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BOOKS

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CORPSES and CANDLES

By C. K. THOMPSON

She might have gone on for many years plying her nefarious trade if she hadn't made the mistake of being over-confident. The true story of one of the most amazing series of murders ever.

CRIMINAL history throughout the centuries is stained with the records of numerous monsters disguised as human beings. The list is a long one; but the ghastly ghoul of the Dark Ages, the Frederick Deeming of 19th century Melbourne, and the Mr. Christie of 1953 London—to name only three—were innocent Sunday School teachers compared with Signora Leonarda di Mariana Cianciulli of Italy.

There have been countless murderers whose foul deeds have made the world shudder, but Mrs. Cianciulli's exploits, in the words of Dr. Giuseppe Dost, Chief of the Italian Office of the International Police, "were without precedent in the judicial chronicles of all time." Strong words, but justified.

And what did the Cianciulli woman do to receive such a testimonial? Only this—she carved up the bodies of three murdered

women, boiled them down, made soap and candles out of their fat. Nice going, huh? And this did not happen in the Dark Ages, but in 1939 and 1940.

Leonarda Cianciulli was nobody out of the box. She was an ordinary housewife living in the smallish town of Correggio in the province of Emilia, between Bologna and Parma in Northern Italy. She was the wife of an employee in the internal revenue or taxation department and at the time of her crimes was in the forties. She was living apart from her husband to whom she had borne 12 children in 20 years. Eight of these died at a tender age, but she was known as an excellent mother to the survivors.

That was about her only virtue. Morally she was bad and she knew very little about honesty, going in for petty thieving in a large way. She also indulged in a bit of fortune-telling, spiritualism, black magic, card-reading and other forms of swindling. Personally, she was far from attractive, so any of her amorous adventures did not last very long. She was also riddled with superstition and claimed to be on familiar terms with sundry witches and demons. Truly, a nice piece of work all round.

When Mrs. Cianciulli decided to go in for murder in a big way, she cunningly selected as her victims obscure people whose loss, she considered, would never be noticed. And after they went through her hands nothing, literally, was ever seen of them again. They simply ceased to exist. The biggest problem of every murderer is to get rid of the body. The gentle Leonarda was not worried about that. She had her methods

There lived in her home town a 73 years old spinster named Faustina Setti, whose one great aim in life was to catch a husband. She had never been in the beauty class even when young and as the years passed, her hopes began to wane. There she was, now aged 73, fat, uncouth, stupid and a little senile and practically resigned to spinsterhood for the rest of her life. She had a fair amount of money and property, but not nearly enough to attract even the most impecunious fortune-hunter.

And then, into her life came Signora Cianciulli. To be more

exact, the signora came more fully into her life. They had known each other a little for years, but had never been intimate friends. It all started in earnest when Miss Setti began to visit Mrs. Cianciulli to have her fortune told. She was an ignorant woman and had some touching belief in the signora's magical powers. Desperately she turned to Cianciulli with the hope that she might be able to conjure her a husband out of some place, even if it were the darkest pit.

The gentle Leonarda regarded her as money from home. Having softened up her victim with highly coloured tales of what the fortune-telling cards revealed, she told her in strict confidence that another client of hers, a wealthy old man from Pola, was in desperate need of a wife. He was a serious gentleman who desired nothing better than to end his days at the side of a woman who would be affectionate and would care for him.

As the cunning Leonarda put it, the old gentleman was in the exact position as Miss Setti was herself. Both wanted to get married, though late in life, and it would be a shame if they did not get together. Miss Setti asked Mrs. Cianciulli if she thought she could work the oracle and Signora Cianciulli said she was sure she could, and would.

Miss Setti was delighted and urged the Cianciulli woman to go full steam ahead. Cianciulli then commenced a fictitious correspondence between herself and the old gentleman in Pola, of course showing all his letters to Miss Setti. The way things were staged, it was necessary for Miss Setti to travel to Pola to get married. Miss Setti did not mind this. She would cheerfully have gone to Alice Springs or the South Pole to wed.

And so everything went off swimmingly for Signora Cianciulli. Miss Setti sold her house and all her belongings for the total sum of 30,000 lire, a large amount those days in Italy. She spent a little of this in having her grey hair dyed blonde, packed her traps and headed for the nearest railway station, dropping into Signora Cianciulli's home en route to say goodbye. She paid this visit because the signora had specially requested her to do so. After all, she had brought the two loving hearts together and merited a farewell kiss if nothing else.

Before she left her home Miss Setti confided to a few of her friends that she was going to Pola to get married and would soon return, this time in a whacking great motor car.

Mrs. Cianciulli received her with great affection and congratulated her upon her approaching nuptials. The blushing bride-to-be thanked her shyly and accepted the cup of coffee offered her. The Cianciulli woman told her that as soon as she arrived in Pola she would have to write and tell her all about it and to let her friends know she was safe. Miss Setti replied that she was no hand at writing letters, and anyway, it was no concern of her neighbours what she did. To this the cunning Cianciulli replied that although that were so, she must remember what a scandal-mongering, back-biting collection of old hags infested Correggio and if they did not hear from Miss Setti, they would go around laughing and sneering at the failure of her marriage plans.

Miss Setti readily agreed with Cianciulli's estimation of the female population of the town, but pointed out ruefully that far from being a good writer, she hardly knew how to use a pen.

Signora Cianciulli was more than equal to the occasion. She suggested that Miss Setti write the letters there and then at her dictation and she could post them off as soon as she reached Pola. Miss Setti regarded that as the suggestion of the century, so paper, envelopes and post cards were produced and, assisted by Cianciulli, she laboriously wrote several messages, thinking it a great joke.

It was just when she had completed signing the last letter that she died. Signora Cianciulli who had been standing behind her chair, gave her one single savage blow with a hatchet, killing her instantly. It was 10 a.m. on December 18, 1939.

Everything had been prepared already for the disposal of the body. Cianciulli for weeks had been telling her neighbours that she intended to make a lot of soap at home that winter. This was not unusual. Many Italian housewives made their own soap. It was cheaper. Hours before Miss Setti arrived at the house that fatal morning, Cianciulli had set on her stove a large kettle containing 25 litres of water and seven kilograms of caustic soda and it had been boiling for some time.

Old Miss Setti had no sooner hit the kitchen floor than the Cianciulli monster had disrobed her and dragged the body into a room adjoining the kitchen. Here she chopped it into nine pieces with a saw and other instruments, drained all the blood into a large basin and threw the bits of corpse into the kettle. The evil-smelling pulp she in due course removed and threw, bit by bit, into a well. The fat obtained was used to make soap and the blood, after it had congealed, in the confection of chocolates which she gave her children and friends.

A few days later, Mrs. Cianciulli sent her 20 years old son to Pola to do some business for her. She also told him, while he was in Pola, to mail some letters and cards. These were the ones written by the unfortunate Miss Setti. The young man did as he was told, not even troubling to read the addresses on the missives. In due course the old spinster's friends received them. Miss Setti had no relatives and her friends soon forgot her existence, believing, however, that she was safely married in Pola.

Mrs. Cianciulli did not rest long upon her laurels. She selected as her second victim an elementary school teacher named Francesca Soavi. A 55 years old widow and a very close friend of Cianciulli, Mrs. Soavi was a rather nondescript person in not very good financial circumstances. She lived alone and had few friends. She gained her living by teaching and tutoring in Correggio.

Mrs. Soavi did not possess the romantic nature of the aged Miss Setti, neither was she a simple, untutored woman; but she had one thing in common with the first victim—she believed in fortune telling by cards. And that settled her:

One fine day the two women sat over the cards and Cianciulli told Mrs. Soavi that she was due for a shift to a good position in a girl's school and that she would be aided by a man in black. It was a funny thing, almost, if not more than a coincidence, said Cianciulli, that she herself knew a priest who had influence with a girls' school in Piacenza. She felt certain that if she approached this priest, he would fix it for Mrs. Soavi to get the job, which was sure to be a well paid one.

Mrs. Francesca Soavi was, naturally, as pleased as punch at the prospect and urged her friend to do what she could for her.

Mrs. Cianciulli did not rush her fences. She took her time and planned carefully. Mrs. Soavi was a different proposition to Miss Setti. She was an educated woman, even though she did fall for the fortune-telling racket.

In due course Mrs. Cianciulli was able to inform her that the deal had been arranged. She could leave for Piacenza and begin teaching as soon as she felt inclined. Overjoyed, Mrs. Soavi sold up her few belongings which did not amount to much in cash—a mere 3,000 lire—and on September 5, 1940, bags in hand, went round to thank her old friend Mrs. Cianciulli and wish her good-bye.

How the cunning Cianciulli managed to persuade Mrs. Soavi to write letters to her friends in the same manner as the late Miss Setti has never been fully explained. Mrs. Soavi was not a credulous or illiterate woman who had need to write letters to friends to stop gossip, neither was she a poor hand at penmanship. On the contrary, she was an excellent writer—she would have to be to succeed as a school teacher. There was a school of thought that Cianciulli hypnotised her second victim and made her write the two post cards.

Be that as it may, she did write the cards and a few seconds later stopped the hatchet with her skull. Mrs. Cianciulli treated the body in exactly the same way as Miss Setti's, but instead of making soap, she turned it into excellent candles.

A month or so later two residents of Correggio each received a post card from Piacenza announcing the teacher's happy residence in that town and after that Mrs. Soavi was soon forgotten. After all, she was just a friendless school teacher who had left one job for another. Who cared about that?

Looking around for a third victim, Mrs. Cianciulli selected Mrs. Virginia Cacioppo. Aged 53 and the widow of a music teacher, she was a former opera singer who was sick and tired of living in the provinces. She wanted to get a job, preferably in the city and get away from little old Correggio.

Unhappily for her, her good friend Mrs. Cianciulli decided to assist her. She told Mrs. Cacioppo that there was a good chance of placing her in a tobacco factory at Florence. The job was very

well paid and would give her the opportunity to move to a large city.

Mrs. Cacioppo was greatly pleased and thanked Mrs. Cianciulli effusively. That cunning lady told her that if she succeeded in landing the job, she would have to keep it a dead secret how she had got it. In no circumstances must she tell anyone that she had got the post through Mrs. Cianciulli's influence.

Asked the reason for such secrecy, Mrs. Cianciulli replied that a former lover of hers was in charge of the manufacturing plant and it was through him that negotiations would be made. If anyone in Correggio found out about this the scandalmongers and back-biters would make much of it and spread the lie that she and her former lover were still continuing their affair. She did not want this to happen, so Mrs. Cacioppo must promise to keep her mouth shut.

The retired opera singer swore by all the gods that she wouldn't breathe a word, so Mrs. Cianciulli let a few weeks pass by before she made her next move. Then she called on Mrs. Cacioppo and told her that the job had been fixed for her and she could start when she liked. Mrs. Cianciulli then extracted another promise from her to keep her mouth shut. Mrs. Cacioppo was extremely grateful and promised on a stack of Bibles that she would cut her tongue out before she spoke.

Like a lot of other women, however, she could not help confiding, in the strictest confidence of course, to a couple of her best friends and while she was at it, she also dropped a note to her sister-in-law in Avellino, near Naples.

Naturally, Mrs. Cianciulli did not know of this, or she would not have gone ahead with her soap-making plans.

Now, the opera-singing Mrs. Cacioppo was not a friendless woman like Miss Setti and Mrs. Soavi. She had numerous relations and at least three of them knew about the alleged tobacco factory job. This being so, it is almost incredible that Mrs. Cianciulli should have been able to persuade her to write a letter card before she left for Florence. But she did. This was in the Cianciulli kitchen on November 30, 1940. Shortly afterwards, her dismembered corpse was boiling merrily in the Cianciulli kettle and

in due course became light, perfumed soap cakes. Mrs. Cianciulli netted 35,000 lire in Government Bonds, securities and jewellery out of that little effort.

Having no present use for the jewellery, the woman constructed a heart out of cement and embedded the gems therein. She gave this to a simple soul named Spjnabello and told him to hide it as it was a dangerous amulet with a curse on it. The fellow promptly buried it, in fear and trembling.

Mrs. Cianciulli now went completely off her head. Hitherto she had been a silent, secretive woman who knew how to hang on to her money. Now she changed her habits completely, throwing money right and left, giving people expensive presents and lending big sums to others. The small town of Correggio began to sit up and take notice. Where on earth had the woman got the money from? She was living apart from her husband and had four children to support. She had no private income. Tongues wagged with a vengeance.

And then the late Mrs. Cacioppo's friends and relatives began to show a marked interest in her whereabouts. They did not call in the police but commenced some private detective work on their own. Somebody had seen the former singer go into Mrs. Cianciulli's house but had not seen her come out. Dark hints were thrown out but there was no proof. The relations slowly and painstakingly reconstructed Mrs. Cacioppo's movements for weeks up to the time she had visited the Cianciulli home and then they were thrown off balance a bit by the arrival from Florence of a post card supposedly from the missing woman herself. But it held them for only a short while. Presently they were joined in Correggio by the sister-in-law from Avellino who had become very worried over Mrs. Cacioppo's long silence.

As a deputation, they waited on the local sergeant of Carabinieri and voiced their suspicions that Mrs. Cianciulli had done away with Mrs. Cacioppo and also with Miss Setti and Mrs. Soavi. The sergeant laughed at the idea, but had an interview with the suspect. Mrs. Cianciulli had no difficulty in convincing the old policeman that she was innocent. As a matter of fact, the sergeant had never in his 30 years as a policeman handled a case more serious than

a bicycle theft and he could not visualise a murder happening in quiet little Correggio.

Having expressed their opinion of the old sergeant, the Cacioppo female relations continued to play detective and succeeded in running to earth in Milan a former servant of Mrs. Cianciulli who swore that she had seen Miss Setti enter the Cianciulli house and never emerge again.

The amateur detectives then visited the Reggio Emilia Police Station, and laid their suspicions before Commissary Sarrao. He was a widely-experienced officer, not to be hoodwinked like the old Correggio sergeant, and the whole matter seemed to him to shout for investigation.

He had not been long on the case before he was convinced that Mrs. Cianciulli knew something about the disappearance of the three women but he had insufficient evidence to justify an arrest. Then a bit of luck came his way. The bank at Reggio Emila received a registered postal bond, the property of Virginia Cacioppo, and they promptly stopped it. The bond had been presented by a priest who had received it from a merchant named Spinabello. This Spinabello was the person to whom Mrs. Cianciulli had given the cement heart containing the jewels.

Commissary Serrao immediately arrested both the priest and Spinabello. The latter told him that the bond had been given to him as a loan by Mrs. Cianciulli. He also mentioned the cement heart. The police siezed this and broke it open, recovering the stolen jewels.

With this evidence in hand, Serrao arrested Mrs. Cianciulli who, of course, protested her complete innocence. A search of her home brought to light the missing singer's clothes, but still the woman denied all knowledge of the murders.

Commissary Serrao then arrested Mrs. Cianicnlli's eldest son—

the one who had posted all the fake letters from various places—and charged him with being an accomplice. He protested his complete ignorance of the whole matter. He was backed up by his mother who broke down and confessed her guilt, at the same time asserting that the merchant Spinabello was her accomplice in the three crimes and that the priest had advised her and instigated her to commit them. Both merchant and priest were able to prove conclusively that they were innocent parties.

To Mrs. Cianciulli's claim that priest and merchant had brought about her arrest just to throw suspicion on her and her son, the police retorted that as far as the son was concerned, how could she or he explain away the facts that he had been in the town at the times the murders were carried out, had made trips to the cities which were the fictitious destinations of the three victims and had mailed letters and cards therefrom, and also had been seen throwing a large package into the river—presumably a package of corpse remains?

Young Cianciulli did not deny any of these allegations. He was a shy, timid sort of boy under his mother's complete domination. He had merely done exactly what she had told him in mailing the letters and throwing a package into the river. He did not know what the letters were or what the package contained.

He explained his attitude in these words, "A son is never the judge of his own mother. I imagine that she acted at times at the margin of the law, but I could never imagine she would commit a crime. And I could not believe it now, if she had not confessed it."

When Mrs. Cianciulli decided to confess, which was before her trial, she did the job thoroughly. She wrote, in gaol, more than 1,000 pages of her life history. Dealing with her married life, she recorded that she had had 17 pregnancies in 20 years, had

had 12 births and had seen eight of her children die. She attributed these deaths to a fatal curse her own mother had put on her when she was dying. Economic suffering and spiritual torment had convinced her that in order to save the other four children from the curse, she had to pay a life for a life to a merciless deity. A life for every surviving child had to be sacrificed. She then set out in full detail how she had arranged the three murders and then carried them out.

The authorities thought she was mad and turned her over to the medical experts. The Director of the Aversa Criminal Insane Asylum (Professor Saporiti) declared that she was insane and not responsible for her own acts. She was a victim of elephantiasis of maternity, subject to hallucinations, a person who practised witchcraft and occultism and who believed in the efficacy of human sacrifice by way of expiation.

Another famous medico-legal expert, Professor Crema, gave it as his opinion that it would be impossible for Mrs. Cianciulli to disrobe a corpse, cut it into pieces and make it disappear completely in less than one hour and 40 minutes without the aid of an accomplice. Evidence had been given that the servant who was employed when the first crime was committed, had been absent from the house for hardly an hour. It was held, therefore, that the son must have been his mother's accomplice.

And then, to refute Professor Crema's report, the most fantastic incident ever to occur during a criminal trial took place.

Mrs. Cianciulli was taken to the Reggio Emilia morgue, provided with a corpse, and instructed to demonstrate her able technique by carving it up for the edification of the judges and the doctors. She did so. She expertly chopped the body into nine pieces in 12 minutes. That confused Professor Crema, who tore up his report.

Acknowledging that the woman was partially if not completely

insane, the judges sentenced Mrs. Cianciulli to 30 years gaol plus three years in the criminal insane asylum. The son was absolved owing to insufficiency of proof.

Later the cases went to the Court of Appeals in Rome where the woman's sentence was altered to life imprisonment and the son was absolved completely.

She wanted to do

SOMETHING DANGEROUS

By CHARLES KAY

London's wartime blitz was not exciting enough for her. She sought a more intimate acquaintance with danger. The author tells a grim story of an unholy alliance that led to cold-blooded killing.

ON the morning of October 7, 1944, an auxiliary fireman named Balding was going home from work in the London suburb of Staines. Crossing Knowle Green he was horrified to see a man's body lying in a ditch. He did not trouble to investigate closely, but broke all records to the police station. Detectives were quickly on the spot and when they removed the body from its muddy resting place they found a bullet hole in the front of the shirt and another one in the back of the coat. An examination of the man's clothes revealed nothing. Obviously his pockets had been rifled. The only thing out of the ordinary was a car spring which was lying near the body. A post-mortem examination later re-

vealed that the man had been shot in the back, the bullet passing clean through his body and coming out again via his chest.

While the police were puzzling their brains trying to establish the identity of the victim, they received a visit from a workman who handed over some articles he had found on the grass at the side of the Great South-west Road, a few miles away from where the body had been discovered. The treasure trove comprised an identity card bearing the name of George Edward Heath, a London hire-car driver, a driving licence in his name, a wallet and a cheque book.

An immediate police check revealed that Heath had not returned to his home on the previous night and that his hire car, a Ford V8, was also missing. Several people came forward to identify the body in the ditch as that of the missing taxi driver.

Having circulated a description of the car and its number, RD 8955, to all police stations, the investigating detectives examined the spot where Heath's identity card, licence and other property had been found and from the nightwatchman of a nearby factory, they learned that about 2.30 a.m. on October 7 the man had heard a noise which he judged to have been a gunshot fired in a confined space.

A couple of days passed and then, on the evening of October 9, a police constable named Waters patrolling Lurgen Avenue, Hammersmith, a turning off Fulham Palace Road, noticed a Ford V8 saloon car parked outside a house. He examined it closely and when he saw its number, RD 8955, he at once phoned headquarters and then returned to keep an eye on the car. He was quickly joined by Detective Inspector Read and other police, who disposed themselves in various vantage spots so as to intercept any person who might approach the car from any direction.

They did not have long to wait. About 9 p.m. a young man wearing United States Army Uniform, the one gold bar on the shoulder proclaiming him to be a Second Lieutenant, emerged from the house outside which the car was parked and climbed into the driving seat. He was immediately accosted by Detective-Inspector Read, Detective Sergeant Dowell and Constable Waters.

"Is this your car, sir?" asked Constable Waters. The man did

not answer. Inspector repeated the question and received the terse reply, "No." When he refused to leave the car, the police pulled him out and proceeded to run the rule over him. Most important items found were a Remington automatic pistol which the soldier wore in his left-hand hip pocket and six live rounds of ammunition in a jacket pocket.

The man, who claimed that he was Second Lieutenant Richard John Allen of the 501st Parachute Infantry, United States Army, was taken to Hammersmith Police Station and the United States Army authorities notified.

Detectives subjected the Ford V8 to a particularly close scrutiny. They found two dents, one on the door and the other on the cubbyhole. These could have been caused by a ricocheting bullet. Tyre marks found on the grassland near where Heath's property was found corresponded exactly.

Lieutenant De Mott of the 8th Military Police Criminal Investigation Section of the United States Army took up the questioning of the arrested man at Hammersmith Police Station on the following morning. Under grilling he confessed that his real name was Karl Gustav Hulten and that he was a mere private in the U.S. 501st Parachute Infantry Regiment. He also admitted that he had been absent without leave from his unit for about six weeks. Questioned about the automatic pistol, Hulten said it was his own private property, but he had never fired it.

"Where did you get the car from?" asked Lieutenant De Mott.

"I found it," replied Hulten. "It was in a wood near my base and had a flat tyre. It was also out of gas and oil. I got some gas and oil for it from the base, pumped up the tyre and drove off to London. This was yesterday afternoon. I spent the night with a girl named Joyce Cook in Lurgen Avenue, Hammersmith. It was this joint I was coming out of when the cops pinched me."

"What were you doing on the night of October 7?"

"I slept that night in a truck outside Newbury, and the next day, which was Saturday, I hitch-hiked to London. I spent Saturday night in a pub and Sunday night with a woman I know."

Taken to U.S. Army Criminal Investigation Department headquarters in Piccadilly, Hulten was subjected to a first-class Ameri-

can third degree, during which he changed his story. He now claimed that he had spent the Friday night with a woman named Georgina Grayson in a house at Hammersmith, and had taken the car from a Hammersmith car park. Asked the precise address of Georgina Grayson, he said that it was 311 King Street, Hammersmith.

On the following morning, after a night in the guard house in strict custody, Hulten offered to take Lieutenant De Mott to Hammersmith and show him both the car park and the home of Miss Grayson.

"Let's go," said the lieutenant tersely.

On the way they stopped off at Hammersmith Police Station where they collected Inspectors Tarr and Tansill. The two police officers alighted at Miss Grayson's residence while De Mott and Hulten continued on to the car park. Having inspected it, De Mott took Hulten back to his office for further grilling.

When Inspectors Tarr and Tansill entered Miss Grayson's flat they found her in bed. Their first questions revealed that her correct name was Elizabeth Marina Jones and that she was eighteen years old. She was married and living apart from her husband. By occupation she claimed she was a strip-tease dancer.

"Do you know an American military officer?" asked Inspector Tarr.

"You mean Ricky Allen, don't you?" she asked in return.

"Yes. Will you tell me what nights he has stayed with you here?"

"Let me see," said Mrs. Jones thoughtfully. "I met him on Tuesday. He has been here every night since Saturday and that night he stayed at the Eccleston."

Inspector Tarr had a glance around the room and noticed an American officer's jacket behind the door and a bag and blanket on top of the wardrobe.

"Who owns that stuff?" he asked.

"Ricky Allen," said Mrs. Jones.

"We want you to come to the police station and answer a few

questions," invited Inspector Tarr. "Any objections?"

"None at all," said Mrs. Jones obligingly.

Following questions at the police station, she agreed to make a written statement. This read:-

"I am married, but I do not live with my husband. I occupy a one-roomed flat at No. 311 King Street, Hammersmith, and I have been there about four weeks. I am a strip-tease dancer and the last engagements I had were at the Panama Club, Knightsbridge, and the Blue Lagoon Club in Carnaby Street, London. That was five months ago and I have not had any engagements since. Last Tuesday evening, October 3, I was in a cafe in the Broadway, Hammersmith—I don't know the name of it—and I was introduced to a man in American officer's uniform who told me his name was Ricky Allen, although I have heard him called by the name Karl.

