A HOME PLAN FOR A SLOPING BLOCK
— page 54
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NEXT MONTH
Cancer can be caused by psychological factors, according to an eminent doctor. "You May Be The Cancer Type" is a health article all should read. James Hoolidge, comes to fight with another crime artist. Title: He Went To A Drinking Party. It tells of a wealthy man who did just that, and his passed out — permanently. "Gloves Off In Court" by Ray Mitchell, is about a fight which set a precedent in boxing history. A decision was rendered. Gus Sanson in "Five Terrible Taughties" gives an account of a murder scene in a ship. This will appeal to all adventure-minded people as will "He Lived For Adventure" and "Gorillas Are Human." D'Arcy Ballad and us with another of his outstanding stories, there is a whopper and all the usual Cavalcade Features including the Name Of The Month.

FACT

LAST ESCAPE FROM DEVIL's ISLAND
Georges Auray

HOW THE OTHER HALF SLEEPS
Rhys Bradshaw

WE'RE BECOMING SOFT
Jonathan Edwards

BLONDE BODGIA OF CINCINNATI
James Hollidge

WHEN THE KING COLLAPSED
Ned Williams

ROBOT MEN ADVANCE
Lester Way

DON'T BE NEUROTIC
Ray Davie

HOLLYWOOD ON THE TIBER
Marina McCrae

NO ORCHARDS FOR WHITE MEN
Spencer Leeming

PISTOLS FOR A PAL
Frances Murray

FICTION

ETERNAL LURE
Drew Holland

NO GOOD TO NOBODY
D'Arcy Ballad

MASQUERADE ALIBI
Fergus Truslow

FEATURES

CRIME CAPSULES
PICTURE STORIES 17-19, 33-35, 70-73
POINTER TO BETTER HEALTH 32
HOME OF THE MONTH, No. 8 54-55
STRANGER AND STRANGER 56
CARTOONS 14, 20, 24, 28, 32, 40, 47, 52, 69

Names in cartoons and writings other than factual are fictitious.
I had served my five year term, but they told me I had to do another five years for rehabilitation. I could not stand it, so I escaped.

GEORGES AURAY

my own home town in France, and sent me away to the penal colony. I don’t say—I have never said—that I was innocent, but I felt the judge should have taken some things like my war record into consideration. I was 14 when the Germans invaded France and occupied it. From that time on I was taught to loathe, to fight, to disobey, if possible, all constituted authority. Because it was German—les Boches—this authority, and because it was patriotic to be an outlaw.

I was a courier for the Maquis, the underground, and I was brave and I killed Germans. But when the Germans were chased out by the Americans and British in 1944—the habit of outlawry stayed with me. And though the man I killed had been a French traitor during the war, they gave me five years on the Island.

When I got off the boat at Cayenne, French Guiana, I was just 18. The guards who came to pick up our consignment of sixty con- victs herded us down the gangway with rifle butts, slamming each man into line.

In 1949 my term was up. Five years on the Island I made my request to see the governor—the warden, that is—and after a month he granted the request. I told him I was up, and I brought a smile to his lips. “Ay, yes,” he said, consulting the dossier on his desk. “Auray. Georges. Five years.” He looked at me. “You seem to have forgotten the system of doubletime. After your term is up, it is automatically doubled. That is, another five years for rehabilitation.” The smile flickered around his lips. “However, you are now a free man. You will stay in the colony, at St. Laurent, and earn your own living. Get your own food. Earn your own money. Re rehabilitate yourself.” He dismissed me then, laughing at the joke of it.

It all piled up, all the evil and injustice, till it was ready to topple. You know how I made my living that year? Catching butterflies, the gorgeous, free-winging, slowly oscillating butterflies with maculate colours to let them blend into the jungle foliage. But we were wily and cunning, we “freed” men, and we hunted them with nets so that their freedom was no realer than ours. Then we took them into St. Laurent’s pier where the tourist boats docked and sold them to the tourists who would be able to say of some beautiful, yellow-redbrown-winged creature that it was a souvenir of their Devil’s Island visit.

The sight of free people started the escape plan. I lived in a hut in the malarial jungle edge of town with Pierre Estre and Raoul Poi- tier. Pierre had murdered his wife—but there were extenuating cir- circumstances I can’t go into—and Poi- tier was the fall-guy for a swindle gang. Thirty-eight and twenty-nine years old respectively. Lots of life ahead; life worth desperate measures.

We hollowed out a fallen tree, working at night by sense of touch, and leaving it concealed by day beneath fern-like brush and spindly bushes. We accumulated stores over the weeks it took to build our dug-out canoe, as well as making trinkets and beggins bits of jewellery from the tourists.

At last, in January of 1950, on a drizzling foul night, we slipped our dug-out through the wet ferns and into the Maroni River. We feared nothing at the time worse than Penal servitude. But then we hadn’t known the terrors of the river and the jungle.

We hadn’t known about the box-constrictors or the anacondas or the rapids in the river that might send you tumbling and swirling into a quiet lagoon where a caymen—a man-eating crocodile—lay sleeping waiting for a morsel to come his way. Nor were we able to distinguish between the friendly natives and the ones who made human sacrifices. Nor did we know about the piranhas and the minis- cule fish who can swim up one’s urine stream and tear into the uroth with razor teeth. Pierre was the one who discovered—but I am getting ahead of my story.

That first night was long. We paddled without stopping, for what seemed miles, sweating in the mist of heat that simmered up from the river and getting no relief from the rain. The wet paddles brought blisters and our wet duck pants turned our knees raw. I stripped soon, leaving on the wide-brimmed straw hat. We couldn’t...
See at first, but soon we developed a hat-like perception that kept us to the centre of the river. We could hear the water lapping at the edges of the shore and sensed direction by feeling for the flotsam on the surface of the river. When dawn exploded out of the east behind us we were still paddling furiously.

Then we headed for the shore. We knew the motor-boats manned by guards would come up-river, and we knew there would be hounds. We hid the canoe in the bushes and then doubled back down river a hundred yards, taking with us our morning rations. We hid among the palms and watched the river. Then, above the chattering of the parakeets and the song of the birds, we heard the motorboat.

It went by us, not twenty yards away. The hounds sniffing the air and the guards poring into the jungle. Something moved across the river and a guard fired into the bush. They laughed among themselves for some reason. Then I heard a sound behind me; I whirled. For a moment I saw nothing and then I saw two beady eyes and slowly made out the indescribable head of a snake that slithered low from a tree and undulated toward Pierre's neck. I moved swiftly and silently, humming butterflies had been good training. My knife came to my hand and I struck without a sound and then the black gore stopped out from the anaconda's severed throat.

We waited there until the motorboat went downstream again and then went back to our canoe. We stuck to the shadows of the trees, river's edge, paddling, paddling. Night and some stellar sleep.

Days of paddling. Then we hit the rapids. They surprised us. We underestimated them. We hit them travelling slowly, fighting them.

But we were no canasts. They broadened us at first and splashed us, and we fought to get onto the rocks and watched desolately as the canoe turned turtle, spun like a top, reared its prow high once, then slowly floated away around a bend in the river.

Our food was gone.

We clawed our way across the rocks to the shore when we were rested and then had to hack our way through trailing lianas to get onto the land. The land rose sharply and we fought our way to a clearing at the top of a hill. We sat down. Pierre and Raoul and I, and looked at each other helplessly, then looked around and saw the dead embers of a fire. We talked about it, imagining the worst, hoping against hope that there were friendly natives about. But we saw no one.

The days went by, days without food. We had to break away from the river and head northward because upstream lay Buenaventura, which was the outer colony of Devil's Island. We might capture at all costs, we said. Why, two days later, we didn't know. Because it was two days more without food except for some stringy cacao beans and some wild oranges. It brought an attack of dysentery on all of us.

We set pitiful snares to try to catch birds and we hurled stones at small gnawer-like animals that appeared and watched us curiously. But one needs strength to throw stones and health of mind to outwit animals. These things were gone. But luck came our way. As we staggered across the savannah we came across the carcass of a dead animal. An antelope, perhaps, one couldn't tell; but it was too far picked at by its killer and by the vultures that had temporarily left it to get onto a more recent prey.

We ate, graving at the raw flesh and sucking the bones. We were thirsty. We searched for water and came at last to a muddy stream and drank. We lay down to sleep, but soon I woke hungry again. The others soon stirred, sat up and complained they were famished. Pierre had to relieve himself and for some reason walked to the stream and urinated into the water.

Seconds later his screams startled the stillness of the jungle. Slowly, for we were weak, Raoul and I got up and staggered toward the stream. Pierre lay thrashing on the ground, his hands clutching his groin. He was on fire in his genitals. He said the words came out between screams: "Tuez moi!" "Kill me!"

Raoul stared dumbly, then looked up, remembering "It is those tiny fish," he said. "They swim up the river stream." He looked at Pierre. "There is no hope, they say." Pierre looked up. "Tuez moi!" he screamed. We could not stand it. Raoul plunged his knife into the ribs of our friend.

We made a fire later. Remember, we were starved and I am sure Pierre would not have minded.

We were fortified the next day, strong and well again, our luck seemed to change with our regained strength. We set snares and caught small gnawer birds and about a week later, proceeded down a river in Dutch Guiana. There we encountered a dozen savages of the Bomi tribe. They were friendly and one of them spoke a pidgin Spanish-French the natives pick up along the coast. They were going downstream and they had room for us in the canoe.

A week later we were in Paramaribo and there we found contacts we knew about who would get us out of the country. The Dutch colonial police would turn us over to the French authorities. In a moment, we were warned, so we had to be low until we could get a coaster bound for the north. A month went by and we got a boat, but it was a fishing vessel that was putting in at Puerto Cabello in Venezuela.

That is where I am now. Five months after we escaped from Devil's Island the French Government dissolved the penal colony forever, and all the prisoners there were granted amnesty and repatriated to France. But that amnesty did not extend to escapes. I'm pretty well fixed in Venezuela now—and suited to my job as a guard in the city jail at Caracas.

"Abandoon hope, all ye who enter here" typifies Devil's Island (below)
They slept for days, weeks and even months. There have been many cases to anti-Winkle Rip.

**SCIENCE** tells us that we're awake for only two thirds of our life. The other third we're unconscious. We sleep it away. But some of us do better than that. People like Mollie Fancher, for instance, who stayed in bed for 50 years.

There was no lead-up, no portentous circumstances. Mollie Fancher went to sleep in 1886, and, for no known reason, looked like sleeping forever. It was the prelude to stamping her case as the most remarkable in the whole history of medical curiosities.

Dr. Samuel Fleet Speir and other famous specialists were bewildered by the way her temperature decreased, so that her flesh was deathly cold; they were aware that her breathing had stopped when it hadn't, that her pulse was gone until, by acute examination, it was found to be registering with a fugitive perceptibility.

It was held that in the hands of less qualified doctors she would have been pronounced dead, confirmed, and buried alive.

What Mollie Fancher ate in nine years wasn't enough to sustain a youngster for three days.

Then one day she awoke. The doctors pressed curiously around her bedside, amazed, questions ready to tumble from their lips. She recollected nothing, but somewhere in the mysterious twilight of that prolonged unconsciousness Mollie Fancher had plumbbed bewildering secrets. To the ignorant mind there was a touch of the satanic about them, and people passed her place in stunned dread or avoided it in fear.

In pitch darkness she could see and name colours. Dr. Speir verified that her descriptions of people hundreds of miles distant were uncommonly exact. She could even tell him what they were wearing and what they were doing. This weird gift of prescience—or was it blinzione?—only aggravated the saneness of her reputation.

There were, too, of course, the sceptics. On one occasion, Dr. Speir confounded a whole group of them with a simple demonstration. He brought to Mollie Fancher's room a letter just given him by the postman.

He held it unopened and the woman wrote down its contents verbatim. With ease she read the pages of books lying shut on her bedside table, newspapers placed under the bed-clothes.

Apart from highly-qualified medical men, various notabilities, representing all walks of life and of undisputed integrity, who saw her do these things all agreed with the astronomer, Dr. Parkhurst, the neurologist, Dr. Robert Ormiston, and Dr. Willard Parker that Mollie Fancher possessed supernormal powers, but none of them knew by what means she had attained them, or what was the connection between them and her marathon sleep.

She died in 1916, eight days after her birthday party, to which she had invited President Woodrow Wilson.

Though Mollie Fancher's case has the distinction of being the most outstanding example of such phenomena, the other multiple cases on record are none the less interesting. They may follow a general basic pattern, but each of them has its own unusual characteristics, depending on the individual afflicted.

Samuel Clinton, a native of Bath, England, was 25 years old when he surprised everyone by lying the sick one night and staying there fast asleep for one month. Shaking him, shouting at him, pulling his hair—nothing would rouse him. The farming community in which he lived began to spread the rumour that he was a victim of sleeping sickness, and a near panic set in among them until it was dispelled by the assurances of a doctor that what Sam had was not contagious.

At the end of 30 days farmer Sam awoke of his own accord and resumed his normal labours.

Two years later he lunked up again. Gribbs, a local apothecary, bled, blistered, cupped and scarified him, but Sam was inexecutable. He continued to snore blissfully. A Dr. Kennedy was called in. He was a gruff, down to earth Scotsman, as practical as a cake of soap. The first thing he did was to ask Sam's relatives if the sleeping farmer ate anything. They said they left food for him, portion of which occasionally vanished.

Suspicious, Kennedy stood vigil. He noticed that Clinton would stir, raise himself in bed, and eyes closed, profound sleep continuing, would reach out, take victuals from the plate, masticate and swallow.

On occasions the sleeper's jaw action would stop abruptly, and he would fall back on the pillow, his mouth full of food. Kennedy once allowed this incomplete action of eating to remain for two days. Sam didn't even look like choking.

At the end of 17 weeks, as though it was the morning after the night
before, Sam Clinton got up, dressed and went off to work. He was astonished, Winkle-like, to find that the fields were thick with barley and oats ready to be harvested. He could not recollect the crop having been sown.

He was the sensational talk of the country, and visitors from different parts came to see him. Four- ground showmen wanted to exhibit him. But Sam Clinton could not understand the fuss. He was resentful and annoyed and short- tempered with anybody who mentioned his strange lapse. As time went on, people left him alone, and he became the ordinary, hard-working farmer again.

A year had passed when one day he came in from his work shivering and vomiting. Stuporous sleep stretched him out again. This time, Dr A. Oliver, who had recorded the case in a medical treatise, examined him Clinton's pulse, he reported, was regular and his body warm.

The whole district talked of the doctor's methods to wake Sam—how he ordered heavy weights to be dropped on to the floor, tin to be belted in a darkening clanger, how Sam's bed, in a Keystone comedy episode, was suddenly overturned, spilling its sleeping burden without even interrupting the rhythm of his breathing, how the doctor waggled smelly salts under his patient's nose, poured water on him, and in fact, did everything but give him the boot. At the end of these experiments, somewhat unnecessarily, Oliver admitted that the sleep was genuine.

A fortnight afterwards apothecary Gibbs took 14 ounces of blood from Sam's arm. The phlebotomy Sam did not move even slightly, and there was no subsequent change in him. Dr. Oliver, much to the horror of the household, then pierced Sam's arm with a large pin that reached the bone. Sam was insensible to it.

In November, three months from the time he went to sleep, Sam woke just long enough to say a few words to his mother. Then he was off again, sleeping till the end of January. He felt perfectly well as he dressed, was totally oblivious of all that had gone on during his sojourn in nodland, and went off happily to his work.

Undoubtedly he went on having his somnambulistic intermissions, but there recorded history and Dr Oliver leave him, somewhat on a note of chagrin.

Several cases of what he termed 'constitutional lethargic slumber' were recorded by a French physician named Blanchet in 1864. He describes how a woman of 24 slept for 40 days when she was 16, 30 when she was 20, and then for a year when she was old enough not to give her age.

Blanchet says that he had to remove one of her false teeth in order to administer nourishing liquid foods. He proved by his observations that her weight remained the same and her complexion bloomed, though her pulse was feeble, her breathing barely distinct, and she was completely inert and insensible.

Australia had its own famous case of a long-period sleeper—that of 25-year-old Rita Argall, a farm girl of Kila, Victoria. At 18 the strange malady struck her and for the next seven years she had frequent lapses into coma. During these states, her family moved her about to make her bed, and set her up while they fed her a liquid diet. Sound asleep, she was yet able to swallow the food.

The first time her condition became really alarming she was taken to Royal Melbourne Hospital. She did not revive for four days. She seemed perfectly well, and was taken home.

Then Rita Argall went to sleep for six months. At that time she stayed at the farm. Then her family decided to send her to the Royal Melbourne Hospital again and put her under observation by specialists.

The 240-mile trip by car from the isolated farm in the Wimmera to the hospital did not arouse her Doctors would not comment, except to say they thought the case had been exaggerated. Then they admitted they were puzzled. She had not received any treatment when, a few days after her arrival, she woke up to find herself in a strange bed. All they had done, doctors said was to keep her warm and observe her condition. Food left each night on the table beside her was gone by next morning—peculiarly reminiscent of Samuel Clinton's automatism.

Rita Argall talked briefly, read the newspapers and began to knit. She said she didn't want to go back to the farm, except to see her people and her dog, but she wanted to get a job and stay in Melbourne. She was keen to work at the hospital.

