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Names in cartoons or writings other than factual are fictitious.
naked on the beach

A broad-minded woman looks at scanty styles in swimming gear!

We went camping and shooting, six of us, away into the bush, and we camped by a creek. Actually, it was called a river; but it was only about twenty feet wide, and perhaps twelve feet in its deepest part. It was slow-flowing, and under the trees it looked very lovely.

On the Saturday afternoon it looked inviting; for though we had planned to do all this camping and shooting before the weather got too hot, an early breath of summer crept up on us.

Len said, "Gee, but I'd like a go at that water." Len was covered in sweat and dust; his face was brick-red with the early heat. Finally he got to his feet in desperation and said in one of those tight voices, "Damn it, I'm going in."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well you girls can take a walk," he said. "None of us have any costumes."

So we girls took a walk. Through the trees we could hear the noise of the boys—our husbands, exercising their lordly privileges.

Len said, "If we cut round the bend we could have a dip ourselves, couldn't we?"

More than a little disgruntled that all the fun should be on one side, we needed no talking into it.

When we were talking about it that night Len said, "We must be a lot of imbeciles. Why the hell do we, six, husbands and wives, friends of each other—why do we jab at mixed bathing in the nude? I, for one, wouldn't object."

Jean said that somehow it seemed wrong to be seen undressed by strange men, even if they were friends.

"Then why," Len asked, "do you wear that stupid little two-piece bathing suit?"

"You mean—"

"Once it's wet you're as good as naked," Len said brutally. I haven't a husband noted for finesse.

Jean didn't argue it out. She wasn't at all sure about it. But she knew there was a difference between wearing nothing at all, and wearing something, however little and revealing it turned out to be.

Everybody finally agreed on a plunge in the river on Sunday morning. We were pretty self-conscious, at first. In three minutes we'd forgotten. It was a good swim, and a good experience. Afterwards we wondered why anybody should even have had doubts about it. Don't mention morals, or we'll all laugh. We're six very moral people; but we just don't think morals have anything to do with it.

Since the summer started I've thought of it a lot, because I spend a lot of time on the beach. I like the water, and I like the sun, and I like coming out of the water and feeling the sun beat on me. So I don't wear more bathing suit than the beach inspector demands. But I do wear something that is serviceable for the water. I'm much more concerned with something that gives me comfort, freedom of movement, and the maximum exposure to the sun than I am with any so-called decency.

On a recent Sunday I lay behind my glare goggles and ogled my fellow women. I'm sorry, I ought to stick up for my sex, but you can't start excusing people who wear some satin stuff that is pulled so tight over their stomachs that they look as though they're painted on and varnished. Strictly not for the comfort or the service it can render, if you ask me; I'm woman enough and can enough to say that it was purchased and is worn simply to magnetise the eyes of young men with high blood pressure and low taste.

Nor can I be convinced that those tiny brassiere costumes cunningly designed with an uplift effect are being worn because they're any aid to swimming. Again, I think, quite frankly, that they are lines of strict sex appeal and no utility.

And this is borne out, I think, by the number of them which I notice, never get wet.

I glance over this array and think back to that lovely Sunday morning of slight embarrassment on the river bank. I won't say anything about the modesty we showed when naked as compared with the lack of modesty these girls show when "dressed," for I might not ever be believed; but for my own part I'm convinced that it is much easier to flatter all the flabby charm you have if you primp it with a couple of bits of rag, than to make the same proud display of the same features unadorned.

But a far more terrible thought...
CAVALCADE, January, 1948

SIX men and three women were hauled into the Brooklyn Court one week end, on a charge of using loud and boisterous language. This offense was said to have occurred while the party was playing a game of poker in which somebody had too many aces. "How do you plead?" the men were asked, after police evidence had been given. Five men and three women chorused "Guilty," but the sixth man said nary a word. How could he, when the poor guy was a mute? "This man is certainly not guilty," the judge said. Some police faces were red.

occurs to me as a result of this—and it is a slight sympathy for these beach paraders if they were, by any chance, robbed of their varnished stomachs and their bolstered-up bosoms. What loss of "charm" would be entailed, were they forced (yes, I say forced) to go naked to the beach?

A little while ago a young man walked onto one crowded Australian beach, stripped himself to the bare pelt, and stretched out on his back in the sun. He was charged with indecent exposure, which seems quite in order, since one undressed person among so many dressed people is bound to be conspicuous, and I suppose nakedness, when made conspicuous, is indecent. But the same day I saw a girl in a bathing suit (only careless presumption and a careful second scrutiny revealed that she was actually wearing one) undo the straps of the bra, top up around her neck and then broke, leaving her somewhat less than waist deep in water.

She made a hasty grab at the thing, swung round to face the sea, jerked it down into position and sat down in the water to get cover to do the thing up tighter. Just an unfortunate accident, that aroused no comment.

All sorts of things like that might happen while we go down to the sea to bathe in slender and often flimsy coverings. They're just accidents, or, sometimes, in getting out of wet things with delicacy and taste, they are good sense. And it seems to my refined, feminine mind, that they might be treated as such, and the work of policing beaches turned to the purposeful immorality of the exhibitionists who make themselves a centre of undesirable attraction without going near the water. And that's not sour grapes about those slender gushy figures. I'm not too hard to look at myself!
Piddington
READER OF MINDS?

IN February, 1942, Sergeant Syd Piddington and Gunner Russell Braddon of the 65th Field Battery, A.I.F., stood by a radio at Muar—two of 2,000 Australians who were beginning to realise that, for them, fighting was over.

"Australia is proud of you. Fight on."

Neither had any illusions about the finality of the radio's message; and, two minutes later, a mortar shell symbolically destroyed the radio.

Piddington, with eleven other Australians, travelled 50 miles through virgin jungle behind the Japanese lines, to reach their base and, later, Changi Prison Camp. Of Braddon's whereabouts he knew nothing—yet, where personal loss was accepted fatalistically, he continued to believe that his friend remained alive.

Nine months later, a batch of 190 Australian prisoners arrived in Changi Camp from Kuala Lumpur and Braddon was among them.

For Piddington and the other prisoners, those months had been deadly monotonous. An articled clerk to an accountant before the war, he discovered that men died not only of physical illness, but because the monotony took toll of their mental reserves; and he fell into the habit of co-operating with fate. Once, after a five weeks' spell in hospital, he returned to duty four days before a working party was listed to leave Singapore for Borneo. That island being close to the Philippines, from which the counter-attack might be expected to come, another prisoner suggested to Piddington that he should volunteer for the party.

Braddon survived Thailand, and a year later returned to Singapore. During his absence, the Concert Party had graduated from bad vaudeville to the presentation of plays. In six months a theatre had been erected, a pit band of 22—including Jack Payne's former drummer and Benny Goodman's former trombone player—had been formed, and a wardrobe gathered that boasted 7 full sets of tails and a number of Hartnell gowns, found in the deserted homes of the city.

It was about two years after Singapore fell, that Braddon picked up a Digest magazine containing an article on "extra-sensory perception." It was written by Dr. J. B. Rhine, Ph.D., of Duke University, U.S.A.

It told of experiments conducted by a group of scientists who set out to determine, through telepathy, whether the human mind possesses a means of obtaining information that is independent of bodily senses.

The group found that, again and again, results were obtained that could not be mere chance; that "extra-sensory perception" was a relatively common gift, unlimited by age or sex, and unconfined to any human race.

It was an intriguing thought, especially to men to whom the discussion of post-war plans had become boring and who sought diversion. Braddon suggested that he and Piddington should conduct similar experiments, and Piddington, more with the idea of keeping his mind busy than anything else, agreed.

First, they experimented with colors, each taking turns to transmit and receive. Within three months, they had achieved a high telepathic factor in ratio to chance, and Piddington, who had undertaken the experiments with cynicism, began to suspect that there might be something in the idea.

Conditions, he says, were ideal for experimentation, for the prisoners lived in a state of what he calls "almost Chinese detachment," their minds free of psychological factors affected in normal living.

They wondered if, for the sake of morale, "extra-sensory perception" shows could be presented for general entertainment and gave a demonstration before Major Osmond Daltry, a former London producer, who was in charge of the Changi entertainments.

Daltry decided that it would help prisoners from becoming mentally sluggish, and they created a format for a show in which were used colors, playing cards, geometrical designs, words and objects supplied by the audience, and which included a book test.

A somewhat tedious presentation given to 40 prisoners—chosen be-
REQUEST
As here on the sofa, in cinema fashion,
With surging emotions we met,
I prithee, my sweet, burn me only with passion,
And not with that damned cigarette!  Not

because they represented a cross section of the camp—produced a 70% correct result. The format was revised for general consumption, and the show was ready for public exhibition.

It was an immediate success in that it aroused controversy. Piddington was accused by half the audience of being a fake; the other half believed that the experiments were authentic.

One cynic in Changi was scientist Scott Russell, a man who had accompanied the Shipton expedition to Mount Everest.

When Scott Russell challenged Piddington and Braden to submit to investigation before a group of scientists, Major Daltry pointed out that, because the primary object of the demonstration was to maintain morale, such investigation would be foolish and detrimental to their cause. If the demonstration was proved to be faked, controversy would cease—and that would also apply if it were proved genuine. However, it was decided to allow the group to make its investigation, provided the report be made public only with Piddington's approval.

The test occupied two hours, and was conducted in a prison cell. The scientists demanded the right to supply their own objects for identification, and to bring their own books from which the "book test" would be made.

This "book test" involved the choice of a sentence from a book by the group, and shown to Piddington, who would think-transmit it to Braden. A doctor of psychology was appointed to secure the book, and produced an obscure technical work from his own library.

The report on the investigations, published in October, 1944, showed an 85% correct result. With scientific qualifications, it indicated that it had been unable to find any fakery. It also added that Piddington, when transmitting, coughed at intervals, and occasionally brushed back his hair, but that the group had not been able to identify these actions as a system of message-transmission.

When Piddington and Braden arrived back in Australia after their release, they had already discussed the possibility of converting the show for Civic Street entertainment. But when Braden again took up his interrupted law studies the idea was dropped.

It was not until John Wood, an actor who had been a Changi prisoner, introduced Piddington to actress Lesley Pope that the idea was re-born. Then, Piddington told Lesley Pope of the experiments, and she agreed to become his "subject."

Piddington says he was amazed at her receptivity, and, as in the case of Braden, the "telepathic factor" soon increased in ratio to the "coincidence factor."

They gave a private demonstration to a group of friends at a party, were heard by a radio executive, and were asked to present the show for the benefit of the studio's staff. A year later, Piddington presented his radio feature for the first time. It was not a fast-moving show, but it was controversial. In spite of the fact that it was broadcast at a time almost exclusively the property of a national sponsor, its impact was sufficient to make it the most talked-about radio presentation for years.

How genuine is Piddington? The slim, ascetic-faced young man with the slight stutter invariably evades answering that question, possibly for the reason that Major Daltry suggested in Changi: that a direct answer would bring to an end the controversy that has made his show successful.

His doubts received a fillip on one occasion when his subject, Lesley Pope, was unable satisfactorily to receive his message, and collapsed during the demonstration. The fact that she is married to Piddington, and is herself an actress, added force to their contention that Piddington resorts to fakery.

Piddington insists that, on that occasion, there were antagonistic elements in the studio, and that his thought transmission was jammed. He says that Lesley Pope lost confidence, missed on a couple of easy questions, and he, in response, lost control; eventually mutual confidence was lost.

One thing is certain: whether Piddington is a faker or genuine, it will not be by Piddington's own admission that the question will be answered. For the Piddington Show gets its lift, not from its entertainment aspect, but from its controversial angle.
Sadism, insanity, or what? An extreme case of emotion getting the upper hand.

JAMES HOLLEDGE

Fanatics crucify their fellows

IN New Mexico and other Southwest regions of the United States there flourishes an astounding torture cult known as Los Hermanos Penitentes, that is, the Penitent Brothers. Grisly rites are performed by these so-called Brothers of the Blood of Christ. They are crazed religious zealots, who lash themselves with hard braided whips until great welts are raised and blood bursts through.

Fanatics, they gash deep cuts into their own sides in order to stone for their sins. Then, wild-eyed and dripping blood, they stagger with huge crosses up desert Calvaries.

Hideous screams break out as high priests of the order tie and even nail them to their crosses. Several strong men then raise the cross and sink it into a hole, and in a moment the Christ is suffering excruciating pain on his self-imposed Calvary.

At the first sign of dawn the Penitentes cut down their fellow. They bundle him in sheets and blankets and carry him down the hill to the morada or place of worship, where a woman is waiting to bathe his wounds.

All these facts about the fanatical Penitentes would never have been known to the outside world but for an intrepid young writer-adventurer, Carl Taylor, who went into the hills to gather material for magazine articles about their weird worship.

He was found in his own lonely cabin, right in the middle of the Penitente region, with two bullets in his brain on the night of 5th February, 1936.

Taylor wasn't the first to venture into the area, but he was the first to leave behind him written and photographic records of what he had seen.

He knew the risk he was taking and what had happened to some who had ventured their way into the moradas, the temples of Los Hermanos Penitentes, and discovered the inner secrets of the order. Sometimes they had been knifed in the back and whipped. And sometimes they had been lashed to a cross and beaten to death. Few had ever come out of the Penitente country alive to tell their fantastic tales.

The rumors didn't worry Taylor, however. He was an adventurous vagabond who sought danger in far-off places.

In the Philippines he had often penetrated into the jungle villages of cannibals and head-hunters, delving into weird religious sects. He had also travelled in Asia and investigated oriental rites. And now he was home again, to pen the fabled horrors of the Penitentes, the ancient cult brought from Mexico, where it had been founded in the days of the Conquistadores.

On this 5th February, 1936, Taylor had good reason to feel pleased with himself. His article was finished and he would now be able to leave this gloomy region and enjoy himself. Only that afternoon he had bought a ticket to a forthcoming ball in the nearest town, Albuquerque. He idly took the little square of cardboard out of his pocket and glanced at it. What he saw caused him to smile a little to himself. It was for table No. 13. Thirteen—and death.

Suddenly, rousing himself from these morbid thoughts, he called his houseboy, a local lad named Modesto Trujillo, and told him to prepare a bath.

He sat and read a book until the night winds brought strange cries from the morada near his cabin. The Penitentes were gathering, and he put down his book and listened. He could hear them singing and shouting fantastic hosannas while in the throes of self-flagellation.

The houseboy was bustling around the hut filling a small tub, and Taylor recalled the lines in his article about Trujillo: "The boy who chops wood for me, I think, secretly cherishes an ambition some day to be elected the village Christo and hang upon a cross."

Now the ghastly sounds were fading and, relieved, Taylor picked up his book and resumed reading. He was so absorbed he did not hear a faint step behind him. The crash of gunfire echoed through the room. Taylor slumped to the floor, a bullet in his head. A second shot soared out—a second bullet buried itself in the writer's head—then all was quiet except for the wind and the faint wails of the distant worshippers.

Ten minutes later a Justice of the Peace, whose house was nearby, heard shouts outside his door. He ran out and found Trujillo gasping, babbling in Spanish. His eyes rolled in terror and he pointed towards Taylor's hut.

"My master, he's been shot. Two masked men broke into the cabin ... they had guns ... they fired at him. Come, come quickly!"
ESTHER WILLIAMS is in the small kitchen of her small house. She is wearing a two-piece swim suit. Her feet are bare. And the ends of her hair are wet. She stirs something in a big black pot on the gas range, takes a sip, nods her head, and says, "I had a ham bone and I made pea soup. Try it." This is an All-American girl—"at home. Usually you see Esther all dressed up—or all undressed up, on a Iwah studio set, or at a glittering party. But after spending a day with her in her own home, you understand why she is a prime favourite with movie audiences all over the world! The wholesomeness that you see on the screen is not acting. It's as real as a sunny day in California. Or, a better metaphor, it is as real as Esther Williams, the champion swimmer of Hollywood. From "PHOTO-PLAY," the world's best motion picture magazine.

Sheriff Salazar was quickly called from Albuquerque and he started the murder investigation. There weren't many clues and it looked a tough case.

He first questioned the quaking houseboy.

"Now tell me," he asked, "what happened. Were you here?"

"Yes, I was here. Two men came to the house. They had some white rags on their faces. I see the first one, but not so much the other, who was behind. Mr. Taylor was reading in front of the fireplace, waiting to take a bath. When the first man opened the door and stuck a gun in, Mr. Taylor—""

"Wait a minute," Salazar interrupted. "Where were you?"

"Oh, I was in kitchen," Trujillo replied quickly. "When the first shot came, I ran out kitchen door. I did not see Taylor fall, or see anything after the first shot. I was running."

Salazar dismissed him and began to sort through Taylor's papers for any possible clues. On the top of the desk he found the Penitente article. He started to read and whistled at the secrets it disclosed.

He found it revealed the horrifying march up El Calvario, and gruesome accounts of the bloody rites in the inner chamber of the moradas, where the flagellants gather before they go to Calvary, to whip themselves brutally, so many times for each of the steps in the life of Christ.

The article told how they sometimes lashed themselves until they fell to the ground unconscious, steady streams of blood flowing from their wounds. Often they died during those dread orgies of suffering, and were buried secretly in the hills—martyrs to Christ.

Salazar pondered. Had the Penitentes killed Carl Taylor because he had spied too much on them? He had heard of the quotation from the Great Rule Book which is kept in each morada:

"If any Brother of the Blood of Christ should ever reveal the rites to any stranger, the Chief Brother shall consult with the other Brothers, and if they find him guilty, a pit shall be dug and he shall be placed in it alive and buried. If any stranger comes seeking our secrets the same punishment may be ordered for him, or, at the discretion of the Chief Brother, he may be lashed twenty times so that he will not come this way again."

The next day the detectives continued a systematic examination of the place. Finally, in a rubbish heap not far from the house, they found the murder weapon—an old 32 calibre revolver.

