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MEMORY made the NOOSE

A ticket collector remembered two prospectors, and that was the first of a remarkable chain of chance evidence.

BERNARD HESLING

If there is one country in the world where there is room enough to commit murder without being overlooked this is it. Let the prospective murderer take the client to almost any place thirty miles outside a capital city, walk him or her into the bush a few minutes from the station, do the deed and catch the next train back to town. I would have said it was as easy as that, and fifty years ago even easier. How wrong I am is shown in the Blue Mountain Murders, as the case came to be called, in 1896.

The affair started when Mr. Robert Luckham of Manly reported to the police that a friend of his who had gone on a gold mining expedition had been absent nearly a month, and had not written to say how he was faring. Mr. Luckham told the police his friend, Captain Lee Weller, was a retired master mariner who, having recently lost his wife, had been staying with them at Manly. The captain, according to his friend, had been in a very morose state of mind and perhaps because of this he was also developing a rather more than a taste for liquor. He had always been an active man and a life of idleness did not suit him. In fact, he was beginning to look about for something in which to interest himself when he had seen an advertisement in the paper.

"Experienced miner wanted as
mate to visit Grafton District
Prospecting Equal exus Gold
HERALD"

Capt Weller had answered the
advertisement, seen the advertiser, from
whom he learned that experience was
not really necessary and decided to go
Mr Luckham had not liked the idea.
He could not see his friend as a pros-
cpector and said so. Furthermore, he
did not like the sound of the advert-
siser, a man named Frank Butler. Be-
fore leaving Manly, however, Weller
had promised to drop the Luckhams
a line to let them know how he was
making out.

It occurs to me here to wonder what
would happen nowadays should any-
one report to the police that a friend
who had promised to write had not
written and what about it? But ap-
parently in 1896 promises to write were
treated seriously. When people said
they would write they wrote. If they
omitted to do so then as like as not
the police came poking after them to
see if they were still in a position to
write—at least that is what happened
in the case of Lee Weller. The police
having collected a photograph of the
clown from the top of the Luck-
ham's piano in Manly took a ferry to
town and straightway went to the
Metropolitan Hotel in Pitt Street
where Lee Weller had arranged to call
for Frank Butler on the day he had
left the Luckham's some weeks be-
fore. The hotel landlady, a Mrs
O'Connell, remembered the occasion
quite well. Butler had been staying at
the hotel for some weeks and early on
the morning of October 20th a stranger
with luggage had called for him. They
had breakfasted together and had
left, presumably for the railway.
Shown the photograph, Mrs O'Connell
and various other people identified
Weller as Butler's companion.

At the Central Railway Station the
police again made inquiries. In fact
they made enquiries and showed their
photograph all along the line to the
Blue Mountains and beyond, and what
surprises me is just how many people
had seen Butler and Lee Weller and
how often. The poor murderer hadn't
a chance. First a railway employee
had travelled in the same compart-
ment with them in the 10.15 western
train. Butler and Weller had left the
train at Glenbrook and it was ex-
tremely unlikely that the witness
should see the pair again. Neverthe-
less, two days later, when returning
from Katoomba to Sydney he had
glanced out of the window at Emu
Plains and there was Butler waiting
for the train.

But to go back a bit. When Butler
and Lee Weller arrived at Glenbrook
you would have thought that after
handing in their tickets they would
have disappeared into the bush, the
ticket collector wouldn't remember
them. Why should he? If you think
differently try asking a ticket collector
if he remembers seeing a certain per-
son arrive by a certain train a month
ago! The man at Glenbrook did re-
member the two men. He described
them minutely and also the direction
they had taken. While to round things
off he remembered seeing Butler by
himself a little later on the same day,
and on the same evening both Butler
and Weller carrying what looked like
a folded tent.

A fellow called Coxon, also saw
them leave the train, and the follow-
ing evening he had seen the man the
police recognised as Butler in the
bush near Glenbrook. Seeing them
being synonymous with speaking, in
the bush, Coxon was able to report a
conversation he had had with Butler.
Butler had said that a thunderstorm
had nearly washed him out and asked
whether there was an empty house
in the district where he could camp
for a day or two. He added that his
mate had been on the beer and at the
moment was sick in camp. Next day
Coxon saw Butler at Emu Plains (how
these witnesses get about!)

A dealer called Byrnes also saw the
pair. This was in the afternoon of

October 20th. They were then erect-
ing a tent. He saw them again at
7 am. the following morning and
passed the time of day. Both men he
said were up and about and Weller,
whom he identified from the photo-
graph, was neither sick nor drunk.

In evading notice, Frank Butler was
no luckier at Emu Plains where even
the proverbial tramp cropped up
and made a mental note of his appearance.
Butler tried to turn this meeting to
his advantage by giving him some
of Weller's possessions. He even drew
a map to show tramp Farrell where-
abouts in the bush near Glenbrook he
would find a tent, clothes, and var-
ious articles of use. Farrell set off im-
mediately and found everything ex-
actly as Butler had said. In fact he was
wearing one of Weller's shirts when
the police caught up with him.

Police are often unlucky to tramps
and Farrell had no proof that the
articles had been given to him by
Butler. Butler's map, drawn on a
piece of paper no bigger than a tram-
ticket, he had thrown in the open
bush in the midst of millions of acres.
Luckily for Farrell the police found
it. All they had to do now was to
find Butler and of course, Weller.

It was James Wood who found
Weller's body. A resident of the dis-
trict for seventeen years, knowing just
what the countryside should look like
he offered his services to the police
and went to work. Whenever he found
a place which looked as if a tree
might have been moved a little or
where one of the twigs was bent
back, or where the ground was un-
even (and what ground in the bush
isn't?) he dug and after thirteen days
he found Weller.

Meanwhile Butler had set sail for
America under the name of Lee Wel-
er, N.S.W. Police were awaiting him
when he stepped off the ship at San
Francisco. Before his execution he
confessed to the murder and spoke
vaguely of others. He went to the
scaffold an unhappy man. There is
not even a record of his having eaten
the customary hearty breakfast.

S B STEVENS

CAVALCADE September, 1949
TRICKS of the fighter’s trade

BILL DELANY

On the night of May 23, 1949, Elly Bennett, Australian bantam champion, threw a four-inch right that hit his American opponent, Cecil Schoonmaker, kerplunk on his boxing trunks.

"Don't worry," confided my next-door neighbor, "He's boxing. These Yanks are as easy as a wagon-full of circus monkeys Schoonmaker will get up.

He was right on all counts but three. I wasn't worrying, the Negro wasn't boxing, he didn't get up. His pellucid sentence, however, had a good deal to recommend it. Even if defeat, Schoonmaker proved he was a quick thinker.

"When I was down," he said, "I thought the bell was ringing for the end of the round. I did not know the bell was timing the count."

His words recall an example of guile once displayed by an American fight manager named Spider Kelly. Kelly, it seems, had a boxer, Al Nell, matched against Young Peter Jackson at San Francisco. Now, the stadium at which they fought possessed a clock which, in the smoky atmosphere inseparable from boxing matches, was barely visible at a few yards distant—a factor of which Kelly was quick to take advantage.

For, with Nell staggering around the ring hotly pursued by Jackson Kelly arose from his seat and bellowed:

"The clock! Look at the clock! The damned thing's stopped."

It worked. Everyone in the ring except Nell, who had now adopted the pose of a man looking for a dropped collar stud, stood stock still and turned their eyes clockwise.

"Someone set the thing going!" yelled Kelly, and in the commotion entered the ring and removed his boxer to the corner. Two full minutes later, his descent was uncovered. The clock had been ticking away the seconds without cease, and Nell returned to the battle with his youthful vigor restored.

It is a sad sidelight on cunning ring tactics, nevertheless, that all such schemes do not invariably succeed. I refer you now to the unhappy case of one Ern Waddy, an Australian heavy weight whose habit it was during a bout to engage in repartee planned to get his opponent's goat.

Joe Walls, this country's best-known referee, recalls how, while fighting Shepherd, Waddy continued a running commentary the theme of which was that his opponent's boxing skill was not all it might be.

"Shepherd was wild and fighting without caution," says Walls, "and as a result was getting a beating. Round after round, the sales continued. Then, Waddy said something I couldn't catch but which brought immediate reaction. Shepherd, mad as a hornet, unhooked a long, looping right—and it caught Waddy on the chin.

"It was some time before Waddy recovered. His first words were: 'Well, I talked myself into it, and talked myself out.'"

These who knew Les Darcy best say that he was a man without hatreds, who often played lightly with an opponent whom he obviously out-classed. He fought, they say, but one bout with truly vicious intent: the one against Buck Crouse, an American.

Before the fight, Crouse—knowing that Darcy had a great love of family—approached the Australian and pointed out that a good showing would add greatly to his reputation; that he was of the same faith as Darcy and, like Darcy, had family responsibilities. Would Darcy, therefore, treat him lightly?

Darcy did—until half-way through the first round, Crouse let go a punch that, connecting, must surely have knocked out the Australian idol. The fight ended in the next round, in a manner that caused Crouse to say: "At the 12 stone limit, I will stake my all on Darcy against any man in the world."

The strategy used by Crouse was not new. Round about the turn of the century, Joe Walcott, the world's welterweight champion received a similar request from another Negro named Ward. Ward's plea to be allowed to stay the distance was that his old father was to be present at the fight and, said Ward, "Ah don't want de old man to see me murdered."

The soft-hearted Walcott carried Ward along for eight rounds, in any of which he might easily have put his opponent away. Suddenly, Ward put all his weight behind a punch that caught Walcott fair on the chin. The champion staggered and clinched to weather the round.

Coming up for the ninth, Walcott extended his hand and shook Ward's glove.

"You is making a mistake. Dis ain't de last round," said Ward.

"It sho' is," replied Walcott, and hooked a left to the other's chin. Ward was unconscious for 10 minutes.

Years later, Sam Langford made the identical reply to Jeff Clarke who had the round before taken liberties with the easy-going Negro. And Langford's prediction also came true.

One of the less subtle ring tricks is to convince an opponent that you are out of condition. Charlie Mitchell used the trick on Sullivan, saying that he had malaria and might not be able to fight. And on the scheduled date, Sullivan was so drunk that in spite of Turkish baths and massage, the fight was called off.
Mo Sir! Figures never lie!

He who lives on a perpetual bender,
Has his life-expectancy statistically slender.
While he who from red wine has been a shrinker,
Is killed by o car, driven by the drinker.

So it seems, while talking about such,
Statistics don’t help you very much.

KAY GRANT

much to Mitchell’s disgust. The crowd roared and cursed, but Sullivan still collected his share of the gate.

Sullivan in his memoirs stated simply:

“I did not meet Mitchell because I was incapacitated through sickness, caused by my own fault.”

It was a bad day for Mitchell.

In the annals of boxing, the name Kid McCoy ranks highly. When Bob Fitzsimmons outwore the middleweight class, the Kid was with Tommy Ryan and Jack O’Brien, one of the three leading contenders for the vacant throne. But great fighter as McCoy was, he will be remembered best by posterity as perhaps the dirtiest—and most cunning—boxer ever to enter a ring. It was McCoy who introduced the trick of delaying his entry into the ring until his opponent’s nerves were torn to shreds.

It happened in 1900, and his opponent was the Irishman Peter Maher. The day was bitterly cold, and for a full half-hour Maher sat shivering in his corner awaiting McCoy; and when the Kid did arrive, the Irishman was frozen stiff.

Worse, as they met at ring-centre, McCoy smiled nastily and said: “You big stiff—I see in the newspapers your wife is sick. When I run through with you, you’ll need a doctor yourself!”

His control gone, the Irishman was an easy mark for Kid.

There was no bit of skullduggery that McCoy would not use to upset an opponent. He was the first man to realize that pure alcohol, when applied to the bandages, hardened the tape when it dried out, thus in effect encasing the hand in plaster, the first man “accidentally” to drop his gloves in the ring box, so that he was able to cut his opponent’s face to ribbons; the first man to stop suddenly in the ring, glance at his opponent’s shoes and ask why the latter had used pink shoe laces. Involuntarily, the other man would drop his guard and look at his shoes, thereby leaving himself open for the punch that invariably came.

On his own admission, McCoy once beat Joe Chojnacki with a deliberately thrown foul punch. Badly hurt by Chojnacki’s right, he waited until the song that ended the round sounded and in a split second threw a punch at Joe’s unprotected chin. He had rightly reasoned that with the correct timing the referee would be unable to decide whether the blow had been launched before or after the song.

Although Chojnacki came up for the next round, he was an already beaten boxer.

Nature made McCoy look as though he could effectively be used by the medical profession as an authentic example of a man suffering with chronic anaemia—and the Kid was not slow to exploit the fact.

It was his quantum habit before a match to improve on Nature by rubbing his face with talc, thus to give his opponent the impression that one efficiently-placed punch would land him—the opponent—in a coroner’s court.

On April 19, 1899, McCoy fought Jack Wilkes at New York. As the men stood in the centre of the ring, Wilkes stated that if he had known he had been matched to meet a fellow so obviously at the greasy’s brink, he would have called the fight off.

Wandy, McCoy replied that he would be able to carry on. At the gong, he bounced from his corner and hit Wilkes at will, and the fight ended in the second round.

To the observant eye of a manager, it often becomes obvious that his fighter is suffering from a depression induced by the probable outcome of a match. It then becomes the manager’s task to build up his boy’s confidence. Thus it was with Jim Jeffries on the eve of his fight with Fitzsimmons for the heavy-weight championship of the world.

His manager, William Brady, turned the trick neatly.

“When I arranged the match,” he told Jeffries, “I told Fitz that you had no hope of winning. I told him that you wouldn’t train and were only on the hook for easy money. You know that you’re as fit as hands can make you, and I think you can knock Fitz out.”

The moody Jeffries remained silent.

“Two afternoon, at the weigh-in, I want you to lie naked in the couch in your dressing room. I’ll be bringing Fitz in to see you. Now . . .”

The wiry Brady told Jeffries his plan.

Before the weigh-in, Brady started an argument with Fitz’s manager on the subject of a “clean break.” Hearing the raised voices in the challenger’s dressing room, Fitz entered—and saw the huge body of Jeffries reclined on the couch. Instead of a flabby fighter, he saw a man in perfect condition.

More, the challenger rose from his couch, and said:

“Let’s settle this argument now.”

CAVALCADE, September 1949 11
Nightclubs aren’t always fun

You’ll need to be a better huckster than Clark Gable to make a success of the nightclub business—and that’s not all.

It is six o’clock on a cool winter’s morning in a nearby park a Prince Gallant of a sun has kissed the lips of the flowers until their eyes flutter in radiant wakefulness, the trees, like nuns, are throwing back their heads to shed the dew, and the birds are twittering a welcome to a new day.

And with that burst of uncharacteristic poetry, let me say right now that it is a hell of a time to be a bartender.

It is but five minutes since a cleaner stumbled over a chair in the dark and woke me up. I was in the chair. I’d fallen into it two hours before when, with the last patron gone, I’d sat down to brood on the woes of a night-club owner.

The notoriety of my brooding was to decide that if anyone should ask my advice about starting a night-club I would repeat the advice given by a cynic to a young man contemplating marriage. In one paragraph—

Don’t.

Night clubs have been my business for 15 years, and I’ve been at it longer if they had let me begin in knee-pants. And at that, I’d been hearing the sounds of revelry by night since I was 15, when I formed my own band and settled down to a steady diet of one-night stands. Five years later I opened a night-club in Vancouver’s Chinatown.

I called the place Sammy Lee’s Oriental Gardens, which may account for the fact that many people thought I was Chinese. They still do, and if necessity arises, I am prepared to reel off a spot of pidgin English to save embarrassment.

That year, 1934, was a bad year for night clubs. So many of them went bust, in fact, that if the reports had been placed end to end they’d have sounded like an atom bomb blowing its top. If you’d owned a good, safe job with the local garbage contractor, practically any night club owner would have traded his job for yours and thrown in five dollars to even the bargain-Musicians who a few years before had been playing with big-name bands were borrowing hats to catch pennies on the side-walks. Stars who’d been pushing home their salaries in wheel-barrows were carrying their life savings in job pockets.

I mean, things were tough. So there’s one fundamental in running a night club: you must be prepared to zambik your knowledge—and money—against getting the “thumbs down” sign from the patrons.

Sammy Lee’s Oriental Gardens became an island night club almost entirely surrounded by the watered stock of its rivals. Why? Because I’d learned that a club must be conducted for the benefit of the patrons, not merely of the management.

I travelled and saw other clubs. Leon and Eddie’s had just started up in New York, and it was said they’d begun it at a cost of 100 dollars. Today, it’s still alive. It has a seating capacity of 350, and you’d have to get your fingers around 150,000 dollars if you wanted to buy it.

Leon and Eddie’s had found another secret of the business how to create, by personal contact, an atmosphere of intimacy among the customers. The owners are moving among the patrons incessantly. If Mr. John Smith, of New York, is entertaining cousin Harry from Little Rock he feels good and important when a night club owner treats him as though he’s the most valued patron of the place.

But when Mr. Smith and Harry have gone off in the dawn, it’s a safe bet that Leon and Eddie fall into chairs and brood. Yes a cart-iron constitu-
tion is as invaluable an asset to a night club owner as four legs are to a racehorse.

The site of New York’s Zanzibar, one of the city’s most popular clubs, had housed five nightspots in five years before J. Howard and Carl Erbe took it over, and featuring famous Negro artists, took it to the top. Within two years, the place had become too small and at the new Zanzibar any night, you will find 750 patrons.

