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Names in cartoons or writings other than factual are fictitious.
I almost
LOST
my husband

Our daughter, Margaret, was seven
when things started to go wrong.
George and I had been married nine
years.
Our love was no longer the eager,
passionate love of our early mar-
riage, but I considered it had settled
down to a calm, satisfying emotion.
Although I was not demonstrative in
my affection, I loved my husband
just as deeply as when I first married
him, and I thought he felt the same
way.
When I met George, he was a good
entertainer and talker, and he was
popular with his friends. He liked
sport and he was a member of both
golf and a tennis club. It was at a
golf club dance that I first met him.
But George had a weakness. He
liked playing poker. He and several
of his friends used to meet one night
a week and play until two or three
o’clock in the morning. Naturally I
didn’t like it.
Our first row was about the poker
playing. George thought he would
still be able to join in the game every
week and leave me sitting at home.
When I objected, he was surprised.
I told him it was gambling, and he said, "So what?"

When I said we couldn't afford to throw money away in poker games while we were struggling to get a home together, he shrugged his shoulders and gave in.

For a while we continued to play golf, but then with Margaret on the way I had to give it up. I think George would have gone on playing, but at that time I didn't like being alone even in the daytime.

After Margaret arrived, I was even more tied of course, and if George had wanted to get out to golf, there was a garden to be kept in order.

A woman, I suppose, is quickly absorbed into the domestic life of her marriage. After a while she is inclined to take her husband a little for granted. When there is a child, he is pushed even further into the background. But if I thought about it at all, I considered that was the price a man paid for comfort, a well-run home and a child.

George did not seem to have as many friends as he did before we married. No doubt it was because we didn't get out very often. It wasn't easy to get someone to look after Margaret.

For a time, George was always suggesting we have friends around in the evenings, but by the time I had cleaned the house, attended to Margaret, and cooked a dinner, I would feel so tired that all I wanted to do was go to sleep. We did have some people in a few times, but the evenings weren't very successful. Our friends appeared to like staying up late and I didn't.

The years went quickly and Margaret had just had her seventh birthday when I first realised that there was something wrong with George.

He started moping around the house instead of doing the garden in the week-ends, and when I pointed out to him that the lawn needed cutting, he snapped at me.

It was so unlike George, that I was quite worried. Then he began coming home late for dinner, or sometimes not coming home at all, but ringing me from the office to say he was working late.

When he'd rung me for the third night in succession, something began to tick in my brain. Working late! Wasn't that the excuse men were supposed to take out when they were in reality dining with some charming female and spending the evening in her company?

I tried to laugh at the idea.

When he rang up again a few nights later to say he wouldn't be home, I was feeling irritable, and I am afraid I said more to him over the telephone than I should have. It ended up by his coming home for dinner but immediately after, he put on his hat and said he was going out.

When I asked him where he was going, he said he was going out with the boys. I asked if that meant Jim and Keith, and he said "yes," but he snapped it at me.

After he'd gone, I began worrying again. I decided I would end my fears. I rang up Jim's wife, Molly, to ask if she knew where the boys had gone. I was taken aback when Jim answered the phone. I made some excuse and hung up as soon as I could. Then I rang Keith's house. His wife told me Keith was in bed with the flu.

I was convinced then that the worst had happened.

I was waiting up for George when he got home. It was after midnight I tackled him right away.

"There is another woman, isn't there?"

He looked hard at me for a moment then he turned away.

"What if there is?"

It was an evasion, but I took it for an admission.

"I suppose you would like a divorce?"

I expected him to deny this, but he didn't. He said, "Yes."

He wouldn't discuss it further.

I slept in Margaret's room that night. At least I lay in the spare bed. I didn't sleep.

I had plenty of time for thinking. I found myself facing a lonely future without a husband. I began to wonder if I had really appreciated George. I remembered how kind and considerate he had been in the first years of our marriage. It wasn't that he had changed, but it seemed as if I hadn't had need of his kindness so much lately.

We had drifted apart. I had to admit it. George was fond of Margaret, but he didn't see as much of her as I did. It was natural that she should take up more of my time than I had to spare for my husband. But was it?

I thought of the friends George had had before our marriage, how he had enjoyed their company, the enthusiasm with which he had played tennis and golf with them.

For the first time I began to feel a little ashamed when I realised that it had been on account of me that George had given up his friends and his sport.

Even the poker games. Certainly it had been gambling, and it meant that money would be lost, but what did it matter if George was happy?

I knew then that I had been wrong, and where I had been wrong. But it was too late. Or was it?

It is four years now since George and I mentioned divorce that night. Our life has been very different since then.

We had a long discussion the next morning. I told him frankly what I had been thinking, and admitted my faults. To my surprise and relief, George seemed only too ready to straighten things out.

We are both playing golf again now, and every week-end finds us out on the course, while Margaret is left playing with her young cousins. I am feeling much fitter and happier, and I know George is too. He has an occasional night out with the boys playing poker, and I am pleased that he does.

As for the 'other woman' she was never mentioned again. She may have existed, although I have my doubts. But if she did, I have to thank for giving me back my husband before it was too late.
WELL, my life will be a lot different now," the boy said, looking gloomy.

"Should be," he said cheerfully. "Gosh," said the boy, "I don't mean it'll be good. How can it be when I've only got one leg?"

The man got to his feet, squatted down quickly, stood up, then sat down.

"Don't seem to have worried me much," he said.

In one of the shrewdest psychology tricks, confidence had been restored to another amputee before he joined the wooden leg brigade.

When the Repatriation Commission started its first Artificial Limb Factory in Melbourne in 1917 it realized the greatest difficulty would be overcoming an attitude of mind. The job of turning out legs and arms that were so lifelike that outsiders were fooled was simple compared with getting the wearer to feel the same.

There would be no answer to the amputee's depression. "It's all right for you to talk, but how would you feel with a wooden leg?" unless there was sympathy all round. That sympathy exists, but in such a casual matter-of-fact way that amputees get the idea there's nothing to this wooden leg walking.

For every workman in the factory is himself wearing an artificial limb.

At first it's hard to believe. At their benches, walking round the building, they're all so perfectly normal and relaxed—no sticks and no stilt legs.

The story of the artificial leg from tree trunk to human trunk is itself a fascinating one. Plantations of osier willow are grown specially for limb making, and the lengths are sown off and put away to season.

The factory work now begins. At one end of the workshop the lengths are cut into buckets, each one individually shaped and measured. The amputee's stump must fit into it as snickily as a hand in a glove.

Jim B's leg in the making is a good one to follow. Jim lost his left leg above the knee in a mine explosion in New Guinea. All joint movement in the left leg has to be supplied by clever mechanism figured out on a factory bench.

His stump fitted neatly into the "bucket" top so he was ready for the rest of the leg. The lower part was a neat hollow reproduction of his own calf, and this in turn was jointed to the upper half to form a flexible knee. The mechanism inside the knee was highly sensitive. A small bevelled wheel protruded slightly above the knee to form an easy adjuster. Through his trouser leg Jim could stiffen on loose or loosen the knee joint to conform with the natural swing of his good leg.

The foot was as flexible as a dancer's. The leg fitted into a rubber lined socket to form the ankle and the toe piece was hinged with rubber cushions to let the wearer tip-toe if he wanted to.

Jim B's leg looked fine sitting on the bench dressed up in its shoe and sock. Strapped on to Jim with a pelvic band, it seemed suddenly unco-operative.

The day he had his first big try-out was nerve wracking. But he was saved the self-consciousness of a solo performance by a lucky meeting.

Waiting with Jim was another amputee—Bill S. He too looked at his new leg with a lot of trepidation.

"O.K.," said the attendant, "come on you two, along to Mugs' Alley."

Mugs' Alley at an icetank is the beginner's haven. At the limb factory it is pretty much the same and to an amputee it is as tricky as though the ice is still there.

He can't walk on either side; they are comforting, but he must not watch his feet move. At one end a ten-foot high mirror reflects back the wooden-legger's progress and he must keep his eyes straight ahead.

Bill and Jim lost no embarrassment in their bid to outdo each other. By the end of the morning they got new confidence feeling they were both two of a kind.

A few more practice jumps and Jim was ready to take away his leg, and a spare should he have a breakdown, a set of stump socks, a new pair of shoes.

Life will go on for Jim B. in a perfectly normal way, and when he is dressed, up the outside world is hardly likely to know he's got a dummy limb.

Most of what he can do will depend on himself. But once he has faith in his leg he can tackle most things. Football might be out, but he can play golf. A wooden-legger with an above-the-knee amputation fooled out in one in a recent Victorian golf tournament.

Looks aren't the only things that the factory tools turn out. Arms have a high priority. Ingenuity is the chief necessity for arm attachments. Every arm amputee is supplied with appliances suited to his own special job.

Below-the-elbow amputees are the easiest to fit. A leather gauntlet with a grooved metal fitting on the end covers the stump. Knives and forks, combs and razors, pens and tooth-brushes all have a push button that plugs into the gauntlets. Above-the-elbow amputations need a mechanical elbow, and the plug-in principle is the same. Movement is controlled by the shoulder, a shrug that will jerk the arm up or a shrug that will jerk it down.

Arm amputees are always supplied with a dress arm, which has a cunning reproduction of a hand on the end. Each finger joint is dovetailed to make finger bending natural.
Movement in the dress hands can't be controlled by viscous mechanism. But sitting in the tram, you can fiddle with your hands, push one finger back, one forward so that waxwork immobility goes. With both hands gloved, the rest of the tram can't notice a thing.

The artificial limb factory focuses on the attitude of mind which extends to the wearer as well as the wearer. Pity is out. Given a chance, an arm amputee is eager to demonstrate what he can do and if he drops things he wants to be termed a "butter fingers" along with everyone else.

And if you want to know exactly what they can do, watch John Seufert in action. It is a little more difficult for Johnnie—he is blind as well.

When he hit earth again after an army mine explosion in 1944, there seemed to be a good many parts of John Seufert missing. But surgical skill patched up what was left and hoped for the best. After some time it became obvious to John Seufert that he would never have any lower arms or sight again, and as one side of his face was paralyzed, one ear seemed to be out of action too.

So instead he started adding up what was left. Except for shrapnel wounds, his legs were intact and at least he still had his own elbows. Touch is generally the blind man's sight, but with no fingers some alternative had to be thought up quickly.

As the stumps healed he started feeding with them. In one arm, sensation was dead. But in the other, by the greatest miracle, a nerve had been left on the end of the stump. This one sensitive spot became his salvation. In hospital he learned Braille rubbing his arm over the pages. It was tiring work, but it was the first hopeful sign.

Despite this advancement, hospital authorities were skeptical about future progress. Although they fitted his stumps with gauntlets, the idea of a blind man using attachments seemed impossible. In the first weeks of discharge his wife fed him and looked after him like a baby.

Johnnie had lost a good deal, but not his appetite. The spoon feeding got him down, and immediately he determined to use his own knife and fork, if nothing else.

From that day he worked with his father over his new attachments, and experimented with the results. The training period was a sorry one. He jabbed his fork through his lip and he slashed himself daily with his razor:

But he was determined not to depend on outside help.

Before the war Johnnie was a carpenter. By the time he'd got used to his new knife and fork he began thinking about the tools of his old trade. Wood measurement was the hardest thing to gauge. He began by rubbing his sensitive stump along the surface, feeling the ends and working out distances. Hitting a nail was another obstacle to overcome.

No one was anxious to hold the nail while a hit or miss artist slammed down on their fingers. Now he does it all himself quickly and smoothly, nailing right way up and hammer head straight.

In a work shed at the back of his Northbridge (Sydney) home he opened for business. At first he made fly-doors—the simplest things he could think of. Now the shed is stacked with tables and chairs, ladders and domes, and every other article that comes off a carpenter's bench.

His two assistants work as though he's watching. Sometimes they'll call out, "Where'll we put the holes, Johnnie?"

Up comes Johnnie's head.

"About six inches from that end," and he'll point in the direction. You'd swear he could see it.

Indoors Johnnie is just as skilful. He knows the house perfectly and never wavers in his actions. At night, he plays cards, the Braille figures dotted in the corners.

"But," he adds, "they won't let me deal, because I know what's coming."

He goes dancing often and recently won a dancing competition. Now he's launched out into cricket, playing with the blind diggers' team. Once more he set to and invented special attachments to hold the bat.

He types his letters, but signs his name, clamping the pen with his stumps—and it's a clear signature, with character.

He "reads" avidly from a book gramophone that runs recordings of the latest best sellers. Instead of a winding handle he pushes a bevelled wheel.

Johnnie Seufert leads such a normal sort of existence that you forget his disabilities. And that's just what it means. He's the best type of advertisement for the Limb Factory's slogan—that with courage and perseverance an amputee's future can be happy and successful.
There was no sergeant of the mounted section of the Force at Ramallah at the time and as senior constable, I had charge of 26 men—four British constables, an Arab sergeant, two Arab corpurs, and 18 Arab constables. All of them were dependable types with the possible exception of a couple of Christian Arabs who, in addition to possessing doubtful fighting qualities in a punch, lived in fear of their Moslem brethren.

I called my Arab NCO’s together and explained the situation. They appeared to be as happy about going out into the cold as I was. However, at 2.30 the chosen men were assembled, I inspected the patrol and reported all correct.

The inspector backed the order “Mount!” and we were on our way. As we rode through the inky blackness of the night, the rain stopped, and my spirits rose. This at least, I felt, was a change from routine patrol.

Our friends were behind us now and ahead lay broken country where, we hoped, we would encounter the men we sought. The area, we knew, was peopled by Arabs whose regard for British authority was slight—among them many desperadoes who, if cornered, would not hesitate to fight it out.

Suddenly as we topped a rise, we saw in the pre-dawn light our first destination a Bedouin camp which according to an informant, held many rifles—a breach of law for which the owners might be imprisoned for life, and which almost certainly would bring at least a two-year cool sentence. The tents,23 lit by the dull light, were quiet.

The inspector lifted an arm, and we stopped.

In a quiet voice, he gave us our briefing.

“We will wait till dawn. You, Constable McFay, and two others, will remain mounted. The rest of us will move into the wadi on foot. The mounted party will wait for two minutes and enter the wadi to cut off anyone trying to escape.”

As the first glimmer of dawn began to show above the clearly defined hills of the Transjordan, the inspector gave the signal.

We closed in. A sudden shout from a Beduin brought his fellows out of their tents. They stared at us resentfully, but their leader invited us to make a search. Anti-climax. Not a rifle was found.

In a nearby valley, a sheep bleated at us ironically. Then, for no other reason except that I knew the shepherds came from Makhaa, a village which had more than once indicated its contempt of the law, I had a thought.

I rode over to the inspector and asked for permission to question the shepherds. He gave assent, and told me to take an Arab constable with me. I chose Ahmed Talham, a constable I knew I could depend on in the event of trouble. At the top of a hill, I came upon two shepherds, sent them back with Ahmed for interrogation, and went on.

Then, with a suddenness that made my horse rear, a rifle shot rang across the valley. I turned to see an Arab youth running down the wadi; one of our men had ferreted out a quarry. Three hundred yards away, I saw two men come out of a cave in the hillside. Each was armed and started to fire on the pursuing policeman.

The latter a member of the once powerful Areikat family whose courage was a matter of tradition, instantly fell to a knee and returned the fire.

The advantage was all with the bandits. Danoud was in open country and made a good target, while the others were able to fire from a sheltered position. I put my horse into a gallop, and got to within 200 yards of the men, dismounted, and opened fire from a standing position. My second shot found my man, and he fell forward in the sand; the other
CORNEL WILDE and his lovely blonde wife, Pat, have been married for ten years and now that they’ve got their lives more organised their future happiness seems assured. But a few months back Holly-
wood expected the partnership to hit the rocks. Pat and Cornel had
four weeks trial separation but were so unhappy after it, that they
forgot their old troubles in a month’s holiday in Hawaii. Away from
the electric tension of screendom, they basked in the sun and
drew up a new formula for their life together. Never again will
Cornel work as he did before, every day for three years without
a break. Instead he’ll make only two films a year so that he and Pat
can be together, relaxed and happy. They shouldn’t fail now—

—from Photoplay, the world’s best motion picture magazine

realising that the tables had been
turned, begun to run in the opposite
direction.

My horse, excited by the shots, was
becoming hard to handle. I swung
into the saddle, but lost a valuable
second or two in turning him

The bandit, I saw, had taken a track
that would lead him to broken coun-
try—and unless I cut him off he would
be as safe as a rabbit in a burrow.
He was making good time. His “cum-
buz” or long cloak, hampered him not
at all in his flight. I noticed, too,
that his head dress was the Arab
“Hatta wa Arbyli”, worn at an angle
so familiar to us during the “Arab
Troubles”, when every man of military
age took pride in wearing his “hatta”
at a devil-may-care manner as an
indication of the contempt in which
they held the forces they were fight-
ing

The chase was well and truly on.
With my horse at a gallop, I swung
in an arc to prevent the bandit reach-
ing broken country. Then I realised
I had made an elementary error: I
was riding along the skyline. The
revelation came to me when I saw
the Arab stop in his tracks and take
patient aim at me.

I took the one course left open to
me—I threw my rifle clear and dive
for the ground. My head hit first,
and I lay stunned for a moment
Through a haze, I saw my horse kick
up his heels, and with a shrill whinny
gallop off

I pulled myself together and looked
around for my rifle. It lay a few
yards away, and I edged myself to-
wards it. Clutching it, I crawled to
the edge of the slope. The Arab,
obviously under the impression that
he had disposed of me and therefore
metaphorically brushing me off, was
walking away with complete uncon-
cern

I opened fire and at my fourth shot
he fell flat. Then, rising with great
speed, he made for a rock. I cursed
apparently as I fell, my bandolier had
gone over my outstretched arm and
to keep up the fire, I would have to
recover it. I found it, and crawled
back to the edge of the slope to find
that my adversary had hidden behind
a big rock. The top half of his head
and his rifle came over the rock, and
a bullet sent sand spraying in my
face. I replied, and he accepted the
challenge with gusto. It took 20
rounds to convince him that I had
dring the blood of an Arab I was
right within a few moments, the in-
spector came back to report no luck.

