WHY MEN LOSE VIRILITY

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The lure of the long-legged lovelies

From Flo Ziegfeld to undersized Mickey Rooney, men have found a special appeal in long legs, though tall girls seem to think they are at a disadvantage.

PETER MORISON

The super long-legged lass sometimes feels that her height is against her. Sometimes her girl friends express their sympathy as if her height is really an affliction—or maybe they have just noted with envy the number of male eyes that measure the longer length of the lucky tall girl’s legs.

For, other vital statistics being equal, the long-legged lovely has it head and shoulders above her girl-friends in performance as well as physical stature.

It’s a little ironic that the shorter girls who are sorry for their taller sister, express their sympathy while they’re wearing high-heeled shoes to add inches to their own inadequate height.

Why? Because the tall girl with the good figure has extra allure. Long stems do so much for a girl that even in bathing suits girls seek to emphasize leg-length, either by wearing high-heeled shoes with the bathers or standing on tip-toes to be photographed, trying artificially to make their legs look longer than they are.

Three of Billy Rose’s Long legged beauties prepare for their floor shows.
And as for the legend that men don't go for girls taller than themselves, look at the classic example of Mickey Rooney, who has been married to four girls all taller than himself. Of course, as Mickey is only 5'11 inches, it might be said that he would find it difficult to marry a girl shorter than himself, but his succession of wives, Ava Gardner, Betty Jane Rose, Martha Vickers, and red-headed Elaine Mahon, have all been at least six inches taller than Mickey; and to offset the fact that they married him for the glamour of his screen position, at least two of them have been as famous as Mickey himself, even without his backing as spouse.

Even so, dishes as lush as Ava Gardner and Martha Vickers would find that they are too short to satisfy the exacting demands of veteran, English-murdering showman Sam Goldwyn, who is a pretty successful fellow in show business, and who lays it down that five feet ten in her nylons is the minimum height for his girls.

But that is only a basic requirement. Sam takes them at five-feet ten, and builds them up with shoes that have platform soles and high heels, adding considerably to an already alpine altitude.

Sam himself is shorter than the showgirls he has made famous, and he is not over-swayed by their elevated elegance. He's been photographed with hundreds of them, and he knows very well that every new proof of their leg length is added incentive to the customers to take an interest.

Sam firmly believes this show business edict, but he probably was not the originator of it. Flo Ziegfeld operated on the same principle with his famous Ziegfeld Follies femmes, and he put it down in words of one syllable: "The longer their legs, the better the public likes them," he said.

Flo never forgot that he was a member of the public in this respect, nor even when he married, for twice he married the long-legged lovelies of his own show line. One of them was Anna Held and the other Billie Burke, both regarded as reigning beauties in their day. Both of the beauties could literally, look down on their husband.

Dozens of the long-legged girls Ziegfeld popularized used their lengthy limbs well in climbing the ladder of success, and all appeared to have found the going easier than their shorter-limbed competitors.

Hardly a week goes by without a beauty contest in some part of the world, and it is always the girl with the long legs who wins. Seldom does the short girl enter, as she knows that, no matter how beautiful her face and figure, no matter how charming or intelligent she may be, she cannot cope with her tall rivals in the eyes of the judges.

Winners of such contests are from five feet, five inches to five feet, ten. Sometimes the girls over six feet win.

There are short girls who do photographic work, but, except for occasional shots specifically calling for the short girl to model wearing apparel, the camera is always angled to make the girl appear taller, particularly making the legs seem long.

Gypsy Rose Lee, Sally Rand, and other strip-teasers, fan-dancers and their kind, are all tall girls. Maybe it is because the men like to see a lot of girl, they prefer to see a long leg than a short one.

There are short film actresses, but they do not play roles of dancing ladies, nor do you see shots of them in swimming suits, unless the camera is at a distance. The camera can take the size of its object, but where a leading lady is called to play a scene in a swimming suit, unless she is tall and leggy, that shot is a long-range one, or she is on her own, whereby the camera angle can elongate her figure.

Naturally, the call for long-legged lasses on the screen, rules out the short man for leading romantic roles. Thus we see men of six feet, three and taller playing leads in romantic films. There are short men in Hollywood, but, when cast opposite tall girls, they wear platform soles in close-ups and the camera is angled for long shots, so that the male lead does not appear shorter than his leading lady. Hollywood requires that the female star be able to lean her head on the manly chest of her co-star, without bending her knees.

Billy Rose is five-foot-three in his elevator shoes, a little guy. But he demonstrated through his long business life that long-limbed lovelies are ideal for everything from business through to marriage.

Billy Rose is twice married and several times a millionaire. He was a product of the foetid New York slums who climbed to fortune by making in on charm and appeal of tall girls. He seemed to be just pottering about the entertainment business until he hit on BILLY ROSE'S LONG-STEMMED BEAUTIES—and long-stemmed they were, and the customers were out.

Peggy Phillips, of Folies Bergere, relaxes in her dressing room.
the bell on the cash-register to get near the longer stems.

The tall pulephantineous popsey who was one time American champion swimmer and whom Billy married in 1939, Eleanor Holm, was happy with her swan-off husband for twelve long years. But in the long run she touched off what became known as the Second Battle of the Roses when in 1951 she brought a series of charges against him.

After weeks of acrimonious argument, all of which was faithfully printed in the world's press, Eleanor won a divorce and a more than handsome settlement from Billy.

Billy, since, has kept out of the public eye, but his lavish nightclub, The Diamond Horseshoe, still functions, its major stock in trade being showgirls who are six feet tall and who wear nothing but a tastefully draped feather.

Billy and Mickey Rooney share the misfortune that tall girls cost them a lot of money (Billy handed over $10,000 dollars worth of assets to six-foot-one-and-a-half inch Betty Jane) but on the other hand, as far as Billy is concerned, at any rate, he has made more money out of the big girls than they'll ever make out of him. Because, following the Goldwyn and Ziegfeld tradition, he has found that big girls are a never-failing draw-card.

The fashion artists have realised it for a long time, so have the Vargas of this world—they have steadily drawn girls whose legs are long out of proportion with real life—and their girls have become a modern ideal of beauty.

But let us not run away with the idea that long-legged lowbies have only been appreciated of late. Cleopatra, lynchette allegors, was the proud possessor of lengthy and lascivious legs. But both Mark Antony and Julius Caesar, both of whom met with considerable success so far as Cleopatra were concerned, were inclined to be stubby.

Coming closer to modern times have a look at Emman Hamilton, a famous star of history. She was before she married Hamilton, an artist's model—and she was a notable beauty, partly because she had the necessary length of leg to top off her other charms. It is legendary that she held the famous Nelson under her spell—but legend sometimes fails to record that she towered above him. It didn't worry Horatio, and it didn't worry her, but you could legitimately chalk it up as another victory for the long-legged girl.

Napoleon had, physically, to look up to his Josephine, who again was one of the long-stemmed beauties of her day, and there is no shortage of top-line actresses who owe their spectacular success to the length of their legs.

Who? Nobody has answered that. But the facts deal a death blow to certain popular delusions. One of them is that a man likes a woman shorter than himself, another is that a woman likes a man taller than herself, and still another is that the long-legged girl, towering over her dolly sisters, is at a disadvantage.

Long-legged girls—fashion tries to make you more so. And fashion could tell you that your disadvantage was shared by Cleopatra and Josephine, by the waves of millionaires and the beauties that have been the toast of nations if your long legs aren't taking you far it isn't because of the legs—you are being held back by something altogether different. And that is your problem. Your legs certainly are not.

The fight that broke the banks

RAY MITCHELL

When Jack Dempsey defended his world title against Tommy Gibbons at Shelby, Montana, the fight broke the banks and ruined the town.
It was the brainstorm that turned into a tidal wave of despair, sent the town broke, and almost wotched Shelby off the map.

Sam was a storekeeper. He had money enough to live comfortably in Shelby, a town of 500 inhabitants. Sam had civic pride too, he thought Shelby was a town of the future. It was just a spark of which nobody had heard, it had to be put on the map properly.

Which was the quickest way to do that? A fight for the world heavyweight championship. If Jack Dempsey would fight there, visitors would come from miles. Shelby would be famous.

Sam contacted Mike Collins, a Milwaukee newspaperman and boxing promoter, and asked for Dempsey to fight in Shelby against Tommy Gibbons, a leading contender. Collins told him he had no chance unless he could produce £60,000.

Samson talked it over with Collins and the Mayor of Shelby. They approached a man named Zimmerman, a big landowner, to put up the money. Zimmerman laughed. They called a mass meeting of the town. Collins told the people what money was needed for the venture. £60,000 was raised in a few minutes.

In eight days, £23,000 had been raised and placed in a bank. Dempsey's manager, Jack Kearns, was asked his terms. Kearns wanted £90,000. Eddie Kane, manager of Gibbons was asked what he wanted—£10,000 or 50 per cent of the gate after Dempsey got his £60,000. Kane took a gamble and accepted the percentage.

In three weeks an arena was built to hold 90,000 spectators. It was not paid for, as the fund money was exclusively set aside for Dempsey. Shelby people worked hard and contributed every penny they could spare to get the fight for Independence Day.

Jack Kearns shrewdly guessed that the money would be difficult to get, and demanded the £60,000 in advance.

Panic reigned in Shelby. Frank Walker, head of a copper mining company (later U.S. Postmaster-General) was sent to talk with Kearns. He told Kearns and Dan McKittrick, who had hired himself alongside Kearns, that it was impossible for Shelby citizens to raise £60,000 by July 4. He offered portion on the spot and the rest to be paid after the fight. He pointed out that so many people would attend that they must make a profit.

Kearns and McKittrick proposed that the whole promotion be turned over to them, plus all the money which so far had been collected. Walker had no alternative but to accept.

The night of the fight saw a good crowd. But there were less fans there than Shelby had anticipated. The box-office held about £38,000. This sum, plus the amount given to Kearns before the fight, amounted to just £60,000—Dempsey's guarantee.

It was not a great fight. As a spectacle, it was just fair. Dempsey won it on points. Gibbons got exactly nothing but bruises for his efforts.

The citizens of Shelby were more than indignant, they felt they had been hiped. Kearns, Dempsey and McKittrick could not book in at a hotel, they slept in a basement beneath a shop, and an armed guard stood outside while they slept—if they did sleep.

At dawn next morning the trio accompanied by the sheriff and his deputies, made their way to the railway where they paid about £100 for a special one-car train to transport them to Salt Lake City.

Dempsey did well. He got £80,000 and another win to his record. Kearns did well on his percentage of Dempsey's earnings.

Gibbons gained useful experience. But Shelby! Three banks failed; the citizens went broke, the town never regained its small prosperity. The expected boom which was to put Shelby on the map exploded, the town almost out of existence.

"Oh boy! Now we can play spin the bottle!"
WHERE WOMEN are getting WORSE

It has been a saying that the female of the species is worse than the male. Today this is being borne out

PROBABLY the most urgent social problem in the United States is the startling increase of crimes committed by women.

In at least a dozen states new women's goals are being constructed because the old ones are bursting their seams as criminal convictions of women soar.

The U.S. Department of Justice says about eight out of every 100 arrests of men are for murder or assault. Out of every 100 women arrested, ten are charged with murder or assault.

Over the last few years, all crimes of violence committed by females have increased by from seven to ten per cent each year. There have been more murders committed by women in the United States in the last few years than by men.

Women everywhere commit crimes, but of more genteel varieties—shoplifting, wallet lifting, swindling, blackmailing and the various rackets. In the United States females become bank robbers.

JAMES HOLLEDGE

Millions were horrified in the 1920's by the exploits of the infamous "Ma" Barker, and tough, cigar-smoking Bonnie Parker. Both were women "pot hunters" from the guns of the law.

They were exceptions then. The original "gun molls" often carried guns and consorted with criminals but they didn't kill. What they did for men—sons, brothers, husbands, lovers—present crop of Yank hellcats commit a larger proportion of violent crimes than men. And not for their men, but on their own initiative.

The situation is one big headlines, bandits, hijackers and killers.

This is Toni Jo, she shot a man in cold blood after she had stolen even the clothes in which he stood. She is on her way to the electric chair.
ache for the nation’s law enforcement officers. They say the women they hunt are more dangerous enemies of society than men.

J. Edgar Hoover, the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, says, “Many of today’s women criminals are desperadoes, possessing no feelings of mercy, justice and respect, and motivated by sheer greed, cruelty and ruthlessness.”

