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WILL INSANITY HIT AT YOU?
—page 78
To boost audience rating, television companies are forever seeking beautiful girls of talent who are tough enough to last through the hard grind of T.V.

**talented and tough**

JOHN CAUSON

**SINCE** television was introduced to American and English audiences, T.V. companies have been engaged in a frantic cut-throat competition to build their audience ratings by recruiting feminine beauty. Each nation has combed its country for beautiful girls and these charmers undoubtedly play a major part in holding the television public's undivided attention.

As in commercial radio in America and Australia, surveys are taken and percentage ratings determined for individual stations and their programmes. In order to capture sponsors, television producers do their utmost to boost their programme rating. Thus, a station manager can approach potential commercial sponsors and tell them that a certain percentage of the public see or hear a particular programme, and consequently the sponsor's advertising.

Naturally, the high-rating programmes are snapped up without hesitation by commercial bodies. And in America, television has a much higher rating than has radio.

Television production costs are high and many T.V. companies have been forced out of business with low ratings a prime factor for their failure.

Only the best scripts are accepted by the T.V. networks; only the best actors and actresses, only the best of anything will do—and that includes beauties of every type.

Gone are the days when a buck-toothed, flat-chested girl got a job at the microphone and hit the big time. Television viewers want, and demand, only the prettiest faces and figures, and their voices must match their physical attributes.

Furthermore, not only must they be easy on the eye and ear, but they must be good actresses as well.

For instance, in an original approach to its "breakfast" session, and consequently to build its ratings, one Chicago T.V. station has a true to life "bed-to-breakfast-and-off-to-work" routine, just as you'd find in the lives of normal people.

To commence the day's shooting, the TV camera focuses on the twin beds in an ordinary suburban bedroom at just about the time when Mr. and Mrs. Chicago would be awakening.

The actress in one bed will roll over and suggest that her husband, who appears to have a hangover, makes the coffee. Sleepily he gets out of bed and the camera follows him to the kitchen where he actually makes coffee.

The coffee sponsor's advertisement is not presented as we Australian radio listeners hear it: "Start the day right with Blank's coffee! So tangy, so tasty, so fresh and invigorating! Always drink Blank's coffee—it's available..." and so on.

There is very little reference to
any, made to the coffee, but the TV cameras pick up the label prominently to be sure the TV audiences can see the brand.

The same with the percolator, the lady's nightie, which, incidentally, strips a man halfway through his shave and dresses him magnetically to the TV set, the dog food and the toothpaste the couple use.

And so, with these visual advertisements over, hubby shows his mastery as a bathroom baritone, and breaks into song as he lathers his body (yes, he actually showers).

From the kitchen his co-star sings part of the duet as she cooks breakfast, while dressed in her negligee.

After the song, they chatter according to the mood of the moment in a normal happy home, and into the scene flood more visual ads as they talk. There are gags, tiffs, misunderstandings, more songs and innocent love-making to help the programme along.

While the sausages grill, she will retire to her dressing-room and through the doorway you'll get fleeting glimpses of her as she dresses and talks with her husband in the bathroom.

Later, he sits down to his breakfast, opens his newspaper and props it against the sugar basin. The camera moves towards the paper for a close up for fifteen minutes during the "News"—only instead of hearing the news, you take your pick of what you read.

With the news bulletin concluded, the husband and wife team take over again with their gag chatter and songs until the time comes for him to make his dash for the train or bus.

That's the programme. This station approaches the breakfast programme in an entirely original way in order to get a strangle-hold on the early morning rating. Unlike normal programmes, there's no script for the actor or actress to follow.

There is not a great deal of time for them to rehearse, because there is a different and completely original breakfast routine every day. The technicalities of production, such as where clothes and when they must stand, sit, move, must all come as a natural consequence of their acting experience.

There are many pretty girls who can advertise a summery nightie to perfection, but there are few who can stand the strain of acting out all the natural events of a husband and wife in the morning from the time they open their eyes to the time when she packs him off to work, as well as displaying the nightie and wrap to the sponsor's approval.

The part calls for beauty, talent and toughness, if TV viewers are to be successfully wooed.

All television parts don't call for a combination of these three requirements. Sure it's hard work standing in front of a bunch of TV cameras if you haven't had time to rehearse your part; but in many live-artist programmes rehearsals are thorough. If the part is short, it's no ordeal at all.

But there is no doubt that beauty and talent are essentials for girls who wish to be TV stars.

At every opportunity a clever producer will slip into the script a gorgeous girl with a plunging neckline. And if the script normally wouldn't call for either the gorgeous girl or the plunging neckline, he'll create the opportunity, if it won't damage the programme. He must give the customers their gratities.

Take the advertising of cosmetics.
and who hit the headlines by insulting skating star Sonja Henie (she dropped in to New York's Club 18 one night while Gleason was entertaining and he handed her an ice cube with a smart, "O.K., do something!), has a team of dancing girls who are individual attractions in themselves.

Gleason has an angle for glamour in his series of half hour shows. Instead of having the cameras focus on a printed poster which tells of a change in scene, as in the old-time vaudeville shows, Gleason has a pretty girl come before the cameras to announce it.

Even for this small and seemingly unimportant part, Gleason has hand-picked his actresses so as to give his shows as much glamour-punch as possible.

Such small parts have been the trigger which skyrockets many a beauty to stardom.

Brisbane disc jockey Bob Rogers told this story in one of his programmes recently as he announced a new number sung by Joan Weber.

"Joan Weber, a brown-eyed, plump-sized songstress with a throbbing, emotion-filled delivery, is the latest addition to the ranks of Philips recording stars.

"An American television producer was putting on a TV show in which the chief character was a disc jockey, and was looking for a new song that could be put on record and sung by an unknown singer.

"American artist and repertoire chief Mitch Miller was approached and he selected a song which had mediocre success some two years ago "Let Me Go Devil". Mitch rehersed it and altered the lyrics, and it emerged as "Let Me Go Lover". Then he scouted around for a new voice and finally found 18-year-old Joan Weber.

"After the number was sung in the show, all switchboards at the station were jammed, and this unknown voice and the unknown song swept into number one position in the National hit parades, and within a week, this version was number one in all American hit parades."

Joan Weber's story of success through television is not unique In Britain, where TV is Nationally owned and there are no commercial stations, producers still rack their brains thinking up original ideas for better programmes, and one of their brain-children was the "Beauty Spot."

In essence, this small programme is simple. It is designed for women, in which a woman of outstanding beauty appears before the cameras for one minute, smiles at the unseen audience, and, without saying anything, is faded out.

"Careers have been made by a first appearance in "Beauty Spot", notably that of Lady Boyle who made her first TV appearance in this programme, and now, as Catherine (Katie) Boyle, is one of Britain's leading television personalities. Night club singers, vaudeville artists, actresses from musical comedy, films and the theatre all hope for their chance to break into high-paying television by being chosen to appear in "Beauty Spot."

"With such a series as "Beauty Spot", producers get plenty of beauty for their auditions, and it's then up to the individual beauties to show they have the talent, plus the mental and physical toughness required for the gruelling strain of continual close-ups before the television cameras."

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**His cut eye won him a title**

Sugar Ray Robinson lost two fights in startling circumstances. But having his eye cut out won him a world title.

RAY MITCHELL

SUGAR Ray Robinson was one of the most colourful characters ever to enter a boxing ring. Stylish in the extreme, he could box with the best of them; he had an outstanding knockout record, he was defeated only three times in over 190 professional fights. To many he was the ultimate of ring perfection, he was recognised as the best middleweight America has produced in two decades. And if he indulged in certain idiosyncrasies, well, he was Sugar Ray Robinson, wasn't he? He was entitled to travel the world with his own barber, his own secretary, his own court jester and the rest of the gang of 14. He was entitled to race around in his marve Cadillac, with "Sugar Ray Robinson, World Middleweight Champion" emblazoned across the side.

Yes, he was Sugar Ray Robi-
son, the best middleweight of at least two decades. He was a rich
man, too—he owned 11 businesses
in Harlem. And if he ran out on a few matches without giving a
reason, well, what of it? Sure, he
was suspended a few times, but the
suspensions did not stick. He was Sugar Ray Robinson, the big
drawer. He was unbeatable.

Unbeatable? Not quite.

One of his defeats caused the greatest upset in middleweight his-
tory, another defeat caused universal
criticism— and made boxing
writers write another unusual happen-
ing in the records of a sport
loaded with unusual incidents.

Sandwiched between these two de-
fates was another incident which
delighted spectators and proved
once again that Sugar was the
greatest of his time. For in one
that one, he won the fight because he
had a cut eye.

We go back to July 10, 1951, for
the big upset. It happened in Lon-
don. In the opposite corner was
Randolph Turpin, England’s hope,
who was rated a ten to one chance
—against Squires castigated Jack
Solomon for promoting it; they
said Jack should be arrested for
attempted manslaughter.

One writer, Peter Wilson—one of
England’s best—said Randy would last
six rounds if Sugar was lenient.

Well, Randy lasted longer than
six rounds. He lasted 15. What is
more, he won it. One of his fans
sent Wilson’s written prophecy to
Peter. It was sandwiched between
two pieces of bread. With it was a
note: “Eat your words, Peter.”

The loss of Robinson’s title
shocked America. A return was a
natural and it took place in New
York on September 12 the same
year. And it was thus the fight which
Sugar won because he had a cut
eye. The cut was wide and deep.

A crowd of 61,570 paid from 30
dollars down for seats for that fight.
The site grossed $767,636 dollars, a
record for any fight below the
heavyweight division, and ranking
tenth on the list of gross gate re-
cipits in all divisions. Tim
Theatre T.V. rights brought the
gross to 922,630 dollars.

The fans got their money’s worth. They
got their thrill. Robinson
showed that his form in London
was all wrong as he took the fight
to Turpin from the start. By the
end of the ninth round he held a
lead on points. But Sugar was
wearing rapidly and Randy was still
strong. The Americans were
coming uneasy and the referees were
preparing for another win by the
Englishman.

But Randy made a mistake in the
tenth round. He cut Robinson’s
eye. It was a bad cut and referee
Ruby Goldstein was looking anxio-
ously at that cut as the fighters
circled. Ruby looked like stopping the
fight in Turpin’s favor. Robinson
could see it. Sugar cut loose in a
do-or-die effort. A crushing	right to the jaw set Turpin on the
scats of his pants. He rose
groggly and staggered to the ropes.

Like a jungle animal, Robinson
was there with his gloves splint-
ing dynamite as he poured in
punch after punch to Turpin’s head
and body. Randy was cut on his
feet, only his fighting brain keeping
his head swaying from side to
side to dodge the punches. His legs
were braced wide apart; his hands
were near his waist Robinson
missed with plenty, but he landed
plenty.

With seconds to go, Goldstein
stopped the fight and crowned
Robinson. The crowd went wild with
delight; the critics wrote glowing
reports of Sugar’s great effort—a
do-or-die spurt which paid off
and showed once more that Rob-
inson was the greatest middle-
weight for many years.

Turpin lost his title, but he re-
covered 207,075 dollars as balm.
Robinson got 248,491 dollars and the
ovation and acclaim of the fans.

Robinson was near the end of his
career, but he was still good enough
to beat Carl Olson—just. He was
still good enough to knock out
Rocky Graziano. But he would not
have any part of Australian Dave
Sands.

Sugar knew he did not have long
to go, and before he bowed out, he
had an ambition to accomplish.
He wanted to join Bob Fitzsimmons
and Henry Armstrong by winning
three world titles. Ray had been
welter champion, he was middle-
weight champion. Now he wanted
at the time, he became

It was all Robinson. He was so far
in front up to the 13th round that
he could have sat out the last two
and still have enough points in
his favor to win. But it was hot
that night in New York. It was
June 25, 1952—mid-summer in the
northern hemisphere. The referee
Ruby Goldstein, had collapsed in
the tenth round and had to be re-
placed by Ray Miller to control the
rest of the fight.

In attempting a swing at Maxim,
Robinson overbalanced. He fell flat
on his back and did not move. The
bell rang while he was there and
he was carried to his corner. He was
in a coma when the bell heralded
the start of the 14th round. Maxim
won it by a K.O. That was the
circuit. But the best beat Robi-
nson. Sure, the same heat was
heating down on Maxim—to such
an extent that he lost 15 lb dur-
gring the fight—but Joey had faded
himself better.

So Sugar retired. He made a
comeback towards the end of last
year, but he was only a shell of the
once great fighter.

Robinson will remain high on the
list of world middleweights of the
past. But those three incidents—
the upset, the cut which won
him back his title, and his col-
lapse when he had another title in
his grasp—will keep his name in
boxing articles, even if his all-
round boxing ability becomes dim
in the passing of history.

The fight writers and fans alike
advised Ray to leave boxing for
ever, because they wanted to
remember him as he once was, not as
he is now.
THEY SEE WITH THEIR EARS

COLIN MERRILL

Although blind, these people have a sixth sense which is uncanny. Now they can develop this sense by use of a machine.

EVEN afternoon a blind man enters at Central and travels to his home at a suburb. He always gets off the train at the correct station, walks unheeding up the steps, along the overhead bridge, down the steps on the other side, along the footpath to the corner, crosses the road and walks briskly to his home, around three corners. He has no stick to aid him, nor does he have anyone with him.

That man works in the city, as do his blind brothers. None has any difficulty in finding his way.

To people in full possession of their five senses, this is remarkable. We feel that we need all our senses—sight, sound, smell, taste and touch—and doubtless all of us, at times, have shut our eyes and walked a distance, to discover how long we can walk in a straight line, or how we can dodge obstacles. Quite often we have walked into a tree, or rolled over a bank. Never have we been able to walk more than a few paces in a straight line. Therefore we wonder how the blind can walk with almost—in some cases, as much—freedom as the more fortunate ones who can see.

The reason is that the blind have developed a “sixth sense,” a peculiar kind of perception; they become adept at feeling their way unaided, at avoiding obstacles. The blind say that when they approach an obstacle, they experience a feeling of walking into a spider web. As they near the obstacle, a dread surges through them and they turn instinctively in another direction.

Two Austrian scientists, Professors Theodor Eysenmann and Dr. Ivo Kohler, of the Institute of Experimental Psychology at the University of Innsbruck, in the Austrian Tyrol, have investigated this mystery of blind people’s sixth sense, and have conducted experiments with interesting results.

They selected a room unknown to a totally blind volunteer, and placed in it various obstacles. They swathed the blind man’s face and neck in bandages, paste, and tinfoil, and put strong smelling salts under his nose. The tinfoil was for the protection of the face against any possible electrical influences. Thick gloves covered his hands and wrists.

Thus, the subject of the experiment was without sight, unable to touch or smell anything but the smelling salts, and being led into a strange room where there was no noise or draught, the existence or not of a sixth blind man’s sense could, they thought, be conclusively demonstrated.