"I don't feel very tired," she said. "Are you sure I've been asleep for six months? I may have been asleep that long. I have had lots of dreams, but they all seem so far away, I cannot remember them.

But her moods were sharply changeable. From fits of smiling brightness she would lapse on occasions into bitter, almost hysterical sobbing.

Rita Argall was still only 25 when she passed into the longest sleep of all—death. She died not long after her admission to hospital. Theories and explanations have been advanced to account for her mysterious abnormality—ranging from somnambulism to the contention that she was a fake—but none of them is conclusively satisfying.

What is the nature of this limbo of unconsciousness between sleeping and waking where the minds of such people exist? Some psychiatrists and psychologists hold that the cause of somnambulism is the same as that which produces long sleep—that somnambulism is, in fact, the explanation of cases like Rita Argall's. Here they would class as a naturality without the attendant phenomenon—that of waking, opening doors, climbing on to roofs, answering questions on abstract subjects and playing music on instruments with which the subject is totally unfamiliar. Whatever the explanation is, the facts are sufficient to give one a fearful inkling of the eerie and unknown region of the subconscious.
ETERNAL LURE

Steve had a score to settle with the dingo. So did his blue cattle dog.

DREW HOLLAND

TAWNY PRINCE stopped short in his trotting, near fore-leg poised in air. The fluff of his paw touched down with stealthy silence. His long, sharp snout tasted the drifting wind suspiciously. He savoured the scent more deeply. His upper lips curled, baring sharp, white teeth, an elusive hint of dog had jolted his nostrils.

Instinct and prudence urged a stealthy retreat, for Prince was an outlaw with a price on his head. He was a huge dingo who had borrowed shape, speed, and leonine colouring from a massive kangaroo dog which had intruded somewhere in his pedigree. He was a killer; even as he sniffed the blood of one of Martin's ewes stung his jowls.

Where there was civilized dog, there might be man, and the man Martin's Prince half-turned to sink away, then stopped for another sniff. He could detect no human odour in the canine scent, but the small of dog was stronger, with the scent of a bitch predominating.

The dingo stiffened with the terror quivering his paws shimmering up to his shoulders. Since Martin had shot Prince's bitch three weeks before, the dog's instincts had been rampant for a mate. What better than Martin's young, red bitch, as bronzed as an omnious down, sharp-nosed and dainty on slender legs, but with the awakening in her a more poignant flavour to the air than the flat smell of the old, blue sheep dog who had found the wrong lure of the frothsome bitch more potent than sense of duty that should have chained him to the house-yard against Martin's need of him?

Prince flattened in the bracken on the side of the hill above a narrow flat, flanking a small creek. The call of the sheaf had not yet quickened his blood enough for it to flood caution, and he was waiting to be sure that Martin was not following the dogs, as he so often did.

The pink of nostrils sucked air in quick, twitching breaks when the dingo scented the sheep-man's dogs. His powerful quarters quivered from the intensity of restraining eager bounds to carry him to the frothsome bitch. Trixie was three yards in front of Old Blue, dashing on her toes.

The sheep-dog quickened pace, bounding to her to muzzle her jaw, but she nipped playfully at his jowls and jumped away, then scampered along the flat. Blue growled throatily, then trotted steadily after her. Prince anothered a fretful whump and crouch ed lower, flattening tightly to earth, sharp eyes wavering between dog and bitch.

Prince was not afraid of the civilized dog, and his instincts for attack were strong but he had learned the wisdom of surprise when pitted against a dog of the fighting calibre of Blue.

Trixie ran past the crouched dingo without sighting him, but she stopped short as Trixie twitching at the alien flavour of the air. Sharp ears pricked and small head high, her eyes searched the hillside in nervous jerks. She whimpered thinly, but she snapped spirtfully, when the old dog ran to her, growled throatily.

Her sharp teeth drew a trickle of blood from Blue's left ear, and he snarled protest as he jerked his head away, then growled threat when he buffeted her with his chest. She squirmed from under his neck, slashing at his shoulder before she jumped clear. Her teeth raked the blue hair, and the dingo launched forward in the charge.

Trixie yelped, half in excitement, half in fear, as she jumped away from the hurrying dingo's track, but the sheep-dog bounced in a quarter-turn to drop to a crouch to meet the attack as the huge yellow killer rushed at him, lower jaw askew in a snarl of ferocity.

Blue crouched lower, a deep growl rumbling in his throat and his whole body quivering with the intensity of the stream for the take-off. Trixie propped to a short stop, then whirled, to prance on tumbling legs, whimpering with nervous excitement as the big dog lurched at the crouched one, head lowered and twisted, and mouth grace for a savage slash at the other's throat.

Blue had hoped for the yellow head to lift, but, with less than a yard between them, he jerked up and sideways to dodge the charge. Prince tried to prop and swerve; it jerked up his head, and the sheep-dog launched himself at the exposed throat. He drew a thin oozing of blood from a slit in the yellow skin, but the nimble-footed dingo was leaping clear, and the blue dog hit earth, scrambling for balance.

His jump had carried the sheep dog a yard past the dingo, exposing his flank to attack. Prince hurtled at him, as Blue started to turn. The dingo's massive shoulder punched solidly at the near fore-leg.

CAVALCADE, October, 1954
Gleaming teeth met through the slack skin and, as Blue crashed to earth, ripped out a big patch of it, baring a garish, red splash of flesh.

Blue's howl of pain changed in mid-note to a snarl of ferocity as his gaping jaws snapped at the belly of the dingo before Prince could whirl to sink his teeth into the other's throat. The dingo whimpered when his flesh oozed blood from the big triangle on his belly, but he jumped clear in time to whip his near hind-leg from between the snapping jaws of the sheep-dog Trixie danced in, whimpering excitedly.

Prince found balance as Blue scrambled to his feet. The dingo charged before the dog was set, and his rush tumbled Blue to earth again, rolling him to his back. The dingo jumped to straddle the fallen foe, but the dog, in a desperate effort to avoid the rush, toppled over the sheer bank of the creek. He fell, thudding heavily, to the stony bed of it, his head hitting hard on the rocks Blue winched feebly, suffocating convulsively, then stilled, the water lapping around his head.

Panting heavily, the dingo stared down the ten-foot drop for a moment, snarling challenge, then the whimpers of the bitch fired him for other conquest. He ran to her in long high bounds, propping beside her, stiff and tense with head high, but snarling as he looked down at her. She cowered, she cringed; she rolled to her back, paws hooked, as in supplication.

The dingo rolled her with his nose, then nuzzled her neck. She nipped playfully at his jaws. When he jerked back his head, growling, she bounded to her feet and ran skittishly for the brides, and the dingo whimpered his excitement as he proceeded, high-stepping in her wake.

When he came from his house that morning, Steven Martin cursed his dogs for their failure to answer his whistle, then he cursed himself for not having chained Trixie the night before, the way Trixie was, he might have expected her to wander a bit, and he reckoned that nothing else would have drawn old Blue away from the house. He went to find them, and took his rifle in case he got sight of Tawny Prince.

"I owe that yellow devil all the lead I can give him."

Steve was not quite so sure of that when he came across the freshly killed ewe. It was on hard ground, and he had seen tracks lower down the gully which told him that the two dogs had passed that way. He would not believe Blue was a killer, unless he caught him in the act, but he had a slightly uneasy feeling about Trixie.

Martin had had trouble training Trixie not to use her teeth on the sheep, she had been apt to put too much venom into her nipping. She was supposed to be pure-bred, but, with her colouring and build, it was always possible that one of her ancestors might have gone astray with a pure-bred dingo. He poisoned the carcass, then swung across to the next gully.

As Steve topped the spur, he saw a flash of red-bronze on the opposite spur. As Trixie disappeared, a butt, yellow dog bounded over the spur in her tracks, he had gone before Martin could bring up his rifle. Martin was running halfway down the fall to the creek, when he caught sight of Blue, going at a limping run, snuffling along the trail of the other two dogs. Steve pursed his lips to whistle, then he changed his mind, saving his breath for speed.

Trixie and the dingo were trotting slowly along the clear floor of the gully, the bitch chewing playfully at the dog's jaws, when Blue sighted them. He cut slant-wise down the hill, using the sparse cover, until he was within twenty yards of them, then he broke clear, chancing and snarling viciously.

Prince whirled to meet the attack, but the dog was close to him. He bounded aside, leaping high, just before Blue took off, the dog swerved slightly and sprang launching himself at the yellow throat, but he missed his grip, although his fangs backed a bloody slash along the dingo's shoulder. Both crashed to earth, but the dingo was quicker to its feet, darted its gaping jaws at Blue's throat, but they clamped on loose skin at the side of the neck.

Prince wrenched out a bloody patch of skin and snapped for a fresh grip, but Blue's teeth clamped on the near-foreleg, just above the paw, with a ferocity that splintered the bones. Blue held the grip, and the dingo slumped to his belly, howling in his agony. With a quick wrench, the dog rolled the killer to his back; its teeth released the paw, only to bury themselves in the softness of the yellow throat.

Blue braced himself, muscles taut and body tensed. Snuffling, snarling, and with powerful jaws strained to the utmost, he jerked savagely and ripped a gapping hole in the dingo's throat Blue backed off from the agonised death-rattle.

Steve Martin looked at the dead dingo. He looked savagely at the crashing bitch, then he levelled his rifle between her eyes. His finger hesitated in taking the squeeze; it slid uncertainly away, and he lowered the gun slowly. He looked speculative from Blue to Trixie.

"No need to kill a good bitch, so long as the pups aren't half-dingo."

He was glad later; he knew that they would not be.
MASS MURDER

When it comes to mass murder, Andre Kehoe takes some beating. In May, 1927, he set time bombs in the new school at Bath, Michigan, killing 37 children. Why did he do it? He was the miserly treasurer of the school board and he resented every expenditure; he had fanatically opposed the construction of the new school. Immediately after the explosion, Kehoe drove to the scene, called several of the rescuers to his car, then blew them, and himself, sky high. The total killing was 44.

CLOSE SHAVE

In Pasadena, California, a policeman flagged down a motorist who was zig-zagging from one side of the road to the other. After he pulled up the driver explained to the cop: “Everything is O.K. I am just shaving.”

SET A THIEF

When the state of Wyoming, U.S.A. put a price on his head, highwayman James Klanthorn departed for the south-west. Arriving in Lincoln County, broke and unrecognized, he took the first job he saw offering—that of assistant deputy sheriff. “What’s my first assignment?” he asked. The sheriff replied: “There’s a bandit killer name Klanthorn headed this way. Find him and bring him in.”

SAD SACK

In 1972 Kid Gartner, after blazing a short first act in his famous bloody career, was given a ten-year term in a California prison. Determined to reform, the Kid was a model prisoner for two years, hoping to get a pardon or to shorten his term by good behavior. But, after two years, he became impatient and broke out of jail. Being short of money, he robbed a stage coach of 10,000 dollars. After counting his loot, he went through the mail he had taken. The letter, addressed to the prison, contained his pardon from the governor. You don’t have to be dead to be stiff.

THAT’S ALL

Back in the days of the Wild West, killing was commonplace. In Sacramento one day a man saw his son being arrested by the sheriff. “What's my boy done?” shouted the man. “He got mad and killed one of them dudes,” replied the sheriff. “Shucks,” said the old-timer, returning to the bar, “I thought maybe Willie had stole a horse.”

PERCHANCE TO DREAM

It is said that men spend one third of his life in bed, which means that, should he live to be 66, he is conscious for only 44 years. When a man goes to bed, what he wears depends on whether the weather is cold or hot and he is not fussy whether the pajamas are bright or not. But it is not so with women; they like flimsy things—things that look nice like this one here.
Irish McCulla is the girl for this sign of pictures and she is modeling the various types of night-club girls that Irish shows here. The type of girl who likes to eat, phone, and read in bed as well as look attractive in a lacy nightgown. Maybe this girl likes to dance.

College girls these days like the "shorties" like this one of fine blue flannel which Irish is wearing. But for the short pants, it seems that this is going back to grand ma's day. Irish does not seem to approve of it, judging by the critical look on her face.
WE'RE BECOMING SOFT

Don't talk about the good old days until you have checked the facts. And, brother, here are some facts.

Every now and then Sydney newspapers throw up their editorial hands in horror at the vice and crime prevalent in Sydney; citizens write indignant letters to the press condemning the younger generation “What is happening to Sydney?” “Such goings on just did not go on in my day.” Those are the general texts of the letters and editorials Sydney, it appears, is going down hill morally; it is a seething mass of mayhem, vice, corruption and disorderly living, thinly coated with a veneer of civilization.

That is the opinion of the old-timers. In truth, we are a bunch of sissies compared with Sydney—and Melbourne—of 50 years ago. And it is probably true of every big city in the world.

Old-timers, in reminiscing about the city of their youth, conjure up a picture of sober, more courteous living and honesty in business. Women and children could walk the streets at night and be troubled only by the multitude of gallants rushing to help them up kerbs and on to trams.

The truth is a lot different. To prove this, we compared a similar two-week period in the 1800s, just 50 years ago, with the corresponding two-week period in 1884. It seems that 50 years ago Sydney seemed to spend its days and nights...
in a happy dose of mayhem and thuggery.

Take the case of this particular "gentleman" from Geelong. He lived in a terrace house with his mistress and seven-year-old daughter, spending his days drinking himself silly. Each day he sent his daughter to the hotel six or seven times for liquor. Finally, his mistress objected and an argument ensued. Geelongedly watched as the men chased his mistress up the street. He was armed with an ax.

In the same paper there was a report about a man who had seven wives, all living, whom he bash’d in turn. On the same page was a write-up of a political meeting where the audience seemed intent on tarring and feathering, not one, but both, opposing parties.

Around the same time the constables were arresting a man for speeding at 30 mph on a motor cycle, a pair of detectives were having a tough time in another part of town. They arrested and escorted a confidential man to the lock-up, where he proceeded to beat up both of them.

They managed to slip one half of a pair of handcuffs home on his wrist. He then flailed the detectives with the heavy free circuit of iron.

People running amok and suicides were more prevalent, despite the alleged tensions of today's grind. At Camperdown, Sydney, a man seized a poker and tried to batter his fiancé to death.

A few days later a seaman ran amok on a ship berthed in the harbour. An officer engaged him in battle on the deck, struggling for possession of the knife the man was waving. Luckily, the water police were handy and stopped the murderer... they had been filling in time dragging the water around about for the body.

Three sat on the back fence with revolvers trained on the back door, while the others battered their way in at the front. There was a breach, but no gunplay, and a hansom cab took the police and their captives back to jail.

More horrendous was the story told by two Melbourne doctors. One was sitting quietly at home one night with his family when there was much urgent hammering at the door.

Outside stood a swarman in the stages of the D.T.'s but still on his feet. He implored the doctor to take away the equipment of demons and tans, all colourfully garbed, that rustled in following him around. As payment, he distributed the items in his sway to stunned members of the doctor's family, then took his leave by way of the back fence.

Apparently the gnomes managed to climb over it with him, for the swagman repeated the performance at the second doctor's house. Then he staggered off into the night before anything could be done for him, and was picked up by a local bobby.

On the other hand, there was no indication involved in the case of Castlemarne, Victoria, the next day. There, people walking in the streets were surprised to see wreckage being tossed out a first-floor bedroom window. On examination, it was found that a man had barricaded himself in a room at the Coffee Palace and for no reason at all was systematically tearing out the furniture. Before the police arrived, he'd finished the job, including the bedstead.

Still in our fortitude's records, we find a barmaid and a ship's fireman having words in an Eskmele street house. It was followed by the girl's flight up the road with the fireman firing at her with a revolver. He was accurate enough to wound her, but luckily she lived.

And at the Railway Hotel at Flemington four men took objection to the band in which another drunk was playing a piano in the parlour. The licensee, a Miss Alice Doherty, ordered them out. The four knocked the good lady and her sister to the floor and took possession of the hotel.

In the resulting riot the drunks were ejected, and the police arrived to find the four in possession of the hotel and rapidly demolishing it of its liquor.

It was not only the police who resisted the strong arm men. The ordinary citizen often used stringent measures to protect his own life and property. In Melbourne, for instance, market gardeners found that there were deficiencies in the loads of their horse-drawn vehicles on arrival at the city markets. It was customary for the gardeners to sleep while going in to the city.
leaving the horses to lead them to
the markets.

The unscrupulous soon discovered
that they could help themselves
to as much as they liked from the
laden wagons while the owner
dozed and his horses ambled.

The owners retaliated by setting
loaded spring traps under the pro-
duce—pleasant gadgets that have
gone out of fashion, but which are
still seen in the miniature form
as rabbit-traps. After some experi-
ence with these, it was reported in
the press, the sufferers sought other
pastures.

The pandemonium invaded the
cloisters of civic affairs as well.
At the stormy regular meeting of
the Sydney City Council that week
the Mayor completely lost control
of an impassioned argument. While
he futilely banged away with his
gavel two aldermen stood up and
vulgarly each other. One of them
resorted to bad language, and in
eight sentences used eight of the
most shocking of all swear words.
There was some difficulty about get-
ing him to withdraw.

So let there be no talk of the
cities going to the dogs and spend-
ing their last days in orgies of vice
and violence—we're just settling.

