HUNCHES AREN'T ALL HOOEY — page 36
NOTORIOUS ELOISA WAGNER — page 8
Published by Australian HOUSE and GARDEN

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CAVALCADE

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Vol 20, No 3

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Names in cartoons and writing other than factual are fictitious.

Printed by Cambride Newspapers Ltd Macquarie Street, Sydney for the proprietors, Cavalcade Magazines PLC Ltd, 56 Young Street, Sydney, to whom all correspondence should be addressed
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NEXT MONTH

The day when an accident victim, a cripple or a diseased person was doomed to spend the rest of his life in an invalid is rapidly closing, thanks to rehabilitation centres. Read "New Lives For Old" by Marcus McEwan. Some divorces have been granted on fantastic grounds. "This Business of Divorce" is the title. Rhys Bradshaw tells of the "Courage of the Limpet-Bomb Man" of the second world war. Ray Mitchell asks, "Who's He Ever Beat?" a boxing article. James Hollidge comes to light with his usual crime fact. D'Arcy Niland is well to the fore with a grand fiction and there are the usual Cavalcade features.
Like a square dance caller, the witch doctor calls the men and women together. Their feasting is unrestrained.

PETER HARGRAVES

The Fatal Feast

One of the most distinctive and interesting of wild Zulus of Central Africa are the tall, shrewd-skinned toothless, beer-drinking Bailsas. They have no pant in hunting, warring and telling lies.

When they die their funeral is the prelude to barbaric festivities. Officially each Bailsa community is ruled by a chief, but his influence is secondary to that of the witch doctor. It consists of several thousand natives living together in a village of mud and grass huts.

The Bailsa land is fertile, and the lives of the men are easy and pleasant. The women—of whom each Bailsa man has about a dozen as wives—do all the field work, tend and guard their large herds of cattle, and make and serve the copious quantities of native beer the men consume. When not sitting in the sun snuffling the heer from half gallon gourds, the men hunt. They wear no clothes except for a small loin skin of some animal. Around their necks they wear an animal horn on a piece of cord.

As hunters the Bailsas are realists, more concerned with results than sport. Their weapons are spears and poison-tipped arrows, but they are generally used only to finish off the game.

The women have the job of digging deep game pits in the ground. The bottoms of the pits are studded with thick poles, with sharpened ends pointing upwards.

Slim sticks or reeds are laid over the top of the pit and covered with grass and leaves. The game fall into the pits and are impaled on the sharpened poles.

Watching women hasten back to the village and inform the men of the catch. It takes a while for them to summon up the inclination to leave the continual beer session. When they do condescend to visit the game pit, the captured animal is generally half dead.

Another Bailsa hunting method is the wholesale slaughter of entire herds. The village turns out when zebra, antelope or other game in large numbers are reported in the vicinity.

With age old strategy they are surrounded and gradually driven into a swamp. As they flounder helplessly in the mud, they are destroyed quickly and easily with a spear thrust. The Bailsas women at tangle ropes to the bodies and haul them back to the village.

Everything is then suspended while the tribe gorges itself on the meat. They have no means of preserving it. To their logical minds the best receptacles for it are their own stomachs. A Bailsa buck thinks nothing of devouring the best part of a whole antelope in 24 hours gourmanding.

The Bailsas men, leading their lives of ease and contemplation, have time for the observance of all the social niceties. They are regarded as the most courteous of all African natives. They have developed and observe a prodigious code of good manners.

But they haven’t always been so courteous. As part of the warfare Zulus they came into conflict with the British in 1879. At first the war was really for the British troops, but in July of that year a general engagement took place at Ulundi and the power of the Zulus was completely crushed.

Ultimately the Boers took over a portion of the country, while the remaining portion was annexed by the British in 1887 and in 1897 was incorporated with Natal.

Their respect for others’ feelings has made them expert liars. It has become second nature with them. Even amongst themselves, their most frequent expression is “Wheca”, meaning, “You’re a liar.” However it is used more in an affectionate than a derogatory way.

The Bailsas is such a liar that he cannot tell you his own name. When ever a white man asks him what he is called, he invents a fictitious label—either to keep in practice, from a spurt of fun or just for the hell of it.

Despite their good manners however, all the Bailsas are addicted to bad language. Their vocabulary of curses and swearwords is so extensive that some of them can keep up a continuous barrage of derogation and vilification for as long as an hour.

You have a mouth like a pouched of a stork”, and “Your nose turns up like a wild pig’s”, are two of the mildest expressions. The strongest are too blistering to repeat.

Other idiosyncrasies of the Bailsa men are long fingernails (to show they do not have to demean themselves by work) and the absence of four front teeth in their upper jaws.

No white man has been able to discover the reason why these four teeth are knocked out in boyhood. A special officer of the tribe performs the rite as gently and humbly as he can. The boy squats at his feet, puts his head between the “dentist’s” knees and utters no sound as the teeth are loosened and then knocked out with an iron wedge.

There is no compulsion about the teeth extraction. Each boy submits.

CAVALCADE, August, 1954
voluntarily and cheerfully. It is thought that he is not considered capable of growing to strong and virile manhood until he has lost them.

In the matter of tooth extraction the Bailas resemble certain tribes of the Australian aboriginal. To them it is considered a mark of manhood to have the front teeth knocked out. They certainly have courage and in this matter of dentistry they show up their civilized brothers, who dread the dentist, even with the pain-relieving drugs used by the white man.

Life in each Baila community revolves around the witch doctor. He is not only the most powerful, but the most picturesque and colourful entity.

Unlike the other Baila men, the witch doctors wear a variety of different costumes. One of the most decorative is that which they don when supervising the all-important funeral ceremony, a sacred but orgiastic revelry to which the Baila looks forward all the days of his life.

The most imposing item in the funeral regalia of the witch doctor is the headpiece. It consists of a headdress, or girdle, to which is attached the thicket fringe of animal hair. The hair is treated with gum to make them stand erect.

Another girdle encircles his neck. To it are attached a dozen or so animal horns. No other Baila, even the chief, is permitted to wear more than one horn around his neck.

Generally the witch doctor's chest is bare. Occasionally, desiring an even more decorative effect, he adorns it with brolches of white ochre.

Around his waist is another girdle. From it hangs strips of leopard, hyena and civet cat skin. These reach to the knee. Around each of his legs is another girdle with a smaller fringe of skins. Around his ankles are strings of dried seed pods, which tumble and jangle as he walks.

To complete the effect, in his hand the witch doctor carries, as his badge of office, the tail of a leopard.

Even though they have now come under the domination of whites with different ideas, murder is still common throughout the tribe. The culprit thinks no more of it than shooting a rabbit. His only reaction is to buy himself a charm from the witch doctor to protect himself from the dead man's ghost. It becomes of great interest and angry at any delay in being born again.

Suicide, too, is common among Baila. Their present personality, family or worldly wealth. Before taking his life, the would-be suicide pays a fee to the witch doctor and indicates a wealthy tribesman or chief whom he would like as a father in his next reincarnation.

The witch doctor mourns some mambu-jumbo, and the dupe goes off to perform the deed. He is convinced he will soon be back in the body of the next son born to his chosen "father."

Every funeral of a Baila man means a feast. But with women it is different. When they die, they are tossed into a hole in the ground and forgotten. Each man strives to accumulate cattle during his lifetime to permit the mourners at his funeral to stuff themselves recklessly with raw and half-cooked meat.

There is no mourning and weeping for the dead man, except by his wife. They are forced to wait for hours and take turns in hugging his dead body in adoration.

Meanwhile the rest of the Baila men daub themselves with ashes and clay and dance about in excitement and fun to come.

The wives have to perform the actual burial—after the witch doctor makes the corpse's head to make it look like that of a newborn baby.

Some of the wives carry the dead body to the river to wash it, others dig the grave, others chant psalms of praise to the procress as to the prowess as a husband.

When the grave is ready, it is lined with the skins of some of his cattle killed for the feast. A small stool is placed in it on which to rest his head.

The corpse is finally handed down on a wicker bed to the grave, and the grave is closed. Then the women go forward with gifts to be buried with him—some tobacco, a gourd of beer, a tasty dish of cattle liver.

The wives hurry to fill in the grave, for the time of the feast is now at hand. All the cattle have been killed.

Restrictions are removed from women during the funeral feast. They may speak to men without being spoken to first. They join their husbands and all gorge to consume every scrap of meat on the dead man's cattle. They wash it down with as much beer as they can consume without being sick.

In a few hours the feast is over. Darkness falls. Fires are lighted. Drums begin to beat and herald the funeral dance.

Men and women gather on opposite sides of the village square. The drummers sit behind them, thumping out weird tom-toms that intensify as the dance quickens.

In the centre stands the witch doctor. He acts as master of ceremonies, directing and encouraging the movements like a square dance caller.

"Come, come," he chants, 'select your partner and go take her out."

Men and women prance before each other. Croups and shouts almost drown the drums. Feet tap rhythmically, hands clap, eyes beckon in wild invitation.

The witch doctor reaches a fever pitch of excitement. He jumps, screams and cackles.

Pandemonium breaks out. For the first time the dancers touch each other. The witch doctor withdraws his voice can no longer be heard above the din.

Until dawn the Baila are transformed into savage animals. The next day the men return to their courtesy and beer drinking. The women are once more virtual slaves. So the Baila remain until the next funeral.

A BAILA CHIEF

CAVALCADE, August, 1954
Notorious
Eloisa Wagner

She called herself Empress of Floreana, but she ruled only two men—with a whip and a gun.

GUS SORENSEN

Baroness Eloisa Wagner was her name. She was also known as "The Spider." She was a strange woman who entered men—into her web. A handsome, platinum blonde, she lived for a time—but did not leave it alive—on the sun-drenched island of Floreana in the Galapagos.

Her royal costume on the island was brief in the extreme. From a cord around her neck hung a lasso. In her right hand she carried a riding crop. Many times the crop had been used on Phillipson and Lorenz, the two men she had brought to Floreana with her. In a frenzied fit, brewed from some petty annoyance, she would beat them savagely with it.

Then, minutes after, an amazing calm would come over the Baroness. Her emotional storm abated. She sorted to soothing voice and endearing terms to Phillipson.

Lorenz, an Ecuadorian, was a small man with about as much strength as a mouse. Not in a lifetime would he be a match for Phillipson. The Baroness knew that and it was this cruel streak in her that brought about a crazy triangle.

She had the two men in her palm. But Lorenz was under the thumb of Phillipson.

Once, when she was in one of her tantrums she played up to Lorenz while Phillipson was present. He became angry, spat out a curse and came at her with his fists ready to strike her. She covered him with her gun and slashed him across the shoulders with the whip. He ran out side.

Lorenz covered in the corner of the room like a frightened rat. She called him to her. He came away from the corner timidly and stood in front of her. She looked him up and down. Then in a screeching voice, she said, "You miserable looking wretch. Why do I even consider you?"

With a shove she sent him flying through the door. She followed him outside and her manicured hands rang out as she watched the Ecuadorian being beaten to unconsciousness by Phillipson.

Baroness Wagner's next door neighbour was Dr. Friedrich Ritter. It was his choice of an isolated existence on Floreana that stirred the same interest in the Baroness and lots of others.

Ritter was a German. His profession, a dentist and physician. His plan, to abandon mankind and settle for peace and solitude on Galapagos, was given plenty of publicity on the continent and in America.

The doctor had no intention of being lonely, even though life for two on a desert island could be described as lonely—and would be by city dwellers. A former patient whom he made his wife accompanied him.

Dore (for that was her name) was swept along on the flood of the doctor's enthusiasm and agreed to share his Eden.

But when Ritter left, The Spider said, "I want to be removed from all contact with the world. I hope never to have a neighbour. That is why I have chosen Floreana as my Ultima Thule. Of our own free will and choice we are going into exile to seek, in the solitude of an almost deserted island in the far Pacific, the independence promised to the fullest, which are denied to man by the complexities of modern life."

Ritter and his wife suffered many hardships during their first few months on the sun-baked island. But with their struggles over, the two settled down, very happy.

Enquiries about the passengers related the story of the second Adam and Eve.

Fascinated and thrilled that to get away from it all could really be done, people wrote to Ritter and told him they would like to join him and live as he was living.

They followed their letters by arriving on Floreana. Ritter with an expectation of a near-to-nature life, they built huts and demanded themselves in caves, but none had the tenacity and spirit of Ritter and his wife.

They soon discovered that Floreana was not a Paradise, but a miserable, lonely, wasted and sea-caves island. With dreams and hopes shattered, they left.

Ritter stayed. He didn't matter to him if they stayed or not. He was at no loss for their company. He
was content and he was not concerned with anyone else.

One day he called his wife to the door and said, "Look, we have some company. I wonder how long they will stay?"

Striding towards his house was the Baroness. She was accompanied by Phillipson and Lorentz.

The doctor made no remarks. He eyed her coldly. She was the first to speak. "Doctor Ritter, we heard so much about you and your life here that we decided to try it."

Ritter didn't encourage a conversation, but wished them good luck and shut his door inside, he seemed to be disturbed. Already he had a premonition about this woman, and in the weeks that followed, she couldn't shake off his bathing and disgust for her. The treatment of the woman had brought back to him patterns of the world he had left. The world he wanted to forget. And calling herself the Empress of Florence, Ritter laughed bitterly.

She told callers to the island that Florence was her dominion and it was entirely in her power, who could stay and who could not. A Norwegian called there and the Baroness told him to leave. He shrugged his shoulders and told her that he was not used to taking orders from women. His body shaking with rage, she screamed at him and leveled the revolver, fired. The bullet missed, but the Norwegian was wise enough not to argue with a crazy woman who mutinied with hot lead and he lost no time leaving.

She never called on the doctor after her first visit, and he didn't see much of her, but he was often awakened at night by her high-pitched laughter, her torrent of curses and wild screams.

Now and then, Lorentz would come to see Ritter. The doctor was sorry for the pathetic figure before him. Hunched like a dwarf, with deep-sunken eyes, an apprehensive expression on his hollow face, the Ecuadorian was a pitiable sight.

There were tears in his eyes, when on one visit to Ritter, he said: "I must get away, away from that demon of a woman and that brute Phillipson."

Ritter placed a hand on his shoulder and said, "What have they done to you?"

"They bent me, both of them," Lorentz wept.

One afternoon, stretching languidly after a dose in the sun, the Baroness saw a stranger on the island. Her mouth twisted into a crooked smile and her hand played on the gun.

She stared at the good-looking young man, then the bitter smile was gone and she let the gun fall from her grip.

She called for Phillipson and said, "Go and get him."

He looked sullenly at her and made no effort to carry out her order. She whipped up her revolver and cocked it. Phillipson had a quick change of mind.

The man standing before her said his name was Arends. He was a German.

She smiled sweetly at him, came close to him, and kissed him. Then putting her arm around him, took him to the house.

Later Phillipson, in a jealous fit, told her exactly what he thought of her. Shaking with temper, she bought the crop across his face. Maddened with pain, he took out his revenge by beating up Lorentz.

The Baroness next tried her charms on the friend of a journalist who had come to interview her for his paper. She came across with the answers and also concentrated on the writer's friend. There she made little impression and he finally told her she was wasting her time on him.

Not long after, Ritter was interrupted with his writing by a hammering on his door. He called out to the person to come in. Before his table stood the journalist, pale and shaking. He said that Arends had been shot. They found the Dane still alive and in agony from a wound in his stomach. He recovered after hospital treatment at Guayaquil.

The Baroness smiled slyly and blamed the shooting on Lorentz. But Ritter knew that she was the only one among the party in possession of firearms, and he concluded, after questioning the journalist as to where they were standing at the time of the shooting that the shot was intended for the journalist's friend and the Dane was an unfortunate in receiving it.

Ritter was becoming used to the ravages of the Baroness and he paid little attention to the screams he heard one afternoon. The first clue he got that something was wrong was when Lorentz visited him. He was a changed man, happy and at ease. Exhortedly he told the doctor that he would be troubled no more by Phillipson and the Baroness who had left the island by ship.

Ritter became alarmed and expected the worst when Lorentz showed him the collection of jewelry he had bought on the Baroness whom Lorentz said he was going to sell.

The doctor didn't question Lorentz, but he thought about him plenty.

The worn look was gone from his face, his body was erect and his eyes sparkled. Why?

Ritter tried to find the answer to these questions by investigating the house and its surroundings. He found nothing.

When the sailing boat, that carried freight and passengers between the islands, arrived at Florence in the summer of 1934, Lorentz joined it.

He persuaded the Norwegian skipper to take him to Wreck Bay where he could get a ship which would transport him to Guayaquil. They never made it. The treacherous currents swept them off their course and they were washed ashore on watchless Marchena.

It was an American fishing boat that found their corpses, but with the Baroness and Phillipson, there has been no trace and there is nothing to support Lorentz's story that they ever left the island of Florence.

