

CAVALCADE

SEPTEMBER, 1955 1'6

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**BEAUTY CONTESTS
ARE BUNK!**

•
**Know Yourself Section —
YOU NEED NOT
LOSE YOUR BABY**





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Contents for

CAVALCADE

SEPTEMBER, 1955 ★ Vol. 22, No. 4.

FACT

BEAUTY CONTESTS ARE THE BUNK	Grant L. Lawrence	4
SAILOR IN THE DESERT	Spencer Leeming	9
BURIED ALIVE—FOR NINE DAYS	Charles Workman	12
MURDER IS A FINE ART	John D. Jukes	21
THIS IS A ZOMBIE	Peter Hargraves	25
SECRET OF THE GHOSTLY BELLS	James Hолledge	32
THE MIGHTY ATOM OF SWAT	Roy Mitchell	49

FICTION

PEARL OF PARAPEE	Rex Shane	40
LUCKY LUDLOW	Wade B. Rubottom	55

CAVALCADE

KNOW YOURSELF

SECTION

SLEEP YOUR ILLS AWAY	Paul Siguere	61
DON'T LOSE YOUR BABY	Eugene B. Mazes, M.D.	64
HOW TO ADD 10 YEARS TO YOUR LIFE	L. Mackay Phelos	68
WILL WE BECOME A RACE OF GIANTS?	Robert L. Cook	72
CAN YOUR MARRIAGE LAST?	Andrew Gray	78

FEATURES

CRIME CAPSULES	20
PICTURE STORIES	16-19, 30-31, 36-38
STRANGER AND STRANGER	39
CAVALCADE HOME OF THE MONTH	54-55
HEALTH PANEL	75
POINTERS TO BETTER HEALTH	77
QUICK QUIPS	98
CARTOONS	11, 14, 22, 27, 43, 45-58, 53, 76

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Beauty Contests are the Bunk!

Curves and cuties, winning the coveted titles in beauty contests, are spear-heading a bunk programme which will disillusion them most times, ruin them sometimes.

GRANT L. LAWRENCE

A WELL-KNOWN London Theatre housed a cosmopolitan audience for an international beauty contest.

All the loveliness of Europe (and other parts) lined the stage. Bathing-suited curves, flashing teeth, lissom legs--the lot.

And did the audience cheer? Yes, they ogled and cheered. Until the winner was announced. Then the grins faded, and hisses and frowns were paraded.

Because the winner had been lovely, sloe-eyed, raven-haired Antigone Constanda, who became Miss World last August. Antigone came from Alexandria, though she is really Greek.

Miss Egypt patted her black and gold tight-clinging costume, fluffed her hair out, and clutching the £500 first prize shouted, "Viva Marina Papelmia!" referring to the 1953 Miss Egypt, who failed to win the previous contest.

Frankly, the 2,500 people in the spectators' seats, didn't seem over-worried about who won; they came to see loveliness, and they were seeing loveliness. But there were 15 competitors who didn't run a place, and they all felt, quite naturally, that injustice had been done.

They thought Miss Greece, 21-year-old Efi Mela, who came third, should have won the Miss World title. One of the competitors said that Miss Antigone was too fat in the face and hips; "She has too much sex appeal—but she is not beautiful", was the comment.

Another competitor said, "Antigone's nice, but Miss Greece should have won."

Miss World, 1954 — Antigone Constando, of Egypt, created quite a stir when she was crowned the winner

Every entrant had a comment—naturally, because you cannot get that kind of beauty assembled without getting the human, feminine reaction of each one.

The upshot of the whole thing was a disappointing lack of enthusiasm over the winner—and a general query as to whether beauty contests really do pay off.

First of all, one has every right to ask whether these contests pay off for winners who vie with each other in displaying the maximum allowable amount of charm.

Viewed, photographed, praised, costumed, feted, and finally crowned, the girls become the centre of interest for millions of newspaper readers, and successive audiences who see them through their heats and finals to victory.

What do they expect as they parade their charms, smiling with young vivacity at the audiences and the judges? Hollywood contracts?

Again, what do they get when it is all over? Let's be charitable and admit that Hollywood just isn't big enough to house all the beauty-contest winners, let alone give them the well-known "break" unless it is heart-break.

Besides which, most of the occupations which call for beauty call for something more than mere beauty. Good looks aren't enough to make an actress. They have to be accompanied by personality, acting ability, good voice, at least.

So maybe the girl can settle for a job as model or mannequin, where all she has to do is undress or dress up enough, pose prettily, and wait for the camera. Except that the cameraman takes one look at the loveliest face and makes the damning pronouncement, "She isn't photogenic." And, whatever that means, it puts her out of the busi-

ness. Maybe she loses out as a mannequin because she can stand beautifully, but just can't walk with grace, or looks better in a bathing-suit than she does in clothes: there are girls, the dress business says, who just "can't wear" clothes. Mysteriously, the girls are would-be mannequins, never customers. So another door closes to the beauty-contest winner.

Maybe the business comes right back to casting away these glamour openings, and just plain, old-fashioned getting married.

What goes on here?

Feminine pulchritude is traditionally magnetic to men. Yet it is doubtful whether many men marry girls for their looks alone. After all, beautiful as she is, she can't be exotic, or dumb, or squeaky-voiced, or over-expensive in tastes, or clumsy in the kitchen, and still make a successful wife.

A beauty contestant in the States a few years back gave an interview to the press on the difficulties of getting married if you were a contest winner.

She said that while men by the score wanted to squire, wine and dine her, nobody wanted to marry her—because they felt that they couldn't cope with the glamour which had surrounded her in her brief blaze of limelight. All she wanted was to get into a shirt and a pair of jeans and help some good guy cut the lawn—but there wasn't any good guy who believed it enough to take the risk.

This winner said she felt a girl's chance of marriage declined once she enjoyed the publicity and entertainment of the contest.

And then, there is always the prospect of viewing the girls who having won contests, did get married.

One of them married a wealthy

man years older than herself, and before she was thirty was a wealthy widow who had missed out on the fling which traditionally belongs to youth.

Another married a man in an ordinary salaried job, and found that living in neighbourhood domesticity was too bad. She spent a lot of time in a bathing suit, the clothing which showed her to best advantage, and sought to recapture on the beach the admiration of men—admiration she hadn't enjoyed since her beauty contest days. The inevitable unfaithfulness and divorce followed. In love with admiration, she suddenly realised that she wasn't a top-line beauty any more, and that here wasn't much of a future. From being admired and sought and feted, she had slipped down the scale to the point where even getting married again was no light task.

But by far the greatest number of contest winners clutch their prizes, shrug off the criticism of their less fortunate competitors, step down off the stage, and are never seen or heard of again.

Most of them slip back into their normal lives—only to find that they are not always as welcome as they used to be.

The inevitable stories go around about these things. Normally the stories aren't true, but they spice up interest in the business.

There is always somebody ready to spread the story that a girl won because she gave the right amount of encouragement to one or more of the judges—and, indeed, there has been a court case or two about those very stories.

There may have been the odd small-time contest which was won by a girl whose morals and virtue were second to winning the big

Miss World, 1951, Kicke Ilkonsson, is now one of Sweden's leading models. At right is the runner-up in a recent beauty contest.



prize; but most judges, in contests of any size, are well-known citizens, men of repute, who can scarcely afford to risk name and station for a brief fling with a teenage competition beauty, and most girls, though they are not backward in showing what they have, are certainly in the modest-to-unsophisticated bracket.

The stories of back-stage amours at beauty contests are strictly for novelists, but even that doesn't leave the girl in any better position than she was before she entered. Returning to her normal life and finding it difficult to fit in, or even to be accepted, more than one of the girls has regretted the brief hour of glory given her by the contest.

And there is the story of the beauty contest winner in Europe who, having had her near-naked picture spread over the world's press, did try to buy back the negatives before her child was old enough to recognise his mother in her former candid glory.

That was the kind of thing which happened with Hedy Lamarr when, as a young actress anxious to make her mark, she did some unusually candid stuff for a Hungarian film director—and her wealthy husband, after they were married, spent a fortune buying up all copies of the film so that his wife's more personal charms would not be spread before the world. Ironically, after he had spent all that money, they didn't stay married!

All this is quite apart from the beauty contests which are held to benefit a cause. There is always somebody prepared to believe that the game is rigged for the sponsor, whether it is or not. When Miss Finland was awarded the Miss World title in 1952, the story quickly went round that the prize had

gone to her to publicise Finland, the Olympic Games venue.

The story wasn't true, but it certainly took some of the gilt off which was that year the site of Miss Finland's victory.

One must be prepared to see, of course, that in contests where votes are "bought", or where the winner is to advertise a commercial enterprise, there must be a natural bias towards the type of contestant who will favour the product, and there was one story of a really lovely girl who missed first prize because of her inability to wear and display a certain garment, the prize going to a less lovely but more practically useful person.

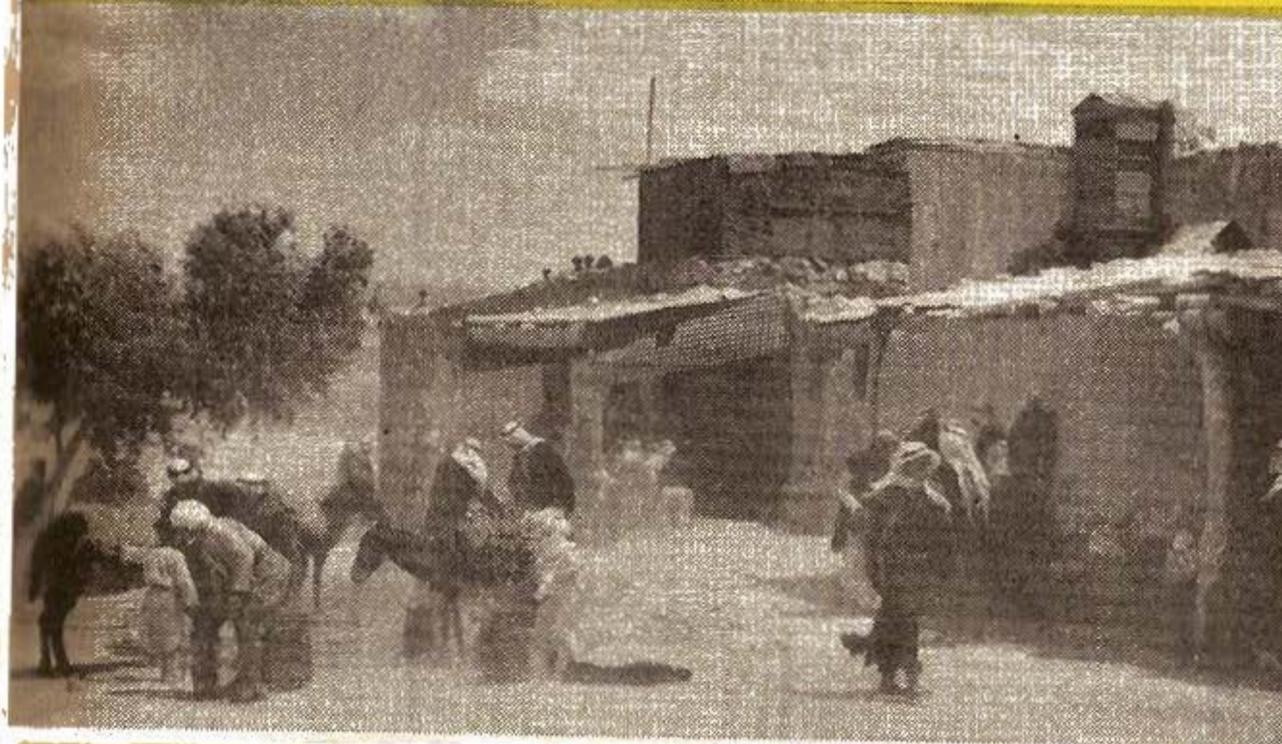
Yet girls continue to be lured in, continue to diet and dress and pose and compete—and all the time somebody has to win.

If they are content to win and go back to work, maybe it is no worse than any other form of fun. But once the excitement turns their heads, and the glamour night becomes their future standard, most of them are headed for quick disaster—not only missing professional opportunities, but finding themselves loaded with a handicap, as well, even in the matrimonial stakes.

Another facet of the beauty contest business is that very often a girl doesn't have to be any beauty to win it. She simply has to have a good team of interested people to sell votes for her popularity. When the results go up a lot of the uninitiated feel that judging by the photographs justice has not been done.

And it must be very frustrating to a really lovely girl to find that she has been beaten as Miss Beautiful by a Plain Jane with nothing more than good vote selling power.

Gwatin-Williams held captive by Turkish soldiers had to entertain an Arab village.



Sailor in the desert

It is a far cry from being captain of a ship to a refugee in the desert, but this captain had no choice when he escaped from a prison camp.

NIGHT was turning sun-baked Libya into a chilly desert when a deafening crack, followed by a crash, settled the fate of H.M.S. *Tara*, a railway steamer converted into a warship. It was November, 1915.

All the crew were saved. The U-boat commander, von Arnould de la Perriere, lined up his captives and decided to hand them over to the Turks—all except Captain R. S. Gwatin-Williams, who was the only regular Royal Naval officer among the *Tara's* crew. He was marked for Austria, where the conditions for officer-prisoners of war were more congenial. But the

SPENCER LEEMING • FACT

captain insisted upon remaining with his men.

The captives were handed over to the Turks at Bardia and were placed under the close guard of Arab mercenaries for an enforced desert march which lasted for weeks. Poor rations and ill-treatment killed many prisoners, and Captain Gwatin-Williams planned to escape.

Knowing that the Arabs feared illness and death, he feigned illness and was issued with a special sick ration of a pound of barley flour. A friendly Arab, Basil, made bis-

suits from the flour, and the other prisoners smuggled enough rice from their meagre ration to last the captain for six days. Gwatkin-Williams also stole half a pound of goat's meat, a pound of dates, and a little sugar from the officers' mess. He was ready to make his escape.

On Sunday, February 20, 1916, laden with 16lb. of food, a gallon of water, and clad in Arab attire, Captain Gwatkin-Williams left the P.O.W. camp at Bir Hakkim without being seen. He was well prepared with a frying-pan, a diary, a pencil, pipe, tobacco, matches, needles and thread, a candle, a drinking-mug, a spare pair of old shoes, a few papers, a map—but no compass.

His most important document was a forged one in Arabic, explaining that he was under the protection of the Grand Senoussi and the Turkish General, Nouri Pasba, and that, on his safe arrival at Sollum, the traveller's guide would be rewarded with a bag of gold.

Most of the next day Gwatkin-Williams plodded over the desert sands. Many times he had to hide among low shrubs as caravans came along the track. His feet were bleeding, and his shoulders were raw with the rubbing of the ropes from which his heavy belongings were suspended. His goatskin bag was leaking.

He stumbled suddenly into a camp of eight Arab tents, and was greeted cordially. The wandering "Arab" passed unchallenged.

In two days and nights G.-W. calculated that he had travelled about 51 miles. It was dark, and through sheer exhaustion he collapsed to the ground and fell asleep.

He awoke at daylight, to find himself surrounded by Arabs,

droves of camels, and herds of sheep and goats. Without knowing it, he had chosen for his first bivouac the outskirts of an Arab village.

Children and herdsmen approached him. He immediately threw his Arabian burnous (a cloak with a hood) all over him, and feigned sleep. He did not know that Arabs don't approve of sleeping after dawn. They dragged him roughly to his feet.

Unfortunately for Gwatkin-Williams, he had blue eyes; Arabs never have blue eyes. They knew he was a foreigner.

Three leading herdsmen covered him with rifles while they questioned him in Arabic. Gwatkin-Williams was at a loss, as he knew little Arabic. He was searched and his naval uniform was uncovered.

Gwatkin-Williams produced his forged document, but it had no effect. The Arabs stripped their captive naked, and were about to shoot him when over twenty Senoussi arrived and drove off the Arab herdsmen.

G.-W. hastily spoke some Arabic sentences that he had learned at Bir Hakkim. They appeared to be understood. A small gesture by the captain tickled their sense of humour, and they laughed uproariously. Then they paraded their prisoner like a performing animal.

Suddenly one of the Senoussi brigands spotted that the grinning foreigner had a gold tooth. The Arabs decided that the only way to secure the gold was to cut off their captive's head.

Desperately Gwatkin-Williams explained that the gold was brass and therefore worthless. The tribesmen believed him. He was relieved of further tension by the arrival of two men in tattered khaki uni-

forms, carrying Martini carbines. Awed and obviously afraid of these men, the Senoussi ran away. The newcomers were Turkish soldiers.

At the end of the week the Turkish soldiers led Gwatkin-Williams out of the Bedouin camp and into the desert. A Bedouin and a camel-girl accompanied them. No indication was given as to what was to happen or where they were going.

The journey ended at Turkish Headquarters.

Gwatkin-Williams received a shock when he was brought before the Commandant: he was Achmed Mansoor, the captain's commandant at Bir Hakkim!

Fully expecting to be shot at once, the bedraggled sailor was sur-

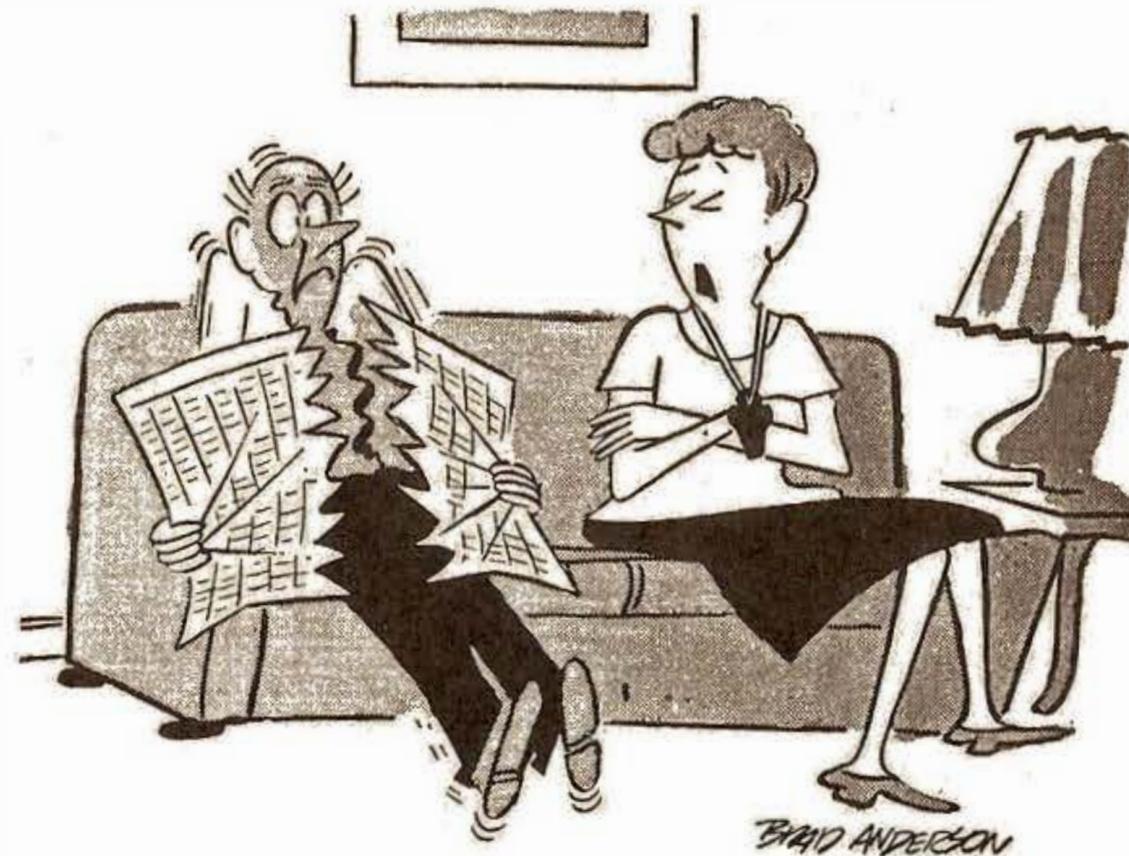
prised to be treated with civility.

The recaptured prisoner was escorted back to the prison camp at Bir Hakkim, where he found that not only the prisoners, but the guards as well, were starving.

Mutiny broke out, but was quelled on March 17, 1916, when the Duke of Westminster and his armoured cars arrived at Bir Hakkim.

Summing up his experiences in his book, "Prisoners of the Red Desert", Captain R. S. Gwatkin-Williams paid a special tribute to his gold tooth, which, he said, continued to be an asset of value throughout his ordeals.

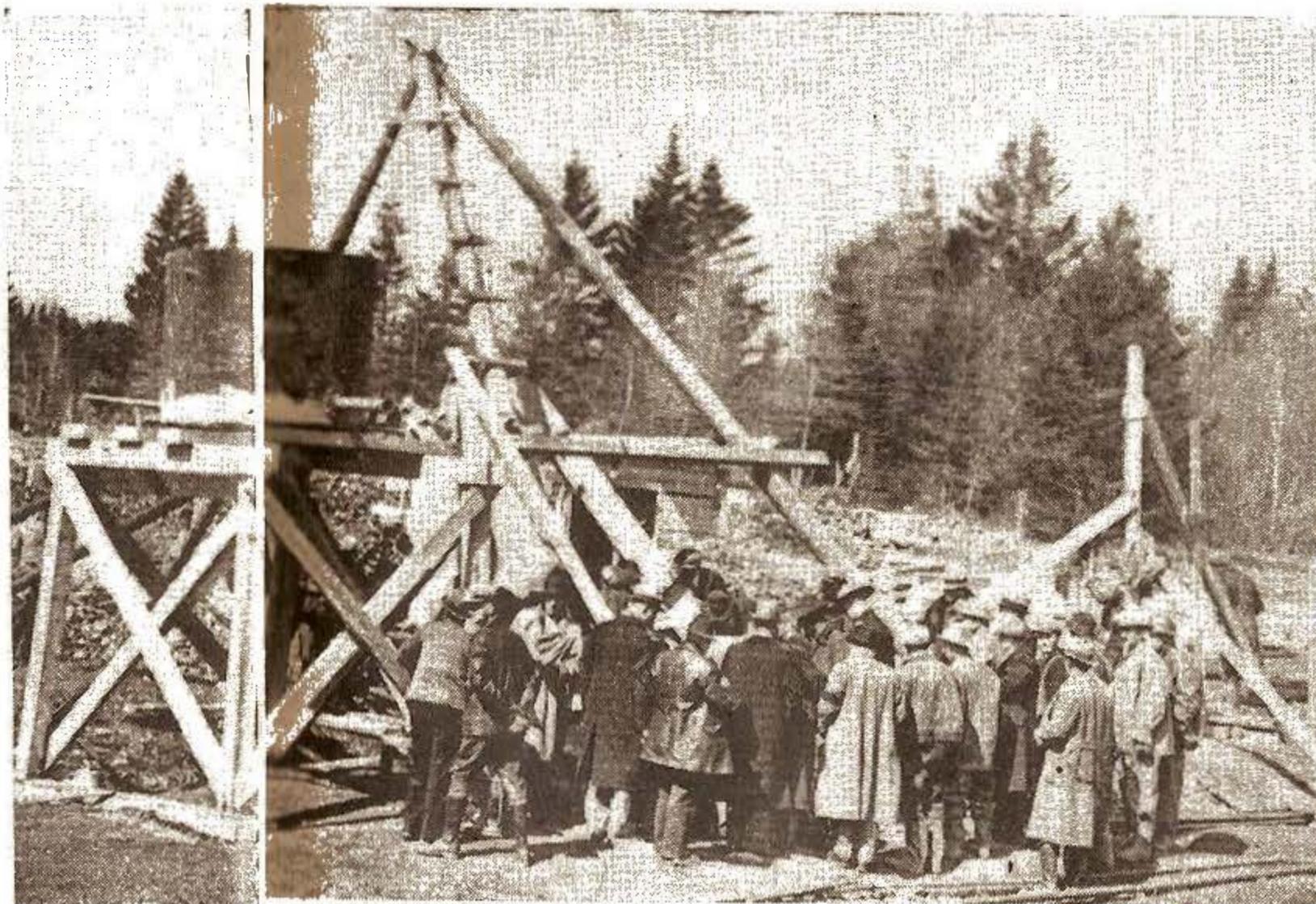
"Thus," he wrote, "are misfortunes often in themselves a benefit."



"As I was saying . . ."

Buried alive for nine days

Three men were trapped when the Moose River Gold Mine collapsed. It took rescuers nine days to get them out.



THREE men exploring the old but recently re-opened Moose River goldmine, Nova Scotia, heard the ominous cracking sound at the 150-foot level. They raced to the shaft leading up to the mine entrance. Frantically one of them hauled on the signal cord for the "skip" that could carry them out to safety.

Almost simultaneously, a reverberating roar heralded the fall of tons of rock and earth, imprisoning them. Blindly stumbling through the dust, they found all the other galleries were also blocked.

Then they saw a small dead-end niche cut in the face of the wall. They crawled in for protection.

It was the afternoon of Monday,

April 13, 1936. The trapped trio consisted of Dr. Robertson, his friend Paul Magill, and the mine manager Alfred Scadding.

After several minutes the deafening tumult gradually subsided as the hail of falling rocks ceased. In its place came the ceaseless gurgle of running water as numerous underground springs and reservoirs poured torrents over the mine.

The gallery that was now sealed up into an escape-proof prison was a long tunnel, 100 yards long, eight feet high and ten feet wide.

Fortunately, the water escaped through other cracks in the floor or ran down into the entrance shaft so there was no imminent danger

of the tunnel becoming flooded and drowning the three trapped men.

They lighted a fire with timber from smashed supports. The smoke seeped upward through the rock crevices and told watchers outside the mine that the three men were alive.

Outside, frantic preparations were under way to save the trapped trio. Hundreds of miners from the nearby Caribou mines gathered to discuss ways and means. Many thought the task hopeless. The whole shaft was blocked with hundreds of tons of packed broken stone.

It could be cleared—but it would probably take much longer than the entombed men could last.

Food was sent down to the trapped men through a pipe forced into the earth.

To increase their chances, it was decided to use a diamond drill to drive a bore-hole down through the ground and into the mine. Food and drink could be sent down it to relieve the plight of the prisoners until the shaft was opened.

