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1952

WICKEDEST WOMAN IN ROME — Page 4

ASSISTANT OF DEATH — Page 12
Comfort in leisure...

Your comfort is the constant concern of the Stamina stylists... they are always seeking to introduce new comfort-giving features into the cut and make of the trouser.

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ASK FOR Stamina
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The tall figure on the stage came forward to receive the applause as it rose thunderously from every section of the theatre.

As he stepped forward the actor removed his mask, disclosing a superbly handsome face as magnificent as a sculptured head of a god.

Over in the imperial box, a girl sat looking intently at him.

About the girl’s head there was set a small crown, through which were threaded ears of corn—the mark of dedication of a Roman empress as the goddess Ceres.

The girl leaned forward, her breath coming more quickly as she looked down at the figure on the stage.

The girl had the fierce, savage look of a tigress. Her lips were thin and cruel. The pallid skin of her cheeks was flushed with sudden excitement. Her burning black eyes told of blood that took little to arouse.

She leaned forward eagerly towards the actor, and there was a sudden gleam of desire in her eyes.

She turned quickly to the figure beside her. “Sure,” she said, “a word with you—”

It was the figure of a monster rather than that of a man—tall and thin and yet with a pot-belly, legs of pipe-stem thickness that shook uncontrollably every now and then with the trembling of a past paralysis, hair completely white although that of a man of scarcely middle age.

He sat upright, and his head wobbled grotesquely on his thin neck as he spoke. He stuttered, “Y-y-y-yes, my love—w-what w-would you of y-your Claudius?”

The girl looked down again at the stage, and as the actor smiled up at the royal box she sucked in a sudden breath.

She hesitated, “He must perform at the palace—”

The man beside her looked down at the stage.

He stuttered, “Wh-wh-who? M-Minister? Why, of course, my love—of course—”

He wobbled his head about to look at the girl more closely, and a cunning glint suddenly appeared on his weak face. He let out a high cackling laugh. He stuttered, “B-b-by the gods—that has he n-numbered the empress among his conquests, also?”

The girl turned her savage gaze on the stuttering man. Her thin lips had become one narrow line of implausibility. She hissed, “I am not conquered—I conquer. But what I want, that I will have—”

The man let out his cackling laugh again. He stuttered, “W-what a young tigress it is—I-I do believe she could claw a man to death.”

Two weeks later the pot-bellied man with the wobbling head shuffled along through the halls of the palace on his spiderishly thin legs.

Suddenly the girl who had sat beside him in the royal box in the theatre stepped out before him.

Her hands and neck sparkled with jewels. Her hair was piled up high above her head in a costly and beautiful coiffure. Her lips and cheeks were painted and rouged elaborately, and thick mascara accentuated the glitter of her eyes.

Her gown was costly, but simple and almost indecently revealing. Jeweled slippers glittered upon her feet.

The girl’s eyes flashed vehemence, thwarted ire. She jerked her head towards some rooms on her left. She spat viciously, “That—that actor—he insulted me and spurned my friendship—me, the empress—”

The pot-bellied man gulped at her. He stuttered, “W-w-w-why, my dear—h-how d-d-dare he . . .”

She crooned against his ear, “You are the emperor—you are Claudius—tell this—his actor—that the will of the empress is as much law as that of her husband, the emperor . . .”

The pot-bellied man straightened up, and thrust the loose folds of the toga about him in an attempt at impassiveness. He stuttered, “C-come, my love—let us show this fellow our w-wishes—the w-wishes of either of us—are law—”

The girl took the pot-bellied man’s arm, a glitter of victory in her eyes.

The man shuffled across to the rooms towards which the girl led him.

As they entered, the figure of the tall, handsome actor turned to face them. He bowed low at the sight of the spider-legged man.

The monstrous-looking creature
stared haughtily at the actor. He stuttered in a high voice, "Minister—y—you may be used to p-playing the s-fool on the stage, but I advise you to do so no longer here. I command you to serve your empress as she wishes."

The actor stared at the girl, suddenly shocked at her words. Then slowly all the expression went out of his face, and once again he bowed low.

He said in a stony voice, "As you command, my lord." He raised expressionless eyes to the girl. He said flippantly, "As you and—my lady—command."

The eyes of the girl glittered with an almost insane gleam of victory—a gleam mixed with the flame of desire.

And so Messalina, most infamous and profligate of all Roman empresses, had triumphed again. . . .

Dead when she was only twenty-five years old, Messalina packed more infamy into her short life than thousands of other profligate women who lived twice that time.

It would be impossible, however, for any woman to have lived out in one lifetime all the infamous and immoral acts attributed to her.

Messalina had, of course, many enemies amongst both the women and men of her day. Chief amongst these was Agrippina the Younger, the mother of the emperor who followed Claudius to the throne, the infamous Nero.

Agrippina's memoirs contained a number of bitter and defamatory references to Messalina. It is believed it was from these that Juvenal, years later, gained the material for the shockingly slanderous verses concerning the wife of Claudius.

One of these stories of Juvenal's states that Messalina's lust and avarice was such that she frequently disguised herself, entered the booths of public brothels under the name of Lycea, and greedily pocketed the fees she received.

This story seems a little hard to swallow, although some historians consider that it is consistent with the life of Messalina as recorded by other chroniclers of that day.

Properment amongst these writers was Tacitus. Although born some six or seven years after the death of Messalina, he made very keen inquiries into her life.

Thus it is that Tacitus gives record of perhaps the most infamous, and certainly the most indiscreet, of all Messalina's immoral escapades—her infamous "marriage" with the youth, Caesius Silus, while her emperor husband Claudius was absent in Ostia.

Caesius Silus is described by Tacitus as "the handsomest of the Roman youth." The old historian states that Messalina was so "enticingly enamoured" of him that she made him divorce his wife, Lucilla Sila, for her. Messalina showered gifts upon the young patrician and consul-elect. The royal reception was seen day after day drawn up outside the home of Silus.

Of course, she was merely following the example of many of the emperors in more or less casting aside one marriage partner and taking another. But for a woman to do it—and to do it to an imperial Caesar—however weak and feeble-witted he may have been—was an entirely different thing altogether.

Messalina, however, went ahead with her plan. She celebrated the illegal nuptials in full might of all the "marriage" went through, but almost immediately Narcissus, a freedman courtier taking two women with him who had witnessed the affair hurried off at once to Ostra to take the news to the emperor.

Claudius was no fighting Caesar—in him there was none of the flashing steel of famed Julius or Augustus.

His marriage with Messalina—when he was forty-eight and she but sixteen—was his third. Suetonius wrote of him that he was "immoderately in his passion for women." It was probably such dilliance that kept him more or less unconcerned with the profligacy of his wife.

However, this time Messalina had roused even the weakly-flowing blood of her husband. He returned posthaste to Rome.

It was the time of celebration of the grape-harvest. Messalina—ever ready to seize upon such occasions for bawdy revelry—was, with the help of Silus, leading a riotous Bacchanal in the gardens of the palace.

But Claudius had already come—for once with the power and fury of one of the fighting Caesars. He was already warning his soldiers' swords with the blood of past loves of Messalina.

Deserted by all, the empress hid in the gardens of the palace, having first sent forth her two children, Octavius and Britannicus, and also Vibilia, the chief of the Vestal Virgins, to plead for her.

But Narcissus—feeling that Messalina might worm her way back into the emperor's good graces and make things hot for himself—sent soldiers to the gardens. They slew Messalina in the very arms of her mother.

Claudius was at a feast when he was told of her death. It is said that he received the news by merely asking for another cup of wine.

She wore a crown about her head that showed the mark of her defilement as the goddess Ceres—the goddess of corn and harvests.

It would have been more fitting if she had worn the crown of Venus, the goddess of love.

And it would have been more fitting if in that crown had been placed a pair of horns. If ever there lived a she-devil in human form, it was Messalina, Emperor of Rome.
Blackmarket in Bodies

Budding surgeons need practice on fresh cadavers. Once they were only obtainable from professional body-snatchers.

A part from the terrific spiritual struggles undergone by surgeons in the path of duty, in trying to avoid leaving it strewn with the bleeding hearts of adoring nurses and glamorous patients, one of their greatest problems has always been to procure enough "subjects" for dissection.

Nowadays a certain stability of supply of bodies exists, but in the hectic days at the beginning of the nineteenth century the dissecting copybook carried bloody stains of murder and violence. The situation ushered in the era of the "body-snatchers" and the "resurrectionists."

The cycle of "snatching" actually began about 1848, but it did not have the spotlight thrown on it until the first decades of the eighteenth century.

The sordid story of Ellen Terence and Jean Waldy, who were hanged for selling bodies, is typical of what was happening in the murky period of medical history.

At their trial, it was revealed that they had a poor woman and her child and invited her to their home for shelter. While one plied her with liquor, the other rearved the boy to another room and suffocated him. The boy was sold to students for two shillings. Ironically, when the murderer was discovered and the two body-sellers hanged, they themselves suffered the doom of dissection.

In 1877, the gravedigger and his assistant of St George's Church, Bloomsbury, were convicted of stealing bodies. Each was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and to be whipped on his bare back twice during his journey from Holborn Street to St Giles, a distance of half a mile. This sentence was carried out amidst crowds of jeering spectators.

Body-snatching became big news. The public imagination let itself go with all sorts of fantastic horror-filled inventions. Heavy iron cages were placed over coffins. Watchers sat up at night beside newly-filled graves, and took all sorts of precautions to prevent their desecration.

The "Resurrectionists" were a tough lot, but their supply depended on cooperation from so-called respectable undertakers, sextons, and gravediggers. Each of these received their take-off from the takings.

The gangs became organized. One of the most famous gangs was led by a man named Andrew McMillan, or more familiarly, "Merry Andrew." He lived near a graveyard, drank 10 glasses of raw whisky daily and got subjects as cheap as "penny pegs."

The build-up consisted in learning the private history of persons dying in cheap lodging houses and impersonating their relatives during the last months. The landlord was usually relieved for the remains to be taken away.

A fake minister then staged a phony funeral, and the procession would ostensibly head for some cemetery in the country—the real destination being the Edinburgh dissecting rooms.

"Merry Andrew" turned it on properly—he even stole the buried body of his sister when prices were at their top level.

Increase in the demand for bodies gave the body-snatchers the impetus to double in bigger stuff—export and import business on a wide scale. Headquarters of the gangs were located in Dublin, and the main storage depot was the Anatomy School of the Royal College of Surgeons—with the connivance of well-paid doctors on the College staff.

The hit in the business was a retired naval surgeon named Wilson Rea, who employed gangs of "Resurrectionists" to rob city and suburban graveyards. He also supervised the export trade and had cases incoherently labelled "pianos," "books," and so forth.

Sometimes there was a slip-up in the arrangements. A cargo arrived at Glasgow, during January, 1837, addressed to a huckster who refused to take delivery because the freight was over £50. The consignment was supposed to contain cotton and linen rags.

The crates lay in the port sheds for some time until the stench stirred officials to action. The cases were...
DOLLAR SIGNS DO NOT (ALWAYS) APPLY

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye—
A heart that's full of sorrow,
A throat that gives a cry
And wherefore all the sorrow,
And why, pray, do you cry?
Well, think! A song of sixpence!
And what will sixpence buy?

found it tougher and tougher to get a sufficient supply of bodies. Then on December 25, 1821, he was introduced to the most famous body-snatchers of the period—William Burke and William Hare.

Hare went into the business when one of his lodging house tenants "got into him" for four pounds rent and then suddenly died. The sale of the body netted him nearly eight pounds. The morbid nature of the body for him and his partner to tend the path of crime—or what they thought an easy way to wealth.

Then technique was simple. Friendless-looking strangers were accosted and invited to spend the night at Hare's lodging house. There they were given some bottled dynamite and silently suffocated.

The murderers then carried the bodies to the dissecting rooms, where Dr. Knox, "being a man of discretion, asked no questions."

The score of murders topped 16 before the partners became careless and gave their show away. On December 24, 1821, they were brought to trial and charged with murder.

Both pleaded not guilty, but Hare, who was the showman of the pair, turned Knox's evidence. On Christmas morning, December 25, 1821, Burke was found guilty.

A record crowd attended the public hanging and demanded the execution of both Hare and Dr. Knox as well, high prices were paid for seats and the crowd roared fiercely as Burke went to the gallows.

After the execution of Burke, angry mobs burned dissecting rooms in Glasgow and Edinburgh and other parts of the country. A public inquiry was demanded into the activities of Dr. Knox. It was claimed on his behalf that the bodies he brought were friends of the watchers. This didn't satisfy the mob, they attacked his house, Knox escaped and fled to London where he died in poverty 30 years later.

The revolting revelations of the trial of Burke brought into focus the need for revision of the laws regarding the supply of "subjects" for dissection in medical schools.

Recommendations were made to adopt the French practice of allowing overseers of the poor and governors of hospitals to supply for dissection bodies of persons who were not claimed by relatives.

The House of Lords rejected the bill on the grounds that the treatment was unfair to the poor. Meanwhile another outbreak of body-snatching broke out in London.

The two top members of this snatching hierarchy were John Bishop and Thomas Williams. Operating in suburban cemeteries in London, their score topped 500 bodies over a 12-year period.

