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IF YOU SEE HIM, CALL A COP!
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CAVALCADE

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NEXT MONTH

DO YOU WANT A WIFE OR A MISTRESS? A leading question, but it is a fact that a lot of good-looking women can’t give satisfaction to some men. This is the long feature article on life’s problems and it has been written specially for Cavelode by Brownie Thompson. S & S Erb has given readers something to chew on with YOUR CHANCE OF BEING SHARP BAIT and Spencer Leeing tells HOW TO LIVE LONG. Eric Servce writes of the Australian 2/4 Commando Unit in STRUGGLE ON THE BUIN ROAD while James Hollidge writes of Zane Grey. If you like Clausewitz stories, there is LOUISE WAS A MASTEX SPY. The sporting article is FIGHT FANS ADMIRE COUREAGE. There is a crime fact; other articles of interest two fiction stories the Home of the Month and all the other Cavelode features.
The POSTMAN quelled a MUTINY

PETER HARGrAVES

His REAL NAME was Serge Zolotochn, but on arrival with his mother in England as refugees from the Russian Revolution it was changed to Zolo. He was 18 when he left London in 1925, bound for Canada’s Arctic regions—and a 12-year adventure odyssey that has few modern counterparts.

At Herschel Island off the north-western coast of Canada, Serge Zolo became a mail carrier and coureur for the Hudson’s Bay Company at £9 a month. He commenced his duties in November with an 800-mile trek across the Rockies to Fairbanks in Alaska and back again. He set out from Herschel Island on December 1 with three dog teams, an Eskimo guide and three company clerks going on leave.

He left with a plea for better from his superiors as Herschel Island was without flour, tobacco, sugar or lime-juice (for scurvy), due to the non-arrival of the supply ship. With the sea passage now securely frozen over, it could not get to the settlement before spring.

The overland route was the only means of obtaining the supplies, Serge Zolo, whose walking a few months before had been confined to the quadrangles of an English public school, nonchalantly set off on his 1800-mile errand.

His first stop was at Old Crow Settlement, 360 miles due south across the mountains. To reach it he had to rely on dead reckoning for they were travelling practically all the time in the blackness of night. From November until the end of February in those northern regions, the sun disappears except for about an hour’s “twilight” at noon, each day consists of unbroken darkness.

Through that, Zolo and his party battled towards a map dot 360 miles away. Almost constant blizzards with temperatures dropping to 70 degrees below zero slowed progress. They had food supplies for the initial journey of ten days to Old Crow Settlement. After 20 days they ran out. For the next five days neither man nor dog had a mouthful of food.

At Old Crow they soon filled out the decades that hung on their figures. With replenished supplies, they pushed on for the final dash to Fairbanks. This was over a well-marked trail with occasional timber for fire in consequence they found the going so easy that they had no trouble in covering the 500 miles in a new record time of ten days.

Three weeks later, with the mail and stores laden on two dog teams, Serge Zolo and the Eskimo made the return trudge alone. By the end of February they were back at Herschel Island.

Zolo set off again almost immediately over a 1000-mile route to Bernard Harbour, to deliver the mail for that post. By the time he got back it was spring again.

His duty over the warm months was to take the company’s schooner, “Akavick,” and a party of men and build three shelter cabins along the coast on the route to Bernard Harbour. They completed two of the buildings.

At Point Dalhouse, location of the third cabin, they faced incarceration in the ice for the winter if they delayed too long.

He set off to Herschel Island. A worry was the short supply of petrol on hand for the schooner’s auxiliary engine. If they struck heavy pack ice they would have to use it to try to break through.

Two days out from Point Dalhouse the schooner got among hercules that had drifted down from the North-West Passage. Zolo took a chance and steered a perilous passage through under sail.

That night they fed up to one of the icebergs. The morning was colder than the one before as winter came down like a blanket over the Arctic. Ice was beginning to form round the base of the bergs.

They had fuel to cover only 150 miles in clear water. Herschel Island was still a good three hundred miles off.

After another day’s progress they again tied up for the night and were hit during the darkness by a strong wind. Zolo took a chance; he thought to utilise it to help them on their way. The wind, however, brought snow and impenetrable visibility. After a few hours breathless dodging under sail, they eventually piled up on an iceberg. An inspection showed a gaping hole in her timbers.

Then the schooner started to sink back off the berg. It landed in the water, which immediately began to pour through the hole. While his men frantically worked the pumps, Zolo went over the side and fixed a square of canvas with weights and ropes over the hole.

The action of the water kept it firm and it almost plugged the leak. Timber and bacon fat were utilised as an additional “stopper” from the inside. The Akavick was able to proceed on her way almost as good as ever.

With the dropping of the wind, Zolo had to revert to his engine and consequent diminishing of the petrol supply. Ice was increasing and the Akavick could not cut its way through with its damaged bows. Undeterred, the young skipper devised a crude icebreaker from his anchors and tied it out in front. But there had to be a
point when the engine spluttered and gave out as the last drop of petrol was burned. It occurred when, by their reckoning, they still had 90 miles to cover to Herschel Island.

There was no alternative but to abandon the ship and let it freeze in for the winter. They tried to make the protection of a cave for it but only succeeded in holding it in a second place. All got ashore, but the Akkuck had sunk in a few minutes and was gone forever.

Zolo and his men had to walk home over 90 miles on rations of one biscuit and one piece of dried meat per man per day. They had nothing left with which to brew hot drinks—an essential in Arctic winter temperatures. And, there was no fuel for a fire even if they had the necessary ingredients.

Ninety miles away was safety. Each man had to cover it under his own power or die. The freezing temperatures made it suicide toarry without the means of making a fire. It also made it too cold to sleep. There was no alternative but to keep plodding on towards the distant goal. It was the only way to keep blood circulating and to stay alive.

Zolo urged his charges on to Stokes Point, which they reached ten days after leaving the ship. It was still 20 miles away from safely at Herschel Island. But wood was available there and they built a fire. Sausages were set and a few arctic rabbits provided what was starving men was the banquet of their lives.

Exhaustion and the killing cold caused the collapse of several men and it was apparent they would have to carry for the last leg. A sudden wind squall, however, broke the ice over which they had to travel and blew it out to sea. They were separated now from their base on Herschel Island by 20 miles of impassable ocean.

In a few days a thin layer of new ice had formed. With one man, Zolo set out on a dash for help. The going was dangerous, with every step likely to deposit the travelers in freezing water. They got about half way when fresh wind developed.

Zolo decided to go back to Stokes Point for safety's sake. The other man refused to accompany him, preferring to dash on for Herschel Island. The wind was reaching gale force as Zolo turned about. He ran all the way to Stokes Point, reaching it just before the thin ice broke again and was swept out to sea.

A week later stronger ice formed and the whole party were able to cross safely to the island. There was no sign there of the men who had left Zolo to go ahead. He was never heard of again.

After another year with the Hudson's Bay Company, Serge Zolo pushed off south to join the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. He soon proved he could get his man, by shooting dead a bank robber in a gun duel, after receiving a $400 through his own head.

Tiring of the law, he tried the other side. With a partner he bought an old fishing smack and began smuggling Chinese from Vancouver into the United States. Soon they were depositing 20 illegal Chinese migrants on lonely spots of the American West Coast every two days. Their profits were $100 each trip.

All went well for several months until they struck competition: two other adventurers began the same racket and cut the price.

Zolo and his partner met the new figure and still made a good profit. Then their arrivals took out a shipload of Chinese and, instead of transporting them to the States as they had been paid to do, put them aboard on an uninhabited island in the Gulf of Georgia.

The Chinese nearly died of starvation before they were rescued. Fellow members of one of their secret societies sought vengeance and passed a death sentence on the culprits.

Somehow they got their information wrong. They went after Zolo and his partner. When the latter was found dead in an alley one morning with a dagger in his back, Zolo quit the business immediately.

He sailed on a rum-runner, the "Mme Louisa", taking whisky and other liquor from Vancouver to the States. At sea the Captain, Larsen, appointed Zolo mate over the rest of the 10-man crew. Only one, a big Irish tough named Flanagan, objected. Zolo had to beat him in a rough-and-tumble brawl before he could assume his new duties.

Anchored off San Pedro, the Mme Louisa was waiting for speedboats from bootleggers ashore to come out for the cargo when a revenue cutter appeared. The rum-runner up-anchored and moved off but for days was closely followed by the government boat, which effectively prevented any business being done.

Meanwhile trouble was brewing with the crew. The Irishman, Flanagan, led a mutiny with the object of taking control and staining ship and cargoes.

In the end Captain Larsen,3 shot with his own gun, stolen from his cabin. A few seconds later, however, he went sprawling on the deck with Serge Zolo on top of him. They fought it out and the Russian won.

He got the gun, held Flanagan and the rest of the crew at bay and signalled to the revenue cutter. A party was sent aboard to take over the Mme Louisa.

At San Francisco, Flanagan went on trial for the murder of Captain Larsen. He was convicted and executed.

Zolo was free to continue his adventures through the Pacific to Tahiti, where he suffered shipwreck in an Island trading schooner.

In 1938, Serge Zolo, tired of wandering, returned to London. He married, picked up some money writing of his adventures and bought a small sloop, the "Roma", for a round-the-world voyage with his wife.

They set out in March, 1937. Three weeks later a squall caught the Roma, still off the English coast. She foundered and Zolo and his wife tried to reach shore in the darkness, but it was holed on the rocks. Their drowned bodies were found washed up on the beach the next morning.

Tragically, the man who risked his life across the world met his greatest adventure when he returned to the safety of home.
THE MULE THAT LED to death

BERT SMITH was a man with an all-consuming love. Her name was Louella. His neighbors gaped when they saw the 56-year-old bachelor farmer grooming endearments at her, putting her big muscled arms around her neck and nuzzling his leathery, whiskery cheeks against her head.

For 15 years the pair had been the wonder of Cumberland County, North Carolina, where Smith by hard work and uncompromising thrift had acquired two rich fertile farms.

People liked the husky, slow-speaking, honest Bert Smith. They admired his industry and the way he had gouged a living out of a tiny rented block and gradually hauled himself up by his own efforts to comparative affluence. The only fault anyone in Cumberland County could ever find with him was his inamorata, Louella.

For 15 years she had shared his life. He looked at her and saw only beauty. Others looked and noticed obesity and ungaillerness. She was even crooked. Her laziness, her bad temper, her jealousy over Bert Smith were notorious.

Louella, all agreed, was just about the ugliest “critter” you ever did see. But that did not affect Bert Smith’s worshiping adoration. He remembered things the others forgot, how, when he first started, Louella had worked as hard as himself. She had cleared scrub, even pulled out stumps. She had been a bulwark against loneliness.

Now Louella was old. Her joints creaked like a rusty mangle. But for all that she still liked to think she was helping out a little round the farm. As a result, although he now had a shiny powerful tractor for such jobs, each Saturday Bert Smith took her out and hitched her up so he could plough a tiny turnip patch.

Louella might be cranky and ornery and only a funny little flabby-earred mule, but she had her pride. Bert Smith wanted her to know she was still worth his food.

On Saturday morning, September 15, 1939, the pair of them were out in the turnip patch. Louella seemed to grum as Bert Smith went into the set that was a sort of private joke between them.

“Get along there, you aggravating she-devil.” Smith blustered, brandishing a big stick. “Get along, or I’ll beat the daylight out of you.”

Louella still stood placidly in the turnip patch. Bert Smith was smiling as he left his position and walked up to the mule. She looked at him with one, wise beady eye. He thrust his hand into a pocket in his overalls. When it came out again Louella leaned over and daintily took the piece of sugar his fingers held with her strong yellow teeth. While she crunched away contentedly, Bert Smith reached out and put an arm around the mule’s neck. He bent forward and touched his face against her.

Smith stopped as an old jery of a car chugged up the back road that started his property. He noted a man and a woman sitting in the front and a brood of children jammed into the back.

A thin, care-worn, roughly dressed man alighted. He scrambled through the fence and came across the puddock to where the farmer stood with Louella.

“You Mr. Smith?” he queried as he approached. When Bert nodded warily, he went on. “Hear you got a farm might be for rent.”

Bert Smith had learned the folly of opening his mouth too wide and too quickly. He grunted non-committally. He did want to find a tenant for his adjoining farm, but he wanted someone able to pay a fair rent.

The newcomer explained that he was looking for a place urgently as his family was homeless. He said he could pay a little down and the rest when he sold his first crop.

That was exactly what Bert Smith did not want. He thought to get rid of the difficulty with a surly remark. “Only reason I want to rent my place is to raise some cash quicky.”

The skinny man in front of him sighed. “I haven’t got much,” he ventured, “and I’ve got to get my wife and kids settled. I could pay ten dollars.” Bert Smith’s face was expressionless so the other added. “How about 25 dollars?”

Bert Smith was not interested. He shook his head. He picked up the reins of his mule “Get long, Louella,” he ordered the animal and took a few tentative steps as though considering the matter.

The itinerant spoke again with a psychology born of despair. “That’s a nice mule you’ve got there, mister,” he observed.

Bert Smith and Louella seemed to stop of own accord. The farmer took another look at the stranger. “You like mules?” he questioned.

He was told that the other used to breed them. Bert Smith’s eyes shone. “Well, now, that’s mighty...”
interesting. He dropped the reins. Perhaps he'd been too busy. "How do you aim to get through the winter?" he queried.

The man explained that he worked as a carpenter. He said his name was Jake Willard. Bert Smith became almost envious. "I need some carpentering myself," his voice boomed. "You fix my barn roof and I'll take it off your rent."

Late that night a farmer driving home along the road by the side of Bert Smith's property saw a figure in the headlights. When he got out to investigate, he found the man was dead. There were shotgun wounds in the face and head and there was evidence of a struggle from his right hand and a strange ring of teeth marks on his face.

The coroner who had arrived to examine the body decided that he must have been in a rough-and-tumble fight before he was killed. He had been kicked and beaten and then finished off with shooting.

Sheriff Bunch was told that the dead man had gone to see Bert Smith about renting a farm. From the road, lights could be seen in Smith's tenant farmhouse. With Deputy Prichett, the sheriff hurried there.

When the sheriff arrived to see what the commotion was, he was accompanied by the officers back to identify the body. On the way, in answer to the sheriff, he explained that he had last seen Willard late that afternoon. He said he had seen the mule being used to haul something in the woods near Louella. The two officers looked at the officers in surprise. "I thought you'd let anyone else touch her," remarked Deputy Prichett.

"He was a mule man too," explained Bert Smith, "used to raise them."

The officers returned to Cumberland County to consult Mrs. Willard again as to the exact threats made against her husband by his creditors.

After they left her they walked over to leave a few dollars with Bert Smith to help out with food and necessities for the widow and her children. They could not see her about the farm yard so started towards the barn.

Suddenly a shout came from the house. It was Bert Smith on the verandah "You keep out of that barn," he shouted. In his excitement he rushed down the verandah steps, slipped and fell heavily to the ground.

At the same time there was a wild commotion from the barn. Hooves smashed against wood. A door went flying. An ugly old cross-eyed mule jumped out. She looked around, worry plainly evident in her face, and trotted to Smith's side.

When the sheriff tried to help the farmer to rise, she had her teeth threateningly Smith called her off and staggered to his feet. He took her by the ears and tried to drag her back to the barn. The sheriff stopped him. He pointed to a bloody, empty cut and weals on the animal's back. They had been literally smeared with blood but Louella had plainly received a brutal beating.

In reply to questioning, Bert Smith said he had whipped the mule for kicking him. Asked about cuts on his chest, which had started to bleed following the fall, he said he had run into a pitchfork.

