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NEXT MONTH
What are the chances of a woman having a plural birth? Read "Taking a Chance on Twins" in next month's Cavalcade. Jim Holledge writes of Diamond Jim Brady, fabulous American Man With The Stomach in the tale, "Cobras Cannot Harm Them." Is the story, written by Spencer Learung of an African tribe which handles deadly snakes. "She Made Her Charms Pay" tells of a girl who married a Baron and became the mistress of a Duke—and at the same time Ray Mitchell writes of "Fighters in Films," while five more factual articles and three short stories make up the reading matter. Those and three Picture Stories and the pin-ups make Cavalcade a must.
Devil in the Flesh

With horns protruding from their foreheads, these men were feared as the devil incarnate. Such men are born to-day, but science helps them now.

Today, however, they reach public attention only rarely. If a horned child is born, the horns are often removed without the parents ever knowing of the fact. Horns that develop in later life are also treated with great success by competent medical men.

Horns generally occur in persons who otherwise present no abnormalities. They may represent an attempt—in some instances, at least—by the body to dispose of excessive accumulations of keratin—which the gastric and pancreatic juices are unable to dissolve—and other insoluble mineral salts. These horns are in many respects indistinguishable from the horns of animals.

They are of the same chemical structure (keratin, calcium phosphate and mineral salts). Often they contain a core of true bone. When burned, they give forth an odour identical with that of animal horn or hoof (hooves are also of horn).

They are insensible to pain, and may be sawn off without giving the wearer any discomfort. Often, however, if they are struck or wrenched, pain will be felt in the skin and flesh adjacent to the base of the horns—which is also true of horned animals.

Horned people are often exceptional. There is considerable evidence that persons possessing remarkable development of the infraorbital ridge of the maxillary bone—the bony structure above the eyes—are often gifted in such mental attributes as meditation (rumination) and imagination. Many horned persons possess such bone structures in the lower forehead.

In 1654, for example, the medical writer Johannes Rhodus, wrote in considerable detail of a Benedictine monk who "had a pair of horns and was addicted to rumination." In 1741, the great German physician, Dr. P. C. Fabricius, reported the case of a father—who possessed horns—and his son—who had no horns, both of whom, however, were of exceptional intelligence. The son firmly believed that he had inherited the mentality—though not the horns—from his father, and that his father would not have been so brilliant had he lacked the horns.

Curiously enough, a tribe of "horned men" with heavy tower-like forehead bone structure was recently discovered in Central Africa, and created quite a sensation in anthropological circles. It was first reported that these people manufactured their horns by artificial means, as is common among some aboriginal tribes, particularly in connection with religious rites. But according to the British physician and anthropologist Dr. J. Lamprey, who reported on this tribe in the British Medical Journal and elsewhere, the horns were hereditary, true horns, while the tribe had no other malformations and was unusually free from psychic disturbances.

Until fairly recent years, records of horned persons were published in the medical journals with considerable frequency. Thus in the Medico-Chirurgical Transactions (London), Dr. E. Wilson reported on ninety cases, of which forty-four were female, thirty-nine were male, while the sex of the remaining seven were not noted.

In forty-eight of these cases—more
than half—the horns were on the upper fore-skull, just as occurs in normally horned mammals. But there was a considerable number of instances of displacement; eight persons had horns on the face or nose, and the remainder on other areas of the body, such as the trunk, limbs, and even the feet.

Writing in the Romanian medical journal, Spatiale, in 1986, Dr. P. Bejan described a perfectly shaped "small horn" that he removed from the left side of the skull—just above the ear—of a forty-year-old woman. It was about eight inches long, two inches broad at the base, and one and one-half inches broad at the tip. It curved "upward and forward" in true ram-like fashion.

In the same year, the world-renowned French surgeon, Dr. Vedal, speaking before the Académie de Médecine, exhibited a spiral horn ten inches long that he had removed from the upper left fore-skull of a woman patient. In her case, a second horn immediately started to grow in the same place from which removal had been made.

Some human horns grow to enormous size. In the famous Tussaud Museum in Paris is a wax model of an eight-inch horn of gray-brown color that was removed from the forehead of an elderly woman by the famous surgeon, Dr. Souberbielle. The American Journal of Medical Science (Philadelphia, 1837) carried an account of the removal of a horn ten inches long from the forehead of another elderly woman. Prof. C. Gregory has reported a horn almost eight inches long that was removed from the forehead of an Edinburgh woman.

Horns have been removed from just about every area of the human body. In 1850, the British medical journal Lancet described the removal of a "long" horn from a man's back. The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal carries an account by Dr. Minot of the removal of two horns from one person—one horn being on the lower lip and one on the neck. The Paris Hospital de la Charité has reported removal of bull-like horns four inches long from the fingers and toes of a baby boy.

In some cases, a horn that is single at the base is multiple at the top. In the Neues Medizinhisches und Physiologisches Journal, Dr. Vonge describes removal of a three-pronged horn from the forehead of an elderly woman.

Perhaps the most famous instance is the case of Paul Rodriguez, a Mexican, who had a horn fourteen inches in circumference at the base and divided into three shafts, growing from the left side of his forehead. This horn was not removed, Rodriguez chose to conceal it by wearing a specially designed and shaped red cap.

Perhaps the most distressing—if not physically painful—of human horns are those cases where multiplicity is extreme. Sometimes one person sprouts horns by the dozen. One famous case was Annie Jackson, of Waterford, Ireland, who had horns on her joints, arms, nipples, ears, and forehead.

A pair of brothers—Frenchmen by the name of Lambert—were completely covered with horns with the exception of their faces, palms, and the soles of their feet. Both their father and grandfather also had multiple horns—an amazing instance of heredity of this malformation.

Instances of horns that were periodically shed or "cast off" have been reported. The Lambert brothers, for example, regularly shed all their horns each spring and autumn, but growth was so rapid that they also sawed the horns off when they became long enough to be annoying.

An Englishwoman named Mary Chester, who was born on January 1, 1984, began to develop a pair of horns, one on each side of her forehead. In about four years, they reached a length of several inches, after which they loosened and "dropped off." Promptly another pair started to grow, but in only four years they too were shed. This process continued throughout her life.

There is an excellent portrait of Mary Chester with horns of four years' growth in the Ashmolean Collection at Oxford University.

There is some evidence that certain human horns—like callouses and warts—are a reaction to irritation over long periods of time. In 1878, the Richmond and Louisville Medical Journal carried an account of the case of a sea captain, whose face had been exposed to the weather over a period of many years.

Small warts first appeared on his mouth and on both cheeks. They grew and became horn-like, while the affection spread until they covered his entire face. After about four years, the two largest horns ulcerated and fell off, but new horn scabs commenced to grow in their place.

Human horns have been removed by non-medical persons in many ways. An Englishman "broke them off," the Lambert brothers "sawed them off."

Obviously, once one of these horns has started to develop, extirpation or removal is a matter that should be undertaken by a competent doctor, never by a layman.

Human horns have been reported in all ages since earliest antiquity. There is evidence that some are efforts of the body to dispose of un-needed substances in places where such substances can cause no harm to the system, the fact that horns are far more prevalent in elderly than in young persons (elderly persons have less active digestive and glandular systems and are prone to such depuratory elements as arthritis, hardening of the arteries, and so on) is proof of that. To such persons, horns are a blessing in disguise.

More mysterious is the fact that horns, in some families and tribes, are hereditary. Do they represent a true mutation—an effort by Nature to establish a horned human species?

Finally, why do some people shed or "mutilate" their horns at regular intervals? That is a question that would lead almost any anthropologist to tear his hair in desperation. For the answer appears to be completely unanswerable at this time.

At any rate, we do have horned people, plenty of them. And they are not horned by the Devil, that's one comfort. In fact, the development of horns may be a sign of superior intelligence, after all.

Horns are insensible to pain and may be easily removed without discomfort.
Having found the motive, patience brought in the killer of the doctor.

PETER HARGRAVES

Chu, having recently married one of her pupils.

Soon after graduation from medical school in the States 12 years before, Susan Waddell had sailed for China to dedicate her life to the endless fight there against pestilence, poverty and disease.

She accepted a teaching post at the university to pass on her medical knowledge, and found happiness both in her work and with her handsome, earnest young husband, who after his graduation worked as a doctor with the Central Health Administration.

Detective Ling sighed at the prospect of a tough case as he went to interview Dr. Hsu. He did not know a motive for the killing, but he knew it could be any of a dozen, particularly when the victim is a beautiful white girl married to a yellow man—jealousy, revenge, racial hatred.

On the other hand, Dr. Hsu and his wife had, according to all reports, been very happy. They had overcome the barriers of race and age, united by their common work, their marriage still remained a love match.

Ling asked the Chinese doctor what he knew of his wife's moves the previous day. With courteous formality and, like all Orientals, carefully looking his queer, Dr. Hsu said that Susan met him at their flat for lunch and had then returned to her work. That was the last time he saw her alive.

Asked to account for his own movements around six o'clock that evening (which, according to medical reports, was the approximate time of death) the young Chinese said he left his own work exactly at six. He walked home part of the way with a friend, arriving there about 6:30.

When his wife did not come home, he grew alarmed and began telephoning friends. Later he reported her disappearance to the police and spent most of the night searching the city for her.

Detective Ling next visited the University to trace Susan Waddell Hsu's movements. He was told she had left as usual about 5:30.

"How did she leave?" Ling asked, but no one recalled seeing her actual departure. She could have been on foot, taken a rickshaw or accepted a lift from a friend in a car. She used all these three means of getting home on different occasions.

At the end of a day of continuous enquiry, the detective had made no progress. He still had no witnesses,
no evidence to a brutal, shocking murder for which the American consul would soon be demanding to see a culprit under lock and key.

Ling discussed the case with his assistant, Yuen Kee. The more they considered the blameless personal life of the dead woman, the more they became convinced they would have to look elsewhere for a motive.

She had no enemies, neither among the white population nor the Chinese. Most of the latter who knew her worshipped her for the work she was doing.

Experienced in the ways of poverty-stricken China, Ling believed that robbery was the real motive for the murder. He telephoned Dr. Hsu and was informed that his wife would be carrying about $300 dollars in her purse. She had just received her monthly salary.

No purse or money had been found with the body. The amount was not large, but to a coolie, a vagrant or a rickshaw puller it would be a fortune.

As soon as he thought of a rickshaw puller, Ling knew he was on the right track. Only a rickshaw boy would have an opportunity to be alone with the woman at 5.30. It was unlikely that, as she was carrying the money, she would walk home alone.

A squad of men under Yuen Kee, Ling’s assistant, was sent out the next day on the new lead. It was not possible to check on all the city’s 3,000 rickshaw pullers, so Ling instructed them to move around among them to see if anyone had suddenly started to spend money lavishly.

For a fortnight the search went on. Countless reports on suspicious rickshaw men came in, and all had to be investigated. Here was a man who had bought a new pair of sandals; another was known to have paid two visits in the one week to a dim-lit house of ill-fame, a third openly boasted that he had eaten chicken and preserved chestnuts.

One by one the suspects were investigated. All, however, were able to prove that they had legitimately acquired the money for the luxuries.

More weeks passed, and then the owner of a noodle shop in the Peimenchau district recalled to one of the detectives that a rickshaw puller had not long ago entertained two friends to a lavish dinner. The man’s name, said the restaurant keeper, was Liu Yong-Hsang.

When he heard the information and looked up the rickshaw boy named in the police records, Detective Ling believed they had found their man.

He read Liu Yong-Hsang’s card out to Detective Yuen Kee. "Twenty-four years old, " it stated. "A former soldier. Arrested as a suspect in the murder of Miss Hsu Wu-Chuan, nurse at the Gintung College for Women, Released because of insufficient evidence."

"Suspect in the Kidnapping of three-year-old son of Li Tien-Yuan at Shao in Kiangsu Province, October, 1934. Released because of insufficient evidence."

Yuen Kee was instructed to bring the slippery rickshaw puller in for questioning. An intensive search, however, failed to locate him. He had vanished from his usual haunts on October 19, four days after the murder.

The two detectives kept on the trail and in succeeding weeks followed the wanted rickshaw boy to Tientsin, Tsingtau, Shuchien, and half a dozen other small towns. Always they were just too late to round him up before he moved on again.

Finally, at Ichang, where Liu was born, they had better luck, and spotted him on the street. Mindful of Ling’s instructions to obtain more evidence if possible, they decided to try to trap him into an unwitting confession.

Guised in the tattered clothes of vagabonds, they struck up an acquaintance with the unsuspecting Liu. In a few days they were friendly enough to join him at cards in a small, disreputable teahouse.

One night when his luck was out and his two companions had won a considerable sum from him, Liu pulled up the cards in disgust and flung them on the floor.

"Bad luck!" he growled. "Always bad luck! Once not long ago I had plenty of dollars. But if the cards go on treating me like this I will have to return to Nan-king and pull a rickshaw once more."

"Oh, you worked in Nan-king?" asked one of the detectives.

His eager tone evidently aroused Liu’s suspicion. He looked sharply at the two men, mumbled a good-night and left hurriedly.

Fearful of losing their quarry, the two detectives trailed him to his lodgings and took up a position outside. Their caution was justified. Before dawn the following morning, the former rickshaw boy emerged and set off in the direction of the railway station.

Further deception was useless, so the two detectives came out from the shadows and pounced on him. "Liu Yong-Hsang," one of them announced, "you are under arrest for the murder of a foreign woman in Nan-king."

His details were futile, when a search disclosed in his money belt a ticket from a Nan-king pawnbroker for a ring and a watch, which he had stolen from Mrs. Hsu along with her money.

When these items were recovered and identified by Dr. Hsu, the case against the rickshaw boy was complete. Confronted with the evidence, he confessed to the crime.

He said the woman hired him to drive her home. On the way she stopped to buy some fruit, and he saw that her purse was filled with money. Determined on robbery, he stopped the rickshaw on a dark stretch of road.

Liu held out two huge, ape-like hands. "With these, " he said, "I clutched her throat. She made no sound and struggled only for an instant. When she was still, I lifted her out and dragged her off the road."

The trial of the rickshaw boy was short. On May 7, 1936, he paid for his crime before a firing squad.

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY

The person read the preliminary words:

"About anyone—" "showing just cause;"

But the customary passage went unheard,

As the couple smiled, in the pause,

But, as they stood and faced the altar,

Sweating to be good and true,

The bride panicked, and was seen to falter—

Should she say, "I will," "I have" or "I do?"

—RAY-ME
The Laughing Nymph

Michael Graham

She was lovely in the lagoon.

But she swam to arouse Maruto's anger, when she really wished to provoke his love.

The girl's body slipped through the water with all the streamlined, effortless grace of a darting fish. With every kick of her strong brown legs, every curving sweep of her supple arms, her speed increased. Now she had reached the floor of the pool where a wide ribbon of rich yellow sand was dotted through wavy forests of green ''sea'' weed and coral outcrops. stained. The girl kept to the shadows that edged the sand, knowing that were she to cross it she would immediately be seen by the man who watched so carefully from the coral ledge above.

She turned slowly on her back, her long fingers of black gently caressing her face and shoulders, while her feet sought a firm bottom amongst the weeds. A little while now and she would be forced to the surface to breathe.

The school of silver fish swam lazily above her. They curved across the centre of the pool and rose suddenly toward its surface. Now! In the same instant as she shot up from the weeds the net broke the surface of the water and sank in a wide circle.