"I left him and arranged to meet him at 11.30 at the Broadway Cinema. He met me and he had with him a big American Army truck and I went with him for a ride around London. I left him at 3 a.m. and went home. I gave him my name and address and although I arranged to meet him at 3 p.m. on Wednesday, October 4, I did not turn up. On Thursday, October 5, he called at my flat at about 5 p.m. and I spent the evening with him. He came home with me afterwards and stayed the night. We remained in bed until 2.50 p.m. on Friday, October 6. I got up and he asked me to go to Hammersmith Metropolitan Railway to collect his valise and he handed me a cloak-room ticket. I collected his valise and that is the one the American officers took away on October 11.

"When I arrived back at the flat on the Friday, Ricky put on a pair of dark trousers which he took out of the valise. We left the flat together about 4.30 p.m. or 5 p.m. and went to the Broadway Cinema, Hammersmith. We came out about 8.30 p.m. and he left me and said he would call back for me at 9.30 p.m. at the flat. He did not come until 11.30 p.m. I heard whistling in the street and I went down and saw him there. He stayed with me this night.

"We got up from bed at 10.50 a.m. on Saturday, October 7, and he left the flat to get a meal. He returned to the flat at 1.45 p.m. and a man named Lenny was with him. I had seen Lenny before,

and I know he goes to a cafe in Hammersmith Broadway. The three of us went to the White City Stadium in the afternoon. In the evening I went with Ricky to Victoria and entered a cinema. He brought me home, and I think he left me about 10 p.m., saying he was going to stay in a hotel at Victoria.

"I have seen Ricky twice, that is, on Sunday afternoon and he stayed with me Sunday night. He left on Monday morning and came back again at about 3 p.m. and said he would call for me at 5.30 p.m., but he did not come. I did not see him with a car when he called. I have not seen him since. Ricky brought the tunic that was found behind the door to my flat and on occasions I have seen him wear a leather jacket with a zip fastening."

Having made this statement, Jones was allowed to return to her flat.

While the Hammersmith police were questioning Jones and getting a statement from her, Lieutenant De Mott was giving Hulten yet another grilling at American Army C.I.D. headquarters. And this is the information prised out of him:

"I first met a girl named Joyce Cook coming out of a cinema at Hammersmith on Sunday, October 1, had supper at her house that evening and was introduced to her mother. I introduced myself as Lieutenant Richard Allen. I met her the following three evenings and we went to the movies together and afterwards to her home. I left her house each evening at about 9 p.m.

"I first met the girl Jones—whom I know as Georgina Marina Jones—on the Tuesday in a cafe on Hammersmith Broadway. I arranged to meet her that evening after I left Joyce Cook's house and we went for a ride together in an American Army truck. I met Georgina again on the Wednesday, after leaving Joyce Cook's, and spent the night with her. On the Thursday we went to the pictures together.

"On the Friday night (the night of the murder) I again met Joyce and we went to the movies. We returned to her house after the movie and I remained there until about eleven o'clock. Then I went down to Georgina's house and whistled to her. She came down and I suggested that we go for a walk. She went up and got her coat and then we walked down to Hammersmith Broad-

way. We went into a little tea-bar at No. 35 Fulham Palace Road, which is open all night. We had some tea, a sandwich and a piece of cake and left about one o'clock in the morning. We returned to Georgina's room where I stayed the night.

"On the Saturday, Georgina, a man named Len Bexley and I went to the dog racing at the White City. Afterwards I took her home and I spent the night at a hotel in Victoria. I spent the following night in her room. On the Monday I abandoned the U.S. Army truck I had been using, as it had a flat tyre, and took a Ford car from a car park in Hammersmith. This is the car I was in when the police arrested me outside Joyce Cook's home.

"I do not know George Heath and I have never seen him. I swear that I did not shoot him and I never saw the Ford I had when I was arrested until I found it in the car park on Monday afternoon, October 9."

Mrs. Jones's statement that Hutten had spent the night of Friday, October 7, with her, put him in the clear—if it were true. Also, the police had nothing incriminating against the girl herself. Hutten was certainly in possession of the dead man's car, but his explanation of that was feasible. The point was, could the American's alibi be broken down?

It could be and was—in an unexpected fashion.

Not long after Mrs. Jones left the police station where she had made her statement, the police had a visitor in the person of one Henry Kimberley, a War Reserve constable, who said he had important information concerning Mrs. Jones and the Heath murder.

He said he was in a cleaner's shop in Hammersmith a few hours previously and Mrs. Jones came in. It was not long after she had made her statement. He had not seen her for about two years, but knew her well.

"I told her she was looking tired and worn out and asked her what she had been doing during the past two years," said Kimberley.

"Since I saw you last, Mr. Kimberley, I have been a bad girl and have been drinking heavily," she answered.

"You are looking old on it," Kimberley commented.

"I should think so," said Mrs. Jones and showed him a newspaper she had with her. Indicating a news report of the Heath murder she added, "I have been over at the police station for some hours regarding this murder."

"What are you worrying about? You had nothing to do with it, did you?" asked Kimberley, and Jones replied, "I know the man they have got inside, but it would be impossible for him to do it as he was with me all Friday night." She brooded for a few seconds and then remarked, "If you had seen someone do what I have seen done, you would not be able to sleep all night."

"Well, if you have something on your mind, I strongly advise you to go back to the police station and tell the truth," Kimberley told her.

As Mrs. Jones did not seem inclined to take his advice, said Kimberley, he decided to report the conversation.

"And aren't I glad you did!" exclaimed Inspector Tansill. "Come on, we'll pay a visit to Mrs. Jones."

They did so. Inspector Tansill outlined to Mrs. Jones what Kimberley had told him and Jones said wearily, "Yes, Inspector, I lied in my statement to you earlier today, but I'll now tell the whole truth." She was invited to return to the police station to make a fresh statement and on the way there in the police car she said, "I was in the car when Heath was shot but I didn't do it."

In the course of another long statement she made at the police station, Mrs. Jones said she first met Hulten on Tuesday, October 3, and with him had committed a number of crimes. On the first night she met Hulten he was in an American Army truck and they drove to Reading.

"In the truck I told him that I would like to do something dangerous, meaning to go over Germany in a bomber. That is what I meant, but he got me wrong. He showed me a gun which he pulled out from an inside pocket, or it might have been hooked in his trousers.

"We got back to London at about 5 a.m. and I went indoors. On the Thursday night we again went to Reading, came back and stayed in bed until 2.50 p.m. on Friday afternoon. Hulten

went out about 4.30 p.m. and promised to call for me about six o'clock. He did not arrive until about 11.30 p.m. when he whistled to me from the street.

"He came indoors and then said, 'Come on, let's go and get a taxi.' I knew the meaning behind his words, and that he wanted me to go with him to rob a taxi-cab driver. We walked along Hammersmith Road and stood in a shop doorway opposite Cadby Hall. After about ten minutes a grey Ford car approached us very slowly like a taxi-cab. It was coming from the direction of Hammersmith Broadway. I yelled 'Taxi' and it stopped. Ricky thought it was a Naval car and he stopped in the doorway while I went over to speak to the driver. I said, 'Are you a taxi?' and he said, 'Private hire. Where do you want to go?' I replied, 'Wait a minute,' and went back to Ricky. I told him it was a private car and he asked how many men were in it. I told him only the driver, so we went across to the car and Ricky asked the driver to take us to the top of King Street.

"I know now that the driver was named George Heath. He told Ricky that the fare would be 10/- and Ricky said, 'That's all right.' I knew that Ricky had 19/- in his pockets and I had 10/3. We got into the car and drove down King Street. After a while Heath said, 'We've passed King Street. Where do you want to go?' Ricky said, 'It's further on. I don't mind paying more.' Heath seemed cross, but drove on, and when we came to a roundabout, Heath said, 'This is the Great West Road.' Ricky and I were sitting in the back of the saloon car and as we got into the Great West Road, Ricky told Heath to drive slowly, and when we had travelled about 300 yards, before reaching a bridge, Ricky said to Heath, 'We'll get out here,' and Heath stopped.

"Just as we were passing the roundabout, I heard a click and saw that Ricky had his automatic in his right hand. I realised that Ricky was going to frighten the driver with the gun and take his money, because we had passed my house on the way.

"Heath leaned over from his seat towards the middle of the car with the obvious intention of opening the near-side back door for me to get out. Ricky was sitting to my right and as Heath

was leaning over I saw a flash and heard a bang. I was surprised that there was not a loud bang, because Ricky had told me it would make a big noise when it went off. I was deafened in my right ear by the bang.

"Heath moaned slightly and turned a little towards his front. Ricky said to him, 'Move over or I'll give you another dose of the same.' I saw that he still had the automatic in his hand. Heath seemed to understand what Ricky said, because he moved further over to the left-hand side of the front seat until his shoulder was almost touching the near side door. I heard him breathing heavily and his head was slumped on his chest. The next I realised was that Ricky was in the driving seat and the car was moving.

"As we went over the bridge nearby, Ricky told me to tear down the back window blind to see if anyone was following us. I tore the right corner down, looked out and told Ricky nobody was following.

"Ricky then told me to go through Heath's pockets. I leaned over and heard his breath coming in short gasps. Ricky told me to look for his wallet in the breast pocket of his jacket. I felt in that pocket and did not find the wallet. I found it instead in the left-hand outside pocket of his overcoat. It was a small, folding wallet with a photograph inside and four £1 notes in it.

"I put the wallet on the back seat. Then I removed papers and a white book from his pockets. Among these were his identity card, from which I learned his name and address, a cheque book with a blue cover, a driving licence, a blue card, some petrol coupons and some photographs and letters. I also put this stuff on the seat by my side. From his trousers pocket I took £1 in silver and a few pennies which I put into my pocket. From other pockets I took a big brown fountain pen, a silver pencil, a long silver cigarette case which had a funny sliding action to open it and which had '119 Regent Street. W' printed on the bottom inside, an expensive-looking cigarette lighter with a snap-down action. I put all these things in my pocket.

"Ricky then asked me if Heath had a watch and I found a wrist watch on Heath's left wrist. I removed it and gave it to Ricky. I

think I took everything from his pockets. All this time Ricky was driving fast along the road and I sat back and examined the things I had taken from Heath's pockets. Ricky told me to put in my pockets all the valuable things which he thought he would want to keep and to put the other stuff on the back seat. I did this and he then told me to look on the floor of the car with a torch for the bullet. I did this, but did not find the bullet.

"Ricky drove on until he turned off the main road on to a sort of common. He drove on the grass and stopped two or three yards from a ditch. He got out and dragged Heath's body from the car and rolled it into the ditch. He said there was blood on his hands and I gave him Heath's handkerchief to wipe it off. He then told me to pick up the papers and get into the front seat quickly. He told me to be careful of fingerprints at the same time. He turned the car right round and drove over the grass and eventually on to the road again. When the car went over the grass it was very bumpy.

"After we got off the grass he told me to look for the bullet again with the aid of Heath's torch. I found a bronze-colored bullet on the floor by the near-side door and gave it to Ricky. After I found the bullet, Ricky told me to take over the wheel and said he wanted to look at the things I had taken from Heath's pockets.

"I drove along and I noticed that there was no window in the off-side door of the car near the driving seat. As I drove, Ricky was examining the things from Heath's pockets and he threw the wallet and papers out of the window as we went along. He threw the bullet away as we were going along a wide road which had something in it to separate the traffic going in opposite directions. Just before we got to the roundabout near where Ricky shot Heath I asked him where we had dumped the body and he said, 'Staines.'

"Just before we got to the roundabout, Ricky took the wheel again and drove the car into the old Gaumont car park behind Hammersmith Broadway. We then went into the Black and White Cafe in Hammersmith Broadway and had something to eat. It was then about 3.45 a.m. There were quite a number of cab

drivers in there and I asked Ricky to ask one of them to drive us home, but none of them would. I should say that when we put the car into the car park we wiped everything inside and outside the car with our handkerchiefs.

"After leaving the cafe we walked home. When we got indoors I said, 'He's dead, isn't he?' and Ricky said, 'Yes.' I said, 'That's cold-blooded murder then. How could you do it?' He said, 'People in my profession haven't the time to think what they do.' Indoors we examined all of Heath's things we had taken. Then we went to bed.

"The next day, that is Saturday, we got up at ten to eleven in the morning. Ricky went out and he picked up Heath's things and took them with him. He came back at 2.45 p.m. and told me he had sold the wristlet watch to the barber next door to the cafe in Hammersmith Broadway. He then told me to hurry up as he was going to the dogs.

"Ricky, Lenny Bexley and I went to the dogs and in the evening Ricky and I went to a cinema in Victoria to see the film 'Christmas Holiday.' He saw me home that night and left me about 10.30 p.m., saying he was going to Victoria to get a hotel room. The reason for this was because he could not stop in my room that night owing to my landlady being at home all day on Sunday.

"On the Sunday night, Ricky returned and we went together to the car park, where we saw the Ford V8. Ricky said, 'It's all right. We have no need to worry. There is nothing in the papers and the police have not found the body yet.' We went to Reading again that night in the Ford.

"Ricky never gave me any money except when we went to the dogs on Saturday. He then let me bet with his money and keep the winnings. In this way I got £7."

In her statement Mrs. Jones described other crimes she had committed with Hulten, mostly assault and robbery. One case concerned a girl who, according to Jones, she and Hulten picked up on the road to Reading in the U.S. Army truck. Hulten hit this girl with an iron bar, knocking her unconscious. Mrs. Jones went through her pockets and handbag and collected five shillings. She

and Hulten then dumped the unfortunate girl into a nearby creek.

Mrs. Jones's latest statement was given to Lieutenant De Mott to look over. The lieutenant immediately put the heat on Hulten with a vengeance, giving him a thorough American grilling which lasted from 8 p.m. until after midnight. As a result of this third degree, Hulten expressed his feelings in a statement that ran into ten pages. Inspectors Tarr and Tansill were present when Hulten unburdened himself.

He admitted having engaged Heath's car with the intention of robbing him, but claimed that the shooting of the unfortunate car driver was an accident.

According to Hulten, it was 1.15 a.m. when the tragedy occurred. He had told Heath to stop the car and when the driver did so, Hulten was holding his loaded and cocked automatic at the ready.

"When the car stopped, I looked over towards Georgina," Hulten told Lieutenant De Mott. "As I was looking back towards the front again, I pulled the trigger and as I did so, the driver, who I later learned to be George Heath, raised up and reached over the back seat to open the rear door with his left arm. I intended to fire the pistol through the car and I did not expect George Heath to raise up to open the door just as I pulled the trigger.

"When I fired the shot I knew that I had hit him as I heard him say, 'Oh.' As I started to get out of the car I said, 'Move over.' He did not move. When I opened the front door, Heath was leaning against the left door with his head down, his chin resting sort of on his chest. His body was sort of across the car with his right foot under the clutch. When I got into the car he moved his right leg out of the way and mumbled something to me which I did not understand. I got in under the wheel and told Georgina to look him over for his wallet. After a couple of minutes I drove away. As we were driving along, I told Georgina to take everything out of his pockets.

"At Staines I stopped the car, opened the left front door and put my arms through his armpits. I raised him up and pulled him out of the car. His feet dropped to the ground. Georgina picked

up his feet and we carried him to a ditch which was about three feet from the car. We returned to the car, I turned around and started back.

"On the Saturday I went to a cafe in Hammersmith Broadway, saw Len Bexley, and left the watch, the fountain pen, the pencil, cigarette lighter and cigarette case found on Heath's body with him to sell. He sold the watch to a barber next to the cafe. Len Bexley was the man who had introduced Georgina to me in the cafe on the Tuesday. I took her that night for a ride in a 2½-ton U.S. Army truck towards Reading and during the course of conversation, she said that she would like to do something exciting, like becoming a 'gun moll' like they do back in the States. At first I thought she was kidding, but she told me she was serious. I then explained to her that we were riding in a stolen truck."

Questioned about Mrs. Jones's allegation that he and she had bashed and robbed a girl along the Reading road, Hulten readily admitted it and supplied the horrible details.

"I hit this girl over the head with an iron bar which I had taken from the truck," declared Hulten. "The girl did not fall down. I grabbed her around the neck and we went down on the ground. She fell on her stomach and I knelt on her back with my left leg on the ground and my right arm around her and I told Georgina to hold her arm. Georgina knelt on her right arm and went through her coat pockets. As I recall, she found about five shillings. By this time the girl had ceased struggling. I picked up her shoulders and Georgina picked up her feet. We carried her over and dumped her about three feet from the edge of the stream. I threw the iron pipe into the stream. The girl's suitcase and handbag were still in the truck."

On October 13, Mrs. Jones was arrested and charged with the murder of Heath. She appeared before the magistrate's court and was remanded without bail, being lodged in Holloway Gaol pending her trial. On October 30 she wrote a letter to Inspector Tarr. "Now I definitely know that Ricky is in safe hands where he cannot get out, I can tell you absolutely all the facts," she wrote.

Inspector Tarr wondered just how many more statements Jones wanted to make, but nevertheless he visited her in gaol.

"I want to apologise for having told you lies when you first saw me," she said. "I merely wanted to tell you that I lied to you because Ricky had threatened me."

In the normal course of events, Hulten, being an American soldier, would have been dealt with by a United States Army court martial, but because a British civilian subject, Mrs. Jones, was also concerned in the murder, the U.S. authorities waived their rights and on November 14 handed Hulten over to the London police to do what they liked with him.

Both Jones and Hulten created a record, even though it was an unenviable one. She was one of the youngest girls ever to face a murder charge in Britain and he was the only member of the American armed forces to stand his trial on a charge of murder in Britain.

When the police charged Hulten with Heath's murder he said, "I would not have been here but for the girl. If it hadn't been for her I wouldn't have shot Heath."

Hulten and Jones appeared before the police court and were committed for trial at the January 1945 sittings of the Old Bailey. After the police court proceedings, Jones wrote a letter to Hulten. This was on December 9. Because Hulten couldn't keep his mouth shut, that letter was produced in evidence against him at the trial, as will be seen later.

The Central Criminal Court was crowded for the trial and sensation-seekers queued up for hours to get seats.

At the outset, Mr. J. Maude, K.C. (for Hulten) asked that the statements made by Hulten to Lieutenant De Mott be not admitted as evidence because the method by which they were obtained so offended against the principles of British justice, "though possibly not against others," as to make it a right application for the judge to say, "No, I think that these statements should not be admitted."

Mr. Maude said that he did not contend that the statements were not made voluntarily, but they had been made as a result of a long and gruelling examination.

Following long legal argument, Mr. Justice Charles ruled that the statements were admissible with certain omissions not material to the trial. His Honor referred to the other crimes Jones and Hulten admitted having committed.

Leonard Bexley gave evidence of having introduced Jones to Hulten in a Hammersmith cafe. He also said that on October 7 Hulten showed him a fountain pen and a revolving pencil and said he was broke. He gave Hulten 8/- for these. They then went to a hotel for a drink and later to a florist's shop where Hulten bought a bunch of flowers. They took these to Jones at 311 King Street, Hammersmith, and that afternoon the three of them went to the White City Stadium.

Bexley told Mr. Maude that Jones looked very ill at the dog races. She seemed very much attached to Hulten and appeared to have absolutely no fear of him.

Another witness, Edris May Evans, Jones's landlady, told Mr. J. D. Caswell, K.C. (for Jones) that Hulten seemed to be a very decent chap.

Questioned by Mr. Maude, she said that Jones did not seem to be afraid of Hulten. When Jones returned from the dog racing with Hulten she asked witness to mind £7 for her. She told Jones to put it in the oven and she would know where it was.

Lieutenant De Mott, who tendered to the court the two statements he had obtained from Hulten, denied that he had memorised Jones's statement before he took the second one from Hulten. He remembered the facts and had no need to memorise the whole statement.

Evidence was given of the finding of Heath's body and the subsequent police investigation, culminating in the arrest and charging of the two accused.

In the witness box, Mrs. Jones said that her correct name was Elizabeth Maud Jones, not Georgina Marina Jones. She was born in Wales and as a baby was taken to Canada by her parents. The family returned to Wales when she was about eight years old. When she was 13½ her father was called up by the army and this made her so unhappy that she left home on three occasions. On

the last occasion she hitch-hiked a ride on a lorry to Usk where her father was stationed and saw him, but the police sent her back home.

When she was 16½ she went to London. This was in February 1943. She got work as a barmaid for a time and in April took up dancing.

She said she got married but on the first night her husband gave her a hiding, so she refused to live with him again and had not done so. He was in the army and she received a regular allowance of £1/15/6 a week. When she took up dancing professionally in April, she got engagements at various London night clubs at £4/10/- a week. When she first met Hulten she thought he was a gentleman, but he told her that he had been a gunman in Chicago and was the leader of a gang operating in London. He showed her a gun and told her that if she said anything about it he would use it on her. She was very scared about it.

Jones admitted having told Hulten that she wanted to do something dangerous, but she had meant that she would like to go over Germany on a bombing raid.

Dealing with the first night that she met Hulten and with the trip in the stolen army truck to Reading, Jones said that Hulten told her that she would always have somebody watching her.

"When I got his bag from the railway cloakroom on the Friday," she told the court, "he took two daggers out of it."

Answering questions by the judge, Jones said that she was about half an hour getting the bag, and although she saw hundreds of people, to any of whom she could have complained of her terrified state, she kept silent. She did so because Hulten had told her before she went out that he had got two people watching her.

She said that on the night of the murder when they were in Heath's car, she heard a shot and saw the flash of the gun and then noticed that Hulten had opened the door of the driver's seat and was standing there with the gun in his hand. He said to the driver, "Move over or I will give you another dose of the same." Heath, who was still alive, moved over, and Hulten got into the driving seat.

"He told me to go through Heath's pockets. but I did not do so until Hulten picked up his revolver and said, 'You heard what I said. I can easy do the same to you.' I then went through Heath's pockets. He was breathing heavily. but after a time appeared to stop breathing altogether," said Jones.

It was not true, she asserted. that she had helped Hulten carry the body from the car to the ditch.

She said that as they drove back to Hammersmith, Hulten threw all of Heath's papers out of the car window. After they had parked the vehicle, they went to a milk bar for a while and then to her room. Hulten stayed there until 10 a.m. or 11 a.m. the following day. Neither of them slept that night.

Answering her counsel (Mr. Casswell, K.C.) Jones said that nothing was mentioned about the murder while they were in the room. She wanted to have a smoke but Hulten would not allow her, saying that it would make her nervous. She told Hulten that she was very worried and he told her that she was to forget all about it. Hulten also told her that, in regard to persons who informed against him, he always got them first and asked questions afterwards.

"Do you realise that in the whole of the statement you made to the police, you did not say anything about your own feelings and did not say you were frightened, and so on?" asked Mr. Casswell.

"I just gave the police the facts, that was all," said Jones.

"The greater part of your evidence is that, step by step, you were terrified, dazed, frightened, ordered to do this and ordered to do that," remarked Mr. Justice Charles. "Why didn't you say a word about that to the police?"

"Because I didn't think that it concerned me, Your Honor," said Jones. "I didn't want to be drawn into it."

"Why do you think it concerns you today?" asked the judge.

"Because it has all been explained to me now," she replied.

Mr. Maude: "On the night following the murder, you and Hulten went to the pictures, didn't you?"

Jones: "That is correct. He had his arm in mine and pinned a spray of flowers on to my coat."

"Is the court to understand that sitting there in the cinema in that way, you were terrified of the man?" demanded counsel.

"Ricky reminded me before we went into the cinema that still had his gun on him and it was loaded," said Jones.

Mr. Maude: "Isn't it a fact that you told Hulten that you wanted to do something exciting, like becoming a gun moll?"

Jones: "No. That is not true. I meant going over Germany in an areoplane."

She said that the reason why she ran away from home when she was 13½ was because a man had tried to assault her.

Hulten, in the witness box, said he was 22 years old and a native of Sweden. His parents had taken him to the United States when he was a baby. His mother was a lady's maid in Boston where he went to a farm and trade school. When he was inducted into the U.S. Army in May 1943 he was assistant manager of a taxi business. He had never been a Chicago gunman. He arrived in England in 1944.