The blind man discovered the existence of, and avoided, obstacles without touching them.

It is easy enough for a blind man to detect the presence or proximity of a motor car or cycle by sound or smell. But what about such obstacles as trees, fences, or walls? Such objects cannot be smelt or heard.

The scientists found that such noiseless obstacles were readily detected when they led the blind man through the countryside.

Experimenting further, Professor Eysenmann and Dr. Kohler constructed a robot, which was devoid of every sense but hearing. He had an electrical ear in the shape of a
sensitive microphone which could pick up sounds and transmit them to an amplifier.

The robot was placed in a room into which a little sound not heard by the human ear was being projected. The electrical ear of the robot reacted at once, as it did also when objects were removed quietly from one point of the room to the other.

These discoveries suggested that some kind of 'nose' is always present everywhere, and that while the ordinary sighted human being is not able to hear it, blind people with compensating hearing of greater sensitivity can.

This theory is supported by the fact that blind people who are deaf in one ear walk with their heads turned in such a manner that the hearing ear is forward.

The blind persons who volunteered for the scientists' experiments did not believe that the sound of their sixth sense was the ears. They maintained that it was the skin. Skin perception, they said.

Professor Erismann and Dr. Kohler conducted experiments demonstrating that skin perception does not come from exterior irritations, but from within. The nervous system reacts via the ears, in the same way as would that of a sighted person via his or her eyes.

One very practical proof of the reality of skin perception—via the ears—is that if a blind man walks backwards towards an obstacle, he feels the danger on the back of his head.

Many things can cause blindness—a damaged retina, an injury to the brain, the blind in the lens of the eye loses its transparency, blindness may follow.

The optic nerve fibres in the left side of each eye come from the left side of the brain, while those for the right side of each eye come from the right side of the brain. Some of these fibres must cross before they reach the eye if both lobes that receive the reports from the eyes are damaged, a person may go blind, even though his eyes are unharmed.

Until comparatively recent times, sightless people lived by begging. To society they were outcasts, but the position is vastly different these days. The blind have proved their usefulness in many professions, trades and other activities.

The blind French organist, Louis Braille, born in 1809, invented the system of reading with the fingers which is still used. His invention of tiny embossments on sheets of paper which enabled the sensitive fingers of the blind to distinguish words, was the greatest step in the advancement of sightless people.

Helen Keller showed the world that the blind need not be handicapped. Born in Alabama, U.S.A. in 1880, in full possession of her faculties, Helen contracted scarlet fever while young. This left her blind and deaf. Being deaf, she was unable to hear speech, so that she could not learn to speak by the normal method. But tuition from Anne Sullivan taught Helen to read by Braille. Miss Sullivan also taught her to speak by feeling the lips and throat of people talking. Helen learned to imitate with her own lips and throat, the action of normal people. Thus she learned to speak.

Helen Keller learned not only English, but French, German, Latin and Greek—a remarkable accomplishment for anyone so handicapped as she. She learned to "listen" to the radio by means of wires on a board, the vibrations of which she could feel. She had written many books and has lectured in almost every country in the world.

Such a woman was an inspiration to all blind people. She proved to society that the blind could do almost anything a person in full possession of faculties can do. Her example has been followed by others, notably Ronald Gourley and Alan Templeton, the blind pianists.

Actor, Desmond Knight, was blinded during World War II, but he did not quit acting. He learned to act all over again and can play any of the roles he played before his affliction.

Blind persons occupy positions as telephone operators, shorthand-typists, clerks and even executives. Their scope is vast. They even play sport—cricket, football, bowls, even golf. Their dark world has been relieved by the light of seeing with their ears, by the light of understanding and by their perseverance.

Now Dr. Kohler has invented a guide apparatus for the blind. It is shaped like a box and is placed on the chest. It emits a low cracking sound, which reflects from obstacles thus warning the wearer. Dr. Kohler has incorporated this in a school for the blind at Innsbruck. Now every blind person can develop his natural gift of sensitive hearing to the highest degree.
Once upon a time when a girl donned a swimsuit she went swimming. But, of course, in those days swimsuits were rather cumbersome—and very unattractive, too. Neck to ankles with elastic at the wrists and ankles to keep them in place.

Swimsuit manufacturers began to consider making legs of the costume become smaller, along with the sleeves—until the whole form was shown and the legs were bare to half-way up the thigh.
Young girls wore them—and attracted much attention on the beach. Demands for more expensive feminine pulchritude led to two-piece suits, bikinis and strapless bras. The boys were pleased, so were the manufacturers—they were using less material! Strangely, these abbreviated swimsuits cost more to buy than did the old-style swimsuit. But then, perhaps you pay for the attention you attract.
The bandits were gentlemen

They looked and spoke like gentlemen, but they robbed 50 banks and left no clues. Then, after eight years, they became careless.

JAMES HOLLEDGE

CALIFORNIA was plagued by the cleverest gang of bank robbers the country has ever seen. Known as the "Gentlemen Bandits", they struck again and again with ruthless efficiency. They moved with the swiftness of phantoms. They took their loot and disappeared as completely as if they had never been there. They robbed 50 banks, collecting half a million dollars.

Crime Capsules

CANNED

In Chicago a hold-up man, dressed in overalls and carrying an oil can, walked into an inn, squirted oil into the bartender's eyes and grabbed $50 dollars from the till. When police caught him later he was canned.

STUCK UP

Laudalady Lea Paul complained in Cleveland, Ohio, court that after she asked two tenants to leave, they packed glue into a lamp socket, rubbed cold cream into the sofa cushions, smeared textile bleach on the sofa, glued an oriental throw rug onto the carpet and poured a mixture of syrup, salt, coffee and sugar over the living room rug.

FOOTING THE BILL

When James Barnes stepped out to freedom from a Liverpool, England, gaol, he earned three pairs of shoes which he had stolen from inside. Three days later he was arrested and returned to the gaol for trying to sell them.

MATTER OF TASTE

A burglar broke into a restaurant in Brechin, England, and stole four dozen cakes. He wrote a letter to the proprietor a few days later. It stated "Thank you—the cakes were wonderful." But a burglar who broke into a cafe in Los Angeles and made himself a meal, left this note: "The steak was tough".

HAIRLESS HARRY

Harry False, a Californian bank robber, was very proud of his flaming red hair and beard. He refused to change the colour of either, or shave, even though it was pointed out to him that he was an easy mark of identification. He employed a barber to live near him and keep his hair and beard neat, and he imported 500 dollars worth of hair oil. One day, as he slept in his barber's chair, a couple of his men, under the influence of liquor, shaved his face and head, then quickly departed. A few minutes later police came up to the ranch, looking for the red-headed bandit. They saw him, but failed to recognize him. They rode away, thus giving False a reprieve to rob another day.

NO HONOUR

"The Echo", a newspaper published by inmates of a Texas prison, complained that a crook attended the prison's rodeo. It appeared that rodeo clowns, all prisoners, passed 19 collection boxes among the audience—and only 18 came back!
They left no fingerprints. No bank employee could pick any of the "Gentleman Bandits" from thousands of rogues' gallery pictures. The licence numbers on the robbers' cars were faked.

But there came a day of reckoning for them. Two of them died before a hail of gunfire. The third spent a lifetime behind prison bars.

The leader of the trio commenced his crime career as a lone wolf. On November 20, 1927, he strode into a small branch bank in Los Angeles. He was short, alert-looking, well-dressed and approaching 40 in age.

The bank was staffed only by a manager and a girl clerk. The bandit smiled at her. "Have you a bank guard here?" he asked and flashed what looked like a police badge. "I'm an inspector and would like to talk to him."

The girl assured him the bank was too small for a guard.

Immediately the man produced a revolver. "This is a hold-up," he announced. "If you behave you won't be hurt."

Coolly helping himself to 1300 dollars the robber walked out as unhurriedly as he arrived. He entered his car and drove away.

The bank clerk noted the number of the car and told Captain Harry Sanger, head of the Los Angeles Robbery Squad.

Sanger anticipated no difficulty tracking this bank robber. He had a good description, the number of his car and, almost certainly, his fingerprints on the cash drawer.

But there were no fingerprints, even though the girl and the manager were certain the bandit had not worn any gloves. Sheaves of photographs of known bank robbers were produced for the employees' inspection. Both were certain their man was not amongst them.

"He's nothing like any of these people," said the girl, pointing to the tough, florid faces of the typical robbers in the photographs. "He didn't look like a bandit. He looked more like — well, like a gentleman."

The last of the police hopes evaporated when they traced the car number the girl had noted. It belonged to a reputable citizen, who easily proved he had nothing to do with the crime.

Again and again over the next eight years the Phantom Bandits made no effort to prevent the taking of their car number.

When investigated, it was always found useless. The bandits used false number plates. Later it was discovered that they were specially made by the leader in his home workshop.

On February 12, 1928, the unique robber struck again. He invaded a bank at Altadena, a few miles out of Los Angeles, and stole 1,683 dollars.

No fingerprints were left. A false number appeared on the bandit's getaway car. He could not be identified from photographs and was described as nothing like a criminal type.

All through 1928 and 1929 the robberies of the infamous "Gentleman Bandit" continued.

Police scoured the underworld nightclubs and hotels in plush resorts. They were watched continuously. Scores of "Good Time Charlies" observed freely spending money were quietly checked as to the source of their funds.

As a result, several wanted thieves, swindlers, and embezzlers were caught, but there was no sign of the elusive "Gentleman Bandit."

Early in 1930 the Gentleman Bandit acquired a partner— a dandified, well-spoken, and suave replica of himself. The robberies increased.

On July 17, 1930, the Gentleman Bandits appeared early in the morning outside the State Bank in the town of Rosemead. A cleaner was outside, at work on the windows.

"Any chance of getting in?" one of them asked. He flashed a card. "We're bank examiners. We'd like to start our work early, so we can finish and get back to Los Angeles."

The cleaner was cooperative. He opened the door for them.

Once inside, the bandits bound the cleaner and thrust him out of sight behind the counter. Then they took up positions on either side of the door. Each bank employee who entered was grabbed and overpowered. One by one they were added to the pile of bound figures behind the counter.

Only one person escaped the undignified handling. He was the bank manager. He was forced to open the vault. The robbers took 25,000 dollars and departed.

Early on May 9, 1931, the two bandits waited outside the Pasadena National Bank. The first two employees—girl clerks—arrived and entered. A few moments later they answered a knock on the door by the robbers.

"We're police officers," said one of them, opening the palm of his hand to expose a square of metal that could be a badge. "We've got a tip someone is going to try a hold-up here today. We're going to set a trap for them. Do you mind if we come in?"

The excited girls did not mind. They opened the door. As in the Rosemead robbery, the employees were bound as they entered.

One of the girls told police that one bandit bad held her bare arm as he escorted her to the rear. "His hand felt funny, like glass," she said. "I'm sure he had something on his fingers. Like nail polish."

Captain Sanger thumped the table excitedly. "That's it," he cried. "That's why they leave no fingerprints! But it's not real polish. It's collagen!"

For four more years the Gentleman Bandits remained at large. In 1933 they became a trio and the third member was as unlike any criminal in appearance as the others. There was hardly a town in Southern California that was not robbed by them.

But continued success made the bandits careless. On January 31, 1936 they invaded a bank at El Monte and instead of their subtle entry, one man simply walked out in a car while the other two walked in, produced guns and set about an ordinary hold-up.

A woman employee dropped a telephone into which she had been speaking. The party at the other end heard the harsh commands of "Hands up!" and guessed what was afoot. He notified the police.
It was a fateful day for the Gentleman Bandits. Ordinarily, the town's police force only numbered a couple of men. On this day, however, a conference was being held there regarding a police pistol shooting competition. When the alarm was received, a score of officers raced out towards the bank. Each was a crack shot.

The two bandits in the bank surrendered immediately. But their partner began blasting with a shotgun. Before he fell dead with a dozen police bullets in him, his wild shooting killed one of the two bandits captured inside. The survivor was the leader, the founder of the gang.

His name was Frank Forrest Smith. The man who had lost his head and started shooting was his younger brother, Clarence. The bandit he accidentally killed was Ernest Yates.

In a confession, Frank Smith revealed he himself had been a banker until he was ruined by a financial crash in 1897. He decided to repair his fortunes with a gun.

His brother (a hotel keeper) and Yates (a car dealer) joined him when their businesses were affected by the depression.

All three lived as wealthy retired businessmen in palatial homes in Los Angeles. Their wives and families knew nothing of their criminal activities.

Frank Smith spent all he had in a futile court battle to escape punishment for his crimes. He was broke when he finally went off to San Quentin Penitentiary to begin a life sentence.

They died for the Legion for one halfpenny a day. One Englishman gave the alarm of an attack, deliberately dying to do so.

Leo Fabian

For a halfpenny a day, two Englishmen—Reginald Forbes and Larry Desmond—went to Morocco with the Foreign Legion in 1933. They were to join the bloody campaign against the Rif guerrilla leader, Abd el Krim, that had already cost Spain and France 20,000 brave men.

Enow in the inaccessible Atlas Mountains, Abd el Krim...
with his hordes of wild tribesmen
that he had welded into an efficient
fighting force, was a formidable
opponent.

The French were based in a line
of Foreign Legion forts that
stretched across Morocco from the
Algerian border almost to the
western coast.

The Riffs played a waiting game
— they preferred to remain in their
mountain hide-outs and strong-
holds and ambush stray scouting
parties of Legionnaires.

At Fort Suskin, north of Far
Fortes and Desmond went into
their first action, six months after
joining the Legion.

Bitter hand-to-hand fighting to
the death inside Fort Suskin that
night is enshrined in the history
of the Foreign Legion as one of
the most grimmest encounters of the
Moroccan War.

Forbes and Desmond were de-
tailed to a relief garrison sent to
Suskin that summer from the
Legion headquarters of Sidi-bel-
Abbes, in Algeria. The force num-
bered 400 men. They marched the
300 miles over mountains, rivers
and desert. It took six weeks, and
eighty men of the contingent died
an en route from dysentery, effects
of the sun, and exhaustion.

The Foreign Legion kept no
record of their deaths, the futility
and futility of the world which
struck them. The Legion in those
years was considered just so many
fighting pack-mules. They were worth
their food and a halfpenny a day
only while they remained fit to
march and fight.

Fort Suskin was surrounded by
a trench, 15 feet wide and 15 feet
deep. Barbed-wire entanglements
lined the trench. The relief force
crossed the trench. which was
about 500 yards from the fort by
means of a wooden bridge. This
was removed immediately the last
man crossed.

After seven months of constant
battle-action, the garrison wel-
come the newcomers. They could
now start on the 300-mile march
back to Sidi-bel-Abbes for a short
period of rest.

A few days later Forbes and
Desmond reserved their first bap-
tism of fire. They were in a recon-
naissance force which met a detach-
ment of Riffs in a long, narrow
mountain defile. Both parties were
caught by surprise and the Legion-
naires scattered behind boulders
and began sniping at each other.