Taheena's head burst from the water with the net draped over it like a veil. The bobbing head and the wild, excited laughter startled the young fisherman, Maruto. For a moment as that dark form shot up from the depths he thought that a shark had swept up to robble his catch. Instead here was the mischievous Taheena, the girl of his dreams and the flame of his desires, gambolling around like a sea-squirrel and completely ruining his fishing.

The laughing girl had already swum half the length of the pool before he decided that here was one prank that would not go unpunished. He plummeted into the water and gave chase. His powerful flailing arms and driving legs carried him across the pool in a matter of seconds. Yet to his chagrin he saw that he had gained little if anything at all on his quarry.

She scrambled out of the water on to the coral-crusted rocks, picked her way across them and fled like the wind along the beach, her precious net trailing behind her. As he drew himself out of the pool, her mocking laughter carried to him across the water.

Oh, this would be a fine tale for the women over their cooking fires. Taheena had made off with the bold Maruto's netright under his very nose. The young girls would cover their mouths as they passed and giggle; the old hags would grin toothlessly, the men would wince and mumble each other.

Anger burned hotly in him—and desire. How he wished to hold this proud beauty in his arms and beat her just as he had seen Tukalo, the ropemaker, beat his naughty children—beat her with his hands until her flesh was pink with the smart and humiliation. Submission must come first and love later.

Under the burden of the net Taheena's pace was slackening. Maruto lengthened his stride. He had to overtake her before she reached her canoe and dommed the person she had cast aside on entering the water. As she ran before him now, a naked child, he felt he could chastise her. As a woman he would be too ashamed to strike her.

But the girl didn't hesitate. She bundled the net aboard, flung herself on the canoe and eased it out into the surf. Maruto dashed after her in a final desperate bid to catch the little craft before it was beyond the breakers. He was too late. Taheena had reached the open water.

Maruto turned back to the beach, heavy with the hurt and longing inside him. Taheena's canoe was now well out in the bay. As she turned and waved her red pareu at him mockingly two things happened simultaneously: the canoe sank beneath her and the lugger rounded the point.

Realising that it was futile to struggle alone with the waterlogged canoe, Taheena abandoned it and started back for the beach. Maruto smiled confidently. The middensome little beauty would not escape him after all. Then he noticed with a sudden pang at his heart that the white-winged boat had changed course and was bearing down on her.

Suspicion twisted its barb in him. Violence and blood! It was always so with these ships that came and vanished. But did they dare to steal a woman here on Moruga? Fools! A thousand men would hunt them across the seas, cut out their hearts and feed them to the fish...

Then into the corner of his eye leapt the sinister black fin that sped like a arrow straight for his Taheena. He screamed her name so that the gulls rose in alarm and he prayed to the gods of all the waters that the ship should reach her first.
Then he saw the white man at the bow and heard the rifle roaring. The black flip twisted and vanished. The lugger made about slowly and many eager hands were reaching down to lift Taheena aboard. The ship moved across the bay until it lay in the lee of the opposite point. There came the rattle of gear, the splashing of the anchor, excited voices and, he fancied, the same merry peal of laughter he had heard from the creature who had broken through his net.

Maruto could not sleep that night. Taheena had not returned.

The following morning the strangers came to the village to trade. Taheena regarded Maruto haughtily, strut ting provocatively under his very nose in her new finery—a gaily patterned tablecloth and a large white comb.

The skipper of "The Venture" knew what he was doing. This exotic little spitfire was the prize he was not going to miss. He planted a hungrily possessive hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Maruto noted his enemy well..." the fair skin, and the strange yellow of his hair which looked more golden than the silken fibres skirts the woman wore in their ceremonial dances, the swaggering gait and bullying tone. This was his man. If he must, he would kill him.

For the first time in months Maruto found himself alone. Until now wherever he went he knew Taheena was not far off, watching him...sometimes slyly, but more often openly teasing him...a tantalising torment whom he would have claimed as his own at the next marriage festival. Now he realised how great was his desire for her. Tomorrow perhaps these men would sail away and she would be here again tempting him.

He found her that afternoon by the pool...their pool. She was flaunting herself for the benefit of the white stranger, diving for the shiny beauties which he threw into the water. She held them up to him, laughing, challenging. Uncertain of his surroundings the man waded clumsily into the water and swam after her...

No one could take Taheena from him, particularly a white man, who had no love for her—only lust, a man who would use Taheena's innocence in the ways of the white man, then, when he had tired of her, sell her to another. The lovely Taheena—the girl he wanted as a wife—would be sold and gone from him forever. That must not happen. And there was no bargaining with the white man; there could be only one way—he would have to die.

Hot hatred fired Maruto's savage determination. This man must die. But how? A spear? A knife? They were too quick...better this slow burning agony that wrings the last of life from the body and carries the spirit into the night.

He hunted the reef as long as there was light to see and, as the stars faded, he began again, releasing his catch in the try-slings a mile by the beach. A dozen, twenty times, he travelled back and forth with his hideous burden.

It was a ghastly thing that the distraught Taheena dragged from the pool the next afternoon. The white man's frenzied screams brought the whole village running. At last he stopped and even these island people, cruel and savage, admired to suffering and violent death in so many terrible forms, shrank from the obscene, bloated horror that writhed on the sand and grew suddenly purple in death.

Maruto was mending his fishing spears that night by the fire when Taheena came to him. She stood there just at the edge of the shadows. Though his heart beat wildly he ignored her until his task was complete. Then he rose, stepped around the fire and stared down at her.

He lifted one of the spears and placed its needle point against her breast. A thin trickle of blood glistened on her dark skin, her eyes widened in fear, but she did not move.

Like a striking snake he snatched at the gift comb in her hair and threw it upon the coals where it hissed and flamed like a thing alive and tortured. Then his strong fingers tore the new pareu from her hips and tossed it into the flames.

Without a further word or sign he left her. Submission first and love, maybe later. A blood-red moon lurked over the try-slings pool by the heads. A heaven of delight had become a harbour of death, a place accursed, where lurking stone-fish struck like venomous lightning.
DOUBLE DEALING

In 1939, in California, nine-year-old Walter Collins went for a walk and disappeared. Five months later, a former neighbor of the boy discovered another boy in Illinois, who was so much like Walter that she coached him in Walter's habits, taught him the facts of Walter's life and took him to Mrs. Collins, claiming that she had found Walter. Everyone was happy and the case was closed. But Mrs. Collins had her doubts. She measured the boy and found he was shorter than her son. Also this lad had a couple of old scars on his body which Walter did not have. She reported the matter to the authorities, but she was certified as insane and committed to a hospital. However, within a week, the little imposter confessed, and Mrs. Collins was released. She sued the authorities and was granted 10,000 dollars. But Walter never returned.

DUMB DORAS

In 1931, in Maryville, Missouri, a mob grabbed the murderer of a school teacher and decided to hang him. As they prepared the rope, someone suggested it would be fitting if the hanging took place at the school. So off they trooped. Upon arrival, someone else suggested that the best thing to do would be to burn the murderer on the top of the school building. The lynchers poured petrol over the building, placed the criminal on top of the roof and set the school alight. After the building was burned down, they suddenly realized that they no longer had a school. Were they annoyed!

FEMALE PATIENCE

In New York last year a policewoman was put on the job of catching a dope peddler with the goods on him. Using several disguises over a period of 30 weeks, she finally saw him selling the dope. On her arm was a bag of groceries and in that bag was a camera. She took many photographs and then arrested the peddler. Women, apart from having patience, also can be brave in the face of danger. Another policewoman walked past a store in New York and saw a crowd in a panic leaving the store in a hurry. She walked in and took the scene. A madman was holding a revolver in his hand while he looked wildly around for someone to shoot. The policewoman drew her revolver, walked up to the lunatic, disarmed him, and took him to the police station.

... and flowers
Here's the result, men. Wearing her new costume, Irish leans back on the rails of the swimming pool, allowing the sun to warm her body with its warm rays. Irish calls the suit "Playmate" and who would not be a playmate to Irish? Sunshine and flowers, with Irish in full bloom. What a display of horticulture.

There's nothing like exercises before swimming. It increases the circulation of the blood before taking that cold plunge. Irish is getting the most out of her exercises, while men exercise their eyes. Their blood circulation increases, too, from watching her. We think this picture shows Irish in her bust form.
HE FOOL THE WORLD

Psalmmanzar came from a strange place with marvellous stories that people paid highly for — and his lies coined money.

... and think of it, darling! We could have the cutest little test-tube babies!

TALL, good-looking and most attractively concerned, George Psalmmanzar was high chaffam of charlatanism at a time when freaks, oddities and imposters were the feted darlings of society—and should they have come from some remote, uncivilized corner of the globe, all the better.

London gossip of 1793... were still dazzled at mention of far-off unexplored continents and islands, and Psalmmanzar’s claim to have come all the way from mysterious Formosa tickled their hungry palates. They took him to their bosoms and for forty years Psalmmanzar alternately horrified and amazed them with invented tales of the island.

As a youth, Psalmmanzar began his impostures in a small way. He was employed as a tutor to two small boys in the south of France, when their mother’s advances being too much for his chaste appetite, he decided to return to his home.

He started the journey to Avignon and made a precarious living on the road by imitating passing pilgrims. The little he earned in this manner was soon spent and the shaky young tutor took on the guise of an Irish student of theology.

Clothed in a stolen leather cloak and staff, and discourse learnedly in Latin, he told a pitiful tale of persecution and hardship, which immediately drew compassion and assistance.

The success of this masquerade led him to adopt an even more preposterous identity. With a forged passport and the name of Psalmmanzar, derived from the biblical

ANGUS HAYWOOD
character Salamanzor, he prepared to invade the continent as a Japanese convert to Christianity.

His meager knowledge of the island and a distorted account proved more commending than he could have imagined. At Lautan he was chanced into prison as a spy, and only regained his freedom by promising not to set foot in the town again.

At Ati a Chapelle he tried the same dodge with belittling results. He was snapped up by the owner of a coffee shop who used him as a drawcard for customers.

Disillusioned and on the point of resuming his proper identity, the young adventurer came to Cologone. Here, he enlisted in the standing regiment, but the arduous duties of soldierly did not combine with his fanciful nature. He now insisted that he was a heathen Japanese and all religious ceremonies conducted his own private services. These consisted of turning his back to the sun and making a show of praying from a book of gibberish that he had invented.

It was at this point of his career that Salamanzor concocted the language he claimed to be Japanese, and devised an alphabet of strange symbols running from left to right. A neat touch was a Japanese calendar and a book of grammar, all elaborate figments of his overworked imagination.

At no time was his imposture challenged, for the world was quite willing to believe, not having ever seen one, that Salamanzor was truly a citizen of Japan. The manner of his coming and other fiendish questions were passed off with a number of reassuring stories which varied according to circumstances.

At Shus it can be said Salamanzor's career began in deadly earnest. and before long he was so entangled in his own deceptions there was no way of escape.

His first acquaintance was the chieftain of the Scottish regiment stationed there, one Alexander Innes, who saw in the pseudo-Japanese recruiting a possible field for speculation.

Salamanzor was introduced to the Governor of Shus, Brigadier Lauder, who was immediately impressed by the heathen's learning and virtuous manner. He commenced him to Innes as a suitable tutor and suggested Salamanzor study with a view to conversion to Christianity.

Innes took Salamanzor under his wing for his first lesson the chaplain gave Salamanzor a passage in Cicero to translate into Japanese. Appearing displeased with the first effort, he asked him to do it again. The glaring discrepancies in the two translations proved to Innes that his student was in need of a good manager.

Instead of exposing him as a fraud, Innes made a business proposition. If Salamanzor really put his head down and perfected his imaginary language until he was word perfect, there would be a nice little living in it for the two of them. England could be conquered easily with a little ballyhoo, and they would sit in the lap of society with every luxury attendant on them.

The prospect spurred Salamanzor to complete his self-made studies. There was only one alteration in his former plan—he was now a Formosan. Some information of Japan having filtered to the continent from sea-merchants, it was no longer wise for Salamanzor to pretend to be a Japanese.

It was as a converted Formosan that Salamanzor and chaplain Innes stormed London in 1793. As Innes had prophesied, so did it happen—Londoners deluged them with invitations.

Salamanzor was now quite familiar with his new personality and conducted himself with the aplomb of a much-travelled trooper. He took part in debates on the virtues of converting the natives of Formosa, and accepted pupils eager to learn his language.

Hailed everywhere as a scholar of extraordinary perception, Salamanzor went to Oxford for lectures in logic, philosophy, and divinity.

Without Innes going with him, his public clamouring for it, the hoaxer prepared to write a history of Formosa. So little was known of the island, he was able, with Verrazzu's Description of Japan in one hand, and Cadanens's Account of the Island of Formosa in the other, to write a geography of surpassing originality.

Published in 1794, Salamanzor's Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa curried the hair of the reader. The author blandly stated that 16,000 children under the age of nine years were annually sacrificed to the supreme god of the island. Secondary gods were appeased with annual sacrifices, the bodies of which were eaten by the public. The slaughtered children were the especial property of the priests, who dined on them after sacrifice.

To keep up the supply of children, each man had six wives, and the whole nation was under the cruel and despotic rule of the Emperor Meryamamoo.

Snakes of exceptional delicacy and temperance were bred on the island. One variety was boiled as an after-dinner sweetmeat, and Salamanzor's grandfather, who lived to the age of 117 years, attributed his longevity to nobbies of serpent's blood, which he drank every morning. Reluctantly, Salamanzor remarked that the grand old man would have completed his second century, had they not been forced to kill him. He suffered from violent colic, and he was killed in order to put him out of pain.

For this incredible story Salamanzor was paid ten guineas. In between translating sentences into Formosan for his adoring hostesses, he revised a second edition, for which he received twelve guineas.

Though it was undoubtedly a bestseller, the book brought the first of the disbelievers snapping at the Formosan's heels. In this hour of need Chaplain Innes, who had found himself a lucrative post in Portugal, deserted Salamanzor.

With his mainstay gone, Salamanzor gradually went to pieces. He was challenged by the eminent scientist, Edmund Hallee, who wished to know how long the sun would directly set beneath the chimney in Formosa. Sal-
man with a technicolour nose

W. C. Fields of the bulbous nose, was a drunkard on and off the screen. He was an eccentric without friends.

All his life W. C. Fields, the film comedian famous for his fruity, bulbous nose as big and red as a tomato, professed a violent hatred of children.

Once when making a film with the precocious and popular Baby Leroy, aged two, he suddenly kicked the child half-way across the set, remarking with satisfaction, "I think that will teach the little brat not to steal a scene from me."

Between takes, he would sit around eying the child venomously and uttering vague and horrible threats. These developed one day into definite action.

While the baby's nurse was absent, Fields surreptitiously poured gin into its flask of orange juice. When shooting started, the infant had lost interest in everything but sleep.

The director, stars and studio workers fluttered around, while the nurse vainly tried to wrangle some elixir into the glassy-eyed tot.

Fields was openly jubilant. "The kid's no trusser," he kept yelling. "I knew he was no good. Send him home."

Yet this same inhuman W. C. Fields directed in his will that the major portion of his multimillion-dollar estate should be used to establish an orphanage.

Fields' fabulous life was full of such contradictions. Once his friend, writer Gene Fowler, was badly in-
jured in a car smash. The papers reported he was near to death, and Fields immediately rang the hospital.

