Miss Noel McGlinchey, of Toorak, Victoria, winner of CAVALCADE’S nation-wide Cover Girl Quest.

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ARTICLES

It's Cold in the Morgue       W. Kinnear Robertson  4
Violinist Who Plays for Laughs D. K. Lane          8
Every Crook, His Own Stoolpigeon A Crime Reporter  12
The Selection on Wheels      George Farrell        16
Aqu—The Athlete's Enemy       W. G. Delany         20
Tar and Feathers for a Con Man Adam Francis         24
The Loneliest Men in Botany Bay J. Griffen-Foley    28
Buffalo Hunting Shinks        Neville Fortescue     54
How to be a Successful Lover  Paul Popnow          58
I Humped the Bluey            Read Taylor          62

FICTION

You Lose, Sister              Silas Teece           38
Digger, Take a Wife           Cedric R. Mentiplay  43
Long Complete Story—The Girl Breaks a Safe Roderick Thew  87

FEATURES

Personally Speaking           34
Passing Sentences             37
Neigh-bore                  50-52
Medicine on the March         53
The Home of Today            66-72
Cavalcade's Cover Girl Quest 74-77
Photographic                 78-83
Problem of the Month          84
Gems from the Cavalcade Storyteller 108-116
Cartoons                     7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 33, 41, 45, 48, 57, 61, 63

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The body was taken to the morgue.

You see the phrase, with its dreadful blow of finality about it, at the end of a newspaper story of murder, suicide, or street mutilation.

The story of the shooting, of the torn and broken bodies in the car accident, of the girl who found peace in the gas-filled kitchen, of the small boy drowned in a muddy pit, of the toddler who fell into a cauldron of scalding water, and the chapter is closed with journalistic brevity.

The body was taken to the morgue. Just that. Nothing more.

But should you wonder what happens at the morgue, or what the morgue is like, come with me. Few have the opportunity of going behind the scenes of this clearing house of violent crime and accident. It certainly has an average of 1250 visitors a year, but they all are past knowing or caring about their surroundings. They arrive in a variety of conveyances, ambulance, undertaker’s wagon, private car; but none walks. They are beyond human aid, and their destination is the morgue because a doctor has refused to give a certificate that death had resulted from natural causes.

To visit the morgue in an observant capacity you go first to the Coroner’s Court and see City Coroner Stewart. He is a mild and pleasant gentleman. You ask his permission to see through the morgue for the purpose of writing an article. He says:

"By all means, but there’s nothing much to see. Anyhow, tell the caretaker you have my permission to be shown through.”

You go through the back way at the court, and down a flight of old stone steps. You locate the caretaker housed in his wooden sentry box keeping watch over the living while his worn face and red-rimmed eyes tell of a tryst he has kept these many years with death.

The morgue is not ten paces away. It is an old and wretched building of perhaps sixty feet by thirty. There are windows through which not even the sun is permitted to peer.

The caretaker swings the door and you follow. You are in the morgue. You see seven slabs which might be made of porcelain but which aren’t. They are about four feet from the ground and they slope a little. At the lower end there are holes bored in circular fashion through which the blood drains.

The first two slabs are vacant, the next five are occupied. Sightless eyes staring at the ceiling. The caretaker is reluctant to discuss the bodies, not you imagine from any feeling of delicacy. He has been too long in close partnership with the dead. However...

The first body is that of a young girl. She may have been twenty. Her features are composed and peaceful. There is even the faint suggestion of a smile about her mouth. You are reminded of the world-famous death mask made from the face and head of a girl recovered from the Seine.

But this young woman was not drowned. She had filled her kitchen with gas and there died. Why she had chosen that way out of life, or why she had ceased to want to live may be known when the inquest is held. But it is too early yet. She was only found the previous night.

You pass to the next, and you can only imagine what fearful death this man had died. His arms and legs are heavily bandaged, and his head is swathed in bloody lint. All you know is that there had been a car accident. The inquest will tell the story, and perhaps someone will be present charged with manslaughter.

The next is a thin-middle-aged man, so short that his up-turned toes are more than a foot away from the end of the slab. He has a stubble of beard on his pointed chin, and there is a neat bullet hole above his right ear. Suicide, no doubt, but you do not know for sure.

Then there is a boy of about fourteen. Life had been crushed out of him when a lorry had pinned him against a brick wall. Pain and fright are still stamped on his features. You can imagine you can hear the scream that died on his bloodless lips, and you can imagine, too, that you can see the grief-bent shoulders of his father as he passes out of the morgue after identifying the broken body of his son.

The last was once a finely built man, but all you see now are charred remains. He had been trapped in his overturned car and burnt to an agonising death. And while you imagined you saw the father of the crushed boy, there is no imagination here. Someone is being brought into the morgue by a policeman. He is a young man of fine physique and he has come to identify the body of the hapless soul whose life was burnt away. Tight-lipped and with his jaw muscles sticking out like knobs he looks at the blackened frame.

"That’s him,” he says. "That’s Ted.”

The constable takes the brother gently by the arm and leads him from the grisly sight he had been compelled to see.
“All fresh ones this morning,” comments the caretaker. He leads on to a doorless room at the end of the building where you see another slab, unoccupied. Near at hand is an array of surgical instruments. They are not shining on white towels in glass cases, but are lying loosely on shelves. There is no need to worry about sepsis when you’re carving up the dead.

“They hold the post-mortems here,” says the caretaker.

A few minutes later you are outside, smelling with enjoyment the fresh air. But there is an uneasy feeling in the pit of your stomach. You have a whisky and soda with a friend, and you tell him you’ve been to the morgue. He says:

“I can smell it.” And you realise there is a peculiar odor in your nostrils, and that your clothes smell of musty hay. It is, of course, the smell of death. Perhaps that is the reason why the caretaker’s fingers are black with nicotine.

In the performance of an autopsy the law demands that the medical officer open three cavities—the skull for examination of the brain (a cerebro-haemorrhage may be discovered when death was first thought to have been due to other causes), the chest, and the stomach. Sometimes the organs are replaced, while at others, they are sent for Government analysis or to the medical school at the university.

The corpse is then sewn up with more dispatch and less neatness than would occur in an operating theatre. There is no reason why it should be otherwise. To give the skull a more realistic appearance it has been known to stuff the brain cavity with cotton wool when that once-useful organ was required for other purposes.

The police naturally play a considerable part in all cases of violent death and Government Medical Officers, in the country particularly, depend on them to a great extent. Police often attend the post-mortems and in some cases actually assist in their conduct.

Adepts as they are in the observance of regulations, the police are frequently in a position to indicate to the doctor what portions of the viscera are required by the Health Department. In cases of poisoning it is not unusual for country doctors to forward only the stomach and contents after all traces of the poison have left the stomach. Obviously this would not be a great help to the analyst, and may give a murderer more than a fair start.

To finish this story of death and post-mortem, it may be interesting to know the difference between an inquest and a Coroner’s inquiry or investigation. It is an inquest when someone has been, is about to be, or at some later date might be charged with murder or manslaughter. It is an inquiry or investigation when the coroner has decided that there is nothing of a criminally suspicious nature about the death.
VIOLINIST WHO PLAYS FOR
laughs

Funnyman Bentley is a few notes short of being a violin virtuoso.

RICHARD Bentley became a comedian for two reasons, one of which was money.

The other was that he could play the violin like Heifetz, but using fewer notes; the clamour like Benny Goodman, but using even fewer notes; and could sing with a voice which resembled Coward's more closely than Coward's.

Thus he was stuck with more potential talent than he knew what to do with—and by combining all of them in a straight effort to entertain the customers he was somewhat less successful than Heifetz, Goodman or Coward.

One day he discovered that the musicians with whom he played in an amateur dance band preferred to hear him talk rather than play, and he began to suspect that he was funny as a monkey cage. So he became a comedian.

He retained his other accomplishments as supplements to his comic talk, and soon found (like Jack Benny) that it was funnier to threaten to play the violin than actually play it. This is a comic operation also practised by W. C. Fields, who once said his funniest act was to make ready to hit a golf ball for 20 minutes—and walk off the stage without ever hitting it, thus defining a principle of comedy: "The funniest thing a comedian can do is not to do it."

Bentley's first venture into solo entertainment was in cabaret work, where, he says, the customer is always tight. It was there he learned that audiences are composed almost completely of simple-at-heart folk whose sympathies are with the underdog, and by developing that half-hurt, half-bewildered look made famous by Chaplin he had the battle won before he said a word.

His appearance helped. He had the lean and hungry look and the audience felt it would be thoroughly unfair to refrain from clapping a comic who palpably had one foot in the grave. He raised the other foot to the ladder of success by getting a job on the A.B.C. as a mimic, and got so used to speaking like Coward that he thought seriously about writing an opus or two. He even had the title for one—"Bitter Sweet"—and was profoundly disappointed to find that another character named Coward or Bentley or something had written it first.

His radio appearance with Gladys Moncrieff in "The Gingerlee" brought him a stage offer from J. C. Williamson's to play in "Wild Violets" as juvenile lead. Around 1938 he decided that any country that had helped make Noel Coward very rich could also afford to maintain Bentley. Within a fortnight of arriving in London he was back in cabaret work. At the Coconut Grove, Cafe Anglais, Chez Henri and Quagliauo's, he worked so hard that he was, in his own words, ready to stand in for a ghost.

He had already auditioned twice for the B.B.C. without success. He got a third audition, was asked by Charles Shadwell, director of variety, why he had not tried before, and while thinking out an appropriate answer was offered parts in six current features.

One of these shows, "You Asked for It"—a listeners-request programme—made him front-page news. He feels he would have made the headlines anyway, because the incident that made him news-worthy caused him to take moody walks along the Thames Embankment, the suicide's row.

When a listener requested Formby's "Cleaning Windows" he discovered that it was on the banned list and chattily remarked that evidently the window's were not clean enough yet—a simple enough comment for most people perhaps, but one which did not take into account the affection in which the listening public held its favorite comedian.

Like the poet Leigh Hunt, but for a different reason, Bentley woke up next morning to find himself famous. He opened his morning paper to read the banner headline: B.B.C. Insults Comedian. In the meantime the telephones at "The Big House"—Bentley's title for the sound institution—had run hot as operators recorded protests against "Mr. Bentley's ill-chosen remark." Mr. Formby himself was no less hurt.

"That song," he said sadly, "sold nearly 200,000 records, and I sang it at a Royal command performance. If the B.B.C. doesn't like my song, they ought to shut their mouths and not say anything. I shall certainly take advice about the matter and it is not going to end here."

Peace returned to Broadcasting House when both Bentley and the B.B.C. expressed regrets to Formby, and that was that—except that "You Asked for It," which had been pulling a mail of about 50 letters each week, had now to be weighed instead of counted. With 4,000 letters weekly it became the B.B.C.'s most prolific mail-getter. And Dick Bentley received official forgiveness to the extent that he was among the 50-odd top-line artists who were formed into a company taken to Bristol to enliven the evenings of blacked-out England.

His fellow artists included Flanagan and Allan, Evelyn Laye, Clapham and Dwyer, Tommy Trinder and Leslie Hutchinson,
Near panic, he told the audience he had a very, very small note to read, and under cover of his cigarette case tried frantically to remember what it was all about. If his attempt created any diversion from the real plot, no one in the audience noticed it sufficiently to comment.

He considers that the test of a funny man's funniness is vaudeville.

"After all," he says, "the radio listener's seat costs him nothing but the customer at a vaudeville show is conscious that his seat cost him plenty. Sometimes I felt so sorry for the patrons in the stalls that I allotted each gag a monetary value—and if the total didn't amount to the cost of the seat, I'd throw in a few more gags."

During the war Bentley took time off to tour the Southwest Pacific area with singer Pauline Garneck and pianist Mamin Red. In a 28-day trip which carried him 10,000 miles he gagged his way through 45 shows, sometimes playing to an audience of 14,000, other times to a scant half-dozen—hospital patients who otherwise wouldn't have had a show.

"Tropical Times," a multigraphed new sheet issued by the U.S. forces, said: "Bentley is a ringer for Bob Hope. He looks much like the Yank comedian, and his humor is as fast and breezy. Unlike Hope, Bentley has a good singing voice."

One of the three reasons which brought Bob Hope to this country was, according to Hope, to see the man who pinched his gags. Bentley, interviewing him for Cinemound news reel, denied that he used Hope's jokes; then, having congratulated Hope on his suit, asked him where he got it.

"Chicago," replied the American, and Bentley said: "And where were you at the time?"

Which may not be uproariously funny, except that the gag was one on which Hope had risen to fame.

Bentley keeps no gag file, believing that the best way to be funny is to ad lib, and the best way to ad lib is to know all the answers. His memory, not so good in most matters, is a storehouse for thousands of gags, any of which may come to him when needed. When he first started to write comic scripts it took him eight hours to write a four-minute "spot," it still takes him roughly the same time.

For his current commercial programmes his scripts are prepared by writers Fred Parsons and Alex MacDonald, who conceive a situation and write into it the appropriate gags. From Thursday to Monday Bentley ponders over the script, taking out material or adding to it to mould it to his own personality. On Monday morning he has a first reading with the producer, at which more alterations may be made, and from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. on Tuesday he rehearses with the rest of the cast. Even during rehearsal an inspirational gag may cause a last-minute change, and Bentley never misses a chance to ad lib, if inspired, while the show is being recorded.

It is almost traditional that beneath the garb of the clown beats the heart of a great and serious artist. That's the way it is with Dick Bentley. Rarely performing publicly on the violin, he still plays it at home with the concentration of Heifetz. He pampers it with the care that would be lavished on a Strad and when he takes it from its case unwraps many yards of silk wrapping.

"After all," he says, "I do play the clarinet better than Heifetz and the violin better than Goodman!"
A Crime Reporter

EVERY CROOK HIS OWN STOOGES

All criminals unconsciously leave a personal signature on the job.

A HOUSEHOLDER was awakened by a burglar and tackled him in the dark. The citizen had a tight hold of the thief's coat but the man slipped out of the coat and escaped.

When the police arrived the only clues they had were the burglar's sports coat and a tram ticket in one of the pockets. Tramway officials were able to tell on what tramline, and for which section, the ticket had been issued.

Detectives then went to what is called the Modus Operandi section of the Criminal Investigation Branch, Sydney, and looked up what burglars lived in the area about that tram section.

They got photographs of these men—and one of them was wearing in his rogues' gallery portrait the very sports coat left in the householder's hand. When the mug was arrested he nearly collapsed from astonishment, for he had failed to reckon with one of the criminologist's most valuable weapons in his war against crime.

It is a fact recognised all over the world that all criminals in the act of crime unconsciously leave certain tell-tale giveaways in the very method of going about their crime. The modus operandi, the criminologist knows, betray the crook—those Latin words meaning "the mode of operation."

A perfect illustration was a burglary in a Sydney suburb, when detectives saw a puddle in a corner of the lounge room Modus operandi records revealed that a certain burglar had committed this unclean act on other occasions. His home was searched and there was the stolen property—all because his trademark was recognised.

No matter how experienced the criminal may be there is always some personal peculiarity about his method of operation to identify him with the crime. He seems to develop a style early in his life of crime and it is remarkable that he seldom departs from it throughout his career.

For instance one burglar will always force the back window of a house, another a side window, another a door. A certain thief will always steal jewellery, another clothing or money. Others who break and enter cannot resist eating fruit or food, and others will always drink the householder's whisky, or milk.

Confidence men will always tell dupes the same story, have the same manner of approach. False pretenders will invariably give the same particulars when passing their valueless cheques to different persons.

Long ago detectives realised that if the personal peculiarities of all criminals could be tabbed and indexed investigation would be much easier. With this object the Modus Operandi section was instituted at the Sydney C.I.B.

In 1931 the New South Wales Police Commissioner went abroad to study police methods at Scotland Yard and in America. On his return he introduced the Modus Operandi section—known to police generally as the "M.O."—and from a modest beginning it has grown to one of the most important branches of the Police Department.

Under genial, well-liked Sergeant Les. Moore a staff of 14 men and seven women have a full-time job of recording all known details of the thousands of criminals who have at one time or other operated in N.S.W. as well as particulars of thousands of suspects.

Along the walls on the first floor of the C.I.B. are fireproof cabinets which contain information invaluable to detectives.

Apart from the classification of the "trademarks" or peculiarities of all known felons there are particulars of known and suspected abortionists, records of lost or stolen articles, criminals who are continually consorting, drug addicts and pedlars, details of all jewellers' repair marks, motor vehicles used by criminals, nicknames of criminals, occupations followed by criminals, and records of all murders and other serious crimes for years past.

Each police officer is obliged to forward to the Modus Operandi section all information he gathers concerning the movements of criminals and suspects, and of all offences reported to him. The information is carefully recorded and indexed.

When an officer is detailed to an investigation one of the first things he does is to find out what information is available at the M.O. Often the information obtained there shortens his work—often conveys to him the name of the offender.

All valueless cheques are photographed and the signatures carefully classified. When detectives are investigating such a case an expert at the M.O. will compare the writing on the dud cheque with that of known offenders who have previously passed valueless cheques. Mostly the expert tells the detective the identity of the offender.

A sample of every jeweller's repair mark is filed and often watches and jewellery are traced to the owner from knowing what jeweller repaired the article.

Often the nickname of a person doing a crime is known and the records restrict suspicion to those persons who go by that name. Criminals borrow nicknames on each other—or on themselves—
ARTURO Toscanini, famed conductor, turned down Hollywood riches because he feared the movies would distort his artistry. But during the war he made one film short for the U.S. Office of War Information. It could not be shown in America until he gave permission to release the short for the benefit of the Red Cross. Toscanini leads the NBC Symphony in the overture to Verdi's "La Forza del Destino," in "Hymn of the Nations," a Verdi composition which gives the short its title, the orchestra is joined by a tenor and the Westminster Choir. The conductor is reported to be even more impressive in the film than in the flesh—a little man with a wild shock of white hair. It is like a benign halo, but you can understand from the fierce eye that he darts at the men behind their music desks why he can do such wonders with an orchestra—the greatest conductor in the world today.

and there are several cases on record where arrests have been made only because of the nickname of the offender being indexed.

A factory was robbed and the crook could not resist leaving his vaunt: "The Spider strikes again!" His note was the only clue. "Who is The Spider?" the investigating detective asked the M.O.—and the records supplied the answer, for he was known as The Spider and had been caught before. Such was the ego of the criminal that he tipped himself up. They swooped on him at three o'clock in the morning and hauled him from his bed. About that hour a man's vitality and resistance are at their lowest ebb, so that detectives have a maxim: "Catch 'em on the roost."