Nothing can deter these women from crime. They employ children as accomplices.

A woman—trim and comely in spite of slightly greying hair—pulled up her ancient car outside a bank in a small Connecticut town.

With her in the car were her 16-year-old son, her 14-year-old daughter and a youthful friend of the son.

At about two o’clock, the car stopped, and the mother stayed in it while the three youngsters entered the bank. The girl was the leader. She went to a counter, took a deposit slip and wrote on it. She went to the teller. Her brother and his friend flanked her on either side, a pace of two behind.

The teller read the slip—“Give me everything in the cash box. This is a stick-up and two men have you covered.”

The teller was taking no chances. He thrust bundles of notes at the girl. She put them in her handbag, thanked him, and marched towards the door.

The teller’s foot stamped on an alarm bell. The youthful robbers ran. The two boys, guns in hand, now, sprayed the office with bullets.

They wounded a bank guard in the throat and a bystander in the shoulder. Both recovered, and the robbers when caught, escaped a murder charge. Mother was the mastermind of a gang made up of her own children.

For her venture into violence that women went to prison for 15 years. The children were freed on probation.

A mother of six in New York State led her husband and two of her sons in hold-ups and robberies. Their run came to an end at a small town, when a storekeeper, who was out the back, heard his cash register tinkling, came into the shop to find four robbers at work. They fled with the contents of the locked cash register. The shopkeeper grabbed his gun took careful aim, and one of the robbers fell with a bullet in the back. It was the mother, disguised as a man. She died on the way to hospital.

A prospective 34-year-old bank robber in New York not long ago killed his wife and his 34-year-old daughter. One afternoon he walked into a suburban bank, kept a half-concealed 38 pointed squarely at the teller’s head. The note demanded 400 dollars or else.

She got the money but was followed to the street by the manager when she walked sedately out. He disabled her with a shot from his own 38. Police pounced on her.

The woman recovered and it was found that her “hold-up” weapon had been a toy. She excited sympathy by tearful explanations that she did it for her baby daughter, who needed an urgent operation. In court she admitted that her daughter was in good health and cared for by her husband, whom she had deserted. Actually she wanted the 400 dollars as down payment on a car for her 20-year-old daughter with whom she was infatuated.

For unadulterated viciousness there have been few to match the attractive, thirtysomething woman who last year was tried at a variation of the old hold-up game. The method was to enter a bar, engage a lonely male in conversation and “steal” him into taking her for a ride in his car. Her male accomplice, quietly followed the couple.

While “parked,” her hoodlum partner would interrupt. They made a workmanlike job of robbing the victim. The climax came one evening when her victim would not stop at the rendezvous she chose. In a panic the woman produced a 32 revolver and put a bullet through the man’s head.

Out of control, the car careened down an embankment and into a tree. Later a police patrol car arrived. The woman, gun still in hand, was rifling the pockets of the man she had killed.

At her trial for murder (for which she was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment) the jury was told she had deserted her four children, all under ten.

She admitted that her motive for the robbery and violence was not the money. “We did it for thrills,” she said.

Psychologists and psychiatrists all over the United States are still trying to figure out the cause of the general increase in female crime.

The increase in the proportion of women in the United States’ population in recent years, and the fact that there are not enough men to go round, has been blamed.

One psychiatrist, after studying the case histories of 4000 women criminals, for the U.S. Department of Justice, reported: “Normal sex outlets being denied to so large and increasing a number of women undoubtedly contributes toward the problem of crime among females.”

He added that it was “most disconcerting” to find so many women crooks. Which gets our vote as the understatement of the year.
Black Mesh Stockings
Black is not only for decoration purposes, or mesh stockings to shape the leg. Madea Phillips, dancing and dramatic actress, likes the costume for 'ballet exercises. Madea has been featured by Hollywood in "D.O.A.," "Girl in My Heart," and "Champagne for Cason."

And if you want further illustration, there's "The French Line," in which Stanley Adams portrays, to the strains, a maid. And, need we add, a lovely maid—a lovely French maid.
**A match for firebugs**

Firebugs avoid Chicago these days because of a detective team who have put 500 firebugs behind bars. Grady and Brown have wrecked the arson trade.

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**TIME PAYMENT**

After being robbed of 130,000 lire, Mrs. Giacomo Cerutti, of Caravaggio, Italy, received a letter and 5000 lire. It was from the thief. The letter, unsigned, read, "If I who stole your purse be assured you will get your money back, I will send you 500 lire monthly."

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**DRUNK ON DUTY**

Deputy Sheriff Volney Ruben Horton, of Fort Worth, Texas, was assigned to take a prisoner from Arizona. When he did not arrive on schedule, a search was made. Deputy sheriff and prisoner were found, handcuffed together. The lawman was dead drunk, slumped over a lunch counter; the prisoner was sober and sitting patiently waiting for the deputy sheriff to recover.

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**UNLUCKY**

Burglar Robert Jahn broke into an office in Milwaukee, USA, but he met with bad luck. He sprained his ankle breaking in, then cut his wrist breaking a glass door. Coming to the conclusion it was not his lucky night, Jahn had to telephone for help. Who did he phone? The police.

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**GRAVE CHARGE**

Edward Burns of New York, was haled before court on a grave charge. It appears that he stole a 100-pound tombstone from a cemetery near Binghamton, New York, and placed it on the grave of his step-grandmother in Newark. New Jersey. Burns was fined 500 dollars.

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**CRIME CAPSULES**

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*By Jeeves!*

Robert Graham, of Hamilton, Lanarkshire, England, had a bright way of stealing luggage. He would buy a platform ticket and walk around the platform, looking at the luggage. He would note the name and address on expensive-looking luggage, and its destination. Then he would travel on the same train and to the same destination. Arriving there, he would book into a good hotel. Next day he would dress like a valet, call at the station with a note written on the hotel paper, "Please hand my luggage to my valet," signed with a forgery of the owner's name. He got away with it for a long time, collecting 22 suitcases in six months, but he was caught. At the moment he is serving six months in jail.
Less than a week later a big printing plant a block away went up in flames. Three days later a big sawing company nearby suffered $50,000 dollars damage. The person responsible was a firebug—a pyromaniac—of the kind who has taken a toll of millions of lives and billions of pounds in property.

This character was a man who had been failing in his examinations to become a fireman. His theory was that if he could start enough fires and show how brave he was helping the fire department, someone would appoint him a member. Detectives Frank Grady and Drew Brown caught the man. They nabbed him by psychology and hard work, which for 13 years has made them a famous team of the Chicago Police Department.

In the case above, the detectives mingled with the crowd at the fires, studying the faces. They watched for expressions of joy. They spotted their man at the second fire, but they had to be sure. At this fire the man broke through the police lines and tried to give advice to the fire chief. To test the man, Grady and Brown praised his efforts and listened to him talk.

Grady, examining the ruins the next day, thought he could smell kerosene. At the next fire he smelled kerosene on the hair of the suspect. They took him away. He confessed and is now serving ten years in gaol.

The Grady-Brown team has snuffed pyromaniacs to about two per cent of what it was 20 years ago. They are credited with putting out 300 firebugs behind bars or in insane asylums.

One day Grady arrived in a hallway where a pram firebug was about to set a fire. There had been a series of tenement fires in the same district, all set under the staircases. In each case a pram had been stolen, filled with combustibles and lit. Grady saw the man wheeling a pram without a baby in it. He followed him. The man noticed him and waited in the darkened hallway.

As Grady walked in, the man swung a hammer. Grady fell. Brown, afraid that Grady might run into danger, had trailed his partner for two days. He arrived on the spot as the hammer was about to fall for the third time.

"Drew knocked him out," Grady says. "Both the nut and I were taken to hospital."

One time Grady followed a divorced man. "There had been a series of fires in one house. We couldn't figure it out. The people had little insurance on the house. We found that the divorced husband had blamed his parents for his marital break-up. He said that anyone who breaks up a marriage should burn in hell."

"Frank and I talked the guy. He crept into a backyard, crawled under a porch and went to work. I crawled in after him. The nut jammed a piece of cardboard soaked in oil into my face. Frank came running and grabbed the guy."

One case concerned a lady who supplied the oxygen to the flames. We'll call her Rosie. Brown. Rosie was lush and 24. She lived in expensive lodgings. She had many suitors, ranging from a small-town banker to a married engineer. To catch Rosie, Grady pleaded poverty and distress, spoke about her ill mother and kept promising. They showered her with clothes, money, two convertibles and idyllic dreams. Rosie accepted them all and lived dangerously by putting off one to make room for another.

One night Rosie came home with a boy friend, peeked him on the cheek and was about to go inside when she noticed a furlike figure in the bushes. She ran to her room. It was one o'clock in the morning. One hour later a bottle of benzine came through her window on the second floor. Seven people were choked by smoke or otherwise died by leaping onto the pavement.

Brown asked Rosie, "Why should you throw a bottle of fire through your window?"

"All my boy friends were jealous of each other. The detectives examined her address book and copied down 70 names for three or four weeks. They checked the list. Grady came up with a Tom. Tom was a dockhand and there was a barrel of benzine in the office. Grady also discovered that Tom had been dumped by Rosie. Tom confesses and did two years."

During a period of nine months there were 11 fires at Dearborn Hotel in Chicago. Grady and Brown were assigned to the case after the third blaze.

They took up residence in the hotel, occupying separate floors. They got to know all the employees. The detectives became suspicious of a girl lift driver, when, at the fourth fire, she asked excitedly, "Where's that big, beautiful red-headed Irish fireman?" At the first fire, she had asked anxiously, "Where's the Irishman?" The Irishman had attracted her attention. To get her to return, she had started the other fires. She received a year in gaol with psychiatric treatment.

There was another case where within two weeks six fires were set in one area. All business buildings. There was nothing suspicious. The fires had done little damage.

Grady and Brown discovered that a private detective was working for 17 firms in the area, earning 10 dollars from each. After questioning the private eye broke down, confessed that he was afraid of losing his clients unless they were given something to be afraid of. He was given two years.

On the south side of Chicago a firebug was at large in the tenements within three weeks; an area of seven blocks, 16 persons had perished. Grady found that the only place open late at night was a corner bar. Whenever there was a fire, the bar was crowded, as neighbours gathered to discuss it. At other times, the bar was practically empty. Grady also noticed that the fires always started at 11 p.m., just when trade ordinarily began to slacken.

One night, at 11, Brown noticed that an old man entered the bar. He picked up a broom and began to sweep. "That's my portly," the owner said. Soon the bar began to fill with people.

The detectives talked with the old man. He responded. He said he was worried about his job. He had noticed after the first fire, which
he did not start, that the bar filled with customers. So he began to set fire's "to get people out and drinking." He was committed to an insane asylum.

The most destructive case the two detectives worked on involved an arsonist who set 17 fires, resulting in a loss of 48 lives and 200 injured. After weeks of investigation, the detectives decided the motive was revenge.

The culprit was a 15-year-old boy who had been accused of stealing a bottle of milk. The accusation so enraged him that he resolved to "get even" by setting fires.

At all times the job of Grady and Brown holds an element of risk to the detectives. Sometimes the danger is acute and each has had his life saved by the other.

It is when the pyromaniac is cornered in the act of setting fire to a building that the danger element to the detectives is fully exposed. The firebug has worked himself up to the point where he must succeed and nothing will stop him from lighting the fire.

Grady and Brown say that, or rather, lack of it, is the greatest cause of pyromania. "People who feel little inside, or have been made to feel little, plan big revenge. Pyromania is the only crime of which there is little defence. It can be done craftily and quietly. It can do more damage than an army."

Brown and Grady are being modest. Firebugs are learning to stay away from Chicago. For there they have met their match.

"You can come out now, dear. It was only the cat."

Guilty—of defending his Wife!

PETER HARGRAVES

It was almost the perfect crime, but one mistake brought the criminal to justice—in defending his wife, he did not kill the gunman.

HAPPY Ethel Whittaker sat with her husband in Los Angeles's famed Coconut Grove, among the great and the rich of Hollywood. She had to bear the expense from her own small earnings but Ethel Whittaker did not mind that.

She was proud of her distinguished-looking husband Sam Whittaker. He was a fine figure of a man in her eyes. After 18 years of married life with him the difference in their ages was becoming more apparent, but she still loved him.

She was 26 when she married...
him, and he was 42. He earned a good salary as a theatre organist in those days.

But Sam at 60 had not worked for five years. A paralytic stroke had left him limping and walking with a stick. Ethel's income as a diettian now kept them.

