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THE HOME OF TODAY BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.

GEMS FROM THE CAVALCADE STORYTELLER

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HOLLYWOOD SUCCESS STORY

LIZBETH GARDINER

THE Australian press saw it, and you probably saw it. The press had a lot to say about it, too.

It was a film called The Man From Down Under, and the gentlemen of the press who beefed, swore that it slandered Australia and the Australians.

Hollywood, in reply, said: "Yeah, but we don't get that beef. We had a technical adviser on that film. A dinky-di Australian!"

Letters and cables shuttled back and forth "O.K." said Australia. "But why are we made out to be whisky-drinking, half-witted morons? Why didn't you put an authentic A.F. uniform on the screen? If you wanted to film a Brisbane hotel, why didn't you find out what one looked like?"

Hollywood answered, "But he was a dinky-doo Australian!"

That should have floored the A.P., but they had the final word: "Well, there can't be any dinkum Australians in Hollywood if they allow stuff through like that."

It was an inadequate final word, for the chagrined press knew there were many Australians in Hollywood - ambassadors who should have been "dinkum" enough to provide the American motion picture industry with a more authentic description of Australia, if given the chance.

It was briefly and, perhaps cynically, stated that Aussies who reach the more cosmopolitan atmosphere of Hollywood, not only leave Australia, but all thought of it. Australians invited to act as advisers on pictures dealing with "down under" apparently forget some of the essentials which make Australia so typically Australian. Now and then we have been inclined to regard Aussies in Hollywood more as runaways than honorary ambassadors.

Then, again, Australia is a very big place, and few dinky-di Australians are familiar with it all. What American knows the details of all the 48 States?

One of the first duties handed to Ann Richards when she arrived at M.G.M. studios was the job of advising on a "Doctor Gillespie" film. A character in the picture was supposed to be an Australian, and was required to "talk Australian."

The collection of slang gathered from the script must have required a deal of exhaustive research on the writer's part. Perhaps this was outside Ann's province, perhaps her advice was ignored. In the made film an ordinary Australian could never cram so many colloquialisms into one simple sentence.

Arriving in Hollywood over two years ago, Ann Richards played her first Hollywood role in a short entitled Woman in the House. Stern critics admitted that she had done well. She was hopeful of more work, but dumbfounded when the offer came to play opposite Brian Donlevy in "America."

Press notices after the release of this film, particularly in Australia, were not so kind. She was accused of being "wooden," "stiff," and "unemotional." Apparently Hollywood itself took a more liberal view, for Ann Richards now has a star painted on her dressing-room door.

The obvious answer to the question: "Why do talented Australians go overseas?" is that they believe opportunities in this country are still limited — particularly in the film industry. Many young Thespians, believing that small success in Australia ensures fame abroad, discover hardships and defeat instead. Success abroad is not automatic, and something more than ambition is necessary before it is sought.

Backed by an Australian Commonwealth Prize for her role in Heritage, playing opposite Charles Farrell in The Flying Doctor, Mary Maguire received a big press ballyhoo when she left for Hollywood in 1936.

She had all the qualities necessary for success. She was good-looking, charming, and a fair enough actress to make the grade. She had a letter of introduction from the director of Heritage, Miles Mander, to John Farrow, the Warner Bros. scenarist. Her proud parents financed the venture, and everyone wished her well.

In Hollywood, she made half a dozen mediocre films, then left for London, where she married and then stopped acting.

All that is left of Mary Maguire's brief conquest of Hollywood is a stack of out-of-date glamour shots and a two-page biography of her personal life, obviously manufactured by the studio publicity staff, stating that Mary "likes pineapples, but not cake with lolly-pink icing." It said that Mary came "from the land of the kangaroo and the duck-billed platypus," and that she preferred American clothes to Australian.

On the other side of the success balance sheet is the story of Edward Ashley, who was born at Rose Bay, Sydney. Originally named Edward Hussey-Cooper, Ashley signed a contract with
OLIVE wanted a happy home and marriage—children... living... She wanted them just for herself, and her husband. She found that her world wasn't bounded by the four walls of her home; she learned that her neighbors are part of her life, too, and she shows how she came to understand this. Her story is one of the features of April TRUE STORY magazine, now edited and published in Australia. You will find, too, fashions, recipes and beauty hints in the April issue of TRUE STORY Magazine.

M.G.M. in 1940, but interrupted his career by joining the American Ferry Command for the duration.

Never a really outstanding success, Ashley always managed to keep his name before the public, even during the war—a wise precaution which ensured him an even better film contract in peace. When leaving for America last year, his sister, Bea Hussey-Cooper said it was unlikely that either Ashley or she would settle in Australia again, although their parents were still here. "More opportunities in America," she said briefly.

In his early acting days, Ashley made a screen test in Hollywood, and it was a flop, both for himself and his girl partner. He took the studio's decision philosophically, and decided to return to the stage.

His partner was not as easily consoled. She was sure that her acting days were over.

Over coffee, she confessed to Ashley that she was also Australian... born in Tasmania. She had been christened Estelle Thompson, but had changed her name to Merle Oberon.

Five years later, Ashley was amused and delighted to read of her success in the film The Private Lives of Henry VIII. She played the role of Anne Boleyn.

On the strength of that performance, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. chose Merle for his leading lady in Don Juan. By this time, more offers were pouring in... including a contract to play opposite Leslie Howard in The Scarlet Pimpernel.

Her marriage to Alexander Korda and his eventual knighthood seemed to be the perfect crown to Merle's success. But when they were divorced in 1945, Korda himself said that he "could never love a woman for more than three years." Merle was silent on the subject, except for the brief sentence that they were still "very good friends."

Far from being an enthusiastic ambassador for her native Australia, Merle made no comment when persistent rumors circulated that she was really born in India.

Leaving Australia with the good wishes of the press in 1936, Joy Howarth changed her name to Constance Worth and resolved to follow up on her previous Australian film successes. There was, perhaps, more public excitement over her departure than over any other Australian leaving here for years.

In May, 1937, the news broke that she had married George Brent. Ten days later, it was reported that Brent sought an annulment of the marriage, alleging it did not comply with Mexican laws. Joy took the case to court, won the action, and divorced Brent on the grounds of mental cruelty.

Australians were shocked for a time, but in a few months the incident was forgotten. Joy was also forgotten, not only here, but also in Hollywood. She appeared in a badly-made, "B" class film, then the studio cancelled her contract. Visitors to America and various movie magazines reported that she had been seen working as a waitress in a roadside restaurant. Then, suddenly, she appeared in another film.

Bad publicity, which glamorised and even popularised a personality, was the court case against another Australian, Errol Flynn, a few years ago. Flynn, Tasmanian-born, was a pearl fisher off Tahiti when an Australian film company came there to make In the Wake of the Bounty. The director chose him for the role of Christian, and Flynn found the work so interesting and profitable, that he immediately packed his tackle and sailed for London. He was playing on the stage there when Warners signed him for the lead in Captain Blood, which made him a star.

Although most people think that Cecil Kellaway is an Australian, he was really born in Capetown, South Africa. But he lived for so long in this country, and played in so many Australian films and stage plays, that he can justifiably claim Australian citizenship.

At a time when most countries have used films as effective propaganda, Australia has made no attempt to exploit her film industry except for a few Department of Information shorts. In the space of four years, there have only been four or five full length films made. That is why ambitious Australians leave home.

Names such as May Robson, Judith Anderson, Alan Marshall, Joe Kirkwood Jnr., and Joan Winfield mean talent in Hollywood; but they do not spell "Australia," as they should.
The father had been a dipsomaniac who violated his eldest daughter, and the mother was a hysterical subject, craved for money. A cousin had died in the madhouse and an uncle had hanged himself because his life was without joy.

The girls themselves were sisters of 22 and 28 years respectively, but they looked like twins when in the cold dampness of a rainy February morning in 1933 Mr. Truth escorted them, clad in blue kimono, to the police station of Le Mans.

Mr. Truth was a policeman, and a young one, too. He had been quietly going about his duty until, at perhaps nine o'clock, at night, the little lawyer, Lancelin, who lived in the Rue de Bruyere, Le Mans, called for help.

"And what sort of help do you want?" they asked him.

Lancelin waved his hands. "My wife — my house — come and see — and there are lights — "

Actually it seemed that he had had a dinner appointment with his wife and daughter and another lawyer. He had met a lawyer; his wife and daughter had not arrived, and they had gone together to Lancelin's house.

Nobody answered the knock at the door. Lancelin had no key. He saw a dim light in an upstairs window flicker out as he approached the house. As he decided to call on police help, and he and his friend walked away, the dim light flickered again.

The police went to the Rue de Bruyere with him. Mr. Truth was one of them; there were two others.

The door of the house was broken down, and they went in. They searched the ground floor, and discovered that the electricity had been cut off. They climbed the first flight of stairs and turned on the second. Mr. Truth felt sick. He waved Lancelin and the other lawyer back, and beckoned the other policeman forward.

No weak-stomached reader will be interested in the details of what met Mr. Truth's gaze. On the third step, all alone, lay an eye.

On the landing itself the Lancelin mother and daughter lay, crumpled and smashed, their heads battered to pieces and their thighs notched with a sharp-bladed knife. Their finger nails had been rooted out, one of the daughter's teeth had been knocked out and driven like a tack into her skull.

Another eye, torn from its socket, lay on the floor.

Blood had softened the carpet to a soggy mess.

The policemen were startled. They told Mr. Truth to advance. He went to the attic where the light had been seen, and he saw it again, knifing under the bottom of the door. Mr. Truth battered the door in, and found in a single bed two girls in blue kimono.

These two girls were Christine (28) and Lea (22) Papin, whose unfortunate heredity has already been recounted. They had been in service with the Lancelins for some time. They were good servants, obedient, clean and energetic.

They did not, it appeared, like the Lancelin women as bosses. They were tight-lipped and kept servants in full consciousness of their humble station, though they treated them well in respect to quarters, food and warmth.

But the Lancelins were scolders. Even little things made them scold. An electric iron was blown out on Wednesday and repaired on Thursday. It blew out on Friday, and the house lights were rendered ineffective as well.

The sisters Papin knew that when the ladies of the house came home there would be choice trouble, wringing of hands and high expostulation. The Papin sisters had been through it before. They rebelled. They rebelled before it happened. They nipped it in the bud.

Mesdames Lancelin came in from their walk at six o'clock to get dressed for dinner with their husband and father and friend. The revolt broke as they entered the hall. Two women rebelled against two women, and the rebels won. They scattered their messes over ten feet of hallway and staircase. Then they retired to their room, stripped off their stained dresses, donned their blue kimono and went into the double bed.

Things remained static until the alarm was raised by M. Lancelin and Mr. Truth arrived on the scene to represent the law.

Six months elapsed before the Papin girls came to trial at the Le Man's courthouse. The most expensive of Parisian lawyers made the journey to take part in the case. The girls were defended by Pierre Chautems, whose cousin Camille was then Prime Minister of France. They had as a witness the expert in psychology, Professor Logee, who told the court he had a "colossal doubt of their sanity." The sad history of the family was brought out for inspection as proof that they came from a highly unreliable blood strain. Logee contributed the thought that the girls were a psychological couple — given over to the abnormalities of Lesbianism. Christine gave point to the whole build-up of her mental abnormality by reciting in court the details of visions she had had while she was in gaol awaiting trial.

The court was pretty firm in spite of the highly undesirable heredity factors it pronounced the
girls 100 per cent mentally responsible, and when Logre objected, the court asked him how long he had studied the girls.

"Six months," he said.

"Since the crime?"

"The six months since the crime."

"But there is no record of your visits to the gaol."

"I did not visit the gaol. I had the facts before me in my study; I recognize their significance; I have psychoanalysed these girls from the data."

"But you did not see them?"

"No."

"You did not study them — you studied given facts about them?"

"That would be correct, but —"

"Then you did not study the girls. Evidence over-ruled."

So the sisters were still sane.

What about Christine's dreams? So much tarradiddle; an astute move to create an impression. The jury wiped it aside.

"Wasn't that all just make-believe?" the prison officials asked her later.

Christine looked demure. "If monsieur wishes," she answered demurely and politely.

During the entire court proceedings Christine sat in the dock with her eyes closed, looking like a medium in a trance. When addressed she rose to her feet and blindly and almost nothing.

The case proved to have its point of grim uniqueness. The only record in criminal annals where the eyes were removed from the living head without the use of any instrument but the fingers of the criminals.

The only case on record in which two criminals duplicated on two victims the same torture, almost move by move, as if the one crime had been done by both of them playing a game ¿ as if one crime had been done and seen "in double."

The judge took it all in. He found no evidence of class hatred, and was pleased to record that these women, though they had killed their mistress and daughter in a France muddled by Bolshevism, did not act from any Bolshevist motives of revolt against the ruling classes.

The judge remembered that pious books had been found in the room occupied by the girls. He seemed equally pleased to mention that no bad literary influence had prompted these girls to the crime of which they were accused.

Literature played another part. Paris newspapers hired the best-known and most spectacular writers of that decadent decade to be present at the trial. Successful writers of sensational novels went down and wrote the trial as if it were some super-gruesome brain-child of theirs.

They did not report, either: they openly took sides to make their story good. To some of them the girls were little better than martyrs: the blood of the Lancelin's, crying vengeance from the carpet, went unheard.

To others justice seemed not to be involved — they vacillated as the ingredients of the tale dictated. Never in years had the Paris press such an orgy of licensed horror as poured into the columns of daily papers as well as reviews and magazines. Dr. Jacques Lacan, a scholarly man, wrote a treatise on *Motives Para-Note Crime*, which he submitted to the *Minotaure*, which published it. No stone was left unturned in any direction by the cultures of law, literature and science, in an endeavour to make capital of the crime.

The foreman of the jury had the last significant word in the case. Lea was sentenced to ten years in prison and twenty years exile from the municipality of Le Mans. Christine was sentenced to be beheaded.

When that sentence was passed Christine fell to her knees in the court. She stood up to the horrors of the crime, the long dream-invasion of imprisonment, the comatose indifference of the trial ¿ she broke.

She was led back to her cell. The warden told her that, as women were never guillotined in France in this modern age, her sentence would automatically become life imprisonment. She felt better then.

But little lawyer Lancelin had all the horror of that broken dinner date resurrected in his mind. He was lonely, desolate, weeping. He was the sufferer — nobody gave him a thought.
In 1885 Madame Blavatsky, the heroine of theosophy, spent a
week-end with friends in Streatham, London.

It was not a happy week-end. As the occult student entered the	house she announced that there was an evil influence there. She
became more and more impressed by it as the time went by, and
finally it was this influence, she declared, that drove her away.

Madame was a woman whose word carried weight among her
friends. They had the house searched — and at the end of their
search, in a tiny, dusty attic under the roof, they found a large, ne-
glected package.

It was a discovery that filled them with sorrow, for it was part
of a dead man's baggage. Baggage the police had seized years be-
fore, after the unexplained mystery on the Mediterranean ship.
There was the mummy. And this mummy, Madame Blavatsky warned,
was the evil influence she had sensed on entering the house. It
should be sent away.

Now possessing an Egyptian mummy is no routine thing, and
disposing of it is no easy matter. But there is one name which
stands high above all others in the affairs of Egyptian history: it is
that of Wallis Budge, once curator of mummies at the British
Museum, world renowned authority on archeology, translator of
the Egyptian "Book of the Dead."

The people from Streatham offered him the mummy — and
when he inspected it and read the inscriptions on it, he jumped at
their offer. For the two unfortunate travellers had brought back
with them, unwittingly, a missing link in Egyptian history — the
sarcophagus of Artemidorus, priest of Hathor, serving the goddess
Nebt-Hetepult, who died in the fifth year of King Pasekau.

Dr. Budge was delighted with the unfortun-
ate finds, and made ar-
rangements to transfer the mummy
to the museum.

Two workmen left their homes in
the early morning to engage in
their legitimate business, which was
the mummy. Their job was very ordinary — to call at
Streatham, collect a parcel, and
deliver it to the British Museum.

The job was nearly done —
they were actually carrying the
mummy up the museum steps when
one of the men tripped and broke
his leg.

On the second day the second
man, who had been in the best of
health, died.

Dr. Budge shrugged and laughed
at the whispers of a haunted
mummy — would have none of
Madame Blavatsky's evil influ-
ence story. After all, carriers
sometimes had accidents: appar-
ently healthy men sometimes died.

The famous Egyptologist had
gotten on with the job, and there was
no place for superstition in science.
The first step was to have the
mummy photographed. This was
done. The photographer did not
die. He did not burn himself with
him magnesium powder, he did not
get run over on the way home.

But when he returned to Dr.
Budge he was a badly frightened
man. The photographs had de-
veloped all right — but did not show
the face painted on the mummy.
SINCERITY is the way of heaven. The attainment of sincerity is the way of men. He who possesses sincerity is he who without an effort hits what is right, and apprehends without the exercise of thought, he is the sage who naturally and easily embodies the right way. He who attains to sincerity is he who chooses what is good, and firmly holds it fast.

To this attainment there are requisite the extensive study of what is good, accurate inquiry about it, careful reflection on it, the clear discrimination of it, and the earnest practice of it.—Confucius.

case: in its stead there appeared in the photograph the image of a woman—a face that was very much alive! Dr. Budge told him the extraordinary story which already gave the mummy credit for three deaths and a broken leg. The next day the photographer shot himself.

Dr. Budge, in his imagination well under control and his fears at rest, saw in the new development the work of overwrought nerves. He had no fears of his own safety—he set to work to study the case. He concentrated on the hieroglyphics on the mummy case.