Sheriff Bunch could see the man was dying. The big bluff farmer was not used to subterfuge and guilt was evident on his face. The sheriff tried a piece of bluff.

"From a rubbish heap he picked up a solid ten pound. He held it out to the farmer. All right, Bert, he said, "let's see you walk into her again and well believe you and go away."

Bert Smith took the weapon. He raised it while Louella looked at him. He looked at her sore, lacerated face and wrenched her hand. He could not bring down the iron bar even to avoid a murder charge.

With a cry he tossed the bat on the floor. He bent and put his arms round the fat little mule's neck. "Louella, honey," he wailed, tears coursing down his face, "there's no man going to hurt you and live while I'm around."

Bert Smith was arrested for the murder of Jake Willard and made a full statement on what had occurred. He stated that the new tenant had borrowed Louella to haul some wood. He had given her to him because he claimed to be a "mule man". However, when he brought her back, her flanks were running with blood from a cruel beating. His excuse was that she had kicked him. When he bent to pick up a wooden club, she had bitten him on the rump.

Smith went crazy and hurled himself at Willard. The tenant beat him off with his knapsack and ran away. Getting his shotgun, Smith waited until he saw Willard leave his house and go down the road towards the store. He followed and shot him to death at a spot well screened from observation by trees.

Bert Smith went on trial for the murder of Willard. He was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment.

He went off to the State Penitentiary without complaint when told that Louella was being well cared for by a genuine "mule man". No one had the heart to tell him the truth.

When Sheriff Bunch went back to the farm after lodging Smith in gaol on the day of his arrest, he found the mule lying dead by the gate of the property.

Her master had locked her up in another stable before leaving. She had frantically kicked her way out to follow him, severing an artery in her leg in the process. She had made it to the gate but was too weak to get through it. She collapsed on the ground and died. Her head was facing towards the gate in the way Smith had gone.

Sheriff Bunch buried the mule himself. The spot he chose for her grave was in the middle of the tiny turnip plot she and Bert Smith used to plough every Saturday morning.
The turn of a card

PETE BURKE obliged me by dealing out a flush. It was a royal flush I pushed my chips toward the centre of the table, clenched my jaws and stuck to my chair while the too-bright overhead light sunk spears in my temples.

Henri the Dude was the first to hate. "I'll stay with you, Ponty," he said, grinning through his gold teeth. "Just to be kind of socable."

Six other socable guys stayed on the bet. Among them was Fridley, the heavy set bucko on my right.

MICHAEL BOLINGER

To me he had all the marks of a boom-camp sharpie. I had watched him like a hawk. Whenever he had dealt, four or five of the other players, including Henri, had leaned back in their chairs with their hands on their gun belts. And I had dreamed to think what a weight of lead Mr. Fridley would have carried across the room with him if one finger had ever slipped.

On this present hand Fridley shoved in a lot of chips. "I tie you up sixty," he said.

I hesitated long enough to make the play look good. "Okay," I said, sort of breathing, "and sixty more besides."

He stuck and called me. I showed him what I had. The puff went out of his brow and I was staring into glittering black ice. Suddenly he leaned toward me and jerked a card off my lap.

It was a trick, and I knew it, but it had happened so fast that all I did was open my mouth and blink.

Fridley held up the card so everyone could see it. "Well, gents and fellow travellers," he said, "just look at this!"

Some of the players knew me, but not all. Those that didn't were a flock I had to reckon with. The safest way is to pull a second or two ahead of them, which I did, holding the hard butt of my .44 close up to my chest and giving them a picture of a small dark hole ringed with steel.

"Wait a minute," I said. "That's only a moss-grown slight-of-hand trick. He had the card up his sleeve and—"

I clipped the words off my tongue too late to check the blunder. Fridley had his sleeves rolled up. Some other way, Lord knows how, he had managed the hocus-pocus without anyone seeing him.

Pete Burke, who'd always been a friend of mine, looked oddly at me and shook his head. "Everybody count your cards," he proposed. "That will show up the error if Fridley's cards, including the one he's holding, run one over, than that means that the cheat card was frisked from the deck."

"But it doesn't mean that I frisked it from the deck," I objected, scowling at Fridley.

"The card was taken from the deck." Burke announced after the count. "Now what's your decision, gents? Will we give Ponty the pot on the benefit of the doubt or leave the pot where it is to sweeten up the next round?"

"The next round." The vote was unanimous, the voices unfriendly. I stood up, still holding my popup on them. "No go," I said. "I played an honest buck all night. Then I get a wunning hand and just because a smart cheeler from out of town starts his monkey-shines, I'm to be gyped. Is that it?"

Pete Burke dropped his eyes. "Sorry Ponty," he mumbled, "but the majority rules."

No money on the table. Only chips. Just worthless bone disks, coloured pretty, I felt in a fury of helplessness. Near fourteen hundred represented there and me not a cent in my pocket. My last two hundred had been paid over to the banker. Henri the Dude, just before the last hand had been played. Now the two hundred dollars were chips mixed in with twelve hundred dollars worth of other chips. All I could do was turn to Henri. "Cash that pile," I ordered, "and no funny business. Peel 'em out."

Henri had a money-box locked in front of him and it was one of the house rules that each box had to be bolted to the table. The key was in Henri's pocket.

"Tell give you ten seconds to unlock it," I said. "Just ten seconds, then I'm starting to shoot. Go on now and unlock it."

A cold trickle of sweat ran into my left eye. We were seven at table and all except one or two packed guns. Actually, what it amounted to was one lone man defying an arsenal. Beside mine, there were an even dozen hands, each within the power of movement and the threat of death. Beside mine, and probably as good as mine, were six well-equipped resourceful brains against me.

I was especially leery of a big raw-boned Canuck, hailing from the Upper Yukon, who had come...
here to Alaska to hunt. He had the hungry look a hunter has after six months living on fish. To him, anything that can walk, is meat.

Eight seconds. Two to go. Something had to give. Abruptly Henri crooked an arm at the elbow and started for the key, slow as summer moving in on the North Pole. He added in his fancy vest and finally produced the key.

While Henri was smoking and stacking the chips and counting them, I stood by my chair thinking how I would walk out of that den of iniquity with a clear conscience and square up with all those wolves outside howling for my life.

For the truth was debt bad saddled me. I owed Crabstake Hotel for my room and board, Sam's outfitting store for the clothes I wore, but the pincushion thing was the small matter of six hundred and sixty-two dollars. Peckman's Jewellery still had coming after I had planked down a hundred smackers for a ring I had bought and given to my little redhead, Nancy.

Peckman had threatened to go to Nancy to expose me and recover the present from her. For me, the past days had been extra hard and trying, on account of Nancy had extracted from me a promise to put poker out of my life, forever.

But that was just before I had met Peckman out gummy for me. I had only two cases open: Rob the town's leading trading store or break my promise and sit in with Henri the Dude. Preferring the honest way, I borrowed starter funds from a bootlegger, and here I was and Henri: the Dudes had to wet his thumb three times counting the first stack of bills.

"I didn't cheat," I said. "And I'm entitled to this money."

"Fridley haunted the chew card in front of me. "Then bow you gonna explain this?"

"It was the game, coupled with the sneer that gondled me to the breaking point. Upseting my best intentions I hit him slack on the head with the barrel of the 44. There was a sense of strength, dead weight on the room, heavy like tons of lead. But no one was looking at me, in this sudden new interest in Fridley. The boom-town shuffle had sunk, squashed in his chair, head sagged forward on his chest, and was sliding legs-first under the table. I went cold."

Across the table, I met the accusing stare of Pete Burke.

"Murder," he said.

With one exception, everybody stood up, a kind of passive and I'd got - important - business - elsewhere expression graven on his face. It didn't look good.

They would leave me there with the body, which was now my property anyway, to wrap out of it the best I could.

From the tail of one eye, I took in a glimpse of the one exception that had had the guts to stick, the Camunk hunter.

"The goon may not be dead," he said. "That I'll examine him."

"Go right ahead," I said.

Once more silence fell. Dead smoke from forgotten pipes clung on the air. Goose pimples circled my neck.

"I think he's gone to live," the Camunk hunter said like he had to admit it. The hunter chuckled.

"Don't worry about him any more," he said. "I might as well tell you I came across the border with extradition papers on him Notorious gambler and killer, Jess Smart. Friddy is an alias."

"And you?" I gasped.

"Sgt. Dan Cleve, Royal Canadian Mounted Police," he told me.

Then he beckoned me over and showed me some things he'd just taken from Friddy's pockets. A purse jammed with Canadian and American bills, a stuffed-in cheque that Cleve said was forged, two small bottles, one of morphine and the other some kind of knock-out drops, and last-and to me most important of all-four decks of marked cards and three sets of loaded dice.

"I knew all the time that sneak card wasn't yours," Pete said.

Henri the Dude reached over and patted my arm. "I'm sorry, Pony. The pot's yours, of course."

"Hold it," the Mountie said. "Gambling is illegal and, though I have no jurisdiction here whatsoever, I feel I ought to turn you boys in and confiscate—"

I didn't hear the rest of what he said on account my head spun and my ears stopped up. I got weak and woozy and was helped to a chair.

"Take it easy," Sgt. Cleve said. "There's a reward of two thousand dollars for the apprehension of Jess Smart, alias Friddy. Though I followed him here and would have taken him right after the game, I feel you are entitled to a lot of credit."

"Smart murdered a pal of mine, a constable, just a month ago. Shot him down from ambush. I would have given my right arm to have been in your shoes with a clubbed gun and the authority to use it."

"Well," I said, "that's nice of you but I'm still in a jam."

"How come?"

"If the justice of peace fines me for gambling, I lose my girl, Nancy."

Cleve's eyes wrinkled. "That throws an entirely different light on everything. Is the lady beautiful?"

"She sure is," I said. "I'd do anything for her. I even promised to give up poker."

"Fine," Cleve said. "But to avoid temptation, take your pot and scam. And don't forget your promise. Nor shall I mine. The reward will be mailed to you next week."

I thanked them all, shook hands, glanced back at the mass on the floor, then headed out on the blizzardly street and turned north toward Peckman's Jewellery.
HARMONICA HARMONY
Police arrested Terry Fachino for playing the harmonica while driving his car along the street in Sutton, England. They charged him with reckless driving. In his defence Fachino stated that the playing of a harmonica did not interfere with his driving because he could always hold the instrument in his teeth if he needed both hands on the wheel. He won his case. From now on, much music on the highways!

WHODUNNIT
Louis W. Schlafer, of Connecticut, U.S.A., made a survey comparing fiction with fact. He listed some common fallacies, to wit: Murder will cut a common phrase with fiction writers, is not correct, as the number of unsolved murders is enormous, the eye of a deceased person containing the image of the murderer is impossible, the murderer returning to the scene of his crime is so rare that there is no basis for the saying that the murderer always does so, "dead men tell no tales" is not correct, particularly in these days of science, because what they tell depends on the care, diligence and efforts of the investigators; a drowning person going down three times before staying down is false — he may go down just once, or he may continue to struggle, going down and regaining the surface many times until he loses consciousness.

THAT HELD HIM
Private Anthony Newton, British Army, was so disgusted when no driver would pull up and give him a lift when he was trying to hitch-hike back to camp, he strung a piece of barbed wire across the road — and waited. A motorcyclist came along and ran into the wire. The rider had to go to hospital and have 27 stitches in his face. Newton went up for trial.

HIS NAME ON IT
A common expression in the Army during the war was "If a bullet has my name on it I will get it." Daniel Mickens, aged 18, a Baltimore negro, had his name inscribed on a bullet and that bullet landed in his chest. As well as his name was the date of the shooting. Police arrested another negro, Lewis Melvin, aged 23. Mickens recovered.

THEY WERE ANNOYED
When thieves broke into a building at Duluth, Minnesota, U.S.A., and found only 20 dollars in the safe, they became annoyed and poured glue and ink over the floor, and broke all pens and pencils they could find.
"Fer, ear! You can't de- 
her to me, even if I am 
ap-aware and blind," says 
the dog. In chess terms the 
pawn could be described 
as a Czech mate—indeed, 
he seems to be checkmated 
here.

Leaving the beach, our little 
miss donned a bathing suit—a 
frequent practice if her film is 
any criterion. Even in bathing 
suits she likes animal figures, 
this time. Czech those spots!
"Did you want us? We believe we heard you holler, 'Four!'"

He said he created Life

In these days of atoms and nuclear fusion we have come to be less and less surprised as stranger and stranger things have come to pass, but back in 1837 people only believed what they saw and anything they couldn't understand they didn't believe.

And it was in 1837 that we look into the room of a large mansion on a rise in the remote Quantock Hills of England. Most nights here the wind whistled eerily and tore at the trees around the big house, meaning through the eaves and creating the right atmosphere for the dramatic events taking place within.

At work in the laboratory was Andrew Crosse, a man who was to raise a furor in England seldom before occasioned by a single man. He was to be damned as a blasphemer, a thunder-and-lightning man and a would-be Frankenstein. He was to be hounded into seclusion by an irate public and nearly burned at the stake on several occasions. Andrew Crosse's crime was that he apparently created life!

He did so by accident rather than design if in reality he did perform this seemingly impossible feat. But at all times he denied repeated allegations that he was deliberately attempting to imitate the powers of the Almighty.

Crosse was a man who had the means to spend all his time...
But Crosse refused to believe what he had seen, which was what any other scientist would have done in the circumstances. He first of all decided that the insects had come from eggs dropped by insects flying around in the air of his laboratory and hatched out by electric action. But he could find no traces of any shells in the apparatus and after further exhaustive tests found no way of accounting for the Aecus, (mites) Electrices as he named them.

The Aecus had some extremely strange qualities. When in the formative stage there was no way of telling the future insects from genuine crystals of silicon. They both throw out filaments but instead of staying static and brittle as in the crystals case, those belonging to the insects became soft, pliable and waved about.

Crosse found that although the aecus could live in the poisonous solutions in which they appeared, they could live in the outer air until the first frost came. But if, once they had emerged from the liquid, they were placed back in it, they immediately died. Crosse was at a complete loss to explain any of the phenomena and when he made his discovery public he said so.

But he was unprepared for the upsurge of the announcement caused. Churchmen were vitriolic in their attacks on the "charlatan." Some sections of the press wanted him pilloried and scientists openly ridiculed his statements. But out of the abuse came a statement from a gentleman called Faraday. He declared that exactly the same thing had occurred during some of his experiments. But his support received little attention and Crosse was forced by public opinion into even greater seclusion. The only information available about his later experiments was contained in "Transactions of the London Electrical Society" (1853) and "Annals of Electricity" (1857).

It appears that Crosse became intrigued by the aecus and sought desperately to find an answer to their existence. He discarded the storage of iron oxide and produced the metals in concentrated solutions of copper nitrate, copper sulphate and zinc sulphate, all electrolytically charged over long periods, sometimes up to two years. The aecus appeared at the edges of the solutions.

He produced them in a retort devoid of outside air; one wire being led through the glass wall and the other up the spout after passing through a cup of mercury sealing the entrance. He connected the battery, and oxygen and hydrogen were given off from the solution, which soon drove out all the air. The apparatus had previously been washed thoroughly with hot alcohol. It was placed in a dark cabinet and on the 14th day Crosse saw an aecus crawling about inside the retort. But he made the mistake of not providing the insect with a resting place and shortly after it fell back into the liquid and died.

