Changes came quickly in the film city. But you don’t realise just how quickly until you’ve read Elsa Maxwell’s story in MARCH Photoplay, "Hollywood Has Changed." In "Six feet of Aussie Charm," Harry Watt puts the spotlight on Chips Rafferty. The dark, handsome heart-beat, Roy Milland, is described by Jerry Asher as a "Beachcamber de Luxe" in a full-length feature story with pictures.

If you want colored pinups of your favorite stars, lovingly illustrated, well-told stories of the people who make the movies—you will want to read the MARCH ISSUE OF PHOTOPLAY.

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NGAIO was 27 and miserable. She lived alone and loathed it. For years she had been going out with various fellows, but somehow not one of them had clicked. Except Edmund Edmund was everything she looked for in a man—handsome, romantic, dependable, kind, with a good job. But he didn't give her a thought.

When she could bear lonely hopelessness no longer she consulted a psychologist and asked:

"Must a woman continue to obey an outmoded convention that it is the man who seeks a mate, denying women the choice and the right to find love? Or is it, in our modern day, socially acceptable for a woman to woo a husband?"

The psychologist, as wise as he was practical, replied: "Is it possible, in 1947, that you do not recognize that women already do the mate-seeking?"

"As a comedian so truly said from the stage, 'A man chases a woman until she catches him.'

Almost all women want to marry. Consequently they always have set out to attract men, they create opportunities to meet men, invite pursuit and put themselves in a position to be wooed.

The only conventional society insists on is a polite hypocrisy, a pretence that the man pursues. So the woman's man-hunting should not be obvious, for obviousness is immodesty.

A girl's best chances of marrying lies between the ages of 20 and 24 years. When she has passed 26, however, she had better take stock, for the average age of women who marry is just under 26.

But her situation is far from hopeless, for so many girls marry between age 25 and 29 that they comprise the second-largest marrying age group. Nevertheless they number not much more than half the 20-24 age group.

From 30 onwards, however, a girl's chances of marrying decline alarmingly. Of all women who do marry, only about one in 12 marries as late as age 30 to 34.

Moreover, another discouraging factor enters—as the girl gets older the discrepancy in the ages of bride and groom lengths.

Girls generally marry a man three and a half years older than themselves. At the peak marrying age, 20 to 24, the largest number of girls marry men aged 20 to 24. Nearly as many marry men aged 25 to 29. But when a girl passes 30 she is running a bad third to the girls of 25 and up and girls under 25, who are grabbing most of the men between 30 and 34.

For most girls, 30 to 34 marry men in the same age group, the men of her age prefer them somewhat younger. About one out of every 2.5 men who marry between the ages of 30 and 34 choose a girl from 20 to 24—and about one in five takes a bride from 30 to 34.

Consequently a girl in her late 20's or early 30's finds herself in the matrimonial doldrums. But she need not despair; statistics are on her side in that Australia is still a country with a slight excess of men over women. And the psychologist reminded Ngaio that a girl who is willing to face it practically can do much to beat the statistical average.

Her prospects of having a ring slipped on her finger are poor if she lives in a community where men are in the minority, if she works among a majority of women, and if she dwells in a place where men are seldom met with.

An illuminating case history is that of a pretty little Launceston debutante who went to Sydney for a holiday with relatives. She was taken yachting, ice-skating, to the theatre, to such glamorous places as the Hotel Australia and Prince's and was introduced to charming young men.

She was so dazzled that she bade goodbye to her parents and her job and returned to the Big Smoke. But she found the big city was not what it had seemed. The relatives were busy now with their own concerns. The charming young men were rushing girls of their own set. She had to make her own life. She took an office job and shared a tiny flat with another girl. The young men she met were the social equivalent of the young men she knew back in Launceston. Instead of the ballet and Prince's their standard was cinemas and hamburger shops.

She stood this commonplace existence for a year, then went back home and married a young fellow who has his own little radio shop.

It's often easier said than done to cut your ties and start anew, but there is no doubt a change of scene may work wonders. Women slightly outnumber men in Victoria and South Australia, but a girl who goes west finds 109 men to every 100 women. The Northern Territory has the highest proportion of men (nearly 248) and the highest marriage rate. The A.C.T. has a healthy-looking preponderance of men but the lowest marriage rate. Clearly no serious-minded girl, objecting to matrimony, would shift to Canberra, where among hordes of Government girls she will encounter the stiffest husband-hunting competition in the...
BRITAIN'S Prime Minister is second only to the King in power, and has been for more than 200 years. Yet Prime Minister was not an official position until 1905, nor was the manbun given a place in the order of precedence until then. The Prime Minister even now is headed in the order of precedence on State occasions not only by several members of the Royal Family but by a number of others, including two archbishops and some 25 foreign ambassadors.

Commonwealth
A girl who in her home territory is depressingly familiar to everyone as "that Anderson kid" often enough finds herself an exciting stranger in a new place. And in the same way a new job produces new prospects.

Where she can she will shy away from shop-assistant work, factory jobs in predominantly female industries, library jobs, charity offices and schoolteaching, for in those fields she will strike mostly women.

A job in an office in one of the predominantly male occupations gives her the entrance to an open field for husband-hunting.

The secretary-mannes-boss routine is something she had better not count on and the value of the office depends on what men move in and out of it. But once a girl becomes an office machine instead of a woman, it's time to move on.

An important consideration is where to live. Though in a new town she may at first have to live in a women's hostel or a business girls' boardinghouse, it is a mistake to remain where a man seldom enters. She'll do better to share flat with another girl or to live alone.

The time-honored meeting places still work—church socials, political younger sets, night schools, sporting clubs women's auxiliaries, etc. servicemen's clubs' auxiliaries. Discussion groups, lectures and public meetings, announced in the newspapers, are other streams worth fishing. And don't neglect to join a mixed tennis club, or a hobby club, or a surf club auxiliary.

Holiday resorts and cruises are less worth while than you think, for they are dominated by desperate man-hunters and wolves trying to have a middle-aged fling.

Getting among men does not automatically bring results. It's the follow-up that counts, and the follow-up is conversation. Though a girl can't bowl up to a man and say, "Haven't I met you somewhere before?" she can without impropriety encourage an overture from a man—and contrary to a widespread opinion an air of aloofness doesn't provoke a man. Playing hard to get loses more admirers than it hooks. Similarly, the ruse of pretending you have boyfriends aplenty is the most losing of techniques.

Once you are on nodding terms with a man conversation is the best shot in your locker. Dive into any topic: the cricket, the latest on U.N.O., even the weather. Remember he is probably shyer than you at first. But don't

embrace him, a good listener catches more men than a witty conversationalist. And remember he is more interested in talking about his own work than yours, for a man rarely has any interest in a woman's business concerns.

A woman should, of course, flatter a man, but Australian women are as incapable of paying a compliment as they are of gracefully accepting one. Your honey should be spiced with truth so that he will have no difficulty in believing it. It is even permissible, in the case of a serious laggard, to phone and take him to dinner and a movie. "This one is on me—a return for your past sweetness." A wise girl will keep this strictly platonic, anything otherwise would cheapen you and leave your motives open to be misunderstood.

It may seem contradictory to insist now that a girl should never appear too eager to catch a husband. She must never openly rush a man. Subtlety is her watchword. She may make every effort to get among men, to make friends, to lead them on. But if she so much as breathes that she has matrimony in mind the male will run a record mile.

The psychologist told Ngaio that many authorities today acknowledge there is much wisdom in women doing the man-hunting. Since marriage is still the principal career for women, women are psychologically better balanced when it comes to choosing a mate. The present high ratio of unsuitable marriages, that end in divorce, may be reduced when women throw off the antiquated inhibitions against man-hunting.

And Ngaio? She said to Edmund, "I'm throwing a little party on Saturday night—will you come?" and thought nothing of turning the fabrication into fact by hastily callers up some friends.

Before the evening was over she had his invitation for a date.

Her follow-through was good. Last week he slipped a ring on her finger.
IMAGINE a negro military genius as ferocious as a starving tiger—shark with the toothache and you will have some idea of Tsaka, King of the Zulus—a black dictator whose blood-mindedness has some curious similarities to the Hitler dictatorship.

Tsaka devastated more than 300 tribes, soaked almost every square yard of 20,000 square miles with blood, brought about cannibalism over this great stretch of country and murdered thousands of his most fervent supporters to gratify a whim.

The story of Tsaka deals with the time when Durban was a small trading post, but the Zulu chieftain was wise enough to combine his murderous activities with those of his own color. In these times—Tsaka was born in 1787 and assassinated in 1829—the Zulus held the British to be a race of sea creatures, because they came out of the distances of the sea in ships.

The tribe into which Tsaka was born lived originally near the White Umfolozi River, in northern Zululand. There are doubts whether Tsaka was legitimate. Freidians will rub their hands over his childhood.

He was an unusual boy, rebellious, sinister and morose and was given a bad time by his companions. He was made to hold hot coals and boiling porridge in his hand to see if he could suffer pain. Ridiculous deference was also made to his cracked ears and to another physical peculiarity.

Tsaka nursed these insults in silence. When he became king he exterminated the clan among whom he had spent an unhappy youth. The more fortunate were burnt to death—the others impaled on tall, sharpened stakes.

Tsaka became too much for his mother's people and he shifted to another tribe where he was still cordially detested. The king of this tribe, Dingiswayo, however, took Tsaka under his protection, saying that he was a wanderer like himself. Dingiswayo was a remarkable man and from him Tsaka learnt something of military strategy.

Dingiswayo had seen a party of Dutch troops and had obtained some conception of military organisation from the strange white race.

Tsaka grew into a man of tremendous muscular development and impervious to fatigue. He was soon called Sigidi or 'a thousand,' in reference to the victims of his spear.

Tsaka traced the shape of things to come in 1816 when he had Umfogaza, the legitimate heir of the Zulu chief, murdered Ngwadi, Tsaka's half-brother, put the Prince on the spot and carried out a clean, workmanlike job. Later Ngwadi participated in Tsaka's murder, but was himself eventually the centre of a spot of Zulu unpleasantness and was called home prematurely.

By now any idea about the noble savage living a life of simple dignity, like Paul Robeson in "Sanders of the River," are clearly not worth cherishing.

Dingiswayo was an industrialist and had created conditions which were capable of resulting in a great increase in the power of his associated tribes. He developed local industries such as the making of dishes, wooden pillows, ladles and snuff spoons. Inerently he developed the basis of war industry, because artisans who could turn out these manufactures could also make spears and shields.

In 1818 Dingiswayo was killed in a war—according to some authorities as a result of being betrayed by Tsaka, who seized the chieftainship. He first incorporated the Zulu and Amatetwa tribes and then fell on the Ndwandwe and incorporated them just like Hitler.

Tsaka was now a great chief. He organised his augmented subjects into regiments and had a standing army of 50,000 warriors. This was a remarkable feat of organisation for a native society in the early years of the 19th century, when many European countries would not be able to boast such a military development.

Just as remarkable was the ability of Tsaka to mobilise his subjects in the event of emergency. With no means of transport other than their powerful limbs, the native army could assemble some 50 miles away in three days. In the event of war able-bodied men were called up and came literally at the double. Anyone late in assembling would be butchered on the spot. Cases of AWL and boys 'shooting through' were rare under Tsaka's generalship.

The regiments of this dusky despot were decorated with skins and feathers. Each corps was given a different name, such as "The Invincibles," and "The Slaughterers"—shades of the "Führer's Own" division.

The warriors of the Zulu were not allowed to marry as he feared this might soften them, but they were allowed the delights of concubinage.

Before a campaign opened the Zulu warriors would literally worry a bull to death, and then proceed to eat it raw. Thus Tsaka anticipated the "blood" training in the war just concluded, when soldiers were sprinkled with blood in order to toughen them up. Medicine men...
CAVALCADE, March, 1947

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE HIGHBALL

They say that Issom Mae is loose,
But I discredit their abuse,
For at the ball the other night
She made it clear that she was right

—T. W. N.

prepared a bitter concoction that
the Zulus consumed as part of the
"hate" psychology.

Tsaka had an intelligence service consisting of men who spied out the country he was to invade.

Tsaka appears to have been a true soldier of fortune in that he used simple tactics that have been the badge of all successful soldiers. He taught the Zulus the value of fighting in solid masses. The short stabbing assegai was used for fighting at close quarters, but long throwing assegais were hurled at the enemy, while Tsaka's soldiers were protected by long shields. His attacks were delivered by massed regiments in a form designed to outflank and envelop the enemy. He held reserves ready to meet counterattacks or push home a victory.

There is not a square mile of Natal which is not soaked with the blood of Tsaka's victims. Among his hunted victims any open cultivation was impossible, as it became the signal for a raid by starving fugitives. Cannibalism developed and thus the Amadungu cannibals consumed most of a neighboring tribe, but their own chief, Boyuya, and some of his associates were attacked and eaten by other cannibals—a classic case of the biter bitten.

Every soldier suspected of lack of courage was liable to be killed where he stood. Unsuccessful generals were often blinded, on the ground that their eyes were no use to them.

One day a whole regiment was executed in Tsaka's presence, and on another occasion 400 women were stabbed to death by his order.

When his mother, the "She Elephant," died, 10 females of her retinue were killed and burned with her. Tsaka ordered all milk to be spilled on the ground for a year. Pregnancy occurring during that period was to involve death for both husband and wife.

The frightful happenings of Tsaka's reign were due in part to his own sadism, as Tsaka believed that fanatical terrorism would perpetuate his kingship. We have seen the same thing happen in a country whose leaders proclaimed they were the apostles of culture and science.

Tsaka suffered too, from an insane and insatiable bloodlust. One day some old women were captured and he had them in straw and gross matting, set them on fire and drove them towards his enemies. On another occasion all the old men of his tribe were murdered by his order as being unfit for warfare.

He had no wives, but hundreds of concubines. If a concubine bore a child it was killed at once and the mother was then executed. Yet this monster was delighted when the British gave him soap and a razor and was intrigued with European medicines, which he first tried on his concubines.

Tsaka, as befitted a great king, was deeply interested in the British monarchs and once asked an English visitor named Isaacs whether George IV had as many girls as he had. Isaacs replied that it was the custom to have only one wife and that the monarch invariably set an example for his subjects. Nothing had changed, Tsaka replied, that the abstinence of the British king accounted for his advanced years and that he, Tsaka, expected to reach a ripe old age for the same reason.

Tsaka had an appreciation of racial differences that would have delighted Hitler. A Portuguese visited the royal kraal and told Tsaka of British victories over their own in the opening part of the 19th century. Tsaka later told Isaacs that there was as much difference between the Portuguese and British as there was between a "bush Kaffir" and a Zulu.

Later, however, Tsaka's attitude underwent a change when a malicious person told him that King George was only the name of a mountain, and nothing more.

Tsaka's great aim was to obtain a hair dye to darken his bleaching locks, but before he could obtain this remedy he was murdered. His brother and principal servant were among his executioners and they conspired to the local custom of drinking his gall. They cast Tsaka's body into a pit.

The Zulu nation was delighted and broke into general rejoicing. Thus a familiar historical pattern worked itself out. The power Tsaka had created was largely destroyed when his brother sent forces against certain tribes, which adopted a scorched earth policy and, refusing to give battle en masse, adopted guerilla tactics, picking off wounded and stragglers—blitzkrieg blunted!
Call her a stewardess, but she won't agree it's not THE glamour job.

MORE girls want to get into the sky than there are jobs for them up there, despite a tendency to make them officially flight stewardesses, not air hostesses.

With Tasman Empire Airways, for instance, it is a calculated policy of de glamourising the job A.N.A., on the other hand, still calls its stewardesses hostesses.

T.E.A.'s angle, like that of some airlines overseas, is that it is a hard-working job rather than a romantic one and that, after all, it is basically a steward's work rather than hostessing in an elegant, cocktail sense. The airline wants the girls to know they are undertaking a fatiguing job on the ocean flight between Australia and New Zealand, but this doesn't stop girls from rushing the job.

The company reasons that by soft-peddling on the glamour it will get a more dependable type of girl — chic but not a glamour chick, willing to work and not disappointed when she finds it is work, and a girl with a sense of responsibility.

Though it does not admit it, the company probably has in mind also the experience of American airlines Transcontinental and Western Airlines, for instance, has found that the average hostess stays on the job, on internal routes, only a year after she has been trained. And on its international flights, in six months one third of its hostesses deserted the skysways for a cozy land base complete with husband.

When they sometimes average 10 proposals a week, it becomes obvious that any airline that weeds out the flighty ones will reduce its rate of replacement due to marriage.

Yet for all the emphasis on stewarding as against glamour, the eager girls look pretty pictures in their natty uniforms and the aristocracy of the skysways, air-struck girls think, are blessed to adventure on ocean flights — the Tasman service and A.N.A. to Vancouver. To their regret Qantas still uses male stewards on its flights to Karachi, believing this stretch too strenuous for women.

Like the sailor, it's a wish to see the world that spurs these girls.

As trim, fair-haired Laura Magnus says: "No attempt was made by T.E.A. to glamorise the job to us. In fact they laid stress rather on its difficult and trying aspects, but as time goes on we realise how lucky we are.

Sydney looks like an exotic city to this New Zealand lass — "The big drapery stores, the fruit and flower shops" — and she takes home with her pineapples, oranges and mandarins, or stockings. She looks down from the air at this foreign country and marvels how brown it is compared with New Zealand's green.

Coolly efficient, petite and chic, Miss Magnus is a typical hostess in her crisp shirt, tailored black suit, jaunty forage cap, cuban shoes, black tie and gloves, or in her grey working dress. She makes only one return trip across the Tasman each week, but this is not as easy as it looks. It means two 12-hour periods of continuous duty.

"At the New Zealand end we must be up at half past four in the morning and in Sydney — where we sleep overnight in an hotel — we rise at half past three," Laura says.

"We must be at the flying base two hours before departure time and our first job is to check and put aboard all perishable foodstuffs for the flight."

The food is put aboard in thermos flasks and cartons, but in the newer planes the stewardess uses electric ovens. Before passengers arrive she checks such passenger-service equipment as basins — "I am really surprised at the number of children who travel," Laura says.

Air hostesses are rather petite. T.E.A. girls must be between 5 ft 2 in and 5 ft 6 in in height and not more than 9 st — small enough to move nimbly about a plane and not heavy enough to reduce the pay-load. They must also be between 21 and 27, of good education and some nursing qualification preferred.

Laura Magnus, for instance, is an Auckland girl who used to be an office worker before she found "just the job she wanted." She worked in the N.Z. Lands and Survey Department, trained at Wellington, Auckland and Christchurch hospitals. Like the other girls she was put through a training school.

In this unique institution of learning girls are given something that sounds like a cross between a charm school and a domestic science course. They are reminded of the manners, confidence and tact that are necessary in handling passengers. They are taught something about dietetics — for there are many foods that are indigestible when eaten at certain altitudes. They have to study health and Customs regulations, flying regulations, principles of rescue, geography, history, and Morse Code. Lifecrafts carry emergency radio and if necessary a hostess could send rescue calls.

A hostess is expected to answer questions as readily as she serves the passengers with breakfast, morning tea, lunch and, sometimes, afternoon tea on the Tasman crossing.