Egypt was a land of superstition, of strange and eerie beliefs, and heart-chilling ceremonies. Dr. Budge discovered that this mummy, buried thousands of years before, had undergone the rite of Ur-Hekau at the time of entombment. This ceremony bestowed, the Egyptians said, powers of wizardry that endowed the corpse with life-like capacities. The priest, at the death ceremony touched the mouth of the corpse with a sacred instrument which gave to the dead the power of opening the mouth, breathing, thinking, and exerting her full-power beyond the immediate confines of the mummy case.

Thus, according to Egyptian lore, Artemidorus was able to accomplish evil on those who disturbed her from her eternal resting-place.

The story sounded childish; but, after all, it was only the religious superstition of a primitive people. Perhaps the earlier tragedies were accidental, or the result of auto-suggestion on unbalanced or super-sensitive minds—or pure coincidence.

Nothing happened to Dr. Budge. The mummy was placed on view in the British Museum, and nothing happened to the museum, to the keepers, or to the curious crowds that came to gape. Perhaps Artemidorus was robbed of her mystic powers when they opened her mummy case and unwathed her from the unbleached calico bandages in which she had been wrapped through the years.

For they did unwrap her. The preservation methods of the old Egyptians invite more confidence than their superstitious beliefs, and after thousands of years in death the body inside the mummy case was preserved as if in life.

She was a fascinating women. From her dead features emanated the power of evil, instinct in the expression of her face, in her thick eyebrows, and heavy, drooping, sensitive lids which almost covered her eyes. Her nose was arched, break like, above lips that were thick and flushy, and animal in their passionate suggestiveness. The roux and powder of Cleopatra’s day hung about her face even yet, and her dark brown hair waved about that evil face like the serpents of Medusa’s hair.

She was not beautiful, yet she seemed to exercise, as these mummy-openers gazed down upon her, some rare hypnotic compulsion from the very evil vitality of her features—features that would not die. * * *

This footnote is a commentary on the extraordinary gullibility of the so-called civilised man of the twentieth century.

In the height of the blitzkrieg the British Museum was hit! The mummy of Artemidorus was damaged. The story of Artemidorus was dug up by some enterprising penny-a-liner, and retold. It was remarked that from the night that the British Museum was hit, the power of the Luftwaffe gradually died. And the superstition has already been voiced that the German air force, like the travellers, the removalists, and the photographer, suffered the vengeance of the long dormant priestess of evil.

And thus civilisation still wonders whether there is the power of living evil in the corpse of a dead prehistoric witch.
"Where did you get that hat?

Rabbit trapping is more than a pleasant pastime.

Mervyn Andrews

The black of night enveloped me. The deep, heavy, regular breathing of a sleeping man seemed part of the stillness of the small mountain hut.

Outside, Spot, the nondescript dog, who may have been a direct descendant of the original fox-terrier settlers, but whose family tree must have been a veritable maze by reason of numerous "berserker," stirred restlessly as winter-coated rabbits thumped heavily through his canine dreams. It was night in the vacuum of its dying hour.

The sleeper's breathing staggered out of its monotony, his bunk creaked and I heard him fumbling for his boots with his bare feet. His hobnails grated across the hard clay floor.

When he scraped the thick coat of ashes off the coals in the fireplace, and the dried leaves and candlebark which he dropped answered with a blaze to his hard blowing, I knew he was preparing for business.

"Time for lantern round, Bob?" I asked.

"Oh, I didn't know you were awake, Boy." He invariably called me "Boy," though there were but two years between us. He hooked the black billy over the flames as he continued. "No, you were sleeping like a log when I did that, so I didn't wake you. It's morning."

"Morning? Hell, it's pitch black!" I exclaimed.

"It'll be light enough when we reach the traps," he replied. "Coming round, or are you going to sleep in?"

"Not on your life! I'm coming with you." I swung myself out of the bunk as he lit the hurricane lamp. I could have kicked myself for missing the lantern round.

Always, when on holidays in the Upper Murray, I put in a few days with Bob, either at his home or out at the Mount where he usually trapped for the winter. When I had ridden over the day before, his mother asked me to take some tucker out to him if I decided to join him. I had reached the hut the night before just as he returned from the evening setting of his traps.

"Bring the rifle," Bob advised. "We might get a fox up at the head of Dick's gully, if we are early enough."

When we went outside after swallowing a pannikin of tea, Spot rose stiffly to his feet, stretched himself luxuriously, then frisked about our legs. The keen, frosty air of early August morning bit at our faces. The blue opaqueness of the sky was marred only at the eastern horizon where the vague outline of Kosciusko was a smudge of Stygian blackness against the faintly lighter canopy.

"I'm trapping Bread and Sugar," Bob explained as we moved round the side of the hill to strike that gully half-way up its length. "Well work up, then cut across the ridge to Dick's gully when we have finished the traps."

Twenty yards from the beginning of the line the rattling of a chain told of the first catch as the trapped rabbit plunged to escape at our approach. He quickened as we neared him and, as a novice, I might have passed within a yard without seeing him, for he was hunched up with flattened ears, head retracted well between his shoulders, crouching under some bracken beside the pad where the trap had been set.

The long ears twitched with sudden alarm, the brownish-grey fur came to sudden life with frantic plunges, terrified squeals. One big hand gripped the long hind legs, another the head over the ears, the hobnailed boot jabbed at the release spring; there was one stretching motion, then the broken-necked rabbit was tossed to a clear patch with one hand, whilst the other seized the trap claw, dragging the pin from the ground.

The gray legs of the dead rabbit quivered to stiffness; Spot nosed it contemptuously, a trap rattled as the next victim plunged furiously a few yards further on.

"Aren't you going to reset, Bob?" I asked, noticing that he was collecting the unsprung traps as well.

"No," he replied. "Only two skins out of twenty traps here. It's trapped out, I'll set this lot up at the end of the line."

"Will I bring the rabbits?" I called to him, as he moved off.

"No, leave them, I'll skin them there as we come back."

The catch improved as we worked our way upwards, until at the finish he was getting a fifty per cent take. Bob reset as we progressed. There was no fumbling, mental or physical, about this man on this work. His sharp eye picked instantly the best spot, generally in the open run-in to a burrow, but sometimes on a well used pad or a scratch mound.

A few scraps with his setter, the pressure of his heel on the anchor spike or pin, or a blow or two if the ground was hard, then with his foot taking the tension of the spring bar, his fingers manipulating the plate and tongue to hair-trigger fineness, and with his thick forefinger under the free jaw holding it up so that the trap could not snap on his hand, he camouflaged the set with leaves and soil.

Then even Spot had to rely solely on that instinct developed by long, and, on occasions, painful experience, to avoid an accidental bite from those hidden, but relentless,
steel jaws. The location of even one of the one hundred and fifty traps he was then working was known to him. He went without hesitation to each in turn, whether it was sprung or un sprung.

"Fox, Boy," I should have known that it was not in sight, for Bob's voice was normal, but having scanned the gully and hill side without result, I turned to him for advice.

"Where?" I whispered.

"Wish to hell I know," he replied. "The swine's got one of my traps on his leg."

Tracking was easy, for the marks left by the dragging trap and chain were as plain to him as signposts along a popular motor highway would have been to me.

"We'll finish off the traps," Bob said after following the spur for one hundred yards or so, "He's headed over to Dick's gully. We'll pick him up there all right."

The sun was clear of Kosciusko as we topped the ridge and walked along to Dick's gully. It was blazing from the tree tops on the high western spur of that gully as we settled down under cover of some rocks and scrub a little later, with Bob's keen, hunter's eyes peering down through a screen of leaves, while I gave a final look over the rifle before bringing my less wise eye to the look out.

With scarcely a movement we waited for a quarter of an hour or so. The birds were chirping naturally and without nervousness once more before Bob's warning hiss brought me more to the alert than ever.

"Watch that black stump near the dead tree," he whispered, but for the life of me, I could see nothing.

"Hurry up, or he'll be under cover again," he cautioned.

Only for the sudden turning of its head, I doubt if I would have seen the fox even then. That stance of alarm and its twisted head as it looked backwards, must have brought its lighter colored, under neck fur into contrast with the background of stone and stump.

After careful aim and the pressure of trigger, the sharp blast of the rifle seemed to synchronise with the twisting leap of the fox into the air, his head flashing round with a vicious snap at his hind quarters, but he had bounded away out of sight, with a fine, loping stride before I was ready to aim again.

"Bad luck," said Bob. "You barely grazed his rump. We might get him another day." He stopped suddenly, listening intently.

"Let's go get my trap," he added, after the pause, then seizing the rifle, he rushed off down the gully with bounding leaps and at a pace which I had no hope of matching.

The bark of the rifle gave me my next sight of him. He was standing against a tree seventy feet up the side of the gully. From a similar height on the other side, a big fox, with the missing trap clattering on its near front leg, was rolling down the steep slope.

We climbed back over the spur to Bread and Sugar Gully. When we reached the bottom end of the trap line, Bob was carrying the fox and twenty four rabbits, while I staggered along behind him burdened down with eighteen pairs of full winter-furred bunnies.

His skinning knife simply flew up the inner side of those rabbits hind legs, a twist to each leg, a rip with his knife at the tail, his boot on the hind leg, an upward pull, then he tossed the skin to the heap at his feet and the carcass well down a burrow.

As the burrows filled, I dug them in until all the carcasses, including that of the fox, were buried. Then we headed back to the hut for breakfast, after which the skins were stretched on bent fencing wire frames and hung up to dry. That, on the normal day, brings us to lunch which, disposed of, the bunks claimed us for some sleep so as to be ready for the evening and night rounds.

I never see a lapin coat or, more particularly, an Aussie's far-famed slouch hat, without thinking of Bob, for his heart was in fur, traps and first grade winter pelts taken in the mountains close up to the snow line.

They were the love of his life, though he was a small sheepman by occupation, not a professional trapper. That is one reason why he always buried carcasses. If you have ever walked past a trapper's skinning dump and seen the flies and smelt the stench of a week-old pile of decomposed carcasses, you would realise that there was one of the most fertile breeding grounds for flies, one of the major enemies of the sheep man.

He operated during the 1914-18 War, but his prototype must have had a busy time over these last few years trying to keep up the supply of Aussie's headgear, if nothing else.

And not only for our boys. The export trade to America amounts to hundreds of tons a year, a very valuable contribution maintaining a balance on dollar exchange.

There as here, apart from hats, the skins are clipped and trimmed to reappear as milady's new fur coat.

The current hat shortage has a chance of being overtaken while men like Bob do the round of their traps.
In Australia's early days, initiative was used to avoid excise.

MICHAEL O'SHANE

MURRAY RIVER

SMUGGLERS

PROCLAMATION

"THE Government of Victoria will protect from seizure, search or illegal interference of other kind by New South Wales authorities all vessels and boats belonging to Victoria which shall be placed under the protection of the police officer at Echuca."

Superintendent Hare stepped back from the notice he had posted up on the wharf building. The motley collection of rivermen, teamsters, drovers and townsmen gathered round to read Voices buzzed with suppressed excitement. Anything might come out of this. The Government meant business at last and was prepared to back its case with force of arms.

"Look at all those troopers who came into town with the Super today," muttered one serious-faced teamster. "They're armed to the teeth. If Gordon tackles Hopwood, there'll be bloodshed."

That was what it looked like at the 1864 stage of the Border Duries fight which raged, with intermittent truces, from 1852 to 1900. New South Wales and Victoria were the main enemies, but there was occasional activity on one side or other, or independently, by South Australia, Tasmania, and Queensland.

Gordon was the N.S.W. Sub-Collector of Customs at Moama, Hopwood, the owner of a pon- toon judge and punt plying across the Murray. Hare was Superinten- dent of Police sent up from Melbourne to protect the interests of Victorian citizens, actually at Hopwood's request.

This was Victoria's answer to a N.S.W regulation directing the owners of all boats, punts and bridges to license same and to give bond to twice their value that no dutiable goods would be permitted to cross the river.

Hopwood disregarded Gordon's written demand and tied his craft up on the Victorian side. Each side played a waiting game until one, Nielson, shipped some duty paid goods on the "Echuca," which was also tied up opposite Moama.

Gordon crossed the river and climbed aboard for search and seizure, but Hare stepped forward blocking his passage.

"I warn you that you are resis-

ting an officer of the New South Wales Government in the execution of his duty," stormed Gordon. "This boat is under the protection of the Victorian Government," countered Hare. "Get off!"

Gordon looked at the police guns, then across to the safety of the N.S.W. bank of the river. He got off and sent a report to Sydney for instructions. They were long in coming. Meanwhile all traffic across the river at this point, other than the Demi-ligun Mail, was stopped.

The incident fizzled out when Sydney directed no interference with boats trafficking along the Victorian shore of the river, and held Hopwood's bond question in abeyance.

When Mr. J. Musgrave retired as Collector of Customs in 1931, he is reported to have said: "As long as you have duties you will have smugglers."

If ordinary customs' duties were just natural breeders of smugglers, these border duties were highly efficient incubators.

Each State had both export and import duties at differing rates. Take, for instance, the first Victorian tariff in 1852: coffee, 10/- per cwt.; spirits 1/- a gallon; tea, 3d per lb.; tobacco, cigars, snuff, 2/- per lb; wine, 1/- a gallon; all other articles duty free.

At the same time, N.S.W. had beer, in wood, 1d; in bottles, 2d per gallon; coffee, chocolate cocoa, 3d per lb.; brandy and gin, 6/- a gallon; rum, 4/- a gallon; tea, 1/-d. per lb; tobacco 2/- per lb; cigars, 2/- per lb)

In 1856, Victorian duties were generally higher, beer there being 6d. against 2d. in South Australia, and 1d. in N.S.W. One driver who, unknown to his employer, bought a gallon of beer in Albury, was searched at Wodonga, three miles across the river. He was charged with smuggling (evasion of duty, 5d.) and the team, wagon and load confiscated. It cost his boss £33 to redeem them.

For 1863, N.S.W. estimated a loss of revenue on goods imported from Victoria as £30,000. Victoria must have been a heavy loser prior to 1859, when extensive smuggling of human cargo, in the shape of Chinese, was practised to evade the Victorian Poll Tax of £10 per head. N.S.W. and South Australia had no such tax until uniformity was achieved in that year.

Differential tariff rates were mainly responsible for the smuggling to and from overseas on Murray River steamers at the South Australian border, but border residents were hit hardest by the double duties. They had to pay export duty in one State and import duty in the other. It was with interstate goods that the smugglers were mainly concerned.

The border customs' houses, most of them established in 1833-34 at such places as Albury, Moama, Bourke and Wilcannia in N.S.W., and at Echuca and Wodonga (Belvoir, officially) in Victoria, operated throughout the trouble, some even continuing for statistical and stock inspection purposes after Federation and up to 1910.

Friction between the officials and the public was constant, any success in circumventing the duty being enthusiastically applauded.
GO TO THE PEOPLE, THOU DULLARD

O ant, beloved by trite logicians,
Subject of their admonitions,
Why should I, though perennially tired
By your behavior be inspired?
For frankly, I find you merely comical—
Especially in things gastronomical
What, for instance, is that oddity
You obviously view as a sound commodity?
Before it's borne to your retreat
Are you sure it's good to eat?
Endure you rejoice about your gain
It may build your body—but what of the brain?
And even if those points I grant let's
Consider if it's good for intellects!
Ah, no, my friend, far from enthusiastic,
I find your antics just amusing
For though in ambition I may be poor,
I have my words brought right to my door

W.G.D.

A Wodonga baker earned public eulogy by literally driving a horse and cart through the letter of the law. He took advantage of the omission of dung from the Victorian schedule to buy the cheaper N.S.W. flour in Albury, mix it there, then bring it back to Wodonga for baking.

Figures for 1889 for Albury alone give a clue to a lucrative line for smugglers. Goods imported were valued at £569,579, while exports were £1,543,560. Of this latter figure, 94,000 cattle were responsible for £333,000 and 465,000 sheep for £159,000.

In 1891, the Wodonga sale yards were at their pre-federation zenith, yarding an average of 7,000 each fortnightly sale day and touching as high as 15,000 (much of it from Queensland). The Victorian Stock Tax was increased to £2/10/- a head for horses, £1/10/- for cattle and 5/- for sheep.

The long stretches of the river, the mountains and the bush were ideal for the stock smuggler's activities. Fencing yards were used mainly for horses along the flatter country. These were about thirty feet square with six rail eight feet high fences on three sides, the fourth being open to the river with a drop into water of swimming depth. The sites were chosen with an eye to bush cover on the land side, and a sandbank down stream across the river where current and instinct would lead the stock to a safe landing.

Apart from evasion of duty, some professional smugglers were strongly suspected of being accessory, if not actual members, of cattle-durfing gangs. But in the main they were merely specialists in moving stock across the border undetected. Their job was to get the stock over the policed border duty free at so much a head. They were not concerned where the stock had come from, nor where they were going to. Most of them, too, being otherwise respectable and responsible local citizens of long standing, would be more a danger to any thieves of local stock than otherwise.

Any trace in the border duties fend resulting in the lifting of the double impost was made the occasion for public celebration by border residents.

On the first suspension in 1855, Albury had a population of four hundred, two hundred attended a banquet which cost £5 a head. The catering required a bullock roasted whole, 10 each of sheep, turkeys, goose, pairs of fowls and ducks, 6 sucking pigs, 6 hams, besides sweets, including a plum pudding weighing two hundredweight.

Wine cost £58, ale and porter £38, fruit £20, and cheese £5. A two-day bonfire was a feature of the 1867 celebrations when, besides a ball, four hundred children were given a picnic.