Diplomacy

The young bride looked in the jewellery store, "Buy me that lovely bracelet," said she. He shook his head. "I'd have to earn more— and I would not, if I could," said he. She glared as though she had lost her love, "Why wouldn't you?" she demanded, snorting, "Because it isn't good enough for you, my dear.

She smiled and whispered, "Oh, you darling."

—AH-EM.
The Troublesome New Suit

CARL MEMLING

It was a suit in the window of Sam Marlow’s store. Only a suit, but the bright checks and the gay plaid set his heart dancing. Slowly, shuffling, like a boy scuttling toward a cookie jar, he knew he shouldn’t touch it, he drew closer and closer, till at last his gnarled hands pressed against the glass.

His eyes misted, instead of the store window he saw a barn dance session with the fiddle squeaking and the girls laughing, their up-slung necks powder white, while the men drank from jugs in the shadowy yard outside, exchanging neighbourly talk. And flitting everywhere, like a scarecrow given life, through all the magic pictures—the checked suit in the window.

How long he would have stayed there dreaming, if Old Sam Marlow hadn’t stepped out of the store, nobody can tell.

Old Sam had opened shop in town when there were only fourteen bones in the post office. But as the town grew, the range of Old Sam’s goods narrowed. He specialized in men’s suits now. Men’s suits and town history. Anyone wanted to know any goings-on in Lemonville, they just asked Sam Marlow.

“Well, well,” Old Sam said, “if it ain’t Tom Daniels Drunk—?” Old Sam’s eyes suddenly narrowed. A moment passed, then he asked softly, “How are you, my friend?”

Regrettfully, Tom Daniels turned from the vibrant-coloured suit in the window “Thank you,” he said, “Right well, Mr. Marlow.”

Old Sam scratched his bald shining head. “And the misses?” he asked.

“Kate—Kate’s taken to bed.”

Old Sam frowned. “She doing poorly? I hadn’t heard no talk about it.”

“No, Mr. Marlow—just resting. Said she could use a rest. There’s not too much work for one man on the farm. Just the chores, now the crops are in. So she up and crawled into bed.”

Old Sam nodded slowly, then his face cleared into a frown. “You’re not planning to buy anything?” he said, his voice faintly buried with worry.

Tom Daniels looked back at the suit. The checks danced before his eyes. He had never seen such lapels before. His fists clenched slowly. He was wearing black, greyed by dust, and his elbows and his knees were patched with black.

“How much is that suit?” he asked suddenly.

Old Sam sighed resignedly. When he spoke, he spoke very slowly. Thirty—dollars.

Tom Daniels took a deep breath. “Got my size?” he asked.

Guess I have, Old Sam said. Then Old Sam shook his head worriedly. “Maybe you want some time to think this over, Tom?”

The case tightened on Tom Daniels’ face. “If you got my size,” he said deliberately, “I’m going in to buy it.” Then he smiled a queer twisted smile. “Always wanted a suit with a spot of colour,” he said.

Now it was two months later, and Tom Daniels was setting in the sheriff’s office. Outside the wind was howling, but inside, sweet kept trickling down Tom Daniels’ face.

The sheriff was an older man than Tom. He was tall and broad, and he had a round red face. You could see that he’d once liked Tom and he wasn’t enjoying what he had to do. You shouldn’t of, Tom,” he said.

Tom sighed and shrugged his shoulders. “She was mean,” he said. “My Kate was a regular old she devil. She kept me like they keep the boys on the road gangs. You
"I'd recognize you anywhere from Roger's description, Pat, elderly, grey hair, buck teeth, bow legs—"
Crime Capsules

HOSPITALITY

Back in 1857, in the days of the Wild West of America, cattle thieves did not always finish on the end of a rope. One struck a reform wave, got a fair trial and was sentenced to three months in gaol. Then it was discovered that Sauk County, where he was sentenced, did not have a gaol, so the convicted man was lodged in the Western Hotel in Baraboo. At the end of one week, all guard was removed. At the end of one month the sheriff was pleading with the prisoner to escape but the cattle thief refused. He had been given three months lodging, he said, and he intended using up every hour of it. He did. That was the end of the reform wave.

MEALS

Last year at Hyde Park, London, at a parade of old soldiers, Edward Johnston wore 20 medals. The Queen, who was inspecting the parade, admired the array and asked questions. Johnston proudly told her that one medal proclaimed that he was at Khartoum in 1888, another that he was at the relief of Peking in 1900 and a third that he was at the Relief of Ladysmith, also in 1899. Other medals showed that he had served on the North West Frontier of India in 1893, in Burma and right through World War I. The Queen was impressed. So were officers of the Royal Horse Guards, who also questioned Johnston. It appeared the only service Johnston had done was 21 years in Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum. He was fined £5.

A DOG'S LIFE

In Texas, USA a drunk and his dog were lodged in gaol. A couple of hours later the man's wife paid a visit to the gaol, rescued the dog — and let her husband stay where he was! Who was in the doghouse?

NO CHANGE

A prisoner escaped from Maryland gaol and was missing for two months before he was recaptured. When asked about his escape, he explained that he had fallen off a truck while at work outside the stockade and hadn't telephoned because he did not have a nickel.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE

A woman arrested in Washington for participating in a plot to kill her husband, was released on 1,000 dollar bond—furnished by her husband.

blonde before the mast
Evidently the water was too cool for swimming, but the sun was warm, so Donna decided to board her yacht. She isn't afraid of a wet sail. In fact, at sailing she is quite masterful.

Considered a natural cover girl by the photographers who find her delightful from any angle, Donna has a 38 bust, 23 waist, 35 hips, is 5' 5" tall and weighs 115 pounds. With a figure like that any girl would Donna swimming suit.
"I'm the intellectual type, Mr. Featherby ... I love to curl up with a good bookworm."

When a man uncovered treasures from a centuries-old city, he started a bevy of amateur archaeologists.

The thorny scrub, dotted here and there with the flaring gold of mimosa, had been undisturbed by human footsteps for centuries. It resisted so stubbornly the sunburned young men armed with pickaxes, shovels and a map, that their hands kerchiefs were soggy with sweat and streaked with blood from countless scratches before they reached the spot marked X.

They emerged from the living harrama to a grassy knoll overlooking the Tyrrhenian Sea. Uneven hummocks and mounds dotted the clearing and in places fragments of walls had escaped the encroachments of the vegetation.

"Probably nothing but the ruins of a 16th century villa," granted the leader. "But this is supposed to be the spot, boys. Half an hour's rest before we start digging."

An hour later the young men from the American Academy in Rome could not have been more excited if they had discovered the fabulous loot of Captain Kidd himself. The ruins of a 16th century villa turned out to be portion of the original mile-long wall which surrounded the Roman naval base of Cosa 200 years before the birth of Christ. Under a few feet of soil were the buildings of the town itself.

The marble remains of a god resembling the Capitoline Jupiter, the
The women, some still with traces of Etruscan beauty, do their weekly wash in the basin of the fountain and the official guide conveniently loses his keys whenever a visitor wishes to inspect the Etruscan burial ground on the neighbouring rise.

Luckily for the archaeologists the Etruscans, like the Egyptians, believed that death was merely a doorway to another life where a man would be more comfortable if he took his worldly possessions with him. After the government stopped wholesale looting of the cities of the dead sufficient treasures were recovered to fill a museum in Rome—shields and spearheads of bronze, tall, conical helmets with wings on either side, which must have made the warriors look like gods or supermen going into battle, ceramic jars, hand mirrors of polished metal, and bracelets and necklaces so modern women would be proud to wear.

The drawings on the bronze funerary urns supplied an amount of information on the lives, once enjoyed by their contents. Always these pictures men and women are accompanied by the guardian angels, good and evil genii, which were supposed to guide their destinies. These genii, wore high buskins, short tunics and elegant wings spouting from their shoulder-blades over the heads of their protoges and look like distant relatives of the angels who guard Sylvester. Frequently they fought between themselves over whether their charges should be urged into a good deed or a bad so it might be presumed that many Etruscan suffered from schizophrenia.

A city the archaeologists would like to get at but cannot because of the inconsiderate ways of ancient cities at war, is Sybaris. One of the most famous places of the ancient world, Sybaris remains part of our language in the word Sybaris' meaning a person devoted to luxury and soft living.

In the days when Sybaris, founded by the Greeks 2500 years ago, was a thriving port on the Gulf of Tarento, its streets were shod by silken awnings to save the soft-living citizens from sunburn. The children trotted off to school clad in royal purple robes with golden chaplets about their always tidy hair. Parties were thrown so often that it was necessary to send out banquet invitations a year ahead to have important guests. Naturally housewives tried to outdo each other in the matter of food and cooks became such important people that the best cook of the year was awarded a gold crown.

With so much revelry to be enjoyed and so many hangovers to be faced next day a law was passed banning all cooks, blacksmiths and other noise-makers outside the city walls so that the citizens could
sleep each morning. A very good idea.

In 810 BC the inhabitants of the neighbouring Greek city of Croton made war on Sybaris and, by altering the course of the river Cratiun, flooded the pleasure city.

A traveller in that region is quite likely to meet disgruntled archaeologists poking around a wretched village on the banks of the Cratius. They occasionally recover a jewelled dagger or amphora full of coins and dream frustrated dreams about the wealthy city which they are convinced lies buried beneath the alluvial soil washed down by the river. Unfortunately hunting for the treasures of humanity's past is now a money-consuming rather than a money-making business and no government has been willing to finance a search for Sybaris.

Chauvinistic Mussolini willingly expended large sums on digging up the past empires of Italy. He made possible the discovery of Heraclea and poured several millions of lire into the digging of Lake Nevi near Rome so that posterity might view the pleasure barges in which the Emperor Caligula, his musicians and flower-garlanded maidens drifted on summer nights.

During the last war some unknown bomber scored a direct hit on the two historic craft and archaeologists complain that Mussolini's money could have been better spent on other dreams of Sybaris.

Excavators of the last century, looking for sensational artifacts, tossed a lot of valuable evidence on the rubbish heap. Modern scholars, therefore, go carefully over old workings like prospectors on an abandoned goldfield. They set up camps in the rugged mountains for the sake of a few marble fragments, dram marbles, and even go down in diving suits off the Italian coast, in search of the universal heritage of the past.

American's greatest manhunt came to an end sometime during the night of August 4, 1962. Hundreds of heavily-armed policemen had cornered their quarry in a wheatfield on a lonely farm in Washington state. The wheat was high and concealing. In it stalked a hefty, startled, trigger-happy bandit named Harry Tracy. With an estimated dozen notches in his guns, he was the most wanted outlaw in the country.

Completely surrounded, there was no way out for him. Yet, such was the menace of the very name of Harry Tracy, not one of the policemen considered going in to get him. Five hundred men crouched waiting, not quite sure of the next move.

Before dawn crept over the scene, a single shot rang out from the wheatfield. Still not a man moved. It was 36 hours before a group of them summoned courage to go in and face the corpse of Harry Tracy.

Wounded and cornered, the outlaw had killed himself with a single bullet through the brain.

The career of Harry Tracy is without parallel in the crime history of the old Wild West. Neither Jesse James, the Daltons, the Youngers, nor any other of the romantic villains of the time can match his dare-devil escapes and ruthless killings.

Four times he was caged behind
hars. Four times he crashed his way out again. He won the heart of a dazzling dance hall queen, took her home in partnership and killed him without compassion when he suspected him of working a double cross.

The authorities put a price of 8000 dollars on his head. Tracy retaliated by forcing them to hunt him on both land and water. He stole a steam launch, so he could run up to the walls of an island prison and take pot shots at the guards patrolling there.

He dodged and fought off a score of posses over 400 miles of the roughest country in the United States.

Tracy's crime record commenced in 1897. Then he was living in Seattle, under his real name of Harry Severyn. Obsestially he was honest and hard working. He was an apprentice engineer on the Northern Pacific Railway.

In another part of Seattle, that existed "below the line", the world of dance halls, saloons, gambling dens and beauty houses, the young would-be engineer was a different personality. There he was a hardened man about town, living on his wits and petty crimes. Among the crooks, gamblers and good-time girls, he was known as Tommy Bliss. He was keeping his pockets lined by a series of brazen robberies from hotel bed rooms.

The police eventually discovered his illegal activities. They had no direct evidence, but were sufficiently sure of his grounds to order young Tommy Bliss to get out of town.

"I'll get out when I'm good and ready," protested Severyna "No copper can tell me what to do or not to do."

However, constant surveillance by the police proved irksome. He decided to take the advice. Under the name of Harry Tracy, he turned up in the Mormon centre of Salt Lake City. He continued his old tracks of small-time theft — but not so successfully.

In the spring of 1897, Harry Tracy was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for robbery in the Utah State Penitentiary. He began to plan the first of the sensational escapes that were to make him famous.

After serving about two months, he won the confidence of a prison guard from whom he secured a piece of pine and the use of a jack knife. "I'm going crazy with nothing to do," complained Tracy. "Let me whittle some of my time away."

On the morning of October 8, 1897, Harry Tracy and three other, supposedly more dangerous criminals were marched outside the wall to work in a nearby rock quarry. Tracy deliberately hefted his shovel and under a rock and guiltlessly called the guard over to look at it.

As the man bent down, he felt what he took to be a gun jabbed into his ribs. Not until he was relieved of his shotgun did he realize that he had been tricked with a piece of carved wood.

Harry Tracy stood watch with the commandeered shotgun. The three other criminals — Bennett, Johnstone and David Lant — guarded the uniform. Tracy donned it while they bound and gagged the man and dumped him in a ditch.

The four escaped made straight for the notorious "Hole in the Wall" hideout in western Wyoming, where the worst outlaws of the day congregated, formed partnerships and planned fresh deprivations.

From there they forayed forth in search of plunder from bank robbery and cattle rustling.

In a few months they netted 35,000 dollars from five looted banks.

The cattle rustling was almost as profitable until one day in March, 1898 — when Harry Tracy made his last killing.

William Strong, a 15-year-old boy, was the victim. He was herding cattle on the ranch of his employer in Routt County, Colorado. When the rustlers appeared and began to run off the beef, he yelled to them to stop. His reply was a crack from Tracy's rifle. The boy fell dead from his horse.

Soon after, the rancher, Valentine Hoye, discovered the murdered boy and the theft of the cattle. With the help of 10 county men on the trail of Tracy and his partners.

They caught up with the quartet at Rock Springs, Wyoming. A pitched battle ensued in which one outlaw, Johnstone, was killed and another, Bennett, captured. While the indignant rustlers were engaged in "struggling up" Bennett to the nearest tree, Harry Tracy and David Lant slipped down the cordon and escaped.

For ten days they kept ahead of their pursuers. They scoured back and forth across three states — Wyoming, Colorado and Utah — before they were again cornered at Hahn's Peak, Colorado.

Rancher Valentine Hoye, still incensed at the murder of his farm boy, William Strong, could not control his enthusiasm to get at them in a mad, premature attack, he ventured too close, got caught in the sights of Harry Tracy's Winchester and was killed.

The other partners, less impulsive, were content to wait. They simply kept up a barrage at the outlaws' lair and waited for them to surrender because of their lack of food, water and ammunition.

When that inevitable result occurred a couple of days later, Tracy and Lant were conveyed to gaol in the nearby town of Aspen.

They gave no trouble until Tracy saw his chance when a gaoler brought his breakfast the following morning. He hushed the man into unresponsibility with a piece of wood wrenched from his bunk. In a few seconds he had grabbed the keys and released Lant. With rifles and ammunition from the gaol office, they hot-footed their way into the mountains at the back of Aspen.

Sheriff Paul Neiman of Aspen soon discovered the gaoler located in Tracy's cell. Reputation at stake, he set off after the two single handed. He reasoned correctly that the two would try to make for the nearest railway. That was at the town of Steamboat Springs. Neiman took the first stage coach headed there.

Six miles from Steamboat Springs, the stage ground to a halt. A dusty wayfarer studding along the trail. Thankfully they climbed aboard and settled back on the way to Aspen.

David Lant, Tracy's partner in crime.
the hard seat as the vehicle jolted forward again.

"Good day, Tracy," a quiet voice broke across their thoughts. "I've got supper waiting for you back at the gaol."

The two outlaws' heads jerked up in surprise. On the opposite seat, Sheriff Neuman sat facing them. His voice was tinged unwarily. "Put up your hands, both of you," he snapped, "or I'll blow your brains out."

The two prisoners got no further opportunity to start anything until they were on trial. But on the fourth day of the hearing, when Neuman was escorting them from the court room back to their cells, Tracy, in handcuffs, yanked Neuman's pistol from its holster. He prodded the sheriff menacingly with it in the stomach. Neuman had no option but to unlock both Tracy and Lant.

Freed of their manacles, they escorted the sheriff to a side room, bound and gagged him and walked nonchalantly out of the building. This time they were not brought back.

Tracy and Lant decided to split. Tracy returned to Wyoming to join the notorious Butch Cassidy gang. Lant crossed Utah, Idaho and Oregon. He did not stop until he reached the city of Portland, 1000 miles from the scene of his escape.

