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If ever a Court of Civilization is set up to administer justice, it will have some lurid case-histories to study.

Cedric R. Mentiplay

A 1,000 MARCHING CORPSES

Today, when it is actually easy to hate a man merely because of his nationality, it is worth remembering that every dictator who ever lived took it out first, last, and all the time on his own people. It was German testimony which finally ensured that the Hitler regime received its deserts. If ever Stalin and his minions are convicted before a Court of Civilization, it will be Russians who will convict them—but many of the witnesses will already have given their testimony in a higher Court.

In the early summer of 1945, in Austria and Yugoslavia, I saw some thousands of these last witnesses. Here is one group history, the Case of the Thousand Marching Corpses—and if I can get it into your heads that I saw this, checked it, know it to be true in every detail, then this article will have accomplished something.

In the fighting around Oral late in 1941 a Russian army corps was forced to surrender. The Germans hanged the thirty thousand survivors southward in a long march through the snow. By the time they reached Wolfsburg in Austria, two months later, three thousand walking skeletons were left. Many men witnessed that arrival, for Wolfsburg was better known as Staling XVIII, and it was already well filled with British, Australians, and New Zealanders from Greece and Crete, Frenchmen, and prisoners of half a dozen other nationalities.

Herded together, issued with one blanket to four men in the sub-zero cold, fed on cabbage-water and potatoes, the Russians died like flies. Cholera almost completed the work of extermination. When I reached Wolfsburg there were four graves in the Russian cemetery on the hill above the camp—and each grave contained five hundred men.

The stonewall once saw the war out, and respected the bounty of British rations, British battledress, and Russian patriotic precepts while they awaited repatriation. Not all were so lucky. I passed through rows of clayboard huts filled with living men for whom graves had already been dug. Their parchment-covered skeletons rustled horribly. Nightmare limbs writhed towards us. Paper-thin lips twitched, and eyes burned like guttering candle-flames. I saw Dachau and Buchenwald, but nothing more horrible than this.

That afternoon the Russian envoy arrived—a Colonel and three others from the Soviet General Tolbukhin’s force which had penetrated as far as Graz. The colonel asked only one question of John Ledgerwood, a YMCA man from Dunedin, New Zealand, who, as one of the senior prisoners, had become camp commandant.

Had the Russians been treated by the Allies in the same way as the other prisoners? His inspection investigated only that point. He cracked no jokes, showed no interest in the men. Finally he told John that he had no fault to find.

“My men will move tomorrow,” he added. “Arrange for the proper number of trucks to be here at dawn.”

“But many of these men are still sick,” protested John. “Why not let them rest here and regain their strength?”

Seeing the impassive face, he shrugged and turned to the telephone. From Major-General C. E. Warren, a New Zealander in command of the British 4th (Oxbridge) Division, he obtained a promise of transport.

That night there were two parties in Wolfsburg. At the Russian delegation, enormous quantities of German kvass, which has a family resemblance to vodka and punch-remover, were put away. At the other end, Russian men’s voices—magnified by one bottle of beer each—in deep harmony sang Russian folk-songs. No words were exchanged between the parties.

At dawn, a column of twenty-six three-ton trucks waited outside the camp. The Russian prisoners lined up before them.

Ignoring his fellow-countrymen, the Russian colonel inspected each one of the long line of vehicles. Then he turned to John Ledgerwood.

“You may dismiss the trucks! My men will march!”

“But it’s miles to Graz! Half these men are ready to drop now!” stammered John.

“No matter. Your responsibility is ended. They will march.”

And march they did, as they had shuffled through the snow to Wolfsburg so very long ago, while truck-drivers gnarled their gums in Cockney fury and Australians and New Zealanders rolled out their colonial oaths.

But the nightmare was not yet over. John went across to where the Russian colonel was getting into his German car.

“It will be some time, days even, before these men reach Graz,” he said. “We would be glad to take food...”
HOW wide is your front door today? That's anybody's guess, but tomorrow you may be wishing it was as wide as a shop window. Then you just might be able to mount your television set.

The video screen covers every day, and experts assure that within the next five years there will be 34-inch, 37-inch and probably 46-inch screen sets. Pictures on the screen will, in effect, be more than life-size, and the size of the set will depend on the width of the front door.

to them on the road.

"Not necessary," said the colonel.

"Er—I suppose you have plenty of food and shelter for them when they reach here?"

The colonel regarded him coldly before replying: "Those men surrendered at Orel, at a time when Marshal Stalin decreed there would be no surrender by Russian troops. Therefore they are traitors. They will be shot!"

At that time the Russians were our Allies in victory. At Yalta, Churchill and Roosevelt had agreed to a demand by Stalin that every Soviet citizen who had left Russia after 1927 should be delivered back into his hands.

In the face of it there was simply nothing at all that we could do. On every European front British and American troops implemented the agreement by sending into Russian-occupied territory everyone of Russian nationality. The heavily-guarded borders swallowed them—but in those early days there were gaps in what was stacked with orderly lines of German uniforms.

We looked closer, and the hair at the back of our necks began to rise.

Each pile consisted of the complete clothes of one man—boots, gauntlets, socks, tunics, trousers, undershirt and Wehrmacht cap. There was no other explanation. An army of men, standing in orderly ranks with their backs to the river, had stripped themselves naked here.

The piles of clothes had not been there long, for no snow had fallen upon them. Thousands of naked and undressed men could not march far, yet there was no trace of them. The only answer lay in the river itself, and in the machine-guns of the Russian and Yugoslav troops who camped on the other side of the road.

Who were these men? We did not know—but back in Austria some days before we had seen thousands of Russians in German uniforms marching back to Russian-held territory under British escort. They had been prisoners, forced into German labour battalions by the threat of torture and starvation. As such they were no more guilty of treachery than were our men whom the Japanese compelled to work on roads and railways.

On a sandpit downstream I saw four naked bodies. The nationality of a corpse is hard to determine, so I do not know that they were Russians. Of the many thousands who went into that deep river, few if any could ever be identified. Perhaps that was why they were made to shed their clothes.

I have often asked myself since why the Russians were so ruthless with their own, and why Stalin enlisted the aid of Britain and America to make sure that not one of his subjects should escape his clutches.
COLONEL WILLIAM SORRELL

was the ablest Governor of Van Diemen's Land history, but he made one social error—the lady who presided at Government House functions was not his wife.

The city of Van Diemen's Land had never complained about Sorrell's predecessor, Colonel Davey, even when the authorities dismissed him for drunkenness, general corruption and profanity.

But then, Davey had never interfered with the colonial gentry's private methods of making money. Unfortunately, however—both from the effects on himself and on the colonial gentry—this was exactly what Colonel Sorrell was inspired to do.

In those days, the financial methods of the businessmen of Van Diemen's Land were peculiar to say the least about it. And not merely the cay civilised were deep in the scheming, the military and the Civil Service were also wallowing in the mire, in most cases, more than neck deep.

That returns were pleasing lucrative and, though it was dirt into which they were delving, it was paydirt and they were extremely reluctant to have their hands washed clean of it (either by themselves or by anyone else).

They watched with dismay while their new Governor began to evince strict reformist tendencies. At first, perhaps, they may have excused him as just another new broom, intent on sweeping clean for the moment, but which would tend to stay and scour with less persistence on immaculate cleanliness later.

When, however, Sorrell showed no inclination to desist from his sweeping, the colonial gentry came to the unanimous decision that enough is always as good as too much, and that they must Take Steps.

After a short period for plotting and conspiring (in which they suffered the usual disadvantages of a guilty person trying to pin some vestige of crime on a man who was perfectly innocent), they hit on a plan.

Unable to attack the reforming Sorrell on his public life, his enemies seized on his private life to break him.

A public meeting in Hobart pointed out that a Mrs Kent lived with the Governor in Government House. This the meeting declared, was an "Insult to Public Morality."

Even the Colonial Office, notoriously slow, could not ignore public meetings of that kind. Sorrell's recall was inevitable.

Sorrell could have avoided trouble by keeping his relations with Mrs Kent furtive or by overlooking the corruption of Hobart's leading citizens. He was too honest a man for either course.

To-day Sorrell's marital troubles would be adjusted by a divorce court without harming his career or his social standing. But divorce, in the early nineteenth century, was almost impossible.

Sorrell's indiscretion ruined his prospects in the army. When he lived that down and began another career in colonial administration, it ruined him again.

Sorrell was not a prolific man as Davey was. But, in the intervals of his brilliant military career in the West Indies, Holland and Spain, he had married unwisely.

His strained relations with his wife did not prevent him from rearing seven children—the same had strong views on a husband's rights—but the marriage was an obvious failure.

When Sorrell was transferred to Capetown in 1817, he left his wife and family behind and gave them an allowance from his army pay.

In Capetown he met Mrs Kent, the wife of a junior officer. When Kent returned to England Sorrell followed him—and Mrs Kent left her husband.

Kent promptly sued Sorrell on the scanty old charge of criminal conversation and won £300 damages.

Sorrell, a colonel at 33, when the British army was being built up for its final tussles with Napoleon, had brilliant prospects.

He was forced to resign his commission and settled down in a country cottage with pretty Mrs Kent and what was left of his money.

After 10 wasted years, the authorities gave Sorrell another chance. Whatever his relations with Mrs Kent were, the Colonial Office decided, they were not as bad as Davey's habit of staging drunken parties with convicts men and women.

Sorrell arrived in Hobart to find the colony in a very bad way indeed. The public offices were riddled with corruption.

Many of the leading citizens were involved in spirit smuggling, knowing that their friends on the bench would protect them. There was brutality over the sale of private lands; convicts were treated inhumanely.
THE LETTER OF THE LAW
(Or "A Policeman's Lot is Not A Happy One")
A Moppet meandering through town
left gentlemen palled with thought,
she was wearing a Vogabond Gown—
with no visible means of support.
— JAY-PAY

And bushrangers infested the roads and hills. One had written to Davey shortly before, a letter addressed "From the Governor of the Mountains to the Governor of the Town."
The drunken Davey had laughed at this and done nothing.

Sorrell set to work to stamp out the bushrangers. By the end of his seven years at Hobart the bushranging menace had vanished.

He reformed the whole administration of convicts and ordered that prisoners should be given clean shirts and shaved twice a week. The female prisoners, who were ordered to work for the men, did not approve, but the male prisoners were pleased with his new, humane regulations.

Sorrell also cleaned up the public service. This caused him "more trouble and personal annoyance than even suppressing the bushrangers."

All in all, his immediate superior, Governor Lachlan Macquarie in Sydney, was delighted with Sorrell's administration and wrote home repeated letters of praise.

Even Commissioner Bugge, who came to investigate the whole administration of the colonies, overlooked his private troubles.

From the start, Sorrell had lived openly and frankly with Mrs. Kent. He introduced her to his subordinates as his wife and took her to all public functions—even to the opening of a new church.

It was this which struck in the throats of the angry gentlemen whose profits had been disturbed by Sorrell's reforms.

Among the gentlemen who had been dismissed from office was Anthony Fern Kemp.

He immediately began to write a series of outraged letters to Macquarie, Lord Bathurst and the Bishop of London. These letters assumed a high moral tone.

"If Vice itself can be excused there is yet a certain Display of it, a certain Outrage to Decency and Violation of Public Decorum which, for the Benefit of Society, should not be forgiven."

"It is not that Lieutenant Governor Sorrell keeps Mrs. Kent privately but that he constantly attends her abroad. It is not the private Indulgence of which I complain but the Public Insult."

"It is lamentable to see the Highest Authority in the Island living in a Public State of Concupiscence an evil example to the Rising Generation."

All the Respectable Married Inhabitants cherish the fond hope that Your Lordship will advocate the cause of Morality in the Flourishing Island.

"Mrs. Kent is publicly paraded about the Garrison in an Equipage bought at Government Expense—insulting to Public Decency."

Governor Macquarie, though a man of great personal rectitude, ignored Kemp's letter.

But Bathurst, the Colonial Secretary, wrote to Sorrell asking for an explanation.

Sorrell wrote back a straightforward, manly letter. His relations with Mrs. Kent were well-known at the time of his appointment, he said, and a full account had appeared in the newspapers at the time of the damages suit by Lieutenant Kent.

He drew attention to his years of good service in the army and as governor.

Sorrell also invited Kemp to Government House, introduced him to Mrs. Kent (and their five children) and explained the position.

Kemp was evidently sorry for the row his letters had started.

When news came through that Sorrell would be recalled, citizens who approved of his reforms called another public meeting.

They subscribed £750—a big sum for those days—as a testimonial to his work. The man who moved the resolution was Anthony Fern Kemp.

Lord Bathurst, admiring Sorrell's administration, arranged that he should have a pension of £500 a year—which he drew for 26 years.

And the rank and file of Hobart were even sorrier. The humane Sorrell was replaced by the martinet Governor Arthur.

But there were no illegal ladies in Government House on which the sanity could base an attack on the harsh Governor.

Van Diemen's Land had to put up with Arthur for his full term.
BRIDGES that kill themselves

Next time you're travelling the highway and you have to cross a bridge, be sure you're not whistling in the dark

ATHOL YEOMANS

SYDNEYSIDERS of aSomber turn of mind who travel across the Harbour Bridge every day will be amused—or diverted—to speculate on the chance of the exotic structure giving up the ghost and falling monotonously into the harbour.

As a stimulus to their thoughts these amateur ghouls might ponder the events of January 31st, last year, and consider what happened to the 3 million dollar bridge across the river between Montreal and Quebec City.

This nine-inch, a third of a mile long, was opened in 1916, with the usual fanfare of headlines, press panegaries on engineering (past and present) and politicians' praise.

These years later, on January 31, four spans fell simultaneously out of the bridge into the ice-covered river. So did four cars and their drivers. The rescuers found the bodies easily enough, because the headlights were still shining under the water.

Survivors? Three suddenly-sobered after-party revellers were rescued from a boat which had landed on an ice floe.

The revellers had hardly been touched.

And that is only one example.

Despite modern engineering, bridge crashes are not so rare as you may think. Take the 3½ million pre-war dollar Tacoma suspension bridge in Washington State (U.S.).

It was a bridge to end all bridges. It was a bridge, forty-three years later, that killed itself.

Slender and farther, it soared a mile across the waters of Puget Sound. The central span was a shade on the long side of half a mile.

When finished, it was the third longest suspension bridge in the world.

Everything was designed for strength and lightness. The end towers rose 450 slender feet into the air, and the main cables supported the thinnest deck yet constructed over such a length.

Opening day was most impressive, and very windy with words.

"It will stand for hundreds of years," was the day's most popular platitudes.

Having survived the blasts of politicians on that July day in 1916, Tacoma seemed to have every chance of resisting the hammering of the years untouched.

In fact, everything went along smoothly until the locals noticed that the bridge buckled and jumped when the wind came running up across the Sound. It was not the gentle swinging of a suspension bridge, but a skittering, buckling, jumping motion under the feet.

So the citizens—inevitably—named the bridge "Galloping Gertie." The few serious-minded who thought that 6½ millions' worth of bridge should stay in the same place began to harrass the designing engineers.

