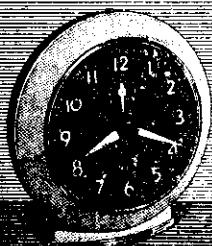


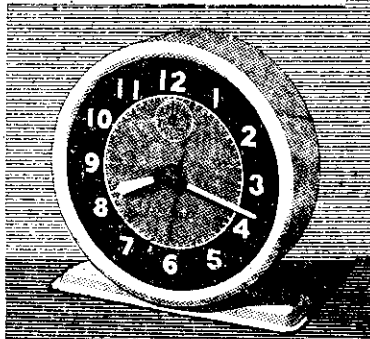


At 12 o'clock in HAVANA . . . it's 7 o'clock in CAPE TOWN



WESTCLOX "Baby Ben" luminous

Whisper-quiet tick. Dust-proof case. Beautiful design. Adjustable alarm—"Loud" or "Soft". With solid luminous hands and figures backed by a charming dark brown coloured dial. In ivory with gold colour trim.



WESTCLOX "Good Morning" luminous

Available in ivory and gun-metal finished with nickel trim, has an easy to read dial and a rousing alarm. Also plain dial in ivory, green, blue and gun-metal.

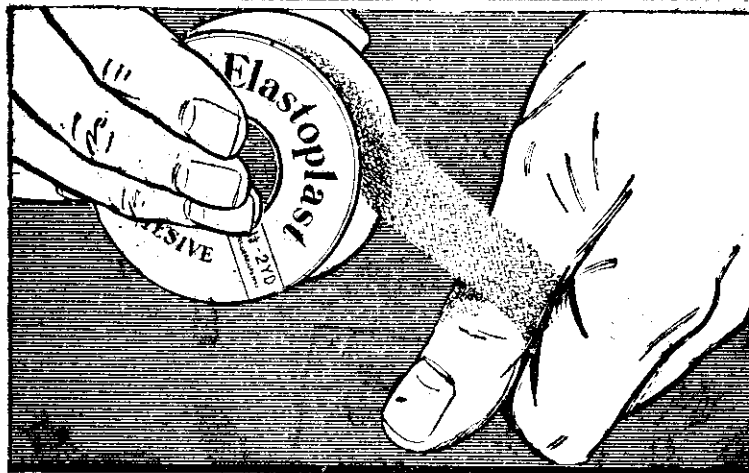
but they both wake with **WESTCLOX**

WESTCLOX LIMITED . STRATHLEVEN . DUMBARTON . SCOTLAND

Agents in New Zealand:

Messrs. Brown and Dureau Ltd., 22-24 Brandon Street, Wellington

CG174



Quick, Safe, Comfortable Protection

Minor injuries can be most annoying—and dangerous too, if nothing is done about them. That's why famous British-made ELASTOPLAST Elastic Adhesive Plaster has universal approval for the treatment of cuts and blisters, etc. Always ready for instant use, flexible, flesh-coloured ELASTOPLAST is comfortable and inconspicuous. In handy spools, 1" x 1 yard long, it stretches to nearly 2 yards.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

Elastoplast

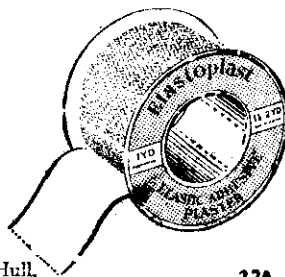
TRADE MARK

ELASTIC ADHESIVE PLASTERS

First Aid Dressings, in RED tins, also available.

Made in England by T. J. Smith & Nephew Limited, Hull.

for CUTS
SCRATCHES
BLISTERS
GRAZES - SPRAINS



2.2A

FULL FATHOM FIVE

by A. R. D. Fairburn

ALTHOUGH it was not yet half-past nine, Inspector Lionel Catmint and his staff were already hard at work sorting over the previous day's catch. The Inspector glanced through the list while he sipped at his beaker of cocoa. Two murderers, an opium-smuggler, half a dozen inebriates, and a footpath cyclist. Not bad! He smirked with satisfaction and dunked a rusk.