In Portland Harry Tracy met Rose Merrill, the plump and pretty star attraction of the El Dorado dance hall. In a few days they were married. Rose's brother, Dave, joined Tracy in a series of hold-ups.

Merrill, however, did not have the temperament for big-time crime. He began to hoard and throw money round in the saloons and gambling houses, where previously he had been only an impoverished hanger-on.

A professional stool pigeon carried details of Merrill's disclosures to Detective Dan Weiner of the Portland Police Department. A 'tail' was put on Merrill. A couple of days later, he was arrested while trying to pawn some jewellery. It was identified as stolen in a hold-up.

Weiner agreed to "go easy" with Merrill in return for information to trap his partner. As a result, the following evening, May 5, 1899, when Harry Tracy went to keep an appointment with Dave Merrill on Portland's Fourth Avenue, he was met, instead, by Weiner.

The detective fell in step beside the tall, long-stirling young fellow Merrill had described. He inquired with a deliberately sound off down the street.

Weiner gave chase, hurling his own gun at the fleeing figure ahead. Tracy reached the junction of Fourth Avenue and Market Street. A railway ran along the latter, and a train was chugging along it out of town.

Reaching the train, Tracy—who had not been hit by any of Weiner's bullets—swung aboard. He thrust the driver to one side. "Get out of the way," he commanded. "I'll drive this thing!"

The train leaped forward like a greyhound as Tracy's experienced hand yanked at the throttle. But he had not counted on the conductor at the rear of the train.

The engine ground to a halt as the conductor pulled the emergency air cord. But the outlaw was not better yet. He jumped off on the opposite side, and Wiener and a crowd of pursuers were coming up fast, encouraged by the stopping of the train. Tracy saw an alley and made for it.

Police whistles were shrillling and people were screaming as the fugitive sped down the alley. A window was thrown up. A rifle cracked. Tracy fell. The bullet grazed his skull and knocked him unconscious.

Harry Tracy woke to find himself in gaol with Dave Merrill, awaiting trial for the hold-ups. The Portland police did not know that he was an escaped murderer from Colorado. Tracy did not know that Merrill had "sold out" to the police.

Both men were convicted. Harry Tracy drew 20 years and Merrill 15 years, in the State Penitentiary at Salem.

Three years passed in which Tracy ceaselessly plotted escape—and brooded as to the reason Dave Merrill had received a lighter sentence than himself.

Eventually he found a convict being released who agreed to help him. The price was 6000 dollars, which Tracy had cached away in a pine forest outside Portland.

The released convict collected the money and kept the bargain. He smuggled two rifles and ammunition into the prison. They were concealed in the prison foundry.

At 7 a.m. June 9, 1902, a long line of grey-clad prisoners were marched into the foundry for the day's work. Harry Tracy and Dave Merrill leaped forward and flung open the lid of a packing case. Deadly, short-barreled Winchester appeared in their hands.

A guard, Frank Ferrell, whirled at the noise. Tracy raised his gun and deliberately and cold-bloodedly killed him.

Another guard, named Guard,
spun around at the shot. He saw Tracy looking at him, the still-smoking rifle in his hand. He did not wait to argue, but turned and dashed away for help.

Tracy and Merrill ran from the foundry and across the yard to the outer wall. A ladder, which had been placed handy by a bribed handyman, was grabbed and placed against it. In a few seconds the convicts swarmed up and dropped over the other side to freedom.

Three armed guards ran along the wall towards them, firing as they came. Below, Harry Tracy hailed and aimed. One guard toppled over and was dead before he reached the ground. Another followed him, wounded in the right hand and stomach. He died within a few minutes. The third guard, R. E. Tiffany, was hit only in the shoulder. However, he could not keep his balance on the wall and toppled over at Tracy's feet. The outlaw picked him up bodily and held him in front as a shield as he backed towards a clump of sheltering woods, 100 yards away.

Dave Merrill was waiting when they got there. The wounded Tiffany dropped to the ground as Tracy let him go in order to reload his rifle. Having done so, he shot the guard dead.

Harry Tracy and Dave Merrill were free. Four prison guards were dead. The whole north-west rose in anger. Hundreds rushed to join the hunt for the escapees. But the pair kept ahead of their pursuers. They remained hidden in a covert, almost submerged under water, all the first day of the escape.

That night they sneaked into Salem, held up a householder and obtained civilian clothes. They appropriated the buggy of two deputy sheriffs leading the hunt for them and set off for Portland. They drove sedately in daylight through towns on the way, Tracy bowing and nodding familiarly to ladies walking on the streets as they passed.

Almost every man who owned a gun joined the hunt, but Tracy and Merrill remained at liberty. Several times they were surrounded, but they were always able to blast their way free.

Then, early in July, came news that Tracy was travelling alone at a farmhouse which they held up for a meal. He read a newspaper which strangely perturbed him. It contained a statement by Detective Dan Wiener of Portland, that he had captured Tracy in 1899 through Merrill's betrayal.

A few days later Merrill's body was fished out of the Columbia River, which Tracy had crossed into Washington. There was a bullet in his back.

Over succeeding weeks Tracy swaggered from State to State. He freely visited red light districts in cities such as Portland and Seattle, while hundreds of hunters were ranging the country for him. He commandeered horses, buggies, stage coaches, boats and even a railway engine to shake off his hunters if necessary he killed. At least half a dozen men fell before his guns during his escape odyssey.

At the beginning of August he was wounded in the right leg during a gun battle with a farmer. He was slowed down. His enemies closed in.

They caught up with him in the Washington wheatfield. He was hungry and almost exhausted — and as vicious as a wounded wolf. But, hampered by his hip, there was nothing he could do. He could not escape, and he could not kill 50 men. Harry Tracy took the only alternative and killed himself.

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STILLBIRTH PREVENTION

Many Rh-positive babies conceived of Rh-negative mothers can be saved from stillbirth by treating mothers with ACTH and cortisone, according to Dr. Oscar B. Hunter of Washington, U.S.A. The Rh condition is one in which the mother produces antibodies which may destroy the red cells of her unborn child. If the child survives to the point of delivery, its life is usually saved by "exchange transfusion" of blood, giving it a complete new supply. Now ACTH and cortisone have, in a large measure, solved the problem of keeping the baby alive until birth. Prior to the use of cortisone, no Rh-positive child born of a mother who had previously had a stillbirth had been alive at birth.

HEAD HOLES

If ever someone drives a bullet into your skull, don't worry about it looking unattractively. A Washington doctor, William T. Spencer, has invented a plastic dough to patch up head wounds which is more form-fitting than metal plates in the head and it is quicker to repair the hole in the head with plastic dough than it is to fit a plate.

The plastic dough and liquid are mixed in the operating room. The whole process of mixing, fitting, moulding to the head and sterilising the plastic "pie" takes less than 20 minutes.

JUMPING OUT OF YOUR SKIN

Dr. James Barrett Brown of St. Louis is making a plea for people to will their skins after death in order to help save the lives of the living. He told the American College of Surgeons how the skin of recently deceased persons can help seriously burned patients. For three weeks (long enough to ride them over the emergency) these patients wear the skins of others. The transplanted skin lives long enough to cover the raw oozing sur faces and prevent the escape of vital fluids from the body. Such skin can be transplanted in strips as large as two feet by six inches.

SKIN DISEASES

While on skin, lupus vulgaris a disfiguring skin condition, is now being helped by the anti-TB drug, according to Dr. Lawrence D. Gold berg from the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine.
She Enjoys living so high, but admits the stairs are rather killing. (Watch the spelling of stairs, men.) She staggered as the trolley passed under her weight. This trolley could negotiate those stairs.

When she wants to go out, Joyce has to walk down those stairs. She needs a lift. (Looking at her gives us a lift.) On the way down she stops to pat the cat. Why is she coming out? For a purr-purr.

Ah, the reason for her trip down these stairs; she is going swimming. And beautiful Joyce in that costume promotes a lot more stores from the boys. A lovely girl, a swimming pool and a springboard in summer and we are never bored.
Play those hunches!

Medical science accepts them as psychic phenomena. One person in five has that gift.

AFTER the hysteria brought on by the news of her lottery win had subsided, Mrs X, of Wup Wup, said to the gnarling reporter:

"You know, it's funny, I dreamed two or three nights ago that I was going to collect this six thousand.

And the reporter jotted it down on his interview pad as an interesting human interest twist to his copy.

Dave opened his mouth to say that the next match would probably be a draw, but Lee spoke for him.

"By gee, that's funny," grinned Dave. "I was just going to say that myself!"

"Great minds think alike," Lee grinned back.

"I had a hunch I'd find you here," the bright young thing said to her moronic fiance, as she walked into the archaeology section of the Public Library.

"I wanted somewhere to sit down," replied her devoted moron.

How many times do you hear similar comments to the above? Every day, maybe? Could be—recent research tests suggest as much. In all probability you've experienced these intuitions, hunches, premonitions, call them what you will, yourself. Perhaps sudden impulse to back that tackle outsider.

Or maybe it happened to you this way: You dream of a man you haven't met in eight-nine years, not since you were in the Army together. And the very next day you meet him ambulating down Martin Place.

Are these countless and varied incidents hooey? Are they just so many examples of coincidence? Of similar thought patterns operating in the same time period? New lines of scientific approach to this age-old question reply with a very definite "No!" Modern investigations into this strange world of prophecy, are unanimous in claiming a case for precognition, telepathy, and clairvoyance.

Since 1930, the staff of the Laboratory of Parapsychology at Duke University, North Carolina, U.S.A., have been carrying out exhaustive tests on numerous subjects. Led by Professor J. B. Rhine, they have succeeded in establishing a factual, working basis for further experiments into this intensely interesting phenomenon.

Using special packs of twenty-five cards, known as Zener cards, consisting of five simple, easily distinguishable designs: a plus or cross, circle, square, star, and three parallel wavy lines, they have tested thousands of people for their ability to guess correctly the card currently being removed from the pack and laid face down before them. And by this sifting of type they have established the fact that one person in five possesses an uncanny sixth sense, or extra-sensory perception, as these experimenters prefer to refer to it.

The scores made by these subjects are significant in all cases, 100 per cent right, the subject has ‘guessed’ his or her way through the entire pack of twenty-five cards. Apply the mathematics of pure chance, this puts the odds against such a feat being due to sheer luck, pure and undiluted chance. At 268, 223, 223, 876, 968, 125 to 1.

When such astronomical figures can be quoted and vouched for by highest authorities, far above cheap, pointless deception, time and again, when such tests are carried out under every conceivable condition, when every possible precaution to prevent the possibility of 'cheating' has been taken—when some of these tests have been run with the subject in a room of a college 250 miles away, then you begin to have a case for mental perceptibility beyond the powers of the five physical senses.

Studying these high scores so obviously demonstrating extra-sensory perception, Professor Rhine and his associates, as a test, compared them with calls on the twenty-five card packs by students not trying to match the cards off by exerting 'premonition'. And the results came out all around the theoretical chance average of 50. Proving that the earlier results were not coincidence, but that some consciously controlled power was at work.

Tests, or runs, as they are known at Duke University, have been made under highly interesting conditions—behind screens, in separate rooms in different buildings of the university campus, volunteer, as was already mentioned, in a different university, 200 miles away. And as the work has progressed, broader lines of approach to the question have been taken. Such age-old questions as, "Are there anything in the multiple claims for precognition, telepathy, or foretelling the future?" have been attacked by means of laboratory-conducted tests with Professor Rhine's principle subjects participating.

The first task set them by Rhine, was to predict the order of a pack.

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of Zener cards before the shuffling. They were asked to give the card order, not as it was in the pack at the time, but as it would be after the experimenter had given the pack a set number of shuffles. And as closely as comparison could be made, there was no important difference between the precognitive and the ordinary scoring.

What does this signify? It gives scientific proof that the human mind is capable of travelling ahead into future. Following disclosures of such a nature, there can be little doubt that intensive study of telepathy and precognition phenomena and theory is a matter of major importance.

Can the mind influence matter? If it can see into future, is it above the limitations of time, what of matter, the physical world?

We know that in all normal mental life the subjective mind does something to the objective brain. But can the mind directly influence the movement of an independent object outside its own organism?

Professor Rhine, using mechanically thrown dice as the most suitable way to find out, has over an extensive period of investigation with many experimenters, been compelled to accept the possibility that mind can influence moving objects. The effects created by subjects' willing the dice to record certain numbers was most impressive. Called psychokinesis, these test effects prove that a certain lawfulness was at work in determining the scores to be made by the mechanically thrown dice.

The phenomenon of telepathy is not new. It is commonplace to explorers and field anthropologists. The mystery of "bush telegraph" is almost as well known as the cults of head shrinking and voodoo.

Precognition, too, has been known from earliest times. The Old Testament contains a number of instances, as does classical history, and mythology. The quatrains of Nostradamus, published in the middle of the 16th century, foretells incidents of the French Revolution with uncanny accuracy.

Even Professor Rhine's experiments into the mysteries of telepathy and precognition are not new, although he has much strengthened the case for extra-sensory perception by bringing to his investigations all the clinical detachment of the laboratory.

The earliest recorded experiments into psychic research, as the English prefer to call parapsychology, was made, Herodotus tells us, by King Croesus of Lydia, when he tested contemporary oracles for truth in their claims to divine the future. And from then up until the present day, men have witnessed, observed, and wondered at, these 'powers of the devil.'

How did the woman know she was going to win the lottery? Why did she dream that dream?

How did Lee know that Dave was going to speak about football? Telepathy, of course! Professor Rhine would smile.

Why did the moronic boy friend choose the department of Archeology in which to rest his feet? And how did his girl friend 'hunch' that he would be there? Telepathy over distance, how else? The Professor would counter, grinning.

But still there are the unconvinced Fox, as Rhine himself so aptly put it: "The resources of skepticism are almost infinite." All ways there will be the dyed-in-the-wool materialist who could never accept there being anything beyond the physical boundaries of time and space.

As everything is relative, as every cell and atom and molecule are related, what comes after the acceptance that precognition is fact? What follows up the assumption that man can see ahead into future and predict physical events yet to happen?

A big question, a mighty big question. It poses other questions, and they in their turn still more questions. And you go on and on into the misty realms of philosophical intractability.

If future is in actuality, already in existence, if a student in Duke University, North Carolina, can successfully predict the order of a pack of cards before they have been shuffled, we have to accept that fact. Perhaps, as those writers of science-fiction would have us believe, we are simply pawns under the control of those little green men in the flying saucers that are currently whipping around the skies of our tiny planet. And if this is so, if we cannot help what we do anyway, if our future actions already exist, what is to become of free will? Why were we given the powers of reasoning and decision to begin with?

These investigations into parapsychology are still very much in their infancy. What marvellous new frontiers of mind are yet waiting to be opened up by man's prompting curiosity.

So the next time you go to the races and get a strong hunch to put the lot on number seven, why not do it? Maybe you're one of the one in five with extra-sensory perception. And think what an individual who developed this happy knack could do to the bookmakers over a 12-month period—if he didn't scare himself to death by thinking about how rich he was going to be, or what would happen if he lost.
The Enemy Was Cold

LESTER WAY

At the end of 1941 the war was hot, but there was a cold side to it, and the cold side threatened to slam Britain below the belt.

The shipping lanes were too hot to use. Enemy submarines found out when a convoy was on its way, and no methods of detection were proof against a sneak attack. A scout of destroyers and corvettes could give hell to the submarine, but scarce ships and precious supplies were being blasted. Skilled seamen were going down, and Britain couldn’t afford to lose ships and sailors at the rate she was losing them. She was forced to man some ships with raw kids who didn’t know how to make a line fast.

There was the hazard of attacks from the air as well, and these were still harder to counter. Air attack as well as underwater attack, was restricted to narrow limits, however, to well-defined shipping lanes. If convoys could avoid these lanes, they could stop losing ships.

British shipping faced collapse, and, just as in the 15th century, when one trade route was closed, adventurers sought and found another, so, in the emergency of 1941, Britain had to blaze new sea-trails.

There were no unknown seas to chart, but there were vast expanses that were considered to be not navigable by ordinary cargo ships. Ships specially built and specially fitted out for the purpose went into far northern waters, but such ships

During World War II Britain found the ice of the North Sea as big a hazard as enemy torpedoes.
were not designed to carry cargo, they were designed merely to survive in killing conditions, and none were ever manned by scratch crews of inexperienced boys. They had always carried picked men, men trained to sail under Arctic conditions.

But British shipping had to dodge U-boats and Nazi bombers. British shipping couldn’t afford to “take it” any longer. Toward the end of 1941, therefore a small but important convoy sneaked out of a port on the Atlantic coast of Canada, and steamed slowly northward toward the icefields. Poking over the freezing water at the speed of its slowest vessel, it skirted the region of ice, and set its course for the North Sea, far above Scotland.

That convoy encountered no submarines, and no bombers. Some of its personnel worried about semi-submerged rocks, but these break away from the ice-fields to menace shipping only in spring and summer when the ice is melting, while that convoy challenged the perils of the Arctic route at the beginning of winter. The deep freeze was commencing, the ice was getting harder, and none of it was floating loose to rip gaps in the hulls of ships.