Neither force dared emerge from
cover. A retreat was preferable
from rock to rock while in the
defile. But eventually there came
open country. It was a stalemate.

But the Legion force was
equipped with a good stock of
hand-grenades. As they exploded
the Riffs went half-crazy with fear.
They dashed out into the open.
Accurate rifle-fire took heavy toll.

In the confusion, two Legion-
naires raced forward with more
grenades. They exploded with tell-
ing effect among the screaming
Riffs. The Legionnaires emerged from
their cover and charged, with
bayonets.
poured a torrent of fire in the direction of the noise.

Finally all was quiet. Investigation revealed a dead mule.

When, over succeeding nights, more mules got into the trench and set Fort Susakin into turmoil, the commandant detailed a party of six men and a sergeant to hunt down every mule in the district.

The mule-hunters never returned. A few days later searchers found their seven bodies naked and mutilated in the desert. They had fallen victims themselves to Riifs.

But the Riifs were not satisfied with a mere seve men as vengence for the rout in the defile. They had a plan for the invasion of the fort.

Larry Desmond, on the night chosen, was one of four men patrolling along the inside rim of the trench. They did not see the stealthy figures worming their way through the trench and its barbed wire.

The Legionnaires were knifed and bludgeoned. Three of them died.

Larry Desmond went down from a succession of stab-wounds and was left for dead—but a spark of life still lingered in him. He recovered consciousness later, to find a strong force of Riifs in the fort.

Larry Desmond had to give the alarm to his comrades before they were butchcred as they slept. He had no gun. His voice was but the creak of a dying man.

Then he remembered the bells in the trench. Stumbling forward to the edge, he hung himself straight into the mass of barbed wire.

His body crashed down on a rope fixed to a bell. It started clanging—and it continued its blaring note as the corpse of Larry Desmond hung face downward across the rope and kept the bell going without interruption.

Naked as they slept, the Legionnaires leaped into the fray. Proper aim was impossible. The Riifs were everywhere. But their white robes made them conspicuous. The Legionnaires clubbed and stabbed and shot at them like madmen. It was a battle to the death.

The small, confined space inside the fort reeked with the smell of sweat and blood and death. Men cursed and yelled with the frenzy of killing. Some cried with the awful compelling urgency to save their lives. It was turning them into wild, mad beasts that exulted with each Riiff body added to the pile of dead.

And slowly the Legion was winning.

The Riifs had depended on surprise. In a straight fight they were outnumbered three to one. Their defeat was inevitable.

The Riifs flummled out to one small group huddled under the wall. Riiff-fire poured into them, but they fired back like automatons, with no thought of surrender.

When their ammunition gave out, the Riifs enraged the Legionnaires hand to hand. They were skilled swordsmen who had wielded their heavy curved blades since they had first been strong enough to lift them.

But numbers told. Swords were knocked up by bayonets. The battle of Fort Susakin ended with the capture alive of the last 15 Riifs.

The noise of the singing bell still came from the trench. Reginald Forbes rushed out with a dozen others to see what had happened to his friend. They found Desmond’s body still suspended in the wire.

“A brave man,” summed up the fort’s commandant at the ceremony held at dawn. “He did his duty. He gave the alarm—even in death.”

That was all. It was all part of the game of living, fighting, and dying in the desert.

The dead Legionnaires were buried in graves dug deep in the earth inside the fort and marked with crosses and identification. There were 24 of them.

Meanwhile the 15 Riiff prisoners were kneeling in prayer. “Pray, my God-forsaken heathers!” shouted a Legion officer. “Pray to the rising sun, for you will never see it again.”

The Riifs knew that and faced the end calmly. They were shot and their bodies thrown, with their other dead, into a huge communal pit. Altogether 100 men were buried in the rough grave.

Years later, after he had left the Legion and Morocco knew peace again, Reginald Forbes returned to Fort Susakin. The building was in ruins, having long been abandoned.

He found the Legion graves, including that of Larry Desmond. They were intact.

A huge cairn of white stones attracted him. It had been put up by the Riifs in the manner they commemorate their heroes and holy men.

It was built over the pit where the Legionnaires had unceremoniously dumped the bodies of the tribesmen who had tried to murder them in their sleep.

A modern fort belonging to the French Foreign Legion.
TARZAN TRIUMPHS OVER TIME

Tarzan has been in existence in book form and in films for 37 years. He remains one of the best-loved characters in fiction.

Lex Barker, the latest Tarzan.

Bara the deer grazed contentedly in the jungle clearing, not knowing that Numa the lion was crouching, ready to spring. But the Ape-man was watching. Whipping his bow-edged knife from its sheath and clamping it between his teeth, the white-skinned man-animal launched himself at Numa, landing astride its back with his powerful legs vice-like around Numa's belly, his left arm like an iron band around its throat, and his knife flashing as he searched for Numa's heart.

The jungle shook with the fury of battle; Numa's roars of pain, fear, anger and surprise blending with inhuman guttural grunts from the ape-man as the combatants rolled around the clearing in a battle to the death.

It was soon over. The tall white man threw aside the limp limbs of his enemy as he climbed to his feet. Standing erect, he placed one foot on Numa's and threw back his head to emit the stentorian victory cry of the Great Ape he had—a cry that civilization could not breed, a cry that brought response from every part of the jungle—defiance from the big cats, exultation from the Great Apes, and relief from the gander jungle creatures.

For Tarzan, conqueror of the jungle, bad again shown his mastery. This is the man, Tarzan, alias John Clayton, son of Lord Greystoke, whom author Edgar Rice Burroughs created 37 years ago, and immortalised in fiction. Tarzan, who ranks with Tarzan, Robin Hood, Captain Blood and the Count of Monte Cristo in his undiminished popularity since his creation. Tarzan, King of the Great Apes.

Following the publication of the first "Tarzan" book, Hollywood was not slow to realise the gold mine in such a character part. The first screen Tarzan was brawny-chested, six-foot Elmo Lincoln, then nearly forty years of age, but tapering athletically in physique—a fine specimen, ideal for the jungle hero. The studio built a "jungle" in the capital with specially chosen tropical plants and trees, and an artificial lake with a river flowing into it. Heavy wild grape vines hung from high branches, and it was on these that the first Tarzan of the screen, and the five successors to Lincoln and their respective "Janes", swung from three to tree.

Following that film in 1918, thirty Tarzan films have been made. Johnny Weissmuller, once Olympic swimming champion, Buster Crabbe, Herman Brix, and Glenn Morris, all Olympic champions, have all played the lead. The latest Tarzan is Lex Barker who has already been featured in six...
The newly-rich woman was trying to make an impression. "I clean my diamonds with ammonia, my rubies with wine, my emeralds with brandy, and my sapphires with fresh cream. Her bored listener looked at her and yawned. "My dear," she said, "I don't clean mine. When they get dirty, I just throw them away."

Tarzan films, and he has a contract to make a total of twelve under producer Sol Lesser.

Barker, now in his early thirties, has always had a great love for the theatre, with aspirations beyond the Tarzan role. He studied dramatic art in two Broadway productions until Hollywood caught up with him. He speaks French, Spanish and Hainan fluently, and has never desired to become a professional athlete, despite his excellent physique.

Edgar Rice Burroughs could not have asked for a better man to portray his Tarzan, for Lex Barker looks the type: like an English nobleman who could have been reared in the jungle. The Tarzan of the book was a cultured Englishman; Hollywood's Tarzan is completely without polish.

According to Burroughs, John Clayton was born in a rough log hut on the coast of West Africa, following the marriage of his parents by mutineers. While still a baby, John Clayton's parents were killed during a raid by a tribe of Amboy.
Susan Altman has something on her mind. "How big were cannonballs they used to fire out of these things? I must find out." Right! "I blow up some balloons to different sizes. Ah, this one fits perfectly!"
PROPORTION

The Antarctic regions frequently become enveloped in a peculiar milky-white fog that has caused explorers to lose their sense of distance and proportion to such an extent that a matchbox, lying only a few feet in front of them in the snow, looks like a barn a mile away.

GLITTER

Diamonds are so individual that no two can be expected to react alike to radiation. For example, under X-rays and ultraviolet light, their fluorescence ranges from a faint to a brilliant intensity and may be in any one of various shades of blue, green, orange or yellow. Heat also causes different reactions in these precious stones. There are two—one colourless and one pink—in which heat produces an opposite effect, the colourless one turning and remaining pink and the pink one becoming and remaining colourless as long as they are kept at a certain temperature.

MURPHY

In the poor days of Ireland, many families were forced to live exclusively on potatoes. As a result the monotony of the diet produced a peculiar custom among these people. They would pretend to add flavour to each mouthful by pointing their forks at a bottle on the table which contained a little salt, a piece of cheese or a preserved bit of meat, kept for the purpose.

HEAD HUNTING

This advertisement appeared in The Times. "American Shrunken Head, very good specimen, 250 dollars." It brought an outraged reply from a Kent reader, C. J. Eastagh. He wrote, "This, besides offering a rather gruesome object, is also a strong reminder of how prices have risen. I lived and earned my living in Peru for some years around 1910, when I was in my early twenties. At that time the standard price for the head of an Indian was one pound, while the head of a white man, seen much less frequently, brought five pounds. The price asked now in the advertisement would appear to be, therefore, 100 times what it used to be in the early years of the century."
You don't only

shoot 'roos

Just because you are hunting kangaroos, it does not stop you using your gun on other targets.

JEFF CARTER • FICTION

The flickering campfire cast leaping, grotesque shadows in the gnarled branches of the river gums. On the other side of the fire, the sagging, abandoned shearing shed was outlined in the uncertain golden light. The two men sat in silence, staring at the dancing flames.

"Mind you, Ralph said at last. "You don't usually strike 'roos on your first day out, even in good country. What we want to do tomorrow is work down the riverbed and see if we can find a waterhole. Then we can just sit on it till sundown and wait for 'em to come to us."

Harry muttered assent. "Won't need such an early start either," Ralph said. "We can rest up until about noon. We'll probably be a bit stiff in the morning, after all the trampling we did today." He poked at the fire with a long, dry stick. "I'll tell you another thing, too.

Harry stopped listening about then, focusing his attention on twin points of light moving in the distance between the trees. Now that's funny, Harry mused. A car could be heard clearly in the clear bush night. Ralph paused in his monologue and peered out beyond the circle of firelight. "Say, here comes a car!"

That's what I like about Ralph, Harry thought. He's always in there punching. There's nothing sneaky or sly about Ralph—always right out in the open.

"Looks like he's coming our way," Ralph said. "He must've seen our fire." He was on his feet now. "I wonder what the hell he wants up here?"

Harry pulled his tobacco pouch from his jacket and began making a cigarette. A late model grey sedan rolled under the trees and stopped close to Harry's own car. The engine of the newly arrived vehicle died and the lights faded. There was a silence of more than a minute and no one emerged from the car.

Ralph took a few steps toward the edge of the firelight and called: "Hello there! What place are you looking for?"

The door of the sedan opened and a man climbed out and walked toward the campfire.

"Evenin'," the man said. "I must've taken a wrong turn somewhere. What place is this?"

He wore dark grey trousers and a striped shirt with a Windsor collar and glancing sleeve hands above his elbows. The hard lines of his face were curved slightly in a grin.

"Well right here isn't any place," Ralph said. "Nearest town is Brackwells and that's about forty miles back along the Wagga road."

"By cripes I made a real big somewhere," the man said. He glanced at the two rifles leaning against a log in front of the shearin...
my shed. "You fellows don’t a bit of shooting?"

"Well, not so far," Ralph said. "We only arrived yesterday and we haven’t sighted a 'roo yet." He motioned to the fire. "Sit down. We’re just about to put the bully on for a goodnight cuppa."

"Thanks," the man said. He sat down carefully on a box, glancing at Harry. "Name’s Jim, by the way. Jim Lewis."

"Pleased to know you, Jim," Ralph said, beaming. He introduced Harry.

Later, as they drank tea from enamel mugs and warmed, Harry thought, I don’t like the look of this bloke. He looks more like a professional card shark than a travelling salesman. Besides, travelling salesman don’t get lost. They can smell a ‘Commercial’ hotel a hundred miles off.

Harry almost groaned aloud when Ralph invited the stranger to stay the night, but when he finally wriggled into his sleeping bag in his corner of the sleeping shed, sleep overtook him rapidly and he slept little time in brooding.

Harry woke early, as usual, and after a quick wash under the tap from the tank at the end of the shed, sat about building up the fire for breakfast. He stirred up the still hot coals and then covered them with dry leaves, small twigs and short lengths of thicker branches.

He glanced at his watch. It was almost eight o’clock. He strolled across to his car, opened the door, and slid onto the front seat and switched on the radio. He had time to roll a cigarette before the news came on:

Reception was good, and the announcer’s voice was clear above the very slight static. "Police are still searching for an armed bandit who featured in a daring but unsuccessful effort to rob the Farmers and Settlers’ Mutual Bank in Coonamble yesterday."

"All roads within a 200 mile radius of the town have been blocked while the biggest manhunt in the history of the Western Riverina progresses. Police have warned that the man is a desperate man who will not hesitate to shoot. Two bank tellers were shot during the robbery. One man died last night in the Coonamble hospital. Doctors are fighting to save the life of the other man. Police are searching for a grey sedan car."

Harry noted that his cigarette had gone out. He was conscious of a tightening of his stomach muscles. He fumbled for his matches. As he did, he noticed for the first time the man lounging in the doorway of the car. Harry saw the pistol in the man’s hand and pointed straight at his chest, then he looked up into the cold, grey eyes that were boring into him. "All right, you get out, smart aleck," the man said.

Harry got out.

"Now, quick march Back to the shed. The voice was tight and urgent. Harry obeyed with assumed nonchalance, relighting his cigarette as he walked. When they stepped inside the shed, the man said, "You wake him up," indicating the sleep-figure of Ralph.

Harry shook Ralph. "Hey! Wake up! It’s another day. The man wriggled in his sleeping bag, muttering a protest. Then he sat up and took in the spectacle before him.

"Say, is this a hold-up?" Ralph said, staring stupidly at the gun.

Good old Ralph. Harry thought, if so, I’ll put our guest on the defensive. That’ll give him something to think about. Oh, hell. "Don’t try to get up," the man said. "Now you, Harry boy, or whatever your name is, you put a fistful of them wires hangin’ up there on the wall and sew this boy up good."

Harry walked across to the wall of the shed and took down a bundle of 9-gauge wires about two feet long that had been cut to that length for some purpose by some long-since-departed shearer. He threaded two through the opening of the sleeping bag tight over the man’s shoulders.

"All right," the gunman said. "That’s good enough."

He prodded Harry across to the front of the shed where the rifles were standing against the wall. "Whoe of them is the most powerful?"

"Mine," Harry said. "That one."