I had come so near, and was yet so
far away, from capturing the mur-
derer: that in spite of my injury I of-
tered to go with the inspector to try
to find him. Half an hour’s search,
however, convinced us that the task
was hopeless. Still, there was at least
Yehia Ahlan

And poor Yehia had not come to
the end of his troubles. We made a
kitter, and placed him on one side of
a camel, with a counterweight of
stones on the other side. Our judg-
ment was safe the weight of the Arab
was too great and his body fell to
the ground, followed by a great stack
of stones. He must have thought he
was being buried alive.

Finally, we got him aboard. His
destiny was sad—15 years of it.
And my destination was the fire in
the recreation room.

It had started to rain again.

SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

CAVALCADE December, 1948
The graph was a crazy pattern though the quake was thousands of miles away.

The earth rumbled and rocked. Seven houses were wrecked. Sixteen thousand people were killed or injured. While the survivors of four successive earthquakes struggled desperately to their feet, further disaster struck as huge tidal waves rose and swept over the land, adding to the confusion and increasing the death toll.

Japan suffered these upheavals on June 25th this year.

Before the rocking of the last quake had ceased, a scientist in Australia was bending over his instruments, watching the earthquake on the charts. He was trying to calculate where the centre of it lay, and beat the cables with the knowledge he had of the world's leading authorities on earthquakes. In his observatory at St. Ignatius' College of the Jesuits, Riverview, Sydney, Father O'Connell records an average of between 500 and 600 earthquakes a year.

Father O'Connell was born at Rugby, England, on July 225, 1896. He became a Jesuit novice at 17, and began his studies at Clongowes College, County Kildare, making science and philosophy his special subjects. From Clongowes he went to the National University in Dublin, and later spent some years studying philosophy in Holland.

He came to Australia in 1922 and has been associated with Riverview College ever since, except for periods spent abroad in the study of seismology and astronomy.

The modern observatory in which the seismologist works was established by another Jesuit and brilliant scientist, the late Rev. Dr. F. Pigot, and houses seven seismographic instruments, mounted on concrete piers set into solid rock. Each of these instruments has a pendulum which magnifies vibrations set up by an earthquake shock.

The pendulums are balanced on a suspended iron drum weighing one ton, and are so sensitive that they will record the course of a spider or a fly walking carelessly across the drum.

Three of the seismographs record the motion of the earth photographically, while another traces the impulses with a stylus pen on smoked paper.

The normal pulse of the earth is about 30 beats a minute, and these regular beats are recorded by the seismograph as a line of even upward and downward strokes. At the slightest disturbance however, the pulse immediately quickens and the strokes become lengthened and irregular.

In 1923, Dr. F. Omori, the famous Tokyo seismologist and volcanologist visited Australia as a Japanese delegate to the Pan-Pacific Science Congress. He accepted an invitation to inspect the Riverview observatory on September 1st, and was standing by the seismographs as they began to record with wild and abandoned movement, a great earthquake.

Dr. Omori took off his coat and worked anxiously with the college seismologists, developing the photographic records of the shock which was thought to be in Japan. It was not until several days later that the full story of the tragedy and destruction in Tokyo was known, and Dr. Omori learned that his own home had been demolished and several members of his family killed in the quake.

Two of the seismographs in use at Riverview are Galitzin models. These were made by artisans of the Royal Australian Navy in 1924, from plans prepared by Prince Galitzin, the great Russian seismologist who was a friend of the late Dr. Pigot. These instruments magnify earth tremors 900 times.

From early morning until late at night, Father O'Connell is at work in his observatory. He is assisted by Father N. Burke-Gaffney and Mr. F. E. Rumbarger. The seismographs are regularly inspected during the day, movements noted and photographic records developed.

Minor earth tremors are occurring constantly, but most of them are such small movement that no one would be aware of them were it not for the instruments.

Although the exact location of the earthquake cannot be fixed, there has been an exchange of information between a number of seismographic stations, the distance of the shock from the observatory can usually be estimated. This is because two different types of waves are sent out from the epicentre of an earth disturbance. One is the transverse wave, which shows a backward and forward movement on the seismograph, and a second wave, which records as a push-pull movement.

This latter wave travels faster than the transverse wave and leaves its trace on the paper earlier.

The interval of time between the recording of the two waves varies with the distance to the centre of the earth disturbances and makes a mathematical calculation possible.

Immediately a large earthquake is recorded, Father O'Connell cables the reading of the seismograph to the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey. This official body in America collects information from seismologists all over the world, collates the details received, and returns the final results to the observatories.

Many theories are held by seismologists throughout the world as to the cause of earthquakes. None can be certain that his theory is right.

The most popular belief is that inside the earth there is still great heat which causes the molten mass to move uneasily setting up strain in certain places. When the quivering finally cracks and fractures result, and as
ONE Washington hotel has a new method of waking sleepy guests so they get to their appointments on time. The bellboy knocks on the door at the designated hour. "I have a message for you," he announces.

The guest, confused from sleep but nevertheless flattered that he has attained sufficient importance to merit such attention, springs up and opens the door. "What is it?" he asks excitedly.

With a smile, the bellboy explains, "It's time to get up, sir."

The two sides of a fissure come together and frequently slips. Should it be a drop of only a few inches, it would probably be sufficient to cause a sudden jolt or earthquake.

An earthquake is actually only one sharp jolt or movement. Prolonged shaking is not a continuous 'quake, but the vibrations set up by the initial shock after the earth has begun its settling-down process again.

Father O'Connell stresses the fact that volcanoes do not cause major earthquakes. A volcanic disturbance affects the surface of the earth only, whereas an actual earthquake may originate near the surface or up to 200 miles or more below it. The majority of earthquakes occur beneath the sea, but there are earthquake belts running through various countries on the globe.

One belt runs from the west coast of South America to Alaska, through the Aleutians and Kamchatka, and then to Macquarie Island. It includes the Kurile Islands, Japan, and Philippines, New Guinea, the Solomons, New Hebrides, Tonga, Kermadec and New Zealand.

A second belt runs from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mediterranean through Italy, the Balkans, Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, India, Tibet, China, and down to Burma through the Malay Peninsula.

Father O'Connell believes that major earthquakes are not known in Australia, because the continent is one of the oldest and most settled parts of the earth's surface.

A seismologist does not predict earthquakes. Father O'Connell thinks it will be a very long time before anyone is actually able to forecast the movements of the earth.

Claims, so far unsubstantiated, were recently made by a Japanese seismologist that he predicted the earthquake in Japan in June. He has reported that by the use of a special instrument, he studied slight movements of the earth and discovered steam was building up. This, he said, told him the earth would eventually break above it and cause a severe earthquake in a certain area. He predicted the date of the quake to be the 28th June or thereabouts.

The earthquake which occurred in Japan on the 28th June is within a few miles of the district he is said to have mentioned.

The number of earthquakes recorded by Father O'Connell at Riverview in the first seven months of 1948, was extraordinarily low, and it is anticipated that 1948 will show the lowest earthquake average ever recorded on the seismograph.

Father O'Connell rarely receives visitors in the semi-darkened tunnel where the seismographs are erected. He enters it himself as infrequently as possible.

The tunnel has treble walls and roof to insulate it against changes of temperature, and gangways are suspended from the walls to keep down vibration. But even the careful up-keeping of a person in the vicinity of the pendulum or the gentle closing of a door, will record a sizable earth-quake. Humidity given off by the human body will also interfere with a seismograph.

Other local disturbances which cause direct vibration, affect the instruments, but distant explosions which do not come from below the surface of the earth are not recorded.

To the disappointment of newspaper reporters who waited eagerly on Father O'Connell's doorstep while the Bikini atom bomb tests were being made, the seismographs were not influenced by the terrific explosions. But depth charges dropped in Sydney Harbour to destroy Japanese submarines in 1942 traced a crazy pattern on the records. This was because of the nearness of the disturbance.

Father O'Connell has an established reputation as an astronomer as well as a seismologist. He studied astronomy at Harvard University in America and worked for several years with Dr. J. Voute in the Lembah Observatory, Java. He has done considerable research in connection with variable stars, discovering and logging many new ones, and creating a file of over 10,000 photographic plates showing the stars which he has examined.

The study of these stars has made a valuable contribution to science in the measuring of the depths of space and in establishing light curves.

The work of Father O'Connell as an astronomer, resulted in his being chosen as one of the Australian delegates to the 18th Conference of the International Astronomical Union, which was held in Zurich, Switzerland.

When Father O'Connell is not reading and checking the 1,500 feet of seismograms that come from his instruments each day, or peering for hours through his telescopes at variable stars, he is usually to be found in his workshop repairing his instruments or making special parts or pieces of apparatus required for his work.

There are few leisure hours for this busy man, who has dedicated his life to religion and to science.
The stuff looked like spinach but it had a funny smell...

**The Treasure in the Trunk**

For more than 20 years, old Sam Snyder, prosperous Lower East Side second-hand dealer, had one secret vice. It wasn’t liquor, wasn’t women; wasn’t playing the ponies. He was an unusual one he simply couldn’t resist auction sales of unclaimed property.

He had been stuck many times, never had actually profited to any extent by his transactions. And his partner, Joe Gela, had chided him time and again for his financial losses to the firm. But Sam still was optimistic. "I'll hit the jackpot yet," he said.

Consequently, it was no surprise to Joe when, late in November 1948, Sam drove up in front of the store and carried inside a battered green trunk, of a cheap aeroplane type, bound with thin copper bands. He had bought it at the annual Railway Express Agency "blind auction" in Jersey City.

Several efforts had been made by the agency to deliver the trunk to the consignee, one Joseph Oliver, at an address on Hewitt Pl., the Bronx. But no such person was known there and it was sold for storage charges.

The trunk had fascinated Sam. One corner had been split and from it emanated a faint odor of mothballs. Maybe it held valuable furs; maybe—well, who could guess? He bid it in for $9.

Back at the store, while his partner watched scornfully, Sam broke the lock and lifted the lid. He removed the top layer of old newspapers. The odor of mothballs persisted as Sam lifted out 28 separately wrapped packages. The contents looked like dried spinach. Each took a sniff. The mysterious vegetation had a distinct aroma, not at all like that of the mothballs, but far more odoriferous.

"Smells like some sort of drug," volunteered Gela. "Maybe it's dried opium. They make opium, morphine, out of them."

"Let's take it over and ask Louie—at the drug store," Snyder said.

The pharmacist took a look and immediately recommended that the trunk be carried to the Federal Narcotic Bureau. He notified Special Agent John Regan there had been a suspicious package at the opened package, then taped away the tops of several others. "It's marijuana," he announced. "I'll take it to our chemists to have it analyzed. You two better come along."

Analysis proved the 28 packages contained a high-grade quality of the narcotics, worth about $200 a pound on the illicit drug market. There were 50 pounds of the stuff. The unsuspecting Snyder had bought $16,000 worth of drugs he couldn't keep, and was out the $9 he paid for the trunk. He was pretty glum.

Federal agents, however, were elated. For almost two years they had been trying to trace the source of New York's illicit marijuana traffic. They had made more than 200 arrests, in New York and as far away as the West Coast, but always the leaders of the big narcotic ring had eluded them.

Now they had something to work on. Maybe they could trace the mysterious trunk back to the seller. First they visited the Hewitt Place address, a rooming house with a big turnover of transients.

The landlady remembered a 'Mr. Oliver' who had moved away several weeks before the express agency had tried to deliver a trunk. He had left no forwarding address, so she had refused delivery.

The agents returned to Bureau Headquarters, gathered together all the rogue gallery photos of known drug peddlers in the files. One of them took these back to the Hewitt Place rooming house, to see if the landlady could identify any of them.

Others concentrated on express company records, which revealed that the shipment had been made from Cape Girardeau, Mo., a small city about half way between St. Louis and Memphis. It had been shipped by one "John Stone" who was unknown to the express agents.

Two Federal agents were stationed there to keep night and day watch, to see if "Stone" reappeared.

Meanwhile, Regan, back in New York, had had phenomenal luck. After the landlady had spent two whole days looking at police photos, she finally picked out one of Vincent Pellicer, many times arrested, never convicted, but suspected as a dope peddler. She recalled that "Mr. Oliver"—or Pellicer—walked with a distinct limp, that one of his legs appeared to be shorter than the other.

Regan quickly picked up Pellicer's trail. He appeared to be well supplied with money, was a natty dresser and lived in an expensive hotel. For more than a year he was followed, but nothing turned up to connect him to the dope racket.

But there was no shortage of marijuana in New York. Harlem vendors sold "reefers," the cigarettes manufactured from the weed, at three for $1.

Other important developments in the narcotics trade interrupted Regan's investigation. The two agents in Cape Girardeau were finally withdrawn. Four more years passed, then a series of bloody "marijuana murders" in Harlem, plus a flood of the drug from the Midwest, sent Regan and several other agents back on Pellicer's trail. Then, suddenly, the two agents who had been reassigned to watch the Cape Girardeau express station got a break.

On Dec. 8, 1944, a Ford truck...
LIFE OF THE PARTY

Give him a sheet, and he'll be a ghost
And frighten nobody but the hars-
Give him a clothesbrush, and he's got a spanner—
Doesn't he know he's a frightful moron?
By tapping his teeth, he'll be galloping horses
And meantime plough through countless coun-
He'll sing all about Laguna's Lily,
And then for a change he'll be hill-billy
He'll know like a dog or neigh like a filly
Doesn't he know he looks awfully silly?
He'll sound like a train or a Manly ferry
He'll drink all the beer and most of the sherry
And just as he's being a lusty Boy Scout
Nemeses will strike and he'll quickly pass out
And the rest of the party will breathe its first breath—
For the life of the party has been its death

W.G.D.

parked in front of the office. An attractive brunette, well-coiffed, well-dressed, got out and asked assistance in carrying two small trunks into the office for shipment. One of the agents helped her.

The trunks were addressed to 'Laura Rilo,' at a New York address, and the connivance was the same. After carrying the trunks into the station, the special agent jotted down the license number of the truck.

It was found to be owned by one Robert Williams, a farmer living near Chaffee, Mo., about 100 miles north of Cape Girardeau. Why, pondered the agent, would a farmer's truck be driven all that distance to make an express shipment when there was an express agency office in Chaffee?

The trunks were examined. Both were stuffed with five-pound packages of dried marijuana. The trunks were carefully repacked, sent on to their destination and the New York office notified to watch for their arrival.

The two agents hurried from Cape Girardeau to Chaffee to check on Robert Williams.

Four days later, Laura Rilo, 35, arrived in a beaver coat and driving a Cadillac sedan, called at the New York office of the express agency for the two trunks. A Federal agent who had previously checked on the address told her that the two trunks had arrived and already were being delivered.

"Okay," she said, "I'll hustle home so I'll be there when they arrive. I hope I don't miss them. They contain some evening dresses that I need."

After she had gone, the Federal men loaded the trunks on a regular Express Agency truck. They were delivered at the Bronx address.

The moment she had signed for them, Laura Rilo was arrested and taken, along with the incriminating evidence, to Narcotics Headquarters. She was held incommunicado while orders went out to arrest Robert Wil-
NO FUTURE IN RECORDS

Athletics get scientific and the sport for sport's sake element goes.

WILL DELANY

ONLY a few thousand years after the crisis stopped measuring a man's athletic standard by his ability to drop a brontosaurus with a single shot at 45 paces, there lived a character named Gunnar of Lithed—an Iceland-lander, it seems, of better than ordinary sporting prowess.

This Gunnar was a high-jumper, and a very good one indeed. In fact, it is written into the annals that he was able to leap his own height, which was six feet, six inches. More, in performing this feat, he carried his full weight, weighing probably 50 pounds.

Where would this jump place Gunnar in modern ratings? Well, in 1836 Cornish Johnson, American negro, competing at the Games in gymnasia and running shoes, scaled over a bar set at 6ft 8ins No war fear, see?

Now, Cornish was jumping for honor, glory and a symbolic old gent with a goatee beard; but Gunnar had even greater incentive behind him. For in those days—1800 A.D.—it was a quaint old Scandinavian custom to set into the earth a row of spears as the obstacle to be jumped over.

So you can see that making the grade was a pretty important thing to Gunnar. In fact, I'll go so far as to say that his record was one of the few records that have been truly worth while in the history of athletics.

And that brings me to the point where is the modern men's record-breaking getting up? Who's getting the benefit of it all?

Science? Maybe: when Herb McKeanley raced over 440 yards in 45.2 seconds, a Dr Curston, of the Illinois physical fitness research labora-

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ory metabolically pulled the West Indian to pieces to find that he had a heart that was 13.22 per cent bigger than the average. This discovery, and others made on other subjects over a period of 16 years, was important because of the fact that, provided a patient suffering from an under-sized heart could be reached before it attained maturity—that is, between 15 and 17 years—exercises can be prescribed to build up his heart, which, after all, is just another muscle.

On the debit side of such research, however, is the possibility of the world becoming populated by race striving to outdo one another in record breaking.

And that means that sport will stop being played for sport's sake.

Among the other records I rate as being worthwhile is that of Messrs. I. L. Hillman and Lessom Roberts, two Englishmen who raced three-legged 100 yards in 12.35 seconds, back in 1901, and that of Mr Charles Lucas, of Medford, Massachusetts, who at a Fire Brigade picnic achieved the notable feat of picking up eight potatoes, spaced two yards apart, in 31 seconds.