The cluster of ships sailed without incident up the coast of Labrador and eastward past Greenland. The sea was calm. At times, they were cracking through a thin crust of ice, which could form only when there was no wind to whip up the seas. Men had their fingers frozen, of course, and they had to learn to thaw them out, without applying heat. But they learned quickly, and they learned without serious casualties. They learned that, in still air, you can freeze without feeling cold, and that, after a little while on deck, heat became your enemy.

It was a grueling, the hardest way. It was travel without comfort, with the palm of cold, and the ache of tortured muscles, and the heavy drug of exhaustion always there. Every task was harder, because everything above deck was frozen and fatigue becomes a deadly menace when the temperature is down to zero. You don’t dare relax, you don’t dare to let your bloodstream slow down.

It was tough and bitter, but the ships were getting through and those men knew that a point had been reached where each ship lost could mean starvation for some in Britain. The raw learners in that convoy became hardened sea-hands before the killing voyage was half-completed.

In Whitehall, in the Admiralty, among the officers of the escort, some men thought they had the answer. The convoy was steaming into the North Sea, and they were satisfied.

But the North Sea had something to say. Through the centuries, the North Sea has spoken often, and always in the same voice, in the bowl of a 90-mile-an-hour gale straight from the North Pole. The air was below zero, the water itself was below freezing point, and the wind lifted water out of the sea and threw it against the ships’ sides.

The hulls above water were so cold that the water turned to ice the instant it struck. The port side of every ship in the convoy was galled with a coating of ice in less than a minute, and the gale continued. The waves rose higher every hour, and larger quantities of water were dashed on to the ships.

The ice coating got thicker. After an hour, according to one ship’s log, the ice was an inch and a half thick, but the gale went on for days. The ice became a foot thick, then two feet thick, and on fully-loaded ships, on ships not built to fight North Sea gales.

They began to keel over from the weight of ice. All hands were ordered on deck. They used ice-axes to chop the ice way. They faced a freezing, ice laden wind, and chopped at ice threatening to turn their ships over and sink them.

The ships were pitching madly, however, and the decks were so slippery that it was impossible to work with both hands. The men had to hold on to something, they could chop with only one hand, and an ice-axe is heavy. It is made heavy for a tough job. It chopped the ice and sent it splashing into the sea, but there were tons of ice, and a man can work for only a limited time in those conditions.

Ten minutes was the limit. In the first bitter hours, officers of the convoy learned that no man, no matter how tough and willing, could last any longer. He had to rest, and while he rested, more ice than he had chopped away, formed in its place.

The ice continued to pile up, and the convoy was lying over dangerously. Desperately, engineers rigged steam pipes and hoses on deck, and tried to melt the ice with jets of steam. But there wasn’t enough steam in their boilers to defeat that stubborn gale, and the ice that did melt ran a few inches and froze again.

The entire convoy was threatening to sink. They tried to adjust the cargoes, but the ships were fully loaded, so there was no room for adjustment. The ice piled thicker. The ships lay over so far that a slight change of wind would have capsized them. At that stage, the commander had to make a bitter decision.

The ships themselves, and their crews, were more precious than any cargo. Therefore, the order went out to jettison cargo, to jettison it from the port side, until the ships righted themselves. That was hard, it was heartbreaking to feed the hungry sea with food and munitions that Britain needed badly.

But it saved the ships and saved the men. The convoy got through, and it got through with the larger part of its cargo still in the holds. What they had lost, but those men had proved that the Arctic passage could be navigated by merchant shipping, even in mid-winter.

The Arctic passage could be used, but only if they found a way to get rid of the ice.

They had to find a way, and swiftly. Steam pipes directly under the hulls would stop ice from forming, but the convos had to keep moving, there wasn’t time for resting. And the convos had to use the Arctic route.

The Admiralty took Dr. A. S. Lawrence, a physicist, and locked him up in a laboratory with a few research workers at Lawrence’s Uni-
The instructions were simple. They had to find a means of preventing ice forming on a ship, or, alternatively, they had to find a way of shedding the ice faster than it formed. And it had to be done without new equipment, without remodeling the ships, without causing delay to any convoy. It was an order, it had to be done, either those scientists did it, and did it fast, or there wouldn't be any Great Britain. The Admiralty wasn't bluffing. This is how things were at the start of 1942.

Lawrence and his team did it, of course. They pitied themselves against the fury of the North Sea, and beat the sea without leaving their laboratory, and all the equipment they used was a glass tube four feet long, a rotary blower driven by a one horsepower motor, a refrigeration unit, and a sheet of steel. The refrigerator gave them Arctic cold. The blower sent a gale-force wind through the glass tube, and shot freezing air, laden with water, on to a cold steel plate. With such gadgets, it took them just three days to solve a problem that saved Britain's communications at a time when that meant saving Britain.

Lawrence recognized the things he couldn't do, and he didn't try. He knew he couldn't stop the ice from forming, and he couldn't melt ice off a ship's hull as is done with planes; there was too much hull, and too much freezing air in the North Sea. So he concentrated on finding a way to treat the entire water surface of the ships with a substance from which ice could be shed without effort, and tons at a time.

Ships had already been smeared with grease to prevent ice from ad

huring tightly, but that didn't work. The gales whipped the hulls and washed them clean of grease before ice started forming, and there was no grease known that would stay where it was put in the face of water pressure such as those ships encountered. The scientists had to invent a new grease, a greatalk that would stick in any gale, and be thick enough to prevent the ice from getting a tight hold. They brought all their knowledge into it, and mixed hundreds of different compounds, and tried each on the place of frozen steel, spurted it with water at over a hundred miles an hour. They discarded one compound after another, but every test taught them something, and they made more compounds.

Three days later, Lawrence got the Admiralty on the phone. He had the substance. It could be painted on to a ship with an ordinary brush, it would stay on no matter how fierce the gale, and when ice formed over it, the crew only had to crack it into chunks, and it would fall off.

The new compound was first used in February, 1942, on a convoy going to Murmansk, and Lawrence and his team went along. It was the water which hitler blamed for his debacle at Moscow; it was one of the worst on record in those seas. The seas bucked, and gales lashed them, and the Scharnhorst tried to sink them, but the escort chased the Scharnhorst, and the crews just tapped the ice off the hulls faster than it formed.

Folks didn't talk about a cold war, but part of that war was very cold, and that was hard to be won, or all was lost. It wasn't won with guns and torpedoes, it was won in a glass tube just four feet long.

Take Notice of that Burp!

One of the most common physical complaints is indigestion. It comes in various forms and has various causes.

REG WALKER

THE drunk lolled in the tram seat, almost asleep and no one took notice of him, except a few children who nudged each other and gurgled. Then suddenly the drunk's figure lurched upward and he uttered a loud burp. The result was a contrast in effects in the tram, the children goggleed out loud, some men grinned, a few ladies involuntarily tightened their lips in expressions of disgust, while one or two accepted the burp as a common, everyday occurrence.

Actually the burp is a common, everyday occurrence. Everybody does it, although some do more than others. The disgust associated with it is registered when someone burps in public. As one lady said to her companion when the drunk belched so loud, "It is disgusting. That is what drink does to one."

And the drunk squinted one eye at the speaker and replied "An empty house is better than a bad tenant, lady."

The lady was not quite correct when she made her observation about drink. Sure, alcohol does make a person belch, so does a milk shake or a glass of orange juice. But there are other causes of the burp—the belch, or indigestion, which is really what is the trouble.

The main causes of indigestion or dyspepsia, if we become more technical, are: 1. an unbalanced diet, 2. constipation, 3. eating too quickly, 4. irregular eating, 5. eating when excited or fatigued, 6. swallowing air 7. insufficient mastication, 8. exercis
ing too soon after a meal, 9, eating too much, 10, drinking too much. If you have indigestion and it is due to one of these things and it can be cured easily, then you have no cause to worry, other than the discomfort of the indigestion while it is upon you. But indigestion can also be caused by serious disease and should you be unable to rid yourself of indigestion, then you have only one course open to you—see a doctor.

Indigestion can be painful. You may have a mild attack, in which you feel full in the stomach and you know that it is a long time since you ate. This distension is caused through the swallowing of air. Maybe you talked to much while you were eating or drinking; maybe you ate your last meal with your mouth open, that is known as gastric flatulence and it causes only a mild discomfort. But heartburn is painful. There are varying degrees of heartburn. There may be just a mild burning sensation behind the breastbone, or you may be in such pain that you lie on the floor and squirm, trying to find ease in the most unorthodox positions.

Most people eat a more or less balanced diet unconsciously, but if you follow all the rules of eating and you still get indigestion, consult a dietician or a physical culture expert, who will give you a diet chart to follow. If this does not cure you, then the chances are that you have a serious disease of which indigestion is only a symptom and not the physical disorder.

Constipation causes indigestion through the consequent absorption of poisons into the bloodstream. Constipation can be relieved by abdominal exercise or massage, or a combination of both. This is the best method, as it forces the hard excreta in the walls of the intestines to fall away. The taking of oils forces a way through the softer excreta in the centre of the bowels, but does not break away the hard matter from the walls. Constipation may be relieved by small doses of a solution of saira or milk of magnesia.

Food must be eaten slowly in order to give the stomach a chance to digest much food. Similarly, meals should be taken at regular times. If you eat lunch at midday one day, eat it at midday every day. Ten or dinner at night, like lunch, should be eaten at a regular hour.

If you are excited, worried or tired, you are inviting indigestion if you eat a meal in such conditions or emotions, the bloodstream, which should be concentrated around the digestive organs during a meal, is mainly in the muscles of other organs of the body, hence the digestive system cannot do its work properly.

William Gladstone, the former Prime Minister of England, used to say that each mouthful of food should be masticated 32 times. Very few people do this. Many regard food as a necessary evil and the time taken to eat is a waste of time. But you should spend quite some time in eating and each mouthful should be chewed to pulp. Quick eating means that portions of partly digested food passes through the alimentary canal and thus disorders its functions. If the food is insufficiently chewed, the digestive juices are not able to come as thoroughly into contact with it. The smaller the pieces into which the food is converted, the greater the surface area which is washed by these juices.

It takes from three to five hours to digest a meal, hence too much food in the stomach—or too much drink—cannot be digested as well as a normal meal. The gastric juices have to work overtime and they cannot cope with a full stomach. The digestive period of three to five hours shows that nothing should be eaten until digestion of the previous meal has taken place. Hence three meals each day should be the ideal and nothing should be eaten between meals.

If you exercise before the food is digested, or at least partly digested, then the juices are thrown into disorder and the bloodstream is altered. When a group of muscles is exercised, the flow of blood is increased in that area. Therefore, some blood is taken from the stomach. When you exercise after a meal, give yourself at least one hour after a normal meal. If you have eaten a lot, do not exercise for longer than an hour.

Heartburn can be relieved by drinking water containing a pinch of bicarbonate of soda.

Water-brash is another type of indigestion which is not easy to take. This consists of the regurgitation into the mouth of a watery fluid, sometimes containing of mucus, sometimes of saliva and sometimes of both, mixed together. It is not necessarily caused by any disease of the stomach, although it is sometimes associated with dyspepsia.

At a certain period of time after a meal, the sufferer has an uncomfortable sensation of constriction beneath the lower end of the breastbone, accompanied usually by profuse salivation. Relief comes in hanging up several mouthfuls of clear fluid. Treatment with milk of magnesia (taken internally, of course) or an alkaline solution of bicarbonate of soda gives temporary relief.

Many neuroathetic patients suffer from indigestion as a result of an ab-
normally irritable nervous system with its associated lack of muscular tone. Depressing emotions, business or domestic worries, long hours of physical or mental overwork, often associated with irregular or hurried meals, are frequent causes.

The digestive symptoms of nervous dyspepsia are characterised by their extreme irregularity, the patient feeling very ill one day and comparatively well the next. The most common complaint is of fullness of the abdomen or discomfort as soon as a small quantity of food has been eaten. It is made worse by fatigue, worry and excitement, but rarely amounts to actual pain.

Many sufferers complain of a feeling of flatulence which is generally due to swallowing air.

Nervous dyspepsia lose their appetites, thus taking insufficient food. This leads to further depression of the nervous system, which reacts again on the digestion, so that a vicious circle is produced. Constipation is usually present.

Headaches, backaches, palpitations and sleeplessness accompany the stomach disorders. The patient loses weight and strength thus becoming more depressed and pessimistic.

It can be seen that unless something is done, the condition can only become worse. The treatment is simple, but meants rest.

An X-ray is often necessary as a check to see whether there is anything present, other than the suspected dyspepsia. If there are no accompanying diseases, rest is the big cure—physical rest and rest from care.

If you have peptic ulcers, then the treatment involves more than just rest. But the rest is still essential. Diet, also, is important.

To rest the body is easy, to rest the mind completely is not so easy. If you are a worry, it becomes extremely difficult to gain that relaxation so necessary. But if you have a logical mind, apply this principle.

Worry makes me a nervous dyspeptic; the worry gives me this tired feeling; this indigestion; this sleeplessness; this loss of appetite, strength and energy. And the more I worry, the worse I will be, the less I will be able to cope with situations as they arise. Therefore, I will fail in my business, as my mind will not be at its clearest. So I have to rest.

You are on your own, you are your own doctor. He can give you the recipe for fitness, but it is up to you whether you get better.

Maybe you are not a nervous dyspeptic, maybe you are just a normal sufferer from indigestion, but it is irritating, isn’t it? Watch your diet: eat regularly, do not eat between meals, chew your food thoroughly; relax your body and mind before you indulge in a meal. Do not overeat. Remember that meal time is essential, get used to the idea that you have a half-hour or even more to devote to feeding yourself. Mark that time down and do nothing else while you are eating. Do not think about the worrying things about life. Concentrate on your food.

If you find it difficult to eat slowly, read while you are eating. This will make you eat slower. Do not read the stock reports or about this unsettled world. Read a light story or magazine, or novel.

If you want to belch, do so. That gets rid of some of that wind you have. In India it is a sign that you have enjoyed a good meal. It is insulting to your host not to burp after eating. In this society of ours, it is regarded as rude to ‘make a noise’. You may still belch without making a big noise. Ease it out, then say, ‘excuse me’. As the drunk said, ‘An empty house is better than a bad tenant’.

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**LITTLE John Boscoe had been six feet under for three days when this thing happened.**

I didn’t get up. I was too damn comfortable. I lay still on the bed, arms behind my head. But I kept my eyes on the guy’s way from the time he knocked and I called him to come in until he sat down on the chair. A great hulk with an ape jaw and full of silence. He was silent the way he walked, the way he moved, the way he looked. When he spoke the words came quiet.

‘“Nugget Moonaby?”’

‘That’s right,’ I told him.

‘“You know me?”

‘“Who doesn’t? You’re Big John Boscoe, Little John’s brother.”

He pulled out a packet of fags. I took one. He looked around the room, I don’t know why. There was not much to see. A four-poster bed, a gas ring in the corner, a hook for the bed, a calendar and a couple of pin-up girls on the wall.

‘“You still in the business, Nugget?”’

‘“I look like I still eat, don’t I?”

‘“You know Little John’s dead?”

CAVALCADE, August, 1954
"I read it for breakfast a few mornings ago."
"You didn't read how," he said.
"Yeah, I did. He jumped over the Gap."

Big John Boscoe gave a snarl. I've seen plenty tough characters in my time, and ugly ones. But this Boscoe could have given King Kong a fairlong start and then raced him home.

You see him jump, Nuggets" he said in that calm silent way.

"What do you think?"

"Anybody else see him?"

"Noboby said they did."

"Listen, they find his body on the rocks, so they think he jumped. You reckon he jumped, Nuggets?"

"I can't reckon nothing. I don't know whether he fell, jumped, tried to prove he was a birdie, or what?"

"Little John was thrown over."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, I found out. It's true." He was done over. It was no suicide, Nuggets."

Who did it— you find that out?"

"Yeah. It was Tommy the Fly."

Big John said, looking hard at me from his little, must, monkey eyes. "I dunno why, and why don't matter, but he did it. It was murder, Nuggets, and he's got to be fixed, and I want you to fix him."

There was a lot of savagery in the way he said it, a heap of hate.

"Why?" I said, in some surprise.

"I didn't know you and Little John thought so much of each other."

That made him move his face nearer mine, flared his nostrils a bit. "Suppose you mind your own business. I don't ask you yours. When you shave, when you eat, what the hell do you. Blood's thicker than water, and I don't want nobody getting away with my brother's murder. Tommy the Fly a friend of yours?"

"Nobody's a friend of mine. You take it on then?"

"How much?"

"How about £200?"

I sat up. "Listen, you cabbagehead. You think you can get me for that? I'm class. You get a real job done with me, and it don't blow back in anybody's face. You pay for class Double its, and I'll talk turkey."

"I haven't got that much."

