Was Ben Hall FRAMED?
A fighter fans forgot
A PERFECT UNION

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Dig for Art's Sake
A Fighter Fans Forget
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Names in cartoons and writings other than factual are fictitious.

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Published by Luminous Newspapers Pty. Ltd., Macquarie Street, Parramatta. For the proprietors, Cavalcade Magazine Pty. Ltd., 50 Young Street, Sydney. To which company all manuscripts should be addressed. FRANK S. GREENO, Editor-in-Chief. Produced by the K. G. Murray Publishing Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney Publisher, KEN G. MURRAY. Editor, JACK PEARSON. General Manager, FRED T. SMITH. Cartoon Editor, ALBERT A. MURRAY. Production, ATHOL YEOMANS. Business Manager, WALTER T. CHARLES. Promotions, JOHN MURRAY. Circulation Manager, DOUG SPICER. Distributed through Cavalcade Distributors, Gordon and Gotch (Aust.) Ltd.

ADVERTISING

COLIN A. FITZPATRICK, 36 Young Street, Sydney, N.S.W. KEITH G. MARSHALL, 46 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, Vic. ARTHUR L. BEACARY, 314 Churchill Building, Gwyer Place, Adelaide, S.A. 8064.
was Ben Hall framed?

By common report, he was a reputable and a very capable cattleman... until the "traps" appeared.

FOURTEEN thousand pounds in gold—that was big money in 1862. It was on his way to Forbes... the sole cargo of a coach drawn by four horses, so that any competent bushranger could guess the cargo.

Of course, the police escort made the job difficult. When the bad boys of the bush saw "the traps," they didn't need to guess.

The escort nears the Eugowra Rocks—a natural ambush. That maze of boulders could have hidden a small army, horses and all, and the Forbes road went through it.

The track twisted sharply among the rocks. The escort couldn't see more than a few yards ahead at any time. When they came on to a bullock wagggon blocking the road, they had no choice except to pull up.

A volley of lead came from the rocks the instant they stopped. The sergeant and one of his troopers slumped limply in their saddles, not quite dead, but too badly wounded to fight.

The remaining police could have taken cover in the rocks themselves. They didn't. They ran.

The driver of the coach tried to follow them. That wasn't so simple. The track was too narrow for his four-horse team. He led it half turned, when a second volley scared the horses. They bolted. The driver jumped off the coach and tried to run faster.

However, the gold coach was only half around, it tipped over.

The troopers, including those wounded, got away, the bushrangers got the gold. That was according to form.

Afterwards, the police claimed to know who the "traps" were. They named Gardiner as the leader, and they kept so hot on his trail that they got his pack, with four thousand pounds worth of gold... but not Gardiner.

They also arrested three members of Gardiner's gang (and hung two of them) without finding any more gold. To this day, the remaining ten thousand pounds worth has not been located.

The police made one more arrest, however. That was the most important (and the costliest) move of the whole affair.

They went to Sandy Creek on Ub Station, which is about 15 miles from Forbes. They arrested a young cattleman who had leased the Sandy Creek run. They charged the youngster with having taken part in the gold robbery.

There isn't a scrap of evidence, or any document, to show why they charged him. There wasn't any sense in it.

He was a respectable, and an extremely capable, cattleman. His father had managed Ub Station, as well as others, and the boy had grown up among cattle. He had leased the Sandy Creek run when he got married, and was in his early twenties at the time. He had two young children, he was well-liked and highly respected by other settlers in the district, he was doing well and was noted for the generous help he gave to less fortunate neighbours.

Men like that didn't take to bush-ranging.

He was in the midst of mustering his cattle when he was arrested. The job was about half completed, and it was physically impossible for him to have been at Eugowra Rocks when the gold came through. You can't leave a job like that, steal 14 thousand pounds, and then take up the job where you left off! Maybe the police didn't know that; but everyone else did.

But the "traps" put him in irons and carted him off to jail. They didn't allow him even to turn out the horses he had yards for the mustering. It was a month before he was granted bail, and a horse can't live that long without food or water. Helpless and abandoned, they all died in the yard.

Still, it wasn't the first time that youngster had been arrested. A couple of months earlier, the police had charged him with armed robbery, and he had stood trial. But the police had offered no evidence whatever against him, and he was acquitted.

Why did they charge him, when they had no evidence? And why did they arrest him again, for a crime he couldn't possibly have committed?

There are no answers to these questions, but there ought to be. That youngster is part of history.
His name—it happens—was Ben Hall.

The answer certainly wasn't in his villainous appearance; he didn't look like a desperado. Shortly after he was killed, in 1865, 'The Illustrated Melbourne Post' described his handsome, respectable appearance—light wavy hair, light beard, good features and pleasing expression.

You can't explain it by his questionable, or dissolve, habits, either. His career had been a model of industry and successful pioneering.

There was no answer to the questions on the police files of the day, and that very fact may be the key to this mystery.

Statements made by informers were never recorded. Informers were never named, they were never called to give evidence in court, their identity was carefully shielded for their own protection.

There were bushrangers in that area who were quite capable of killing troopers. In consequence, the police did not, as a rule, go out after them to track them down. Instead, they offered rewards for information that would enable them to arrest an outlaw when he was off guard, and this policy made the police largely dependent on their secret informers.

But the system had one fatal weakness; the informer might be a liar. He might inform against innocent people out of dislike, or jealousy, or to remove a rival. He never has to face his victim to justify his charges. No matter what his character, if only one man willed your run, he could run you with impunity. And there was one man who wanted Ben Hall out of the way.

That was the man who seduced Ben's wife, and had eloped with her while Ben was away droving. His name isn't recorded, but it is safe to bet that he lived in fear of Ben Hall as long as Ben was alive and at large.

Lodging false information against Ben was a cheap way out—but somebody did it!

And it was a sure way to drive a man to crime. Arrest him on a trumped-up charge after another no matter how absurd, disrupt his work, murder his horses, ruin him by unrelenting police action, and what is left for him?

It took more than that, however, to send Ben Hall bushwhacking. It took an accident, a cock-eyed co-incidence, that didn't leave him any choice.

He was visiting a friend on Lambing Flat's Road. He stayed the night, which was the night the Pinnacle Police Station was raided for arms. Not even the police suggested that Ben had anything to do with that.

Pat Daley, who wasn't known as an outlaw, did it. It was his first major escapade. He wasn't even shrewd enough to cover his tracks. He rode off with his loot, stopped for a drink of tea at the house where Hall was visiting, and.yawned for a while knowing nothing of the robbery. Hall, who was riding in the same direction as Daley, left Lambing Flat's with him.

That did it.

Troopers were on Daley's tracks. Ben saw them, and he didn't want to find out what Daley had been up to. He was tired of being jalled on false charges, so he dodged the bullets the police sent at him, and went into hiding.

In the next three years, he was credited with having committed 35 robberies and two murders.

Possibly he did commit some crimes; people at the time thought he did, but on the only two occasions when he was arrested, the charges were so absurd that you can't help wondering. If they had captured him and put him on trial, we would know something about it.

Unfortunately, they never captured him. They could have, but they didn't want to. They could have produced their evidence against him in court, but they took elaborate measures to avoid doing that. They just shot him down.

Not in a desperate battle, and not in a casual encounter with a trigger-happy policeman. Ben Hall was deliberately hunted by a large squad of police headed by a sub-inspector, and when they encountered him he was alone and unarmed. Ben was on foot, when they were mounted. It would have been easier to take him alive than to kill him.

But they didn't go out to capture him. A proclamation declaring Ben Hall an outlaw was read on the day before they left. It called upon any person who encountered him to shoot him on sight—a man who had never been legally convicted of any crime. They didn't intend to convict; they were out to kill.

The early morning found Ben at dawn on May 5, 1865. He was going for his house, which was on the farm at Forbes. He hadn't caught it, and there wasn't a weapon on him.

No one called on Hall to surrender. Accordingly to the police report, when he saw them, he tried to run away. They could have overtaken him quite easily, but, instead, they opened fire.

Sub-Inspector Davidson himself fired the first shot, and wounded Hall.

Ben kept his feet, however, and continued to run, so Sergeant Condell and one of the troopers fired together. Both claimed hits. Even that didn't stop Hall. He was making for some scrub, and he would have reached it, only troopers were hidden there, and five of them waited till Hall was within a few feet of them. They hit him with five shots.

He grabbed a spade. It looked like he would make the scrub, but he was carrying too much lead. He went down, and died before they could fire another shot.

The newspapers of the day praised the police for their 'energy' in killing a notorious bandit. None asked the questions which we are entitled to ask of history.

Why did they murder Ben Hall, when it would have been easier to arrest him? Why didn't they want to bring him to trial?

And why—before he had ever committed a crime—did the police pursue him with one false charge after another, running him, forcing him into a position where, against his will and contrary to his nature, he was compelled to resort to crime?

One more question. Who was the informer whose lies and cowardice kicked off the tragedy?

History hasn't yet answered those questions.

CAVALCADE, October, 1951
MEN CAN BE VIRILE

New hope dawns for those men and women who had thought life must be childless

FOR the past 3,000 years men have been seeking in vain a sure-fire method to fan to hot brightness the flickering flames of virility in aging males, and to enable sterile men to have children.

Sexual sterility means incapability to develop the life-giving elements—ova and spermatozoa. Neither the impotent male nor the frigid female—not even the female in whom vaginismus (an involuntary contraction of the vaginal muscles preventing entrance of the male organ) precludes sexual connection—can be said, on the basis of this alone, to be sexually sterile.

Through artificial insemination the victim of vaginismus may become a mother. And even the semen of the impotent male may cause pregnancy.

Visceral in the conditions mentioned above have become parents in the absence of male connection or artificial insemination.

When this happens the marvel of conception may be attributed to the wonderful power of spermatozoa, or to the single element (spermatocoen) which can be given power to fight its way through obstacles, reach the ovum (egg) and fertilize it.

Females who never menstruate do not ovulate . . . and some of the reasons for failure to ovulate are known. Testing the blood or the blood and urine for certain hormones (these rarely can be decided by a single test—a series of tests may be necessary) may reveal the cause of the failure to ovulate. Exploratory surgery will reveal whether a basic disease or defect is responsible.

On the other hand, the male who does not produce sperm is referred to as an "aspermatic." This simply means that he does not produce sperm or that there is an absence of sperm. But—there are periods in the lives of many males and females when either the male or female may fail to produce the life-giving elements. Only those who never produce or who become incapable of producing these elements are positively sexually sterile.

Nearly all males and females produce the life-giving elements—sperm and ova.

The problem is to restore these elements for the purpose for which they were meant.

Last January, the International Conference on Steroid Hormones, meeting in Cincinnati, Mexico, heard that this goal at last has been achieved.

In the jungles of Chiapas, in southern Mexico, grows a wild, poisonous and evil-looking plant called Cabeza de Negra (head of a black woman) by natives. A distant cousin of the American sweet potato plant, it is more commonly known as the Mexican yam. Its coal-black root has a bitter taste and is poisonous in its unpurified form.

The magic of the root lies in the fact that it yields a drug called pregnenolone.

At the Conference, Dr. A. R. Ababand, a Los Angeles gynaecologist, described the amazing effects of this drug upon a group of sexually-depressed men. Weekly doses of 40 to 200 milligrams of pregnenolone were injected into their blood streams. At the same time thyroxine, a hormone produced by the thyroid gland, was administered.

Result: About half the men treated reported "a definite increase in well-being." They felt better and stronger, seemed to fatigue less easily. In several cases "the increase in sex drive was most decided."

Of 39 sterile men treated with the drug, 22 subsequently became fathers.

"Thus it is postulated that pregnenolone may improve the fertilizing capacity of human spermatozoa," Dr. Ababand declared.

His report produced an immediate sensation in scientific circles all over the world. Here was a new sex stimulant that could be produced cheaply, and in practically unlimited quantities.

Was this, at long last, the answer to old age?

In the long history of man's ceaseless search for the magical "elixir of life" and the fabulous "Fountain of Youth," many curious remedies have been tried—and discarded.

The ancient Hebrews put young virgins in the beds of their patriarchs "to warm their blood."

Old Doctor Susruta of India (1600 B.C.) prescribed a diet of sheep testicles as a cure for impotence.

In the Middle Ages both men and women were used. Exotic love-philters made of powdered mandrake root and "crushed unicorn's horn" were widely recommended.

The wonder drug was a long and wearisome path, and the distance between each significant advance can be measured in centuries.

For several hundred years more
REMEMBER, SOME DUMB ANIMALS HAVE VERY KEEN EARS

The horse bit his master.
How came this to pass?
He'd heard a rhetorical parson
Instructing: "All flesh is grass"
—A critical comment from
that world-famous poet.

ANON.

...men of science still thought in terms
of the testicles themselves, rather than
the hormone they secreted.
It seemed logical enough. Remove
the testicles, and you have impotency
and sterility. Finally, they thought
they could improve human population
by means of a compound
that replaced the spermatogenic
function of the testicles.

In 1948, a German professor named
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Would the same operation work on
men? Nobody knew. And they had
no way of finding out, for nobody
stepped forward to offer his all.

It was three-quarters of a century
later before Sergei Voronoff, a
Russian surgeon, was able to perform the
operation on human beings. In the
1920's he created a sensation by succecssful
grafts of the testicles of
anthropoid apes, the so-called "monkey-cland"
operations.

They completely rejuvenated old
men, made them dance and play—for
about three years. Then senility set
in again, plus deep regret.
Meanwhile other scientists were
patently plodding along the line.
In 1927, a professor at the
University of Chicago, Dr. Fred C. Koch,
finally succeeded in distilling 1,000th
of an ounce of pure essence out of
90 tons of bull testicles. He injected
some into landless capons, and they
became virile roosters. They grew
bright red combs and wattles, they
crowed, tattooed and chased hens with
lust in their eyes.

Here at last was the male hormone.

Eight years later a Yugoslav chemist,
Leopold Ružička, discovered a means
of making, synthetic, crystal-pure
male hormone (testosterone) out of
the chemical cholesterol, found in
the brain and spinal cord of all animals.

During the past 15 years, millions
of doses of testosterone have been
injected by doctors, sold across
the country by druggists, even shipped
across the continent through the mails
to eager customers. The results are
still involved in controversy.

Some doctors claim almost miraculous
effects. They say testosterone has
turned the clock back on old age,
restored worn-out men to full
Youthful vigor.

At the other extreme, a number of
doctors say that it has had no
appreciable effect whatever upon their
patients.

About all that can be reliably said
about testosterone at this point is
that it seems to have an astounding
effect upon some men—and none
whenever upon others.

That's why scientific circles are so
excited about Dr. Abarghel's paper
on the drug pregnenolone. Perhaps it
can reach men not affected favorably
by testosterone. Its rejuvenating
effect seems more profound than
that of testosterone: it not only
promotes virility, it actually restores

fertility as testosterone cannot.
The man greeted Pietro in heavily guttural Italian.

"See here, fellow—you always seem to be about 'This land is yours, eh'!

