

Police Drank All The Evidence

When the North Queensland country beyond Cairns was being opened up more than half a century ago, only picked men were sent to police the country—timber, gold, silver, copper, wolfram and tin—and that sprang up like magic. And they had to be bruisers to "get their man."

A typical pair, Sergeants Bauldy Smith and Walsh, were each described as "a cross between a gorilla and Old Nick." Taking a man out of any navy camp always meant a fight, for when either sergeant strode in and called for him, the growling reply would be "Come and b— well take me—if you can!"

The sergeant would then strip to breeches and singlet and hammer it out with the wanted man. If the evildoer was no match, the sergeant would flatten him with one merciful blow, then he would wait for the "gorilla" of the man's gang to "object!"

The sergeant would then take on the gorilla, and the two men would slog away at each other until the sergeant "knocked" his man. Then, spitting blood from his mouth, the policeman would hitch up his breeches and demand, "Anyone else here object?"

If anyone did, the sergeant would take him on, while the crowd watched quietly.

When all was finished, the sergeant would pull his tunic over his fight-weary body, nod to his "arrest," and both would stroll from the camp. If the wanted man had put up a savage fight and been badly knocked about, his mates would carry him from the camp.

If, on the other hand, the wrong-door won the fight, the Law and he would shake hands. But if he demanded a fight and was beaten there was no chance of his mates rushing to his aid. The crowd demanded fair play.

Recalling vividly his early days as a prospector, in "Back of Cairns," Ian L. Idriess tells of police raiding a camp shanty in the Herberton area as a crowd of navvies were sampling a supply of moonshine whisky obtained from a secret still in the hills.

After arresting the shanty-keeper, the sergeant put the moonshine in a buggy with two policemen and sent them off to Herberton. Then he set about "cleaning up" with his remaining men.

The road to Herberton was long, dusty, and hot. The constables mopped their brows, blew the dust from their nostrils, and coughed. With every movement of the vehicle the bottles in the buggy tinkled, reminding them how thirsty they were. Just one little drink wouldn't do any harm, surely.

But one nip led to another, and it was deadly moonshine. When the sergeant rode back to Herberton that evening, he found the captured buggy half-way down a cutting, the horses broken loose and grazing nearby, and the constables snoring off the effects of the "evidence" by a tree!

At one camp pub, the men used to make a "billygout" tipsy with beer, then "billygout" with it. One evening Idriess waited until, sadly drunk, the goat finally lurched from the bar on to the quiet back veranda. Then, with a loaf thickly plastered with jam from the kitchen, he lured the beast to the cubicle which a buddy, Old Mick, had hired for the night to sleep off his evening's "conviviality" with the boys. "Otherwise," as one of

them put it, "he'd end up in the creek in the middle of the night and poison all the fish within miles."

Pulling the blankets back, Idriess dumped the smelly old goat on the far side of Mick's bed, with its head on the pillow, tucked it in, and stole out. At about midnight, Mick retired, singing and sozzled, to his cubicle. He sprawled on the bed, and snored off to sleep.

Idriess thought the joke had mellowed—until he heard what happened in the morning. Mick awoke to be greeted by two big green eyes staring into his, a long scraggly beard tickling his chin, and a nauseating smell.

Mick yelled and Billy jabbed him under the chin with a horn while struggling to get out of the blanket. Both went rolling to the floor. With the blanket caught over his horns, Billy charged the wall, then bolted through the door and down the back steps.

Mick leapt up, yelling blue murder, and when the crowd came hurrying along, pranced around, waving his arms and offering to fight any man who would fight with him. Billy was wrestling with the Devil!

Idriess also tells the story of a fellow nicknamed Billy the Hun who once slunk bleary-eyed into the bar of a Herberton hotel and croaked: "Will you give me a long beer for six stamps, Mr. Bradshaw?"

"Oh, all right," agreed the publican distastefully, "then over his fight-weary body, nod to his 'arrest,' and both would stroll from the camp. If the wanted man had put up a savage fight and been badly knocked about, his mates would carry him from the camp."

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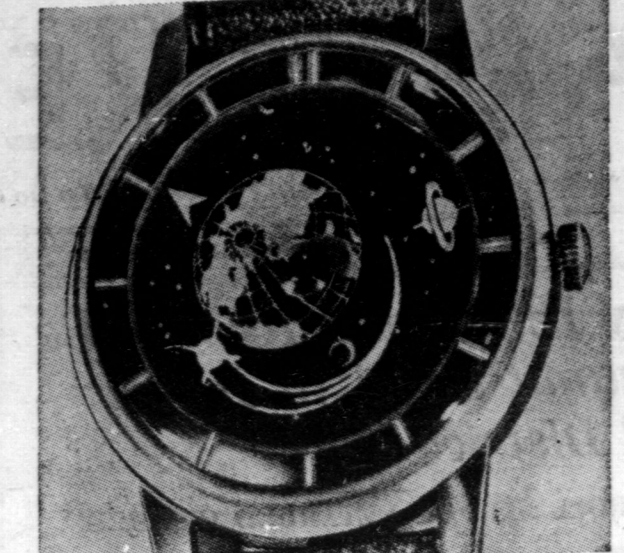
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TIMED TO THE SPACE AGE—Arrow at 10 o'clock points the hour, the planet, Saturn, at twenty-minutes the minutes and satellite of eight o'clock spins the seconds. The watch was shown recently at a Swiss watchmakers' trade exhibit.