"Then it's simple," I told him. "You don't buy me. And I don't give lay-bys, hare purchase or take IOUS. We're wasting time. Beat it."

He rushed the chair back as be stood up. "Nobody talks to me like that—"

"I'm talking to you like that."

He didn't know where the roseo came from. All he could do was stare at it levelled at his big ugly mug. Maybe two minutes went by. He was stiffed. I helped him to regain face. "It's your move," I said.

"Au, listen, Nuggets," he relaxed. "This is stupid. I didn't come here to tangle with you."

He sat down, and pulled out a crammed wallet. "I'll give you two hundred now and the rest when you finish the job. All right?"

"Fair enough."

He counted the money in fivers and tenners. Then he got up to go. I hope there won't be any slip?

You don't know my reputation or you wouldn't say that. Just one thing, did the police talk to you about Little John's death?"

"Yeah. They asked me a few things, but I didn't tell them anything. About Tommy the Fly, I mean."

"Just one thing more—why hire me to do this job? What's wrong with you bunging off Tommy?"

"Nugget, I just come out of the can. Five years. You don't know what it's like to do five years hard inside.

I got some living to catch up on. I'm not taking any risks. They'll never get me back there again."

The way he said it, he meant that all right. He went out silently. I watched him go. You wouldn't have heard him.

I started work straightaway. Chopped off the whiskers, spaced up, put on the best suit in the wardrobe—and the only one I didn't find was Tommy's. I showed it to all the shopkeepers where he lived. Shelly's billiard room, or Lancy's two up school. But I got the leads, and they led me to Gus's Eatery. Through the fog of greasy fumes and cigarette smoke I saw Tommy sitting in a cubicle feeding his puny face with a hamburger.

"Gawd, Nuggets," he jumped up, full of his usual cheery friendliness, the plastered hair and the big gold tooth shining. "I haven't seen you since Kate took a giddy turn in the plonkery. What's new? Sit down. Have a feed."

I told him I had a little business proposition that might interest him. He took it all in, swirling, between fried onions, eggs and sliced beetroot. "Yeah," he said, "he could handle all the snow he could get. I'd just finished outlining the set up when a woman, small, blonde and smiling approached. Tommy the Fly leaped up again, and, grabbing her bangle arm, pulled her into the cubicle beside him."

"Nugget, this is the missus."

"No," I stared, "Don't tell me."

"There's the lass."

He jerked a thumb at the ring of diamonds on the slim white finger. "Been there for a fortnight now, and I don't feel like a goner yet."

He laughed, then spluttered an apology and introduced me. I saw the smile leave the woman's face like a blind pulled down a window. She'd heard about me. She didn't like me. That was plain. I saved her the embarrassment of sitting in silence. When I got up to leave there was a look on her face, and I didn't have to dip into Webster to know it was worry.

The wharves were in blocks of darkness with a slant and a wedge of dawn, hazy light here and there. When Tommy the Fly turned up I hustled him from the shadows. He was grinning, spittingly, sharp. I told him where we went. He led the way, picking his steps. He didn't make a sound. Neither did I. The water slipped against the piles and heaved under the shivering greasy reflections of light.

When I stuck the rod in Tommy's back, he stopped dead. "I'm doing this for a client. It's a job you'll appreciate that."

Keeping his hands raised, he turned round. "Who wants me rubbed out?"

He was more bewildered than afraid.

"Big John Boscoe."

"Big John? Is he out? What the hell have I done to him?"

"He didn't like the way you faced well his brother."

Tommy the Fly looked stunned. I was used to the darkness, and I could see the annoyance and puzzlement on his face. Suddenly I caught the quick blink of a lamp. He grabbed Tommy's arm, stung the gag in his ribs, and edged him behind a tar-paulin covered stack.

"Tommy! Tommy! Where are you? It was the soft cry of a woman. "It's Ruby," Tommy said. "She must have followed me."

She came near, calling out in a whisper, standing, staring this way and that, moving. Suddenly when she was only a few feet away, I thrust Tommy against her, and covered them both.
Why couldn't you keep your nose out of it?"

Tommy the Fly knew I had no alternative than to let her have it, too. He said, "For God's sake, Nugger, listen. Just listen. Big John reckons I killed his brother. How could I do that when I wasn't even here? We were in Melbourne, on our honeymoon. We didn't get back till yesterday."

"Mr Moodaby," the woman put in, "that's the truth. You've got to believe it."

"Another thing," Tommy the Fly said, "Look at me, and look at Little John. He was fourteen stone of fat and hard. Can you see me hounding him over that drop, even dragging him to the brink?"

"You had help."

"Have you ever known me to work with muscle men?"

"No," I said Doubt assailed me. "If you ask me," Tommy the Fly said, "there's one man who wouldn't have had any trouble getting and hanging Little John to his death, and that's the rat that sent you running for me. Big John himself."

I could see that easily. "But why would he do that?"

"I'll tell you why," Tommy said. "Five years ago me and the two Boscos pulled a job. We got down on the Whittier payroll. It was a cop, but one thing went wrong. Big John Bosco wanted all the loot for himself, and got it. He led Little John, who didn't like being double crossed, even by his brother, tipped off the cops, and the job was sheeted home to Big John, even though the dough was never found."

I thought of all the sugar I'd seen in Big John's wallet, and I remembered his remark about all that living he had to catch up on. "Big John must have thought I was in on the planning, too, that sent him up for five years. That's why he put me on the spot. But I never squealed, Nugger."

They could have been telling me a yarn. But it could have been the truth, and if it was, where, just where, did I fit into the picture? I'd been trying to figure it while Tommy was talking, and now I began to get a gleam of enlightenment.

"Okay, blow," I told them. "No hard feelings."

"No hard feelings, Nugger," Tommy the Fly said.

There was one way, I hoped, of bringing this boil to a head. I found a phone and rang Big John Bosco. I told him the job was finished. I was going home to shore off and that I'd see him in the morning. Then I went back to my lodgings. But I didn't go in. I hung around in the street, in a black doorway, some hundred yards from the place.

I was there maybe an hour when the black car came, pulled up outside the joint I lived in, and let out four cops who went up the steps and inside. That was enough for me. I didn't wait for them to reappear.

It took me thirty minutes to get to Big John Bosco's joint. There was no lock on the door. I let myself in and switched on the light. Even then the hulk in the bed, flat on his back, rumbling, didn't wake up.

I smacked his face a couple of times, and he jumped up with a start. "Why, Nugger, what are you doing here? I thought you said --"

"I've come for the pay off. Right now, and don't fiddle, or I'll blow your skull off."

"Sure, Nugger." He threw the bed clothes down, and drew the wallet from one of the pockets on his feet. He paid out the two hundred notes. I folded them and jammed them in my pocket.

"Hope you're not putting it over me. Nugger's Tom's dead -- you're sure about that?"

"I'm going to tell you something. Bosco, you lousy skunk. No, Tommy's not dead. And you know why? Because your doublecrossing stunt backfired. This is how I see it. When you came out of the air, you had not figured out you'd bump your own brother off first. Then you'd get Tommy the Fly put out of the way, and you'd pick up the fun."

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Cavalcade Home of the Month

by W. Watson-Sharp

The approach to the design of the holiday home is different from that for a full time residence. The standard for this type of dwelling is continually improving and the make-shifts of a by-gone age are definitely a thing of the past.

Cavalcade suggests in the accompanying sketches a large living room, with a section set aside for cooking, in which a breakfast bar is included. The living room opens out on to a wide terrace, half of which is covered by a wide overhanging roof.

There are two bunk rooms each with a built-in wardrobe; and a utility room which incorporates washing facilities, a shower and a clothes washer.

The overall area is 700 square feet and the minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 40 feet.
WILL TO SURVIVE

When a multimillionaire died in 1911, his lawyer was so upset that he
shoved away on a transatlantic liner. He took with him his client's will
which represented 30,000 dollars, sealed in a bottle and he threw it over-
board when the ship got under way. Recovering his senses, he realized
what he had done and offered a large re-
ward for its recovery. Before it was
found, three years later, it had traveled
countless miles and had been
handled by many, who, unaware of its
case, had tossed it back into the
sea. One fisherman found it in the
stomach of a shark. A missionary dis-
covered it near the mouth of the Ama-
zon, where it was being worshipped
as an idol by natives.

SECOND SIGHT

For more persons suffer from hem-
ralopia, the inability to see as well
in the daylight as at night, than from
nectalopia, the inability to see after
nightsight except under a strong arti-
ficial light.

NOAH'S ARK

Scammon on British war vessels were
once allowed to own pets and keep
them on board, with little restrict-
ions. But the practice was
suddenly banned when the Admiralty
learned that a battleship carried an
assortment of 1,500 animals, which
included, apart from the usual
run of dogs and cats, deer, apes, bears
and antelope.

DOUBLE WOMB

A one-in-a-million birth of two sons,
each from a separate womb, has
been recorded in Williamsburg Gen-
eral Hospital, New York. Double
wombs are rare in women, but are
common in animals, particularly in
kangaroos and opossums. In the above
case, doctors emphasized that the boys
were not twins. The first boy, weigh-
ing 4 1/2 pounds, arrived 16 hours be-
fore his brother, who weighed four
pounds, 15 ounces. From prenatal ex-
amination, doctors expected twins.

RAGS TO RICHES

The total circulation of daily new-
papers in USA reached a record
58,472,286 in 1953, an increase of
62,671 over the previous year. The
circulation of the 597 morning papers
was 21,412,274, and of the 128 evening
papers, 33,069,812.

What Makes An Idol?

Why are some sportsmen idolised?
And what extra do they have to
to possess to become legends?

RAY MITCHELL

PUBLIC opinion is a strange thing.
A sportsman is either liked or not.
Maybe he is a champion, but that
does not mean that he automatically
becomes a hero. Far from it, quite
often a non-title holder is more
popular than the champion.

Looking through the annals of the
ring, we find hundreds of champions
national and world. These can be
divided into four categories: legends
idols, popular and unpopular. Maybe
you can split hairs and place some
in another channel, negative. In other
words, they are accepted and the fans
feel no emotion regarding them. Such
a man is Jimmy Carter, who had a
Cinderella rise to the world light
weight title. Jimmy was regarded as
a good tradesman who was hard to
beat when the title was on the line.
He lost his title twice to under
dogs in the betting, the second time
to Paddy De Marco in March this
year. Yet Jimmy beat a couple of
men who were expected to take his
title. And through all this, people
just accepted Carter as a good champ,
without any need to rave about
him—or detest him.

When a boxer reaches the stage
where thousands roll up to see him
fight every time his name appears
in lights over the stadium portals,
then he is an idol. He enjoys seeing
his name in lights; he notes people
pointing him out in the streets, he
sees his photo in the newspapers.
nearly every day of the week.

The test whether he moves up into the legend class usually takes place after his retirement. Young Gifford, the American who killed the first man, has been a legend throughout this century. Les Darcy is a legend, and the legend of Darcy will never die. Never will it be generally admitted that we have had greater middleweights in Australia than Les. I think we have, but legends die hard.

America has thrust Stanley Ketchel, their middleweight champion of 1908, into the legend class. Since his death, he has been used as the yardstick in America, when later champions have sprang into the limelight, just as Darcy is the yardstick in Australia. America has other legends, too, all of them champions of the past, most of them dead. John L. Sullivan is still a legend years after his death, Joe Gans, former world lightweight king, is also a legend.

Jack Dempsey is a legend. He is enjoying greater popularity now than he ever did as champion. When he was a champion he was idolized by a section, but detested by majority. Then he lost his crown to Gene Tunney, a stodgy Shakespeare lover and the fans swung their favours to the old champion. Dempsey won more fans by his defeat than he ever did by his victories. And when Tunney repeated his victory over Dempsey in the Battle of the Long Count, the stodgy Gene banned himself forever from popularity, while the snarling, snarling Dempsey found himself lifted to the legend class.

Tunney, possibly the greatest heavyweight of all time (and that is a matter of opinion, but at least he was one of the best), was never a legend, an idol or even popular. He had the misfortune of following a brawling champion who packed drama into his fights. Tunney, an academic boxer, was the complete antithesis of Dempsey, and the sickle fan, who had hooked Dempsey on occasion, missed Tunney.

Tunney gave Ezzard Charles a preview of things to come. Tunney followed a great draw, so did Charles, who followed Joe Louis. 'The Brown Bomber' was an idol, indeed, and he was rapidly becoming a legend when he was sensational knocked out by Max Schmeling in 1936. That breaking down of the invincibility barrier spoiled Joe's chances of gaining the legend class during his career, even though he went on to greater heights and skittled Schmeling in one round in a return bout. But Joe was an idol and he must be considered as one of the all-time greats. In a few years' time he will become a legend.

But Charles, who followed Joe, was a colourless fighter compared to the great Brown Bomber. Yet, look at Charles' record. It comes more than favourably with most of the heavyweight champions of the past. And he scored more KO victories than any heavyweight champion of the past.

France mourned it was a tragedy. Jimmy Wilde became a legend in his own time in Great Britain. The great little Welsh flyweight was probably the best flyweight of all time, but that alone did not place him in the legend class. What did Vic Patrick, the Australian lightweight champion, do to the legend class in Australia while he was champion? Vic was the most popular fighter this country has had since Darcy. Who could ever forget the scene at Sydney Stadium that night in September 1947, when Vic was knocked out in the 12th round by Freddie Dawson? The packed stadium of over 14,000 fans stood stock still there was not a movement in the stands. Nor was there any life in that crowd for over three minutes. Then Vic waved to his fans, to show he was O.K. The cheers he received were even greater than he had received in victory. They were cheers that are reserved for idols. Vic was O.K. and those cheers were pregnant with relief and affection for a great fighter.

Yet, although Vic was loved more than any fighter since Darcy, the greatest drawcard in the history of Sydney Stadium was the welter champion of the same period—Tommy Burns. Fifteen times he packed Sydney Stadium in 20 fights. He retired, made a comeback—and packed the stadium again. He retired again and made a further comeback. And in 1953 Sydney Stadium was packed to the rafters once more. The fight? George Burns vs. Tommy Burns—at raised prices! Burns, the new welter king, did not pack it. He had fought at Sydney Stadium many times before and had never cowed the fans in, although he was always a great crowd-pleaser and a good fighter. No, it was Tommy Burns who filled the stadium that night Burns, no longer the fighter of yore, but a clever fighter, who that night was beaten. Yet all the fans were with him. It was a Burns' house.

What is the secret of Burns' appeal, the man who filled Sydney Stadium more times than any other fighter, who could add to his 15 full Sydney Stadiums when he was opposed to a man whom everyone thought would beat Burns—and did?

Burns was a great fighter, but we have had greater. He was attractive to watch, he fought hard, he engaged in the greatest fight ever seen in this country—in 1947, when he knocked out O'Neill Bell in 11 rounds, he figured in five more of the greatest fights seen, fights that were the equal of almost any that have taken place in Australia. Perhaps that is why he packed the Stadium? Not altogether. The man had colour. He still has, he will pack the Stadium when he is 40, if he is still fighting.

Yet there are many who do not like Burns. Women rave about him, perhaps that is why a number of men do not like him. The women rave automatically and unconsciously they relying on a figure who is so popular with their womenfolk. Even though that idolatory be showered on Burns from a distance.

Always—or nearly always—there were those who wanted to see Burns beaten. But when he was beaten by Burns, the WHOLE crowd was with him!

One of the most loved fighters in Australia's pugilist history was Dave Sanders. Yet, although everyone regarded Dave with affection, due to the type of man he was, he was hooted more than any other. If Dave knocked out his opponent early, as he often did, the crowd hooted because they felt that they had not received their money's worth. If Dave won on points or if he won by a knock out in a last round, the crowd hooted again, because they thought he should have

58 CAVALCADE, August, 1934

CAVALCADE, August, 1934 59
knocked out his man earlier! Yet those bouts were not as hard as the Man, but at his display. For all that Dave was the best middleweight in the world and the best middleweight I ever saw. The great Ray Robinson, regarded by many in America as the best middleweight of all time, would not fight Dave unless he got at least 45 per cent of the gate. "I want a lot of money to fight that guy," said Robinson.

Sands was not a legend; he was a legend in his own right. He was a part of the world's boxing history, a legend who was respected for his intellect and his skills. However, his career was cut short by an injury, which prevented him from fulfilling his potential.

Ron Richards was an idol. He became a legend, years after his prime.

Ambrose Palmer was one of the most capable fighters this country has produced, but he rarely filled the stadiums. He was regarded as a machine—a machine which was almost perfect—and fans naturally expected him to win. But when he was stopped by Leo Kelly, Palmer suddenly became an idol. The fans realized that he was human after all.

Jack Carroll was the greatest writer this country has ever produced and he was one of the most respected writers of his time. His work has had a lasting impact on the sport of boxing.

MacMillan and Malins decided to negotiate a 12-mile stretch in bad weather. It was a mistake.

There was great excitement in Calcutta on the morning of Saturday, August 19, 1922. The latest news was that the men were due to take off from the High River, near the city, in their seaplane.