Describing his meeting with Mrs. Jones, Hulten said that on the first night he saw her she told him that she wanted to do something exciting "like becoming a gun moll."

Hulten denied that he had ever had sexual relations with Jones, even though he had spent three nights in her room. He denied also that she was under his domination in any way. She was a perfectly free agent.

"It was she who wanted to go out and rob a taxi driver," he declared. "This was about 11.30 p.m. on the night Heath was killed. I was in her room and she kept on arguing with me about robbing a cab. I didn't want to be in it. She told me to give her my gun as she was going to go out by herself. This I refused her. Later we both decided to rob a cab. I never intended to shoot anyone with the gun. I tried it out by shooting a rabbit just outside Reading. On the night Heath met his death I didn't even know it was loaded."

Mr. Maude: "What were you doing carrying it around loaded?"

Hulten: "No particular reason at all. I just had it and had the ammunition for it.

"In the car that night," he went on, "the gun fell out of my belt owing to the jolting around of the car. I had it in my right hand between my legs and my lap. The driver of the cab stopped and as I was getting up, my right arm was leaning on the arm-rest on the side of the car. When he stopped, he reached over the back to open the door and as he did so, Miss Jones got up and I started to get up. At the same time my right sleeve caught on something on the right-hand side of the door. What it was I don't know, and, as I went to go, the door just jerked me and the gun went off at that time."

Hulten denied that Jones had driven the car part of the way that night. He also denied that Jones had ever complained to him about the killing or called it cold-blooded murder. He accused Lieutenant De Mott of twisting his statement and putting in answers to questions that he had not given.

"Other officers were there watching," said Mr. Justice Charles. "They say that you were very calm, very collected and not in the least tired, and that you read it quite carefully—each page through and signed each page. This is not a question of one page being wrong; it is a whole story and totally different from the story you are telling now."

Hulten told Mr. Caswell that when Heath was shot he did not look to see how badly he was hurt.

"A man in a cab who has been shot with your pistol as you say, by pure accident, and you never looked to see how badly he was shot—whether he was dead or alive?" asked the judge.

"No I did not. I knew he was shot and I got frightened," replied Hulten.

Cross-examined by the Crown Prosecutor (Mr. L. A. Byrne), Hulten admitted that he had stuck the pistol into the top of his trousers early on the Friday without troubling to see if it was safe. He did not trouble to look when, by accident, he had shot Heath.

Mr. Byrne: "Did you care whether, in fact, he was dead or alive?"

"I really don't know," said Hulten.

"I got a letter from Jones while she was in gaol and this will prove that she was not in fear of me," Hulten volunteered.

He should have kept his silly mouth shut about that letter, because Jones's counsel (Mr. Caswell) asked that it be produced and read to the court. Mr. Justice Charles agreed.

Written at Holloway Gaol on December 9, the letter stated:

"Dear Ricky,—I arrived back to Holloway about 7 p.m. on Monday night. My people were in court and I was talking to them after the court was over. They are so very worried. Mum was breaking her heart over me. If I get sent to prison—convicted—it will kill her, so you see, Ricky, why you must tell the truth. If I lost my mother I would go mad. You must tell the truth, Ricky. Don't you think I've suffered enough, being in Holloway on remand only? You promised me in court you would tell the whole truth. Do not go back on your word, Ricky.

"What the police have against me is going through the man's pockets. Had you not ordered me to do so I could never have done it. But as my own life was in danger I did so. I could not believe you had done it, Ricky. You know the condition I was in for hours afterwards. I was dazed and you still threatened me, even when you knew I was too scared to go to the police. And there is another thing you must tell the police as you promised—the truth about the body. I did not help you carry him to the ditch. You know that. For God's sake, Ricky, tell the truth. You and God are the only two who know my innocence. Half of this case is fresh to me. The gun for instance. I did not know it was stolen. I did not know your real name, your age or your right rank. You were posing as an officer. I did not know you were married and had a child. I did not know you had deserted the army.

"Why did you do it, Ricky? And why have you got me into this? You are making me pay for a nightmare which I can't believe has really happened.

"I beg of you to tell the truth, Ricky. If you have any respect and honor and pride left, you will speak the truth, Ricky.— Sincerely, Georgie."

This letter, far from proving that Jones was not in fear of him as Hulten had suggested, proved the opposite.

Mr. Caswell submitted to the jury that nobody would hang a dog on Hulten's evidence. Jones had acted throughout in fear of the man.

Mr. Maude suggested that the firing of the gun was an accident which amounted to gross negligence, warranting a verdict of manslaughter but not of murder.

Mr. Byrne said that the two accused had the common design of robbing a cab driver with violence. If the jury was satisfied that Hulten murdered Heath, then Jones was just as much guilty of the murder as he was. Her defence that she was not a party to the common design of robbery because she was in fear of her life, did not bear examination for one moment. She never indicated her fear to anyone, and even in the security of the police station had kept her mouth shut.

Mr. Justice said he could not exclude the verdict of manslaughter suggested by Mr. Maude, but the set of circumstances put forward by counsel as justifying such a verdict were not in accordance with his description of what had happened.

The jury took only 75 minutes to reach a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation to mercy for Jones.

Passing sentence of death, the judge said he agreed with the verdict.

Hulten and Jones both appealed to the Court of Criminal Appeal and missed out. Their execution was set for March 8. Hulten sought leave to appeal to the House of Lords, but this was rejected.

On March 6, Jones was granted a reprieve and her sentence changed to life imprisonment. Hulten's wife in America pleaded that his life be spared, but her appeal went unheeded.

Hulten was hanged as per schedule on March 8, 1915.

MAN OF AFFAIRS

By F. J. LYNCH

His reason for murdering two women was simple. He hadn't liked either of them! The amazing story of an extraordinary personality who once graced the goldfields of Australia . . . the magnificent "Count" Esperanza!

UNDENIABLY truth is stranger than a lot of things. For example consider the chief actor in this story, which covers some incidents in the time of Australia's golden yesterday, when excited men were shovelling nuggets out of creeks down Braidwood way, in '52. Let a miner become the victim of an accident then the Count Esperanza's contribution figured where it deserved to, at the top of the list. Should a digger be a bit short on luck, with a wife and a kiddy or two, the Count assumed responsibility; or word come from Sydney that a digger's wife was ill there, then that too was seen to. Indeed it was locally sworn to that the Count's pocket was NEVER on the chain!

From an orthodox point of view the Count looked the part. By an account before me it would seem that one couldn't imagine him following a plough, let alone keeping up with it, or fishing

for flathead with a bent pin and a worm, or even walking uphill. In fact he seems to have played the gentleman well, in all circumstances remained as calm as an Egyptian mummy, and generally bore an air which suggested that if it suited his purpose of the moment he would shift Parliament House to hold a dog show on the site, all at his own expense.

Ere I lay hold of the incidents which led to the Count's last appearance in public, and which form the groundwork of this story, let me clip in with a few remarks about Braidwood, where the greater part of this goldfields drama was staged.

The little town on the frigid windswept plains long pre-dated gold discovery in N.S.W. It followed that the passing of gold did not leave it without a reason for being. I have looked into many a deserted goldfield. The sun of its prosperity set forever, once golden holes tumbled in ruin, windlass awry, thriving business houses now meshed in the cobwebs of neglect, mouldering huts, some standing like tombstones in the bush and lived in by spiders, others like tombstones crashed, ghost-haunted saloons—sad reminders of liquid joys long liquidated—all so busy once, now so silent and still.

From this policy of despair Braidwood differed by about the distance from Sydney to Terry Hie Hie. Far away in 1839 progressive men said that as a means of transport for passengers and goods between the rising towns of Braidwood and Sydney the bullock dray, and a time of six weeks for the round trip, was no longer in accord with the times. In short Braidwood wanted speed, and what's more it got it! The old roundabout, via Bungonia and Marulan, was discarded, and a shorter track via Clyde Mountain and Jervis Bay hacked and chopped and blasted through the wilderness, whereby the time was cut to four weeks. Possibly more expeditious bullocks helped with this substantial reduction—express bullocks, as it were.

In 1852 gold discovery spread to Braidwood; and that in turn brought the historic yellow wheels of Cobb and Co. into transportation thereabouts. Controlled (and owned) by that great Austral-American, James Rutherford, of Bathurst, this remark-

able organisation was soon busy heavily cutting the time to everywhere. Weeks were reduced to days!

Incidentally COBB & CO.'s time in hours from the starting point in Pitt Street, Sydney (a bronze life-sized horse on the roof four stories high still marks the building) to destination was obtained by dividing the distance in miles by the figure eight. It was the day of the horse. With the later rise and slow spread of the steam animal, Cobb & Co. began to drop into history.

It was in the lovely valley of the Araluen that gold was first discovered near Braidwood. Incidentally it was the matching beauty of the aboriginal name for the area that literally compelled its adoption.

But it showed that careless Nature had flung gold over the district on broadcast principles, and soon Bell's Creek, Mongarlowe, Little River, Jembaicumbene, and Major's Creek all became busy centres of gold-getting. As the business centre of all, Braidwood thrived amazingly. Saloons were literally tossed into being. Leave and license consisted of opening the front door and "turning it on," with the result that many diggers who beat records for getting gold beat another kind of record in getting rid of it.

It seemed that Mrs. Grant sensed that as Braidwood had been there before the gold strike, so it would outlive the inevitable slow shrinkage in yield, also the shanty in the gully, and even the famous Shanty on the Rise. Therefore she built a splendid hotel, called it after her own name, and set up in a more solid way. Mrs. Grant, of Braidwood's long ago, prospered—deserved to!

Four ladylike young women were brought from Sydney, and these, together with two of local derivation, formed portion of the staff of Grant's Hotel.

Of the six, the finely outlined figure of Mary Doran, from Ireland, soon formed the most challenging feminine fact in the gold district of Braidwood. As well as grace in her deportment there was music in her voice. In short, this astonishing arrival anchored the eyes, chained the ears. Miners swore that her smile was worth dying for—and Mrs. Grant prospered!

The newcomer was at once recognised as the most precious of

all treasures, the richest of all claims, and a new "rush" set in—to Grant's Hotel!

In the world's three great goldrushes—California in the '40s, succeeding years, Australia in the '50s and '60s, and the snowscapes of the Yukon in '97, women have ever been a scarce commodity; and here, to hand as it were, was a beautiful being, in any gathering distinctive, requiring neither paint nor varnish to trick her out in her best; who from beneath a wilderness of dull-gold locks looked at you with large dark eyes, possibly greeted you with a smile that was a benediction, thereby bringing into play lips that were a challenge to kiss. In short she was the kind of girl whom unmarried women over 30 would regard with the greenstone orbs of jealousy. As I have already written, Mrs. Grant roped in all the trade!

Mary Doran had come into her kingdom of appreciation, and no mistake about it.

Soon a solemn fact came right side uppermost—Sars Tyrrell, a physically splendid type, owner of a grocery business that for "returns" outmatched 9 claims in 10, and in staying power would probably beat the field, was the only man in sight with a chance.

I daresay that in her dressing this belle of a century ago would contrast oddly with today's scarce fashions, by which it seems that so many girls run out of material before they run out of girl, so to put it, thus leaving a large amount of interesting personage showing through what seems like rents or gaps in the frock; but the rents aren't accidental. Nevertheless, with 40 per cent. of her in gleaming view, or hidden nearly out of sight in the billowing clouds of material that once did duty for a dress, lovely woman, it seems, always got there—right there!

Enter the Count Esperanza, by Cobb & Co.—and such an entry! Surely a curled and coddled creature of wealth if ever there was one! A valet attended to baggage and another mundane matters, whilst the Count attended to the business of "setting them up" for the crowd. Everybody agreed that this handsome, dark-eyed, clean-shaven, tall and well-dressed stranger was the genuine thing in gentlemen.

Naturally Mrs. Grant was delighted. The wealthy and titled

arrival's patronage finally established her hotel as the swell pub of the gold district of Braidwood. Doubtless with the intention of holding him she chose the most competent and ladylike of her maids to attend to his apartments. Her choice was Mary Doran.

At first sight of her he coveted the lovely, unobtrusive girl; nor did he make any secret of the fact. In aspiring to her favor the newcomer was packed to the roof with advantages, or so it seemed. His title, his obvious affluence, his gallant bearing, all were very spectacular compared with the average standard of an alluvial goldfield in the early '50s. Even at this late date I think it will be conceded that the Count presented his case luminously.

On the day following his arrival the resplendent newcomer announced a banquet for the next Saturday. It was a success of magnitude, and at the end of the day the Count handed Mrs. Grant a fine present in recognition of the fact. "Good business," commented a shrewd-eyed American. "It enlists the lady on his side in the matter of the Irish girl. I don't blame him."

As the visitor continued to spend freely he became popular with everyone; and approximately the same number agreed that the handsome dark-eyed, clean-shaven and clean-looking man was the genuine thing in gentlemen.

After a few days the Count decided that there was no help for it—servant or not, it amounted to a simple fact that he would have to marry this lovely girl; and choosing a suitable moment when she was busy about his rooms he proposed to her. In nervous English he told poor startled Mary that her beauty, her instinctive grace and refinement would adorn even a king's palace, much less his own ancestral halls. He had wanted someone he could love utterly, and he had now found her—his princess playing the part of a parlourmaid. They would marry right away, and leave for Europe, where wealth, leisure, happiness and love would be hers for all the days of her life.

Elocution is merely atmospheric, but there was nothing airy-fairy about the present he handed the astonished girl. It was expensive.

Mary Doran was disconcerted. In her working life she had heard of many castles in the air, but of very few that ever stood

on solid ground. Instead of accepting either proposal or present the girl went to Mrs. Grant and asked advice. Count Esperanza followed in a few moments, assured the lady of the offer he had made, and left the present with her. Mrs. Grant promised to support such an honorable proposal.

Nor did Mrs. Grant delay. She argued with the girl, pointing out that it was a chance such as came the way of very few girls in her division of human endeavor; and she drew pointed attention to the wealth and social position such a marriage would promote. Then she compared such prospects with those of a country storekeeper's wife. "It is not as though the Count were an old man," she argued, "or unattractive. He is only 34, just a nice age for a girl of 24, and he is handsome, courteous, charming and rich. In fact, he is everything a girl could desire."

The housemaid was buried in trouble. She couldn't argue against Mrs. Grant, but deep in her heart was a consciousness of the native worth of Sars Tyrrell. The emotional appeal of pomp and circumstance unsteadied her, but still she knew that she loved Tyrrell. Even if her loyalty to him were somewhat lessened by the other's dazzling presence she yet remembered that overriding fact and she refused both gift and proposal.

When her refusal was definite, the Count passed the present to Mrs. Grant, who at every possible opportunity tried to deserve it. She almost badgered the girl to marry the Count, and in the hope of swaying the girl into acquiescence she fostered rumors that the couple were to be married in a few days.

Young Tyrrell in his store looked morose, though he probably used his best endeavors to appear indifferent. "After all the girl is a free agent," said he to a good friend. "It is her affair entirely, especially as I know nothing against the Count. He seems good enough as Counts go."

The elder woman overruled the Irish girl, literally forcing her to spend her days in miserable indecision. Her better half told her to stand by Tyrrell. Cold reason, with the strong support of

Mrs. Grant, told her to accept Esperanza's offer, and as she by no means disliked that man, her situation was a difficult one.

Suddenly a great light of comprehension burst about Mary Doran. Whilst she was wrestling with the problem which Fate had set, a clear picture of her erstwhile champion came to her. She saw him, head bowed, as though stricken by blight and misery. The time was 12 midnight, and even the goldfields town was wrapped in silence. Silently as maybe she made her way through the passages of the hotel, and out by way of a side door; and shortly afterwards there sounded a knock on Tyrrell's door, at the rear of his place of business. "Who is there?" called Tyrrell.

"Mary," came the reply; and from that moment the Count Esperanza was out of the running.

"I mustn't stay," said the girl shortly afterwards. "I might be missed, and that would cause trouble."

During the following morning Sgt. Brennan rode into town. "No, I am not after anybody, at least so far as I know," said he with a laugh. "It's just a routine call."

As was of course inevitable, early in his brief stay the Sergeant and Count Esperanza met. "I seem to know your face," said the Sergeant, as the men shook hands, and the Count nodded in the direction of Mrs. Grant's hotel.

"Sighted me in Goulburn, likely," returned the Count, as casually as a remark about the weather; and shortly the two men were standing in front of two beers.

Thereafter Sgt. Brennan couldn't get the Count Esperanza out of his mind. "But why worry about it, sergeant?" said the local O. in C., "so long as the man isn't wanted—and I think you are not suggesting that, I hope."

"Can't make it out," returned the sergeant. "Never been so puzzled in my life."

These desultory remarks about cleaned the subject out—temporarily.

In fact there were excellent reasons why the Count Esperanza

should immediately and swiftly leave Braidwood, but he had the nerve not to.

Of course immediate departure would have bred suspicion, and possibly a move to head him off.

But on the third day following the sergeant's arrival news got about that Count Esperanza was not on hand, and could not be located.

That same afternoon Sergeant Brennan received an official letter by which he was informed that one Brand, alias Brigstock, was wanted for a jewellery robbery in Melbourne, and also for suspected murder of his wife, found choked to death at Mt. Blaikie. Plainly the alleged Count Esperanza's absence was well-chosen and timely!

Never did a man's reputation fall to pieces more numerously and definitely. Inquiries about the various fields revealed that Brigstock (his real name) had cashed many worthless cheques, taking bright gold in exchange, and that the present he had given to Mary Doran and then to Mrs. Grant was portion of the proceeds of a Melbourne jewellery robbery.

Nor had Mrs. Grant received even a worthless cheque. The lofty air of the man, his title, and the fact of an obsequious valet to attend to his personal wants, had literally mesmerised the woman, so that she never doubted the man. The valet, by the way, was still on hand, penniless and looking for work in the mines!

But if the bogus Count had moved off like a bullet out of a fast gun he had after him a man seldom beaten in a chase. Sergeant Brennan soon decided that his quarry was riding a rough and disused track through the bush, bound for Goulburn, which town he would probably skirt, and make for Sydney. But the sergeant knew that road for what it was—a mere track that led over gullies and hills that were rugged and steep, and he took the longer but faster way to Tarago; and there arranged with the local trooper to cut off and gather in the alleged Count. The disused road passed Tarago at about two miles distance, and long ere the lone traveller heaved in sight arrangements were complete.

It was the traditional hold-up in reverse. Instead of escorting

troopers suddenly held covered and helpless, whilst a gold-laden coach was brought to a violent stop, it was a fleeing criminal who found himself at the deadly end of a rifle-barrel. "Just drop your gun," said Sergeant Brennan, "or you will be in trouble with this one."

Hopelessly situated the ex-Count Esperanza obeyed instructions implicitly. Shortly a procession of three, one handcuffed and on foot, was travelling past the trees on the track to Tarago—and Goulburn.

Some days later the cold and unsympathetic walls of Goulburn Gaol closed on the man who had thrown money about spectacularly during his brief stay at Braidwood, assisted generously in cases of distress, but omitted to pay just debts.

In due course, in Sydney, the Melbourne jewellery robbery was levelled against the deflated gentleman in the dock. His present, first to Mary Doran, and then to Mrs. Grant, appeared in evidence against him; and as it was a showy piece of work, easy of identification, it assisted materially to a sentence of 10 years.

Some months later Brigstock (his true name) again travelled from Goulburn to Sydney, this time to face a more serious charge—the alleged murder of his wife at Mt. Blaikie. The unfortunate woman had been throttled and left where she died. Evidence was largely circumstantial, but nevertheless was held strong enough to later enable a jury to arrive at a guilty verdict, whereupon the judge informed the convicted man that on a date to be fixed he should step into the Great Unknown; and he kindly recommended his soul for mercy.

On that day the ex—definitely ex—Count Esperanza stepped as directed, though whether the recommendation concerning his soul was carried out is a matter on which, of course, I can throw no light.

Brigstock supplied yet another instance of the risks which attend the criminal who forms habits, especially habits in murder. Brigstock had two, both deadly. In his native England a woman was found in a house—throttled.

In the absence of any definite information the chase for the perpetrator lacked direction. In this instance it later came out that the wanted man had parried suspicion by impersonating the son of a moderately well-known man; and ere the subterfuge was penetrated he got clear of the country bound, there was reason to believe, for Australia.

In 1850 there was no trans-ocean communication, and of course Brigstock arrived in Melbourne unsuspected.

Criminal habits stick like death to the dead, as has so often been proved. In N.S.W. the newcomer duplicated two of his English habits—murder by throttling and impersonation of a man of rank.

When English mails reached Australia by the gradual sail-powered vessels of the period the murder was detailed at length, also the suspected criminal's suspected actions thereafter, and his probable departure for Australia; and of course the English police authorities wrote to their counterpart in New South Wales and other Australian provinces.

In Australia Brigstock in course of time repeated his English doings—murder by throttling, and impersonation to blind the chase.

Instead it literally led the Police Department on! When news reached Sydney that there was an alleged Count loose on the gold-fields about Braidwood action was swift, and as you have read, resultful.

When within 9ft. 7ins. of death he was asked why he had killed the two women.

His reply, and last words: "I didn't like either of them."

The Hideous Career of **“SALLY ARSENIC”**

By **RICHARD SINGER**

Nicknamed “Sally Arsenic” because of a certain fondness for that preparation as a means of easing unwanted friends and relatives into eternity, Sarah Chesham earned her reputation of being a “terrible celebrity”.

THE two old biddies Sarah Chesham and Hannah Phillips were very close buddies; they were also “baddies,” both of them.

No one knew Mrs. Chesham and her ways and habits better than Mrs. Phillips. It was Mrs. Hannah Phillips whose wicked wit nicknamed her crony “Sally Arsenic,” in that sobriquet summing up the appalling history of poisoning feats which brought lasting fame to Sarah Chesham.

The Clavering coroner, in the late 1840's, had spent a good deal of time on a series of inquests upon men, women and children who had undoubtedly died from poisoning, and all of them from arsenical poisoning. For a number of years there seemed to be a real epidemic of such deaths. Indeed in 1847 this very woman, Mrs. Sarah Chesham, had been tried for the murder of an illegitimate child of an old acquaintance, a Mrs. Taylor, and had been acquitted. In 1848 this same Sarah Chesham had been tried actually for the murder by arsenic of two of her own children,

and had again been acquitted. In 1849 a Mrs. May was accused of murdering her husband with arsenic, and this woman was very properly convicted of that awful crime and sentenced to death. Just before the carrying out of the just sentence Mrs. May made a full confession of her guilt, but she solemnly declared that the instigator was the same Mrs. Sarah Chesham.

No wonder that this woman had gained what counsel at her last trial termed a terrible celebrity, and that her reputation among the horrified public of the Chelmsford district was that of a professional poisoner. The gossip of Clavering was largely about poison and as to how bad husbands could be got rid of. For though undoubtedly the Chesham woman was the most talked-about figure in these horrors, there were other practisers of the evil art in the district. And much of the fortunately temporary prominence of this class of crime was found to be due to the prevalence in country districts of the almost incredible societies called "Burial Clubs," gruesome bodies which induced a number of the ascertained crimes by payments made on the deaths of members. It is satisfactory to be able to record that one wholesome result of the last trial of Sarah Chesham was that these societies went out of existence and that not nearly so many close relatives followed suit.

In September of 1849 Richard Chesham, the husband of Sarah, became gravely ill. For many months he had fluctuations of his condition. And it was not until May of the following year, 1850, that at last the wretched man succumbed to whatever had been the origin of his continued illness. Suspicion as to the cause of the man's death immediately spread around and the long-frustrated coroner resolved, we are told, upon one more attempt to solve the mystery of the secret and diabolical system which he knew had been the cause of many of the recent local expiries.

Mrs. Hannah Phillips, the ingenious inventor of nicknames, made a hesitant and prevaricating witness at the inquest upon Richard Chesham. But the other evidence, particularly that as to the presence of arsenic in the organs of the deceased, was sufficient to justify committing Sarah Chesham for trial for the murder of her husband.

But the prosecution was faced with one great difficulty. For the expert medical evidence clearly showed that the real immediate cause of the death of Richard Chesham was disease of the lungs, tuberculosis. However, Mr. Bodkin, the ingenious and competent counsel for the Crown, devised an indictment which covered any such possible hindrance to justice. And Sarah Chesham had to face the charge of feloniously administering arsenic to her husband with the intention of murdering him.