For all the mayhem, though, the
citizens were interested in other
things besides fights and violence.
The column opposite that devoted
to the report of the council meet-
ing above dealt with the plaintive
letter of a man who noted that the
six clocks visible in Martin Place,
including the one on the famous
G.P.O. tower, all told times varying
by a minute—from the hour to
six past.

WOMEN are not usually executed.
However, when they come along
like Anna Marie Hahn of Cinna-
mah, there is nothing else to be
done with them. Less than the
death penalty would make a mock-
ery of justice when the accused has
a probable tally of eight poison
victims.

That is Anna's record, and it
makes this comedy, blonde German
from one of the most brazen and
vicious mass murderers of modern
times.

She arrived in the United States
from Germany in 1929—a young
widow in her mid-twenties. With
her was a baby son. Her husband,
Dr Matschecl of Vienna, had re-
cently died. She was on her way
to join her well-to-do uncle, Karl
Oswald, and his wife Mary in
Cincinnati.

Soon after her arrival, Mary Os-
wold died, Anna Marie Hahn con-
tinued to keep house for her uncle.
He was so grateful that two years
later he presented her with 3000-
dollars worth of shares.

Then they argued. The 70-year-
old Oswald sued her for the re-
turn of his securities. He said
that she had obtained them on a false
promise that she would marry him.

The case never got to court. Anna
placed the old man, and he with-
drew his suit. Soon after he died
and left her everything he pos-
sessed.

Another aged German in Ernest
Kohler, a prosperous retired car-
rier, was then captivated by the
blonde. She moved into his comfortable house on Cincinnati’s Colerain Avenue as his housekeeper.

When he fell sick, she nursed him devotedly for two months until May, 1938, when he died. Apparently in gratitude for her care, Kohler willed her his house.

Over the next few years, Anna Marie was renowned in the German district of Cincinnati for the number and variety of her aged admirers. Gradually, there began to spread rumors of “the kiss of death” of the charmer. Her men friends never seemed to live long.

They remained rumors, however, and no hint of them reached the police until June, 1939.

During the previous month, Anna Marie Hahn had met 78-year-old Jacob Wagner, a retired German gardener with 4000 dollars in the bank.

His old friend, Fritz Grafemeyer, who ran a beer garden in the German quarter, missed the nightly visits Wagner had made to his establishment for years. He called at Wagner’s tiny apartment and found him bright-eyed and bubbling with happiness. The old man confirmed his intimate associations with a pretty Frau from the fatherland and her adored love for him.

Neighbors, who were at first scandalized at the protracted visits of Anna, were reassured when they told them she was Wagner’s niece. At the beginning of June, she told them she was worried because her uncle was “not feeling well.” On June 8 she sent him to hospital. On June 8 he died.

Fritz Grafemeyer, when he heard of Wagner’s death, went to the police and voiced his doubts of the plump lorette who had enslaved his friend.

Lieutenant George Schattle, head of the Cincinnati Homicide Squad, began an investigation. He found nothing to warrant even suspicion of murder. Wagner had died in hospital. Doctors who examined him signed a death certificate showing heart failure as cause of death. A will recently executed by Wagner was found. It was in order and left all his savings to Anna Hahn.

The woman had no doubt, used a dodging old man’s institution to feather her nest. But there was nothing illegal about what the police took no action on Grafemeyer’s complaint.

On August 9, 1937, Anna Hahn again came to the notice of the Cincinnati police. They received a request for her arrest from the resort of Colorado Springs, Colorado. Some jewelry had been stolen from a hotel where she had been holidaying. It had been traced to a pawnshop, where a woman of her description had raised 300 dollars on it.

The request of the Colorado authorities described her as “blonde, buxom, German, speaks English with an accent, registered at hotel as A. Hahn, Cincinnati.” It also revealed the more interesting information that “A. Hahn” had originally arrived in Colorado Springs in the company of an old German named George Obendoerfer. She told people she had met him on the train when he took sick and that he came from Chicago.

A day or two later the man got worse and was rushed to hospital. He died there of a reported heart attack.

Anna Hahn was arrested by the Cincinnati police and held on a robbery charge. However, in view of the death of George Obendoerfer, and its similarity to that of Jacob Wagner which they investigated only a couple of months before, they were more interested in the possibility of murder.

When Lieutenant Schattle interviewed Anna Hahn, she admitted the theft of the jewelry. She said she was stranded in Colorado Springs and had to have money to get back to Cincinnati. All her own cash had gone in the expenses of looking after the sick old man, Obendoerfer.

Tears appeared in her eyes when questions regarding the death of Wagner and Obendoerfer were put to her. “I never hurt anyone in my life,” she wept. “The only thing I did was to be nice to old people. If this is what it gets me, I’ll never try to help anyone again.”

Schattle was impressed at her seeming sincerity. Then he made inquiries and found that Obendoerfer was not a sick stranger she met on the train. He was a Cincinnati cobbler, whom she had met months before when she took shoes to his shop. He had confided to friends he was going west to buy a farm. Twisting his mustache proudly, and his eyes bright with a gleam they had not known for 30 years, he has then whispered that he was not going alone. He was planning to share his rural retreat with a wife—a delectable little blonde who had told him she loved him.

Obendoerfer transferred his money from Cincinnati to a bank in Colorado Springs. The day after his arrival, a cheque for 1000 dollars signed by him was presented at the bank and cashed.

The blonde woman who presented it was identified by the teller as Anna Hahn. The money, it was believed, was intended by the aged Don Juan as a deposit on his farm. He died before he could use it—and the 1000 dollars disappeared.

Convinced they had snared a}
where you look, you will not find anything to show I have done wrong.

The woman followed the detectives around as they made their search. She was seemingly unworried and confidently told them they would find nothing incriminating. But her eyes watched them every move. They narrowed when Schattle decided to give the cellar a going over. She followed close behind as he descended. There was some cause to this. She was not uneasy as when the Lieutenant climbed up to rummage the rafter. Her face blanched when his hand lighted on small bottle standing on a join.

It was uncorked and empty. A thin film of powder, however, had been left on the inside. Schattle fished some out with a match. He tasted it—and winced.

"What's this arsenic doing up here?" he snapped at Anna Hahn.

She did not lose her poise. "I don't know," she replied. "There's no cork in it. It must be some old bottle my son was playing with. He often brings them in from the doctor's yard next door."

It was plausible, but it did not stand up when the Lieutenant interviewed the doctor. His name was Yos, and he denied the bottle could have come from his premises. Anyhow, he added, he had had no arsenic in his possession for years.

Anna Hahn was returned to police headquarters and held on the original charge of the jewellery theft in Colorado Springs. But newspaper reporters soon nosed out that there was more to the affair than that. In a day or so they broke the old story, and listed the strange deaths that seemed to haunt the life of the attractive German.

The revelations brought an avalanche of fresh information and leads to Lieutenant Schattle. To his office there first came a gauzefaced, pin-c rippled coal merchant named George Hes.

He said he too had enjoyed a romantic interlude with Anna Hahn. Then he was a strong, fun-loving, prosperous businessman.

To her he advanced 1300 dollars. When he began to mention repayment, he began to feel sick. He grew too weak to leave his bed and lost the use of his legs. She fed him spinach and beer—and he got worse.

"I didn't start to get better," he told Lieutenant Schattle, "until I quit eating things she brought me. She was poisoning me. What's worse, she even stole money from my pockets when I was sick in bed!

George Hes had no sooner departed after promising to repeat his charges in court than Schattle's telephone rang. An anonymous voice told him: "If you want to find out some more about that Hahn woman, you'd better look into the death last Easter of Albert Palmer. He was another love-sick dodderer who fell for her like all the others."

The identity of the caller was never discovered, but, his information was authentic. Palmer was 72, a retired railwayman in comfortable circumstances. He had died suddenly on March 27, 1937.

To his friends he had confided that he had a young sweetheart. When they doubted him, be triumphantly produced letters she had written him.

"My dear, sweet Daddy," one of them read: "I'll be at your house at 10 o'clock. Everything is straightened out. Don't worry because I couldn't stay yesterday. With all my love and kisses, Anna." The police discovered amongst his effects a marriage note signed by Anna Hahn for 200 dollars, which he lent her.

Like all the others, however, there seemed no suspicious circumstances about the death of Albert Palmer. A doctor had certified it as caused by coronary thrombosis and influenza.

Still another citizen appeared with more information about the strange wastage of Anna Hahn's life. He was a relative of George Geallman, an elderly German with several thousand dollars in the bank Geallman was found dead in his bed on July 6, 1937.

"I saw this woman's picture in the paper," the man said. "She was with George Geallman the night before he died. She kept taking him into the bathroom. He was very sick!"

With such a mass of unproved charges, the only course for the police was to exhume some of the bodies for medical examination. It was decided to concentrate on Palmer, Geallman, Wagner and Obendorfer. All had died in similar circumstances and on comparatively recent dates.

While he waited for the post-mortem reports, Lieutenant Schattle decided to work out a bunch of his own. An expert in forensic medicine, he had noted the coincidence..."
of acute dysentery as a symptom in most of the deaths.

Schattle again went out to Anna Hahn's house. For hours he went over it from end to end with the probing energy of a vacuum cleaner. At last he was rewarded. Down the back of a lounge chair, he found a small bottle. It was labelled 'Oil of Croton'.

The Lieutenant felt sure he was on the right track now. For confirmation, he went to the office of Dr. Vas next door and asked the properties of croton oil.

"It is a very powerful purgative, lieutenant," the doctor told him, "dangerous and deadly. I have never used it in 30 years' practice. One drop is sufficient as medicine for a horse. Administered in any quantity to a human, it would be a potent and deadly poison."

Schattle smiled with satisfaction when he returned to police headquarters and received the medical report on the analysis of the exhumed remains of the four men. All contained traces of both arsenic and croton oil.

It was decided to try Anna Marie Hahn for the murder of Jacob Wagner. The evidence against her was clear in each of the four definite murders, but the Prosecution considered it was legally strongest in the case of Wagner.

The trial opened on October 11, 1937. A total of 96 witnesses was called. One of the most damming was a pitiful figure in a wheel chair, whom the Prosecution described as "the living victim."

"This was a pitiful sight," George Eiles, who died soon after the trial. To a hushed courtroom, he told of his romance of a year before with the blonde prisoner.

He revealed the different ways she used to borrow money from him. She promised she would marry him, but kept delaying. "She said we would get married when I got better," testified Eiles, "but I kept getting worse."

As soon as Eiles left the stand, the Prosecutor called a chemist. He told the jury that in October of the previous year, Anna Hahn had purchased two deadly poisons from him—oxalic acid and bicloride of mercury. She explained to him that she wanted them to treat "poor old Mr. Hels."

The judge summed up for the solemn-faced jury of 11 women and one man. They had a great responsibility. Never before in the history of the state of Ohio had a woman been sent to the electric chair.

Anna Hahn awaited their verdict calmly. She was confident that her fellow women would not send her to death.

After two hours' consideration, the jury returned with their verdict. The foreman handed to an attendant a slip of paper on which was written the fate of Anna Marie Hahn.

"We the jury," the man read out, "do find the defendant guilty as charged in the indictment."

The prisoner made no move or sound. She still expected to hear the added words, "... and we do recommend mercy."

But no such words were on the paper. The murderess found no mercy for her victims.

She appealed against the verdict—but to no avail. The death penalty stood.

At last Anna Hahn realized she was doomed. Her pent-up emotions found an outlet in a wild attack on the women of the jury. She still cursed them when they strapped her in the electric chair. They should be examined by a psychiatrist," she kept repeating to herself.
NO SCARS

Scars can be planed off now. New York Dr. Almer Kurtin of the American Academy of Dermatology recently explained the new method of removing scars. First chill the place where there are scars (any the face) with a chemical ice pack. The skin is then cleansed with alcohol (pure, not the stuff bought in hotels). After protecting the eyes, nostrils and ears with cotton wool, the skin is sprayed with a local anaesthetic. This makes the skin insensitive, bloodless and rigid. Then the face is planed with a rotary brush. This instrument is a revolving steel wire brush like a dentist's drill. Dr. Kurtin says satisfactory treatment can be obtained in cases of acne scars, smallpox and chickenpox scars, superficial malignancy, tumors of the skin, warts or callouses, tattoos, burn scars and skin diseases in thinned area of the skin.

TISSUE GRAFTS

First known successful transplantation of animal tissue to human patients has been reported by Dr. Charles A. Huddingel, of Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. Four men are living with new arteries taken from calves and a pig.

The animal arteries replaced damaged human arteries in the chest, arm and leg. In one case an aortic section ten inches long was taken from a pig. The graft "tucked" in the human and has now been replaced in large part by a regrowth of aortic tissue.

TRACING CANCER

Routine X-ray films of the chests of apparently healthy persons are paying off in the detection of early and curable cancer, according to Dr. Duane Carr, surgeon of the University of Tennessee. The doctor stresses that it must be caught early and advocates X-rays at regular intervals.

EYE BALM

A small patch of fibrin film, made from blood, brings relief from pain and speeds healing when applied to the eyes, so says Dr. C. William Wasser of Pittsburgh. Relief from painful scratches can be obtained in 3 hours and healing in about 40 hours. The film can also be used to treat chemical burns, abrasions and inflammation of the cornea. The film is formed when a drop of each of two biologicals—bovine thrombin and irradiated human plasma—are placed in the eye.
Moving arrived at the studio there is much posing in different positions and in different clothing. It may take a long time to take one picture—that pose has to be just right—and can you keep a smile on your face all day? After day's work it's home, have tea, remove makeup and go to bed.

Girls, the photographer is Peter Gowland.

You have to stay healthy and keep those pouches away from your eyes. (The bags under our eyes have handle on them). You have to go to bed early and rise early, just like Mara does—grab a quick cup of coffee and read of the paper before reporting for work.

CAVALCADE October, 1954
WHEN THE RING COLLAPSED

The referee was assaulted; the stadium ring collapsed.
These were the sensations which surrounded Johnny Reisler.

NED WILLIAMS

Probably the roughest man seen with boxing gloves on in the Australian ring was Johnny Reisler, an American lightweight who came here in 1928. Johnny had three fights here, and, in the last, assaulted the referee, the ring was mobbed, and the structure collapsed, leaving dozens of men sprawled in a heap.

That was the most sensational incident I ever saw in boxing and it was brought to mind in a discussion with Ray Mitchell. Boxing was the subject, as usual—possibly having been inspired by the large photo of Jimmy Carruthers, which hangs in Ray's office. Ray asked me the question: "What was the biggest sensation you ever saw in the Australian ring?" And that gave rise to much speculation. There was Freddie Dawson's win over Vic Patrick; there was the upset of Jack Haines by Ambrose Palmer; there were many thrilling fights, like the bout between Tommy Burns and O'Neill Bell; there was the fight between Jack Carroll and Bep Van Klaveran, when both boxers batted it out in the rain at the Sydney Sports Ground—and not one person left the ground being content to be wet to the skin.

But Johnny Reisler was the man who created the biggest sensation I ever saw. In the days when he visited Australia, Sydney Stadium showed on Saturday and Wednesday nights, I was a kid then, but, like all other kids, I had a healthy admiration for a skilled athlete. I admired Billy Grime most then. He was triple champion of Australia once, holding the featherweight, lightweight and welter titles. And it was Billy Grime who furnished Reisler's first opposition in Australia. Johnny was a world-rated fighter, but Grime outpointed him. Reisler said be was robbed.

Reisler's second contest here was against Joe Hall, the American Negro, not the Aussie who fought later. Hall was fast and packed a mighty punch. He was a good all-round fighter, with toughness one of his strong points. But Reisler kept him moving and out-punched him on many occasions, which shows how aggressive and tough Johnny was. However, Hall's work was cleaner in the referee's eyes and so be got the verdict on points. Once again Reisler shouted that he was robbed.

And then Johnny Reisler was matched on a Wednesday night. The Rushcutter's Bay Arena was packed to capacity that night. Reisler was to fight Billy Richards in the main 15 round contest. Richards was a rising welterweight, who had won most of his fights and showed a great deal of promise. He weighted a little over ten stone, was strongly built, could box well and had a good right hand wallop. He had showed a willingness to mix it with all of his opponents and had a great number of admirers among the boxing fans. He sat quietly in his corner chatting with his seconds, blonde, bronzed and good looking.

There was an excitement in the crowd that was obvious even before the fight started—it was one of those nights. Necks craned and eyes peered through the haze of cigarette smoke as they watched for Johnny Reisler. And there he was, hopping into the ring with a fiancée, wrapped in the brightest dressing gown I had ever seen.

Right there and then Johnny received my vote for the man I would least like to meet in a dark lane. He was definitely a tough-looking guy. Rumour had it that Reisler had Red Indian blood in his veins, and this was possibly inspired by the extraordinarily prominent cheek-bones and beetle brows that sheltered two black and piercing eyes. A flat nose and strongly developed jaw line completed the facial structure which was supported by a neck which appeared to me to measure about seventeen inches. He was not very tall, roughly about five feet six inches in height, but his chest and arm development was exceptional. Moreover, he had very long arms, so that his comparative shortness of stature was not handicapped by shortness of reach.

The gloves were on and Joe Wallis climbed through the ropes and called the two boxers to centre ring. Johnny held out his right glove to Richards, then turned his head and body away, completely ignoring both him and the referee. He was issuing his instructions. Reisler's thoughts appeared to be back in the Rockies or somewhere around the Rio Grande, for, believe it or not, he was casually chewing gum on the side of his face.