The Whitakers left the Coconut Grove at 12:30 Ethel had to get up in the morning for work. At one a.m., on Tuesday, March 17, 1936, they entered their apartment in the Palms Hotel.

Ethel Whitaker switched on the light. The door of a clothes closet swung open. A man stepped out, his face masked. A gun in his hand pointed at the couple. He demanded to know how much money they had. Sam Whitaker seemed less flustered than his wife. His hands were raised. "We'll give you everything we have, but for God's sake don't shoot," he said.

His wife produced some notes from her purse. The man made no move to take it. He seemed flustered, too. "How much money have you got?" His voice was beginning to tremble.

"We'll give you all we've got," said Whitaker again. "Here." His hand reached into his pocket as if for his wallet. Instead it came out with a .32. He and the hold-up man fired together.

The intruder's shot hit Mrs. Whitaker in the chest. She screamed. Her husband and the robber fired at each other.

The intruder leaped for the door. Whitaker sending lead after him. He wrenched down the corridor. Someone was standing at the lift. "Get out of my way," started the intruder. He darted for a staircase leading to the roof.

Guests ran to the Whitaker apartment. Police came. Sam seemed dazed and still held the now empty gun. He knelt by the body of his wife, sobbing when, in a few moments, she died.

Sam Whitaker described the robber-killer as a Mexican or Filipino wearing a dark suit, white cap, red bandanna mask, and gloves. The guest at the lift gave a different description. The man wore no mask. "He's a young American," the man declared, "rather tall and thin."

Police threw a cordon round the block. A detailed search of the hotel was made. The fugitive could have jumped from the hotel roof to the roof of the next building, the Park Vista Hotel.

The booking clerk at the Park Vista had seen nobody of the bandit's description come through the lobby. Every room was searched. In one a young man—tall white-faced, nervous—was verified as a guest registered under the name of Jack Lane.

Police "frisked" Lane but he was unarmed. His hands, however, were sticky with blood, and had been wounded.

"I was up on the roof having a drink when some guy ran past and shot me," he explained. "I was just going out to find a doctor."

Three bullets were removed from Jack Lane's shoulder, chest and right arm. The wounds were superficial and he left the hospital with the police.

They were convinced he was the wanted bandit although there was no gun in his room.

As soon as he saw Lane, the Palms Hotel guest who had been at the lift identified him. Sam Whitaker was sure he was not the man. Lieutenants Thad Brown and Ray Giese, in control of the case, took all the parties to police headquarters. A handkerchief was put

"Call me up again soon... any old pay day."
over Lane's face and Whittaker still insisted he had never seen him before.

The police did not believe Lane's story that he had been shot as he described. They held him in the hope that he would break under further questioning and that Whittaker, who was upset and affected by shock, would later recognize him. Sam, a young and diffident witness, was permitted to leave. He entered the sanctuary of a doctor friend who had treated him following his stroke.

"My wife was the most wonderful woman that ever lived," Whittaker said. "I don't know how I'm going to get along without her."

A search showed the prisoner's real name Jack Lane was an alias. He had been leading a hopelessly degenerate life for several years since he left his Kentucky home. But he denied any connection with the death of Ethel Whittaker.

After long questioning he went to bed in the prison ward of the General Hospital at five o'clock in the morning. There was no sleep, however, for Lieutenants Brown and Glese. They spent hours scouring the roofs and the interiors of both hotels, looking for the killer's gun.

Three spent 38 bullets were found in Whittaker's room, and six from Whittaker's 38. Several minute particles of cloth were found on the floor. Chemical tests proved they came from the clothing of the man who called himself Jack Lane. He had been in the apartment when he had been shot, and the pieces of cloth had been torn away by the action of Whittaker's bullets.

Lane shrugged. "I'm stuck to my story," he said. "I'm not guilty. I never killed anybody."

The police resumed the hunt for the gun.

Sam Whittaker told of the scrap of cloth which definitely linked the suspected man with the slaying.

"After viewing the prisoner again Whittaker told the detectives as they left, "You know, I think you may be right. He does look something like the man."

Brown and Glese resumed their interrogation of Lane. An alert girl reporter, present when Whittaker had his second look at Lane, made the fantastic claim that she saw the apparently grief-stricken husband wank at the vacant.

After three hours more probing Lane cracked. He would talk if guaranteed protection from Whittaker. He showed where he had hidden the murder gun in the inside of a mattress on a sun chair on the roof of the hotel.

Lane then revealed that the ageing husband had planned his wife's killing, and had also double-crossed his accomplice by shooting him as "gallantly defended" his wife, thus killing the hired killer and appearing a hero at the same time.

Lane had met Whittaker when he begged a job from him on a Los Angeles street. The old man gave him money and, during succeeding meetings, talked him into taking part in the crime.

The affair was meticulously planned. Lane entered the Palms at 1230 from the roof of his own hotel, and went to the Whittaker apartment, which was left unlocked, and hid in the closet.

He was to come out and fire his gun a couple of times—merely to make the hold-up "natural", not to kill the woman, he said. "It was to frighten her into taking better care of her jewellery."

"I was never so surprised in my life as when he started shooting," explained Lane. "I'd bought half a pint of whisky earlier in the evening. I drank most of it while I was in the closet. Afterwards I figured I must have been drunk, and that maybe he didn't mean to shoot me."

Lane claimed that Whittaker shot first and a bullet hit Lane in the right arm, making his gun go off.

Whittaker and Lane were placed on trial together for the killing of Ethel Whittaker. The husband's motive had been 18,000 dollars in insurance on his life.

Whittaker was "engaged" to a woman in Illinois whom he had been romancing by mail, and who had lent him 6,000 dollars. He had spent 8,000 dollars of his wife's savings, which had been left to her by her father, on various love affairs.

The State accepted a plea of guilty of second degree murder on the part of the man known as Jack Lane, who turned State's evidence and received a sentence of five years to life.

Whittaker fought the charge every inch of the way. The jury was told that one of the bullets in the dead woman had come from her husband's gun, and had been fired at very close range. It could not have been an accidental shot.

Sam Whittaker was found guilty of murder. He was sentenced to life imprisonment and died in San Quentin Penitentiary during World War II. California police still class him as the most cold-blooded and diabolical murderer the State has seen.

His only mistake was in failing to kill Jack Lane. Had he done that he'd have got away with murder. As it was, his "defence" of his wife brought him a guilty verdict.
Why they carry guns

Maybe the decent citizens think that all other citizens are decent too. But when you're a cop you don't mix with the decent citizens.

JOHN L. MERTON

In a city cafe a man finished his cup of coffee, got up and paid for it, and walked out into evening darkness.

Drinking his coffee and paying for it he looked very much like you and me. He had a good suit on, too. A good suit with a couple of bulges the tailor didn't put there.

A plainclothes detective recognized him. He knew a good deal about some stolen jewellery that had the police puzzled right then.

The detective walked after the man, caught up with him in the street and tagged him on the shoulder. The man knew what this was all about. He took off like a hare, dodged some strollers, and ran.

The detective ran after him.

The runaway turned round a corner, ran down a dark lane, started to climb a wall. Behind in the street light, he could see the pursuing policeman. When he got to the top of the wall he fingered one of the bullets in his coat and a revolver came loose. Siting up there out of reach he aimed steadily, blasted down a bullet that hit the policeman, then jumped down to the other side and ran away.

He ran because the second bulge in his coat was a parcel of the menacing stolen jewellery, still in his possession when he was picked up later.

The detective didn't draw a gun. He didn't have a chance to get a jujitsu hold on the runaway. From the top of the wall the thief was safe. He had only one motive for shooting that policeman. The lustful instinct to kill.

A man was driving a stolen car. He was recognised by the police and chased. There was an exchange of shots—the runaway fired first. He hoped to put the pursuing cops out of action, but he missed the car.

Police arrested a striker at Auburn, U.S.A. The strikers defied the police, who had to restore order with guns and batons.
The reflector of an ordinary torch can be used to light your cigarette. Placed over the tip of the cigarette so that the tip is where the bulb's filament would be, and then directed at the sun, the reflector becomes a solar furnace, concentrating enough heat to light the cigarette when the smoker inhales.

and wounded the police driver.

A car parked in a quiet Sydney street was recognised as the getaway car used by some thieves who had robbed a store safe. The police started to close in on the thieves jumped into the car, started to drive away, shooting as they went.

You may remember all three incidents. You see a short paragraph about it in the paper occasionally, but you don't realize how often it happens—unless you're a cop.

Then you face the grim reality that any wanted man, any thief, and refugee, may be armed, may shoot, may kill. Then, too, you realize that the men who shoot are not fighting for their lives. Would you rather murder than go to jail for fourteen days, knowing that the result of murder is the death penalty? Some people will answer yes—the people who are the enemies of policemen and society in general.

Because this element in the community, once abroad, knows no law but that of gun and boot. And because the extent of this basically lawless element is never discovered until a crisis. There never has been—and this is a damning indictment on the community at large—a civil major tragedy that was not accompanied by pillaging, and thriving. And only too often when the police try to preserve order, open revolt breaks out.

What happened on an unusual scale at Shelbyville, Tennessee U.S.A., some years ago, when a riot broke out? A little township of five thousand people. The riot grew to the dimensions that called for the Militia; and the mob overturned and burned the national guard trucks, set fire to the courthouse, and put up a tangle in which two were killed and twenty-two wounded before the hot blood cooled.

How small the occasion needs to be to start this kind of civil strife in America was shown in a pre-war episode when it was rumoured that a negro boy, Lino Rivera, had been beaten in a five-and-ten cent store, in Harlem Harlem being the colour spot it is, tempers flared, and the allegations of a hoy's being beaten caused the biggest riot seen there in 25 years. Stones were thrown as soon as, if not before, the hot words started. Improvised clubs were wielded, and store windows were being smashed by a howling crowd. The street in seconds became a shambles, with a crowded fight in full progress. While the mob fought in the street, another mob was busy—the people who risked the jagged edges of broken glass to plunge into the shop displays and pillage the goods in the windows.

There was no question of need—the opportunity of taking something that was close at hand, with little fear of being caught, was too great for the bystanders. They ignored the fight; their pitch was pillage.

The police worked hard to break up the fight, and finally succeeded. They tried to stop the pillaging, and finally succeeded in that, too. But they had a first-class example on their hands, when the show was over, of the kind of thing that, starting from nothing, can lead to wide-spread civil commotion.

The same terrible story has been told after fires, floods, strikers and other forms of unrest, even earthquakes. In the famous San Francisco earthquake the greatest difficulty was not the damage caused by the earthquake, or even by the disruption of services and fires which followed. The heart-rending scene was those who had escaped injury, scavenging among the ruins, helping themselves to other people's property, running hysterically about with armfuls of stolen goods which they had no use for, but which they had collected like magpies.

A story as bad was told about the aftermath of the great Chicago fire.

A particularly pathetic aspect of that tragedy was the number of women of all ages and conditions, molested by frantic men, who figurred that the disruption to the general life of the community was so bad that whatever they did could not make it worse. It is on the record that women already tormented rushed screaming from the out-stretched hands of attackers, to be caught in the arms of others who, with no thought of coming to their assistance, were willing to add their weight to attacks being attempted.

Psychologists may have explanations for such behaviour, but the immediate need is not explanations, but action. And the only force the community knows to check these outbreaks of lawlessness, whether it is an individual act or a mad mob, is the force of the police, who have to be prepared to deal with any unexpected situation.

Yet the occasions on which the police have used their firearms are rare indeed, and their use has been only as an extreme measure when all else failed.

The number of times underworld characters have drawn on the police, however, as a different story, and one which makes it difficult to believe that some characters can be reformed.

The eye-witness of a spectacular Sydney arrest some years ago said that he saw "police running about with their guns in their hands." He did not know the identity of the man being pursued; but the police did, and they had already been shot at and had chased the shot-and-run criminal across half the city before they were seen "running about with guns in their hands." The eye-witness was able to be impressed and dive through the nearest open door to protection, but the police themselves had to be exposed to the imminent possibility of death before they arrested, at gunpoint, a cunning and vicious criminal.

