"Happy Motoring... starts with Atlantic Products"

That's because they're teamed together — to give you every ounce of power available, to prevent breakdowns, and to keep engines young. Get all your maintenance from your Atlantic Station. Use the Atlantic Stopwear Lubrication system — it's based on pure paraffin-base Atlantic Motor Oil, always on its metal with a smooth, wear-defying film.

Go Atlantic and Stay Atlantic for...
THE DANCER AND THE DIPLOMAT

PETER HARGRAVES

She could not dance well enough for classical ballet, but her beauty made her the toast of all Europe.

ANTONIO RUIZ, the Director of Dancing at the Teatro del Príncipe in Madrid, signed one morning late in 1849 at the unpleasant but necessary duty that confronted him. For two hours he had been testing a vivacious, beautiful, 19-year-old Andalusian half-gypsy girl for a position in the theatre's famed ballet.

Now he had to reveal that her ability was no more than mediocre and, while she would probably get many engagements on other stages where the patrons paid for beauty rather than dancing, there could never be a place for her at the Teatro del Príncipe.

A strange-looking pair, who now sat watching with adoring eyes as she danced, had brought the girl to Ruiz and demanded an audition. They were her mother—a plump, voluble, middle-aged old clothes dealer calling herself Catalina Ortega—and her mother's friend, Manuel Lopez, a former charcoal-burner, bandit and smuggler, but now a cobbler.

Catalina's dancing daughter, by her deceased husband Pedro Duran, a barber of Malaga, was named Josefita. Generally called Pepita, a Spanish colloquial form of Josefa, she was shortly to enter into a romantic and tempestuous liaison with an aristocratic English diplomat.

When told the Director's decision, Catalina Ortega flew into a rage. Was this, she screamed, the reward for her scraping and saving to pay for Pepita's dancing lessons and the expensive silk dress she had bought specially for the audition?

Embarrassed, Ruiz, as well as Pepita and Manuel Lopez, tried to pacify the enraged woman. As a last resort, the Director relented and said that if the girl went on with her lessons for a few more months he would see her again. He even volunteered to send one of his own skilled male dancers, Juan Antonio Oliva, to her house to provide the tuition.

Satisfied with this arrangement, the trio returned home to await the coming of Pepita's tutor. He proved to be a handsome, virile young Spanish only a year older than his pupil, with whom he immediately fell head over heels in love.

One reason for Juan Oliva's captivation by Pepita may have been the romantic rumours current in the district about her birth. A full gypsy, Catalina Ortega as a girl was reputed to have been the mistress of the Duke of Osuna. Many gave him the honour of being Pepita's father, instead of the harner Pedro Duran.

The prospect of linking himself, even remotely, with the fabulous Duke of Osuna would be an alluring one to the ambitious, social-conscious dancer, Oliva. A direct descendant of the Borgias on the Spanish side, the Duke still lived in the grand manner of his forebears. The splendour and extravagance of his household were legendary. He was so wealthy that he was able to travel from Madrid to Warsaw by coach and sleep in one of his own castles each night on the way.

The incongruity of such a noble and powerful old grandee fathering a child to a poor, ragged, grubby, shrewish gypsy girl—as Catalina Ortega had been—was not realised by the neighbours to whom Pepita's mother whispered the story.

Despite Oliva's terrors for a full year, Pepita could not improve her dancing sufficiently to make Antonio Ruiz take her into the ballet at the Teatro del Príncipe. All Oliva's pleading for her could not make him change his mind that the girl just did not have the necessary talent.

Enraged and out of loyalty to Pepita, Oliva returned his own position in the company. On January 10, 1851, they were married. Then, accompanied by Catalina Ortega and Manuel Lopez, the couple set out for Valencia, where Juan had the offer of a new engagement for himself.

Some weeks later, Juan Oliva returned to Madrid—alone. The idyllic love match between himself and Pepita was finished. Although they did not secure a divorce, they were never to resume married life together.

For a few months after the separation, Pepita's friends in Madrid heard nothing of her. Then suddenly her name was bawled through Europe. She was famous, successful and earning fabulous sums in Germany, France, Italy, and England as an exotic Spanish dancer, "The Star of Andalucia". The girl who could not get a job in Spain was acclaimed as "the greatest artiste to cross the Pyrenees".

After Oliva had left, Pepita made up her mind to test the opinion of Antonio Ruiz, that she would be a great success were the acclaimation depended on charm, personality and beauty rather than actual dancing ability. So leaving...
her mother and Lopez, she packed her dancing dresses and took a coach to Bordeaux, where she was immediately engaged in the leading theatre as a star attraction.

From there she went on an engagement to another, her popularity with entrepreneurs and audiences growing with each fresh appearance.

At Copenhagen, enthusiastic devotees unshackled the horses of her carriage and drew it through the streets themselves. The usual stolid German acclaimed her in Frankfort, Stuttgart and Berlin.

In London, on May 22, 1952, the Times announced: “First appearance of the Spanish dancer, Dona Pepita Oliva, direct from the Teatro del Principe”. Actually, Pepita’s only performance there had been an unhappy audition only a little more than two years before.

From her earnings, Pepita sent generous sums back to her mother, who had been continuing her dealing in second-hand clothes in Valencia since the break-up of her daughter’s marriage.

Soon Catalina, accompanied by Manuel Lopez, was able to go to the little village of Albolote, near Granada, buy a house, engage servants and assume the life of a lady of wealth and position.

It was during her season at Stuttgart in Germany that Pepita met the young British Embassy attaché with whom she was to fall madly in love and begin a romance that set half the tongues in Europe wagging.

The son of the Earl de la Warr and later to become Lord Sackville-West, his name was Lionel Sackville-West. Years afterwards Sackville-West revealed they had fallen in love at first sight.

In Albolote, Catalina spent most of her time honing her famous daughter. All the tradespeople and neighbours were regaled with tales of the large sums of money she earned.

Catalina boasted of Pepita’s conquests in love. Sometimes she said the recipient of Pepita’s favours was merely a mysterious “foreign prince”. At others she stated he was the Prince of Mazzini, the Prince of Bavaria or even the Emperor of Germany.

“That there was no such person as the Emperor of Germany at that time. It has been pointed out, it made no difference to Catalina. She had merely invented him some 15 years before he came into actual existence.”

Although Pepita’s acquaintance with the German nobility was neither as wide nor as intimate as her mother claimed, she did transfer her affections to a “foreign prince” for a few months in 1895. She was quite unable to remain faithful to one man exclusively, however much she might love him both before and after the many temporary affairs into which she strayed. Sackville-West knew her failings. He was always ready to let her return to him without a word of reproach.

The affair with the “foreign prince” occurred when Pepita went off to Munich to fulfill a theatrical engagement. Lionel, busy with Embassy affairs, had to remain behind and had reconciled himself to an unavoidable period of enforced continence.

But not so Pepita. “I was in Berlin,” Sackville-West later said, “when I heard that Pepita was living with Prince Youssoupoff at Munich. I meant to quarrel with the fellow, but was persuaded not to by an old servant.

“Instead I wrote to Pepita, expressing her on her conduct. She answered by letter, begging me not to make trouble, saying she was going to leave Youssoupoff, which she did.”

An appointment to the Paris Embassy enabled Sackville-West to set up Pepita in a permanent abode. He purchased a house at Arecibo and invited her and her children there as often as he could get away from his duties.

As she grew older, Pepita developed a passion for respectability. She could never marry Lionel, as her own and Juan Oliva’s religious scruples prevented them getting a divorce. She did call herself a “noblewoman” and have cards with “Countess West” and the Sackville coat of arms printed on them.

“The pathetic part,” her granddaughter has written, “is that, although she had her visiting cards, she had no one to visit. She was not considered respectable enough to leave cards on any of Lionel’s friends.”

In March, 1872, Pepita was expecting her seventh child Sackville-West could not get away from Paris, but had arranged to be informed by telegram of the birth and the condition of Pepita and the baby.

On the sixth of the month, he was advised of the safe arrival of a son. Two days later, another telegram bluntly told him that mother and child had both died.

Nearly frantic, Pepita’s lover obtained leave of absence and rushed to Arecibo. He arrived and entered the room where she lay, with the waxy figure of the dead baby beside her, and surrounded by praying servants and her other weeping children.

“He ran forward,” says his grand-
THE MAN WHO BEAT A HOODOO

RHYS BRADSHAW

Two men and a shark died, and each of the three was in possession of Watson's watch. Was it coincidence?

MOST men have their struggles. In their pursuit of achievement and success they go up one step and drop back two. The dogged ones who last realise that they have to accept so much adversity, so many failures, it's all part of the process of getting to the top. And commonly the set-backs are bred by the narrowness of ambition itself. The man makes his troubles, they do not happen to him by chance.

To Henry Watson they did. He was a man who worked hard all his life. Mild, sensitive, but deeply determined, he started from nothing and gradually improved his fortune until he was able to buy a business. It failed. He tried again, and built another. It also failed. Again and again he tried, but without success.

It wasn't that he lacked acumen. The business, in fact, would have prospered, and then out of nowhere, without apparent cause, came the first ruinous blow. Watson could not understand it. He put it down to incredibly bad luck. But it seemed to be more than that. It was as though some malign spirit was actively exercising its evil power in his life—something outside himself, something smacking of duress.

Watson was unsure of where next to turn and spent weeks boggling in indecision when he finally decided to set up business as a watchmaker in Shoreditch. It was a profession he had learned in his youth. The practice went well; he had more work than he could handle, and he became rapidly influential. Two years went by, and Watson felt that at least he had shaken off the yoke. But the evil force that seemed to spin around him as a planet around the sun was ready to strike in a way stranger than ever before.

It all began the day some fishermen on the river Thames near Poplar dragged a shark into their boat. It was still alive but so sick as to be harmless. Over nine feet long from nose to tail and more than six feet around the thickest part of its body, it was the largest shark ever taken in the Thames.

That was enough cause for extraordinary interest, but when one of the fishermen, wondering what had caused its sickness, opened its belly with a knife, the spectators exclaimed with surprise horror, and then surged forward, avid with curiosity. No less amazed, the fisherman drew from its innards a silver watch, a metal chain, and a cornelian seal as well as several pieces of gold lace.

A search was made for other evidence, but there was none. The police formed the theory without difficulty that the articles belonged to some young gentleman of good means. But who was he? They believed, after consulting ichthyological experts, that he had definitely been swallowed by the shark, and that the body and other parts had either been digested or voided; the watch and the gold lace had remained intact, and because of them the shark was in a dying state when captured.

But the question was: how did the young man come to be in the sea? Was it murder, suicide, or accident?

Fortunately, there was one excellent clue inscribed on the watch: 'Henry Watson, London No 1369'. The mechanism was in disrepair. No sooner had these facts been publicised than Henry Watson immediately contacted the police. He identified the watch as one he had sold to a man named Ephraim Thompson, of Whitechapel. Thompson had wanted the watch to give as a present to his son who was making his first sea voyage.

Thompson was found, and he said the watch was certainly the one he had given his son. He had presented it to him just before the boy had gone aboard the ship Polly, under Captain Valentine. The Polly when about 10 miles off Falmouth ran into a squall. Young Thompson was last seen standing at the stern. As the vessel gave a sudden heave be fell overboard and disappeared.

There was a sudden heave be fell overboard and disappeared. His body was never recovered. That was two years before. Until that moment, when he held the irresistible proof in his hands, Ephraim Thompson had gone on hoping that one day his son might turn up.

The case was clinched and closed for the police, but not so for Henry Watson. Sympathetically, he offered to take the watch and repair it like new, thinking, as he suggested to the sorrowing man, that Thompson might like to retain it as a keepsake. Instantly he realised he had made a mistake. Thompson, in an anger of grief, told him that he wanted no such hideous momento. He gave it to Watson, and snarled at him to do what he liked with it, but he never wanted to see it again.

Watson took the watch, repaired it, and kept it safe and handy. He thought that Thompson might one day change his mind. Once his distress had gone, the man might scheme to own such a personal belonging. But Thompson died not long afterwards, and Watson, somehow depressed, found himself...
at a loss to know what to do with it.

One day a well-dressed man came into his shop, and said, "I understand you possess the famous watch that was found in the shark's stomach not so long ago."

Watson nodded. He was used to the curious coming in and asking for a sight of the timepiece and its attachments.

"I'd like to buy that watch."

"Buy it? But— but it's not for sale," Watson stammered, wondering if the man was serious.

"I'll give you fifty pounds for it."

Watson gasped. He was stunned. He said as calmly as he could: "May I ask why you are so interested in buying this particular watch?"

"I want to give it to young Jim, my nephew," the wealthy man explained. "It's history seems to fascinate him as, indeed, it does me. He's never done anything about it. He's intensely interested in oddities. I don't care if the work doesn't work, but if it does all the better. I'll make it fifty guineas."

Watson couldn't reject the offer, and the watch changed hands.

"You will find, sir, that it keeps perfect time, and certainly nobody would ever know that it had once been in the belly of a shark," Watson said churlishly, overcome with delight at the sale. He went into the house and told his wife. She was just as excited. To them at that moment their world, once so full of hard knocks, never seemed brighter.

About three months later the news came through that a ship, The Dolphin, after running into a heavy storm in which a man was washed overboard, had put back to port. That was little in itself, but when Watson learned that the name of the unfortunate man was James Anderson, that he had been standing at the stern when the ship pitched and the wave struck, and that the mishap had occurred about ten miles off Plymouth, he was dumbfounded.

It was almost a duplicate of the Thompson tragedy.

He had spent the day pondering. He said to his wife, "Do you think there is any reason in it?"

"What?"

"That watch and the deaths of those two men?"

She scoffed at the idea, but Henry Watson was not relieved. He could not help talking to friends and customers about the amazing coincidence. Without realising it, he was making a nail for his own coffin. Although he was bantered and good-naturedly ridiculed for his suspicions, it was an age of superstition, and there were many who began to believe in some occult relationship between the watch and the deaths of the men, especially as the circumstances were practically the same.

"You're a fool," Watson's wife rebuked him, though somewhat unsettled herself. "What did you have to open your mouth at all for? People are starting to talk—only a few perhaps, but a few can do a lot of harm with their wagging tongues and evil minds."

Watson knew she was right. This thing could snowball, sink him quickly in discredit. People would avoid him and custom fall off. His business could he wrecked, as all the others had been. To others it might not have appeared so ominous as that, but to Watson, with his fearful experience of the past, the possibility was not distorted or exaggerated.

"I'm bewildered," he said. "When

Among other things, a watch with a metal chain and a corundum seal.

The watchmaker, Henry Watson, sat in a stupor of despondency.

He was certain now, and he couldn't rest the idea out of his head, that in some way the watch he had made was cursed. Their possession of it, he was convinced, had led to the deaths of both Thompson and Andrews.

A sense of guilt worried him. He felt responsible for the tragic fatalities. The thought gave him no rest. He knew that it would haunt him to the end of his life, its shadow on everything he touched. And he couldn't bear the prospect of that watch going perhaps from one person to another causing death and suffering. Unless he knew that it was destroyed, he felt, he would never again have the courage or the will to go on facing life. Was this the master stroke of the evil force that capriciously struck at him—to destroy vitality at its source?

Watson lost no time in visiting Anderson's home 40 miles from London. He prevailed on the bereaved parents to let him have the watch. He even offered to return the full purchase price, and when they refused to part with it he left it on the table.

Certainly it was stormy weather that day Watson took the watch home, and it may have been only coincidence, but when he took a hammer and smashed it to smithereens the thunder clapped, lightning struck his house, blinding him for two hours and knocking his terrified wife unconscious.

After that, though, he moved to another part of London and, according to his story to a journalist of the 'forties of last century, he never looked back.

CAVALCADE November, 1954
"This is my chance," Joe told himself when he looked at his bank balance when the drought broke. "I'll buy a good, young bull, a few good cows, and gradually pull the scrubbers."

He had to leave the herd in the Bluestones until some grass came in the spring. He left them there with four heifers for mates, then he went to round-up in the Bluestones. Barney had the herd well mustered, but he was shepherding an old, raw-boned cow of Fresian strain, and Joe wondered if he had not left it a bit late for next season's calves to drop polled.

From a definite asset, Barney had become a possible liability and a definite problem. The problem could have been eliminated, if Joe had bought a single with him and had not been too soft-hearted to kill a heifer.

Joe tried to bluff himself over that. "Aw, I was glad enough to have him before. He's earned an easy life. I'll leave the old cow with him; he'll be right here, and she never was any good, anyway."

Barney made no protest at the herd being edged away from him, but he lost interest in the old cow within a week and went looking for his harem; he found it in the home-paddock with the new bull bawling it, although he did not see the young Hereford when he first sighted the cows. He was on a low spur, a mile from the north-easter corner; he sent a hallow rumbling down the gully to spread out over the flat. It seemed to say, "I'm coming home."

A dozen cows and young steers watched Barney's approach with bink staring. He sniffed tentatively, then lumbered to the corner post, where he inspected the fence with hostile eyes. Joe had reinforced it with new barbed wire and Barney knew better than to tangle with that kind of fence, he waddled along it for one hundred yards, then stopped to lift his massive head and test the air speculatively.

