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WEALTH AND DANGER UNDERSEA

Frank Clune

I WENT to Broome for the only valid reason a writer has for going anywhere—to get a story. I got stories. To paraphrase Banjo Paterson, the pearl diver's life has adventure that the jewellers never know and you can't sit around Broome for an hour without hearing some truth which, if not stranger than fiction, is a darned sight more interesting.

Clune was still a good name in Broome and one raconteur passed me on to the next. I got passed in due course to Ted Norman. His full name is Edgar de Burch Norman, son of Hugh Norman, pioneer Master Pearler of Broome.

Ted was born at Granville, New South Wales, in the year 1891.

In 1910, Ted Norman, then eighteen years of age, arrived in Broome to help his father, who was already pearling, and it's been his home-town ever since.

Ted Norman wasn't a "veranda pearler." He went out with the lugers. He used to make trips to Koepang in Timor, six hundred miles.
away, to recruit crews for the lug-
ners.

In December, 1913, he was returning
from Koepang on the schooner "Mina"
with ninety-six Koepangers on board.
They ran into a north-west gale which
increased to a hurricane blow. The
Koepangers had to be batten below
for four days, while the schooner was
tossed about by tremendous waves,
which washed right over the deck.
The worse hurricane in Broome's
history was in the year 1887, when
scores of luggers were wrecked, and
over 200 men lost their lives. Another
bad one was in 1903, when 150 lives
were lost. These hurricanes—also
known as "Willy-Willies"—blew up
very suddenly, during the Monsoon
season—from December to March.
Nowadays, pearling is practically aban-
donated during this season, and the
lugger's stay in port—but they had to
learn from sad experience.

Ted Norman remained with the
pearling-fleet for four years. When
World War I started, he en-
listed in the AIF, and saw four
years' service abroad, was wounded
in action, and didn't get back to
Broome until 1919.

By this time, there were only 170
luggers at Broome. Prices of pearl-
shell boomed to £250 a ton—the all-
time high level. This boom didn't last
long and eventually prices fell again
to £180 a ton.

In 1941 there were only fifty-three
working boats left in Broome, em-
ploying nine men a boat. They had en-
gines, instead of the old-fashioned
calms, and could bring in three times
as much shell as the old-fashioned
luggers. That was the position when
the Second World War started.

Ted Norman's firm had been con-
ected with the pearling industry for
sixty years—right through Broome's
history. The biggest pearl they ever
handled was sold in London for
£2,600. The biggest pearl ever found
in Western Australia was sold in
London for £5,000. It was found in the
year 1935. Deepest diving done by
Norman's men was forty-five fathoms.
Ted told me the story of Jacky
Prior's pearl. Jacky was a carrier
working in Broome. For many years
he used a pearl-shell as a door-stop
on his house. One day a friend picked
up the door-stop and noticed a blister
in it. "Why don't you knock that
blister out?" asked the friend.

Jacky took the shell to a Cinagalese
pearl-cleaner named T. B. Ellis, who
climbed the ladder, and found it con-
tained a pearl, which was sold for
£250.

Captain Bardwell, who is one of the
oldest and most interesting in-
telities of the town, told me the story
of a Japanese diver—by name, Otomatsu
Tama— who was diving in eighteen
fathoms when his pipe-line and life-
line got tangled in a coral reef. His
mates worked desperately to free the
diver—but in vain—and he perished
of suffocation on the sea-bed. That
was in August, 1913.

A storm came, and blew the lugger
away. His mates returned later, and
searched for Otomatsu's body, but
could not find it.

Seven years went by, and the in-
cident was almost forgotten.

One day, in July, 1928, a Japanese
lugger was working there, and two
divers were together down below.
They came across a helmet and a cor-
sellet and boots.

Imagine the two divers standing
there on the sea-floor, peering through
the glass panes of their helmets, and
conversing as divers do—by means of
signs.

They decided to salvage this old
diving-out. One of them took up the
boots and corselet to the surface.
Then the other picked up the helmet,
and signalled to be hauled up. While
he was going up, with the helmet in
his arms— they have to come up slow-
ly, to adjust pressure—he peered
through the plate-glass pane of the
salvage helmet, and met the ghastly
stare of a skull. It was the skull of
Otomatsu, railing about inside.

The diver was so surprised that he
let the helmet fall from his grasp, and
it sank again to the bottom of the
sea. Nothing would persuade him to
go down again in that place—or the
other diver either.

The incident explains why the Ja-
panese divers objected to the burial
of corpses at sea on the pearl-
grounds. In consequence of such
protest, the custom grew up that
luggers always had to go back to
port whenever any member of the
crew died at sea.

This might mean anything up to a
week's sailing back to Broome, with
a corpse on board—but it showed
proper respect to the dead—even if
it meant a big loss of time, and of
bonuses earned on output of the
lugger.

Owners can insure against loss, and
an amusing story is told against one
insurance company. Not long ago an
Australian pearling lugger was taken
to the pearling grounds of Timor,
where it ran ashore in a storm. The
owner collected on the insurance and
the insurance company proceeded
to salvage what it could of the wreck.
The marine engine was still intact
and the gear was also in good cond-
tion. However, by the time the insur-
ance team came on the scene, the
natives of the locality had done a pri-
ivate job of salvaging on behalf of
their chief, an ambitious individual
as wise in the ways of white men as of
colored.

After a petition had been sent
with the chief it transpired that he
was willing enough to give up the
goods on condition of being paid
what he considered just recompense
for the native labor he had supplied.

The salvagers communicated
with their principals, who tried to come
to terms, but the chief was adamant
in his claims. The case became so in-
volved that in the end the insurance
company gave up. The chief remains in
possession of the goods.
We have two suicides a day

The Anti-Suicide Bureau has prevented hundreds of people from taking their lives.

During public holidays and festive seasons, most public activities come to a standstill—including suicide. For although suicides take their lives at the rate of two a day throughout the Commonwealth, they do not usually pick the holiday seasons to end their lives.

This tends to reflect credence on the belief that mental depression is a main cause of people taking their own lives—but more explanation than that is necessary to understand some of the methods suicides adopt.

Of all the stranger cases of suicide recorded in Australia none is stranger than this—A fire brigade was called to a scrub fire. As the flames died down and the smoke began to clear, firemen saw the body of a woman lying in the smouldering undergrowth.

The police, when summoned, examined the body and the area through which the fire had swept. A short distance from the body was a methylated spirits bottle, and there was evidence that the spirits had been poured over the woman before the fire had been lit. In the woman's mouth were the burnt remnants of a man's handkerchief which had been used as a gag.

About the time the body was discovered, an another suburb a man, accompanied by his family doctor, was at the police station reporting the disappearance of his wife. She had left home at 9 o'clock to take her two children to school, and had not returned. They were still there when news came through of the discovery of the body.

The doctor hurried to the scenic and identified the body as that of the missing woman. She had been a patient of his, a sufferer from a nervous condition.

Policemen enquired disclosed that about a quarter of a mile from the fire, the deceased woman had purchased from a shop a quart bottle of methylated spirits. At another shop she had bought a box of matches.

The Coroner found that the woman, with the intention of taking her life, had set fire to her clothes after saturating them with methylated spirits, and that she had stuffed one of her husband's handkerchiefs into her mouth, presumably to prevent herself screaming.

She was in good financial circumstances, and without apparent cause for worry, but she suffered from fits of mental depression and had made a previous attempt at suicide by drinking an excess of whisky.

This is one of the strangest cases of suicide recorded in Australia. Why should a woman committing suicide, have used such an elaborate and agonising method, and other deliberately or accidentally given the appearance of murder?

The suicides' state of mind is not a simple affair. Driven to that last desperate act, the brain becomes crafty and sometimes cruel. There is the desire to hurt a person committing suicide might satisfy this desire by killing himself in a violent manner or by arranging his death so as to cause mental or physical suffering to another person.

There have been many cases of suicide which have obviously been intended to look like murder. In other instances, notes have been left behind with an element of spite in their "Now you'll be sorry" tone, or harshly accusing someone for the suicide.

Statistics show that the number of people committing suicide in Australia is growing every year. In 1943, 376 men and 140 women took their lives. In 1944, there were 362 men and 178 women, and in 1945, the last published figures for the Commonwealth are 394 men and 177 women. Almost half of these suicides have occurred in New South Wales, where there has been a yearly increase from 168 men and 59 women in 1943 to 205 men and 94 women in 1947.

Major Ernest Pentecost, chief counsellor of the Salvation Army Anti-Suicide Bureau in Sydney, considers that the increase in suicides over the past six years is due to the many cases of war neurosis.

The Anti-Suicide Bureau and Counsel Clinic was established twenty years ago when even the early effects of the depression resulted in a large number of suicides. Since then it has been open constantly and the Salvation Army believes it has prevented hundreds of people from taking the fatal step.

Men and women suffering from illness worry fatigue or loneliness have gone to the Clinic for consolation, encouragement and advice. Discussing their problems brings relief—and in most cases, a determination to overcome their difficulties—and that final despair, which so often has tragic consequences, is averted.

Major Pentecost has found that people who openly announce their intention of suicide, rarely carry out their threat. One man recently confronted him in his office, waving a...
MAKE YOUR PROTEST TO THE UMPIRE!

Whatever they try to nationalise
Or socialise in any wise
Always evokes most trouble
Great from those both near and far—
And yet the record never shows
That anyone recites or knows
Of demonstrations, words or blows
About nationalising a holiday!
—Mackegg

large revolver and decreeing he was about to shoot himself. He stared in amazement when the Major sat back in his chair and smiled.

"Don't you think I would kill myself?" the man asked.

"No," the Major said quietly. Ten minutes later the man left his office rather shame-faced, after having admitted he had really had no intention of pulling the trigger.

Anti-Suicide counsellors and the police agree that suicides occur in waves or groups. If there are two or three suicides in the city, they are usually followed by several more. During war, depressions or strikes they must be watched for, but it is difficult to account for groups of suicides in normal times.

When the Sydney Harbour Bridge was first opened, 52 people jumped to their deaths before the safety fences were built. In one long stretch of popularity for leaping from that spot on the cliffs at Watson's Bay, known as The Gap, more than forty people were killed on the rocks.

During holiday and festive periods, there is usually no absence of suicides, but it is noticeable that immediately following these periods, suicides frequently occur.

More men commit suicides than do women. It is believed that this may be because women have a greater mental stability when faced with disaster than do men.

Domestic or marital problems are the greatest cause for women undertaking financial difficulties for men. Men who have been gambling or embroiling their employer's money often take what they consider to be "the easy way out." Others facing bankruptcy, commit suicide that their wives may collect insurance and not share their disgrace.

But many men who have taken out large policies on their lives and then committed suicide, have overlooked the fact that an insurance company is not bound to pay out on a suicide unless the policy has been in operation at least thirteen months.

A suicidal tendency is considered by insurance companies to be hereditary. To cover this additional risk, people desiring to take out life policies, must pay a slightly increased premium should either or both of their parents have committed suicide.

Even in a state of mental disturbance, suicide demands courage and many people change their minds at the moment of committing the act. When the police have confirmed that the act is taking place, instead of being able to distinguish suicide from murder by the shallow, harmless cuts on his neck, which they call "hesitation marks." These marks are made while the suicide's courage is being gathered for the fatal stroke.

People who climb bridges or high buildings, are often seen wandering about hesitantly before they either jump or retire.

A person who runs into the sea with the intention of drowning, almost invariably comes out again after experiencing the shock of the cold water. Doctors say the sudden plunge into the water has the same effect on the brain as a "dose" of the shock treatment that is now used for mental disorders. In the same way, most people who suicide are believed to regret their action as they experience the shock of falling through the air, or of a razor slashing their veins.

Few people who attempt suicide unsuccessfully once, try it again if they do, they are usually committed to a mental asylum. But a charge can be laid against a person making even a first attempt at suicide and a prison sentence may be evoked.

Although gas ovens and razors are the most used methods of suicide, the police in Australia have had to deal with self-inflicted death by almost every means possible.

Gas and sleeping tablets are used mostly by women, but hanging by rope or braces is employed almost as much as razor-slaughtering by men. Lysof, which causes a particularly violent and torturous death, has been swallowed by many people in the last ten years.

One of the quickest acting and deadliest poisons, cyanide, which heads the list for suicide by both men and women in European countries, has rarely been used in Australia.

Sufficient cyanide to cause instant death costs only the equivalent of eightpence in Germany and France at the present time and can be held in a capsule small enough to fit into the cavity of a tooth. This was the poison which Goering and other high-ranking Nazi officers successfully concealed on their persons and used to take their lives rather than face the hangman. It is believed also that Secret Service Police in almost every country carry cyanide capsules for use in the event of torture being employed to make them talk.

Psychologists say that a number of people commit suicide from a feeling of self-pity, or from a morbid thirst for notoriety, and that they brood with satisfaction on the effect their death will have on the community.

But in their unbalanced mental state, these people forget that the sympathy and publicity they crave can be of no use to them after death. They may even sorrow to others by their action, but these wounds will heal, and it is true that dead men are soon forgotten.

It is not unusual for a suicide to deliberate before taking a fatal leap, and often a pile of clothes, perhaps neatly folded, will be the first indication of suicide—almost certainly a sign of mental derangement at the time of the fatal act. Yet in very few cases is a suicide completely sane.

Self-preservation is the strongest natural instinct and it would be a great feat or a great patriotism that could override it in the mental fit.
THREE HOOTS FOR THE REFEREE

By BILL DELANY

You may hate the referee but chances are he won't even hear you

If you happen to be passing Sydney Stadium about 9.30 Monday nights, pause in your stroll and hearken. There is quite a chance that above the hum of the fans inside the edifice you will hear the alien sound of muted harmony.

It will be a section of the bleacherites—known to the fans as "The Bowrowmen"—paying tribute to their favourite villain, the stalwart Joe Wallis. The tune will be "Old Black Joe," but the lyric is paraphrased so that the opening line is "Poor Old Joe." The poker-faced Wallis never, by word, wave or action, acknowledges the welcome which is invariably accompanied by the traditional storm of booting reserved for referees the world over.

In fact, Joe's face has been recognized to register emotion on but three occasions in 39 years once when a French fighter, fortified by the champagne, then used to pour over boxers' heads, rose from his corner to sing "La Marseillaise"; again when a bleacherite beseeched the management to turn out the lights because two fighters wanted to be alone—and another vetoed the suggestion "because he was reading a book"; and the other occasion was the epic night when after a bout of sickness, Joe climbed into the ring to the accompaniment of a storm of cheers led by "The Bowrowmen."

So, perhaps, Joe Wallis is beloved by the fans after all.

"Refereeing is a serious business," said Wallis to the writer, "and from the moment a fight starts, I have to concentrate every faculty on the job. As a result, I am oblivious to every sound not connected with my job—and it may be of interest to those spectators who render opinions regarding my conduct of a fight that I really do not hear their comments."—A statement that must disappoint the customers who believe that a referee like shylock, bleeds when pricked. The plain truth is that after 50,000 fights, the sensibilities of Australia's most famous referee have been blunted.

There is no record that the Australasian referee has ever become so greatly involved with a boxer to the extent of finding him fit on the wrong end of a punch, although he has, on occasion, had to accept verbal attack from a disgruntled pugilist.

The distinction of having, as a referee, been knocked out by a boxer belongs to my knowledge, to only one man, a fellow named Joey Walker who last year tried to separate Mike de Cosmo and Laurie Buxton during a bout at Newark, New Jersey. It was unfortunate for Mr. Walker that he assayed to break the man just as Buxton was throwing a wild punch. The blow missed de Cosmo and landed kerplunk on Mr. Walker's chin.

The bout had then reached its last seconds, and it is a tribute to the fair-mindedness of Walker that on recovering consciousness, he awarded the verdict to Buxton.

Most of Australia's best-known referees—Walls, Harry Mack, Terry Reilly, Carroll, Bill Yeats, and Bill Henneberry—were themselves pugs of major or minor repute, but that does not necessarily mean that the best fighters make the best referees. Vic Patrick, the newest third man of our acquaintance, will probably become a good referee, for he has the knowledge and stability that is essential to the business. Moreover, with a more intimate and recent knowledge of the game, he is ready to halt a one-sided fight, and to heck with the spectators—a virtue with which all will agree except those who follow the precepts of the Viscount Sade.

One former boxer who failed as a referee was Bob Fitzsimmons who was once conscripted to supervise a match between Terry McGovern and Dave Sullivan. Early in the bout, McGovern attempted one of the rushes that had earned him so many quick victories Sullivan, with a neat punch to the jaw, sent the champion to the canvas Fitzsimmons had reached the count of "nine" when McGovern tried to pull himself to his feet by climbing up Sullivan's legs, and Fitz, instead of breaking the hold or continuing the count pushed Sullivan halfway across the ring.