Then they had another lucky break. The gun was traced to a local youth, Crescenctino Gutierrez. Under questioning he admitted the gun was once his, but he had sold it to another fellow.

"And who was that?" Salazar snapped.

"I sold it to Modesto Trujillo."

When confronted with the gun and the evidence against him Trujillo cracked and admitted the crime.

"Who told you to do it?" he was asked.

"No one told me—I shot him for his money."

That was his story and Trujillo stuck to it. Right through the court proceedings, conviction and sentence of 99 years imprisonment, he insisted that robbery was his motive.

Taylor's friends refuse to believe this. No one will ever know the truth, but they think it unlikely that Modesto Trujillo committed murder with so little to gain.

They think that the killing was his own form of penance, a sacrifice which would place him on a level with the young men of the district who had survived the torture of the crucifixion.

Did he see himself in this light? His ambition was to act the Christ, bleeding on the Cross. Did he dream of himself as a martyr, suffering even deeper than his friends, his "Brothers of the Blood of Christ"?
Black brides make good wives for some Europeans. A man of experience tells African tribes noted for their grace, aren't they?

"Yes. The most graceful people in the world. Their women . . ." He spread a veil of blue cigar smoke before his eyes, and gazed through it.

"I camped in a village there. I gave the chief the usual presents, and settled down to wait for my cook. Then a lady came to see me—she was a lady, in every line of her glistening naked body. Splendid figure of a woman, with glossy skin, as if she had been polished; upstanding, well-moulded. She was dressed to the height of fashion, that one. About six inches of brass bangles on each arm and ankle. I do not think she had on anything else.

"She had an egg in her hand. I bought it. I had not been in Africa very long, but I had learned to test the eggs I bought. We used to dip them in water; if they sank, we would pay. But this was a lady; it was impossible to suspect her. I paid her for it and she stalked away, proudly. I think the egg was only meant as an introduction . . ."

"But it was her walk—the deportment of a duchess. It comes of curing things on their heads from earliest childhood. The family sleeping-mat, umbrellas, mugs of water, small change—all are balanced neatly on a little pad on top of the head.

"That becomes second nature to them. And it gives them deportment!"

He stopped speaking, and getting slowly to his feet went looking for the bar. A habit he had developed in Africa. I had developed similar tendencies and went after him.

He frequently opened out into little cameos of African life. He had been a Government Surveyor, or Trade Inspector, or something. He was the most interesting man I have ever listened to.

One day he told me about Senhor Pedro.

Senhor Pedro was a Portuguese. He missed a lot of European upsets by running a wayside store in the heart of the Belgian Congo, with a thoroughbred black lady and a flock of coffee-colored children as his sole companions.

He didn't mind who knew he was enjoying domestic happiness with a jungle curse. Most of the Portuguese are like that in such matters. They accept the remedies of jungle isolation philosophically.

Not only do they keep jungle mistresses. They inter-marry freely, and are quite as proud of their half-caste children as they would be of a pure-blooded Portuguese progeny. And they meet all the responsibilities attaching to the hybrid family, educating, feeding and dressing them as carefully as if they were living in Lisbon.

Strongly in contrast, my friend told me, is the British policy which makes it an offence in the Union for a white man to cohabit with a colored woman. Great pride of race attaches to the Briton abroad.

"Notwithstanding these things," the African said, "the tongue is often in the cheek over some suspiciously brown youngster, who is picked off to a mission station with a cheque. It's a good way to do the right thing by black Nell and at the same time retain the white man's prestige."

He reminded me of something I once read! Somebody who had been to Africa had compared the European races' treatment of native women, from the statement of a native girl who had been mistress in turn to a German, a Frenchman, and an Englishman. The German scored for good treatment and giving her nice things to wear; the Frenchman she liked best of the three because he went places and did things with her, and damn public opinion. She liked the Englishman, too, but he made her feel the insignificance of her position. All through their relationship she was smuggled into his room at dead of night and out again before the dawn.

I told him this, as nearly as I remembered it, and he nodded.

"All over Africa, in different ways,
I have heard the same ideas expressed. Really, from a humanitarian point of view, I like the consideration shown by the German, or the Frenchman, or the Portuguese. But, looking back on my own experiences, I shudder to think what would happen if too many natives were treated so well," he said.

He learned a lesson, it appeared, when he arrived at a village boasting a one-roomed emporium, and stock- ing everything from camel bridles to castanets. The nights had been cold, and one of the black carriers waited on him for an advance of pay so that he could buy coals at the store.

"The sight of a pair of bare legs protruding from a good European overcoat, and an ebony face grinning proudly from beneath a Borsalino was a little too much; I had to laugh, greatly to their indignation," he told me.

"But I guessed that, if the things would keep them warm, there was no harm done. Little did I know the African mind. One of the boys brought me an early morning cup of coffee regularly. I noticed that, on the morning after his purchase, he came in stark naked and shivering, stiff with cold. Later, when the sun was up and the oppressive heat of the day had set in, he donned the coat and paraded proudly before his comrades. He wanted to wear it only when everybody would see and admire it."

The Trade Inspector (for such he proved to be) sat silently for a moment, watching a tiny streak of cloud snaking up from the horizon.

"That was ludicrous enough," he said. "But it was not the end. All the boys came back to me in their finery and refused to work until their pay had been almost trebled. They even threatened to desert. And when I reminded them of the heavy penalties which would follow desertion, they made it quite clear that they were no longer afraid, since they now had some white man's clothing, and were, of course, equal with me.

"The Chefe de Post, the local Portuguese official, had to step in and pep talk them into going back to work. Tact did it. But it showed me one all-important thing: these natives are just a pack of big children. That's why I'm frightened of the Continental free-mixing policy. It's likely to give 'em ideas."

"Actually, I don't know... A soaking of civilization seems to cure them," he said tentatively. "I remember hearing once that two Oxford graduates were living with native wives, in the native fashion. I didn't hear anything about them. I found out later, by accident.

"I strolled into a village late one afternoon. I was, standing behind some huts, parleying to a chief's messenger. I heard, quite suddenly, an unmistakable Oxford voice from one of the huts. It was answered in a high-class English tone.

"When finally I was taken into the chief's hut, he greeted me in the voice I had heard. He was black, stark naked but for a short loin-cloth, a typical Chokwe. And he addressed me in a splendid voice, in precise, cultured English.

"He turned out to be one of the Oxford graduates I had heard about. He and his brother had been sent to England, well educated there, and trained in all the ways of civilization. But they could not live under those conditions, so they threw away their West End tailoring, and took Chokwe wives, in the traditional fashion. But they often sat through close jungle nights discussing the merits of Brahms and Bach, or comparing Ernest Hemingway with popular English authors."

Paul Robeson—who, incidentally, is an accomplished linguist and a fully qualified New York lawyer, but prefers screen work—made a statement some time ago that dovetailed perfectly with the Trade Inspector's stories. Robeson believes that there is a definite psychological or "spiritual" difference between the African races and the white; and that, because they have entirely different minds and viewpoints, they will never harmonise.

Probably the only man alive to-day who is a real link between the two races—he has achieved a unique knowledge of both—takes great pains to explain that the African tribes have a real civilization and culture of their own. But whites cannot appreciate it, because they are so different mentally.

The black star once told a story at a dinner which illustrates the working of the native mind. A boy in a trader's camp had been presented with a pair of shorts, which he proudly wore. One day the trader came into camp, and was approached by the boy, who was grinning amiably and carrying the shorts in his hand.

The trader asked why.

"When you see a white man, you take off hat. I have no hat."

Another incident concerned a boy who couldn't afford to get married. So, like Kipling's Tomlinson, he "minded to borrow his neighbour's wife to sin the deadly sin."

The neighbour gave his wife a good flogging, and the sinner was ordered to pay a month's wages by way of damages. Thus the matter ended, to the satisfaction of all.
WHEN BOXING IDOLS CRASH

One punch can silence the applause of the hero-worshippers at the ring side.

ON Monday, September the first, nineteen hundred and forty-seven, I stood with 13,000 others and watched the passing of a star. Amid a silence that was eerie in a place where men throw off their inhibitions, we saw a boxer, in a mighty battle of spirit against strength, pull himself slowly to his feet to await the punch that would end his ring career.

That is how I will remember Vic Patrick, a spot-lighted figure standing with his eyes closed, and his back as straight as a ramrod. In that muted moment, there was drama more tense than any achieved by a master writer; as he awaited that final punch, there was in Patrick's upright stance, defiance and the acceptance of inevitability, pride in his craft.

And to my mind, then, unaccountably, came a Latin cliché, "Te moriuntur salutamus..."

Does that sound over-sentimental and melodramatic? I was afraid it would, but I make no apologies for the lapse. In fact, I believe that every man in the Sydney Stadium, that night, had a version of the same thought.

Vic Patrick was a great and game fighter, and no one likes to see an idol fall; but Patrick in defeat held that crowd as he had never held them in victory. He ended his ring career nobly.

There was great wisdom in his decision to retire, for, as Paul Gallico has written, "The modern prize-fighter, with but few exceptions, ends his days broke and broken. His brain and his eyesight are invariably damaged and his money dissipated. He trades his body for temporary luxury.

He is but rarely able to enjoy his earnings, if he has managed to salvage any, in health and comfort when his day is gone. And the average life of a public boxer is seven or eight years."

Patrick is a relatively lucky boxer. He has saved money, owns his own home, and has a sensible wife and two lovely daughters—facts which add up to the probability that he will build his future on a sound foundation.

Other ringmen have not been so fortunate. From the days of John L. Sullivan, the road that leads away from the ring has become progressively littered with the metaphorical bones of fallen idols. It is not so long past that we read of how the mighty Jim Corbett succumbed to the call of the flesh-pots. Who, seeing Richards in recent years, did not recall that he holds a decision over the present world's light-heavyweight champion, nor remember him in his great ring moments—and philosophise on the axiom that broken idols cannot be patched?

And Richards is but one man who traded his body for temporary luxury. Jack Johnson at no time during his boxing career became an idol with the public. He was too much of an arrogant exhibitionist for that; at the peak of his ring-life, his outstanding personal characteristic was the love of wine, women, and song. Outlawed, he acted defiantly, blantly flaunting his fistic superiority over the white race.

His retribution was exile, from which he emerged to lose—some say, to sacrifice—his title to Jess Willard at Reno. When, in 1920, he returned to America and went to gaol, the million dollars he had earned were gone, and until his death in 1946, Jack Johnson lived in penury and, probably, penitence.

There was Primo Carnera, whose career was a tragedy from beginning to end—a classic example of how limp-brained boxers can be exploited by unscrupulous managers and hangarters, who subsidised more vultures than any other living boxer and who, following his fight with Leroy Harris, was carried broken and numb in brain, heart, and pocket, to a lonely bed in a New York hospital. Carnera is attempting to repair his shattered life in about the only field left, apart from sideshows, in which a freak can make a living. He is a wrestler.

Kid Lavigne, acclaimed by those who saw him to have been a greater lightweight than Joe Gans, came from the forests of Michigan to crash into the fistic spotlight by capturing for the United States the world's championship with a victory over England's Dick Burge.

The Kid tasted glory, and found it heady stuff. At the peak of his career, it was his manager's proud boast that he was once able to restrain his charge from the bottle for a whole 11 days.

Lavigne ascended to the heights and sank to the gutter. In his career, he waged battle with another battlemaster who has entered fistic immortality: he and Australia's amazing, amusing Giggio once fought a 20-round draw—a decision which possessed more than a tinge of symbolism, for the Kid and the Rock's Boy finished their lives in much the same manner: men dependent on charity and haunted, perhaps, by the
THERE’S FIRE DOWN BELOW

I feel as one who fumbles over the sands,
    The burning sands that bake in a blazing sun,
Sighing deliriously for cool, green linds,
    Where lovely rivers of gleaming water run.
I feel as one who is doomed to the pit occurred,
Rolling on burning coals in pitiful plight,
And waiting for drops of water to quench his thirst.
    Oh, why did I drink that quart of plonk last night?
    Not.

ghost of what might have been and wasn’t.

Ring opponents who shared poverty in their latter years, were Sam Langford and Stanley Ketchell.

Langford, a lovable character in and out of the roped square who claimed that he inevitably carried his own referee with him in the shape of a mighty fist, now sits alone in a Harlem apartment house. His only companions are his thoughts, a guitar which he strums incessantly, and an occasional visitor whom he greets with, “Tse busted and disgusted. Why didn’t you bring a couple of bottles of beer?”

Ketchell died as spectacular as he had lived in the days when he literally “rode the rods” to the world’s middleweight championship. He came to Butte, Montana, as an unofficial passenger on a freight train, and left it with a boxing reputation and a love for high living. He won the championship from Joe Thomas, lost it to Pepke, and regained it from the same fighter.

He was murdered by a man named Didpley, jealous paramour of an underworld woman with whom he had become associated.

Boxing is an uncertain profession, and one which can be terminated by one punch taken on the wrong place. That punch, however, is but the one that promoted the final collapse of a fighter’s physical and mental equipment; multiply it by the thousands he had received in past contests, and more important, in almost daily gymnasiums, and you will understand why it has become impossible for the man to continue his ring career.

Tod Morgan was a unique boxer in that he was still active at 40—but Morgan rarely boxed in a gym, for he knew that it was in the gym that many fighters have left their future.

For the man who stays too long in the business there is an invariable end: his speech becomes thick and unintelligible; he walks haltingly or on his heels, for the constant receipt of blows on the head affect the locomotor areas of the brain.

These are the visual signs of punch-drunkness. The spiritual side is perhaps even more tragic. It is not easy for a man who has listened to the plaudits of the crowd and who has made good money for boxing, to settle down to anonymity, or to reconcile himself to the thought that, lacking a trade, he must in future place a reserve on his spending.

It is a situation that makes immense demands upon a man’s stability—and, too often, the fighter takes the easy way out.

You can see these derelicts in gymnasiums and pubs, and when you talk to them, nine times out of ten their conversation will be limited to mumbled stories of their past greatness—for the past is all that belongs to them; or, if the boxer is still young, he will talk bravely of making a comeback—if his hands come good.

But it is not his hands or even his heart that prevents that comeback: it is his brain.

Vic Patrick left the ring essentially healthy in body and brain. A good proportion of his ring earnings are in the bank. And whatever the future holds for him, thousands of boxing enthusiasts who saw him at his best will again be barracking for him.
THOMAS MEAD

This is the story of one of the greatest "ring-ins" of all time. Its central figure is not a horse, but a ship—an old sailing ship which made fortunes for owners who horned several nations for 40 years.

The ship was the "Success," an old tub launched at Moulman (Burma) in 1840. Showmen bought her and fitted her out with horror cells, wax effigies and a more elaborate range ofironmongery than the worst hell ship ever carried, and gave her to the world as an early Australian convict hulk!

They claimed she was the last survivor of the fleet of hell ships which transported convicts from Britain to Australia from 1790 onwards, and sold gullible visitors a booklet containing colourful stories about the alleged convict passengers.

Year by year the stories grew like fish that got away, until the Australian Government felt it was time to say a word or two in official quarters in America, where the "Success" was being exhibited. That was in 1934.

The racket, it was estimated, had been returning the proprietor something like £30,000 a year. It was all right for him—the publicity wasn't so good for Australia.

The "Success" did have a link with Australia, but she was used to carry immigrants, not convicts, in the comparatively few trips she made. Her first appearance in Sydney Harbour was on December 17, 1849, when she arrived from London, via Hobart Town, with 182 immigrants in charge of Dr. Thornton and commanded by Captain Stuart. For three years she brought out migrants, then she appeared in a new role as a prison hulk at Melbourne, where she was used as a floating gaol.

In 1885, the Victorian Government sold the hulk to Alexander Phillips, and she emerged from her obscurity to achieve a notoriety perhaps unequalled in maritime history. Phillips and some associates had the hulk fully rigged out again as a barque, renovated the interior to represent the last word in convict transports and included a chamber of horrors with rusty convict irons and torture implements.

She arrived in Sydney in November, 1891, and the proprietors opened for business. They had a miniature sail boat on her main royal yard which proclaimed "Convict ship 'Success'—now open for inspection." The crowds came and the money rolled—1/- a time for adults, and 6d. for children, a pretty stiff charge considering the purchasing power of a shilling in those days.

The "Success" caught fire, was towed across to Berry's Bay, but leaked badly and sank at her moorings.

The ship was a good enough profit-making venture to be raised.

She was displayed in Brisbane, New Zealand and Adelaide, then, in 1895, sailed to England, and paid good dividends in nearly every port of the United Kingdom.

In 1912 the "Success" was sold to American speculators. A Captain W. H. Smith had her refitted at Glasgow Dock, near Liverpool, at a cost of £6,000. A radio was installed, and she set out for the trip across the Atlantic to the United States. Bad weather damaged her and she had to put back to Ireland for another overhaul.

When the "Success" headed out into the Atlantic, the crew claimed the ship was haunted and refused to go below among the wax effigies of Ned Kelly and the other notorious characters who occupied the state rooms.

But Captain Smith weathered his difficulties, reached America and took his ship on an exhibition tour. Later, he took her through the Panama Canal to San Francisco. She was a special feature at an international exhibition held for the opening of the Panama Canal.

Year after year the "Success" was hawked about the sea ports, rivers and lakes of America, and year after year her notoriety and the stories about her grew and spread until 1934, when the Commonwealth Government thought the joke had gone too far and instructed the Investigation Branch of the Attorney-General's Department to do a bit of thorough research into the real history of the "Success."

The Australian Government representatives in America—armed with the official history of the ship, made a public statement that the showman's history of the ship was untrue, and gravely resented in Australia.