Barney bellowed. It was a demand, but it was frayed with doubt of his judgment. A young heifer scuffed nervous hooves, and shook her head defiantly, but she responded with a thin quavering bleat. Barney roared blantly; the heifer sampled out on hesitant legs, only to stop a few feet from the other cows. The bull lifted his head, his muddy lip curled; his nostrils pinched tightly, making the intake of air hiss shudderingly, and the heifer came forward uncertainly to the fence.

Defying the harsh blaring at his cheek, the bull nudged the thin neck, but the heifer moved away, following the fence. Barney waddled after her, rumbling in his throat, until she stopped at the gate. The bull hooked a horn under a bar, putting on pressure, but Joe had chained it securely. He backed off, snorting protest, but the heifer walked away, and he hallowed harshly. It rolled across the paddock; it suffused the ears of the young Hereford in a scrub-clad gully.

A light hallow, tentatively challenging, was a prelude to the appearance of the young bull. Barney's head jerked up; his eyes glared; his wide nostrils twitched from the first elusive tang of the scent of battle. The Poll came out at a light, springy gallop, his tail cocked, like a snake stiffened suddenly in its straining to prove to a short stop, head up and jerking in anxious inspection of the paddock and the herd. It bellowed in thin provocation: Barney answered in thunderous challenge.

From distant parts of the paddock, cattle hissed inquiry, then came at a lumbering run, converg-
The heifer pawed nervously at the earth, uncertain whether to move or stand, but the young bull jumped forward in a jerking gallop; it charged out to a trot, uncertainty in its legs. Barney roared threat, throwing dust with his fore-hooves, and the Hereford’s pace eased to a slow trot, and then to a cautious walk, defiance rumbling nervously in his young throat.

The Poll stopped five yards from the heifer, snuffing air. The other cattle stopped one by one, forming a wide semi-circle; they stood, stiff and tense, heads up, and with cut jowls on motionless jaws; they were chatty, prying for the victor, but indifferent as to who might win. Barney’s fury at the other bull and the barrier between them found vent in manful thunder, his cloven hooves scoured earth, hurting a continuous hail of dust and rubble high in air.

The heifer blared fretfully; it backed away from the fury beyond the gate, bringing up with its light rump rubbing the young bull’s ribs. The Poll’s lip curled; his nostrils pinched in; he nudged the heifer’s flanks. Fury erupted in Barney, but a grain of discretion remained, asserting itself while he backed off three paces, snorting angrily.

The Poll moved two steps, but the Poll pressed after her, as if sumning the enemy outside the fence, although flouting his dominance within the paddock. And Barney’s paddock! Barney lurched to a lumbering run, but he propped short, his nose bard against the gate, only to lift his massive forequarters, rearing them high, then throwing himself forward.

As the big bull crashed the bulk of his weight on the top bar of the gate, he hunches his back, hurching his hind legs up and pitching himself forward. The top bar splintered and collapsed under the weight; his belly rasped on the thinner second one, and the bar broke under the strain. Barney thudded to earth, astride the broken gate. He kicked, thrashed, and pig-rooted, bucking himself over, then he lumbered forward into the paddock.

Barney stopped, bellowing threat of death. His huge head swayed low towards earth, his nostrils belching the hot air of his fury; his roar swelled deafeningly, his hooves pawed viciously at the earth.

The Poll blared acceptance of the challenge. His hornless head weaved, as if winding up the spring of courage and fury; tufts of grass erupted high into air, ripped from the soil by frenzy of his pawing fore-hooves. As if a glove were dropped for the start of a joust, both bulls lurched to the run at the same instant. Heads low, massive shoulders rolling; they charged, red poll aimed dead centre between the vicious, hooked horns of the old scrubber.

Lightly built, scarcely half the weight he might have grown to be, the bald-faced youngster had speed and the ponderous old nondescript could not muster. It was some small offset to a huge concession in weight, but the Poll was fighting with only instinct to match the long experience of a tough, bush bull.

They met head on with a sickening, spine-jarring crash. The pace of the lightweight gave impetus that shook the old man to a short stop, but the youngster’s short body seemed to contract lengthwise; his rump lifted in air, and he bounced back a full three feet from the horned head. Quivering and shaken he floundered for footing, slightly askew from the old bull.

The Hereford bellowed, and the wise, old ears detected a quaver of terror in the young voice. Barney snorted; he roared; he lurched to the rush. The Poll hesitated a fraction of a second too long before turning to meet the attack; the horned head crashed on his near fore-leg as it took the strain of his weight. The Poll bellowed anguish, as the full force of the charging scrubber struck him.

Barney’s horns gored at the young breed. The Hereford’s hind legs crumpled, and the old bull reared in a mighty toss; it sent the Poll spinning in a somersault, and it thudded heavily on its back. Barney jumped forward, head low, boring in under the near shoulder, safe from the frenzied kicks of three of the white-socked legs.

The Hereford rolled, gathering its hind legs under it. It made a desperate effort to rise; it had lifted its rump a foot when the old bull’s horns gored at its belly in the gap, Barney butted viciously, testing for leverage. He tensed; he strained; his muscles wrinkled and tightened; with every ounce of nerve, snivel and sweat, he reared in a devastating toss. The Poll pitched into air and crashed on its head; its bellowing man of frenzy died with the breaking of its neck.

Jock had taken six steel into the sale. It had been a good sale; it was nearly midnight when Jock reached home. He did not see the dead Hereford until morning, then he brought out his rifle. Barney was shepherding a young heifer; he was near-side on to Hogan.

"I can’t miss. If I get him just back of the near-shoulder, I’ll plug the old devil right through the heart."

Jock curled his forefinger vengefully around the trigger, but his eyes swept around the paddock before he squeezed. His chance had gone with the death of the Hereford, and he would not get another until the next big drought. His finger slid from the trigger; he hoped that Barney would last the distance.
FAIR DINKUM!
While a policeman held back crowds watching a picture being filmed in Rome, a well-dressed man strode to a gleaming car, entered and drove away. A woman rushed up and screamed: "Thief! Stop that man, he stole my car!" The crowd enjoyed the scene very much, but the film director walked over to the police and said, "You'd better do something—that woman has really lost her car."

MAN OF HIS WORD
In Chicago a well-dressed man entered a jewellery store, picked out a necklace and ear-rings and told the man behind the counter that he would return for them. He did—later in the day, he once more entered the shop and collected the jewellery. But this time he had a revolver in his hand.

WHAT A BORE
A thief in Quincy, Illinois, used a brace and bit and a keyhole saw to cut out a panel from the door of a grocery store. He then robbed the store. Later police made an arrest, but the suspect pleaded an alibi. The cops turned over his trouser cuffs and out fell shavings and small chips of wood, which came from the grocery store door.

PRESIDENTIAL PRECEDENTS
In Kansas City, Missouri, on February 12 last year, the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth, a man named George Washington was arrested on Truman Road on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. He was haled into court on St. Valentine's Day and was fined 50 dollars.

SHOT FIRST
When Lou Simmons, former Confederate officer, ran from Washoe, Texas, in 1871, he left a man dying on the floor of the Gold Rim saloon. On the run, he settled in Texarkana, where he got a job as a telegrapher, married and spent ten happy years. One night a fatal message started in over the wires. "Understand fugitive Lou Simmons hiding out there..." It began. Simmons did not hear the rest of the message, he drew out his gun and shot himself dead. And as he died, the message went in its conclusion, "...tell him the man he shot did not die and charges against him have been withdrawn." So it pays to ask questions before you shoot.
You know Ann, of course—Ann Miller, M.G.M. dancing girl. Ann is the star of "On The Town." M.G.M. dancing girl. We might suggest she is the girl who proves you don't need a thing of film called "On Her Own." A girl on the screen has a better figure if the size of her fan-mail means anything. With Bobo in the supporting cast, remember Bobo? She's without peer. Then turn to page 17 and start again.
"It's been a perfect evening. Why don't you be like other men and spoil it by offering me a mink coat?"

Cancer, the greatest killer in society, can be caused by psychological factors according to an eminent doctor.

YOU may be the CANCER TYPE

GOTTFRIED BRUGGE

You might not know it, but your personality may be giving you cancer—working slowly and insidiously to a horrible climax at an age between 50 and 70.

Medical research has recently uncovered sensational facts connecting the world's most dreaded killer with personality problems. It has also learned that one out of every three persons would come down with this disease if some other form of death didn't occur first.

The doctors battling cancer are now tracking down a hot clue. They've become interested in psychosomatic medicine, which has already shed light on how the emotions cause such ailments as asthma and ulcers. Furthermore, there is a lot of evidence that psychological disturbances are also closely connected with heart trouble, high blood pressure, and even tuberculosis.

And the sole cause to which all these afflictions are traced is personality.

What about cancer?

Dr. Wilhelm Reich of New York was one of the first to advance the theory that cancer might, after all, be caused by psychological factors. He had noticed that all of his patients, wasting away with this
disease bore a striking resemblance to one another—they were fundamentally maladjusted.

Among some patients, Dr. Reich observed obvious repression. They were quiet and withdrawn, and their energies were being directed against themselves rather than being expressed outwardly. The eminent doctor also noticed that cancer occurred in patients who seemed personable and active. This, however, was just a front. Many of these patients were locked in loveless marriages. Many displayed anger, unable to release all of it. For every one of them, life consisted of a shamful series of acts that brought about no sensations of pleasure.

To put it one way, the cancer patient is emotionally suffocating to death. Or, in other words, he's suffering from total frustration.

Unless a man has outlets for his pent-up feelings, he will hasten the onset of cancer, and this is one reason why the disease doesn't plague many young people. A young man's body tissues don't begin to deteriorate until his reaches full maturity. He can endure the torments of maladjustment by drinking and dissipating and thus letting off steam. When he gets older, his body can't take it any more, and he doesn't possess the tremendous store of energy required to live a dissolute life. At this point, maladjustment usually sets in.

A Chicago woman went to a psychiatrist to be cured of alcoholism. It was during the '30s, when the medical world hadn't the slightest inkling that emotions could cause cancer. The doctor thought that he had succeeded in stopping this woman from drinking, he had cured her. He didn't realize that all he had done was to repress her need to consume alcohol without eliminating that need. About six months after the therapy had been completed, this woman developed a fatal case of abdominal cancer.

Since that time, there has been a lot of evidence to show that repressed alcoholics have a high incidence of malignancy—usually occurring in those who possess no satisfactory outlet to take the place of their drinking. Behind the curse of alcohol craving lies a maladjusted personality.

Spinsters and bachelors are more likely to come down with cancer than married people, although marriage is no insurance against the disease. For gay blades and career girls, who laugh at matrimony, there comes a tragic time when they discover an emptiness in their lives—indeed, they are made more attractive. A small number with money are able to hold back the curtain of loneliness for a few more years, but when it closes, these people find that they no longer hold any source or outlet for love.

Nevertheless, a loveless marriage can be just as suffocating. In Los Angeles, a man who had been wed for 25 years recently went to a doctor who discovered he had cancer of the prostate gland. In the course of investigation, the doctor learned that this man and his wife had been going their separate ways for 15 years.

One surprising fact is that insane people rarely get cancer. This is the fact that an insane man has removed himself from reality and has created his own world. He is not tormented by repressed desires any longer, and he has enabled himself to let off steam in his own eccentric way.

Doctors, more and more, are coming to the conclusion that the satisfied and happy man will live without suffering from cancer. By this token, the cellmate is not necessarily the cancer-type. There are some stultuated people who can abstain comfortably. They are content to wrap themselves up in their work which is their main love.

Recently, a 25-year-old man went to a doctor in Pittsburg, suffering from cancer of the bone. The first step was surgery. The malignant part of the bone was removed, and then the youth was given radium treatments. This continued for six months, and the cancer showed up again near where it had existed before. There was more surgery and more treatment.

Then the doctor began asking questions about the patient's personal life. He discovered that the young man hated his job. He was unhappy, with no ability to form close associations with anybody.

Wisely, the doctor placed the young man in the care of a psychiatrist, while continuing the previous treatment. The results were astounding. During the following two years, there was no more recurrence of the malignancy. The young man is now successfully employed and happily married. He is considered cured.

In New York, a widow was suffering from cancer of the breast. Radium was tried, but to no avail. The breast had to be removed. About three months later, a tumor developed in her side, not far from where her breast had been operated on. More surgery was required. There was no telling when the malignancy would be checked.

Again, there was a case where an alert physician began making inquiries about the patient's personal life. It was learned that the woman, since her husband's death, was completely alone in the world. Because she was left well-provided, there was no need for her to work, but she had no friends or hobbies.

The woman was sent to a psychiatrist who worked with her for three years. As a result, she now has friends and has become active in civic affairs. Furthermore, there is no longer any trace of cancer.

These two cases are examples of the growing interest physicians are taking in their patients' emotional lives. The enlargement of psychiatry's influence in medicine is extending into the war against cancer. There is little doubt that your personality strongly influences the chances of your incurring this affliction. Yet, what this connection is, and how knowledge of it can be used to prevent cancer, is not fully understood.

Some researchers are convinced that it won't be long before they'll be able to define the different patterns of behavior that characterize the cancer-type. As of now, they have come up with some amazing conclusions about what kinds of

---

AH-EM
people are most likely to suffer from this disease in later life.

Hermits are notoriously susceptible. Living alone betrays not only an immature personality but also fear and suspicion of other people. Everybody needs some sort of contact with friends, and the ability to enjoy even the most casual social activities is a protection against emotional suffocation.

Another cancer-type is the "sophisticated" playboy. Because of his money and lack of ambition, he finds himself insensitive to the pleasures of every-day living. Not very long ago, a famous bachelor died in his early fifties of an incurable malignancy. He was constantly making headlines with movie stars, socialites, and showgirls. Yet, nobody ever knew how frustrated he really was. He often joked to his friends about not being able to fall in love, regardless of the charm or beauty of his current girl friend. Secretly, however, this failure disturbed him deeply.

You don't have to be perfect to avoid cancer. The healthy male is happily married and enjoys his friends and his work. His life is active and sometimes vigorous. He might hunt, fish, play golf, or be might enjoy indoor hobbies. All of these factors constitute a well-rounded existence.

But doctors are aware that the human being is capable of compensating for his weaknesses. A man who is unhappily married, may throw himself into his work, and a person who dislikes his job may enjoy the company of his wife and friends and his hobbies.

It is when an individual is unable to compensate for his shortcomings—when his life seems to be well-rounded—that emotional suffocation sets in, and with it, cancer.

He was a well-dressed, distinguished-looking man; no longer young, but with the sleekness, the self-confidence, the poise that comes with money, position, breeding.

His name was Howard Carter Dickinson. His profession was law, and he was a partner in an expanding New York practice. He was the nephew of Charles Evans Hughes, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States—a handy relative for any lawyer.

Dickinson was in Detroit on business. He was registered at the city's best hotel, the enormous Book-Cadillac. After dinner one evening, he strolled into the famous Vanclue Room of the hotel for a drink. He was tired after his day's work. By himself in a strange city, he was lonely for conversation, companionship, recreation.

Howard Carter Dickinson did not know it, but he was ripe for plucking in the "party girl racket".

Dickinson sat at a table with his drink. Nearby was a party of three—two girls and a hard-faced, flamboyantly dressed man in his late 20's. The girls were not beautiful, but they were bright and vivacious. With their smart clothes and alluring air of sophistication they attracted Howard Carter Dickinson. He watched them with interest. The calculating eyes of their male companion lighted on him. He bent forward to speak to his companion.

The girls turned and looked at Dickinson. They offered him a
Introductions were made and drinks ordered. Talk and laughter bubbled around the table. Howard Carter Dickinson felt good.

The “pick-up” took place on the evening of Tuesday, June 25, 1955. At 5:30 a.m. on the morning of Thursday, June 27, the body of Howard Carter Dickinson was found in Detroit's River Rouge Park. He had been shot to death.

A perk attendant came upon the body on his way to work. No attempt had been made to conceal it. It was lying face down in full view beside one of the scene drivers. Two bullets had been fired into it at close range. One had penetrated the skull; the other was lodged in the chest. Either could have caused death, which medical examiners declared had occurred only a few hours before.

A violent rainstorm had swept the area about midnight. The clothing on the body was wet. It must have been dumped on the drive sometime after one o'clock in the morning.

The investigation was in the hands of Inspector John Navarro, head of the Detroit Homicide Squad. He studied the body, noting the neatly-trimmed hair and moustache, the soft, well-kept hands.

It seemed strange that the body was clad in shirt and trousers, with no coat. They were both of good quality. On the feet were a pair of new shoes, bearing the brand of an exclusive New York maker.

The pockets of the dead man were empty. Money, wallet, identifying papers had been removed. Apparently overlooked by the killer was an expensive wristwatch. It registered exactly one hour earlier than the time of death, giving another indication that the victim was a visitor from New York, where a daylight saving scheme was in operation. He had apparently not been in Detroit long enough to adjust his watch.

With the number shown on the dead man's handmade shoes, identification was not difficult. The firm named thereon disclosed they had been sold to Dickinson.

New York police were requested to assist. They reported Dickinson was an influential lawyer. Not only was he the nephew of, but his partner was the son of the Chief Justice. He was 52 years old, lived with his wife in a high-class New York suburb and was on a visit to Detroit in connection with a $20 million-dollar railroad estate he was handling.

With such a “top drawer” visitor, the Detroit police went straight to the Book-Cadillac Hotel. As expected, Dickinson had been registered there. His room was examined. It contained nothing but the baggage and business papers.