The main difficulty was deciding where the men were trapped, so that a path for the drill could be directed. Making an estimate, the gangs of volunteers went to work and the drill began its ceaseless grinding roar that was to continue for days.

Other rescuers bent to the job of driving through to the men and getting them out. Engineers finally decided against clearing the original shaft. It seemed easier to go down another disused shaft that had escaped the full force of the rock fall and tunnel through from it at the 150-foot level.

A 28-ton crane was brought in. It had to be conveyed over 20 miles of slushy mountain track. The journey took 40 hours. Eight miles from their goal, a breakdown in the steering held them up for hours until spare parts could be obtained from Halifax.

Meanwhile, the work of clearing the shaft had proceeded with dyna-

mite and the machinery on hand. With the arrival of the big crane, which could lift two tons of rock at a time, the shaft was sunk to 140-feet—three days after the cave-in. From there a tunnel was started at right angles to the shaft.

Mrs. Robertson and Mrs. Magill were on the scene of operations and with them was Magill's Great Dane, Moose.

On the day Paul Magill died far underground, the dog went nearly mad. It whined and sniffed piteously at every crack in the ground left by the tremendous rock fall.

The rescue tunnel went through

rock and earth and tractors razed the office buildings nearly in order to get the timber to prop the roof and sides.

The tunnel was a bare three feet in diameter. Only two men at a time could work at it—one man digging and the other timbering the sides. They risked their lives constantly owing to the danger of a sudden cave-in. Other worries were the foul air, the seeping water which kept them drenched the whole time, the mud underfoot and the constant urgency for speed and more speed.

The tunnel was pushed forward 12 feet in the first eight hours. Then the difficulties worsened. In the next nine hours, it progressed only three feet. Ten times during the period the timber collapsed and the roof caved in. Forty men were strung out behind the front pair, passing from hand to hand every piece of rock and shovelful of dirt extracted.

It was six days before the first contact was made with the trapped trio by means of the diamond drill. The point emerged near the wall of the gallery on Sunday April 19. Had it been another couple of inches further over, it would have missed the men's prison altogether. All three would have died.

Piping was fitted in the hole made by the drill. Brandy and hot soup were sent down it to help keep them alive. A special telephone, about the size of a fountain pen was also lowered. Through it, Dr. Robertson was able to speak. He told of the gradual weakening of Paul Magill.

Although only 30, much younger than his two companions, he was close to death. Through the long wait, Scadding and Dr. Robertson tried to keep him warm with their

own bodies, but he contracted pneumonia. On April 20 he died.

Dr. Robertson revealed that Scadding too was very sick.

On Monday, April 20, when it was estimated the tunnel had only 20 feet to go, there was another rock fall in the shaft. It left more than a dozen men imprisoned in the tunnel. In a few hours the heavy crane cleared the shaft.

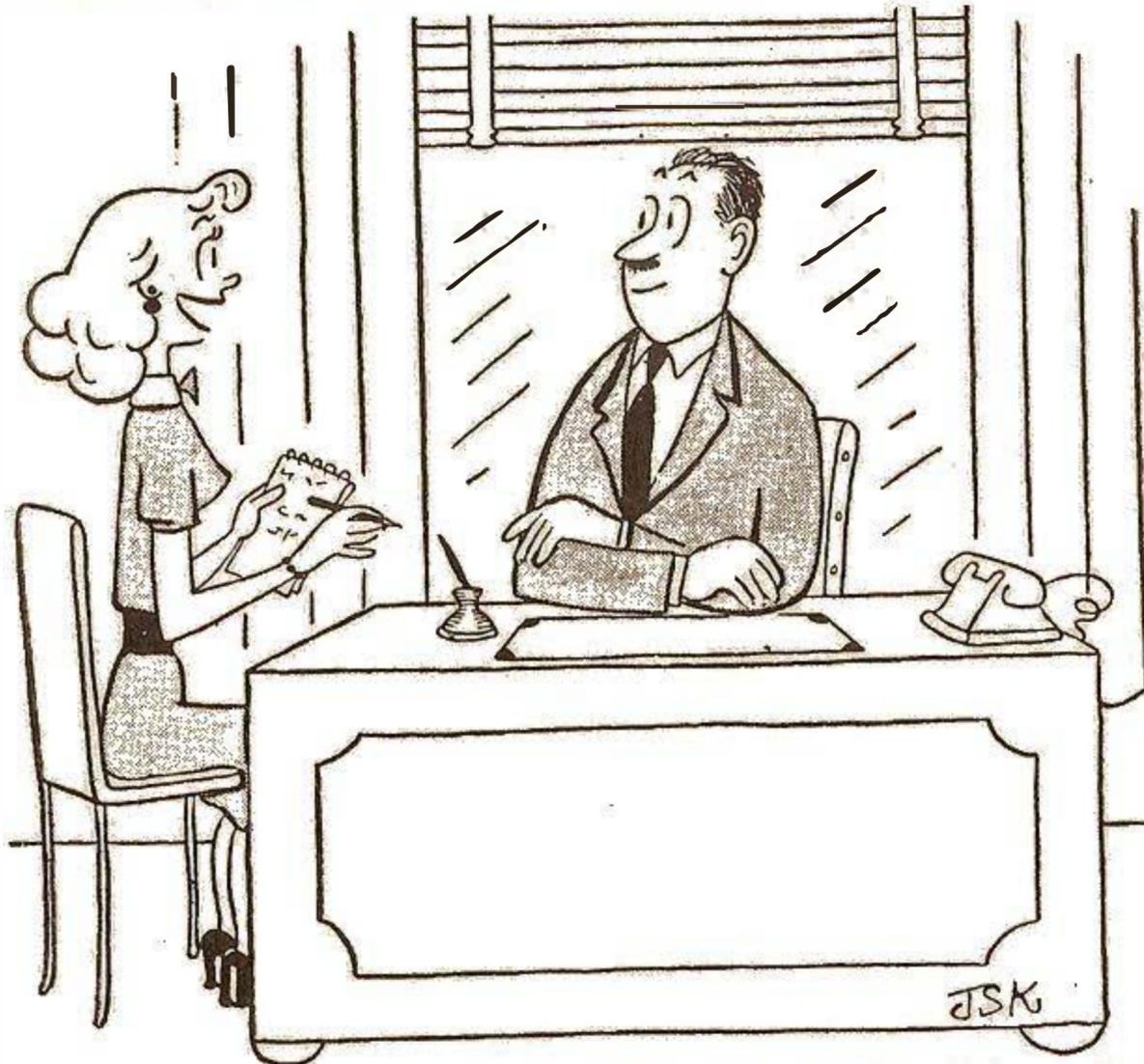
The tunnellers then met a wall of solid rock. Explosives were too dangerous, so its 15-foot thickness had to be chiselled through. One by one the rescuers collapsed with the strain and had to be taken to hospital. Others quickly took their places.

During the whole of this time the fate of the interred men was a matter for speculation, and imposed the greatest strain on their relatives, who, hoping against hope, were fully prepared to have their worst fears confirmed. There was the additional worry that still further falls would prolong the work of rescue which, at times, seemed an utterly impossible task.

The feverishly working relays finally wore out, however, and on April 22, when they broke through and found, after nine days, that two of the three men they sought to rescue were still alive.

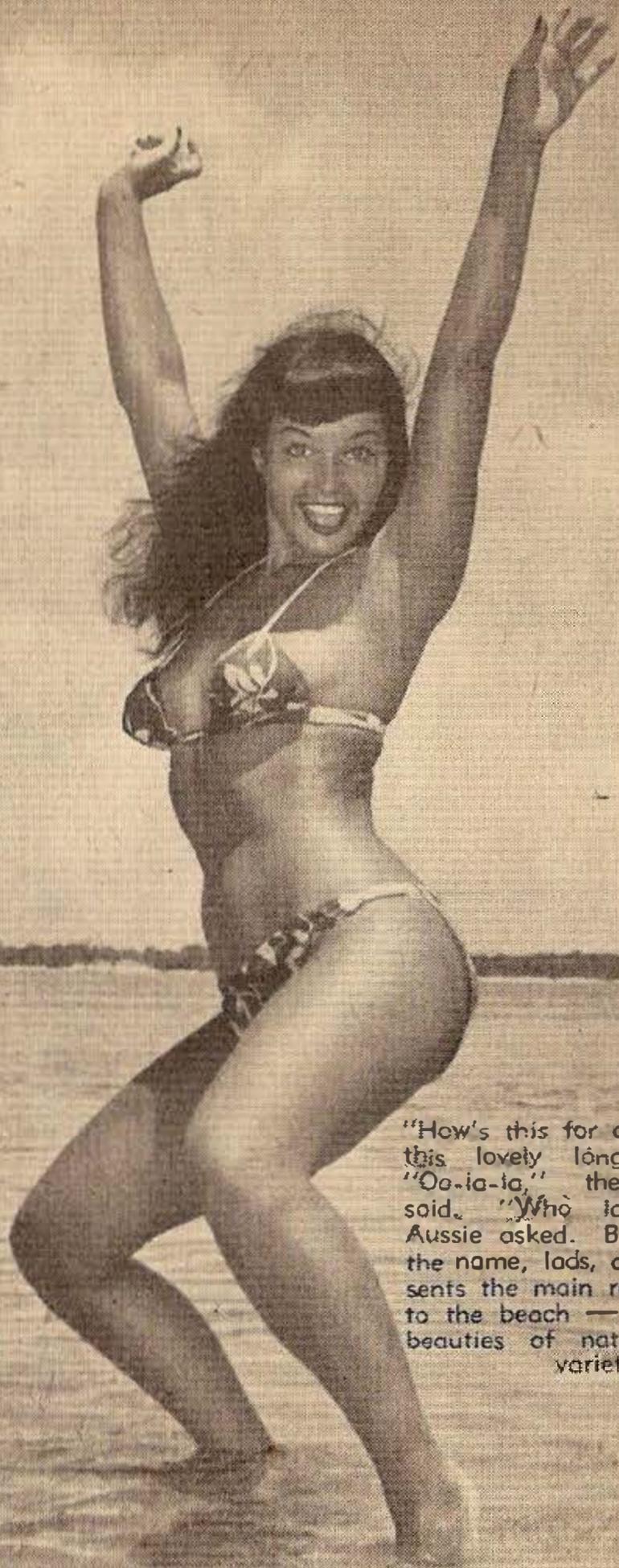
A doctor who had stood by to render any necessary aid went to the assistance of Dr. Robertson and Arthur Scadding, and was able to pronounce that both men would survive their ordeal. It was also his melancholy duty to announce that Paul Magill was a fatality.

In hospital Dr. Robertson made a quick recovery. Alfred Scadding showed worse effects, but he, too, was eventually restored to health. The rescue was a remarkable feat of courage and endurance.



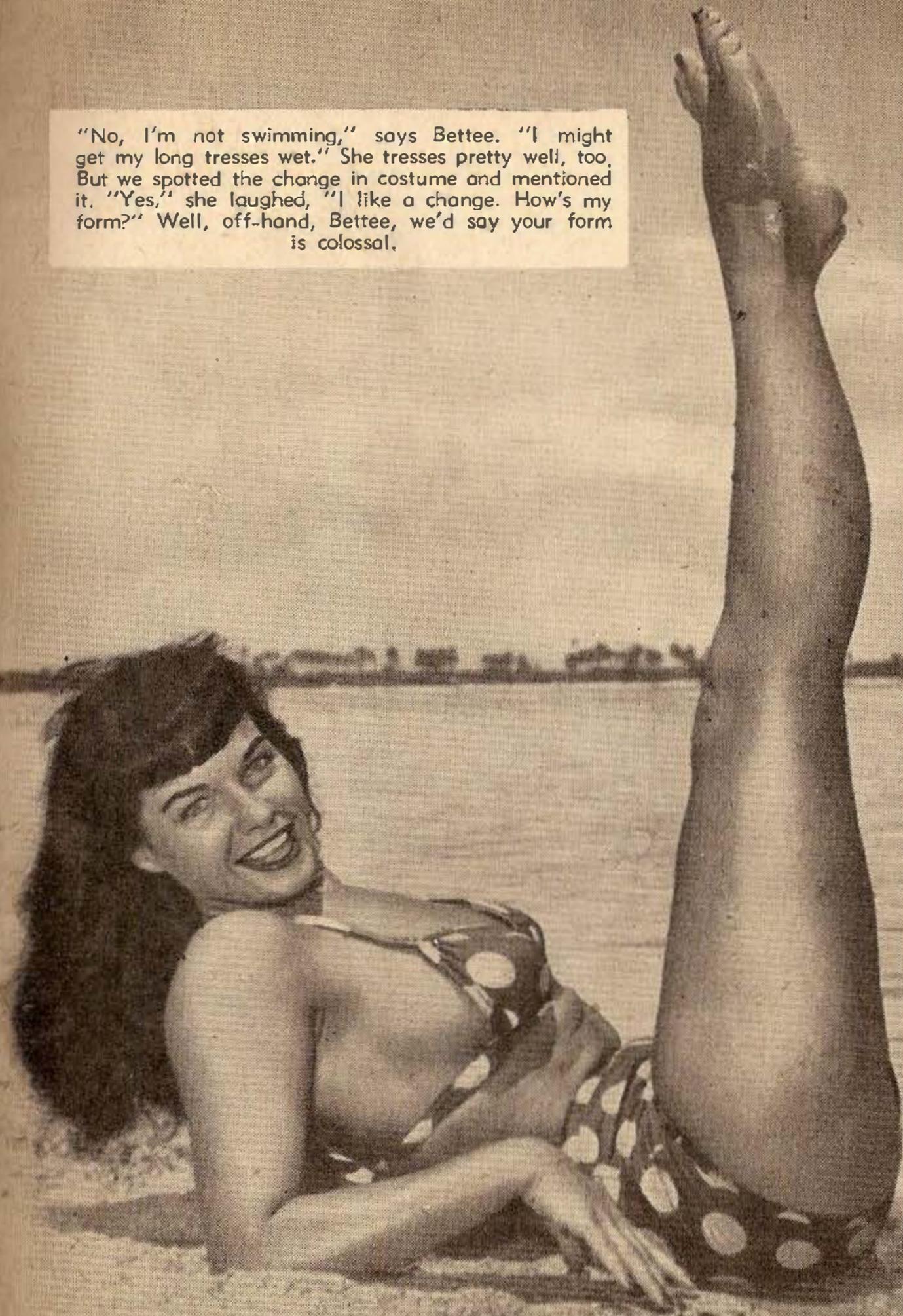
"Would you mind repeating that last paragraph, Mr. Brandish . . . You speak so eloquently."

Her bathing suit got wet!



"How's this for a hula?" asks this lovely long-haired lass. "Oo-ia-ia," the Frenchman said. "Who is girl?" the Aussie asked. Bettee Page is the name, lads, and she represents the main reason men go to the beach — to study the beauties of nature—feminine variety!

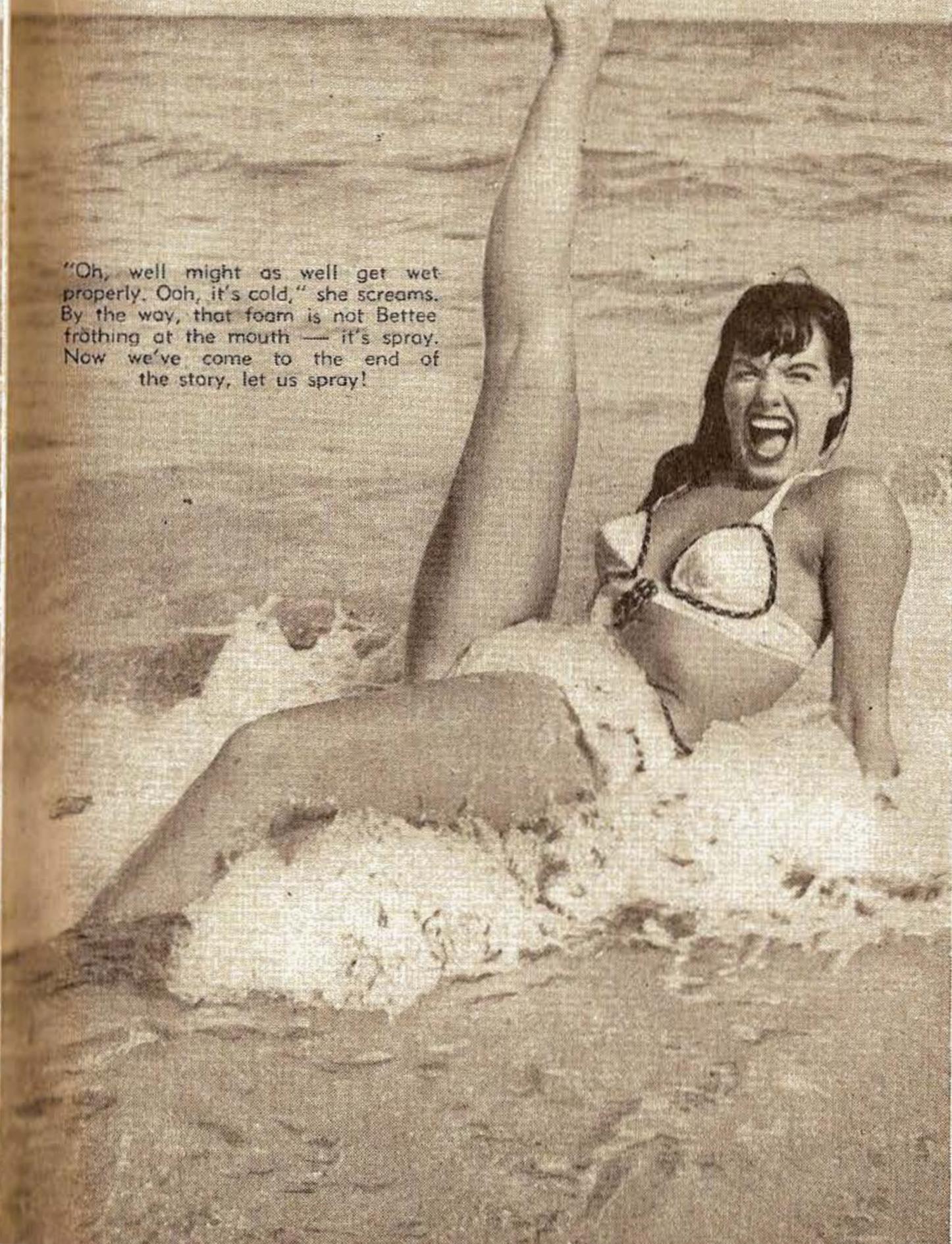
"No, I'm not swimming," says Bettee. "I might get my long tresses wet." She tresses pretty well, too. But we spotted the change in costume and mentioned it. "Yes," she laughed, "I like a change. How's my form?" Well, off-hand, Bettee, we'd say your form is colossal.



Well, what do you know—Miss Page has turned over a new leaf; she's changed her attire again (not that we could tire of that), and she's changed her mind—she's gone in and got her hair wet. "Yes, isn't it awful!" says Bettee. "With my hair look, I'll be on the rocks."



"Oh, well might as well get wet properly. Ooh, it's cold," she screams. By the way, that foam is not Bettee frothing at the mouth — it's spray. Now we've come to the end of the story, let us spray!



Crime Capsules

There have been many breaks out of gaol, but a few months ago a thief broke into Castlemaine Gaol, Victoria, Australia, and stole a safe and a revolver! He used stolen keys to open the main gate and took the safe from the governor's office. Breaking into an unoccupied part of the gaol, he forced the lock of the office door, stole the gate key from a drawer, opened the gate, backed a car up to the office window and loaded the safe into it. There were 22 prisoners in the gaol, but no one made a sound.

MISTAKE

Salvatore Pecoraro, a Sicilian outlaw, escaped from an Italian prison farm in 1950, where he was serving a 30-year sentence. He was not seen until recently. Then he was found because he made a mistake: people in Aix-En-Provence, where his virtuous wife lives, noticed that she was pregnant. Police searched the house—and in the basement they found Salvatore!

HAIR RAISING

You can be unlucky: After conducting a barber's college for 17 years in St. Joseph, Montana, U.S.A., during which time he had trained over 500 hairdressers, Frank Berry, aged 74, was fined

four pound, ten shillings for barbering without a licence!

STRANGE SENTENCE

William Johnson, aged 22, received eleven tickets for traffic offences in the one day in New York. The charges included repeatedly driving on the wrong side of the road, passing "Go Slow" signs at high speed, ignoring red lights and having a noisy muffler. George Dietz, J.P., judging the case, said: "Sentence suspended on condition that you attend church every Sunday for a year. If you miss church once, you go to gaol for 30 days."

OBSERVANT

Patrolmen George McDade, of the Verona, Pennsylvania police, was asked by his chief for a description of the town's only police car, which was stolen while McDade was in charge. McDade thought for a while, then said: "It has four doors and 'Verona Police' painted on each side." It is not reported what the chief said to McDade.

ORGANS

Robert Metzler, an organist in a Chicago church, did not approve of the use of Mrs. Belle Davis' and her daughter's optic organs. He obtained a court order forbidding the women ogling him from the front pew.

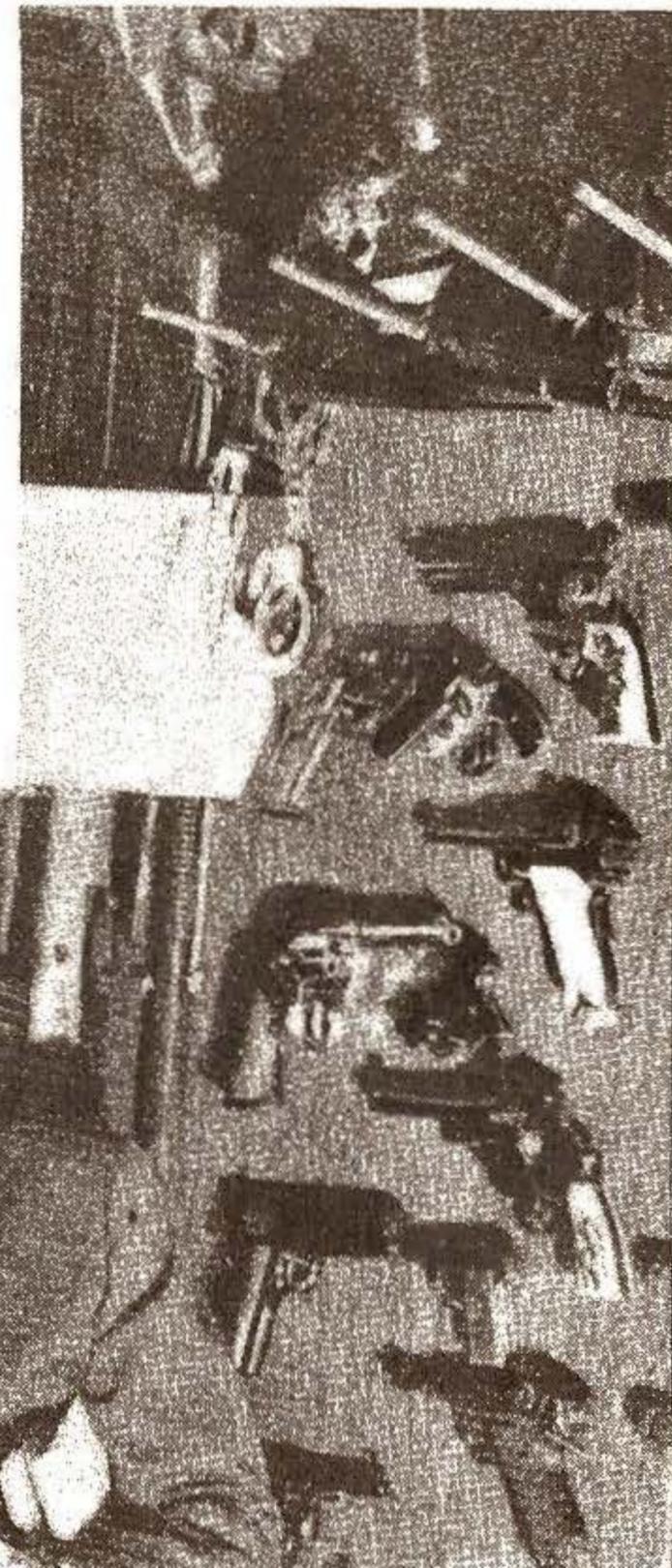
Murder is a fine art

D. JUKES • FACT

Murder is Charley Russell's life. He "kills" people every week on TV—and he "kills" them in every possible way.

WHEN success in business comes with attention to detail, and murder is the business, it becomes logical that Charley Russell stands far above the most famous of history's murderers. Murder, to Charley, is a fine art: a delicate balance of means, opportunity and weapon. His artistic touch in murder leaves the Borgias a bunch of amateurs; his choice of

Charley Russell's collection of murder weapons is vast



weapons is far more versatile than any killer of any Historic age; his sense of timing, planning and execution of the intricate details of a murder plan surpasses even a Machiavellian intelligence.

Murder is Charley's life. He works with it, thinks it, eats it, and sleeps with murder in his dreams. Yet Charley is a mild-looking, soft-spoken man in his mid thirties.

Charley never dreams of the "perfect murder" in which the crime is not detected and which passes off afterwards as suicide, accident, or natural causes: murder must be detected; the crime must be obvious and recognisable, for Charley kills two or three people every week as producer of New York's television mystery thriller series "Danger".

His research into the finer art of murder started when one of his

actors sipped cyanide and tea, immediately clutched his throat and expired before the cameras. The T.V. station was flooded with telephone calls from doctors, scientists and chemists, pointing out that it takes much longer for cyanide to work.

Charley followed these calls to get the facts. Shortly afterwards an excited druggist called the New York Police. "Hurry down here. There's a guy in my place with murder on his mind. He just asked me how long it takes cyanide to kill a human being." The cops hurried down and found—Charlie.

However, his pertinacity is paying big dividends. These days, if one of his actors drink strychnine, he dies in the required time, and Charley has a stopwatch handy to check him down to the last ditch.

Gun wounds are difficult, Russell says. One night after wounding an

actor with a colt .45, Charley received a phone call from a pistol expert and champion marksman.