The official representatives of Australia in the U.S.A. asked the Commonwealth Government in 1928, and again in 1931, to explore the history of this vessel. A thorough investigation of official and other records has clearly established the fact that the ship now being exhibited in the U.S. was never used as a convict transport. She was utilised by the Victorian Government in 1833-58 as an emergency prison while goals were in course of construction.
'LEETS, do yo' stuff,' might have been the cry of a recent escape from a Georgia U.S. chain gang. Showing amazing stamina, this convict youth outran two packs of blood hounds over a distance of 25 miles and a period of 61 hours. The fugitive ran one pack of hounds until they were exhausted. At the end of the chase late in the day, the negro boy started police by jumping from a cliff into the path of their car, with the cry 'Take me in, quick. Them dogs is sure enough gonna eat me up!'

ashore. This fact is the foundation around which a legend has been invented for money-making purposes.

'When paying their 20 cents to inspect the 'Success' visitors are asked to buy for 10 cents more a history of the ship, which includes a catalogue of its alleged horrors. The misinformation in this book was compiled by Mr. Joseph Harvie, an Australian who travelled around the United Kingdom with the ship as publicity man, showman and lecturer. He may also have accompanied it to America, as he died in Philadelphia in 1923. Harvie's first story was published in 1895 at the time the ship left Australia. It differs in many respects from the current American pamphlet, which has evidently been written up for trade purposes.

'Harvie's story and the result of official research in Australia agree that the ship 'Success,' which left Australia in 1895, and is now in America, is identical with a ship of the same name of 621 tons registered, which sailed from the Thames on January 2, 1852, carrying immigrants to Victoria, and arrived at Port Phillip on May 24, 1852. Lloyd's Register, the acknowledged shipping authority, contains an entry relating to the vessel. Lloyd's Register for 1832 records seven vessels named 'Success.' Five are small coasting craft; one is a small barque, and the last is a ship of 621 tons.

The entry reads:

'S627. Ship of 621 tons, built of teak. Built at Moulmein in 1840. B. Steward, master. Trading between London and Port Phillip.'

'This is clearly the ship now in America. The Melbourne Argus, when referring to the arrival of the vessel, gives her tonnage as 621. Australian official records have not disclosed any visit of the 'Success' to Australia before 1848. There are no records of any voyages made by her before that year, but there is evidence that for the first eight years of her life she was engaged in the trade between England and the East Indies. Harvie, in his publication of 1895, says the ship was built at Moulmein (so does Lloyd's), but gives the year of building as 1790 (Lloyd's says 1840). He quotes no authority. It is improbable that any British ship was built at Moulmein in 1790 as the ports and creeks of the Gulf of Martaban and Tenasserim were, until the first quarter of the 19th century, notorious as the haunts of Burmese and Malay pirates. Their depredations on European ships led to the first Burmese war and Moulmein did not become part of British territory until 1826.

'Harvie says that in 1829 the 'Success' was chartered by the British Government to establish the colony at the Swan River (Perth). There was a 'Success' in Western Australian waters in 1827-29, but she was a King's ship mounting 28 guns, and she was broken up in England in 1833. Transportation to New South Wales ceased in 1841, the year after the 'Success' was launched, and she was still in eastern waters. There was no transportation to Western Australia until 1857 and the 'Success' was in Australian waters continuously from 1852 to 1895. Transportation to Tasmania continued until 1852, but the ship's voyage in 1852 was to Port Phillip, Victoria. In the American pamphlet we are told that the 'Success' was employed in the conveyance of convicts from 1802 to 1851, and in support of this assertion the narrative states that Dr. White, Colonial Surgeon, made an official record of the maiden trip of the vessel as a convict ship in 1802, when he reported that a number of prisoners died during the voyages of the ships 'Success,' 'Scarborough,' and 'Neptune.' A report, however, appears in Mr. Charles White's book entitled 'Convict Life in New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land,' and the ships there referred to are the 'Success,' 'Scarborough,' and 'Neptune.' It is obvious that 'Success' has been substituted for 'Surprise' in order to substantiate the alleged history of the vessel to which the pamphlet relates.'

These arguments were clear enough proof that the American public had been hoaxed for years.

Such is the way of the world and while there are thousands of people with a morbid curiosity and a few shillings to spend there will always be somebody to exploit them. Captain Smith told the British Consul-General at Chicago in 1925, that it was "a tremendous paying game." He didn't say, but it was estimated that he was taking about $90,000 a year, out of which he had to pay wharf rent, advertising and the wages of the crew of 21.
A SHIP is about to sail, and as suitcases and trunks come through the shed on the wharf, Customs Officials eye them closely. Then one of the men nods to another who stands at the other side of the shed. He looks no different from the rest, but he is a C.I.B. man. Casually he walks across to join the other official and produces from his pocket a small bunch of keys. He inserts one of them in the lock of a suitcase and raises the lid.

Silently the two men work. Without creating disorder, they turn over clothing, slide their hands into the toes of shoes, and tap the sides and bottom of the bag. It is obvious they are searching for something they are confident is there. At last one of the men raises his hand. In it is a small, lumpy package wrapped in a handkerchief. He slips it into his pocket, the suitcase is locked and the two men walk out of the shed.

It was all done so quickly and quietly that few people could have noticed the incident, but in the small handkerchief was probably several hundred pounds, not in cash but in gold.

In the serious dollar crisis that exists at present time, the vigilance of the Customs Department has been sharpened to detect the slightest attempt on the part of individuals or organised groups to smuggle gold or currency out of the country. With uncanny accuracy they gather their information before a ship or aircraft is due to leave and are able to carry out their investigations with sufficient knowledge to know their search is not likely to be fruitless.

It is estimated that not less than £250,000 worth of gold per year has been smuggled out of Australia during the past few years, most of it being sold overseas at three or four times its legal value. Under existing conditions it is logical to expect that every effort will be made to increase the illegal export of gold, but the smugglers are going to find it difficult to discover safe channels through which they can operate. No longer can they feel secure boarding a ship with £300 worth of gold divided into small quantities and distributed on their person. An astute Customs official may be waiting at the foot of the gangway with authority to search.

Customs Officers recently confiscated an object with an innocent appearance. It was a small wheel that looked as if it could be fitted to a child's scooter, and it was found in the baggage of a man who was leaving Australia to establish a business overseas. Perhaps the explanation was that the wheel was merely a small part of a factory machine which would have been accepted but for the fact that the officers, trained to recognise the reactions of the people they dealt with, saw an uneasy expression on the man's countenance. They were unable to prevent him leaving on the outgoing aircraft, but they seized the wheel for examination. It was taken to a Commonwealth Government laboratory where an X-ray showed foreign bodies to be present, and the wheel was immediately melted down. It yielded diamonds valuing £6,000. The result was known to the Customs authorities within two hours, and when the plane reached Darwin, the passenger was taken off and charged with attempted unlawful export of diamonds.

Almost every day Customs Officials discover new methods used by smugglers in getting goods in and out of Australia. Some are ingenious devices, others so simple that the searchers have no difficulty in bringing the hidden articles to light. Recently an eastern ship was suspected of having on board quantities of soap and knitting wool. While a band of Customs men were combing the ship, they found more than £1,000 in Australian currency in the bottom of an onion bag, which was part of the luggage of a Chinese passenger journeying home to his own country. The man was quite disgusted that his hiding place should have been found so easily.

Early in 1947 members of the Customs Boarding Branch made the biggest seizure of opium ever made in the State of New South Wales. It was found in a small secret cabin built into the carpenter's quarters on an overseas vessel. While tapping the walls of the cabins, the officers noticed the slightly hollow sound where the opium was concealed. Even on opening up the hidden cabin, the men had to make a further search for the drug. It was pushed into every available nook and cranny. One item of furniture was a small oak desk. On examination, the beam
POETIC PLEA.

We two have watched the sun go down,
His glory bleeding o'er the town,
Romance and rapture filled the air,
The world was wonderful to view.
But, lo! The colours fade and die,
And evening steals along the sky,
So, lovely lady, hear a prayer! —
Now let me see the down with you!

Not.

around the desk was found to have been hollowed out and filled with opium.

In pre-war years when commerce flowed freely between Australia and other countries, smuggling was mainly confined to opium, cigarettes and small quantities of jewellery, but as the importation of practically all luxury goods is now banned by Customs regulations, the smuggler has a vast new field. During the last eighteen months, officers of the Sydney Customs Department have seized cosmetics, toilet preparations, dress ornaments, imitation pearls and jewellery worth more than £30,000. They have also seized approximately one and a half million cigarettes, binoculars, cameras, silk piece goods, dresses and many thousands of expensive plastic ornaments.

Ships coming from Japan undergo special scrutiny, as returning Australian servicemen are unable to change accumulated Japanese yen into Australian currency and endeavour to bring back substantial quantities of contraband in the form of silk piece goods, imitation pearls, fishing lines and cameras.

An unexpected discovery was made on a ship arriving from Japan a few months ago. An enormous quantity of strung imitation pearls had been packed into kitbags, placed inside the hollow masts and hoisted to the top. On the same vessel, pearls were also found hidden inside beef carcasses in the freezing chamber.

The majority of ships coming from the East and manned by Asiatic crews yield smuggled opium. Customs Officers boarded one ship recently and finding large pots of rice in the galley, they examined them with steel prodders. Each of the pots contained three or four tins of opium. On another ship, well-sealed tins of cigarettes were found in a tub of water under a pile of soiled clothes.

Members of ships crews sometimes drop contraband over the side of the vessel into the harbour, attaching string or wire to the containers so that the goods can be hauled up again when the searchers have gone. Officials are a jump ahead of this little practice and the culprits are often caught in the act of reclaiming when the Customs men double back on their tracks.

The engine room is a favoured place for stowing small packages. There are lots of hollows and apertures that will conceal opium and cigarettes. Metal plates are removed, pieces cut in steel and replaced, and insulation taken out and substituted with more solid packing.

Passengers leaving vessels when they come into port frequently go to great lengths to conceal dutiable goods on their person or in their luggage. More often than not they finish up paying a lot more duty than they would have if they had declared the articles in the normal way.

Suitcases with false bottoms and pockets seldom escape detection. One false coming to the notice of an Officer in the Customs shed appeared to be of standard design, but on closer examination, the usual metal pins at the underneath corners were found to be screws. When they were removed, a false bottom was revealed in which were forty gold wristlet watches.

A woman's suitcase was found to contain two tins of green peas. The searchers were puzzled. It seemed odd that anyone should carry these tins with them to a country where vegetables were plentiful. When the labels were removed, it was found one tin had been carelessly cut open and revealed inside was a bundle of English banknotes.

Men walk off ships with silk stockings tied around their shins inside their trouser legs, with diamonds concealed in their mouth and cigarettes strung around their waist. Sometimes it is only by accident that Customs Officials discover the hiding place, at other times they are made suspicious by the smuggler's actions.

One man walked into the Customs inspection shed at Sydney wharf on a hot summer day. He wore a grey felt hat, from under which the perspiration seemed to be trickling in an excessive way. He mopped it feverishly now and then and remarked on the heat.

As he bent over his suitcases with the Customs Officer, the latter gave him the hat what seemed to be an accidental knock. It fell off and the Officer picked it up to return it to its owner. Closely packed in the crown were two dozen pairs of nylons.

Women, with their copious handbags and well-pocketed clothes, sometimes prove good smuggling mediums. If the officials have suspicions that a woman is carrying contraband, they are able to call on female searchers. These examine the woman's handbag and, if necessary, her clothing. One woman was found to have five pairs of nylons and a quantity of jewellery concealed in her brassiere, and 700 cigarettes in her handbag.

A metal type hot-water bottle with
"I SHOULD study dentistry for six years, to fix the teeth of a dog!" Dental surgeon Neumeyer, of Hollywood, recently did a repair job on the molar of a screen dog named Daisy. The pooch is one of his regular customers. Poor Daisy snapped his old dentures while chewing too vigorously on a bone, and it was up to the Doctor to replace them with a new set. "Daisy" has earned 400,000$ as a dog who shows a lot of teeth in close-ups, and for that money you can’t blame him for wanting the best available attention.

A fancy knitted cover was at the bottom of another woman’s suitcase. The cover was removed and it was seen that the base of the bottle had been cut away, then replaced and soldered. The Officers got to work on it and found that the bottle had been filled with cigarettes.

People coming off ships are often unsuspecting accomplices in a smuggling racket. An attractive young woman is asked very politely if she would mind aiding another woman by carrying a bag for her. It is hoped that when passing through the Customs barrier, the woman’s charm will get the "loaded" bag through with her own luggage and that it will rate no more than a cursory inspection.

A Customs Officer is trained to be alert and discerning in assessing the potentialities of a ship’s passenger as a smuggler. The Australian investigators follow much the same principles in this connection as the famous "Waterguards" in England.

The waterguards are instructed to mentally divide the passengers into three classes, the "blacks," the "whites," and the "greys." The blacks are the obvious "sharpies," the whites the people who are probably innocent, and the greys, the ones who can be branded as "devious." The men become adept at summing up a person at point of disembarkation as a "type." There is the person who is apparently ill-at-ease as he awaits the Customs official. His eyes are darting about him, he fidgets with his coat, his tie, fumbles in his pockets, and generally tries to give the impression that he is concerned with anything but the matter of the inspection. This is a very probable "black," at most certainly a "grey." His luggage is searched with a thoroughness appropriate to the passenger’s classification.

Investigators say that the man who acts in a suspicious manner does not always prove to be guilty of concealing goods. One case in point, a man informed the Customs Officer that he was unable to open his bags as he had lost his keys. It sounded a doubtful story, but it was the truth. Keys were produced that fitted the locks and everything was found to be in order.

In order to deal more efficiently with smuggling and allied wartime offences in Australia, the Customs Department established in New South Wales, in 1944, a Special Investigations Section, which has been carried on under post-war conditions. Included in the staff of this section are thirty young and alert ex-servicemen, most of whom had experience with the investigation branches of the Army and Air Force.

The addition of this branch to the already capable organisation of the Customs Department, has resulted in smashing blows being dealt over the last few years to individuals and gangs bringing contraband goods into the country.

The widespread black market at present operating in the country has provided incentive for large scale attempts to bring in goods in short supply. The importance of suppressing this illegal enterprise from a national viewpoint is borne out by the fact that during the year ended June, 1947, in New South Wales alone, £21,000,816 was collected in import duties on goods imported from overseas.

Passengers who are inclined to resent the thoroughness with which their luggage is searched in the Customs sheds, should remember that it is in the interests of the country’s economic and social welfare that such procedure is necessary.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

YOU DISCOVER THAT NOBODY PUT THE BOX OF SANDWICHES INTO THE CAR AND ARE FACED WITH THE CHOICE OF STARVING AT THE LANE AND ENJOYING THE SCENERY OR OF GOING HOME AND HAVING ENOUGH TO EAT ON THE FRONT PORCH.

CAVALCADE, January, 1945
Progress is mostly a matter of exchanging old worries for new ones.

It is one of the ironies of life that when one grows tall enough to reach the jam on the pantry shelf, the craving for jam has disappeared.

Definition of Boom: A period when people buy things they don't need at prices they can't afford.

A Frenchman was once heard to remark that Continental people have sex life and English people have hot-water bottles.

News is anything that makes a woman say, "For Heaven's sake."

A fellow who can get his hair cut the day before pay day is a plutocrat.

Sign on the front door of a boarding house: "No Vacancies—No Rooms—No Suggestions."

There was the man who wrote a book on how to make money but couldn't find the money to get it published.

Business is an ancient activity once run by the people who owned it.

Conscience: What makes a man tell his wife something that he thinks she is going to find out.

The people who are fortunate enough to have a cook these days, complain that after paying her the wages she wants, they have nothing left to buy anything for her to cook.

Buddha lived a normal life with a wife and family, and when he was thirty he left home in search of happiness.

Drunkard: A person who tries to pull himself out of trouble with a corkscrew.

Acrimony is what a man gives his divorced wife.

A street can be described as a broad flat surface used for the storage of "No Parking" and "Men at Work" signs.

If God never intended women to wear beautiful things, why did He make them such cute shapes?

*SUN, SURF, SMILES*
Summer happiness posed by Jinx Falkenberg and Jeff Donnell of Columbia Studios.
They descend and arrived at the Blue Mountains, west of the convict settlement of Port Jackson. The ragged thongs alone in the bush were men and, far from being scared of them, the crows were pleased. The men were starved, the crows would descend on their bones any time now.

The four were convicts who had arrived at Port Jackson only seventeen days before, on the transport "Glencora." It had been said on the voyage out that anyone hardy enough to cross the Blue Mountains might escape to China.

The four men, Place, Cox, Knight, and Phillips, set off from Hawkesbury on the 7th of May, 1803, and travelled across the plain towards the mountains. They were equipped with one week's rations each. By the time the foothills were reached, these had given out; but it was decided to go on. The men began to climb. They found edible berries and some sweet leaves. Each day saw them a little closer to exhaustion. The mountains seemed to have no end. The fourteenth day out, the four men were ready to quit and turn back.

Then began the series of tragedies that ended with the return of only one man, John Place, to civilization.

Before starting the ascent, Phillips wandered off to pickberries. He had been gone only a few minutes when the others heard him scream for help. They were too weak to go to his aid, and heard him fall away down into a gully, where he must have lain until he died.

Downhill was easier. Six days later, the living skeletons were within five miles of the small settlement at Rich mond. Then Knight lay down and died.

Later that day, Cox and Place reached the river near Richmond. When they attempted to cross, the current took them and carried them some way downstream and deposited them on opposite sides of the river.

They pulled themselves ashore by clambering to the branches of trees.

Night was then coming on. The last view Place had of Cox alive was when he lay, almost naked, at full length on the bank of the river, unable to rise. That was a frosty night. Cox died. Place lay shivering until dawn, waiting for death to deliver him, too.

A settler out with natives to hunt kangaroos found Place alive, and had him taken to the nearest native hut. The convict was given a little food, and was able to rest. A week later, in the hospital at Parramatta, he was on the way to recovery and return to the gang.

The tragic experience of three of these four men should have caused others to think twice before trying the short cut to "China." But many were to make the attempt before Blaxland, Lawson, and Wentworth did succeed ten years later.
the BROTHERS

FRANK SARAO

Love turned to madness and the issues were fought out underground.

