turk Zaro Agha, who married his eleventh wife when he was 153 years old. He certainly did not feel old, and he lived to the age of 160.

Two years ago, near Bombay, India, a man named Kashmat—a man born in 1822—married his fourth wife in Georgetown, British Guiana. Pandit Mahanee recently celebrated his 160th birthday by marrying his third wife.

In Quebec, Canada, authorities carefully investigated the case of Pierre Joubert, and found that at the age of 113 he was still completely potent. He lived to be 121.

Not so long ago the London newspapers reported the deaths of two extraordinarily old men. One, a Chinese named La-Chung Yun, was widely renowned as "the oldest man on earth." He died at the age of 233, outliving 26 wives but survived by a widow of only 81. He attributed his great longevity to the "cultivation of peace of mind and a happy life."

The other was Senor Jose Pacifico, a Brazilian land-owner, who died at 138. The autopsy revealed no discernible cause of death, and his death was attributed solely to grief subsequent to the demise of his eleventh wife, a few months previously.

The famous Scandinavian supercentenarian Christian Jacob Drackenberg—who was known as the "Ancient Man of the North"—married at 111, and lived to be 148. In the last year of his life, he still walked four miles each day with ease.

At the age of 102, the French physician P. Dexpert married a girl of twenty-six. She bore him several children, and he lived to the age of 119. Perhaps still living is a Russian peasant named Shpakolsky, who, at the age of 118, sired a daughter. At last reports, he was 140 years old.

Perhaps the most famous example of vigorous longevity was the Englishman Thomas Parr, who lived through the reigns of nine kings and finally died from excessive eating and drinking at the Royal Court, where he was entertained as a sort of freak. According to the great biologist C. W. Hufeland, Parr was "so energetic"—following his marriage at the age of 122 to his second wife, a woman in her early twenties—that "his wife did not notice his real age."

Following Parr's death at the age of 151, an autopsy was performed by the renowned physician William Harvey, who incidentally was the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. Dr. Harvey reported that "... the body was muscular, the chest nearly and the hair of the forearms still black; the heart was healthy; the bones not very brittle; and they are usually at an advanced age but flexible and singularly firm."

The list of examples could be extended almost indefinitely, but these are sufficient to show that there are many human males in whom potency and longevity appear to be closely associated. In fact, persons like these—whom we ordinarily consider the exceptions—may actually be of normal health as Nature originally designed, while the vast majority of us burn ourselves out prematurely, due to the stresses and strains of modern living, inadequate diet, sexual and other excesses, insufficient fresh air, exercise, and rest; and a multitude of other causes, all of which have a deleterious effect on our glandular systems.

For example, the Kinsey report on Sexual Behaviour in the Human Male contains a section on Age and Sexual Outlet which appears to indicate that the majority of us age sexually with excessive speed, as compared with the men noted above.
Kinsey found that at age 20, only one-tenth of one per cent. of the males queried were impotent; at age 50 it had increased to 67 per cent.; at age 65 it was 25 per cent.; and at age 80, 75 per cent.

The Kinsey report also shows wide variance in capacity at all ages, showing that relative potency is a matter of individual power.

Some products of the sex glands are absorbed into the blood stream and have a tremendous effect upon the entire body. These are the sex hormones or "chemical messengers"—so-called because they are normally distributed to various parts of the body as needed in order to restore proper functioning of the various cells and organs. Although they are primarily concerned with sexuality, they actually play an important part in the functioning of the entire organism.

In the male, these sex hormones or male endorines are produced in the cortex or external layer of the testes, in the female they are similarly produced in the ovaries. Popularly they are known as the male as androgens, and in the female as estrogens, but these are generalities for actually there are several sex hormones, secreted by various glands of the endocrine system.

According to the famous Russian scientist, Dr. Alexander A. Bogomolets, one of the world's greatest authorities on the causes of old age, "abnormal sexual maturity in children, accompanied by an excessive influence of the hormones of the sex glands, results in rapid ageing of the person. The significance of these glands... as a rejuvenating factor that keeps up the tone of the organism, although often highly exaggerated, is definitely beyond question..." An emphatic statement.

Not so long ago the administration of hormones produced by the sex glands has been the means of restoring potency and rejuvenating the entire system. In 1893 two of the greatest victims were the late Dr. Sergei Voronoff, who was castigated as the "monkey man" because he experimented with the transplantation of testicular tissue from apes to elderly men, and Dr. Eugene Steinach, who obtained the testicular tissues of executed criminals, and also used animal tissues. Today, both have been proved basically right.

But it is also of interest that the age at which the climacteric, or change of life, occurs, varies among individuals of both sexes almost as greatly as does sexual capacity, persons of greater sexual health and vigor tending to enter the climacteric at a later age, and to live longer. Thus women in their seventies have been known to bear children, and where subsequent records were available, were often shown to have been very long-lived. In men, the early onset of the climacteric and/or impotence is often a warning signal of senility and early death.

Experiments with animals have shown that removal of the pituitary from a puppy, results in failure of the animal to develop physically, sexually, or mentally, abnormal obesity and premature ageing and death. The parallelism between these effects and those caused in man by pre-adult castration is plain.

Similar effects are caused in humans by excessive activity of the thrymo gland, which as is sometimes described as the "sexual timelock." This small gland, located in the upper chest, has the important job of inhibiting the full development of secondary sex characteristics such as the growth of male body hair and beard, change of voice pitch, and so on, until attainment of the age of puberty. If for some reason it goes awry, the person never matures completely, remains a "young-old" throughout life, and dies at a relatively early age.

Like removal of the pituitary, removal of the thyroid results in failure to develop physically or sexually, premature ageing and early death. The thyroid, incidentally, is located in front of and straddling the windpipe.

The adrenal glands, located stop the kidneys, control the body's ability to relax and also to produce a supreme effort in case of emergency. They are also believed by some to help in the removal of poison released in the muscles of heavy exercise. There is growing evidence, incidentally, that other of the endocrine glands aid in the neutralization of toxins—particularly in the intestinal tract—and thus retard the onset of senility.

It is obvious that some of these endorines serve as "accelerators" and others as "inhibitors" of the sexual functions. And they must work in harmony to produce a well-functioning individual with above-average life expectancy.

Most biologists now associate youthful endocrine glands with overall youthfulness and the promise of exceptional longevity. There is also overwhelming evidence that men and women of strong sexuality often live to great age. According to the great French phycologist, Prof. Metchnikoff, for example, studies of a large number of men ranging from 94 to 104 years of age reveal that in a high proportion of cases these men were still extremely fertile. The Metchnikoff studies provide one of the most convincing proofs in medical literature of the close connection between the restraint of potential reproductive capacity and potential longevity.

More and more medical science is tending to the conclusion that we are no older than our ductless glands, including our sex glands. While fac-
Philip Arnold and John Slack duped the diamond experts in U.S.A. with

PETER HARGRAVES

Diamonds and Dupes

JUST before closing time one summer afternoon in 1871 two lean, weatherbeaten prospectors marched into San Francisco’s opulent Bank of California and threw a couple of bulging leather pouches on the counter.

They told the teller they contained property of great value, which they wished to deposit in the bank for safe-keeping. On the form they were asked to fill in, they gave their names as Philip Arnold and John Slack, and stated the pouches contained precious stones.

With their receipt the pair wandered out into the dusty street, leaving behind them a mystified and curious bank clerk.

He had looked inside the two pouches and verified they contained scores of diamonds, which he estimated must be worth at least 100,000 dollars.

What puzzled him was where they had come from. The West was rich in gold and silver, but diamonds were unheard of. What were two grizzled "desert rats" doing with a king’s ransom in diamonds?

News of the deposit of the diamonds was conveyed to the bank’s president, William C. Ralston, an astute and ambitious financier who had garnered a fortune out of the fabulous silver mines of the Comstock Lode in Nevada.

Ralston saw a chance of another clean-up. The two prospectors, he decided, must have stumbled upon the first American diamond field. Early the next morning he sent a squad of clerks out to locate Arnold and Slack and bring them to his office.

Bewildered, but wary, the two shabby prospectors were propelled into Ralston’s presence. Their attitude showed they knew they were on to something big, and they were suspicious of the interest these city slickers.

Ralston asked them where they had found the diamonds, but they were not so simple as all that Arnold jerked his thumb towards the east, which could have been half a dozen states. “Out there!” he growled.

After a while, however, thawed out by Ralston’s brandy and cigars, they became more communicative. They confided how they had been looking for gold out in the desert and had stumbled upon a hoard of diamonds.

Ralston first tried to buy their rights to the field. When they refused he pleaded for a share. He pointed out they had no money to secure a proper title or to develop their find.

Arnold and Slack considered for a while, then agreed to sell a half interest. They refused pointblank, however, to disclose the location of their discovery Ralston could send experts with them to examine it if he liked, but they would have to be blindfolded both going to and coming back from the actual diamond field.

Ralston was not going to be sold a pig in a poke, so he arranged for a business associate to examine the field at first hand. He was conducted there blindfolded by Arnold and Slack as arranged, and came back highly excited.

The men had seen acres and acres, he said, of precious stones—not only diamonds, but rubies, sapphires and emeralds as well. Everywhere, he told a jubilant Ralston, there was the gleam and sparkle of uncut riches.

Ralston immediately cabled a famous mining expert named Ashbury Harpending, who was then in London, to come back by the first boat and take charge of operations at the field. The cable was so full of details of the promise of the amazing find that it cost Ralston 1,000 dollars.

He did not care in his safe at home he hid the pouches of stones taken from the field. Nightly he took them out and gloated as he poured their contents into shimmering pools of green, red, blue and white, upon his billiard table.

There were yellow, black and white diamonds of all sizes, sapphires from the size of dice to one beauty bigger than a pigeon’s egg, emeralds as large as geese’s eggs, a ruby that could have served as the eye of a
gigantic pagan idol. Flashing, glowing, burning, they held Ralston enthralled for hours as he dreamed of the wealth that would be his.

News of the diamond field spread like wildfire. Ralston was deluged by clients wanting to invest in the new discovery. In England, Baron Rothschild sought out Harpending before he sailed for home in an effort to buy in on the ground floor.

However, Ralston was not having anyone in but a few close associates. He sold securities and mortgaged his real estate to raise up an initial payment of $300,000 dollars to Arnold and Slear for a half share.

The two prospectors, at his suggestion, made another trip out to the field and came back with another loaded pouch of gems. They told Ralston that they had found a new, enormously rich deposit. In a few hours they had filled two pouches such as the one they had brought back.

They had lost one while fording a river on the return journey. It did not matter though, they reassured the banker, there were tens of millions of dollars in the precious stones on their field.

Ashbury Harpending arrived in San Francisco about the same time as the year returned incredulous at the existence of diamonds in America, he had a selection of the stones checked by experts. They were pronounced as genuine.

Determined to see the field for himself, Harpending insisted that Arnold and Slear accompany him there for an inspection. The prospectors agreed, but again used the blindfold technique when close to the site.

What he saw when the blindfold was removed dispelled all Harpending's doubts. Over a wide area he found such a mass and variety of gems that he estimated a few laborers could wash out $20 million dollars worth a month.

Back in San Francisco Ralston heard Harpending's verdict and went to work. Arnold and Slear had now decided that for another $300,000 dollars they would sell their interest altogether.

Ralston could not raise that much himself, so he formed "The San Francisco and New York Mining and Commercial Company." Twenty-five per cent San Franciscans put up $80,000 dollars each, for capital. A snug then came in up that there were no mining laws governing the registration or working of a diamond field in the United States. Lawyers were engaged and dispatched to Washington to push an appropriate act through Congress.

It all took time and money, but eventually on May 18, 1872, "Sargent's Mining Bill" was passed, authorizing Ralston's company to hold the land and mine it for diamonds.

Ralston, meanwhile, had not been idle. Offices had been taken in San Francisco, and arrangements made to market the diamonds throughout the world.

They would have to be cut, of course, and Ralston had been sounding out the prospects of removing several of the great lapidary firms from Amsterdam, the diamond centre of the world, to San Francisco.

Then, one morning there came to Ralston a telegram which crumbled the hopes of an American diamond industry. It was from a professional geologist named Clarence King, who, as a matter of interest, had received permission to examine the field.

Diamonds and other stones were scattered everywhere as Harpending had found on his visit. Antihills, gorgeous to behold, were powdered with diamond and ruby dust, or sprinkled with particles of sapphire or emerald. In the heart of each antihill was a stone corresponding in color to the dust sprinkled on its surface.

Elsewhere, however, Clarence King found diamonds and sapphires in rock crevices where they could only by covered by plowed furrows. Nature must have placed them.

The final proof that the field was a swindle was provided by an assistant. He handed King a diamond he had picked up, with the remark, "This field not only produces diamonds, but cuts them.

He was right. On the face of the diamond were the unmistakable marks made by a lapidary's tool.

The bubble of an American diamond field was burst forever by King's telegram to Ralston. The alleged fields are fraudulent, it read.

News of the swindle was relayed round the world. Pictures of Arnold and Slear were sent to the big gem markets of London and Amsterdam. Merchants identified them as brokers, almost two years before, of about $2,000 dollars worth of low-grade diamonds and other stones. These, without doubt, had been sold into the fraudulent jewel fields to fool the best businesses and mining braves in America.

The fiasco broke Ralston. He assumed responsibility for every cent lost. Shareholders in the San Francisco and New York Mining and Commercial Company were repaid.

The total cost to the bank president was almost $2 million dollars.

He said that he would rather sacrifice his last dollar than let any man claim he had been swindled through him. The burdens, however, were too much.

One afternoon, not long after, he left his office and walked down to San Francisco's North Beach. He waded out into the surf and struck out strongly towards the Golden Gate.

He never returned, and the following morning his drowned body was found floating in the bay.

The two swindlers were never brought to justice. Of Slear nothing more was ever heard. Arnold, however, met retribution a few years later. He was shot to death in a gun duel following a saloon argument at Elizabeth, Kentucky. He had been living there as a retired gentleman. In the same of his home there was found half a million dollars in cash.
THE MEXICAN HAD STOLEN A HORSE AND HAD TO HANG. BUT EL TAJADOR KNEW THE WAYS OF MEN, ALTHOUGH HE RISKED HIS NECK.

THE MEXICAN

Ben Smith

The Mexican stood on the high wagon seat in the shade of a towering cottonwood. The complacency he had exhibited throughout the long afternoon seemed to be deserting him, dark shadows fell across his face as the sun sank lower in the west and uncertainty grew in his black eyes. He shuffled his feet and the wagon seat creaked, then a thick silence crept under the trees, a somber thing that touched spine with ice and moved on, leaving no other sign of its passage. The Mexican seemed to be listening as the coarse rope rubbed the bronzed skin behind his left ear.