McGovern recovered to go on and win in the fifteenth round, and Fitz received a hostile reception from the crowd. The pay-off came 12 years later when the former heavyweight champion and Sullivan met in a New York cafe. Sullivan had added four stone to his girth, and evidently considered himself a match for Fitz, for the slumbering resentment against the man who, he alleged, had robbed him of the feather title, burst into flame.

He deposited a bunch of fives on Fitzsimmons' chin. The ex-champion responded in kind, and the cafe patrons were provided with fare not mentioned on the menu.

Fitzsimmons never refereed another contest.

It appears to have been Fitz's destiny to find himself mixed up disadvantageously with the refereeing profession. During the preliminaries to the promotion of his fight against...
Even before I was born, Joan Crawford was destined to be my godmother and I was destined to be named after her. Joan had been my mother's closest friend for simply years. I suppose my nearest trick was in picking such clever parents. If Duke hadn't written "Guest in the House," I might never have had the chance to see or stage in a perfectly slick child part at the age of nine, and so to decide I wanted to be an actress and not a ballet dancer. But in my wildest dreams I never conceived that I, Joan Erwin, or rather Joan Evans as I am to be known, would ever be co-starring with Farley Granger when Mr. Goldwyn and Cathy O'Donnell parted company, my screen test got me the part of Rosanna opposite Farley. Joan Crawford, who first met my mother when Katherine was a publicity girl at M.G.M., gave me a party to remember the day. As if I could ever forget!

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

Sharkey, he found himself forced to accept a referee whose bias towards Sharkey was well-known. Worse, the referee was a tough hombre named Wyatt Earp, already the proud owner of ten notches on his gun—one of them incidentally re-presenting the demise of his own brother-in-law.

With a good deal of betting on the outcome of the match, Red Robertson was in a somewhat advantageous position. His discomfiture was not lessened when Earp entered the ring weighted down by an object which, to the well-tutored eyes of the spectators, was easily discernable as a six-shooter.

A police captain attempted to deprive Earp of the weapon, but Earp pointed out that he possessed a license for the gun, and no law existed to prevent him carrying it into the ring. He inferred further that even if such a law did exist, might was right and Earp was Earp.

The police captain saw his point.

Obviously, Fitz had to beat the referee too—and didn't with Sharkey wandering glassy-eyed around the ring in the eighth round, Robert threw a punch to his opponent's stomach and was disqualified for hitting low.

And, implied Earp, if any gentleman in the audience was in a mood to dispute the decision, would he kindly step up? No one stepped up.

Although it is no longer considered de rigueur to transport cannon into a boxing arena, the late Hugh D. McIntosh retired to arms to induce Jack Johnson to enter the ring at the Sydney Stadium in 1908.

The occasion was the meeting of the negro with Tommy Burns for the world's heavyweight championship. Articles had been signed guaranteeing Burns £6,000 and Johnson £1,000, but with the fight imminent the negro attempted to jack up his guarantee. He was still of the same mind when the preliminaries ended, and McIntosh—who in addition to promoting the match was to act as referee-entered the negro's dressing room to persuade him to enter the ring.

The negro was out of the dressing room before you could say Ned Kelly, for McIntosh's persuader was a pistol directed at Johnson's solar plexus. The incident apparently did not affect Johnson's nerves permanently, for he beat Burns in 14 rounds.

While it is accepted practice that cash customers should declare an open season on referees, at least verbally, third men are apt to become touchy when a contestant attempts to make a three-way donnybrook. Two old rivals of the early part of this century, were Tommy Ryan and Kid McCoy, the latter of whom regarded boxing laws, as devised by the Marquis of Queensbury, with a good measure of contempt. It was the Kid, in fact, who initiated a gag that has been used in practically every comedy film since Edison invented the Kinetoscope.

Matched against a Dutchman named Plaske, he came out of the corner in the first round, stepped, and pointed to Plaske's foot.

"Your shoe-lace is undone," said the Kid, and the simple Dutchman looked down. They carried Plaske off in a stretcher.

With Ryan no shining knight of the ring, it was anticipated that their third meeting would provide excitement. It ended in a not Referee Malachi Hogan awarded the decision to McCoy, then with brew wet with honest sweat and his day's work done, he began to leave the ring. Ryan contributed to his exit by throwing a right to Hogan's neck.

The referee landed among the ring-finders, recovered, and returned to redeem his honour.

A smart left to Ryan's chin sent him staggering backwards into the arms of the gendarmes who, interfering bodies, had followed Hogan into the ring. In the terms of pugilistics, it was anybody's fight, although records indicate McCoy as the winner.

So, you see, a referee's life is not all cheer and skittles. But don't let that thought stop you from adding your voice to the clamour next time your favourite referee climbs into the ring. After all, yowling at him is part of the entrance fee. But it does seem a pity that he probably won't even hear you.
Six miles off the south-east coast of England lies a stretch of sea that has already taken grim toll of Australian ships, Australian lives and Australian cargoes, the incessantly shifting treacherously changing shoals of death that seafaring men call the Goodwin Sands. A few short years ago, the busiest seafarer in the world, the Straits of Dover, this is Goodwins weather. As the strong spring sou'-easterly blow in from the sea, the tide-runs swirl from Trinity Bay and Kent Bay, sweeping many a gallant ship towards its graveyard.

The trail of the Sands tends to increase. There was the case of the 7,000-ton American merchantman Uso, caught in a fierce inshore tide and firmly grounded on the sands off Deal. For three hours, while the lifeboat stood by, three Dover tugs fought frantically to free her, pitting stout cables and human wits against the quicksands. They got her afloat at last, but too soon. Fifty ships have been sunk there in five years and for every ship lost a dozen or more have been in desperate trouble. It was just such a tide-rip, local fisherfolk say, that inundated the Goodwins many centuries ago. The ocean swept across a fertile farming island during a great storm, overwhelmed thousands of acres of pasture and left the sands between a great memento three miles wide and ten miles long from north to south.

Every battle on the Goodwins is a fight against time. When a ship of any size runs aground, the tides can sweep away the sand from her bows and stern within twenty-four hours, leaving her hanging on her beam. Then it takes very little buffeting to break her back and she becomes a total loss.

In the particular instance of the Uso, the tugs had scarcely freed her than they received radio news of another ship, the French collier Andre Thome aground on the outer ridges of the Goodwins, two and a half miles away. There were only two hours of suitable tidal water left as they dashed to her aid. In turn she was refloated, but before the tugs pulled away she lurched—and was aground again.

Translate this bare story, far a moment into terms of human hazard in the lifeboat riding alongside the Frenchman in the gale that day was Lifeboatman Bill Willis, accustomed to stark reality, mewed to the cat-and-mouse game of the Goodwins.

For a few minutes he became the mouse. A sudden lurch of the lifeboat hurled him into the air and flung him backwards down between the lifeboat and the steamer. As he bobbed to the surface, buoyant in his life jacket, one of his comrades tried to grab at his outstretched arms, but the lifeboat reeled away. Then the waves swept it back again, and Bill clutched at a fender.

His fingers slipped. Engineer Percy Cavell hung over the side of the lifeboat and tried to reach him from the lurching, rolling boat. Finally he reached Bill Willis, but only by reaching so far out that other lifeboat men had to hold his legs.

He was a human cable—and just at that moment a violent wave swept the lifeboat so close against the Frenchy's side that both Cavell and Willis were jammed against the collier's steel plates. Only Willis's lifebelt saved him from being crushed. Cavell, at the last moment, staggered out, though he raised a broken neck. Then both by hook or by crook he pulled Willis—with his heavy burden of oilskins, seacoats and lifebelt—safely aboard.

"Blimey!" gasped Willis. "That was a near thing!"

Yet it was nothing, barely an incident in the amazing Goodwins saga. The Andre Thome herself had to be hitched in the dark to an anchor in deep water, and was no sooner floated from one ridge than she grounded on another. For 35 hours the fight went on, while the 2,000-tonner was sometimes awash from stern to stern. Yet they finally dragged her clear.

The Deal lifeboat, similarly, once set out in mountainous seas and pitch darkness to rescue the crew of the Val Salice. The Kingsgate lifeboat had been launched further along the coast and was swamped by the enormous waves at the first go. This was during the war, when the Downs were full of shipping without lights and the lifeboat was whirled along at such a speed that "it was difficult to tell where sea ended and air began."

Drenched to the skin, hurried about like corks as they encountered the teeth of the gale on the sands, the lifeboat finally saved thirty men from the wreck, after a terrific struggle. At times, says the official report, the lifeboat was thrown up into the air as high as the mastheads of the wrecked vessel.
A BUSINESSMAN who recently installed a radio set in his factory reports that the results are entirely satisfactory. "The point about it," he said, "is not that the music increases efficiency, but that it provides a distraction and thus prevents conversation from decreasing efficiency."

Another businessman suggests that mechanical music, of one sort or another, has become a background for everyday life. A great many people work better with the wireless blaring all day because they are accustomed to it in their homes.

Then they returned ashore only to learn that another ship had been signalled around. The second Deal lifeboat was manned with a new crew under the same coxswain, and when they returned, after a successful rescue, they heard of a third ship aground. Though two lifeboats were crammed that night, the Deal lifeboats saved eighty-two lives.

For the records, one of the lifeboats was the Charles Dibdin. When she entered her career, her own back broken at last by the Goodwins, she had saved a grand total of 955 lives from the sandbanks. As well as lifeboats piling up similar records in these dangerous waters, so incessant is their call to hazard Old Tom Read, the coxswain of the Ransome lifeboat, could boast that he had rescued 353 human souls from the Goodwins before he retired. There was the time when the lifeboat was standing by the U.S. steamer Siberia. The seas were so heavy that the lifeboat lost her anchor and had to return to harbour. The crew changed their drenched clothing—and returned to their veld.

The warning lightships themselves are not immune from peril. Despite her three-ton mushroom anchors, the South Goodwin lightship was once torn away from her moorings and carried down Channel. Another lightship broke adrift in a terrible storm and was battered for hours by wind and wave before finally drifting ashore. Part of the vessel became waterlogged. Three of the crew were washed overboard. Three others, nearly dead with cold and exposure, were in grave danger.

The skipper decided to attempt to carry a lifesaving to the shore Donning a lifebelt, he put off in a dinghy and was last seen battling with the murderous sea. His frozen body was washed up next morning. Heroes do not always win their gambles.

Again, there was the time when the Goodwins lightship, the Brake, one night of heavy fog, was rammed by one of the very ships she was trying to protect, and was sunk. Lightships have to be replaced, and instantly, and six men of Deal were ordered to man a small open boat as an emergency lightship for the night. With eyes and ears strained in the gloom, they remained near the scene of the disaster, whirring a hand fog-horn and changing their warning bell for dear life whenever a ship came near.

All the ghosts that brood over the Goodwins must have watched their lone ordeal. On these sandbanks thirteen men-o'-war were lost in a single night. Some of these sandbanks, early in World War II, the first victim was a U-boat which settled and half-sank, rolled helplessly for several days and then was finally engulfed. The lifeboats now as always have the last word in the Goodwin reaches.

The sands are liable to shift and change overnight with the prevailing tide. The Sargasso Sea itself, in spite of a wider notoriety, is not more deadly. "I would rather cruise

the Sargasso by darkest night," an old salt once told me, "than sail around the Goodwins at noonday."

Sometimes, when seas run high, it is possible for vessels to be blown off their course and still cross the outer fringes of the submerged ridges with complete impunity. At other times, the receding tide leaves level patches of sand raising high and dry, littered with the rusting skeletons of past victims...and firm underfoot. Local folk have even played cricket matches there for the sake of the novelty.

But there is scant humour else in this dark odyssey. There is only the dark face of danger...and the sea fog of mystery. Ships before now have signalled in distress from the Goodwins and from that moment have vanished without trace.

In one instance, the Deal lifeboat went out to a vessel that appeared to be blazing on the southernmost shoals. As the lifeboat made its approach, however, the fire died down and no sign of any vessel or wreckage was ever found.

"Man cannot be said to have conquered the ocean until he has conquered the Goodwins," a Trinity House pilot has summed up. "These sandbanks are the last real drama..."
They made a hero of him the day he singlehandedly knocked out a most dangerous public enemy.

JIMMY NICHOLS

Although Waldo Evans, a carpenter by trade, lived for the first half of his life in a frame house on the edge of the rolling Missouri River and, in the years 1850 to 1865, saw some five thousand wagon trains pass across the nearby ford on their way into the sunset, he himself was curiously unmoved by the national surge to the West until he reached the age of forty-three.

Generally a man of peace Waldo was wistfully wishing for the Civil War to cease when the final blow fell—his mother-in-law came to live with him. He put up with this worthy but plain-spoken woman for just two weeks. At the end of that time, he set forth in the direction of Kansas. But those who knew him well were not surprised when word drifted back that he had by-passed his destination.

wandering past it, somehow, in the dark, and ended up in El Paso, on the Texas border.

Skilled craftsmen and construction workers were scarce and highly valued on the frontier. With his social security for the first time assured, Waldo revealed a destructive juvenile tendency that had lain dormant for many years.

Waldo became a practical joker. It all began the day he accepted a contract from Long John Ham, El Paso’s first real estate speculator, to build a dozen new houses—more accurately, shacks—at the north end of town. Waldo drew up the plans himself, and as he went to work the next day with hammer and saw, a close observer might have noted a speculative gleam in his watery blue eyes.

There was a ready housing market in the streets of merchants, cattle shippers, peddlers, railroad workers, and fugitive soldiers who poured daily into the border town, and Long John’s houses were snapped up at outrageous prices.

On the evening of the grand opening, Waldo appeared early at the saloon around the corner from his own lodgings. Through the doorway he could command a fine view of the new houses, standing barren and freshly painted, and the sight seemed to fill him with amusement. From time to time, he let out a snort of unexplained laughter, or covered his mouth with his hand to hide a creasing grin that he could not control.

"What’s amusing, sir?" the bartender asked him curiously, but Waldo kept his joke to himself.

At midnight, a pink ribbon was stretched across the road that lead into the new development. Long John, using a silver-mounted pistol, broke it with a single shot. There was a whoop, a wild drumming of hoofs and a roar of cheers. The tenants moved in bag and baggage. The opera house was declared and the celebration lasted as long as the liquor held out—about two hours. Then, one by one, the lights flickered out and El Paso was wrapped in slumber—all but Waldo Evans, who squatted on the steps of the closed saloon and waited.

It happened about four o’clock in the morning. The town was pitted awake by a series of grinding, splintering crashes. Shrieks of rage and terror sounded through the darkness. Then a stream of furiously angry men and women pounded up the street headed for Long John’s house with a rope in their hands. They flung explanations over their shoulders.

"Roof fell in!"
"Hull dern house collapsed!" "Side wall fell on top of me!" "Went right through the door I did!"

Few noticed the wizened carpenter rolling and writhing on the ground in an ecstasy of pure joy, clutching and weeping with hysterical amusement. And when the early rays of the sun revealed the once-triumphant homes, flattened like mushrooms, Waldo wisely wasn’t around to tell them.

Reputations travelled slowly in those days, however, and soon Waldo had come to rest in the new, booming Wyoming county seat of Podville. Here, his El Paso success story was repeated all over again. He amused himself by becoming something of a petty tyrant. No one could ever be sure, when they placed an order with him, just what would be produced. An order for a simple flight of back stairs for a stable might result in a sweeping, carved and posted stairway that would have graced a governor’s mansion. A demand for a new bell steeple on the schoolhouse was filled with an authentic copy of a Turkish minaret that towered thirty feet high and could be seen for twenty miles.

Since Waldo was the only skilled carpenter within three miles Podville...
IS SCIENCE SWINGING THE LEAD, OR WHAT?

Why are Inventors so mechanical,
To think of cogwheels and forest a gap?
They give us speed and engines, soulless things,
They made match-boxes, airplanes without wings,
New kinds of plastic, thinner, stronger rope.
Electric docks, and even floating soap:
But while wrapped up in some new damp proof tissue
They soullessly avoid a major issue,
Neglect to plan for one great human need
By far more urgent than their greatest deed:
If as they say they are on progress bant
Let them at once take time out to invent
Something that will keep out the cold, and yet
Do the same job for a girl in winter that a
Swim suit does in the summer!