THERE were once two brothers by the name of Malloch, Ernie and Joe. Joe's dead now. The way it happened was a terrible thing for Ernie.

The two were pretty close to one another. Their people had died in a car smash while the boys were still young. Ernie and Joe had battled together through a number of jobs until they found the one that suited them.

They worked underground, as a team, in the tunnels where cables lie under the streets and footways of the city. And their trouble began when the manhole cover fell on Joe.

Joe had left the cover propped up, instead of laying it down flat. They're heavy, those things. This one fell as Joe climbed the ladder up from below, and it split his skull open.

That was the beginning of the end for Joe.

There were three bad days while Joe lay unconscious in hospital, and one good day when the crisis was over. Ernie came to visit him that night. He brought the latest sporting sheets, and a portable radio so's Joe could listen to the races.

He put the things on the locker, and turned and smiled at Joe. But Joe wasn't smiling at him.

"Haven't you done enough?" Joe said.

"What's up, Joe?" Ernie asked.

"You tried to kill me."

"Don't be silly, Joe. You're still sick, son."

"You bee, you tried to kill me. I won't forget," Joe said.

"All right," Ernie said. "Anyway, you're going to get better, and that's the main thing."

One day he forgot to watch, and Joe struck him down with a hand-tool.
"I won't forget, Ernie," Joe said.
Ernie asked the doctor about it, and the doctor shook his head at first, but then brightened and told Ernie not to worry.

"He'll be all right, old man. There's some lesion, but it should heal. That was a nasty crack, you know."

Ernie knew, all right. Joe had fallen down the shaft into his arms, and Ernie had believed him dead, at first.

"Of course, you'll have to watch him," the doctor said. "You never know, with the mind. Some strange things can happen."

Joe seemed much better the next night, but the change in him was apparent. He nodded at the things Ernie brought, and said, "Thanks, Ernie. I feel pretty tired, if you don't mind."

Joe was a month in hospital, and then he came home and Ernie started to watch him.

The man who had replaced Joe was shifted to another team, and Joe and Ernie went back to their work underground.

Things were not the same as before. Joe seemed quieter. He was friendly enough to his brother, though. The idea that Ernie had tried to kill him seemed to have left his mind. Ernie asked him about it, once.

"I was raving mad for three or four days, wasn't I?" Joe said. "I bet I said a lot of crazy things in that time."

"You were a bit funny," Ernie told him.

"I thought you were last down that day," Joe said. "Anyway, what the hell does it matter. It's forgotten now. I'm lucky to be alive."

So they worked together, and drank together, went to the races and the schools. Ernie kept on watching his brother. Then one day he forgot to watch, and turned his back on Joe, there in the shaft, and Joe struck him down with a hand-tool.

Joe climbed the ladder out of the shaft, and closed the manhole and went home. Then he rang the works foreman, and reported that he had left the job earlier in the afternoon.

"About three, it was," Joe said. "I had a bit of a headache. You know, from that accident I had."

"Well, that's all right, Joe," the foreman told him. "I'm short of hands, though. D'you think Ernie can get through by himself?"

"I'm sure of it," Joe said.

Ernie came to. He stayed on his hands and knees a long time. He managed to turn and sit with his back against the earth wall.

His head seemed on fire. He lay there smelling the dust and the stale air, waiting for the fire to burn down.

He made three attempts to climb the ladder. The third was successful, and he grappled the top rung and tried to force the manhole cover. It hadn't occurred to him that it would be locked. Despair robbed him of strength. He tried to hang on to the rung, but fell to the hard rock floor of the shaft and lay there.

Night had fallen over the city, and Joe was still smiling in the dark of his room when Ernie started his slow crawl through the cable tunnels.

Ernie had climbed the ladder again, and he had beaten on the manhole cover with a pair of cable-snips. No assistance had come to him. He realised that he had been working in a part of the city not much frequented at night. He came down the ladder slowly, and got down on hands and knees and started to crawl.

The tunnel branched. Ernie took the left arm, which should have gone towards the heart of the city. The foul air made every breath a gasping agony.

His forward hand found the rungs of a ladder, and he stood against it and gathered strength for the climb. He came up the rungs, slowly, to the top. He beat on the steel cover and called aloud, and then the strength flowed away, and he fell again.

Those who had heard were still there when the police opened the cover and brought out the bloody, bowed form of Ernie Malloch.

They took Ernie to hospital. They bathed him and bandaged the wound. He lay conscious on the stretcher. They left him unguarded for a minute, and by then he was on the street, halting a passing cab. He saw them run out from the hospital grounds as the cab moved away.

Ernie's one thought was to reach Joe. He was afraid he might be too late. The cab moved slowly through traffic, picked up speed, slowed again to make a crossing. The fires in Ernie's head burned more brightly than ever.

He ran from the cab to the front door of the house, found the key, got the door open and started up the stairs.

In the dark room upstairs Joe heard his brother's voice and was sane for that moment. When Ernie came through the door, Joe backed away from him. He said, "Oh God, Ernie. What did I do?"

"You did nothing. Look, you're just imagining things."

Ernie grasped at a straw, and said, "Remember when you were in hospital, how you imagined a lot of things?"

"I thought you tried to kill me. So I've tried to kill you." He was backing towards the balcony. Ernie moved to stop him.

"I tried to kill you, Ernie. I'm mad. I must be."

"That bump on the head," Ernie told him, but Joe was running to the balcony railing. Ernie flung himself after Joe. He caught Joe by the legs and Joe kicked him off and climbed onto the rail. He stood poised there a moment. Then he dived the three floors down.

They took Ernie back to the hospital. He was out of his mind for two weeks, but they pulled him through. He lay in bed many weeks after that, with no brother to visit him, with the hell of a long lonely future ahead, when he thought of it.

When he was able to get about again, Ernie moved from the rooms where he and Joe had lived. He kept Joe's things, though. At night in the new room, he used to talk to Joe.

Ernie went back to his work under the streets of the city. He was given a new mate, a quiet young fellow who went around with a constant smile on his face. The smile made him look a little on the simple side, but he was anything but that.

He had heard the story of Joe and Ernie, and he watched Ernie. He was watching Ernie the afternoon Ernie picked up a lever and tried to brain him with it.

They had to lock Ernie up after that.
Duel of WITS

A woman was his weapon, but another man had the affairs well in hand.

MARIE J. FANNING

He had known Rhoda for the short space of a week, but their friendship had blossomed quickly. His arm was around her now, her head against his shoulder, as he remembered the night she had come to sit at his table in the cafe.

Last Friday it was. He had dropped in for a meal, as he often did before he wandered down to Joe's to have a game with the boys. He liked to take the early part of the evening leisurely. Later on there was usually business of some sort to attend to.

Fred had just brought his porterhouse steak, thick and lightly done so that it rested in a rich, red gravy as his knife sliced its way through it.

He heard the quick tapping of her heels coming down the linoleum-covered floor behind him, and as she paused by his table, looking about her hesitantly, he had his first glimpse of her.

She was small, with brown hair that swung softly to her shoulders, and a face that had a china doll prettiness under its heavy make-up. Her dress was cheaply gaudy, but it did nothing to disguise a figure that could put Hollywood's topflighters to shame. She half-turned towards him, and making her decision, she pulled out the chair opposite him and sat down.

She studied the menu carefully. Then she must have felt him watching her, because she looked up and their eyes met.

"The steak's good," he told her, his mouth full. "I don't feel hungry enough for steak. I think I'll have some toast." "Just knocked off work?" he asked, to make the conversation last. "No, not tonight. That is—" she looked a little confused. "I lost my job yesterday," she finished up. "Tough luck," he said sympathetically. "Shouldn't be hard to get another. What do you do?" "Oh, factory work—packing, assembling." She shrugged her shoulders. "Most anything in that line. But they're cutting down on it. Shortage of materials they tell us." He studied her silently for a moment, his jaws moving rhythmically over the steak.

"Might be able to help you," he said then slowly. "Her face brightened.

With his arm still held in an unmerciful grip Mat was searched.
"That's mighty kind of you, seeing as you don't even know me."

"We-all, of course it just depends on what you are prepared to do. It wouldn't be factory work exactly."

She looked at him silently for a moment and he was surprised to see the deep, calculating look in her eyes. It altered her appearance completely.

Then she dropped her eyes and traced with her finger a pattern of egg yolk and Worcester sauce on the tablecloth.

"I wouldn't be too fussy," she said slowly.

He was so surprised, he almost chuckled aloud.

"My name's Mat. I have another one, but it's not important. What's yours?"

"Rhoda," she told him.

"Good. Now getting down to business, how about that steak after all?"

She laughed, a high tinkling sound that was attractive.

From then on everything went smoothly.

But it was several days before he actually talked business with her. They had to get acquainted first, he told her over the rim of his beer glass, and she'd laughed that high tinkling laugh. It wasn't until Wednesday that he had told her about Huck, and he had to tell her about Huck before they could really get down to business.

Huck, you see, was Mat's rival in every way. They had both started out on their respective careers as apprentices in the great organisation of the underworld about the same time. Even then they were continually running up against one another in a way that planted a good strong hate in them both. Later they had each decided to start out with their own little "company incorporated."

That was when the real trouble started and they had repeatedly clashed ever since.

Huck could give Mat four inches and sixteen pounds, but that was neither here nor there. In their business a lot of things came first, like gompton and guts and quick action, but mostly the latter. You had to be quick off the mark or someone else got there before you. That was what happened the time Mat got wind of the stuff that was being dumped on the wharf. He didn't know Huck had got the tip-off too and had all his arrangements made. No wonder he was mad when he arrived with his gang just in time to see Mat disappearing with the boys and the boat and the distance.

Huck hadn't let it pass. He had cornered Mat near the subway next day.

"You'll keep off my ground in future if you know what's good for you," he had threatened darkly.

Mat had laughed and swaggered on his way.

From then on Huck had been doubly careful. But the war was on. They each had their long range spies and there was rarely a job they didn't both hear about sooner or later. Huck was clever, Mat had to hand it to him, but he himself was a jump ahead. Lately though, he'd felt something was slipping. He was even beginning to wonder if his spies were as reliable as they might be. There was the opal job, for instance, and the "coke" smuggling, and the bank transfer that needed split-second action. Mat knew nothing of them until it was too late. Something wrong somewhere, and he had to make certain of his information.

He could match his wits any day with that shyster, Huck. All right, he'd been clever enough to put it over him in recent weeks. Now it was his, Mat's, turn to take all the tricks.

Before he'd met Rhoda, he'd felt the pricking of an idea, but his chance meeting with her had sewn it up.

She was just the type Huck always fell for. Small and pretty and pert, but most important of all, with a form that Huck wouldn't be able to pass. Not that Mat meant Huck to get any change at all out of the set-up. Oh no, he was interested in forms and figures himself for that matter, to such an extent anyhow that he wouldn't be handing over a next little package to Huck.

All of which, of course, he explained to Rhoda, along with a lot of other things, but she just nestled closer and laughed that tinkling laugh of hers that he liked so much.

"The longer you play him, the easier it'll be to get what we want," Mat told her. "I know Huck well enough by now and it's always been when he's been busy chasing a bit of skirt that his defences have weakened."

He pulled her closer now as he asked.

"Sure, you've got it all clear? It's to-morrow night you'll go down to Sol Jacob's place where he eats. You'll walk in and sit down at the table with him, just like you did that night with me, only this time it'll be an act, see?"

Rhoda said "yes," but she was busy brushing a few flecks of powder off her shoulder. A little pang of muscling made itself felt in him. In lots of ways she was like a china doll. He wondered if he was pinning too much faith on her ability.

"What do you do next?" he asked, jerking her to a sitting position almost roughly.

She looked startled.

"Why I just sit down and I-and I make a bit of play until he notices me, and then I sorta tag along."

"That's right," Mat looked relieved. It was really quite simple.

"Be sure you keep your eyes and ears open for what's going on. That's the whole idea. I've got to find out where they're getting their dope and who's playing ball with them on our side of the fence."

Mat felt a bit anxious again as he watched her setting off next evening, her heels tapping along the pavement, her gaudy dress hugging her closely. It'd be too bad if his plans went for nothing.
She was back before midnight.

"How’d it go? What happened?"

Mat asked.

She smiled at him and rubbed her head against his arm. Like a kitten she was.

"All right. Fell for it, he did. Took me up to his room for a drink. Then I told him I had to go ‘cos my old mother was waiting up for me."

"Good," Mat chuckled and gave her a little squeeze. "When are you going him again?"

"To-morrow afternoon. He’s having a meeting of the gang at his place to-morrow night."

"He is, is he? That means something’s coming up. Be sure you’re near a keyhole when it’s on."

Mat felt much more confident. Rhoda had the right idea. He told the boys to stand by on Sunday night.

"There’ll probably be something big knocking us up."

It came all right. Rhoda tapped into their hideout around eleven, her eyes glowing their first glint of excitement. Mat got up from his chair and went to meet her.

"They’re going to crack the safe at Bartlett’s Bond. There’s fifty grand in contraband diamonds locked up. They’re aiming to make it two o’clock."

Mat gave a low whistle.

"Fifty grand! Hear that boys? Two o’clock. We’ll be there at one."

"I reckon it’s suicide," Shorty gurgled. "The cop’ll be three deep around the show."

"We wouldn’t have a hope," said Bert Smithson.

"Hell! What a bunch!" Mat said, standing back to look at them.

"Huck and his boys can find the spunk to tackle a man-sized job. I thought we could produce something better than a lot of miserable weaklings."

The boys wriggled uncomfortably in their chairs and looked at one another in silence.

"All right. It’s off, boys. I’ll do it on my own. I’m not going to say we had the chance to put one over Huck and his gang and let it go because we were scared."

"No one said they wouldn’t be in," Shorty spluttered.

"I’m with you," said Square-head Jake.

It was the biggest risk they’d ridden, Mat had to admit it himself, as they skirted the building an hour later. There were moments when he thought they would have to give up. The police were as close as peas in a pod and it needed plenty of patience to wait for the right opening, but they got it. The rear was almost child’s play. There was only one guard inside the diamond lock-up, and approached gently from the rear, it wasn’t long before he was resting his feet on the floor.

There wasn’t a sound. They hadn’t thought it possible anyone would get inside the building.

Mat planted the diamonds on his person. It was the usual routine— the split-up came later.

Getting out was a lot more difficult than getting in. Shorty went first and Mat followed. But they were hardly around the corner of the building when the rumpus started. Alarms were ringing, whistles blowing and three shots came in quick succession.

Mat and Shorty ran for it, their heads down. They left the bedlam behind them and when they’d gone a couple of blocks, they realised they’d made a clean getaway.

"The boys’ve copped it," Shorty said, panting heavily. He turned reproachful eyes on Mat in the darkness. "The job was too big, Boss."

"Keep your mouth shut. You’re out of it, aren’t you?"

Mat was worried. They had the diamonds, but they’d stirred up a hell of a lot of trouble. He knew the boys well enough and he wasn’t frightened of their squealing, but it made it a thousand times harder to keep the tracks covered.

There was a note on the table when they got in.

"Dear Mat," it said. "Come quickly. 136 Barker Street. You won’t be safe here. Have a lot to tell you. Yur loving Rhoda."

"Blast!" Mat said and gave it to Shorty.

"Where is the dame?" Shorty asked him.

"Must be the place where she’s got..."
her room. Didn’t ask her where it was. She must have got something hot. You hang around the neighborhood in case any of the boys got away. Warn them off. I’m going over.”

“What yer goin’ to do with the stones?”

“Keep them on me, of course,” Mat snapped. “It’s safer than leaving them here.”

Shorpy shrugged his shoulders. 36 Backer Street was a two-storeyed lodging house in a row of two-storeyed lodging houses. There wasn’t a light showing and Mat cursed as he stumbled up the wooden steps. How the hell was he going to find Rhoda’s room? She should have told him. He would never feel safe in using her directly on a job. She muffed on details. There was no getting away from it; she had her bright moments, but there was plenty of sawdust stirred in behind thatchina doll mask. Still she’d served her purpose this time.

He was groping around the keyhole when the door swung open suddenly and two pairs of powerful hands dragged him inside and closed the door again.

Mat could see nothing in the darkness. They had him by the arms and he had no show of getting out his gun. He was dragged along a narrow passage and into a room that was lit by two candles standing in tobacco tins on a table. A face grinned at him from the far end of the table. It was Huck.

“So you thought you’d get me where you wanted me,” he chuckled.

“Hand over the stuff.”

“Like hell!” Mat said through his clenched teeth, his face twisted with rage.

Huck motioned to a man behind hum and with his arms still held in an unmerciful grip, Mat was searched. He tried to struggle, but they punched him across the head with a blow that knocked him silly. The diamonds in small, flat packages were distributed in his various pockets, and one by one they were thrown on the table. His gun went with them.

“No we can have a little chat,” Huck said, leaning forward over the table. “First of all, I must thank you for cleanin’ this stuff for us. It saved us a lot of trouble and quite a few men. I suppose you know two of yours were winged and the others are coolin’ their toesies in the coop?”

Mat’s face went grey, but he didn’t speak. He was trying to figure out how he had walked into the trap.

“Kinda goin’ to put your business outa action, ain’t it, with the boys locked up and the coppers skulkin’ for the boss of the outfit?” Huck’s most red lips spread into an ugly grin. “Not that the coppers will be gettin’ much of you when we’ve had our pound o’ flesh.”

They had him, Mat knew. He’d never be able to look the boys in the face again. His only hope was Rhoda. Where was she? What had they done to her? They were trussing his arms to his side when he heard it—a high, tinkling laugh, and it came from the next room. He started and his face tautened.

Huck chuckled.

“Hear that? That’s Rhoda, the staunchest little pal I’ve ever had, and with one of the smartest brains in the gang. Can count on her to carry out her jobs to the letter. She’s a bright girl, Rhoda.”