He later produced aecus in "an atmosphere strongly impregnated with the gas chlorine." But these insects were different from the other aecus in that, although perfectly formed, they didn't move or show any life. Undoubtedly they were by then grotesque, Crosse says, because they stayed there for two years without showing any signs of decomposition.

Any other information about this strange man's experiments was unfortunately not published or made available to the public. There are the facts as presented by him. There is nothing to support his critics' allegations that he was seeking notoriety. It was only through the pressure of friends that he made public his discovery. He died on July 6, 1855 at the age of 71, still unable to account for the aecus but stoically denying that he had ever sought to be the Frankenstein that people commonly accused him of being.

Perhaps we could pass off Crosse's experiments as being a fraud if it was not for a Mr. Weeks, of Sandwich. This gentleman became keenly interested in Crosse's work and went further with them, making absolutely sure that no foreign bodies were present in the chemical apparatus and ensuring that none could enter.

Invariably the aecus electricus appeared after the current had been passing through the chemicals for about a year and a half.

Weeks made control experiments, using two sets of identical apparatus, same chemicals but did not
use electricity in one of them. Always the insects appeared only in the charged unit.

One of Weeks' apparently significant findings was that the number of acarids produced varied correspondingly with the amount of carbon in the solutions used.

But that is all we know about this man's experiments. It is assumed that he dropped them, rather unable to provide any plausible key to their formation or afraid to go further for fear of what may happen.

The queer case of Crosse's acarids has been argued by a few scientists and laymen ever since, but no one has ever advanced a logical theory.

Some scientists said that Crosse's insects were known types. One, Dr. A. C. Onderdonk, stated in 1934, that the insects were a common type of household mite, the Glycophagus Domesticus, which was extremely difficult to kill and which was known to penetrate tin cans which apparently were hermetically sealed. Some say that if Crosse's and Weeks' facts are correct then no insect yet known could have survived in the solutions that they used for the periods stated and behaved in the way they reported. Did these men arrive at the secret of creation of life or is there something behind it all that defies explanation? What do you think?

JAMES HOLLEDGE

Jelly roll Jazz king

An ageing Creole died in a "sharp" flamboyant suit and with a glittering diamond set in one of his front teeth was greeted deferentially by officials when he arrived at Washington's Library of Congress one May morning in 1938.

He took the courteous respect naturally as his due. Was he not Jelly Roll Morton, a genius of the piano? Was he not the father of modern jazz? Was not the Library of Congress recognising his importance in arranging for him to record his composition as an addition to their archives on the folk lore of America?

Now he is dead, but his memory lives on as an American Benvenuto Cellini. Jelly Roll Morton is one of the immortal figures of jazz music.

His private life was as wild and exciting as the music he created. He went to gaol, loved with the fervour of a Cassanova, gambled with the enthusiasm of Nick the Greek. He was shot at, knifed and beaten up.

Morton played the piano like a genius, but always in his pocket there repos a loaded .38. He composed the renowned “Tiger Rag”, and he once crossed the
American continent alone and driving two cars at once.

Hot music began with Jelly Roll Morton when he frittered away fortunes, but his earnings never could keep pace with his fabulous spending. He died penniless in a squatted Los Angeles rooming house, where he had gone to conduct weird secret voodoo experiments.

Jelly Roll Morton was one of the most remarkable persons to come out of New Orleans, and his story is one of the most eccentric and extravagant in musical history. He was born in 1885 in the city's colourful but dangerous "tenderness" district.

His real name was Ferdinand Lamothe. His father was a bricklayer of French ancestry. His mother was a tall, quadroon beauty who left his upbringing to his godmother, a professional voodoo witch.

At six months he had seen the interior of a gaudy young woman, with whom his godmother had left him while she conjured up a few evil spirits for customers, got into a saloon brawl. She was dragged off to the lock-up and Ferdinand spent the night in her cell.

His godmother paid for music lessons for him. At seven he had developed into a practiced guitarist and was able to earn his keep by appearing as one of a night club trio. At ten Ferdinand switched to the piano, and he blossomed forth as a fully-fledged member of a young hoodlum gang known as the "Broadway Swells." In a few years he was an accomplished razor-shaving tough with a 32 pistol in his pocket for good measure.

But music remained his prime interest. All around him was music, forgotten tunes and airs and folk songs of a dozen nationalities that had somehow blended into new, blatant "blues." It was humid and played and danced to all over New Orleans, although no one had thought of setting any of it down on paper as a music score.

Ferdinand played that music. He played it for a living in dives and cabarets and gambling halls. At 16 he became a piano-strumming "professor" in one of the city's hundreds of bawdy houses. His pay was a dollar a night, but he always earned much more from the tips the girls inveigled out of their visitors for him.

On his income he was able to deck himself out in extravagant clothes that left the Broadway Swells gasping—they fitted him so tight they fitted like a sausage, silk shirts, Stetson hats and high-heeled shoes to increase his height.

In the cups of the whores Ferdinand arrived colored lights worked from a pocket battery. The idea, of course, was to attract attention.

Soon Jelly Roll Morton was the best known pianist in New Orleans. He changed his name to Morton, his title of "Jelly Roll" was bestowed on him by some of his fans from the way his stomach "wiggled" when he laughed. His inspired jazz playing was earning him up to 100 dollars a night by the time he was 17.

Jelly Roll Morton was brought up in poverty, and a wealthy relative, who had once lived in a luxurious mansion, was his benefactor. He became the music critic for one of Chicago's leading newspapers and later went to New York as a music critic for a Leading New York newspaper. He was the first black musician to be granted this honor.

He developed a fair ability at pool, but at cards he was a better player. Once, with an older, more experienced trickster, he got into a poker game on payday at a large logging camp. All went well until Jelly Roll, ignoring his partner's advice to leave the knavery to him, tried to palm three aces out of his eyes and was detected. He promptly would have been lynched in the spot had not his friend bailed his extreme youth and offered to pay everything that they had lost. The sheriffs got out of the camp.

The pair "jumped" a freight for a free ride. They were caught by a couple of guards and hustled off to the local lock-up. Both carried guns, an offence for which they were forthwith sentenced to 100 days on the county chain gang.

Jelly Roll Morton was a national celebrity. He managed to communicate with friends in New Orleans. They got him money. He sat down one night and composed the immortal "Tiger Rag." Like a dynamo, he played the piano all night at his "work" and practiced for pleasure all day.

At that time Jelly Roll Morton was a national celebrity. When he worked at the "Frenchmans" in New Orleans in 1905, however, his fame was still confined to the city.

The young Louis Armstrong was a bit of Jelly Roll Morton.
But it was sufficient to outrage a group of other jazz players to a point where they waylaid him one night and beat him into insensibility with clubs.

A club yielded by one of his attackers had knocked out a piece from a Morton front tooth. He had a huge, glittering diamond, framed with gold, inserted in the spot. It was his trademark thereafter.

Towards the end of his life, when chased by younger musicians and he found the going tough, he never found it necessary to realise on his diamond tooth—although at times he was reduced to playing in cafes for coffee and doughnuts.

In 1937, Jelly Roll left New Orleans and moved to Chicago and then to California with a jazz band of his own. From it he combed his first fortune that he was to lose over the gambling tables.

His absence saw the rise of a young Negro trumpeter in New Orleans who was soon to challenge the position of Jelly Roll as the high priest of jazz. They continued as feuding rivals until Jelly Roll's death, each with vehement supporters as to who was superior.

Today Morton's rival is still around and his position is secure as the present "King of Jazz." His name is Louis Armstrong. The experts still argue whether he would have reached that throne and his present unrivalled reputation had not death removed Jelly Roll from the contest.

Jelly Roll was rich as he toured the United States for more than ten years with different bands of his own, cashing in on the craze for ragtime and jazz that was gaining momentum everywhere.

He married a beautiful night club singer named Anita Gonzalez. As sidelines he ran a dance hall in Los Angeles, a gambling hall in Las Vegas and cabarets in San Francisco and half a dozen Texas towns. He developed a latent passion for diamonds, even using them as buttons on his underpants.

Marriage revealed that Jelly Roll possessed a fantastic streak of jealousy. All his life he had loved with abandon. From his youth in New Orleans, women had hung themselves at the talent-ed musician. Yet, as soon as he married, Jelly Roll became crazy with jealousy over his wife. He lavished jewellery and presents on her, yet if he caught her even speaking of the weather, another man he went into a dither over trunks or went off on week-long liquor benders.

In 1922, after a number of years in California, Jelly Roll decided to return to Chicago, where jazz was booming more than anywhere. He left Anita in Los Angeles to settle up some of his business affairs. As he left he said, "Baby, I don't think I can live without you. I'd want to die first."

He promised to send for her within a few weeks. He never did. Anita heard of another woman. She investigated and verified the truth of the story. Then she divorced the jazz king, Jelly Roll, who thought he would die when he left her, made no attempt to see her and they never met again.

When he left his wife to return to Chicago, Jelly Roll stopped off on the way for some recreational gambling. He lost $20,000 dollars in a crap game in Denver. He went to Las Vegas and lost his own gambling joint. He telegraphed lawyers in various towns to sell his businesses. When he received the money he lost that, too.

As a final resort Jelly Roll sold his diamonds, even those in his underpants. When that money also disappeared across the green baize tables he was broke. He hobbed his way cross country and finally reached Chicago as he intended—just one year late and minus a fortune.

He tried to open a new cabaret of his own but found that with the advent of prohibition such businesses were the exclusive prerogative of the great criminal gangs. Jelly Roll Morton was successively warned to stick to his keyboard or he would wind up in a block of cement. Jelly Roll took the advice. He returned to making his living by music.

During the next ten years Morton turned out original compositions with production-line ease and efficiency. He wrote and arranged about 100 jazz hits which "became standard in the jazz repertoire, the whole mass of his ideas forming the basis of universal hot language molded by every band and written by all arrangers."

But no one appreciated Jelly Roll's ability more than he did himself. Of all his mother's children, it might be said, he loved Jelly Roll the best. Once he took one of his compositions to the publisher, played it over for him and then said, "How do you like that?"

"That's good, Jelly," the listener replied.

The King of Jazz snorted in disgust. "Good, hell," he retorted, "that's perfect!"

When introduced to him, a famous entrepreneur said, "Oh yes, Jelly Roll. They tell me you're the best piano player in town.

"The best in town!" Morton repeated seriously. "I'm the best in the world."

Jazz swept the country in the next few years and Jelly Roll Morton was carried along to new affluence. He formed another band of his own, the most famous jazz combination of all time, the Red Hot
Peppers, and cleaned up with triumphant nationwide tours.

His income rocketed until he was getting $1500 dollars a night from his band alone. On the side, smash hits such as "Black Bottom Stomp", "Sidewalk Blues", "Turtle Twist" and "Shreveport" were pouring from his frenziedly creative mind and cascading royalty dollars into his pockets.

He bought more diamonds, he gambled and he gave money away to down-and-out musicians and friends and relatives in New Orleans with the generosity of a dying millionaire.

In 1928, Jelly Roll married another colored singer and entertainer. Again, his psychopathic streak of jealousy asserted itself. He made them both miserable, as he opened her letters, listened to her phone calls, followed her on the streets and paid scores of men to test her by trying to initiate affairs with her.

When the depression arrived with the 1930's, Jelly Roll Morton began to decline. Jobs became fewer and he had to break up the Red Hot Peppers. He worked intermittently as a solo pianist, but talented younger players were constantly appearing to give him stiff competition.

He moved to Washington, where he sang Elemet was not so strong, and sunk all the cash he could raise in a night club. It ran for several years, battling hard with bankruptcy. It gave up the struggle completely in 1937, when the proprietor tried to eject a drunk and received two stab wounds in the chest.

Jelly Roll recovered but was a sick man thereafter. His ego received a needed boost in 1938 when he recorded his works for the Library of Congress. When the job was finished, he dashed off to New York, enthusiastic about the chances of a comeback.

But the aging pianist could not survive the cutthroat battles necessary to haul himself to the top and was soon playing for a pittance. The knowledge that others were creaming up by pirating his old tunes drove him half crazy with rage. He began to experiment with voodoo to "hex" them for their treatment of him.

In 1940 he heard from the voodoo witch, his godmother, who had brought him up in New Orleans. She had moved to Los Angeles.

Jelly Roll, through all his vicissitudes, had managed to retain two ancient motor cars—a Cadillac and a Lincoln. He packed his possessions in them and chained them together so that one could tow the other.

Leaving his wife with promises that he would make good again in the west and send for her, he drove his two jalopies clean across the continent to Los Angeles.

He moved into the squatter tenement where his godmother lived and the two plunged into voodoo experiments. Jelly Roll lived on the proceeds from the sale of his cars and an occasional royalty cheque from his old compositions.

His godmother died, but he continued the voodoo rites. On July 10, 1941, he succumbed to a heart attack himself.

Before he was buried, one of the 150 admirers who turned up for the funeral looked in the coffin and saw a gaping hole in the front tooth that had once held a diamond.

Jelly Roll had sold it a few days before his death to help a musician who wanted money to visit his dying mother.

She sells sea shells

CAVALCADE, March 1955
BRAIN TUMORS.

The chemical 6-mercaptopurine, which is used in treating leukemia, may also check brain tumors, according to Drs. Alfred Gollhorn, Edith Petersen and Margaret Murray of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. They found that 6-mercaptopurine reached the cerebrospinal fluid within five minutes and a peak level in half an hour. It was still present 24 hours later.

ALLERGIES.

What causes allergies? Dust, pollen and feathers are no answer; the cause goes deeper. With the help of radio-active iodine molecules and the geiger counter, efforts are being made to find out what goes on in the body of the allergy victim when he swallows or inhales or touches the substances to which he is sensitive. In this way it is hoped to locate the tissue where the allergic reaction takes place. By using the tagged proteins, the department of pathology at the University of Pittsburgh Medical School has found that in the guinea pig the reaction takes place largely in the lung. Now research is under way to discover what happens in men under similar conditions.

DIABETES.

Whales may provide insulin for diabetes. Several top British scientists are investigating the possibility of extracting insulin from the pancreas of whales. A shortage of insulin exists all over the world because it can be obtained only from the small pancreas of slaughterhouse animals. The meat shortage of a few years ago cut into insulin production. If this new source can be developed there will be unlimited quantities of the lifesaving drug for diabetes. The scientists are spending the winter on fishing boats in the North Sea so that they can make on-the-spot investigations. The pancreas gland is frozen immediately after the whale is killed.
Exotic allure is emphasized in this classical, almost yoga pose. No gem could so well suit our model as the stately, lustrous pearl. For this beauty the world is her oyster.

There is perfection and character in every line of this face: the perfect moulding of the shoulders and the purity of the pearl in her skin. The girl with all these features adds up to sophistication.
new HOPE from BRAIN change

SPENCER LEEMING

Leucotomy, a brain operation, has been very successful in changing criminals and accident victims. Personality took place after the operation had been performed.

News of this advance in brain surgery soon spread over the medical world. In 1937 they began to leucotomise some otherwise hopeless mental sufferers with much the same results as those obtained by Moniz in Portugal.

Since then thousands of leucotomy operations have taken place in the U.S.A.

Brain surgeons and psychiatrists of Britain became interested in leucotomy, and during World War II, when I was the administrative chief of London's mental health services, I became personally concerned with arrangements for the first leucotomy operation at a London mental hospital.

One morning the medical superintendent of one of London's largest mental hospitals asked me if I would look into the legal aspects of leucotomy because he was anxious that this operation should be performed on a certain female patient whom we will call Jane.

Jane was about twenty, came from a good family, was tall, and had been good-looking. But long before the period of adolescence was over she became possessed of a horrible mamba.