The telephone exploded suddenly, like a torpedo finding its mark. Inspector Catmint winced, and took off the receiver. "A body? In the Municipal Swimming Bath? Don't move it. Hold everything. And leave the bath alone. Don't touch a drop of it."

He spun round in his swivel chair. "Carpark!" From the dank inner room, reeking with smells of cheese and hair-oil, came the voice of Constable Carpark: "Sir?"

"Body in the Municipal Bath. Get cracking. Bring the theodolite. And the water-wings." Constable Carpark hastily bundled his breadshives and his hunk of cheddar back in the red spotted handkerchief he used as a luncheon-basket.

Thirty seconds later the long, black Model T was roaring through the city traffic, weaving its way like a panther. Behind it trailed a dense cloud of acrid blue smoke. "Throw away that cheetoot," ordered the Inspector. Carpark obeyed.

The two men strode into the entrance of the Baths. An attendant in a white coat was leaning against the grill of the ticket-office.

"Bath Superintendent?" asked Catmint briskly. The man in the white coat nodded.

"Inspector Catmitt. Where's the deceased?"

The Superintendent led the way through swing-doors and round the side of the bath. The body lay floating face down, near the shallow end. Its arms were extended in front of it, as if in supplication to the unknown goddess of the pool.

"Who is it?"

"Was it," corrected the Bath Superintendent. "It appears to be the body of our late swimming instructor, Professor Merman."

Inspector Catmint looked at the floating corpse for a few moments, and then at the walls and floors. "Very poor job," he commented. "A real bungle. Not a drop of blood anywhere. Spillane wouldn't be satisfied with this, not for one moment."

"May I suggest, sir . . . ?" Constable Carpark faltered. Carpark was young and mentally agile. An Oxford man, he had read Detection for his Greats. He flattered himself he had read everything, past and present. His special field was the classics. He had studied them intensively, and had a profound reverence for them. Secretly he despised his superior, whose reading sometimes appeared to have gone no further back than Christie. "May I venture to point out, sir, that Holmes, on a celebrated

occasion, went to the trouble of defining . . ."

"Holmes?" spluttered Inspector Catmint. "Holmes fiddlesticks." He swung round savagely on the Bath Superintendent. "What do you know about Merman's private life?" he rapped. "Been up to any monkeyshine?"

"All that I know is this," replied the Superintendent, uncrossing his legs. "—that his wife recently said she was leaving him, and then broke her promise."



"The telephone exploded suddenly like a torpedo finding its mark"

"Ah! A lead there," muttered the Inspector, wagging his head. It was brachycephalous. Not that that made any difference, or helped the situation in the least.

"But why, sir," asked Constable Carpark, "why should a swimming instructor drown himself? Gasworks employees are not as a rule found dead by their own hand in gasometers. Grocers do not poison themselves by eating their own dates."

"How do you know he suicided?" asked the Inspector quietly, showing his teeth between twisted lips.

"He was keen and conscientious," interposed the Bath Superintendent. "He used literally to throw himself into his work. Perhaps . . ."

Inspector Catmint ignored the interruption. "I repeat, how do you know he suicided? What grounds have you for erecting such an hypothesis?" He glared at Carpark.

"By the way, the bath level has dropped about three inches, which may not be without its significance," said the Superintendent. "Merman was a heavy drinker."

"I don't believe you've read a damned thing since *Treni's Last Case*," said the Inspector in measured tones, scowling at Carpark. The constable bit his lip.

"The Professor is wearing his natty hippies with the willow-pattern," remarked the Bath Superintendent. "Which would appear to indicate that at the time of his demise he was either swimming, having swum, or about to swim," he added helpfully. The two men took no notice. A battle of wits was in progress. This was more than the clash of two personalities. It was the life-and-

(continued on next page)

N.Z. LISTENER, JUNE 25, 1954