"How is he?" he solemnly asked the nurse who answered the telephone.

"We're not sure, Mr. Fields," she answered. "The doctors have told the reporters they think he may be going."

"Is he conscious?" queried the comedian.

"Yes, I can deliver a message for you."

"Then," boomed Fields' stentorian voice, "tell the son of a bitch to get up from there and quit faking."

Fowler recovered and was told by Fields' secretary that the strange, unfathomable man no sooner hung up the receiver after his conversation than he burst into tears. "Poor Gene! Poor Gene's son to die," he kept repeating.

Called "the funniest man in the world," W. C. Fields was known to millions of filmgoers for his inimitable portrayals of pompous, alcoholic reprobates and swindlers in some of the greatest comedies ever produced, and particularly as Mr. Micawber in the screen version of Dickens' "David Copperfield," which will be remembered as long as the book itself.

He made boozing his screen trademark, and it earned him a fortune. The same boozing brought him his death on Christmas Day, 1946.

Told by doctors he would die if he did not give up alcohol, he pigheadedly increased his enormous daily consumption by 50 per cent. He aimed to "make Marx out of them," but instead he killed himself.

Fields was born on April 9, 1879, and his real name was William Claude Dukenfield. He was the son of a Philadelphia fruit peddler and run away from home at the age of 11, after "tooking his unsuspecting patent on the head with an empty fruit case."

A life of juvenile delinquency and vagabond life followed. To live he committed "a variety of felonies" ranging from stealing from the stalls of Chinese laundrymen to hiding under saloon counters and grabbing his fill of free counterlunch when the barmen's backs were turned.

William Claude, however, soon abandoned vagrancy for show business, adopting the surname of Fields on his first professional appearance. From boyhood he had been fascinated with juggling, and for years spent 10 hours a day in practice.

The man who was later recognized as the greatest juggler in the world began his routines with his father's apples and oranges and graduated to the use of stolen tamales, balls, empty cigar boxes, Indian clubs borrowed from the YMCA and anything else he could find on rubbish tips during his years of wandering.

His first juggling job was on the pier at Atlantic City. He was just 14.

The proprietor praised his juggling ability and effusively told him: "You've got a real act, my boy."

W. C. Fields agreed with him, and believed he had "arrived." Then he learned that, for his wages of ten dollars a week, in addition to juggling, he had to fall off the end of the pier every hour and pretend he was drowning to attract a crowd.

The prospect of the ten dollars was too tempting to miss and Fields stuck manfully to the job. Twelve times a day he went through the routine of drowning and rescue by the pier's professional lifesaver.

At the end of each day he was in a state of collapse. Worse than that was the fact that his co-ordination was becoming affected and he was too water-logged to juggle.

A fortuitous pass and he plucked up courage to inquire timidly about his wages. The proprietor went into a long rigmarole about bad business and strenuously objected to handing over any cash.

"But I've got to pay my room rent," wailed Fields. "At least give me a couple of dollars to quieten the landlord."

"Don't be a fool," answered the proprietor sternly. "If I had two dollars I'd hire an extra dancer."

W. C. Fields always said that his lifelong aversion to water (particularly as a beverage) stemmed from his experiences on the Atlantic City pier. He once told a reporter that since then he had never taken a drink of water. "I didn't need any more," he pointed out. "I had it stored up, like a camel."

When a visitor to his Hollywood mansion queried why he never used the magnificent swimming pool, she asked her venomously and said: "Madame, I once drowned 12 times a day for two weeks. Would you like to swim if you'd drowned 168 times?"

More professional engagements followed, and the boy juggler developed into a star of international repute. At 19 he cracked the "big time" of New York vaudeville, and after that he never looked back. World tours followed (he was twice in Australia), and then an engagement for 10 years with the Ziegfeld Folies. Finally he went to Hollywood and made a reputation all over again as a straight comedian.

Fields' early hardships developed in him a horror of poverty and a passion for thrift that became notorious in show business. As soon as he began to make money, he started opening bank accounts. Wherever he went, he would start a new bank account with a big proportion of his weekly pay cheque. Eventually he had accumulated more than 700 of them all over the world.

He also had a passion for using queer-sounding aliases (such as Gayley E. Whittaker, Dr. Omin Gulp, Mortimer J. Schubelstein and dozens of others) in business deals. Many of his bank accounts were in such names.

When he died his executors could only locate 30 of the accounts. It seems likely, therefore, that many thousands of dollars of his savings still lie unclaimed around the world under these spurious names.

W. C. Fields in one of his favourite roles, as a ventriloquist.
W. C. Fields' thrift and parsimony naturally made him averse to would-be borrowers.

The producer, Mack Sennett, one evening drove out to his Hollywood house to discuss some comedy ideas for a forthcoming film. When he knocked at the door, a trio of servants appeared and told him that Mr Fields had gone out.

Returning to his car, Sennett heard rustling in some bushes and investigated.

W. C. Fields was crouching there. He held his forefinger to his lips for silence.

"What are you doing in there?" asked the amazed producer.

"Quiet!" hushed the comedian. "Get your voice down. I just got word a fellow was coming up here to try to borrow 6,000 dollars from me to start a restaurant. But don't worry, I'll duck him."

The following day Fields appeared as usual at the studio. He was "wearing dark glasses and a beard so patently false that he would have been arrested on suspicion by any alert policeman."

"How's it going?" asked Sennett sympathetically.

"I've beaten him," said Fields with satisfaction. "I just went right past him on Sunset Boulevard. He didn't know me from Adam. He'll soon give up now."

However, the borrower did not give up and a few days later he cornered Fields at home. The comedian immediately jumped into bed and sent down word that he could not see any visitors. "I'm just beginning a long illness," he bluffed.

Just when W. C. Fields became a serious drunker is not known, but for many years alcohol was the mainspring of his life. His capacity for liquor was a Hollywood legend until his death.

Despite the fact that he himself drank steadily through all his working hours, he abhorred drunkenness. The evident signs of intoxication—thick speech, unsteady gait and rowdiness—filled him with disgust. The slightest evidence of such in his friends, through their trying to keep up with him in his drinking, resulted in their banishment from his house.

In his travelling days before he went to Hollywood, Fields had three wardrobes trunks. Two of them contained his liquor stocks, and the third his juggling equipment and clothes. When he dropped juggling to become a comedian, he put liquor into the third trunk also.

Fields guarded his liquor "like a man keeping a harem." As a valet he employed a dwarf, who, although he was not much of a drinker, was continually suspected by the comedian of reaching the liquor while he was on stage.

When Fields returned to his dressing room, he would draw a chalk mark on the floor and make the unfortunate dwarf walk it to prove his sobriety.

Nightly, the number of bottles and the levels in them were checked. Taking a seat, Fields would order, "Top shelf," and the stocktaking commenced.

"Three full gin, one three-quarter; two full vermouth, one about half, small bottle of bitters," the dwarf would intone.

"Right!" Fields would say, checking his list. "Now hand over to examine levels."

Any suspected shrinkage and the dwarf would be soundly cuffed into near insensibility.

In his later years, W. C. Fields' "need for alcohol had crystallised into a habit pattern." He started his day with two double martinis before breakfast, which consisted of a small glass of pineapple juice.

For the rest of the day, giant cocktail shakers of martini accompanied him wherever he went. At the film studios, it was tacitly pretended by everyone that these were filled with pineapple juice.

One afternoon, a practical joker gained access to one of the shakers while Fields was on the set. He poured out the contents and replaced it with genuine pineapple juice.

Fields returned a few minutes later and greedily filled his glass. He took a hearty swig and nearly choked. "Who's been putting pineapple juice in my pineapple juice?" he roared.

W. C. Fields' long string of comedy films ended in 1943 with "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break." As well as acting in it, for which he was paid a princely salary even by Hollywood standards, he wrote the story and for that received an additional 25,000 dollars. It only took him 30 minutes and was censored on the back of an old grocery bill.

For the rest of his life he settled down to playing himself—one of the strangest eccentricities in Hollywood.

He had a mania about being kidnapped and lived in dread of gangsters invading his house at night. For protection he carried a couple of blackjacks and a loaded revolver.
and he invented a patent method of his own to frighten the non-existent intruders away.

Each night the household would be awakened at the top of the stairs he carried on loud conversations with imaginary bodyguards.

"All right, you ready, Joe, Bill, Mugsy?" he would yell. "Let's go down and get 'em then. Take it easy though, I know you boys are former fighters and gamblers, but I'd rather you didn't shoot to kill. Try to get them in the spinal cord or the belly. Ha ha ha ha—this ought to be good."

His servants, who found their sleep disturbed with such noises, rarely stayed for long. They couldn't put up with the way he slyly played them against each other to cause trouble.

Thus, he would approach the cook with a conspiratorial air and whisper: "I know there's nothing in this, but that damned butler told me you were stealing named food. You'd better keep an eye on him."

To the butler, in turn, he would say: "Look, I'm on your side, but you'd better do something about the cook. She keeps carrying tales about you and that snappy little upstairs maid."

With one butler he developed an insane suspicion that he was a notorious poisoner. Every time the butler served him food, Fields ceremoniously called an another servant to sample it before he touched it.

One butler was an enthusiastic athlete, spending all his spare time developing his muscles on some ropes and rings he rigged up from the roof of the garage.

One day, when he jumped energetically upward to grab a rope, it came unfastened and gave him a nasty fall into a pile of old furniture. Before he lapsed into unconsciousness, he heard "hoarse maniacal laughter" coming from a darkened corner of the building and saw his employer doubled up with mirth.

Fields was not so happy, however, when the victim began a legal action against him, and it cost him $5,000 dollars to settle the matter out of court.

At the age of 67, W. C. Fields' prodigious alcohol consumption began to catch up with him, and he was paid a visit by "the fellow in the bright nighttown," the pet name he had for death.

He was one of the greatest of modern comedians, but will probably be forever remembered for his weird eccentricities and contradictions.

He died an unhappy, lonely man—because all his life the suspicion, distrust and prejudice engendered by his harsh boyhood caused him to repel and abuse everyone who tried to make friends with him.

CAVALCADE December, 1953 31
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS
A strain of mice which is so sensitive to noise that it dies at the sound of a bell has been developed in U.S.A. When one of these mice is placed in a tub and a bell is rung over the tub, the rodent has convulsions and dies within seconds. It is hoped that the inherited nervous weakness of these mice may lead medical science to the cause of inherited weakness in human epileptics. Having found the cause, a cure will follow.

EAT EAR
The old saying “never touch anything in your ear smaller than your elbow” is full of wisdom. Many people have impacted wax in the ear through trying to remove that wax with a finger or a pencil. Similarly, an itching ear should never be scratched with a pin or a hobby pin. Such scratching can lead to a bad infection. If you must scratch inside your ear, use a small instrument with the point wrapped in cotton wool. The same principle applies to the nose to a lesser degree. Picking the nose too vigorously can lead to a bleeding of the lining and infection.

CANCER
Herbs used by Indians in shrinking heads may be a source of a new drug in cancer, says Dr. Wilbur H. Ferguson, New York cancer investigator. He used the herbs on hopeless cancer patients and found that the drug reduced pain, halted haemorrhages, and seemed capable of checking the spread of the dread disease. He gathered the herbs from the tropical forests of Equador and refined the poisonous sap for injection.

ALL THUMBS
People who have lost thumbs can have index fingers transplanted to the thumb position. By transplanting the index finger to the thumb position, it does the work of the thumb, restoring the grasping function to the hand. The new digit will, in time, take on the flattened appearance of the thumb.

LOOSE LIVERS
Animal livers are now being kept alive outside the body for hours at a time in the University of Rochester. They are kept alive by mechanically-oxygenated blood. Reason for this is that scientists believe that they can get important clues to diet and gland causes of artery hardening. The lipoproteins of the plasma, now the center of interest in artery hardening, are made in the liver.

We thought we had seen all types of costumes—from neck-to-knee to bikini—from plain designs to florals and polka-dots. Now we see Ann (just Ann) with zebra striped costume. And to lend weight to her choice, she holds a couple of toy zebras on the grass-like rug in her lounge room.
This girl really likes zebras. She sits on a zebra-covered lounge, with photos of the animal on the wall. With her long beautiful legs, we can think of no better choice to represent these graceful animals. The zebras should be quite bucked.

As if in the zebra’s own domain, Ann fits the picture perfectly under shade of a beach umbrella, with trees giving off a restful atmosphere. But zebras do not listen to radios. Perhaps we can hear a march—“Stars and Stripes?”
LEPROSY! For centuries even the thought of this oldest scourge of mankind has caused people to shudder. They conjure up visions of unhappy, segregated victims condemned to a horrible living death and awesome disfigurement.

More than 3,000 years ago the disease was killing the Egyptians. Phoenician traders and the Crusaders spread it through the world. By the Middle Ages it had developed into Europe's worst pestilence, and 13,000 lazaretos were needed to confine lepers.

Today it is still rampant, despite the efforts of modern drugs. Seven million victims around the world—and their numbers are increasing, particularly in the damp, tropical areas of Africa and Asia—still hear the whisper, "Unclean!"

Men's inhumanity to man is notorious, but man's inhumanity to the leper has been—and still is—in most parts of the world—nothing less than barbarous.

In a panic-stricken effort to control leprosy, a French king once ordered that every leper in the country be burned to death. That was probably preferable to the "living death" they endured in other places and other ages.

Treated as pariahs, they were torn from wives and children to be entombed in the lazaretos. To all intents they were dead—the burial service was even read over them. If they ever went out from the lazaretto, they had to wear distinctive clothes to proclaim their affliction. They put on masks to hide their deformities, and they rang a bell as they approached the healthy to warn them to get out of the way.

The cruelty accorded the leper was considered justified to control the spread of the scourge. Modern science, however, now believes it to have been largely unnecessary.

Leprosy is much less infectious than is generally realized. Even conservative medical opinion now classifies it as only "fairly infectious over a long period of intimate contact." Contraction of the disease by employees of modern leprosariums is almost unknown.

Yet, for all that, compulsory segregation of lepers is still enforced almost everywhere, even though no such restrictions, for example, are placed on sufferers from tuberculosis.

Tuberculosis is 100 times more infectious than leprosy, and a far more potent killer. But nowhere is a TB victim prevented from leading a normal life if he so desires. It is his own responsibility whether he submits to hospitalization for treatment.

The leper has not got "the touch of death" as was believed for centuries. A healthy person is normally immune to the disease he carries. Leprosy only attacks successfully when the person exposed to the germ is in a weakened condition from other illness, or has an open wound through which it can enter his body.

This has been realized in the two American states of New York and Massachusetts, which no longer incarcerate their lepers behind bars or fences.

A panel of United State leprosy experts in 1947 publicly announced that "compulsory segregation of patients is an expensive, useless cruelty, a survival of a dark age of ignorance and unreasonable fear."

The panel recommended that it be abandoned through the United States, but so far only the two states mentioned have adopted the recommendation. There the only restriction now applied to known lepers concern the handling of foodstuffs and working with children and the sick.

Leprosy is caused by a tiny germ which the Norwegian, Dr. Gerhard Hansen, first discovered in 1874. Microscopically it is similar to the tubercle bacillus, and both germs are resistant to the same drugs. Among germs they can be called first cousins.

As with tuberculosis, too, the problem with leprosy is to find some drug or means to kill the germ without harming the person who is carrying it.