He pointed to his 25/303 conversion.

The man picked up the rifle and slid the safety catch to OFF: "It loaded."

"Yes. Harry’s throat was suddenly dry. The man hugged the rifle against his side and fired three quick shots at the wall of the shed, only three feet from the muzzle. The man glanced at the splintered wood. "She’ll do me," he said. "Them slugs have gone more’n half way through those logs. Imagine what they’d do to coppers."

He removed the bolt of the other weapon and slid it into his hip pocket. "Get me some ammo for this baby," he said, petting Harry’s 25/303 and leaning it against the wall. He followed Harry into the shed while he picked up a box of fifty cartridges.

"Gimme them, the man said. Harry handed them over, then allowed himself to be prodded outside. "You pick your gun up by the end of the barrel and carry it over to your car for me," the man said.

"Yeah, your car. Mine’s kinda notorious."

Harry walked slowly ahead, holding the rifle gingerly close to the foresight. He stood close to the rear door of the car while the gunman placed the box of cartridges on..."
the bonnet "Open the hack door and drop that rifle on the seat."
The man waved the pistol. Harry's left hand grasped the door handle and twisted it down.
He tore it open violently, so that it formed a shield between himself and the gunman. He spun on his feet and leaped around behind the car. Then he was running desparately for the cover of the trees, gripping the rifle in his right hand. Something tore at his sleeve and buzzed on ahead of him an instant before the report of the pistol sounded.

He dodged behind a gnarled, tree trunk, turned and swung the rifle up to cover the car. The gunman was lying half across the bonnet, aiming the pistol. Harry squeezed off a shot and ducked behind cover as the pistol fired again.

Bark chipped off the tree and showered on the ground beside him. He pressed himself close to the trunk. It's just like school kids cops and robbers, he thought. But in this game you have to have real bullets and I've only got one left. Well, why did I throw that first one away? It sounded like it blew half my front fender away.

He glanced quickly out from the cover of the tree. The gunman was running into the shearing shed. Harry jerked up the rifle, but the man had disappeared. The shed was about seventy-five yards away and Harry set the sights for this range while he waited for some sign of the gunman.

Something white fluttered in the window of the shed. It was a piece of rag, probably a handkerchief, tied to the end of a stick. Harry could hear the man shouting, "Hey! Can you hear me? I'm gonna plug this bloke if you don't come out in the open and drop that gun!"

There was a pause. "Come on out now, quick-smart. You can't get me through those walls with that toy, anyway. We both know that."

This has got to be quick, Harry thought. That rag is on one of those bits of wire, I bet. Now, they were about two feet long, and if he's holding it out at arm's length, he must be standing behind the wall just there. He sighted the rifle steadily on the planked wall of the shearing shed. Slowly, his index finger squeezed the trigger back.

The echoing roar of the shot split the silence of the bush. The waving white rag disappeared abruptly from the window.

Harry dodged around the tree and ran toward the shed. When he was still twenty-five yards off, he became aware of Ralph shouting: "You got him, Harry. Come on. It's okay. You got him!"

The gunman was dead when Harry entered the shed. The bullet had caught him in the chest just above his heart.

"Say, what a lucky fluke that bullet coming through the wall like that," Ralph said while Harry worked on the wires that held him in the sleeping bag.

"It was no fluke," Harry said. "No?"

"No. When he tried the run out at close range on the wall, the bullets almost went through. Most bullets have a much greater impact at twenty-five yards or more than they do at the muzzle. So I knew it'd go through all right at that range. The only chancey bit was figuring out where he was standing."

"Say, you're a real cool one, Harry," Ralph said.

"You're wrong, for once, Harry thought as he worked on the wires."
"Looks like the bob-sted team has called it a day!"

"... and this one wakes you up to music."

"I told her she was a no good slassy! In a nice way, of course."
"Oh, they've got the dictionary out. It's going to be one of those parties."

"I've introduced thousands to bird-watching. Never tire of it."

The Tujah, a log drum, makes plenty of noise when struck with wooden mallets.

**Adventure in the silence**

Jungle Wireless is generally regarded by the white man as native witchcraft. This article explains how natives do communicate in the jungles.

SEVEN miles up in the Wu Wu River, in New Guinea, with Australian troops up-coast forming the seaborne part of a giant crab-claw soon to close on the Japanese at Lae, we were camped.

Supplies were being dropped from biscuit-bombers, which was an incentive to having a quick ear for aircraft identification... "Ours" meant food and comforts; " theirs" meant another spasm of tension.

It was late in the afternoon, the sounds of an off-shore fight were floated up to us on the breeze, and out of the sun came two planes, diving down towards the area known as Warson's Point. They were Jeps, and, as they were a long way off and dropped down behind the wall of jungle timber fringing our camp, they did not look dangerous, but a few seconds...

**R. J. SHERIDAN**
later we saw them lifting steadily, and the heavy thud that sounded like a direct hit came to us through the air.

We could not see what was going on; but, as we conjectured, some of the Fuzzies came into their talk. One of our men asked if they had any guesses to offer.

"Not yet," replied one of them, "but by 'e 'e's talk he come up."

Within minutes talk "come up."

A youth who had been the reputation of being the fastest runner in the Wu Wu clan, the Nawa, ran in to Budamini, where we were camped. He brought the news that there had been lots of ships all the morning and that there were still lots more coming now.

"Sounds like a jump up to Lae," interrupted the signaler, who always boasted of having the real clues. "But what ship was hit?"

"A barge. That proves the Lae blue is over."

"Ship?" quizzed the youth. "No only half ship."

"Well, which half was missing—front or back?" we asked.

"Ship he no got half along top."

The news-bringer had more to say, and, between our interruptions, we got a story of 20th-century armada moving up-coast across Hercules Bay, and the news that Japanese planes had pierced the cover-screen and bombed a barge.

No, the boat did not sink, added our dark messenger, but, with the help of other craft, it managed to go on with the "walkabout"—a native term which applied to anything that moved, be it army, aero-plane, or warship.

Confirmation eventually came down to us from Morobe. A barge had been hit and it limped into the harbour to unload the dead for temporary burial.

We left the Morobe part of our signals until to its own story of the raid, got to work tracking down the way in which "the gun" had been passed up to us by the Mawa youth.

"Certo Cito" is the signals motto meaning "swift and sure", but here in the jungle was something that compared with our own methods of gathering news. Maps proved that only a winding river-path and miles of swamp lay between us and the coast. There was no chance of our messenger taking a short cut; the unapproachable terrain was the main reason the Nip had requisitioned this area after being nudged out of Douglas Harbour and the Kumusi River.

Eventually we learned the secret from the Mawas. Two village elders, Jurgi Macgregor, explained that, providing the surf was not pounding too heavily on the sandbar bridging the mouth of the Wu Wu, a call could be heard as far as the little hamlet used by the canoe-makers. Here the sharpened people could listen to the slowly mouthed method as it floated up to them. To Mal-yama, the home of the fisherman, the talk would pass along easily. From Mal-yama to Obosogawa was a slightly longer distance, and the many bands of the Wu Wu River stole much strength from the call.

To make sure of the message getting a good start, the Mal-yama people often launched a canoe and paddled to midstream before calling. At Obosogawa, the message floated into the villagers who spent many nights hunting wild pigs into the bennies or fence made across a small peninsula putting into the river. From here there were only a few Sus Sac saco-swamps to muffle the sound, so the talk called out from the level bank near the canoe anchorage would go on its final walkabout right into the main Wu Wu village of Porpormor.

Here the messages were usually kept for later distribution to the families concerned. On the day of the bombing some women gardeners still farther up towards us on the hill had been able to relay the talk down to a youth spearing fish in a shallow part of the Wu Wu. This was the youngster who came to us at Bundamini with the news from the battle-front.

The Mawa showed they could talk in our presence to people well within their keen hearing. But at the same distance we had to shout then cup our hands to our ears to receive an answer.

This was why the Mawas had managed to hold out in a few little pieces of dry land by the side of their river and defy the attempts by the thousands of Wania clansmen to shift them.

Although the Mawas probably have the best hearing in all Papua and New Guinea, the art of subtle message-sending is not restricted to them alone.

From the Sepik to the Dutch New Guinea territory there are clans who send messages by whistling. It is rapid and the accents are definitely rhythmical. Also, it can send detailed information far beyond a distance that could be reached by shouting.

Yodelling is a common feature with many island people who dwell in mountains, and this is done also for signalling purposes.

Kokoda Trail dwellers, the Koans, have two styles of yodelling when a lowlander is talking to a highlander, who may be perched on a ledge a thousand feet above him. The lowlander yodels very slowly so that his voice won't be
distorted by the mountain-walls reflecting the sounds into plain musical oscillations. The one on the mountain-top can yodel at top speed, for he is free of the sound-restricting cliff-walls.

It has been reported from outback Papua that a clan in these wild parts has the ability to sing louder when a long way off as they move towards their victims they drop their voices gradually in order to give the impression that the singers have gone the other way. Apart from the vocal side of island message-sending, there are scores of musical instruments and sound-makers that also could have been responsible for putting journalists on to the track of Jungle Wireless.

Take the case of the Baining clan of New Britain. They hit the back of their stone axes against the trunks of trees. They also use small globe-shaped whistles that can imitate birds' calls and so be used by scouts going through enemy lines.

An old Red Indian trick—putting an ear to the ground—is also used by the Islanders to great effect. In areas where earth-covered caves cause subterranean echoes when enemies are careless in their approach.

Sound travelling over water helps the signalling of the Markham River people behind Lee. The Chiravang canoemen tap paddles on the side of their craft and rattle out the news that they are going down to the Lee market and, if gardeners are interested, to please bring their produce to the landing-stage.

Old Man Markham is a river of many moods and can turn on a flood even when the villagers have had a hot day, with not a cloud above them. This trick of Nature is usually cooked up in any one of the flanking mountain-ranges or headwaters that contribute half a dozen sizable rivers of their own by local cloudbursts that rush down mountain-faces to swell the Markham from a stream that divides up into seven channels at low tide near Onga, to a broadsheet that can be a mile wide at the same point, and slanting down the 14-foot-tall Kunal grass and high bush that lies to look as if a devil's scrub-roller has gone over the valley.

Local rain brings no worry to the Upper Markham folk; but when they see stormclouds gathering behind the mountain village of Wampur, they round a poi-magano, a trumpet-like instrument. This tells all in the district that a flood is imminent.

King of all message-senders is the log drum, or garamut. This comes in many shapes and sizes throughout most parts of the New Guinea mainland and islands. Strangely, it is almost unknown in Papua.

Musically, it is a log drum hollowed out by fire and sounded by a stick being rammed end-on to the top part of the wooden casing. Usually it is played singly for message-sending; but, as it has evolved into part of the music-making for dancers, the garamut ensemble reaches jungle orchestral proportions, like the Tujah set in Manus Island.

Here, six log drums, graded in size, differ from the usual run of the garamut in that two hardwood mallets are used to hit the logs in xylophone fashion, and when this combination is in full blast the volume and machine-like precision is terrific.

In New Britain, the Kuanau clan long have had relay stations of garamut, which, in some areas can still pass messages from one side of the island to the other. The hill-dwellers of the Kuanau indulge in garamut gossip on calm nights, and one of the finest impressions to be gained in the islands is to stay up late and hear the drums from half a dozen villages chattering out a rhythm that is something similar to the intonations of human speech carried out in one pitch.

Probably no white man ever has been able to read the garamut messages, except the tax-gatherers of the old days, who swore that the garamut tapped off the natives that they were on the way. Tax-gathering has been abolished and the garamut players have settled down to sounding out the usual stock-in-trade signals, from calling in people to giving out running commentaries of everyday events.

These examples of New Guinea Jungle Wireless are all based on some practical foundation. Of course, there are lots of tales about mystery messages winging along of their own accord to give the latest information, but they have not been verified.

However, Jungle Wireless has shown that we haven't made much headway into the toughest strongholds of the white man—the jungle.
A BRICK AND TIMBER HOME

THE blending of building materials is not new. The selection of materials for home building is governed by economics, those materials most readily available at the place of building — and as a consequence, the cheapest and most easily worked by the local labour — generally being used in the same way, economics as well as aesthetics, usually enter into the picture when materials are blended, or mixed.

CAVALCADE offers this month a house which combines a brick or stone lower floor, with the superstructure of timber frame. And this traditional idea can be adapted quite harmoniously to a plan and layout that is contemporary in conception.

The ground floor accommodates a living room, dining room, kitchen and laundry, and is a simple rectangle lying from front to back on the block of land. The upper floor is placed across it, overhanging at each side to provide a sheltered entrance porch and a carport.

The roof over the living room becomes a deck, approached from the upper hall. A portion of this deck could be used later to provide a third bedroom.

With a suitable block of land this type of plan lends itself to imaginative garden planning or landscaping. For this reason, the living room has large windows looking out on to the garden area. These could be taken right to the floor if desired.

There is a built-in fireplace — gas or electric — with bookshelves on one side, a cabinet on the other.

The dining area is raised two steps above the living room, with a cabinet incorporating indoor planting as a room divider. Service from the well-equipped kitchen is direct into the dining room.

Kitchen fittings are arranged in the popular U shape, which is a very workable layout.

Rear entry is through the laundry, or a separate porch could be provided.

Each of the two bedrooms has a built-in wardrobe, the smaller having a dressing table attached. The centrally sited bathroom is complete with separate shower recess. There is also a roomy linen cupboard.

The overall area of this house is 1350 square feet and the minimum frontage required to accommodate it is 50 feet.
THE small ferret-eyed man across
the table eyed Alan Kane's
drawn features and blazing eyes
apprehensively as he downed his
drink.

"Ain't much more to tell, Al," he
put on a look of heavy sympathy.
"Looks like your old partner Lackey
took it for granted the Nips got
you. So—he declared himself full
owner of the Downey Street
Garage! And you rotting in a Jap
prison camp! Disgusting!"

Lamby Coin sat on the floor to
show how disgusted he was.

Alan sat very still. Subconsciously
he watched Coin crush out his
cigarette until it burst its paper,
but still kept on smoking. It was
untidy and meefectual, like Lamby
himself.

Coin's quick, nervous chatter
continued, "Y' see, Al, nobody here
knew you was a Jap prisoner. We
all figured you got yours. And you
not having a family nor nothing,
Lackey thought—well, you get it."

Alan's haggard features moved
over the familiar panorama of
Jerry's Bar. The long mirror. The
toast row of many-shaped bottles.

The juke box in the far corner
He had remembered all this, and
millions of other things, sweating in
that Nip barb-wire corral. Eating
swill no self-respecting hag would
touch. Braving himself nightly for
seventeen years of blazing hell
because they thought he had in-
formation.

Waiting. Dreaming of the garage,
the neat little business he had
worked ten years for, before the
war. Lackey, flush with a sudden
windfall, begged to come in on it,
so be had let him.