Think of American night clubs, and you think of Sherman Billingsley. He operates the Stork Club, a swanky place where the Four Hundred gather to assist in the payment of Billingsley’s staff salaries cheque of 10,000 dollars each week. If Billingsley believes in fairies you can be sure that he thinks the one with the shiniest crown and biggest wand is Walter Winchell. The night club owner was introduced to Winchell by Texas Guinan, sixteen years ago, and ever since Winchell’s column has “plugged” the Stork Club like mad. Winchell has a special table at the club, and is one of its major attractions.

There’s no doubt that Winchell’s friendship for Billingsley made the Stork the most popular night club in New York for six months. Publicity—real publicity—brought the crowds to the Stork, and Billingsley backed it up with service.

So—you’ll need to be a better huckster than Clark Gable if you go into the night club business. How you get the publicity is something you’ll have to work out for yourself. In Chicago, there’s a very successful cabaret which features by-gobots. The cabaret, in fact, is called the Billygoat Inn, and it’s operated by a Billy Sanns.

Sanns had a small bar and was getting nowhere fast until one day in the depression years, he was charged by the police with having mounted a goat on tavern premises. The reason for the goat being there was not re-
In Britain and America it is being predicted that the advent of television will greatly influence the style of architecture and furnishings of the average home. For one thing, windows will have to be located to obviate glare against the television picture, and if television screens are made larger some provision for reduced lighting will be necessary. Moreover, the family drawing room will take on the appearance of a small theatre with the addition of tables to hold plates, and there will be transparent plates and cutlery.

Woe betide the guest who chews and swallows audibly! Television seems to have taken care of the problem. How to keep your eye on the children after school. Provided you have a television set junior will organize his own hospitality. You may entertain in the kitchen, whilst the neighborhood youngsters pour into your drawing room, spilling onto floor and cushions in rapid contemplation of a couple

In his treatment be misunderstood, he is prone to confuse high-ranking army officers with the commissar of a rival tavern and order him out, refuse entry to stumpy celebrities, like Mickey Rooney, or order the same that they should be home in bed; treat stars like Sonja Hanne as though they were waitresses applying for a job.

Publicity, you see, is where you find it.

Frankly, my own ventures have been based on the success of the Copa-cabana in New York, the secret of whose success is that it attracts a mixed patronage—society, business executives and just nice people trying to find themselves a good time. It costs $600 a week to operate the Copa-cabana, but for that the patrons will dine nobly, see a famous star like Jimmy Durante or Sophia Tucker, and enjoy the vision of the world's second most beautiful showgirls.

Which brings us to floor shows. Ever try to produce a top-grade floor show for a night club? You'll need to know how to do it, for, unless you're prepared to employ a highly-paid executive, you'll spend much time bating your nails to the elbow, worrying about this end of the business. You'll need a ballet mistress, of course, and your band leader will be a big help, but whether your show hits the patrons where it should depends a lot on yourself.

You will begin to build your next show on paper—as soon as this one has finished its last rehearsal. You will spend three days, from two till six in the evening, on rehearsals—and remember, you probably will not have been to bed the night before. And when that show's on its way, you'll start worrying about the next.

Staff? My place seats 250 patrons, and I employ 65 boys and girls. You'll need a head-waiter and 10 waiters, a chef and a kitchen staff of 12, a doorman, a checkroom girl, office staff, the dance band and the artists—and unless you can secure a right-hand man who knows the business as well as yourself, you'll have to train them and keep them in training.

And knowing all this, if you're still eager to start a night club, ask yourself these questions have you enough tact to overcome the difficulties imposed by the inevitable character who believes the night hasn't passed well unless he throws some dinner plates? Can you talk more or less gracefully to your patrons while you're wondering where you're going to place Mr. and Mrs. Smith-Smit and party, who have decided to come onto your club after the theatre—and the place already checkful? Will you be able to hide your concern about the new waiter who, you hope, just this once, won't spill the soup over an eminent patron's head? Will you be sure never to forget to check on the prop used on the stage, or whether the laundry's come back and a hundred and one other details? And finally, can you get by with a couple of hours sleep a day?

That, come to think of it, is about the hardest job of all in operating a night club.

Sylvester and His Guardian Angels
Mrs Henry Wood made a notable contribution to the pockets of roving theatrical companies when she wrote her celebrated play "East Lynne." Where other plays might fail to make the box office, the tear-jerker was guaranteed of a bowling success, and, at the turn of the century, citizens of town and city were red-eyed but content as Little Willie over and over again died his tragic death.

That is, all but the people of Minmi—then prosperous mining town west of Newcastle. When the hams tried to soften up the pious, or with Little Willie's pathetic death, things really happened.

It was a notable audience that arrayed itself on wooden forms in the local hall on Main Street for the performance of the epic play by a famous company. Certainly the best people had gathered for this long-anticipated cultural event. There was a cross-section of miners, the business people were there en masse, the town's eleven publicans were present, and probably all the clergy of the seven churches Minmi boasted in those days.

The performance was proving to be all they had hoped. Tears dropped silently and handkerchiefs were screwed to tiny balls. Came the climax, and Willie's last fateful words: "Goodbye, papa!"

Sobs of pity quickly turned to screams of rage, as with short sharp squalks of terror a kangaroo rat bounded into the hall followed by a pack of thirty beagle hounds. Their bloodcurdling howls rending the night and completely spoiling the drama.

Round and round the hall the animals sped, overturning the forms as they went up on to the stage and back down among the audience of people, the sounds of crashing wood mingling with screaming and cursing and the baying of the beagle hounds. Little Willie, his night shirt flapping, was the first member of the cast to seek shelter backstage, dead and all as he was supposed to be.

The fracas continued for best part of a quarter of an hour. By the time the dogs had caught their squashing prey, the hall was a shambles, and bruised were the least of the damage suffered by the members of the audience.

Outside, highly pleased at the success of their prank, the town laddikins surveyed the wreckage. There were those among the enragéd audience who went to their graves wondering what eventfully did happen in the play.

It is hard to believe nowadays that there was ever a main street in that red dirt of a town that used to be Minmi. Difficult to imagine that "East Lynne" would ever have an audience there, or even that traffic once flowed between the town, Newcastle, and Walland. Saggart houses and deserted mines workings are a sad reminder of its former life, of John Brown and his millions, of Bobbie Whitlaw and his flashing fists, of the Thomas brothers, names famous in the mining world.

At its peak the population of Minmi was about eleven thousand and it remained at that level for many years. The town, had it survived today, would have been a worthy contestant with Cessnock for the claim as to which town imbued the most beer per head during the year, for the stream of beer wagons rolling down Main Street—many of them directing their wares towards the direction of the "Bonnie Doon" was never-ending.

One of its citizens was James Brown who, before he died in 1888 and left the controlling shares of his flourishing mining company to his son John—became one of the wealthiest men in Australia. A curious story is told of John Brown and Harry Lauder, the Scottish comedian Lauder and Brown became great friends, partly owing to their common interest in the breeding of rare fowls, and the friendship might have been lasting had it not been for the death of Brown's housekeeper, a woman who had looked after him for thirty years. When news of the bereavement leaked over to Scotland, Harry Lauder sent a message of sympathy, and on the back of the card neatly written was the request, "If you can send along that batch of Chinese Speckled Hen eggs, I would be greatly obliged Yours, Harry Lauder." The earnest Brown tore down his treasured portrait of Lauder and there is no record that the Scotsman ever got his eggs.

The main enjoyment in Minmi on a Sunday would be to spend in a large and beautiful orange orchard some distance from the town with seats under the trees and with the admission fee of but one simple bob enabling the seeker to eat as many oranges as he could eat, the place drew large crowds.

Another famous attraction was the Minmi Railway, referred to locally as the "Ride of death." With an engine давting back from Cessnock, and one carriage attached the train would rattle along the rails at an alarming speed (for so it seemed) as far as Hexham. Even the tickets, printed in startling colours, would scare the uninitiated. Pitched on them, in bold red lettering, was the warning: "AT THE PASSENGERS OWN RISK."

Is there anyone who lived in Minmi in those days who would have to be reminded now of Bobbie Whitlaw? It is not likely. For Bobbie—Minmi's heavyweight champion who was after
Frank Whittle, the Englishman who fathered the propellerless jet plane, spent three months of the war in Boston, U.S.A., whilst the Americans brought out their twin-engined jet plane in America under an assumed name. He was constantly confusing hotel domestic staff by never knowing his name. It seemed that one particular waiter was having his own particular revenge, confusing Whittle himself by turning up at odd hours of the day and night. Whittle saw daylight when he discovered the waiter was a member of the FBI!

Doone Simmons of the "Bonnie Doon" was among them. And Tom regretted the adventure Tom and many others. For the residents of Minmi were not among those who gained far from it. They returned to Minmi, the poorer and the sorrier.

Minmi saw the usual peddlers and sideshow men of the nineteenth century scene. One such character—a bookseller and author—devised a scheme which brought him both money and welcome wherever he went around the Minmi area. His contention was that books did not sell well unless they were in a series.

Though misfortune in many ways dogged his footsteps and held him back, seldom in his fights did an opponent get a chance to recover after receiving one of his formidable blows. In the end it was age that stopped him, and even in his last days in the ring he fought brilliant fights, winning by sheer tenacity of purpose.

Les Darcy, who lived at Mudland, often stopped at Minmi and many of the former residents of the town still relate tales of his kindliness, unassuming manners and unbelievable skill. The Back Creek Colliery, in its day the most modern mine in the Southern Hemisphere, produced more men managers than any other pit in Australia. Of forty pits operating in the north, twenty-seven of them at one time or another were managed by men who had started at Back Creek Colliery, including the well-known "Bundy" Hoare.

Of course the gold rush to the west lured Minmi residents as much as it did the rest of the population. When Hargreaves opened his treasure store of millions and some Sydney business man who went out there prospecting, picked up a nugget weighing 45 ounces, a blacksmith from Bathurst was said to have collected eleven pounds of gold from one hole. Minmi joined the rest—the crowds that deserted Sydney, the immigrants that began to pour in. All their money went into transport and implements for the trek.

Tom Simmons of the "Bonnie Doon" was among them. And Tom regretted the adventure Tom and many others. For the residents of Minmi were not among those who gained far from it. They returned to Minmi, the poorer and the sorrier.

Minmi saw the usual peddlers and sideshow men of the nineteenth century scene. One such character—a bookseller and author—devised a scheme which brought him both money and welcome wherever he went around the Minmi area. His contention was that books did not sell well unless they were in a series.
WHOSE CHILDREN ARE YOURS?

A PRIVATE rooming home at Freiburg, Switzerland, records the admission of expectant mother Mrs. Madeleine Joye on July 4, 1941, and the subsequent birth on that morning of her twin boys.

Mrs. Joye's first reaction on seeing her sons was one of amazement, for never in her life had she known twins so dissimilar. One was completely bald, and the other had a shock of dark hair. The dark-haired baby was heavier than his brother.

Now, Mrs. Joye was very tired after her ordeal, and through she thought she had heard the sister remark that there was not a fraction of difference in the weight of the twins at birth, she felt too weak to start an investigation just then. When next she saw the infants she had become accustomed to the idea of having such dissimilar babies, and, if she thought at all of her earlier reaction, it was to blame the physical state for her strange uneasiness She called the dark one Paul and his brother Philip.

Philip and Paul were not only dissimilar in appearance. As they began to develop, it was evident that they were in no way alike in character and personality. The heavier child was belligerent, a 'leader,' the other was shy and retiring. However, they played well together and life went along in the Joye family quite smoothly for five years—until the children were enrolled at the local state school.

The Joyes were French-Swiss. Commencing school at the same time as the twins was a little German-Swiss boy, Ernest Vatter.

Ernest was so like Philip Joye that teachers and pupils could not tell them apart, a circumstance that was regarded as very confusing and a strange coincidence. As well as looking alike the two children displayed the same aptitudes and they often played together despite the little Vatter boy's difficulties with the French language.

The neighbors had remarked to Mrs. Joye that they had seen her Philip in the street at a time when she insisted he had been in the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Joye had never seen Ernest—when they did see him it was a rude shock. It was at a religious procession commemorating the Feast of Corpus Christi during the boys' first school-year.

The procession moved along the street up to the spot where Mrs. Joye had the film made of her twins walking hand in hand. She stood petrified, seeing the two Philips at the one time. Her husband's camera was silent.

The mother ran to the head of the procession, seized Ernest and urgently demanded his name.

The shy child, terrified at her emotion, could not understand the question in French. She repeated it in German and he replied simply.

"I am called Ernest Vatter."

Mrs. Joye had also noticed her son in the vanguard of the procession, and, observing the strange behavior of the other woman, hurried forward to protect him. As Ernest threw himself, sobbing, on her neck, the father of the twins took her arm, and asked where Ernest was born.

Joye knew beyond doubt that this boy was his own son. The woman's words confirmed his belief. Ernest Vatter had been born on the same morning in the same hospital at which his wife had given birth to the twins.

Before the Vatter-Joye mix-up had been cleared, another baby drama was in progress, the first act taking place in October, 1945 at the government hospital at Nicosia, Cyprus. The chief characters were Mrs. Panayiotou, the famous and her baby Alex, and Mrs. Thodoula and her child Chrysocholous.

Unlike Mrs. Joye, Mrs. Panayiotou trusted her own eyes and instincts rather than hospital identification routine. She noticed that her baby had a tiny scar on its ear. The scar was missing when the baby was given to her for the second feed.

Mrs. Panayiotou was distraught. Mrs. Shidli remained unimpressed. The nurses and doctors did not more try to calm the excited patient. Mrs. Panayiotou would not be calmed, either in the hospital or on her discharge. She continued to protest until, last December, after a three-years fight, the court heard the case in her favor.

And the year the Panayiotou baby was born was the same year that Mrs. W. Morrison and Mrs. Noel Jenkins gave birth to their controversial babies in the Kmenet Hospital. Mrs. Morrison insisted that the hospital had given her Mrs. Jenkins' child. The State Full Court settled the case against her in March this year.

Then only a few days later came news from Glasgow of a baby mix-up at the Johnstone Hospital, Renfrewshire, Scotland. Three baby muddles settled within the space of twelve months.

Johnstone Hospital, Renfrewshire, is a hospital where they favor the tab system of identification. Yet in March this year two mothers nursed, and were discharged with, the wrong babies.

Mrs. Jean Wilson and Mrs. Nancy Barclay, both 21-year-old mothers gave birth to boy babies on the same day the infants were labelled.

Somehow or other the tab identifying Mrs. Wilson's baby became detached, and the baby given to Mrs. Barclay Mrs. Wilson received the Barclay baby and, being completely satisfied with what she saw and the emotions she experienced, she ne-
HERE COMES THE BRIDE

How to be happy though married—you feed them,
Now and then kid them you actually need them,
You listen and laugh at the stories they tell you,
pretend you believe in the line that they tell you,
You build up their ego and coddle and soothe them,
Comfort and coddle and generally smooth them
Show intelligent interest and never be bratty,
Far better be branded a dill and a zany.
Don’t yawn in their faces, don’t matter and nag them;
Don’t show you mistrust them, don’t harry and hog them,
Don’t fawn at their tooties but humor and help them,
Though most of the time you’re just longing to skelp them.

KAY GRANT

selected to refer to the identification tab.

The nurses discovered the mistake in discharging Mrs Wilson. The Superintendent was away at the time and they decided to let the matter stand in abeyance until his return. So Mrs Wilson left with the Barclay baby.

When Superintendent W G Mackay returned to the hospital he had to face one of the most serious situations of his career. The morning following his return both mothers received disturbing epistles.

Opening an envelope Mrs Wilson read:

"I wish to inform you that the child given to Mrs Barclay from the time of birth was not the same as the baby here. The baby was sent back to the hospital on Saturday morning at 11 o’clock.

"Come in a box at the hospital’s expense.

"I will arrange for Mrs Barclay to have the baby you have given her returned to you. The baby is the same one given to Mrs Barclay at the time of birth until discharge.

"I will therefore be very much obliged if you will return the baby on Saturday morning at 11 o’clock.

"Come in a box at the hospital’s expense.

"I will arrange for Mrs Barclay to have the baby you have given her returned to you. The baby is the same one given to Mrs Barclay at the time of birth until discharge."

Doctors Dr Mackay both couples found the explanation reasonable.

To get back to the Vatters and the Joyes. When Mrs Vatter realized the import of the situation outside the church during the procession, she gathered up her child and forced her way through the crowd of spectators to gain the sanctuary of her home. Ernest, she insisted was her child, and no stranger would ever take him from her.

Nevertheless, as the days passed, during which the Joyes came seeking that she assist in having the case investigated, she realized that to justify her belief she must allow an enquiry.

Professors Francheschetti and Bamberger of Geneva were appointed to take the blood tests of the children and every member of their families.

Specimens they sent to laboratories in London, Gottingen and New York proved that Paul could not be the son of Mrs Joye, but that he could be the son of Mrs Vatter. It was also possible that Ernest Vatter was the son of Mrs Joye, and that it—among the three children—there was one pair of identical twins born of a single egg, those twins were Philip and Ernest Vatter.

This was only one proof Ernest and Philip were found to belong to the same fingerprint group; their eyes and ears were similar in pattern. X-rays revealed similar dental peculiarities, both were color blind, and each lacked a certain small bone in the right hand.

The proof was almost complete enough to satisfy, but there still remained the skin grafting test. A small piece of Ernest’s skin and a piece of Paul’s were grafted onto Philip’s left arm. Paul’s skin took, but the skin from Ernest’s arm knitted itself into Philip’s skin tissue.