The boxers returned to their corners, the outer lights faded, the ring rang, and the fight was on. Richards adopted an upright stance, his left hand poised for action. Reisler, who was a southpaw, looked like a jungle ape and...
he damned defense. Richards poked out two or three light jabs with his left and Johnny Reisler let go with a left swing. Richards stepped back and Reisler's punch seemed to stop only inches short of the Stadium clock. Several more terrific swings from Johnny missed their mark and he appeared exasperated.

He worked close and Billy Richards felt the weight of his heavy punches. The Australian quickly realised he would have to stall his opponent at close quarters and wrapped his arms around Johnny's body. Reisler, however, was not to be denied and swung a terrific left into the region of Richards' kidneys. A roar of indignation emitted from the throats of the hundreds of onlookers as referee Joe Walls issued his first caution. Johnny Reisler's expression was one of injured innocence.

Round two commenced with Richards paying his opponent a lot more of respect. He jabbed quickly and skipped out of the danger range. But Reisler was not to be denied. He fended Richards towards a corner. His right lead was short, but the left swing followed. The Australian swayed back, Reisler came in with another right which was ducked, and then the American brought down a chopping left right on to the neck of his adversary. This punch was so blinding that the spectators were immediately on their feet howling their disapproval. Joe Walls quickly intervened and began what turned out to be a sequence of lectures.

So the fight went on. Johnny Reisler committed almost every breach in the business. He shambled, he kidney-punched, he held and hit, he used the heel and palm of his glove, he used the rabbit kick. By the end of round ten he was warned by referee Joe Walls at least a dozen times. Reisler did not seem to regard his offences as such. At times he appeared to be astonished at some of the reprimands.

Johnny Reisler's temper at this stage appeared to be getting out of hand. However, most of his venom was directed at referee Joe Walls. Twice the light batted while Johnny argued and expostulated with Walls in centre-ring, but Joe Walls never lost control.

Then the bell rang for the eleventh and last round. As the two boxers met in mid-ring, Richards extended his right hand to shake, but Johnny Reisler brushed his glove aside, and immediately brought his left hand to the side of Richard's jaw. The Australian staggered. Referee Joe Walls pushed between the two fighters and wagged a warning finger under Johnny's nose. Fire and fury blazed in the American's eyes, but the short respite gave Richards time to recover and he easily avoided the remainder of Reisler's rushes and out-boxed his opponent. The final gong sounded and the fight was over. As Joe Walls stepped over, he quickly crowned Richards and strode towards the ropes to make his exit from the ring.

Johnny Reisler stared after him. His face showed first amazement, exasperation and then blind fury. In those fleeting seconds he darted after the retreating form of the nifty referee and caught up with him just as Joe Walls had his hand on the ropes. Johnny didn't miss this time. As Joe Walls was in the act of turning, Reisler threw a heavy right and left that both found their mark on the head of Joe Walls. The reaction from the crowd in the Stadium that night was terrific. A gigantic roar, as spectators scrambled to stand on their seats.

Joe Walls wheeled on the American boxer. He really surprised me, for, although I had known he had been a fighter in his younger days, I was amazed to see Joe reticulate with two good punches that sent the American boxer reeling backwards. This was sensation, thrill, sensation on sensation.

As the two struggling figures locked together, the ring suddenly was invaded. Ringmen, seconds, policemen and attendants swarmed through the ropes to join the melee. Two I noticed scampering up were Sonny Jim Williams and France McCale, two well-known negro fighters who were under contract to the Stadium, and had fought a number of times in that same square.

There were at least thirty men in the ring at that fateful moment. The air was electric.

Suddenly there was the sickening sound of cracking timber, a loud groan and crash! All that mass of figures disappeared. The centre of the Stadium had completely collapsed under the unexpected weight, canvas and all. That sudden change of scene was possibly the best thing that could have happened. The temper of the crowd which easily could have been roused to the riot stage, reversed, and a great shout of laughter rang through the arena as struggling figures were rescued and assisted over the side.

Johnny Reisler was smuggled through the crowd under police protection. A few days later Johnny Reisler was on the boat, being transported back to America. And he quickly sank into oblivion.
We are in an age of robots—robots more advanced than those walkie-talkie robot men about which authors wrote last century.

WILL you ever meet a robot man stalking down Pitt Street? Will we be able to send mechanical robots into battle to replace flesh and blood? Will some unbalanced scientist unleash a gang of robot criminals on the city one of these days, to loot shops and terrorise the people?

Fiction has been written around all these things. Readers have been coldly thrilled by the prospect of the coming Robot Age. We have been invited to shudder at the picture of robots so intricately perfect that they have minds of their own, and can rebel against man's control and destroy us.

It is all too fantastic. It gives us a pleasant thrill of horror, like a dream we know isn't real. The vision of huge metal men, stalking on steel legs, glaring at us from electronic eyes, controlled by hyper-sensitive instruments in their toruses, fades as soon as the shudder passes. In the meantime, however, we have plunged right into the Age of Robots without knowing it.

CAVALCADE, October, 1954
We have been taught to look for robots in human shape, with photofeed eyes and metal arms and legs, so we haven't realized that robots have been doing a great deal of our work for a long time. There is the automatic telephone exchange, and the teleprinter that types a message by itself in response to electrical impulses, and a gadget that counts people going through a gate, and electronic calculating machines that solve problems men were unable to solve for centuries. There is the typewriter I am using, there is the type-setting machine the printer will use on this page. Robots have been built, or could be devised, to do almost anything a man can do.

But a man can think! A machine, a thing made of steel and wire and electric batteries and valves, could never do that! Or, can it?

It is a fact that the thinking machine is already here. In 1949, at the Royal Society in London, the Fellows of the society pitted their brains against a machine that plays noughts and crosses. The machine beat them. Playing against scientists, it never made a wrong move, while the scientists did. That machine was at a recent electrical exhibit in the Sydney Town Hall, and was just as successful, Noughts and Crosses is a simple game, of course. It doesn't take a great deal of mental exertion to play it; men don't sit for minutes on end in concentrated thought as they do when playing chess. Let them make a machine that plays chess!

They have; and it wins!

During the war, they built a gun with a radar eye that not only charted the course an enemy plane was taking, but calculated its speed, and guessed the exact spot where it would be at a given moment. It aimed the gun at that point automatically, and fired it. Scientists say it is now possible to make a robot that will read a printed book to a blind person, turn its pages, close the book at the end of the chapter, then go to the kitchen and make a cup of tea and bring it in.

But none of these robots have human form. If they move, they run on wheels, or on caterpillar-treads. If they talk, they use a radio-speaker, not metal lips, if they pick up something, they use suction-tubes, not metal fingers.

The idea of robots in human form didn't start with modern fiction-writers. Men have been making such robots for over two thousand years. In ancient Egypt, about 2000 BC, a Pharaoh made an idol that would nod its head and lift its arm in blessing when burnt offerings were placed before it. The fire that burned the offering also heated water in a metal container, and the steam forced up a piston, working levers that moved the god's head and arm. He had invented the first steam engine! And he couldn't think of any use for it beyond tricking people with a phony miracle!

In 1736, a Frenchman named Vaucanson built robots that astounded Europe. The most famous was a wooden figure of a shepherd that played a flute. It really played the flute, blowing the air through its lips, regulating it with its tongue, working the stops with its fingers. It played twelve tunes, and musicians who heard it said it never played a false note. Vaucanson also made a robot duck that could stretch its neck in a perfectly natural manner. The bill was put in front of it, it not only picked it up and ate it, but extracted it as well. It could flap its wings and quack. He earned a pile of money by exhibiting these marvels, and by selling pamphlets explaining how they worked.

In fact, from the Middle Ages onward, the urge to devise robots fascinated mechanics and servants. Criers had been employed for centuries in all big towns in cry the hours. They weren't very prompt, and were often drunk, so the authorities began mounting bells in the housetops of tall buildings to strike the hours. They did that in Notre Dame way back in 1468, but the men they hired to strike the bell were worse than the criers, he was never sober, so they installed a clock, with a mechanism to strike the hours. Only, they put the housetops into the hand of a robot, so that people could see the robot arm striking the bell. At Dijon, there was a whole family of robots, the husband struck the hours, the wife struck the half-hours and two children struck the quarter-hours.

The first writing-machine was invented as far back as 1760 and had the form of a beautiful woman! It didn't print letters, it literally wrote them, with a real pen and liquid ink. It still exists in a Vienna museum, and it still writes. A few years later, a group of Swiss mechanics made a robot in the form of a small boy who sat at a desk, dipped a pen in an inkwell, shook the pen and wrote a perfect hand, while his head and eyes followed the writing. He still works perfectly after nearly two hundred years.

A chess-playing robot was built about the same time as the writing-machine. Frederick the Great, who thought he was a good chess-player but wasn't, challenged the machine, and was beaten. Then Napoleon, knowing he was a greater general than Frederick, decided that he could beat the robot, but the robot conquered even the great Bonaparte.

That robot was destroyed in a fire in America when it was a hundred years old. There are many drawings and descriptions left, however, and it was a fraud. It was a conjurer's trick, not a true robot. It was built in the form of a Turk sitting before a chess-board. The chess-board was on a desk with many openings, and conjurers who examined it said it was a perfect example of a conjurer's cabinet, a box which appears to be empty while hiding an accomplice. No doubt it hid an operator who manipulated the robot and directed its game. The robot was not actually playing.

Another fraud was a robot that played cards. It won more fame than the chess-player, and finished up in the London Museum. It was operated by pneumatic pressure applied from a distance.

Neither of these machines were actually playing the games themselves; they were merely puppets by which a hidden operator played. But that is not the case of the robot that recently defeated the Fellows of the Royal Society at noughts and crosses. That machine was itself making the moves, using standard automatic telephone exchange equipment. It responded to an opponent's moves, and countered them, in the same way as a telephone-exchange responds when you dial a number.

The modern chess-playing machine is no fraud either. It is true that it plays only an "end-game", but it plays it at starts with the

CAVALCADE, October, 1954 43
don't be NEUROTIC

If you are neurotic you are in good company.
But it is better to be normal—and you can be.

RAY DAVIE

BYRON was a queer bird. So was Shelley. Henry Ford had his oddities. So did Leonardo de Vinci. So did Napoleon. So have many other people who have made notably good or bad marks on the world. And in the streets of every city in Australia, and beyond the cities, walk people who belong to the same happy-unhappy class to which all or most of the people named belong. In other words, they are neurotics.

Are you neurotic? The fact that you're odd in certain small ways doesn't necessarily mean that you are, though possession of odd traits, perhaps known only to yourself, are strong indication of neurotism.

If you are neurotic, take comfort. Remember that you have a greater potential chance of affecting the world for good than Tom or Jim down the road who is as neurotic as a root vegetable.

Suppose you're walking along a deserted street, and suddenly see some people appear at the other end. Do you feel that you should settle down the nearest side street to avoid them? Have you ever felt, for no particular reason, that you should commit suicide right away? Do you have a strong sex urge? When you've been talking with someone, do you mentally go over the conversation, try-

CAVALCADE, October, 1954
ing to puzzle out if they've said anything alright under the presence of friendliness. Do you ever feel that some horrible calamity is waiting round the nearest corner for you?

Some people will contend that nearly everyone has some peculiarities—and to a large degree this is quite true. But the enduring oddities of the so-called "average man" are small compared with those of the full-blown neurotic.

Neuroses aren't always obvious to the outsider. Take the neurotic who feels that he's doomed to failure, or to the person who may appear to the world as a successful man, with a house and a car and a family. But the neurotic imagination will always be on hand to tell him in moments of gloom that he should have done much better, and that he's a failure compared with this and that one.

Other neurotics may feel that they're only a short tram stop from the asylum. Many of them, of course, have carried this feeling a step further, and have jumped from the nearest convenient high place. Anything rather than the bare walls of an asylum round them. How many people who have jumped off Sydney Harbour Bridge have been, not mad, but just more than ordinarily depressed by neurotic tendencies?

Yet psychiatrists say that one of the best guarantees of continuing mental health lies in the fact that the person concerned feels he or she must be going mad.

The fact that a person has the symptoms outlined above doesn't mean that he or she is necessarily neurotic, but possession of these symptoms in a certain degree of degrees, will almost certainly point to some neurosis.

Incidentally, it's not much use pretending to be neurotic when you aren't. A minor actress who cultivates the tantrums of a great star will not become great because of her acts. And the great stars who display the temperaments may simply be great neurotics, who've succeeded in channeling their neurotic energy in healthy directions.

Science tells us that the roots of neurosis may lie as far back as childhood. In fact, one school of thought deliberately seeks the individual's earliest memory—sometimes by long and patient analysis—holding that through a study of this early memory the beginnings of mental trouble can be found.

The neurotic child is more likely to develop a neurosis because he or she is more sensitive to outside influences. Very often such a child will stand out from its fellows. Sometimes it may appear as extraordinarily brilliant, though very often it looks likely to be moody and sullen. Because of this apparent dull appearance and actions, well-meaning adults will try all sorts of harmful and unpleasant practices to try to get the child to appear like his or her brothers and sisters.

One of the reasons for the strong reactions of neurotics to outside influences lies in the fact that they have much stronger urges than others. The sex urge may be particularly notable. It's easily seen that a strong desire thwarted is going to cause a lot more trouble than a weak one thwarted.

Sometimes the neurotic tendencies may appear in pre-school years, with others they may be released by the rough and tumble of school life.

People in general don't hate neurotics, but they are usually a little afraid of them because they don't understand them. And because they are afraid, they're likely to condemn them pretty strongly.

Most of the troubles of the neurotics stem from the fact that he lives in a world of "ordinary" people, who constantly try to force him into their mould. In the Dark Ages, for instance, you were likely to be burned at the stake for appearing a little different. With the increase of knowledge, the world in general has become more tolerant, but even today in small centres in civilized countries, the odd one out is likely to have a rough time.

The great thinkers and doers of the world have suffered greatly because of this human tendency. Many of them, of course, have defied the world to the end of their lives, and have even developed their little strangenesses a little further, as if in defiance.

But think how many great discoveries would have been lost if everybody had concentrated on being normal. What if Henry Ford had spent his time playing billiards instead of working on his auto? What if the Curie's had given themselves up to a round of suburban card-playing?

What can we do to help neurotics? What can the neurotic do to help himself? In the first place, the "average" person can't do much to help his neurotic brother. The psychiatrist can psycho-analyse.
him, and help, and help may also be given through treatment of the glands.

For instance, a person who is slow moving, and inclined to be pesty, may be helped by treatment of his deficient thyroid gland.

But apart from these characters, there are many less badly afflicted who can do much to help themselves. And yet these people today are unhappy because they haven't stumbled on the right approach and treatment for their problems.

Here it should be added that a person who suddenly loses his neurotic behaviour suffers one small handicap. He's no longer able to make unconscious allowances for himself because of his neurosis. He can't make it an excuse for failure.

But the rewards of release are great. Firstly there is the blessed sense of release from worry and depression and fatigue, and the energy that thus released may be used to carry the neurotic to heights of achievement and happiness.

Neurotics tend to over-compensate. Those who carry this through may finish by being as strong in certain directions as they were previously weak. There was the case of Napoleon, for instance. Despised as a youth in military academy, he deliberately set out to become a great soldier.

One of the most famous over-compensations of modern times was Mr. C. W. Beers, an American who was certificated insane, and spent some time in an asylum. The experience left such a mark on him that he determined to work for the benefit of other insane people when he got out. He wrote a best-selling book on his experiences, then founded a committee to investigate matters of mental hygiene, with the result that the lot of the mentally sick in the United States was vastly improved.

The neurotic should learn not to be ashamed of himself. He should remember that neurotics have moulded the world as it is today, despite the opposition of the ordinary ones of the earth. He should develop a cheerful attitude to life, consciously and determinedly replacing each negative thought with a positive one.

It may also help the neurotic to remember back to the trivial causes of his trouble. In some cases he may be able to remember some incident which has coloured his existence since. Or he may remember the negative outlook of his father or mother, who taught him to be humble in life, to respect his superiors, to such a degree that he developed strong feelings of inferiority.

It is more than likely that the neurotic knows his dominant weakness since he's inclined to be an introverted type. Then he should deliberately begin to over-compensate, to try his hardest to overcome his handicap, to make his weakness a strength. Starting is the hardest part. Once the programme is in motion, the neurotic will find that he has released a certain amount of energy which will help him along. If he perseveres he will find that the tide will turn strongly in his favour, since he is essentially a dynamic type of person.

If he feels inferior, he should greet everyone cheerfully and confidently—as an equal—and never mind those who disapprove. If he's unhealthy, he should try every possible way to improve it. If he's gloomy, he should deliberately try to make himself a bearing fellow. Action is the key-word for the neurotic.

Wally was a sickly fellow; he was an ugly fellow and they laughed at him. But, after what he did, I'm proud of him.

HE was a good boy, that one, that Wally. He showed them all. He showed that Tommy Cudge-gong a thing or two, by crores. Sometimes people stop me in the street and say: "Hey, you, Biddy, where's that Wally feller now?" And they look to joke. They are people who have been away a long time and have just come back to the town. I soon tell them about Wally and what he did.