A curious matron may ask her why the trip east or west is quicker
"She kills me" says Lana Turner, referring to her three-year-old daughter, Cheryl Christine Crane. "She walked in the other day and inspected me from head to toe, then said: 'Hello, Lana Turner'. I think she's found out how I earn my living. Evidently she approves, because that's what she calls me now, except when we're being formal. Then it's 'Good afternoon, Mrs Crane'." With a British accent no less. Lana Turner calls her daughter "the worst little ham," a theatrical expression for a corny actor. "She picks up everything she hears and mouths everything she sees. Since I've been back from South America, Cheryl has picked up just enough Spanish to use against me when I try to talk French to her. We're both lousy but we have a lot of fun!"

—From PHOTOPLAY, the world's best motion picture magazine.

"We have a tailwind that is making us faster," the stewardess may explain, and then perhaps the matron will ask, "Why doesn't the company equip all its planes with tailwinds?"

But Launa finds that sort of question rare. Actually, she finds men ask about as many questions as women; she is impressed by the intelligence of women's questions, and she is astonished at women's technical and mechanical interest shown in their questions.

For instance, women ask such questions as: "Why are planes loaded in kilogrammes?" "What is a great circle course?" "What is the wind velocity and what is our ground speed?" "How much petrol is consumed between Sydney and Auckland?" To these and other questions the hostess has all the answers.

One question that was slightly off the beam, however, was from the woman who asked Launa could she send a radio message back to her husband because she had a feeling she had left a bathroom tap running.

Then there was the kindly soul who was so overcome with sympathy because Launa was faced with washing dishes, after serving meals to 30 passengers and six crew members, that she offered to lend her husband to assist "He'll help you in the galley," she said. "Jake is an old hand at washing up."

Launa respectfully declined. Apart from the fact that it would not be fitting, she had once dealt with a masher who had asked to inspect the galley. It might have been the altitude. Launa says forgivingly, but he was certainly dizzy. All the tact and patience of an air hostess failed to solve the situation and she was thinking she would have to fall back on jujutsu when she was able to call in a crewman without fuss and ease the imminent passenger out. She returned briskly to work, though the afternoon tea was a little late.

Stewardesses must have the friendly personality and conversational ability to talk on anything from baby food to Maori customs—almost anything, for they are expected not to discuss with argumentative passengers economics, politics, and religion. But if an attractive male passenger gets onto the topic of love they'll probably be even more reluctant to talk. They hear it too often.

Though the company cannot put a ban on love it tells the hostesses after her training that it would like her to stay with the airline for some years before marrying.

Launa says, "Quite truthfully, we are all at present far too fascinated by our work to think of anything else. Instead of the job becoming monotonous, more and more I feel what a wonderful break I've got in having a job in the air."

It is significant, says Launa, that of 800 applicants only one girl thought at first what the pay would be. During training T.E.A. pays £4 10s a week. During probation this rises to £5 10s and thereafter is £6, with 5s annual rise to a maximum of £6 10s.

"The chance to fly overseas was just too good to miss," Launa says. She has met some of the Pan-American hostesses who fly to New Zealand, "and now I want to see the rest of the world."

They meet such interesting people (pianist Solomon, the Australian Rugby League team to N.Z.), and people are moving about internationally with such increasing ease that some of the girls have been stimulated to foreign languages. Launa had six nationalities in her charge in one recent crossing.

For all anybody's attempt to de-glamorise the stewardess she will always remain, in the public's mind and in the eyes of the girl herself, an air hostess. She will still be trim and attractive, will still marry fast and make room for new lasses. For the most romantic future to be seen by many modern girls is a job in the air.
GLOVEMEN of the TENT SHOWS

JACK STEVENS

"Who'll take a glove?"—what goes on when tent-boxers challenge locals

I was running a "spuel-board" at a country show when Jimmy came puffing along—that is, I was operating a card game which, to put it nicely, gave me a far better chance of winning than the locals who so trustfully joined the game.

It could have been banker, with the cards shaved to "longs and shorts" so that the "mugs" drew the small cards and the big ones, it could have been the old "thumb and peat" racket, but this time, it was pontoon, and I was doing nicely.

Therefore, I regarded Jimmy's coming as untimely.

"Steve," he said, "the boss wants you. There's a gay down at the tent who wants to fight Lefty, and Lefty isn't playing. The gay looks good, and the boss wants you to go."

What he meant was that a local—"gay"—had shown up who looked like a fighter and the boy "on the board," whom he had challenged, was having no part of it. I was to join the crowd as another spectator and create a diversion.

I nodded to Jimmy and closed up the spuel-board. Outside the tent I took up a stand a few feet away from the "gay." I put him down as a welter, which made him a few pounds heavier than myself. I waited until the Boss started to speak.

"Who'll take a glove?" I'll give £5 to anyone in the crowd who can stay four rounds with one of my boxes..."

The "gay" called, "I'll take the fella on the end—Lefty!"

That was my cue.

"I'll take Lefty, too. Who's this mug, anyway?" I pointed to the gay. "Keep out of this Lefty's for me!"

I tried to push my way through the crowd in an attempt to get at the local, but I was held back—I saw to that. With a few feet parting us, I hurled insults at him until the Boss interposed.

"Now, boys! What's the use of fighting for nothing? You're both local boys, and probably neither of you can fight. But if you come inside I'll pay thirty bob to the winner."

"All right with me," I said. "But what about this mug?"

That made it impossible for him to refuse, and his acceptance saved the Boss 70s. We were led to the dressing room and handed trunks. The "gay" stripped well—so well, in fact, that I began to think that Lefty had shown more sense than I'd credited him with. I heard the Boss say, "You're in good condition."

And I nearly fell over when the "gay" replied, "I'm fighting the 200-pounder at the Brisbane Stadium on Saturday."

I walked over and said, "If you're that good, why should we knock each other about? How about taking it easy?"

He nodded. We made the fight look good for four rounds, and he got the decision. The Boss paid him and he was about to walk away when Lefty complained the affair. He'd seen me stay with the "gay" and, not knowing that it had been an act, insisted on getting into the ring with him. They carried Lefty out a few minutes later—and he'd cost the Boss a five-

Thirty years of being "on the board," as an "athos" (athlete) and mixing with the crowd as a "gee" (come-on man) have brought me into contact with some very strange characters. I got into the business myself when, as a trainer with a couple of horses, my itinerary coincided with that of a tent boxing show.

I had done some boxing myself, and having spent so much time in the various towns had come to be considered a local, thus, I was a natural for a "gee," and no one ever suspected that I was on the payroll. And believe it or not, I could "gee" at maybe five shows a day, maybe twice a year, at the same town without the "mugs" in the crowd realizing that I was a stoolie.

For the most part, "atho" are boxers whose legitimate ring career is over, but who, with no other means of earning their living turn to the sawdust ring.

Listen to the spruiker introduce his boxers, and you'll hear names that will strike a faint chord in your memory—a reminder, maybe, of an up-and-coming boy you saw fight an eight-round fight a few years ago, and who suddenly dropped out of the game. Sometimes you'll hear the name of a topliner, a man whose ring career should have put him on Easy Street for life.

For these men, there can only be sympathy. They have known the plaudits of the crowd, lived like kings for a crowded hour, and then dropped into anonymity.

When you hear such a name you look at its owner and wonder if, like the man in Lawson's poem, the thought of what might have been, and wasn't, comes along and worries him. You recall the night when under arc lights in a blacked-out stadium you saw him match his skill against an overseas boxer and win. And you see him now, a shell of a man struggling..."
for a living, sometimes taking an active part in the show, but more often standing on the board trying to capitalise on the one asset left to him—a name that was once great.

Few boxers rise from tent-boxing to the heights of stardom. In the sawdust ring they have become heavy-footed and months of directing their punches at the gloves of the "gee" have made their actions stereotyped.

Yet the showground fighting tent has produced at least one truly outstanding boxer. From the sawdust ring he gravitated to preliminary bouts, in which he proved himself so outstanding that he was soon given main events. He won the NSW State championship in 1915 and went on to beat Jack France for the flyweight title, Vince Blackburn for the bantamweight title, and Sid Godfrey for the featherweight championship of the country.

His name, of course, was Jackie Green—"a product of the sawdust ring whose experience in that phase of boxing led him to the heights."

I have seen two boys fight a preliminary at a stadium and never stop punching. Round after round, they have performed before a shrieking crowd, which, at the end of the bout, has showered the ring with coins in appreciation of a good fight. And if they leave the ring unbleeded, I know that I have been watching a couple of "athos" whose boxing boots, if they were shaken, would spill sawdust. In four rounds they have thrown much leather—on each other's gloves. They are of the side show brethren.

One of the queerest characters I have encountered in the game was a youth who, because it approximates his ring nickname, I will call "Horse." Having planned marriage, he carried his plans a little further to the stage where he would be presented with a male offspring—and his ambition was to let his son know that he had been a boxer. He decided that the surest way to prove that he had followed the craft was to possess a pair of sawdust-covered ears.

He approached me at Warwick, Queensland, and asked to be taken into the show. When he explained his ambition I refused to take him along. When he persisted I decided that I would help him achieve his ambition as painlessly as possible. For a month I stood him in the ring and threw punches at his right ear. Then I called in a southpaw who repeated the process on his left ear.

Two months later I had to take him to Brisbane to have a doctor take the finest set of thick ears ever displayed before a horrified audience. The sequel to his strange wish was unfortunate. Having been hit on the ears so often, he was worthless as a money-getter at any other trade, and he continued in the game until he was a "punchy has-been"—who never was, anyway.

The strangest fight I ever saw took place in a sawdust ring at Toowoomba. The troupe had picked up a kid in Melbourne who was in line for the State bantamweight title. Installed on the board as Little Tiger Kelly, he was as black as the ace of spades and a good little fighter.

When the troupe came to Toowoomba, I was training a couple of horses in the town. The boss of the troupe asked me if I could supply him with a "gee" for Tiger. I could—in the shape of one of my apprentice jockeys whose name was Cameron.

Cameron was a better-than-average little fighter who later fought well in the professional ranks, and he was keen to cooperate.

He was a good "gee" but announced, within hearing of the Tiger, that he would stop him. Being phoney the moment he bopped the ring Tiger disappeared and we found him in a nearby blacks' camp, where he was being regaled by the aborigines with stories of Cameron's prowess as a boxer—most of them, incidentally, perfectly true.

We dragged Tiger back to the tent, put on his hands and stuck him in his corner. When Cameron was given the welcome due to a local idol, the little aborigine nearly shook the tent down with fright.

At the go, Tiger walked to the centre of the ring and into a left and right that sat him down, hard. The referee raised his hand to count—and Tiger dived through his legs and over the ropes, and went hell for leather past the crowd.

The fight was over. Time two seconds.

When we got to the blacks' camp we were told he had called, but that his stay was brief. He had "gone walkabout." As far as I know, he is still walking—or running—yet.
Old salts might be right—there's

If there's one weakness the old
shellback has always had it is
super-sensitiveness, and still today
this makes the sailor more touchy
about one subject than any other
—sea-serpents.

Any inquisitive landlubber, pro-
vided he is brave enough, can
prove just how embarrassingly
sensitive the modern mariner is,
simply by asking a sailor when he
last saw a sea-snake.

Exactly why he should be so
touchy is not clear, in view of
so many convincing reports from
skippers, mates and seamen of en-
countering mammoth sea-serpents
and their relations in mid-ocean.
But from time immemorial he has
been ridiculed and accused of rat-
ching or of over-rushing the rum
bucket.

In ancient sea-folk snakes and
mermaids were classed as distant
relations and lumped with the
fairies. There they rested until an
East Indiaman in 1827 sighted a
phenomenon on Christmas Day
somewhere in the vicinity of St
Helena, and far off the beaten track
of shipping.

The skipper and mates paused
from heaving on the main brace
and eyed the strange creature with
curiosity blended with terror. The
bosun and forward hands tripped
over the Christmas rum bucket and
gazed in awe. But the voluminous
official report got no further than
the log book on account of the im-
plications of Yuletide festivities
marking it.

"The skipper described the
stranger as a sea-snake, the mate
was sure it was an enormous sea-
serpent and two of the sailors were
equally positive it was a mermaid,
whose long green weeds for hair
gave her a snaky appearance in
the water.

Australian waters have provided
some examples. Captain Charlot,
the officers and Chinese crew of the
French steamer St. Francois Xavier
observed a snake at sea on Feb-
uary 2, 1925, off Port Stephens.

Some years later three striking
miner at Wollongong, fishing
from a small boat, observed a crea-
ture of the same nature. Immedi-
ately they pulled for the shore as it
was too close to them for safety.

The trio watched it for a long in-
terval before it disappeared to sea-
ward and when interrogated separa-
tely, each gave the same version
—its supposed length, girth and
particular method of movement.

The fishermen were total abstainers
and bore a creditable record.

Previously in Nova Scotian
waters Lady Augusta Fane created
a storm in the sea-snake contro-
versy in the following personal
episode:

"We drove out to Mire Bay,
Nova Scotia, a large inland sea de-
boaching into the Atlantic, and
full of bass, conger, and a huge
fish called tuna, which is only
captured with a chain net. We were
in our boat sailing quietly when
suddenly we heard a rushing noise
coming towards us. At first we
thought it was one of the big fish
running off with a salmon net.

Looking behind us we saw, to our
amazement, a sea-serpent forging
his way through the water within a
few yards of us. Its flat head,
rushed as if to strike anything
in the way, was about four feet
above the water. Its body was 10
feet broad with a skin like a python
and marked with dark brown
patches. It was quite 150 feet long
and seemed to propel itself by the
strength of its back, as it had no
fins."

The example of the clipper Car-
lisle Castle in 1882, on a voyage
from London to Melbourne, illus-
trates a genuine effort to solve the
sea-serpent mystery, and the land-
lubber's disbelief.

In the ship's log, signed by Cap-
tain Austin Cooper (admittedly an
experienced and reliable skipper),
the officers and every man of the
crew, was an entry describing in
detail a large sea-snake sighted by
all hands at fairly close range.

The full text of this log entry
was published in Australian and
British newspapers. It was ridicule-
at both ends of the world by writ-
ters who did not know the differ-
ence between a ship and a barque.

The skipper was wrath in reply.

"I don't see any more sea-ser-
pants if 20 of them show up to
starboard all hands will be ordered
to look out. No cheap penny-
a-line journalist in London or any-
where else will say again that Aus-
tin Cooper is a liar and a fool."

Two instances in 1848 provided
such informative evidence and cor-
raborated each other so well that
the existence of the sea-snake then
appeared to have been firmly estab-
lished. But the official reports,
which showed beyond doubt that
the keenest investigation had been
made, gained no better reception
ashore than the East Indiaman's
snake-lion-mermaid.

Captain Peter McQuhae, of
HMS Daedalus, on August 6,
1848, reported having seen the
monster in question between the
Cape of Good Hope and St. Hel-
ena. It was also seen by Midship-
man Sartoris, Lieut. Edgar Drum-
mond, William Barrett, sailing
master, and others. In Admiralty
records is the following official re-
port concerning it:

9° 22'E. It was discovered to be an
enormous serpent with head and
shoulders kept about four
HOLIDAY FEVER

For fifty weeks of toil he earns a break of two,
After long a year of bondage he bids his desk "adieu!"
There's joy in his heart as with opt exultation,
He gaily sets off on his annual vacation.
On Monday he golfa, a hard-fought round,
On Tuesday he rests—he's muscle-bound.
On Wednesday with offspring he romps and gambols,
And falls headlong in some unfriendly brawls.
Thursday he spends (twixt surf and shore),
On Friday he rests—his back is red raw.
It's Tuesday before he recovers his zest,
Till then, performe, all joys are suppressed.
And then his spouse with a smile that warns,
His innards as he to the state of the laws.
And thus, instead of performing like Vardon,
He spends to some hours bending over the garden.
Then two weeks are over, and a smile that's a smirk.
He creeps off happily, so gladly to work.

—W.G.D.

feet constantly above the surface.
As near as we could approximate
by comparing it with the length of
our main topsail yard, there was at
least 60 ft. of the animal. No portion
of it was, in our perception,
used in propelling it through the
water, either by horizontal or ver-
tical undulations.

"It passed rapidly, but so close
under our lee quarter that, had it
been a man of my acquaintance,
I should easily have recognised his
features with the naked eye."

Professor Owen, a noted British
scientist, repudiated the report
of these experienced sailors and sug-
gested they had seen a sea-lion or
Anson's seal. McQuhae replied that
the creative powers of the mind
were not called into use.

On September 20, 1848, in Lat
4 11 South and Long. 10 13 East
(aboute 1200 miles from where it
was originally sighted) the monster
with the dragon's head was sighted
by the American brig Dalpine.
Captain Mark Treadaway, in his of-
ficial log, said that he had dis-
charged the contents of a deck
gun charged with spike nails and
pieces of iron into the animal when
it was only 40 yds. from the ship.
It immediately reared its head,
foamed and lashed the water vi-
olently, but, though the ship was
put on the other tack to come up
with it, despite its wounds it made
off rapidly at 15 or 16 knots and
disappeared.

That one navigator could know
nothing of the report of the other
was clearly proved. The description
of the Dalpine serpent, which tal-
lied with that of the Daedalus, was
handed in mid-ocean to Captain
James Henderson of the Mary Ann
of Glasgow and carried by him
to that port of hard-bitten salts.

There are other convincing re-
ports of the kind and an interest-
ing case was that of Captain T. W.
Arthur, a keen naturalist with half
a century's sea experience, who
reported the appearance of a strange
demon of the deep near Melville
Island, off the northern coast of
Australia.

"In June, 1916," he reported, "a
party of eight men, including my-
self, decided to sail over to Mel-
ville Island from our location near
Cape Don in a surf boat 27 ft.
long. Ned Baxter, oldtime skip-
per of a Grimsby trawler, was sit-
ting in the bow looking for Elphon
stone Reef in Lat. 11 10 South and
Long. 131 25 East, and I was steer-
ing with the sweep oar. Suddenly
the fisherman asked, 'What's that
just astern there?'"

"I turned abruptly, thinking it
was a rock. When to my surprise,
and not more than 30 ft. from me,
appeared a huge head about six
feet out of the water, and with
five or six parts of its body in a
straight line with a division be-
tween each, reaching in all at least
40 ft. As it came nearer I lifted
the blade of my oar as high from
the water as I could, and tried to
hit it on the head, which, by this
time, was only a foot above the
water. I missed hitting it, but felt
a hard, sudden jerk on my blade,
which nearly knocked me over the
side.

"Grabbing the sheet of the sail
saved me from that calamity. When
I looked round again I could only
see its wake to windward. I pulled
in the oar and found four teeth,
three on one side and one on the
other, embedded deeply into it.
These we extracted and kept as
souvenirs."

All of which indicates there are
still stranger fish in the sea than
have been caught... might prove
that, if landlubbers will give
the next seaman who sees a sea-
serpent or a mermaid a decent hear-
ing, they might discover that neith-
er need be a fallacy, a trick of the
imagination or the eye, nor an
hallucination created from a rum
barrel.
HEATH ANTHIEL

The clown is not what he used to be, but he's still got to fall—hard.

The clown of tradition, generations-old, is fading like Lewis Carroll's Cheshire cat, leaving his grin behind him.