Even Mrs Vatter was satisfied. The transfer was carried out by nurses who called simultaneously at both homes, collected the children and returned them to their rightful parents.

When Mrs Vatter’s husband had been killed in the RAF before the baby’s birth, a blood test might have cleared the matter immediately. Doctors said the mother would have to wait until the babies were three years old before a test could prove anything.

When at the end of that period a test was taken it was proved that Mrs Panayiotou could not be the mother of the child known as her son.

If Mrs Panayiotou had protested against having to bring up a child she was convinced was not her own, it seems that she had a big heart, for little Christodoulos cried bitterly when she took him to the Shadis’ home at Ayia Varyara and left with Alex. Even in the matter of the court costs Mrs Panayiotou reflects favorably. So delighted was she to have at last won her son that she paid the expenses herself with savings she earned as a housemaid.

CAVALCADE, September, 1949
Towerimg precipices stretched menacingly to the lee as the swirling tide swung the “General Grant” bodily down towards them.

The cave carves a gloomy, 250 foot high gap in a sheer wall of surf-battered cliff. Mist shrouds it and the wild Antarctic gales scream and sob as they swirl through its crevices, disturbing, with their upswirl, the gulls and boobies that nest in its shadowy depths and every so often wrenching from its roof a crushing cascade of collapsing rock.

Beyond the spume flurries and wailing sheets of sleet, it looms dim and vast and mysterious, and there is nothing to show that, beneath the long icy surges of the Southern Ocean pulsing into its depths, lie among the bones of a tall ship and her company two iron-bound boxes containing a veritable treasure—2,576 ounces of gold.

The cave guards its secret well and, though in the past 60 years many men have sought it, the two boxes still rest undisturbed in the crags.

There was no unusual excitement when, on May 3, 1866, the ship “General Grant” cleared out from Melbourne for London. Her cargo of wool and general produce had been stowed below hatches and Captain Loughlan had the two boxes of gold secure in his cabin.

The Reverend Father Sarda had no premonitions as he joined Mr and Mrs Ray, Mrs Oat and family and the other five first-class passengers in the saloon; the thirty-three men and women in the second and third classes, their backs turned without regret on the hurlry-burly of the mining camps, were too busy settling into their new quarters to have much thought of anything else; and the crew had enough to occupy them as they eased the “General Grant” out through The Rip.

In all, there were seventy-one souls aboard. The “General Grant” moved sedately into Bass Strait and, as the last flock of her canvas faded over the horizon, she—and 64 of her complement—passed to as fantastic a fate as ever befell a ship in the history of the seas.

It happened nine days later. By then, the “General Grant” was beating past the Auckland Islands. But Captain Loughlan was viewing the storm-reaved graveyard of too many good ships without alarm. Though it was late afternoon and through the haze he could see the waves thunder and shatter on the crags and pinnacles of the jagged coast, the “General Grant” was running sweetly, with a fair breeze and sea-room to spare.

“We’ll have those well stern by morning, thank God,” said Captain Loughlan, peering shrewdly at the cliffs.

Rarity can any prophecy have been wider from the truth. It was as if the demon of the islands heard the Captain’s boast and snarled.

As the sun sank over the edge of the sea, the wind sank with it. Pacing the deck, Captain Loughlan saw the canvas flutter and sag limply. A last tiny breeze brushed the ship and she wallowed slowly into the centre of a dead calm: Captain Loughlan sighed despondently to watch the waves swelling and stilled. Suddenly, he shouted and began to scurry for the wheels.

A swirling tide was swaying the “General Grant” bodily down towards the ramp of the towering precipices that stretched menacingly to the lee.

Urged by the shrill snare of the mate, all the watches came tumbling up from below. But there was nothing they could do. The “General Grant” was helpless in the grip of the current which with murderous persistence drew her closer and closer to the deadly cliffs.

Bow on, she drifted towards them and might settle over her without even a capful of wind.

Thudding out of the darkness came the noise of the seas, beating in hammer-blows on the breasting rocks and soon Captain Loughlan could hear even the suck of the receding waves as they fell back defeated at the base of the crags. Powerless to check his ship from the waves of the tide, he could only wait and hope. He hoped in vain.

It was half past eleven when the breakers struck the cliffs and splintered with a rending crash. The “General Grant” receded with a grom of protesting timbers and went broadside on.

The rock wall lowered above her and she commenced to drift along the face of the cliff.

If the cliffs had continued in an unbroken line, it is possible, that in the end, the “General Grant” might have drifted clean. But it was not to be. The solid blackness of the cliffs changed without warning into another blackness—a blackness which seemed more fluid, less tangible but no less threatening. Yawing before him like the gaping of a hungry mouth and sweeping over the tips of the masts and the spars, Captain Loughlan looked into the giant cave.

And, as he looked, he felt the “General Grant” leap beneath him. With a sibilant rush, the current plunged through the ghostly opening bearing the “General Grant” with it and hurling her to her doom in the cavern of death.

The waves, throbbing into the cave, added their strength to the tug of the current and drove her still deeper into its recesses. Tossed up by the swell,
**Compared with man, women are said to be shorter in height by 4½ inches lighter in weight by 15 pounds have lighter bones by 10 grams, live longer by 12 years their hearts beat faster per minute by 6 beats blood pressure is lower by 10 points, they are more numerous by 1 to 1.5 have appendicitis less often by 1 to 4 are red-haired more often by 2 to 1 are naturally blondes less often by 11 to 14 are blue-eyed less often by 4 to 5 are more restless and changeable by 5 to 1 get drunk less often by one to seven**

about him, the Reverend Father Sarda prayed while the crew swung out the long boat. Under the pitiless haul of rock the crew somehow patched 40 frantic beings into line and let go the slings. Another great wave seized the long-boat and threw it, swimming, against the wall of the cave. It crumpled into matchwood and amongst its eddying fragments hobbed tortured faces that swam briefly and then were lost.

All except three By what can only be explained as a miracle, three of the forty in the long-boat emerged from the icy waters and regained the "General Grant". But they returned only to new agony.

The "General Grant" sank deeper. The seas broke over her, forming about Father Sarda where he knelt and Captain Loughlin came down grimly with his ship. Still, the pounding rocks maimed and mangled and still the panicked sea-birds mingled their complaining with the terrible, dull plenum of the doomed.

For a second, the "General Grant" seemed to pause and rear itself. Then, she shrieked and with a last violent lunge disappeared under the black tide.

The ruddy light of the flares sputtered and was quenched. The cries of the gulls died slowly into stillness and a shroud of darkness once more spread over the cavern. The long waves rolled unchecked against the rock. Only a scrap or two of flotsam remained to show where once the "General Grant" had been. Yet, against all probability, twelve people...now, they could never properly explain...came out alive from the cave.

Captain Loughlin was not amongst them, nor was Father Sarda. The Chief Officer had taken over the command.

Straining at the oars of a puny cockle-shell boat they fought with the current and, as dawn was breaking, they dragged their exhausted bodies ashore on the rocky mainland.

Drenched and wounded as they were, worn-out and semi-frozen, they nevertheless managed to start a fire.

Fourteen months later, it was still burning. But the Chief Officer could wait no longer. Seizing the pinched, starved faces of his companions, he made up his mind. With four seamen, he again embarked in his cockle-shell craft to seek help. With a promise to return, he rowed off into eternity.

Another four months later and the fire was still alight. Seven hopelessly soulless were crouched around it, trying to warm themselves against the November cold, when something shimmered through the haze.

"A sail!" they told one another unbelievingly. "A sail!"

A few expectant hours and they were aboard the brig "Amberst," As she took the wind in her sails and raced for home, it must have been with incredulous eyes that the seven stared back to where the "General Grant" lay, with her gold and her company, in her fantastic grave.

They are all the cavern has ever allowed to escape. The rest of its booty is still untouched.

Seven years later, the French barque "Alexandre" carried a party of scientists to the cave. But, though they noted the transit of the planet Venus, they saw no sign of the "General Grant"'s gold.

Soon after, the schooner "Flora" reached the gloomy doorway. She had been chartered by a Mr. Taylor and a Mr. Stevens, M.I.C., for New South Wales. But she had no more luck than the "Alexandre." As a matter of fact, she had worse, for her two owners quarrelled and the "Flora" returned, empty and whimpering, to Sydney.

Then, the "Gazelle" was chartered at Lyttleton, New Zealand. Though she too failed, she touched on success. She seems to have located the "General Grant" by sounding. But that is as close as she got to the treasure. For some unknown reason, the search was abandoned and the "Gazelle" came back to port.

But in the meantime, the cave carves a 250-feet high gap in a sheer wall of surf-tumbled cliff and there is nothing to show that within it, festling the bones of a tall ship and her company, lie two iron-bound boxes containing 2,576 ounces of Australian gold.
The vague lady may have been English or Scot, but when she said "come over any time and take pot luck," she was issuing an Irish invitation. It was once the custom in the country districts of Ireland to keep hot on the stove a large pot of stew. Whatever was fished out of the cauldron was called "pot luck." Hence the expression "taking pot luck."

America without dollars is rather hard to imagine. Still, even the dollar had an origin and so did the dollar sign. In the days when America had no legal currency, the first settlers found the Spanish dollar the most useful coin. The dollar was equal to eight Spanish reals and was signified by the figure 8 with lines either side to avoid confusion with the figure 5—from which evolved the present $ sign.

Sterling silver has its origin in an honest name, Easterlings, the name of a family of Belgian traders, whose absolute honesty was esteemed so widely that in 1215, King John, in between arguments with Simon de Montfort regarding an English Parliament, was safeguarding English silver by giving the Easterlings the job of making English coins, a job they did so well that their name is still used as a sign of solid worth.

One idea that didn't come out of a hat was the manufacture of the hat itself, which began about 500 years ago. No, this one came out of a helmet, which men, apparently, so much enjoyed wearing, as to want to cover their heads for other purposes than protection. They also continued the practice of baring the head and extending a hand on entering a house, a custom denoting trust and goodwill.

The modern miss expertly making hieroglyphics on a pad, to the accompanying purr of a satisfied boss, is not performing entirely per favor of Isaac Pitman. They had a system of shorthand in Athens as early as the fourth century B.C., and the first workable system was perfected by the Roman, Marcus Tullius Tiro, three centuries later. No real improvement until Pitman in the nineteenth century!

What's this? Captain and mate poring over the charts? That's right. No man aboard this lugger. And if the manicured finger is indicating position, there's not a speck of land in sight. Wind blowing up, too! Still, Scandinavian girls know about boots. They know how to steel the fun and dodge the danger.
By the lean of that sail we'd say that this eyeful of delectability hasn't a very safe perch. But if it is in the line of duty there's not much that can be done about it. As we were saying, girls in her part of the world know about these things, which is just as well, for loss of this life and limb would be a pity if ever there was one.

Land ahoy! And smiling about it, too. Sa terra firma offers some pleasures after all. But, certainly! And there's only one fly in their ointment. The summer is far too short so they can't afford to put off 'til tomorrow the pleasures that offer today. And if there's fun to be had, who'd want to put it off anyway?
A pill to end the plague

Marcella Hilton

Typhoid and paratyphoid fevers kill annually four Australians per 1,000,000. Is this scourge now at an end?

The magic silver lance with which modern crusaders fight the devils of disease has scored another victory—a victory over some of the greatest human scourges of all time.

The dread, nation-killing plague which has repeatedly scourged humanity, looks like meeting its match at last, in the hypodermic needle of the atomic surgeon. Does it seem absurd to say that this little instrument and the newly discovered chemical, polymyxin, could have spared London the grim and terrible plague year of which Defoe wrote the famous journals? That, and nothing less, is the hope of the discoverers of polymyxin—that and more.

But to meet polymyxin, come back for a minute from these dreams of historical width to one simple case which will introduce you to the substance—the unhappy home in which a six-week-old baby and its thirteen-months-old brother were both suffering the agony of whooping cough. The little baby, with a temperature of over 103 degrees was in a serious condition.

The doctors were not to be disappointed. Already since then, the drug has proved itself against undulant fever—in the case of a 39-years-old woman who arrived at Johns Hopkins School of Medicine at Baltimore two weeks ago and was at the time the diagnosis was: Typhoid fever. The patient who had arrived at Hopkins hospital on March 27th was admitted to the Polymyxin ward, and was discharged three weeks later, with a temperature of 100.5 degrees.

The condition of the smaller baby, who was critically ill, was the first case of treatment of a child with polymyxin. The baby's temperature was brought down to normal in two days, and after seven days, the baby was released from the hospital.

The condition of the older child improved rapidly, and he was discharged from the hospital after 10 days. The baby was then taken home, and has been doing well.

The doctor in charge of the case, Dr. V. E. Calcaterra, declared that the treatment with polymyxin was successful in both cases, and that the drug was effective against typhoid fever.

The doctor added that the treatment with polymyxin was successful in both cases, and that the drug was effective against typhoid fever. The baby was then taken home, and has been doing well.
'Tis an old lesson, time approves it true,  
And those who know it best, deplore it most,  
When all is won that all desire to win,  
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost

— Byron

The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to 
take aim kneeling.

— Douglass Jerrold

'Tis sweet to think that where'er we rove 
We are sure to find something blissful and dear, 
And that when we're far from the lips we love, 
We've but to make love to the lips that are near

— Moore

I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon, 
But of a thundering "No" point-blank from the mouth of a woman, 
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it

— Longfellow

'Tis enough— 
Who listens once will listen twice, 
Her heart be sure is not of ice, 
And one refusal no rebuff.

— Ovid

To get thine ends, lay bashfulness aside, 
Who fears to ask, doth teach to be deny'd

— Herrick

★ Pat Dane—Universal International Star
James Murrells had attended cattle shows, but he had never thought the time would come when he would be Exhibit A, penned in with three others for the entertainment of spectators hailing from all around. 

He, the sea-captain, the captain’s wife and a cabin boy—surviving castaways from a ship that had left Sydney Harbor on Friday, May 1846, and struck a reef near the Queensland coast—had been prodded and pulled, walked around, and fed on root diet for six days now, ever since their small boat had grounded on the beach at Cleveland Bay and the natives had captured them.

To a point, Jemmy could appreciate the natives’ sentiments, they were beating acclaimed as having captured some strange-skinned humans, and they were enjoying their importance. But, hang it all, thought Jemmy, six days is enough.

“Say, Captain, I wonder what would happen if we refused to go on show today.” This from Jemmy as they squatted over their roots, guarded by armed natives.

“They’d probably run their murderous spears right through us, Jemmy, my lad.”

“And maybe they’d not! What do you say to our lying ‘doggos’ this time?”

“Alright, Jemmy. But take it easy. I’m responsible for all lives you know.”

Jemmy grinned. A group of natives was approaching, brandishing their spears in an unpleasant manner and...

Jemmy decided that it might be wiser to co-operate. The blacks eventually tired of the novelty and after a while the party was given freedom, taught to hunt and spear—at which arts they became more expert than the natives themselves—and gradually accepted into life of the tribe.

After two years Jemmy was the sole survivor, and he continued to live with the natives for fifteen more years. He married and had a son.

And then one day in 1863 two surveyors who were erecting a stockade near what is now Port Denison were amazed to hear a strange voice remark:

“What cheer mates!”

Looking up they saw a man—a naked man, not black and not red—sitting, straddled, on their fence. In their surprise their hands reached for their muskets, but Jemmy was quick to explain:

“Don’t shoot. I’m a British subject.”

Jemmy Murrells took some time to make himself respectable enough to appear before civilised people and to attend the civic reception at Rockhampton.

He made his home with his family at Bowen, and as a citizen his influence with the natives was valuable in maintaining harmony between the settlers and the people who regarded him as their brothers. James Murrells lived only two years at Bowen. He died in October, 1865.

CAVALCADE September 1949 37
The police sergeant thought it the craziest murder he had known. Why would anyone want to kill a lawyer because he went fishing?

DON HOLT

THE river was a hundred feet below us. Halfway across, Haskell stopped the cable car. "Hard work," he said. "Let me rest a second." I glanced at his muscular truck-driver shoulders and wondered what was going on in that mind of his.

Haskell looked down at the river. A humorless grin spread across his wide mouth. "This would have been the place to kill him, instead of running a gaff hook through his neck."

"Don't you think we'd better hurry," I suggested. I was worried.

"Stenzel isn't going any place." Its May I'm thinking about," I said. "She's all right. I took her across fifteen minutes before I found the body. She said she wanted to go up to the car and rest."

I'm not good at mathematics but I tried to do some figuring. If the cable car had been on Stenzel's side of the river when he was killed. There was a middle long ago about six sheep and six wolves, and a shepherd whose problem was to ferry them across a river two at a time. I hadn't been able to figure out that one either. I wondered if the sheriff could.

Haskell reached up and grabbed the cable with his strong, thick hands and pulled our little two-seated cable car the rest of the way across.

I thought of something sarcastic. "You don't seem very much worried about the girl you're going to marry," "She's still your wife—remember?" Haskell grinned.

I remembered. And I remembered that the police might like to know who had spiked the neck of Jarrold T. Stenzel. Attorney for the Plaintiff, with a gaff hook.

The screen door slammed behind Haskell and Sergeant Martin Meeker. The sergeant pushed back his cap. "This is the craziest thing I ever saw," he said. "Who in hell would want to murder a lawyer just because he went fishing?"

I had been sitting here all the time in this fly-spotted inn, down the road a ways from where I'd parked my car that morning, drinking muddy coffee. We had walked down here from the cable car to phone the police, and Haskell had volunteered to take the sergeant back to the murder scene. Now they were back.