I like those records because it's a pretty safe bet that when they're chalked up, the record-breakers gathered around a barrel and indulged in a little part-time smirking with the boys Nobody hated them for winning their events, and no pooh-poohed but pointed notes passed between the athletic associations of rival nations.

Grab any authentic record-book, and glance down the Olympic Games list of records. Up to 1936, 23 track and field sports are tabulated, and of those you'll see that 11 records are held by the U.S.A., two by Japan and two by Germany.

The reason for American domination isn't hard to find. The Record (capital initials and make your hats as you breathe the words) is peculiarly an American institution—so much so that it has become a synonym for sporting ability. Let a whisper be heard that a young fellow from Little Rock (Ark) is breaking even for the hundred over a cobblestone track and wearing Bluchers, and Little Rock (Ark) will immediately be invaded by 'scouts' from all the best colleges. Yale and Harvard excepted.

The kid gets a scholarship, for which he will be expected to water the petunias each spring (hence the term working his way through college) and to attend the running track at carefully-laid down hours.

If he fulfills expectations, he's summoned to the Olympic—many months before the due date of the Games' commencement. If he goes to the Games and breaks a record, he goes home to confetti and civic receptions, if he doesn't, it's Little Rock (Ark) and anonymity—both destinations he'll ultimately reach, anyway, when he hangs up his running boots. What has he to show for his record-breaking apart from a line in the books and a few years loss of learning? Him, and the other dozen boys who have been sacrificed on the altar of America's mange for winning.

Back now to that record book. In 1936, Kojiro Suzuki made a new record for the Marathon and Tsubo Tsuruma set a new distance for the hop step and jump. For Germany, Hans Fodderer and Karl Hein set new figures for the 15-lb shot put and 16-lb hammer throw respectively.

Behind all these successes was a story far removed from the field of sport. The records, indeed, were but symbols of Japanese determination to build a nation of heroes big and strong enough to win a war, and Germany's fanatical belief that physical fitness inspired a more warlike mentality in its people.

In other words, both nations used sports as an adjunct to war. Back in the years when another two stripes—or what ensignia that rank carried in those days—was stamping around Europe with the idea of making the...
THE first Christmas cards were generally simple affairs, bearing only the printed season's greetings. "A Happy Christmas," and the autographed signature of the sender.

Then the Christmas card developed into a type of Valentine with pierced hearts, drawings of lovers, and sentimental scenes and verses. Later came the robins and the holly, the houses in the snow, the carriages through snow-laden avenues, and all the scenes familiar to us thirty years ago.

French cock o' the walk, the Prussian army under Blücher got a bell-like shelling from that defeat has arisen the Teutonic conception of sport: the creation of a super race by physical means that would be capable of conquering the world.

It is an apt bit of irony that in 1871 a military defeat caused a Frenchman, Baron de Coubertin, to think up the Olympic Games as a symbol of world-piece.

Take a look at the Olympic pre-1948 swimming records: seven are listed, and they're divided between Japan (four), USA (two), and Germany (one). See—the same story of one nation suffering from a record-phobia, and the other two using sport as preparation for war.

There have been, of course, athletes who have broken records and still managed to have fun. Nick Winter, who set a new hop step and jump figure in 1934, was one of them. But then Nick was a phenomenal natural athlete who, in spite of the fact that he rarely trained seriously, might just as easily have been a champion in half a dozen other phases of sport.

I recall, too, having lunch with Morris Curotta a few weeks before he left for the Games. It was quite a lunch, even for a growing boy. In fact, Morris ate enough for three husky timber-getters. Then he decided it was time he left to keep an appointment.

Where I asked him, was the appointment? It turned out that he had about 15 minutes to get down to the track for training. Nothing strenuous—maybe a couple of hundred yard dashes against the clock.

Would have liked to have seen Curotta break the 100 metres Games record because, very definitely, he wasn't an athletic careerist. In other words, he liked sport for sport's sake, as most Australian athletes do.

To turn to another section of sport, I've an idea that the years between 1930 and 1938 will become known to future cricket historians as the "Bradman Era"—a period of big scoring and record-breaking achievements, and much as I admire the Don, those 11 years will always look for me the glories of the times of the lesser bowmen when record-breaking wasn't such an important feature of the game.

It was indirectly because of Bradman that "bodyline" bowling was introduced. The record breaker had to be stopped and—

"Fast leg theory was born at Kennington Oval in August, 1930, unknown to anybody but myself. A spot of rain had fallen. The ball was 'popping.' My great friend the late Archie Jackson stood up to me, getting pumped once or twice in the process, and he never finished.

"With Bradman, it was different. It was because of that difference that I determined, then and there, that if I was again honored with an invitation to go to Australia, I would not forget the difference."

So wrote Harold Larwood in his book "Body-line?" And on January 18, 1933, the Australian Board of Control sent to the M.C.C. a cable saying: "This (body-line) is causing intense strain between players, as well as injury. In our opinion, it is unsportsmanlike."

The M.C.C. promptly replied: "... We deplore your opinion that there has been unsportsmanlike play. We have the fullest confidence in captain, team, and managers, and are convinced that they would do nothing to infringe the laws of cricket, or the spirit of the game. If the situation is such as to jeopardize the good relations between English and Australian cricketers, and you consider it desirable to cancel remainder of programme we would consent, but with great reluctance."

It took three more cables to convince the M.C.C. that the Englishman would get out of the country alive.

And all this because a man had entered cricket who had a record-conscious mind.

So let's stop breaking records and get down to playing sport.

By the way, does anyone know which nation has built the biggest atom bomb in the shortest time?
DID Britain in passing over the inventions of Grindell Matthews neglect a means that would have protected her cities from the Luftwaffe during the last war?

It is not far-fetched to say that this could be the case, for Grindell Matthews was a man touched with the same genius as Thomas Edison. A pioneer of the radio-telephone, telling pictures, robot-controlled ships, rocket-warfare, a believer in interplanetary travel by rocket plane, he achieved world-wide notoriety as the inventor of a death-ray. Thus he invented between two world wars.

It is well known that Moscow was so well protected during the war that the Germans gave up attacking it, because losses of aircraft were disproportionate to the results achieved. It is also well known that Moscow follows inventions in other countries with the closest scrutiny, and develops promising ideas. Possibly a prophet neglected at home was honoured abroad by the practical application of his ideas.

G.M., as he was widely known, was not interested in money. His minor inventions would have made millionaires of lesser men. A patriot and an anti-fascist in the days when many people thought they could make money by dealing with Hitler, G.M. when in acute financial distress refused fabulous offers for his death-ray from the French Government, even though he was on very friendly terms with the French. He said in the mid-1930's that the French were hesitant and divided, and would quickly go down before the Germans. He feared that the Nazis would obtain his inventions and turn them against Britain. He even rejected offers from Goebbels to use his inventions for straight publicity purposes.

In 1937 and 1938, when the shadow of war darkened, envoys from all over Europe gathered at G.M.'s mountain castle in the Mynduddion mountains near Swansea, Wales, and propounded schemes to keep Hitler at bay. But G.M.'s attitude was always the same. If his pig-headed, conservative, visionless countrymen did not want his inventions they would not be sold to foreign countries, because they might be used against Britain.

Born on March 31, 1888, Harry Grindell Matthews gave early promise of his genius when a boy, by ringing a bell across a park by means of wireless. He was apprenticed to an electrical firm, receiving a practical instruction that enabled him to translate into actuality the creations of his restless mind. Twice wounded in the Boer War, he accepted an invitation from Lord de la Warr to become consulting engineer on his estate. He first became prominent in 1910, when he invented the aerophone, a form of wireless telephony, by means of which messages could be heard over a distance of seven miles.

In 1912 the "Western Mail" scored a journalistic triumph by printing the first message ever transmitted by wireless telephone, the message having been sent from Newport to Cardiff—a distance of about 12 miles—by means of G.M.'s apparatus. In the same year the Royal family, Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Secretary of State for War saw G.M.'s wireless telephone system demonstrated and were impressed by it. Then came the first of the many reverses G.M. was to experience from brass-bound bureaucrats and businessmen who could see no further than their noses.

The P.M.G.'s department refused the inventor permission to conduct test-channel broadcasts although the efficiency of his invention had been demonstrated, and the French Government was willing to grant permission.

The first world war broke out, and the P.M.G.'s department dismantled G.M.'s apparatus. After two years of protracted negotiation, he was allowed to set it back. It was completely run down by damp. The war provided the opportunity for intensive research in America, and when peace came G.M. found the radio telephone field overcrowded, so be dropped this work.

During the war G.M. invented Dawn, a boat fitted with a selenium cell, which was controlled by an invisible beam of light. He demonstrated it before Britain's top military and naval leaders, and so impressed them that he was given an immediate grant of £25,000, with a proviso he was to receive further sums until the amount of £275,000 was reached. Apparently no use was made in the war of this remarkable invention.

G.M. invented an apparatus for exploding mines at a distance, when U-boats were sinking British shipping so quickly there was danger that Britain would be starved. He was convinced that the core of the problem was the electrical discharge from the submarine's sub-surface motors. He had some success, but was badly handicapped by lack of assistance from the Admiralty. The commander of the vessel on which G.M. was working brought along his wife and thereby cluttered up the small craft. G.M. offered the lady a gold dressing case if she would leave, but she refused to do so.

G.M. then turned his attention to the problem of sound films. There is no doubt that he had perfected his apparatus for making sound films in Britain in 1921.

The famous American inventor, Dr. Lee de Forest, in March, 1923, acknowledged that G.M. had brought to perfection the camera which photographed sound and scene record together. He added, "This gave to the world for the first time the process in which sound and picture could not help being synchronous."

Matthews' Aerophone was used in America to put sound on the first
A HAPPY NEW YEAR THOUGHT

I've rung out the old and rung in the new
(I think my drink was witch's brew)
I've raised my voice in Auld Lang Syne—
Has someone a head in exchange for mine?
At twelve I'd forgiven enemies plenty
At one I'd made another twenty
I watched my loved one phlegad
What's good for the goose is bad for the gander.
In the dog house now I'm made to languish—
Is anyone suffering similar anguish?
Speak not to me of good-will tunes
I'll sing no songs for twelve more moons
Though all celebrative days are cursed
The last of the year is far the worst.

-W. G. D.

Mickey Mouse film. But he received a very cold hearing from British film magnates, who threw away a chance to best Hollywood in the production of talking pictures. British film moguls told G.M. that the public did not want talking films.

Then came the invention which was to focus a world-wide attention upon him—the Death Ray. Up to the day of his death Matthews believed implicitly in it. He first came to experimental work with it because he found that aeroplanes had been forced to land near a large radio station in Germany. After months of experimental work he was able to explode gunpowder, light a lamp and kill vermin at a distance of 64 feet. Using a tremendous voltage of electricity, he stopped a motor cycle engine at the same distance. His discovery leaked out when reporters were sent to interview prominent scientists about the grounding of planes near the German radio-station.

G.M.'s reputation was enough to show there was some basis to his ray. Journalists allowed their imaginations to run riot, the American press being most sensational. They said that G.M. had produced a ray of death and destruction, that he was able to control armies and cause aeroplanes to crumble and fall from the sky. G.M. was followed by pressmen everywhere he went. He did not state his invention was a Death Ray—the term was popularised by the press. All that he said was that if he had succeeded, facilities, and further time, much more might be done with it in the future. He declared in 1925 that Germany would wage war again and that if he succeeded with the ray Britain would be safe.

So much public interest was aroused that the Air Ministry asked G.M. to arrange for a test. The inventor had been successful with this ray only in the laboratory, but he did not wish to miss the opportunity, and claimed he told the Ministry that in its stage of development his ray would not

permanently work. When he learned that the Air Ministry had rigged up a motor cycle with its engine ensnared in lead for the test, he cancelled the arrangements and left for France.

It is interesting to contrast the treatment Britain gave to this man, whose inventive genius had previously been recognised by the Government, with that America accorded Professor Einstein when he wrote his memorable letter to President Roosevelt intimating it was possible to make an entirely new weapon—the atomic bomb. G.M. could show no more positive proof of his invention than Professor Einstein could of the possibility of the atomic bomb. This brass nose of the Air Ministry sought to impose impossible conditions, under which Matthews had stated his invention would not work. America organised the top scientists of the world and committed itself to unlimited expenditure.

The press was more awake to the situation than the brass hats. The London "Daily Mail" wrote:

"A very grave mistake has been made by the British Imperial Staff in not thoroughly investigating Mr. T. Maguire Matthews' invention. As to the value of the Death Ray we have the evidence of Admiral Mark Kerr, who, as a former deputy chief of the Service, knows what he is talking about. He has no doubt the ray is a very real and terrible thing ..."

Following the failure of Britain to give the inventor money and facilities, France offered G.M. a fabulous sum for his death ray as it stood, but a patriot through and through, he would not sell to a foreign Government, even though it was an ally. He thought France would not be able to resist Germany, and feared his invention might be turned against Britain.

Admiral Mark Kerr toured the country enlisting support for the Death Ray. After the inventor's death he wrote that if G.M. had been listened to, Britain would have gone a long way ahead of other nations.

G.M. himself said, "The projection of energy through space without the use of wires has long been a dream of scientists and inventors. The great Sard, Nikola Tesla, predicted this many years ago. Now, however, electric energy can be transmitted across distance without the use of wires, cables, pipes, tunnels or any other viable means of support for the current projected. Not only that, but current powerful enough to destroy life, machinery, or any ordinary material will soon be controlled from the base of operations, and directed at will against any enemy attack, much as the same attack might spray with machine gun fire, or as a man might spray a stream of water against a bed of plants."

G.M. said he was inspired by Tesla's conception of a field of electric power existing in the higher atmosphere, which could be tapped at any time or place. While emphasizing that his work was experimental, he thought his ray could be developed to stop engines at 5 to 8 miles. He said that great power would be needed to develop his invention, which would make it a national and not an individual business.

With the prospect of the financial aid necessary to develop his discovery, G.M. was forced to accept an offer of an American film company, to make a moving picture on the Death Ray, and left for the United States. In America the inventor was given a royal reception. He worked for three years for Warner Bros., producers of the first talking film, "The Jazz Singer," and became prosperous. A strikingly handsome man with a tremendous presence, he was often mistaken for a movie star.

G.M.'s restless brain then became engrossed with a new problem—that of projecting gigantic images on the sky. An American banker told him to capitalise his billion dollar idea.
and he crossed the Atlantic to London, where optical firms rebuffed him. He went to Wetzlar, Germany, home of the famous Leica camera and enlisted the aid of Dr. Ernst Leitz. The next day the two men arranged the necessary apparatus, the necessary clouds appeared in the evening, and the gigantic letters E and L—the initials of the enterprising German lens manufacturer, were projected against the sky. He could throw images in black and white or colour up to 15,000 feet and the dimension of the picture was one tenth of the distance thrown. He demonstrated his invention to millions in America and the "New York Times" ran the story of his invention across its front page. He projected sky pictures to millions in England using a 250,000,000 candle-power lamp. An anti-Fascist, G.M. refused to project the picture of Hitler against Teutonic clouds as suggested by Dr. Goebbels. His invention perfected, G.M. had a vast fortune in his grasp from advertisers throughout the world, but dominated by the idea that Germany would again wage war and batter England from the air, he turned his mind to rockets as a means of making air raids so costly that they would become impossible. He flew to Germany and studied the Opel rocket-propelled cars. The inventor planned by means of rockets to spread minefields in the air at heights up to 30,000 feet. His invention took the form of a torpedo fired from the ground on the rocket principle. Thus a torpedo was charged with secondary rockets, each of which had a length of a high tensile steel with a parachute on one end and a bomb on the other. These steel mines could cut planes to pieces. The parent rocket could be made to explode at any level, and its range was so tremendous that planes could not escape by flying high. If the bombs reached the ground they were rendered harmless by a simple device, could be collected, and used again. It was as early as 1934 that G.M. first put his rocket plan in front of the British Government, but once again he was cold-shouldered. One M.P. described him as a scaremonger. G.M. retorted that there were 500 guilty men at Westminster, who were leading the country unprepared into war.

During 1938 G.M. received much support from leading arms manufacturers who said they would be game to fly through orthodox anti-aircraft barrages, but not through his aerial minefield. G.M. did not have much faith in the balloon barrage because he contended that the balloons could be shot down, and events proved him right. The inventor believed strongly in rockets for all purposes—rockets to protect cities with minefields and rockets to power planes to travel in the stratosphere.

He was a member of the interplanetary society, which was formed to discuss the possibility of travel to the planets, and his genius was recognized by many of the brilliant scientists who were members of this body. The shadows of war were deepening over Europe and a German scientist named Sander, who had been in touch with G.M. on rocket propulsion disappeared—a victim of the Gestapo. In 1939 G.M. rushed around England trying to develop interest in his aerial minefield. But those in power were not interested. His World War One invention to explode mines from a distance of five miles would have been invaluable to the French when the Nazis broke through and were able to advance over undestroyed bridges, but it was not used.

Grindley Matthews died on September 11, 1941, disappointed that his inventive genius had not been used to protect the country he loved so well. The blast of the Luftwaffe's bombs on English cities for years to come was to provide a doleful lament that his ideas had not been acted on. He took many of his secrets to the grave, true to his lifelong principle that if Britain did not want his inventions there must be no risk of their being turned against his native land. He was indeed a man who kept his principles.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

HAVING COUNTED ON BRIDGE FOR AN EVENING WITH DIFFICULT GUESTS, YOUR HUSBAND INSISTS ON DOING A CARD 'TRICK', BUNGLES IT AND RUINS THE ONLY GOOD DECK IN THE HOUSE

CAVALCADE. December, 1948 33
WHAT GREAT MINDS THINK OF

BEAUTY

"Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold."
Shakespeare, As You Like It

"Beauty's of a fading nature—Has a season, and is gone."
Robert Burns, Will You Go and Marry Kate?