For it is unhappily true that even the circus changes No longer can a man take his son to the circus, to recapture his boyhood, sure that the clowns will do exactly what they did when he was young Clowns repeated their old familiar antics because they were expected of them.

In Australia clowning has become a hybrid, mixture of vaudeville situations, radio gags and traditional make-up.

In America clowns are relying more and more on mechanical contrivances for laughter, such as a prop goose that contains 400 feet of wire and more than 500 soldered joints Faces on which were painted exaggerated grins now wear Disney masks.

Still we have the baggy pants, the woebegone grins, but the "wheezes" have changed. Mick Lane, a Withc circus clown, says that traditional clowning has been one of the casualties of war. Continental clowns used to gambol in the sawdust ring, but when they disappeared with war's arrival Australia was forced to develop its own clowns. The circus turned to vaudeville comedians. Two different techniques—and vaudevillians untrained in the art of silent comic mime fell back on vocal gagging.

Mick Lane, himself a product of vaudeville and pantomime, has introduced to the circus ring standbys from the stage—patter and situations that producers resist to fill an empty spot in a vaudeville bill.

One factor has, however, remained inviolate. No matter how their material and style have changed, audiences still demand that at least some of the clowns spend a considerable part of their time with their faces in the sawdust.

When in 1805 Joseph Grimaldi leaped from the interior of an egg in the "Mother Goose" pantomime pelt plates at all and sundry and fall flat on his face as the result of a surreptitious shove from behind, he set a tradition. His big face painted in a semi-idiot, sympathetic grin, he evoked the sympathy as well as the laughter of his audience, and when he continued to exploit his acrobatic ability in performing prat-falls he set a rule that time, sophistication and even wars have not outmoded—simply that a clown must devote much of his art to flattening his face on the sawdust ring.

There are four main types of clown. The spangled circus clowns, the Joys, the Angastas and the Charleys.

The circus clown is a tumbler, a contortionist, plays the fool on horseback or on the tight-wire. He is the entire clown who somersaults into the ring or works as a fill-in clown, distracting the audience's attention while the ring is being cleared.

The Joy is an entirely different character. He was a dumb-show artist. The Joy was invented by Grimaldi, who was a clown of the harlequinate, the pantomime show that was sugar-coated for later consumption as the children's pantomime. Grimaldi's make-up costume and costume have been copied for more than a century.

The Auguste is the prat-fall artist. He does not wear spangles, nor a Harlequin costume or a Pierrot costume, but baggy trousers and a red nose. He is the descendant of the privileged jester who made quips at the expense of monarchs, and he is forever teasing the august monarch of the circus, the ringmaster.

He is the august idiot who is forever falling on the seat of his pants.

The newest clown is the Charley. The gravely gay epimetheus of shabby gentility, he wears battered pants, a battered bowler, a toothbrush mustache and a cane. He was begotten by the great mime-comedian Charles Chaplin.

Joseph Grimaldi was "the Michelangelo of buffoonery." He has also been called the greatest man in comedy between Scaramouche and Chaplin.

Scaramouche was a character and a type born in the buffoon comedies performed by strolling players in the streets in the middle ages. The most famous of the Scaramouches, Tiberio Fiorello, is described as having been able to keep spectators in roars of laughter for 15 minutes, without moving and without speaking, simply by pantomime, pretending to be terrified at an invisible character behind his chair.

The supreme clown of a later age, Joseph Grimaldi was born in London, son of an Italian actor.

He was an original, and he invented comic wheezes. The more he was discomforted the more his audience laughed, a situation that still today is the essence of clowning. One of the present generations of clowns admits that the biggest laugh he ever got was when an elephant trod on his foot. Almost unconscious from pain, his agonised and authentic grimaces so rocked the audience that when his fellow clowns carried him from the ring they roared for him to return.

For 38 years Grimaldi reigned.
HORACE GOLDBIN, the late great English magician, used to do his most baffling trick for his admirers at Mme. Cici's. He would invite anyone to seat the hands of his own watch and close the lid. Without opening the watch Goldbin wrapped the hands of his own watch and the lid in a handkerchief, and someone held it in front of him. Peering through a small paper cylinder, Goldbin then told the time at which the hands were set. No magician ever found how Goldbin did the trick.

uncanoned and when he retired he looked to his son to take his place. The son, whom he had faithfully schooled in all the tricks of clowning, basked awhile in the reflected glory of his father's glory. But when audiences indicated that they expected something more than merely trading on the fame of Grimaldi, the younger Joey promptly drank himself into insanity.

The great Joseph appeared once more before his worshipers resolved, despite his 70 years, to repair the Grimaldi name in public esteem. Pathetically refusing to make concessions to his age he attempted the gymnastic tricks that had been part of his fame, and that night he turned his face to the wall.

The memory of Joey Grimaldi remained to challenge the clowns of new generations. No matter how hard another man clowned, no matter how earnestly he fell on his pratt and flattened his face against the sawdust, his watchers asked: "Is he as great as Grimaldi?"

For long no clown was. Then the son of a Swiss watchmaker and innkeeper named Wallach saw a tiny circus and recognized that what he wanted to be was a clown. He trained himself to gymnastics and to play musical instruments and eventually people who looked at any clown asked the question: "Is he as great as Grock?"

Grock, who reigned supreme as a musical clown, dealt like all clowns in simple humor, but dealt always with consummate artistry.

Grock played the piano, violin, flute, clarinet, concertina, and the musical bottles. He was a stage artist as well as a circus clown, his sketches being suitable to the theatre. Famous was the 'Kubelik and Rubenstein' routine performed by Grock and his partner Antonet.

They entered in Grock coats (Grock's grotesque, Antonet's blazoned with medals and orders). Grock describes it in his autobiography.

Antonet: Introduce me please, Rubenstein, to these ladies and gentlemen.

Grock: Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to present Professor Kubelik, the greatest violinist that ever has been or ever will be. Professor Kubelik, as you see, has already had medals bestowed upon him from all quarters of the world — three French gold medals, eight silver medals and 10 certificates of merit.

Grock sits at the piano

Antonet: What are you looking for, Rubenstein?

Grock: The tuning crank, maestro. The keys want tuning up.

Antonet: Nonsense. Crank yourself! It's your hands you want to use, not a crank. Come, begin...

Grock attacks the keyboard demurely. His hands thrash the keys like a dozen virtuosos. But not a sound comes forth — the silence is comic incongruity.

Grock, climbing off the stool. The brute's sick, Your Excellency.

Business of tinkering with piano, while Antonet stands by, still with his superior air. Then Grock says: "Why — what — this is a piano, not a wardrobe" and extracts a monstrous pair of crimson corsets. Upon which the audience rolls in the aisles.

The English comedian Joey Porter, a true clown but of the music hall stage, remarked to me that the great comedian or clown has some specialty over and above his comedy. "The moment you come on the audience laughs, because they expect to," he said, "but the comedian who produces something unexpected stands out." As his extra Porter used to throw himself at a backdrop and slide to the floor, and hurl himself at the proscenium pillar, bouncing off it in a somersault, until he injured himself.

In the same way Pimpo, the greatest clown after Grock, had a prodigious specialty. He used to do a spring somersault over the backs of nine men, picking up his top hat on the way.

For all the dialogue gags and for all the mechanical comic props that have crept into the sawdust ring, there is still by popular demand a place in the circus for the man who can fill all these with more humor, more ludicrously and often than the next man. That is a part of the grand tradition of clowning that the years and modernity cannot touch. He who gets slapped must continue to be slapped.

For that is the comic-pathtic essence of clowning. That and baggy pants and painted grins. Without these, clowning may still be funny. But will it be circus?
A DRAMATIC STORY OF BIG BUSINESS, AND A MAN WHO PAID BACK AN IDEA.

THE £3,000,000 CATALOGUE

JULES ARCHER

Seldom was bread cast more fruitfully upon the waters than in 1909, when Montgomery Ward, the American mail order house, sailed one of its fat catalogues 5,000 miles across the Pacific. It arrived in New Zealand after a three-week journey from San Francisco on the old Sonoma.

The youth who had sent it was a 24-year-old travelling salesman named Robert Laidlaw. By obliging him with the catalogue Montgomery Ward unwittingly inspired a £3,000,000 business—the largest of its kind in New Zealand today.

Exactly 30 years later the pendulum swung back. Robert Laidlaw returned to his birthplace to secure the American firm—the firm that had long given him the idea which had launched him on the career that had made him a success.

In the early days when he was a commercial traveller for a hardware firm, young Laidlaw acquired an intimate understanding of life in the New Zealand bush. Straddling fences and exchanging the time of day with small-acre farmers, he listened sympathetically to their problems.

The cockles were bitter about their lot. Remote from the big cities, they were forced to purchase all their needs from small general stores in their districts. Prices were dear, selection was limited, quality was inferior. “You’re not in the race when you’re out in the bush,” they told him sternly.

One night, relaxing in a Wellington hotel, Laidlaw thumbed idly through a battered copy of an American trade magazine called “System.” In it he found an article about Montgomery Ward and the huge mail order business they were building. He wrote away for their free catalogue, which was described as “gargantuan.”

He had almost forgotten about the catalogue when it finally arrived. Fascinated by its bulk, young Laidlaw spent an entire evening musing through its thin leaves. By midnight his eyes, red-webbed from the fine type, were tired but thoughtful.

Slowly he realized that in his hands he held the answer to the dilemma of his countrymen who lived on the land. Why couldn’t he, Robert Laidlaw, do for the isolated cockles of New Zealand what Montgomery Ward was doing for the farmers of America?

That idea was the birth of the mail order business in New Zealand. With some £500 as his capital, young Laidlaw resigned from the hardware firm. His erstwhile employers were amused. Sell farmers goods out of a catalogue, through the mail! Stone the crows!

With a brother and two youngers as his staff, Laidlaw rented a small, squat building in Fort Street, Auckland. Across the face of it he painted the new firm’s name—Laidlaw Leeds.

There wasn’t any Mr. Leeds. But the young business pioneer thought the name would fit nicely into the punning advertising slogan he had invented “Laidlaw Leeds—and Others Follow.” For years afterward the Laidlaw brothers enjoyed introducing each other to unsuspecting victims as “my partner, Mr. Leeds.”

With an audacious firmness of purpose, Robert Laidlaw flatly refused to accept any customers who lived within 10 miles of the Auckland post office. To the immense delight of the cockles, he made it known that the mail order house of Laidlaw Leeds would cater exclusively to them.

Requests poured in for Laidlaw’s free catalogue, an anaemic adaptation of the one he had received from Montgomery Ward. The first mail order of a roll of netting was followed by an avalanche of orders that flabbergasted even the self-assured entrepreneur.

Robert Laidlaw had won his gamble. With one bold stroke he had cut the fettles that bound the cocky to the monopoly of the bush store. Their enthusiastic response left little doubt as to how they felt about buying for cash through the mail, direct from the supplier, with no middleman to jack up prices.

In less than four years Laidlaw was paying salaries to 200 busy employees. By 1913 the business had outgrown the tiny building on Fort Street. So at the age of 28, young Laidlaw took another daring step. He built a large six-storey building on a vacant allotment some distance from Auckland’s main shopping centre.

This newest challenge to the merchants and manufacturers, who were already incensed over the inroads this young upstart had made on their rural business, provoked them into open opposition. Robert Laidlaw began to find it increasingly difficult to buy merchandise.

Faced with the threat of a ruinous boycott, Robert Laidlaw acted swiftly. Boarding a boat for California, he placed large orders with American firms. Come what may, the cockles of New Zealand would always be able to depend upon Laidlaw Leeds for all their requirements— even if 100 per cent of these had to be stamped “Made in U.S.A.”
CAVALCADE, March, 1947

THAT TROUBLESOME GENERATION

A flickering light in the window is burning,
A woman's thoughts to a loved one are turning,
The clocks turn slowly, and Time is haggard,
Her fingers are trembling, her face is haggard
O, thoughtless indeed is that generation
That enters upon nocturnal recreation
While a woman at home stays in sleepless waiting.
For one who stays out celebrating
At last with the hour of three o'clock,
A key is heard in the well-worn lock
Her vigil is over, her waiting is past,
And the woman—but she's not the anxious parent of
an errant daughter, because that would be old-fashioned—cries "Mother, so you've come home at last!"

W.G.D.

Laidlaw made two other notable acquisitions while in California. The first was a wife, Lilian. The second was another useful American idea—this time from the Chicago mail order firm, Marshall Fields. Laidlaw was impressed with their 24-hour service system, by which every mail order was carefully clocked, followed through and sped on its way within 24 hours of receipt. He introduced this system immediately on returning to New Zealand.

When the first World War came along, both of Laidlaw's brothers were working with him. Each volunteered—one went into the infantry, the other into the air force. With deep reluctance Robert consented to remain behind to keep the firm going.

Then the tragic news came. First one brother, then the other. Shaking off all restraining hands, Robert Laidlaw grimly set about severing the obligations that kept him out of uniform. He entered into negotiations to sell out Laidlaw's to the Farmers Union Trading Company.

Ironically, several days after the deal had been consummated World War II came to an abrupt end. For once Robert Laidlaw's keen foresight had failed him. Now he found himself, not only without his firm, but also without the uniform for which he had sacrificed it. Making the best of his bad luck, he accepted the post of general manager.

Shares in the new company, now called Farmers' Trading Company, Ltd., were offered to the former customers of both Laidlaw's and Farmers Union.

The small-acre cockies responded eagerly, snapping up $3 and $10 shares. Today, 14,000 farm customers control 65 per cent to 75 per cent of the shares.

The board of directors consists entirely of farmers, who are elected by districts for three-year terms.

In his new capacity as general manager Robert Laidlaw once again looked across the Pacific for inspiration. He noticed that his old benefactor, Montgomery Ward, was busily engaged in establishing branch stores. The more he thought about it, the better he liked it.

Accordingly, soon Farmers began to establish branches throughout Auckland province. Buying out chains and independents alike, Laidlaw gradually acquired Farmers' retail empire of 71 branch stores.

During the slump of 1920, which followed closely in the wake of the war, American export firms found themselves saddled with shipments of unwanted goods rotting in foreign harbors. Orders were being cancelled without warning as economic depression set in around the world.

Robert Laidlaw saw to it that Farmers' did not repudiate a single American order. This despite the telltale notices in the shipping crates, "The next shipments will cost you 20 per cent less."

Nevertheless Farmers', like every other business, was beginning to feel the pinch. At a meeting of the board of directors, Robert Laidlaw proposed a new plan. Without sacrificing with their mail order or branch business, why shouldn't they transform their huge, six-storey, block-long building into a retail department store?

A rear of opposition greeted this 'foolhardy' proposal. How many Auckland shoppers would be expected to leave the main shopping centre on Queen-street to climb the long, steep streets leading to the out-of-the-way hillock on which Farmers' building stood? The idea was a short-cut to bankruptcy?

Laidlaw blandly agreed with his critics that shoppers would never consent to half-and-puff their way up to the summit of Hobson and Windham-streets. Therefore he proposed to carry them up with free transportation. And how, he was asked sarcastically, was that to come about? Did he expect the Auckland City Council, representing a Labor government, to change its transport system to accommodate Farmers'?

Yes, Robert Laidlaw replied. He did. And then he revealed his complete scheme—which by sheer audacity carried the day. The directors gave him carte blanche, if he could persuade the City Council to fall in with his plans.

Laidlaw thereupon promptly الاستندل all Auckland by putting the city government into the trolleybus business in 1925.

"Gentlemen," he told members of Auckland's Transport Board, "Farmers' is prepared to buy trolleybuses for you. We will install and pay for the overhead wires. Then we'll pay you on a mileage basis to operate the buses for us under contract."

Amazed but delighted, the Transport Board agreed eagerly. As part of the arrangement, they also agreed to the laying of a loop of tram track connecting Farmers' with two different points on...
000 New Zealanders, about half of whom are city folk from Auckland and Hamilton, and half from the country.

To handle this huge business, Laidlaw took another audacious step and put Farmers' into the manufacturing business. The company now operates its own clothing, shoe, furniture, drug and chemical, and tea-packing factories—five in all.

Despite the phenomenal growth of his firm, Robert Laidlaw has never forgotten his old friends, the cookies. To them he has firmly held out three mail order guarantees, on which the farmers themselves sit in judgment.

First, satisfaction guaranteed or their money back—and Farmers' pays the freight. Second, Farmers' guarantees to sell them anything at any competitor's lowest price. Third, Farmers' guarantees safe delivery of everything they buy.

Unlike Montgomery Ward's union-hating chairman of directors, Sewell Avery, Robert Laidlaw is an ardent champion of labor. Even before compulsory unionism became law in New Zealand in 1936, Laidlaw made Farmers' pay higher wages than award rates.

In the 37 years he has been in business, he has never had a strike. He personally contributed £5,000 to a fund established for employees, as a memorial to his two brothers who died in the first World War.

It is no accident that fully 82 employees have stayed with Robert Laidlaw for 20 years or longer.

Robert Laidlaw's right-hand man, William Calder Mackay, was his 14-year-old office boy when the firm of Laidlaw Leeds first opened its doors in 1909. In 1938 Mackay made a buying trip to America, during which he paid a visit to Montgomery Ward.

While talking to Larry Wood, Montgomery Ward's catalogue merchandising chief, Mackay disclosed the success he and Robert Laidlaw had had with time-payment selling by mail order. Wood became vitally interested and pressed Mackay for full details.

The New Zealander obliged, and Wood submitted a complete report of Farmers' experience in this field to top executives of Montgomery Ward. As a direct result the American firm decided to inaugurate this feature in their own business, which they did with outstanding success and great profit.

So it was that a Montgomery Ward catalogue crossed the Pacific in 1909 carried with it Robert Laidlaw's £3,000,000 idea which became the Farmers' Trading Company of New Zealand—and almost 30 years later richly repaid Montgomery Ward with one of Laidlaw's ideas, worth millions to the American firm!
BARRY THOMSON, a citizen of New York, was held up and robbed of 69 dollars (£21) in Central Park. Thomson happens to be Dick Tracy, the wizard detective of American radio.

ALFRED CLARK, who at 73 recently resigned the chairmanship of the company controlling Columbia, Parlophone, Marconophone and His Master's Voice, invented the first successful sound-box (about 1899) and produced the first movie, a three-minute dramatisation of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots.

MRS LIBBY E SACHAR, recently appointed judge of the Union County Juvenile and Domestic Relations Court, is the first woman judge in U.S. history. She is also the smallest, being only 5 ft tall and 8 st.

JASMIN BLIGH, in private life Mrs. Foley-Johnston, stood by to lend glamour to the airwaves when she prepared to resume her old job as B.B.C television announcer, interrupted when television was closed down in 1939.

LORD STRABOLGI, chairman of two of Britain's biggest steel companies, is in favor of socialisation of the steel industry. One of his companies supplied the Admiralty.

CHARLES LUCKMAN, president of the U.S. section of Lever Bros., the British soap "empire," is often mistaken for Bing Crosby. When this happens he generously signs fans' autograph books. But he croons only when sales soar.

CHARLES LAUGHTON has acquired new prestige as a Bible reader, entralling listeners by reading it with characteristic power and dramatic insight on American radio and on phonograph records. He regards it as "a great and inspired play, inherent with poetry, drama and intimate affinity with man."