TABLE TALKS Jane Andrews

Fish is more often overcooked than undercooked. You will find it at its best if you cook it only until it's tender—no longer. Fish makes a nice change on the menu—try some of these recipes and see for yourself.

BOILED PICKEREL
6 tablespoons butter, melted
1 tablespoon finely-chopped onion
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper

Combine butter, onion, lemon juice, salt, pinch of pepper and tarragon in small bowl; mix well. Arrange pickered, skin side down, in buttered broiler pan. Brush fillets with half the butter mixture; then sprinkle generously with paprika. Place pan in preheated broiler, about 3 inches below source of heat.

Broil fillets for 6 to 10 minutes, depending on the thickness of the fillets. Baste once during broiling with remaining butter mixture.

Do not turn fillets. When it flakes easily with a fork and becomes milky-white in appearance, transfer to heated platter. Garnish with parsley or water cress and serve with green beans and buttered noodles. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

FRIED SMELTS
2 pounds smelts
1/2 cup all-purpose flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 egg, beaten
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1/2 cup finely-crushed soda crackers

Place smelts in a baking dish. Combine vinegar, water, salt, pickling spices and onion; pour over fish. Cover baking dish. (If dish doesn't have a cover, use a piece of aluminum foil.)

Bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees F., for 15 minutes. Remove from oven and allow fish to cool in vinegar mixture; chill.

Drain mackerel and serve on crisp salad greens, accompanied by cold potato salad and garnished with radish roses. If you wish, top mackerel with sliced green onions. Makes 3 to 4 servings.

TOO DISGUSTING
Two cockroaches lunched in a dirty sewer and excitedly discussed the spotless, gleaming restaurant in the neighborhood.

"I hear," said one, "that the refrigerators shine like polished silver, the shelves are clean as a whistle. The floors sparkle like diamonds. It's so clean..."

"Please," said the second in disgust, nibbling on a moldy roll, "Not while I'm eating."

FRIED FILLETS OF COD
2 cups canned tomatoes
2 tablespoons finely-chopped onion
1 bay leaf
1/2 teaspoon sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
4 to 6 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons all-purpose flour
1 to 2 teaspoons finely-chopped parsley
1/4 teaspoon pepper

Combine tomatoes, onion, bay leaf, sugar and 1/2 teaspoon salt in saucepan; mix well. Bring

Chat With a Beauty

Bright in a billowing, lemon-colored dress, Suzy Parker moved with long, tomboy strides through the dark shadows of New York's St. Regis bar one afternoon recently, sat down at a center table, and ordered a 24-hour job trying to get the hands of Fox.

She paused, then said: "Who does everyone analyze them? I've been analyzed for 24 hours. I'm not a movie star, I'm a girl."

Heart Attacks
And Their Causes

Looking for causes of "coronary" medical men point to smoking, high blood pressure, high fat diets, emotional strain. Last month the American Psychosomatic Society met in Manhattan, heard a panel of experts examine the kinds of personality stress. Even the "lethargic" high-fat diet in our society, noted Dr. Henry I. Russell, consultant in cardiovascular disease, search for the U.S. Public Health Service, "seems to be dependent on the catalytic influence of stressful living."

The "stress-blind" personality cannot recognize his own stress limits. He is usually compulsive about time, overworked, turning to make a mark on his wrist, his leisure hours, and gains about not working during them. A perfectionist, he is impatient with subordinates, overemphasizes goals and his attitude toward them. To compensate for his anxiety, the stress-blind personality overacts, smokes or drinks too much, commits himself so heavily that he has no time for leisure.

What happens then? The ordinary cocktail-hour psychiatrist will have no difficulty understanding the professional's explanation. The stress-blind personality creates for himself a "maladaptation syndrome" that rizes the University of Oklahoma's Dr. Stewart Wolf, a which increased blood cholesterol is a "biological adaptive mechanism for providing the body fuel for an extraordinary effort. Because the stress-prone individual is constantly striving and constantly frustrated, his body reacts as though he is constantly carrying a burden." The rise in blood cholesterol and lipids (fatty molecules) may be a danger of thrombosis, particularly when other factors (heredity, diet) are already present.

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