"I'll stake my reputation," said the expert. "That a colt .45 bullet fired at that close range would have blasted him out of the door."

As a result, all gunshots are checked against a ballistics file, and it is a dare "Danger" hero who gets away with a mere flesh wound. If he does it's authentic.

The same thing applies to a blow to the head. No actor shakes his head groggily after being stunned if the weight of the weapon and the force with which it was wielded is enough to crack his skull. Similarly the place of entry of a knife is carefully predetermined so that an authentic "death" can result.

Many people know that revolvers greatly lose their accuracy over 50 yards—even if the bullet does have enough force left to kill a man at that distance. They know that a person has the favour of overwhelming odds when running away from a gunman. They can tell at a glance whether the length of the revolver barrel, the calibre of the bullet, and the common specifications of the charge could bring about anything but a lucky shot. And if Russell makes a mistake, TV viewers tell him about it.

Always, too, the script has to be feasible. One "Danger" script called for Iris Mann, playing a diabolical little child, to charm a polecat ferret into killing her aunt.

"First I had to find out what a polecat ferret was," Russell said. "Then I had to figure if it could actually kill a human being. After that, could it be charmed into doing it?"

He contacted a naturalist who explained that the ferret was a killer rodent native to Europe; that

THE MODEL HUSBAND

The wife took her husband along

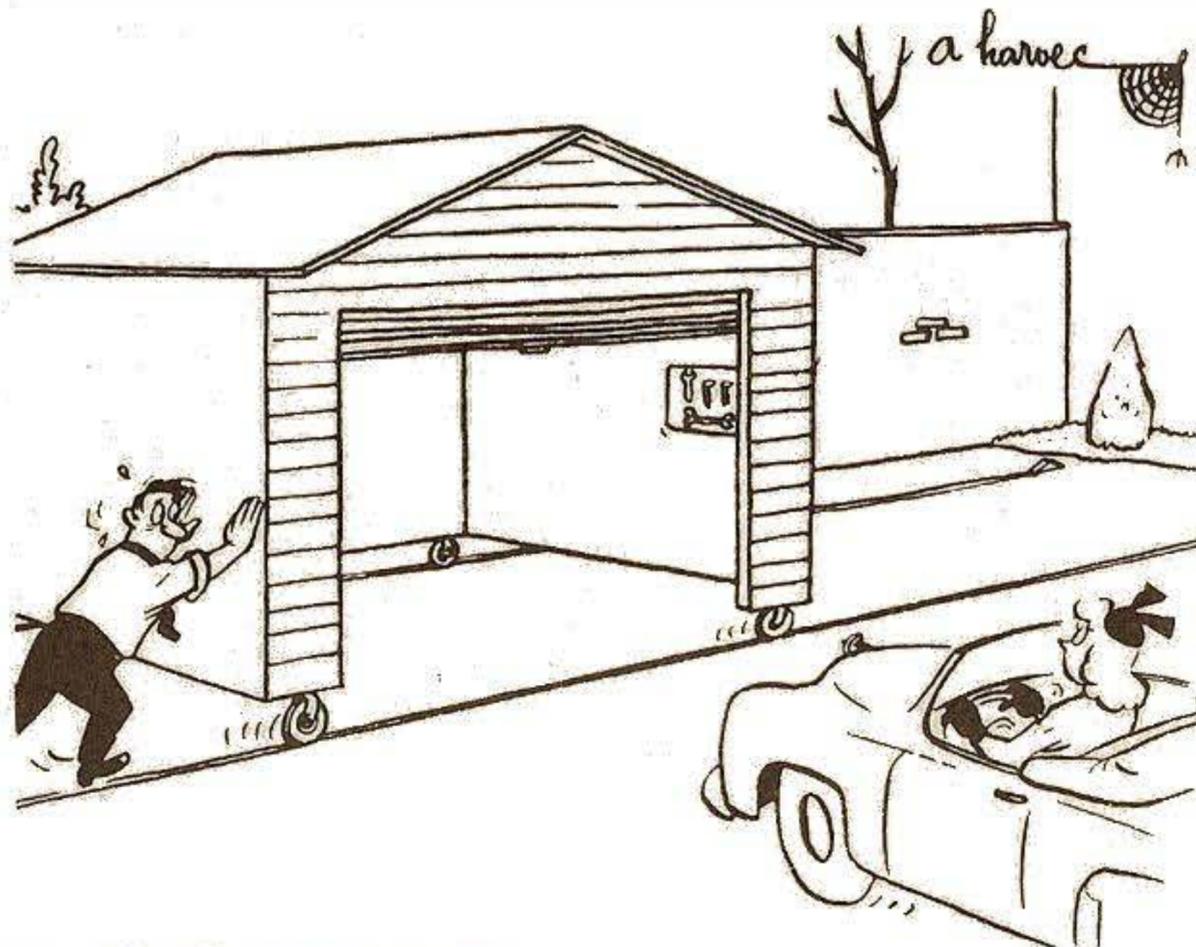
To see the monnequin show;
She did not think she was doing wrong,

Though he didn't want to go,
A lovely girl—a model named Pat—

Walked out in a dress of stone;

The wife whispered, "How would you like that?"

And the husband said out "Alone!"



it had often killed children when hungry or enraged; and that it would, in all probability kill an adult.

"He was vague about the charm angle," says Charley. "And asked me whether or not I had any I was planning to charm."

All "Danger" scripts don't work out as easily. Once Fay Bainter, playing a murder victim, had to take a rare and exotic poison which requires three or four hours to take effect. The problem lay in the fact that Miss Bainter had to expire before the commercial.

"The whole script depended on the poison, so we couldn't change that," Charley explained. "Obviously she couldn't die during the commercial—the sponsors would never go for that! So we had to figure out a place in the script where she could die."

He managed it by fading in on a clock, fading out and then fading back on the clock turned ahead to indicate the passing of time.

Occasionally, when "Danger" stories are set in exotic locales, the murder weapon is likely to be an animate object: scorpions, snakes

and piranhas are all likely murder weapons.

Causes and results are worked out to detail. Even autopsy reports have to be accurate.

Playing the murderer of a woman, Lee Tracy was confronted with an autopsy report in which the coroner described the condition of her throat after the murder. Charley checked the file. The doctor had described a throat strangled by rope, but the script called for Tracy to strangle her with his hands. The autopsy report was changed.

"Lawyers sit at home and just wait for you to make a legal mistake," Charley said. "For instance, we had Sarah Churchill playing the part of a woman facing a first degree murder charge. Lawyers wrote in by the hundreds stating that the most she could be tried for was manslaughter. Some of them offered to defend her."

If an actor is required to struggle around the sea bed with weights tied to his ankles, and the cameras have to follow him down and remain with him to the final mouthful of water, Charley has to be careful of the safety of his actor.

Usually he has the drowning man panic, and so "die" sooner than ordinarily. The actor therefore has plenty of breath left when the cameras switch off him.

A strangulation is simple. There is no time for a trick knife to be fastened in the back of the victim as is possible in movies by stopping the cameras. Television is "live" and continuous.

Charley has worked out tricks which defy the most sceptic television viewer, and he keeps those tricks to himself.

Russell's collection of weapons is vast. Knives, daggers, bayonets,

swords, pistols, rifles, shotguns and automatics form the more spectacular part. They are representative of all historic ages.

All weapons, including animate ones, which can be used for murder, are mentioned in the files. Each entry shows the way in which the weapon could be used to kill, how long after the deed death follows, and the actions, symptoms and sounds of death with the particular weapon.

Australia can expect to see some of Charley Russell's television principles in operation shortly. Who knows, we may soon see a second Charley Russell on an Australian golf course hefting his club menacingly, swing it over his head and look at his partner wonderingly, and know that he is planning next week's murder!

All of the problems Charlie Russell answers have been answered before, for the films. But the technique of films makes fakes an easy way out — the camera can pause for a minute or an hour while a gimmick is rigged, or while the understudy takes the place of the star, or while a whole vista of violence is faked to the satisfaction of the prospective audience — and most convincingly.

In television this pause cannot be allowed, with the result that some substitute has to be found to give an instantaneous impression of the effect sought. For example, the old trick is a knife, the blade of which retracts into the handle, used in a stabbing. In movies the cameras can be halted while the shaft of the knife is affixed to the victim's back to complete the stabbing illusion. In television a suction cup has to be used so that as the knife is stabbed the blade retracts and the handle adheres to the victim's body.

THIS IS A ZOMBIE

PETER HARGRAVES • FACT

HER face was blank; her eyes were dead. She was clad in a rough working dress and she shrank with fear from all who approached her. The farmer, on whose property she had suddenly appeared, recognised her as his sister, Felicia Felix-Mentor. She had been dead for 29 years!

It was Dr. Rulx Leon, then Director-General of Public Health in Haiti, who reported the case in 1936. He gleaned the facts from Felicia's brother; the woman had married a small storekeeper in the town of Ennery. After becoming suddenly ill in 1907, she had died and was buried in the local cemetery.

Dr. Leon ordered that the grave be uncovered. They found the remains of a coffin, rotted away to a few scraps of wood. But there was not a single bone of the skeleton that should have been present.

Felicia's husband was located. He had remarried. When presented to Felicia, he identified her as his first wife. But she did not recognise him.

She died a few months later in hospital. No trace was found of the man responsible for her zombie state. Indeed, during those 29 years she had been considered dead and evidently she had been well hidden, while acting as slave to the man who made her a zombie. Police believed she had escaped and that instinct had led her back to the farm where she and her brother had been raised.



If you think zombies are the products of fertile minds of authors, look at this picture. She is a zombie!

The zombie is a product of voodoo, the dread secret cult which has flourished in the West Indies, the Caribbean and the deep South of the United States since the 17th century.

Zombies are popularly supposed to be people who have died, then risen from their graves to walk the earth as unthinking automatons. Only the last part of the description is correct. The zombie is not a risen dead man.

Thus zombies are clearly recognised in Haiti—as persons who have been placed in a cataleptic coma with narcotic drugs, secretly administered by a voodoo sorcerer or "Bocor", as he is called in Haiti.

After the administration of the drug, the zombie immediately takes on the appearance of death. Because of the tropic heat his relatives waste no time in burying him. After they depart, the bocor and his henchmen appear on the scene. They dig up the coffin and reawaken the "corpse", who is now their ready-made slave.

They can sell him as a zombie to some distant plantation, where there is little chance of him being seen by his relatives.

Zombies are then beyond all assistance. The vegetable drug that was surreptitiously administered by the bocor, called wanga or kingo, permanently paralyses part of the brain cells.

The zombie suffers little physical effect, but he is incapable of thought. When the bocor rouses him from the coffin, he can obey orders to work, eat, drink and sleep. He is completely oblivious of any reason for doing so. If told to throw himself over a cliff, he would obey.

An American journalist named Charles Nemo, investigating the

zombies of Haiti recently, consulted a bent old "houngon" or voodoo priest in a hut that served as his temple on the outskirts of Port-au-Prince, the capital.

"There are two kinds of dead," the ancient croaked, "the dead of God and the dead of the bocor. The dead of God can never be revived; the dead of the bocor not only can be, but frequently are."

Behind the houngon was a crude wooden altar. It was covered with a red cloth on which reposed a collection of old rum bottles, the carved head of a man, fowls' feet, dried reptile skin and numerous other objects.

Unlike most houngons he was willing to talk of voodoo and zombies. They are not the work of priests such as himself, but of bocors. He explained that zombies generally are created for one of two reasons—revenge by an enemy or cheap labour for a landowner. The bocor is paid to do his work.

According to the houngon, the bocor waits till dark and then begins "incantations" to summon the dark powers of the voodoo world to help him.

"Then," the old man explained, "he mounts his horse with his face to the horse's tail, and rides off to the house of his victim. Dismounting, he places his lips to the crack of the door and sucks out the soul."

The bocor rides home and waits. In a few hours his victim is dead. His family buries him. At midnight the bocor and his assistants go to the grave. They open it. Bending down, the bocor calls the dead man by name. The Haitian believes he must answer because the bocor "holds his soul in his hands."

They take him to the bocor's headquarters, where he is given a draft of a secret potion. "He



"Just a minute, Bob . . . that was only the rehearsal of the wedding, and you know it!"

then becomes a zombie," the houn- gon told Charles Nemo, "and will never speak again or return to the tomb. He will obey the bocor in all things until the latter dies."

Of course, what really happens, is that the victim is surreptitiously fed drugs to make him take on the appearance of death. These drugs are said to come from a rare cactus plant, the properties of which were discovered centuries ago. A profound state of catalepsy, resembling death, occurs in a few hours.

The bocor can revive the victim by administering any of a number of secret antidotes, which enable the corpse to be resuscitated into a zombie.

Zombie secrets were brought to Haiti when the ancestors of the present natives arrived on the island from Africa as slaves. Their masters, French landowners, heard rumours that the voodoo experts among them possessed the secret of "raising the dead". Because the landowners had to pay taxes on the number of slaves they owned, and because of the constant threat of slave revolt, they paid the voodoo bocors to administer their secret potions of *wanga* or *kingo* to selected slaves—generally the best workers.

The future zombies fell into the cataleptic trance. They were buried and reported to the authorities as dead.

On the night following their burial, trusted servants dug up their bodies. They were handed over to the bocors, who soon revived them. They were kept in special quarters, away from the other slaves and appeared on no records in the landowner's books. No taxes were paid on them. At work they were almost as valuable as before—and they were now as docile as babes.

Eventually, however, revolt did sweep Haiti. It became a republic. The slaves, including thousands of zombies, were released. A little over a year ago, a retired British missionary, the Rev. Arthur Turnbull, who has spent 47 years in Haiti, described in a London paper his personal acquaintance with a modern zombie. Mr. Turnbull was friendly with a general in the Haitian army. Foolishly the general became involved in a feud with a well-known voodoo sorcerer.

The latter predicted the general would die within 10 days. He died on the ninth day. Mr. Turnbull saw his body and performed his funeral service. But some of the general's friends, were suspicious. After a couple of days, they uncovered his grave. It was empty.

A posse trailed the bocor and a number of followers up into the mountains. The posse gained on their quarry and the natives took fright and left a prisoner behind. It was the general. He seemed dazed, as though in a coma. He could not speak and his brain seemed no stronger than that of a congenial idiot.

The general was a zombie.

The bocor was never caught and his victim was condemned to a life in an asylum until his death.

This was no more nor less than the truth of the matter, and as a result the poor victim was a senseless, unintelligent thing in human form. There was no "act" on anybody's part it was a transformation which had completely undermined the man.

The apparently alert, intelligent, commanding figure of yesterday had become an insensate, useless thing. The moronic minds of the community were more than willing to attribute this to some supernatural power held by the people

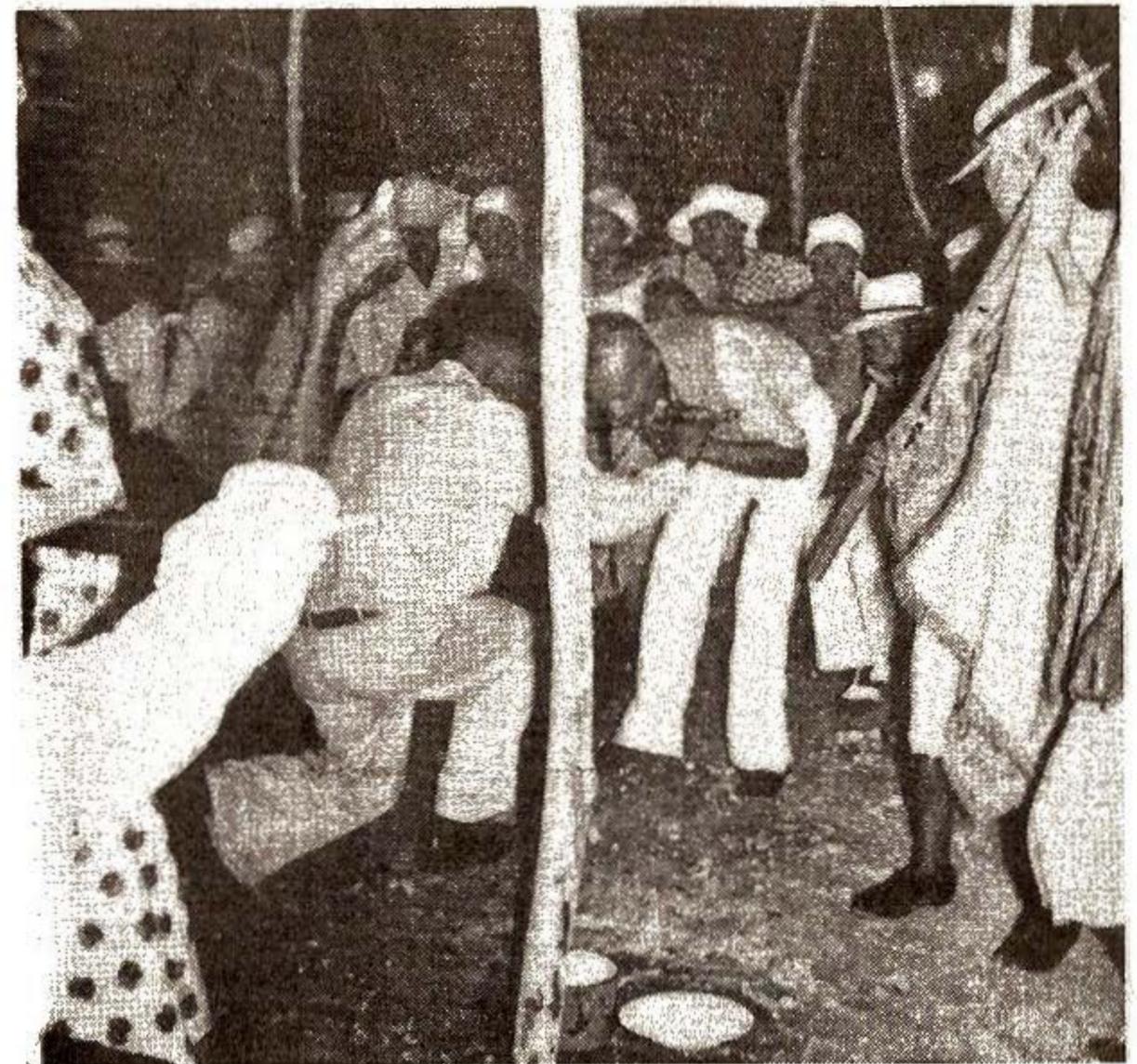
who had affected the transformation. And so the legend of the zombies was perpetuated and spread.

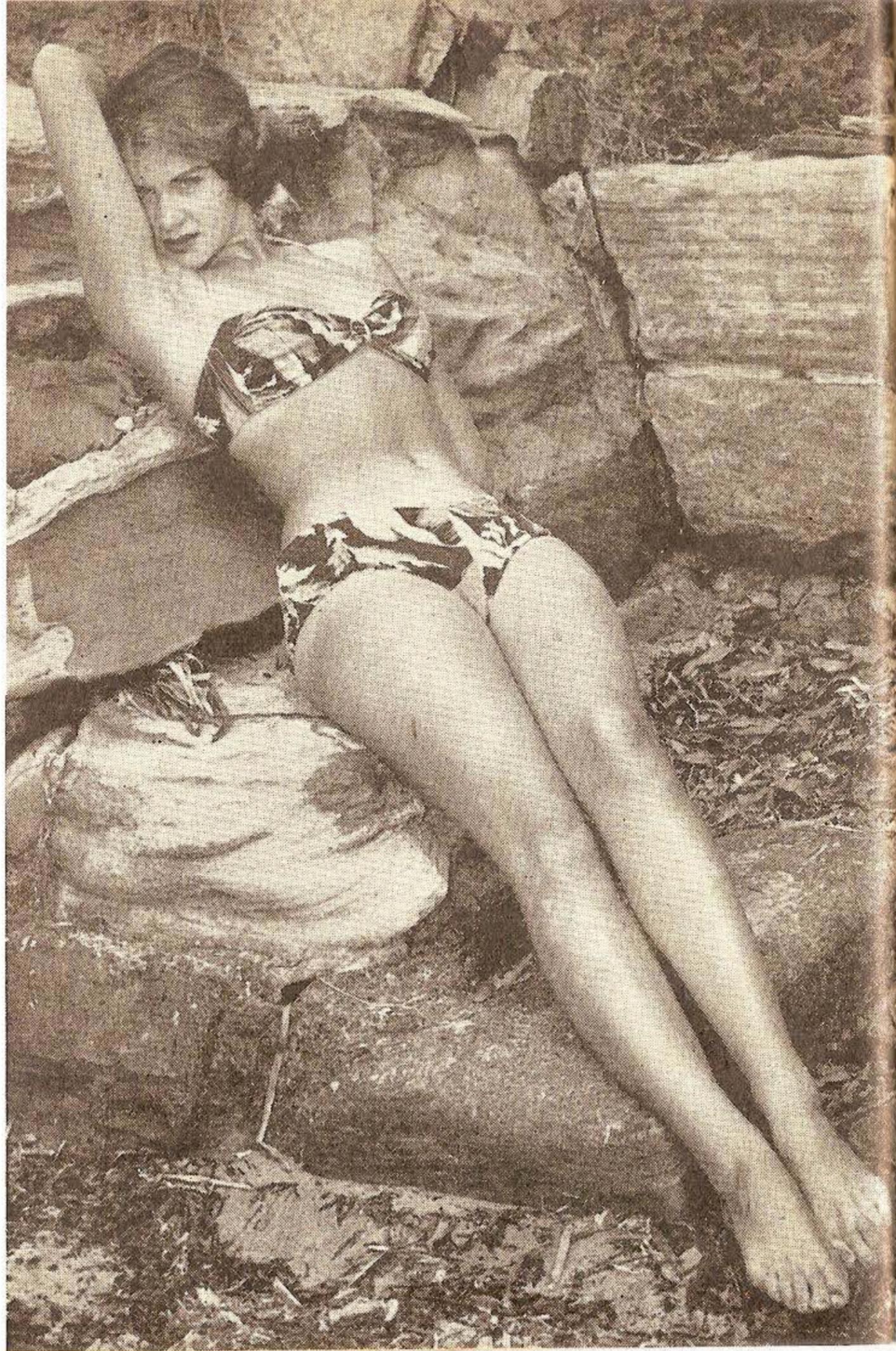
It is no wonder that the zombies became a byword and objects of pity and sympathy among their fellows. And the sympathy was deserved—not because the zombies were victims of some uncontrollable, supernatural power, but because of the simple chemical formula which, in the hands of a few wise-acres created an amazing change in known people in a very limited space of time. The

repercussions can be well understood. And the consequent fear engendered in the people with some knowledge of what was being done can well be appreciated. It is no wonder that the fear of the power to create zombies spread so that there were a few people credited with really supernatural powers.

Tales of zombies were treated with suspicion by those outside Haiti until the release of the picture of Felicia Felix-Mentor. They can be sceptical no longer. Zombies do exist.

Fear of revolt by natives influenced the original landowners of Haiti to make zombies of their slaves





The secret of the GHOSTLY BELLS

The spiritualist had a cunning set-up which only a worried brother could uncover and find—murder!

JOHN GOLD, partner in a prosperous Washington manufacturing company, was worried about his young brother, Ashley. He had not heard from him for nearly a year. Letters he had written to the boarding house where Ashley lived, on Lockwood Avenue in the St. Louis suburb of Webster Groves, were not answered.

Gold went to Missouri and interviewed the landlady, an attractive full-figured blonde named Mrs. Cora Stanke. She told him that Ashley Gold had moved out in the previous January. She had not seen or heard of him since.

She produced several of his unanswered letters to his brother and told John Gold that Ashley had returned home one afternoon, told her he was leaving and moved out as soon as he packed his bag. He gave no reason for leaving.

Mrs. Stanke gave Gold the address of a builder named Peabody in a nearby town. Ashley had worked for him as a carpenter.

As Gold left the boarding house, a woman motioned to him from a nearby alley. "I've got something

JAMES HOLLEDGE • FACT

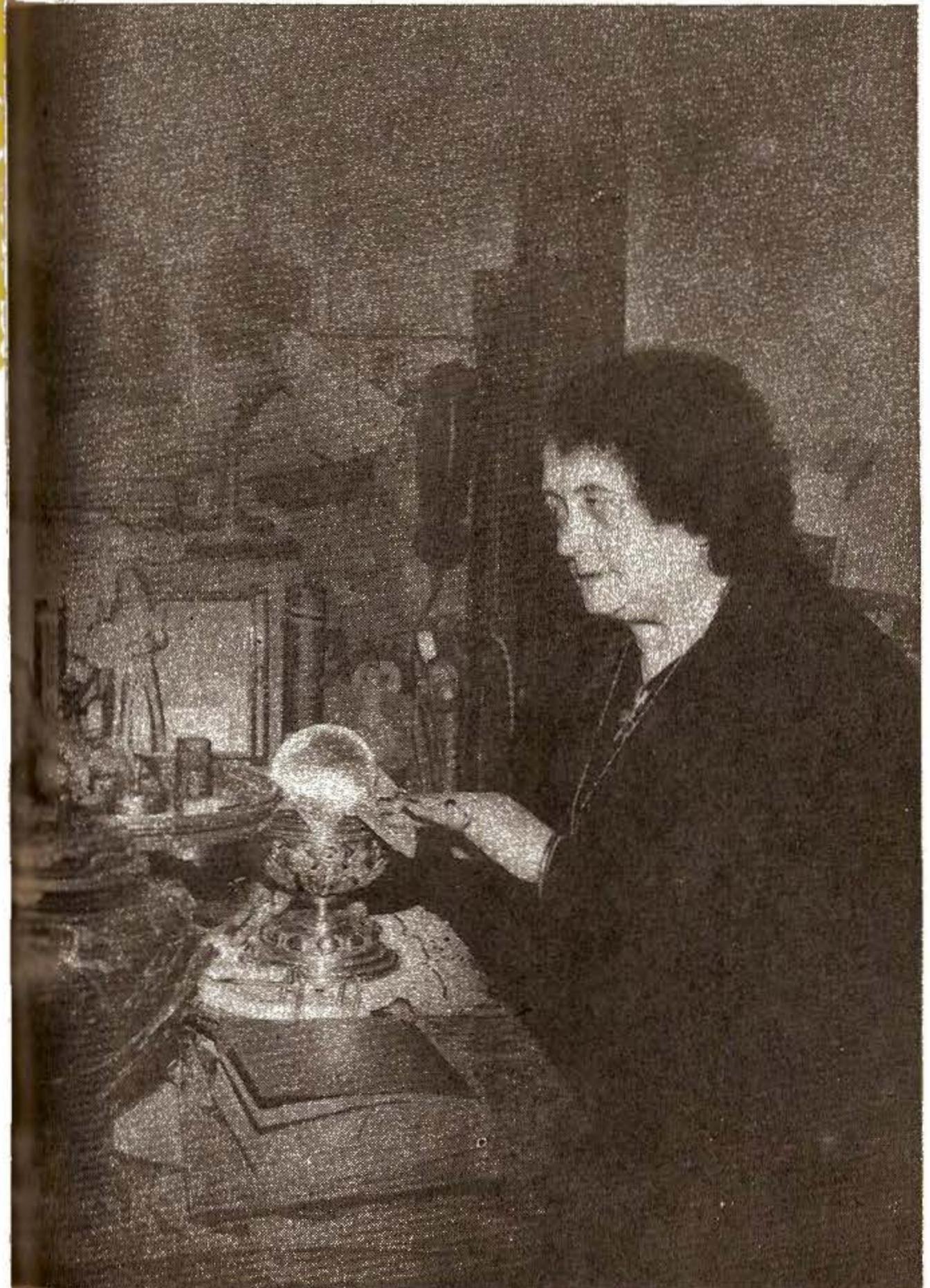
to tell you," she said. "I work for Mrs. Stanke, and I don't want her to see me. Wait down at the corner, and I'll join you in half an hour."