Sometimes Jane required four or five nurses to hold her down.

The medical superintendent proposed a leucotomy operation. Following legal advice, written permission from her parents was obtained, and the operation took place.

I went to see her two days later. She was lying quietly in the hospital ward, her head swathed in bandages, but with a fateful expression, on her once fiendish face.

What a metamorphosis!

About six weeks later I visited that particular hospital for another purpose. The medical superintendent took me into a large female dayroom. At the farther end of the room was a piano, and on the piano stool sat a patient playing popular tunes of the day.

"That's Jane," the doctor said.

The patient grinned. Obviously she was simple-minded, but the mamba had disappeared. Her personality had been changed, and she was a human being again.

What actually happens when the pre-frontal lobes of the brain are severed? To answer that question, one must first recall a little physiology.

A man's brain, consisting of more than 12,000,000,000 separate living cells, is larger in proportion to his size than that of any other living creature. Particular development appears to be in that section of the forebrain known as the frontal lobes. These are the mystery area of the human brain, and are believed to be the seat of human personality and emotion.

Thus, the operation known as leucotomy, involving the severing of the frontal lobes, can and frequently does effect a transformation in personality, emotion, and character.

Following Jane's case, we undertook many more leucotomy operations on seemingly irrecoverable mental patients, with varying degrees of success. It is significant that the latest available figures in regard to results of leucotomy operations in London mental hospitals show practically the same proportions of success or failure as did the pioneer, Dr. Edgar Moniz, with his twenty cases.

The somewhat crude technique adopted by Dr. Edgar Moniz in 1935 has been improved upon by brain surgeons performing leucotomy operations. A first-class brain.
surgeon can now do a leucotomy in twenty minutes with a local anaesthetic. One American doctor claims that he can do a leucotomy in one minute! He inserts a thin spike under the eyelid, and knocks it into the brain with a mallet. A gentle sideways motion with the spike and the job is done.

The word 'cured', which is apt to be mentioned in connection with leucotomy operations, is misleading. Anti-social qualities, obsessions, hallucinations, violence, morbid jealousy and melancholy may disappear when a person has been leucotomised. But in their place, quite possibly, will appear complete obedience and dog-like tractability, a degree of childishness, lack of tact, and other rather negative qualities.

Already leucotomy has been performed on some criminals whose personality had been adversely affected by an injury to the brain when children. The results of these operations have been encouraging.

Contained in the archives of medical history is the classical case of a man in the United States of America who, about 100 years ago, had a crowbar accidentally run through his head from temple to temple. And yet he still lived! When the crowbar was withdrawn, contrary to all expectations, death did not supervene. The man actually recovered.

But the most amazing feature of this remarkable case was that the man was no longer rather irritable, as he had been, but became a most agreeable and even-tempered fellow.

That crowbar must have done something to those 12,000,000,000 or so living cells which made all the difference between good and bad temper since then there have been many less extreme and remarkable cases of severe head injuries, particularly in wartime, and frequently when the injuries have been in front of the head there has been a change in the character of the patient. For instance, when persons have had operations on tumours in front of their brains, they have often emerged as people of more cheerful and carefree disposition than they were before the operation.

In all these cases it was the front of the brain box, where the frontal lobes are situated, that was disturbed.

Dr Momms, first to perform leucotomy, subsequently became a Professor, and in 1914 he received a richly deserved award of the Nobel Prize for Medicine.

There is one doubt about leucotomy and that was expressed by Dr W. Grey Walter, one of the world's leading research workers on the human brain and on mental function and disease. He had this to say: "Scientists are wondering whether they might not have created a sort of Frankenstein monster. Have they relieved the symptoms of insanity? Have they cured the insanity? Or will it sometimes become hereditary and be handed on to their children, thus spreading the diseases?"

When it is considered, it would be a terrible thing to have all people on a set mental pattern, all easy-going and easily persuaded. However, leucotomy will be confined to hospital mental cases, certain criminals and sufferers of brain injuries.

Subject to certain conditions, the leucotomy operation can now be performed on patients in mental hospitals in Australia.

Other new techniques are throw-
Three epic fights Blay and Delaney fought. And when the
fire of their thrillers had died, two shells remained.

These FIGHTS set
the Pace

RAY MITCHELL

SYDNEY Stadium was packed to
the rafters, newsreel cameras
were set up, waiting for the start
of a contest which everyone felt
would be an epic. In the spotlight,
under the 43 lights which flood
Sydney Stadium ring, two boxers
were receiving instructions from
the referee. The boxers wore white
boxing gloves, it being thought
that white would show out better
on the screen than the usual dark
brown.

Instructions given, the boxers re-
turned to their corners for a
moment, to doff their dressing
gowns, adjust their mouthguards
and await the bell. This was a
fight for which fans had waited
for a long time; they knew there
would be fireworks. And when the
bell sounded, they got, not fire-
works, but an atom blast for all bell was 1st loose. On that night, April 4, 1932, when Bobby Delaney, lightweight champion of Australia, crossed gloves with his number one contender, Bobby Blay.

For generations, scientists have wanted to know what would happen if an irresistible force met an immovable object. They were answered by Blay and Delaney. There can be no final result—only a blast which leaves two husks.

When the first bell rang that night, the two Bobbys tore at one another like tigers let off a leash. Delaney’s savage attack forced Blay backward, but he recovered and flew back. It seemed as though the two boxers were fighting for more than a title, to the onlookers it was as though they were battling for life itself.

That first round had been a match to a barrel of gunpowder; it had been the firing pin to a byrodean bomb. A war had started and it raged through the second, third and every round for fifteen rounds. If there was any difference between each three minutes of fighting, it was that each round was a little fiercer than the last.

As early as the second round it looked as though the fight would end in a knockout. Blay took two counts, but weathered the storm. Delaney cast caution overboard in the third round and sailed in with all his artillery. Blay smothered until the fire died, then he opened up with a counter-attack that caused the champion to hold on.

As round after round went by, the crowd wondered how two men could absorb so much punishment. They wondered, too, how much longer it could last. The ninth round came and went, then the tenth opened and it seemed as though Blay put everything he had into a three-minute sustained onslaught in order to finish the contest. Somehow Delaney survived, although he was out on his feet. The stadium was in uproar.

He stood his ground in the 11th, and the two boxers did not budge an inch as they slugged each other throughout the whole three minutes.

Blay was the first to wilt and Delaney gained the ascendency through the next three rounds, but he battled hard for every inch of ground and for every point. The tenth started and the champion continued his onslaught, which the challenger, all in, fought back gamely.

The bell sounded and Delaney was crowned winner and presented with the Earl Beauchamp belt, symbolic of the title tilt.

When two boxers engage in a thrilling contest of the quality of the Blay-Delaney fight, they automatically place themselves in the pugilistic Hall of Fame—in the little niche marked "Unforgettable Epic." But that two boxers should duplicate and even surpass their thrill is phenomenal. The two Bobbys did just that and their three efforts against each other places them in another department entitled "Unparalleled Performances."

And when the smoke and fire of their three thrillers had died, two shells remained. Neither fighter was as good again. Yet the promoters matched them a fourth time—and one shell cracked under the strain.

Their epic served for years as the yardstick by which all great fights are judged and compared, and it remained for Tommy Burns and O’Neill Bell to eclipse them with their sensational fight on March 8, 1947.

Blay and Delaney were great fighters, though neither could be judged the greatest of all time. Indeed, neither could make the grade among the ten best lightweights developed in Australia. But then boxing styles blended so perfectly; both were so tough and game and both so determined that their bouts had to be thrillers.

The case of Blay and Delaney ran along similar lines, but, strangely, their paths did not cross until Delaney won the title.

Delaney was born on February 27, 1910, and began his career in 1927. He won the Australian lightweight title on July 29, 1931, from Norm Gillespie. Blay was born on March 2, 1911, and he had his first fight in March, 1928, as "Young Blake."

There was little physical difference between Blay and Delaney when they met, and there was little difference in experience, Blay having engaged in 51 contests while Delaney had fought 54 bouts. But Delaney was lucky in getting his shot at the title. Before Blay, Delaney did not have a shot until he fought Delaney, although, up till then, he had defeated twice one Australian champion in non-title tilts, two ex-champions and two future champions. Bobby Blay has gone down in Australian boxing history as one of our unluckiest pugilists and one of the best who never won a title.

Blay began as a bantamweight. In Melbourne, and after a series of victories, became a featherweight. Leaving Melbourne, he went to Broken Hill, where he became an idol—an idol whom Broken Hill people still discuss with respect. He was in Broken Hill that he beat the then featherweight champion of Australia, Tommy Crowle, and ex-champion, Coca Jackson. He beat Crowle again at Broken Hill and demanded a shot at the title, but Crowle flatly refused.

Blay made his Sydney debut against the Filipino, Young Ghio, at Leichhardt Stadium. Bobby won and created a deal of comment, some said he was the making of a champion, while others said his cross-arm defence was too clumsy to be effective against a really first-class fighter.

There was another aspect of Blay which caused adverse comment. That was his method of training. He spent 20 rounds each day in the gymnasium. Critics said he would burn himself out—and they were right, as Bobby was through at 22. But it was the fights with Delaney which had most to do with his short career.

Blay journeyed to New Zealand, where he was hailed as sensational, just as he had been in Broken Hill and Melbourne. Upon return, he fought with success at Melbourne and Leichhardt, knocking out Jimmy Kelso in a round at the latter stadium. He skittled Kelso in four rounds at the Hill. Kelso later won the title from Delaney.
and became one of the toughest men ever to fight in this country.

Blay showed in Brisbane and again was hailed as sensational. He won three fights within a fortnight in Brisbane, and all inside the distance. Back in Broken Hill, he knocked out Bluey Jones, who later became welterweight champion of Australia, and who also held the lightweight title at one period.

All these performances of Bley’s in different cities were helping to build up to a title fight with the champion, Delaney, and, during 1931, he repeatedly challenged Delaney. But the champion turned deaf ear. Instead, Delaney went to New Zealand, and, upon his return Bley issued him with a writ for £1000, for breach of contract. Nothing came of the writ, and for a while nothing came of plans to match the pair.

Finally, when interest was at fever heat and speculation as to the ultimate winner was rife, contracts were signed. So they met in their initial blast at Sydney Stadium.

Six weeks later the two met again in what was to have been a title tilt. But Bley weighed in one pound overweight and the title, thus, was not at stake. This second match, like the first, was a war. The result was a draw.

From May 16, the date of their second contest, to July 11, the date of their third, both boxers spent their time licking their wounds and training hard. Both weighed over the weight limit and both had lost their edge, but the spirit was still there and the third war started where the second had left off. The tides of fortune seesawed until the tenth term, then Bley spilled Delaney to the deck. Groggly the champion rose to his feet, and, as Bley rushed in, he clinched and held on desperately. Only a great heart enabled Delaney to see out the 15 rounds. Bley won on points. Thus the series was even.

Delaney went out for a spell, while Bley was in action a month later, stopping Kid Conn. He then returned to New Zealand and halted Ray Trowern. But the sun had set on the careers of both Bley and Delaney. Bley suffered double vision in a fight with Al Foreman, Empire lightweight champion, who later lost his title to Kelso. Foreman outpointed Bley Bobby told no one of his double vision, but took a spell from boxing in the hope it would clear.

Upon resuming Bobby blasted the hopes of rising welter, Jimmy Burke, then fought a draw with the visiting Englishman, Ern Roderick. Delaney, in the meantime, had lost his title to Jimmie Kelso.

Then came August 14, 1933, and two worn-out warriors faced each other across the Sydney Stadium ring for the fourth time. Bley and Delaney were to decide the issue — who was the better man? The question was never answered; after six rounds Delaney was ahead on points, but hurt his hand and quit in the seventh.

Delaney went on fighting spasmodically for a while, but Bley had only one more fight. That was against Tod Morgan, the popular American who was making his Australian debut in that fight. Bley saw two Tods in that fight — as it one weren’t enough to face. The double vision, noticeable earlier, had not disappeared — it had been accentuated. Morgan won on points and Bley retired, aged 28 — a shell of a once great fighter. There can be too much of a good thing. After their first fight Blay and Delaney should have stayed apart. If they had, they both would have lasted longer.

Mary had a little germ — one that didn’t show, but everywhere that Mary went that germ laid people low.
It wasn't the first time that Mary Mallon had been in a house when typhoid had broken out. Two years previous to her engagement at Muna, she went to work for a family in New York. There was no blame attached to the blue-eyed Mary when one of the young men in the house went down with typhoid. The cause was suspected to have come from an army camp. Mary Mallon was still around New York the following year and she was in the employ of another family. That time it was the laundress who spent her Christmas in the Rockwood Hospital.

Mary Mallon liked fresh surroundings. In 1908, she was at Long Island, serving up the meals to a large household. Her infectious germs spread rapidly and in no time four of the staff were indisposed with typhoid.

That same year there was an epidemic of typhoid in the town of Ilawa on Lake Cayuga. Well over 1000 were victims. By 1908, the Health Department in New York had a massive file of over 3000 typhoid cases including 633 deaths.

Mary Mallon could not possibly be held responsible for that tally of typhoid cases, but she was a generous contributor, and the latest list of victims banded into the Health Department in the summer of 1906 were definitely caused by her.

That summer, Mary was going through her culinary routines at a place called Oyster Bay. It was the same old story. Within a week, six people in the house were ill. Mary didn't want to see what happened to them, but packed up her gear and left the job. The stricken ones recovered and with the summer over the house became vacant again.

Then it was the owner of the house at Oyster Bay who had a problem to face. No one was interested in setting foot inside his house. He was told by several would-be tenants that his house was unhealthy and the possible reason was bad drainage or a faulty water system. The landlord called in a sanitary engineer.

George Soper was the engineer. He gave the house—both inside and out—and its surroundings a thorough checking and turned in a report to the owner that the house was in the clear as far as any infection was concerned.

Soper said: "I believe the typhoid outbreak in your house has been caused by a carrier," Soper went on to explain that certain humans harboured in their bodies typhoid germs, but were immune to the disease themselves. These people were known as typhoid carriers.

But George Soper didn't stop there. He was interested in his job, and, convinced he was on the right trail, he made it his business to see the last tenants. In New York, he chatted with the wife of a banker, a Mrs Warren Yux. She and her husband had taken a party to Oyster Bay, Soper was told. The mention of the cook and her sudden departure aroused the sanitary engineer's interest. But all Mrs Warren could tell him about the cook was her name and the agency which sent her.

Soper was hot on the trail after he left Stricker's agency with a briefing on jobs Mary had taken. Finally caught up with her. She was employed as a cook in a large establishment on the western end of Park Avenue. Soper was alarmed to hear that one of the staff was in hospital and another young woman was critically ill in hospital from typhoid.

The sanitary engineer was taken into the kitchen where he came face to face with Mary Mallon. He told her he believed she was a typhoid carrier, and that he would like her to have a hospital examination.

Mary's blue eyes flared and her face went a cocklecomb shade. She screamed at Soper to leave her kitchen and emphasized the order by grabbing a carving knife.

Soper left hurriedly but did not drop the case. He discovered that Mary had a boy friend. Soper found Mary's friend much easier to get on with and more so when a round of drinks came his way. The sanitary engineer had established this friendship as a means of seeing Mary again. One night he went to the apartment in Third Avenue to see her. Mary hadn't arrived and Soper sat on a ruptured chair waiting for her. He was disgusted with the room, which was nothing more than a filthy, verminous den. Soper was alone—in conversation anyway—for Mary's friend was stretched out on a sofa, drunk. The engineer tensed himself every time he heard movements in the passage outside. When the door did open, Soper flashed a smile. But all he got from the female visitor was a cold stare and heaps of angry shouts. He knew it would be crazy to stay and in an angry mood himself, he left.