Occupations have also solved crimes. To assume a certain trade or profession is the stock-in-trade of many criminals. One will always state he is an army officer, another that he is a sea captain, others that they are doctors, and so on, and when a detective learns that a crime-doer stated he was of a certain profession he looks up the occupation cards to see what offenders operate in such a manner. The suspects are reduced to a few and from then on the investigation is usually easy.

Tattoos, scars, deformities, and peculiarities of walking or speaking are recorded in the card indexes. Often the victim notices some peculiarity about the offender and the indexes point to a limited number of suspects.

An outstanding example was when a man committed rape. The only description the girl could give was his approximate age and the certain design tattooed on him. A search of the peculiar-appearance cards revealed one man who had such a tattoo and it was proved he had committed the crime. He went to jail.

On another occasion a man reached into a tram and snatched a woman's handbag. She did not see his face but she noticed a pecu-
OLD DAN is much the type you'll strike anywhere around the bush, with a better swag of yarns than most, because it seems as if the soil suits them better in the far west, the slow old Darling being a kind of border between the modern world and the old days.

"Did I ever tell you," Old Dan says, slipping a wink, "of the Selection on Wheels? Richest thing ever put over the government, I reckon . . ."

When Old Dan laughs you hear a queer, harsh rattle that begins away back in his throat, bubbling up till he seems to be fighting for breath. His small glittering eyes roll, heavy lids half-closing; but suddenly you find he has been watching you, sharp as a galah.

"No, I never heard that one," says the Schoolmaster, squatting bushman style beneath a big-boiled river gum. "What size selection was that?"

"No, it's as true as God made little mules," Dan says. "Course, you got to go back a long way. To the times when three parts of the country were dummying for the rest that'd got the land . . ."

"Dummying, was it?" the Schoolmaster says. "Now I can tell you a few things about that game . . ."

"I'm telling you about the Selection on Wheels," Old Dan says tartly, determined not to lose his option on the talk. He knows his mate's passion for facts, statistics, endless historical detail, which presumably accounts for his name, for it is doubtful if the lean and desiccated old Darling whaler has ever attended anything but a two-up school.

"What sort of wheels?" asks the Schoolmaster, nettled.

"Plain ordinary wheels. The squatters fixed them on to a two-roomed shack. Then, whenever they want to shift they bring out a bullock team, and away they go. But stop interrupting. I'm telling you . . ."

Then Old Dan starts to tell what you probably know as well as the Schoolmaster keeps saying he does, about Sir John Robertson's Free Selection Bill of 1861, about how it was designed to break the land monopoly of the handful of squatters, throwing the back country open to the small selector. Well, it didn't work out that way, for the Big Fellow found other means of holding on to the land. He put up his own men to buy the selections, sometimes paying his dummies for their trouble, sometimes letting them stay there for a time, running the place in his interest.

It was a group of such squatters which thought up the simple, foolproof scheme of the Selection on Wheels.

"You see," old Dan says, "the trouble was this: having your dummies buy up the land for you wasn't enough. The Act says you've got to put in improvements, or some other cove'll come along and take it off you. What's more, the selector's got to be a bona fide resident, and that means you've got to build a shack to live in . . ."

"That's where the wheels come into it, see?" This lot of squatters has about a score of dummies standing in for them. They don't want the expense of building 20 shacks, so whenever they hear the government inspector's on his rounds they bring out the dinkum-looking shack on wheels . . ."

The Schoolmaster begins again, doggedly; "Lot of coves did well out of dummying. I was a mug not to have it on myself. Could've, y' know. Well, it weren't honest exactly . . ."

"You'd reckon the government inspector'd cotton on to it," Dan says, "wouldn't you?"

"Some coves get away with murder," says the Schoolmaster. "Look at Smoky Joe, just across the Darling: Some cove puts him on a selection, runs up improvements—fencing, a tidy little homestead. After three years the squatter comes along and says, 'Riggins,' he says, 'you done a good job, Jack. You can pack up now.' Not on your life, says Jack, 'I'm doing all right. Shift me if you can.' Ghost, he's still there . . ."

"The Selection on Wheels didn't work out that way," says Dan, fighting back. "Big coves were too shrewd. But they were blankly near rubbishcd once. If you'd stop interrupting . . ."

Old Dan tells us everything, excepting the right names of the people concerned and exactly where it happened, because he reckons there's no point opening up old sores.

"The coves that done it were mostly gone now," he says, "and the families they left are decent folk, working their land as honest as anyone. I don't hold with this notion that coves have got to pay for the sins of their fathers, not when they don't know there's been anything out of place. Besides, if the government inspector's too much of a blooming goat to wake up . . ."

About once a year the inspector went round the selections to see everything was according to the law, looking over the improvements, checking up on whether the right man was living there. But the squatters had the whip hand, for there weren't many
pubs and they always invited the inspector to put up at the homestead. They even offered a sulky or horse to do his rounds, primed him up with plenty of tucker, brought out their scotch or rum. So maybe he didn’t look too closely at the selections.

His host would say: “How'd you get on yesterday?”

“Fine,” the inspector would say, wrapping himself round his steak and eggs. “Went out to Tom Brown’s place” (Brown, of course, being one of the squatter’s dummies) “and he showed me over the selection. He’s got a decent style of shack. I’ll go over to the Whites’ selection today.”

The squatter would pass the word on to Jacky, the aboriginal bullocky, who would take his team to Brown’s place, put the wheels on the shack, and away to the Whites’. When the inspector arrived he would find exactly the same shack standing in the centre of the Whites’ paddock, with the same kerosene-tin bucket outside, the same black billy and frying pan, the same bucket off ashes in the fireplace.

The inspector would turn up at a third selection. But Jacky and his bullocks would be there first, and everything in order: the shack, bucket, billy and frying pan, ashes in the fireplace.

“Well, you wouldn’t credit it,” old Dan says, rolling his small glittering eyes, “but the govt. inspector swallowed it all, lock, stock and blanky barrel . . .”

“I’ve known some dummies put over roughs,” the Schoolmaster starts, but old Dan is too quick for him.

“But the richest thing of all’s this,” he says. “One day a surveyor comes through and he strikes a section at the foot of a fertile ridge that looks pretty good. It’s got a creek running through it, and water’s scarcer than rum. ‘This’ll do,’ he says, and he puts in the govt. for the selection.

“When they get word of it half the district’s after this selection. There’s no other permanent water for 50 miles. There’s that many applicants for the block—all of ’em swearing blind they were first on to it, putting up the most wonderful yarns, greasing palms and perjuring their souls—that the govt. finds itself properly boxed.

“Well, the shrewdest of all’s the owners of the shack on wheels and bullock team . . . and, of course, their dummies. For a long time they look just like getting it. Just to make sure they plant the shack there, kerosene-tin bucket, black billy and frying pan, bucket of ashes in the fireplace, an’ all . . .”

“And they got away with it, don’t tell us,” interrupts the Schoolmaster.

“That’s where you’re wrong,” Dan says. “After a lot of arguing the toos, the surveyor gets the selection. He reckons he’s on to something even better than he bargained for, seeing that, when he moves in, there’s a shack already built for him, sprung up by magic.”

“You’re not going to tell me,” I says, “they let the surveyor get away with it?”

“Well, they did and they didn’t. The queer harsh rattle in Dan’s throat begins again. “The dummy tries to get back the shack, but the new cove’s not having any. He settles in, then starts furnishing. He buys a new billy and frying pan, and a new bucket instead of the old kerosene tin . . . and the owners and dummies and Jacky the bullocky are all standing off, wondering what in hades they are going to do. They waited all winter, sweating on the surveyor to shift camp.

“Then the summer comes. He’s got a swag of work around the district, and away he goes, carrying his theodolite. When he comes back for the weekend the shack’s gone. He has to camp that night in the open . . .”

“I know what I’d have done,” begins the Schoolmaster.

“Oh, no, you don’t,” old Dan corrects him. “Because there wasn’t anything to be done. A few weeks later the surveyor drives past a new selection 20 miles off. Some cove’s put in a dummy, of course . . . and what does he see? Stone it, there’s his own shack. There’s a bucket, and a billy and a frying pan outside it. And not the old blackened ones, neither.”

“I’d soon have fixed him,” says the Schoolmaster.

“Oh, no, you wouldn’t,” old Dan corrects him. “You see, the dummy’s a big powerful cove, with fists on him like a bullock’s knucklebones. The surveyor just shrugs his shoulders and drives past, and that’s the end of it. It’s only a few years since Jacky passed in the marble. I don’t know what they did with the old shack, and the wheels, but the government never cottoned on to it to this day . . .”
Some stars deny the rule that the peak athletic years are 27 to 29.

"I'm finished. Now I'll leave it to the younger fellows."

So spoke Joe Hall, ex-featherweight champion of Australia, following his defeat by Ashenden a few months ago. Hall had returned to the boxing business after a break of four years and for a time had looked as though he would best the axiom: "They don't come back."

He had half a dozen victories over competent opponents, and the experts were predicting a match with the present champion.

Much of his success was due to his handler's tight rein over his out-of-the-ring activities, and it was a revolt against this necessary discipline, as much as his years, that brought about Hall's downfall. His words: "Now I'll leave it to the younger fellows" merely indicated his lack of enthusiasm for the monotony of training.

So Joe Hall joined the scores of ringmen who, seeking to refute an axiom, served only to prove its fallibility. At 31 he was "through." Which brings us to the point: What is an athlete's best age?

In The Most Proficient Years at Sports and Games Professor Harvey Lehman, of Ohio University, says that the athlete, generally, is at his best between 27 and 29 years of age, inclusive. The professor arrived at this conclusion from studying the careers of 10,000 athletes and checking up their records to discover when they were at their peak.

A boxer's best years, he found, varied according to weight. Bantams reached their peak at 24.83 years of age and heavies at 29.29. Therefore, Australian Mickey Francis at 25 is presumably at his best. And Dave Sands, middle and lightweight title holder and conqueror of Jack Johnson can look forward, at 21, to a few more years' success.

Let's look at some of the top heavyweights of this century.

Jack Johnson won the world's crown at 30; lost it at 35; Willard, 32-36; Dempsey, 24-31; Tenny 28-30 (retired); Joe Louis won the title at 24 and at 33 is so far ahead of the opposition that the rest don't matter.

On retiring Louis and taking a line through the others, the average age of the worthwhile champions has been 28.5 at the time of taking the championship, 32.5 at the time of losing it, so that the "success span" is four years.

The classic exception was, of course, Bob Fitzsimmons who conquered Corbett for the belt at 35, held it for only two years, but continued to fight until he hit the 52 mark. He fought 40 times for but seven losses—an achievement which goes into the books as a record for ring-longevity under Queensberry rules.

Among the perennials in other fields of sport is Bill Tilden. In spite of Professor Lehman's contention that tennis players are at their best between 25 and 27 and have a span of 5.25 years, Tilden has been winning since 1920. In that year he won his first Wimbledon singles championship and, after successfully defending it in 1921, popped up again in the 1930 tournament. His 11-year Davis Cup record shows that he won 34 matches and lost only seven. At 53 Tilden is still holding his end up in big-time pro tennis, and, most important of his figure, remains so great a drawcard that he can expect to earn perhaps £15,600 this year.

Cricket has not received the attention of the American professor, but on the point of sports-longevity I recall a story concerning the evergreen Wilfred Rhodes.

In 1921 the English selectors picked Rhodes for only one of the five tests and it appeared he had finished with first-class cricket. Five years later—and 26 years after his first appearance in a test against Australia—he was asked if he would play if selected. He replied:

"Ec, but I'm 48!"

But, the selectors replied, he could still bring his arm over, couldn't he? To which the wily Rhodes answered:

"Ay—arm isn't all that needs to bowl with"—and tapped his head significantly.

Wilfred Rhodes went into the test team and used his arm and head so effectively that his six wickets for 78 was an important factor in England's regaining the Ashes. In a career which extended from 1890 to 1930 his batting average for 1517 innings in first-class matches was 30.8 and bowling the astronomic total of 184,289 balls he took 4,184 wickets at a cost of 16.7 runs each.

Concerning golf Lehman found that among the pros, the most efficient age for American and English players was between 25 and 27, with a peak span of 5.25 years. Bobby Jones, generally conceded the greatest golfer of all time, made his "grand slam" when he was 23. Winning the British Amateur, British Open, U.S. Open and U.S. Amateur, he established a record which climaxd a career which began when he was nine, when he won the junior championship of Atlanta. At 14 he took the Georgia State title and at 21 the U.S. Open.

Both Tommy Armour and Walter Hagen, who remained successfully in the game for a longer...
ON MINDING MY NEPHEW

(0 Pardoe, Will You Pass the Axe)

Today, for a change, can't we just sit and talk?
Or swap same idle chatter?
Or do you plan, as usual,
The walls with my blood to spotter?
Please, please, put down that pretty vase—
It's built to house geraniums.
Its maker never thought that it
Would crash on uncle's craneums.
And please replace that jagged knife
With which my choir you're tooling—
Can't you see your staid old unk
Is very close to drooling?
I know it's true your harmless pranks
Bring parents' proud approval.
But take it from me, young fella-me-lod,
I'll ensure your smart removal.
You look at me for hand claps,
But I am growing wearier,
And the only clap you'll get from me
Is this—on your posterior!—W.G.D

period than most golfers, maintained that a golfer lasted only as long as his feet. For this reason Armour's wardrobe included 20 pairs of shoes and Hagen's almost as many. Given good feet, they say, a golfer can have bad eyesight, stomach ulcers and practically any other complaint that isn't muscular—and still be among the best.

Best ages for jockeys are not mentioned by the professor and I referred the subject to a well-known sporting editor. He said:

"While it's difficult to assess the age at which a jockey is most successful, I'd name it at about two years after he emerges from his apprenticeship. Then he is young enough not to fear sticking to the rails and experienced enough to take quick advantage of an opening."

"I think that all other things equal, the outstanding jockey is the one who has 'nerve'—who is prepared to take a risk at a critical stage. Naturally, advancing age makes a rider more cautious. So does a serious fall—and falls come to jockeys of any age."

"On the point of age—Bobby Lewis was still a good rider in his 50's, but near the end of his great career Bobby wasn't taking as many risks as he did when he was younger."

"The oldest jockey now riding, I think, is 61-year-old Rowe, who has ridden hundreds of winners in the Western districts of N.S.W. and periodically has a ride in Sydney."

"Wrestling is another sport that didn't make the grade with the professor—possibly because the position would confuse Einstein. Wrestler's ages range from 25 to 60, and seeking a reason for such longevity I asked ace referee Harold Norman. His comment:

"Because boxers and wrestlers perform in the same ring, people often point to them as a contrast in staying power. That's an unfair comparison. The boxer is called on to take blows to the head—and for every one he gets in a bout he takes 20 in the gymnasium. The constant jarring affects the brain and it is the boxer's mental state that brings about his early retirement. Tod Morgan fought until he was 40, but attributed this to limited sparring."

"The wrestler, on the other hand, receives no head-blows and his body is trained to withstand a good deal of physical punishment. He knows how to fall—although, mind you, wrestlers do get hurt.
But that's the secret: the wrestler's brain is not affected by his ringwork. The boxer's isn't."

In most fields of sport the accepted theory is that the first manifestations of age are in the legs. A member of the New York coroner's staff, however, says:

"In performing more than 4,500 autopsies, I have never found a body beyond the age of 30 years which did not show a deterioration in the lungs. It is this, I am sure, which explains why athletes begin to slow up after they reach 30."

"Their lungs do not function as they did in their youth. Therefore, after muscular effort which calls for high turns of speed they cannot get the full amount of oxygen they need, and it is this which causes them to slow down in their pace—not faltering leg muscles."

"When athletes have amazing lungs, they carry on as champions not merely until they are 30 but, in some cases, until they are beyond 40, thus disproving the theory that legs fail an athlete after 30."

So that's that! And who am I, or even Joe Hall, to dispute the findings of a man who has performed more than 4,500 autopsies?
The man who was telling me, recently, decided his best policy was to be away on business that night. As it happened, there was no gun play. The police were too easily outnumbered. This, however, was not America and vigilantes were felt to be too violent a force altogether. Soon after, 15 ring-leaders appeared in Ballarat Supreme Court, charged with conspiracy and assault. They were lucky to escape with a £25 fine each Grant Hervey was lucky to escape at all.

A colorful character, this Hervey. Talented, ambitious, with persuasive looks and tongue, he could have been successful in many spheres: authorship, journalism, politics, business. Instead he wasted himself in a swashbuckling career. This brush with the Mildura vigilantes in 1920 was by no means his first setback. Then aged 40, he had already some 15 years' acquaintance with the law, most of it not from the witness-box side of the court.

His debut was made in November, 1905, when he was arrested for shooting with intent to kill. The target for that night was his lady friend's husband whom Hervey had chased up Bourke Street, Melbourne, with a revolver.

It happened that the husband, one of Bland Holt's leading actors, had been going home from the theatre just as his wife, on the arm of our man, was strolling along Bourke-street. The actor hopped off the tram, confronted the pair outside the White Hart Hotel, just across Exhibition-street.

"Who the devil are you?" he demanded.

"I'm Grant Hervey," replied our cavalier who soon after was to be described by a Sydney paper as one who "strips like an Apollo and Hercules combined."

The actor was a big fellow, too. Well trained in 19th century melodrama, he cried: "What are you doing with my wife?" then hauled off and struck Hervey's jaw exactly as an outraged husband should.

Next moment he was racing up Bourke-street with Hervey cursing at a revolver that had jammed. The only shot fired hit the White Hart Hotel but, as the "Bulletin" reported, "the public house was not much damaged."

Graver damage was done to the reputations of all three concerned. One paper, with small regard for impartiality or libel risks, gave their private affairs an excessively public airing. Its alliterative headline on court proceedings ran:

A WILD WHEELRIGHT Blows A Bullet After Actor Hervey's real name was discovered to be George Madison Cochrane, his profession "promiscuous ink-slinging," though he had started life as a ruse about to a Casterton coach-building firm, in the wheelwright section.