Pietro shrugged. "It belongs to the pedrone—the Count, who lives in Naples—but I work it, and pay the rent. What of it?"

"I'll give you 50,000 lire if you'll let me dig anywhere on the farm, take what I find—and keep your mouth shut afterwards. What I am looking for is mine, and I put it there six years ago."

Pietro nodded. The money, about $100 in Australian currency, tempted him greatly, but mainly he wanted to gain time. Pietro thought it over, and went to the local carbarnere.

The German knew where to dig; all right. He was just heaving out the small iron-bound box when the police sergeant had a hand on his shoulder.

"What was in that box? Jewels, set in metal rings and worked and all kinds of statuettes... inlaid with antique pieces of gold and silver."

"It was part of the fabulous Rothschild collection, lost by German troops. The value? It would run into ten of millions."

"That is just one instance of the wealth which is still buried in Italy. The point is that the greatest shrines of art treasures in the world were a battleground for two years, and that in the great circle between the Apennines in the south and the Alps to the north, a whole German army was trapped and wiped out."

For two years hard-pressed men and those who merely had to move along made their caches and buried their most valued possessions.

During the two years in which the New Zealand Division hammered its way north from the Sasso to Trastevere, we saw a lot of horses uncovered.

When we struck up the Chianti Valley and across the rolling hill country towards Florence on the Arno, we were soon in the art-collecting business. It was no illegal show. All sorts of people in chartreuse uniforms began to report at headquarters. Despite their uniforms, they mostly looked like professors and art critics, which is exactly what they were. These high-flying detectives had the job of locating for the United Nations the disappeared art treasures of Florence.

It seemed that the Floritans, who had never accepted Mussolini whole-heartedly, and who had the fine old Loyalist habit of picking winners, had evacuated most of the stuff forward towards the advancing Allies rather than back into the Apennines. Everybody was warned about this—everybody, that is, except the sweaty, footsore and battle-weary infantry.

On the night we topped the highest ridge and started down across rolling country to the city below things became a bit disorganised. A half platoon of infantry led by Sergeant Jim Summers pushed on in the darkness until it reached a big stone building on a small hill. There was a battle of sorts around the building, but after a few hectic minutes all mobile Germans had been disposed of.

Finding himself completely out of touch with the rest of the company, Jimmy formed a strong point and settled down for the night.

At first light the following morning an excited deputation of officers (including the company commander and some very heavy brass) came bounding down the trail. Jim rose from his comfortable couch and met them, proud of his conquest. He detailed the night's doings.

"And you posted guards and turned

CAVALCADE, October, 1951
Roy Miland has another angle on this "the-way-to-a-man's-heart-is-through-his-stomach-business." As he confessed (gallantly leaving the ladies to blush), he first patented his discovery when he was down on his uppers and close to out. With enough gum for the tax-fare, he lavishly invited film star Estelle Brody to dinner at London's most expensive night club. Price being obviously no object to him, he ordered the best on the menu. Then came... these things happen. In the hall, fingering it slyly, Mr. Miland confessed to Miss Brody that the sum contents of his pockets at that moment was a bunch of keys. Trapped by the maternal instinct, Miss Brody promptly paid the bill and offered him a job as an extra. Two hours after entering the studio, he was signed up for a good part in "The Plaything."

From "Photoplay," the world's finest motion picture magazine.

"...spluttered a colonel he hadn't noticed before. "Where, may I ask?"

"It was easy, sir," said Jimmy. "The cellar was big and dry and proof against shelling. We didn't even have to sleep on the stone floor. You see, there was a stack of old pictures—just the right size—"

"The right size? Good God, man—"

"Yes, sir. Just right for mattresses. We had 'em down and turned in—Is anything wrong, sir?"

The colonel was turning a delicate shade of purple, but his voice was still under control.

"My good man—before I look, be good enough to tell me what some of those pictures, just one of them, looked like—"

Jim considered for a moment. "Nothing easier, sir. The one I snoozed off on was a crummy lookin' thing. Full of half-naked sheilas and blokes, it was—and half of the women seemed to be in the family way."

The colonel groaned and sat down heavily. Jim had spent the night reclining on Bottichelli's "Primavera."

The other canvases, disencumbered of sleeping bodies, turned out to be of no less caliber. Value? Millions, of course, no estimate would be high enough. Fortunately, not much damage was done.

Another cache of canvases was not so lucky. After a rough-and-tumble around another big country house, a squad was working through it room by room. It was the old system—kick a door open, flash a torch, open up if anything moved.

A basement door hung on its hinges. It was dark down there, and the boys were jumpy. The corporal booted the door again and it fell inwards. A face seemed to lunge towards them, a leerlece face, with piercing eyes—Snowy Baker opened up with his Tommy-gun. Ron Saggars went in with the bayonet. He found himself tripped up, tangled in some sort of trap of cloth and wood, his face in the dust. Then somebody flashed the light again, and somebody else murmured. "Well, they can check that one off!"

You know the "Laughing Cavalier," by Franz Hals? Well, I won't identify this particular canvas beyond saying it was something like that—or rather, had been—with a nice grouping of slugs in the teeth and a bayonet in the doublet.

Another art search led us to one of the largest and most nauseating septic tanks I have ever seen. This one started with a tank battle—a staggering match between a dozen Shermans and a King Tiger. The 70-ton German giant had everything—but speed, and the lighter, faster, but terribly vulnerable Shermans finally cornered him near a group of buildings which looked like a farmhouse.

Here the battle went on all morning. With the Shermans hull-down along a ridge and the Tiger with the Shermans running from building to building to get in killing shots with its half-tracked 88s. Four Shermans were running before a strange quiet fell on the battlefield. The motor had clanged motionless—again, and had simply disappeared. Creeping untoward forward, the writhing Sherman found the answer. It was a farm, all right—a sewage farm. In its last move, the Tiger had blundered across the top of a huge septic tank, and the foot-thick concrete had proved unequal to the strain. The tanks reported briefly before pressing on—the Tiger down there, the liquid over its turret-top, and every man dead—and something that looked like marble stripped on the side. An art-critic-turned-major performed the rescue operation. He got two statues and a stoneware—end he should have got a medal, too, for no man in that campaign or any other showed a greater devotion to duty. I wish I could remember his name, for he was one art critic whose views I would respect. He must really love his subjects!

That was the way it went. All that stuff was found and later restored, some of it considerably battered, to its rightful owners. I wonder how much we missed?
A Fighter Fans Forgot

He was a born leather-pusher...but the mob only remembers him, battered and bewildered, at his end.

We remember Tommy Burns, World Heavyweight Champion, by a defeat, and not by his many victories. The only pictures of Burns in action that seem to have survived are those taken towards the finish of his Waterloo, that blaring Boxing Day, 1908, when he met a man bigger, faster and infinitely more clever than himself and saw his championship ship away on a torrent of sweat and blood-soaked leather. They show him battered and bewildered, slack-jawed and flat-footed trying to get in close to Jack Johnson, whose complete command of the situation is all too evident.

Yet Tommy Burns was a good fighter. A far better fighter than many people whose record stands far higher. Until Joe Louis came along, Burns held the record for successful defences of his title. He bowled 13 challengers over, and not one of them was as small or as light as he was. Burns missed the Golden Age of Heavyweights, but only just. There were still plenty of really good big men around. And don't forget that he had certain physical handicaps. He was only five-seven, a lightweight's height and he weighed never more than 12 and a half stone.

On his record, he has claims to being boxing's most underrated man.

It wasn't that he couldn't produce a punch when it was needed. He could. But the punch seemed to have its finger pointed at him, and its hand didn't often stumble.

At the beginning, maybe, he might have looked good...but there is such a thing as luck, and Lady Luck can be as irrational or choosy as any other witch.

She seemed to take an early fancy to Tommy Burns, but soon her fancy changed and, if she did afterwards deign to glance at him, it was only very occasionally.

Given equal breaks with half-a-dozen world-ranking purs and there is no knowing where Tommy mightn't have gone. But he just didn't get the breaks.

And breaks mean nothing to fans, while success means everything. They just couldn't take to him. He couldn't very well stand up in the ring and orate that he'd been hoodwinked. They threw bottles even in those days.

Burns' real name was Nath Burns. He was a French-Canadian, born in 1881. At 19, he started his professional career, and fought eight times for eight wins, seven by the K.O route.

At the end of his first year's boxing, he had a serious accident. That's why 1901 shows him as a blank in the record book. He came back in 1902, after eight months' in bed, and lost his first fight on points, to Mike Sharkey, a big and far from amiable ring companion.

That was to be his only loss in the next two years, and during that time he put together a very impressive record, including 11 knockouts.

Looking rather like a pocket edition of Jim Jeffries, Burns could both hit and box. He made up for his lack of height and reach with a bulldog tenacity that eventually wore his man down.

At the beginning of 1905, Big Jim Jeffries had run out of opponents. He was too formidable a proposition for any challenger. He began to toy with the idea of retirement.

With the simple, straight thinking that characterised him, he didn't want to retire until he saw a man that he thought was a worthy successor.

On March 24, 1905, Jeffries went to San Francisco, to see Jack Johnson fight Marvin Hart.

Johnson at this time had not reached anything like the zenith of his powers. Hart sported the big black exactly 25 pounds, and gave him a fairly scientific sallacking, to win clearly in 20 rounds.

Jeffries decided that Hart was the man likely to shed most honour on the title. Accordingly, he announced that he was going to retire, and nominated Hart and Jack Root, another good, but light-heavyweight, as the men to do battle. Jeffries nominated himself as referee.

Hart knocked Root in 12 rounds, and Jeffries declared him champion. Jeffries was not entitled to nominate his successor, but after a while, Hart was loudly recognised as champ.

Burns immediately set up a clamour for a title bout.

It is worth noting that at this stage he had more to recommend him than No.1 challenger than did Johnson.

Finally, Hart agreed to meet him, and at Los Angeles on February 23 1906, he got in with his challenger. Burns jumped straight into his stride. He won every round, and the 20th and last stanza found the weary champion still on his feet but hopelessly behind on points.
A H, romance, farewell! Says Canadian scientist, Douglas Walkingon: "Kissing is just chemistry, misapplied, the habit is just a craving for salt." The history of the kiss, he claims, is that a caveman found that salt cooled him off in the heat; he found that he could get it by licking his neighbour's cheek. He later realised that the process was more interesting if the neighbour happened to be of the opposite sex. Thus everyone forgot about the salt

Burns was not accepted with any enthusiasm as champion. His critics said he couldn't hit and run after Jeffries, Fitzsimmons and others, this was a damning indictment.

Burns set out to make the crowd like him. He fought everybody who tossed out a challenge, in the first year of his championship, and they warmed to him.

Few people were attaching him as an unworthy champion by the end of 1908. His punching improved. He flattens Jim Flynn, "The Pueblo Fireman," twice in one round. From Australia came big, tough, Bill Squares. Known as "Booster Bill," Squares was a fine physical specimen.

On July 4, 1907, Burns shaped up to the big Australian whose record was good, and whose punching-in-training had impressed everybody.

Burns, who never lacked confidence, walked straight into him and spelled him on the canvas with a terrific right. Squares didn't get up.

naval battered. For weeks before the fight, he gave out insulting interviews.

As he climbed into the ring to meet his black challenger, Burns was 20 pounds lighter, five and a half inches shorter, and three inches behind in the reach.

The champion had never been intimidated before, and he wasn't now. He rushed across the ring to carry the fight to Johnson. But the big black knocked him down for a count of eight. Even this didn't knock the nerve out of Burns, and for the rest of the 14 rounds, he bored grimly.

Burns fought on, long after he had lost his title, and in 1920, at the age of 33, he met with Joe Beckett, the British champion, and flattened him in seven rounds.

Burns had the misfortune to lose his title to a man who completely overshadowed him.

But a cold analysis of his record shows that he was boxing's most underrated man.

**BANISHMENT**

- By GLYAS WILLIAMS

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**CAVALCADE October, 1931**
Who killed Mary Learoyd?

She was a real little home-body... which makes it stranger that she met a man... who?

On the night of August 24, 1939, just before midnight, she remarked casually to her parents, "I'm just going to the pictures. I shan't be late."

Her aunt saw her wandering along Brook Street, one of Ilkley's main streets, at about 8.30. Which puts up the first query. She was alone at 8.30 and she was not in the pictures.

Why?

She was walking towards the movies theatre when seen by her aunt, but she cannot have been going there. About 9 o'clock, she was seen by a man who knew her, still in the same street and still alone. Yet she cannot have remained alone. It must have been between 9 o'clock and 10.30 that she met who?

At 10.30, Alice Murray, a maid employed in St. Audrey's Park Road, and who knew Mary Learoyd, claimed that she was returning home when, to her surprise, she had never seen Mary in the company of a man. This is the glimpse Mary standing with a young man.

The house was in St. Audrey's Park Road, near a vacant allotment.

About ten minutes later Mr. Horace Evans, also on the way home noticed a couple, standing close together on the little rise of the footpath. The man was a little shorter than the girl and Mr. Evans saw his face, but not clearly enough to swear to identification. She knew Mary Learoyd, however, although the girl turned her face away.

The spot where the couple were seen was within a stone's throw of Mary's house.

The young man was Mary—whatever he was—must have broken down her reserve, for within the next few minutes he must have persuaded her to go on, in the vacant allotment with him.

About ten minutes after Mrs. Evans had seen the couple, Mrs. Alice Kearns and her boy friend, John Skurr, were walking past the allotment, arm in arm, when they heard a little squelch. They paused, looked towards the sound and could see the shadowy figures of a couple in the long grass "about 25 yards from the footpath."

The squelch did not have any fear or panic in it and they saw no reason to interfere in someone's love-making, especially as they heard the girl say, "Wait a minute and I'll kiss you."

John Skurr took his girl friend home. On the way back, he noticed that the couple were still there, though whether sitting or lying he could not be sure. Being a gentleman, he only cast a quick glance.

Next to the vacant allotment was the home of Mrs. Padgett. Her son was ill. Some time after midnight she got up to attend to her son... and also because she had been awakened by the barking of her dog. Her dog never barked without reason, so Mrs. Padgett took a look around. She could see nobody.

About 130 a.m. a night nurse, watching over a seriously-ill patient in a nursing home which also fringed the allotment, heard the agitated voice of a man talking to somebody who did not answer—or not loudly enough to be heard. The man talked for about half an hour. Then there was the silence of the grave.

Next morning Mrs. Padgett went about her usual chores in her garden. Happening to glance over the hedge separating the garden from the allotment she saw a naked human foot and leg!

She called her husband. He found the naked body of Mary Learoyd. She had been attacked with frenzied brutality. Her clothes stripped from...
STATE OF THE NATION (IV)

"You did it!" "I didn't!" "You did!" "I did not!"

Oh savants, who will that the world's gone to pot,
Whose is the fault and whose is the shame?
Please, please, will someone admit he's to blame?
Politicos quibble, economists bote,
Reformers give only themselves a clean slate,
Eugenists and poets and two-penny hacks
Agree only in shifting the weight from their backs.
After all, we're the victims, could we, do you think,
Know exactly who's shoving us over the brink?