These gentlemen shrugged off the citizenship fears as the ignorance of laymen and pointed out that the bridge was a flexible structure, which no wind on earth could harm.

Only the man didn't laugh. He was D. B. Steinman, a bridge authority who had previously struck trouble with buckling bridges. He offered to show the authorities how to stop Gertie from Galloping Af

fronted, the experts bleakly refused. Weren't they conducting wind-tunnel tests with a scale model at the time? Steinman dropped the whole business—there were plenty of other people who valued his services and were eager to employ him.

So the whole half-mile of Gertie's middle span went on galloping.

Four months after the bridge was opened—on December 7—another breeze came up across the Sound, causing yachting enthusiasts to emit yelps for their boats. Gertie, of course, began to dance.

And her keepers noticed that this time the motion was a little different.

Several points on the span were rising and falling three feet at a time—36 times a minute. Moreover, combined with the usual swaying, these back-in-the-box antics made it difficult for traffic to cross. The keepers closed the gates. The motion merely worsened.

Engineers made no bones that they expected the worst and hurried to the bridge. As the news spread, reporters and newreel cameramen also arrived.

The wind was measured and found to be about 40 m.p.h. Its peak was a mere 42 m.p.h.

It had to happen. After something gave way and Gertie ran amuck. Huge waves, like rollers of a good surf, started to swell along the bridge. The roadway ponderously heaved sideways and dropped sickeningly. The waves were 25 feet high and went on continuously.

A newreel cameraman said it was the most tragic and impressive sight he had ever seen.

There was no doubt about it. Gertie was dumpy, tearing herself to pieces. At 10:30, a chunk fell out of her centre. At 11:30, a 600-foot length of roadway went. Ten minutes later the whole half-mile span plummeted 100 feet to its grave beneath.

Several reputations were buried at the same time, and the insurance...
Believe it or not, Hollywood seems to be suddenly becoming economy-conscious. Current rumours—which appear to have less than the usual tinge of whimsy common to Filmland gossip—claim that star pay cheques are due for an early cut if box-office blues continue. Studio executives are already studying balance sheets and emitting hollow moans. Among the hardest hit victims are hinted: Cary Grant (300,000 dollars a film), Gregory Peck (250,000 dollars), Gary Cooper (300,000 dollars) and Jane Russell (200,000 dollars). At present, star salaries often run over 500,000 dollars before a single line of script is written or a single foot of celluloid shot.

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

companies were faced with a &frac34;million dollar payout.

The reason? There was plenty of strength in Gertie. The breeze rustling across the Sound had acted under the roadway just the same way air acts on an aeroplane wing—and because the bridge was so slender, it started to vibrate like a violin string.

Suspension bridges nowadays have air slots and deflectors built into the deckings...but that doesn't console the Tay Bridge Authority.

There is the sorry story of the Tay River bridge disaster, which—although it happened in 1879—is still a grotesque memory to the British Railways.

On that gala-swept bridge over the River Tay in Scotland 60 people died suddenly.

The fact that 20 men were slain while building the bridge, had been already forgotten by the time the two-mile long crossing was opened to railway traffic.

Local residents were grimly reminded of it on the bitter December night two or three years later.

It began to blow what, by a mild understatement, might be called a tempest. The wind was soon blowing people to the ground as they struggled for the safety of their homes. A few minutes after seven the usual evening train entered the bridge approaches.

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It began to blow what, by a mild understatement, might be called a tempest. The wind was soon blowing people to the ground as they struggled for the safety of their homes. A few minutes after seven the usual evening train entered the bridge approaches. Several people were looking from different places to see if the driver would attempt the crossing on such a night. He did. Picking up the signal staff from the box at the end, he drove slowly across the bridge. Halfway, almost lost to view of the signalman, the tail lights faded. There was a cascade of sparks and nothing more. The signalman—and the master from the nearby station—raced horrified for the bridge. Though they crawled and struggled, the wind stopped them before they could go far enough to see what had happened.

But they found an ominous sign—the water pipe running across the bridge was broken and spouting over the side.

Meanwhile, the signalmen on the other side had found that the expected train had not arrived. They had no communication with their opposite number two miles away. A
She played with giants, and, when she didn't beat 'em, she gave them the toughest game of their lives.

FRANK BROWNE

Lady Lion of Tennis

DOROTHY ROUND was the greatest English woman tennis player. There may be some who will dispute this, but a look at the opposition faced by Dorothy Round will convince anybody that she was the girl to take the Wimbledon title in 1934 and 1937.

She won her first tournament at nineteen, but her game, splendidly aggressive, could only be characterized as wild and woolly. She went for speed all the time, and went under to opponents, on her own errors, rather than their winners.

She played at Wimbledon first in 1928, and was out in the second round. But for the first few games of both her matches, she drove with a blistering speed and accuracy, that led Tilden, who knew all about such things, to say, "One day that girl's gonna whip up her game, and then look out!"

She also had a carefree attitude towards the game, that inhibited her in the finer aspects of Championship tennis.

It was two years later, before she scored her first important victory. She went in in the third round against Senorita Lili D'Avila. Lili was way up there amongst the stars. Three times runner-up in the Wimbledon singles, she was nobly's fool, and no has-been either.

She played a fast game and Dorothy simply blasted her off the court with a game about twice as fast. The fans thought they might well be looking at the new Champ, certainly at a finalist.

As often happens, the new star met somebody awkward. In this case it was the German girl, Hilda Spurling. The Franklin was a tennis fraud, in that she apparently did everything wrong. She held her racket awkwardly, yet she could produce volleys of mettlesome steadiness.

Dorothy Round went into the game expecting to win the speed. She found it impossible to get the girl across the net out of a steady position. In an effort to break up the Spurling game, Dorothy went berserk, and errors flowed from her racket as balls after ball smashed into the net. She lost in straight sets.

From there on, she settled down to learn to deal with the crafty game. She realized that if she was ever going to amount to anything, she had to be able to deal with everything from drop shots to drop shots.

In 1932, two years later, a new and steadier Dorothy Round won her way through to the final. Perhaps her drives were just that little bit slower than the ones that brought punts from the baselines, back two years before. But they were controlled now, truer, harder to send back. She had become a tactician who played either the long or short game, according to circumstances.

In the final, she met Helen Wills, who had not lost a set in five years. The first set of the match saw the Champion win 6-4. The second had not gone very far, when it could be seen that Helen was in trouble. Never fast in coming into the net, she was finding the English girl's shortened game a real trouble.

It was the first set that had not been played completely according to play, in five years. Dorothy Round ran out a winner, from a strong and pretty puzzled Champion.

But she was not yet ready, not quite. She attempted to win the third set with drop shots, knowing the Wills reputation for steadiness in long rallies. She tried to shorten them with the drop shots which never quite seemed to come off.

Helen Wills kept her Championship.

The next year, Dorothy went to America with the Wightman Cup Team, to play in the annual match between England and the U.S. She seemed listless, and over cautious, and was beaten in the match.

But in the quarter final of the American Singles Championship, she staged a comeback with a vengeance. She met Sarah Palfrey Cooke, one of the greatest women tennis players that America has seen, and defeated her in straight sets.

But in the semi-final, she met Helen Jacobs, who had made her look foolish, with a variety of spins and slices, to defeat her fairly easily.

By now, there were a lot of people who thought that Dorothy Round, like so many others who had come up quickly, was a false alarm. That unless someone played a game that suited her, she didn't have the ability to adapt herself.

She went through a bad patch of tennis trying to learn tactics against spinners and players, and dropped a good many matches.

By the time Wimbledon arrived in 1934, she was not amongst those favored to make the final four, let alone win the title.

She shocked the critics by running through to the final with consummate ease. There, she met Miss Simone Mathieu, the top French.
BING out, wild bells... if the current trend in prizes permit, in ancient days, when a bell was being cast, rich patrons would toss gold and silver knock-knocks into the molten metal. Under the delusion that thereby the bell would be endowed with a "silver tone." Today, a church bell two feet high and two feet six inches in diameter would cost you more than £250. Yet, a century ago, in Britain, York Minster's "Great Tower" (weighing 11 tons) cost only £2,000.

She faced the Polish girl, one of the most vigorous and aggressive women players of all time, in the final. By now, people had ceased to do much predicting about the course of a game in which she appeared. She won the first set comfortably enough, and then, in the second, played like a novice, to lose it 1-6. In the third, the Polish girl seemed to have her measure. With a lead of 4-2, it looked as though "Ja Jas" would coast home. Then, with all the drama of the popular prizefight picture when the hero, after being in extremis, produces a knockout punch, Dorothy Round came to light, won three games in a row, and went on to take the set, and the Championship at 7-5.

Dorothy Round was an enigma. It was impossible to say with any certainty, as it was with other great players, who she could beat, and who could beat her. But unquestionably, on her day, the answer to the second half of the question was "Nobody."

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

CATCH AS CATCH CAN

CAVALCADE, March 1952
White Squaws of the Muskingum

Eight miles a day. That was slow going even in the rugged New England forests, but it was the best Colonel Bouquet could do. His army was out to conquer the Shawnees and the Senecas; it carried provvisions and munitions for a long campaign; it also carried camp-followers of a very peculiar type, and with you like that you need open country, while Bouquet had some of the toughest in the world.

He could advance only as fast as his axemen could clear a way for his wagon. And he was advancing into the stronghold of the two tribes credited with implacable hatred of the English.

The army crawled forward. The Indians retreated into forest even more forbidding. Which was what Bouquet expected; he pushed on.

Emily in October, 1774, he reached the Muskingum River, five hundred miles beyond the nearest white settlement.

The Shawnees and Senecas had retreated to the very edge of their own tribal lands, with hostile tribes at their back. If they tried to retreat further, they would be fighting on two fronts. They had to make up their minds to attack Bouquet's powerful army, or sue for peace.

The army included kettle Highlanders, red-coated regulars, a large contingent of backwoodsmen, and a sprinkling of tough scouts and pathfinders in buckskin and macassars, and, while the Indians debated what to do, Bouquet set all his men to work. They threw up fortifications and barracks. Then, along the full length of the camp, they built a row of small log cabins—for the camp-followers, the women.

Not young women, though. There was not a single easy-to-get floosie among them. They were mothers of mature years.

Bouquet's main purpose was to force the release of all white prisoners held by the two tribes, and many of the captives were young children. That row of huts was to receive the liberated children and young women. The boys of maritans was there to care for the children at the camp, and on the long march back.

The Indians decided not to fight. They sent their chieftains to powwow with Bouquet. He told them, without babbling, that if they wanted peace, it would be on his terms.

He demanded five chiefs as hostages and got them.

The next day, a procession of warriros and squaws began arriving at the British encampment, bringing the prisoners. Bouquet seems to have had a fairly accurate tally of the number held, and when he was satisfied that he had them all, he started back.

But everyone knows that Indians—the Shawnees and Senecas in particular—coveted scalps above all else. That the prestige of a warrior was reckoned by the number of enemy scalps on his belt. If they took prisoners, it was only to torture them over a slow fire, to pierce their eyeballs with hot needles.

Yet Bouquet's army, with its female followers, made one of the most difficult marches in history to recover white prisoners captured by the Indians right from 1750 up to 1774.

And he recovered them—all five hundred of them—all alive.

That takes some explaining.

"Why weren't those five hundred scalps taken? Some of the prisoners had been held since the French War, the Indians had had fifteen years in which to murder them. All had been carried hundreds of miles from their place of capture, yet they were brought to Bouquet's camp unjured and in excellent condition.

One—a man named S McCalloch—wrote the story of his captivity which was published in pamphlet form a few years later. Still more revealing is the autobiography of Mary Johnson.

Mary was captured by the Shawnees in 1755, when she was fourteen years old. She tells how the Indian attack on her frontier village came with characteristic surprise. The whites fought bitterly. Only with their dwellings ablaze and their ammunition exhausted, they surrendered — except those who died hopelessly fighting rather than face capture.

The women and children, the old and the sick, could not escape. Five able-bodied young men surrendered to see the Indians methodically.
STATE OF THE NATION (IX)

Poppets in new prettisas, Dan Juans in dashing droops, wigies, bodgies, wet-the-feels—most peculiar shapes littering the pavements, woeing against walls, plighters troths in alleys or outside dancing halls, cuddling close in sedans, holding hands on hikes, humping lu-u-u-ve in side-cars or astride motor-bikes, clinched on parlour sofas, wearing out the nap (who cares for upholstery? Let Po pay, the sop!), pick-ups, make-ups, stodges—Middle Age, swing down your beer, then shirk off home and hide yourself... the Silly Season's here...
—JAY-PAY

sculpting the dead. They were taken away, certain that they would be murdered in the forests.

Some were murdered... and Mary's story gives the reason. The warriors of the raiding party had tribal obligations they were bound to fulfill. Their laws compelled them to avenge the dead—a life for a life, a scalp for a scalp.

Those Indians needed a definite number of lives to even the score—no more, and no less. And they took exactly that number, choosing the old and infirm as their victims. The fate of the rest of the prisoners was solemnly considered by a tribal council, and each was assigned a place in the life of the Shawanoes.

Mary Jamison became part of a small group which supplied most of its own needs. On the day she joined them the medicine man took her by the hand and, in the presence of the entire group, led her to the river. He drew her into the water, pronounced invocations and immersed her. When she came out, her alien blood was washed away, she was purified of the sins of the white people and was recovered by the squaws as a sister. She was one of them, a Shawano, with the rights and obligations of an Indian maiden.

The captives were widely dispersed; but Mary encountered them all in the years that followed. She saw young white men painted to mark their full initiation as warriors, and bearing arms. She saw toddlers who had been carried off with her, and she observed the love with which the squaws tended them.

Mary Jamison herself learned to adapt herself. When a Shawano brave wanted her—and the tribe con-
It is a place haunted by memories... and by the silent footsteps of wandering, forgotten ghosts.

**town of Time-Goes-By**

**JACK PEARSON**

ABOUT twenty-four hours after I arrived in Cooktown my watch stopped and I forgot about the time. Not that it mattered for everyone I met seemed to be in the same non-tenant position, but it helped to set the general picture.

Cooktown is like that. It draws gently in the tropic sun and placidly lets time slip almost unnoticed. It is a town of two faces... one looking to the past and the other to the future... and, at the moment, it is difficult to say which face sees the more clearly.

Less than 200 years ago, Cooktown was nothing... just a wilderness of bush.

A hundred or so years later, it was a brawling, boisterous gold-rush port with a floating population of more than 15,000 whites and 20,000 Chinese, a Chinese cook, 55 publicans, 20 eating-houses, 12 large stores, 20 smaller ones, six butchers, six bakers, six hairdressers, seven blacksmiths, two newspapers, besides doctors, chemists, fancy-goods shops, watchmakers, saddlers and three banks. Thousands of ounces of gold passed through its streets to the ships—often 60 or more at once—moored to its wharves... much of this loot being taken south to Brisbane, but even more being snatched north into China.