Ever since Dr. Hansen's discovery, medical scientists have been trying to grow the leprosy bacillus outside the body in a test tube. The Japanese, Dr. Katsu Nakamura, was the first to succeed in 1950.

His discovery is the first step towards a definite cure. Now research can bombard, maim, poison and otherwise ill-treat cultivated leprosy germs till they find a way to beat them.

There are two main types of leprosy: the neural and the lepromatous.

The neural type, which is the less dangerous and the more prevalent, but non-infectious, attacks the nerves,
beginning with the nerves of the skin. The first sign is generally a small discoloration patch on the skin. At first the patch is indurated, but gradually it dies and the leper loses all sensation of touch and pain. In lepromatous, a neural sufferer is often seen with a cigarette, which he has forgotten, burning right down between his fingers. He is immune to the pain of the burning.

Other patches then appear, and the nerves move from the small skin nerves, which have killed, to the main trunk of the body. Here they halt their march for some unknown reason. They do not invade the spine or the brain, and consequently few neural lepers die of the disease.

Contrary to general opinion, there is no “rotting away” of the victim’s body. In acute stages of neural leprosy, the patient may lose the power of sight as the optic nerve is affected, or his muscles, without nerve control, may clench his fingers stiffly against his palms, twist his face or cramp his legs. But generally there is hardly any more disfigurement than is suffered by an arthritis victim.

Lepromatous, or dermal leprosy, is the skin form. It is more disfiguring and more dangerous. Here the germ attacks the skin tissue. White blood cells rush in by millions to meet the assault. They are in such numbers that ugly lumps, called nodules, form on the skin.

In size, the nodules may vary from that of a pea to a football. Accompanying the lumps may be a general enlargement of the hands or an enormous lengthening of the ear lobes.

It is believed that the leprosy germs sometimes lie dormant in the body for a long period before the outward symptoms appear. Generally, however, the evidence of infection can be seen after an interval of from several months to about five years.

Leprosy can cause blindness, crippling and acute pain—but it seldom affects the life span to any great degree. Previously the lepromatous sufferer rarely lived more than eight years, but modern drugs used in treatment can generally cure even that form of the disease.

The classic treatment for centuries was with the oil of the chaulmoogra, a tropical nut.

As a treatment it is almost as ancient as leprosy itself. It is reputed to have been discovered by Greek physicians about 1000 B.C. Afflicted by the disease, he had been cast out into the forest as “an unclean thing.”

By luck, he began to gather for food some nuts of the chaulmoogra bush. To his amazement, within a short period the disease left him.

From that time chaulmoogra oil became the world-wide cure for leprosy.

Today, however, chaulmoogra oil has been replaced by the sulphone group of drugs as the most effective weapon against leprosy. These consist of diamsone, sulphonamide and promaceitin.

While they do not cure, the sulphonamides can arrest the disease.

Australia has approximately 500 known lepers, including about 73 whites. The disease is believed to have been brought into the country from Asia by sailors and traders in the north, where the aborigines—often weak and sick and living in squalor—proved most susceptible.

Most of the white victims in Australia are either on Peat Island in Moreton Bay or at Little Bay, just out of Sydney.

The men and women who find themselves so afflicted only think of the day of their return to the outside world—for the majority of them eventually do return.

But haunting them is the perpetual question: “How will my family and friends react?” And to that they know there is an almost certain answer.

Knowing this, several Sydney doctors, it was recently reported, have begun to treat a number of leprosy patients privately and secretely. They have not notified the health authorities of the discovery of the disease because they do not wish to condemn the patients to incarceration in a leprosarium—with its lifetime consequences of misery and hopelessness.

In support of such action, one Macquarie Street specialist pointed out the almost negligible danger of the victims spreading the disease, "If I had to choose," he declared, "I would infinitely prefer a leper domestic or nurse for my children than a TB victim.”

Although you may sit next to one of these lepers in the tram or train, the medical profession the world over insists that there is not “a chance in a million of your becoming infected with leprosy.”

Why must countless thousands the world over be condemned to lives of misery because the superstitious will not believe that fact?

“Could you make the G look more like a G?”
mary
and the
men

She had a husband, but she could not keep all that beauty for one man. She was not selfish with her charms.

SPENCER LEEING

WHEN John Sayer, simple country gentleman, and owner of the Manor of Baddesley, in Buckinghamshire, went to the parish church there in 1890 to take Mary Nevil for his wedded wife, he hadn't the slightest idea what he was letting himself in for. Love, it is said, blinded him completely to what lay beneath the surface of his bride, and that was plenty.

Mary Nevil was an Admiral's daughter, beautiful, brilliant and witty, but unscrupulous to the last degree.

John Sayer had an income of £1,000 a year, in addition to his property and estates. Obviously Mary Nevil had that in mind when she persuaded her graces before the simple country squire.

When the honeymoon had ended, Mary began to show her true self by kicking her husband violently on his shins and other parts of his body because (as the young wife put it) she was dissatisfied with him as a lover.

This performances went on for about a year, Then the young termagent presented her still adoring husband with a daughter, at which the proud father was overjoyed. But the child died in early infancy.

Then Mrs. Sayer began her capers in earnest. She became bored with the dull country life in Buckinghamshire, and persuaded her gulible husband to rent a house in Lisle Street, Leicester Square, London, where he maintained a coach and, lived in style, merely to please the wife whom he still adored. This environment suited the gay Mary admirably.

Another daughter was born there, but whether John Sayer was the father was anybody's guess, because by that time Mrs. Mary Sayer had surreptitiously become a confirmed wanton. In this occupation her mother, Mrs. Salisbury (formerly the wife of Admiral Nevil, who was Mary's father), aided and abetted her.

One afternoon in the house in Lisle Street, when Colonel Salisbury
His wife continued to have her affairs—always looking for the highest bidders. At the same time she pledged her husband's credit until John Sayer was compelled to call in a lawyer to straighten out his financial affairs.

The lawyer chosen for this task was a young man named Richard Noble, who had chambers in New Inn, London. He was a struggling attorney, and was glad of the job.

Within a few days, Richard Noble had fallen hopelessly into the sexual clutches not only of Mrs. Sayer, but of her mother, Mrs. Salisbury—though John Sayer did not know this. He remained away from his wife, and eventually consented to execute a deed of separation. He assigned to her certain lands and an allowance of £200 a year, and agreed that she could live with whom she pleased. The deed, of course, was drawn up by lawyer Richard Noble, in whom he had complete faith and trust.

Shortly after Mrs. Sayer had given birth to a child of whom Richard Noble probably was the father, John Sayer received a letter from Noble warning him that he was in danger of being arrested by the High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire, and that he should flee the country, for his own safety. Holland was suggested.

Innocently, Sayer took the lawyer's advice. Almost immediately Noble succeeded in obtaining a decree obliging the Trustees in the Sayer Marriage Settlement to release their responsibility, and transfer it to Mr. Richard Noble, following which the trio of conspirators proceeded to fledge all that they could get out of John's possessions.

When the hapless wanderer returned to London, he was staid for debts which he couldn't meet. So he took refuge within the walls of the notorious Fleet Prison, and exhibited his bill in Chancery for release against the suit, under the deed of separation which he had obtained.

Thus, in its way, was a master stroke, because it put his wife in dire financial straits. Her latest paramour was earning little or nothing. Down on their luck, Mrs. Sayer, her mother, and Noble took lodgings in The Mint, Southwark, a district which was one of the main resorts of London's underworld at that time.

Hearing of this, Sayer wrote, promising to forgive his wife if she would resume marital duty. Mrs. Sayer ignored the suggestion.

The husband determined to save his wife bodily together with the remaining effects of his that she might possess.

Armed with a warrant issued by a Justice of the Peace, and accompanied by two officers of the Watch and six assistants, he went to the house in The Mint.

Breaking hard on the front door, the arms of the law said that they had a warrant to search for a suspected person.

Another tenant of the lodgings opened the door, and the party of nine went in, to find Noble, Mrs. Sayer and Mrs. Salisbury at dinner. Purple with anger, Noble drew his sword, lunged, and stabbed Sayer in the left breast before the officers of the Watch and their assistants could stop him.

Soaked in a large pool of blood on the floor, the victim slung a look of bitter reproach at his wife. Then his eyes closed and he died.

Richard Noble was a fool, as well as a gross knave because eight witnesses for the Crown could prove murder—no matter what the women said.

The officers of the Watch and their henchmen were well trained in tactics for such an occasion—and in such a haunt of desperadoes as the Southwark Mint.

They seized the assassina and the women. As the procession emerged from the lodging, with all the cutthroats and thieves of the neighborhood gaping outside, a sword drooping with blood was seen, held high by the senor arm of the law, as irrefutable evidence that murder had been committed.

That silenced the mob into a semblance of respect. According to an old record of the case, the wise Watchmen did this because they were afraid that the neighbours might "spring up, demanding vengeance, under supposition that the prisoners were debtors ...".

Richard Noble was charged with "wilful murder," and Mrs. Sayer and Mrs. Salisbury with having aided
and assisted him in the crime.

The trials took place at Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, on March 13-14, 1713, before a large jury.

Noble and Mrs. Salabury challenged twenty of the jurors, and Mrs. Sayer objected to no fewer than thirty-five. They had that right. But the jury-members available were so many that it made no difference. The trial took place.

Records show that the Court sat continuously from six o'clock in the morning until one o'clock on the following morning. At that hour the jury left the box for "light refreshment." After nine hours' deliberation, they returned verdicts of "Guilty" against Richard Noble, and "Not Guilty" against Mrs. Sayer and Mrs. Salabury.

Noble made an impassioned appeal to the Court to be allowed a little grace in which to repent, resolve his soul, and put his worldly affairs in order. The request was granted.

Exhibiting genuine signs of repentance for his preceding sins, he was hanged at Kingston-on-Thames on March 28, 1713.

The two women left for London, as free as the air, and with unblemished characters—from the point of view of the Law.

What happened to them afterwards is not recorded.

The villainous mother (who was probably at least half the cause of her daughter's wickedness) could not have survived much longer.

But London in Queen Anne's time was gay and unscrupulous enough to take Mary Sayer (nee Nivit) back into the fold of women of easy virtue, even though she had at least three deaths on her non-existent conscience.

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**they TRADE their wives**

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**JOHN CHARR**

**Nowhere** in the world are wives held in such low esteem as among the jungle Negro-Indian tribes of Honduras, only a few hundred miles from the southern borders of the United States.

One of the strange customs of these Central American peoples is wife trading—men of each village being permitted to exchange wives at three-month intervals while inter-village exchange of wives also occurs every other time a year.

The village and inter-village "markets of wives" are so staggered that the native who has the wherewithal in either wives, gold nuggets, or gold, can acquire and dispose of eight different wives in the course of a single year, at regular intervals of about six weeks apart. Naturally, many natives have wives of whom they are genuinely fond, wives whom they do not swap or sell. Nevertheless, the custom of "staggered polygamy" is widespread among the interior jungle tribes, and represents a condition almost incredibly backward to civilized minds.

It was recently my privilege to visit some of these tribes, and observe the "markets of wives" as well as other strange customs first-hand. To begin with, I must first make it clear that...
the conditions I found in the mountainous jungles are not typical of Honduras as a whole. Most of the population of about one million souls is Mestizo or Spanish-Indian, and while among them promiscuity is still widespread, steady progress in education has led to an encouraging increase in permanent marriages.

This increased stability of the family unit still does not apply in the almost inaccessible regions of the interior and along the so-called "Mosquito Coast," where white men seldom venture. Close as they are to modern civilization, these areas remain among the least-explored on earth.

We reached the Mosquito Coast by way of Brewers' Lagoon, a strip of water some two hundred miles in length that is separated from the Caribbean Sea by a long, sandy, palm-fringed strand of sand. To make our way inland, we had to travel by canoe—and frequent portages—up the swift current and raging rapids of the Patuca River, which empties into the lagoon.

The influx of Negro blood among these various tribes differs roughly with the distance from the coast. It has tended to improve the stock, the mixture being taller, stronger, and more intelligent than the original Indians.

In my notes I find that the Negro-Indian mixture among the Mosquito Indians comes about by chance. In 1641, a shipload of African slaves was wrecked off this coast, and the unarmed Negroes were promptly captured and enslaved by the Indians. The Mosquito Indians found the Negroes to be amenable, intelligent, and of good physique, and intermarriage was soon permitted. Over the centuries, thousands of escaped slaves also made their way to this coast, where they interbred with the native population.

I was told that the original Carib Indians of this area were crimson red in color. A colony in a small village on Brewers' Lagoon, I noted, were much darker, having the high cheekbones of the Indian and the flat noses of some Negro tribes.

Inland the Moskitos were much lighter. Incidentally these tribes—living along the mountainous headwaters of the Patuca River—are the ones with the wife-swapping propensities. The first such tribe we visited were the Zambos, who live in small villages of no more than a dozen huts.

Like the other isolated and backward tribes, the Zambos are exceedingly primitive. Their only tools are a few knives and machetes. They hunt with bows and arrows, shoot clay pellets about the size of a large pea, and their marksmanship is uncanny. Their women make clothing out of the inner layers of bark. These people get plenty of fish from the rivers by the simple expedient of poisoning the water, using lethal plant extracts or alligator gall. Tropical fruits are plentiful. Their alcoholic beverage—which has real authority—is a brew of yucca, cassava, and oranges.

The Zambos are a violent, almost lawless tribe. There is no village authority—not even by a medicine-man. If a Zambu kills an enemy, his only fear is retribution in kind from some male relative of his victim.

The masculine approach to marriage is like slavery, with the men "owning" the women and showing little affection for them. It is actually considered improper to reveal emotion or tenderness. Kisang is unknown. If a husband is consider-
succession of temporary wives.
(In such a society, of course, the children are the property of the village as a whole.)

The scene of one of constant pendemonium. Both purchasers and sellers of wives try to outdo each other in yelling and shrieking, on the theory that the man with the loudest voice and the greatest persistence can get the better of the bargain. Sometimes these negotiations are very complex; a poor Zambu, for example, cannot buy a new wife on whom he has set his fancy until he first gets the necessary capital by selling his old one.

These Zambu males are deadly serious. They know that if they fail to complete a transaction on the quarterly wife-market day, they must wait another three months — unless they can afford to go to one of the inter-village markets. No Zambu will ever try to sell his wife at a private sale for "evil demons" will surely punish his flagrant "immorality."

When, as sometimes happens, young boys and girls fall genuinely in love with each other, they show their affection by refusing to eat together! Such a symbol of mutual liking as sharing a meal is not to be tolerated, and they know that — regardless of the intensity of their adolescent love — a permanent marriage is almost an impossibility.

A few other of the Zambu customs are worthy of notice. As might be expected, they have little idea of religion. Immortality of the soul is totally beyond their conception. Education and religious instruction offer the greatest hopes of happiness to this strange, backward tribe who treat their women as mere chattels.

From the Zambu territory we went on to visit another almost totally unknown tribe, the Payas. They are so isolated that linguists can find no connection between their language and any other tongue. Amazingly, they actually have two different languages, one spoken by the men and the other by the women.

In some respects, the Payas are even more primitive than the Zambus. Like the Zambus, they raise no crops, being content to live off the jungle. They do not even have the crude wife-purchase-and-exchange system of the Zambus, the girls, once they have proven their ability to bear children, belong indiscriminately to the males of the entire village.