A police officer said afterwards, "The feelings of the crowd seemed to be against us I heard one man say, "Why are they allowed to carry guns"—meaning us. All he could see was a man who had run himself, being pressed reluctantly into a police car while a gun or two was in evidence. What he hadn't seen was a desperate man with a long record of violence, trying to take the lives of men who are trying to keep the community safe." Men who put themselves beyond society have to be hunted—and hunters are pretty ineffectual without guns.
a Girl on a Conquest

Ah, bribery going on—a girl offering the dog something which seems to interest him. But he is looking at the object, not the girl. But we think she'll win him over to her side. Would you need such encouragement?

The dog is man's best friend, according to those who know. This charming lass—we don't know her name—thinks that a dog should also be a girl's best friend. But the pooch is not having any female advances—or is he just shy?

The pooch is going overboard. He had the ball in his mouth, but his eyes are on the friendly femce. And could you blame him? But we would like to know her name. But she won't tell!
GRATITUDE

In Kentucky, William Wiggins saw a horse being taken to the knackery. He felt sorry for it, and, although the animal was sway-backed, bony and eight years old, he bought it for 20 dollars. Wiggins named the horse General Beauregard and fed and trained it. Recently he entered it for a race and the horse repaid Wiggins by winning. The stake was worth 100 dollars.

FOURTH POLLY

Charlie Sibley, 81-year-old widower of Isle of Wright, decided to remarry and did so quietly. One day neighbours saw a strange woman putting washing on the line and they discovered Charlie's fourth wife. In explanation, she said: "We were good friends until one day Charlie said he would like to run away with me. I took him at his word." Charlie calls her Polly, even though her name is Hilda. "I called all my wives Polly," he said.

POLICE DOG

Three times a week, Jasper, a three-year-old Alsatian who likes policemen spends a night in the cells at Wither, Kent, England. The only way the police can get rid of him is to lock him up. At home Jasper is quiet and well-behaved, but he has a passion for the police.

DIGGING DEEP

In 1960, an oil well was drilled in Wyoming to the depth of 20,523 feet. It was unsuccessful; no oil was found. But in California, the Ohio Oil Company had drilled deeper and is still digging. The well was started in 1951 and has cost almost two million dollars to date. The drill pipe, which weighs 181 tons, starts at a tower 120 feet high.

NO FOOLING

At Palermo, Sicily, the audience disapproved of a play a touring company presented. Not content with hoots or throwing things, the crowd beat up three of the cast and knifed the leading man. The play was an Italian farce. Evidently it did not appeal to their sense of humour. The players recovered, but they have vowed never to appear in Palermo again.
COME ON, NOW, he said, get hold of yourself. His lips moved, dry and silent, and his eyes closed in denial of the shock. A glance at the newspaper on his lap had played on him. Just don't let it get you, he told himself, you have to expect some reaction.

Jack Clifford meant reaction to the shock of unexpected sequitur on a first degree murder charge. He was still numb, and in the newspaper he had been reading against his will the judge's words which he had heard only a few hours ago. "It is the opinion of this court that the jury's verdict constitutes a glaring miscarriage of justice."

But the hell with that. Here he was, free, brewing coffee in his own kitchen. After a gift from the gods, wouldn't it be something if he couldn't hold on to a little plain common sense? It was that ghastly jest of the phone call a few minutes ago, he thought, that was what had upset him. A man's voice had said, "Please call Dorothy to the phone." And Jack Clifford had almost answered, "She's dead," before he realized there could be no one—no one who would call him. "You have the wrong number," he had said gruffly.

To what lengths would someone go who thought he should have
been convicted! He made a mental note to have the phone taken out tomorrow.

Gathering his courage, he turned his head and looked now at a pair of her shoes sitting beside a chair across the room. And he sighed in relief, because, as far as he could judge, they were still in the same position and hadn't shifted at all, what an edge of nerves he had, to think they had moved! Russell alligator, platform soles, with high ankle strap, size 4-AAA. He knew every shoe she had, because Dorothy's beautiful feet had been a monument to him; to her own embarrassment at his "foot fetish" she had more shoes than an heiress; the closet racks were full of them.

The closet racks... Jack Clifford's scalp began to thicken in prickets, as though an electric comb ran wildly through his hair. Even as it occurred to him to wonder what the alligator shoes were doing beside the kitchen chair, they moved and, as though a ghost walked into the unburnt, they disappeared into the living room.

His heart shivered and dissolved in sheer terror. But that lasted only as long as the paralyzing which held him breathless. When, finally, he sucked in a hungry sob of breath, he felt, oddly, even saner than before that had happened. He almost laughed, realizing that he had made a mistake in thinking he would be immune to the unbearliness, to the recitation of the three-week's trial. Hallucination? Well, why not? A natural aftermath. Go to a good doctor and get straightened out—

That was the ticket! A psychiatrist who used to be sent to those things. But, then, maybe he wouldn't need to, now that he had himself in hand.

The coffee had settled to the bottom of the glass vacuum-maker, and he poured himself a cup. It was strong, and he cooled it with water from the tap and gulped it down. He would have to go into the living room, of course, and test himself again while he felt confident, he was in a hurry to get it over with.

He flipped the cigarette into the fireplace and, on an impulse, moved to the sunken sofa in the living room and opened the door to the coat closet. The closed door that visitors opened. Some vanity had made him insist, in the years when he was still a boy, that she keep her shoes here instead of in the bedroom closet where they should have been.

The rack was loaded; calf and kid and snakeskin, suede and fabric and everything else that shoe-makers had dreamed up. Pumps and wedges and sandals, sport shoes and slippers, open toes and closed toes, ankle straps and espadrilles. They were here, all of them. Except one pair, the alligator platform. Up the three steps he bounced, giddily light, his hips cold and drained and no feeling in him anywhere. From the hallway leading to the bathroom, the alligator shoes moved with horrid purposefulness toward him across the maroon carpet. While he stood frozen, they paused, indicating the nap as though flexible with life and weight, then turned and tripped smoothly back into the hallway again.

Jack Clifford was halfway down the self-service elevator, still assurance that everything was going to be all right, all be had to do was keep his head and he sensible, and the most chilling thought of the last hour occurred to him: he had left the lights on in the apartment because he didn't want to think of those shoes stumbling in the dark...

"Sara," he began, desperately from the telephone booth, "Sara, I've got to see you." The girl's voice held pleased surprise. "Well! I've been wondering when you would ever call up. Can you come over for a drink?"

Jack Clifford thought he would be needing just that, and maybe more. The bonded Bourbon was heavy enough to stick to his ribs, and after the third belt of it he found himself smiling, his voice deprecating any idea of taking seriously the story he was telling her. But Sara kissed him and knew there was no answer in his kiss. She said thoughtfully, "I'd better say with you—though I've never been in that apartment with you except when Dorothy was there."

What she and Jack were to each other was secret between them, a piece of guilt Sara lived with because she couldn't live without it. But part of the guilt was that she had known Dorothy for years and kept on visiting and being friendly even while making love to her husband.

All during the ride back to his apartment house, Jack Clifford held her hand and was silent; for he was afraid he might tell her his greatest fear that the walking shoes were not an illusion.

Jack Clifford unlocked the door noiselessly, as though afraid that the shoes would hear Sara press his arm, and held it as they entered the living room.

Then he saw one of them, the toe peeping around an end of the sofa, and he stiffened. With leisurely tread, the russet alligators danced their platforms toward them across the carpet. With his eyes on the phantom shoes, riveted on a fate he had tried to escape but knew was coming, he pointed, and managed a strangled whisper. "There! Do you see them, too?"

At first she said nothing, and he was afraid to look at her. The shoes had stopped, four or five feet off. When he tore his eyes from them at last, he found Sara staring at him in horror. Pale with fear, she backed back from him, striking his hand from her arm.

"You—" she said. "You see it too, don't you?"

Sara's mouth worked, but at first...
she didn't answer. Then the tears came, and hysterical words "God—God help you, Jack!" Before he could stop her, she had run out of the apartment.

Instead of chasing her he glanced back at the shoes which advanced upon him and stopped not more than a foot from his own. He shuddered, but somehow he did not die of fright as he almost hoped he would. No ultimate horror could have frightened with the menace of those slight scraps of leather, shaped for the pretty feet which were gone.

"You must have read about the case in the papers," Jack Clifford told the psychoanalyst.

"Something, yes. But I don't have much time for reading murder cases, and I didn't place the name right away."

Jack was sweat ing. "Can you help me? I wouldn't have come to you so late at night, but—it's got me. I'm afraid to go home, and I'm afraid to go anywhere else, because that wouldn't do any good—would it?" He had told the doctor everything, except the matter of Sara's behaviour.

Smiling, the doctor shook his head. "It wouldn't, my dear sir. Running away from a symbol like that—guilt or whatever—would doubtless make it worse. Such hallucinations don't usually persist, though. There are some very queer angles to your case, Mr. Clifford, but they can be cleared up—don't worry about it. Hypnotism, perhaps."

He frowned thoughtfully. "I believe we might make progress if I would go with you to your apartment."

"Good! I was hoping you would, because I wouldn't dare go back alone—hypnotism or not." Jack Clifford's emotion was a mixture of relief and fear. And the fear was one he didn't want to formulate even to himself. For what if the doctor who was going to help him acted the same way Sara had? What if Sara's reaction had not been occasioned by the suggestion he had planted in her mind by telling her the story in advance?

For some reason it was not the alligator shoes, this time, but a pair of powder-blue, very bedroomy looking mules Size 4-AAA. And moving toward them from the hallway door as though guided by invisible feet.

Jack Clifford saw them. He was afraid to ask the doctor, but the latter must have seen them because he looked in the same direction and then he lifted his eyes to Jack's. "You do see them, then?" Jack whispered.

"Yes," said the doctor, in a humouring tone. "Now, be a good boy and go into the kitchen and sit down until I call you."

From the kitchen, Jack heard nothing and he was afraid to sneak a look. But nevertheless there were voices out there. Soft.

The doctor said, "How long has he acted like this, Mrs. Clifford?"

The girl in the powder-blue mules and dressing robe answered, "Two-three weeks. I was going to call a doctor myself. I think it started when he began following that horrible murder case that ended today, and going to court for every session of it. He wanders around and doesn't say a word, even when I speak to him. He—he acts so crazy. I'm beginning to get scared of him."

"Justly," said the doctor warily. "A very queer case of wishful delusions. It might be some time before the danger is over. I would suggest you pack some things right now, Mrs. Clifford, and get out while you can," he added.
"I warned you about sitting in the sun without a hat."

"Next...?"
Death for an insult

GUS SORENSEN

The inside dealer lives—the one that and the other hanged. And Ellis was too, tried a shot to get away with murder.

THE public bar of an hotel in Martinborough was alive with masculine conversation. The bearded scrub-cutters and fresh-complexioned station hands drained their glasses and thumped the empties on the counter for refills, with the gusto customary in 1903.

One of the scrub-cutters named William Ellis, was enjoying himself until he heard a remark that spun him around to face the man who uttered it. With eyes wild with anger, Ellis shouted, "What did you say?"

There was a sarcastic laugh. Then a cultured English voice said, "Calls himself Jack McKenzie boys, when his right name is William Ellis. And you know why? Because he has been inside. Done time."

Ellis stared hatefully at Leonard...
Collinson, his employer, had managed to control his normal, needle-sharp temper and advancing towards the bush contractor he said, 

"I'll get you for that Collinson. I'll get you as sure as I stand on this floor."

Collinson drew himself erect and waved Ellis off with a topish gesture of his hand. Ellis, with a snarl on his face left the bar. He wandered about in a raging mood, sure he had been in gaol. That was past. Now he wanted to forget it. Collinson had been in gaol also. And that was the only thing the two men had in common. Apart from that, they were vastly different in every way.

Collinson was the son of a solicitor and around thirty when he came from England to New Zealand some three years ago—in 1900. He was well educated, reserved, talk in a faint English accent and addressed and looked at everyone with a haughty air. He was used to book and secretarial work, but in New Zealand he worked for a while as a station hand on the Te Awaite station and later on the same place as a bush contractor.

Ellis was ten years older than Collinson. He was slim, but wary and of medium height. He looked an odd character with his jet black hair and full red beard. He had worked about the bush all his life, and was talked about wherever he went on account of his remarkable accuracy with his rifle. In season and out—it didn't matter to Ellis—he kept up his marksmanship by hunting stag.

Before working for Collinson, Ellis had been scrub-cutting on a station called Glenburn. When he handed in his notice, he said he intended to swap the bush for the city for a change and other work. If William Ellis had carried out that

Ellis was forgotten on Te Awaite until a couple of months after his dismissal. A station hand found a portion of a sheep. The Te Awaite manager and Collinson suspected Ellis. They also agreed that he must still around the station and had used the missing part of the animal for food.