Today, it is a hamlet of perhaps 200 souls, without water or sewerage systems, without any street lighting (so that at night it seems to dance with fire-flies as the tannuri of home-faring populace twinkle in the dark), and without visitors except for timbermen and surveyors from the hills, the crews of tropical loggers, an occasional "alligator" hunter and a few (very few) stray tourists. It still bears the scars of a cyclone which left less than 25 of its dwellings intact; its hotels have dwindled to three, the saws of a timber-mill whine where once the Chinese consul's residence stood, the slums of the Chinese consuls' wives—tiny brooded fires burn less than five inches long—stand in a glass case in the Sovereign Hotel lounge; set by side with a Clasiana vase dated 1790, a dessert spoon from Nelson's "Victory," a brooch handcrafted in England in 1840, a lacquer scent-bottle from Venice, coconut shells carved and painted into human heads "tiger cowries," "lora comit" and shark's teeth.

Though there is a hospital, the township when I reached it had been without a doctor for months and the ill had to be cursed by aerial ambulance to Cairns.

And the only contact with the outer world is an unpredictable telephone line, a plane which touches down thrice weekly on a makeshiftrome and the launch "Merinda," which sails in from Cairns.

Of course no one can predict what Cooktown may yet become again... road through almost impassable now being driven north from Cairns through the ranges, here and there new buildings are rising from the cyclone-wrought wreckage; moves are being made to have the port dredged and attract new trade... but, at present, the place seems sunk in the chaldron between the future and the past. It is filled with the nostalgia of memories. Wherever you go, ghosts walk at your heels.

You cannot escape them. They are everywhere. They even come out to greet you. As you approach Cooktown from the sea, there arises on your left the scrub-tangled bulk of "G耄tsey Hill," where in 1770 Lieutenant (Acting Captain) James Cook climbed to peer anxiously towards the more of reefs blocking his passage to the north. Nowadays, a narrow strip of mouldering concrete leads up to what was a Pacific War radar station... at a grade so steep that I found the "duck" of the "Lancaster" the lighthouse ship, had broken down in an effort to descend it, but that is the only change.

Then, as you move up the river, Cook again awaits you. There, among the wharves (where a narrow-gauge railway line now runs) is the spot where on June 17, 1770, Cook warped his half-sunken ship "Endeavour" to a tree to repair the damage a coral reef had caused. For almost a month Cook camped here. It was here that he made his first acquaintance with the spiders of the Peninsula. On July 10, Cook, standing here, noticed four "Indians" put off in their outrigger canoes from where the mangroves still cluster darkly on the north side of the estuary. As they paddled towards him, though the "Indians" were all armed with lances and "wimmeras," the native throwing-sticks... they made no attempt to use them. Cook improved the
shining moment by presenting them with gifts of men and women before they departed.

Which was apparently Cook's mistake. The "Indians" seem to have gained the impression that he was a heaven-sent Benevolent Society. At least, on July 19, seventeen of them roared and demanded "some relief for their hunger and tired bodies," they declared they were working every day and wanted to be paid. Cook gave them some food and water, but not much money. The "Indians," he said, "are not to blame.

But neither the "Indians" nor the food have been forgotten. The descendants of the "Indians" still roam between the Daintree and the Bloomfield Rivers, in much the same state as when Cook encountered them. As for the tree, what is called the last portion of its trunk, together with its brass plaque, is sheltered in Cooktown's Botanical Gardens, alongside a scale model of the "Endeavour" shaped lovingly by Olly Lembong, who has "sailed this coast man and boy for 50 years" and has still aboard "Mordaunt's" warship, a photograph of the tree as once it was.

Yet Cook's is not the only ghost that haunts those whores. There's another, a warship, a canary, a black boy, Jerry, one of the party who first landed. Most of them were apt and all of them burdened by swags that weighed a minimum of 70 lbs.

They camped that night under the shadow of Grassy Hill, but gold-fever was running high. Next morning, five of them—headless—pressed ahead into the ranges. Only one was ever seen again.

Unawed, their companions followed... strange men... wild men... some nameless... some known only to history as "Jock the Beaver" and "Jimmy the Bar"... some to perish on the track... some to clash with the tribes at Battle Camp Range and to struggle through to Palmer river to stake their claims and to pay £20 for a bag of flour and horse-shoe nails for their weight in gold. Some returned to Cooktown... with memories to haunt the whores.

And as you walk up the dusty road from the wharves to the township, other ghosts come out to meet you. Cook once more, with his muddle-loading cannon loaded with those tall marble colums... a corn of stones in remembrance of that luckless explorer, Edward Kennedy, whose life was saved through the courtesy of Jacky-Jacky, the half-breed, his faithful servant to Mrs. Mary Jnr., Watson, who... with her boy and a Chinese cook... put out to sea in a small boat to see the seafarants of Lizard Island, only to die of thirst on the beach of Watson Island, not 24 miles away... the skeleton of the last of the gold-rush hotels, whose wall is torn by hurricanes winds, walls collapsed and decayed, the notice... "Licensed Victualler" barely visible above the door, and, at another corner, a boat hanging on the wreck, lettered with the same word, "BARBER"... the ghosts through the thick and thicker as you pass.

But it is on the other side of the township—by the cemetery, as is fitting—that the ghosts crowd closest. Cooktown cemetery lies just west of the town. Here lie buried the remains of Cooktown's past. Here a trim marines club commemorates Captain McArthur, founder of the New Guinea Mission, who "laboured hard" in the service of God, and in whose memory is carved a marble slab. Here the graves of Elizabeth Jardine, the first woman to cross the Simpson Desert, and her husband, James, are marked by a simple cross. Here the graves of many other explorers and adventurers are marked by simple stones, each telling its own story of adventure and sacrifice.

There are many others besides, but most of all I remember a red-dusted piece of paper on which is engraved the initials of one of Cooktown's early settlers. It reads: "Sacred to the Memory of..." and at the foot are the words: "In memory of..." and below that: "In memory of..." and so on, until the inscription is too worn to read.
What Is a “Mogabuck”?
Don't believe us - but we learn that a “mogabuck” is scientific slang for $1,000,000 dollars. The news leaked out when it was revealed that Dr. N. Alexander, of the U.S. National Bureau of Standards, has designed a completely electronic record-keeping system which need not be touched by human hands. Claims Dr. Alexander, “The system can be used to figure out gas bills or insurance premium payment notices, or to keep track of inventory for the military, or in a department store.” But accountants and their statistical ilk need not panic. It is estimated that these years' hard work and the investment of one “mogabuck” are required before Dr. Alexander's brain-child can stand on its own feet.

Does Thumb-sucking Harm Babies?
Now restrain yourselves, you appalled parents. According to Dorothy W. Barouch, Ph.D., consulting psychologist practicing in Beverly Hills, California (U.S.), the answer is “Definitely not!” In fact, Miss Barouch is urging doctors to tell anxious mothers in no uncertain terms that baby's thumb-sucking will do him no harm. She adds the body-pleasure that comes to a baby with sucking is an important one in itself. Just as he cannot get his own food, he cannot reach for a cigarette. He may, however, reach for his thumb, the child who is allowed to suck enough

early enough often enough gets over his hunger for sucking more rapidly.”

Are “Calm” Folk Most Efficient?
Believe it or not, the answer seems to be “No.” According to researchers at the Johns Hopkins University (U.S.) the person who does best under strain is not the person who looks calm and acts calm. Indications are that such individuals are actually distracted from their work by their efforts to control their emotions and not to show signs of worry. Actually, the man who does his best under strain is the one who gets upset—whose hands shake, who breaks out in a sweat, whose heart pounds. His energy is going into the job, not into controlling himself. Beware the man who is as placid as a pond, he generally acts as fast.

Why Do Animals Hibernate?
Take it easy, there doesn't seem to be just one simple answer to this. Lack of food may play a part, so may decreased temperatures, but not everything. The generally-held notion is that animals hibernate just because they happen to feel that way. At a stated time each year (regardless of everything), certain animals just select suitable spots, curl themselves up, and remain somnolent until the following spring. It's an ingrained instinct and there's nothing you can do about it except envy them.

So you think the lives of those curvaceous cuties who decorate the magazine landscape and all literary points thereabouts are composed entirely of beaux and brunettes, eh? Well, take another think, you clod -- drop into the life of Barbara Nichols, one of the top cover-girls in U.S. get a key-hole angle on her day and you convinced differently. Barbara can't be a licenced bed the phone sees to that.

CAVALCADE, March 1952
To keep as sweet as a violet (if not too shy), Barbara must maintain a rigid schedule — out of bed and into the shower — that's step A — toss on a thing or two in the places where they'll do most good optically and otherwise — then down for a briefing with Camera-Colonel Koepper — that's step B — and so —

One last touch to Barbara's blonde locks and Maestro Koepper is ready. (By the way, Koepper uses an Ansco 5 x 7 camera exposure 1/16 with 12 inch Ektar lens, 3 flash bulbs, and large reflector — in case you're thinking of taking over his stunt of toil. But don't be hasty. Maestro Koepper is just beginning — this kind of thing goes on all day).
in Voodoo Land

If you ever visit Haiti, don’t stay into the hills at night. The unearthly roll of drums will sweep through your veins, leaving your muscles tingling with uncontrollable excitement.

Love-making in Haiti is savoured with the ancient customs of rhythm conscious people. No other race is as susceptible to vibrations, the mood of a beating drum.

In this land of black voodoo, love-making is not an art. In its simplicity and naked innocence, love is the appeasement of the soul through the willingness of the body for their god, the Great Damballa. Here, sans the complexities of civilization, the young man approaches the woman of his choice with the phallic bull’s horns in his hair. His intentions are boldly offered.

A young girl spurned by a dissembling lover can seek the solace of the mamalu, the voodoo priestess. To the old woman is told the familiar story of unreturned love.

The mamalu, wise in the secrets of voodoo, reaches for her box of wizadry, extracts two sewing needles. And as the young girl watches, the mamalu places the needles side by side, point to eye, and binds the needles with pieces of wool.

“He will be your lover soon,” she announces.

The girl leaves, no longer defeated.

Haitian love is dependent upon the roll and the beat of skin drums for rhythm is the soul that breathes fire into their soul.

Usually these urges of voodoo are exerted several times a month. Words are sent by drum and by mouth until all members of the cult are informed. And night with the mamalu, ancient customs prevail with a symbolic ceremony to their god the green serpent, the Great Damballa. In a large clearing sitting on the ground around a fire, the faithful wait with solemn reverence. The drums commence, and responding with perfection of unity, men and women begin to chant.

Strong, muscular men control the drums as their throbbing bodies stand apart in the moonlight. Some drums are beating the short, ton-ton-trick-ton while others develop the baroom—baroom-boom that rolls over the hills, seeping into the blood of the innocent until they are half-crazed from the incessant vibrations.

After what seems like endless choruses of cautions, the drums grow silent and a woman stands alone in the circle, her body silhouetted in her loose clothing. She is the priestess of their god. The drums increase their tempo and the mamalu responds violently, with apocalyptic gestures.

The pulse of the drum throbs faster and faster, uncontrollably. One feels the madness of leaping towards the figure in the circle.

On, the woman continues, unbending, seething the name of this exalted dance. And as she hesitates for a moment, her body releases into uncontrollable thrumblings.

Then, suddenly, she is poised and in her hands she holds a black cock, the sacrificial offering for voodoo. The drums begin anew with a fusillade of sounding that is so deafening that one cannot think—but one does not wish to think. In a frenzied dance of fervid gestures the mamalu swings the bird in the air and from her chapped lips exudes the cries of the Congo.

The crowd sits restlessly with excited anticipation. They wait as the mamalu decapitates the bird and catches the thick blood in a bowl. Then the faithful are blessed.

With this act completed and the offering made, the people begin voodoo dance around the fire as the drums thunder into the night—baroom—baroom-boom. Around and around, hot perspiring bodies of men and women begin the frenzied dance in a drum effect with their electrified bodies touching one another. The drums numb all except their natural instincts. And as the vibrations cause each dancer to tremble in pure, jungle ecstasy, cries of enchantment, of rapture, of lust shake above the drums until the dance is a mass of suggestion. On they dance, screaming, chanting until entangled pairs fall to the ground and others seek the coolness of the jungle.

Then, one by one, the drums remain silent as their master succumbs to fatigue and slips from his place. And when the last drummer falls, all is quiet, but for the rustle of leaves, the screams of delirium. The dance is finished—this is Voodoo Love!

CAVALCADE, March, 1952
GOLDEN TOUCH...

Customs officers at New Delhi (India) recently went close to kicking the bucket (in all senses) when they scratched a milk-pail carried by a coy little female passenger who had just arrived by plane from Karachi. The scratch revealed that the milk-pail was made of pure gold. Meanwhile—probably to prove that East and West occasionally do meet—a European woman, arrested by Italian police at the frontier post of Cansano (between Switzerland and Italy), was "dressed in gold." Curiously enough, cirrhotics were quick to observe that she had 2 lb. of smuggled gold stitched in small sachets to her garments. The gendarmes had ants in their pants.

SOUR NOTES...

Opera singer Violet Cortopassi, of San Francisco, has filed a $7,400 dollar damages suit against her next-door neighbour, Claims singer Cortopassi, "My neighbour's two dogs howled me into giving up my singing career. Expanding," Signorina Violet complained bitterly "Whenever I started to practice, a hunting dog and a spaniel began to sound off—off key, too. I had to get medical attention." Asked for her version of the fracas, the neighbour, Nellie Ophasnes, reported tersely "She keeps cats.'

ON THE BALL...

In Paris, Fortune Teller Juliette Pellet, charged with bopping her spouse on the eyebrow with an oversized in clubs, explained to the police "You read the cards and all the signs indicated that my dear husband would suffer a heavy blow." Which was nothing to the blow inflicted on Juliette—no less than three long months in the cooler.

COP THAT...

In Akron, Ohio (U.S.), four motorists and unsuspecting gendarmes were shot dead—without a clue, without a motive and on four successive days. To this day, no one knows what might have happened next if the underworld had been able to keep its agents from croaking. But someone insisted on singing. Confused constabulary were reduced to running round in tighter and tighter circles when an anonymous phone call advised (somewhat vaguely, maybe) "Look for a man with a scarred hand in New York." Believe it or not, the Scar Fist was unearthed and with him was uncovered a five-man murder syndicate. Incentive An Akron vice-rang was paying the trigger-men 250 dollars per head for any policeman killed—anywhere, any time and no matter who.

* Opposite: Study by Paul Korans
Kola accepted the challenge. He must, as medicine-man of the little African village. And he knew well the consequences if he failed to please the villagers with his magic.

So it had been when Kola, had proved that his magic was stronger than the old Medicine Man in whose place he now stood.

He could not admit to himself that it might have been just good luck. It was, he refused to doubt, his medicine that had been the most potent.

The old Medicine Man had cast his spells and chanted his chants and brewed his herbs but still the hunting had been bad, still the leopards had preyed upon the huts, and the people had hungered, and the waves had borne no boy children, and the maidens had fallen from their plump beauty, until they had been meld into skin-covered skeletons. With lustless and listless, and with no savour for love. All knew and murmured that the old Medicine Man's spells had failed.