JOHN SLATER, well-known radio actor, recently missed the opening night of a London television play in which he was to appear as a man who volunteers to make up Death's quota for the day. Reason for his non-appearance was injury in trying to free his wife from the wreckage of the air-liner in which they'd both crashed.

BARBARA HUTTON, heiress, has found her dream-home in the native quarter of Tangier. She will continue her quest for peace of mind in the 20-room Spanish-Arabic house high above the blue waters of Tangier Bay.

At the Foot of the Range — John Wray photo
A good executive is a man who is always in the groove without being in a rut.

Some speeches are like the horns of a steer—a point here, a point there, and a lot of bull in the middle.

A man is as big as the things that annoy him.

Definition of a gold digger: A girl who goes about with any man who can pass the asset test.

Opposition makes a great man greater and a weak man weaker.

An optimist is a man who thinks his wife has stopped smoking cigarettes when he finds cigar butts about the house.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but they make better time when someone is after them.

The best way out of a difficulty is through it.

Life insurance is betting that you'll die before the insurance people think you will.

A university education never hurt anyone who was willing to learn something afterwards.

A man who wakes to find himself famous has not been asleep long.

A statesman is a politician who is held upright by equal pressure from all sides.

A conservative is a man who does not think that anything should be done for the first time.

Nobody can act like a skunk without somebody getting wind of it.

An intelligent girl is one who knows how to refuse a kiss without being deprived of it.

Reflection—Beauty and Orchids—Eleanor Parker, Warner Bros. star.

CAVALCADE, March 1947 37
Saltwater Nursemam

BILL BAVERSTOCK

Baby's pants were pinned with nails, and an old salt learned mothercraft.

The supercargo threw down the crumpled Sydney newspaper he'd been reading.

"Look at that!" He pointed a gnarled and scornful finger at the half-column in the women's section that had aroused his ire.

"Mothercraft!" he sneered. "Fancy having to teach a woman how to look after kids! There's nothing to it!"

Papers two months old were still hot news in the islands in those days. We'd read all of them, from the front-page shipping advertisements right through to the back.

Without glancing at the Sydney daily paper fluttering on the deck, the mate turned to him. "I suppose you'd be an authority," he remarked casually. "Handling turned milk and baby food in the trade room at the bigger ships. Every woman who's been back to a schooner quietly moored in the anchorage.

"Now, I don't want no sarcasm," the supercargo put in, "but let me tell you this—his pipestem jabbed its emphasis on the mate's trade singlet—"once I looked after a baby for two weeks, me and a Rabaul mission boy who'd worked in the kitchen at Vunapope. And what's more, that baby done well—put on weight he did."

"Who'd let you look after a kid?" sneered the mate. "Do you want us to believe any mother'd be silly enough to let an old goat like you take charge of her nursery?"

"Who said anything about nurseries—or mothers either for that matter? The poor woman was dead and the nursery was a lifeboat. That's where I done my mothercraft training—halfway between San Christoval and the Wilson Duffs."

"Well, come on, spin us the yarn for Gorsake, we're dying of curiosity," the mate cut in and the rest of us chorused our curiosity too. The Supercargo had us interested.

The Supercargo was an old hand, wise in the way of the islands. Supercreagers had to know more than the current price of green snail, ivory nuts and the number of tins of soap-powder that go to the case. The trade room is more than just a floating country store, it houses the secrets—financial and family—of every plantation on the schooner's run. When a plantation wants more in goods than the value of the copra it ships—and it usually did in those days—the Supercargo and not the boss in his Sydney office had to decide how much credit it could stand and still be on friendly terms with the company.

Armed with so much inside knowledge the Super regarded himself as an oracle and it was evident he was breaking his neck to give us the yarn.

Well, it goes back a long time—back to the days when we didn't have engines, and when there was no wind at sea, why we just sat down and waited for it.

One trip we had, a record slow passage. There were the usual howling squalls, o' course and coming out of one of 'em we saw something about six miles off...
Looked like a big log or old canoe.

All day we took to get near enough—it was a ship's boat.

You come across some pretty grim sights in the Islands occasionally, but that boat was the worst I've struck in 30 years. Three dead men—salmoners from some Yankee schooner by the cut of their dignitaries—and a woman who was alive, but only just alive.

She lay with her head on the sternsheets under a piece of canvas stretched across the gunnels and as we lifted her out we heard a faint cry. Strike me pink if there wasn't a baby on the sternsheets beside her! How she'd kept it alive was a mystery, but it seemed in good nick and was reasonably clean.

There was a woman who'd be qualified to hold forth on mothercraft if she'd lived. But she didn't—died soon after we'd taken her and the kid on board.

When we tried to give her a drink she couldn't swallow the water because her mouth was as dry as a wooden goad. That kept her from talking. She seemed to know the kid was going to be alright, but was it?

We searched the boat for some evidence of who the people were but there was nothing. Not a paper in any of their pockets and no name even on the boat.

We buried the woman, too, but that boat simply haunted us for a couple of days until the breeze settled down. It gave me the creeps to watch it, but I didn't have much time for wondering because I had the baby on my hands.

There was milk in the schooner—plenty of it—the crude, sweetened, condensed milk they used to put up in the old days, but how to get it into the baby was a problem. The young fellow couldn't drink out of a cup, he was too little, but I got a brainwave.

In the room we had a case of the usual trade pipes—younow, the clay kind with the picture of a ship on the bowl. I snapped the stem off one and put it through a hole I bored in the cork of a square face bottle. Then I mixed up a pint of milk and water and lashed a wad of cotton over the end of the pipe stem. That baby took to it like a coon to turp, my home-made feeding bottle saved its life.

Well, I got out the ship's wash-tub and bathed the baby and it was then I struck another snag. What to do for clothes? A cotton trade singlet was the best garment I could dig out and a couple of my best towels served as nappins.

I spent a morning with the needle and thread and rigged out quite a presentable frock, but as there wasn't a safety pin in the ship the youngster's three-cornered pants were fastened with boat nails.

Copper fastened and full of milk, the baby did well—thrived. I might modestly claim.

But I was in a fever to get him back to civilisation and I wasn't going to continue the voyage; the shell could wait.

The mission women took charge of the foundling and I reported the finding of the boat and wrote a long despatch about it for the Government people.

Now you can put this story in with the Mary Celeste yarn—it's a complete mystery. Nobody ever came forward and claimed the kid.

—in fact nobody seemed to know even who he was or what ship the boat had come from.

The facts were published in America and England and other countries, too, but it's just another of those things only the sea knows about. Shipwreck, fire, mutiny, attack by natives—any of those theories will fit it of course, and there were some queer goings-on in the Pacific in those days.

'What happened to the kid?' said the mate, who had listened to the yarn without making one sarcastic gibe at his old shipmate.

Oh, some of us put in a few quid and sent him to school in Sydney when he was old enough. Fine little kid he turned out."

'Still there?' the mate's curiosity was not yet satisfied.

'No, he ain't,' said the Super slowly 'I went down to Sydney in 'fourteen, and there he was in khaki. Killed at Lone Pine. Helped to bury him myself. Yes, I was on Gallipoli—and that's something else you didn't know about me,' he shot at the mate.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

WHEN FRED PERLEY, HAVING LOST THE KEY OF HIS GARAGE, DECIDED HE'D HAVE TO BREAK THE WINDOW TO GET IN, HE RECEIVED BIDS RANGING FROM A FREE LAWN MOWING TO A MONTH'S PUTTING OUT OF RUBBISH BARRELS, FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF BREAKING IT.
the ACCIDENT

HENRI LAVEDAN

Mme. de Morancey could be a mother only one happy day of each month.

MADAME de Morancey, her hat on her head and her gloves in her hand, came gaily into the vestibule.

"Annette? I am going to see George this morning."

"I know," said the old nurse, "today is the fifth."

The door of the anteroom hung, and Madame de Morancey went quickly out.

On the footpath of the Rue de Beiry, she made her way towards the Champs-Élysées, which she followed at her lively pace. It was a bracing April morning, the fresh grass looked very green, very young, there was a wilful, playful breeze that gave a sensation of gossamer all over the body. Galant young fellows hastened towards the parks, their nostrils breathing plumes of white smoke.

High above the avenue, the arch of L'Étoile stood like a great bridge veiled in mist.

The young woman kept on her way, affecting that air of seriousness, humorously haughty which is shared by all Parisians when they are set on something, an air of bravado and defiance which seems to say to all the passers-by: "Make way! I have something to do, and don't you try to stop me!"

In the same determined manner, she passed along the Place de la Concorde, passed the bridge, and entered the Faubourg Saint-Germain where slowly, like carts, the first trams were rolling in this Paris of other days, old customs.

Apparently she had an appointment, everything pointed to it, her hurried walk, the early hour, and the impatient happiness which, for several moments, glowed in her face. She went directly towards the appointed corner. Suddenly, opposite an old hotel of severe appearance, she let out a light cry. At the same moment a boy of ten who was walking beside an old nurse in uniform, ran towards her and threw himself into her arms crying, "Mama!"

The old nurse gave a slow and respectful nod of the head and went back into the hotel.

Madame de Morancey, judicially separated from the Count de Morancey—who had been granted custody of George, their only son—came on the fifth of each month to spend nine hours in the company of her son. She passed the day with him and returned him to his home after dinner. As in the morning, so also in the evening the servant waited in front of the hotel to take her young charge and the toys and other things which his mother bought for him every time. The Count himself never appeared, either to bring the boy nor to take him back. Things had lasted like this for 18 months.

Madame de Morancey called a cab, for she had no time to lose, and it was necessary to her to burn that precious day, of which every minute counted, as rapidly; and foolishly as others spent their lives, to catch in these few hours everything she wished to have: the care, the caresses, the thousand and one recommendations for his health, the kisses, the confidences, the great-
Est possible distractions, two good meals with the sweetmeats he liked best, and then to let the child talk in his turn.

Madame de Montancey, during dinner, gazed idiotically at her son, absorbed in attending to him, eager to satisfy his vaguest wish. She put her arm around him as she asked for the 20th time:

—are you well? Do you love me very much? Are you hungry?

The little boy, his cheeks glowing, a little bored by the unceasing tenderness was at pains to suffer this torrent of maternal questions patiently.

As they rose from the table she said, ‘It is not late, tell me what you would like to do.’

The boy, his mouth still full, said, ‘Go onto the boulevard to see the shops.’

‘Done’ she said, and they went out at once.

The day was late, and the benevolent sun warmed the streets where straw-hatted people already wore the clothing of the springtime.

Madame de Montancey soon gained the boulevard of George. Twisted away from her sharply to run and look in a shop, then on to admire in the kiosks the illustrated papers hung on wires with wooden pegs, like clothes on a line to dry. He did not wait to go back to his mother. This behavior repeated without a break.

Little by little, the young woman, while following the boy with her eyes, became absorbed in a revenge, and as a storm of clerks came out of a doorway she was suddenly reminded of the day of her marriage. She seemed to see again the narrow sacristy of Sainte-Clothilde, where the highest nobles of France had fished past, her husband, proud and pale, and the carriages, which had crowded the place. Then her honeymoon, the birth of George who had given her 15 hours of torture. They had thought she would die and that the boy would be still-born. Finally there was her unforgettable slip, her husband’s anger, their separation.

Today she could possess her son only once a month, and yet the sixth, nor the fourth, the fifth.

What a favor! She sought the boy with her eyes among the passers-by when suddenly behind her, in the noises of the street, the piercing voice of a little boy shouted: ‘O! Mama!’

She turned around, cold in the stomach, and saw nothing. Then people were running in the direction of the cry, a crowd gathered, a pastry-cook climbed on a bench and saw three men who carried slowly a child of about a dozen years, of the same figure as George and dressed exactly like him. He had a red head, red hands, red boots, and a policeman was walking besides the little group.

The policeman held a little cap like George’s.

Then she understood that her little boy had been injured, and she followed the crowd, all thought dead in her, her eyes dry, her tongue tired, repeating in a calm voice:

‘I am his mother. I am his mother only on the fifth... that is today... my day.’

They thought the commotion had turned her head.

A carriage driven at a fast trot had passed over his back and neck.

Ever since the dolorful procession brought the boy back to the hotel Madame de Montancey, watching on the footpath, had been the victim of indescribable agony. Her husband had entrusted to her this morning a happy child, full of life, she had brought back a pain-wrecked little body, almost dead. What would she say to him? What would he do? Kill her? She could not blame him if he did, and she trembled as though she actually feared approaching death. No, she would not have been surprised to see M. de Montancey come out with a knife in his hand, or brandishing a revolver, and she would have thrown herself down before him to await the blow.

The door opened and she said to herself, ‘Here it comes!’ But no, only servants came out cleverly balancing empty baskets, and in spite of the desire she had for news, she did not take one step towards them.

A mysterious force compelled her to stay outside the house where her child would die, while she accused herself of being the assassin.

She remained there into the night, not taking her eyes from the lighted windows where the shadows moved. Time passed. The street lights had long since been lit. She did not move, her head heavy as a ball of lead, could not free itself of a single terrible thought. ‘George is dying here, just in there he is dying’

The cold of night made itself felt. Looking about for shelter she saw not far away a taxi rank. She asked a cab man if for a hundred sous she might be allowed to sit in his vehicle. Believing she was waiting for her lover, he grinned, accepted the money and agreed. She stayed there for three hours. At a quarter of an hour before midnight a priest arrived, rang the bell, and disappeared into the house. The boy was dying, no doubt, otherwise why call in a priest? She wished to know at any price, being able to stand no longer the suffering of uncertainty. She would go in to the husband, even if he were to throw her out. Arming herself with courage, she tremulously pulled the bell and waited, while it echoed through the house with a sinister noise. Then she went into the receptionist’s office where she was recognised at once, sitting down, showing under the light the face of an old and sorrow-ravaged woman, she commanded the porter — ‘Go up and see... how is the child... tell me I will wait here.’

A minute later the porter came back silently.

‘Well?’ she demanded.

In reply the porter raised his arms and let them fall again to his side. Then clapping his hands he murmured, ‘Five minutes ago without pain.’

Immediately he added, ‘Monseur says you may go and stay by the body.’

Then, forgetful of her blame-worthiness, she shook with choking sobs, mourning through her tears, ‘Now that he is dead. I may go and stay with him’.

She went outside, muttering, ‘No, what’s the use?’ And she went away into the shadows 60 feet, the rain began to fall, fine and cold.

44 CAVALCADE March, 1947
He found out all about her within two days of arriving on the island. Not quite all, but enough as anyone knew of her.

Mr. Valentine Burgoyne was a master at finding out. It was part of his trade, getting the "good guts" on everyone worthy of his attention and Mrs. Litherly seemed well worthy.

She was tall and slim and infinitely poised, with long lazy eyes and a little smile that was mysterious and fascinating. And she dressed with expensive taste.

Mr. Burgoyne was impressed. Not only professionally, but for reasons personal. She was, he learned, not a tourist but a writer. Though rumor had it she had done little or no work on her novel. This pleased Mr. Burgoyne more than somewhat. He sensed the moneyed dilettante for true writers' bank balances rarely amounted to more than three figures.

"Before hearing about her he had launched himself on the island as a newspaperman on furlough to write a book about his experiences as a war correspondent. It might have disconcerted another man to find another writer already in the field. But this did not bother Val."

"With each influx of tourists Mrs. Litherly found some affluent gentleman to pay her homage. The attention they lavished on her bore testimony to their expensive tastes and hers. The fastidious lady was rarely seen in the company of those outside the higher income group, and never, never alone with them."

So that when she developed an almost indiscreet attachment to Mr. Valentine Burgoyne the island locals were shocked and disillusioned.

They met, these two engaging people, under prosaic circumstances. The lady was in the store inquiring about dog biscuits, the gentleman at the post office counter being cross about a telegram.

The lady found a pebble in her shoe at the door. Posed on one foot, she swayed a little as Mr. Burgoyne drew level and bumped him ever so slightly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she muttered. Her contrition was infinitely appealing.

"You are Mrs. Litherly, I believe?"

"Why, yes." She looked innocently surprised. "However did you know?"

"I'm a newspaperman," he boasted, with such naïveté she was quite touched. "Litherly was not a characteristic of any of the newspapermen she knew."

"My name's Burgoyne," he went on. "Valentine Burgoyne. Of the Daily Record. I've been commissioned to write a book, about the various shows I was in."


In the distance, Mrs. Litherly's lazy eye focussed on portly Mr. Snodgrass. So nice to have him in her little circle of friends. A pity his wife had taken such a strong dislike to her. But now that grumpy lady had returned to the city to see her ailing sister, so charitable.

"So nice to have made your acquaintance. I do hope you'll let me see your manuscript soon."

"I'll bring it to your shack."

"And do you know where that is?" she inquired. "However did you find out so soon? Hardly a soul knows, it's so tucked-away."

"I'm a newspaperman," he repeated. "And anyway, I seen you go in the gate yesterday."

"I beg your pardon," she said.

"I said I seen you—saw you—go home."

Her mouth trembled on the edge of a smile. "Au revoir!"

To her delight she was home when he called the next day. Between the pages of a Charles Garvice novel he carried three penciled sheets.

She seemed to have shed some of the gentle aloofness that had rather wed him at first meeting. She was gay, informal, and after a few sherries, almost playful. Within half an hour they were using first names.

"Now please, Valentine," Petronella commanded. "Show me your manuscript sheets."

The pages, apparently selected at random, dealt with Britain's post-war policy, U.N.O., and America's "dollar imperialism." As each page began in the middle of each subject and ended nowhere, the result was bewildering.

"You write magnificently, Val."

"He gazed at Petronella with desire. He embraced her with starting suddenness and was himself startled by her more than enthusiastic response."

"And so began a tender summer idyll marked only by the presence of Mr. Snodgrass. This
gentleman, being temporarily unattached, was making what seemed to Valentine unreasonable demands on Petronella's time and sympathy. Valentine began to exhibit a most unbusinesslike jealousy.

"But darling," Petronella pleaded, "he's old enough to be my father. In fact, he looks on me as a daughter. The poor old dear has no daughter of his own, and he loves young people. Besides," she added, looking thoughtfully at Valentine, "he's very influential socially. He may be useful to us one day."

Although this commonsense struck an answering chord in Valentine, he was puzzled. Petronella seemed in a shade too eager to retain Mr. Snodgrass' friendship, and there were times when she returned from an unexplained absence flushed with something oddly like triumph. Valentine was suspicious and distressed, yet still enamoured in the intriguing quality of her personality.

Then a blacker cloud appeared on Valentine's horizon.

The gentleman in the car who was agent for his current income—a tax-free source—was suddenly carried off for a rest as the guest of His Majesty. At a time when solvency had never seemed more desirable, Valentine was faced with the alternative of confessing his bankruptcy or risking loss of her affection by turning his professional attentions to the female tourists. He lost some of his debonair charm and took on a hard-bitten, predatory look.

Then Petronella became involved in trouble of her own. Mrs. Snodgrass returned and soon it was current news that the grim lady was out for a scalp, and Mr. Snodgrass must choose whether that scalp be Petronella's or his own. No one was clear as to the exact nature of Mrs. Snodgrass' charges but there were queer rumors about police action. Petronella's charm began to harden.

One day she saw him at the window holding up the light. A magnificent sapphire ring. It looked vaguely familiar. Swiftly he took up the bold blue challenge it flung him.