To this form of charge the defence could, of course, take no exception.

And the defence had to face another difficulty when Sarah Chesham came to stand before her accusers and still another jury at Chelmsford: Her old friend Hannah Phillips had given reluctant and, from the prosecution's point of view, unsatisfactory evidence before the coroner, as we have seen. But between times the silly Sarah had not hesitated to abuse the woman who seemed to be her last and only ally, the one person who might have saved her neck from the gallows. And so when called upon to give evidence at the Assizes Hannah came out with all she knew, full blast.

It is interesting to follow the course of the evidence in the Chesham case as we have it recorded.

The first and almost the most important fact disclosed was that at the post-mortem on Richard Chesham's body, arsenic was found in the organs. But only one twenty-fifth of a grain was recovered, and two grains is considered to be the ordinary fatal dose of that poison.

In a cupboard under the house where the Cheshams lived there was found a bag of rice which proved to have a small proportion of arsenic mixed up in it. This significant fact raised the suspicion that the murder had been perpetrated by the administration of small, even minute doses, of the poison, which was strongly supported by the evidence as to the long-protracted course of the dead man's sickness.

Sarah Chesham had the vanity as well as the hardihood to con-

duct her own defence, though the presiding judge, when informed that no counsel was appearing for the accused woman, requested a barrister to assist her. But the vain and stupid prisoner insisted on personally cross-examining the long string of damaging witnesses called against her. That is a dangerous practice, as has been proved on numberless occasions. And Mrs. Chesham showed herself to be completely lacking in the qualities which marked the success of such self-defenders as the noted Charles Bradlaugh and Horatio Bottomly, or even of the persistent but not nearly so successful Mrs. Wheldon. Of course Sarah Chesham's self-advocacy did her cause far more harm than good.

The first witness was the pathetic woman, the mother of the dead man. As may be imagined, a dramatic scene took place when this unhappy creature had to give evidence against her daughter-in-law charged with the murder of her son. The elder Mrs. Chesham proved that the illness of Richard Chesham had lasted continuously from September 1849 to May 1850. At the time of the death Mrs. Chesham senior had been occupying part of her son's cottage at Clavering. She had been in the house with her son shortly before he died. He was then not able to feed himself and, said the old lady, the prisoner used to feed him with milk thickened with flour or rice. She saw the wife give her husband food the day before the latter died. And, declared the witness, the prisoner did not like anybody else to feed her husband and indeed always did so herself.

In answer to the prisoner's questions Mrs. Chesham senior replied: "I did not see anybody else give him anything to eat but you; someone may have given him a cup of tea, but I know of nothing else."

It seemed that Sarah Chesham had called upon the Relieving Officer of the district for an order for a doctor to attend upon her husband Richard Chesham. This officer, a Mr. Willing, had died since giving his evidence in the lower court, but his deposition was admitted at the Assize Court. Mr. Willing stated that he frequently visited the dying man at his cottage and that he always complained of pain in his chest, of continual vomiting and of the increasing swelling of his body which, upon one occasion Richard Chesham showed Mr. Willing his body which, said Willing, seemed

to be swollen to nearly double its ordinary size, while his arms and legs were like those of a skeleton. On one occasion the prisoner had pulled down the bedclothes to let the Relief Officer see her husband's body, and while looking at it she used the significant words: "Poor thing, he will not be a trouble to anyone for long." She also told Willing that her husband was always vomiting, that if he got better for a day or two he always relapsed again and then became worse than before.

By direction of the Relief Officer, Dr. Hawkes, who was medical officer of the Saffron Walden Union, attended on Richard Chesham first seeing him on about 11th February. Chesham then complained of distension, of violent pains in the abdomen, and continual sickness. All these symptoms showed themselves for the first six weeks, then they eased; then they returned again with greater violence. Dr. Hawkes was completely puzzled and could not form a satisfactory opinion as to the nature of the disease or its cause. All the symptoms were such as might be the result of the administration of small doses of an irritant poison. But, stated Dr. Hawkes, there was undoubted disease of the lungs present in his patient.

A short time before the death of Chesham the doctor told the prisoner that the nature of the disease of her husband was quite obscure to him and that he thought she had better obtain another opinion; but she declined the suggestion, saying that she was quite satisfied with Dr. Hawkes. About this time, admitted Dr. Hawkes, he had spoken in the village of the necessity of a post-mortem if Chesham died. Sarah Chesham came to the doctor in a very angry mood and told him that she had been given to understand that he intended to cut her husband's body open. The doctor told her that he hoped that there would be no need for such a course and that the man would get well again. He agreed that he had sent medicines to his patient, but of course asserted that there was no such ingredient as arsenic in any of them.

The symptoms deposed to by Dr. Hawkes continued until the death of Chesham. The doctor made a post-mortem and so ascertained that the immediate cause of death was disease of the lungs. So we can see the wisdom of the terms of Bodkin's charge against the persistent poisoner and equally, so far, persistent escaper from justice.

The contents of the intestines were carefully removed and sealed and handed to the famous Dr. Taylor for examination and analysis.

The cunning prisoner asked Dr. Hawkes some questions such as might be expected from an expert cross examiner, no doubt not realising that such seeming expertness could only arouse suspicion in the minds of a jury that a woman so seemingly informed was just the person to commit the crime with which she was charged. Dr. Hawkes had certainly examined the body of the deceased before death but he did not observe the signs of any bruise or other kind of hurt upon it.

Dr. Brown deposed that he was present at the post-mortem. He declared that he had considerable experience of tuberculosis and that he had never seen any symptoms of griping and purging in the early stages of that disease. He would attribute those symptoms solely to inflammation of the stomach and the coats of the intestines. If he found them intermittent and returning with increased violence he would attribute them to some irritating substance being taken into the stomach either in the food or in some other way. And at the post-mortem he observed symptoms of inflammation in the bowels such as would be so produced.

Police Superintendent Clarke told the court that after the death of Richard Chesham he had searched the house of the Cheshams and in a kneading trough he had found a quantity of rice in a bag. When the prisoner saw him take the rice she said that she hoped he was not going to carry it away as it belonged to her father and that she had used some of it for her husband. Sarah Chesham added that if Clarke took the rice away she hoped that he would tell her father that he had done so. Clarke told Sarah not to interfere with him and that he would take away anything that he thought proper. Two or three times she repeated her hope that the officer would not take away the rice. He frankly admitted that at the time he did so he was not in possession of a warrant to search the house. It was a lucky break for justice that the Superintendent took the law thus into his own hands and confiscated the highly significant hidden bag of rice.

It was equally significant, and one of the most appalling of all Sarah Chesham's actions throughout her dreadful career, that she

could endeavor to blame her own father for the crime she undoubtedly committed.

Dr. Taylor was at length called as the most outstanding expert of his day in toxicological matters. Taylor found arsenic in the bladder of the deceased. The intestines had the appearance usually accompanying the presence of arsenic. But the whole quantity of arsenic recovered by him only amounted to about one twenty-fifth of a grain, not sufficient in itself to cause death. But the circumstances and symptoms as previously deposed to would be entirely explained by the continual administration of small doses of arsenic. To the Lord Chief Justice Campbell, who presided at the trial, Taylor gave as his opinion that arsenic in small doses was not calculated to produce death at once and that if the supply of the poison was relinquished for a time the subject got better.

Taylor deposed that the effect of continued administration of small doses of arsenic would be to gradually cause the powers of the body to languish and thus tend to develop any constitutional malady in the system.

Taylor had carefully examined the rice referred to. He had found it "all over arsenic." In about a pound of the rice examined Taylor found no less than 16 grains of arsenic. Every grain of rice was covered with a minute portion of the poison and the whole had been carefully mixed up so that every part of the rice was poisoned. The arsenic was of the common white variety which had the appearance of flour.

One of the most important points in the evidence of Dr. Taylor was his testimony that he had given expert evidence in the previous case when Sarah Chesham had been charged with the murder of two of her own children with the poison of arsenic. On that occasion Dr. Taylor had, in the presence of the prisoner, fully described the nature of arsenic and its mode of action on the human body. So Sarah, always a learner, had had the most expert of teachers.

Sarah Chesham had not hesitated to give her evidence before the coroner. That evidence was of course properly available and admissible. It was produced to the court and the jury.

Sarah Chesham had told the coroner that her husband had had

good health until twelve months before he was taken ill; that he was then seized with pains in different parts of his body, settling in the lower part; that he complained of the very great pain he was suffering; that he would go almost mad if Dr. Hawkes did not visit him for two or three days; that her husband was repeatedly sick and that she thought that the doctor had put something in the physic to make the man sick. She positively denied that she had ever given her husband any rice to eat.

The prisoner's father, James Parker, was put into the humiliating position of having to go into the witness box and give evidence against his daughter and also to clear himself of any suggestion as to his complicity with her in the crime of attempting to murder his son-in-law.

Parker had lived in the Chesham home and he had bought two pounds of rice which he had kept in a kneading trough. On two occasions he had eaten some of the rice from the trough and it had no ill effect upon him. Of course he declared that he had never put anything into his rice.

Another convincing witness was the next testifier, Mrs. Hannah Phillips. Hannah was the wife of a laborer at Clavering. She had known Sarah Chesham before the latter's former trial and she remembered her coming home after her then acquittal. Sarah had then told her friend Hannah that someone had poisoned her children, though she did not vouchsafe any suggestion as the culprit who would commit so wicked a crime. On that occasion Sarah Chesham had talked about arsenic. When Hannah Phillips told Sarah that she did not know what it was like the prisoner had said that there was little difference between the look of arsenic and that of flour. She told her friend that she had hidden some arsenic under the stump of a tree; that she had got it to use on a woman but that she had not yet had an opportunity to do so, but that she had poisoned a child.

On another occasion, according to Hannah Phillips, Sarah Chesham told her that she had bought some liver and lights and made a mince pie of them for her husband; she advised Hannah to make a similar pie and told her that if she did not know how to "season" it to bring it to her and she would "season" it for her. She added that it would be no more harm to kill such a man as her own or Hannah's husband than it was to kill a mouse. A little time before this incident Hannah Phillips had had a quarrel with her husband and told Sarah Chesham about it. The prisoner had then said that her husband would not dare to hit her as Hannah's had, and that if he ever did she would "put him under the bricks." Hannah had met the prisoner while Richard Chesham was ill; once asking how her husband was the prisoner replied that he was very ill and that she had just been for some medicine and that Hawkes had made a mistake and put the boy's medicine in the father's bottle. Then Sarah Chesham had turned away and made the mysterious statement that she had sent her soul to hell "all through him," though the identity of the "him" was not disclosed nor did Hannah Phillips know to whom Sarah was referring.

Shortly after the inquest Sarah Chesham had gone to Hannah Phillips and thanked her for what the latter had said before the coroner. For, as before stated, Hannah had been more than reticent in her testimony then, though she did not impede the inquiry to the extent of preventing the coroner from committing the prisoner for trial. But afterwards the foolish accused woman had abused the witness. Hannah had then told Sarah Chesham that she had not said so much that she could not say a great deal more; she then addressed the accused with the famous nickname of "Sally Arsenic," called her a good-for-nothing wretch and said that if she (Hannah) had been her she would have been hung long ago. The prisoner then got haughty and made another mysterious remark to the effect that she did not care about the "underset" so long as she had the goodwill of the heads of the people. On another occasion after Sarah Chesham had been acquitted on a previous trial at Chelmsford she had told Hannah Phillips that she was not going

home to her husband but was going to live with another man who was waiting, even while she was being tried, to take her away with him.

After her abuse of Hannah Phillips the uncircumspect Sarah had told a Mrs. Caroline Cole that if she had a chance she would like to "season" a pie for Hannah Phillips and make her a "croaker."

Sally Chatham was hanged but she protested her innocence up to the end.

THE OBSTINACY OF Dr. McCREA

By *ALLAN BRENNAN*

A thousand voices were raised against the inhumanity of the Pentridge Prison doctor. Thousands petitioned for the release of the felon who had incurred the hatred of the medico. Who was right? This story supplies the answer.

CIVILISATION appears to consist largely of a long sequence of burning questions, each of which in turn burns itself out and is dropped into the limbo of forgotten things. Nor are they ever resurrected, for last year's burning questions wouldn't now raise enough steam to blow a kid's tin whistle. But people must have something to talk about, whereupon they turn their fevered attention to the next burning question, which in turn burns out like a damp squib and is seen for the uproar about nothing that it was all the time.

Notwithstanding these strictures, in this story it is my fixed intention to parade yet another B.Q. When it is stated that it lasted five years, with the press, a large majority of expert opinion, and the whole population of Melbourne on one side, and one man on the other, I hope that it will be agreed that no apology is due, at any rate for merely introducing it.

This durable conflagration lit up in 1865 and burned with varying fury till 1870. Occasionally it died down, but never did it die out; and generally it made up for lost time by flaring up like a Gippsland bushfire in a gale.

A statement that the minority consisted of a Scotsman, Dr. McCrea, Medical Superintendent of Collingwood Stockade, and later of Pentridge, when that grim and granite house of correction replaced the Stockade, brings me nicely to the beginning of the story.

In 1865, William Stewart took compulsory delivery of a five-years sentence for stealing a horse. Nobody quibbled at this, for in '65 horses supplied the motive power for everything on the continent except trains: and there were very few trains. Nothing moved along unless a horse moved along in front of it. Five years wasn't considered a day too long for a horse-thief.

On the day that he listened to his sentence Stewart seemed a normal man, and for the first few weeks of his enforced residence in Pentridge he continued nearly so. But very soon symptoms of lunacy appeared. The prisoner refused to speak to anyone for long periods at a stretch. He also refused to eat, but this was natural enough, for it was notorious that the cooking in early Pentridge days would have upset the digestion of a crocodile in the prime of life. Whatever the facts, Stewart's appetite fell into disuse.

At the foregoing developments the great heart of Pentridge was rent in twain; and when the facts "got out," as facts have a habit of doing, there was some criticism of the authorities of Pentridge. But Dr. McCrea said that Stewart was shamming, and acted as he always did in such cases by placing Stewart on a low diet. He seems to have missed the point that this wouldn't inconvenience a man who had thrown his diet over the fence, or dropped it down a well, or something. But he also placed him under closer supervision. If Stewart noted this, he yet gave no sign.

And that was the beginning of Dr. McCrea's fixed idea that Stewart was a malingering scoundrel; and when the doctor had a fixed idea it would have required a very special brand of dynamite to blow it out of him.

The closer supervision was well attended to. Day and night unresting eyes peered at Stewart to find evidence that would support a fixed idea, though it would seem that a fixed idea required no support.

A few weeks later Stewart suffered further physical bereavement, in that he lost the use of his limbs, and he had to be carried from his cell to the gaol yard. There he sat all day, a helpless lunatic in the eyes of everyone in Pentridge except Dr. McCrea. At evening he was carried back again.

The doctor's penetrating medical gaze went through prisoner Stewart like shot through muslin: and he saw there, not a pitiable creature whose mind had collapsed under the stress of a chase into New South Wales, arrest, trial, sentence and imprisonment, but a crafty brain, peeping slyly out of the corners of his eyes to try to discover what the doctor and warders were thinking about him. He also saw a crafty mind, allegedly adrift in the azure, but in fact using alert ears to find out if there was any possible chance of being transferred to a lunatic asylum, so that escape might be possible.

The astute doctor saw all this, or at any rate he said he did: and as he said it his fixed idea entrenched itself ever more deeply. As I have said, in two or three different ways, Dr. McCrea could be very obstinate in an opinion.

Came the time when lay preacher Brown, who used to visit prisons, heard of the imbecile shut up within the Great Wall of Pentridge. His interest aroused, he asked to be allowed to see the man who sat all day with a mindless expression in his eyes. The matter was referred to Dr. McCrea. "Certainly," said he. "Let him see him."

The doctor could afford to be generous with his permission. He had nothing to fear from lay-preacher Brown, or indeed any other man. His opinion was right. The prisoner was a manifest malingerer, and he defied any busybody to prove otherwise. The

doctor was as definite as a falling brick. Indeed, he was feeling specially confident, for his prestige had recently been greatly uplifted by the Yarra Bend Lunatic Asylum report, now published. His evidence had been so potent that the charges of mismanagement against Dr. Bowie were upheld, and that officer dismissed from the institution. Naturally enough Dr. McCrea regarded himself as an authority on lunacy, and he cared not a jot how many lay preachers looked in on allegedly pitiable Stewart.

So Mr. Brown saw prisoner Stewart: and when he saw him his heart bled, or at any rate he said it did. Never, he said, had he seen such a collapsed wreck of a man. Though a horse stealer, he thought that humanity should prevail: and he was quite sure that even the owner of the horse would be sorry for him.

"That blank and hopeless face, those sunken cheeks, that motionless body, and, above all, his unregarding eyes, haunted me as I left the gaol," said Mr. Brown. And they continued to haunt him till a fire of indignation blazed in his heart, that a man could be so callous to his fellow man, even a proved horse stealer.

Only a monster, said he, with the obstinate mind of McCrea could continue to permit such brutality.

Like the good man he undoubtedly was lay preacher Brown went into action. He laid the case before the editor of "The Age," and in a leading article on the following day that powerful journal criticised Dr. McCrea in terms that heated the atmosphere. "Such a refined piece of torture belongs to the days of the Inquisition (said the leader). No description could exaggerate the dumb misery in Stewart's eyes."

On the morning that leader spread over Melbourne and Victoria generally there were thousands of people who said definitely that Dr. McCrea should be kicked severely for at least a fortnight, and other thousands who wanted him fried alive till the drought broke. Not read today and forgotten about tonight this leader! It continued to boil up popular emotion for a week, during which period threats were dire, mostly homicidal.

Normally humane and law-abiding people prayed that Dr. McCrae should be hanged, and a proportion wanted his ears cut off first: and when these requests were not carried out the efficacy of prayer was seriously questioned.

Others said that Dr. McCrea did not know enough about medical matters to diagnose a corn. Plainly the Pentridge doctor couldn't lose the run of his immortal soul a day too soon for the population of Melbourne.

The Age leader caused such a stir that the Government of the day had to give heed, and a Medical Board was appointed to inquire into the allegations.

When the personnel of the Board was announced it seemed that there was hope for Stewart, since one of the doctors thereon was Dr. Bowie, for whose dismissal from Yarra Bend Dr. McCrea was largely responsible.

Meanwhile Stewart, even under moderately skilled inspection, appeared to be a genuine case. Imbecility seemed to be wrapped up in the very texture of the man. Few doubted that he had lost the key to Memory's gate. If he were in fact feigning, then it was generally agreed that he had attained a degree of perfection hitherto undreamed of in Victoria, and that it would be necessary to dust a lot of history to uncover his equal.

The Board examined the prisoner and kept him under close surveillance for an extended period, besides which a warder was present all day to mark the man's least action. Further, a night sentry recorded every change in Stewart's demeanor, especially while he was asleep.

Dr. McCrea still persisted that the man, even under such constant observation, could feign insanity and not betray himself, for during this period Stewart had not given the slightest sign of sanity, or even ability to walk.

The Medical Board was just about convinced of the genuineness of the poor fellow's plight, notwithstanding the fixed idea of obstinate Dr. McCrae, and its final meeting was set down for the next day.

At that meeting members decided that in their opinion Stewart was obviously a more fit subject for a lunatic asylum than a prison, particularly such a prison as Pentridge. Naturally all concerned were nervous at facing Dr. McCrea with their decision in the case, about which he was so definite. But the same number knew that it would have to be done, and that the Medical Superintendent would have to get over the blow to his fixed opinion any way he could. "After all," said the chairman, "it would amount to

slow murder to leave Stewart here in his present circumstances."

But Dr. McCrea and his fixed opinion were not so easily disposed of. Members of the Board were stiffening themselves for the battle when an astounding report was brought in. Two warders, detailed to watch Stewart in secrecy, requested an interview with the Medical Superintendent. In a few minutes the two men reported that whilst they were watching Stewart, unknown to that man, in the yard allotted to him, and in which he spent his days in blank imbecility, another warder who was in direct attendance on Stewart left him alone for a few minutes, whereupon the two watchers saw Stewart, the supposedly helpless imbecile, get on his feet and run to the eight-foot wall which surrounded his enclosure, "muscle" himself up till he could see over it, and make signs to the prisoners on the other side to bring him some food.

Shortly this suspiciously opportune story was corroborated by other officers.

It will be agreed that it was decidedly unlikely that Stewart, if he were in fact feigning, would run the risk of detection at a time when, as he must at least have suspected, a special inquiry into his case was being held. Added to that he would have known that there was a great danger of him being seen by other warders had his fellow prisoners given him food in response to his signals.

Further, Dr. Bowie declared that he had examined Stewart very carefully, and was convinced that the man was so low in vitality that it would have been quite impossible for him to have raised himself on the dividing wall high enough to be seen from the other side.

There was resolution in Dr. Bowie, and he stood stoutly for his view of the case. He held that Stewart was nearing his latter end, and looking at the Here-after over a very low fence. "Stewart is being done to death," said the doctor, "merely to bolster Dr. McCrea's fixed idea that the ill-treated man is feigning his tragic disabilities."

Here it should be remembered that Dr. Bowie was speaking of Stewart's physical powers, as distinct from his mental side.

But the evidence given by the warders, and so powerfully corroborated, was too convincing to be disregarded by the other members of the Board, and the inquiry ended by agreeing with Dr. McCrea's estimate of Stewart's case, and of course exonerating him.

For a second time the obstinate Dr. McCrea was victorious over Dr. Bowie! In addition, lay preacher Brown's disinterested work, the Board's deliberations, "The Age" editor and his blistering leader, together with columns of letters to the editor of that and other daily newspapers, the public's verbal complaints, and Stewart's alleged play-acting, all set at nought by Dr. McCrea!

This exoneration naturally set Dr. McCrea more firmly on his throne, and left Stewart still more helplessly in his power. Further it weighed greatly with the authorities, and he became recognised as at the head of his profession, at any rate so far as the detection of malingerers was concerned.

But there was a strong public suspicion that the evidence had been "rigged." Looking back over the years it seems unreasonable, if not impossible, that a man could act such a trying part for so long a period. Let that pass, and consider the physical feats allegedly performed by prisoner Stewart when the case was going against Dr. McCrea. Two warders swore that he suddenly raised himself, ran to a wall eight feet high, drew himself to the top of it and signalled for tucker. As disclosed by the records Stewart's height was five feet nine inches. How then could he have reached the edge of the wall? Even admitting abnormal reach, and a good athlete's power of stretch, when the grip and the leverage to raise himself about three feet six inches from the ground? And how and with what did he signal?

In view of the outcome of Stewart's queer case one is forced to doubt the story. It has been a long time since 1870, yet evidence can still be adduced that it was nothing other than a well-attested lie. Would a man in full possession of his senses act so stupidly at such a crucial point in his gaol career? No, I say; and when you have finished this story I feel certain that you will agree with me.

Because of the doubtful circumstances of the inquiry, particularly its close, the Victorian public was still convinced that a tragic injustice was being done to a helpless man, now completely in the power of obstinate Dr. McCrea, whose obstinacy was regarded as a pernicious fact and an evil influence. But even the most challenging of burning questions can't burn for ever, and public interest in the matter of Stewart faded and flickered out. As stated at the beginning many a question, in its day almost too poignant for unchoked utterances, yet dropped into forgetfulness.

The great gaol of Pentridge resumed its normal round of monotony and silence. Stewart was carried from his cell to a grass plot each morning, and from the grass plot to his cell each evening. Eventually he was admitted as a patient in the gaol hospital, and there he displayed the first scrap of interest since his incarceration over four years perviously. From materials supplied he devised an uncommon sort of fiddle, and when he applied friction after the usual fashion results were strictly feline. But if it added nothing to the harmony of the gaol it at least seemed to occupy the pitiable looking thing who handled it. Stewart was apparently quite unable to walk, or even stand, and would sit all day with his legs crossed, meanwhile scraping out noises that sounded like the echo of a buried crime. At times he would crawl laboriously, like an infant learning how.