The men, Captains MacMillan and Malins, were flying a new, single-engine, Fairey sea-plane, fitted with floats for the round-the-world attempt. They had left London some weeks before, and after an adventurous trip to Calcutta, were starting on the next leg—a 200-mile flight to Akyah.

Despite warnings of strong monsoons and a leaking port float in the Fairey, the men decided to leave Calcutta on schedule. They figured on being in the air no more than five hours, even with high headwinds. If they ran into trouble they said they would alter course for Chittagong, only 150 miles from Calcutta, but south of their intended route.

So right on time the two fliers climbed into their cockpits, waved to the Calcutta crowds, and slipped their moorings. The plane roared off down the river, climbed up over the roof tops of Calcutta, and headed off towards the Bay of Bengal.

Twenty-four hours passed and MacMillan and Malins had not reached Akyah. Nor had they landed at Chittagong, their alternative port. No planes were available for an air search, so all ships were alerted. But by Monday night the position looked hopeless.

Then, on Tuesday, just as the search was about to be abandoned, a telegram arrived at Calcutta. "Down one
An old Shakespearean actor, who long ago was reduced to taking parts in broadcast programmes, stopped a friend recently and explained that he had discovered the perfect atom bomb shelter. "It's my agent's office," he said. "There hasn't been any radio activity there for months."

mile south of Lukhadinagar. All O.K. now. Petrol short owing to heavy adverse winds Advise Chittagong to keep a lookout for us from afternoon Tuesday. Living on milk supplied by natives in exchange for cigars Chervil MacMillan and Malins.

The fliers had run into very strong headwinds which made them alter course to Chittagong Then the men soon hit them. Blinding rain beat into the open cockpits. The wind increased to a gale. Down to nearly sea-level, they were only 36 miles from Chittagong when they passed over a little island. Then, just as the island disappeared behind them in a squall of rain, the motor cut dead.

Not knowing what was wrong, MacMillan, who was at the controls, swung the Fairey down, and made a hazardous. "ideal-stick" approach to the heaving waves below. The Fairey hit the top of a wave, skipped across two more, and smashed right into the next one.

Suddenly the plane held together MacMillan shouted to Malins to get out on to the wing, and help steady the madly swinging machine. He climbed out onto the other wing, and turned on the auxiliary petrol supply. Expecting to be swamped at any moment he frantically swung the engine over. It fired once, then broke into a steady roar. They had only run out of petrol.

Relieved, the two fliers swung back into their cockpits. It was impossible to take off in the pounding seas, but with the motor going they taxied back to the island. There they moored the plane in the calmer shallows, and inspected the damage. One elevator had broken, but other than that no more trouble could be seen.

MacMillan found they had come down near a small native settlement called Lukhadinagar. It was from here that they got food in exchange for cigars, and persuaded a native to travel to the nearest telegraph office with their message to Calcutta.

On Tuesday the seas had calmed down enough for a take-off. So, the two airmen patched up the elevator, farewelled the natives, and took off for Chittagong, only 34 miles across the Bay of Biscay. The trip should not have taken more than half an hour, but for MacMillan and Malins that last 34 miles was packed full of the most terrifying horror, that wrote itself on their faces the whole flight. For more than 15 minutes the motor began to cough. Water must have reached the petrol, and the motor was losing power fast. The plane began to drop towards the sea. Realising it was impossible to make Chittagong in the air MacMillan put her down gently, and set off to taxi towards Chittagong, 17 miles away.

Soon the fliers saw the coastline. But as they watched clouds began to form, and it disappeared behind a rain squall. The fliers were bound back to the plane. The water darkened, and whipped up under the influence of the rising wind. Then they were right in the middle of another savage monsoon.

Waves rolled down on to the little plane. The motor, already failing, began to miss badly, shooting out flames and smoke. Then, a wave, bigger than the others, hit hard and the propeller was carried away. Within minutes the motor screamed up to the rev. scale, shaking the whole machine with its mad vibration. MacMillan quickly cut it dead, before it shook out of its mountings. The powerless Fairey, with monsoon behind it, swept out to the open sea.

Through the night the fliers sat drifting from wave to wave as the wind and rain lashed down upon them.

In the first half-light of morning the men noticed that the port float, which had been in bad shape before they left Calcutta, was making water. The Fairey was starting to list. In an attempt to keep it upright Malins crawled out on the starboard wing-tip. But soon the list got worse, and MacMillan had to join him.

For hours they just sat on the wing. But it was obvious that the plane would eventually capsize. Another hour passed, and it began to settle by the stern. MacMillan moved, and stood on the top of the starboard float in an effort to balance it.

Then a great shudder went through the whole machine. It rolled right over, throwing both men into the water.

Only the bottoms of the floats were above water now. A few feet long, and less than three feet wide, they had a freeboard of no more than eight inches at their highest part, and curved down into the water at both ends. Up on to these the fliers scrambled. They were small creatures, in the middle of the shark-infested Bay of Bengal, but the seas had quietened, and the men were safe for the time being.

There was no food or water, and no shelter from the hot tropic sun. MacMillan had lost his shoes and socks when the plane turned over, and his feet were beginning to blister. All day the two men lay on the upturned floats as the Fairey rose up and down on the swell, drifting with the tide.

Towards evening Malins sighted land about a mile away. Painfully the two men stripped, determined to swim. But, across the Bay came two dark shapes, cutting the water with dorsal fins. Slowly, two Hammerhead sharks began to circle the plane.

MacMillan looked at Malins. Miscreantly he shook his head. Neither could speak. They watched the receding shoreline hopelessly, as the tide turned, and swept the Fairey back to the open sea.

It was now Wednesday evening. The fliers had been adrift in the Bay for over 30 hours.

Miserably, racked by thirst and hunger, the two men clung to the pitching float all night. At dawn they noticed the tall of the Fairey had come to the surface. It was floating at an angle that indicated the back of the plane was broken. Pieces of wood and canvas were drifting about in the sea beside them. The machine was beginning to disintegrate fast.

Once again the tide carried them in towards land. It was only a mile away, but they could not have lasted another minute in the dangerous sea about them. All they could do was sit and watch it fade away again, as the tide turned.

This time a tide rip developed. For twenty minutes the water boiled and churned, spinning the plane madly, tearing at it, and breaking it up. Then, as suddenly as it started, the tide rip stopped. They were still afloat, although the plane was sinking lower in the water.

Suddenly MacMillan saw a sail. Reaching into the water he clutched a piece of canvas. His battered feet for gotten, he struggled up, and began
to wave the canvas. Malins tried to rise, and slipped. He did not go overboard, but tore his leg open on the sharp edge of the float. Crouching on the float he writhed in pain while MacMillan kept on wav ing.

Sobbing with pain from his blistered feet, MacMillan stood there, Malins, although still in agony, began to splash water on to MacMillan's feet to soothe them. The boat kept on coming. It got within a few hundred yards. They could see men on the deck, but it turned away and disappeared.

The two men, now in the last stages of exhaustion and disappointment, fell down on the float, champing there more by instinct than by any real thought of what they were doing. All day they drifted on a sea that was now like glass. Their clothes were in tatters, and the blazing heat scorched through to the tender skin of their bodies, burning and blistering it.

MacMillan's feet were in a shocking state, and Malins's leg could not be moved without excruciating agony. His leg had swelled and the open wound, and he was weak from pain and loss of blood. Around them shied the fins of waiting sharks. Beneath them the remains of the battered Fairey crept and grated, slowly breaking away, hour by hour.

As evening approached it got cooler. The sharks disappeared and MacMillan reached over the side to splash his face with water. As he did so his eye caught a streak beside the float. The water was streaming around it. For a few minutes he looked; his tired brain could not grasp what was happening. Then he realised. The Fairey was not going with the current. It was standing still.

Raising himself on one elbow MacMillan saw land a few hundred yards away. Weakly he sat up, and began to splash himself with water, trying to regain his strength. He knew this was the last chance of survival they'd get. They would never last another night at sea. Their only hope lay in getting the float free from the grounded plane, and paddling it ashore, before the tide turned, and carried them away.

Painfully MacMillan eased himself into the water. His feet touched bottom and he began to work on freeing the float. Malins could not help. His leg was too sore, and after ten minutes MacMillan realised his own strength was expended too far to get the float away.

This looked like the end. He doubted if he had the strength to get back on the float, let alone swim to the shore. But suddenly there was a movement above him. Malins was trying to rise. His face contorted with pain, Malins waved.

Following his gaze MacMillan saw a motor launch. It was only a few hundred yards away, and coming up fast.

The men were too weak to speak as they were lifted aboard the launch. It was the Chittagong Harbour Master's vessel. He was having one last look before abandoning the search. In another 20 minutes darkness would have prevented him searching, and it had been decided to cease the organised search after Thursday night.

In hospital at Chittagong MacMillan and Malins told the story of their horrifying six day trip from Calcutta. In the short 150 miles they had been marooned for three days on an island with natives, and spent three days and two nights drifting back and forth in a ten mile strip of the Bay of Bengal, only a few miles from their destination, while searching craft scoured the whole area.

The Fairey was a total loss, and MacMillan and Malins had to abandon their attempt to fly around the world. They returned to England still with a burning ambition to make a flight around the globe.
SNAKE CHARMERS OF THE ORIENT

IVOR ETHERINGTON

They commence playing the pipes with a wild rhythm and slowly the snakes awaken and raise their heads.

"SAMUEL, tell the snake charmer to come this afternoon." Such was my instruction to our head boy on frequent occasions when we were living in Colombo and friends from Australia were on a brief stay in post on their way to or returning from Europe.

Shortly after lunch the old snake charmer with his two assistants would arrive, squat on the ground at the foot of the verandah steps and give us an intriguing exhibition of the influence they and their curious music must have over their captive reptiles.

A display of "snake charming" by Orientals seems to have a great attraction for travellers visiting the East for the first time, both those who regard with terror and fear these loutish poisonous creatures and those who admire their gracefulness and the assumed beauty of the wonderfully patterned and coloured bodies as they sway to the rhythm of the charmer's pipes.

The snake charmer in India and Ceylon has usually inherited his knowledge and skill; it is a profession handed down from father to son, and it is amply his job, his livelihood. But this is really commercially a very ancient mystical cult, a "religion" of weird, dark mystery which has had its followers over many centuries in various countries of both the eastern and western worlds.

In the west "snake worship" was to some degree practised by the ancient Druids, and it existed to a much greater extent among the then highly civilised peoples of Central America; the huge Aztec temples in Mexico have decorations composed of thousands of sculptured snakes. In eastern countries, especially Egypt, India and Ceylon, snake worship has been prevalent, and the cobra (Cobra De Capello, Naja tripluran) one of the most venomous and spectacular of serpents, has been the chief object of veneration.

Snake worship in the East seems to be a cult or ritual of uncanny mystery and influence among its followers, a debased sort of religion never much understood by the white man who sees only the showman's presentation of it. Certain sects among the Dravidians of South India regard the cobra and other venomous snakes with a religious awe; they never kill them under any circumstances and in some of their temples snakes are kept and regularly fed, generally with eggs.

The famous Snake Temple in the island of Penang has a numerous collection of poisonous serpents, very large ones are kept in wickerwork in the temple grounds while in the halls of the building live many snakes coiled around the stems of small dead trees stuck in large containers.

Visitors are allowed to handle these "holy" snakes without harm, from the strong scent of burning incense andinnamon in the close atmosphere of the temple, it is probable that the reptiles are quite tame and docile.

In Egypt early snake worship is recorded in many ancient temples, and at the great entrance to the famous temple of Amun Ra at Karnak are two enormous pillars formed of finely carved stone cobras.

Today in Ceylon are to be seen many relics of some form of ancient snake worship in aboriginal stone sculpture and carvings in natural rock.

It is a place I always liked visiting in Ceylon is Mihintale, a solitary mountain surrounded by jungle, which is one of the holiest spots in the world and a great Buddhist pilgrimage centre, formerly having many temples, monasteries and other buildings. Today it is in ruins and grown over by jungle growth. It is a good hunting ground. High up on the mountain side is a deep bathing pool hewn out of the solid rock in ancient days — it is called Naga Pokuna, the snake bathing pool. This pool is 150 feet long, deep and sinister-looking with its dark green, icy cold water. One side is overhanging rock and on its smooth surface is carved in high relief an immense five-headed cobra, each head up raised with its hood erect and expanded as if ready to strike.

This great snake carving was made by the Sinhalese soon after the introduction of the Buddhist religion into Ceylon three hundred years before Christ, so snake worship was connected with the old religion of the Sinhalese.

Rummaging in Mihintale mountain once, I arrived at the snake pool, after climbing for many hours in the tortuously hot, monotonous atmosphere of the tropical jungle. I thought a cooling swim would be delightful, an enjoyable dip in the cool waters, but the sight of that monstrous cobra on the rock facing me and the thought that venomous water snakes might be lurking in the depths of the pool proved too suggestive. I did not have that swim.

My snake charmer was standing at the foot of our verandah steps, politely saluting to our Australian visitors and ready to show off his pets. I smiled. I had known the old fellow a long time and he had always been ready to perform for us. He was a much travelled, widely experienced fellow, whose age was indeterminable.
but I would say he would be in his

As I looked at him my mind went
back over the story he had told me.
He had been born somewhere in the
North West of India (he was not quite
exactly where), and he had served in
the British Indian Army as a young
man. He had served during the
Mutiny. He had been servant to Lord
Roberts when that famous Field Mar-
shall had been a subaltern in the
Indian Army.

In his collection of documents, which
included testimonials, police licences
and other odds and ends, the old
snake charmer had an old cracked
paper, much handled and discoloured
—his 'character'—he called it—a single
sheet bearing the regimental crest
and signed by Roberts, his former Salub.

What he did after leaving the Army,
I do not know, but he was rather old
when he became a snake charmer. In
this country he had engaged a couple
of assistants and, together they had
made their way through India to Co-
lombo, where they had settled.

Once, in conversation, he told me
that there were wonderful boxes in
his country with beautiful "red and
gold" fun in the winter. As we were
due to go to England before long I
asked him to let me three good win-
ter slippers, and gave him the money.
He sent me the slippers later on from
away up in the north west of India.
They were really fine. I dispatched
them to London with instructions to
have the furrier make them up
and send them to Port Said to await
our arrival there; it was very cold
when we reached England and my
wife was very glad to have the fans.

They were a pleasant reminder of
the old snake charmer.

As I watched the old man,
taking out his pipe, I admired the
soldierly bearing. I once more noticed
his face full of character, with its
deep-set, piercing eyes of hypnotic

steadiness. I noted his chipped mont
nette and stiff, brushed-back beard.
He must have been a fine man in his
youth. A voluminous turban with a
large silver front-buckle increased his
dignified appearance. His other
adornments included a fine necklace
of amber, a heavy gold bangle on his
right wrist, and a twisted snake ring
on his little finger. The instrument
he used in his snake charming act was
a large, curiously decorated pipe.
The snakes were coiled around in circular
woven baskets. The act itself was very interesting.
Squatting on the ground the charmer
goes into his ritual. He and his two
assistants take off the covers of the
basket to show the various snakes,
appearantly sleeping within. They
make mystic incantations and com-

ence playing the pipes with a weird
rhythmic air accompanied by the
throbbing beats of the tambour.

Slowly the snakes awaken, raise their
heads, apparently attracted by the
shrill notes of the pipes. The beauti-
fully marked cobras expand his hood,
showing the peculiar spectacle mark-
ing on the head and constantly shoot-
ing out his forked tongue. He swings
to and fro, to the rhythm of the music,
and follows the movements of the
charmer's hands, his eyes all the time
on the man.

The other reptiles include a 6 feet
long young python which is not poison-
onous, and the very venomous 'pelas-
gongas' or Russell vipers, very dead-
ly snakes and indigenous only to
Ceylon. All these are freely handled,
almost contemptuously, by the three
performers. They wanted one of our
visitors to have the python coiled
around his neck for a souvenir photo
that he wouldn't be in it. The poison
fangs are no doubt periodically remov-
ed. There was one charmer in Col-
lombo who formerly used to take his
snakes and display them to passengers
on board liners in the port, he had

probably omitted recently before his
last performance to extract the venom
from. Stung by the loud whistle of
a launch the cobra struck the charmer
on the hand, and he died that day.
But snake charmers rarely suffer from
their pets.

The old man once informed me that
when catching a wild snake it was
necessary to calm and influence it
by certain secret incantations which
subdue and quieten it and then it
would be handled without harm. Snake
charmers in Cairo also say this, using
certain quotations from the Koran
which, they say, control the snakes
and give the charmer power over them,
and that once under that sub-
mission they will never bite the man.

When the cobra bites, his needle
like fangs go into the victim's flesh

and at the same time the venom is
extracted down the tooth into the blood.
Details from the poison of a cobra or
Russell's vipers is too rapid for it paralyses
the nerves and produces heart failure.

The charmers have certain reputed
cures for snake bite, if used in time.
A dark green somewhat porous stone
is used to extract the poisoned blood,
while some plant roots, including one
of the asiaticus, are claimed to be
efficacious cures.