Gold waited and was joined by the woman some 30 minutes later. Mrs. Stanke had lied about his brother returning and announcing his departure. He had simply disappeared. For two nights his room was unoccupied. Then Mrs. Stanke told her he had left and ordered her to prepare for a new guest.

"I think he was murdered," said the maid. "He carried a lot of money on him in a money belt. I've seen it when I was doing his room. Mrs. Stanke might not have done the actual killing, but she knows all about it. I'm sure of that. She had a guilty look about her if I've ever seen one."

But the woman knew nothing more. On the Saturday afternoon he left his job, Ashley had called at his home and made a date with his sister for Sunday. He did not keep the appointment, nor had he been seen since.

It was in an atmosphere such as this that John Gold was told his murdered brother was alive



When feeling suffocated in a badly ventilated room, a person says he "cannot get his breath", in the belief that his lungs are affected. Actually, his discomfort is caused by his pores, which, owing to the stillness of the air are unable to lose their excessive heat and moisture. Tests showed that such persons have felt no relief after breathing outdoor air through a tube, while others outdoors have felt no distress after breathing through a tube, the "foul" air of the room.

John Gold went to the police. They offered to list his brother as a missing person but could do no more until shown more tangible evidence that he had come to harm.

To find that evidence, Gold secured lodging in Mrs. Stanke's boarding house. He spoke with fellow boarders. None had seen his brother leave. When they had mentioned his absence to Mrs. Stanke, she had told them he had left.

Gold discovered that Mrs. Stanke and her husband were separated, he going to California. But that was after the disappearance of Ashley.

Gold mentioned to Mrs. Stanke that he heard she dabbled in spiritualism. He suggested she call up his brother. The woman agreed. If Ashley was dead, she promised him, she would surely be able to summon his spirit.

But Ashley did not answer the exhortations of the landlady as, clad in a revealing kimono, she bent over a table in a darkened room.

"I am sure your brother is not

dead," she told Gold. "If he were dead he would have answered. I have never failed in establishing contact with a required spirit."

She then produced a crystal ball. Eerie looking candles were lit. Incense curled up from a small bowl on the table. Mrs. Stanke looked into the ball. "Ashley Gold is alive. I can see him in a peaceful setting — a palm clad beach. There's a girl with him. She's a pretty little thing, I suppose. She's putting her arms round his neck. They're embracing and kissing. The scene seems to be in South America, or it could be Florida or perhaps Southern California."

Mrs. Stanke suddenly pushed the ball away. "There, it's gone," she said with anonyance, "but you can take my word, Mr. Gold, your brother is very much alive."

John Gold heard the sound of bells, seemingly far away. He went to the window, and pulling the heavy curtain aside, he opened it and leaned out.

He heard nothing. As soon as he turned back into the room, however, the tolling was distinctly audible again.

Mrs. Stanke was looking at him with amusement. "The bells are coming from Kansas City," she said. "You only hear them because I am here. I can bring the sounds to me, so clearly that others can hear. In Kansas City it is the hour of prayer meeting. My beloved mother and sister are attending. They seem closer to me if I can bring the sound of the bells. I concentrate on the bells of Kansas City, and the sounds come to me and to those with me. You hear no other bells."

The ringing ceased. "See," said Mrs. Stanke, "the worshippers are in the churches. The bells have

ceased during the prayer meeting." She closed her eyes. "I can see my mother and sister. They are sitting in our family pew. Their lips are moving. They are praying—praying for me."

Gold switched the conversation back to his brother. He told Mrs. Stanke that he was convinced his brother was dead.

"You shall see, Mr. Gold," she promised. "You must have patience. You will soon learn that he is alive and well. I would not be surprised if you get a letter from him. The crystal ball experiment will probably put the thought of his family in his mind."

Gold stayed for a week in the boarding house. But he found nothing tangible about his brother, so returned to his business in Washington. A few days after arriving home, he received a postcard from Long Beach in California. Both the message and the address were typed. The message read: "Hello, John. I am fine and hope you are the same. I will write a letter when I get some time. Ashley."

Gold was convinced the card was a fake to lull his suspicions. He had never known Ashley to use a typewriter. Why had no address been given for a reply?

Gold returned to St. Louis and again saw the police. They decided to arrest Mrs. Stanke for her spiritualism and interrogate her about Ashley Gold. A raid was made and she was caught with a roomful of people listening to the "church bells from Kansas City".

Concealed in the room police found a telephone. Before each seance, Mrs. Stanke rang a confederate living nearby and left the receiver off the hook. During the seance, the confederate rang bells in front of his phone. The

noise was relayed plainly into the seance room as mysterious and ghostly pealing.

Mrs. Stanke confessed to her part in the killing of Ashley Gold. She said her husband, Frank, had planned it. He took the boarder for a walk one Saturday night and he never returned.

Frank Stanke was arrested in Long Beach, California. He admitted killing Gold in self-defence in a fight and later dumping the body in the Mississippi River. It was never recovered.

With the arrest of Frank Stanke the pattern began to take the definite shape of a murder solved.

There was little difficulty in establishing that Stanke had sent the post card, thinking that the typewriter would substitute for the handwriting of a man already dead, not realising that the very fact of the typing would arouse the suspicions the card was intended to allay.

His presence in the place where the card was posted, and the fact that Gold had used no address for a reply, were both points seized by the police.

Mrs. Stanke realised there could be only one end to the train of events. Her nerve broke and she poisoned herself.

Meanwhile, police in California who were holding Frank Stanke established that he had killed and robbed an old prospector named Dave Eastman, whose body had been found in a lonely section of the California desert.

Stanke confessed to this second murder. He was sentenced to life in San Quentin, with the previous charge in St. Louis still hanging over him if he ever got out. It was a worry he never had to face. He died in his cell after serving nine years.

Blonde Rhapsody



Beaches have pebbles, sand, foam
and water; there in summer will be
your son and daughter; you'll see
some boots, seaweed and shells;
you'll see laughing boys and happy
gels; and near the water—be it
beach, lake or pond—you're bound
to see a lovely blonde

From the blonde in the reeds whom
you've just seen—we pass down the
beach to Marilyn Dean. This lovely
lass plays the piano and sings; such
talent and beauty soon acquire rings.



Reluctantly leaving the blondes on the shore, we still strike it lucky—we meet Cleo Moore. In Columbia's Women's Prison, she's one of the stars; fancy putting lovely Cleo behind bars! With no more blondes, we'll say farewell; but we'll meet again — with a brunette belle!



PENGUIN WALKABOUT

When the Edinburgh Zoo was short-handed during the last World War, its 32 Penguins one day found the gates between their enclosure and the street partly open. They immediately embarked on a sight-seeing tour. Waddling up the footpath in close formation, they stopped some three blocks away to watch the traffic. They were fascinated for an hour and a half, then returned home. As the penguins caused no trouble and apparently had enjoyed their journey, they were allowed to repeat it every afternoon, in the company of their keeper.

AMPERSAND

Called the ampersand, "&" is the oldest symbol representing a word in the world today. Originally it was one of the 5,000 signs in a shorthand system created by Marcus Tiro in 63 B.C. to record the speeches in the Roman Senate. Although the system and all other symbols have been forgotten for ten centuries, "&" continues to be used as the abbreviated form of "and" in many languages.

MAGNETIC NORTH

Equipped with special instruments designed for the purpose, the first plane to search for the exact position of the Magnetic North Pole was the *Aries*, a Royal

Air Force Lancaster that made flights over and around the assumed location on Boothia Peninsula, Canada, between May 19 and 26 1945. The aviators found that the erratic pole was almost 250 miles north-north-west of the spot long indicated on the maps, but that it was still some 1,200 miles south of the North Pole.

VICTORIA FALLS

Victoria Falls, in Southern Rhodesia, Africa, produces the most lunar rainbows. During the autumn, when the Zambesi River goes over these falls in a volume 25 times larger than at any other time of the year, the spray is so great that more than a hundred of these arcs have been seen on the moonlit nights of a single season.

EYELIDS

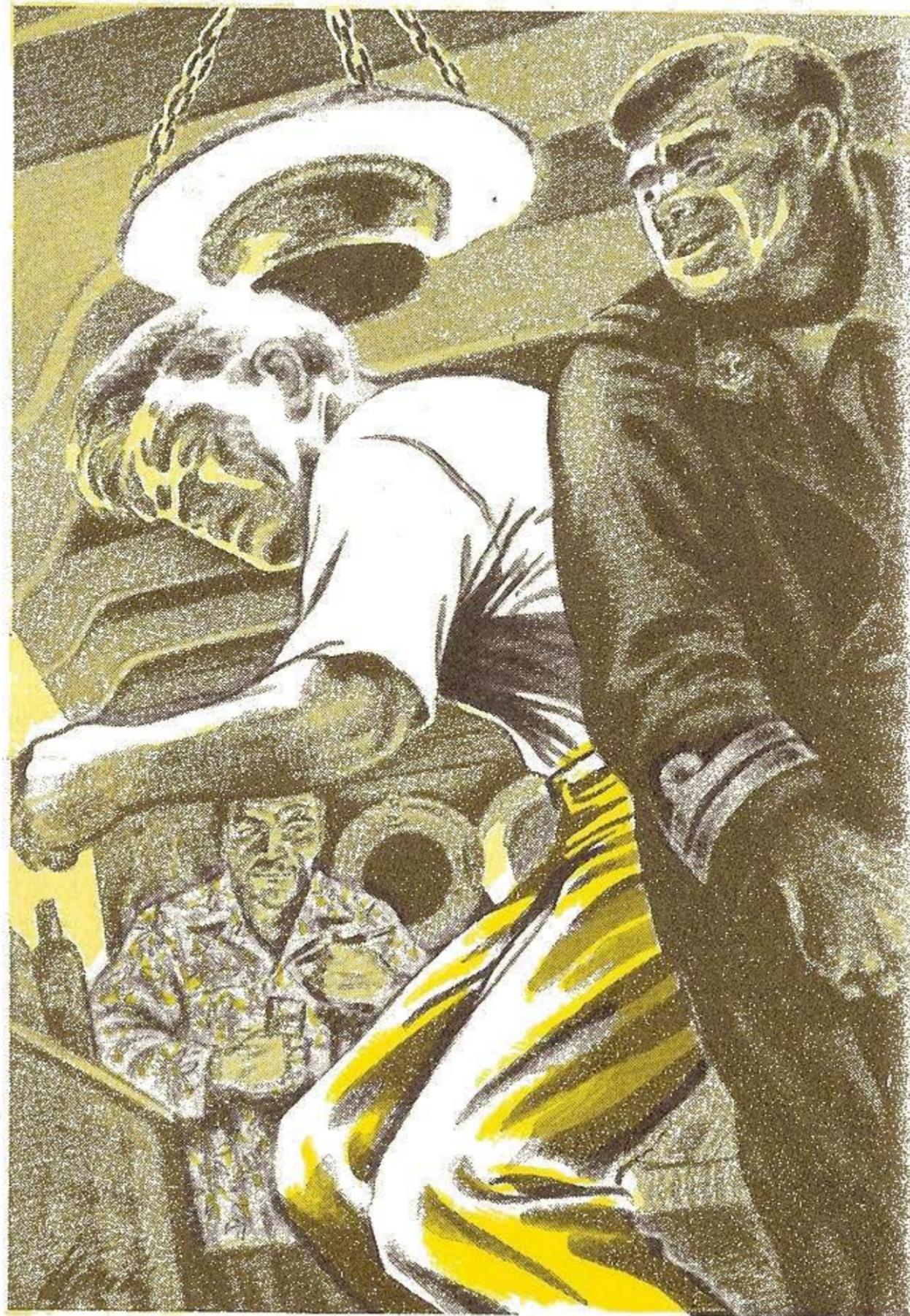
One of the strangest eyelids known is possessed by a rare species of British fish, known as the cuckoo ray, or *Raja circularis*. The lid is round, has a large fringed edge, and is located inside the eyeball, directly under—instead of over—the glassy cornea.

TEETH

Louis Xifras, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, U.S.A., tossed a half-orange out of the window of a bus, but discovered later that his lower dentures had been buried in the orange.

Pearl of Parapee

Steve was groping for a memory. Then it came — of a Lieutenant staring into the prisoners' hold. But the memory came too late . . .



BLOOD pounded in Landon's brain as he struggled to reach the surface. Up, up he went, while his brain reeled. The lagoon's surface ruffled resentfully; it broke under the up-thrust of Landon's head. Air slapped his face; he snatched at it. It hacked his throat and scorched his chest, but he had to go on taking it in quick, short gulps until he could suck on it deeply. Then it was sweet with a salty, but healing, tang to his lungs. "Whew! That was close." He floated, letting tropic water lave him. "I'm getting better; I nearly bottomed. I wish—"

Of what use was wishing? His frogman's gear was useless and he could not repair it; he must dive bare to explore the bottom, if he wanted to follow up his hunch which had become an obsession. He had staked all on a hunch that good pearls could be found in the Pacific, with the island of Parapee the main hope. He had bought stores for a year and a lugger; Landon was owner, captain, and crew.

Steve swam ashore. He dried off walking along the sands towards the bluff. A cut ran inland along its base, and his lugger was there, snug against the cliff, with the keel bare at low water; it merged into the cliff in a master-

piece of accidental camouflage. He climbed aboard and stood on the fore-deck. He reached for a pair of shorts.

"Oh! — I —"

Steve's eyes jerked around in time to see a wisp of flaxen hair disappear down the aft companion way. Resenting intrusion, he stepped forward, then stopped, grinning. On an uninhabited island, a woman was a miracle. He shrugged and donned his shorts.

"Come up. I want to know why, how, and who, sister."

"Y-yes." She came slowly, her head a flaxen flower in full bloom; it had stems of twin plaits draped over her bosom to her waist. Her eyes were like blue sapphires set in pale-cream velvet, but they were sombre and frightened, though her wide-red lips had an uncertain smile. "I'm sorry."

German, Steve guessed, and his hackles rose. He had no love for them; they had shown none to him when, as a boy on a tramp, he had been taken by a Nazi raider. Her smile fluttered away, like a frightened nestling, at the hostility in his eyes.

"Sure, you're sorry you were caught, but I'm still asking."

The velvet round her eyes puckered, cutting carats off the sap-

pires but bringing up their fire. "You do go off the deep end." She had learned that in the States, Steve thought. "Well, I saw your boat and came aboard when I got no answer to my call."

As hard as diamonds, Steve reckoned; she had to be to have lived through it, and her facets had been ground to cutting edges by time spent in the States. "You'd better talk."

She sighed. "I walked across the island. We thought it was uninhabited. I'm with Dr. Drukhen's party on the *Tempest*. We anchored in the other lagoon last night just before dark. I'm Elsa Schornwurt."

"Is that so?" It was brittle with hostility. The daughter of Commander Schornwurt, second in command of the *Valkyrie*! He had been the best of them, but Landon had not got over hating the best, and he hated her for being who she was. "Who's Drukhen?"

"He lived in America for years. He's — a —" She must be thinking up a lie, or was not sure of the truth, "a geologist on a — a scientific expedition."

"Oh, yeah! Where do you fit in that?"

"I'm — He's an old family friend. At least, I think he knew my father well. He helped me to get to America."

Steve watched her broodingly. She was defiant, not caring if he thought the worst of her, and he was thinking just that. "O.K., come below. I'll need a drink to sort it all out."

She went reluctantly, propelled by his powerful grip on her arm to the saloon. He blocked the doorway while he reached for a bottle of whisky, but he left it on the shelf and looked at her. He had a thirst, but no liquor would sate it; it had been dormant so long he

had thought it dead; it was a thirst to pay off for some that he had had to take. He could pay some right then. She was Schornwurt's daughter; he hated her, but he had to go on telling himself that when he slid an arm around her waist and cupped her chin with his free hand.

Her lips clamped tightly; she was passive, but brittle with suppressed hostility. He kissed her savagely, trying to wring looseness from her lips, then he eased back and looked down at her. Her eyes were sapphires washed with tears; he hated himself then, but he kissed her again, long and brutally, then, suddenly, flung her away from him.

She clutched the wall for support, and her eyes held bleak reproach. "And I thought I'd left all that behind."

"In the war," he said sourly.

"No, in the peace! I'm only twenty now."

Twenty! It meant she had been eleven when the war had ended. Damn Schornwurt for having a daughter so young! Humility made his voice gruff. "Then I guess it wasn't your fault. I was a prisoner on the *Valkyrie*."

"Oh! — I think I understand." She seemed to grow with pride. "My father was as kind a man as he could be. Perhaps he died because of that. I'd — like to go now."

"I'll come with you. I'd — er — like to meet your friends."

Drukhen was forty-five and put himself out to make the Australian welcome. The *Tempest* was a luxury, ocean-going yacht, its engines the latest in speed and power. Captain Toller, a square-jaw with hard eyes, bowed stiffly. Smith, in Miami beach-wear, plus a holstered gun, was affable when introduc-

ed as a scientific assistant. The engineer was suspicious, and Bloch the mate, was just plain, big husky.

Two ice-eyed men, also with guns, were not introduced, and Landon guessed that three negroes who had watched him come aboard, white eyes rolling, made up the crew. He explained his presence on Parapee. "Just pottering round. I like to get off the beaten track, but I only stayed here to paint the boat."

"As good a place as any! Nearly through?"

"These islands do things to a man; I haven't started. I hope I won't be in your way. Nothing hush-hush, I suppose?"



"All right, you're NOT impossible . . . you're just highly improbable!"

hen's many excavations; it was like a short, shallow grave, Steve thought.

Drukhen joined them but he broke off casual conversation to peer intently into the sky. An aeroplane, flying high, swung towards the island, losing altitude rapidly. It made three runs over the lagoon, where the *Tempest* was anchored.

Steve broke the silence. "He's a long way from home for an Australian Navy plane." He laughed softly. "I reckon he'll know your yacht, if he sees it from up top again, Doctor."

"Probably!" Drukhen's voice grated. His tone became cordial. "We'll probably sail tomorrow, so we're having a quiet celebration tonight. We'd be glad if you'd join us, Landon" Then, "You'd better come with me, Elsa. I'd like you to get my notes into order before we leave here."

That night, Steve boarded the yacht and headed for the big saloon. Toller called to him that Elsa was in the smaller saloon. Steve glanced up; Toller's face framed by the top of the companion-way, stared down at him. Steve nodded and turned, groping for a memory.

He found that memory as he entered the small saloon. It was one of a Lieutenant staring down into the prisoners' hold on the *Valkyrie*. He had not been Toller then, but his memory came too late, Bloch hit him from behind, and Steve blacked-out.

Water brought Landon back to consciousness; it was lapping around him on the floor of the saloon.

Water came in with a rush which swept him off his feet. The lights blacked-out, and the yacht tilted heavily at the bows.

London knew what had happened; the sea-cocks had been opened, and the *Tempest* had been scuttled. He groped blindly for the companion-way, but, as he reached its foot, a torrent of water poured over him; the bows of the yacht dipped further, and the *Tempest* nose-dived for the bottom.

Blackness lightened to the grey of pre-dawn, but the weight still pressed on him, constricting his lungs, suffocating him. Yet no chill of death possessed him; he was conscious vaguely of the warmth of life. Later, he was conscious of growing light; of a rising sun but it hung suspended three inches above his eyes, and it had twin beads set in it, like blue sapphires. And it had soft, warm lips which pressed to him.

"I dived overboard when they were working the lugger out of the lagoon," Elsa told him later. "It was my first chance to get away. I meant to die when I saw the *Tempest* nose-dive, but I found you, and life was worth fighting for then."

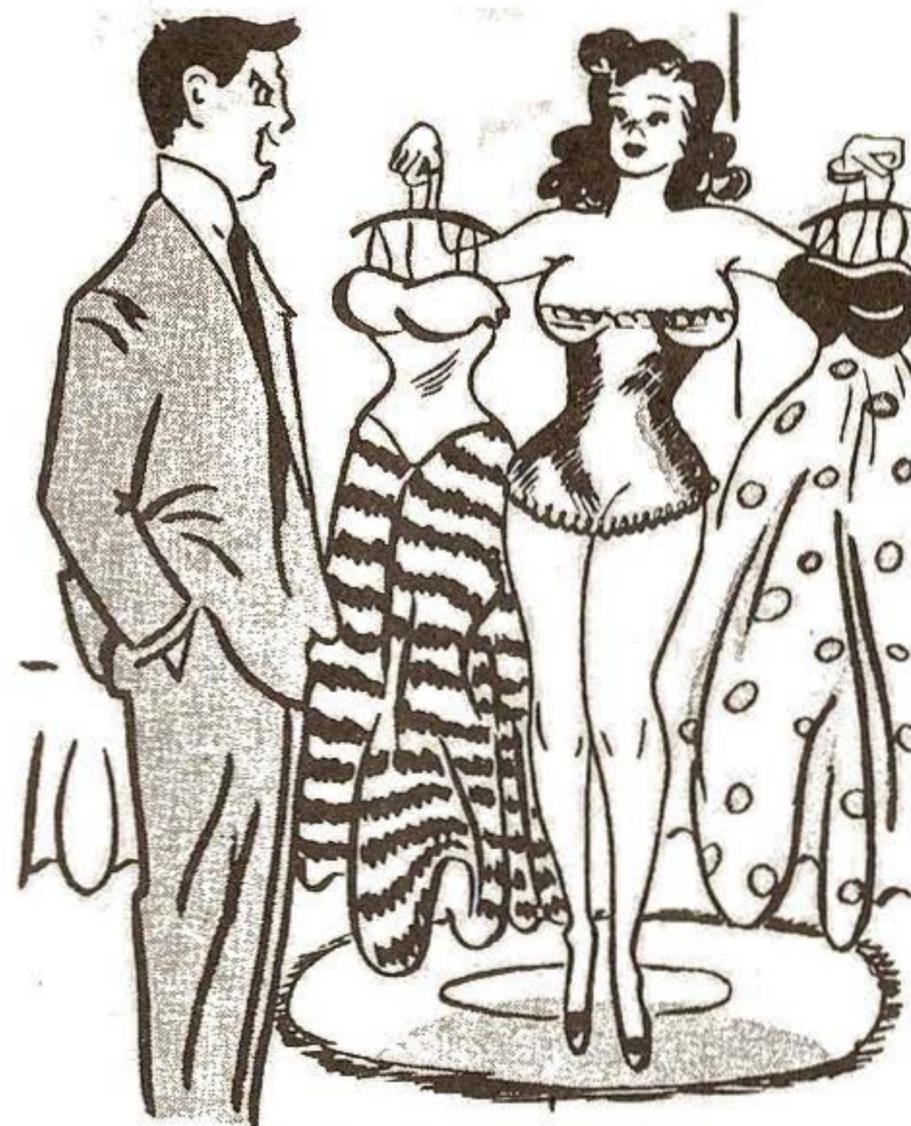
"Yes, but what's it all about?"

"Treasure! The Valkyrie buried it here, but the plans were wrong; my father made them wrong purposely. Drukhen knew I could give the clue, even though I was not aware it was a clue. That's why they kept me alive after I'd given him the plans. Of course the treasure was for Nazi leaders, if they lost the war."