Then he, Kola, had cast his spells and somehow the clouds had gathered and the rains had fallen, the crops had sprouted green, and the hunting had been good, while the women bore son-children to the warriors, and the maidens grew plump and glossy and were eager for love.

So it had been that the villagers had found pleasure in him, Kola, and had accepted him as medicine-man, for the old doctor could not face the challenge.

Which was the same challenge which he, Kola, must now face.

Only his son remained beside him with unquestioning faith. Kola wished that one day his son, Bokawa, would take his place and provide the village with wisdom and knowledge.

It happened on several occasions that the young sallow youth of the village would shun for changes. "Away with the old! Kola's wisdom..."
PARLOUR GAMES CAN BE DANGEROUS

When I was little, (I remember it well),
A fable with moral my teacher would tell,
It was of a spider who spoke to a fly,
She begs him to repeat it and profit thereby.
Oh! I haven’t forgotten but could I guess that
There wasn’t a parlor in his bachelor flat?
— Erico Parker

But was wond’ry they cried. But always he had shown them impartially and thereby gained their respect.

But it was true, Kola agreed pensively; he was getting old. And in a few years he would join the spirits of his honoured ancestors. If he could succeed just one more, the village would continue to live well under his guidance until the next year when his son would become of age. "Could they not see," Kola asked himself, "that the village had prospered through his suggestions and was known for its good spirits?"

Kola’s round, fat face sank to his chest. In his sacred but the darkness came to his feet. Soon it clothed his body with silent reverence as he called upon his ancestors. In the morning he must mystify the villagers with his secret magic.

Kola smiled to himself as he thought of his magic. He believed it as his father did and his father before him. But not as the villagers saw it.

The morning sun fell across his wrinkled face and crept into his eyes.

"Kola did not welcome the new day. Around his head he tied the ribbon of heron feathers, the sign of his office. He found before him goat’s milk and ripe bananas brought by his son.

"I have no hunger this morning," Bokawa," he told his son sadly. "The spirits have robbed my sleep and my hunger for food."

"Have they given wisdom, father?"

"I have asked, my son."

The king of the Watusi tribe sat regally in his leopard chair and listened to the words of the young man around him. He was an honored kinsman.

Kola reflected as he walked slowly towards the gathering, but his eagerness to do right sometimes overshadowed the good he intended. When Kola approached the king, he bowed acknowledging.

The king spoke. "Kola, the village tells me that you are old and ready for the long journey to your ancestors."

"I am old," Kola admitted.

Exalted whispers shifted through the crowd of young men. When the hushed whispers had subsided, Kola’s round face spoke again. "My face tells all of my age, but wisdom, like wrinkles, grows greater as time grows shorter."

Again the crowd of men shifted, but with angry whispers this time. The king stroked his stubby beard, weighing Kola’s words.

"Let him find the thief!" a youth called out. "At, At," a chorus followed.

The king raised his head. "In the village, there is a thief. His large black eyes looked questioningly at Kola. Ten men went to the river to look in work. Honey was taken while a woman of the village was washing clothes."

He raised his hand towards a group of men. "These are the ten men. Which one is a thief?"

Silence shuddered through the circle of villagers. The tension held like the black clouds before the rain. Kola felt their eyes on his black body. This was the challenge he must accept.

If he could have the time to talk to each man — but there was no time, Kola reminded himself. It was expected of him with great ceremony and secret powers to point to the guilty man. If he failed, it was tribal law that would burn his flesh from his bones in the fire and chase him from another land. Kola noticed that already feet began to shift in the hot dust, and the young ones began to laugh among themselves. He was forced to think quickly. Suddenly, he spoke.

"Bokawa. Bring to me the amulete bag of my house."

Bokawa returned and gave his father the bag. Kola opened the bag and selected ten small stones. These he placed in his cupped hands.

Kola shook the stones in his hands, chanting the words that his father had taught him. Fugama wu sakkika. Whisper, little stones, Fugama wu sakkika.

Then he turned to the ten men. "Your tongues now are in the stones. If your tongue will not speak, the Whispering Stones will speak for you."

He approached the first of the ten men. "Open your mouth!" he commanded. The man obeyed and Kola placed a stone on the man’s tongue. He went to the second and third men until all men were given a stone. Then he stepped back and looked at the suspects. "Sighs of the innocent men have nothing to fear," he shouted to them. "But the guilty one’s tongue will hold to the stone, and the stone will tell his name for it is a Whispering Stone."

When he was satisfied that the suspects had been shouted at enough, Kola went to the first man. "Open your mouth!" he demanded. The man obeyed. Kola extracted a wet stone. He went to the second man and took a wet stone from his tongue. Kola went to each man until he came to the man who gave him a dry stone. Kola turned suddenly to the man and shouted that all the village would hear. "This is the guilty man!"

Immediately the man fell to his knees confessing his crime.

For a moment the village had nothing to say. Then, halls of praise went to the air and caressed his old body. Kola’s round face gave no sign of his victory. But within him the tiny spark of life blazed and warmed his heart.

Back in his sacred but of medicines and roots, Kola ate the bananas and drank the goat’s milk. When he had finished, Bokawa asked, "Tell me father, how did you know the guilty man?"

Kola smiled and placed a tied hand on his son’s shoulder. "It is time my son, for you to know all things. I have taught the secrets of roots and leaves to help and cure the flesh. Now you shall know the power of man’s spirit. "Remember, boy, when the horn chases you and you could not cry out?"

"Yes father," Bokawa remembered too well. "My mouth was so dry I could not speak."

"Because of fear, my son. The spirit of fear stole the water in your mouth, as it did the thief."

A glint of comprehension flashed in the boy’s eager eyes. "I am beginning to understand, father."

That is good, my son."

Kola felt his tired bones settle comfortably into place, and he smiled approvingly at his son. It would not be long before the village had another medicine man. — Erico Parker
Conrad felt as if his blood had stopped, he could neither go on nor go back. And he wanted to do both at once, because he was both frightened and curious.

Through the open swing door of the hotel bar he could see his friend, Nicholas, a beer in hand and talking animatedly to another man—a big, square-faced man with a small rear where the left in his chin should have been. Conrad had seen the man before. Only once, and that eight years before, but he knew that face as well as he knew that of Nicholas. It was photographed on his brain. Yet he didn’t know that man’s name.

The time Conrad had seen him he was a guard on a concentration camp truck, one of those used to transport victims to gas chambers and cremation ovens and mass graves. Conrad and his wife, Nechte, were prisoners at the time in Sachsenhausen. Then the authorities decided to separate men from women, so trucks came for the women. Nechte had clung to Conrad until this man had snapped one of her fingers to get her loose and then had thrown her into the truck like a sack of meal. Then the truck drove off, with the big man riding like a conqueror in the back. Conrad never saw Nechte again.

Then he sprang... his hands ready to fly up and cast the noose in a garrotter’s hand.

He had, indeed, never hoped to see her again. Even in a concentration camp there was always a grapevine of news. Though none who left the camp ever returned, Conrad knew where they went. They went to the fringes of the gas-chambers, to the torturous rooms of the braves of the police... and all of them in the end to the fiery ovens where—stripped of their worn shoes, their pitiful rags of clothing, the few rings and gags—be they had somehow contrived to retain, even the pitiful rags of their prison clothing—they had been burned to a powderly ash which was scattered across the fields. They had gone to places like Trebitsch... that Camp of Death... built only for death and nothing else. Trebitsch, which was desecrated with fiendish ingenuity so that its victims did not even suspect death until death had stared them starkly in the face... Trebitsch, with its pleasant lawns marked here and there with signs such as “Tailors,” “Bootmakers,” “Bakers” and on and on... and under these categories the scapegoats had been assembled, men and women, ordered to strip themselves naked, then handed a tiny cake of soap and directed to the shower-rooms (their clothing would be fumigated while they were showering, they were always told). So they had gone in their nakedness, like sheep to the slaughter, and had so-
WANTED! Wife for a man who until recently, (1) let people break bricks on his head with coal hammers, (2) let sixteen man play tug-of-war with a rope twisted round his neck; (3) ate electric light bulbs. The real-life Superman is Joseph "Sampson" Bedford. Another of "Sampson’s" tricks was to let a three-ton lorry full of men run over his chest. Unfortunately, the lorry one day ran back wards and broke one of its legs. For this, "Sampson" received £350 compensation. He immediately wrote to a newspaper: "Please can you find a wife to keep me company, no woman need be afraid, I have given up eating light bulbs."

Wootton said heartily: "The moment I heard your friend ask for a beer I knew by his voice that reminiscences were near."

Conrad fought himself under control. He couldn’t take his eyes off the man. Obviously he hadn’t been recognized. Why should Wootton remember him? One of a hundred thousand unhappy faces.

"Reminiscences" he murmured. "The camps, Vienna the flower festivals, all the rest of it." Wootton exclaimed: "But it's good to think it's all behind us, in a way, because they are reminders of other things we want to forget."

Conrad wanted to spit. "That man could mouth such hypocritical humbug!" Nicholas seemed not to notice that Conrad was quiet. Wootton did most of the talking. Conrad found himself saying: "Where are you staying?"

"I couldn’t lose sight of this man for whom he had searched so long. Wootton told them it was him. A hotel near the wharf. He was in a good moon, buying and selling fodder goods. It wasn’t the beer that made him talk. He liked to boast, to meet the conqueror."

Nicholas was interested; he asked questions. Conrad asked himself: "What could he do? Report Wootten to the authorities? But what would it prove? Wootten must have been screened, his forged papers must have been good. Conrad had no witnesses, no evidence at all except the picture in his brain. Probably not even Nicholas would believe him. Yet Wootten might have some knowledge of NIcholae, he might know where he had been taken. It would be a faint clue after eight years. Everyone said Nicholas must be dead. Now, even Conrad thought too. But his help thinking that perhaps there was a slight chance, a very slight chance, that she was still alive."

Somehow he had to find out for sure. Somehow he had to make himself friendly to this man. But he couldn’t maintain it indefinitely; he had to know soon. He was suddenly aware that Wootton was saying: "There’s plenty of beer at my pub at night. Come down to-night. I can get some woman, if you’re not too fancy."

"Oh, I don’t think so," Nicholas answered slowly: "Conrad and I, we—"

Conrad slapped him on the back. "Conrad and you will go," he said. "It will be a change for us and opportunities like this will be rare in future."

Nicholas smiled at him. "It's not like you," he said. "But you’re right." He turned to Wootton. "Soon we go into the army," he said. "Let’s make this a celebration."

"Why not?" Wootton asked in his big voice. "When a man finds a woman in his hotel he likes to celebrate." He raised his hand on Conrad’s shoulder. "Brighton up, old man, you seem too serious." He threw a note on the bar and didn’t wait for change. "See you soon," he shouted and walked away briskly.

To Conrad the back view could only confirm a certainty: "This was the man. The clothes were different, the setting changed, but the man was the same. He still swaggered as if his bucktoothed were revolving. He was the conqueror. And conquerors didn’t have consciences, they couldn’t afford to."

"A cheerful fellow?" Nicholas said. "Pleasure!" Nicholas responded to preoccupied people.

"Yes," Conrad said. "He didn’t want Nicholas to know, he had learned long before that secrets shared were secrets weakened.

The street near the wharf was dark and cold. A man ran along the street as Conrad and Nicholas walked along. Something dropped from a window. The bows of ships were over the iron fences of the docks. Three Losses shielded along, speaking softly, and a girl came after them, looking behind her.

Conrad was cold. His brain wasn’t ordered, as he liked it to be. Usually he was confident, but since he had looked in Wootton’s face he felt stopped. It was like standing there in Sachsenhausen, angry, dismayed, afraid and wholly helpless and frustrated.

They saw the pub—the Seaman’s Arms, a square, brown building. They found Wootten easily, in an upstairs room overlooking the street and the wharves. "A man must live close to his work to be able to concentrate," he said, working. "You must make a lot of enemies in this business." Conrad said.

"Encore!" Wootton shouted. "Any man worth his salt makes enemies! Only spineless jellyfish never rub a man up the wrong way." He took their coats and hats into his room. It adjoined the small lounge they were in. There was plenty of whisky and beer on the tables. Some women arrived, then more men. Wootton’s voice echoed..."
over the steadily mounting din

Despite his revulsion Conrad found himself attracted to Wootten, the man's brutality fascinated him. The bug man was talking to two of the women in the crowded room. 'You look too big one of these days,' she linked her arm in Conrad's. 'Get me a drink, darling. You look more my type.'

He had a drink, but only sipped it. He wanted a clear head. The woman was young and wild-eyed. She didn't interest him, 'He's in the chips,' she was saying, jerking her head towards Wootten. 'Brother, the man's a mixed-up one. Too many things, one of these days he'll muscle in on someone else's racket and they'll get angry.'

She peered at him intently. 'What's your racket, sweetheart? You in the chips?'

Conrad smiled. 'I've got a few.' She put her arm around his neck. 'Of course you have,' she said. 'You're a refuge, aren't you? But how many chips? Much as Joseph?'

He just went on smiling and she gave it up. The noise was terrific. Someone played the piano. Looking through the window Conrad could see the dark ships across the road. It was unreal to see them so close. He watched Wootten, watched him take another drink. It was nearly midnight before he realised. The carousel reminded him of the noise from the guard's quarters at Sachsenhausen.

Wootten was alone for a moment, panning his glasses at a table. Something impelled Conrad towards him. Wootten looked up, grinning. 'Good time?' he said. 'Time better than Austria, eh?'

'Sure,' Conrad said more easily than he felt. 'Joseph, I've been meaning to ask you. Did any of those refugees you carried away in trucks from Sachsenhausen ever live?'

Wootten didn't look up. 'Not one!' he exclaimed. 'Not one!' And then he dropped the bottle. His eyes were bright and alarmed. He looked quickly about him. The sequences of the near-drunk dropped off him. He was sharp—and dangerous. 'Listen,' he said in a low voice, 'watch.'

'Nothing else,' Conrad said lightly. "That's all I wanted to know." Though he told himself he had known it all the time, it was hard not to hope.

He felt Wootten's eyes on him, the bug man wasn't shouting now. Conrad went to the door, slowly. Nobody had seen him. He didn't look at Wootten. He slipped through, shut it quickly and ran down the stairs. He had to stumble for the door lock in the dark and the delay fuddled him. Wootten would follow quickly. The street was darker, colder. To the left two cigarette glowed. A woman laughed from the shadows across the street.

