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Cavalcade

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will to the fore with "The
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features, including Movie Of
The Month and the picture stories.
They lived and died by the gun

James Holledge

This bank robbery in 1928 cost six lives in one of the most violent gun battles between police and gangsters ever staged in the United States.

At 8:30 on the morning of February 4, 1928, a powerful black sedan car pulled up outside a branch of the Ohio National Bank in the town of Columbus. In it sat four men—the most dangerous and audacious bank robbers of the day, all of them branded "Public Enemies" by G-Man chief, J. Edgar Hoover.

Behind the wheel was thick-lipped, beetle-browed Carl Boettcher. Next to him was a slant-eyed tough from Cleveland named Steve Filig. In the rear seat lounged granite-chinned Jacob Miller and steel-eyed Vincent Grincowicz.

Each man was a killer, armed with a brace of pistols. Each man—although he did not know it—was embarking on his last job.

That job—the robbery of the National Bank—they accomplished successfully, looting it of more than $10,000 in currency. Before the sun set that afternoon, however, each was lying on a cold slab in the city morgue. With them were two courageous detectives, who had given their lives in a blazing battle to the death.

There was little harmony amongst the gangsters sitting in the car. They were actually psychopathologic criminal degenerates. They hated each other's "puss" and only combined because it was good "business" to do so.

Steve Filig was working his chance to kill Vincent Grincowicz. He wanted revenge for four bullets which Grincowicz had put in his back following a fight in October, 1937. Grincowicz, in his turn, was constantly on the verge of completing the job with another fusillade of bullets. He hated Filig because the Cleveland criminal had once given the police information which led to the capture of his brother, Bruno Grincowicz, another notorious bank robber.

Jacob Miller, on the other hand, was openly threatening what he would eventually do to Boettcher. He was suspicious of Boettcher's luck when they played cards together and had accused him of cheating.

Finally, Miller had reached the climax of all the others by his "bossing" and bullying. He insisted on assuming the role of leader on every criminal operation.

After a couple of minutes waiting to see if the coast was clear, the robbers were ready for action. "Listen," ordered Miller as usual. "Boettcher stays here at the wheel. Steve gets the manager to open the safe. Grincowicz and me pick up the dough."

The three men stepped smartly out of the car and crossed the pavement to the bank. They pushed open the door and entered.

"This is a stick-up" roared Miller. Frightened clients and officials raised their hands. The other robbers also began to bark orders.

"You got your gun, you?" ordered Filig to the bank manager, stabbing a .45 into his body. When the man seemed to hesitate, the gangster threw out a hand and grabbed him by the neck.

He spun him round and propelled him before him to the door of a large vault, discernible in a corner behind the counter.

Fearfully the manager tried to explain that the vault was set on a time lock and would not open for another 20 minutes. "You're a liar. Open it up!" yelled Filig.

He would have shot the manager on the spot had not Miller at that moment called out to him to hurry. "Go to hell!" Filig called back. He stopped his intimidation of the official and turned his attention to the money drawers in one of the teller's cages. Miller and Grincowicz bounded forward. With the agility of monkeys, they jumped on the counter and over the wire grilles in front of other teller's cages. Bundles of notes were stuffed into canvas bags pulled from their pockets.

Filig obtained his quota of cash and took up a position in front of the counter, his automatic moving menacingly over the cowed prisoners. Impatiently he called to the other two robbers to hurry. Their only answer was a string of curses spit at him.

Four minutes after they entered the bank the door swung open and Boettcher ran in. He too, urged haste. Enraged, Miller and Grincowicz raised their guns at him threateningly. Boettcher, however, did not wait to argue. He turned and leaped back through the door. Over his shoulder he flung a warning he would drive off without them if they were not in the car in one minute.

Their arms full of money bags, Miller, Grincowicz, and Filig followed him. Impatiently Boettcher revved the motor as they climbed aboard. Six minutes after the bandits entered the bank their car roared away, up the street and disappeared around a corner.

The robbery did not go unnoticed. Shopkeepers and pedestrians saw the bandits emerge with their loot and noted the direction of their departure. The police were not on the scene quickly enough to give chase. Columbus was buzzing with news, however, and from a succession of witnesses they pieced together the route of the bandit car after it left the bank. It had apparently proceeded west out of the city.

CAVALCADE, May, 1954
Immediately the hunt swung in that direction. Several hours passed. Not a trace of the bandits was found. But during the afternoon a salesman came forward. He had seen the bandit car speeding away on the western road. On the outskirts of Columbus, however, it swung back towards an outlying suburb.

Scores of people had announced the police with tips and information about the bandits. All had to be checked. Only four detectives were available to follow up the salesman's story.

At about 3:30 on the afternoon of the robbery, Detectives Cooks, Cline, Danner and Phillips drove out to the suburb to look around. Again came the slow, tedious questioning of people for information.

From a shopkeeper came their first promising lead. He told of a tough-looking quartet of men who had recently moved into a neighborhood boarding house.

The police rushed to the address. Detectives Cooks and Cline shadowed and went to the door. They knocked! From the backyard the landlady called to them. They walked around the side of the house.

Stalking in the dark, Detective Cooks queried, "Where are the boys? Are they made?"

The woman looked at them with frightened eyes. "You mean the bank robbers?" she whispered.

Revolvers appeared in the detectives' hands. "Yes," they told her. "I think they're inside," the woman said, "But don't shoot, please. There are other people in there."

Cooks and Cline waved to Detectives Phillips and Danner to support them. From the car their comrades saw them disappear around the end of the house.

Entering the back door, the two detectives saw a dim passageway. At the end of it, a short flight of steps led to a landing. A door opened from the landing.

In the lead, Detective Phillips took the stairs in one leap and crashed into the door. From behind it came the roar of gunfire. The wooden panels of the door splintered.

At that instant Detective Cline staggered out. "I'm shot," he gasped. "Get me there and help Cooks."

Phillips dived through the door. He could hear shots but was afraid to use his own gun for fear of hitting Cooks, whom he thought was somewhere ahead of him.

At that instant, the splintered door on the landing, through which had come the shots that caught Cline, opened. Steve Figul was framed in the opening.

Phillips' finger squeezed on the trigger. The surly look on the bandit's face changed to surprise. He lumbered forward down the stairs to Phillips' set—and his own gun was gone.

On top of him fell the detective, blood pouring from a wound above his eye where Figul's slug had caught him.

At the front, Detective Danner emerged from the next house, after calling police headquarters. Through a window of the lodging house, he saw the last bandit, Carl Boettcher. Boettcher sprang across the road and down the side of another house. Danner, gun in hand, followed hard on his heels.

Danner began shooting as Boettcher climbed over the back fence of the house. He missed and went over the fence himself to continue the chase.

Across vacant land the two figures ran. Boettcher kept turning around and taking a quick shot at the detective at his heels. Once, as his gun roared, Danner clutched wildly at his middle with one hand.

But he did not stop until Boettcher came to another fence and made a perfect target. Gorging from the bullet that sent waves of agony searing up from his abdomen, Danner raised his gun arm. He aimed as carefully as at target practice on the police range. This time Boettcher threw up his arms and fell back off the fence to the ground.

At police headquarters on receipt of Danner's call, every available vehicle was ordered to the boarding house. Chief Glenn Hoffman's huge squadron got there first. All was silence as he tore up the street to the house.

He, bounced out and across the lawn to the front door. His powerful shoulder crashed into it, breaking down Hoffman went through the opening and into the front room. He saw the body of Grincowicz on the floor. The bandit was still alive. His hand slid out to the 25 beside him.

The gun was leveled at Hoffman. The gangster's finger tightened on the trigger. The police chief had no time to raise his own weapon. Instead he jumped forward, his foot swaying. With the precision of a piston stroke, it caught Grincowicz's arm and knocked the gun from his grasp.

Other police arrived and soon after came a string of ambulances. There was little they could do for the gangsters. All were dead or died before they reached hospital.

All the detectives were wounded. They were rushed to hospital, but Cline and Danner died on the operating table. Phillips and Cooks recovered completely.

A few hours before, Columbus, Ohio, had seen its first successful bank robbery for years. Now it had cost six lives. Two detectives had died in the course of duty. By their devotion to that duty, the country was saved from the depredations of the various and deadly band of marauding robbers as ever lived—and died—by the gun.
CRANKS grew on bushes.

When Marconi invented wireless cranks protested that electrical waves were passing through their bodies.

CRANKS, were they laid head to foot, would stretch twenty times around the earth. Cranks are always with us, the joking crank, the malicious crank, the poseur crank, and all the species in between.

Take Marconi as an example of a target for cranks. On the other side of the Atlantic he was listening for signals that were being sent from his station in Cornwall. When they came wireless telegraphy was born. He was 27. Immediately cranks began writing him letters full of bitter complaints. They said his electrical waves were passing through their bodies, destroying their nerves, so that they found it impossible to sleep. Several of the cranks threatened to kill Marconi, and a man in Germany scratched out a letter full of Donner und Blitzen and promised he was coming to London to shoot him. Scotland Yard had the letter and the Government wouldn't let the homicidal Toulon land in England.

Letter writers and letter hoarders are high on the list of common-place cranks. A northern N.S.W eccentric named Clarke wrote letters to people all over the globe, just for the pleasure of hearing from them. The small single room in which he lived, slept and cooked was crammed from floor to ceiling with stacks of brownpaper parcels neatly tied with string, and labelled with their contents—bundles of letters. A narrow footway allowed movement in and around these crypts of correspondence. When Clarke died the millions of words from all creeds and colours, the vast treasury of human thought and opinion, was purposely burned as rubbish by the landlord of the residential.

A New Zealand woman spent a lifetime writing letters to newspapers all over the world. She averaged thirty letters a week. Her sole objective was to appear in print—probably the inversion of a thwarted literary ambition. She amassed thousands of cuttings and at the time of her death possessed a dossier of her writings as comprehensive and varied in subject matter as a telephone directory, and just as cosmopolitan.

Some cranks collect motor car numbers, crutches, locks of hair, and even abstracts like echoes, smoke patterns, cloud shapes and accents. Abbaard Hart, an American traveller, collected Arcadels. An Indian Guru Brahman, was a sucker for false teeth. He accumulated hundreds of sets.

People who set bottles containing messages aloft in the sea are cranks. They get a perverted pleasure out of what is often a cruel and tragic hoax. Amorists are also guilty. They don't want to inflict damage. They want to see a big blaze. A topliner in the business was Martin Harrison, who lived half a century ago Mad with the matches, firebug Harrison claimed when captured that he had started a thousand fires all over London Nobody denied him the credit. After a prison term, which he served with boasting pride, Harrison came out with the idea apparently of starting all over again, but lost his life in one of his self-made infernos. Somebody said he was the foulest incendiary in history. Harrison would have liked that.

A crank of a different kidney was Joseph Clark of Fall Mall, reputed to be the most extraordinary posture-maker that ever lived Clark, a plump, well-made man was an expert in taking off in the most natural manner every species of deformity and natural dislocation.

His chief dupe were tailors. He would send for them to measure him for a suit, contriving all the while a curious raising of one of his shoulders. When he tried the clothes on he was removed to the other shoulder. Full of apologies, the tailor mended it as fast as he could. On the third trial Clark's shoulders were perfectly straight but a hump showed on his back. And so it went on like that until the distressed tailor went crazy or perished in abstention.

Clark was a master in dislocating the vertebrae of his back and other parts of his body, and the most excellent proof of that is afforded by the famous surgeon Molins, before whom Clark appeared as a patient. Molins was shocked and terrified at the sight of him and bluntly refused to attempt a cure. Clark convinced other doctors, too, that he was a hopeless incurable.

He delighted in scaring people passing him on their way home at night. He would assume the guise of a dreadful cripple, snake with arms and gibbon and all his contortions entirely, become, in fact, a different man. His facial power seemed to be more extraordinary than his flexible body. At a meeting or place of amusement he could initiate every face present. Clark had his modern counterpart in the American "full guys," who jump under cars and buses and emerge with fake dislocations so that
they may claim compensation. Maybe, had he thought of it, Clark could have earned his living by having accidents.

Most people may know that Napoleon was a crank on tin soldiers he collected them. Or that Earl Baldwin went in for stuffed owls, and Baron Rothschild was happiest when adding to his worldwide fowl collection.

They may know, too, that Winston Churchill collects hats. But he is not in the same class as the crank who every year had his dilapidated straw hat varnished black. This man was John Gottlieb Wendel, and that was not the only peculiarity about him or his family.

The Wendel family lived in a New York house with a wide-up front door. The house, built away back in the time of Lincoln, was worth only 8000 dollars, but it stood on land worth more than four million dollars, and the rates and taxes amounted to 1000 dollars a day.

John Gottlieb Wendel seemed to have influenced the rest of the family. Until he died in 1914 he had all his clothes copied exactly from suits he had bought at the end of the Civil War. All his black suits were made of wool from black sheep because he refused to wear anything that was dyed. He wrote luncheon invitations to his friends in Latin. He carried an umbrella all the time. The soles of his shoes had an inch thick layer of rubber to muffle them against noise, because he was certain that strange diseases were contracted through the feet.

He tried to turn his seven sisters off men by saying that men were only after their money. All these spank sisters detested drink, but when they died thousands of pounds worth of rare wines were found in the cellar untouched. Much of it had turned to vinegar. They all thought wine was easier on the eyes, so they used it.

They disapproved of all modern inventions. Two days before the death of the last of the Wendels, the telephone was installed. But this was only to get the doctor in a hurry.

Rebecca Wendel married at 60. All the others died compassionlessly. Georgie developed a persecution mania and had to be put in an asylum. She died in 1930 worth five million dollars. Josephine lived alone in a country house surrounded by servants. She imagined that the street was filled with children, and she used to play at dinner parties to which no one came. Miss Ella was the last survivor, living alone in a 40-room house, locked and shuttered. Her French poodle, Tobby, slept in her room in a little four-poster bed that was a duplicate of hers. Tobby ate his dog biscuits and pork chops at a table with a special brass knife and cloth. Within a year of her death, $500 relatives sprang up all over the world.

John Gottlieb Wendel never made a will as he said he didn't want any lawyers making money out of him. But he arranged, because 250 lawyers actually did enrich themselves by his death.

Another one of the same breed was Betty Green. At her death, Betty was worth at least sixty-five million dollars, some say a hundred million. Her income worked out at thirty thousand dollars a month. Yet she would buy a penny paper, read it, and sell it again. In winter she wore newspapers for underclothing to keep her warm. She owned two railroads and had interests in hundreds of others, but when she travelled, second class was good enough for her. Once she invited some friends to dinner, and when they arrived, the ladies in evening wraps and the gents in dinner jackets, she walked them along to a cheap boarding house and shouted them each a one-end-sixpenny meal.

On a broiling hot day she laboured in the attic of a warehouse inherited from her father. Hour after hour she worked in that scalding heat, sorting white rags from coloured ones because the ragman paid a halfpenny a pound more for white rags.

Hetty Green found it necessary to spend her time in Wall Street looking after investments. But she knew that if she rented an apartment in New York City she would have to pay thirty thousand dollars a year in tax. So to dodge the tax collectors she made her home in one cheap boarding house after another, living under assumed names, dressed in rags, and carrying one or two little bags. Suspicious landladies often made her pay in advance.

The Chemical National Bank in New York, where she had several million dollars on deposit, also used the bank as a storehouse, keeping her suits and dresses in the vault. She also sent some of her furniture to be stored there, and one horse buggy as well, the wheels having been taken off to facilitate the accommodation.

This clinging avaricious old woman nearly wept tears of blood at the thought of paying doctor's fees. Dressing herself and her son like vagrants, she went to the free clinic for advice and treatment. When her son was injured in a toboggan accident she refused to pay for a specialist until it was too late. He then called the boy's roving leg had to be amputated.

Hetty Green died at 81, from paralysis. While she was bedridden the attendant nurses were not allowed to wear their white uniforms. If they wore ordinary clothes Hetty would take them to be servants, and thus could die peacefully, not fretting as she would have done had she known they were expensive professionals.

There are multiple crooks who must sleep a certain day facing north and south, because they claim the turn of the earth affects them, people like Beethoven who wouldn't walk on cracks, and others like Dumas, who boasted he had five hundred children, who could only write novels on blue paper, poetry on yellow paper, magazine articles on rose paper, and plays only while laying on a sofa with a pillow under his elbow.

Dumas might have been just a fat, swarthy halfbrother to those eccentricities, but because he had a talent, wrote 1200 volumes, over a hundred plays, and earned more than a million and a half pounds, he is a genius with some very lovable peculiarities.

You can't keep a good crank down.
Thieves' honour

DAVE SANDERSON

Once a con man met a con man working on the shy, if a con man cheat a con man, should a con man die?

Personally, I have never understood why they call a confidence man a criminal. The world is full of suckers, or marks as we call them. And if Willie and I didn't take their money, they'd drop it in the stock market, or in some other swindle just as bad as ours, only more legitimate.

And even if you use the word thief, you've got a right to expect some kind of honor, even from thieves, and especially if the thief is a partner of yours. The last couple of days here in jail I've been reading a lot of books, and they show that there is supposed to be a sense of honor in even the meanest man. So I guess it's no wonder it came as a surprise when Willie turned against me. Willie was my partner, my friend, the guy who'd helped me run up a score with more marks than I care to talk about.

He tried to swindle me. He worked a confidence game on me designed to cheat me out of my girl and my car.