On the other hand, in 1872, when double duties were reimposed, an effigy of the then Premier of New South Wales, Sir James Martin, was hanged on Albury bridge. Later it was set alight and the blazing remnants dropped into the river.

In 1872, also, a charge of 9d. per head was levied on ninety horses which had crossed at the ford at Albury. To legalise this, the bridge was gazetted as a wharf, thereby changing the duty to a wharfage charge. This led to the defeat of the Martin Ministry in the House.

There was, therefore, little cause for wonder that the border residents, with the exception, perhaps of the professional smugglers, were very strong for federation, with its promise of free interstate trade.
"Basically, that's all. You've aggravated your nervous condition with needless, but understandable, worry. But, organically, you're sound as a bell."

"But I can't understand that, doctor. Other men work it night, it doesn't affect them."

"Doesn't it?" said Adams. "That's what you think. Bring me any night-worker, and I will find him below par as the result of his work. The nerves, the brain, the eyes, the stomach, no matter how familiar they have become to the conditions, have yet lost something in the process of adaptation. Of course, it might take longer for the effects to develop in other men. There are men who thought they'd got conditioned to the work and the time, but it has told on them, and will probably tell further later on."

Hipplewell, feeling that he was being taken for an ignoramus, who could be foibed off with such clap-trap, became incensed and blurted out in defence of his mentality, "Ah, what quackery! You can't tell me it's as easy as all that."

Dr. Adams looked keenly at him; then at his watch.

"Look, Mr. Hipplewell," he said, "You're my last patient here this morning, and I have completed my diagnosis of you. I have some time to spare, and if you'd care to listen I'd like to tell you something that might convince you of what I have said."

George Hipplewell sat down, and nodded his head. "I'd like to hear you," he said.

Dr. Adams looked at his patient, and began his story. "The sun is the freest medicine in the world," he said, "but most men, like you, live in abysmal ignorance of that fact. Its value is unknown to them; they are oblivious of its real benefits. Yet there is not a man in the world, not a beast, not a tree, not any living thing that would not wither and shrivel up and die, if the sun were suddenly to go out like a lamp."

"The earth would freeze and split in contraction, the rivers and the seas change to ice; your body would turn blue and snow would gather in the shape of a man about you. That is because the furnaces of the sun have died; but suppose that you did combat the terrible cold, how would you live?"

"Your body could fall into rickets; your lungs could turn to fungus; bone, nerve and organic diseases would attack you — all because the ultra-violet rays — the remedial agent of the sun — no longer existed. There would be no vitamins for nature to absorb or produce, and none, consequently, in the food you ate. You would ultimately die, a grotesque thing, a misshappen, disease-ridden monster."

"You are," said Dr. Adams, "only one example of a man who doesn't know that one of the best things in life is free. There have been countless millions like you throughout history: men indifferen, apathetic, ignorant; and amid their darkness the men who ad- vanced the good of the sun shone like that star itself."

The greatest of these, perhaps, was Akhnaton, a pharaoh of ancient Egypt, an iconoclast and a revolutionary. You might have seen pictures of Akhnaton and his doc- cycled wife, Nefertiti holding up the
Robert Schumann, the famous composer, was never a very outstanding pianist— for he had only nine good fingers; it was because of his disability that he turned to composing for a living. Its effect upon his compositions is indicated by the fact that a well-known musician of a later period, who lacked the same digit, found that while some works bothered him, those by Schumann were easily played.

Nude bodies of their baby daughters to be blessed by the sun.

Akhnaton abolished the traditions of Egypt, ousted the temples of Isis and Osiris, and shocked the priests and the people by his sacriligious admonition that they should pay homage to the Supreme power— Aton, the sun. He built temples to the sun and the sun fell on them and penetrated them; so that they were not as the temples of the old gods, full of darkness and the secrets of priestcraft.

Akhnaton made his orisons to the sun, naming it the creator of the earth, and his psalms were such as these: All mankind live at sight of thee, O Sun. All mankind, cattle, flying and fluttering things, with all kinds of reptiles which are on the earth, they live when they see thee.

But the outraged plotters rose against him and killed him. His empire passed, his temples were destroyed; all the pagan and superstitious mythology returned, and in the old scripts of Egyptian history he is blackened as that criminal of El-Amarna, the great capital he had built to the sun.

But Akhnaton is not dead in the mind of science. He is held to be the founder of heliotherapy, which is the treatment of diseases by exposure to sunlight, another name for ultra-violet radiation.

And from that time the fear of oppression, persecution, and obscurantism went on, with men jibing at and crushing the views of the sun addicts, numbering philosophers, surgeons and naturalists: went on until, in the fifteenth century, there appeared to champion the cause the English clinician and anatomist Francis Glisson Professor Glisson, in 1650, described vitamin D, and left an invaluable work on rickets.

He was laughed at all over Europe, branded as a pagan and a pantheist, and even accused of witchcraft; but he strongly upheld his principles, and when he died the science of sun healing had a firmer grip on the minds of men.

Observant investigators in the after years began to see that rickets was scarcely known in the tropics, whereas in the north-temperate zone it was common. And they concluded that the sun had much to do with it.

The German pediatrician, Dr. Kurt Huldechinsky, working in a hospital outside Berlin in 1919 cured children of rickets by exposing them to ultra-violet light, not from the sun, but from a quartz lamp. Through a clear fused quartz this artificial sunlight had a hundred percent value; through other glass, chemically treated, that value was lowered to sixty percent. Ultra-violet light will not penetrate any other glass, not even the thin painted windows of your room.

The question was asked: How did sunlight affect the body? How was the ultra-violet component of the sun transformed into Vitamin D?

After much experimentation, it was shown that the skin of every person contains a chemical called ergosterol, and it was this substance, acted upon by ultraviolet radiation from the sun or a quartz lamp, which was converted into Vitamin D. In other words, the human skin contains Vitamin D in an inactive or provitamin form; and when ultraviolet rays of sunlight strike the skin, they activate the provitamin, which is then absorbed and utilised by the body. Though other rays have been used, ultraviolet is the most efficient.

As with any other medicine, said

Dr. Adams, sunlight must be used properly. You can get an overdose of it and, like the sailor and farmer, contract skin diseases, even skin cancer, or a predisposition to it. It can be definitely harmful also, to take an overdose of Vitamin D in tablet form.

When you get sunburned, it is not the heat of the sun that does it, but the ultraviolet rays which, however, do not penetrate far under the skin. You can be burned while you sit in heavy shade on a blistering day; and on heavily-overcast days, too, for while the sun is there above the clouds, the ultraviolet rays are all about you.

"You get into the sunlight," said Adams, "it's medicine that won't cost you a cent— and you'll find you're on the greatest tonic in nature." And he was right. George Hipplewell went on to day work, and in a few months he was engaged in writing testimonials to Physician Apollo.
IT sounds contradictory to say of a man who has given Australia its most spectacular dine-and-dance projects that he hates making plans. For any restaurateur will tell you that the establishment of a high-class restaurant has more angles to it than a geometrical problem.

But it is nonetheless true that Jim Bendrodt's greatest successes — with one notable exception — have been the result of quick decisions.

It was spontaneity of thought and action which brought Bendrodt to Australia. He was sitting in a seaport in his native Canada when the lazy sound of a boat siren drifted to his ears. Of a friend he asked: "What ship is that?"

The friend replied that it was an Australian ship homeward-bound; and because the name "Australia" had an intriguing quality to it, the next ship bound for Sydney had the name J. G. Bendrodt in its passenger list. Accompanying him was his friend, and between them they possessed one asset — the ability to perform better than most people on roller skates.

The memory of his early days in this country is high-lighted by two incidents: first, a roller-skating match against South African Eckhardt for what was perhaps optimistically billed as the world's championship, the race was of 24 hours' duration, and Bendrodt lost by 20 yards — a defeat which he felt all the more keenly because of the small difference between him and Eckhardt at the finish.

The second incident was even more memorable, for during his initial appearance on rollers at Sydney's Exhibition Building, his tights ripped from stem to stern, and he was blushingly conveyed from the arena wrapped in a blanket.

Bendrodt says that the incident had at least good publicity value. It was around this stage of his career that Jim became aware that although the performer got the headlines, it was the promoter who received the more practical encouragement of building a bank account; the answer to that, of course, was to become a promoter himself.

But to attempt any project except in a spectacular manner was un-Bendrodt-like. Consequently, he spent the next year looking over the world's roller-skating rinks, and returned to Australia determined to place rollers on a social footing.

The result of his travels was manifested in a huge skating rink at the foot of William Street, Sydney.

"It was an immediate success," says Bendrodt, "I put skates on some of the most aristocratic pedal extremities in Sydney. There, you could call a page-boy, request writing materials, write your letter, despatch the page-boy to post it."

Within 14 days of the outbreak of World War I, Bendrodt was in uniform, and by the end of August was on the way to New Guinea. The end of that campaign found his sense of adventure unstillled, and he went to Canada to enlist in the Royal Flying Corps.

When he came back to Australia in 1919 he was, in his own words, the best dressed alman in Australia.

"The uniform I wore was the last word in tailoring. And so it should have been, for it had cost me 60 guineas in Bond Street. I don't think I've ever again attained that sartorial standard. If the circumstances are similar, I hope I don't. You see, in the pockets of that lavish uniform was exactly 27/6."

Four weeks later he had established a pretentious dance studio, and was teaching the masses how to perform intricate dance steps. However, this occupation lacked the adventure which was so essential to Bendrodt's design for living, and he sought a new channel in which to display his executive ability. He found it in the promotion of large-scale supper dances in a Market Street restaurant.

This was his first real start in the dance-and-dine field, and he liked the business — so well that in spite of the gloomy predictions of his friends, he took over a barn of a building in the Royal Agricultural Showground and inaugurated what was perhaps Sydney's all-time popular dance place.

"The hall was so big that if you yelled — a practice, however, which was not encouraged — ten minutes elapsed before your echo came back. It was generally considered that Bendrodt was in the way of losing another fortune, and on that point, I wasn't too sure myself," he recalls.

"But almost from the start, the Palais Royal hit the jackpot. Whilst I was there, practically every overseas visitor who liked to dance came to our formal nights, and our popular nights were sell-outs."

W G DELANY

Wealthy restaurateur and racehorse owner, he came to Australia broke.
TO HELL WITH NOBLESSE OBLIGE

A humble mind is a great attribute,
Provided the owner its promptings refute;
And noble thoughts are a great benefit,
If carefully divorced from noble action.
For what’s the use of knowing that you’re as good as the
next or even better,
If your humility is so great you only get to be a wage
plug, or even a debtor?
So if nobility is yours, don’t boast about it,
For really you’re better off without it.
Which, added up, means while it’s a great acquisition,
It gets in the way of achieving ambition.

W G D

For 20 years, Jim Bendrodt had
cherished an ideal. His next ven-
ture took him a step closer to-
towards realisation — but it still
wasn’t it.

In this project, he was backed by
newspaper magnate Ezra Nor-
ton, and in the establishment of
Sydney’s “Trocadero,” Bendrodt
was able to put into practice some
of the ideas and ideals he had
gathered over his years of mas-
tertainment.
The “Troc” was built and main-
tained with typical Bendrodt
tastelessness, and gave Australia some-
thing entirely new in dance halls.
But still hammering at his sense of
ambition was his ideal: the
establishment of a restaurant which
would rank with the “Ritz” in
London, and the “Brown Derby” in
Hollywood. The venture was to
be Bendrodt’s ultima thule, and as
such, he felt impelled to depart
from his customary credo that to
think of something was to put the
thought into effect.

For 20 years he planned this
restaurant — planned it in detail:
its location, interiors, cuisine, even
its policy. In this, Jim Bendrodt’s
greatest venture, everything had

to be just right.

“Prince’s” was born 10 years ago.
From the start, it was an outstand-
ing success from every angle but
one: it brought practically no
money to the Bendrodt coffers.

But

“I’d even allowed for that. Any
project planned along such ambi-
tious lines must lose money for
12 months or even two years.
There are so many things which can be
arrived at only by trial and error.
We had lots of trials, and strive
to keep our errors at a minimum.”

These days, “Prince’s” is boos-
ting. Its success has in some mea-
sure been due to the war, but on
the other hand, the introduction
of austerity meals limited profits,
for Bendrodt, with a thought for
the years to come, insists that the
standard of cuisine be maintained
above all other considerations.

Maintenance costs are in keep-
ing with the prodigal atmosphere:
flowers alone cost Bendrodt £1,200
year, and the Irish linen table
napery is worth £6,000. Carpets
are renewed every 18 months at a
cost of £3,000 and the restaurant
is enamelled throughout every six
months.

“Prince’s” staff totals 140. At
its head is Pierre Henry, a short,
dapper, smiling man whom Bend-
rodt rates the best restaurateur
in the country. Pierre is friends
with everyone, and is greeted with
a handshake by notables. Bendrodt
says that Pierre is a walking
“Who’s Who,” and takes a per-
sonal interest in every regular pa-
tron of the restaurant, inquiring
with polite sincerity about the well-
being of the patron’s family. He
not only knows all the names of
their offspring, but remembers also their
birth date.

Pierre is assisted by six under-
managers and a host of suave
waiters, mostly Swiss and Au-
stralian. Each of the waiters, claims
their employer, is capable of under-
taking the duties of a head waiter
at the drop of a soup typeen.

“None of my waiters is reliant
on tips for a living, for I believe
that the economic security of any
waiter is the responsibility of the
restaurant-owner. And I insist
that they pay equal attention to
non-tippers as the others. That is,
I would insist if there was any
occasion for it.

“Throughout the war years,
when patrons have, frankly, been
easy to secure, my men have main-
tained the same ‘correct’ attitude
at all times. That’s good training
and, incidentally, good business,
because we think that people re-
member unchanging courtesy.

Although Bendrodt’s decisions
and actions are mostly born in
spontaneity, he admits that he has
studied one subject with the zeal
of a University student studying
law. It is — horses.

Horses occupy perhaps an un-
proportionate part of Bendrodt’s
life. It is the one subject of which
he never tires of talking. He has
read numberless books on the
breeding and training of thorough
breds, and carries on extensive
correspondence with experts through
out the world.

“Horses are people,” he says,
“That’s not to recognise their
physical virtues and frailties; you
must study, also, their mental
characteristics — and believe me,
horses have a fine mentality.

“War Eagle is the pet of my
stable, mainly because I think that
if he were human, he’d be a gentle-
man in every sense. He is amaz-
ingly intelligent and has the cour-
age of a lion.”

Bendrodt owns 11 thorough-
birds, and they — being ensured by a
staff of nine — which, he claims, is the highest paid stable
staff in Australia.

“I believe that the status of the
man tending horses is equal to
that of men in other professions;
I believe in paying them good
salaries, and I believe in allowing
them set percentages from win-
nings. As a consequence of the
application of these beliefs, I feel
that a better class of men will be
attracted to the sport.”

Bendrodt’s stable staff averages
a weekly wage of £9 a man.

Nothing is too good for the
horses which he owns and trains.
When he took War Eagle to Mel-
bourne to contest the Cup, he ac-

The late Will Rogers gave the world many keen, fluidly delivered, criticisms. amongst the best is this description of the American Congress: 'They're a strange bunch of critters. A man gets up and says nothing. Nobody listens and then everybody disagrees.'

Which, all things considered, is an apt description of parliamentary procedure the world over.

Companied the float by car. On the trip he ensured War Eagle's bodily comfort by cutting lucerne in any wayside paddocks. It was not always possible to do this with permission from the owners. So he left 4/- for the lucerne and 3/- for my impertinence.

On one occasion he cleared a four-foot fence six inches in advance of a pitchfork thrown by an irate farmer.

He had only a vague idea of how much his horses return him in prize money; but when a friend jokingly insinuated that War Eagle hadn't won £500, he locked himself in his office with his accounts and emerged to exult that the horse had won £5,000.

Bendrodt has two racing ambitions. The first is that of every owner — to win a Melbourne Cup. The second is to take two or three really good horses to America.

'I want to prove that Australian blood stock is amongst the best in the world. Furthermore, I think that the presence of some outstanding Australian horses in America would give this country an immense boost Americans who still think that Australia is peopled by blacks, readily recall the name of Phar Lap — which gives that great horse an advantage over some of our publicity experts abroad.

"In fact, my impression is that Phar Lap did more to publicise Australia than any factor, apart from the A.I.F. That's why I'd like to take a couple of really good horses there."

Bendrodt's love of animals is perhaps the most outstanding feature of his mercurial character. Professional horse-trainers, for instance, have implied that his horses are barrels with four feet, and it is true that the equines under his control almost invariably carry greater natural avoirdupois than their opponents.

But Jim Bendrodt does not see horses as mere automatons whose destiny is to fill the pockets of their owners. He affirms that his training methods are not only scientific, but take into account the fact that even horses have a right to eat well.

Indicative of his love of animals was his action early in the Pacific War of buying large scale newspaper advertisements in order to appeal to animal owners not to destroy their pets.

With meat rationing came a fear that the feeding of dogs would be beyond the ability of their owners. As a result, the R.S.P.C.A. was called upon to destroy thousands of dogs weekly.

Bendrodt sprang to the defence of the animal world, and his appeal brought about a rapid decrease in the canine death rate. The action gained world-wide not fame, and he received hundreds of letters from animal-lovers abroad commending his initiative.

No one who knows Bendrodt's love of animals could accuse him of initiating the campaign for publicity. Although he is no altruist, the idea was born spontaneously from his appreciation of dogs.