Hotel employees said they had last seen the lawyer at about 9:30, the previous evening, Wednesday. His meeting with the “party girls” and their shrewd-faced partner of which the police as yet knew nothing—had been 24 hours before that, on the Tuesday night.

Dickinson, the police learned, had dined at the Book-Cadillac at 7:30 on the Wednesday evening, after taking a solitary cocktail in the Venetian Room.

He had a room on the 24th floor and returned there after his meal. The night maid, coming in to tidy the room, found him resting on his bed. She saw him leave the room, dressed to go out, at 9:30.

Meanwhile, Dickinson's missing suit coat and hat had been discovered on the roadway a couple of miles from the spot where the body was left. Except for the key to his hotel room, the coat pockets were empty. A bullet hole indicated he had been wearing the coat when shot.

Inspector Navarro ordered detectives to check on the telephone calls Howard Carter Dickinson had made from his room at the Book-Cadillac. They soon eliminated those relating to business. Three or four others, however, seemed a possible lead. With these, Dickinson had asked the switchboard operator to give him a “Mr. Ferris” at the nearby Hotel Detroit.

Inquiries at the Detroit showed that “Mr. Ferris” had been hooked in there as “Lee Ferris.” Police knew Lee Ferris to be one of the shapers of a well-known Detroit criminal identity named William Schwetzker. He was not the type expected to be associated with Howard Carter Dickinson, socialite attorney-at-law. A petty racketeer with a long record of vicious crime, he had been suspected of almost every crime up to and including murder.

In 1933, under the name of Henry W. Smith, he was accused of carrying concealed weapons. He was convicted, but released on appeal. Two years later he again faced a jury—before the murder of one Albert Bourke. In court, Schwetzker claimed that he had merely shot and killed Bourke when the latter tried to hold him up and rob him. He was believed and again acquitted.

Schwetzker decided Detroit was too hot for him and fled to Florida. There, too, he soon fell foul of the law. The Detroit authorities had received word that he was wanted as a fugitive robber by the police of Miami Beach.

This was the man Howard Carter Dickinson had telephoned on a number of occasions from his room at the Book-Cadillac. The police were puzzled. They could not understand the connection.

Inquiries at the Hotel Detroit showed that Schwetzker, as Lee Ferris, had been registered there for three weeks. He had departed in a hurry on the morning of the murder. Thursday Porters were able to tell police that he left in his own car, a 1929 Hupmobile.

A blanket alarm was issued through half a dozen states for the missing criminal. To hundreds of police officers was flashed his description: “Tall, clean-cut, flashing six feet seven inches; age 36, weight 150 pounds; light complexion, light brown hair, blue eyes, two upper teeth badly decayed.” Full particulars of Schwetzker's car were also issued.

In Detroit, patient sleuths stood by the hotel to intercept telephone calls for “Lee Ferris.” Late on the Thursday night, the switchboard operator waved to one of the waiting detectives that he had seen a call on the line. The call was traced to a box in an adjacent theatre. Police rushed there and pounced on a surprised taxi-driver.

Taken to headquarters for ques-

Two sisters and another two accused.

CAVALCADE November, 1954
tioning, the driver explained that he was calling Mr. Ferris about a three-dollar cheque he had given him for a fare. It had been dishonoured at the bank. He had received it on Tuesday night after Ferris had told him he might have some profitable business for him on the Wednesday night. He explained that "a big New York lawyer" knew was accompanying him and a couple of girls to a party and they might need a cab.

The driver called at the Detroit on the Wednesday evening. Ferris came down and told him the girls and the "big shot" were having a party of their own upstairs and would not need the cab. He suggested the driver ring them at the hotel the next night. This the man had done, not only about the prospective job, but to check about the dishonoured cheque.

Inquiries through the underworld of Detroit showed that Schweitzer had been associated since his return from Florida with a pair of "good-time girls". They were sisters, Florence and Loretta Jackson, 24 and 27 years old respectively. Unsuccessful dancers, the girls had turned to petty crime. With Schweitzer, they had been working the "party racket".

Neighbours at the girls' apartment said they had left with baggage for a trip early on the Thursday morning. They had driven away with a man who had waited for them in a 1929 Hupmobile.

A widespread dragnet was put out for Schweitzer and the women, but when they were rounded up on the following Saturday, it was only through a slip by one of the sisters. She sent a telegram to a friend in Detroit. Police were watching the friend. They intercepted the wire. It was traced to the town of Fort Wayne, Indiana. Detectives there immediately got on the trail of the sender at the Western Union office.

Waiters at the nightclub remembered three women patrons calling for a Western Union messenger. They had departed soon after in a taxi. The records of the cab company were commanded and the driver traced. He named the hotel to which he had taken the trio.

From descriptions, the hotel manager said they must be three women calling themselves "The Meyer Sisters", a dance act.

Detectives raced to the room occupied by the "Meyer Sisters". They proved to be the wanted Florence and Loretta Jackson and a third woman—22-year-old Jean Miller of Detroit—who had not previously been connected with the crime.

While the police were questioning the women in their room, the door opened. A swarthy, dapper young man strode in. He turned to run, but a detective barred the way.

"You're Bill Schweitzer," he said, "alias Lee Ferris. They want you back in Detroit for murder."

The man tried to bluster. "You're crazy," he cried. "I don't know what you're talking about. My name is Art Reynolds. I just got in by bus from Kansas City. You can't pin any phony rap on me."

Schweitzer was confronted with his fingerprints and photograph rushed from Detroit. Eventually, he admitted his identity. Both he and the women, however, denied all knowledge of the murder of Howard Carter Dickinson.

The police were sure they were the culprits but were still puzzled by some minor details. One was the whereabouts of Schweitzer's Hupmobile getaway car, which he did not have with him in Fort Wayne. The murder weapon had also not been located. Another mystery was the fate of several thousand dollars, which Dickinson's relatives said he was carrying. Schweitzer, when arrested, had only 33 dollars in his possession. The three girls were penniless.

Schweitzer and the three women were taken into custody and returned to Detroit. There for hours under interrogation they asserted their innocence. Gradually, however, the relentless barrage of police questions began to tell. They started to make admissions and contradictions. They now admitted they had met Howard Carter Dickinson at the Book-Cadillac. They agreed they had attended a party with him on the Wednesday night. After that they had all driven to the River Rouge Park.

The three girls claimed they left the car for a few minutes in the park and heard two shots. They insisted they had not been parties to any plot to shoot and rob the lawyer. Schweitzer, when he heard what the others had admitted, told a series of fantastic stories.

First he said that when the woman left the car in the park, Dickinson pulled out a gun and tried to shoot himself. He had struggled to save the lawyer. The gun in the confusion went off twice.

When that explanation made no impression on the police, Schweitzer came up with another. He claimed that an argument had developed between himself and Dickinson over four dollars lost in a card game. They fought. Dickinson pulled a gun Schweitzer shot him in self-defence.

Schweitzer's last desperate concoction was that Dickinson drew a gun and suddenly shot himself in the head without any warning. He had dragged the lawyer's body from the car.

In the process, the gun was discharged again accidentally—Infect-
of the second wound in Dickinson's chest.

All through Sunday, the interrogation of the four prisoners continued at Detroit Police headquarters. Schweitzer continually repeated his stories. Similarly, the three women stuck to the alibis that they were absent from the car when the shooting occurred and knew nothing.

The police continued with the questioning, telling the prisoners their statements were ridiculous and unacceptable. On Monday, July 1, one of the women—Jean Miller—could stand it no longer. She burst into hysterical tears and indicated she was willing to tell the truth.

She made a full statement. With the other two girls, she worked with Schweitzer, robbing men they met in the city's hotels and bars. On this occasion, however, Jean Miller had not been present at the first meeting with Howard Carter Dickinson on the Tuesday night.

The others told her of their new victim on the Wednesday. She accompanied them that evening when they kept an appointment with the lawyer in Schweitzer's hotel room. They had his robbery and killing planned when they went to that party.

After Jean Miller's confession, the "cracking" of the others was only a matter of time. All made statements, from which the true events of the whole murder were reconstructed.

When Dickinson first joined the Jackson sisters and Schweitzer on the Tuesday night, they sat drinking for some time. Satisfied the girls had the victim "hooked", Schweitzer then excused himself and returned to his hotel.

Dickinson invited the pair to his room. There more liquor was consumed as they followed Schweitzer's instructions to "play him along". They had planned to "take him for his roll" the following night.

Eventually, Florence and Loretta Jackson left Dickinson after arranging an appointment for the Wednesday night. They rejoined Schweitzer at his hotel and worked out details of the robbery. The lawyer had been "talking big" and they assumed he was carrying a large sum of money.

All four prisoners now accused of murder were waiting in Schweitzer's room the next day when Dickinson arrived soon after 9:30 p.m. A wild drinking party followed. About midnight, they invited the lawyer into going for a drive in Schweitzer's car for a breath of air.

In the River Rouge Park, the women alligned Schweitzer shot the befuddled Dickinson dead. They pulled off his coat as they searched for his wallet. It was tossed out with his hat after they drove off—In the hope of confusing the police.

The dead man was left on the roadway. They opened his wallet after they departed and found only 120 dollars.

"That's a hell of a small amount to kill a man for," said Schweitzer in disgust. "Thank heaven he won't talk any more."

They fled to Chicago, where Schweitzer threw away the gun. It was never recovered. He left his car there in a garage, and they continued their flight to Fort Wayne by bus. There, one of them bought a quick end to their getaway by dispatching the telegram back to Detroit from which they were traced.

On August 14, 1935, all four of the accused were found guilty of the first degree murder of Howard Carter Dickinson. They were all sent to prison "for the rest of their natural lives". The state of Michigan does not have a death penalty.
CONTACT LENSES
A test of soldiers under various field conditions shows that contact lenses are more desirable when the activity in which the men are engaging is strenuous, according to Drs. James L. McGraw, of Syracuse, New York, and Jay M. Enoch, of Ft. Knox, Kentucky. They said that the advantages of contact lenses are:
1. The wearer is unaffected by rain, snow or mud.
2. The lenses do not frost or steam.
3. The lenses can be worn while swimming.
4. Visual sharpness in certain eye conditions, such as irregular astigmatism, is greater with the regular spectacles.

On the debit side, is the cost. Also there is a limit to the time contact lenses can be worn because of discomfort to the wearer. Thirdly, contact lenses are easier lost or broken.

SUNGLASSES
People who wear sunglasses constantly, especially indoors, run the risk of reduced tolerance to bright light, according to Dr. Victor A. Byrne of the Army Medical Corps, Randolph Field, Texas. He also said that car windshields with the greenish-blue tint eliminated about one-fifth of the visible light—too much to make them completely safe for night driving.

HORMONE SYNTHESIZED
Artificial manufacture of a hormone of the pituitary gland has been achieved for the first time by Dr. Vincent du Vigneaud, professor of biochemistry, Cornell University Medical College. The hormone is oxytocin, which plays an important role in milk release in mothers following birth of a baby. Its synthesis may provide an unlimited source of the hormone for the possible expansion of use in clinical medicine, particularly in obstetrics.

BLEEDERS
Evidence that females, as well as males, can have hemophilia—failure of the blood to clot normally—is reported by Dr. J. M. Hill, of Dallas, U.S.A. Hemophilia has traditionally been considered a hereditary disease occurring only in males, but transmitted by females. Hemophilia, of course, is a dangerous thing, because, due to the failure of the blood to clot, it is difficult to stop bleeding once it starts. People who suffer from it should be careful against accidents.

JOYFUL LADY
June Easton is the name, babs, and she’s from the combat of America—hows? Right now she’s in Hollywood where she has just finished working as a harem girl in “Sinbad.” Unveiled, she looks lovely, but where did she get those earrings? Are they a legacy from “Sinbad”?
LADY

Joyful.

Quite a handy rig-out she has. First picture showed her in a dress. She's removed the skirt, and there she is in a swimming costume. But she has changed her earrings. Let's play hoops. Maybe we can ring her heart—the one on her wrist.
MODERN ULYSEEBS IN ASIA

RAY DAVIE

Running the gauntlet across Russia can be hazardous but never dull—as Ferdinand Ossewowski discovered.

Ferdinand Ossewowski was a Russian of the White variety, which explained why he was in such a hurry to get out of Siberia that day in 1920. He was working as a scientist in Krasnoyarsk on the Yenisei River when he received word one winter’s day that twenty Red soldiers had surrounded his house with the intention of arresting him.

Instead of returning home, Ossewowski collected some friends and took with him some money, a rifle, three hundred cartridges, an axe, a knife, a sheepskin overcoat, tea, salt, dry bread, and a kettle. Then he hired a peasant to drive him out of town into thickly-forested snow country, where he made himself fairly comfortable in an abandoned hut. Thus began a trip that was to take him wandering back and forth over Asia like some latter-day Ulysses, and give him more than a nodding acquaintance with death.

He wasn’t able to live in peace in his hut for very long. Five days after he reached the hut, he went out shooting, and as he was returning, he noticed that smoke was curling from the chimney. Two Red soldiers were inside, but they appeared to be unsuspicous, since they had left their rifles with their horses. Nevertheless, they questioned him closely, but he managed to fob them off by telling them that he was a sable hunter. They shared some tea with Ossewowski, then switched to vodka. This had the usual effect of making them talk loquaciously and boastfully, then drowsily.

They were nearly asleep when the door was flung open, and a tall peasant stood framed in the opening, rifle at the ready, a sharp axe at his belt.

By this time, the soldiers were thoroughly drowsy, and they asked far questions.

Ossewowski spent most of the night worrying about the situation, but dozed off just before daylight. When he awoke, he found that the two soldiers were still sleeping, but the peasant was outside saddling his horse. Soon the two soldiers awoke, and the three of them went off together.

That night the peasant came back carrying three rifles instead of one, plus a lot of other gear.

“Today I had a very successful hunt,” he boasted.

After that episode it was quite clear to Ossewowski that he would have to get moving. He did so, in company with the peasant, who called himself Ivan Ossewowski. They rode the horses which had belonged to one of the dead soldiers, with Ivan on his own horse, and the gear on the horse which had belonged to the second Red soldier.

They rode on and on, across Siberia, moving in a southerly direction towards Outer Mongolia. At one stage the two of them stayed the night in an abandoned hut where Ivan seemed uncomfortable and nervous. He finally told Ossewowski that this had been the residence of a man he had suspected of stealing gold from him. He had tried every possible means of getting to the truth from the man and his family but without success.

Finally, Ivan had to leave Ossewowski. He helped him make a campand be left. This was on the bank of a river, and Ossewowski kept a fire constantly burning to keep out the mid-winter cold.

Human beings left Ossewowski severely alone. In fact, he found that his greatest enemy was himself—in the form of depressing thoughts brought on by the loneliness. As a countermeasure he carefully planned his days, and spent most of them hunting.

Birds formed the greater part of his victims, plus occasional deer, and one bear. At the beginning of the spring, he was able to capture fish as they ascended the river. As the weather grew milder, Ossewowski grew bolder, and went to live at an abandoned gold mine not far from civilization.

Then, as the river thawed, Ossewowski saw a slight which sent him on his way again. In among the ice flows formed at the spring breakup were innumerable bodies of men. There would be no safety for a White Russian in any part of Russia.

He teamed up with another man of similar sympathies. They decided that the best way out of the grip of the Reds was through the northern part of Mongolia to the Pacific, a journey of many hundreds of miles through rough country among wild tribes.

The discovery of a meadow where the bodies of twenty-eight White Russian officers hung in the trees decided them never to be taken alive by the Reds. They were well armed, and as a last resort carried cyanide of potassium.

They found it was a comparatively easy matter to get out of Siberia into Mongolia. Several times they were held up by Communists, but managed to dazzle them with a display of knowledge, and peace of praise for the new regime.
But they soon discovered that there was no safety in Mongolia, since numbers of Reds had crossed the border in search of refugees. They were first attacked in mountainous country by a force of about thirty Reds. Matters were going badly for Osendowski and his party until three of their number managed to get behind the Reds and dropped several hand grenades.

They came out of the mountains and began to travel across the plains. A few small streams offered them little hindrance. Finally they reached a river which was frozen hard with clear ice through which they could see to the bottom of the stream, Osendowski was nearly across when a gigantic crack appeared in the ice, and he and his horse narrowly escaped being precipitated through the ice into the turbulent water below. The cold was so intense that a few minutes in the stream could fatally bemuse Osendowski and his party became bolder in their approaches to the Reds, even at one stage traveling with a party of them whom they had managed to convince of their Soviet sympathies. There was additional inducement for the Reds in this case, since Osendowski had managed to convince the leader that their presence would ensure safe passage for the Red party.

They set off through level but treacherous country. At every few steps the horses would plunge up to their hoofs in quagmires, often falling and plunging their riders. Once Osendowski's horse went down so far that he had trouble keeping its eyes and mouth out of the mud.

The going became worse as the party began to cross a green meadow, which in reality was nothing more than a thin layer of turf over a lake of black and putrifying water.

Suddenly three shots rang out, and the leader of the party fell from his horse. In a matter of seconds three more men had been shot and killed. The remainder of the party grabbed their rifles and looked for the enemy, but within a few seconds four more had been unhorsed.

Osendowski was sitting his horse with drawn Mauser when he noticed that the soldier who had brought up the rear of the detachment was about to fire at him. He just managed to beat the man to the shot. Osendowski and his friends helped the invisible attackers by shooting what remained of the party of Bolsheviks.