I'd known he had his eye on the car ever since I'd picked it up in St. Louis. It was a Cadillac convertible, new, with yellow leather seat covers. The body was the sweetest colour of chartreuse you ever saw, as clean and cool as a lemon phosphates soda on a hot day. I had three-tone musical chromium-plated horns put on it, and fog lights. You had to be either rich or crazy to drive a heap like that. I'd bought it in St. Louis, with a part of the score I took from a banker in Cincinnati. It was not partnership at all, it was mine. I drove it with Ava sitting beside me, all decked out, and travelling as my wife.

Willie drove the community car, a plain black Ford with a big aerial and a built-in wire recorder, made up to look as much as possible like a police car without actually having anything wrong done to it. The idea was simple enough. We came into town separately, and we used both of these cars to impress the marks; we used mine to set him up, and the partnership car to help with the brush-off.

But Willie had gone as gooly about my car as a school lad with a new hot rod. It was pathetically the way he wanted it. He even offered to buy it, but he didn't offer me enough profit, and like I say, we needed it for the brush-off. I knew he wanted the car, but I didn't realize he had his eye on Ava. There's a couple of things I didn't figure out ahead of this deal and maybe when I get out of this hick jail I'll figure straight. When you start losing your sharpness you're washed up.

Anyhow, the first hint of trouble I got was in Elk City, Oklahoma. Elk City is a little town with not much to recommend it to a big city operator except a lot of oil wells they put down a few years ago.

Now there are a few rich guys around, and where there are rich guys you're going to find guys that want to get something for nothing. In a word, you're going to find marks.

The ugly truth first showed itself when Willie and I were sitting in the Ford car, the fake police job, parked way out on the side road out of Elk City, so no one would see us together. Before I met Willie I'd been out of town, afoot, for several hours, trying to locate a mark. According to our routine, Ava had been supposed to drive the Cadillac up and down the main street a few times just to impress people and then go back to the hotel and wait. But that wasn't what happened.

There, on the seat of the black Ford car that Willie used, was a comb. It was pushed down almost out of sight, but I noticed it, and I saw that Willie noticed it too, and he looked scared, almost. That was Ava's comb, a tortoise-shell one with a couple of real diamonds set in it, and she had it on, I remembered, when we came into town earlier in the day.

I said, "Damn you, Willie. What goes on here?"

He didn't say anything. I reached out and turned on the wire recorder. I could see his eyes go more frightened than I knew there was something on there I wasn't supposed to hear, or at least there could have been something.

As I said, we used the fake police car and the recorder to brush off the mark after we had his money. The key to all swindles is that the mark helps you do something illegal, and then when he loses his money he...
can't complain about it for fear of being caught.

We had a second wire recorder in my car, and I'd let it get a bunch of incriminating conversation between the two of us. I'd give the wire to Willie. Then, later, after we had the money and I'd vanished, Willie would pick up the mark in the police car. He'd act like every tough plant-clothes cop and play the recording that would convict the mark if they took him to court. He'd admit they were really after me, not the mark, and sometimes the mark would even bribe Willie to keep it quiet, and every little dollar adds that much to the score.

The wire recorder was geared to the radio, and there was a chance just a chance, that if Willie and Avis had been double-crossing me there'd be something on the wire.

But it was quiet, just gave off a faint scratching like it does when it's wiped clean, and I could see Willie relaxing and trying to figure out a quick lie.

And then, at the end of the wire, there were just a few words—a woman's voice, saying with tense emotion, "Willie, my darling, it's you I love, not Todd." And then Willie's voice, whispering, "Don't worry, sweet, we'll brush him off pretty soon."

And there it was, I knew then, Willie had played me for a mark. I tried to choke him, but he's bigger than I am. After a while, I gave up and just sat over across the seat from him.

He looked at me, "I don't know what to say, Todd."

"Don't say anything, you damned thief," I told him. "Just get out of here and never let me see you again."

He got out of the car. He said, "I'll give you half of this car, Todd, and my offer still stands for the Cad."

I smiled at him, "You want the Cadillac and Avis too. Well, then you can pay for them. Six thousand bucks, and I know you have it. We took more than that in Cincinnati."

He paid out the money, and I gave him the title. I drove him to the hotel parking lot and let him out at the yellow car with the shiny chrome horns. I said, "I want one favour, Willie, for old times' sake. I want to tell that woman off. I want to slap her double-crossing face once."

I could see him wondering if I would do something too violent, but confidence men aren't killers, and I could see Willie thinking that my actions would be the final thing to wash me and Avis up, forever.

He said, "I guess you got that coming. I'll wait here a few minutes."

I said, "I'll take my car around back so I won't see your double-crossing face again. Give me ten minutes."

But it didn't take ten. After five minutes I went out the back of the hotel and drove out of town. The one thing I didn't figure was that Willie would tap the cops that I had a stolen car, just to gain a little time.

The cops picked me up a hundred miles out of Elk City.

Of course I had the title to the Ford, perfectly legitimate, and Willie hadn't stuck around to press charges, but had vanished with that yellow Cadillac. The trouble was, I had his six thousand bucks on me, and ten thousand of my own, and that was enough to make them hold me for a while.

Willie had just tipped the cops off to the stolen car out of there in case I had any ideas of revenge. I don't really think that our last mark will know copper, and if he doesn't, they ought to give up trying to trace the sixteen thousand bucks and let me out of here in a day or so.

At least, I have Avis to bring me some good books to read.

You see, Avis had been with me all the time she was supposed to be in Willie's car. She'd been crying, and so at the last moment I changed my plans and let her tag along.

She'd been crying because she'd lost her comb.

So I knew Willie's wire recording was faked, and the whole thing was just a confidence game with me as the mark. The object of the game was to drive me away from Avis and make me sell the car. Well, Willie didn't get Avis. And if he'd only known it, the Cadillac had been in his name since St. Louis.

That was where I'd mortgaged the Cadillac.
TRAIN ROBBERY
On July 26, 1944 patriotic members of the French Underground held up a train passing through Nauvic and recovered a huge sum of money which the Nazis had stolen from the Bank of France in Paris and which they had been sending secretly to the Reichsbank in Bordeaux. Although the shipment filled 150 sacks, weighed 12 tons and had an equivalent value of £150,000,000, it was quickly transferred to waiting trucks and burned that night some 20 miles away. After the liberation every frame was returned to the bank of Paris. This train robbery was the largest in history.

SILENT SERVICE
A man in Watsonville, California, circulated the bars with a placard on which was inscribed "Deaf and Dumb." He received many contributions, but wound up in jail. He made a mistake. He wandered back into the same bars, talking gaily to a girl friend.

ON LICENCE
In Birmingham, Alabama, a man was charged with operating a truck with the wrong license plate. Inside his truck were 21,000 licence plates, an allegation to country authorities for distribution to motorists.

GOOD REASON
A man was charged in Edmonton, U.S.A., with breaking, entering and car stealing. He explained the car stealing charge thus: "I did not want to steal cars, but I didn't have transportation to the country in order to rob stores at night, so I had to steal cars to get to my job."

PRAYING FOR IT
Police in Pittsburgh arrested a man who was trying to get into a church with an assortment of 21 keys. The man was an ex-convict. He told police "I was just looking for a place to pray."

DRIVE SLOWLY
In recent years, a certain prison in the U.S. has had a large number of escapes, which at once made the authorities the butt of derision and jokes. One morning a new warning sign was seen on the highway outside the prison. It read "Slow! Prisoners Escaping!"

NO FREE BOARD
The mayor of Bridgeton, New Jersey, has ordered that drunks be charged rent while sobering up in jail. They can earn the rent money by working in municipal parks.

CAVALCADE, May, 1954
She pursued the point. "Don't I fill this costume well?" We told her she did a lot for the costume, but—rather tactlessly—we added that she rather overfilled it. Hence the look of indig- nation she shows here. Mara began her career as a dancer with Earl Carroll. She began posing for pin-ups, magazine covers and is currently in Hollywood, under contract to Paramount.

We think we won a point about the costume, because Mara seemed doubtful about the costume's ability to stay on in the water. However, we did not mind. We sat on the sand and while we discussed items of interest, we admired her beauty. And lying in the sand, she certainly looked handsome. Handsome is as handsome does. Nothing could Mara beauty.
ASTHMA IS ON THE RUN

Having trouble with your breathing? Maybe you have asthma—or something worse. See your doctor. These things now can be easily cured.

RAY DAVIE

THERE were three men in the railway carriage. Two of them sat together, chatting of their mutual business, which happened to be the selling of farm machinery. The third, a big fellow, barrel-chested, wavy-haired, sat alone near the open window. As the tram lumbered through the hot night, the big fellow began to claw at his collar, to roll his eyes and clench his fists.

A few minutes later the tram halted at a stop at a wayside station. With the noise of its movement abruptly gone, the two travellers could hear the frenzied breathing of the other man, a tortured, animal sound.

As they watched, the big man grooped in his pocket, brought out a small box, gestured to his fellow passengers. One of them, after a second’s hesitation, took the box and opened it. Inside was a small hypodermic syringe and two bottles filled with nearly colourless fluids.

The travellers, acting on the big fellow’s instructions, sterilized the hypodermic syringe in one of the fluids (methylated spirits), and then helped the sufferer to inject a certain
amount of the other fluid into his
aim. Within a few seconds the man’s
laboured breathing had become
slower, and a more natural colour had
returned to his face.

Thus an episode in the life of an
asthmatic, one of the large band of
people who have to worry about an
action that should be automatic and
easy — their breathing.

Incidentally, the fluid injected sub-
cutaneously (under the skin) in this
case was a sterile solution of adre-
 naline in the proportion 1:1000. This
particular technique is one of the
most widely used in the relief of
asthmatic attacks. Though many new
methods of treatment are becoming
available, it seems likely that this
method of relief will remain in use
for some considerable time.

What is asthma, and what are your
chances of getting it?

This is what Dr. David Harold
Fink has to say about asthma in his
book, “Release from Nervous Tens-
ion.” “In some,” he writes, “the first
symptom is a sensation of constric-
tion about the chest, followed by
restlessness and uneasiness. The
other symptom is a feeling of tight-
ess in the chest, followed by
restlessness and uneasiness. The
asthma may be due to bronchitis,
tuberculosis, or cancer of the
lung. So be sure to see a doctor
if your chest becomes painful.
It’s not available, it’s worth paying for.

What can be done for asthma if
it suddenly strikes you? (Some
people are born with it, others don’t
acquire it till they’re growing
older).

The treatment is simple. The
medication makes a number of tiny
ejections in the skin of the patient,
usually on his arm or his hand, then
applies an extract of various substances;
if a red welt results, the patient is
held to be allergic to the tested
substance. The range of substances is
pretty complete, ranging from household
fumes to cats’ fur to tomatoes and
bananas.

When the offending articles have
been discovered, they’re eliminated as
far as possible from the patient’s
life. In the case of such things as
grasses, the patient is injected with
appropriate vaccines over a lengthy period.

The doctor also recommends
drugs such as the old standby, ephed-
rine. This has been associated with
phenobarbital, a sedative, with con-
sequent lessening of the nervousness
sometimes resulting from ephedrine
taken alone. Benadryl has been tried,
with varying results. So has ammo-
phyltin. Intramuscular inoculation of
ammonphyltin has proved highly
effective in certain cases. Adrenalin in
a solution of oil injected intra-
muscularly has shown good results.
The oil releases the adrenalin slowly
through the system giving a long
period of freedom from attack.

There have been a number of other
drugs, too. The complaint of many
asthmatics is that their systems soon
become used to a drug and it ceases
to have any effect.

American doctors, always in the
forefront of medical research, have
tried a number of new ideas. One of
these is pernicious peritonitis. A sur-
prising feature of this treatment is
in the fact that no drugs are used
simply air injected into the
abdominal cavity.

It is not claimed that this method
will work in every case, but it has
definite use, especially in cases where
patients are in middle or old age,
and have suffered asthma for years,
so that their lungs are permanently
distended, and their diaphragm has
been forced downwards. The injec-
tion of air simply pushes the
diaphragm back into place, thus making
breathing easier. A week later, when
the air has been absorbed into the
blood stream, a further “needle” is
necessary.

Few of us associate ACTH and
cortisone with the treatment of
asthma. The New England Medical
Center in Boston, Massachusetts, has
conducted a number of experiments
with ACTH, and has reported that
it considers the drug will be one of
the best therapeutic agents to be
used in the treatment of severe
bronchial asthma.

The theory of the use of ACTH is
卙old cow head of U.S.A.
was watching his first
bullfight. The head
reached the stage where
the matador was taunting
the bull with the cape. Avoiding
the bull’s rushes by fractions
of an inch and flapping the
cases, the animal charged
past, the matador brought
cheers from the onlookers.
But the old cow heard faintly
in the stalls. ‘Buddy, that
bull ain’t never gonna run
into that sack unless you hold
it still.”
basically simple. The injection of ACTH, which is an extract of the pituitary gland, causes a great secretion of the adrenal glands. This secretion leads to a feeling of bounding health and relaxation of the tiny muscles in the bronchial tubes, the contraction of which leads to asthmatic wheezing.

People who underwent experiments at Boston had tried the more usual forms of treatment with little success. With ACTH asthma was reduced very quickly in the majority of cases. Nearly all cases were quite clear in four or five days, though a few had improved within 24 hours. It was found that the usual wheezing and splitting of phlegm was quickly reduced. ACTH is effective.

Cortisone was fully as effective as ACTH in some cases, a point which is not hard to believe, since it is an extract of the adrenal glands.

What should you do if you think you are getting asthma, or if you have it? Here’s a suggested programme laid down by a well-known authority. Do not eat big meals; eat more often if you feel hungry. Do not laugh to excess; do not let yourself be upset. Avoid cold winds. Keep your teeth in good condition. Keep your bowels working. And — most important of all — if you wheeze, see a doctor at once. Remember — it may be asthma, or it may be something worse.

THE MAGIC MEN OF INDIA

How the fakirs of India work tricks they perform and the amazing powers of the Yogis of the Himalayas

PETER HARGRAVES

WANDERERS in far places see much that is strange and inexplicable, even supernatural. Some can tell of magicians and witch doctors in Africa, weird voodoo ceremonies in Haiti, fire-walking exhibitions in Fiji and Trinidad, name-making demonstrations by American Red Indians and fearsome sorcery and devil-worship in Asia Minor.

Nowhere, however, can be seen such widespread and mysterious delving into the occult, such baffling demonstrations of magic and psychic power to confound the sceptic as in India and Tibet, the home of Fakirs and Yogis.

Walking on beds of red-hot coals, lying on couches of needle-pointed nails, standing with an arm erect for years until the limb atrophies and withers away — all these and more can be seen on a stroll down the street in any dirty, smelly Indian city.

A Fakir will appear — seemingly out of the air — at a house where a party or social gathering is taking place. He will ask if he may show his magic. Few care to risk his wrath by refusing permission. He begins with several minor manifestations — perhaps the well-known “Dry Sands Trick.”
A small bowl is placed before the audience and filled with water. The Fakir takes a handful of sand. He proves that it is dry by blowing some grains away into the air. The rest is poured into the bowl of water.

After wiping his hands on a cloth and showing them empty, he thrusts one hand into the bowl of water and brings it out full of sand.

He squeezes it and shakes his hand. The fingers are opened. The sand is as dry as before he poured it into the bowl of water. To prove so, he blows upon it and it rises in a fine cloud.

Perhaps the Fakir follows this with an exhibition of snake charming. Then, if he is any good at all, he may perform the celebrated feat of the growing in a few minutes of a faired mango tree from a single seed.

“See, sabhas, the flowerpot is empty and unprepared,” he points out. He then proceeds to fill it with earth, which is sprinkled with water. A mango seed is produced and placed in the earth.

A white cloth is thrown over the pot. Strangers, uninvited mumblings come from the Fakir. In the background, an assistant lends encouragement with the rhythm of a tomb-tomb.

Under his turban, the Fakir’s bright, beady eyes steadily take in his audience, his thin, sensitive hands move with precision and grace through the planting of the seed and the fixing of the cloth.

The noise of the tomb-tomb continues as the Fakir begins his task of concentration. Several morsels from his hand go unnoticed as he gazes fixedly, hypnotically, at the cloth and what he placed under it. From his lips tumble a torrent of mystic “mantras” or prayers.

Slowly, deliberately, the corner of the cloth is lifted. To the astonishment of the onlookers, a tiny green shoot is poking its way through the earth.

Satisfaction gleams in the Fakir’s eyes. “See, already the mango sprouts!” he exclaims. “The Siddhas (mystic powers) are strong today if the sabhas are helpful, soon we will see wonderful things.”

The cloth is replaced over the pot. Again the Fakir concentrates and offers his “mantras” for speedy growth. When he uncovers the pot a second time, a few moths of the growing mango tree are visible.

Again and again the operation is repeated. Each time the cloth is lifted, the mango tree has grown several additional inches. Finally the Fakir, triumphantly overshadowing the evident fatigue on his face, hands around the pot for all to see. In it is growing a luxuriant bush more than a foot high.

After a few moments rest for the Fakir, the performance continues—perhaps with the awesome “Basket Trick.”

A large oval basket like a huge egg is produced. It has a hole cut in the top. Through the hole the audience is invited to peer to satisfy themselves it is empty.

The Fakir claps his hands. A small boy appears. He steps into the basket through the hole and stands upright. A large blanket is placed over his hands. He is fixed so that it falls downward in folds, covering the basket.

Slowly the boy sinks downward until he disappears into the basket. The Fakir whips away the blanket and places a wicker lid over the opening. An assistant hands him a long tapering sword.