Watching through the window, he tapped lightly on the door, and he was hurt to see his love conceal the ring in haste, but he embraced her with ardor. After a meal he looked sadly at Petronella.

"Darling, I've had news for us I've been called back to the office." He held her to him. "I'll have to get tonight's boat."

She looked at him steadily, then "Oh, darling." Tears trembled on her lashes. Mr. Burgoyne felt he had never loved her more.

Two detectives arrived at the boat. Petronella was there to see him off. Mr. Snodgrass was there to meet the detectives. When it was known Mr. Burgoyne was Petronella's true-love and that he was about to take off, he was held for questioning, and in due course there was found upon his person the ring that had imperilled a marriage, ruined a beautiful extramarital friendship and finally wrecked a pretty summer idyll.

Petronella's great eyes filled with tears, and she was too overcome to answer questions. At this Mr. Snodgrass, much relieved, seized the opportunity of laying elsewhere the embarrassing charge his wife had insisted on.

So everyone was happy except poor Valentine. Burgoyne, but then he deserved all he got, which was 12 months' hard
WHEN taking the family out for a night of enjoyment at the local picture theatre, you should always allow yourself lots of time because you may not care for the title of the supporting feature, and

as it is too late to wait for the next bus, you hurry, via several short cuts that junior suggests, back to your local theatre that has by this time
Sufferers from most chronic diseases are now reassured that they will enjoy as long a life as the average normally healthy person. The exceptions are chronic sufferers from cancer, TB and heart and kidney ailments, which take heavy toll.

But, studying 1800 families over a 20-year period, the U.S. Public Health Service reports that the death rate of those suffering chronically from such diseases as neuritis, rheumatism, upper-respiratory disabilities and other diseases was no greater than that of perfectly healthy people.

Peaning children is increasingly safer, every year since 1930. The U.S. Census Bureau’s latest statistical year (1944) reveals a new low record for mothers’ deaths in childbirth—a decline of 11.5 per cent from the previous year.

Relief for winter ailments has been provided by Dr. Frank W. Morse, of Nova Scotia, in spraying penicillin into patients’ lungs. In 24 out of 26 cases the treatment successfully combatted coughs, colds, influenza and pneumonia.

Advantages of the treatment are its small cost, soothing inflamed membranes of the throat and relief of the cough, pleasant taste, and the drug’s efficiency in fighting disease germs in lungs and throat.

Dr. Morse overcame penicillin’s chief handicap in general practice—the need for hospitalisation when giving it by injection—by spraying the drug into lungs with the familiar hand atomiser.

Mesantoin, a new medicine to help epileptics (by controlling convulsions), has been developed by the New York Neurological Institute.

A permanent cure for peptic ulcers may be a new hormone developed recently by Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, the outcome of 10 years’ research by his group of physiologists.

The hormone was isolated from the mucous lining of hogs. It is a colorless substance called enterogastrone and patients tested report relief from ulcer symptoms after daily injections for a week.
Harry was a very worried aboriginal, and all because of Nellie.

Nellie was sick—as sick as any aborigine who had been "pointed," could be. She lay in her "wurley," and not even the many piccaninnies who humbled about, fighting and screaming, could stir her from her apathy.

The Boss, knowing that in spite of Harry's apparent lack of sentiment he was extremely fond of his gin, failed to make her eat. And Harry (unhappily sitting on a nearby sliprail, refused to be comforted by the Boss's reassurance that no so-and-so, bone-pointing inland black could cause his Nellie harm.

Harry, of course, should have known better. He had lived among whites since that day when Sir Sidney Kidman, riding over a section of his vast properties in the Northwest, had found him, a deserted and frightened piccaninni of 12, wandering in the bush. He had tried to run away, but a boundary rider had caught him and carried him back to the homestead where a pampered pet of the men and an especial favorite of Sir Sidney, whom he blithely called "Sid," he was given a better than-average education for an aboriginal boy.

Naturally intelligent, he proved a quick learner, but he remained always an aborigine. At 16 he could ride a buckjumper with the best of them, and as a black tracker his services were often sought by the police. Once he'd tracked a miner for 30 miles over the roughest country and had saved the man from a throat-parched, crazed death.

When he was 20 he joined a buckjump show. He became Wild Harry—a title which, as far as the adjective was concerned, was incorrect, but which, in his aptitude for taking on the maddest of buckjumpers, was perfectly true. He was billed as the greatest aboriginal buckjump rider in Australia, which he most certainly was.

His idol, Sir Sidney Kidman, neither drank nor smoked and counselled Harry never to adopt the habits—and Harry never did. From the moment he began to earn money he displayed a most unaboriginal virtue in realising the value of a bank account. It was a trait that was to remain with him all his life.

Later, when he married and became father to Rosie and Freddie, his winnings from buckjumping contests immediately found their way to the bank—for they were dedicated to the future of his piccaninnies; and when Rosie married and made him a grandfather, every penny he earned was earmarked for his wife, children and grandson.

His attitude towards money was inherited by his own children who, equipped with a tin pannikin, moved among the crowds at shows and by dint of tooth-flashing smiles wrested gladly given pennies from the spectators.

Rarely troubled by the inhibitions imposed on him by the accident of being born black, he proved that he held no social prejudices when, at Narromine, N.S.W., he celebrated the winning of a bullock riding contest by jumping the fence and shaking hands with the guest of honor.

It mattered not at all to Harry that the man whom he had so honored was the Governor of N.S.W.

His calling took him from coast to coast, and at Cloncurry, in Queensland, he married Nellie—the woman who had taught him how to be, as white men marry, and it was his proud boast that the piccaninnies which came to bless this union also received the benign attention of the parson and were therefore legitimate beyond reproach.

And now Nellie—yielding to that strange power of suggestion that can take the aborigine from this earth for no apparent reason—was getting ready to join her ancestors.

Harry, bewildered and scared, sat silently outside the hut, looking up only when someone spoke to him, or to reach out and lay a reproachful hand on the black bottom of a noisy piccaninni.

No one knew exactly why Nellie had been "pointed." She was a good aborigine who, for delightful reasons, had loved looking after Harry and his piccaninnies with aboriginal pique. No other black sought her.

Harry himself said that the culprit was an inland black who had revenged himself against Harry, a coastal black, by pointing the bone at his hura. However, whatever the cause, Nellie lay near death.

Harry stirred as the Boss approached.

"How's Nellie?" asked the latter.

"No good, Boss. She die." The Boss considered the problem deeply. Then he said: "You tryem white doctor, Harry. He fix." Harry shook his head dolefully. "White doctor not come." "We take her by car, Harry." Harry brightened. The car was an old Ford, a clatter-trap of a machine that had been around the place for years. But the prospect of riding in it proved exciting not only to Harry, but even to Nellie. They bundled her into the back seat, and shortly after they arrived at the hospital.

The Boss carried her into the hospital, and Harry trailed them like a gaunt black shadow. When they stopped him at the door, he took up a place on the steps to
swart developments, poker-faced.

Inside, the Boss spoke to the doctor. No, there was nothing wrong with Nellie—nothing, that is, by the standards of white people. He explained the circumstances quickly, and the doctor—a man with many years' experience of aboriginal ways—nodded. Then, together, they went to the kitchen.

The matron joined them. The consultation was brief, and five minutes later the iuba, clad in a white nightgown and looking completely ludicrous in it, was unwillingly sipping castor oil. Treatment had begun.

On the steps, Harry maintained his vigil. The Boss told him to go away and sleep, but he stayed. He was still there next morning when the doctor came. His faith in the Boss was great, but there was little hope in his eyes as he watched the doctor pass him.

In the hospital ward, Nellie lay relaxed under an anaesthetic—an anaesthetic induced not by ordinary means, but by her own faith in the powers of the white doctor. It was, in fact, induced by suggestion—for beneath her bandaged stomach rested a lump of ice, the rest had been left to her own imagination and faith in the white doctor.

It was only a few minutes before she was sitting up, bright and appreciative, in bed; but in those few minutes, Harry had waited outside as still and as silent as though he himself had been anaesthetised.

When the Boss tapped him on the shoulder and beckoned him into the hospital he rose wordlessly. The doctor met them at the door of the ward.

"You waitem Nellie?" he said. "I waitem."

"Nellie waitem, too. She good, and not die."

Harry's eyes opened wide, and his step quickened. At sight of Nellie he stopped and giggled nervously until the doctor beckoned him forward.

Their meeting was less sentimental than that of a white couple meeting after one has emerged from the shadow of death. Nellie giggled and pointed to her locker.

There on a large plate was a bone—the bone, she said, the white doctor had taken out of her. It was big, about as big as the shin bone of a steer, and there was that in Nellie's voice which suggested that she had, after all, been honored in being given temporary possession of such a fine trophy.

It was wonderful, they chattered, that the bone had grown so big—because, Harry averred, it had been only as big as a man's finger when the black fellow had pointed it at her. In their eyes, as they talked, was a light that proved that the white man's magical powers had been vindicated.

That night, when they left the hospital, Nellie was carrying the bone, wrapped up in newspaper. And Harry was smiling his appreciation of the white man's magic that was so much stronger than the magic of a poor old inland black.

This is the story Lance Skuthorpe, doyen of Australian horsebreakers and buckump riders, told me. And Lance should know. For he was the Boss, and it was he who suggested that the bone which was "removed" from Nellie must be the largest in the kitchen.

"There's no difference between the 2/- and the 5/- dinner... except me!"
THE KIDNAPPING MURDERER

Seducer, forger, bushranger, he did one of Sydney's most vile killings.

Of all the debased and diabolical criminals transported to Australia in its first 50 years, few if any were in the same class with John Knatchbull, who kicked out his life at the end of a rope outside the old Woolloomooloo Gaol in January, 1843, for the Margaret Place murder, one of the most ghastly crimes in early Sydney's history.

But before his execution Knatchbull, or Fitch as he was known, had built up an imposing record as a thief, forger, bushranger and general badman, and had figured as principal in the prosecution of an English girl, Jane New, whose story was one of the most tragic of all the tragic stories of women in New South Wales.

Jane New met Fitch first when, as a young girl in the English county of Chester, he learned that her father had money and began courting her, an ex-post captain in the Royal Navy and a brother of Sir Edward Knatchbull, finally persuaded her to steal some money from her father and to run away with him to be married.

Fitch arranged for the ceremony to be performed privately by one of his disolute friends who posed as a minister. The 'newly-weds' occupied an expensive apartment in London, where Jane found for the first time that her husband's friends were all crooks. And to her horror she realised she had been seduced under the ruse of a mock marriage.

The situation of such a girl in the early nineteenth century—when women enjoyed no economic independence and need be supported by a man—was as hopeless as that of any of the unfortunate women in Daniel Defoe's earlier angry sociological novels Betrayed and duped into theft, how could she return to her father, but, lacking the means of earning a livelihood, how could she leave Fitch?

Meanwhile her father, unaware that she was the thief, had reported the loss of his money. The police tracked her down and despite her father's protests she was sentenced to seven years transportation to Van Diemen's Land.

There her good behavior enabled her finally to be assigned as a servant to James New, who married her, and eventually she was given ticket of leave and they moved to Sydney.

Meanwhile, Knatchbull, or Fitch, had been convicted of picking pockets in the Vauxhall Gardens and was transported to New South Wales. His aristocratic connections enabled him to obtain special treatment on the transport Ark, however, and when he arrived in Sydney in 1824 he was sent to the Wellington district, where he eventually became a constable. On leave in Sydney, he forged a promissory note but was acquitted at a subsequent trial, and continued living in Sydney.

It was there he again met Jane New, who was living with her husband and child in a house close to the racetrack—the site of the present Hyde Park.

Fitch decided he wanted the girl again, so he induced a woman companion to call on Jane and plant a purse of money on her. Then the woman reported that she had robbed the house, and Fitch was found on Jane New, who was arrested, charged, and after conviction sent to the female factory at Parramatta. From there she was eligible for engagement as an assigned servant again, which was exactly what Fitch had planned.

But before Fitch could complete his plan New obtained legal assistance, had his wife's confinement in gaol cancelled on technical legal grounds and she returned to him as his wife. But even then she was not free of Fitch for good.

Fitch at this time was pursuing his criminal activities, and was finally convicted of forgery and transported to Norfolk Island.

Before sailing from Sydney Harbor, he assisted some fellow prisoners to poison the guards with arsenic, but after the food had been poisoned, and before it was eaten, he betrayed his confederates to the authorities. Some of these were hanged, others flogged Fitch himself—he had tried this method successfully when in the Wellington Valley—received a good mark. He continued pumping on his companions at Norfolk Island and finally became so hated that he had to be transferred for his own safety to Port Macquarie, where he obtained a ticket of leave.

At this stage Fitch became overseer at the Campbelltown farm of a wealthy widow and linked up with the notorious Raven's gang of bushrangers. These desperadoes had their hide-out in the appropriately-named Dead Man's Hollow, an inaccessible spot in the Blue Mountains not far from Penrith.

It was while spying out possible profitable undertakings for the Raven's gang that Fitch again found Jane New, living this time at the farm her husband had taken up on the Nepean, near Penrith.

Fitch immediately induced the gang to kidnap Jane and hold her for ransom, but in a lonely hut in Deadman's Hollow this was done and
Jane was kept there a prisoner, unmolested, until Fitch should call for her.

But he never called, and Jane New was finally rescued in dramatic circumstances brought about by Fitch's own stupidity and ruthless disregard for human life.

After arrangements for Jane to be kidnapped, Fitch went to Sydney to see Mrs. Jamieson, an elderly woman who lived at the corner of Kent-street and Margaret Place. It has never been discovered why he went there, although it was believed in some quarters at the time that Mrs. Jamieson, who knew Jane, had sent for him to warn him to leave the girl alone.

Whatever the purpose of the visit, Fitch foolishly skulked in the shadows near Mrs. Jamieson's house for an hour and a half, before entering. His suspicious behavior had alarmed one of Mrs. Jamieson's neighbors, who raised an alarm, and the house was surrounded.

When the front door was forced, Mrs. Jamieson was found with her head split open and her face battered beyond recognition. A tama hawk had been used for the assault. She died shortly afterwards.

Fitch was found in an upstairs room and was handed over to the police, who, in the ensuing weeks, had the greatest difficulty in saving him from being lynched by angry mobs.

One of the strangest features of the crime was that the motive was never discovered. It was not a love affair, nor was robbery involved, nor was Fitch carrying bank drafts for £300 that had just reached him from England. He was also found to be carrying a rough plan which proved to be a diagram of the secret track to Dead Man's Hollow, from where Jane New was rescued shortly afterwards. A rescue party followed the track, and, taking the gang by surprise, captured the kidnappers and saved Fitch's victim from further wrongs.

At the inquest on Mrs. Jamieson—held in a public house at the corner of Clarence-street and Margaret Place—John Shalless, her neighbor, told how he had watched Fitch's strange behavior about 10 p.m. on January 6, 1844. After Fitch had entered Mrs. Jamieson's shop and banged the door, said Shalless: "I told my wife I feared he was murdering her. I ran over and found the door locked, and heard some strokes given as of someone breaking a cocoanut with a hammer."

Incidentally, Shalless gave evidence that when he reported to a passing watchman that a woman had just been murdered in the shop, the watchman had said: "Well, what is that to me?"

Fitch was committed for trial. His case came on in the Supreme Court before Mr. Justice Burton and a jury on January 24. He was defended by Robert Lowe—later Viscount Sherebrooke—who had been to school with him in England, and who put up the remarkable defence of self-delusion.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty without leaving the court. Fitch was sentenced to death. The Full Court rejected his appeal and he hanged on January 13, 1845.

Before the execution he signed a statement confessing the ghastly murder of Mrs. Jamieson.
cornishman's fingers

ADAM FRANCIS

THE style of yarn Captain Piper told of the Cornishman's fingers is uncommon in Australia, for men seldom accept anything so farfetched, particularly when it has a supernatural note.

However, most of the Hill believed him, because, as manager of the big mine, he was presumably a hard-headed and practical man, not given to romancing.

Back in 1888, when he was supervising work one day on the newly-sunk Fasp's shaft, he was accosted by a young fellow looking for work.

"Any experience?" Captain Piper asked.

"Well, not this sort of mining exactly, but..."

The mine manager looked him over. He seemed a well set up young fellow, alert and husky, so Piper called over the shift boss, then said sharply to the fellow: "Your name by any chance Oakes?"

"Why, yes," said the young fellow, astonished: "How did you know?"

"I guessed."

Science would scoff at this, but it's a tale with a curious basis.

"But you've never set eyes on me before. I'm a stranger to Broken Hill. Only three weeks out from the Old Country."

"I took a look at your fingers," the manager said. He turned to the shift boss: "Put him on. He'll be a good miner. He's a Cornishman."

After the young fellow had gone back to town, the shift boss asked how the manager had guessed his name. "I didn't see anything unusual about him," he said. "What about his fingers?"

"Didn't you see?" "Well, fingers of one hand seemed a bit short, that's all."

"Exactly. The right hand always is."

At the time there were a couple of miners named Oakes on the Banner, and Captain Piper advised the shift boss to look at their hands, too. It was, he said, a family peculiarity. A deformity that dated back a century and a half.

In the early 18th century the north coast of Cornwall had a tough reputation. It still is a wild, lonely, storm-beaten coast and dangerous to shipping, but in those days there were no modern navigational lights and charts were not always reliable.

In one record period, from 1823 to 1846, no less than 131 vessels were lost along a 40-mile stretch of coast, between Land's End and Tresco Head.

Of those disasters arose the popular Cornish custom of Wrecking. It became a fine art. A ship would founder on surf-smothered rocks, pale up on shore, and immediately almost every man, woman and child in the neighborhood would go to the scene, if they were not already waiting, anticipating the worst.

The Wreckers, who were not uncommon even in the 20th century, saw nothing wrong in their actions. After all, it was only salvage, what the sea wished upon the beach is nobody's property. If they stripped ships before they actually struck the beach, well they were only speeding up the inevitable. Besides, the Cornish people along this coast were always close to starvation. Meagre wages in the tin mines and hazardous fishing were the only things to keep them going.

But there were other, more sinister Wreckers. They became figures of legend, ranking with vampires and sirens, but nonetheless real. They were suspected of luring ships ashore in dirty weather, waiting for gales and rough seas to flash deceptive lights from some lonely cliff top.

Some tied lanterns to the tail of a horse or a donkey, letting it wander at its own free will along the cliffs until some skipper, blown off his course, thought he saw salvation, steering towards lights he presumed were signalling safe anchorage.

The original Oakes family, according to the mine manager, were Wreckers of this kind. Desperate fellows, they made a living out of wrecks a bitter fate brought their way. They owned an obliging horse which trailed a lamp along the dark cliffs by night.

Sometimes, when the ships broke up on the rocks, one or two of the crew might struggle ashore. But they did not live to report what happened. They were seized by the Wreckers, searched, robbed and tossed back into the sea.

One day the eldest son, sickening of the brutality of their occupation, broke away. The others, refusing to believe that he would prefer hard work to the easy pickings of their profession, assumed that he must have fallen into the sea and drowned. No reports of his whereabouts were ever made, so at last he was officially presumed dead.

Some years later, during one of the biggest storms within memory, the Oakes family heard there was a fine prize drifting dangerously close to the reef. That night they had no competition, for the villagers, superstitions and easily awed by the elements, preferred to remain in their cottages, huddling about smoky fires.