However, they have quarterly exchanges of all the women of different villages — one of the most brutal practices imaginable; the sole redeeming feature being that the women exchanged do know each other and are not separated. The children are kept behind in the villages of the fathers.

It is almost incredible that such superstitions and practices still exist in such great degree on this continent. These conditions are not the fault of the Honduran government, which is doing its utmost to educate the people, improve their standards of living, and abolish barbarous customs.

On the contrary, they are primarily due to the extreme isolation of the more backward tribes, who are literally more difficult to visit than almost any other peoples on earth. Until helicopters, perhaps, make intercommunication much easier, the jungle "markets of wives" and other barbaric customs are likely to persist.

WAL WATKINS

The Beaufort underground bar was peaceful in mid-afternoon. The radio was crooning, "I went to your wedding" to the sole drinker, a young lawyer. Then the other man came in.

The young lawyer saw his reflection in the mirror that ran the full length of the bar. The man stood up and sat down beside him. "A beer," he told the fat barman, and the lawyer looked at him curiously.

The voice had sounded unnatural — sinister and theatrical.

The barman put a beer on the bar and the man turned and looked at the young lawyer.

The lawyer lifted his glass to drink,
TROUBLE started in Hades as soon as the new man arrived. He began giving orders to all. After demanding that the place be remodelled, he was sent for by Satan. Old Nick complained that his assistant was being worn to shadows. "Anyone would think," he said, "that you own this place." The newcomer stared at Satan, "I do own it," he said. "My wife gave it to me on Earth." He lowered his head and looked frantically at the reflection of the closed door in the mirror.

Leslie Fay swung the gun on the barman. "Give me the door key—quick!" he hissed.

The barman took the key from a hook and passed it shakily.

"Turn off the radio!" The barman obeyed.

Fay backed to the door, locked it, and pocketed the key. Then he turned and waved the gun over two men. "Don't either of you move or I'll shoot you dead!" He jerked the gun at the barman. "Barman, are there any other ways of entering this bar other than through that door?"

The barman shook his head stupidly. "None, master—none."

Fay backed around the bar to verify this, covering the men as he did. At the far end of the bar, he paused to investigate the narrow ventilation shaft which led down from the top bar. Then, satisfied, he walked stealthily back to his captive.

"You! Let's hear you laugh so I can shoot you! Go on, laugh!"

The barman shrank, white-faced, in the silence.

He swung the gun to the lawyer. "You! Let's hear you laugh!"

He stepped back from them triumphantly. "Hah! You're like the rest of the world. You laughed when they tried me, but you haven't got the courage to do it now!"

He went to the center of the bar and leaned on it again. The crooked smile played on his face. "It's my turn to laugh now," he explained. "I'm going to prove to the world how wrong they were. I'm going to show them I can kill in cold blood! And I'm going to laugh while I'm doing it."

The barman's nerve cracked. "What are you going to do?" he blurted.

Fay straightened up. "I'll show you, barman. I'll show you! There's a 'phone' in the bar there. Get it in there!" He waved the gun at the lawyer. "You! Don't move an inch!"

The lawyer watched him force the barman behind the bar. The lawyer's mind was in a whirl of reminiscence. He was remembering the trial three years ago. He had faced the defense had built an excellent case. He had been the defendant as a dead-end kid years before, worshiping and imitating the tough-guy movies. He had shown him in a sordid environment which had warped his way of thinking and crippled his outlook.

At 16 the would-be tough had joined the notorious Sloane gang. For three years he'd played a small part in that organization. Then they'd given him a gun and told him to shoot the one helpless witness who had seen him shoot down the armed bank guard in a moment of panic.

He had discovered then that he was not a man who could ever be the tough guy he'd imagined in reality, he was a man who had been carried away by his childhood whims which had twisted his young mind.

The defendant had wept and gone berserk in court. He'd challenged the judge to prove him a weakling. The gallery had laughed and the papers had played it up. Examination by psychiatrists had followed and he'd been confined to an institution.

Later, there'd been the repeated threats to get even with the world—the desperate bids to escape—the maniacal killing of a prison guard—and finally, his certification as a homicidal maniac.

Now Leslie Fay had the barman stand by while he drilled police headquarters. "Hand over police," he said. "This is Leslie Fay. I'm the underground bar of the Beaufort Hotel. I've got two men locked in here with me and I'll shoot them if anyone tries to break in. Now just to prove I'm not kidding, here is one of the man to verify what I've just said."

He handed the phone to the barman, let him squatter his verification, then hung up.

Next he phoned the city newspapers. He told all six of them what was happening and hung up again. "You know what I'm going to do now," he said. "I'm going to wait in a few minutes the homicide squad will be up there planning how to take me! Also in a few minutes, the last editions will come off the press and newspapers will be telling the world I'm here! The world will gather there to watch and wait. And when they're all there—"

He glanced at the clock over the bar. "Say at 6 o'clock, I'll shoot you two and start laughing!"
The two men's eyes flashed to the clock. It was 5.30.

The barman went a shade whiter and glanced desperately at the lawyer.

The lawyer mustered his failing courage and cleared his throat. "And the moment you shoot, Fay, the cops will bust in the door."

"And I'll pick them off as they enter from around the corner there," said the homicidal maniac.

"They'll get you with numbers!"

Fay nodded. "But I'll be laughing. I'll have proved myself."

Up at street-level six police cars had drawn up to the kerb to discharge their carbine shots and prepare to ensure the safety of the policemen and to ensure the safety of the policemen and to ensure the safety of the policemen and to ensure the safety of the policemen.

At the entrance to the Beaufort Hotel, Joe Morton, the homicide chief, was in earnest conversation with the two men. One was the proprietor of the hotel. The other, a little grey-haired man, had been Fay's superintendent psychiatrist during his confinement.

"It's this way, Doc," the chief was saying to the psychiatrist. "I've got no intention of letting you go down there with him! He's a homicidal maniac and he'd shoot you with as little compunction as he would me—much as you say you admire you. Now here's what I aim to do: I'll go down there and talk to him through the door. If he won't listen I'll try sending a man to take him from the slaughterhouse."

"And if that fails?" asked the psychiatrist.

"If that fails, too, I'll let you try your newspaper stunt."

The crowd was suddenly big and menacing. The chief turned and waved to his men. "Seal off! Get these people cordoned off! There's bound to be shooting and I don't want civilians hit!"

He stood close against the wall and knocked. "Fay," he called. "It's Morton here!"

"Go back up the stairs!" snarled Fay.

"I want to talk to you, Fay," Morton called.

A shot crashed! Wood splintered and a bullet slammed into the cement steps and whined away. Morton clambered back up the steps and waved angrily to his men. "All right," he hissed. "Tackle him from the skylight!"

Fay's eyes lifted now to the clock. It was 5.30. He looked back to his captives again. And as he did, the shadow cut the filtering light that was over him, and he looked up.

He lifted the gun in a flash and fired once, twice! The shadow slumped and lay still!

He jumped away from the bar with a little cry of joy. "See!" he shouted at the two hostages. "Thought they'd get me through there! See how I shot him!"

An atter quiet settled in the bar. Fay stood, alert, glancing alternately from the clock to the men. When it was one minute to six, he dropped into his theatrical half crouch and approached them craftily.

The lawyer rose slightly on his toes! The barman stiffened and took a deep breath! There came the sound of rustling and a paper thumbed to the floor at the bottom of the ventilation shaft.

Fay stopped, coming, glancing suspiciously at the tightly rolled paper. Then he went around his captives and picked it up carefully. He stood in front of them, covering them with the gun in one hand, and he shook the paper out in the other. The last edition, it was, with the black headline:

CROWDS LAUGH AT FAY AGAIN.

The homicidal maniac backed away, his eyes narrowing as he read the opening paragraph. "Hundreds of people are gathered outside the Beaufort Hotel, laughing for the second time at Leslie Fay, the would-be tough-guy. Fay has locked himself in the basement of the hotel and is defying police to enter. But chief of homicide, Morton, has no intentions of entering. He has publicly denounced Fay as a weakling, and has boasted that he will walk up unarmed and take the gun from Fay when he emerges." "On being warned of the danger of being shot, Morton laughed and replied: Fay wouldn't have the guts to shoot an unarmed man."

"And that's a good man," the paper fell from Fay's hand. He stood a moment looking at his prisoners. "Let me have the gun, Leslie," he said calmly. "That's a good man."

Leslie Fay was shaking all over, cringing before the little man.

"Let me have it and we'll go away together, Leslie. Just you and me. We'll go away from all these people and I'll talk to you like I used to. I won't let the police hurt you, Leslie. I promise you that, and I've never broken my promise to you, have I?"

Slowly, Fay's gun hand fell down. Calmly, the psychiatrist reached out and took the gun. "Thank you, Leslie," he said. "The spooked crowd sighed and police relaxed."

Then he left his arm, and he walked with him. Out through the ranks of grim-faced homicide men, they walked. Out past where chief Morton was marvelling at the power of a faked front-page on a newspaper.

CAVALCADE, December 1953
CAVALCADE COMMENT

ACTION AND REACTION
BY OUR CORRESPONDENT A. H.

TEXAS. WEST OF TEXAS

WE HAVE ALL HEARD TESTIMONY UPON THE MUDY REPOSITIVE EFFECT THAT FILM-DRUG HAS UPON THE JUNIOR MALE. -- BUT

BOGGART BOLETS DON'T TALK

ART LETS DON'T TALK

MOTHER ARMY TATTOO

OTHER SPECTACLES ARE WONT TO PRODUCE SIMILAR RESULTS...

60 EAR

HELLO BY BILL SHAKES!

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CLASSIC DRAMA IS BEYOND DOUBT.

FOLLIES DE PARIS

AND FINALLY -- WHAT OF THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES?
HIBERNATION

Hibernation in animals is still puzzling scientists. They have installed self-recording thermometers and other mechanism beneath dormice in an attempt to discover the animals' physical reactions. They found that the metabolism of the dormice during hibernation is only a few units away from death. They have only a couple of heart beats per minute and take only a few breaths every hour. They do not grow, move, eat or excrete. Yet, if the animals are dug out of the ground, they are warm.

MECHANICAL WORRIER

A mechanical brain which worries has been invented by the Raytheon Manufacturing Co. of Massachusetts, U.S.A. It is a digital computing machine which can compute 1,000 additions, 1,000 subtractions, 1,000 divisions, or 1,000 multiplications. If an error occurs in its computations, the machine itself spots the mistake by indicators on a panel. All the work done by the machine up to the error is preserved and the brain, after rectifying the mistake, continues its work until the sum is completed. The brain is called the Raydace.

CONCRETE EVIDENCE

The New York Department of Public Works has discovered that the application of bituminous oil reduces the chipping or scaling of public highways. Newly-laid concrete absorbs water or salt solutions until fully dehydrated. This takes five years. Water absorbed in winter is subject to constant freezing and thawing, which leads to disintegration of the surface. The application of the oil—1/17th of a gallon per square yard—keeps out the water and produces only temporary discoloration, which wears off within a year. The oil evaporates, leaving the bitumen and this does not leave any slipperiness on the road.

NUMBER PLEASE

In Japan superstition regarding numbers is real. Odd numbers are lucky, even numbers are unlucky. Special emphasis of bad luck is placed on the number “four.” The word for four is “sha,” which is also the word for death. If a Japanese girl tells you her phone number is 06-459, you have been had. That number means zero, misery, drop dead, misery, drop dead, zero. The influential establishments have the lucky numbers, for example, the Imperial Hotel is 85-3151.

WAYS TO A FIST

Boxers have a choice of many fighting styles. Usually it is the unorthodox which pays off

RAY MITCHELL

To the uninitiated there are only two styles in boxing—orthodox and southpaw. The term “orthodox” is a loosely-applied term given to any boxer who is not a southpaw. Anyone who shapes up with left foot and left arm forward is commonly called an orthodox boxer, while a boxer who shapes up in reverse, that is, with right hand and right foot forward, is a southpaw.

Strictly speaking, the common opinion is not correct. Styles vary to a great degree among right-handed and left-handed boxers.

The orthodox boxer is one who stands fairly straight, leads with his left, parries, counters, hook, move and shifts blows in strict accordance with the book. A “copy-book left” is a phrase commonly used by boxing writers in describing a fight. Copy-book is very pretty to watch, but, unless the orthodox boxer incorporates something else into his mode of fighting, or at least includes the unexpected into his style, he will not reach the top—and stay there. (To save argument, there are exceptions to every rule.)

Other boxers read the text books too, and they can expect the “copy-book” boxer to make certain moves and can lay traps. Of course, an orthodox boxer (providing he can take the occasional wallop) must take in a fight, no matter how clever he may be) will always beat the fighter in his own class.

There is quite a difference between a boxer and a fighter. A fighter is one, usually with a heavy punch, who surges forward, intent on knocking his opponent senseless, or busting him off his feet. A fighter lacks finesse. He is not necessarily a wild
swinger, who is another type altogether. Every fighter can box to a degree—and every boxer can fight—to a degree. The swinger can only swing and is easy meat for the straight puncher.

If a study is made of all the world champions of the past and present, it will be noticed that the greatest were, and are, unorthodox—ones who did the unexpected—and it is the unexpected that wins fights.

To quote an example of the unexpected, some years ago I handled a heavyweight fighter named Bill Warburton. One night, at Sydney Stadium—April 19, 1948, he engaged into Caudino in one of the most thrilling bouts seen since the War. The contest was scheduled for eight rounds and for the first time the crowd yelled itself hoarse as terrific thunderbolts landed on both boxers.

Caudino was an unbeaten south-paw. Warburton, left hand and left foot forward, was a fighter, tough with a terrific punch and the ability to carry out instructions.

Every round I gave Bill different instructions so that Caudino and his seconds would not know what to do next.

In the interval between the terrific fight and the ninth round, my advice to Warburton was as follows: “This time I want you to meet him in the ring centre and throw a right at his jaw. He will immediately come back at you with a left hook. He is fighting the same style every round. But, instead of countering that left hook with an inside right as you did last round, stay back, allowing the punch to pass in front of you.”

“Step to your left and forward with a right Step to the body. Then step back and watch him fall. The fight will be over in a minute.”

When the bell rang he moved out and followed instructions to the letter. He threw the right. Caudino did as expected—left hook. Bill swayed back, stepped forward and to the left in one motion, snapping that powerful right to the solar plexus.

Then he stepped back to watch Caudino. A look of agony came over the Italian’s face as he stiffened. Then slowly he revolved on his heels and fell to the canvas—out cold. I looked at the clock. Exactly one minute of the round had gone.

Jim Donald headlined the fight (which was only the supporting bout to the main contest) in a Sydney daily and wrote of the finishing blow: “Warburton came out to Natten Caudino with a solar-plexus punch that would have won praise from maestro Bob Fitzsimmons.”

There is no new punch in boxing and no new move. All have been done before, but there are so many combinations of moves and blows can be performed when least expected, that an opponent is non-plussed.

Bob Fitzsimmons was being scientifically and systematically cut to pieces until the fourteenth round in his heavyweight title tilt with Jim Corbett in 1897. Then he unleashed his shift, bringing up his glove with pile-driving force into Corbett’s solar-plexus. Corbett went down as though poleaxed and the title changed hands ten seconds later.

Newspapers wrote up Fitz as the discoverer of a new punch. But actually that blow had been in use for over a century. But it was not until Bob used it against Corbett that it was given the name “solar-plexus.” punch Bob said, “I just hit him in the belly and he folded up.”