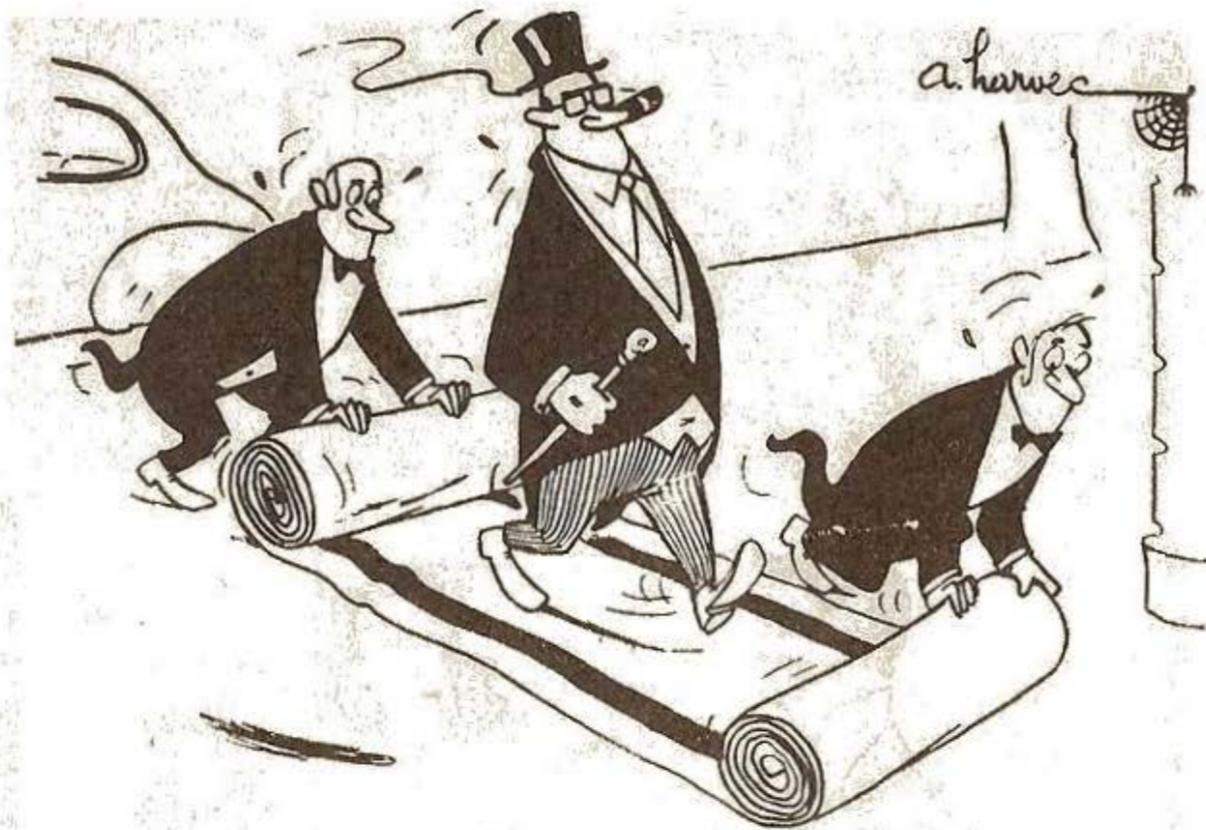
She smiled at him sympathetically. "I'm sorry you can't get any of the treasure, Steve; it might have made up for you not finding any pearls."

Steve grinned back at her. He should worry about the pearls of Parapee when the head cradled in his arm had hair of golden flax and eyes that were twin blue sapphires.

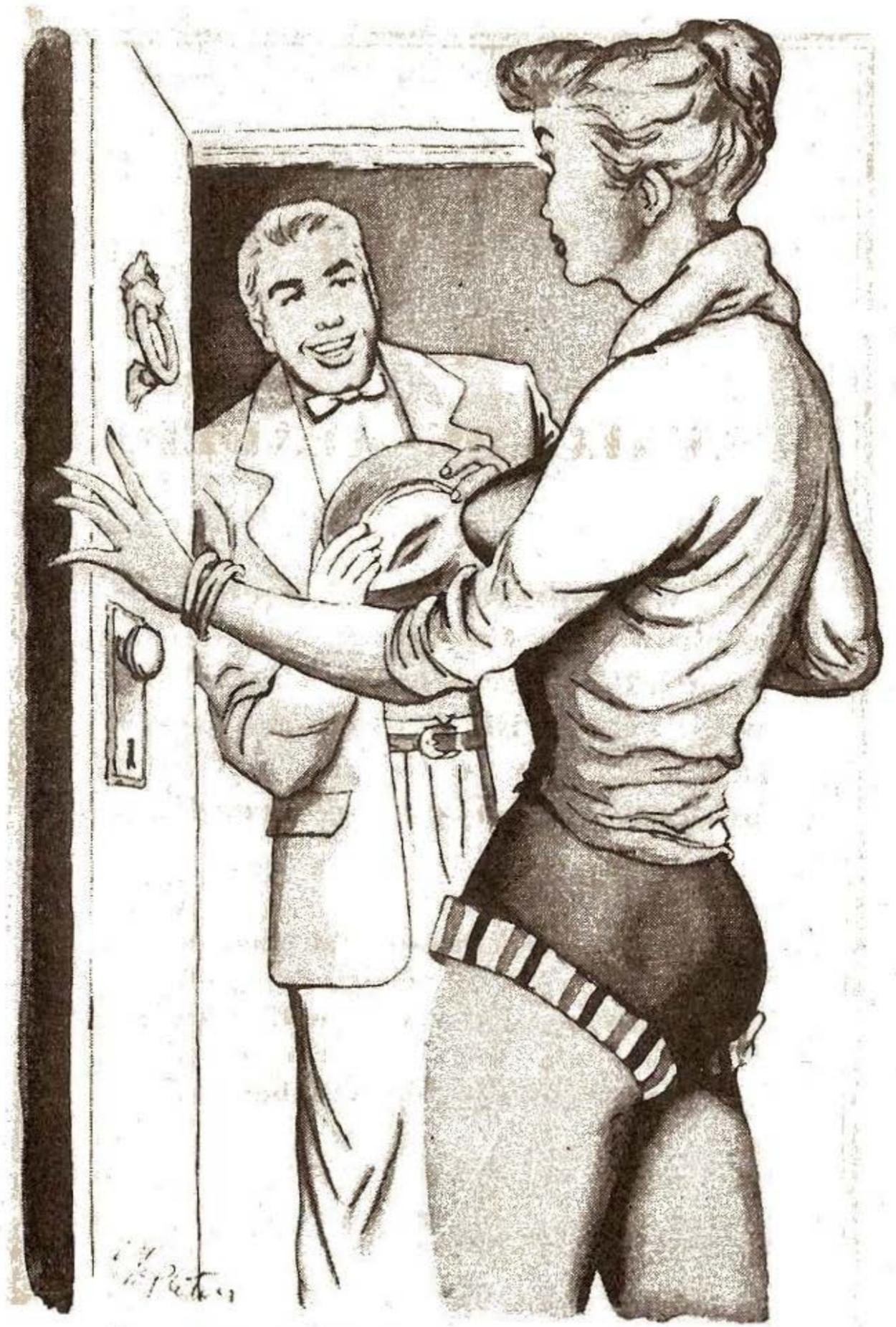
CARTOON CAVALCADE



"You wouldn't look good in either one . . .
why don't we stay home?"



"Hello, Mr. Marshall . . . Joan in?"



"Hello, Marian, can you come out and play?"

NOTICE

To CAVALCADE READERS

So widespread has been the acclaim for Cavalcade's "Know-yourself" articles, that the magazine will, from next issue lay emphasis to this helpful and informative type of reading.

Cavalcade's Photo and Fiction features will continue and cartoon content will be enlarged. Price of the new, larger publication will be 2/-.



The mighty atom of swat

Jimmy Wilde wrote an unforgettable chapter in British boxing. He was probably the greatest fighter of all time.



RAY MITCHELL • FACT

ONLY scientists spoke of splitting the atom thirty or forty years ago—the man in the street never gave it a thought. But many spoke of the possibility of smashing the atom; many wondered if the atom would ever be torn asunder. But they did not mean the atom bomb—they were not thinking of uranium—the atom then under much discussion was "The Mighty Atom", Jimmy Wilde, probably the greatest fighting machine ever to grace the ring.

Jimmy Wilde was a freak. Five feet, two-and-a-half inches tall, he never weighed more than seven stone, seven pounds and was under 100 pounds when he won the world flyweight title. They called him "The Ghost With The Hammer In His Hand" because he looked like a sickly child, yet could—and did—flatten lightweights with a punch which carried much more power than his body weight. Scientists, doctors and boxing experts all tried to solve the enigma of Jimmy Wilde. How could such a small frame pack so much dynamite? No one ever arrived at a satisfactory answer. Maybe, with the size of the

A package of dynamite, weighing only about a hundred pounds, Jimmy Wilde is believed to have had about 800 fights for only four losses.

current atom bombs in relation to their devastating power, there could be an answer to the Wilde riddle.

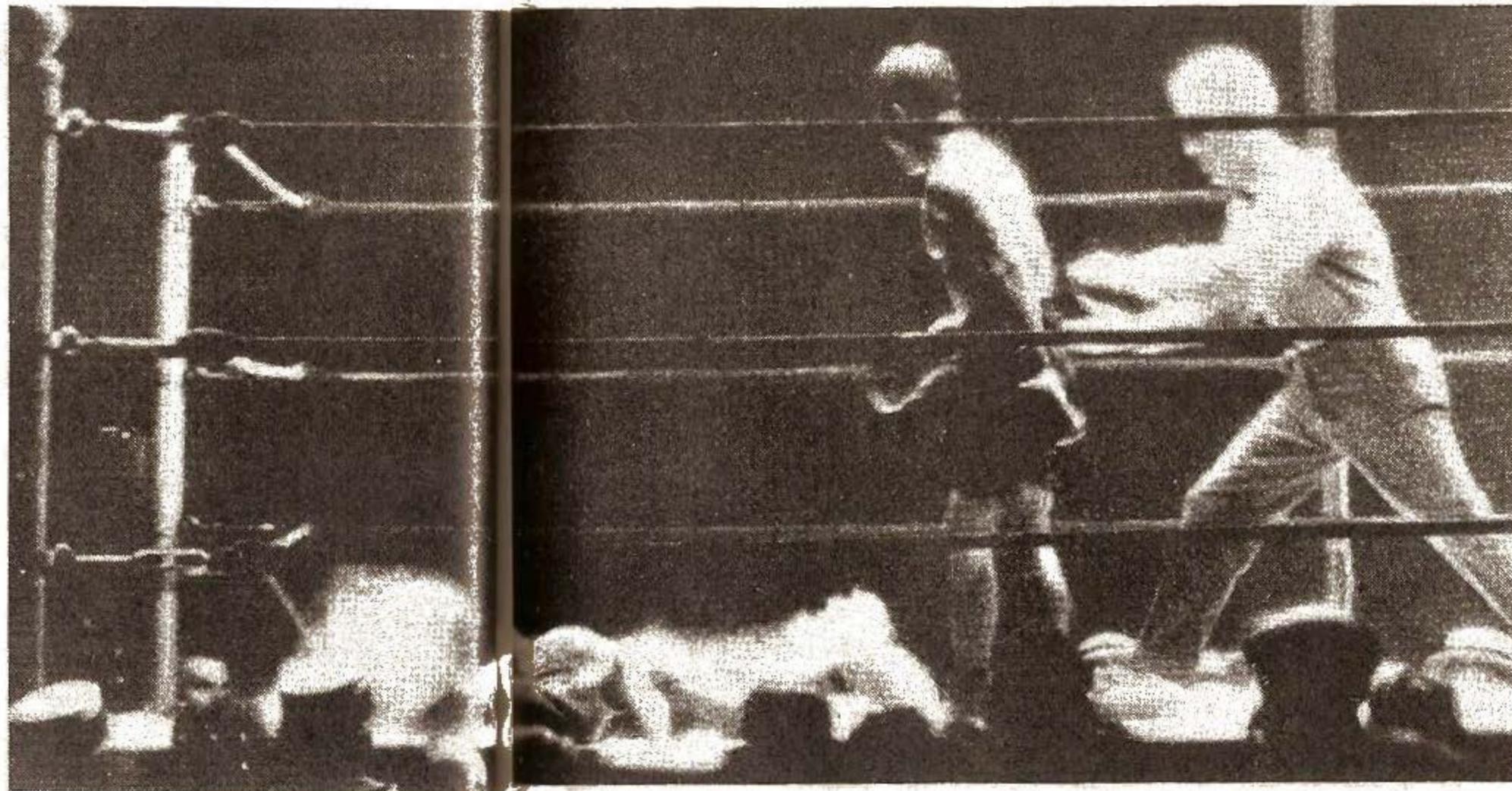
Jimmy was the first world flyweight champion and he held that title longer than any flyweight since—six and a half years. And because he was so small and so good, he had to fight bantams, featherweights and even lightweights in order to keep busy. Indeed, Jimmy did not finish with the 135 pound boys—he tangled with heavyweights in show tents and on one occasion sparred with the British heavyweight champion, Bombadier Billy Wells, with such effect that Wells called it off after a couple of rounds because he couldn't hit the little phantom.

The record books list 141 fights to the credit of Wilde, with 75 knock-out victories and but four losses. But Wilde fought many more fights than that; he fought so often and in so many places that no one is sure how many contests he did have. He says he fought over 800 and that figure, astounding though it is, could be near the mark. And still he lost but four contests!

Idol of millions, friend of Royalty, a man who did as much for British boxing as any in its long history. Wilde set England in mourning when he finally lost his title in one of the gamest exhibitions ever seen in the ring.

It took time for Wilde to reach public acclaim. Born in Pontypridd, Wales, on May 12, 1892, he worked in the mines before he reached school-leaving age. He was frail, but wiry and found no difficulty doing the work.

He seemed destined to remain a miner until Jack Skarratt and his boxing tent arrived. Skarratt conducted a boxing tourney and



Jimmy entered in the bantam division (weight limit 8 stone, 6 pounds). He weighed six stone eight, but he knocked out two opponents in two rounds each and won the final in four rounds. For this he received a coffee set—and an ambition to make his mark in the boxing world.

Turning professional, Jimmy won fight after fight and usually received five shillings for his efforts. The crowds laughed at him because of his size, but after a few fights they began to marvel at the small will-of-the-wisp. He proved to boxers and would-be boxers he met while travelling in a boxing tent that he packed a terrific wallop and was as elusive as a shadow.

In one day Wilde fought sixteen

fights and won 15 by knock-outs. The other—a lad of nearly six feet and nine and a half stone—lasted the distance. For his day's work Wilde received 30 shillings!

The record-books do not list Jimmy's fights before 1911. He had 29 fights that year, winning 23 by knock-out, and every time he gave away weight—usually more than a stone.

Only one fight of 12 lasted the scheduled 12 rounds during 1912, and in 1913 he won 16 of 30 fights by the short route.

In a contest for the British flyweight title with Tancy Lee in 1915, Wilde suffered his first loss. Lee won by k.o. in the seventeenth round, but Jimmy was suffering from 'flu. He revenged himself upon Lee the following year by

Jimmy Wilde come to the end of the trail when he was knocked out by Poncho Ville in one of the most courageous displays ever seen in the boxing ring.

a k.o. in 11 hard-fought rounds.

It wasn't until December 18, 1916, that the first official world flyweight title was held. Wilde knocked out the American, Zulu Kid, in 11 rounds.

Joining the Army, Wilde could not fight for money; but this was overcome in his fight with American lightweight Joe Conn: Jimmy received a small sack of diamonds when he won by a k.o. in the 12th round.

It was in the final of the Inter-Allied King's Trophy Competition that Wilde suffered his second

defeat: American Pal Moore out-pointed him over three rounds. He got revenge on Moore the next year by winning a points decision over 20 rounds.

Following his loss to Moore, Jimmy showed America his prowess by thoroughly trouncing lightweight Jack Sharkey in a ten-round no-decision contest. Wilde had the rated lightweight on the floor.

Wilde was never defeated in America until his last fight. But in 1921, then on the down grade, he was matched to fight Pete Herman. Pete was world bantam champion when the match was made and he signed to defend his title against Wilde in London. But Jimmy's reputation was well known and Pete did not want to leave his title in England; so before leaving America he "lost" his crown to Joe Lynch, who had already been beaten by the Mighty Atom. Actually he lent his crown to Lynch, as he re-won it after the Wilde fight.

The promoters of the Wilde-Herman fight were two Americans. They hired the Albert Hall for the occasion and guaranteed each fighter £8000. But when Herman arrived in England without his title, the promoters told him flatly that he would receive only £4000. When Herman argued, they pointed out that he had broken the contract by defending his title in America after signing to defend it against Wilde. Herman had no alternative but to go through with the bout, although he had a trick up his sleeve.

Wilde demanded his £8000 before the fight, and he got it.

It seemed that all England rolled up for that fight; it was a sell-out and the Prince of Wales, a Wilde

admirer, was present. But there were a couple of hitches. Cunningly, Herman demanded his money—£8000, not £4000—or he would not fight. Then Wilde went sour and refused to fight.

The crowd, which had come in good humour, grew ugly when it was announced that the Battling Lavinsky — Bombadier Wells fight was off. The promoters were not game to announce that the Wilde-Herman fight was off too. But as time dragged on the crowd became impatient. Rumours spread that Wilde would not appear, and a riot seemed imminent. Finally the Prince of Wales was told. He sent word to Jimmy that he would like to see him fight Herman. It was a Royal Command and Jimmy had to fight.

Had the Prince seen Jimmy before he issued his request, he would not have done so. For it was obvious that Jimmy was not in good health. "I will do my best," he said to the Prince as he passed.

Jimmy took a hiding that night. Punches landed on him that he would have slipped before; his own punching-power was absent and Herman capitalised on it. The hiding was systematic, and in the seventeenth round Herman sent Wilde through the ropes, where his head hit the ring apron with a resounding whack. That whack later robbed the great little Welshman of his title; it left him with headaches for months.

But Wilde got up. Twice more he was sent to the floor, and each time he got to his feet. The referee walked between them and crowned Herman the winner. Wilde angrily protested; so the referee picked him up in his arms and carried him to his corner. "Your heart is too big for your body, Jimmy," he

said. And how right he was.

Wilde did not fight again, except for engaging in an exhibition bout with Pedlar Palmer, for almost two and a half years. But America became interested in a Filipino, Pancho Villa, and Jimmy was offered a tremendous sum to go to New York to defend his title. Jimmy knew he could not win; he knew that he was but a shadow of his former greatness, but he could not refuse the offer. He went to New York and tangled with Villa on June 18, 1923.

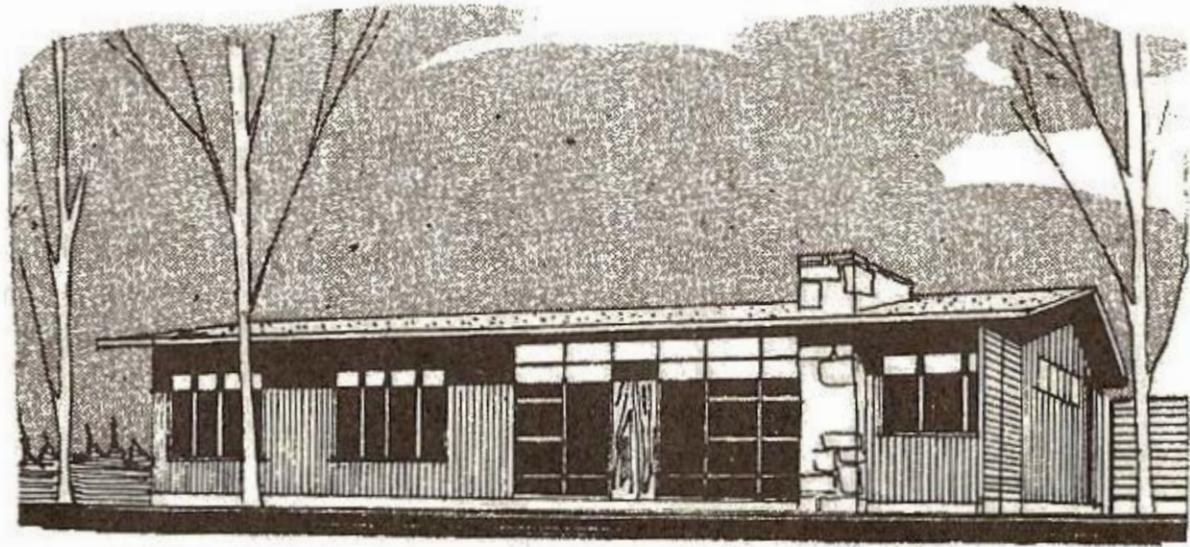
That fight has gone down in history. Those who saw it class Wilde's display as one of the gamest ever seen. Even so, Jimmy did some damage to Villa early in

the fight. He staggered the fiery Filipino in the second round and made Villa treat him with respect. But as the bell ended the second round and Jimmy dropped his hands, Villa had a punch on the way; it landed on Wilde's jaw and dropped him to the canvas. From then on it was all Villa. Wilde was out on his feet and had no recollection of what happened from that moment until three weeks later, when he woke to find himself at a seaside cottage.

Wilde never fought again. In his career of some 800 fights, only two men proved his master—and on both occasions Wilde was past his prime. He was the greatest of the great.



"Twins! What a shock for the poor guy!"



No. 19

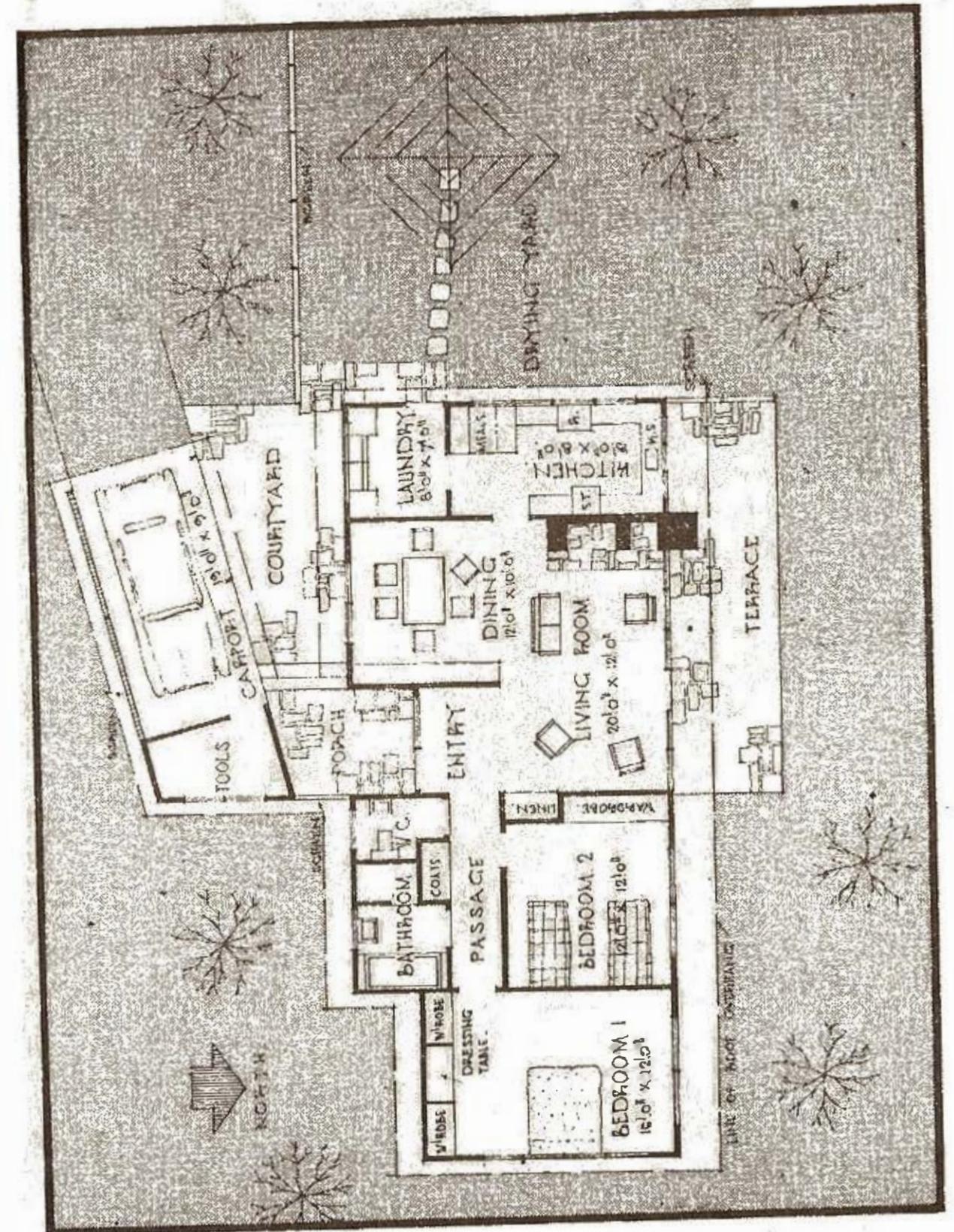
A HOME FOR INDOOR-OUTDOOR LIVING

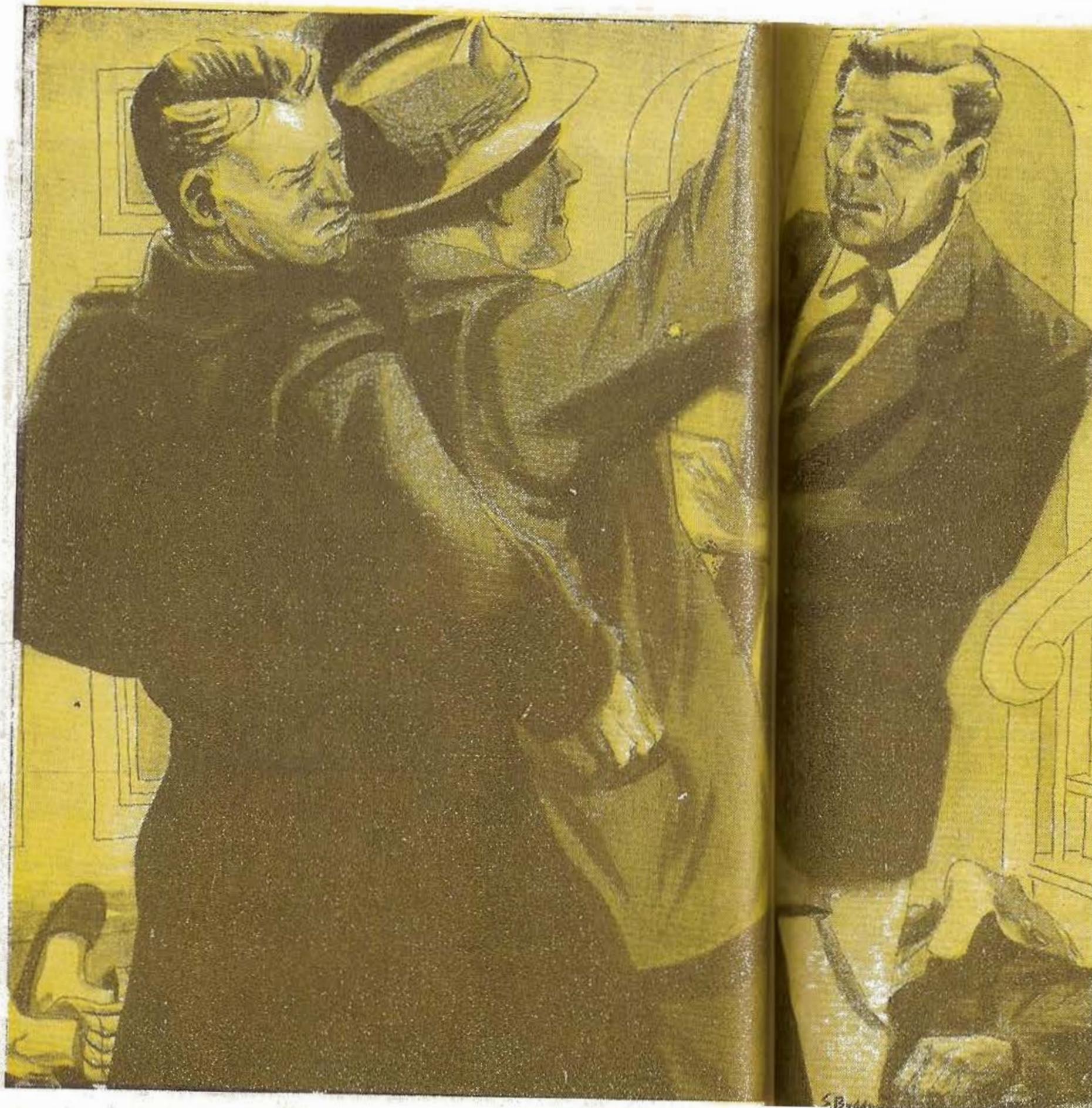
CAVALCADE HOME OF THE MONTH

H. J. MORGAN

THIS house, 12½ squares floor area, is designed for indoor-outdoor living. The house will fit comfortably on a 60' 0" wide block of land. Bedrooms, living room and kitchen obtain a northerly view and the terrace in front of the living room and kitchen make outdoor dining and living ideal. A screen at the western end of the terrace protects it from undesirable westerly winds whereas full benefit is gained from cooling north - easterlies. Cupboards are provided in all rooms where required and a meal recess in the kitchen is in a

position convenient for sewing. The carport is placed near to the entrance to protect it from southerly weather and is placed at an acute angle to the entry court so that visitors approaching the house or lead into the front door. The construction is of timber with vertical boarding externally and timber panelling, fibrous plaster or other suitable material internally. The fireplace is constructed of stone or brickwork. The roof is a gable over the living area, corrugated asbestos cement lining, with a flat roof over tool store and carport.