On the cliff top old man Oakes and his two sons, peering into the dark, watched the ship come ever closer, despite the skipper's desperate efforts to beat his way off the lee shore and out into the English Channel.

The roar of the surf, the wind's
hown, flying spray, the confusion
of broken sea and the unreal out-
lines of the ship, forever vanish-
ing and looming out there in the
moonless night, excited the wait-
ing Wreckers, whipping up the
blood. They were hunters await-
ing the kill, sirens, hurling the ship
to destruction by the lamp that
bobbed and swayed behind their
horse. Their shouts of triumph
were whipped away by the gale,
drowned in the surf’s thunder.

At last the vessel struck.

It was a swift end, for within
five minutes she had begun to
break up. Steep surf broke over
her. The keel dragged and rasped
over jagged rocks. Wind and ocean
pressed her upon her side, cargo,
spar, rigging floated away. Two
or three men were momentarily
ghastly struggling in the sea, then
vanished.

Only one, after a desperate
struggle, clambered ashore.

Still the men on the cliff top
waited. It was no part of their
procedure to go to the rescue of
drowning crews. Every man for
himself is a moral code which
has had wider support than Corn-
ish Wreckers, but at least they
made certain they had long odds
to favor them.

They watched this lone survivor
to see how he fared, expecting every
moment he would be washed away.
But, despite heavy seaboats, he
fought his way to safety. Then,
looking up to the cliff top, he saw
them.

For a minute or two both parties
stood there, watching each other,
waiving their arms. The figure down
below, shrouded in wet oilskins
and sou’wester, began to climb the
steep cliffside to the point where
they stood. Hand over hand he
came up, slowly, desperately, until
he was almost at the top.

Then the old man moved. He
took up an axe. He tried to beat
the seaman down. But the man
gripped the topmost rocks with his
hands. The old man raised his axe
again, chopped at one of the hands.
The seaman fell back the way he
had laboriously climbed.

The three Wreckers raced down
to the sea level to finish him off.
But the fall had broken his skull.
One of the brothers turned him on
his back, and jumped up with a
terrible cry.

The dead man was his own bro-
ther.

That was the end of it. Even the
father was appalled by what they
had done. He threw himself des-
pairingly into the sea. The two
brothers left the district, never to
be seen there again. It was said
they migrated to Truro, settling to
work that demanded no robbery or
violence.

Both of them married, and
raised large families. But the curi-
ous thing was that each male child
has a deformed right hand. The
fingers of the right hand were al-
ways stunted, far shorter than the
fingers of the left. It was the un-
recognised seaman’s right hand
that the old man had severed with
his axe.

Well, that is the story as Cap-
tain Piper told it on Broken Hill.
It is hard to find corroboration,
for medical science would deny its
possibility. All that can be said is
that three miners, all named
Oakes, had short and stunted
fingers on one hand.
Plan for

THE HOME OF TODAY (No. 26)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

The Australian predilection for one-storey homes has made them the rule for the small house. It is usual to go to two storeys only when half-a-dozen or more rooms are required. There are, however, occasions when a two-storey plan is desirable for quite a small house. Where the available area of land is limited, where the frontage is small, or where there is a steep fall in the ground, it is usually preferable to limit the area taken up by the house by building in two storeys.

CAVALCADE Plan No. 26 shows a simple but effective plan for a small house of two bedrooms that would fit quite comfortably on a block of land 35 feet wide. It is planned for a block which has the best outlook from the rear and all the main rooms are placed

Continued on page 66
HOME AND ITS SETTING

By W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

A HOUSE is, of course, only part of the home. The setting is every bit as important, and while a well-planned setting cannot compensate for a poorly-planned house, the best house loses much of its appeal if it is not planned to harmonise with the setting.

The early planning of the two should go hand in hand. That is why it has been stressed here that the planning of the home cannot be commenced until the architect has familiarised himself with the land and got the "feel" of the surroundings.

In bushland settings the house is planned to grow from the soil, and little is required to improve the natural surroundings. But on most suburban lots a good deal more than this is demanded.

Many of these are bare of trees so that one has to start from the very beginning. A house rising starkly from bare ground is not a beautiful thing, no matter how well designed it is. There is a certain inherent stiffness in bricks and mortar that can only be softened by appropriate greenery.

It is hard to lay down strict rules for garden planning, for just as the house should be planned to suit the site, so the garden layout must be developed from the natural features and to conform with the house.

If there are any trees on the land the garden is naturally planned around them. And it must always be remembered that the garden is not the beginning and the end, but the setting for the house.

As one of the principal functions of the garden is to soften the lines of the building, it is obvious that strictly formal lines should be avoided in the garden. Georgian is about the only form of architecture that suggests a formal layout.

In most cases formal lines and symmetrical planning should be religiously avoided. Except for short paths the straight line is best discarded in favor of the broad sweep, and the narrow bed for a wide garden with a curving margin.

Nothing looks worse than the stereotyped narrow bed up each side of a narrow allotment.

A wide bed with broad sweeps—not fussy little scallops—will make a narrow lot look wider and will add immensely to the interest. There must, of course, be a reason for the sweeps in the outline of the bed, and the sweeps must be in the skyline as well as on the ground plan.

Each sweep must lead to some tree or shrub of more than usual interest and stature beyond its neighbors. The same rules that apply to music, to story writing, to every form of creative art, hold good. The interest must always swell to a climax, the eye must be led to some outstanding feature. And above all, the whole layout must lead to the house.

One doesn't have to be a genius. Close observation of other gardens is the quickest way to learn.

CAVALCADE, March, 1947
Ideas FOR THE HOME OF TODAY

Cleanliness is next to godliness — and to home-handsomeness in this bathroom-cum-dressing room. Practically everything in the room is glass. The walls are mirror-panelled, with indirect lighting. The shower curtain is glass. The floors have a water-resistant finish.

Gaiety is the keynote in this bathroom. It features a white-striped red floor, with red shower curtains and chair and red monogrammed towels. A light is placed where it is needed over the mirror. Inset shelf over handbasin makes room for cosmetics, and the mirror conceals the bath-cabinet. Worth copying is the ladder arrangement at the end of the bath, which serves as a towel rail.
Making the most of a small area, this is a fine example of
the modern bathroom. Privacy is taken care of by the partition be-
 tween the women's areas, and it makes the personal bath or
shower recess also...
In a busy house where a second bathroom cannot be provided, a washbasin in a corner of a bedroom relieves the pressure on the bathing facilities. Built-in, it is discreetly camouflaged with drawer space, yet takes up no more room than an ordinary piece of furniture.

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CAVALCADE'S
Cover Girl
(from Melbourne)
FETED IN SYDNEY

Chosen from nearly 3000 entries the winner of the Cavalcade Cover Girl Quest, lovely Noel McGlinchey of Toorak, Melbourne, was brought to Sydney for a week crowded with presentations, social engagements, photographic work, radio interviews and screen tests. Noel was accompanied by her mother.

About to fly to Singapore for the premiere there of "Smithy" in which she was leading lady, stage and screen actress Muriel Steinbeck met the Cover Girl as the plane touched down at Mascot 'drome, presented her with flowers. Miss Steinbeck was a judge in the Cover Girl Quest.

Miss Steinbeck was a judge in the Cover Girl Quest.

Noel McGlinchey was driven through the city to Sydney's Hotel Australia where she stayed. This car was placed at the Cover Girl's disposal for the week. Noel visited Sydney beaches and was taken on the prettiest drives the capital offers. She also saw the night-spots.

To Macquarie Network's Radio Roundsman Peter Barry she said in an interview: "I'd like to see Chips Rafferty while I'm in Sydney." Muriel Steinbeck, present at the interview, said that as one of the judges she was completely delighted by the poise as well as the beauty of the Cover Girl.
The tallest actor on the screen (six-feet-six) Chips Rafferty heard Noel's radio request to meet him, was introduced to her at a cocktail party and said afterwards: "I wouldn't have missed it; she's lovely.

At Cinesound Studios, Sydney, the Cover Girl was screen-tested. The test will be sent to Hollywood by Columbia Pictures, who made "Smithy" in Australia. Columbia also asked Noel to take a special test in Sydney, but wouldn't say why. On John Dunne's radio 2SM session, "In Town Tonight," Noel discussed her screen test, expressed herself delighted.

(Photograph courtesy "Daily Mirror")

At a cocktail party in Cavalcade's offices the Cover Girl chatted (above) with the magazine's publisher Ken G. Murray and the Columbia Pictures' representative, Mr. Joe Joel, and Cavalcade's advertising manager, Colin Fitzpatrick. General Manager Fred T. Smith (left) presented the K. G. Murray Publishing Company's award cheque of one hundred guineas as the climax to an exciting and highly successful week of business and pleasure. Immediate outcome of her success to Noel McGlinchey was a list of heavy bookings for photographic engagements. At 17 she has beauty, poise, an elegant dress sense, smiles with natural charm for the camera, and was described by leading Sydney photographers as "naturally photogenic, a wonderful find."

(See story in "Talking Points" on page 111.)
BEAUTY HAS ITS DANGER—

—AND DANGER A SUBLTLE CHARM!
NOW I'M OUT OF THE STY—

—DON'T FENCE ME IN!
Problem of the Month

At the embassies and legations in Canberra you find the most cosmopolitan gatherings in Australia. For instance, our friend and confrere Edmund de Vere Bartholomew attended a small, select and distinguished party numbering 14. When he got home his wife, with that curiosity that distinguishes women at two o'clock in the morning, wanted to know all about it. Edmund, with that vagueness that distinguishes a man at the same hour, told her that eight were French, three were Englishmen and the remainder Russians. There were nine men present altogether. With that information Edmund's wife had to be content. And she asked herself: In that case how many French women, at the least, were in the party?

Answer

been French. French woman in the remaining six men all could have been two, so that three must have been at least two Russians or six French and Russians six from each. But of the French you can see that there were six French or at least two French women in the party, as there were three English. Edmund's wife saw it a rash, but decisive had been a
VENGEANCE ON DR. MALDOUN

They made him a murderer—by gaol

FRANK S. GREENOP

I did not touch her. I looked down at a substance which, with the passing of life, magically lost the appearance of flesh, the skin was almost transparent, and the face was less wrinkled than it usually was, even in sleep. There was a fine and noble immobility about her countenance, the kind of triumphant tranquility she could never have had while life was in her. And all of this was because she was dead.

Only after all of this was noted...
in my mind did I realize that she no longer breathed, and even that did not seem important, for several seconds before the fact came consciously to mind, I had taken it for granted.

I did not touch her. I turned the sheet over her face and went to the telephone and called Dr. Maldoun.

"This is Mrs. Maldoun speaking".

"Is doctor there please, Mrs. Maldoun?"

"He does not like to be disturbed so early in the morning. Can I have him call you back?"

I did not argue. I said, "This is Gilchrist."

"Oh, Mr. Gilchrist! Mrs. Feversham's nephew! Is anything wrong?"

Perhaps only doctors and their wives do not realize that one does not ring for a doctor if something is not wrong.

"Mrs. Feversham is dead," I said.

"Oh, wait a moment; please I'll call doctor."

While I waited for him to arrive I sat in the drawing room, as my aunt had always called it, and smoked a cigarette. The conversation on the telephone echoed in my mind, empty otherwise of thought.

"Oh, Mr. Gilchrist. Mrs. Feversham's nephew! Is anything wrong?" That is why I did not cry. That is how it had always been. Mrs. Feversham's nephew, as a little boy who lived in her large, silent house without joy between schools terms at first, and after school days, all the time. Even during school terms, in the bag, stuffy private school, Gilchrist of the fourth form was Mrs. Feversham's nephew. Next year, Gilchrist of the fifth form was Mrs. Feversham's nephew still as much as to say to all that he was a little unknown, unwanted creature who would not have been at school at all, but for the kind fate that made him Mrs. Feversham's nephew.

Ten years after leaving school, all the old people who remembered me as a child kept on calling me Mrs. Feversham's nephew. Of course, when I was a man who wore long trousers and smoked cigarettes and drove out in her car—when she gave her permission, which had always to be asked—they had to find something to call me in the street.

As I waited for Dr. Maldoun I gave a bitter grin. They could not very well say, "Good morning, Mrs. Feversham's nephew"! "Oh, Mrs. Feversham's nephew, would you be so good as to tell your aunt..." No, they could not address me like that, so they came to call me Mr. Gilchrist, and always qualified it, unless addressing me personally, with my relationship to the old lady; the extremely rich old lady, whose life had proved to me from my birth, it seemed, that the world respects not people, but money.

I knew there was nothing personally likeable about my aunt, and that was another reason why I did not cry.

I knew that she, in herself, would have never attracted the people she poured tea for, or played bridge with, or gave dinner to. I knew that they had a mental vision of her as half a million pounds worth of bonds dressed in gracious imported styles that were too young for her, and I knew that the respect given her was homage paid to a roll of notes. I knew that the homage would have been paid to the roll of notes anyway, and that it was purely incidental that the person of my aunt should receive it from the Mammon-worshippers and pass it on, so to speak, to the wealth for which so much respect was intended.

Even my own dependence on Mrs. Feversham was not so purely hypocritical as that; it was the result of all she had done, it was perhaps the only thing in life she had ever created, this complete dependence of myself upon her, and she created that from school days and earlier by insisting that I learn nothing useful, that I live a secluded and frustrated life, that I do no positive action.

I had the technical freedom of going out and coming in, with her permission, but the practical restriction was not that she fixed the time. Ah, no, she was too cunning to believe she could keep me in by a time limit. She determined, out of her half-million pounds, the number of shillings I should spend.

"But you must be perfectly happy, Gil," she used to say. "You are a pleasant young man with a good education. You have the car, and perfect freedom, you have the house to live in, and you can and go as you like."

"That is true," I used to answer.

I never could bring myself to say, "What can I do with a car and a starry night and 15s exactly in my pocket?"

So I did not cry now that she was dead, and when Dr. Maldoun arrived I opened the door and let him in casually.

"She was dead when I got up this morning," I said. "I telephoned you at once."

"She did not cry out or anything like that?" he asked.

"No."

And she did not speak to you before she died?"

"No."

"Did you come home very late last night?"

"Not very."

"And you didn't see her at all after you came home?" he asked.

"You didn't look in to see if she was sleeping well?"

"I never did."

"Hm. You didn't see her between the time she went to bed and the time she died" he placed his hand on my shoulder. "I'm terribly sorry, my poor young man. This is a terrible blow to you, even though you are only her nephew, I know."

All my life I had been Mr. Gilchrist, Mrs. Feversham's nephew. Now, over her lifeless body, I had become in a moment magically transformed to be "only her nephew."

I was so sorrow-free and my resentment was hot enough for me to protest, with dignity. "It is a terrible blow to me," I said. "and I shall find the administration of her business a terrible responsibility. I know so little about carrying on."

Dr. Maldoun nodded gravely and nibbled his lip. "If you do have to carry on," he murmured, "I feel you will do it well."
The examination of the body was so superficial as to be almost meaningless, but after it he wrote a certificate of death. The official disposal of a life was so easy as that. I watched him, in those brief moments, and marvelled.

To the world and to himself he was a great research scientist. People looked to him for big pronouncements, he himself believed that he would announce a cure for cancer—a probably successful treatment for cancer, he would have said, since he, like all medicos, hated to use the word “cure”—before his life’s work was out. Only for Mrs. Feversham did he relax his austerity of life. She, the wealthy widow of a wealthier manufacturer, was the only person he ever treated as a private patient. Such was the largeness of his scientific heart, and such was the respect her half-million commanded.

I watched him dismiss her from life as briefly as a school teacher telling a late-kept child to go, and I marvelled that for all his great knowledge and his powerful mind, there wasn’t anything he could do.

He screwed the cap on his fountain pen and thoughtfully turned away from the bed. “She died in the night, at peace,” he said, “dead five or six hours—whew!”

In the act of turning from the bed he saw something that made him give a little whistle, and without haste he reached over among the rubbushy cosmetics of the bedside table and picked up something. Even his whistle of surprise did not arouse my interest; I was slowly thinking: “How does he know how long she has been dead when he did not even feel her limbs for rigor mortis?”

Then he came towards me with something in his hand. He passed me and went before me into the hallway.

“I hope you won’t be upset by this, Mr. Gilchrist,” he said, “you are so admirably calm. Your aunt may not have died from natural causes. I shall have to telephone to the police.”

He held the little brown bottle in one hand, and telephoned to the police. They came and took her away, and took the little brown bottle with them, and took statements from Dr. Maldoun and myself—mine they took in front of him on the spot, his they said they would call for at a time which suited him.

I was glad to know that the respect they had for Dr. Maldoun’s mind was deeper than the respect they had for Mrs. Feversham’s money. After they had left the house I telephoned to her solicitors, and then, as though finally discharged of a load of responsibility, and feeling suddenly free, I suppose, the first time in my life, I called Betty on the telephone and said: “My dear, I am coming over, don’t go out.”

I went to Mrs. Feversham’s little safe and put money into my pocket. I took the car without having to ask her, and filled the petrol tank to capacity at the garage.

“Letting yerself go today, Mr. Gilchrist,” the attendant said. “The tank of this car has never been full before, and I know, because I have poured in every gallon o’ juice she’s ever had.”
Then I drove to Betty's place, and Betty and I drove miles into the country to a pretty little place where we lunched and drank our wine. We had often been to the place before, but we had never drunk wine there before, because Mrs. Feversham did not like winebibbers, she railed against them with the Scripture.

That day I did the first thing in my life I had ever really wanted very badly to do, without a thought of my new dead aunt or a fear of what she might think.

I asked Betty to marry me at a decent interval after the funeral, and Betty put her hand over mine and kissed me and looked into my eyes with tears in her own and said that it was all she asked of life. In the morning I had lost an aunt and felt no sorrow, in the evening I had won a bride, and realised for the first time what a lovely, heady thing it is to be all man, and free.

"The said Ada Elsie Feversham was murdered by the administration of poison wilfully from the hand of Armand Louis Gilchrist."

The coroner committed me for trial, on a charge of wilful murder.

In the body of the court Dr. Maldoun sat glaring from beneath his heavy brows, and his thought-wrinkled face was expressionless, but his eyes were alive.

Betty was dressed in a severe grey costume with a little white ruffle at the neck and little ruffles of lace at the wrists, and she was in court, too. She cried softly when she was allowed to see me for a moment afterwards, and I squeezed her arm and looked into her eyes. "Don't cry, Betty," I said. "Be brave, darling. I did not do this, and the trial will show it. They cannot prove that I did something I did not do, can they?"

She shook her head, and shook the tears out of her eyes. "I know they cannot make you into a murderer," she said, "and even if they did say so I would never believe them. But what am I saying? They will not say so. But—that trial—to have to face such an ordeal—"

I patted her hand and kissed her. There would not be anything to worry over. There was half a million pounds to buy me the best legal brains of the country.

There was—until Betty came to see me during my remand on a visiting day.

"Gil," she said in a tense little voice, "have you heard yet?"

The question did not make sense to me for a moment. Then my heart bounded with joy—as I believed that some new evidence had been found that cleared me. The thought came in a fraction of a second and passed as quickly as I saw the sombreness of her face.