How often has it happened in boxing that “A” has soundly beaten “B”, and “B” has knocked out “C”, yet “C” has then convincingly beaten “A”?

Many times—and the reason is style. “A” could handle “B”s’ style, but not “C”s. To quote one case in hundreds.

In 1933 Max Beer knocked out Max Schmeling. Two years later Joe Louis knocked out Beer. Yet Schmeling knocked out Louis in 1936. None of these contests showed one of the contestants improved. Beer and Schmeling in the Louis fights were a little past their peaks, while Louis was on the way up.

More recently there was the George Barnes-Frank Flannery-Bud Smith set-up. Barnes three times fought Flannery and three times Frank was on points. The last time being when he was Australasian lightweight champion. Then Wallace Bud Smith came out from America. He was rated the eighth best lightweight in the world by the National Boxing Association of America.

Smith made his Australian debut in Melbourne in opposition to Flannery and he gave Frank a boxing lesson, inflicting on him a thorough hiding. So much so that a return bout was out of the question.

Smith had to be used again. His contract called for three fights. So he was pitted against George Barnes, then our second best lightweight (now our best walter).

The two met in Melbourne and Barnes won a close points decision. They were rematch in Sydney and again George came good with a points win.

Why? Flannery three times proved Barnes’ master; undoubtedly Smith was Flannery’s master; yet Barnes twice beat Smith. The answer is style. Smith had a beautiful straight left, and if allowed to make the fight, that left dictated the course of the contest as in the Flannery fight.

But Barnes fought right up close, he took stock on Smith’s chest and stayed there throughout the fight, belting away at Smith’s body and not allowing Bud to bring in his straight left.

That happened in 1932, and, upon his return to U.S.A., Smith met many good fighters and drew with a world champion.

Jack Dempsey incorporated a fast-moving crouching weave and proved hard to hit. Not only that, but his continual weaving, from side to side with his feet more often than not aside, made it difficult to know in which hand he would use first.

Henry Armstrong was a tear-a-move fighter who never let up the evening punches. He would stay very close to his opponent and hit whenever he saw flesh. His style was difficult to overcome. Henry won and held simultaneously three world boxing titles and was the only protagonist in boxing history to do so.

Harry Greb and Jack Carroll were two of the most unorthodox boxers in history. Greb was known as “The Pittsburgh Windmill” because he threw both hands in a never-ending fusillade—blows which travelled from any direction, from any range (but mostly close), but all guided to the target.

Gene Tunney, who suffered the only defeat of his career at the hands of Greb, said he would rather fight a buzz-saw.

Carroll would speed into action and lead ten to a dozen straight lefts so fast that his arm was a blur and all one could see was his opponent’s head going back and forth like a speed ball.

According to the good book a boxer should not stand with feet astride and flat-footed, while evading
SAY IT WITH GLANCES

I saw her in the distance,
And distance lends enchantment,
So they say, but coming nearer
She needed no enhancement.
She was beautified by Nature
To a very marked degree.
And Dame Nature hadn't held back
One jot of artistry.
For one whose admiration
Of works of art is scant
I became a beauty lover.
To the point where I would rant
And with full appreciation
I thought rather than neglect her.
I'd turn at once, to my surprise,
Into an art collector—
So I thought of words to flatter her,
To speak if I got the chance.
But all the flattery I needed
Was an ardent second glance.
—EX-REX

punches or when punching. The book also states that a boxer should have both feet on the floor when punching—in fact, at all times in the ring. A boxer slides or slides when moving—he does not lift a foot.

Yet Carroll did all the things he should not have done. He tore the book to shreds. Jack would stand flat-footed with hands at sides, while his opponent threw punch after punch at him in a vain effort to hit him. Jack would leap into the air, strike with both hands while airborne—and get away with it! Why? Because he was so fast and did so many unexpected things at unexpected times. He was the greatest welterweight Australia ever produced.

Vic Patzek, Australia's idol for many years, was a southpaw, but he was an unorthodox one. He shaped up sideways and moved like a crab. His extended right arm seemed to stretch across the ring. He was very baffling to his opponents and his terrific power of punch flattened a large majority of the opposition before they solved his style.

Australia's world champion is a southpaw—'the unusual type of southpaw. He is fast. Southpaws are notoriously slow-moving. Jimmy is like a normal boxer shaping up in reverse. His speed, allied to the south-paw stance makes his opponents do the wrong things.

Styles play a big part in success in boxing. If a man has a style that baffles his opponents, he scores a lot of victories, providing, of course, that he has the other requirements of a boxer, or fighter. Some can handle various styles, but one will bewilder them. Some—even champions—cannot handle southpaws. Some like a man who comes in and fights. This style shows the counter puncher in good light. Others would rather fight boxers.

But there is one thing for young boxers to remember. While studying various styles of class champions, do not change your individual style to copy your idol. While his style suited him, it is not natural for you. It was his individuality which brought him success. But incorporate little moves and actions of those champions into your style. Practice those moves until they come automatic to you, and fuse into your own style. But your own style is basically your own. Remember that.

DR. W. SCHWEISHEIMER

Here is a recipe for adding to your age. One of the ingredients—don't cease work when you retire.

how you can live longer

A LOT is heard today about the art of growing old and staying healthy; of better care for old people; of a later retiring age. Two new words have crept into the language—gerontology and geriatrics. The former is the study of the aging processes and the latter is the treatment of older people.

Old people have not changed since their previous generations but a revolutionary change in our social conditions has given an added interest in the aged and due to various circumstances, such as medical science improvement and the acceptance of the aged as individuals, no nuisances, have given longer life.

Within the last ten years, the expectation of life at birth has gained five years. Since the beginning of this century it has gained twenty years.

People live longer due to the improvements in the hygiene of everyday life. The housing situation is incomparably better for the mass of people than in the Middle Ages or even half a century ago. The danger of epidemics and infectious diseases can be limited in most cases. Better nutrition and better social care can help to lengthen the average life.

Hence the average man will live to be 58, 68 or 78 years of age. Of course, he may develop one of the diseases characteristic of older age groups—heart failure, arteriosclerosis, arthritis or cancer.

One of the scourges of the aged used to be diabetes, but a new world opened for diabetics with the discovery of insulin nearly thirty years ago. Diabetics are not actually cured by insulin but this miracle drug gives a substitute for the lacking secretion

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A MAN crossed a hen with a parrot and caused much amusement among his friends. Some time later he was asked: "Did you have any success with the offspring of your hen-parrot?"

The poultry farmer grinned: "My word I did," he replied: "I have a chicken who comes up to me every day when about to lay, and she says: 'Where will I put it, mate?'"

of internal glands and as long as diabetes use insulin, they will be as healthy as normal people.

I have a friend whose father died at the age of 43 due to diabetes. His son (my friend) has had the disease for twenty years, but, at 67, he is as healthy as a man could be at the age. He has 28 grandchildren and is a good worker at his trade.

This is only one example of how things have changed during the last 30 years for older people. Diabetes does not spare the young, but in most cases it is an ailment of advanced years, starting after the fifty year mark. We cannot prevent people from getting diabetes when they grow older, but we can protect them from bad consequences and dangerous complications, by modern methods of treatment.

Our goal, however, is not only to add years to life, but also to add life to years. People who live longer can enjoy it only if at the same time they find satisfaction in life.

Most important in this respect is proper food for keeping old people healthy, efficient and happy. A checkup of food habits is recommended. Bad nutrition diminished the efficiency of older workers. But we must consider the fact that it is hardly possible to give up lifelong food habits in old age just to comply with any theory about food.

The British statesman and philosopher, Lord Bacon, said in the 17th century: "To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of rest and sleep, and to exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting." It is sound advice to eat moderately of a balanced diet at regular intervals and under pleasant surroundings.

Elderly people are more interested in their food and their digestion than younger people. This is well founded. The older we grow the more our happiness depends upon the proper functioning of our digestive organs — stomach, bowels, kidneys.

Dr. M. Gumpert, who is especially experienced in problems of old age, gives certain rules for the best diet for normal aged people. Here are some of these rules:

1. Stimulate the appetite by increasing the flavour of food. Make ample use of spices and acids like lemon juice and vinegar (You have to be careful, though, with spices and salt in case of kidney trouble.) Make sweet dishes sweeter.

2. Prepare the food so that it can easily be chewed. If necessary, chop meats and mash or strain vegetables. This is important if the teeth are not good.

3. Don't give too large servings at a time. Fungo hurried meals and the heavy dinner at night. Three meals of approximately equal size should be taken. A light supper should supply the heavy dinner. The largest amount of food should be given in the middle of the day. However, people accustomed to have their main meal in the evening might suffer from such change.

4. Rest is important after meals to protect the aching heart from overstrain. We know that the processes of digestion mean more activity for heart and blood vessels.

5. Elimination of waste through kidneys and bowels must be regular. Sometimes a slight change in the diet, more fluid or more fat may be sufficient to improve bowel movements but this is a matter for medical care, not for inexperienced guessing.

Food for the aged should be rich in proteins—meat, eggs, cheese, vegetables. For the normal aged person, every food that he likes is right. Not to be recommended in many cases are raw or half-cooked meat, including "summer sausages," hard-boiled ages, overripe cheese, bread with a high content of cellulose.

Older people can tolerate tobacco, coffee and tea in moderate doses. There is no general rule; every individual has to find out how he feels best with respect to coffee, tea and tobacco.

There are special diseases connected with old age, possibly due to the large use of organs and tissues. They need medical care, and in many cases relief and cure are possible.

There is chronic bronchitis, with a persistent cough, a varying amount of secretion, and some shortness of breath. There are conditions of heart and blood vessels, particularly the coronary conditions, arteriosclerosis. Medical experience can do a lot to help these people, and we should never forget that the heart is an organ of really unbelievable strength and patience.

Arthritis, an inflammation of the joints, is a disease the causes of which are hardly known at all. Heat, rest and certain drugs are helpful and sometimes treatment with certain and other hormones (hormones are secretions of glands) has proved to be helpful even in inveterate cases of arthritis.

Cancer is a typical disease of old age. It is still a mystery—the great unsolved "X" in medicine. We do not know anything of its cause. Nevertheless this fact, progress has been made in the treatment of cancer. Surgery, radium and X-rays are the main weapons in the battle against cancer, and in many cases highly successful cures have been carried out.

Recently an increasingly optimistic view of the mental ability of older people has begun to prevail. This more cheerful outlook is based on scientific findings. Dr. W. M. Johnson emphasises changes in the brain and other organs are not decisive for the change in mental behaviour. The men who possess a well-balanced personality, who takes life philosophically, and who has a wide range of interests, is likely to keep his mental faculties to a far greater degree than the one who is not so well adjusted.

The old word, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks," is both false and unjust. Old people can learn. Dr. E. J. Stiehr has stated in connection with the old-age-trick-word: "In order to teach the old dog new tricks, it is necessary to know more than the dog." Older people frequently know more than the "teacher" and cannot be taught things they do not consider correct.
The fear of loneliness outweighs the fear of death in many old people. This is a difficult problem and can only be solved with kindness and a loving heart. If old people can live with their children without tension and with perfect adjustment, the better for everyone. This is not possible in all cases, it depends on the personalities of both old and young. Some older people are happier when surrounded by people of the same age. But you cannot generalize. Each case needs its own individual solution.

But one thing is certain: let older people work if they want to work. For many people work is life itself, they stay young and healthy as long as they work. For some time it was fashionable to recommend a man to retire at the age of 65. This may still have a sociologic basis to make room for younger people, but there is surely no preventive medical reason to recommend it generally to people advanced in years.

All our lives we work—from the time we go to school. It is a natural event of life. Our bodies and brains become atuned to use—to exercise—and the continuance of that activity keeps the working parts in order—oiled as the works of a watch or a car.

If we own a car or a watch and we do not keep it running in good order, it will depreciate. The body works on the same principle. All people who have lived to great ages have been hard-working and continue their activities until they are well past the retiring age.

The solution seems to be to raise the retiring limit. Instead of sacking a man when he reaches 65, give him an efficiency and a health test. If he is still healthy and proficient at 65, let him continue in his job.

Sport is an essential in life, because it necessitates good physical condition, and because it is a relaxation from everyday work. Sport uses muscles that are not usually used in everyday work.

Naturally, as a man grows older, he cannot indulge in the strenuous sport of his youth. Then it is that he should adjust his sporting activities to suit his age. As he gets older he can no longer take part in strenuous pastimes. But he can take up other sports.

Bowls is one sport suitable for all ages. Old men of ninety have and do compete in this sport. Swimming is another sport suitable to all ages.

If you have been dismissed from your employment, do not treat the situation as the end of the world. Do some work for yourself, even if it is only gardening in your own home. Perhaps you can make furniture, if you are inclined in that direction. If you are literary-minded, write short stories or novels. Discipline yourself to an eight-hour day. And prevent sickness with sport.

Gerontologists (those who study ageing in all its aspects) and geriatricians (those who treat the illnesses of older people) have been struck by the fact that very active and successful men who retired at 65 in apparent good health, but without the will for retirement, do not live out the years allotted to them in life insurance tables. Men of 65, however, who never stop working, seem to approach more closely their normal life expectancy at age 65. That means they may, on the average, live twelve more years.

Let the older people work. It keeps them healthy and adds years to their lives.
RAY MITCHELL

Around the world, Erna Sack, the greatest living coloratura soprano, has collected music lovers who hail her as unforgettable.

The South African auditorium was packed to hear the voice of one of the greatest singers in the world—German coloratura Erna Sack. The audience sat hearing only her lovely voice, but the singer, standing on the stage, could hear the stealthy footsteps behind her.

Without breaking the song, she moved slowly until she could see the cause of the footsteps, a great bulldog had sauntered slowly onto the stage. Keeping it in the corner of her eye she sang to the conclusion of the number.

There was a rustle as stage hands tried to get the dog away without attracting attention. The dog, the animal, was just as interested in tuning the music, but the animal resisted all efforts to go quietly, and curled up alongside the piano.

Erna Sack continued her singing. As she went through a coloratura aria the dog's ears went up and he became attentive. She went on to sing a lullaby—and the dog went to sleep with his head on his paws.

Nobody ever discovered who owned the animal, where it came from, or where it went when, with the fall of the curtain, it ambled away as peacefully as it had entered. It was just one of the strange things in the life of a concert soloist.

Erna Sack is not quite to be dismissed as "concert soloist." Her voice is the most remarkable on the stage today, with the amazing range of four octaves. She can take and hold the C above high C—yet for years in her early singing days, her range of voice untrained, she was classed as a mezzo-soprano.

That voice, which has provoked the loudest and longest burst of applause ever heard at London's Covent Garden, has earned her the titles of the "German Nightingale," the "European Nightingale." Today she is called "The World's Nightingale." No singer has been honored with that description since the fabulous Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale who made a fortune for circus-owner Barnum by singing sweet classical music throughout America.

During the last war, while Allied bombs cruunched on Germany, Erna did the job for her country which singers and musicians all over the world did. She sang against the bomb screams to German audiences, and they remained spellbound in their danger while the raids went on. There were times when bombs were falling so close to the theaters that her concerts were interrupted while the audiences went to shelter, but they returned after the "all clear" to hear her finish her program.