Not long after that incident, a shepherd returned to his hut and noticed that his khaki jacket and a telescope were missing. Then a station hand named Jackson came home after work and found that his rifle had been stolen. But with that theft, there was a note signed by J. McKenzie, saying that if he didn't return the rifle, he would pay for it.

Strangely enough, there was no official investigation. The culprit was not even seen. The winter passed. Summer came and William Ellis was once again forgotten. But during that time, he stayed close to Te Awaite station living on what he shot and sleeping close to his fire.

In February 1904, Ellis was seen, camped by the Te Awaite River. Day by day, leaving behind a trail of dead fires, he moved closer to the station. Near the end of that same month, he had reached the spot where his enemy was working.

Up on the hillside, he had a perfect view of the valley. He watched Collinson and an employee named Ross working. Ellis flattened his body on the flax bush. He saw Collinson indicate an order to Ross and Ross left him. Ellis aimed his rifle, he squeezed the trigger. Collinson fell.

At the sound of the shot, Ross raced back to Collinson. But Collinson was dead. A. 303 bullet had passed through his left lung and heart.

A search was made of the hillside. The only thing found was the indent in the flax where Ellis had lain. Although the official verdict into Collinson's death was that he was shot by some person unknown, Ellis was suspected. Col-
Johnson was his enemy; he had threatened him, he was seen on the station property, and finally there was his dead body with a rifle. A warrant was issued for his arrest.

But Ellis was on the move. He traveled over the mist-shrouded Tararua mountains, climbed the rugged Ruahine mountains and hid in the Kamanawa Ranges. The area from the Tararua to the Kamanawa Ranges is a jungle. Dotted around the outlandish countryside were sheep stations, settlers' homes and rabbit inspectors' huts.

For months the police searched in vain Ellis was carefully hidden.

But by July, he was feeling the pinch. The freezing nights, his monotonous diet of game made him desperate and daring. He shot a bullock, stripped off the hide and used it to light a hollow burnt-out tree for his camping spot. He made raids on huts and homesteads and helped himself to food and clothing.

The repetition of his raids finally came to the notice of the police. A constable and a guide went into the bush after him. Later, detective Broberg and a constable from Wellington joined the two men.

They used as their base camp a hut at the foot of the Kamanawas about 12 miles from Kekeru. There were chill nights when the police and guides were miles from their camp. They slept by roaring fires. Occasionally, the party were fortunate enough to come across an abandoned hut in which to shelter. Other times they received hospitality from the isolated settlers.

Except for a few burned-out fires, traces of food and food wrappings, there was no sign of Ellis. Shredded in bush wiles, he used a smokeless type of wood when he made a fire and his thefts were from huts and houses set among the hills which afforded him a good look at the surrounding countryside.

Through the heavy-wooded country and about the rugged ranges, the search went on. It was now early in December, 1894. Then the search party noticed the remains of a recent fire. They decided to concentrate on the scrub in the vicinity. They found nothing.

It was on the afternoon of December 10, when the stubble-churned and weary Broberg and his guide returned to the hut. They opened the door and saw William Ellis.

Ten months in the bush had given the fugitive the look of a wild man. His face and head was a forest of tangled hair. His boots were broken and his clothing faded and tattered. His eyebrows were bushy shelves and through darting, blood-shot eyes he stared at the two men.

A revolver nestled in a crude leather holster hung around his chest. There were three cartridge belts about his waist, and in his hand was a heavy calibre rifle.

There was a brief silence. Then Ellis swung up his rifle. Broberg and the guide moved in fast on top of him. There was a terrific struggle, but Ellis was overpowered.

Ellis was charged with the murder of Collinson. Ellis did not deny the charge.

The party tramped to the nearest homestead of a Mr Hurst whose place had been raided by Ellis. On the way, Ellis, in a haughty and sardonous mood, told Broberg about the number of places he had broken into and gave a list of things he had stolen.

On December 12, the police and their prisoner re-acquainted themselves with civilization. At Wairarapa, Ellis was formally charged and remanded to appear at Wellington.

William Ellis went on trial for his life on February 1895. From the outset, the cards were stacked heavily against him. The Crown prosecutor sheathed home damning evidence. All the points that quarter fitted into a neat picture to prove a carefully planned and premeditated murder. The jury gave a verdict of guilty with a recommendation for mercy on the grounds that the prisoner had committed the crime under great provocation. Ellis was not shaken and had nothing to say when sentence of death was passed on him.

The recommendation for mercy failed and Ellis spent his last days unperturbed and in a cheerful frame of mind. The only complaint he had to make was that the noise of carrying the gallows was getting on his nerves. On the morning of his execution, February 28, 1895, he was in such a deep sleep that he had to be wakened. He walked to the gallows with a firm step. He paled slightly—b ut otherwise showed no emotion—while the final preparations were being made. Seconds later, William Ellis had paid the penalty for his vendetta.

"Well, now that that's settled, you'd better get on your feet and look for a job."
CAVALCADE HOME OF THE MONTH

No. 15 Two-Bedroomed Timber Framed House

This house is designed for a family with two small children. As the children grow, the house can be extended by cutting a passage through the children's bedroom and building two additional bedrooms to it. The main entrance is separated from the living-room with a cupboard unit, with hanging space on one side and a bookshelf-bar on the other. A large living area is built around the fireplace, with dinette in one corner. Kitchen is separated from dinette by working-bench and shelves. Dining-table can be drawn into kitchen, set and then pushed back again. Kitchen has access to laundry and area behind carport, which is covered. Outside storage wall is for garden tools. Bath and bedrooms are placed in one group to provide complete privacy. Built-in cupboard between bedrooms serves both rooms. Children have two-level beds, the upper covering half of the lower one. Garage roof overhangs, and timber lattice-work provides plenty of shade. Construction is timber frame, with horizontal boards on the outside fibrous plaster and plywood inside. There is no ceiling. The rafters are showing and supporting a 3-inch 'Herschel' sheathing, 3 in x 2 in. purlins, and corrugated asbestos roof. This solution gives a much better insulator and is cheaper than the usual conservative attic-construction roofs. The best position of the house is to face the carport-lounge north. The area of the house is 96 squares.
BULL

for LOWDEN

He could do nothing but stare at the spread of horn about to dig holes through his body.

ROLAND BLACKBURN

If he moved, he would be killed. If he raised an arm, those ugly sharp weapons of death would know instantly where to go. If he so much as turned his head it would be the end of him. Jim Lowden knew these things, and he kept very still there on his chair in the centre of the bull-ring under the arc lights, while the crowd

looked on and howled raucously for him to die.

The bull lowed. It lost interest in him and galloped to the barrier where it butted at the solid wood in mad anger. The thuds could be heard above the shouts of the crowd.

The bull came back. It trotted up nearly to him and sniffed. He
could feel its hot breath on his face. The air from the bull's lungs tickled his nostrils. He was in a silent, tense silence, the white suit covering his body. The bull stood there, staring at him with puzzled eyes. It knew that this was a man, but the man did not move. That was the mystery of the bull, for bulls do not attack until they are confronted by movement.

The bull saw The great hump of muscle on the top of its neck rose higher. From bloodshot, blazing eyes it glared at him. It pawed the sallow earth, throwing back showers of dirt and sending out in front a spray of dust when it snorted. Then, like an oncoming locomotive, the huge black beast charged.

In that instant before the bull reached him Lowden felt more rage than fear. It had been a dirty trick from the start, thus—the culmination of his series of bad breaks every since he left Mexico and came to Spain.

In Mexico he had been a full-fledged matador. He left a future there and came to what he hoped would be a better one in Spain. He wanted to become a master in the house of bullfighting. That ideal had been before him ever since, as a youth of 20, he had crossed into Mexico and conquered his first small bull in an amateur fight.

But Spain did not recognize Mexican matador ratings. Here he had to go through the whole process again. The booking agent at the Valencia ring had made it quite clear to him Lumpy Martinez Freg, his pale eyes popping out of fat crescent, was sceptical of his knowing anything about a corrida de toros. But then Freg was like that. He was, as the Spaniards say, an animal.

"Thank you know bulls?" he demanded of Jim Lowden.

"Sure I know them.

"Regular bull-tamer, eh?"

"That's me."

"Nomadon, next Sunday. You kill two bulls for 500 pesetas if you can." "I can. But I get 5,000 in Mexico."

"Spain, and we are poor." Jim Lowden killed his bulls that Sunday afternoon. But he killed them badly. Nothing he did went right. Where ordinarily his capework was graceful and exciting, that of his first fight in Spain was awkward and unsure.

The reasons why Lowden made such a bad showing that day were pretty complex. He hadn't acclimatised himself yet. Everything seemed strange and different. And the bulls were inferior. But the main reason was that two days before the corrida thieves had entered his room in the hotel and made off with most of the money he had saved and all of his fighting equipment. They had taken his expensive costumes, his swords, his capes.

Lowden had to fight in a hired suit with hired capes and swords. The prospect of making a good showing in an unfamiliar, ill-fitting uniform and with untested weapons was unnerving. The ghastly result had been natural. When it was over and he had paid for the use of the equipment and given the picadores and banderilleros their fees, Lowden had only enough money left for a few meals.

It was because he took one of these meals that he put himself in the position of never expecting another engagement at the Valencia ring. He had taken the trolley from the town down to Grau, the port of Valencia.

A hundred yards from the eating-shack, in a dim, isolated section of the beach, the startled scream of a girl shot out of the silence.

In the gloom he could just make out a bulk of a man and the slim form of a girl.

Lowden reached out. His arm was like a flexible steel bar as it jerked the thong away. The girl, breathing heavily, stood there, regarding them with wide, black eyes.

The man grunted and turned to face Lowden. He saw at once that it was Martinez Freg. His clenched fist shot out and was solidly introduced to flesh and bone. Freg toppled. He hung for an instant at an improbable angle, then hit the beach with a thud.

After that Lowden didn't even consider approaching the Valencia ring for another engagement—especially when Freg was certain to know that he was seeing Juana every day.

Lowden didn't try for another chance until he had taken too many meals at Juana's house for the food of his self-respect. Then he felt he had to. Martinez Freg might just possibly put aside the personal angle and regard his case in a wholly official manner.

Freg didn't. His pop-eyes half covered themselves with heavy lids when Lowden walked into his office at the bull ring. Freg sloshed, "So," he said, "the bull-tamer again?"

"Looks like me, doesn't it?"

"All except the stomach. That was bigger last time."

"It can be filled."

"Not here, torero."

He went to the door, but when he reached it Freg called after him. "We're booking a comic fight next week."

"You can be Don Tancredo at the next burlesque fight. The job's open."

Freg was insulting him in the worst possible way known to people who make their living from the bull ring. Don Tancredo was the name they gave to a man who, clad in a white suit, sat on a chair in the middle of the ring at comic "corridas." A small, harmless bull was led in, and if the man didn't move the animal would not touch him. If he made any movement the bull would attack it. It was a job for a peon, a bull ring roundabout, not a serious matador.

"Thank it over, bull-tamer. Don Tancredo gets 100 pesetas."

The time came for Don Tancredo. Lowden walked out, self-consciously at first, then with defiance as some of the crowd recognised him and jeered. He went to the chair that had been placed in the very centre of the ring facing the runaway. He sat down and waited.

A bugle sounded. Brown doors swung back. There was a clatter of hooves and a great dark shape darted out.

This was no small, mostly harmless bull that was usual for Don Tancredo. It was a full-sized, five-year-old fighting bull.

As the bull charged, Lowden leaped to his feet. The chair was in his hands. Instinctively he made the
movement of a pass. He sweated

Instantly the animal whirled, came back, Lowden turned to one side again with the chair. But he didn't want to try it a third time. The bull was too smart for that. It had almost got him on the second change.

He threw the chair at the bull to distract it. The bull crushed it into splinters with horn and hooves. In the interval Lowden ripped off his coat. He jerked the garments from his shoulders, had it in his hands. Thank God it had a dark lining. The bull could see that.

He executed a series of passes that created a silence in the ring. He improved on them, then a media veronica that brought the crowd to its feet.

Calmly, unhesitatingly, he went through his whole repertoire. It wasn't a limited one. When he held his absurd cape behind him to his left for the arcing, the most dangerous and difficult of all passes, the crowd called "No, no!" As the bull bore down on him they screamed: "He's dead! He's dead!"