More than 30 years have passed since the eighteen-year-old Jim Bendrodt arrived in Australia. Since that day, he has almost run through the gamut of trades by which man may earn a living. Laborer, actor, roller-skater, dancer, dance instructor, and what-have-you — he has made and lost three fortunes, and is now enthusiastically engaged in making his fourth.

He hopes that Rate will cooperate in permitting him to retain it. If not, Jim Bendrodt is young enough at 'about 50' to set about building a fifth fortune.
**Personally Speaking**

HENRY AMBROSE HUNT, Commonwealth Meteorologist from 1907 to 1931, died in Melbourne at the age of 80. Statistics show that the "weather man" had, despite fickle elements, forecast accurately in 83% of his predictions.

SERGE PROKOFIEFF, famous Russian composer, slipped in the street and suffered concussion. Doctors ordered him to bed and limited his work to one hour a day.

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY, former British Fascist leader, faced the courts for neglecting his pigs. The judge found him not guilty, but expressed the view that the pigs should have been better fed and housed.

BILL MAUDLIN, the American soldier who created a best seller with his cartoons of front-line soldiers, came home and sued for divorce. His soldiers were dirty, unhewn men of typical veteran appearance, and brought forth a protest from American mothers.

JACOB EPSTEIN, 65-year-old stormy petrel of sculpture, exhibited his latest work at London's Leicester Galleries. "Lucifer," a broad-winged bronze was acclaimed by the press and did not draw the torrent of criticism which usually accompanies an Epstein work.

EDGAR BERGEN, ventriloquist, and Frances Wachtman, a model, achieved two Hollywood records. One, they kept their marriage secret for six months. Two, it was the first time either had been married.

LORD BEAVERBROOK, newspaper magnate, gave £25,000 towards rebuilding London's St. Columba Church, destroyed in the blitz.

BERT HOPPING, one-time cartoonist–spruiker at Melbourne Tivoli, then topliner in vaudeville, is returning to Australia after nine years in England as a standard act on the British halls.

GUS EDWARDS, song writer, actor, producer and star maker, died in Los Angeles. Vaudeville comedian at 15, Edwards became a talent agent specialising in child acts.

Right Two kids, a pony—and peace!—B'ray

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**Passing Sentences**

Baby care is usually learned from the bottom up.
Many a man today is living by the sweat of his brow.
After 35 a man begins to have thoughts about women; before that age he has feelings.
Tact is the ability to describe others as they see themselves.
To chase a girl is lots of fun—if you can find one who will run.
A man's eyes are like a bird—they flit from limb to limb.
On one issue at least, men and women agree: they both distrust women.
Money doesn't always bring happiness—a man with ten million pounds is no happier than a man with nine million pounds.
A girl wears a bathing suit when she can't swim, shorts when she doesn't play tennis—but when she wears a wedding dress, she means business.
Striking while the iron is hot is all right, but too many men strike when the head is hot.
Some people's voices are hard to extinguish over the telephone.
The only time you realise you have a reputation is when you're not living up to it.

Repartee is an insult with a dress suit on.
A woman's promise to be on time carries a lot of weight.
She was wearing one of those gowns that seemed to say: "Standing room only."
A bachelor's life is just one undressed thing after another.
She wasn't fat—she just came in the large economy size.
Genius is initiative set on fire.
A wolf is a man who whistles at his work.
The only known thing to stop falling hair is the floor.
Just pretending to be rich keeps some people poor.
Today’s music demands showmanship, not musicianship, says this writer.

D K LANE

I LIKE TO RECOGNISE THE "June"

THERE is, I am prepared to admit, a certain quaintness about some song titles which have made me eager to hear the words and music. Few phrases, for instance, have ever intrigued me more than "Beat Me Daddy, Light to the Bar", and I make no apology for the fact that on hearing it, I felt an overwhelming desire to discover the poignant circumstances which could prompt a fellow being to make such a request.

This sensation has been inspired by but one other song title: Cut Off My Legs and Call Me Shorty—a request which, I feel, could only have been inspired by a person suffering a good deal of mental stress.

But having heard both these songs, plus others whose titles were only slightly less quaint, I do not feel that my life will be emptier for not hearing them again.

In fact, with the nostalgia of the mid-thirties, I sometimes find myself longing for the days when the title of a number held nothing of mystery; when an appreciation of an opus did not call for the exercising of that rather intangible faculty, the Ability to Appreciate Swing; when, if you heard a melody, you hummed it with no more than a slight and very self-conscious trill in a few apt places.

To retain in my mind the melody of a currently popular song, I find, is impossible. This has worried me, for I felt like a lost soul floating in the Sargossa Sea of music. It wasn’t until maybe a week ago that I realised why I could no longer remember a melody.

The explanation is ridiculously simple: today’s music has no melody!

I don’t mean that the composer didn’t strive to write melody into his music, because, after all, the rulers of Tin Pan Alley demand at least some measure of rhythm before they are willing to pay out good money to publish a number.

But where does that melody go between the moment the composer pockets his cheque and the time my radio gives the number to me?

On occasion, a tune which pleases me when played by one band sounds terrible when performed by another. And that indicates that the villain of the piece who has stolen away the number’s virtue is the band leader. I would not know, but it seems to me that when the average arranger gets a new number, he pulls it to bits and re-assembles it with the omission of the component which has cost the song-writer many nights of sleep: its melody.

One American dance band leader was recently asked which was more important to the success of the band—musicianship or showmanship. He replied: "Unfortunately, showmanship is the thing musicianship is important—but only to the musician."

Even more intuitive was the comment of the drummer in Woodie Herman’s band: "I believe that a musician should never play anything from the point of pleasing the public, since the public is invariably wrong about music."

Think back to the days when Paul Whiteman was, in his own words, "trying to make an honest woman out of jazz." With a little concentration, you’ll probably remember half a dozen popular songs of the day, and, what’s more, you’ll most likely find that, despite all the years, the melody comes easily to the mind and diaphragm.

That’s because in Whiteman’s heyday, bands were still sticking to melody.

It is not hard to imagine the fate of the trumpeter in White-
ACCORDING to literary theorists, many of the most stirring contributions to art have been achieved whilst their creators have been undergoing emotional stress — which accounts for this story.

Following a memorable event in his life, Gilbert Keith Chesterton wrote to a friend in this manner:

"On rising this morning, I carefully washed my boots in hot water and blacked my face. Then assuming my coat with graceful ease and with the tail in the front, I descended to breakfast, where I flattering poured the coffee on the stove and put my hat on the fire to boil.

"My family, observing me leave the house by way of the chimney, and take the fender with me on one arm, thought I must have something on my mind. So I had.

"My friend, I am engaged!"

not be kept down indefinitely. That kind of thing urges me to believe that, fairly soon, the trumpeter who gets up and goes to town will be banished to a musical Coventry.

Ballads, now: say what you like, but I think that our parents enjoyed their music a darned sight more than we do, and did.

There was melody. The proof of that is easy to find: it is, simply, that despite the all-in onslaught of jazz, swing, and hot music, it's not unusual to hear a kid of tender years crooning Mary, or a number of similar vintage. Some of the songs, I know, have been dragged from old albums by modern band leaders, dusted, and again placed in circulation; others have come to the kids by way of their parents.

But in either case, it proves that they have melody — for, if your kid's like mine, a number must have a good share of melody to make it bearable when sung by a five-year-old with conscientious and monotonous consistency.

It may be a pointer to the changing musical tastes of today that America — and it is an invariable rule that what Americawhistles today Australia whistles tomorrow — has gone solidly for ballads and even folk songs.

In fact, it is rumored in Tin Pan Alley that a composer was recently heard mourning the fact that his chief competitors, these days, are not the gentlemen in the rooms across the way, but those poor mortals who have long since found havens beneath the sod.

Sadly, he called attention to the fact that, having auditioned a new, fresh number of a publisher, he was told that it wasn't old enough. Nobody knows it. Henceforth, starting the song-writing, he would stick strictly to re-writing songs at least three centuries old. Finally, he added that "it must be peace or something."

Peace, or any other cause, it is true that a young man, with an optimism which was generally conceded to have been misplaced, recently booked the New York Town Hall with a view to singing balladsto the customers.

The announcement of this intention stirred the police department not at all, not one solitary policeman was sent to supervise the traffic in the vicinity of the hall.

After the first night, the gendarmes came in squads, and the young ballad-singer — Richard Dyer-Bennett by name — subsequently packed the Carnegie Hall to capacity.

Since then, the market for ballad singers has been truly great, and the only circumstance which has prevented a glut is that when a ballad singer runs through his repertoire, he can be fairly certain that outside the hall are many enthusiasts who failed to gain entry.

It is possible, of course, that the return to balladry will produce many critics, and I do not promise not to be among them. For a typical ballad runs like this:

"They buried her in the old churchyard,

They buried him beside her.

And out of her grave grew a red, red rose,

And out of his a green briar.

They climbed and they climbed

Up the old church tower

Till they couldn't climb any higher,

And there they tied a true lover's knot —

The red rose and the green briar

which, all things considered, is hardly the type of music which would persuade me to don overcoat and gloves on a winter's night and battle through the elements to an exhibition of ballad singing.

And, even though I may not care for Dyer-Bennett and his ballads, I appreciate him because he has taken music back to the days when its first essential was a melody you could sing in the bathroom.

It is possible that the day will come, praise be, when music will find a balance between Sinatra and Dyer-Bennett. Speed that day — because when I listen to music, I, in common with Dinah Shore, like to recognize the tune.
I LOVE MY CHILDREN ... BUT

I HAVE just been to visit several old folks' homes and have picked the ones that I like best in which to spend what are popularly called my "declining years." I don't expect to move in for some years to come, and indeed I may never have to.

You see, I have yet to declare my forty-fifth birthday. But I believe that these are the years to plan intelligently for being 70. So few people ever do!

My own parents didn't. Mother is 81 now and Father is 83. They came to live with me in 1929, just after the stock market crash wiped out his small business. That was fifteen years ago, and it has made for difficulties and problems that I would never want to inflict, in turn, on my children, were the situation to be reversed in the future.

No roof is high enough or wide enough, adequately to cover three generations. It isn't fair to the best interests of any of them. The middle generation becomes the goat, eternally trying to be the bridge between the elder and the younger who have little experience and few interests in common.

Grandpa talks about "the good old days," while Junior dreams about jet-propelled rockets. Grandpa views with alarm," Junior with the adventurous rashness of youth. Grandpa hates jive and swing. Junior adores it and can't see why he must turn off the radio simply because it's hard on Grandpa's high blood pressure.

Pride and sentimentality combine to prevent us from realistically facing this whole problem of dependent elderly parents. We are afraid of hurting their feelings. We are afraid of what the neighbors might say or think. We are painfully under the domination of what our parents expect of us. They, in turn, cherish the false doctrine that we owe a lot to them and should spend the rest of their lives repaying it.

The honest truth of the matter is that both they and we would be happier and freer to live our own lives and pursue our own special interests under any roof but the same one.

Attempting to revive the early pattern of our association with our parents after we ourselves have become parents, is as unnatural as expecting a brood of robins to install papa and mama in next year's nest along with the new fledglings.

I say here and now to my three children:

"You owe me nothing and have already given me infinitely more joy and pleasure than I expected or deserve. I brought you into the world without consulting you or asking your permission. You were born, not because I loved you, but because I loved your father and had faith in life. Pass that love along to your children, in turn, and to theirs. Thus is love fulfilled — not by turning back, but by handing the torch on to the next generation."

We need to face this problem seriously because it is likely to increase rather than diminish. Science has made tremendous strides in recent years in prolonging life span. More and more people are living to be older and older. A baby born this year has a life expectancy of 65 years. A century ago the life expectancy was only 40 years! Scientists say it is not fantastic to look forward to living 130 years.

All this means that we are certain to have a population composed of more elderly than young people. If the birth rate continues to drop, a married couple may soon expect to have two or three times as many old people as children in their home.

Social Security will undoubtedly relieve some of the financial worries of old age. But elderly people must often be looked after physically. Like children, their meals must be cooked and served, their clothes laundered, dry-cleaned and mended, their beds made and the sheets washed.

The solution is simple. We send out very small children to nursery schools so that they may be among their own kind and speak the same language without the constant strain of trying to live in an adult world for which they are not yet emotionally, mentally, or psychologically ready. Even the furniture is scaled down to their size in order to make them feel at ease and at home. Demands on them are likewise lessened during the happy hours while they live in this child's size world.

Similarly, old people would be much happier and better adjusted to their particular problems if they lived more generally in close association with each other. They could stroll at each other, happy in the knowledge that the other fellow was just as deaf. They could reminisce with each other in definitely without boring the other person to death because he had already heard the same story twenty times.

Unfortunately, most of us grow up with a horror of old folks' homes or institutions of any kind. This dread is quite unfounded and the time to correct it is now, while you are still young enough to change your mind.

Only ignorance or false pride can blind the elderly to the innumerable advantages of spending their seventies and eighties with each other instead of within range of noisy, quarrelling grandchildren who have to be hushed because "Grandma is taking her nap." Personally, I'd much rather have my grandchildren look forward to coming to see me in the old folks' home than wish I were in Gehenna!
I talked with several serene, smiling, elderly people.

"At first I didn't want to come here," one grandmotherly person told me. "I had a dread of institutions, but now I wouldn't be anywhere else. It's more like a country club. I'm never lonely any more."

"I guess old people have a reputation of talking to themselves because so often there's no one else to talk to," said an old man. "But it's not like that here."

"I used to live with my son and his wife. They got on my nerves and I know I got on theirs. She'd go shopping all morning and to card parties in the afternoons. Nights they'd go to the movies. Sometimes they'd ask me to go along, but I'm deaf and couldn't hear so I didn't enjoy it. When the war came along they took jobs in another city and I came here. I like it fine. There's always someone around for company."

I came home from my visit to a very different atmosphere. My young daughter was red-eyed and her grandparents had long, disapproving faces.

"You spoil that child," my mother burst out. "She just won't listen to me. I haven't a bit of influence with her."

"It was just because I wanted to wear my black patent leather dancing slippers to school, Mother," explained Cynthia. "You always let me when I have a spelling test because I feel happy inside and not so scared of all the hard words. But Grandma said I couldn't. Grandma said you spoil me."

"Never saw such a wilful child in my life," grumbled my father.

"Needs to be taken over someone's knee. It takes a strap to raise a young one right. These new-fangled ways are ridiculous!"

"No, age and youth don't click. They are opposite poles of the life cycle. It isn't fair to either of them to subject them to the constant irritation they exert on each other. There are old people, of course, who remain perennially young of heart and mind. But they are rare."

I am placed in the awkward position of trying to be a good and wise mother to my own children while being forced at the same time to play the role of obedient child to parents who continue to want to exert their influence over me.

That's why I have decided now, while I am still capable of thinking straight on this whole problem, that I will not hamper my children's lives by living with them after they have grown up and set out on their own.

That's why I shall some day live in an old folks' home — and like it!
"GET the plane and let's go out for the day."

Such a remark has been a commonplace for years when we substitute "car" for "plane." But the Air Age has been sneaking up on us, and for car we may be able to read plane rather sooner than many people imagine. However, with the great advances in aviation, I feel that we are still some distance from translating the family car to the sky, and the early stirrings of the age are very interesting.

Mr. R. G. Casey, Australian-born Governor of Bengal, has flown his own plane for years, whilst a Civil Aviation Department estimate gives the number of privately owned planes in Australia at 200, mostly Wackett trainers. This figure is being augmented by about one plane a day. Aircraft available from the Disposals Commission, however, is limited, and demand will exceed supply from this service. Furthermore, experienced pilots will seek a plane more adaptable to civilian needs.

Already we are at the stage of arguing just what kind of aircraft will best suit the private owner. Manufacturers are wracking their brains for cute, sellable ideas; designers are eagerly searching for ways to chop down the cost by a few pounds to undercut competitors, and the trade journals are featuring pages of knowledgeable discussion on just what will best suit you — the purchaser. Maybe you have not yet realized that you are the aircraft industry's Target for Tomorrow, but probably the high-powered salesman is much nearer to you than you imagine. So if you now own a Buick or better, beware, for the sales campaign will soon be upon you, and within a decade probably the salesman will have worked through the car owners, right down to the pushers, Enter the Air Age.

A summary of current ideas is difficult to compile, for the ideas are so diverse. However, I see the ideal civilian plane as possessing these features.

(1) The aircraft will probably be a conventional land plane. The up-and-down helicopters are still at the cranky stage, requiring expert handling, while the amphibians, etc., attractive though they are, normally forfeit too much in performance ever to become the Fords and Chevs of the airways.

(2) You will probably have a 2 or 4 seater, low-wing, cabin type monoplane, featuring particularly reliability and ease of servicing. An engine of approximately 150 horse power will be the power plant, and the kite as a whole is to be fundamentally simple. For "gadgets," though adding to performance, are the devil from other viewpoints. Each new installation — whether it is to wind up the undercarriage electrically, or to reverse the air screw for braking — means greater cost, more frequent servicing, more trouble to go wrong, and one more control to worry an imperfect pilot.

(3) Wing span must not be great. Probably 30 feet or so represents a reasonable figure in view of hangar space and ground manoeuvring. Of course, the enterprising manufacturer will probably supply dummy detachable wing tips if it's just a case of making your kite bigger than that of the Jones'.

(4) The air screw will probably be fixed, as variable pitch, valuable as it is, loses on the simplicity count. However, de Havilland have just announced a simplified variable-pitch device that might put this excellent addition into the foolproof stock models.

(5) The interior of the aircraft will introduce many of the features which, like a beautiful tuning dial on a radio set, have sales value, if little else. Attractive leatherwork, comfortable arm-chairs and knick knacks like vases and ash trays, may help the salesman with a non-technically minded buyer.