During the war she also sang in Sweden and Switzerland, and devoted her voice to raising funds for the aid of undernourished children. Erna Sack is always ready to sing for charity because when she takes the stage, the diminutive blondev German isn't interested in the box office, but in the singing. With her, since early childhood, this has been a passion.

Proving that music is bigger than race or politics, Erna sang her way into the hearts of the American occupying forces in Germany before the last silk was cold. She has sung her way round the world, and her gramophone discs are always in demand. Her best-selling disc is "Voices of Spring" by Johann Strauss, the younger. This is one of her favorites, although she would prefer some of her operatic records, such as "Una Voce Poco Fa" from the "Barber of Seville" by Rossini, or the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia Di Lammermoor" by Donizetti. But each of her dozen records is eagerly snapped up by her millions of fans throughout the world.

Thousands of people in all walks of life have written to her. From Hungary she received a letter from a batman: "Please come and sing for us again," he wrote. "I have a steamboat. If you come to Hungary please come on my steamer and I will show you the sights."

In South Africa a young Negress presented herself at the stage door and insisted on speaking to the soprano. Madame Sack saw her. "Like your singing here," the Negress said. "Please take this, I made it myself."

She thrust a parcel into the singer's hands and ran out of the dressing-room. Inside the parcel was a pair of bed-sacks. A humble tribute from the Negress.

In London she sang in a Richard Strauss opera which was conducted by the composer himself. She was on the stage for 18 minutes without a break and brought down the house. The audience refused to let her leave the stage at the end of the performance.

In Canada in 1948 she gave thirteen concerts in two months, and the link between her and Montreal was mutual and immediate. She bought a home there and has lived there ever since.

But that did not stop her coming to Australia for a series of concerts. Yet, for all her fame throughout the world, she arrived in Australia practically unknown, except to the few opera and concert lovers who had heard of her work. She had sung with Joseph Schmidt and it didn't take Australian audiences long to realize why.

They saw a little girl, slightly over five feet in height, something under eight stone in weight, with finely arched fingers, a good figure, natural blonde hair, and charm, without the expected airs and graces which traditionally go with a prima donna.

Her coloratura items gave audiences supreme musical thrill; her bea-
The dismay of the staff of an exclusive restaurant, a customer sat down at a table and deftly tied the table napkin around his neck. There was a whispered con- 

fidence in which the manager instructed the waiter not to hurt the customer’s feelings, but to make him understand, somehow, that it simply was not done. The waiter approached the customer and smiled “Swede or heathen, sir?”

The garden, swallow-bucking songs were a happy delight. And the sudden switching to hymns changed the audience’s mood from gaiety to emotion in a twinkling. Her voice ran the full gamut of range and tone, and she brought brilliance to every item.

She opened her Sydney season with a cold, which may be one reason why an Australian critic criticised her interpretation of Schubert. “Who knows more about Schubert—a critic in Australia or a musician from Schubert’s own country?,” asked husband Herman. He added, “We lived through bombs, we can live through the critic of Sydney.”

But the reception given Erna Sack, with this single exception, was an immediate recognition of the talent which has raised her to the top everywhere else in the world. For musical circles say that nobody in the world can match her today as a coloratura soprano.

Born in the Spandau district of Berlin as Erna Weber, this singer as perhaps unique in that when she married she chose to continue her professional career under her married name, while most artists retain their maiden name, or a stage name. This she did, she says, in compliment to her husband.

She was born of musical parents, had two excellent tenors for brothers, and first sang publicly at the age of nine with a church choir. At 15, determined on a singing career, she worked as a typist to earn tuition fees, and studied singing in Prague.

She had her first professional engagements when famous conductor Bruno Walter engaged her as a beginner, and she appeared for a year in small roles in opera. Then she worked at Wiesbaden for two years as a mezzo-soprano, and when she transferred to the Dresden State Opera House she was considered a lyric soprano.

It was here that she had her first starring role as Norina in “Don Pasquale,” and during one of her arias lifted her voice up and up, experimentally, until she levelled off at the C above high C, to the amazement of everybody, including herself.

Her ability with high notes led to a newspaper reporting that her voice could cause vibrations to crack a glass, but this she denies. “I have never seen it done; I have never heard an authentic report of its being done,” says her husband, referring to the recurrent legend that the human voice can, at a high enough pitch, crack a glass.

At Dresden Erna Sack was prima donna in eleven operas in twelve months. And married to Herman Sack: “It was not altogether my voice; Herman liked me, too,” she said.

“Taked you?” I loved you from the start!” Herman said. Both are tremendously proud of their happy marriage—and of their prowess in the kitchen, where each swears that the other is the better cook.

It was after she had made her first recordings in Dresden in 1914 that Erna Sack realised that she could not divide her time between opera and concert platforms, and had to make a choice. She chose the latter, and named Donizetti, Bellini, Mozart and Rossini as her favourite operatic composers, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Johann Strauss as her concert favourites.

It was as a concert artist that she toured Europe and laid the foundations for her fame, and since the war it is as a concert artist that she has found a ready listening audience in every continent, and in many countries of the European world.

If there has been any delay in the universal recognition Erna Sack has received for the quality of her singing, it is because just as she was achieving stage maturity her career was limited by the outbreak of war, and it was a long time from then before she could begin those concert tours which have impressed the world, at last, with the quality of her voice.

She returned from Australia to Montreal, and undoubtedly from there to other cities, other audiences, other concerts. She is the greatest experience in the singing world since the proverbial Jenny Lind.
Ballet girls practice for hours each day for years in order to perpetrate their art on the stage. In practice they dance at home—in the bedroom—then, with other members of the ballet, in rehearsals at the theatre. This blonde ballerina went on to capture the right atmosphere for a woodland scene, so she drove to the country. Here she is changing into ballet costume.

Into the ballerina skirt and on with the shoes. Our blonde will soon be ready. There are so many ballets, each requiring different routines, that there is constant need to rehearse each ballet until the girls know the parts thoroughly. "The Sleeping Beauty," "Swan Lake," "Giselle," "Le Bourrique Fantasque," "Sylvie," "Gaité Parisienne," "Capriccio Italian," and many others come into the repertoire of the ballet dancers.
The joyful feeling of freedom and the knowledge that she has conquered the difficulties of her role, bring the aesthetic expression to the face of our heroine. Ballet girls eat, sleep and dream ballet. If you think this is easy, you are wrong. It is ballet hard. Audiences see an hour or two of glorious dancing—one hour, which is the culmination of years of learning.

High stepping by the ballet dancer has not the same meaning as high stepping by young blades around town. Ballet dancers must start learning their art as toddlers. Dancing on the toes, high kicking, graceful movements of arms, legs and trunk can only be maintained through constant exercise. They must lead an athlete's life of rigid training and self-denial of the usual pleasures of late nights and parties. Ballet dancers are always fit.
When a blonde corpse tipped off Clyde, he was modelling for a murder daub, his art savvy enabled him to name the killer.

**After** his History of Painting class, Clyde Renner went to the library and groaned silently over a big art book. What the hell, he grumbled! He should care whether Leonardo da Vinci had painted Mona Lisa or September Morn? A fellow who has gone through three years of GI rations and hell in three war theatres isn't apt to be wild about art theory! All he wants is a practical education that'll guarantee a decent living so he can ask that blue-eyed girl back home to marry him. What's he want with all this?

Six o'clock. Renner slapped the book shut and stood up, yawning. He was small and wavy. His hair was reddish brown and curly. His eyebrows were darker than his hair, and his eyes were now a stormy blue colour. He had a long, straight chin with a diuble in it that was sometimes misinterpreted. All in all, he wasn't a bad-looking guy.

On the wide library steps he lit a smoke, then ambled toward his cheap room, not too far from the campus. He dropped in at Fat Joe's Spaghetti Palace for dinner.

Fat Joe gave him a big grin. "Spaghetti and meatballs coming up, Sergeant" he shot.
"I never saw much of her, just through the back window. Yes. She is blonde. Dyed, of course."

Clyde Remmer grinned down the stairs well at her. "She sounds okay by me. I go for blondes!"

He stopped briskly down the dusty hall and twisted his key in his door. Yeah. She was there all right, huddled in his desk chair by the window. The window was open, and the wind was blowing her silky long hair.

"Well, this is quite a..." Hisbright remark froze when he noticed how peculiar and strained her pretty face was. She didn't move, either. Blonde, of course. Only Remmer would have spelled it D-I-E-D.

He took a deep breath, then moved across the room. She was a honey. Even wrapped in a loose smock as she was, it was easy to see she had a shape in a million. gingerly touching her hand, the robe loosened. Remmer saw she was dressed in a close-fitting bathing suit that was vividly green and red, and looked like a seragio. One hand was tightly clenched.

As he bent over her he noticed a faint and pungent odour. It wasn't perfume. It was Scotch. Scotch and something else. Something that reminded him of--yea--of peaches. It meant something to him. Cyanide.

That meant something else to him. When he saw the blue smudge across the tips of her long tapering fingers it clicked. Blue. Prussian blue.

The clump of his landlord's heavy feet down the hall made him say: She was coming in. It wouldn't do.

The girl was dead. He didn't figure it as suicide. There wasn't any bottle in her hand. There wasn't any clue to who she was, nothing at all in her one little pocket. It looked bad.

A hot-number blonde found dead in
his room, Clyde Renner was no plaster saint. He knew what the cops would think.

He went to the door and locked it.

Who was he? How did she get here? Most of all—why? Why his room?

He went to the window. It was wide open. The wind was snarling and snapping at the ivy trellis that leaned down the stucco wall into the backyard. It was dark, nippy. He shivered.

Across him out there, a shutter slapped monotonously against a wall. He could see a weather-vane on the top of the old carriage house beyond the board fence spanning in the night wind. It was over there the shutter slapped. By that big window of the defunct carriage house’s upstairs studio:

Studio?

What was it Mrs. Grummert had bared him with when he first took this room, still in uniform? Neighborhood gossip, in which he was not at all interested. Now, as he heard Mrs. Grummert pound on his door and call her name, it whispered back to him. The man who rented the Zeller’s carriage house studio:

He’s an artist, and you know what artists are. Remington Frye. He’s the one who paints all those half-naked women in the men’s magazines.

An artist. Prussian blue. They matched.

Before he could swing a leg over the sill Mrs. Grummert had pok’d his key out and twisted her own in the lock. She was in. She stared at the dead girl, as Renner removed something from the fist.

“You’ve killed her!” she shrieked.

“You,” he told her, “are crazy as hell!”

Before she could shriek again, Renner was out and climbing down the trellis. He headed straight for the board fence. The wind whistled around the top of the high incinerator behind it, he found a wide loose board. He stepped through and pushed it back in place behind him. Masses of yellowish green ivy covered the stairs that led to the alcove putting out from the studio door.

In seconds he was pounding on that door. But it was dark inside. Nobody home. To his surprise the door yielded.

He was in, flinging on a light as his fingers brushed the wall. It was a big room, gaudily decorated. In one corner was a curtained-off kitchenette. The sink drum was rowed off with bottles, Scotch bottles with expensive labels. In the opposite corner was a stall shower.

There were pictures everywhere. He recognized the artist from Mister Girls Blondes. Although they were in many different poses and costumes, all of them had the dead girl’s face and figure. But the picture that fascinated him most was the unfinished one on the big standing easel. It was different from all the others. Where in them the unknown blonde made with cheesecake and smiled like a toothpaste ad, in this one she was lying huddled on the floor. She was dead.

The worst part of it all was the man in the picture. You couldn’t see his face. He was backing away from her, having obviously just put her out of business. The back of the man’s head was very familiar.

Renner’s scalp tightened when he thought just where he’d seen that

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CAVALCADE, December, 1953
curly chestnut hairline. It was when he went to the barber. You know, when the barber is finished with you, and holds up a mirror to show you what kind of a job he has done.

The man in the picture was Renner.

"This was madness! This was the bitter edge!"

Renner shook his head groggily. He hailed a cab up close, stared hard at the man in the picture. The figure in the painting had a mole just a little to the left side above the collar of the brown tweed coat he was wearing.

Renner's, mole? Renner's brown tweed coat!

A sound at the studio door made him spin. A short stoutish man stopped through, saw him, and blinked. Renner recognized Remington Frye from his pictures in Mister, the gentleman's magazine. Only Frye wasn't being a gentleman right now. He was holding an automatic revolver pointed at Renner's head.

"Rather early for this sort of night work, eh?" he said, in a crisp, English-accented voice.

"What sort of night work?" Clyde scowled.

"Burglary. Second-story work. I believe it is called."

Clyde grinned. "You got me all wrong, pal." His muscles tightened under his coat as, still grinning, he moved closer to the artist.

"Just stand where you are," Frye ordered. "And oblige me by putting your hands up. Way up."

Clyde Renner sighed as he obeyed. So Remington Frye had killed his model. He had even put it down on canvas first, including the man he planned to take the rap for it. The burglary routine was a gag, of course. What could be sweeter than chopping down the suspected killer as a prowler. Dead suspects can't do much to defend themselves.

Renner decided to play for time. "You painted this picture?" he queried.

Frye nodded.

"Your idea was to fix the blonde's murder on me, I suppose. But it's corny. You don't think the cops will fall for it, do you?"

Frye's light eyebrows went up. "Murder?"

Renner grinned wryly. "You don't know a damn thing about it, of course! You don't even know your favourite model was bumped off with Scotch and cyanide, much less how she got over in my room!"

Frye put on a good act. He looked genuinely surprised. "Christine—murdered?"

But he overplayed his hand. When the gun dropped briefly, Renner took a chance. His wild lunge carried him across the room on Frye before he could shoot.

Renner put his one-two to work.

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YOU CAN GET STRONG QUICKLY!

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had dropped when Renner attacked.

Frye made no move. But then, from a doorway, a cold feminine voice said brusquely, "That will be enough!"

A whining bullet across Clyde's cheek underlined that request. The big man shambled back, and Renner saw the woman. She was tall, statuesque; her black hair was coiled into a halo. But there wasn't much that was angelic about the set of her red lips and the icy gleam in her black eyes.

She looked about thirty; Clyde guessed forty would hit closer. She held a miniature pearl-handled revolver, and had already demonstrated her ability to use it.

Looking at the big, handsome stranger, and then back at her, Clyde found things changing in his cranium. Now, he thought, he knew who killed Christine, and why. As for the other questions jarring at his brain, they'd clear themselves up in due time.

"Listen, Frye," Renner found himself speaking to the purplish little man in the chair, "I know who killed your model!"

Frye stiffened.

"Go on," the dark lady said. "We'd like to know who it was."

"The killer got the idea from that picture you were making, the idea that Christine was killed in your studio, you would have to take the rap. It was a natural story. Artists know their chemicals, they know potassium cyanide and how to mix it."

"Sure you could tell the cops there was nothing between you and Christine. But who would believe you, especially if somebody who was directly concerned swore there was! Me, I believe you. Because I was caught in very much the same position as you were intended to be, with a pretty blonde corpse on my hands!"

The handsome stranger started at him, his eyes widened. The dark lady said, "No, Dwight!" He fell back.

"Why not?"

"Let him finish, first." Clyde Renner sucked in a deep breath, went on. "Christine was poisoned here in this room. The killer cut off the telephone wires, so she couldn't call for help. The killer left her here for dead. Not being an expert on chemicals, the killer's dose wasn't quite right, Christine came out of it.