Suddenly, by some miracle, he
was traded out. The Japs figured
he was good as dead, anyway.

Down to skin and bone. Tortured
until his brains were a little
curdled.

They figured wrong—damn their
filthy hides!"

He was okay. Swell. Good as
new. Except when he got too
worked up about anything. That
and the sight of blood.

The docs had kept him in San
Francisco a week. Then he hooked
a ride down to Los Angeles, easter
to get back to his garage.
And now he found out
Burl Lackey, his partner, took
over the whole case for himself.
Why, with the money Lackey owed
him, his share of the business
amounted to less than one-fourth.
Then he saw Coin staring at him,
with a peculiar sated smirk on
his wizened face.
"You look plenty frisky, Coin," he
said. "When I left you were
whining around for a job. Now you're
sporting loud tailored suits. How
come?"
Coin tittered. "Oh, I got angles,"
he said. "Yeah! Jake Barron and his car
snatchers!"
"Now! I'm a car dealer now.
Wholesale! And I got my eye on
Lackey's garage, so don't worry
about him. He's up to his ears in
IOUs, and I hold most of 'em! You
know what a spender Lackey
always was? Why, he won't own
the Downey Street Garage after--"
Alan saw red. He seized hold of
Coin's silk collar and twisted.
"Listen to me, Coin! You keep
your fishhooks off that garage. It
came to me, get it?"
"Sure, Al"
"Where's Lackey now?"
"Why—at the garage, figuring
how to keep it! I gave him 'til
tomorrow to—"
"Listen, I'll be the one to settle
with you tomorrow, Coin! As for
Lackey, I'm going over there right
now and give him what he's had
coming a long time!"

Alan could barely see the sign
over the garage.
Burl Lackey, Proprietor Alan's
name had been painted out.
He strode grimly up to the heavy
sliding door. It wasn't locked. He
started working it open.
"What'd you think you're doing?"
A clear voice rang out.

Alan whirled. The sudden flare
of a flashlight made him blink.
"Why, it's Mr. Kane!" Cop Pat
Keeghan was slapping his back
noisily. "Glad to see you, boy!
Come to see Lackey, did you? He's
here, in, all right."
Alan entered. He could hear
Keeghan going down the block,
whistling.
A dim light showed in the tiny
back office. Alan started for the
office. He was halfway across when
a sharp sound echoed in the gloom.
He ran toward the office door,
clutched at the door knob, kick-
ing the door full open.

S铺relled over that familiar bati-
tered desk was his partner, Burl
Lackey. Blood ran down the sloping
top.
And right in front of Alan, at
his feet lay a revolver he recog-
nized immediately as his.

The sight of blood... He started
shaking violently. He started to
whisper like a lost puppy. A thousand
shattered horrors leaped
to his tortured mind.
He couldn't even hear Keeghan
shouting and tugging back the big
front door. The livid hordes filled
every crevice of his brain.

Stumbling forward blindly, he
brushed past the grotesquely
anatomical corpse, and fled out of the open
back door into the alley. The sole
thought that possessed him was,
I must get away! I must get away!
It was almost dawn when he
crumped stealthily up to his shabby
little Main Street room.
Without switching the dawning
light on, he flung himself down on
his unmade bed, and pressed his
favored face deep into the pillow.
If he could only forget. Forget.
Insidious sleep came to him at
last. But it was only a shallow
mockery. It couldn't give him sur-

cease, it was hideous with night-

—

"Evil yellow faces sprouted around
him in the burning dark.

Claws yanked him to his feet. He
was pushed protestingly down long
black corridors.

"No! Don't..."

His own screams awakened him,
and he found himself being hustled
to his feet.

"Wake up, Kane!"

Somebody shook him.

Finally he was able to force his
eyes open. He stared around him,
at the two policemen holding him
up—leading him toward the door.

"What—?"

"We're arresting you, Kane! For
the murder of Burl Lackey!"

Alan blinked at the circle of grim
faces that surrounded his chair. He
grappled the chair arms until his
knuckles went white.

"But I told you—I didn't do it!"

The captain shoved a gun in his
face. "This year!"

Alan heked his dry lips. "Yes
Somebody must have wiped it out
of my room."

"You were hailed in four years
ago for driving without a licence,
weren't you, Kane?"

Alan swabbed a quivering hand
over his wet forehead. "I guess
so."

"That means we got your
fingerprints on file. And our expert
has matched up those fingerprints
with the ones on this gun!"

Alan heard him through a heavy
fog. There seemed to be something
he ought to remember, but the
effort was too much.

"And Keeghan here saw you in
the garage just before the shot was
fired!"

Alan's dazed eyes saw Officer
Keeghan standing by him, touching
his arm. His lined face was the
picture of misery.

"Yes, Captain Williams, I saw
him. And I'm sorry I lived to see
the day. Why, I've known young
Kane for years, and a finer boy
you never saw!" He squeezed Alan's
arm.

Alan blinked dully into Keeghan's
emotional face. He shut his eyes
fiercely.

"No! I didn't kill him! I didn't!"

Then the door at the far end of
the room opened. Footsteps clicked
along the slick floor, up to him

"Hello, Al!"

Alan's eyes raised a trifle.
"Coin!"

"Yeah, Al. I heard about you, so
I came over to the station. I thought
maybe I could help."

"You know?"

"Yow're Lambert Coin?"

"They call me Lamby."

"What's your racket?"

"It ain't no racket. I own a
couple garages.""Oh, yeah. I heard about you.
Captain Williams looked up and
down with unexpressed contempt.
"You a friend of Alan Kane's?"

"Sure. I used to work for him."

"Did you see him at any time
last night?"

"Sure. We had some drinks at
Jerry's."

"When was this?"

"Around ten, I guess."

Captain Williams cleared his
throat.

"How was Kane feeling then?"

"A little nervous, maybe." Coin
licked his thin lips.

"The bartender told us you and
Kane had quite a conversation.
What about?"

Coin asked for a cigarette and
lit it nervously, talking through
the corner of his mouth.

CAVALCADE, August, 1955

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"Well, Kane seemed plenty hopped up about Lackey. He was pulling a rod. He showed it to me. He said he was out to get him."

Lamby's words filtered through Alan's tortured mind. Alan climbed groggily up on his feet.

"That's a lot!"

"Easy, son," Captain Williams urged. He turned back to Coin. "You say he threatened Lackey?"

"I'll say he did!" Coin screamed.

"Ask Jerry! Ask anybody!"

Alan's mind wrestled with itself. It was clearing a little. He must think—think!

"I hate to be the one to pin it on Kane," Coin finished blandly. He snuffed out his cigarette in his own unmistakable way, looking around him self-righteously.

Alan's eyes widened as he watched. He stared at the still-smoking butt. Then he leaped up.

"You're a hell of a liar, Coin! Now I know why I couldn't have killed Lackey!"

"Yeah?" Coin sneered. "Why?"

"For one thing, because you did!"

Coin began to laugh.

"Funny, eh, Captain? I think the guy's nuts!"

Captain Williams' face was bewildered but serious.

"What's the gag, Kane?"

Alan flung out a wild laugh.

All at once he was very, very happy about everything. He was happy because he knew his mind was all cleared up now—and that it would stay that way for good.

"Listen," he began. "Coin has a motive. Lackey owed him money and couldn't pay up. Coin was supposed to rent the garage if he defaulted, but now that I'm back all that's changed. I've got a legal claim on that business, seventy-five per cent of it, and Coin's mortgage won't hold water. So, in order to get the garage—probably for his racket-pals to use in their car-smashing games—Coin had to get rid of us both. He planned a neat frame-up, soon as he discovered I wasn't dead, to pin the rap for—"

"Surely," broke in Captain Williams. "We follow all that. But how are you going to prove you didn't kill Lackey, and he did?"

Alan turned to Cop Keegan. "When you went in Lackey's office last night, did you notice a cigarette on his ashtray? Still smoking—and messed up like that?"

He pointed to Coin's cigarette. Keegan stroked his chin.

"Come to think of it I did. But couldn't Lackey—"

"Lackey smoked a pipe!"

Captain Williams sighed. His eyes narrowed on Coin hopefully.

He disliked Coin as much as he had ever disliked anyone and he would dearly love to pin this rap on him. But there was one big thing to overcome.

"Well, that puts an edge on a case against this rat, but—if it wasn't for the fingerprints on the gun! Your fingerprints!"

Alan laughed rawly.

"My fingerprints! That's a laugh! Those must have been planted there some way, Captain, because—I haven't got any fingerprints!"

Alan showed his palms out where all the cops could see. His fingers were raw red, flayed—but steady now.

Captain Williams stared.

"W-why, the skin's been torn right off! They ain't healed up enough to leave any prints yet!"

Coin howled and made a dash for the door. Keegan caught him.

"What's happened to them?" he asked Alan huskily.

Alan's mouth went tight.

"Ask a Jag," he said.

Cavalcade's Know Yourself Section

What should a girl do when her boy friend wants to become too familiar? How should she react if she wants to remain a "nice" girl?

What Can a Nice Girl Do?

My friend Joyce is a young and attractive nurse. She has as many dates as the next girl to dinner, shows, dances, parties and so on. But no boy friend ever seems to stay around very long. Joyce is no closer to an engagement and marriage—which I know she wants—than when she first came to the city to take up nursing five years ago.

She says she knows the reason.
— and she’s growing increasingly bitter about it. Joyce is doomed to a lifetime of unhappy spinsterhood unless she yields herself to that bitterness.

The reason, Joyce says, is that the men who take her out will not take "no" for an answer. "They make me sick," she declares, "with their repeated and childish attempts to break down a woman’s resistance."

Joyce knows that most men still want the girl they marry to be a virgin. "Yet," she adds in disgust, "too many of them try to damn the supply."

Joyce is wise in sticking to her standards of morality.

Her only trouble is the heart-brush-off she gives to every man who starts advancing further than she wants.

The "nice girl" of today who is determined to stay "nice" faces many more awkward situations than did her mother and grandmother. In their day men generally gave a girl the benefit of the doubt. They believed she was virtuous until they had reason to change their minds. The modern man, however, seems to think every girl is "loose" until she shows she is not.

"And then," comes the cynical summation up from Joyce, "they drop her like a hot potato."

To some extent Joyce has become husbanded. Most modern men do try to find out just how deep is the "niceness" of their girl friend if repulsed not too painfully, they will generally come back. The manner in which those who have experienced Joyce’s rebuffs quickly disappear indicates the fault is to be found in herself. All of which proves there is a middle course.

A girl does not have to sacrifice her virginity or he regarded as "loose" in her morals to retain a man’s friendship. Neither does she have to freeze him off with an outraged air if he wants to become "familiar."

She can be virtuous without becoming hageligious about it. Modern men respect a girl who has standards she means to keep. What they abhor is the girl who talks bad and acts good.

A girl can’t go into a heavy kiss-clinch with a man and then expect him to sit back and hold hands for the next hour or so. If you are not "that sort of girl," you don’t become coy and cuddly and lead a man on.

Joyce’s problem probably stems from something of this nature. If a man knows where he is with a girl from the beginning, he will not become annoyed about her attitude. He will know what to expect.

But you can’t blame a man getting ideas if you constantly grab at his arm all through the evening. Or clench at his lapel to look better into his eyes. Or brush seductively against him when you’re walking. Or take a stranglehold on him when you’re dancing. Or push your face within a few inches of his when you’re talking and give him a come-hither look with your eyes.

Do any of those things and, sister, you’ll have to take what you get—or argue your way out of it and have a hatred of all men, as does Joyce.

Many girls will say that all the men they know seem to be simply "stinkers." They make themselves obnoxious until they get what they want. If unsuccessful, they go in search of other girls who are willing.

They say that a "nice girl" has only two alternatives—either she lowers her standards or sits home in loneliness.

If she is wise, a girl will guard zealously her chastity in all circumstances—if she does not want to gamble with her future married happiness. There are decent men.

When the idyllic love of courtship descends into guilty and secret love-making, true love is frequently destroyed. Dishonour, bitterness, cynicism and very often a descent into pitiful promiscuity is all too often the result for the woman concerned.

Promiscuity and pre-marital relations are constantly on the increase. One baby in every seven born in England today is conceived out of wedlock.

The girl who abandons her self-respect will find that the word soon gets around. Her reputation for promiscuity and cheapness grows With each affair she reduces the number of men she can regard as husband material.

Admittedly it is sometimes hard not to take the first step as she listens to the arguments of her boyfriend.

"I love you," he will softly wail. "Why should our love be denied? Virginity is Victorian What difference does it make anyway?"

It makes a lot of difference. Apart from her reputation there is the psychological effect on the woman. Her conscience tells her pre-marital relations are illusory and sinful. Very often, as a result, her whole attitude to sex becomes warped. Frustration may follow during her married life, because of repressions and inhibitions developed during a pre-marital affair. A sense of guilt may be engendered, which will tell her that all future sex acts are wrong and sinful. A happy marriage is thus impossible.

There are the possibilities of disease or pregnancy. Women of experience and sophistication will invariably tell you, when they really let their hair down, that no affair—however passionate—will help a girl get a man to the altar. Generally it reacts the other way and darns any chance of normal matrimony.

"I was very foolish," a successful businesswoman I know told me recently. For all her apparent content with her lot, she would change it all to be slaving nightly over a hot stove and devoting herself to some ordinary man and his kids.

She was foolish, she now knows, because of a passionate affair which a few months later left her without her boy friend.

"I now know men better," she says. "Their pride, their ego, will never tolerate a woman with a past. They will not stand the mental anguish of knowing that the woman with whom they make love is probably comparing them with several others who previously enjoyed her favours."

But there is no need for a girl who has made one mistake to hide over it. That leads to nervous upset and psychosexual. She should adopt the attitude of "once bitten twice shy." Let her keep her past to herself and enjoy a normal social life.

Despite your experience, you are assured that all men are not complete rats. Although most of them are ready to test a girl’s resistance, they know how to stop when they see a red light.

They’ll immediately put you in a special little class of "nice girls."

And, make no mistake, it is always from that class that they pick their wives.
Cancer of the prostate can be cured

A cure for one of the main scourges of mankind has been found that will save the lives of one man in every five today over the age of 50.

L. McKay Phelps

"I see a man brought in on a stretcher, dying of cancer of the prostate gland. In a couple of weeks I see him come in again, alive and hearty. He is cured."

Thus spoke Dr. Charles Brenton Huggins to medical colleagues at the M.D. Anderson Hospital for Cancer Research, Houston, Texas. He told of curing patients with cancer so far advanced that they were beyond treatment by surgery or radiation. Bedridden patients began to gain strength and weight. In some cases they were able to go back to work.

This was remarkable news. Prostate cancer is one of the most prevalent and dreaded killers of men of middle-age and older. It is on the increase; 15 years ago it was present in an estimated 15 per cent of the male population over 50 years of age; today one of every four men above 50 is believed to have a cancerous prostate.