"Gil," she said, "you don't know. They have found another will. And your aunt has left £500 a year to you out of interest from

"Don't be a little fool," he shouted. "Go away and stay away."

I froze. I could not think. It was impossible for me to realise what it meant, because that half-million pounds had, all my life, been more really a part of my experience than had my aunt herself. I could not realise that it was no longer there, that I was as poor as an insurance clerk, that coal-miners often made more than I now had in the world.

"And the house?" I asked her.

"Goes to Dr. Maldoun for a rest home or any other purpose.
which will help him in his work."

"But Dr Maldon doesn’t want a rest home, because he has no patients."

"But he probably has other purposes," Betty said. "It is his, unconditionally."

My heart pounded and nearly choked me. Betty reassured me with a deep, long smile that was not a smile of joy, but an expression of trust.

Later in the day the solicitor came to see me. He explained the will, and his whole tone was different. The obsequiousness which attended him when he believed me to be the heir to half a million pounds was gone, and the brief, business-like attitude of this interview was much the same as he would have given to the insurance clerk of five hundred a year, under the same circumstances, though he tried to soften it with a little kindness in the voice for old time’s sake, I’ll say that for him.

But I was not to be defenceless just because this new will had made everything over to Dr Maldon. The doctor was gracious enough to see that he had provided an open cheque for my defence. He was surprised and overcome by the great devotion of poor old Mrs Feversham to the cause of research science, the money would bring his discoveries so much nearer to helping the human sufferers; it would hasten the day in which Dr Maldon believed—the day the world could be told that cancer was conquered.

And after the trial was over and I was discharged, Dr Maldon wanted to speak to me about myself, for his gratitude to Mrs Feversham had to be expressed to and through me.

I believe that afternoon I wanted them to hang me. I wished I had been guilty so they might have kindly put me out of the way, for it seemed that my life, was to be divided into two parts, the first dependent on Mrs Feversham, the second on Dr Maldon. I think I said to a friendly waiter, "I hope they hang me!" And I think I remember his saying back, "They hardly ever hang anybody now."

But I took less interest in my defence until Betty one day said to me—still through the bars of the prison—that all this made no difference, that she loved me more than she had ever loved me, and that she would marry me as soon as the trial was over.

Her trust and devotion to me were too great and I reacted to them strangely. "Without my money you can’t marry me," I shouted. "And I can’t marry you!" "You’ve been too close to money all your life," she said. "It is not so important, and I don’t care if you have to sleep in parks. I love you, I love you, I love you. Gil, and when all this nightmare is over you’re going to marry me, darling, even if I have to make you. The will makes no difference."

"Don’t be a little fool," I shouted. "The will makes a hell of a lot of difference. Don’t try to be kind to me. Don’t try to give me reassurances out of sympathy. Go away and stay away, and after the trial is over we’ll see."

Bitterness filled my voice and an anger amounting almost to de-
CAVALCADE, March, 1947

rangement had charge of my mind.

Betty pleaded with me, but left me crying. She came to see me again. I told her I was sorry, and that I believed in her, that I loved her and would always love her. I told her I would do something to improve my position and we would be married, and she smiled at me and went happily away.

That outburst in the midst of my depression was forgotten, until the trial. Many little things were forgotten, until the trial. Then those little things came out as they had happened, one after the other. Somehow, pronounced the way they were in court, they seemed not so little.

How unemotional I had been about my aunt's death. "Casual," said Mrs. Maldoun in the witness box.

Under cross-examination by the Crown Prosecutor the doctor admitted that I had been casual, but said shock did that to some people.

Under cross-examination the doctor said, too, that I had not visited my aunt's bedroom when I came home on the night of her death. She had told him often, he said, how thoughtfully I always went to her bedroom and assured her I was safely home.

Why, asked the Crown, had I not done so this night? Was it because I had been to her room for the purpose of murdering her, and because of my guilty conscience had denied being in the room at all? That was a slip on my part, they said.

But I never visited my aunt as the doctor described.

Then why, they asked, had Mrs. Feversham told this to the doctor? They were certain she would not lie. They laughed at my explanation that she had a mother-son complex towards me, that she might lie to make our relationship sound more intimate than it was. Had I then admitted that there was no warmth between us?

And so on, sickeningly, it went. I had believed I was beneficiary under the will. The day following her death I had gone out with a full tank of petrol. The garage man testified I had never done it before. I had asked a woman to be my wife. That was part of my motive in the crime—to get the fortune, to get married. I had drunk wine. The restaurateur testified to it. But I was unused to drinking wine. Did I need this to stifle the memory of my crime?

There had been an outburst in the cell, and I had wished they would hang me. The prison warder gave the evidence—would an innocent man express such a wish?

There was the medical evidence. The brown bottle which, when examined, proved to have held deadly poison, though it was labelled for cheap sleeping tablets. Only my fingerprints and Mrs. Feversham's were on the bottle. I had the opportunity for filling the bottle with poison. Nobody else in that lonely house had such an opportunity.

The case was purely circumstantial.

Dr. Maldoun had not been surprised that my aunt was dead, though he believed her to be in good health; he had made only a superficial examination of the body, he had stated the time of death without examining for rigor mortis. He had assured himself that I had not seen my aunt on the night of her death, he had discovered the phial on the bedside table, therefore, he too had had access to the phial before the Government Analyst examined it. He was the beneficiary under the will (but he didn't know that), but he was kind to me, paying for my defence, he had promised to help me afterwards, if I were freed. No, my solicitor said, my thoughts about Dr. Maldoun were not only unworthy, but were quite wild and unreasonable.

But it was shown that poison had been put into the bottle that contained the sleeping tablets—somebody had to do it. Dr. Maldoun had not done it. I had done it. Motive—opportunity—it was a circumstantial case, but it made me guilty.

There was not, the Appeal Court ruled, a reasonable doubt. But the death sentence was commuted to 20 years' imprisonment, and because I was a weakling and soft, unfit for any hard work, they put me in the prison library. Dr. Maldoun sent me presents to help me from time to time. Betty came to see me once or twice, until I told her that I would never marry her, that as a convicted murderer she must think of me as dead, sorrow for my passing, and go about her life after she had recovered from her bereavement.

After that I didn't see her again. Dr. Maldoun's gifts grew less frequent, and slowly petered out.

The world I had grown up in had not been blasted or bombed away from me. It had dissolved from around me, leaving me a small grey, stone, barred eternity in which to hang suspended, a man out of the world.

And out of the world I could think clearly. Down in my mind, ever since Dr. Maldoun had pounced on the bedside table and lifted the brown bottle from among the cosmetics of my dead aunt, I had had a strangeness, a vague uneasiness that there was something strange about that bottle. I had felt something strange about Dr. Maldoun, too, a distrust I could not prove.

It was only in the calmness of the small, grey, stone eternity of my cell, when struggles had ceased and I was tranquil again, that my subconscious mind spoke to me and told me what I had so desperately wanted to know before. It was this—my aunt did not often take sleeping tablets, though she kept them in the house. She had lost the screw-top of the bottle in which she had kept them, and so had transferred them, shortly before her death, to another bottle. And although she had bought them in a brown bottle, she had kept them, on the night of her death, in a colorless bottle!

This proved in my mind that Dr. Maldoun had murdered Mrs. Feversham, and had himself brought into the house the bottle which, with an analyst's report had condemned me. He had prepared the poison bottle, no doubt some time earlier. He had possibly used a bottle from our own medicine chest, to get the right fingerprints on it. But he had produced the bottle he expected to find, not the bottle actually in use at the time.
If my mind had been trained, or if I had given these things any thought, the proof of my innocence had lain within reach, all the time, simply in producing the bottle in which the sleeping tablets were kept. It might, or it might not, have saved me. It could have been argued that I had used the brown bottle—but it could have been shown that Mrs. Feversham would never have used it, and that would have saved me. It might have looked like her suicide then, but it would not have given the appearance of murder—by me.

What filled my mind as the days passed by was the thought that, now beyond doubt, Dr. Maldoun had murdered my aunt. And why? Because he knew that, whether he reaped her half-million pounds or not, he would gain substantially under the will.

There stretched before me more than 19 years of prison sentence yet. Nineteen years to reflect on the bitterness of being branded guilty of the crime I had not committed, of losing my freedom, my wealth, and the wonderful girl who had had all my love but whom, in the eyes of justice—is she not blind?—had been only a motive for murder.

The time, in the prison library which had become my world, if world it could be called, passed very slowly. It gave me time to think, and it was a long time before, exploring the recesses and ramifications of what had befallen me, I realised the truth—so simple, so startling, that I had missed it long enough.

Repeatedly I had stumbled on one point—I had never been certain that Dr. Maldoun had known that his benefit under the will would be substantial enough to lead to his committing the crime. I had answered this in several ways: he had gambled on it, knowing that he would not be the sufferer should the will overlook him; he had reason from my aunt to believe that his benefit would be substantial. Both of these explanations had been, I thought, plausible enough. But now I saw with startling clearness two other answers, each of which made him damned and doubly guilty. He had been often in my rich aunt's house, he could have seen the will! Further, he could have forged it!

When these explanations came to me they were the final piece in the great jigsaw I had been trying to build, the complex picture of his guilt. Now there was not one missing factor, and I knew his guilt; I saw the crime planned, prepared and carried out by Dr. Maldoun, as clearly as if it were on a photographic screen. I gained a quick and clear certainty that I was paying the penalty for his crime while he ran his fingers through a great sum of money which should have been mine.

From that time on I started to look forward. The past was now complete and closed, for all questions were answered; the future, no longer bounded by the grey stone walls, stretched out. It began in 18 years' time, when I came out of gaol. There was a period of waiting ahead of me; 18 years of waiting, then, when I came out of gaol, life began again.

I started to read certain books in the library, I read them avidly.

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and repeatedly, I related most curious information to the purpose of the future. Written down on paper my single thoughts might have seemed curious indeed. But they were not written down on paper: they were stored in my mind so that, when the time came, my work would be as complete and as perfect as the grim work Dr. Maldoun had done on my aunt.

III

Never before in my life had such a feeling of well-being surged through me. It was hard to believe that, even allowing for all the remissions for good conduct, I had spent 17 years between the tiny gray cell of the prison and the dusty, gloomy prison library.

That was so far past as to be but a vague memory. I never would have believed that, in the short space of six weeks, that grim and terrible memory, crushing for so long, could completely be shaken free.

They said that when men came out of prison the experience haunted them and left them warped and frightened; I could understand why that was it was because those men came out looking back, with nothing to look forward to. But I had been different, for I had come out impatient to commence my carefully prepared plan, eager to do.

Money—that was my embarrassment when I came out. And I remembered that Dr. Maldoun had told my solicitor 17 years ago that he would "take care of me" when I came out. He would be generous to me with a pittance—perhaps one per cent—of the money he had murdered to obtain! Thank you, doctor, but I don't want you to know I am out. I don't want any body to know that I have the remotest connection with you. I will get a job, earn some money.

But in the first two weeks I see how unfitting I am to get a job. I have a few pounds though, and I gamble. I win. I gamble again, and win again. But why go through the history of my investments? The will to perform is a great and terrible force, when a man's entire energies and years of reading in a prison library are giving it strength. And I will get money—problem I have pondered so long in gaol that, after the first fortnight that acclimatises me to freedom again, I find no difficulty.

So, I am re-established; and I live comfortably; and my prison record is successfully hidden, and there is little knowledge of me in the world, because years of silence have taught me to do without conversation and without friends.

Montaigne and other writers whom I met in the prison library, place great store by conversation. Talking maketh a ready man, says one of them; he completely overlooked the fact—to me the most important fact—that you can talk to yourself. There is a tyrannical presumption that if you talk somebody must listen, but this is not so. How many secrets are never unburdened because they can be told to no one! To no one at all? But you can talk to yourself about them, and as they take the shape of living words falling on your own ear, you understand them better.

Never in my life had such a feeling of well-being possessed me as on that day, in that comfortable flat, all my purposes accomplished. I was sitting, then, for the newspaper.

I waited yesterday afternoon for the newspaper, but there was not a line in it.

I waited this morning for the newspaper, but there was not a line in it.

I was glad I was rejoicing that my crime, so cunningly planned, had not even yet been discovered, and that the added security that the older the crime, the harder it would be to trace the culprit—myself.

This afternoon I waited again, and a newsoy's cry made my heart jump with gladness, and one glance at the paper told me everything.

How did I conceal my eagerness as I took the paper from his hand? I shall never know. How could I, without knowing it, glance at the heading and then flip the paper over to the sporting page while the newsoy's eye was still on me. "What won the final?" I asked, and he mentioned a horse's name, and turned away.

There was no terrific impact in this that I had to take alone. I retired to my lounge, I sat down, and closed my eyes for a minute. Mentally bracing myself. Then I spread the paper over my knees and chuckled as I read the heavy black headline, the screaming hypothetical sorrow of an editor whose only interest in death is the number of maggots which feast vicariously on the body of the dead, his readers.

How would it feel to publish ghastliness for maggots? How would it be to know, from day-in-day-out experience, that human maggots savored the death-stench in your pages? What a magic sway you held over the crowd when you wrote a single line—

CAINER RESEARCH EXPERT FOULLY MURDERED

Eye of Important Announcement Brings Violent Death to Dr. Maldoun

I read and re-read the black first paragraph.

"Six hours before he was due to read to the Cancer Research Society a paper announcing the successful treatment of cancer, Dr. Jasper Maldoun was found dead in his laboratory.

Dr. Maldoun had been dead for 18 hours when his body was discovered.

"He had been found murdered. "This killer is one who must be brought to justice. Has robbed the medical profession of the most brilliant mind since Louis Pasteur. He has, also, robbed the world of the first hope it has ever had of being free from the scourge of cancer."

"Dr. Maldoun's body was discovered by his wife.""

Here, I thought as I read over the report, the sub-editor did not know whether to pursue the story of the loss to science, or the immediate dramatic story of violent death. He chose violent death, and the column and a half that followed told in great detail the manner of Dr. Maldoun's death and confessed that at the time this edition went to press, there was no clue to the murderer.

The vanity of the ordinary cam-
mal might have led him to cut out and keep this flattering tribute to his success as a murderer. But, I reflected, I was no ordinary criminal—indeed, I was a made criminal, manufactured as certainly as if I had been stamped out with a die by a machine. And—I laughed about this—I was even with the law. What a curious case I was.

I am in the clear about all this. There can be no hard feelings for me. I have spent 17 years in a little cold grey eternity of a cell, cut off from the world of men, robbed of my legacy and of the woman I so dearly loved, to pay for some crime I had never committed. I have no reason at all for being in that cell; you might as easily put King George in that cell; you might put the Prime Minister in that cell. I have just been picked up from the ordinary course of life and I have been squeezed dry of life and thrown into that cell. I have been photographed and written about as a killer—and blood has never been on my hands.

All right. You have made me this way, by the involved phrases you call laws. You have a tyranny of words you call a statute book, and because of it and because of the excellent reasoning of your legal men, you have made me a criminal. No act of mine substantiated you, no act of mine gave you a starting point in your campaign to crucify me. But you managed to do it. And I have paid the penalty for a crime I did not commit.

Very well. If you have justice, indeed, society owes me a crime. I have paid for it in advance—now I can have it. And what crime will I have? I will have the life of the very man who made me this way.

You see, dead Dr. Maldoun, you cannot bear fate. You made me a criminal paying in advance, paying for a crime you did not think I might actually like to commit a crime, seeing that I had already paid for it, did you? Well, I have paid for it, and I have committed it. And you, dead Dr. Maldoun, you who made me this way, have been the victim of my crime.

Why do I say my crime? Sheer habit—just because the newspapers call this death a crime. But it is not a crime, actually, for you, dead Dr. Maldoun, killed in the first place. It was because you were killed I was punished, and it was because of that that you were killed.

You should not complain to God, Dr. Maldoun, that you were killed. Because you had my half-million pounds for 17 years while I had coarse clothing and poor food and shame I had not won. You had your life, and your life of ill-gotten richness had to end. Well, it is ended, and that is retaliation for the death of Mrs. Feweranham. It is ended by me, who have paid the penalty in advance, I have been your executioner. The only executioner, I suppose, who ever served a sentence for his act in punishing a murderer.

My mind talked to me, explaining to me, blotting out the newspaper page. And then I slept. I awoke feeling the grey dampness of the stone cell walls around me, and clawed out at them, but they melted and left me in the room of my flat. I sat up and switched on the bedside lamp. I lit

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**COLUMBIA • "HIS MASTER'S VOICE" • PARLOPHONE**

The Gramophone Co Ltd (Inc. in England) Columbia Graphophone (New South Wales) Ltd 1947

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a cigarette and tried to recall what I had dreamed, but it was intangible. It evaded me. Perhaps it was no dream, but just a vague disturbance of the mind. I stubbed out my cigarette and went to sleep again.

In the morning the sun was high when I awoke, and I lay in bed, heavy-eyed and thick-headed. It was an effort to get up. For the first time since I had conceived my plan, 17 years ago, I awoke tired.

I forced myself out of bed and splashed cold water in my face, towelled myself down, and dressed with care. I repeated to myself again and again, "I've done it, Dr. Maldoun is dead."

I went out to a cafe and had breakfast. The hum of the traffic seemed to repeat, "You've done it, you've done it!"

The bubbling of the coffee urn in the kitchen seemed to chant, like a nuns' chorus: "Dr. Maldoun is dead, Dr. Maldoun is dead."

My jaws opened and closed over my morning roll, and they moved in rhythm with the phrases: "You've done it, you've done it; Dr. Maldoun is dead, Dr. Maldoun is dead."

The sun shone in through the doorway brilliantly, the sky was the bluest blue, the trees in the opposite park were perky with crisp spring life; the birds were shrill above the traffic. And through the brilliant sunshine and the fall of birds the traffic hummed in monotony: "Dr. Maldoun is dead, you've done it!"

So this was achievement. Yes, this was achievement. The lift had gone out of the refrain, when I left his laboratory, his body dead but warm on the floor, my heart had been carolling: "Dr. Maldoun is dead." When I saw it in the papers, I sang in response to it, and the heavy headlines were music. But this morning— the phrase that would not leave my mind was no longer a song, but a funeral dirge. And this morning, for the first time in 17 years, I had nothing to look forward to.

What did a man do when he had achieved his purpose? What could take the place of a long-planned goal, once reached? I did not know. Today for the first time I did not know what to do with myself, what I was living for.

I walked in the park, and it made me tired. I went for a pleasure cruise in the afternoon, and it seemed adolescent and vain. In the darkness of evening I went back to my flat and it seemed as cheerless and lonely as the prison. It was a prison, and the bed I lay down on was a pallet bed.

I smoked in bed. Cars swished past my window and the types hummed: "Dr. Maldoun is dead. The clock ticked louder than it had ever ticked before, and it ticked out: "you have done it doctor mal-doun is dead you have done it doctor mal-doun is dead."

When the clock ticked it was an accusation.

And now I am accused. Damn you! Accused of bringing justice to a murderer? I laugh at you. He killed my aunt. He robbed me of half a million pounds. He put me in gaol for 17 years. He had it coming to him. It was not murder! It was execution. Do you ac-
cuse the hangman when he does his duty? Why do you accuse me?