"Senor," he said finally, his voice huskily plaintive, "I only took the horse because I can ride faster than I can walk."

Careful John Hawes rubbed his flat thumbs thoughtfully beneath the broad ribbons of his braces. "We hung a man here last week," John said to nobody in particular, "and we didn't have near the case against him."

Alb Lewis, the fat lawyer, stepped into the tense ring of cowmen and miners. "Why do you call yourself El Tajador?" he asked, his tiny eyes screwed up in shrewdness.

"I am a chopper, a cutter of wood," the Mexican replied.

"Your given name?"

"Luis."

It was true that Luis looked more like a hoeman, a farmer, than he did a miner or cowman. He wore high-bibbed overalls and shoes on his feet rather than peg-heeled boots. Only his supple hands, tied tightly behind his back, seemingly betrayed him. His fingers were long, sensitive and uncalloused.

"He's lyin' in his teeth," Tremblin' Jim shouted. "He stole my horse."

"His whole story's a lie," Abe judged. "He made a mistake when he took Tremblin's horse and another when he rode it into Willow Springs right in the broad open daylight."

Careful John rubbed his tobacco-stained whiskers uncertainly. The Mexican looked like a pretty smart man, but his moves up to now had been, in John's opinion, stilted.

The thing just didn't make sense. El Tajador, as he called himself, had taken Tremblin's horse, the lanky Tremblin' Jim Hooper had seen him do it. Why, then, did he ride openly into Willow Springs where he would most certainly be apprehended and questioned?

"You say you heard these rumblings talking?" John asked.

"Sil," Luis looked at Careful hopefully.

"I was coming back from the forest at nightfall," El Tajador continued, "walking along an arroyo, when I noticed the campfire. I stopped on the edge of the gulch, wondering who could be making dry camp in such a spot. It was then I heard their talk. While they were discussing what they were going to do, I felt a great anger at them, for they were evil men. Thus I walked toward Willow Springs to spread the alarm. It was just after daylight when I took Senor Hooper's horse from his corral so that I might travel faster."

"He keeps on lyin'," Tremblin' Jim said. "Let's shut him up for good."

He stretched a rawboned hand for the bridle of one of the horses hitched to the wagon. Abe Lewis grunted approval and reached for the other animal.

Luis, the wood-cutter, looked up at the new yellow rope that stretched into the cottonwood above his head and began praying in Spanish Careful John held up one hand. "Just a minute," he said loudly.

"Why'd they pick today?" John asked him.

"I think, Senor," El Tajador replied, "that tomorrow was payday at the mines and they would be certain of getting much dinero. For that reason, they were to rob the bank today."

"It makes sense," Careful John admitted, swaying to face the rest of them. "Tomorrow is mine payday."

"And everybody in the county knows it," someone shouted. "He's still tryin' to fill a bad hand."

"That's the whole story?" Careful John asked. "You heard these men plotin' to rob the Willow Springs..."
bank and you came to warn us, takin' Tremblin's horse in order to make better time?"

"Sonor, as God is my witness, that is true."

John cleared his throat. "Man," he said, "you're either a hero or the biggest damn fool in three states."

One of the miners, a red-bearded hulk of a man who had thus far remained silent, shouted, "Hell, let's get this over with and pull out that wagon!"

From the direction of Willow Springs, a mile down the dusty, sun-drenched road, came a spatter of shots, sounding flat and unreal in the still air. Afterward came a brief lull, then another fusillade.

"Holy cow," yelled Tremblin' Jim, "they're cleanin' out the bank and every able-bodied man we got's out here."

El Tajolet, standing aloof on the wagon seat, was forgotten as there began a mad scramble for horses. Many of the miners who had walked to the grove under the cottonwoods, began running at a slopping trot toward Willow Springs, the hanging forgotten in their concern for their money. Only Careful John and the lawyer, Abe Lewis, remained.

"Luna," John said to the Mexican,

"I guess you told the truth." He cut the grinning El Tajolet free.

When Abe Lewis climbed awkwardly to the wagon seat beside Careful John, he noticed that the older man had a ghost of a smile on his face.

"You're mighty cheerful," Abe said, "for a man whose bank's been robbed right this minute."

El Tajolet had walked two miles from Willow Springs before he left the road and darted into a dry gulch that would lead back to the wooded hills.

In a glen, taking their ease on a flat limestone outcropping, two men were waiting. Three horses stamped fretfully at the trees and attempted to crop at the short quack grass.

"He will be very angry," one of the men said.

"Sil," his companion replied. "He will be terrible in his anger."

"How was it, I wonder," the fat one continued, "that he could be so sure there would be no one in Willow Springs?"

"For one of his accomplishments," the first man explained, "this was nothing Our leader is of great daring and employing a town of its men was a simple thing."

The fat one shuddered. "I am afraid," he admitted, worry creasing deep creases in his lardy face. "He is so wise, so all-knowing of what men will do. It is not for nothing he has been called The Chopper."

The thin one wriggled convulsively. "El Tajolet," he said, "when he is angry, cuts men down like trees in the forest."

The fat Mexican stood up, moving toward his horse. "It would be wise, I think, for us to leave his horse here while we seek health in some distant place."

They swung to the saddle. "For one, my fat friend, you betray good judgment." The thin one sighed gustily. "Let El Tajolet bear the story from other than our lips. That, indeed, will be much safer."

An empty saddle-bag lay on the ground, mute telling its story of failure.

"Madre de Dios," El Tajolet muttered as he walked toward the clearing. "The risks I take are too great, even for such a prize. Someday, unless I show great care, someone will hang me, certainly."

But, thinking of the money, he felt better and whistled as he walked into the clearing, to stand as one stunned looking at the empty saddle-bag and the hoof marks leading toward the hills. The sign was plain to El Tajolet. The guilty birds had cleaned the nest and flown to safer places. Catching his horse, Luna rode after them.

It was dusk when Careful John and Abe Lewis reached the group of miners milling on the board sidewalk before the bank.

"Take it easy, boys," John shouted, standing in the wagon, "you'll all get your money."

Abe Lewis stared at him open-mouthed. "How's the fines," he said. "Under the wagon seat, the plank that El Tajolet had almost used as a step toward Eternity, lay a large bundle wrapped in gunny sacking.

"I played it careful," John said, "and took the money along to the lynching party. The owlhooters didn't get a thing."

And El Tajolet had stood, a new rope about his neck, gambling with human nature for something that was, even then, safe beneath his feet.
SOME SAPP

In Texas, in 1915, Emery Sapp hired two killers to bump off his wife. They did so; then suffered the same fate because Sapp did not want anyone to squad. However, he was caught and sentenced to 39 years in gaol. He escaped and no more was heard from him for 25 years. There was a slight difficulty about a Spanish war veteran’s pension, which had been collected for years by a Thomas Sapp, a Tennessee policeman with an outstanding record for law enforcement. A check was made and it was found that the policeman and the escaped convict were the same. Impressed by his record as a policeman, the authorities pardoned him—then promptly sent him back to gaol for ten years for defrauding the government with his pension claims.

RAILROADED

Each week for over a decade, valuables disappeared from the Midland and Scottish Railway, in England. The criminal was not caught for ten years. He turned out to be a respected employee with 25 years’ service. At his home was found every valuable he had stolen—he had not spent a penny of it, nor had he converted any to cash. His motive for stealing was revenge. Some 12 years before he had asked for a better run and he had been refused.

HIDEOUT

A Boston gangster, Joseph P. Novello, had a novel hideout. He decided that the best way to lie low was to place himself in everyone’s view. So he went to Hollywood and acted as a bit player. His scheme went all right for a long time, but some astute detective was struck by the resemblance of the actor Raymond Noah to Novello and visited the studio. There he found the wanted man acting in the film, “Duffy’s Tavern.” The game was up.

DEADLY DUNKING

Two friends, Benny Goldstein and Joe Lefkowitz, had a scheme which paid off—until Joe got greedy. Benny would fake death by drowning and Joe would collect the insurance. In another part of U.S.A. the act would be repeated. This went on for some years. Then Joe wanted all the insurance for himself. He hired a man to make sure that Benny really drowned. Unfortunately for Joe, Benny had got his young brother in on the scheme, and the young brother reported the matter. Joe went to the electric chair.
Now comes the trying on stage. She gets into the costume easily—in fact she has lots to spare. Her Scottish background prompted her into selecting Scottish plaid and she makes a nice background for her costume. But, judging by the size of it, the Scotch in her must have been the deciding factor in using as little material as possible.

Satisfied with her craftsmanship, she went to the beach. Here she is letting the sand run through her fingers, by the look of that tartan costume, it could run through the fingers just as easily. But she is confident it will stay on, so long as she stays on the sand. Swimming in it? She is not so confident. Could be tartan trouble.
KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD

In U.S.A. there are still hoboes. They make a profession of tramping, and even have their own newspaper.

AUSTRALIA having got so work-conscious in the last decade or so, it is no longer possible for a decent swagman to make a living doing nothing.

Only a few stalwarts with a penchant for bully tea and the smell of gum leaves, survive to carry on the great tradition of the open road. The old-timers have vanished, giving way to the casual loafer who tours the road by hitch-hike or, more ignominiously, by push-bike.

The old professional, sleeping under a three-strand fence and carrying a well-eyed pup in a blackened bully, would sniff contemptuously at such methods. His idea of comfort was the privacy of the wide open spaces and the bliss of being alone.

In America such small-time goings-on would have prompted a hearty belly-roll from their well-organised armies of bindle-stiffs, vags and road burns.

PAT HAY
Humping your roll in the States is a dignified, highly-sacred business, the only requisite of the prospective bum being that he must want to work—and when he has no food, to go hungry without whining about it.

Jeff Davis, "King of the Hoboes," was the man responsible for organizing the Yankee road army. In 1939 Davis established himself at the head of a society called "Knights of the Road." The society holds an annual convention for its million-odd members, and there the fraternity discusses the year's events.

Not political or man-in-the-street news, but points on evading fare, where a man is likely to get a square feed, the temperaments of the various states in relation to hoboes and places to bed down.

Jeff Davis, defining his brethren, said: "A hobo is a migratory worker. He was once called a tramp because he earned a hobo from job to job. He is a will o' the wisp—he thinks of a rainbow somewhere but never believes in paying his fare."

The last commandment was one which caused members of the brotherhood to eye Davis with a family supercilious air. In his alleged three million miles of footsyphoning (round the world three times) Davis rarely paid his way, but in his 66th year he began to crack.

He arrived at the 1948 convention of the Knights of the Road by first-class railway passage, an unforgivable lapse from the slow code.

There was another sign of indulgence that the fraternity frowned upon. Davis had made a special trip to Washington to ask Congress for safer railway tracks for non-paying passengers.

Davis' "improvements" for his fellow knights included the establishment of a Hobo Week when he advocated the whole of America roughing it for a solid week, and a licence card to every member, giving him the usual privilege of passing from state to state without police interference.

In 1948 news was made in New Orleans when police on the lookout for an escaped convict stumbled on a "hobo hotel." Situated in a basement under police headquarters, the assorted cops found partitioned suites well-equipped with electricity, water, and steam-heated lamps from police mains.

The sole hobo found in the place, reclining on a mattress with a bedroll, informed the police that the haven was the old Hotel de Basile, housed up to thirty hoboes per night. Entrance was through air vents.

It was to these temporary down-and-outs (for he is known, a hobo believes in working just long enough to provide for a couple of meals ahead) that Patrick Mulkmann addressed his "Hobo News."

The wildest attempt at a newsg--roll ever to come out of the States, "Hobo News" had its birth in 1938 when Mulkmann arrived in New Orleans with one dollar and 26 cents. With the dollar he purchased the lessor half of a basement crammed with out-of-date presses and type slugs and faces.

With the 26 cents he bought the ingredients for a tubful of stew, and he was in business.

The paper, printed quite regularly when Editor Mulkmann and his staff are down to the last canned bean, comes out spasmodically when business is booming.

There is little news as such—only race results. The rest, set in any type that comes to hand and surrounded by arcane borders and strange ornaments, is composed of hobo contributions from every point of the States. A best-seller issue was one which included a leader on the finer points of travelling from New York to California without a dollar. Skits, poems, pinched illustrations with no relation to text or interest, and hobo "songs of the road" fill the issue.

Valuables contributions come from inmates of America's jails—members of the brotherhood picked up on vagrancy charges.

Editor Mulkmann, a firm believer in hobo tradition, holds court on the pavement outside the printery, reclining in a wheelbarrow. Any tramps who happen to be in town call to eat Mulkmann's stew and pass on news tips. Colourful characters like Toledo Slim, Desperate Sam, Cannonball Phil, and other unhaven brethren drop in for mail and news of mates on the road.

Mulkmann scrupulously guards his prodigious memory and produces almost on the spot the information of the missing hobo's whereabouts. He claims to have a pretty fair idea where at least 5,000 of the brotherhood are hiding or holed up.

If anyone has a hankering for the cheerful, happy-go-lucky existence of the American hobo, he might do well to consider the findings of a recent survey conducted by psychologists of the Illinois Institute of Technology. They have proved that the hobo is in reality a greater worry than the successful businessman.

Investigations spent months quizzing a selected 100 hoboes and the same number of businessmen in responsible positions. The ages of the subjects ranged from 43-91.

The hoboes proved to be more worried about all but two of the dozens of human problems the groups were questioned about. Those two, understandably, were political convictions and holding a job.

However, money worried 90 per cent of the hoboes, compared with 84 per cent of the businessmen. Seventy per cent of the hoboes also proved to be hypochondriacs.

Strangely, marital troubles, too, were a headache for the highway boys. Seventy-five per cent had difficulties in this field, compared with only 41 per cent among the businessmen.

Finally, 80 per cent of the hoboes were perturbed about what their friends thought of them—the businessmen, only eight per cent.

The only other road organization to come near that of the Americans belongs to the French.

Their elected king, Marcel Jacquet, is frequently absent from office doing a term in gaol.
When Jacquet feels like a square meal, he solicits gifts for a legendary Hoboes Home, then sells them for his own benefit. He has been caugh
on the same dodge 17 times. His chief claim to the limelight goes back to war years, when he made a tidy living selling statuelets of Hitler and Mussolini in embarrassing postures.

Baron Edouard de Rothschild died in 1859 and willed his mansion to the Parisian hobo fraternity. The top floor is composed of dorineries, and the ground floor houses the printing presses for the hobo newspaper, "Le Clochard."

A more orthodox publication than his Yankee contemporary, "Le Clochard" has 36,000 subscribers, among them the King of Iraq, the Queen of Holland and Francois Mauriac, prominent French author. It runs a
financial section edited by an economic adviser, and the literary section is cared for by a former professor of the Sorbonne, a hobo of long association.