The left horn caught him on the leg, tore away a great strip of trouser, and then passed on. He tried it on the other side. Miraculously, it worked. But the bull chased closely at him, all but lifting him into the air.

Lowden knew the thing he had to do. He had to exhaust the bull, accomplish the work of two horses and half a dozen men. He worked his grim opponent over to one side of the ring. There, in a series of quick, brilliant passes, he whipped him back and forth. To the right he went, to the left. Finally, with a daring reverse, Lowden reached out, touched the tip of the bull's horns with his fingers, and then, turning his back on him, walked away. The crowd screamed in delight.

But Lowden wasn't finished. In the cool detached state of mind that had descended on him he knew that what he had done so far was insane. Now he wanted to show them something else.

Reaching over the barrier he took from the hands of one of the gaping clowns an estoque and muleta.

With proper fighting tools the crowd would expect smoother work.

He gave it to them. He did what he wanted with the bull. If he was attacked viciously he replied savagely. Yet always in perfect form, his feet together, his back arched, never moving from the spot he had chosen for his own. He worked close, sticking in his stomach to let the bull get by without hooking him. A couple of times his and the bull's bodies became one in movement and the crowd murmured, "Ole! Ole!"

Straight over the right horn he went, and when he was there he plunged down deep, into success.

The ring seemed to be filled with waves upon waves of fluttering white handkerchiefs instead of people. A scream ran out, and when he made to cut off the bull's ear the crowd roared approval. He cut off the other ear and the crowd shrieked with delight. Men rushed into the ring as the ears were put into Lowden's hand. They lifted him on their shoulders and carried him in triumph around the ring.

Behind them, Martinez Freg was being carried too. Only the crowd had sensed what had happened, and he was being borne upside down Lowden, Metadon, not Don Tancrado, would fight in the Valencia ring again. He would fight in all the bull rings of Spain.

MEN become women—women become men—just a fabulous story or is it possible? There are some astounding records in medical files and doctors answer a conservative "Yes!"

The girl's name was Antonina and she was all right until she was seventeen. Then her voice broke. Unusual but nothing to cause panic—until a year later she started to grow a beard and had to begin shaving. That was awkward.

Antonina was in Britain then. She was seen by British doctors, who feared that Antonina wasn't
really a girl at all and sent her back to Germany, her native land. Then she underwent a surgical operation, the birth certificate was altered from Antonina to Anthony, and she is now alive—maybe the only man ever brought up in a convent.

On the other hand, Friedrich Munkel has twice experienced a change of sex. He was born in 1932 as a boy, but in 1933 was subjected to an operation which made him a girl, he was re-registered, and doctors were satisfied that he deserved his name, Elfrida.

Only a couple of years ago, Elfrida working on a German farm, beating men at their jobs, a girl who had a man’s strength, who had to shave every second day. Finally the lassie went to the doctor, had two sessions in hospital, and came back to the world as a man.

A puzzle. A few cases which have made notoriety in the press have made people wonder whether such a change of sex is possible. The answer is yes.

There is a laboratory researching into hormones in the English Midlands. It is staffed by men who really got a scare—they were threatened with a mass change of sex because they were handling female hormone preparations which gradually penetrated their systems and commenced to bring about a change in their sexual feelings and outlook. Laboratory dust was blamed for over-dosing them with female hormones, and an antidote, in some male hormone preparation, was administered to bring them back to normal. All’s well that ends well, but the big point is that a simple factor like that can bring about the very change about which so many people are sceptical.

The fact is that hormones are nature’s tiny mysteries, they control the sex of the individual, and a change in hormone supply whether by injury to an internal gland, or by absorbing some hormone from surroundings, can effect the sex of the individual.

This is why men who suffer a loss of virility are able very often to be treated to restore their virility—male hormone is given to bring back masculinity.

Where people are born with hormone imbalance, various effects, from effeminacy in men to manliness in women, appear, and there comes the “twilight sex” people who are almost on the borderline of the opposite sex.

It is certain that in some of these cases, the physical factors of sex are indeterminate, and that the characteristics of the opposite sex are so pronounced that a surgeon can bring about what is called a sex change.

Such things have occurred in the past—without being published or documented. For instance, Anne Petersen was born in Denmark in 1912, and nobody doubted her sex. She grew up as a girl, became mannish, was sick, and was thought to be suffering from a hernia. In 1939 she consulted Professor Knud Sand, in Copenhagen, and he told her that she could without doubt change her to a man—but if she did she would have to serve as a soldier. She postponed the operation, it was finally carried out in 1953, her name was changed to Arne, a typical Danish name. As Anne Petersen she had been the cleaner at Padborg Station, but as a man, Arne Petersen found it hard to get a job.

Today Arne Petersen may wonder at the success of other sex-change cases to him it is only a problem. He told the press that when he was a woman the men at the railway station teased him and told him dirty stories, now, however, they accept him as a man, and life in that direction at least, is more pleasant.

Sixteen-year-old Farideh Najafi, of Iran, underwent a series of three operations in 1953 which changed her to a male. Unlike Anne Petersen, she had an urge to become a soldier. Since her transformation she has fulfilled her ambition and is now serving in the Iran army.

Farideh was a pseudo-hermaphrodite, with partial sexual organs of both sexes, the male being predominant.

In cases where predominant sex organs are male, usually there are no ovaries, nor womb.

Before doctors undertake sex-change operations, they must be sure which is the predominant sex.

Anne Petersen, a man. He is happier as a man because he feels more adjusted to the male sex.

Where the doctors are doubtful, they must consider the patient’s sexual characteristics, the choice of the sex by the patient and whether the patient was raised as a boy or a girl.

All these things are important because a reversal of sex can cause a psychological upset which could result in neuroses.

There were many cases of sex change before Christine Jorgenson, there have been a few since.

These cases are not isolated, they are not misreported, they are from the casebooks of doctors who know the patients.

Science has no doubts about the position, there are no doubts about it, it happens. But it happens infrequently, though more often than you’d think. The answer is that it is unusual, but perfectly true, that people can and do change their sex.
The psychopath is often very intelligent. But there are times when he throws off the mask of sane action and does the silliest things.

Ray Davie

The peace of Sunday morning was rudely shattered by a respected middle-aged businessman, who burst out of his house in his underwear and prostrated on the lawn singing bawdy songs.

He was well into a melody about an Eastern harem when his wife rang for the police. Abruptly the impromptu act finished as the man darted to his dog's kennel, whipped off the pooch's collar, and trotted through the streets with the collar about his neck and the leash trailing. He added realism to his performance by barking.

Drunk? Yes Mad? Yes, though not in the generally accepted sense. Our businessman was suffering from a disorder which, one eminent authority stated, is a hundred times more common than polozyzitis. He was a psychopath.

Quite often brilliant men are psychopaths. Take the case of the distinguished scientist, authority on physics, doctor of philosophy, booz-artist. Every now and again he'd have a few days off while he wrestled happily with a few bottles. Sometimes he drank himself into a coma, on other occasions he reverted to the ape stage, and cowpered in trees, yelling threats at onlookers.

He forsake academic life for a time,
finally drifted back to university life. Then he proceeded to fail in and out of job after job. Once his departmental head found him in a St Bernard’s kennel at a veterinary hospital, gleefully yelling that he’d gone to the dogs at last.

It may be argued that ‘thieves never tell you, anyway’. Well, here’s the case of a man who worked in advertising, as an insurance salesman. He was a charming fellow, though he had unpleasant habits, such as forgetting to pay bills, wearing other people’s clothes, and things of a rather more dubious nature.

He, too, drifted from job to job, usually easing himself out by a long-term drinking spree. When he was really down and out he would dash to the nearest woman and find ready sympathy. The more sympathy he received, the more he drank.

Though he had been known to attempt to flirt with his friends’ wives, he seemed to do so mainly out of a sense of mischief. But one thing was undoubtedly—he had a wonderful power of enlisting feminine sympathy.

There are two obvious psychopaths. Yet each has pleasing personalities and high intelligence—two characteristics of the psychopath.

Dr Harvey Cleckley, Professor of Psychiatry and Neurology at the University of Georgia, has enumerated a number of other signs. Though the general opinion among investigators is that the psychopath is mentally abnormal, he is likely to show the more obvious signs of disorder. For instance, he is likely to break off in mid-conversation and hit you on the head with the remark that an “inner voice” had prompted him to do it. He is quite different.

The psychopath is just the type of fellow that an employer would appoint to a position of trust. But it wouldn’t be very long before the psychopath showed up as curiously unreliable, even dishonest. One likeable man took a job as salesman, and soon showed that he had outstanding ability. But within a year he had lost the job and was deemed lucky to have escaped without a prison term.

At the beginning he was able to reach his friends by selling to his many friends. When that source began to dry up, he sold his wares at a loss, and falsified his books.

He showed no sense of shame for what he had done, despite the fact that he came from a highly reputable family. The psychopath doesn’t show signs of true shame, though he may convince you of his plans for reformation.

Indulgence in crime is one of the marks of the psychopath. Both have pleasing personalities and high intelligence—two characteristics of the psychopath.

The truth is that both male and female psychopaths indulge freely in love affairs in which they never seem to attach any significance to that aspect of life other than a mild pleasure. And there is a definite tendency to take part in abnormal love acts just for the fun of it. And because of any deep-seated perversion.

Female psychopaths often involve themselves in doubtful situations with little apparent concern. There was the case of a very popular woman of about forty.

She was extremely promiscuous—a habit of life which had begun in her schooldays. Her parents sent her to a girl’s school, from which she received excellent reports of her progress.

Several months passed before it was discovered that the girl had been forking the reports. Her father went to see her; but found that she had vanished from the school. She returned of her own volition the next week.

Nowadays she appears incapable of remorse. She is a respected citizen in a community which knows nothing about her fairly frequent lapses. She has taught in Sunday school and has taken part in various charitable and social activities. But occasionally she will go to some low dive and pick up a few boozing men. There seems little hope of curing her.

One of the symptoms of the psychopath is his tendency to drift through life rather than to work for a worthwhile goal.

A highly-intelligent person may have unreliable habits, but it would be foolish for the untrained person to label such a man or woman a psychopath. The degree of unreliability may be small and will not necessarily indicate of an impulse. But can the psychopath be cured? Confident claims have been made, but leading authorities are very cautious in their statements. At present curative work is greatly hampered by the fact that psychopathic patients are reluctant to stay in institutions long enough for gradual treatments to take effect. And doctors find it hard to hold a patient who looks as sane as they do.

Shock therapy and certain brain operations have been tried with some reported success.

But medical authorities in Australia are hampered by the fact that the word “psychopath” is about as well known to the average citizen as the details of the theory of relativity. Yet it has been estimated that there are thousands of pounds in terms of inefficiency and nuisance to other people.
Was Bonaparte a Ladies’ Man?

The conqueror of Europe, the man who set the pattern for international politics in the 20th century, could command men—but he couldn’t satisfy women.

When Napoleon Bonaparte was on the island of Elba he was a brooding fellow who stalked frowning around the place, looking across the Mediterranean towards the coast of France, muttering “France!”

The intense love he had for France led him to plan and execute an escape from the island. The news of his escape reached the mainland, and when he, as a refugee from justice, stepped up the beach from the desolate shore that brought him ashore, he saw an army of France he had never seen before.

Soldiers were lined there—each one armed with a rifle; each rifle pointed at his heart.

Bonaparte advanced towards them, threw open his greatcoat, stuck out his chest, and cried, “Men! Would you shoot your emperor?”

The rifles were lowered, the men cheered, and Napoleon went on to Wavre and the capital of the island of Corsica, as his mother was on her way to church.

At 23, a corporal, he was hurling himself into the mess left by the crumbling five-year-long French Revolution. He joined the political hubbub at the top. He led his country until the battle of Waterloo in 1815. He raised his mother to honour, his brothers to European thrones.
The legendary figure was indefatigable. For years he slept for only four hours a night. Holidays don’t go with military generals when it is combined with national leadership; the Emperor-General worked unceasingly, lived hard, and never lost a trick.

That is, he never lost a trick until it came to women.

His youth, his singular, alien, solitary habits of life, his distrust of every man he met, his iron power made him a glamorous figure.

Men told stories about the steely eye, the magnetic personality. Women enlarged upon those stories. And the West Indian widow of Viceroy Beauforts, when she met the young soldier of 27 at the house of a friend, fell madly in love with him.

She was the famous Josephine. It is one of history’s by-words that Napoleon fell madly in love with her.

