

Lindsay Hardy

the man who wrote

Dossier on Dumetrius

from Lindsay Street Victor Harbor
—via Adelaide & Sydney—
to the Middle East, North Africa, New Guinea,
to Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney,
North America
—Vancouver, Hollywood, Toronto, New York—
to London, Sydney,
to permanent expatriacy in London

Peter Adamson

To Angus 'Gus' Dodd of the 2/48th,
who, typical of the vast majority of diggers,
said so little of his war service
that it was only when I researched Hardy's life
that I gained an inkling of what he endured.

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Lindsay Hardy was Australia's finest writer of suspense thrillers for radio. Born in Victor Harbor, South Australia, he moved to Sydney, joined the army in December 1939, was wounded twice (once in North Africa and again in New Guinea), returned to Australia, and began writing radio serials. He and his serials soon became household names. He then sought fame in Hollywood and was successful, until McCarthyite hysteria saw him refused residential status. Disappointed, he moved to Canada and London; came back to Sydney, then finally, with very little work in Australian radio and television for writers of drama, returned to England and permanent expatriacy.

Dossier on Dumetrius

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Preface

Although I have tried to write a chronologically accurate account of Lindsay Hardy's life, and especially of his writing, there will be errors, because often I have had to rely on memories of events that occurred from 20 to over 90 years ago.

My search for people who knew Hardy began with pleas in the letters-to-the-editors columns of Adelaide papers. Anthony Laube, who helped mount an exhibition on Victor Harbor's history, read one and contacted me. A few years previously he had been sent some information from Sydney by Mark Day, Hardy's nephew, about the Hardy family. I rang Mark, who knew very little about his uncle's life, but was able to tell me why: he had disgraced himself in the opinion of his family, and so Mark's mother, Alfreda, maintained an unbreakable wall of silence about him.¹ Mark told me how to contact Hardy's surviving sister, Marjory, who said to me: 'I know nothing about him ... I was his younger sister and they told me nothing about him. I have no memories of him.'² 'They' were her parents and older sister Alfreda. This raised several questions. Did they tell her nothing, and if so why? Was it because he had disgraced himself? Or, did she know nothing? Being only three years younger than Lindsay, at least until he left home, she should have known a lot about him. Four years later Alfreda's other son, Paul de Burgh-Day, recalled that 'As a child, I remember hearing about ... Uncle Lindsay. ... he was my Uncle, but he was the family black sheep, he was not a good person.'³ Back to the mystery—what had Hardy done?

Very little information from other sources is readily available about Hardy. His war record only gives an outline: it states where he was, what injuries and illnesses he had, when he went AWOL and the like. But, critically, it does not mention what battles he fought in. The only other significant sources of information that I found, if one can call them that, were the blurbs on two of his books. That he was a private man is another reason for the shortage of material: for four years I was unable to learn anything about Hardy's wife except her name and the year of their marriage; during four years I found only one line of his about himself, a comment in a British magazine. And that leads to the final reason for the shortage of information: he spent most of the last half of his life in England, about which I found little more than the line mentioned above and the synopses of scripts that he wrote for television. It seems that after returning to England in the late 50s he ceased nearly all contact with Australia, except for occasional meetings with the now deceased radio producer Donovan Joyce and the actor Guy Doleman.

What information there was about Hardy was often hard to get. When I first rang the R.S.L. in Adelaide to see if any of his battalion mates were still alive I was told by a man that most were dead and that the memories of the remaining few had all been destroyed by dementia. I was bitterly disappointed. About a year and a half later I tried again, hoping to speak to a different person and have a better result. I spoke to a woman, and within 48 hours I had the phone numbers of three men who had served with him. I've never told those three helpful, knowledgeable men that they had been written off with advanced dementia. When I learnt that Hardy had attended Victor Harbor High School I rang the school. The receptionist told me that the school had no archives, and so nothing on Hardy. (She should have known that the school had archives because its

history had been published. But then she did not tell me of that either.) However, gentle probing revealed that they had boxes of records beginning in 1930. As that was the year Hardy spent there I asked her to look. She did and replied, 'We have nothing on Anderson.' She had looked under my misheard name. When I reminded her that I was researching Lindsay Hardy, not me, she found his report card with his grades on it. 'Could you tell me what they are?' She replied, 'They mean nothing to me.' Fortunately she agreed to send me a copy. I received a standard Education Department report (still used in the 1960s) with all marks expressed simply as percentages. History research should not have to be this hard.