Public feeling ran high. When the actor made his entrance next night in "The Betting Book," stalls, circle and gallery held up the show to cheer this victim of a real-life melodrama. It was construed as the public's reply to the cynical paper which had written: "Baker is accustomed to looking down the black barrel of a 'barker'—on the stage—but the sight of the 'weeping' in real life caused his valor to vanish." He was alleged to have sheltered from Hervey's gun behind his wife.

Hervey's trial attracted a full house. Baker had been reluctant to prosecute but Hervey forced it by declaring when arrested: "I wanted to wipe the water out. I'm here for trying to rid the world of a skunk."

The tensely-awaited verdict shocked Hervey's new public. He was acquitted. Capitalising on his new notoriety Hervey returned to journalism in Perth and Sydney. He published a volume of verse. There is irony in one of these, written in retort to one of Henry Lawson's more defeatist rhymes:

It's the Man You'll Be that matters, though you tramp around in tatters.

But the road to fame and fortune isn't paved with grief and beer . . .

Paradoxically Lawson, dream-
COLOR is important for children, says America's National Education Association, which is carrying out a two-year survey of elementary schools. Dull walls put children to sleep. Blue walls are unsatisfactory, for blue is a "cold" color. Blackboards are on the way out, too, being replaced by milk-white or gray boards of glass or plastic on which children will write with colored chalk. Not only will the new boards be colorful, they will reduce eye strain.

ling of "the man he might have been," was to achieve fame; Grant Hervey, insisting on the man he was going to be, came to nothing. For a while he remained a familiar and witty figure in the literary world but one by one his friends dropped him. It was not so much because of the fact that he kept going to gaol as the things he went to gaol for. The poet who began a fiery rebel became a man with a grudge against society.

In 1932, the year before he died, he wrote a novel, "An Eden Of The Good," published in London, showed considerable talent, but more interesting to us today is his preface, and the dedication signed "Number Twenty-One, Bathurst Prison."

"This book of mine," he wrote modestly in the preface, "is a book of profound significance for the entire world... Once in every five years I quit my labors and I go down to prison, as an ordinary convict, for no less a period than two whole years, in order to see for myself, at close range, in short, how the spiritual, moral and intellectual resurrection of Australia proceeds... I habitually shock the right-thinking philanthropoid asp of Australia by going back to gaol with a quiet smile and a confident heart, instead of becoming a churchwarden, a Justice of the Peace, and—final height of the local ambition—a Member of Parliament. I am told, occasionally, that I will end upon the gallows, if I persist in defying convention this way."

It would be uncharitable to suggest that this research might have been not altogether voluntary. Actually he was a successful man, for he avoided gaol as often as he achieved it.

For instance, the scheme that took him to Mildura in 1929. Some £20,000 had just been voted to C. J. de Garis who had promised to boost the Murray Valley dried fruit industry. De Garis had attracted world attention with the biggest advertising campaign ever staged in Australia.

Then one day an American millionaire arrived on the scene. With a confident drawl he promised Mildura even greater prosperity. He told them they needed a new state, with Mildura as capital. He offered his services, promised to intercede with the Federal and British Governments. All he wanted was twice the salary of de Garis—£4,000 a year. The American millionaire's name was Hervey G. Madison.

De Garis made a few inquiries about Mr. Madison, who unwise tried to discredit him in a pub-

ic speech. At question-time Her-

vey G. Madison had a thorny question fired at him:

"Could Mr. Madison tell us where he has been for the past 18 months? And what name did he go by at the time?"

Hervey G. Madison could not answer. He did the next best thing; he left town next day. But within a year he was back again, this time under his own name. He let it be known that a state of war existed between him and de Garis, so by that time was failing in his publicity scheme Hervey started a rival newspaper to the "Sunraysia Daily." founded by de Garis.

When de Garis founded a largescale fruit colony in Western Australia, Hervey saw his chance to discredit his rival once and for all. Big money was involved in the Kendenup scheme, so Hervey slipped down to Melbourne, spent the late hours of one night plastering walls and lamp-posts with printed slogans: "Great Smash. Kendenup Ruined. C. J. de Garis Bankrupt."

The effect was even more devastating than Hervey could have imagined. Public confidence in Kendenup ebbed away. Not long after, de Garis did go bankrupt, eventually committing suicide. His first angry reaction was to offer £1,000 reward for information as to who had slandered him.

It was typical of Grant Her-

vey that he should have admitted it right away. He claimed the £1,000 reward. But Mildura had by that time had enough of him. The vigilance committee came into being, bought a small quantity of tar and a bag or two of feathers. Their testimonial stuck to him—hard.

Even so Hervey's resourcefulness did not fail him.

He wrote next day to the proprie-

tors of a well-known brand of soap. He offered to write a testimonial, for a large fee, that theirs was the only soap which would remove tar and feathers.

CAVALCADE, January, 1947
The LONELIEST MAN
in Botany Bay

He was a man in a pinces of pain—the pain of loneliness and a pain that jagged his body.

He had no intimate whose comradeship would banish loneliness, he was worried about his financial affairs, and he did not know even if his wife still lived.

He wrote privately to his friend Evan Nepean at Whitehall:

"Dear Nepean,

"In a private letter to Lord Sydney I have express a wish to have leave to return to England, a request I should not have made at this moment but that the inconveniences under which the colony now labors will be done away long before my letters can reach England, and more than a year must pass before I can have any answer.

"Mrs. Phillip was supposed to be dying before I left England, and whoever the estate goes to some steps should be taken to secure the payment of two annuities for which I gave security, and for which it is possible no provision will be made. I should have no objection to return here . . ."

"You may mention to Lord Sydney if you think it necessary, and whatever he determines I should think best; but to come to England for a twelve month is what I wish, for many reasons.

"You will say that my letters are short, but I have few moments for private letters . . ."

"He laid down his quill and walked to the window, looking down the Tank Stream and Sydney Cove. It was April 15, 1790.

"He pressed his hand to his side. The pain scarcely ever left him now. Often the officers wondered why he was silent at their social gatherings.

"He had been doing this job for three and a half years now and it was more than two years since he had landed at Botany Bay as Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief and Governor-in-Chief in and over the half-continent called New South Wales.

"Captain Arthur Phillip, R N, had found one of his worst disappointments the stiff-necked pride of the military—and found a treacherous enemy where he least expected, in the C.O.—the munificent, petty, lying, malignant Major Ross.

"While he was still living in his canvas house—it had cost £130 but it let in wind and rain on him—before he built a dwelling, the gentlemen of the Marine Corps refused even to say an occasional word of encouragement to diligent convicts and, without going out of their way, point out for punishment convicts they saw idling in the bush. They told the governor they were not sent out to do more than the duty of garrison soldiers—there were not guards.

"They also grumbled that sitting as members of the criminal court was a hardship, though their duties were easy, and that they were not paid for it.

"This man, with the lonely eyes of a sailor and the lonely heart of a exile, six months after landing had written to his patron, Lord Sydney, Home Secretary in the younger Pitt's government:

"And your Lordship may be assured that anxious to render a very essential service to my country, by the establishment of a colony which from its situation must hereafter be a valuable acquisition to Great Britain, no perseverance will be wanting on my part, which consideration alone could make amends for the being surrounded by the most infamous of mankind; it is to your Lordship and to Nepean only that I make a declaration of this kind.

"On that April day in 1790 Arthur Phillip could at least reflect that he had rid himself of the worst of the stiff-necked military. A month ago he had sent to Norfolk Island Major Robert Ross, Lieutenant-Governor and commandant of the marine detachment.

"Ross, who should have been the Governor's right-hand, had been sabotaging Phillip, undermining his authority, had lied to him, had incited the Marine officers to discontent and non-co-operation.

"Phillip, as he stood alone by the window, could look back bitterly on the disgraceful affair of the five arrested officers.

"This farce happened not two months after the First Fleet landed, and it arose from a trivial quarrel over a woman.

"The First Fleeters were divided in cliques Convicts' women and soldiers' women were by taboo forbidden to associate with sailors, women who arrived in one ship were not allowed to know men who arrived in another ship.

"Private Bill Dempsey was walking to the cookhouse to boil a pot when a wench named Jane Fitzgerald accosted him with an "How do you do?" Dempsey was replying that he was well when up came Private Joe Hunt and hit him on the shoulder with a stick, saying that Bill had no right to speak to a woman from his ship. Dempsey took a poor view of this, whereupon Joe threw two quick punches at Bill's head.

"Hunt was tried by battalion court-martial for striking Dempsey.

"The trial didn't take long and the court thought it would meet
GENIUSES ARE OKAY IF THEY'RE STRANGERS

In tribute to genius please include me out,
For genius I can do well without,
For genius, they say, is ten per cent inspiration
The rest is mostly perspiration.
Which explains, I presume, why ponderous Thinkers
Are usually arrant, unnecessary stinkers.
What's that? Who'd build our aeroplanes
If it weren't for the men with the O.S brains?
There'd be no gas box for lovers to sit on?
There'd be no radio for Bing to transmit on.
How'd criminals feel with no one to get 'em?
Who'd know of Bikini if it weren't for the atom?
We'd have no engines with quick moving pistons,
And plumbers would store sens our leaking cisterns.
All this I'll concede, and pay full dues—
But, brother, re genius don't bid me enthusise,
My thoughts concerning the genius, genius,
Are frankly and aggressively arrant.
For genius I truly have no sorrow,
For genuses don't lend, but merely borrow.

—Unattributed

the case to order Hunt to publicly ask Dempsey's pardon in front of the battalion, or take one hundred lashes.

But there they were very wrong indeed.

Major Ross promptly ordered them to reconsider, but on deliberation they saw no reason to rescind the sentence.

The same day they received a letter from the adjutant that the C.O. had directed them to converse again and pass sentence without the choice of two sentences, which Ross said was not consistent with military law.

At 4 p.m. the officers replied quoting an article of law that "no sentence given by any court-martial is liable to be revised more than once."

Back came another letter in which Ross argued that as they had wrongly passed two sentences, consequently they would not be revising sentence, because it was no sentence. And he ordered them to finish the court-martial at once.

At 7 p.m. the stubborn officers wrote that they still considered it would be improper to reconsider matters they had already revised.

The first Phillip heard of it was next day, when Major Ross told him he had put all five officers under arrest for disobeying orders.

Phillip did everything in his power but both Obstinate parties declined to have it smoothed over and both howled for a general court-martial.

Ross complained that the sentence was subversive of all military discipline. The officers said they had been treated so ignominiously that their C.O. must publicly amend their characters or they wanted a general court-martial.

There were only 13 other officers available so that assembling a G.C.M. would have left no officer for duty. Phillip therefore refused to allow the urgent work of the new colony to be interrupted and ordered the five officers to return to duty. He told them that when a G.C.M. could be assembled they could have it, if they still wished.

Any untried charge lapsed after three years. Three years later the five officers asked the governor to release them from technical arrest. They wrote to him as soldiers "indignant at their unique situation"—members of a court-martial under arrest on a charge that, if proved, would bring dismissal, even forfeit life and honor, but doing duty while prisoners for three years.

The affair was smartly pigeon-holed in England, but after learning of it the authorities decided to recall the marines as soon as possible and replace them with the N.S.W. Corps.

The sick and lonely man turned from the window on that April day in 1790. His face was oval and pale—the face of a nervous, sensitive man.

He had the look of an idealist, and indeed he was a patriotic imperialist with advanced ideas beyond his time. He had some vision of the land he was founding, and before he sailed had told the British Government: "I would not wish convicts to lay the foundations of an Empire," and, "there can be no slavery in a free land, and consequently no slaves."

He achieved the foundation of a nation in spite of official ineptitude and neglect, in spite of Ross's white-anting, but he had no confidant to make his task easier.

He might have leaned on young Philip Gidley King, who was his friend and had sailed with him when he commanded the 64-gun ship Europe, but he had sent King to command Norfolk Island for two years and now recalled him to get rid of Ross. Now he sent King home to England to tell officials how badly it was bungling the colony.

And his next-best friend, his Naval second in command, Captain John Hunter, was at this time marooned on Norfolk Island where he had wrecked his ship Sirius.

At least he could depend on the straight-dealing and loyalty of 34-year-old Captain David Collins, who was Deputy Judge-Advocate—administering the colony's whole legal machinery—at £3 10s. a week and secretary to the governor at 35s. a week.

It was to Robert Ross, as lieutenant governor and military commandant, that Phillip naturally expected to look for support. But Ross was a warped malcontent and after the case of Mary Turner, Phillip would have liked to court-martial him but was unable to order a legal inquiry on any officer's conduct. Next best thing, he banished Ross to Norfolk Island, that exile for the exiled and prison, within a prison.

The case of Mary Turner sprang from the stiff-necked officer-pride of Captain James Campbell.
DURING his term as Governor of New York, the late Franklin Roosevelt arrived at his office with a friend. As he passed through the anteroom where callers were waiting, he paused and told an ancient joke. In the inner office, the friend said, "That was a hoary chestnut you pulled outside." "I know it," laughed Roosevelt. "I wanted to find out how many of my callers wanted to ask favors. The ones who laughed wanted something."

Mary Turner gave perjured evidence at the trial of six soldiers executed for robbing the public store. The criminal court ordered her detention by the provost-marshal and a month later Captain Campbell wanted to know why she was not in custody.

Judge-Advocate Collins wrote to him that he considered there was insufficient proof to convict her of perjury but if Captain Campbell wished she would be tried, if he suggested what charge and what evidence could be put forward.

Campbell chose to imagine this a "most insulting letter" and wrote stungly to the Judge-Advocate: "You have effectually precluded Captain Campbell from sitting as a member of any criminal court... of which you are a part."

Campbell then claimed that Ross had no power to compel officers to sit as members of the criminal court and when Ross told the governor, Phillip said Campbell had better put it in writing.

Back came Ross with Campbell's letter, and furthermore told the governor that he knew no article of war to compel officers to do criminal court duty. He knew this was a lie because the duty was prescribed by an Act of Parliament, read publicly soon after the arrival at Sydney Cove.

But troublemaker Ross saw a chance to make trouble for Phillip and called his officers together. He tried to influence them to refuse this duty and to back up Campbell; and though someone reminded him of the Act he insisted that the governor's conduct was "highly oppressive" in obliging officers to sit on the criminal court.

Campbell was rostered for court duty and did it, but Ross kept telling the governor that the officers were of the opinion that they were not obliged to do this duty.

Phillip exposed this lie by commanding Ross to question all the officers individually, and all of them told Ross that they well knew it was their duty.

Five senior officers were quizzed about the meeting and what Ross had said about the governor being oppressive. Ross wanted to know what they had been told, but they replied he had better ask the governor. The scurrilous Ross showed his color; he never again mentioned the business to Phillip.

Phillip hung on for two years and eight months longer. They asked him to remain at his post. In one of his requests to be relieved he wrote that for more than two years now he had seldom been free from the pain in his side, which at times made it impossible to attend to duty.

At last he got word that he could go home, but it was not clear whether this was permission enough or whether he should await a formal instruction. Wanting to keep his slate clean, he decided to wait.

But two months later, unable to bear the pain longer, he boarded a ship hoping to regain his health.

In England they put him on Navy half-pay and gave him a pension of £500 a year for his meritorious service. He went to Bath, where the 18th century ailing sought health. Three years later he was well enough to return to duty—two years at sea, then shore jobs, such as inspector of press gangs, that unsavory recruiting system.

In 1810 he was so ill they could not tell him he had been made Vice-Admiral of the Red.

Four years later he died at Bath, scoring two small paragraphs in the local newspapers. He had married a second time but was still childless—the death of a lonely man.
MARY MacARTHUR, nicknamed at birth The Act of God baby by her parents, actress Helen Hayes and playwright Charles MacArthur, had her first big acting part with her mother in J. M. Barrie's "Alice Sit by the Fire."

IDA KLINGENSTEIN, of New York, has translated 337 books into Braille. Her most ambitious undertaking was "Gone With the Wind," which took up 31 volumes of Braille. Mrs. Klingenstein is 73 years old and began her voluntary work 13 years ago.

ARTHUR RODZINSKI, conductor of New York's Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, went on the air with a two-minute speech appealing for tolerance. Preachers of all denominations requested copies of his brief broadcast to use in their sermons.

MA SI-TSON, Chinese-born, French-taught composer, heard the first performance of his violin concerto in F Major by the Shanghai Municipal Orchestra recently. The concerto is based on South China folk songs.

RUSSELL WRIGHT, leading American functional designer, had his American Modern dinnerware exhibited at the Everyday Art Gallery in Minneapolis. Nearly fourteen million pieces of Wright-designed china have been sold since it was first produced in 1939.

GERALD SANDERS, formerly of the R.A.F., backed by five Arabs, opened up an airline service in Trans-Jordan. Less exciting than fighting, but more useful, will be the freighting of fish from Akabar to Amman—from sea to frying pan in under two hours.

BETTY MacDONALD, author of best seller "The Egg and I," which is being filmed, can't eat eggs—she's allergic to them.

JOHN WILLIAMSON, explorer and pioneer undersea photographer, is reopening his post office at Nassau, in the Bahamas. This is the only undersea post office in the world.

LARRY HIGHTOWER, of Seattle, Washington, U.S., set out recently to push a wheelbarrow around the world—he estimates a 12-year trek.
Talk is cheap—but not if you're buying radio time.

A man ought to have a day off once in a while, if only to see for himself how much time his wife spends on housework.

The surest way to get nothing done is to put 50 members on a committee.

A lot of men have been kept poor by pretending to be rich.

The real reason most women don't look well in slacks is because there's usually too much woman and hardly enough slack.

You may not like a beard at first, but it grows on you.

A woman uses her intelligence to find reasons to support her intuition.

A gossip gives you the benefit of the dirt.

A beauty contestant is a pretty girl waiting for her shape to come in.

When you're down and out, something always turns up—and it's usually the noses of your friends.

In standard liquid measure, two pints make one cavort.

Bank: A place where you can borrow money, if you can present sufficient evidence that you don't need it.

How a minority, reaching a majority, seizing authority, hates a minority!

Peace is different from bread and butter. The more people want it, the more there is to go around.

A dizzy blonde says that there isn't a shortage of men—but there is a shortage of good men.

Life is just one continuous struggle to keep the money coming in—and our hair, teeth and vital organs from coming out.

A woman may take a second husband, but she never forgets her first—and she never lets her second forget him, either.

Among My Souvenirs—Rita Hayworth, Columbia Star
"Only a mad mad mad because he just sat with folded arms"

She was a small and tidy man. You could see that easily. His suit of grey tweed fitted him, as some suits seem to fit small men. But you would notice that his shoes were without polish and that his tie had been tied by an inexpert hand.