The English gentleman of the road as published by Jim Phelan, and the Australian swagman, immortalised by Henny Lawson, look pale by such
comparison. Nevertheless, a common bond holds them all—they tramped because they wanted to.

"I may have to take a rather long lunch hour but, anyway, I'll see you first thing in the morning."

RAY MITCHELL

All the pent-up hatred of the past two years of one human soul was released in 12½ seconds of glove-splitting dynamite.

THEY NEEDED

SCHMELING SALTS

"How can this Negro beat our Max Schmeling, a member of the Super Race?" sneered Hitler. But outside Germany and the Germe

n, only one thought Max had a ghost of a chance with Joe Louis, over whom experts and fans alike raved as the greatest heavyweight of all
time. Americans' attitude was different from Hitler's—Louis was not considered by them as a member of a super race, but he was considered
to be a Superman of all races, insofar as pugilistic prowess was con-
cerned.

Joe, just twenty-two years of age, had engaged in twenty-seven profes-
sional contests, winning twenty-
three by knockout and four by points

decision. He had entered the pro-

CAVALCADE, November, 1953 25
fessional sporting field with the suddenness and force of an atom explosion. From the time of his first paid fight, on July 4, 1934, when he blasted Jack Kranek in one round, Louis had attracted attention—attention which snowballed with each successive fight, until there was not a man, woman or child in the civilized world who had not heard of this great man—this Superman.

To fight fans, Louis had everything and his knockout of Max Baer in September, 1935, set the seal on the "Brown Bomber's" greatness. Nor was it only his boxing ability which assured his popularity, for Joe led an exemplary life. He was one of the greatest Ambassadors the Negro race ever had—and the Negroes loved him for it. Louis was an idol.

Max Schmeling, on the other hand, was a Nazi, and while at those pre-World War II days,Nazism was not the hated organism it became later, news of the Nazi doings and beliefs had seeped out of Germany and it left an unsavoury taste in the mouth of the democratic races.

As for Max's fighting ability, he had won the world title in 1930, lost it two years later, had been knocked out four times in his career, and was nearly nine years older than Louis.

When assessing the respective chances of the two in the Louis-Schmeling fight, experts could not go beyond these facts in selecting Louis as the likely winner. But the one but factor which made Schmeling the 15 to 1 and 20 to 1 outsider in the betting, with very few takers, was the performance of Max Baer against Schmeling and against Louis. Baer, in 1933, knocked out the German and, to all intents and purposes, had written "finis" to Schmeling's career. But Louis annihilated Baer in four rounds.

But one man, from the time he first saw Louis, stated that "The Brown Bomber" was not a superman. He was Jack Johnson. The old champion said Louis was open to a right hand punch to the jaw. But few took notice of Johnson. They said he was jealous because Louis was stealing his thunder. Johnson, the first coloured man to win the world heavyweight title, was regarded by many as being the best heavyweight of all time. So, naturally, following all the praise heaped on Louis, Johnson was resentful.

However, Schmeling, too, noted the same thing. While watching Louis K.O. Uzcudun, Max smiled and said to his manager, Joe Jacobs: "This Louis drops Max left hand after a lead. He also drops it when he throws a right. I am a right-cross expert. I will cross my right over his left, and—poof!"

Jacobs watched and said: "Max, you are right, but do not hit him with your right until you are set for a punch that won't miss. And when you do hit him with it, hit him hard, because he may realize his lapse and you may not get another chance."

So the boxers went into training Schmeling trained hard, but Louis went through the motions of training without having his heart in it. He read the critics' selection; he had been told how he would annihilate the German—and he thought he did not need much training to win. Therefore, Joe spent most of his time on the golf course.

The day of the fight arrived—June 19, 1936, and 12,000 people sat in the Yankee Stadium, New York, to witness the humiliation of the German.
Schmeling's right was on its way to Louis' jaw. The punch landed a split second after the bell, and Joe was once more out on his feet, only this time, his brain did not clear.

Louis became a sleepwalker. That part of a fighter's brain which keeps him fighting when the rest of the brain is asleep, maintained Louis in the upright position.

Joe was no longer a part of the contest—he was detached from it, as a man in a dream, seeing himself in a battle from a distance; seeing himself vaguely, groping his way forward, being hit, but without feeling anything.

So the contest went on, Schmeling very confident, picking up points and gradually beating down Louis' defenses; Louis, semi-conscious, with his strength and energy seeping from his body, until he could no longer raise his hands above his waist. He was warned in the eighth and the tenth rounds for low punching, but he did not know it until he was told after the fight.

Louis pushed out his hands in weak endeavours to hit his tormentor—and Schmeling laughed. Then, in the twelfth round came the end. Right after right crashed on Louis' jaw and he sank to the canvas, to be counted out. It took several minutes to revive him.

Joe Louis, the superman, with everything in his favor—nine years younger and six pounds heavier—had been knocked out!

The result had amazing repercussions. All America mourned, many Negroes committed suicide, while Germany rejoiced. After his win, Schmeling made a broadcast to Germany from his dressing-room. At the finish of his speech, Schmeling smirked and said, "Bollock Hitler!"

Upon return to Germany Schmeling was hailed as a hero second only to Hitler. A tremendous reception was given him. Hitler invited Max to dine with him. Films of the fight were shown in Germany under titles such as "The Typical Nazi Triumph" and "The Great Nordic Victory."

Schmeling referred to Louis as an amateur, and said Joe was stupid—"all Negroes are stupid," said the German.

It was only a matter of time before the "Super Race" ruled the world—in warfare and in the boxing ring. So thought the Nazis.

Schmeling was matched with Jimmy Braddock, the world heavyweight champion, but U.S. promotional czar, Mike Jacobs did not want that match. He wanted Louis in the opposite corner to Braddock. And he succeeded.

When Schmeling arrived in New York for the weigh-in Braddock was not there. The fight fell through, Max tried to claim the title, but, so long as Braddock was champion, no one else could sit on the throne—unless he beat Jimmy in the ring.

Louis picked up the threads of victory after his defeat by Schmeling and, in June, 1937, he K.O'd Braddock to win the world title. But when Joe was arrested for a statement of the press, he said: "I ain't champion yet. I want that Smellin' fella!"

Joe got the "Smellin' fella" for his fourth title defence, just two years after his humiliation by the German.

In the interval between the two contests, Louis had fought eleven times, while Schmeling had taken part in only three bouts, all of which he won.

Two years had made a great difference—not only to the two boxers concerned, but to the world feeling internationally. Hitler had made many steps towards gaining his ends. The Munich agreement was only a few months hence—the Munich meeting where Neville Chamberlain had said "We have peace in our time." Peace which was postponed for only one year.

The world was uneasy about Germany and, when Mike Jacobs released the information that he intended matching Louis and Schmeling for the title, U.S.A. was indignant. A deputation arrived at Jacobs' office, asking that he forgo the match.

But Uncle Mike was shrewd. He said: "If the match does not take place, Germany will suffer at us. They will say we are frightened of their Superman. But, if the match does take place and Louis wins, the Huns will suffer a loss of prestige. And, believe me, Louis WILL WIN!"

So Schmeling arrived in America and began training. He did not keep
it a secret that he would tame the "novice negro." He gave interviews
to pressmen and to newspaper cameramen and, in all, he showed a superior
attitude. On one radio broadcast before he entered the ring, he said
that Germany would soon rule the world and that he—Max—would take
back the world heavyweight title to
the beloved Fatherland.
Without realizing it, Max was helping build up a million-dollar gate
for Mike Jacobs. When the cheek was
made, it was found that 70,000 people
saw the second Louis-Schmeling fight
at the Yankee Stadium, New York,
and the gross gate receipts amounted
to 1,015,012 dollars.
It was—and still is—the seventh
largest gate in boxing history. And
Louis earned his biggest purse—over
350,000 dollars. As it happened, Joe
received just on 2,000 dollars for
every second he was in the ring on
that night of June 22, 1938.
Louis ruled favorite in the bet-
ting at odds of 9 to 5. Experts were
wary of going overboard with definite
predictions as to the outcome. Brad-
dock tipped Louis to win by a
knockout, while Dempsey plumped
for Schmeling, but most of those who
went into print with predictions, left
 loopholes—just in case.
Then, as the last preliminary
finished, silence reigned in the
Stadium. This fight had gripped
everyone. The air was pregnant with
suspense, thoughts and hopes. Sudden-
ly, like a black shadow, Louis
appeared, sliding like the wel-
trainined athlete he was, to the ring.
The cheers reverberated throughout
the building, and continued for min-
utes as Joe, having reached the ring,
bowed and sat down.
Schmeling followed and his recep-
tion was greeted with boos; inter-
mingled with some rousing cheers.

Announcements were made,
referee's instructions were given, and
then—the bell! Louis came out of
his corner like a cat, expressionless
but menacing in his movements.
Schmeling, cocky, met him and threw
a right at Louis' jaw. It missed and
the German threw no more punches.
Louis moved swiftly, led a straight
left, quick as light followed with a
left hook, and then really cut loose
with every punch in the book.
Schmeling had three counts ap-
piled on him—one being while he
stood helpless against the ropes, with
one arm hanging outside the ring.
Referee Arthur Donovan waved
Louis back while he counted over
the standing German. After "one" Max
reared from the ropes to meet
another barrage that sent him down.
A towel flung in from the Ger-
man's corner and Donovan kicked it
out of the ring.

Soon, however, Schmeling was
sent down again. It was over. It was
not a fight—it was a massacre. Al-
though the contest had lasted only
two minutes and four seconds, few
boxers have taken so much punish-
ment in one fight as Schmeling took
that night. All Louis' pent-up hatred,
born of humiliation, had released it-
self on the German head and body
in that short time. Had the fight
lasted much longer, it is possible that
a fatality would have occurred.
Louis spared the German nothing in
his assault.

The crowd went wild with delight
while Joe Louis, unperturbable as
ever, had his right hand raised as
"winner and still champion."

And, Schmeling? He returned to
Germany in disgrace. No bands, no
receptions, no dinner with Hitler.
Such is the price paid for defeat.
HEART REVIVAL
Sometimes the heart of a patient stops during an operation. Many start again by injecting drugs into the organ or by cutting open the heart and manually massaging the organ. Now, however, a machine has been invented which does the job much better. Known as the thyristor stimulator, it is a box the size of a table radio, which is plugged into an ordinary alternating current electric outlet. It is hooked to the patient by means of two hypodermic needles which are jabbed into the flesh. The electric current, passing through the heart, causes the large ventricular muscles to contract. The heart beat must be started within three to five minutes or irreparable damage to the oxygen-starved brain will occur.

PLASTIC DRESSING
A transparent, flexible plastic dressing for burns and other wounds, has been invented. It is sprayed on the wound and clings to it. It also allows the doctor to view the wound without removing the dressing. It is easy to peel off. The only disadvantage is that it is inflammable. This dressing is an improvement on the widely-used plastic skin.

POLIO PREVENTION
Tests carried out in U.S.A. show that injections of gamma globulin reduce by more than half, the chance of getting poliomyelitis. Gamma globulin is effective against all three types of polio, but it is only effective for about five or six weeks. However, in an epidemic, this period of immunity is sufficient.

MALARIA
An anti-malaria drug more powerful than any yet known, has been developed in Galveston, Texas. It is known as Daprome and it is 12 times as powerful as chloroquine, which is being used in Korea. A man, after taking Daprome can enter the most malaria-infected area, and be bitten by all the mosquitoes in that area, yet remain unaffected. Daprome is odourless and tasteless and it does not discolour the skin. It comes in white tablet form.

PARIS IN CHICAGO
At the Silver Frolics in Chicago, Sheena holds the spotlight in an act entitled "Paris in Chicago." Sheena is a dancer and no one seems to know her other name. She is just Sheena. Right here she is in the middle of her strip-tease dance. She had on quite a lot when she started, but the dancing made her hot and she discarded most of it.
PARIS IN

Well, it must be hot in Chicago. Here is Sheena at the completion of her act and she has on as little as possible. As blood became heated through dancing, she took off more clothing. And the more clothing she removed, the greater the blood heated in the veins of her patrons. Sheena is hot stuff.

CHICAGO

The act is over. Sheena has retired to her dressing room and has barely enough time to throw on a flimsy wrap before her male admirers knock on her door. Here she looks refreshingly cool, but hardly in a state to cool the ardor of her admiring swains.
Buenos Aires' Belgrano Railway Station was crowded with the early-morning throng of travellers. A dark-eyed, buxom, young senorita standing by the barrier looked about her anxiously.

Suddenly her eyes lit up as she spied a tall, neat, good-looking man coming towards her. "Salvadore!" she exclaimed, excitedly. "I did not think you were coming!"

"I had trouble getting away," the man said, taking her arm and shepherding her through the turnstile and aboard a waiting train. "But I'm here now, and we're on our way, my love!"

The girl babied away as the train progressed slowly through the suburbs to the open country. "Salvadore, I'm so happy," she whispered, squeezing his arm. "This is the beginning of our new life."

"Darling," the girl said, "do you think there will be any trouble?"

Her companion shrugged irritably. "I've left my wife as you wanted, and we're going away to another town. We can only hope things will work out."

The girl's big black eyes widened, "Do you think they'll follow us? Should we go further away?"

Taking her hand the man reassured her. "No, Maria," he said, "Olivos is a long way from Buenos Aires, and no one knows us there. Anyway, I've got a job and a house waiting. It would be foolish to go anywhere else."

At dusk the train pulled into Olivos, a small ocean resort on the shores of the Rio de la Plata. They alighted and the man led the way out of the station.

They left the lights behind, and gradually the houses grew fewer. Eventually the pavement ended, and they were walking on a dirt track. They followed it down into a small wooded glen.

The man stopped and put down the bag he was carrying. He pointed ahead into the shadows. "What's that down there?"

Maria turned and strained her eyes. "Where?"

His answer was a sickening blow on her skull with a hammer. He whipped out of his pocket while her back was turned. She slumped to the ground.

Again and again the man brought the hammer down on the unconscious girl's head.

Early on the following morning, September 11, 1952, a peasant rushed into the Olivos Police Station with the news that he had found a dead woman on a track just out of town.

Inspector Victor Martinez and two patrolmen accompanied him back to the spot. The body was almost unrecognizable. All that was left was pulpy red and white flesh, a few shreds of clothing and a mop of matted black hair.

Everywhere was the stench of sulphuric acid, with which the body had been saturated to destroy its identity.

Of other clues there were none. Martinez and his men combed the area and peered at the path for footprints, but found nothing.