I was pretty good to look at when Big Owen came up from Cathedral and took me for wife. I have that feller eight kids in ten years, and then he walked out on me. That long man wasted me—never worked, all the time on for a walkabout in the sun and sitting down and sleeping, and the mouths were all mine to feed.

I had six boys, two girls. First one girl, then the other died, and I thought: "Well, there'll be more to eat now. My six boys were good strong boys, and the bigger boys helped to feed the little boys like mother birds." Bemby, four months after Big Owen walked out on me, I had this one, this Wally.

In the dark after midnight I brought this Wally into the world. I looked at him in the lamplight, and he made me sick to look at him. He made me cry. Such an
They would say “Who’s your father, Wally? Did he run away when he saw you?”

They’d say, “Keep your mouth shut, Wally, don’t let it hang open like that—somebody’ll think it’s a tunnel.”

Many things like that, they’d say.

He might laugh, this Wally, he might grin a bit, and they might think they didn’t hurt him, but they hurt him all right.

Wally was thirteen when I took him from school, and a man gave him a job ferrying two miles away. But he was no good. The man told me “Wally, missus, he’s the biggest, silliest goat of a boy I ever struck, never done doing the wrong thing, all the time.” But Wally told me different! The man joked him all the time, and pushed him around, and Wally couldn’t think straight about what he was doing and so he made mistakes.

I thought “If you put up in the sky, what will I do with this son? He’s not like the others at all. They are all gone out in the world. They are doing all right. What is it going to happen to Wally?”

When he was sixteen be was still with me and people were saying “Why don’t you kick that fellow out, Biddy?” He’s just a big loafer—like his father.” They said “You wake up to yourself, Biddy. He’s only gammoning to be silly in the head, so you’ll look after him and he won’t have to work.”

They said all this to Wally, too. “What’s the matter with you, looking on your mother?” they’d say “You’ll never get anywhere.”

Wally told me this and be said it was right. He believed it. He was no good to anybody. He had never done anything. He was never going to be anything. He was a failure.

He shouted and cried like a little boy. He went about with a darkness inside him. He never talked much, not even to me. He lay about the place with his eyes open, thinking.

That was the way Wally was when the police sergeant came from Nyngan one morning with the blacktracker, Tommy Cudgegong. I saw them walk across the paddock towards the railway line, this Tommy Cudgegong looking at the ground. They stopped at the railway line and talked. I called Wally home, they came down the paddock to our house.

“Hello there, Biddy,” the police sergeant said. “Didn’t happen to see any strangers around here last night, did you?”

“You looking for somebody, sergeant? No, I saw nobody.”

The police sergeant looked at Tommy Cudgegong and said “You’re probably right, Tommy.”

“Yes, I know I am,” Tommy Cudgegong said. “He be in Dubbo now, I bet.”

He was all smiles, this Tommy Cudgegong. A smart fellow but he liked himself too much. A young fellow with a gold tooth and all the fame he had got gone to his head. I saw him looking with a grin at Wally, and just itching to say something nasty, but with me there he wasn’t game.

“What happened?” I asked the sergeant.

“Oh, just a little case of murder, Biddy. You know old Bob Trim, the bookie? Well, we found old Bob’s body out in the scrub. Head bashed in, pockets turned out.”

“How long dead?”

“Well, he was seen alive after the races yesterday. Was in a pub.

Had a roll on him. It must have happened last night, fairly early.”

“You know who killed old Bob?”

“Could have been one of two men, we think. We’ve got descriptions. Stranger in town. They were drinking with him. The one that was humping the bluey looks like the one we’re after.”

“How do you make that out?”

“Well, Tommy here picked up the tracks from old Bob’s body, and they stopped right back there at the railway line. A goods went through at 8:10 last night. She slows up on the grade there. We reason that our man jumped the train and maybe rode the humpers east. We’ll look for the swagman.”

“What’ll you do now—go back to tell Trangie, Narromine and Dubbo and all those places to be on the lookout?”

“That’s right, Biddy.”

When they were gone I felt very sorry. Bob Trim was a good man. One time he gave me a whole pound note.

I told Wally I just had to go into town and tell Mrs Trim how sorry I was. I stayed in town a long time, hearing talk and seeing friends, and Wally was chopping wood for the fire when I came back in the evening.

We ate meat and bread, and then Wally said to me “That Cudgegong, he thinks he’s a very smart fellow.”

“He’s plenty smart just the same.”

“He’s not so clever,” Wally said. “No! What makes you say that?”

“That man the policeman was looking for—he didn’t get on the train.”

“How do you know?”

“He’s hiding out there near the Black Rock.”
"What do you mean? You tell me quick."

Wally told me, and I looked at him, and said: 'I am pleased with you, and proud. We'll go and tell the sergeant straightaway.'

But Wally would not come, so I went alone. And all the way I thought of how Wally had come to know that country; how he had gone over it with the stick and stone by stone as a child, and a young fellow, loving it, because it made no sound of hate or cruelty; all its ways and words were kind.

The police sergeant was at the station talking to Tommy Cudgegong. He wasn't going to believe me, and Cudgegong just laughed.

"But it's true," I said. "He didn't get on the train. My boy, Wally, tracked him."

"That fellow mad in the head," Cudgegong laughed. " Eh, sergeant?"

"He's a damn sight smarter than you," I said. "You say the man stopped at the railway line where the tracks stopped. You say he got on the train. Wally, he looked at those tracks. And he picked them up again half a mile further along. The man ran along the line, on the rail. He just wanted to throw you off the scent, and that's what he did. He fooled you."

Cudgegong looked a bit funny, and the sergeant said: "Okay, Buddy, we'll be out at dawn."

Wally didn't want to show them, but I made him. We went to the place where the tracks stopped at the line; then Wally led the way down along the sleepers to the spot where the tracks left the line on the other side.

"They the same, Tommy?" the sergeant said.

"Yeah," Cudgegong said, and he was not happy.

Wally took the man to a fence where the tracks vanished. Cudgegong looked puzzled. The sergeant wanted to know what now. Wally kept his head down and sat in a little voice: "The man walked along the fence. Sideways. He stood on the bottom strand and held the top one, and walked on the wire. This way."

"How far?"

"Nearly a mile," Wally said.

He took us down along the fence to the place where the man left the wire, crossed the paddock, and went into the scrub. This side of the ridge I saw Cudgegong picking up the tracks the same as Wally, and I said to the sergeant: "This, Wally, he's got plenty on him, too. He says this fellow who killed old Bob is no stranger. He says he's a local man."

"How does he make that out?"

"He knows all about a tracker being at the station, Wally says. He knows the tracker will be put on to him. And he knows he will have to fool him. Another thing. Wally says he thinks the man you want is not a white man, because a white man is not likely to think of how to fool the police this way."

"You mean he thinks he's a coloured man?"

"Yes."

Wally led the way through the scrub to the Black Rock, and the sergeant drew out his gun. He told us to wait there while he went on alone down into the gully. In a few minutes he came back, a black man with him, handcuffed, and I saw the man was Wild Duck Peter, who came from Walgett way six months ago, and everybody thought him a harmless man who went around from place to place doing odd jobs.

"Good boy, Wally," the sergeant said. "You're a little beast. And I saw Wally smile, and a look come in his eye.

And that's what I tell people when they say: "Where's that Wally now? What happened to him?"

I tell how he beat that Cudgegong at his own game, and I make sure people know how smart that Wild Duck Peter was, how he followed old Bob from the pub and killed him, and hid away, burying the money at the Black Rock, like at a bank, with the idea of getting a bit out now and then and knocking about Nyngan all the time and nobody knowing any different.

And that, I say, was how this Wally that was no good to anybody, that people looked down on and made a joke of—that was how this fellow came to be a police tracker while he was only a boy, and was greater than the great Tommy Cudgegong. And greater than all of them anywhere. The sergeant himself said that, and if nobody believes it the sergeant will tell them damn quick.

Listen, Wally is gone now. He died with sick lungs. But they've got a picture of him, big as a newspaper, hanging over the fireplace at the police station. If he was no good why did they do that, eh? By cripes, you try to tell old Buddy they'll honour a black man if they think nothing of him. He was a great man, that Wally, and that's his picture, and he was my son.
CAVALCADE

W WATSON-SHARP

HOME OF THE MONTH

No. 8

The problem of building on sloping ground has been met with increasing frequency. As most of the level land in the crowded cities has already been built on, sloping and irregular blocks are fast becoming all that remain available.

Cavalcade suggests a two-bedroom timber home built on two levels to follow the contours of a block which slopes away from the street. Bedrooms and bathrooms are on the higher level, while from the entrance hall steps lead down into the large combined living and dining room. The kitchen and laundry are also on the lower level.

As with most sloping blocks, a good view is obtained, and in this case it is from the rear. The living-dining room features full length windows on the view side and a gloss door leading out on to an open terrace.

Although designed in timber, this home can also be built in brick.

The minimum frontage required is 50 feet, and the overall area 1,170 square feet.
DOUBLE TROUBLE

A classic instance of mistaken identity once occurred at Havenshaw, New York. A man named Hoag settled there, got a job, married and lived happily for six months. Then he disappeared when someone discovered he already had a wife in another town. Two years later a bachelor named Parker moved to Havenshaw and was "recognized" as Hoag and he was tried for bigamy. In addition to a dozen other witnesses, Mrs. Hoag herself positively identified him as Hoag. The testimony was climaxed by Mrs. Hoag's claim that her husband had a big red scar on his right foot. Parker removed his shoe and sock and proved he had no scar. The case was dismissed.

FROM PADDOCK TO KITCHEN

In England a bull contracted arthritis and was successfully treated with cortisone. The bull, a prize one, had been treated with every kind of drug but had got worse until the cortisone was used. After 10 daily cortisone injections, the once crippled bull could walk normally. But when the treatment ceased, the pains returned. The drug is expensive and veterinary surgeons did not have enough to continue treatment, so the bull who was stiff with arthritis, was stiffened permanently; he became beef.

SCENT FOR FOOD

Food can be detected at incredible distances by Arctic foxes, when their sense of smell is enhanced by hunger, it has been found. A hunter caught a fox in a trap baited with a bird. He went back over the fox's tracks in the snow and found that it had scented the bait five miles away. After smelling the bird, it changed its course and travelled in a straight line for the bird. He got the bird all right. What's more, he got the brush-off. Which points to the moral: "Never put your nose in other people's business." The bird was scented and the fox was sent off.

HOLLYWOOD ON THE TIBER

They make quick films, pay in IOUs, which are not always honoured, but all in Italy clamour to become film stars.

MARCIA McEWAN

A GENTLEMAN from the West Coast of America sat at a gay little table of an outdoor cafe on Rome's Via Veneto. He was sipping coffee espresso half a world away from home. Glancing about him at the many familiar faces he remarked gently: "Hollywood on the Tiber, I presume."

The name, repeated with gusto by fugitives from high taxation in Hollywood, America and echoed proudly by the local film fraternity, stuck.

Rome, the love of the poets, haunt of archaeologists and Mecca of Christian pilgrims, is in this year of grace 1954 ad. one vast movie lot Italian, Italian-American, Italian-French, British film companies and a flock of undeniable small concerns which explode into being and as rapidly fade out, are making films in Rome. The Yanks have been taking advantage of the 18 months' tax concession for Americans working abroad. Everyone is taking advantage of Italy's possibilities for making movies on a shoe-string budget.

Always excepting the handful of big-name stars, Italian actors can be hired more cheaply than those in Britain or Hollywood. Technicians work longer for less, and the colourful landscape steeped in sunshine makes outdoor shooting possible for eight months of the year, which means a saving on expensive
studio lighting. From the island of Lipari to the cobbled piazzas of Tuscany and the fortress towns of Sardinia, ready-made movie sets are to be had for the asking, or, considering their authenticity, reasonable payment.

It is difficult to take a peaceful coffee on the Veneto these days and listen to the lifting, musical Italian tongue. The most common language now is American. It is even difficult to find a room for undisturbed meditation on the glory of the past everywhere, one bumps into generators and trams overhead miles of electric cable.

Once in a single afternoon I encountered an Italian company making a swordfighting saga on top of Castel St. Angelo; Vittorio di Sica up at the marble and glass railway station directing Jenny Jones and Monty Clift in "Terminus Station"; and Audrey Hepburn, plus Director Wyler, camera crew and several generators, buying flowers from a vendor on the Spanish Steps "Roman Holiday" was in the making then and Rome was beginning to talk about that "film beauty," that "tech quality" which has since won Audrey an Oscar.

The film industry was one of the first of the Italian industries to rise Phoenician-like from the ruins of war directors such as Rossellini and di Sica gathered together their scrappy crews, tidied up what was left of the sound-stages of their film city, picked their stars off the streets and turned the misery of a nation into art. Remember how "Shoeshine", "Bicycle Thieves", and "Open City" made the reputations of Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi, Rossellini and di Sica and were hailed by critics as setting a new aesthetic standard for motion pictures.

Such films have passed away with the times that made them possible and a new type of film is coming out of Italy. The slick, commercial feature instead of "Bicycle Thieves", we have "The Black Pirate", and "Seven Deadly Sins", instead of "Open City", a new type of film that sets Italy as a country where there are never enough jobs nor time to go round.

However many Italians with money regard their cinema industry as a get-rich-quick scheme. The magic formula for doubling your dough without working for it is to form a company, get hold of a story of some sort, a few actors and technicians, and make a film. Even if the film is bad it will sell sufficiently to give the producer-speculators their money back and a bit more.

A nest little system of paying off employees makes certain that the investors don't lose. It is possible to buy from any bank, newsagent or tobacconist an official I.O.U called a cambiale which is a legal form of payment and must be honoured after a certain date. Some movie companies pay their crews and actors with cambiale. Only too often the date of payment arrives and no cash is forthcoming. The unlucky holder of a wad of cambiale may prosecute but who is he going to prosecute? The film has been sold, the speculators have reaped a profit and the company which issued the notes has been dissolved. Into thin air.

So still the industry holds out the lure of fame and riches to a poor people. Every second woman in Rome, and nearly as many men, dreams of becoming a film star. It is the era of "linds" and quick rises to stardom. Teenage Rosanna Podesta, of the voluptuous figure, piquant face and rumpled ragazzo haircut, is the most recent elevation to the screen constellations.

A year ago Rosanna was just another of the dozens of beautiful girls studying at the Experimental Centre school for actresses, jostling with other extras for a place close to the camera. Suddenly casting directors (past-masters at viewing curves six feet away through a telescope and reading nothing) discovered Rosanna under their noses. She played a couple of supporting roles, shot to stardom as the tragic passionate heroine of "Love Story", has been featured in top American magazines and is on her way to becoming one of the first ladies of the Italian cinema.

The Italian cinema industry has very little conscience about its "finds" when they have served their purpose. The story of the boy or girl, man or woman, picked off the streets, out of the slums or the fishing villages to play a particular character, elevated to stardom in a day, fed, paid more money in a week than they would earn in a year, then dropped without explanation or even thanks, you back into obscurity and poverty is a common story. Despite the cast-aside stars and worthless cambiales, the Romans are earning good money in their new industry even if they only work as extras. When a new film is being cast, the offices at Cineteca are crowded with hopeful applicants.

Even the impoverished aristocracy have concluded that one may work for the cinema without loss of dignity.
I eavesdropped on this conversation in a casting office. A gracious, beautifully-gowned, lovely woman approached the assistant casting director, offering him her card: "I am the Countess So-and-So," she murmured. "I am not asking for special consideration for the part but would you mind showing me some place where I can wait alone. My maid is also applying for the part and I wouldn't like her to see me here... especially if she were successful and I not."

Such incidents occur so frequently that assistant casting directors have developed a special instinct for picking screen-struck nobility and with great dexterity showing them to a private room where they need not fear embarrassing encounters.

Princiello families such as the Colonna's and the Odescalchi's have turned their ancestral castles, which dot the hillsides round Rome, into assets by hiring them out as movie sets. The beautiful ballroom of the press reception sequence of "Roman Holiday" was no studio fake but the grand ballroom of the centuries-old Colonna palace. Director William Wyler hired it for several hundred thousands of lire a day.

The journalists who met the "princess" were also authentic. If, during the shooting of that scene, Vesuvius had blown its top, there would have been scarcely a soul on the Foreign Press building to give the news to the world. Ten pounds a day and a chance to calculate at close range the distance round La Hépburn's tiny waist had tempted the hard-headed foreign correspondents to play themselves.

It is said that Audrey Hépburn will bring back the "boyish" figure, but all those correspondents would have worked for nothing to get as close to Italy's Gina Lollobrigida.

Together with Gina Lollobrigida, the versatile Anna Magnani and classically-beautiful Silvana Mangano are queens of the Italian screen. They hold their places against all the rive, young beauties directors can "find" or acting schools manufacture. Of the three, Gina is Italy's highest paid screen actress.

Apart from her distinctive shapeliness, Gina is famous for her liquid dark eyes, her addiction to letters and her string of nicknames. To the English-speaking community of Rome she is "The Treasure Chest of Italy". The Roman, with cold, secretive wit refer to her as their daughter "Gina Pectores", and tough guy Humphrey Bogart, who can't get his tongue round Lollobrigida, simply calls her Frigidina.