He sat, arms folded, in the corner of a second-class compartment in a train. He was going from Sydney to Newcastle.

Pain from past memories seemed to have run rivulets down his cheeks. He looked, unseeing, through the window, hoping in a vague sort of way that a companion would come in to give him some company—to let him listen to another man's talk. This small and tidy little man loved listening, because he himself had so much to tell.

It was a poor train as passengers go, and the little man, with folded arms in the corner, was not disturbed when a porter dragged open the door.

"This ought to suit you, miss," he said.

The porter put her case on the rack, took a tip, nodded his head to the little man in the corner with that knowledgeable wickedness which porters can convey. He slammed the door, touched his cap, and smiled the sneaky smile which only a porter with grey bristles upon his face and a dead look in his eyes could smile. The porter was old, ugly old.

"Just the two of us," the girl said.

"Yes," said the man. He looked at her as she opened her handbag and began powdering her face.

She was rather a large girl with a mass of blonde hair which fell over her shoulders. Her face powdered and her lips crimsoned, she combed her hair. The toilet completed she put her compact and lipstick and comb and mirror back into her bag, brushed her black skirt, and lit a cigarette.

"Care for a fag?" she asked.

"No thanks," said the man. "I don't smoke."

She shrugged her heavy shoulders and looked at the man with mean eyes. Her appearance suggested that she had been drinking.

The train moved off and the man continued his contemplation through the window. The girl threw her cigarette on the floor, stamped it out, and lit another one. Her fingers with their long painted nails shook a little and she drew on the cigarette with nervous puffs. She opened a magazine and rapidly turned the pages. It was a safe assumption that when she reached the end she could not have told you what she had seen on any page.

"Want to look at this?" she said, throwing the magazine across to the man.

"Thanks all the same," he said, "but I read very little."

God, she thought, what in hell's name does he do? She was a little piqued, and a little interested. She had known men, scores of them, but none quite like the little man who sat with his arms folded looking idly at the rows of red-tiled cottages with their trim gardens as they flashed by.

The man's mood of contemplative quiet seemed to pass to her. She fell to wondering how she was going to like the job she was going to. In her 28 years she had been many things, most of all a barmaid, and she had no worries about satisfying the customers at the Newcastle hotel.

She smiled a little bitterly as she remembered the good job in the city hotel which an unskilful manipulation of the till had compelled her to leave. Her tips alone had brought her about £3 a week but...
she had always been greedy about money, not caring a great deal how she acquired it.

And men were easy to separate from their cash.

She screwed her greenish eyes as she appraised her fellow traveller. She noted an air of some prosperity about him and wondered what activities he pursued. Why not ask him? Even if he didn’t smoke and didn’t read surely he could talk. The prospect of a train trip with no one to talk to appalled her.

“What line are you in, brother?” He started and turned towards her.

“Line?” he said.

“Yes. What do you do for a crust? What’s your job?”

“Well, I haven’t thought about one yet. I’ve just been discharged after six years in the army.”

“What was it like? Did you go away?”

“Yes I went away.”

He looked through the window again.

A slight flush came into the girl’s cheeks and she was getting a little angry.

“Then tell me about it. Surely to God you saw some things you can talk about. How did you get on without any women?”

“We were mostly too busy to think about them.”

“Well, you’re not too busy now. What do you think about me?”

“You seem a very nice girl.”

“Then you’re wrong. I’m damn well not and never was.”

“I only said you seemed a nice girl. You see, I don’t know you.”

“And if you did you’d wish to God you’d never met me. I’m bad and I like it.”

He turned his gaze once more to the rushing outer suburbs, and did not answer.

She bit her lip and the birth of cunning showed itself on her coarsened features.

She took down her suitcase, unfastened it and removed a bottle of wine. She unscrewed the cork:

“Now be pally and have a little drink with me.”

He gave a short laugh.

“Sorry to disappoint you again,” he said, “but I don’t drink.”

She held the bottle by the neck and stared at him.

“You’ve got me beat.” There was amazement in her voice.

“Would you mind telling me is there anything you do do?”

“Oh, I mostly just sit and think. But don’t mind me. You go ahead and have a drink.”

“Well, you might at least pour it for me.”

He made no move. His arms folded across his chest, he just looked at her.

“It wouldn’t be the first drink you’ve poured for yourself, would it?” he asked.

Port, thought the man, and of a probable violetness hard to surpass.

She looked fondly at the wine, and then at him.

“You know,” she said, in a calm, deliberate voice. “You’re about the wettest thing I’ve ever met. And that says a mouthful.”

She sped the wine upon its journey, placed the bottle and glass on the floor and began smoking.

As the train drew into each station the man hoped that another traveller would enter the compartment. And the girl hoped that none would.

The birth of the low cunning was maturing as she could see. There was more green in the small eyes, more of a twisted thought about the scarlet lips.

No man had ever treated her with such lofty disdain and this little fellow, arms folded, looking through the carriage window, was not going to get away with it. I’ll fix him so, she thought, that he’ll wonder what hit him.

She filled the tumbler and this time drank slowly, thoughtfully.

“Got the time?” she said. Her throat seemed cloyed, but he heard.

He tossed his head to the cushioned back and laughed as a man does sometimes when he laughs at himself.

“No wonder,” he said, “you call me a wet thing. I suppose I am. But I’m sorry once more—I don’t carry a watch.”

She laughed, too, a harsh, merciless sound it was, such as a woman might laugh when her physical offer has been declined.
She drank some more and rose unsteadily to her feet. She made towards the man, who remained arms folded and immobile. A burn of the train sat her back on the seat and the wine she had held splashed on her white satin blouse as though blood had welled there.

"Don't you think you've had enough of that rubbish?" he said.

"Mind your own God-damn business. If you were half a man you wouldn't treat me like you've done" She was becoming hysterical.

"But what have I done?"

"And you ask me that! What have you done? Bloody nothin'. What you've been doing all your life. You sit there with your arms across your narrow guts lookin' out of the window. You don't smoke, you don't read, you won't talk and you can't even tell a woman the lousy time."

She looked through the window.

"And you couldn't tell me where we are. Don't worry, I wouldn't even ask you. But I can tell you, you are going to do something before this hell of a trip is over."

He looked at her a moment.

"Take it easy kid," he said.

"Nothing in life's worth worrying about too much. I've got my own small worries, but I don't see any point in crying about them. I've always thought that you must put a bit into life before you can expect to take anything out of it. What do you think?"

"For God's sake don't give me that pulpit stuff. You're just about the biggest bum of a man I ever met."

She swallowed a mouthful from her glass and threw the remainder in his face.

Yet he did not move.

The look of cunning which had shown its birth upon her flaccid face had now reached maturity.

"This is where I get you," she screamed. "This is where you'll pay for your stinking lousiness."

She messed her hair with frantic fingers, ripped off the buttons of her satin blouse, revealing chest and white bosom, hit her nose until blood flowed, and dragged one stocking to the ankle.

"Now, you'll see how you're going to pay. You dirty brute, taking advantage of a girl like this."

With a vicious tug she pulled the communication cord and the train came to a surprised halt.

The compartment where the little man sat hunched in his corner seemed suddenly to be filled with people, men in grease-stained overalls, men in railway uniforms.

"Look at me! See what he's done to me." She was sobbing now.

"He filled me with wine and... look for yourselves. Look what the beast has tried to do."

The man rose to his feet for the first time since the journey began. He gave one swift look of pity at the girl.

"I seem to have done the impossible," he said.

He thrust his arms towards the guards and men in overalls. And they saw where hand should have been, stumps mourning their loss in black stockinette.

"Just a reminder," he said, "that the Japs didn't seem to like me... Let her down as lightly as you can."
Then the great restlessness hit him. He fought it but could not beat the panic that stole on him when he looked ahead at the years full of monotonous days of slogging toil against drought and dust-storm. It was the loneliness that scared him, the thought of the years alone, with Molly so close, and nothing ever to be between them. This was the edge of nowhere, the end of a trail that died into nothingness.

“I’ve got to go, Dad,” he said at last, watching the sparse scrub dance like dervishes in the heat shimmer. “Think I’ll head down to the coast and look for something. I don’t know what I want, but I feel—”

“That’s all right, son,” came the reply through a veil of pipe-smoke. “Nothing to keep you here. We’ve had a poor time what with the drought and all. I was thinking of paying off one of the men anyway. Take Billy and leave him at the Boonalong pub. I’ll pick him up on Friday.”

A handshake, a few words of farewell, and he was on his way, never deciding whether or not his father regarded him as a quitter. Well, the Old Man had had a similar decision to make 28 years ago—but there had been a woman to help him make it.

“Well, so long, son. You won’t find what you want around here. When you have found it, or discovered it’s out of reach, you’ll be back.”

The sun was slipping beneath black clouds when he reached the edge of an escarpment that could have been transplanted straight from the Libyan Desert. Pausing to roll a cigarette he looked down into the broad valley at the far end of which lay Boonalong township and the railroad. In the distance the rugged contours of the other escarpment glowed blue and gold.

Between was the deep bowl of the ancient river valley, tinted with green which was richest where the tiny thread of the stream showed faintly in the centre. There were blue gums on the valley and in a grove of gums he saw a house, and suddenly the ghosts of other days were all about him.

As kids there had been three of them, himself, Ted Saunders and Molly with the flying hair and laughter. Then manhood and a short, bitter struggle which Ted won as he won everything. Six years ago Ted and Molly had set up together in that house—and for more than three of them Ted had been lying out there on Tel el Eisa, with the sand piling ever deeper about his carn of stones.

Jack had visited Molly soon after his return, and learned that Ted still dwelt beneath the corrugated iron roof.

Somehow his presence was everywhere, more intangible than in the photographs on the mantel or the hand-hewn furniture that had been Ted’s delight. In the eyes of Molly, tranquil and serene, Jack read that she was still another man’s wife, and so inviolate.

By now the bank of clouds covered half the sky and a scattering of raindrops splashed on Billy’s neck. So the drought was breaking and by the look of things that would not be all. Well, it was too long a trek to make the township.
calmed him. Molly, the perfect bush hostess, had cold meat and pickles ready and a pile of fresh scouse.

"Sorry, you'll have to take pot luck," said Molly. "The boys took the cattle to the railhead today."

Jack laughed easily—it was the talk of pot-luck and the thought of womanless meals and the leather-like damper which was the Old Man's specialty.

While he ate the talk was of food and weather and the little things that make up life in the outback.

Dimly he knew she, too, felt the strain that was between them and admired the way she steered the conversation into familiar channels. She kept her head down over her mending and more often than not as he glanced at her he saw only her golden crown.

Suddenly the question came. "I suppose you're going down for supplies and mail?" she said.

"No, Molly." His voice was oddly hard to control. "I've had this country. I'm getting out before it drives me crazy. Down to the city, and God knows where from there."

"Why, Jack!" She started to her feet, alarm and concern in her eyes. Then abruptly looked down and bent to pick up the pillow-slip she was repairing. "But this is your home out here. What will your Dad say?"

"Oh, he understands. Nothing here to hold me, nothing means anything any more." His lips were clumsy. "Those eyes—a wild, unreasonable hope! Don't you understand, girl? It's you—you—"

His arms were round her, pressing her close. At first her lips were cold, claiming nothing. It was as if he had to break through an invisible barrier to reach her. Then he felt the warmth and fire of her beating against him as the steady drumming of rain on the roof rose to a roar above which could be heard the whine of wind in the gums.

Her hands made little fluttering movements against him. Her lips were cold again. He released her and saw that she was white and shaking, devoid of strength.

"Oh, Jack," she whispered, "I wish we hadn't done that. Now you know, and it'll be so much harder."

"Harder?" he was puzzled.

"Why, we just—"

"Listen to me!" She almost shouted as the storm burst in fresh thunder against the single window. "I have to stay here—he asked me to. And Ted's people, they need my help. I couldn't leave this house he built for me—there's too much of us in it. Oh, I know it's crazy. I suppose it's the years—"

"But, do you love it so much?" He couldn't get the hang of this female foolishness.

"Love it?" Her voice was near hysteria. "I hate the place, every board and brick of it! I've tried to leave, but it's no use. 'Til death do us part' we said—but it's a prison, a prison!"

She collapsed in a fit of sobbing. Jack tried threats, caresses, brute force to shake her out of it, but to no avail. At last he stood helplessly, torn with embarrassment, pity and chagrin. So this was what years of waiting could do to a woman. Suddenly he knew he had to get out of there—out of that room and house.

As he opened the door the wind tore it from his hands. He fought to close it, stepped backwards—and found himself knee-deep in water. The yard was a storming torrent which threw up crazy cross-currents as it raced beneath the piles of the house and round the barn. Of course! All that rain in the valley, and the river was up!

He reopened the door. Molly was still sitting there, her head in her hands. She looked up. "Oh," she said tonelessly, "I thought you had gone."

"There's water in the yard, old girl," he replied. "I think I'd better stay."

"No! No!" Her eyes showed alarm. "It's happened before. It won't rise any higher. You can't stay! Leave me here and go on to Boonalong. There'll be no danger. Only go, at once!"

He looked at the hopeless figure huddled in the chair, wanting only to be left alone with whatever impossible cross she was trying to bear. How crazy was it! There was no real barrier between them, nothing he could understand—and yet; he was outside again and splashing across the yard.

Old Billy lashed out like a stallion, roaring frightened eyes. She was wrong. Almost visibly the water was rising. He smelled Billy across the rump and watched as he dashed off into the darkness. She might not want help, but she should have it.

The night was fearful with sheeting rain and vague impressions of eddies seething and boiling around the buildings. Jack kept vigil in the barn doorway. Soon heavy things..."
CAVALCADE, January, 1947

ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT, No. 24.

were coming down with the flood, battering solidly against the trembling walls. They were small lags and pieces of cordwood, big enough in this current to knock out the piling and wreck the house.

In an hour the yard was waist-deep. She needed him now! Helped by the current which flowed straight from the barn to the house he emptied the barn of an assortment of timber and empty petrol tins, which soon bobbed and cluttered in the angle made by the main building and the projecting warehouse. Finally he prised the big barn-door off its hinges and let it go to join the accumulation.

Then, weighed down with fencing-wire, pliers, a box of staples and a hammer, he made the perilous crossing of the yard. The water was up to the top step. He was looking at the door when it opened.

"Jack! So you haven't gone?"

"Hell, no!" His voice was harsh of a purpose. "Widows don't commit suicide in Australia, it's an Indian custom. Stop your nattering, there's work to do! I'm building us a raft!"

She watched him for a moment as he struggled in the noisy darkness. Then she was with him, her hysteria gone. He knew before the task was more than started that it would have been hopeless without her. It took strength and teamwork to fight those bouncing logs.

They laced the smaller ones together with wire and staples. Then, fighting the swirls of current that sought to claim them they secured the bundles to the barn-door. To provide extra buoyancy Jack wedged petrol tins between the logs, thinking as he did so of the kids at the swimming hole and the bizarre craft they used to launch.

Before they had finished the outer wall stripped itself away from the wash-house and the roof sagged slowly into the water.

As he worked the raft through the ruins, Molly turned and forced her way towards the house. Stifling a sudden bitterness, he went after her, seized her unresisting body and threw her onto the slippery decking. He would not stand by and see her commit suicide. Shoulder-deep in rushing water, he put his weight against the raft.

"There was no need for that, Jack. I was only going for blankets," said a soft voice in his ear.

Caught by the force of the stream the raft wrenched itself loose. He cling to it with straining fingers. Then there were hands clawing at him, arms about him, and at last the deck swinging and pivoting beneath his body. The clawing talons of a gum-branch raked across him, there was a crash and surge of water as they grazed the trunk. Suddenly he was lying in what seemed complete silence, utterly spent.

Only one sound broke the eternal hiss of rain on water and the rushing surge of the broad stream that bore them on—that was a distant smashing sound that might have been made by a house collapsing. Then near him, very close indeed, he heard a woman sobbing.

Though he was cold, weary and exhausted, there was peace within him at last. Danger was still all about them in their blind journey with the river. When, a little later, he sighted the moving lights from flooded Boonalong, it was not the knowledge of approaching safety that made him smile. The house was gone, and with it the barrier. His search was ended before it had fairly begun.
NEIGH-BORES

IF the folk next door are always willing to lend you anything you may ask of them, but never borrow anything from YOU, they are referred to as "Those lovely people next door".

If they are continually borrowing things from YOU and never lend anything in return, they are known as "Those awful people next door".

...In the event of the woman next door being young and attractive the Golden Rule — Loving Thy Neighbor — should be strictly adhered to. This is known as the "Good Neighbor Policy".

Providing, of course, that her husband is not larger than you and your own wife is not of a violently jealous nature. In this case grow a high hedge between your house and theirs and ignore the whole thing. This is known simply as Good Policy.
GAMMA globulin—the red blood cells left when plasma has been extracted—is being used for special healing jobs. Surgeons at the Mayo Clinic, U.S.A., have discovered that globulin cured stubborn varicose ulcers, and whooping cough is practically a casualty now that a new globulin for treating it has been made commercially available.

NOVOCAIN treatment for sprains reduces the time required for a cure. Novocain is a local anaesthetic which paralyses the sensory nerve fibres. It eliminates pain, reduces swelling and speeds up the repair of the injured tissues. Novocain, injected into the injured part, has produced favorable results in sprains and strained limbs.

AT a meeting of three United States tuberculosis societies in Buffalo, New York, René Jules Duclos of the Rockefeller Institute announced that he had discovered a method of cultivating TB bacteria simply and quickly in test tubes. His process uses a synthetic detergent, produced for cosmetic purposes, and yet is so simple that it is being hailed as the greatest TB discovery since Koch isolated the germ in 1882.

HISTAMINE, an amino acid derivative, is being used in the U.S. to clear up severe migraine headache. Out of 34 patients treated, 24 were completely cured. Since migraine is frequently associated with allergies, the researchers believe that the new treatment suggests a method of attack on many problems which may be due to allergy.

INSULIN shock treatment, often used in cases of mental disorders, has proved effective in certain types of asthma. Dr. Z. Godkowski, writing about tests at the Polish Medical School, Edinburgh, Scotland, says that of nine cases tested, most of them have been free from asthma for more than a year, and in three cases, for three years.
BUFFALO HUNTING

STINKS

NEVILLE FORTESCUE

Certainly there is no hunting like the hunting of men and those who have hunted armed men long enough and liked it, never really care for anything else thereafter. The Gulf Stream and the other great ocean currents are the last wild country that is left. In hunting you know what you are after and the top you can get is an elephant. But who can say what you will look in the Gulf Stream?