— JAY-PAY

The body and torn to shreds. Her silk stockings had been torn off, one of
them being used to tie her hands behind her back, while the other was
laced round her throat. Another garment lay across one shoulder. She
had been battered to death, about one o'clock, not strangulated. After she had
died indescribable sexual brutalities had been committed upon her body.
On the body was also a mud-stained handprint.

Mr. Padgett called the police—and the hunt was up. Two bloodhounds, Mystic and Mournful, were brought unto use. The bloodhounds took up a few trails, but these led to nothing.

The grass around the spot where the body was found was closely mown in
the hope that the murderer might have dropped something. Nothing was
found. The muddy print of a hand was photographed and measured. It
led nowhere. No one obligingly came forward to place his hand over the
photograph.

The job of the police was more difficult because Mary had never been known to have a man friend. She
seemed to be shy of men. Yet it would seem that Mary was quite normal and not averse to male company
If she had had an appointment that night she would—it was deduced—have preferred to keep her friends
and relations in ignorance. The fact that she had been seen alone long after she had said she was going to
the pictures would support the theory that she intended to meet a man. Otherwise, why say she was going to
to the pictures if she merely intended to go for a stroll?

Of course, there is the chance that Mary gave the pictures a miss in the
hope of being "pirated," but that does

A reward of £100 was offered for
information leading to the killer, it
has never been claimed. Only Alice
Murray had alleged that she had seen
Mary alone with a man.

Press appeals, however, brought a
fresh clue. A motorist declared that
at about 8 o'clock on the morning the
crime was discovered he had picked
up a man with a scratched face in
Elkley and given him a lift to Preston. The motorist vividly described the
man. Shown the files of convicted men, he picked one out. The
crime did not receive much attention
— the police had, they said, the
photograph (without the man's name) and asked
anyone who knew the man's whereabouts to come forward.

The man himself showed out into
Elkley, and was picked up before he arrived. His, however,
convinced the police of his innocence—and was released.

Meanwhile, the spiritualists were
hard at work. Mediums at seances claimed to have been in touch with
Mary's spirit which supplied several more different ones to each medium. All paused no more than a
minute of time. One medium was very sure Mary's spirit having talked of
"Harry" and the town of Bradford.

At the resumed inquiry two months
after the crime, the coroner remarked
in answer to some written questions of
the jury: "I think your request for an adjournment is reasonable. I know of
something which I think ought to be further considered before
we close, but I don't want to say
what it is at present, because it might
close somebody's mouth that we think
might help. I don't want to say what
it is, or do the police know of
it"
MARGARET CLARKE

LOVE - LIGHT
OF AUSTRIA

An Emperor was the father and an actress the mother of a Golden Lad.

His name was Don John of Austria, the golden bastard, son of Charles V., conceived in passion, born in shame, reared in the odor of Spanish sanctity.

He was brave, proud and cruel, like his Spanish great-grandparents Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile, but he inherited his blonde hair and his blue eyes from the German opera singer who was his mother.

He flashed like a brilliant meteor across the starry skies of 16th Century Europe. He was dead at the age of 32.

In 1541 a middle-class girl named Barbara Blomberg gave birth to a boy in Ratisbon, in the heart of the Austrian dominions of the Hapsburgs. She had had the child from the Emperor himself and, according to the custom of the times, one Royal father took full responsibility for its upbringing! Don John's mother had played the part when she gave him birth.

Charles was called Jeromin (as he was then called) brought up in Spain, and put him in the charge of Don Luis de Alcalá, an officer in the Spanish army. Donna Magdalena felt a twinge of jealousy when her husband brought the seven-year-old boy to their home at Villagarcía in northeastern Spain, surely he himself must be the father...

But Jeromin soon won the heart of the childless woman, and she became his beloved "Tía" (aunt).

When Jeromin was 11, a tremendously important thing happened to him. He was the Emperor, whom he still did not know was his father.

Charles was 58, an old, ill and distant man, the broken ghost of a man.

Jeromin lay by the great bed: the body outline of the dying man was covered in a blanket of silk lined with feathers. He felt the hand, cold, and moist under his hand, and saw the quivering, grey-white mouth and staring on the jutting Hapsburg jaw. Two pairs of eyes met, and the Emperor saw that his boy was a Royal prince.

The Emperor died. In England, Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne.

The following year, 1559, Donna Magdalena learned Jeromin's identity, in a way which touched on the heart.

The infanta Juana, Regent of Spain, during her brother Philip's absence, had summoned Donna Magdalena to Court at Valladolid and had told her to bring Jeromin. There was to be an Auto-da-Fe... burning of ecclesiastic offenders.

The crowd gathered in the public square to witness the solemn occasion. The Regent passed in front of a yellow-haired boy and took him in her arms. The boy himself was too engrossed by the spectacle in the square to wonder.

Jeromin had a good view.

The day marked a turning point in his life. From then on he was treated with greater ceremony, dressed in more splendid clothes... though why he did not know until King Philip came back to Spain.

Jeromin was taken out on a fine black horse to meet the king. Immediately he recognized the familiar voice of his father.

"The Emperor, my Lord and Father, was your father, too. I now recognize you, and love you as my brother."

Jeromin rode home in silence. But when he saw his Tah, he buried his head in her lap and burst into tears.

Jeromin was given the title of "Don John of Austria", but he was denied the form of address "Highness" and was called "Excellency". The cautious Philip, whose only son was a hunchback, was afraid the golden boy might turn his eyes to the throne.

When his third wife failed to bear him a son and the misshapen Don Carlos, his heir, tried to murder him (only to be put away as insane), Philip decided that the golden boy would be safer in Holy Orders, so he asked the Pope for a Cardinal's Hat. Don John pleaded desperately, he wanted a life of action with the sword, but the Red Hat would have been placed on Don John's golden head.
The Moorish rebellion was put down with grotesque savagery. But Don John returned to Madrid covered with glory, and the head of the Moorish rebel, Aben Aboo, was stuck on top of the gate into Granada.

That was the prelude Don John, now Commander of the Spanish Mediterranean Fleet, was becoming impatient for more. The Turks were ravaging Sicily and Southern Italy and they had captured Cyprus from the Venetians. The Sultan's coffers were stuffed with pillage.

The Pope, in despair, was trying to form a Holy League to fight the Infidel. The Blue Banner of the League was unfurled Don John of Austria was appointed commander of the combined fleets, an Admiral at the age of 24.

"There was a man sent from God, and his name was John," murmured the Pope when he heard the news as he was saying Mass in his private chapel.

The words resounded up and down Italy, when the fleet assembled in Messina Harbour, the Golden Boy was almost a legend in his own lifetime.

In September, 1571, the biggest Christian fleet the world had until then seen, sailed east from Sicily 386 ships and 80 thousand men. But the weather took sides with the Infidel, and Don John fumed as foamy contraries wends delayed him. Battle was not joined until October 7.

Don John in a suit of golden armour passe up and down the lines in a fast frieze shout:

"Remember you are fighting for the Faith, no coward will enter Heaven."

Then he took up his position on his flagship "Real"... to rain the "Sultana", flagship of Admiral Ali Pasha.

The battle began Lepanto, the last battle of the Middle Ages, was a battle of single-handed engagements Turk and Christian boarded one another's ships and fought on decks slippery with blood and slashed bodies.

A man, struck in the eye by a Turkish arrow, pulled out both eyes and arrow, stopped the bleeding socket, and continued to fight. Another man whose hand had been injured by a prematurely exploding bomb, cut off the hand and charged again.

The cannonade began at noon, by five in the evening, it was over. Two hundred and fifty Turkish ships had been sunk or captured, the sea, hard in a stormy autumn sunset, was strewn with corpses and wreckage and red with blood and the reflection of the sky. The Christian soldiers, not satisfied with the fabulous loot from the Turkish ships, were fishing Turkish bodies out of the sea and stripping them of their silk garments and golden ornaments.

Don John had lost only 15 ships... and he had broken the naval power of the Turks. But his fame set the jealous Philip writhing. He would not allow Don John to return to Spain.

Don John—apparently considering his vow fulfilled—occupied his leisure with a violent affair with Diana de Peralta. The result another daughter.

Again his "Tha" saved him from disgrace. He did not marry this Princess either.

But John could not stand inaction. He planned to rescue Mary Queen of Scots from Queen Elizabeth and marry her. It came to nothing. He endeavoured to carve out a kingdom for himself in Turkish North Africa. Failure again.

In 1576, Philip—more jealous than ever—sent him to the rebellious Netherlands, probably hoping to get him killed off.

Philip succeeded. There, under gloomy skies, Don John died of fever two years later, a charred crucifix in his hand and his "Tha's" name on his lips.

"The Last Knight of Europe, with weapons still in his hands, had ridden home from the sea..."

head—had not Pope Paul IV quarrelled with Philip, John returned to the everyday world.

Don John promptly became embroiled in a disastrous love affair.

The fascinating Princess of Eboli (with a black eyeshade hiding an injured eye) introduced Don John to her young cousin, Maria de Mendoza. The affair was swift and passionate... only the discretion of the Princess and "Tha" saved Don John.

Maria disappeared from Court to the Princess' country house, where a baby was born. Then she entered a convent. The baby named Ana, was sent in "Tha" at Villagrassa.

The whole incident was handled so discreetly that not even Philip knew about it until after Don John's death.

Don John took a vow to have no more to do with women until his exploits had given him fame enough to ask the hand of a princess.

He got his chance when, in 1568, the Moors of Southern Spain revolted against Philip. Don John, aged 31, led an army against them.
Can you really sleep with “one eye open”?

You certainly can. As a matter of fact, you needn’t be in the least surprised if you wake up some time and find that you’ve been sleeping with both eyes open. At the Stanford (U.S.) University Psychological Laboratories, experiments with large groups of subjects have successfully established this. But don’t be too disappointed if you make the experiment yourself and fail. The Stanford studies have demonstrated that very few people actually achieve the feat — unless they are dog-tired or dead-drunk.

Who first invented spectacles?

The chief culprit seems to be Roger Bacon, who in 1259, explained how to magnify letters by placing a segment of a sphere of glass on a book. A form of real spectacles was in use in the 14th Century. A portrait of Cardinal Ugone, painted in 1353, shows two mounted lenses with their handles riveted together and fixed in front of his eyes. But a keen demand for spectacles appears to have first begun in the 16th Century, when printing was invented. Previously, doctors had advised their patients to close their books on May 1 and rest their eyes for six months. Hence, no doubt, the term “Merrie Englands” and the swift rise in the birth rate in medieval times.

Can over-work cause a physical breakdown?

Not if you take a doctor’s word for it. US medical authorities are now stating that nervous breakdowns are never caused by overwork (either mental or physical). Factors which bring on nervous exhaustion are anxiety, fear, worry, frustration and other mental and emotional conflicts. The specialists claim that overwork — far from being the cause of nervous breakdowns — can actually prevent them, because overwork permits a person less time to fret and worry. What you do when you begin to fret and worry because you’re overworking not to fret and worry is unexplained. Still, time marches on. We may learn yet.

When was cricket first played?

The earliest known record of cricket occurs in the minutes of an inquiry held in 1597-98 by John Derrick, a Surrey coroner. He found evidence that “when he was a schooler in the free school of Guildford, he and several of his fellowes did rum and play there at cricket and other plies.” The book in which these words are contained is still treasured in Guildford Library. Other authorities, however, claim that cricket was played much earlier. These link cricket with “creng,” a game which was played by the Saxons before the Norman Conquest and 1066 and All That.

A NEW VENUS IS BORN

No! No! Conform yourselves!

Forbear to panic — this isn’t a chain-store bargain sale after a fire in the basement. It’s merely the birth-child of an anonymous U.S. manufacturer who asked himself what the luminous Venus of ancient days had that the modern girl hasn’t got and briskly set out to demonstrate that the answer was nothing!
As the title holder, the sculptor's muse must have the famous "Venus of Milo" who was considered well worth a well-whistled war back in 400 B.C. The original Venus was said to have sprung full-formed (and we mean formed) from the waves (which seems probable as the Venus of Milo was later dug out of a mud heap). How Madame Venus Modernæ originated, we are not informed.

And there you have them. Venus of Milo and Venus of Modernity

30 CAVALCADE October, 1951
Cavalier in Corsets

She began her military career at the ripe age of sixty; and had one of Cromwell's generals biting his nails.

F she had been a man, military historians would probably have labeled her as a belligerent and brilliant company commander.

And when you consider (a) that her company comprised 50 men (half in the last stages of scurvy decay), plus a bevy of flustered serving wenches; and (b) that she dashed into battle, armoured in whalebone corsets and balloon skirts... you will realize that she really was a brilliant and belligerent company commander.

Her name was Blanche, Lady Arundel. When she first went to war, she was aged just 60.

It was a May day of 1643 when Lady Blanche climbed to the ramparts of Wardour Castle. Her husband, Thomas—filled with bravado, bravado and the best intentions—had scattered off to bankrupt himself in fighting for King Charles the First of England against a congregation of British volunteers called "Roundheads."

"Defend this castle or die!" had been Thomas's last tender farewell.

Now the Roundhead leader of 1300 fanatics greeted her "Madame," be advised. "I am Sir Edward Hungerford. I must search this castle."

"My husband told me not to let you in," replied Lady Blanche (in effect).

Hitching up her corsets, she retired austere from the battlements.

Sir Edward also retired... perhaps to prepare another impromptu speech. Within an hour or so, however, he was back "If you don't surrender, I'll blow you to bits," he threatened.

"Fish," retorted Lady Blanche, unperturbed, Sir Edward once more ashamed to his face.

As a fortress, Castle Wardour was one of the major strongholds of the Royalists... that most - have - been - better - left - undone.

At daybreak, the first cannon crashed from the Roundheads. The shot shielded £2000 worth of red- marble chimney-piece in the castle's banqueting hall.

To a housekeeper like Lady Blanche this was fighting talk. She ordered her octogenarian trumpeter to sound the alarm. Her 50 ardent auxiliaries discharged volleys from blunderbusses... eeked out with an occasional crossbow.

Lady Blanche then set her unwager wenches loading the firearms.

They were still shooting four days later. Then Sir Edward exploded a mine. He might as well have kept it for the children. Sir Edward exploded a second mine. It shook the castle... but not Lady Blanche.

On the sixth day Sir Edward had another brainwave. He tossed balls of fire through the castle windows. With pleasing feminity, Lady Blanche decided that this should be talked over. She called a parley.

Only a devoted housewife (or perhaps Mrs. Balthazar Post) could have dreamed up the terms which Lady Blanche offered: (1) all the women's clothing should be left at their disposal; (2) six serving men should be freed to wait on the women; and (3) the furnishing should be untouched.

"Agreed," exulted Sir Edward (seemingly a domestic-minded man, too)... and trampled over himself to prove himself a hero.

No sooner had Lady Blanche and her garrison emerged than the Roundheads mobbed them. While the women were carted to Shaftesbury Jail, Sir Edward bolted Wardour. His spoils were about £200,000.