Meeker took a nickel notebook from the pocket of his uniform. "I suppose I might as well get all the information..."
IN YUTANG says that his countrymen have a rich store of famous and wonderful food recipes to teach the West when the West is ready and humble enough to learn from them. He says it is unlikely that this will be soon for the Chinese would not care to send their sumptuous up the Thames or the Mississippi to shoot the English and Americans into Heaven against their will. In China, he says, the art of living is a second instinct and a religion and the spiritual values have not been separated from the material but help in a keener enjoyment of life.

I can while we're waiting for the state troopers,
I told him my name was Jefferson Hart, that I was thirty-one years old, and that I was a timber cruiser. He had already talked to Haskell end found out that he was thirty, a log-hauling contractor and, I suppose, that he was in love with my wife.

I also told him, and he cramped it meteorically into the notebook, that I had just returned to town after a two-month field trip and driven up here to the river alone at daylight to go fishing.

He looked up then. "Seems to me you'd get enough fishing out in the woods."

"I don't enjoy fishing on company time," I answered.

"This is the craziest thing I ever saw," be repeated abruptly. "You come back after being away two months and without hardly kissing your wife you drive up here alone to go fishing. Then, for some reason, your wife and Haskell decide to join you."

"Have you found her yet?"

"A search is getting under way. It's a cinch she didn't go back to the car like she told Haskell. . . . Now, why would Stenzel follow all three of you up here?"

"To serve me with divorce papers," I suggested.

He nodded. "We found them on him. I guess he figured he could do a little fishing while he was at it. Now, there's another thing. What would a fish gun with a three-inch hook and a three-foot handle be doing up here? Trout fishermen use a net."

"Somebody could use it to kill something," I suggested.

"Right. But who had a reason to kill Stenzel—except you? It was you he was going to serve with papers."

I had been waiting for this. "There are thousands of lawyers. I couldn't kill them all."

"Anything between you and Haskell here? Are you friends or something?"

"We were shipmates in the army. We settled down here afterwards."

I looked up and saw Haskell painlessly fingering his forehead when I mentioned the army.

"How long you been married?"

I asked.

"Five years."

"Considering your time in the service and your present job, you and your wife must be practically strangers, eh?" Mesker glanced at Haskell's rugged handsomeness and then at me.

I knew what he was thinking. I knew he would make some crack about when the cat's away the mice would play. But I didn't tell him it wasn't Haskell I hated. I wouldn't tell him I'd given up fighting with May months ago—when it was decided that I thought more of my work than I did of her, and that all she thought about was being a good-time Charlie. I didn't tell him I'd given up giving a damn about May. I didn't tell him anything of that.

Tires raked on gravel outside. The sergeant twisted his neck and glimpsed the uniform through the screen. "The boys are here," he announced. He closed his notebook. "That's all for now. You boys hang around till we need you."

When Haskell and I walked out of the house Haskell was in a huddle with his boys. We walked along the orange-striped pavement until we intercepted the Forest Service trail that led down the gorge to the cable car. Haskell had suggested we go back and search for May.

We paddled in silence down the steep trail through heavy greenery to the log platform where the cable car was moored. I got into the small seat, facing the shore. Haskell eased his bulk into the opposite seat, facing me.

He reached up and began pulling us across the gorge. I leaned back, thinking of May and gazing at the gray, ghostly spars sticking out of the green second growth where a fire had once stripped the mountainside.

The cable car stopped halfway across Haskell was staring at me and fingering his forehead—the spot he'd laid open when he fell off a bulldozer on Saipan. I had often thought he hadn't been the same since that accident. "This is the end of the line," he said.

I glanced down once at the boiling froth-topped green river below. I knew now. "Why did you have to kill Stenzel?"

He grinned. "Because I didn't come up here to serve you those papers. He had just found out that I was already married."

"Did May see you do it?" I asked slowly.

He nodded once. "Sure. But she won't talk. I didn't take her across the river. I tied her up in that old powder shack by the falls you've always stood in my way. Jeff. Even when you didn't give a damn about her you always stood in my way. That's why she dragged me up here today—to see you. She wouldn't have gone through with the divorce as long as you were alive."

I saw Haskell's hand reach behind him and come out with a hammer. "I'll tell them you want crazy and attacked me too," he said. His voice shook. "They'll think you're the murderer."

"Only sea fishermen use a gaff hook," I said, fighting for a little time. "The sergeant will tumble to that. You could plead temporary insanity because of your cracked head. Don't make it any worse for yourself."

"Apparently you haven't yet grasped my meaning, Jeff. I don't need to plead anything. Where's my motive? No Jeff. You're the jealous husband, and it's you the police are interested in. They'll never question my story, and if they did, who's to know what goes on up here?"

"But you still won't get May," I reminded him.

It was too late for words. Haskell was standing up, grasping the cable with one hand. I saw the hammer come down and tried to duck. It glanced off my temple and exploded lights in my head, but I clung to the seat. Then in a daze I heard the ring of a rifle shot over the sound of the rushing water below, and the thud as the bullet struck Haskell. He jerked stiffly and then slowly cartwheeled out of the car. I shook my head clear while the car swayed back and forth like a pendulum—a pendulum of death. Then I saw sergeant Mesker standing on the platform at the end of the cable with two of his men. They had trailed us here. He was holding a rifle in one hand and waving me to come back with the other.

I reached up and grabbed the cable and began pulling the car the other way—toward the other side. The sergeant had worked everything out correctly. He could wait. I was in a hurry to get to the old powder shack above the falls and see May. I wanted to find out if I too had worked things out a little better than these past few moments.
Crosby had sworn he'd bring the murderer to justice. No matter who was guilty, Flynn's death would have to be revenged.

THE first cold rain of winter slashed at the windows. Lee Crosby's wife sighed, rested her elbows on the table and said: "I'm glad you're off duty to-night, Lee."

"Eh?"

Lee Crosby's thick eyebrows lifted quizzically. He tossed his match to the fireplace and blew a grey cloud from his pipe.

"Off duty?" he said, pushing back his chair, "Who said I was?"

His wife started to reply, but his own words forstalled her.

"Lena, I'm never off duty when murder has been done. You should know that. Maybe the Department doesn't demand it, but I do! No murdering, thieving rat is going to have an open go while I sit before a fire."

"Uncompromising, stem of jaw and eye. Detective Sergeant Lee Crosby lifted his huge bulk to his feet. A hurt expression crossed Lena Crosby's face. "Is murder more to you than your wife?" she demanded.

"Murder, to me, is everything."

Captain Lee Crosby stopped struggling into his overcoat long enough to clench a fist like a ham. He slammed a battered hat on his head, patted his wife's cheek, and continued.

"I climbed from pavement pounding to detective sergeant because I hate the word 'murder.' I bring 'em back alive and make 'em take the medicine they themselves prescribe. Nothing is as secondly important as getting those who take life!"

"I—I know," his wife said wearily. "You've said it so many times before, Lee, it's a mania—a murder mania that pushes your wife and home into the background."

"Everything," he admitted calmly. "Lena, it's my life! Seeing those killers get what they deserve I tell you, I'd take you, my own brother, or even my own mother in, if I knew you'd committed the crime of murder. Take Flynn. He had a family. He was a policeman before he took that job of driving an armored car for the bank. Then for a few thousand dollars someone holds him up. Kills him! And you—"

He stopped. His gruff voice softened.

"Lena, I'm sorry. I guess I'm upset tonight. It's been a big job trying to find the swine who killed Flynn. Maybe a little talk with Bill would cheer me up."

"Lee"—Lena looked away—"are you sure that Bill Lord is your friend?"
On numerous occasions, it has been my pleasure to be bound by the bonds of movie matrimony to a tall, dainty Canadian gentleman, attached to a pipe, writes Greer Garson, with "Julia Misbelieves," Walter Pidgeon, and I commenced our fifth production at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as man and wife. A thoroughly amicable arrangement which has proven as pleasant as it has been profitable. Speaking with the "nifty" prerogative of one so often blessed with Walter's birth spirit and presence, make no mistake about it.

Naturally, I speak as Walter's wife in fame only. I am constantly confronted with the question, "Why don't you marry him?" My answer is: "For a thoroughly delightful and charming reason—Walter's wife Ruth to whom he has been happily married for some seventeen years."

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

"What?" Starlight, he paused, his hand on the door-knob. "Why, Bill Lord and I started in the force together. Came up together. You know that?"

She sighed. "I know, Lee, but Bill isn't on the force any more. He made money—"

"He saved money. Got a chance to go into business and took it. I'm proud of Bill's come up so far."

Lena's lips formed the words "How far?" but she did not say them. She gazed unseeing into space as Lee Crosby tramped out into the bustling night.

Perhaps the man be considered his best friend in life. Bill Lord, might have ideas fresh from not being too close to the thing. Ideas concerning the running down of the man who had killed Flynn. At least, a talk with Bill Lord would soothe Lee Crosby.

He arrived at the block where Lord lived, his overcoat pressed close to him by the howling wind.

The gleaming oaklyn cost of a patrolman on the heat showed in the way ahead. He recognized Crosby, and respectfully touched his cap.

"Nice night for a murder, Sergeant Crosby," the man commented.

"Yeah!" the detective growled. "No night is good for a murder. Get that into your head while you're pounding the best."

He plunged into the apartment doorway, his shoulders swinging angrily. Inside, he ran the automatic lift to the third floor. Even his big feet made no sound on the thick carpet, no sound when he turned left and opened a door with instinctive quiet.

He never knocked, and Bill Lord never bothered with that formality when he visited the Crosby's far more modest home. They were friends. It was dark in the little entrance hall, but light glowed from a half-opened transom over the door into Bill Lord's living room. Lee Crosby's huge hand closed over the door-mountain—and then he stopped. Voices, dull but distinguishable, came to his alert ears. He heard his own name. He did not want to savodrop; he did not think of that, but the words reached him as he paused, undecided Words that rooted him where he stood. "Le Crosby?" he heard Bill Lord say—and the voice contained a sneer. "Yeah, I know Hell on killers, a bloodhound and a bulldog both. You can't fool me. I'm not a fool. You're smarter than that!"

"The same," another masculine voice persisted, "he's dangerous. You shouldn't have given orders to have Flynn killed."

"These bums are not negotiable." Lee Crosby thrust Bill Lord grunt, through a whirling sort of roar which bore louder and louder in his ears. Crosby's heart was pounding, and a dry taste seemed to powder in his mouth.

"I'll dispose of the bums through an honest channel." Bill Lord laughed. "Flynn—well, why take chances? Besides, the mug who did the job and got Flynn is out of the way, too. So who's to know?"

"But Crosby—"

"He thinks I'm his friend. He's dumb. So dumb he doesn't know that I'd cool him in a minute if he found things out.

"You wouldn't mind grabbing his wife either, eh?" another voice snarled. Words that reminded Lee Crosby until he hardly knew himself. Talk. Talk that tore at his heart and ripped like lightning through his mind. His head dropped, and the ringing in his ears became a hellish thing.

He was nearly to headquarters when his feet touched a ground of coherence once more. He felt the cold rain and the wind skimming his feverish face. He shook his head, and turned about, then again wheeled on his course. He couldn't arrest Bill Lord feeling as did he now. He'd had to get a grip on himself before he did that job. The job of arresting the man who'd been—who Lee Crosby thought had been—the best friend in the world.

Fists clenched at his sides, he marched into the old building and climbed worn stairs. He went into a little room where several detectives had met, ignored their greeting, and plunged into his own office just off that of the chief.

"I've never thought the Sergeant got tight. Hell, did you notice how glassy his eyes were?" a homicidal man said.

"Guess he has to get plastered to keep from blowing his top," another commented. "When he can't land a killer in the jug within a few hours of the crime he damn near loses his pants."

Maybe Lee Crosby was drunk—but not the way they thought. He could not remember anything except that he must pinch Bill Lord for murder. Maybe Bill hadn't made the kill himself, but he was reasonable. Bill Lord, beading a mob, ordering kills! No wonder his band selling business had gone ahead so steadily.

Lee Crosby sank into his chair, his hands propping his fevered head on his desk. He groaned, wearisomely.

His door opened. "Crosby You here to-night?" the chief's voice snapped. Then hesitatingly, "Crosby—I'm sorry. But we just got word that some dirty snake has rubbed out your old mate, Bill Lord."

Crosby was hurt—yet strangely, he wasn't Murdered! Bill Lord murdered! Somehow, it was a relief. There would be no putting a punch on Bill Lord now. Instead, he'd be getting the one who got Bill—

The sight of Bill's body, lying sprawled face down on the rich carpet of his living room, jarred Crosby first. With tight lips, while other officers sympathized with him, he took command.

He wished, as he went over the place, that he'd not gone blind as he left the apartment earlier in the evening! He condemned himself bitterly for that. He should, be knew, have walked in or at least looked over the transom.

He called a fingerprint man and ordered him to dust the furniture and objects in the room. An assistant surgeon was ordering the body of Lord out. He turned to Crosby.

"Don't have to wait for an autopsy to give this certificate. It went through his heart and pushed almost through under the shoulder blade." Crosby
The chief motioned him to alience once again.

"Vern McLeod, Bill's sweetheart, was in her room," Simons continued, backing off a bit. "All of a sudden, the door opened a little, a sun was shoved through, and one shot was fired. Bill fell on his face from his chair.

"It stanned all of us! By the time we came out of it and got into the hall, whoever murdered Bill Lord had got away!"

Lee Crosby waited, his hands clamped in the pockets of his coat. Simons gazed broodingly, and said:

"So we all left. I can't have scandal like that over me. I went to the Commissioner and then came here. I've told you all I know, and I can assure you that neither I, the girl, Moran, or Feinberg fired that shot. So keep us out."

"You aren't telling the truth!" Crosby spat viciously. "What you're afraid of is that I'll uncover the—" He suddenly shut his mouth. It would be best, much the best, if they thought he didn't know about the killing of Flynn and those bonds. Let this news politician think he was the boss. Murder was murder anyway you looked at it."

The chief looked at Crosby oddly then rested his relief.

"I'll do everything in my power—under cover, of course—to aid in getting the one who killed Bill," Simons said. He went away. The chief looked at Crosby's face, then his, too, went out. Lent poured her husband a second cup of coffee, and he drank it before he said, "Bill Lord was killed last night." Said it just like that with no expression in the words.

The woman gasped, then sat back. "It means a lot to you?" Crosby asked, eying her steadily.

"You—Lee, you've heard something?"

His head inclined. "Only a hint."

She faced him frankly. "Bill Lord often tried to make love to me," she said. "I'd heard nothing. He never could And because you wouldn't believe he was not your friend, because it would have hurt you, I kept it quiet. You believe it now, do you, Lee?"

"I believe Bill Lord was anything you say."

She sat wordlessly, while he struggled into his water-soaked coat and shuffled out. For once that dominating stride seemed just a walk A tired pace at that.

He dragged his feet to the corner of the block—his block of destiny. To the corner lower Lord's apartment house. A cheery voice greeted him.

He turned a shabby little man, his face beams over the mound of apples and pears that loaded his corner stand, made a motion that Crosby should help himself.

"Damn good things, them fruit. Nuttin' better for hangover—"

"Me?" Crosby asked hollowly. "I got no hangover—"

The dark little man showed white teeth. "No hangover?" he parroted. "Serg, you plenty soused last night."

"I wasn't. How do you know?"

The smile became more boozed.

"You come by here. You walk away too steady. You talk to self, Me, I am say, 'Hello, Serg! You look at me, eyes all glassy. But you no see me."

"Sorry," Crosby muttered, walking on. Why try to explain that he hadn't been drunk—just going along in a half-born, red-eyed daze.

He went into the apartment house his forehead creased in a frown. The place was gloomy and subdued this time of the morning. He felt the grey mood himself as he strode up and came slowly along the hall.

He put a key in the door that had been Bill Lord's and went into the place and looked around again. He grasped his lips thoughtfully and went to stand at a window looking down on a still rainswept street.

Simons, Moran, Feinberg and Bill's girl. Not one of them could have killed Lord. But one of them must have hired the killer! And when I get the killer, I'll gund it out of him!"

Back in his office, his fatigue subdued to the somnolence of his task. His hatred of killers and his desire to see them in the chair, Lee Crosby started things. He called for the pictures of the prints which had been taken the night before, and then went to the bureau to check on them himself.

There were prints of Bill Lord, the girl, the other three. An exclamation of disgust, and he put these aside. There was another picture there, the whorls, loops and ridges plainly to be seen. This was a picture of fingerprints found on the inner door of the apartment.

Grimly, Crosby searched the files, but he found no prints to match the ones they had found. And then, slumping in his chair, he went back to his own office, where he pressed his own fingers to an ink pad and then to a clean sheet of paper. It didn't take a magnifying glass to tell him the prints matched. The marks found on the inner door were those of Crosby himself. He told himself he must have thought of that.

A blind alley here. A blind alley up which a dirty killer hid! Lee Crosby swore audibly and jerked open a drawer of his desk. "Simons first!" he snapped aloud, banging a box of cartridges on the desk. He thrust a few into his coat pocket and put the box away.

He was going to get Simons in a spot where politics would do no good. Then he would make Simons talk And if Simons made a stall— Nodding, dilated Lee Crosby reached back and drew his gun. The felt of it was soothing to the hand. Whoever killed Bill Lord had killed Flynn's murderer. But the killer of Bill Lord still had to pay!"
The big police revolver clicked softly as Crosby pulled the cylinder under his palm.

"Huh!" The exclamation growled in his throat. And then Lee Crosby's eyes grew very wide, while the breath made soft hissing sounds between his teeth. He shook the cylinder out and poured the shells into his palm. One of the cartridges in that gun had been fired!