Their methods were as careless as those of their Scottish counterparts. When bodies were scarce, they played the game of murder to keep up profits. They were convicted and executed in 1833.

On December 15, 1831, an Act was passed "for regulating Schools of Anatomy." All secret sources of supply were cut out and "subjects" for dissection were made available by legal means. Persons having custody of dead bodies were permitted to send them to medical schools.

This is the stage that supply of "subjects" has reached to-day, body-snatching has been replaced in the criminal milieu by racketeers more lucrative and less gruesome.
Who was this stranger masquerading as a doctor who decreed that old people were useless and must die?

BILL DELANY

Assistant of Death

If there was nothing else about the man to attract attention, his dress was, to say the least, eccentric. He wore a leather jerkin, through the belt of which was stuck an unsheathed knife, leather leggings, a wide hat, and a beard that, though thick, was carefully trimmed. Yet, in spite of this spectacular garb, he moved through the swanky New York hotel with supreme dignity.

His advent, like his exit, was dramatic. But those who saw him, that day in June 1914, did not realize that this was their first glimpse of a man who in less than a year would blandly, even proudly, acknowledge himself as a multiple murderer.

But first, he would establish himself as a good spender, and intrapred hunter of wild beasts—and a man of mystery. He was, he declared, a man with a mission. He did not, then, add that his mission was murder.

Within a month, he was gone.

In the following February, the District Attorney glanced questioningly at a detective.

"What," he asked, "has been the death rate at the Institution until recently?"

The detective estimated that perhaps one death each month would have been a liberal estimate.

"And now... seventeen in January," mused the District Attorney. "You say there are children, also, in the place?"

"Yes. But none has died. Each of the 17 has been an aged person."

"Who is in charge of the Institution?"

"That's the peculiar part about it. When I investigated, I asked for a list of the staff. There is a superintendent and a medical staff—but the king-pin seemed to be a fellow named Mors. Foreign, I'd say. He has a big black beard."

"Find out something about this fellow Mors," said the District Attorney. "Find out how he came to get a job in the place. Investigate his past."

The detective came back with the information that Mors had introduced himself to the authorities of the Institution—a famous New York mental asylum—as a graduate of a large hospital in Europe. Incredibly, they accepted his story and he became known as "Doctor Mors."

The detective discovered two more facts. The "doctor" was the same man who, a few months before, had made such a deep impression on those who frequented a well-known New York hotel; and that he had been sent to the Institution by an employment agency—as a porter.

A cable sent to the European hospital brought a reply that it had never employed a Doctor Mors. Meanwhile, further investigation at the Institution indicated that the inmates feared him. Some of them, in fact, had already written to relatives asking to be taken from the Institution.

"Why?" asked the detective.

"Because he lost his temper with them. Because he roared loudly at them. Because—he had almost invariably been the last person to see the man or woman who had died."

The detective went back to the hotel where Mors had made his spectacular entrance.

"What was the main theme of Mors' discussion with you?" he asked the habituees.

There hadn't been one... but wait!... he had mentioned that he had come to America to carry out a mission. He'd looked a bit queer as he'd said it.

The detective made his next call the chemist who filled the prescriptions asked for by the hospital. The chemist remembered Dr Mors well. It had struck him as a little peculiar that the doctor had ordered a great deal of chloroform.

The District Attorney listened to the detective's report and ordered direct action. They would search Doctor Mors' belongings at the Institution...

There, they found enough poison and chloroform to last a decent-sized hospital a full week. Why was it there? It was only rarely that the Institution's authorities were called upon to operate.

The time had come to talk to Dr Mors. He greeted the detectives easily and willingly agreed to visit the office of the District Attorney.

Seated in the District Attorney's office, he asked for a cigar. Such
An eight-year-old ran home crying He told his parents that the boy next door had punched him His father said "If he hits you again you hit him back" Soon after he came running in again and announced "He's crying now" Repied his father "That's right always hit them back when they have a go at you son" The boy replied "Nicocey Oh he didn't hit me again but I thought he might have done so I hit him back first"

requests were to become punctuation marks in the story he told them. At first, it appeared that he would not be cooperative in answering their questions.

- Had he ever attended a University?
  - Oh yes.
  - Where?
    - In Europe.
    - Which University?
    - He was afraid he could not tell them.
    - Hospital experience?
    - A few months.
    - Where?
    - He refused to tell them.
    - What was his real name?
    - Did that matter?
    - Why had he come to America?
    - That didn't matter, either.

The man with the beard asked for a bottle of wine. When they refused his request, he smiled at them and became silent. They brought him the wine, and he asked them to bring it to room temperature. He sat, benevolent and smiling, until the

harassed detectives carried out his request.

"Did you kill any of the old people at the institution?" he was then asked.

"Doctor Mors" nodded and smiled.

"Of course," he said "You've been asking me silly questions Where didn't you ask me that in the first place? Of course I killed them at least eight"

His statement was made simply calmly. He looked at them from benign eyes. The detectives stared back at him, flabbergasted and shocked.

"But why? They were only poor, old people."

"That is why They were old People shouldn't be allowed to live to an old age. They are a nuisance, old people They want things They wanted things when I was busy. They asked for more blankets at night Or more food Old people are bothersome So I killed some of them."

"How did you kill them?"

"I went to their rooms when they were asleep and gave them an overdose of chloroform until they died. They didn't struggle much"

So the examination continued. The bogus doctor met their questions directly and volubly. Throughout, the bearded smile never left his face.

He told them that within a few months he would have killed every old person in the Institution.

This, then, had been the mission of the bearded man who had so greatly impressed the people at one of New York's biggest hotels.

They sent him to the psychopathic ward of a New York hospital. There, one day, he locked out to the yard where many old people were resting in the sun.

"It's a pity," he said. "I could fix them up all of them in a

week and without any pain or fuss."

Meanwhile, the file marked "Doctor Mors" in the department of the District Attorney was becoming thicker. His real name was Frederick Menez Millionaire of humble parents in Vienna, he had proved a hopeless failure at school. He had been in trouble with the police once or twice, but his offences had been trivial.

It was obvious now that Mors (or Menez) was mad. Sent to an asylum, he became a model and trusted prisoner. He caused not the slightest trouble, and only lost his cheerfulness when authorities refused his request that he be allowed to help nurse ailing patients.

He pointed out that, as an humanitarian, he could be of great service as a hospital assistant, and would do his

utmost to ease the burdens of sufferers—particularly aged sufferers.

He could never quite understand why his offer was not accepted.

Then one day, Mors (or Menez) disappeared. He had not seemed dissatisfied with the treatment he'd been receiving. In fact, he had expressed contempt at his enforced way of living.

Nevertheless, one day made an escape from the asylum. And in spite of one of the most intensive manhunts in American history, he was never recaptured.

"Doctor Mors" was only 21 when, in 1915, he brought permanent solace to aged sufferers.

If he is alive he would be over 60 years of age now. He would, in fact, be himself an old man...
Peril in the White South

ARThUR SCHOLES

A member of the party that established the official weather station on Heard Island surveys Australian exploration of the Antarctic.

Antarctic exploration always has had its price. Australians have been prominently connected with it, since the first expeditions sailed south at the end of last century.

A Melbourne business man, John Henry Bull, organised the first Antarctic expedition, in 1897, to the Australian Antarctic Territory. Bull used a steam-whaler named "Antarctic." Bull's party was the first to land on the Antarctic continent. They set foot at Cape Adare, on the western edge of the Ross Sea. On the return journey the vessel was trapped in the pack-ice and nearly lost the screw. Only after an unexpected rise in temperature did the ice break up into canals, and enable the "Antarctic" to nose her way into the open sea.

The second expedition to Antarctica also had a good Australian element. It was led by C. E. Borchgrevink, a Norwegian-Australian who had been a diplomat with Bull's party.

Borchgrevink, financed by the millionaire British publisher, Sir George Newnes, sailed south in the "Southern Cross." They anchored at Cape Adare, where a pre-fab hut was taken ashore and assembled. Here ten men camped to spend the first winter in the Antarctic.

Until then, no one knew how cold the Antarctic winter was. Borchgrevink found it was 90 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, or 89 degrees of frost in mid-winter at his base camp. His men suffered dreadful privations. One man, a Norwegian scientist, died before the end of the winter. His body was taken to the peak of the nearby cliffs, and buried under the ice. Others went to their bunk with frost-bite, malnutrition, and exhaustion.

In the depth of winter the men were marooned in their hut. Blizzards two or three times a week, constant gales, and phenomenally low temperatures, kept the men in their bunks. All of them suffered from stomach complaints.

But when the first rays of the rising sun were seen in a mid-September day, the men were out and about to welcome the stranger. In a week, exploration parties were slogging round the peninsula, and attempting to drive over the mountains to the interior of the unknown continent.

Borchgrevink's party welcomed the 20th century with a special celebration—fried penguin breasts and seal steaks for all hands.

When the relief ship arrived, the men had spent 33 months cut-off from the world—for there was no radio in those days.

It was only then that they heard the Boer war had broken out in South Africa.

The Australian story that thrilled the world was that of Sir Douglas Mawson's 1911-14 expedition to the Antarctic. The highlight was Mawson's solitary journey back to his Cape Denison base in King George V Land, after the deaths during a slogging journey for mapping purposes, of two members of the expedition—Lieut. B. K. S. Ninness and Dr. X. Mertz.

Ninness disappeared without a sound into a crevasse, with a sledge carrying the greater part of the supplies and equipment. Then Mertz died of exhaustion and starvation.

Mawson, left alone, succeeded in struggling back to Cape Denison. During this awesome, lonely journey, he was forced to eat all his dogs, to cut his sledge in half, and to endure serious frostbite.

The deaths of his two companions delayed his return to the base camp, as a result of which he and five others had to spend another year in Antarctica, waiting for the relief ship, "Aurora."

CAVALCADE, November, 1952
FROM the United States comes a tale concerning a barmark gangster who rushed into a saloon shooting right and left and shouting, "All you dirty skunks get outta here." There was a general scattering and everyone fled except one meek little character who sat imperturbably on a stool at the bar. "Well?" growled the gangster, waving his gun. "Well," said the other, "there certainly were a lot of them, weren't there?"

At Heard Island now it is the coldest time of the year. The snow will be banked high to the roofs of the small cluster of huts that make up the scientific station, 900 yards up the beach from Atlas Cove.

There is only four hours good daylight at the most. Actually in 1946, when the first expedition was wintering on the island, we did not see the sun for five weeks.

In 1948, winter exploration of the interior of Heard Island was abandoned, due to the poor light, and treacherous conditions of the glaciers. At Macquarie Island, where another expedition party had been sent, they were not so cautious and tragically followed their engineer fell through the ice surface of an interior lake, and was drowned.

In the summer of 1950-1, I was for a time attached to the staff of the Royal Research Ship, Discovery II. The vessel was doing whale investigation work for the Commonwealth Government in the region of the Australian Antarctic Territory.

We were about 300 miles south of Heard Island when we heard the radio news that disaster had befallen the joint British-Norwegian-Swedish expedition walking in Queen Maud Land.

Three men were drowned when a "wessel," a snow-vehicle, was lost in a summer fog and driven over the edge of the barrier, into the sea.

In the Antarctic there is no commercial wealth, only whaling for whales swimming round the edge of the ice pack. However, there is a world of scientific wealth.

At Heard Island, continuous weather records have been kept for four years. Investigations have been made into the mysteries of cosmic rays and the island has been plotted and mapped, both geographically and geologically.

To accomplish this, young men have shut themselves off from civilisation for 15 months at a time. They have suffered from cold and fierce cyclones that make this the windiest corner of the globe.

At Heard Island, the Australian Antarctic Expedition has built up a hard core of tested explorers, who will be used later for exploration of the Antarctic mainland.

The Australian Antarctic Territory is an area of land the size of Australia itself. Except for Mawson's expedition, and the recent journey of a French party to Adelie Land, the vest interior of the country is unknown.

At Heard Island, the party will not be relieved for quite some time. The loss of the two men will be hard to bear. In an expedition camp you live so close to your companions that you know each other better than you know yourselves.

The sight of two empty hunks in the sleeping huts, the absence of familiar faces at the mess table, will be memories that will haunt the others in the party for the rest of their stay on the island.

When these men return to their homes, they will have lived an experience they will remember for the rest of their lives. No finer tribute could be paid to them that at Heard Island than the epitaph, which was erected by Sir Douglas Mawson, over the graves of Nimmo and Mitt, at Cape Inneson, "They died in the cause of Science"—a simple statement, but it means a selfless service.

In the years to come, a weather station will be established at the South Pole itself. It will be manned throughout the frightful winter, when the temperature on the polar plateau drops to 90 below zero.

While there is still a part of the world left to explore, there will always be men who want to go there. It is to such men as these that we owe much of our scientific progress and knowledge of today.

CAVALCADE November, 1952
monarch was great in more senses than one. Tall and handsome, he was second perhaps only to King Alfred the Great as a royal legislator and administrator during the seven centuries or so of English rule before Good Queen Bess arrived.

But King Edward I had his faults—and his enemies. He contracted a lot of debts in Flanders, so many that that country began to sense visiting English merchants as surely for the King's debts Richard Pudlicott was one of them.

In 1298, Pudlicott visited Ghent and Bruges, where he dealt in wool—then a prolific and very profitable English export. He was seized as a hostage.