With a wild cry, the Fakir pushes the sword savagely into the basket. From it comes an unearthly shriek. The sword is withdrawn and, to an accompaniment of pain-racked moans and shouts from the basket, it is thrust continually through the wicker.

From the onlookers come murmurs of horror. Women turn pale at the ghastly shrieks. Men shudder with nervous excitement. The sword drags blood each time it is withdrawn.

At last, having welded the sword from every angle, the Fakir wipes it with a cloth and throws it to an assistant. From the basket the cries gradually become soft and slow. Soon they cease and all is quiet.

The Fakir takes the blanket and again places it over the basket. At the same time, from under it, he removes the wicker lid.

Beside the basket, the Fakir takes up a squawking position on the ground. Again he begins to concentrate. His sparkling eyes stare at it as he raises his arms in supplication and begins chanting strange words of exhortation.

The fascinated spectators see a faint stirring. Take place under the blanket. It begins to rise, slowly, as if drawn up by some strange outside force.

Soon, however, it is apparent that a small form beneath it, is pushing it up. About three feet from the ground, the process of the blanket is halted. The Fakir reaches out a hand and pulls it away. Beneath is the smiling, shaming face of the boy who was seemingly cut to pieces. He jumps out of the basket, bowing to the audience and runs round to prove he is none the worse for the experience.

Such performances by travelling Fakirs are seen all over India. They expect money in return for the show and threaten to bring dire misfortune to the house if the amount is not up to their expectations.

Really no more than conjurers, they are the lowest grade of all the mystics and Yogis of the Orient. Above them are the real Fakirs, who torture themselves by piercing their bodies with long daggers and hooks, lying on beds of spikes or nails, or holding their arms aloft until they wither.

These self-torturing Fakirs claim to have attained mental and physical control of their bodies. Their feats can perform, however, are only elementary to the real Yogis of the upper Himalaya regions and Tibet.

Generally, however, these live in the wilderness, scoring the slightest comfort, claiming to be over 100 years old and capable, if they wish, of performing genuine miracles.

They are contemptuous of the Fakirs who accept money for demonstrating their powers. Correctly, they accuse some of them of trickery. True masters of the occult, they insist, never allow themselves to make a public exhibition.

Indian Fakirs of the self-torturing type are generally bearded and cadaverous, with sunken cheeks and piercing, staring eyes. They believe in the subjugation of the flesh by suffering.

At Karachi not long ago, one of them lay on a board bristling with nails. An unrival weighing 250 pounds was placed on his chest. Strong men battered the aval with rings, sledge-hammer blows. When they were exhausted, the Fakir slid off his board and showed there was not a mark or scar on his back.

The death of another Fakir was recently reported from Travancore. For three years he sat cross-legged under a banyan tree and gave himself up to contemplation. During the period, it was reported, he had not touched food, spoken to anyone or moved his position in the slightest.

Probably the best known Fakir of this type was tiny, dedicated Hamid Bey. His frail body was worn out
by the physical suffering he demanded of it and he died in the late 1890s.

Day after day, Hamid Bey performed miracles of bodily endurance. For his exhibitions a committee of doctors acted as investigators to ensure there was no trickery.

The Fakir showed them the hat-pins, daggers and spikes he proposed to use. One of them would then be asked to take the pins and push them through his cheeks, throat, tongue, breast and arms — so that they went right through and came out on the other side.

Even doctors looked queasy as they watched this butchery. The pins that were pushed through his cheeks Hamid Bey allowed to come out through his opened mouth, so no one could doubt they had really penetrated the flesh. Others passed through wads of his flesh like skewers in a roast of beef.

The Fakir constantly reassured the audience that he felt no pain. Nevertheless, a proportion of them invariably fainted at each gruesome demonstration.

With his flesh studded with pins, Hamid Bey came to the climax and the most amazing exhibition of his powers.

Before removing each pin, he would casually say to the committee of doctors, “Blood or no blood?”

If they said “Blood,” the Fakir would withdraw the pin and blood would flow.

If, however, the command, “No blood,” was given, not a drop would flow as the pin was extracted, or at all afterwards.

The wound was almost too tiny to be seen with the naked eye.

So intense was Hamid Bey’s will-power, so overpowering his concentration, he was able simply by the exercise of his mind to control the flow of blood to the puncture left by the pin. Even deep thrusts by a dagger could be kept quite dry by blood by the Fakir’s concentration.

Like most Fakirs, Hamid Bey liked to exhibit his fondness for a cozy snooze on a bed of spikes. If he wished, he could prevent the needle-sharp points from entering his flesh at all. Alternatively, he could let them pierce him, and even let them be driven deeply into his back by having a man stand on his chest. When he arose, although the holes they had made were plainly visible, there was no drop of blood.

Hamid Bey also possessed amazing power over the working of the organs of his body. Thus, he would call three doctors and detail each to count either the pulse in his right wrist, or in his left wrist, or the beat of his heart.

With any normal person, the beats or the pulse rates are, of course, identical at every spot where they can be felt in the body. So it was with Hamid Bey when the doctors made an initial count.

In silence the Fakir would concentrate inwardly to control the beating of his heart. After a minute the doctors would again be asked to count.

They would each report a different finding — perhaps 76 by the man holding the right wrist, 104 by the man on the left, and 86 as the beat of the heart.

Medical men say this is impossible.

Those who assisted at Hamid Bey’s exhibitions in India say it was a trick.

Yet not one of them was able to put forward a reasonable explanation of how the trick was performed.

Another popular “trick” or accomplishment of the Indian Fakirs is to permit themselves to be buried alive underground for long periods of time. While thus interred, there is no visible sign of any breathing. Medical men admit it is a fact.

Such burial was part of the repertoire of Hamid Bey as it is of all the top-line Fakirs. To a newspaper reporter he once explained how he attained the trance-like state of suspended animation necessary for the feat.

“I first of all concentrate on lowering down my heart,” he explained. “If my blood circulating at the normal speed, I should be dead in no time. Just as you would be, I have to slow down my heart until it beats only a few times a minute. After this has been done, I blank my mind and go into a sort of trance-like sleep.”

“Then, when I feel this state coming on, I press very strongly on certain spots at the sides of my neck with my thumbs, my tongue turns backwards into my throat; my body becomes rigid or cataleptic. With a gasping intake of breath, I fall backwards into the arms of my assistants, who bury me. From that moment I know nothing until I am dug up and revived again.”

To master this technique of attaining a death-like trance requires long and dangerous training and practice. Old Fakirs act as teachers and at first permit the trances to enter the state for only a few minutes at a time.

Before bringing on the trance, they lie on hot sands and are closely watched. At the first sign of the body perspiring, they are aroused immediately. As it is a danger sign if all is well, the body remains dry, and the heart beats so slowly that it cannot be felt. The Fakir is like a bear or a turtle hibernating.

There are constant risks to all such
burials: “I can set my mind like a clock if I want to,” one Fakir has explained, “to wake up at a certain time, just as you do when you want to wake up at a certain hour in the morning.

“Then, if my assistants did not dig me up promptly, I should be dead very soon. The safest way is to set the mind for an indefinite period of burial, so that I remain cataleptic until revived. I have to depend on my assistants then too; otherwise I would remain in that state until I died.”

The Yogs of India and Tibet are the real magicians. To them the tricks and physical sufferings of the Fakirs are unworthy uses of the powers of the mind. They believe that the human body is the “temple of the spirit” and should be kept in the best possible condition. To misuse the body is sacrilege to the Yogs.

Yogs have reached the highest planes of human wisdom. They lead lives of contemplation, generally high in the Himalayas. Neither the cold nor wild animals trouble them.

There is no case on record of one of these unarmed men being attacked by any of the marauding animals for which India is renowned.

Similarly, they can sit meditating in the wilderness in freezing weather. They wear only thin cotton garments— or nothing at all—and generate their own body heat by yoga exercises. They claim these not only warm the body, but melt the snow to a certain distance round them.

Yogs’ reputed powers are almost beyond ordinary comprehension. Many of them claim to have lived for centuries by controlling their bodies. In the same way, they can die at will, should they feel so inclined.

They are amazingly clairvoyant and can read the thoughts not only of those people present but of anyone anywhere. They can predict the future and see events actually happening in other places like a human television set.

Any real yogi will tell you he can walk upon water and raise his body from the ground in the action of levitation. Some are said, alternatively, to be able to leave their bodies behind them and wander where they will around the earth without them.

The true Yogi is not interested in exhibitions of his power, only in his own mental development. They believe in a “Universal Mind,” with which it is possible to become one and thus “know and feel all.”

To the Yogs the most important single factor in attaining this ideal is to cleanse the body of its impurities and make it perfect. They wash it inside and out.

Thus, according to their rules, the stomach is cleansed by swallowing a strip of cloth—22 feet long and three inches wide—moistened in warm water. After “churning” the stomach during ten minutes it is inside, the cloth is withdrawn inch by inch.

Caring for their bodies meticulously, Yogis eat sparingly of only the simplest foods. They fast and learn to control every nerve and muscle.

With their minds they strive for “Detachment.” This means they learn to care nothing for the world, its material possessions, its goods and chattels.

“To all Yogas,” it has been said, “the only things of value are the things of the mind and spirit. They are lasting and real, while material things are not.”

With that philosophy, and its consequent stern self-discipline, these wise men of the Eastern world have developed instincts, powers, capacities and perceptions to a degree beyond the understanding of ordinary men.
PAINLESS INJECTIONS
How many children, or for that matter, adults, have been afraid of the needle when an inoculation is required? You need worry no longer.
Dr. R. L. Mueller, of the Children's Hospital, Boston, has come up with a painless injection. He has incorporated a small, automatic refrigeration unit in the hypodermic equipment. When the tip of the device is pressed against the skin, a quantity of freon gas contained in a cartridge flows into a chamber and cools the tip in about five seconds. After the tip is applied against the skin for about 15 seconds, the area where the injection is to take place is cooled to about 50 degrees. Then the needle is inserted, Doctor Mueller has used the device for about 7000 injections and he reports that a single cartridge supplies enough freon for about 22 injections.

HYPOCHONDRIACS
People these days are becoming a race of hypochondriacs, according to Dr. Herbert Ratner, of Illinois. And he is right. We are spending too much time worrying about our health and diseases, instead of doing something to practically promote good health. Dr. Ratner said, "We hear 1 out of 5 dies of cancer. Other organizations find that 1 out of 10 dies of other diseases. The fact is that 1 out of 1 dies of something." We've become an "vitamin-taking, antacid-consuming, barbiturate-sedated, aspirin-relieved" benzodrine-stimulated animal," he says.

CLEFT PALATE
Cleft palates and bone abnormalities in infants may be due to a shortage of the vitamin riboflavin in the diet, according to Dr. Walter J. Pelton, of the U.S.A. Public Health Service Dental Division. In a report to the American Association of Orthodontists, he stated that in a study of rats, one out of those kept on a riboflavin-deficient diet showed skeleton deformities. A high proportion had cleft palates.

MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS
Multiple sclerosis can be benefited if the patient is restricted in fatty foods, says Dr. R. L. Swank, of Montreal, Canada, in "Archives of Neurology and Psychiatry." Benefits are particularly pronounced if the fat limitation is started early in the disease. Dr. Swank said no patients were cured by the diet, but there was a general improvement in their condition and their ability to work in jobs had increased.

Beachcombing for Pearls
We recently heard about beachcombers, so decided to investigate. We were blithely picking up shells when we came across a pearl. She said her name is Michelle Safary. We asked her why she did not go right in, instead of remaining on the water's edge. She laughingly told us she didn't want to get her hair wet.
Wearing lots of sunblock, I set sail with Michele, and we sailed out into the surf. She was wearing her hair in a ponytail, and I was wearing mine in a braid. We were both wearing our swimsuits, which were very similar. We were both very excited to be out in the water, and we quickly got into the rhythm of things. Michele was a bit more experienced than I was, but we were both having a great time.

As we were swimming, we noticed a group of people on the beach, and we started to chat with them. They were all having a good time, and we soon joined in. We were all laughing and enjoying the sun and the water.

After a while, we started to feel a bit tired, and we decided to head back to shore. Michele suggested that we take a few more laps before we left, and I agreed. We swam a few more laps, and then we started to head back to the beach. We were both very happy with how the day had gone, and we were looking forward to doing it again soon.
For 31 days the five men survived sea and hunger before sight of land. Then four died.

ATHOL YEOMANS

The first hint of tragedy whipped across the tiny rowing boat with the blown spray when Jim Murr punctured the big tin of beans and found the food inside rotten and putrid. That simple act of opening the can with a jackknife meant starvation for the five men on board the twenty-two-foot whaleboat, and a big spanner in their carefully-laid navigational plans.

The five were from the crew of a U.S. Navy ship that had been aground on deserted Ocean Island, in the Pacific, and they were trying to reach Hawaii to bring a rescue vessel. The ocean was 1,800 miles long for them, and their food went bad in the first hundred miles.

The navy ship, a paddle-wheeled steamer called the Saginaw, had been on a voyage to Midway Island, blasting a passage through the reef there to make an entrance to a natural port. The contractors' men on board swelled the numbers to 22.

The Saginaw ran aground on the reefs surrounding Ocean Island before dawn on October 22, 1876, battering itself to pieces on the uncharted coral and rocks in a few minutes. The crew and officers rowed to the safety of the beach and left a coloured steward still clapped in iron in the brig.

The captain, Lieutenant Commander Montgomery Scrand, made a permanent camp and assessed their position. They had enough food for three months, if it was doled out in quarter rations. Water was no problem, for the engineers made a crude distiller from a small boiler and speaking tubes from the bridge.

There was just one match salvaged from the ship, it was used to light a fire that was never put out.

Scrand realized their position was grim. They might run on the island for years, even if the navy sent a ship to look for them they wouldn't think of calling at Ocean Island, 55 miles away from Midway, in the wrong direction. They would have to send for help. The alternative was to stay and die of starvation.

At an officers' meeting, it was decided to send the gig across the 1,800 miles of ocean to the Sandwich islands for help. The gig, an oversize rowing boat, was pulled up the beach and converted for deep-sea sailing. With tools and materials saved from the Saginaw, the carpenters raised the sides 18 inches, decked the whole boat over and built in four batches, stopped and stayed two months, and hand-sewed a suit of canvas.

Instruments for navigation were a problem, because the ship's sextant had been lost. An engineer made another from the face of a broken steam gauge which had circular markings. To complete it he used scrap of zinc and fragments of a stateroom mirror . . . but it worked.

In the gig was loaded 90 gallons of water and 25 days' supply of full rations . . . and but for ignorance of the seamen about canning, then a new and saucy way of preserving food, it would have been enough.

There were five volunteers to sail the gig. Lieutenant John Talbot, second-in-command of the Saginaw, was the leader. The others were Helford, the coxswain, Peter Francis, the quartermaster and John Andrews, a case-hardened Yankee from Boston and James Muir, a dour Scotchman, two men from the blasting contractor's party.

They set off on Friday, November 16, 1876. Talbot took with them a tin despatch case with an official report of the shipwreck, a bill of exchange for £290 and letters home from the crew. The job sounded simple — all he had to do was deliver it at the Sandwich Islands, 1,800 miles by sailing route.

The first three days passed uneventfully. On Monday, the fourth day, Muir broke open the tin of beans. Talbot broke open the rest of the tinned food. It was all bad. They all ate some of the revolting decaying fish. Five minutes later Talbot was on his stomach on the stern of the boat, throwing his meal up into the sea.

Next morning they tried again. Helford and Francis preferred to go hungry. Talbot kept it down only two minutes. Half-way through the day Andrews and Muir were double up with acute poisoning, lying in the cramped space between the bottom boards and the deck, writhing in pain.

"Throw the damned stuff overboard," Talbot ordered.

Five days out, when Muir and Andrews were still helpless with food poisoning, the first storm struck savagely from the west. It was the first of many gales that howled round the bare masts of the cockleshell and tore the seas into angry combers that threatened to engulf them. As the sea grew to violent strength, they found leak after leak appearing in the deck. A sudden rush of water put out the weak flame of the sperm lantern — and they were left without light between decks or fire to cook the little food they had left.

They bailed every watery and tried caulking up the leaks with rag from
their clothes but new goats appeared as they patched the old.

The days went past, and with it the food. The molasses leaked into the bilge, the sugar was washed away, the hardtack bread went mouldy. In the end they had nothing left but desiccated potato and water.

As the storms drove at them they began to lose their strength. The pitching of the hull on the rough waves and the screams of wind nearly drove them mad. With exhaustion sores opened on their legs from continual wriggling and stayed open and festering.

It was Halford who retained enough strength to steer and fight the sea, he took watch after watch, determined to beat the curling waves that crashed on them for hour after hour, day after day.

Talbot no longer had strength to calculate their position by observation, although he still kept the dead reckoning. On the 22nd day they shifted their course south to the Sandwiches. The weather calmed, although the sea still rolled with high waves.

In the middle of a heavy sea, Talbot nearly saw the end of the venture. They struck a mammoth floating log, nearly capsized, but a following wave picked them up and hurled them on the Francis, clawing forward along the deck, fell overboard. He grabbed the futtoe fishing line as he went past, thrashing in the water. The long, held, but it took the combined strength of the others to haul him in again.

Muir and Andrews were seriously ill with dysentery and poisoning although there was no food in their stomachs. Talbot also was ill. Their 23rd day in the gig was calm, with the shredded sails pulling the boat along smoothly. Talbot was.