George Soper was still very annoyed when he left Third Avenue and felt like going back to the apartment and taking Mary to the hospital by force. Instead, he told her story to the Health Department and they decided on action. It was just as well, because Mary was about to change her job again.

Soper reminded the health authorities of Mary's violent temper, her attack on a nurse who refused to administer to her. Well armed with that information, the department's inspector, a Dr. Josephine Baker was supplied with a bodyguard of three policemen.

Early one morning the party
The fastest girl in town

D'ARCY NILAND

You never saw anyone run like her. And we'd have made a fortune if it hadn't been for one thing.

BANNISTER broke the four-minute mile, the first in history, they say. He wasn't a girl. done it I'll tell you.

Ten years ago me and Jamaica Peters went bush. It was on doctor's orders. Our doc was a friend of the Police Commissioner. Yeah, that's right, the city was too hot and you won't wonder why when I tell you what a trade we'd been doing selling jockey's batteries, doping dogs, and rigging in fights. You just can't expect to be on a good thing all the time.

Well, all right. Here we are raw to the open spaces, it's just one big paddock to us. There's trees and behind them more trees. We go into towns and they're all the same. No buses, no trains, no nothing. They all drop dead after Ten, Gentlemen. Please. We feel we're thousands of miles away from home, and it can make you pretty sad and sick at heart. But it's always been like that with me. Two miles outside the suburbs and I've been crying for mother. That was back-blocks enough for me.

Still, we had a good time while our coin lasted. Then we were down to it.
"I've had enough of this, Jamaica," I said one day. "Do you reckon there is some chance of cutting out some sort on an estate card to the metropolitan copsey?"

Jamaica Peters was the quiest bloke in the world. If he said two words he'd worry for half a day whether the second one was necessary. But he was thunder and lightning in a dust-up, and he had a first class think-box on his shoulders.

He reckoned he'd put out a lead, and the answer was a lot worse than we expected. We got wind of the bobbies still snooping from a mate of ours, Chocolate Farmer, in the Smoke. According to Chocolate the heat was fierce and we wouldn't have stopped two yards from Central before getting singed. He told us we would be well advised to partake of the wholesome country air for some time. We thought we'd better get into match of some sort.

We became swagmen, hooking all our classy duds and letting ourselves for the part. We were squatting down one day trying to get a blazing fire going with wet wood when Jamaica gives me a call.

I went beside him and do what he's doing—stare. We see streamers across a grassy paddock a sheila after a hare. She's wearing a check shirt and blue denims.

That hare swerves and doubles but the runner does the same and finally catches it and stretches its neck.

We look at one another, and then we look at the girl walking back towards the fence with the dangly body at her side. "It's not natural." "Hey!" I called.

She stopped still and we walked over to her. She smiled shyly. She had piercing black eyes and they glittered behind the fringe of hair blown across her face. I did all the amusing, but she wasn't interested in me. I was amused. She had those big violet eyes on Jamaica and they were full of spell-casting. He shuffled and looked uncomfortable. He was much of a one for the women.

Anyway, when she said that maybe we'd like to go and have a meal at her place we stopped in line beside her quick.

She lived with her father in a little weatherboard shack in the scrub. He was a skinny, middle-aged bloke with teeth like old ivory. You couldn't touch him anything about friendliness. He said her name was Shandy. I didn't bother asking him how come you could see her white all white with a dash of ash. That mightn't have been the reason, but I settled for it anyhow.

While she took the hare apart in the kitchen the old boy told us a bit more about her. Always she could run, from the time her mother died, and before, and her mother died when she was seven.

"How old is she now?"

"Just turned nineteen."

"And you brought her up?"

"Wasn't any trouble," he said.

"None of it. Never had any trouble getting her to school even. And she'd run all the way there and back ten miles from here, you know."

"What, not every day?" I said.

He nodded, with some pride.

"Never missed once. And she's very good in the house, too. Manages it like an expert."

"But this running," I said. "She doesn't run, she flies! She can toe it like I never seen anybody toe it before. She's—she's colossal."

"The hare, you mean?" The old busher gave me a shrug and a grin. "Oh, it's common for her to go out and run a rabbit down for dinner."

Well, Shandy did it well with that fur-bearing quadruped that you couldn't tell it from chicken except for the knee-joints. The meal was extra good, and she was pleased to know it. She killed Jamaica with kindness. There wasn't much difference in the colour of the skin. He had a head of little black curls and a coppery face. He came from the same place as Peter Jackson. Some reckoned he was Peter's double.

Afterwards, wrapped up in our blankets under the gums we smoked and thought. It was then that the idea started to rattle around in the old noggin. We could make dough. Jack up a carnival. Have her beating race-horses, cyclists, foot-runners bill her as the Human Rocket. Those things were hot news then. I turned to Jamaica, talking fast with excitement.

"It's a crackerjack," he said. "But I reckon we ought to keep going."

"Ah, you've just got the breeze-up."

"Breeze-up? Me? What about?"

"That sheila. She's making a pitch and you don't know how to handle it. You've got the chance to clean up but you'd rather turn cocktail and do it in."

"I'm not frightened of anybody," Jamaica said. "Least of all a bit of fluff."

"Okay," I gloated. "Then it's settled."

But it wasn't. As usual I did the talking. I went down to the house in the morning and went in while Jamaica stayed outside. I spun the words for Shandy and her old man.

I lined up an empire of riches and all the treasures of Arabia I spoke of fame and fortune as though they were next door neighbours. The old busher came in, but not Shandy. She wouldn't play ball. I didn't waste time like some dashing salesmen who can't tell when the customer really means no I went out, pulling a big lip, and drummed Jamaica.

"It's your baby now," I said. "See what you can do."

I knew he didn't want to talk to her, but he did. I waited outside in five minutes he was back, and I didn't like the sour look on his face.

"What's she say?" I asked.

He flowered as though it was all my fault. "Ah, she said she'd do anything for me."

Well, that was it. Me and Jamaica nutted out the preliminaries. He didn't shelve the job in any way, but he didn't have that old willingness about him. I knew why. He wasn't at ease. If the girl, instead of playing up to him, had been aloof and disinterested he would have been himself.

We picked our town and set to work. We talked a printer into doing us several posters and a few hundred dodgers and had him thinking it was an honour to wait for the money. We got school kids to distribute them for free passes. We got the showground baccie by promising to give a portion of the proceeds to charity for the benefit of the town. This amounted to a small sum to defray the cost of repairing a horse trough donated by the late Annis and George Bills, though of course we didn't say that then. We arranged with commercial and business houses to donate the prizes as a shrewd advertising stunt. You'll be wondering where we got the clobber to make our-
selves such presentable professional men. The Benevolent Society couldn't have been kinder.

The first show was a real bovver. The crowd poured in from all over the district. We had half a dozen blokes running side shows—hoopla, knock-em and chocolate wheels—and stalls serving up lollywater at threepence a glass. We had in the ring cycle races, tent pegging, musical chairs and three or four others.

Then we brought on our star attraction—Shandy, the Human Rocket. She gave the best foot-racers there 20 yards start in the 100 yards race and practically left them standing. The star cyclist who had a running start she knocked by five yards over a hundred. Then we put her in with the fastest prad we could find.

Before we kicked them off in the 440 around the ring, me and Jamaica started a little discreet bookmaking, offering 20 to one on the girl. The odds were so good that the punters queued up. In half an hour we had £200 in bets. And we collected the lot.

At first we weren't sure—the horse would be in front, then the girl then the horse—but over the last 500 yards she came like a flash.

The turnout was such a success that I was all for losing no time in putting on another one. We eyed off another town, and got the ball rolling again. This time we got the local paper to plug the publicity about the wonder girl. There was plenty to go on from the previous meeting.

This time, though, our idea was to release a live hare and set Shandy and a muzzled greyhound after her. The muzzle was humane, and we told everybody that the dog had as much chance of rolling over the hare as Shandy did. Again, the customers turned up in droves, and again we set up a book. Well, to cut it short, that dog wheeled and followed all over the place. Compared with Shandy, she seemed to know what the hare's brain. She anticipated his every twist and turn, and then she had him. She caught him, lifted him, and then let him go. The crowd went wild with cheering and clapping.

Out of that show we bought a cheap little jackpots that boused a lot but got you there. I had no intention of throwing away this money-spinner set-up, and Jamaica reluctantly had to agree with me. It was all settled for a third carnival, and we were on our way to the town—Jamaica and Shandy and me—when it happened.

Shandy, who was sitting in the back, suddenly leaned forward and put her arms around Jamaica, who was sitting beside me, and kissed him on the cheek.

"Ah, cut it out," he said roughly. She fell back, silent, and in the silence he angrily went on. "I've had this I'm finished. You two can go on with it but I'm definitely out."

"Ah, you know you don't mean that, Jamaica."

"Don't I?" Jamaica said. "Stop the car. Drop me here. I'll go my way."

When I didn't look like believing him, he furiously switched off the ignition and tugged at the wheel. The trees came from nowhere, the car overturned and that was it. Me and Shandy were okay, but Jamaica was badly hurt.

Well, she looked one look at him and off she went on the mile to town. I looked at my watch. It was three and a half minutes to six. Well you know she was in that town at six. Those who saw her running down the main street remember the Town Hall clock striking the hour.

A doctor came hotfoot. He said Jamaica was lucky. Another five minutes and he would have been a goner. He would have bled to death. They got him to hospital and soon he was right again.

But Shandy, she didn't run any more. That superhuman effort finished her. She broke a bone in her left foot. Her pace was gone.

Of course, we knew why she done it, Jamaica maybe more than me, and that's why I said, "If a woman thinks that much of a man he'd be a fool to walk out."

"Not that you mind much staying now, anyway," I told him with a wink, letting him know I was a wake-up.

He had his arm around her when I left them and walked down the road alone. Nobody would think of running a record mile for me. That's what you get for being—well I don't know You tell me..."
With the high cost of building accentuating the demand for minimum houses, many interesting solutions of this special problem have been developed over the last few days.

CAVALCADE suggests a plan for a small, two bedroom house in timber, which is only 9 squares in area. The large living room serves the dual purpose of lounge and dining room, and is served direct by a well-appointed small kitchen. The two bedrooms each have built-in wardrobes and there is a linen cupboard adjoining. A washing machine is placed in the bathroom, thus eliminating the need for a laundry and complying with the requirements of most building authorities.

The sketch suggests a modern treatment for this small home, but the plan is equally suitable for a more orthodox design, if this is desired.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this nine square house is 55 feet or 48 feet, according to the way it is placed on the site.
THE CULT OF THE TALKING CROSS

CARL NORRIS

A strange sect in Mexico worships a large wooden cross which has the eerie ability to talk!

Each cautious step that I took carried me deeper into the bowels of the mountain, and deeper into the past. It was a sweltering August, 1951, when I entered the cave. A half hour later, shivering and stumbling through flarelit underground passageways, I could have been in prehispanic Mexico.

Two dark-skinned Indian boys carried torches ahead of me. Beside me walked Manuel Garza, the man who was taking me to see the strange cross that talked. In the first murky chamber we entered, he showed me steps cut in the floor centuries ago by his pagan ancestors. He also showed me primitive carvings on the walls, ancient symbols of what I had first supposed was a dead religion.

But the spine-tingling tales he told me about life in the lost corners of isolated jungles and mountains proved beyond a doubt that the old gods were still very much alive—and their worshippers still very active.

The old man who attended the talking cross, Manuel said, was a shaman, a witch doctor who, like the others of his black brotherhood, had inherited the secrets of his ancestors. These men were...
largest cluster of glistening stalagmites and the ocelli's flames cast their feeble light into a tremendous room whose vaulted ceiling disappeared in darkness. From the ceiling, I saw the spike-like stalactites hanging like monster icicles, and, like great swords, they seemed like the, the stalagmites reaching up toward them.

As we approached, I saw that the cross was dressed in human clothes: A dark-colored robe was wrapped around the upper part of the cross, and draped gracefully over the arms. A man's scarf was folded on the base of the cross.

Without a sound, an old man stepped from the shadows and came up to the fire, with great dignity. The shaman held the scarf and pulled up close over his mouth and nose. He stood waiting before the fire, the reflected flames dancing in his jet-black eyes.

The voice was enormous, deep-toned and vibrant. It was an inhuman voice, heavy, cold, oppressive.

It spoke the incomprehensible syllables of an Indian dialect that was all consonants with no vowels. It barked, cackled, bellowed and snarled. I could not tell if it were the voice of a man or a woman. My impression was that it could not have been either, but that very definitely it could have been neither male nor female.

At the first roaring sound of the voice, the shaman dropped quickly to his knees and bowed his head before the cross. Manuel, frozen motionless for an instant, stared openmouthed at the cross. Then he knelt. The shadows of the stalagmites leaped upward as the two boys knelt and laid their firebrands on the ground.

It was black and appeared to be extremely cold. The leaping, starting flames of the fire and the two ocelli brands tricked my eyes into seeing motion—a slow fluid undulation, almost as if the cross was breathing. Its shadow shrouded on the wall close behind it.

There were tiny candles at its base, wilted flowers, dying vines, and squash. It was impossible to say what the wood was—only that it was coarse-grained, ornamental, and blackened, as if by moke.

Suddenly the voice stopped. An oppressive stillness flooded the cave. I heard faintly the heavy breathing of the shaman and the patter of the flames.

I could understand nothing that he said, but the Indians were listening attentively, apparently taking it all in. When it stopped, the shaman began speaking his voice low and muffled. His human voice was a shocking contrast to that of the cross. He sounded frail, weak, and thin-voiced.

When the cross interrupted him to speak again, I was astounded at the difference in the two voices. The voice of the cross was inhuman, not unminked of the mechanical sound that electrical amplification would have given it.

Manuel motioned for me to leave. He put it on the altar by the candle. I followed Manuel and the two native boys through the tunnel, and finally out into the hot sun of the twentieth century was still shimmering.

The next night, back at the Aaxen Court, I mentioned to Manuel I had met earlier what I had seen in the cave. He was extremely interested. Talking crossed were apparently not new to him, but he was surprised to learn that one was operating so close to Oaxaca.

"Manuel said the shaman was taking it away very soon," I told him. "He said that was the only reason why I was allowed to see it.

"Yes, yes, don't stay in one place for long. Not even in such an ideal spot as that cave you describe. They are illegal, you know."

"Illegal?"

"Well, not that it really means much, but the shaman who tends to it can be arrested if anyone feels like bothering about it. These talking crosses have caused plenty of trouble in their day."

He told me their strange history. Temples, idols—all heathen trappings were destroyed during and after the Conquest in 1521. And though the Spaniards substituted the cross for the grotesque idols, the old ways did not die out. The Spaniards were shocked when they heard reports of talking crosses, clothed in Indian garments and worshipped as the embodiments of ancient pagan gods.

They set out to find them, and to bring the Indians around to Christianity. But so many mountain ranges and swarming jungles were terrible barriers. Their task, even though they made tremendous progress, could never be completely realized.

One of the most influential of the talking crosses, and the one that virtually launched the business as an almost organized cult, appeared in the Indian town of the Queretaro Province. These Indians, proud descendants of the old and glorious Mayan civilization, resisted government influence for generations.