He managed to escape eventually from the Flemish prison, but he was forced to leave all his wares behind him. That made him a man with a grievance against his King.

Swearing vengeance, Richard Pudlicott disguised himself, took a boat for England, and found his way back to London, there to consider and decide what to do.

In those Plantagenet days, there were plenty of rogues about, eager ready to cut a throat or loot a shop, in return for a consideration.

Richard Pudlicott began by hawking petitions round the City of London and near the Palace of Westminster. They were petitions to the King. In this way he aroused a lot of anger among disgruntled citizens, and made many contacts with promising rogues.

At this stage in our story, it should be explained that Richard Pudlicott later wrote down his own account of what happened on the evening of April 24, 1303. But that account is so obviously a flamboyant attempt to cast the incident upon himself that much of it must be discounted.

However, the plan that fact that he (certainly with accomplices) executed what must be the greatest jewel robbery in history, cannot be denied.

King Edward's main storehouse of royal treasure was the crypt under the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey.

Richard Pudlicott knew this, and a crazy plan grew in the growing hate in his mind. He decided the stock of royal treasure should be his target for revenge on his king.

The only entrance to the crypt was from the Abbey itself, close to the sacristy. According to Pudlicott's account, he burrowed through the walls of the Abbey.

Anyway, somehow the vengeful Richard got into the crypt—and got out again, apparently undetected, with unbelievable treasure.

Richard Pudlicott stated that he remained in that crypt for some 36 hours, until the morning of April 26. He boasted that he did the robbery alone.

Writing about this extraordinary medieval jewel thief some years ago, the Australian-born historian, Mr. Philip Lindsay, said that Pudlicott's statement that it was a one-man job was palpably absurd, and that appears to be the case.

All the local rogues, and certainly the Abbey monks must have been in the know to say the very least.

Richard Pudlicott said that he took a splendid armful of glittering jewels away with him, much of which he dropped on the way to his home. That, again, was obviously untrue.

So much jewellery was removed from the Abbey that one man alone could not have carried it.

It appears that after the robbery, the thieves went berserk. They cast much of the King's treasure all over the place.

A fishermen working in the Thames at Westminster in the moonlight...
AND A ONE-PIECE FOR ME, PLEASE!

A wife, to urge a man to comfort,
(Wishing to be proud of him?)
Thanks that he should dress to please her,
Femininely fickle whim
Urges he ignore the moderns,
Dictates that he dress with taste,
Shuns his loose ideas of comfort,
Likes him to look well encased—
Says a three-piece suit's essential,
His dreams of comfort on the shelf,
He's then surprised to find she sunbakes
In a two-piece suit herself!

brought up a solid silver goblet Plate and jewels were found by passers-by in St. Margaret's Churchyard, Westminster. Strange coins, which proved to be the King's property, appeared on the stalls of merchants in London, and as far north as York.

A gay and beautiful lady named Russell flashed a jewelled ring before admiring male friends, and said that it was a present from her friend Adam, the sacrist at Westminster Abbey.
The thieves threw other jewels into the laps of pretty ladies, and quaint coins on to the barrels of wine-shops.
The booty went anywhere, and seemingly almost everywhere, for there were huge masses of royal treasure.

Soon King Edward was notified of his loss. He remained calm, and did not allow his better judgment to be stamped by anger. That was the way with Edward, called Longshanks.

Always the legal king, and a stickler for formality, His Majesty set up a special commission of inquiry.
The crypt was examined, witnesses were called, and a nationwide search for the property was made.

Some of the King's treasure was found beneath the beds of the Keeper of the Palace of Westminster and his assistant. Other jewels were discovered in the rooms of Adam the sacrist, the monks, and their servants.

And, of course, they made a goodly haul of the stolen property in the home of Richard Pudlicott himself, and from his wench, Joan Picaud.

By this time many citizens had become alarmed at being the unwitting receivers of stolen goods—and Royal treasure at that. They were afraid of the King's wrath, and of possible consequences. They hastened to return the jewels which the coronation of a royal ruler of England.

The Crown jewels of King Edward IV's day are not those which Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II possesses—except the spoon and perhaps the ampulla, used for anointment.

Most of the present regalia and Crown jewels are those made for King Charles II at his coronation. Sir Robert Yorke, the court jeweller, almost completely reconstructed the old regalia, most of which Oliver Cromwell had disposed of after the beheading of King Charles I.

Colonel Blood's daring escape did soon follow; but the treasure wasn't lost on that occasion. That impudent robbery in May, 1671, has now escaped Richard Pudlicott's previous mejurison on the precious treasure of a great King of England.
Pudlicott's feat must have caused a colossal sensation at the time, but time dims a lot of things...

At any rate the clerk-merchant who lost his wool in Flanders provided a very good reason why the British Monarch's regalia and jewels should be kept, and closely guarded by Yeomen of the Guard, in that grim fortress known as the Tower of London.
Crimson undertow

The beach of Waikiki has golden sand, water as blue as the tropic sky, foam that sparkles like bursting bubbles of champagne. You know the rest; you've read it all in travel advertisements.

It also has a history. It was famous in its own right long before a tourist enterprise grabbed it, fenced it in, and made it almost into a backyard for the luxury hotels.

There were people there long before the first millionaires came, people who now feature as picturesque props against a back-drop of palms, people to whom Waikiki meant something very special.

And you know about those people, of course. The girls are beautiful, the men are lazy, they strain utelies and sing and smile, while the tourist amuses himself improperly.

A sleepy, languorous place, a lazy, kindly people, people who always had it easy, who never knew strife, who only laugh and sing and dance and make love. If you don't believe it, read the advertisements again. If you're a millionaire, book in at one of the hotels and see for yourself.

Waikiki is on the island of Oahu. There is Diamond Head at one end, a landmark standing up like a glowing pyramid. Behind the beach, beyond the parklands, are the hills they call the Punch Bowl nowadays. They form a valley that used to be a dream of tropical delight, cool and shady, and very lovely. For centuries that valley was the favourite playground of Oahu's kings.

In the early spring of 1860, King Kamehameha was relaxing in the valley, assisted no doubt by golden-skinned beauties. Affairs of state were far from his thoughts, so the rival king of Maui Island was able to land a powerful force of warriors without opposition.

The invaders landed on Waikiki, and they aimed at total conquest. The Maui king had laid his plans over a number of years, had prepared for the invasion, the invasion. Kamehameha had been so astounded by the sudden appearance of Waikiki Beach that he had not even had time to prepare, much less to move his forces.

He had landed on the beach and headed straight for the beach, right up to the foot of Diamond Head.

There were six hundred of his most trusted warriors and chiefs at the base of Diamond Head.

And there was a reason for that. There were very special reasons why Waikiki Beach had been chosen as the point of attack. The beach was sacred. It was sacred because, at the base of Diamond Head, stood the most important temple of all the islands.

The king who possessed it had Hawaii's most potent god on his side and an enemy who disputed that god's authority knew he was fighting against his own ancestor. So the invader secured the sacred beach, and placed his elite troops to hold the temple.

Over the hills, in the luminous valley, Kamehameha tore himself from the soft embrace that held him, and rent swift runners to summon his chiefs and warriors. Very quickly, he had a band of fighting men around him, and the invaders had not yet attempted to leave the beach.

From the run of the Punch Bowl, the Maui men looked down on Waikiki Even then, with some miles separating them from the enemy, they were beaten, ready to surrender.

Not only was their sacred beach occupied, not only was the chief temple of all Hawaii in the hands of the invader, but the Maui king had landed an overpowering force.

Leaving the gods out of it, the odds were three-to-one against Oahu, and they couldn't leave the gods out of it. The gods, also, were against them.

It was late afternoon. The shadows were lengthening, and they needed daylight to fight with spears, javelins, and clubs. They stood irresolute.

Only, there were eight who were not irresolute, eight warriors whose fame had spread throughout the entire group. Each had thrown himself, time and again, against impossible odds, and had come off victorious; each had a reputation of invincibility.

They seemed to believe it themselves, for, while the king contemplated his own imminent ruin, glances passed between them. They slipped away unseen, and met where they were out of hearing.

Swiftly, they made their plans. They waited for darkness, and then moved through the ring of hills toward the temple. They rested close to the temple, and watched for dawn.

With daylight, they moved on the enemy. Some of the six hundred saw them approaching; but no alarm was raised, for it was only eight men, keeping close together, not creeping on them but advancing boldly—against six hundred.

They came so close that the In-
The force at the temple was only a small part of the invading army, however. Panic began to grip it like a fever, and a cry went up for help. For reinforcements against eight men who were methodically killing them as calmly as if they were unarmed captives.

Reinforcements came, but the killing went on, and the eight were still unharmed, unruffled. More and more reinforcements arrived. When the eight were surrounded, they merely turned the wedge into a tight circle, and went on killing, waving off every blow, buffeting their enemies by their unflinching cold fury. The piled dead now provided a barricade protecting them, and hemming up the Maui men who had to clamber over the writhing bodies of their slain comrades.

The entire Maui army was soon streaming up Waikiki Beach to join in the classic battle, and only then did the leader of the eight whisper an order to withdraw. As he kept the barrier of dead and dying, the wedge reshaped itself.

They fought like raging beasts now. The mesured calm of their attack gave way to an inspired frenzy. Never in the long history of Polynesian wars had such ferocity and speedy slaughter been known. They literally carved their way through a wall of living flesh.

And escaped without one serious wound.

They escaped, but the Maui warriors gave chase. They overtook Pinu, who was as valiant as any, but was bow-legged and not a good runner. Lagging behind in the retreat, he was tripped, thrown down, disarmed and captured.

The pursuit was abandoned. The greatest chieftain among the invaders claimed Pinau as his prisoner. Lifting Pinau to his back, face upward.

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What Makes Hair Grey?

The colour of your hair comes from a pigment called melanin, which is generated in the body and supplied to the hair roots. An ailing body produces less melanin. Thus the hair gradually loses its colour, becoming grey and finally white. In cases of premature grey hair, the body has generally lost its ability to produce sufficient melanin as a result of an hereditary physical defect, an emotional disturbance, shock or worry, or one of a number of prolonged illnesses. No means has yet been found to stop up the body's supply of melanin. Consequently, you cannot prevent the onset of grey or white hair.

How Fast Does Ivy Grow?

Contrary to general opinion, it does not take such a long time for ivy-covered buildings to get that way. Harvard botanist, Sumner Zacks, recently devoted considerable time to research on the subject (for what purpose we cannot say—unless it was to end an argument or as a diversion from more important and practical problems) Anyway, last spring, Mr. Zacks started to measure the growth of a single shoot of ivy up one of Harvard's historic walls. Taking meticulous measurements at 22-hour intervals, he established that that shoot (and thus, we assume, a majority of other shoots) grew at the rate of 0.578 inches each ten hours.

For the statistically minded, it has been worked out that, at that rate, it would take a shoot of ivy 20 years and 60 days to grow from the ground to the top of the television tower above New York's Empire State Building.

Will We See Rubber Roads?

Long considered and unarded with the idea of non-cracking, non-hardening, non-softering, wear-resistant and non-skid rubber roads is gaining popularity overseas. Test strips of rubber pavement have been laid down in 13 American States in the past three years. In Washington, a special research laboratory has been set up by the Federal Highway Administration to conduct experiments with every type of rubber—natural, reclaimed and synthetic—on different terrains and in different climates.

How Did The Hole Get in The Doughnut?

A New England sea captain, one Hansel Gregory, was responsible, for this innovation in 1847. The captain was a boy at the time. Watching his mother fry donuts, he noticed that the centres of what were then ordinary cake-like creations always seemed doughy. He suggested that she eliminate this part before cooking. The result was so good the family never went back to the old method and the idea was copied by neighbours and others until it spread over the whole country.

AQUATIC COMFORT

One of the cushiest jobs we know is that of those long-sleeved loo-boys who spend their working hours reckoning that in the cool green waters of sunlit pools for the benefit of a cute with a camera by the name of Bob Landry. No, they're not testing the shrinking qualities of one piece swimsuits, neither are they researching into the idiosyncrasies of the English sense of humour by a study of Bunty, which is what is holding the attention of the damsel in the centre.
You really want to know what they’re doing? All right, we’ll hold out no longer and whisper that they are demonstrating what may well be the World’s Greatest Boon to Non-Swimmers. If, by chance, you find mastery of the intricacies of the paddle beyond you, our enterprising Californian inventor has come up with this “Floating Chair.” Even a playful muse with thoughts of tickling some toes can as you see be vastly entertained by the happy occupants.

No longer need you stand by the edge and wrangle a tentative toe, no longer need you take a belly-buster into the shallow end. For you, as this contented sport shows a new era in swimming comfort is at hand. Unfortunately, we cannot introduce you to any of our delectable demonstrators. It’s not surprising, of course, that our cameraman prefers to keep them for himself. Can you blame him with you pop-eyed camera squinting that way with such tidiness?

CAVALCADE November, 1952 31
Should the unfit be STERILISED?

LEE GUARDE

Is it possible to eradicate crime, poverty and mental defectiveness by medically prohibiting the weak and inferior from multiplying?

STERILISATION is a relatively simple operation which makes it impossible for a woman to conceive or for a man to fertilise a woman.

Its supporters claim it is essential for the improvement of the race and the breeding of better stock. In their view, mental defectives and other unfit people should not be allowed to breed and transmit diseases.