—Ernest Hemingway

No doubt, Mr. Hemingway, it is a very fine thing to hunt armed men long enough, and not to care about anything else thereafter, because as you say there is a peculiar delight in the hunting of armed men. There is also something in the hunting of armed buffaloes and when once you have hunted them, you never really care for the hunting of anything, after that.

The buffaloes you hunt are not those in the Municipal Library in Sydney, card-indexed... buffaloes, North-American bison, Buffalo Bill, the Buffalo Club where there is a lengthy bar with plenty of chrome and Joe the barman who knows not the first thing about the sort of buffaloes you hunt in Australia.

Because these buffaloes, whose ancestors were ferried across the sick, wide tropic sea from Java, have been spending most of their time in that wild country beyond the Mary River, south-east of Darwin. They look like staying there. And if the waif hadn't ended when it did, they could have died there, very easily, all of them.

You turn right from the Sturt Highway just past the Strauss strip or the Livingstone strip, I forget which, and very shortly you see the Mary River.

If it is the season, you may see some water, and indeed when the rain comes you may just make the Mary River, and no further. Because it rains. But if it is not the season, you see an eroded trench in the earth, and the tall, dry bones of the bamboos have fallen low over the puddles where the waterway should be.

Or maybe there are no puddles.

So you drive the utility slowly along the banks, avoiding the dust until you see a place where the banks slope down like a runway and you cross the eroded river there.

The buffalo-hunter you are carrying in the rear of the utility shouts out to you about the dust, and you say that you are going as slowly as this buggy will take you, but he says look at it. And you look back of you and for one, maybe two miles, you can pick out the track you have followed through the bush from the dust haze which has risen skywards, hanging there windlessly.

The buffalo-hunter has a .303 and he is indeed a man who has been much impressed by the hunting of armed men, and not yet impressed by the hunting of buffaloes, so you drive slowly, stalking as stealthily as horsepower allows.

In this slow way you approach the buffalo country. For some time you have been able to smell them. Don't imagine that this requires any dog-like fifth or sixth sense, because what you can smell is the burning-up carcasses of them. The sun is very hot, and there is this premonition of a smell in the air and after you have passed through the country of the magnetic ant-hills, and skirted maybe a couple of lagoons, then you are nearer to their country and you can smell them all right. Maybe you look around to see where the smell is coming from, and you add a few knots to the speed of the truck, but that is no escape from the stench of buffaloes.

Then you see them. You see mountains of tropic-rotten flesh that might have been buffaloes and there is this strange flat smell of putrefaction.

If you do not drive too fast you notice that there are no horns to be seen on any of these animals, and even though they are dead that may seem unusual to you if you have not already sampled the delights of hunting them. But maybe, you think, some of them are born that way, without horns. Someone told you that he saw a little boy in Singapore, with a tail, so hence these buffaloes. You think it is not so strange Or maybe you think that these buffaloes are not such wild animals after all.

Notwithstanding, you push on. You are passing a great number of these lagoons, and around them there is much swampland and water lilies lie flatly on the water. At night, there, you would hear the angular barking of crocodiles, or you would see one come up out of the water, but as it is midday you hear nothing. Except perhaps a few panicky bush-turkey.

The air is flat and quiet in the low bush and seeing that water makes you wish you were in a small boat, out of Coogee, or Surfers' Paradise, sitting atop five tons of good schnapps in the green sea, or standing on the beach with the tide just right, feeling the pull of your fish as the line screams out and the next wave hits you.

But you are not there.

You are travelling in a utility truck, in the country towards the Gulf of Carpentaria, looking for live buffalo. You don't see any. Not yet. But you have heard that
it is a delightful sport, and that once you have hunted armed buffaloes long enough

You have not seen any aborigines either. Suddenly this fact hits you and you realize that they have all moved over into the unexplored country south of the Gulf to get away from the obnoxious white man and his army. There they are safe—there is still some wild country left.

You come out of the bushland altogether then, and a couple of kangaroos take fright and different directions across the big plain. Here the dust is much better because of the long grass and the hunter in the back is not shouting any more.

This plain moves out 10, 15 miles in all directions and you see the grass moving in the distance like still water when a breeze strikes it. The next line of trees rims the horizon, darkly, low-down. Your eyes smart with the glare of that blue-white sky and you observe, then, some small dark blobs chewing grass over to the north-east.

Buffaloes.

The blood stirs then with the enjoyment of hunting them. You can hear the passenger's blood stirring too. This is the thing, you think.

You move in on them, thinking that by the look of them they are too busy eating grass to worry about you.

A three-oh-three, well-used, is a very powerful instrument, and when you see a few of those buffaloes lying down in the grass and you walk up to them, you know that they are not fooling. They are very dead. If the shot has been well-placed it will have passed through the back of the head and come out front somewhere, taking the jaw with it. So there is a nice mess for you, Mr. Hemingway.

You examine them further.

You note that they are small, grey animals, except one, which looks like something you have seen down Camden way, or by the Murray, any day of the week. You see then, by the look in its eye, or something, that it is indeed a domestic cow, a brown-and-white cow which must have wandered a bit far from the sliprails when the rains were on. After that it had met the buffalo herd, found the company charming, stayed.

Being sympathetic about such things you may weep a little for the charming buffaloes, who at that moment do not look so very charming.

But all the same, you remove the horns. And you leave them to the sun, and the small creatures.

In that way, and with the aid of quick-firing cannon in aircraft and machine-guns in aircraft, it is possible to kill a very large number of buffaloes during a war. It has been done. And that is why the buffalo nearly died there, in his fastness in the aborigine country towards the Gulf. After you have seen the thing done, after you have taken part in the hunting of armed buffaloes, you never really care for any sort of buffalo after that. No, Mr. Hemingway.

Certainly not buffalo-hunting.

There is some wild country left. But no wild buffaloes.
Arm-chair strategy doesn't go in love; the tactics must fit the girl.

"I LOVE you!" Will she believe it? Not unless you live it more than you say it. And the way of living it does not differ greatly before and after marriage.

Some girls can be wooed and won by any method, or by no method at all. But the more desirable a girl is, the more difficult she is to win. In the first place, she knows her own value and will not readily lower her standards by giving herself away too easily. In the second place, she demands more in a mate. In the third place, competition is keen.

Some men have devised a kind of theoretical or arm-chair courtship that is supposed to fit any occasion. Such men are mostly old bachelors. Obviously, you can't make love to the whole female sex, but only to one girl, and your tactics must be based on the personality of that one girl.

It would be as absurd to suggest a line of conduct for winning a girl, without knowing the girl, as to offer one for winning a football game, without knowing anything about the opposing team.

But a few general principles will apply in many different situations, and it will be convenient to discuss them by drawing an arbitrary line between the preliminary period, and the succeeding period when deeper emotions are involved.

In the first stage, that of mere attraction, there are two obvious prerequisites. One is propinquity; the other is to keep your best foot forward. And then?

And then you must convince yourself that she is simply wonderful. This ought to be easy! The next step is to convince her that she is wonderful.

You must gradually break down her tendency to keep up a defensive barrier. If she is above the average, she has built up a system of defences, intended to protect her self-esteem.

Bette Jean, for example, has not forgotten how she was rushed at university by a smooth undergrad who was all the time engaged to a girl back home. She was badly hurt. She vowed that she would never again make a fool of herself in that way.

Now Hugh is interested in her. He keeps her guard up. She hopes he is "the real thing," but she is determined not to be disappointed again. How can Hugh surmount his obstacle?

Evidently he must keep up the offensive, or else she will decide that he is merely a false alarm. But he must be guarded enough to make her constantly fear that he is not going any farther. If she is really interested in him, she will then try to lead him on. He certainly cannot take any liberties; this is not the time to appeal to sex appeal. If he does that, she is likely to think he is not interested in anything else, and drop him.

Perhaps he will do well to act as if he valued Bette Jean merely for intellectual companionship. She will then be piqued and will attempt to present herself in a more seductive and alluring light, wanting him to understand that she has brains, but a great deal more! In short, she will come toward him.

Then too, Hugh must make Bette Jean feel that she would be safe with him. He must not misrepresent his own prospects, or his own ideals, but he must do himself justice. If he believes in monogamy and parenthood, this is the time to let her find that out. If he thinks he will be a success in life, this is the time to let her find out why.

Also, he will make her feel that he is responsive only to her; yet he will keep her on her toes by suggesting the possibility of competition.

A safe policy is to let the girl set the pace. Bette Jean thought she would suggest a little competition to Hugh, so she turned down an invitation to him to a dance, and went with another fellow. He retaliated by showing up at the same dance with a flashy redhead.

Bette Jean had already decided that it was safe to be serious with Hugh; now she decided that it was also necessary to be serious.

In a word, if he can make himself indispensable, the job is really done; and he is ready for the final step, which is to let the relationship gradually ascend to an engagement.

All he has to do now is to keep on feeding a little fuel to the flames, the final ascent generates its own momentum. It is to be hoped that Hugh has enough imagination to provide a proper setting for his proposal and to make it something that she will not always remember with a pang. If he simply nudges her, when the hero has won a promise from the heroine at the movies, and whispers: "How about you and me, hey?" she may marry him but she will never forgive him.

But most of the love-making in life is done after marriage, not before. The average couple have
known each other for two or three years before the wedding; but the average marriage lasts 20 or 30 years. Making love after marriage therefore deserves ten times as much attention.

If the art of love is the art of pleasing a woman, then she must now be pleased in two ways: (1) she must be pleased to think that she is a woman, and (2) she must be pleased to think that she is a wife, or specifically, your wife.

You can make love to her only as a woman; but if she wishes she were not a woman, you start with a handicap. Unfortunately many women, especially well-educated ones, unconsciously regret that they are women. They have been brought up to feel that men have all the advantages, a woman is handicapped inescapably by her sex, and she would be much better off if she had been born a boy.

With that outlook on life she is in no mood to be loved; and in fact this Masculine Protest, as Alfred Adler called it, leads many women not to marry, others to be unhappy in marriage or even sexually frigid. The husband who continually depreciates women or who looks on the whole sex as inferior and put in the world mainly as servants to men, will never be a successful lover. Like the man who makes love to his wife only when he wants sexual intercourse, he is merely in love with himself.

"He treats me as courteously as if I were a perfect stranger," one woman remarked proudly. If you aren't going to treat your wife politely, don't make the mistake of treating anyone else politely.

Still worse is the habit of making comparisons—unless they are favorable. Most wives have inferiority complexes and need continual reassurance; need to hear daily the words "I love you" as well as to see the actions.

The successful lover never overlooks an opportunity for a compliment; and he never steps into a trap such as his wife is sure to set—for no woman can help testing out her husband occasionally to make sure his admiration is turned in the right direction.

So when Helen asks innocently: "Isn't young Mrs. Morton simply adorable?" Alf sidesteps with equal blandness as he replies: "Well, I suppose she is if you admire that type." There is only one woman in the world of whom it is safe for a husband to express unqualified approval!

The first requisite in married love, then, is to make your wife feel that she is a woman, help her to consider herself a superior and successful woman—a good specimen of a good sex.

Then she is entitled to a little romance in life Some men marry with the intention of "settling down." But marriage isn't a settling down process, a static relationship—it's a dynamic relationship, every day in the year.

However much she values shared things, the average wife still craves a little surprise, a little color, a little adventure in her life, and her husband must see to it that she gets them—in his company, not elsewhere.

If "love" means anything at all, it means consideration for the other person. The way to make love, then, is to live love.
When you get talking to yourself it's high time to quit the road.

HUMPED THE BLUEY

READ TAYLOR

I was new to the road and my own company still bored and irritated me, and when I came upon him at sundown I felt relief that I wouldn't have to spend another night on my own.

Still, I approached his fire diffidently, for my shyness prevented my accepting as a matter of course the bonhomie that exists among swaggies.

He watched me without saying anything until I was a yard away. Then he nodded towards his billy and invited me to get out my pannikin. He pointed to the bread beside the fire, but I refused it.

"New to it, eh?" he said.

I told him I was tramping to a job and that it was the first time in my life I had taken to the road. I asked him how he had guessed.

He replied: "Your billy. It's too bright. You want to blacken it."

As the sun was sinking over the Macquarie River we sat and nodded. He told me his name was Kemp and that he was a professional swagman and president of the Bagmen's Union. I smiled at this; I didn't believe him, but that was no reason I should hurt his feelings. Without taking umbrage, he went to his swag and got out a book which he threw into my lap.

It was the "Articles of Association of the Bagmen's Union of Australia." The union's office presumably was under my companion's hat and the book claimed no membership total. There was still light to read and I skimmed through the association's rules.

I learned the common swagman was permitted two straps to his swag, but after having humped the bluey for five years (or less if he had performed some special service in the cause of swagmen) could add a third strap, making him a sort of sergeant.

No swagman with pride in his profession would accept work and

any swagman caught working was subject to immediate blackballing and expulsion from the union.

Other rules laid down the distance to be walked daily, the correct method of asking for a hand-out, the routine of opening and closing gates and the right way to try the billycan.

Only blackened billies were permitted, and the fact that I had been carrying a bright billy had immediately marked me as a non-member as well as an amateur.

Next morning when I awoke the president of the union was gone. In all my later travels—I had been unduly optimistic in saying I was walking to a job and consequently spent a good deal more time on the road—I never met him again. But I was to come across many more swaggies.

There was, for instance, a character whose nickname was "Caution." He was as much a part of the bush as the gums and said that he would never risk a trip to the city "because a man might get knocked over by a tram or car."

Even in the bush he exercised a caution that emphasised his ambition to live to be a very old man. On one finger be wore a steel ring to ward off rheumatism, about his waist was a flannel belt to prevent kidney trouble, his socks were stuffed with garlic.

In one pocket he carried a snake-bite outfit and in another a jar of washing soda as an antidote for strychnine poisoning.

Despite his garlic I stayed with him for a couple of days. On the second day he raised his nose at a pointer dog and said:

"Rain. And thunder."

He dropped his swag and ferreted it up for a length of copper wire, one end of which he fixed to his hat. I was pretty used to his eccentricities, but this one had me puzzled.

"What," I asked, "is the wire for?"

"A man must be careful," said Caution. "There's lightning about, and if I'm struck this lightning conductor will carry the electricity to earth. A man can't to be too careful."

He courteously offered me a second wire but I refused it and quickened my pace to find camp. That was the last I saw of Caution, who never hurried for fear he might place undue strain on his heart.

It was shortly after this that I encountered a character who brought an incongruous air of formality to the profession of humping the bluey. He was wearing a faultlessly-cut dinner suit.

It seemed that having approached a station, the squatter had proved unfriendly to the point of "cooling" his dog on to my friend. When the swagman skidded to a stop a half-mile away, he found that an essential item of his clothing has been irreparably destroyed.

That night he had returned to the station and, with bushman instinct, had found the only garments being on the clothesline.

Thus, reckoning the squatter owed him a new outfit, he had acquired a brand new dinner suit.

The man we called the "Bower Bird" would not have qualified for the Bagmen's Union, for he was not strictly a swagman and one of the rules in the code prohibited the
use of any personally-owned means of transport other than feet. The Bower Bird did his travelling in a small van pulled by an old grey mare that wasn't (and I think never had been) what she used to be.

Moreover, he intermittently committed the sin that earned immediate expulsion. He worked not that he worked hard—a few odd jobs in the towns he passed through—but the ethics of his profession were most definite on the anathema of labor. However, the Bower Bird was at heart as earnest a swaggie as ever asked for a hand-out.

In his rickety van he carried no more personal essentials than others' swags, yet it was invariably filled to bursting point—his collections of matchbox labels, cigarette cards and postcards; scores of stamp books, with duplicate specimens for exchanging with other collectors; old blackened billycans full of penknives, hundreds of buttons, screws, spare parts of cars, silverware, and a thousand other items of junk.

If there is a code among swaggies which prevents them gossiping about the other fellow, I never encountered it. Indeed, most were anxious to find out as much as they could about each other, without revealing too much of their own past.

The man with whom I was travelling thought the Bower Bird had left England for England's good, and he was generally considered a little light-on in brain power. The Bower Bird himself had pretty much the same idea about the others; he told me every-thing in his van had some use to somebody. An odd screw might get him some tucker; a handful of nails might bring a shilling or two from a farmer repairing a fence; a buckle might sell to a man needing to fix his horse's hobbie-band. The stuff had cost him nothing, because he'd found it along the road.

He was one transient I did not see again. He was driving a flash sulky and looked prosperous. I guess it wasn't he who was short on brain.

I was growing to like the road; I no longer minded trudging mile on mile without company and when I met up with other swaggies I fell into easy companion-ship. I began to think that maybe I shouldn't try to get a job, and that the irresponsibility that went with humping the bluey wasn't at all unpleasant.

Then one night on a lonely bush road I heard a man carrying on an animated conversation and presently came upon a sundowner:

"Where's your mate?" I asked.

"I have no mate," he replied.

I realised he was merely one of many swaggies who had developed the habit of talking to themselves. I recalled that the president of the Bagmen's Union had the habit, too, and when I mentioned it to him he had said when you began to talk to yourself it was a sure sign the bush had got you.

A month later I heard another man talking to himself—and realised it was me. Next morning I headed for town—and a job.

I've been paying taxes ever since. But sometimes, I wonder...
Plan for
THE HOME OF TODAY (No. 24)
PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

With building conditions becoming more difficult every day and costs still soaring, economical planning more than ever becomes the most important factor of all. Areas are limited, in most parts of the Commonwealth, to 12½ squares. Costs are nearly twice what they were in pre-war days. The result is that not one square foot of waste space can be afforded.

Plan No. 24 is of a two-storey house that is short of everything but the essentials, so that its area comes within the permitted limit. There's no denying a few additional feet here and there would vastly improve the house, but nothing can be done about that at present.

The form of the ground floor plan is a simple rectangle, and that makes for economy. There is quite a large living room, which is usually considered essential. If the second room on the ground floor is used for a bedroom, then the function of dining room could be carried out at one end of the living room without undue overcrowding. The meal recess in the kitchen also helps out in this regard.