Lucky Ludlow

I get the breaks, I admit. But I might have let a killer slip through my fingers if I had not been ready to take advantage of the breaks

WADE B. RUBOTTOM

● FICTION

JUST PAST Diamond Head Lighthouse, my Plymouth sputtered to a stop. I swore under my breath. Already I could hear my wife confessing: "I forgot to fill the gas tank."

I swore some more, rubbed yesterday's shave, and listened to the rain. Huge drops, jam-packed and cloud high, beat the car.

Time is always of the essence in tracking down a murderer. Often it's a matter of minutes. Seconds. It's always a matter of luck.

And I had used my own car to save time.

They call me Lucky Ludlow. The first Honolulu homicide in months and I'm late. Pfluger will have the case wrapped up before I get there. He'd like that. How he would like that. There's nothing like having your assistant bucking for your job to keep you on your toes.

That's what I had to do—get on my toes. Toe and heel myself to the scene of the crime. There wasn't likely to be a car going my way—or any way. Week-night traffic is not heavy here after midnight.

I opened the car door and pushed into the rain.

When two headlights curved into view, I snapped on my flashlight. The car was Waikiki-bound, but I didn't care. Honolulu

motorists are generally helpful.

I swung the flash below my belt like a lantern. A light grey Chevie eased past. Stopped. I pushed my badge and flashlight toward the car's lowering window. "Ludlow, detective, Homicide."

"What is it, Sergeant?" His voice was deep.

"I ran out of gas. I need a lift—about a mile from here—not your way."

Under my flashlight beam and his Panama hat, I could see the guy trying to make up his mind. "Yeah, sure, Sergeant. Get in out of the rain."

I opened the back door, shoved some display advertising cards aside and sat down.

He U-turned, speeded up his window shield wipers, and asked, "What's the trouble?"

"Homicide. We don't get many of them here." To make conversation, I added, "See you work for Proctor and Gamble."

"What?"

"These display cards." I unconsciously pointed with my flashlight and automatically pressed the switch.

"Oh. Yeah. Sure."

I pondered that a bit. "How's business?"

"Can't complain."

I continued to ponder his working for Proctor and Gamble.

"Slow up a bit, I think we turn soon." We passed Kaalawai. "Turn right on Kulamanu, the next street . . . Here we are. Park behind that police car. Thanks."

Matt Willets came from the house.

"Matt," I said, "I ran out of gas. This man gave me a lift; sit in here and keep him company while I'm inside."

"Hey! What is this?" the guy demanded. "You don't need me. I want to go home."

"Sure. Don't we all? This is no night to be out. But stick here a minute; I'll be back."

Inside the entrance hall, tall, lean, and hard Tom Pfluger had a telephone receiver clamped to his ear. His black, bead-like eyes shifted from me to his wristwatch and back to me again.

At the foot of the stairs lay a man in a blue linen dressing robe. He was about sixty-five. His grey hair was blood-stained. His right hand clutched a snub-nosed .38. It wasn't the murder weapon. The murder weapon—a paint-decorated calabash—lay on the floor, about twenty inches from the victim's head.

"Dead," Pfluger said, cradling the phone. "I've called the boys. Burglary and murder—looks like to me." He pointed to a desk in the living room. Drawers had been pulled out. Their contents cluttered the floor. An open green tin box set on the blotter pad. "Burglar slugged owner as he came downstairs." Pfluger had it all figured out. He'd been hurrying before I got there. "Mrs. Heller said her husband always kept a thousand pounds in the desk; it's gone. She didn't see the burglar. She awakened when his car roared away and noticed her husband wasn't in his twin bed. She came down, found him dead, phoned headquarters. She's upstairs now—I thought it would be better."

"Good work, Pfluger, you got everything." I meant it; the guy was good. "Bring in the killer. I want to talk to him."

"I want to talk to him, too. You bring him in." Pfluger's white teeth flashed in his dark face. "This is going to be a pip. No witnesses. No clues. No nothing."

"If that's the case, I agree with you, but I don't think that's the case. I'll have the killer handcuffed

in a few minutes." It was a rash statement; I regretted making it.

"If you do," Pfluger sneered, "it'll be a new record even for Lucky Ludlow."

I let that go by. "After you passed me on Diamond Head Road, I ran out of gas. I flagged down a motorist. Matt's with him outside. I've kept him long enough. I should either send him away or take him in."

"What do you mean? The guy did you a favour."

"He certainly did. Bring him in; I want to talk to him. If he resists, bring him anyway."

Pfluger mumbled to the front door. I went through the living room to the lanai. The rain had stopped. The stars sparkled—as if they'd been washed in the detergent suds on those display advertising cards I'd seen on the car seat.

I was playing a hunch that seemed too pat to be fruitful.

A shuffle of feet and voices took me back through the living room.

"What's the idea?" my highway helper demanded. "I go out of my way in a storm to help you. Then you detain me. Now you have me pushed around as if I were a—"

"A murderer?" I asked, playing my hunch.

"What do you mean?"

"Look at that." I pointed to what I suspected his eyes had been carefully avoiding.

He turned slowly. Gulped air. Stepped back, "What happened?"

"Murder. Not a very pretty sight with the lights on. Never is."

"Why—"

"That's what we're here for. A burglar was disturbed as he took money from that tin box on the desk. How—" I hesitated, a few hunches had paid off in the past. Some had gotten me into a lot of

trouble. The Chief didn't like hunches. "How much money do you have on you?"

"What is this?" He backed into Matt.

"Murder—like I said." I shot a glance at Pfluger. His black, beady eyes were highlighted with amusement. Then I added, knowing that I could be awfully wrong. "Search him, Matt."

"You can't. You can't suspect me!"

"I suspect everybody and everything. If I'm wrong, I'll—"

"You'll hear from my lawyer."

"I suspect I will. I suspect your lawyer will have a great deal to say to the D.A., the jury, and the judge. All right, boys, search him."

Four hands went over the guy. Two heads shook. "Nothing on him," Pfluger said, "except twelve pounds in his wallet."

"Of course, there's nothing on me," the guy said. "Look, I was coming along Diamond Head Road when the police car turned off."

"That's right," Pfluger said. "I remember seeing his car, a light grey Chevie." Pfluger turned his back to me. In his case, it was politeness. He was wearing a self-satisfied grin.

I wondered whose side he was on. I had been awfully wrong. Everything this guy said could be true. Seemingly, it was true.

My only suspect was free to walk away from the scene of the crime. As Pfluger had said, this was going to be a pip. And my late suspect was going to his lawyer, who would go to the Chief. The Chief would send for me.

A mental picture kept flashing—like a neon sign at my dull brain. I stood there for a moment looking intently at my highway helper. Finally I said, "Sorry, I made a mistake. I do, sometimes, and I'm always embarrassed."

He relaxed visibly. "That's all

right, Sergeant. We all make mistakes." Seemingly, everything this guy said was true. "Now, I'd like to run along. Big day tomorrow."

"Yeah, sure." One thing told me that something he said wasn't true. That one thing was the mental picture flashing like a neon sign. "Before you go." I pushed my hand toward him. He shook it politely. I held on, and asked, casually, "By the way, what's the name of the buyer at the Kau Kau Super Mart?"

"Kau Kau Super Mart?" The guy looked at me as if I were nuts. "Oh—you mean Random."

That did it. The guy was a liar. "No, I mean Jack Burrows; he's a good friend of mine." I let the guy's hand go and turned to Matt. "Matt, go out in this jerk's car. See how long it would take a sneak to slip a wad of notes from his coat pocket under the seat. While you're about it, bring back the notes."

Two minutes later, Matt returned with a manila envelope. "Found this under the front seat, driver's side."

I opened the envelope and thumbed through the thick-stacked folding green. "Lot of dough for a salesman to carry under the front seat of his car. Isn't it?"

"I don't know anything about that money," the guy said. "It's a frame. I was coming down Diamond Head Road when the police car turned on to this street. This officer," he pointed to Pfluger, "admits seeing me."

"I'm sure he does. Take him in, fellows. I'll wait for the lab boys, then bring in his car. I suspect he stole it."

Matt had his .38 on the guy. I went out to the lanai.

Pfluger followed me. "Give me the fill-in. Why do you think that guy has a stolen car? Why did you suspect him?"

"A local soap salesman would know the name of the buyer at Kau Kau Super Mart."

"A little thing like that doesn't make him a car thief. A guy could make a mistake; he could have forgotten. And stealing a car doesn't make him a murderer."

"Sure, sure," I said patiently. "But a guy usually remembers the name of the company he works for. When I piled into the back seat of his car, I saw advertising display cards. I said: 'I see you work for Proctor and Gamble.' He said, 'What?' in a surprised voice."

"I explained, 'These display cards,' unconsciously pointing with my flashlight and automatically pressing the switch. He said, 'Oh, yeah. Sure.' Right then I suspected the car wasn't his."

"Why?" Pfluger demanded again.

"The flash beam showed the display cards were for a Palmolive-Peet detergent. When I find stolen money from the scene of a murder in his possession, I put one and two together."

"All right," Pfluger admitted, "but why would he bring a cop to the scene of his crime? How come we passed him coming along Diamond Head Road just as we turned onto this street?"

"If he had refused to drive me here, I'd have wondered why; I'd have investigated. Passing you was planned—just in case he needed an alibi. Bet he did something to call your attention to his car." I turned back into the living room. "It almost worked. He's a cool killer."

"Yeah," Matt said. "Look at him shake."

Pfluger turned his back to me, but I heard him mutter, "Lucky Ludlow."

I guess I am.

Cavalcade's

Know Yourself

section



Sleep your ills away

Long periods of induced slumber are being used to treat drug and alcohol addiction, as well as mental and other ills.

SHAKESPEARE was right when he wrote that sleep does "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care". Now modern science is finding that long periods of sleep have a wonderful power to heal sick minds. Artificially-induced sleep lasting from one to four weeks and even longer on some cases, seems to encourage more normal functions of some brains, even restoring the mental disturbed to a useful place in society.

The new "human hibernation" method is being hailed as the most promising development in the treatment of mental illness

since the introduction of electric and in shock therapy. As a matter of fact, the Big Sleep seems to be helpful to the mind in much the same manner as shock treatment—only in a much more sustained way and accompanied by no violent distress. The metabolism of the brain cells is lowered, permitting a "slow-down" of operation and apparently the emergence of recuperative forces.

Many doctors also are viewing the new remedy as a promising approach for treating alcohol and drug addicts. The addict is able to slumber through what would normally be periods of intense suffering from drug or drink craving during withdrawal. Many an alcoholic and drug addict would "take the cure" were it not for the hellish "horrors" that follow when the accustomed drug is withheld.

So harrowing is this experience that many addicts under treatment lapse into convulsive movements which make a hang-over a minor suffering by comparison. Every nerve and fibre of the body quivers as though under combined assault of a lethal electric chair, a thousand porcupine quills and writhing worms, while the mind dips and twists sickeningly in a cauldron of confusion.

In a blissful state of prolonged deep sleep, the addict sleeps into a new life and back to the world of reality. The state of quiet permits the body to muster all of its resources to combat the shock of alcohol or opium withdrawal.

Some addicts, who would fight attempts at cure because of guilt feelings which they cannot confront, are unable to react against treatment during their somnolent state. The various psychical factors that are often behind excessive drinking or drug addiction

seem to be submerged among many of the patients when they awaken from the "Rip Van Winkle" treatment.

Deep sleep therapy was originated in Europe, particularly in the Scandinavian countries, where it is known as "dauerschlaf". Successful results have been reported at Burg Hoelyle Hospital in Zurich, Les Rives de Pringins near Geneva, and the famed Neuropsychiatric University Hospital at Vienna.

"Dauerschlaf" was first tried by a European researcher some 30 years ago. But it proved impractical—sometimes disastrous—because of imperfect control methods. The sleep-inducing drugs were too harsh, and means of caring for the sleeping patient were far inferior to the current capacity of medical science.

Now sedative-hypnotic drugs are given to induce and maintain deep sleep in the latest and most successful methods of treatment. Paradoxically, the sedative drugs are combined with a modern heart stimulant, which helps maintain circulation during the long slumber and inactivity. The stimulant does not step up brain activity to any extent, because it is given in carefully controlled relationship to the sleep potion.

Liquid nourishment, plus vitamins and minerals, are injected every day, although no great quantity of food is needed because of the patient's inactivity.

A strange aura surrounds the scene of "dauerschlaf". The room is darkened; temperature and humidity are rigorously regulated. There is no sound save the occasional stirring of the slumbering man or woman being treated. If the patient talks during the sleep, notations are made, for pos-

sible analysis, by a specially trained nurse always at the bedside. After the first two or three days of sleep, the patient usually becomes extremely quiet and relaxed. A constant watch is kept over heart action, blood pressure and respiration, all of which slow down markedly—just as with certain bears and other forms of animal life which, without benefit of drugs, just naturally fall sound asleep in some cave for weeks during the winter.

Nail and hair grow normally during the sleep and are regularly attended to by barbers, hairdressers and manicurists.

Occasionally the patient receiving a particularly long treatment is permitted to half-awaken for a brief period for a "shaking-up" and stimulation of vital functions.

Upon awakening, the patient usually has no consciousness of the flight of time—even after sleeping steadily from three to four weeks. There is little remembrance of any dreams. Psychotherapy is sometimes applied when the patient first wakes up.

Since the repeated use of any strong sedative can be dangerous, there is a limit to the number of days or weeks that a patient can undergo "dauerschlaf" as it is now practised. But scientists are seeking to learn the mysterious means by which some forms of animal life can hibernate or go into suspended animation. If natural means of inducing suspended animation can be found, man might be able to sleep for many years, with his body ageing only slightly.

In addition, physicians are finding evidence that long sleep can help in the treatment of ulcers of the stomach and intestines by slowing the flow of gastric juices and

letting healing processes gain a foothold.

Sleep is still much of a mystery. It is believed controlled by the more primitive brain centres, such as the hypothalamus, deep in the brain. Some of the lowest forms of life, as well as the highest (the bear), can sleep steadily for long periods.

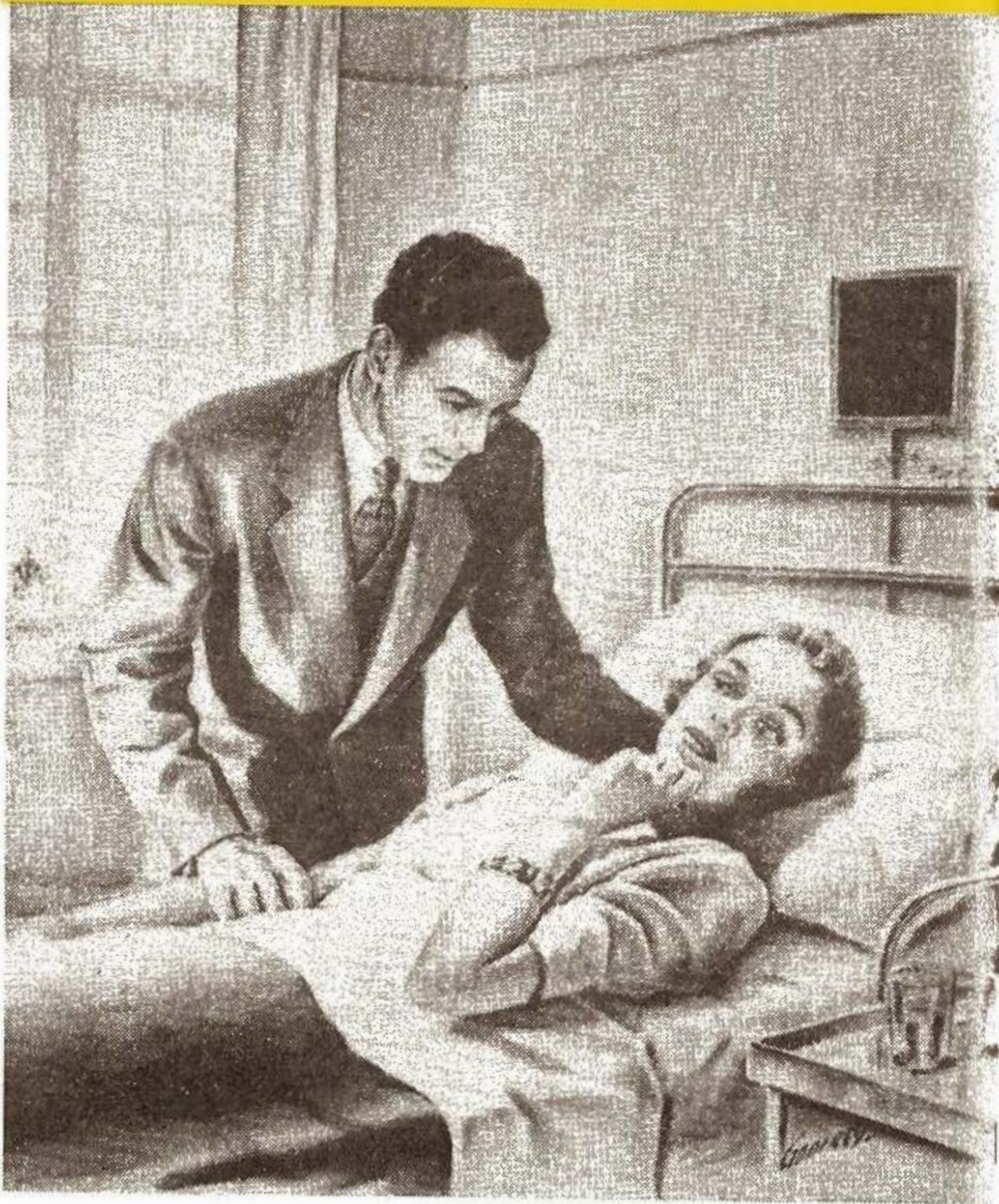
A Swiss scientist, Dr. W. Hess, holds a Nobel prize for discovering that a weak electric current applied to certain areas of the brain could produce sleep at will. On the other hand, use of refrigeration to induce human hibernation has not met with any great success. In research at Philadelphia, women, naked except for a loin-cloth, were put to "sleep" with cracked ice and an electric fan. Internal temperatures were forced down below 90.

As many as 40 days of this sleep was applied intermittently for treatment of hopeless cancer by slowing body cell activity. Growth of healthy "repair" tissue was said to have been faster than that of malignant cells. Results were never very conclusive, and almost all researchers feel that we must look elsewhere for a practical system of hibernation.

There is no denying that an ordinary good night's sleep does wonders for the average person, and that we are justified in speculating on a possible great increase in longevity if we could sleep for even longer stretches. Hibernation may become man's fountain of youth, once Brother Bear lets us know how it's done.

A famous British psychologist, Dr. Wilhelm Pinard, has said: "It is theoretically possible to live a century and a half by use of periods of long sleep."

You need not lose your baby



A miscarriage can be prevented if the doctor is notified in time and the mother gets complete rest.

Even the poor health of a mother-to-be doesn't mean now that she must lose her unborn child.

EUGENE B. MOZES, M.D. • FACT

YOU are carrying your unborn baby with pride. Fondly you make a layette; you look at articles of clothing in baby shops; you buy books on care of the baby. Then you lose the child. It is tragic. Certainly you have not seen the baby, but you have grown to love it nevertheless. Now you have lost it. Why? Maybe if you had not slipped on the rug you would not have had the miscarriage?

Slipping on the rug did not have anything to do with it. It is just one of the fallacies associated with miscarriage. Hard work, injury, excessive smoking, drinking or taking some powerful medicine do not bring on miscarriage. The child in the womb is so well protected that it cannot be easily harmed.

Recently a woman, pregnant for seven months, was so severely injured in a motor accident that she died in a hospital a few hours later. Three minutes after her death doctors delivered a perfectly normal baby by Caesarean operation.

In order to carry a pregnancy through safely, three basic conditions must be met: The two sex cells—the father's and the mother's—must be healthy; the womb must provide a proper nest for the foetus; the physical and psycho-

logical condition of the mother should meet the requirements of the growing foetus. If anything goes wrong with these three things, the result is usually the expulsion of the foetus. It is important for the doctor to know which of these three has gone awry, for, by proper treatment and precautionary measures, he can prevent a threatened miscarriage.

Miscarriage can be prevented. A few years ago little could be done, but modern medical science has made important advances. Sex hormones and other medications are now available.

However, prevention of miscarriage is largely dependent on the woman herself. She should scrupulously avoid those adverse influences during the early months of pregnancy which we know are likely to lead to its untimely interruption.

Although accidents, work, may not terminate pregnancy, seemingly trivial things like sudden fright, anger, great emotional upset or deep anxiety may lead to miscarriage.

One-half of miscarriages, especially the earlier ones, are due to a defective sex cell, either the father's or mother's. Such defects will allow the foetus to develop up

to a certain time, when nature inevitably gets rid of an undesirable embryo by expelling it from the womb.

This is perhaps fortunate and prevents the birth of a deformed baby. Once conception has taken place, nothing can be done to correct it. However, for the woman who has miscarried for this reason, much can be done to ensure the safety of further pregnancies. Examination of the husband often reveals that he has too few germ cells—or a percentage of them are immature. Often an under-functioning thyroid gland or a diet deficiency is responsible. These faults can be easily corrected.

Drs. C. Mazer and S. L. Israel, of the University of Pennsylvania, reported recently that they had treated 30 sterile couples for sperm deficiency. Subsequently 24 of these wives gave birth to full-term babies.

Sometimes the fault lays with the wife. She may release an immature ovum. This is likely to happen near the beginning and near the end of a woman's reproductive life.

It has been found that, even during the most productive period of a woman's life, not all female eggs released at different times are equally mature. If an immature egg is fertilised, the result will be an early miscarriage. As a matter of fact, many a delayed period is usually an early miscarriage. Doctors have recovered a tiny round white tissue in the menstrual blood which, under a microscope, turned out to be an embryonic sac without a trace of the embryo itself.

Miscarriage is seldom due to unsuitable conditions of the womb itself. True, occasionally a polyp or fibroid tumour interferes with the proper nourishment of the

foetus. Furthermore, a womb tilted backward should seldom be blamed for a miscarriage, since at the end of the fourth month of pregnancy the womb rises above the pelvic girdle. Thus displacement is automatically corrected.

Once two healthy sex cells have united and found a nest in a normal womb, the foetus still faces enormous hazards, especially in the early months of pregnancy. These hazards are presented by the state of health of the mother. Consequently, a large proportion of miscarriages is due entirely to maternal factors. Fortunately, such faults can be remedied in time.

Despite a far better knowledge of nutritional requirements today, too many miscarriages still are due to an inadequate diet.

Drs. W. M. Silbernagle and O. P. Burt gave vitamin E, both by mouth and by injection, to 140 women who showed all the signs of a beginning miscarriage. Subsequently 85 per cent of these women gave birth at full time to healthy infants.

The best source of vitamin E is wheat-germ oil. However, the content of wheat-germ oil is variable, and it is better to take it in synthetic form.

A well-functioning thyroid gland is important in another respect besides helping to mature the female egg, for if it breaks down later on it seriously interferes with the proper nutrition of the foetus. A doctor can tell by a simple test whether the thyroid is healthy. Those who miscarry habitually should have a thyroid check once a month.

Fortunately, today, with highly effective and prompt-acting bacteria-killers, infectious diseases are no longer important factors in miscarriage.

Of much greater importance is imbalance in the amount of the various hormones necessary during the early part of pregnancy. One of these, *estrogen*, causes slight contractions in the pregnant womb, which are effectively controlled by the opposite action of *progesterone*. Progesterone is produced by the so-called yellow-body formed in the tiny ovarian sac after the female egg has left it. Deficiency of progesterone, which is responsible for many miscarriages, is today successfully corrected by repeated injection of this substance.

Many years ago Dr. Paul Titus noted that the majority of 197 women admitted to Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, U.S.A., either miscarried or showed signs of an impending miscarriage just at the time when they normally would have had their menstrual period. This was due to a temporary imbalance of these two hormones.