---Mackegg

had little choice, and in May, 1866, he
received a contract to build a new
courthouse.
Waldo was still pounding away at
the finishing touches in June when,
as it happened, young Jed Simmons,
then sheriff of Wyoming county, cap-
tured and brought in for trial the
troublesome highway bandit Frank
Crawford and two members of his
gang Podville posse had been chas-
ing Crawford for nearly four years
and the population was anxious to see
a good hanging trial proceed at once.
Justice was stymied, however, by the
fact that Waldo had torn down the
old courthouse in order to get wood
for the new one and the new one
was not quite finished. But Waldo
waved his hammer at Jed re-
assuringly,
"Go right ahead and try 'im," he
said. "By the time you get to the sen-
tence, the courthouse will be finished."
For three days, the trial went on,
both defense and prosecuting oratory
lost in the ear-splitting screech of the
saw. As the jury filed out, the judge
asked Waldo anxiously, "Sure it'll be
done in time? They won't stay out
long, y'know!"
"It'll be tight as a drum," Waldo
promised and went back to work in
a furious burst of speed. As the men
and women within sat tensely await-
ing the verdict, no one noticed that
it was growing darker and darker in
the new courtroom. Just as a door
swung open, and the jury filed back
in, Waldo's voice was heard outside
shouting, "Here goes th' last plank!"
A series of hammer blows rang out.
The dimmed room fell suddenly into
total eclipse, a woman screamed and
was heard to fall heavily to the floor.
Then Waldo's hearty grunts could
be heard outside mounting to a cres-
cendo of hysteria and the occupants
of the courtroom realized for the first
time that the mad carpenter had built
the room without doors or windows
and nailed them up in it.

Waldo did not swing, the neck
from the courthouse flagpole个多
opinion in general, dictated heavily
in his favor the day that Crawford,
who had been duly convicted despite
the difficulties, escaped from jail.
It was not a well-organized flight.
He merely knocked down the jailer,
rushed up the corridor, and up the
street.
Waldo, putting the finishing touches
on the flooring of a new parish house
designed for the stout and pompous
new rector, took in the situation at a
glance. "This way," he called to the
bandit
One moment the onlookers saw
them, the carpenter and the high-
wayman, standing together. The next,
they didn't. Waldo had ruled the fugi-
tive into making a premature trial of
his latest joke—a trapdoor.

For the space of ten days, he was
feted. All his sins were forgiven.
The Mayor George Kehoe and Mrs
Kehoe, in a burst of civic generosity,
called him in to fit windows into the
town mansion.
One day the mayor, his wife and
family awoke to find unfamiliar shad-
ows across the sunlight in their rooms.
The carpenter was gone, but he had
left a note.
"Didn't have no head," he wrote.
"Didn't have no glass. Hope this sub-
stitution is satisfactory." And across
every window in the house was nailed
a set of iron penitentiary bars.
As the east-bound express picked up
speed that morning, the mayor swore
that the rising notes of the whistle
carried overtones of wild, hysterical
laughter.

CAVALCADE, July, 1949

22
the poet's pet
LOBSTER

The crustacean companion he led took him a short cut to the lunatic asylum

WALKER HENRY

MOST poets of the last century seemed to make a hobby of madness—it paid—but it brought insanity to a fine art.

By the time Paris had finished with Gerard de Nerval, a new chapter had been written into the history of the master eccentrics.

He made his first bow in Weber's Cafe on the Rue Royale.

"But instead" declared Jean-Marie, third waiter, seeing the young man who walked in. "But incredibly insane!"

The young man brushed back a slick of lank hair from his forehead and paused to tug at the lobster he was leading attached to a long strand of pale-blue ribbon.

"You find me unique?" he inquired with a tinge of asperity.

"Ah, but no, musique, but not!" Jean-Marie hastened hypocritically to reassure him. "I do but speak for myself alone."

"Then that makes well," replied the young man, consenting to be pacified. "For an unagreeable moment I was giving myself to think that perhaps you were resenting my companion here."

Ignoring the mutely distraught tests of Jean-Marie, the young man escorted his lobster to a table.

And for the rest of that night, Gerard de Nerval, who called himself THE Poet of Formos, sat beside his lobster, mumbling absently.

Somewhere towards dawn he arose suddenly and lifted the dying lobster from his chair.

"The Morning Star is rising in the East," he announced to the sleepy but still attentive Jean-Marie."It calls my friend and me to guide us there."

Stalking out of the almost deserted cafe, he set the lobster carefully against a lamp-post on the boulevard and, having stripped himself of all his clothes, stood mother-naked in the half-light to sing a hymn of his own composition:

"It is a music which comes to me on higher spheres" he consoled the startled night-watchman who had hurried to accost him.

"That is as it may be," the night-watchman endorsed without any evident conviction and marched him, still singing, to a police station.

There the drowsy sardines were recently awakened to settle Gerard de Nerval in a cell and place a double guard on the door.

What happened to the Lobster has not been recorded but the next day Gerard de Nerval paid his first visit to a lunatic asylum.

Before he was finished with life he had another four visits to pay—one, at least, of them in a straight-jacket.

It all began on May 23, 1839, when a French Army doctor was distressed to discover that he had become a father.

Gazing at his progeny Doctor de Nerval seemed to have decided with some degree of real justification that any man who had chosen to follow the Emperor Napoleon could have very little extra time left to waste on family responsibilities.

He waited just long enough for his son to be christened Gerard and entrusted to the care of an uncle who had sacrificed military glory for the less greedy pleasures of possessing a small farm in the provinces. Then he promptly proceeded to whisk his wife away on another of Napoleon's incessant campaigns.

When, soon afterwards, Madame de Nerval—who must finally have come to the understandible conclusion that enough is better than too much—expired worn-out in the snows of Silesia her husband gratefully accepted a heaven-sent opportunity for forgetting that such accidents as offspring even existed in his life. He appears to have entirely abandoned his child.

At all events, Gerard was allowed to grow up on his uncle's farm untroubled by parents. And he was still mourning about the fields there a young lad not yet out of his teens, when he met the girl who is known as Adrienne.

Who this Adrienne was, how she looked and what she did have all been lost. Probably she was just another farm-girl. But, though there is no indication that he ever wanted beyond the first innocent babblings of self-love, Gerard de Nerval made her his grand passion.

He talked of her, wrote of her, sang of her and he always remembered her. Even when, in his early twenties, he arrived in Paris she was the one he spoke of most.

In Paris, Gerard de Nerval set out to be a poet and, in the way of poets, it was not long before he linked up with a third-rate actress whose name was Jenny Colon.

Jenny was no different from any other little coquette around Montmartre—except, perhaps, that her face was a trifle prettier than usual and her morals a trifle worse—but de Nerval found in her all that he had left behind with Adrienne.

To de Nerval, Jenny was Adrienne.

25 CAVALCADE, July, 1940
and he lived with her the life he had imagined living with Adrienne.

Jenny had no objections. She enjoyed being loved by a poet; she was flattered to be written into the pages of his verse as Sylvie and Amelie and Iss—even as Adrienne. But she was also a realist. She lived quite happily with de Nerval until one day she attracted another admirer with more money and, possibly, more sense. Then, when de Nerval was thirty-four, she married the other man.

It was the beginning of the end for de Nerval. Less than a year after her marriage, he was walking through the streets of Paris. It was almost midnight. Suddenly he halted abruptly beneath a gas-light and stared wildly at the number-plate of a house. The number was 34.

His mad screams shattered the quiet of the street. While the terrified passers-by tried to calm him, he pointed, gibbering, towards the house and begged them to drive away the horrible figure he swore was standing beside the number-plate.

It was, he shrieked, Jenny Colon, wrapped in a shroud and staring at him from her skeleton face.

“She stands beside the number of my age,” he shrieked. “It means her death or mine!”

By some grotesque quirk of circumstance, Jenny Colon did die a few weeks later. The night after her death, the poet entered the café, tugging the lobster at the end of a long strand of pale-blue ribbon. The same night he was in a cell.

“The Star calls me to the East,” he repeated when they freed him after his first visit to the lunatic asylum. He hoarded a ship and went there.

He arrived in Cairo in 1853. The East of those days observed even fewer of the Ten Commandments than the East of today.

“I can not be the exception,” announced de Nerval after having inspected the unconventional domestic arrangements of the other Europeans. He took himself off to the slave-market.

In the cages was an Abyssinian woman who answered when they called for Zeynab.

De Nerval bought her for a few francs and took her home. “It is a man’s obligation to take a wife,” he told his friends.

Zeynab’s ideas of family life were, to say the least, original. In the fashion of her people, she ate raw meat whenever she had the opportunity and she hung a garland of raw onions along the head of her “husband’s” bed.

She also began to beat him frequently. Enraged neighbours reported that de Nerval gave every evidence of enjoying the beatings.

Apparently, however, even the joys of constant whippings can pall and after a time de Nerval found himself banking for the delights of Paris. Disposing of Zeynab to an acquaintance at a cut rate, he returned to France.

His reappearance in Montmartre was spectacular. He pitched a tent in the middle of his sitting-room and received his visitors on the understanding that he was an explorer travelling through the wilds of the African jungle. When he warned of being an explorer, he insisted that he was an African native—which, if anything, made the situation even more disconcerting for his friends. While living in the tent, he kept in touch with civilisation by helping the German rhymer Haine to translate his poems into French.

Naturally, with these diversions, de Nerval was persistently in end of the lunatic asylum.

Under the circumstances, it is obvious that, as time went on, the poet should find lodging-house keepers increasingly unready to accommodate him. He was very often homeless. But wherever he chose to be, he carried pen, ink and paper and wrote his poems. Even when he had descended to the dos-house, he would rally out each morning and order the waiters of the pavement cafés to chase the sleeping cats from the billiard room, then he would write his poems on the cloth.

“Garcon!” he called offensively one morning. “There are three wood-lice in my beer.”

“But stay!” he added before the waiter could remove the glass. “A man who has lived in the East cannot be impressed by such details. Perhaps I could love wood-lice. I will drink thus, but next time serve them separately, if you please.”

He must have been in much the same mood when, between six and seven o’clock in the morning of January 26, 1855, he cracked his last joke. Dawn was breaking when the concierge of a grumpy tenement in the Rue de la Ville-Lanterne found Gerard de Nerval swinging from the third bannister-rail of the staircase. He had strangled himself with the strings from an apron. His top-hat was still fixed securely to his head.

All he had left behind him were some pages of very good verse.
It started this way

1860 and still going strong! What are we saying? It must be the association of ideas! The name is Johnny Walker, but the date is 1827, and the subject — matches. The name may be synonymous with whisky, but this Johnny Walker, an Englishman, invented the first practical and safe match. The original match was already nearly 25 years old, for, in 1681, Robert Boyle had dipped a slice of wood treated with sulphur in a mixture of phosphorous, but his product took fire too easily to be of practical use.

A limerick is a five-line verse with rhyme and no reason. Why should it be named after a town in Ireland? The answer is in the association of the song, "Will you come up to Limerick?" Limericks are often used in competitions advertising a product or service; the first four lines being provided, the fifth one remaining blank, to be supplied by the competitor. Edward Lear, the British artist and author, popularised the limerick with his collection contained in The Book of Nonsense published in 1846.

The term "horse power" was in use before mechanisation, and if, at first sight, there appears to be no connection between a 1909 car and a brewery, think of horse-power and you have the link. The term was first used to represent the power of a brewer's dray horse, and it has been retained because it expresses the abstract word "power" in concrete form. In terms of weight, distance, and time, one-horse-power represents the ability to lift 33,000 lb one foot in one minute. A 1,000 horse-power engine can produce 33,000,000 ft lb of work per minute.

To dress or not to dress

When professional models vie for the title, "Queen of Foto Fair," the competition is keen. They've an eye-catching variety of folderols with which to enhance their natural charm and exercise brain as well as beauty in making the right choice. But with the best to hand that couturier, milliner and shoemaker can contrive, this blond beauty chooses a French sun-suit striped in royal blue and white. She gets the effect she likes.
The prize goes to the best model: she must show taste as well as form, and this young lovely is making a good job of both.

The actual expanse of bare pelt may not be as important as the striking quality of the final effect. There's nothing wrong with this, is there?
Bride or bridegroom could protect financial interests by agreeing to a chemise-marriage

FRANK A. KING

The earliest reference to this strange custom is probably the incident recorded in the parish registers of All Saints' Church at the English village of Chelten in Wiltshire, where the entry states:

"John Bridmore and Anne Selwood were married October 17th, 1721. The aforesaid Anne Selwood was married in her smock without any clothes or headgear on."

On 25th June, 1728, another English couple, George Walker a linen weaver, and Mary Gee, of the George and Dragon tavern at Gorton Green were married at the ancient church nearby. The bride was attired only in her shift.

The following entry in Harrop's Manchester Mercury dated 18th March, 1711, concerns the same locality and states:

"On Thursday last, was married at Ashton-under-Lyne, Nathaniel Eller to the widow Hibbert, both upwards of fifty years of age, the woman had only her shift on, with her hat tied behind with horse hair; as a means to free them both from any obligations of paying her former husband's debts."

One woman declined to marry a couple on account of the woman presenting herself in her underwear.

The following entry comes from a periodical called "The Athenian" and shows how the custom continued in England into the nineteenth century, and there is also a tradition that there was a 'shift wedding' in Lincolnshire between 1838 and 1844 when a woman was married enveloped in a sheet:

"May 1908 At Otley, Yorkshire, Mr. George Rostreich, of Hawkesworth, aged 73, to Mrs. Norton, of Burley Woodhead, aged 60. In compliance with the vulgar notion that a wife being married in a state of nudity excoriated her husband from legal obligations to discharge any demands on her purse, the bride undressed herself at the altar, and stood shivering in her chemise while the marriage ceremony was performed."

In Malcolm's "Anecdotes of London," a slightly different form of ceremony is described. The author states that "a brewer's servant, in February, 1733, to prevent his liability to the payment of the debts of a Mrs. Britton, whom he intended to marry, the lady made her appearance at the door of St. Clement Danes, habited in her shift, but her chaperone conveyed the modest fair to a neighbourly apothecary's where she was completely equipped with clothing purchased by him, and in these Mrs Britton changed her name in church."

In all the above accounts, it will be noted that the chemise-marriages were conducted for the protection of the pocket of the bride or bridegroom. The Annual Register of 1776 contains an account of another wedding of this nature.

A few days ago, a handsome, well-dressed young woman came to a church in Whitehaven, to be married to a man, who was attending there with a clergyman. When she had advanced a little into the church, a nymph, her bridesmaid, began to undress her, and by degrees, strip her to her shift, thus she was led blooming and undamaged, to the altar, where the marriage ceremony was performed. It seems that this droll wedding ceremony was occasioned by an embarrassment in the affairs of the intended husband, upon which account the girl was advised to do this, that he might be entitled to no other marriage portion than her smock."
WHAT GREAT MINDS THINK OF
THE DEVIL

We paint the devil foul, yet he
Hath some good in him, all agree.

Herbert. *The Temple, The Church, Sin.*

Better sit still, then rise to meet the devil.

Drayton. *The Owl.*

Though women are angels, yet wedlock's the devil.

Byron. *Hours of Idleness. To Eliza*

Every mordant cup is unblest, and the ingredient a devil.

Shakespeare. *Othello, Act II., Sc. III.*

What we all love is good touched up with evil—
Religion's self must have a spice of devil

A. H. Clough, *Dipsychus (Spirit) Sc. III.*

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the Devil builds a chapel hard by.

Herbert. *Jacula Prudentum.*

A right woman—either love like an angel,
Or hate like a devil—in extremes to dwell.

Unknown. *The Rare Triumph of Love and Fortune. Act I.*

Better the devil's than a woman's slave


God sends us meat, the devil sends us cooks.

Randolph. *Hey for Honesty.*

When to sin our bias'd nature leans,
The careful devil is still at hand with means.

Dryden. *Absalom and Achitophel*

He must needs goe whom the divell doth drive.

J. Heywood. *Proverbs. Bk. II.*

★ Hazel Court—J. Arthur Rank player
ANYBODY in N.S.W. who knew Joseph Samuels in the first weeks of September, 1809, was not sufficiently interested to care what became of him. He belonged neither to the class of respected citizen, nor to that of notorious criminal cases like his were being handled with despatch by disinterested magistrates every day. Yet by September 20 he was the talk of tea party, merchant's shop and prison gang. He was the man who cheated death.

On the morning of September 12 he was ruefully considering the crime for which he awaited hearing at the Criminal Sessions Court.

He had been clipping a shrub and, happening to glance through a window, had observed Miss Mary Breeze put some money in her dress. Joseph wasn't very flush with money, and even if he had been he couldn't have resisted the provoking situation. But, unfortunately, he had been detected and here he was feeling decidedly sorry for himself. He heard his sentence uttered tonelessly, and found in it little cause for hope. He was to die in eight days.