Mat slumped in the chair but his face was an expressionless mask.
We have all seen those ads, "I will make you a muscle-bound giant in twenty-one days." "What has King Kong got that you haven't?" or "Make Superman a Cissy." It is all so simple. Why haven't we done it before?

Some inexpensive equipment and a book of simple rules—and in three short weeks—but why not repeat the instructions three times and do it in one week?

Dawn, a new day, and a new man. A pity that your vertebra seems to be dislocated in three places, your ribs have come adrift, and rigor mortis has already affected your left leg.

Well! at least the girls are looking at you now! But somehow, it just doesn't seem to be the right sort of look.
Why not be comfortable and depend upon your personality!

But perseverance, will-power, and grim determination are all that are required. Try, try, try again—such

Oh Heck! Why not be comfortable and depend upon your personality!

**MEDICINE
ON THE MARCH**

Women need greater protection than men from radiation, whether they are atomic energy workers, nurses and technicians helping give radium and X-Ray treatments, or girls in sweet factories using X-Rays to check on box fillings. This warning has been given by Dr. Egon Lorenz, National Cancer Institute biophysicist, in America. Cancer of the ovaries is the hazard faced by women working with penetrating radiations in atomic energy production or in X-Ray laboratories. The working time of the women with such radiations should be reduced or the permissible dose of radiation decreased.

The "dose" of radiation considered safe for workers is one-tenth Roentgen per eight-hour working day.

A NEW machine, something like the iron lung used for paralysis victims, is now helping doctors of a large New York hospital to cure tubercular cases that are hopeless under standard treatment. The patient is enclosed in the tank-like machine many hours a day for weeks or months, and is taught actually to stop breathing, so that his chest does not move at all. Pumps and valves in the machine supply his oxygen and remove waste products. The absolute rest thus given the lungs acts as a "splint" for diseased tissues, giving them a chance to heal.

The best method of treating a cold, and the cheapest, is to stay in bed. Fatigue cuts down the acid nasal secretions which do all the good work, and rest quickly restores them.

Used in powder form or mixed with food, a protein extract derived from human hair has been used in the treatment of persons suffering from malnutrition, according to Dr. Hans Wilhelm Bansi of Hamburg, Germany. Dr. Bansi reported that he had for some time been supplementing the German food ration with this extract. The extract, known as cystin, is mixed with other foods, such as cheese, and in addition to being a nourishment, is useful in helping to repair blood deficiencies that are caused through lack of protein.
the KILLER ate NUTS

Mrs. Dorothy McCready had been reading a mystery novel when she was brutally murdered.

And within an hour, police officers were listening to that so-familiar phrase. "Everybody loved Dorothy. No one would have had a reason to murder her." Dorothy McCready was a widow, in her fifties, though her friends agreed she didn't look it.

But Dorothy McCready was not the type to retire. For over thirty years she'd been with the Frederick Fisher family, in Hackensack, New Jersey. Most of that time she'd been the private secretary to Fisher himself. After his death—a few months before the tragedy—she'd become social secretary to Mrs. Fisher.

It was the Ist of May, 1945. Mrs. Fisher, worried Dorothy always stayed at the Fisher home promptly at nine, shared coffee with her employer, and took down the morning's dictation. The coffee tray with its usual two cups was at Mrs. Fisher's side, but Dorothy hadn't shown up, nor had she telephoned.

At quarter to ten Mrs. Fisher, now really concerned, called her daughter and said, "Telephone Dorothy and see what is keeping her." A man's voice answered. "Is Dorothy McCready here?"

There was a brief silence, then the phone was hung up at the other end.

Several hours passed. At last, in desperate anxiety, Mrs. Fisher's daughter telephoned a friend and neighbour of the missing woman and asked her to see if anything had happened.

Something had. Murder.

Dorothy's McCready's body lay on the floor of the living room, clad only in a torn negligee. She had been bludgeoned to death. A trail of blood led to the staircase. A book—a murder mystery—on the floor.

"Here's a funny thing," one of the officers said. "Salted peanuts. Look."

"Easy to understand," the other officer said. "She was lying in bed, reading a mystery novel and nibbling salted peanuts when the killer came in." He thought that over. "In other words, she was wide awake. She would have heard the murderer come into the house."

But Dorothy McCready had no enemies.

And still another curious circumstance. The medical examiner fixed the time of death as somewhere near midnight. Yet at ten o'clock on the morning of May 1, a man's voice had answered Dorothy McCready's telephone. Who?

District Attorney Walter Winne set about finding who might have wanted to murder her.

That answer seemed to be—nobody.

Money? She had inherited about a hundred thousand dollars. Just plain robbery? Dorothy McCready almost never carried much money in her purse, which had been found empty near her body.

However, a handyman who had worked for Dorothy for years told a striking story. Something—he didn't know what—that had happened with the past few weeks had made her nervous and upset. She had purchased a revolver, and kept it in her room.

A neighbour's testimony bore out DeCroat's story. She, too, told the police that Dorothy McCready had been worried about something.

And a week before her murder, she had had all the locks changed on her house. The neighbour added, she had refused any explanation.

The killer had entered through a living room window, then unlocked the kitchen door to make his escape.

The available clues finally boiled down to the man's voice answering Dorothy McCready's telephone the morning of May 1, the reports of a prowler and—salted peanuts on the floor.

It didn't take long for the police to locate the mysterious prowler. In fact, they located three.

The first was an insurance salesman, living in a Hackensack hotel. A dozen witnesses were willing to swear he was the man who had been annoying Dorothy McCready.

His story was simply that he didn't consider himself more annoying that his job required. Dorothy McCready had been interested in buying an annuity, and he had called on her often.

Mrs. Fisher's daughter listened to his voice, but couldn't identify it as the one she had heard over the telephone.

Neighbours of Dorothy McCready did identify him as a man they had seen walking away from the pleasant little white house at about ten o'clock on the morning of the discovery of the body.

The second "prowler" was a boy with a police record as a "peeping Tom." He had been around the house that night.

The third "prowler" was an ex-war worker, who had hitch-hiked to the town looking for a friend who might help him find a job. His story checked.

The autopsy had shown that Dorothy McCready had been eating salted peanuts at the time of her murder.

CAVALCADE: January, 1948
But—the sack of peanuts was on the bedtable—and nuts had been scattered on the floor.

Could Dorothy McCready have had a mouthful of peanuts in her hands at the time the murderer surprised her?

"Women don't eat peanuts that way," Detective Orrechio said.

The officer had a theory.

The murderer had entered the house, gone upstairs and attacked Dorothy. Then he had stood for a moment, wondering what to do next. He'd seen the sack of peanuts and automatically grabbed a handful. Suddenly he'd known what his next step must be, and had spilled most of the peanuts on the floor. The rest, he would have slipped into his pocket.

All the police had to do now was to find a suspect who had a passion for salted peanuts.

The clothes of the three suspects already held for questioning were vacuumed. No peanuts.

Everyone who had ever had any contact with the murdered Dorothy McCready was investigated regarding a special fondness for salted peanuts. Still no peanuts.

Finally, Detective Orrechio found himself in a little house not far from the white house in which Dorothy McCready had been killed. It was a dreary little place—obviously a bachelor establishment.

Orrechio and his assistant carried out armfuls of clothes, not for the laundry nor the dry cleaners—but for the police laboratory.

"Look for peanuts," Orrechio said. He hardly needed to add, "And, bloodstains."

The answer was, "yes."

A few more questions had to be asked of DeCroat, the helpful handyman. He was found in a local poolroom and brought in to headquarters.

Detective Orrechio directly accused him. "You told us Mrs. McCready was afraid of a prowler. You've known her for fifteen years; you've been a good friend to her. Why didn't you tell her who she was afraid of?"

As DeCroat stammered, Orrechio went on relentlessly. "You didn't, because the prowler was you. You'd been stealing from her, and she knew it. That's why she had the locks changed on the doors. That's why she bought the gun. But you might have gotten away with it, if you hadn't taken a handful of salted peanuts—"

DeCroat confessed.

"I'd been drinking. I wanted some money. I thought I could find some in her pocketbook. I got into the house through the window and then I was scared. She had that gun."

"I sneaked up the stairs. She was in bed reading a book. I hit her. When I got her down to the living room, I put her on the floor. I found her pocketbook and took $24."

He paused. "I tried to wash her face. She'd always been a good friend to me. Nobody would have wanted to kill her."

Police released the three suspects. The mysterious telephone voice? They are convinced that Arthur DeCroat returned to the scene of the crime in hopes of finding more money.

His sentence was death.

He might have gotten away with it—if it hadn't been for salted peanut
"I wish," Mavis says, "that I was about two inches taller, and could lose about half a stone."

"Don't be silly," says Lila, who herself is two inches taller, and does weigh about half a stone less. "Tall girls have such a terrible time—don't I just know how hard it is to get a dancing partner?"

"Maybe," Mavis retorts, "but don't you look the latest word in elegance? You can get away with the most dramatic looking dresses with your figure."

And on that basis they judge their figures. A matter of how they appeal to men, or how easy or hard they are to dress.

They don't have the problem on their own. Jones, in the club, prods Smith playfully in the paunch: "Stacking on a bit of fat, aren't you, old boy?" he asks. "Prospering, good living, eh?"

But Smith massages his brow and retorts; "I'd like to lose a bit, Jones. Summer heat plays hell with me."

Too much weight to carry around. Can't run like I used to."

"Who wants to run?" demands the lean Jones. "Extra weight gives you a reserve, I always say."

The logical next step is for Mavis to go on a diet of orange juice for breakfast, coffee-and-cigarette for lunch, and orange juice and cigarette for dinner, so that she can boast she lost five pounds in eight days.

"And," she adds triumphantly, "I feel better than ever!" Which seems to prove everything.

But neither Mavis nor her tall girl friend seems to realize that weight is not a matter of diet, and figure can't be controlled by stopping one thing or starting another.

After all, this Mavis now. If you boiled all the fat and flesh off her bones, a medical man would be able to tell from her skeleton that she was a fat and happy girl—because what covers her bones is only a small part of the story that goes to make up her figure.

Her skeleton, with its wide, round rib-cage, is the first determining factor in the kind of figure she will have; and inside that bony structure, every important organ of her body will be strong or weak according to how it is housed.

For example: her thin girl friend has a long, narrow rib-cage, and has long, large lungs; Mavis herself, has short, small lungs. And this is very important, for the girl friend's lungs are capable of holding more air than they normally need, and when she breathes the air does not blow in and out of all the lung space she has. Mavis, because her lungs are small, does not automatically breathe in a good over-supply of oxygen to burn all the food she eats, and the excess food accumulates as fat and may have something to do with the quantity of flesh she carries. Certainly she has a fine, healthy pair of lungs, and they work regularly all the time; all her internal area is in use all the time—but her girl friend, whose lungs don't work as well, because they are too big, will probably find that her lungs are actually weaker than Mavis's. And thus she becomes, from perfectly natural internal causes, more susceptible to tuberculosis.

Take a look, now, at another aspect. The thin Jones has a heart—so has the fat Smith. But Jones's heart hangs dependent with a long, elastic aorta (the great main vein that supplies blood). The squat, fat Smith has a short, wide aorta. Jones possibly will never suffer from arterial disease; if he survives the tubercular menace he is likely to live forever; it is estimated from surveys that at least half of the very old people are of his type. But Smith, heavily built, appears to have with his stockiness a predisposition to arterial trouble and high blood-pressure.

So in the case of Mavis and her girl friend, and in the case of Jones and Smith, it is easy to see that external figure has little to do with the basic truth—that these folk differ in their internal "figure" or build, as much as they do to all appearances. And how much flesh they can carry on their bones does not change their predisposition to tuberculous or heart disease. This is "built into them" by the very shape of their bodies.

The thing goes much further. When Mavis talks of dieting, she does so all unaware that her type of figure has its type of digestive tract. The tall girl friend's stomach is long and drooping; the outlet of the stomach, the pylorus, is held high by a strong ligament, and there is some mechanical difficulty in getting a meal moved up from the low-hanging stomach out into the intestines. For the same reason (that the abdomen is long and narrow and the walls of the abdomen are thin) this lax is likely to suffer from sagging intestines. Indigestion, constipation, and such troubles, may come her way.

Mavis, with a round, stout abdomen, has her stomach held high, and it empties easily. She can enjoy her food, and the fact that she starves herself to reduce will not do her any good; but the tall girl friend, with her predisposition to stomach weakness, may make even more trouble by overloading her stomach in a vain effort to "put on some condition."

The same parallel between fat and thin goes on—it is something to ponder upon, this fact that the struc-
ture and strength of the internal organs matches the figure. The fat and the thin have little to envy. Mavis, being small and well padded, may suffer from heart; the lean girl friend is more likely to suffer from stomach; the fat Smith may get diabetes; it will be the lean Jones who gets tuberculosis. Each figure has its strength and weakness, its danger and distress.

All these physical peculiarities reflect in the mentality of the person, in the outlook and personality.

The thin Jones, having long and slender muscles and a poorly supported digestive tract, tends to tire easily. But he may be as ambitious as anyone else. He may not have the strength to carry out his programme of ambitions—and thus he becomes melancholy and discontented. The heavy Smith has already been called "prosperous-looking," and this may well be true, simply because his build enables him to accomplish his tasks easily.

All of this is, of course, general—and you may not have a great deal of difficulty in finding exceptions to these statements. Well, that is natural enough, because of all the other factors that enter into the problem, like Mavis, is normally unlikely to get consumption (on account of her lung structure) she may at some time become exposed to infection and get it just the same; and the thin type like Jones, whose heart should stand up to normal pressure for decades, may strain himself, and never know—until the doctor shakes his head and says, "Well, it's the heart, I'm afraid, old man."

Lots of factors go to make up the result, the final result that is the person. This article is interested in giving something like a reasonable attitude towards your weight and size. It is interested in people understanding the fact that their "figure" is internal as well as external; and in the fact that, if they know this, they have a chance of living the life they are best suited to live according to their build.

How stupid, for example, that the fat Smith, knowing that he is predisposed to heart trouble, takes up heavy gymnastic work and puts an excessive strain on his unaccustomed body, to "sweat off the fat"—and in the process weakens his heart. Just as stupid that Mavis's lean girl friend, predisposed to stomach trouble, overfeeds herself in a vain effort to stack on curves.

It may be a wise thing to advise thin people that, generally speaking, they have not the staying power and endurance of more generously built folk—therefore they can live their lives accordingly. They can benefit a lot by realising that, if they rest after meals, they are aiding a stomach which is predisposed to weakness, to do its job with their food.

The fat fellow, Smith, might learn that he need not eat like a horse simply because "everything agrees with him"; he might realise that it will do him good to walk instead of taking a tram, because this exercise can keep him limbered up without straining his heart; and it might be useful to them to know in advance, that threatened with blood pressure, heart weakness, and so on, they can live the kind of life that will prevents these troubles occurring.
TRAMPS of the AIR

Barnstormers of yesteryear are the foundation members of freight flying.

The townspeople had levelled off the paddock as well as they could and turned the cows out.

A small boy marched importantly up and down calling out, "Two guineas. Come on—safe as a house. Have your first flight!"

The crowd hung back till a woman dragged her children up to the plane and announced cheerfully, "We'll go—but all of us together. If I'm going to die they might as well die with me!"

It was in the early twenties. Up and down Australia the "barnstorming boys" were bringing their planes to the country towns. Most of them had come back from the war with their flying appetites whetted and now they were determined to live and grow with planes.

The frail air frames, the inefficient spluttering engines and lack of all potential replacements were no deterrent.

The Civil Aviation Board was not formed till 1922 and regular air services were still a dream. There was no one to veto a trip and their headquarters moved at a whim. Barnstorming replenished funds quickly. They were fun.

But charter work was their real initiation into commercial flying.

In Bendigo (Vic.) a card in an office window announced the "Morris Air Service." The boy behind the counter told you that Howard Morris had his planes parked on the edge of the town and would fly you anywhere, anytime, and carry anything that would fit in the plane.

Howard Morris was only twenty. He, too, had found that overhead expenses were terrific and the public was none too willing to support a means of transport which seemed as rickety as the planes in the field at Bendigo. Certainly he'd fly anywhere, anytime—for a price. It was a costly business, this early charter flying.

Morris began his charter flying in areas round Melbourne, Bendigo and occasionally across to South Australia. Woolbuyers were his biggest clients—men who were prepared to pay out high money if it meant getting to a wool sale ahead of their rivals.

Even a thirty mile trip wasn't all beer and skittles. Ineffective lubrication could bring the little plane down as often as nine times in the distance. Position finding was by landmarks only, and getting lost was a common experience. Farms looked alike in the rural districts of Victoria and a church tower on a hill might be the only indication that the town was the right one. Time and again the pilot landed to check his bearings.

Ingenuity and quick thinking were essentials in those days. Forced landings were so much routine that landing grounds were unconsciously photographed on their brains should fuel or engine give out.

A girl had asked for a flight to 2,000 feet. Morris took her without questions. As he levelled out at 2,000 feet he turned to say, "Here we are!"

The girl was already scrambling out of her seat to jump! In a split second Morris nosed the plane down and the girl was thrown back into the cockpit. She looked hysterically round and tried again, but once more Morris was too quick.

Her third attempt made him clutch her frantically, and he brought the plane down one-hand and held the sobbing girl down with the other. She'd been crossed in love.

Morris started an air ambulance service in 1929, flying in the outback, up in the Kimberley—N.W. Australia areas. He answered pedal radio calls up past Wyndham and Fitzroy, and flew nurses and doctors to emergency cases. He flew over the lonely vastness of cattle stations that looked so alike from the air, watching for a bonfire or a sheet on the ground.

To-day Morris grins about the 4-foot snake he found curled up in his cockpit one day as he flew off from Castlemaine and the struggles to win the public's support.