Continued on page 68
When wasted handy dated having out the ports here of a arrangement*. At "aM modern £150 of CAVALCADE, but, a Austral above 5 to the main building. The frontage required for the complete house is 50-feet. Without the garage it could be accommodated on a minimum width of 40-feet.

The two bedrooms and the bathroom on the upper floor all open off the stair landing, so that they are not only all handy to each other but there is no space wasted in passages. Both bedrooms open on to a deck over portion of the lower floor in the more modern arrangement.

As the sketch on the previous page shows, this plan is capable of a modern interpretation, but can also be easily adapted to the more conventional American Colonial type, which is the most popular form of all in the United States and is attracting increasing attention here in Australia.

Economy is achieved by tucking the first floor rooms partly into the roof space, although this is not a satisfactory plan in the hotter parts of the Commonwealth. Thorough ventilation of the rooms and the space above them is essential. It would be necessary to leave out the first floor decks in this alternative suggestion.

At £150 per square, this house would cost £1875 to build, without the garage, which in both instances could be added later without having to alter the main building. The frontage required for the complete house is 50-feet. Without the garage it could be accommodated on a minimum width of 40-feet.

VISUALISING THE PLAN

By W. WATSON SHARP, ARAIA

CAN you read a plan? Most people think they can, and when they find they cannot, think that it is something to be ashamed of. For this reason many people who build homes place themselves at a great disadvantage.

When their architect—after a study of the land and preliminary discussions dealing with their exact requirements and their finances—presents them with their first sketch plan, they have only a hazy idea of what it all means.

You can avoid this pitfall. The first and obvious thing to do is to tell your architect quite frankly that you are not trained to read plans like he is. He is certain then to explain to you what all the symbols mean, how a window and a door are put down on paper and to demonstrate the arrangement of the various units by showing you similar ones.

But you can help yourself still more both before and after visiting him by making use of the house or flat you are living in.

You can use it first to determine just what rooms and arrangement of rooms are necessary and desirable for the design for living which you have evolved. There are some features about the house that appeal to you immensely, others that you would avoid at any price.

Note all these things and pass the information on to your architect before he starts work.

It is a general rule that bedrooms should face east. Perhaps your's does, and you wake hours too early in the summer. Make a note that you would prefer it on the north-east rather than the east.

With the ideas and don't list you will find yourself a welcome client in any architect's office. Without a written list you will remember most of them after the interview is over and you are sitting down to dinner at home.

Room dimensions, another tricky point, can be cleared up in the house you are in at present. The sketch may show a bedroom 14-feet by 12-feet. To people not used to such things that may not mean much.

Don't go down and measure it out on the lawn, but measure the room you now sleep in and see how they compare. Space or area without walls looks totally different to the same area enclosed. It is easy to see from the room you are in whether you want more floor space, or whether you could do with less.

The size of a room is also influenced by the position of the doors and windows. Having identified a room of similar or near-similar size, these features can be marked in and you can see just how the room can be furnished.

Such procedure at this stage may mean a complete re-arrangement of the plan. Its neglect may mean a house that is definitely unsatisfactory and a compromise furniture layout that you will never like.

CAVALCADE, January 1947
Ideas FOR THE HOME OF TODAY

A bed designed for comfort and relaxation. Six feet by seven feet, it has arm rests receding into the headboard which can be pulled down for reading. Walls are plastic treated chintz, and the bedspread is satin, tailored, and quilted in an all-over floral design.

Functional design. No superfluous furniture, but a built-in dressing-table shelf with wall mirror in keeping with the simple design of the wooden bed and armchair. A solid piece of timber forms the head-board and foot-board of the bed, upheld by solid timber legs. The bedspread of coarse cottage weave and the curtains echo the color of the matting, but the chair upholstery is in lighter tone.
Do You Want A Home Of Your Own?

The A.M.P. Society's Home Purchase Plan affords you the opportunity to secure a home of your own by easy and safe means. Briefly, this is how the Society's plan works:

• THE LOANS. Substantial proportions of the Society's Valuations are granted as loans towards the purchase or erection of suitable brick, brick veneer, weatherboard and fibro-cement houses in approved localities.

• EASY TERMS. Loans may be repaid by fixed monthly instalments which include principal and interest. These repayments extend over a long term of years, according to the class of security, but should be completed before the age of 65.

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• NO VALUATION FEES. No charge is made by the Society under this scheme for the inspection or valuation of property.

• LEGAL COSTS. Costs of preparation of the necessary Mortgage Deed are borne by the Society, the borrower being responsible only for out-of-pocket expenses such as search fees, registration and other items incidental to the mortgage.

If it is your ambition to secure a home of your own, call and discuss the matter in detail with the Society's officers at the nearest A.M.P. office or ask your nearest A.M.P. Representative to call upon you.

A.M.P. SOCIETY
AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY
Security through Co-operation
HEAD OFFICE: 87 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.
Branch Offices at Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart and Canberra, A.C.T.
Miss Noel McGlinchey, 17 year-old blonde beauty from Toorak, Vic., has won the coveted title of Australia's Premier Cover Girl.

From an avalanche of entries— from all over Australia, from New Zealand, the Pacific Islands, and even from Java, Noel McGlinchey, by the unanimous vote of three famous judges — film producer, Ken G. Hall; stage and screen star, Murad Steinbeck; and artist, Erik Langker — has been selected winner of the CAVALCADE Cover Girl Quest.

To blonde, beautiful Noel McGlinchey CAVALCADE offers warmest congratulations on an honor well won. And to the unsuccessful entrants CAVALCADE throws a bouquet for having made the task of the judges one of the toughest they have ever faced up to.

CAVALCADE offers a special handclap to the other five beautiful finalists, Jan Urquhart, Jean Blake, Lorna Ryan, Noela Dykes and Joan Smith.

In the months to come pictures of many of the entrants to the Quest will grace the covers of CAVALCADE.

More than that, the Casting Director of Chisewound has already examined all the entries looking for screen types, and for some girls the opportunity of a screen career may be just around the corner.

And now CAVALCADE has the honor to present Noel McGlinchey.

Noel has a captivating person ality and a natural manner which emphasize her youthful beauty. She speaks well without the slightest affectation and with just a trace of shyness which is intriguing.

Noel lives with her father, mother and sister. She has been modelling since August last year, and she wants to reach the top in her chosen profession. Well she now has a golden opportunity to do so.

You get two main impressions after talking to Noel for a little while. She dresses very smartly and tastefully in simple, dark clothes which set off her blonde beauty to perfection. She has a bubbly sense of humor which makes conversation with her a stimulating experience.

Except for dark lipstick and nail lacquer Noel makes sparing use of cosmetics. But, then, she has an excellent natural complexion.

She looks taller than her 5 feet 7 inches, but that is because her slim figure accentuates her height.

Noel told CAVALCADE she goes out a lot to dances but she hasn’t a particular escort. She hasn’t thought about marriage yet.

Her taste in films and books is fairly general. She plays tennis and goes ice-skating, and she’s an ardent "Bing" fan — in fact, her hobby is collecting "Bing" records.

As you can see, Noel is an unaffected, typical Australian girl.

When she comes to Sydney this month, as CAVALCADE'S guest, Noel will be launched on a dazzling career, which will lead her to fame and fortune. She will be screen tested, photographed, filmed and presented with all the awards which go with the title she has won.

Good luck to Noel McGlinchey!

And now a word about the young man who took Noel McGlinchey's picture. CAVALCADE'S special award of 25 guineas goes to John Warlow, 28 year old ex-R.A.A.F. man whose outstanding portrait of Noel appears on the cover of this issue of CAVALCADE.

Warlow's main interest is fashion photography. He started in as a professional photographer in Queensland when he was only 19 years old. Now he has a studio in a beautiful Toorak mansion, the spacious salons and gardens of which give him the gracious backgrounds which distinguish his photography. Congratulations, Mr. Warlow!

The judges took a long time to pick Noel from the six glamorous finalists. There was a further assessment of qualifications, further weighing of Cover Girl requirements, further estimate of the personal capacity of a girl to handle the quite arduous job of being a top-ranking model.

Noel seemed to fill all the requirements; and later, when CAVALCADE'S representative called on her in Melbourne, he thought how right the judges were! Incidentally, Noel is the youngest of the finalists. The judges, however, were certain that her youth would be a marvellous asset in association with her other undoubted personal qualifications — and, of course, her beauty!
KEN G. HALL. I have judged many competitions concerned with female beauty, but I have never seen such a consistently high standard of entry as these girls have presented in the "CAVALCADE" COVER GIRL QUEST. They are a good type of girl in every way. I have seen the letters they have written, and I find that in education and outlook, as well as in physical beauty, they are well above the average entrant in other quests of this sort. I have remembered that CAVALCADE looked for a cover girl and I have framed my judgment accordingly. I have cast my vote for the girl I believe will make the best cover girl.

But there are many entrants who, while not as suitable for cover girls, suggest that they might be photogenic, and the type to gain an opportunity in films. One sound would like to have its talent scout look through the entries to follow-up girls of this type, and I sincerely believe that many of them would be worthy of an offer of a screen test.

MURIOL STEINBECK. I have thoroughly enjoyed judging these entrants, because they represent good types, interesting types of young womanhood. I am impressed by the taste in dress which is obvious from their photographs, and I believe, as Mr. Hall does, that many of them have, in appearance, promise of some future in film or stage work. I am completely impressed with the girl selected, and I believe the fact that the decision of the judges was unanimous shows clearly that this girl is the most outstanding entrant for the purpose. In every way she leads. But I feel that there are a number of entrants who, coming close to winning a place in the contest, are both beautiful and photogenic; in a contest where so many entrants had so many good qualities in their photographs, this should be at least definite encouragement to those who were not fortunate enough to win a place among the finalists in this nation-wide quest.

ERIK LANGKER. I have seen many women. My work as an artist has made me familiar with many models, and I have always been interested in women, not only the form of the perfect woman, but the extent to which many models fall short of perfection. I have an eye for imperfections, I am confident that the cover girls' standards are high, and that the winner is an outstanding young woman who, if she has any desire, can make a career from now on in modelling. And, I hope as indicated by Mr. Hall, in films, though I am not qualified to speak on that. There are many entrants whose faces show interesting subject matter for a painter. Whenever a cover girl's first duty is to be on a magazine cover. I congratulate CAVALCADE on having assembled such a fine collection of entrants, and I congratulate the winner of the contest on having won a distinction above such heavy competition.
FEROCEITY IS THE STUFF—OF PRIMITIVE DRAMA
TO MAKE A FELLOW GROW.

SOMETHING JUICY—
YOU CAN'T FORGIVE A SOURPUSS—

BUT A SMILE HELPS THE PLAINEST FACE
Problem of the Month

Are you good at figures? No, silly, the other kind. This kind: "At the commencement of our annual cricket week, now just concluded," reports the club secretary, "our fast bowler, Smith, had taken forty wickets for one hundred and sixty runs. During the same period, Jones, the googly expert, had taken twenty wickets, also for a hundred and sixty runs. One man’s average, therefore was exactly double that of the other. During cricket week they took thirty wickets between them at a total cost of two hundred and eighty runs, and their averages for the season are exactly the same." (Applause.)

Who—how’s that? Based on these figures, what is the greatest number of wickets Smith could have taken at the time the secretary reported?

Answer

160 — average 6.2/3
Smith 66 wickets for 440 — average 6.2/3 Jones 24 for
Jones four for none. Figures for the season are there.
In the cricket week Smith took 26 wickets for 280 runs and
Bowler Smith’s tally is 66 wickets. It’s the way: dur-

GUARANTEED NEVER TO FADE OR SHRINK:

Train your eye to see QUALITY!
THE GIRL BREAKS A SAFE

She was mistaken for a millionaire's daughter—and that wasn't so good.

RODERICK THEW

BEVERLY Ann, slim, sinuous and smartly-tailored, met a man on the footpath five minutes after she had left her place of business, and this chance encounter ruined the long weekend.

Surfing, dancing, and sitting in the roadster with Roland after the dance, shivering with the delight of young romance, were all in Beverly Ann's programme for the long weekend, and rightly so since she was young enough and beautiful enough for all of these.

But they were all spoiled by the man who stepped in her path in the crowded street and said: "Don't you recognise me?"

Beverly Ann, a smart young woman with a snap-decision mind, said "No" in an uncompromising voice and made to pass on.

People who passed jostled against Beverly Ann. A car drew up to the kerb with a swish, so close to Beverly Ann and the strange man that he took her elbow and drew her aside just as the car door opened.

Beverly Ann started to say thanks, but she seemed to lose balance then. By the time she shouted...
for help her voice muffled into a sweaty human hand across her mouth, and she was on the floor of the car, and the door was hanging, as the engine roared the car forward into the traffic. The strange man was seated on the car seat, looking down.

"Easy as that," he said.

The second occupant of the car sprinkled something sweet over a handkerchief and held it across the hand that gaggled her mouth.

Beverly Ann had felt chloroform before. By the time she had put together the meaning of the last crowded minute, thoughts were flying about her head like butterflies, and swooping towards her with wings that spread bigger and blacker as she got nearer her face, until they flapped into her eyes, blacking out the light and consciousness.

Beverly Ann was lying on a sofa when she woke up. There was singing in her head and her first conscious thought was butterflies with big black wings flapping towards her. She panicked and sat up.

The room was strange, and things began to come back to her. Her head felt dizzy and she lay down again. She started to remember slowly where she was and the dizziness left her. Fear made her think quickly. But she had not time to think far before the door opened.

The man who had stopped her in the street came in and closed the door.

"You'll be all right," he said without preamble, "if you don't try to get smart."

Beverly Ann sat up and looked at him. Some of her business crispness came back. "What's all this about?" she demanded. "There was a good deal of heat in her voice."

The man raised his hand. It was white, small, well-manicured. It looked freshly washed. "No scenes," he said pleasantly. "The boss doesn't like them, and it will be better that way."

"The boss?" Her eyebrows arched. "If you've got a boss you'd better let me talk to him. He's got some explaining to do."

"He'll not be coming in unless things get tough," the man said. "He's turned you over to me."

The chloroform started to nauseate Beverly Ann and her head felt light again. She suddenly thought, too, that she could recognize this.

"What's behind all this?" she demanded, unwilling to frame the thought that had taken hold of her mind.

The man folded his arms and walked over. He stood and looked down at her silently for quite a time. She met his gaze and held it; but under the animal coldness of his eyes she looked away first.

"There are two possibilities," he said. "One is distinctly unpleasant. He paused, never taking his eyes from her. "The other," he said slowly, "is simple and painless, and the cost is reasonable."

Beverly Ann sat not daring to look at him again; she waited, feeling his eyes on her. "Twenty thousand," he said, still speaking slowly, "and you will be put smartly back on the corner we took you from."

Simple kidnap and ransom. Beverly Ann didn't know anything about it, but she could see she was in a jam. She got to her feet and forced herself to stand steadily. She forced a mirthless imitation of laughter.

"Where's the twenty thousand coming from?" she demanded.

"Your father?"

The smartness which had made her valued by her employer snapped into her eyes.

"That's a nice thing to say to an orphan," she retorted.

The man looked at her with quick interest.

"Cut it out," he said. "You can't pull fancy stories."

Beverly Ann shrugged. "O.K.," she said; "it's your mistake."

"Miss Marsden," he retorted, "you're like all society dames; you're so smooth you're almost convincing. Your mother died in 1932. How long has Sir Harry been dead?"

Beverly Ann laughed, almost musically. "What's Sir Harry Marsden to do with me?"

"Something that adds up to about £20,000," he said. "Don't try your swift jokes. The boss might get tough—and when he's tough he's ugly."

The man turned towards the door of the room and threw a "think it over" back to her as he turned the handle to go out. As he opened the door another man was standing there. "What's the reaction, Max?" he asked.

Max shrugged. "Tony, she thinks this is a practical joke."

"Then she better stop," Tony came into the room. "Miss Marsden," he said, dropping a sixpenny writing pad on the table, "the boss says you're to write your own ransom note."

She stood, her slimly upright figure tense. "It's time this rot stopped," she snapped. "I am not Miss Marsden; I have no father; I wouldn't write that note if I had."

Tony forced her into a chair and when he let go her arm hurt. "We do the talking around here," he said. "Write what you're told."

She wanted to rub her arm where he had brused it. For a second she remained tense in the chair, then she relaxed and looked at them both with a stony smile.

"What does it matter?" she asked. "It won't do any good. He'll know."

"If it doesn't do good it's going to do harm," he said. "Check, Max?"

He nodded, and she wrote at his dictation a demand on Sir Harry Marsden for £20,000 as the price of his daughter's safety.

Tony and Max watched her write. When she had finished they read the note with the greatest of care as it lay on the table. They studied it for any way in which she might, ingeniously, have twisted their words. Then Max said:

"Fold it up and put it into an envelope."

As she was addressing the envelope he added: "There isn't going to be any fingerprints on this but yours. Then he told her to wrap another sheet of paper around it, and carried it, thus protected, out of the room. There wasn't going to be anything in the writing, or on the paper that would lead back to anybody but her.

Beverly Ann, left alone, had plenty to think about. She knew
from the note the danger with which they had not threatened her. She had worked hard to keep her hand steady as she wrote the final phrase—"... if not the body will be found floating in the surf."

The light in the room went out suddenly. Beverly, Ann listened, but could hear nothing at all.

After sitting strainig for some sound in the darkness for some time, she slowly relaxed. Then the lighted nerves began to tremble; and she flung herself down on the couch and lay there, biting her lip, haunted by fear that made her want to scream.

Unpleasant pictures drifted before her mind. They froze her with a stomach-hurting cold terror; but they were not enough to make her want to cry. Perhaps she was past tears.

The sickly-sweet smell of the chloroform reasserted itself in her nostrils so that she started up, believing that it was near her again. But it was only her memory of that all-embracing black butterfly-wing that had robbed her of consciousness in the car.

That memory frightened her. She re-lived the dream of those wings flapping nearer and blinding her; and then they came again, blinding her again. When she woke up there was light streaming through the high window, and she knew it was day, and Max was standing over her and she realized suddenly where she was.

Realisation took the freshness of sleep out of her mind, and the way Max ran his eyes over her shapeliness as she lay there made her sit up quickly.