The reason for the increase is believed to be associated with the fact that the conquest of other diseases has increased the male life span, so that men live to an age where prostate cancer becomes most active.

Prostate cancer is also one of the most painful and lingering forms of death. Prior to Dr. Huggins' work, the average life expectancy in incurable prostate cancer sufferers was about two years, but many sufferers lived much longer than that, suffering such torment that many of them wished for death.

Only a few years ago, a diagnosis of prostate cancer meant almost certain death. And from Dr. Huggins' work, however, recent advances in surgery and radiation have resulted in cures of about 50 per cent of cases that are detected and treated at an early stage.

There have been advances also in diagnosis. Recently it has been discovered that prostate cancer is accompanied by an increase in the acid phosphate content of the blood, making it possible to detect the disease when no other symptoms are present.

The new Huggins treatment has resulted in the wherming of 95 per cent of prostate cancers in an advanced, previously incurable stage. It is based upon the previous known fact that the production of excessive amounts of male hormones by the system stimulates the growth of the prostate cancer.

The treatment is basically simple. Remove the source of male hormone, or testosterone production—either through total extirpation of the male sex glands, or through "tying them off" so that their production of testosterone will not reach the prostate and trigger cancerous growth.

This may frighten a patient, says Dr. Huggins, but if removed or isolation of the glands means the difference between inevitable and painful death and many years of healthy, pain-free life, the decision to undergo the operation is not so difficult to make.

In many cases total extirpation has been found unnecessary in stimulating the development of prostate cancer. The administration of female sex hormones—which minimize male characteristics, including the strange and apparently normal tendency of the prostate to enlarge and become cancerous beyond middle age—has been found to counteract the action of the testes and produce the same effect.

This is not true in all cases, however.

Dr. Huggins' sensational success in the treatment of prostate cancer began more than a decade ago. Then a relatively youthful graduate of Harvard Medical School, he decided to concentrate on cancer as his life's work, particularly cancer which seemed to be stimulated by sex-hormone production.

He was fully aware of the close association between the endocrine glands—including the pituitary and the adrenals, as well as the gonads—on growth, the development of sex characteristics and various forms of cancer, including breast cancer in women and prostate cancer in men.

The prostate has rightly been called a "mysterious gland." It is not primarily a sex gland at all, but rather a storage receptacle for sperm cells produced by the
testes and a “factory” for the manufacture of a nutrient liquid in which the sperm can survive and thrive. Located at the base of the bladder and roughly the size of a horse-chestnut, it surrounds the urethra and the neck of the bladder. It is connected with both the testes and the urethra.

The association between the production of male hormones by the testes and the enlargement of the prostate has long been well-established. Following attainment of adolescence—accompanied by the development of secondary male characteristics such as change of voice, growth of hair on the pubic areas and face and a reduction of fatty tissue on the body—the prostate develops considerably in size.

This enlargement continues until full adulthood is reached. It then ceases in the healthy male—until about the age of the so-called “male characteris”, which is the best known. It is well-known that there is an excessive production of testosterone in middle-aged men, perhaps giving rise to what is called the “dangerous age in men”.

The prostate is a tricky organ. Chronic enlargement may result in obstruction of the urethra and irritation of the bladder; two of the most common symptoms are a restricted urinary stream, a frequent desire to urinate, and increased activity of the bladder in an effort to get rid of the irritation.

The prostate is also a highly receptive organ for inflammatory illness originating elsewhere—such as in the tonsils, teeth, and sinuses. It has been found that in about two-thirds of all cases of prostate infection the organisms originated elsewhere than in the prostate.

Prostate illness are generally grouped under the heading of “male difficulties”—and there are many frequently they may be cured or alleviated by massage, diet, or surgery in the case of a “benign” or non-cancerous enlargement. The man who suspects prostate trouble of any sort should see his physician without delay.

As the man ages, the effect of male hormones on the prostate becomes more pronounced. The cells develop faster, both in size and total number. This, however, is not just yet cancer, which is an uncontrolled growth and multiplication of cells. Cancer, however, strikes the prostate frequently because it is so susceptible to irritation, and once it strikes it finds the prostate an ideal environment for growth.

In his attack on prostate cancer, Dr. Huggins did much work with dogs. By removing the gonads, he found that in many instances the animals were relieved by shrinkage of the cancer, despite pain, and restored strength and general health. Many lived out their normal life-expectancy without renewed activity of the cancer, while in some the cancer vanished entirely. But in other instances the cancer—although temporarily vanquished—returned and ultimately killed its victim.

This appeared to be due to the fact that sex hormones are produced not only by the testes but also by the adrenal glands, which are located above the kidneys. And the adrenals are so deeply involved in the basic processes of life that some of their hormones are absolutely essential to survival; remove both of the adrenals and the patient dies within a few months unless a synthetic hormone is substituted.

So castration appeared to be of uncertain benefit unless a non-cancer stimulating substitute for adrenal hormone could be found. At this point, modern chemistry entered the field. A synthetic adrenal hormone known by the formidable name of desoxy cortisolone (known as DOCA for short), was developed.

Events then began to move rapidly. By administering a combination of DOCA and cortisone, Drs. H. and Delbert M. Berenstahl succeeded in keeping patients alive and in good health despite the fact that their adrenals had been removed.

From this beginning it was a short step for Dr. Huggins to perform a combined castration and adrenalectomy on a cancerous human. The first subject he selected was a woman afflicted with breast cancer. Her condition was hopeless. She was in terrific pain, required nurses twenty-four hours a day, and was expected to live not longer than six weeks.

Castration was by removal of the female ovaries, comparable to the tests in the male and the most important source of female sex hormones. The adrenalectomy removed the other source of the cancer-stimulating hormones DOCA and cortisone were administered.

That was two years ago. Since then the woman has recovered from the cancer completely and is “... driving a car now and shopping,” Dr. Huggins reports.

Also since then, the combined operation has proven highly successful in a vast majority of cases of female cancer, pain vanishing swiftly and the tumours becoming inextinct and in many instances withering away.

Dr. Huggins next turned his attention to the human male. He chose as his patient—in March, 1951—a man in the terminal stage of prostate cancer. Both adrenals and the gonads were removed, while the synthetic hormones were administered. This man was recently reported to have gained almost 40 pounds in weight and to have made a complete recovery. He has gone back to his old job, at which he puts in a full eight-hour day.

Since then there have been many similarly amusing recoveries in males, as well as females. Not too often, however, comes the extremely radical castration—adrenalectomy—been found necessary. Often the administration of hormones of the opposite sex have been found sufficient. For example, administration of female hormones in the case of cancer of the prostate and male hormones in the case of cancer of the breast have halved the cancer.

And when men—as sometimes happen—develop cancer of the breast because their gonads and adrenals are not producing sufficient supply of male hormones, male hormones are administered, often successfully. Breast cancer in either sex is due to an over-balance of female as compared with male hormones.

Generally, it has been found that certain cancers that are influenced by sex hormones are stimulated by sex hormones of the host’s own sex and inhibited by the withdrawal of such hormones of the opposite sex. The basic problem is to establish a hormone balance unfavourable to development of the cancer.

Therefore, when the production of male sex hormones is excessive and melts the development of prostate cae in, castration or tying off of the testes combined in some instances with adrenalectomy now appears to cure for sure the dread cancer of the prostate gland.
The high blood pressure of King Philip of Spain altered history. High blood pressure is prevalent among statesmen — which could affect our future.

Lester Way

The stroke that killed Stalin (seen here with President Roosevelt) was a direct result of high blood pressure.

That is a bit of history that remains in our minds, partly because it confirmed England's newly won independence from the Continent, but chiefly because it's a gripping story. It is the story of David and Goliath on an epic scale. It stirs us more deeply because the forces contending against each other were driven by intensely human passions, the same passions that we all feel.

It was Philip II of Spain who sent the Armada to conquer England. His wife had been Queen Mary of England, and Mary had thrown Elizabeth into prison, proclaimed her an illegitimate, tried to exterminate all her friends. The two half-sisters detested each other and Philip hated Elizabeth, too. When Mary died, he had expected to inherit her throne. Instead, Elizabeth, fresh from prison, became Queen, and was proving herself a capable one.

Philip already ruled half the known world. Under his father, Spain had been invincible, and Philip had added new glories to the list of Spanish conquests. He had sent an army thousands of miles across the Atlantic to conquer Mexico; so it was ridiculous for poor little England to defy him.

In fact, nobody had ever failed in an effort to invade England. The Romans, the Germans, the Danes, the French in 1066—all had come, had seen, and had conquered without much trouble. What chance, then, did a mere girl like Elizabeth have against the world's mightiest monarch? She had hardly any army; her fleet was a laughing-stock, her people were divided, torn by years of religious strife. She hadn't been on the throne long enough to heal the wounds, and, besides, many important people in England reckoned that the throne
It is men like Phillip II, men who hold great power and wield it themselves, who usually get hardened arteries and high blood pressure. Prolonged mental strain, worry, continued emotional stress, are factors which lay you wide open to arterio sclerosis, which has been called the statesman’s disease.

Phillip had more than his share of worry and strain. He was supposed to rule the Netherlands, which were rebelling. The Turks still occupied part of Europe, and were a constant threat to the rest. Phillip had been forced, for political reasons, to marry his father’s ex-fiancé, Queen Mary of England, who didn’t want to marry him, and was twenty years older than Phillip.

When politicians took over the affairs of state from the sovereigns they became victims of the disease. Diarsis died of it, for one, though he didn’t bring calamity on England.

Joseph Chamberlain died of arterio sclerosis. In Australia, it killed John Storey in 1921. J. B. Chilcote died of a heart attack, which is almost always associated with artery trouble. The stroke that killed Stalin according to details published by the doctors attending him, was a direct result of high blood pressure.

The list is much longer. One authority has stated that “unless a politician has an iron nerve and perfectly calm nature, or, unless he is fortunate enough to be carried off by pneumonia, he is almost certain to die of high blood pressure.”

The tragedy is not only that they die, but that they live with a malady that twists their judgment, distorts their view, renders them incapable of calm thought, and always at a time when they are at the top of their power, and the fate of nations may depend on their capacity to see clearly and act sanely.

It makes one wonder anxiously about the health of men of power in the world today. When did they have their last check-up, and how did their blood pressure stand? How much of the policy they are now pursuing would be altered, if their arteries were still sound?

It isn’t always tragedy, however. If Phillip of Spain had been free from the complaint, he may have conquered England. Earlier in life he had many military successes, and he organised the campaigns himself. Aside from planning and equipping the amazing Cortez expedition, it was under his direction that French power was utterly smashed at St Quentin. Clearly, he had the capacity to organise difficult operations.

By the time of the Armada, Phillip had a blood pressure so high that it was impossible for him to plan it calmly.

He knew how to fit out an expedition to cross the Atlantic, but, for the invasion of England, with the risk of meeting a North Sea gale as terrible as anything on the Atlantic, he commissioned ships fit only for off-shore work in the Mediterranean. He knew the swift mobility of Drake’s little craft, yet he sent warships against them, so cumbersome that they were helpless when attacked. Already, Drake had sneaked into a Spanish port and had set fire to a fleet lying at anchor there. Phillip hadn’t forgotten that, but he invited Drake to do it again by launching an invasion fleet that cried out for the fire-stick.

So Elizabeth remained Queen, and England climbed to greatness.
MEAT OR VEGETABLES —

Are you a vegetarian or a carnivore? Which is the better diet for health?

Millions of people eat meat. They say it is needed in the diet, particularly if you work hard. Millions of others will not touch meat. They call themselves vegetarians.

Vegetarianism is a cult that is continually gaining adherents. Its followers assert they are healthier and live longer than meat eaters. They instance famous believers such as Leo Tolstoy, Mahatma Gandhi, George Bernard Shaw, Shelley the poet and Gloria Swanson the actress, as support for their argument.

Modern medical science is by no means unanimous that they are either right or wrong — mainly because of insufficient facts and research upon which to base conclusions. It has not been established that vegetarians live any longer. Comparative figures that have been collected show that both groups suffer, relatively, the same casualties in most diseases.

The best, apparently, that can be said for the vegetarian is that he is, generally, in no worse health than the carnivore — and with the present prices of meat he certainly has more money in his pocket.

Vegetarians are divided into two main classes. The purists eat nothing but vegetables, fruits and nuts. The more moderate class are called Lacto-ovo vegetarians. They also use milk, eggs and cheese, George Bernard Shaw was of this type.

Ethically and morally, vegetarians seem on strong ground. They claim that to take an animal's life is no different, basically, from taking a human life. The animal is a living thing, with the same emotions and love for its fellows and young. Having taken an animal's life, the idea of then slicing a piece of flesh from its body and devouring it nauseates the pure vegetarian. Scientifically, the vegetarians' arguments are not so logical and convincing. They remain to be proved by definite case histories.

To the vegetarian, plant life is the "efficient and proper" food for man. He will concede that dairy products can be valuable for nutritional purposes — but are not really essential.

He points out man can live without meat. Its food value can be obtained in a purer and cleaner state from different plant sources. Burdened with waste materials, meat begins to rot as soon as it is killed. Eaten, these wastes have to be eliminated. Eventually the body processes break down under the strain of getting rid of them.

Research in the United States has measured the quantities of bacteria in samples of animal flesh. They have found that they increase at an alarming rate. After 20 hours at room temperature, 70-million additional putrefactive bacteria appear in each gramme of sausage meat. Smoked ham also shows an increase of 700 million. The bacteria on minced steak grow by 650 million per gramme and in pork by nearly 1000 million.

Vegetarians also claim that the consumption of meat produces excess of uric acid. This aids development of gout, arthritis, kidney diseases, arterio-sclerosis, heart trouble and cancer.

Although science has not yet shown there is any conclusive relation between diet and cancer, the vegetarian is convinced that he is less prone to contract it than the meat eater. He quotes figures that there is less cancer in rural areas than in the city. He says this is the result of the "protective food" such as fruit and vegetables consumed generally by agricultural workers. They eat less luxury meats and spicy, stimulating dishes than the city dwellers.

Vegetarians quote the Chinese as an argument that meat eating is more conducive to cancer. The population of northern China rarely suffer from cancer of the stomach. They are invariably vegetarians, with a staple diet of millet. In southern China, on the other hand, where stomach and liver cancers are common, the people are not vegetarians.

Reta M. Hogan

CAVALCADE, August, 1955
The anti-meat advocates insist their diet will defer the onset of old age and increase the life span. In young people, it has been found, there are greater quantities of potassium, magnesium, phosphorus and nitrogen than in older people. A vegetarian diet, vegetarians say, will help to remedy these deficiencies in the old and must aid longevity.

Although science does not agree with them, vegetarians aver that rich nutrition is available in plant food than in animal food. Whatever is needed—carbohydrates, protein, oil, mineral or vitamin—can be obtained from plant life.