Talbot hung to the hull as they tore towards the reef and the beach. Halford was holding on to the bow, and Muir was trapped underneath. Talbot tried to drag himself up the bow, lost his grip, and was swept into the sea. The gig righted again, and Muir crawled up through the hatch. Then it capsized again as they hurtled over the shallows. The masts went like matchwood and the hull stove in, and the breakers threw them into the quiet water of the lagoon like drowned rats.

Halford stood up in shallow water stark naked, with a nasty head wound. Muir was a wreck, his face black and his paws working spasmodically. He had gone mad, those last few minutes of terror being too much for him.

"I’ve spotted a weakness! He drops his guard every time you go down!"

The cruise of the gig ended at 2:30 a.m. on Monday, December 19, 31 days out from Onions Island. Halford saw the boat of the few things that were unbroken and collapsed on the beach.

In the morning he awoke to find himself alone. Further down the beach lay Muir, dead, surrounded by curious natives. There was no trace of the others—they had drowned.

Halford got help, delivered the despatch case, and a steamer rescued the castaways on January 3, 1911. The gig and Talbot’s rough sextant are preserved in the U.S. Naval Academy as a record of the task of the men who sailed 1800 miles to perish in the surf at Kalbhi Beach.
WOMAN PIRATE OF CHINA

KURT SINGER

Pirates still frequent the seas around China and the most powerful is a woman. She rules the seas like a dictator and no one can even take her photo.

HONGKONG is a shopping paradise, you can buy anything there from U.S. jet planes to Russian caviar, from French perfumes to black market dollars. Now that the rich Chinese refugees have come from Shanghai there is plenty of uncontrolled money floating around—Hongkong has developed into Asia’s most successful boom-town. The city is pulsating with prosperity. The shops are jammed with everything money can desire. You can have everything from brocades, silks, nylon, bathing suits, cameras and watches. The Cobah of Taupers has found its counterpart in Hongkong—surrounded by war in Korea, China, Formosa and Indo-China.

In this city, within touch, within sight, sound and smell, the rich and the poor live as brother refugees and as they say “on borrowed time.” Neither millionaires nor paupers know how long it will last.

In the Chinese districts live the real poor—no tourist attractions are there to see, no Cook’s tour goes through the narrow, winding vertical streets. The wooden balconies of the houses are decorated with washing. These houses have no courtyards, no toilets, no bathrooms, and only one community kitchen to serve up to fifteen fami-
lies. The tenements are overcrowded and expensive. Hundreds of children play in these streets with its dirt and dust. You see street spitters—the human ants who live off the garbage cans from the big hotels.

This is Hong Kong, the city where world history is made and global espionage centers have established their secret headquarters, their harbor espionage, their business offices, their assassination squads and their passport mills.

A group of American Intelligence officers landed here in 1951 with the mission to discover the blackmarket runners, the organization of Chinese smugglers and more, Veterans of the Pacific began their search for the Bureaucrats of the China Sea and here started operation "Yellow Sea."

It all began with stopping a freighter bound for Hong Kong. The captain of the British 5,000-ton M.S. Mollery, cruising through the Yellow Sea, had never before seen such a strange ship. It had eight stars in blue on a red background; a man, a hammer and sickle and the emblem of the Chinese Nationalists. It was a mixture of many flags.

The vessel had signaled to the Britisher to stop. About twenty-five men from her boarded the Mollery. All were heavily armed with the latest American machine-guns. They were in ragged and torn uniforms, and among them were Chinese, Koreans, Formosans and Manchurians. Their leader spoke flawless English.

A few hours later these unknown men, pirates of the twentieth century, had transformed the Mollery's entire freight to their own ship.

Then in August 1951, a British shipping line in Hong Kong received the following audacious and blackmailing letter:

"Your freighter due to depart August 25, 1951, will be attacked and looted on August 28. Should you postpone departure of the ship, the attack will take place to correspond with the change. You can ensure the ship's safety by meeting the following announcement of a marriage notice in three Chinese newspapers in Canton. Damned with white, even teeth, long hair, pleasant disposition, eyes as blue as a rose, and with the voice of a bird, seeks spouse who can use 90,000 Hong Kong dollars. One day after marriage notice is received, send a plantation wearing a white-brimmed hat and carrying 9,000 dollars wrapped in a newspaper to the Red Pagoda tea-room in Canton. It would be useless to arrest our agent who will receive the package, for he is only a poor coolie without understanding."

The British shipping company paid up. They put the notice in and handed over the 20,000 dollars in the tea-room. The police were powerless.

For months similar letters were received in the mail of big Hong Kong companies. They were slipped under doors in Portuguese Makao and Canton. According to the British Naval Police, the pirates of the China Sea and adjacent rivers collect each year anything from sixteen to sixty-three million Chinese dollars by this extortion.

On January 13, fifteen pirates in a passenger ferry boat took command of the Kong Fae, running between Hongkong and Canton. They collected 239,000 dollars, called greetings to Canton and escaped unrecognised.

Not very long ago pirates took over a steamer running between Makao and Canton, and by robbing over a hundred passengers got away with 34,000 dollars.

Pirate groups are extremely well organized, and their agents in this game of high blackmail are prepared to meet the shipowners more than halfway. Ships are warned before they are due to leave port, and should the owner pay the sum demanded, his ship will be protected against the Chinese Nationalists or Communist patrol boats. If the vessel is attacked by another pirate the collector of blackmail will come to its defense.

When the Kwan I Shipping Company opened a service between Hongkong and Canton, the pirates demanded 105,000 dollars protection money per year. This insolent request was refused. Soon afterwards, in a narrow street on High Island near Canton, a mine exploded less than ten feet away from where the ship was berthed. It destroyed dynamos and wrecked the steering-gear. A few nights later another mine exploded in the Trencher passage, heavily damaging another of the company's vessels and killing seventeen passengers and injuring many others.

British, American and the big Chinese companies flying the Panamanian flag have long defended the bridges of their vessels with steel plate and barbed wire. Officers are armed and a machine-gun is mounted on the bridge. But since stokers and crew are mostly Chinese, these precautions are only effective if the pirates are not already aboard and posing as loyal coolies.

Modern Chinese pirates are skilled in the use of hand grenades and American machine-guns. Their junks are motorized to outrageous fast police-boats.

The pirates' rich haulings-ground lies between the Bay of Bas, some thirty-one miles north-west of Hongkong, and Makao. Strongholds are the Bay of Bas, and three small fortified islands on the north coast of the restless mouth of the Pearl River.

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BADLY BENT

A hard-working dropper,
Who on Friday is paid,
Put on ad in the paper,
(By necessity made).<ref>
"My financial position fills me with mirth.
"For every Tuesday I'm flat,
"I would like any exchange of small loans.
"With one who's paid Wed. and broke Sat."

— AH-EM

Only a few of the leaders are really well known. One of the most dangerous operating between Shanghai and Singapore, according to U.S. Intelligence, is a woman, thirty-five years of age, well educated, courageous and attractive. She wears star-shaped earrings encrusted with diamonds, smokes her cigarettes out of a carved ivory cigarette-holder, carries two pistols in her hair, and a third strapped to the inside of her left leg. Her records are filed in police headquarters at Canton, Hongkong, Makao and Bangkok. But no picture of her exists. She is queen of over fifty pirate ships and fifteen hundred men.

Madame has imagination coupled with a fair share of recklessness. In 1948, when looting expeditions were returning with meagre rewards, she had a sudden inspiration. Every night she would send twelve of her men out in a flat-bottomed barge equipped with a steam winch. During several trips they managed to pull in the surface screen of the undersea cable cable between Hongkong and
Singapore. The copper and steel was then stripped off and sold at a big price in the black market.

In December of the same year Madame was responsible for an even more daring coup. With seven fully manned junks she followed in the wake of the Dutch steamer, Van Heuse, en route from Canton to Swatow. On a stormy night they boarded the Dutchman and stayed on board fully fifteen hours. They destroyed radio and telephone communications.

Police testimony revealed that every passenger was ordered into the first-class saloon, where handbags and pockets were searched. When morning dawned over the Yellow Sea, Madame escaped with loot to the value of $70,000 dollars.

The Hongkong police files tell us that Madame learned the trade from her husband. She had been a well-known dancer in Canton when an official of the Chinese central government met, Wong Kung-kht, married her in 1939. Wong came from Nanking with piles of luggage and every bag filled with Chinese dollars. Madame travelled to Nankao with him. In 1940 Wong was already king of the pirates working for China and Japan. By 1948 Wong had amassed a fortune estimated at seventy million Chinese dollars as a result of his activities which included looting, murder, espionage and blackmail.

But in 1946 the Portuguese colonial police became tougher and Wong's income began to shrink. Finally he had to be satisfied with attacks on ordinary junks.

One night Wong sighted three fast-hulled ships about twelve miles out of Hongkong. Immediately he came alongside Wong's men went on board. But the pirate's luck had run out. The junks were manned by tough, battle-tested British commandos. They fought for twenty minutes and Wong lost. Wounded, he escaped in a boat, but fell into the hands of a Communist partisan chief, who handed him over to Makao police for twenty thousand pesos. Two days later Wong tried to escape and was shot and died in the gutter.

On the following afternoon the elegant Madame Wong, with her cigarette-holder and three pistols, relaxed in her husband's headquarters on the Bay of Bias. She had taken over.

Madame knew how to handle even the fiercest of her husband's gang. In the opium dens and gambling-houses of Makao word went round that Madame had succeeded her husband as pirate leader. She is seldom seen and knows how to take care of her interests. Now and then she gambles—always for enormous stakes. She still roams these narrow waters. But Madame is careful. She knows the British and Portuguese police would like her scalp. Either would pay $10,000 dollars just for her picture so far no one has been able to earn the reward.

Madame just doesn't like to be photographed. Furthermore, she shoots faster than any photographer.

The day President Eisenhower removed the U.N. Naval blockade and the Nationalist Government of China was encouraged to begin commando raids against the Chinese mainland, the Communist Mao Tse Tung agents offered unlimited funds to the pirates of the China Sea.

So, the Chinese underworld become an integral part of the Communists in China, its newest allies are the best harbor spies the world has ever seen "Operation Yellow Sea" is only midway. The last Chinese pirates and Battle of Spies has not been fought yet.
instructions from the chief seconds. The lads are nervous, but trying to seem carefree. Some are joking, but the jokes are forced. Others are sitting quietly. All are tense while they await their call. Then it comes: The dressing room steward calls the first two lads to go out. The seconds pat the lads on the back, wish them luck, and follow them through the door, down the "last mile" to the ring. The seconds carry towels and first aid kit—and they hope they do not have to use the collection.

The preliminary fighters enter the ring and sit down quietly. The weight cards are hoisted and the announcer calls the names and weights over the loud speaker system. The crowd gives a few cheers of encouragement. They like a good fight, but they regard the prelims as a fill in while the main event boxers get ready.

If the preliminary boys turn on a good fight they are cheered—and forgotten, unless those boys show championship qualities which could be developed. If the fight is very good, they receive a shower of coins from the ring attendants—and perhaps a bonus on top of their usual rate for the promoters.

And while these boys are fighting up there on that raised platform, the main event boxers are in their dressing rooms. Each occupies a room to himself and handlers. They have been there since an hour before the first prelim. These boxers weighed in at 2 p.m. and were examined by the doctor. Now, clad in trunks and boots, they are lying on a table with a blanket over each. But some boxers differ. Vic Patrick liked to sit and joke with his handlers and he never minded how many of his friends were present.

This pre-fight feeling takes many forms. All are keyed up, but they show it in different ways. Tommy Burns liked to be quietly or go to sleep. Freddie Dawson is always edgy and surly, if anyone says the wrong thing he will snap at the offender. That, of course, is not the natural Freddie, who is a quiet, equable fellow. But, when a man is about to fight, he is naturally nervous. Not that he is afraid of taking punches, that worries no fighter, because he does not feel the punches like the spectators think he does.

A case of a man who never felt the usual pre-fight nerves was Andre Frenichon, the French lightweight, who was campaigning in Australia in 1949-50. He was coolness personified before a bout.

There are and have been many fighters who cannot fight their best until the early rounds are over, due to entering the ring too cold. Some of these fighters spent some time warming up in their dressing room. Freddie Dawson does this in cold weather, but Max Baer used to warm up any weather for anything up to half an hour before he entered the ring. Max was a notoriously slow starter and he used to box up to 10 rounds in his dressing room prior to entering the ring to box a further 15 rounds.

When Max was in his dressing room awaiting the call to go into action against Primo Carnera, the world heavyweight champion, he sparred hecatically for half an hour. The champion's manager came to the door of Baer's dressing room and knocked. Upon being told to enter, he came in to find a sweating Baer madly punching everything in sight. The manager's eyes popped. "He is mad," he said. "Tell that mutton head of yours that I am going to take his title to-night. See this!"—and he leaped out at a steel cupboard with his fist—"I am going to hit Primo with a right like that and he will hit the floor."

Max was right. He hit Primo on the canvas 12 times in 11 rounds to win by KO.

The time has come for the main event boxers to enter the ring. All the preliminaries are over and the weight cards have been hoisted over the corners. The crowd stands to ease cramped limbs. Then the main event boxers enter the "last mile." First one makes his appearance and is greeted with cheers and sometimes a few boos. He jumps lightly through the ropes, waves or bows to the crowd and sits down. Then the other appears and is met with similar applause, the greater ovation being given the more popular fighter. The dressing gowns are slipped down from their shoulders and the gloves are adjusted. Another from the other corner is watching this operation; he wants to ensure that the padding around the knuckle part of the glove is not broken.

The crowd is restless and an excited buzz of anticipation is abroad. The referee calls the fighters to ring centre and issues instructions: "You know the rules. Do not break them. In the event of a knockdown I want the other man to go to the farthest neutral corner and to stay there until I signal 'box on.' If there are any breaches of the rules I will deduct points from the offender and I will give a warning. After three warnings, I will disqualify the offender. Any flagrant breach will merit disqualification immediately. When I say 'break,' I want a clean break. But, remember, protect yourselves at all times, and come out fighting."

The bell and the fight is on. And the crowd reacts according to the course of the fight. Where there are thrills the crowd will cheer, shout, and even stand up in their seats. If the fight is a tame one, the crowd will jeer, call out "throw them out," and count out the fighters.

And when the fight is over and the boxers prepare to leave the ring, the winner receives long and loud applause—if the crowd thinks he warrants it. There are cheers for the loser, too, the amount depending on whether he turned in a good fight.
or, in the crowd’s opinion, received a bad deal when the decision went against him.

The dressing room is reached and the boxers sit on the table while their handlers remove the tape from their hands. If the fight was a strenuous one, the fighters will lie down and rest under a blanket before showering.

The mood in the dressing rooms is different from the mood before the fight. There is jubilation in the winner’s room and a quiet sadness in the los’rs. Sometimes there is indignation in the room of the loser, if the verdict was a close one. “We were robbed,” harp the handlers of the losers.

Sometimes the fighters release pent-up emotions—sneeze or throw. Andre Fenechon, a really tough guy, was stopped by Jack Hasen in three rounds at Sydney Stadium. Andre was not put on the floor, his face was cut so badly that the referee stopped the contest and declared Hasen the winner. Fenechon protested to the ref in no uncertain terms. “I am all right,” he shouted. “Why did you stop it?”

Andre ran back to his dressing room in a frenzy, and when he reached it he raved and burst into tears. “Why did you stop it? Hasen was not hurting me, I would have gone on and won.” Then he slammed his fist through the three-ply wall.

When Sugar Ray Robinson lost to Joe Maxim in the 13th round, in an attempt to gain Maxim’s light-heavy title, he was in a coma in the dressing room. Ray had that fight won, but failure to pace himself in the intense heat caused his collapse at the end of the 13th round. The referee stopped the fight and Ray was raving when he reached his dressing room.

Mayor of New York Vincent Impellitteri, a friend of Ray, went into the dressing room and informed Robinson to quit fighting. Ray, unable to recognize his friend and being unable to control his senses, greeted the plea with a blast of insulting adjectives. He did not know what he was doing and when told later, he went around to the Mayor’s home and prostrately apologized. They are still friends.

A great fighter was Henry Armstrong—once. He held three world titles at the same time (in 1938), a feat never duplicated in recent history, and he lost the last—the welter, to Frankie Zivic, when Henry was past his best. Hammering Hank received the hammering that night and he was badly battered. Zivic came into his dressing room to see how Henry was faring and he saw the battered features being stitched by the doctor.

Zivic moved over to the table and took Armstrong’s hand in both his. “How do you feel, Henry?” he asked. “O.K.” replied Armstrong. Zivic was filled with pity as he saw him there with his features unrecognizable. Tears filled his eyes as he whispered: “You are the greatest fighter that ever lived.”

Boxing is a sport of emotions. Two men hammer each other for glory and money and they shake hands in the friendliest spirit after it is over. They joke with each other after the fight and they sympathize with each other. Tommy Burns and Mickey Tobin, who fought three hectic fights, used to celebrate at a night club after their assaults upon each other. And they tossed each other in lemonade.

And when the boxers leave the stadium, the winner has a large crowd of well-wishers to stop his back and ask for his autograph. The loser? There are always some friends to offer condolences, but that is all. The crowd loves a winner.

Goodtime Joe and Chilla had to take care of a squealer. But Joe still had to have fun—before and after the job.

WELL, that’s the boy. Goodtime Joe McGlinsky. The mind that records as a straight line on an encephalograph. The Pitfall Man in a drape suit, nylon underwear, and jodhpurs at eighty-dealers a pop. A medallion manner that can demolish a feed in five minutes flat with the noise of a chord from Wagner; a knife the principal tool operating between plate and mouth. Put a sun in his hand, give him an instruction, and the job is as good as done.