Napoleon made the Creole girl the Empress of France in eight short years, and could not bear to be separated from her. During his campaigns he wrote to her daily and incessantly, pouring out his undying passion for her in the most extravagant phrases.

The wife who inspired this burning passion in the emperor was no innocent or youthful beauty. She was six years older than the emperor, and she had been married to the Viceroy, who was guillotined in 1794.

When in 1808, after sharing the throne with Napoleon for five years, Josephine was divorced from the Emperor, it was not because his love for her had waned. He made terms of his divorce that she was still to be known as the Empress, that she was to have the beautiful chateau of Malmaison, and two million francs a year pension.

The only reason for his dissolving the marriage was that he could not have children by Josephine.

But history has remembered more than once that Napoleon’s wife had been able to have two children by her previous husband.

Napoleon married his second wife, the Austrian princess Marie Louise. The marriage ensured Bonaparte a welcome in the royal courts of Europe—and after a year it produced a son. The son was still in his cradle when he was proclaimed Emperor of Rome.

Historians have wondered whether whether Napoleon was, indeed, the father of Napoleon Francois Joseph Charles

When Napoleon abdicated and went to Elba, in 1814, Marie Louise did not accompany her husband to his exile. She returned to Vienna, and she took the young Napoleon Francois Joseph Charles with her. Chroniclers have thought strange, that the emperor who gave away his one true love for the sake of a son should let the son go so readily.

But there are other aspects. Back in Vienna Marie Louise’s son was made the Duke of Reichstadt. He was born because Napoleon had a driving desire to have a son who could become Napoleon II, and he was named for it. But he ended up with an Austrian minor title, and in 1832 he died in the castle of Schombrun.

So historians evolved an idea that never did gain great popularity, the idea that the barrenness was not on the wife’s side, but was part of Napoleon’s own make-up, that he himself could not become a father.

Further, they have speculated as to whether Napoleon ever discovered that he was incapable of being a parent.

There, at the Longwood home, he employed himself from 1816 until 1821 in reliving his past, in creating the Napoleonic legend. He wrote endlessly of his activities and the ideals that inspired him. He wrote tremendously, pouring out ideas, explaining his ideals of liberty, discussing the code of laws he drafted and gave to France.

But in all those years of creating the legend, he did not build up his son, the boy he had divorced Josephine to father. He did not follow a natural bent of mind and look forward to the day when Napoleon Francois Joseph Charles Bonaparte, would be Napoleon II.

Why did he build up himself and his ideas and all that he did except the son?

He was medically examined before his burial—and the medics were amazed. The precocious young corporal who had been born in the Ayeaux street, who had lived indefatigably, who had soldiered and governed on four hours’ sleep a night, who had conquered Europe, who had been unable to give Josephine her third child—had the sexual organs of a boy of five.

The man who changed history, the conqueror of Europe, in his death gave up the secret of his life. His restless energy, his supreme egotism, his indefatigable desire for power and government, were explained by one word—frustration.

Frustration is often thought of and spoken of as a hindrance, and a menace to the individual. Sometimes it can be a driving force. It was with Napoleon Bonaparte.
Fear of what the children may inherit is an unnecessary bugbear in most cases. But there's no nonsense about heredity itself.

**WHAT HEREDITY**

**SPENCER LEEMING**

*She* was a child of two, and she kicked her heels up a bit because she didn't like going to bed at bedtime. Her mother grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her out of the room.

Later her mother said, "I've got to break her temper. She gets it from her grandmother."

The unhappy part of it was that mother believed that grandma's bad temper came out in the daughter. Of course you have your father's liking for women or your mother's craving for gin or something. Everybody knows how these things are inherited. Unfortunately, everybody is wrong about most of these things.

In this case, take grandma, whose bad temper had been inherited by the girl of two. Grandma's temper was pretty marvellous to get itself transmitted down the line. It only came into evidence when she was getting on in life and her children were growing up. Then she discovered that a tantrum now and again was good publicity. Her bad temper was turned on so that her growing children, who might have forgotten her, didn't have a chance to forget her as she raised one dust after another.

Now take the child of two, she was playing happily, and the last thing she wanted was to be taken to bed. Asserting the desire to stay up longer, she was grabbed by the wrist and dragged from the room. The fact that she protested wasn't bad temper; it was a natural desire not to be dragged around by the wrist when she wanted to play.

But the inherited bad temper was blamed. Poppycock!

The idea that people inherit things like that is pretty deep-rooted, and the subject of many an argument. Particularly is this so where there has been a mental aberration in the family.

People talk about some past insanity and the fear of the children inheriting it. If anything is likely to drive them mad it is the fear of going mad. It will be without foundation; auto-suggestion, which can kid anybody, will be the answer.

A sweeping statement; one which calls for some qualification. And the qualification is this, that predisposition to mental illness can be a danger. Predisposition to mental illness does not have to be inherited. It can be part of the make-up of the individual and it can owe its origin to anything from bad habits to overwork or physical conditions injuring nerves or brain. Some predisposition to mental illness may be inherited; in-
directly, as for instance, in the case of venereal infection, the weakness may be passed on. But this is the inheritance of a physical condition which predisposes to a mental weakness.

Wherever there is reason to think there is predisposition to a particular ill, whether it is insanity, or something else, it is just as well to take heed of the warning. And it is most important to say that, if there is a warning, and the warning is heeded, a repetition of the past misfortunes in the family may be avoided.

But the tendency towards a weakness, or the fact of a weakness being present in a family, is no signal of defect.

The Hapsburgs were known as haemophiliacs — bleeders. The disease, which is a type of blood which will not coagulate, is serious, and is inherited. It became known as "the curse of the Hapsburgs", and some Hapsburgs died from it. But a lot of Hapsburgs survived it, because knowing that one day they bled the bleeding could not be stopped, they did things which would seem strange to normal people—but which helped them survive. They had a definite weakness which was definitely hereditary—but it didn't keep them from occupying regal positions in Europe for many centuries.

If the threat of a known inherent weakness can be held at bay by one family for centuries, it is fairly obvious that the smaller fears of lesser consequence, by people living normal lives, cannot be as serious as one might think. Not everything depends on the frame of mind, and a great deal does.

The determination to study and combat any inherent weakness is a very important aspect.

Fighting the predisposition, ordering normal, healthy living, and taking early note of any symptoms that seem likely to occur, are all important factors.

This is especially so with fears of inherited madness, where there is no physical weakness, and where a healthy mind may readily throw off morbid thoughts.

The brain itself is one of those organs about which a great deal is not known.

But the factors which combine to form what is called "mental stress" are known. Worry, anxiety, excitement, over-tiredness, are all enemies of a clear head.

Some failures point to the Mendelian theory, and say that it is all rather hopeless if the stock is bad. Again I say: "Nonsense."

In or about the year 1869, an Austrian monk named Gregor Johann Mendel conducted some experiments in his monastery garden. He demonstrated with peas, and found that some characters passed on to progeny were dominant, and others recessive. This was found to be true in regard to other plants, and also in respect of animals, including human beings, especially far as the colour of the eyes and hair and the inheritance of such diseases as haemophilia are concerned. Haemophilia, by the way, is only transmitted through the female line.

Scientists pooh-poohed this Mendelian theory until 1900, when it received general recognition. Simply, the theory is that all the qualities of both parents are passed on to their offspring, but that some are dominant and obvious, others recessive, which do not appear in the offspring lifetime.

Mendel want still further. He maintained that in the following generation the original characteris-
young married ex-Serviceman sought to take out a policy on his own life. The usual medical form had to be filled in, as a preliminary to the medical examination.

The completed form showed a bad history of cancer, on both the maternal and paternal sides...

The application was rejected, presumably on those grounds. Yet he is alive and well, thirty-five years later.

That man was myself.

If your father or grandfather, died in a mental hospital, don't let it prey on your mind. It is possible to be quietly aware of such a thing, but not to let it obsess or obsession.

Go ahead happily, pleasantly, but with a quiet determination to exercise rigid self-control throughout your life. Will-power is the finest and strongest armour against trouble and illnesses of all kinds. Further benefits of a far-reaching kind will be obtained as the result of a good, clean life, directed by unremitting measure of self-control. Your children, also, will have a better chance of health and happiness—provided that your marriage partner is strong and healthy.

That gives point to another bit of advice—though it will be in vain. It is important to choose a wife wisely.

You can weigh up her state of health, in body and mind. From a genetic point of view it really is a vital and critical thing.

But things don't work that way where love affairs are concerned. It is blind to shortcomings.

In such circumstances one can only hope for the best.

MIGRAINE RELIEF

The anti-seasickness drug, dramamine, often relieves migraines, doctors have discovered. The drug is injected, rather than given orally. Relief comes on an average of four minutes when the drug is injected into a vein and 15 minutes when given by mouth. Dramamine is non-toxic, non-addictive and inexpensive.

BREAST CANCER FINO

Women with advanced breast cancer who cannot be helped by any kind of treatment, may benefit by the removal of the pituitary gland, according to latest findings. In tests, two of five patients had shown improvement. All of the five cases had previously been doomed to early death. All previously had their ovaries and adrenal glands removed and had received other forms of treatment. The pituitary gland, known as the "master gland", is a small oval body located in the centre of the head, just beneath the brain. When the pituitary gland is removed, the patient's hormone balance is maintained by giving another hormone.

thyroid hormone and pitressin, a pituitary hormone.

Babies

The occurrence of serious haemorrhages in newborn babies can be reduced almost 25 per cent by giving the mothers vitamin K before delivery, report two Danish doctors in the journal, "Postgraduate Medicine". The bleeding, when it occurs in newborn infants, usually comes between the second and fourth day after birth.

PYORRHEA PREVENTION

Tooth bone destroyed by pyorrhea has been successfully regrown in laboratory animals by administering sex hormones, reports Dr. I. Glickman, of Tufts College Dental School. Pyorrhea is responsible for loss of more teeth than any other cause. Teeth become loosen, and if not treated, begin to lose supporting bone. Dr. Glickman produced the disease in 100 laboratory animals by deficient diet. Fifty of the animals received female sex hormones. Not only was their loss of teeth halted, but new bone began to grow in place of the bone destroyed. The findings have not yet been applied to humans.
Why Men Lose

Virility

Because you cannot indulge in marital relations as often as another man, it does not mean you are losing your virility. But there are many reasons for a man becoming impotent.

This eminently Kinsey was vigorously attacked because his report on the sexual behaviour of the human female constituted a gigantic slander against women.

A lot of people, from editors of "Punch" and "The New Yorker" to Yarra Bank officials, have slandered women. They have slandered mother-in-law to get a laugh; they have slandered stand-over wives to get a laugh; they have lectured religiously on the female as a temptress, strictly not for laughs, but as a warning to young men.

But Kinsey was something different. The humourists are allowed much the same licence as poets—and when they jest about mothers-in-law every mother-in-law in the world consulates herself by saying "Oh, it's only a joke; of course he doesn't mean it." And when somebody lectures young men about the tempting female, the shrug is accompanied by the dismissal, "Yes, he's a nut." Kinsey, however, is in another class: he's a scientist and in this day and age we still take scientists seriously.

Kinsey's "slander" constituted the production of some figures. Before we look at them, let us admit that he may have exaggerated his claim. Maybe he was only surveying "the American female"; maybe when he said "human female" he was applying findings from American researches to women of other countries, which isn't fair, of course.

Even if he was only talking of American females, he produced some hair-raisers. For instance, that women between forty and fifty have a particular high rate of infidelity. For another instance, that there is more immorality among married females than among single females. For yet another instance, that once a married female has broken the barriers of fidelity she tends to become more and more unfaithful.

Yes, Kinsey said that married women aren't averse to an occasional adventure, so long as it did not endanger their home and marriage. He said that once they had enjoyed the experience, they'd go back for more and more, each time circumstances gave them the opportunity. In effect, he said that if married women had unveiled a woman's eyes to the facts of sex, she

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would think more of her personal satisfaction than of marriage as a source of sex satisfaction.

Is that a slander on women? Or on men?

References to Kinsey are getting old, but he is the only authority who has tried to analyse scientifically the situation. His findings are our only yardstick for many facts. The picture he draws is that women go outside marriage for their sexual experiences because their husbands are inadequate.

As this writer has said, he strictly studied the “American” male rather than the “human” female, and what he has to say may apply more in America than in other countries.

But there is one reason for Australians taking his findings seriously. Recently a research chemist told this writer that a number of young men sought the artificial aids of chemistry.