They are on shaky ground in respect to proteins. Proteins provide the essential amino acids, without which life and health is impossible. If only one of the ten most important amino acids is absent, nutrition suffers. Fatigue, loss of vitality and sickness result. Many vegetable proteins do not contain enough of the amino acids the body requires. Meat with its rich values can supply all amino acids.

The vegetarians admit this and claim that the missing amino acids from one type of plant protein can be made up from another. The meat advocates counter by querying why we should take the chance of such deficiencies when we can be certain they will not occur with an ordinary meat and vegetable diet.

The orthodox medical view is that it is not practicable to obtain adequate protein nourishment from plants to justify vegetarianism. It is not said to be impossible to get full and proper diet. But most doctors declare it is difficult—and that difficulty is unnecessary if the vegetarians would eat a good beefsteak occasionally.

To the arguments about insufficient proteins, vegetarians offer the counter of the elephant, which somehow gets all its needs on leaves and grass. They won’t accept the fact that the elephant and other animals such as the cow, the horse, the sheep and the goat get their nourishment only because of the vast quantities of the vegetable matter they consume.

The human digestive tract could not handle such bulk. Man needs more concentrated nourishment in his food.

Even if the vegetarians admit that a plant diet may not be all it should be, they do not wish to profound people, they maintain that does not matter so much because “they make up for the fish, minerals and vitamins from nuts.”

From nuts, they claim, comes all the oil needed by the human body. The minerals include calcium (from carrots, limes and celery), iron (from spinach, radish and beets), and phosphorus, copper, sodium and all the others necessary for health. Plants can supply all the vitamins required.

One of the most enthusiastic arguments proffered by the vegetarian is that vegetables, fruits and nuts possess curative values for human ills superior to all drugs and medical treatment. Spinach, they say, will purify the blood, calcium is good for scurvy, cucumbers will work wonders for skin diseases and will improve the complexion. They cite asparagus as beneficial to “relieve the lungs and kidneys of acid,” lettuce for anemia, tomatoes for diabetes and constipation.

Some vegetarians have even stated that peas, beans and lentils are “therapeutically effective in depressed mental states, melancholy, hypochondria, and all types of psychoneuroses, psychias-
thana and inculpated cases of dementia praecox.”

The vegetarian believes that celery will calm the nerves in “neuralgia conditions such as scabies, tic douloureux and herpes.” Beets are supposedly useful for bursitis and jaundice. Rhubarb is considered “a tonic and a laxative.” Garlic is well known as a home treatment for lung conditions, even tuberculosis, and for hypertension. If you have gallstones, the vegetarian swears by radishes—and he also likes them for “slugish livers.” Turnips are another answer to skin diseases.

Fruits are just as beneficial in the vegetarian’s book. First comes the noted apple, which he claims is “therapeutically effective” for acidosis, gout, rheumatism, jaundice and skin diseases.

The grape is believed to be efficacious for treating varicose veins, hemorrhoids, osteo-myelitis and gangrene. Some enthusiasts prescribe grapes as “tissue builders” and vitalizing agents, particularly in the treatment of diseases of old age.

Peaches are said to be valuable for acidosis and para-neuritis, lemons for replenishing potassium salts, oranges for bronchitis and asthma and raisins for anaemia.

Medical opinion ridicules most of these claims.

There is no valid authority in the world to say that radishes will fix your gallstones, grapes treat your varicose veins or oranges relieve your bronchitis and so on. To say that celery will calm your nerves is as nonsensical as the old belief that fish is a brain food.

The vegetarian has his beliefs and is a hard man to shake from them; whatever the scientific evidence may produce to the contrary. One of his stock defenses about his cult is to produce the example of the animal kingdom. Thus he instantiates the flesh-eating animals who are savage and ferocious beasts of prey—the lion, the tiger for example. Surely they are not tender, gentle and even-tempered.

Conveniently, however, his assertions ignore the example of man’s best friend. The dog is traditionally a carnivorous animal. Not all the quoted plant-eaters are so sweet and mild either. An enraged bull has instincts not very.

Routine injections of all babies with gamma globulin is suggested by o Brooklyn, New York, doctor, as a way of preventing many sudden, unexpected deaths. Each year, he says, several thousand babies are put to bed in apparent health, only to be found dead in the morning. Almost always the deaths are due to respiratory infection, such as pneumonia. Noting that such deaths reach a peak between two and three months of age, when the germ fighting anti-bodies conferred by the mother before birth, wear out, Dr. David Chapman says this means the level of gamma globulin in the blood is decreased. He found it so in three of five babies who died suddenly. While this number of cases is too small to warrant any conclusion, he states in The Journal of the American Medical Association, it does open up an avenue for further study. Gamma globulin is that fraction of the blood that contains antibodies. It has been used against such diseases as measles, polo and hepatitis.
different from those of a lion or tiger. A stallion is not always braving over with goodwill to man or his own kind.

One thing about the vegetarians is sincerity. They really believe it is beneficial for themselves and for mankind to live upon herbs and fruits and vegetables, the 'things which grow from the earth'. They must believe that, for few could prefer a vegetable diet for its taste.

Consider the case of Stanislas Kudy. For many years he lived as a hermit in a cave in the Forest of Perches, near Dijon, France. His diet consisted of grass, herbs, mushrooms and acorns.

One evening recently, local police removed him from his cave and took him to the police station. They had received a report he was ill.

Actually there was little wrong with Stanislas, and he pleaded to go back to his hermitage. While he was there, however, the station sergeant was trying himself a supper of steak and chip potatoes in butter. He invited Stanislas to join him in the meal. The hermit shook his head.

Eventually Stanislas was persuaded to sample some steak. He began cautiously, but soon eating with enthusiasm. One hour after his third steak, he timidly asked the sergeant if he might have another. It was given to him and he then went to sleep.

The next morning he announced "No more grass and acorns for me. I want steak."

The police got him a job as a butcher's assistant. Stanislas is still there and has never been happier.

DIABETES CURE

A liver chemical which destroys insulin may play an important part in the cure of diabetes, says Dr. Arthur M. Marsky, of the University of Pittsburgh. Called insulinase, the destroying action of the chemical has been demonstrated by use of radioactive experiments, Dr. Marsky reported to the American Chemical Society. Diabetes may occur, the doctor believes, because something happens in the body to stop the activity of insulinase.

Studies are now under way to discover whether the action of insulinase might be blocked and thereby benefit the patient. Diabetes is a disease in which the body is unable to produce enough insulin to burn its sugar.

ANGINA PECTORIS

An artery-transplanting operation to relieve the severe chest pain of angina pectoris has been successful in 90 percent of cases, according to Dr. Arthur Vineberg, of Montreal. The operation consists in transplanting the mammary artery, which normally brings blood to the upper chest regions, into the main pumping chamber of the heart. This nourishes the heart muscles and increases the blood supply. It provides protection against continued narrowing of the coronary blood vessels which results in a heart attack. Twenty-eight operations have now been completed.

RHEUMATIC FEVER

Twenty-four patients are now "living and improved" with a plastic ball inserted into the main blood vessel leading from the heart. The ball substitutes for valves damaged by rheumatic fever, Dr. C. A. Hummel of Washington, U.S.A., who reported the work, said the delicate operation was first performed in 1952 on a human patient.

CIRCULATION

When a major artery is blocked by a clot, a vein graft to by-pass the blocked area will help restore circulation, says Dr. Gerald H. Pratt, of New York. The vein is taken from the patient's own circulatory system. Veins are readily available and their removal does not interfere with the patient's necessary blood supply.

HALF A BRAIN

Two boys in Chicago were recently relieved of epileptic seizures by removal of half the brain. A surprising result was that the boys changed from unruly problem children to models of behavior. Furthermore, the I.Q. of one rose.

Dr. Meyer A. Perelstein explained that one half of each brain had been functioning poorly, due to injury and this was having an adverse effect on the other half.
Was insanity hit at you?

The line between sanity and insanity is very thin. Extreme irritability, lack of concentration, loss of memory or mild delusions may be the beginnings of a mental breakdown.

Beatrice Campden was 16, with no relatives or friends known to us who looked after her in a mental home. She sat in front of me, devoid of the smallest streak of personality. She was simple and confused, just an animate nonentity.

We were trying to establish facts about her antecedents. From a few remarks she made, I got a clue about a relative. Eventually four generations were revealed and the genealogical tree was most illuminating. Trice, I discovered, was the outcome of an incestuous union.

It transpired that the family record had been all right until a certain member—a successful butcher—had embarked on a wild life. He contracted syphilis, continued to have a bit of family and spread destruction every time it happened. Not always directly. Perhaps in the next generation. There is absolute truth in the Biblical saying that the sins of the fathers shall be visited unto the children, even unto the third and fourth generations.

In that family there were some sparks of outstanding ability mingled with crime, insanity, immorality and social failure. On the whole, it was a shocking record and a terrible indictment against the wholesale butcher who was the original cause of all the trouble. It demonstrated in a striking way what tragedies may strike at the lives of many people.

It comes as a shock to people when they hear of someone they know who has become insane, they experience a feeling of horror when a mentally defective child is born. And they wonder, “Can this happen to me? Could my brain turn? Could I have a child who would be mentally defective?”

Sociologists all over the world are continually asking themselves and others whether or not the complications and the rush of modern life are creating a bigger incidence of insanity. The psychiatrists’ answer to this question is: “No.”

But we must be careful with the term “insanity.” An insane person is one who suffers from unsoundness of mind as a consequence of some brain disease or disorder. Insanity is a very different malady from a nervous disorder or breakdown. The mind is one thing, the nervous system another. We must remember that vital distinction.

Spencer Leeming

CAVALCADE, August, 1955 79
An idiot or an imbecile is a mental defective, whereas a person suffering from, say, melanoma or schizophrenia (split-person) is insane.

The causes of madness are many. In some—but not many—cases they are obscure.

First there is predisposition. Students of genetics know that the quality and strength of any living thing depends largely upon the stock from which it sprang.

This is abundantly proved in the case of sheep and cattle, dogs, cats, flowers, vegetables, and trees. If the seed is a good healthy one, when it germinates and becomes a living entity, it will, barring accidents, reflect the quality of its parentage.

So it is with human beings. If there is a bad strain of illness in a family, frequently it is handed down, whether it be haemophilia (bleeding) or insanity.

But this point must be emphasised: insanity in itself is not transmitted: only the tendency towards it, or the predisposition.

In the course of life's joys and struggles a mind predisposed towards insanity may be knocked over the edge by some adversity, whereas a person not so predisposed will suffer no ill-effects.

This raises a vital point concerning the mating of humans. From a long study of genetics it has become apparent that a country's Strength of mind depends largely upon the kind of mating.

Consanguineous mating is a bad thing. Frequently the offspring is weak, in mind and/or body. Many times I had to investigate case histories, and was able to put my finger on the vital astrological factor in the case. Perhaps cousins had married. Or perhaps, in a small village where practically all of the inhabitants were of the same blood group, the marriage had been comparatively consanguineous.

One of the outstanding advantages of Australia's immigration scheme is that it has the incidental effect of mixing the blood, and so creating strong, healthy citizens of to-morrow.

Why has the United States of America become such a vital, clever, thrusty nation? Mainly because its forebears were men and women from many different lands—Germans, Czechs, Poles, English, Scotchmen, Irish, Russian, Italian, and so on.

Though society is against the mixing of colour, from a purely genetic angle there is little doubt that it would produce some good human stock for the future.

Such aspects of the immigration problem as this are scarcely beeded. Yet they are of prime importance.

INSANITY CAN, of course, arise as the result of things that actually happen to a person, even if the individual comes from good stock.

A normally busy life is good for man, and usually brings good physical and mental health. But there are many critical obstacles along the road of life, each one of which renders a person sick in mind.

The solution of many a human mystery lies in the womb of an expectant mother. She may have had a sudden fright when pregnant. Perhaps there was some ugly stress to endure which left its indelible mark on the child to be born.

German measles contracted by a mother-to-be during a certain stage of pregnancy may lead to the infant being born blind. Dangers which may affect the mind are more complicated and abstract, but no less important.

Early in a child's life come the febrile illnesses, of which probably scarlet fever is the most damaging. But these illnesses, as a rule, are of minor consequence. Sometimes, however, they have permanently arrested the development of a child's mind, but have not produced insanity.

The next critical age is adolescence. When a radical change takes place in the human body, and a boy becomes a man, and a girl a woman, the upheaval is a big and startling one. It is quite sufficient to turn any boy's or girl's brain, because the realisation of what has happened in a biological sense is something of which they had not dreamed when they were children.

It is a bewildering new experience.

Children should be prepared for puberty. Without preparation the child is puzzled—indeed, shocked—by the change.

It is a pity that more physiology and elementary psychology isn't taught in our schools. After all, a child has a perfect right to know what is to be known about his or her mind and body.

Marriage is a big mental hurdle for some people. For others it is something which comes naturally and easily, and is the near-perfect concept of an ideal existence.

Later in life comes one of the biggest dangers of all: the climactic period, commonly known as 'the change of life'.

Mental health statistics show that, for women, the age group 45-52 is by far the largest among mental hospital admissions.

The biological change making the end of the menstrual period is frequently accompanied by a violent mental upheaval, and mental treatment becomes essential.

A similar but less radical change,
help having the characteristics with which we were born. That is true. But given a fair share of will-power it is amazing what can be achieved in the way of overcoming these weaknesses. Rigid determination over a long period is essential.

Here are five stresses in life which are apt to bring insanity in their wake. They are: Want; sexual excess or abnormality; ambition which is greedy and unbridled; obsessions about something which eventually gives rise to delusions, and haunting fear.

To be starved of food, water, love, sympathy, or any other necessary (though commonplace) things of life creates an assault against the barriers of a quiet, normal mind, and if prolonged, breaks down those barriers. If the mind is strong enough, it withstands this attack.

Sexual excess or abnormality is a delicate, yet enormously important matter. In itself it seldom causes insanity. But with a predisposition towards mental trouble it will almost certainly put the offender over the edge sooner or later.

SYPHILIS can be a dreadful killer. If untreated, it can and frequently does render a man or woman insane.

The stress born of over-ambition has as its roots a certain germ or streak of fanaticism.

Adolf Hitler was a case in point. The psychopathic personality of the ex-paper hanger, ex-corporal Schenkelgrabner seized upon an idea, an ambition, nothing less than to rule the world, and become a god among men. This man--for that is what he was--very nearly accomplished his purpose.

Obsessions are ghastly things, like demons in the dark that haunt and frighten. A thoroughly normal, healthy mind has no obsessions to haunt the subject in later years.

If something dwells in your mind long enough, it will become a positive truth, whether it be true or not. It is in this way that delusions arise. Delusions are perhaps the most common type of insanity.

This is thoroughly dangerous. Fantasy can play all kinds of tricks, and the mind of man can imagine almost anything if he so wills.