The attackers—tribesmen of that district—then helped the two Russians on their way.

The going wasn't easy. They had several other brushes with Communist Russians. Osendowski and his friends seemed to have developed summary methods of dealing with their enemies. One evening, for instance, they were approaching a small, lonely camp when two Russian soldiers rushed out, firing as they came. Osendowski immediately shot one dead, and the other was dispatched by the butt of his companion's rifle.

Eventually the two men found themselves on the flat wastes of the Gobi Desert, where icy winds howled incessantly. They carried on and made their first contact with Tibet. By this time they had been joined by other refugees. In a steep pass they were preparing to spend the night when suddenly forty men on white horses appeared and fired on them. Two of the party fell, one being killed instantly, the other living only a few minutes.

Osendowski went forward with a white flag, to be told by the Tibetans that the area was considered holy. So the party of Russians moved on, traveling all night. They were boiling water with which to make tea when they were attacked again. They were on flat ground, but managed to find some cover among scattered rocks.

Osendowski raised his white flag again but it was greeted with a renewed hail of bullets, and another of the party was shot. Osendowski received a bullet in the left leg—the result of a ricochet. Several other members of the party were wounded before some of the attackers made off and those who remained raised a white flag.

The Russians found that the leader of the bandits had been wounded.

While Osendowski's companions urged him to give the fellow poison, Osendowski dressed a bad chest wound with iodine and iodiform. He then gave the man a sedative, and left him with his followers with the instruction that he should not be moved. He managed to persuade the Tibetans that the man would instantly be killed by the demons who had caused the bullet to strike him if any further attacks were made on the White Russian party.

For the next few months, Osendowski and his original companion wandered in Mongolia, Tibet and China, the rest of the party having enlisted in an anti-Bolshevik unit. Osendowski and his friend were lucky enough to fall in with sympathetic Tibetans, have an interview with the living Buddha, and finally to escape from Asia through Manchuria.

The durable Russian eventually wrote a book about his experiences. Apparently the gods were still with him—the book ran to no less than twenty-five editions.
HE LIVED FOR ADVENTURE

An Indian fighter pitted his skill and techniques against the Maoris.

TITOKOWARU smarted under defeat. His main Pa, Te Ngatu O Te Manu, had fallen to the attack of Colonel Thomas McDonnell's force of Armed Constabulary, on August 21, 1868. To McDonnell, the credit in white men's eyes, but the undying hate and thirst for vengeance in those of the Maori rebel focussed on the "white devil" who was second in command—Major Gustavus von Tempsky.

Titokowaru was a great Maori general; he was the hero of the hostile natives of Taranaki Province, he was also one of the chief priests of the diabolical cult of Hauhauism which played disciples to a barbaric fanaticism, quenched only by the blood of white men, and consecrated lukewarm adherents by terrorist tactics.

When Titokowaru smarted under defeat, he set himself to avenge it. Sixteen days later, the Maori chief launched an overwhelming counterattack, and McDonnell, despairing of successful defence, ordered the withdrawal of the white forces.

"Major von Tempsky will cover the retreat."

That was more than a routine, military order to a second in command. It was a tribute to a comrade in arms and an expression of supreme faith in one who had been McDonnell's mentor in the art of scouting Maori fashion and in the strategy and techniques of bush-warfare.

The Major covered the retreat as he might have led the advance guard against a superior force. From tree to tree, from bush to bush,
from stone to stone, and his men fought doggedly for every inch of ground. They held back the pursuing horde until the main force had made good its escape, than they faded from sight and hearing of the keen-eyed, sharp-eared Maori warriors.

They faded, but only to launch a minor attack typical of Von Tempsky's brilliant strategy, he hoped by one blow to rob the enemy of the pivot of its resistance; he aimed to personally capture or kill Titokowaru.

Scouts had reported that the Maori chief was at the village of Mawhitihu with only 150 followers, men, women, and children. Always a hero and near-god to the friendly natives, Von Tempsky persuaded over 350 of them to attach themselves to his company.

The village was surrounded before the alarm was raised, and Von Tempsky led the attack, sword in one hand and deadly Colt in the other. Out-gunned, out-numbered, his small force demoralised by surprise, doom hovered over Titokowaru; in despair, he screamed for aid from his barbaric deity of war: "A Tuf A Tuf!"

It seemed that Tu answered by a shot from a tree.

Of Polish origin, and with a father, and later a brother, holding the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Prussian Guards, Von Tempsky received his military education in Berlin, being commissioned to the 3rd Regiment of Fusiliers in 1884. As a young man he joined an expedition to found a German colony in Central America on the Mosquito Coast; it found the British already in possession.

Adventure beckoned, the Spaniards were harassing both white and native inhabitants of the colony, so von Tempsky applied for permission to form and captain an irregular force of Mosquito Indians. He was impressed by their scouting ability, their stealthy approach in jungle strategy, and the devastating shots of their special attack. He added to these natural assets, his own high intelligence as developed by his military experience.

Gold called from California, and von Tempsky tried his luck, but with indifferent success, and he returned overland through Mexico to marry the daughter of a British officer stationed at Belfields. After a period in England, and on the Continent, he went back to Victoria, where he farmed and was for a time employed by the Melbourne "Argus". While there, he was a candidate against Burke for leadership of the ill-fated Burke and Wills expedition, but he declined the second in command when it was offered to him.

Gold hired him to New Zealand, but a sudden flaring of the Maori War in Waikato proved a stronger attraction; he made his first contact with it as correspondent for the "Southern Cross", of Auckland. Brilliant bushcraft, while accompanying Lieutenant Jackson, of Ranger Headquarters, on a three-day scouting trip, brought him an invitation to join. He was made an Esid, shortly after raising his own company, munly at his own expense; by the end of 1863, he was a Captain with two companies of fifty men in each.

Ranger work attracted the daredevils and the "hard-doers" who found discipline irksome. They did no fatigue, pay was better; they got a double issue of rum on the war-path. They were bushmen, diggers, tough-guts, one writer, while untruthful in praise of their exploiters, termed most of them "ruthless, reckless, daring spirits, the very soul of Britain and New Zealand."

But they knew the bush; they knew the foe; they soon learned to know, respect, even adore, their leader. He not only told them how to do it, he showed them how to do it, staking his life on the success of his demonstration. Typical of this was his action in volunteering with McDonnell to reconnoitre the enemy headquarters at Paparaua.

McDonnell was then a subaltern in Nixon's Colonial Defence Force, and the information was required by General Cameron preparatory to attack. Both dressed in the usual Ranger war-dress of breeches, Gaspéled shirt, and slouch hat. McDonnell carried two revolvers and a short-handled tomahawk. Von Tempsky, the same gun and a bowie knife. He introduced the bowie to his company. It became their favourite, and most feared, weapon in hand to hand fighting; they were as deadly as and as ferocious as redskins with it.

The two scouts warned their way through enemy territory during the night. By daylight they were hidden in a marshy swamp in the centre of the rebel camp. They could see warriors in all directions; they could hear them speaking.

Both of those points were important. McDonnell was a highly proficient Maori linguist. He learned much of the plans and the strength of the enemy from what he overheard. Von Tempsky was a quite creditable artist; he made an excellent sketch of the camp fortifications. As they had come, so they departed, squirming on their heels, gaining inches, flattening in danger, creeping right through the hostile lines.

A girl wrote to her soldier friend: "I have married a bachelor's son. Please send back all my photos."

The soldier gathered all the photos he could find—other soldiers' mothers, grandmothers, cheesecakes, movie stars and animal photos. He sent the lot with a letter: "I don't recall who you are, but if your photo is in this lot, take it out and return the others."

Such feats as these were part of what von Tempsky required of his men. For the rest, he demanded reckless daring; if called for, in attack, and steadfast loyalty in retreat. Time and again during the campaign, his men proved their worth.

At Orakau, Rawu held his Pa doggedly against superior forces. When formal military tactics failed to doodge the Maoris, von Tempsky was detailed for a desperate assault. He launched it with his troops in lines inspread formation and advanced in leap-frogging, drop-end run hounds. He breached the fortifications, won the Pa, and earned promotion to Major.

Earlier, at Paterangi, the Maoris ambushed a party of soldiers who were going to bathe in the Manga piko River. Relief troops were rushed forward, but the natives retreated across the river and from the cover of the bush, took deadly toll on the troops in the teeth of enemy.
fire, von Tempsky swam his troop across the stream and led them into the bush.

Stealthy white men stalked stealthy brown men through trees, shrub, and brush. A snapping twig under an insect's ear, a rumbling of disturbed ferns, the thin chirp of a nervous bird, these were pointers to a lurking foe; a more stealthy foeman crept nearer, nearer; then he leaped and Death came in the Patangan bush.

And peace came to it. Silence. And out of the silence came the shadowy figures of von Tempsky's men, to swim the river back to the camp, victorious, the foe routed. Nor were some of them much different in appearance from the brown men they had killed. A number were Pakeha Maoris with Maori wives, they dressed like Maoris; they were armed like Maoris, except that the natives favoured the shot-gun, while the Rangers carried a carbine and Colt.

Such were the men whom von Tempsky trained; such were the men who swore by him; they would "follow old Von to hell!" But they would not go without him!

Lieutenant Fraser, a British officer comparatively new to Maori warfare, was promoted over von Tempsky's head to Lieutenant Colonel, and the Major was detailed to serve under him in the Napier district. In protest, von Tempsky tendered his resignation, but his man refused duty without him. The Government declined to accept the resignation; the troop mutinied, refusing to board the Lord Ashby to embark for Napier.

Eventually von Tempsky was persuaded to withdraw his resignation and he resumed service under McDonnell. In 1868, McDonnell established strong redoubts on the Waikato Plains, one being at Waikato, with a smaller one three miles distant at Turuturu-Mokai. At dawn, on July 13, a strong force of Titokowaru's men attacked the smaller redoubt, dealing deadly slaughter; von Tempsky rode to the relief of the remnant of the decimated garrison. McDonnell attacked the chief's main Pa by way of punishment, only to be ousted on August 21.

"A Tu! A Tu!" And Tu gave answer by way of a shot from high in a tree; von Tempsky took the full charge. With their hero fallen, most of the friendly natives deserted, some to the enemy. The tables were turned with a vengeance, and hostile reinforcements were rushing forward. Gallant efforts by both officers and men to bring out the leader's body were thwarted by a heavy toll in death from the snipers' guns.

Lieutenant J. M. Roberts, later a Colonel and winner of the coveted New Zealand Cross, organised the retreat, leaving the corpse of Gustavus von Tempsky to the mercy of Tu and Titokowaru.

Titokowaru was a good leader. It was some years after peace was declared before the Government sent survey parties into his district. One of them, E. S. Brookes, located the spot where von Tempsky fell. Later, remains of his body were found. His sword was never discovered.

Nor was his skull. Besides being a good leader, Titokowaru was a chief priest of Raahaului; the pivot of worship of the Hahnu was a pole upon which was staked the head of a white man. What better head than that of von Tempsky to inflame the savages to fanatical frenzy, lustng for white man's blood? Titokowaru might have explained the mystery, but he never did Tu might be the answer.

They kill men with frenzy, yet can love men like faithful dogs. Henri Manet was proved it.

SPENCER LEEMING

HENRI MANETTE trapped and tamed the wildest animals, handled venomous reptiles as though they were hampers, and made the primitive jungle and the deadly swamps of the Central Congo in darkest Africa his natural home.

Henri's hunting heyday was well over fifty years ago, when magazine rifles, motor cars, aeroplanes, and radio did not exist, and a journey through Central Africa had to be done the hard way, and took years instead of weeks.

One of Henri's many quests was for gorillas. He had had a positive order for from three to seven young gorillas for supply to various zoos.

He left the village and trekked East, supported by a force of a hundred natives armed with spears, searching for gorillas.

Henri had heard from the native chief that the tribe of vicious hairy ape-men in the neighbouring jungle was so strong that the Simians would need no weapons with which to fight their enemies. Some villages, the Chief said, had been wiped out, others set on fire by cunning vindictive gorillas. Henri thought that easier at the hands of the giant hairy apes was fantastic; but he had good reason to believe later that the natives' story was fact, and not fiction, and that there was deliberate intention and
One day he watched a group of gorillas attacking the fields of a hostile native tribe. No sound came from the beasts. They moved through the jungle noiselessly and unseen. Usually, when on the warpath, they bunged their stomachs, and then produced the drum-like noise which was the signal for battle. But in surprise attacks they were silent.

Like trained professional soldiers, the giant apes fanned out, keeping under cover always, while a reserve of "troops" took up positions at the edge of the Jungle. Then, seeminglly at a given signal, they all pounced on their prey.

"No human being," Henri wrote, "could have lived to recover from such an attack." Seldom did they use their teeth, which were up to one-and-a-half inches long.

Henri Manette decided to seek revenge on the hairy beasts. The local Chief gave him a strong well-armed hunting party of about 150 natives. In the grey light of dawn they set out for the Gorilla Country.

After some time had passed they heard the drum-like sound of an angry gorilla beating his stomach. He was uttering cries that sounded like swear words; and Henri was so amused at the comic picture that he began to laugh.

Immediately the gorilla rushed to attack, and Henri only just had time to throw up his Martini rifle, and press the trigger. He hit the beast, which was five feet four inches high, less than a yard from the muzzle of the Martini. He judged that the bullet had gone clean through the beast's heart.

But the gorilla grabbed the gun, and jerked it out of Henri's hands as though it was a wisp of straw. The heart gripped the stock, which snapped, and then tried its teeth on the steel of the barrel. Finally the apparently mortally shot gorilla beat the heavy steel rifle over his lower jaw until it became more like the shape of a horseshoe.

Seizing a second rifle, Henri prepared to deliver a further deathblow, but the gorilla collapsed. The animal had lived and fought for a full two minutes after it had been shot through the heart.

Henri later saw a half-grown female gorilla, and let her go, hoping that she would lead them to the other members of her clan. Those hopes were fulfilled. Soon the party found two full grown males, two full grown females, and three half-grown youngsters.

Then the fight began. There was a battle between spears and brute strength, and some apes fell dead. The others retired into the jungle only to return and hurt themselves on the natives in a counter-attack that was like a whirl-wind. At the finish of the fight seven gorillas and nine natives lay dead. It had been nobody's victory.

Following this encounter, Henri Manette made an interesting discovery. It was that the gorillas were able to distinguish between peaceful and hostile tribes of human beings. They did this, he found, by smell. Their sense of smell could detect the carnivorous human beings—those who ate animals including gorillas—and those who subsisted on vegetables and grass.

A further adventure among the gorillas of the Belgian Congo gave Henri Manette some even more enlightening knowledge of these remarkable Simian creatures. One morning his gun-bearer heard a low sheep, like the call of a young bird. The native boy pointed ahead, and among some rocks Henri saw a fully grown female gorilla. Something small was moving among the long hair of the gorilla. It was a tiny youngster clinging to its mother's hair, just above the hips. Two more females with their young then appeared, with several male apes in attendance.

Gorillas, above all other simians, can do almost what they like with their bodies. The offspring can cling to the hair of the sides and hips, and so hang in front of their mothers with a grip that nothing can break. Young gorillas can he, and are, carried under their mothers' arms, can cling to their mothers' backs, or be carried by the nape of the neck.

Ever the ruthless hunter, Henri waited for his chance. At last one came. He took careful aim at the head of one female gorilla, fired, and the beast collapsed, and lay still. The others came round and saluted one other female Henri shot, too, again mortally. Then the rest seemed to melt into the jungle, while the young ones stayed where they were.

Henri advanced towards his "kill", with his natives in attendance. They had almost reached the bodies when some male apes which had vanished, reappeared, killed one native boy, and snatched up the two youngsters that had been earmarked for some zoo.

Henri decided to try to catch a gorilla or two with nets—complicated affairs about thirty feet square which were hung between trees. With one of these nets a half-grown female gorilla was caught which Henri promptly transferred to a cage.

For some hours the captive tried to break out of her prison, but in the end she quit. She refused to eat or drink. Henri saw large tears rolling down from her disconsolate eyes.
After five days during which the gorilla continued her hunter strike, Henri relented, and opened the door of the cage, holding his rifle ready in case of an attack. For some ten minutes or so the beast didn't move. But her eyes were fixed reproachfully on Henri. At last she rose slowly to her feet, but was too weak to stand, so she got down on all fours.

Henri got some cooked porridge and water and placed them outside the cage. There was no movement, so Henri took the food and water into the hut. Upon returning to the cage he saw the gorilla slowly moving towards the open door, which was four feet above the ground.

Weak with starvation, the animal signalled her inability to descend, but she made no hostile demonstrations.

Henri drew the gorilla's arms over his shoulders, lifted her bodily out of the cage, and set her down in the hut in front of the food and water. Then he went back to the cage and draped the cage door.

By the time that he had returned to the hut the gorilla was greedily eating and drinking, so Henri disappeared to relax a little in his camp chair, not within sight of the gorilla.

A few minutes later the hunter was warily aware of someone near him. Henri turned his head, and there, curled up beside his chair was the female gorilla. His heart bumped when he saw her. The beast was refreshed and restored, and anything might happen.

Chancing his arm, Henri stroked and petted the hairy ape. She liked it, and came on to his lap, making deep crooning noises deep down in her throat. Snuggling contentedly in the hunter's arms, she slept for over an hour.