But when Lady Blanche reached Shaftesbury, the Roundheads discovered a much more nauseating jail at Bath... and one also strewn with black plague. Steps were taken to transfer Lady Blanche there.

At last, Lady Blanche took off her corsets. Popping into bed, she declined to come out. Fearful of offending public morals, the Roundheads did not insist.

She remained in bed even when they brought her news of her Thomas' death in battle. She bided only when her son-in-law had retaken Castle Wardour.

Thus Lady Blanche, once more in her corsets, headed for home. She found her castle a heap of rubble. She withdrew to Winchester... to take off her corsets for ever. After six years of strict seclusion, she died... a Cavalier (though now uncorseted) to the end. The date? October 27, 1649.

CAVALCADE, October, 1951
CRIME CAPSULES

WHAT A HEEL...

Probably the world's most spectacular assassins was Italian cavalry captain and lady-killer, Guiseppe Guarnerotti. Presented with a shiny new pair of kid boots on his birthday, the amorous captain immediately presented them as an anonymous love-token. Donning them, he approached his colonel, saluted, clicked his heels and was immediately blown resounding into tiny fragments. That was in 1937. Thirteen years later, Italian police solved the crime. In 1950, the captain's cousin, Pietro Tamburini, confessed to the deed. Motive: The captain had stolen Pietro's heroine method. Pietro had loaded the heels of the boots with dynamite and a percussion cap...set to go off when the captain snapped his attention.

LEADING QUESTION...

In Montreal (Canada), nightwatchman Thomas Kynas explained to the guerderines how it was that three bands had been able to surprise him...he'd been absorbed in reading a crime magazine. George Lloyd arrested for attempting to break into a Washington (U.S.) grocery store, complained that he was merely trying to raise some money so his lawyer could keep him out of jail. But most confessional of all was perhaps Mr. Clive Sturmer, arrested for carrying a concealed weapon, to wit, a butcher's knife. "My grandmother gave it to me as a keepsake," Mr. Sturmer insisted.

ATOMIC EYE...

Scotland Yard has been experimenting on "atomic crime detection." Idea is to use radio-active materials to mark the trail of burglars and such-like unhindered characters. In a demonstration, scientists played the roles of cop and criminal as to the manner born. The "thief" (in rubber boots) walked across the wooden floor of a railway car which had been specially treated with radio-active salamander. He jumped out of the car, ran 100 yards, and hid in a clump of bushes. Came the "detective"...plus a German counter. He swept the counter over the ground. The counter clicked...and led straight to the hideout.

TEETHING TROUBLES...

In San Antonio (U.S.) policeman Joe Melody denied indignantly that he had kissed a housewife three times. "She didn't have false teeth in at the time," a toothless woman is not a kissable object," protested Guerderine Melody. But even more outraged was an anonymous tug in a Pittsburgh police lineup. After 40 hold-up victims had failed to identify their three assailants, the justly incensed tug stopped from the stage and nominated himself.

☆ Opposite: Study by Jack Howard
HARRY BENNETT • FICTION

DOWN THERE AT BREAKWATER BAY ON THE EAST COAST, THEY'RE USED TO MEN TAKEN BY SHARKS.

It was odd the way they caught Victor Zoonoff. Odd, because it was the very last thing you'd expect to happen. Yet, if Zoonoff had been as good a hand at murder as he was at hauling the schnapper out of the ocean, he might even have got away with it. But that's the way it goes.

Down there at Breakwater Bay on the East Coast, they're not so particular about men who get themselves eaten by sharks. That is, when a guy goes overboard and those blue fins and writhing white underbodies churn the water a bright pink, they write him off.

Zoonoff was a White Russian—or so he used to say. He was a big, beefy man, well over the age, with shoulders like the bows of a ferry boat. He couldn't read or write; but he was shrewd in a brutal way. He'd been at Breakwater Bay for seven years, and he'd done well enough to buy him his own cutter and lay up a hefty bank account. He made lots of enemies, too, but not the type that gave him any trouble. Guys like Zoonoff were too big to tackle.

Zoonoff's standover tactics got him most things he wanted from life; but there were some things that brawn and altitude couldn't get him—Nellie Throsby, for instance.

Nellie was a sleek little blonde with the bosom of a prima donna and a certain touch of manner the boys down on the waterfront mistrust for class. She came to Breakwater Bay with a little capital and opened up a sandwich shop down by the main wharf.

Just a little hole in the wall, it was, but Nellie couldn't have made more money if she'd had a mint in the backroom.

"TIGER SHARK"

When a guy goes overboard and those writhing white bellies churn the water they usually write him off.
AN ALARMING INSTANCE OF INSECT INNOCENCE

Little fly upon the wall,
Ain't you got no clothes at all?
Ain't you got no frilly skirt?
Ain't you got no shimmery-shit?
Ain't you COLD?
—Provided by a voice (name and station unknown) carolling blithely over the radio-networks.

He saw Charlie take Nellie in his arms and kiss her, but he didn't do anything about it—not just then, he didn't.

Zosnoff was no psychologist, but he had brains enough to know what rough stuff would only serve to drive Nellie deeper into the arms of the newcomer. He decided to wait his chance and keep his nose clean.

But two weeks later Zosnoff sent for Charlie. Charlie had heard all about Zosnoff and Nellie, and he came warily.

The big Russian met him with a bony hand. He said he'd heard Charlie was looking for a job, that he, Zosnoff, had a job for Charlie if he wanted it—forty a month as a fish-hand on his cutter, "Ladybird."

Charlie wasn't keen at first. But he accepted when Zosnoff suggested the job would be a handy something to keep him occupied until the tuna dippers returned to port.

That afternoon Zosnoff hired Joe Solomon, his regular hand. That night he arranged with Charlie to take "Ladybird" out after schnapper the next morning.

"Ladybird" left harbour soon after eight o'clock Zosnoff lashed over the tiller. Charlie hunched himself preparing the line. For a long time Zosnoff watched him as a snake would watch a fat, green frog.

Then, with a lightness, Charlie settled down to watch the surface of the sea. He was looking for something.

At eleven o'clock, with "Ladybird" riding 15 miles off a coast that was a thin pencil line on the horizon behind her, Zosnoff found what he was looking for. Charlie saw it too. He pointed away to starboard, yelled, "Tiger shark!" followed it up with, "A beauty, too. Must be all o' sixteen feet."

Zosnoff was still smiling coolly, turned "Ladybird" a few degrees, swung her up on a course parallel with that of the shark. With the 14:00 blue fin thirty feet away, he called, "Let's have a go at him, Charlie. Try the big line in the keel."

Charlie swang around, then hesitated, for a second. A brown tangling in his bushy brows. Zosnoff read in that motion that rose to his lips—"Why the other ones with a bloody shark?"—and he waited for the protest. But it didn't come. Charlie hunched, turned to the line locker and began to root around.

Zosnoff took a deep breath. The shark was more than fifty feet away now, and swimming fast. Charlie seated the hook and turned to look at the monster. He measured the distance, coiled the stout cord at his feet, then clambered up on the gunwale for a long throw. Zosnoff waited until he had taken balance, then, with a savage grunt, he threw the fuller hard over.

"Ladybird" came about, her timbers scraping protest, the ocean boiling white beneath her blunt prow. The man on the gunwale gave an hysterical shout, twisted around in a desperate effort to save himself, then lurched backwards to disappear with a splash. Zosnoff looked back at the black hand bobbing on the surface. He saw a blue fin flashing through the water. He heard Charlie scream.

While Zosnoff got back to Breakwater Bay an hour and a half later, he did what the local fishermen usually do when someone goes down a shark's belly. He made straight for the police station, down by the loading jetty, and on the way he told about the tragedy like a crazy man.

Half a dozen fishermen were with him when he burst into the little office to tell his story to the staid constable Jackson. Jackson believed the story because he'd heard a dozen others just like it. He took particulars, gave the shaky Zosnoff a shot of brandy, and advised him to go home and rest.

Zosnoff didn't go straight home. On the way he dropped into the pub for more brandy. There, the barbrows gathered around him to hear how the new guy, Ford, had been torn into shreds by a tiger shark, how the water had turned red, how Zosnoff had nearly lost an arm trying to save him. Zosnoff was cordial and mumbled, "I was lucky to be on board when the shark hit me."

He was drunk. Somehow he managed to drift himself over a settle.

When Zosnoff awoke, the sun was streaming through the window, and the room was crowded with fishermen. For a few seconds he didn't know where he was. His tongue tasted like old leather. Then, suddenly, reality swept back to him. He staggered to his feet, but before he could speak, Jackson had fixed him. The old man's face was inscrutable.

He said, "You told us, Zosnoff, that you saw the shark rip up that young feller yesterday. That'll right?" Zosnoff nodded dimly, swallowed. "Then I'm arresting you," Jackson went on. "The charge is murder, Zosnoff." Zosnoff squeaked, "Murder?"

"Yeah," Jackson drew handcuffs from his pocket as he spoke. "Seems you forgot, Zosnoff, that all sharks ain't man eaters. You should have stuck around to see the job done right. We found that young feller on the beach this morning where the tide had laid him. Not a mark on him, but his limbs were full o' water. Guess he must have swum a good eight miles before he drowned."
THE first white man to set eyes upon it—whenever he was—never came back to tell what he had seen. He vanished as if the vast loneliness of the wonderful bush had swept him soundlessly into its emptiness.

And the Lake had kept his secret. It had lain there as it had for centuries . . . two-hundred-and-odd feet down at the bottom of a tapering funnel of pure sand, unbroken by a single shrub or even a green struggle of vine.

One day, when the sky was clear and the sun was high, the sand was a golden cone in which the Lake sparkled like a blue turquoise. When

the storm-clouds came with drifting rain, the Lake still shone with the sandy brilliance of an opal. And sometimes, at night, it seemed to reflect the stars as silver ships on black water.

But always there was a hint of mystery about it . . . as if, for all the brilliance of sun-dancing, it was drifting, deep-seated, itself, with some shy jealously of its own.

So it had been when the next white visitors had ridden out of the trees. A horse had whinnied and dropped, and the men had glimpsed the mound—like remnants of the weather-beaten grass, strown among the sparse patches of bladed-grass on the barren, grey loam of the clearing.

There had been only a few battered strips of canvas, the sorry rag of a blanket, a battered and rusted frying pan and an even more rusted and battered bully-call . . . nothing else to show the men who the owner had been, whence he had come or where (if anywhere) he had gone.

They might, perhaps, have searched farther, but the Aborigines who guided them . . . bouldah, though he was, on the Clink-burra . . . warrior of the Grey-Snake People, still mitled and master of the mysteries of the clan . . . had refused.

He yelped and, totteringaside, he laid feet first over the sandy brink.
Women! They never change, even if the traffic laws do. When promenading motor-cars that appeared to liberate the sex for permission to drive one. The authorities finally submitted on the condition that any woman driving alone should arm herself with a pistol. A newsflash now reveals that the current womanhood of the Isle of Man is complying only with the allowances to ride in motor-bike races. On past form they soon will be, too — probably provided, of course, that they arm themselves with an atom-bomb.

His fingers had clutched at the woven dillybag which contained his kundur, his magic charm, as he gazed across the clearing towards the Lake. And as something — it might have been the bladed grass bending to the wind — had rustled near the billycan, he had shrunken back to the shelter of the scrub.

No amount of urging could persuade him to return. Besides, dusk had been closing in and water had to be found for the horses before camp could be made. The Lake (he had been obvious) was useless for that. The white riders had moved on behind the Gilam-bura through the trees.

In the evening breeze, the bladegrasses had seemed to rustle in a similar, husky farewell as they disappeared.

A mile or two away, they had clustered around their campfire on the bank of a creek and, oddly curious, had tried to learn what had surrounded the warrior's fears.

Squatted on his haunches, his fingers still clenching tight at the kundur, the Gilam-bura had hesitated long before speaking. When he spoke, it had been little and hard to understand.

It was ground not to be trodden, they had thought the warrior meant. Fain off in the dreamtime, Dhakkant the Rainbow Serpent had plunged his head there as he built with his many-coloured body a bridge between the land of the living and the dark land of ghosts.

And Dhakkant had claimed it for himself. No man could venture there without unleashing his bukur — the rope which bound him to earth.

For those who visited the Lake of the Serpent, there was no recall. Each must cross the bridge which Dhakkant had built and join the company of ghosts.

"Nella warahin.," the warrior had ended, swaying as he crouched. "Our bowels are shaken. We are afraid."

The keening flames had flicked his hawk-nosed face with crimson and his blood-shot eyes had seemed to glow really like coals.

They had laughed at him, of course, but if anyone had been listening, they might have sensed an undertone of fear.

A strain in the laughter. You couldn't beat a buck for spinning a yarn, they all realised that, and though all cutters were supernaturally wise, none of them was past making up a pack of lies just for the simple pleasure of pulling a few white legs.

But this was different. There didn't seem to be any demand for this.

It sounded like the real thing. You only needed to look at the buck to see that he was genuinely scared.

They had noticed, too, that when they rolled themselves in their blankets, the Gilam-bura had remained, snatched over the embers and fingering his kundur.

He had still been squatting there the next morning. And, somehow, other, after they had saddled up, 

... one had suggested that they take another look at the clearing. The Gilam-bura had risen silently and poled swiftly through the wattle. They had ridden after him — almost eagerly.

Left alone once more, the Lake had twinkled mockingly at the sun.

Some of which Gilam-buras must have known as he blundered wearily into the clearing.

But, even if he had been aware of everything, it was improbable that he would have halted.

This was the best port for the kind of storm he'd himself caught up in. Let that bloody Bligh unleash the negro troopers on his heels. Let them see him on his scent and bay their bloody lungs out. He'd been around the tribes, they'd taught him this was one spot where those black devils wouldn't buy so loudly. Bligh would have his work cut out to bring them out of check here. They'd find a dozen red-herrings to chase rather than run into this.

And even if Bligh did manage to bound his pack through in the end, what the hell did that matter? They'd be too late for the kill.

Plenty of time, Collins warned himself, slipping the swag from his shoulder; no call to rush it. Time to waste before Bligh got here (if he ever did) take it easy.

... get rid of the evidence first.

Anywhere else in the bush, those black devils might have forfeited it out, but not here — not here — they wouldn't be interested and without evidence what could Bligh do?

... not a thing — not a sodden thing — how could Bligh prove he hadn't been here in the scrub for a week?

Collins licked his dry lips. He blinked his watery-blue eyes almost tearfully and a grimace — it might even have been of disgust — puckered his wizened jaw. With his tawny hair and whisp of finger-length beard, he looked like a cornered fox.

God, he was reminding himself dumbly, what a fool he had been to try it... and yet it had seemed so easy at first... you could set your watch by Old Ned... he always brought the mail through like clockwork... you could bet your boots on it, he'd pass the river bend close on eight in the evening... he never missed...

Old Ned hadn't missed that night and Collins hadn't missed either. Crouched in the shrubbery fringing the side of the river-bend road, his carbine tight in his hands, he had listened to the nearing clomp-clomp-clomp of the Old Mailman's horse as it ventured gradually closer through the shimmering star-brightening night. But Collins had had no eyes for the cymatically winkling stars. His gaze had been fixed unmindfully on the...
spot where the road swung from behind the trees around the river bend.