Now, Joseph had a wife and Molly Samuels was not the type to lose her husband easily. To farewell her beloved family in England and undertake the long voyage to be with Joseph had required tremendous courage. But neither her love nor her courage could stay the dawn of a day September 20 arrived and Joseph Samuels was led to the gallows.

Tears blinded Molly as the noose was placed over Joseph's head, and, lost in her grief, when the rope snapped she was conscious only of the resulting quickened interest of the spectators. She somehow realised that Joseph was lying crumpled on the ground and that they were awaiting his return to consciousness before once more slipping the dreaded noose about his neck. When the rope broke a second time Molly felt hope that even now her husband might cheat death. Joseph's weary face showed no emotion, and when the rope broke the third time it was the hangman who betrayed agitation.

Before another attempt could be made, the Provost-Marshal, Mr. Smith—a man known for his compassion for prisoners—had ordered that the hanging be postponed.

Then the grape-vine began to work. The man who couldn't be hanged became first interest in the town. It was known that the Provost Marshall had called on the Governor, and that the Crown was considering reprieve in view of the unusual circumstances.

Samuels was reprieved, and for a while was pointed out as he passed, but in due course his case became merely a note in the colony's records of a first chapter of history.
The grand cure

When it came to saving the "pore ould thing," Clancy could rise above his mercenary instincts.

DINNY MURPHY'S white-faced cow had bronchitis; it wheezed like an asthmatic gramophone and bellowed like a fog-horn with laryngitis.

"It's somethin' ye should be doin' about it," Bridget reproved. From her seat on the edge of the verandah she cast a reproachful eye back at Dinny.

Her spouse did not reply; he was absorbed in scratching the itch on his shoulder against the door post.

"It fair tears me heart out to hear her," continued Bridget in a half-hearted attempt to goad Murphy to unwonted action.

"An' what the divil 'ud I be doin' for it?" he demanded to know.

"An' what 'ud ye be doin' for a cold of yer own," she retorted.

At her daughter's words Sarah Shaunnessy stirred in the old rocking chair at the end of the verandah. Apparently lifeless before, her tongue now slid between her toothless gums to lick her shrunken lips, they clamped with an audible click and lit a speculative gleam in Dinny's lack-lustre eyes.

A grand old lady was Sarah, for sure; one of those hard old pioneers who had opened up Shaunnessy's Creek to civilisation.

Dinny sighed regretfully, it was feared he was that Sarah had out-lived her usefulness and it was working for a living he'd have to be, for the indulgence of the storekeepers was wearing thin and it was cash on the nail they were asking these days.

"A tunny lot of medicine it'd be takin', an' divil a drop in the house," he muttered gloomily, adding needlessly, "nor money to buy it."

CAVALCADE July 1949
With a cry of alarm, Bridget pitched back, her plump hands clawing frantically at the rails like a cat up a pole with a dog snapping at its tail and with the substance of her skirt, like a huntsman’s hood, over the porker’s head.

The Fusilier pug-nosed and bucked, charging around the yard and squealing as if the butcher’s knife were already crossing his throat, while the two girls held hands, blubbering their fear and young Dennis Aylousian danced his excitement and waved his hat wildly in the air.

“Tis not for ourselves we’d be wanting it, for we’re poor ould—”

A body-making sob choked off her words, and Flannagan shuffled uncomfortably on his feet. With a tremendous effort at self-control, Bridget continued tearfully, “It’s doin’ she is.

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Bridget looked at Dinny, Dinny scratched his head; two ha ha had thought, but two porkers would not buy much medicine, ‘twas a tune for sacrifice; why spoil a ship for a measure of grog and buy a coffin with the savings?

“Four” were agreed.

With Mick he heaved two porkers into the cart, then dashed into the grunting mob for two more but, as he moved, Irish Fusilier, suspecting that his last moment as pig and his first as pork had arrived, charged straight into Bridget’s voluminous black skirt.

“Tis hare we must, or it’s too late we’ll be,” she reminded Dinny.

Her husband needed no second prompting. "Twas himself as knew, none better, that Flannagan, the butcher, would not be opening his shop just to oblige Dinny Murphy, and it was no medicine he’d be getting from Clancy for love or a coin.

"Fifteen bob apiece," declared Flannagan with finality, after inspecting the load of prospective pork.

Dinny muttered into his beard. It was a nasty, suspicious nature had Flannagan; he thought the last two words were "dirty spilpeaun", his ham-like fists clenched tightly and Dinny edged nervously towards the ample over of the wife of his bosom. She dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief.

"Out of the goodness of yer heart, Murthar Flannagan," she pleaded, "Tis not for ourselves we'd be wanting it; it's for our pennies—"

A body-making sob choked off her words, and Flannagan shuffled uncomfortably on his feet. With a tremendous effort at self-control, Bridget continued tearfully, "It's doin' she is.

"Well, well, now, it's sorry I am to hear that," Flannagan muttered, a soft-hearted man was Flannagan, though he did draw a hard bargain in the way of business. "A grand ould lady she's been, too. Well now, I'll make it a pound a piece."

At the hotel it was Flannagan himself who heartlessly whispered the sad news to Clancy, for it was overcome with their grief that the couple were.

About that time O’Rielly stopped by, then Madigan, then Flannagen, and then Halligan, and each in turn offered his condolences, but it was not so much the words that were spoken, as the spirit that inspired them, that supported the grieving couple with comfort and solace until late that night when Mick rode in to fetch them home.

The publican shook his head sadly, but as the doleful assembly prepared to depart he rose above his mercenary instincts and placed two bottles of the best Irish whiskey in the spring cart, and not one penny more would be take against the price of them.

"Tis the least I could do, but "as the best medicine I could be offerin'" he told them, waving aside their garbled thanks. "There's none can be sayin' when troubles afflic't them that Clancy was backward in givin' them a helpin' hand along the downward path. It's a grand ould lady she was."

When they arrived at the house, Sarah and the children were fast asleep, so they sent Mick to bed, too.

There was work to be done whatever befall, and only him to do it, but themselves they were not spared, the needs and relief of the suffering creature must come first.

After a lot of trouble they persuaded the porker beast to eat a hot bran-mash, well spiced with half a bottle of Clancy’s medicine, then they sat themselves down on the ground beside her and, using Irish Fusilier as a back-rest, awaited the effects occasionally fortifying their spirits and their strength with liberal draughts of the medicine. It was there that Mick found them in the morning—alas, but cold, stiff, and aching.

"Is the cow better?" he asked, as he helped them towards the house.

Bridget essayed a reply, but her thin, wheezy whisper could not be heard, the chill of the morning had given her laryngitis, but, although the frost of the dawn had chilled his bronchial tubes, Dinny managed to croak hoarsely, "For shure an' it is. Tis a grand cure for a cold."

In the light of the morning sun, the white face of the cow was vacant and dense, but in a deep, even, bass note it belayed a whole-hearted approbation of Dinny’s sentiments, "Mock-ho-cooool.
HE worked in a bank, in one of those jobs where you've got to lead a clean life or they can't take a chance on you. He was smart enough to know that I had his schedule figured out pretty well I worked on it long enough I gave up my job to work on it, and now that it's over, I think I'll go back to that little out-west town that I came from—that Clara came from.

On that last day I followed him a lot closer. I knew that I had been so careful that he wouldn't know me from a hole in the wall. I sat opposite him on the express that he took every working day at five. I sat across from him and looked at his wide pale face, at the black curling hair or the backs of his hands and the backs of his fingers. He sat, rocking sleepily as the train clattered along, the damp air rushing in the windows. I looked at him and I had it all planned and I wondered what sort of song and dance he had given Clara—what he had told her to make her fall for him. And I wondered what he had told his wife during those evenings when he had gone to Clara instead of her.

The train rocked along and I knew that in seven minutes I would do it. I would do it when he changed trains. It would be easy. Just as easy as what he did to Clara. I looked at his square wrists. He had the strength to do it. His eyes were sleepy. He wouldn't have looked sleepy if he'd known what was going to happen in seven minutes. He wouldn't have looked the least bit sleepy. Some people crowded on, blanking off my view of him, and I had a chance to think of Clara. Funny that I had to think of her after it was too late—for us. I mean...
"I CAN'T even contemplate an expensive shirtfront without long- 
out longing to write something on it," said Bernard Shaw in 
an interview. "Some men will scribble obscurities on white-
washed walls rather than not at all. It is part of the born writer's 
specialisation." When asked, "Is any of your plays your personal 
favourite," he snapped, "No, of course not. My plays are not 
machines. I have no time to bother with them after they're 
finished and launched." He was later asked why his early novels 
were not as successful as his later plays had been. "How do you 
know that my novels have been less successful?" Shaw demanded. 
"My plays remain unacted for years at a stretch, but people go on 
buying my novels, and perhaps even reading them."

In the city, they said. Okay, so she 
was in the city and I had a bad case of 
nerve and I went to Sydney meaning 
to look her up, to find her and every-
thing would be fine again. But some-
how I never did. She was working as a 
stenographer, they said. In a bank.

By the time I got myself straight-
ened out, and had gotten sick of 
thinking of her a lot and even dream-
ing about her, I went to the bank.

"T'm sorry, sir, but Miss Ackerman 
left here about two months ago. No, 
we don't know where she's working 
now. Yes, we can give you the home 
address she had when she left us."

One of those barracoon roaming houses 
with a community kitchen on each 
floor and a general air of dust and 
order. "No, there ain't no Miss Ackerman 
here, bud. Yeah, but she left here, oh, 
it must have been two months ago. 
No, no forwarding address."

The trail was gone, so three weeks 
later, I phoned the home town and 
asked her mother and got an earful of 
bitterness because Clara had written 
her every other day and she had been 
answering letters care of General 
Delivery and then two weeks before, 
the letters had stopped. They had 
stopped on the tenth of June. That is, 
according to her habit, she should 
have written on the tenth. The last 
letter she wrote on the eighth.

It bothered me I knew that Clara 
wasn't the sort to stop writing her 
mother unless she had to. It didn't 
look right.

It worried me so much that I 
couldn't do right by the job I kept 
staring at the office wall and won-
dering what had happened to Clara and 
how I could find out.

A few days later I went to the Police 
Headquarters and started asking ques-
tions, telling them that a girl friend, 
Alice Williams, had come to town and 
was supposed to meet me on the ninth 
of June and she never made it and I 
was worried about her. I gave a 
general description that could have 
fitbed Clara.

I talked to several guys and then 
they steered me to an Inspector Wolfe 
in a small office loaded with files on 
the third floor.

"Why'd you come you took so long 
coming around, Mr. Devens?"

"Well, I thought I was just getting 
the brushoff, and then I began to 
worry about maybe she had been run 
over or something and didn't have 
any identification. So I thought I 
better come around."

"When was the last time you knew 
this Miss Williams was okay?"

"On the eighth I phoned her."

"That restricts it a little." He dug 
around in the files and came out with 
four folders.

There were pictures in the files. He 
started to show them to me.

Four dead girls, unidentified. I 
looked at the pictures. A truck had 
neared one in two. She was too 
hefty to be Clara and the face wasn't 
right. The second one was a swarthy 
under whose arms had been hauled out of the 
harbour. Not her. The third one came 
out of the river too, only she had been 
there a long, long time. Probably right 
through the winter. He said the lab 
gave the normal hair colour as slender 
Not Clara. When she was a little 
maid her hair was as black as the crows 
in her old man's corn patch.

The fourth one was a mess. Her face 
was smashed. She could have been 
Clara. She was the right size to be 
Clara. The blood-soaked hair was 
black.

"This could be her. What 
happened?"

"This was a funny one. The papers 
gave it a big play. Maybe you re-
member it. This is the one that took 
the huge dive and landed in the 
truck."

I remembered it vaguely.

He said, "A Hopper Transport Com-
pamy truck had to pick up a load 
across town. He was slowly picking 
through the traffic when he heard a 
bang and thought somebody had 
pulled into him. He pulled over and went 
and looked. No damage. He had a big 
trailer job, and he'd picked up a 
small load that didn't take much 
room. Anyway, when he got back to 
the warehouse and open up the 
door in the back, there's this dead 
girl. No clothes. No identification. She 
had come down through the roof 
of the van and smashed on the bed of the 
truck."

The papers gave it a big play and 
the lab went over her. The bones 
in her face are smashed so they can't 
reconstruct the features. Nobody saw 
her fall, and we can't even find out 
where she jumped from. The driver 
couldn't remember exactly where he 
heard the noise. They figure she hit 
face down as she went through the 
roof of the trailer. From her hands, 
from the callouses, they figure she'd 
been working on a lot of typing up to maybe a 
month or so before she jumped. We 
checked everything and no soap. The 
angle we figure is that maybe some 
joker knocked her off. It looks that 
way."

I thought of what that knowledge 
would do to Clara's mother. And I 
still couldn't be certain that it was 
her. A nasty way to go out.

"Any record of scars or marks or 
anything?"

"Yeah, here's the file. Let me see, 
now. Bad burn, long ago, on the 
underside of her left arm. A puckered 
scar on the right side of her throat 
where maybe she had an abscess 
formed when she was a kid. The X-ray 
showed an old break of the left collar-
bone.

"I said slowly, "Go on, I thought for a 
while it might be her. But that stuff you just told me doesn't fit. I 
think Clara just gave me the brush-
off."

He grinned. "Sometimes it goes 
that way. You want to give me a full 
description and a picture just in 
case?"

"No thanks."

He was slapping the flat folders back 
in the file as I left. He didn't seem 
precisely interested.

I found the driver for Hopper and 
was told me where he thought it had 
happened. I got the picture that Clara 
had sent me while I was overseas. 
Her wide eyes looked out of the 
frame with that wonderful look of expectation. The photographer 
had tried to brush out the pockted 
scar on the right side of her throat 
where she had had an abscess 
formed when she was a kid. But it still 
showed a little.

It was a part of town where there 
were cheap little apartments. I had a

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It's only idle speculation, yet it would be fun to know whether it is true. For the best the world can show in carved old antique places, in musty antique books, and in all the gear of ancient looks, ever brings the antique lover to sudden urge to be at least a trifle modest in her own antiquity.
He glanced around and saw a man sitting alone in the carriage. He looked nervous and his hand was clenched tightly. The man noticed him and looked up. His eyes were dark and intense, and he seemed to be watching the other passengers carefully.

The man stood up and approached him. His voice was calm and steady. "May I have this seat?" he asked.

The other man hesitated for a moment, then nodded and stood up. The man sat down and pulled out his newspaper. He looked up and gave him a smile. "If you don't mind," he said.

The man nodded and continued reading his newspaper. He felt a sense of unease, as if he had been watched by someone else.

The train moved forward, and the passengers began to settle in. Some of them were talking, while others were silent. The man noticed a group of people in the next carriage. They were talking loudly, and he could hear their voices clearly.

He realized that he had been mistaken. The man who had approached him was not watching him. He was watching the group of people in the next carriage. The man pulled out his newspaper again and continued reading.

The train arrived at its destination, and the man got off. He walked down the platform and saw the man who had approached him. The man was walking towards him, and the man felt a sense of unease.

The man walked up to him and said, "Thank you for the seat. I don't think I've seen you before."

The other man smiled. "No, I'm afraid I'm a stranger. Where are you going?"

The man hesitated for a moment, then said, "I'm going to the city. I have some business to attend to."

The other man nodded. "I see. Well, take care, and have a good trip."

The man smiled and said, "Thank you."

He walked down the platform and got onto the next train. He sat down and pulled out his newspaper again. He felt a sense of unease, as if he had been watched by someone else.
the two man TENT

Unrolled and Pitched by GIBSON

For two men who wish to go hiking the "two man tent" is a must. It is light in weight, thoroughly waterproof, and exceedingly easy to handle. That's what the ad said anyway.

Tent pegs are pieces of wood tied to each corner of the tent. The sole purpose of these are that they all pull loose whenever their opposite members are being adjusted. This, incidentally, can go on for days.

If two trees are used for pitching the tent make sure that you choose stout ones otherwise the tent with take on the characteristics of a canvas pyramid and who wants to live in a pyramid?

Saplings for tent poles etc should be chosen for strength and durability. The stronger the supports the more solid the structure. You will find this out when the whole works collapses, which it always does.

When choosing a sight on which to pitch the tent always pick a position where there is a small hill. This small hill comes in very handy to sit on if you happen to be pitched on the dried up creek.

Apart from being exceedingly popular with two men who go hiking the tents are also popular with every denizen of Nature that either walks, creeps, hauls, crawls, slings, hops, and last but not least, LAUGHS!
Passing Sentences

If a girl gets to work on time every morning, first thing you know they'll expect it.