That night Olivos closed up like a city of the dead. Believing the killer might be a wandering homicidal maniac, the womenfolk shut themselves in behind barred doors. The men formed themselves into posses and patrolled the streets, the woods, and nearby fields in case the murderer struck again.

The following morning, Martinez got his first slim clue. The newspapers had published information that from the fragments of clothing the girl had apparently been wearing a blue blouse and a dark red or maroon skirt. A ticket collector on the train from Buenos Aires came forward and announced that he remembered a girl so dressed travelling to Olivos. She had been accompanied by a tall man dressed in the neat black garments of an office worker.

Martinez rushed a squad of men to interview employees at the railway station, taxi-drivers, and local louts who might have seen the couple. No one could recall them.

A railwayman, however, seemed to remember a man fitting the description, and with a hat pulled down over his eyes, catching a train back to Buenos Aires about eight o'clock on the night of the murder.

At a dead-end, Inspector Martinez called for aid from Police Headquar-
ters in Buenos Aires. A famous Argentine detective, efficient, dark-faced, sharp-eyed Santiago Romero, was sent to Olivos to take over the investigation.

Romero called for the fragments of clothing. The shreds of the blouse and skirt had no identifying marks, and he soon passed them over. He was more interested in a pair of old-fashioned, kid-skin boots, with high tops, which the girl had been wearing.

He pointed out they were too shabby to be the shoes of a well-to-do girl. "These belonged to a peasant or servant girl," he said.

They were badly burned with acid, but the lining was intact. Pulling it out, he pointed to a faint pencil marking on one boot. Under the microscope it was deciphered as the word "Moharade," a common Argentine surname.

"Do you mean to interview all the Moharades in Argentina?" asked Martinez. Romero smiled. "If I have to," he said, "but we'll start with those in Buenos Aires and Olivos!"

From directories, taxation and electoral records, lists were compiled of all families named Moharade in the two cities. Martinez and his men set out to canvass those in Olivos. Romero himself began on the 80 or so addresses in the Buenos Aires list.

The Olivos list brought a blank. So did that of Buenos Aires the first day, with the weary Romero having made 30 calls.

Bright and early, however, he set out again the next day. At the first address his tenacity was rewarded. The woman to whom he showed the boot recognized it as having once belonged to her. She remembered writing her name, Moharade, on the lining.

"Tell me the story of the boots," said Romero. "When did you last wear them?"

Senora Moharade said her husband had bought them for her years ago. They proved badly-fitting and soon went out of fashion. About a year before she had given them to a maid, Maria, who worked for her sister.

"Where is the maid now?" asked Romero.

"I don't know. A few months ago my sister and her husband moved to Salta. The maid did not want to go with them and left."

"What did the maid look like?"

"Well, she was a big, healthy girl, about 21, with lovely brown eyes and black hair."

The woman could give no more information. She did not know if the girl had a lover, nor did she know her address, although she thought her sister would know.

Salta is a town in the Andes, hundreds of miles from Buenos Aires. Romero did not want to make a trip there if he could help it. He decided instead to make enquiries of neighbors where Senora Moharade's sister had lived in Buenos Aires.

He rang dozens of doorbells without success. Most of the householders remembered the girl, Maria, but none knew where she had gone.

Then he encountered a delivery boy for a nearby grocer, who admitted knowing the girl intimately. The boy said her name was Maria Carrizales. She had a lover, a tall dark fellow. When her employers moved to Salta, she had taken a job in a guesthouse in another suburb.

Romero raced to the guesthouse and found that Maria had left there on September 15, saying she was going off to be married. The landlady did not know the prospective hus-

band's name, but Maria bad told her he had had a good job in the Argentine Central Railway Co.

Hat on the trail, the detective searched the room the girl had occupied. He unearthed a handbag she had left behind. In it was a photograph of a tall, dark young man, inscribed with the name, "Salvador." At the railway company's office, Romero produced the photograph and was conducted to a bookkeeper named Salvador Zelaya. Taken to Police Headquarters, he made a full confession.

"I must have been mad," Zelaya said. "I have a good job, a devoted wife and two beautiful young sons. I met Maria about a year ago. I picked her up one night in a cafe and took her to an hotel."

"After that I saw her three or four times a week. Then I got tired of her, but I could not get rid of her.She said if I broke it off she would expose the double life I had been leading to my wife."

Finally Salvador Zelaya planned to kill his unwanted mistress. He arranged her out to Olivos on the promise of starting a new life there together.

"You know the rest," he concluded. "I thought she would never be identified. She was an orphan and had no relatives or any real close friends except myself."

"I must have been crazy. She loved me and I loved her at one time, but I wasn't going to let her wreck my home and bring disgrace on my sons."

Convicted of "murder with premeditation and perfidy," Salvador Zelaya was sentenced to life in the prison of Sierra Chica. There is no parole system in Argentine, and he will be there until he dies.
The Duchess of Boufflers stirred uneasily in her silken sheets and opened her pretty eyes. Something had awakened her on that Holy Thursday of 1721 and she wondered drowsily what it was.

By the faint light of a night lamp she was startled to see the curtains of her balcony window being gently parted. A man stepped into the room. He was short in stature, but well-made and good-looking. He was also well-dressed, with Alençon lace on his cuffs and red heels on his shoes. He saw that the Duchess was awake and he bowed politely.

The Duchess was lovely, thirty-two, a ten-years-widow of the Marshal de Boufflers and was said to be very popular at the court of the

The Duchess sat in bed watching Cartouche satisfy his hunger. Would he have other hungers, she wondered.
Recent—even, if scandal spoke truly, with the Duke of Orleans himself. Her late husband had died at Fontainebleau on August 22, 1771, at the age of sixty-seven, so there had been a great difference between his age and that of his wife, who was twenty-two at his death.

His widow had not been lonely. The Regency was one of the most corrupt periods in French history. Philip, Duke of Orleans and the Regent, was forty-seven in 1771, and he had been ruling France since the death of Louis XIV. He had lowered taxation, disbanded 25,000 soldiers, and restored liberty to the persecuted Jansenists, but he had also put the screws hard on the financiers and they rather resented it. He had also played ball with the banker John Law in his risky operations. Law's bankruptcy led to a national crisis.

Now, as the Duchess looked at the intruder he drew his pistols.

"Make no sound, Madame," he said, gently but firmly. "Do not call, if you please. I am Carou, and the street below is swarming with the gendarmes of monseur the Lieutenant of police. I enter your house, Madame, as a thief, but I shall behave myself like a gentleman. You see me exhausted with fatigue and mad with hunger. Therefore, Madame, in Duchess de Boufflers, I have the honor of requesting a supper and bed from your well-known kindness."

Carouche was a gasco who roamed the roof tops, of which he had an accurate map. While Philip, the Regent, enjoyed the fine suppers of the Palace Royal and the masked balls of the opera, Carouche, a man of refined tastes, cold-blooded and courageous also had his court, his mistresses, his well-appointed bed-

be a decoration if such as I should share it. Over there is a lounge which will suit me very well, and there I can wait for the dawn. You have nothing to fear from my friends—or me. You may repose in peace. Good-night, my charming benefactress."

He rose to his feet, bowed low like any courtier, walked across to the lounge, stretched himself out and fell immediately to sleep.

The Duchess watched him. She was still watching him when the sun crept into the room. Carouche stirred and sat up. He stretched his arms.

"I hope you enjoyed good rest, Madame," he said, as he stood up and pulled some of the creases from his clothes. "Allow me to retire and thank you from the bottom of my heart. If I have violated in any way the laws of abstention but one, on a Holy Thursday, I shall store up this mortal sin by going to Vespers on Easter Sunday at the Church of Notre Dame. Perhaps we will have — you, Madame, the luck, and I the honour, of again meeting."

He walked across to the table and picked up his pistols. He placed them in his belt. He smiled at the Duchess. He took her hand and kissed it. He bowed. Then he had gone through the balcony window.

"He took nothing," the Duchess said. "Nothing."

She lay in trembling excitement and wonderment as she pondered on his words.

What did he mean by Notre Dame? She had not intended to worship there on Sunday, for the cathedral roof was under repair, there were great scaffolding blocking the aisles and the pews might be dirty. But she would be there.

She found that she was not the only one to visit Notre Dame on Easter Day. In spite of the scaffolding the place was crowded with wealthy worshippers, the whole court seemed to be present.

In fact, there were two courts there, one for the scaffolding, hidden among the capitals of the pillars, were many courtiers of Carouche, ruler of the underworld. More of his subjects were mixed among the high-class worshippers, and even more were clustered about the various exits—and it was not because these latter were too shy to come in.

The great Mass concluded and Vespers began. The Duchess had strained her eyes searching the faces of her neighbours in the hope of seeing the handsome face of a bandit—but it seemed he was going to disappoint her.

As the first verse of the second
Palm began, a most surprising thing happened. Bricks, tools, mortar and even ladders started to run down on the worshippers below.

"The roof is falling," screamed the crowd, and made for the exits.

There was a panic, but it was soon allayed when the men who were gathered at the exits charged a small fee to those wishing to leave—a fee which included money, snuff-boxes, watches, rings, bracelets and other valuables.

The Duchess de Boufflers, struggling to reach an exit, was very annoyed. She had come to Notre Dame to see her nocturnal visitor in broad daylight, but she had been tricked. She had worn her best jewellery on this special occasion—and it was to be fished from her because she had fallen into a trap laid by a wily bandit.

But now a gentleman had fought his way to her side. He placed a protecting arm around her and pulled a path through the crowd with surprising strength. She recognized Cartouche, but there was no time for recriminations then.

They walked right past the armed bandits at the door, quite unobserved. Cartouche took away his arm as they reached the portico. He stopped back and bowed.

"It was certain we would meet, Madame la Duchess," he said. "The other night you saved my bones from the wheel; I now save your jewels. A good deed is always rewarded. Allow me to escort you to your coach."

He handed her into her coach, saluted, bowed—and vanished into the crowd.

Cartouche went on his merry, romantic robbing way. He walked around Paris openly in the day—in the public parks, the most popular restaurants, the opera. In the night he roamed the roofs. But he had only a few more months left of his reign. One morning the police surprised him in his bed in a little inn of the Courtille.

They charged him like a wild beast and dragged him along to the prison of the Chatelet. Except for the police and his many victims, everyone was a little sorry. The aristocracy and the common people milled round the gates of the Chatelet to catch a glimpse of the romantic villain. Naturally, the Duchess went along for a last regretful look.

Cartouche, the human beast on show, saw her and waved a familiar hand.

"Excuse me, Madame," he called, "for not receiving you in the style in which you received me. My friends the gendarmes have carried away my property—that is to say, others' property."

The Duchess blushed a little and managed a wan smile. She departed hastily, leaving behind her two lous for Cartouche. The Press of the day remarked that this small sum was unworthy of Madame la Duchess de Boufflers.

Cartouche was sentenced to be broken on the wheel, a pleasant little pastime in which the criminal was tied to a large wheel laid flat on the scaffold, his arms and legs apart. The executioner broke each arm and leg with an iron bar and then delivered the coup de grace (the merciful blow) with a killing blow across the breast.

Cartouche went to the gallows with the grace of a duke and was broken on the wheel in the Place de Grève on November 28, 1721.

In many areas of California a strange legend persists that keeps cropping up in the news from time to time.

This legend asserts that colonies of Lemurians—descendants of the world's oldest and greatest civilization—dwell to this day in almost inaccessible mountain valleys and on the slopes of towering peaks themselves.

In many towns and villages, shopkeepers and others will swear that they have seen and talked with Lemurians—a tall, patrician, fair-skinned and four-haired race who pay occasional visits to "civilization" for purposes of trade, but who otherwise have nothing to do with the Californians.
The Lemurians—so say the rumors—possess supernatural powers such as mental telepathy of a high order. Persons who have "talked" with them, for example, claim that the Lemurians may have spoken directly from mind to mind without employing oral communication.

Attempts to follow them always failed, for they seemingly "vanished into thin air." On some occasions, motorists who persisted in following them found that the license of their vehicles unaccountably failed, to resume functioning again only after pursuit was abandoned. Mechanical tests after such experiences invariably failed to reveal any known cause of the trouble.

Sometimes venturesome souls, determined to penetrate into the fastnesses where Lemurian villages were reported to exist, found themselves halted by barriers of invisible force, or driven back by powerful mental commands they found themselves powerless to disobey.

There have been many reports—vouched for by persons of the highest integrity—of brilliant, mysterious lights high on the slopes of certain mountains, notably Mt. Shasta. Lights of an intensity beyond the capacity of modern science to produce have been reported as visible from the San Francisco area.

No one has yet explained the origin of the mysterious meteorics, of incredible antiquity, extending for hundreds of feet along the solid rock in the Klamath Falls region of northern California, near the Oregon border. Are they, too, of Lemurian origin—or the work of the descendants of Lemurians?

Lemurians in California appeared in the Los Angeles Times some years ago, by-lined by Edward Lanser. While riding on a train in the vicinity of Mt. Shasta, Mr. Lanser noticed a tremendous reddish-green light emanating from the entire side of the mountain. When he asked the conductor what caused the phenomenon, the conductor said simply, "Lemurians. They hold ceremonies up there."

Subsequently Mr. Lanser did some investigating in the vicinity of the mountain, and found that belief in a Lemurian colony on the mountain was widespread. In accordance with the legend, he found that the Lemurians had occult or other sciences—protected their villages well, there was no record of anyone having succeeded in visiting them and having returned to tell the story of what he had seen.

More amazingly, however, Mr. Lanser seems to have tracked down scientific evidence of the existence of the Lemurian colonies on Mt. Shasta. It appeared that Prof. Edgar Lucien Lankin, who served as director of Mt. Lowe Observatory, had trained his telescope on the mountain and observed "... a great temple" of "carved marble and onyx ..." among other things. There was also some evidence that, among their other powers, the solitude-seeking denizens of the mountain were able to thwart the approach of forest fires by snuffing them out by some mysterious means.

Lemuria perished at a far earlier date than the 12,000 years ago set by some authorities as the date of the destruction of the continent of Atlantis. This time may have been anywhere from 25,000 to 50,000 years ago, and there is considerable reason to believe that Lemuria did actually exist, that it was a mighty continent, that it was the cradle of civilization, and that it persisted in a tremendous cataclysm.

Lemuria is believed to have been a continent of several thousand miles in extent, larger than present North America, and extending over most of the region now occupied by the South Pacific Ocean. Indication of its abrupt submergence may still be found in the fact that this entire area is still linked by a periphery of active volcanoes on both the mountains which still thrust their peaks above the level of the ocean, as well as on the continental mainland. Geologists refer to this periphery as the Pacific "ring of fire."