From that day the gorilla was Henri's constant companion in camp. She made no attempt to escape into the jungle to join other members of her clan. When Henri went out for more hunting, the native boys could tell of his return half an hour before he arrived, by watching the gorilla as she went to take up a position near the thorn hedge. Presently she began to call softly into the jungle.

It was a case of gorilla-like devotion.

Henri's wife had no control whatever over the tamed gorilla. Yet the beast seemed to understand that the white woman was the man's mate, and adopted an attitude of masterly tolerance towards her. Only Henri could get the animal, and only Henri could feed her. His conquest was complete.

In due course Henri succeeded in trapping two baby gorillas, and brought them to camp, where the female gorilla took charge of them, and mothered them as though they were her own.

A few weeks later arrangements for the shipment of the Simian cargo were made, and Henri decided to hunt in fresh fields, for baboons, monkeys, leopards, lions, elephants, and snakes. It was a sad parting with the simian. The tame affectionate gorilla left with tears in her eyes, perhaps to dream of a white creature who was kind to her, someone she could trust and admire.

This story, gathered from scraps of Henri's old notes written over half a century ago, makes one wonder about many things, particularly whether Charles Darwin, in his "Origin of Species", wasn't right after all—in other words, that mankind really is descended from the hairy apes.
if the other feller's an interested listener that's company enough.

On Saturday the store truck came and brought a huge crate. It took four of us to lift it down.

"What the hell is it?" I eyed Morton. "Ballon?"

"Books," Morton said. "And that was all! He knocked up some bookshelves and set his books on them. Others lay piled in columns on the floor in the corner. Morton was the most bookish man I ever knew. He was always reading when he could, at night after tea and during the times we were locked up because of the weather. They were too deep for me. There was stuff on philosophy, religion, travel and all that. Even the novels were too dull and high-brow for my taste. Give me a good Western any time, or that other joker—what's his name?—Peter Cheynow.

In a way I didn't know what to make of this Morton. Where he came from or what he did. It wasn't for not trying. I gave him more hints than I cared to, but he wouldn't unbudge. One thing he said, though: he had worked on a great part of Australia and New Zealand. Yet, with his manner and education, he looked to me like a man who had been used to better things. I couldn't help the impression that he was out of place among the rough and ready bush-workers. Actually he wasn't. He certainly knew his job and could stand up to the hardships as well as any of us. It was just that he gave that impression.

And I wasn't the only man to get it. We had a big West Coast Irishman there named Baby Condon. Baby had bullocked his way through life among the Hokitika miners and bushmen. He liked his grog and he was handy in a fight. But he was a pleasant character, and we all got on fine together.

Morton, though, seemed to try his best to be unimportant with his taciturnity—that's a good 'un for me—and his educated way of speaking. Baby couldn't resist the gibes and insults in Morton's hearing. Morton would only ignore him. This stung Baby, and he sailed closer to the wind. It came to a head one evening in the mess-room.

When men are together maybe for weeks on end, and there's no scent and powder around, you know how they will talk about the skirts. Baby Condon knew the score and he was busy letting everybody else into the secret.

Morton listened for some time in silence as he ate; then he pushed his plate away, excused himself and got up.

Condon paused, his slab of a face upturned: "What's the matter—too raw for the little professor?" he joked.

Morton took no notice but started to walk away. Condon grabbed a scene, pelted it and hit him on the back of the head. He laughed. Morton turned. Slowly he walked back. His starting blue eyes gleamed: "You asked for this, Baby," he said. "I don't want any trouble with you, but it's obvious that since your father didn't do his duty somebody else will have to teach you to behave yourself."

They went outside. Condon made two of Morton. But inside ten minutes he was flat on his back. All his brawling, bellowing, backslapping feats were no match for the boxing skill and punching power of the other. Morton helped him up and into his hut. Condon gave a bloody grin and put out his big paw. "You'll do me," he said. "Put it there."

Morton shook hands and went out without a word. Condon said to me: "I'll lay six to one he's been in a ring, the same feller."

We found out about Morton six o'clock or so later. And it happened purely by chance. It was a dirty, blowy day, sheep and rain. A sheet of roof iron had lifted at one corner and was clanking and hammering. It was plain it would have to be fixed. The noise wouldn't let a man sleep. The man was driving in and trundling down the wall. If we didn't anchor it the wind would rip the whole lot off.

I was sitting on my bunk having a smoke. Morton was lying in his, reading. The thing didn't seem to worry him. The lousy weather and being cooped up might have made me a bit cranky. I said: "We'd better do something about that roof."

"Suppose we should," he said, still reading.

"Well, no time like the present," I prodded him. "Only a few minutes work. There's a ladder over in the cookhouse."

"What?" Morton said. His eyes were full of me and there was a sort of pained look on his face. He sat up: "You mean, you want me to do it?"

"Well, it's your shack, too," I was a bit puzzled. "I'd do it only you know I've got a gummy leg. She's still up like a balloon at the knee."

He peered at me, then looked thoughtfully away. If ever I saw disinterest on a man's face I saw it then. I couldn't make it out. A simple job like that. I asked him what was the matter with him. He only muttered, stood up and went out.

He leaned the step-ladder against the wall and kept sawing up while the rain streamed down his oil-skins. He seemed to be making up his mind. He had the look of a man fortifying himself to face an unpleasant task. Then he ascended, jerked and hesitant. Standing in the doorway, I watched his legs disappear as he clambered on to the roof.

He must have been up there for five minutes before he started to hammer the sheet in place. Next second the hammer slopped up in the mud, and there was a familiar unnerving sound. I don't know whether you'd call it shrieking or screaming or what. All I knew was it put the cold shudders in me. And to realise it came from a man made it all the worse.

I stepped on to the ground and looked up Morton was standing upright on the roof. He was sort of all squeezed into himself as though trying to balance on a narrow ledge, his arms cross-armed on his chest, and all the time this dreadful sound coming out of his open lips. The rest of the men rushed up. We all thought Morton had gone mad. We yelled at him to come down.

"He's got a seizure of some kind," cried Baby Condon. "He's hysterical!"

He went up the ladder and beckoned Morton. Morton stared strickenly, whimpering. He made as to move, then stopped back, rooted to the spot and the sound went into a horrible cough of sobbing. The next instant he collapsed. Condon carried him down.

In the hut I watched Morton wake up. He found my eyes, but avoided them. Then I put a smoke in his mouth and lit it. I asked him if he felt okay. He nodded. I stretched out on my bunk. I knew he felt sheepish and humiliated. It was a long time before he spoke.

"Nice performance I turned in."
"It's been with me ten years," Morton said. "And I can't get rid of it."

"If it was that bad why didn't you tell me? Somebody else could have fixed that roof."

"No I face it now and then I try. I want to see if I can manage it. But it never works out." He paused. "I shouldn't try it though, not if I want to live."

"What do you mean by that?"

"It's not just a phobia," Morton said. "I've been warned. I got it in that hospital. It wasn't a dream, a nightmare, a premonition or anything like that. It was straight out knowledge."

"You mean—?"

"I mean I know how I'm going to die. I'm going to be killed in a fall. That's why I avoid high places, and the occasions of danger. Why I don't give the circumstances a chance to go on."

"You bet. It's better later than sooner. But how can you be sure it's not just imagination...?"

"I'm sure," Morton said.

"Hell, fancy being haunted by a thing like that."

I heard him chuckle. "I'm perfectly all right so long as I'm on the ground."

When they heard this the boys seemed to have even more time for Morton. Whether it was out of sympathy or pity I don't know, but if it was they never embarrassed him by showing it. And he responded to the warm friendliness and even came out of his shell a bit more. One Saturday afternoon when we were off to Rotorua for a bit of a bust he reckoned he'd like to be in it. And that was something with Morton. He hadn't left the camp for three or four months.

We did the town, drinking and yarning and playing smoker and those that wanted to change the skirts. There was a girl I knew in a boarding house: quarter-Maori who'd smack your dial if you so much as breathed bad air her way. Her old man had been a great mete of mine. We picked her up, Morton and I, after she finished work that evening and the three of us went to the pictures and squatted in a restaurant afterwards. She'd had a college education and Morton seemed to enjoy talking to her.

He began to change quite a bit; got away from the books and listened more to the camp conversation.

One Sunday when Baby Condon wanted to know who was going to join him in a pig hunt, Morton put his hand up. It was a surprise. He had never come along with us before; always knocked me back when I asked him.

Well, I'm coming to it now. There's not much to tell about

the pig hunt. We had a turn in with an old boat in the morning and bashed up a saw that got away in the afternoon. We thought of making back when Baby's pig dogs got on the scent again, and barking excitedly, beat off through the bush.

"Come on!" yelled Baby. "This is it for sure. We won't go back empty-handed."

We charged after the dogs, blundering, picking and forcing our way through the thick vines and creepers. The sound of the dogs changed. They began to yap/begging. We knew they had the pig balled. We pushed on as hard as we could in their direction.

Suddenly, Morton who was ahead of me and to the right gave the most chilling, inhuman scream I've ever heard and plunged out of sight. The sound seemed to cut off suddenly as though he had been guillotined, but as Condon and I raced to the spot we could hear it echoing and dying away a great distance below.

We drew up short before a treacherous, gaping fissure, a ragged hole in the trampled fern.

"God, Baby, it's a crack!"

They were about there in that country—Mamaku cracks, they called them—great gashes like parted lips, leftovers from some terrific upheaval in the past. Drop a stone into that pitchy blackness and you could hear it bumping and tumbling until you couldn't hear it any more. You never heard it hit bottom. It might have been a mile deep, that chimney, two miles, three. Nobody could say.

Condon's face was like a plaster cast I was shaken and sick. Think of it. I can't forget it. This man who feared heights fell in the end from a height that was inscrutable. He fell off the very ground when all the time he thought it was the safest place in the world to be.

"Guess what, Harry?"

CAVALCADE, November, 1954
CAVALCADE
HOME OF THE MONTH

E. M. BUHRICH

no. 9

This plan, designed for an outer suburb or country town, fits on a block that falls off to the rear and to the side and gets the sun (and perhaps a view) from the side. All rooms except the bath face this side with large glass areas most of which are fixed French doors and fixed wooden louvres underneath with movable shutters provide the ventilation.

Main entrance to the house is through car port on street side. There is a large living-dining room appearing even larger because the partition towards the kitchen is only six foot high. Bedrooms are reasonably large and wardrobes as well as walk-in linen press are built-in. Bath and separate toilet are near bedrooms. If indoor sanitation is not possible the area may be used for a store room.

The fall in the ground has been utilised for a combined laundry and playroom at the lower floor level.

Construction of the house is weatherboard on stone or brick foundations and the same material is used for the fireplace wall. The simple skillion roof is ideal for catching rainwater and is covered with asbestos cement. The terrace consists of wooden planks.

Ground floor area without car port 1150 sq.ft, basement area 270 sq.ft.
SOME HIDE

MICROBES
WERE HIS HOBBY
LEO FABIAN

As a boy he always sought knowledge. He grew up to become the most noted scientist of his day.

PEOPLE shook their heads over the doing of a strange boy who lived in the little Italian town of Scandiano during the 1730's. An absorbed, studious little fellow, he recited Greek verses by the hour as he played. Before he was five, he deserted the mud pie-making of his playmates to conduct what seemed senseless experiments with beetles, bugs, flies and worms.

Today, Lazzaro Spallanzani, this once " queer" child of Scandiano, is renowned as one of the pioneers of modern science. A bold, persistent and enquiring genius, he did much to rid the world of superstition and ignorance by opening the paths of scientific research.

Spallanzani became one of the first men to take up the study of the mysterious new world found nearly half a century before by an immortal Dutch janitor named Antony Leeuwchenhoek. It was a world peopled by thousands of different kinds of tiny beings no one had seen before. Invisible to the naked eye, they were yet able to wipe out whole races of men. They were the silent assassins we now call microbes.

Spallanzani's work is not so outstanding for what he discovered and established as for his passion for finding out the truth and refusing to accept anything until it had been proven by experimentation. Spallanzani was one of the most important foundation layers, not only of the facts, but of the ideals of modern science.
Born in Seandun in 1729, Lazzarino Spallanzani was the son of a lawyer. He had an aversion to the law and resented family attempts to apprentice him to it. Instead, he spent hours of young days studying the heavens and the stars—and lecturing his schoolmates on his findings.

All Lazzano's spare time was spent in the outdoors. He liked to skip flat stones across the surface of a pond and work out why they did not sink. When he wandered in the nearby woods he found, to his delight, natural fountains. All the people he asked about them repeated a local legend.

He was told that the water flowed from the tears of sad and beautiful maidens leaped and fell to die in the woods Lazzano listened politely. He made a mental promise to himself that one day he would find the real explanation of the fountains.

Lazzano went to the University of Reggio, with science as his designated career. Spallanzani threw himself into the study of mathematics and logic. He translated Homer and wrote a paper on the mechanics of skipping stones over water and another on the sources of natural fountains. He was ordained a priest of the Catholic Church and appointed a professor at the University.

With the university facilities, Lazzaro Spallanzani was enabled to begin researches to solve the questions his inquiring mind continually posed.

One of the most widespread fallacies of the day was the belief that living things could arise spontaneously by some dark and mysterious process.

People believed the evidence of their eyes. They saw a swarm of bees supposedly develop in the body of a dead bullfrog. They saw maggots and flies emerge from putrid meat. They saw swarms of mice devour a field of wheat. No one, could convince them that such进程中 creatures had enjoyed the advantages of legitimate parenthood.

Even an educated man, like the English naturalist, Ross, could dogmatically announce: "To question that beetles and wasps were generated in cow dung is to question reason, sense and experience."

The clear, logical mind of Lazzano Spallanzani could not accept this superstition of spontaneous development of Life. But, unlike others of similar views, his did not waste his energy in futile arguments. Instead, in his university laboratory, Spallanza procured two jars. In both he put a piece of fresh meat. One jar he left open. The other he covered with cloth.

Before his eyes, flies appeared and alighted on the meat in the open jar. Soon maggots and eventually new flies appeared in their wake. In the covered jar there were no maggots and no flies "spontaneously developed."

By that simple means did Spallanzani, and his inquiring mind, demolish a legend that had been widely accepted for 1000 years.

From flies, Spallanzani turned to the tiny microbes discovered by Antony Leeuwenhoek. People now admitted that, although flies might come from eggs left by their mothers, as Spallanzani had proved, the little, invisible animals of the Dutch scientist could develop by themselves.

In England, a scientist, named Needham, conducted an experiment which seemed to prove this. He placed hot mutton gravy in a bottle and corked it up so that nothing could get in. To kill any microbes or flies that might have been in the bottle, he heated it in hot ashes.

Some days later, Needham uncorked the bottle. The gravy, when examined through a lens, was swimming with microbes. Needham wrote of his findings to the Royal Society, which promptly made him a fellow. "It is a momentous discovery," Needham exclaimed hopefully. "These little animals can only have come from the juice of the gravy. This proves that life can come spontaneously from dead stuff."

"Stuff and nonsense," snorted Spallanzani in Reggio, when he heard of Needham's experiment. "He didn't heat the bottle long enough or cork it tight enough."

Spallanzani proceeded to prove his point with a number of flasks of mutton gravy. He heated the necks of half of the flasks until the glass melted and closed over the opening. The other half he plugged with corks. With all the flasks sealed, he dumped them in cauldrons of boiling water. Some he removed after a few minutes. Others he kept boiling for an hour.

The flasks were all left for several days. Then Spallanzani examined their contents under a lens. Those which had been sealed with glass and boiled for an hour showed no trace of a living microbe. Those that had been boiled only for minutes showed some small living organisms. It was a different story with the flasks merely corked Even those that had been boiled for an hour "were like lakes in which swam fishes of all sizes from whales to minnows."

"Satisfactory!" exclaimed the fiery Italian. "Life only comes from life. Every living thing has to have a parent—even Leeuwen-
Curator of the Natural History Museum of that city.

When he arrived at Pavia, the museum was empty. Spallanzani sent to the four corners of the world for the most astounding array of specimens; then collected. He climbed dangerous mountains for alpine flora, dug boulders for minerals and precious ores, ranged the Mediterranean for hammerhead sharks and collected almost every known bud in Europe.

In the intervals between this furious activity he pushed on with his own laboratory work. He made more soup and bred more microbes. It became an obsession with him. He blew tobacco smoke at them and saw them almost human irritation. He electrocuted them; poisoned them; cooked them; swallowed them; coloured them; and tried to suffocate them.

Lazzaro Spallanzani grew old. He decided he should see more of the world before he died. The new Emperor of Austria, Joseph II, granted him leave of absence and finance for an extended tour.

Spallanzani dug for the ruins of ancient Troy. In the Mediterranean he was shipwrecked and risked his life to save 2000 bottles of specimens he had collected from various islands. In Turkey he was beheaded by the Sultan.

Back at Pavia, he continued his microscope hunting. There was still one aspect of the lives of the "little animals" to be definitely settled. This was how they multiplied. Other scientists had been at work on the problem. In Geneva a young Swiss named de Saussure deduced that microbes do not breed like animals, but a microbe dividing into two parts becomes two new microbes.

An Englishman named Ellis scoffed at de Saussure's assumption.

It was left to the veteran microbiologist, Lazzaro Spallanzani, to settle the theories in the only way possible—actual experimentation.