In the discarded Royal Navy airfield at Bankstown (Sydney) he still runs his service, taking off for emergency calls ten minutes after a message comes through, operating a charter service, ambulance and flying school, and saving to buy more planes—because "I love 'em."

The greatest demand on charter services is still from bookies, the press, and doctors for emergency cases—and a steady carriage of corpses. New charter companies—and there are now many of them, have planes continually keyed for a take-off.

It's a costly business chartering a plane to fly a nut or bolt 500 miles, but it can be, and has been, worth it.

There have been some odd demands, especially during the war, when Americans stationed out here heard of these little companies that would send off a plane at a moment's notice.

"I wanna take off in half an hour for California to see my girl for the weekend," one hopeful said. "But I gotta be back here on duty on Monday." This being Friday. The charter pilot explained that there was a bit off the beaten track for his Puss Moths and Ansons.

"Gee," sighed the disappointed Yank, "I thought you'd do anything."
Most of the charter men do intra-commonwealth work only, for their planes aren’t built for long trips over the sea.

One company, the brain child of ex-S/L Bryan Monckton, hopes to take it on. Flying boats had been Monckton’s specialty in the Pacific during the war. He ferried Martin Mariners out from America afterwards. To start a flying enterprise of his own he bought five Sunderland Mark III flying boats through war disposals.

He had dreamt of a world air freight company—a charter service that would operate all over the world, especially the Pacific Islands in the Hebrides and Solomons were linked with Australia only by an uncomfortable ten-day boat trip. Mail service was infrequent and unsatisfactory and fresh food and medical supplies were the greatest lack. If only Monckton could set up an air service that would undertake to carry passengers to these outlying spots off the normal air routes.

Monckton teamed up with Canadian Douglas Lindsay. Lindsay had experience in charter flying and a sound knowledge of planes. He began in the Arctic eighteen years ago. He was eighteen then, with three old-type planes, fifteen hours’ solo flying time up and a mania for adventure.

For three years he traded backwards and forwards from the Arctic to Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba bringing, the nth loads of furs and fish back from the trappers to the wholesalers. Time and again blizzards and frost bite caught him, but he kept his charter service airborne—the first of its kind above the circle. At twenty-one he crossed to England and joined OLLEYS, at that time the biggest air charter service in Europe. Here he learnt from the ground until war broke out, and then the British Air Ministry sent him back to Canada as planning engineer for the British bombers built there.

He and Monckton began fitting up the planes—some to carry passengers, others passengers and freight and some freight only—contacted agencies in the Pacific and put Trans-oceanic on a business footing. It is still in its swaddling clothes, but they are learning fast every trip.

This flight they might carry fresh vegetables and missionaries to the Solomons, but next trip a band of wealthy Chinese merchants might charter the plane to fly from Suva home to Hong Kong. They’ve carried simple things like rose bushes to bring a nostalgic touch of home to some plantation garden, and they’ve more spectacularly collected patients for rush operations from remote islands. They operate on a go-as-you-fill basis with sometimes days between trips, sometimes weeks.

But there have been plenty of boosts to offset difficulties. The island governments have been their greatest supporters and their backing has been given wholeheartedly to a service that will mean so much to the plantation people and to families travelling home.

These are just some of the companies. Over the years the men of the charter services have given color to Australia’s air history—flying with no regularity, but just as tramps of the Air.
Modern and Medium-Sized
THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 36)
PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

A semi-modern appearance that is in keeping with present day trends characterises Cavalcade Home Plan No. 36. The house is planned for a fairly level block of land and is of one storey, which is the most popular arrangement for the small to medium-sized Australian home. This is distinct from most other countries, where almost every home of more than three rooms is split up into two floors.

This is a three-bedroom home with rooms of a size that is now considered generous, especially when, as in this case, built-in wardrobes are provided.

From the entrance porch one walks into a small entry which is screened from the living room by a convenient coat cupboard. The living
The A.M.P. Society's Home Purchase Plan

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

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

- **EASY TERMS.** Loans may be repaid by fixed monthly instalments during a long term of years, according to the class of security, but should be completed before the age of 65.

- **LIFE ASSURANCE PROTECTION.** The borrower is required to lodge with the Society as collateral security a policy for at least half the amount borrowed, but in order to ensure that the home will be free of debt in the event of his untimely death, the Society advises every applicant to lodge a policy for the full amount of the loan. Policies already in force may be used for this purpose.

- **NO VALUATION FEES.** No change is made by the Society under this scheme for the inspection or valuation of property.

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

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

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and dining rooms are one, but their shape makes a definite division and separates the room for its two functions. There is a wide modern fireplace set right back in the wall in the living room and it is around this that the scheme of interior decorating and furnishing would develop.

The three bedrooms are grouped around the bathroom, which is equipped with a separate shower recess—this is essential in a three bedroom house. Each bedroom is fitted up with a roomy built-in wardrobe which could also include drawers.

The kitchen is immediately behind the dining room, with direct service through a sliding panel. The equipment in the kitchen is the most modern available and is arranged so that the various processes of food preparation, cooking and serving, can be carried out in logical sequence.

From outside the kitchen is approached across a covered porch, which also gives access to the laundry.

The plan is such that if a permit for the full building is not forthcoming the living and dining rooms may be temporarily omitted and the main bedroom used as a living room until the restrictions now in force are eased.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this home and leave car access on the entrance side is 50 feet. The building cost at £150.0.0 per square would be £2,420.0.0.
ZOE MAZERT’S life is spent turning leggy high-school girls into the highly sophisticated beauties glimpsed in the following pages; she is not a beautician or a plastic surgeon. This she does with brush and paint, producing a long line of easy-to-look-at lasses for something like £1,300 a time. Zoe is an artist; her name is unknown to the world, but her work (much of it unsigned) has more followers than Salvador Dali. And rightly so, when you see her work.

FOR this sort of thing Zoe is often her own model, painting from her reflection in a full-length studio mirror. Hundreds of times she has painted herself, with variations. And if you’re going to be your own model, you have to be something of an actress—for the colorful costume pictures so popular in her line of work Zoe Mazert dresses the part. Her studio is littered with costumes that she has worn while posing for one of her own pictures.
BUT a paid model is preferable, and Zoe finds it best to work from a high school girl of 16 or 17, with an unsophisticated face and a lean, youthful figure. "Then you get the freshness and the youthfulness into your work," she says, "and that is what makes girl drawings popular." The young model posed for this photograph is 14, works after school, and will figure on a wide-circulation calendar for 1948. Many of the schoolgirls used by Miss Mazert have become models, mannequins, through their first appearance on the calendar.
Zoe Mazert's painting is work. It is also a hobby. Away from calendars, she does magazine illustrations, advertising art work, and paintings for motion pictures. You know—in a movie you see an interior of a room. There is a painting on the wall. The painting is not something pulled out of the property room. It is something designed and painted to harmonize with the rest of the room. For such purposes Hollywood is always looking for artists. Zoe Mazert does much of the work. But for a hobby—out of doors she paints landscapes.

CAVALCADE January 1948
June said: Be sure to call at eight,  
And don't be late.  
I hate to miss the opening dance,  
Or miss a chance  
To see the lovely gowns,  
And frowns  
Of girls who find their dress  
(Exclusive as they thought)  
Was also bought  
By others who, to their own deep distress,  
Have all worn that same dress  
Tonight  
I thought, at nine fifteen  
I'd see  
How late an early girl could be  
But I had more to see,  
And nothing at all to say  
When she  
Decorously  
Said, at nine forty, "Am I very late?"  
And, "Do you like my dress?"  
I must confess  
I had to look her over twice to see  
With any certainty  
She wore a dress at all  
And then I thought the wisp was sure to fall  
If she so much as took a step  
At ten  
We started in to dance with pep  
(The dress, it didn't fall at all!)  
At one,  
When most of our high stepping had been done  
She said I was a very patient dear  
To bear  
Her being late and not to rouse at all  
And I  
Was fairly high  
And liked her even more. The ball  
Had been delightful—but I knew in my heart  
That now the dance was over the night  
Would really start  
In the taxi  
She  
Said confidentially  
"Still like my dress, my own?"  
I said,  
With slow nod of the head,  
"I like you for yourself alone."  
Morris McLean
GIRL on the PAVEMENT

JOHN L. MERTON

She looked out of the window—then she was dead on the pavement. Did she fall?

Now there was nothing wrong with Miss Cheshire that could be detected by the naked eye—nothing at all.

Miss Cheshire had precisely what it takes to get exactly what you want; she had it in the right places, and in just the right quantity. Moreover, she knew how to present it to the best advantage.

There is a very old argument as to whether women dress to appeal consciously to the baser instincts of the male, or whether they dress simply to obey the dictates of fashion, without realising what well-chosen foundation garments and figure-revealing clothes actually generate all too often in the masculine mind.

This argument remains unsettled; but there was little doubt among her male acquaintances that Miss Cheshire knew all the facts.

Hardcastle didn't care. Hardcastle never got as far as analysing Miss Cheshire's motives. He was prepared to take things as he found them; and that, in Miss Cheshire's case, was near enough to the surface to save time and trouble.

He felt sick and staggered back into the room. His brow was clammy.

Hardcastle knew full well that when he and Miss Cheshire stepped out, men looked over their shoulders and stepped under speeding cars but didn't care. He knew that every eye that focussed upon the enviable figure depended from his arm was an envious eye, and he liked to be envied by his fellow men.

But there was something in the world even more desirable than Miss Cheshire, and it was Miss Pimm. Hardcastle found it happier to think of her as Gloria, and he was thinking of her very hard when Miss Pimm telephoned him.

"Sweetheart," he said brusquely, "I am at the moment draped over my..."
couch, a washed-out and badly used specimen of men. Your voice has heartened me. It has given me strength anew. In forty minutes from now I shall be pressing your fingers in the foyer of the Grandiloquent. So long.

The look on Hardcastle's face when he replaced the telephone receiver suggested that Miss Pumm had expressed complete satisfaction. It also conveyed a subtle hint that Miss Pumm had better look to whatever laurel she had left.

That was at six-forty-five.

At six-fifty-five Hardcastle came out of the bathroom, red from the toiling he had given himself. He hummed a little tune and poured himself a generous whisky, which he sipped as he dressed. He had only just reached the stage of pulling his first undergarments from the lowboy when there was a gentle knock at the door.

Hardcastle put on his dressing-gown and opened the door. Miss Cheshire came into the room with a swagger, put her two hands on his shoulders, and leaned against him while she reached up to kiss him. Hardcastle kissed her back as though it was the only thing in the world he wanted. He made it a long, long, clinging kiss: it gave him time to think. By the time Miss Cheshire had pulled herself reluctantly away from his embrace, he had completed the thought process.

"Magnificent lady," he said, "a drink."

He poured the drink. "Will you have it here, or in the bedroom while I dress?" he asked with amusement.

Speaking through the bottom of the glass Miss Cheshire said she'd stay handy to the bottle, adding that Hardcastle would "keep." The time was seven-fifty.

At seven-ten Hardcastle came to the bedroom door and surveyed the Cheshire legs while he tied his Windsor knot. He carefully pulled the knot up under his chin, put an expert finger inside his collar and settled the thing comfortably, and poured himself another drink.

"Speak, magnificent obsession," he commanded.

Miss Cheshire handed him her empty glass. "Fill that," she said.

Hardcastle, hiding his growing impatience, spoke as he poured the whisky. "You didn't drop in just for a drink?" he demanded.

She shook her head. "No, but I'm not in a hurry for food," she told him.

Handing her the glass Hardcastle looked genuinely surprised. "Dinner?" he echoed, "but why didn't you call me up first, darling? I'm terribly sorry about this—"

"You can't make it" Miss Cheshire's words were a statement; a brittle statement.

The worst being over, Hardcastle burnedished his self-confidence and flashed it.

"I'm awfully distressed, darling," he said; "but that's exactly it."

"Who is she?" asked la Cheshire, assuming a light tone and gazing with a little much concentration at her empty glass.

"It's not a she, at all," Hardcastle lied. "It's—ah—a client."

"You don't say?" la Cheshire was unmpressed.

Hardcastle nodded. "Never more surprised in my life," he said. "A chain store magnate. He wants three million Christmas cards—can you imagine what a long line of Christmas cards that would be, laid end to end?"

"No," said Cheshire, "I can't. Any more than I can imagine what three million Christmas cards has to do with not feeding me."

"Well," said Hardcastle easily, "this guy wants twelve different sorts, and he wants to talk to me about the designs for them. He wants rough ideas about themes—you know, a new way of striking the old note, and all that. He said he liked to decide those things over dinner. So that's that."

"I'm glad about the Christmas cards," Cheshire said. "They should pay you well—and you need money right now."

"I've got enough," Hardcastle said before her tone impressed him. "Why should I need money right now?" he demanded.

Cheshire looked at him and got to her feet. She stretched lazily, exhibiting the leanness of her waist and the generous proportions of her curves for his admiration. "Do you," she asked slowly, almost lightly, "see the happy glow of motherhood suffusing my large brown eyes?"

Upon which note she turned towards the window. She stood alongside it, looking down upon the street below. She knew exactly the effect she had created. She did not trust herself to repress the smile that was quivering her lips. She gazed with absorption at the bulbous new cars gliding noiselessly along the street, waiting for Hardcastle to speak.

"Are you sure?" he asked in a strained voice.

"People look funny when seen from above," la Cheshire said irrele vantly. "Come and have a look."

Hardcastle came over to the window and let his arm rest round her shoulder.

"You don't seem very upset by this—news," he said. And then, finding this kind of thing a little difficult, he too gazed down into the street.

"There's nothing in the modern world money can't buy," Miss Cheshire opined, "there's no evil it won't cure. Aren't you glad about the Christmas cards, darling?"

Hardcastle's thoughts are his own. His eyes and mouth hardened as if to say, "Well, you gold-digging little bitch!" But he remembered what Mother's Day stood for and said, "What do you want—to get married?"

"That would be a rather nice answer," Miss Cheshire said "I mean, if you really couldn't marry me, well, you could give me—" She broke off, and stood gazing thoughtfully down the three storeys into the street below. "Yes," she almost whispered, "you could give me—let us say—"

Her words ended in a little gasp. She swayed forward, threw out her arms, and then almost gracefully somersaulted out of the window. Hardcastle saw a flurry of lovely silken legs threshing in a sea of satin silk and lace. Then he felt sick and staggered back into the room. His brow was clumpy. The hand that poured the whisky was unsteady. He contemplated his position without any inner satisfaction at all. What was the bleakest reconstruction of such a case as this? Was there any room for doubt at all about his
guilt, having pushed her down to her death?"

The time was seven-twenty.
The taxi did its best, but Hardcastle was late meeting Miss Pimm. Gloria was sitting in the foyer with a very neat pair of legs crossed so that their shape was not lost, with a skirt which was half-length when she stood up, but mysteriously couldn't manage to cover her dimpled knee when she sat down.

"Hardy old man," she said, "you're late."

Hardcastle followed through his line of thought. "Yes," he said, "I'm late. Beastly business, though."

Gloria Pimm looked at him and said, "Why, Hardy, my old bear, you're quite shaken up, aren't you?"

"Beastly business, beastly," he muttered. "Let's go grab a drink, eh?"

They sat in the lounge and the waiter brought them two half-brandy.

They eyed each other over the rim of the glasses before they drank, and Gloria said "cheers."

"Can you tell me," Hardcastle asked, sipping his drink, "why you can't buy a bottle of brandy without a doctor's certificate, but you can drink it ad lib in the pub?"

"And after hours, too!" Gloria said. "My, you drink quickly."

"But go, I needed that, after that beastly business," her companion said.

"Well, you've been hinting at it darkly enough; it's probably so beastly you'd better not tell me," she said. Hardcastle considered this a moment. Then he gave. "You wouldn't want to hear about a woman jumping from a high building and spreading herself all over the footpath, would you?" he demanded.

"Goodness, where?" she asked.

"Is this real, or is it an idea for one of your crazy verses?"

"It's real enough," Hardcastle said. "I only missed seeing it by a second."

"Where were you? Where did it happen?" she asked.

"Right outside my place," he told her. "Poor little devil. I must have been riding down in the lift when she jumped—" He stopped.

"Yes?" prompted Gloria Pimm.

"I mean," he said, "I must have been riding down in the lift when it happened."

He had suddenly remembered that if anybody else had been in the automatic lift when the Cheshire went up to his flat—well, it wasn't indicated as a good thing to have witnesses that she was visiting him.

Gloria started talking about the races. Hardcastle thought it was time to go in to dinner. Gloria kept chattering through three courses of food and a bottle of sparkling burgundy, and Hardcastle did his best to follow her talk with one lobe of his brain while he sorted out his problems with the other. Certainly, he decided, it was the best move to keep his appointment with Gloria Pimm. And he had to keep on being normal—just upset enough to have seen something nasty... He could think the rest out later...

He got up from the table. "Let's go some place and dance, eh?" he asked—"or on to a show?"

The better half of a bottle of sparkling burgundy hadn't helped Gloria, who was a forthright little creature anyway.

"You know," she said with thick deliberateness, "I feel very lazy and comfy. Let's go to your place and have nice, cozy lil' drinks, eh?"

This was the kind of thing Hardcastle had dreamed about: the very dream that put the brightness into his voice when he promised to meet her; but that seemed a long time ago.

"Seems a dull evening for a little ball of fire like you," he said. After all, he thought, it might help his whole story to have her go up with him... but he must not seem anxious.

"I'm not a lil' ball of fire," she said with the same thick, deliberate voice. "I'm a glow-worm you'd ought to see me in the dark!" She giggled, and winked knowingly. "Lazy lil' glow-worms," she insisted, "take me up to your place and give me a glow."

"If that suits you I'd love to," Hardcastle said, realizing suddenly that he wasn't particularly amorous of mood right then. He put her in a taxi and took her across town. She was on his arm when they went into the big block of city flats where he lived on the ninth floor. There was a caretaker in the foyer, reading a paper. He looked up as Hardcastle came in and said "Good evening, sir. Bad news, eh?"