Good visibility is to be stressed, and a wide angle of vision on three sides will be necessary. One popular American type has its air screw in the form of a pusher instead of a puller, so that the pilot rides high and clear like the skipper of a Manly ferry. One other advantage of this behind-the-cabin propeller is that there is less danger of the careless member of the family walking into its whirling blades.

But it is the old story of the swings and the roundabouts, for in such a type the cabin must be windowless lest a beer bottle or some such trifling object fly out by pilot or passengers, become caught in the airscrew.

(6) Opinions are very varied concerning the pilot's set-up. Should he be very comfortably installed with adjustable seat and foot pedals; or little car-type instrument panel, and all his familiar car comforts of dashboard radio etc.? Or should he be confronted with a more spartan environment less likely to distract his attention from the fact that in a three-dimensional vehicle life is somewhat more real and earnest than in his earthbound motor car? The experts are still undecided, but I think the final decision will be for comfort, even at the risk of putting the pilot to sleep. For an occasional nap, or fit of inattention would be much less hazardous in a well-designed aircraft than in a car.

(7) The present non-flyer, recalling photographs of instrument panels on war planes that featured...
scores of dials and gauges, may well want details of how many clocks he will have to watch. There is no need for anxiety, for, apart from engine instrument, an airscrew slipstream and feminine skirts combined to be very distracting to a conscientious workman. So wide, car-type doors are featured on your waiting aircraft.

(8) Under miscellaneous features might be listed the odds and ends that prospective buyers are wanting. The mere fact that customers are getting to the choosy stage of discussing details indicates growing air consciousness.

Thus the type of door is important. The athletic, clambering-into-cockpit entry, right enough for the enthusiast, is out of the question for John Smith, departmental manager, flying to the neighboring capital for an afternoon conference. In this connection one writer whimsically remarks that life will be less interesting for ground staff now, than in the days when an elevated, open cockpit, airscrew slipstream and feminine skirts combined to be very distracting to a conscientious workman. So wide, car-type doors are featured on your waiting aircraft.

A similar consideration is cleanliness. There are to be no oily bits and pieces to leave their mark on frock and suits. Of course, for the solo enthusiast anxious to pile up his hours, there will always be the grasshopper kites with grease evenly divided between engine and cockpit.

(9) Finally there is the important consideration of cost. Are such pleasant vehicles limited to the large income that normally maintains a yacht and a racehorse or two? No, the cost, though still high, is not prohibitive and will decline when mass production and improved designs assist. The aircraft I have described to you, purchased new, would cost between £1,000 and £1,200. This may seem expensive, but many citizens who previously found this above them will find it within reach.

We frequently hear it said that Australia is a land of opportunity. In many ways that claim is false, but I consider that it is true in the matter of private flying. Our conditions are more favorable than in any other country in the world. Thus we have a fog-free climate, infrequent icing conditions, remarkable visibility and a flat, non-mountainous continent. Add to these natural advantages the geographic factor of a huge country with undeveloped land communications and crying out for air transport. We have also relatively high level of individual wealth, and more trained flying men per thousand of our population that has any other country in the world.

Crown this remarkable list of favorable factors with the Australian tradition for airmanship — that daredevil instinct distilled from a hard country and its rugged pioneers still so close in time to our present generation. This is tradition that in a few short decades has given us a Ross Smith, a Kingsford Smith, a Harry Hawker and a Bert Hinkler, a Charlie Ulm and a P. G. Taylor, and a long roll of names only slightly less famous in the air honors of both peace and war.

Consider all these factors and agree that private flying is a "must" for a lot of present-day Australians, and that the year is not far distant that will greet John Citizen with the familiar service slang of, "Mister, here's your kite!"
MUSIC HATH CHARMS

- Here with various examples of savage breasts being soothed over the airwaves.

(2) Butch was always a pushover for good music but his room-mate doesn't feel this is a particularly well-chosen time.

(3) Two Bobby-soxers being sent by Frankie.

(1) Not so soothing to the timid guest but rather the cause of nervous apprehension when "mother and daughter" swing into their routine.

CAVALCADE, May, 1946
(4) The complicated and beautiful precision of the concentrated jitter bug is like a Bach Fugue.

— Right to the bar, man.

(5) With a good gin build-up, sophisticates find the seductively corrosive acid of Blue Prelude gets right under their skins and hits them fair in the spot where they used to keep a heart.

**Medicine on the March**

**Penicillin** inhalation is the newest treatment for pneumonia. A special atomiser, equipped with a glass baffle-plate, breaks down the penicillin solution into particles only \( \frac{1}{25,000} \) of an inch in diameter. As the patient inhales, these tiny particles are sucked directly to the lung, thus reaching the seat of infection much quicker than when injected into the bloodstream.

**New technique** for removing the prostate gland has been discovered by Dr. Terence Millin, Surgeon of London's All Saints' Hospital. The new method is reported to be simpler, safer and better than those now in use, and approved by all concerned, including the patient.

**Impetigo**, the scabby sores which are highly contagious, is still a problem to doctors in the war just ended. Sulphathiazole had been tried out in the U.S. with good results. The British Army found that micro-sulphathiazole cleared up impetigo quicker than the standard zinc, copper, and camphor lotion previously used in treating the complaint.

**Sulpha** drugs can be made effective against species of bacteria that ordinarily resist their action by using them in combination with certain synthetic dyes, reports *Science Service*. Methylene blue and brilliant cresyl blue are the most effective since both the dyes are able to check the growth of bacteria. Tests show a prominent therapeutic value for combination dye- and sulpha treatment of at least one type of infection.

**Nicotinic Acid**, the antipellagra vitamin, is being used to relieve malarial headaches. American servicemen suffering from malaria have tried out the nicotinic acid, with definite relief in 10 out of 25 cases.

**When** the discovery of streptomycin was announced it was called a new "penicillin type of drug" and it was said to have no power against tuberculosis. Later experiments at the New York Mayo Clinic have discovered in it a "striking repressive effect" against tuberculosis in guinea-pigs; effects on "human guinea-pigs" have not yet been stated.

CAVALCADE, May, 1946

52
BUSINESS BACKS

Mother's Day

It started as a beautiful idea—and was sponsored by Big Business.

MICHAEL NOONAN

"SURE I love the dear silver that shines in your hair
And the brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care;
I kiss the dear fingers so still worn for me—
Oh, God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree."

Certainly they love the dear silver — the silver that rolls into the cash boxes of commerce. Silver and gold that the Mother Machrees, the Mother McLeods and the Mother Montgomerys all over the world undoubtedly raise for the greatest sales promotion stunt in history!

Unless you're both blind and deaf, there is little chance that you will remain unaware of the significance of the coming second Sunday in May.

Commercial radio, newspapers and shop windows will tell you that. Persuasive advertisements, glib, attractive and disturbing, will compel you to go through the rites of Mother's Day, send you rushing to a florist or scrambling for a box of handkerchiefs in a gift store.

For those who cannot be impressed by flowery word or enticing window display, there is every possibility that others, the Bad Boys of Big Business, will devise some means of informing them of the joy a mother receives on being presented with a box of choice, creamy chocolates, or a teaspoonful of elusive perfume.

The retailers of ribbon-bound sweets and lace-edged haberdashery owe the sudden rise in their turnover to a woman called Anna Jarvis. Mother's Day was her idea.

But she didn't realize the form her idea would eventually take. She dreamt of kind thoughts and simple expressions of love — not staff conferences, high-pressure sales talk and profits.

To Miss Anna Jarvis, a mother's love was the cream of love, but she was greatly disturbed by the fact that so few realized this. Therefore, when her own mother died and denied her this love, she began a crusade for the recognition of all mothers.

The emblem of the day, first worn in May, 1907, was a white carnation, chosen by Anna because it had been her mother's favorite flower.

And at that white carnation, the first cynical onlooker blinked — a flower peddler made plans to be on the streets with baskets of these blooms.

As the idea spread, it was given greater popularity by the Churches, who arranged special services. And by 1911 there was not one state in the U.S.A. in which these exercises were not held.

Anna's dream started to come true, whilst the prayers of the racketeers were answered in Canada, parts of South America, Africa and China, even Japanese husbands were persuaded to purchase glistening silk kimonos.

Recognition of the highest order came in May, 1914, when President Woodrow Wilson proclaimed the second Sunday in May as a day for honoring and revering mothers.

Similar proclamations were issued each year and the vultures of commerce began to pat one another on the back, and plan bigger and better Mother's Days.

Even then you could make a selection from an imposing array of gilt and colored greeting cards, from specially designed chocolate boxes and from the shrewd suggestions presented by the window dressers.

Meanwhile, Anna Jarvis, battling to preserve the original sentiment of Mother's Day, was becoming more eccentric.

She was jealous of her idea and bitterly denounced those who advocated a box of candy, that would obviously be shared with the entire family, as the perfect way of treating mother on her day.

She tearfully told a reporter of the enterprise of a barrow in her neighborhood. "In his window," she sobbed, "he put a notice saying: 'Get a shave and take a clean mug home to mother.'"

The President's proclamation obliged all national institutions to display flags — in fact, the entire nation was encouraged to run the colors to the masthead, or hang them out the upstairs window.

But someone thought of a better way. What about a stamp? So, in 1934, the Postmaster General issued a three cent stamp bearing an engraved miniature of the artist Whistler's famous painting of his mother.

Even this, to Anna, had a maddening commercial flavor.

"Mother's Day was my idea!" she stormed. "But look what they have done to it — made it an excuse for flagrant publicity and every sales promotion ruse invented!"

But was it Anna's idea?

The ancient Greeks took a few days off each year to pay homage to motherhood. With strange rites in woods and caves they worshipped Cybele, the mother of all the gods, but with rites no stranger than mass production of electric water jugs or the packing of assorted candy.
Rome took up the custom in 250 B.C., and although the Romans didn't arrange special radio programmes, they still had appropriate recitations and songs; perhaps they didn't present their mothers with the silver evening bags Big Business suggested, but the wine and food merchants must have grinned slyly to themselves as their cellars and stores emptied and their coffers swelled.

No wonder the family man chews down his fingernails at the beginning of May each year. He has a whole constellation of mothers to revere. There's his own, his mother-in-law, his wife, who is the mother of his children, and then the children invariably demand money to buy something for Fluffy, who has 24 kittens to her credit.

Big Business saw to the cats and dogs with wicker baskets and new collars.

The Mother's Day pressure becomes so intense that a man feels right out of everything if he hasn't got a mother. So Big Business says: "If you haven't got a mother, find one!" And the bachelor blueses all the way home in the bus whilst he tickles fellow passengers' ears with the protruding ends of a bunch of roses for his landlady.

During World War II, Mother's Day regained much of its former purity of sentiment. Army censors sweated over stacks of mail and stared in amazement when some lowly private composed the following lines:

"A mother's heart is solid gold,
Her eyes are golden, too.
Within their depths, there's tenderness,
No matter what their hue."

Not exactly Shakespearian verse, but the kind of thought that would have given Anna Jarvis a smile of joy in the midst of all her sorrow.

Then Anna Jarvis, after investing so much of her money, her time and strength in her idea, was forced to give in.

Blind, penniless and 83 years old, a broken woman requested medical treatment from a hospital in Philadelphia. That was in November, 1944.

She was cared for in a sanatorium and plans were immediately made for a memorial to her. It will be one of the few things likely to preserve the true Mother's Day spirit for which she fought so long.

Perhaps on the edge of some park, it will stand in defiance of a massive, fifty-storey emporium.

Mother's Day having been borne on a flood of sentimentality to a great buying wave eclipsed only by Christmas, Big Business looked around for a crafty new craft to go in search of a new Golden Fleece, ... with the accent on the Fleece.

Dear Father was yanked by his braces into the syrupy swim.

But it wasn't such plain sailing for the promoters. Father is not only Captain of his Soul, but also controller of the family purse strings, and he objected to paying out good money for the kids to buy him a biffous tie, or suspenders that chafed the proud hair off his calves.

Father's Day may die out, but Mother's Day will keep rolling around. So keep them. You may be a mother yourself some day.

"But, Mother, I'm not going to marry the first fellow I ask!"
The river at Canberra is not merely a stream; it's also a social barrier.

FREDERICK T. SMITH

THERE'S an American small town expression which says that if you live on the other side of the railway tracks you are not among the best people.

In Canberra if you live on the north side of the Molonglo River the effect is the same — you are not on the social register.

Everything seems to happen on the south side — the diplomatic do's, the prim afternoon teas, the six-to-seven parties — and, if you live on the North side you're not invited very often; not because you are uncouth, or suffer from some contagious ailment, or, in fact, are very much different from the Southsiders. You're not in the social swing because there's a mental as well as geographical isolation between the North and the South.

If you live on the North Side you must come in from far suburbs to do your shopping at the one shopping area provided on that side — Civic Centre. Your choice of shops is also more limited and you are likely to pay a little more for what you buy because competition is less keen. You haven't got a swimming pool, your transport service is less convenient, and you lack in many small ways the services and amenities available to Southsiders.

You notice the difference as soon as you cross the ugly Commonwealth Avenue bridge that spans the wide flats separating the chain of waterholes which, for geographical expediency, has been named the Molonglo River.

To the North of the Molonglo River, the Mason and Dixon line between Canberra's North and the South, there is the same orderly arrangement of streets and avenues, the same neat little houses, but there is a slight rawness and roughness, and the faintest suggestion of untidiness in the appearance of the northern suburbs.

The gardens, as a general rule, do not seem so spacious; the trees are not so softening to the landscape as they are in the southern suburbs.

You drive in from Sydney through a bare countryside. The northern suburbs, Braddon, Ainslie and Reid stretch away to the left in row upon row of red roofs to the foot of Mt. Ainslie. To the right, remote from the main road, the new, dusty suburb of Turner creeps in, treeless and raw, towards Black Mountain.

You drive through Civic Centre, with its line of shops behind arches and colonnaded terraces with a slightly Oriental effect, and then there's a long drive through open spaces with only a building here and there.

Disappointed with your first sight of Canberra you come to the Commonwealth Avenue bridge. For years its loose planks and protruding spikes have been menace to tyres, but in recent months the Department of the Interior, prodded by many protests, has started the long job of repair.

Not until you cross the bridge do you reach the Canberra of the picture postcards — the trim, rigid orderliness of the traditional Canberra. Commonwealth Avenue becomes a broad, two-thoroughfare highway through close-clipped lawns and flower beds, past the well-tended Royal Canberra Golf Course and the imposing Government buildings.

To the left the road leads to Parliament House and its splendid gardens; to the right to the mansions of Red Hill, to Yarralumla, the Vice-Regal residence, and out to the pine-forested mountains. Straight ahead are the suburbs of Forrest, Barton and Griffith.

There are hundreds of houses of exactly the same design as in the northern suburbs, the same general pattern of avenues and circles, but there is, somehow, a difference. The gardens are bigger and brighter here because the people in the big houses with a gardener to do the heavy work set the example. The diplomatic residences set a standard of outdoor luxury which the mansion dwellers of Mugga Way copy, and the descending social — and financial — circle in Forrest seek to emulate.

All but a handful of high officials live on the South side. Every one of the expensive, privately built homes are also on the South side.

One of the most enduring libels on Canberra, which has survived from the earliest days is that here is a city of rigid class distinction and a brand of snobbery foreign to an Australian community. Certainly there is a minority of stupid people whose standard of social right and wrong rests on the Blue Book of Public Service salaries, but this is not the true Canberra. Canberra is full of friendly, free-and-easy people, foremost among whom are the most important of its officials.

The main factor operating to prevent Canberra's complete social reformation is the deeply ingrained inferiority complex, inherent in an official community in which major and minor officials are thrown into constant contact in a small-town environment.
The condition, amplified by the quiet smugness of the Southsiders, and the many infuriating instances of lack of imagination by officials responsible for Canberra’s development, has provoked the now deep-rooted jealousy of the North for the South.

Today, with the war over, the controversy of North versus South has flared up anew, and this time the Northerners say they are determined to have their disadvantages corrected.

For weeks the columns of the Canberra Times, staunch champion of Canberra’s causes, have been full of the controversy. Northsiders want more shopping centres, more houses, more transport, more official recognition that although the salary cheques are higher on the South side, Northerners are also an important part of Canberra’s community.

Northsiders are not so much interested in the possible social differences with the South — if there are any. They are happy to consider that their democratisation is more complete, and that their fellow citizens on the South side, despite the social niceties, still have a long way to go to enjoy life thoroughly.

A few years ago Australians smiled over the hue and cry that was raised when a girl in slacks was ordered out of Parliament House. Now girls in shorts are a common sight in the sacred precincts.

So Northsiders were amused when a hotel on the South side refused to serve two soldiers in the lounge because in their tropical rig they were “improperly dressed.” Northerners entered slightly when the Royal Canberra Golf Club ordered two shirtless players off the links one sweltering day last summer.

However, the North and the South meet on common ground in their self-consciousness about the old construction camps at Causeway and Westlake which, through Canberra’s chronic housing shortage, have become suburbs of the capital. In Causeway and Westlake some of Canberra’s most worthy, if lowest paid, citizens live.

Bitterly a Westlake resident wrote recently to the Canberra Times: “If I have known Canberra from 1924, when it was a camp city, and it has always been a place of regimentation, and still is.”

Blaming “undemocratic, near-Fascist elements ruling Government departments,” the writer said he had been informed by the Department of the Interior that a resident of Westlake would not be permitted to move to another suburb, and that when about 800 people now waiting for houses were placed, all the people of Westlake would be moved in a mass migration to some other place.