He sniffed the muzzle, and smelled freshly burned powder there.

Sweat poured in a tiny river down one side of his nose. He seized the gun, walked out and went downstairs. The target range was deserted, and he was glad. His hands trembled as he set up a piece of padding and stepped back. He had to rest his pistol to steady it for a shot.

It took him a long, long time to dig the bullet from the padding, and then he stood there, holding it in his hand. Slowly he went upstairs and into the office of the ballistics expert.

There was pleading in the eyes of Lee Crosby when the man gave his report. "You've got something, Lee," he said, putting the bullets back into the detective's hand—hands that seemed paralysed or asleep. "Those bullets were fired by the same gun."

"Yes," Lee Crosby said softly. "I— I guess I've got something."

He went down the front steps and along the street, heedless that he wore no hat or coat. A treadmill of misery ran inside his aching head. He tried to think. He had two guns, and one of them he kept at home. Could one of them—the gun that had killed Bill Lord—have been used, then substituted?

"Len..." he croaked wretchedly, from the innermost depths of his tortured soul. He forced his mind to clarity.

No, that couldn't be. When he'd sat down to coffee that morning he'd not left aside his gun. He was positive of that.

A haze seemed to envelop him—a dreadful numbness wherein his mind refused to function. He weaved on through the rain and cold, not knowing where he went. Yet, subconsciously, he lived again another period, wherein he'd been this selfsame way.

What was it the fruit vendor had said? "You look at me all glassy. But you never see me."

That was right. He couldn't remember seeing the old man. But then he couldn't even remember leaving Lord's flat. What did he remember? He tried going back, re-enacting the scene, hearing again the voices.

"You wouldn't mind grabbing his wife either, eh?" That tore again at his heart and he heard the ringing in his ears. What then?

Crosby pushed on, letting his thoughts wander where they would. Somewhere, he told himself, in the back passages of his mind, there must be the secret, the record of his own actions from that moment until the time, he knew not how long after, when he had become aware of himself walking towards headquarters.

And then he saw it all. Not in a flash, but as a story unfolding itself, himself the main character—a maniac seeking vengeance, not for Flynn's murder, but for a trust betrayed, an outraged pride.

On and on his face aged years, his swaggering walk was the shuffle of the old, and his shoulders were stooped. Lee Crosby did not feel wet or cold. He walked through Hell.

The chief looked up and sucked in a breath. Could this aged, bent and haggard ghost be the Lee Crosby of a few hours ago? Had the man gone mad? Was his mind cracking under the strain of Bill Lord's death, or was it because the years of hate, murderers had amounted almost to a mania? Lee Crosby pulled a badge from his vest. He took handcuffs and keys and let them spill from shaking fingers to the desk. He slowly drew his gun and dropped it.

"I think all murderers ought to pay," Lee Crosby croaked.

"I'm here, placing under arrest the killer who murdered Bill Lord!"
By GIBSON

In the beginning sunglasses were made and worn for the sole purpose of protection from sun-glare, ultra violet rays, and remembering the saying, "Men never make passes at girls who wear glasses," as an optical hide-out from wolves.

They were next adopted by theatrical and movie stars as a disguise against attracting undue attention to themselves in public.

They were next adopted by many others who wished to give the impression that they were theatrical stars or movie stars in disguise, etc. etc.

As they grew in popularity so the designs changed to a more decorative level, thereby scaring the daylight out of many unwary male.

Then came the plastic streamlined ultra models. These are equipped with everything but wind-screen wipers and dimmers. Are really marvellous, if you have the ears and nose to cope with the weight.

All things being equal it should not be long now before some bright genius decides to combine the lot in one model. That, really, should be a day worth waiting for.
Passing Sentences

There are two kinds of leaders in the world—some are interested in the flock, others in the flock.

A filing cabinet is a place where you can lose things systematically.

No matter how flat your conversation, a woman likes to have it flatter.

Pester for a road show. 50 Beautiful Girls — 45 Gorgeous Costumes.

The man who boasts only of his ancestors confesses he belongs to a family that is better dead than alive.

A bank is an institution that will always lend you money if you can prove you don't need it.

To have a hobby is to engage in hard work you would be ashamed to do for a living.

Opportunity knocks only once, but temptation bangs on the door for years.

Patience is a minor form of despair, disguised as a virtue.

The best cure for a broken heart is to get it broken again.

Marriage is not a destination, but a journey.

She had on one of those black numbers that pick up everything.

One can give a really unbiased opinion only about things that do not interest one.

The man who sees both sides of a question is a man who sees absolutely nothing.

“Milkman. Please leave two quarts of milk and one half pint of cream every other day, except the day after the one you leave three quarts, when I want only two and a half pints of cream and one quart of milk. On the other days just leave one quart of milk.”
THE HOUSE THAT EARL BUILT

In Hollywood where showgirls are glorified and glamorized in the way that only Hollywood knows, Earl Carroll built a house not of bricks and mortar, but of beauty and talent with foundations of trust. For material he used sixty-odd beautiful girls and with the aid of artists and artisans, under his personal direction, there evolved the Earl Carroll Revue. Judging from this picture Earl knew how to get the best out of his cuties, and though death came to him tragically last year, the tradition he created still goes on in show business.

Working at Earl's is hard. The girls are called on for numerous acts and dozens costume changes in an evening, long rehearsals. In the repair room they work fast. The composure with which they take their cue belies the fact of work.
A synthetic chemical made to relieve hayfever, hives and other allergies, has surprised its discoverers by being as effective as a preventative for seasickness. Named Dramamine, its seasickness test was carried out last December with 1,376 men on the American Army Transport General Ballou on an Atlantic crossing. Less than two per cent who took the Dramamine capsules developed the sickness.

Patients who are paralyzed in the throat can now regain their ability to swallow as the result of an operation for which doctors experimented on monkeys before carrying it out successfully on an ex-serviceman, who, as the result of gunshot, had been compelled to take his food through a tube leading to the stomach. It is reported that he can now take any kind of food and is engaged in manual work.

Sulfa drugs and penicillin are saving youngsters from complications arising from measles, and now the danger of measles death, earache, fever, and loss of strength, is being lessened by immune serum globulin which comes from blood. Blood saved for the lives of the war wounded is now being used for this purpose.

Doctors are now using electric shock treatments as a prophylactic against the return attacks of mental illness in patients who have recovered. A single electric convolution is induced about once a month in the patients, starting after recovery from the most recent attack.

A detector something like a phonograph pickup is now being utilized for locating gallstones. The apparatus consists of a surgical probe held in a handle which contains a ceramic piezo-electric element. Sound waves travel through the probe to the crystal and are there turned into small electric currents which are carried by means of a telephone cable to an amplifier. Pennsylvania State College whose laboratory has been responsible for the detector will place it on the open market so that it may be available to the greatest number of people needing it.
SECRETS OF SHINTO MIRACLES

According to this writer, Japan's zero pilots—the human bombs who flew their planes into allied ships—were but offerings at the Shinto altar.

WHEN I read recently that General MacArthur had divorced the Shinto religion from the Japanese government, my thoughts flew back to the fall of 1923 when I played the Imperial Theatre in Tokyo.

My local manager, Edward Ramsay, an Englishman, told me many amazing stories of the supposedly miraculous powers of Shinto priests. Ramsay was a "squat man," married to a Japanese woman, but was happy despite being ostracized from British social circles.

From what Ramsay told me of these Shinto miracles, the Ordeal of Boiling Water, the Sword and Fire, I concluded that ordinary stage magic was being used to sell Shinto to the unimaginative Japanese worshippers.

"Frankly, I'm puzzled how Shinto priests walk on red-hot coals," Ramsay confided, "and pour scalding water on themselves and climb up a ladder of sharp swords without injury."

"There's an answer to everything," I said ambiguously. "I've yet to see a miracle or supernatural manifestation that didn't have a perfectly logical explanation. I'd like to see these miracles of yours."

"It may be dangerous," he replied, "but I think it can be managed. My wife and her brother are attending the rites at the next matsuri, their holy festival. She can arrange to have you attend, but for God's sake be careful!"

That is why, during the festive season, I went to the Port of Kobe in costume—the only time in my life that I disguised myself offstage. In native robe, obi, straw sandals, mushroom hat and dark glasses, I was taken to a clearing in front of a large triple-tiered temple at the edge of Kobe.

Park. Before Ramsay's arm led me to the ritual grounds, he insisted that I carry no weapons or cameras.

A high, red-painted iron fence protected the temple from the outside. The symbol of Shinto and of Japan—a huge sunburst, was emblazoned in gold on the entrance gates. Several dozen Japs knelt penitently on fibre mats, their shoes beside them, their hands clasped in their laps. My companions and I assumed the same uncomfortable position.

It was high noon when Yu-kaqara, the Boiling Water Ordeal, began. In the centre of a section squared off with bamboo poles and rope, a huge wooden-sided caldron was set on a tripod above an open fire. A skinny priest, his stocky beard hanging from his poultice, supervised the proceedings. His dazzling white robe was punctuated by a blood-red obi, and he muttered strange incantations to the nature gods which Shinto exulted.

The priest held a gohei, a wand with paper strip attached, and reached into the pot to disperse the evil spirits in the water. He picked up two bamboo sticks with broad ends, lifted off the pot-cover when steam began emitting from it, and swirled the bamboo into the churning water. The contents overflowed and steam issued from the fire beneath, half obscuring the priest. He lashed the water in a frenzy, flinging sprays of it overhead with the bamboo swizzle sticks and drenched himself with what must certainly have been scalding water.

When the steam cleared, the priest emerged, traces of vapor rising from his soaked garment, giving him the appearance of a spectre in a London fog. The triumphant glare in his eyes bespoke his exultation at having vanquished the evil spirits in the outraged element that could not harm him, the practitioner of kamikaze, or god arts Kamikaze, the suicidal urge in Jazz warriors is a blood-relative of this god-like characteristic.

"That's not even a good trick," I muttered to my friend. "I've seen Hindu fakirs in Calcutta plunge themselves into vats of boiling liquid."

"Shh," warned Ramsay. "This is the Ordeal of Fire—Hiwatari," my friend said, sotto voce.

"They will have to go some to match the fire walks I've seen done by Hindu fakirs. The Hindus train their minds until they actually are immune to pain."

It was getting towards dusk. Attendents laid out a bed of straw about fifteen to eighteen feet long and five or six feet deep, heaped coals on it, and set it afire. They added chunks of soft pine to increase the flames. Soon it was completely dark, and the glow of the fire produced a weird effect which increased as the flames suddenly subsided into a blanket of angry orange. A band of temple musicians blew plaintively on chillly reed instruments heightening the air of mystery.

"Here they come," said my friend. A band of older Shinto priests emerged from the temple gates and filed towards the fiery shrine. The high priest motioned for silence. He stooped down and rubbed his feet with a substance near the fire-bed. His face was etched with dancing shadows and medallions of light from the flames. His gohei had streamers of white paper trailing from it, with Japanese characters printed on them:

"They are the devil-chasers," my companion explained, though explanation seemed scarcely necessary. Braiding himself, the shrunken oldster advanced his right foot towards the coals, paused a second before marching quickly through the entire length of the fire-bed. He flashed his gohei about him as he walked to dispel the evil spirits.

Other priests copied his example, after first rubbing their feet in the
substance near the edge of the fire.
The plangent wall of the wind instruments grew more student.
I took advantage of the excitement to stoop down and scoop up a handful of the substance which they spread on their feet. As I straightened up I noticed a pair of chunky, bowed legs in front of me and I glanced up into the ominous-looking face of the high priest! Had he seen my stealthy action?

I bowed gracefully, smiling obsequiously, and holding my hand to my chest as if in obeisance. He scowled then bared his teeth in a grin and shuffled away. I breathed a sigh of relief. Shortly, Mrs. Ramsay approached me, looking worried.

"We so now, Miss Raymond please," she whispered, and led me quickly out of the park. As we passed through the gates I noticed a white-cloaked figure separate itself from a bundle around the dying fire and head towards us. We hurried along, but were unmolested, and finally we reached the business section of Kobe. We repaired to Ramsey's hotel room where his Japanese wife sat quietly in the corner of the sitting room as we talked.

"What did you think of the miracle?" Ramsay asked. "Did you see through them all?"

"They're very impressive stunts all right," I replied, "but they're tricks and nothing else."

"Really?" he commented, skeptically. "How do you account for the boiling water not blistering the priest?"

"He was as safe as you are in a spring shower. In the first place, he undoubtedly has prepared himself for this by hardening his skin through a series of immersions in water of increasingly hot temperature. The water was in a large, deep, clay pot as you noticed. He simply made use of physics. When cold water is boiled, particularly in a non-metallic vat, the bubbling is due to the hot water on the bottom forcing its way up through the cool water to the top. To make it easier, he used spring water, the coldest natural water available.

"The pot heated slowly on the bottom and not on the sides like today's aluminum pots, so that the top water was not heated at all, although you saw bubbling. Then all he did was scoop up quantities of the cool top water with the small amount of boiled water represented by the bubbling. When it struck the cool night air, it lost what little heat was left and by the time it landed on him, it was quite harmless. The steam it created by landing on the fire only made it look more dangerous than it really was."

"It sounds logical," said Ramsay, "but I'd hate to try it! What about the fire-walking?"

"An old trick, too. Look at this stuff! I found near the fire, which they rubbed on their feet."

"It looks like coarse salt," Ramsay said.

"Exactly, but it's more than that. Here, dip your tongue in it."

Ramsay tasted it, and made a wry grimace puckering his lips.

"Alum!" he exclaimed. "What's the connection?"

"This mixture of alum and salt on the soles of their feet helped lessen the feeling of the heat Japs have pretty tough soles anyway from walking in their straw sandals, and they harden their feet until they're like crocodile hide by long walks on stones and gravels. In any case, they weren't even satisfied with these precautions. When I got up from the salt-and-alum pile I noticed what the priest was trying to hide from me. Through the middle of the fire-bed was a narrow carpet of dead coals, the first ones burned and extinguished. From the front they were invisible. The spectators saw only the front row of lively coals. The priests who walked through kept within that narrow runner of warm embers, and I'll bet it was no worse than traversing a warm blanket on cobblestones."

"That sounds reasonable," Ramsay agreed.

At that moment, there was a heavy knock on the door. A fierce-looking Jap police officer stalked in, Mrs. Ramsay trailing behind him.

He handed me an envelope, smiling toothily and bowing low. I knew it was my walking papers."

"You leave Japan at once," he said.

"So silly."

I haven't been back to Japan since, but my friend Ramsey kept in touch with me. He left his wife and went into business in Hongkong. When England declared war on Germany, he joined the Army in Hongkong. He was still a member of that luckless garrison when the Japs swarmed in.

Many times during recent years, I recalled that episode in Kobe. The spirit of the gods displayed there, Shintaoism, was the forerunner of kamikaze which sent zero planes hurtling into our battleships and carriers. There's little doubt in my mind that if Shintaoism had been dissolved years ago and the Japs allowed freedom of worship, the Pacific struggle, if it had occurred at all, would have been much briefer and less contentious.
When they lost their children in a mysterious manner Breton farmers were grief-stricken.

**THE REAL-LIFE BLUEBEARD**

SYDNEY GEORGE ERBERT

**WITHOUT doubt the most popular classic of children's literature produced in English or French language is Frenchman Charles Perrault's "Contes de Mere l'Oye," "Tales of Mother Goose" to you. By no means the least famous yarn of the series is Bluebeard. You and I may regard the murderous adventures of the hirsute killer of curious wives as just so much hokey, but the Breton people of France knew that there was a terribly real Bluebeard who, centuries ago, terrorised their forefathers for eight nerve-shattering years.

Call him, if you like, a victim of heredity, for his maternal grandfather was the notorious Jean de Crac, a vicious and licentious character into whose charge the boy fell when he was only eleven years of age. His great grandmother was the crazy Joan La Folla. Remember, however, that he came too from the house that produced Bertrand de Guicciain, one of France's greatest heroes.

Perhaps his downfall could be attributed to environment for, from his earliest youth, his companions were libertines and sadists whose unnatural excesses were practised under licence of social station. However he judging it, cannot be denied that Gilles de Laval became a man beyond redemption; a man whose infamy was so enormous that even the anonymous way of his dying fell short of truth. Living as an aristocrat in an age when rape and murder were the accepted prerogatives of the aristocracy, he was eventually spurned and despised by his peers and hated and feared by his inferiors.

He was born into nobility in France during the first half of the fifteenth century. He was born to riches and became the lord of a number of fiefs. Gilles de Laval distinguished himself as a soldier early in his career. He also distinguished himself as a spendthrift and an indulgent in abnormal practices which included homosexuality.

Professor Thomas Wilson, in his biography of the man, describes him physically as "Tall, handsome and well formed. He smiled in his face, and in every movement, his pride and spirit. He had a high, rather broad forehead, his nose was prominent and slightly aquiline, the nostrils were large and thin, and, on occasions of anger, spread and quivered in an interesting and threatening manner. His lips were rather thin but well coloured, and had a tinge of delicate and refined sensuality. Like many of the Breton race his complexion was fair. His eyes were large and blue, and his eyebrows and lashes long and black. His hair was black and he had the same. It was soft and silky and with its raven blackness became shiny, giving it a tinge of blue black, which may have served as a foundation in that country for the name Bluebeard."