Hardcastle felt the muscles of his face flex. "What's that?"

"Sorry—don't you know, sir? Never mind now." He gave a meaning glance at the girl. Hardcastle nodded and the lift door opened. Two people from the ninth got out and nodded to Hardcastle, casting a
swift glance at the clinging Gloria. Hardcastle took her upstairs and ushered her in. "There’s the drink," he said. "Help yourself while I totter out and look for some mail." Gloria threw her hat and bag on an armchair and weaved her way to the cocktail cabinet. Hardcastle went down in the lift and said to the caretaker, "What’s this news you mentioned?"

"Girl fell out of a window upstairs," he said.

Hardcastle didn’t know whether to say he’d seen the girl—that would mark the time he went out. He made the plunge, however; he’d told Gloria. "Yes, I saw it as I went out," he said. "Who was she?"

"They’re working on that now," the caretaker said. "Nobody seems to know her."

"Not a tenant then?"

"Positively. Probably visiting somebody—having a bit of an affair with one of the bachelors—sorry, no offence, Mr. Hardcastle."

Hardcastle, whose affairs were notorious, grinned and shrugged. "O.K., Pete," he said. He was on his way up in the lift again, sorting over the new information, when he remembered he hadn’t thought to ask for the mail. He couldn’t very well go back.

Gloria was curled up on the lounge. She held a half-empty glass at a tipsy angle and squinted, smiling, at Hardcastle as he came back. She patted the lounge near where she sprawled, and pursed her lips. Hardcastle sat down, took the glass from her, and put it on a coffee table. Then he kissed her.

When Gloria tippled decided it was time to go and reached for her handbag, she slipped back the catch and then, with a start, said "This isn’t mine."

"What isn’t yours?"

Gloria held up the handbag. "Another woman, eh? Double-crosser."

"You ever made love to another man?" Hardcastle challenged. Gloria was too happy to be insulted. She shrugged and giggled. "You ought to know," she said. "You ought to be glad I had the experience."

She was standing, feet apart, before the long mirror, straightening the belt of her dress, trying to pull it back into its right lines; she dropped the bag down on the dressing-table and went back to the lounge and found her own bag. When she came back Hardcastle was looking at it. His pulse was pounding. What else had he overlooked? He wandered out of the bedroom and glanced quickly around the lounge, but he could see nothing. Nothing hard to explain. He still held the handbag, and he thrust it into a cupboard. Gloria came out, a frown ruffling the smooth skin between her eyes.

"Whose bag was that?" she demanded.

Hardcastle took her in his arms and stroked her back. "Don’t be jealous after such a lovely night, pigeon," he said. "It was my mother’s."

"Oh yeah?" Gloria said coarsely. "Would you like to drop it into her in the morning?" Hardcastle asked. "Explain that you found it at half past two a.m. when you were getting respectable again?"

He dropped his head and kissed her on the mouth.

"You beast," she said. "Give it to her yourself."

"Wise girl, eh?" Hardcastle said. "Now come along and we’ll find a taxi."

He guided her out and put her into a taxi that cruised past. He paid the driver and mentioned the address Gloria Panin had given him. When he went upstairs again he suddenly fell blue. The problem hadn’t been with him while Gloria was there; now he had nothing to do or think about. Nothing but the curious circumstances in which he had been suddenly placed.

The office occupied by Hardcastle at Perfecton Productions was, in the official language of the place, a cubicle. A small, enclosed space furnished with a small bookshelf, a small desk on which reposed a reading lamp, a typewriter, an inkwell and pen stand, and a heap of paper. The top drawer on the right-hand side held an unruly sheaf of clippings and calendars and greeting cards. The drawer below it held reserves of stationery, sketch pads and pencils.

This was the entire plant of the ten by ten factory wherein Hardcastle made the plans and specifications for greeting cards, birthcards, congratulation cards, calendars, Christmas cards, and all the other useless bits of paper that people sent to other people as a sign of friendship.

The mumble-jumbo of the business may not have been known to Hardcastle alone, but he was an adept at it. He apparently never did any work at all; but the rough sketches and the little verses tumbled out with a facile regularity, and the business staff, the printing staff, and the boss, all shared a belief that some peculiar alchemy was involved in their production.

Hardcastle went into his cubicle and shut the door. He then shut the window because he didn’t like draughts. He switched on the reading lamp, pushed his typewriter aside, tidied up the scribbling paper, and spread out the news.

The news said that Leila Chishure, 27, had been found dead on a pavement, that she had fallen from a high window, and that the police were investigating.

Hardcastle read the news. He continued to stare at the broadsheet open on his desk, but he did not read anything more. He had put a lot of faith in the newspaper; he expected splash headlines telling him the details of how the body was found; he expected some clue to what the police believed about the death; he fully expected to see a report that finished with "an early arrest is expected"—because, in his mind, it was most obvious that she had been pushed or thrown out of window, whatever the truth might be.

Miss Murphy, coming in with the morning mail for him, noticed that Hardcastle had shaved badly, that his hair was only half combed, and that his face was drawn.

About this she said nothing—until she was outside again. "Hardy’s been on a great binge," she told the girls. "The marks of sin are all over his face—put there with a branding iron, I’d say."

Hardcastle would have been grateful for the thought; he had not even any warning as to how bedraggled
and ill-kempt he really looked. And his thoughts continued to veer away from the matter of personal neatness as he gazed blindly at the spread sheet before him. He was thinking.

Presently he re-read the news about Leila Cheshire. He picked up a pair of scissors to clip it out, and then thought it would be a very foolish thing to do. He put the scissors down and threw the newspaper into the waste bin. Then he drew over a scribble block with some notes on it.

"Engagement card," he read; "five varieties."

He put his elbow on the desk and ruffled his fingers through his hair.

"Oh, hell?"

He allowed his head to rest on his hand. What in the name of heaven would you print neatly on a tasteful card that could be sold commercially for sending to newly-engaged couples?

Idly he scribbled, "I've taken my fun where I found it—and now I'll settle down." He giggled at the idea, and scratched the pencil through it. He thought that the truth on some of these engagement cards would be funny, if not altogether conventional. A nice little ivory board with the neat copperplate inscription: "The last guy wouldn't have her—why you?"—Yes, he decided, there'd be a definite line for candid cards. Damn it all, they had candid cameras, didn't they? Kipling's line came up again in his mind: "I've taken my fun where I found it, and now I must pay for my fun..."

"I must pay for my fun... I must pay for my fun..." The words kept asserting themselves in Hardcastle's mind. He pushed his chair back and lit a cigarette. Suddenly and very vividly he remembered the horribly sprawled figure on the pavement last night, the unsteady melange of green silk and lacy underthings and the grotesquely twisted silken limbs distorted by the force of the fall. He picked up the scribbler, tore off his useless notes, and balled them viciously in the palm of his hand. He opened the bottom drawer and pulled out a half-empty whiskey bottle, and a murky glass. His hand shook as he poured the raw spirit into the glass—two fingers of it—and tossed it down. It burnt through him. He corked the bottle and put it back in his desk. The twisted body was still before his mind's eye, and between it and him Gloria Pumm's oval face with its baby dimples and wide eyes, and a round, bare shoulder, seemed to hover. He threw away his half-smoked cigarette and lit another.

The jangling of the telephone bell made him jump. His nerves were certainly in a state. He gazed at the instrument—only yesterday he had spoken to Miss Cheshire on it with some feeling of pleasure—as if it were a thing of horror. He did not pick it up until it jangled again. When he spoke into it his voice was a croak.

"Gentlemen to see you, Mr. Hardcastle," said the girl.

"Who is he?" Hardcastle asked.

The reality of the switch-girl's voice in his ear did a little to steady him. "There are two of them; I don't know their names," the girl said.

"Sit them down," he said, and jerked the receiver back onto its hook.

There was no doubt at all who was being shown to a seat in the reception room. Two of them. Hardcastle knew very well the sort of men who went around in pairs. And now they were sitting in the reception room. He paced his small cubicle. What was he going to say to them? Perhaps he could ask them to come back—"the old stall," he used to call it, when he was out to la Cheshire or to Margerie Lasalle or to Gloria Pumm. Yes, he'd try to give them the old stall.

He reached out for the telephone to tell the switch girl a fairy tale, and there was a discreet tap on his door. A moment later the door opened Hardcastle's throat went dry.

Two small, grey men stood in the doorway. They might have been two of the seven dwarfs, but they certainly weren't policemen.

"May we come in?" asked the balder of the two in a small voice. Hardcastle heard himself saying automatically, "Certainly, certainly. Won't you sit down?"

The speaker sat down on the only guest chair the cubicle sported; Hard-
castle insisted the second little man should sit in his own chair. Then he excused himself for a moment and went into the reception desk.

"Why the blazes did you send those men down?" he demanded.

The switch-girl-receptionist looked up from her novel. "Didn't you say send them down?" she asked idly.

"No, I said sit them down—there—in those chairs there! But it's too late now. Keep your ears open next time," he fumed, and went back to his visitors. Thank god the girl's mistake hadn't been serious. Next time it might be two other, bigger, younger men, and then the mistake would be bad.

By the time Hardcastle returned to his office he had composed himself to discuss whatever business the two dwarfs had in mind. He managed to get some briskness into his voice as he put the "what can I do for you?"

"My name," conveyed the baldness of the two, "is Hacinth. I am the president of the cry home of the Country Orphans' Society."

Hardcastle started mentally to rehearse a little speech which refused a donation to this good cause. He covered the pause by offering cigarettes which the elderly gentlemen refused with some gentle reproachfulness of manner.

"We thought you might like to be informed," Mr. Hacinth said, "that one of your—er—excellent little mottoes has been of very great encouragement to our movement."

He paused expectantly.

Hacinth's mottoes and greeting cards had never before received this appreciation; he was more surprised than impressed, but his mind turned over the matter unusually quickly.

"How do you know it's mine?" he asked.

"We made inquiries of the management, by mail," Mr. Hacinth answered.

"And now—?" Hardcastle's voice contained a query.

"We have a home for Country Orphans out in what might be described as the near-bushland," Mr. Hacinth said deliberately. "Some people might prefer to say the outer suburbs, but I believe it is more accurate to describe the district as the near-bushland. Forty miles out...

Forty miles out, to Hardcastle, was the backblocks. "And—?" he prompted.

"And we are having a sports day, Mr. Hardcastle; and we believe that you might consent to present the prizes to the orphans."

Hacinth was staggered.

"What?" he asked in a cautious, non-committal voice.

"To present the prizes to the orphans!" exclaimed Mr. Hacinth, as if repeating an obvious fact for a partially deaf old lady.

Hardcastle had to find a soft way of saying no, and this demanded a moment in which to find the right phrase.

"Why me, my dear sir?" he asked. "Surely that motto isn't as important as all that."

"There are two reasons," Mr. Hacinth was being patient, obviously being patient. "The first is that you are, unwittingly, the author of our school motto—our official motto." He stressed the word official. "The other is that a man who expresses such noble sentiments so finely must be, to say the least, a fine and sympathetic human. There are any number of pompous, smug men who would love the publicity of the occasion."

Mr. Hacinth went on, "but we prefer a man whose kindly thoughts and simple human dignity will leave the mark of an upright personality in the minds of the poor little folk—we like them to see and hear men they can admire and look up to, whose example they can copy...

It seemed clear that Mr. Hacinth could say a lot about this. Hardcastle stopped listening at that point, however, and while Hacinth's small voice flowed on, the motto-writer was smitten with a wonderful idea—Hacinth, after all, was a true godsend. Here was a wonderfully legitimate way of getting out of town for a few days until the affair of the Cheshire had been settled...

Hacinth didn't complete the thought in his own mind. He nodded slowly and said, "I see exactly what you mean, Mr. Hacinth. I sincerely feel worthy of such a trust, and you may be sure you exaggerate my worthiness."

To himself he thought, "Hello! I'm starting to talk like he talks!" Aloud he completed: "However, if I am acceptable, I feel it a duty to do something to help these children.

"To help them further," Mr. Hacinth said solemnly.

"To help them further," Hardcastle dutifully repeated in what was, he hoped, a voice of true humility.

"Excellent, excellent!" beamed Mr. Hacinth.

His little partner made his first and only contribution to the proceedings. "Excellent!" he echoed. Hardcastle made an effort to stop himself saying "excellent" as well; he was now solidly of the opinion that the happy escape from the city was, indeed, excellent. Then he braked up.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "if I am going to do this I had better clean up. When shall I come—today?"

"Tomorrow," Mr. Hacinth corrected. Details were quickly finalized, and Hardcastle called them back as they went out to ask one more question.

"What, gentlemen, is the motto of mine which has become so important in your school?"

Mr. Hacinth paused. When the bees of trouble round you swarm And clouds of trouble above you form, Your life is tested—don't disgrace it, Square your shoulders! Stop and face it!

After which Mr. Hacinth turned his back and walked briskly away, followed by his silent partner.

Hardcastle sat down and mopped his brow. "Stop and face it," he muttered. He told the switch girl he would have to be out of town for a few days, and told her why. Then he told her he couldn't speak to or see anybody else because he was cleaning up to get away. Then he sat back and lit another cigarette and said with a wry grin, "Stop and face it—like hell!"

He felt happier than he had felt all morning. And he found the spirit to ring up Gloria Pumm late in the afternoon and suggest that last night was so happy that it could be repeated. Gloria giggled and said something about being once bitten, but Hardcastle briskly returned,
"You'll be there, you little two-timer!"
And so she was.

The Shallow Springs hotel faced the Shallow Springs railway station, from which it was five miles by road to the orphans' country estate. The orphans' car was not at the station when the train arrived, but the Shallow Springs hotel was, so Hardcastle did the obvious thing. When he came out the car, a small two-seater, was drawn up across the road, but there was no driver in it.

Hardcastle shipped a breath-sweetener into his mouth while it seemed wrong to approach all those dear little children while contaminated by alcohol. Then he waited on the footpath for the driver of the car.

There was, crossing the road, a very well-made young woman in riding breeches and starched white shirt, amply open at the neck but tightly drawn about a generously curving figure. Hardcastle found it hard not to study this young woman in detail as she came closer. He was surprised, but not displeased, when she strode up to him, shook her thumbs into his belt, thus drawing attention to a pleasingly slender waist, and said in a hearty, out-door way, "Would you be Mr. Hardcastle?"

Mr. Hardcastle said yes, he would. He spoke absently, for he believed he detected about the girl an aura of, say, gin.

"Have you just been over for a drink?" he asked.

The large brown eyes stared right into Hardcastle's face, and a rich voice said, "I've been to the post-office," in a tone which left no room for doubt.

"Have you been drinking?" she demanded.

Hardcastle was going to make a quip about being a hobby student of hotel architecture, but did not. He studied the well-starched white shirt and thought it was a pity.

"It's pretty hot, you know," he evaded.

"Mr. Hacinth will be very disappointed," she told him. "Very disappointed."

The little two-seater bumped on the rutty gravel road that went five miles out to the scene of the doings. Hardcastle was not displeased when he was thrown against the softness of the driver's arm; he was slow to retract to his corner, but a stiffening of the arm, and a slight movement of it, indicated his course of action to him. He sat as far away from her as he could and rehearsed to himself the noble character he had assumed temporarily, as part of his responsibility.

The matron—cum—sports-mistress of the home had been chosen because she was young—aessential, Mr. Hacinth said, in holding young people; because she was lovely—beauty should be theirs in every way, Mr. Hacinth said; and because she was virtuous, obviously, strictly so. She was the female counterpart of the high-minded Hardcastle.

On his own part, Hardcastle, as he saw her, wasably, coolly, quickly at work on the organising of foot-races and high jumps for the vocal mob of youngsters, felt that more promising careers and more suitable settings were available to so charming a young woman.

"What's her name?" he asked Hacinth.

"Jennifer Johnson," Mr. Hacinth said, adding hastily, "Miss Johnson. A lovely and charming woman."

Hardcastle agreed.

He engaged her briefly in conversation a number of times throughout the morning. It seemed perfectly obvious to him that the young people whose motto in life he had so unwittingly forged, were completely unaware and careless of his presence; and he was relieved. His mental vision of sticky-fingered youngsters clawing at the impeccably pressed trouser knees had been a groundless fear, and he was glad.

"I hope," Mr. Hacinth said, "that you are happy to see these young people so full of enjoyment."

"Very," Hardcastle said.

"Have you some special message for them when you come to present the cups and prizes they are at present winning?" Hacinth asked.

"I have a few words that I've reflected on," Hardcastle said non-committally.

"Good," beamed Hacinth. "I'd like Miss Johnson to give you some idea of the kind of young people you're about to speak to. A lovely young woman, Mr. Hardcastle. She is among women whom you are among men—she has never married because she has an extreme distaste to the coarseness and vulgarity of habits common to men—spitting, smoking, and such things. Her life is devoted to the young."

"Fine," Hardcastle murmured, but his heart was not in it.

But Miss Johnson proved a little more understanding than he had expected. She came over to him at lemonade-time and offered him a tight roll of paper.

"I suppose you've attended so many of these functions, Mr. Hardcastle," she said. "Perhaps you'd care to glance at the paper while we're running the final events?"

Hardcastle thanked her. He returned to the shade of a tree and commenced to scan the news. It was on page two, and he was thankful it hadn't yet made headlines. But it suspected foul play in the matter of the death fall of Leila Cheshire, and a state-wide hunt was in progress for a man whom, the police believed, might be able to throw light on the matter. Hardcastle suddenly realised that publication of names was not possible until he had been formally charged. This, at all events, made him safe. He gained a strong conviction that the orphanage might be a very safe place—and after the speech he made as he presented the cups and prizes late in the afternoon, it was easy to secure an invitation to spend the night under the roof.