In international affairs, peace is said to be a period of cheating between two periods of fighting.

A farmer who sent for a book on How to Grow Tomatoes wrote the publisher: "The man who writes the ad shoulds write the book."

Even the characters in a novel deserve a little privacy.

Overheard in the clubhouse: "What awful weather."

The comedian went from gags to riches.

Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always pushing anyone who comes between them.

I told my wife it was a pity she did not go to live with her mother as she knew all our business.

A highbrow author is a man who can write about something that he doesn't understand and make you think it's your fault.

Menu in city restaurant: "Barley Soup."

A chrysanthemum by any other name would be easier to spell.

People with time to spare usually spend it with someone who hasn't.

Dieting is a triumph of mind over platter.

To make a modern musical hit all you have to do is to take something composed by the masters—and then decompose it.

University students presented the famous old play, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Friday night. Thomas Reins starred as Uncle Tom, Betty Martin made a lovely Little Eva, and Grace Locy was Topsy.

My insomnia is so bad I can't even sleep when it's time to get up.

"Nevertheless sir, it has a disconcerting effect on the readers."
Accent on COURAGE

Australians will remember Harold Russell, the handless American veteran, for his dramatic and authentic portrayal in "The Best Years of Our Lives," the motion-picture which won him two Academy awards. Harold lost his hands in 1944 when a defective fuse caused the premature explosion of a charge of TNT. Nevertheless he can do almost anything with his "hooks."

When five-year-old Jerry runs into trouble with his toy wagons and trucks, Dad comes to the rescue. Russell's home is in Watertown, Massachusetts, where he lives with his wife Rita and their two children. He likes to help Rita in the kitchen, has become so adept that Rita often just looks on. He has been described the "most natural" actor ever tested in Hollywood...
MEDICINE ON THE MARCH

PRELIMINARY TRIALS have shown that a new mould-fungus class of drug, aureomycin, may prove effective against virus pneumonia. So far the virus has proved stronger than antibiotics and sulfa drugs. Doctors reporting the discovery to the American Federation for Clinical Research say that the response to treatment was dramatic.

THERE'S a new plastic film dressing which not only looks neat and clean outside, but keeps a wound free from bacteria which develops under the other dressings. It is made of a nylon-derivative film. Experiments are reported in the British Journal, The Lancet. The dressing is based on a wartime discovery which was the result of a search for suitable of aluminium for tropical warfare. Another advantage is that the wound can be inspected without lifting the nylon dressing, because the doctor can see through it, the dressing will remain in place for days if the skin is free from grease and a heavy growth of hair.

THE JOURNAL of the American Medical Association reports the use of histamine as a valuable preventative and treatment for migraine headache. The substance is a body tissue chemical, thought to cause many allergic reactions. During experiments it was injected beneath the skin and dropped into the veins. Of the 148 patients studied, 93 showed 25 to 100 per cent improvement. The treatment is not a cure, but constant treatment has freed patients from the headache over a period of a year.

A SYNTHETIC derivative of phenobarbital, called phenorn, is the latest discovery for treating all common forms of epilepsy. Dr. Frederic Gibbs of the Illinois College of Medicine has been conducting clinical experiments and reports effective results to the National Medicinal Chemistry Symposium of the American Chemical Society. The anti-epileptic was unearthed in screening about 300 specially prepared chemicals for something that would control artificially induced convulsions in mice.

IT HAS BEEN FOUND that X-rays and cathode rays produced at high voltages will destroy strong concentrations of bacteria, yeasts and molds. Researchers found that the sterilizing effect was good in cases of raw and pasteurized milks, soil and waters but in an experiment where fruit juices were irradiated to see if the vitamin C content would be destroyed it was noted that the vitamin was markedly reduced. The changes that the rays cause are due to the disturbance around the atoms of the receiving substance when the particles in the rays hit it.
Unfortunately for the victim, but a hanging provided citizens with a gala day, and the hangman crushed in on morbidity.

Death by a noose

MERYVN ANDREWS

The hammer rapped sharply on a solid beam above the gate of Darlinghurst Gaol, the "Brute of Death" was ready for John Keane's passage to eternity.

The tocsin of hammer on gallows has rarely rung in vain before dawn Sydney-town commenced to muster for a gala day. While plenum and pickpocket pillored their trade, thousands of citizens crowded around the gallows. Bondman and free, gentry and labourer, master and apprentice, lady, housewife, and harlot savoured a feast of horror to come, and stayed to gloat over the gurgles grimeces and gyrations of the helpless wretch suspended from that gruesome beam and dying by slow strangulation.

No censor decreed that this show was for adults only. The "Heads of the People," a journal bright in the annals of its first crusade, attacked the scandal in Vol. I, No. 3, of 1st May 1847, claiming that there were five children to every adult in that horrified multitude. It denounced, by stables, boys from a nearby school who attended in a body; they cheered and groaned between bites at the pieman's wares.

Yet these colonials were but echoing, and weakly, the insatiable interest of nineteenth century England in crime, blood, and punishment. Until nearly the end of the eighteenth century, perquisite of the office of the Reverend Ordinary of Newgate Prison was a monopoly of the "Last Words" and "Confessions" of the condemned within his ear. Thereafter circulation figures of the popular journals and broadsheets of the day leaped high. The "Newgate Calendar," "Annals of Crime," "Terror Register," "Malcontents' Register," "Last Dying Speeches," and "Letters from the Condemned Cell" served only to what the appetite of the populace.

The hangman cashed in on morbidity. Custom had long given him disposal of the victim's clothes, but he made more out of ropes commonly priced at six pence each.

The sale of ropes had long been prohibited, though a number of exhibits are available in the "Black Museum" of Scotland Yard.

An enterprising pieman who sold "Greenacre pies" at that hanging found his wares in strong demand at all subsequent hangings. That execution, too, was a long source of profit to the broadsheet printers; estimates of copies sold throughout the country range from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000. The "free lance" of the day got two shillings for the manuscript and the printer and the "patterer" divided the spoils.

Colonel S. G. Partridge, former Assistant Secretary, New Scotland Yard, in his "Prisoner's Progress" asserts that 100,000 people attended Francesberg's hanging in 1824, as many at Greenacre's in 1837, and also at Courvoisier's in 1840. At the last-named so great was the crush that dozens fainted and many were trampled to death. A baby was saved only by being snatched from the arms of its dying mother and passed over the heads of the crowd to safety.

These public executions were crude and gruesome. The prisoner walked to the scaffold, usually assisted of necessity, by an official. While the executioner adjusted the noose, the Ordinary continued his ministrations. At a signal from the clergyman the condemned man was "turned off"—two men usually gripping his legs from beneath the scaffold and dragged downwards to ensure suffocation.

After the crowd had dispersed, two groups invariably remained at the scaffold. One group, though of all classes, were united in faith in the efficacy of the "Dead Stroke"; they were goire sufferers hoping for cure by passing the dead man's hand through the swelling.

The second group were relatives bonyed with vain hope of getting the body for burial, but surgeons had to be trained, it went to the hospital for dissection.

Not all relatives had the same praiseworthy intention. The tearful pleading of his mother earned for her the body of Cannio, a highwayman hanged on 21st October, 1823. The good lady exhibited the corpse for three days, charging six pence a look.

Doubtless she netted a tidy sum and realized more by selling the carcass for dissection afterwards.

Disposal of the body to the hospital became low about 1829 but when public hangings were abolished in England in 1868 burial within the prison of execution became the rule. A direction to this effect was incorporated in the approved form of sentence adopted by English judges in 1843. The body now hangs for an hour. The doctor pronounces death and an official request is held before the corpse is placed in a coffin packed with quick lime for internment.

Michael Barrett, hanged at Newgate on 26th May, 1853, was the last man publicly hanged in England, and the trend in British countries since then has been against publicity. The jail officials, sheriff, hangman, doctor, and clergyman being the only witnesses although after the so-called battle of
Wentabagery in New South Wales in November, 1879, the bushranger, "Moonlight," was hanged in the presence of forty persons, mainly officials and members of Parliament.

America, on the other hand, publicized executions. At the electrocution of Grey, the "Iron Widow" case, reporters were so numerous that they had to be admitted to the death chamber in relays and a photo of the criminal in the chair at the moment of the switch-on was front-page in a New York daily; it sold 1,250,000 copies.

Despite the scene at Deebinghurst in 1847, Australian sentiment showed early revolt against public punishment. James Backhouse, a member of the Society of Friends who toured Australia in the Thirties, narrates that he saw the body of a murderer hanging in a gibbet near Perth (Tasmania) in 1837. So strong was public opinion against this first experiment that the Executive resolved never to repeat it.

In several States of Australia the death penalty has been abolished, and in others the King’s mercy exists unrepeal in most cases. It is over a decade since New South Wales recorded a hanging, but the penalty is pronounced and may be given effect to in that State and in Victoria for murder, high treason and rape.

Australian protests in recent months resulted in a reprieve being granted an English couple under sentence of death for murder.

Bending, garrotting, and electrocution, though favoured in some countries, are less common than hanging as a form of capital punishment. Hanging was introduced into England very early in history, although in 420 B.C. the condemned was thrown into a quaquerine Mosaic Law mode reference to hanging as in Deuteronomy XXI, where directions are given for the burial of the body before darkness.

Under older Roman Law a virgin could not be hanged. It was necessary for the executioner to violate Seneca’s daughter before carrying out the sentence of death imposed upon her.

John Laurence in the "History of Capital Punishment" shows clearly that the law had little consideration for either age or sex. Elizabeth Marsh, aged fifteen, was hanged for murder in 1574, while in 1831 a boy of nine was publicly hanged at Chelmsford for setting fire to a house.

A woman condemned to death would be asked if she were pregnant. A jury of twelve matrons was empanelled to determine the fact, which, if established, earned a stay until after the birth of the child. The humanitarianism of the early twentieth century normally granted a reprieve, but in 1931 the sentence of death on a pregnant woman guilty of murder was abolished in England.

With the abandonment of public executions, officials gave attention to the scientific aspects of hanging with a view to attaining the humanitarian perfection of instant death.

The hoist, the pushing from a high ladder, the jerking from a cart, and various forms of slow strangulation had already seven places to an improved "drop." The "New Drop" at Newcastle, installed in 1828, was a collapsible platform built to accommodate twelve hangings simultaneously, yet it frequently involved the employment of assistants to drag at the victim’s legs to kill.

Irish surgeons had meantime been studying the killing effect of the knot in varying positions and with differing lengths of drop. They favoured the "submental" position to kill by fracture of the second vertebra.

Weight and physical condition had to be taken into account English hangmen, Marwood, and his successors, Berry, studied and satisfactorily applied the Irish theories, and later the Home Office incorporated the results of their experiences into a

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**WHAT SMELLS SO GOOD?**

**Scent of the Week:**

- **Nose:** A wakening odour of something comes from the kitchen.
- **Mind:** He tries to keep mind on things but keeps shifting and wondering what it is.
- **Skin:** "This smells so good.
- **Hair:** "Call me when you’re ready for supper tonight, but don’t come near me here.
- **Hands:** Hands get to kitchen, which wife has just left & put something from freezzer into column.柱子应该涂上油漆。
- **Feet:** "Wander out to kitchen, which wife has just left & put something from freezer into column.柱子应该涂上油漆。
- **Shoulders:** "I can’t wait for supper tonight, but don’t come near me here.
- **Fingers:** "Tell wife what you’ll do for supper tomorrow, but don’t come near me here.
- **Elbows:** "Wander out to kitchen, which wife has just left & put something from freezer into column.柱子应该涂上油漆。"
JOSEPHINE BURNS

bABIES ON THE BLACK

She directed activities from a luxury apartment and disposed of 36 infants a month

Their don't actually put thinly-veiled beauties on the black for auction in the USA these days, but they do have their traffic in human flesh.

The sale of day-old babies is a million-dollar industry. It is an industry which could flourish in this country, too.

Last year, 139 unwanted babies were presented for adoption through the Child Welfare Department in Sydney alone, and that department has been able to find homes for them. To be called upon to do this in any numbers is not what was envisaged when the department was set up.

Coldly put, the babies have become a commodity in short supply - much like school teachers - but, in the case of the babies, there is no one who wants them. However, the cases are handled very carefully, and with a great deal of compassion, and the babies are usually placed in good homes.

An eighteen-year-old unmarried mother who was found to be pregnant, was taken to court, and her baby was taken from her.

While awaiting the birth of the baby, the girl was given domestic work at the maternity home where she was to be confined. A woman, allegedly, from a charitable organisation, approached her to see if she had made arrangements for the baby's adoption.

When the girl told her she hadn't the woman said, "You don't have to worry, I'll take care of everything. No one need ever know of your disgrace or that you have had a baby.

"Sick and frightened, the girl had a list of women to talk to her into signing bewildering documents, hardly knowing what she was doing. But when the baby was born, the young mother didn't want it adopted. "I don't care what people think," she told a nurse when the child was a week old. 'I'm going to keep my baby.'"

"It's too late," the nurse said. "The people you signed it over to, came and took it away this morning."

What could the police do? Their only charge was of misrepresentation against the woman, who had stated she was not married. It was believed that the child had been "sold," but there was no evidence of a monetary transaction, and the legal formalities had been hurried through the court immediately after the baby's birth.

Its new parents would not cooperate with the police, and as the child was legally theirs, they refused to give it up.

Statistics recently published suggest the possibility that such a market may already be operating in Australia.

The number of babies presented for adoption through the Child Welfare Department in Sydney has risen steadily in recent years. In 1946/47, 295 boys and 686 girls were adopted. In 1947/48, there was a total of 1,159. In 1948/49, there were 1,416 boys and 700 girls, a total of 2,116. At the same time, private adoptions rose sharply from 160 in 1946/47 to 204 in 1947/48, and although final statistics are not yet available, it is believed they doubled in 1948/49.

There is no evidence that any of these private adoptions were arranged on a monetary basis. Under the Child Welfare Act of New South Wales passed in 1933, it is legal for a mother to sell her baby for adoption. But it is not legal for adopting parents to be paid for taking the child.

When this Act was passed, the demand for babies for adoption was not so great and few mothers would have had to be paid to part with an unwanted child. On the other hand, the establishment of baby farms would have been encouraged had the Act allowed any but the mother to accept money for a child.

Today the position has altered. The Child Welfare Department has no way of knowing whether a child was sold, or if the mother was paid for it. The Act is not regularly enforced and there is no legal provision for it.

In America unscrupulous lawyers, doctors, and nurses are co-operating with blackmarket operators in seducing mothers to relinquish claim on their infants. Hairdressers, beauticians, and pet stores are frequently employed because they are in constant communication with the public.

A woman who confides to her hairdresser that she wants to adopt a child but has to wait a long time before one becomes available, is told in cautious terms that there is a person who might be able to help. That is if Madam is prepared to pay a small fee.

A meeting is arranged with the agent and a deposit paid, usually before the birth of the child, but the child is sold by its mother through the blackmarket when it is
a year or even two years old. In this case, the "arrangers" take a large percentage of the price paid.

The parental, background or family history of the child is not divulged to adopting parents, and they must take the risk of hereditary disease or criminal tendencies. On the other hand, the babies are sold indiscriminately to criminals, alcoholics, prostitutes, drug addicts, or anyone who can pay the price demanded, with no thought for the welfare of the child. Many children, it is believed, are being reared for the white slave trade.

The utmost secrecy is stipulated by the organizers in their transactions and because the child's mother and the adopting parents do not want publicity, few cases are brought to the notice of police or public.

Occasionally, however, the police have been able to smash a "baby ring" on the complaints of couples who declare they have been swindled.

If the baby which has been bought is still-born or dies at birth, another baby will be found. But if the purchasers refuse to take a baby they have paid for, there is no refund of the deposit, which usually represents half the purchase money.

One case which led to the arrest and conviction of five people in 1948, was a pathetic one. A young couple who had been married five years and had been told they would not have children of their own, decided they could not wait two or three years to adopt a child. They paid $300 dollars, as part of the price, to an agent for a baby to be born the following month. After its birth, the couple were told the baby's legs were hopelessly deformed.

Refused the return of their deposit, the husband and wife informed the police. Then after the arrests were made, they went to see the baby. Its mother had died in labour, and the young couple were so sorry for the little mite with its twisted, misshapen legs that they decided to adopt it after all and endeavour to have its limbs straightened by surgery.

In February this year, the matron of a maternity hospital in New York asked the police to check on a well-dressed, motherly-looking woman she had noticed persistently visiting unwed mothers in the hospital.