While nobleman and successful soldier Gilles de Laval was still in his twenties French tongues were chattering of a young lass and her visions at Donnemarie. The travels of Joan of Arc across France, her safe passing through enemy lines and her presentation to a grateful monarch are history. Her exploits in Western France in the vicinity of his barony, and her saintly bearing and personality, completely captivated Gilles de Laval. He became her devoted follower and a reformed character. He was appointed Marshall of France and dean of the barons—high orders for any French nobleman. Had the Maid of Orleans not been captured and executed, the story of Bluebeard may never have been written. However, such was the fate of Saint Joan of Arc, and after her death at the stake the newly invested Marshall of France relapsed once more into his life of extravagant indulgences. He gathered about himself an enormous retinue and sank himself into an environment of remarkable luxury and dissipation which soon produced a hollow rattle in the family coffers. The nobleman and soldier of France became debtor, robber, magician, necromancer and murderer. His character and countenance changed. He became obsessed with a desire to discover the Elixir of Life and the fabulous Philosopher's Stone which was said to change base metals to gold. Undoubtedly a handy item for him at this time.

A large portion of Western France suddenly became unpleasantly excited by an undefined fear. There was an uneasiness and uncertainty in the attitude of the superstitious peasants about strange happenings which set them to staying indoors after dark and lowering their voices when discussing what was frightening them and covering their heads with the goose pimpls begotten of nervous tremors. Tales were told of children, small and large, who had vanished into thin air. The knowledgeable once spoke in whispers of the evil One and magic and the supernatural. Parents worked and lived in fear and walked in terror of the enchantment which might spirit away the young of their families. Boys and girls from six to sixteen would wander from home and disappear leaving no trace or evidence of the fate which might have befallen them. The terror was omnipresent, inviable and inevitable.

Gilles Laval in his search for the formula for conversion of gold of the non-precious metals brought into his retinue a certain reputedly capable alchemist named Prelati. Italian Prelati may or may not have had faith in his own ability to evolve the elusive gold-producing formula. That is a debatable point. What is certain is...
that Prelati was a capable and successful practical alchemist. His initial demonstration of heating liquids in retorts crucibles and tubes and incanting magic phrases won him a faithful sponsor. The alchemist is said to have used phosphorous and sodium to produce the colourful effects which really influenced his patron. The failure of early experiments was claimed by the alchemist to be due to some missing elements necessary for accomplishment.

He declared that the operation could be repeated only if hearts, hands, and eyes and the blood of young children were added to the mixture. At a pinch the hearts, hands and eyes might be overlooked but the blood was absolutely necessary for the tracing of magic circles and figures. Laval, desperately in need of the precious formula, put some of the most trusted members of his following to the task of secretly kidnapping the unfortunate youngsters who were to be victims for the operation. The history of the fifteenth century France unfortunately records their success. Wandering children were enticed to one or another of the baron’s various manors, or were snatched by his horsemen when out of sight of parents or public.

The enticement technique was handled with marked success by an old Madame La Maffeına, who travelled through a series of villages using lollipops and toys as lure for unsuspecting juvenile victims. The diabolic Madame appears to have been skillfully endowed with a motherly attitude which begot confidence in the doomed children. Boys looking after sheep in outlying areas were easy prey for Laval’s horsemen. The shepherd boy would be grabbed and thrown across a saddle and his cries, even if heard, wouldn’t attract assistance or witnesses to the scene of abduction before the horseman was well on his way. Some lone young people were accosted in streets and fields outside villages and offered immediate jobs in Laval’s employment, an honour to any commoner. Their acceptance was their death warrant.

Eight years of fear of the occult, eight years of quivering in nameless dread and hiding from the unknown had elapsed before a few of the more sane inhabitants of the scourged area began to notice that all the drastic happenings were confined to a large area of which Nantes was the approximate centre. Automatically the thoughtful few turned to their senior churchman for advice. The Bishop of Nantes had already been applying logic to the whole cruel business. The Laval manors and employees were identified as potentially connected with such losses. Eventually he produced a “Declaration of Infamy” against Gilles. “Upon public rumour and numerous reports, it stated that it was shown that he had ‘strangled, killed and inhumanly massacred a very large number of infants, that he has committed upon them crimes against nature, that he has made or caused to be made, numerous horrible invocations of demons, has made to them sacrifices and offerings and has passed a compact with them, without counting other crimes, numerous and enormous.’

Baron Gilles Laval and a number of his henchmen were tried ecclesiastically and civilly.

Naturally he was found guilty of all charges stated. Historians agree that he was responsible for the slaying of at least two hundred children. Some declare the figure at eight hundred to a thousand.

The long suffering citizens of Brittany displayed the illogic of superstition by commemorating his suffering in death and perpetuating his name and memory with the erection of an altar upon the site of the execution. A niche in the altar is said to have been left for installation of a statue of the nobleman-monster. It is still vacant.

"Glad to see you with us again, Mr. Willoughby. So sorry to hear about the tennis arm"
NARROW FRONTAGE

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (NO. 56)
PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

The long narrow building block calls for a different approach to the planning problem than does the more orthodox suburban block. It is usually desirable to present a narrow front to the street, to allow the maximum of garden on each side and thus create an illusion of greater width to the land.

CAVALCADE offers a suggestion for a three-bedroom home which can be accommodated on a block of land with a frontage of 40 feet.

The entrance porch is located near the centre of the building to reduce the walking distance to the various rooms. The three bedrooms, with the bathroom placed between them, are arranged as a separate block.

The second block consists of a living room with a dining room opening from it and the kitchen. The living and dining rooms each feature large windows which command a view over the rear garden.

The area of this three-bedroom house is 1,350 square feet.
The world's best
CON MEN

Over a good deed done a beautiful friendship is formed and a confidence created. Then comes awakening.

ANTHONY STRONG

A WHILE back, the boys at the Police Department gathered around an encyclopedia of international confidence men--a publication issued by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, New York, and therefore worthy of deep study. Agreed with the thought of adding to their lore, they turned over page after page of photographs, and their eyes lost the eager glint.

"It was just like looking at a family album," mourned one detective.

"Or a book you've read a dozen times before. Most of the faces were as familiar to us as our own." And then a little proudly he added, "And easily 50 per cent of the subjects were Australians."

The story confirms a theory that has made Australian con men as famous abroad as Don Bradman or the Sydney Harbor Bridge that, should a panting and angry man enter a police station in Paris, London or New York to tell of a Friendly Stranger, one of the first questions asked is, "Did the fellow have an Australian accent?"

Quite often, the fellow did.

What makes our con men the world's best? No one has ever given a truly satisfactory reason, but one school of thought attributes the honor to the fact that we are a small country. A man, realizing that he possesses the gift, finds so few people on whom to exploit his silver tongue that he is impelled to pursue his calling overseas.

"At the moment," says an authority, "there are no more than four top con men in Australia. The place is too small to support and more. And, remember, I mean top men, the men who deal in tens and hundreds of thousands of pounds. But overseas reports continue to tell us that many exiles are still doing good business. They don't often return to Australia, because they know we're waiting for them."

"However, at the outbreak of war they came back in droves. Detectives waiting at the wharves, had field days. One man was arrested on a charge dating back to 1927. At the end of the war, many of them went back to Europe. Those who stayed got mixed up in blackmarkets—which is a bit out of their line—and either made fortunes or made gool."

There exists between police and con men a relationship more than a little unusual between bodies of opposite forces. The smart magyar dresses well, speaks well, frequents the best hotels. He is a competent (and usually honest) card player, can at parties tell a joke that doesn't exceed well-bred limits and in all is an excellent companion. He considers beneath his notice the cracksmen, the petty larceny and other crooks whose profession lacks finesse, and he regards the police as antagonists against whom he pits his brains with belligerency in keeping with his half-fellow, well-met personality.

The detectives accept the honor with equal goodwill. In relaxed moments, con men are apt to speak frankly of their past to the law and the law is given to making remarks whose motif is that the day will come when the con men are inside looking out. When a detective becomes curious about a con man's whereabouts, he does not, as is usual, conduct his search in slum areas; instead, he makes a round of the upper-bracket hotels.

And sometimes, he finds his man in deep conversation with a mug or "gay." Should the con man leave the mug's side for a moment, the detective will probably approach the mug and, in a few succinct words point out the undesirability of the mug's mixing with the con man. As often as not, the detective will be told to mind his own business, and that Mr. Brown is a personal friend and must not in the mug's presence be spoken of in such manner.

"And even when we take the shorn mug to our picture gallery, he often refuses to believe that the man against whom he was warned was contact man in the touch," says a detective. "You see, it is rarely the man who first approaches the guy who makes the touch. His job is to win the other fellow's confidence, so that any introduction he makes will be accepted in good faith."

It is remarkable, in view of the publicity given to confidence tricks that all tricks are worked on well-defined lines. Usually the most popular means of winning confidence is the "wallet gag."

In this, the contact or lead-up man, having created friendly relations with the mug, perhaps suggests a drink. During the subsequent conversation, he will permit the mug to observe his big roll of notes—which, incidentally, may be largely composed of brown paper around which is wrapped a couple of £10 notes; or, to give greater reality, the brown paper may be tipped with the edges of bank notes.

The contact man is in no hurry. A week may lapse, in fact, before the drama moves into the second scene when, whilst walking in the street, the con man points out a wallet lying on the footpath. A glance at the contents shows a business card and indicates that the owner of the wallet lives at a big city hotel. There is also a cheque for perhaps £2,000.

What, asks the mug, are we to do with the wallet? Naturally, it must be
HAPPY RETURN

She went out to dine in a pocket of lemon
Met a visiting fireman, and caught the bloke nappin'
She returned from the party clad in foxes so fine.
After breakfast of course—stores don’t open till nine!

Kay Grant

return, replies the lead-up man.

Now enters the second con man, disguised as a sealer after lost property.

Head bent and concern in his eyes, he meticulously searches the footpath.

The mug accepts the cue.

Approaching the man, he indicates that he may have found the object for which the other is looking.

A wallet? asks the searcher.

A wallet. Could the loser detail the contents?

He can, and does. The wallet is handed over, and the second con man goes through the motions of rewarding the finder. The offer is refused—but a beautiful friendship is formed.

Confidence is created.

Third act There are many versions to the act, the mug may be induced to buy phoney stock, back a racehorse, or invest in a utility that is actually public property. There is a case on record of a man buying a farm. Another bought the right to permit people to view the scene from Sydney’s noted Gap. Others have been involved in land deals and the land has turned out to be a swamp.

Curtain

It is strange sidelight on the confidence game that only a small proportion of the victims report the trick to the police.

Vanity and fear of publicity are the chief deterrents. And often when a report is made, the victim is approached by a third man and persuaded, maybe by an offer to return some of the money involved, not to identify the con man in the police line-up.

The con man, as we have said, works leisurely. Some time back, a man was ushered into the office of a city business executive. He bore with him a verbal introduction from a third man, resident in New Zealand and a friend of the executive. There is no doubt that the con man had studied thoroughly the backgrounds of both the Australian and the New Zealander, for he was able to convince the executive of his authenticity to the extent that he was asked to the man’s home.

He was a steward on a liner, he said, and would be back in Australia in a month’s time. Would Mr. Executive have dinner with him then? Mr. Executive would.

It was during that engagement that the stranger showed the other the diamonds he had brought ashore for a refugee who wanted to avoid customs duties.

"They’re worth at least £100 apiece, but the refugee was prepared to let them go at £50," said the con man, rolling three stones around the palm of his hand. "I’ve only got three with me, but there’s another nine where they came from."

Mr. Executive, greedy to make a quick profit, showed interest. Was the other prepared to have the stones valued by a jeweller? By all means. New And so the stones were taken to a reputable jeweller who values them, say, at £130 each. The deal was made for the twelve, nine of which were fakers.

The "arrows for diamonds" had been pulled again. Unless he wishes to recall the stones, the mug may never find out he’s been victimised, for only an expert can tell the difference between zircons and diamonds. But should he take them to a jeweller for revaluation, he will quickly be disillusioned about his friend the steward.

You will always, if you are sufficiently keen-eyed, detect on the wharves when overseas ships leave an Australian port. The reason is simple: con men regard ship’s passengers as gifts sent from heaven for their exclusive exploitation.

The well-dressed man who joins you on deck an hour or two before sailing time and holds you in conversation is a man to be feared—especially if he glances at his watch and suggests a quick drink before the ship sails. He knows a pub close to the wharf.

During the drink, he remembers that he has to buy a present for Aunt Mary of Wimbledon. There is still time to make it. Will you accompany him up town?

You go to a city building where the man knows a wholesaler, but wait, the present will cost £100 for Aunt Mary has expensive tastes, and the man, skimming through his wallet, has only £80. He requests a loan till you get back to the ship.

It is difficult to refuse. Remember this man is to be your companion for weeks. He knows that, as a traveller, you must have a good deal of money on your person, so you can’t mumble the usual excuse that you left your wallet at home. And, besides, he’s offering you his gold watch worth £20 as security. You don’t want to take it? You must—after all, he says, you don’t know him as well as that.

The truth is, you don’t know him at all, and you have no chance of improving your acquaintance. Because the man, with your money making a bulge in his pocket, leaves you, enters the building, and makes a quick exit by the rear door.

Worse, you have only a few minutes to catch your ship. If you go to the police, you’ll miss it. You’ll have to identify the con man when he’s caught up with. So you make the best of it and keep quiet. All you’ve got from your friendship is experience and a watch worth maybe £1.

For man like these, the police have a quiet respect which, however, does not prevent them from getting on their tails and staying there until the con man makes the inevitable mistake.

And the police even have a grudging respect for characters like Creepin’ Tom, who worked Central Railway Station at Sydney. Creepin’ Tom could make friends in a minute, accompany them in a taxi downtown, pull up the taxi on the score that he wanted to make a call, borrow a humble £3 on some pretence, disappear through the door of a building—and just disappear. As quickly as that.

And Creepin’ Tom has no income tax worries.
Party Games

Let's urge up all our hatreds,
Let's think up lots of bad names,
For the man who at our parties
Promotes the party games-
For him the gibbet is far too good.
And the axe is not good enough
Who, firmly removing a glass from my hand
Initiates Blind Man's Buff.
On him heap all of your curses
There's nothing too harrassing
For the man whose only mission in life
Is to make my own embarrassing
My preference, now, is to fill my hand
With a nobly-flowing stein,
And sing with the aid of chosen friends
The opus, "Sweet Adeline"
I'd rather even drink cold tea,
And sing the songs of Sankey
Than cavort like some benighted oaf
At playing Drop the Hankie
I'd rather hear a bad quartette
Or embryonic bards
Than join the throng who prance about
Patherically playing Charades.
Your pardon I'll crave when fun's at its height
And I'll languing look at the clock
When the rest of the crowd, though unwilling
Is forced to play Postman's Knock
For better, I think, than this trivia
With its casual osculation
Is to find a quiet spot in a corner
With a girl of my own designation

—BILL DELANY
AS THE FIRE TONGUES SWEEP THROUGH THE PREMISES, WEBSTER HILSTON BOWS OUT GAIOLY FROM A WORLD OF WHICH HE IS SICK—HIS LAST CONSOlING THOUGHT—HE WAS HEAVILY INSURED.

THE FIRE WAS TOO QUICK FOR THE BRASS-HATS, BUT IT WAS NOT QUICK ENOUGH TO DEFLY THE STEADY WORK OF THE ARSON SQUAD.

FLASH CAIN APPEARS, TELLS TIDSTON OF THE ARSON SQUAD THAT HE HAS BEEN ASKED BY THE INSURANCE COMPANY TO LOOK AFTER THE CASE.

OLD HILSTON CARRIES MUCH INSURANCE? TEN THOUSAND POUNDS.

WHO GETS IT? HIS BROTHER, ANGUS BREN'T.

TIDSTON PROMISES TO SEND FLASH CAIN A REPORT OF THE INVESTIGATION CAIN, MEANWHILE, WILL LOOK UP THE BROTHER, ANGUS BREN'T.

ANGUS BREN'T LIVES IN A RESPECTABLE SUBURBAN STREET. CAIN WONDERS WHY HIS NAME IS NOT LIKE HIS BROTHER'S.

BRENT IS NOT AT HOME AND CAIN HAS A LONG WAIT.

MR. BRENT'S AWAY

FLASH CAIN, DISCOVERING THAT THE BRENT FAMILY IS AWAY, WONDERS THAT THE DON'T COME HOME FOR RAGEDY OR THE INSURANCE.

FROM HIS OFFICE, CAIN TRIES TO LOCATE BRENT'S OFFICE

--BUT HE DRAW'S MANY BLANKS.

CAVALCADE, September 1949
--AND FINALLY TURNS TO TODSON--

WHATEVER TODSON'S FOUND OUT IS ENOUGH TO SEND FLASH CAIN RUNNING . . . . .

TODSON TELLS CAIN THAT THE FIRE WAS ARSON AND THAT THERE ARE SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES

WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES

TODSON TELLS CAIN THAT THE FIRE WAS ARSON AND THAT THERE ARE SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES

SORRY, CAIN----I CAN'T COMMIT MYSELF UNTIL I GET FINAL REPORTS, BUT IT COULD MAKE A DIFFERENCE TO THE PAYMENT OF THE INSURANCE

KEEP ME POSTED... BRENT HASN'T TURNED UP SINCE HIS BROTHER'S DEATH... HE HASN'T EVEN GOT IN TOUCH WITH THE INSURANCE PEOPLE

MAY I TALK TO YOU, MR. CAIN?

NOLA DIAMOND SAYS SHE WAS A FRIEND OF WEBSTER HILTON'S AND IS UPSET BY HIS DEATH . . . . . . .