It is necessary, for a start, to divide the hormone seekers into two groups—not age groups, but the people who need them, and the people who do not.

Undoubtedly, a lot of people go seeking stimulants who actually do need them.

In regard to virility, as in any other sphere of life and activity, men differ. There is nothing that could be called a “norm”, and if it were possible to strike an average it wouldn’t mean much, since an average sums up the position for a whole group, but is not necessarily true of any individual.

There is plenty of evidence that a lot of men expect too much of themselves in regard to their virility. And if Kinsey is to be believed, there is evidence that a lot of wives expect too much of their husbands.

After all, three meals a day are accepted as not only enough, but plenty. There are people who eat five, and people who don’t eat any, and both of them usually finish up with health problems. The accepted healthy norm is three meals a day.

But, owing to the rigid attitude adopted in this and other countries, there is no accepted norm in respect to virility. Nor has medical science devised any way of setting out what is “natural”, because of the different requirements of various physical constitutions.

The problem which faces any man of natural ability is to know the limits of his ability, and not exceed them, either by entertaining false ideas of himself, or trying to meet the false expectations of other people.

This class of individual must be distinguished from the other people who actually do experience, early in life, a waning of their masculine powers.

It is a favourite pastime with some people to wonder at what age sexual ability commences to wane. In this field again, one can find no average, but no norm. There are authenticated cases of people who, at the age of eighty and over, have become parents—almost exclusively—the parent at this age is a man, for it is recognized that though women pass the age of fertility in late middle life, some men remain able to become fathers until they die at a very old age.

Why is it that some men can become parents at eighty when others experience a waning of their powers in the thirties?

Unless the waning power is due to actual physical ill-health, or to glandular deficiency, there is no reason for it, and no reason why it should not be adjusted. It is a fact that the majority of men who
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Experience an early waning of virility could have prevented this situation arising, and could also do something to restore themselves to their natural vigour. Natural vigour is important—it does not mean greater vigour than they had in earlier life.

There are well-defined causes for the abnormal situation of early impotence; and nearly all of them are linked in some way with abnormal living. The causes fall into two classes—physical and psychological.

Of course the effects are always physical—that is, they show themselves in the inability to complete a physical act. But the reasons can come from the mind rather than from the body.

Of physical reasons, the most natural, and the first to be looked for, is actual physical ill-health, and for this reason the first step in dealing with loss of virility should be to consult a doctor who will be able to take the case from there.

There are recorded cases of men who have temporarily lost their vigour because of some toxic or poisonous content of their blood-streams which has affected the organs of their bodies. There are recorded cases where diseased teeth have steadily poisoned the body so that it has lost its vigour in various respects, including its sexual potency.

Cases are on record where one of many physical upsets to the body have altered the excretion of the glands, thus lessening the hormone content of the body, and leading to a loss of sexual vigour.

Some diseases tend to lessen sexual powers—others tend to stimulate them. The late Alexander Woollcott had all the traits of effeminacy, he was high-voiced, querulous, and peevish. The reason was that in youth he contracted mumps, and the mumps were badly treated and led to arrested de-
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CAVALCADE, May, 1955
that a son had been turned off
woman by the attitude of his
mother. His parents weren't happy
together, quarrelled continually,
and the quarrel was always made
up when the father gave his wife
money, or a present. The son jumped
to the conclusion (and probably
rightly) that his mother started
quarrels so that she could man-
cœuvre father into giving. And his
own attitude towards women be-
came that he would never fall into
that position.

He married—and after marriage
discovered that he always approac-
ched his wife with suspicion. He
discovered that he had married her
mainly because he wanted a home
and a wife as a social front; she
was affectionate, he was cold and
aloof as a result of his suspicions.

When the suspicions were re-
moved the marriage was saved and
he became a happy man.

But the trouble with these cases
is that the cause of lack of virility
is buried deep in the past—and if
nothing is done about it, the whole
of life is ruined for both parties.
And even though the cause is not
known, and even though things are held by both husband and
wife, both know that something is
wrong, both feel unhappy about the
position, and both become frustrat-
ed, irritable, bad-tempered, and
quarrelsome. As is natural in the
circumstances, each blames the
other.

Like medical reasons, psychologi-
cal reasons are legion; and like
medical reasons, psychological
reasons have to be dealt with by
experts. The result of following lay
advice in these psychological situa-
tions, can be really disastrous. The
annals of crime are full of frustrat-
ted passion which has led to all
types of violent crime.

There is another easily recognisable
type of psychological cause for
infertility, impotence, or loss of
virility. It is in the case of the
individual whose life has been bad-
ly lived.

YOUTHFUL delinquents provide
many examples. The famous
Father Flanagan, who started Boys'
Town in the USA, set out to fol-
low a dictum—"There is no such
thing as a bad boy." But there
are numerous boys who have had
the opportunity for wrong doing,
and many have taken it. In ordi-
inary things like robbing an orchard
or letting the air out of a tyre, the
wrong-doing may be classed as a
"prank", and once or twice in the
limit it becomes something which,
though wrong, is in the nature of a
youthful joke.

But there is a class of prank
which has more damaging and last-
ing effects; and into that class
come the "petting" of some young
people. Everybody is prepared
to smile indulgently because the
teen-agers walk home arm in arm,
or to tease a girl because a hoy
kissed her goodnight. But there are
times when the boy and girl pro-
long their kissing and physical con-
tact through what has becomes

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CAVALCADE, May, 1955
the "petting stage." This may be nothing more, to outward appearances, than sitting on a park bench wrapped in each other's arms, kissing and using endearing terms. But it is the awakening in both of a sexual urge.

Usually the restraint of upbringing, the limitations on the time of young people, the fear of consequences, and a healthy interest in other sports and pastimes, keep petting in its place, as an occasional "thrill." But there are times when the boy and girl indulge continually in this kind of thrill—and many a case is recorded where the first urge to go further has died away, so that when, finally, they seek to go further, they find that they are disappointed. Through a long period of petting they have anticipated that the final experience will be something different or greater than it is. Often they have been over-anxious about what is going to happen, with the result that the first experience has been spoiled. And then, disillusioned as to the experience of actual sex, they feel cheated because the promise of their petting days was not fulfilled.

This has been recognised universally among psychiatrists as a real and common cause of lessened potency. Recorded cases show people of both sexes who have gone through life without knowing the full value of sexual experience, because they have blunted their sensitivities in their younger days, by over-indulgence in petting.

Very similar is the result on the mind of sex acts outside marriage. Psychologists do not base their advice about pre-marital abstinence on a code of morals or a fear of the civil law. They base their appeals for chastity on the grounds that pre-marital experience has everything against its being successful. Firstly, it is futile and often uncomfortably conducted; secondly, it usually leads, in the period following, to a feeling of guilt; thirdly, there is the fear that it might have unwanted consequences.

Nobody has to be a scientist to answer the question, "How can you enjoy anything which is done furtively and uncomfortably, which you feel guilty about and which leaves you with weeks of fear ahead?"

If they have been promiscuous in their pre-marital relationships, they are likely to tire of the monotony of a single partner—by which case their virility will be threatened, as far as that partner is concerned, at any rate.

The last cases have come from the strictly psychiatric field into the area of general behaviour. And while love-play and petting behaviour can and does affect virility, these are not the only aspects of daily life which tend to undermine a man's sexual constitution.

There are others, many of which might be completely unsuspected. Perhaps the major one is overstrain or worry. Any man who feels that he is not as vigorous as he

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used to be, is entitled to ask himself whether his job is affecting his love life, and in many cases out of ten he is entitled to answer yes.

The entire sexual mechanism is linked with the nervous system in a most intricate way. It is linked through nerves and brain and various senses. It operates like an electrical circuit.

The slight of a certain type of situation may stimulate sexual desire in a man—the sight of a lovely woman, say. The optical nerves transfer the sight to the correct signal box in the brain, which relays the message to the sexual organs. The effect is on the sexual glands, on the blood pressure, and on other parts of the body. The whole body becomes predisposed for the love act.

But, if the nerves are jaded and tired, the signalling process is apt to become interfered with. Or if the brain is busy, the signal is apt to get held up at the signal box. Or if the glands of the body have been working hard, supplying energy for other things, the brain may signal that the body lacks the energy to follow through with the idea.

There is a physical basis for this kind of impotence—the direct outcome of over-taxing the body in other ways. A man who has tired himself playing football cannot turn around fresh for a set of tennis, and expect to be fresh for it because it is a different sport. His body has used up its energy quota, and no amount of difference in his pastimes can make his body fresh until it is rested.

In just the same way, the man who has tired himself out doing his daily job, cannot swing around and find himself fresh and vigorous for love. It is perhaps better recognised that a man who has exhausted himself in love cannot turn fresh for a different kind of job.

The important point is that constant strain and worry are a major cause of early impotence.

At least, in view of what has been said about the linkage of the body’s various organs to prepare for sexual activity, it should be appreciated that the mind must be free.

A man told the present writer that at one period, when he was worried with a serious financial problem, he lost all interest in the opposite sex. When the problem was solved, his interest returned.

There is a parallel recorded case of a woman who imagined she was suffering from a disease. Constantly she found herself too tired for sexual activity. When she was assured that she had no such disease, her interest in her love life revived.

The mind is very versatile, but it can be easily dominated by one powerful thought. A fear, an anxiety, a worry, can take over and pretty well control the mind.

And at times of fear, anxiety or worry, the mind finds itself too busy to do justice to the demands of sexual activity.

The man who is incompetent in

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ing glands within the body.

So there it is. Why do men lose virility? Firstly, they have to be sure that they are losing it; secondly, they have to look to predispositions from early life, deep hidden in the mind; fourthly, they have to look for the stress and strain and mis-adjustment in their daily lives; and fifthly, the best way to preserve a virile and vigorous approach to sexual behaviour is to keep balanced health in other directions.

This survey started with Kinsey's view about women seeking extra-marital experience when they could safely do so. The reason for their behaviour was that their husband lacked virility.

A healthy and virile husband, who leaves his worries behind long enough to be compatible with his wife, will have little need to worry about his wife's behaviour.

Men accept their rights to a satisfactory sexual life until they begin to lose virility. But if they are unable to provide a satisfactory love for their wives, they are aghast if the wives look elsewhere for their satisfaction.

There may be all the arguments in the world against women being unfaithful — but there are all the arguments in the world in favour of husbands being satisfactory, not only as breadwinners, but as companions, conversationists, home providers, and lovers too.

The safest way to preserve the faithfulness and integrity of any home is to play the part — completely. And that means, maintain vigour so that the wife will not have any reason to feel aggrieved and cheated. That way both husband and wife will enjoy to the full the normal life they are intended to pursue.
UICK UIPS

According to those who trace the origin of things, kissing began in the caveman days. A caveman found that salt helped to cool him on a hot day and he made the discovery that he could get salt by licking his neighbour's cheek. Then he discovered that it could be much more interesting if the neighbour was a member of the opposite sex. Then everybody forgot about salt.

Ever since then kissing has got people into trouble. From the time a boy gets into his middle teens he starts to think about kissing, then, as he gets older he kisss more girls. Some remain sensible by staying bachelors. They have the philosophy, "Why buy a book when you can rent a library." A bachelor is a man who gets all the cooling without the billing.

But very few men go through life without being caught. Then they get the billing as well as the cooling, and, as time wears on, they get the billing without the cooling.

Of course, in the early stages of married life, it is wonderful, but usually a man has to sell something in order to keep his wife clothed. Like one notice in the newspaper the other day. The ad read: "For sale, twin beds; one hardly used."

Then the children begin to arrive and the man works at home as well as at the office. As the kids grow, so a man has to buy more clothes for them. The kids' questions start from the time they learn to talk—and you know they are growing up when they start asking questions that have answers.

Kids can be very embarrassing at times. One day we had visitors and the kid was told to be on his best behaviour. He was, too. But he made a faux pas at the dinner table. He splatted a mouthful of hot food, then looked at us all in turn. Calmly he observed, "I know some fools who would have swallowed that."

The neighbour's small boy was standing near a broken shop window and a policeman came up. Sternly he asked the kid how he had broken the window, and you know what the kid told him? He said, "I was cleaning my catapult and it went off."

The kids finally reach their teens and the whole vicious cycle follows—kissing, courtship, marriage. Kids ... The strange part about it is that the family never thinks that the daughter married as well as she should. And the neighbours always marvel that she married as well as she did. Oh, well, that's life.
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