While many physicians support compulsory sterilisation of the unfit, they generally agree that the cure might be worse than the disease. Who, they ask, can decide whether an incurable disease of to-day will not be responding to a wonder-drug cure tomorrow?

Take the case of the Oklahoma boy who was sterilised by an orphanage doctor as a "foul-mouthed troublemaker." During World War II, he became a master-sergeant in an American tank regiment.

After the war he married, started his own business and was soon earning more than $5,000 a year. His wife wanted children, and he finally had to tell her why they could not have any. As a result, she sued for and obtained a divorce.

This was possible because in a majority of the American states, and in a number of foreign countries, compulsory sterilisation is legal. More than 50,000 people in the United States have been so treated, but the laws that permitted it are not uniform and are sometimes more than vague in their definitions.

For example, West Virginia and Oklahoma provide that sex perverts are liable to sterilisation; Iowa and South Carolina only specify sufferers from venereal disease; California makes all epileptics liable, regardless of their mental condition or intelligence.

There are no such laws compelling anyone to be sterilised against his or her will in England or Australia. There is even some doubt whether a doctor can legally perform such an operation at a patient's request.

A nation-wide argument arose in England a year or so ago over a mother of six children who agreed to be sterilised after being charged with the criminal neglect of her 18-week-old baby.

Lord Horder, the physician to the King, stated there was no doubt such an operation was illegal. "In such cases there is no legal protection for the doctor," he said. "It has been known for a woman to change her mind afterwards, sue the surgeon who performed the operation and get damages."

As a result, the official B.M.A. view (and it is a wise one) is that, "It is unethical for a doctor to sterilise a patient, unless he is certain that without it the patient will come to serious harm or his health will suffer."

Nevertheless, a very strong case can be made out for the desirability of sterilisation in certain cases. Of course, adequate safeguards to prevent abuses or anomalies would have to be devised.

The operation itself is harmless. With men it is performed in less than ten minutes. Known as a vasectomy, it involves the cutting and tying of both sperm ducts. Modern medical opinion is that fears of it affecting a person's sex interest are unfounded.

Dr. Clarence Gamble of Boston recently reported in the Journal of the American Medical Association on a survey of vasectomies undertaken by 50 mentally normal men. Thirty-six of the men had no decrease in sexual desire or capability, nine of them had an increase. Forty-seven of the men (and all of the waves) said they were satisfied with the operation and would undergo it again if they had such a choice.

With women, sterilisation is more complicated and requires at least two weeks in hospital. It involves opening of the abdomen to gain access to the Fallopian tubes, which must be cut and tied. As with men, there are no physical, mental or sexual ill-effects. There is definitely no premature onset of the menopause as is generally believed. It has simply made impregnation impossible.

In cases of mental deficiency particularly, which is on the increase all over the world, some form of compulsory sterilisation seems to be both wise and humane.

As far back as 1934, an expert committee set up by the British Ministry of Health recommended that sterilisation should be legalised. So far no government in the British Commonwealth has seen fit to make such a move, but it's a question that will eventually have to be faced up to.
COURTROOM FRANKNESS

Samuel S Leibowitz, a famous American lawyer once demonstrated the value of frankness—or apparent frankness—with a jury. Defending a man in a murder case, he put him in the box and immediately asked: "What has been your business?" The prisoner replied, "Professional pickpocket." "If the jury should acquit you, what will be your occupation in future?" "Professional pickpocket," was the prompt answer. "My client was acquitted," Leibowitz later explained. "He should have been, as there was not enough evidence against him to convict. But if he had not given honest answers to my questions, the opposing counsel would have dragged it out of him on cross-examination. Then the jury would not have believed any of his testimony, and we might have lost the case."

HIJACKING BOOM

Most prevalent crime in the United States these days is hijacking, the holding-up and robbing of trucks laden with valuable merchandise. It has been called "the softest touch in crime." Last year hijackers' thefts reached 65 million dollars. This year it has now risen to a quarter of a million dollars a day. Favourite loot of the robbers are clothing, liquor, tobacco, television sets and metals. Hijacking is a highly skilled criminal trade, calling for patient and expert planning. In the gangs, the "fingerman" has the job of "causing" the theft, that is selecting a certain truck and determining its route and cargo; the "tracer man," of course, takes care of the driver and his officers; the "spotter" follows the stolen truck in a car to warn of approaching danger; the "drop man" provides storage or warehouse facilities for the goods until the "fence" can dispose of them.

Hijacking really got its start back in the Prohibition era, when gangsters started commandeering their rivals' liquor consignments. The reason for its phenomenal increase of late years has been the growth of truck transport in the United States. Lorries now carry one-eighth of the total freight handled. With long distances to be travelled on lonely roads, the trucks are tempting prey to the mobsters.

Safeguards now being adopted by the transport firms to combat hijacking include sending of armed guards with the most valuable loads, marking of goods with indelible ink and intensive checking and screening of employees to prevent "fingerman" getting inside information. More effective, however, has been the installation of recently-perfected burglar alarms or warning devices. If any part of the vehicle is tampered with, they set a siren wailing and stall the motor.
"They won't know what hit them." gloated Paruta suddenly Brandt saw what he had to do—for all these familiar strangers.

Paul Warren Graham  ●  Fiction

A Tawny man crossed George Street at ten past five. As he entered the mouth of Wynyard Station, another figure moved away from the letter box against which he had been leaning, and fell into step beside the first.

"Have you seen him yet, boss?" asked the bigger man.

A few paces ahead of them, red-gold hair bobbed above the shoulders of a grey, linen frock. Even from the back, Brandt recognised the girl. He had never spoken to her and had no particular desire to do so; she was just another of them—the strangers whose faces had become familiar.

He answered the question absently, "No—but he arrived all right."

They came abreast of the book-stand and stopped. Elio went over to buy two evening papers. For some months he had done this before he and Brandt hurried on, with all the others, to the gates under the rows of clocks and indicators.

But on this day they waited there; they had an appointment.

Elio handed his companion one of the papers, then blurted unexpectedly, "I wish we were home, boss! Hell! He was the one who was deported—no one else."

"I thought you liked it here."

Elio shuffled uncomfortably, then nodded, "That's just it; and somehow I don't like missing the place up." He jerked his head at the people
IN THE GRIP—NOT OF THE GRAPE

Once I knew a man who said
That in his workshop he had
a yce:
He made his claim quite
proudly, but
I didn’t think it very nice.
He strove to justify himself,
To have my concurrence at
any price.
I bought his workshop I went—
and found
That he really had a very nice
yce.

But his claim wasn’t
nearly as
good body. Dark hair waved a little
above a pale and narrow face.
"Hello, David," he cried heartily,
thrusting a soft hand forward.
"Good to see you, Luca. We’ll just
make a train!"

When Elio joined them they went
along to the barrier, chatting pleasantly.

On the platform, Brandt saw a
shiny, red-gold head and started,
puzzled. It was the same girl whom
he had seen earlier, going down into
the station ahead of him.

For a long time now, he had
regularly boarded the same train as he
and Elio, usually by the same door.
Often he had found himself struck
against her in the press of people;
she was, perhaps, the most
familiar of the nameless strangers.

And so three gangsters stepped from
the platform on to the train. In a
certain part of the U.S. city, the smiling
men and the two tiny men would have
been recognised. But not here.

Elio unfolded his newspaper and
started to read. Luca Paruta lit a
cigarette and glanced at his watch.
Brandt stared at the girl who stood
near him, clutching one of the tabular
pillars for support.

Luca murmured in his ear, "They
won’t know what’s hit them!"

Brandt smiled at the coincidence.
They were the same words that Elio
had used but a few minutes earlier.

At Town Hall, more of the stranger
crowded in, chomping and laughing.

Somehow, Brandt was forced away
from his companions and nearer to
the girl. He shifted his hand until
it touched hers on the pillar, as they
had touched on other evenings. Only
it was different now. Without
speaking, each had admitted his awareness
of the others present.

So close to the girl, Brandt looked
more carefully than he had ever done
at the faces of the other travellers.

Because his most familiar stranger
had accepted him, it seemed that they
had all done so. They all seemed
more alive and good natured. He
knew that it was happening only in
his imagination, yet the idea clung.
The cool hand, at least, was real.

Then he looked around and saw
that Elio and Luca were both
watching him. The latter bucked.
Brandt squeezed over to him
obediently, realising that Luca resented
being left alone.

"Who’s the redhead?"
"I wouldn’t know," whispered
Brandt.

"Seems like there’s something
between you," muttered his chief. I
hope you haven’t been—"

Brandt cut him short, "I told you—
No."

As the train pulled out of the next
station, Luca tugged at Brandt’s
elevator, drawing him to the other door.
Quite a number of passengers had
left the train, and those who
remained were more looking towards
the interior, where a steam train
was drawing past.

"Sorry, David," don’t get sore about
it.

"Why should I?" Brandt was
annoyed, though.

"After we’re organised, you can
have all the women you want!"

Brandt said slowly, "Maybe you’ll
find things different here." Some-
thing made him turn and look at the
strangers. The girl and the others
were all watching the steam train,
which gained on them, then fell back,
them overlook again.

He thought of the other city in
another continent, where—had they
ever boarded a train, by any unlikely
chance—they would have had no
idea. Luca Paruta strutted itself, then
began, frightening or, when
necessary, destroying.

He heard the whisper, "It won’t be
different long. Luca Paruta is setting
up house!"

And suddenly, startlingly, he hated
the voice. For a savage moment, he
was one with the strangers.

David Brandt was a very special kind of
man. Paruta caught only a glimpse
of the knife before its point pricked
against his throat.

As he opened his mouth to cry his
terror, the steel went harder—just
above the Adam’s apple, silencing
him. Already Brandt’s body was
against his, pushing only a little.

One savage moment, but it was
enough.

Soon after, the red-haired girl
looked around, listening, "What was
that?"

"What?" asked someone near her.

"That funny noise." She had a
high-pitched voice. Brandt thought
it very unpleasant—not one he
would like to listen to often.

Elio was staring at his friend, his
broad face puzzled. "Where’s—?" he
started asking, then changed his mind.

David Brandt felt cold. The mood
of sympathy towards these strangers
had passed, but he felt no regret for
his action. To like anyone was to be
weak, and he would never admit
that his reason had been other than
a maternal one.

Therefore, when the two remaining
gangsters walked off along a plat-
form, Elio remarked, "It was about
time you woke up. The boys have
been tired of Paruta for a long time;
everything’s yours now."

"Well, we’ll be home in a week," said
Brandt.

"The nerve of the guy—thinking he
could bury us in this dump!"

The familiar strangers crowded
trams and trains and buses, hurried
along suburban streets. A shadow
had reached across an ocean, but they
had not felt its touch.

And it was their victory.

CAVALCADE November, 1957
Night of the Chinese Lantern

If you don't believe this right away don't work on it, because you never will later. If you do, save your pity. I don't need it now anyway. I've learned to live with the memory, but I'd like to ease the pressure of it a little. That's why I'm writing about it.

I suppose you've guessed that I'm going to talk about a girl, and you're right—only this one's different. Different like every man in love knows his girl is different.

It started at an open-air party—Chinese lanterns, soft music, laughter bubbling in and out of gay champagne and heady cocktails. I was right out of my class, only a friend of the friend who'd received the delicately perfumed invitation.

And until I saw her that's how I felt. Afterwards I didn't feel anything that I can write about. I kept watching her, waiting to catch her between conversations or dances, but she was a very popular hostess and I didn't seem to have a chance.

Then our eyes strangely met, her's peeping over the shoulder of the man she danced with. Neither of us looked away, but after a few moments her partner swung her around. After the dance she came across to me. I'll never know why.

"What's your name?" she asked.
"Barry Duncan. What's yours?"

She said it was Margaret. I told her she looked much prettier than her name sounded. She laughed beautifully and we started to dance,
BALANCE OF TRADE. A small newbay on a city street had a dog squating behind his stand with a placard around his neck announcing that he was for sale. A pass-by inquired what was his price. "Twenty thousand pounds," was the nonchalant reply. "Don't be silly," said the man. "There isn't a dog in the world worth that!" The boy looked at him. "This one is," he insisted, "and that's what I'm going to get for him." Next time the man passed the newbay he noticed that the dog was missing. "I see you disposed of your dog," he remarked. "Did you get your price?" "Yup," said the boy. "Twenty thousand?" "Yup, took in a couple of £10,000 cots for him."

We were together for the rest of the evening, but I don't remember what we said or anything else, except for one incident. It was during one of the last dances. Margaret raised her head from my shoulder and I looked at her.

Half the stars had gone from her eyes, but I guessed that a million still shone there. They were dimmed, though, and I wanted to know why.

"What's wrong?" I asked her.

"Some people are awfully dirty," she said and covered the remark with a smile as though half-afraid. I kissed her and you might think that proved her point, but it wasn't that sort of kiss.

"You're a very wonderful fellow," she said after a moment. "We should have met before. Say, when was I 21. We might have gone well together."

The way she looked at me took all the tidiness out of her remark and loaded it with regret — regret for whole years of her life. She smiled immediately, though, as if what she'd said were a joke, and I smiled too, to save embarrassment.