The existence of Lemuria in the remote past would also explain another great mystery—why isolated groups of a fair-skinned race have been found on many islands of the Pacific periphery. "Practically throughout the entire length and breadth of the Pacific Ocean, but more especially in its more easterly latitudes," writes Lewis Spence in his book "The Problem of Lemuria," "there exist the clearest and most astonish-
There is a great deal of evidence that the Lemurians were the original human race, that they colonized the world—notably Atlantis—and that all other races have stemmed from them. Differences in colouring and other characteristics that later developed were due to climatic factors on the different continents, as well as to interbreeding over thousands of years, but some of the Lemurians retained their ancestral characteristics to an astounding degree.

The existence of Lemuria would also explain many other puzzles—such as the basic root-similarities in languages and customs throughout the world.

Some of these similarities include the widespread legends of a superior race of white-skinned colonizers—such as the Central American godmen Kukulkan and Quetzalcoatl, which also have their counterpart in Buddhist and Chinese traditions. They include identities in ancient calendars, hieroglyphics, the art of tattooing, the mumification of bodies, the pyramid, the practice of flattening the heads of infants by binding, and many other factors.

The Cyclops legend is said to have originated in the fact that Lemurians of pure-blooded descent had a pronounced protrusion in the centre of their foreheads which was by no means a "third" eye but may have been the seat of this and perhaps other mental faculties. This protrusion is occasionally noted in persons of extreme intelligence and sensitivity today.

In addition to mental telepathy, the Lemurians are variously credited with being able to control gravity, make themselves invisible at will, and direct "the physical and chemical forces inherent in lifeless things" (according to Rudolf Steiner in his Atlantis and Lemuria).

There exists a rough calendar of the Lemurian civilization. According to this calendar—a composite of the thinking of many authorities—Lemuria was a great empire as far back as 206,000 years ago. Colonization began about 100,000 years ago, while Atlantis was settled from 50,000 to 25,000 years ago. When Lemuria was destroyed, Atlantis became the centre of civilization and remained so until her own destruction, leaving her greatest colony in Egypt.

Lemuria was probably destroyed fairly quickly, but not as rapidly as Atlantis, which, according to Plato, sank "in a single day." There was probably time for many of the inhabitants to flee to higher ground. But the catastrophe was tremendous enough at that, as shown by the structure of the Pacific seafloor even today. As the oceanographer, Sir Archibald Geike, notes, "It is a remarkable fact that the deepest parts of the ocean, as revealed by actual soundings, do not lie in or near the centre of the basin, but in every case have been met with not far from land . . ."

For example, the deepest parts of the Pacific are such places as Mindanao Deep—off the Philippines—and off the South American west coast. Lemuria must have sunk fairly rapidly to have produced such effects.

Most geologists agree that Lemuria did exist. That it was the cradle of civilization also appears probable, in view of the mystery it explains. But do Lemurians still survive in isolated colonies? The evidence is that they do.

A. WILKINSON

George was a Welsh miner who had lost his father and brother in mine accidents. He had a premonition that he would die at 8 p.m. on a certain day. That day arrived —
the reality of today. Today, June 17, 1953, the passing days had stripped the page from the calendar, until, like the months in a range-finder, the two were almost co-existent.

Months ago it hadn't mattered. It was only a dream, a nightmare, something to be forgotten in the light of day. Gradually the repetition of the theme had impressed the picture upon his mind until it had become a part of living. It was almost always George saw it without any conscious effort of recollection. Background, the dark tunnel of sleep, foreground, strangely clear, the coal seam, the broken props and the fallen roof. Focal point one grotesque twisted figure, crushed and lifeless, himself. The whole fixed in time by the white spotlighted calendar and a clock, clanging, unseen, eight times.

He'd always hated the pit. Hated it more for the seething realisation that life held little more for him than a tunnel under the earth, to be exchanged each day for a dreary dwelling under its shadow.

George understood why it had always seemed to be inevitable. Someone had dug the coal, and who were more fitted for the job than the sons and grandsons of the colliers?

Some escaped. Those clever enough for the university. For the average, the majority, their way was prepared and accepted.

There had been little of fear in his hatred, at least, not until the dream had come. His hatred had been born long before he knew fear. The pit had claimed his father and brother, along with almost a hundred others, yet he had not feared it. Now fear had joined with hatred.

George heard the caller-up walking swiftly down the street, tapping on the upstairs windows with his long pole.

"Are ye awake there Tommy man?"

And across the street, "Up there, Fred."

The lights sprang up in the early dawn. Now his own window. Tap, tap, light yet insistently knocking on the refuge of forgetfulness.

"Come on Georgie, hunny."

"Arent' mum."

George fumbled for the light switch. Blinking in the glare, he swung his legs to the ground. Downstairs in the kitchen his mother was coaxing the fire to life.

"Breakfast's ready," his mother called.

"Beet mum," he replied.

"Them been havin' that there dream again, Georgie."

"Aye, I 'ave an' all," he replied, "but ye needsn't look that way, mum, it'll be all right after today."

"Today's the day then.""Aye, it is an' all," said George.

She set the plate in front of him. Suddenly, a worried frown on her face, she began to cut his lunch. Suddenly the knife fell. Startled, George looked up and saw her face twisting into tears.

"I canna stand it, first your dad and our Davey, and now it's you, it's too much."

"But it's only a dream, mum."

"No it's not," she said, with an air of dresty finality.

"What will I do mum?"

"Aw don't know Georgie, I'm not wantin' you to go to the pit today, that's all."

"Aw we got to go, mum, there's nowt else."

"Don't go today anyhow Georgie," she pleaded. "Go down the docks, som'ut might turn up there."

She picked up the knife and resumed cutting the bread. Whatever he did he'd need something to take with him.

He took the packet and went out. There was no going back now. He'd never face the pit again. The road branched at the bottom of the terrace. Upwards and backwards it ended in the pit yard, downwards into the sun it led to the docks and the sea. George stood a moment at the corner. Somewhere a clock struck eight times. He turned into the dock road.

A tug steamed down between the lines of ships, its bow wave turning white against the coal dust. Over his head the coal wagons rumbled to the loading spout. The coal tumbled in devastating black cascades, thirty feet down, into the holds of the ships.

He watched the scene in silence, trying to identify this coal with that five hundred feet below his feet.

Hunger finally made him conscious of the passage of time. He sat on a board, opened his hat peak, and slowly ate his sandwiches.

"A man with a sea-bag on his shoulder passed and called, "I'm wantin' to get on a ship."

"Aye lad? It's none so easy, there's got to be in the Union. Stil' an' all, help us with the bag, there's always the chance of a piece of bread jump."

George picked up an end of the bag. Together they shouldn't their way along the grungy wav."Sometimes, nearly always, someone's missing at sailing time, in the pub, drunk, as like as not. They'll take anyone then, union or no, to get the ship away. Then 'll be the chance."

He paused at the bottom of the ladder leading up to the ship's deck.

"Hang around here, lad, we're sailin' at five."

He wanted very much to go on this ship. So much so that he had an almost irresistible impulse to walk aboard and hide himself. Final release still lay three hours away. He wanted the hour to come quickly if it was to mean nothing, or slowly if he had yet to evade its outcome.

The dockside became quiet as the trimmers knocked off for tea. The quietness reverberated on his tired nerves. His mind felt detached, an onlooker. A bell clanged in dull rhythm in his brain. He put out his hand to stop it. There was nothing but the echoes of hammering somewhere inside the engineering of the ship. Somehow the day or the date had ceased to matter. To escape was the important thing.

"Hey, you there.

The voice startled George into attention.
"Yes," he said, "do you want me?"
"We're short of a trimmer, d'you want the job?"
"Aye, I do that root enough."
"Well, come on then."

Slowly and carefully George climbed the grubby ladder. He stepped onto the deck, then up another ladder.

"This man says he'll take the trimmer's job, sir."
"Good. Get him signed on."
"Name, age, next-of-kin, last ship? Oh, first ship, eh? Sign your name here."
"Show him along to the trimmer's foc'sle will you?"

George followed the officer along the deck.

"In there," the officer said.

George stepped over the high step into a long narrow alleyway. Tiny cubicles, each with two iron-framed bunks and two lockers, opened up on each side of him along the alleyway. Each room seemed to have a dozen occupants all yelling, laughing, and arguing. The noise was deafening. Bewildered, George sat on a bench beside the dirty wooden table, which was still littered with the remains of the day's meals.

"You made it, then?"

"Aye, I did an' all," said George, grateful for one remembered voice.

"Picked your bunk?" asked the man.
"No."
"Here, then, ye'll be wanting a mattress and a blanket? Take these, there's nobody'll be wanting them."

George took the straw mattress and the dirty blanket. He laid them in the bottom bunk.

The ship gave a slight shuddering movement. She touched again, as if she didn't want to part from the land. A whistle blew. Over George's head the windlass clattered into motion. He followed the sudden rush of firemen into the well-deck. An everwidening expanse of water separated him from the shore.

Slowly the tugs manoeuvred the ship into the locks. The gates opened and they were through. More shouting and thrashing and the tugs were gone. The pilot boat came alongside, then, too, was gone. Slowly the flag came down. Breakwater and town faded into night and distance. A bell jangled on the bridge. An answering pulsing of power reached through the hull. A whip of spray curled up over the foc'sle-head.

"How there, George lad, it's eight o'clock."

Glad of the excuse to hide the relief in his eyes, George bent down, fumbling with the laces of his boots.

"I'm safe," he thought. "Safe."

They packed their way aft, guided more by instinct than any sure knowledge of ventilators, steam-pipes and sounding-pipes. The dim light from the top grating of the stokehold showed against the side of the funnel. The fiddly door swung open.

One by one the furnace doors opened. In rhythmic movement, shambling, staggering, the firemen attended to each boiler in turn. Then again more coal, the heaps on the stokehold plates gradually disappearing into the inanimate furnaces.

"They'll need a bit more coal down for the twelve to fourteen. It's stopped running' thru you don. Take this slice an' see if there's able to get it running' again."

George picked up the unwieldy ex-foot bar of steel and carried it to the open watertight door in the stokehold bulkhead. Through the door he could see the almost vertical face of the coal. It smelt wet. There wasn't sufficient movement in the ship to loosen it naturally. He jabbed the slice in twisting it at the same time. The coal began to run. Into another spot and he'd another good run through the door.

Then he was unable to move his slice to bring any more down. In the dim reflected light he could see, high up, one large lump which seemed to be holding the mass tight. He had the slice down. Climbing through the opening he reached upwards. A push and it was loosened, another and he'd have it. It was out.

The ship lurched suddenly, the coal slid beneath his feet and in one swift avalanche the whole face slid aft. It caught him standing upright with his arms raised in supplication above his head. Holding him jammed tight against the after bulkhead, his legs were left dangling below the top level of the doorway.

George knew that it was just the dream again. He'd see the calendar in a moment. His mother would be calling him and he'd awake screaming.

Screaming: He couldn't scream. Couldn't get enough breath to scream. He wanted to, but no sound came, yet his brain screamed with sound. He opened his mouth again and sucked in wet coal dust. The pain of the dust stung his throat and lungs. There was no life in it.

He wanted to cough, but the weight on his shattered ribs wouldn't let him. "If only he could clear a space in which to breathe." His lungs besought his thumping heart for air. Clean pure air. He moved his head weakly in the enveloping dust. Another lump slid down and pinned his head back firmly against an angle from the dust filled his open mouth.

He could hear the shuffling in the stokehold. The frantic shovels worked to shift the cool which now ran all too freely. "Save me, help me," he cried soundlessly to the living hands pulling at his twitching legs.

Now there was no pain. Nothing to see but the blinding red blood behind his bursting eyeballs.

In the engineroom the eight-to-twelve greaser stood watching the clock with a hammer in his hand. As the minute hand reached twelve o'clock he struck the bell eight times. The notes of the bell filtered through the passageway between the boilers. They reached George quite distinctly. They were the last thing he ever heard for at that moment he knew everything.
Cavalcade
Comment
HAS SCIENTIFICOON
COME TO STAY?
by HOWLS

AFTER THREE GENERATIONS, A NEW FORM OF POPULAR
SAGA HAS BEGUN TO REPLACE THE OLD AND HONORED WESTERN

THE PROCESS IS BEING COMPLETED BY
TRANSFERRING OUR SIX-GUN
HERO TO THE MARTIAN BAD-LANDS

OUR BOYHOOD PIRATE-TALES
ARE ALSO IN THE PROCESS
OF BEING ABSORBED

BUT WILL IT FINISH THERE? — THE SPORTS STORY, FOR INSTANCE

AND ROMANCE ON A PLANET WITH
THREE MOONS AND A DOZEN JUNES

AND THE TEC-TALE, "WHO ATOM-RAVED THE GRAND KHAN
OF GALAXY THREE? AND IF SO — WHY ???

HE WENT THAT WAY!

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL IS A
SITTER FOR THIS TREATMENT

THE SAUCER FLEW RIGHT
ROUND THE MOON...

HI-DIDDLE DIDDLE! THERE'S
SPACE IN THE MIDDLE.
MINIATURE RECORDER

A wire recorder, small enough to be carried in a woman's hand, and which weighs only two pounds, has been invented in Germany. It runs on four batteries and has two microphones. There is also a headset for playing back, and a spare reel of wire.

FAITHFUL SERVICE

In appreciation of their faithful service, the House of Rothschild gave new suits and dresses to the 200 employees in its London office. The head of the company explained that he knew how expensive clothing was and he wanted the employees to be well-dressed. Could the idea catch on?

SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS

In New York an 12-piece electronic orchestra gave a recital, during which the conductor demonstrated anew technique. He showed a unique console through which the music of each instrument passed. By twisting dials on this console, he could regulate each instrument according to wishes. For example, he could increase the volume of any instrument he wished. Similarly, he could diminish in tone any member of the orchestra. If he desired, he could eliminate an instrument altogether. The tones of all could be blended to suit particular items. This may be an idea for some of the ear piercing, blaring cymbophones of sound which we get from some so-called musicians of the pops section.

AGEING PRIDE

A 70-year-old couple in Syracuse, U.S.A., received a $17 dollar refund cheque from the Income Tax Department. They returned the cheque, explaining their refusal to accept it was because of their thankfulness “for the opportunity to continue working.” So far as we are concerned, any rebate from the Income Tax Department is gratefully received. But then, our ideas may change when we reach 70—if we do.

GOOD GARBAGEMEN

The Women's Civic League in Baltimore is working to improve the city's garbage service. Four times a year they hold a meeting and take votes to determine the housewives' favourite garbagemen. The dustmen receive awards if they win at the polls. The scheme pays off—the city is clean, the garbage bins are not knocked about, nor are they thrown roughly aside. Maybe there is something in the scheme.