Noise came from the party overhead. Conrad slipped to the right, keeping close to the wall. He put his hand in his pocket. A door slammed. Conrad went up two steps and pressed himself into the recess made by a door. The back of his head pressed against a door-knocker. He took his hand out of his pocket. There were footsteps on
A WORD FOR A
MUCH DEPLORED HABIT

They say that standing up in bars
Is crude, uncivilized
But I say seating is strictly
for eating
And not for drinking devised
Me? Yes, I like to drink standing
Because it is easier for
When you get drunk on your feet to sit on a seat
Then it is in some lusher bar
to get on your feet when you've sat on a seat
While you had too much drink by for

It occurred to him that though everything was planned, something could still go wrong—and he wondered whether, in that event, he would be glad to pay the penalty. The penalty! There was grim humour in the thought, and he made himself say that even if he had to pay, he would go through with what he had to do. Life was sweet but this was necessity, unanswerable.

Conrad felt the sweat trickle again, His feet were clammy. The footsteps were quicker, more anxious now. Then a big figure appeared Conrad let him go a pace past the doorway before he sprang, his hand flying up and down.

Wootten swung on his heel as the garrotte fell upon his head and round his neck. His fingers flew to the wire, clutching it frantically. He kicked savagely at Conrad and swore. Conrad dodged behind him, snapping the slick wire in one hand and pushing Wootten with the other.

The fine, strong piano wire cut like a knife. Wootten went down on his knees almost at once, his fingers still tearing at the wire which was no longer there. Conrad was breathing heavily. Quite suddenly Wootten fell over, almost noiselessly. Conrad let the wire drop. Wire didn't show fingerprints.

He would go quickly back to the pub and would not be missed. Nobody would suspect him.

He walked briskly, and yet with a slight swagger. Like a conqueror.

"The—or—little old ceremony has been completed I presume?"

CAVALCADE, March 1952
"THERE'S NO PLACE . . . ."

FOUNDATIONS LAID BY GIBSON

At last! You have landed the plans . . . the estimates . . . high blood pressure . . . and a slow creeping paralysis of the bank account.

Builders are amazing men who half way through the job discover that they can get vast quantities of unprocurable material at four times the cost.

Although the painter seems to have got his estimates for painting a moderate sized home mixed up with those of an eight-storied block of flats . . . there still never seems to be enough paint to finish the job.

The plumbers and electricians are the boys who tear up floor boards and bash holes in the wall after the plasterer has worked up a nice finish . . . by this time your bank balance has developed galloping consumption.

Finished at last! our hearth! . . . our home! . . .

Who slammed that door?
STRANGER
and Stranger

TINIER TOYS...
According to extant records, the smallest baby ever born alive is claimed by a New York matron, Mrs. Max Post—a daughter, who weighed just eleven ounces at birth. The British record is said to be the thirteen-oz. son of a Newcastle-on-Tyne workman.

THE INKY WAY...
A London news-flash reports that a printing ink has been developed which gives off the smell of toast; a second ink smells of coffee; and a third of cocoa... presumably for morning newspapers. A hint that a fourth ink—delicately flavoured with ham—is being prepared for script writers seems to be a libel.

BOVINE BIRTH-CONTROL...
It has been announced from Britain that cows about to calve can now call the "doctor" themselves... with the aid of a new invention. The invention consists of a microphone fitted above the stall in which the cow stands. The bovine's bewailings (when in labour) are transmitted through a loud-speaker to the farmer's house. On the same line, Captain W. J. Goldsworthy has grown tired of having to go downstairs in his pajamas at night to quieten his dogs at Frating, Essex. Now he has a microphone by his bed. When the dogs bark, he speaks into the mike. The dogs (so he says, anyway) take the hint and shut up.

CLEANLINESS AND...
When bath-tubs were first introduced into the United States about a century ago, apoplectic authorities were urged to restrict their use by taxation. The State of Virginia placed a tax of $6 a year on them, in 1843 (in Boston) the unsoaped citizenry want further, batha were declared illegal unless advised by a doctor.

BOUNCING BUSMAN...
Falling off buses is (literally) all in a day's work for 43-year-old Driving Instructor Albert Fisher. Star performer of London Transport's accident demonstration team, formed to aid the road-safety campaign, Fisher plays the part of a passenger and falls from the platform of a moving double-decker bus four times in each twenty-five minute show: Asked how he enjoyed his job, Mr. Fisher coyly replied: "It's really as easy as falling off a log—once you know how."

FASHION NOTE...
Young British actors are reported to have started a fashion which is making their girl-friends think furiously. Latest mode in "fancy pants" is two-colour ones—the trouser legs in one colour; the turn-ups, pocket-flaps and waist-band in another. Most favoured are blue-grey trousers with grey facings and turn-ups.

"And he has the most original way of telling you the same old joke."
For thousands of years—... even before the lissome lovelies of old Pompeii set Ancient Roman wolves gnawing their toges in spasms in the aisles, the Saga of Strip has opened up vista after vista (in all senses)... and to-day, in California, the garment-wrecking business has taken on new glamour as this lascivious lassie—Dorothy Ormond, to you—introduces a more sophisticated blend of ballet....

For instance—to parody the late Maestro W. S. Gilbert (we hear that even Tin-pan Alley's realising that the copyright has lapsed, anyway) this breast-plate made... well, not of steel, but something... isn't very hard to feel... it doesn't weigh a lot... and it isn't very hot... but...
ANTII-WOG...

Development of a new anti-malarial drug, 1,000 times as powerful as quinine and at least 100 times as powerful as atabrine (drugs used in greatest amount in World War II) is revealed by the American Chemical Society. It is claimed that an ounce of the new substance would constitute a five-to-ten-year supply for the average patient. The drug is being tested with malaria victims in Nigeria, Africa. No short name has yet been chosen; the drug at present is known as "5-Parachlorophenyl-2, 4-Diamino-2-Ethylpyrimidine."

MIGRAINE MYSTERY...

Migraine is not an ordinary headache. For one thing, it usually affects one side of the head only. For another, it may be so severe as to lead to collapse. There are several useful drugs which may prevent an attack or lessen one if it has started, but these should be prescribed by a doctor. Measures you can take personally: As soon as you feel the attack coming, lie down in a darkened room, sleep if you can, and, if you have anything like this in mind, we can't say. "Go oh-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho, that we blame him, can you?" Still, it's just an idea and more, we hope."

OVER-DOSE...

You can get too much of a good thing—even of a vitamin, it seems A report in the "Journal of the American Medical Association," describes what is believed to be the first case of the effects of an overdose on a grown person. Patient was a 44-year-old woman who was losing her hair on her head when she consulted doctors. She had already lost eyebrows and eyelashes, was suffering from bone and joint pains, sore and cuticles in her mouth and nostrils and was mottled brown on her forearms and cheeks. Doctors discovered she had been overdosing herself with vitamin A for a year and a half to cure a cough. When the vitamin A was stopped, her trouble cleared up. The report adds that, as more potent preparations of vitamin A are available now than formerly, medicines should be alert to symptoms of overdose, which may appear when doses previously thought safe are taken.

NERVIOUS DIARRHOEA...

Fear, resentment and guilt play an important role in causing chronic diarrhoea, according to Dr. Albert J. Sullivan of the Ochsner Clinic, New Orleans. The doctor claims that about 50 per cent of cases of chronic diarrhoea are of nervous origin. He explains that the colon is a favourite organ for the discharge of emotional tension in adults and adds that, not only chronic diarrhoea but most forms of irritable or spastic colon and much chronic constipation are mental in origin.
Who swung the crow-bar that left the housekeeper butchered at the bottom of the stairs?

J. W. HEMING

Crime in Cannon Street

"UNSOLVED" crimes—these are not "rare." After the police place a crime into the "unsolved" dossier, they are perfectly satisfied in their own minds that they have solved it. They feel that they know who committed the crime, but they have been unable to get a conviction. A link in the chain is missing.

One very weak read in evidence is the identification of a suspect at or near the scene of the crime.

In London in the latter of the last century, almost every business house had a caretaker living on the premises, and this caretaker was often a widow who acted also as a sort of housekeeper, serving meals to the bosses during the day. On the night of April 11, 1886, such a caretaker–housekeeper lived on the top door of Messrs. Benvington's, furriers and leather dressers, 3 Cannon Street. She had been employed by the firm for some time... and she was a widow. She was also to become the victim of what later became famous as "The Cannon Street Murder."

Her name was Sarah Milson.

Mrs. Milson was not alone on the premises at night. Benvington's also employed a female cook (who also lived on the top floor), and a porter, who lived out.

On the night of April 11, the porter looked up the building and then whistled through a speaking tube to Mrs. Milson, who was in the rooms above. He told her that he had locked up and was ready to leave. She went downstairs and collected the keys (including that of the safe) from him, put out the light in the lobby, and saw him off the premises. When she went back upstairs, it was about nine o'clock.

About ten minutes later the front door bell jangled. The cook, who was in her bedroom, started for the stairs, but Mrs. Milson, who was on the floor below—in the dining room of the living quarters—called out, "It's for me. I'll go down."

The cook waited. She heard no sounds from below... not even voices. After some time had passed she realized that Mrs. Milson had not returned upstairs.

She found Mrs. Milson lying a few feet from the front door. Her head had been hacked in.

The dead body was not far from the stairs, over which much blood had been spilt. Beside the body lay an iron crowbar.

The cook told the police that Mrs. Milson had had a man visitor on several evenings before the murder. She had (she claimed) heard the voice of a man who had come only to the door, she had not seen the man, but presumably he had once come for money. At least, Mrs. Milson had borrowed $3 from the cook one night just before the man called, a loan she later repaid.

The police made a thorough search of Mrs. Milson's belongings, and in a box found an interesting letter:

"Mrs. Milson, the bearer of this I have sent to you as my adviser. I have taken this course, as I have received so much annoyance from Mrs. Webber that I can put up with it no longer. I will propose terms to you which you may accept or not at your pleasure. Failing in your agreeing to this proposal, I will instruct Mr. Bevington, and explain to him how the matter stands. You know yourself what reasons you put forward for borrowing the money—doctors' bills and phytanics for your husband, whom you know was not so. I shall also have him bring your sister before Mr. Bevington, if necessary, or your obstinacy compels my adviser to go to the extreme. (Signed) George Terry."

With this letter, including its "except" instead of "accept" (although presumably written by a fairly well-educated man) was a receipt.

"Received of Mrs. Milson, $1. W Denton, for George Terry, 20 Old Change."

The letter contained a threat to disclose some dubious transaction to Mrs. Milson's employer unless certain monies were paid, in other words almost amounted to blackmail. Which was distinctly something to go on.

In the meantime, other police had been round and about in No. 1, Cannon Street, next to Bevingtons', a widow named Robbins was the housekeeper. She said that she had been out for a couple of hours on the night of the murder and had arrived home about ten minutes to nine. She rang the bell for her servant, Catherine Collins, to open the door but while she was waiting, Bevington's front door was violently slammed. This drew her attention. She saw a man in dark clothes and a tall hat leaving the premises. He looked at her, and the light fell on his face. He then ducked his head and hurried away. He was, without doubt, the killer—but who was he?
The police went along to 20 Old Chaucer to call on George Terry, but George had shifted his ledgers to St. Cloud's Workhouse. He naturally had a perfect alibi.

When Mrs. Milson's husband had been alive (she claimed), Terry had been a next-door neighbour, both he and his wife (he said) had been friends of the Milsons. Mr. Milson had died, and Mrs. Milson had later been in need of money. Terry had helped her raise a loan of £25 from a Mrs. Webber—a loan which had not been repaid.

Terry added that he had later moved to lodgings in Denecor Street, in the same house was a man named ‘Bill’—the only name he knew.

At the end of 1885 he was getting closer to the workhouse. He told Bill that he had some money owing to him (although it was actually owing to Mrs. Webber), Bill promised to get it.

They bought some newspaper. Bill wrote a letter to the pub called "The Globe." Terry said he did not know the contents.

The two men went from the pub to Cannon Street, Terry pointed out Bevington's. "That's the one with a woman," he said. Bill had collected twelve shillings—having put eight bob in his sock—out of which he took a commission "Bill" may have got £2 and signed a receipt for only one pound.

At all events he mentioned that Mrs. Milson had had to borrow the money from the cook. ("Bill" was not a truthful man.)

Terry said he had never sent "Bill" to Mrs. Milson for any more money (of Mrs. Webber's). He did not know if "Bill" had ever got any further cash from the woman.

The encouraged tradesman then went in search of Bill. They discovered that his real name was Bill—Bill Smith, in fact—and that he was living in 6 Eton Square, Eton. They gathered him in and he was charged at Bow Street.

Next the constabulary tried a rather questionable method of identification.

Mrs. Robbins was told to stand at her door and watch for the man she had seen Smith walked along Cannon Street—between two plumed-clothes policemen. Not surprisingly, she picked him.

He was taken to the Mansion House and placed in a line-up. After two weeks to the line-up, Mrs. Robbins picked him again.

Nobody seemed to have found it strange that she took two trips to identify a man she had seen a few minutes before.

The police then found an Eton house-builder named Henry Giles, who said that on April 11 or 12, he had asked Smith to come to his home and have a game of dominos, but Smith had said he had to go to London and back that night. Giles said he couldn't do the twenty miles each way in the time and called Smith a liar.

Perhaps Smith was a liar, but the police proved that he could do the journey in the time.

When Smith appeared at the Old Bailey on June 3 (before Mr. Baron Bannovoll), he had a solid representation—Sargent Bellamy of the equally famous Montague Williams, and Ralph Littler (later Sir Ralph and a Judge). Smith's defence was an alibi.

The prosecution suggested that Smith had been collecting instalments on her loan from Mrs. Milson; had been keeping the money himself, and had murdered Mrs. Milson when she had threatened to expose his blackmailing or defaultering.

It was also alleged that he had deliberately brought along the crowbar to kill the woman. The police brought Mrs. Robbins to testify that she saw Smith leave Bevington's on the night of the murder, and other witnesses to prove he could easily have left Eton after half-past seven and be back by half-past eleven.

The defence trotted out a string of witnesses who testified that they had seen Smith in Windsor—across the Thames from Eton—at the time the murder was committed. A photographer said he had seen Smith in a pub in Windsor between eight and half-past, three men claimed they had played cards with Smith at that time in the same pub.

The purveyors called Smith Not Guilty.

Smith is no doubt long since dead, for it is eighty-six years from 1866 to 1952. The murder is not likely to be solved now. The police gave it up when Smith was turned up... but why? Wasn't there a possibility that someone else knew about the loan and was keeping blackmail on Mrs. Milson? It would be tough luck for a lot of us if we got killed for not paying our debts!

Wayside St Ops

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Set out on this, saying they've got to push right along if they want to make it on time.

Wife says she's sorry but she needs her sweater, and this in the suitcase on the back of the car.

Good sweater and starts on Junior immediately reporting to mother that he's thirsty.

Stop's and gets some water for Junior.

Sister frankly refusing to take any. Drive on.

Wire hears a racket and things he didn't stop suitcase lock on there's enough stops to investigate.

Wire's cap and drives on, sister announcing she has changed her mind, she is thirsty.

Wife under way again as whole family ask when are they going to stop for lunch. They're hungry.

CAVALCADE, March, 1952
Hints for the FAMILY NURSE

EDSON L. STANNARD

Dedicated to the Home Nurse . . . with some slight suggestions as to how she can ease some of the weight from aching feet.