Old Ned had rounded the bend dead on eight... and "dead" was right. Collins had picked his spot well! There wasn't a shanty within ten miles... just a deserted vacuity of dizzy ti-tree scrub... a vacuity of nothing that could absorb every sound... even, say, the sound of a carbine crack.

And Collins's carbine seemed to crack like thunder as he sighted on the musty figure, leaning half-forward in the saddle, as it advanced. Yet there had been no reply... not even from Old Ned. Except a faint, brutish echo that dwindled like an eddy of foam into swelt nothingness.

The mare had reared and Old Ned had slumped... wearily... like a sawdust-packed stocking... into the dust at her hoofs. She had bent her head to nuzzle at the old man... faintly surprised at his unusual conduct... but had pricked her ears and backed as Collins burst from the scrub onto the road.

But there had been something militarily commenced in the clomp-clomp-clomp which had burst through his absorption and had sent him starting to his feet. God, what luck! He knew that sound. Only the native troopers rode with that trained precision... and the only native troopers round here were led by that two-legged bloodhound they called Lasuttanam Bligh.

How in hell— with all the best planning in the world— could he guess that Bligh and his patrol would return a day before their time?

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The soft, steady clomp-clomp-clomping ceased suddenly. There had been an excited babbling of cutural native voices a broken command. Snatching at the mail-bag and carbine, Collins had darted noislessly into the scrub.

Perhaps the Devil did look after his own. Collins reflected numbly. He hadn't forgotten his bush-craft.

The trees had swallowed his silence in their silence. And then there had been that old Kabi gini... only one chance in a thousand that she should be out in the scrub at night... alone. She was just what he had needed. The bush-telegraph had been working... the gun knew already that the wolves were howling and where. Without her help, he wouldn't have been able to cut his trail at those two creeks... wading thigh-deep to wash off his tracks making it harder and harder for Bligh and his native devils to pick up the trail... and making it staler and staler when they did pick it up ever they did... which Collins very much doubted—and now... Collins spun like the startled fox he was. Somewhere, from the heart of the bush, there seemed to echo dimly a waiting cry... "Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" It couldn't be those blacks not yet... but...
A SOBERING SUGGESTION TO ALL WRITERS OF EPITAPHS AND POETICAL PROPHETS OF THE WORLD'S IMMINENT END

People in horses do NOT enjoy verses

JAY-PAY

He dropped his swag hurriedly into the powdery, grey loam of the clearing. A battered and rusting old billycan rebounded from it with a hollow clang. But Collins did not hear. He was running, a carbine in one hand and a leather mail-bag in the other, towards the Lake. A silent stinging shook the blader-grass.

He stopped on the verge of the sand and saw the Lake sparkling in the afternoon sun, a blue turquoise in a golden cone. For a moment he paused; then he flung the carbine and the mail-bag from him. Fleetingly, they seemed to hover in mid-air before the carbine shot down like a spear, with the mail-bag swooping bulky behind it. The waters of the Lake sprang apart in a rainbow-hued cascade which splashed back to ripple into stillness. Collins felt the shifting sand sliding beneath his feet, and recoiled. His boot tramped and shattered on what seemed to be slimy scales. Something like a blow of a tam-hammer struck him hard on the ankle. A sharp jab of agony soared up his leg and stabbed his groin. He yelped unashamedly and tottered aside, toppled feet-first over the brink.

The sand sprouted about him like golden hail and the waters of the Lake again cascaded in rainbow hues. Collins plunged, half-erect, from the surface, clawing futilely for a grip on nothingness. His mouth was contorted as if to scream, but no sound came. Visciously, he writhed in a sudden convulsion and was gone.

A widening trickle of sand sifted to erase the scars his descent had gouged in the golden cone and the blue waters of the Lake once more rippled into stillness.

A chill breeze raced across the clearing.

In their warm nests of powdery grey loam, the children of Dhakkan the Rainbow Serpent —— the ancestral spirits of the Gamil-burra —— the Grey-Snake People —— the death-adders rattled their scales restlessly. On the verge of the sand, one reared itself from its coil and its forked tongue flickering, hissed its rage at the intruder who had disturbed its peace.

A dull rumble of thunder throbbled on the horizon. Fluttering through the leaves, the Storm-Bird wailed its plaintive warning —— "Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" The clouds banked closer and the first gusts of rain spattered the swag which lay at the edge of the clearing among the mouldering fragments of another swag. Lieutenant Bligh, patrol officer of the Queensland Native Police, would find it when he arrived (if ever he did arrive).

Meanwhile, the Lake shone through the squalls with a misty opalescence so innocently you would never have suspected that it was grinning mockingly at some sly jest of its own.

"Had a case similar to this only last year rest his soul."

CAVALCADE October, 1951 17
Let's be Nautical

-CHARTERED BY GIBSON

A neat little craft usually seen around the best yacht clubs. Trim lines and streamlined neck make her an ideal craft for heavy weather. Oops, sorry... right description but wrong craft...

Outboard motors are a low unto themselves. Some have been known to start after the first hundredth time. The proud owner then retires from the sea and spends the rest of his life telling his friends about it.

The greatest of all thrills are to be had from speedboat racing... especially when you forget to cast off...

Then we have the frustrated Admiral type... he buys a hull from the disposals board, and designs and builds the upper works with his own lily white hands... the result is a cross between a gypsy caravan and Noah's ark...

The glamour job power is measured by gallons to the mile instead of miles to the gallon. Takes on vast quantities of Scotch, champagne and blondes. Has never been known to leave her moorings.

With the blood of Drake coursing through my veins, in my day I was known as "Pelorus" (or was it "Pellagra"?) Jack... oh, well... back to the rum.
PUBLIC NOTICE...

In Sacramento, California, the Travellers' Hotel is hoping that some leniency will be shown in enforcing the law that hotels must keep all lost articles for a year before disposing of them. A full-grown goat has appeared in the lobby, and nobody has shown any sign of claiming him. Meanwhile, a four-by-five-foot billboard, neatly lettered "This is Peeskill-A Friendly Town," has turned up on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean at Long Island (U.S.)

WATER-CURE...

A doctor in Athens (Greece) has reported that he has performed 17 tonsil operations and removed one lip tumor, using injections of ordinary tap water as his only means of local anesthesia. Pressure of the water on the nerve terminals causes regional paralysis and prevents pain for the time of the operation, the doctor claims.

FIT THE CRIME...

Omaha (U.S.) Indians had their own way of dealing with murderers. They neither executed nor imprisoned the culprit. Instead, they made the guilty man observe a strict set of rules for four years: (1) he was not permitted to wear moccasins or to eat warm food, (2) he must not comb or cut his hair, (3) he must live a mile away from his fellow tribesmen, (4) he must never wash.

CAVE CANEM...

One of the first motor car accessories, featured by Packard in 1909, was a gun that squirted ammonia about eight feet. Idea was to discourage dogs from chasing cats and taking nips at the tyres which, in those days, were so thin and revolved so slowly that they were in perpetual danger of being punctured by playful pooches.

IN A NAME...

Among the exotic family names that are still favoured by use in England are Burnup, Clutterin, Eaglehead, Foulcliff, Godbod, Gunbob, Handsomebody, Hiccup, Hodleish, Makehate, Makepeace and Shackleady. If you don't believe us, contact British electoral authorities.

FOR MINERS ONLY...

The world's consumption of every kind of energy today (food for men and animals, heat, light and power) must be grossly under estimates of coal alone. Met by (a) food from agriculture (21 per cent), coal and lignite (41), wood (6), oil (24.5), natural gas (6.5), hydro-electricity or water-power (1).

IN THE SWIM...

Two-compartment bath-tub, recently patented, is an affair with a main bathing section and a secondary compartment for washing hair, clothes and the baby.

"What more could a woman ask for? I got a lovely home, two fine children, that..."
BEAUTY— you lucky beasts

Who says we girls don't appreciate beauty? Look at showgirl Beverley Thomas, getting her inspiration in John Schlesser's Hollywood taxi-dentist shop.

Even if the quarterback's a bit stuffy, they don't seem to be as dead as you'd expect. There's strength in numbers — you can't deny it — is showing a really wavy hair with a lion's head?

Well, what chance would any of us have with a lion around?

Of course, now and again, some forms of animal life are prone to be a trifle nonchalant about their advantages... but there's nothing like a good John-Paul hunt on the hunting horn to advise the jungle world.

52  GAYLACADE, October, 1951
BURP-P-P...

Do you suffer from that distressing complaint known among juveniles (of all ages) as "burping"? Well, don't worry! In most cases, belching is due to nervousness in which air has been swallowed. Keep calm and you won't be nearly so noisy. If the gas in the stomach is due to indigestion, however, you need a proper diet. Generally, starchy foods (potatoes, sugar, bread, pastry) should be reduced in amount. Hot bread, too much sugar and fried foods should be avoided entirely. Gas producing foods (cabbage, lettuce, turnips, onions and spices) should be eaten only in small quantities.

ON THE WAGGON...

Don't sneer at that unenterprising drink, water. Water plays a vital part in every tissue or function of the body. The blood is mostly water and all the most active organs require water. Moreover, a little more water is needed during warm weather both for children and adults. It helps make up for the loss by perspiration.

MONEY, MONEY...

It doesn't always pay to be prosperous. It seems as though diabetes can now be controlled by insulin, the number of cases does not decrease.

Deep breathing...

Where's the benefit in deep breathing? Well, consider a boxer doing his roundwork. He is forced to take deep breaths. And what happens then? The liver is squeezed by the floor of the chest which hampers the circulation of the blood through it. Preventing sluggishness of liver and gall bladder. This means better digestion of food and the prevention of constipation. So take a few deep breaths, two or three times a day. You won't be wasting your time.

Proteins...

As any physician will tell you, the diet of an average healthy man should be one part proteins (meat, eggs, fish), two parts fat (cream, butter, fat meats), four parts starches (potatoes, bread, sugar). However, physicians treating asthmatics have found that a diet one-and-a-half parts protein, one-and-a-half parts fats, and only one part starches reduces the number of asthmatic attacks by almost one-half. In epileptic cases, starchy foods are drastically reduced and fats and proteins increased.

CAVALCADE, October 1951
After leaving the University of Cracow, he spent two years with his uncle, who had him appointed a canon of the Cathedral of Frauenburg, in 1507.

Theological education was not on his mind in those days, but every canon lacking an academic degree had to attend university for three years.

Copernicus went to the University of Bolonia, in Italy, in 1496, as student of canon law, but he also studied mathematics, astronomy and Greek grammar.

He attached himself to his tutor, renounced Maria Novara, one of the most advanced astronomers of the age. He was a secret admirer of the Greek philosophers who had first urged that the sun was not a heavenly chariot driven through the skies.

Copernicus next spent a short time in Rome on completion of his three-year study leave, then returned to Frauenburg. He had not even taken a law degree, but he managed to flout the church authorities' idea of allowing him to return to Rome to complete his studies—particularly those in the sciences. Later he gained a doctor's diploma at Padua.

After ten years in Italy, he returned to Poland at the age of thirty-three, a mathematician, a jurist, a physicist, an astronomer—and a secret revolutionary. At the episcopal castle of Frauenburg, he became a private physician, counsellor and secretary to his uncle, Bishop Wieland. For six years he had it “the easy way.” He accompanied his uncle on trips in the diocese, did a few horoscopes, and—potential successor—studied ecclesiastical politics.

He also managed to get into hot water by translating some mildly erotic Greek epistles by the Byzantine author, Theophylactus Simocattes, into Latin and having them published in 1509. Any occupation with Greek literature was regarded as rank heresy in that enlightened age.

Copernicus himself said that 1506 was the year when he began to develop his astronomical system. But he only mentioned two major observations made before his uncle’s death; those of the lunar eclipses of 1509 and 1511. His important work started in the spring of 1512, when he left Castle Halaiberg, shortly after his uncle’s death, and went to Frauenburg.

He was in his forties then, and had an annual income of about £250. For his astronomical observations, he established himself in a tower room, elevated above the church roof—and which is traditionally called “curia Copernicana.”

Copernicus’ instruments were primitive. In addition to a sundial, he made a “triquetrum” (composed of three sticks of wood) to obtain the altitudes of the sun, moon and planets. But with these home-made instruments, he made the basis on which rests the whole structure of modern astronomy.

But during this period, because of miscellaneous administrative duties, the time which he could devote to the study of the stars was restricted. His services as a physician were in great demand.

His country was vexed by invasion. Copernicus emerged as one of the outstanding economists of the sixteenth century. He was the first to put into scientific form the law of bad money, which drives good money out of circulation.

He said “The greatest mistake is to introduce new, bad money beside the old, good money, for the bad not only devalues the old, but currency, but drives it away.” He...
Suggestions were adopted by the Diet of Plockow in 1536 and 1538, and uniform coinage was introduced in Poland and Lithuania.

Copernicus also helped to work out new regulations for artisans, apprentices, journeymen and guilds. As the Chapter's envoys, he also had to make periodic inspections and collect rents from tenant farmers for the cathedral. When four prices and money were fluctuating, he also drew up a project for price control to ensure fair distribution to the poor.

As early as 1514, his fame as an astronomer was spreading. When Pope Leo X sent invitations to many kings in Europe to send their astronomers to attend the Vatican Council to discuss the much-needed revision of the calendar, Copernicus refused.

In refusing the Council's invitation, Copernicus explained that he considered all efforts at calendar revision useless since the course of the sun and the moon were so imperfectly known.

Meanwhile, Copernicus continued his detailed observations of the movements of the various planets.

In 1532, he wrote a short commentary on which he gave a brief outline of his theory that the sun was the centre of the universe, with the earth and other planets revolving around it. The manuscript was written in non-technical terms and soon had a wide circulation.

Men of science were quick to realize its value, but the Pope Leo X failed to be worried by it in the slightest. The theory was looked upon as a mere hypothesis, and even assumed for a while as the aspect of a "pet" idea at the Papal court. No one dreamed of taking the young astronomer seriously, and he actually became top-ranking favourite for a while. It was a false dawn.

But Luther and his colleague Melanchthon did not receive the astronomer's assertions with such equanimity. They denounced him as a fool and a "vain fellow seeking a dubious colour by through sensational pronouncements."

The experience reinforced his decision to withhold final publication of his famous work, "De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium" ("Concerning the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies"). He did not waste time refuting his enemies—none of his hands were full with his church duties and private affairs.

In 1524, however, Copernicus took time off to write a pamphlet against Johannes Werner, who had written a treatise attacking the accuracy of astronomical observations made by the ancients.

Copernicus didn't pull his punches. He called Werner "unintelligent and inept," and suggested he suffered from childish hallucinations. At the conclusion of the "pamphlet," he said: "It might justly be asked what my views are on the motion of the firmament. As I intend to do it elsewhere, I consider it superfluous and inappropriate to do it here."