The moment I left her I knew what had happened to me—the thing you don't believe exists until it starts knocking you around inside. But the next morning I wasn't sure. The harsh sun was like a laughing dog. So I went to see her, to find out if it was the same in the day as it had been in the night.

It was early morning when I arrived and walked through the garden.

I knocked on the open front door and because there was no answer I entered and called her name. The silence explained that nobody heard me. I began wandering through the house, getting to know her from what she lived with and touched and breathed against, until finally I found her in her bedroom.

She was lying on the bed, her creamy flesh not really concealed behind the dust-like lace of her black nightgown, one hand plunged wrist-deep into her hair the colour of new-mown hay shining in the sun. She was really beautiful—like most women never are, but she was dead. Smothered, the police said later.

I must have stood there for quite a while wondering about last night, I guess, and the emptiness of tomorrow. When the maid came back with the police I was still there. It was she had left the front door open in her panic that was now hysteria.

I don't remember a lot about the week that followed, except that I went to the funeral. There were a lot of people there and I was still out of my mind. Margaret's sister cried very prettily as she splashed the treacle of dust on the polished wood of the coffin. A few of the other people there cried too and then left, but I stayed on to watch and hear the gravediggers improvising solemnly all the way to where she was lying.

When I left the cemetery I began drinking and walking and drinking again until finally I was drunk and out to it. I came to at Margaret's sister's place.

Aside from the funeral I had only seen her at the party and I had never spoken to her. I was surprised then, but now I think she must have followed me around and taken over when I was too far gone to know or do anything about it.

I woke up lying on a couch and could feel the rough of my chin pressing through the shirt. Someone had undone my collar and I felt sick and dirty. I coughed and Margaret's sister came through from the kitchen.

"I'll get you some coffee," she said and walked out.

I went across to the window. It was still raining and a few people hurried through it, going somewhere, meeting other people, being able to talk to them, I envied them.

"The name's Maura," she said.

I turned and she was smiling again with her mouth. Through the wags of coffee steam that rose from the tray she held, her face looked very strange and I suddenly wanted to get away from her.

"You loved her, didn't you," she remarked casually as she poured the coffee.

"I don't know," I told her and asked, "Why did you bring me here?"

"You were drunk," she said and handed me the coffee.

I said, "I think I'd better go."

"Why?" She didn't even look up as she asked. That was how much she'd expected me to stay.

"Because I'm sick."

We both knew that wasn't the reason, just as we both knew I'd be back to hear what she had to say. This was only delaying it. I didn't say goodbye. I simply picked my coat off a chair and walked out.

That should have ended it and I should have taken up where I left off on seeing Margaret I didn't, though. Instead I began systematically to drive myself mad wondering why and who. And all the time I knew who held the answers and I kept away from her just because of that.

Until one night I dreamed. When I woke from it my pyjamas were clinging wetly to every part of my body. I made up my mind then to look out before I went crazy. Somewhere I'd find a place, the other side of the world if necessary—a forgetting place where it was hot during the days with cool nights and few people and plenty of fish.

It only took a cold shower and a meal to wake me up to myself. I wasn't going anywhere for a while.

All that day I stopped myself checking the telephone directory, but when the dark came I knew I was going to give in. I never can hold out long when I want something badly, even though I know that if I get it I'm going to feel like hell.

Maura started to laugh as soon as she found out who it was.

"So you finally want to see me," she slurred. "They all did sooner or later, all wanted to know something about her. Strange creature, Alex said." She giggled. "And each one..."
Wanted to be the last and thought he would be. But you're the last, darling, the very, very last, unless of course the devil.

I hung up on her singing laughter. Outside, it was cold and I began walking. Without design, I told myself, but after two hours I was ringing Morra's doorbell.

She opened the door and leaned against the jamb. She was smiling, and I thought how pleasant it would be to feel my hand against her blonde hair, caressing her face into the wall. I slipped past her and went through to the lighted lounge at the end of the dark hall. I heard her hush as she followed me.

In the light her strapless evening gown shimmered off every curve of her body. She was beautiful, but she seemed to advertise through her beauty that she was going to create a row old very quickly.

"I was going out," she explained from the cocktail cabinet, "but when you rang I decided to wait for you. I knew you'd come."

Still smiling, she handed me a whisky. I put it down and went across to the window. I was waiting for her to start and after a minute she did. She smiled what she'd said over the phone, suddenly lighting up the dark, hopeless eyes of a lonely woman. Her voice, thick with alcohol, was coloured by hatred.

I heard her make two trips to the cocktail cabinet as she spoke. Then, unerringly, I stopped listening. I probably started dreaming about Margareta—how she was to me and what we would have done had there been time.

It was quite a while before I realized that Morra had stopped speaking. I turned. She was sitting down staring at me and she looked as though she hadn't had a drink.

"You haven't been listening, have you?" she said, her voice almost normal. She laughed coldly.

"Who did it?" I asked her quickly.

"You," she said.

"Me?" I confirmed what she said quietly, because for an instant I believed her.

"Yes," her voice suddenly softened with weariness. "She died dancing with you. You're her murderer, as surely as if you'd shot her through the head. The one the police are looking for is only—"

"Who is he?" I cut in, hardly believing that she knew, and wondering what I'd do if I found out, and why she was silently crying there in the big chair.

"He was her lover," she said bluntly. "When he went to her that last night, he couldn't understand that she could say no and that it was all over—simply because you'd come along."

"Who was he?"

Again she refused to answer. "The man who picked up the pillow and laid it—"

Grabbing her wrist, I pulled her up against me and asked the question again, into her eyes, sparkling with tears and venom.

She laughed contemptuously and pulled away.

"What would you do if you knew?" she asked, and when I didn't answer, she said, "You haven't the guts to do what you're thinking."

Her words and the way she looked excited me. I felt my face change and she caught her breath. She went out of the room and when she returned, she had on a fur cap and carried a handbag. I realized that she was taking me to the man whose name she wouldn't say, but I still didn't know what I was going to do.

We must have driven for hours. I don't know. Time died for me. I went to see Margareta again the morning after the party, and she was waiting for me. Night fell as I approached her, and the garden lit up suddenly with the Chinese lanterns. I under-
YOU AUGHTER FIGURE THIS FOR YOURSELF

Somebody's wife?
Somebody's daughter?
She learned the lesson
When I aughted:
She so much liked
The things I boughted:
She took rather more
Than a good girl oughted!

stood it to be Margaret's 21st birthday party. We were dancing...

"This is it."
It was a house, huge and alone. At the door, Moira inserted a key. Her breath had soured.

"The third door on your right up the stairs," she said, "Don't be afraid. He'll be alone!"

She swung the door away from us, and I entered. I had made no decision, and I was incapable of forming one.

As I ascended the wide staircase and approached the door, I thought absently about justice and the police and the law.

Finally I had my hand on the door. Opening it, I switched on the light. Instantly a man jumped up in the bed, his eyes popping with fear. A noise left his mouth, and I knew he was trying to ask me who I was.

I walked closer to the bed, so that I could see him better. I pictured him placing the pillow over her head, and probably lying along her body to keep her still, and pressing very hard where her hand was in her hair to keep it there...

The look in his eyes suddenly changed. He knew exactly what he was afraid of now, and he yelled.

"Don't! Please!"
Then the shot came, shattering his face and the night. Even without turning, I knew Moira stood behind me.

"I never intended that you should kill him," she said evenly. "I just brought you for company, and so that I couldn't run away afterwards, even if I wanted I couldn't stand to be chased."

I turned. The gun hung from her hand, as though it were heavy as the world.

"He was my husband," she said. "He came to me as soon as he'd done it. It was the first time in six months that I'd seen him. But I always knew he'd come back. I didn't think, though..."

her voice trailed off and the next words I heard were:

"He cried."

Suddenly her body tensed.

"Did you hear what I said?" she hissed wildly. "He came back to me!"

Then she went limp as though everything made her had snapped, and she began to shake. She opened her mouth. I couldn't hear anything, yet I knew she was laughing.

+ + +

And that's all. That's as far as I take you, except to say that I've found that place where it's hot during the days and cool at night, and where there are few people and plenty of fish. The best is a memory. Occasionally, though, a dream comes along with Chinese lanterns and echoes a lot of dead music. It happened last night, and this morning I find I've written this.

"I've made a lot of friends since I married her"
"Stick to the LAST"

PUMP SEWN BY GIBSON

With the price of boat repairs as it is there comes a time in every man's life when he decides to do his own repairs...

Oops! That's torn it!
Oh, well... I guess I can put the heel back with the rest of the doings...

A good lurk is to tack the leather on in the square...

And carefully trim the edges afterward.

This is usually where the first aid kit comes in...

Well, there she is! Not exactly neat, natty or gaudy, but isn't it a shame that the missus tossed its companion out with the rubbish last week!

Gibson
PLUVIAL...

Professional raingmakers may soon reach the stage where they will be contracting to send down the proverbial downpour of cats and dogs. Sumishiro Asada, who also serves as a doctor of science at Osaka University, was recently engaged by the Kansai Power Company to fill its reservoirs at Fukai, a town 155 miles west of Tokyo in the province of Toyama. Dr. Asada plans to use the usual dry ice or silver iodide; but to prove the rain is really his and not some competitor's, he has guaranteed he will send it down coloured green.

MECHANICAL PRODIGY...

Latest and reputedly the brainiest of the robot calculating machines being developed around the world is the baby of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which its proud parents have named Whirlwind One. It can take information from the memory, use it to solve a problem and then file the answer away again for future use. This little charie Whirlwind One can do 20,000 times a second. Used in an air traffic control centre, its sponsors claim, it could "receive information by radio or radar from hundreds of aircraft approaching or leaving at jet speeds, assimilate the data simultaneously and sort out a pattern flight for all the various planes."

ON ALL FOURS...

According to Dr. Frederick Lendrum, of the University of Illinois, when man stood up and became a two-footed animal (an estimated million years ago), he doomed himself to a variety of diseases and ailments. Varicose veins, for example, result from inability of the valves and walls of the leg vessels to stand the pressure on the vertical blood column. Similarly with our intestines, which because of man's upright posture get little support. The result is often herma. Difficult childbirth may be caused by deformities of the female pelvis resulting from the overburden of body weight on it when standing on two legs. Dr. Lendrum even tracks sinus trouble to the same cause. Gravity cannot carry out proper drainage of the sinuses when you are standing upright.

TRADE...

Among at least three-quarters of the people of the world, goods bought and sold seldom have a fixed value. The price paid is determined only after negotiations between the buyer and the seller. When the parties wish to keep the price a secret, the negotiations are carried on in a finger code under cover, which it takes years to master. Prices for rugs in Persia and rubies in Burma are settled by two men squeezing each other's hands beneath a table or a piece of cloth.

"I didn't say you're not as pretty as you were ten years ago... I just said it takes you longer!"
An argument for a

MODEST BIKINI

That's a title that might well be given to ash blonde Joan Shawlee who—as you might expect—hails from Hollywood. We haven't seen Joan in a more flamboyant Bikini, but, really fellows, she could hardly look better than she looks in this trim but modest model, could she? It may be her smile that's causing our enthusiasm. We're still old fashioned enough to believe that there isn't a woman in the world who isn't prettier when she smiles.

Monted, with a bouncing baby on, Joan is all set to prove that woolock is not deadlock for a screen career. Already (in what we should imagine is the classic casting bungle of all time) she has appeared in the film "Prehistoric Woman." Nevertheless she has hopes of doing much better than that in the near future. Possessed of more than her share of the lissomness that men admire and women envy that is sure to far from wishful thinking.

CAVALCADE November, 1952
ANOTHER LITTLE DRINK...

A new explanation why people become alcoholics has been advanced by Professor Roger Williams of the University of Texas. He believes they are born with dietary needs that are hard to satisfy. "As soon as they begin to violate the rules of good nutrition by drinking quantities of alcoholic liquor," he says, "these deficiencies stimulate craving for alcohol and a vicious cycle is started. People who get everything they need nutritionally never become alcoholics." By experiment, the professor has proved that animals on a completely nutritious diet will not touch alcohol, those getting a deficient diet, however, cannot resist it.

TRANSPLANTING ORGANS...

That day may not be so far off when diseased and worn-out hearts and other organs will be replaced as seen in experiments currently being carried out at the Chicago Medical School. Surgeons there have succeeded in grafting a dog's heart into the neck of another dog and there it may be seen beating for as long as 45 hours—far longer than was previously thought possible. The dog is unharmed and lives on after the heart dies, on its own normal heart. The problem in transplanting organs has long been "tissue compatibility." Generally tissue taken from one of a species will not survive when transplanted to another. In humans, the only successes so far in this regard have been with corneal grafts from the eye and blood vessel grafts. The dog experiments, however, are sufficiently encouraging for the work to continue.

ITCHY FEET...

Three out of every four persons, it is estimated, at one period of their lives are infected with the skin disease known as athlete's foot. Despite its name, however, you do not have to be an athlete to be plagued by its effects—running blisters and oozing cracks between the toes—which are easy to get, hard to cure and can be as crippling as a broken leg. Many remedies, including tomato juice, white oil, triple dye and nails from various kinds of metals, have been suggested in recent years, but to date the parasite fungi that cause the condition are still unbeaten. The best way to keep them at bay is to keep your toes from becoming an attractive breeding place that will attract them from the floors of public baths or showers. To do this you should keep your feet clean and dry, change your socks frequently, air your shoes, wear light and well-ventilated shoes (barefooted children seldom contract athlete's foot) and dust talcum powder between the toes.