With all the precautions and their
faith the snake charmers can control
the reptiles without fear. The snakes
weave, almost dance, and after a period
of several minutes, the weird music
fades to a whisper and the snakes
are returned to their baskets, where
they sleep until the next performance.

"Baby, I worship the ground you walk on . . ."

CAVALCADE August 1954
patterns of pulchritude
Ghost In the Gallery

It was almost as if he were something out of this world—no ordinary mortal could vanish into thin air!

Borden Argyll was waiting for her in their usual nook. He was an anemic artist with tortoise shell glasses and a scrubbed face. But he was young. That was all that mattered to Linda.

When she saw him she went to pieces emotionally. He raised his arms too slowly as she rushed into them, and she caught him full on the narrow chest, almost knocking him backward into the T'ang Dynasty vase.

"I killed him!" she sobbed. "I'm mad of him, Borden! I did! I did!"

He jerked his head around to see if anybody was within earshot. There was no one else there at all. At that moment he was as near to panic as he had ever been in his life.

It had all started eight months ago when Linda married DeWitt Carewe.

The marriage was the culmination of a bumpy romance that began in the woods four months before. It had been a gusty day when they'd wed. The earth and the sky had the same unnatural, lurid glow on the day they had met. And Linda, out for a Sunday stroll, was lost. A man appeared suddenly on the path. The wild wind in the trees seemed to shout and try to warn her.

The man showed her the way back to the bus line. As they walked, they talked. Linda became intrigued by DeWitt Carewe. There was not too great a difference between their ages, he looked about forty and she was twenty-three. And he had money. In fact, he led Wall Street by the nose. Where others failed, he begot riches. He had inhuman drive.

She married him.

There were whisperings about Carewe. Whisperings about his connection with unspeakable things that went on behind certain closed doors in Washington Square. Things that had to do with werewolves and vampires. Some people even went so far as to say that Linda had married Lucifer for himself.

During the last three months Linda had repeatedly and incursively fled to someone "more human"—Borden Argyll. She had been introduced to Argyll by Carewe himself. Argyll, a laborious workman with the brush, had been using Carewe as a subject in one of his art series called "Studies in the Supernormal." Aside from going with another man's wife, smoking a cannabis, and matching garments, Argyll had few vices.

Now in the dim, dreary gallery he tried to console Linda. But by bits, she told him about the noon meal and the five grains of arsenic in the milk and how she had hurried out of the house after she'd seen him drink it. She couldn't witness his death agony. "He was a monster," muttered Argyll. "I realize that now." The tattoo of the ram on the stained glass window blurred their voices. But, sweetheart, what shall we do? The police will find—" The timorous look on her face at the mention of police made him hesitate.

Neither of them wanted to think about police. And they clung to each other guverning with apprehension in the long shadowy gallery.

Someone was walking toward them. Walking with a slow, tantalizing deliberate tread. They both turned their heads in that direction to see who was coming.

Out of the streaming gray light leered a triangular face. A full-lipped mouth was drawn back exposing sharp animal teeth in a cruel grin.

Linda made a sound as if she'd been struck.

Argyll gasped. "Carewe!"

"My dear sweet wife—the voice sounded sepulchral—"murdered me this noon. Do you believe in ghosts, Argyll?"
Argyll was lead coloured. But he stood his ground. "No damn you! You're alive!"

"Follow me and see—if you dare!" came the taunt.

The apparition wheeled and went back rapidly the way he had come.

Linda started dizzily at Argyll. Then she didn't.

He reached for her hand. "No, you didn't poison him. Come on. We'll follow him."

Oh no! Borden! He's up to something. Terrible.

You don't know him as I do.

We'll be careful," he urged.

They started off, blindly, trailing Carewe to the first elbow of the deserted gallery. As they turned the corner, they saw the flitting form mingling with the shadows a good distance ahead.

The whole building was deadly still, save for their footsteps, their quick breathing, and the steady stam.

The man ahead had whisked around the next corner. They heard his footsteps break into a sharp run. They heard the opening and closing of a door.

On the wall near them a small sign with gilt lettering and an arrow said Administrative Offices.

Argyll drew cautiously to the turn, around which Carewe had vanished. Linda panted on his collar. They halted.

NOW they could see down the next wide hall and across it as far as the first office door, which was marked Trustees. It was diagonally fifteen feet from the corner where they stood. The closed door was, except for its wooden frame, sheer plate glass. They could look clearly into the room.

They saw a lighted floor lamp set to the left, and near. Staying beside the lamp, grinning out at them, was Carewe. They saw him reach out his arm and yank the lamp chain. The room and the hall became one vast shadow.

Argyll rummled for a box of wooden matches and struck one. He took a step toward the Trustees' office door.

Linda caught him restrainingly by the arm. "No, Borden! Don't go in!"

"Please, Linda!" he snapped, nerves jangled. "Let's get this nonsense over with."

She let go like a wall of the way, he crossed the space in a half dozen strides. The doorsnab ratted loudly in his fingers and he swung the door open.

"Don't come in, Linda," he warned her over his shoulder.

The same match in his hand was still burning when he groped for the lamp chain. His hand brushed against the bulb. It was warm. He found the chain and jerked it. Flung away the twisted black match stump, he swung around. His arms were upraised, half protectingly.

He saw Linda standing squarely in the office doorway. He saw—nobody else.

Carewe had vanished with the swinging out of the light.

Then Linda's rising intake of breath made the short hairs at the mane of Argyll's neck bristle. He peered around the edge of the maple desk, to where she was pointing.

A girl's body was slumped there. Her skull had been crushed with one blow of the silver statuette that was lying by her. The statuette was an inca alpaca and its long neck made an ideal handle.

You could almost hear the thump of their hearts in the still room. Argyll recognized whose body it was. Phyllis Remington!"

'Your model!'

He touched the girl's hand. It was warm and limp. She had just been killed.

Linda heard a movement in the hall behind her. She made one terrified leap to Argyll's side. They turned.

In the doorway appeared a ruddy little man with a baldish head and gleaming eyeglasses on a wide black ribbon. He wore striped pants and what Senator Banner called a "country parson" coat. As he stood there poised, his legs bent backward at the knees like knees. He was George Honeywell, founder and director of the Galleries. His wrinkled forehead proclaimed that he was a worrier. And his chief worry was for more money for the upkeep of the Galleries.

He uttered. "Mrs Carewe! Whatever has happened to you? You're as pale as a post."

My husband," she blurted, on the verge of hysteria. "He's mad! He was just in here! He killed Phyllis!"

Good Lord, no!" Honeywell's jaw fell slack as he hastened to the side at the desk. He looked down, then away, biting his trembling lip. "What a loss! She was such a beautiful girl! A trifle tempestuous perhaps, but—When was Carewe?"

He disappeared," said Argyll. "I know it sounds incredible, but he vanished into thin air before I could get in. Maybe you've seen him?"

"Me?" said Honeywell. "Lord, no. I've been in the other office across the hall ever since coming back from a Judo lesson. Nobody came my way."

They looked around the square room. There were no windows. It was air-conditioned. The door was the only opening.

Argyll's eyes rose to the nearly life-size painting hanging flush with the back wall. It was one of his own recent works. It was a vividly realistic subject called Werewolf and Victim. In the shaggy face of the pawing werewolf, with its prominent incisors and lamant canines, no one could fail to recongnize DeWitt Carewe.

Argyll had used Carewe and Phyllis Remington as his models. Honeywell shook himself like a wet puddle. "Wait for me in the Seven Eleven. I'll phone the police," he said. "We've got to stick together."

IF it was hours alter the discovery of the murder, Linda and Honeywell huddled outside the phone booth in the drugstore while Argyll, inside, dialed.

Argyll, half listening to the buzz in the receiver, was saying to them. While Senator Banner was sitting in the oil I made of him during his last political campaign, he talked a blue streak about impossible murders. He must have talked at least four cases he's solved where a person left a room unseen through a watchd door. The answer to each one was a simple magic trick. There was nothing supernatural about it."

Linda said tremulously, "DeWitt is capable of anything evil. Anything."

Argyll spoke into the phone: "Ninety-one Morganside Drive? I want to speak to Senator Banner. Is he home?"

The switchboard girl said, "No, he isn't, sir. Have you tried the Sphinx Club? He's probably playing back there or pulling rabbits out of hats. This is one of his nights."

Argyll called the Sphinx Club on Fifth Avenue. The desk clerk said, "He hasn't been in tonight, sir. He may be hanging away at clay geese at the shooting gallery on Broadway and 42nd Street. That's one of his hangouts."

Argyll called the shooting gallery. A beery voice said, "The Senator? He looked in while passin' and said somethin' about goin' to a bowling alley. The voice broke off while someone in the background did some coaching. Then the beery voice resumed. "Beg piddlin'! You catch him at Shell's Billiard Parlor playin' snooker."

United States Senator Brooks U.

CAVALCADE, August, 1954
Banner could not have been more at home in Shell's Billiard Parlor if they had built the place around him. Cue in hand, he was bending his garb over a pool table, studying the lay out of the balls. The cuffs of his pepe-paraded shirt were folded up and his red Hercules suspenders made a blazing cisscross on a back as wide as a cement sidewalk.

He was playing a thin, dark, nervous man with eyes like a black satin's. The dark man abruptly chided a cue watching Banner.

Argyll rain dropping off his hat brim, led Linda and Honeywell through the smokiness and chaff of the pool room. Some of the men were peering approval at Linda and made Ban-ner abandon the game for a moment to turn around for a look-over.

Linda got the full impact of his blue watered steel eyes. He knew that he would look like an overly-slovenly who enjoyed consorting with blackguards. He was a King Kong in size with a mop of gnarled hair and blacklead eyebrows. His string tie looked greasy, as if it had trailed in his soup. And it had.

Banner's eyes strayed away from her and at the others. Banner Argyll! He held out a palm the size of a welcome mat. His hands were thin stubby? How red are the paintings?"

Argyll shook hands and introduced his companions. "We came to see you, Senator," he said hesitantly, "about the murder"

Banner shuffled with interest, like a performer been "What murder?"

Linda smiled. "The ghost in the gallery."

"Jumping hop toads! That one! I read the headings. That's all I looked at. I'll finish off this game later."

Briskly calling his shots, he pocketed one red ball, then a pool ball. His dark opponent stopped chalking his cue. Banner pocketed another red ball, another pool ball. The dark man, dis-gruntled, put his cue back in the rack. He couldn't bear to look at the table as the last ball rolled out of sight.

Banner wet his big thumb and counted his winnings, a sheaf of red seal U.S. notes. Then he struggled in to his antique flocked coat and grinned.

"Don't know I'm an international pool shark. We'll all go to the Sphinx Club. You're my guest. I want to feed the elephants—meaning yours truly. Then we'll talk about the murder!"

BANNER, wearing everybody selected a table in the centre of the dining room. He ordered one of his favourite rare Spencer steaks and a scuffle of black coffee. "Make the dessert a rhubarb meringue pie."

"The others said they had already had a la carte. But they ordered drinks. Banner attacked his feast as if it were richo dinner, he cut the whole steak into small chunks, salted his string beans stuffed a whole potato with butter, and burned everything under a volcanic eruption of gravy.

Argyll cleared his throat. "We three have been together ever since we discovered the murder."

Banner tilted a plastered fork to his mouth. "And into this casserole I'm going to quizzically in a game of cross questions and crooked answers. And we want to go into the Galleries."

Honeywell said, "McPherson, the man at the front door, tells us that I was the first man in this afternoon, then came Phyllis Remington, the dead girl, then Carewe, then Argyll and lastly Mrs. Carewe."

"Linda clutched Argyll's arm. "De Witt knew about our meeting!" She seemed as if she were just finding that out.

"We didn't try to hide it very well," said Argyll.

Banner kept his eyes on Linda. "You don't act like a native New Yorker, you know. The place always reeks of in- loc. Where'd you hail from?"

"Pawtucket, Rhode Island."

"What'd you do before you married Carewe?"

"I was a dancing teacher."

"Banner brightened. "Can you do the Paris cancan?" She looked at him frosty faced Banner crowed. "If you can, don't be bashful about teasing up."

"This is neither the time nor the place for anything like that," she said beamingly. "I want to tell you what kind of man my husband was—" Oh, I don't know. Have I killed him or not?"

"She ended in a whisper."

"He's not dead," said Argyll stuffily. "We saw and heard him."

"All right," she said, trying to convince herself. "He's not dead! But he might easily be. I don't know—it's all so puzzling, so mysterious." She paused and shuddered in the warm comfortable dining room. "Borden, how old would you say De Witt is?"

"About forty," said Argyll without hesitation. "He looks forty," she whispered. "But he has an old Bible with a metal clasp. He always kept the clasp locked. I'd never seen him open it. He told me to keep my hands off it. The other day I broke open the clasp. His birth date is on the flyleaf. He's fifty-nine years old."

The clutter of dishes seemed far away. "Continue away. The Dark Ages yawned again for an instant and they seemed to hear a thin, tortured cry of 'Witchcraft'"

Argyll put his hand on Linda's for a moment to calm her. Then he drained his whisky glass to steady himself. Honeywell sat rooted there, fascinated. Banner covered up a burp with his serviette to his hips.

She went on, "I'll never forget the first day of our married life when I stepped into his vast studio apart- ment. It has crimson curtains and black drapes and brass ceremonial"
glass doors make a noise when you open and close them. Aside from that, the doorknob rattles when you turn it. He had no time to do it silently and we never heard a sound.

"All right, so he was still in the room as you barged in."

Argyll said, "I turned on the light bulb. It was warm."

"The light had just been turned on. Did he wriggle out of the door before you lighted the floor lamp again?"

Linda said, "I was in the doorway. He couldn't have got out without crowding me. Besides, I could see the whole room vaguely. There was still illumination from Borden's match."

"No other exits but the door?"

"None," said Honeywell, chomping in.

"No place in the room to hide."

Argyll shook his head.

"Borden frowned at the three of them in turn. Against which wall is the lamp?"

"To the left and rear as you go into the office."

"And that's the only wall of position of wall, that you can see when you stand at the turn of the corridors?"

"Yes," said Honeywell.

"Can you solve it?" asked Linda impatiently.

"Can you?" countered Baner.

"She said no in a little voice.

"Borden said, 'Let's just another Boebus Americanus. What you people have done is handed me a lemon on a tray."

"Forget about Carewe for a minute. I'm keen on models. Has anyone a good word for Phyllis?"

Honeywell looked sideways at Linda. "Mrs. Carewe, he said embarrassedly, there are unpleasant things that I'm aware of that have to come out now. I happen to know that Phyllis and Carewe were in love before he married you."

"The old billy goat," chuckled Baner.

"Linda kept her eyes on the salt cellar."

Honeywell continued, "They'd been in love for several years. Then Carewe quit his abruptly to marry you. Phyllis pretended to take it as a woman of the world should, but in her heart I know she was jealous and embittered. She sunk her teeth in Carewe. She strangled him with exasperation. She bled him for large sums of money under the threat of telling you about him."

"Argyll bellowed, "That's why Carewe killed Phyllis. That's the motive."

"Sounds possible," agreed Banner.

"Going back to Carewe, let's grant that he got out of the room without having to much on the how of it. Did he get out of the Galleries?"

"No," said Linda.

"Yes," said Honeywell.

"Which is it?"

"To tell the story in proper sequence," said Argyll, "Linda and I waited in the Seventeenth Century Gallery for Honeywell to join us after we'd phoned the police."

"Linda interrupted, 'Then I heard something strange. Remember I told you, Borden?'"

"Argyll frowned dubiously. 'I'm not sure."

"I am," she said. "It was a rapid clicking sound—a whirring—like a window blind being pulled down."

"A window blind." Borden jiggled his gray and black eyebrows.

"There aren't any in the whole building," said Honeywell.

"No," said Argyll, shaking his head.

"He looked at Linda as if to tell her to stop being so silly."

Honeywell continued, "I joined Mrs. Carewe and Argyll after I'd phoned for the police. We must stick together," I said. "And we did. We went first to the back door of the building. It was locked from the inside the way it generally is. The only other door is the front. We went there and found the door attendant, old McPherson, talking to a newsboy. Both of them swore
that Carewe—nor anyone else, for that matter—had not gone out that way.'

The windows, suggested Banner.

All of them burglar-proof,' said Honeywell promptly. 'No one can use them to get in or out without setting off an alarm. Before the police came we made a hasty but thorough tour of the whole building. It's a fairly easy place to search. Nothing but paintings and small art objects Carewe was not in the building!'

Hut chortled Banner. "I know where he's hiding:

'Where?' cried all three at once.

'In a suit of armour!' Honeywell sighed with disappointment and shook his head. 'There's no armour in the Galleries.'

Banner's warty face was wry. 'I've always wanted to get on a case where somebody hid in a suit of armour. No such luck. He started picking his teeth meditatively with a raccoon-bone toothpick on the end of a tarnished silver chain.'