He struck trouble in 1537, when his rival, Johannes Dantiscus, was appointed Bishop of Ermland. Dantiscus instituted a series of persecutions against Copernicus which lasted until the time of his death. To avoid trouble, he dismissed his housekeeper, Anna Schillings, when the Bishop suggested her domestic role was merely a cover for something more romantic.

In spite of constant harassment, by 1539, Copernicus's famous book was virtually completed and ready for the printer. He had almost decided to have his work issued posthumously, when a young teacher named Joachim Rheticus came to study with him for a three-months term. Instead, he stayed three years and finally persuaded Copernicus to publish.

Aware of the future his work would have, Copernicus dedicated his treatise to the Pope. But he was adamant against any attempt to come. When it was suggested that he should issue his epoch-making work as a hypothesis, so that there would be no conflict with religious dogma, he refused.

While waiting for his work to come from the press, the astronomer was taken seriously ill in the winter of 1541. After a particularly long period of unconsciousness, on the morning of May 24, 1543, he awakened for the last time.

A messenger was standing by with a copy of his book. He thrust it into the hands of the dying astronomer, who held it until just enough strength to attempt to turn a page. He smiled; his eyes closed—and Nicolaus Copernicus, who dropped the most violent astronomical bomb, was dead.

DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By CLUYAS WILLIAMS

WONDERING WHAT TO DO ABOUT YOUR JAM SANDWICH WHICH YOU PUT DOWN WHILE YOU WENT TO GET SOME MORE GINGER ALE, NOT KNOWING THAT UNCLE HORACE WOULD CHANGE HIS SEAT.
Hire-Cars

and how!

Gerald Bryden-Brown

These uniformed chauffeurs of the sleek, black sedans never quite know what’s the next client.

The hire-car sedans are on the up-and-up. And more and more people are turning to them. And, as the companies work entirely by phone, the drivers of the sleek black sedans have an odds-on chance that the ride will not be shared by drunks or screwballs. Just the same, the driver is never sure when he’ll face some weird eccentric.

I know, because I have just left a hire-car company. Some of the drivers’ stories are worth reporting. Take Reg, for example.

He was sent one evening to the house of a wealthy widow, he says. She told him to go to a shop specialising in take-away dinners and buy a chicken dinner for two and a bottle of burgundy. He returned with the savoury carton, but the widow said she wasn’t hungry. She had some wine, and told the driver to sit down and eat the dinners. He did so, and drank the rest of the wine. The widow then decided she was hungry after all, so away went Reg for a pork dinner and another bottle of burgundy. This time the widow ate a mouthful or two, drank another glass of wine, and made Reg finish the rest of the spread! When he was too bloated to resist, she tipped him well and sent him off. Why? Well, your guess is as good as mine!

Easter week, with Show and Races, is a harvest time for hire-car drivers. Graziers with wool cheques to burn, keep cars for hours, days or, even for an entire weekend. Some are very, very social—when their wives and families are present. But when they are alone with the driver, they sit in front and talk their heads off.

Hire-car men soon learn not and just when to talk.

Wealthy old women are the worst. In the language of the trade, they are known as “Bitch Bitches.” Although some are charming and considerate, others will complain because their driver will not drive the wrong way on a one-way street, or insist on turning round on the Bridge because they have forgotten something.

I had one of this type recently in the car. She nagged, complained, and generally disgusted me until—although she was a valued account customer—I turned round and snarled and I MEAN snarled! I expected she would get out and then tear the company apart by phone, but instead, she flipped five shillings instead of her usual two bob! You can’t please people out!

Then there are the “Economical Shoppers.” These are usually young women living in squalid homes or luxury flats who like “to do their own marketing!” Usually the local shops are a little dearer than those at, say, Bondi Junction. So they phone for a hire car, keep it waiting for up to an hour before they can get out with an absurd shopping basket, and set off for the cheap shops.

They buy only the best complaints because prices are high, then return home with the car loaded. Total cost of car and tap averages thirty and they have saved perhaps two shillings on their purchases. But I suppose they have fun.

I had a call one day to a Rose Bay home. While I waited for Mrs X, a gardener passed carrying an enormous bundle of plants in full flower, torn from the midst beds surrounding the house.

Out came Mrs X. She had her little basket, we toured Double Bay, Rose Bay, King’s Cross and Rushcutters’ Bay, calling at different shops. To my amazement, we called on a luxury florist at Double Bay and collected a huge mass of flowers! On the way home I said, “Mrs X, those flowers are fine, but you have enough in your own garden to stock three flower shops. What is the matter with them?”

Mrs X laughed. “Oh, the flowers in my garden don’t suit the color scheme in the house.” I replied. “Then why not have the gardener plant flowers that will suit?” She was silent for a moment, then she murmured, “Do you know, I didn’t think of that!”

Weddings are rather fun. Then the car is decked with ribbons and the driver knows there will be a glass of something at the end. Most of these jobs go off well, but I was at one wedding that started off on the wrong foot.

The groom was dumb enough to let the bride get out first at the photographer’s studio and did not notice he was sitting on her veil. When we went, orange blossoms and half the bride’s hair was ripped apart, that girl really went to town. There was almost a stand-up brawl.

Weddings, however, have one drawback... confetti. One wedding, and for a week afterwards the driver is sweeping the blasted stuff away.

Yes, there’s hardly a dull moment in hire-car life. From a socialite function at Edgecliffs, the car may go straight to taking paymasters to various venues while they pay wharers. Or from a shopping trip in the city to a vessel at Blues Point.

Cavalcade, October, 1951
to take a company representative and an injured Indian seaman to the Salvation Home.

Moreover, each driver is responsible for the cleaning, washing and polishing of his car. He must also change wheels and tyres when necessary. This sounds simple enough, but doing these jobs in a blue suit, white shirt and black tie is not easy, especially on a hot, muggy (in all senses) day.

Hire-car drivers usually work on a fifty-fifty basis (including tips), but the driver pays for petrol and also pays a "tax" of a penny a mile. Knowing the game, a driver can make up to seventeen quid a week, but to do this he must forget the 40-hour week. He will work six days of up to fourteen hours for his money and even sixty hours a week of Sydney's screwball traffic is tough on the nerves.

Speaking of traffic, it's my opinion that seven out of ten private drivers should be deprived of their driving licences and never, never should a woman be allowed to drive within the Metropolitan Area.

Don't get me wrong: some women can steer, change gears noislessly, back and park well. But they lack the essential factor needed in city driving - split-second thinking.

In an emergency the female mind cannot telegraph its message to the brake or wheel. If you don't believe me, watch 'em and see. The road-driver, immediately he slips behind the wheel, becomes as much part of the car as the carburettor. He will not have to think of his driving, but will instinctively make the right move in the average emergency. Hire-car drivers, truckies, most taxi-men and a lot of private motorists acquire this sense, but it takes many years of driving before it becomes automatic or anywhere near it.

And, by the way, if you think it is easy to get a licence for any commercial vehicle these days, try it and find out!

Still, there are compensations.

For instance, the driver may make a dinner or finish up with a quid. He never knows what his day will bring: dull shopping trips, endless waiting in Macquarie Street, or a pleasant trip to Palm Beach, Bowsral, or even Canberra. It is not unheard-of for a well-heeled visitor to engage a hire-car and driver on a weekly or even monthly basis. Drivers like these jobs, for they usually end up with a tremendous tip.

By the way, in hire-car and taxi language, the word tip is seldom used. It is usually the "slang." Don't ask me why, unless the phrase is used from an aboriginal Australian dislike of the tipping habit which is shared even by those who accept them.

A "slang" may vary from threepence to five pounds, but is usually 1/- or 2/-.

One very expensive customer of a hire-car company never tips. Each year he merely sends a nice cheque to be divided among the drivers.

An old lady of eighty always gives a shilling, but often adds a packet of expensive English cigarettes.

Strange enough, it seems more or less a rule that, the more a driver does for a fare, the smaller the tip. He may walk up three floors, stagger down with a mass of luggage, carry it upstairs at the end of the run... and get nothing!

Another fare may insist on opening the car door himself, carry his own bag... and tip 5/-! To coin a phrase, you never can tell.

Ah yes, you learn life in the hire-cars.
A HOUSE IN HALVES

THE HOME OF YO-DAY (No. 81)

Increasing interest is being shown, both in Australia and overseas, in the type of plan which makes a more definite separation than is usually normal between the two sections of house.

The living and dining (or day) section is entirely segregated from the bedroom (or night) section.

In the example shown, the main entrance is through a central court opening on an entrance gallery, this gallery is used to achieve the separation. The living-dining room is one large room with full length windows overlooking a stone-paved terrace. The kitchen adjuts the dining room end, with the laundry next to the kitchen.

In the other section of the house are the three bedrooms, each with its own built-in wardrobe, and the bathroom.

There is a large linen cupboard and one wall of the gallery is completely taken up with cloak and general purpose cupboards. The other gallery wall is entirely of glass, looking out onto a central court.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 50 feet and the overall area 1,500 square feet.
ON the subject of Comic Strips—
their impact on the so-called infant mind and the incidence of juvenile
delinquency—I feel that I am one of the few people who can speak
without bias. At least, I have the advantage of not being a parent. I
happen to be (within limits) fond of children and I have so far not
become callous enough to neglect myself on one of them more or less
permanently.

But I still retain some memories of my own childhood and so I am
taking the risk of inserting a few remarks into the debate.

From a study of the public Press and other even more hysterical or-
gans of opinion, I gather that the
citizens are divided into three
classes:
(a) those who, viewing The Funnies with all the naivete of a health-
cranks confronted with the Black
Plague, remove the contagion from
the presence of their progeny at the
end of a pair of goggles;
(b) those who are so in the grip
of propaganda that they snatch
at the fallen apple; but who would
actually prefer to censor their children's
reading on the theory that what the
eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't
see;
(c) those who nonchalantly take
The Funnies as they come—and
the hell with them, anyway.

I may as well announce, here and
now, that this third class has my un-
daunted support. I must admit, of course, that in what—considering the plaintive
findings of current breast-beaters—I can
only regard as my "enchanted childhood," Comic Strips were in a fairly
primitive state. But... luckily... we were provided with very satisfac-
tory substitutes.

There was, for example, a partic-
ularly notable series of pamphlets
(price: 1d to 3d)... variously known
as "Buffalo Bills," "Dick Turpins," "Sexton Blakes," "Hooded Terrors"
and a varied array of lesser experts
in mayhem and mayhem.

My father—apparently a man born
well before his time and an unhon-
oured pioneer of Comic-Comics
Committees—dumped all these
together under the comprehensive title
of "Dead-eye Dickie" and confounded
them on sight. This being the case, I
took steps. I soon discovered that
by canceling the tracts between
the pages of an "English Grammar"
or such pithy tome I could proceed
to read with impunity.

If they have given me a criminal
warp, I am unconscious of it. As at
writing, I have not—even in my
sleep—tortured anyone at the stake,
flashed a single spark, burned down
even an out-house or blown a safe.

For the sake of the record, I wish
to reveal that these "penny-dreadfuls"
have left me only with a lasting reg-
ret that 1 didn't have the brains
to keep them (especially when I
realize the price they would now
command).

Yet—believe it or not—these scape-
gots pale into lily-white insipidness
beside other volumes which were
placed in my innocent hands.

I omit much mention of Fairy Tales. Any parent who reads any-
thing beyond the reading-lists will need no informing that the collected
works of Aesop, Hans Andersen, Grimm, La Fontaine and their eld-
ests contain enough assorted
wishes, were-wolves and devils-o-
the-night to terrify a whole kind-
garten into sobriety. (I have seen
with my own eyes an ordinarily
hibernating lamb architectural teaming
page after page from a volume of
Hans Andersen... produced by no
less person than a Royal Painter to
the Court of Denmark... for the
simple reason that some of the anec-
dotes had so frightened him that he im-
agined they would drive his young
into street-Jackets.) And yet the
Young Idea is urged... forced, al-
most... to absorb these All-Hal-
loeween horrors.

(If there's a psychiatrist in the
house, will he please step forward
and explain why "Dickie the One-
Eyed Daggon Man" should be avoided
with shudders, while the spectacle of
Ali Baba stealing a mob of unwarned
victims in bottling oil should be
treated as a subject suitable for suck-
lings.)

Still, Fairy Tales were the least of
it. For instance, there was a cheer-
ful little number called "Jessie's First
(or Last, I'm not sure) Prayer" This
opus dealt with an orphan-girl who
was submitted to every inhumanity
which man is capable of inflicting on
men... plus several others which
the author had thought up for good
measure. After a couple of hundred
pages of this welter of silliness, the
wait... sensibly, under the circum-
stances—decided to die and devoted
her last few breaths to indulging
her tormentors by prayerfully for-
giving them.
A moon-struck aunt retold this heart-rending biography to my sister and myself in nightly instalments. My sister fell bitterly about them each night she used to collapse into screaming hysterics: "Don't stop, Aunt! Don't stop!" she'd yell. "I'm crying until I feel sick.

The harrowing experience, however, seems to have left no permanent scars on her, apart from a slight objection to reading anything but the women's pages of newspapers.

Then there were the many reminiscences of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth. Particularly, I recall a gay fragment of his pen... titled, I think, "Rockwood."

Highlight of this was a vivid description of what occurs if you permit yourself to be buried alive during a blow-for-blow broadcast, complete with finger-nails jagged to shreds from clawing at the coffin-lid, and appropriate sound-effects of stifled screams. Indeed, Mr. Ainsworth was so enthusiastic that he abandoned the stodginess of prose and burst happily into a set of graveyard verses, evidently designed to demonstrate that "The Dead March From Saul" was actually composed as a squarance.

I read that book twice. As a result, my character was so warped that, even today, I can summon no compassion for funerals.

Another of my favourites was a Mr. or was he a Colonel? ... or a Captain? ... or even a Cleaverdeen-Wood? Anyway, he was something. The hero of his whom I recollect most clearly was a (I am now convinced) moronic juvenile who had hypnotised a half-witted recruiting-sergeant into enlisting him into the British Army as a drummer boy. The War Office had immediately exported this lout to India, seemingly for the praiseworthy purpose of getting him killed off in the retreat from Kabul.

In the Khwab Pass, this cretin promptly proceeded to embar himself with the Afghans, who—understandably maddened—set out hard-foot, after bus, feverishly anxious to use him as a patient for their immense mediocrity at aghast musketry, (pardonably recorded nerve by nerve and—at least, so far as modesty permitted—member by member, by the author). Finally, the nozzle got him cornered in a cave.

I could hear the strain no longer. I left the dumb drummer where he was. To this very moment, I have no idea what the Afghans did to him. I can only hope it was their best.

Sum total poison pumped into my sub-consciousness I confess that when I encountered my first Pathan, I shuddered. But as this muscular six-foot-tall of Afghic hill-billy was wearing a sky-blue turban with a red rose behind his ear and executing his right nostril with his forefinger, the book may not have been to blame.

Then there were revealed "Boy's Own Annual" and "Chums" (which naturally found favour in the eyes of my father, who specialised in judging books not only by their covers, but also by their prices).