In the middle of the last century a general wave of open hostility between Indians and whites flamed across Mexico, and the Mayans were leaders in the revolt against their foreign-blamed rulers. In the midst of this uprising, a cross
mysteriously appeared on a mahogany tree in a little village called Chan Santa Cruz, a stronghold of the nationalists.

More startling than its unexplained appearance, however, was the fact that the cross spoke to the Indians in their own dialect, announcing that it was the Holy Trinity and saying that it had come to aid them in their fight for freedom.

By the hundreds, the awed natives flocked to the magical tree and listened to the stirring words of the cross. It damned the Spanish-blooded and all foreigners who had invaded Indian Mexico. It whipped the Mayans up to a frenzy.

The fame of the cross spread so far and its inspiration became so inflaming that within a short while the government sent out a large force with express orders to take Chan Santa Cruz and destroy the cross. Helpless before the overwhelming numbers that surrounded them, the Mayans fled. When, much later, they returned to the devastated village, the cross was gone.

But three more talking crosses appeared, saying that they were the daughters of the original one. Called La Santisima, The Most Holy, and shown publicly only on rare occasions, it has a double which takes its place on outdoor religious processions. Though it has not actually spoken for years, it is reputed still to write notes, signing them with three little crosses.

Most of the talking crosses were finally discovered to be deliberate fakes. The original cross at Chan Santa Cruz was exposed as a political fraud, intended to inflame the rebellious Indians. The government troops who destroyed the cross learned that its voice was an Indian ventriloquist hired by a native who was eager for the revolt. The "voices" was killed, but his boss escaped, staying undercover until the coast was clear, and then returning to set up the three daughters.

His ventriloquist had been killed, so miraculous written notes that made such a hit were his only way of making a direct contact between the Indians and the crosses.

"Well, if they're all fakes," I asked my informant, "what about this one I saw? There was no ventriloquist I could see. There were five of us there, and I know for a fact none of us spoke. I was watching the others closely."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "I said most of them were exposed as fakes."

"You mean... ..."

"I only mean that some were discovered as fakes. There are fake spiritualists in your own country. Are there also genuine ones with strange powers?" He rose from his chair and stared off toward the mountains. "You've been in Mexico long enough to know that strange things occur among the people of primitive regions here. I don't say your cross talked. It sounds — well, of course, it sounds impossible. So do aspects of voodoo and black magic.

"But you are the one who should tell me. You had a rare chance to see one of these talking crosses. What about it? Did it talk?"

I wanted, of course, to say "no." But I did not answer him. I still can't answer the question. Logic and common sense tell me one thing — but what I saw, and heard, and the experience I went through won't allow me to accept cold logic quite that easily.

Otto Skorzeny was a mastermind who personally conducted his amazing campaigns in the field. That is why Hitler used him.

His men is a giant, six feet four inches tall, weight sixteen stone. His hair is brown. A scar runs from ear to chin on the left side of his handsome arrogant face. His name is Otto Skorzeny. He is a menace at large, and anyone knowing his whereabouts should report to Secret Service. Skorzeny has been dubbed the most dangerous man in Europe, and this is why.

He was Hitler's prize secret agent. He was the leader of Nazi saboteurs, and near among them he was not averse behind a desk but a foxy, fearless, adventuring campaigner in the field. To him fell the toughest problems. He relished them. Nothing seemed beyond his powers of accomplishment. His rescues, escapes and general chicanery revealed the plotting of a mastermind and the physical prowess of a daredevil. In fact, about his feats and exploits there is something of the sensational touch of Superman.

On July 26, 1943, Benito Mussolini resigned with his cabinet and was placed under arrest. Marshal
WE BACKED HIM!
The jockey sat astride the horse,
(It was the popular tip)
Then prior to moving round the course
He asked for the riding whip.
The owner snorted where he stood,
"You'd better start your run!
"The last jockey did no good—
"And he threatened this horse with a gun!"

Pietro Badoglio, who took his place, announced that the Fascist Party was dissolved. The one mistake made was in keeping Mussolini alive, for alive he was still of inestimable value to the Axis. Hitler wanted to get him back into circulation.

But how was it to be done? Mussolini was in no common gaol! He was held prisoner on a mountain peak watched over by four hundred Italian guards who poked his every move. Hitler did not know how to release his ill-starred cohort. But he gave the order that he was to be freed. The rest was up to the man chosen to carry it out: Skorzeny got the job.

It looked a hopeless task. But with fifty men, which he personally handpicked, a glider and an aeroplane, the cunning, daring Austrian spectacularly accomplished the mission—actually kidnapping the Duce from the midst of his captors in what seemed to be an impregnable fortress. In September of the same year Mussolini proclaimed the establishment of a Republican Fascist Party, allied with the German army of occupation and set up his new Government in Northern Italy. Although the war-sick Italian people were split into factions, the Party attained considerable power and authority in certain regions of the country, and the resurgent move definitely helped to prolong the German resistance.

Mussolini gave Skorzeny an engraved wristlet watch Hitler gave him the Knight's Cross.

In 1944, German Intelligence learned that Admiral Nicholas Horthy, regent of Hungary, intended to transfer his allegiance from the swastika to the red star of Stalin. Skorzeny scaled the regent's castle wall to capture him but Horthy had announced Hungary's surrender and bolted. Skorzeny began to prowl ruthlessly to ransack every hideout. He finally located Horthy and rushed him captive to Munich in the face of the conquering Russians.

Skorzeny took the strings of Yugoslavia, like those of a puppet, in his ingenious hands, and did most towards preventing Mihailovich and Tito from joining forces against the Nazis.

The time came in 1944 when Hitler began to see fugitive, trembling glimpses of the writing on the wall. The emotional egotist could not bear to believe that the vast and wonderful military machine which had grown under his genius was breaking down, that the world of the Third Reich was to become one with the dead and forgotten but once great civilisations of Ur and Carthage, Troy and Babylon. He remembered the picture only a few years before, on September 1, 1939: the terrible mechanised divisions roaring into Poland, the thundering fleets of aircraft that darkened the sky, the swarming armies
of 1,700 men, spelling the death of a country in ten days and the earings up of the body in less than four weeks. Such power should not be shattered.

Hitler planned a tremendous and desperate strategem. His reserves led by the armoured divisions, would smash the American Front in the Ardennes, which was invincibly weak, and then speed northwards to cut off nearly half the British, Canadian and American troops in Europe, commandeer their colonial supplies and their best port, Antwerp. This, in the ferocious mind of the Fuhrer, would hold down the US and Britain long enough for the Germans to be able to produce, quickly enough, V-bombs, jet planes and submarines to turn the tables and win the war.

"There is only one obstacle," Hitler told Skorzeny. "To get control of the bridges over the Meuse, so that our Panzers can cross I rely on you to clear away that obstacle."

Skorzeny picked 200 men who could speak English and banded them in a special unit. He clothed them in the uniforms of the American dead and prisoners of war. He coached them in American manners and customs, even to the way a GI opened a packet of cigarettes. He instructed them in American slang and profanity, drilled them in a knowledge of American military equipment and weapons—in short, converted them into almost foolproof duplicates of American soldiers and officers.

Then he sent them infiltrating into the American lines, carrying the poisonous gospel of demoralisation, their powers of spying and sabotage. This was known as Operation Grief and the men were known as Griefers.

The wild, snow-mantled Ardennes echoed with the thunder of seventeen German divisions, reinforced by twelve more, smashing their way through the thin defences Skorzeny's Griefers, using captured American Jeeps, came like a plague among the Americans. They undetected airstrips, supply dumps, and routes used by American reinforcements, passing the knowledge on to the German artillery. The Griefers cut telephone wires, blocked roads with trees, changed road signs, removed mine danger warnings — creating fatal confusion and consternation.

There was no muddle among Griefers and German troops. They had their code of signals — the raised helmet, the blink of coloured flashlights.

The American forces were like a leaderless legion. They did not suspect the truth. Even when the first three Griefers, disguised as GIs, were taken into custody for not knowing the password, and exposed, some US officers dismissed the plot as fantastic.

But when Intelligence officers found a German radio and code book, and Allied technicins intercepted Griefers radio reports, victoriousy describing the carnage and threatening debacle among the Americans, they had to believe it. And then the spy-hunt was on. Every soldier, every jeep, was checked. Questionnaires and vocable tests were applied. It was like loosing a rabbit in a warren. The rabbits bolted and blundered into the wating nets. In some instances the pursuing enemy sought to drive away; in others they rushed road blocks. But day by day the prisoners increased.

One revealed that the 150th Panzer Brigade, under Skorzeny, was operating captured American tanks in a pretentious retreat until it was in position to seize the Meuse bridges. Skorzeny's American tanks wiped out half an American armoured battalion which couldn't understand why its own tanks were firing on it. But bit by bit, plots, coups and threats were revealed.

Another prisoner told of a plan in which Skorzeny and his party, disguised as and representing American officers, were to appear at Allied Supreme Headquarters Versailles with a batch of German generals whom they would claim to have captured. After winning their admission on this pretext he was merely a matter of waiting for the opportune time when the phoney Yanks would boost the staff and Skorzeny himself would kill General Eisenhower.

Whether or not this story was true, it had the immediate effect of instituting an elaborate system of protective security, and Eisenhower, against his will, was kept virtual prisoner in his own house for a fortnight.

One hundred and thirty Griefers, led by the US military tribunal were found guilty and convicted of violating the laws of war by wearing an enemy uniform for the purpose of sabotage and espionage, and were executed by a firing squad at Henri Chappelle, Belgium.

Radio Luxembourg broadcast details and gave a description of officers wanted, including, pre-eminentiy, Skorzeny.

But Skorzeny wasn't finished. Even though Operation Grief was a Chief of Staff of the Nazi Intelligence Service and threw all its acute, devious resources into building up and making more costly the Allied advance into Germany.

As his instructions his agents planted explosives everywhere after the evacuating Germans—

explosives so cleverly camouflaged that every commonplace object, even the stones and gravel on the roads, were suspect booby traps.

When Himmler, Goering and other big Nazis committed suicide, it was Skorzeny who prepared the poison capsules and continued to secrete them to those men.

Adolf Hitler, a Hamburg radio announcer and on May 1, 1945, had died amid the shod and shell of Berlin, had died amid the ruins of that burning city, still at his post defending the Reichschancelery.

There are some who contend that Skorzeny inspired this announcement; that Hitler did not die but was murdered by his brilliant, omnipotent and that because of him the little painter who painted the world red is somewhere alive today.

Sixteen days later, at American headquarters near Salzburg, Austria, Skorzeny surrendered. He served 22 months solitary, was tried at Dachau, some charges against him being withdrawn, and the tribunal, after two days and a half hours deliberation, strangely enough, freed him.

However, since he was an SS officer, he had yet to be tried in a German denazification court. While in prison, fan letters and offers of aid reached him from America and whether or not his liberation was arranged, the fact is that on July 25, 1945, his cell was bare and from that day to this Otto Skorzeny has been in hiding.

He could be in Europe. He could be in America. He could even be in Australia. There are men waiting for the unmistakable hand of Otto Skorzeny, the picturesque dada-devil of the Third Reich, to show itself again.
Barrish pocketed the dice, turned and walked out. At the corner he paused, lifted a newspaper from a metal rack that said: DROP COIN HERE. His hand reached in his coat pocket, inserted metal in the slot. It dropped with a proper sounding clink. He stuffed the folded paper in his pocket, walked idly up the street.

The poolroom was well patronized for the hour.

The eye-shaded man at the counter was making pencil marks on a large, square sheet, tallying a twenty-six game.

Barrish's hand came from his pocket. It was a long, supple hand and the man with the eye-shade could be pardoned for not knowing the two dice were pinched between the middle and index finger. He picked up the leather box, said: "I'll shoot a game." The eye-shaded man grunted around his cold smoking cigar. "Three," Barrish said.

He rolled the cup close to his ear and then plunged the dice on the felt board, hard. Several bounced on the small board around the box, went on the floor. The eye-shaded man, muttering around his cigar, retrieved them.

Barrish accepted the dice, cupped his long fingers over the box and rolled again, hard. One cube bounced free of the board. Went over. The man stooped once more: Barrish's hand passed lightly and swiftly by his pocket, dropped two good dice in without sound.

At the tenth roll the eye-shaded man looked at Barrish coldly, made marks on the pad at the eleventh and twelfth roll. Then as Barrish rolled the dice the final time, picked the leather box from his fingers, placed it on the counter behind him. "That's all, brother. How'll you have it? Merchandise or half off and cash?" Barrish said cash and scuttered out, followed by the booted glare.

In some three hours Barrish was going to kill Dolfie Aitkens. But he wasn't thinking of that now. He was thinking of what a sucker he'd made of the guy with the eye-shade.

Suckers, Barrish thought. Nothing but suckers. Even Sid, and Sid was supposed to be a smart operator. Barrish grinned to himself as he thought of Sid. Big bookie, a smart operator. And yet Barrish had talked him into two and a half grand for a lousy fifty-dollar chill job. These guys in the West were pushovers.

It was three o'clock when Barrish pulled up by the theatre. All of his enjoyable languor of the past few hours vanished. His thought processes fell into a familiar pattern as he eyed the parking space his plans called for. A small coupe was moored there. He checked the parking meter; saw it had fifty minutes to run. He set the convertible on a cruising path around the block.

Forty minutes later he was in the spot, the last space up to the red-lit cabaret theatre marquee where the hampirering car could park in front. He unlocked the glove compartment, withdrew a gun that he transferred to the waistband of his trousers with a swift motion.

He got out leisurely. His hand sought his coat pocket, withdrew a coin and automatically inserted it in the parking meter even as his eyes were checking the street. His fingers twisted the handle over for full sixty minutes. Then he strolled idly to the corner.

The showhouse was T-shaped, entrance and marquee on the main street, width of balcony burgeoning out on both sides but inset...
back from the street. The north
inset held a small confectionary,
a tiny parking lot and, on the
corner a small brick building with
a huge sign that said: FLORIST.
Sid had fingered the shop for
him three days before. "The florist
is a front. The business is done
upstairs in the back. Aikens runs
a big hook—too big. He leaves
every day at four forty-five...."

Barrish looked across the street,
noticed with satisfaction the spire
of the pile driver that showed
above the wall surrounding the
evacuation where a new building
was in progress. The pile driver
whooshed and banged rhythmically.
He liked the sound. It had a place
in his programme.

He turned and briskly went back
to the theatre "Lodge that," he said
to the girl at the window. The
doorman tore the ticket, returned
half. Barrish walked through the
ornate lobby, mounted the stairs.
It was matinee time. The vast
carpeted hall was unoccupied. He
removed his hat, left it on one of
the overstuffed chairs in the wait-
ing area. Then he continued to the
right, went down the stairs and
goat the north wing. The heavy
plate-glass exit doors had handles
on the inside only.

Barrish looked around. There was
no one in sight. He produced a
small wedge-shaped rubber door
stop, kicked it firmly against the
right hand door to hold it open
just far enough to get fingers on it.

Outside, Barrish turned right,
looked casually around. He melted
into the cool darkness of the park-
ing space behind the small
corner building.

At four forty-five, he moved
deeper into the dimness of the
semi-garage.

A man stood on the landing
platform. Barrish's eyes were on
him but his ears were tuned to
the whoseh of the pile driver. The
pile driver whooshed. He squeezed
the trigger.

Barrish clambered over the
bumper of the car, inspected the
crumpled form on the landing in
cool appraisal. He pocketed the
gun, walked the two steps down
the landing. Suddenly, at the
cement, he grimmed again, retraced
his steps. Might as well give them
something to puzzle over.