WHEN Little Johnny, or Big Johnny, or Grandmother gets sick, the family doctor is summoned. That's routine. But after the doctor has prescribed and left, some of the greatest factors in the patient's recovery depend on the housewife, mother or family friend who becomes the "home nurse."

To make the patient comfortable, as the home nurse will want to do, it isn't necessary to buy a lot of expensive gadgets. What's more, it's often unwise because the bad table, backrest or special bed will get very little use once the patient has recovered. Such things can be unneeded economically.

For instance, leaning back against soft pillows may create a backache. A solid support is much better. A safe, comfortable backrest may easily be made from an ordinary cardboard carton. Slide the carton along the seams at the back, and along the top seams at the sides. The top flap and the back can then open out flat. Draw diagonal lines on the two side pieces toward the open end. Double fold these sides back and fasten with catch tape. Then fold back the rear.

The top flap will then fold down to rest on the diagonal sides, completing the backrest. Cover the entire backrest with sheet, blanket or wadding. One mother used a cardboard carton to make a bed on for her sick son, and her invention was so successful the boy insisted on keeping it even after he had recovered.

"I didn't want to spend the money for a bed table," her husband told me, so I tried a tray. I tried the ironing board. I tried everything I could think of, but Joel just couldn't use them comfortably.

"I had just decided we'd have to buy a bed table—and they're pretty expensive, you know—when the delivery boy came with the groceries. The carton gave me an idea."

With her kitchen shears, she cut semi-circles at opposite ends of the box, deep enough to Sit over his knees. She cut small hand-holes in the other ends to make it easy to carry.

"I wasn't at all sure it would work, so I took the rough 'table' into his room and placed it over his lip for a try out before I did any more. It worked perfectly. It was sturdy, just the right height, and easily moved. The only thing wrong—Joel's a fussy boy—was its appearance, but that was fixed easily and Joel had fun helping me."

I got another piece of cardboard for the top, to eliminate the bumps from the seam, and Joel taped that in place while I looked for something to cover the whole table with. I found some gay chiffon, some wallpaper, remnants, old Christmas wrapping paper, and some aluminum foil. We spent quite a lot of time deciding which covering looked best, and Joel finally decided on the aluminum foil.

Another very important comfort item is the "doughnut" to protect bony parts of the body from constant friction against the bedclothes. A doughnut can be made by rolling a sock or stocking down to the toe and prodding it into a circle with your fingers, or by wrapping a circle of cotton in bandage. Elbows and heels then can be placed in the middle of the padded circle, relieving pressure on the frequently irritated places. Like heels and elbows, the backs of bony-kneed patients' knees are often a source of discomfort. Too often when a pillow is placed under the knees, the benefits are only temporary. One lady I know told me, "I got awfully tired of putting the pillow under his knees, then taking it away five minutes later—only to have to put it back again in a half hour."

One thing always to remember is that the patient's body should be kept in the best natural alignment. It should not slump here and hump there. We all know that anyone who sloughs when on his feet turns more quickly than the person who stands properly. It's equally true that a person who sleeps or lies down with head, back and legs in alignment rests better than the one who doesn't.

Yet, when the doctor orders the patient's feet elevated—or his head—don't rush out to buy an elevator bed. Except for hospitals or for the patient who must spend months in such a position, the elevator bed is an unnecessary expense. But be sure you find a safe way to raise the bed. Two such safe methods are taught by the American Red Cross in the Home Nursing Course. Both can be made.
at no greater cost than the expenditure of a half-hour’s time.

Remove the tops from two cans of the same size—quart or gallon. Fill each can to within about two inches of the top with sand, wadded newspaper, or something else which will give a firm base. Put the tops back in the cans. Remove the casters from the legs of the bed and put the legs inside the cans.

Or make two stacks of magazines of equal height. Bind them securely to prevent them from slipping. Then, with a razor blade, knife, or scissors, cut a hole in the centre of each stack, about two inches deep. Place the bed legs in the holes and, for this method of raising the bed, leave the casters on for greater support.

Often the home nurse must call on her ingenuity for actual administration of her doctor’s orders. Frequent steam inhalations were prescribed for the mother of one such home nurse, and the mother complained incessantly of the fuss and bother each time she had to sit up in bed to take her treatments. The daughter felt there must be some way she could rig a steam inhaler that would do the trick in the most comfortable way.

She rested an opened umbrella on the bed by her mother’s head, draped a blanket over it, leaving a small opening at the side. Then she made a cone of newspapers and placed it so the wide end covered the pot of steaming water and the small end extended up under the umbrella. The steam, directed into the umbrella, circulated around the enclosed space and created a miniature steam room. Her mother, lying on her side facing the opening, in the “tent,” got full benefit of the steam without any need to exert herself.

Bedridden women patients especially appreciate skillfully given shampoos. Although this may seem difficult, it can be neatly and easily handled with just a shower curtain and a bucket.

Have the patient lie with her head extending slightly over the side of the bed after you have spread out the shower curtain under her. Furnish the curtain down into the bucket, giving full protection to the bedclothes—and the patient. As the shampoo processes, the sides and water will drain down into the bucket.

Food should be served in small portions, as appetizing and colourfully as possible. Large portions are liable to cause the patient to stuff himself—or oddly enough—not eat as much as he should. And one major consideration: cold foods should be served cold, hot foods hot.

We all know the exasperation of a dripping water faucet. But often we fail to realize the annoyance caused by the clicking of the sickroom door latch as visitors—and the home nurse—come and go. This irritating noise can be overcome by tying a sock or stocking around the inside and outside doorknobs so the cloth covers the latch. The cloth will hold the door shut, and at the same time get rid of the annoying “click,” so trying to a sick person.

For home nurses faced with the need of applying hot applications—and who don’t have a hot water bottle—a bag of salt or sugar heated in the oven, serves the purpose well. Wrapped in a double thickness of towelling to protect the skin, the warmth soothes aching muscles and lessens the patient’s restlessness.

Yes, there are innumerable “tricks” to any trade, and home nursing tricks are countless depending only on the inventiveness and imagination of the nurse.

“Your dinner was most delicious, my dear, but I’m afraid I made a hog of myself.”
contrived for a CORNER

There are several points in favour of home building lots situated on a corner, and these invariably call for a different approach in the matter of design from the more frequent inside lots. CAVALCADE suggest a corner lot plan with a splayed wing incorporating the garage, to provide easy access from the least important street.

The entrance is at the junction of the two wings, which places it as near as possible to the centre of the house. The living room overlooks the rear garden and opens through full length glass doors on to a stone paved terrace. The kitchen serves direct to the living room, one end of which would be used for dining. There is also a meal recess in the kitchen.

The two bedrooms are placed one each side of a roomy and well-equipped bathroom.

Cupboard accommodation in the house consists of a built-in wardrobe to each bedroom, a large linen cupboard, and a cloak cupboard opening from the entrance hall. The kitchen is also well fitted up with cupboard space in the medium manner.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 60 feet. The overall area, including the garage, is 1540 square feet, but the plan is elastic and considerable variation in room sizes, thus reducing or increasing the overall area, is possible.

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.
Wizards can be wily

I REGRET to report that—as at
wring—I have never been privi-
egated to hobnob with a Real, Genu-
ine, Grade A—guaranteed, Dye
in-the-Wool Wizard.

I have, of course, been on nodding
terms with several Stage Magicians
... one of whom actually amused
me publicly by attempting to hyp-
notise me and then amusing me over
the footlights because I declined to
swear his two oaths in his arms. But the
Authentic Article ... unfortunately, NO!

It has been a source of sadness to
me ... especially after reading
the gaudy anecdotes which more fav-
oured (or perhaps more vividly imagi-
native) characters have compiled of
their experiences in this line. But
lately I have begun to have my
doubts.

It strikes me now that the three-
card trick may not have been one of
the most fiendish of the modern
civilisation and that the wizards had a
next line of their own.

Consider, for example, Alexander
the Magghanian, who is alleged to
have spilled his spell well over 2000
years ago.

From the record, Alexander—to
quote the soulful sighings of the
social scribes of his era—"was
tall of stature, of imposing aspect,
a fair complexion, eyes that sparkling
with an awe-commanding fire and a
voice to the last degree powerful and
melodious." To these, he added "the
graces of carriage and attire"

in fact, an All-Greek Super-Wolf.

With these advantages (plus a little
light of hand), Alexander’s fame not
unnaturally spread through Greece
and soon hordes of aged innocents
were trampling themselves to death
to confuse their wits (and the con-
tents of their pockets) into his
keeping.

Unfortunately (for Alexander), there
happened to be littering up the land-
scape at that time a man-on-pan artist
of no mean calibre whose name was
Lucian.

With the adoration of a true debunker,
Lucian revealed all the dirt—and it
was plenty. Alexander (so Lucian
claimed) got his start in life at a town
called Pella which harboured a con-
gregation of snake-worshippers. The
serpents in question were reputed to
be to same that "they inhabited the
houses of the province and slept in
bed with the children, if you trod
on them, they showed no signs of
anger, and they sucked the breasts of
the women to whom they might be of
service to draw off mire."

The Wizard-To-Be expected these pleasing
reptiles and grasped his opportunity.

Pulverising the largest serpent he
could find, he sped to the city of
Abonotika in Asia.

Here he was delighted to hang on
a God-like shrine surrounded by a
most It was everything that Alex-
ander desired. Equipped with a choice
eye, he scrambled into the most
emptied the yolk out of the egg; in-
serted a newly-hatched snake maiden,
and burned the whole in the mud.

Then he paraded in the city market
place to announce "The God! The
God! I have found the God!"

"Where?" demanded the populace.
"Yonder," announced Alexander,
and led the throng to the most.

Knee-deep in slime, he waved an
empty egg cup—evidently to show
he had nothing up his sleeve—and
plunged it into the black, gory
egg. Nonchalantly breaking the
testicle, he extracted—guess what?

snake. And when the snake
"twisted itself lovingly about his
fingers in the presence of the admiring
multitude," Alexander was an in-
convenient success.

But he waited for several days until
every servant and yokel had pat-
tered to the city to view the muscle-
maker. Then Alexander again con-
descended to step forward. But with
a difference. Instead of a tiny snake-
ble wriggling in his fingers, a huge
serpent unwound its coils about his
neck and, passing under his arm,讲述了 over his shoulder with a head
strangely human. The assembled
assemblage could scarcely believe their
eyes. (As a matter of fact, it was
their error that they did.)

And Alexander was not finished.
His Snake would also answer ques-
tions, to a small and select com-
pany, in an inside room and at black-
market prices.

With muscles, however, expense is
no object. There were immediate
takers. Small batches huddled into
the inner room to see their questions
The snake hissed, flickered its forked
tongue, and replied. The select com-
mittees tottered back to the public
square to send Alexander’s stock soar-
ing to astronomic heights.

With what must calmly stand as one
of the world’s masterpieces of
understatement, an eye-witness as-
serts. "All the spectators were struck
as it were dumb, not only to see
a little embryo serpent crowned in a few
days to so magnificent a size and ex-

GAY DOYLE

It may be magical; but brother, the
hand can often deceive an eagle-eye.
'WARE went! While human
Hymenotmths are ar-
dately denoting ways and
means of eliminating them-
selves from the landscape, in-
ssects seem to be suffering no
over-population troubles and
are well on the way to in-
habiting the earth. Latest
estimateasses that, in var-
iety of form, insects account
for 75 per cent of all known
forms of animal life, with
over 600,000 described species
and about 20 times as many
yet undiscovered.

habiting the features of a human
countenance, but also to hear the
monster speak with human words."

All that is, except Lucian.

Lucian consulted his spires and
peered more circumspectly
about.

"Boh!" he deposed (on effect) "The
populace of Abonotos were a pack of
fools. That huge serpent of Alex-
ander's wasn't the most snake; it was
the reptile he had swindled from Della.
That head wasn't human, it was 'art-
fully formed of imen.' And as for
the serpent answering questions...
Hades, didn't anyone have the sense
to see that Alexander had fitted a
tube (carefully concealed) which
stretched from the snake's mouth
through the wall into an adjoining
room where another man emitted
impatient answers to the select com-
nitee's queries?"

On the face of the evidence, Alexan-
der—even in this degenerate modern
era—would immediately have been
tossed into a cell as a con-man. But
was he? No, he was not. Alexander's
admirers erected for their idol a
marble temple wherein he resided
happily until either his snakes died
or he did.

Alexander, however, was not alone
in his glory. He had, for instance, a
real rival in one Doctor Lamb who
will warm the hearts of all husbands
by providing one of best alibis for a
too-tardy return home that ever saved
a man from the dog-house.

Dr Lamb (it is gathered) existed
about 300 years ago and was reputed
to be "a celebrated sorcerer." His
clients were varied and volatile...
but none of them was luckier than a
certain anonymous gallant.

This gallant staggered back home
in the wee, small hours of all-repute.

He was up-tooing cautiously up-
stairs when all hell (and it wasn't his
wife) broke loose. Lightning flashed,
thunder bellowed; hurricane-squalls
rocked the house like a tea-to-tum.

"Help! Help!" the gallant heard his
wife squeal. Abandonning discretion,
he dashed to her aid. He had just
reached her bedside when the tempest
ceased as suddenly as it had burst.
The moon shone, stars twinkled; there
was a holy calm.

"Hai!" deduced the gallant's wife
tainfully. "You've been with Doctor Lamb!"

"Yes, my dear," he confessed (dying
with a plump and abandon). "I was
this night sitting with Doctor Lamb
in his room, when presently... to
my no small surprise... a tree
sprang up from the middle of the
floor. Next moment, three dwarfs,
with three little axes, began to fell
the tree. As it crashed to the floor,
the three dwarfs whisked long to-
gether, 'They called for the wind
that will to-night fell that tree,' the wise
Doctor explained. That's what made
me late... and that's what caused the storm!"
Tourist Topics: We know a traveller who claims that he crossed the Pacific twice without having a bath . . . the dirty double-crosser. Which reminds us that a Tourist is a man who travels thousands of miles to get a photograph of himself standing by his car. To let, Etc. Our Professional Bachelor as quitting his flatte, seems he can't stand the way his landlady insists on keeping everything so neat— including her gun. Thus, for obscure reasons, leading us to observe that a Bachelor is a man who fails to embrace his opportunities. Stil, who can blame him, our Office Harriet has been heard moaning that his wife has changed a lot in 20 years—he habits his friends and his hours. Household Hints: There are three things a woman can make out of nothing—a hat, a salad, and a quarrel. Intuition is the strange instinct that tells a woman she is right, whether she is or not. Easy Things Corner: Almost every child would learn to write sooner if allowed to do his homework on wet cement. When youth calls to youth, they usually tie up the phone for a couple of hours. Being no doubt the reason why a boy's voice changes at adolescence, but a girl's when she answers the phone. Department For Dommes: A plaintive pupil-teachers recently explained in the school inspector that she had two most abnormal children in her class, both of them had good manners. Shape-of-Things-to-Come Section: Television, we hope, will solve the traffic problem; there'll be no cars out; everyone will be at home getting eye strain. Then there's the painted puppet who's been muttering morosely that her ex-best not only fed to her about his yacht he even made her do the rowing. Sidelight on Sports: A woman who's always putting her cards on the table probably has nice hands. Discipline Division: A real Executive is a sad who can hand back a letter for a third re-typing to a red-faced stenographer. Health Hint: A hypochondriac is mostly a star-crossed character who can't leave being well enough alone. Geographic Notes: What our roving correspondent likes about Paris is not her longitude but her latitude. Literary Notes: An historical novel is a book with a shapely wench on the jacket, but not in one.