Beauty is Truth, truth Beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know
Keats, Ode to a Grecian Urn

Beauty, when most uncloth'd is clothed best
Phoebus Fletcher, Sireniad

Beauty is but a flower
Which wrinkles will devour
Thomas Nash, Summer's Last Will and Testament

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'pons to bud,
A brittle glass, that's broken presently
Shakespeare, The Passionate Pilgrim

Neglected beauty perisheth space
Herrick, Hesperides

"Beauty to no complexion is confin'd.
Is of all colours, and by none defin'd."
Granville, The Progress of Beauty

"Beauty has wings, and too hastily flies,
And love unrewarded soon sickens and dies"
Moore, Song

"Beauty is but skin deep"
Old Proverb

"Her beauty and her brain so not together she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit"
Shakespeare, Cymbeline

Martha Vickers, of Warner Bros. Pictures, is in the mood for wishful thinking—a mood we fully understand.
A SINGLE SURVIVOR

ON Saturday, the 22nd August, 1857, the newsboys worked overtime. By midday their "Sydney Morning Herald" were sold out, but an hour later a second edition came hot from the press—special one page copies edged with black. It was the paper's mournful duty to confirm the wreck of the "Dunbar".

Antonia Wollier spent the morning on South Head watching with a thousand others a tragic trail of wreckage sweeping on to the rocks below. Each wave flung up its offerings—legs and arms, wrackless bodies and the pitiful flotsam of personal belongings.

Suddenly Antonia turned to the crowd:

"I'm going down—there may be someone alive."

Before they could stop him, he scrambled over the edge and swung himself down. He scanned the cliff's face.

"There is someone!" he shrieked back. Carefully he crawled towards the blue handkerchief waving weakly from a ledge further on.

James Johnson had been waving for nearly two days—his father passed, to the ships entering the Heads. He had called pitifully to the crowds he knew were above, but his cries were lost in the roar of the sea.

Now that a survivor had been found the wreckage could be identified and the grim story told.

Out from Botany Bay a sudden night squall caught the ship and turned her towards the rocks. The crew strangled to keep her off but with a violent wrench she plunged out of control. As the timber cracked, cargo and passengers were washed off the decks to flounder helplessly in the dark sea.

Johnson was one of the crew. When the deck sloped under him he clung to the mast until it too, snapped and joined the wreckage. But Johnson still clung on.

The cliff outlook was menacing in the darkness and all night he waited for the final crash against the rocks. But by some miracle he was lifted clear of danger and swept on to a ledge. Weak and exhausted he crawled higher up and waited for the light.

Next morning he watched the relics of "Dunbar" swirling past Sydney watched too. In the reaching of Middle Harbour dead stock washed on to the beaches; clothes and children's toys caught in the harbour bays. Anxiety ran at fever pitch as papers conjectured and false reports came in.

But in that special edition the "Herald" began the truth—a truth that grew more pathetic as names were added to the numbers drowned and the passenger list arrived from England.

In another bleak sad column months later, the "Herald" finished the story: "In memory of the following who lost their lives on the Dunbar the 20th August, 1857..." and the dismembered limbs were collected at last, to become the men, women and children in the list that followed.
IF THERE'S GOING TO BE a fight the audience want a good one; shadow punching aimed to spare the star's handsome features just won't do. A film like Universal's 'Canyon Passage' gave them what they wanted and got by the censors because it had realism but gave no offence.

A CAVALCADE PICTURE STORY

Some like it TOUGH

EVER SINCE ROME'S gladiator days there has been a wide audience for tough entertainment. Film censors have a hard job deciding what's healthy for the masses when they watch shots like the ones on these pages.

Strangulation passes muster when the process stops here—the next stage is considered too gruesome for the public and is heavily cut. People will tell you that after such films they still sleep soundly at night. The lady being gently handled here probably suffered more than any of the millions who saw the film—RKO's 'Return of the Bad Men'.

WARNER BROS. 'THE BIG SLEEP' hit a grim note of coldhearted toughness in scenes like this. A drooped cigarette can look as menacing in a crook as the hardest punch in the previous pictures. Censors can't check imaginations, and the audience knows the meaning of a leer like this even though the actual bashing might be cut.

CAVALCADE, November, 1948
STRIP ON THESE PAGES was taken from Mark Hellinger's "Brute Force"—a highlighted moment when a convict attempts a prison break. A convict stool pigeon has been tied to a runaway cart as a shield while a second convict makes an attempt to wipe out a prison guard machine-gun nest. Such films affect audiences more than Western or gangster pictures because of their strong implication that this is real—they create an atmosphere of authenticity with the lure that they are showing what goes on behind scenes. Censors passed these shots in "Brute Force" because actual death scenes weren't shown. It is no easier for the censor to decide what he will pass than for the producer to make up his mind what scenes he will shoot. The line between realism and horror is a thin one and must vary with the ideas and tastes of individuals who see the picture. It is significant that audiences practically never complain about horror in films—even the "King Kong" type of spine-chiller attracts a very large and apparently appreciative audience. People who live monotonous and boring lives, slaves to routine, get an "escapist" thrill from an interest different from the every day scene.

WHAT CHILDREN SHOULD SEE is a permanent headache to censors with their grading of films. These "Brute Force" shots are definitely not for general exhibition, though many children accompanied by parents see them. Child audiences are often more critical of such scenes than are adults. Children revel heartily in "impossible" situations, superman heroes, and baddies who don't set the part. The Saturday matinee melodrama tailored for children is usually the thrill-packed serial episode in which good triumphs in the end. The experts worry about children imitating the things seen in those films, but worry even more about adults copying film techniques. It has been observed that children don't attempt the impossible, make a piece of wood do for a "gun", and get their enjoyment out of chasing around after their own particular "baddies", making a game of what they have seen. Adult audiences may include easily-influenced, weak-minded or criminal types, who actually practice the techniques of torture and crime they see in the films. Censor doesn't mind people getting a thrill, but is always on the watch for any sequence that might give new ideas to criminals.
Audiences knew what to expect and they didn't balk at a few tense moments.

The censors didn't mind the blow torches in this shot but draw a blank over the actual killing scene. Audiences can be sufficiently thrilled by such scenes without the morbid detail. It's the job of the Johnson Office to recognize the limit the thrill can go without detracting from the excitement.

Another scene from "Brute Force". Workers here are forcing their "mate" back with blow torches into a grilled press that will act effectively as a broadsided guillotine. "Brute Force" had many scenes as grim as this. Audiences knew what to expect and they didn't balk at a few tense moments.
IT STARTED THIS WAY

1. In Troy, New York State, Albert Anderson had a big contract to load stores for the American army in the 1912 war against Britain. Before delivery the crates were checked over by Government inspectors and the letters EA-US (Elbert Anderson—United States) stamped across each one.

One of these inspectors was nicknamed Uncle Sam by the workmen who figured jokingly that if EA stood for Elbert Anderson, then by rights US should stand for Uncle Sam. When the men joined the army they brough the joke with them and Uncle Sam has represented the United States of America ever since.

In Lombardy (Italy) the Medici family was well-known for their skill in the medical profession. For generations their coat of arms had been three golden balls representing guided pills to mark their interest in modern medicine.

As time went by, the Medici sons left home. Some went to London and began business as money lenders. But they still retained their coat of arms and hung three balls outside their shops. Other moneylenders copied the sign and soon it became the symbol of those who lent money on receiving pledges.

3. In 1789 while the French Revolution was shattering the peace of Europe, Martin Klaproth, a German chemist, was working away quietly in his laboratory. Slowly and carefully he was extracting from pitchblende a yellow substance which he thought was the oxide of a new metal.

To honour a fellow scientist who had just discovered the planet Uranus, he named the new substance Uranium. And so began a chain of scientific discovery that was to lead to the atom bomb and events more shattering than the French Revolution.

4. The excavations had yielded the usual finds—vases and ornaments, weapons and jars. Suddenly the archaeologists bent down excitedly and picked up the fine stone slabs snapped across by time. They pieced them together and leant over to study the row of pictures. Each picture was slightly different from the one before. Passed rapidly before the eye they gave a crude impression of movement.

Walt Disney's prototype evidently existed thousands of years ago when an Egyptian artist enticed the first patrons of the cinema with action shots around the Pyramids.

CENSORS have a tough job cutting a scene like this. Parents are likely to react unfavourably to the bottle as putting ideas into Junior's head. But audience didn't see the broken bottle in action. That would have been too much horror—without any justification at all.

CAVALCADE, November, 1948.
Two in a Trap

The man with the camera suddenly sighted the black bear ahead on the forest path. Before he could focus his instrument, the animal caught a whiff of the dreaded human-scent and went swiftly down a nearby ravine. Eagerly the man ran forward, reaching the edge of the slope just in time to see the shaggy brute step into a huge bear-trap which had been hidden there.

Gleefully the man pointed his camera while the bear roared and squealed crazily fighting the rusty contraption which had robbed it of freedom. The man took picture after picture, recording the animal’s pained rage.

"I'll get a close-up. That trap makes it perfectly safe." He scrambled down the narrow path towards the bear. Instantly the beast became quiet, small pig-eyes glowing red with hate as it watched the man approach. With camera levelled, he took another step closer to better frame the picture. And at that instant the path exploded under his feet, a second concealed bear-trap springing into action. Its powerful jaws snapped shut on the man's leg.

He screamed in agony. He clawed at the infernal device, bruising his flesh in a furious, cursing assault on the impassive steel. Then he be-
saw that the animal was held by only three pinched, claw-fingers. Fearfully the man glanced around, exclaiming himself to reach for a stout stick.

"This makes me feel safer."

The bear stopped growling, shaking the trapped paw again. The man returned to his own worries—his leg was throbbing with each heart beat, a stabbing, rhythmic pain.

"Maybe I could use this stick as a lever."

He placed the pole across one of the trap springs, forcing the jaws of the trap to yield a full inch, but the tension on the trapped leg did not alter in the least. He moved the stick aside, and the second spring still held the man's leg.

Again he fumbled, the rusty sounds of bearing flesh drew his glance to the bear. Blood spurted as the animal started chewing on the smallest of the three toes held in the steel vise. The man cried out in horror. At this, the bear eyed him and snarled. The man fumbled with his teeth and writhed off the first small pad of the imprisoned flesh.

"It's going to get loose!" the man whispered. "And when it does—"

He shuddered, thinking of the creature's vengeance.

On the other hand, if the bear did not kill him, he had to consider the possibility of a much slower form of death.

"Oh, no! Tom and the guide'll be back in two days!"

Well... It would be evening when they reached camp, so they wouldn't start hunting for him until the morning of the third day. Half a dozen paths radiated from the camp; it was hardly probable that they'd hit on the proper trail first thing. Likely they'd follow the paths leading to the lake and creeks on the theory that he'd have gone fishing. Suppose they didn't chance along this path until the fourth or fifth day? Five days! A man could last that long without food and water, but what about the pan-pulling leg?

But—The bear just savored its second claw-finger, pausing to lick at the two raw stumps.

"I'll be free any minute now!"

No one could blame the animal for hating humans with all its savage heart. The man himself cursed the unknown trapper who had caused this torment. By the stale look of the narrow bear-trail, the traps had been set during the previous autumn and completely forgotten since.

Fortunately, the man searched his pockets seeking a weapon as the bear started to chew on the third and largest of its trap-held members.

"My only weapon—a penknife with a two inch blade!"

Opening the knife, a new thought came and he rasped the blade in file-fashion across the narrow neck-leaf of one of the trap springs. But the tempered spring was nearly as hard as the knife metal.

"Useless," he muttered, then clutched the knife tighter as he saw that the bear's task was almost finished.

"Maybe I've time for one last smoke!"

As he raised his lighter, the tiny flame sparked an idea to him.

"A fire! Animals are afraid of fire!"

Ignoring pain, the man clawed frantically at the nearest leaves and twigs. He heaped them on the rocky path, holding the lighter against the dry tinder. He was almost too late, but the leaves ignited and the twigs started crackling just as the bear cut through the last scrap of skin and flesh and bone. Without a glance at the human, the animal went slumping down the ravine, hurrying as fast as its mutilated paw would allow.

"Whewwww!

The man mopped off the sweat-stained, eyes grateful as he watched the bear go out of sight.

His cigarette had gone out, so he leaned towards the fire for a light. Suddenly his eyes narrowed in speculation. He built up the fire, tending it carefully until the coals were glowing hot. Then he sought to swing the trap close to the heat, every move of the imprisoned leg an agony. He was sick more the fire's heat and the physical suffering overcome him. But he tried again, finally hoisting the outer end of the trap spring forward until it rested amidst the hottest coals. He sheltered his flesh from the heat by using a flat stone as shield, dousing a continuous application of cool earth on his leg.

Five long minutes later the spring was dull red. He placed it on a stone, nerving himself to endure the jolting pain as he hammered fiercely on the red metal. He tasted blood from his own lips, but at least the spring slowly collapsed under the onslaught.

For a long time he rested, shivering with relief and exhaustion. When he had gathered strength the ordeal was repeated, the second spring subjected to the same process. At last the jaws slackened. Frenziedly he clawed them apart and freed his leg from the trap's fangs. Hypothermia stopped him for a moment, then he lay still, regaining his first aid kit in camp, he remembered.

He secured a suitable crutch-stick, then paused a moment before leaving the fatal spot. His camera was still lying where it had fallen when he became trapped; he retrieved it and checked his pockets, making sure of penknife and lighter. He gave the bloodstained trap a final glance.

"No longer an animal—I'm a man again!"

On sudden impulse, he set his swollen fingers to open the camera and peeked out the film. He held the lighter flame to the celluloid, a hissing blaze, then it was gone.

The man felt better, a grim smile warming his face as he hobbled slowly but eagerly along the path that led to camp.
THE cottage stood alone on the side of the road that ran down to the old wooden bridge that spanned the dry river. Behind the cottage were three wattle trees, grouped around the well. Down on the river bed, under the bridge, were five more wattles. These had grown in the years since the river had run dry. Their roots drank from the pool their leaves shaded. The cottage was Kylie's home, but the pool was her oasis.

This morning she went with her father to the bridge. They stood on the first of the heavy boards that made the floor of the structure. The father kicked the planks with his boot, and they rattled when he did this. "The old bridge," he said to Kylie.

Then the shot came from the top of the bridge and Logan was falling.

"She won't stand up much longer. Then they'll come along and build a steel one, and then what will I do?" He answered his own question, "Well, I reckon a steel bridge will need paint to keep it from rusting. I'm just as handy with a paint brush as I am with any other tool."

"That means we stay here for ever," Kylie said.

"There are worse places, girl."

"I'd like to see them and make sure."

Her father said, "I've seen them. You can take my word. No man got about the country more than I did, and found less." He moved his arm to include the landscape. "You think this is ugly? It looks ugly, doesn't it all dry and dead? And it seems lonely. Believe me, it's less ugly than people are, and you can be more lonely in a crowd."

His voice increased in intensity. "Girl, I've seen the people of the world, and there is no good in them. Some are thieves—and they're the best of them. There are liars and hoes, and murderers, there are men—yes, and women, too—you trust, and the day comes when you know your trust is misplaced."

His eyes showed as he spoke His fingers were clenched, there was a hatred in his voice that made Kylie shrink away. She wondered what had happened in her father's life to make him feel this way, but she asked no questions. Questions, she knew, would be useless. They would only stir him to greater vehemence.

She knew, too, that he loved her—probably because she was the only person in whom he held faith. She watched him silently, until his body relaxed, and the hate went from his eyes. He put out a hand and grasped her arm softly.

"I think I'll go down to the river," Kylie said. She turned away from him, and then paused, and said, "You think you're sheltering me. But I have my own eyes. They might see what your eyes missed."

Her father kicked the plank under his foot. "Ah Kylie," he said, "I'd be lonely lost without you."

Kylie walked around the stanchion and began her descent of the river bank. She slid, and her hands caught tufts of dried grass, and the tufts came away from the dusty soil. Everything here was dead. Only at the oasis did she find life again.

The trees around the pool were dwarfed wattles. They had grown to
LEGENDS about elephants—how they wander off to a mysterious graveyard to die, and how there is a fortune in ivory waiting somewhere in the heart of Africa for the explorer who finds the graveyards ... these tales arc legion. Major J. F. Cumming, District Commissioner, Bar, shot an elephant, one of a herd. As it was late Major Cumming decided to return in the morning for the tusks. When he arrived on the spot the next day there was no sign of the dead elephant—but the earth had been disturbed. On investigation it was found that the elephant had been buried beneath 18 inches of soil. The other members of the herd, which scattered when the shot was fired, had returned and dug a "grave" with their tusks.

Kylie sat in the shade and took off her sandals and let her feet rest in the clear water. All was still around her, but overhead her father had begun to work with the axe. The bridge was a sounding-board that made the light axe strokes sound like a whole brigade of axes.

Then Kylie heard the voice say, "What the sweet blazes is that? Woodpeckers? Lord, I've been woken by jackasses, magpies, crows, just about every bird in the country. But this is the first time I've ever been woken by woodpeckers."

Kylie stayed as still as the pool water. She heard him sigh and give out the kind of groan a man makes when he is stretching his arms. Then he yawned. Then he started to sing.

Kylie had never heard singing like that from a man. Her own father bellowed in the mornings. She had heard drunken singing from men that crossed the bridge and went up the road at night, young from Broke ten miles away to Illing ten miles the other side. She had never heard a young man's voice singing a young man's song. The words expressed a quiet need which she felt with the singer. The cadences of the song stirred her emotions, muddling them, like a hand dipped and moved around in the pool.