With infinite patience, and after endless attempts, he managed to steer a single microbe into a drop of pure distilled water.

"I've done it," cried the old man in triumph. "No one's ever done this before. I've got one microbe all by himself. Now nothing can bump him. Now we'll see if he can turn into two new ones."

As every schoolboy now knows, that was inevitable. Before Spallanzani's wondering eyes, the tiny, rod-like microbe began to grow thinner and thinner in the middle. When it was held together only by a gossamer, spider-web thread, the two ends began to wriggle with the energy of fighting dancers. Suddenly they jerked apart and floated away as two complete new microbes.

This proof that de Saussure's inspired and now classic guess was a correct explanation of microbe "breeding", and that the "little animals" never know marriage, was Spallanzani's last contribution to the march of science.

A few weeks later, in 1799, the pioneer researcher collapsed in his laboratory with apoplexy. Within three days he was dead.

His final words, as death inexorably closed his eyelids for the last time, were typical of his scientific ideals and ceaseless search for truth.

"I know my bladder is diseased," he gasped to the attending physician. "Have it out after I go. Maybe you'll learn something new."

GLOVES OFF IN COURT

RAY MITCHELL

It was just another fight in Madison Square Garden, but the decision was finalized in a court of law.

The last punch had been thrown, the bell had rung and the judges' and referee's score cards had been collected. The announcer came to ring centre and announced over the microphone: "Judge Charlie Shortell awards seven round to Billy Graham and three to Joe Giardello. Judge Agnello has awarded six rounds to Giardello, four to Graham, referee Ray Miller has awarded five rounds to Giardello, four to Graham and one even. The winner, on a split decision—Joe Giardello."

Immediately Madison Square Garden was in uproar. To the majority it appeared that Graham had won the fight. It appeared so, too, to the Commissioner of the New York Athletic Commission, Robert Christenberry, who promptly announced that the decision was "subject to review."

Christenberry called for the judges' and referee's scorecards and he studied them. Without Agnello's knowledge, he altered that official's card, thus giving the fight to Graham. Thus did he bring that fight, which, although between world rated fighters, was not worthy of world notice, right to the forefront of world boxing. Not only that, but he was moved into court, because the New York Commission rules state that only on evidence of fraud or evidence that the points had been added incorrectly, is the Boxing Commissioner justified in forcing a review and a new
A baby rabbit was pestering his mother. No matter where they were or what they were doing, he asked the same question. Finally she turned to him in exasperation: "Okay," she said, "you were pulled out of a magician's hat. Now will you quit asking questions?"

The verdict. And Agnello's card was not added incorrectly, nor was there ever a suggestion of fraud. It was just that Christenberry did not agree with the judge's summing up of the fourth and last rounds. He said Agnello had not scored those rounds according to the rules of boxing

Some weeks later, Giardello was in court as plaintiff and he won his case when Justice Bernard Boten ruled that Robert Christenberry was out of order in altering the card of JudgeAgnello.

The fight took place on December 19, 1952, and computers of record books left blank spaces opposite the names of Graham and Giardello when it came to recording the result of the fight.

In the interim between the fight and the court case, much copy was written about Christenberry's action. The consensus was that he had erred. Boxing writers quoted the rule applying to decisions and all awaited the coming of the court case. If the verdict were to stand as Christenberry had made it, then there was no need for judges to be appointed to score for fights. After all, all judges in America are licensed and have to know their job. If Christenberry did not have sufficient faith in judges, then those officials became so much excess baggage.

Justice Boten ruled that the New York Commission had no power to change official scorecards, except in cases already stated. In an 11-page report, he stated that the New York Commission had no power to alter law, their duty was to police them.

He pointed out that split decisions are not unusual and that the difference of opinion among officials never caused riots or loss of confidence in those officials. "Their judgment," he added, "reflects not only their perceptions and experience, but is invariably coloured by their own sense of boxing values."

Scoring is not a routine process in boxing. Points are given for many things in boxing, for attack and defense, for blows landing with the knuckles part of the glove, for the target with sufficient force to offset the opponent. In cricket, runs are scored; in football, true ends and goals are scored. So it is with all games and sports. Races are won by the first to cross the tape. Tennis matches are won by the first to score definite points. But in boxing, aside from a knockout, nothing is definite. Certain points are scored for various actions, but good judges see different actions from different parts of the ringside. Judges of equal ability do not always score the same number of points while watching the fight from the same area. It is not the fault of the judges; it is rather the in-
No fight promoter sees every fight; no fight fan sees every fight, and the cold hard figures in the record books just show that one fighter lost to another. The record books do not show a split decision, or a bad verdict. They do not show the circumstances in which a fighter was knocked out or knocked down. Perhaps you read where a fighter was knocked out by a punch, but the record books do not show that the fighter who was knocked out was allowing on points at the time and may have been out of shape. Or maybe he suffered a cut eye or a damaged hand or some other injury and was unable to complete the scheduled journey, thus having "K.O. D by" against his name—a knocked out by a inferior fighter.

Sometimes you will see where a fighter has lost a points decision to another. The record book does not reveal that the beaten fighter was not at his best that night. Maybe he was a little off colour; maybe he hurt his hand and could not punch with his full force.

But, even if a fighter is on top form, he does not always win, usually there is someone who will beat him. He takes that chance. But when he wins a fight and has the verdict given against him, it is tough, and he may lose matches because of that.

In the case of the Giardello-Graham fight, Giardello made sure the circumstances would be known. Even if he had lost the case, the publicity would have ensured further fights in many places. But he knew he would win it.

Although points are scored for similar actions in most rings of the world, the methods of arriving at the winner differ in many places. Note that the Giardello-Graham fight verdict was given on the number of rounds won in the event of the number of rounds being even.

New York, points are given to find a winner. But the best system of naming a winner is practiced in Australia. Here a fighter can win by seven rounds of a 12-round fight and lose the decision. Rightly so, because the seven rounds he wins may be won by narrow margins, whereas his opponent may win his five rounds clearly. Points over the whole fight are what counts here, not points over each round.

Take it this way: A fighter, whom we will call Green, may win the first four rounds at 3 points to 2 each round; he may lose the next two 4-1 each, he may win the next two 3-2. Lose the next 2-3, lose the following one 2-3, win the next 3-2 and lose the last 1-4. Green has thus won seven rounds to his opponent's five, but his total is 28, as against his opponent's 32, which makes Green's opponent the winner. However, by the New York ruling, Green would have been given the verdict on such a score card. If the Australian method had been followed in the Giardello-Graham fight, perhaps there would never have been any need for a reversal of the verdict and thus there would have been no reversal of a reversal. And this article would never have been written, because there would have been no need for it.

Robert Christenberry is a fearless man. He showed that a few days after taking office in a brawl between Billy Pep and Sandy Saddler, Christenberry brought both fighters before him, took away Pep's licence for an indefinite period and suspended Saddler for a set time. And that fight was for the world featherweight title.

There have been other occasions when Christenberry acted quickly, wisely and for the good of boxing. He ousted the gangster element from New York boxing. Not that gangsters frequent boxing and are tied in with it as we are led to believe by Hollywood, but there was a gangster element, though small, in New York boxing. Christenberry weeded out the rot, by taking away licences and policing the sport. The National Boxing Association of America, a group formed of Boxing Commissioners in some 46 States of America, could well follow suit.

Christenberry earned the respect of all good, clean, sports-loving people, and he earned the awe of the wrong-doers. But, in the case of Giardello and Graham, he overstepped the mark. He was brought back to earth, his true position was shown.

Perhaps it is as well that the affair happened, because everyone in New York found out exactly where he stood. But, for those who say a Boxing Commission is not necessary, the Giardello-Graham case is not so much in their favour as it would appear at first sight. In a non-Commission country, if such a case should occur, the wronged party would be unable to appeal to a court of law in an appeal against a verdict, because the promoter employs the referee; that official is appointed by the Commission.

Such a case has never happened in Australia, but who knows what could happen in the future.

And what of Joe Giardello and Billy Graham now? At the time of writing, Joe is the number two middleweight contender and Billy is the number two lighter contender.

CAVALCADE, November, 1954
FIVE TERRIBLE TOUGHIES

GUS SORENSEN

CAPTAIN GEORGE BEST wasn't a particularly hard man to get on with. In fact, when it came to discipline with the crew he was for the most part very lax. This in itself should have been a normal factor to establish popularity with any seafaring man and you would think that Best's easygoing character was a mixture of bravery and cowardice, with the latter predominating. He thought the easiest way to show the men that he didn't want any nonsense was to let the revolver be seen and he wandered about the vessel with it bulging his back pocket and the butt protruding.

The captain reasoned that the prominently placed gun was good psychology. It denoted from the start who was boss, it spoke all languages and was far superior to any tongue-lacing.

But when the Caswell left Galapagos for Buenos Aires towards the end of 1873, any ideas that Best had about the revolver curving the crew up with fear went wide of the mark. There was smooth sailing right enough, the men carried out their particular duties but they formed no outstanding friendship for their master. If anything, his behaviour annoyed them so much that when the barque reached Buenos Aires they lost no time leaving her.

However, Captain Best was not entirely deserted. Those who remained with him were the first and second mate, the steward, two youthful apprentices and the carpenter. On fresh articles were James Dunn, an Englishman and James Carrick a Scotman, two Sicilian brothers, Gaspar and Guiseppe Platero, three Greeks, Christos and Nicholas Sambo and Big George. The cook, who shared the same feeling as the disguised party, also left the Caswell at Buenos Aires but had also been replaced.

The Caswell, after unloading general cargo at Buenos Aires, left for the Chilean port of Antofagasta. Everything was going all right until one morning when one of the crew picked up his pallet of food and dashed it to the floor. This action broke the ice for further demonstrations about the poor meals the cook was serving. Best heard of this and, whisking out his revolver, reminded them that he was in charge of the ship and they could finish up in irons with a diet of bread and water.

The cook, anticipating the worst, was pleased when the barque reached Antofagasta. He packed up his knives and spoons and deserted.

The Caswell took on a load of entries for Queenstown, and when she sailed on January 1, 1876, she was without a cook. Big George staggered on to the vessel in no condition for duty. He stumbled into his bunk to sleep it off. That night he was still in a drunken stupor and failed to report for his watch. Best hammered on his cabin and getting no response pushed the door open.

"On your feet, man," the captain barked.

But all Best got from the mulasses-black cabin was a flood of oaths and drunken growls. He stood motionless for seconds mindlessly, then slamming the door walked away.

That incident showed up the weakness in the captain and his failure to enforce his order to the Greek brought about fatal consequences. It was the lead to mutiny.

Four days out from the Chilean port Captain Best was making his rounds of the ship. He seemed satisfied that everything was progressing favourably and he stopped where Big George was working on the main starboard rigging. He told the Greek that he wanted a good job done and gave him a few pointers on how to go about it.

Big George was not impressed. Instead he smirked and said "Too many orders on ship Me know job?"

Then he jumped to the deck and killed Best with a knife.

The mate, William Wilson, who was working forward, heard the cries and raced to see what was the matter. He only got as far as the galley. His progress was halted by Christos and Nicholas, who knifed him to death.

Still thirsting for blood the mutineers dashed around the Caswell looking for McLean, the second mate, and Griffiths the steward. The Greeks killed them.

The four murdered men were tossed overboard and the Greeks rounded up Ferguson and McDonald.
the two apprentices, MacGregor, the carpenter and Dunne and Carrick. These five, unarmed, could do nothing but obey the order to kneel on the deck and pledge their allegiance to the mutineers. Then the decks were scrubbed, the ship's name obliterated and the party feasted on the best the galley could offer and helped themselves to whatever took their fancy in the cabins.

The mutineers, although now in charge of the Caswell, had various ideas about what was to be done with her and how they could execute their escape. But whatever happened, they all realised that nothing could be done successfully while the British crew were alive. But for the time being they were necessary as none of the mutineers knew the first thing about navigation. So until the opportune time they were to be unmolested.

The navigation was taken over by Carrick. In the meantime, the Pistorias adopted a friendly manner towards the British crew and told them of the plot to get rid of them. The Greeks were going to make sure they were not brought to justice. The Italians claimed they refused to be a party to any further murders and were now repentant.

Later it became known to Carrick and his mates that the Caswell was to finish up in Greece when Big George imagined she would bring a fancy price along with the shipment of nitrates. But first she was to go to the mouth of the River Plate where the Pistorias were to leave her.

It was the end of February when the Caswell reached Cape San Antonio, the south entrance of the River Plate. About ten miles from the Cape, Gaspar and Giuseppe Pistoria made preparations to leave in a lifeboat.

One night Big George and Nicholas, with murder their intention, tried to enter the midship house where MacGregor was sleeping. They were out of luck because the carpenter had secured his door and fastened the port's. On another occasion Big George sneaked to the fo'sel' with intentions of getting rid of Dunne. The Greek was surprised to find one of the apprentices in the cabin and he left in a hurry.

It was obvious to Carrick and his mates that the pressure was now on, the Greeks were getting desperate and it wouldn't be long before the five would be sharing a similar grave as their captain and the other three. It was also clear that Dunne and MacGregor would be the first to go because Carrick would have to go because Carrick would still have to navigate and he would need one of the apprentices to assist him.

While the revengeful pitch was constantly mounting with the Greeks it wasn't exactly dormant with the British either. The latter had a discussion and agreed that the best thing to do was to beat the Greeks to the blow.

Their plan was for Carrick, McDonald and MacGregor to creep up on Big George while he was at the poop and strike him down. Once he was quietened the attack was to be continued on Christos and Nicholas who would be in their bunks.

The next night—at two hours of the middle watch—the three men moved quickly towards the poop. MacGregor carried an axe, Carrick an adze and McDonald a hammer.

Big George spotted them. He left the poop and raced along the deck waving his pistol. But MacGregor scored first.

The plan was operating without a hitch. Nicholas and Christos were trapped in their cabin. Nicholas in desperation snatched up his revolver and fired twice. Both shots went wide and he was killed. Christos appealed to his attackers and was spared. With Christos in irons, the British were once again in control.

Carrick could have taken her back to the River Plate but decided to set the course for Queens-town, their original destination. The Caswell reached the Irish coast on May 10. From there she was escorted into Queens-town by a British gunboat.

On July 27, of the same year, Christos Sambo was brought to trial at Cork.

He was found guilty, sentenced to death and hanged in August.

Nearly three years had drifted by and the two Sicilians had not been apprehended. Then in the early months of 1878, Giuseppe Pistoria was recognised in Montevideo and arrested. In an effort to screen his real identity he was using the name Francesco Mascara. Carrick identified him as Pistoria and he was brought to Cork for trial. He was sentenced to death and was executed.

Gaspar Pistoria was still free. But whether he knew it or not, the score for justice was even and the hunt for him was abandoned.
PATTERNS OF PULCHRITUDE
BAYOU VENGEANCE

JAMES HOWARD LEVEQUE

Fiction

They all laughed when old Prosper began to write his memoirs. But no one knew that Prosper planned to make the killer write the finish.

FOR several days now, old Prosper Monten had been sitting on the steps of his little cabin, staring moodily at the sluggish waters of Bayou Petit. His Cajun neighbours watched uneasily, wondering.

"He batches something, that old one," said Armand Gratien, the unofficial mayor of Bruyere. "Another scheme inspired by the devil to make paupers of us all. Remember how he tried to borrow our money to build a moss gin before the corporation built them?"

"And his plan to pool our trapping lands to fight the syndicate," said Madame Pompeu "Quet stupidite! Prosper reads too many books. It is unhealthy."

The next afternoon his neighbours stopped wondering and began laughing. Prosper had lounged around Andre Martencel's general store for quite a while before remarking sadly, "I am well past seventy now. I am too old to be too old to hunt. There is nothing left for me to do but write my autobiography—the history of my life."

Someone asked, "But Prosper, how you make a living, hein?"

Prosper did not remind them that his old age would now be secure if they had trusted him more and outsiders less—or if his son bad not died so mysteriously with a knife hole in his back.

He shrugged. "My needs are simple, mon ami. A little food and tobacco, a little clothing I have my house and my books. Heaven will surely provide for the least of its creatures."

Frequently thereafter, trappers who paddled in their pirogues along the bayou reported seeing Prosper, sitting at a book-laden table under the live oak tree in his side yard, writing busily, scarcely taking time to wave to them as they passed. Every week or ten days, he would walk from his home on the outskirts of Bruyere to the post office and there deposit in the mail a bulky, sealed envelope addressed to a Lafayette attorney.

"For safekeeping until I get it all finished," he explained at the store one day. "I do not want my manuscript stolen."

Many jokes were made about that, after Pierre had left. Toussaint DeDieu, who would want to steal the story of such a dull life?

Several weeks passed and Prosper began to lose weight noticeably.

"He is hungry, that old one," somebody remarked. "Heaven is not providing, after all. Who eats much sweat, and how does one sweat, sitting in the shade of a tree writing the story of one's life, hein?"

Pere Francois, the roly-poly old priest, passing at that moment, overheard. The following Sunday, while his congregation squirmed in the May heat, he delivered an hour-long sermon on the sins of those who publish their own lives through the centuries from St. Paul and St. Augustine to the bishop of his own diocese.

Perhaps it was this that caused everyone to fall silent when Prosper entered Martencel's store the next Saturday to purchase tobacco and coffee.