The so-called Rh blood factor has nothing to do with miscarriage.

A real factor in miscarriage is purely psychological in origin. Quite frequently unexpected miscarriage follows great emotional upset, anger, anxiety, fright, or some extremely unpleasant experience.

Emotional stimuli, especially those of an unpleasant kind, may adversely influence conditions deep in the womb. Furthermore, minor physical shortcomings, in themselves insufficient to terminate pregnancy, can be greatly aggravated by these factors.

Intense passion of the woman is sometimes said to be a cause of miscarriage, but this is extremely doubtful. Dr. J. L. Parks, of George Washington University Hospital, Washington, U.S.A., found close association between recent intercourse and premature labour in

women with a previous history of miscarriage. Because of a cyclic imbalance in hormones, women who habitually miscarry should avoid sexual intercourse for three or four days at four-week intervals, counting from the last period.

Important as it is to know what usually causes miscarriage, it is equally important to recognise an impending miscarriage, for thousands of cases have been helped by calling a doctor without delay.

A miscarriage is usually, but not always, indicated by the appearance of vaginal staining, slight amount of bleeding, and colicky pains in the lower abdomen.

Signs of miscarriage especially in women who have previously lost a number of babies, should always be regarded as an emergency. Absolute bed-rest, even before the doctor arrives, is important in every case. But, a word of warning: *never apply an ice-pack to the abdomen*. That increases the contractions of the womb and makes miscarriage inevitable.

The doctor can start proper treatment by giving the necessary hormones and stop the pain by sedatives.

Absolute bed-rest means *absolute bed-rest*. Many a woman has lost her child by getting up to go to the bathroom. She should remain in bed for at least three days after bleeding and pain cease.

Not every miscarriage can be prevented, but modern medicine has achieved such brilliant success, and there are so many remedial methods, that it is really up to the expectant mother to inform herself of the help readily available and, even more, to recognise the danger signals which tell of an imminent but avoidable miscarriage.



How to add 10 years to your life

One person out of every four will die before his time because his "applestat" is misleading him into making wrong food choices

MacKAY PHELPS • FACT

THE comfortable and flattering tradition is that heart trouble, ulcers, hypertension, blood pressure and such things are due to overwork and overworry.

Usually the heart and blood-pressure troubles belong to the fat man, the ulcers and hypertension to the thin one.

And they become a badge of how important he must be to worry so much.

Apart from the fact that the worry may simply be a sign of his inefficiency, the practical health angle is probably to be found on his plate.

"Eating well" does not mean eating a lot; and a strict diet does not mean semi-starvation. Over-busy people are apt to grow thin and suffer bad health because they don't eat enough food; but worse dangers await the fat folk who eat

too much, build up their weight, induce blood pressure and overstrain their hearts by asking that organ to do too much.

Healthy mind and body do not require an excess of heavy food, and a lot of bulky, fat-making foods are not energy- or health-giving. Often the big eater is just an unhappy man seeking emotional compensation for some disappointment.

This phenomenon is so common in society that it has become the subject of countless jokes. "Bill's in love with a girl who turned him down, so he's eating himself to death to console himself," is one very shrewd comment.

That the emotions frequently trigger overeating with all its subsequent ill effects has been generally known to psychiatrists and psychologists for a long time. But that there is an emotional centre in the brain that actually stimulates an abnormal desire for food was not discovered until recently.

Nor was much known about how to combat this unhealthy desire for excessive quantities of food, any more than much was known about how to combat the uncontrollable craving for alcohol which has turned millions into hopeless drunkards.

Now, due to an amazing series

The fat man will die just about as many years short of his life-expectancy as he is pounds overweight.

of experiments conducted by several different individuals, the mysterious "appetstat" which controls appetite has been located and its functions revealed. More, medical science now knows how the "appetstat"—which regulates the desire for food much as a thermostat regulates the fuel consumption in a house—can be "reset" when it is set too high.

Furthermore, it is known that the "appetstat"—which is merely a convenient and highly descriptive functional nickname for a certain area in the brain—is an entirely different control from normal hunger.

Overeating is a far more dangerous "disease" than most persons realise. Yet doctors—many of whom are overeaters themselves—are quick to emphasise that millions of us are habitually "digging our graves with our teeth".

The connection between obesity and premature death has been established beyond doubt. Life-insurance records reveal that the old saw, "Each pound you're overweight takes a year off your life", is appallingly close to the truth. That is, if a person with a normal life-expectancy of close to seventy years remains consistently overweight throughout his adult life, he is very likely to die just about as many years short of normal life-expectancy as he was pounds overweight.

Ten pounds overweight and the chances are he'll die before he hits sixty; twenty pounds overweight and the Grim Reaper will call before he's fifty—that's the general rule.

That these statements are not just scaremongering is proven by the reluctance of life-insurance companies to issue policies to applicants with substantial amounts of excess avoirdupois. "We'll have

to turn you down until you get rid of that extra poundage," they have told thousands of applicants. They know that the chances of making money on overweight policyholders are definitely dubious. And they are in business to make money—not to give it away.

THE sad truth is that twenty-five per cent of the population—one in every four—are so much overweight that they are going to die before they should, say the insurance companies.

If you're one of these, if you have a friend who is, or if you're beginning to develop a dangerous craving for too much tasty food—whether sweets, rich gravies, or whatever else that's fattening—then you'd better know the facts as they're now understood.

Appetite is as different from natural hunger as night is from day. This is revealed by a study of animals in the wild state; they seldom, if ever, overeat when food is normally abundant, while they have an uncanny faculty for selecting the foods that are good for them.

IT IS only "educated" man who has almost completely lost his natural selectivity of foods and hunger-control of food intake. He has transformed eating from a biological necessity into a form of psychical expression—and frequently with disastrous results.

Some years ago, Dr. Anton J. Carlson, of the University of Chicago, established conclusively that true hunger brought on contractions of the stomach which, in turn, sent the animal—or natural man—on a search for food. These contractions ceased and hunger vanished as soon as a relatively



You can't argue with the scales. That extra couple of pounds was brought about by overeating.

moderate amount was eaten.

Very young babies, for example, have hunger but not appetite. Some years ago Dr. Clara Davis, of Mt. Sinai Hospital in Cleveland, allowed a selected group of babies to pick and choose as they pleased from a large variety of foods set before them. They invariably chose a well-balanced diet—fruit, vegetables, and meat—and didn't gorge themselves. Without any instruction, they proved themselves excellent dieticians.

IN PERSONS who overeat habitually because of psychological moti-

vations, the hypothalamus has deliberately set the food-intake level too high. It needs to be adjusted downward, or extreme obesity and premature illness and possibly death will be the result.

The first step is to realise that the craving for food is not hunger, but a psychological substitution. The second realisation should be that the substitute is just as harmful as alcohol or drugs, and just as useless.

The third step is to attempt to understand the psychological cause for overeating.

From then on it's a matter of rigid, forced dieting, plus eating a healthful, balanced diet. For the first few days the appetite will crave unneeded food as frantically as a spoiled child will wowl until he is given whatever he demands, no matter how unreasonable it may be. And, as with the spoiled child, the discipline must be stern, with no exceptions allowed.

After the battle is won, it must be remembered that it is only temporary. With all the food enticements constantly available in this land of superabundance, the temptation is always present to gorge on some such meal as a couple of big pork chops, French fries, pie a la mode and whatever. It's always easy to just "let go" and throw the appetstat out of kilter again.

Don't do it. Stick on the diet faithfully, for the longer you do so the easier it will become. Eating moderately will become just as much a habit as overeating once was. For the appetstat is, basically, a control centre or habit.

Finally, when the original fear of frustration is found and overcome, the desire to overeat is likely to vanish permanently. Then, and then only, will the trouble be finally cured.

Can your Marriage Last?

ANDREW GREY • FACT

Why rosy dreams turn grey—and when a marriage breaks up, what it costs in cash to end the disappointment.

MARRIAGES are mostly likely to crack up where their basis is purely and simply physical attraction.

A study of what goes on once you get serious about a girl, shows that the physical side of the relationship is extremely important, both in regard to the success and failure of a marriage partnership.

Without this physical affinity, and a mutual satisfaction in marriage, the position cannot last; but where there is nothing more to bind a marriage than this physical set-up, then the marriage, again, seems doomed to failure.

Nobody, walking away from the altar, fancies that within a given time this happy event is going to fall to pieces; both parties are far too much in love to credit the possibility of such a situation.

But there are year-long waiting lists at the divorce courts to demonstrate the number of times the worst happens.

Rarely, if ever, does the marriage fail because home life was a budget round of humdrum activities, or because the children screamed too much, or because the husband gave too much time to advancing and bettering the family position.

These are stable, human factors, and ones which grow as the marriage advances, and are met as time goes by.

But there are the young brides who, after a short time, find themselves in another man's arms. There are the proud bridegrooms who find themselves making excuses to stay out with another woman.

What changes the position? What causes the dissatisfaction between husband and wives? Why does the bridegroom of yesterday seek consolation with another girl, when not long ago he married the "only girl in the world?"

The answers to these questions are to be found in the purely personal relationship between the bride and groom. The physical intimacy which, before marriage, was the dominating thought, and which was to many of these young people the principal factor in the marriage, has failed to bind the partners together—and yet they have been told, have read, and know in their own minds that any marriage without physical satisfaction, would also fail to last.

French sociologists greatly favour the sowing of a wild oat, because, they feel, the restless days are over



when a man decides to get married. The French are supposed to be the most logical of all races—but they do not apply this same reasoning to their women who, before marriage, traditionally have been closely guarded.

They have maintained that an innocent man entering marriage must, sooner or later, wonder whether there is more satisfaction to be had somewhere other than at home—and they turn an indulgent eye on the married man who keeps a *deuxieme menage*, so long as his wife and children do not suffer by it.

But it seems to the candid observer that their tolerance of pre-marital affairs, and their acceptance of post-marital infidelity, add up to show one thing—that the traditional wild oat does not make for any happier marriages than usual. Otherwise the French would be the supreme exponents of happy marriage.

It is undoubtedly true that there is a lot of curiosity about how the marriage relationship would stack up if the woman had a different husband, or the husband had a different wife. There is no doubt that every man and woman has, at some time, wondered what the position would be if he had a different partner. But this is not a healthy curiosity.

Nor is it a profitable one.

The fact is that the physical relationship of marriage is what you make it. Very few people have found that their initial experiences in physical love were the ideally paradisiac experiences described by poets and imagined by impressionable young people. Exactly what they thought the experience would be, even they themselves could not explain. But there are times without number when they have

expressed themselves so extremely disappointed.

It is nevertheless true that the physical expression of love can be a great experience—but not between strangers; not even on the snap decision of two people who know each other; not even to people who suddenly feel that they are carried away by a great urge.

The initial experiences of physical love are disappointing as a rule for very simple reasons — that they are accompanied by high emotions, lack of knowledge, and even lack of understanding about the facts of mutual satisfaction.

That is why many of the unhappy partners are women; because they find their requirements from the act of love are rather different from those of a man; women are less excitable, more romantic; they are slower to respond, and yet their need is great. When they are unsatisfied they feel that their man does not understand them, and they feel let down and disappointed by him. Very often this is because he does not realize that women feel differently, act differently, and expect different treatment. And very often he could change the whole aspect of the relationship—if he only knew what was expected.

Sexologists and experts in marital relations have stressed through recent years that satisfactory marriage relationships develop from an understanding of each partner by the other, and that from the time of marriage on, a mutual desire to please, and mutual consideration of each other, is the basis for that blissful and satisfactory relationship which may, in the long run turn out to be all the poets say it is, but doesn't come easily.

It is the belief of experts that the very fact that the successful

DARNING THE HEART

A surgical team of doctors at Pittsburgh's Allegheny General Hospital has dried out the heart of a 24-year-old patient and darned it like a sock. It was a history-making, four hour job. The team, headed by Dr. Edward Kent, and with Dr. Frank Neville doing most of the surgery, dropped the patient's temperature to between 80 and 83 degrees, through the use of ice water. This took up most of the four hours. Then they clamped off the blood vessels leading to the heart. With the resultant "dry heart", they raced against time as they stitched a rupture in seven minutes. Keeping the heart lines clamped for more than 15 to 20 minutes could have been fatal. As it was, the rupture was repaired and the patient is as well as ever.

marriage relationship takes some building, is a basic reason for marriages going awry. They believe that times without number married people, disappointed in their earliest relationships, jump to the conclusion that the marriage was a mistake, without appreciating the difference that can be made by a sincere effort on the part of both partners to get things right.

They also believe that pre-marital experiences do not help either party to adjust themselves within marriage, since neither party is anxious to admit to previous experience outside marriage, especially in the first flush of married happiness. In women in particular, lack of knowledge (and by inference of experience) is still supposed to be a virtue.

It has also been recently pointed out that, in fact, pre-marital experience even lessens the chance of a successful marriage, whether the illicit experiences have been happy or not.

Cases quoted tend to show that where pre-marital experiences have been unhappy, the parties approach their married state in diffidence, if not in fear, and with some feeling of guilt or fear of discovery, and

are pretty sure that what failed before will fail again, anyway. Where pre-marital relationships have been happy, they may set up a false standard of comparison, and hinder the partners growing into a relationship of mutual satisfaction.

There is another side to the marriage story, however, which is equally a caution.

It is that of people who, finding themselves physically compatible, feel that the physical aspect of marriage, and the round of social activities which they also appreciate form the whole structure of their married state.

This constitutes, from the psychologists' point of view, a failure to grow up on the part of the newly weds. Admittedly, they are not the only people who fail to grow up. The world is littered with people whose maturity has been arrested at some point, and who remain stationary, carrying a burden of immaturity or arrested development.

That may, in most walks of life, lead to personal unhappiness; but in marriage it leads to the inevitable end—divorce. It is understandable that, as courtship consists mainly of falling in love through a series of social activities, the

marriage ceremony can hardly be expected to effect a conversion of outlook in both parties overnight. More especially as the first period following marriage is the honeymoon which is an uninhibited continuance of courtship.

At the conclusion of the honeymoon the normal married couple have only a picture of a round of parties and dances and being together—and their first impulse having the privacy of their own home is to enjoy themselves together, and entertain their friends.

This is a very worthy round of activities, for a time; and the natural tailing off of it into more serious life is brought about by the arrival of an expected child.

Nothing makes people grow up more quickly than the anxieties, responsibilities, and happiness of parenthood. But where, as is increasingly common, both husband and wife continue to go to work

and no children are born, the social and sexual life run on into an indefinite, and at some stage pointless and boring existence.

At this stage, at any rate, it is to be expected that the husband, wife, or both, decide to break their boredom by seeking new company; and at this stage the marriage becomes threatened with the real danger that, based on physical attraction and depending on physical pleasure, it has no lasting, binding quality.

Every kind of emotional upset follows the beginning of an irregular marriage, when the husband who comes home late has to face a tearful wife who believes she is no longer wanted; or when the husband who comes home to find that his wife is late home from work, begins to feel he is being taken for granted.

A chart of the emotional reactions which occur on both sides

would be extremely interesting. Fear and jealousy would be prominent in it. And that situation, leading inevitably to quarrels, can be fatal for people who are as free as childless newlyweds both of whom have their own income.

There is little to keep a man at home, once home becomes unpleasant, if he feels that he has no responsibility towards a working wife who has no children. There is little to keep a woman on a straight course if she feels that, having no children, she can please herself.

Fear, jealousy, or distrust, once implanted in the mind, become terrible weeds. There is little to be done about them, except eradicate them with the only weed-killer psychology knows—a full, frank knowledge of the situation which is causing the unhappiness.

Yet it is when they are ridden by such fears that people least care to express themselves. Private inquiry agents exist because a man or woman, having become suspicious of the partner, just has to know what is doing—and won't put all the cards on the table.

The passages of mental anguish and uncertainty which occur in the mind of such people must be indescribable: the outcome is that somebody who was deeply in love now hires a spy to spy upon a once-loved partner.

How does it feel to pay a man to climb a tree and peer into a bedroom window to see your wife in someone else's bed? That is the final outcome of the wrongly based marriage—a bitter, unhappy experience which, in different circumstances, might have been unnecessary.

There are people who argue that the law forces this kind of situation, with its demand for exact proof of

what is alleged. And it is found many times over that such suspicions are quite unfounded—that the man has been identified, the place and time of the assignation set, and the tree climbed, or the door broken in, only to see that the unfaithful wife isn't there at all.

One case the present writer heard argued in the N.S.W. divorce court concerned a woman who, having traced her husband to a house where he was being unfaithful, had private inquiry agents climb a fence—to see the suspected woman in a room with a man, indeed; but the man was not the husband, as expected. The fact was that the house was a respectable boarding house where the man called to play chess with a man friend in a lounge room; the woman who had been seen entering the place several times was a maid employed by the boarding house; and the man she was seen in the room with was her fiancé. The whole thing was a miserable fizzle, in spite of which the case was proceeded with—and the evidence cleared the accused husband of being a wronged party.

In a way, that might be called one of the happy stories of divorce since the husband, at that stage, had no peccadilloes to pay for.

But the human tragedy is only part of the divorce story. It is a story which extends beyond the emotional upheaval, past the unsavory practices of spying or putting spies on to watch one's former lover, past even the uncertain future of children whose parents fail to agree—because there are very many divorces in which there are children, and as a result of which children suffer.

These divorces are in a class



rather different from those discussed earlier. These seem to be mostly cases where one of the partners fails to mature as a result of parenthood; or where sexual dissatisfaction, once hidden, is now expressed.

There was the case known to this writer, of the wife who refused to have sexual intercourse with her husband because there were children in the house, despite the fact that it was a large house and the parents had full privacy. No good was achieved by her attitude; but the time came quite naturally when her husband, a young and virile man still, kicked over the traces. The enforcement of married chastity didn't do either wife or children any good after that.

Unwillingness to front up to responsibility is an underlying factor in divorce where there are children. The selfish man who feels that, family or no family, his golf must not suffer, is doing more than spending the milk money on golf balls; he is forfeiting the respect of a wife who realises, reluctantly, that he won't put first things first. And once respect goes out of marriage, on either side, then the rot sets in. Sometimes people tolerate each other as convenience; sometimes they live their separate lives under the same roof for the sake of the family; sometimes they divorce.

Of the numerous failure marriages which do not sink to the level of employing spies, there are nevertheless cut-and-dried divorces procedures. There is the desertion, straight, when a partner walks out, stays away for a period, made necessary by law, and is then sued for desertion.

There is the less honest practice of walking out and having a writ

issued for the restitution of conjugal rights. When the writ is ignored the case becomes divorce on the grounds of failure to obey the court.

Maybe these techniques are superior to catching a former lover "in flagrante delicto"; often they are mere motions to satisfy the law and to gain freedom without notoriety. The outcome is the same—each application for restitution, each desertion, each filing of a divorce petition, is an admission that two people could not make a partnership work.

But the cash price of that admission is something which few people have pondered. Loose understanding of who foots the divorce bill, and how alimony is paid, and for how long, does not give any idea of the actual facts of divorce finance.

One is entitled to wonder, cynically, perhaps, whether a fuller knowledge of the financial burden of divorce might not lead people to make another bid for reconciliation; because though a lot is said in court about the causes of divorce very little is said about attempts at reconciliation, other than that they have been tried unsuccessfully.

A man who is much married and, who, perhaps, did not relish the idea of divorce when it became inevitable, once said, "If your wife wants to divorce you, whatever you do don't get generous impulses. If you're soft right at the beginning you'll probably regret it for the rest of your life."

Three times married, twice divorced, he is paying alimony to two ex-wives, so he can be expected to be sour on the opposite sex. He pointed out the troubles encountered financially when a marriage went wrong.



One species of the female has a lot of fun spending the alimony an ex-husband is forced to disgorge.

In the first place, he says, you have to earn enough to maintain alimony payments as well as to live yourself. For if you fall behind in the payments the law has machinery ready to deal with such a situation, and if your ex-wife is vindictive, you can go to gaol. It can happen; it has happened—frequently.

Today, alimony has become, in quite a number of cases, a source of easy income. Times have indeed changed. At the turn of the century divorce was considered a smudgy,

scandalous affair that tainted both the innocent and guilty alike; good women suffered their philandering husbands in meek humility and only the "floosies" thought calculatingly of alimony. The "floosies" were the stately chorus girls who, so 'twas said, cottoned on to baronets and millionaires, married them in haste and divorced them at leisure—those soulless women storytellers put into spicy novels and in the last chapter blasted into oblivion with the scorn of a good woman.

Not so today. Women have be-

come legal-minded and, with divorce on the increase (one marriage in four goes astray in U.S.A. each year, one in seven in Australia) they know the rights conferred on them by law. And, knowing those rights few women, about to set out on the divorce roundabout, scorn at least a serious thought of alimony. Most husbands simply pay without argument. Even when the ex-wife is capable of going back to work and earning an income comparable to his own, he can't do much about it.

For the husband who walks out of the marital home and declines, emphatically, to support either his wife or their young children, it is difficult, indeed, impossible, to find an excuse.

An example of this was quoted recently by Miss M. Pilling, director of the N.S.W. Family Welfare Bureau. Miss Pilling said: "If a wife receives no maintenance from her husband for six months she becomes eligible for the 'civil widow's' pension - £3.10.0 a week.

"Many husbands know this and sometimes, through sheer vindictiveness, will make some maintenance payments in the sixth month, so that the wife has to go back to the beginning and loses the chance of a steady income."

Miss Pilling said that one deserted wife she knew was trying to keep five children on £7.10.0 a week.

MORE so than in Australia, alimony in the U.S.A. has become a racket. Some girls put on the wedding veil for impossible marriages with the express and sole intention of providing for their future comfort; if a satisfactory divorce settlement cannot ultimately be arranged, there's always the courts to fall back upon—and they're notoriously sympathetic to women!

It is said that one Chicago divorce judge takes a pad and pencil with him to the bench and, save in cases where the husband has an ageing mother to support and several mortgages on his home, orders payment of half the husband's salary to the wife.

With marriage such a lucrative investment it's not surprising that so many American girls start out in life with the express intention of marrying millionaires.

Once they attain their objective, it's like an each-way bet at the races—if they're on a winner, okay; if they lose, well, they can still show a handsome profit.

But, as one New York writer puts it, "the modern American gold-digger comes in a variety of shapes and sizes. She's after the wealthy playboys, but, brother, in the face of really keen competition, she's just as likely to settle for you."

Broadly speaking, American alimony—as in most English speaking countries—is based on the theory that the husband should continue to support his ex-wife in the "manner to which she has been accustomed"—that is, according to the standard of life she has become familiar with as his wife. This formula has provided the blue-print for most of the larger American alimony settlements.

In Australia, Divorce Courts, on a decree for divorce, may order the husband "to secure to the wife such gross or annual sum for any term, not exceeding her life, as it deems reasonable, having regard to (a) her fortune—if any, (b) the ability of the husband to pay and (c) the conduct of the parties. Or, instead, they may order the husband to pay the wife, during their joint lives, such weekly or monthly sum as it thinks reasonable, having

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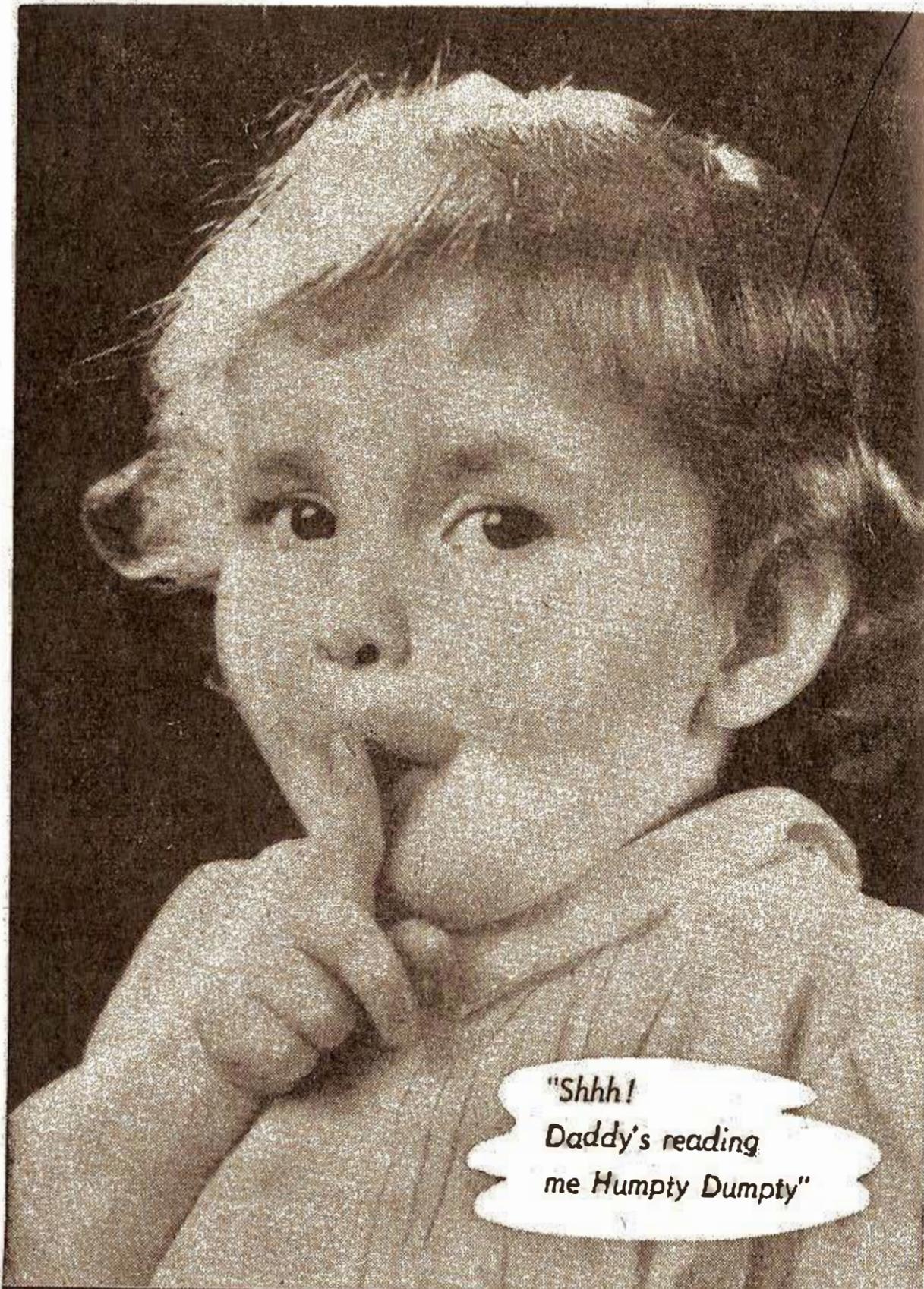
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regard to the three circumstances already mentioned."