The song stopped and Kylie's heart stopped with it. "Lord, it's a great day," the voice said to itself. "The sun up there shining, the woodpeckers pecking, and me lying down here with an empty stomach and an empty heart, too lazy to get up, too young to die, too damn lonely to live."

She heard him rise and stamp the ground with his feet. She wanted to run away, but knew she never would.

"Ah well," he said, sighing again, "it could be a whole lot worse."

He came through the screen of trees was surprised to see Kylie, smiled at her and said, "Good morning," and continued on down to the pool. He wore heavy boots and khaki trousers, and the rest of him was bare. Muscles stood defined under the golden skin. He filled the can he carried, and leaned forward and poured water over his back and arms, filled his hands with water and splashed it against his face, rubbed water into the blonde hair.

Standing there using the towel, he said, "That your husband working up there on the bridge?"

"My father."

"Woodpeckers," he said, "Kylie laughed with him. He finished with the towel and spread it on one of the trees, and started to make a cigarette. He was taller than the dwarfed trees and stood gleaming in the sun.

"Yes, it could be a whole lot worse," he said, "You live up on the rise, do you? I saw your light there last night."

Kylie said, "I've never heard anyone sing like that."

"A girl like you should have, many times."

"Are you going to camp here?"

"I might stay a few days."

"I come here every day."

"A good habit," he said, "Don't lose it."

Kylie put on her sandals. She stood, and went to him. He held her very tightly. When he kissed her, he kissed her gently.

"What's your name?"

"Kylie."

"I'm Bill."

"That's a good name Bill."

"If you come tonight," he said, "I'll have some songs ready for you. Ones you'll like."

Kylie went back up the bank to the road. A car came over the bridge. In the car were her father and another man. The car turned off the road this side of the bridge. Her father and the other man got out of the car and stood talking. Her father saw Kylie and waved to her and she went over.

"My daughter Kylie," her father said, "This is Mr. Logan, the engineer." Logan shook hands with Kylie.

"You're going to tear down the bridge, all right, Kylie."

"It won't happen for a while yet," Logan told her smiling. "I'm going to camp a while and look over the ground."

He looked at Kylie. It was the second time she had been looked at this way. The engineer was as big as the man down at the oars, a little older, more serious. They were different kinds of men. She could not see in either of them the ugliness her father said was in people.

So there were the two men camped above and below the bridge, and Kylie, and her father who did not want to be left alone. These were the elements of the drama that soon began to play in the region of the Slow River bridge, on the road from Broke to Illing.

"You'd better go up to the house."

Her father had told Kylie. He had gone back to his work on the bridge. Kylie had gone up to the cottage. Presently Logan came up to fill his water-bass from the tank. He accepted Kylie's offer of a cup of tea, and came into her kitchen and sat down. He talked to Kylie easily, as though they had known one another a long time.

"You must find it pretty dull, living out here," Logan said. "I say it is better to be alone."

"Your father?"

"Yes," Kylie said. "Not for a girl like you, Kylie."

Bill had used the same phrase. "What kind of a girl am I?" Kylie asked Logan.

"That isn't a fair question," he said, "smiling at her. What kind of girl are you?"

"A bad one, I'm afraid," Kylie told him. "Very bad?"

"Not much good at all."

"Kylie?"

He held her more gently than Bill bad done but his lips were hard and heavy on hers. "Lord," he said, "Do you do that often?"

"Today has been the first time," she said truthfully. "Now can you tell me what kind of girl I am?"

Logan shook his head. "One who doesn't belong in this wilderness, I know that much. It depends what you want, Kylie. I've got a house in
the city that's not meant to be empty
I work hard, don't play very much,
travel around the country a lot. You
might like it. The trouble is, Kyle,
you're an unknown quantity."

"Do you know any songs?" Kyle
asked him.

"No, I'm afraid I don't. Not
the kind for you, anyway. I could
learn some, maybe."

"I don't know," Kyle said.
The tea grew cold in the cups.

When her father came home at
midday, he went to Kylie and shook
her. His eyes were wild. "You went
down under the bridge this morning.
Who was the fellow down there? What
did you do down there, this
ing morning? A big, young fellow. I saw
him. What did you do?"

"Nothing," Kylie blazed at him.
"What did he say to you?"

"Nothing, I tell you." She looked
at the crazy lines of his face, and
said, "You told me people are ugly.
It's you who's ugly. You're all twisted
inside. Wherever you've been, you
haven't seen the people. You've only
seen yourself."

He dropped his hands and turned
away from her. He went to the win-
dow and looked out.

Kylie watched his back, stiff with
some harshness that made him, what
he was, and made her what she didn't
want to be. She thought it was a
very bad business something had
happened to him, and it wasn't very
much it couldn't have been to leave
him that way. He'd been spoiled—
and he was spoiling her. He was
forcing her to be something she
shouldn't be, and that was all wrong.

She knew he didn't realise what he
was doing. He thought he was pro-
tecting her. God, he was robbing
her, robbing her of youth, and joy,
and life

He kept telling himself it was good
for her, and there had been a time
when she trusted and believed him.

Then there had been a more recent
time when she doubted him, but she
couldn't see the doubts clearly,
they were vague feelings she didn't
understand and couldn't deal with.

Since Bill—and Logan—this morn-
ing, she was rebellious. She still
didn't understand, but she was going
to find out. He wasn't going to stop
her. Not from now on.

She watched him by the window,
and began to feel sorry for him, but
the sorrow didn't make any difference
She spoke to his back

"You and this place are ugly," Kyle said.

"Forgive me for what I said?" He
kept his back to her. "I've seen so
many unpleasant things, Kylie I
only want to protect you from
Don't go away from me, girl."

Kylie prepared the meal. She knew
her father now, and was afraid of
him. Kyle was also afraid of her-
self. She felt herself caught in cur-
tracle and knew she could not swim.
The dry river might run with blood,
or tears might quicken the Slow
River, because of Kylie.

That afternoon Kylie sat in the
shade of the trees behind the cottage.
On the ground lay the book she had
thrown there. For years now Kylie
had lived on books, one her father
had brought with him in his retreat
from the world of people. The new
Kylie could see that these books
had been chosen because of their
alignment with her father's ideas.
They were shadow books. Kylie
wanted light in her life

She did not hear him come. He
put his hands over her eyes, and said,
"Guess who?"

"Bill," she said.

"You're sure it isn't that other fel-
low who was up here this morning?
The one with the leggings, but no
boots?"

"I'm sure," Kylie told him.

Bill kissed her, very gently. "I
came up to eadge some tea," he said.

"And because I couldn't wait until
touched to see you again."

"Did my father see you coming
here?"

"He's been glazing down at me
from the bridge all morning," Bill
said. "I went down the river course
and came up over the ridge. It seemed
the sensible thing to do."

"Yes, it was. Bill. He might make
trouble?"

"Do you care?"

"I'll get you some tea," Kylie said.
She turned away from him.

When she gave Bill the tea, Kylie
asked him, "What kind of life do you
lead?"

"A good one."

"Where are you going, when you
leave here?"

"Wherever the road takes me," he
said. "That's my kind of life."

Kylie laughed and said, "What
happens when you come to an ocean?"

"I cross it. This is a wide world,
Kylie. You should see it, while
you're young."

"Will you take me with you?" Kylie
said.

"That, I'll tell you tonight."

Bill said. He grinned at her

They heard someone come around
the side of the house, and they stood
apart. Logan walked around the cor-
ger. He looked at Bill and then at
Kylie

"I saw him come over the ridge!"
Logan said. "I wondered if you were
all right, here by yourself."

"She looks all right," Bill said.

"You're the tramp from under the
bridge, aren't you?"

"I'm the hobo camped there."

"Then you'd better stay there," Logan
said.

"I please myself," Bill said.

Logan moved back and started to
take off his coat. Bill watched him

"You're not?"

Bill asked him.

"You'd better go."

Bill shook his head. He was still
shaking it when Logan struck out at
him. He shook it out of the way of
Logan's fist

"Stop it," Kylie said.

Bill swayed in and his fist found
Logan's stomach. He chopped a short
right to Logan's face. Logan backed
away, and Bill stood waiting for him.
Then Kyle turned and ran into the
house. The two men were left out
in the yard in the shade of the trees.
They fought just as hard without
Kylie. They had forgotten what they
were fighting about now.

Fists were not enough for Logan.
He took two hard ones to the face,
and closed in and grappled with Bill.
He gouged, and Bill gave him the
knee. When Logan doubled over,
Bill knocked his arm around the en-
ciiner's head, pulled his head down,
and then flung it up, and hit Logan
as he went away.

When Kylie's father came into the
yard, Bill was gently slapping the
engineer's head against the trunk of
one of the trees. He saw Kylie's
father, and let Logan fall, and walked
away from the house.

They carried Logan into the house
and patched him up. He was bruised
but not badly hurt.

"The man from under the bridge
came up to borrow some tea," Kylie
tried to tell her father. "And then
Mr Logan tried to pock a fight with
him."

"Logan," her father said. "He's the
one, then."

"You bear me, Logan," he shouted.
"Get out of this house, and stay away
from my girl."

"That man's crazy," Logan said.
"He fights like a bear. He might have

Kylie. "I know how to protect my own," Kylie's father shouted. "I don't need help from you, and I don't need your damned lies. Something's happened to Kyhe this morning and I can guess who put these ideas into her head. Get out of my house!"

Logan looked at Kylie. "All right, I'd better go," he said. "I told you how I feel."

"Yes," Kylie said to him, "you've told me I'm sorry you've been hurt. I'm sorry it turned out like this."

"If you want me, Kyhe, I'll be around," Logan said. He stood erect and went out of the house, leaving Kylie to face her father. Her father seemed a broken and ugly old man.

"They tell you lies," Kylie's father said. "Kyhe, I've always told you the truth, Kylie. Don't believe them and their lies. I'd be lonely lost without you, girl."

"It's all right," she said. "It's all right, now." She knew it was not, and would never be again. He had held her with a cord stronger than the unbent, but that cord was broken. Kylie held the pieces in her hands. She knew his mana, and knew she could not live with it any longer. There were two roads of escape. Kylie was not sure the one she meant to take was the right one.

Her father was asleep when Kylie went out that night. She took nothing with her. It was to be a break and a clean one. From the road she looked back at the cottage standing in the moonlight, overshadowed by trees. Kylie left no happy memories behind her.

She went quietly down the road. There was a fire burning at Logan's camp. The car and the tent were black lumps on the moonlit waste-land. Kylie left the road and walked down to the bank of the New River. She searched the camp for sign of Logan, but could not see him there. She slid down the bank and came to the bed of the dry river. There was no fire burning down here. The pool was wrapped in the shadow of the trees around it.

"Bill," Kylie said.

Two arrows came out of the darkness and held her. "You came," he said. "I didn't think you were coming!" They stood together in the shadow of the trees.

"It's all right, now, Kylie," he said. The moon came across the sky and lighted the oasis.

"Now we'll go," Bill said. "We'll go down with the river. If there's any trouble, they'll look along the roads. We won't take the road. We'll take the dry river!"

"I'm ready," Kylie said. They stood, and Bill lit his swag, and Logan walked into the camp. "I'm not here to fight," Logan said. "I'm the old man."

Then the shot came from the top of the bridge, and Logan was falling.

"My father has the gun," Kylie cried out. "I forgot he had the gun."

Bill pulled her down, right down under the spread of the trees. "Stay here," he said.

She felt him go away from her. Kylie lay alone, under the trees. Out in the moonlight, Logan lay very still. Kylie waited.

Then she heard the second shot, and the cry that followed. She got to her feet and ran. She ran out across the moonlit stretch of the river bed. Someone came sliding down the bank to meet her.

"Oh Bill," Kylie said. "It's all right," he said. "I didn't hurt him."

"He cried out."

"He never felt a thing," Bill said. "He killed the other chap, did he?"

They went back to the oasis. They made sure Logan was dead.

"Now we've got to stay and face this out," Bill said. "I'll have to hold your father, Kylie. I'm sorry. We're in a mess, but we'll get out of it."

"What do we do when we come to an ocean, Bill?"

Bill said, "We cross it Kylie."
the dream home

Architectural nightmare by
GIBSON

Boy! Watson-Sharp certainly has thought up a neat little job here, just the home I've always dreamed of... still...still

I think a few columns would sort of take the severity of the modern look away and...still

An old English castle treatment of the upper structure would add an air of solid distinction...still

Windows and chimneys would of course have to be added and kept in the general design...Boy! What a home...I'd build it this very day!

And the addition of a minaret or two would certainly give the place a peaceful atmosphere reminiscent of the mysterious East...still

I could rake up enough energy to clear the land or get the building materials, or even buy the piece of land I was thinking about in the first place...still

CAVALCADE, December 1948

59
A gentleman is a man who can play the saxophone but doesn't.

Punters' Proverb: Money can be lost in more ways than won.

About the time you're important enough to take two hours for lunch, the doctor limits you to a glass of milk.

The trouble about fashions in women's clothes is that as soon as they become popular, they become unpopular.

If a rabbit's foot could protect anybody, why didn't it protect the rabbit?

The problem when solved will be simple.

The New Look simply means that men have to look twice as far to see half as much.

Sign in a Hollywood hosiery shop: 'Inflation at Moderate Prices.'

People generally quarrel because they cannot argue.

As important as freedom of speech is freedom of silence.

Some men acquire polish with age, others retain their age.

Scoffspring: A child who doesn't think his parents are so hot.

Dieting: Triumph of mind over platter.

You can preach a better sermon with your life than with your lips.

Liberty is the only thing you cannot have unless you are willing to give it to others.

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.

Then there's the girl who was suffering histrionics.

A woman's intuition is about two-thirds suspicion.

The femininity of bachelor is lady in waiting.

A man is weighed by the company he thinks nobody knows he's keeping.

Men and pins are useless when they lose their heads.

Politicians are usually men of few words; the trouble is, they repeat the few they know.
There's no future in a life of risk and excitement says this well-known broadcaster.

FRANK LEGG

what does ADVENTURE pay?

At the moment things are quiet. Quiet for me, because I'm doing a pleasant and regular job—and liking it.

After all, one of my first assignments in life was to quell a revolt at sea one of my last was as an ABC war correspondent landing on Pacific islands with invading troops expecting every minute to be the last.

I've had some queer and uncomfortable experiences in the years between, working as a journalist and fighting as a soldier. Once I was nearly arrested for murder.

People sometimes tell me there's no place for adventure in the modern world. They say they envy my varied and exciting life. I don't know why. As far as adventure goes—I've had it and I don't mean maybe. Adventure is for mug's; it's no career. It doesn't pay off.

When I came to Australia in 1927 and wanted to work my way the union rules were against it, so I became welfare officer on the "Lange Bay," responsible for some 600 migrants, including 60 Little Brothers and some miners immigrating to Australia. In Port Said the Little Brothers went ashore and enjoyed themselves greatly, and came back to the ship to "ruin" the cabin of the miners.

The captain sent for me, told me the miners threatened reprisal.

"The miners propose to wreck the Little Brothers' cabins tonight," he said, and added briefly: "They won't be the welfare officer, and you will stop them. Have a drink."

Now an inexperienced lad of twenty was going to calm a mob of angry miners was a puzzle. I chewed it over while I paced the alleyway outside the large cabin where the miners were. Before I had mustered courage to open the door opened. A mountain of miner stood swaying waving a bottle of rum.

"Ave a drink!" he roared.

"Not just now, thanks I wanted—" "Ave a drink!" he demanded.

I had a drink.

Some hours later, when they carried me to my cabin and binned me down the miners had forgotten all about the raid they had planned.

Next morning I received the grateful thanks of an admiring captain who admired the way I quelled the riot.

Soon after I arrived in Australia I was nearly arrested for murder. I didn't commit it, but I had a green sentence. So did the murderer.

I arrived at a boarding-house, with my green suitcases on the evening of the day when the murderer disappeared with his in the same district.

At dinner I was told that some gentlemen wished to see me. Four gentlemen in large boats closed round me.

"What's your name?" they barked.

"Would you mind removing your bats?" I asked.

They began questioning me about what was in my green suitcase. I tactically said "Oh a body, of course."

When I was released from the police station I promised never to be artistic to police again.

In Adelaide I became a journalist. I reviewed books, reported the Royal Show interviewed the Comedy Harmonists. People thought journalism was "colourful"—but in 1939 I was glad to exchange it for a war.

With the Ninth Division I sailed for the Middle East, an acting-lieutenant-sergeant in the 2/4th Battalion My arrival lacked glamour. I had mumps, and was carried ashore on a stretcher.

My first two months as a soldier on foreign soil were spent in hospital at Jerusalem.

I rejoined the Battalion in time to set off for Benghazi. In the Western Desert to garrison the territory won by Sixth Division.

That night I had a real adventure—if only I had known it. We were ordered to withdraw again. I took half the platoon in a decrepit captured Italian truck which soon fell behind the convoy. I think it broke down eighteen times during the night. During one breakdown a convoy of tanks lumbered past. I sprang into the road and shouted for help.

"They kept going!" I muttered to the platoon driver, still tinkering with the flywheel engine "Who do they think they are?"

I don't blame them for not stopping. They couldn't understand me—they were the German advance guard.

Lots of my cobbers had the most fantastic adventures in Tobruk. Perhaps I was unlucky, but looking back I don't think Tobruk personally exciting.

For the first month we occupied the front line, from R13 to S33. After a week of practically sleepless days and nights I dozed off in the afternoon sun. When I awoke the Runner was looking down at me, saying "Terrible sight a lot, weren't they?"

"Who?" I asked.

"The Rtds."

"What Rtds?"