I laugh at you. You can't accuse me. I don't owe society anything—I've paid the penalty for this crime. I paid it in advance. I laugh at you. I'm more honest than most criminals. I paid in advance.

The clock said: "You have done it. Doctor Maladon is dead. You have done it. Doctor Maladon is dead, you have done it——"

I got up and put the light on and smoked a cigarette, but I couldn't stop the clock. I could not stop the clockwork of my own mind thinking. My mind thought on, in dark or light. I told myself it was nerves. Remember once before, in prison, you lived in the past? You found yourself bitter and tired and sorry for yourself. And then you suddenly had the idea, and you started to plan for it, and you began to live for the future, and you were a very happy man. You were a happy man for seventeen years because you had something to look forward to. Now you have achieved your goal, you must find something else to look forward to.

What I did was right. I know that. It had to be done. He murdered my aunt——

AND HOW DO YOU KNOW HE MURDERED YOUR AUNT?

Well, there was the bottle—there was the way he spoke when he saw her body, remember he did not even test it for rigor mortis! And yet he knew how long she had been dead——

WOULD HIS PROFESSIONAL EYE KNOW THAT WITHOUT TESTING WITH HIS HANDS?

I suppose it could, but there was the way he spoke to me, assuring himself that I had not seen her to speak to on the night she died.

AND WAS THAT Perhaps SIMPLY A FRIENDLY INTEREST IN YOU?

No, of course not. A man who would murder an old lady and forge her will—

WHY ARE YOU SO CERTAIN HE DID THESE THINGS?

Well, somebody had to do them. I didn't do them. I got the blame. I got 17 years in gaol. I got branded as a criminal, but I didn't do them. I didn't do them. Somebody had to do them. He got the money!

HE HAD USE FOR THE MONEY!

My God, yes! He had use for the money. He had solved the mystery of cancer with that money! He had wiped out, on paper, thousands of agonising deaths a year with that money—and now the money, and his magnificent work, are gone for nothing.

The clock said, accusingly: "You have done it. You have done it——"

My nails bit into the palms of my hands, my teeth bit through my lower lip till the blood came. My nerves tensed themselves up until my whole body ached. Then I collapsed on the bed in belly-shaking sobs, and sobbed myself to sleep.

I awoke in a sweat of terror.

IV

Three days after the body of Dr. Maldon was discovered on the floor of his laboratory, Mr. Gilchrist went to the police.

Sleeplessness and an inner terror had given Gilchrist a ghastly appearance, there still lay under his new suntan the pallor of prison life, and with three days of agony of mind and body, his eyes had become sunken in his head so that he looked like a death's head with a good crop of hair, and this grim appearance was emphasised by his unshaven lower jaw, which appeared to be a dirty grey.

When he walked into the police station the desk sergeant looked at him inquiringly.

Gilchrist without preamble said: "I've come to give myself up."

"What's your name?" the sergeant asked.

Gilchrist furnished his name and address.

"Just come out from a long stretch, haven't you?" the sergeant asked. He knew the name: "Yes. And I've done it. I killed Dr. Maldon."

The sergeant looked at him in puzzlement.

"You've what?" he asked.

"I killed Dr. Maldon."

The desk sergeant did not seem impressed with the enormity of this confession.

"Sit down over there," he said, nodding to a bench that ran along the opposite wall.

Gilchrist looked at the bench and back at the sergeant. "But I killed him," he said.

"Well, sit down." The sergeant was a little terser.

Presently he got on the telephone to headquarters and repeated what had happened. They took Gilchrist in and questioned him. He showed an intimate knowledge of how Maldon's body lay when it was found, he described the in-
ly place the blame on Dr. Mal-

down, and this had led to his iden-
tifying himself with the mur-

der.

There was a complete scientific
case as to why Gilchrist did not
do it—and no evidence that he
had done it.

"Our experience is that people
who give themselves up aren't ever
guilty," the inspector of detectives
said.

So they let Gilchrist go.

But there had been a paragraph
in the paper describing the man
who had confessed to the Maldoun
murder, and after that a special
article "By A Psychologist," de-
scribing why innocent people be-
think they are guilty of a crime.
There were many other cases of
people who claimed to have com-
mited murder but had not.

The matter received considerable
publicity. It was a new "line" to
keep the Maldoun sensation going
another day or so.

And it was as a result of this
publicity that Gilchrist returned
to his flat to find a woman stand-
ing outside. She was not a young
woman, but she had kept her fresh-
ess as blonde women do, and she
still preserved a slim and not
unattractive body. She might have
been in her early forties.

Gilchrist would have passed her,
but he felt her eyes on him. He
turned and looked at her without
recognition.

"Gil!" she said.

He stopped and raised his weary
mind for the responses that the
familiar tone should have aroused.
It was a familiar tone, but he could
not just place it.

"Gil!" she said again. "Ever

since—I've been waiting for you
to come out."

Betty! He had no wish to know
her. He turned away and put his
key in the door, opened the door
and walked in. She pushed her
way in after him, and caught his
arm.

"Gil! Believe me, I have never
married. I have waited for you.
I have dreamed about this day,
Gil. Every night for 17 years I've
dreamed about this day."

Gilchrist was like an automaton.
"Go away, girl," he said. "It's no
good."

"But Gil—poor, poor Gil! It's
no wonder you got a shock when
Maldoun died, after all you've suf-
faced. No wonder it upset you,
Gil! But you must snap out of it,
dear. Take me out to dinner."

He pushed her away. "Look at
me, I look like a tramp."

"I'll wait while you shave and
brush up."

"Go away!" he blazed. "You
don't know what you're saying.
Why, if I took a razor in my hand
I'd—" he drew his finger jeckly
across his throat.

"Then come as you are," she
cried. "You're Gil—the man I've
waited for: Do I care if you're
unshaven? Come on, please, please,
Gil."

There seemed no other thing to
do, so he took her to dinner.
People stared at them—they smart,
sharp, and vivacious; he dirty and
almost corpse-like in his pallor.

And over dinner he told her
quietly and seriously that he had
indeed killed Maldoun. He told
her why. He told her of the doubts
that crossed his mind afterwards.

"Perhaps I killed an innocent
man after all," he said. "And the
police jabber out their psycholog-
ical theories and won't listen to me.
They'd punish me all right when
I was innocent. But a guilty man
can't get justice if he wants it!"

He laughed. Presently he left her.

"Promise me we will have din-
er again—soon, dear," she said.

"No," Gilchrist growled. "It is
silly. I have nothing to offer you,
nothing you want. I'm a half-mad
murderer."

She stopped his self-pity with a
light, warm kiss.

"Very well, Gil," she said, "I'll
call for you at noon tomorrow. And
please, please don't let me down."

Gilchrist went into his flat and
closed the door. He wanted some-
thing new to live for—Betty would
be something to live for.

He could not, he said to himself
alone, take Betty. It would be a
crime more terrible than those that
had gone before. No, he couldn't do it. He wouldn't trust himself.

Then he rubbed his chin in
thought, felt the stubble.

"I'll try to shave," he said aloud.
"Perhaps I can manage it. And if I
can get through shaving, then
Betty will have what's left of my
life."

He went into his bathroom and
raised up his razor, and held it
in his shaking hand, the sharp
blade trembling against his adams's
peak. He saw his glowing, sunken
eyes and the pallor and dirt of
his face. The muscles of his right
arm began to tighten, and the blade
crushed the skin.

Then the razor fell with a clatter
into the basin, and with almost
fervent haste he began lathering
the stubbled chin.
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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.

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Police announced that Alexander Kels was wanted for the murder of an unidentified man whose body he had tried to pass off as his own so his wife could collect the insurance.

It was a clever scheme, but not clever enough. Kels's big lunch had tripped him up. Eventually he was caught, pleaded guilty, and hanged for murdering a farm laborer.

But ironically Kels, by dying ingloriously on the gallows, achieved what he had sought by murder — the £40,000 insurance was paid to his distracted widow the day after her execution, money which did little more than pay his debts.

In a homely cottage just out of Amsterdam, Hans Van Gutten, home from the sea, spent his leisure quarrelling with his wife.

This was Hans's idea of fun — a time when he was master of the ship instead of merely an able seaman. But on this day in 1614 Hans's wife grew tired of quarrelling and threw a tin plate at her husband's head. Laughing, Hans stuffed it into his sea-chest as a souvenir of home. "It shall travel," he said, "I promise you that."

Inside Hans's sea-chest the tin plate went aboard the ship Concord, commanded by Dirk Hartog, adventurer, buccaneer and explorer. The Concord ploughed southward, towards unknown latitude, and in October, 1616, Hartog sighted land. It was barren, un

friendly, dry land. The captain navigated along the coast until he came to an island a mile off shore. Here, perhaps, would be water — perhaps even treasure. But ashore the land was no less barren. Nevertheless, the explorer had at least reached a country apparently never before trodden by white man. It called for some gesture.

So Dirk Hartog cut deeply into a tree his initials and the date of landing: October 25, 1616. But still he was not satisfied. Wood rotten and marks obliterated by time. He needed a monument in metal.

Hans Van Gutten, who stood beside his captain, made a suggestion – Agreed — and Hans rowed back to the ship for his tin plate. An inscription scratched on the plate, it was nailed to a tree. Dirk Hartog had left his mark on the west coast of Australia.

Hans's tin plate might have been forgotten if Captain Vloemang had not visited the island 80 years later and discovered the relic. He also was a Dutchman and with pride he removed Hartog's plate and replaced it with one of his own. Hartog's plate he took home and presented to his king.

The humble tin plate was housed in the Amsterdam Museum, home at last from an 80-year expedition that had begun from the famous hand of a Dutch housewife. But thus the Dutch authorities, as they installed it ceremoniously, could not guess. Only the descendants of Hans and his wife knew that story, going on the historic tin plate in Amsterdam Museum as they remembered Hans Van Gutten's prophetic words in his diary: "I left the plate nailed to a tree in the South Seas, but if I know the strength of my wife's arm, it will come right home again."

In Ned Kelly's secret camp — the hide-out of one of Australia's most impudent bushrangers — his men saddled their horses and loaded their guns. They ate a meal and mounted — Ned Kelly was on the track again.

It looked as though Ned Kelly were holding up a train — a gold train or a mail train. His men put a leg across the rails and ambushed themselves beside the railway track. Ned looked at his watch; in five minutes the train was due.

He had worked out his campaign to avoid the heavily-armed contingent of mounted police that rode on patrol along the road to Benalla every day at noon. He could carry out his business and be back at his bush headquarters before 11.30 a.m.

Five minutes went by. Then 10. They sweated. Twenty minutes. Then 30. Ned pocketed his watch apparently the train had been cancelled. They rode back to camp. Disappointed, a great opportunity for the Kelly Gang had been missed.

This might have been just another story of highway robbery, but papers captured a few years later, when the Kelly Gang had been smashed, tell a startling story.

Towards the end of his life Ned Kelly had gathered about him not only active bushmen but a surprising number of admirers. In hundreds of townships in Victoria and N.S.W. Ned Kelly could have asked freely for hospitality and help. He was a king of adventure. He was sure he had thousands of admirers, and he was right.

When Ned Kelly deployed his gunmen beside the railway line he was not after mailbags or gold. He was planning to hold up a police train, carriages of ammunition and guns. He was, in fact, planning a
minor war—planning to hold up Australia, not for her money or her life, but for her very freedom. He was in truth, planning to proclaim Ned Kelly law in the State of Victoria, counting on thousands of friends to support him. The captured documents show a bold and impudent plan. Ned Kelly planned to proclamation north-east Victoria a republic, with Benalla as capital, and as president—Ned Kelly himself.

This might have changed the whole history of Australia, might have brought civil war and certainly unqualified lawlessness, if a certain police commissioner had not been late in delivering his orders. For, strange as it may seem, the police train had not been cancelled. It had simply been held up at Benalla, waiting for copies of new orders. And, the train started, 35 minutes late, as the police lieutenant read the freshly-printed sheets, and they were headed, "New Reward for Ned Kelly—"

********

A TALENTED musician who had less recognition than he deserved was John Lemmone, whose fame was overshadowed by that of Dame Nellie Melba who was his friend and for whom his flute thrilled an obligato to her lark-soaring voice on the world's concert platforms.

In his childhood in gold-rush Ballarat John Lemmone had a vague longing for music. His parents were so poor they could be merely sympathetic. He did not know what instrument he would chose to play, but he knew that whatever it was its note would resemble the song of birds, the only music he understood.

One spring day when he was 13 he noticed a dusty flute in a pawnbroker's window. He had heard flutes in the town band and suddenly he knew this was his instrument. But even the secondhand flute cost much money to a boy who was lucky if he had a penny once in a while. He walked into the shop and asked the pawnbroker the price of the flute. It was 12s 6d,—a fabulous price—enough to feed the Lemmone family for a week.

Yet somehow he knew he would soon possess the flute and pressed his face to the pawnshop window and gazed at it. While he was thus dreaming a storm broke and John raced for home. As he crossed a little creek on the way he noticed the water was rushing down the bed in a tiny torrent. Further down the creek he saw two men crouching in the rain, panning the troubled soil. He knew what they were doing, looking for gold, and the sight gave John an idea.

Racing home, he borrowed one of his mother's tin dishes and ran back to the creek. A little way from the two men he swished his pan until he saw at the bottom a few specks of gold. Breathless, he took his treasure to one of the men.
Was it worth 12s. 6d.? The man smiled: it was worth more, and with 16s. in his pocket John Lemmone ran from Yarrowee Creek back into the town.

One night, on one of Melba’s tours, John Lemmone mounted the platform in his home town. And as John Lemmone placed his flute across his lips to accompany the great diva, some in the audience might have seen tears in his eyes. For, strangely, enough, Ballarat’s Alfred Hall is built over the old site of Yarrowee Creek, and John Lemmone was playing on the same spot he had played for his first flute, more than 30 years before that memorable night.

GEORGE DODD

In 1881 was Australia’s best-known jockey.

He lived modestly, making the breeding of dogs his hobby, rather than yachting or the more expensive pursuits.

George Dodd was to ride Wheat Bar in the Melbourne Cup. He told reporters the horse would make a good showing; he also asked the journalists to print a paragraph appealing to the public to find Prince, one of Dodd’s prize Dalmatians. Prince had broken free almost a week before and Dodd had searched without result.

Cup Day, 1881, dawned fine and clear, but still Dodd had not recovered Prince. It was only a dog he had lost, but he felt the loss so keenly that he told his wife he felt unlucky, surely the loss of his dog was an omen. Mrs. Dodd had never known him so despondent before.

With a clang and a shout the 19 starters raced off for the Melbourne Cup, and out in front was Wheat Bar, a rhytmic symphony of muscles. Then, suddenly, tragically, a flash of black and white broke loose from the crowd and bounded across the track. With a roar, and a whinny of frightened horses, the leader came down. George Dodd sprawled across the turf. When they reached him he was dead, his riderless horse running aimlessly in the wake of the field.

But Dodd was not alone. Standing by his side, panting and perplexed, was his lost Dalmatian, Prince—the omen he had feared. A dog, found at last, only to bring tragedy and death to his master.

He knew that he wanted to write great music—perhaps operas—but somehow, as he fingered his piano’s keys in a Surrey village, the inspiration of immortal music did not seem to come. So he contented himself with writing short songs and a few hymns.

Then one day he wrote a hymn that he thought the best he had done and he took the manuscript to the local minister and asked could he play it at service next Sunday. It was so popular that the congregation sang “Onward Christian Soldiers” again and again, and the villagers still hum its catchy, martial tune when they left church.

To the unknown composer this was fame, of a sort, but not the kind he really wanted.

Sitting disconsolately at his piano he remembered that a friend had told him of a writer who had written the book and lyrics for an opera. He had not contacted the writer, assailed by doubt perhaps he would not like his music, perhaps, after all, he could not compose an opera. But almost unconsciously his fingers traced out the tune of his hymn, “Onward Christian Soldiers.” As it had to his fellow villagers, it helped him go forward. Immediately he wrote to the lyricist.

In 1871 the combined effort of the unknown composer and the unknown writer appeared on the London stage. The opera was called “Thespis” and it proved one of the biggest flops in operatic history.

Perhaps both men might have given up, but one evening in Surrey as the composer and writer were reading more news of their failure, the musician softly played the tune, “Onward Christian Soldiers.” Spontaneously the writer held out his hand. It was a handshake that cemented success for both of them—a determination to go forward despite failure, inspired by the hymn written by a man who thought he could never compose anything else—a hymn that today still bears his name: Sir Arthur Sullivan. His writing partner: W. S. Gilbert.

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Talking Points

• COVER. Yvonne Nightingale—a pretty name—is the 16-year-old subject of John Lee's cover picture.

  Miss Nightingale, who is learning photographic retouching and colouring, came out from England nine months ago to join her Royal Navy father.

  Miss Nightingale is a typical English beauty, with her fragile, exquisite face—"Except," says an expert, "that you don't often see such glorious coloring in English women. Yvonne was an errant in our Cover Girl Quest.

  • CAVALCADE'S Cover Girl Quest winner, blonde, 17-year-old Noel McHinchesby, is back in Melbourne, modelling for John Warlow and other photographers and taking part in fashion parades.

  Looking back on her crowded, exciting sojourn in Sydney, where she went to collect her awards, we recall one of the pleasantest times in our journalistic lives. There was competition to escort such a spectacularly beautiful girl to the movies and the theatre, and to Prince's and Romano's nightclubs, where heads turned to watch her on the dance floor.

  We were proud of Noel wherever we took her—poised, charming and well-spoken. We were proud of her poise when she walked through Jantzen's factory, with hundreds of girls looking up from their benches to give her the once-over, proud of her charming speech to the staff over the public address system after she had been presented with swimsuits and Jantzen jackets. Noel said she would now be the best-dressed beach girl in Melbourne.

  We were proud of her dignity and graciousness at Tecutae Ltd., where she received a dual-wave radio, at Holford's Hats, where she was given some head-turning hats, at Laurence le Guay's studio, where her department as well as her good looks showed her excellence as a model.

  We admired her charming way everywhere, when she received her other prizes—a set of six "Lotha" bracelets, a costume length of Wenley cloth from Wenzel Pty. Ltd., stockings and lingerie from Lustre Hosiery Ltd., two dress lengths of Sundek Fabrics, a bicycle from A. G. Healing Ltd., maid-to-measure foundation garments from Michele Corsac.

  It was a dizzy, busy fortnight for a young girl, but her comportment, like her grooming, was unrefined from the minute she arrived until the night we reluctantly put her on the plane for home.

  • PREVIEW. A paradise isle where men are so pampered that, on marrying, the woman supports her husband for the rest of his life, as described by George Farwell next month in The Island Where Men are Sacred.

  Other articles will be Men are Still Buried Alive, and the story of a ballet mistress, She Brings on the Dancing Girls.

  In addition to the regular long fiction story, those gay writers, Neville Fortescue and Dick Wordley, will contribute Tell Riple.

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118 CAVALCADE, March, 1947
The Mynor Pandas are only fooling in this picture, because making Mynor Fruit Cup isn’t work—it’s fun. Simply add iced water to a bottle of Mynor Fruit Cup, and—presto! you have a whole gallon of this delicious, refreshing drink. Pour it to your palate with Mynor—it’s full of healthful goodness, freshly blended from the pure juices of sunkissed oranges, lemons, passionfruit and pineapples.