Hollywood, America, has tried to lure Gina and several other shapely ladies away from the rival film city but all have turned down the offers.

Rome has earned and intends to keep the title, "Hollywood on the Tiber".

"Rome has the title, but Venice presents the Oscar. This year's summer International Film Festival in August was the fourteenth since Venice's initial attempt to turn moving pictures to the aesthetic level of still art." Movie studios all over the world, with Hollywood well represented, sent their best films to compete for the Golden Lion of St. Mark. Maybe the Golden Lion will, one day receive more public acclaim than Hollywood's Academy Award.

If you go east from Kohima, in Assam, where the tea plantations are, and follow a track past Pea, you will reach the territory of the Nagas.

More probably, however, you won't reach it, because white people aren't ordinarily permitted to go into that wild land of savages, punctuated in parts by strange spots of Western ways.

If, by the remotest chance, you should reach Lurum and cross the border into Burma, you will be in head-hunting country. About the only thing that might save you would be if you could work magic, or had with you a large supply of salt, which is far more precious than gold to these wild people. Even then treachery would probably follow.

The Nagas are a mixed race, spread over a big area of the Assam and Burma hill country. These in the western half are quiet, thrifty people, but very naive. They are tough, wiry, and hardworking. For these children of Nature the quintessence of bliss are some bright beads and colourfull new saris.

The western Nagas are not headhunters or cannibals, like their eastern namesakes. The influence of white men tainted and partially refined them, a few of whom have been given some simple education.

They drink beer in bamboo containers. It is an effervescent brew.
An Aussie was sitting in a restaurant in Italy just after World War II and he noticed a sign on the wall, "Guerra contra la mosca," which means "war against the fly." When the food was served a swarm of flies settled on it. The Aussie drew the waiter's attention to the sign on the wall. "Yes," sighed the waiter, "we lost that war too.

made from crushed and fermented rice, and looks like watered milk. Those who have tasted it say that it is very potent.

Because their country is hilly, well-watered country, there is a profusion of flowers—orchids and primroses mainly.

Naga men, particularly the older affairs. They consist of palm-thatched huts huddled together. The walls and floors are made of lehus of bamboo or mud-plastered reeds. A few, just a few, are more pretentious. The chief's residence and the storehouse are constructed out of heavy wooden planks.

Naga moral laws are loose, judging by our standards, but these loose morals apply only to unmarried people. Marriage is sacred and breaking of the marriage vows means severe punishment.

Main men, particularly the older men, are considered a special brand of Naga tobacco in a very special and quaint Naga pipe. Obviously this habit came from the first white men who ventured into their hilly territory.

On the whole, these western Nagas are not unfriendly. Undoubtedly the white man has done much to break down their isolation and hostility.

Their tribal customs persist, in the same way as do the Australian abors' corroborees. Once a year they have a sacrificial ceremony, not with human beings, but with a rat or monkey as the oblation. While the victim is being led through the village "street," their dogs hang the walls and roofs of their huts for the purpose of frightening away the evil spirits.

The rodent or simian is then taken to a large stone on the outskirts of the village, and there it is killed, disembowelled, and crucified. Thus sacrifices, the Nagas believe, will absorb all their own sickness and suffering during the year ahead.

But their western counymen—those between the border and the Indus River and beyond—are warlike, murderous, and steeped in outrageous cruelty. They eat human beings, dogs, and snakes. But women under 50 years of age are not allowed to eat meat when they reach the half century they may gorge as flesh-eaters to their hearts' content.

These headhunters and cannibals have been known to collect as many as 84 heads in one month, most of them formerly belonging to their dark brown enemies, for very few white adventurers make their way into this dangerous region of the Naga hills.

The eastern Nagas fight among themselves, not with their rats, but with ugly lethal weapons. They use long thin spears, darts, a primitive kind of cannon, crossbows, and arrows. The arrows are poisoned with aconite, snake venom, and rotted herbages and possess a nick at the top so that they will break off when they strike the bone.

The cannon are made of bamboo lashed with stripes of leather and cane. They are loaded with gunpowder (from whom they get that is anybody's guess), pebbles, and flintstones. These cannon can only be used once.

Among these Nagas might is right, and treachery is an accepted trait in their lives. If they be well armed and have a grudge against someone, maybe a neighbour, or even a relative, they will spring their attack without hesitation or warning.

This savagery is a romantic setting—beautiful valleys and gorges, blue hills, oaks and pines, and flowers in abundance. Per contra, panthers, other jungle animals, and snakes are in profusion.

Estimated population of the Naga Hills is believed to be about 100,000 (including about 3000 Kukis, who are said to be out-Naga the eastern Nagas in savagery), but nobody knows the real figures.

When Britain ruled India and Burma, administrators did their best to control and tame the unruly Nagas, and several times they paid for it with their lives.

Sometimes the dark-skinned warriors (usually fine specimens in physique, with tough muscles) would fall out westwards across the plains in search of human beings and their property, ambush their victims, and carry them away to the valley below, or into the remoteness of their hill villages.

In 1873 a survey party under Lieutenant Holcombe was treacherously massacred by the Naga Ngets soul returned. In January, 1878, a force escorting another survey party under Captain Butler went out on a similar mission to that of their unfortunate predecessors. The force and the surveyors were violently attacked by the tribesmen, but were unsuccessful on this occasion. Later in the same year, however, before the survey had been completed, Captain Butler of the Indian Army was cut off from his comrades, and was promptly killed by the Nagas.

In 1878-80 Deputy-Commissioner Darman was waylaid and murdered by these savages. For this the British authorities exacted sharp punishment on the tribe; but it failed to teach them a lesson. Shortly afterwards they murdered a tea planter, and committed other outrages.

Subsequent patrols by white men have been made, but the eastern Nagas have remained untamed.

It was on the rugged terrain of the Naga Hills that much fighting took place in World War II.

Many an Allied airman crashed in the primitive jungles and on the hillside where the Naga people dwell. Frequently search parties were sent out to look for them, but with only occasional success. Sometimes the searchers, though heavily armed, were ambushed by the cunning eastern Nagas, and lost their lives.

Those Nagas were no respecters of persons. All were treated alike. The Japs barged their way through by sheer force of numbers and weight of armaments. But when the Jap retreat came, it wasn't exactly orderly, and many fell into the hands of the Nagas, who chopped off their heads.

Since the war a few brave men have risked the jaws of death among the eastern Nagas. Peter Punney, a young Australian, was one. In his book "Dust On My
Shoes", published in Sydney a year or two ago, he tells of his escapades at the hands of the savage Nagas.

In company with a friend, this adventurous and superbly courageous young man passed through the head-hunting Naga village of Lungphurr, where he was received by the chief and elders, together with crowds of men, women, and children, while a row of grinning human skulls, "grisly with their newness" were being displayed on a long pole by a tree. Bamboo stakes protruded from the eyes, and each head was pierced vertically by a stake which fixed it to the pole.

The white men had with them a silver meat-chopper. With a look of blood-lust in his cruel eyes, the chief felt the sharp edge, and weighed the chopper in his hand. The white men presented this instrument of execution to the chief Naga, half expecting that it would soon be used on their white necks, and that two more skulls would be grinning and gaping on the long pole.

Mr. Pinney's friend filled a prized glass vessel, belonging to the chief, with water from a bamboo container. Then he squatted on the floor, and with one finger, drew "magic" patterns in the dust. As he did this he slipped a few crystals of permanganate of potash into the glass bottle, shook it, and held the bottle above his head for all to see.

At the change of colour to purplish scarlet the savages were dumbfounded. When the white man added a purgative tablet which made the concoction effervesce, the Nagas were convinced that the water had been made to boil. Finally, when the white man drank the lot, the gaping audience was completely mesmerised by the magic of it all.

Just to complete the performance, the chief was given four paludrine tablets, after Mr. Pinney's friend had eaten one himself by way of encouragement. The chief swallowed them cautiously, and held his belly tightly.

After that the white men were feted with a feast, singing, and dancing, and they got away with it, departing in peace from the formidable men of Lungphurr who, only a month before, had descended on a Kula village in Burma, and had taken 19 heads, including that of a pregnant woman. . .

The Naga Hills make up an area of about 6400 square miles. The eastern Nagas have not yet been subdued, less still conquered, by white men—and perhaps they never will be. Now that the British have left India and Burma, the chances of bringing the Naga people as a whole into a state of semi-civilisation have become the more remote.

It is known that coal, limestone, chalk, and slate abound in that wild region of the world. Judging by the way in which the affairs of Mother Earth are developing, it seems probable that the existence of such natural mineral wealth will not go untouched and untapped for long, and that, eventually, someone will clear the decks, and export the treasure. But before that can happen, the eastern Nagas will need to be subdued.

There is a debt to pay off with the eastern Nagas. They have slaughtered many a white man who dared to trespass upon their domain. Worst of all they butchered men who were fighting for the freedom of the world, and that is a debt which, one day, should be repaid. But it won't be easy.
Unlike most of the other robbers, Gilbert had said his share of the gold for notes he was carrying 2,000 of bank notes of his own, plus £300 for Manns. He, of the three, was the only man armed, he wore a brace of revolvers.

When the two parties met face to face, Pottinger did not realize that his luck had changed. He asked casual questions about the starting point and destination of the travellers, while his suspicious eyes probed for some sign of delinquency, they found a prospect in the quality of Johnny’s horse. When the young bushranger (as yet unknown to the police) claimed to have bought it, Pottinger wanted to see a receipt.

Johnny blushed. He had made a show of appealing to a pocket, but he gave his spirited mount a free rein and a touch of the spurs. It jumped to the gallop, but slow-thinking bushman, Manns and the innocent Gilbert had failed to react until too late. They found themselves powerfully opposed by the police patrol, while Johnny, his pack-horse abandoned, raced away for half a mile, ignoring Pottinger’s calls to halt.

When he did look back, Johnny saw that the other two were prisoners, and the first thing that occurred to his reckless mind was rescue. Three armed policemen on the alert were too much for young Gilbert to tackle alone, he knew that he must get help.

Standing high in the code of the Australian-born bushranger was the principle of not deserting a mate in distress. It was one on which Frank Gardiner, the first local-born, after Peasley, to achieve outlaw status, laid great stress.

Gardiner had exacted a grim penalty for a flagrant breach of the code in that respect in April of that year. On the 19th of that month, the bushrangers, Davis, Connors and Mc Guinness, known as the “Three Jacks” were surprised by police at Brewer’s shanty at Burrangong. They ran, but Davis was wounded in the thigh, the other two reaching their horses and making good their escape.

Davis crouched behind a tree to fight it out. He wounded Detective Lyons, but, seeing he was deserted, he surrendered. Mc Guinness had previously been “outlawed” by Gardiner for shooting in a hold-up against him. He boasted from that part of the country, later being shot dead by a black-trackler.

Connors hid in a cave in the Forest, but Gardiner found him there. He gave Connors a chance, man to man to gun. He shot Connors through the heart.

But the code was not always honoured. “German Bill”, the only outlaw whom Morgan was known to have had, was shot by that bushranger so that he would not fall into the hands of the police. A similar suggestion has been advanced with regard to Bill Scott, of Clarke’s gang. Scott was known to have been wounded in a police chase, and he was found dead, but from other wounds. Tom Clarke was regarded as a brutal, ruthless killer, and the theory that he had killed Scott to prevent his lieutenant falling into the hands of the police and giving evidence against his leader received widespread acceptance, but it was not necessarily sound.

When Scott died, Clarke made the cruelest of murders and his “posse” of three special constables, were mostly known and were ample to justify the rope as penalty. There was little Scott could tell that the police did not know. Two other theories, however,
can find support within the "code". Scott may have shot himself, 
knowing that he was a serious handicap to his mates, because of 
his wounds, if dead, they would be under no obligation to stand by 
him, endangering their own liberty.

Alternatively Scott may have begged Clarke for a bullet, much 
as Mickey Burke, mortally wounded during Ben Hall’s attack on 
Kightley’s Homestead, twice begged desperately to be killed, 
rather than lie alive for the police to take him.

Gilbert now put his horse to the run. Nine hours later, he 
reached O’Meally’s shanty, having covered 70 miles. He found Gar-
dner, Johnny O’Meally, Ben Hall, Johnny Bow, and Alec Fordyce 
drinking at the shanty, Dan Charter, the eighth man of the escort 
robbers, was not there. On a fresh horse, Johnny led the bunch back 
to the rescue. By nine o’clock next morning he had ridden 130 miles, 
and six determined men were lying in ambush in a patch of mulga 
by the roadside on Sproule’s station, waiting for the police.

Rather than risk a night ride with his prisoners and the booty he had 
taken from them, Pottinger put up for the night at Marool 
station. Manns had given the name of Turner, and Charles Gilbert that 
of Dacey. Pottinger took no risk of either of them making a 
Sudden bid for freedom when the journey was resumed next morning. 
They were handcuffed, their hands were secured to the pommels of 
the saddles, and they were mounted on the poorest horses.

The horses of the prisoners were roped loosely together, and De-
tective Lyons led them by a halter. Lyons took the lead with the two 
prisoners. He was followed by the three captured pack-horses, with 
Mitchell and Pottinger having them along. The Inspector kept the gold 
and notes which he had taken from the prisoners in a valise on his own 
saddle.

Gardiner gave a perfunctory order to bail-up, but he followed 
it immediately by a stark command to fire. Six guns blanked from the 
bullets, and Lyons’s horse plunged, pitching the rider; although wounded, it bolted, taking the 
detective’s revolver in the saddle-holster. As Lyons fell to the 
ground, the two policemen at the rear raced their horses back for 
50 yards; they kept on trading shots until their ammunition was 
exhausted, then they rode away. Pottinger deciding to make sure of the 
captured gold, it being evident

At the point of the gun, Lyons reluctantly unlocked the handcuffs. The 
captured detective was not harmed in any way, he was left on the road when the bushrangers 
and Charles Gilbert galloped off. Pottinger and Mitchell having previously ridden to Quandary station 
for help.

Charles Gilbert lost no time in getting back to peace and honesty in Melbourne, thence, with Johnny, 
to New Zealand.

In riding for help, Johnny Gil-
bert displayed more discretion than did Larry Cummins, one of Lowry’s 
gang, about a year later. Larry’s brother, John, was arrested out of 
Goulburn and was being escorted by three policemen when Larry 
attempted a single-handed rescue. From ambush, he shot to kill the 
sergeant in charge, but the bullet whistled past the officer’s ear and 
lodged in John Cummins’s head.

On that same day, August 5, 1883, Gilbert figured prominently in 
another rescue attempt Ben Hall, the actual leader of the gang 
at the time, was hiding with a 

ooted log, but Gilbert, O’Meally, 
John Vane, and Mickey Burke were 
camping on the track. Burke’s 
brother was one of three prisoners 
travelling by mail coach under escort from Cowra to Bathurst. 
Two constables with rules and revolvers were inside the coach with 
the prisoners who were manacled. Constable Shannon was mounted 
caret, and Sergeant Morissett, with a rifle, rode on the box seat.

Mickey Burke was detailed to 
ward the coach, while the other 
three, Gilbert and O’Meally on 
steel racehorses and Vane on a 
tolen police horse, lay in wait for 
the coach 27 miles from Bathurst. 
When they jumped the coach, the 
driver ignored their order to stop, 
he whipped up his team, the ser-
gent and the two constables open-
ing fire with rules from the vehicle, 
while Sutton used his pistol to 
try to stop Gilbert.

Of all the outlaws who roamed 
the Australian bush, Gilbert was 
probably the most deadly shot with 
either rifle or revolver. With Saint 
Von’s lead flying at him, Johnny 
crouched low over his horse’s 

withers and fired under its neck, the 
bullet ripped Sutton’s right arm and broke a rib, and the 

ca faucade, October, 1954
PATTERNS OF PULCHRITUDE
Below:
KATHLEEN HUGHES,
Universal starlet and model.

Right:
LIZ McKEE
Cover girl and model.
Dan picked hangmen’s garb for a Hollywood masquerade. But when the Grim Reaper turned up, Dan’s make-believe role turned into a mask for murder.

The black hangman’s hood slipped neatly over my head. It had a funny, stale old smell that rang a bell somewhere deep inside you. Like when a German 88 hits the stone jail in one of those little Italian hill towns, and knocks loose the sour, stinking dust of hundreds of years.

“How do I look?” I asked Trask, who was busy getting himself up as one of the Three Musketeers, complete with wig and rapier. Trask took in my seckloth robe, the long cuffed whip at my belt, and the eyeholed hood covering my head and shoulders.

“Like a hangman,” he said shortly. “And let me be the first to break the news to you, Hammond. That’s no way for a newcomer to get along in Hollywood.”

I made a vulgar noise through the hangman’s hood.

“Llewellyn tells his party guests to wear something that suits their mood,” he reminded me, jerking a thumb at the costumes lying around on the Italian Renaissance furniture of Scott Llewellyn’s huge master bedroom. “You better try something else.”

“This suits my mood,” I said.

Trask shrugged. “So you pass up a Broadway part? So you spend the last of your Army discharge pay wild goose chasing out here after what you thought was major studio bid. That happened before in Hollywood. It’s part of the game. Why be a sorehead? Unless, of course, you like being one.”

That struck close enough home to sting. My jaw muscles began knotting up like walnuts again, as they had that afternoon, when I’d been informed Hollywood did not want me.