"She knew she was dying, but the drug was working. She staggered down to the steps, into the yard next door, through the kitchen door of Mr. and Mrs. Grunmett's rooming house, and up to my room. Sounds nuts, but--"

"I think I can tell you why she did that," Frye said, his voice soft and strained. "Christine and I had seen you only a few days ago of your window. Even once you moved there."

"Christine liked you. She called you her boy friend, even though she knew she would never meet you. She always said you were the kind of young fellow she ought to have married. She realized that And she said you were a real soldier, and would be a good man to have around in case of trouble. I think, without knowing it, or really knowing you, Christine was in love with you."

Clyde swallowed hard. He felt a funny twinge inside, remembered Christine's pathetic, twisted face.

"Yeah," he said thickly. "That's why she went there. She thought she tried going for her, she might push her home. Anyway, the idea was to involve you. Get rid of you. Get rid of her, too, and get your money."

Dwight Boley whirled on him.

"Why you stupid man! What do you mean by suggesting that?"

The dark lady stopped him with a gesture. "No, Dwight. It's too late. They've hit it. We'll have to get rid of them both. Make it look like they shot each other." Frye got up from his chair now. His hands shook. His face was very pale. He stared at the big man with fearful hate. "So it was you! You killed your wife, and then--"

"Shut up!" Boley screamed.

He grabbed up the gun on the floor and started blasting. A shot cut Frye's shoulder. He crumpled.

The diversion was all Clyde needed. He closed in like a hell of fire. His fist yanked the gun back before Boley could slug Frye again. Renner pushed the big man between him and the dark lady's spitting revolver.

She screamed bloody curses, afraid to aim close for fear of hitting Boley, as they grappled for that gun. Boley landed a smash of the gun butt across Renner's face before he dropped it. Pain washed through him vaguely, Tasting his own blood, Renner hiked..."
up hidden reserves of hate-driven muscle and planted the big guy over Frye's chair, where he went to work on his pretty face.

He forgot the dark lady, but it didn't matter. About that time the door crashed in and the sheriff was alive with cops investigating the killing next door; the guns had brought them running.

The dark lady spat curses at him until they dragged her screaming from the room. Renner went over to Frye, who was getting first-aid for that slug in the shoulder.

"She's a good woman, honest. It's that smooth talk Dwight Boley handed her," Frye insisted whistling.

"He worked poor Christine until he figured out a ruther angle. He decided to cash in on my money through my wife, as you said."

Renner hated to do it, but he set his lips and said, "Sorry, friend. But it wasn't Boley who poisoned Christine. He's the kind who gets his women to do his work, including dirty work. Poison is a woman's weapon. I knew she did it at the minute she stepped in the room."

Frye groaned, "But are you sure?"

"About that picture with me in it," Renner evaded. "I got it now. It was a gag. You could see me over across the way, by my open window. My back was towards you. You used me for your killer model."

Frye nodded miserably. "Yeah. That's right. But about Eva? Are you sure she killed Christine?"

Clyde Renner's fingers slid into his pocket and brought out something he'd forgot to give the cops, but which, he guessed, would be Exhibit A in a murder trial before long.

"I found this exchanged in Christine's hand," he told Frye.

It was a lady's hairpin, and it was black.

"All right," said Big Nose Charley. "Hit him ten times."

"When an Injun laughs — look out, mister. Ain't nobody can see a joke like he can — and likely it'll kill you!"

VERNE ATHANAS  ♦  FICTION

I SEEN Big Nose Charley ride in — and that was about all the tip-off I needed. A little shiver went clavving up my back-bone like the first time I ever heard the drums at a Shoshone scalp dance. I don't know for sure what I had in mind, except maybe I wanted to stop it if I could but I was too far away, and something kept me from singing out.

You see, Big Nose Charley was all duded up in his best bib and tucker...
The Basis of Happy Marriage

Hairs slicked and braided, elk shirt and quilted breechplate, beaded leggins with hair down the seams. When probably wouldn't mean a thing to you unless you knew the Shoshoni. When a Shoshoni studies up to the brass hill he's ready to make war or get married or die, and so happened that Big Nose Charley was already married—and he had his old fifteen-shot Henry under his blanket.

I gained on him, but not enough—not wanting to run—and I was still behind when he walked into Sam Grit’s office.

I tell you he done it smooth. I was on the porch by then and seen it. Big Nose Charley walked in and Sam looked up and went stuff as a poker, but Charley walked right on across the room without so much as a glance at Sam, and Sam relaxed. Charley took a chair out, away from the wall and sat down—and Sam and his deputy was caught flat-footed. Henry was across Big Nose Charley’s lap and his thumb was on the hammer.

He never pointed it at them. He didn’t have to. They knew Charley. He could hit a running rabbit from a moving horse ten times out of ten at fifty yards.

Charley said, conversational, “You take off guns.”

I thought Sam was going to cry. His face puckered up like he’d tasted something bitter, and he swallowed a time or two, but he stood up real careful and un buckled his belt and let his holster fall. Bud Powers, his deputy, done it, too.

Then Charley said to Bud, “You get Little Big Man.”

That was when I stepped in the door and said, “Ha don’t need to. I’m here.” That’s what the Shoshoni

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Qld., 2 June, 1953

I realize how much calmer is my outlook how much less irritable I am, and how much less I have to spend. My observation and recollection of detail has improved enormously. I am now happy to have undertaken the 3 yrs 1932 Clerk Engineering Diploma BS 5 May, 1953

---

The Positive Outlook

Que., 7 May, 1953

My mind has been ‘set’ in many positions, especially in business, and positive outlook—TJ 1304, Archway.

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THE EFFICIENT MIND

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N.S.W., 22 June, 1953

Thank you for all the assistance you have given me. I have had a tremendous increase in self-confidence and in memory and with powers. The lessons contain all that is necessary for being a full and happy life—NFS 1954, Theology Student.

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QLD., 3 April, 1953

My insecurity and fear of the unknown are greatly reduced. I have now an aim to guide me in both my appearance and learning. The Pelman Course has given me confidence, self-assurance, and confidence. I have a much happier outlook—QM 2004, University Student.

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21 Gloucester House, 396 Finsbury Lane, Melbourne.
Calf Love
She sighed as she pulled off a glove.
He was hopeless, this former lad.
She wanted soft words of love,
But his disinterest made her mad.
"You formers are all the same," she said.
"Cattle, not girls, are your glory.
"I'll see you when a cow you wed--"
But that is an awesomer story.
RAY ME

called me--Little Big Man. You see,
my woman's a Shoshoni, and me and
the Injuns got along fine. Got along
pretty good with everybody, for as
that goes, even them as calls me
squaw man. Course, I got a couple
advantages--being about twice as old
as most of theseJohnny-come-latelys;
I can remember when this whole
blamed townsite wasn't nothing but
elk pasture, besides which I never
saw the day when I weighed more
than a hundred and thirty soaking
wet and a rock in each pocket. A
little man ain't much of a target even
for a bully—and even with grey
whiskers, I'm still rooster enough
to make most of 'em think twice.

But Charley never even looked at
me now. He said, "Little Big Man,
you get Slow Elk and Big Pants."
That brought me up sharp and I got
a cold feeling in my stomach.

I asked in Shoshoni, "What do you
want with them, Walking Bear?"

Still he didn't look at me. "I ask
you as my brother," he said back in
Shoshoni.

I looked at Sam. "He wants me to
get Marklow and Brannigan," I said.
"What do you think?"

I held Sam just as responsible as
anybody, and I guess he got a little
of it from my tone. He looked at
Big Nose Charley, and he swallowed
a couple times and then he said in
a husky voice, "Mebbe you'd better
go fetch 'em, Anso.

So I went down to the Stockman's
Rest and rumbled out Harley Marklow
and Charlie Brannigan. I never told
him no lie. "Sheriff wants you up
to his office," I said, and they grunted
and headed up that way. I wasn't
sure I wanted to see the rest of this,
but I tagged along. You know how
it is—some things you don't want to
see, but you can't stand not finding
out how it all comes out.

Cause, you see, Big Nose Charley
had reason enough to hate the guts
of these two to hell and back, and
mind you, Charlie was all Injun—
and no bowser Agenacy Indian at
that. Charlie could remember when
this was all his country.

But times change. The Shoshoni
was all headed onto the reservation,
and me, I scratch a living out of
a little stump ranch. And Big Nose
Charley was a kind of a rebel. He
had tired of askin' the agent if he
could go hunting, and he choked on
the starved beef they doled out over
there, so he just moved out, him and
his woman, and threw up a little
shack on Breakbone Creek, and
Charley done a little hunting and a
little trapping and a little horsebreakin'—wonderful rider, Charley—
and he got by fine.

Most people think an Injun is a
poker-faced critter with a warbonnet,
or else a greedy pig-picking beggar, and Harley Marlowe would tell you it was that last.

Harley Marlowe never had no time for Injun, and he got in for Big Nose Charley right after he tried to move Charley out of Breakbone Creek. Charley didn't move worth a damn, and Marlowe had called him all over the country—about how he was all the time missing a beef and such. Then when one of Harley Marlowe's riders got himself shot by a rustler, Marlowe couldn't rest till he seized the sheriff on Charley.

Come near a lynchpin, too—only the judge showed up a day ahead of time. To give him credit, he was a good judge as them Territorial judges go—most of 'em being carpet-baggers with pull, appointed out of the East—and it took him just about fifteen minutes listening to the case out of court. Big Nose Charley hadn't been within twenty miles of the shooting, and had witnesses.

Course, that proved nothing to Harley Marlowe. The witnesses was Injun and they didn't count. Him and his hands laid for Big Nose Charley on his way home, and they got him. Sam Gurt was with Charley, but his horse bolted when the shooting started, and he couldn't stop it—he said.

They shot Charley's horse out from under him when he tried to run, and they stood him up hugging a cottonwood with a lariat to his wrists to keep him there and they like to stoned him alive with a bullwhip. Marlowe had nine of his men with him, and they gave Big Nose Charley ten lots of space, which is a hundred feet Charley was as tough as a raw-hide boot, but he never felt the last fifty. Which was a bad mistake. They should have killed him.

I was thinking about this when I walked up the street behind Marlowe and Brannigan. I knew them Shoshones, and I knew Big Nose Charley—and I was thinking about the poker face he was showing and the stuff proud way he walked—and like I say, he was dressed for war. That's about all an Injun's got left—pride—and little enough of that Nothing's so hard on an Injun's pride as hitting him. Wrangle him, shoot at him, cuss him—but don't hit him with your fist or with anything in your hand. That's for squaws and dogs.

We stepped up on the porch, and I heard Big Nose Charley say to Sam. "You go outside now?" So help me, the quiet way he said it was like a knife through the belly. So easy and friendly-like.

Sam and Dug come out, and Sam was sweating. His face was plum shiny. Marlowe and Brannigan seen Big Nose Charley, too, and I seen Chappie Brannigan's fingers start to fan out and his hand ease back toward the pistol on his hip. He never touched it, though.

Charley stood there for maybe half a minute. I know it seemed a sight longer. You could see he didn't give a damn. He was giving them all the chance in the world. He had the stock of the Henry under his right elbow, and his finger through the trigger guard and his thumb on the hammer, but the muzzle pointed at the ground five feet to the side. Nary a muscle moved on his face.

Then he said to Marlowe, "You take off short."

I began to sweat a little, then. So did Marlowe. But he done it. When he had it off, Big Nose Charley let the muzzle of the Henry sag while he shook the worst loop of his quint lasso and tossed it to Brannigan. "'Right," said Big Nose Charley to Brannigan. "Hit him Ten times."

I seen Marlowe lick his lips. Brannigan looked down at the quint in his hand and back up. Then Charley said again, "'Right;" and like he couldn't stop himself, Brannigan pulled back and cut Marlowe across the shoulders with the quint. Marlowe squirmed.

Big Nose Charley grinned. His wide saddle-leather lips curled up at the corners and his nostrils flared like he was smelling something rotten. Marlowe, shivered and took a half-step and got both hands on the hitches rail. Brannigan hit him again. Marlowe groaned, from deep in his belly, every lick, and there was red at the corners of his mouth where he'd bit his lips when Brannigan was finished.

Brannigan cursed and threw the quint in the dust.

The corner of Big Nose Charley's mouth lifted, and then he said, "Now, him."

I remembered, then, that it had been Brannigan who had shot the pony from under Charley that time Marlowe had it on. Maybe his own...
GALS and GAGS

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Agent won't let 'em take me.' Then he doubled up on his saddle pad and beat on his thigh with his fist. "Little Big Man," he choked out in Shoshoni, "did you see those two bladders of pride beat on one another for the amusement of the Shoshoni?" He laughed till the tears came.

I said, pretty sour, "Friend, you are in big trouble. You should know that you cannot hold men under a gun to make them beat one another. Besides, you put the run on the sheriff and his deputy, and he is the white man's law. He will speak with a big tongue to the Agent."

"Yes," agreed Charley, wringing the tears off his cheeks. He didn't sound a bit sad. He sobered up a little, but the corners of his mouth still quirked. "Little Big Man," said Big Nose Charley. "Did I point the gun at them?"

"You didn't need to. I grunted.

They've seen you shoot."

"Yes, but did I threaten them? Did I say I would hurt them, or shoot them?"

"No," I said slow, thinking back. That set him off again. He whooped till I thought he was going to fall off his horse.

"Those big brave white men" he choked. "Like bladders they beat each other, and little bladders they made noises" He tossed the Henry to me and wiped his eyes.

I broke the action, and then I got the whole beautiful joke. I brought the lever back and let the hammer down real careful. I knew I'd never be able to keep this to myself. The whole country was going to hear about it, and I wanted to see Sam's face and Brannigan's and Marlowe's, when they got the word. I couldn't stop laughing either, now, just thinking about it.

The Henry wasn't loaded.
Flattery is like scent—to be smelled, not swallowed. With that in mind we are avoiding flattery and are telling some home truths about life in general—and, this month—about women in particular.

They say that man is the hunter. So he is—until she catches him. Then to the altar, where she applies the halters.

One man we know asked the person after the wedding ceremony, "How much do I owe you?" The minister replied, "Whatever you think it's worth." So the groom handed over two bob. The person looked again at the bride and gave the groom back 1/2.

Then comes the honeymoon. The groom is so love happy that he lets his bride drag him up the Blue Mountains, where they climb all the hills around the place, to say nothing of the 1,200 steps in the Giant Staircase. Usually the groom prays for rain. One fellow we know left his bride at Echo Point. She was trying to get in the last word with the echo.

After the honeymoon the rose-coloured glasses get cracked and then begins the cat and mouse game between husband and wife. It is then that the man should assert his authority and manhood. He must prove that he is not a mouse. Trouble is if he is too domineering, his wife calls him a rat.

We know one chap who did not assert his authority. This man was so clever that he had spent half his life acquiring fluency in ten different languages. After marriage all this knowledge got him nowhere—he could not get in a word edgeways.

Some men marry beauty. Others marry brains. Beauty can cause bother because she can be so dumb. Like one fellow's blonde spouse. She was introduced to an author. "Oh," she trilled, "you and I have something in common. You write and I read."

This fellow was accosted by a friend who said to him, "Your wife is telling people you can't keep her in clothes." The harassed husband retorted, "I bought her a home and I can't keep her in that either."

So don't marry beauty. Of course you may be lucky in getting another fellow to take her off your hands, but the risk is too great. As for marrying brains—a brainy wife wins too many arguments. Leave her strictly for college professors—and remain single.

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