"The prisoners of course," he said. We'd taken a hundred prisoners. Being a sergeant, I couldn't admit to the runner that I'd slept through the platoon's first battle.

When I returned to Australia in 1943 I was sent to OCTU to become an officer.

Three months after I had got my commission and I was still in Australia. I received a wire from the Australian Broadcasting Commission asking if I would be their war correspondent. The C-in-C approved well, I approved too. Adventure, I told myself, had gone out of soldiering. But as a war correspondent, and
radio war correspondent I remembered how Churchill started
I put up my correspondent's green badges in Sydney, and women in
trousers nudged their Africa-stared soldier boy-friends to point me out
"Look, darling A War Correspondent"

Glamour at last Interviews at the
ABC confirmed by impression
"Legs," they said, "you have a won-
derful opportunity. Shortly we shall
have portable recorders which you
will be able to take into the front
time-out on patrol—radio at night
"What?" I queried quickly
"Well it will be a wonderful oppor-
tunity, whatever happens. This sort
of war reporting is new . . ."

The new portable recorders weren't
ready when I flew to New Guinea.
However, my sort of war reporting
had, in all probability, never been
done before

There was a recording outfit at Fort
Moresby. It was portable in that it
could be moved in a three-ton truck.
As three-ton trucks don't go far in the
jungle, it remained in Moresby.
With the newspaper correspondents
I visited different fronts. When they
despatched their copy by air to Aus-
tria I returned to Moresby recorded
my report and sent it off as best I
could.

All the transport planes flew in about
1600 hours and often their nose ruined
my recording. And always black-
faced boongs crowded round the odd
Australian who went into the jungle
to talk to himself. I often wondered
whether the whole thing was worth-
while.

Once I got a scoop. I accompanied
the Americans landing in the Admi-
ralties, the first move north from New
Guinea. There were only three Aus-
tralian war correspondents covering
the operation, and after the landing
it developed into a race back to
Moresby with the story.

My destroyer beat the others to
Borneo. We were all held up because

of a violent storm raging over the
Owen Stanleys, but I found a R.A.A.F
crew willing to risk the trip. I flew a
thousand deaths on the flight, but
reached Moresby fourteen hours ahead
of my rivals, and radioed my story
from Moresby.

Something went wrong, however,
and my story did not get on the air
until after the news had appeared in
the entire Australian press.

In New Britain I had no recording
outfit. But it didn't matter. There
was no war in New Britain. For the
Bornea landings I had a portable re-
corder all to myself, making me a real
radio correspondent. I arranged for
the jeep containing the recorder to
be the first vehicle ashore at Labuan
from an L.S.T which was to beach
soon after the first waves hit the shore.
It beached in the wrong place, the
jeep ran down the ramp . . . and dis-
appeared in fourteen feet of water.
The driver could swim. The recorder
was salvaged just before the end of
the war.

By Surrender Day in Tokyo I had
another recorder. Of all the radio
war correspondents assembled, I was
the only one with a portable recorder.

General MacArthur issued an or-
der that no portable recorders would
be allowed aboard Missouri. My story
of the surrender was typewritten re-
corded in Yokohama, jepped to Atsugi
airstrip, flown to Okinama, carried to
a radio transmitting ship, short-wave-
d to Sydney, and picked up there two
days later and mutilated. The only war
reporter with a portable recorder
was the only one whose story of the
surrender was never broadcast.

I don't know whether I've been
lucky or not—but I do know that I had
sorts of odd spots which seem to
appeal to people as an adventurous or
colourful life. But I can't think of
one adventurer or explorer who died
rich. I can't think of one who really
made adventure pay. So I've had ad-
venture—had it in the deepest mean-
ings. And I'm all for the quiet life

64 CAVALCADE, December 1948

"I thought her dress looked dreadful . . . and don't you think the groom
looked rather swallow? And the way the bridesmaids walked well."
In the Wake of a  

BON VIVANT

PEGGY GAYNOR

"Civilization," says the gourmet, "is the history of food and wine!"

The young man picked up his wine glass and drained it in one almighty gulp. Monsieur Talleyrand's eyebrows rose in horror.

"Sir," gasped the young man in confusion, "I have offended you. Pray tell me how?"

"Young man," answered Monsieur Talleyrand, "when I provide you with my best wine I expect it to be appreciated."

"I fear, sir, that my only excuse is ignorance and inexperience. But if you would be so good as to explain how one shows an appreciation of good wines I would be eternally grateful."

Monsieur Talleyrand poured himself another glass and held it up to the light.

"Firstly," he said, "you warm it in your hand, like so," and he cupped it lovingly. "Secondly—you swirl it gently—again like so. Then you hold it delicately with your nostrils."

"And then?" prompted the young man.

"Why then you contemplate it—the translucency, the colour, the sparkle."

"Then, sir, I presume you drink it?"

"Drink it," said that inimitable prince of gourmets, "why certainly not. Then, young man, you sit back and talk about it!"

This was no personal observation. Talleyrand was merely echoing the sentiments of the great brigade of bon vivants, gourmets and epicures who had drunk good wine and sought good food since Ausonius hosted the banquets of France.

But don't let such remarks scare you. This great band of bon vivants is not a closed order. You too can become a gourmet without drinking royal hands at your table or gracing the banquets of Europe.

Take intelligence and appreciation and flavour it delicately with discrimination, and you should have the ingredients necessary.

The French will tell you that they have mastered the art by sitting in the street cafes of Paris paying out sous not francs—but add with what discrimination!

How do you begin to be a gourmet? Well—perhaps by travel, perhaps by desire for a hobby. Or perhaps you have the good fortune to begin like Mr. Stanley, a Sydney gourmet of the first water.

Jay Stanley became a bon vivant by the simple expedient of being born into a long line of bon vivants. But his real initiation came at the advanced age of three.

"It is now time," said Papa Stanley, "that you learnt to appreciate good wines. But whatever you do, drink always to dry wines. Spirits may be mean an early downfall of wine—with wine your life should be delightful."

Jay obeyed his father implicitly. He couldn't read the labels but he became a past master of smell and taste. But even this acute development of his senses was unable to alter him at times. And if one of these rare sense blackouts Jay sampled rum like the fatal spirits that his father had deplored.

His downfall was immediate and complete. He fell flat on his face in front of the young Stanley at five, at an age when he should have known better. But! But the lesson was thoroughly learned.

At seven his father again took him aside.

"My boy," he said, "it is now time that you learnt to cook. No gourmet ever drinks for the sake of drinking. You must drink for a reason—as the natural accompaniment of good food. You will now dine with the family, and you will also cook one luncheon a week for the family."

Young Jay dutifully complied.

Six days a week he sat happily down to the French cuisine that Papa Stanley favoured, toying with his Burgundy, knowingly sipping his Château d'Yquem and savouring each dish. But on the seventh day he was dispatched to the kitchen to produce unadulterated associate that he'd eaten at the table.

His father's methods of correction were simple and direct.

"My boy," he would say, "you call this roast chicken. I don't," and with one single heave he would hurl it through the window.

"And," adds the reminiscing Mr. Stanley, "more than once without opening the window."

How many chickens were sacrificed on the altar of experiment went unnumbered. Papa Stanley fortuitously owned a property and his stock probably went cheerfully to their death in the cause of fine art.

At nine Jay went droving with the men and his damper per excellence became delectable memories in the bullockies' minds. And on his return home he was learning more each luncheon and drinking very well.

But one grim morning Papa was waiting for his son.

"My boy," he said solemnly, "I have suddenly remembered. You have to go to school."

The French cuisine faded like a beautiful dream, and young Jay was pitched out suddenly into the land of schoolboy French and very mediocre cuisine—this child who had been used to a quarter of a bottle of port at dinner was left to the miserable monotony of water and weak tea.

"Sir," he asked hopefully of a master one day. "Can we drink wine with our meals?" The master's eye steeld and he faced coldly on this newest addition.

"Stanley," he said, "not only can you not drink wine with your meals but if you're ever caught drinking wine any time at any place you will be promptly expelled!"

CAVALCADE, December, 1948
Jay's heart leapt within him. The appearance of one bottle of port on the table and he would be out of this dreary place in a matter of hours. Perhaps his father would oblige. But Papa Stanley had fixed views on education as he had fixed ideas on other matters. Jay could drink freely on holidays, but his school life must be abstemious.

For five long years he stayed at boarding school, but at fourteen Papa had joyful news for him. "My boy," he said, "once more, I can see that continuance of the term time strictness will only dull your appreciation. I have arranged for you to live in a boarding house in Sydney and attend a day school. What is more, I will see that you have your own stove installed for further experiments."

Jay moved in and the very next day a crate arrived from home stocked full with a generous supply of claret. Papa was indeed understanding.

In this balmy new atmosphere young Jay grew to manhood and matriculated from school.

"Father," he suggested mildly, "will I now be going to the University?"

"The greatest university," answered Papa Stanley, "is the world—the greatest teacher. Life. I have arranged to send you off for three years starting from here as a purser's clerk. You will I hope, benefit considerably, and it will give you an opportunity to sample the food and wines of other countries. My boy—I envy you!"

In the chop suey parlours of China, Jay ate his bird nest soup in the Japanese restaurants his nasi goreng, the wine, the rolls, the cafe noir when he berthed at Marseilles, the quibled herring when he arrived in Copenhagen.

He found that a good judge of wine and food was always welcome in civilised countries, and Papa's training had been thorough. The three years were well spent.

His father was waiting when he returned.

"My boy," he said, "you must think about the future. What are your aspirations?"

Jay didn't hesitate.

"The shortest way to an early retirement, father. I want to make enough money quickly so that I can devote my life to food and wine."

With this resy future in view, Jay went to work—working hard to build up a business that would yield the required sum necessary to become a full-time bon vivant.

In 1933 his bank told him happily that he'd reached his goal.

"Father," he said as he packed his bags, "I have now enough money to buy one of two things. Either for marriage and a family or for wine, food, and travel. I think the last would preserve me best."

Once more Europe's cafes and wine cellars welcomed back this southern son of Australia, Talleyrand and Casanova.

He went straight to France and acquired a vineyard of his own in the Rhone Valley. He returned to Australia and opened a hotel in Avignon, where the years rolled by and he shared an excellent Chateau Meudel du Pape, which came from the grapes growing thickly on his vineyard.

He also bought a car and followed the wine harvest festival across Europe—tripping gaily first to France, then Belgium, to Vienna.

"Vienna's festivals," he recalls, "were the colourful ones. Long tables set up in the village square and at one end the great invertebrate decanter kept filled with wine. Everyone holding their empty glasses under the constant flow. The musicians wandering between the tables, the strumming singers—men, women, old, and young—everyone happy; beautiful women, beautiful music and beautiful wine."

This halycon existence went on literally till the eve of war, when Jay was celebrating the harvest festival in Vienna. He was caught when war broke out but managed to escape into Italy and cross to England and finally back to Australia—a sad place for a gourmet's fancy. But for the travelled Mr. Stanley, you know, Australia is the new home of the bon vivant, the epicure, the gourmet.

Jay moved in a halycon atmosphere and was a success. He didn't drink any more and became a connoisseur. The wines he gathered were unique. His home became a haven for overseas visitors who could reacquire the pre-war atmosphere of dinner in Bordeaux and Lyons.

Not long after his return a Society of Gourmets was formed in Sydney, and he became secretary and—for his pleasure and theirs—chief cook. The sole object of this society was the drinking of the finest wines and the tasting of the finest food. But members must be practising gourmets. Their initiation ceremony is a rigorous one. They must prepare a luncheon that will tickle the palate of the judges—all tried veterans in the art.

Society luncheons each month are solemn rituals—no boozing gulping with one eye on the clock. They must relish each morsel and let each taste be savour the wine.

"Two hours for lunch," says Jay, "is the minimum time required. In France they realise this, and they take two hours for lunch. Business! Well, business must stop for two hours, that is all!"

Two hundred years ago Brillat-Savarin, a noted French gourmet, thought the same when he wrote, "Let dinner be the last business of the day and the guests considering themselves as travellers who are to arrive together at the same place of destination."

Food and wine is a delightful study, a source of continued pleasure—both in the creation and the sampling.

"For," as Jay adds wistfully with Baker, "show me a lean and hungry chef and you show me a man not worthy of his craft."

CAVALCADE. December, 1948
Nickells was horror-stricken as the natives dropped dead at his feet.

C. MASON KERR

IN THE KIMBERLEYS

The summer monsoons were sweeping across the Kimberley country in North-West Australia. Liveringa Station in King Sound lay right in the wet patch, but it would provide shelter till the rains passed.

The little band of aborigines, going "walkabout" from their home station, staggered over to the outbuildings to settle down with their Liveringa friends for a time in the queer communism that is their own.

On the edge of Liveringa, the army camp still waited for their mail and supplies. Twice Arthur Nickells, the storeman in Derby, had tried to get his truck through to the camp. But the hundreds of miles out to Liveringa was a continual hog. It was another month before he could make the trip.

As he drove through the gates towards the Liveringa homestead, he sensed the quietness of the place. It was an uncanny silence—a silence with the smell of death upon it.

Nickells had met the signallers in Derby on their way out to their wartime posts. They had been so ignorant of the bush that he had pitied them. Youngsters had asked whether they would get regular mails from home. He had not had the heart to tell them that they might be cut off from the rest of the world for the greater part of three months by the flooded tracks of the rainy season. He had assured them that mails would get through "fairly frequently."

Stores and mail had accumulated in Derby and now that the "wet" showed signs of easing and the tracks were firmer, Nickells decided to load them into a truck and push off alone in an effort to break the party's isolation.

As the truck, shattering the bush calm, approached the Liveringa homestead, something in the quietness of the place impressed itself upon him. It was an uncanny silence, a silence with the smell of death upon it.

He had not expected the signallers to come rushing for he knew they were some distance away. But he had expected some sign of life.

Nobody moved around the natives' quarters.

He drove through the rough outer gates and close to the buildings stopped the engine. He had not expected the signallers to come rushing for he knew they were some distance away. But he had expected some sign of life.

Nickells remained seated in the cab of the truck pondering upon the desolation. Only sound that came to him was the tick-tick of hot metal of the erstwhile laboring engine. He turned off the engine and called out. There was no answer.

So he climbed out of the truck and walked over to the first of a group of huts and sheds where he knew the natives lived. At the door he again called and when the silence was unbroken he stepped from the bright light across the threshold into the gloom.

It was a native, his face dreadfully contorted and his hands clutching his stomach. Nickells hurried forward. The native fumbled with his arms and grabbed him convulsively. But before he could speak, Nickells felt the black go rigid and then sag. He was dead.

Nickells lowered the body to the southern floor. He examined the interior of the shed, but there was no explanation for the native's death. The silence of the buildings seemed to descend upon him, crushing him like something physical.

He walked slowly out of the shed, searching for some sign of life. Why were no other natives about? Had the station been smitten by some strange disease?

Baffled, he decided to push on to the camp. Suddenly a lubra staggered to the door of another shed. She looked dreadfully ill and she too was clutching her stomach. Her face was lined and twisted in agony. Her eyes were alight. She looked at him with fear in her eyes and without speaking pitched forward at his feet. She too was dead.

Nickells was alarmed. Two natives had died at his feet from some mysterious cause. He felt like fleeing from the death shed. He fought back his desire and began a search of the remaining sheds and huts.

At the door of one hut he called softly in the hope that somebody might be alive. There was no sound but a few feet inside a body was stretched on the floor. A third death on Liveringa! The native had been dead for some time. Rigor mortis had set in. The dead man's eyes stared at the rough ceiling and his face was twisted. It was obvious that he be the others had died in great pain.

Nickells felt he had been hurled into the midst of a murder plot or dropped into some terrible plague spot. Even as he looked down at the rigid form, a fourth native reached towards him from an adjacent doorway.

Again it was the same. The fellow grasped his stomach with both hands. Nickells rushed to his side, frantically begging him to speak. The native's lips quivered. He tried to talk, but he was beyond speech. He crumpled up in a heap on the ground. The fourth death.

Nickells' feelings passed from the state of alarm to straight out jitters. He had seen enough to shake the nerve of any man. Three people to drop dead at your feet without being able to speak, and to find a fourth contorted corpse, was sufficient to rattle anybody. Yet he remained on the scene searching for a clue.

In one shed he discovered several natives lying around obviously very sick and unable to talk. Nickells ran out to the truck, revved the an-
trains and raced away to the camp.

The signallers greeted him joyfully. But his face was grim as he told his story. The signallers jumped on the truck and sped back to the death scene with him.

They roused the sick men. But, despite persistent questioning, they could get no sense out of them. These natives didn’t seem dangerously ill. Even without medical knowledge, the white men felt certain there was no immediate fear of further deaths.

The signallers remembered seeing more natives around the place a few days before. A search was begun, and on distant parts of the station, healthy natives were located. These explained that they had fled from the sheds in terror when some of their number became seriously ill. Some evil spirit had come among them.

The white men were without a clue. They sent a man into Derby at full speed to get the police, but they knew that a couple of days must pass before police could arrive at Lake A.

The signallers sent the sick natives to take the bodies away and bury them. The instructions were not to go very far and to bury the bodies in shallow graves so the police would have to see them.

Nickells and the soldiers thereupon forgot the bodies and concentrated upon solving the mystery. They still were floundering when the police arrived.

First demand of the police was to see the bodies. Nickells and the soldiers told them that would be easy. They led the way to some scrub not far away where they confidently expected to find the shallow mounds.

To their amazement there were no bodies and no graves! Strange deaths and how the bodies whisked away!

The white men raked about in the scrub and were thoroughly baffled. The morning was fine, the sun shone hotly from a clear sky. Then one of the men felt a drop of moisture on his face. Raindrops from a cloudless sky? Impossible!