Have you got the picture? Right. At 7 A.M. he alighted at the dainty hotel, swirled about by the backwash of the city. He tattooed up the stairs, knocked on the door. There was no response, but when he bent the keyhole framed an image of the weedy man in shirtsleeves, sitting still like a rabbit startled by danger.

“Hey, Chilla,” said Goodtime Joe. “It’s me. Joe. Open up.” He gave a laugh. He looked back again, not through the keyhole, but at it. Ha...
laughed again. Had the shape of a lolly all right, where the waist cuts out and the hips take over.

The door opened, and flat shouldered, swarthy Chilla gave his trademark smile. Goodtime Joe ambled in.

"Where the hell you been?" he boomed. "Sink or swim!"

"You said it," Chilla told him, closing the door and giving his bony bosom a tap. "Think I got something wrong in here. Tell all the time, can't keep my tucker down. I been crook for a week."

"You took your time answering the door." Goodtime Joe rapped the little man on the shoulder and winked. "Don't tell me you got a lolly getting under your hair!"

Chilla shrugged and brought on his smile again. He didn't say anything. Goodtime Joe gave another laugh. "You can redirect her my way if you have. They can't peer me enough!" He cracked his knuckles, smiling, the big round eyes shining. He took off his hat and flung it on the bed. He took a comb from his vest pocket and, danced before the wardrobe mirror, began to groom his hair.

Chilla dropped on the bed, zipping deeply. "Nice of you to drop around and see a man."


"Business."

"Yeah, Hell, I dunno! I told that bloody barber not to take too much off the top. Look at that!"

"Looks okay to me. What business, Joe?"

"That bust job at Shlottry's Fur Palace."

"Yeah?"

"Boss found out who blew the gaff."

"Goodtime Joe said, encouraging a curl. "Look at that— won't sit up! Not enough hair. That half-witted wood carpenter! Just wait till tomorrow. What do you reckon?"

"He turned for an appraisement. Little Chilla was sitting up right on the bed, looking at him from a lined, whey face on which the sweat glistened. He had a day's growth shadowing his jaw."

He nodded. "Looks fine. You're too fuzzy."

Goodtime Joe turned back to the mirror for a last concentrated inspection.

"You were saying about the boss..." Chilla prompted.

"Yeah," Goodtime Joe pursed his hair on his head. "Fat Willie."

"What? Fat Willie?"

There was a sharper note in Chilla's voice. He looked with a strained enquiring expression as though the news had shocked him. "Boss absolutely sure about that?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Goodtime Joe said, smiling, forgetting its troubles with habitual impulsiveness. "He said, you know what to do, Joe. Fuck up Chilla and take him with you. So you work it out if he's sure or not."

"We got to fix him?"

"Sure have." Goodtime Joe sat down with a luxurious grunt. "Got anything to drink, Chilla?"

"Hell, what a host." Chilla jumped up with a grin. There was little movement in his little body. He returned with two bottles off the ice, knocked the cap off one with a firm and poured the beers. His eyes glowed. He said with a vicious excitement. 

"You know I never liked thatBloke, Willie. Always been that something—I dunno what it is—about him, didn't he? You know what I mean, Joe?"

"No, he had me fooled I always liked him."

"Oh, yea, he was a likeable sort of a bloke. I'm not saying he wasn't. But, you know, too plausible. Knew all the answers. Too smart for his own good. He took a gulp. "Beats me why he'd do a thing like that, though. What would he get out of it?"

"Night cop twenty smackers from the demons and a promise to leave him alone."

"Some boss is damn mad about it."

"What do you think?" Goodtime Joe asked. "Three of the boys picked up and the job fouled. What do you think?"


"Not a bad drop, that."

"No, all right. What's the set-up, Joe? Is Willie in trouble?"

"He thinks he is," Goodtime Joe gazed the remainder of the glass with the noise of a waterfall. "Somebody must have tipp'd him off that the boys had married, and he cleaved. He didn't even wait to try to do any explaining."

"Boss don't like explanations, I don't blame Willie," Chilla said, rolling the glasses. "You tracked him down, though."

"Willie? Yeah, he balled up in the sandhills. In a weekend. Eromania way. It's a pushover. The poor mug doesn't know a thing. He burst into a roar of laughter. "Don't you think we ought to concern ourselves?"

"Can't you see him? Apron on. Curlers in the hair."

The laughter doubled on itself at the richness of the image in Goodtime Joe's mind. "Don't it make you scream?"

"You know where this place of Willie's is?"

"Sure thing."

Chilla put on a necktie. Then his coat. Goodtime Joe eased on his hat, looked at himself in the mirror, and with a smirk of admiration turned away. At the door, before opening it, he said to the little man at his elbow: "Got your roses?"

Chilla patted the bulge over his heart: "In here."

They walked down the street. Goodtime Joe swung along with a wrestler's stride. Chilla took short, loping steps. Goodtime Joe brushed shoulders against women approaching, apologetic, looked back for a young sight of legs and a pleasantable appraisal of the potentiality of their owners.

He stopped at an amusement parlour. He rarely ever went past one. He stood on the footpath, looking with glossy eyes and smiling face into the cave of noise and light. Chilla looked in, too, but there was nothing to enchant him. He gazed at Goodtime Joe and pulled a wry face as Goodtime Joe nudged him and entered the inviting portals. Chilla followed.

He glanced in a mirror as he passed through the chamber of joy and frivolity. The bristles stuck in his chin like little black splinters. He felt frowsy. The eyes of the world were on him. He glanced around him like a calm fugitive. A brittle shell of gauzy blokes and shekels, the jingle of coins, the music. But nobody was looking at him. He felt better.

In five minutes Goodtime Joe had optimically canvassed the joint and snared for himself a girl with fuchsia-coloured lips, ankletstrap shoes and pinky hair. He had a similar brand of cheesecack with her, but smaller, with bangles for earings and the out-chewing habit.

"I'll take you Eucalyptus," Goodtime Joe said to his girl. "And Chilla here can have your friend—what's her name?—Shirley, Okay, you two?"

Shirley didn't care whether Chilla was a bus conductor. He had pockets and dough lived in pockets. She linked her arm in his. He gave a shy smile and left it there. Goodtime Joe put his arm around his girl and she..."
They walked up and down. They played the machines. Drank milkshakes. Listened to the jukebox.

Goodtime Joe guzzled, laughed, joked, dug his fingers now and then into the girl's waist, squeezing her soft flesh. She squirmed and elbowed him with petulant indignation. He kept paying out. He could buy himself a good time, and was proving it. The girl had staked her interest. Chilla and Shirley were still only making fair weather. Chilla spent Shirley hooded and guffawed and chewed the cud stramously. But conversation between them was dull and drudging.

Chilla, with the grimmness of the night venture napping at him, wondered at and resented Goodtime Joe's carefree, rollicking glory. What an animal! On assignment. Got to do a man over in a little while. Send him off the planet for good, and hope he was having the time of his life. No feeling. Never felt anything. Just a dirty bug hulk of an animal.

Chilla felt the sick fear that came in his stomach when he thought of the job ahead.

Then it was time to part. The girls looked disappointed, even dismayed. Goodtime Joe grinned, bent over to his girl's ear. She looked enly virtuous, then smiled, with a smile that expanded slowly as if making certain that he would savour the promise it contained.

"In about two hours then," he said. "Right here. Don't go away now."

"I won't," promised the girl.

As they turned to go Goodtime Joe gave his breathy chuckle. "It's on," he said. "I'll bet she tastes like a pear, too."

Chilla said nothing. He was glad to meet the night air. His body was prickling with sweat. In the rain, with the air blowing against his face, he thought of the girl, and it was nice thinking of her. The way she smelled like a bunch of flowers. The touch of her flesh. Now that he was away from her he sensed the appeal in her.

Goodtime Joe looked around him.

There was no one else in the carriage. Still with the recollection of enjoyment on his face, he pulled out his revolver.

"Show me your gun, Chilla," he said, without looking up.

Chilla pulled out his gun, and Goodtime Joe took it in his other hand. He appraised both weapons.

"What's the score?" Chilla said.

"Mule throws 'em a bit wide," Goodtime Joe said. "How's yours?"

Chilla shrugged. "You couldn't miss standing on your ear, not with that rod," he said with some pride.

"I'll use it. Okay?"

"Sure, Joe," Chilla nodded.

Goodtime Joe spun the chamber, emptied the bullets, examined them, reloaded. He did the same with his own gun and handed it to Chilla.

"Right. Now I tell you what we do. When Willie cops the slug, and while he's still lucking, I'm going to plant this gun in his pew. Suicide—get it? And the cops who know Willie, and know he split on us, will think it's a natural. The heat was on, poor Willie couldn't take it, so he knocked himself off. How do you like that?"

Chilla thought for a moment. "Why, it's perfect, Joe — only what about my gun?"

"Naturally, you don't give nothing to Willie, not even dead. You take Willie's gun. That's a fair swap. Makes our plan look better, too. Might seem a bit suspicious if Willie had two guns."

"Yeah, yeah, I see what you mean," Chilla said. "I'll mess that rod, though."

They got off at the dismal railway station. There was the smell of the sea and the bush. A whispering darkness. They walked down the muddy road. Goodtime Joe was chuckling. "That was some lolly I landed tonight."

"Mina wasn't bad either," Chilla said. "Like a pear. That's how I bet she tastes. Like a pear — a rich, ripe, juicy pear. We go down here.

Chilla turned off the road, down a bush track. The trees were around them and over them. The sea washed furiously in the near distance. Their dark hulks moved through the bulging darkness.

"Can't wait to get back and taste that pear," Goodtime Joe said.

"Little sort I had'll do me," Chilla said. "She was all right. She was a lot of fun. I was wishing I was spurred up a bit better. Would have felt better if I'd had a shave. But she didn't seem to mind. She didn't let on, anyway. Shows what a grousie little potter she is."

Chilla went on stumbling along the track. Suddenly he realized there was only the sound of one pair of feet He stopped. Turned quickly. There was nothing. No one behind him, only a ragged channel through the bush. The soundless spurt of flame came from his right. He felt his hand being lifted, and he sensed his fingers gripping on warm steel. He heard the breathy chuckling. He heard the scuffle of feet drifting away.
Although it looks more complicated in plan the house is essentially a plain rectangle with a low-pitched gable roof running over the whole length of the main building. Car port, laundry and WC are under a separate low roof. The service area is to the front of the block, shielded from view by the car port and by a wall along the front boundary, thus leaving the rear clear for garden and outdoor living. The main room is fairly large, combining the functions of living and dining and being extended both practically and visually through large fixed glass panels to the covered porch and hence to the open terrace and garden. The bedrooms are reasonably large for such a small home and have sufficient built-in wardrobe space. W.C. is separate from bathroom and the bedroom hall is treated more as a dressing room with high windows above the deep wardrobes. High windows in the living room serve for cross ventilation. The kitchen in which the housewife spends so many hours of her day has the same outlook and exposure as the living area which makes it simple to serve meals on the terrace.

The block of land for this house needs to be 60 feet wide and should have its best exposure to the rear.
ARSON

In the 1870's Adam Kissel of Newark, Ohio, committed arson on a large scale. He got drunk one night and set fire to a number of flimsy shacks, in the hope of collecting the insurance. In that he failed. However, the townspeople were so pleased that the shacks had been burned beyond repair that they erected a monument to Kissel. That monument took the form of a sculptured face of Kissel over the door of the First National Bank. It is still there and is probably the only monument in existence to be erected to an arsonist.

SOME HIDE

There is one animal which will not die from snakebite. That is the wild hog. It has so much fat between its hide and its bloodstream that the venom becomes buried in the fat, thus doing no damage.

HILL BILLIES

The inhabitants of the Ozark Mountains U.S.A., continue to use many words and phrases which became obsolete centuries ago elsewhere. For example, they say "punchment" for "perchment", "wash-off" for "wash"; "nurishment" for "human milk"; "ruinated" for "ruin"; "necessities", "feather into" for "shoot", and "in the gales" for "good humour."

DYKES

The people of Holland have always feared inundations of their country, as 40 percent of it is below sea level and its 665-mile coastline requires the constant protection of embankments, which often spring leaks during heavy weather. These dykes, constructed in the 10th century, cover 200,098 miles, or 8 times the circumference of the Earth.

INDIAN TURNABOUT

The history of U.S.A. contains many tales of Indian uprisings against the whites, but, in 1878 a band of riotous Mexican soldiers crossed the border, seized a stretch of fertile U.S. territory and raised a defiant banner. There were no federal troops within hundreds of miles but a band of Apaches, sworn enemies of the U.S. whites, attacked the Mexicans, killed them and raised the Stars and Stripes over the recovered land. The flag they raised had been carried away during a successful raid against a federal fort in Arizona some weeks before.

HAD gone ashore, somewhat recklessly, from the tramp steamer "Morgan Vidette," which lay off Isabella, a humid slumor of a village on the Philippine Island of Basilan.

I'd come ashore unarmed, for Isabella, stronghold of the fierce, bloodthirsty Moro— the world's most savage swordsmen— does not welcome armed intruders.

An hour before ship's sailing, I found myself in a runy waterfront cafe in the sullen company of a dozen brown-skinned Moros, who were swilling rank rice wine, the traditional intoxicant of the Sulu archipelago. My companions were an unobtrusive and I could feel their hot animosity upon me. I was the only non-Muslim among them.

Suddenly, a half hour before sailing, a pocket-faced boy burst into the place and began a whispering reconnaissance of the drinkers. Instantly, the room was wild.

When the buzzing, excited conversation — partly in Sulu, partly in Magandaw, the languages of these islands — rolled up high-pitched and jubilant, I beckoned to a buxom Moro woman who had served me.

"S'mores," I asked in Spanish, "what excites them?"

She drew back, startled. It was as if I'd thrust a stiletto towards her instead of a few innocent words.

For a moment she hesitated. Then, glancing cautiously about to make sure no one overheard, she leaned closer and breathed "Las guerras de muerte de los caballo!"

"The war to death of the horses!"

Instantly, I knew the reason for the excitement. Uncontrollably, a shudder quivered through me as I recalled the stories I'd heard. How the noblemen of these islands, the aristocratic Datus, are patrons to the most bloodthirsty, most inhumanly savage
marathons known to mankind: duels 
unto death between blooded Batangas 
stallions.

Batangas are magnificent animals. 
Proud Higtaumqu Killers. Originally from the province of Batangas, 
southeast of Manila, they are a cross-breed of the most spirited 
horseflesh from Arabien, the Malaysians 
and the Philippines. Batangas, I knew, 
were trained from colthood for 
no other purpose than to manage 
and mail one another in the arena.

While they fought to the death, 
charming throngs of drunken, betel-
chewing Moros greeted them on 
with deren carous and huge wagers. 
No fighting Batangas ever felt 
a saddle or bit. None was ever hitched 
behind a wagon. They were groomed 
and pampered and trained like 
eldorado.

Those lustful, cruel duels between 
stallions whose teeth were filed to 
dagger's points and whose hooves 
were honed razor-sharp, had been 
capital sport among the Moros for 
centuries. But even more repellent 
was the Moros' habit of doping these 
princely combattants just before they 
entered the arena of death. The drug 
was a mixture of hot rice wine and 
hashish—a morbid concoction made 
from dried hemp plants.

As I threaded my way between 
the tables of staring, now ominous 
quiet drinkers, I felt every eye upon 
me. I hadn't taken six paces before 
a woman screamed furiously; it was 
a nerve-shattering, terrible outcry. I 
whirled around. The Moro woman 
lay cringing upon the floor.

Sickened, I turned back toward 
the door. But a giant Moro blocked my 
way. His muscular brown body was 
shattered in the Moros' traditional 
garb—skin-tight trousers and a short- 
sleeved jacket, open at the waist, 
revealing his bronzed, hardened 
abdomen. A vivid red bandana was 

hung around his forehead and his 
glaring, piratical eyes were blood-red 
and ferocious. I noticed the sash hung 
at his waist, which formed a kind 
of pocket. Stashed inside, I knew, 
were betel-nuts which blackened the 
Moros' teeth and tinge their gums a 
horrible orange.

Then, with a start, my eyes came 
to rest upon the razor-sharp "buzos"— 
the long, wicked, businesse-like 
machetes which hung at his side. 
My antagonist curled his lips into 
a tight, cruel smile.

"Senor," he said in perfect Spanish, 
"you have bard?

"About the horses?"

Instantly every man in the room 
was on his feet, his hands upon his 
bazos.

"You shall be our guest," the 
sneering lips mocked, "until tomorrow. 
Until after the festivities!"

"I can't," I pleaded, "my ship sails 
in twenty minutes!"

"How unfortunate, senor," he snarled, 
mockingly, "but how do we know 
you will not warn the police— those 
who do not care for this thing of the 
horses?"

I was helpless before them, and so, 
reluctantly, I became their "guest."

The next crowded hours were 
a nightmare. In the gathering dusk 
they hurried me from the cafe, 
ordered me to mount a horse and 
herded me off into the night. At 
length we arrived at what apparently 
was a ranch. I was ordered to 
dismount, and my "host" shoved me 
ruggedly into a hovel and bade me 
mockingly to have a good night's 
sleep. A huge, turbanned Moro 
guard stood watching me.

They held me prisoner in the hovel 
until noon. Outside, I could hear 
the excited whinnies of horses and the 
coming and going of many people. Then 
drums began a weird, rhythmic 
madness.