Some of the edge has worn off Canberra’s rawness over 18 years, but it will be a long time yet before Canberra people lose their chip-on-the-shoulder selfconsciousness and the city acquires the bright sophistication of a national capital.

Then the rivalry of the North and the South will seem a small thing indeed.
If you are a moderately good conversationalist — if you can talk earnestly and engagingly to two or three people — then you can talk to a hundred or a thousand.

To be sure, you may not become another Demosthenes. And that is all to the good. For the day of the spellbinder is spent. This is the age of the Public Talker. Simple, straightforward speech is the thing that is called for in a modern meeting.

You can talk in public, just as soon as you have frankly faced and completely debunked the Five Fears that now keep you tongue-tied and chained to a chair.

Let's have a look at these fears, and spot them for the foolish phantoms that they truly are:

First on our list is a physical fear of your audience. You'll have to admit that one does not give you much concern. I've seen audiences sit through talks a whole lot worse than anything you'll ever perpetrate without resorting to decayed vegetables or ancient eggs. No; you won't be that bad. So we can mark off the fear of physical violence.

Second on our list is the fear of ridicule. We may catalogue this as possible but highly improbable. Audiences are, on the whole, remarkably compassionate and long-suffering. They rarely ridicule the inept performer. To be sure they may boo, hiss, or otherwise express their disapproval of the speakers whose views differ radically from their own point of view. But such demonstrations are a reflection on content, rather than manner or method of delivery. And if some choose to challenge your ideas, well, that at least is proof you are saying something to stir their interest. So, in all fairness, we must check off another of our fears. Fear of ridicule just isn't a valid ally.

But that third fear, now — the fear of making a spectacle of yourself. That's something pretty real, isn't it?

Well, the fear may be real enough. But the foundation is false. You will not make a spectacle of yourself. Take comfort in the fact that the beginner practically always makes a far better speech than he expects to make. The calamities that he anticipates in morbid imagination just don't come to pass in real life. You will not lose your trousers, or your notes, or your voice. You will not faint. And (though it seems a pity to strip you of this last pet apprehension) your legs won't wobble.

No, my dear perturbed friend, you will not make a spectacle of yourself. That privilege is reserved for the self-confident asses who, in their blind egotism, never even know that they are public spectacles!

Your Fourth Fear! To be quite truthful about it, you don't believe this one yourself. But in moments of torturing introspection, it rises to haunt you. This is the fear that what you have to say isn't worth saying.

It would be a wholesome thing for forensic art if a few thousand interpid individuals who are always ready to talk at the drop of a gavel might share your becoming modesty. But, alas, this apprehension always seems to hit the wrong people!

Of course you have something to say. Everyone has. And as long as you speak with the voice of authority, your public will hear you gladly. Stay in the field you know. Speak from your own experience and observation. Never permit yourself to be tempted into spouting idle theory, or discussing things that are beyond your depth.

I once had a neighbor whose fingers were all green thumbs. No plant that he stuck in the ground would ever have the temerity to wither and die. When that neighbor held forth on the art of making an asparagus bed, I would listen and learn.

But later, in the twilight, over a cooling stein of beer, he was wont to open with his favorite theme — juvenile delinquency.

And then I would think up errands that would take me extensively elsewhere, because my gardening friend didn't have an original thought about either juveniles or delinquency. And I had no relish for social views strained.

But let's get on to your fifth fear — the fear that you may bore your audience. Candidly, I don't think you will. You'd be surprised to know how much an average audience can stand! But let's assume that you are something less than sensational. Well, brother, you won't be the first offender! Bore were known to frequent public platforms long before you day. And there will be plenty more coming along after your efforts are forgotten. So what? You have as much right to bore 'em as the next one.

Well, now, we have taken those Five Fears, one by one, and tried to explode them — we have found, rather to your surprise, that they are a bunch of duds. When you get right down to cases, there isn't a thing to be afraid of.

I know it sounds inane to say that the way to learn to speak in public is to get up on your feet and start talking. But you might as well face it frankly: there is no...
other way. No magic formula. No sensational short-cut. You can sit and listen to the finest instructor in the land. He can tell you a number of things that will help you along the way to easy, effective delivery. But he can't make your speech.

How will you start?

The best way of all is probably the simplest and most effective: Join a group who share your interest in Public Talking — not too large a class, so that you will have plenty of opportunity for footwork. The advantage here is a mutual interest. That's what you need — to get wrapped up in something so that you will forget yourself. Then, too, you are all amateurs together.

If there is no public speaking class in your community, why shouldn't you go about the business of launching one? Talk to a few of your friends and associates. Six makes a nice group, ten might be better. Adopt a standard textbook for technical instruction and pick a seasoned speaker for the class leader. A local minister, perhaps; a lawyer, or maybe the chairman of one of your luncheon clubs. No locality is too small to provide the nucleus for a study group.

Next time you attend a meeting of your Sunday-School class, lodge, or what not, make up your mind in advance that, come what may, you are going to get up on your feet and say something. Yes, that getting up on your feet is important. No fair scrouging down in your chair away back in a corner.

I once knew a fellow who was so painfully backward it was real torture for him to open his mouth in public. But one day, at a big public meeting, he struggled to his feet and with a display of will power that was magnificent, said, "S—Second the motion." That was all. He didn't die. The roof didn't fall in. So he tried it again. By and by he got to making a game of it. He became the champion motion-seconder of those parts.

Then one day a nominating committee of his club put over a fast one on him. They slated him for president and he won by a landslide. "Now," they said in great glee, "you just try to slip in a second on us!" But in the long run, the joke proved to be on them. This office gave our bashful boy his real chance. And from what I hear he turned out to be a sensational presiding officer!

This true instance I have just related is a rather striking example of what the psychologists term overcompensation. To put it bluntly, your fear of, or aversion to, talking in public is a form of inferiority complex. Like all hampering complexes it can be and should be corrected. Actually, your timidity and diffidence may be turned to pronounced advantage through this scientifically accepted process of overcompensation.

Haven't you, at some time in your life, faced a task that was peculiarly distasteful to you? Something you dreaded and feared to undertake? You dilly-dallied and delayed, making all manner of excuses to yourself, until finally you just had to take the plunge. And what happened, huh?

Just as I thought! You proved not merely adequate, but completely and satisfyingly super.
Plan for
THE HOME OF TODAY (No. 16)

Prepared by W. Watson Sharp, A.R.A.I.A.

This plan for a minimum home is offered as a suggestion to help solve the housing problem of all those people who find that the present sky-rocket prices have wrecked all their dreams of the ideal home they were going to build when the war was over. One of its chief advantages is that it doesn't have to be built all at once.

The first sketch plan shows the nucleus of the house, just enough for a young married couple (and nowhere for the mother-in-law). The basis of all homes is the service section — kitchen, bathroom and laundry. All three are grouped together here, which makes for economy of building and ease of household working.

Front door opens directly into a tiny central hall that isn't big enough to take up a lot of valuable space, but does provide easy access to bedroom, bathroom and living room. The bedroom is not very large, but it has built-in wardrobes all along one wall. This reduces the furniture buying programme quite a bit and means that every bit of floor space in the room is usable.

The living room is large, for it is lounge and dining room combined. The cooking recess accommodates everything that a modern house should have in the minimum of space, and is right alongside the meal area. (Continued on page 68)
THE MINIMUM HOME
By W. Watson Sharp, A.R.A.I.A.

The unprecedented high cost of building has increased the problems that confront the would-be home builder. Encouraged during the years when building was not permitted, by rosy pictures of the home of the future, he is bitterly disappointed when he learns that even a quite ordinary home is now beyond his reach.

The result of all this is that most of the homes now being built fall far short of the dreams of their owners. In their desperate need to acquire a house — any house — they are being forced to let the post-war home about which they have thought and dreamed and planned for so long slip away and to accept in its stead a house that they would have considered not quite good enough in 1939.

To get their home down to the price they can pay, they have to slice two or three feet off almost every room, plan with rigid economy, and do without the built-in cupboards, modern fittings, gadgets and all the other little extras that make all the difference.

The position won't always be as bad as it is now. Although everything points to a continued increase in costs ad infinitum, we all know that prices cannot keep on going up.

These things go in cycles and there will come a time — although no one knows just when — when prices will be lower and the wheels of industry will run smoothly.

That is the time to build the dream home. But in the meantime, CAVALCADE suggests that you buy a block of land in one of the outer suburbs, or near one of the beaches and build yourself a minimum home on the lines suggested on the preceding pages.

It is a complete home, although strictly a minimum one. And it won't be wasted. When you eventually get around to building your dream home, your minimum home will constitute a valuable asset on which you can realise, or you may like to retain it as a week-end home if it is strategically situated.

Several schemes have been put forward as the minimum home. Here we have one that gets all the essentials into the smallest possible space, and is still a comfortable home to live in. It is easy to work and play and looks right from both outside and in.

Naturally, it is not grand, but a house doesn’t have to be big and imposing to be right. Proportion and layout are worth a good deal more than mere size, and given a reasonable garden setting, with the added advantage of some tall trees and some flowering shrubs, there are not many people who would not be proud of this minimum home.

Anyway, there is the suggestion, and CAVALCADE will be happy indeed if it has helped to solve your housing problem.

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Ideas FOR THE HOME OF TODAY

Accent on Lights Designed for luxury is this built-in lighting strip at the head of the bed. Catering for both occupants, the lights have individual switches, so that the reading in bed addict may do so without disturbing the sleeping partner. The wings of the headboard fold in, the shelves making handy bedside tables.

This room was intended primarily for a hobby room, but would come in useful at holiday times to provide a shake-down for an unexpected guest. Note the way the wall lamp is designed for reading in comfort. The couch is built on a cupboard base, handy for storing odds and ends like games equipment and gear. Built-in radio and record racks help to keep it tidy, and the small, easily accessible shelf is handy for current books in use, magazines and ashtrays.
Here is a room in which wall and ceiling lighting has been completely eliminated. Individual lamps with plastic shades ensure direct diffused light and have the added advantage of being highly decorative.
Flexible steel rod allows the chair lamp to be turned up for indirect lighting, or down across the shoulder of the chair user who wishes to read. The lamp in the background is built on the same principle, intended to throw a diffused light around the entire room or just concentrate a spot of brilliance where it is most needed.

Decorative — if you have enough time and energy to keep the prisms as clear and sparkling as the elegance of the design demands. This is actually a period piece adapted to modern demands. The wall lights repeat the design of the centre piece. The table lamps are of a very modern, streamlined character, yet are in keeping with the room.
GOOD news for noise-weary city residents comes from America. The new Stinson four-place Voyager 150 of Consolidated Vultee Aircraft is equipped with a dual engine muffler that reduces engine noise to a mere hum. Postwar models, now in operation, are so quiet that in conjunction with cabin sound proofing, the pilot uses a loudspeaker instead of head phones.

A NEW labor-saving device for housewives is the improved washing machine. In addition to all the other gadgets, this one has a fluffer to separate articles of clothing after they have been spun dry. With a self-levelling device that adjusts itself to uneven floors, it needs no special installation and reduces the washing time to 25 minutes.

A NEW era in restful radio-listening is introduced by an under-pillow speaker. Designed to enable hospital patients to hear radio programmes without disturbing other patients, the case is hermetically sealed and may be dipped without injury in disinfecting solutions.

Milk dehydrated by electronics has half the water content of ordinary dried milk. Future tropical homes will have the new dried milk, which withstands even the heat of the jungle.

NEW inner tubes of synthetic rubber, promised soon, hold ten times more efficiently than tubes of natural rubber, it is claimed. They require inflation only three or four times a year, and in one test, with a nail driven through the casing into the tube, the car continued for several miles with nearly half the air remaining in the tire.

If the material in your new suit has been treated with Lanaset, you won't worry the dry cleaners. Lanaset, a resin, makes the wool washable and shrink-proof, helps it to keep its shape and cuts better than untreated wool.

A FORTHCOMING vacuum-cleaner has a brush which loosens embedded dirt in carpets, and which can be replaced by a power driven floor polishing for bare floors.

TRANSPARENT plastic materials, soft as satin, tough and weatherproof, will soon be on the market for shower curtains, rain-capes, window curtains and soft furnishings.

THE seams are closed by heat, and the material can be cleaned by wiping with a damp cloth. Raincoats of this material fold up into very small compass, and tobacco pouches made from it are already in use in Australia.

JOY for housewives on washing day is a waterproof plastic clothes-line. Washable, decav-proof, stainless, this will go well with the new plastic clothes-peg in bright colors.

GIVING plastic clothes pegs a run for popularity are the new lightweight aluminum products. Made in red, green, blue or silver, the pegs serve a dozen household uses. As hangers for trousers or skirts, clips for documents, clamps for blueprints or negatives, the new pegs will come in for some heavy use when obtainable here.

ELECTRONIC sewing machines using radio-frequency current instead of a needle and thread, stitch a thin solid seam in fabrics coated with thermo-plastic compound. The seam is as strong as the material itself — and, in fact, welds the two pieces of material together.

CAVALCADE, May 1946
MAN-MADE THINGS ARE SMALL—

WHEN VIEWED BY THE CREATIONS OF GOD
"MIND IF I BUTT INTO THE GAME?"

"WE'RE NOT PLAYING; THIS IS SERIOUS"
Problem of the Month

Back in the days before the war when drinks cost sixpence, we knew a bloke named Bill (not the one you know) who had a bit of bad luck at the races. By the time he had deducted his fare and counted up what he had left, he was pretty broke. However, he went into a pub and spread his cash out on the counter “Double that and I'll buy a drink,” he said. The barman considered it, but doubled the amount, and Bill bought his drink and walked out. (We told you this was before the war!) Now it was a long, long way to the station, and Bill got pretty dry before he reached it. So he tried another pub on the same tack “Double that and I'll buy a drink.” He drank up his beer and walked out. There was only one pub left now before the station, and a third time Bill doubled his cash, bought a drink and walked out. This time, he only had his fare home. How much did he have when he started on the doubling racket?

Answer

when you cleaned him out

The answer: doubled for the third time, it was sixpence.
It was the first week in May. And the vase, to Florrie, was the perfect gift.

To young Florrie Emms, squashing her nose against the smudgy plate glass, the vase was the most beautiful thing in the world.

It was dirty white and looked like nothing so much as a squatting toad. Splurged around it were dollops of red, smaller splashes of yellow, puce stars and the whole shedding green tears.

The colors were raw and violent. Sensitive passers-by flinched squamishly, but Florrie always hurried from school until she got to the window, and then she feasted her eye on it.

By running messages, by not going to the pictures on Saturday, but pocketing the money and sitting in the park and learning all about the serial on Monday mornings, Florrie had scraped together the magnificent sum of fifteen shillings. Compared with other child-

CAVALCADE, May, 1946
ren she knew, it was a paltry sum, but Florrie's mother had fixed ideas on the subject of seven-year-old girls handling money. And money, in Florrie's home circle, was something not easily come by.

The first week in May Florrie, spurred on by the necessity of obeying the universal law that Mother be remembered, set foot nervously in the dim cavern of the Gift Shoppe.

"I want," she gulped, and clenched the money comfortingly in her grubby little fist "I want t' know what that vase costs ..."

The elderly man who ran the shop eyed the little girl speculatively.

"Hmm," he considered "Now, let me see." He tried to assess how much money the kid had No telling with kids, nowadays. They always had plenty of money to spend. "A pound?"

Florrie's bottom lip dropped
"I d-didn't think it would be that much," she mumbled miserably. "I only got fifteen bob," and extended it on her grubby paw — a pathetic little heap of small silver coins.

The Gift Shoppe owner grunted. He had acquired the vase for nothing in a collection of junk.

"Do you want it for a present?"
"Mmm. M-mother's Day," confided Florrie, nervously. "I only saved up fifteen bob"

"Well," he said, genially. "That's a sweet little girl. I tell you what. I let you have it for fifteen bob, hey?"

Florrie's face ran the range of expression from disbelief to rapture. She watched anxiously while he took the treasure out of the window and put it on the counter, wrapped it and then put it carefully into her arms.

She was so engrossed with the joy of possessing the coveted vase that her normal caution in crossing streets was lost. Instead of looking up and down, Florrie plunged blindly into the stream of traffic, and right into the path of a speeding jeep.

High above the hum of the traffic, her voice shrilled.

There was a confused rush. People hemmed in the jeep and Florrie. Miraculously, she had been tossed in the air and thrown clear. She was white and shaken, but unhurt except for a few scratches and cuts. When the driver of the jeep, also white and shaken, vaulted over the side and knelt beside her, Florrie was crying. Great shaking sobs that hurt.

"Listen, kid, you hurt?" he yelled.

Florrie went on crying. The policeman from the corner knelt down, too.

"Are you hurt?" he demanded.

Sheila Grant, of the Star, was passing, noiced her way through the crowd and joined the group around Florrie.

"Are you all right, dear?"

Florrie, still sobbing, nodded.

"Poor kid's got a fright. We'd better take her to hospital. I think it's only shock," said the policeman.

Florrie stopped crying.

"I don' wanna go to hospital," she protested. "I didn't get hurt. My — my vase got smashed."

She was still hugging the parcel, and she held it out for inspection. It rattled ominously.
"Your vase?" echoed Sheila.

Florrie nodded, "I been saving up to buy it for M'm-mother's Day," she wept again. "And it's broken."

The wail of a siren announced the arrival of the ambulance.

"I don't wanna go to hospital," said Florrie. "I want my Mummy."