He looked upwards through the bush—and the bodies were located. Burial to these natives had not meant putting the bodies underground. They had followed their ancient tribal customs of hoisting their dead upon a bower of branches supported by poles. The bodies were beginning to decompose, and the drop of moisture had fallen.

Then began a searching investigation led by the police. The natives, well and sick, were rounded up for questioning. They were frightened and uncomprehending. The police had to cajole and scold.

Death had been brought by the nomadic band of “walkabout” natives. They had left their own station many miles away weeks before. In their wanderings they had come upon a second station, where they had spent some time with the local natives.

When they had been about to move on, they had bagged for some baking powder from the station crowd, to put in their flour to make their dumplings rise. The primeval communism of the aborigines had been demonstrated in a disastrous manner.

The station crowd had filled up an empty coffee tin with powder. Then the nomads had moved on. But on the track they had not baked any dumplings. Wandering across the country, they had lived off the land. They had not thought of dumplings until they had reached the campfires of Liverings.

Then they had brought forth their well filled coffee tin. They had shown it to the Liverings natives, and had said that they would have “big fella damper.” The dough had been mixed and the dumplings had been baked and eaten.

All had shared in the feast of damper, made not with baking powder from the coffee tin—but with arsenic which had been tipped into it by mistake.

then I covered them with dirt, and that was the last I ever saw of them.”
The manner in which the near suburbs of all the capital cities have been built out makes the problem of planning for difficult sites a common one. Practically all the level building blocks in Sydney suburbs and in a lesser degree in those of the other cities have already been utilised. Steep and broken ground covers a large percentage of the allotments available for present day home-builders.

The cost of building on this type of site is naturally greater than on level ground. Wise planning can, however, limit the amount of additional cost and in many instances a much more interesting home and surroundings can be the final result.

This month CAVALCADE offers a suggestion for a home on a site with a sheer drop running across the centre. The living, or daytime, rooms are on the upper floor level whilst the bedrooms, or night section of the house, is on the lower level. A flat roof over this latter section provides a large and useful open deck which is approached through the living-room.
The upper floor is on a level approximating that of the street. The garage is placed in the front of the building to provide easy car access. There is also a path of stepping stones leading across the lawn to the entrance porch.

From here one enters the living room, which is combined with the dining room into one large L-shaped area. The entire length of one wall of the living room is made up of windows extending right to the floor, and commanding a view of the garden on the upper level.

The kitchen is located in the angle of the L, with direct access to the living room. A pair of glass doors from the living room lead out on to the open deck.

The bedrooms are arranged on the lower floor along the sunny side, all each is fitted with its own built-in wardrobe. The bathroom and a separate toilet room are located at the foot of the stairs where they will be convenient for both floors.

The minimum frontage required for this house is 60 feet. At the rate of £150 per square the building cost would be £2,600.

---

Designed for a big family breakfast

**STC TOAST-A-RACK**

KEEPS 5 SLICES OF TOAST HOT WHILE 2 MORE ARE TOASTING

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Price in all Capital Cities: **47/6**

At all Authorised S.T.C. Retailers
JUDY COOK is a modern mermaid with a commercial outlook. She has cashed in on the strip tease craze that has intrigued America since Gypsy Rose Lee first peeled in public. But there is nothing crude about Judy's novel ability. There she is, walking demurely beside the pool when suddenly her hat blows off—my! but how annoying!

JUDY COOK, a modern mermaid with a commercial outlook, has cashed in on the strip tease craze that has intrigued America since Gypsy Rose Lee first peeled in public. But there is nothing crude about Judy's novel ability. There she is, walking demurely beside the pool when suddenly her hat blows off—my! but how annoying!

**BEING A GIRL** who simply must be fully dressed she leans over to rescue the hat. And in she goes—oh dear. Judy figured that undressing with a new angle should pay off, and she was right. While burlesque strippers depend on theatrical effect she goes for sheer realism, makes her tumble into the water look like a genuine accident. Result is all that could be expected. Now she's all wet and it doesn't look as though she'll get the hat either.
FOR A MOMENT she doesn’t seem particularly worried about it. After all if her head must be bare the rest of her ought to match it. And Judy is a very consistent lady. First off with her skirt.

THEN THE BLOUSE. Are you sure you only came down for your hat, Judy? Those garments are coming off pretty easily. It makes us think you put ’em on for a purpose.
STILL MAYBE WE'RE WRONG. Here she's on the prowl again after the elusive head gear. After all clothes are inclined to hamper you on such important quests. And anyhow, the swim after the hat gives her a chance to float past the audience—taking a bow, in a way.

AND HERE SHE'S GOT IT. We were wrong. Well, well—just shows you should never doubt accidents! But we did hear Miss Cook plans a tour with a portable swimming tank and an obliging wind. What's that—oh of course—purely in the cause of art!
Lucky Guy!

Now Lucy was
(I don't say this because
She specially favoured me)
A lovely lass to see
In any sort of rig she liked to wear
It happened that
A very silly little hat
Ribaldus to view
(And on most people too)
Looked lovely crowning Lucy's lovely hair
The fortune was all mine
When I first shot a line
At Lucy, Lucy caught it
And (few people would have thought it)
She chose me rather than some handsome guy
And Lucy's smile was dental,
But she proved quite temperamental
Over some trifling thing
They worked an inner spring
And brought the fireworks smartly to her eye
Very soon I couldn't stand it
Thought I'd hand it
To any one at all
Who could let Lucy bawl
And still profess some ardour for her beauty.
When I tried to tell
As we drank too well
That I was going to break loose
She said it was the boose
And she expected I'd feel better in the morning
A reversal of form
That left me forlorn
And further attempts at escape
In behaviour of similar shape
Found her suddenly understanding, not at all scorning
I stood her up for a date,
And such was my fate
She rang to say she was ill
And couldn't fill the bill
On that occasion So I gave the game away
But what's worse, soon afterwards she married me
And she's been bawling me out ever since
And man who see her
Turn and leer
And say, lucky guy,
I wonder why
He got a lovely looking girl like that!

MORRIS McLEOD
WHEN the runners brought drawings of the strangers to the city of Tenochtitlan, Montezuma, prince of the Aztecs, sent Alvarado Cortes a wheel of gold, a cloth of gold and bright plumage, and a message to go back.

Cortes' answer was to have his men burn the caravels in which they had sailed from Spain to new conquests, and the Spaniards marched on Mexico.

The unified land that now bears this name was, in the year 1519, a series of dominions ruled by savage monarchs. The Spanish march was destined to be a bloody one.

Their first battle was fought against the hosts of the Tlascalans. Three thousand Spaniards faced thirty thousand of the foe on a great open plain, and routed them with shot and shell.

The defeated Tlascalans made a swift volte face then, declaring themselves the Spaniards' friends and giving them freedom of their city. This act was the key to Cortes' conquest of the land, since without the help of this tribe he would never have taken Tenochtitlan.

On the heels of victory came messages from Montezuma of the Aztecs and from the prince of the Cholulan people, both offering Cortes a hearty welcome to their cities and assuring him of their friendship.

"Beware of Montezuma and his gifts," the Tlascalan priests told the Conquistadores. "He is false, and seeks only your destruction."

The Spaniards stayed six weeks in the Tlascalan city. During their march on Tlascala, the Spaniards had cast down many stone idols among the lesser tribes, but now Cortes wisely refrained from interfering with the rites of his new allies. Montezuma's city, it seemed, was the lock to the door to conquest, and the Tlascalans were the master key.

With a host of these warriors behind him, Cortes marched west. He had decided to sound out the Cholulan offer before going to Montezuma. If the Cholulans would join with him, Cortes believed he would be invincible.

The Cholulan savages took this great host of men and armour into their city. The Spaniards looked around them and saw great wealth.

But under the Cholulan guise of friendship lay a plot to slaughter the invaders. The Spaniards luckily heard of this time to strike first.

Within a space of four hours there were few left alive in the Cholulan capital.
Now Cortes marched for the valley of Mexico, towards its gateway, the separate peaks of volcanic Popocatapetl and Ixtaccihuatl.

They came to the valley and saw below them the city of Tenochtitlan gleaming white in the sun, and approached by four great stone causeways.

Monteruma made them welcome, let them march into the city, and gave them a great palace for their quarters. But conquest was the aim of these men.

At a given time the Spaniards and their followers ran smok in the city, killed thousands of the Aztecs, and stormed the temple and threw down its gods. But the Aztecs rallied, throwing their great numbers into the fight. The Spaniards were forced to retreat over one of the causeways.

There were three strategic breaches in the causeways. The Aztecs fought from land and from canoes in the water. Only as men, horses, ammunition carriages and cannon fell into and filled these breaches were the sad remnants of Cortes' army able to cross to safety.

Many thousands were killed that day. At sundown many hundreds of captives went to their deaths under the knives of the Aztec priests. The ragged little army of Cortes beat a way back to Tlacotalan and the coast.

There were fresh arms and men waiting on the coast for Cortes. The King of Spain had remembered his conquistador to the extent of two hundred fresh men and horses, cannon and firearms for these and as many more twice over. The Tlacotalans hated their hereditary enemies, the Aztecs enough to raise a fresh army.

With this host, together with a number of small ships he had the soldiers make and transport overland, Cortes marched again on Tenochtitlan. Several other tribes joined the Tlacotalans in his wake.

In their second attempt on the city, the Spaniards almost suffered a recurrence of the original slaughter. Cortes lost two hundred Spaniards and a thousand Indians, and the sun god had more living sacrifices made to him that night.

Since he could not take the city by assault, Cortes decided to raise it. From land and from the ships his cannon began to pound the buildings to rubble. Whatever would burn was put to the torch. Each passing day saw the slaughter of hundreds of the enemy who never in one moment stopped fighting back.

The Indians on both sides were cannibals. There was no food supply problem where they were concerned. As the Spaniards advanced on the city centre they found the streets piled high with dead. These conditions bred pestilence, which killed more Aztecs than the Spanish guns did.

The two last days of the campaign were the most bloody.

On the first day it was estimated that forty thousand Aztec men, women and children were butchered because they would not give in. The streets of Tenochtitlan were piled with the dead, and the gutters ran with blood like unto these channels after a rain-storm.

On the final day the blood-crazed Tlacotalans, Otomies, and Cholulans, Tehuautepecs and other tribesmen accounted for the remnants of their hereditary enemies, the Aztecs. Back of their fury lay almost a century of savage domination, exaction of tribute, theft of their young manhood, the torture of their maidens, and a list of other crimes committed against them.

In this last hour, when the Spaniards tried to stop the needless killing of a beaten people, they were powerless to hold their Indian allies. Night fell on a city where the buildings were razed to the last fragment and the only pyramids left were those of the dead. The conquest of Mexico was ended.
THE FORT DOES NOT EXPECT HIS ARRIVAL. THE TELEGRAPH LINE HAS BEEN DOWN FOR TWO DAYS AND NO MESSAGE HAS GOT THROUGH.

LIEUTENANT MICHAEL O'ROURKE, FRESH FROM WEST POINT, ARRIVES BY THE SAME COACH. PHIL IS INSTANTLY ATTRACTED.

NEXT MORNING THURSDAY, THE OFFICERS SUMMON THE OFFICERS AND TELL THEM HE INTENDS MAKING THE POST THE MOST EFFICIENT IN THE ARMY...

LIEUTENANT O'ROURKE FINDS THAT PHIL IS FOND OF RIDING AND SUGGESTS THAT THEY GO RIDING THAT AFTERNOON.

PHIL NOTICES SMOKE RISING IN THE DISTANCE. O'ROURKE REALISES IT COMES FROM THE TELEGRAPH LINE AND THEY RIDE TO INVESTIGATE.

A SUPPLY WAGGON IS OVERTURNED AND THE BOOIES OF TWO FORT APACHE SOLDIERS LIE ACROSS THE BROKEN TELEGRAPH WIRES....

We ALL agree on Tek!

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Tek

THE BEST TOOTHBRUSH MONEY CAN BUY

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON
The Colonel sends O'Rourke and four volunteers back to report the Tele-Graph line and scout for possible Indians. O'Rourke took Phil riding without permission and forbids him to visit her again.

Captain Yorke knows Indian tactics, and believes that such a small party will be wiped out if the Indians attack. It's suicide!

Hardly have O'Rourke and the men begun work before the Indians attack!

Realising they are outnumbered they leave the line and ride furiously back to the fort. The Indians follow closely.

They gallop back to the fort to report Colonel Thursday is furious that O'Rourke took Phil riding without permission.

Colonel Thursday sends O'Rourke and four volunteers back to repair the Telegraph line and scout for possible Indians.

Thursday plans to follow with a brigade, thus silencing Yorke's protests.

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**MEECHAM PROFesses IGNORANCE BUT YORKE INSISTS THAT IT IS THE WORK OF INDIANS CORRUPTED BY MEECHAM'S CHEAP SPIRITS AND UNDERHAND WAYS...**

**MEECHAM DENIES THAT HE KEEPS SPIRITS BUT SEARCHERS DISCOVER CASKS OF HIGH-POWERED WHISKEY WHICH THURSDAY ORDERS TO BE DESTROYED...**

**THURSDAY SuggestS THAT IF THE CREAT APACHE CHIEF, COCHISE, COULD BE PERSUADED TO BRING HIS PEOPLE BACK TO THE RESERVATION, THE BAD INDIAN ELEMENT MIGHT BE WIPED OUT...**

**YORKE INSISTS THAT COCHISE ONLY LED HIS PEOPLE AWAY FROM MEECHAM, AND WILL NOT BRING THEM BACK WHILE MEECHAM IS STILL THERE...**

**COCHISE TOLD ME HIMSELF!**

---

*CAVALCADE, December, 1948*
YORKE OFFERS TO FIND COCHISE HIMSELF TO TRY AND PERSUADE HIM TO RETURN TO THE RESERVATION.

WITH SERGEANT BEAUFORT TO ACT AS INTERPRETER, YORKE RIDES OFF TO COCHISE'S CANYON COUNTRY.

YORKE PROMISES COCHISE THAT IF HE BRINGS HIS PEOPLE BACK TO THE RESERVATION THEY WILL BE PROTECTED. COCHISE AGREES TO RETURN.

YORKE REPORTS BACK TO COLONEL THURSDAY WHO IMMEDIATELY ORDERS THE ENTIRE REGIMENT TO ASSEMBLE AT DAWN TO RIDE OUT TO MEET COCHISE.

YORKE IS FURIOUS AS THIS IS CONTRARY TO THURSDAY'S PROMISE TO SEND ONLY A SMALL BODYGUARD HE KNOWS COCHISE WILL SUSPECT FORCE AND LOSE FAITH IN YORKE'S ASSURANCES.

THURSDAY, CONFIDENT AFTER HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE INDIANS ON THE TELEGRAPH LINE, OVERRIDES HIM. THE REGIMENT MOVES OUT NEXT MORNING.

ALL over the world critical people place a trust in the name of Gilbey's that is more than a compliment to the product, it's a tribute to uniformly high quality. To-day, after almost 100 years of painstaking care in distilling, the name Gilbey's is your assurance of excellence—unchanged, unchallenged, quite beyond compare.

DON'T SAY GIN—SAY GILBEY'S

THE WORLD AGREES ON

"GILBEY'S PLEASE"

THE STANDARD BY WHICH ALL GINS ARE JUDGED...

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ASK YOUR NEAREST DEALER for the special charges of IMPORTED ENGLISH RECORDINGS.

Yorke suggests that it would be wiser to talk than fight as Cochise's Indians outnumber the regiment by four to one.

Cochise refuses to return unless Mercham is replaced, but Thursday refuses terms and demands that Cochise returns by sunrise or he will attack.

Thursday discredits Cochise's ability, but agrees to talk to him arrogantly he orders Cochise back to the reservation.

Next morning Thursday orders a charge mounted in fours. Yorke again says the charge is suicide for Cochise will outwit them completely.

Thurday accuses Yorke of cowardice and orders him back to the rear supply train with no part in the attack.
A small force of Apaches comes over the hill, the regiment quickly repulses them and the Indians retreat...

Thursday, confident that he has beaten Cochise already, leads his men in a final charge...

Cochise is indeed a brilliant strategist, the small Indian force is only a bait leading the regiment into a dead-end trap in the canyon.

From all sides the Apaches pour death down on Thursday's men. Until there are only a handful left...

From a hill in the rear, Yorke watches the havoc he predicted. Sees Thursday shot from his horse.

Yorke rides to Thursday's rescue. But Thursday insists he must still command. What is left of the regiment...

It's here!

Parker “51”

... the same streamlined pen you've seen in the American magazines!

The instant you touch point to paper the writing floats smoothly...the ink flows evenly (controlled by the patented ink-trap). All vital parts are hidden...adding to Parker “51's" greater safety and beauty. The 14 carat gold nib is sleekly hooded against dirt and damage...the patented filler is trimly hidden within the slim barrel. Parker “51" is made to precision standards never before attained in a fountain pen.


Supplies of Parker "51" are arriving in greater numbers (we hope to have more for you soon). So be sure, see your local Parker dealer right away.

CAVALCADE, December, 1948
Through the door of a Pioneer Road-cruiser lies a new world... a holiday wonderland, rich in beauty. Step into it on a Pioneer highway holiday. Lean back and let it go by... the ever-lovely, ever-changing scene. Forget your cares... there's time only for enjoyment. There are hundreds of Pioneer Tours each one an adventure in luxurious sightseeing. Choose now—and book! Leave everything else to Pioneer. Fares are all-inclusive.

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**CAVALCADE, December 1948**
It seemed like death by drowning till Connell remembered.

Behind the change counter stood Joe Lucca, the sweat trickling down his fat beaming face as he lovingly fingered the silver pieces that were the price of escape from the heat of the streets outside. His bright black eyes rested a moment thoughtfully on his son—Paul's white-clad figure still stood beside the pool.