Fear is perhaps the biggest bogey in human existence. It can grip the mind and paralyse the body until life becomes a nightmare.

Usually fears are born in childhood. A scare, a fright of some kind, is not forgotten, and remains to haunt the subject in later years.

The conquest of fear is one of the most difficult things to accomplish. But it can be done. Because you were bitten by a dog in childhood, you may be scared of dogs. Or some early experience before you learned to swim makes you terrified of the sea or the river. Worst of all, in later years, is the fear of death. Unless something drastic is done about these fear complexes, the mind will suffer, not necessarily to the point of becoming insane, but almost certainly by the individual becoming neurotic.
Many men and women have brought about their nervous or mental breakdowns themselves because they have made no positive attempt to fight and overcome their fear complexes.

We are all afraid of something. Ask any living V.C. and he will tell you.

There is nothing abnormal about being afraid. What we must do is to meet the challenge of fear, and be determined, if we cannot overcome it, at least to stifle and control it.

YOU MAY ASK:How can a person know if and when he becomes insane? What are the early symptoms?

Frankly, it is most probable that he won't know. That will be left to other people to determine and decide.

The first beginnings of a mental breakdown may manifest themselves in the way of extreme irritability, lack of concentration, loss of memory, or in mild delusions of persecution.

A remarkable feature of the onset of insanity is that the sufferer nearly always transfers the person whom he or she loves most.

The chances of complete recovery from a mental illness are multiplied many times if the case receives early treatment.

In 1930 in England and Wales, voluntary treatment in a mental hospital became possible. Following enlightened measures, the recovery rate steadily rose. Mental treatment is like every other treatment. The sooner it is applied, the sooner will the trouble be cleared up. Delay is fatal.

Some cases of mental illness have a character all of their own and the onset is alarmingly sudden.

The most pitiful are the cases of puerperal fever, when the mother's milk 'goes to the head,' so to speak, and the poor victim becomes temporarily insane and often violent. Happily, in the overwhelming majority of such cases the patient makes complete recovery in a comparatively short time.

Under Utopian conditions women who become temporarily insane through puerperal fever should not go to an ordinary mental hospital for treatment, but should be treated privately and separately.

The alcoholic who has drunk too heavily that his delirium tremens is most definitely insane temporarily, and needs restraint as well as treatment. Such cases invariably recover, but if heavy drinking is continued, worse disasters will follow.

Drug addicts are a still more difficult proposition. The more potent narcotics unbalance the mind in time. These mental patients need special and separate care, and are always in danger of relapsing.

The majority of the patients in mental hospitals are harmless. If you walked through certain wards, you would probably wonder why they were there. You might have half an hour's conversation with one of them, and find that he or she spoke and behaved quite normally. It would only be if and when you happened to touch upon a certain topic that the delusion would manifest itself.

I remember interviewing a male patient who had appeared to me always to be most rational — until one day when I was delving into his past, I discovered that he was convinced that he was of Royal blood, in fact he thought that he was the King, though he did not rave about it.

Most mental defectives are harmless — unless they have a psychosis superimposed on the mental defect.

A few criminal mental defectives are dangerous. For them in the United Kingdom special institutions have been provided.

Dangerous lunatics can be divided into two categories: (a) those dangerous to themselves; and (b) those dangerous to others.

Those in category (a) are mostly the suicidal cases of which every mental hospital has many. They are placed on what, in England, we called a ‘suicide caution card,’ which means that nurses on duty must never allow those patients out of their sight. The patients concerned, of course, don’t know this, which is just as well.

In spite of the precautions which are taken in regard to would-be suicides, a few moments of carelessness, unconsciousness, or diversion of attention on the part of the nurses can, and occasionally does, permit the homicidal patient to put an end to his or her life.

Insane persons who are dangerous to others again may be subdivided. There are those suffering from acute mania who are dangerous for the time being, but frequently recover. For those unfortunate and distressing cases padded rooms are generally needed. As far as possible the door is kept unlocked, possibly even open, while the patient is inside, with a nurse constantly on the watch. Every seclusion in a padded room must be recorded. Long since gone are the days of straitjackets, legstocks, muffs, macenacles, and other instruments of mechanical restraint.

A padded room is an ordinary single room, the walls, floor, ceiling and door of which are thickly lined with padded leather. In the door is a protected aperture through which the nurse can observe the patient, and outside: the other type of dangerous

Lunatic is the one suffering from recurrent mania. These patients will become violent when least expected. They constitute a big medical and nursing problem.

There was a time when it was believed that mad people only went mad at the monthly changes of moon, hence, of course, the word ‘lunatic’. Potentially dangerous mental patients are not so easily predictable.

I remember a male patient who looked meek and mild, intelligent, and full of understanding — in fact, when you looked at and talked with him. Then unexpectedly a maniacal attack would seize him, and the padded room was the only safe place for the poor fellow. After a week or two he would quieten down, and become outwardly normal again.

At Broadmoor, in Berkshire, criminal lunatics are kept. It was to Broadmoor that the London man-about-town and murderer Ronald Thorndycroft was sent after he had been found guilty but insane of the murder of a prostitute. Maniacs, perpetrators of fraud, burglars, common thieves, sex perverts, people convicted of arson, all are there, under mental care and treatment.

Institutions of this type are de-icing places. A walk through the wards would give the impression of peace and concord, and scarcely hint of the hornets' nest of potential vice and insurrection which lies dormant.

MANIFESTATIONS of mind trouble are as diverse as anything can be. They range from the teasing, raving maniac to the mildly eccentric person whose actions merely raise a smile, and cause no harm.
Eccentric persons are not detained in mental homes—unless of course their eccentricities are but one symptom of a well-marked mental disease or disorder, like kite-flying Uncle Dick in "David Copperfield," for instance, who talked about King Charles' head. He was mad in a harmless sort of way.

To be eccentric is not necessarily to be insane. If that were so, infinitely more millions of human beings would be put away, and the world would lose a lot of colour, and fun.

Eccentricity is just a quaint slant on life in some particular aspect.

Some of the world's greatest men have been eccentrics. In the arts, in particular. Many poets, musicians and authors have positively built up their genius on the basis of their eccentricities. In one outstanding case, that of William Cowper, author of "John Gilpin," the eccentricities led to madness. But such a development is rare among eccentrics.

My case-book of memories is very much overfull. But let me temporarily remove some loose-leaves, change names, and tell something of the story which lies behind each scrap.

Case-book-extract number one relates to an elderly Hebrew whom we will call "Ike." He came in voluntarily, with marked symptoms of mental illness, the outstanding feature of which was a determination to commit suicide.

Ike settled down quickly, liked the easy mental hospital life, and soon made a good recovery. He showed no suicidal symptoms. As a voluntary patient he could take his discharge at seventy-two hours' notice. But, oh no!

Ike was enjoying his sojourn in a place of refuge where he was being sheltered from the stormy blasts of life. What had really happened to Ike in the storm outside was anybody's guess.

The medical superintendent eventually informed Ike that he was quite well, and that he would have to take his leave, but contrary to the attitude adopted by 99.99 per cent of mental hospital patients, Ike refused and added by way of a threat: "If you force me to go out, I will commit suicide."

The doctor was highly experienced, and he called the patient's bluff. Quietly he contacted a near relative, told him the story, and said that he trusted the relative to look after the now-completely recovered patient. The doctor took an awful risk, but he was convinced that Ike was shamming just because he wanted continued comfort and shelter, with no work to do.

The risk proved to be justified. Ike went out to his near relative who, fortunately, was a fine, conscientious type of man—and all was well.

My second case is that of a corpsie. I saw it in an asylum mortuary, in the earliest years of my mental health service.

Pieced together it was a foul story—of a man who had gone the pace. He had had a good business, a good wife, and nice children. But he had succumbed to temptation, had been bashed and blackmailed, and eventually had contracted General Paralysis of the Insane, a disease caused by syphilis, which can now be cured by malarial therapy if treated in its early stages. Death had followed.

Case number three was one of the most pathetic that I encountered among the many thousands which came my way.

In her very early twenties, Gladys became insane. The history
showed a mixed grill of trouble: frustrated love, unsympathetic parents, not a good family history, and at least one very nasty shock.

Glady's was introspective, melancholic, and generally unsociable. She appeared to develop religious mania, and everyone thought that she would become a chronic case, to be kept in an "asylum" for the rest of her natural life.

Forty years elapsed. In her early sixties, Glady's psychoses suddenly cleared up. How or why, not even the best experts knew. But it happened. Glady's had recovered from her mental illness.

It was a terrible problem to have to rehabilitate her after forty years in an asylum. But we did it.

There was such an organization as the Mental After-Care Association, with hostels here and there for recovered mental patients. This association did the trick. They weaned Glady's away from the sheltered life that she had known for forty years, did everything very gradually, and got Glady's accustomed to the strangeness of the changed outside world in carefully graduated stages. Fortunately a contemporary relative turned up, to connect her with her youth-ful past. So all was well. Without a bit of luck, Glady's might have fallen apart. She didn't, and had no relapse.

Next comes the case of Marie, a beautiful, dignified Frenchwoman with all the elegance and natural poise of a smart Parisian demesne. Her early life was a mixture of beauty, stress, and trouble, including at least one love affair that went wrong.

To get away from her unhappy environment, Marie went to England, and took a job as a governess. But soon caused a mental breakdown.

Marie, in fact, became one of the recurrent cases of mania to which reference was made earlier in this article.

During her long, lucid intervals Marie did leatherwork of superb quality and artistry. She made ladies' handbags from her own designs.

When an exhibition of mental patients' work was staged in London at the time of King George V's Jubilee, samples of Marie's leatherwork were among the highlights of the exhibition, and were praised and admired by the Royal Family.

That elegant and quite charming Frenchwoman was one of the London Bitch. When the villa in which she was housed was struck by a bomb, Marie helped the nurses who had survived to rescue the wounded. Not long afterwards she died. She had had a tragic life; but it wasn't without its moments of glory, even when the poor ex-madeline was insane.

The fifth and last extract from my case-book of memories relates to a well-educated man in his late thirties whom we will call 'Richard.' He came into one of our most modern mental hospitals from somewhere in the West End of London suffering from what appeared to be loss of memory and melancholia.

The examining doctors could get nothing out of Richard. He just curled up in his hospital bed, and kept quiet. He ate normally, slept well, and was no trouble. Now and then he muttered something incoherent, and would lounge around, with no taste for any kind of work or occupation.

The psychiatric social worker

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endeavoured to find out something about Richard's antecedents, but drew a complete blank. There were no known relatives or friends. Richard had no papers or letters with him, and to clinch it all, he couldn't (or wouldn't) give any useful information about himself.

Then, one day, after twelve months in a mental hospital, Richard happened to say something which was coherent and intelligible. He didn't intend to say it. It just came out. The head nurse who heard it reported what had happened, and a few neat little traps were set. On more than one occasion this head nurse had said she had suspicions about Richard. The truth was that Richard couldn't act all the time. He had feared insanity in order to escape from justice, had changed his name, his personality, and gait. He had fallen in with such realism that he had hypnotized the attendants and certifying doctors.

Those chance words, which furnished a clue to his past, revealed an extraordinary story the essence of which was that Richard had never been insane, but had used this device in order to find a safe refuge, and dodged punishment.

I WAS often asked the mental hospitals, and more mental hospitals, the real answer to this awful medico-psychological-sociological problem?

In my opinion they are only partly the answer.

By far the best and most profitable remedy for unsoundness of mind is to prevent such a state of affairs if possible. Preventive medicine is the real answer. This must necessarily ramify through many spheres of life, notably health, housing, education in the general sense, and cultural education of the right kind. Preven-

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STUGGLE BELOW
• Gripping story of a sub-
mariner’s life and death
struggle

This Month’s
MAN JUNIOR

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DID THIS MAN POSSESS?

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does anyone—man or woman—
achieve greatness? Is it by
mastery of the powers within
ourselves?

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you. Attract yourself to the wisdom
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of your mind! Learn the secrets of
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Cavalcade August, 1953
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Try to be normal at all times. Never take a rapid view about any problem or matter. There is always something to be said on both sides. If you lose your temper, it will do you no good, probably send up your blood pressure, try your heart, and temporarily disturb your mind.

Endeavour always to preserve an even keel, to make the calm approach which has overcome so many problems in the past, and will do in the future.

Learn all you can about your mind and your body.

Keep your emotions under control and remember always, as at least three poets of old have reminded us, that “your mind is your kingdom”.

But if you should fall by the wayside, whether it is of your own making or not, don’t think of manacles and chains, of cruelty and horror. Try, rather, to think of mental hospitals as places that want to make you well again.

If you had a hernia, a cyst, a disused kidney, or tuberculosis, would seek a general hospital for physical illnesses? Then why be prejudiced in regard to hospitals for illnesses of the mind?

In spite of all the criticisms which has been levelled at them, most mental hospitals do a very good job, but with unspectacular success. They don’t want you. Most of them are overcrowded already. But if there is half a chance of an ailment or, better still, a complete cure of the mental illness, they will find the way — and help you.

But if you have no predisposition to insanity, and lead a good clean normal life, you’ll be OK. If you do suffer mental disorder modern means can do a lot towards making you better.

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CAVALCADE, August, 1955
Met one of those so-called self-made men the other day. As I listened to him I came to the conclusion that he was not a good tradesman.

He was not a good salesman, either. He started to sell himself, but sales talk is like a wheel—the greater the spoke, the greater the tyre.

This man was the best definition of a yawn that you could meet. A yawn, of course, is an opening made by a bore.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself. Which reminds us that among things often opened by mistake is the mouth. After all, it's OK to hold a conversation, but you should let it go now and again.

Like the author who dedicated his latest book to his wife, without whose absence, he said, it never could have been written.

But, getting back to our self-made man. As we told him, a man ought to look as though he's put together by accident—not added up on purpose.

He told us of his success in life and his formula for same to keep working for it," he said, "Success is never final and failure is never fatal. It's courage that counts."

We agreed with him on that and pointed out that in these days of stiff competition, you have to run pretty fast to stay where you are.

The duck gives us a lesson in life which we should follow—remain calm and unruffled on the surface and paddle like blazes underneath.

But that can be difficult at times, as I told the bore when he got onto his family tree. We told him that we had seen his family shoot at his home a month or so earlier. He grinned, "I'll bet it gave you a start." We shook our heads. "Not at all," we said, "We didn't need one."

Getting back to success in life reminds us of the aptitude test a friend had some time ago when he was a youth. The examiner wrote on his test paper, "Your test indicates that your best opportunities lie in a field where your father has an influential position."

Our bore tired us with his account of his successes in business. We reminded him that he couldn't take it with him. But he as the kind of fellow who, if he took it with him, just wouldn't go.

Next time we see him, it will be a case of bitter sobs. That is saying sobs to someone you don't like.

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