After a busy morning in her backyard (which comes completely equipped with a swimming pool and isn't too hard for a budding starlet, we'd say), Joan is ready to flop down for a much needed rest. Why should she need a rest? Well, as on most mornings when she isn't working, career-conscious Joan has been accepted with a full programme of ballet routines, aerobatic exercises, Greek rhythmic dancing and singing and drama practice. Is it any wonder she hasn't yet had time to jump into the pool and wet those ash-blonde bosoms?
When the girls roll 'em

SYDNEY GEORGE EBERT

America's screaming, thrilling Roller Derbies have boomed with television to show the girls and their flights to the fans.

SPORT is where you find it. We agree that the statement is not loaded with epigrammatic brilliance, but at least it carries a substantial load of mild truth.

The yodelling, slip-scaling Swiss breed a type of pugnacious cow which will fight at the drop of a rod in any greasy chace. Large heaps of Swiss currency are wagered each year on the outcome of cow-versus-cow contests.

When you first watched a game of Gaelic football, surely you must have felt an occasional wave of sheer amazement in the midst of your shudders.

In that vast secret area behind the Iron Curtain, it is said that alternate face-slapping is an item mentioned in the Russian schedules of sports records. A couple of comrades registered as Wasyl and Michiko recently scored an unassailable slapping break of 30 hours straight—to become champions of the U.S.S.R.

Over in Wales, the burly, tough men of the mines have a sport that easily matches that of the Comrades for pure ruggedness. They call it 'purring'. Two contestants stand face to face, each with hands on the other's shoulders. An official calls "Go" (no doubt in the Welsh vernacular)—and each starts lurching away at the other's shins. First man to lose his shoulder grip and back away for safety is declared defeated.

That is quite a line-up of strange but true recreation, you will agree. To match it would surely tax the best initiative in any single nation. Strange as it may seem, it has been done—by the United States.

America's contribution to the pool of peculiar play can equal any or all of its colleagues. In fact, it manages to combine most of the mayhem of all of them.

There are only a few isolated districts in the U.S.A. where the Roller Derby is still unknown. Roller Derbies have set wild women on wheels. They have also set a certain Mr. Seltzer on easy street. Mr. Seltzer introduced the pastime and promted it to a standard where a dollar sign would be an apt moniker for the sport he was assisted by science in the form of television.

There was a period when, way back in the middle 1930's, Seltzer's roller skating stars strutted their stuff before audiences of two and three hundred, and everyone was nicely happy—including the proprietor of the show.

Along came video, and smartphone, and television audience holders were satisfied to see the TV screens filled with hefty, muscle-bound wrestlers.

Then suddenly Mr. and Mrs. America tired of the corny efforts of the wrestling racketeers.

There was a pleading, anguished national cry for something less aromatic and more lively. Ex-marathon dancer, Leo Seltzer, now rang 50, ever willing to oblige, thrust forward his roller skating team. His roller derbies were a riot on the TV screen. They were at least three parts of a riot in the flesh, too.

Now a couple of million screen addicts press closer to the video set when the bollies on the wheel-bearing wheels commence their hostilities. Let's take a look at one of their shows.

The scene is, maybe, Madison Square Garden. Fifty thousand roller fans are streaming forward in thousands, yelling themselves hoarse.

Down there in the centre of the stadium, there is a circular, steeply angled track. It is like a cycling track, but much smaller. Round and round the track there are girls roller skating at some 35 miles an hour.

They jostle each other, pushing and grazing as they bump. Suddenly a pair comes to grips. Grabbing, they crash to the boards. The crowd is really on. They laugh, scratch, bite and gouge as they roll to the inner edge of the track.

Police and officials come a-running and pull the ferocious wild-cats apart. They still smear and spit as they are forcibly separated. The fans in their tattered seats are now frantic for the sight of blood.

The rest of the skaters have continued their grinding rush around the board track. Lap after lap they spank. Then there is the sharp, sudden clash of wood on metal as skaters encroach. A high pitched scream cuts across the babel of the spectators. A full-bodied blonde twists to save herself as she dives face-forward down the track. Half a dozen of the field leap her body as she lies still. Two ambulance attendants seize her quickly.

56 CAVALCADE, November, 1952
and with expert efficiency from the track.

The crowd is now breathless, and chatterings. "Can you see her?" "Is she bleeding?" "She hasn't moved!"

Of course the Roller Derby is a crazy idea, but it is a remnant that pays a big dividend. There is a sixteen-association—or league as the Yanks term it—and there are five skaters in each team. Teams compete for the championship three times each week.

There are men competitors in the Roller Derby, too, but when men bump each other into an argument, the result is merely the throwing of a few punches. With her long hair and talon finger nails, the female of the species produces a much better show.

When the Roller Derby is not playing in a big city stadium, it is in action in the big towns of the television look-up. The mobile squad tours at least 20. These are just about evenly divided.

Touring equipment includes a portable machine racing track which supplies 18 laps and an average of six spills to the mile. There are also referees, medical men and other officials.

Penalty boxes are included in the plants. A recalcitrant skater is sent to the penalty box for punishment. Bannishment to this wooden purgatory is apparently the maximum penalty imposed for breaking promises, rules or limits.

A squad is divided evenly into boys and girls. Boys compete with boys for 15 minutes, and then the girls take over, to the delight of the ticket holders. They alternate throughout the evening.

The actual racing is like a miniature six-day cycle race. The fastest skaters in each team sprint for points. A point is gained for passing an opponent within two minutes. Two points are available for passing three skaters, and five points are waiting for the Derbyist who can come home from the rear and head a full team of five rivals.

This business of sprinting past the opposition is no pushover—even for the fastest roller skater in the world. Teams of skaters form packs to deter ambitious sprinters. Their deterrent methods are apt to give nervous ideas to gridiron football coaches.

At the end of a match the paying public wends its way homeward, still seething with excitement. Television set owners curse their joggle-eyed concentration, and winning and losing teams of skaters split their share of the gate—50-50.

Proprietor and promoter Seltzer is loud in his declaration that his girls are tougher than the boys. He has hospital records to prove it.

Most famous wild women on wheels in the circuit is a diminutive, four-foot-ten-inch, explosive dynamo, Miss Marjorie Clair Brashear. Only two years ago, Miss Brashear had to be removed forcibly from the track—so that the medics could relieve her of a six-inch splinter embedded in her shin. She had carried it for several weeks in the realism of the rollers, Miss Brashear is known as "Toughie."

Miss Virginia Rushing told the doc that she had not been quite comfortable on the track for the past few weeks. An X-ray revealed that Miss Rushing's discomfort was due to a fractured pelvic bone—the result of a month-old encounter with a red-headed roller star from Miami.

Jean Vizen, of New York team, did a grand job of publicity for the game when New York met Miami 13 months ago. At the time, Jean was having a track veldora with a rival. Her opposition caught her unaware and slammed her against the rail.
Fate of a Fiction Master

AMBROSE BIERCE's main line of business was death—in the abstract. His biography tells him as an American satirist, but he was far more famous for his fictional stories about killings.

Bierce had some experience with horrible swan-songs in the actual. The son of a farmer of Ohio, at the age of 19 he entered the Union army as a volunteer, served throughout the Civil War, was twice severely wounded.

After the war he went to San Francisco and took on journalism. In 1872 he went to London, and used his caustic humour in "Fun," and three slim volumes, which made him famous as "Bitter Bierce"—his name being pronounced "Becse."

He migrated back to San Francisco in 1876 and then began to write short stories but no one would publish them.

After about ten years of trying, he decided to publish himself, and in 1881 brought out a book of short stories, called "In the Midst of Life," which was an immediate best-seller. Many other books followed, but none was so successful as that first one.

By 1893, after writing about the horrors of death for many years, and seeing little of these horrors, Bierce decided it was time he got around again. He was then a young man of 71.

The nearest place to see death in the wholesale raw was Mexico, where a bandit named Pancho Villa was making despises his life work.

Bierce visited his daughter in 1912 and told her he was going to Mexico.

"I'll buy a donkey and hire a peon. I can see what's going, perhaps write a few articles about the situation."

He wrote to a friend, Mrs. J. C. McCrackin, on September 12, 1913: "I expect to go to South America, possibly through Mexico, if I can get through without being stood up against a wall and shot as a gringo."

He wrote to his niece, Mrs. C. A. Bierce, on October 1, and finished his letter with "Goodbye—if you hear of me being stood up against a Mexican stone wall and shot to rags, please know that I think that a pretty good way to depart this life."

The next day, October 2, 1913, he left Washington and headed south towards Pancho Villa.

Let us take a glance at this Villa. He was born Dionicio Arango, in the Mexican state of Durango, on October 6, 1877. At the time of Bierce's trip he was just on his 36th birthday.

As a homeless youth, he got together a gang and changed his name to Francisco Villa. Later, for some reason of which history does not tell, he was given the nickname of Pancho.

Villa was not a nice boy. He was educated in the Three R's—robbery, rape and rustling, and later he was to add another R—revolution. His well-organized gang of cattle rustlers in the northern states worked so well that a price was put on Villa's head by the Diaz Government.

When Villa got a chance to muscle into the more or less respectable game of politics, he took it, joining Madero in 1910 in his revolt against Diaz. Diaz had been, except for a four-year interval, dictator since 1877.

Francisco Madero's revolutionary army struck a little trouble because a man named Victoriano Huerta was pulling a counter revolution at the time, and this Huerta happened to capture Villa. But you couldn't hold a hombre like Villa across the border into Texas.

Madero pulled off a victory and became president, which was a very good reason (Mexican) for several more revolutionary armies to spring into being, under command of Zapata in the south, and Orozco and Felix Diaz (nephew of the former president) in the north. Madero's chief general, our old friend Huerta, with whom he had earlier joined forces, now deserted him. He turned on Madero, threw him into prison and let the guards quietly assassinate the president. There was never a dull moment.

A guy named Venustiano Carranza did not like this treatment of his old boss, who had made him governor of Coahuila. He protected against Madero's murder and started a new revolution of his own. Villa went back into Mexico and joined him.

Into this vortex of changing presidents, assassinations and intrigue, moved Ambrose Bierce. And quickly vanished.

With Villa's assistance, Carranza overthrew Huerta, and became president. But Carranza looked upon Villa as a mere bandit and when Villa asked for his reward from the spoils...
of office he was sent packing. Naturally, Villa started his own revolution, but was defeated by Carranza's chief general, Obregón, who some years later (1920) had Carranza assassinated. Obregón himself was assassinated in 1928.

Somewhere amongst all this fighting, Ambrose Bierce disappeared.

Evidence seemed to suggest that he had joined Villa. And Villa was a ruthless killer when he felt like it—and that was always. He might have taken a dislike to the gringo's moustache or something.

When Mexico had one of these rare quiet spells between revolutions, many investigators went into the territory where Bierce had been seen.

There was one rather vague story that Bierce had left Villa's side to join Carranza, had been captured by a Villa general and shot. This was disproved, as were other stories of a like character.

He was an inveterate letter-writer. How is it that he did not write to his daughter, his secretary, or one of his numerous friends? Or why wasn't he seen and recognized by the dozen or so American newspaper correspondents who were with Villa's army?

Biographers and paid investigators went on probing and following leads until they petered out. The Carranza Government then took a hand. It appointed an American-educated Mexican officer, Gaston de Prida, to conduct an investigation.

De Prida set off with a dozen photos of old men, one of them Bierce, asking questions and showing the photos—asking the interrogated to pick out Bierce to substantiate any story told, then moving on as they failed. But although de Prida was in the opposite camp to Villa, he could find nothing to pin Bierce's murder on the bandit.

At last one Salvador Ibarra recognized Bierce's photo and said that Bierce had accompanied him—he was a Villista officer—to the siege of Ojuela, from a city from whence had come Bierce's last letters. This was in December, 1913, not long after Bierce had arrived. Ibarra remembered Bierce going to the battle, which was a ten-day affair, but he never saw him after Ojuela fell on January 11, 1914.

The attack was under the command of a Villista general named Ortega. Villa joined him on January 7, six days after the siege had begun. After the battle, to prevent the spread of typhus, Villa had the corpses of his own and the enemy dead piled in heaps and burned.

It was an hygienic custom, but somewhat rumous for historical purposes of identification of the killed. Somewhere among these bodies was that of Ambrose Bierce.

Having solved the mystery to his own satisfaction, de Prida dropped the matter for 15 years. He was touring America with a motor cycle troop when he heard an appeal from Carrey McWilliams, Bierce's biographer, for news of Bierce.

The Mexican told this story, and, with that to go on, McWilliams soon dug up other witnesses who remembered hearing of the shooting of an old gringo in the siege. And McWilliams found amongst the papers of Bierce's dead secretary a sentence taken from Bierce's last letter: "Expect to go to Ojuela, partly by rail."

So there is no doubt that Bierce's lead-filled body was cremated outside Ojuela, and that he had died in battle, in a way that would like to die. Which winds up the mystery of the death of Ambrose Bierce.