WE DON'T THINK IT WAS SUICIDE, EITHER

I DON'T BELIEVE IT WAS SUICIDE!

THEN WHAT DO YOU THINK? HONESTLY, WEBSTER'S DEATH HAS UPSET ME TERRIBLY . . . . I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE

W WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT WAS----MURDER?
But it couldn't be murder, not if Webster was killed and the flat burnt to destroy evidence?

Nola Diamond springs a real surprise!

There's Webster Hilton!

One more effort to reach Brent with the good news that he is to collect a lot of insurance.

Yes?

I've got news for you.

Oh...it's not him after all......he walked with a bad limp......war wound.

I'm sorry I couldn't set your mind at rest, Miss Diamond...by the way ---- the way you know Webster's brother, Brent?

Cain tells Brent that his half-brother is dead, and that the insurance company is waiting to honour the claim.

Poor Webster!

Would you mind helping the police tidy up the death, Mr. Brent? I just say what you knew about your brother, for their records.

No, I didn't. He was a foster brother.

Cain rings Todson....

Ask your bloke whether the charred skeleton he found used to walk with a limp.

Go ahead Mr. Brent--this won't take long.

As Brent appears, Nola is shocked....

Webster!
Wattle Wisdom

As useful as it is beautiful, Wattle is so called because of its use by Early Settlers.

Along with the Koala, the Kangaroo and the Gum, Golden Wattles—perhaps the greatest glory of the Australian Bush—have become synonymous with everything Australian.

The Australian wandering on some foreign strand is often poignantly reminded of his homeland when he sees these colourful acacias growing in gardens in Europe and America. Besides missing their golden grandeur in a garden, he is often surprised to hear them called 'mimosa'. However, that is indeed the correct name for 'wattle', by which the Australian species has become generally known. It dates from the days when the early settlers used the long plant twigs of the plant in the construction of wattle and daub huts owing to the lack of other building materials.

Besides proving so convenient to the first colonists, wattles have other valuable properties. They aid soil fertilisation as they accumulate nitrogen by the activities of bacteria in tubercles formed at their roots. They also yield honey at a time when other flowers are scarce, several species are stripped for their bark, which is in demand for tanning, and they provide timber, and gum in small quantities.

It is fitting that a plant at the same time so beautiful and so useful should have had a day set aside in its honour and August 1st, 1916, was fixed as the first "Wattle Day". It is a pity that this charming custom of honouring the wattle on August 1st or September 1st (according to the forwardness of the flowering) is not more generally observed.

Even before 'Wattle Day' was thought of, Life Assurance had won an accepted place in Australia. It is just 100 years since the oldest Life Office was opened here and today 3,000,000 Australians have secured their own and their families' future by taking out Life Assurance policies. The reason for the nation-wide popularity of our free and democratic Life Assurance is not hard to understand. It enables the average man to save for any special purpose over a period of years and enables him to choose the policy most suited to his needs.
He had not always been an honest rider, but Jean believed in him. That was his pay-off.

THE DUCHESS WAS A LADY

BILL DELANY

"It's a lot of money," said Trover, and added a dozen more paragraphs with his eyes Trover was like that his words sounded like a suggestion, but you knew they were a threat.

"It's a lot of money," I agreed.

Then you'll do it?"

It took more courage than I'd thought I had, but I said 'no'.

"You've worked for me before," he spoke flatly, and his lips ran in a straight line. He was right. I had worked for him before and it had been a profitable business. I was in the

racing game to make money, and I had realised early in the place that you don't have to ride winners all the time to do it. Trover went on:

"You've got it easy, Pat. I wouldn't like to make it hard for you."

I didn't need a crystal ball to understand what he meant. There were other jockeys who would take it the easy way, and they needed money more than I did. For less than a hundred, I knew, at least one of them would try to stop me winning, even if it meant sending me over the rails; a riding boot placed under that of another rider, and jerked upwards had caused many a fall before today.

I said: "This time, Mr. Trover, I can't help you. I've got to ride to win."

"And you think China Duchess will win?"

"She can't lose, unless—"

Trover's eyes said a bookful of words, but his lips said:

"Unless. That's right. I stand to lose thirty thousand—unless."

Unless I pull her for you, I thought unless a few of the boys gang up on me in running. Unless something happens to me before the race.

I felt my spine tingle, and I nearly surrendered. After all, I had at the most a year's riding ahead of me. I had saved a good deal of the money I'd earned, one way or another, but another thousand wouldn't go amiss. Besides, what would money be to me if I were crippled?

"No. I won't pull her for you. I--I can't."

That was wrong. I could stop the filly from winning, and the stakes wouldn't be able to pin a thing on me. It wouldn't be the first horse I'd stopped--and I was still in the game. I'd been suspended once or twice for wearless riding, and more than once, I'd had to stand up to a fair amount of boodling from the crowd. But I was still in the game.

But I was right, too, in saying I couldn't stop her. I had been a jockey for a long time, and I'd thought that any sentimental thoughts I'd had about the business had gone in the first two years. And then China Duchess had come along..."

Trover was saying: "Think it over, Pat. If I were you, I'd think it over—that would be the clever thing to do."

I said: "I think about it, and went over to my car. He followed me: "I've got to know soon, Pat."

I nodded and drove away. When I got home, I went to bed. There was nothing unusual about that. I'd been up and about since four o'clock, and at five, I'd taken the Duchess over four furlongs—and she'd flown over them like a bird. But this time, I didn't go to bed to sleep; I wanted to avoid Jean, my wife. We'd been married for 20 years—and she still thought I was an honest jockey. She was a bit of a crank, and gong gray and she wouldn't see 40 again and I wouldn't change her for a film star. We got along fine."

But Jean could tell when I was troubled, and the only secret I'd kept from her was that I wasn't altogether an honest jockey. And this time I was troubled, and I wanted to think it through."

I knew, now, that whatever happened, I wasn't going to stop the Duchess. I wasn't going to break the heart of a filly who was all courage—and I knew too, that if I didn't let her do her best, she would never race truly again."

As I lay on the bed, I was remembering how the Duchess and I had got acquainted. I was seeing a rubber-legged bit of a horse standing, bewildered, beside a mare who would never get up again; seeing Jean sitting for eight hours with the feel's head on her lap, the time a jealous woman had tried to savage the foal; the Duchess still bore the scars on her shoulder, and they were a symbol of her courage."

The Duchess was a filly born to be
How to become a world-famous bartender—by two of the best-known barmen of Paris, Jean Lupolu and Louis Louissou:

You begin by scrubbing floors. Then you learn the whole business of hotel-keeping. Next, you learn seven languages and travel round the world so that you can mix his local drink for a man from any country. You must have the training of a diplomat, the manners of a policeman, and restraint enough not to jump in a conversation uninvited.

I loved—Jean and I loved her. She was golden, and a bit small, but her heart was the biggest part of her. She was still a baby, and a baby could ride her. Jean had tried to spoil her, and had failed. You couldn't spoil a horse like the Duchess.

When we left her on the farm with Jim Ross, who bred her, I promised that I'd come back and break her in. And I did. I spent a week breaking her. The way a horse should be broken, and that is gently. I taught her to accept the weight of a saddle, to feel the feel of the halter and of the bit and the reins. I was the first man to ride her, and above all, I taught her to trust me.

She proved that she trusted me the first time I rode her in a race. She was fast and wanted to lend all the way, but when I restrained her, she obeyed. We were fifth in the straight and I gave her a head. I knew she was good but as I felt her plunging forward beneath me I realized that I was riding a champion.

She passed three horses, and the fourth tried to fight it out with her. She covered the other for 30 yards and for a moment, I expected her to give in. Then, when I shook the whip at her, I knew that she had been running easily. We had the other filly beaten at the furlong. I was pulling her up at the winning post and when I dismounted, she tried to muzzle me.

That was China Duchess. That was the horse they wanted me to stop. And that was one of the reasons why I couldn't do it. The other reasons were Jim Ross and Jean.

Jim was my brother-in-law, and a man who bred horses because he loved them—and because he believed the racing game was all good. He was like Jean. He believed in people, and people trusted Jim. He had never been on a racecourse, and he'd never put up a filly unless he suspected that all jockeys weren't honest, he did not put me among them. That was why he wanted me to breed horses with him when I retired from riding, and that was a nice way, I thought, for a man to spend the rest of his days.

I heard Jean come to the door, and I closed my eyes. A minute or two later, I heard the front door close. She had gone out to shop. I got up and went to the 'phone.

When Trover answered, I said, "I've given that matter some thought. China Duchess will win and I'm not playing!"

There was a long pause. I was glad that at least I couldn't see Trover's eyes. Then he said, "Pete, I'm not playing either. I can't afford to let the filly win. It's a big field, and anything can happen."

I put the receiver back on the cradle, and felt better. Now I knew what to expect. I thought for a while and made some more calls. If Trover was going to stop me, it wouldn't necessarily happen during the Duchess's race. So I called the owners of the horses who'd booked me for earlier races and asked them to find other jockeys. I said I didn't feel well enough to take all the mounts and was saving myself for the big race. They grumbled, but agreed to relieve me of the mounts.

Then I rang the exchange and asked them to disconnect my 'phone temporarily. I didn't want Trover to speak to Jean. I didn't want her worried.

Next day, I moved in to an empty stable alongside the Duchess. I told Jean I'd feel happier if I did that, and she made no objection. The trainer, who knew how I felt about the filly, was pleased to have me. He had been in the racing game for a long time, and he didn't share Jim Ross's opinion of it.

The papers got hold of the story, and if Trover had any ideas of getting at the Duchess instead of me, he had to drop them.

The filly looked a picture. The stable-boys loved her almost as much as I did, and took a pride in keeping her looking like the champion she was.

Then it was Saturday. I stayed with the Duchess till the boys walked her to the course, and drove my car alongside her for the 800 yards that separated the stables and the course.

She had many visitors that day, the Duchess. Who played her part. She was ready to run the race of her life unless if anyone had come closer to her than six feet, I think I'd have murdered her.

Trover came. He looked at the Duchess, then at me, his eyes were slits. He wanted until we were alone. "There's still time to change your mind, Pete," he said. "The odds's still good!"

"I'm sorry I'm riding her to win," was paying you?"

"Who's paying you?" Did you think I'd pay-off—all the pay-off I wanted, now?"

I said: "No, it's just that I'm returning some and I want to leave the game the right way."

Trover laughed. "After 20 years of playing the wrong way, The only way to play this game, Pat, is the money way. You know that I'll double my offer."

I shook my head. "I'll pay five hundred over what the others are paying you."

I started to speak, but stopped. How could I explain, at least to a man like Trover, that I was throwing away a couple of thousand because I loved a woman, a man, and a horse? Trover wouldn't understand that I barely understood it myself.

I was thinking what if the Duchess should get beaten on her merits. There were some good horses in the field, one of them just ahead of the filly in the betting. I knew she'd win, but thousands of people would accept her as one of the things that happen on a racetrack. It would, as Trover said, be the easy way.

I was thinking these things, but I wasn't believing them. If the Duchess lost, it would be because she had been stopped, and while I was thinking, I knew that defeat wouldn't be my fault.

"No," I said. "Why don't you cover yourself by backing the filly?"

He laughed again. The two and a half thousand I'm offering you is all I've got in the world. It wouldn't bring me five if I backed her. No it's all or nothing. It will be nothing."

"Maybe. But a couple of thousand can do a lot of good—or bad—with the right people."

I turned away and walked over to the Duchess. She threw her head up, and I caught it under my arm. Trover looked at us both. His eyes spoke a lot more than his lips. He said, "A pretty picture for the papers..."
I watched him go, and stood for a while with the Duchess before the trainer came to saddle the filly. Then I went to the jockey's room. I tried to joke with the boys, but all the time I was wondering which one—or two or three—would be making sure that the filly wouldn't win.

In my mind, I studied the field. Obviously, in a race as such as this, most of them would be trying to win and the danger would probably come from a jockey riding an outsider. Which one? I decided to watch the jockeys who were three on either side of my marble at the start. After that the bell called us, and we went into the saddling paddock. As I walked the Duchess around, I saw Troyer. He was fingering his ear. That, I thought, was the signal to put Plan B into operation. Someone was watching for that signal, and I wished I could catch who was receiving it—but you can't watch 20 jockeys at the same time.

The Duchess and I went through our preliminary, and as I felt her power a great overwhelming confidence came to me. This was the Duchess, the greatest horse I had known and this was her day.

The horses came quickly into line and I glanced at my neighbors. I knew them all by their Christian names and I had laughed and had a beer with most of them. I couldn't believe that one of them might put me over the rails—until I remembered that I had played this game the dirty way myself. I hadn't played a rough-and-tumble game but I had stopped horses from winning as surely as though I had.

It took the starter one minute to get the field away, and it seemed like an hour. I found myself talking wordlessly to the Duchess.

Lady, I was saying, I'm going to ask more of you than I should of any horse. I'm going to ask more of myself than ever before. This time, lady, we've got to be one body because I'm going to get a break on the field and you've got to come with me the moment I kick you. We've got to be first out, because the thing can happen here. Be with me, lady.

And then the tapes were up and the Duchess was with me—a full half length ahead of the rest. She had done what I had asked of her—but the race had just begun. I kicked her again and she left them. From the middle of the field I could have gone to the rails—but I didn't. Because if the Duchess had a falling, it was that she couldn't run along in front. And I couldn't let her fall back in the field if she were near the rails. That might be the end of us both.

I kept her wide out. I was asking more of her than should have been asked of any horse to cover an immense amount of extra ground, so that she was so far in the open that only a madman would attempt to stop her.

And she would have to be a true champion to be able to be there at the finish. I pulled her back so that there were other horses ahead of her. That was what she liked to stay in the middle of the field, for company's sake, until I asked her to go. But I was still a dozen yards out from the rails, and alone.

On the rails, the horses were bunched, and I breathed a prayer of relief that we weren't amongst them. I guessed that the leader was five lengths ahead of us at the four furlongs post, a distance that was going to take a lot of making up. At the three there had been changes, but we were still trailing. It was getting desperate now, for I had hoped that at the straight entrance I would have at the most only two or three horses to run with. But they were still...
bunched, and I was afraid to get into the skirmish.

We came into the straight in the middle of the track, and I could feel that mighty heart pumping fast beneath me. There was panic in my own as I tried to estimate the chances. From now on, the run would be straight for all the horses, but the Duchess had taken a lot out of herself by covering the extra ground.

I glanced across, now there were only two horses ahead of us—two horses that had kept close to the rails the whole distance, two horses that were still full of running.

And I could feel the great pounding of the Duchess's heart, and feel her faltering beneath me.

Lady, my mind was saying, I should let you drop out of it, but I know you feel as I do. Don't blame me, lady—it's for our sake. I'm going to hit you with the whip.

I hit her, the first time I'd ever done it, and there was a great shock within her. I knew, as I did it. And then, with mighty power generated from that heart, she jumped forward.

I had won it, I didn't need to look at the judge's box to know that. The roar of the crowd told me that the Duchess had made new friends—and the hooves told me I'd lost some. These were saying that she'd won despite me. The Duchess stood quietly with missing flanks until I dismounted.

Then, with a great sigh she keeled over on her side.

She looked at me then, the Duchess, with eyes that were big as plates, and the message I read in them was faith—an understanding that what had happened, though beyond her knowledge, was right. I stopped hearing the hooves of the crowd and heard only the panting of a great horse.

She tried to raise but fell back. I crouched and pulled her head to my lap. The sweat of her stained my breeches. I was talking to her again, telling her, without words, why I had had to do it. And I was asking her forgiveness.

Her breathing was not so fierce now, and her pulsing flanks were beginning to subside. I knew, now, how long we'd been there, not even caring. But I had to weigh it.

I rugged gently at her muzzle—and this time she made it. She stood trembling as I took off the saddle. There was a cracking, but I knew it wasn't for me. There never would be handclaps on a racecourse for me anymore.

How could I explain why I had to keep her out wide? And in my case, I didn't want to explain so long as the filly—and Joan and Jim—kept their faith.

I went to weigh-in. Fifteen minutes later, I got a call from the stewards.

"Bowen," said the chief steward, "we are told that China Duchess will never race again. Frankly, we are blaming you for it. You kept the filly in the middle of the field throughout and rode, to say the least, an ill-judged race. If you hadn't pulled the whip—or if the filly hadn't won—we'd have sent you up. Have you anything to say?"

"No," I said. I couldn't have said any more. I was almost crying.

"Then you can go. But, Bowen, you're getting on in years. Do you think you should apply for your license next season?"

It was a nice way of telling me that my application wouldn't be granted if the stewards had any say in the matter. I said, "I'm not going to."

I went straight to the Duchess. She was on her feet in the stall. She threw her head up and caught it under my arm. She knew

Jean and Jim end the Duchess and I. And the Derby winner a few years from now—the Duchess's first colt.
In his undershirt, his shoes off, a wet cigar in his mouth, fat Lennie Adams was reading the evening paper while a knock sounded at the front door.

He lowered the paper, took the cigar from his mouth, and yelled, "Hazel! Someone's at the door!"

Then he raised the paper again and stuck the cigar back in his mouth.

Hazel, his wife, was in the kitchen at the ironing-board. She tossed a loose strand of hair from her forehead, crossed the kitchen piled high with the day's wash, went through the dining room and the living room. She was a thin woman, her shoulders stooped, her face worn, yet placid. She moved wearily, as if she were dead tired.

The knock came again before she reached the chair Lennie occupied.

"For crissake, answer the door!" he said.

Wordlessly, she opened the door. In the dim light of the hall she failed at first to recognize the man who stood there.