On investigation, the police found the woman was a Canadian, Mrs. Alice Satterthwaite, aged 58 the key figure in a nation-wide baby ring.

She lived in a luxurious Fifth Avenue apartment, from which she directed the ring's activities, acting herself as an intermediary and arranger.

Mrs. Satterthwaite was arrested in New York when it was proved she had provided pre-natal care for the expectant mothers in return for their babies, which she had sold for adoption. She had received as much as $5,000 dollars (equivalent to $2,000) for some of the babies, and she had disposed of an average of 30 children a month. In addition to personal contacts, she had operated an extensive mail-order system by advertising the babies for adoption through the newspapers.

Every care is being taken by the Child Welfare Department to prevent the establishment and spreading of a baby market in Australia. But its efforts can be successful only if the co-operation of people wanting to adopt children and adopting couples may have to exercise patience while they wait for their baby through official channels, but if they do so, they can be sure that caution and care will go into its selection. And most important, they can help to keep out of Australia, one of the greatest menaces America has ever known—a blackmarket for babies. There must be a lot of willing buyers before a market of this nature would be able to operate.
plan with a view

With the emphasis still on the small home, "Cavalcade" this month offers a suggestion for another two bedroom house. It is for a building allotment from which the main outlook is either to one side or to the rear.

The principal rooms are placed so that they take full advantage of the view, and large windows are the principal characteristic of this side of the house. There is also an open terrace, which is approached from the living room and from the main bedroom.

A feature of the plan is the large living room, the size of which is further enhanced by the addition of a dining area.

Each bedroom is fitted with a built-in wardrobe, and both are adjacent to the bathroom, which is modern in layout and has a separate shower recess.

Where the view is to the side the minimum frontage required is 40 feet and where to the rear 70 feet. The area of the house is 1,250 square feet.
It was a bad sign in the 1890's when a schooner mysteriously disappeared. Her bones lie on the bottom, off Tubuai - dead like the 200 natives who mutinied aboard her. But therein lies a tale.

Cedric R. Mentiplay

The schooner "Monosor," named casually against the deckhouse as the little vessel worked her way up towards Tahiti, and steamed into the evening breeze. The moonlight which made the night luminous as purple velvet was matched by the phosphorescence breaking about the how. Nothing could be heard above the thousand small noises of a ship at sea - the creak of water, the slow creak of timbers, the rattle and slap of cordage, and the soft sighing of the breeze.

As the helmsman headed Svendsen allowed the spokes to slide through his fingers, the mate cursed, and spat expertly to leeward. There was no wonder he did so. A puff of wind came aft, and with it a stench as vile as any that hangs over a week-old battlefield. It was a charnel-house. A stench of death, and decay, and the hot fetid stench of carrion animals - the stench of the natives' decaying bodies aboard the Gilberts and huddled below in the stinking hold. They had been here for weeks, locked in the darkness, lashed by the overseers, fed on pig-swall and water.

The mate crawled forward in the darkness. There was something strange about the fore hatch, he thought, something moving, growing. Then suddenly the silence exploded into a bedlam of wild yells and curses. The hatch was open now, and boiling up out of it came a mass of sweat-soaked, blood-splashed bodies. They hissed and barked for a moment at the mate, yelled the alarm in half-a-dozen languages.

In scattered ones and twos the crew came racing aft - a rudderless, bullying lot with terror now stark in their eyes. Well they knew what would happen to them if their captives headed them off. After them the natives came running, brandishing weapons which included billets of wood, broken chains, and long hawsers wrenched from the vessel's timbers.

On the poop the crew ruffed Svendsen, a rare combination of brutality, avarice and courage, led his men in heading back the natives with bare fists. Then a rifle took up the challenge, and the brown wave rolled back Svendsen took advantage of the lull to serve out pistols. As the fire from the poop grew in strength, the natives withdrew to the forepart of the ship, leaving a wide area of neutral ground.

To the accompaniment of weird chants from the foredeck the crew then held a council of war.

It was soon apparent that the natives had found the stores of food and drink. A wild feast ensued, and here and there brown bodies were seen to stagger from their places of concealment. Svendsen cursed mutinously as he picked off these merry-makers with the rifle.

"Ye must attack!" he declared at last. "You must stand ready to charge when I give the signal. I have a plan."

His scheme was a simple one. All he had to do was to crouch that naked strip of deck, crawl forward until he reached a stock of cargo picked up in the Gilberts; crawl there a minute, and then race aft. There was gunpowder among those stores, and Svendsen carried a length of fuse and a slow match.

Breathlessly they watched him go. The celebrations forward were reaching a high crescendo as he hurried into the pile. Then the whites thought that their leader had gone mad. The Dora sprang to his full height and screamed a challenge to the natives.

They came after him, shrieking their hate and desperation.

Coolly he waited until they were almost upon him, then ran for his life. Inflamed with liquor, the Gilberts carried their pursuers right up to the poop ladder - right up to the moment when the deck erupted in a great red scaring flame.

Perhaps a hundred natives were elated in pieces in that holocaust, and fifty more were thrown blinded and maimed to the deck. Others, in the agony of their wounds, jumped overboard. Into the survivors, trapped
Walking down the street one morning, a celebrated Dutch conductor, encountered a member of his orchestra.

"My, my, but you look prosy!" he observed.

"Oh, I'm a busy man," replied the musician. "Besides playing in the orchestra, I play in a quartet, give lessons, and perform on the radio.

"Really," rejoined the conductor. "When do you sleep?"

"During the rehearsals," came the calm rejoinder.

—Wall Street Journal

now between the fire and the poop poured a pitiless shaft of lead. The crew of the "Monaro" showed no mercy. When the massacre ended, fewer than fifty natives were left unwounded.

This is only one incident in the bloody history of William Stewart, otherwise known as Turiu, or, as his French friends and enemies called him, "Monarch d'Atimano." There are countless other stories which have become legend concerning the crimes which were perpetrated in his name.

Stewart is first discovered in 1832, sailing down from the eyrie he later called Montcalm into the rich valley of Atimano, on the western side of Tahiti. What was his previous history nobody knows, but at that moment William Stewart was a man full of vigour and ruffianliness, contemplating a dream the fruition of which would claim all his powers.

Briefly, his plan was to build a kingdom on cotton, the demand for which had assumed tremendous proportions because of the devastation to Southern American plantations caused by the Civil War. A demon of activity was driving him. First, he used his persuasive powers (and possibly more concrete arguments) to obtain all the permission he needed from the French officials.

But the Tahitians would have none of him. They were free men, and under the law in the stockade they died, but they did not work. He hired schooners, of which the "Monaro" was one, and manned them with ruffians whose instructions were to get labourers—and no questions asked. Stewart's "blackguards" combed Rarotonga, then the Gilberts. His project grew, but at terrible cost in human lives and suffering. The natives preferred death to slavery, and nothing could alter that fact. Finally he brought in shipsloads of Chinese coolies from Canton and Macao—and through this admixture of Asiatic blood completed the destruction of a fine native race.

The cotton plantations flourished in banana plenty. Ships came to Atimano, and went away laden with the precious bales. Stewart lived like an Oriental potentate with his Tahitian wife in a huge stone house in which he offered lavish entertainment to such nobility as the French governors, the Tahitian queen, and the Duke of Edinburgh.

On the high land which he called Montcalm he built a palace for less formal occasions, to which he used to be borne in a palanquin carried by natives. The island folk still tell of wild orgies in the hills above the green richness of the valley, and of how a sudden monarch would rest after such bouts on the beautiful island of Rarotonga.

For overseas he went to the best possible source—the British army. A dozen former non-commissioned officers received free passages from England in order that they might try their powers on the natives and coolies. The ferocity and brutality of the work which they were expected to do disgusted more than one of even these hardened disciplinarians. They rebelled, and received treatment worse than that meted out to the natives. One John Bible, late of the 25th Regiment, went mad, and elaborately out his days in a New Zealand asylum.

When the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Victoria's second son, visited Atimano in 1849, he was welcomed with rich and picturesque ceremonial. Important musicians played for his pleasure, and champagne flowed freely. His tour of the plantations was usefully supervised so that he saw only the growing wealth of cotton and the handsome neatness of the "show" compounds. The whips were stowed out of sight, and the trouble-makers were spirited away to the distant reaches of the valley.

Nevertheless, certain British subjects living under the hand of William Stewart presented to the Duke a petition, asking for his intervention. Nothing was done officially, and it is presumed that this document became "lost" somewhere in the archives of the Foreign or Colonial Office. Stories did leak out, however, for the Pacific became less and less remote from Europe with the passing months.

By 1859 Atimano was showing a handsome profit and nobody noticed that the buttercups of that profit, the critically high price of cotton, were growing as the beaten Confederate states of America turned to production again. Just before France fell to the Prussians, a syndicate based in Lyons offered Stewart £220,000 for his share in the venture. He rejected it scornfully.

As the world price of cotton fell, the cracks began to show in the vast glittering fabric British capitalists had invested over £120,000 in the enterprise, and French capital was also deeply involved. Demands became more pressing, and at the first signs of reluctance on the part of Stewart to meet them a panic developed. London granted a last loan of £18,000, but it was too little and too late. By 1873 the whole impressive edifice was crumbling into dust, and it was plain to all that bankruptcy would be the inevitable end of the company.

Stewart came down as heavily as if he had been set on the topmost tower of his enterprise. Around him he saw the cotton droop and wither in its desert sands. Chinese and natives became daily more arrogant, as the overseers and company police weary of working under continuing pressure of payment, went off in search of other employment.

At the end of it all, Stewart was left with little more than the clothing he stood up in. All the rest had been thrown to the clamouring creditors—and it was not enough.

William Stewart was accompanied only by his wife when, on the morning of September 24, 1873, he made his last journey to the eyrie of Montcalm. There was no palanquin now, and the jungle growths reached out hungrily to close the trail. He was strangely white and shakin' when at last he reached the grove of mango-trees, but he seated himself firmly enough on the verandah of his mountain villa.

"I'll start again," he told his wife. "In the Marquesas, this time, and with Chinese labour. We shall reap there, you and I!"

She looked away, but her tear-blinded eyes saw nothing of the fertile valley. They held only the vision of two men—the strong, ruthless, fighting Scot who had won her so long ago, and the broken, white-haired fellow who was now William Stewart. When she looked back at him, he was already dead.

The company survived him only a few months. Today only the mangoes flourish on the site of Montcalm, and the palace by the bay is a heap of rubble. The lords of Atimano today are the Chinese he imported as a last resort.
Hunter And Hunted

She was as fit as a fiddle—
The man, he wanted to play,
He wanted to make a night of it
But the loss, she called it a day!
Sente
On ignoring
Such boring
Discouragement,
He tried her willpower to flout:
But he was being taken in
When he thought he was taking her out
He was persistent,
She was resistant—
Resistant at first, that is,
And she remained silent
When he waxed violent
In a somewhat volatile quiz
And he was mistaken by surprise
At a lass who didn't chatter
When he gave her a line
Over nuts and wine
That was meant her pride to flatter
But for all he said
And for all she knew,
She shook her head
While her love bloomed true
And even if she did not get
Her ideal kind of beau,
She landed everything else besides,
Home, honeymoon, car and dough
She broke silence to boast
As they gave her a toast
To a most successful bride,
That she hunted her prey
In the kind of way
That gave her a special pride
For whatever they say
Of the way to hunt,
And whatever approach be right
She was never sorry,
She caught her quarry
By keeping her trap shut tight
NO, INSPECTOR! -- I'M AFRAID! IF I'M FORCED TO GIVE EVIDENCE I'LL LIE!

FLASH CAIN INTERRUPTS

TELL ME THIS -- "BLACK ANGEL" CANNON'S GETTING PROTECTION FROM ALL YOU SHOOTS IN THE DISTRICT?

YES -- BEYOND THAT I'LL SAY NOTHING!

I'LL SEE THE SHOP-KEEPERS, BANT ---- MAYBE I CAN GET 'EM TO TALK!

I MIGHT NEED THESE -- FOR THE "BLACK ANGEL"!

THEY BLOW KERSHAW UP LAST NIGHT, HAINES -- DO YOU FEEL LIKE TALKING -- ABOUT CANNON?

I MIGHT NOT TALKING MR CAIN! SORRY -- BUT I CAN'T

I NO CARE ABOUT THEESA CANNON I KNOW NOTTING!

NOTTA EVEN FOR DA MON' WHEEL I SAY ANYTHING!

FEEL LIKE TALKING ABOUT A CERTAIN "BLACK ANGEL"/CONROY?

TOO FLAMIN' RIGHT I DO, MR CAIN! I'VE HAD CANNON AND HIS DIRTY RACKET!

GOOD, CONROY 'SHOOT!
NOT HERE, MR. CAIN! GIVE ME YOUR ADDRESS AND I'LL CALL TONIGHT!

FLASH CAIN GIVES CONROY HIS ADDRESS

WARNING!

CONROY CALLS ON FLASH CAIN, AND--

-DIES AS 'BLACK ANGEL' CANNON COMES CALLING!

-FLASH OPENS UP!

--BUT IT'S A CLEAN GETAWAY!

CAIN BRINGS CONROY'S BODY INTO THE FLAT, AND RINGS THE POLICE ~~~~

-HE LOOKS FOR CLUES THAT MIGHT LEAD HIM TO THE 'BLACK ANGEL'S' HEADQUARTERS

UNIQUE INSURANCE COMPANY, I WONDER IS THAT YOUR PARTICULAR HEAVEN 'BLACK ANGEL'?

-DETective INSPECTOR BANT ARRIVES ~~~~

-HEY THEY GOT HIM BEFORE HE CHIRPED, CAIN...
MAYBE THIS WILL CHIRP, BANT!

NAME DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING!

A WOMAN LETS THEM IN, AND CAN RECOGNISES HER AS THE FORMER FRONT FOR A GANG OF JEWEL THIEVES....

HULLO, CHICKEN!

UNIQUE INSURANCE MANAGER'S NAMED ROBERTS..... IT GIVES IT ALONGSIDE HIS PRIVATE ADDRESS AND NUMBER........

THEY CALL ON THE MANAGER OF UNIQUE INSURANCE

YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME CAIN! I'M ROBERTS SECRETARY...

WELL, YOU'VE GOT THE FIGURE FOR IT!

YOU HOLDING A CROOK'S CONVENTION, MR ROBERTS ?..... THIS CHARACTER ON YOUR DESK IS A NOTORIOUS STICK-UP

HE'S USEFUL, INSPECTOR........

-- AS A STANDOVER MAN FOR YOUR PROTECTION RACKET?

HENNESSY / MERTON IN HERE!
THE FAIRYTALE OF SCIO...

Both employees and townspeople helped rebuild the boss's factory.

This true story recalls the time-worn aphorism "When a man bites a dog that's news." For it is a story of modern industrial relations in which there is no mention of strikes. Quite the opposite, it tells how employees and townsfolk voluntarily rebuilt the boss's fire-gutted factory.

In the town of Scio, Ohio in the pre-war days of 1933, Lewis P. Reese started a china-ware factory in a defunct pottery plant. He was a stranger to the town, for he came from West Virginia but he was a likeable, knowledgeable, energetic person and he soon built up a thriving business.

This was the production of five cent china, with which he aimed to corner a good share of the cheap china market, in those days dominated by the Japanese. So successful was he that in a few years he was the biggest producer of white china in the United States.

But at Christmas time 1947, Reese's factory was burned down, and since he held no insurance, his successful career had apparently come to a sudden end. On the contrary, it was the beginning of one of the most fantastic industrial stories ever told.

Reese's workers went out and cleaned up the debris! The townsfolk took up a collection to start rebuilding! Drastically, the steel plant was secured by a delegation of citizens going to the head office of the National Steel Corporation! Even the Pennsylvania Railroad entered the cooperative spirit of the job by putting the steel on through trains and then upsetting their schedules by stopping those trains at Scio for unloading!

Five New York stores extended loans to be paid back over ten years in cups and saucers! His pottery workers learned construction work and worked hard, even overtime, to accomplish reconstruction in record time! Women's clubs served meals to the workers! And in 84 days the plant was re-opened, the china-ware was again being produced!