That speech, inspired by a fervent desire to receive the invitation, was what Hardcastle mentally dubbed a pippin among pippins. He himself was moved almost to tears by the tender sentiments he expressed. He consciously addressed himself to Miss Hacinth and Miss Johnson, what he said about his own childhood struggles, was calculated to impress them as much as the children—"the other children" Hardcastle mentally remarked—present.

And the invitation was duly forthcoming.

There was a brief spell after the simple, simple evening meal, during which Hardcastle was left in the library with a volume of Tennyson and a book of common prayer. He
blinked at the sight of somebody else's verses, and thought becoming aware for the first time that he was not a pioneer in this field of writing. 

"Better stuff than mine," he muttered a couple of times, and this led him back to his original thought—gift to the school. "Stay and face it!" he muttered; "stay and face it? Not 'arf!"

And it was at this precise moment that Miss Johnson entered the library and, closing the door gently, came over and said to him, "Mr. Hardcastle—if you were going to take a walk in the garden, say down the lane of elms, somebody might be wanting to speak to you. Yes?"

Tennyson dropped to the floor, and the book of common prayer was placed hastily on the table. Wondering about the reliability of his ears, Hardcastle got to his feet. With forced casualness he said, "Funny thing, Jenn— I'm sorry, I mean Miss Johnson, I was thinking of stretching my legs."

She gave an understanding nod and left him as quickly and silently as she had come. With an air of forced casualness Hardcastle wandered through the French windows onto the verandah, down onto the path, and stopping once or twice to inspect a rosebush in the dusk, made his way to the lane of elms.

Miss Johnson had beaten him to it. Her starched white shirt had become a barge and satiny blouse of the same open-necked, sporty kind that such figures as hers should wear more often. He came towards her under the trees, and pressed her arm. "I thought you'd be here," he said. Her brown eyes gleamed at him. He felt that the moment was almost right to kiss her. With restraint, he waited a moment, to make sure.

"I had to come," she said. And with that Hardcastle gathered her to himself and kissed her in the manner to which, he thought, she was quite unaccustomed. He was pleasantly wrong about that. After too long a time she put her little hands against his shoulders and pressed him back from her.

"That was a great liberty, Mr. Hardcastle," she said.

"Jennifer—" he began, and stopped. He had nothing to say. He had no precedent as to what one might say to a pure girl like Jennifer Johnson.

"Tell me," she said suddenly, filling the gap. "You're a—well, an imposter, aren't you?"

Hardcastle's mouth opened, but no sound came.

"You didn't mean a word of what you said today," she chided him. "I know—you're not that type."

Hardcastle's shrewd mind told him to say nothing at this moment.

"Aren't the police looking for you over the Cheshire case?" she asked.

Hardcastle echoed. "Police—for me—over—?"

"It can't have escaped your notice," she said, and while he followed her words Hardcastle realised that she was still leaning nicely and heavily against his chest. "It can't have escaped your notice," she repeated. "It's in the paper—the paper I lent you."

"But—but—I don't—"

Miss Johnson interrupted smartly. "Don't say you don't know her," she said. "I've seen you with her."

"You've—?" Hardcastle's voice conveyed his amazement.
"Yes," she said. "And she was found outside your place, wasn't she? I happened to remember your address."

"You—my address?" Hardcastle was certain, now, that he couldn't be hearing aright.

"And the police are looking for a man—for you?" she finished, as a query.

"It hadn't occurred to me at all," Hardcastle said.

She leaned away from him, and hooking her arm in his, led him down the deep shadow of the elm lane, noiselessly across the grass.

"We can talk in the car," she said.

"My car."

"The orphanage car?" he queried.

"Used by them up till now," she said, "but my own private property."

"The old boy will miss us," Hardcastle said.

"I told him you had returned early," Jennifer said, "and didn't wish to be disturbed."

"And you?"

"I told him I was going into town."

They walked on silently, climbed into the car, and she drove him down the drive and out along the country road. Under the shade of a spreading peppercorn tree they braked to a standstill.

"The police case against you will be pretty black," she said.

"How would you know?"

She smiled. "I was discussing it with our local sergeant this morning. He's had a confidential statement of it, and he's on the lookout for you."

"And?" he queried.

"They have the taxi-driver who drove her to your address," Jennifer said coolly; "two of your neighbours saw her outside your flat a few minutes before she was found; the girl Pimm that you used as an alibi was no good because she knew the exact time you met her—she remembered it because you were late and she was counting the minutes. And they know how long it took you, because they found the taxi-driver who drove you to the hotel and the waiters and everybody recognised you. It was a near miss, but it's definitely a miss as alibis go," she said calmly.

"But—but—it wasn't an alibi," he said. "It was just—"

"Wait!" There was authority in Jennifer's voice. "The Pimm girl told the police about the handbag. A glove found under a mussed-up sofa matched the glove Chesterine was wearing. You betrayed anxiety to the caretaker of the flats late in the evening. And the case is fairly well set up that you pushed her out."

"But I—"

Jennifer Johnson said, "I know, motive. She was going to have a baby." Hardcastle gasped. "You didn't know?" Jennifer continued. "Well, the prosecution will be that you did know, that she tried to shake you down for some money, that you were sick of her, and pushed her out of the window. That's how I see it. That's how it could be. Additional facts—your distraught air at the office the following morning; witnesses, two girls typists. And your escape from town under this—flimsy pretext."

Hardcastle stiffened. "A tissue of bloody lies," he said heatedly. "And you—what do you expect out of this?"

Jennifer toyed with the gear shift, a slow smile at the corner of her
mouth, a bright look in her big brown eyes. "Well—what about a little something for the orphanage?" she suggested. "A donation of a couple of hundred, say? It's a good work, you know."

"And for you?" he demanded ironically.

"For me? Enough to get out of the deadly place so that I live again," she said.

"Well—" he was about to say something, but swiftly changed his mind and with the old, cynical Hardcastle grin he said, "Well, hardly. Why did you do it?"

"Somewhere to hole out until a little bit of something blew over," she said darkly, "and I've had it. Get me out of here."

"Now?"

"My clothes are in the back," she said.

"And the donation for the orphanage?"

"We post that back, registered mail," she said.

"And if not?" he asked.

"I scream blue murder until somebody comes, or I drive you to the village jail."

Hardcastle looked at her again, and pulled her over to him and kissed her "I have it your way," he said. "You aren't bad, really, are you?"

She smiled and started the car. They detoured Shallow Springs, and they detoured the next two towns, they swung off along a cart-track and came back to the main road and knocked up a garage and got some altogether unnecessary help replacing headlight lamps that Hardcastle had expertly short-circuited, just to prove that they were travelling north, to the city, not south, from it. Then they went into town and pulled into a hotel yard.

At ten o'clock at night there was nobody in the hall of the hotel but an old cleaner, and they told him, too, that they were coming up from south and were delayed by headlight trouble.

He went to fetch the boss.

In the empty hall Jennifer tipped up to his ear and whispered, "Did you push her, really?"

Hardcastle shook his head. "My god no," he said emphatically. She searched his face for a moment. The shirt-sleeved manager was coming slowly down the stairs.

"I believe you," she said crisply, in a quite normal voice.

Then she turned to the approaching manager and said, "Double room for Mr. and Mrs. Johnson—one with a view?"

The manager handed the astonished Hardcastle a pen and pointed to a space in the register. He pulled a key down from the hook and threw it on the desk.

Jennifer said sweetly, "How often do they clear the mails here? My husband wants to post an urgent cheque."

Going up the stairs Hardcastle asked, "How did you know that I'd been around with Cheshire—and how did you know my address?"

"I used to work in the office at your favorite pub," she said, "and sent out your accounts. I've seen you with her dozens of times—and I liked you even then."

She took his arm and nestled against him. "Take me back to life, man," she said. "And don't forget the cheque for the children."

Even Lloyds shook their heads

To-day Life Assurance is a recognized virtue but once it shocked even imperturbable Lloyds

Strange for modern minds, but perhaps there was just a tinge of jealousy prompting this motion. For modern life assurance grew out of marine insurance. In those adventurous days, as now, owners insured their cargoes and ships for each voyage, and in due course the captain also was insured against capture by pirates or death for the duration of the voyage.

Probably the first recorded case of life insurance on land was that of "William Gybbons, citizen and salter of London," who is said to have bought a year's protection for £32. He died within the year, and his heirs collected £400. No doubt the neighbours raised suspicious eyebrows.

To-day, however, life assurance is a vital power for good in the land, and the Australian Life Assurances Offices render a service (both to their policy holders and to the nation) which is unequalled by any other group of institutions.
WHEN the town of Ballarat was still just a collection of huts and muddy tracks, William Cross Yuille was a man of great consequence in the district, because he grazed his sheep and his cattle and grew his crops on land which no other man had bothered to claim. He was happy in the fact that here was a Utopia of his own, deep in the silent wilderness of Australia. Yuille employed only a few men on his station and they were men who preferred the wide open spaces to the hustle of city life.

As he watched a couple of lonely prospectors washing gold in a creek near his property, Yuille was benevolent and friendly. They could try if they wanted to, but it was unlikely that gold of any value would be found in the district. After their work, the prospectors would often come to the homestead for a meal and a talk, but as he entertained them, William Cross Yuille little knew that these men would menace his freedom and prosperity.

One day, almost a year later, Yuille rode across his land and saw the wagons of more prospectors dotting his fields. With picks and shovels they tore up his earth, scarifying the land which provided fodder for his herds, despoiling the fences and raising their tents beneath the shade of his trees. The people looked at him with fever in their eyes. They
were no ordinary working people, they were men who knew they could get rich if they dragged the wealth from the earth. Menacingly, they raised their picks and shovels and Yuille retreated to his horse. He saw it was useless to argue.

And still they came, more men and more wagons. They built houses in Ballarat, stores, inns, banks and offices. It became a gold-rush town. Outside the town, the land which had once been the Utopia of William Cross Yuille, became scarred with the mines of the gold-seekers, and with all the turmoil of the race for wealth.

Yuille was forced to retire from his station, revenge in his heart for those who had invaded his land. With deliberate planning, he went to Melbourne and opened a betting office there, which made him a richer man than he had ever been in Ballarat. And in getting rich William Cross Yuille achieved his ambition for revenge, for through his office flowed the wealth of Ballarat—gold from the land he had been forced to vacate. Even though they left the boundaries of Ballarat, rich men, the miners of Victoria’s gold-rush town could never resist the chance of making more at Yuille’s betting office, and Yuille’s revenge was as sweet as it was complete.

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South fought against the issue, but finally the clause was put to the vote and was included in the historic document.

But even after the document was finally drawn up, there were quarrels and discussion over it. Many demanded that the slave clause be deleted.

In spite of all these quarrels, Congress signed the Declaration and America won its war. Years later a man named Thomas Jefferson, who had made a startling speech in Congress, became the third President of the United States. But even in his new and exalted position, the President could not alter something which had been done twenty years previously. He could not bring back his lost clause. For, tragic, as it may seem, the lost clause of Thomas Jefferson can be seen to-day on the original and guarded copy of the Declaration of Independence, a clause heavily inked out and cancelled, by the request of the Southern States. And every American knows to-day that if it had been left to stand, and if Congress had not made that tragic blunder, the war against slavery—America's Civil War—a hundred years later, might have been prevented.

** * * * * * **

There were 460 immigrants on the "Duke of Westminster" as she drew into Brisbane on December 6th, 1884. Travelling steerage, they had had a rough journey from London. Among them was a twenty-year-old youth, seven stone in weight and little more than five feet in height. In London this English youth, whose Christian name was William, had been a student-teacher handling a class of ninety, so it was logical that his first move would be to apply for a post with the Department of Education in Brisbane. He was offered one at a bush school in Queensland at a salary of £72 a year, but after making enquiries and calculations on the cost of living, he found he would be left only £7 a year, so he turned the job down.

William's small capital was soon exhausted and he was forced to pawn almost everything he possessed to buy food. Then he was offered a job by a German pineapple plantation manager. For fourteen hours a day he picked pineapples for the reward of 10/- a week and keep. From the plantation he drifted to Western Queensland and became a tally clerk in a railway shed, a grape-picker in a vineyard, a keeper cutter, a shearer, and an odd-job man at a cattle station.

He then volunteered in the Queensland Defence Force which was raised to meet the expected Russian invasion and he was sent to Thursday Island to work on a coal hulk. But the Russians did not come and the little private returned to civilian life. He became a drover, and worn out after a heavy day's work, he slept on the ground outdoors.

8 "IRON YAMPI" (12,500 tons), the largest ship built in Australia, photographed just prior to her launching on September 1, 1947, at The Rock Hill Proprietary Co Ltd. shipyard, Whyalla, South Australia. When fitting-out is completed, this vessel will join the BHP fleet of eight ore-carrying steamers, her main job being the transport of iron ore from newly developed deposits at Cockatoo Island, Yampi Sound, Western Australia, to steel works at Newcastle and Port Kembla, New South Wales.
During a heavy frost and had his hearing permanently damaged. From droving, William turned to the sea and became cook and steward on an island ketch. Six years from the day he had landed in Brisbane, he found himself in Sydney and for the first time he obtained a steady job. It was a "super" in George Rignold's Shakespearian Company. He received 12/6 a week, and after his rent was paid, he was left with 7/6 for food and clothes.

Then William married, and finding his wages inadequate, he settled down in a ramshackle shop in Balmain as a knife-grinder, second-hand bookseller and general odd-job man. He met two kindred spirits whose ambitions were to become politicians, and together, the three of them formed a debating club on the shop premises.

Surprising as it may seem, the three men in later years took their place in the political and public world in Australia, for the young immigrant reached full fruition when he became Prime Minister of Australia, and his two friends became a Premier and a Judge respectively. The immigrant was William Morris Hughes, and his two colleagues were Holman and Beeby.

TO Wullie, as he looked over the orchard fence, the pears were very desirable. Wullie was an old hand at robbing orchards and the activity represented his only means of livelihood. He knew well enough that if he were caught, the farmers of Sudbury would have no qualms in hauling him before the magistrates, but Wullie was as cunning as a fox.

He hesitated now as he looked at the pears, but he was in need of the pence they would bring when he sold them in a neighbouring village. He looked around furtively and commenced to climb the fence.

Suddenly he dropped back and leaned over the fence, a picture of innocence. A man was approaching, coming from the house that stood before the orchard. He peered at Wullie suspiciously and Wullie stared back, first at the man and then at the box of paints the man held in his hand. Wullie would not...
walk away because he knew that would confirm the man's suspicions that Wullie was not the casual observer he hoped he appeared.

Then the man picked up a board and began to paint, and still Wullie looked on, until at last the man went back into the house, and Wullie, with one last look at the pears, went on his way.

As neighbours passed the orchard next day, they stopped to look at a picture on the orchard fence, a quickly-drawn picture of a man. Several of the people who saw the picture recognised the likeness to a man they had seen hanging around their orchards and whom they had suspected of taking their fruit, but they had never got close enough to him to discover his identity.

Wullie was found, and was brought before a committee of farmers. Doggedly he denied having plundered their orchards, but at last his spirit broke, and he confessed to the offence.

Then came the problem of Wullie's punishment. The obvious thing was to take him before the magistrates, but, said one farmer, that would gain them nothing, whereas the Army needed men, and if Wullie could creep on the enemy as silently as he had crept upon their orchards, he was just the man the Army wanted.

The alternatives were placed before the trembling Wullie and he chose the Army, rather than a court sentence.

History records nothing of Wullie's Army career, indeed his only justification for entering this story is that he was the unconscious instrument by which the career of a great man began, a career that gave the world one of its most eminent painters. It was a simple incident which caused the painter, who had taken but a casual interest in art, to believe that he had true talent. Encouraged by his neighbours, he continued to paint and one of his most famous pictures is "Blue Boy," because the artist was none other than the immortal Thomas Gainsborough.
Talking Points

• COVER GIRL: Yes, there’s some thing in those eyes—that face. Once in a while you find you’d rather look at a face than a figure, one of those faces that just gets you and gets at you, and that’s the face of Susan Hayward. When the photograph was taken she was not drunk, as in “A Woman Destroyed,” but more likely getting ready for the glamor role she plays as she gracefully glides through the night life of the “Lost Moment.” Susan is one of Universal-International films are very proud of.

“The Lost Moment” is, incidentally, about a female Jekyll and Hyde, and that’s Susan. By day, a coldly unemotional type, by night quite a card. What a thought!

• McLEOD LESS: Our hatred for Morris McLeod is based on the fact that he can’t take anything very seriously—and insists on doing it in what he calls verse. The rather erratic tastes of the new series “Lifes of Life” (page 77), is his protest against “free verse”; he says that writing any sort of verse is dead easy, and that with a little practice he is sure he could carry on conversations in verse instead of prose. In fact, he has done this for limited times, usually at parties, not so much to prove entertainment, as to prove to all assembled that poetry is “the bunk.”

Anyway, you’ll like his nonsense.

• COLOR LINE: Browning Thompson is simply a good bloke and not a bad journalist. Why he takes this deep professional interest in social questions when he could be swinging a pick on a main road job, puts us down. But he swears that the things he writes in “Murgee and the Color Line” were really told him by a real bloke who really had been in Africa and had seen them. “In case they were travellers’ tales, I checked them, as far as I could,” he said. “I find that the things this fellow told me are correct, if surprising.”

• HEALTH: Whether you die of TB or blood pressure, or something which, to a certain extent, is within your control, without being exactly a Hobson’s Choice. The trouble is firstly that you don’t know the facts (to read the article on page 58) and secondly, that when you know them you won’t take any notice of them (so what?). The facts are three—what you do about them is your business; but you might be a happier and healthier person for knowing about this.

• NUDITY: Lola Delmas, author of “Naked on the Beach” says—“In ancient Rome the women of the street used to cover their breasts; bare breasts were the sign of a virgin. To-day we are quite accustomed to bare breasts in public. How did this transformation in clothing come about?” That’s only Lola being smart. There’s a lot of smart sense in her article (page 4 of this issue), however.

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