Just in case you're interested, Villa was assassinated in 1923. Those boys had uses for beds—but not to die in.
UTILISING
A
NARROW
BLOCK
TO
ADVANTAGE

Although it is easier to design an attractive and impressive home with a wide frontage, it is still possible to produce pleasing results on a narrow, 50-foot building lot which are common to most suburban subdivisions.

CAVALCADE suggests, in the accompanying sketches, a home for such a block.

The terrace facing the street has been provided to increase the living room area. In addition there is a second terrace at the rear of the house on which a barbecue is placed.

There are two bedrooms, each with a built-in wardrobe. The kitchen is fitted up with the usual cabinets, and a food store cupboard in addition.

There is a convenient soap and sundry cupboard opening from the laundry, as well as a coat and linen cupboard in the main hall.

The overall area of this house, which could be built in either brick or timber, is 1,120 square feet.

The Home of To-day (No. 94)
PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.
The dreaded Auckland Islands were the worst death trap in all the Southern Seas.

The survivors shivered the night out, then counted heads. Twelve were gone, including Captain Thorburn and his son. The others knew there would be an unlucky thirteenth, for the mate, Peter, was grey and gasping with cold.

Unlucky? They looked about at the barque was gone, bosten to fragments against the rocky cliffs. Their island was small, not much more than a rock itself. A long six miles of churning, turbulent sea separated them from the blue-green bulk of the main island.

"Where are we?" asked little thirteen-year-old Albert Roberts, the ship's boy.

"Disappointment Island," growled a bearded old sailor. "In the Aucklandis—the most ill-fated hum o' rocks in all the Southern Seas."

They gathered round him, demanding information, and he told them, his words punctuated by the gases of the dying mate.

"Don't let the greenmener fool ye. Fifty-five years ago it fooled Charles Enderby, and the biggest English investors, and Queen Victoria herself. They set out to make it the whaling capital of the world—spelled out a complete village of wooden houses. They found swamps, an' rugged, barren bush, an' storms, but no whales. In the end they left the village standing, an' left—"

"So the village is still there? Housey?"

The sailor shrugged. "Rotten away long since. Never was no use to anybody. The seeroner Grafton was lost here in 1864. Her crew of five lived here on seals and birds for eighteen months then managed to repair a boat. Three of them sailed her to Stewart Island, more than two hundred miles north."

"Then there was the Invercauld, about the same time. Twenty-five men aboard, and all but six got ashore—and all but three died there. They as rescued the other two Grafton men found the bodies of one lad in one of the old huts. Then there was the General Grant—she's over there somewhere, in a cave under the cliffs, with her bullock cargo from the Australian goldfields still aboard. Ten survivors were rescued eighteen months later—ten out of eighty-three."

"'An' twenty years ago there was the Derry Castle—I almost sailed in her. Right saved out of twenty-three. They were wrecked at Enderby Island, but they built a raft, crossed to the main island, lived at the wreck depot until rescued."

"The wreck depot?" breathed the Australian. "Bob Ellis. You mean there's food and shelter—over there?"


"Then all we've got to do is get to the main island an' live in luxury?" roared the Irishman, Mick Grafton. The old sailor spat, and looked at the dying mate. "That's all we've got to do," he said.

The following days and weeks were fully occupied with the business of staying alive. The castaways had one precious gift—the gift of fire. A search of pockets produced five solid sulphur matches. After three days of paddling in the fitful sunshine, one became dry enough to light. From then on a fire was kept burning.

With their bare hands the men fought and killed seals, pinnipeds, and big wandering albatrosses, often pulling down their quarry by sheer weight of numbers and gouging, strangling and clubbing it to death.

IT started on a night of gales and drumming rain which masked the sound of breakers on the reefs. The twenty-eight men aboard the barque did not know they were within fifty miles of land when the black rocks took her. Twenty-eight men—and of them sixteen made the desperate journey between ship and shore, and of these one was to die before the week was out.

The date was March 7, 1867, the vessel was the barque Dundonald, bound out of Sydney for London, the place was a broken mass of rocks and swamps and scrub-covered hills known as the Auckland Islands—a sea-trap sprawling far south of New Zealand in latitude fifty south, full in the path of sailing ships running in the free, cold seas below Australia. Good Hope, and

CAVALCADE November, 1952

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The weeks spun out into months. Peters died and was buried under a snow of scenes. Always in the distance the huge hump-backed shape of the main island mocked them.

In mid-July they started work on a craft designed to carry three men across the intervening water. It was a keripling-looked vessel—some oval-shaped framework of the twisted branches of a very shrub, covered with canvas.

On July 31 the coracle was carried into the water and held steady while three men clambered aboard. They were Michael Pul, a Finn; Santiago Marino, a Chilean; and Bob Ellis.

Aided by a fair wind and manouevring the vessel, they took a long time to work their way off to the south. The others watched as they clamped their way towards the main island. A day later they saw smoke—and then nothing for nine more days.

On the tenth day the coracle hove in sight, moving very slowly. It turned over in the surf, and was smashed to pieces. The water carried the crew to safety, but one told them that there was no good news here.

Bob Ellis told the others how the three had battled for three days through scrubby scrub, swamp and stunted trees until their endurance was almost gone. On the way back they were suddenly attacked by a wild boar, but the three starving and desperate men were a match for him. With a couple of stones they broke the beast's back, then hid the body inside a sack and made their way back to the coracle. They found that they were not far from the depot, where they had left the rest of their clothes.

The men spent the time in scrambling around the rocks looking for shellfish, and in searching the surf-pounded caves at the base of the cliffs for eggs and hiding seals.

Two more coracles were built, slightly bigger than the first one. At the end of September one was launched, and four men scrambled into it. The backwash swept the coracle seaward, where the surf caught it and dashed it to pieces on the rocks. Manically, all four men were saved.

The castaways waited ten days before making another attempt. This third coracle was a little stouter than the other two, and its crew was carefully chosen. Everyone had a feeling that it was on the nature of a last chance. If it failed, they would all die slowly as the food gave out. The crew comprised two scamen, Walter and Eyer, a Norwegian named Kransell, and an Irishman, Grattan.

They made the crossing safely, but the surf spoiled them on the rocky shore, smashing the coracle and quenching the fire they had carried over on a surf. Battered and bleeding, they spent precious time diving for the food that had been left in the coracle. They were drying their clothes when their men came to them.

A big white seal, plainly spurred by the sudden arrival of the visitors, Without delay, put on their clothes, they threw themselves upon it. With the broken blade of a pocket-knife they killed and skulled the seal, then made ready for the journey in search of the depot.

Their men lost had been the fire. Without it they could neither cook the seal-meat nor signal their friends on Disappointment Island.

Now they dangled steadily inland, making no more than a mile or two per day. Thorns tore at them, and twisted branches and crazy-running gulches sent them far from their course. They had one objective—to win their way to a high point on the island and try to pick out the depot. They knew it might be. At dusk on the fifth day, walking and spent, they found themselves on a ridge. They staggered on incredulously, before them was a white post, and on it the legend "Depot, 4 Miles".

In darkness they pressed ahead. Mick Grettan keeping the others going with a steady flow of anecdote and speculation. In moonlight they saw an inlet before them, and at the head of the inlet the roofs of three huts. A rich store was revealed to their tired eyes—tins of meat, biscuits, axes, blankets, matches, a gun and ammunition, and a boat.

After a day or two of rest, they set out to return their comrades. There was only one way to go this time, to circumnavigate the northern part of the island—a distance of 36 miles.

On the first attempt the boat was swamped, but on the second they cleared the main island and stood out across the circuit in style, under sail. The spellbound castaways of Disappointment Island could scarcely recognize their four mates in the new clothes they were wearing.

The boat was then pressed into service as a ferry. It landed the seven latest castaways on the western shore of the main island to make the overland trip, and took the others around.

In good heart, the men settled down for a long time. They carved out little boats, which they furnished with particular care for their boat before turning them loose upon the sea. They trained seabirds and fastened messages to them.

But their ordeal was almost over. On Friday, November 15, 1907, a schooner-like steamer was sighted standing in for the island. She was the New Zealand Government steamship Hinemoa, on one of her regular tours around the wreck depot. Within an hour the castaways had their long-forgotten tea and tobacco, with many other comforts. Within a fortnight, after the ship had visited other islands, they were landed at Bluff, the southern end of New Zealand.

The castaways soon scattered to the four winds, following their calling and the sea-lashes. The boy named Albert Roberts is now a water dogman employed by the Wellington Harbour Board.

In his possession is a zinc plate which was once part of a little message box the castaways launched from the depot, and which made the long journey to Campbell Island. The frame of the first coracle is in the Christchurch Museum—a tribute to fifteen men who would not accept defeat.
Zephyr-Six

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This car will change many present preferences. It's "Ford-built" newness and advantages are way ahead in the 23 h.p. field. For instance, its O.H.V. 23 h.p. engine of revolutionary "oversquare" design provides performance and silky flexibility that are as immediately noticeable as its amazing smoothness of ride. The driver notices something more... a sense of stable, instant control that comes from a combination of the new front-end suspension, perfectly balanced steering, the car's low centre of gravity and remarkable road vision. There's a host of similar new features in Zephyr-Six... and not the least is the roomy comfort for five to six passengers.

Enquire from your local Ford dealer.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LIMITED
Wealthy Lester Marx and his wife make a point of being nice to the press.

Lester insisted I wear my genuine diamonds tonight.

A good plan, they're lovely.

My diamonds have gone . . . do something!

Nobody will leave the room, of course.

Where, indeed, could Mrs. Marx wear her fortune in diamonds if not in her own beautiful home?

Lester Marx's wife falls in a faint while people are shocked into a moment's stillness. Kath runs forward.

Lester is loath to call the police . . .

You'll have to, to protect the good names of your guests.

My diamonds! Oh, they've gone!

Mrs. Marx explains that she pressed through a crowd to cross the room. Suddenly realized that her diamond necklace and bracelet were gone, and painted with shock.

Lester uses a plugged-in telephone in the ballroom without having to leave.

The police arrive, and talk with Marx they keep everybody in the ballroom while they search the house. They account for every guest.

The upper storey is private, mostly sleeping quarters of servants.
This is my wife's boudoir, she won't be using it again tonight.

On the floor of Mrs. Mark's boudoir, a man lies dead. Nearby his body is a half-open window.

Marr, the detective who tried to shut the window, tells him the window is protected by heavy electric wire.

Don't touch that!

Mark watches the detective, Sergeant, examine the body.

This man was electrocuted he died attempting to get through the window. He contacted the live wire guard.

We've probably got the diamonds.

Yes, those are they.

I've got a hunch, truck, crimes don't come at the double.

Truck accepts the second crime - the man's death - as justice overtaking a thief, but Kath explains.

Kath King arrives following her home for news, in time to see the detective and Marr examining the jewels.

This is the thief, eh? Anybody we know, Mr. Mark?

Well, we've got the diamonds, all's well, that ends well.

All's not well, that ends in death.

Never seen the man in my life before, Miss King, a common thief...
HE STOLE THE DIAMONDS DOWNSTAIRS. HE HAD TO PASS THE OPEN FRONT DOOR TO COME UPSTAIRS AND ESCAPE BY A WINDOW. WHY?

WHY DID THE MAN NOT TAKE THE EASIER WAY OF ESCAPE? BECAUSE, KATH ARGUES, HE WASN'T TRYING TO ESCAPE. HE WAS MURDERED THERE.

FANTASTIC!

I'D LIKE A PHOTOGRAPH. WELL, IF YOU INSIST.

NO, I'D LIKE A PICTURE OF THE CORPSE IN THE Boudoir!

NOW, WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO HIM?

A COUPLE OF GARMENTS AWAY FROM BED, KATH IS INTERRUPTED BY A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

NO PHOTOGRAPHS HERE, MISTER.

MY GOSH! WHO IS THAT CHARACTER?

DON'T YOU GOING TO WAIT FOR ME?

I'M NOT ALLOWED TO TAKE PICTURES. I'M GOING QUICKLY.

AN EVENING OF EXCITEMENT ENDS NOWHERE. KATH GOES HOME TO A BELATED, BUT WELCOME, NIGHT'S REST...

JUST HAVE A LOOK AT THIS! THE DEAD MAN'S FACE WAS FAMILIAR! I REMEMBERED PHOTOGRAPHING HIM IN THE NIGHTCLUB....... LOOK!
THE FLYING MACHINE

HE THUNDERED DOWN THE STRAIGHT OBLIVIOUS OF EVERYTHING
BUT WINNING THE RACE HE HAD BEEN WARNED TO THROW

GRAHAM BLACKWELL • FICTION

WEST BYRON, hunched in the stirrups and his body draped across Dancer's long, short-haired neck, surged his mount around the turn into the straight. The rails close to his boots made a flashing white blur through the haze of early morning.

Half-way down the straight he rose to a vantage point higher against the smooth, rolling neck—he clenched mouth against the horse's left ear emitting a loud prolonged hiss. West and Dancer were old friends. Someone said West could handle the colt better than the fashionable jockeys.

He hissed louder approaching the post, whispered into the pricked ear for an added effort and drove Dancer hard across the time. Then he leaned back gently against the reins and eased the horse up half a furlong further down the course.

Since Finch, West Byron's master, and Dancer's trainer, led them off the track, his short, paunchy body heaving with asthmatic excitement and all of his flabby, clear-skinned face buckled with a deep flush in the semi-darkness.

"Have a look, son, four furlongs..."