It was a melancholy chant that 
settled in a man's stomach and slowly, 
steadily crept into his throat and 
lodged there, a frightening, awesome 
sensation. And off from the distance 
came wild cries of unrestrained 

Just before midday my "host" 
appeared. He led me some distance 
through a milling throng of drunken 
Moros to a cleared place. The arena! 
Two hundred feet square, it was roped 
off by a thick hemp fence. Most of 
two sides—directly across and to our 
right—were reserved for royalty. 
Here sat the wealthy Datus whose 
horses were to duel. Raised platforms 
dotted the "reserved" sections and 
stop these, on rugs, reposed the 
wives and concubines of the Datus.

Huddled below the platforms were 
the native women, and servant girls 
from the lords' and ladies' households.

The arena's remaining two sides— 
where we stood and to our left—were 
jammed with free citizens and slaves 
who comprised the less fortunate of 
Basilan's populace. About us milled 
a thousand Moros, their betel-nut 
crammed jaws working noisily. 
Some were ladling rice wine from 
huge hogsheads set up in the areas 
occupied by the poor. Everyone was 
drunk and boisterous and here and 
there fights broke out among the 
spectators. The place was hot and 
uninviting—and hung with a miasma 
of morbidity.

In the arena's centre stood a long, 
scrawny palm. Built around it, about 
fifteen feet from the ground, was a 
platform. Here sat three umpires— now already in their places. The 
umpires were chosen by the Datus. 
Below the platform squatted a slave 
holding a porcelain pot into which, at 
intervals, an umpire let fly a 
stream of bote juice. The judges were 
old men and their slim was not so 
good as in their youth. The slave was 
stained head to foot with vile, black 
sputtle.

On opposite sides of the arena were 
almagro corals and within paced 
the blooded Batangas, seemingly impatient 
for death.

Suddenly a great song sounded. The 
crowd went wild, for this heralded 
the beginning of the duels. I noticed 
that the rich Datus and the poor, 
alone, were laying frantically bets. Some 
of the poor, I knew, had been known 
to wager a year's wages on a single 
fight. And a winning Datus often added 
another wife to his harem. Whole 
ranches were bet upon a single animal— so intense was the Moros' feeling 
for these savage tournaments of 

blood.

My companion sat a live streamer 
of betel juive and muttered, "Usually, 
sonor, they parade the animals now. 
This was done earlier this morning. 
Now, they fight!"

Suddenly a retriever jogged into 
the arena leading a mare.

The mare was tied to a post 
directly before the umpires' platform.

Then, a second song reverberated 
across the clearing and the corral 
gate to our left swung open.

A huge, muscularly-heeled 
Batangas pranced from the corral. 
His coat was creamy-white. His nostrils 
quivering and undulating, he got wind 
of the mare. His tail was like a whip 
of silver flag in the bright sunlight. 
But then I noticed his hoofs. They 
were honed to sharp, deadly cutting 
edges. The magnificent beast pawed 
before the mare.

But suddenly, the corral across the 
way burst open and in a flash, a coal-
black stallion as magnificent as the first, 
hurtled into the arena, he too, intent upon the mare. In a moment 
of perfect suspense the two stallions 
stopped stiff-shanked on opposite sides 
of the mare. Their eyes rolled with
the drugged frenzy which only rice wine and hashish can kindle.

They faced one another, the white animal and the black. They pawed the dust in mad fury, like wrestlers before throwing a half-nelson. Their wild snorts were blood-ringing, piercing. Then, their mouths agape, nostrils quivering, muscles taut, they closed for mortal combat.

Suddenly, within ten feet of the other, the white animal screamed a deep-throated challenge and, rearing upon his hind legs, kicked out his forelegs with terrible force.

Two steel-toe hoofs caught the black animal in the flank, ripping loose a flap of skin as wide as a man's chest.

The black Batanga screamed with pain and rage, and rearing, shot his front legs out like live pistons. His hooved hoofs raked the other's neck. Then, with a report like the cracking of a bushman's whip, his knife-sharp teeth stabbed viciously and punctured the white animal's left eye. His victim let out a horrible cry of hurt, and retreated, his eyes oozing a yellow liquid. But the black beast was upon him immediately. Charging. Flailing with his hoofs, his teeth rippling savagely. Rearing upon his headquaters to beat his hoofs onto the shank and chest of his opponent.

Though horribly mutilated, his once creamy coat raked and splayed and dripping blood, the white Batanga fought back furiously. As the black fury reared, the blinded horse shot his razor-sharp hoofs into his adversary's belly. Pain-wrenched, the black Batanga reeled backwards. Again and again the blinded horse knotted him in the gut, until blood ran in torrents.

Now, snapping their huge, bloodied jaws like the report of fire-crackers, they came at one another stagger, tearing, slashing, mauling. The black beast's right ear was bitten off in one terrible scissor bite. His chest was laid open to the bone. Now each Batanga's hoofs were red with the blood of his opponent.

Suddenly, in a moment filled with blood-sobbed screams, and a wailing by the frenzied lust of the partisan mob, the black animal lunged, rammed out a hoof and buried it mortally deep within the chest of his opponent. The white animal went down upon his haunches, his flanks heaving—every breath like a flowing well, bringing up blood. The next fleeting seconds were horrible.

The black beast, assured victory, reared like a coiled spring and all at once became a javelin, stabbing machine of death. His feet beat back and forth. Parry, cutting, stabbing. Jabbing. His opponent's once white coat was gory and bloodied. But he was fighting back valiantly. But now his once great jaws were useless, for the black Batanga, with one power-packed kneading, had broken it. The defeated animal cringed, begging mercy, but knowing that death was but a moment away.

While half the crowd, those who had wagered heavily upon the black animal, cried in jubilation and danced about in drunken celebration, the black animal finished his opponent.

A scream of mixed delight and a heavy groan of defeat welled up from the stands. The umpire rose and declared the winner. Bodhim broke upon the scene. And suddenly, through the savage tumult, my companion, who had bet heavily upon the victor yelled joyously in my direction.

"Did you ever witness such magnificence?"

But I, who had seen, had lowered my head in a fit of violent nausea.

"Foul" screamed my enraged host.

"Lily-livered weakening!"

And he remmned a handful of hotel nuts into his blackened, vile mouth.
When the white man discovered South Africa, the natives were running it. There were no taxes, there was no debt; the women did all the work. Yet the white man thought he could improve on a system like that.

8,000 feet. At its summit a crater filled with ice-cold water forms a small lake. It is shaped like a great wheel, 7½ miles in diameter and 24 miles in circumference. It possesses no harbour as the entire coast is exposed to the sea.

It is the foothills which have given the island a history.

Three foothills covered with grass, form a plateau a hundred feet above sea level. Thus they provide the inhabitants with essential shelter from the fierce gales which beat about the island at least 300 days in the year. In the protection of these hills stand the sturdy stone cottages grouped around the white painted Church of St. Mary. And in this settlement, called Edinburgh, after the Duke of Edinburgh, who visited the island in 1861, live all the inhabitants of the island.

In 1813, an American seaman, Jonathan Lambert, proclaimed to all the world that he had taken possession of the island for himself and his heirs. He made the claims in an American newspaper and he sent copies to every European Government. Naming the place “The Island of Refreshment,” he denoted a flag of blue and red diamonds on a white ground.

The remoteness and constant supply of fresh water made the island useful to the pirates who haunted the Caribbean Sea. Lambert is reputed to have landed on the island with six companions and a large chest filled with valuable plunder from a successful pirate cruise.

Loot and loneliness, however, proved too much for the pirates. They quarrelled over the division of the booty, one by one dying violently until only one remained. This was an Italian named Tomaio Corri. He was found there by the British when they took possession of the island in 1816. At that time Napoleon Bonaparte was a prisoner on St. Helena, and although the two islands were divided by nearly 1,500 miles of ocean, the British feared that Tristan da Cunha might be used in an attempt to free the French Emperor.

Tomaio Corri boasted of his riches, he knew were buried on the island, mentioning large quantities of silver plate, pearls, diamonds and Spanish gold coins. In support of his claim he frequently disappeared into the bush, returning with handfuls of gold coins. Ever since, searches have been made repeatedly for the buried treasures, but so far without success.

The little garrison remained on the island only a few months, returning to Cape Town in 1817. Three men, however, were so pleased with life on the island that they petitioned the Government for permission to remain permanently. This was granted and in this way Corporal William Glass, with his wife and two children, and Burrell and Nonkeville stayed to form a thriving colony.

They were soon joined by three men from St. Helena, Swain, Cotten and Riley. They came, somewhat in the manner of Noah, with two sheep, two donkeys, two cattle, two dogs and two geese.

One of the three men from St. Helena was Thomas Swan, an ex-sailor, famous because, while serving on the Victory at Trafalgar, he caught Nelson in his arms when he fell mortally wounded. It was William Glass who was elected leader of the community.

By 1824, castaways had increased the population to twelve, most of them men. Glass, while insisting on a strong moral code, realised the need of a happy family life if the settlers were to be content and the colony was to have a future.

Consequently he commissioned the captain of a visiting whaling schooner to bring from St. Helena five women who would make suitable wives for his men. The Governor of St. Helena selected the five women from many applicants, and the captain of the schooner landed them on Tristan da Cunha on his return visit.

About 1853, Rogers and Hagan joined the little community. Forty years later, two Italians named Repetto and Lavarello were shipwrecked on the island. They decided to settle there and to marry Tristan girls, and in this way the seven surnames which distinguish the entire community were completed. And to this day the inhabitants bear the names of Glass, Green, Hagan, Lavarello, Repetto, Rogers and Swan.

Under Glass, the colony prospered, for he organised communal fishing and agriculture and succeeded in raising livestock. By trading with passing whaling ships the islanders met their extra needs.

From the sea, however, come several dangers. One of the most serious was the plague of rats which came ashore from the American barque-taupe Henry B. Paul. These rats have killed off most of the island's birds, and they have proved costly to agriculture. Also from the sea came the flies which are a source of constant annoyance. They arrived in the days of the Boer War, on a ship transporting mules.

The sea, too, brought tragedy to the island when, in 1885, most of the young men lost their lives when their boat capsized. Fifteen men were drowned, reducing the population of the island to 32, only four married couples remaining. The rest were women and children, but, luckily, ten of them were boys who were just old enough to man the island boats. Thus they maintained the supply of fish, the island's main source of food.

The men of the island reveal a remarkable skill in handling their boats, which are constructed of oaks and ends of wood, the frames being covered with canvas. The large boats are 30 feet long, and the dinghies are about 16 feet, but both types are frail, particularly as they operate in a region where gales and high winds are constant.

In these boats they visit the neighbouring islands, Nightingales and inaccessible. They are some 20 miles south-west of Tristan and ten miles apart. On Inaccessible is to be found the Atlantis, the smallest of the non-flying birds. This is the “island cock”; to-day found nowhere else in the world, and it lives in dense tussack grass through which it makes a maze of tunnels.

The men of the island of Tristan have displayed such ability in fishing that a South African fishing company has established a canning factory, mainly for crayfish for America.
Company provides an expert to run a community farm, a non-profit store, a doctor, a nurse and a teacher. A hard-working islander can now earn $2 a day handling the long-boats in the rough seas that buffet the gale-swept isle. To these people money is practically a novelty, all their previous trading having been done by barter. The community spirit is so highly developed that the store, itself an innovation, is unable to sell scarce commodities. Unless there is enough for all, an item cannot be sold.

Mrs. Botha, who recently spent eighteen months in charge of the store, gave the reason for this unique state of affairs. "If one got something and there wasn't enough for others," she said, "it would be considered favourable.

Money and a few other items regarded as indispensable to civilization were first introduced to the island by Surgeon Lieutenant-Commander E. J. S. Woolley, R.N.V.R. He was appointed Governor of Tristan da Cunha in 1932, when it was advantageous to the British Navy to have a radio and meteorological station on the island in the war against the Japs. The station provided the Cape and ships in the Indian Ocean with valuable weather reports.

The station was manned by men of the Meteorological Section of the South African Air Force, and by a construction party of the South African Engineering Corps and Union Defence Volunteers. A garrison was built, and sufficient cattle and sheep were herded to maintain a plentiful supply of fresh meat.

At first, when the islanders provided labour, they were paid with chits which could be exchanged for provisions at the Naval Stores. As the system proved clumsy to operate, Lieut.-Commander Woolley asked for some money, and £3,000 in British and South African currency arrived at the island.

Said the Commander: "I explained its use to the islanders and the principles of banking through the Post Office Savings Bank and stressed the desirability of saving for after the war. They picked up the idea very quickly and we had a most successful savings campaign conducted in simple language."

After the war England set aside her latest acquisition for the Royal Navy. The Admiralty decided to commission the island as a ship, with Lieut.-Commander Woolley as the Commanding Officer. On January 15, 1944, the island was named H.M.S. Atlantic Isle, the christening ceremony being performed by the Commander's wife, using a champagne bottle filled with fruit salts. And, in 1950, Hugh Elliot, with twelve years' experience in Tanganyika, was appointed the first Colonial Office Administrator.

Tristan da Cunha, in spite of its flies and rats, is amazingly healthy. Visitors report that there is an absence of all infectious diseases, and it appears that people die only as the result of old age or accident. Toothache is unknown, and one man of eighty has a perfect set of teeth and has never had a twinge of toothache in his life.

The colony is completely loyal to England, and speech preserves the dialect spoken by Wellington's troopers who first made the island their home. The dress is that of a century ago, the women still favouring ankle-length dresses.

Tristan da Cunha, in fact, has a simplicity and security which cannot fail to arouse envy in those who inhabit a much more complex and unsafe world.
One of the interesting religious groups in the U.S.A. is the Negro flock of Rabbi Matthews.

ALBERT ABARBANEL

THE BLACK HEBREWS OF THE U.S.A.

They are black people but must they are not Negroes. They call themselves Africans or Afro-Americans of Ethiopian and Hebrew ancestry. Most of them live in New York City and, according to their story, they are the direct descendants of Abraham and thus the only remaining true Hebrews. Their white brethren, they say, are merely members of the lost tribes of Israel.

This Negro-Jewish cult clings to the most orthodox of Hebrew rites and strict dietary laws. They will not work on the Sabbath nor compromise in any way with their faith.

For many years these "Black Hebrews" have been unorganized and worshiped in small scattered groups. They found a leader, organizer and teacher in the Reverend Dr. Wentworth Arthur Matthews, a West Indian Negro with a thorough theological training. Today he heads the Harlem branch of the "Commandment Keepers Congregation of the Living God," with its 800 members. At the same time, however, he is the Chief Rabbi of all the "true Hebrews on the western Hemisphere." After his own estimate he is the spiritual shepherd of more than 150,000 Black Jews scattered all over America. Most of them are now united in the "Royal Order of Ethiopian Hebrews, The Sons and Daughters of Culture."

Their members are mostly small tradesmen, artisans and factory workers who will spend a great part of their income to further their faith. All of them have one great aim: they want to become independent from the outside world so that they can follow their orthodox faith and its demands.

The Harlem "Commandment Keepers" for instance, have energetically done something about it. Under a rigid plan they have built up a few co-operatives, own jointly stationary stores, laundries and other business enterprises. In Farmingdale, Long Island, they have bought a number of small farms which they cultivate with their pennies and dollars they established a home for their old people. Their method is simple: Out of their meager wages they save what they can. Once every three months they have a special meeting and pool their savings. Then they buy a home in the name of a new member.

On Fridays, Saturdays, and all holidays, they gather in one congregation for their services. Their temple in Harlem's Lennox Avenue is still not much to look at, but it is a fine room for 12. Two typical Harlem railroad apartments have been remodeled into a wide, long room with many windows painted to simulate colored glass. Beside the Star of David there is the cross and the crown of Jesus Christ. Between large pictures of a bearded, black man whom we recognize as Hale Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia are blackboards with Hebrew Arabic letters. They serve the children who attend the "Talmud Torah," the Hebrew schools, conducted by the congregation. Chants of all shapes and sizes fill the room and benches surround an old upright piano. Somewhere hidden in the corner is a guitar, a tambourine, cymbals, and a saxophone. They have a biblical right to these instruments, they say. The "Kinnor" is their saxophone, the guitar the "Newel," and the tambourine the biblical "Tupin" according to the Old Testament.

A pulpit stands before a maroon drapery, lavishly embroidered with Hebrew letters, which covers the picture with the scrolls of the Jewish scriptures.

Let us join the Negro worshippers in a typical service. It is Friday and the light of the day has given way to the dusk of the night. The women and men sit apart a crowd of impatient youngsters on the sidelines. The choir, dressed in white flowing robes and white prayer shawls, the women have covered their heads with multi-colored bandanas. The "Bishop" has taken his place before the Holy Scrolls, flanked by the bearded elders of the Congregation. He reads from the Scriptures in fluent Hebrew, the brethren reading the responses from Jewish prayer books. But most of them know the texts by heart.

The music begins slowly in a measured, hymned tempo. A first verse is sung by the choir, a second one and then the congregation joins. The tempo becomes faster and faster. A tambourine, a guitar, and a saxophone soon join the rhythm which rises to a quick-step.

Bodies begin to sway and hands begin to clap. A large woman rises from her chair and beats the tempo with her feet. Soon all others join in. There will be no end. "Hallelujah, Praise the Lord" until the Chief Rabbi rises his hands.

Youngsters and old men mount the pulpit and read a verse or two in Hebrew with the somber voices of their race. Then the Bishop begins to pray for the President, the Congress and the congregation. In Hebrew he will recite the ten Commandments, the cantor, Rabbi Wilkins, chants the ancient rituals. And then there are many hymns, sung by the brethren with the highest enthusiasm until Dr. Matthews begins to preach.