Every Christmas, my father presented me with one or both. And I read them intently... thereupon— if contemporary Anti-Comics Crusaders are correct—laying the groundwork for a future career as Australasia's Number 1 Capone. For if studied sacrestly—"Boy's Own Annual" and "Chums" each included enough savagery to rate the average "penny—dreadful" as sop.

Outstanding in the BOA was a serial, which was calculated to breed a more imposing swarm of phobias than even a personally-conducted tour through Hell. Men were trampled to death by elephants, or crushed to pulp by an unnaturally-developed breed of box-constrictor savages, (too sophisticated merely to break their victims) bound their feet to bent squirells, and so went Themes, deranged Latins speeded—aged high school boys on ant hills,prehistoric monsters popped incessantly from behind rocks.

This scalp-rasper had a really shocking effect on my nervous system. As a matter of fact, when the hero could think of nothing better to do than throttle a couple of lads with his bare hands, I was so disgusted that I actually skipped several chapters out of sheer boredom. "Chums," on the other hand, which were much ado about nothing, shocked me. "Chums," on the other hand, shocked me. I have so far—

(1) Not developed the habit of hiding my head under the pillows at night for fear of being compelled to converse with any living-dead,

(2) Not become—a homely mammy

(3) Not engaged in anything more criminal than journalism.

Yet, according to Marcel Proustologists (Class A), I should be a willing victim of obsession, phobias, social complexes, and hauntastic de- namical processes.

Maybe I am, too. But somehow it strikes me as improbable. After all, it's not one of those things that even your best friends won't tell you.
Us afraid of the world situation? Brother, when we're in danger, we keep so cool that our teeth chatter. Advice-to-the-Love-Lorn: Remember that romance is to marriage what chrysoform is to an operation... after a while, you wake up. Domestic Department: The man who first said that money talks probably married it. Financial Section: When a man loses his capital, his girl is often the first to lose interest. Which reminds us that we know a man whose wife takes all his wages— the feminine touch, so to speak. And, while we're on the subject, may we suggest to housewives a recipe to cope with rising prices: Take no eggs, no butter, no sugar, no flour, no milk; and sell your husband that there'll be no cake. Discovery patented by our contributors! One of the greatest labour-saving devices of today is tomorrow. Sign for restaurants: "Mary had a little lamb; what will you have?" "Protection for Bold Eagles," reads a newspaper heading... what the which do they need protection for, they don't have to pay 2/9 for a haircut. Cafe Chatter Corner: Among the things often opened by mistake is the mouth. Thus leading us naturally to remark that alcohol is a liquid for preserving almost everything but secrets. Sporting ad: Our sports editor complains that he was struck by a golf ball driven by a woman... so, even on a golf course, you're not safe from women-drivers, eh? News Flash: A disconsolate Sydney-sider is reported to have requested the Income Tax Department to please send him a duplicate tax-refund cheque; his two-year-old son ate the first one. Accidental Intelligence: Suggested sign for a Turkish Bath: "Bionde Proof Shelter". Things-We- Seems-To-Have-Missed Department: States a U.S. news flash: "In Australia, a non-biting woman named a horse as co-respondent, the judge granted her a divorce... must have been one of those tips Aussie sport experts didn't get right out of the horse's mouth..." Births: A child born somewhere inside the Arctic Circle on January 6, 1951, was named Antarctic Elenannovych Keshleva... probably better known to the Eskimo as "Butch." A Tush-Tush-Tush Display card in a Portland, Oregon (U.S.) store reads "Maternity Fashions For The Modern Miss..." Huh?

OUR SHORT STORY: Said one enormous glow-worm to another glow-worm: "Oh, Cyril, I feel so embarrassed, for five minutes I've been making passes at a cigarette butt."
**Truck explains he's off to a northern island to cover the story.**

**Come on, Kath -- it's all been plenty of local colour.**

**On the spur of the moment, Kath accepts the writer in his car to search for a child lost in tropical jungle, plus a mysterious tribe.**

**The Bush Telegraph goes to work, drums warning through the hills.**

**... and in the village of a strange, forgotten people, the Kootululu, learning that white intruders are approaching.**

**At the airport, Kath and Truck link up with a frustrated search party.**

**-- it's days now... she can't be alive unless.**

**Two days out and still no clue; even Kath is losing hope.**

**I know, Kath... but it's a kid... he won't let up.**

**The district officer it seems, hasn't noticed that Kath and Truck have dropped behind.**

**Well... now there's the thrill of his lost...**

**A bomber crashed round here in forty-three. Crew claimed they contacted some 'lost' tribe... might be a rubgy... but... it's my off-sider's child.**

**Hostile eyes are watching as the patrol moves off on a last desperate hunt.**

**Resting, worn out and beaten, they again hear the throb of drums... loud and near.**

**Wait -- I'll go see.**

**Relaxed in her shelter, Kath wonders what can be keeping Truck so long.**
Without warning, Lillie Brown forms a lead from the tangled shrubbery.

A gagging fist chokes Kath’s shriek. "Doc Kontoluli, a cultural…"

Well rushed, Truck can find no trace or trail.

A babyish whimpering starts Kath from her thoughts.

The Kontoluli stages impassively as his servants present their gift.

Dusk deepens. "Let the bride await the moon," bids the Kontoluli, gesturing to a palm.

Kath doesn’t need to guess that she hasn’t been the only one to be kidnapped…

...but there’s no time to do anything; bare feet pad outside the hut.

Tied with tapa rope, Kath wonders despairingly what will become of Truck so long.

There’s only one clue. To Kath, Truck shouts desperately without reply.

Dragged outside, Kath sees the new moon tipping the trees.

An unbelievable figure stands erect and silent in the droll light.
Where
No White Man
Could Live

For 150 years the Chavante Indians of Brazil were implacable enemies to the white man.

The Chavantes are probably the wildest men in the world. For a century and a half only white men who entered their territory disappeared. Despite this continued and murderous hatred, Brazil's Indian Protection Service has converted their hostility to friendship, at a cost of some of their own lives only, their motto being "Marrer, se for pretilo, morir, nunoo" (Die if necessary, kill never).

This famous service, founded by Colonel Rendon early in this century, had pacified many of Brazil's ferocious tribes when he retired in 1940. But the Chavantes still remained untamed.

The Chavantes live in the Matto Grosso country across the River of the Dead. Their enmity dates back to 1786 when the Portuguese Governor invited their Chief of the Chavantes to visit his headquarters for a "treaty of friendship." He expected a delegation of a hundred or so, but the Chavantes accepted his invitation literally, and all who could turned up.

The town of Goias was soon overrun by naked savages. They killed themselves to cause from private houses, invaded every nook and cranny, leaving behind the stinking smell of the mixture of fish oil and the juice of the urucum berry with which they anointed their bodies against mosquitoes.

The Portuguese penned and 3,500 Chavantes were killed. That left an indelible stain on their tribal memory. They had been invited to a party, and then massacred.

The enmity remained until as late as 1941 when the Protection Service went to work. Various parties penetrated the territory and in each case one or more of them met death at the hands of the Chavantes. At one time the Chavantes attacked the Service's base camp and massacred 20 men. Despite this, the Service refused to make reprisals.

Within a short decade the Chavantes realized that the white men were not their enemies. The tribal memory was effaced. Today you join a passenger plane for the River of the Dead as calmly as you would board a plane for any Australian town.

That is, perhaps, an extreme example of the fruits of co-operation. Here, in Australia, Life Assurance provides us with a far greater if less melodramatic example of the same thing. Your free and independent Life Assurance Offices have banded three million Australians together for their mutual protection and profit. Each policyholder not only guards his own and his family's future, but also protects that of all his fellow members. Although individually their collective savings are invested for the benefit of Australia as a whole. Because co-operation must breed security and understanding every Australian must benefit from Life Assurance.
JUST AN OLD NIP CUSTOM

He flipped the Jap's wrist in a Judo hand-grip.

THE BULLY-BOYS OF THE BLACK DRAGON SOCIETY HAD A TASTE FOR TATTOO... WHICH WAS TOO BAD

BRYAN HAVEN • FICTION

THERE'S a tall, square bare building on a certain main street in Tokyo. It's very cool inside. The sort of coolness that chills your blood and sends all sorts of odd questions buzzing around in your brain. The sort of atmosphere that makes the most innocent feel guilty.

The long, echoing passageways that thread through its bulk, like the veins of a crushing monster, are populated with offices with enigmatic, abbreviated signs over the doorways. In fact, the ideal building for planning, plotting, or intrigue.

Walk down the long L-shaped corridor that runs along the front of the building, then turn sharply to the left near, and you'll come to a room that bears one word over its mantel.

It's on the fifth floor. And the word is—"Guerres"—which conveys a lot and conveys nothing to the outsider, that is. But to those who know the inhabitants of that room, it holds a wealth of meaning.

Just turn the door handle and you'll notice that the two tables and three chairs are arranged in a peculiar manner. The table that dominates the area is a dark, scarred veteran with a brooding aura as if its timbers hold the key to many burning secrets. It's the one that faces you as you step in. The high-backless swing chair behind it is quite com-monplace.

To your right as you stand in the doorway is a smaller table lightly built and newly varnished, a touch of reverence to the old timer. A chrome and leather typewriter clings by its seat to the accommodation.

The third chair is small and low set and facing the central dark table.

It's about then (if you're lucky) that you notice the lighting set-up. Now, if you were seated in that chair, the sun would hit your unshaven face and set the room in a sort of somber mood. You wouldn't be able to stop your eyes from straying to the powerful and flexible table lamp that stood on the end of the desk. And you wouldn't be able to stop yourself calculating mentally how closely the focal intensity of the lamp could be concentrated on the occupant of that chair.

So it's only natural after becoming nicely depressed by the atmosphere of the building, that you would picture the occupants of such a den as some kind of monstrous monsters.

That's where you'd make the first of a series of mistakes, because the two men who inhabit the slot are very ordinary looking individuals. In reality, the secret is not on a sort of masking vanity. These two are...
specialists at the old-fashioned game which has been the forte of the counter-intelligence man for centuries — the "ain't-got-no-brains-but-I-have-gotta-fun-tryin'" technique.

Colonel "John" Bull is a red, square Englishman. He's the personification of what Europeans like to refer to as "mad English." He's tweedy, horsey, smokes a foul pipe and talks like someone imitating Bertie Wooster on a small town amateur hour.

His eyes are blue and seemingly blank — just as the sky is on a fine spring day. He's inordinately proud of his Guard's moustache with its waxed ends like twin marine spikes. It also serves to break up the facial line, hiding the determination in the tight, straight lips.

Which is all the odder because this man is a Dan of the Black Belt of Judo, an expert swordsman; speaks, reads and writes several Oriental languages, and is considered by experts to be something of an authority on the Far East.

To those who don't really know him he's considered clever in a crazy sort of way.

His co-worker, Captain "Tinkle" Stass, is the natural complement to his chief. He's precise in his actions and concise in his speech, a deal so He's sallow and sleek. Facially, he resembles an asparagus shoot. Physically, he's undersized, underweight and under-developed. But mentally he's a giant equipped with a knowledge of the Eastern mind that ranks almost second to none ... except perhaps his playmate, Bull.

Now, if you had a device that enabled you to pierce those grey walls, to look into that office without disturbing the occupants and a dictaphone that retailed their conversations...
No matter what type of car you drive or whether it is old or new, it will always pay you to use Plume Motor Spirit

Always buy from the PLUME PUMP
nass. But not too obviously."

He glanced up at Starr. "We must be slipping, old boy, really we must! All this stuff on him and we've gone straight past it.

"Of course," he added in explanation. "I realise we were looking for an organisation before. And not a man.

"Listen to this," he continued excitedly. "Was a newspaperman before entering Staff College. Returned to journalism on release from prison. Ran Comm newspaper. Then disappeared from sight. (That's his first trip to Moscow, I'll bet.) returned via Seoul (Barrington picked his trail up there, remember?) ... and he's been playing merry hell ever since."

He became silent stared at the ceiling and pulled furiously at his pipe.

It was then that Starr leant across the desk and said: "Look, sir, I've got an idea. It might not work out. But yet again it may. It's worthwhile trying, anyway. We know Daimuri is the sort of bloke who keeps his finger on the pulse personally, doesn't trust the important stuff to henchmen. So, what do you say we arrange..."

Colonel Bull listened very attentively. He interrupted twice only. Then enthusiastically. When Starr had finished he slapped his open palm on the desk. "I think you've hit on it, me boy," he said.

His Bertie Woosterishness dropped off him temporarily and left him a trained manhunter. "That's it. It should bring him in like a moth to a candle."

They pushed their chairs back, stacked the doziers into the safe and departed. Bill turned to Starr.

"Dev'lish tired, old fellow. All this hard work. Ye know. Must have beer.

Care to join me in an odd tankard?"

"Couldn't think of anything I'd like better at present, sir."

"Good! Let's sally forth and shock the old touns. After we've set a couple back we may be strong enough to tackle a chop. Eh?"

And he thumped Starr in the ribs.

* * *

Harry Watanabe's orchestra was beating out "Tokyo Boogie." The air was blue with cigarette smoke, drenched with perfume, and thick enough to cut blocks out of to cut to Hollywood for movie sets. Couples gyrated on the tight little dance floor, waiters coved from table to table; ice climbed in tall glasses. Adam's apples bobbed convulsively.

It was quite a night in the Foreign Correspondents' Club, just three blocks down the road from the Supreme Commander's headquarters. The bar was a miniature Tower of Babel. A dozen accents mingled and intermingled, occasionally through the noise, the heavy hum of excited conversation could be heard the reality of Japan's speaking English. Despite the atmosphere of conviviality there was an air of tension, of expectancy, of the past. Everybody was waiting, it seemed, for something to happen, for somebody to appear.

Ken Wade, an agency man, walked up to Colonel Bull.

"Hey, Colonel. What's comin' off tonight? Is it right that the 'Big Boy' himself is comin' to say a few words? We've heard that he's going to state his attitude on the Comm party in Japan. Is he? How about givin' us an advance line. Come on, colonel, open up."

Bull waved a deprecating hand.

"Really, Ken! The 'Big Boy' as you call him hasn't reached the stage when he takes me into his confidence."

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The Exercices create good habits of mind and memory in place of careles and slovenly ones, and train the conscious and subconscious so that every faculty will contribute its share in making a good performance of anything that has to be done.

The Pelman Service is founded on experience with 85,000 pupils of this branch and on the varied experience with more than 950,000 World Pelmanists.

The Efficient Mind

"The Efficient Mind" describes, in detail, the Pelman Course. Copies are posted free. Apply to the Pelman Institute, 21 Gloucester House, 366 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, or telephone MB 2555.
All I know is that I've been invited for a social evening.

"Yes," ... the phrase seemed to please him ... "a social evening. And very social it is as you'll notice it you look around. Ah, what's this?"

A Jap waiter was going round the bar hitting a small gong and saying solemnly. "Would the newspaper gentlemen please go in Back Room? Will newspaper gentlemen?"