News of the man's awful condition reached the ears of the people of Melbourne, when it showed that there was fire in the old ember yet, and a plentifully signed petition was got up praying for Stewart's early release. But if the people really expected obstinate Dr. McCrea to weaken in his dictum, then that only proved that they did not know the measure of true obstinacy. It really seemed that if a man had been sent to Pentridge sentenced to have his left leg burned off Dr. McCrea would have attended to the matter, and followed up with the other one if called upon.

In due course the long sentence neared its end. The occasion on which two warders swore, and two others corroborated, that they had seen Stewart haul himself to the top of an eight-foot wall and inquire for sustenance represented the only alleged sign in his five years incarceration that the man was not genuinely insane.

On the day of Stewart's release he was carried out, away from the prison gloom, and its clammy silence, out of the jurisdiction of the unyielding Dr. McCrea, into the sunlight of freedom, at least such freedom as he might be able to enjoy, and driven in a gig down the Sydney road towards Melbourne.

Next day a man arrived at Coburg, strolled up Sydney road, and stopped in front of Pentridge Gaol. He waved his hat, and called out cheerily to warders visible on the cat-walks. Also, he executed quite a spirited piete of stepping. This astonishing visitor was . . . William Stewart, the horse thief and malingerer!

Dr. McCrea's obstinacy had been the obstinacy of knowledge.

The Doping of the Derby Favorite

By *RICHARD SINGER*

The history of the turf records many unsavory stories. Here is one telling of an attempt to nobble the Duke of Westminster's Bend Or before he successfully contested the English Derby.

THOSE lovers of history who specialise in horse-race lore will know that in the year 1880 the Duke of Westminster's Bend Or won the Derby. It may be that they will also know that Fred Archer on Bend Or defeated Mr. C. Brewer's Robert the Devil in the last stride by a short head, Mask being twelve lengths behind and the other fifteen horses nowhere. But how many know how fortunate Bend Or was to be in the race at all, owing to a supposed plan to dope or "noble" the horse and so to prevent it having any chance of getting even a place, if it did run at all?

The story all came out—or perhaps I should say that nearly all of it came out—for certain interesting details, as well as some probably even more interesting names, have never been brought to light. And the place of revelation was a Court of Law.

Of all things it was a libel action that supplied the public with many of the facts as to what had happened, and showed the luck

of the Duke and of the army of backers of the 1880 Derby favorite.

The horse Bend Or was kept and trained in the large establishment of Robert Peck, who trained for the Duke at the Russley stables. George Barrow was the veterinary surgeon who attended to many of Peck's horses in training, including Bend Or. The "Morning Post" was one of the leading London morning newspapers, and that journal employed a certain racing correspondent who dubbed himself "Pavo" (which is the Latin for peacock). "Pavo," whose real name was Langley, had a more than usually keen nose for scenting out sensational racing news. Scandals were as popular in the 1880's as in the 1950's, and newspapers and journalists seem to have been a good deal more forthright and illuminating in their reports and comments on such absorbing topics. Some days after the race the "Morning Post" came out with an article about Bend Or and the veterinary surgeon, Mr. George Barrow, the material part of which was as follows:

"*Palma qui meruit lerat* is a principle that quite removes the charge of flattery from any compliment I may feel disposed to pay Archer for his riding or Robert Peck for so triumphantly silencing his own and Bend Or's traducers both with respect to the horse's soundness and his thorough preparation. If ever a winner of the Derby was a 'nobbled horse,' in ring parlance, Bend Or was one . . . According to his usual custom Peck ordered a dozen steel balls for Bend Or to finish his preparation with, which were delivered by the veterinary of the stable to the head lad, who gave the first on the Monday night before the race. Contrary to expectation it had a soporific effect and the horse slept so soundly afterwards that the boy who looks after him had to rouse him up next morning; when, on Peck proceeding to his box, he quickly recognised the smell of turpentine. The veterinary happened to be present and suggested it might be lucerne, but Peck ridiculed such a notion and insisted the horse must have had a diuretic ball instead of a tonic one. The remainder of the parcel was therefore examined, and on each ball being broken open two more diuretics were discovered, both their smell and color being wholly different to the steel ones. The veterinary appeared quite unable to account for such an inexcusable blunder,

and at first attributed it to somebody having changed the balls 'to spite him'; but the absurdity of such a suggestion was made manifest by Peck reminding him that all were rolled up in the same paper with his own writing upon each. Bend Or luckily only had one of the 'wrong 'uns', or he would have been a 'gone coon' so far as the Derby is concerned. It is not a little remarkable that on the following Wednesday night at Manchester all sorts of prices were laid against the favorite, to the astonishment of everybody connected with him."

These remarks were deemed to convey very grave imputations upon the vet., Barrow, who demanded a retraction in the newspaper. In his racing letter in the "Morning Post" "Pavo" inserted an apology couched in conciliatory terms; but the plaintiff Barrow—or his advisers—were not satisfied with it. So an action was brought by Barrow against the newspaper for damages for libel. The plaintiff's counsel said that Barrow desired to clear his character. The newspaper pleaded that if the words were defamatory they were published without malice or gross negligence, and that a full apology had been inserted in the "Morning Post"; and further, the defendant paid into Court the sum of forty shillings, which the defendant considered enough to satisfy the plaintiff's claim, but which the plaintiff's counsel, with not a little justification, termed a contemptuous sum to offer. And when the case came before Mr. Justice Field and a special jury it attracted for many days a record attendance of interested auditors, many of them naturally being horse lovers, horse followers and horse dopers, and the leading counsel on both sides were among the most outstanding of their time. The trial developed into a mighty contest between two forensic giants. For Sir Charles Russell (later Lord Chief Justice of England and Lord Russell of Killowen) led for the plaintiff, and Sir Hardinge Giffard (subsequently Lord Halsbury and Lord Chancellor) led for the defendant. The powerful advocacy of both these famous counsel was eminently displayed in their strategy, their examination of witnesses and their eloquent addresses to the jury.

The story told by the plaintiff Mr. George Barrow was that he had been for some years the veterinary surgeon to Mr. Robert Peck the trainer and that as such he had attended the celebrated

two-year-old Bend Or at Peck's Russley stables; that at the request of Peck, who was following his usual custom, Barrow took to Russley for the horse a dozen steel balls manufactured by himself and handed them in due course to the proper stable lad; that the steel balls were individually wrapped in paper and that two separate parcels of half a dozen each were marked on the outside: "Tonic balls—special for Bend Or." Barrow said that he had the drugs by him and he described the ingredients as those usually employed by him for horse tonic medicine, namely powdered gentian, powdered camomile, powdered ginger and sulphate of iron all mixed with treacle, each ball weighing exactly one ounce. All this happened on a Saturday, 15th May, 1880, 10 days before the Derby. Barrow said that he saw Perk that morning at Russley and that Peck told him that "they had choked the old horse this morning" by giving it sulphur and nitre done up in a bit of paper." Barrow had a look at the horse and considered there was nothing wrong with it, but advised the lad who looked after it not to give it a ball until the Monday or Tuesday in case there might be some irritation of the gullet left. Barrow went to the Russley stables again on the Tuesday morning and Perk then said to him: "George, walk up with me and see how well Bend Or looks." As soon as the stable door was opened there was noticed a peculiar smell like turpentine, though the stable boys Gully and "Ben" noticed no smell. Barrow asked Gully if he had given the horse a "humour" ball, but Gully answered that the horse had only had two of Barrow's tonics. To Barrow's question as to whether the horse had had any green meat Peck replied that it had been having lucerne. Peck brought one ball to Barrow and asked if that was one of his, and Barrow said that it was certainly not and that it was a diuretic and not a tonic ball. After Peck said: "Well, it came out of your packet," and Peck went along and brought the balance of the balls, nine of them; and Barrow broke them all in half and found another that was not his make. Barrow said he could not account for it at all except that there was some scoundrel about the place and that the two balls were placed in the packet to injure him or to harm the horse. Barrow said that he pointed out that the packet had been left in an unlocked cornbin from the Monday afternoon till the Tuesday morning, where everyone

about Russley had access, and that he could not be answerable for the packet after it had left his possession. Barrow said that Peck then went away for a few minutes and that he (Barrow) was holding the pieces of broken balls in his hand, and because it was a hot day and they began to melt and stick to his fingers he pitched them on to the green. After that Barrow went to look after another horse, and when Peck came up to him there Peck asked for the balls and Barrow said that he would find them. Barrow said that he and the boy Ben together found the broken pieces lying on the green quite easy to see and that he gave them to Peck who took them into the house. This extraordinary action on Barrow's part very naturally caused many questions and much comment and discussion; especially because the boy Ben denied having seen Barrow find the discarded articles. Peck gave Barrow part of one of the spurious balls to have it analysed and Barrow sent it to Professor Tuson. Since these incidents Barrow had ceased to be employed at the Duke's stables, for his attention to which he had been under contract at a retainer of £200 a quarter. Barrow made out a statement of what had happened at the stables which Peck had signed as correct, and that was dated 5th June. It seems that another horse-owner named Craufurd was genuinely impressed by the article in the "Morning Post" and that Craufurd ceased to employ Barrow as the vet. to his stables in consequence of reading it, and that resulted in a further loss to Barrow of about another £150.

The cross-examination of George Barrow by the formidable Sir Hardinge Giffard extracted a number of very damaging contradictions and admissions from the plaintiff, who was very uncomfortable under the rain of questions resulting from an obviously well-prepared and thoroughly digested brief to counsel. The very first shot from Giffard's armoury shattered the reliability of the plaintiff's testimony. The statement dated the 5th June signed by Barrow and Peck (at Barrow's request) purported to be a resume of the incidents in connection with the discovery of the turpentine medicine. Barrow said in answer to Giffard that his assertion to his own counsel that the facts were not reduced to writing for handing to his solicitor was "untrue, and yet true." for Barrow had to admit that he had taken the statement to his solicitor immediately it had been signed. This written statement was appar-

ently elevated into a part of his counsel's brief, and therefore a document the production of which could not be demanded by the defence before trial; and as a fact inspection of it had been refused to the defence. Barrow said that that was not the object of so treating the statement, but that was obviously not true. And Barrow got into even worse trouble; for he had sworn that he had not obtained that statement for the purpose of showing it to one of his employers, Mr. Stanley Craufurd; but the very last sentence of this document itself bore the words that Barrow had asked Peck to sign it in order that he might show it to Mr. Craufurd and other employers of him as a veterinary surgeon.

Barrow had sworn that the only medicine he had supplied to any stables that Saturday the 12th May, was the twelve steel balls for Peck for Bend Or; but Barrow's own diary showed an entry of four dozen steel balls supplied by him that day; and all Barrow could do in face of that fact was to say in answer to Giffard that he could not account for that entry. The employees at Russley declared that Barrow had brought along to those stables a large assortment of prepared balls that Saturday, and Barrow had accordingly to take up the attitude that he could not swear that he had not so done, though he had previously sworn that the dozen for Bend Or were all he had brought to Russley that day. And when it came to the matter of the discarding of the broken balls at Russley, Barrow made the futile objection that he had not "thrown them away" but had only "pitched them on the green", saying to himself when he did so: "The humbugging balls don't belong to me." Barrow insisted that the boy Ben saw him find them on the green, but Ben denied this entirely. Barrow would not have it that Peck had said that it was a very extraordinary thing that he should throw away such important articles; but Peck insisted that he had said it; and of course that must have happened. And the correspondence completely confirmed Peck's testimony on that point. For Peck was naturally mightily concerned not only for himself and for the horse but also for the numerous employees of his extensive stables. Indeed Peck had written to Barrow on the 26th of June telling him that the Duke would not like to employ Barrow any more until the affair was cleared up entirely to the Duke's satisfaction. Peck pointed out that after five weeks the analysis had not been supplied—though Professor

Tuson was really at fault for this, as he admitted. And Peck went on:

"The circumstances is a most serious one, not only for you but for everyone employed in this establishment: And had I been from home when the balls were given it would have caused me to have looked with grave suspicion on Sherwood, Gully and the boy who looked after the horse. As the matter now stands it makes me feel uncomfortable to leave the horse, and I cannot go on in this way with any degree of pleasure . . . I am sure you know without my telling you that I have the most friendly feeling to you and will do all I can to help you in the matter. The affair has completely spoiled all the pleasure that attends a Derby victory, and it is altogether the most unpleasant experience that has ever come under my notice."

In answer to Giffard's question to one supremely important point, "What did you think of it yourself?" Barrow answered:

"The broken pieces were just as safe on the green as anywhere else. I thought them important certainly, but I had no intention of getting rid of them. I would have gone back and fetched them."

But all that of course sounds far too thin.

The opening of the defence to the jury by Sir Hardinge Giffard was subtle and effective. It was for the jury to say whether the apology was sufficient. The defendant admitted that he imputed want of care on the part of the plaintiff. But did the libel impute more than the facts justified? Why had the plaintiff pitched away the things confided to him when his reputation was involved? The signed statement of facts contained no syllable as to the throwing away of the balls, and the plaintiff had actually denied doing that in his sworn answers to the interrogatories. Could the plaintiff possibly have forgotten these the most important events of his life? The jury were entirely in the hands of the plaintiff as to the care exercised in his laboratory, and they would have to say whether the loss of business was due to the article or to the facts, which were most suspicious.

The Duke of Westminster stated in his evidence, which he gave from a seat upon the bench, that the article had nothing to do with the dispensing with the services of the plaintiff as the veterinary surgeon for his Grace's horses through Peck who em-

ployed him. Peck confirmed this, and showed that he had been throughout a very good friend to the plaintiff. Peck stated that he had drawn Barrow's attention to the fact that the discarding of the broken balls was not mentioned in the written statement, but Peck declared that Barrow had told him in reply that he only wanted the statement to show it to Craufurd and other of his employers. Peck considered that Barrow had made a mistake in giving the balls that contained turpentine.

The boy Gully's evidence differed a good deal from that of his employer Peck; but though he could not read or write he sounded like an honest witness, and he was not seriously damaged by Russell's cross-examination; nor indeed was any witness for the defence. The judge clearly showed his attitude to the case at this stage when he himself elicited from the boy Ben, who flatly denied seeing Barrow find the discarded broken balls, that at the time the grass on the green was very long.

Sherwood, a leading man in the Russley stables, supported Peck's very important piece of evidence that Peck had asked Barrow just after the discovery of the mistake, or "noble," to stay at the stables to see the effect of the ball given to the horse that morning. Barrow had answered that it would hardly be necessary as the ball had had its effect already. Then Sherwood turned to Barrow and said: "How can you tell if you did not mix the ball? There may be some ingredient besides turpentine in it." That looks like a knock-out blow for Barrow. But it wasn't.

For though defendant's counsel made a masterly appeal to the jury, he was followed by an equally eloquent effort by his learned friend, Sir Charles Russell, and also by a summing-up from the judge which must have swayed heavily with the jury.

So the jury found that the article contained unfounded imputations of dishonest conduct and a want of skill and care on the part of the plaintiff, and they awarded him £1000 on the former count and £750 on the latter, in all £1750. But, we are told, the question in whose interest, whether by negligence or malice, the Derby favourite was mismanaged was never brought forward; and this question has never been completely solved to this day.

MURDER---FOR A MOTOR CAR

By *FREDERICK J. CHRISTIE*

He wanted a motor car and murder offered the the only way which his desire could be fulfilled. The amazing story of a cold-blooded killing that once horrified South Australia.

[IT wasn't long before Mr. and Mrs. Brown realised that their new boarder was mad about motor cars.

Whilst many young men of his age were getting stuck in to the fritzies, he appeared to be unaware there was a war on, and spent most of his spare time pestering owners of motor cars with queries about the mechanism of their vehicles.

At the evening meal after finishing his work at a smelting works at Port Pirie, South Australia, he could talk of nothing with the Browns but the various makes of motor cars he had seen and examined, so when he announced his intention of buying a car to learn all about it's working by tinkering with it, they agreed it was a good way to learn, and left it at that.

As the daily discourse on motor cars tended to get a bit monotonous, the Browns were rather relieved when he told them that he proposed to go to Adelaide the following week to buy a car but before doing so he wondered if they would mind if he dug a pit in the back yard. This he explained would allow him to inspect and service the car in a much easier manner than if he had to crawl underneath it. As they had seen servicing pits at garages the Brown's saw no reason why they should refuse this request, and after work each day he set to and dug a pit, which, when finished, measured 4ft. in depth by 6ft. in length.

Neighbour's of the Browns, unaware of the reason for the un-

usual activity of the young man in the Browns' backyard, made many facetious remarks when they saw the big hole in the ground, enquiring who their boarder proposed to bury. The Browns took these remarks in the spirit intended, and in reply to the one about the burial told the neighbours that they would soon see the reason for it when their boarder returned from Adelaide. They little realised how true this was to be.

The distinction (if one can call it such) of pioneering a new technique in a crime of violence is one that only a hardened crook might like to claim, but strangely enough a previous cleanskin in crime was actually the first thug in Australia to single out the unsuspecting taxi driver as an easy mark. The Motor Car was just ousting the horse-drawn cab as a popular public means of transport when the Browns' boarder left for Adelaide.

About midnight of a hot November night in 1918, the Browns heard the sound of a motor car being driven into their yard, and early next morning rushed outside to have their first peep at the car their boarder had bought. Assuming that his finances would only allow him to buy an old model used car referred to nowadays as a "bomb", they were amazed when they saw a flash and shiny Talbot car standing over the pit, but perplexed a little when they found that he had filled in the pit he had spent so much time in digging.

A week later they read in a newspaper that an Adelaide taxi driver named "Snowey" Jacques and his Talbot motor car was missing and were the subject of a police search, so when their boarder returned from work that evening they mentioned the matter.

"That's funny," he told them. "I bought the car from a man named Jacques."

"Don't you think you should tell the police?" queried Mr. Brown.

"Sure," he replied, "I better tell 'em."

Their boarder was as good as his word for next day he took a day off from work, went to the Port Pirie Police and told them that a man named Jacques had sold him a Talbot car similar to the one reported missing and produced a receipt:

"Your name?" queried the desk Sergeant as he prepared to record the report in Daily Occurrence Book.

“Budd—Percival William Budd.”

“Age?”

“25.”

“Occupation?”

“Metal worker at the Broken Hill smelting plant.”

“Receipt looks alright but I suppose we better check up.”

The Sergeant, another flattie, and Budd went to the Browns' home and examined the car, and as a result the Port Pirie cops asked Adelaide to send a detective there as soon as possible. The 'D' examined the car and found traces of blood on the mat in the back of the car, and on one of the mudguards.

“Me nose bled a bit from excitement after I got the car home,” Budd explained to the questioning 'D'.

“I suppose you'd get some on your overalls too?” queried the suspicious 'D'.

“Yes. I was wearing them at the time.”

“Better give me a look at them,” demanded the 'D' who not only examined the overalls but all his clothes as well, finding no blood on the overalls but traces of blood on the suit the Browns said Budd was wearing on the day he left for Adelaide. Budd was taken into custody, the 'D' finding on return to the police station that a message was awaiting him from a fellow 'D' in Adelaide revealing that the receipt supposedly signed by Jacques was a forgery.

Having located the missing motor car, the next task of the 'D' was to find the owner. Budd told the inquisitive 'D' that Jacques had taught him to drive in a series of driving lessons that took two days, then pocketed the money, gave a receipt and left Port Pirie to return to Adelaide.

Back at the Brown home the 'D' learnt for the first time the interesting information that Budd had spent much time in digging a pit in the back yard and inexplicably had filled it in the day he arrived with the car, which led the 'D' to hasten to the police station and return with two hefty cops, both armed—with shovels.

Nobody was more surprised than the Browns when the diggers recovered the body of “Snowey” Jacques under 4ft. of soil. He had been battered to death with a lead pipe which was also found in the pit. A suitcase containing a change of clothes and pyjamas, the property of the murdered man, was also found in the pit, which

gave the 'D' a lead enabling him to present the Crown Prosecutor with an open and shut case against the accused later at the trial.

At an inquest held at Port Pirie a Coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against Percival William Budd and he was committed for trial at the Criminal Court in Adelaide.

It was a hushed Court which listened as the Crown Prosecutor outlined the case against the accused. "Seldom," he said, "are crimes planned so cold-bloodedly. It will be shown that the accused had dug a grave before he selected his victim. Having induced the unsuspecting couple with whom he boarded to allow him to dig a pit in their backyard ostensibly for the purpose of servicing a motor car he proposed to buy, it will further be shown that the accused went to a cab rank near the railway station here in Adelaide, where most of the public vehicles are horse-drawn although there are several motor taxis. After inquiries the accused hired an unsuspecting taxi driver to take him to Port Pirie. He told Jacques—his selected victim—that his name was Costello, that he was a wool buyer, and on arrival at Port Pirie he would be required to drive his vehicle to various parts of the district. The unfortunate Jacques, whom, I understand, was well-known as a long distance driver and held the Melbourne-Adelaide record for a motor car, was happy at the prospect of a long trip and packed his suitcase. On the way across his passenger must have shown a keen interest in the car for it appears from the accused's own admission that Jacques allowed him to drive part of the way. At Port Pirie, Budd under the name of Costello booked into a hotel and arranged with Jacques to drive him around. After two days running around the district during which the accused seems to have paid the driver a retainer, they set off for Crystal Brook, 20 miles from Port Pirie. It proved to be a one-way trip for the totally unsuspecting driver. Cold-bloodedly Budd battered the driver with a lead pipe, threw his body into the back seat and drove back to the Browns' house at Port Pirie. The Browns were in bed and although they heard the motor car being driven into the yard, they did not hear him using a shovel with which he buried the body in the pit, neither did they hear him washing bloodstains off the car's upholstery and bodywork."

The outcome of the trial was a foregone conclusion. Budd went to the gallows on April 24, 1919.

THE SACRIFICE of the DEATH-BOWL

By *DULCIE DEAMER*

There seemed no reason why James Davis' heart should be filled with hatred for the aborigines! The story, now told for the first time, reveals the ghastly episode that opened his eyes.

I HAD this strange and fantastic story—fact can be exceedingly fantastic—from an elderly man who had heard his father repeat it again and again to intimate friends. The father must have been, perhaps, the only person to whom the central figure of the narrative related the main event, being moved to do so, seemingly, because of the other's knowledge of Aboriginal life and intense interest in the customs and beliefs of the natives.

The general background and other facts of the story were widely known at the time, though now probably completely forgotten. The central figure himself, James Davis, was known, at the time that my informant's father met him—he being then an old man—as a gruff and tight-lipped person, who for a long while previously had refused to discuss his extraordinary past with anyone.

There were, I believe, references to his known adventures in "Reminiscences of Early Queensland," by Tom Petrie, published in 1904.

When my informant's father got to know him he was running a hardware shop in Brisbane. That would be some time before the beginning of this century.

James Davis was born in Scotland, and transported (I don't know for what offence) to the Brisbane Convict Settlement while he was still a lad.

A Captain Logan ruled the settlement at the period, a man with a distinguished military record, but a merciless tyrant of the first water, as were so many of those in authority in transportation days. During his term of office convict floggings were so frequent and brutal that the chain gangs regarded death as their only friend.

In the end the convicts murdered Logan, and it was about the time of this occurrence that Davis and a mate managed to escape, contacting the Kabi tribe of coastal natives.

Before our own inexcusable treatment of the Aborigines had taught them to hate the sight of us, any white man who refuged with them found kindness and hospitality, at least as far as Australia's east coast was concerned.

So the two lash-scarred convicts were well received.

Shortly, however, only one of them was in the land of the living. They knew, of course, nothing of the beliefs and rites of their hosts; had never heard of burial, in a specially woven basket, in the branches of a tree. Davis' mate saw one such basket in the vicinity of the camp, and desiring it for the purpose of going oyster gathering, climbed up and emptied out the bones of the dead warrior.

To avenge this sacrilege the nearest kinsman of the deceased naturally speared him.

But Davis remained a favoured adoptee of the tribe, and for a very good reason.

In this locality if a man was killed in an inter-tribal fight the body was brought back to the sacred Bora-ground, singed, and then the whole of the outer skin was scraped off with a sharp

shell, so that the corpse presented an appearance of at least partial whiteness.

Joined to the fact that the scraped bodies of their slain warriors were white, these coastal natives had observed the Europeans all arrived from the east, from the direction in which the sun rose over the sea, so they reasoned that these people were reincarnated folk of their own, returning to their land from the sun.