If even there was an example of community endeavor turning individual disaster into success, the story of Lewis P. Reese and his pottery plant is that. But every day in a less dramatic form, the same thing is occurring here in Australia thanks to Life Assurance. Fatherless homes are being protected; people are returning in comfort, thanks to this great cooperative enterprise in which three million Australians are linked for mutual aid! Their savings are invested for the benefit of the whole community, too. And while helping the development of Australia they are also earning money which helps to provide welcome bonus additions to the sum for which each policy holder is assured. The "Fairy-tale" of Scio is repeated in our midst many times over every day of the year!
He recognised the minnie Mauzer when it came out of
the post to remind him of the crime he had
committed

HARRY WATERS sat comfortably
at ease in his sumptuous office.
The room was ornate even for the
type of business. Harry had made his
own—a symphony of blonde wood and
expensive leather upholstery in the
solid, manly style he loved to affect.
Adjoining it was another apartment
in which the touch was gentler,
though no less costly. Here there was
damask, and soft cushions, and shaded
lights, and the red shams of cedar.
But now the interconnecting door
was closed, and Harry was alone.

He leaned back to savour the frag-
rance of his cigar and listened to the
strains of the orchestra—his orchestra
the best that money could buy—waff-
ing up from the dance-floor below.
This was the quintessence of luxury,
to be alone by choice when a word in
the telephone at his elbow would

KENNETH MELVYN

travels far

worse the rich and the influential to do
it being bad.

Soon he would ring, not for any
favour the rich could give him, but
for the luxurious Lou. Or perhaps she
would come unbidden, as she often
frequented, knowing what he was,
half-awakened that he might not hear
him. He would come in so sinuously, so
perfectly poised, and pass through into
the room chamber which she called
his harem-room murmuring about
"something a little cooler" than the spangled drapes in
which she sang her numbers.

He closed his eyes. It had been a
long and trying week, and the night
was far advanced. He would not call
her worry a little, and let this
bedevilled quest continue. How wonder-
ful it would be to sleep your fill at
night and to wake in the early morn-
ing in the cool, clear air of Velden,
above the dark waters of the Worth-
ersee.

There was a sweetness in the
memory of that shadowed lake, with
the mountains of the great peaks looming
within it and the red-spored little
Austrian town shimmering by its side
—a sweetness marred only by the
ghosts of Hilde and the Bing Anton.

How the weeps reached up from the
lake-bottom and chime-dling like
tragic ringing bells, like the
rending noises of dark blonde tresses,
How were the eyes the slapping
mouth—

He spoke, sweating from his dose
and sprang to his feet. The old night-
mere was back, the slime of the lake
on his hands again! Then he realised
that something else had ruined him;
The music had stopped, a sudden
mingle of sound. There were raised
voices, sounds of struggling. A read!
Surely the fools could not have
double-crossed him like that?

He ran to the concealed shutters
pressed the button which caused it
to slide upwards silently. The noise of
the crowded night-club blared forth
suddenly in his ears. He breathed
heavily. This was no police raid, and
whatver it had been, he was too late.
Already the orchestra was swinging
into its stride again, Jimmy Blues,
with his gifted clarinet, was a tall
swaying reed of sound.

Harry smoothed down his immacu-
late vest, ran fingers through the
flowing waves of his hair, and stopped
out onto the landing. The author of
the disturbance was on his way out—a
broad, stopped man hunched for-
ward to relieve the pressure placed
on his twisted arm by the nose-like
grasp of Joe Cleag. Wal and Jug, other
members of his efficient team of
"gentleman ushers" screened the de-
parture so that the four of them
seemed nothing more than a festive
group on its way home.

Harry found himself gazing fixedly
at that wide back until it disappeared
with sudden acceleration through the
main door. There was something
familiar, something menacing about
his intrepid little group of those shoulders—and yet the
man was quicker, smaller. He swore
softly. "The nightmare was hanging
around still!"

He descended the stairs and looked
for Lou. She was not hard to find.
In the shadow of the man she was re-
pairing a torn shoulder-strap.

"What goes, Lou?" inquired Harry
putting the exposed shoulder

She twitched irritably away. "Can't
you get your tame galles to stay on
the job? Now we're uptown I don't
expect to be maulled by drunks and
halfwits! It's bad for me, and bad for
your custom. Best do something
Harry-boy!"

"I will—if you tell me what
happened."

"All right. I'm getting ready for
my number, see, and this feller comes
at me like he's just wandered off the
street. Straight across the dance-floor
he comes, and stops in front of me,
and says, quiet-like. 'You're the most

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beautiful woman in the place. You'll know where Harry is!

"It's no compliment, see, the way he says it, with a twisted grin on that scarred face of his. I turn away, and he grabs me, rips me round, and asks again. He's still grinning when I scream for the boys. You saw the test!"

"That was all? No other words?"

"That was all, boss." Joe Ogg had arrived, looking more like an ape than usual because of a visibly swelling eye. "We rushed 'im quick, but 'e back-handed Wal in among the drums an' planted me one beauty before the fight went out o' him."

"All right. Spare the alpha. What was he like?"

"Oldsh, green hair. Face looked as if he'd been in a nasty motor accident—sort of scrambled. He'd been big once, but there was no meat on 'im—oh—'an' he was armed!"

"Armored? Did he try to use a gun?"

"No. See 'ere." Joe produced something small and gleaming from his pocket, and handed it to Harry. "'E had it in his hand, but 'e didn't even struggle when I took it off 'im."

Harry looked at it, and his eyes widened. The weapon was a tiny automatic pistol—a Mauser 6.33 millimetre, less than three inches long overall. The heavy chromium plate reflected the light, and the mother-of-pearl on the butt had a lustrous sheen. It was a perfect miniature of a heavy service weapon, yet it lay dwarfed in his hand. He gasped.

"Some crazy fella, mad with hootch," offered Joe. "His voice was kinda thick. Coulda been Jerry."

Harry forced himself to smile, though his hands were trembling and there was a dryness in his throat. He slipped the pistol into his pocket.

"All right, boys," he said. "See nothing like that gets in again. I'll be up in my room, but—" His eyes caught those of Lou. "—I don't want to be disturbed for an hour. That's all."

Back in his office, Harry flopped into his chair and dabbed at his brow with a silk handkerchief. The climb was steep, and he was not as alpinist or as fit as he used to be. He took the pistol from his pocket and placed it on the blotter before him. As he forced himself to look at it coldly, dispassionately, his panic left him.

Of course! There it was, a Mauser miniature, one of countless thousands. Why, half the women in Europe carried one of those, or something like it, as a protection against ambitions strangers! There was nothing even remarkable about the fact that one should turn up here. In possession of a man whose accent might have been German, whose back view bore a fleeting resemblance to that of a man seen on the other side of the world, ten years ago.

Harry laughed shakily and poured himself a drink. The tang of the fine whisky warmed him, steadied him, so that his fears seemed suddenly childish. Why, an examination of the possibilities would prove conclusively how weariness and a good dream could produce results which would confound all reason.

The back? That, of course, would remind him of the back of Anton Schwartz, the big mountaineer who lived high on the berg above Velden, and who used to court the lovely, trusting Hilde. He had last seen Anton, when? That morning, of course—that fateful morning ten years ago, when his own travels had begun, when a little, moustached man with a forelock and burst his way into Austria, and when a blonde girl had died.

His name was not Henry Waters then, but Heinrich Wassermann—a young man with big ideas, and a way of obtaining whatever his heart or his ego craved. His first, second, and last thought was for Heinrich Was-
german—and that, in a way, was what he had brought him to Velden, garbed as a tourist but feeling uncommonly like a cornered rat.

He had joined the Nazi Party, not because he believed in its ideals or enjoyed the noisy battles with the Comrades, but because life in Germany was easier for a party member. When an offer came along from political rivals, and there were secrets for sale that same consideration dictated his course of action. Ill fortune alone had decided that the offer should be a trap, and that he should now be fleeing frantically from party vengeance.

In Velden the handsome, well-mannered young tourist revealed nothing of the panic which was growing within him. Beyond was the Tarvis Pass into Italy. But without money to bribe the frontier guards he might as well have been back in the Koenigstrasse. Then fate brought him Hilde, daughter of the proprietor of the white-fronted hotel, by the lake—a fine, big blond girl who fell easily under the spell of the young visitor.

As was his way in any enterprise he threw everything he had into a whirlwind week of courtship. At the end of it she was his to take whenever and wherever he pleased—his to spirit away to those existing northern cities of which he spurn his tales. She was prepared to bring her own dowry—the fat stockings full of savings which her father handed beneath the old wooden clock.

Be remembered waiting for her that night amid the clammy mists of the lake. There was a new urgency in his plans now. Something he had heard, a signal remembered from the Old Party days had told him that evening that zero hour for Austria was at hand. Once the Nazis attained power here, his doom was sealed. Persuasion mingled with the dew upon his face.

At last she came, panting a little, and lay for a moment in his arms. Then they boarded the boat which she believed would take them four miles across the lake to Klagenfurt, first stage in their journey together to the great cities. He rowed quietly into the climbing mists, his eyes watching the paleness of her face in the faint boom of stars.

She sat there, placid and unmoving, as he swung the boat through a wide half-circle. It was only when the bow thrust through the bordering reeds and jarred softly into the bank that she showed any surprise. Before she could express her doubts he took her hand and jumped ashore. She followed. The lights of the Tarvis highway showed that they were scarcely more than half a mile from the starting-place.

"What is this, Heinrich? Do we go some other way?"

"Quickly he rasped. "The money! Give it me!"

"But, Heinrich—I could not take it; surely we can do without. They were so kind to me—so kind...

"What?" he could not believe his ears. His whole beautiful plan was blowing away in the morning breeze. "You stupid fool! Do you think for a moment I would look at you—that I would trust my head back into a noose?"

Her tall figure suddenly straightened. In the growing light he could see her hands fumbling in her bosom. He heard the click of a cocked pistol and saw the soft gleam of steel.

"Stand where you are!" Her voice was climbing towards hysteria, but the tiny weapon was level enough. "Anton told me about you—warned me! He said to test you thus—and if you loved me, we could go, with his blessing. We thought there was something strange about us, as you were hiding. We—"

"Hilde! Put down that gun and listen to me!"

The man with the "Grasshopper Mind" nibbles at everything and masters nothing.

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The "Grasshopper Mind"

CAVALCADE July, 1949
Columbus director John Sturges has just discovered that animals are natural-born actors. Cause of this momentous decision is that in the filming of "Best Man Wins" adapted from the Mark Twain story, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," six greyhounds, two Labs and dozens of dogs play leading parts. Sturges rehearsed human actors but shot the animal scenes without any coaching. Result: Nine perfect takes out of ten scenes in which animals appear.

"I have listened enough, You will take my money and leave me here, dishonoured, a laughing stock. Well in Austria there are girls who will fight for their honour. That is what I shall say when they come and find you here."

Her voice soared and cracked until he could stand it no longer. He diced, striking at her arm, crushing his shoulder into her soft body. The little gun flew away in a high arc, and she was slaying at him, wishing to break his hold on her throat. Then they were down and rolling! The hook fell away beneath them, and Heinrich was in water to the hips. Twice he struck down through it at the limb body beneath the surface. He held on until the last terror ceased until the last bubble came bursting to the surface. Then slowly he dragged himself upward and scrambled ashore. The first streams of dawn were in the sky. His time was running short.

Breathlessly he ran to the gauchos, his voice screaming binding about him. The clock! Yes, the money was there, a thick roll of it! Now to change out of these dripping rags into something that would make him look like a man on a walking tour in inhabited Tyrol. Swiftly and with renewed heart he made his way upstairs to his room.

When he had finished his preparations he stole a quick look out of the window. They were passing now along the lake shore, and sunshine was streaming from the rough stone chimneys but the shutters of the gaucho's houses were still fast. Then he moved. In the distance he could see the boat still bobbing among the reeds—and towards it along the path from the mountains came Anton.

Perturbed, Heinrich watched perhaps, even now—but no! Anton stopped suddenly, in his tracks, picked up something from the path—something small, at which he looked with slow puzzlement. Then Anton saw the empty boat. He strode towards it, and peed down at the riverbank at the rushes, and at what they only half conceived. And then, with a furious energy that was startling in one normally so deliberate, Anton was racing towards the man.

Heinrich shook himself out of his coma, snatched up his bag, and made for the door. He was down the stairs and crossing the darkened parlor when the front door crashed open. Anton stood there—Anton no longer slightly ridiculous in his short Tyrolean breeches and enormous hobnalled boots. In his great round face his eyes were narrowed and shining.

"Wassermann, you swine! I found you! You—you—"

"Don't be foolish man I was—just leaving quiet—leaving the field to you. You found her—keep her, then!"

"Don't lie! You killed her, you dog! You killed her!"

The huge right fist was raised and clasped within it entirely enfolded in that knotted flesh and bone, was the little pistol. Thus they muzzled, pressed from between the knuckles Heinrich tried to tear his gaze away from the menacing steel ring now poised before his eyes. He felt his poise desert him, the sweat breaking out upon his brow. His smile was numb, and his blood was turning to water within him.

And now he knew that the big man seemed his power, that Anton was holding his fire in a deliberate, gloating plan, to watch his enemy break into a dribbling, craven thing begging for mercy.

Then he was conscious of noises in the street of people shouting. Perhaps they had found him. Perhaps a voice roared in the doorway.

"Mohiaston! Turn out! Hitler has crossed the border!"

The waked eye of the little gun wavered as the big man turned his head Heinrich saw his chance. Swiftly he lunged striking with all the weight of his heavy rucksack Anton leaped backwards to regain his balance caught his heels in the thick handmade carpet, and went down awkwardly on the tiled floor. Heinrich was on him, lashing out cruelly with his heavy tamping boots at the exposed face and head until the huge bulk was still.

Harry Watters picked up the little gun and held it so that the muzzle protruded from between his knuckles: Yes it had been just such a weapon. He shuddered slightly and laid the gun down. How true it was—and yet he was somehow afraid of sleep. He closed his eyes, and thought of the dark transparencies of still waters, of the shadows of wavy reeds, and of the bubbles rising.

He was no longer alone in the room. That convocation came upon him slowly, with the blowing of a cool breeze on his neck. He opened his eyes. A man stood before him—a man he had never seen before, and who yet was horribly familiar. The small blue eyes peered coldly from a face that was once craggy and disfigured now. The body was that of a man who had once been big but who was now little more than a skeleton on whom the clothes hung strangely loose. The knuckles—the knuckles! They rested idly on the table, on either side of the little Mauser.

"Heinrich Wassermann!" The voice was curiously low, untroubled. "A long time, eh? Sorry it could not be sooner.

"But Anton—Anton surely—"

"Oh you did not do this, all of it, to me. There was nothing and I was in it—for my country. For Austria, Heinrich, not for your Nazi friends. Then when they caught me and there was Buchenwald—and Dachau Time wasted, Heinrich—but they taught me patience, if not forbearance!"

"Why, Anton, you'll need money—clothes—"

"No, I have work to finish—work I began ten years ago."

"But—they'll find you. There's only one way out of here! You'll never get away!"

"I care not. But remember—those renovations at the back of your place. A ladder leans against that window behind you. I can close the window when I depart, and remove the ladder. See, I know these things, because I have watched you. Day and night, these six months."

Heinrich opened his mouth, but no words came. He saw the big knuckles close about the gun and then the fist came up, oh, so slowly. He tried to move but a nameless terror seized him. He saw only the tightening fingers, and between them the tiny muzzle of the Mauser. As the flash leaped out at him ten years of flight, struggle and success were at naught. In the parlour of the man at Velden, in the first rays of a sun which had set ten years before, died Heinrich Wassermann.

The detective looked at Lou absently, at the body slumped forward across the expensive blonde wood desk, and at the little automatic clamped in the swinging fist.

"Suicide," he declared. "Savvy things, those mummy Mausers—but they kill, eh?"
eight eyes see
Murder

RAY CUMMINGS

Mail had hoped he would escape justice for his crime, for his inheritance from the murdered man would have set him right with Valerie.

PETER MAIR drove his little roadster swiftly. It was nine o'clock now—a soft, moonlit summer evening. He had driven all the way from Waterville since suppertime. He'd be home in less than half an hour. Mair sat tense behind the wheel, warned by his thoughts—it seemed that every moment as he approached the little cottage where he lived with his cousin, John Karn, his tension was increasing.

He was young—twenty-three—and, he told himself, hated his life. He should have had Valerie out of that chorus line and married her long ago. His salesmanship no longer jelled with her. He had suddenly realised that yesterday, in Martinsburg where her road show was playing, things would have to be different.

The little road rounded the curve, and John Karn's cottage came in sight—set alone under the thick grove of trees on a slope of the wooded hill. It seemed abruptly that now was the
A recently appointed magistrate, chairman of the Bench, for the first time had sternly to a cyclist involved in an accident. "I am determined to stamp out these road casualties, and I sentence you to death!"

A startled clerk explained that the maximum penalty was 40/-.

"Very well, then, 40/- And may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

time for him to make things different—to set what he wanted out of life—and the premonition that he was plunging at a crisis seemed to stir lurking, frightening anticipation.