I hit back at Trask. “Maybe you’re the guy who ought to choose something else,” I kidded.

It was my turn to jerk a thumb at the dozens of costumes lying around. We were late-comers to the party, but there was plenty of wardrobe left. Besides another hangman’s outfit just like mine, you could take your choice of being anything from a tinbown gambler to a medieval cardinal.

“What do you mean?” Trask wanted to know, suspiciously.

“That D’Artagnan stuff fitted you once. You used to be a roistering lad, and quick with a buck when we were pals back in New York before the war. But now that you’ve hit the Hollywood dough you squeeze a nickel so hard the buffalo grunts.”

Trask flushed. He didn’t have a comeback and he knew it.

“You should dress up like my Scotch uncles, who was a chartered accountant.” I needed sarcastically.

With that I walked away, straight into the arms of Old Dame Trouble, my partner for the evening.

A tall carved wooden screen stood by the door of Scott Llewellyn’s master bedroom. As I passed it, it tottered and swayed. Behind it a scuffle was going on.

Somebody gasped. “No! Please, I won’t—” And a blow cut him off.

I got a sideways glimpse of a white-faced guy in Venetian mask’s dude sliding out the door. Then a little man in jester’s cap and bells staggered around the other end of the carved wooden screen.

Sobbing for breath, he doubled himself over, with both hands hugging his ribs. His throat made animal noises.

Sticking out between his fingers was the fancy basket hilt of a dagger. The little man’s wide, loose-lipped mouth tried to frame a word and couldn’t. His eyes were slots of agony.

For a second I thought of taking out after the guy in Venetian mask’s costume. But the little man with the knife in his guts fixed that. He grabbed me and tried to hold himself up.

“Trask,” I yelled.

The little guy hung on to me, drooling pink bubbles now Trask came up behind me on the double.

“What’s the matter?”

“Somebody’s driven a shiv into him,” I gulped, feeling sick. “He’s hemorrhaging from that lung.”

I swore at Trask for just standing there while pink froth dribbled from the little man’s lips. Rising on hands and knees to the floor, I tried to unwrap his fingers from the hilt of the dagger. “Let go,” I urged him. “Every time you move it you slice a bigger hole in your lung tissues.”

He ruffled out a groan through more bloody saliva, and his fingers sought me in spasms for that knife.

I won. The basket hilt came away in my hand.

It had no blade. I stood up, staring.
at it stupidly. Costume stuff, with
just a clip to fasten it to a phony
snobhead.

Behind me, in the doorway, they
began to laugh. The white-faced
guy dressed as a Venetian and a
few more bowing rhibsters with
hugeball glasses in their hands.

The little gent in cap-and-bells
picked himself up off the floor, a
foxy sneer on his white lips

"Go back to the bar, Symes," somebuddy suggested. "Get another
mouthful of pink Grenadine and
have some more hemorrhages for
us. He's dumb enough to fall for
it again!"

A hot wave of prickly heat
crawled up my back. I dropped
the basket hilt, collar, Symes
"Remember the punk shepherd who
cried 'Wolf, Wolf,' and what hap-
pened when he found himself with
the McCoy on his hands?" I
snorted. "It could happen to you,
but"

I slung him away from me like
a bakkies bag, and laid hold of
the white-faced Venetian lad. "Never
pull a gag like that on a guy who
is trying to forget a war, pally.
I heard my own voice saying, dry
and far away. Then I back-handed
him one across the mouth that
hounded him off the wall.

The white-faced lad touched his
bleeding lips to see if they were
still there. His tongue investigated
too

"How does it taste?" I inquired.
"Like Grenadine?"

The black, brilliant eyes in that
white face shot me a look of
steelled fury. His fat jowls seemed
to swell like a toad's.

"Track shoved between us, his
blue eyes serious. "He's got war
craves, Delatorre," he protested.

The other rhibsters piled in be-
tween us, too, everybody talking
at once. Track yanked me out into
the hall. "Of all the jerks in Holly-
wood," he growled, "you would
have to pick Delatorre."

"Who's he that he can't be belted
around a little when he needs it?"

We were out in Llewellyn's
drawing room now.

"I'll explain later," said Track
shortly. "If you don't learn for
yourself before the evening's out." L

LLEWELLYN'S drawing room was
as big as a farmer's market,
with soft organ music coming from
outlets in the walls, and an oak fire
blazing in a huge fireplace.

Glass doors stood open to the
patio and rambling garden. Air
conditioning units hummed, giving
the heat from the fireplace the old
beave-bo out into the summer
night.

"Track muttered grimly in my
ear. "Here's His Nibs, holding
court. See if you can keep your
nose clean—for a change."

Scott Llewellyn, in gold breacade
mandarin's robes, sat surrounded by
a submissive throng of actors and
studio people, all in costumes
sent over by the wardrobe
department for the occasion. These parures
of Llewellyn's were regular affairs
You dressed as you felt, and
acted as you pleased.

"Welcome, gentlemen," Scott
Llewellyn pronounced, looking our
way with his snapping black eyes.

Llewellyn, one of the permanent
top dogs in filmdom, had managed
to retain a trace of youthful
enthusiasm in his black eyes long
after it vanished from his aging
cynical face. "Ah, Track," he said
smoothly. "Is there to see the hero of
my latest Technicolor opus. Who's
your hangman friend?"

I identified myself through the
hangman's hood. "Hammond,"
I said. "Don Hammond."

A man from the studio office
stepped close behind Llewellyn's
chair and whispered briefly. A
brown-eyed milkmaid I recognised
as Glenda Rhodes, the Hollywood
columnist, practically bent her ears
off trying to hear what he said.

I'd met the newspaper gal while
waiting in the studio offices, just
before I'd rone up for my
interview, and liked her.

Llewellyn's black eyes came back
to me. "Ah, yes, Don Hammond
New York City, and on his way
back Well, well, Hammond. I can
see why you'd be in a hangman's
hood. Yes, I can see that Give you
a chance to work that off in emmity."

"Empathy." I repeated.

"Empathy, the actor's art." Llew-
ellyn was outing now to the
circle around him. "The art of
putting yourself into the part you
play so deeply that you become
in truth the man you seem to be."

He returned to me. "Tell us,"
he requested, "do you feel like a
hangman?"

"Yes," I said.

"That black hood you have on," the
film mogul told me, "isn't from the
studio wardrobe like the other
costumes."

"No."

"No both hangmans' hoods are
from my private collectionrenal
museum pieces. They belonged to
some of the most skillful and popular
executors in English penal his-
tory."

The people nearest to me drew
back a little.

"How does it make you feel?"
Llewellyn persisted, in swed tones.

My thighs were quivering a little.
I took the rawhide coif of whip-
lash from my belt. "Take this," I
grunted, and threw a loop of the
whip around his neck.

Everybody made uneasy move-
ments, but nobody offered to stop
me. I tightened up a little. "This
reminds me of a story," I said
softly. And I leaned on the whip.

Scott Llewellyn sat there tense,
his fingers packing at the leash
of the rawhide around his throat.
"Story?" he gulped.

I tightened up another notch. "It
happened in one of those hill towns
in Italy."

"Tell me about it."

"Tell us, " he requested, "do you feel like a
hangman?"

"Yes," I said.

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"Story?" he gulped.
cold glasses of liquid refreshment, "I wish I'd clipped that guy twice here before the first nibble from a studio scout. You took too much for granted. Now you're hell bent the other way at the first impact of Hollywood's indifference to your genius."

I dashed under the hangman's hood. "Who said I was a genius? I'm just a good, well-schooled ham actor." She drew a card. "What happened to the G.I in your story? The one who had to be shot by a laddy because he couldn't stop playing Nazi?"

I could feel the sweat running on me under the hood. "He got over it," I told her huskily. "It wasn't a bad wound. The Army psychiatrist snapped him out of the other business. Last time we saw him in the hospital he could laugh it off."

"What happened to the real casualty, the lad who had to shoot him?" Glenda Rhodes wanted to know.

"He had to go on, didn't he?" she whispered. "He went on fighting through more little Italian towns. More towns with death and dust all over everything."

The cards fell slippery in my fingers. My tongue was remembering the rain taste of the country wine of the Italian hill towns "It's your play," I told Glenda Rhodes. "She drew a card. "Gin," she said, and laid her hand down. "Look," she went on matter-of-factly. "Why don't you get help to yourself? Shooting him pushed you a bit offside emotionally, and no wonder. But you don't have to stay that way. You see what you're doing, don't you?"

I picked up the deck of cards and shuffled. "Okay, what am I doing?" I stooped politely. But my heart hammered at my breastbone.

She shrugged. "You always jump the way you're pushed. Cool off. Get your feet under you. Why rush back to New York tomorrow, for example?"

"Maybe I just don't like Hollywood."

"Sure, Glenda Rhodes smiled. Sure, Hollywood is crazy. It has a fringe of jadakils like Delaforce and Symes. Any big money town does. But Hollywood is also a hard working place full of talent, and getting up early and hitting the road there's a place here for you if you play your—"

A mechanical whisper cut in on her. "Miss Glenda Rhodes," it said from up among the hand-bewn beams. I jumped a foot. "Miss Rhodes wanted on the telephone," the mechanical whisper announced.

The newspaper girl grinned at me. "I can see you aren't used to intercom systems in private houses. A little spooky at first, isn't it?"

She got up. "Excuse me I'll be right back."

Glenda Rhodes went through the hall door in the general direction of the drawing room.

I went on with my solitaire. I just put a red queen on a black king when the floor lamp behind me went out, plunging the room into darkness. Glad of a chance to let off steam a little by cursing, I got up and mumbled a bit of G.I language while fumbling for the floor lamp.

My fingers touched the parchment shade, then the switch. The light came on.

At first I thought I was looking at myself in a pier glass mirror. Somebody had sneaked into the room without my knowing it. The black hangman's hood looked the same. The sackcloth smock belted in at the waist looked the...
same. But something was wrong.

I stared. The eyes. The black glittering eyes peering at me out of the hood’s eyeholes... My eyes are blue.

That wasn’t all. I’d left my long, plumed whip lying on the table when we sat down to play cards. The hangman facing me had his in his hand, the loaded but PROFESSOR loose.

“What the hell?” I wanted to know. “Who are—”

Too late. I saw that loaded whip—

bust coming up. It caught me under the left ear. Bulbs jangled in my head. I went out again. But this time it wasn’t the door. It was me.

NEXT thing I knew I found myself wallowing around on my hands and knees in the dark. Vaguely I realized somebody’s footsteps were going away. Leaving me, crossing the room and going out into the garden.

My head hit the floor, knocking me over. It had been enough to find the light button and click it on.

The hangman with the black eyes had gone, but bed’s left a souvenir. Symes, still in cap-and-bells, hung by the neck from a ceiling beam. The little thresher’s toes dangled six inches over the refectory table. One end of my long whip had been knotted around his throat, the other around the hand-bewn beam.

I started to climb up and cut him down, then caught myself. Wait a minute, sucker! I thought. Why bite twice on the same gap? This is Hollywood and they know how to do these things.

A big breath of relief sucked back into my lungs. The Arctic breeze stopped blowing and went back to nowhere. I sat down to my game of solitaire, rubbing the side of my jaw where the other

hangman’s whip had tagged me.

“You treat the new boys kind of rough out here, Symes,” I remarked. “Don’t you ever get tired of corny gags like this?”

I laid a red eight on a black nine just as the hall door opened. Glenda Rhodes came back into the library. At her heels was one of the blonde stallets, tagging along maybe to get her name in Glenda’s column, I guessed.

“What in the name of—” gasped the newspaper girl, closing the hall door quickly, and going limp with her shoulders against it.

The pretty blonde stallet screamed a pretty little scream. Not too loud. Just right for a stallet.

Glenda Rhodes’ brown eyes looked almost black in a face gone white. “What happened?” she said quietly.

“Look,” I said, tapping the table where I’d laid out the name of solitaire. “If I shift this Queen of hearts over, will it work?”

The blonde stallet’s lips drew back in a frozen grin. She couldn’t take her eyes off Symes.

“Who is it?” Glenda Rhodes said in a dry, distant little voice. “Symes,” I told her. “Pay no attention to him. He’s just hanging around.”

“I’ll be glad when you’re dead, Symes, you mascal, you,” I added cheerfully, and slapped the dangling feet.

The cards fell out of my hand and scattered all over the floor. Only a dead man knows how to make his feet hang that limp.

The little ribber in cap-and-bells spun slowly. I saw his face for the first time. You couldn’t blame the blonde stallet for screaming. Symes wasn’t pretty, even alive.

Somehow I got him down, laid him on the floor.

The blonde stallet giggled in the first stages of hysteria.

My feet carried me toward the patio door before I knew it. Glenda Rhodes called after me, “Wait, Mr. Hammond! Don’t!”

I didn’t wait. I wanted Delatorre, by the throat. Before that silly little stallet might bring the law down on me with her first scream.

I plunged out into the big garden. Before I’d gone an arm’s length 50 yards I knew it was no use. I had no more chance as a breeze in a whirlwind. Only a 50-ton posse could find Delatorre in two acres of shrubbery in the short time left to me.

I headed for the tiled patio where a few couples still were dancing. A fat monk in brown robes looked familiar. I recognized him as a makeup man who lived across the hall in Trask’s apartment house. “I’ll scarce ‘em, pal, you hang ‘em!” he suggested happily as I passed.

“Okay,” I muttered. “Let’s begin with a guy named Delatorre. Have you seen him?”

“Noope,” he grumbled, wiping sweat from his bald spot. “Kind of ambitious for a beginning, ain’t your?”

I groaned. “Where’s Trask? Maybe he can help me find this Delatorre bird.”

“Noope again,” chucked the fat monk. “Trask don’t know where Delatorre is. Because when I left the apartment house a while back Trask was three-sheeting around the lobster. Nope, you gotta catch your own Delatorre, son, before you— Hey!”

I’d shoved him aside and broken like a quarter horse. Not 20 feet away from us, as we’d stood there talking, a black hangman’s hood glided along above the top of a clipped hedge.

I rounded the path at the end of the hedge in a spatter of flying gravel. The path behind the hedge was empty.

A dozen steps down this path and I walked right into Old Dame Trouble again. This time she looked like a redhead doll in a black face Spanish mantilla.

The redhead threw a full arm at my neck, seizing my jaw through the hangman’s hood. “Nasty, snoopie old thing!” she bellowed. “You—you old creep! What are you—a spy for Kinchell?”

I went back on my heels. “Haas?”

I remarked.

Her escort, a guy in cavalier hat and cape, put in his nickel’s worth. “After all, old man,” he protested. “Not very sporting to hang around and peep over budgees, do you think? To keep coming back, and paying and peering, ain’t—”

I gorged at them through the hood, then at the secluded little bower they’d just popped out of. “Oh,” I said. “You mean—”

“Yes, we mean!” snapped the redhead doll, and threw another athletic slap I ducked in time. They departed tumbling I let them go, then gunshoed into the lover’s bower in the darkness.

Hangman Number Two was the real alike. A match flared close to the ground under a bench. His black hood stood out of the night like something in a spooky dream. The match waved back and forth within a foot of the ground.

He heard me coming. The match went out. I jumped for where he had been and clutched empty air. He was gone, in the flash of time.

For a minute or two I floundered around the lover’s bower, the GI language stuck in my throat.

He’d wanted something in here. What? Why the match, low, close
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to the ground? What had he lost?
I laid a hand on the bench. It
was still warm where the red-
headed doll in the lace mantilla
and the cavalier had been sitting.
But why did Hangman Number?
Two scratch matches! Running a
hand over the grass under the
bench, I explored the ground inch
by inch.

My groping fingers found the
answer. It felt like a small rubber
cup on a short handle. I shoved
the gadget into my jeans and walked
toward the patio.

Glenda Rhodes was looking for
me at the entrance of the arbor.
She grabbed my arm: "Don Ham-
mond, you listen to me!" she
snapped.

"Where's Deltorre?" I wanted to
know, trying to shake her off.
She hung on: "What are you
going to do?"

"I'll take him apart, that's all!"

Right in front of the cops and
everybody. I'll make him sing!"

"The police?" she gasped. "Did
somebody call the police?"

It caught me off balance, flat-
footed. "Huh?" I fumbled. "You
mean, they're not—you mean every-
body in the place doesn't know
about Syxmes by now?"

"Certainly not," Glenda Rhodes
came back crisply.

I stood there, stumped physically
and mentally. "What's the matter?"
she said impatiently.

"I—I thought you'd take it for
granted I killed the little rat," I

"Well of all the knuckle-heads
that ever came to town," she said
in candid tones, "I only wanted to
tell you we'd have to work fast
before somebody pumped it on you."

I pulled the black hangman's
hood off my head, balled it up, and
threw it as far away from me
as I could. The air tasted fresher.

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CAVALCADE, October, 1954
now, than any I'd ever known.

My head began to work and work fast. "What about the blonde stewardess who saw Symes swinging in the library? Didn't she scream and start a hue and cry after me?"

"She would have," Glenda Rhodes admitted, "only I shoved her into a closet and locked the door on her.”

I laughed and meant it. It came all the way from the soles of my number tens.