OUR SHORT STORY: Going away. Must sell—two high chairs, two drop-side cots (with mattresses), twin push chair, double-barrelled shotgun.

KATH KING

WHO'S WHO IN

DRUG-LAND

BY PHIL BELBIN

AND SYDNEY OCKENDEN

HAVING AGREED TO MEET TRUCK TOLD FOR SOCIAL AFTERNOON TEA, KATH KING WAITS AT THE APPOINTED CORNER, BUT . . . . .

TRUCK IS LATE, AND THAT COULD MEAN A RUSH JOB, BUT IT COULD MEAN HE'S FORGOTTEN SHOULD KATH WAIT? SHE WONDERS.

CAVALCADE, March, 1952
The new boss will like you!

Later. Given her instructions, Kath is now told she is all too clear now. As to what she is caught up in, she is smuggling ring ...

Good luck — and don't fail....

Hello Lucille, tiny certainly didn't expect to see your beauty! Please explain the position, will you?

Well, I'm the new regional boss, and I have new plans. Clear? That depends on the plans...

Mistaken for another girl named Lucille, she has been given confidential information on collecting smugglers' and delivered back to her flat....

Kath protests that she is the wrong girl, but the men in the car laugh heartily.

Another of your tantrums, Lucille?

And a man reaches out and grasps Kath by the wrist......

Hop in, quick!

Reawakened, Kath sinks back in the seat of the car and looks at the man — a stranger.

You should have hopped in quicker.

These men have mistaken me for someone else. Should I....

Didn't tiny tell you the set up?

Tiny told me nothing.

Left alone, Kath wonders who she is supposed to be and who the new boss is. Her attempt to plead mistaken identity has been laughed aside....
STILL PONDERING WHAT TO DO, KATH KNOWS SHE CAN'T POSSIBLY GO STRAIGHT TO THE POLICE BECAUSE

UNDER THE CUE OF MENDING A BROKEN-HEARTED MAN, A MOBSTER IS WATCHING HER

AND SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO THE TELEPHONE. SHE CAN'T MAKE A CALL NOW

KATH HOPES, AS SHE BEGINS TO FOLLOW HER INSTRUCTIONS, THAT TRUCK TOO, HAVING MISSED THE APPOINTMENT, WILL TRY TO GET IN TOUCH WITH HER

COMANDER SETON -- OR IS IT COMMANDER LUCILLE? COMANDER LUCILLE PLEASE COME THIS WAY

KATH HAS HAD NO TROUBLE IN ESTABLISHING CONTACT WITH THE MAN SHE WAS TO MEET. SHE HAS CLOSELY FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS -- SO FAR

HEARING TRUCK CALL HER NAME, KATH TURNS ROUND QUICKLY, STARTS TO WAVE BACK

STEADY, LUCILLE! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

-- OR IS THIS LUCILLE? I'M SORRY SIR. I THINK YOU'RE MISSTAKEN

YES, MISTAKEN GO, OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE. THE POLICE UNDERSTAND NOW GO

WHILE KATH WONDERS WHETHER TRUCK GOT THE MESSAGE. SHE WAS TRYING TO CONVEY SYLVIAN DEAN OF THE CASSIET. SEES TRUCK

YEAH, SHE GAVE ME THE BRUSHOFF SMARTLY AND I THOUGHT I WAS DOING ALL RIGHT

WELL, THAT MAN IS HANDSOME

CAVALCADE, March, 1952
CONSOLING TRUCK WITH TOO MANY DRINKS, FOR LOSING KATHY'S TRUST. OFFERS TO SEE HIM HOME.

WHY KATH'S CRAZY ABOUT TRUCK. I WONDER WHO THE NEW BOY IS?

OF COURSE YOU FOOL YOU WERE TOLD NOT TO COME HERE.

KATH BREATHE AS THE NEW BOY IDENTIFIES HER, REALISES THAT IT IS TOO LATE TO GET OUT OF TROUBLE. SHE WONDERS WHERE SHE IS GOING NEXT.

COMIN' UP FOR A LITTLE DRINK? THANKS NO TRUCK I HAVE WORK TO DO.

THE NAVAL OFFICER GETS KATH OUT OF THE NIGHTCLUB QUICKLY.

I DON'T LIKE THIS. I'M GOING TO CHECK YOU BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER.

SITTING BESIDE SETON, KATH SEES IN THE REAR-VISION MIRROR A REFLECTION OF FOLLOWING HEADLIGHTS. WONDERS IF THEY ARE REALLY BEING FOLLOWED.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THE RIVAL MOB WHO'D MANAGED TO GET IN. CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL.

KATH IS TAKEN TO A GANG HIDE-OUT FOR IDENTIFICATION. SHE IS READY FOR TROUBLE.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE SETON?

IS THIS THE RIGHT GIRL?

BUT TINY... TINY'S DEAD. DON'T SAY YOU DIDN'T KNOW.

KATH NOW GETS A CLEAR PICTURE. MISTAKEN FOR THE GILLY, SHE IS INVOLVED IN A GANG FEUD.
Dressing the horizontal doorhandle with her elbow, Kath clenches the door. It flies open, bracing herself she glances at the steering wheel.

"Kath, now realising that Kath is hot Lucy, draws his revolver.

But out of the darkness behind a revolver barrel, and Seton falls and crumples, while...

Truck Todd and Sylvian Dean explain that they have followed Kath ever since she left the night club.

It was Sylvian's idea to follow Kath. You're seeing the end of a dope runner, boy, where's your camera?

Yes, Mobiloil will give you full protection, longer engine life, with a minimum of repair bills. Mobiloil is never an expense—put an insurance. Always ask for Mobiloil by name.

Triple Action Mobiloil

Cleans, protects, lubricates.

Vacuum Oil Company Pty. Ltd. (Inc. in Aust.)
ACROSS THE MOUNTAIN WAS A PLACE FROM WHICH NO TRAVELLER RETURNED THAT'S WHERE THE BOY CAME FROM.

MINA GRAY

FICTION

A snapping roar answered the shot, a flash of gold and black.

WE were camped below Gunong Hantu . . . Mountain of Ghosts. From an evil ravine in the side of the mountain ran a swollen yellow river to whose source no man has ever travelled, except perhaps the Tiger-Men themselves. Up this river we had been travelling for the last four days.

Gunong Hantu is not exactly in my patrol country, but Ian Simpson had been anxious to see it. This was his first visit to the island. To withhold the Mountain of Ghosts from him just because I didn't like the country would have been like lock-

ing an adventure book away from an eager child. And even I must admit to a curious pride in this most beautiful and most terrible part of the island.

But it was an eerie place. Its tangled valleys had an unaccountable feeling of distrust. No breath of wind disturbed the clinging pell of heat, yet always there were strange rumbles in the half-light of the jungle . . . and it has always been known as bad tiger country. The banks of the river looked deserted but the heavy trees were full of eyes—great staring yellow eyes of beasts—bright malicious bird eyes—even the huge, heavy flowers seemed to watch.

Not knowing the country, Ian didn't share my discomfort.

Duras and a couple of the prahu men pointed out pug marks in the sand, where the savage emissaries of Gunong Hantu—tigers—had...
been investigating us on their way to the waterhole during the night.

My own reaction was to order more fires to be built that night, and I looked forward eagerly to setting my bush bed with a ride and a shot run. When I looked up again, Simpson was staring beyond me at the opaque green wall of the jungle. In his eyes was the same peculiar excitement that had been in the eyes of Durus when he pointed out the tiger marks. I frowned on Simpson was young and new to this country, I didn't like it. “Well, you can say you've seen Gunung Hantu now. We'll come back tomorrow," I said.

He said slowly, "I wonder what it's like on the other side." His eyes followed upward the sheer battlements of the mountain. "It looks like some great evil stone door."

I tried to speak soothingly, "Gunung Hantu?"

"Has nobody ever seen the other side?"

"Of course, by air."

He shrugged impatiently at me, "You know what I mean."

I knew what he meant. The airman only sees a veneer of green—he cannot penetrate to the haunted glooms beneath. A man must travel on foot and by prodig to reach the heart of this country. The only man who sees the other side of Gunung Hantu is the notorious savage tribe known as the "Tiger-Men" who once held this island against all comers for centuries. On the other side of the mountain is their home, and they alone know the secrets of the mountain which is always muttering spells like an imprisoned fiend but which has not erupted in living memory.

I saw no reason to tell Ian anything more about the place. I didn't want to continue the conversation. I said, "Durus knows a pool farther down... I'm going to try that new rod you bought me... coming along."

He shook his head. "I feel lazy. I'll stay around camp today."

I fished all day and caught three mahseer to Durus's great awe when he was permitted to examine the slender rod and the thread-thin line. We were rather late going back and it was almost dark when we reached the edge of the camp.

Suddenly there was a shot.

We both froze. Durus whispered, "Listen, Tiger, Tiger!"

As he spoke there came a man's scream of horror. I scrambled a couple of feet and peered down from behind a mound of rock. Already the moon was silverying the scene. I made out the figure of Simpson. He seemed to be on one knee. It was Simpson who had screamed. He was trying to get up. I couldn't see what had panicked him until a darker mass in the background beyond him moved. At that distance I couldn't see what it was. Why didn't Ian shoot? Sweat broke out on me. I was too far away. Cold made me, I thought. "His rifle has jammed." It was the sort of nightmare one dreams sometimes alone in the jungle.

The dark mass was approaching Simpson now in steady bounds. Durus had been right. Tiger! I crunched and ran and put up my rifle. A cracking roar answered the shot. There was a glimmer of gold and black. I had been in too much of a hurry and had wounded him. My body was melting into sweat. I had a job to keep my hands steady. If I missed again... I had a vision of Ian's mangled body. The beast was nearer now, snarling with excitement and pain. Then suddenly there was another shot. The tiger leaped and fell, its snout cut off in mid-air as if somebody had cut into a ribbon of...
sound. The shot had come from the other side of the clearing and it had felled the tiger with beautiful accuracy. Everything was silent for a minute and then around us, as we ran down to Ian, began again the small, shuddering life of the jungle.

We got him back to camp. It appeared that he had stolen out to track the tiger and had taken up a position behind a rock. In manoeuvring to get a nearer view of the waterhole, he had caught his foot in a clump and wrenched his knee. What was worse, his foot had been held firm between the rocks so that he was trapped, and his rifle had rolled from his hand. Seeing that he had bitten through his lip in an appreciation of the situation, I refrained from pointing out the numerous defects in hunting tigers the way he had gone about it. Instead I poured out three glasses of Balsam Ivan looked enquiringly at the third glass.

"We have a visitor," I said.

"Thek, Tuan," a pleasant young voice said from beyond the circle of light. There had been a friendly but mocking intonation in the voice. I grinned. "Come and have a Balsam, Dirk."

Into the firelight stepped what must have looked like an incredible figure to Ian. A young Malay with light brown hair, dressed in almost immaculate khaki.

"It's a fine tiger so go and have a look," I said.

"Oh, before you go, this is Ian Sampson. Ian, this is your rescuer. Dirk Holst. He's good with tigers."

It must have been rather distasteful to Ian to find he had been rescued by a young man of his own age. He looked at me, puzzled.

Dirk said in his faintly Dutch-accented English, "It was only that I happened to be the nearer. He too did not say anything about the foolishness of hunting tigers alone. He went over to inspect his kill and chat to Durus and company in their own dialects. They received him with awe.

Was this not Dirk Holst, Lord of the Tiger-Men!"

Ian was saying, "What a shot he must be, and what eyesight!" Genuinely admiration warmed his words. I could have told him that the Man of the Tiger Tribe, like the great cats themselves, are said be born with the ability to see in the dark.

Dirk came back, smiling, "You make a good host, Ian. He's a fine tiger. I give him to you."

We talked the usual conversation of men who had just seen death together. It was late when I said, "You asked me this morning if any man had seen the other side of Gunong Haniss and returned?" As soon as I said it, I was sorry, because I felt Dirk stiffen. I realized suddenly how difficult it is for a young man of twenty-three to be a legend in his own lifetime.

"Well?" Ian looked from one to the other of us eagerly.

"I have been... and returned... many times," said Dirk Holst. He stood up abruptly. "I am very tired and I must leave camp early tomorrow... do you mind?" He smiled his strange and smile. "I shall be pleased if you will visit me on your way back." He spoke formally, and there was a curious loneliness about him as he walked over to where his bearers had made up a pondok.

Ian said, "So that's Dirk Holst. I've heard a lot about him. A bit here, a bit there, but there's something else, something more. You know, the way they talk about him I thought he must be very ancient."

I saw that the time had come to tell him the story of the man who came from the other side of Gunong.
A WARNING TO MEN IN MID-LIFE

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 are unable to sleep and lose interest in life, they suffer from joint pains; become irritable over nothing, easy to aggravate, moody, indecisive, unable to concentrate, and over all there's a constant dropping of energy. But this change is not confined to mid-life only. Quite frequently these symptoms appear at the age of 35 and there are many cases of men as young as 30 who have lost their power. 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 hormone that governs the whole character and characteristics of the male.

Because NU-MAN contains genuine male hormone, it replaces the natural supply and so prevents the mental and physical decline that must otherwise surely follow. That is why from the day you start NU-MAN, you will find renewed virility, increased vitality, immediate relief from worry and a new, more aggressive, determined approach to life.

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FREE!

Hanoi, and why he had become a legend in his lifetime.

At Tenpong Baun stands a fabulous Dutch-Colonial house. It commands the whole of the river bend and down from its great deep verandahs roll spice-scented gardens. If ever there were a palace in the wilderness, it is this house with its great stone rooms, its opulent teak furniture, its marble and fine linen. And of this palace, and indeed of all the surrounding land beneath the gum bower of Gunong Banu, Dark Holot is unchallenged lord.

I have heard the story many times, and it may be that it has changed in the telling. It starts around 1890 when there came first to this island a big, fair Dutchman. Before him, no man had ever seen a large gazelle on the inhospitable shores of this island, and certainly no trader had dared to settle there in spite of far-spread legends of its hidden riches. And many men had disappeared forever or returned gibbering idiots from the terrors inflicted on them by a proud and hostile race of brown men whose "tiger-gods" was adjutant to dwell on the very summit of the Mountain of Ghosts. But Evert Holot bought his way ashore and up this dark river. He did not linger on the shores, but established himself at the very foot of the towering mountain. No battle had yet been fought on the mountain itself, and the brown men, fearing to incur the wrath of the Tiger-God, waited for the mountain to revenge this white man's effrontery. When the mountain remained peaceful, they became curious, but still did nothing. Since the stranger had dared to settle at the very foot of their Mountain of Ghosts, they dared not disgrace him.