He rode desperately with whip and boot, hissing hard against Dancer's ear.

in forty-nine, he came down the last furlong in twelve full into that wind—was it something he just missed?

West grinned as he lowered the woolen scarf around his neck and gave the big colt an affectionate pat.

"I reckon he's gonna give the afternoon's Derby a mighty shake. Mr. Finch, whatever beats Dancer will just about win it, if you ask me."

West dismounted then and walked the horse back to the stables situated almost adjacent to the race-course behind the dressing down sheds. Finch walked beside him, and in his eyes was the same look of affection for the horse as in the boy's.

Dancer, the lanky chestnut, had been first on the track this morning. Finch, the veteran trainer, used to harden and wax to all the wrinkles, had wanted his charge worked out first. West figured he didn't want the opposition to see just what they were in for, and with his years in the racing game he ought to know what he was doing.

Dancer was groomed down and fed by West under Finch's earnest supervision. In speculative silence, Finch...
had watched West working on the
cott with untiring affection,

"You're in love with that colt,
aren't you, sir?" he said then.

"Of course, Mr Finch," West re-
turned enthusiastically. "Dancer
tore off my feet the day he
made the Bredcote' Field field look
like dry horses." His eyes were
brilliant as he worked away at the
sweating chestnut.

From above, Dancer whinnied as if
to acknowledge the boy's compli-
ment. A lazy grin crossed Finch's face, and
West held his hand up against the
horse's head. Dancer's eyes didn't
even Finch beneath the warm,
friendly palm cupped against them.
These eyes seemed to impart a kind
of mute affection which stabled boys
and dyed-in-the-wool trainers un-
stood.

West, throughout his years of ap-
prenticeship, had waited patiently
for the day when he would be good
enough to get a race ride on a crack
cott like Dancer. That was what his
father had hoped for too, before he
had the fatal race small, leaving
West alone in the world with no one
but Sue Finch. His father always
used to boast that the kid would make a
fashionable jockey one day West
felt he was, in a way, carrying a
torch for that future his father had
predicted.

As Finch's apprentice rider he was
used to the hard work it demanded.
He rather liked the countless stable
clutes—sweeping out, rubbering
horses, down, feeding, walking, polishing
the horses on dim icy mornings, putting
them to bed and for the most part,
living with them.

Yet never for a moment did his
ambition wane—an ambition to one
day be legend up in race colours on
the back of a horse like Dancer with
the chance to fulfill his father's hopes.

But he had made a start, even if
it was an anonymous one. Finch
given him a few rides on prov-
vincial tracks. He had displayed un-
usual courage and horsemanship,
even though the mounts Finch gave
him always "weren't ready" to win
races.

Yes, West would go on looking
after Dancer, getting him conditioned
each Saturday for Finch's number
one jockey, Johnny Ryan. Then one
day he'd be a Johnny Ryan, living
all those intoxicating thrills of thun-
dering down the straight on a class
throughout, looking ahead on the field,
with Finch's colours billowing in the
wind and his ears filled with the
frenzied cheering in the packed
stands.

"Anything about the colt you want
to tell Ryan, West?" asked Finch
in his thorough way, forgetting
nothing that might have a bearing on
the afternoon's race.

"No, Mr Finch . . . what price
Dancer this afternoon?"

"We'll get three if they planta
Sonny Boy like I think they will But
all the Derby fields 'll gonna see dust
—Dancer's dust, oh, kid?"

West nodded with enthusiasm Then
Finch said

"I want you to put Rustler in this
stilt and transfer Dancer to the stilt
at the other end and West, watch
that horse, Rustler. I mean, he's a
vicious heap of horses. That's
why I want him shifted. He'll keep
his way out of the stilt he's in now.
That one's safer."

After breakfast West made his way
back to the stable enclosure and
replaced Bumble, the tiny, freckled
stallion who had been guarding
Dancer.

Bumble led Dancer out of the stall
and housed him in one at the far
wing of the enclosure, according to
Finch's instructions. Then West went
to collect Rustler, and led the giant

Pelmanism

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The Pelman Course quickens the perceptions, develops the ability to
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CAVALCADE, November 1952

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Rustler was mean. An outsized chestnut, he had cost punters and 
Finch a lot of folding money because, he preferred to savage other 
horses and crash through the barrier 
stands rather than race honestly. The newspapers labelled him an out-
law, the rate punters called him 
harsher names. Finch didn't really know 
what to do with him, though the rate punters would have been 
pleased to give him a few suggestions.

The other stable boys were afraid of Rustler, ever since he had lashed 
out at young Simmons and put him in hospital. But West could handle 
him. In fact, West liked Rustler, 
much because of that horse's amaz-
ing resemblance to Dancer.

Rustler had the same markings, a 
diamond-shaped snout of white on 
his forehead and a white sock on 
his near foreleg. Each time West 
looked at Rustler he saw Dancer. But 
Rustler was savage, too savage for a 
racehorse, and West knew better than to 
turn his back on him for too long 
or to take any chances with him.

As he walked the horse across the 
exercise yard, Rustler reared and 
swung around suddenly on his hind 
legs. When he came down he kicked 
out at West with hind legs. West 
danced back, then closed in slowly, 
shortening his rope lead and moving 
the snorting horse along slowly, talk-
ing all the time to pacify him, al-
though he knew there was little 
chance of doing that.

Rustler tried to kick his way 
out of Dancer's stall. After West had 
looked him in the eye, he stood quietly, his head overlapping 
the stall door. His eyes, fiery, 
sullen, malignant, followed West's every 
movement, and he was still trembling 

with the mad rage inherent in him.

It was an hour later that Sam 
Finch returned to the stables. 
the lines of his flabby face drawn tighter 
than usual with strain. Perspiration 
coursed down his face and neck.

West, sitting against the door of 
Dancer's stall, watched him crossing 
the exercise yard and noticed the 
urgency in his walk and the evident 
worry on his face.

"West! West!" he called, before 
even entering the stable. "Ya there 
West!"

West answered, and for a moment 
Finch's nerves were shaken.

"Get over in the house and check 
your colours, and clean up these 
boots of yours, you're riding this 
afternoon." Finch blurted out. 
West's voice was unsteady. The boy's 
smile hardened in his teeth. As he rose 
from the stool, his mouth hung open, 
his face incredulous. In aston-
ishment he could hardly speak.

"You... you mean..." he stammered.

"You're gonna pilot Dancer in the 
Derby. Now do what I'm telling ya."

"But Ryan? What about Ryan?"

West blurted out.

"Ryan's sick. Clean up your gear 
and come to the course in the trailer. 
I'll see you there."

West made his way back to the 
stall where Rustler was, his brain 
trying to single out something from 
a confused welter of thought. He 
kept telling himself that the whole 
situation was real, that it wasn't just 
a dream he had dreamed so often 
before, that he really was going to 
pilot Dancer in the Derby in just 
that few hours' time.

Endale was keeping guard on the 
Derby calf as West rummaged around 
in Rustler's new stable for his riding 
equipment, his race saddle and riding 
boots.

He sat against the stable doors,
legs straddled out before him, rubbing the polish vigorously into the high-quality leather of his boots, Rustler from above glowering down at him.

And still his thoughts whirled — thoughts about a jockey’s silks pulled out in the wind, his backcloth to Donner’s short mane and screeching crowds shouting advice he could not hear.

Suddenly the weak sun spilling through the stable entrance was shut off. West looked up at a burly figure draped across the doorway, its gaunt, sallow face creased in a half-smile. He noticed the man’s sharp-cut pincushion suit and gaudy necktie.

West felt uneasy. The smile shaped by the thick, sensuous lips was sinister. But the deep voice was smooth and friendly enough to belie the stranger’s appearance.

“My name’s Latchel, you West Burns?” he began, ending the light grey hat back on his forehead. West nodded.

“Hey! you’re riding Dancer in the Derby.”

“News travels fast,” West countered then, mustering confidence.

“That Dancer?” Latchel asked, pointing to Rustler, who began to stamp and lunge against the walls of his stall, furious at the appearance of a stranger. West nodded, complying with Finch’s instructions to tell strangers nothing.

“Youth, that’s Dancer!” he replied.

“Most punters seem to think he’s not the Derby all on his own.”

“Could be.”

“Listen, kid. I’ll act down to business the fast way. I’ll give you a grand to pull this colt this afternoon.” He spoke with a drawl full of menace, his face impassive. The deep-sunken eyes were uncomfortably penetrating West started. He found himself trembling.

---

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West smothered a curse. Donec was hopelessly hummed in Sonny Boy had broken away from the pack in the straight and was three lengths clear with a furlong to go. Five horses blocked the long span between Donec and the leader West screamed for room to get through along the rails.

Nothing less than a "saloon passage" run could make it possible for Donec to reach the leader. But right now Donec was trapped, sealed off from daylight by pawed flanks and pounding hooves in front and beside him.

West looked up again. Sonny Boy raced further ahead. His brain whirled, his eyes were afire with panic, his heart was pounding like a steam hammer.

He screamed for room again, but the din of hooves baying the turf and the rushing cheering throng-the yell almost on his lips.

Then it came! The wall of horses funneled out from the white blur of the rails, only for an instant. Frankly West drove his mount through the narrow passage, riding desperately with whip and boot, hanging hard against Donec's pricked ears.

Was it possible to lug Sonny Boy back? West fired the question, but himself. No chance. He felt defeated as he drove his willing mount through the space, propelling its efforts with all the poety strength of his small body.

Sonny Boy was still five lengths clear, with quivering muscle of flank and neck, glistering with sweat across his blue-black body. He was straining for still more speed, coming down the centre of the track in a straight line for the photo finish camera.
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hear them. He was slaving with boot and whip inside a sealed compartment into which no noise penetrated except Finch's sibilant voice that kept gasping: Now! Now! Now!

Rapidly Dancer was drawing them in, straining every muscle. Four horses to pass. Now three. Now two. Now Sonny Boy. Level now! Both horses measured stride for stride, jockeys flailing whips wildly.

The post suddenly seemed to stir to life. It rushed to meet them. West's parted lips were drawn taut across his face. Violently he jerked both arms up against Dancer's head to stretch the neck out to the fullest. As the winning post sped by, he could feel the other horse's lathered body crunching against his boot.

They walked the weathed Dancer back to his stable after the presentation. Finch was saying:

"You've ridden a Derby winner, kid, by a nose. How does it feel?"

West couldn't answer. He was pulled-faced, sick, his knees jingled like high tension wires. Finch brought his clumsy hand across West's back in friendly appreciation.

"You rode just like your old' dad then son."

Home again, West went to Rustler's stable. It was as he was drawing the cross latch back to jerk the doors open that he saw it. The fear he had carried inside him since winning the Derby exploded. He cried out.

Mouth gasping he stared down at scattered straw. It was splattered there with blood. He suffocated.

His eyes travelled further along the band of light, to the lagoons blood-red mass of pencil-striped suit, to the red face wrenched out of its natural profile and with a yawning gash in its temple. Rustler stood back against the stable wall, evil-looking and statuesque.

It was Latchell. Lifeless now sprawled beneath the motion he had believed was Dancer. The colts had similar markings. West's face twisted at the deduction. Every limb in his body seemed to be shaking. Rustler was an outlaw.
SHE-WOLF

History is replete with passionate, promiscuous women, but few of them can match for Empress Messalina, whose story Dame statue vividly recreates in "Wickedest Woman in Rome," on page 4. Married to the middle-aged, lecherous Roman Emperor Claudius at 16, her infamy ascended and eventually turned that pot-bellied monster against her.

BODY SNATCHING...

In the bad old days before the passing of the Anatomical Act of 1832, the supplying of bodies to medical schools for dissection practice was a lucrative racket. Body snatchers risked everything to dig up and steal recently-interred corpses from their graves. Relatives and friends took to guarding graves in shifts. To keep up their profits, the body snatchers often resorted to murder. Their victims were poor wretches whom they enticed into fake lodging houses and fed knock-out drops. Sometimes, as they were helpless, they were quickly strangled and their bodies rushed off to the clients, who conveniently asked no questions. On page 8, John Adams gives you details of this awesome calling.

ROLLER DERBIES...

In "When the Girls Roll 'Em" (page 56), well-known sports expert Sydney George Abbott introduces you to the latest American phenomenon, the fabulous Roller Derbies. Syd tells us they are now so popular that the few people who have not succumbed by becoming rabid fans may be likened to the native reddicks before they were introduced to booch, drugs, disease, and other refinements of the white man's civilization.

NEXT MONTH...

We think CAVALCADE next month is something really out of the box, and you'll probably agree after getting a load of this line-up. In "All in My House is Yours," long-time Cavalcade favourite Lester Way has come up with a daddy of a summing-up of the strange custom among certain native people of offering guests, as a final token of hospitality, the choice of a wife, sister or daughter as sleeping companion for the evening. "The Woof Woof Man," by James Haleide, gives you the lowdown on "Daddy" Browning, who lists the headlines in the U.S.A. in the 1930's for strange amorous adventures and unconventional wives.

The fiction, too, is something to talk about. D'Arcy Nind is represented by a typical, tough, punch-laden episode from the wild New Zealand gunfields in the Depression in "The Quarry in the Tree Top." Another well-known Australian short-story writer in Gavin Casey tops off the阵容 with "The Twitching Face."

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