Reincarnation is, of course, a more or less general belief among the Aborigines, and those who in their ceremonies portray returned ghosts are whitened with paint and attached bird-down; this custom being independent of the local usage of post-mortem body-scraping.

So an old lubra of the Kabis announced to the tribe that she recognised James Davis as her dead son, Duramboi, who had come back to her.

When her husband and her relatives had inspected Davis in the light of this statement they agreed that it was so, and the tribe simply accepted the fact.

For all practical purposes James Davis ceased to exist from then on, and Duramboi, acknowledged by all, had returned to his people.

A bark shelter was his home; he went practically naked, sharing the wallabies, snakes and goannas that were devoured, and with cautious Scottish shrewdness watched the behaviour of those about him so that he could copy it. •

It may have been the walkabout habit of the tribe that set him off later, when he had acquired the language of the people and a fair notion of the rules of their life, upon a far-ranging wandering of his own. Or it may be that he wanted to place as much distance as possible between himself and the white man's hell he had escaped from.

Certain it is that Duramboi, going on from tribe to tribe, moved far to the north.

In the course of these sojournings and journeyings he passed through various initiation ceremonies, becoming thus a fully-

fledged "Aboriginal," but always accepted as a returned ghost; which acceptance helped him out of many a tight corner, as he only needed to explain that he had been dead so long that he had forgotten this or that observance.

Thus we find Duramboi, after the passing of years, up in the Mary River region. It was now somewhere in the 1840's.

And it was here that there occurred the murderous drama which Davis-Duramboi did not describe to any who questioned him later concerning his life with the natives—with the sole exception, apparently, of my informant's father who, in his old age, managed to win his confidence.

The chief of the tribe had been slain in an inter-tribal battle, and the bush surrounding the encampment echoed nightlong to the wailing of the lubras, the howling of the tribe's dogs in sympathy, and the cry of the aged warriors who had in hand the preparations for the burial.

One of the wailing lubras, young, unwed, and a personable, smiling, dusky wench, had previously attracted the attention of Duramboi. He had managed to meet her secretly from time to time, and had reason to believe that she felt an equal interest in himself. If there was no other way of accomplishing his purpose with regard to her he was considering a plan for elopement, dangerous as that might possibly be. They might have to go swiftly far beyond the range of the tribe he was now with and find sanctuary perhaps with some group hostile to his present tribal "brothers."

The chief's body had been carried to the tribe's Bora-ground on a sheet of stringybark, and placed in a circle of small fires, with an opening to the west, so that the spirit could depart that way.

The night of wailing ended. The tribe's women and children, and its young men who were not yet fully initiated, retired accord-

ing to rigid, sacred custom to a spot in the bush sufficiently distant from the Bora-ground, for they must see and know nothing.

The men of the Bora-circle gathered at the sacred place, a secluded area, enclosed by scrub, where there was a natural stretch of flat rock. Each man had painted upon his body the symbol of his personal totem.

Duramboi, the "ghost", as fully initiated as any of them, stood with them. It was the first time that he had taken part in this particular ceremony.

On the flat rock surface was the childishly crude outline of a human figure, incised with stone tools. It represented a goddess, Yarkamata, "the inalevolent mother," whose actual spirit-body was thought of as being fiery red, for she was cruel and evil. Where her left breast was outlined there had been cut a hollow. This was the Balum, the death-bowl. Yarkamata was known as "the mother of the death-bowl."

The painted sorcerer of the tribe, who was now to become "the father of the death-bowl," placed a magic pebble on the head of the woman-outline, and chanted an incantation and laid a comurra, a special bark coolamon, upon the death bowl.

Two of the Bora-men moved from the circle of silent watchers and vanished into the scrub.

Above was the hot blue sky, within the circle the chief's corpse lay on the stringybark covered with green leaves, and the only sounds were the cries of bush birds.

A slight rustle, and the two Bora-men who had vanished appeared again. Between them walked a girl. Her eyes were wide with fear, her naked body glistened with the sweat of fear.

Duramboi stiffened as he stood, though he dared make no sign.

The girl was the young lubra he had met in secret.

He knew that the full ceremonial burial ritual required the

presence of a young girl to complete it, but knew no more. The fear in her eyes frightened him. What would they do to her? He could do nothing. He was fully aware of that.

The girl was made to lie on the goddess-outline. Her terrified eyes met his for an instant before she looked away.

The sorcerer took up a mardi, a stone knife. While the ring of painted watchers gazed immobile the sorcerer's arm descended.

She shuddered terribly, but made no sound. She had been through the initiation into womanhood, and had learned to be silent under pain.

As the blood welled the sorcerer caught it in the comurra, the blood-coolamon. At the same time his voice was raised in an exultant shout. The girl went limp. She had shut her eyes.

There was a long moment of silence. Duramboi's teeth and his hands clenched as he witnessed the grim ceremony. The blood drained into the coolamon, and at last it brimmed.

The sorcerer raised the lubra's head. Her sick eyes opened, with a look in them like that of a dying animal. For a moment she looked at him, then a shudder ran through her body.

Her head fell back. She appeared to be no longer conscious. Blood was still running from her mutilated body.

The two Bora-men who had brought her lifted her up, carrying her back into the bush, as the sorcerer filled the death bowl with blood. The blood lust of Yarkamata, the red goddess, was thus appeased.

A red mist was before the eyes of Duramboi. But he stood motionless as did the others. Any move on his part to stay the rite would have meant instant death, and would not have saved

the girl.

He was barely able to notice how the chief's corpse was laid carefully upon the outline of "the mother of the death bowl," and was anointed by the sorcerer with the contents of the Balunn; how it was then folded in an opossum-skin rug, and so tied that it sat with the chin resting on the knees.

The girl died. Though those who had been forced to endure the horrible ordeal usually survived after a fashion, a seal of silence imposed upon them so that they never spoke of what had happened at the Bora-ground.

To have had to helplessly witness the ritual murder of the lubra he had desired scorched the soul of Duramboi. It was probably why he was so savagely taciturn concerning his experiences and why, after his return to civilisation, he consistently abused the natives who, in the main, had generously succoured him and literally treated him as a brother.

The dramatic story of his return to his own kind after the

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horrid tragedy of the death bowl must now be related.

It was after the ritual murder that a band of natives with whom Duramboi was on walkabout contacted Kilcoy Station on the Upper Brisbane River. He himself kept well away from the hut on this sheep run which housed a couple of shepherds—a lonely outpost of white civilisation. He had no urge to meet those of his own stock; all the less so, perhaps, because of the scar on his emotions, which had been branded there in a world of which they had no inkling. And he had lived so long in that world that he himself was far more blackfellow than white.

The Aborigines hung about the hut, both wary and menacing, pestering for food in a word or two of pidgin they had picked up. What more natural? The cleared scrub where the white men's strange animals grazed stood for a serious encroachment upon the hunting grounds that fed them.

The two shepherds didn't see it in that light. Fearful of being speared, they mixed arsenic, left with them for dipping sheep affected with scab, with some of the flour they had and gave it to the blacks.

Those who ate it, including women and children, died horribly in convulsions.

Duramboi looked on, impassive. Had he not watched a young girl pitilessly and obscenely gashed until she died?

It was at this juncture that another "ghost" came on the scene.

A young convict named Bracefell, who had fled into the bush at about the same time as Duramboi's escape, had also been regarded as a reincarnation of a dead relative, and named Wandj. Therefore he had lived as long as Duramboi in the world of the Aborigines, and was as fully a blackfellow.

In the year 1842 a Mr. Andrew Petrie was Overseer of Works

at Brisbane's convict settlement. Times had changed; the sub-human severity of the shameful past was being broken down—and none too soon. Mr. Petrie had heard rumours of runaway convicts allegedly living with the blacks north of Brisbane and had been instructed to try and contact them.

He sailed north, and about half way between Moreton Bay and the entrance to Wide Bay landed south of Noosa Lakes. It was with the Noosa Lakes natives that Bracefell-Wandi had made his home.

Contact was established by means of two Brisbane settlement natives who had come with Petrie, and the "wild white man" gave himself up.

Was he punished? Petrie assured him he had nothing to fear; the days of chains and floggings were over.

So Bracefell sailed fifty miles up the Mary River with Petrie, and where a gathering of natives was seen near the bank he went ashore with two convicts and the Brisbane natives.

Duramboi was with the black folk collected there who recognised Wandi as one of themselves, but wanted to spear the convicts. The two "ghosts" stopped this and together returned to Petrie.

But before they reached his riverside camp Duramboi repented of his spur of the moment decision. He furiously accused Wandi of betraying him in order to have his own waiting punishment mitigated.

Wandi threw off his white man's garments and, naked as Duramboi, passionately harangued him in native style. This worked, and the pair of bearded, sun-blackened men stalked nude into the camp.

Petrie has recorded in his journal how wild were the eyes of Duramboi, how un-European his gestures, how he regarded the

whites as if he had never seen their like before, and could only haltingly speak a word or two of English.

Thus was James Davis reborn. All who met him after his return to civilisation commented on his moroseness, and his consistent abuse, when he could be induced to speak of the past, of the Aborigines.

They knew nothing of the sacrifice of the death bowl, and what convulsion had occurred in his soul while he watched the blood gushing from the dreadful wounds of a young, shapely, dark-skinned girl.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE

By T. M.

His youth was no match for the cleverness of the jewel thieves. At the same time it played its part in bringing them to justice. A story in which knavery and Cupid are intermingled.

THE person who recounted this un-ordinary sequence of events to me has no objection to my retelling them if everything remains carefully anonymous. The special personal reason for this will appear in the course of the story.

It all happened over forty years ago, when he was a young fellow of twenty-five. The location was a large town in Victoria.

I will call my informant simply John (which isn't his christian name).

In spite of his youth he was junior partner in a firm of jewellers, that satisfactory position being due to family influence. As he himself says, "I was hardly a business man's bootlace really in those days. Rather a day-dreaming young fool. I guess they wouldn't have put up with me if it hadn't been for my old man."

Well. it was a fine day, business was quiet and John happened to be alone at the moment in the showroom of the jeweller's shop,

which, in those days, was the most important one in the town. He was examining a couple of diamond necklaces, which were something rather special, before returning them to the safe when a woman and a girl came in.

Both were well dressed, the woman of the type you would describe as of "the leisured class," with plenty of poise and assurance, and the girl seeming not to be more than eighteen or nineteen, and very pretty.

John was of an age, and temperament, when a really pretty girl tended to turn everything upside down for him and reduce him to a partially dazed state.

The woman produced a simple little brooch of hardly any value (a keepsake John supposed), and wanted to leave it to have the catch repaired.

The diamond necklaces were still in evidence, and as any woman would, she exclaimed at their beauty.

"Oh, Lila, look at these!" she cried.

The fair girl turned blue eyes upon the necklaces and John. His heart performed a somersault. They were remarkably fine blue eyes, but more serious than they had any right to be on such a nice day, and in the case of such a young slip of a girl.

The woman asked if she might inspect the finer of the two necklaces more closely, held it against the girl's blue silk dress, and exclaimed, "Lila, if only we might get it for you to wear tonight!"

The girl seemed to falter when she answered, "No, Mother—I—I don't really need it. And—Father mightn't like it."

"I don't know," said the older woman slowly, as if considering. "If he saw it— It'll be very expensive, of course, but we don't often ask him for a big present like this."

She flashed a charming smile upon John, returned the necklace to him, and explained, "My name is Mrs. Alfred Hammond, and my husband has a station in New South Wales. We're over here for a few months and have rented a house from a friend—" she mentioned a suburban address. "If you ring the local Bank of New South Wales they will verify my husband's standing. Friends of ours are giving a real party tonight for my daughter, and I'd love her to be able to wear these diamonds to it. But the final

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE

say rests with her father—of course. He's at home now. Could you possibly send someone with us, with the necklace—the car's outside—so that my husband could see it? If he feels about it the way I do he could send the cheque straight back by whoever you send."

That, as far as my informant can recall it, is what was said.

He remembers thinking at the time, with the part of his mind that wasn't semi-hypnotised by the pretty, yet strangely grave, blonde girl, that the diamond necklace (it was a very expensive one) was too "old" for a teenager. But that was the would-be buyer's business, not his.

On the spur of the moment he said he'd come along with them himself. Naturally. A chance to get acquainted, perhaps, with the demure maiden who looked to him like someone out of a fairy tale.

It surprises him in retrospect that he had enough ordinary common sense left to ring the bank, as suggested. However, he did so, and Alfred Hammond appeared to be a sound enough financial proposition.

So with the necklace in its case in his pocket he accompanied mother and daughter from the shop.

He doesn't recall much about the drive, save that the mother chatted amiably, and the daughter spoke little, turning upon him from time to time the glamorous blueness of her gaze, which struck him oddly as being in some not easily definable way, frightened.

They stopped before an unpretentious, two-storied suburban residence, and the mother told the chauffeur, "You can wait here, Harry, and drive the gentleman back presently."

Then, apologetically to John, "This house is not much to look at, but we obliged an old friend by taking it, and my husband hates hotels."

John was ushered into a room towards the back of the house, and was asked to produce the necklace that it might be once more admired, the daughter remaining passive as before.

The mother exclaimed over it again.

Said she, "If my husband doesn't agree—I'm sure he will—I'll

buy it myself. I've an account, too, you know. It will only mean that I'll have to cut out some things I meant to do, and that's quite determined that it must stay in the family—for Lila."

Holding the necklace and the case she turned to a desk on which stood a black metal despatch box, and before John could stop her, he saw her unlock it with a key she took from her handbag, put the case inside and relock it, the daughter meanwhile standing by the window and looking out as if immersed in some problem of her own.

"There!" said Mrs. Hammond brightly. "Nothing like taking no chances with jewellery as valuable as that. Now I'll find Father and have a word with him, and bring him along. My daughter will keep you company. I shan't be long."

Animated and smiling she left the room.

Almost at once the girl, who seemed paler than she ought to be, and whose eyes were definitely frightened now, said in a quick, low voice to John, "I—I don't want it. I'll get it, and you can take it away."

She went to the despatch box, tried to open it.

"Oh, she's locked it and taken the key!"

There was distress in her voice.

"Miss Hammond—" began John, puzzled.

The girl turned quite a tragic face to him, looked at him for a moment as might a legendary damsel in distress, and then went straight out of the room.

John was left more than a little bewildered. "Her old man must be a tartar," was his involuntary mental reaction.

He hoped that this might be a prelude to really getting to know her, though this seemed rather unlikely. She was certainly not the sort of girl one ordinarily met; too pretty for one thing. And there was something . . . mysterious about her. Yes, that was the word. He watched the door, and hoped she would come back.

She didn't.

Just after she left him there had been vague sounds and voices, but only for a minute or two. Now there was complete silence.

This silence lengthened and lengthened. He might have been

alone in the house as far as any indications went.

When more than half an hour, by his watch, had flown, John felt that he must take some action, though loath to do so, as he admits he was at that time of the shy and socially passive type.

He ventured into the passageway. No sound. A half open door or two revealed empty rooms. He went part way up the stairs and called. And called again and again. No answer.

He felt sure now that the house was empty.

But the diamonds were in the despatch box—he had seen the woman put them there.

She had locked it, but—

He knew something of the locksmith's arts, and felt sure he could force the lock with his pocket knife.

In trembling haste he did so, and snatched out the case. It was empty.

The diamond necklace was gone!

John felt sick in the pit of the stomach. He—the firm—had been robbed. But the girl—she had been frightened; she had tried to discourage the woman in the matter of the necklace; she had tried to give it back to him. How did she come into it?

He had noticed a telephone in the hall . . . he must ring the police.

Which he tried to do for quite a while until he discovered that the telephone wire had been cut.

So John, hatless, hurried out to contact a policeman.

It took some time in that quiet suburb, but finally John and a "copper" returned hotfoot to the house of disaster. They went right through it, with the exception of the kitchen whose door was locked. But a heavy policeman is no slouch when it comes to forcing a door, and they were soon inside.

A body lay on the floor, bloody and bruised. It was the girl Lila.

"Cracked with this little wood-chopping tomahawk. Must have been a row in the camp," said the policeman.

All John found to say was, "Is she dead?"

"No, but in a pretty bad way. This was a hurried job, just before the others made their getaway. They probably thought they'd done her in. Afraid she'd talk."

"Get the nearest doctor!" blurted John.

Lila was not a crook. Lila had been terrified. Lila had tried to get the diamonds back to him.

And now the way in which John blossomed into a resolute knight-errant mildly surprises him, looking back through the years. A cousin of his conducted a private hospital, and it was there that he had Lila taken.

When she was able to tell him her story he pulled sufficient strings to have her kept out of the spotlight of publicity, and though the diamond necklace was finally recovered, and though her evidence, given privately, helped to track down the thieves, she remained outside the picture.

She was an orphan, reared in Sydney by relatives indifferent to the point of unkindness, and was older than he had supposed, being twenty-two. Their one idea being to get her off their hands, she had gone before she was twenty to be companion to an elderly lady who had recently died and Lila, seeking another similar position, had thus met Mrs. Blair (the woman who had posed for the purposes of the diamond theft as Mrs. Hammond, the actual Mrs. Hammond being a New South Wales station owner's wife and in the town at that time).

Engaged as a sort of lady's maid-companion to Mrs. Blair, it wasn't very long before even she, innocent as she was, began to realise that she was with criminals. (Harry, the "chauffeur," posing sometimes as Mrs. Blair's son, and sometimes as her brother, was the other half of the team). Lila could only guess that her own unsophistication was in the nature of a useful "blind" for their activities.

Before she could break away—though they kept her moneyless, watched her carefully, and in Victoria she had no friends—various purloined small articles of value had been "planted" by them in her handbag at times, and they had dinned it into her that she was now "one of them." This had completely terrified her, keeping her dumb.

She had just about reached breaking point when the diamond necklace incident occurred.

All names used in this narrative are completely fictitious.

Why? Because "John" married "Lila."

THE BODY FLOATED

By *W. CAMPBELL CHARNLEY*

Published many years ago in "Famous Detective Stories" and now out of print, this story is reprinted at the request of many readers. It tells the story of a sensational West Australian murder.

JUST a little after three o'clock on the afternoon of 16th December, 1946, a man with something to report stepped into the suburban police station of South Perth. "I was out on the river just now, and I saw a dead woman!"

The constable in charge registered attention. "What was she like? Was she floating?"

"Yes."

"Was she dressed or in bathers?"

"Seemed to have all her clothes on."

"About where was it?"

"Straight out from Coffee Point."

"Looks serious. Thanks for bringing the information. We'll get the Water Police on the job right away."

But before the Water Police had discovered anything on the wide area of the Swan River out from Coffee Point the 'phone rang in the South Perth Police Station. "There's what looks to be a woman floating about a hundred yards out from the end of Como Jetty." Como is one of Perth's beach resorts, opposite to Coffee Point, but separated by about two miles of water. Evidently the now twice-sighted corpse was travelling quickly up river with the tide.

Wading out nearly shoulder deep in the shallows, the two South Perth constables reached the floating body. Then they met with a surprise. Since the first notification of the presence of a floating body, various surmises had been stirring in their minds—simple drowning—accident—suicide—or, as a rather vague possibility, murder. Now, as their hands reached out to grasp the nearly submerged body, the last possibility flashed to the fore—the dead woman was floating on her back, and fastened around her waist, so that it hung beneath her, was a slab of concrete. While one side of her head was battered in a way only to be described as ghastly. Suicide now became the vague possibility. Murder!

But this juncture is really not quite the place where this narrative should start—let us step back at least three months earlier.

Suppose you were to find yourself at, say, 2 a.m., which is not far past midnight, walking through the pitch dark interior of a semi-public building; in the manager's office of which stood an old-fashioned safe containing a certain £500, and possibly a deal more besides. Supposing, just as you passed through a barely seen doorway, a stern voice snapped: "Stop where you are. Police here!" While in the same dramatic instant a powerful torch flashed full on to you.

It would be definitely one of those moments—wouldn't it?

But Leonard Charles Jackson was equal to the occasion, for even as his eyes received the blinding glare of the torch, he replied, without a tremor: "I knew you were here. I expected you. I knew you were here."

Later in his history Charles Leonard Jackson became frequently referred to as "a Kalgoorlie business man"; certainly he was a super-salesman.

But the three detectives who stood behind the torch displayed high sales resistance. "Don't move. Don't try to start anything. We'll just give you a run-over."

Jackson smiled easily. "What do you take me for—a burglar. Don't be silly—I've been asleep in the card room half the night. I just woke up and was trying to find my way out."

But the detectives found it difficult to accept Jackson's explanation. To begin with, this day upon which they were now entering was to see the running of the Boulder Cup, one of the big racing events of the West Australian Goldfields Spring Carnival. The night that the clock had just left behind had seen things exceedingly busy in this now empty Tattersall's Club. Besides the calling of the card for the Boulder Cup, a £500 Calcutta Sweep had been promoted and filled. The money from this, together with the considerable takings from the bar, should have been placed in the club's bank. But all banks were closed long before the sweep was filled, so, lacking such security, the club manager decided to trust to his office safe. But he had not been in any way overconfiding; besides trusting to the safe, he engaged three detectives to keep watch over it.

At 12 midnight on that 4th September, 1946, the three detectives, Detective Sergeant Douglas in command, had reported for duty. At 12.20 a.m., that is, twenty minutes later, the manager of the club and the club steward had left the premises—after having minutely searched the whole club building, upstairs and downstairs, to be certain that no sleeping, or wideawake, loiterers remained. Then the outer doors had been locked, and the police left to their night-long vigil.

Things had remained quiet for just over an hour and a half. Then, just as the club clock struck two, the quiet was broken by the sound of footsteps passing down the left wall of the building.

Listening intently, the detectives heard the footsteps halt. Then sounds came suggestive of a window being tried.

But that window evidently was obstinate, and the footsteps passed on, to halt again at the window of the card room, just next to the bar room, wherein the listeners waited.

Came sounds again as of a window being tried—with a lever—sounds of a window being cautiously lifted, sounds as of someone climbing through and landing with a light plop on the cardroom floor. Then, most surprising, the momentary flash of a powerful torch, which seemed to seek out and show the doorway out of the card room.

Then the dramatic interception of this seeming intruder, followed by Jackson's superb exhibition of salesmanship.

"Strange how you should have been sleeping in the card room, and been missed when the manager searched the entire place."

"I was asleep in the big lounge chair behind the door—that's how they must have come to miss me."

Certainly the lounge chair behind the card room door was big and capacious. But Jackson was a big man—16 stone weight and near to six feet tall. Another odd thing was that Jackson was in his working clothes, greasy khaki, for he was a cook by trade.

The three detectives knew this Leonard Charles Jackson. First, in his capacity as a "Kalgoorlie business man"—he being the proprietor of a delicatessen-cafe, "The Bright Spot," situated right in the busiest part of Hannan Street, Kalgoorlie's main thoroughfare. The detectives also knew him—in that sinister way—"known to the police."

So, frankly, the detectives refused to believe his story; they contended that he was an intruder on the club premises, there for a felonious purpose. So, in the end, the matter was referred to the arbitration of judge and jury.

The 23rd November saw Jackson brought up for trial in the Kalgoorlie Supreme Court. And here he successfully sold his story to the jury. He had, in fact, improved upon it. Not for one moment would he doubt that all the significant sounds that the detectives had heard had been reality. It must have been such

sounds, in fact, that woke him from his sleep. His stirring in the chair and rising had probably frightened the intruder away. And so he had regained wakefulness, had started in the effort to find an outer door so that he could set off home—only to be intercepted by the detectives and accused of being the actual intruder.

The prosecution, of course, presented a strong case: the evidence of the club manager, supported by the evidence of the club steward, that the building had been searched thoroughly on that night of 4th September. They both were positive that no one was either sitting or sleeping in the big lounge chair behind the card room door.

But their certitude became like thistle-down when Jackson took the witness stand to testify on his own behalf. This eve of the Boulder Cup had been a gala night in Hannan Street. He had met so many friends, men up from Perth for the races, men he had known in the army, had had so many schooners that by 11 o'clock he had been very much "under the weather." Returning at that hour to his cafe he had put on his working clothes with the idea of making some preparation for the morning. But while so doing, he had been seized with the desire, so common with persons over-indulged with strong liquor, of having just another "spot" before the night ended.