The united efforts of Sheila, the jeep driver, the policeman and the ambulance man persuaded Florrie into the ambulance and found out her home address. Sheila climbed into the ambulance and they headed off for Florrie's home to collect Florrie's mother.

It made a good human interest story in the Star next morning, complete with picture of Florrie, gazing anxiously at the flash bulb. For the sake of the readers who liked a bit of gore, Florrie's head was hastily bound up, and her small, anxious face peered out from all editions, from page three.

"She didn't worry about herself," wrote Sheila. "All her tears were for the vase she had bought her mother for a Mother's Day gift. Florrie had been saving up for weeks to buy the vase."

The following morning, Florrie was still news. Sheila and a photographer had arrived late the previous afternoon with the jeep's driver. He and Florrie were photographed as he handed over a donation to replace the smashed vase.

By this time, Florrie was used to flash-bulbs. She no longer looked anxious. She snickered. She was still home from school, not because her injuries warranted it, but her mother never knew when the Star photographer and Sheila would descend with more donors and their gifts.

The company of the Smile a White revue had collected a small amount. The show wasn't going too well, and the publicity manager decided that a little free space might help. Consequently, Miss Louise Lapin, the leading lady, was to be seen on page five of a subsequent issue, graciously handing over a contribution.

Florrie's school also got into the news. Her schoolmates contributed their mite — under protest — after an address by the practically-minded head teacher, on the virtue of Helping Others.

Bert Emms, Florrie's father, had been enjoying life in an army camp in ideal surroundings, far away from his domestic worries. The Star took a hand in getting him flown home on compassionate leave to comfort his injured daughter. The Star callously ignored the fact that Bert's camp had been handy to a town with a large beer quota.

Contributions had been pouring into the Star office and to Florrie's home. The postman, who rarely stopped at the Emms' home, now stopped there twice a day with a bundle of letters. Some of them were anonymous, some were sympathetic, but all of them contained cash except one, which was a tract, and one copy of a leaflet on Road Safety for Children.

The Star continued to play up the story, listing the amounts received and occasionally quoting the simple sentiment of the letters.

The child who broke open his money box to send sixpence, and the elderly man whose mother had
been his guiding angel, were represented. And all goes between.

So far as Mrs. Emms was concerned, the money was more than welcome. She cheerfully paid off the three cash orders which had been hanging fire for some time, and put a deposit on a fur coat for the winter.

Florrie, for the sake of artistic color, was now permitted to discard the bandage in favor of adhesive plaster. Her thin, wistful face peeped out of the Star each day, as Sheila kept interest alive with photographs of Florrie taking delivery of vases.

Each morning he came out to find the front verandah cluttered up with oddly wrapped parcels deposited overnight by would-be benefactors. Already, the woodshed was bulging with them, and the lounge room had no more room except on the floor.

To make matters worse, numerous kindhearted Star readers had delivered spare vases into the Star’s office. Sheila and Bill, the photographer, came out one afternoon with a vanload.

It was the Saturday before Mother’s Day, and the climax to the week’s build-up was a photograph of Florrie for the Star’s Sunday edition, surrounded by the vases.

Mrs. Emms hustled Bert out of the way. She felt that he would spoil things. By the time she had unwrapped the vases, she was sizzling with fury because he hadn’t helped her.

On top of getting them all ready, she also had to put them away again. Florrie brooded over the sight of them being stowed away. Her lower lip was thrust out until it looked like a bulldozer scoop. Nor did Bert help matters by coming in just as she had finished.

"Well," he said beery, "I fixed it for you."

"Fixed what?" demanded his spouse angrily.

"Sold the vases," said Bert. "I met the bloke who runs the second-hand shop — Gift Shoppe — he calls it. Sold ‘im the lot. Bob each Sec?" And Bert flourished a handful of notes. "I said ‘ed call I the stuff Monday."

Mrs. Emms eyed the notes greedily.

"By rights, that money’s mine," she declared.

"Like hell," said Bert, pocketing it.

They took it from there. The police took it from Bert when they shoved him into the cells to cool off.

Florrie didn’t want to wear the white flower next afternoon when she visited her mother in hospital, but the kindly next-door neighbor insisted.

"Mum," she said, sitting beside the bed. "Mum — next Mother’s Day, I’m gonna buy you somethin’ real nice what won’t break."

"You buy me anything again," said Mrs. Emms — even the bandages around her mouth couldn’t disguise the venom in her voice, "you won’t sit down comfortable for a week, I’ll promise you. You -..."

The nurse hustled Florrie outside. She thoughtfully unpinned the white flower from her frock and stood in the bare, polished entrance hall, pulling it to pieces and then stamped on it viciously.

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CAVACADE, May 1946
THE kid opened the stable door narrowly and squeezed himself through. Old Joe was hunched over a box, scowling blackly, and as the sliver of sunlight went over him, with the opening and closing of the door, he looked, still scowling. His face cleared when he saw the kid.

"Hello, Andy," he welcomed the boy, "Come to look at the Lady?"

"Auntie Jess said you'd said I could come down," said Andy, limping across the straw carefully.

"Look at her," Joe said, proudly.

The Lady lifted her head curiously, thumped her tail gently a couple of times against the side of the box, and went back to nuzzling the half dozen puppies nuzzling her belly.

Her imminent motherhood had caused a ripple of interest in Yarrow that even a Hollywood star could not hope to emulate. The Lady was almost legendary for her cleverness. She was a pure bred fox terrier which Joe had acquired when he had found her mother wandering in a flood. He had taken her in, cared for her, and returned her to the rightful owner, rather indignant at the suggestion of a reward, but happy to be given one of the pups from the next litter. Lady Claribel of Montrose was the Lady's pedigreed name.

He said frequently that she was the most intelligent creature he knew. Perkins, the school teacher, had once corrected him—or tried to.

"Most intelligent animal, you mean, don't you, Joe?" he suggested, after listening to Joe holding forth on the cleverness of the Lady.

"I mean intelligent creature," said Joe, firmly. "She's got more sense than any two humans I know—and what's even better, she don't ask silly questions."

And there they were. Andy looked at them, lovingly, put out a tentative hand and tickled the Lady's ears. She sniffed at his hand, licked it, and moved a little so that he could see the pups.

"There you are," said Joe, proudly. "Look at the way she's showing them off to you, Andy."

"Could I hold one, Joe, could I?" asked Andy.

"I'll lift one out for you," said Joe, jealously. He didn't mind Andy. You couldn't be hard on a kid with a crooked leg, like young Andy had had since he was born.

Joe patted the Lady carefully with one hand, and with the other, gently scooped up a small, squirming puppy, putting it tenderly into Andy's outstretched palm, and watching the kid stroke the pup lightly with a quivering finger.

The Lady lifted her head and watched anxiously, though trustful of the big man and the small boy, nuzzling the pup suspiciously when Joe put it back in the straw.

"Gee," whispered Andy, "they're beauts, aren't they, Joe? What's she got?"

Joe frowned angrily, "Five bitches and one dog," he grunted. "And the dog's no good."

"No good?" echoed Andy, in dismay.

"No Look," Joe scooped out.
another pup, holding it on his hand. It was grotesquely formed, with abnormally long hind legs, and forelegs that were little more than stumps with fact. It looked for all the world like a freak kangaroo disguised as a for terrier.

"Gee," said Andy, inadequately. "Poor little thing." He rubbed its ear gently, feeling immediate sympathy for another born imperfectly.

"Nelson's greyhound," mumbled Joe, sourly. "Bit the Lady in the back. Might have known.

"D'y' reckon that'd affect the pup?" asked Andy.

"Well," demanded Joe, forgetting that Andy was a mere ten year old. "What else would? The sire's a pedigreed dog, same as the Lady."

"I suppose so," nodded Andy. "What're you going to do with him?"

"I don't know," said Joe. "Andy, how'd you like him?"

Andy looked up, his face suspicious, and then rapture blottoing out the disbelief.

"You mean — you want to give him to me?"

"Well," said Joe, deliberately unhurried. "I'd just as soon you had him. You'd give him a good home."

Andy flushed with excitement.

"What'll I call him, Joe? I know. Mosquito. Little and quick. That'd do for a name, wouldn't it. Joe? Like the Lady? Don't you think it's a good name — he'll only be a little dog, won't be, Joe? But he'll be quick?" His voice ran up, excitedly, until he was almost squalling.

Joe coughed noisily. "Skeeter," he considered. "You could call him that if you wanted to. Mind you, he's a good dog, only he's no good for showing like that. I reckon Skeeter'd be a good name for him. We could fix up a fancy name on his pedigree, Lord Mostyn of Montrose, how's that?" Joe repeated it over to himself a couple of times, and nodded his head.

"Sounds all right, doesn't it? The sire's name was Prince Mostyn of Parkington — that's about right."

Andy didn't care. He was absorbed in the pup again, running his hand gently over its smooth hair.

"Course," reflected Joe, "you can't have him until he's weaned — not for some weeks yet."

Andy went home in a glow of glory that carried him into the kitchen where the rest of his family were eating, stolidly. His thin, sharp-tongued mother was so engrossed with her own worries that she noticed nothing unusual when the kid limped in.

"Kept in at school, I suppose?" she nagged, getting up from the table to get his plate of food from the oven. "What have you been doing this time? Where've you been? Didn't I tell you — What's the matter? Gone deaf, too?"

Andy shook himself half back to earth.

"Gee, Mum, I didn't notice the time," he said, dreamily. "I've been up at Joe's place, looking at the Lady's pups. He's given me one."

Silence blanketed the noisy kitchen. Andy's father, the eight other children and his mother paused, open-mouthed. Bert, the father, leaned forward slightly.

"Joe gave you one of the Lady's..."
litter?" he said with disbelief.

Andy nodded contentedly.

"Mmm. Mosquito — that's his pet name. Joe's going to give him his pedigree. Lord Mostyn of Parkington — but I'm calling him Mosquito."

"You mean — Joe actually gave him to you?" It couldn't seep through Bert's skull. "Hell, I was there when a bloke offered Joe fifty quid for a pup and he would not take it. And he gives you one — for nothing."

They didn't see Mosquito until Andy brought him home, three months later. He was a small, freakish pup. His fore legs had grown, but were still absurdly small in proportion to his abnormally long hind legs. But, he could cover the ground with amazing speed for his size. He had a small, but intelligent head, and he owned nobody except Andy.

So far as Andy was concerned, Skeeter meant a new lease of life for him. He talked to the dog as though to an old dear friend, and Skeeter soon realized that the small human with the leg in iron could not keep pace with him. Instead of Andy accommodating his pace to Skeeter, the pup reversed the position, and never went so far away from his owner that Andy could not see him.

Even at one year old, Skeeter was still small, but what he lacked in size and power, he made up with energy and cleverness. It was Skeeter who fought with the rat in the fowlsyard and killed it; Skeeter, whose barking led them to a snake near the baby Skeeter, who rambled contentedly through the creek with Andy, snuffling and yapping continuously to the boy.

Albie Nelson drove up one Sunday, almost a year after Andy had acquired Skeeter. Albie had his pack of dogs — the greyhound that had bitten the Lady, a couple of alleged collies, a pointer and a pair of what he called setters. Albie suggested to Bert that he was going out to the Swamp to see what the King was doing, and how about taking Bert's dogs and giving them a run, too. Bert didn't mind.

The King was the old hare in the Swamp. He was another legend, a hare that they could never catch with the dogs, nor trap, nor could any dog whelped run him down or out-think him. All the men in the district had, at some time or another, pitted their best dogs against the King and lost. He was a local feature. When a party of sportsmen came down from the city on a shooting trip, and one of them had misguidedly taken a shot at the King, the local boys had quietly, but firmly, led the party back to the train and sent them off.

Andy didn't ask to go. He knew that his frail leg wouldn't stand up to pushing through swamp tree and over tussocks of grass. He went inside until they were gone, and with quietness coming over the house, called Skeeter. For the first time, the pup did not answer. He roamed the house and sheds, calling...

His mother came out of the kitchen, flushed with the heat of the oven.

"It's no good calling that pup," she snapped. "He went off with the other dogs"
Andy looked at her anxiously.

"What did they take him for?" he wanted to know. "He'll get hurt."

"Hurt? Rubbish. Do him good to get some proper exercise for once." And she went inside, slamming the back door.

Andy climbed awkwardly into a low tree branch and waited, listening for the buzz of voices and the dogs to announce the arrival of their return.

He dropped off to sleep, and it was late when he woke up, but they were still not back. He slid down to the ground and went into the kitchen for a drink of water. As he emptied the mug, he heard them, and rushed outside.

Albie didn't come up to the house. Bert and the two elder boys came in, alone.

Andy stood on the back verandah, calling Skeeter. He heard the dog yelp, and he looked into the darkness, waiting for the flurry of excitement around his legs that marked Skeeter's return.

Bert came lumbering up to him, carrying something.

"Where's Skeeter?" demanded Andy, furiously.

"He's here," said Bert, putting the pup down on the verandah. Skeeter wailed, painfully.

Andy stood there, trembling with rage, not daring to look.

"We didn't do nothing," said Bert, miserably. "We didn't even know he'd come with us until we got there. And Albie's greynhound started up the King and all the other dogs started off after him, see? Well, Skeeter's running with them, too, see? And going down the creek, he put his foot in a yabbie hole and turned a somersault.

Albie reckoned he'd broken his back."

Andy crouched down beside the small, whimpering dog, touching it lightly, and wincing when the dog wailed with pain.

"Can't you do something? Isn't there anything we can do? What about ointment?" he begged, but the elder members of the family shook their heads, dolefully.

Andy crouched by the dog all night. They found him there in the morning, sleeping, one hand near the fox terrier. Bert muffled Skeeter's nose in his hand and carried him down to the back of the cowshed.

The rifle shot woke Andy. His first move was in the direction of where the dog had been when he went to sleep. And then he knew.

Andy crouched down on the floor, crying, and not caring who saw him. He was past caring, now that Skeeter had gone.

Even his mother's quick footsteps didn't rouse him. Bert explained why the kid was crying.

"Well, that's nothing," said his mother sharply. "Crying over a dog, and a poor deformed thing at that. It should have been killed when it was born and not allowed to live like that."

Andy sat up screaming.

"It was a good dog," he insisted. "Good dog be damned," said his mother callously. "Anything that's born like that ought to be killed at birth . . ."

"Then why didn't you kill me?" sobbed Andy, passionately. "Why didn't you kill me?" he demanded — and there was silence in the room.

CAVALCADE, May, 1946 101
The HIRED Man

He hadn't been in trouble for six years; but £200 was a lot of temptation for Bert.

BETTY LEE

BERT was cleaning up the straw in the stables when the boss came down to speak to him. The heavy shadow of the station-owner blotted the floor and moved slowly towards him.

"Bert," said Harron, the boss. Bert said, "Yes, boss," and threw down the pitchfork. He wiped his grimy hands on the seat of his greasy and torn pants. Harron bent down to pick up a straw. After he had bitten it thoughtfully for a moment, he spoke. "Bert, I've been hearing things about you."

"Me, boss?"

"About that time you served. I didn't know I bad a gaol-bird on the property."

Bert's eyes shifted to the floor of the stables. He kicked at a loose stone. "It was six years ago, boss. I haven't been in trouble since. Honest, Mr. Harron, I did not think it was worth mentioning to you. You seem to be a broad-minded sort of bloke."

Harron said: "I am a broad-minded bloke, Bert. That's why I like you so much. It's me that's hoping that you're broad-minded, too."

"What do you mean, boss?"

"How would you like to earn two hundred quid?"

Bert's eyes popped in the mahogany of his lined face. "Two hundred quid! For doing what?"

"For doing a job."

"That's a lot of money for a job, Mr. Harron," said Bert. "It must be pretty dangerous..."

"Just the way you look at it," said Harron. "It might be dangerous, and then again, it mightn't. If you do it properly, there'll be nothing to worry about."

Bert picked up his pitchfork again. "I haven't said I'd do it yet."

"I think you will," said Harron, and he smiled. "Just like I said. I think you're a broad-minded sort of bloke."

The boss moved over to a bale and surrendered his weight. "I want you to murder my wife," he said.

Bert was silent.

"Well?" said the Boss.

"It was robbery that I was in for," said the hired man. "I've never murdered anyone in my life."

He looked at Harron. "Why don't you do it yourself?"

"Too risky," said the Boss. "We could make it look like burglary. Papers all over the floor. You could be away by morning. I'd give the police enough wrong leads to let you get clear of the State."

"What's wrong with yourSa sus," asked Bert. He was stalling for time. He needed careful consideration. Two hundred quid was a lot of money... too much to throw away with a shake of the head. But then again, the police knew him... his name was on the files...

"What do you think's wrong with her?" Harron was saying. "Hell, she's been rotting away in that room of hers for years, she never moves... she never goes out... she's like a ball and chain around my leg. And every year she grows fatter and fatter, like a..."
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stinting, bloated purpose. I don't want her... she doesn't even want to live herself, any longer. All she wants is to eat and sleep... shovel and snore. It would be like cutting out a cancer if I could get rid of her."

Bert said: "I see your point, boss. It looks easy, it sounds easy... but a murder is a serious business, see. It's not like picking a safe or swiping a load of jewels. It needs careful planning. More than careful planning... perfect."

"Yes, I know," said Harron. "I've thought it out, Bert. Believe me, it can't miss. I've been chewing it over for months."

"Mr. Harron," said Bert, and he leaned heavily on his pitchfork. "Two hundred quid isn't to be sneezed at in my position. I'll consider the job. But, boss... that plan of yours better be good."

Harron did not want any blood. He confided to Bert that he hated the sight of blood. He preferred strangling. It was cleaner and slightly more dignified than guns or knives.