"Look, Dan!" the newspaper gal pointed, grabbing my arm. "Another hangman!" A black hood parted the top leaves of a flowering jasmine that filled the night with perfume. A dozen paces away, Starlight gleamed on a thin steel blade. "Look out!" she added unnecessarily.

I'd already grabbed her. The flimsy stiletto zipped past us by inches, chipped paint from one of the white pillars of the arbor and clattered to the tiles.

I stooped for it. The gold hilt was ornate, set with semi-precious stones.

Glenda Rhodes panted, "Don't just stand there! Do something! Go after him!"

I held the stiletto up to the light in the arbor. "Venetian work, isn't it?" I remarked. "Seems to me I saw Delortore wearing one like this with that brave's costume of his."

"Don Hammond!" the newspaper gal said furiously, "If you let Delortore get away scot free after he tried to kill you, I'll never respect you as long as I live!"

"What do you want me to do? Go latching after him? No thanks." She made her hands into small fists and pounded my chest. "But you've got to!"

I grimaced down at her. "Now who's going off half-cocked?"

"What do you mean?" she wanted to know, assuming a sudden and phony dignity.

"I mean you can go back to the library and let the blonde stewardess out of the closet to do her screaming," I said.

"But Dan!" Glenda Rhodes pleaded. "Use your head! If I let her out, she'll yell blue murder! She'll have the cat out of the bag in ten seconds You don't know Llewellyn. He'll get tough with everybody. He'll order his servants to block every exit on the place and—"

"Swell!" I said enthusiastically. "But you need time! You need time to—"

"Look!" I said. "That's just what I don't need! Now do as you're told! Run along and let that girl out of the closet. Help her scream if you want to!"

She went. But she looked back over her shoulder at me as if we'd just said a last good-bye at the door to the San Quentin gas chamber.

The fat monk in the brown robes pushed me officiously closer to Scott Llewellyn's chair and stood back.

"Well, Hammond," the film mogul said blandly. "When you say you're in a hanging mood you really mean it, don't you?"

The other guests stood uneasily around in a semi-circle, leaving me alone to face our host Llewellyn's servants rode herd on us, standing at every door to make sure nobody powered before the cops arrived.

"You can't do this!" Glenda Rhodes said unevenly in the thick silence. "You can't! I heard you tell the butler to wait ten minutes before phoning the police!"

Everybody craned necks to look at her.

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Scott Llewellyn shrugged faintly and spread his hands. "What would you do, my dear?" he smiled. "It amounts to the same thing in the end."

She came back fiercely. "What it amounts to is that you're giving Mr. Hammond a ten minute trial for his life. You know that the evidence will crystallise and the witnesses will decide in their own minds, here and now, whether or not he is guilty. A court trial later will only put the stamp of legality on it!"

Delatorre, standing near Llewellyn, wore a nasty grin. His black eyes burned poison as he looked at me.

I saw Trask in the crowd. The D'Artagnan hat and plume kept me from seeing his face, but I knew he was worried and anxious. The angle of his head and shoulders showed it.

I spoke up for myself. "If it tickles your own sense of the dramatic to try me here now, go ahead," I told Llewellyn. "It tickles mine, too."

The crowd behind me breathed a gasp at that.

"Spoken like a trapper, Mr. Hammond," Llewellyn grinned slyly. "You have a very charming Portia to act as counsel for the defence, what's your evidence, if any?"

Glenda Rhodes took him up on it. "This!" she snapped, bringing out the jeweled stiletto. "It was thrown at Mr. Hammond out in the arboretum a few minutes ago."

May I ask Mr. Delatorre why the scabbard at his belt is empty?"

In the silence I heard Delatorre gulp. He hadn't expected this. He fumbled with the empty scabbard in amazement. "Anybody could have lifted it," he said sullenly. "In the bar or anywhere I would not have noticed."

"Why would any other person steal your stiletto to throw it at Mr. Hammond?" Glenda pursued.

I broke in. "To bait a hot head like mine along," I explained. "To get me thinking off on the wrong scent without stopping to think."

The newspaper girl stared. "Are you kidding?" she whispered faintly.

I shook my head. "If you hadn't punctured me, and brought me down to earth just then, I wouldn't have added up the facts in my possession. I'd have fallen for the stiletto gag. I'd have caught Delatorre and tried to beat a murder confession out of him. In the resulting confusion the real killer would escape and I'd go to jail. Only—"

"Only?" Scott Llewellyn leaned forward, his hands clenching the carved arms of the chair. "Only I'd begun to use my head. I saw how the killer had worked the gimmick."

"Go on," Llewellyn ordered, his thin face intent on me.

"First the motive," I said. "The motive," sneered Delatorre. "Was you being sore at Syne?"

"The motive," I corrected him,
'was to shake off a blackmailersymes for keeps.' 

"The killer saw me in the library with miss rhodes. He saw that the scene was set. Next he went back and slipped on the second hangman's outfit over his own costume. After that, he used the pay phone in the servants' hall to call llewellyn's house number, and get the butler to page miss rhodes out of the library on the intercom system. Then he hung up before she got to the phone."

"That's so," Glenda rhodes said quickly. "When I answered the telephone there was only the dial tone."

"Once she was out of the way," I went on, "I gave Simms a good clocking and called Symes in the bad Symes around, maybe wanting to play another practical joke. Symes found out how practical the joke was when he found himself strung up to the rafters."

"Who did it?" Llewellyn asked, his face grim as an eighteenth-century hanged judge's.

"Trask," I said instantly. There was a shuffling of feet. People only seemed to shift their stance a little, but Trask stood alone facing me through a lane in the crowd I stepped closer to him.

Llewellyn leaned forward, "Bring forth your proof," he ordered, "how do you know he's guilty?"

"Because Trask has blue eyes," I said. "The killer in the hangman's hood had black eyes. In fact he went out of his way to make me see he had black eyes."

"Explain," Llewellyn said thinly.

"How did you film Trask in Technicolour as a Sioux Indian? Blue eyes would stick out like a sore thumb."

"Contact lenses," the fat monk in brown robes grunted. "I remembered he was a studio makeup man. We gave him black lenses, and floated them on a brown caramel solution instead of his own chemical tear-formula, like they usually do. The caramel masks even the pupils."

I reached out and knocked the broad-brimmed d'artagnan hat off Trask's head.

Black eyes glittered at us. You would have sworn they were the McCoy. Even the hate inside him burned through those plastic orbs.

"Symes was blackmailing you, wasn't he, old champ?" I whispered.

Clumsily he went for the long rapier he wore as part of his costume. I hacked him across the bosom with the edge of my hand. The three-foot-long sticker dattered to the floor I kicked it away.

"That makes it easier," I sighed. "You're just cap meat now, Trask. Take him away, somebody!"

They did Llewellyn came back after seizing a guard of servants over him. "Look here, Hammond," he said, fingering the high collar of his brocade robe as if it felt too tight. "When you twisted that whip around my windpipe a while ago, you convinced me you could act..."

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**CAVALCADE, October, 1954**
Who said I was acting? I thought to myself.
"I'm going to give you a contract," Llewellyn announced, standing back to give me room to go into costumes.
"I'll send my agent around to the office in a couple of days," I told him.

Glenda Rhodes grinned and winked at me. She got it. I wasn't going to be hurried into anything.

Scott Llewellyn, still fingerling the gold top button of his collar, looked at me with new respect.
"By the way, will you tell me how you tumbled to Trask's dodge with the contact lenses?"

I dug the rubber-tipped stick of plastic out of my pocket. "I found this under a bench in the garden, where Trask seemed to be looking for something in a hurry. He must've left his milk of caramel solution there, and the dropper, and this vacuum cup for taking the lenses off. A couple of lovebirds knocked the stuff off the bench.

"Somebody told me Trask had been 'three-sheeting' in the lobby of his own apartment. To anybody who knows show business it meant he'd gone home in costume. What for? He wanted the contact lenses he'd had moulded to fit his own eyeballs for that Technicolour picture."

Glenda Rhodes interrupted, "That's why you bullied me into letting the girl out of the closet so she could give an alarm. You wanted Trask around up with the rest of us, quick. He hadn't worn those contacts much and wouldn't know how to get them off without the vacuum cup."

"Sure," I agreed, holding up the rubber gadget. "Black eyes were his alibi, and as long as I had this, he was stuck with them."

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CAVALCADE October, 1954
Tarawa Payoff

By H. Wolff Salz

THE pain-reddened fog lifted from his eyes slowly. Lying on his back, he stood up at towering dark buildings and thought, "What the hell are brick warehouses doing on Tarawa?"

His hands groped out beside him and he thought, "What's a concrete sidewalk doing where hot sands ought to be?"

The pain, though—the numbing pain that sliced upward from his hip to the base of his skull, and the wet sticky feel of leaking blood under him—that was unchanged.

He remembered slowly, a little incredulously, like reality probing tentative fingers into a nightmare. Tarawa and the hunk of Tp shrapnel in his hip were five months behind him. This was the States, and he was back on the force, where he'd been before the Marines Before Guadacanal, New Guinea, Tarawa.

No sense to it. Why was he stretched on his back staring at the stars? Why the fire in his hip? The leaking blood? Why was his head going around like a Fourth-of-July pinwheel?

Take it easy, Johnny Tobin. Take it easy.

Remember Gin-Eye Macklin? They had told Johnny about Corporal Wesley "Gin-Eye" Macklin when he woke up on the hospital ship steaming back to Hawaii. Johnny would have bled to death where he fell on the beach, if Corporal Gin-Eye hadn't scurried out into the open in the face of blustering machine-gun fire and draggedJohnny back into the foxhole.

You never did thank Gin-Eye for that little service.

What's the connection with now? With city sidewalks and dark warehouses? With the knife of pain in his hip and his head going around like a B-21 prop?

Scraps of memory penetrated the fog of pain like fast-moving scenes in a picture.

There was the rain-sodden trench, all the hell of war and the localised hell of bullets, shrapnel and bomb splinters near him.

He had been hit badly and Gin-Eye had saved him Yes, he owed Gin-Eye something.

Then, after his discharge he had joined the police force. He had been patched up physically and was sound as a bell, you had to be to be in the police force. And Ruth had been annoyed and upset about him joining the force.

Ruth and he had an argument and she refused to marry him unless he left the force and got a cushy office job "Weren't the foxholes and jungles and Japs enough excitement for you! Must you live your whole life doing a job where you'd never know when some rat's bullet will reach out

 HOW TO DO IT

KNOWHOW!

is what you get in the New magazine

Australian homemaker

ANtique Bargain Buying

Learn to remodel bargain furniture. you may buy at auction sales— for money, have the satisfaction of creating an attractive object from something old and discarded. An article which will definitely save you cash.

BUILD A TERRACE

Keith M. Johnson gives you all the information on how to build a pergola and how to make an attractive outdoor terrace. Both will add to the beauty of your home—they're easy to build too!

RECIPEs OF THE MONTH

Study the choice recipes sent in by readers OCTOBER HOMEMAKER presents them to you. Maybe you have a special recipe of your own you'd like to share with fellow readers Send it in

All this in OCTOBER issue

Australian homemaker

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for you in the dark!" she stormed.

They had compromised. If he became a sergeant in six months she'd marry him. "If you get the promotion," she agreed, "I'll at least know there's more of a future for you on the force than a lifetime of pounding pavements."

What's the connection with Corporal Gun-Eye, Johnny?

If his head weren't going around so fast maybe he could think Corporal Gun-Eye MacKin. He was a hero, coming home The Congressional Medal, Something about knocking off forty monkeys and bringing a Jap general back alive. It was all in the newspapers Corporal Gun-Eye was a local boy. He got a big spread, like he deserved.

Johnny Tchin sat up suddenly. His lungs emptied of air in a gasp of agony as pain hit his nerves.

The body was still there, awkward, Infatious, its middle-aged face white in the pale glow of the street lamp at the mouth of the alley, exactly as it had been before Johnny passed out. Like the words in the song, it all came back to him now.

He'd been patrolling along quiet, respectable Parkmoor Place when the man darted from the dark house and ran for a car. The second man who came from the house was wounded, shot in the shoulder. He had burst out the details to Johnny. He'd come home late with his wife and discovered the crook robbing his wall safe. The crook had fired one shot and escaped without the loot.

But he had left an apple core in the safe.

Johnny had used the house owner's motorcycle in the wild chase. Dark streets, screaming tyres, around corners on two wheels, and finally to this river warehouse district.

Johnny was after that crook—the crook they called the Apple Eater, because they did not know his real name, and because, they knew, he liked apples.

The Apple Eater was one of the smartest crooks in crime history. Always so careful with the jobs he pulled, but always left his signature, so that police would know who was responsible for the crime.

Funny thing, but, although crooks don't like to be recognised, although they use aliases, alibis and disguises, there is something of the egoist in them; they want credit for their crimes, so they get the credit, not under their own names, but under the character or the aliases they adopt. They leave designs, drawings or some other signature of identification.

The Apple Eater always left his quiver signature behind. An apple core. The man whose long series of jewel thefts had the top men of the force tearing their hair. And the commissioner had promised a promotion to the man who ended the Apple Eater's career.

He remembered thinking, as he sent a slug into the fleeing crook's rear tyre. This guy's for you, Ruth, for the promotion the commissioner promised, and the wedding bells and orange blossoms.

It all came back to him now—with a wrench that twisted his heart and a lump that choked his throat. The leap out of the roadster as the dozen sedans crashed into a door window. His quick shots as the Apple Eater jumped out of his car and darted for the alley. The crook's answering shots, and the slug that knifed into his thigh and crumpled him to the sidewalk. Then his last shot that brought the crook down like a clay pigeon.

The Apple Eater was dead when Johnny reached his side, from a slug that had gone through his heart.

Johnny remembered the slug Biting his lips against the pain that cut through his body, he crawled towards it, scooped it up and went back to the dead man's side. From the distance came the walls of sirens.

Johnny fought off the dizziness that returned with his movements. He wrenched the crook's gun from the stiffening fingers and laid his own gun on the cold hand. Painfully, he crossed the sidewalk, found the lip of the sewer at the curb and tossed the dead man's revolver in. The death slug from his own gun followed it.

The sirens were approaching fast. He inched back to the lifeless body, fumbled through the dead man's pockets. Nothing incriminating. Nothing left to do before the enveloping fog overwhelmed him. The wallet and let...
letter that still lay on the sidewalk beside the body had to be returned to the dead man's pocket.

The wallet with the identification card that said, Lester R. Macklin, and the V-mail letter that had travelled half way around the world from the South Pacific. The letter that started, Dear Pop and was signed, Gin-Eye.

Corporal Gin-Eye Macklin, who was following his letter home as a hero.

Two squad cars arrived at the same time. Somebody put an arm around Johnny, held him up.

Johnny heard himself talking, in a voice that sounded as if it came from a tomb. "The Apple Eater...chased him...shot his tyre. He ran to alley. I followed. He got me. That man...lying there...was walking by. I tried to help him...took my gun and started to chase Apple Eater. Apple Eater shot and killed him. Got away."

He heard a gruff voice growl, "Practically had the Apple Eater in his hands and let him get away! How do you like that?"

Another voice said, "You mean how'll the commissioner like that?"

"The first voice said, "This dead guy, here. He sure had guts, grabbing Tobin's gun and going after the Apple Eater. Plenty guts! Like a hero, if you ask me."

Somebody was helping Johnny to his feet. A tourniquet had been tied around his thigh. They were helping him towards a squad car. There was a blur in front of his eyes. The spinning wouldn't stop.

What was it he wanted to say to the dead man? He couldn't seem to think.

"That was for Gin-Eye," he murmured. "For services rendered."

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YOUR BRAIN CANNOT THINK!

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CAVALCADE, October, 1954
Saw a news item in the paper the other day. "Sold Teeth To Build Canoe" To me that sounds thisty.

And thpeaking—pardon, speaking—or words, it is always a good idea to keep your words suit and sweet, because you never know when you will have to eat them.

Here’s a good recipe, people: Wipe out dirty looks with soap and words, all powerful and if you are a good platform speaker you are popular. Of course, the secret of being a good platform speaker is to miss a train by three seconds.

Missing trains reminds us of punctuality, which is a great virtue. However, the trouble with being punctual is that there is seldom anyone there to congratulate you. Men are sometimes late for appointments, women always are. But they are late for the sake of appearance.

A statistician worked out that, if you are 85, you have, on the average about 17,000,000 minutes to live. When you manage to save a minute, you wager all those remaining minutes.

Speaking of chance, they say hardware is not a game of chance. But a good deal depends on a good deal.

Cards remind one of card sharps and card sharps remind one of gaol. In gaol there are more people charged with drunkenness than any other illegal activity. A temperance worker got on his soapbox one night and shouted, "Intoxication should be classed as a crime." Probably a good sentence would be in a prison without bars.

Probably drunkenness is the one thing common to all classes of society, from the home to the people who look down their noses through a lorgnette. You know what a lorgnette is—it’s a sneer on a stick.

They say that to reach top society you have to put your nose to the grindstone, and noses on the grindstone in one generation enable those of the next to turn up.

Like one fellow we know who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he swallowed it and he hasn’t stirred since.

At a prison concert one night the M.C. announced the next item—"Here’s the lifer of the party."

When the lifer came on stage he said several things to the M.C., then he asked him if he had got it. "Sure it’s all in my head," replied the M.C. "Then," said the lifer, "You’ve got it in a nutshell."

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