He leaned over, placed a coin in
the lump hand, made it into a

The plate-glass door showed no
one in the theatre exit. His fingers
pulled the door to him. He stalled
leisurely up the hall. At the turn,
a slight man in a wine-coloured
uniformed coat with gray sleeves
raised an inquiring eyebrow "Hat,"
said Barrish easily. "Seldom wear
one. Almost walked off without it.

Barrish retrieved his hat,
dawdled his way through the lobby
to the front exit. He pushed open
the door, stilled an exclamation and
let it swing back hastily.

A three-wheeled police
motorcycle was parked in the red
zone directly in front of his car, the
leather-faced motorcycle policeman
in conversation with a man who
was leaning on a rubber-tyred
cylindrical car.

He walked to the room marked
MEN, lit a cigarette, stared at his
watch. The minute hand gave up
three numerals. Then five. He started
for the door, turned abruptly
to the sand-filled urn for ciga-
rettes.

His fingers searched the sand,
withdraw a wire basket that made
stub removal easy for the clean-up
man. He buried the gun deep in
the sand, replaced the wire trap,
smoothed sand over carefully. Then

he went to the front exit. There
was two minutes remaining for his
hour's parking to be up.

The motorcycle was gone. He
walked jauntily to his car.

Heavy hands clumped him solidly
on both sides, stopped him with his
foot on the running board. "Okay
Mac," a voice breathed in his ear.
"This is the law!"

The parking meter collector
leaned his elbows on the rubber-
tyred, cylindrical money repository.
"How about it, Ed?" he asked the
leather-faced motorcycle policeman.
"Did they get the guy?"

"Yeah," the motorcycle man re-
plied. "The inspectors were stashed
out around the place and put the
sleeve on him just as he was
getting in his car."

The motorcycle policeman ex-
panded in the warmth of superior
knowledge. "Hotshots," he said,
"are all alike. They are so busy
playing smart they forget the little
things.

"This hot-shot was from the East
and he had to get big time and
leave the stuff with a mackel
doubled up in his fist. Only he was
in a hurry and it wasn't a mackel
—it was a slug. Aikan's girl came
out back when she didn't hear the
car start and she phoned the Hall.
Homicide got right on the job and
they were there when you called
me over to tell me that you had
a slug parked in your meter. One slug
would have been all right in
either piece. Two heads a guy for
the gas chamber. You see what I
mean, Teddy? They always forget
the simple little things...."

"Have you been feeling L-O-O-O-O-O-W lately? . . . If so
... watch what happens when I take just ONE tablet of
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Patterns of Pulchritude

Melodie Lowell is a girl who puts music in men's hearts.

Wind-swept hair and outdoor health are depicted by this Los Angeles lass.
Dancer Shirley Scott shows winning at Southampton.
You may not have an individual phobia, but you may share one that is common to thousands. And it affects your everyday life.

**Fears, Follies and Phobias**

**MARY J.** went through life in an agony of avoiding certain situations. She could not fly: the aeroplane was too small, and, besides, all the windows and doors were fastened. She could not sit in the middle of a theatre seat-row. There was a vague uncomfortable sense of suffocation. She could not enclose herself in a toilet. The door always had to be left ajar. Even then she would come out pale and shaken. Travelling in cars was an ordeal. Buses with their windows shut tortured her. She would endure it for a few stops, then get off, sweating and shaking.

Mary J. was ashamed of her phobia. A brave and intelligent woman, she managed to control her fears so that few outside of her own family guessed the trouble. She came, at last, to the stage where she realised that she and the phobia could no longer live together.

She went to a psychiatrist. He told her that the seed of her phobia had been sewn far back in her life and that it had been discovered that long ago incident it would be impossible for her to rationalise her panic. Mary J. earnestly desired of being cured, co-operated to the best of her ability.

When she was very small her mother would shut her in a dark cupboard to punish her. The small child would scream herself into...
hystern, and would be subject to vomiting attacks for hours afterwards. Then, when she was nine, some playmates persuaded her to hide in a large, wooden box, and then shut the lid on her. They had gone away and left her there for twenty minutes. She had been terrified, she would suffocate, and had been almost unconscious when they let her out again.

This strong memory occurred subconsciously again and again, whenever she got into a place that reminded her of the cupboard or the box. The roof pressed down, the air was insufficient, she couldn't GET OUT.

Lute a horse, she shied whenever she reached a remissmest point of experience.

Mary J. began to be cured as soon as she realised she was not going insane, as she had thought. The psychiatrist did not force her to go into enclosed spaces at once. He advised her to try herself out, and to leave the room or the bus as soon as she felt the panic rising. She did soon. She could spend longer and longer times in such places without feeling terrified. Then one day she discovered that she had been right through a theatre programme without remembering that she was claustrophobic. After that it was only a matter of time.

Geoffrey K., on the other hand, was frightened of the dark. Geoffrey could not even define what it was that frightened him. It was just that the darkness itself was overwhelmingly fearsome. Each night, while he was asleep, he was conscious of the blackness outside, for his dreams were all of secret and gloomy places, such as caves, full of danger and fear.

Darkness has always been a mystery to primitive man. It was not just the withdrawing of the light, but the coming of something else, and a sinister something, too, for it sheltered the wild, nocturnal beasts which could be kept away only by artificial light—the campfire night was full of strange, unidentifiable cries and noises.

Yet a child is not born afraid of the dark. It has to be made that way. Someone else's terror has to be communicated to it, or it is deliberately frightened.

This is what happened to Geoffrey. He could not remember it, for it happened when he was three years old. An older sister, mischievously and slyly, told him tales of the terrors that lurked in the dark. When was thoroughly frightened, she bullied him into doing what she wanted by pushing him outside the door and locking it. By the time their parents had found out, the damage had been done.

Mary J. has a counterpart in every home. So has Geoffrey. You don't think you are a counterpart? Can you climb a flagpole without getting dizzy? Can you look over the side from the top of a tall building without feeling dizzy? If not, you have a fear of heights.

Can you play golf with a much better player without discomfort? Can you play a set of tennis against a champion without making excuses for your bad defeat? If not, you have a fear of competition.

Maybe you feel embarrassed when you meet a member of the opposite sex? Maybe you clam up in company. If so, you have a feeling of inferiority—a fear that you are not as good as other people.

Fear in itself is neither abnormal nor illogical. Ever human being is capable of it, and though all may not display it, all feel it at some time or another. It is part of the ethical training of most nations that the display of fear is disgraceful, self-control even to the point of apparent insouciance is required of adult males. This self-control is our primary means of productive courage.

Fear originates in the mind, in a perception of danger. It has well-known physical characteristics. We are all familiar with the sweating hands, the trembling body, the ashen face of the frightened.

We are also familiar with the glandular results of fear—how those little glands perch above the kidneys, the adrenals, pour forth into the bloodstream their mysterious secretion of adrenalin, a strong stimulant which will spur the body into all kinds of unusually vigorous action. As the old story-tellers say, 'fear lent wings to his heels.' More practically, adrenalin enabled him to run faster than he ever had before.

Life itself is so full of so many dangers that fear is a natural companion for us all. You can have a great fear of cancer—and it is a very well-based one, considering that one in every five men of this terrible disease. You may well fear war. The odds for its recurrence are too great for a normally intelligent person to do otherwise.

Women fear the pains of childbirth. If they did not they would be either ignorant or completely unimaginative.

Yet we do not spend our lives agonising over the prospect of having cancer. We do not give up our businesses and go into brooding retirement because the possibility of war has become a probability. Women go on having children.

The fears have been controlled. If they are not, if they swell into vast chimera which fill the whole mind and life, which run away faster than they ever had before.

"You should have seen the one I just got away from!"
The seed of the phobia, therefore, is in an inherent lack of self-control. It may be a generalized lack of control, and thus theory seems proved by the fact that nervously debilitated people are more subject to phobias than are healthy ones.

But there are other factors, common to all human beings, which help the phobia to grow into the Frankenstein monster it often is. One is the obstinate refusal to examine the phobia coldly in order to discover wherein lies its terror. The other is that curious human vanity which prefers to be different from others, to be in a way among a herd who are phobia-less.

Fear is the tree, and the strongest branch the phobia. But there are other lesser twigs which exhibit just as well the obstinacy and the vanity which feed them. One is the fad.

The faddist is common among us, and even the most intelligent can produce the most trifling fads. Such expressions as, "I can't bear to drink out of a thick cup," "I'd die if I ate liver," "I never wear cotton next to the skin" are all examples wearingly common.

Few of these people will tell you or can tell you why they'd die before they ate liver. But they will all make sure you know they won't. They are proud of their fad. It makes them delightfully different. There is a distinction in being odd. They studiously refuse to experiment. They are completely steadfast in their particular dislike of this particular thing or mode. They refuse to bring commonsense to work on their small problem.

The faddist, of course, goes to great lengths, until in his small way he becomes eccentric. He may find himself unable to do arithmetic unless he is using a blue pencil on pink paper, or may find himself so devoted to a certain old dressing gown that he does not feel happy out of it.

But whatever his fad, he will be proud of it, and will give it maximum publicity.

**DR. WILHELM STEKEL**, a pioneer in the field of psychoanalysis, and one of its greatest practitioners, has these types taped. He said: "I am strongly opposed to the suggestion that everyone should be analyzed. Many persons are much happier with their wilful blindness and their neurotic attitude than when they are robbed of their illusions." The analyst, he held, had no right to be a fanatical apostle of truth at all costs. Truth was not always a sure foundation for happiness.

It is not only a pride in his affliction that is often part of the phenomena of a neurotic but also the fact that, though he may verbally say he is cured, he is inwardly afraid that he will be cured, and is determined that he will not. He will use excuses and ruses to aid his resistance.

Stekel was convinced that there would always be incurable patients, who, in their search for health, run from one analyst to another. They are patients who will try to justify their illusory belief that they are doing everything in their power to get well, when, as a matter of fact, they are all the time under the domination of the will-to-suffer. It was no easy task, in his experience, to lure a man lost in day-dreams from the luxuriant realm of his fantasy into the dreary Waste of a workaday world of reality.

The great Viennese doctor said:
- We must always take into account the neurotic's hidden pride in his belief that his is a difficult case—one of the most baffling cases; that he is alone in his misery; that no other person is in quite such a plight; and above all we must not forget the patient's hidden gratification at the thought that nobody in the world, not even the most famous specialist, is able to conquer his trouble."

The victim does not wish to prove an easy case. In many instances the illness is generated expressly for the purpose of enabling him to dominate his environment and carry out his will, though at great cost to himself. The patient, at heart, is antagonistic to the analyst and is out to achieve a victory over him. By doing this he will prove himself unique, his defeat beyond the power of even the greatest of mortals to heal. It depends on the individual and the circumstances of the case, but the psychoanalyst has to guard against the mistake of telling the sufferer that his case is not a very serious one, merely an everyday occurrence.

For since the neurotic usually regards his neurosis as an extraordinary work of art he is incensed at the thought of having to share his invention, the product of his genius, with others.

Again, if the cure is easy, the patient feels that his malady was trifling, a fact he will not admit or allow others to believe. As an example, Waykel once treated a retired physician for four months and made him better. At the end of the time the patient happened to meet a man who had been under treatment by Freud for over a year. The physician was so enraged that he could not bring himself to do anything; he brooded for weeks over his disappointment at the thought that his case had been cured so much more quickly. Why did Freud's patient take a year? Didn't that mean that his case was much more serious than the psychiatrist's? And how could that be? The psychiatrist upbraided the analyst for taking his case so lightly, for underestimating the gravity of it.

One tiny of the tree of fear is superstition. Superstitions themselves are artificial, but the liability to believe in them seems to be natural. No one ever was born with a superstition. It was inculcated at an early age as a way to protect oneself, as people who are more ignorant than oneself. Belief in superstitions omens, charms and such can be shallow or deep. It can lead to a mild feeling of unease, or a hysterical attack of panic.

We have all met at least one person who has been reduced to a trembling mass of terror because some superstition has been broken—a mirror smashed, salt spilled, or a new moon seen through glass. Such a person will refuse to examine rationally his or her superstition.

They will volubly tell you how they feel, but will appear around the dangerous corner of why they feel that way. And they will invariably say, proudly, "Of course, I'm terribly superstitious."

They wouldn't be any other way for worlds. What they suffer through their superstitions is more than made up for by their feeling of difference.

Both faddism and superstition are forms of mild exhibitionism, more enasperating than harmful but they are irrational habits, and as such can grow into phobias.

Ironically, the faddist will often claim that his fads are actually for Ford gives more of what you need—more of what you want...

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phobias, though he would run from the agonising terror and nightmare existence that is provoked by a true phobia.

A phobia is a mental aberration. It can accompany insanity, but it is not insanity in itself. It has been defined as a persistent abnormal fear without logical reason. Nearly all phobias, with persistent treatment and the sensible co-operation of the patient, can be cured.

It seems fairly well proved that in an enormous degree phobias originate in some previous related experience. They are not even peculiar to human beings. A horse which has been badly frightened at a certain corner will pass that corner thereafter with ears pricked and skin twitching, ready to shy at anything. Frequently a horse will not even pass the corner at all. The memory of his previous terror sets all his nerves on edge.

The most common of the phobias is claustrophobia, or the fear of enclosed spaces—just like Mary J. had.

As fears give rise to habits, so can habits give rise to fears. Modern living, with its imposition of...

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CAVALCADE, March, 1955
haste and speed, has been breeding a race of jittery people. People who are always fidgeting. They have some peculiar little nervous idiosyncrasy, some unconscious muscular reaction which, while they may be some kind of safety valve in themselves, can be extremely irritating and annoying to other people. Often, when the victim becomes aware of this, he resolves to conquer it, but doesn’t always succeed, and sometimes ultimately finds himself becoming subject to it as a slave to a master.

It may be the mere habit of twiddling a piece of string, pinning coins in the pocket, swinging crossed legs, fidgeting with the feet. The habit may indicate tensed nerves, shyness, awkwardness in company, an innate fear of not being certain of the other person’s feelings towards you. Afterwards the victim feels mortified at his foolishness, disappointed and self-reproachful. He will often feel despair at thought of his weaknesses, which, in turn, only aggravates his sense of inferiority.

So, as with the claustrophobic, though for different reasons, arises a fear situations in which he may reveal again this weakness. In the end he keeps to himself rather than submit to the risk of derision and embarrassment.

Are you one of these? Have you a fear of attending your friend’s place for dinner because your loose-fitting dentures force you to chew your food in the front of your mouth like a rabbit, and that is why, if you turn up at all, it’s always after dinner? Have you a fear of going to the concert or to church because you can’t break yourself out of the habit of cracking your knuckles every so often?

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Scribe L. N.

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Up till now, to get relief from an attack you used a drug of some sort; no doubt you have been doing that for many years—and you will continue doing it if you don't use Membrous.

You wonder what this Membrous is? Well, it's a dry inhalant completely different in every way from all other treatments. There are no drugs and you don't use it just to get relief from an attack when it comes. Instead, you inhale regularly every morning and evening whether you have an attack or not. It takes about 10 minutes. What happens? Something different to what you are accustomed. You find the attacks will become less severe and less frequent, and after a while, no attacks at all! That can happen, even though you have had the complaint for many years and you have despaired of ever solving the problem! Here's what one happy user says:

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if you don't learn self-control, 
Break the habit and the fear goes, 
Against the type who has succumbed to his fear, who retains it 
but has organised his life so that 
It will have no ill effect on him, 
is the contrasting type who will 
rebeld against the phobia by denying 
that it exists and exerting himself 
to a superhuman degree to prove 
his contention. He desires not so 
much to establish his equality as 
to demonstrate his absence of inferiority.