Honeywell said, 'There we were up against it. Carewe had not only escaped from the room when he turned out the light—he disappeared bodily from the entire Galleries.'

'Did the police hunt for him when they came?'

They certainly did. They looked into everything that could conceal a live man.

'Yes, yes! Banner leaned back and puffed a cigar into his mouth. He didn't light it. He never did. He growled at Carewe committed the murder then dissolved. That's the picture. He looked sweetly at Linda. 'Do you think you'd melt, sugar, if you went out in the rain again with me? Of course not!'

Linda merely looked at him puzzled. Honeywell said, 'Where are you going?'

'To the Galleries. All of us.'</n

"At this time of night?" said Argyll, shocked.

'I'm going to make one last stab at finding Carewe and dig out how he escaped.' He started to look around for his white campaign hat and finally discovered that he was sitting on it. He punched it right into shape.

'I wonder,' he mused, 'if I oughta take some chalk with me to draw a pentagram. Meebe it'd help us materialise Satan.'

A POLICEMAN in a glowing poncho had replaced McPherson at the front door. He shone a heavy duty flashlight in their eyes, then Banner showed him his special salmon-coloured police card.

The policeman let them into the Galleries.

Banner said to them, "That's Coyne, the cop who shot it out last month with Tom-Finger Flanigan the vice cop.'

They stood dripping in the dark man until Honeywell found a switch and threw it, lighting their way. Their heels rang eerily on the cold bare marble.

First, Banner had a look into the Trustees office, whence Carewe had vanished. He posed by the floor lamp and had Argyll and Linda go out in

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CAVALCADE, August 1954
'Addict!' cried Argyll. "Of course!"
Banner nodded. "Yass. Was your husband on record as ever having a skin disease, Linda?"
A skin disease? Oh yes, he once mentioned having had psoriasis. But he was cured long ago!"
"Oh sure! The baker's itch. The cure is arsenic. That started him off. Another thing. Arsenic puts the youthful bloom in your cheeks. Does that answer another question?"
Linda stared. That's why he looked so young.

'Im still bothered,' muttered Argyll. "How—?"
Honeywell returned with Coyne, carrying the hanging corpse. Coyne cursed himself religiously and exclaimed, 'Tis the devil himself!'
Banner sawed. 'No just a poor sap with buck teeth. He lifted his voice. 'Lemme finish Ready for the surprise! I told you something else was amiss. It's an obtuse angle. Every schoolboy knows that the angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence.'
What are you talking about?" said Linda untruly. She stolidly kept her eyes away from the wall.

['Ever notice what you see when you look in a mirror?"
Argyll answered. "My reflection, of course!"
"Is it accurate?"
"Naturally."
No it ain't!" said Banner. "When you move your right hand, the left hand in the mirror moves. It's completely the reverse."
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CAVALCADE, August, 1954
The Basis of Happy Marriage

Fiction

THE TRAP IS SET

How can you sit there, Deming's nerves screamed, playing poker. Any minute a man will walk into a trap — a man that we must kill!

O’CONNOR said, "I'll take three.

He shuffled three and picked up the replacements that Deming flapped off the deck. Slumping in his chair a little, he lifted his hand up even with his eyes and fanned the cards slowly, bringing each new card into view separately.

"Two," Siganen said.

O’Connor glanced quickly at Siganen from under heavy lids. "You oughtn't hold a kicker," he said. "You are bucking the percentages.

Siganen looked at his cards fast and flipped them on the bottom of his hands. He had the hand on the table in front of him.

"If you think I'm holding a kicker," he said, "you can always bet on it. "Poker's figured on the percentages."

O’Connor said, "Play them and you win in the long run.

Deming helped himself. Under the bluish light of the magic lamp burning overhead, his young face looked thin and tight. A shadow of black beard lay on his cheeks.

"One to the dealer," he said. He flicked a corner of the card with a thumb nail and saw that he'd filled his house. What luck he'd had! Straight eight, threes, wills, full houses. All for matches. He laid his cards down and started back. He and Siganen looked at O'Connor.


"At the window," Czyzowski said. "There's a guy going in."

O'Connor counted twenty matches and pushed them to the centre.

"What's he look like? This oughtn't

scare your three of a kind any, Siggy."

Siganen left his cards on the table. "The hell with it," he said.


The window had a Venetian blind, lowered and closed. A dark drape was pulled across behind the blind. Czyzowski stood to one side of the window, lifting the drape a thin crack for his eye. From there he could get a knife's edge of vision past the edge of the blind.

The weight could be padding. O'Connor said, "Twenty to you, kid.

Deming's nerves were screaming. He was building up high voltage sitting in a hard chair looking at placeboards for matches. He wanted to throw in his hand and move around some. But he didn't. He didn't because he had a full house, and when you have a full house you play it for all it's worth. Even for matches. Maybe it's a principle.

He counted twenty and twenty.

"Rats," he said.

O'Connor looked at his cards sticking up in his cheeks until his lips were pined like a cupid's. With the hand that wasn't holding the cards, he fingered his pile of matches Big deal. As if they were blue chips at fifty per with O'Connor, it was principle.

"Nuts," he said. "It's your night, kid. Heroes openers." He showed a pair of Ladies and leaned back, balanced on the rear legs of his chair. The leather strap of his holster stretched tight diagonally across his thick chest, and a black automatic was revealed under his armpit.

"How about some coffee?" Siganen said. "He got up and moved to a pot on a hot plate, Deming got up, too, stretching that tension of muscles and nerve.

"If it's him —" Czyzowski turned at the window, letting the drape slip..."
from his fingers. Everyone looked at O'Connor, who remained as he was, locked back in the chair, looking at Deming through flame. But he wasn't seeing Deming now. After a moment he dropped the match on the table and went over to the phone. Under the surveillance of three pairs of eyes he spoke briefly to a man and hung up.

"Kelly, all right," he said. "The guy went into the room."

Croynowski stepped away from the window, his eyes and his voice as he spoke as if the waiting had been worse than what remained to be done.

"It's him," he said. "And time, too. High time."

O'Connor stretched, reaching high with both arms, swung on to his toes. His eyes had gone strangely still, glinting with a dream. "Maybe Maybe not. It's dark in the hall up there. Kelly wouldn't be sure."

The coffee had begun to boil, and the smell of it was in the room. Sigman reached out and jerked the plug of the hot plate.

"Let's find out," he said.

O'Connor went over to his chair and shrugged into his coat. He looked for a moment at the soggy butt of his cigar and let it drop into an over loaded ash tray on the table.

No hurry," he said dreamily.

"Wally's at the bottom of the hole escape in the court Kleig's in the alley. Kelly's in the room across the hall. Maybe it's Conne, and probably it is. If it is he won't go any where. He's there for us like a rat in a trap and we'll take him in our own good time. Drink your coffee, Siggy."

Sigman raised his shoulders savagely and fumbled for a cigarette.

To hell with the coffee," he said.

Deming watched O'Connor, a little ashamed of the rapid pounding of his heart the almost painful throbbing of the pulse in his throat. O'Connor was a tough old veteran. He'd seen a lot of this kind of stuff. He played the game as Deming's old man had played checkers, setting his traps and waiting, moving in for the kill without hurry or fuss.

"Connie," Deming thought. O'Connor called him Connie. Not Conrad, not just Connie, not even Racheau alone, which would seem more appropriate, but just Connie. The diminutive The little name of affection. That's the way the game is played. You wait thirty-six hours in a room playing poker for matches. You wait for a killor who kills for hire, and probably in his heart for fun, and who has finally made the mistake of killing a cop under the eyes of a witness with the guns to talk. You wait the thirty-six hours to take him dead or alive in a trap well set, and in your own heart you hope that you take him dead. So you stretch, and you smile, and you call him Connie, the pet diminutive, and you hope to see his blood in a matter of minutes.

"What I can't understand," Deming said, "is how you knew he'd come. You said he'd come to see a woman in that room up there, but it doesn't stand to reason. Whatever he is, he's no fool, and he's hot, not murder, and it doesn't stand to reason that he'd smoke out for any woman on earth."

O'Connor smiled as if he were smiling to himself and an element of dreaminess came into the smile.

"I knew he'd come," he said. "I knew, because I know Connie Richeon. Oh, I know him like I know the palm of my hand. He's a slick, smooth prince of a killer. He's killed for hire, and he's killed for the hell of it, and always with the brains to keep himself clean. But now he's mine. He's mine in a room with the one woman who could bring him out, and I'll take him dead if there's any justice."

He stopped talking, staring across at Deming without focus, and suddenly he looked what he was. An old man, a tired man. His old cap with years of tough work behind him. "I've waited a long time for Connie," he said. "A long, long time."

Sigman curved and ground his cigarette under an angry heel. "Let's move," he said. "Let's get the hell over there."

O'Connor's eyes turned to Sigman, came sharply to focus. He laughed. "Sure, Siggy, sure. We're going now. Right now."

They went, the four of them, down to the narrow street between old buildings. They walked under a strip of starless sky with the moon a sickly smear behind an overcast. Beside them, nothing lived in the street, except the wind, and there was no sound, except the sound of wind-touched things—the swaying rustle of a newspaper, the rattle of a garbage can it was cold.

In the deep shadow of the building from which they emerged, they stopped and O'Connor spoke tersely.

"Croynowski, join Watt in the court. You'll have to go around to the alley and in the rear. Siggy, you go with Croynowski, but stop with Kleig in the alley. He paused, looking up at Deming's lips drawn back off his teeth in a snarling grin. "You're a big kid, Deming. Big and tough. Besides you are riding your luck. You'll come with me."

Croynowski and Sigman moved away, and O'Connor stood quietly, his head thrown back, staring up at the dark building across the street. The room's toward the rear," he said. "No view of the street."

He crossed the footpath and stepped off, Deming at his heels. Deming's ears, the hollow sound of their heels on the rough brick of the old street had the cadence of a death march. He wondered wryly how long a
man could ride his luck before he fell off. Maybe you use it up filling your house from a pack of cards for matches. Maybe, when you need it for bigger things, you find there's none left. He was granted that his pulse was now normal. What he felt was no more than a realistic acceptance of his part in what seemed an inevitable order of events.

They went up two flights of ancient stairs to the third floor hall. Up there, the cold was still and heavy and almost tangible. It wrapped itself around Deming like a clumsy hand. The place was like a moat, as if, behind closed doors, nameless corpses awaited their final, impersonal dispossession. Deming twisted his stiff lips into an ironic smile, wishing that he had no more than a corpse or two to concern him. Behind one of those doors, caught in O'Connor's patent trap, was the most dangerous of all wild animals—a man killer.

They walked the old boards cautiously, without sound. Down the hall, a door swung inward with a whisper of hinges, and Kelly, a blocky shadow, slipped into the hall to confront them. He gestured at the closed door across the hall and O'Connor nodded. Deming saw that O'Connor's automatic had appeared as if by magic in O'Connor's hand. Strange. Deming thought. He hadn't seen O'Connor reach for the gun at all.

Moving in on the indicated door, O'Connor crouched and thumbed Deming behind him. Kelly flattened himself against the wall on the other side of the door. O'Connor's heavy fist, hammering the flimsy panel, was a sudden violation of the suspended silence. His voice, raised above the racket of his pounding, remained, somehow, for all its volume, its umbrage of calumny.

"Okay, Connie. We've got you nailed. Don't make trouble for yourself, boy.

Inside the room, silence. Silence for a long moment, while all sound and motion hung suspended. Then the expected, shocking explosion and the swopping of the panel where O'Connor's hand had been a moment before. O'Connor laughed exultantly and sent a slug smashing into the old lock of the door.

"It's dead he wants to come," he shouted, "and it's dead we'll bring him!"

Beyond the door, a window screeched in its glass. Another slug ripped through the panel, and farther away, below in the court, there were a series of explosions.

"He's on the fire escape," O'Connor said, "Get the door down!"

Deming found himself throwing his two hundred pounds against the door. He felt the barrier give, hung for a second on an edge of metal, and then crash inward. He plunged into the room in a head-long sprawl, getting a blurred impression of curtain bits lowing at a window, of a seated woman sitting at him with wide, stricken eyes. Then he was through the window.

On the sharp-angled steps a floor below, Cynowski lifted a last staring white in sudden illumination from the window beside him. "The roof! He won't for the roof!"

From a small platform an iron ladder went up on the perpendicular like a Gun in hand. Deming took it fast, throwing himself without thinking over the parapet above. The vicious whine of a crocet sliced into his ears. A splinter of brick ripped his cheek. He hit on a shoulder on tar and gravel and rolled to his feet, driving for the black shape of a ventilator yards away beyond him, a monstrous silhouette on a black brick.

The shots had come from the shadow of a chimney across the roof. Under cover of the ventilator, Deming crouched and waited. There was movement at the edge of the brick mass, shadow sliding within shadow, and he fired once. The shadow quivered.

Then he became aware of other movement. Not at the chimney, but wide of it and beyond it. The fatal pause of roof seemed to stir and break. A map door lifted slowly inch by inch. And Deming realized suddenly that O'Connor had not followed him into the room below and on to the fire escape. Quickly for diversion, he snapped two slugs in the direction of the chimney, and the small movement of the roof crumpled in swerve and panic. Orange tongues licked the darkness, and the crash of O'Connor's gun repeated itself.

Deming stood up. There was a wild, uncontrolled singing in his head. He felt a little sick to his stomach and his check burned like fire. Carefully, spacing his feet wide, he walked over to the chimney.

O'Connor was standing there beside the body of Connie Riebel. If he was aware of Deming, he gave no sign. It was as if he and Connie were up there on the roof alone. Deming had a sudden disquieting feeling that he was intruding on a fantastic private ceremony.
'Good-bye, Connie boy,' O'Connor said in a weird, high tone of excitement.

Turning, Denuing found his way to the trap door and down. In the hall below, he walked back to the room from which Connie Riebeau had fled. The woman was still there, sitting motionless in her chair. She had a thin, drawn face with big, lifeless eyes. She stared at each other and Denuing, without speaking. Denuing saw now that the woman's chin was equipped with wheels. A light blanket covered the woman's feet.

Behind Denuing, O'Connor spoke harshly. "Connie's dead as those he killed."

He was speaking to the woman, but she didn't answer. She didn't even look at him.

Tears gathered slowly in her eyes and spilled over to the worn cheeks. Tears without sound. Tears for a killer who would inspire no other grief than this.

Denuing shouted again, out into the hall past O'Connor, who was following, and said, "I'll call the meat wagon."

He went into Kelly's room and used the phone. When he came out, Kelly said, "That woman in there. She's crippled."

"Yeah," O'Connor said. "Paralyzed."

"What's she to Deneau?"

"She was Connie's wife," O'Connor said. "That's how I knew Connie would come. She was isolated here. No friends. No money. No one to take care of her. Connie had to come."

Look, Denuing said, Connie was a born killer. A torpedo for hire. A guy who had no right to live. You telling me he risked his life to come back here for a woman? A crippled woman."

O'Connor said quietly, looking over Denuing's shoulder at nothing, his eyes carelessly blank. "Yeah. He said Wouldn't anybody?"
The most popular institution in the world is marriage. Marriage is the alliance of two people, one of whom never remembers birthdays and the other never forgets them.

Marriage is based on the theory that when a man discovers a particular brand of beer to his taste, he should immediately give up his job and go to work in the brewery.

Marriage is give and take. What a man doesn't give, the wife takes.

A married man is a bachelor whose luck finally gave out.

Most women marry for keeps. They keep asking for furs, jewellery...

Aster who introduced him to his wife, one fellow replied, 'We just met. I don't blame anybody.'

This man told a friend that his wife cooks for fun. For food they go to a restaurant.

This chap no longer calls his wife an old hen—not since his visit to the country. He found out that hens shut up at sunset.

One evening he was sitting at the window and he casually called to his spouse: 'There goes that woman Charley is in love with.' His wife dropped a plate she was wiping, hurled through the door, knocked over a lamp and cremated her head out of the window.

Where? Where? 'She paused. There,' replied her husband. 'That woman in the green suit standing at the corner.'

'You idiot,' hissed the lady. 'That's his wife.' The husband nodded. Yes, he said. 'I know.'

When a woman is looking for the woman who has cooled her husband's affections towards her, she should not neglect to look in the mirror.

When a man cannot take it any longer, he gets out. Then he has to pay alimony. Of course, you know what alimony is. It is money a man is forced to pay his loved-one.

An ideal wife is any woman who has an ideal husband.

And the man of the hour is the one whose wife told him to wait a minute.

Men are always asking questions and women are always inventing answers, but men are none the wiser.

When did the family start? It started with a young man falling in love with a girl. No superior alternative has yet been found.

One thing about Eve. She never told Adam how many men she could have married.

One chap who knew claimed on a fire insurance when his wife died. It appears that she was cremated.
Specially Woven to suit you

Ask your tailor to show you the new 1954 range of Crusader Suitings, all guaranteed never to fade or shrink.

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MAKES THE BEST SUITS