"It wasn't there," Max said.
His voice was heavy and slow.
"What wasn't?"
"The money."
"Did you expect it so soon?"
"Gee," Max exploded, "you're a cool fool. Don't you remember what you wrote to your daddy?"
"I told you he isn't my daddy. I knew he wouldn't send anything to a strange girl. Especially in the railway buffet at two in the morning—it was the railway buffet, wasn't it?"
Max nodded.
"Pity he didn't come over," he said. "You're too nice . . ." He let the words drag unfinished. After looking at her silently for a moment he went out.

Beverly Ann had had frights and shocks; once she had been near to death in a car accident, and the image of what could have happened to her had chased her for days afterward. But she knew now, sitting in the room alone, what fear was.

The window, when she crossed to it, looked out over tall roofs; this was somewhere in the city. It might be anywhere, because she couldn't see any familiar signs or slogans; by the same token she learned that she was far above ground, and that to break out of the window would land her on a narrow stone ledge.

Beverly Ann was smart; she was practical. It seemed fairly obvious that, since the window was unguarded, it could not be used for escape and her captors knew it. But she was a girl to see for herself.

She dragged the sofa under the window and stood on it. Then she
tried to unfasten the lock. It was rusty and it would not move, but she tried patiently. Once there was a noise that made her stop and listen, but she heard only the pounding of her own heart and her mouth was dry.

Certain she was not about to be disturbed, she returned to her window lock. She wrestled with it for minutes; the rust on it came off and stained her fingers. There was a sharp edge on it that scratched her thumb. But she made the rusty lock move and presently had it undone.

Beverly Ann had a feeling that this was good. She put her weight against the window and pushed, and had another struggle to move it in its sash. But she got it up, squeaking and groaning. To her the squeaks seemed very loud and she paused several times, listening.

The window was far enough up for her to crawl through. She jumped down and ran to the door and tried it; it was locked on the outside. She darted back, sprawled onto the sofa, pulled herself onto the ledge and knelted there, peering out.

A long ledge of stone about eighteen inches wide ran below the window and away along the top of the building, which was a block of city offices. About twenty feet along there was a round waterpipe running down the wall, and a couple of things sticking out of the wall that looked like loops which had once held a pipe. What seemed a dizzy distance below was the roof of another building. She thought she could reach it.

Outside the window, onto the ledge, Beverly Ann felt suddenly calm. She knew she had to be calm, and very steady, to do this.

Inch by inch, standing on the narrow stone ledge with her back pressed against the wall of the building, she moved along. She had to pass two windows to reach the down-pipe, and they gave her wider ledges on which to stand.

Twice as she reached the windows she pressed herself back into the recesses and rested, feeling a little safer. Then she moved forward again along the ledge.

She managed to kneel down and grasp the fastening that held the waterpipe. She lowered herself over and not daring to look down knew that she clung dizzyly between heaven and earth to the city skyline. She felt to get a grip on the pipe. One of the old loops she had seen in the wall was somewhere here. She felt for it with her foot and found it; as it took her weight it began to bend, she tightened her grip on the pipe and felt suddenly panicky.

For a moment Beverly Ann hung there. She could not go down, she knew it; her confidence had gone. She tried tentatively to pull herself up by the arms; she couldn't do it. Trembling all over she clung there. It was only a small time now. Her fingers and wrists would get tired. She would fight against her tired muscles to hang on. But presently the muscles would rebel and she would go hurting down.

She began to feel clammy. She tried to tell herself that this would be no worse than what would have happened anyway but she refused to believe her own conviction.

Underneath her there was a sharp squeak of an unoiled window. "Hang on a second," somebody called out. "We'll get you: hang on."
Beverly Ann tried to look down but could see nothing. The voice gave her a sweeping feeling of relief. At the same time, suddenly the seconds seemed to drag and the minutes seemed ageless. Then something moved quite closely beside her and she twisted her head with difficulty. A rope ladder hung there, dropped from above.

The voice below her said: "Get on, and hang on."

Beverly Ann calculated the distance and stretching her leg sideways managed to get her foot around the side of it. Trembling and uncertain she got herself onto it and slid into a sitting position on one of the rungs. She twined her arms around the side ropes and, feeling suddenly safe, began to cry.

The ladder was moved up. As it moved she swayed and bumped against the wall. When she was pulled over the projecting stone ledge she did not hold herself far enough out, and her leg rubbing over the rough edge was grazed until it smarted.

The ladder moved slowly and Beverly Ann ventured to look up. Faces peered over the top of the wall but her eyes were misty and she could not distinguish them.

On the roof she dropped in an unconscious heap.

When she woke up she was back on the sofa and it was back in its place against the wall opposite the window. The window was closed again. And Max was once more standing looking down at her. There was no cold appraisal of her beauty in his eyes. He was furiously angry, keeping himself in check with difficulty.

"You damn little fool," he said.

She said: "Hi! The man who was going to kill me was frightened I'd kill myself."

"That would have been better," he said, "if you had. Why didn't you fall?"

"You didn't let me," she said, "you saved me."

"If you'd been killed in the fall everything would have been simpler; but if you had been taken to hospital, and you'd talked . . ." He shrugged. "As it is there's no telling who saw you in that silly escapade. We'll have to get you the hell out of here."

She wanted to ask things and say things that sounded smart, like she had yesterday. But she couldn't think of those things now. Her cold fear was renewed; she lay still, watching her fingers.

Max sat down on the side of the sofa, close to her. "Look," he said, "I may be a sentimental fool, but I like you. You look pretty nice. I don't want you to get all messed up. Did you do anything to that note—you know, in writing it, I mean—to put your father off?"

She didn't answer for a second; then her serious eyes met his.

"Listen, Max," she said, "I told you—he isn't my father—really. And, Max—" she tried to sound confidential, to win his sympathy —"even if he were, and even if he paid the money, I'd never get out of it alive. You wouldn't dare risk it, would you now?"

"It's not me—it's the boss," Max said, and Beverly Ann felt that he was defending himself to her, which was good. "And the boss wants money pretty badly, in such a hurry, or the police will come."

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ESTABLISHED 1929
and he wants to even scores with your father—but he's not a killer. No, he's not a killer.

Max squeezed her arm and got up. "I'm sorry you did that," he said, "that escape. Because no they'll take you away somewhere else. They'll have to, in case you were seen."

Max went out. Presently Tony and a man she hadn't seen before came in.

Tony had something in his hand. He walked over to her and held it in his palm for her to see the slim cylinder and the long slim pointed needle attached to it.

"This will rock you off to sleep if you try to fool about," he said. "I don't want to use it, but I will if you don't do as you're told."

She looked at it and at him. "You're the man who is making all the mistakes around here so far," she said. "I wouldn't make the mistake of getting that stuck into me."

"You've got guts," he said. "Will you do as you're told?"

"Yes," she said.

He grinned. He had a coat over his arm and he threw it over her shoulders. He let his hands rest on her shoulders and let them run slowly and lightly the length of her arms as he dragged them away.

He took a pair of sun-goggles out of his pocket and stood close in front of her, almost touching her, while he put them on her. She moved back from him and adjusted them. They had looked like sun-goggles, but she couldn't see through them. They were a blindfold—the sort of blindfold that people could even look at without any suspicion.

Tony took her arm and the other man took her by the hand, and they went out. Beverly Ann guessed they walked the length of a corridor, though she could see nothing. Then they went down in a lift and along a corridor and out into what, the strong light told her, was the street. It had a quietness not usually found in streets. She remembered that it must be Saturday afternoon.

She had not eaten for twenty-four hours but she did not feel hungry. She didn't even think of the same cold fear in her stomach now. They put her into a car. The door closed and the engine started, and sitting with Tony and the other man holding her arms still, they commenced to move.

The goggless were uncomfortable on her face. She went to move a hand to adjust them and the hand was jerked back. Something cold pressed against her hand and Tony said "Remember the needle; keep still." The old fear returned for a minute; then she became quiet as the humming of the engine told her they were on a long straight run of road.

Saturday afternoon, but not as she had seen it. She ought to be lying on the beach now. The warm sun would be browning her and the cool breeze would be playing over her slim legs and shoulders, and Roland would be lying propped up on his elbow running sand through his fingers and gazing out to sea, or up into her eyes...

Or they would be sitting on the little flagstone patio of the hearth garden having a cool drink and talking about their dreams...

She moved her hand again and Tony said, "Don't forget," in a voice that made her shudder. She didn't like Tony. She didn't think he would stop at fixing up that sort of mistake. The thought that he might want to do something before he killed her, though. She blinked tears away from her eyes.

The drive seemed interminable, but it stopped at last and she was in a big, abruptly-furnished room, and knew where.

The man they called the Boss was there. So thin that his six feet and height made him gigantic; so come-headed and bald that he looked eerie; so expressionless that it was hard to conceive he was not wearing a mask.

Tony and the stranger stood back discreetly. What passed for a grin passed over the Boss's face.

"Very nice," he said smoothly, looking over Beverly Ann from head to her heels. "Very nice, but not worth all that money, even to her dad, Pity."

Beverly Ann felt the need of something to lean on. There wasn't anything to lean on, so she stood tensed and defiant.

"I hear some silly story that you deny your identity," he said. "But cameras don't lie. Look." He held up a photograph which could have been Beverly Ann—if she had had some food and a sleep, to get rid of her pallor and the dark circles beneath her eyes.

"And your father isn't going to come across," he mused. The smile went off his face and the tone of his voice went cold and hard as he said. "On Monday morning they'll find you floating in the surf, or washed up on a beach. They'll probably call it suicide. It won't really matter what they say it then, will it? And twenty thousand and won't seem to mean so much to your father, will it? Oh, I've wanted to put the brakes on him for a long time, I have!"

There was a knock at the room door and the boss called: "Come in." Max came in with a newspaper in his hand.

"Look at this," he said without preamble.

The boss took the paper and looked at it. He gave an exclamation and started reading. Then he exploded. He swore profanely, and cursed Max and Tony and others who meant nothing to Beverly Ann.

She, seeing that something had gone wrong, knew that it was time to capitalise on the situation.

"Anything the matter?" she asked too sweetly.

The boss swore at her horribly. Then he gave a dry laugh. He told her what a pack of stupid fools his men were. He cursed her for laughing at them.

"Do you believe me at last?" she asked, the same simpering sweetness in her voice.

"Believe you? Look!" He flung the newspaper down. She picked it up and read: "Millionaire in Kidnap Hoax. She saw a photograph of the note she had written, and a large photograph of Sir Harry Marsden and his daughter posed reading the note.

Her heart sank as she read the end of the report: "As nobody answering to Miss Marsden's description has been reported missing it is assumed that this is a stupid practical joke to discomfort Sir
Harry Marsden or to embarrass Miss Marsden.

Nobody even knew she was missing. She could expect no help. She wondered what Roland was doing, or what he had thought of her not keeping her appointment with him. And the strange thought that dominated her first was the curious resemblance between Marsden’s daughter and herself.

“You could have found all this out by looking in my handbag,” she said.

The boss grasped it and flung an angry query at Tony.

“I thought of it,” he defended, “but the bag fell in the gutter as we were putting her in the car. It was too risky to get it—too much delay.

The bag fell in the gutter. Beverly Ann registered that and remembered it as the only clue there was to her disappearance. Somebody would find it and perhaps report the loss. Then they might try to get in touch with her to give it back...

The boss interrupted. “Take her away and lock her up,” he said to Tony. “We’ll have to get rid of her; she knows too much.”

She swung towards him. “Are you going to kill me because I know too much?” she asked.

“Get her out of here,” he retorted angrily. “Yes, that’s the size of it. Do you think I’m going to take the rap because you are let free to talk? This isn’t a charity home.”

Tony grabbed her by the arm but she twisted away from him. “If you want murder, O.K. But I think I could be of use to a man like you.”

Tony was already dragging her across the room. He was pushing her through the door when the boss said: “Just a minute, Tony.” The man stopped and stood there, holding her.

“What did you say?” the boss asked her.

Beverly Ann’s lips quivered. She drew a deep breath and retorted coldly: “I said I thought you could use a girl like me.”

“How?” the query came sharply.

“Well, I’ll tell you—alone,” she said.

The boss cleared the room.

“And now?” he asked.

“I’d like a chair,” she said.

He motioned her to sit down. She did so, elaborately crossing her slim, silken legs and leaning forward to look her most engaging.

“What do you know about me?” she asked softly and answered her own question: “Nothing, except that I look like the Marsden girl.”

He nodded.

“You might have your own thoughts about me, but you might be right—or wrong,” she proceeded. “You are a bit hasty; not the kind of man to throw away an asset—and I think I could be an asset.”

“Go on,” he said.

Beverly Ann hesitated. She was uncertain what to say next. This was the kind of bluff she had never played; the kind of thing which, had she ever thought of it, she would have been certain she could not do.

“Go on,” he said irritably.

“Give me a smoke,” she asked, “and forgive me if I’m a little slow. I haven’t eaten under your
idea of hospitality, you know."

He handed her a cigarette. She put it between her lips. "Light?" she queried and looking into his face smiled slowly.

While she lit the cigarette and slowly exhaled a lungful of smoke, she was thinking rapidly behind cover of the actions.

"Look," she said. "I could tell you lies and you'd have to believe them if you're going to believe anything I say. But I won't. I didn't lie when I told you I was the wrong girl and I won't lie now."

"It wouldn't do you any good," the boss cut in.

"Well, I've never been in this line before—the crook stuff," she said. "But I think it would be better than working in an office for four pounds a week. I think you could use me pretty well."

"How?"

"Oh, different things you must want to do at times. This kidnap, for instance. I'm sure I could bring the Marsden girl in easier than those thick-headed fools of yours."

The boss looked at her through narrow eyes.

"Are you suggesting you do that?" he asked.

She nodded. "Why not? You want to get even with her old man, don't you?"

He nodded and smiled. "I certainly do." He got up and paced the room. Then he stopped and faced her. "God," he said, "what the mind of a woman must be like! You've had hell for the past twenty-four hours—but you don't mind handing it to another woman if it's for your own benefit, do you now?"

Beverly Ann smiled at him. "Why should I?" she asked.

"O.K.," he said. "I'll think it over—but hell, it's too much of a risk. I can't trust a girl who'd cold-bloodedly turn in another girl like that. You'd do any mortal thing, you conscienceless bitch!"

Beverly Ann got up and smacked him across the face.

"You might be the boss and you might kidnap me—and kill me. But you don't talk to me like that," she said.

He started towards her angrily. His fists were clenched and his eyes gleaming. She felt her heart pounding, but she stood her ground and said: "I'd expect you to hit a woman."

He stopped. "My God, you're cool," he said. "Maybe I shouldn't have said that. I shouldn't let you get away with this anyway. But if you can use these assets for me—"

"If I can?" she echoed as a question.

He lit a cigarette and puffed it in silence for a while, then said: "Don't you see that to take you into my outfit I've got to trust you, and I can't do that!" he asked. "You're a clean skin. The law can't do anything to you—you could walk outside and in a few days when you know enough, you could turn us over to the cops. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Not unless there's a very big reward for you," she said, "because I want money, lots of money, and I couldn't get it that way. Yes, I want a lot of money—don't you think I'm pretty enough to have money for good dresses and jewel-
lery, and to be seen in nice places?"

She posed herself to show him how pretty she was. "And if you don't trust me because I haven't a record," she said, "well, I can easily give myself a record. I could rob a shop. Yes, I could do that, couldn't I, to buy myself into your mob?"

The boss bit his lip and looked at her. "So you could rob a shop to buy yourself into my mob? I should live to see the day a pretty little girl talks that way. Would you make it the corner grocer's, or the fish and chip shop at the tram stop?"

"Smart and Smith would be better," she said. "Think big."

The boss whistled. "That is thinking big," he said. "You'd never get away with it."

"So I don't get away with it, and I go to gaol for trying to break into the biggest jeweller's in town. Do you worry?" she asked.

"What do you know about breaking in anywhere?" he demanded."

"Can't tell you that for nothing," she said. "Think it over first."

He nodded briefly. She did not see him give any signal or press any bell, but the door opened and Tony came in.

"Take her away," the boss said briefly and coldly, "and lock her up." His voice was bleak.

She dozed to sleep and was awakened by the opening of the door. A man—another she had not seen before came in with some cold meat on a tray and a glass which contained whisky and water. She ate the meat and was thankful for the warmth the whisky pumped through her, and the man stood over her until she had finished. Then he went out. She heard the key turn in the lock and she sat down in a hard armchair. She kicked her shoes off and tried to curl up in the chair. At first it was very awkward; but soon she fell asleep.

When she woke Max and Tony were both standing over her.

Max was smiling. Tony said: "The boss wants you. Come on."

The boss said: "We'll try you out. You could be useful."

Beverly Ann said: "Good work. I'm going to like this."

Tony said: "Boss, I hope we're going to like this too. I think it stinks. I think we're fools."

"We're not losing anything here," Max said. "We might do all right, and we're not losing anything."

"We expect you to clean up Smart and Smith's tonight," the boss said. "How are you going to do it?"

Beverly Ann said: "I've been in there several times lately looking at things. I've often thought how easy it would be to rob. What I want is a couple of your boys to come along and do the hard work like picking locks. I'll do the actual robbery—and I'll leave my fingerprints all over everything and drop my handkerchief in the shop—leave enough clues to put me in gaol for years. That will make me safe for you to work with on something else."

"I don't get it," Tony said.

Beverly Ann said: "I'm what your boss calls a cleanskin, and I want to be in your mob. If I leave
my fingerprints all over the office, I’ll be a wanted woman in the morning—and then I’ll be eligible to join your gang, won’t I?"

"With what object?" Tony demanded.

"Because I want money. I want a lot of money and I’m going to throw in with you until I get it."

The boss said: "Tony, we’ve had this out before."

"I don’t like it," Tony said. "If we get in this shop how are you going to open a safe?"

"I have a way with safes," she said. "I have some specialised knowledge to bring into this outfit. I was a safemaker’s secretary once; I know about safes."

"I hope you do," Tony said.

As they took her out she found Max very close beside her and when she was back in her little prison room Max did not leave at once. He took her by the arm and he squeezed her arm.

"You’re a pretty good type, coming in like this," he said. "Why did you do it?"

"Does it matter?" she asked.

Max slid his arm around her. She went rigid but he kept his arm round her waist and looked into her eyes. "Yes, it matters," he said. "You’re all right by me."

"Well," she told him, "since you grabbed me off the footpath it looks as though something has to happen. The boss was going to bump me off anyway in case I talked. I didn’t like that, but I do like money and what it buys, so I thought if he’d have me in the gang I might even have a better life than I had before as a silly little overworked typist."