One lawyer said recently: "A wife's right to alimony is based on her right at common law to pledge her husband's credit for 'necessaries'. So, just as, while married, she can pledge his credit for what is suitable to her, according to his station in life, so will such alimony be granted her as is reasonably necessary for her to continue to live as would the wife of a man in his position."

The interpretation of those legalisms is, naturally, a matter for the Judge in Divorce or the Divorce Registrar, but, as a rule, alimony in this country is calculated on the basis of one-third of the joint income of both parties. Thus, a man on £24 a week would pay his wife £8—a sum that correspondingly would be reduced the greater the separate income earned by the wife. It is the wronged, and not the guilty, woman who receives these payments and they are usually cancelled if the ex-wife remarries.

As a big percentage of divorces in Australia annually are obtained by women who wish to remarry, the proportion of cases where no alimony is sought, or where court orders are short-lived, is comparatively high.

It would be foolish to suggest that Australian alimony laws, while undoubtedly harsh on some ex-husbands, have not also reacted adversely against quite a few worried wives. Some years ago there was talk of amending N.S.W. legislation to give women a "fairer go" but nothing was done. Divorce has always bothered the politicians. However, consider the immense strides that women have made in their march toward complete emancipation.

Legally speaking, they're on top of the world. Gone are those bad old days when the husband, on marriage, assumed complete control of the wife's property. No-one, we're sure, would want a return to that not-so-far-distant era, when, under British law, a woman was considered incapable of holding property, real or personal, independently of her husband. That was the "chattel" era that came to an end with what has been described as the modern Woman's Bill of Rights—the Married Women's Property Act.

Nowadays, the wife's right to her own property is firmly established, and that fact, some years ago, was the subject of a warning by a former N.S.W. Divorce Judge, Mr. Justice Toose. At the time he pointed out that the transfers of property between husband and wife could be—and had frequently been—seriously abused. He made these points:

- A wife could evict her husband from a home which he had given her, without even commencing divorce proceedings.
- A husband could do the same to a wife whom he had married for money and who had transferred her property to him.

The judge said that husbands, in the full flush of generosity, had transferred their homes to their wives, only later to be evicted after being supplanted by men who became co-respondents in future divorce suits. When a husband transferred either money, property or shares to his wife, the transfer was absolute. Thus, if the marriage broke down later, the wife could retain all the property he had given her.

A judge, said Mr. Justice Toose, could later make an order for ali-

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mony based on the husband's ability to pay his wife, but he could not make any order touching property the wife may have given the erring husband, or a home that the husband may have given the wife.

Solicitors, discussing the judge's comment, referred to the case of a South Australian couple who owned a house jointly. The wife left, obtained a divorce on the ground of cruelty, and the husband was ordered to pay maintenance. The wife then commenced proceedings so that she could live in the house.

The Court granted her the tenancy so long as she remained unmarried, but authorised the husband to set off half of the rental value of the house against his liability to maintenance.

In another case a newly-married man handed over three houses and all his other property to a woman and got nothing back when the marriage collapsed.

Property can play a very important part in the aftermath of marriage and the wise husband—and indeed, the wise wife—can take heed of my thrice-married friend. His urgently-voiced references to "generous impulses" can have a special bearing on those early days of marriage when the blush is still on the rose. There is nothing like honeymoon bliss to start a chain reaction of really generous impulses.

Under Australian law, if a husband deserts his wife or acts in such a way as to justify her leaving him and living apart, she can, as "an agent of necessity" pledge his credit to obtain necessaries for herself and the children of the marriage who are lawfully in her custody. The husband would have to meet those debts provided the wife herself had not been guilty of

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condoned adultery or some other matrimonial offence.

However, broadly speaking, the legal duty of a husband to maintain his wife ceases if she leaves him against his will and without reasonable cause, or commits adultery which he himself has not condoned. Condonation occurs when a husband knows of his wife's adultery, makes no protest and does nothing at all to prevent it taking place.

There are a number of legal phrases and laws with which every married man should familiarise himself. Here are some more points to consider.

It has happened that a husband, while still married, has repudiated debts incurred by the wife. The creditor may put in a claim; in which event the husband's defence — a sound one — could be that he had provided his wife with all the necessaries, or at least enough money to buy them and that he had clearly prohibited his wife from pledging his credit. Some husbands believe that they can make this claim cast-iron simply by inserting advertisements in newspapers disclaiming all responsibility for their wives' debts.

It is not as easy as that.

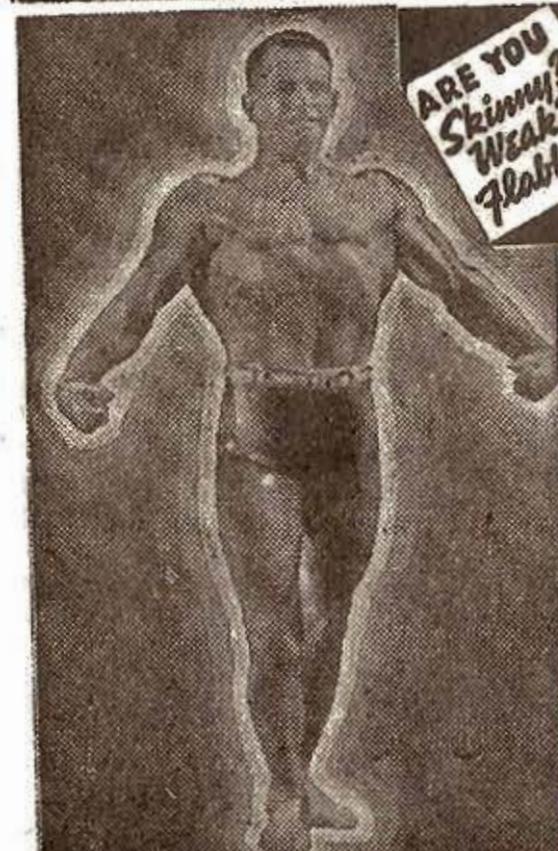
A tradesman, for example, may have been supplying goods on credit to the wife over a long period, and the husband has been settling the accounts regularly without protest or opposition of any sort. A general newspaper advertisement couldn't affect his assumption that the wife still had the right to contract on her husband's behalf and, unless it could be proved that the advertisement had been brought to the tradesman's direct notice, the husband would have to pay. However, a man is not responsible for money borrowed by his wife without his knowledge or consent.

Then there are certain punitive clauses in the Deserted Wives and Children's Act. This is legislation, enacted in most of the States, which permits the wife to approach the court for a maintenance order if her husband has (a) deserted her, (b) left her without means of support or (c) planned to leave the State without making adequate provision for both her and her children. Under this Act, the court may order the husband to make reasonable allowances, paid either weekly, fortnightly or monthly, and may give legal custody of a child of the marriage to the wife or any other person it considers proper.

Should the husband disobey the order, the court may summons him or issue a warrant for his arrest. To compel him to pay the money owing, it may then commit him to

prison for one day for every ten shillings or part of ten shillings found to be due, including legal costs arising from the complaint. No offender shall be detained for more than 12 months and, during this period of detention, the order for the payment of maintenance is automatically suspended. The husband cannot be gaoled twice for non-payment of the same maintenance arrears.

It is from the ranks of these maintenance defaulters that gaol inmates, known in prison argot as "wife starvers", are drawn. Some of them can be seen at regular intervals skipping from State to State, with the avowed intention of dodging their liabilities; while, in close pursuit, come their angry wives breathing the fire and brimstone of righteous self-pity. One



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wife of my acquaintance has chased her husband over three States—South Australia, Victoria and N.S.W.—and when I last saw her, she was on her way to Queensland. Her husband, it seemed, had dodged across yet another border, vowing she wouldn't get a penny out of him.

MAINTENANCE, of course, is paid—by direction of a magistrate—during actual marriage; the payments made by the husband from the filing of his divorce suit onward are known, legally, as alimony. To begin with, there is alimony pendente lite, or alimony granted until the hearing of the suit, and here, lawyers insist, is the core of an injustice that can—and often does—weigh heavily on the long-suffering husband.

Figures show that, in 99 cases out of 100, the wife fights her divorce action with her husband's money. Even though she is the guilty party, he may, either by mutual consent or a court order, still have to pay—a sum that generally exceeds £100 when the case is defended. Indeed, the only time he comes out ahead is when he proves adultery against his wife and obtains from the judge a direction that the man named as co-respondent pay the wife's fees.

He loses again, with alimony pendente lite.

This is the sum awarded to the wife pending the hearing of the suit and, as divorce lists are frequently so congested that defended divorce suits have to stand over for months—even years—the husband has a long period of paying. It's probably no salve to his irritation to know that his wife is unashamedly the guilty party and that alimony payments will probably cease when the case is concluded.

Some guilty wives, lawyers claim, deliberately delay the hearing of divorce suits so that they can go on collecting alimony. In some cases the wives don't even attempt to get jobs for fear their salaries may interfere with the—often substantial— incomes handed to them on a legal platter. Some of them have no intention finally of defending their suits but, knowing that a straight-out undefended suit would be dealt with in a matter of months, they prefer to keep their husbands guessing until the last moment. There's nothing much the husband can do but go on paying.

Judges are not blind to these happenings and in Sydney, some years ago, Mr. Justice Toose had before him an adjournment application in a defended suit that had been dragging for years. The judge said: "I have been thinking of instituting a new practice where, if a wife is found guilty of adultery the Court will give an order for her to disgorge all the money that has been paid to her by way of alimony.

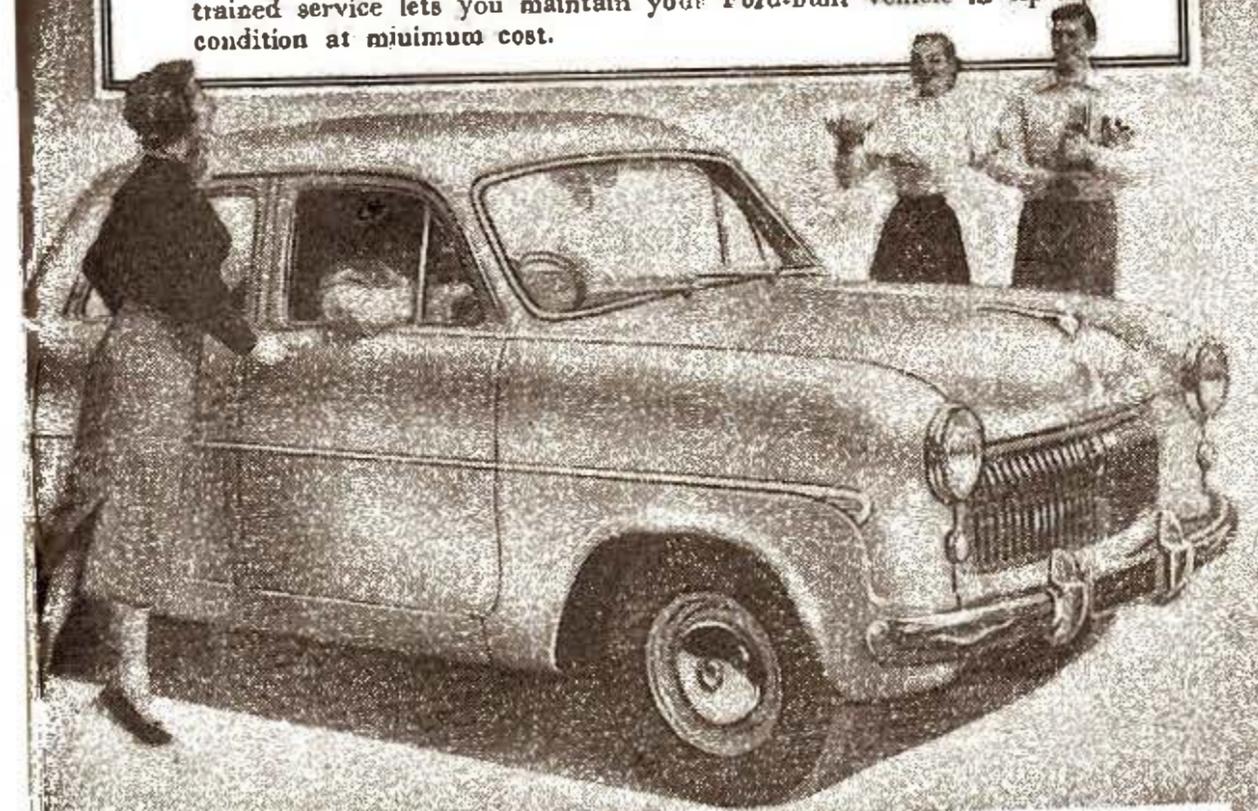
"In defended case after defended case the parties appear before the court with all the pomp and circumstance when the matter is placed in the list. Sometimes they want a week, a month or three months adjournment to prepare their case. Then, though it has been in the list for four years the divorce comes on in the long run as an undefended matter."

Alimony pendente lite, or, as it is also called, temporary alimony, was originally intended to remain in force for only a few months. Then, once the suit was heard, the wife, either as the successful petitioner, became entitled to permanent alimony, or, as the guilty wife, ceased to have any further claim against her husband. The anomaly lies in

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the fact that, over recent years, some defended suits were pigeon-holed for as long as two years, during which period the temporary alimony payments went on. This applied mainly to N.S.W. where, in the last few months, a serious drive has been made to clear up divorce congestion.

There is another anomaly which, women lawyers claim, imposes a grave injustice on many wives. In N.S.W. those women found an ardent champion in late Attorney General Martin, who, in October 1951, proposed legislation to remedy the position. Sources of this irritation were:

- The fact that an ex-wife, under N.S.W. law, could apply to the court for an increased financial payment for the upkeep of her children but could not apply for an increase in her own personal alimony—even if her former husband had become, quite suddenly, a millionaire!

- The fact that, at the same time, the ex-husband could apply to the court to have the alimony order reduced or entirely stopped on the ground of his inability to pay.

To begin with, women insist, that is discriminatory law, loaded heavily in favour of the male. But, over the past six years, the equality principle has become a matter of diminishing importance—the real issue now is one of economic hardship.

Cases quoted prove this. Wives, awarded £5 or £6 a week from comfortably off husbands of pre-war vintage, found themselves on a modest but satisfactory standard of living—a standard that the ensuing years and the soaring cost of living have shot completely to pieces. Their ex-husbands, then on £15 or £18 a week, are probably earning £30 or more today, yet, in N.S.W. at least, there can be no

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This Month's Issue

OUTDOORS

proportionate increase in alimony awarded to the divorced wife.

And there are still other anomalies worth recording.

Our present alimony laws, for example, were products of the reign of Queen Victoria; they came into being in 1899 and mirrored, more or less, the social conditions of those sedate times.

Clearly they never envisaged the new world of wage-earning women. So, it's not to be wondered at that in the framing of the Matrimonial Causes Act, three interesting contingencies overlooked were:

- that the husband, one day, might want to apply for a reduction of alimony on the ground that his wife was earning her own living and quite capable of supporting herself.

- that the husband might want to ask the court for an order for alimony, payable to him on the present basis of calculation—one-third of the joint income.

- that the salary-earning wife might be in a better position to pay the court costs than the wage-earning husband.

It has always been customary for a husband to seek a reduction in alimony on the ground of his inability to pay, and that, in the past, has been the principle upon which the courts have acted; legal men, nowadays, are inclined to the view that there is no definite bar to the husband seeking relief because of his former wife's improved economic circumstances. But, obviously, the machinery isn't there for a husband to secure alimony from his wife, and the husband continues to foot the enormous, ever-mounting Divorce Court bill. A lot of people are asking why.

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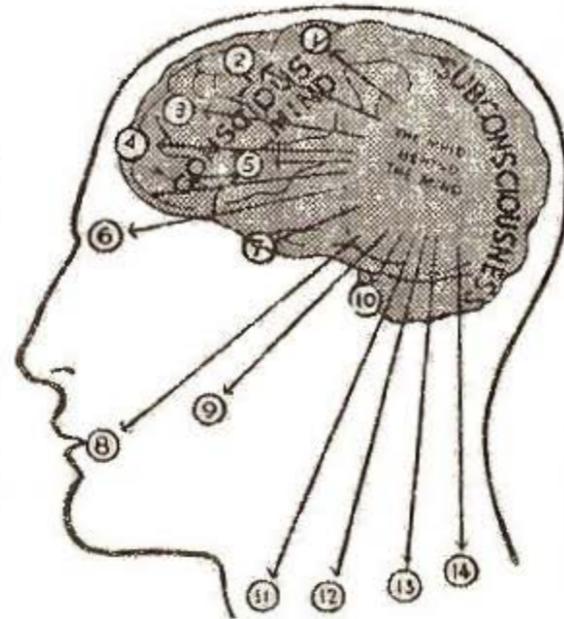
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- | | |
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Lack of self-confidence. | 6. Unsteady gaze
Shifting eyes. |
| 2. Unsociability.
Nervousness.
Apprehension.
Anxiety. | 7. Nervous
Catarrh. |
| 3. Depression.
Worry.
Sleeplessness.
Nerves. | 8. Stammering. |
| 4. Weak will.
Habits.
Indecision. | 9. Blushing. |
| 5. Forgetfulness.
Lack of Concentration. | 10. Obsessions. |
| | 11. Trembling
limbs. |
| | 12. Neurasthenia.
Nerve pains. |
| | 13. Functional
disorders. |
| | 14. Physical
lethargy. |

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Many wives have gone right to the top in commerce and industry; quite a few are schoolteachers, social workers, secretaries, typists; others are engaged in humbler occupations.

Yet the courts of this and other English-speaking countries aren't greatly concerned about the capacity of a wife to earn her own living. As a matter of fact the Law, indirectly, discourages her from working, saying, in effect, that if she does she'll have her alimony payments reduced or eliminated. Indeed, for quite a few of the girls, the set-up in which they find themselves is not altogether unpleasant—why work for a boss when the ex-husband is in the background paying the bills?

This is a point of view shared by some of the leading legal lights of the day. One of them—a former judge—has said publicly that women are as capable of earning money as men and that women, unless in failing health or with children to keep, should not remain at home when there is work for them outside.

He added: "Wealthy women, who are divorced or separated should maintain husbands who have helped build their fortunes and, in receipt of income, should pay alimony to sick or invalid exhusbands."

That is an aspect that isn't usually considered—the declining health of a husband and the part it might play in the walk-out of a busy energetic woman, earning a substantial salary in her own right! No-one would sympathise with the husband who, in similar circumstances, deserted a sick or invalid wife; yet, because of the antiquated code that governs the male-female relationship, the possibility of a wife being called upon to support a husband financially is

MIGRAINE HEADACHES?

If you suffer from Migraine you'll be interested in this case history taken from the files of an eminent Harley Street Specialist.

"A woman aged 42 had suffered from headaches often Migrainous in character for fifteen years. These were of almost daily occurrence and she had consulted various specialists in England and abroad without acquiring any benefit. On examination, deep-seated myalgic spots were found. Deep

pressure over these spots would bring on the head pains. Daily treatment with the (adrenalin) cream was commenced, varying in depth from day to day. She was discharged at the end of a fortnight free from her headaches."

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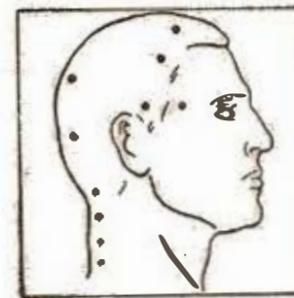


Illustration shows location of painful "trigger" spots that cause headaches.

which are the basic cause of the headache. After the acute stage has passed, daily massage should be continued for a week or two. At the end of this time the "trigger" spots (which will be felt at first as small hard lumps about the size of a pea) will have softened and disappeared and permanent relief from headaches will be the result.

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PREVIEW

of the

REDEX TRIAL

In this Month's Issue

WHEELS

2/6 At all Newsagents

seldom, in the legal sense, given serious consideration. Similarly there seems no reason why a wealthy or wage-earning wife should not share with the husband the burden of divorce costs. Or why, when the children of a marriage are in the husband's custody, she should not contribute her share to the children's upkeep.

After all, the husband, no doubt, is being put to extra expense in paying someone to look after the children as a direct result of the wife's misbehaviour.

In all countries of the world where divorce is recognised, this alimony problem—the conflicting rights of the husband and the wife—have posed some puzzling problems for both the legislators and the lawyers. California, a few years ago considered a bill banning alimony for all able-bodied women well enough to go to work and, during the debate, strong attacks were made on what was termed “the alimony racket.”

As it is, palpably, both ex-wives and ex-husbands are labouring under injustices—and have been doing so for quite a time. State legislators no doubt, can, and probably will alter existing laws but what most thinking Australians would prefer to see would be brand-new Commonwealth legislation—a Federal legislation—a Federal Matrimonial Causes Act incorporating into one coherent enactment divorce laws at present operating in each of the Australian States. That is the correct basis for divorce reform.

Which brings us back to the warning of that harassed, much-married friend of mine who is paying alimony to two wives: “If your wife wants to divorce you, then, whatever you do, don't get generous impulses.” Do you see what he means?



PREVIEW

of the

REDEX TRIAL

in

wheels



UICK UIPS

IT TAKES all types to make a world, and most of the world's troubles are produced by those who don't produce anything else.

Yes, you see all types. Take the hillbilly; he put a silencer on his shotgun because he wanted his daughter to have a quiet wedding

Then there was the burglar. He broke into a house one night and saw a calendar with a beautiful pin-up girl on it; so he took it. He got twelve months.

We know a girl with a beautiful figure and she knows it, too. She spends a lot of time on the beach in her bathing-suit. She doesn't go in the water, though—she prefers to get a suntan; and, of course, that is a condition that is yours for the basking.

Unfortunately, this lovely beauty is a little bit dumb. She soaked her strapless evening gown in black coffee so that it would stay up all night! It's a fact. She is really so dumb that she thinks an archive is the thing that Noah kept his bees in.

Being beautiful, she can get almost everything she wants. Most girls attain their ends by not taking enough exercise. Like one

woman we know. She is forty, but she likes to think she is a flapper. Normally she has too many bulges; so she corsets herself as tightly as possible. You know the type—a build in a girdled cage.

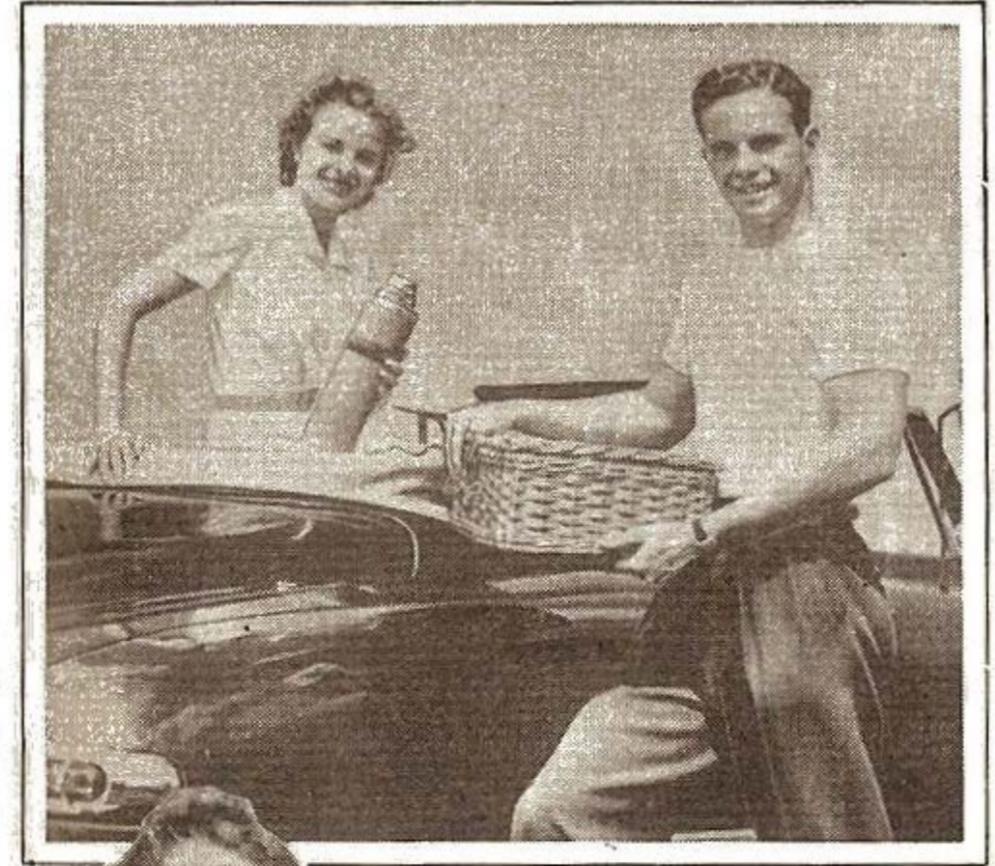
It's amazing how many people are wrapped up in themselves. Of course, the man who is wrapped up in himself makes the smallest of all parcels.

Getting back to the male of the species reminds us of two chaps who applied for a job. Each filled in a form which called for name, nationality, etc. You know the type of form. Well, one chap signed his name, "Patrick O'Grady", and in the nationality line he put, "Irish and proud of it". The other fellow signed "Angus McPherson", and in the nationality line he wrote, "Scotch and fond of it".

In court recently a man was charged with being cruel to a dog. It appears that he hit it over the head with his umbrella. He pleaded self-defence. He said, "The dog raised his leg and I thought he was going to kick me."

But it is not the human race which is strange. The stork is a funny bird—he's always kidding.

It wouldn't be a picnic without a basket...



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