PEP UP YOUR PROTEIN INTAKE

Dietitians say that people who eat meat live longer and stay healthier and younger than vegetarians.

AN adequate ordinary diet, according to the latest medical belief, is one with a high consumption of proteins, the most essential of all foods.

Proteins are the body-builders, supplying material for building new tissues, such as muscles, nerves, glands and skin. They have been called the "building blocks of life," and their best sources are meat, milk, eggs and cheese.

Unlike carbohydrates (sweets, sugar, cakes, white bread, soft drinks, chocolates, pastry and alcohol), upon which many people depend too highly for nutritional needs, proteins are a complete food.

You can live healthily on proteins alone. The greater part they play in...
your diet, the greater will be your strength and vigour, the longer your effective sex life, and the better your chances of delaying the onset of old age.

As the body-building food, proteins should be the most important item in your diet. Eighteen per cent of your own body is protein, and it is constantly being consumed like petrol in an engine. For maximum health it must be replaced—with more protein.

It has been pointed out that to attempt to replace it with useless sugars and starches (carbohydrates) is like “patching a rubber tire on your car with flour and water paste.”

Worst and most prevalent of all dietary errors is a top-heavy intake of artificial carbohydrates. “They sabotage,” writes one protein advocate, “your youthfulness, your mental agility, your power to be a vigorous, radiant person, glowing with health and youthful energy. Like thieves in the night, they rob you of your good looks.”

Although carbohydrates are energy foods, in the long run their effect is the reverse.

The lower classes of Brazil in the areas around the Equator have a staple diet that is almost all starch—rice, bread, mandioca and various sweetened beverages.

Travellers have stated that they are among the healthiest people on earth. What appears as laziness, however, is really a medical condition brought on by insufficient proteins in their diet.

Everywhere in the streets, parks, docks, they can be seen sprawled out asleep—the energy from their carbohydrate diet being insufficient to carry them through the day’s work.

On the other hand, the Eskimos who live on nothing but meat and fish—all protein—lead busy, always-on-the-go lives, free of disease, colds and constipation. They are so healthily warm-blooded they can sleep comfortably in an igloo of ice in a temperature far below zero.

Another proof of the benefits of a full protein diet is afforded by researches conducted by the Medical Research Council of Great Britain into the diets of two neighbouring African tribes in Kenya.

One tribe, the Massai, are protein eaters, living exclusively on meat, milk and blood. The Kikuyu, on the other hand, shun meat and subsist on cereals and vegetables.

“It was discovered,” reports British diet expert, Lelord Kordel, “that the protein-eating Massai tribesmen, when fully-grown, average five inches taller and 35 lbs. heavier, and have 50 per cent greater muscular strength than their vegetarian neighbours, the Kikuyu. The women of the two tribes evidenced similar differences.

“As for general health, the vegetarians Kikuyu were found to be suffering from defects, as well as anemia, lung troubles, tropical ulcers and other debilitating diseases, all of which were at a minimum in the meat-eating Massai tribe.

“Since the two tribes shared the same environment and heredity, the marked difference in their physique and general health can only be explained by the differences in their diets.”

If that is not sufficient to silence the vegetarian brigade, let us consider some of their arguments about protein-rich meat. The strict vegetarian, of course, should also shun eggs, milk and cheese, all animal products, but he rarely does it is generally only meat that arouses his suspicions, and it is one of the best of all protein foods. Few people can be relied upon to get sufficient protein for their needs from milk, eggs and cheese. Meat, then, becomes a necessity.

Those who condemn meat-eating can be answered on four different grounds. First, the history of man, his anatomical make-up, the physiological and nutritional requirements of healthful living and the experience of medical practice. All of those show that meat is the most health-giving and desirable of all foods.

The vegetarians often argue that man is not built to eat meat and should follow the eating habits of the fruit and nut-eating monkeys and apes, from which it is generally conceded he has evolved.

What they overlook is that monkeys and apes are not so oblivious of the value of protein as they imagine. They devour such protein suppliers as grubs, insects, lizards, eggs and young birds.

Also man is actually physically built as a meat eater. A study of the comparative anatomy of the digestive tract makes this obvious.

In a meat-eating animal, the large intestine or colon is generally short as compared with the small intestine. Its walls are simply and sloutly built. The stomach of a man is unquestionably of this type.

Herbivora, those of grain and grass, such as birds, cows and sheep, have to have large reservoirs in which their food can be broken down and fermented for days. Consequently the stomachs of herbivora are either large or many-chambered, or the animals are supplied with a big, baggy large intestine with many pockets.

Also, in herbivora the bowels are from 25-100 times the body length. In man, on the other hand, the bowels are only from four to five times the length of the body.

Modern science also disproves the claims of the vegetarians that meat is harmful. In wholesome condition, meat does not cause any disease. Even canned meat, of course, can result in food poisoning, but so will any food so infected.

If you are going to increase your protein intake by consuming more meat and cutting down on useless carbohydrates, forget the old wives’ tales that meat-eating causes high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, kidney diseases and gout.

Many people as they grow older falsely believe that high protein foods, such as red meat, are bad for their impaired digestion. Actually, proteins can slow the onset of old age and its complaints. Without proteins many elderly people suffer premature invalidism and even death.

A case has been cited of a 35-year-old Englishwoman who developed rheumatoid arthritis. Her physician put her on a strict no-meat diet, believing that meat was bad for her condition. She lost weight and had to be carried into hospital, probably to be bed-ridden for the rest of her life.

At the hospital, another doctor with different ideas prescribed a high-protein diet with three meat meals a day. Within three months the patient was up and using her previously-swollen useless hands to do fine needle work.

Another case of the effectiveness of proteins, “the youth-restoring food,” concerns an old lady of 70, who was...
taken to a doctor in a wheelchair. She was diagnosed as suffering from hardened arteries, high blood pressure, coronary thrombosis, and with little time to live.

Taking her cure into her own hands, after hearing of the dietary value of proteins, she threw away the "pap" well-meaning relatives had been feeding her: "I'm going to have all the meat, milk and eggs I can get," she announced.

Today, six years later, she has discarded her wheelchair and is the active organiser of an over-70 club for old people out to have a good time.

The near-starvation diet many women put themselves on is of less value, if they only knew it, in retaining their looks and figures than a planned protein-rich programme.

Meat, milk, eggs and cheese are heavy in thiamin or Vitamin B-1, which nutritional science has discovered as the most important single factor in combating the general breaking-up that commences with middle-age.

As well as loss of looks, this often means, especially in women, distressing symptoms of nervousness, irritability, depression, jealousy, menses and the more-subtle troubles of fatigue, headaches, pain and weakness.

Thiamin in the diet, it is now conceded by dietitians, is the most effective method of avoiding these debilitating middle-age troubles. And thiamin is easiest obtained from the protein foods.

Nevertheless, there are many people who cannot eat meat in any quantity. As eggs, milk and cheese can hardly give them all the protein they need, they may make up the deficiency with seeds of plants in their natural state.

Seeds are the germ of life. Nature has placed in them "the concentrated essence of all nutrition in order to provide nourishment for the sprouting plant." They are the only part of the plant rich in protein.

Modern scientific research has established that of all seed foods probably the two most valuable from a dietary viewpoint are millet and sunflower seeds.

Contrary to general opinion, more Chinese live on millet than on rice. It is a safe and nutritious food, and probably the only cereal which can solely support human life. As well as protein, it is heavy in minerals, vitamins and lecithin.

Sunflower seeds are just as beneficial, and have the additional advantage of being more palatable. Russians, Turks and Arabs have for centuries consumed them as delicacies. The soft inside of the seed has a flavour which many consider superior to peanuts.

Both millet and sunflower seeds, as well as being outstanding protein suppliers, are rich in valuable riboflavin, one of the most important food essentials for the better efficiency and appearance of the eyes.

Good dietary habits, it is now accepted, can make you live longer, look better and escape a lot of mankind's ills.

But do not think you can remedy everything with one perfect wonder food. You cannot—there is no such food, whether it be skimmed milk or spinach.

You can, however, help yourself to better health by adopting an intelligent, balanced diet which recognises the all-importance of proteins—in milk, meat, eggs, cheese and, if you wish, seeds such as millet and sunflowers.

Moll Cutpurse was the Queen of the Underworld in London. Even strong men quailed before her and did her bidding.

The Bully of Barbican

Because she did not have a long forefinger, slender and delicately sensitive, Mary Faith of Barbican, London, did not love her chosen trade. Her fists were coarse and heavily boned, more suited to swinging a scythe than stealing into other people's pockets.

Despite this physical handicap Mary's excursions into the pickpocketing and purse-cutting crafts earned her the name of "Moll Cutpurse" and a reputation for female skullduggery as long as a yarrow's rope.

As Moll Cutpurse her infamous
Adam and Eve were walking around the Garden of Eden, naming all the animals. When a hippopotamus strolled by, Adam said: “Let us call this a hippopotamus.” Eve looked at him in amazement. “That is a silly name,” she said, “why call it that?” Adam looked shy. “Because,” he answered, “it looks more like a hippopotamus than anything else I’ve seen.”

Crimes and schemings made her a ready candidate for the underworld, and for fifteen years she led a band of thieves, rogues and vagabonds in organised safeties against London’s wealthy citizens.

Moll was born in Barbican in 1684, at a time when Mercury and Venus were in an inauspicious conjunction. The former planet was said to have a “thieving, cheating and deceitful influence,” while Venus was held to have “dominion over all concubines, whores and pimps, and joined with Mercury, over all trepanners, hectors and bullies.”

With these influences at work it is little wonder Mary Frith turned out a very “toming and rumpuscule of a girl.” Efforts to school her or to teach her the virtues of sewing a fine seam were useless—Mary turned on her tutors tooth and nail and escaped to the nearby tavern.

As ugly as a witch’s toad and possessed of a voice “to drown four parishes,” Mary soon established herself at the head of the rougher element of her neighborhood. She spent her days twisting her grotesque features into horrifying leers at the men who frequented the taverns, drinking sack and swearing oaths that would shame a coalheaver, and beating together her playmate’s heads.

Her reputation for beating up youths in street brawls and tavern squabbles began to embarrass her family, so it was with relief that they turned her over to the Meurt for a solution. This gentleman, a clergyman, came up with the extraordinary suggestion that they have Mary press-ganged aboard a merchant ship shortly to leave for Virginia. Once there, she could be put to work in the plantations where she could cure and swear in proper company.

More or less willingly, Mary went aboard, but as the ship drew away from the dock at Gravesend, a burly figure in petticoats vaulted the bulwarks and swam leisurely to shore. That night Mary Frith was back in her old stamping grounds.

Shortly she was to adopt her professional pseudonym of Moll Cut-purse, and her ensuing notoriety has been preserved for posterity, since the consorts of criminals have from that time been called “molls” in her honour.

By sheer physical strength Moll subdued and impressed into her services the ruffians of the neighborhood, and they formed a society of “Divens, otherwise file-chers or pick-pockets.”

By now almost twenty-one, Moll had no illusions about her appearance. She was so hideous no man would willingly make advances to her for fear she would put a curse upon him. Moll coped with this problem by beating her chosen mates into submission and afterwards rewarded them for their embraces with pieces of silver.

Outrageous in all things, Moll smoked a bissel as a gesture of defiance to convention. Among the other things she claimed to be the first Englishwoman to smoke tobacco.

Meanwhile Moll’s gang was making a steady clean-up in the purse-cutting trade. No crime was too petty for her or her “gallant boys”—they beat up urbans about their money bags and stole their belongings, robbed shop and street sellers and sandbagged anyone likely to be carrying a coin.

Several times Moll was caught and sentenced to do time in Bridewell, Comptons and Newgate goals. She was branded on the palms four times.

Eventually Moll came to the conclusion that it was her index finger that was at fault and she retired from active pick-pocketing. From the background she supervised and commanded her gang of toughs where in rob, until a more glorious phase of roguary presented itself to her.

Her friends she counted the notorious highwaywoman Captain Hind, Jack Cottingham and the Mock Bishop Crowley, all of whom padded the highways for a pretty profit. It is almost certain that they influenced Moll into taking the road with them.

Moll had a keen nose for publicity and a love of being a “first.” To her pipe-smoking innovation was now added the distinction of being the first highwaywoman.

There was plenty of plunder afoot and astride in the troubled days before the return of Charles I, and Moll, a devoted loyalist, was only too ready to victimise the Roundheads in the name of the king.

One of her best-executed plans was the robbing of General Fairfax on Hounslow Heath. Having previously instructed her “boys” to hold up Lady Fairfax in London, Moll leaped astride her pony and went to meet the general.

When Fairfax approached in his chaise, accompanied by two mounted servants, Moll dashed out from the bracken flourishing a pistol and calling on them to halt.

The ferocity of her attack quelled even the seasoned commandant and he handed over 250 Jacobes, each about the value of ten shillings. As the gold changed hands, the two serving men made a show of fight and Moll whirled into action.

One bullet winged the general in the arm and, after shooting the servants’ horses from under them, Moll turned and spurred her horse for escape.

Her horse wounded at Turnham Green and she was overtaken by parliamentary officers from Hounslow. They gave the sturdy bully into custody and she was sentenced to Newgate.

But for 2,000 crowns she bought her release and solicited the pride of General Fairfax.

A fine general herself, Moll knew when to retreat, and thus close shave convinced her that her luck was running out. She returned to her old haunts to organise new robberies. She bribed clerks to lose their masters’ account books and then sold them back to their owners, she instructed herself in the love affairs of prominent persons and then searched their homes for incriminating letters with which to blackmail them.

A finer and more monstrous touch was the procuring of young women for rich patrons. London streets always had some destitutes to offer,
many of them country wenches in search of city employment. These were waylaid in the streets and dragged to Moll's lodging.

Here they were hogged into submission and Moll was not above watching through a keyhole as the wretched creatures fought for their honour.

Feeling secure in her evil reputation Moll frequently strolled the streets without her strong-arm bodyguard and, on one of these occasions, she was set upon by a rival. Fomenting for justice at some double-dealing of Moll's she had her halted before a magistrate.

There she was charged for her "shameful and indecent practice" of wearing men's clothing and was sentenced to stand and do penance in a white sheet before the doors of St Paul's Cathedral during morning service.

Having "tippled of three quarts of sack," Moll turned out in her sheet more grizzled than annoyed at the diversion she was making. Mingling with the rabble were her "boyes," and whenever was ungracious enough to laugh at the ludicrous figure of their mistress felt the power of their vengeance. With razor-sharp knives they hacked the back out of cloaks and breeches so that the offenders went home "as naked behind as Aesop's crow."