"You’ll have a better life," he said, "as long as you’re on the level. Tonight will show. But for God’s sake play the game straight with them. They’ll stand over you with guns while you do this."

"Won’t you be there?" she asked.

He shook his head. "No; Tony and two other fellows."

"Never mind," she said. "I’ll see you later."

Max made to kiss her. She pushed him away gently. "A sentimental crook," she said softly with a gurgling laugh. "Wait till I win my spurs, Max. See me when I come back."

Max was still muttering, "God, what a woman," when the door opened and Tony came in.

"Come on and play it straight," he snapped. "I’m allergic to sex."

Beverly Ann looked at him prettily and smiled. "With your good looks you’d have to be," she said. "Where do we go?"

Max laughed at the crack. Beverly Ann went out with Tony and was not surprised when she was given the blindfold glasses again and led out to the car.

She tried to count up time but could not. She said to Tony: "What day is it?" and Tony said: "It’s Sunday."

"What time?" she asked and he told her it was shortly before dawn.

"Then I have a chance of seeing some daylight on Sunday, eh?" she asked.

Tony said: "If you do this job properly you might."

The car purred along the road smoothly. Beverly Ann fell quiet, thinking of what she was about to do. She tried to recollect the interior of Smart and Smith’s in all its detail, as she knew it. She rehearsed over and again in her mind what she would do.

She was aware that her heart was pounding again, as it had pounded in that top-storey room when she tried to force the window open—only yesterday. It seemed long, long ago.

Her mind rambled back, rehearsing what had happened to her. She was re-living her fateful interview with the boss of the gang when the engine of the car slowed.

She was told to get out and guided by Tony’s hand she stepped into darkness. "You can take your glasses off," Tony said and she saw that while he was holding her arm another man was paying off an ordinary-looking taxi.

"Just going through the motions to allay any suspicious eyes," Tony said. "Come on."

The taxi glided away. The second man joined them and they walked a block and a half down the deserted pre-dawn city street where the lights gleamed coldly and palely, towards Smart and Smith’s.

There were iron shutters latticed across the windows and behind them the silverware in the display cases gleamed. Tony walked up to the shutters that guarded the door and they came open in his hands. He looked up and down the street and pulled the girl smartly into the recess of the doorway. He pushed the door and it swung open.

"This part is simple," he said. "We had an expert break these locks ahead of us. Now you lead on, and remember I’ve got a gun."

He showed her the gun, a small, evil-looking rod that pointed at the flatness of her stomach. "You’ve got a pretty little stomach to shoot full of lead," he said coarsely.

"You won’t need that," she said. She walked confidently and silently along the felt that covered the floor of the exclusive showroom and led down some stairs into the basement office. Tony told the other man to wait at the top of the stairs in case of accidents.

Beverly Ann grasped for about a minute for the light switch and the room became bright. "It can’t be seen from the street," she explained, adding with a malicious smile: "All the better to shoot with, my dear."

"Get to work," Tony said, nodding at the strongroom door. "Wall-safe first," she said. She walked over and looked at the lock. She looked at it for half a
minute. Her heart was thumping in her breast and she was breathing deeply. Her lips were compressed.

She put her ear against the door and taking the combination knob between her fingers she began to twist slowly. She seemed to listen for a long time. Then she gave a satisfied smile and started again.

Tony had the pistol covering her while she worked. "Notice my bare hands," she said. "Think of the fingerprints I'm going to be in deep now, aren't I?"

He had a quick torrent on her lips when the girl stepped back and gave a little tug.

"You've done it," he said.

"Don't sound so surprised," she retorted. "Now I'll open the big strongroom, then you can clean out one while I take the other and we'll be away in no time."

She looked into the wall-safe and then divined her hand in and pulled out a tray of rings. "Nice?" she asked. "But let's get on with the business."

She went to work on the strongroom door and Tony watched her. He still pointed the pistol at her but there was a glint of admiration in his eyes. "I don't know how you do it; you're uncanny," he said.

"So much tidier than blowing it up with dynamite," she retorted. But after a minute she stood back and ran her finger delicately across her forehead. "This one's tough."

Tony's attitude tensed. The hand that held the pistol steadied.

"Now don't get rough," she said and her voice told how dry with fear her mouth was. "I'll get it. Anyway, you can start on the safe—a choice lot of diamonds."

"And leave you uncovered? Not likely."

She went to work on the strongroom and must have been all of two minutes. Then she stood back.

"Nearly got it that time," she said.

"You're wasting a hell of a lot of time," he told her.

"I can't help it if the thing's stubborn," she retorted and bent to work again.

Tony urged her. "Come on," he said, "I'm getting neryy."

"Then point that gun away from me," she said, and gave a tug. The door opened.

"There you are! Will you start on the wall-safe?" Without waiting for his answer she stepped into the strongroom. She switched on the light and began to run her hands over the shelves. After a minute she came to the door of the strongroom. Tony was turning round from the wall safe when there was a crashing explosion. He yelled and doubled up like a jack-knife, clenching his thigh where the bullet had thudded in.

Beverly Ann stood in the door of the strongroom, the heavy revolver still smoking in her hand, her face ashen white. She could hear the running footsteps on the stairs and as the second man came into the office she fired at his feet.

He threw himself sideways and she fired again. He put his hands up.

Tony aimed his revolver at her and she fired swiftly at him again, knocking it out of his hand and making him cry with pain.

"Put your hands up and keep them there," she said. "The police will be here in a minute."

Tony cursed in pain and fury. "I got the gun in the strong-room," Beverly Ann said. "And by the way, there's a concealed alarm in that wall-safe that I pressed when I first got it open."

Tony's eyes showed that he understood clearly why the first safe had opened so quickly and the second one so slowly as the girl played for time.

Upstairs a voice called, and Beverly Ann shouted back. The unmistakable, purposeful tread of policemen's feet was already on the stairs when Beverly Ann said: "And Tony, if you're mystified, I knew all this because there was one thing your clever boss didn't check up on. This is my regular place of employment and I'm confidential secretary."

Everything explained itself at once as the police came into view.

The car that came back to collect Tony and Beverly Ann pulled into the kerb as arranged and collected two policemen. The jig was up, and the rest was a matter of routine.

Daylight was streaming through the unwashed windows of the dingy police office when Beverly Ann had finished her recital of events and asked to use the telephone.

Yes, she found Roland at home—at home and very worried indeed, wondering what had happened to her and what to do. She told him crisply where she was and asked him to come round in the car to pick her up.

Then she hung up the telephone and did the first really feminine thing she had done since Friday afternoon. She fainted.
WHEN Hitler rose to power, he made two things quite clear. One—no capital could leave the country; two—the Jewish people were to be exterminated. The frontier guards were experts in searching luggage, and any person of Jewish ancestry who was detected in the act of smuggling money would receive short shrift.

The young Abraham Rosenberg, a Munich watchmaker, thought perhaps he could take his family and their capital out of the country which was no longer theirs. The family business had been boycotted, the Rosenbergs stoned in the streets—there was nothing left for them but to go. Only personal belongings were allowed to be taken. One automobile per family ... clothes ... bedding ... one piece of personal jewellery. That was the information grudgingly given to young Rosenberg by the authorities. And the car would be searched, thoroughly, at the border.

Abraham Rosenberg accepted this information gratefully. He told his family to pack, and to give him their money and jewellery. His family, somewhat surprised, handed over the valuables. And, one morning in 1933, young Abraham and his family left their home, started the automobile and left their country.

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At the Franco-German border, the guards searched the family,
their clothes, their baggage—even the cars themselves. For four hours they were held up, but eventually allowed to go towards freedom.

And Abraham was not downcast. He had his family's capital—all of it, he explained on the way to Paris. For the toolkit spread over the road, the grease-smeared pliers and spanners which had been spurned by the jack-booted guards, were the Rosenberg wealth. They had been specially made, for Abraham, from platinum.

** **

**DURING THE REIGN** of the first great Napoleon a party of French sailors, under the command of Admiral Dumont D'Urville, landed on an obscure island in the Greek archipelago. The party had landed solely for the purpose of filling their water tanks, but the leader, an impudent lieutenant, found a group of workmen laboriously digging at a cliff.

He ordered his fatigue party to wait and see what happened. Perhaps it was something of value about to be recovered. But, they waited... and waited... and the men began to fidget. The lieutenant was about to give the order to depart, when he saw the workmen dragging from the earth a dirty statue. Perhaps, reasoned the lieutenant, it was a statue which France might like to own among her art treasures.

On questioning the workmen, the lieutenant discovered that they had located the statue for their master, the Prince Marousi. Now, the lieutenant knew that Napoleon with a connoisseur of art. Perhaps this might appeal to the Emperor. Who could say? Perhaps the lieutenant might even gain promotion. He demanded the statue. After a battle, in which the statue was damaged and two Frenchmen were killed, they succeeded in wresting the dirty soiled marble from the Greeks.

What the Admiral said to the young lieutenant has not been recorded, but the statue, disfigured and stolen, became the symbol of beautiful womanhood—the Venus de Milo.

** **

**IN the city of Austin, capital of Texas, U.S.A., a man was on trial. The charge was embezzlement. The prisoner, alleged the prosecution, had—while acting as a teller in the Austin bank—used clients' funds for his own purposes. The prisoner was completely disinterested in the trial. He did not tell the judge what he had previously told his friends. The inefficiency**
of bank executives, the habit of clients helping themselves to the cash without withdrawal forms, made it impossible for the clerk to balance his books.

But inefficiency or not, the man in the dock was found guilty. He went to prison, to the Ohio Penitentiary, and was regarded as an exemplary prisoner. Indeed, he was made clerk in the prison pharmacy. There, on odd scraps of paper, he began to write. Even then, he was careful to observe prison formalities, and he left the stories on the doctor's desk so that the latter might read them before they were submitted for publication.

The one-time bank clerk only served two of his five years sentence. Then he was released—to find that he had a reputation. Sydney Porter, in an effort to overcome the boredom of gaol, had made himself famous—but not as Sydney Porter. O. Henry! The master of the short story! Yet, those two years spent in gaol, fruitful though they were, need never have happened, for at the date given by the prosecution as that when the money was embezzled, Sydney Porter, otherwise O. Henry, was not even in the employ of the bank which charged him.

** * * * * *

In the early years of this century, the name of Arthur Conan Doyle was well known. Known as an author... playwright... philanthropist... spiritualist. In short, he was a great man.

It was not enough that he had a successful play running in London. Doyle was passionately fond of the theatre, and each night he went back-stage just before curtain raise.

It was during one of these visits that he met a young actor—a promising young man, he thought. So promising, that, although the young man was not playing the lead, when the principal actor dropped from the cast through illness, Doyle recommended his protégé for the part. The newcomer was so good that Doyle raised the actor's salary to the unheard of salary of three pounds per week!

This young actor requested the privilege of an interview with Doyle, who granted it. In fact, he invited the actor to dine, and after dinner sought the reason for the youth's request. The young actor nervously explained that he was grateful to Doyle, and that he wished to offer him something. He wanted to know if Doyle would agree to divide their incomes with each other for the rest of their lives. Doyle was amused. The young actor's three pounds per week—and his own income was then over two thousand pounds. Even though the young actor insisted that his own income would one day equal that of Doyle, the playwright was amused but regretful he could not accept the offer.

And so, Arthur Conan Doyle threw away the chance of assuring A boundless cycle of opportunity begins with the tapping of a steel furnace. The glowing metal cascading into the huge ladels is on its versatile way to obey the will of man. The manufacture of steel provides employment opportunities for thousands of workers, its subsequent shaping, transport and fashioning into the countless steel articles used in our daily life helps fill the nation's pay envelopes.

The development of the Australian steel industry to its present productive capacity gives assurance of iron and steel supply. It provides the basic material for the establishment of new industries and the extension of existing ones. Steel makes possible increased production of practically all types of consumer goods, and enables Australia to grasp the great trading opportunities existing today in this era of demand.

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himself of riches—for the young man is today one of the great figures of the film world—and has been so since the earliest days of the silent film. His name? Charlie Chaplin.

* * * * *

In January, 1945, Malcolm McEachern died in London. The man with the resonant basso voice of velvet would no longer enchant audiences. Since he was 17 years old, Malcolm McEachern had been singing—singing in concert halls and theatres, in musical comedy and revue, for records and radio, pouring out his voice in all its glory. No one since Melba had so much to teach the world that Australia was not a backward but a talented land. A few years ago when the basso began to feel off color, he sought advice from a Harwicke Street specialist. The diagnosis was not a pleasant one. It seemed that the singer had a tumor in his throat—not serious, but requiring an operation. McEachern could have had the operation immediately, but as the condition did not seem to be affecting his voice, and he had pressing engagements, he decided to wait. And—

he waited too long. His health began to fail, although his voice was as perfect as it had ever been. Another visit to the specialist showed that now the operation was urgent. On the eve of the operation, Malcolm McEachern sang his last songs—with the same beauty that had always characterised his voice. He died, following the operation, and there are those who believed that he had lost the will to live—for had he survived the operation, he could never have sung again.

* * * * *

He was 17 years old that spring of 1669—17 and afeere with stories of the Spanish Main.

There were no parents to say him nay, for the lad was an orphan and leaving the little school he made his way to the English coast, and there on to a ship. But the Spanish Main was far off and the little ship was only running salt cod from the Newfoundland banks, a mundane life for a boy dreaming of battle and riches.

But on that ship he learned navigation and seamanship and he was not much older in years, but in skill equal to many an older man, when he shipped again as a common sailor to the West Indies. He worked ashore at Jamaica, went back to England, but the sea still called and he returned to the West Indies, this time not before

It is in orchestral music that many find their supreme enjoyment of musical art. Soon, we hope, it will be once more possible to indulge in the delight of orchestral concerts in the home, presented by the world's best orchestras under the world's best conductors.

Some of the famous conductors whose art is preserved on records:

- Beecham
- Ormandy
- Wood
- Walter
- Coates
- Harty
- Szell
- Toscanini
- Koussevitzky
- Schnyder
- Mengelberg
- Stokowsk
- Mitropoulos
- Weingartner
- Barberioli
- Sergt
- Stravinsky
- Lambert
- Rodzinski
- Elgar
- Boult
- Walton

Columbia - "His Master's Voice" - Parlophone

The Gramophone Co. Ltd. (Inc. in England) Columbia Graphophone (Aust.) Pty Ltd The Parlophone Co. Ltd (Inc. in England) • Boxer House, N.S.W. 25/45
the mast but commanding a ship

on a semi-mercantile, semi-piratical voyage

Now he could seek El Dorado, pillage and plunder, kill and capture. Cities of South America yielded their treasures. He planned then to make the whole Pacific coast pay him tribute, but the plan went awry; his ship was becalmed and his crew about to cast lots to see which man should be eaten first when a wind sprang up and drove them — not to Brazil, but Guam. He thought of the wealth of Cathay and shaped a course for China.

He never got there. Wind tossed, he found himself — far from China — in February, 1688, off an uncharted coast, a land that repelled him for he saw nothing but dust and desolation. He left the uninviting land without regret, without profit, and he returned to England after 12 years' search for El Dorado to write of his voyage and the strange land.

He voyaged again and again in search of treasure and in the South Seas rescued a man from the island of Juan Fernandez — the castaway named Alexander Selkirk whom Daniel Defoe made famous as Robinson Crusoe.

The man who rescued the original Crusoe sailed on after the riches and fame which so consistently eluded him, until from one voyage he never returned. No one knows his fate. But during his voyage he had passed over wealth because its outward signs were not promising.

For the strange land which, on that February day in 1688, had repelled him by its barrenness was the western coast of Australia. And the man who had despised the sandy soil, the rocks and the ill-kempt natives, the man who sought the Spanish Main, the navigator, pirate and explorer was William Dampier — the man who might have discovered Australia had he been more careful.

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116 CAVALCADE, January, 1947
Talking Points

- Cover Girl. Well here she is, and we're proud of her!
  From the stacks of mail that had the postman groaning, from the rows of photographs laid out on the long table before the judges, leapt out the vivacious young face of Miss Noel McGlinchey.

- Preview. Two more of Cavalcade's Cover Girl Miss McGlinchey take a bowl —loveliest of overwhelming hundreds of attractive lashes. The exquisite features, the femininity of the 17-year-old Taorak lass shine out radiantly in the cover shot by Sydney photographer John Warlow. For more about Miss McGlinchey and the final score on the quest, see pages 74-77.

- There are many cover girls, but we believe we have a FIND, that the Cavalcade Cover Girl Quest has set a standard — challenging America's and Britain's cover girls.

- After going through the morgue to write It's Cold in the Morgue (p. 4), W.K. Robertson got the chills of death out of his system with a goblet of whisky, over which he swapped experiences with another staff man who had once reported a hanging. Seems it's traditional among newspapermen to take a reassuring gulp of spirits after witnessing an execution, and the done thing after such grisly assignments as the morgue story.

- Robertson recalled his most gruesome journalistic experience. More than 20 years ago he was late-night film editor on the Sydney "Telegraph." In the lonely pre-dawn when word flashed through of one of Australia's worst railway disasters. The only man in the office, he raced to the scene by car while the police dragged men from their homes to run hourly special editions.

- When he reached the scene of carnage, about an hour and a half after the smash, people were still pinched beneath wreckage and screaming in the flames of fire was buoyed up by youth and enthusiasm for the job of journalism," said Robertson. "Indeed, it was the first time I ever saw a mutilated death."

- We've set Robertson to write about funerals next month — The High Cost of Dying.

- The Co-operative Bottling Company of Australia has been operating legally in New South Wales for many years. The idea of having a "co-operative" of this kind started in 1926. It is a legal entity, and its members own it.

It's a Big Evening...

Have a Coke

... time out for the friendly pause

“Snacks at our house” always rings the bell. No matter what the hour — if there's a bit of home cooking in the cupboard — and Coca-Cola in the icebox — the gang can look forward to a treat. Have a coke is a perfect way to climax a happy occasion and say, This has certainly been a date to remember.

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SYDNEY
The Mynor Pandas are only fooling in this picture, because making Mynor Fruit Cup isn't work—it's fun. Simply add ice cold water to a bottle of Mynor Fruit Cup, and—presto! you have a whole gallon of this delicious, refreshing drink. Pander to your palate with Mynor—it's full of healthful goodness, freshly blended from the pure juices of sun-kissed oranges, lemons, passionfruit and pineapples.