What happened in the ten years between the coming of Evert Holot and the opening up of the coal mines

Pelmanism

What Pelmanism Does

Peace of Mind—N.S.W., Oct. 23, 1951. The most cherished benefit is peace of mind. No, most certain, no question, and a definite tendency to do my own thinking and judging, which brings more natural such each day, of the 5499, postal Officers.

Confidence—N.Z., Oct. 21, 1951. I recently applied for a post in the Engineers' Register with a County Council and was selected out of 20 applicants. I feel that Pelmanism gave me a measure of confidence I lacked previously—Sir W.R. Johnson, Structural Engineer.

The "Eskdale"—W.A., Nov. 5, 1951. In the past I felt like a plant that was "put" in the ground and left without a stake. The Pelman Course is the "stake" upon which I am gradually being helped and guided and am not nearly so resilient and middle-headed—WAC 509, Housewife.

Capacity for Work—V.C., Oct. 25, 1951. I have improved my capacity for work. I can organize my time to much better advantage, which is itself a marvellous improvement—VC 3641, Store Proprietor.

A Robust Approach to Life—Strength is got and courage maintained by the exercise of personal qualities the more significant of which are—

Self-Confidence
Judgement

Concentration
Intuition

Decision
Initiative

Will-Power
Self-Contrast

and a Held-East Memory

Social Base

Pelmanism develops these qualities quickly and permanently.

"THE EFFICIENT MIND" describes the Pelman Course. Copies are posted free—Write or call The Pelman Institute, 21 Gloucester House, 38k Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

New Zealand Inquiries—

The Pelman Institute, with the approval of the Reserve Bank, has made arrangements to meet the financial requirements of eligible residents of New Zealand to enrol for the Pelman Course of Training without delay. Write to the first brains of this to The Pelman Institute, Melbourne.

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

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CAVALCADE, March, 1952
and the coming of more white men to the island, nobody is left to say Evert Holst established a trading empire and worked his timber concessions with such skill that both the brown men and the white men acknowledged his supremacy, they both came to regard him with somewhat superstitious awe, and there was peace throughout the island. But the white settlers were ever conscious of the fact that their continued residence depended only on the frail thread of one man's life.

But at last Evert Holst grew old, and he had brought no wife from Holland so that Tenang Belan had no heir. Who would keep peace on the island when he was gone? It was a question that men in the white settlement voiced at each other with uneasy eyes, particularly since there had been an increase of hostile activity among the Tiger-Men who wanted gravely on the other side of their mountain.

At last the darkest hour of all came, and in the great bedroom on his sick bed Evert Holst was dying. With him was the doctor from the coal mine farther down river and a woman medical missionary. Below stairs waited and prayed Evert's old friend and servant, Mydin.

Now and again Evert Holst raised his great head from the bed and looked at them both. Sometimes in Malay, sometimes in Dutch, he said, "Hee hee?"

The doctor and the woman looked at each other and shook their heads, trying to soothe their patient's distress.

And still the great body battled against death, and the voice muttered, "Has he come?"

"Who is it you wait for?" asked the doctor at last. "My hee?"

"The doctor shook his head unhapp-
The doctor shook his head as if unconvinced by the small apparition.

"In this bundle that you see are two things," pronounced the child "A pisin which my uncle, the Apatih of the Tiger-man, bequeathed to me when he died, and the paper in a box which the white Tuah who lived here gave to my mother, who is dead also. They are all dead and they have gone to Gunong Hantu, but I am living and I have some bringing these things as the Tuah ordered." The childish voice pronounced the words carefully like a well-learnt lesson.

The doctor undid the bag. Inside was a magnificently chased silver knife, carved with the symbols of the Tiger Race, which the doctor recognised because he was a collector of such things. He realised also that it was precious and had it carefully on the table. Then he pulled out a small teakwood box. All the time the child was listening for sounds outside; but the silence did not break. The lid of the box was slotted and engraved to form its own lock. The little native boy took it from him and moved the lid carefully in his small thin hands.

Inside were papers.

The doctor took them out and saw that they were in Dutch. He read them while the white woman, from the habit of a life-time of service, sat the child on a couch and ordered Mydin to bring food for him.

With a deep bow towards the silver knife, Mydin obeyed. The child accepted these attentions gravely. His eyes were always watching the doctor who read on. At last the white man looked up and into the serious eyes of the child. "Tabek, Tuah," he said gravely.

Then he looked at the white woman and Mydin. "This is the child for whose coming Evert Holst waited," he said. "This is the son of Evert Holst and of the sister of the Apatih." The white woman gasped and looked again at the child.

"But the child is of the Tiger People and no white man has ever crossed the Mountain of Ghosts and returned alive," he said meditatively. Then she looked closely again at the face of the child and knew that one man had crossed the mountain.

The doctor's voice was light with relief. "Don't you see? Everit has made a lasting peace for us. In this child are united our blood and the blood of the Tiger-Men."

The woman's eyes fell to the papers he still held in his hand. "This is his will. This house and all the lands of Tanjung Bulan are the child's and he trusts him to us to be educated."

The firelight flickered on Ian's face. As I finished Agin crouched. A moth hovered over the fire. Ian looked beyond the circle of light, into the darkness. "That child was... Dark Holst?" he asked.

I nodded, prodding at my pipe.

Next day we started down river. When we came to the bend where the very foot of Gunong Hantu is, I was in the water, and upright. Dark Holst sits forever in the very lap of the Tiger God. And waiting for us was the man who belonged to the past and to the future of this island, to the shadows of the Mountain of Ghosts and to the sunlight of the little settlement at the river's mouth.

Dark Holst himself. But Ian went forward to the lonely figure, smiling his boyish smile, ignoring the legend that hedged in this place—and I was glad of that.
THE CORPSE ATE HEARTY

He was a painter of rare skill — and the man who committed the murder was an artist in homicide.

For three days the sun had been glaring down on the park, and now the grass was dry and yellow, and the small round lake lay as quiet and tepid as a forgotten cup of tea. There were paths curving sluggish through the park and on these paths benches were set at regular intervals where old men and nursesmaids with carriages sat waiting for breezes. No one played checkers; there were no political discussions, no gossip; even the children were languid.

On one of the benches facing the lake sat two old men, silent and un-friendlily, like marrow bone-ends. One was slowly munching a frankfurter, and there was so much stealthy delight etched in the deep lines of his face that any passerby could tell that frankfurters were verboten items in his diet.

The other, a tall moustached old man whose backflung shoulders were the last remnants of what once must have been a superb posture, kept glancing fearfully at the disappearing frankfurter, and shivers.

Slowly, relishing each mouthful, the old man munched. It was not until he was finished and regretfully wiping mustard and rel rel rel from his mouth that he noticed the shivering man at the far end of the bench. His brow knitted in wonderment.

“What’s the matter?” he asked softly.

“A chill?”

The second old man brusquely shook his head.

“Don’t you feel good? Maybe you shouldn’t be out in weather like this, Mr. Parker once—”

“I feel good,” the second old man said. His voice boomed and tingled with an accent. He spoke so harshly that the one who had just finished the frankfurter winced.

“I feel good,” he said again flatly and stubbornly this time.

The first old man shrugged and turned away. A moment later he frowned. Paint-splashes and rumblings in his stomach had begun generating feelings of fear and guilt. He hoped fervently that he wouldn’t be sick that night, because if he were, his daughter would question him sternly, and then . . .

“In the old country I was a police inspector,” the other man said suddenly.

“That so?” The first old man smiled, only too glad to forget how his daughter would scold. “I had a friend once—”

“For only three years I was a police inspector. Those days I was a man to look at. Young and strong. Shoulders like an ox—”

His eyes closed slowly and fixed broodingly on the past. He had stopped shivering. The first old man settled back, content to listen . . .

“Ransacking, fencing, swimming—all the sports, I was a champion in all of them. I would raise my arm to make a muscle, and the young ladies would gasp. I was clever too. I was considered the most promising of all the young inspectors.

“Then one day Ivan Lemenkov, my chief, called me into his office. ‘Peterson,’ he said, I have an assignment for you. Routine A man’s been murdered, Fredev, an artist. It looks like simple burglary that turned into murder when this artist Fredev entered the room at the wrong time and surprised the burglar. Inspector Maitlen was handling the case, but now he’s sick at home. You take over, Peterson. Go down and speak to the widow. Look around and prepare a report, and start the search for the man who did it. Good day.’

“I saluted and left. I had read about the murder in the papers. Fredev had been a painter of great talent, but very marked and depressing. I had a great interest in the crime—so I might as well have been interested in anything else. That is what I should have been. I was a man who might some day have flourished into one of our country’s greatest geniuses— I still remember how the journalist wrote—should have been killed so casually, is a national shame and scandal.

“That is what the papers said. I was no student of the arts. To me it was another case, and I was out to catch the murderer. I was young and strong. I loved life and I hated death—

“Murder especially—

“I went to the funeral parlour where the body was lying. What was left of it. The mortician lifted the shroud so I could see, where the head had been, a tangle of red flesh and white bones, whoever had killed him had loved blood—he had swung the bludgeon again and again till nothing but red paste and gristle were left where the face had been.

CAVALCADE, March, 1952

92 CAVALCADE, March, 1952 93
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"I walked slowly towards the dead man's house. I wasn't happy at what lay ahead, ringing the bell and facing his widow. Women's tears I could never stand.

"Then the door opened and I stopped breathing.

"She was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen — and I have seen hundreds and hundreds over the world — more than a dozen times. Small as I was tall, delicate as I was broad, with a shadow of sadness greying her face. Her hair was thick and black, and it fell over her shoulders like one of those thick mourning veils that the women of my country wore then. Her eyes shone from deep inside blue moist hollows, and her pale lips kept trembling.

"I stared. I was used to hansom country lasses, full-hipped and laughing. I had expected a drab, plain-faced widow. I had never even spoken to a woman like this before.

"Steaming and apologetically, I introduced myself. She nodded and motioned for me to enter.

"That house. I'll never forget that house. The walls were covered with every husband's unsold pictures. They formed a dam that made my eyes blink, half in fear and half in prayer. Those colours—clashing blood everywhere mixed with splintered bone-ends. I, a young rough police inspector, was rooted to the spot; you can imagine their power.

"The widow pointed to a chair with a beautifully flowing gesture. Finally I managed to loot myself.

"'Please,' I said, 'tell me what happened.'

"She told me, and as she spoke my heart burned. I heard the faint noises that had awakened her and her husband on the night of the murder. I saw her husband glide from the bed and enter the room where the thief crouched. I heard the first blow, the..."
I couldn't bear the thought that my stupid questions were increasing her grief! "Please," I said, "excuse me. Let me go now. I will not disturb you again."

"So I left, and I walked through the city streets like a drunken man. For I knew what had happened. I was in love, madly in love with this woman, whose husband was still unhurt and whose murderer I had found. I went to a cafe and sat there, silently drinking. Hours later I steeled myself to go back to my office. Work was work, and there was still much to do.

There were many papers piling on my desk. A dossier on the dead artist, photographs of his corpse, exactly as it had been found, and the autopsy report.

"I read it, and the room began to weave about me. I staggered, I paced up and down my office, clutching and unbuckling my flat. Then I stopped and I knew what I had to do."

"Slowly I picked up the telephone. It took a long time before I could clear my throat to speak. Finally I asked for the number I wanted.

"I was answered by a clock in the city's largest insurance company. I asked him a question. He told me to wait while he locked up some records."

"While I waited, I prayed—I had never prayed before—for his answer to be yes.

"Moments later, the receiver clung to my ear. I heard him pull the phone on his end. His voice came, dry and efficient, over all the long thin wires. 'You were right, inspector,' he said. 'I found the policy. Anything else I can do for you?'

"I said no hurriedly, and hung up. It took a moment for me to write out my resignation and leave the building. An hour later I was on the train headed for the nearest seaport. It was easy those days to get jobs as a seaman.

I sailed all over the world for twenty-four years before I settled down here. Now I am old."

He paused, shuffling his parchment-white face, gasping for breath.

The old man who had eaten the frankfurter looked at him curiously. "What did you tell that made you call?" he asked. "And why did you leave the country? I don't understand."

"The man who had once been a police inspector laughed bitterly. "The autopsy report," he said. "The analysis of the stomach's contents. The dead man's last meal had been sausages and beans."

"Yes."

"So the dead man couldn't have been Friedel. Remember what his wife told you, Friedel? Only specially prepared bland dishes. Everything came to me in a flash. Poverty had created the already half-mad artist—no one healthy in mind could have pulled the way he did—poverty had embittered him so that he decided to make money by any means."

"He had taken out an insurance policy, and he and his wife had killed an innocent tramp who resembled him in build. The woman I'd fallen so madly in love with was a partner in murder. If I'd stayed on, she'd have surely hanged me."

"Were they ever found out?"

"I don't know, I don't know. I never read newspapers afterwards. I was afraid to."

The sun slowly began to sink, and at last the old men rose from the bench. They tottered silently to the nearest exit, then went their separate ways without saying goodbye. Near the exit stood a frankfurter vendor. The air about him was spiced with garlic and frying, and a young boy was hanging around, sniffing appreciatively, but the two old men ignored him as they went by.

"My daughter..." one thought fearfully.

"Sausages..." the other thought with aching bitterness. "At last I've told someone..."

Soon after they were gone, cool evening breezes flowed merrily above the rippling lake.
EYE WITNESS:

Cedric Mentiply, who writes "A 1,000 Marching Corpses" (page 4), was not only a fighting soldier and war correspondent during the war, but after the war he was a correspondent through the ruins of Europe, a NZ Government correspondent. His story in this issue is fact from his own diaries.

JUNGLE JUICE.

Voodoo (page 32) is loosely spoken about and joked about—but voodoo is nothing to laugh about. This organised orgy of frenzied emotions is anything but a glamorous spectacle. It is a relic of the jungle.

MYSTERY:

Some killers go to great lengths to hide the bodies of their victims, but the killer at Cannon Street (page 56 this issue) created a furor of mystery by leaving the body where it fell and drawing a cloak about his own identity. And the move was so subtle that the criminal was never caught.

GETTING AWAY WITH IT.

Do you fancy yourself as adept at getting away with something? Well, precisely, with what? Lots of fellows think they're hell on wheels because a piece of minor deception slides past unobserved; but that's nothing! The adepts at this sort of thing haven't been medicine men or magicians; they've been men like you—with imagination, hide and guts. And what has it done for them? The pieces of colourful and imaginative fact on page 65 will put you wise—it may even "tip you off!"

GHOST TOWN:

There are a number of ghost towns in Australia, but Cooktown is so well known that it seems wrong to rank it among them. Jack Pearson visited Cooktown not long before last Christmas—no more than six months ago. So the Cooktown he writes about (page 24) is the town of thence and now.

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