"Don't ever submit to being called a Negro," Bishop Matthews bellowed while his congregation looked up to him as if he were a miracle man. "You are not Negroes. The Negro, so called, has no history prior to the
18th century. And when that history began it began in bondage, poverty, humiliation and degradation, as Africans you have a glorious history. You are the direct descendants of great kings. You are the proudest people because you are the proudest Hebrews.

"The black man is a Jew because he is a direct descendant of Abraham Isaac, son of Abraham, was the father of Esau, whose skin was harry like the white man's and of Jacob whose skin was smooth like the black man's and Jacob was also known as Israel. He was the father of the 12 tribes King Solomon, son of David, was a great-grandson of the Tribe of Judah. He met with the Queen of Sheba who returned to Africa where she bore him a son known in Biblical history as Menelik II."

The members of the congregation nodded. There were some shouts. "The Emperor Haile Selassie is the king of kings who won the fight. Rabbi Matthew continued, gaining more and more excite with his own theory. "When Menelik was 15 years old he was sent to Palestine to be confirmed. And at the age of 24 his father sent him to Ethiopia for he wanted that country colonized. It should become a part of the great King Solomon Empire. That House has ruled continuously in Ethiopia for 2,000 years. There has been an unbroken succession of 61 kings from Menelik I, the present Emperor. That is the reason that I say to you, all genuine Jews are black men. Whether white people want to admit it or not, the Bible was written around the darker races of the world. "Where is the first white person mentioned in the Bible?" he challenged his congregation. "In the 12th chapter of Numbers," they answer in unison. "That is right," shouts the Rabbi. "Following the marriage of Moses to Hagar the bondswoman, Manum, the wife of Aaron laughed and was cursed by the Lord. The Bible reads: She turned leprous, white as snow."

I asked him the logical question. "But why then are the Ethiopian Jews called the 'Commandment Keepers?'" His profound knowledge of Hebrew theology resulted in a scholarship to the University of Berlin, the only black Jew who ever studied there. In 1927, he organized his flock in Harlem as the 'Royal Order of Ethiopian Hebrews'. Inspection trips throughout the Americas have convinced the Chief Rabbi that his flock of black Jews is steadily growing. Recently he visited the little-known 'Indian Hebrews' in Mexico, descendants of victims of persecution 300 years ago, who intermarried with their Indian tribes who sheltered them "They are good Jews," the Bishop says, "but we Commandment Keepers are the only genuine Black Hebrews. We keep the Commandments from A to Z."

Three sons who have all served in the Armed Forces, "and have turned orthodox Hebrews all the way," as he proudly says. His daughter is the musical director of the Harlem Congregation.

The Bishop's grandfather was a West Indian slave, known only by the name of Cornelius. He was freed a hundred years or so ago. Opposing the Greek Act of Emancipation, his daughter married a Lagos black Hebrew. Ben Yehuda, walking steadily for a family named Matthew he became known, as was customary, under that name. After his death the mother, with 5 year old Wontworth, emigrated to the Isle of Guadeloupe and later to St Kitts. A carpenter by trade, the youngster moved to New York City.

Twenty-one years old and yearning for the return to his old faith, his mother was non-Jewish — the carpenter worked at his trade while studying theology at the Hayden Theological Seminary and the Bush Ecclesiastical School. For his Hebrew studies he changed to the House of Sharon Theological Seminary of Cincinnati, then the only theological school of Black Jews in the Western Hemisphere. After advanced courses at the famed Union Theological Seminary of White Hebrews he returned to New York City to organize the first small congregation of the "Commandment Keepers." His profound knowledge of Hebrew theology resulted in a scholarship to the University of Berlin, the only black Jew who ever studied there. In 1927, he organized his flock in Harlem as the "Royal Order of Ethiopian Hebrews"...
A collector in New York has the largest collection of Meso-Spanish tortue instruments used in the Middle Ages. He delights in showing these instruments to sightseers and his delight when he gets a lovely subject like Cindy Heller, is Hindus. Yes, sir? A necklace for the lady, sir? This is ideal. She will never forget you.

Now, if your lady is in need of slimming, what is better than kneading with a rolling pin? And this scalded roller is just the thing for getting off surplus fat. Shre-Hed back in three minutes. This is giving Cindy Heller.
Baring her back to the birch, Cindy takes a leaning. The birch is made of strands of iron and it leaves a lovely benchmark. In the background is the Iron Maiden. She is an engaging weapon—hollow, with iron spikes inside. When the door is closed, you get complete privacy—with your ancestors.

At last he is giving the girl a break. And is he putting the screws on! We've often clamped our eyes onto girls legs, but this has to go on a limb. This instrument has covered a multitude of sins.

Now he's going higher on a limb. We brand cattle so that there is no argument about ownership. Might be a good idea to adopt the Middle Ages custom of branding our girls for the same reason. Trouble is, with the brand so high on the thigh, we'd have to see the girls in swimming costumes in order to identify them. Could be something in that.
I had one more trip to make after delivering my partner's body. After that I'd never move—or breathe—again!

I'd named the truck Suzie, and she was big and heavy and not too easy to stop. At first I figured that was what caused all my trouble, but it turned out to be something considerably more serious.

I was rolling down First Street with a load of Colonel Pittman's furniture on the truck when the traffic light turned amber. I was right at the light, and the load was pretty heavy, so I figured to barrel right on through. I stepped on the gas, and I was all the way across before the light turned red.

Four blocks later the siren screamed at me, and I pulled over to the curb for the police car. It parked in front of me and two policemen walked back toward me. I was a little surprised to see two of them come back on a traffic violation.

I recognised one of them as a man I'd seen before, but not a traffic beat. His name was O'Brian, and I'd seen him on the programme at the police-man's benefit. He had sung a duet with his daughter. She was a lovely girl with a lovely voice, and O'Brian himself had a fine clear Irish tenor.

His "Mother Machree" had been a show stopper. He was a small man, short and solidly built, with a face that ran to freckles, and a head that had run out of hair some years back, and was beginning to run to freckles, too. But when he spoke to me he wasn't using his singing voice. This voice was as cold and impersonal as metal.

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"Let's see your driving license."
I handed it over. I started to ask,
"What's the best?" and decided not to.
I'd run that amber light. I knew it,
and they knew it, and they knew
I knew it, so what was the use? Just
get the ticket, and take the furniture
out to Colonel Pittman's house.
That was the smart thing.
O'Brien asked, "You the one listed
here? You Jack Brandell?"
"Yes, sir."
"This your truck?"
"Mine and my partner."
O'Brien looked at me while the
other cop hovered respectfully in the
background. "Your partner?" He had
a question mark in his voice.
"Yeah Brandell and Foley. Movers.
We own this truck and another one.
Right now we're moving some furniture
to a rental house for Colonel
Pittman."
"Who's he?"
"Search me. Some Army officer that
just got back from Japan. I was a
sergeant myself last war. I got the
habit of not asking colonels a lot of
questions."
He said, "Yes." Not like he thought
it was funny, and not like he thought
it was corny, just "Yes," like I
hadn't even spoken. He handed me
the license. "Drive this truck down
to police headquarters," he ordered.

Surprised, I squawked at him.
"Now, what a minute! Give me a
ticket if you have to, but let me get
this load rolling."

O'Brien looked at me like I didn't
exist. He said, "I'm not kidding and
I'm not arguing. Get some, mister."
I got going.

At police headquarters they took
me into a private office. O'Brien was
there, and another cop, and a man
in plain clothes. They started right in
asking me questions. And I began to
realize there was something more
than a traffic violation here.
O'Brien said, "Brindell and Haley, huh? Tell me about the business you run."

"Not much to it. After the war Haley and I got a GI loan, bought two war surplus two and a half ton trucks, and went into the moving business."

"What do you move?"


"Don't you need a van for that?"

"Not for short hauls. Of course if we have a house load, it will take several trips. We couldn't move furniture from one town to another."

"How long have you known Haley?"

"Three years," I said. But I thought, oh, huh, now you're beginning to try your hand. Haley's got into trouble maybe he's having something that shouldn't be hunted. Maybe a lot machines or something like that. My mind wrestled with that a moment, remembering Haley. The trouble with him was the war was over and he couldn't adjust. He was the kind of guy that had to take damn fool chances. In the war, that had got him a decoration, but now we were back. I had to watch him or he'd take unnecessary risks, even criminal risks. The guy had to have danger, and with no war to fight, there was left only the law. If I'd been starting this business again, I'd never have picked out Wes Haley as a partner."

"What kind of partner is he?"

"Wes is okay," I said. I didn't think there was any use washing dirty linen before O'Brien.

"You two get on pretty well?"

"Most of the time. We have the usual business disagreements, nothing serious."

O'Brien said, "The way I hear it you quarreled pretty violently now and then. Where's Haley now?"

I frowned, pretending to think about the question. Actually I was wondering what the damn fool had got us into and just what I should say. I couldn't see any reason not to tell the truth.

"He ought to be back in the office. He was to meet me there."

"Would you ring him up? We'd like to ask him a question or two."

O'Brien handed me the telephone.

I dialed. They were all watching me, and whatever it was, they must have figured I was in it with Haley. I dialed, and his telephone rang and rang. It rang steadily, shrilly, and it began to give me the creeps the way they were watching me while I heard that telephone ringing in an empty office.

"He's not there," I told them.

"When did he tell you he'd be at the office?"

"He was going right there from Colonel Pittman's house. The one we were putting the furniture in. He'd almost emptied the first load of stuff when I drove up with the second. He helped me with the unloading so we could let the swappers go. There was only some light stuff left that I could handle alone. I went after it and Haley said that he would go back to the office."

---

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**If you'd taken Schumann's this morning, you'd be feeling much better now!**
"Was Colonel Pittman there at the house?"

"No. He had been there but he left before I did."

"Anyone else there when you left?"

"Yes. An insurance man, Guy Las- sitter."

"Haley and Lasitter were there?"

"That's right."

There was a knock on the door. O'Brien opened it, and I could hear a faint whisper of conversation. Then the policeman who had been outside came in. He carried a thick newspaper, folded the long way three times.

On the top of the newspaper lay a hammer. He carried it like it was an egg.

O'Brien said, "Take a look at this hammer. Do you recognize it?"

I took a look. It was the hammer out of Haley's truck. On the head was a dark, a scummy stain that looked like blood, and a few hairs.

I was sick inside, shocked and sick. I thought, He's killed somebody! That damned fool Haley has killed somebody!"

I said, "I'm not sure. We had a couple hammers a lot like that."

O'Brien said, "Maybe this fact will make you remember. We just pulled it out of the back of your truck, from under some furniture padding."

I stared at him, my mouth open like a fish's, my mind writhing, trying to understand.

He said, "Come along. We've got something else to show you." His voice was still polite, but his eyes were as bright as an animal's.

We rode in the police car. They kept asking questions as we rode, and I answered them like a man in a dream. My mind was numb, knocked out.

"Who is this Lasitter?"

"He handles our insurance."

"You carry quite a bit of insurance?" asked O'Brien casually.

"We have to. We hire swapnaps to help handle heavy stuff, and there's always a chance one of them will get hurt. Couple of months ago we had a guy fall with a refrigerator and crack his back. If we hadn't had fifty thousand worth of liability insurance we'd be broke now."

"And Lasitter was the man who handled your liability insurance?"

"That's right."

"And you left the two of them together, Haley and Lasitter?"

"I told you that. I wondered why he kept bumping on it. It must have been Lasitter. I thought Was had a fight with Lasitter and killed him. Then I thought about it a moment and knew that was impossible. If that were so, how had Las had the hammer with blood on it in my truck? And why had he put it there?"

The last question scared me. I refused to think about that.

We rolled up in front of Colonel Pittman's house.

The house was a red brick with an old-fashioned, green-blue wood trim. It looked like about a five-room house from the front, but actually it went back deep on the lot and was a pretty good-sized six-room. Colonel Pittman didn't live there. This was just some investment property that he had figured to rent furnished. He'd brought a lot of furniture back from Japan, carved teak and such, and was cleaning out this older stuff into the rental house.

We went up a cracked concrete walk. A policeman stood at the door, there appeared to be another inside.

We went inside. The body of a man lay on a half-unrolled red rug. The top of his head was caved in and there were stains on the rug. He'd taken his last fatal chance and danger had finally won. Death had taken this gambler's trick.
It was then I knew as I stared at him, almost sick, that I'd been way off base in my figuring. My head whirled, and there was a raging fear in my mind, and then suddenly I remembered what it was.

I recalled the telephone ringing in Haley's empty office. The police had known he was dead, but O'Brien had asked me if anyone had passed me in the car who might have thrown the hammer inside. And then I remembered that they had found the hammer under some papering.

It was impossible, it had to be true. But Haley didn't know that Haley had his brains spilling on Colonel Pittman's rug, and I couldn't keep from seeing him wherever I turned, and hearing that telephone ringing in an empty room.

O'Brien said, "How about Mr. Brandle?" "You got any more to tell us?"

My throat was too tight to speak, so I just shook my head to say no. That seemed to satisfy him. But then most killers don't seem to be out of the ordinary. I might as well tell you that it looks like you murdered your partner. Opportunity and circumstantial evidence would convict you. But so far we haven't got a motive. So, I'm going to give you a break. I'm going to look around a bit more than I suspect you. Don't leave town, and don't do anything foolish. Better face it right now. You're in trouble, son."

"Yeah," I almost whimpered, "I know."

I should have felt better, since they were letting me walk out of there, but I'd never believed they would. But I wasn't kidding myself. The only reason they hadn't held me was that they didn't have a motive. Sure, Haley and I had had some violent disagreements, but none for a week or so, and they might not even know about that.

I got the truck from where they were holding Mr. Brandle, and I saw Mr. Brandle was standing beside it, and I told him, "Captain O'Brien said I could take the truck now."

The guard said, "They told me."

He watched me get into the truck and roll out onto the street, his eyes pleased and uninterested.

I grinned the truck I didn't want a ticket, but I did go over the speed limit a few miles I wanted to get home. I wanted to think, because I didn't have much time left in a few hours, or a day at the most, they were going to find out that Haley and I had life insurance on each other. Thank goodness it wasn't with Lasiter's company. If Lasiter had handled life insurance, they'd have known by now. And when they found out, I could see myself being tried and found guilty. Open and shut, that's what it was.

I wheeled up in front of my apartment, my mind still buzzing so that logical reasoning wasn't impossible. I walked in and sat down in an easy chair, my back as straight as a rod, and stared across at the piano without seeing it.

I couldn't relax, and I couldn't

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think until I quit being scared.

Finally, I went over to the piano and began to play. I liked to feel
with a piano, and now, just letting my fingers wonder, some of the ten-
sion began to leave me and I could focus my mind to remember all the
events of the day.

If Colonel Pittman had discovered
the body, they must have given him
the same sort of grilling they had
given me. He might even have been
there at the time I was I began to
wonder if it were possible for him
to have slipped that bloody hammer
into the truck while they were ques-
tioning me, and before the police had
gone over the truck. It was possible,
at least in theory.

That would mean that he must have
a reason to kill Haley. It would be
too far-fetched unless they had known
each other before I tried to re-
member whether Haley had men-
tioned any colonels during our Army
time. We'd served in the same outfit
for about a year, then Haley was
wounded and I didn't see him till I
was out of the Service.

But I did remember something he'd
said about an officer who'd got rich
on black market deals. Haley had
been pretty bitter about that once.
It seemed to me that the officer had
been a colonel.
Could Pittman be the man? Could
Wesley have tried to blackmail him
and been killed for that reason?

It sounded thin. Still, it was a way
to start I broke off in the middle
of playing a song and got my hat.

As I went out the door, I realized
I'd been playin' "Mother Macree." Even
subconsciously, I couldn't get
O'Brian out of my mind. He'd had
e fine voice, and I wondered grimly
if I should ask him to sing at my
hanging.

The house in which Colonel Pitt-
man lived was away out on the edge
of town in one of the fashionable
districts. It was a big, new buff brick
with wide, sloping, brown-stained
caves, and an acre or more of green
Bermuda grass that was as thick and
smooth as a Chinese carpet all the
way down to the street. The house
looked like money, a lot of money
and care and good taste all mixed
untogether. I walked up and rang the
doorbell, and I could hear one of
time's expensive chimes ringing in-
side. There were five tones to the
chimes — Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong!
Dong! — and at the last note a wo-
man opened the door.

She looked like the house, like a
lot of money and good taste. She had
a figure that was strictly first-
class, poured into some kind of
a silk dress, and she looked at
you out of deep blue eyes. They
reminded you of a pool.

I don't know how to analyze it,
but she had more than class. She had
that something that makes all men
dream of their chests and wonder
if their tie is straight or their bald
spot shows.

She said, "Yes?" in an inquiring,
throated voice.

"I'm Jack Brindell, your mover.
Are you Mrs. Pittman?"

"Yes."

"Is the colonel at home?"

"No. What is it, please?"

I stared at the bottom of the door.

"You've heard what happened?"

"Yes."

"Her voice was soft, comfort-
ing. "Your partner, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

I had to make conversation
get into the house. Maybe I could
find out about the colonel's back-
ground from her, I said, "I wanted
to talk to Colonel Pittman about
the stuff on the rug."

Her eyes pitied me. "The cleaners
will take care of it. It isn't, it doesn't
matter. But please come in, Mr.
Brindell."