"Now, my office is next door to Esther's room," he explained to Bert. "My safe's in there, too. Fortunately, my room is on the other side of the house, so my alibi is that I didn't hear a thing. The police will suspect that Esther heard something and started to make a noise. The murderer grabbed her and got away with the money."

"I see," said Bert. "And what about these phone leads of yours?"

"Wrong description," said Harron. "There's only old John to say otherwise, and he's half blind. The cook's dumb enough to say anything I want her to. You're about six feet tall, see... fair hair and blue eyes. And your name is Jack Woods."

"That sounds good enough," agreed Bert. "All right. When?"

"Tonight. Why not tonight? The sooner the better. Come up to the house at ten-thirty. I'll give you the money, fix up the office, and you can do the job."

As he finished cleaning the stables, Bert thought: "Well, what do you know? It's murder for me now. First the cigar-store job and reform school, then the forgeries and the pickpocketing... and finally the catch-up for the Smith job. And then this bloke talks me into murder."

His fingers closed around the handle of his pitchfork. He squeezed harder and harder, until the knuckles on his hands showed white against the brown. His muscles cracked with the effort, and he tightened his lips in an agony of concentration.

"It's strangulation," he thought. "Choking. She's fat, too. Too fat. And she'll scream. Oh, God, I know she'll scream, poor wretch, and then I might feel frightened."

He threw away the fork and strode across the darkening yard to his shack. He had a bottle of whisky..."

It was ten o'clock when Harron opened the door of his safe and took out his roll of notes. Five hundred pounds in ten-pound notes, neatly clipped together with a thick rubber band.

Two hundred pounds was high pay, but when he thought of the cool breath of freedom with Esther out of the way, he quickly
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peeled the green paper from the wad and placed the two piles on the table.

Systematically, he pulled out various papers from the safe and threw them around the room. He tugged out the strong-box and left it gaping. There were a couple of opal necklaces in it belonging to Esther, and he threw them on the floor as if the thief had decided not to bother with them.

He kicked over a chair and neatly rearranged the table. Dragging at the carpet, he rucked it cleverly as though the thief had trodden over it during his hurried getaway. Then he stood back to survey his work.

Bert's knock caught him unawares. He had no idea it was so late. He darted across the room and opened the door leading to the passage. The hired man lurched in.

"You're drunk," said Harron. "Sure," said Bert. "Did you think I could do this job sober? I'm not as tough as I look." He swayed into a chair.

"The place looks pretty. You've thought of everything."

"Look here," said Harron. "I don't like this. I want this job done properly... cleanly."

"Cleanly?" echoed Bert. "That's a laugh. Who ever heard of a murder being clean?"

Harron raised his hand to his lips. "Quiet. Do you want her to hear?"

"Mr. Harron," stammered Bert. "You're magnificent! You're the whitest, straightest guy I ever met. Do you know what I'm going to do with that money?"

Harron said, shortly. "No, what?"

"I'm going to the islands. I'm going to buy a little shack in the jungle and live on coconuts and native girls."

"That's fine."

"Yes, Mr. Harron. No more stinking stations for me. No more stables and horses. I hate horses. I hate stations. I hate station-owners."

"All right, Bert," said Harron. "Now, here's your money. Two hundred quid. Do you want to count it?"

Bert shook his head groggily. "I trust you. I'd trust you anywhere. Why, Mr. Harron... I'd even trust you with my own life." He held out his hand, and Harron folded the smaller stack of notes on the table and slapped it into Bert's outstretched palm.

"Have you ever strangled anyone before?" asked Harron.

"No, I haven't, boss," said the hired man gravely. "That's one talent I haven't got."

"Look here, Bert," said Harron. "You've got to do this right. Take her by surprise... another bit first with a pillow, and then get her by the throat." He moved across to Bert and dug his thick fingers into the man's neck.

"It's here, you've got to get her," he explained. "Right here."

"I know, Mr. Harron," nodded Bert. "I get what you mean."

He lurched to his feet. "Let's go."

Harron looked excited. "Everything's arranged," he said. "You don't have to worry about a thing. I've squared the cook, and I drummed the new description into old John all afternoon... He broke off. Bert was looking greedily at the stack of notes on the table.

CAVALCADE, May, 1946 107
"More money?" the hired man mumbled.


"That's right, I have," said Bert. He patted his shirt. "Two hundred pounds. There must be more in that pile, is there?"

"A little more," agreed Harron. "Now, all you've got to do is open that door and go in."

Bert stood looking at him. The two men were silent for a moment, then the hired man snarled: "You got me into this, Harron. I've never murdered before. Not in my life. But I've got to do it now. I've got to get away. I've got to have money."

Leaping suddenly, he knocked Harron to the floor. The station owner was taken by surprise. He was about to scream, but a sharp pressure on his throat cut off his wind and he lay gurgling and spluttering beneath Bert's desperate weight. His hands flayed the air, but the hired man was bearing down on his throat with every ounce of strength he could muster. Bert exulted in his mastery.

Harron's face turned slowly red, then purple. His tongue lolled helplessly from the corner of his mouth, and his eyes popped curiously in his contorted face.

Finally, Bert staggered to his feet. He was panting. For a moment he listened to the deep, sonorous snores echoing from the next room.

Then he stuffed the second stack of notes into his shirt pocket.
FOUR men stumbled over the rough ground. They were fugitives — escapees from a prison camp who had chosen to challenge the cruel Australian bush in preference to enduring the harshness of their authority-crazed guards.

Behind them came their erstwhile captors; ahead lay the unknown — an inky blackness peopled with moving, menacing shapes — aborigines who had learnt to regard the whites as their natural enemies.

Suddenly, silently, one of the men fell — victim to a spear hurled through the night. And three men went on... The guards were closer, now; the fugitives heard them crashing through the bush, heard their shouts, and they knew that they had been seen.

They began to run. Across the stillness whipped the crack of a rifle, and another of the escapees went down.

Two men went on... two men spurred by fear of the guards, yet haunted by the ghostly shapes which were beginning to surround them. Then one of the remaining convicts, hands upraised in surrender, turned back to meet the guards. And now, William Buckley went on alone. Night gave way to day, and under the fiery sun Buckley stumbled on. Again came night — an unfriendly night in which black shadows came even closer.

The guards, knowing that the bush and the aborigines held little hope for a lone white man, returned to camp. But the flitting shadows remained.

Buckley was stumbling now, often falling, as his weary legs
conquered his will. But doggedness and the primal instinct to live urged him on.

His foot struck a root, and he fell heavily. Rising, he sought a sturdy stick to assist him over the ground.

The blacks, conscious of helplessness, approached scornfully — indeed, sent only two women to take him captive. As the women drew near, they stopped and stared at him with awe-stricken eyes. Then, chattering, they returned to their men.

The men, too, came and stared at the tall white man. Presently, they brought him food and water, and signed to him to be at peace.

It was many, many months before Buckley knew enough of their language to understand why he had suddenly been accepted among them. That Murrangurk, their brother, had died and according to the custom of the tribe, had been buried with his spear raised above his grave.

Had not the tall man come to them carrying that very spear, so that the legend that their brother would return as white men had been fulfilled?

Thus, by a strange quirk of fate — Buckley's Chance — he had been saved from death...

Charles

Stanford came to Australia to participate in the Victorian goldrush of the '80s. He died, a reprimed convict, over 20 years later. And he left behind him a monument conceived in frustration and achieved by perseverance.

Stanford was a difficult prisoner — perhaps because the future held little hope, for his sentence totalled 22 years. A stonemason by trade, he was put to work digging bluestone at Pentridge Gaol; but as unmanageable as he was by day, his nights were spent in peace, and the slate in his cell was covered with drawings.

The gaol chaplain, eager to encourage, spent many hours with him; and by way of repayment, Stanford presented him a with a minute statue carved from a hone he had found in his stew.

As a result of the gift, Stanford was asked by the Governor for an assurance that he would not attempt to escape, and when the promise was given, he was allowed to work on his carvings without interference. More — Charles Summers, one of the foremost sculptors in the colony, was brought to Pentridge in order to give Stanford instruction.

Stanford became a model prisoner, for he was inspired by one burning ambition: to create an intricate fountain. So, for two years, he labored at the work he loved. Slowly, from the unhelpful bluestone, the fountain was taking shape.

News of his skill spread beyond the prison walls, and a movement for his release was initiated. Eventually, he was released, but he returned to the gaol almost daily to complete the fountain. Then at last, it was done... a solid, honest work of beautiful execution.

Stanford presented it to the Government. But the ex-convict was dying — a victim of the fine dust which had flown from beneath his chisel in his frantic endeavours to complete his work before being claimed by death. And today, the fountain stands as his monument in Spring Street, Melbourne.

She was a dancing teacher — and a good teacher, at that. But her own ability as a dancer was slight — certainly not enough to carry her to fame.

There was one other thing she could do well: she could sing. Her repertoire was good, and her ambition was to sing in Grand Opera.

Finally, she gave up the dancing school, accepted a loan from her family, and went to New York. There, she found a teacher — a little waif who was with a repute for making stars. His fee was high, and she confessed that she wasn't rich; generously, he offered to give her an audition. If it was successful, he would teach her at half his usual fee.

Gentilly, he played the opening notes of an aria from Madame Butterfly, and she took up the song. When she had finished, he looked at her in a friendly manner. Yes, her voice was good, her control perhaps better than most. But she would never make an opera star!

Disappointed, she told him of her ambitions. How she had forsaken her dancing school in order to attain them. And the famous professor to whom the production of opera stars was a commonplace event, gave her some strange advice: he told her to concentrate on popular music... on swing and torch songs.

He advised her to go to a music store and study the latest song-bits, to practise singing them for there was that quality in her voice which even he, an opera enthusiast, recognized as being perfect for torch-singing.

He was right. Today the girl is a Broadway and Hollywood star... a girl who sought fame in the world of opera and found it in stead in that of swing.

Her name is Mary Martin.

GOLD from mineral salts!

There was frank disbelief in the eyes of most of the men who crowded into Herr Doktor Sem-

CAVALCADE, May, 1946
He had already shown them some gold which, he said, he had produced from salts... tiny flakes of gold which he had found on the bottom of the jar in which he had conducted his experiments. The first time he had achieved the miracle, he had remained silent, for he knew that his claim would be ridiculed; but when he had performed the feat half a dozen times, he had told friends of his discovery.

The men stood around in silence, watching Semler as he tested water to ensure its purity; as he tipped in the salts; as he placed the jar on the stove. Then they sealed the door to make sure that no trickery would be used.

The following day, after having agreed that the seals were intact, they entered the room. They stopped short in amazement... for on the bottom of the jar were scattered, tiny yellow flakes! Gold!

Semler tipped out the water and collected the minute flakes. He handed them around to the others. Suddenly a ripple of laughter ran through the assembly: this was not gold, but brass!

Semler was bewildered. He could only reiterate that in all his previous experiments the gold had been there... had not they seen it with their own eyes? Perhaps he had not used enough salts; he would try again.

This time, the jar contained no metal at all. Laughing, scoffing, the others quit the room, leaving Semler in his despair.

Semler died shortly after, heart-broken. For his wife confessed that in order that he would not be disappointed by failure, she had bought gold leaf and placed it in the jar; then, when she could no longer afford gold, she had secured brass.

** * * * * *

[Image of Charles Dickens]

IN London, in the early part of the last century, there lived a journalist named Charles Whitehead. He was well-practiced in his craft, and consequently, demand for his work exceeded his capacity. One day, to Whitehead came an artist, seeking a writer to build stories around his drawings. Would Whitehead himself care to undertake the task?

The journalist was regretful, but firm; he had not the time to accept the commission. The artist thought for a moment, and said:

"Then, can you help me? Can you suggest a man to whom I might go?"

The journalist picked up a pen and scribbled a name on a piece of paper.

"This is your man," he said, "and he should accept the job. He is a struggling young writer of definite talent."

When the artist looked at the slip he read the name Charles Dickens. The struggling young writer...
accepted the task with enthusiasm. When a sample story had been prepared, the artist's doubts vanished, to be replaced by delight. Here was a man whose writings, he was sure, would not merely entertain his generation, but many generations to come.

From the moment it was published the book was an outstanding success. Dickens wrote another book, and again he was received with acclamation. Thus began the career of the greatest writer of the age.

But what of Whitehead, the man to whom Dickens' success was indirectly due... the man whose name might have appeared on the title leaf of Pickwick Papers?

Soon after publication of the classic, he came to Australia to join the staff of Melbourne Punch. But his career was spectacular. He wrote nothing of great worth, and he died in such obscurity that neither the date of his death nor the place in which he rests have been recorded...


THE traffic on Fifth Avenue was heavy, but he was an impetuous man to whom thought and action were finely divided. He wanted to cross the street, and started to do so.

Suddenly, there was the squeal of brakes... When the visitor to New York awoke, he was in hospital.

He tried to move his head, but the pain which shot through him warned against a second attempt. The doctor who saw him later told him that he had been struck by a truck, and that his condition was serious; fifteen bones in his body had been broken, and he had suffered an internal haemorrhage. What were his chances? the man asked. And the doctor told him that he would have to fight.

For days, the injured man clung to life, refusing to surrender to the death which would have released him from pain. Then the tide turned. He was still in danger, and the doctors urged him to remain quiet. To their amazement, he asked that a competent stenographer be sent to the room.

The stenographer came. At the end of the first day, she had filled two notebooks, and was told to return the next day.

The article which the man dictated was called "My New York Adventure," and before he had reached convalescence, he had sold it for £750.

Those who saw him perform the task were amazed at his fortitude; to him, it was just an ordinary job; but to the world it had greater significance... for it was an example of the indomitable spirit, which, many years after, he was to instil in a nation which also came close to death.

For the patient was Winston Churchill.

Many people going into middle age note a slowing down of the healthy bladder action of youth. While this is to be expected to a degree, if frequent and poor kidney action is experienced, nature may be warning that there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

The kidneys are nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous wastes out of the blood. They help most people eliminate about three pints a day.

An excess of acids or poisonous matter in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling and puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't delay! Ask your chemist or store for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant-diuretic used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doans are a special medicine for the kidneys and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous wastes from the blood.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE FOR

DOAN'S

Backache Kidney Pills
Talking Points

"Cover Girl" If being married to Bob Dyer, of radio fame, makes DOLLY MACK a hill-jilly, then we are pleased to bow our head in modest recognition for having coined a phrase. Time was when Dolly was with the Tivoli ballet, but in accepting Bob for a spouse, she also accepted the duties of script-writer of his radio shows.

Dolly weighs 9 stone, which is newly distributed over her 5ft 6 inches of highly-appealing framework.

Purely as a trick to make you feel that you know our contributors intimately we give you these few notes on the men who helped us make this issue. MERVYN ANDREWS (Where Did You Get That Hat? p. 16) was a bush boy who came to the city to become a law clerk, and then turned to freelance journalism as a much more exciting way to earn an honest penny. After a few years, he sought new adventure and joined the Permanent Army in 1940; on his discharge in 1945, returned to writing. FREDERICK T. SMITH, who peps through the Canberra key-hole each month and tells readers of his observations was for many years Chief of an international news agency in the Federal Capital. Any resemblance between the literary style of MICHAEL NOONAN (Mother's Day, p. 54) and that of another CAVALCADE contributor, BILLY MOLONEY is purely a family matter, for Mike is Bill's nephew.

Trouble, trouble Bang-a-top this day's mail was the following communication:

"I read, with interest, the article The Technique of Rattler Riding, in the February issue of CAVALCADE. Being on the train when I read it, I discussed it with a fellow passenger, and one thing led to another with the result that I bet him I could travel to the city the next day without paying my fare.

"I won the $1, but I am a little more than $1 out of pocket, due to being fined for fare-evadement. Please do not publish any more articles of this type."

Feeling pretty sorry for the writer, we attempted to refer his letter to the author of the article, D'ARCY NELSON, who in his youth had a penchant for hopping trains. We were informed, however, that D'Arcy is on the way to New Zealand by boat. We were not able to learn whether the old habit had come back to him and he was traveling stowage, or not.

But in the event of our receiving a manuscript titled The Art of Stowing Away we were fairly passengers that we accept no responsibility for their subsequent actions.

PREVIEW: Mr. RANDELL (Christian name: Ronald) went to Hollywood and next month tells CAVALCADE readers of what he euphemistically calls "My Career in the celluloid City." Our title of the article is Just the Boy Hollywood Wanted.

If you're planning to jump the next boat for San Francisco, better wait until you've read his story. It may save you money. And disappointment. Incidentally, he writes just as easily as he plays the name part in the film, Smithy.

Good news to know that Jantzen is making Sports Jackets again — like this one in fine rib-stitch wool, with its snug fitting, adjustable waistband and the yoke specially designed to give you ample freedom of movement.

Not so good to find that Jantzen supplies of men's knitwear are still very restricted, even though the Jantzen machines are whirring their fastest to keep up with the demand. Your new Jantzen will be worth waiting for!

Jantzen Knitwear for Women
Jantzen makes a special feature of smartly designed and finely tailored knitwear for women too — but the only trouble is Jantzen stocks are still very limited.

"Finely tailored for perfect fit!"
How about a breather . . .
Have a Coca-Cola

There's one deal in the game when everybody wins. That's when the host says 'have a Coke.' Everybody welcomes the time when refreshment joins the party. Ice-cold Coca-Cola is one of the good things of life that belongs in your family refrigerator. Next time you shop, don't forget Coca-Cola - the drink that has made the pause that refreshes a national custom - a friendly little moment on the sunny side of things.

-or refreshment joins the game

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