He saw that the little cottage was all dark, sombre, with tree shadows in the moonlight, with just a yellow glow at the lower rear windows, which were Karn's studio. The housekeeper always left after supper. Karn would be alone.

Mair put his car into the little nearby garage. He left his sample cases in it. He went to the front door of the cottage, put his hat on the table in the dim hall. He had brought his suitcase from the car. He left it in the hall, by the stairs. There was no light except the slit from the partly opened studio door.

Karn called, 'That you, Peter?' He had heard the arriving car. In the hall, for no reason at all except that his vague shuddering thoughts were prompting him, Mair had been curiously silent.

"Yes," Mair said. He shoved open the studio door, went in.

It was a small artist's studio, with big windows which Karn always kept closed because he hated fresh air. The smoke from his incessant cigarettes hung in thick blue layers, waving slowly like a gossamer shroud where the light fell on them. The room was littered with canvases and artists' paraphernalia. Charcoal sketches on big rectangles of cardboard stood on the floor, leaning against the wall. Karn, with a cigarette dangling from his lips, sat on a stool before his easel, working on a sketch of a man's arm and hand. A hooded light shone on the board and illuminated one side of him—a short, thin and delicate little man with a mass of prematurely grey hair. Karn was only forty-six. He was peering at his sketch through the thick lenses of his white-rimmed spectacles—peering with an intent, critical frown.

Then as Mair stood in the doorway, Karn tossed away his bit of charcoal and swung around the stool. "Come in, Peter," he said. "Sit down."

"Don't let me interrupt you. I'm tired. Guess I'll go up to bed." Mair was startled at his own words. Was he trying to avoid talking now to his cousin? He could feel his heart pounding, but as Karn waved him to a wicker chair, Mair took it, crossed his legs and lit a cigarette.

"Matter of fact, I was only killing time waiting for you, Peter." Karn was a nervous, high-strung little fellow. He seemed often short of breath when under stress. He was short of breath now. He clipped his words but he was smiling. "I've got a few things stored up to say to you," he added.

"Things?" Mair murmured. He uncrossed his legs. The knot in his stomach tightened. He had a premonition of this, and now it was coming. "Have a prosperous trip?" Karn asked.

governments I'm fed up with stealing you
to a living since your mother died."
His gesture waved Mair into silence.
"Shut up, you, and let me talk!"
I wouldn't mind if you had any good
intentions, but you haven't. I couldn't
half noticing letters coming in
occasionally—Valerie La Tour of the
Moonlight Maids—that's one of your
interests, isn't it?"
Mair lost his temper. It
leaped to blur the tear in her
so that he gripped the sides of the chair,
and stared.
"Meaning what?" he murmured.
"So I did a little long distance
phoning," Karn went on. "Your
concern says you don't sell enough
to justify your expense account—and
you've padded that to where they're
about fed up with it. How can you
get customers, when on every trip you
follow the Moonlight Maids around?
Surely you checked on that too. The
stage manager knows you very well,
Peter."
Karn took up his charcoal and
added a few strokes to his sketch. Now
that he had started the discussion,
neurosis seemed to have left him. He
was prepared to wait calmly.
His cousin had had a rude shock and
there was more to follow.
Watching him Mair felt quiet fear
rising within him. On top of Valerie's
attitude of yesterday, Karn's matter-
of-fact statements were more than he
could stand. What could his calculating
cousin understand of the feeling
for Valere, and the effect of his
passion for her? He was prepared to
wager that had Karn as much as spoken to Valerie at any time, he
would have been in a spin himself.
Why couldn't the fellow stop
fiddling with that charcoal, he thought.
Black strokes. The very color seemed
to be an omen. Blast his spying
mind! He leaned forward, smashing
against the board, knocking the black
stump from the artist's grasp,
complete-
ly upsetting the sketch. Karn bent
to retrieve the cardboard. Mair stared
at a painting on the easel.
"So this is your interest in spying
into my affairs?" he demanded, murder
in his voice. "An excellent likeness,
my dear cousin. The result of many
sittings no doubt."
"Don't be silly, Peter. I confess
that I did go to see her. Your interest
made me curious. I wanted to see
what kind she was. What I thought
is not of much consequence, but I was
provoked by an unusual quality in
her face, to make a sketch of her li-
keness. The painting is from memory,
I hope that satisfies you.
"Incidentally, quite apart from the
face, I didn't find enough to warrant
your mailing your career for her."
It fell on Mair like a flurry of
little blows, confusing them so that
all he could feel was the blur of his
rising anger. "Easy now, don't
let him beat you... It seemed that
all he could see in the shadowed room
was the vision of Kahn's thin face,
the bulging spectacles, the
thumped sardonic smile.
He heard himself mumbling, "Think
you can sneak around, pirating into—"
"My business as well as yours,"
Karn said. "The allowance I've been
giving you—" Karn's little figure,
hunched on the stool, seemed to
tighten. His pale eyes were glittering
through the goggling spectacles. "So
now I find that you've slipped a few
forced cheques into my bank ac-
count!"
There it was. Mair had sensed it
would come. Of course he'd figured
to put it back. He'd get it some way
in time. But he hadn't. And now
Karn had discovered it.
Mair was out of his chair. He stood
gasping, glaring. He knew that he
was mumbling something futile.
"You—what are you talking about?
Forged cheques—"
Karn's clipped words kept on com-
ing. "That riled me up, Peter. I
could wash my hands of the rest of it,
because that's your business. But
not forgiveness. You need a lesson,
before you get into even worse trouble.
I've already inquired into the law
Second degree forgery—that's all
you'll get if I don't press it heavier
than that."
"You—you—" The room was whir-
ling around Mair with only the vision
of Kahn's grim face in the glow of
light.
"A couple of years in jail, Peter.
An damned if I'm not going to give
to you for your own sake as well as
mine.
"Why, you damned little four-eyed
runt?" Mair suddenly leaped, his fist
shot out. It was a cowardly blow,
among at little Karn's spectacles.
They splintered under Mair's knuckles. Karn leaned backward. The
little stool turned around.
Finish him now... why let him
send you to jail. damned little rat...
The stream of jumbled thoughts whirled red in Mair's mind—
thoughts that he hardly knew he
was thinking, but all in that second
or two his muscles were translating
them into action. Vaguely he realised
that he was on the floor by the overturned stool, his hands reaching
down, gripping Karn's skinny throat...
You've got to finish him now...
this has gone too far to stop... too far.
An eternity of horror. The light
shone down on Karn's horrible face,
darkening now, with staring bulging
eyes and the broken spectacles hanging
over, with the life going out of his
body... little... little...
Hold him... hold him harder.
He'll die. He's got to die... .
Then at last Mair knew that he was
staggering to his feet; and the motion-
less little dead thing was there,
huddled in a heap on the floor with
the overturned stool beside it and the
light from the hooded lamp shining
down on it. The thing was done
Mair stood panting, with the panic of his horror turning him cold. But soon the panic was dropping away. The house was his now. And those paintings and sketches—his inheritance that could be turned into enough cash to straighten him out.

He suddenly realized that it was something like this which had startled him when he had subconsciously planned it. And now it was done. All finished. The crisis was past.

Should he get out now? No, that would be bad. He remembered how he had stepped into town a little while ago. Several people knew he was on his way home. People who would try to remember their minutest connection with him as soon as the news broke.

Fingerprints? He thought now that he must be careful of that, more than anything. His fingerprints around here? But what? He lived here, even though he had just returned from being away a week. Could a detective tell a fresh print from an old one?

He saw his cigarette, burning on the rug. He mashed it out with his heel. A different brand from Karn's? Would that be much of an exculminating clue? He packed up the mashed butt, dropped it in his pocket.

In a moment Mair was out of the studio. Its door had a spring lock looking at the inside when he closed it. He had left nothing of his in the studio. His hat and suitcase were out here in the hall. All his other things that he had had on the trip were still outside in his car.

At the hall telephone he waited an instant, telling himself that he must sound shocked, breathless, maybe a little incoherent. Then he called the local police with the news that he had just arrived home and found his cousin, John Karn—murdered.

Mair felt satisfied that he had done everything to cover his guilt. The police would be at the cottage in a few minutes and it seemed that nothing remained to be done. He felt awkward, like a man filling in time waiting for his girl-friend. He went to the garage, brought his car round to the front, and was still sitting in it when they arrived. It looked as if they had brought the whole force. A murder in the village was something new.

"I say that there was a light in his studio, Sergeant." Mair was saying carefully. "The door was locked. I pounded. Then I went around to the window—it was closed and looked like fresh air. I saw—well what you see now. Then all I could think of to do was phone you!"

Police Sergeant Paley, so far, was in charge. He had arrived promptly with half a dozen of his men. He was a small, wiry fellow, dynamic, crisp, and he seemed to know his stuff.

Mair was quite calm inside, calm and coolly confident. Sergeant Paley seemed friendly enough. Curt, matter of fact, but he nodded agreement, disputing nothing that Mair said. Other officials were coming Paley had planned for his superior, and for the county medical examiner. Paley's men were in the studio now; a fingerprint expert was doing his stuff. Mair chuckled inside. Much good that would do them.

Now Paley was out in the hall again talking to Mair. "Killer, seems, was a man," Paley was saying. "No woman could have strangled him like that!"

"No, I suppose not," Mair agreed. "Maybe you'll find his fingerprints," Mair said. He smiled, putting on his cigarette. "Reading about fingerprints always fascinated me. Sergeant I haven't been in that room for three weeks, but I suppose you'll find mine there. And Karn's, of course. And I have a cleaning woman—"

"The thing evidently started by the killer hitting him," Paley said. "Deaf cowardly blow—it broke his spec-

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lades. Cut his cheek under the eye."

The Sergeant's gaze seemed to be upon Mair's hand, his right hand as he pulled his cigarette. He was looking to see if Mair's knuckles were bruised but they weren't. Again Mair chuckled to himself. No danger of him being trapped by anything like that.

Then suddenly Paley seemed startled. He didn't say anything. He just stared, with a little sucking intake of his breath and a narrowing of his eyes. Mair held his gaze firmly level. He murmured:

"What is it, Sergeant? You thought of something? That's interesting. I can be of any help—"

"Yes" Paley muttered. "Interesting? Damned if it isn't." Instead of explaining, he turned abruptly away. He called "Hey, Pete! He strode into the studio, joined the little fingerman man. They whispered. Several men gathered around.

Out in the hall by the open door, Mair stood frozen, trying to listen. What was this? Paley had thought of something, and now they were all talking about it. But what? Mair could only hear fragments.

"...working on that sketch, that board there on the easel." That was the sergeant's voice.

"...man's arm," one of the policemen said.

"He was working on it all right," Pete, the fingerprint man, said. "Just before he got sacked, in' the fight started. You can still see—"

Paley said something and Pete answered, "Sure, that would be his right thumb—sure could, it's scared—little line of scar tissue in addition to—"

Horrible, enigmatic fragments. To Mair it was a torture of sudden terror. He tried to tell himself that this didn't involve him.

...take it easy now. Hold firm. Don't let them bluff you." He saw that all the men were fidgeting glances out the door at him. And now they were coming.

Mair stood mute. His cigarette down to a butt butt, burned his fingers, but he hardly noticed it. Pete said: "Leaves have a look." And abruptly Sergeant Paley had reached, snatched off Mair's horn-rimmed spectacles. Mair gasped: "What in the devil—"

All in an instant, like a bolt coming out of a cloudless sky, Pete examined the spectacles. He held his magnifying glass over them. He said: "Well, I'm damned. That's it. Sergeant. We got him!"

Got him? Mair was gasping something. He stood with the scene whirling around him. A confusion of horror with the sergeant's grum voice.

"Karn was working on a sketch in charcoal. His fingerprints were smudged—nice prints, anything he left. That was a pretty cowardly blow you hit him. Smashing his glasses. I guess his first thought was to retaliate in the same way."

"I sure would," Pete said. "If a guy with glasses hit me like that, I'd sure—"

"And maybe it was Karn's last thought too," the sergeant cut in. "His revenge, to trap his murderer. Anyway, there it is. Take a look. You rotten killer! Wearing the spectacles you wouldn't notice it, especially under stress of excitement. But it's plain enough, isn't it?"

Mair's horrified mind swept back down there on the floor as he throttled the struggling little Karn—and Karn's futile hands flumbling.

Mute with his terror, Mair numbly stared at his spectacles as the Sergeant held them to the hall light—stared at the print Karn had left, etched with charcoal so damnably on the little oval of lens. His mind swept back to the present. The sergeant was looking smug with himself on the subject of his smart job of detecting. Mair wondered if he could rely on this temporary distraction to effect an escape. He was close to the door, and, if he remembered rightly, the key was on the other side.

It might be better to stall for a bit.

That was pretty clever of you, Sergeant. A brilliant deduction—enough to get you a promotion, provided of course you were correct. It is unfortunate for you that you are not quite correct.

The sergeant was nettled. "You can't deny you killed Karn," he insisted. "This evidence clearly marks you the killer."

"I'll grant you that, Sergeant. It would be useless for me to deny it. But did you ever hear of self-defense, Sergeant? If I had not killed my cousin he would have killed me. I was struggling for my own protection when he knocked off my glasses and grabbed the imprint you find so damning to my innocence. I became overwrought without my glasses, and the killing was more or less an accident I had only meant to hold him off."

Mair had been edging closer to the entrance. Now he saw there was no time left.

"Oh, no, you're not arresting me," he exploded, and in a bound he leapt to the door and closed it behind him—before Paley and his men had realised what he was about.

As he turned the key in the lock he complimented himself that, so far, luck was on his side. He knew that Sergeant Paley could be relied upon to act very quickly, but meantime, he was one step ahead of the law.

Racing out of the house, he leaped into his car, kicked the motor into life and roared hard on the accelerator, and by the time the police had managed to make an exit through the window, he was back on the wooded road, driving at high speed.

It was a nuisance about the glasses. He could see lights in the rear-view mirror, but not judge the distance. Dim shapes were flying past.

There was an obstruction on the road and he did not see that The little car turned over three times and then hit a tree.

The police car drew up to the wreck, and Sergeant Paley examined the body.

"He's dead. Pete, I guess you might say he got his just desserts, but I'm disappointed. I was kinda looking forward to the trial."

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Talking Points

- COVER GIRL: Poses like this did not win for Diana Dors the part of Charlotte in "Oliver Twist." Blonde blue-eyed and seventeen, Diana—who has been hailed as one of Britain's most promising young stars—caused recognition the hard way. She studied at the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art from the age of 14, and the performance which gained her the academy's bronze medal also gave her her first film role—a spy's girlfriend in "The Shop at Sly Corner." and Diana has rated four films since then. As a lively, flibby mae who causes havoc in the Huggett household, she has the most important role of her career in "Here Comes the Huggetts!" first of the Gainsborough series. Judging from our cover study, she'll be causing plenty of havoc elsewhere.

- CLUNE IN BROOME: Frank Clune seems to know where to find the best stories, and his trip to Broome was not disappointing. Where else would you find a door-stop worth £260, or a skull rolling about in a diving helmet, when what you are looking for is a fortune in pearls? The fortune is there too £3000 for one pearl! Frank got a good deal of his material from New South Welshman Ted Norman, who is a big name in the industry over there.

- TAHTIAN EPISODE: A son of Queen Victoria visited the island of Atamsono in 1889. There was pomp and ceremony, champagne and inspections, but the Duke missed the 'essential flavor of the place which consisted of intrigue, murder and slavery.' Cedric Montgomery covers the colorful period in his article, "White King of Tahiti," Page 69.

- SUICIDE: If you're still trying to wangle your tax return, or your wife has gone off with your best friend, you're probably feeling a bit tired of life. Marie J. Fanning has gone to some trouble to tell us how several people have ended their lives, but if you're feeling too morbid to trust yourself to read her article, never fear. It seems the kind of person who plays around with the idea never does more than talk about it. So go ahead. The article is on page 8.

- MINNIE MAUSERS: They're tiny. They're pretty. But they're murderous! Kenneth Melvyn, in the story "Vengeance Travels Far," is the instrument of two murderers and serves the author in holding together his interesting theme of a crime perpetrated in a sleepy Austrian town by the day Hitler caught the world under a mad spell and caused a man to postpone his revenge.

- REPERCUSSIONS: That's what you term it when a mother-in-law so makes herself felt as not only to force a man out of his home but cause him to take on a new personality. Waldo Evans in Jimmy Nicholas fact story, "Joker With a Saw," did not become a forceful character, but he certainly became a character. The article adds up to one of the best arguments against too much mother-in-law.
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