"For years I smoked like a
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CAVALCADE May 1954
She held the door open as I went past her. She leaned slightly to get out of my way, and the silk dress stretched tightly over her hips. They were as smooth as Delilah's. She looked good—good enough to be a murder motive.

Haley had been a good-looking man, and the colonel was a bit older than either of them. I wondered if I had stumbled onto something.

I asked, "Your husband knew Haley during the war, didn't he?"

She frowned, thinking. "I don't think so. He never mentioned it."

"How'd he happen to pick us to do this moving job?"

"He saw your advertisement in the evening paper. No, I'm sure they weren't acquainted." She looked at me again. "Can I get you a drink?"

"No, thanks."

"Coffee, then? It's been a hard day, I know. Do you realize how your hands are shaking?"

I hadn't. "Coffee would be fine," I told her.

Thirty minutes later, I left. Maybe she was clever enough to fool me, but I really didn't believe she was the kind of woman to carry on an affair behind her husband's back.

And then I remembered O'Brien's remark about murderers. When I stopped to think I supposed an adulterer would look just like anyone else. But there was I, right where I started, with time running out.

I got an idea, then, a wild, desperate idea. Suppose I went to O'Brien and told him about the insurance. Suppose I saved them a day or so to ferret out the information. O'Brien looked like a square guy. Maybe he'd give me a couple of days to try to find who had framed me. He could put a cop to tail me so I wouldn't get out of town. And if I ran, that would convict me for sure. It was a pretty desperate idea but he had to try something. I glanced at my wrist watch. It was almost supper time. O'Brien would be going home. I'd have to call him at home. I figured I might as well eat. It might be the last good meal I'd get in a long while.

I had steak. I enjoyed meals more here than at least I had steak. Then I found O'Brien's address in the telephone directory and drove out to see him.

It was almost dark when I got there and not too dark to see that O'Brien had a nice home too. It wasn't large, just plain one-room stone, but the yard was as carefully tended as Pitman's, and there was a bunch of yellow climbing roses in front that perfumed the air. I rang the bell and Nancy O'Brien opened the door.

When I had seen her at the stage at the policeman's benefit with her father, I had thought she looked nice, almost like a movie star. But seen up close, at home, all the glamour was gone. She must have been doing the dishes, for she had on a little flaked plastic apron with gold threads.

Her face was scrubbed, and obviously just between the new and the old makeup, for there wasn't a trace of rouge or lipstick. Her hair was dark, swept back off her forehead, and she'd thrust one of those yellow roses into her hair. The shape of her face was good, every bit as good as that of the colonel's wife. She looked at me out of grey Irish eyes and said, "Hello" in a voice that was warm and friendly and wholly natural.

I thought. Remember this, Jack. If you get out of this trouble, remember this. It was something you've been searching for, a long time. I smiled back at her and asked to see her father.

She led me in, and she had the sense to leave me alone without any hints or a word from her father. Looking at O'Brien there in his home, and seeing his plain, freckled Irish face, I didn't think of him as a cop any more, but I forgot to be scared.

He might have been my own dad, the one that I lost when I was ten years old. I talked to him. I told him about the insurance and about all my wild speculation and visit to Colonel Pitman's house.

He said, "We found out about the insurance late this afternoon. There's a pick up order out for you. Did you know that?"

"No."

He looked at me keenly. "I'm inclined to believe you. If you did know and came here with that story, you're a lot smarter and more of a crook than I figure you are. Suppose you wait here a moment while I go and telephone the office. Maybe there's something new?"

He lifted his voice, calling "Nancy, give this young fellow a cup of coffee while he's waiting."
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He took a long time but I didn't mind, sitting there talking to Nancy. I told her how her dad reminded me of mine, and she got around to telling me that she'd lost her mother at about the same age. It was us a sort of a bond. She made good coffee too, the kind a fellow needs at breakfast time. I had to pull my thoughts back sharply. They were getting away ahead of themselves.

O'Brien came back. He said, "Nothing new, son, but I've decided to give you one chance to turn up something in the next twenty-four hours. Suppose we go over it again, just to be sure we haven't missed anything."

We went over it again. Nancy was gone, and now the old horror began to seep back. No matter if I had won a twenty-four hour reprieve, things were black against me. And then, the last time through, I remembered something.

"Lassiter," I said, "Just before I left the house after the last load, he leaned against the truck. He had his briefcase. He could have hidden the hammer there and dropped it off into my truck under the padding. That would have put it down at the very bottom of the load when you found it."

"But you said Haley was still alive, that he called to you from inside the house as you were leaving."

"I thought he did. Somebody called my name. But a shout coming from an empty house is hard to recognize. Then Lassiter came out and told me that Haley wanted to tell me that he would go on to the office. But now that I think of it, Lassiter could have been both voices."

O'Brien's face had been friendly up until now. Now it began to harden in some subtle way. He lashed out with a quick Irish temper. "Well...

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CAVALCADE May 1954 89
that you came here? To plant a story like that at the last minute? You may be cleverer than I figured, cleverer and harder." His eyes bored hungrily into mine. "And why would Lassiter have killed him?"

"I-i-i-" I was stammering in confusion under this sudden change. "I don't know why."

"All right." O'Brien got up, a compact bundle of controlled fury. "I promised you twenty-four hours, and I'll keep my word. But get going, and I hope for your sake you can turn up some real evidence. Now get out of here!"

I got out. As I pulled away from the house, a car followed me. It didn't surprise me. Even when O'Brien half believed me, he had phoned to put a tail on me. He'd done that while I was drinking coffee with Nancy, and I couldn't blame him. But I wished I hadn't blurted out that sudden idea about Lassiter. I couldn't blame O'Brien. It sounded bad, like I was changing my story, and it made my whole visit seem like an excuse to slip in that idea. But I knew things could have happened that way, and more than that, they must have happened that way.

I began to get another idea or two, an idea that began to make sense. I drove home and called Lassiter on the telephone. I said, "Could you come over, Guy? I've got an insurance problem. Something that deals with an old case, the employee with the cracked back. You remember?"

His voice sounded odd, or maybe I just wanted it to sound that way. He said, "I'll be right over!"

While I was waiting I sat down at the piano and began to play. It was beginning to come clear now what must have happened. The only thing was that just knowing wasn't enough.

I had to find a way to get proof. Maybe I was wrong to stampede Lassiter like this, and maybe I could confirm my idea. Anyhow, there wasn't time to play it coyly.

He arrived in about twenty minutes. I didn't offer him a drink, just settled him in a chair and started in on him.

I said, "I've some reason to believe that the fellow with the back injury, the one that fell while moving a refrigerator, was an insurance swindler. You recall your company paid him forty thousand dollars. I wondered what you wanted to do about it?"

He asked, "What makes you think it was a swindle?"

"Never mind that. I kept bluffing. "The thing is, there may be others. Have you paid off on other policies with industrial firms?"

He said carefully, "I don't know. There may have been one or two."

I said, "Then I'd suggest you take it up with your company. Maybe if they compare the descriptions of the injured person and all the X-rays, they may find they've paid off on the same X-ray more than once."

He said, "I'll sure have it checked on. Thanks a lot, Jack. Was that all you wanted?"

"Yeah," I said, "That's all. But just to make sure I'll write to the company too. That ought to help you get action."

He whirled. "Damn you!" he shot out. "You're wise."

"Yeah. And Haley was wise too. That's why you killed him."

"Wine, hell! He was in on that one. Then he got too big for his britches."

"And you thought you could haul it on me. Now what are you going to do?"

"You ought to be glad I'm not out nights sweeping other women off their feet."

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I hadn't really thought about that question, or I wouldn't have asked it. He stared at me and his voice grew husky. He said, 'I'll do what I did before.' He took a gun out of his pocket.

It was funny I'd never thought of a gun. He hadn't used one on Haley, and I just hadn't thought that when I dropped that hint on the telephone, I was inviting him to bring one along. He was across the room, and we were both seated. He could shoot me before I was out of my chair.

I said, 'There's a cop waiting outside, one that's been talking to you. You'll get caught this time sure.'

He considered that, then he grinned. 'Thanks for telling me,' he said. 'The gun isn't registered. I'll shoot you up close, and put it in your hand.' He stood up and levelled the gun. 'Get up and come here.'

I was scared. There isn't any word for how scared I was. I started to do what he wanted, but I was talking all the time I got out of the chair.

"You can't shoot me from that far away, and I'm going to yell 'murder' in a moment, loud. That will keep you from getting away with it." I began to walk toward him.

I don't know whether I would have yelled or not. I didn't have time. The gun roared. My heart jumped once, and I wondered how long it would take to feel that I'd been hit. Then I realized that Laster was staring at an empty hand, and it was bleeding onto the rug.

A voice from the window said, "Hold it!" And other voices sounded at the door. O'Brien came in, stepping lively, and the policeman beside him carried a gun at the ready position. The other policeman, the one outside the window, had fired the single shot.

"O'Brien said, "Take him away!" They took him, and O'Brien and I stood staring at each other. "I don't get it," I stammered. "I knew you had me followed and I was trying to figure out how to signal the cop outside. How'd you get here?"

O'Brien said, "We had a microphone in there and a tape recorder, and a man in the next apartment. We knew everything you did or said.

I stared at him. "I didn't think you could do that—I mean . . ."

O'Brien said, "It's a ticklish thing, the invasion of private life by the police. If we make a mistake, it could cost me my job. But we had all the evidence on you except motive, and I'll risk my job to catch a crook any time."

I said slowly, "Since it saved my life I can't very well complain."

O'Brien's face broke suddenly into a smile. "I hoped you'd feel that way." He wasn't a cop any more, just a nice guy. He said, "You play a mean piano. Maybe you'd play for me sometime?"

"I'll accompany you if you'll sing. Name the day." I grinned back at him.

He said, "Sunday dinner and bring your own music." He turned away and I stopped him at the door. "Your daughter sings too," I said. "I'd like to accompany her."

He turned and looked at me and through me, and he knew I wasn't talking about music. And when he answered, he wasn't talking about my piano—I hoped.

He said, "I guess she could do worse. See you Sunday, son."
Sealed Lips McGonagle opened his mouth and put his own coffin in it!

THIS quarter of the city where McGonagle was born and bred was not noted for subtlety. Its wit was obscure and obvious its irony laid on with a trowel. The nickname Sealed Lips, which it had bestowed on McGonagle, was one of its nastier efforts.

McGonagle, it was whispered in the local saloons, had begun talking volubly at the age of fourteen months when he announced loudly that he could drink more laced beverage than any other infant on the block. He had been boozing ever since.

At seventeen the fact that he could not refrain from taking drunken and stentorian credence for a candy-store robbery had landed him in the reformatory.

When twenty months later, he returned to his former haunts he had changed physically. He was leaner, sharper eyed and the lines of his mouth were more tightly set. Vocally he had not changed at all. His voice was loud and constant.

During the next eight years, Sealed Lips McGonagle committed a score of robberies and three cold-blooded killings. He served a two-year term on one count, obtained a hung jury on another and on four occasions managed to frighten witnesses into hiding. Once he gained a suspended sentence and once a moronic jury acquitted him outright.

Through it all he talked.

Naturally, there came a day when he talked too much. Though, considering everything it came later in his life than anyone expected.

A gasoline station attendant was murdered during a hold-up. The man was armed and apparently had drawn his gun on the robber. The police found an automatic gripped in the dead man's hand, they also found a casse-tapen bullet in his skull and a rifled side.

Four hours after the first editions hit the streets, McGonagle began to act like a fourth rate actor displaying his scrap book. He bowed in all directions at once and took sole credit for the job.

He kept right on talking as a stool pigeon extricated himself from the bar-room and he was still talking when the police arrived to take him in. Moreover, he did not shut up when Baltiscope demonstrated that the murder bullet had been fired from a thirty-eight which came to light in a battered bureau drawer of McGonagle's furnished room.

If he was apprehensive during his trial, no reporter remarked it. He revelled in the publicity. He posed for the photographs like a Congressman and issued interviews to the press which drove his lawyers to shrill and futile protest.

He smirked when he was sentenced to the chair and promptly owned a contract to relate his life story to a newspaper syndicate who were more addicted to comic strips than news.

Two months later when Detective-sergeant Heyworth escorted him to Grand Central Station the larynx of Sealed Lips McGonagle remained unimpaired.

They sat in a worn green plush day coach. McGonagle's right hand chanced to Heyworth's left. As was his custom, Heyworth discreetly dropped his top coat over the handle which held them together. McGonagle grinned and shook the coat off.

He said, "May as well let 'em know who I am, sage."

Heyworth shrugged. He had chaperoned many men on this final journey. Within all reasonable limits he was ready to give them their own way.

A WARNING TO MEN IN MID-LIFE

At about 50 years of age, men show a marked decline in virility and vigour and for no apparent reason suddenly develop nervous tension and emotional instability. They are unable to sleep, they suffer from joint pains become irritable over nothing, hurry to aggravate, moody, irritable, unable to concentrate, and over all there's a constant dragging heaviness, loss of or suddenly increased interest in the opposite sex is common.

But this change is not confined to mid-life only. Quite frequently these symptoms appear at the age of 30 and there are many cases of men as young as 20 who have lost their powers.

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“Sure,” said McGonigle in a loud voice, “may as well give the peasan-
try a thrill. I guess they never been so close to a guy who's knocked of
twelve men before.”

“Twelve,” said Heyworth, “Headquarters figures only four.”

“Four,” said McGonigle, and if someone had unpinned his mother's
honour "They're crazy, sure. It was twelve. I remember every one of
them.”

He was interrupted as a man came into the car nodded to Heyworth
and took the seat facing them. He was a

little man of indeterminate age. He wore a

new grey suit, a dark conservative tie and an air of innocence.

He said to Heyworth, “Good morn-
ing, sergeant. I didn’t expect to see

you today.”

Heyworth nodded in McGonigle's

direction McGonigle grinned and said

nearly, "I guess there's a lot of people

on this train that didn't expect to see

me. I'm McGonigle." He paused and

added a trifle anxiously, "I guess

you've heard of me."

"I have."

McGonigle's smile held satisfaction.

"I guess you read the papers

about the trial. But you know the

newspapers didn't tell the half."

"Really?" said the little man

politely.

"No, sir," said Sealed Lips

McGonigle. "There was a fellow about

three years ago. I killed him for four-
hundred bucks. A lousy four hundred

bucks." He snapped the fingers of

his free hand.

"Yup," said McGonigle, "I've knock-
ed off twelve guys. And I done it all

by myself. Not like that punk, Capone, who hired his killing done.

Twelve guys is a lot. Ain't it?"

The little man nodded.

"I guess you never killed twelve
guys did you?" McGonigle went off

into a roar of laughter.

The little man looked vaguely un-

comfortable. He shrugged his shoulders and did not answer

"And the cheapest job I ever did," said McGonigle. "It was for two

hundred bucks. Now how'd you like to kill a guy for that sort of lossy
dough?"

The little man smiled vacantly. He

stood up. He said nervously, "I guess

I'll go along to the smoker for a

cigar." He nodded to Heyworth. He

caught the eye of Sealed Lips McGon-

igle and muttered, "Be seeing you,

sir."

The little man walked away. In the
doorway of the car he stood for a

moment and regarded McGonigle with

an odd and puzzled expression.

As he disappeared, Sealed Lips

McGonigle turned to Sergeant Hey-

worth. He was vastly amused.

"Well," he said, "I guess I knocked

him for a loop, all right. Did you

hear me ask him if he ever bumped

twelve men? God, did you see his

face?"

McGonigle was embarrassed on a

spoon of laughter when Heyworth

said slowly, "I forget the exact num-

ber, I think it's a hundred and nine.

A hundred and nine what?"

"The little man. He's killed a hun-

dred and nine men. His name's Hed-

drant—the State Executioner," said

Heyworth. He added gently, "He

gets a hundred and fifty dollars for
each job."

Suddenly, and for the first time in

his life, Sealed Lips McGonigle was

living up to his name.
We have a girl in our office who is so dumb that she thinks agnet rings are used to mark young swans. We were discussing stowaways the other day and she told us that stowaways are people who eat at a lot while on an ocean trip. You never saw anyone so dumb! She thinks a butress is a female goat.

Yesterday this girl told us she had half a mind to leave us. Hope she does not leave it to us.

You know she is a very hungry girl. She has no idea where her next meal is coming from.

Getting away from the dumb office girl, we read the other day that concert artists who is only 1 feet 19, plays a 3 feet 9 inch harp. This requires plenty of pluck.

A chap we know recently won first prize in the lottery and his wife bought 50 hats on the strength of the win. It sort of went to her head.

Speaking of going upward, we believe trapeze artists are very highly paid. They fly through the air with the greatest of ease.

Then there was the surveyor in England who was examining a blasted church when part of the building collapsed. He is suffering from fallen arches.

Fallen arches reminds us of athletes. There is a group of athletes in Sydney who are training on grapefruit. It gives them that extra spurt.

Like a bug we saw recently on a lawn. It read "Your feet are killing me!"

Did you hear about the world famous comedian who always took three songwriters with him while on tour? He had to keep his wife about him. Incidentally, the comedian's average income was about three o'clock in the morning.

And, speaking of income, if you want to know the value of a shilling, try to borrow one.

The club once announced that he had a prize on his head. One of the members murmured, "So had the Mad Hatter!"

Which reminds us of the prison warder who became so polly with the inmates that he was fired. He used to call them by their first two numbers. And, when you think of how you think of sloths—you know, a sloth is a guy who finds out when slow when.

Think we had better use a bit of diplomacy, if you know what that means—lying in state. Upon my word!
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