"Mrs. Adams?" the man asked.

Behind her, Lennie, still in his chair, said impatiently, "Well, who is it?"

"It's not heavy," said Mr. York. "He'll pick it up in about an hour."

"Well," said Hazel. "What does he want?"

Mr. York stepped in. "I was wondering..." he said. "That is, I'd like you to do me a favor."

"Why, sure," said Hazel. "We're neighbors, aren't we?"

York hefted the package in his arms. "It's this This box. I got to get it to a friend of mine."

Hazel said, "Yes?"

"I'll phone him," Mr. York explained. "And he's going to call for it. But now I've got to go out. I was wondering, could I leave it here for him?"

"Why, sure," Hazel said.

He picked up the body and shoved it through the door, into the fire.

Mr. York said abruptly, "Don't open it." Then he turned and moved rapidly down the front steps of the apartment building.

"He's got a nerve!" Lennie said. "Don't open it."

Hazel closed the door and moved back toward the kitchen.

"We're neighbors, aren't we?" Lennie mimicked. "Bah!"

"Don't you worry about it, Mr. York."

"I sure appreciate it. The little man moved back to the doorway. "I sure do. I'd give it to him myself, but I just learned I've got to go out. I'm mighty thankful."

"Don't mention it," said Hazel.
With a Sao finger, Hazel tested the heat of the iron. She hastened it in her right hand, looked speculatively at Lennie, then put it down again.

"Balt\) said Lennie, "I wasn't born yesterday!"

He went back to the paper, spelling out the race results and then the headlines, "Six Injured in Bus Crash," "Government Debates Tax," Bandits Get £25,000 from Armored Car." Hazel ironed quietly and patiently. Perhaps five minutes passed. Then Lennie said suddenly, "What was the name of that guy?"

"What guy?" Hazel asked.

"The one who's going to pick up the package, stupid."

"Kimberston, or something like that."

"A tall man with a scar on his face, wasn't it?"

Hazel carefully spread a large, immaculate white shirt over the back of a kitchen chair. "I guess so."

"That's the guy!" said Lennie. "Sure as shooting that's the guy! Look!" He waved the newspaper excitedly in the air, then smoothed it out and read from it. "Witnesses described one of the bandits as a tall man with a scar on his face and the other as being short and grey-haired and dressed in a dark business suit. That's York and this Kimberston, sure as shooting!"

"What did they do?" asked Hazel.

"They knocked off an armored car for 25,000 quid." Lennie stopped suddenly. He shoved his ponderous bulk out of the chair and walked to the closet.

Hazel said, "There's lots of tall men and short men!"

"Twenty-five thousand quid!" said Lennie reverently. "I wonder—"

"You leave that package alone!" Hazel yelled at him, her voice suddenly shrill.

At that instant there was another knock at the door. This time it was a loud peremptory knock.

Not one man, but two, walked into the apartment, but, bulky men in dark coats, stern faces, grum. They stood just inside the door, the bigger one staring on his heels and coolly looking around.

The cop said, "This is Detective O'Rourke. My name's McKenna. Robbery Squad. He walked into the room and plopped into the chair Lennie had been occupying. O'Rourke stayed by the door.

Hazel had left her ironing again and entered the living room. "What's the tattle, Officer?" she asked.

McKenna smiled at her. "Don't get worried, lady. It's not you people. We want to find out about one of your neighbors."

Lennie said, "I know it! That—"

"That what?"

"That man across the hall! I knew he was a crook."

"What else do you know about him?" McKenna asked quietly.

"Nothing!" Lennie. "I've seen him around, that's all."

"What makes you think he's a crook?"

Lennie chose his words carefully. "I just didn't like his looks. His eyes were slitty. You can tell."

"Is that so?" asked McKenna. "Is that so?"

Lennie flushed.

"This fellow we're interested in is a little man, gray hair, wears dark suits. Goes by the name of York. That the one?"

"That's him," said Lennie.

"Tonight?" said Hazel. "He?"

As Lennie cut her off. "Tonight we heard him going out, about seven o'clock."

"Lady," McKenna said, "are you trying to tell us something?"

Hazel could feel Lennie's big watery eyes fastened on her; she could sense the menace in his stare. "No," she said. "Nothing."

"Did he ever have any callers?"

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Anybody come around to see him?"

"I didn't notice anyone," Hazel said shortly.

"How about this morning? Was he in his place about ten o'clock this morning?"

"I didn't notice."

McKenna got to his feet. "Okay," he said. "Okay. I'll take your word for it. I know you wouldn't hold out on us!"

"We're not," said Lennie. "We don't know anything about him!"

McKenna moved to the door. "For your sake, I hope that's the truth."

He and O'Rourke left, and as they walked out Hazel shuffled wearily back to the kitchen.

Asen she tested the iron. Then she said, "Why did you lose them?"

"Lennie had gone to the window and was peering out. He didn't answer.

"You're going to get in trouble like that," Hazel said.

"Shut up!"

"What are you looking for?"

"Them cops," Lennie said. "Soon as they pull out I'm going to open that package."

"Don't you dare!"

Lennie paid no attention to her. Instead he left the window, switched off the radio, fiddled with the dial. Then he went back to the window.

"When the hell they going to leave?" he said

The voice of an announcer filled the room, slowly growing in volume as the little table radio warmed up.

"And now we come to the local situation, Police...

"Sssh!" said Lennie. "Let's get this."

...they already have identified the two bandits who robbed an armored car of almost £25,000 this morning after cleverly planting a bomb inside the car. Police Commissioner Peters has announced that he believes the men are Duke Yankewicz, alias Yellon, and York, an experienced and safe-cracker who is an expert with explosives, and Ralph Kenton, also known as Kimberley, who once was Yankewicz's deadly enemy but apparently joined forces with him for this robbery."

"That's them!" said Lennie.

The radio dramatized.

The two men, Peters said, opened a small store and contracted for the armored truck service. They timed the movements of the truck carefully.

This morning they had an explosive set to go off at a predetermined minute, in a sack they gave the guards.

"The bomb went off near the intersection of James and North Streets. It blew open the doors of the car and dazed both the guards. Hidden nearby, the bandits leaped out and had little difficulty locating the truck.

"The bandits then ran into an alley and separated, running off in opposite directions, thus adding to the confusion of stunned witnesses. Police believe each had a car parked nearby.

"The two guards, the few witnesses and officials of the real estate firm that rented the hansom store to the bandits all identified pictures of Kenton, Commissioner Peters said.

An unidentified telephone tip named Yankewicz as his partner. Yankewicz was the one who scooped up the cash while Kenton held the stunned and bleeding guards at bay.

Lennie switched the radio off. Then he resumed his peering out the window.

"Lennie," his wife said, and her voice was flatter and lower and calmer than he ever had known it to be before. "Lennie, I'm not going to let you!"

For the nearest instant he darted a look at her. Then, again, his gaze was riveted on the car below. "She's not going to let me, she says," he muttered. "Twenty-five thousand quid and she thinks she's going to stop me."

"Lennie," she said, "you open that package and you'll never see me again."

He brushed mirthlessly.

This time he looked full at her. His face was flushed as as if with a fever. Fists clenched, his mouth drawn into a line, he said, "I put up with your stuff a long time, Hazel. I'm fed up with it and I'm fed up with you. I'm going to make money and get out of here and you're not going to stop me! Understand?"

Wordlessly they stared at each other.

And as they stared both he and the sound of an automobile accelerating, tyres spurting into revolution on the pavement. They turned and watched the squad car move off down the street and each of them knew the climax of their marriage and of their life together had come.

As they watched, a figure moved slowly into view from the shadows across the street. The figure of a man, elongated in the light of a street lamp, stepping slowly toward the front door of the building, determined, somber.

"It's him!" said Lennie

Transfixed, they watched until the man had entered the door below.

Then Lennie sprang into action.

"You," he said gruffly, "keep him out until I tell you. Get me?"

He crossed to the closet, picked the package from the shelf and vanished into the bedroom.

"Lennie!" she called after him.

"Lennie!"

But he didn't answer.

She heard the shuffling feet on the stairs and the knock at the door.

She couldn't move at first. She stood there, frightened. The knock came again.

Somehow she managed to reach the door and open it. The man waiting there was tall, with a pale, grey face and deep-set eyes that burned at her. He was wearing a suede jacket zipped high up, hiding his

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CAVALCADE September 1949
shirt, and a hat that came down well over his forehead.

Nervously she said, "Yes? Who are you? What do you want?"

Uninvited, he entered, and he said, "My name's Kimberley I came for my package."

"What package?"

"Don't hand me that stuff" said the man. "Where is it? Quick!"

Lennie came out of the bedroom, he, too, had a jacket on over his undershirt.

"You the fellow Mr. York left that package for?" he asked.

"You're damn right. And I want it now!" Kimberley's hand was in his jacket pocket.

Lennie said, "You Mr. Kimberley?"

"I'm Kimberley, all right, and I want that package without no more stalling!"

"Okay," said Lennie. "It's in the basement storeroom." He stepped past both of them suddenly and walked out the door into the hallway. "Come on. I'll get it for you."

Kimberley hesitated momentarily, undecided. Then he followed, and both men disappeared down the stairs. Then Lennie came back alone.

"Come on," he said. "We got work to do."

Still she couldn't budge.

"Come on!" he said. "Or I'll give it to you now!"

Mechanically, almost without a will of her own, she walked out the front door and into the hall and down to the basement.

Down there it was empty and damp and dark. When Lennie switched on the light she averted her eyes and glanced wildly about. At first she didn't see it—and then she realized that the blob of shadow huddled near the coal bin, shapeless and inhuman and still, was the body of a man.

Lennie said, "I told him it was in the coal-bin and when he went in I shot him in the back of the head."

He chuckled. "I'll put that coal in the furnace and there won't even be any blood left."

She shuddered and Lennie peered closely at her. "You keep your mouth shut, hear me?"

She didn't answer. And then Lennie said, "Wait here. I'll bring the car around in back."

She followed him to the door and waited there, alone in the basement with a dead man, as far from the body as she could get, afraid to turn around and look at him. Once she thought she heard him move, and her knees wobbled in fright and perspiration broke out on her forehead although the wind was bitter and penetrating.

At last she heard the car, and Lennie came through the door. He went past her to the body and picked it up under the shoulders. "Take the feet," he ordered.

She didn't move.

"Come on!"

"I can't, Lennie," she said. "I can't."

He let the body slump to the floor and walked over to her and slapped her hard, in the face. "Take the feet!"

In a nightmare of jerky, stumbling action she picked up the feet of the murdered man and, her face averted, helped as they carried him out the door. They piled the body into the rear seat of the car and Lennie put the precious package on top of it and covered them both with a blanket.

"Get in," he said.

Numbly she climbed into the front seat beside the man who had been her husband not so long before this man she feared now as much as she had hated him the day before. They drove without speaking because they had nothing to say to each other, those two. The body on the floorboards behind them said it all.

Halfway there he fiddled on the car radio. Lennie made no effort to twist...
the dull. The music was tiny and false; the comments of the announcer were never more superficial.

They came to the large expense of vacant sound in the centre of which the incinerator loomed ghastly and skeletal, an enormous structure still only half finished, steel girders bare and naked, and a tall, slender chimney reaching up into the night. A building where tremendous fires burned, day and night, in tremendous furnaces—fires kept alive to destroy the leavings of a big city. Fires that could eat up a human body in a twinkling of smoke and flame.

"The back boiler room," Lennie said, "Nobody's there at night.

They were halfway down the lonely winding lane that led to the back boiler room when the disc jockey's voice on their radio was interrupted.

"Well, that was just received a bulletin from our news room," an announcer said. "Police Commissioner Peters has announced that Duke Yankewicz, one of the two suspected armored-car bandits, has been captured at Municipal Airport as he tried to leave the city. He is now being questioned at Police Headquarters."

Lennie said, "They can't get me now! I'm in the clear!" This was his wife had heard not a word.

He parked almost at the base of the gigantic shaft, and he opened a tiny door with a key from his pocket. Unceremoniously he bumped the body on the ground beside the car while he covered the brown-paper package with the blanket. Then, showing his wife in front of him, he dragged the dead man into the boiler room.

The fire in there had been blazed. He opened the draft door of the furnace and then the fire door, a tall door of heavy steel that was swung back by means of a huge lever. He stoked the fire while the light of its flames danced eerily on his flushed, grim, set face, and on the pale, trembling features of his wife and on the cold face of the dead man.

"There," he said finally. He picked the body up and shoved it through the fire door. The flames cracked and hissed and leaped higher, a bright blue, and the body seemed to shrivel, and then Hazel could look at it no longer.

She looked instead into Lennie's face, contorted with hatred and cunning, at his tiny eyes staring hard and meaningfully at her. She screamed and died as he lunged at her.

She ran as she hadn't run since she was a little girl, desperately, frantically. For a way she chased her and she could hear his feet pounding on the roadway and his breath as he panted against his ponderous weight. Then the panting stopped, the footsteps died down—and a shot rang out.

He had fired at her.

Still she ran toward the lights of the homes, perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead of her, ran until her lungs were sharp with pain and her heart was leaping.

Suddenly her shadow was in front of her. An engine roared behind her. He was in the car, trying to run her down.

Frantically she leaped for the ditch and tumbled down a slight embankment. The car swept by her, slagging gravel after it. On to the end of the lane, where it met the paved street, the auto went as she watched its headlights.

At the street it slowed and its lights swung in an arc and it headed back toward her.

She scrambled further down the embankment and buried the ground, as close as she could hug it. The car roared down the road, up to her, twenty feet past her, and then it stopped. Lennie climbed out and walked to the edge of the embankment, peering over.

"Hazel!" he called. "Hazel! Don't be scared! I won't hurt you! I was only fooling!"

She must have fainted, for she had no memory of him leaving or the car driving off. She knew only that she closed her eyes and prayed and after a while she opened them and he was gone. She lay there for a long time.

Finally, though, she struggled to her feet and walked down the roadway, dizzily, not knowing into what she was headed.

At last she reached the safety of the paved street and the friendly reflection of light from the houses there. She stumbled on, and at the first corner she came to a little restaurant, dingy and dirty, but still a haven. She opened the door and staggered in.

"Call the police," she said.

She was safe, she thought. Safe! Free! Or was she? Would she ever be free of fear and danger, as long as Lennie lived? Would he come back for her, the light of murder in his eyes?

"You okay now, miss?" the counterman asked.

She nodded weakly.

"Here, drink this," he held the coffee up to her lips and she gulped it. It burned her tongue and her throat, but it shocked reason and comprehension back into her brain.

"I'm all right," she whispered. "The police—"

"We called 'em!"

The radio was next to her booth and suddenly, in a terrible, violent hum, it droned its way into her consciousness.

a diabolically clever robbery to which Yankewicz confessed. "Quiet!" she said.

"And it ended." Commissioner Peters said, in the typical double-cross of the underworld. Kenton, according to the commissioner, tipped the police off to Yankewicz's hideout. In turn, Yankewicz managed to get away with the entire loot, which he was carrying in a valise when he was arrested. And he sent death to his worthless partner in crime.

"He made a bomb and put it in a package so wrapped that, as soon as it opened, it will explode. He told Kenton his share of the robbery was in the package and he left it where Kenton would pick it up. Police are searching—"

In the distance a dull, hollow roar sounded, the doors and windows of the diner rattled faintly. "What was that?" the counterman asked.

She smiled. "Nothing," she said.

"Nothing. It's all right."

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Talking Points

- COVER GIRL: She's Ava Gardner, Hollywood's most naturally beautiful, and—so they whisper—most intelligent star. One-time wife of Mickey Rooney, Ava learned what she could from this period of her young life, but wasn't left standing when the separation came. Ava was on the way up. Now she ranks among the film city's first five female stars and though Howard Duff carries a torch for her, Ava still says "No!" to anything but her career. Her current picture is M.G.M.'s "The Bribe," in which she stars with Robert Taylor.

- NIGHT-SPOTTING with Sammy Lee. And who better could show us the ropes, you think? Well, personally, we have our suspicions Sammy, we think, has dreams (in the two hours sleep he maintains is all that he can snatch) that the great public has dreams on the cabaret business. Having got his story into print, he should be able to relax for after reading it, we'll stick to publishing.

- GLOVES OFF—figuratively speaking at least. In this issue Bill Delany gives us glimpses of some of the best fighters with their hair down so to speak. According to Bill there are fighters who are too kind for their own good, and there are those who have been too mean for anyone else's. Still, who better to teach than the masters? You may find some useful hints in "Tricks of the Fighting Trade."

- FANTASTIC. Jack Pearson uses the word himself in describing the tragic fate of the "General Grant" in his fact story "Cavern of Death" which opens on page 24. The amazing thing about this sea drama was the perfect calm of the sea on the day that tragedy suddenly leaped out of the depths and a chief officer rowed off into eternity.

- WONDER DRUG: Perhaps it will cure this Pyro-nephritis that they tell us threatens to cripple Queensland, but then again perhaps it won't, since wonder though it is, it won't cure everything. Polynymyxin which is described by Marcelle Hilton in the article "A Pill to End the Plague," should, if it comes up to medical expectations, make us even more confident of disease-free living.

- FICTION: From the pen of Gerald Bryden-Brown, "Slave to Duty," a psychological study of an ace detective who has declared war on all murderers and finds the stiffest battle of his career when the murderer turns up closer than he expected. W.G. Delany has a human racing narrative in the issue—"The Duchess was a Lady" and for a tidy yarn about robbery and murder that gets folded away without trace, read "Double-Cross" by Dave Sands, page 90.

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