Their business completed, Martencel, with a broad wink at the others, asked, "How is the history of your life marching these days, Prosper?"

The old Cajun shook his head. "My memory is not as good as it was," he replied slowly. "I have forgotten a few details, here and there. For instance, do you remember many years ago, Andre, when you were buying dried Spanish moss and old Black Henry accused you of cheating him, saying your scales were crooked? I can't remember whether you hit him with a meat cleaver or a cane knife."

Andre Martencel's face went pale. "It was self-defense—everybody knows it was self-defense!"

"Everybody knew about your scales, too, Andre."

Martencel swallowed. "I thought—we all thought—you were writing the story of your life, Prosper."

"But I am!" the old Cajun protested. "Black Henry died in my arms. Can I help it if the story of my life necessarily includes much history of this community and of the people in it?"

He paused a moment, watching the entire group, then went on amiably, "Ah, what interesting things I have to say about you all, things—mind—that many of you do not even suspect I know! Can one hardly wait until my book is published and read everywhere? Smiling genially, he picked up his package and left.

A bomb full of atoms could not have exploded in Bruyere with greater violence. In no time at all, the village seethed with curiosity. What was he writing—that old..."
pelican? hem? Non de Dieu, he had been sitting there under that oak tree writing for weeks. What terrible things had he been saying about them all?

There were some who felt an emotion deeper than curiosity. One of them, Jules LeBanc, called on Prosper the very evening.

"There are things," he said in French, "a man likes to forget—and have forgotten by others."


"I am not responsible for what will happen to anyone who digs up matters I want left buried."

"But Jules! Your bootleg whisky was the very best in all Louisiana! Even the revenue agent who was shot admitted that—before he died."

Jules LeBanc's face was grim.

"Nevertheless, you old fool, I demand that you say nothing—nothing, do you understand?—about me in this book you are writing!"

Prosper's voice became very soft.

"That's sounds, mon ami, almost like a threat. But surely it isn't be. Because, of all people, you should find it in your interest to see that I live long enough to revise the portion of the manuscript my lawyer now is keeping for me—keeping sealed, unseen, unless I die, by anyone but me."

LeBranc glared. Prosper continued, "I wrote it while I was hungry. Jules, and a hungry man will often say things which later, if his stomach were full, be would find it convenient to leave unsaid."

Jules LeBanc knew a proposition when he heard one. Fable as an actor, his attitude changed, became one of intense concern.

"Hungry? But Prosper, my old friend, you should have told us. We will never forgive ourselves!"

To think that while we were living so well, you—" He leaned forward.

"Right at this moment, Chlotilde is making court-bouillon—of red snapper! How does that sound, hem?"

Prosper smiled his pleasure.

Jules straightened and moved to the door but stopped to add, "It may even be that you will soon be so busy eating you won't have time to write, hem?"

"It may even be," Prosper agreed.

An hour later, he sat down at the first full meal he had seen in weeks.

It was past midnight when he awoke to the sound of a faint tapping on his back window.

"It's Celeste," a woman's voice said in answer to his call. "Do be quiet, Prosper."

He did not go outside. The night was black and Celeste seemed excited.

"I—I had to see you, Prosper! For hours I have been lying awake, almost frantic. Finally, I could stand it no longer. I had to come."

"You left your husband at home?"

"Yes, Armand is asleep."

"Well?"

"This book you are writing, Prosper—there are certain things Armand does not know."

"About his cornfield, perhaps? And a handsome young man from Lafayette who, when Armand was away, would want there in the evening—for someone?"

She began sobbing now, quietly, her head bent against his window sill, her shoulders moving convulsively.

"I have died a million deaths," she asked, "If Armand should ever learn of it—"

"I don't intend that he shall, Celeste."

She looked up: "Then you won't—"

"No, I will not write anything of it."

Suddenly she was crying again, harder than ever, but the tone of it was different. "Oh, Prosper, I am so relieved! One day I shall do something for you!"

Prosper smiled. He had been gallant enough, he decided. Now he would think of himself.

"It has been a long time, Celeste, since I tasted a bottle of your blackberry wine—the best by far in the whole parish. An occasional bottle of good wine makes it so much easier to forget many things. And it will help us to celebrate a little joke of our own, no?"

In the days that followed, gifts were many. A baked ham from Alexis Tussac (who owned a dock of marked cards), a turban of crawfish boucan from Madame Pompinou (who secretly practiced astrology), six jars of fig preserves from Antoine Teutres (who had adopted an orphan who looked just like him).

Pere Francois, observing this sudden generosity with some surprise (and a little suspicion), nevertheless approved. Why, it was almost as though the town had adopted Prosper! When the old priest (who, as everybody knew, had led a blameless life) contributed two dozen eggs, any stigma attached to feeding Prosper was removed. Gifts poured in. Soon Prosper's little kitchen bulged.

"It's not bad considering he made it the same day he bought the bottle."

CAVALCADE November 1954
with food. He had never eaten so well.

Presently it was noticed that he no longer wrote. Asked about it at Marcantel's store one day, he replied, 'I find it too uncomfortable, writing on a full stomach.'

Everybody laughed uproariously and Marcantel gave him a pair of old rubber bands as he left.

But it was also noticed that Prosper was seen about the village more frequently. Observing, his neighbours realised. 'Watching Gathertings—now du chien—more maternal to write when he got hungry again!

A sudden wave of recititude, foreign to its character, swept over Bruyere. There were no games of _au-guet-sur_ to Saturday night dances at which fights could occur. Everybody was in his own home, in his own bed, by noon o'clock. An official curfew could not have been more rigidly observed.

There were rebels. True, and there Jean Pitrot, for one. He met Prosper beside the bayou one day and said in French, 'I am not such a dupe as the others. Prosper, from me you will get no tribute.'

"Tribute? Those friendly gifts?"

Jean swore and spat into a dump of water hyacinths. 'Tribute,' he repeated. He was a tall man, staid and hard, more worldly-wise than most. 'You have everyone afraid of you. Except me. I laugh.'

"You were always a great one for making jokes, mon ami. Though I foresee some people—the wardens of the Northern Fur Company among them—would not think you funny."

"What do you mean by that?" Pitrot demanded.

"A great joke, Jean," Prosper chuckled. "They are probably wondering to this day why their musk rat traps near Shell Island were always empty."

Pitrot's face was ashen. "I don't know what you're thinking about!"

"But I do. For one whole morning I watched. A masterly joke. One of the funniest, believe me, Jean." Pitrot leaned forward, menace in every line of his face. "Prosper, did you ever hear of blackmail?"

"Mainly, yes. Yet not one—least of all, you, Jean—would want me to tell in open court, under oath, I have seen."

"And libel, have you heard of that?"

"Mais, oui."

"Print that about me and I'll sue you."

"I am an old man, Jean, with only a year or two remaining. Where I spend them is of no consequence to me. A goal is as good as anywhere else. A money judgment, you see, would do you no good. I have nothing."

"But I am a great fool to be arguing with you. No publisher would ever print the story of your life, libellous or true! I shall tell that to everyone at the store, too."

"We shall see, Jean, we shall see."

That night Prosper wrote a letter to a book publishing firm.

Pere Francois visited Prosper next day.

He mounted the ladder steps to the high front porch and tapped his brow with a dapper handkerchief.

"I have come," the old priest said, "to make a speech."

"And in time for a cup of coffee," Prosper replied, pouring. "Sit down, Pere Francois."

THE priest sat and accepted the drink. "I am in many ways very obtuse," he began. "Do I not perceive truths quickly or easily which very likely is why, at my age, I am not a bishop or even a monsignor. I must look closely and listen, and guess. Lately I have been doing a great deal of guessing."

Prosper said nothing. Pere Francois sipped his coffee and continued, "In recent weeks, Bruyere has been strangely law-abiding. It is uncomfortable and unnatural. It is not human. To my knowledge, there has not been a genuine mortal sin committed in Bruyere for weeks." He looked into his cup meditatively. "Satan," he added, "appears to have fled our midst."

"You should feel complimented."

The priest looked searchingly at Prosper. "Should I?" he asked. Then he went on, "I am a man who likes to come to grips with the devil. I itch to get my fingers around his gut—so and squeeze. But I find, suddenly, that the devil has vanished. So I have been listening and guessing."

He finished his coffee and stood up. "Enough. I came here today to say two things. First, this season of plenty would be commendable if it were due to a proper fear of God and not to a fear of man. Second, I suspect you are doing a dangerous—" if not a criminal—thing. Sooner or later, the lid will blow off and you will be sitting on it. —Bonneur, Prosper, and thank you for the coffee."

Jean Pitrot must have made good his threat, for Prosper's neighbours began treating him with amused tolerance and the gifts stopped completely.

Then the sheriff, riding in his shiny new car that trailed a long cloud of shell dust, rolled into Bruyere. He was a big man with a hearty laugh and a memory for names. "It's a social visit," he announced in French, after which there was much hand-shaking and back-slapping. "There's an election next year," he explained with a wink, "and if you good people vote me out I'll have to go to work at something honest. So I've come down to buy a few votes."

Everybody laughed and the sheriff bought drinks all round.

Then he asked about Prosper. "I haven't seen him for years. Is he still bore?"

Several offered to show him where Prosper lived, but he said only, "No, I can find it," and walked alone down the bayou trail past the ruins of the old Cajun's cabin.

They got down to business at once, those two.

"I have laid my trap carefully, over many weeks," said Prosper. "As my lawyer told you, I am ready to bust it."

"With yourself as bait. The sheriff shot his head. "I don't like it, Prosper."

The old Cajun's eyes looked into the sheriff's with an intense, almost fanatical, light. "How else can I find the murderer of my son before I die?" he asked.

The officer shrugged. "I shall be here with a deputy on the night you name I hope you scheme works."

"I shall expect you after dark, three days hence."

The natives of Bruyere suspected everything but the truth. The majority guessed that the sheriff had heard of Prosper's book and had come to reprimand him.

The next morning Prosper got an answer to the letter he had written the book publisher. He opened it in Marcantel's store and showed it around.

"Very happy to read the book manuscript you mention and to publish it upon mutually agreeable terms if it meets our needs."

Although the letter amounted to
time one of them, bearing a gift, would walk through the shimmering midsummer heat to Prosper's cabin. No one learned anything definite, but all came away more disturbed than ever by vague new hints.

"This man who will die—you know him, well, Téléphone... "

"It is not only a mystery, mon ami, it is a criminal mystery..."

"Tell the police! But why? I am in no hurry. Besides, it is I who deserve the credit and my book which needs a smashing climax."

In the afternoon, "You have guessed correctly. I know the murderer of my son." Tapping his manuscript, "It will all be here, Armand, and—have no fear—as soon as it's finished, about two hours more, I shall take it to town and put it in the mail, under protection of federal law."

When this information reached the ears of the man for whom it was intended, several things would be quickly clear to him. First, he could not let Prosper mail this manuscript. For any evidence it contained would then be out of his reach forever; second, he could not afford to take the chance that Prosper was lying or that his clue was worthless; finally, somehow, he must keep Prosper from talking.

"The old Cajun chuckled and his thin chest swelled with pride. The murderer had to choose and every choice was evil."

An hour after nightfall Prosper heard the call of a bobwhite, clear and musical in the humid air. The sheriff, having arrived by a circuitous route, was ready.

Prosper took his time. No need to hurry. If his scheme was working, the murderer of his son was watching now, waiting for him to begin the long walk up the lonely bayou path to town. He tucked a thick brown envelope under his arm, clapped a faded black felt hat on his head, blew out the crescent lamp and walked leisurely to the door.

It was cooler outside. Mosquitoes whined ravenously around his head. Bullfrogs spoke hoarsely. A bird screamed in the swamp across the bayou. Prosper moved off into the night into the ambush he knew as well as waiting for him.

It would be a knife attack. The murderer would not risk the noise of a gun or the probability that the shot would be identified. He would strike stealthily.

Prosper knew this path like the palm of his hand, every turn, every cypress, every clump of grass. He moved in sure-footed silence. He reconnoitered the shelf—a dim, croaking shadow behind a bush beside the bayou—but gave no sign.

The deputy was probably somewhere ahead.

The path turned sharply and Prosper heard the unwary footfall of the sheriff, following him now some fifty feet behind. Reaching the cornfield, Prosper was within twenty feet of the spot where his son had been slain when he heard a twang snap sharply near-by.

With no more warning, the blow fell. A sharp pain cut through Prosper's left shoulder and he toppled to the ground. The envelope was snatched from his grasp.

The sheriff heard the noise and crashed forward, shouting, his flashlight cut into the darkness. Too late to show him the turn in the path, and he sprawled headlong into the bayou.

Prosper heard the thud of run-

"Boy, will they be surprised to see you!"
CRACK DOWN ON
MONEY WORRIES!

Do you find it harder each month to live comfortably and still pay your way? The best way to rid yourself of money worries is to make more money—and you can do it! The simple, up-to-the-minute, I.C.S Home Study courses will give you that extra training you need to get ahead faster and earn more money in either your present field or in a new vocation. Look over the courses below and select the career that will lead you to a more interesting and better paid future. Mail the coupon for your FREE Study Guide—NOW.

INTERNATIONAL
CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
140 Elizabeth St, Sydney
182 Wakefield St, Wellington, N.Z.

Advertising
Salesmanship
Bookkeeping
Architecture
Arch Drawing
Home Planning
Dentistry
Refrigeration
Electronics
Photography
Civil Eng
Textiles
Dental Eng
Auto Mechanics
Welding
Ind Glam
Stary Welling
Radio Plays
Commercial Art
Sketching
Landscape Pj
Window Dress
Dress Design
Account Inst

If your subject is not above, write it here—

NAME
ADDRESS

If you'd taken Schumann's* this morning, you'd be feeling much better now!

* Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts

CAVALCADE, November, 1954
LOOTING A NIGHT WITH LUCKY CHARM

Mar F.S. of Marrickville, N.S.W., is glad she sent for her Lucky Fred Charm. She won over £2,000.

Mrs. W.E.W. of Hilltop also wrote for her Lucky Charm and then shared a £1,000 lottery win.

It was only after they received their Lucky Charm that good luck brought them big prizes.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

When applying for your Lucky Charm by enclosing this day, month and year of your birth, you will receive absolutely free a specially prepared advice from the world-famous astrologist Punnett, whose knowledge has already helped thou sands.

Readers interested in attracting good luck to themselves are invited to write to:

Lucky Fred
Desk “P”
Box 520, G.P.O., HOBART, TAS.

enclosing a Postal Note for 5/- and a stamped addressed envelope. By return mail a Lucky Fred Charm will be posted to them.

The body of the text is read as:

proached the bed and stood beside it a long time.

Then the old Cajun caught the unmistakable sound of a hunting knife being drawn past the metal guard of its sheath.

He looked up quickly, in time to see the whiplike motion of an arm and a brief metallic flash as the knife sped across the room and disappeared through the window.

There shuffled a piercing scream drowned by the roar of the shotgun fired blindly.

The man in the room was Armand Grautin, the unofficial mayor of Bruyere. He saw Prosper run and shouted, “I got him! I got him! Prosper! The murderer came back to kill us both!”

He leaped across the room and clambered through the window to the ground outside.

The night suddenly was alive with shouts and the sound of running feet. The searching parties, hearing the shot, were converging on the cabin from all directions.

The man on the ground was Armand Mercantel, the storekeeper. They brought him in, the knife buried to the hilt in his throat, and placed him upon a quilt spread on the front-room floor.

Over and over, to each newcomer Grautin excitedly told what had happened—how he had been standing behind Prosper’s bed when he glimpsed the gun barrel, how he had scored his lucky hit.

To his Cajun neighbours, he began to make sense of. They looked at each other in the yellow lamp-light and remembered differences Mercantel and Prosper had had through the years. The man run, Andre sending his daughter away to keep her from seeing Prosper’s son, the storekeeper’s fear that Prosper’s book would reveal too much of the past.

Grautin remarked, “I see it all now—why Andre killed Prosper’s son, why he felt he must destroy Prosper himself.”

A sudden rush fell on the group. The bedroom door swung open slowly and Prosper, whom they had thought still unconscious in bed, stood there. His right hand was on his left shoulder to hold the bandage in place. His legs were unsteady and he weaved slightly.

Several persons started towards him but the look in his eyes stopped them. His gaze was fixed on Armand Grautin and his lips scarcely moved as he spoke.

“Armand,” he said, “you lie.”

Armand Grautin’s face went white. He choked, “Prosper—my old friend—you are ill—”

“You killed my son, Armand. And you killed Andre because he had guessed too much.”

Grautin turned to the other Cajuns. “Help me put him back to bed, was amiss. This terrible shock is making him say foolish things . . . .”

No one moved Prosper continued. “I told only one person I would be on that path tonight. You, Armand. Only the killer knew he didn’t get the real manuscript when he attacked. This way the killer would have reason to come back and remorse my room for it.”

Grautin gasped. “But he did—Andre came back—”

“He was watching, Armand. The real killer would never dare plan to use a shotgun when surrounded by a sheriff’s posse. But you saw him there, realised he had been watching you, and you saw a chance to fix the blame on him.”

Grautin appealed to the others. “Can’t you see—he’s talking out of his head, he—”
Prosper's voice was flat. "My manuscript, Armand. Give it to me."

The protest died on Grautin's lips. He stood quiet, as expressionless as the corpse on the floor.