Aging now, and preposterously round with excessive drinking, Moll bought a trinket shop in Fleet Street and settled down to a life of easy living.

From the sidewalk her shop appeared a prosperous and virtuous business. Inside it was a veritable mart for stolen goods. Every thief in London knew he could get a good price from Moll, and every Government man knew that stolen properties could be redeemed at Moll's for little more than a pawnbroker's rates.

Behind the scenes Moll still directed her thieves, and when the jobs were accomplished, bought their spoil from them. Within an hour or so Government men were on her doorstep to inquire if the stolen goods had been brought in and, if they had been, demanded the owners' where to go to buy them back.

From these various sources Moll derived a comfortable fortune. She began to fill her house with all the things she had coveted and never been able to afford, honestly or otherwise. She bought dozens of mirrors to hang on the walls in which to adore her ugliness from all angles. Besides these she imported chattering monkeys, baboons and macaws.

Although age and dropy had stopped her more active thieving, Moll still liked to do an occasional job. One night she was returning from one of her tavern carousals when she fell over a sow lying in the gutter.

Moll drove the pig home, where it farrowed eleven piglets. That evening Moll and her ruffians sat down to a meal of roast suckling pig.

At the age of seventy-three Moll died of dropy and was buried in a City churchyard. Although she had amassed great wealth in her lifetime, only £100 remained at her death. Of this she willied £50 to her cousin, a ship's captain, "to stay at home and get drunk rather than go to sea and be drowned."

A special clause in her will ordered that she be buried face downwards in her grave so that in death she could be "as preposterous as she had been in her infamous life."

64 CAVALCADE November 1953
LAND OF SMILING DEATH

LESTER WAY

The Fuzzy Wuzzies were not always Angels. Not so many years ago they were murderers with cannibalistic habits.

They were getting only a hint of colour, so Hurley beckoned them out. He gave the order to go further upstream and make camp, and the prospectors left the water. The carriers picked up their loads.

A native near Hurley stepped as he got to his feet, and a prospecting dish fell from his pack. It splattered into the pool, and the carrier leaped on after it, and got it.

He needed both hands to climb back, so Jim Hurley stooped to take the dish from him. It was the first time Hurley had dropped his guard.

And once was enough. Only a prospector saw the native seize the axe, and his warning cry didn't stop the axe from descending. It came down on Hurley's neck, it struck again, and Hurley's head went into the pool.

Fifty savages attacked the five remaining white men immediately. They used spears and stones, and would have killed them all if they had been prepared to face numbers. Prospectors were now to them, however, and the prospectors were expert marksmen. Two of the savages were killed on the spot, more than a dozen were badly wounded, and fear seized the rest. They fled into the jungle, leaving only one dead gold-seeker behind.

But the dead man was leader of the party, and the expedition had to run for the coast to avoid massacre.

Whatever their motives for the murder, the Mambere tribes had scored a victory, and they had a full year to enjoy it, before, in 1895, six more gold-seekers came their way. They were experienced prospectors from Queensland, led by George Clarke, who had discovered the Charters Towers field. They were the six toughest out of a party of fifteen that had come across from Cairns.

They started up the Mambere on July 2, with a whaleboat carrying tools and stores, and two canoes, also loaded, and they were welcomed by the natives everywhere. At every village, the whole population would help them make camp, bring them food, and do anything asked. It went on like that for ten days, and they made good progress.

Natives in canoes followed them up the river, helping whenever needed, and the fact that they carried spears didn't bother the Queenslanders. Bands of natives often appeared on both banks of the river, smiling and waving.

On the 12th, they came to a rapid, so swift that only a tow-rope from the bank would float the boat over it. They fastened the rope and all except Clarke got out and started pulling.

The curious natives gave a whoop of joy as the white men put their weight on the rope. Laughing and chatterings, about twenty young braves grabbed the rope and took most of the strain. They seemed to think it was a game, just childish fun. The prospectors laughed at their laughter while, in the boat, Clarke was busy with the tiller guiding the boat around rocks.

None saw the piece of sharpened flint in the hand of one of the native boys; none noticed that that laughing boy was sawing at the rope as he pretended to pull.

Suddenly the rope parted, and the prospectors went down on their
backs. The boat started drifting with the swift current, and some of the savages jumped from the bank into it. Natives holding the rope ducked into the jungle before the white men could see what had happened.

But the warriors in the boat were trying to spook Clarke. Men in war-paint appeared on the opposite bank, and commenced throwing spears at the boat. The prospectors heard the back of Clarke’s revolver, and drew their own guns. They fired across the river, only scaring the warriors there, and then Clarke fired a second charge at his attackers.

He pulled his trigger a third time, but the chamber was empty. Among such helpful natives, he had forgotten to load his revolver.

He jumped overboard, and the miners on the bank dived into the rapids, intending to swim to him. They saw Clarke hanging onto the boat. They saw a warrior break an oar over Clarke’s head, and then, while the miners struggled against the impossible current, the ebony-coloured brave plunged a spear through Clarke’s chest.

About five were left, miles from help, and surrounded by treachery. The natives set nearly all their stores and ammunition. They got all the trade goods, but they left the loaded boat, and the party recovered it. They kept to mid-stream, and went back down the river as fast as they could.

At the mouth of the river, they met another party from Cairns, just arriving, seven new hands, seasoned prospectors like themselves. They told those seven men their story, but none turned back. Instead, they joined forces, sent for more stores, and went straight back up that murderous damned river.

The administration had to do something about Clarke’s murder, of course. Patrols were sent to the Mambare, there were sharp clashes, and the natives were soundly beaten and punished.

Then a man named Green was given command of the area, who didn’t believe natives were killers, who was sure no white man was ever attacked except in reply to some outrage.

Immediately Green put his theories into practice, inter-village raids began to flare up, and the area became a battleground; not of Papuans against the few white men, but of Papuans fighting Papuans. Green reasoned with them, and they repeated touchingly, after which they went straight out on another raid. They even attacked one of Green’s patrols, wounding two men, and Green got hold of the chief responsible. He gave him a lecture, and demanded an explanation.

“It is because you frighten us,” the chief said. “If you did not always carry those things that kill our people, then we would not be frightened, we would trust you, and you could trust us.”

Deliberately, with the magnificence of his folly, Green unbuckled his revolver and laid it down and ordered his patrol to lay down their rifles. He went to the chief to shake his hand.

A dozen spears struck him in the back as he stretched out his hand.

That was a lesson, but, when Sir William McGregor conducted Simpson’s prospecting party on an educational tour, he drove that lesson home with real force. Simpson and his men learned the lesson without dying and, after that, they stayed alive in the worst parts of the treacherous New Guinea territory.

McGregor was doing a patrol of the Musa River by launch, and Simpson’s party was camped at the mouth of the Mambare waiting for supplies. McGregor towed them, in their boat, to do some prospecting while they were waiting. They visited a dozen villages where they found the people starving, many living in tree-tops, with spears and stones in their tree-dwellings to repel expected attacks. They learned that these villages were raided regularly by powerful bands of warriors from down-stream, and the men didn’t dare to hunt for fear their women and children would be slaughtered in their absence. Their garden patches were looted regularly, and destroyed.

Camped by the river, McGregor awoke at dawn one morning, and surprised a war-party padding up-stream. Before the patrol could break camp and get moving, the raiders had seen them and were paddling frantically back down-stream. The launch chased them, caught up with the canoes, but only after the warriors had melted into the jungle. However, they had left all their loot in the canoes.

McGregor’s own report gives a detailed account of the “loot” they found.

The bodies of four murdered villagers, and of a girl of eight, were complete, their hands and wrists tied to the poles on which they had been carried. These were the more pleasant objects, more pleasant, for instance, than the net-bag filled with hacked-off breasts of young women, or the parcels of human ears and noses wrapped in leaves, or the headless corpse of a noble girl slit down the front.

In one canoe the party found...
when you’re in LOVE

"Where is he to-night?" sighs Rita Moreno, Allied Artists Cuban Film star. That is what love does. It picks you up, throws you into the clouds—and drops you hard. Sometimes you land on your feet. Sometimes you don’t. But she is waiting, hoping. But he does not come to-night. Maybe he will be here to-morrow.

'Tis the next night, and he is here! Her beau is Keith Larsen, motion picture and television star. Tenderly he tilts her chin and kisses her on the forehead. She cannot keep the happiness—and the lovelight—out of her eyes.

With heart beating wildly, she throws herself in his arms. Involuntarily his arms close about her. They feel such love and thrills with the nearness of each other as she snuggles against his shoulder and he buries his face in her hair.
With hearts at bursting point, they have to disentangle from the embrace before they burst. Keith sits on the lounge while he cradles Rita’s head on his arm and her shoulders in his lap. They have no eyes for anything or anyone else. Theirs is a world of only two people. For them the world—and time—stand still. Life is beautiful.

*when you’re in LOVE*

Keith proposed and Rita accepted. The date is a secret, but it will be soon. No more lonely nights waiting for him. No more visiting his sweetheart in all weathers. No more lying awake at night, yearning for the loved one, or, having fallen asleep, dreaming of the loved one, and waking to sadly find oneself alone. Now, as husband and wife, they are together always. Love, companionship and understanding under the same roof.
DAMES WERE FREDDIE'S VOCATION, AVOCATION AND HOBBY. HE LOVED THEM. SO WHY SHOULD HE GIVE THEM UP, JUST BECAUSE OF ONE LITTLE MISTAKE—LIKE MURDER?

FREDDIE was standing at the end of the municipal dock, glaring at the bay and the great restless Gulf of Mexico beyond. When a hearty hand fell on his shoulder and a still heartier voice exclaimed:

"Well, bless my little pointed head, if it isn't Freddie Pell! How are all the nasty little tracks, Freddie? And how come you left Sarasota in such a hurry?"

Freddie stiffened and, without turning, said, "Beat it, cap."

"Ah now, Freddie, that's no way to talk to an old friend. And we are old friends, aren't we, Freddie?"

"I said beat it, Riley. I don't like you."

"I'll tell you, Freddie, it's like this. The Chief called me into his office yesterday afternoon and said to me, 'Riley,' he said, 'take a run down to Sarasota and have a little talk with Freddie Pell. Maybe's he's had a change of heart. Maybe he'll tell you about how he beat Mrs. DeLong over the head with a hammer and pocketed fifty thousand bucks worth of jewelry and stuff.' Riley's voice turned somber. "You shouldn't have done that to Mrs. DeLong, Freddie. She died yesterday morning. There were too many splinters of fractured skull in her brain. They couldn't get them all out."

"Beat it, beat it." Freddie sounded bored. "You had me down at headquarters three days, didn't you? And you had to let me go, didn't you? What more do you want?"

"The truth, Freddie, that's all. Just the plain, unvarnished truth."

"Drop dead, will you? You're pathetic."

"What's the matter, Freddie? You look kind of down in the dumps, Aren't there any dames around? That must be pretty rough for a chaser like you. Or maybe you're smart, coming to a little place like Sarasota, with no dames. I guess you know by this time that dames are your weakness. I'll bet that's why you swatted Mrs. DeLong and grabbed off her assorted jewelry. It takes a lot of dough to be a full-time chaser. Did I hit the nail right on the head, Freddie?"

Freddie did not bother answering, and his thin, hollow face showed nothing but contempt.

"Well," said Riley finally, "maybe I'm living in a fool's paradise, but I think I'll hang around Sarasota for a while, just in case. You feel the need of soul-cleansing confession one of these dark nights. Take care of yourself, Freddie."

Riley turned and ambled down the dock, a big, loose-jointed man with an amiable face that became as grim and hard as ice the moment his back was to Freddie.

Glares murderedly, Freddie watched him go, then spat over the edge of the dock into the water. One of these dark nights Riley was going to get himself a hole in the head.

And what the hell, Freddie thought angrily, the DeLong dame had asked for it. If she hadn't awakened and started to yell, he wouldn't have had a finger on her. He had even kind of liked her. In fact, he'd been her..."
chauffeur for six months, and she was a nice old dame. The one night she didn’t take her sleeping pill, he thought resentfully. ‘Ah, the hell with it. They didn’t have anything on him, and they weren’t going to get anything on him. The stuff was in a safe deposit box in Fort Myers, and it could stay there until the heat was off. He’d grabbed off twenty-five hundred in bills that the cops didn’t know about, and he could live for a year on that, if necessary.

Freddie’s savage stare turned heavy and morose. Ridley was right about one thing—Sanibel was a dump, no dames. Not that he hadn’t been given the eye—unconsciously he inflated his skinny chest—but who wanted to mess with those forty-nine-year-old hags around the hotel?

Now if this were Miami Beach... He let the thought dangle. He was smart enough to know that Miami Beach was out of the question. Twenty-five hundred bucks wouldn’t last very long down there. Miami Beach could wait.

At first he paid no attention to the cabin cruiser out on the bay. He didn’t like boats, or fishing, or swimming, or anything to do with the water. He came down to the municipal dock only because it was cooler here. He wouldn’t have given the Mighty Mo a second glance, but the thirty-foot cruiser out on the bay was behaving in such an erratic fashion that it caught his eye. It was travelling at top speed with a steaming white ruff of foam at the bow. Such large craft, after entering the bay from the Gulf, usually proceeded in a straight line at a

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Cavalcade, November, 1938

stately pace, but this one was swooping in curves, heeling over in the turns, showing the dull red of its copper-painted bottom.

Freddie thought, He's seared! and grimacing, waited for the cruiser to run violently aground, but by some miracle the boat remained in the channel.

As it sped closer, he saw two figures struggling for possession of the wheel. A fight!

With satisfaction, he noted that the boat was heading for the dock—still at full speed in just about three minutes it was going to run head-on into the heavy pilings with a smashing impact. Freddie moved back about six feet. He did not want to be hit by any of the flying debris, but neither did he want to miss the fun. The gun twitched on his lips and he leaned forward with anticipation.

Then, to his intense disappointment, the smaller of the two figures snatched up the fire extinguisher and brought it down on the head of the other. The speed of the boat was cut immediately, and it dug its nose into the water as it slowed abruptly. The motor was cut entirely and it drifted slowly toward the dock. The figure scrambled, panting, from the cabin to the cockpit. Freddie's pale eyes lighted when he saw that it was a girl.

"Can you give me a hand?" she cried helplessly. "I—I can't dock it."

She was a small girl, blonde, and her shorts and halter showed a figure that brought a low whistle from his lips. His weakness was women, but blondes were a specialty. His greedy eyes did not miss the roll of a muscle or the turn of a curve as she searched the cockpit for a line long enough. This, he made up his mind, was worth going after.