Then the lights went out. From the deserted deep end came a...
Ah—relative of Joe here?"

"He's my son," supplied Joe proudly.

"Um—and you name, miss?"

"Joyce Hartley."

"Address?"

"12 Kelvin Street, City."

"Look here," scowled Paul. "After all, at a time like this surely you—"

Connell looked at him with displeasure. "We are not sure yet if the lady is dead—are we? Your address?"

"The same as my father's—next door to here."

"Um—I've talked to Mr. Hartley—anyone else in your party tonight?"

Joyce hesitated. "Only mother's secretary—Glenda Vane. She— joined us here."

"I'll find her. Well, miss, I guess you can go."

She looked at him with keen grey eyes. "She is dead, isn't she?"

"Well, I—" He hesitated, then nodded. "I—I'm afraid so—of course, we must be sure before—routine."

He was mumbling, for under his hard exterior Connell was as soft as butter. "I—perhaps you had better get dressed and go home. I'll call you later."

"Thank you." The girl was calm, her rather long face pale and lifeless. She turned and walked slowly to the dressing cubicles.

Connell quickly returned to brusque efficiency. He turned to Joe, who seemed reluctant to leave him.

"Do you know a Glenda Vane?" he asked.

"Sure—I know that one! She's over there with Maester Hartley."

Len Hartley started as the detective darted towards him, and the girl turned to leave. "Connell called after her."

"Miss Vane?"

"Yes."

Connell's manner altered perceptibly. He liked pretty women.

"Just a few routine questions—that's all. Where were you when Mrs. Hartley met with this accident?"

"Oh, out window. Look at her face. Try—she's got her—"
the New Look moves into the bathroom

Gleaming, easy-to-clean, "tiled" walls, logical arrangement of facilities plus ample cupboard space, all add up to the smooth good-looking efficiency of the modern bathroom. And Masonite makes this "New Look" bathroom a practical possibility for every home-owner.

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Weren't you near her?'
"—well no—we weren't exactly together—"
Len Hartley frowned. "She was thinking of me—and there near the office—she was going to get dressed when the lights suddenly went off—"
Glenda broke in quickly. "That's right—I was almost halfway—I just stood and waited—and I was afraid of slipping in the dark."
"I didn't ask your daughter—I was wondering if she—"
Hartley replied impatiently. "She was with Paul Luca—I'd been watching them."
"Indeed?" Connell's brows pointed his question.
"Hartley flushed. "I—we—that is, Miriam and I—we didn't exactly approve of this fellow—Miriam particularly. She thought him a bit wild—not our type at all."
"I see." Connell glanced towards the still hoversing Joe, but he had not heard. "Well—I guess that's all—if you want to go—Miss Vane had better have her address." He noted it down absently. "Oh—oh—and telephone number?" He smiled. "Thank you." He had no time to spend on Miss Vane now, but later—He turned away.
"Oh, Joe—"
Joe had moved and was looking at Miriam Hartley. The ambulance men were lifting her on to a stretcher.
"What do you think of all this, eh Joe?"
Joe shrugged and spread his plump white hands.
"Theen'k"
"Yes." Connell smiled at the Italian bemiuly. Joe reacted as expected. He confided.
"Well—just tha'st woman—she was no' happy. She watched her husban' tonight—weeth thata one?"
"Another woman—Glenda Vane?"
"Sure—he comes here—very many times—weeth thata Mrs. Vane"

"Hm—you think this was an accident, Joe?"
"Accident?" Joe's eyes became wary. "I suppose so. What else, hey? Steel—all ver' bad for business!"

The baths were now almost deserted and Joyce Hartley's footsteps sounded loud in the silence. Connell saw she was heading towards him. He motioned to the ambulance men to hurry and they moved off. One of the woman's hands slipped from beneath the sheet and he tucked it back quickly. The fingers seemed dry—almost as if they had been burned.

He shrugged—perhaps she had been careless over a stove.

He turned with an uneasy smile towards the Hartley girl. Paul Luca followed closely behind her. She carried her costume wrapped in a damp towel—in the other hand she swung a red bathing cap. She seemed excited.

She held out the cap. "I found this—in our cubicles."

Connell frowned—the body had worn red.
"Well," she said impatiently. "Don't you think it strange she'd take off her cap and then go back to swim?"

Connell rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Hm—you saw her wearing that cap?"

"Of course—at least, I think so. She must have. She didn't want to spoil her hair—she'd have to have another set tomorrow if it got wet.
Paul broke in anxiously. "Does it mean anything to you?"

Connell sighed. "It might—there's just a chance—what cubicles were you in?"

"Number 10. We always used that one—more light."

"I'll take a look. Er—hadn't you better take her home, son?"

Dismissed, they stood watching his short legs twinkling purposefully towards the cubicles.

Connell pushed open the door and the floor seemed wetly. He took out a powerful torch and flashed it in the
Outlawed for 600 years

Oxford University students outlawed a wealthy citizen for 600 years.

In 1249 Oxford had only just begun to make its name as a seat of learning, but several University colleges had been founded, but it remained a small market town. Then came the first historic "town-and-gown" row which led to the unenviable persecution which was carried down through the ages.

As is customary, there was a certain amount of rivalry between the students of the University and the townsfolk, but in 1249, there occurred a serious clash in which a student was killed by Henry Simmons, a wealthy citizen of the town.

The students rose against Simmons, and the unfortunate Henry fled to escape their vengeance. It is not known how long he remained in exile, but eventually, much against the indignant protests of the students, Simmons was given permission by Henry III to return to the town on payment of £80.

The University fought against allowing him to stand trial for nearly 20 years, but when overcome in 1264, they used this as one reason for the major part of the University to move to Nantherton. In the same year, however, Simon de Montfort mastered the King, recalled them and reminded Simmons' licence. He went into exile again. There he died, but his memory was perpetuated in a ceremony whereby every candidate for the baccalaureate, or bachelor's degree, was required to swear a solemn oath against allowing his peaceable residence in the town.

This oath was carried on until 1637 as warning against all who might molest Oxford students. Their action may seem high handed to us today, but their students felt the same pressing need for security which influences men of all ages and times. Today we do not need to go to the same lengths in our search for security, for our lives are guarded by efficient police, and our future can be assured through Life Assurance. By investing in Life Assurance, Australians not only protect their own future, but they are also making a definite step towards the development of our nation. The money set aside in Life Assurance by over 3,000,000 Australians is invested in works of worldwide importance. By support for road maintenance, electricity supply gas, harbor trusts and many other public utilities Life Assurance brings benefits to every Australian.

corners it was all quite bare. A constable had taken Mrs. Hartley's clothes to the station. He climbed up on the wooden form and peered at the shower pipe. Near the shower rose a slight scratch painted against the tannish of the copper fitting. He was frowning as he went out.

"You're a fool," he told himself, "It's just an incident. Nothing. You're just naturally suspicious."

He went against the counter and gloved broadly at Joe. The telephone rung suddenly and he reached over and answered it.

"She's dead the doc says," the voice at the other end informed him. "The Sub-Inspector wants to see you too." "Alright." He walked out to the car, still frowning. Joe followed.

"Oh—look up, Joe—and go home. No one will say im—not that anyone would want to, I guess." He nodded morosely and drove off. He had a feeling that all was not well.

Connell found the doctor waiting for him when he returned to his office. There was a look of puzzled mystery on the thin sensitive face.

"I can't understand it," he greeted Connell.

"Humph," snorted the detective. "Look—that woman is dead. But she wasn't drowned."

Connell's jaw dropped. "Not drowned—but, man, they faked her out—"

"Yes, I know. But she wasn't drowned. There was no water in the lungs. She was dead before she went in." "Any theories as to how she died?"

The doctor shrugged. "It seems odd—but she appears to have suffered shock. And her hands are badly burned. I might say she was electrocuted."

"Electro—but that's—no, wait a minute!" Connell thought of the red bathing cap, the scratch on the shower pipe. "That's it—in the cubicle—a wire from a power point—the shower—she'd turn it on. Someone knew what cubicle she used—that's it!"

"They?" The doctor frowned, then he smiled. "Well, you seem to have it all tied up—I think I'll go home to bed—if they let me get to sleep tonight." Connell nodded absently. He felt a rising excitement.

A young constable knocked on the door. He held a bundle of papers in his hand.

"Well," said Connell, "Found anything?"

"There's something pretty good! Miriam Hartley registered a child in 1936—Paul Lucas is the father!"

"H'm?" Connell looked interested.

"Anything else?"

"Well, her clothes yielded nothing much. They were neatly folded, the usual things looked good stuff. No letters in the purse, just a dry cleaning docket, some small change, lipstick compact, handkerchief, comb. The shoes were wet—some had trodden flat—there was a trace of mud on it—looked like a golf shoe tread—probably her daughter wore—"

"No—wait a moment. Joyce Hartley wore sandals. Women don't wear rubbers as a rule. Look—at that checkered. It may mean something."

The constable hurried away, and Connell relaxed, smiling.

He thought, "Paul Lucas—so that's it! Miriam Hartley would threaten to come between him and the daughter—naturally. Len Hartley and Ghinda Vane might have wanted her out of the way—but did they want it badly enough to kill her? They said they were together—they could be lying—probably were—she looked frightened. Pretty too. The daughter—well, you could dismiss her. Or could you? What were the relations between her and her mother—had they quarrelled over Paul? Paul is the likely one though—he was wearing sports clothes too—I'd better wait for that print Rubber soles aren't suitable for wet floors—no bother.

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would wear them. Still, as insulation if the wearer were handling electricity—that might have been the murderer's idea—he'd run a wire—from a point—or a light socket—ah, the print—hm—quite plain, what there is of it—I think I'd recognise it when I see it—hm—"

The detective got out his car and headed back towards the baths. Old Joe would take it badly, he thought and had a moment's pity for him—
The lights were still on at the baths and he frowned as he stopped the car. Why hadn't Joe locked up as he had instructed him?

He entered silently. Paul Lucca was plugging six and three penny bits into neat cylinders. He scowled up at Connell.

"Well," said the detective, "I thought you'd taken Miss Hartley home?"

"She wanted to be alone—anyhow her father and the Vane women were there—I wasn't exactly welcome!"

"I see. Well, I have bad news for you. Mrs Hartley was murdered."

"Murdered? But I thought you'd decided it was an accident?"

"I had decided nothing!" Connell glared fiercely at Paul. "She was electrocuted before being thrown into the pool."

"Electrocuted? How? Not—not in the shower?"

"Ye-es," Connell suddenly barked at him, "How did you know that?"

Paul blinked. "Why—I—well—I guess I just thought of that—people have been electrocuted in showers, haven't they?"

"Not without heaters, to my knowledge," returned Connell drily. "Where were you before you came here tonight?"

"Where—oh, I was at tennis."

"In golf shoes?"

"Golf shoes—I don't get it." He thrust out a foot. "I'm wearing sandals—do you play tennis in rubber?"

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"Jim Cornell did not acknowledge defeat. He would see Joe. Joe talked too much—he might give his son away. It would come harder for Joe then. He dismissed the uncomfortable thought, grimly—a detective cannot afford to be soft-hearted.

"Where's Joe?" he asked.

"Inside—he swams every night when everyone goes." The younger man was watching Cornell warily.

Cornell trotted silently inside. On the diving board a fat and ridiculous figure passed stealthily. His stubby strokes quivered to the vibration. He saw the detective and a comical look of horror spread slowly over his face. He tittered a moment, then fell, with a resounding splash. Cornell crowed merrily.

A red face broke the surface, and, puffing and gasping and spluttering, Joe paddled to the edge and hauled himself out of the water with difficulty.

"When I sworn—I sworn alone!" he stated with outraged dignity. "I no like da audience!"

Cornell swallowed his laughter with an effort.

"Sorry," he gulped. "Didn't mean to intrude—"

"Huh! I weel dress!" declared the Italian angrily. He waddled away to a cubicle, Cornell returned to the office. Paul grinned slyly.

"I should have warned you," he said.

"Humph," replied Cornell without expression. He drew out a hard chair.

Joe was quick to appear. He sank down on a seat opposite the detective and crossed his plump legs.

"Fena sorry—but I like da privacy, you understand." "Meester Cornell, why you come here again, huh?"

"Did you know the lights in the lane were off?"

"Tea da lane?"

"The ones fixed on to the walls of these baths."

"Ah, those Yes, I puts them off these afternoon—one of them outta order."

"The one near cubicle 19?" Cornell was watching both men closely.


Cornell smiled. "A wire could be run—from there—possibly through the ventilator of the cubicle."

"Whata you mean?" gulped Joe.

"Thata woman—she keeled by the electric."

"You both understand so quickly," sighed the detective. "By the way, Joe—did Paul ever tell you he and Miriam Hartley had a baby in 1938?"

Joe's mouth fell open, then closed silently.

Paul spoke earnestly. "Why, that's ridiculous—I'd only be fifteen then."

Cornell shrugged and looked at the ground. There were too many smooth answers around here, and as a detective Cornell knew smooth answers were either simple truth or a deliberately concealed lie.

He looked slowly from one man to the other, and he figured that they were too much at ease for collaborators. There was something missing that would have been there had they been in this together—he quick exchange of glances, the almost psychotic tension that would have been between them.

No, they were telling the truth...

Then Cornell had a thought. He older than that, Paul.

"Paul—who were you called after?"

"Dad, of course—Joe's just a nickname—but, what—"

Joe had recovered his voice and his calm. "Meester Cornell, whata them you say? You think Paul keela these woman?" His foot twitched angrily.

Cornell suppressed a start. Joe was wearing rubber soled golf shoes. There was a damp print on the floor near his chair.

"No—not Paul," he said gruffly. "You, Joe!"

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Joe shrank back against the chair. Paul looked at him with horror. Joe began to shake.

"I no do eat," he babbled, "Paul, tell him I no do eat. I feek da sweetch all da time. Paul, you see me. Everyone here, they see me feek da sweetch!"

"No," said Connell softly. "Paul didn't see you. He only saw a torch. That's what everyone saw. A sort of decoy, wasn't it?"

Joe repeated dully. "I no do eat!"

"You left a print on her shoe—you're wearing the same shoes now."

"Ona her shoe?" Joe looked at his feet incredulously. "Santa Maria—I treada on her shoe?"

Paul's face was white. "Dad—you did kill her!" he whispered. Suddenly there was hatred in his eyes.

It seemed as if Joe began to shrink. His fat face creased into deep lines, and he looked old and tired. He shrugged. "So—yes, I kneel her. But I do eat for you, Paul, only for you!"

Paul looked at him blankly. "I don't get you."

"I geev Miriam thee's baby—she leave her husban'—but she don't want to marry me. I geev thee's child my name—I wanna do thee's for the child. Her husban'—he take her back. The daughter—she no know about the baby—I take care of that. Then, Paul—you wanna marry Joyce—Miriam threaten she weel tell—she not wanna that my son should marry her daughter—so." He spread his palms apologetically. "Now you and da girl—you weel be happy, yes?"

Connell looked at Paul. What passed across Paul's face hasn't any name: it was the outward and visible sign that the bottom had fallen out of his world.

Connell cleared his throat and looked away. A man in the detective business wants a heart as hard as an oyster shell. He doesn't want a heart at all.

"Do you think she'd marry me—after this?" In his despair Paul was cruel.

Joe quivered as if struck. His face went the shade of the concrete floor. "Santa Maria—I no theenk of thata. Oh, Santa Maria," he whispered. "Theesa bad beasiness!"
Talking Points

● COVER GIRL...
Lovely Jeanne Crain who has rapidly become one of the best-known and most decorative of the film's Ladies, is the smiler who does the right thing by the CAVALCADE cover this month. Admired as much for her talent as an actress as for her beauty, Jeanne does her next job of entertaining in the 20th Century-Fox film, "You Were Meant For Me".

● MEET RITA...
CAVALCADE introduces a smart writer from the Deep South (Melbourne in this case) in Rita Cue, authoress of "The Body Wore Red." Rita is not inexperienced in the matter of writing—it just happens that she hasn't made CAVALCADE before. Though it looks as though we'll be seeing her again. And if you think a woman writer can't handle a well-starched story, start to mend your views on page 184, this issue.

● HUMAN....
There aren't any statistics to show how many women nearly lose their husbands....it is one of those things that either happens—or you never know about it. But one woman who discovered the danger to her home has come clear with the full story (page 5, this issue) in terms that may be of help as well as interest.

● GOOD LIVING....
There are few people who really take time off to master the art of getting the best out of life. The "bon vivant" interviewed (page 60) for CAVALCADE would have it known, however, that people who do live well should not be called "bon vivant," but given the phrase we use. Having put your high school French right, we can only point out that there seems to be a lot of fun involved in getting acquainted with good wines and food. Of course, it may injure the figure—but you can't have everything!

● LOCAL....
The dramatic story of "The Taking of Yehia Ablin" (page 12) is an adventure of Sergeant McFet during his career with the Palestine police. The writer has since returned to Australia and, leaving his more colourful days behind, is enjoying the less hazardous work of the Canberra police.

● LIGHTHOUSE....
The wreck of the "Dunbar" (pages 36, 37 this issue) is probably the most horrifying tragedy of the Australian coast. It occurred because the captain mistook Sydney's notorious suicide spot, the Gap, for the entrance to Port Jackson, which is very nearby. The mistake was only possible because the harbour entrance was not sufficiently lighted, and the "Dunbar" tragedy resulted in the establishment of the lighthouse which has made the Port Jackson entrance safe ever since. This was a better aftermath than wrecks often had, for no less than 42 ships were wrecked on King Island in Bass Strait, before a lighthouse was erected there.