Out in Hannan Street once more he found all the hotels closed. But there was still a place where a man might get a drink—at the club, just around the corner. The club bar was still open, drinks were being served. But the barman had had a discerning eye. "You've had enough for one night." So Jackson, denied his drink, had stepped into the busy card room, finding only one chair vacant, the big lounge behind the door, had dropped into it, and promptly dropped off to sleep. Anyway, he concluded, why should he, a well-to-do business man, seek to rob the club? For his business alone he had only recently refused an offer of £1,500; he was prepared to sell it for not less than £2,000.

Well, you've got to give an accused man the benefit of the doubt. It was just possible, the jury decided, that Jackson had fallen asleep in the card room chair; just possible that the manager and steward had missed him in their midnight run over the club

building; just possible that someone else trying to enter the card room window had awakened him; so, notwithstanding that the police had had what appeared as a "red-handed capture," the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

Salesmanship superb, without question. For, although it does not enter this story, which is a story of murder, the police later found evidence that proved that Jackson was seen in Hannan Street quite half an hour after the club had closed, so he couldn't possibly have been inside asleep.

There used to be a proverb current among the one-time subjects of the Terrible Turk: "There is no safety but in obscurity." Had Leonard Charles Jackson known of it he might have given its lesson some serious thought. For his brilliant victory over the police had raised him from obscurity—a man who was such a hard-boiled individual as to be able to remain cool and concoct an excuse right on the spur of the moment like that—well, every West Australian policeman and detective who had ever enjoyed nodding acquaintance with him remembered him again—"That's Jackson, who got away with it so cleverly in Kalgoorlie."

But the story was interrupted just when the South Perth police were drawing the woman's body closer in to the shore: just when they had made the startling discovery that beneath her, fastened to her waist with stranded steel wire, was a slab of concrete, which, to all appearances, should have been sufficient to keep the body forever at the bottom of the river. Later it was found to measure 2ft. by 1ft. by 2½ inches thick, weighing just on fifty pounds.

By this time detectives from headquarters had arrived, and a few minutes later the ambulance. In sufficiently shallow water a stretcher was slipped under the body, a rug discreetly spread across the top, thus concealing the grim horror from the hundreds of holiday makers who thronged the beach.

At the Perth Hospital morgue the District Medical Officer, Dr. McKenzie, took charge. Up to this point the police, as yet, had not entirely discarded the possibility of suicide. It was considered possible that the woman might have secured the slab of concrete

around her waist and then walked off the end of the Como jetty, falling into quite deep water, where she might have lain undisturbed for several days. On the day before the floating corpse was discovered, the large river steamer, "Emerald," had twice tied up at Como, so it was thought possible that the suction of her hull and propeller might have lifted the body to the surface, while at the same time a blow from the propeller might have inflicted the terrible head injuries.

But the autopsy speedily conducted by Dr. McKenzie put such possibilities entirely out of question. Death had not been from drowning, the dead woman's lungs being quite free from water. Further, the head injuries had been inflicted before the body was consigned to the river. This had happened some four or five days ago. Also, the body had been floating for at least twenty-four hours before being discovered.

In the meantime the detectives, headed by Chief Inspector Blight, were giving attention to the slab of concrete. It was a paving slab, such as are used by the tens of thousands around Perth and its suburbs. It might have been lifted from a footpath anywhere. The binding was of common five strand galvanised steel clothes line. The manner of attachment—a loop had first been taken round the slab and twisted slightly. Then through this loop another length of line had been passed, the loose ends taken around the woman's waist, the ends twisted together with what had been terrific force. Examining this twist the detectives gathered the opinion that it had been done by a left-handed person. So much force had indeed been used that, whereas the waist band of the woman's skirt measured 29 inches, the loop in the wire measured only 21½ inches.

A further and more detailed medical examination revealed that the woman's right shoulder and right temple were injured, while the cause of death had been a severe fracture of the base of the skull. This fracture of the skull might have been caused by a blow from a club, or even a bottle; while the injuries to the shoulder might have been caused when the inert body was dragged roughly from out of a motor car.

Who was this woman who had been so brutally done to death?

"The West Australian" next morning carried this description: "Fairly elderly woman. Hair grey at the scalp, with reddish ends, suggesting that it had been dyed. Dressed in black and white striped silk blouse; black skirt, and one fawn coloured sockette on left foot. Inside sock was a bunion shield, and there was evidence that both feet had been treated for bunions. Wearing also a metal necklace, set with two glass stones and a clip fastener. Height about 5 feet 7 inches."

Within a few hours of the publication of the above description, the dead woman was identified by her son, a man approaching middle age, a resident of Fremantle.

But she had been identified even earlier—by a man known at his place of residence as Mr. King. And, since he figured largely in the succeeding investigation, let him as "Mr. King" remain.

The dead woman, the police learned, was a Mrs. Stella Farnsworth, of Alexandra Hostel, Hay Street, Perth. Mrs. Farnsworth, it was gleaned, had been a woman of some wealth, and had followed the not-uncommon practice of carrying quite large sums of money in her handbag. At times, it was asserted, as much as £500. Also, although not over-addicted to the wearing of too much jewellery, she had on her fingers, when last seen, a diamond ring of twelve stones, set in two lines. This ring she had valued at not less than £100.

Here, now, was motive for murder—the fingers of the dead woman had been devoid of rings of any description. Nor had the body carried any jewellery of value in any form.

All that the dead woman's son had to tell did not, however, go far beyond the matter of identification; it was "Mr. King" who had the interesting story.

"Mr. King" as a person was not unknown to the police. Indeed, it might be said that he was exceedingly well known. However, what was of the past was past; of late he had been endeavouring to lead a reformed life. Some three or four months ago he and Mrs. Farnsworth, having discovered a mutual attraction, had decided on a semi-matrimonial partnership. To this end they had taken Room 26, Alexandra Hostel, finding nothing wrong in signing the

register book as "Mr. and Mrs. King"; King being Mrs. Farnsworth's maiden name. Settled down with a tolerably congenial mate, "Mr. King," himself 40, had got a job at his trade of painter, and so things had drifted along pretty well.

That was until the 11th December. On that morning he had risen, taken breakfast, and at 7 a.m. had left the flat for his work. "Mrs. King" was then still in bed, she had had her morning cup of tea, and was contented and in good health.

However, when he returned home about 6 p.m. that evening she was absent. Nor did she return that night, which was a Wednesday, nor the next day, which was Thursday, 12th December. However, some effort had been made to allay his possible anxiety. In the letter rack was a telegram addressed to Mr. Bob King. "Staying with good friends, Fremantle. Best luck. See you soon. Stella."

Well, that was all right. Stella, that was "Mrs. King's" Christian name, had mentioned the possibility of visiting Fremantle, where, indeed, her married son lived. Friday came and passed, then Saturday. By this time he was beginning really to wonder. So he sent along a 'phone call to Mrs. Farnsworth's son, inquiring what was detaining his room partner so long.

But the son was unable to give him much satisfaction—the last he had heard of his mother had been on the 11th, Wednesday, when she had called at his flat with a Christmas present. He had been away at work at the time, but his wife had been home and received the present. Since then he had not seen or heard anything of her. Both agreed, however, that everything possibly was all right, since Mrs. Farnsworth was a very self-reliant woman, capable of looking after herself.

But "Mr. King" was not altogether satisfied, so, next day, Sunday, he 'phoned again. But the answer was the same.

Monday came and went. Tuesday arrived. When he came home from work that night he found another telegram waiting, which notified him that his companion was likely to be absent indefinitely.

"Got good position. Lady driver, companion. Geraldton district. Leaving to-day. Regards. Stella."

That was strange: Fremantle, the sea port at the mouth of the Swan River, was a bare 12 miles from Perth, with 'bus services to be had every 15 minutes, not to mention hourly train service. Strange that Stella hadn't run back home, if only to say "good bye."

While he was thus pondering, the final edition of "The Daily News," Perth's evening paper, was delivered to the hostel. In the stop press section was a three-line note of a woman's body being recovered late that afternoon from the river. Urged by a strange premonition, he went at once to police headquarters and sought an interview with Inspector Blight.

"Mr. King" knew the value of a candid story when it was possible to tell one. Thus, he told all that is recorded above. A few more items he was able to add. When "Mrs. King," or Farnsworth if you wish, had left the hostel that morning of 11th December she had had in her handbag £27. On the previous night he, "Mr. King," had given her £2. In her easy way, Stella had told him to put it in the handbag, and while doing so he had run through the notes already there—£25 in ones and fives—which, with his £2, made £27. She had been wearing four rings—one, the diamond ring already referred to; two gold wedding rings, one plain, the other modern; and a plain gold ring with a red stone. Also, a man's gold wristlet watch, with a leather strap. She, in addition to the skirt and blouse found on her body, had gone out wearing a short fur coat. This had been missing from their room ever since her departure.

Then came the final question, put by Inspector Blight—had Stella mentioned going to Fremantle with anybody in particular?

"Yes, she had spoken of having been out driving the day before with Jackson; and Jackson had promised to take her that day to Fremantle."

Jackson! Leonard Charles Jackson, of Kalgoorlie?

"The same; he, King, knew Jackson well—they had been fellow inmates of Barton's Mill." Barton's Mill is Western Australia's reformatory prison farm.

Inspector Blight and his aide, Detective-Sergeant Richards, knew already that Jackson was in Perth; his 16-stone figure was conspicuous; besides, there was his fame of having so successfully defeated the police in the recent Tattersall's Club case. But Jackson, as yet, despite "Mr. King's" information, was not a suspect. "We'll run around to the hostel and have a look at this Room 26 of yours."

But Room 26 yielded nothing of interest other than the dead woman's diary. But interest was found among the neighbours on that floor. A Mrs. Zena H., occupant, with her husband, of another room, had something to tell. On 10th December, the day previous to Stella's final departure, they together had gone shopping into Perth. During the course of the forenoon they had, at Stella's suggestion, called at the Globe Hotel. There, in the lounge, Stella had introduced a Mr. Jackson. After a drink or so, Mr. Jackson, who had a car outside, suggested a run down to Fremantle, he having business to transact there.

The run accordingly was made, though, unfortunately for Mrs. H., ended with some unpleasantness. Arrived at Fremantle, Mr. Jackson had parked the car in a side street while he went off down High Street on business. During his absence "Mrs. King" had become unpleasant, and high words were exchanged, which caused Mrs. H. to leave the car and return to Perth by train. Could she recall the number of the car? She couldn't, but it was a sedan, either black or very dark blue-black.

But the police soon found someone who could. The side street proved to be Mouatt Street, only two blocks long, filled with warehouses and businesses. An intelligent typist remembered the incident. Early in the afternoon of 10th December she had been disturbed in her work by a "barney" taking place in a sedan car parked right under her window. One female voice had been high and accusative. Finally a youngish woman had left the car and walked away. The car number was—144; an easy number to remember, being the final in the 12 times tables. This was on 10th December, the day before Mrs. Farnsworth's disappearance. But the information had value in that it gave the number of Jackson's car, and also of the quarrel between the two women. And, although the point seemed of no value at the moment, Mrs.

H. admitted that the cause of the quarrel was "Mrs. King's" entirely false accusation that she, Mrs. H., was permitting "Mr. King" to pay her attentions, with the view of stealing him away from her.

But right inside headquarters valuable information was forthcoming. On the questionnaire being issued—had any constable or plain-clothes man seen much, or anything, of Jackson's movements during his present visit to Perth, Constable Reginald Carr had quite a bit to tell.

He had known Jackson during the war, at Broome, the pealing town on the north-west coast some 2,000 miles from Perth, so, when on the afternoon of 6th December he had encountered Jackson at the Town Hall corner, he had not let the occasion pass without recognition and a few friendly words. Jackson had a woman in his company whom he introduced casually as "This is the wife." The woman, who was wearing a short fur coat, unusual since it was a hot, summer day, smilingly acknowledged the compliment. Shown a photo of Mrs. Farnsworth, Constable Carr identified her as the woman of the occasion.

Days had passed after that, but about half-past eleven on 11th December he had again met Jackson and the woman in Barrack Street. But Jackson this time seemed in a hurry, merely acknowledged his cheerful greeting with a wave of the hand.

But yet once again Carr was destined to see Jackson. At 11.30 a.m. on 12th December, whilst on point duty at the corner of Hay and William Streets, Jackson drove past in a car, a navy-blue Ford, No. 144. An easy number to remember. Curiously, on this occasion Jackson had one of his hands heavily bandaged, though he had worn no bandage on the day before.

The sum of Constable Carr's information was—that he had seen Jackson on two occasions in company with the woman whom he now recognised from her photograph as Mrs. Farnsworth. That he had seen Jackson driving a Ford V8, numbered 144. There was also Mrs. Zena H.'s story of how Jackson had taken her and "Mrs. King" to Fremantle in a blue-black sedan. True, this was the day before Mrs. Farnsworth disappeared, but it definitely

placed Jackson and Mrs. Farnsworth in the car on that day.

It did not take much trouble to locate car 144. The Police Traffic Branch quickly supplied details. A Ford sedan licensed by the Tivoli Garage Co., a firm that specialised in hiring out cars on the "drive yourself" basis. An interview with the under-manager of this garage produced more interesting information. Car 144 had been hired out fairly early in the forenoon of 10th December, to a man who had signed the receipt book as L. Jackson. The hirer had also produced the necessary driver's licence, which showed that it had been issued to him under the same name on 9th December, the day before. The car, the garage books showed, had been returned at 9 a.m. on 13th December. Since then it had not been hired out, it had been out of the garage perhaps twice, and used by the head manager. On the car's return its mileage was checked—it had travelled 169 miles while in the possession of L. Jackson.

Naturally, the detectives gave this interesting car, then in the garage, a look-over. It had, of course, been cleaned since its return, but the cleaner had missed a number of small spots on the ceiling above the back seat and also on the left wall of the back compartment. These spots Detective-Sergeant Richards recognised as being blood. On pulling out the back seat the same keen-eyed detective spotted a heavier stain on the upholstery, which he again recognised as blood. Keeping company with this bloodstain was a small fragment of green bottle glass. Possibly linked with other portions of a broken beer bottle found well under the seat. A careful examination of the top edge of the seat disclosed an injury to the upholstery which had been rubbed down, evidently in the hope that it would escape notice. Even more damning was the strand of hair, obviously that of a woman, wound tightly around the handle of the window lift on the same side of the car. Had murder been done in this car No. 144?

The person seemingly best capable of giving an answer was the recent hirer, L. Jackson. So, at noon on 18th December, not quite two days after the discovery of the body, Inspector Blight and Detective Richards accosted Jackson on the steps of the Perth G.P.O. and invited him around to headquarters for a little chat.

Seated in Blight's comfortable office. Jackson was invited to answer some questions. "Mr. Jackson, did you see an account in yesterday's paper of where the dead body of a woman, Stella Farnsworth, was found in the river near Como?"

"Yes."

"Did you know the woman? She was also known as Sadie Winton, and was living at Alexandra Hostel under the name of Stella King."

At the same time Jackson was shown two photographs of Mrs. Farnsworth when living.

It was here that Jackson made the prime mistake of his career.

"No!" he said, firmly. "Nor the chap with her."

But Inspector Blight was persistent. "Have you ever sent any telegrams to Mr. Bob King, Alexandra Hostel, Perth?"

But again Jackson was firm. "No. I don't know where it is!"

"Well," said Blight, "is it not far up Hay Street, just before you come to the Melbourne Hotel." •

"No, I still can't place it, and I certainly have never been there."

"I suppose you wouldn't mind giving us a few samples of your handwriting."

Jackson was willing to oblige, and at Blight's dictation filled in four blank telegram forms, and also gave samples on a sheet of foolscap. He wrote, the detectives noticed, with his right hand, in a laboured sort of manner.

The writing concluded, Jackson was invited to give an account of his movements since his arrival in Perth on 5th December.

How often would a suspect's answer be different did he but know how much the questioning detectives knew! During a rambling account of his movements, Jackson emphatically denied having driven around in a black sedan numbered 144. He likewise

again denied knowing Stella Farnsworth. "Why do you persist in asking me that?"

Inspector Blight enlightened him. "The reason we are asking for all these particulars is that we believe the woman Farnsworth was murdered."

"Well, I know nothing about it!"

Blight was conciliatory. "Anyway, while you are here you might show us what you have in your possession."

Promptly Jackson turned out his pockets, producing—a renewed driver's licence dated 9th December. Some note paper with writing on it, his own he admitted, and £24/7/- in cash.

"You seem to have quite a bit of money," Blight remarked.

"The wife gave me ten pounds when I came away, and I had a fair bit of my own."

"A few days ago you were seen going around with a bandaged hand. How did you come to hurt it?"

Again Jackson was prompt. "I hurt it first about three weeks ago on a packing-case in Kalgoorlie, and since I came down I hurt it again in a fight with a man in the Central Hotel. He tried to bounce me for a loan."

"You've living around at the Globe Hotel. We'll all walk round and have a look over your room."

The Globe is a large residential hotel situated in Wellington Street, right opposite the Perth Central Station. Jackson occupied a two bed room. Invited to produce his clothing, he lifted from a wardrobe a dark grey suit. This bore evidence of having been cleaned and pressed. "When did you have this suit done last?"

"Some weeks ago in Kalgoorlie. I have only worn it about twice since."

On a shelf of the wardrobe Inspector Blight found a receipt for £15 in the name of L. Jackson, issued by the Tivoli Garage. This amount had been the deposit mentioned by the under-manager there as having been paid by L. Jackson before removing the car No. 144.

"I know nothing about that." Jackson denied. "It might have been there unknown to me." Oddly, the receipt showed signs of having at one time been soaking wet.

From among other clothes in the wardrobe Blight selected a shirt, which Jackson acknowledged was his. Returned to the Detective Office, Jackson was shown certain stains on the shirt, also on the suit. "These stains appear to be blood; can you say how they got there?"

Jackson was surprised. "That's the first time I've noticed them."

As a final question Blight asked, "I believe you are left-handed?"

"I use my left hand, though not to write with."

Inspector Blight then produced a warrant for Jackson's arrest.

"That's ridiculous. I don't even know the woman," he protested.

Notes of the long interview, taken down question and answer by Detective-Sergeant Richards, were then read over to Jackson, who acknowledged everything as correct. So Leonard Charles Jackson, less than a month after his Kalgoorlie acquittal, found himself again under arrest.

That afternoon in a police yard line-up he was picked out by the under-manager of the Tivoli Garage as the man who had hired car No. 144.

But, though Jackson was thus positively linked with a car that contained undoubted bloodstains, the detectives had a long way yet to go to link him with the killing of Mrs. Farnsworth. For instance, the car was a hire car, and it might have been hired earlier by all sorts of characters. On its return by Jackson it had been wiped and washed by the garage cleaner, who obviously had missed the bloodstains, also the broken bottle under the back seat—the stains and the glass might well have been there for weeks, for months.

So a close investigation proceeded.

At the Globe Hotel the detectives uncovered some curious facts. Now, there is nothing a hotel housemaid so much dislikes as an unnecessary mess made by any of the lodgers. Thus, one of the

housemaids at the Globe had no difficulty in recalling a mess in Jackson's room on the morning of Thursday, 12th December. So annoyed was she that she called the attention of another housemaid to the matter. Hanging behind the door of the bedroom was a gaberdine overcoat so wet that it had dripped a pool of water on to the floor. Hanging on the half-open wardrobe door was a pair of socks in the same condition. While inside the wardrobe lay a grey suit, also wet.

However, when Mr. Jackson returned from breakfast he had apologised; he had been caught out in the rain of the night before and got soaked through. Also, he had such a badly injured hand that one couldn't help being sympathetic. "Look at my hand. That's what you get for doing a good turn for a lady." He then told of having found a lady the previous night with a stalled car, and in cranking the engine for her it had backfired, and his injury was the result. To the lady receptionist at the hotel he told the same story. But to the night porter he had told something different. "I crushed my hand down at Robbs Jetty helping to handle some bullocks."

This night porter could also add his small quota of information. Mr. Jackson was a sober man, with fairly regular habits. Every night since his booking in at the hotel about a fortnight ago he had been in on the average not later than 11.30, though there had been one night during the previous week when he had not returned until 1.30 a.m.

The most important point in dealing with a murder, when proof depends entirely on circumstantial evidence, is to place the suspected killer in the victim's company as close as possible to the moment of killing. Thus, the police investigation moved from the Globe Hotel, Perth, to Fremantle. Already Inspector Blight knew from information given by the dead woman's son that she had visited an apartment house in Victoria Street around about 3.30 p.m. on 11th December, the day she disappeared.

Everyone in this apartment house remembered Mrs. Farnsworth's visit. She had resided there herself earlier in the year, and had spent a pleasant half-hour renewing acquaintances. In fact, so dilatory was she in terminating her visit that her escort had become impatient, had left the black sedan, parked on the opposite

side of the street, and had come to the front door inquiring for Stella.

Thus, they had all had a good look at him—a large man, dressed in a dark grey suit.

Her visit ended, Mrs. Farnsworth and the large man had driven away. But not very far, the police found; merely to the not-distant Australia Hotel. The hotel had held sentimental recollections for her, for it was here in the previous August that she had met "Bob King," and had entered into the partnership which included joint occupancy of a room at the Alexandra Hotel. A barman was able to recall the visit. Mrs. Farnsworth was known to him, though her escort was a stranger. After a drink in the lounge the couple left the hotel; and that was the last that anyone, except the murderer, had seen of Mrs. Farnsworth. Later, on a line-up, the barman picked out Jackson as the escort of that occasion.

Now, it is difficult for anyone to commit a murder involving the shedding of blood without getting more or less bloodstained. One of the first moves then is for the murderer either to destroy the soiled clothing or to get the garments cleaned. The Globe Hotel offered no facilities in this direction to its lodgers so, the suspect's grey suit having obviously been cleaned very recently, the police began a round of Perth's dry cleaning establishments. They soon found one, whose books showed that early on 12th December a man, giving his name as Jackson, of the Globe Hotel, had brought in a suit to be cleaned and pressed. More, on the man calling two days later to take delivery, he had complained of a small tear on a trouser leg, contending that it must have been done during the process of cleaning. He had asked if the firm would undertake the mending. However, the counter attendant had asked that the suit be left, pending a reference of the matter to the manager. But later on the same day the customer had called and taken his suit away.

An examination of Jackson's impounded suit revealed a small tear that had been skilfully mended. The manageress of an invisible-mending establishment in Sherwood Court was able to tell about this. On 16th December, between 10 and 11 a.m., a man had brought in a pair of slightly torn trousers for repair, giving

the name of Jackson. He had called for the garment the next day. He was a striking looking man—and she had no difficulty in picking him out of a police line-up.

But more significant than this cleaning of his suit, which he had denied, was the information gathered that on the two days following 11th December, Jackson had offered some rather valuable rings for sale. One offer was made to a barmaid at the Hotel Australia, Perth. Jackson had produced the rings from the corner of a silk handkerchief. The barmaid had admired them, particularly the one set with twelve diamonds, but she hadn't cared to buy.

But the most telling information came from a lady whom Jackson had met in Barrack Street. Well dressed, well built, well spoken, Jackson was capable of moving in almost any circles. This was a woman of some means, with whom Jackson had become acquainted a year previously while on a holiday visit to Perth with his wife. Now, renewing her acquaintance, he told her he had a ring worth at least £85. She agreed that it certainly was a fine ring, and she would have been inclined to buy it only that she already had a ring with 12 diamonds set in a double row. "Will you come with me to Stewart Dawson's and I'll get the ring valued?" Jackson suggested.

Making a pretext of wishing to inspect some jewellery on display, Jackson finally asked for a valuation of his diamond ring. But the woman still declined to buy even when he reduced the price to £80.

Jackson also had a man's gold wristlet watch, with a leather strap, that he was anxious to sell. This watch had the "unbreakable glass face cracked, and one of the hands broken." It was known to the police that Mrs. Farnsworth had worn a precisely similar watch. None of this jewellery was found in Jackson's possession when arrested.

Tracing the movements of car No. 144 the detectives learned that on the morning of 12th December, that is, the day following the presumed date of the murder, Jackson had called at a house in Mt. Hawthorn, an outer suburb, and asked permission to wash down his car. As he had often before washed down a car at that place the resident again granted the privilege.