No one spoke; no one moved. No one seemed able even to breathe.

A cool wind stilled across the room and the yellow lamplight flickered weirdly.

Without warning, Grautin lashed out at Prosper, knocked him sprawling. He stiff-armed his way past two surprised trappers, bolted to the front door and onto the porch. His booted foot swung down to the ladder steps and met empty air. Grautin sprawled headlong on the ground.

Immediately, Pere Franfois was at his side. He caught the fugitives arm and for a moment it was difficult to tell whether he was holding him down or helping him rise.

In that moment, the sheriff and the Cajuns surrounded them.

"The steps!" Grautin cried angrily, "You took them away!"

The old priest nodded. He said quietly, "Yes, Armand. I was outside listening and guessed your intention. Running away was no solution for your troubles, and I knew that later you would regret it bitterly. So I kicked the ladder aside."

Grautin's throat choked up suddenly and anger left him. His shoulders moved convulsively in great dry sobs.

"Everybody—even you, Pere Francois—is against me!" He stared around the circle of faces. "But it was a mistake when I stabbed Prosper's son—an accident! I swear it! I thought he was the one Celeste—"

"You killed Andre, too," the priest said.

"I was desperate, surrounded by my friends—all hunting me—and saw a chance..."

Pere Francois nodded. "Perhaps," he said, "the jury will be tolerant. In my case, while God will not condone your deeds; He will know how to make due allowance for human frailties."

Grautin wept.

Under the white glare of flashlight, the sheriff searched Grautin. Inside the Caun's office, under the desk, he found the manuscript. He handed it to the priest to hold.

Prosper came up, leaning heavily on Pitro's arm.

Pere Francois said sternly, "I thought I left orders for you to stay in bed, Prosper. The doctor is coming and will be here in an hour." Then, slowly, he thumbed through the manuscript.

When Pere Francois looked at Prosper again, his gaze was inscrutable. They were probably the only two men present who would have recognised the manuscript as a faithful copy, down to the last comma, of W. Somerset Maugham's The Moon and Sixpence.

---

Your Ford Dealer invites you to Test-Drive and Value-Check—and see why YOUR BEST BUY IS FORD-BUILT

No matter whether it's a car, utility, truck or tractor, Ford means most for your money. You get the finest features first from Ford—buy at keener prices... and your Ford Dealer's specialised, factory-trained service lets you maintain your Ford-built vehicle in tip top condition at minimum cost.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.

---

If you'd taken Schumann's this morning, you'd be feeling much better NOW!
DOWN

CLEE GARSON • FICTION

This highway ribboned out white in the moonlight, and Harker, behind the wheel of the powerful black limousine, kept his foot hard on the accelerator pedal as the miles of quiet country terrain faded swiftly past.

Harker's face, in the faint illumination that came from the dashboard, was taut, determined. His eyes were dark, sullen, hard. Ahead, a sharp curve rushed warningly toward him, but Harker did not release his pressure on the accelerator the slightest. The tyres screamed harmlessly and the limousine fought to stay within the laws of gravity as Harker turned it around the curve at seventy miles.

The highway stretched straight again, and Harker's mind returned to the two letters reposing in his inside pocket. The two letters from old Benson, both of which had been written to Harker Harker could have repeated their context, word for word.

One of them was a confession—one that would send Harker to the chair, although Paul Benson couldn't see it.

Harker's teeth went tight in rage as he thought of that letter. He would see that no one but himself bore the brunt of it, would he? That was a laugh. Once the mask were reopened, once the cover was on the scent again, everything would come to light, whether Benson wanted it or not.

And if everything came to light, Harker would hang.

Benson was old, and his mind was slipping. Out there on his luxurious country estate, with nothing to do all day long but think, he had let his conscience start nibbling.

There was another sharp bend in the road, and Harker whipped the heavy car around it without slackening speed, while the headlights caught a roadside sign in their glare for an instant.

"Martinsville," the sign said, "30 Miles."

That was good Benson's place was a little less than twenty miles this side of Martinsville. Harker looked at the clock on the dashboard. The luminous hands gave the time as eight o'clock. This was Thursday, and Benson's servants always left about this time on Thursday to spend their evening off in Martinsville.

Benson was twenty years older than Harker. They could hang Benson and what the hell difference would it make? But if the old fool opened his mouth to implicate himself, Harker would hang with him.

Harker didn't intend to let the late-born, maudlin conscience of a sick old man send him to the gallows. That was why Harker had the second letter with him. The letter which had been written months before the other. The letter Benson had written him on the occasion his illness took a definite turn for the worse.

2000 TRIAL HAIR TREATMENTS to be DISTRIBUTED to "CAVALCADE" READERS WITH HAIR TROUBLES

ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT FALLING HAIR?

Now you can test it yourself—try this famous treatment in your own home—under any conditions you like, and if it doesn't stop the falling hair, rid you of dandruff or improve your hair and scalp beyond belief within 30 days, it COSTS YOU NOTHING—not one penny. But you must hurry, this offer may never be repeated. It places you under no obligation, all you have to do is to post that coupon NOW for full particulars!

THE FIRST SIGN OF HAIR DISORDER SEE IF THESE CONDITIONS APPLY TO YOU!

Does your hair fall out considerably? Do you, for instance, get a lot of cubes out of your toilet? Is your hair split and broken? Does it hurt to pull gently through much dandruff laden with scalp scabs or sores? Is the scalp itchy or painful in patches? Is your hair very dry or too oily? Is your hair changing color? Does it cost falling when you comb? What style is your hair at the crown? The answers to these simple questions will tell you if you have the first signs of hair disorder and it so, take the warning that is given you by Nature.

£1,000 GUARANTEE

The above sum will be paid to any persons who can prove that any one of these testimonials appears in this announcement and that genuine extracts from actual letters in our possession.

"RECOMMENDED TREATMENT"
I have recommended your treatment to several in different towns so you will be hearing from some. Thanking you for past favours and prompt attention. C. N.

"COURSE DONE WONDERS"
I am pleased to tell you that your course has done my hair and scalp wonders. I have recommended your course to some friends. D. M. N.

"HAIR NOW RADIANT AND HEALTHY"
After using your course for 30 days I am now very proud at my hair. The dandruff has completely gone and my hair is radiant and healthy. Thanks to your course. W. M. N.

"WORKS WONDERFULLY"
I have been trying your "Hair Treatment" for some months now. Your idea works wonderfully and I am very thankful to you. H. G. T.

30 DAYS' TRIAL

MURCHISON HAIR SYSTEMS
Dept. C6, 1 Dean Place, Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME
ADDRESS

(Include 3d stamp for details)
worse. This letter, too, Harker could have quoted from memory.

"Dear Jed,

"I have learned now that I will never again be completely well. The suffering that lies ahead of me seems unbearable. I don't think it would be cowardly to take the quick way out. If I do, please understand.

"Yours,
"Paul Benson"

The old fool hadn't taken his life, of course. Harker had gone to him and talked him out of it. But now Harker was glad he had kept that note. It would lend the final touch of authenticity to found beside Benson's body.

It was a little better than half an hour later when Harker, making certain that there were no other cars on the stretch of highway, turned off down the rutted back road that led to Benson's lavish estate. Harker had planned this in advance, also. For only after the job was done would he drive back out on to the highway and down a half-mile to the front entrance of the Benson estate. Then he would "discover" Benson's body.

Half a mile from the big house, Harker stopped his car and got out. Through the trees he could see that all the lights in the servants' quarters were off, and that only the drawing-room and the adjoining study were illuminated.

Harker went the rest of the way on foot, stopping once at the garage to make certain that the station wagon and the other car were gone.

He made his way across the lawn to the windows of the drawing-room.

There was no one inside. Only two lamps were lighted, and a fire crackled in the grate. Harker moved

WHAT SECRET POWER
DID THIS MAN POSSESS?

ISAAC NEWTON (A Rosicrucian)

W H Y was this man great? How does anyone—man or woman—achieve greatness? Is it not by mastery of the powers within ourselves?

Know the mysterious world within you! Attune yourself to the wisdom of the ages! Grasp the inner power of your mind! Learn the secrets of a full and peaceful life! Isaac Newton—renowned philosopher and discoverer of the law of gravitation—like many other learned and great men and women—was a Rosicrucian. The Rosicrucians (NOT a religious organization) includes in its membership—people from every walk of life—from every race and creed. Today, headquarters of the Rosicrucians send over seven million pieces of mail annually to all parts of the world.

THIS BOOK FREE!

Write for YOUR FREE COPY of "The Mystery of Life"—TODAY. No obligation. A non-profit organization. Address: Scribe.

The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC), Box 1988, G.P.O., Sydney

SEND THIS COUPON

Scribe: W.T.
The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC), box 1988, G.P.O., Sydney
Please send me the free book, "The Mystery of Life," which explains how I may learn to use my faculties and powers of mind.

NAME ____________________________
ADDRESS ____________________________
CITY ____________________________ ZONE STATE ____________________________

CAVALCADE, November, 1954
A few minutes a day for a week with Pelmanism and your mind will be tidy and your purpose sure. In three weeks habits will be formed which will make your will strong, concentration easy, and recollection of useful facts automatic and certain.

Pelmanism
Scientific Development of Mind, Memory and Personality

The Pelman Course quickens the perception, develops the ability to concentrate, increases memory power, and turns the wish to overcome the impediments of sound judgment, increases the power of learning to greater initiative and quickness of useful knowledge and the making of wider social and business contacts.

In Australia and New Zealand more than 500 men and women have used Pelmanism to extend and develop the following attributes and qualities:

- Self-Confidence
- Social Ease
- Judgment
- Self-Control
- Confidence
- Concentration
- Initiative
- Will-Power
- Pheidiasism
- and a Held-fast Memory

Pelmanism develops these qualities quickly and permanently. They become habitual mental processes.

New Zealand: The Pelman Institute, with the approval of the Reserve Bank, has made it possible to meet the financial requirements and enable residents of New Zealand to enroll for the Pelman Course of Study without delay. Write for the best instance to the Pelman Institute, Melbourne. "The Efficient Mind" describes the Pelman Course. Course books are posted free. Write or call The Pelman Institute, 31 Gloucester House, Springs Lane, Melbourne. All addresses are treated as confidential.

TO THE PELMAN INSTITUTE
21 Gloucester House, Springs Lane, MELBOURNE

Please send me, free and post free, a copy of "The Efficient Mind".

NAME

ADDRESS

92 CAVALCADE November 1954

If you are a martyr to any Rheumatic Complaint

RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS, LUMBARO SCARRAT, RHEUMATISM, FIBROSIS, NEURITIS

MALIGNE
ADRENALIN CREAM

WILL BRING YOU THE SAME AMAZING AND QUICK RELIEF IT HAS GIVEN TO THOUSANDS OF FORMER SUFFERERS IN ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA

CRIPPLED BY RHEUMATIC FEVER! NOW WALKS AGAIN.

"I had rheumatic fever and could not walk for about 18 months." stated Mr. G C U., Hurstville, N.S.W. "After using only one jar of Malige Adrenalin Cream, the swellings in my legs disappeared and I have never had it back. People that know me think it is wonderful to see me walking again." 

Are you suffering from annoying pains of arthritis, rheumatism, neuritis? Start using Malige Adrenalin Cream at once. See how fast it relieves you from that awful pain and misery.

Until recently, Malige Adrenalin Cream was available to the British medical profession only. You can now buy it from any pharmacy. With every jar comes an easy-to-follow home treatment chart which shows you the "trigger" spot of your body where the real root of your rheumatism lies. You simply massage the Malige Cream into the correct "trigger" spot as well as into the place where you feel the pain. Even if you have been disillusioned through years of suffering, even if you have tried other remedies in vain, start the Malige Adrenalin Cream treatment without an hour's delay. Share the relief that so many thousands of other men and women now enjoy. Be happy in a new lease of life!

ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC DISCOVERIES OF MODERN TIMES!

Available from Chemists only.

CAVALCADE, November 1954
SCHUMANN'S this morning you'd be feeling much better now!

MINERAL SPRING SALTS

If you'd taken SCHUMANN'S this morning you'd be feeling much better now!
"I'd taken them out of the car, of course," he said. "In my excitement I left them there."

They broke the door in, and Harker followed on the heels of the coroner and the sheriff as they made their way into Benson's study. Harker's horror at what they found was convincing.

"Seems like a clear enough case of suicide," the sheriff announced five minutes later. "If true enough has been in rotten health, and that note gives enough explanation."

"Poor Paul," Harker choked.

The coroner, still in the study with Benson's body, called to the sheriff. Harker slumped into a chair in the drawing-room and put his head in his hands. He suddenly realised that the coroner was whispering to the sheriff.

He looked up. Looked up to see the drab, grey little figure of the sheriff, backed by the bespectacled rube of a coroner, coming back into the room with a revolver in his hand pointed accusingly at Harker.

Harker started to rise.

"No tricks, Mister Killer," the sheriff drawled. "We're holding you for the murder of Paul Benson!"

"Why, you're insane!" Harker said hoarsely. "It's as plain a case of suicide..."

"T'wasn't suicide," the coroner said dryly. "Not shot in the left temple with a gun he held in his left hand."

"But he was left-handed," Harker protested, feeling a sudden vast flood of relief. "You can get anyone who knows him well to tell you that!"

"I been doctorin' him for the last four months," the coroner, Doc Vancy, said unsentimentally. "I know he was a left-handed man. He's had to use his right eye, complete paralytics set into his left arm just four weeks ago!"

---

**Speech and Personality**

Speech is the final and determining factor in personality. It is independent of physique, dress, manner, knowledge, and experience, but when correct it adds immeasurably to the value of these.

"*54 Common Errors in English*" is a 26-day course - 16 minutes a day best divided into periods of 8 minutes each.

The undivided attention of the pupil is directed to one error at a time, the correct form sinks into the subconscious and the pupil uses it thereafter without hesitation or self-consciousness. The pupil is shown, too, how to find the proper pitch of his voice, how to control volume, and how to improve intonation, resonance and accent.

The fee for the complete course, including material, tuition, service, and postage to the pupil, is $3. Further particulars will be sent if desired, but enrolment can be made forthwith by returning the form to 21 Gloucester House, 396 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, F. C. 1.

First Published, 1922.

---

**Be a BUSY-BODY!**

Start a family working bee with Australian HOMEMAKER now! You'll be surprised how easy - and economical - it is to build things for the home. When Australian HOMEMAKER tells you how. All the information you need for BEAUTY and a BUDGET TOO is given by HOMEMAKER experts in decorating, furnishing, cooking, gardening, haodynamics projects.

See these Features in November HOMEMAKER

**GAY BLOOMS**

Even in a small plot you can cultivate PANSIES, COSMOS, ZINNIAS, MARIGOLDS. Learn how simple it is to grow these in HOMEMAKER.

**UNIT FURNITURE PAYS**

Step by step furnishing made easy. This story with pictures shows how to furnish easily - prices for various units are quoted.

**FINANCIAL ANGLES**

The profits associated with buying land are explained for you. Read this article and be wise before buying.

**4 EASY-TO-MAKES**

Projects to fill in a spare weekend. Bookshelves, magazine tidy, shadow box, magazine rack - all easy to make.

**SAVE £100**

Build this Corpset yourself. This article gives you KNOWHOW to build a simple Corpset for £17.

---

**November Issue 2/-**

At all Newsagents

---

CAVALCADE November, 1954 97
Money is a necessary commodity. It is said that money talks, but it does not say anything to us except "goodbye". Maybe it would talk if it stayed around long enough to get sequenced.

Doctors say that pound notes carry germs. You can take that with a grain of salt—germs could not live on a pound note these days. We have to earn double the money now to live. And the way to double your money is to fold it over and pocket it.

In USA they use dollars; in India they use annas, which reminds us that the caste system in India is regarded as something not done here. We do have a caste system here, though—angels eat then lines, we had a champion racehorse named Hush Caste and we cast our money after horses who finish last. But in India the caste system is different; they have some people called untouchables. And, of course, an untouchable is a man who has not paid his income tax.

On the subject of money, you know the expression, "Give you a penny for your thoughts"? With some people it is just another example of imitation. We have a girl in our office just like that.

We read where a doctor and pain strikes the body at its weakest point. That explains why our office girl always has a headache.

This girl is always tired. She says a day would be improved if it started at some time other than in the morning.

Actually our office girl likes to crack jokes. She impressed an onlooker that she was witty. Still, he was half right.

To get back to money, it may not buy happiness, but if you have plenty of it, you can make your own choice of a wide variety of unhappiness.

As money and women go hand in glove, we return to women. And the topic of conversation was our office girl. She is a great bird lover. "You should always protect birds," she says. "The little dove brings peace and the sparrow brings little tax exemption."

Maybe you would like the name of our office girl? Well, it is 'Gloria' Club'. It's a fact. Her parents meant to name her Sandra, but the minister fell into the font. His name, incidentally, was LeRoy. But ever since that incident he has been called 'Font-Le-Roy'.

98 CAVALCADE, November, 1954
Look your best . . .

It is right for a man to want to look his best—and he can—if he selects for himself the new All-Purpose Stamina Sports Coat, master-tailored from Crusader Cloth.

This attractive coat is correct for casual wear, for business or for an evening at the pictures—it is indeed ideal for every wear—everywhere.

ASK FOR

Stamina
Sports Coats

Tailored from a Special Crusader Cloth