With some this rebellion has been the driving force that has brought them to greatness, it is reasonable to suppose that without it they would have been nobodies.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, was one, and he has his counterparts in every rank and class of humanity. Whether it be the little man who bristles with aggressiveness as a compensation for his stature or the self-pitying cur who, by drunkenness, takes on the role of a Genghis Khan and the potvaliant courage of an army with banners.

People detested Byron for his arrogance and intolerance, they condemned his conduct and attributed his actions to insanity. His mother, embittered by her harsh life with the prodigal and lecherous Captain Byron, who cruelly ill-treated her, communicated all her loathing and animosity to the child as she reared him. She abused and loved him by turns. Knowing how sensitive he was about his club foot, she yet amused herself by drawing attention to it.

It was this deformity that filled Byron, a man of narcissistic vanity, with grief and unhappiness. He was a fine boxer, swimmer, cricketer, but until his death at 36, he was fanatically obsessed with the desire to attain physical perfection. His

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Greatest fear was that he would not receive the respect and adoration he wanted—all the time. His fear pumpted itself in a phobia which, in the need, drove him into weeping, brooding hours of wretchedness and sleepless torture as he nursed grievances and harboured what he imagined to be slight and critical glances.

In social behaviour men do not like women who exhibit certain characteristics. This may bring about in a sensitive, callow, or a plain, silly woman, a fear of not being popular with men in general. The imagined repercussions of such a state can be, and are, detrimental to that woman. The last-mentioned of the three particularly is capable of basing her reasons on false premises, she is liable to form wrong conclusions and so develop a phobia about certain genetic types of men who are perhaps short, slight, blue-eyed, thin-lipped, or in some other way characteristic of those with whom she has not made a hit. Certainly it may be only a dislike at first, then a prejudice, but it can grow into a far and a phobia capable of inducing mental distress and physical strain in its possessor.

Not all men understand why it is, or take the trouble to find out, but many women come to realize with a phobia. To them sex is sinful; they have a guilty fear of the sex act. Often this sense of guilt communicates itself to the husband as frigidity. George Reke Scott, in his Encyclopedia of Sex, says: "There are grounds for supposing that the incidence of frigidity in women has always been overestimated. The stimulation of frigidity has been taken for true frigidity, and this has accounted for the widespread acceptance of anesthetism as a normal characteristic of the majority of the female sex."

In other words, women may pretend frigidity because they have been brought up to believe that it was wrong for a woman to show any response of desire or passion.

"So closely connected were sexual apathy and femininity morality that no respectable girl... dared to exhibit the slightest knowledge of or interest in anything pertaining to the sex act. Such knowledge or show of interest was reserved for the looser women. The result was that sexual coldness and apathy were looked for by the husband. They were so much part and parcel of the decent woman's ethical armamentarium that in those cases where, in one way or another, sexual libido was aroused, the woman made every effort possible to rigidly suppress the exhibition of any outward manifestations of the force within her. In recent years, as a result of women's sexual and social emancipation there has been a great change in regard to her reaction to such feelings, she no longer is ashamed to.

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CAVALCADE, March, 1955

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With some threat to their sexual, economic, or family security. The symptoms are legion, from fears of insanity to palpitations, tremblings and sweatings. It is fear which is the fundamental motive of all the symptoms and signs — a fear which may be unknown, or which cannot be faced by the conscious mind. Until the ghost of this fear is laid, the state of anxiety will persist and make life very difficult.

Some victims blame the object of their hate and fear for producing their phobias. Jack the Ripper was an example. All his victims were women; always they were mutilated.

The theory is that he was a man who contracted venereal disease from some prostitute, so he took out his revenge on all prostitutes. He is an example of the misogynist who will go to any length to make women suffer, even to murdering them, all because he hates them.

The other extreme is the man who, with a similar fear of the opposite sex, will go to any length to avoid them.

Among these types who scrupulously avoid women are hermits and anarchists, who feel that by shutting themselves away from all female contact they are remaining themselves from the dangers of temptation. Their phobia may be formed because they regard women as defilers opposing the sanctified and celibate life they wish to practice, women may completely ignore them; because of some physical defect or constitutional impediment they may not be able to fulfill with women the promises of temptation.

The reason, whatever it may be, is usually inherent in their own weakness. They usually adopt an attitude of critical disgust towards
their fellow men in order to justify their superiority.

The lives of some people are ordered by the fear of failure. A man wants to act, sing, or write. But he is afraid to try. By trying he is putting himself to the test and he secretly fears that he will not pass it. He would thus prove himself a failure. He would rather remain in that dolce fariente state of not knowing what he might have been had he tried.

Primarily the reason is vanity and egotism, but the fear may also govern a man that he shrinks into an impenetrable dreamworld wherein he is his own hero, finding it better not to try anything at all rather than subject his self-esteem to the risk of injury.

Agoraphobia, or fear of open spaces, is also not as uncommon as many people might think. As with most phobias it is true that though the victim fears open spaces he does not know why.

There was the case of a bank cashier. Worried, he presented himself before a psychoanalyst who was able to prove that the young man was trying with the thought of embezzling a large sum of money and making his escape to America—he was under the domination of an unconscious motive. Once the criminal impulse was revealed the cashier recanted from his position and his phobia vanished.

For thirty years a woman victim of agoraphobia had lived in a room. Though she yearned to travel it was impossible. She found herself unable to go out even with an escort. She submitted herself to a psychoanalyst. After six months there was such an improvement in her condition that for all practical purposes she was cured. She could walk for long distances without any fear.

However, a few days before the termination of the analysis, she was suddenly attacked by dreadful pain in the streets. She stood rooted to the spot. She wanted to scream.

Discouraged, she told the analyst what had happened. He found that the attack was genuine enough, but was brought on by anxiety to remain under treatment. The woman could not bear, in common with most other such types of sufferers, to think that the treatment was an end and that she was well. Before she had the nervousness to protect her. Now she had to go through life without it. This was a formidable dread because she did not feel confident to cope with the uncertainties of life.

Phobias arise out of delusions and vice versa. A man walking down the street in the belief that he was cured suddenly could not stop himself. He ran back home and locked himself in. He suffered the hallucination that he had lost his clothes and that he could not appear in public.

A woman walking into town stopped. How could she continue?

---

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Their rheumatic complaints ranged from sciatica to neuritis; from arthritis to rheumatism to hemiplegia and backache. Relief, in some cases, came with the first application of Maleige.

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When you buy your own jar of Maleige Adrenalin Cream from your chemist you receive with it a simple but accurate home-treatment chart showing you exactly where and how Maleige should be applied to give relief in your own particular case. Start the treatment now. Delay only means more pain and suffering. Maleige means escape from rheumatic pain—no matter where it is located. As a rheumatic sufferer you’ll be interested in these extracts from letters in our files.

**ARTHROSI**. Mrs. Travers, of Toowomba, suffered so badly with arthritis that the hands that she could hardly cut a piece of cloth with scissors. After using Maleige for a month Mrs. Travers reports: “I was amazed to find I could cut a piece of gauzefed iron with scissors.”

**RHEUMATISM**. Mrs. L.G., a 79-year-old Sydney lady, suffered for years with rheumatism. She was unable to walk without a stick. After using her first jar of Maleige, Mrs. L.G. wrote saying: “I am now able to walk without a stick.”

**NEURITIS**. A North Brighton lady, Mrs. J.M.P., says in a letter that she was a martyr to neuritis in both arms and legs for 6 months before trying Maleige. After home-treatment with Maleige Mrs. P. says: “I am quite satisfied and convinced it’s wonderful cream for neuritis, rheumatism, etc.”

**Spondylitis**. Mrs. R.D. O’Sullivan, of Lithgow, writes: “I cannot speak too highly of Maleige Adrenalin Cream. I found it so good for my spondylitis of the back. I only used it three times when my back got better.”
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She was standing naked and barefoot. The nakedness didn't matter so much, but how could she go into the town without her shoes on? She dreaded the idea. Arrived back home, she told others who pointed out that her shoes were still on her feet. The analyst found that the woman had been involved in a divorce case and that the injured wife had vowed to throw and in her face. The hallucinated woman was terrified of meeting her.

It is obvious that the anxiety-ridden mind and the debilitated nervous system are fruitful fields for phobias, and that generally these arise from the specific cause of the anxiety.

A farmer whose property was gradually being ruined by erosion learned to hate and dread the coming of the wind which was blowing his good top-soil away into the sea. At the sound of the rising wind he would curse and rant. It was an unhappy opponent, yet his urge for self-preservation forced him always to fight it.

Day by day he saw the deterioration of his pastures and the dwindling of his financial resources. He grew thin and enfeebled, anxiety ruined his appetite and broke his sleep. This added to his anxiety, but he had the answer to it. It was all the fault of the wind. Hysterically he rushed from the general to the particular.

The wind was eroding him as it was eroding his land, drying up and withering his flesh as it had his pastures. He fed on the tormenting delusion until he broke down mentally. In his madness he hid in terror from the sound of wind. He was continually feeling his ribs, or weighing himself on imaginary machines. Anemophobia, fear of the wind, destroyed him entirely, for he was never cured.

FEAR of death is natural to everyone except the most unimaginative. Yet the majority of us learn to regard the inevitable prospect with resignation. Most people meet death bravely and with dignity. The person possessed of thanatophobia, however, torments himself right throughout his life with the great terror of losing that life. Don't think of him as the sinner, who, faced with inevitable death and a firm conviction of punishment in the next world, goes into a panic of horror and terror. The man with the phobia of death may be saint or sinner. What is going to happen to him in eternity does not matter, it is the conclusion of his temporal life that worries him.

He spends every minute avoiding the contingencies of death. He is a hypochondriac. If he has a headache he is about to die of a coronary occlusion. If a spot appears on his chest he has smallpox. He haunts the doctor's surgery. He continually builds himself up so that he will be strong enough to overcome any passing microbes. He is afraid to go to sleep in case he does not wake up. Yet in this life that he covets so much he is not happy. The torture of his phobia prevents him from experiencing contentment. A pitiable and always lonely creature, his morbid fear springs from his intense introversion coupled with a weak will. He loves himself so intensely he cannot bear the thought of losing himself.

Aerophobia, the much-publicised fear of high places, is often a misnomer. Fear of heights is natural. Even small children realise that they are liable to fall from such places. That feeling of horror you experience when you look...
down from a precipice, the tingling sensation in the soles of the feet, the clammy sweating palms—these are all normal reactions and disappear when controlled. Give way to them and you're setting yourself up for a fear-complex.

When a steeplejack, a pilot, a tree lopper falls he goes up again if he did not the fear may become a phobia. Nothing would help him to overcome his dread of heights.

For a person with unsure footing or a liability to turn dizzy in high places are a real hazard. But it must be concluded that because such persons avoid these occasions of danger they are necessarily suffering from acrophobia.

The real acrophobia cannot bear to get off the ground. If she goes—it is most often a woman—one step up a ladder she slings desperately, shuts her eyes, and is too paralysed with fear even to climb down again. She sweats, trembles, her blood pressure is lowered, her muscles go rigid. Once rescued, she will exhibit all the symptoms of shock.

The acrophobic usually manages to avoid, unobtrusively, all high places. Sometimes she searches her memory and finds there is a painful fall in childhood. Other times the fall is too far back to be remembered. But it is almost certain to be there somewhere.

We have all met the individual who "can't stand cats." This is so trivial a phobia it usually seems laughable, and is very often put down to imagination. Still, it has often been proved that a cat-hater will become uneasy when in the same room with a cat he could not possibly know is there, and will sometimes faint with terror when he discovers the animal.

The psychiatrist again says that the cat is associated with some childhood fright, perhaps a cat laying on the face of the patient when he was a child. But most doctors say that the cat-hater knows of the presence of the hidden cat by a very simple method. He is allergic to cat hairs, and instantly, perhaps by the slight irritation of nasal membranes, realises when the animal is in the room.

The pyrophobe is the direct opposite of the pyromaniac, a weak-minded individual who gets an artificial sexual satisfaction from the sight of a fire, particularly if lives are lost. The pyrophobe goes around putting out fires. He is terrified of his house catching on fire, and will go again and again to make sure the ashes are banked or the gas has been turned off. He never smokes in case he drops a lighted cigarette on himself.

If by any chance his clothing does catch on fire he flings into a blind panic and is usually severely burned before anyone can catch him to put out the fire. Again, most pyrophobes are women. Nearly all women dread fire more than do men. You will have observed how severely a woman smoker will grind a cigarette into an ash tray to extinguish it. She will almost never leave the butt to smoulder. Practical and commonsensical, women have a far greater regard for possessions, particularly domestic possessions, than men, and will run no risk of their total destruction.

The natural revulsion thousands of people have for spiders and snakes is not a phobia but an instinctive, and often ignorant, fear. It has reached the haywire peak of its development in the ophiphobe who will not only become hysterical at the sight of a snake, but will see snakes where they are not and undergo a torment of terror at the imaginary reality.

Look yourself over. You may not have an individual fear, folly, or phobia, but may share or participate in one that is common to thousands of people all forming a unification of the fear of one particular object. It affects your everyday life in one way or another. This mass fear does not necessarily always relate to the object itself, but often to the consequences produced by or springing from that object. Witchcraft stirred mob fear Communism does the same today. It is not the Communist who is feared so much as what he stands for—a way of life that may conflict with your own, a threat to your security.

You can't afford to be smug, and say, Oh, that's all for the other fellow. Is there in your make-up a streak of xenophobia? Do you have an irrational fear and distrust of foreigners? Is there something in you that makes you fear what you don't understand? It's worth reflecting upon.

Remember this—behind the phobia stands the hallucination, and worse. Don't suppress anything like that—deal with it.

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CAVALCADE, March, 1952

96

97
QUICK UPS

They say that instinct is inbred in all animals. And you know what instinct is—that faculty which tells a woman whether a man needs encouragement or inducement.

Of course, a girl has to watch herself! One girl we know had a medical check-up. When asked by her latest beau why she looked so happy to-day, she replied: “I want to the doctor to-day and he says these lumps on my arms are nothing to worry about—they’re only muscles.”

There are all sorts of girls and there is a man for each sort. One fellow we met got a girl who was really something, she was the sort of girl you would bring home to meet your mother—after you locked your father in the garage.

Watch the girl who would keep you at arm’s length. This type usually is careful that you do not get farther away than that. And many a girl who seems to be throwing herself at a man is taking very careful aim.

Lots of girls get maudlin on the sea of matrimony, but they don’t throw up their meal ticket.

“All the nice girls love a sailor!” goes the song. Well, you know what sailors are—wolves in ship’s clothing.

Because a girl is lovesick is no sign that she’ll take any old pull that comes along.

Legally a girl is a minor until she is 21. After that she often becomes a gold digger. And you know what a gold digger does, she likes to curl up in a corner with a good cheque book.

A girl who goes joy-riding does not need a road map to know what a fellow it driving at. You can never tell about a joy ride. It is made up of girls from all walks of life.

These days cars are streamlined. So are girls. And because a girl has a streamlined figure it is no sign that she has no resistance.

We have been told that kissing spreads germs. We don’t know about that, but we do know it lowers resistance.

Remember, girls, because a travelling man knows the best hotels doesn’t necessarily mean that he knows where to stop.

A girl is happy when she gets what she wants, and she likes to be the envy of her friends. But if one of those friends should snare her beau, she becomes green with jealousy. We know a girl who one day sat in a green armchair for two hours before anyone noticed her.

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