The 17 tiny splashes on the upholstery of the car, together with

the larger stain found behind the seat, were examined by the Government Pathologist, Dr. Kingsbury, who found a positive reaction for blood.

Jackson's white shirt, his coat and waistcoat were also examined intensively. All these garments had been washed or otherwise cleaned, but when placed under the ultra-violet rays several areas of stain were clearly revealed. All these gave a chemical reaction for blood.

Even more positive were the results obtained from the strands of hair found on the window handle of the car. These gave a definite reaction for human blood. Also, it compared exactly with hair from the dead woman's head when examined microscopically.

Nor did Inspector Blight and his aides neglect the matter of the curious telegrams received by "Bob King." They had been sent, it had now become apparent, by someone intent on relieving his natural anxiety.

It is not generally known that all telegrams taken in by the Post Office are not destroyed immediately after the telegram is dispatched. Actually, every telegram is put away, to be kept in storage a considerable length of time—just in case . . . Thus, without much difficulty, the police obtained the originals of the Stella telegrams from the Fremantle Post Office. Also, to counter the possibility that the writer of those two telegrams might have been cunning enough to attempt to disguise his handwriting, they obtained from the Central Post Office the originals of two other telegrams sent by Jackson to Kalgoorlie several months previously. Submitted to a handwriting expert, the opinion was given that a marked similarity dominated all the telegrams, through mostly in the same mistakes in spelling. The handwriting, though very similar, varied, but that might have been done deliberately by a skilled forger capable of imitating anything.

So the net was woven around Leonard Charles Jackson. Thus, when the inquest opened on 13th January, 1947, and witness after witness took the stand, he began to realise that he had made a bad slip in denying all knowledge of Mrs. Farnsworth when first

questioned by Inspector Blight. He realised that if he had admitted that association, now so strongly proved against him, he, with nimble wit and tongue, might have extricated himself from his dubious position, just as he had done in the Tattersall's Club case. But even now it might not be too late.

Jackson was a man with considerable criminal experience, and knew that once his Supreme Court trial began the police, formidable as they had been as investigators, became mere witnesses for the prosecution, with no other power than their sworn statements to influence the jury. While the jury, isolated for the time from all outside influences, might be persuaded, by means of a plausible story, fluently told, to return a verdict of not guilty, contrary as such a verdict might be to the weight of evidence. It had happened hundreds of times—might happen in this case; the jury alone would be the arbiters of his fate.

So, on the first day of the inquest, he began cleverly to open his defence. Though not in the witness box, but in that dismal vehicle semi-humorously known as "The Black Maria." Every afternoon, after the closing of the day's proceedings, Jackson had a 12 miles' ride to the big Fremantle Gaol in this vehicle. Being on a capital charge he rode only in the company of two police guards, who sat inside with him. Each dinner time, when the Coroner's Court adjourned, the police van, with guards, escorted him to headquarters for dinner. During that short midday ride of only a few blocks, Jackson, on the first day, suddenly remarked: "He pushed her over the balcony, and I was the — mug who picked her up and carted her away." Just that. The guards, of course, being only uniformed men, did not question him as to whom "he" was. But Jackson knew that every significant word he uttered would be reported to Inspector Blight.

At the end of the day, on the short preliminary ride to headquarters, he again opened: "They've got nothing on me; that other bloke knows all about it. He pushed her over the balcony and I picked her up and told him to take her to the hospital."

Later, on the longer ride to Fremantle, he again became confidential. "How do you think I'll go? I was with her all day—I'll admit that. But I think I'll beat it. About eight p.m. she came

to the Globe—"Come up to the Hostel, there's been a row." We went to the Hostel in the car, but he was not there. About 10 to nine we went to the Melbourne and had a couple of drinks. Soon after we came out we met him. 'Hullo, Jacko!' he says. Then he says to her, 'You've been on the booze again.' She said, 'I don't have to answer to you for everything I do, and if I want a drink I'll have it!' She hit him, and he knocked her down. I then knocked him down. I then picked her up and wiped some blood from her lips. I then said, 'This is no place for me'—and decided to go. She said, 'Wait for me. I'm coming with you.' She threw her leg over the balcony and waved to me. He was punching in to her. She then fell and hit her head on the kerb, about three feet from me. You know the kerb—it sticks out a bit. Blood spurted from a cut in her head, and I picked her up and rested her head on my knee. I then put her on the back seat of the car. That was when I broke my watch. Then I went back upstairs and got a rug and a towel.

"We then drove along Wellington Street. I braked suddenly and she fell off the seat on to the floor. I put her back on to the seat outside the Globe. I said, 'You drive her to the hospital.' He said, 'No, you drive her.' I said, 'No, you're the cause of it, and you drive her to the hospital or I'll take you to the police station.' He drove away, and that was the last I saw of him or her.

"What would I want to kill her for? We were both going into the hotel business. She was putting in £2,000, and I was putting in the same. I refused an offer of my business in Kalgoorlie of £1,750—the price is £2,000."

Next morning, on the way up from Fremantle, Jackson again spoke. "Do the banks have handwriting experts? It's about those telegrams—I definitely did not send them." Later he remarked: "If they put the habitual criminal into the box they'll find out who did it."

So Inspector Blight became aware, as Jackson intended, of the line upon which Jackson's defence would be based—he would endeavour to put the blame on "Bob King," trading on the fact that "King" had at one time been sentenced to an indeterminate

sentence, reserved for those recalcitrants deemed by a judge to be "habituals." Thus, Jackson alluded to "King" as the "habitual criminal."

On 10th February, 1947, Jackson was put on trial, Mr. Justice Walker on the Bench. The case for the prosecution was that Jackson, having spent the day in Mrs. Farnsworth's company, finally drove to some unfrequented spot and there, after enticing his victim into the secluded back of the car on the pretence of sharing a bottle of beer, had brained her with the bottle. He had then sought a spot where he could place her, as he hoped, forever, in the river. (It may be explained that the Swan River on its 12 miles course from Perth to Fremantle is a river only in name; rather it is a sea lake, in places miles wide, and of a depth mostly of 20 feet, though spots are known to be fifty feet. The north side of this lake, where Perth stands, would not be altogether favourable for the sinking of a body, being thickly populated, much frequented by boats, swimmers and anglers. The south side, however, would be better, for not only were there long, lonely reaches, but also shallows where a tall man might walk out a quarter of a mile before finding the water up to his neck. Such shallows were to be found around Como, and Coffee Point.

A man who had disposed of a body by wading neck deep into the river would become soaking wet—Jackson's clothes were in this condition when he returned that night to his hotel.

A man whose good suit has thus become spoiled might send it to be renovated—Jackson had done so, though he denied it to the police. Stains identified as blood had been found on Jackson's clothing.

The car which he and Mrs. Farnsworth had occupied had contained bloodstains, also fragments of a bottle that might have been the murder weapon. Jackson had washed out the car on 12th December.

On the morning following the presumed date of the murder, 11th December, Jackson had a rather badly injured hand, about which he told several different stories to different people. His

hand had not been injured on the day of the murder, as testified by several witnesses.

Jackson had tried to sell rings and other jewellery markedly similar to that worn by Mrs. Farnsworth. Finally, there was the matter of the misleading telegrams sent to "Bob King."

In addition to all the above was his denial that he had known Mrs. Farnsworth. Denial that he knew where the Alexandra Hostel was. Denial that he had ever been there.

After calling 52 witnesses to establish the above facts, the Crown rested.

Jackson called only one witness, a handwriting expert, who proved of little value to his case.

Then, declining to enter the witness box and be sworn, he began a speech from the dock that lasted four and a half hours. He spoke with an easy, confident air, fluently and without notes.

"In making this statement I will give the truthful facts, the actual happenings of the way in which I became involved in this case. To do so it will be necessary to go back nearly 12 months, to the time I first became acquainted with Mrs. Farnsworth"

Mrs. Farnsworth, he proceeded, had been an applicant for the purchase of his Kalgoorlie business. Later she invited Jackson and his wife to enter a partnership in the hotel business with her just as soon as a suitable hotel could be found. It was for this purpose that he had hired the Ford V8 car, intending to drive her into the country to inspect a hotel for sale there. His drives around Perth on 11th December had been to enable her to inspect some properties advertised for sale—as had been proved by the prosecution. True, he had taken the lady to Fremantle that day, so that she might deliver a Christmas present to her son's wife. After leaving the Australia Hotel he had brought her back to Perth, where she quitted the car at the corner, close to the Alexandra Hostel.

Back at the Globe Hotel he had met an old friend, one Doherty. He and Doherty had driven to a cafe for tea. After which they had driven to the Shaftesbury Hotel. Here Doherty had

fallen in with a couple of friends, already far from sober, who had suggested the idea of laying in a supply of beer and sandwiches and going out to one of the beaches for a beer party. Beer and sandwiches had been obtained and placed in the back of the car. Then, as will happen with half-drunk men, an argument arose as to who should drive the car. This had developed into a fight inside the car, with the final result of Jackson throwing Doherty and his friends out of the car and driving back alone to the Globe Hotel. Leaving the car in front of the hotel, he had gone to his room for a few minutes. On his return he had found Mrs. Farnsworth sitting in the car. She was in great distress concerning the conduct of "Bob."

• Then followed a repetition of the story he had told earlier to his guards in the police van—how, in the endeavour to escape from the brutal treatment meted out by "Bob," Mrs. Farnsworth

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had fallen from the balcony of the hostel, some 20 feet on to the stone kerb.

After dispatching "King" to the hospital with the injured woman, he, Jackson, had waited long for his car. But it had not returned that night, even though at midnight he walked the half mile to the hostel to inquire about its whereabouts from "King." "King," however, had been there, but had not yet returned home.

Next morning "King" had rung him up, with the information that his car was parked out at Crawley, where it had stalled. (Crawley, it may be explained, was the one spot on the Perth side of the river where a weighted body might be thrown into deep water. Jackson's inference was that—"King" finding Mrs. Farnsworth dead on reaching the hospital, had panicked, in view of his past criminal record.; had driven out to Crawley, lifted a concrete slab from a nearby footpath; used it to weight the body, and then thrown it into the famous Deep Hole of Crawley.)

On recovering his car, merely suffering from ignition trouble, he had been disgusted to note how dirty the back compartment was, with spilt beer and trodden sandwiches. So he had driven to a friend's place at Mt. Hawthorn and asked permission to wash it down. That was the truthful explanation. Blood stains might be inside the car, with a woman injured so badly as Mrs. Farnsworth had been. The blood on his clothes had got there when he tried to render first aid to the injured woman, when he lifted her into the car. Blood on his shirt had got there when he used the shirt to try to wipe off the blood on his trousers. It was all natural and explainable.

His efforts to sell Mrs. Farnsworth's jewellery had been at "King's" request. "King" had come to him with the rings and the watch, asking that he (Jackson) should sell them so that he ("King") should have some money to pay Mrs. Farnsworth's hospital expenses. In view of his own criminal record, "King" had not dared to attempt to sell the rings, while he (Jackson) being a man of considerable financial standing, was acquainted

with people wealthy enough to buy such jewellery. However, he had been unsuccessful in his efforts, as the prosecution had been at pains to show, and had returned the jewellery to "King," which was shown by the fact that he did not have the jewellery in his possession when arrested.

Finally, why had he denied to Inspector Blight any knowledge of Mrs. Farnsworth? The explanation was simple, he said. When Mrs. Farnsworth's body was recovered he had realised just what had happened, that "King" for reasons best known to himself had placed her dead body in the river, so, desiring for the sake of his wife to keep clear of the whole unsavoury matter, he had made the denials, which he now realised had been injudicious. He had not realised the position into which he was going to be placed, nor that any one at all might be charged with murder, since Mrs. Farnsworth had died, not by an evil hand, but by pure accident.

It was a good story, and might have been saleable to the jury but for one thing; it failed to explain the matter of the misleading telegrams sent to "Bob King." From the evidence of the handwriting expert, and of their own eyes, the jury decided that the sender had been Jackson. Their verdict was "guilty!"

Some attempt to establish that there had been ill-feeling and quarrels between "Mr. and Mrs. King" was made by the defence; an extract from the lady's diary, found, it may be recalled, in Blight's search of Room 26, in which mention was made of a quarrel between her and "Bob." This however, was readily countered by the evidence of Mrs. Zena H., who repeated her story of the verbal attack made on her by "Mrs. King" on 10th December.

One final shred of evidence, which definitely placed Jackson's disposal of his victim's body as being on the south side of the river, was given by a country traveller who, driving to Perth on

the night of 11th December, found his car stalled on the Causeway, the mile-long bridge that crosses the Swan at Perth. While attending to the trouble he noted another car as it went speeding past, making for the south side of the river. The only visible occupant was the driver. He remembered the No. 144 because a friend of his, back in the country, also had a Ford V8 No. 144. The time was nearly midnight.

Although sentenced to death at his trial, Jackson waited nearly two months before the Executive Council met to confirm, or remit, his sentence. But on 5th April, 1947, he was told that a decision had been reached that he should hang. "I won't hang," he said.

The execution was fixed for 21st April, but on the morning of the 17th Jackson seemed to be sleeping extra well, so much so that the warder had to shake him to tell him it was nearly time for breakfast. As the warder lifted the blanket that Jackson had pulled up over his face he was horrified to find the bed full of blood. Jackson was dead!

The inquest revealed that he had died just about as determinedly as it was possible for a man to die. His suicide weapons had been a safety razor blade and a table knife. With the razor blade he had made a deep incision in his throat, intent on reaching one of the large arteries. But the blade had proved too short, so he had fallen back on the knife. But even with this he had failed to tap a major blood vessel; as the doctor explained, he had been obliged to keep the knife moving in the wound in order to keep the blood flowing, until sheer loss of blood had reduced his hand to inertness. All this without any movement that might betray his purpose, since, as is always the case with a condemned man, the cell light burned all night, while at the door a warder sat watching.

During his long ordeal of inquest, trial, and in the condemned cell, Jackson must have pondered on his bad luck. Believing that Mrs. Farnsworth carried a considerable sum in her handbag, he

had planned the murder with care. The slab of concrete, all ready fixed for fastening on to her body, he must have carried in the boot of the car. A 50 pound slab, sufficient surely to anchor forever the body of a comparatively small woman. Full of confidence that the slab would do its job he had been careless in his movements during the days following the murder. But the body had floated; his had been an error in hydrostatics; which is the science dealing with the weight, density, and flotation power of liquids in relation to other bodies.

MURDER WILL OUT

By *CHRIS B. LESANDS*

A police museum in Germany holds as an exhibit the skull of an elderly New Zealander. It is a grim reminder of a dastardly crime committed thousands of miles away.

COMPARED with the difficult act of disposing of the body, Murder appears to be easy

As the distinguished French criminologist, Professor Henry leVoc, says in one of his admirable essays on "Crime and Criminals," "The reason why Murder will out is mostly because the body won't stay in."

The prospective murderer who plans to dispose of his victim's body by weighting it with bricks and tossing it into the water would be wise to heed those words, for many murderers unaware of this axiom have found to their cost that the body bobs up sooner or later, leaving them as it were virtually holding the bag.

It is true of course that many murderers have nearly got away with it by making a pyre of their victim by the lighted match, but invariably some part of the body or the wearing apparel of the

victim—either a tooth or metal buttons that will not burn—turns up to give them away.

This method was favoured by the tricky Albert Moss (for full story see "The Madness of Albert Moss," Famous Detective Stories, August, 1949), now doing a "never to be released" sentence at Long Bay jail, who boasted that he had murdered thirteen men and burnt the bodies of the lot of them, and by the late unlamented "Snowy" Rowles (for full story see "The Man with the Death Truck," Famous Detective Stories, September, 1950), who after shooting his victim and burning the body, went to considerable trouble to burn the body of a kangaroo and mix the remains with the ashes of his victim but some teeth and a peculiarly shaped finger ring, recovered from the ashes, gave him away and he dropped to eternity at the end of a rope at Fremantle gaol.

Whether it is from the ashes of a fire or from deep or shallow water, something somehow turns up to throw the spotlight of the cops on the scene of a murder.

Recovery of a body from a waterhole in an out-of-the-way country hamlet in New South Wales is a case in point.

In the afternoon of November, 1909, Joseph Jupp, employed on his father's farm at Maxwell Creek, near Dungog, saw a large bundle floating in a waterhole. With commendable celerity he informed the police, who recovered the bundle, and in it found a man's badly decomposed body. It had been wrapped in a woollen rug, tied with saddle straps, then rolled in an imitation eiderdown quilt and finally enveloped in a large tent fly made of cement bags.

The body was removed to Dungog morgue where a post mortem examination was carried out by the local sawbones, who found that the body was that of an elderly man, and that death was due to a fracture of the skull. The victim had been battered to

death with a sharp instrument—probably a tomahawk—which had also been used to mutilate the face as well.

Identification of the body was a poser for the local flatties for there were a large number of workers camped in the vicinity of Maxwell Creek, who were employed on the first section of the North Coast railway, but a gold ring with a heart-shaped design on the third finger of the left hand of the dead man and the imitation eiderdown quilt led finally to the identification of the body as that of 55-year-old casual railway worker Frank Coleman, who had not been seen around—with his mate a young German—for nearly a month.

As it was considered that the victim's mate might be able to throw some light on the tragedy, the local flatties were joined in their search for the young German by a "D" from Newcastle, and two from the Sydney C.I.B.

Few detectives outside fiction are brilliant investigators, but full marks should be given to these sleuths for their work on this case.

They first of all established the fact that the victim and Wilhelm Gerlach, a 31-year-old German, had been mates for some time prior to them obtaining work on the railway construction job at Maxwell Creek in May, 1909. Then they learnt from the timekeeper that Coleman and Gerlach had worked on the job on October 24 but had not worked on the job since. By questioning most of the workers they discovered a railway worker who told them that he remembered Gerlach leaving the camp early on the morning of October 25, saying that he was going to Newcastle by coach, where he was to meet his mate, who had left by an earlier coach. But the "D's" discovered that Gerlach had not left by coach, but had bummed a ride in a huggy to Clarence Town, where he had boarded the s.s. ERRINGHI and travelled to Newcastle. They

also ferreted out the interesting fact that before leaving Maxwell Creek, Gerlach had obtained £2 by forging Coleman's signature.

At Newcastle the "D's" learnt that some weeks previously Gerlach had spent a few hours drinking at the Westminster Hotel and then left for Sydney. Both Coleman and Gerlach were well-known to the publican as they had stayed there a few times together, and seeing the German this time without his mate, it was only natural that the publican should ask about him, to which the German replied that his mate had gone overland to Sydney, and that they had arranged to meet there.

In Sydney the sleuths by brilliant team work found that Gerlach had stayed at the Orient Hotel under the name of Frank Coleman, and on November 1, went to the Head Office of the Government Savings Bank in Moore Street (now Martin Place) and withdrew the sum of £77/6/0 by forging his mate's signature, after being identified to the officials of the Bank by the licensee of the Hotel. On the same day he signed on as a fireman on the German ship APOLDA which had sailed a few days later for Hamburg via Melbourne and Suez.

At an Inquest held at Dungog the above facts were placed before the Coroner's jury and a verdict of Wilful Murder was returned against Wilhelm Gerlach. A warrant was then issued for his arrest but owing to international complications was never executed, although the long arm of the law caught up with him in the end.

As the body was not found until eighteen days after the APOLDA had sailed, it was considered that the suspected murderer had a good start, but a cablegram was despatched by the Government to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, advising that a warrant had been issued for Gerlach's arrest, and requesting the assistance of the German government. This was followed by other cables including one to the British Consul at Port Said, suggesting

that the Captain of the APOLDA be asked to put the suspect ashore at Port Said, where he could have been arrested, but a reply was received from the latter official at Port Said informing the Government that it was impossible for the Egyptian authorities to arrest a German subject on a German ship, and asking if the Government would be prepared to prosecute Gerlach in Germany if arrested. However, on December 4, 1909, a cable was received from London informing the Government that the German Consul at Alexandria had been instructed by the German Government to take what steps were possible to arrest Gerlach.

In the meantime tentative arrangements had been made by Police Chief Garvin for a "D" from Sydney and a police constable from Dungog (who recovered the body of the murdered man and thought he knew Gerlach) to proceed overseas and escort Gerlach back to Sydney. For this purpose an extradition Court was held at the Water Police Office, Sydney, on November 30, 1909, and the necessary evidence taken. This course seemed very wise when a cable reached Sydney police informing them that Gerlach had been arrested aboard the APOLDA at Suez by the German Consul, assisted by the local gendarmes, charged with Murrler, and lodged in the pokey at Alexandria.

The Sydney "D" and the flattie from Dungog were no doubt looking forward to a leisurely and interesting voyage from Sydney to what was once referred to as the Mysterious East, when the German Government dropped a large sized spanner into the works by refusing to hand over Gerlach to the British authorities. They did this in accordance with the Anglo-German Extradition Treaty of May 14, 1871, which reads as follows:—"No German shall be delivered up by any of the Governments of the German Empire to the Government of the United Kingdom; and no subject of the United Kingdom shall be delivered up by the Government thereof to any German Government."

The next move in what had become by this time a paper drama was clearly up to the German Government, but in the meantime the British Secretary of State for the Colonies appeared a bit annoyed with the beastly Colonials for communicating direct with the British Consul-General at Port Said in the matter instead of through him, for said he in a nasty despatch to the Government

of New South Wales, any intervention by the British Consul-General at Port Said might have led to international complications, as a British Consular Officer could clearly take no steps to arrest a German on a German vessel in the Ottoman Dominions, where Germany had extra-territorial rights over her subjects.

There is no doubt that the Government of New South Wales, being "down to earth Colonials," intended to tell the British secretary of State for the Colonies that they were more concerned with the apprehension of a suspected murderer than the niceties of diplomacy when word was received by cable that the German authorities had arranged for the extradition of Gerlach from Alexandria to Hamburg, so they tore up the draft of a much nastier memo than the one they had received, and sat back and awaited events.

They had not very long to wait, for upon arrival at Hamburg, Gerlach was charged with Murder, the German equivalent of the gendarmes making the interesting discovery that Gerlach was identical with a certain Franz Wilhelm Reinholz who was wanted by the German police for an offence of theft committed by him before he migrated to Australia.

After a preliminary inquiry instituted by the Court at Hamburg, Gerlach was charged with manslaughter, to which he pleaded guilty in self-defence, but before much could be done about the Murder charge, his Solicitor lodged a plea of insanity on his behalf, resulting in the accused being removed to a hospital for the insane to undergo mental examinations.

Just as the Police of New South Wales were putting away the large file of papers dealing with the case, they were notified by the Consul-General for Germany in Sydney that, under an order issued by the Judge of the German Court in Hamburg, who was trying the case against Gerlach, he was required to take the evidence of several witnesses and to forward their depositions to Germany. When this had been done and the papers forwarded, the Consul-General told the police that in a further communication from Germany, the Judge at Hamburg wanted the exhibits

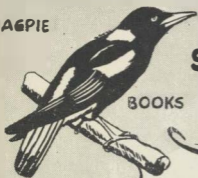
in the case and later the police supplied him with the skull of the murdered man, the ring found on the body, and the imitation eiderdown quilt, all of which were sent to Germany.

It appears from later information that the German Court were not satisfied to proceed only with the manslaughter charge against the accused but desired to charge him with Wilful Murder, and for this purpose requested that seven selected witnesses be made available to give evidence in Hamburg. The police, ever anxious to see that justice should triumph in the end, arranged for the witnesses to go, and they were notified that they would be required to leave Sydney on the German Mail steamer KONIGIN LOUISE, on March 10, 1910, but some weeks prior to that date a cable was received in Sydney advising that Franz Wilhelm Reinholz alias Wilhelm Gerlach was hopelessly insane and had been removed to be permanently detained in a mental institution, so the trip to Hamburg was declared off.

In the police museum at Hamburg, Germany, before British bombs nearly wiped the city out, there used to be the skull of a New Zealander (Coleman was born at Wanganui, where his wife lived whilst he was in Australia), a gold finger ring with a heart-shaped design, and an imitation eiderdown quilt, originally "made in Germany," brought to Australia by a murderer, and so strangely returned there.

These exhibits, with their strange history, were featured under the caption "Murder will out."

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