Glasses clattered on the bar like a ragged volley. They started to file in through the big double doors. Starr joined Bull as he stood aside to allow the main stream through. They didn't exchange a word.

Starr nodded; Bull twisted his moustache affectionately. They moved in. Half a dozen waiters were serving cocktails. Journalists were standing round in small groups. The Japs were obsequiously hanging on every word that was thrown to them.

The conversation was a muted hum.

Suddenly glass crashed on the floor, tinkling to a melancholy echo.

A tray made small warbling noises as it rolled towards a corner. Everyone turned to look. (People always do when glasses are dropped.)

Bull was wiping his hand-flashing — and muttering to the Jap waiter: "Sum masen... sum masen" ("I'm sorry").

The waiter was hearing something unintelligible — acceptance of the colonel's apology perhaps — and bowing himself away with deeply averted head.

But Bull wasn't being misled. It's a trick the Jap learned early in the occupation, the concealment of true feelings behind a bland, smiling mask — except this Jap carried it one step further.

Bull is best deep and nobody sees the flush of macked hatred, the back-drawn lips. For the greatest diplomat in the world would find it hard to accept rudely a tray of cocktails splashed and splattered from cheek to knee.

Somebody retrieved the tray; other waiters were picking up glasses; the head waiter was tuck-tucking new orders, the slim lad who'd been the centre of it all was moving to the doorway that led to the small room at the rear of the buffet-cum-bar.

Bull spun, nodded shortly to Starr. They converged on the doorway. Bull leading. They entered the room quietly. The Jap had his coat off. It was a sudden heap on the table... he was changing at his soaked shirt with a bare towel. He turned as heard the two CIC men enter. For a second he froze, then grasped with surprise and pain as Bull, with a turning hand-grip, brought his wrist and forearm into the light. A long, curiously-mottled pattern with a livid purplish hue was revealed - fungus-like against the brown flesh. A shuddering breath and the Jap had broken the hold; was turning, his eyes desperately seeking a way out. There was none. He was on his feet now, muscles hunched ready to co-ordinate. Hands coming up to chest level, spread flat, the stance of the trained Juden man.

Starr stood back. He was blocking the only exit... and he'd always wanted to watch his chief really in action. A hissing grunt and the Jap struck. He struck and for a fatal moment he lost balance. He was grabbed, smashed to the floor with a shoulder throw, grappled and pila-driven, grappled and 'cradled' almost before he'd realised his blunder.

Bull took the Jap by the arm and dragged him, none too gently, to his feet. He wouldn't have blown a candle out, the Jap was sweating.

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LIFE at its worst. Osmar K. Jones, of Illinois (U.S.) was carrying his blushing bride over the threshold of their love nest when he tripped and broke his ankle. A San Francisco marriage expert had told him his lecture on "How To Be Happy Though Married"; he'd been subpoenaed to answer his wife's suit for divorce. And a London flat dweller left home in a huff, banging the door behind him. The front of the building collapsed.

"Come, Damu-ra-sun, we've got a nice little apartment, just for you. You're going to be our honoured guest for a long time. Until you say 'chirp' to Jack Ketch, that is," he grinned mercilessly. "This is your Sayonara song, Keno Damu-ra-sun. Let's go."

* * *

All the light had left Keno Damu-ra-sun. His shoulders humped in the limp abstraction of Oriental acceptance of defeat. Suddenly, he hissed what might have been an apology ... or a curse at himself! Then he accepted the inevitable ... and there was a shade of admiration in his almond-eyes for one who was a greater Don of the Belt than any imprint of the Black Dragon Clan. They went.

Next morning Colonel "John" Bull was explaining the whole thing to the Brigadeer.

"Nothing to it, really, sir. It was Starr's idea all the way through. Part of the whole show was impromptu, of course. But, basically, the scheme was this. In going through the very thin door we had on the block one of the things that came out—and had been chewed over—and missed a dozen times before—was the fact that he was an inner circle Black Dragon boy. That was during the period he was a staff officer, naturally. And knowing what we do about that outfit, it was pounds to peanuts that he'd either have that damn great tattoo on his arm, or, like the SS boys in Germany, he'd have done his durendote to have it obliterated.

"Originally we were going to round up everyone who bore a resemblance to the sketchy description we had. But, to get right down to facts, Starr was right. At a press conference where the Big Boys were supposed to turn up did such him in. Spotting him was a matter of routine. Really. But I had to get that cast off. And what's better than a great trayful of drinks? Even though I deplore the waste of so much good liquor. You know the rest.

"Still, as a point of interest, he'd used some shockingly crude acid on the tattoo mark which even the coating of collodion didn't beauty. I must repeat, though, sir, that it was all Starr's work. He's the brains of our outfit, y'know."

"Still digging that Inc, John?"

"Who? Me?" It's no line, sir. Get no brains, but I do have a lot of fun trying." He gathered up the papers spread out on the desk and slid them into his brief case. "Ho, hum, must be off. Must have beer. Always have beer at eleven. Flushes the kidneys, y'know. Cheers, sir."

"Cheers, John."

The Brigadeer's eyes had a twinkle as he watched the squat, square figure out of sight.
It took Ole Man Moneyhun time to recognize his clien ted robber.

OLE MAN MONEYHUN. That was what he was called when spoken of by the inhabitants of Cashaw Valley. To his face, he was called Mister Moneyhun.

Small, grey, plump and round-shouldered, all the features of his face slightly bulbous, his blue eyes twinkled and crinkled, he was famed throughout the valley for his ability to remark correctly upon the peculiarities of any absent inhabitant who, perchance, was the subject of a conversation.

Men marvelled at the ability of Ole Man Moneyhun. What color is Jeff Oliver's eyes, blue? No, grey. Is Elijah Bishop right or left-handed? Left-handed. Which breast pocket does Henry Eaten carry his spectacles in? Right.

"Why I can't even tell you offhand, one inhabitant would say to another, "whose picture is on a dollar bill?"

For twenty odd years, Ole Man Moneyhun had run a general merchandise store at Tadpole Crossing, a spot centrally located in the valley, and so named because here the main road and only creek of the valley crossed.

To-night—dark of a February Saturday—as was his custom at the end of the week, Ole Man Moneyhun, by the light of a dimly bulb suspended from the overhead ceiling, stood emptying his cash register. Darkly, his shadow fell across the counter, bobbing grotesquely with his movement, while shadows, still and grey, filled the corners, nooks and crannies of the store. It was out of one of these still and grey nooks that there now suddenly materialized a dark, moving shadow—a huge, black barrel-like thing, the height of a tall man.

It might have been a dark shade lingering in some cranny of the wriggled and gradually maintained itself into the circle of light. But it was a shadow with a shadow that lengthened and contorted itself grotesquely as it moved further from the pane. It advanced like a dark, nameless cloud.

Soundlessly, this moved toward Ole Man Moneyhun. Probably amazing the presence, Ole Man Moneyhun glanced up. His eyes widened. He thrust his round, grey head forward, to peer.

"Just take it easy, Ole Fellow," came a wheezy whisper. "Don't get excited and start something I'll have to finish. Raise your hands!"

By this time the dark, shapeless mass had come within the circle of light cast by the dimly bulb. Hardly recognizable as such, admittedly, the thing was a man nevertheless.

A black cloak-like affair, falling from beneath a black hat, draped its entire body. Through two small holes cut in the cloak, his eyes glittered like icy reflecting a red, settling sun. Through a slit in the right front of the cloak, a black-gloved fist jutted, holding a gun as black as the glove.

"I said, 'raise your hands'!" came the wheezy whisper again. "Don't stand there staring!"

Slowly, still staring, Ole Man Moneyhun raised his hands. The black-hatted man advanced until his bulky front touched the counter.

"Now take the rest of the money out of that machine and place it on that already on the counter, then hand it all to me," directed the wheezy whisper.

Obediently, Ole Man Moneyhun began to take bills out of the cash register drawer. Black-and-bulky leaned across the counter and watched to see that all compartments were cleaned. Then Ole Man Moneyhun placed the bills from the cash register on the ones already on the counter, and took up the stack.

Through a slit on the left front of the cloak, Black-and-bulky's left hand emerged, black-gloved, and reached to remove the money Ole Man Moneyhun placed it in Black-and-bulky's outstretched hand. An instant later he had grasped the fingers of that hand suddenly and bent them the way they weren't made to be bent. They popped and cracked.

Sawagely, Black-and-bulky lashed out with the gun. It struck Ole Man Moneyhun's round, grey head just over the left ear. He crumpled behind his counter...

Under the dimly bulb suspended from the ceiling over Ole Man Moneyhun's cash register, the gaunt face of the Sheriff of Cashaw Valley was now past midnight. Ole Man Moneyhun, himself, had phoned the sheriff after reviving from the blow on the head.

"I'm sure the man's from the valley here," Ole Man Moneyhun was saying. "He knew I kept my money for the week here in the cash register..."
A WARNING TO MEN IN MIDLIFE

At about 50 years of age most men show a marked decline in vitality and vigor. At the same time and for no apparent reason, they suddenly develop a nervous tension and emotional instability. They suffer from joint pains, become irritable over nothing, easy to aggrieve, moody, inactive, unable to concentrate, and over all there is a constant dragging tiredness. But this change is not confined to middle age. It is only. Quite frequently these symptoms appear at the age of 35 and there are many cases of men as young as 20 who have lost their powers.

Do YOU suffer from any of these symptoms? If you show signs of just one it is a sure indication that your natural production of male hormone is decreasing because it is this male hormone that governs the whole character and characteristics of the male.

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Your A.M.P. Agent will advise you on your family insurance so as to obtain the maximum protection. The A.M.P. Agent, like the office which he represents, is a "Sure Friend in Uncertain Times".
WOOD molasses will soon be produced (20,000 gallons a year) at Wilson Dam, Alabama (U.S.). Raw material will be wood wastes from forestry and sawmill operations. The U.S. Forest Products Laboratory already has a wood molasses plant operating in Wisconsin. Both plants will be used to produce cattle feed. Experiments have proved that livestock molasses is not only economical to produce, but also provides excellent food value.

You say whatever it was was a black hat and a black cloak?" Ola Man Moneymun nodded his head, gray head—studying the fingers of Bishop's left hand.

"I'll bet he knows you well, who ever he is, all right," continued Bishop. "That's why he covered it that way. He was afraid you would be able to recognize him later if he only used something over his face."

Then Dick Jackson bought a pair of overalls. "How's your head, Mastor, Moneymun?" he inquired.

It feels better to-day, thank you," Ola Man Moneymun glanced at the fingers of the left hand of Big Bill Jackson.

"I hear he was as big as I," continued Jackson.

"I think he had on a heavy overcoat under the cloak," replied Ola Man Moneymun. His blue eyes crinkled.

Then came Zeke Baleford, who asked for a plug of chewing tobacco, remarking, "Heard you were robbed Saturday night. Have any idea yet who done it?"

"I'm afraid not," said Ola Man Moneymun, wearily. He looked at the fingers of Baleford's left hand.

"From what I hear, he was as smart as people say you are," Baleford continued. "I don't believe you'll ever mix him!"

Baleford drew his wallet from his hip pocket, slapped a bill out with his thumb, and reached it toward Ola Man Moneymun.

There was an eager glint in his gray eyes.

His round, gray head thrust forward, Ola Man Moneymun just stood there, peering steadily at Baleford. "I've caught him now," Ola Man Moneymun said. "You robbed me!"

Suddenly, there was quiet in the milling room.

"Hear him!" laughed Baleford. "Accuses me of robbing him Saturday night!"

"It was you!" said Ola Man Moneymun, his voice rising. "I can prove it! Sheriff!"

Baleford lunged into the crowd. He didn't get far, however. Many hands caught and held him, and pushed him back to face Ola Man Moneymun.

"Let's see if Mastor Moneymun can prove it," several men said.

The sheriff shouldered through. Quickly he glanced at the fingers of Baleford's left hand. Then he looked at Ola Man Moneymun. "Are—are you sure, Mastor Moneymun?"

"Are I done it, all right," said Baleford. "I don't guess there's any use denying it. The old buzzard has recognised me some way. I was afraid of that. I'll give him his money—"

"—his fingers aren't swollen," the sheriff said. "How—I mean—"

"I know his fingers aren't swollen," said Ola Man Moneymun. "I doubt if his fingers are even sure now. But they have been. During my life I've observed that once a man starts carrying his wallet in a certain pocket, he seldom changes that pocket unless there's a reason for doing so. As long as I've known Zeke Baleford, he has carried his wallet in his left pocket. Just now he pulled it from his right hip pocket."

Ola Man Moneymun's bulging features creased with a smile and his blue eyes crinkled and twinkled. "What better reason would you want for that than sprained fingers of the left hand?"

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WE REGRET that during the recent waterfront dispute we were unable to send the June, July and August issues of "Cavalcade" to New Zealand.

However, copies of these issues are available on application with remittances from the Publishers, "Cavalcade," 56 Young Street, Sydney, Australia.

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CAVALCADE October, 1951
TALKING POINTS

LOST LOOT...

When Hitler and his Nazi militarists swept across Europe, they pillaged and looted like the Huns whose descendants they were. Some of them—Goring, especially—acquired a belated taste for art treasures—which made Italy one of their happiest hunting grounds. As the Allies advanced, many of the Nazis burned the treasures they had plundered,Italian had others to save them from the German. Cedric Mountjoy was with the advancing Allied troops in Italy and, in his fact-story "Dig for Art's Sake" he describes some of the bizarre finds that were made. And what makes his article the more interesting are the hints it gives of what treasure troves may still remain to be found.

JUDO-ESQUE...

This month "Cavalcade" introduces a fiction force though it is an authentic cipher of counter-intelligence work in Japan. Brian Haven, who made both Japan and Korea his stamping ground until lately, presents a new character, Colonel "John" Bull—who "hasn't got any brains, you know, old man," but who seems somehow always to be on the right spot at the right moment to do the right thing. "Cavalcade" suggests that you'll want to hear more about Bull... and Haven hints that his brambo-child is not likely to be stifled at birth.

RAILROADED...

A new angle on the history of Ben Hall—famous or infamous (however you care to look at it)—in Australian bushranging annals, is presented by Lester Way in his article, "Was Ben Hall Burned?" Way poses the question whether Hall was a born criminal and killer or whether he was badgered despite himself into a life of violence.

NEXT MONTH...

For November, CAVALCADE has something really out of the box to offer. For sports and sportsmen, Frank Brown—very appropriately—revives some pleasant (or, perhaps, not-so-pleasant) memories of the Melbourne Cup; For historians (amateur and otherwise), Edward Andrews revives a forgotten naval clash which once made the Tasman even stormier than usual, while Lester Way has a foot-note of courage, barbarism and fantasy in the Canadian snows: "Cavalcade" for this occasion featuring another work—contributes a sketch of the Robin Hood of Queensland—perhaps the wildest-mannered bushranger who ever cut a purse. For fiction, there is a neat vignette by Paul Gianni, flashed with the colour and the pathos of the Orient, a Kiplingesque study of an Australian McQwai... Name of the Territory, and another Man-Gray story "House of the Tiger."
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