He caught the line she threw him, and within a few minutes the boat was securely moored with fenders hanging from the side to keep it from rubbing the pilings. Freddie dropped down into the cockpit, brushing his hair to make sure the carefully nurtured wave had not been disturbed. He knew how to make an impression. Danfree was his occupation, avocation and hobby.

"Been having a little trouble, sweetheart?" he asked, filling his chin toward the cabin where the man lay unconscious on the floor.

She avoided his eyes, as if she were ashamed. "Would—would you mind helping me get him into the bunk?" she whispered. "I don't want to leave him there."

"Soused, eh?"

"Ever since we left St. Petersburg," she said bitterly. "All he does is drink. I'm just about fed up."

Freddie grinned down at her. She was four inches shorter than her five feet six. This was the kind of set-up he liked, a drunken husband and a discontented wife. A pushover for a real operator like himself.

"Aah, leave him lay, sweetheart," he advised. "Any jerk that'd let the bottle when he's not a classy little number like you sure deserves everything he gets. Come on, I'll buy you a drink. My name's Freddie."

She glanced at the big man on the floor and compressed her generous mouth. "You're right," she said. "I'm going to let him lie there for a change. I'm so tired of catering to him and putting him to bed when he gets like this that I could scream. We'll look him in so she can't fall overboard and drown himself, though what loss that would be, I don't know."

She looked at Freddie. "I like you. You're very frank."

She smiled at him. "I'm Lois. I—"

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I..." Her smile quivered and broke, and she burst into a flood of tears.

He put his arms around her and held her much closer than was necessary, smirking down at the top of her honey-blonde head.

"Come on," he said. "What you need is to get sozzled yourself. I'll take care of you."

"Th-thanks, Freddie. I need something."

"Then what're we waiting for? Let's go!"

She locked the cabin door, giving the man on the floor a last searching glance. Freddie helped her up to the dock from the cockpit, restraining an excessive use of his hands, which was quite a feat for him. But he had appraised this girl rather shrewdly as class, and he knew he couldn't rush things. She took his arm as they walked down the dock.

"I don't know how to thank you," she said gratefully. Then her hand tightened convulsively and she gave a little scream. "Freddie! Look!"

He followed her pointing finger. An eight-foot alligator was crawling sluggishly out of the bay and up on the white sand of the shore.

"Just a 'gator," he said unashamedly. "The bay's full of them on account of the rains. They come down the river."

She shivered. "They're so ugly. Aren't they dangerous?"

"One of them almost killed a kid down at Fort Myers last week. But don't worry, sweetheart. If one of them comes crawling up behind us, I'll let him have it!"

He made a swift, furtive movement with his hand, and she gasped, for he was holding a gun, concealed inside his heavily padded jacket. He made the same motion in reverse, and the gun disappeared.

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CAVALCADE November 1953 81
"I'll let him have it," he repeated with bravado.
"Do you always carry a gun?" she stammered.
"Sure, I got a permit." And it was the truth. He did have a permit.
Mrs. DeLong had obtained it for him—another thing that had been overlooked, though the Springs police could hardly be blamed, for the permit had been issued in Tallahassee. "You don't have a thing to worry about when you're with me, sweetheart," he told Lois with a significant wink.

But he kept glancing back nervously when they walked up the beach from the end of the dock.

"Things did not go at all the way he would have liked in the tavern. She did not get even the slightest bit addled. She drank two martini's and that was all, despite the fact that he kept telling her that three or four more would do her good. And she wouldn't talk about anything but her husband.

His name was Ernie Lockridge, and he was an ex-fullback. He didn't have a cent. She had all the money. He didn't have to work. Maybe that was why he drank. She wanted a divorce but he wouldn't give her one. He loved her (she said) and was insanely jealous. Another time he had told her he would consent to a divorce if she settled thirty thousand dollars on him and gave him the Fly Boy. The Fly Boy was the boat. She wouldn't do it.

"If I won't be blackmail," she tearfully told Freddie.

"That's a big chunk of dough," said Freddie slowly.

"It's not so much, really. I'd gladly give it to him now, but I'm afraid to mention divorce, he's so insanely jealous!"

"A guy like that," he said, "is better off with a hole in his head."

"You mustn't talk like that," she whispered, but he could see she didn't mean it.

The subject was dropped.

Freddie gave up trying to get her drunk. The plot had changed. It had bigger possibilities than a one-night stand. His instinct for women told him how to play this, and he acted a reasonable facade of a gentleman. Instead of urging her to drink, he told her she'd had enough and what she needed was a good dinner.

"You're men," she told him, her eyes swimming.

After dinner, she wanted to go for a walk on the beach. Freddie was not very happy about it, but he bought a big flashlight in the drugstore and kept hoisting the beam of light all around them as they walked.

"There aren't any gators out here, Freddie," she said. "The water is too salt. You don't need that tremendous light."

Peevishly, he told her if she wanted her leg chewed off, she didn't. Not that he was afraid, he added hastily, but why take chances. He did not even put his arm around her until they were safely on the little fishing dock behind the South Wind Motel. He was so incredulous when she responded eagerly to his very first kiss that he did not follow up in his usual let's-go style. When he did recover and tried to press his advantage, she shivered and pushed him away.

"No, Freddie, no," she whimpered. "My husband would kill us if he ever found out. Take me back to..."

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CAVALCADE November, 1953
The Plan Was Murder!

"We didn't say anything. She knew what to do! She climbed back, and I climbed down. I looked at the wreck under the dash light. It had a few drops of blood on it. I uncorked a bottle of wine, and poured it as there till the blood was gone. I poured so the wine went over him."

An incident from THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE now in MAN magazine.

84 CAVALCADE November 1953

the boat. Please take me back to the boat. You've got me all mixed up. I've got to think. Please, Freddie."

He grinned in the darkness. He had scored!

"I know just how you feel, sweetheart," he purred. "It smacked me, too."

"We've got to keep your heads, Freddie. We've got to think this out!"

"Yeah. We gotta figure the angles."

On the way back, she said soberly, "This is going to sound dreadful, Freddie, but the man I marry has to have money of his own. He doesn't have to have much, but enough so he doesn't feel dependent. That's what ruined Ernie."

He just squeezed her arm.

She wouldn't let him take her any farther than the foot of the dock. Ernie might be sober, and he'd go crazy if he saw her with another man. She gave him a quick, breathless kiss, murmured, "Good night, darling," and ran up the dock.

Freddie walked back to the hotel in a state of high elation. Riley was leaning against the arch of the entrance, smoking a cigar. He took the cigar from his mouth and tapped off the ash with his forefinger.

"Congratulations, Freddie," he said. "That was a sweet little number you were squirming around tonight. Looked like a nice girl, too. Maybe I should have a little talk with her."

Freddie gave him a sidelong glance and walked into the hotel without a word. Riley pursed his lips in a silent whistle and reminded himself to stay out of dark alleys and to watch his step when he walked in the shadows. Freddie was a dangerous little animal.

It was barely nine the next morning when Lois called Freddie and asked him to meet her at the bridge across Alameda Parkway."

"I've packed a box lunch," she said, sounding far, far too gay. "We're going to have a picnic, darling. Don't you love picnics?"

Freddie hated picnics. There was only one way to eat, and that was in restaurants with plenty of service.

But he said, "Yeah, sure, and don't forget to bring the ants, ha, ha, ha. See you in a half hour, sweetie."

She whispered, "Darling," and hung up.

He was there promptly, clad in sneck-skin sandals, lemon yellow nylon stockings, and a hand-stripped chocolate brown sport suit with a monogrammed pocket. He scowled when she saw her come chugging up the bay in a rowboat equipped with an outboard. She waved, and he waved back, raising a sour grin. She reached the boat under the bridge, where he could step into it without getting his feet wet. He was afraid of boats, and he hated them. Tactlessly like a man walking a clothesline over Niagara Falls, he limped his way to the stern and sat down beside her. He kissed her immediately. She strained away from him.

"Relax," he said irritably. "Nobody can see us here."

"Oh, Freddie," she cried. "It's dreadful, isn't it? I mean, having to be like this. He's always skulking around, spying on me. He frightens me. Look at this!" She tossed a small cut on her checkbone "He hit me. He was drunk again when I got back to the boat last night. He demanded to know where I'd been. He was furious. He said he knew I'd been with a man because I had that goony look on my face. Then he hit me. Freddie, I swear I'll kill him if he ever lifts a hand to me again, and it'll be self-defence, be-

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cause one of these days he'll kill me!"

Freddie hesitated for just a fraction of a moment, but his instinct told him that this was the moment. He unbuttoned his shirt and slipped his gun from the holster under his left armpit. He held it out to her on the palm of his hand.

"If he smacks you again," he said, "let him have it."

She stared at the gun with widening eyes, and slowly she reached for it. "I—I couldn't!" she whispered.

He touched the gun with his finger. "That's the safety catch," he said. "I'm pushing it off, see? All you have to do is pull the trigger."

She lowered her head, lifting her face, and quickly slid the gun into the lunch hamper. "Sit up in the bow, Freddie," she said in a smothered voice. "We've got too much weight back here. We'll sink water."

Freddie's exultation was so great that he didn't mind the boat any more. He had given her the gun, and she would do the job, and she'd get away with it, too. He moved up to the bow of the boat and pushed off.

They chugged up-river, up into the wasteland of palmeluca, mangrove, water-oak festooned with white Spanish moss, into the silence. It gave Freddie the creeps. Lori smiled at him tremulously.

"This is where he can't follow us," she said. "Oh, Freddie, some day we won't have to skulk like this. Look at those alligators! Thank heavens we won't have to go ashore."

Freddie had looked at these alligators. They were all along the banks, sunning themselves on the shore, all sizes, from three-foot midgets to twelve-foot monsters, ugly, corrugated nightmares, brought downstream by the rains and the in-

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Lockridge come down the walk. He followed Ernie into town and waited outside the tavern while Ernie sat inside and drank. Ernie did not come out until closing. Freddie followed him down the street, keeping in the shadows of the big pineapple palms. Twice Ernie staggered to a tree and put his finger down his throat, then went staggering on, shaking his head like a man trying to relieve himself of an intolerable burden. Freddie followed, a half black behind.

He knew the place where an accident was going to happen to Ernie Lockridge. The foot of the municipal dock. The shadows were deep there, shadows thrown by a huge clump of date palm. There the bench shelved off sharply, and the bank had been piled with卉retime rock to protect it against the gnawing tides. A fall from the walk into the rocks could kill a man. Especially if the man were drunk—and pushed.

There were ten blocks down Samuel Drive from the tavern to the dock. Ernie Lockridge was very drunk. His head was sunk between his tremendous shoulders, and he had to plant his legs far apart to keep his balance on every step. Damn, he was bad! Six feet four and two hundred and sixty pounds, a mountain. Freddie weighed a hundred and forty, but the liquor had more than cut down the difference between them.

They were but a block from the dock when a red eye gleamed from the shadow of a huge pineapple palm and Riley lounged out to the sidewalk, taking the cigar from his mouth.

"Now, Freddie," he said, "you wouldn't be thinking of rolling a drunk, would you? Or maybe I should have kept my big mouth shut. Maybe I should have waited and...

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caught you in the act, as the fellow says."

It was a terrific shock, but Freddie bridged it. "I don't roll drinks, cop," he rasped. "I cut out their throats and donate the blood to the blood bank. Gun 'em a light."

He put a cigarette between his lips and leaned forward. Riley touched the end of the cigarette with the ember of his cigar.

"Going back to the hotel, Freddie," he asked pleasantly, "Mind if I walk back with you? Get lonesome down here."

In the glow of the cigar, Freddie could see that Riley's round, amiable face was beginning to show signs of strain.

"Why not?" he said carelessly. "Nothing like a police escort into town, is there, cop?"

"Nothing like it," agreed Riley gruffly. "How'd you like a police escort back to Saratoga, Freddie?"

"Why not?" Freddie grinned. "Let's go."

He waved with an honest grin when he sped Los chugging up the bay in the boat. Then scrambled down the bank under the bridge. Half way down, he dug in his heels and tried to backtrack, for there in the angle of the buttress stood Ernie Lockridge, with a shotgun cradled in his arm. The muzzles of the gun looked like the entrance to the Holland Tunnel.

Ernie said ominously, "'Dive her in, hot-shot, or I'll blow the middle out of you."

His joints all yello, Freddie stood on the bank as Los neared the boat into the shore. Ernie stepped out from behind the buttress, and Los screamed Ernie grunted wildly.

"Get in, hot-shot," he ordered Freddie. "We're going for a boating. Take us up-river," he snarled at Los.

Her hands shaking, her face the colour of biscuit-dough, Los tumbled the boat from under the bridge and pointed the bow toward the waste of palmette and mangrove.

Ernie sat in the bow, facing them, the twin muzzles of the shotgun resting on his knees. From time to time, he glanced over his shoulder, and when they reached the rotting dock...
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How silly can some people get? A ball-point pen firm intends sending supplies of their write-under-water-pens to mermaids. And one lady of our acquaintance always grasps a hammer with both hands to avoid hitting the nail on the thumb.

A fellow who loses his job seldom realizes that he is making his boss feel like a new man. Except, of course, when he is a baker. And he should worry then — he is always up to his armpits in dough.

"You say that farmer charged you a tenner for towing our car for a mile?" demanded the husband. "Yes, dear," replied the wife, "but don't worry. He earned every penny of it. You see, I had the brakes on all the way." See what I mean — how silly can you get?

And, while on drivers, we saw a man helped out of a pub one day by two of his mates. Was he thinking? He was literally lifted into the car — in the driver's seat. We asked him, "You're not going to drive, are you?" You know what he answered? He said, "Of course, I'm in no condition to walk."

One guy we know is nicknamed "Tick-Tock" because he is as silly as a two-bob watch. One day he walked into psychiatrist's office and asked if the psycho could give him a split personality. He told the psycho that he wanted a split personality because he got so lonely.

Tick-Tock is a man who has done many jobs. The reason is that bosses soon wake up to him. Certainly one farmer's wife woke him when he was on the track one time. He said to her, "Lady, would you help a poor man out of his troubles?" And she said, "Sure. Would you rather be shot or hit on the head with an ax?"

But, to get back to Tick Tock's jobs. He says he has worked himself up. He started as a chiropractor, and, after a year, he was a barber.

His last job was as a customs officer. One day he was searching through an arrival's luggage and came across a whisky bottle. "Ah," said Tick Tock, "what is this?" The man — a chemist — replied, "That is sulphuric acid." A snark flitted across Tick Tock's lips. "Oh, yeah," he said, "sulphuric acid, eh?" And he took a swig. It was. Did I say it was Tick Tock's last job? I did.
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