I was keen to find, what seemed to be the last possible source of information, the 'niece' who provided the details for Hardy's death certificate. I wrote to her address at the time of his death in Southampton and received no reply. No one of that name was listed in the telephone directories, so I checked the British electoral roll and found only one possible. I wrote to her in Cheshire—no reply. Was she the woman that I wanted? If only people would return mail addressed to the wrong person. All the time I thought that I was racing against time for Lindsay's niece, if 20 years younger than Lindsay, would be about 75. Was she still alive?

Finally, on Boxing Day 2009, I decided to make one last attempt to contact the niece, whom I thought was a niece of his deceased wife. If this attempt failed I would end the search and write up what I had. I rang Mark Day, who thought that her name was familiar. A few days later he emailed her address to me. She had been living in Australia since a few days after her uncle's death in London, and was his grandniece—and no where near 75. I quickly contacted her. Not only had she provided the details for Hardy's death certificate, she had visited her 'Uncle Lindsay' in London. Through her I contacted her mother and uncles. Then unexpectedly the information drought was significantly broken when her mother kindly lent me 100 pages of Hardy's letters to his mother and sister Marjory. A year later Mark Day came across two packets of documents (including passports, a seaman's identity card and wage book), photographs and letters written to his mother.

Before proceeding, some words on series and serials because Hardy wrote both. A series can include several serials but not the other way around, as in 'Hardy became famous for his series of serials about Gregory Keen.' More commonly though in the writing world a series is a group or set of separate or stand-alone or self-contained stories on similar themes or featuring the same leading characters. Serials, which were Hardy's forte, consist of one story divided into many parts or episodes. One of the serial writer's skills, especially when writing thrillers, is to end every episode with a cliff-hanging climax. Hardy excelled at this.

Lindsay Hardy wrote eleven radio serials of which five 'starred' Gregory Keen. I have heard all five of the Keen serials twice (first in the 50s and again in the mid 80s), but only 2 to 4 episodes of the others. I also read the novel versions of the first three Keen serials, and my outlines of these three stories are based on the novels. They are more reliable and more detailed than synopses of the others, though they differ from the serials in some respects because the novels are significantly shorter and Hardy made some changes to the stories and characters. The plots of the non-Keen serials, except for *Knave of Hearts*, have been compiled from relatively unreliable sources, mainly 60

year old memories, a few brief newspaper reports and even briefer advertisements.

As an historian, taught to appreciate the importance of relating events in the order they occurred, I wanted to include the synopses and discussions of the first three Keen serials in their chronological order. However, as I had to use the novel versions of these serials for the synopses, which were published several years later, I included the synopses later because the novels differ from the serials. This forced a time distortion on the biography, which in turn caused some repetition, moreover, at times it can be confusing. (That this could have been easily avoided annoys me considerably. It could have been avoided if Bruce Ferrier, the current proprietor of Grace Gibson Productions, had allowed me to listen to the serials. In fact he categorically refused to allow me to listen to any of the serials in his possession—even after I offered to pay him royalties. This refusal has meant that much that should have been included remains unknown to me, and furthermore his refusal to provide me with any information about Hardy has seriously handicapped the writing of this biography. Ferrier never answered a letter or a telephone call asking about Hardy. Typically he never had time to speak to me because he was either not in or ‘about to take a telephone call from a radio station to discuss a deal’. However, he will chat readily to radio people about Hardy if he thinks he can do a deal with them.)

Frequently Australian Pounds and sometimes American Dollars and English Pounds are mentioned. To give them more meaning I have included their year 2008 Australian dollar equivalents, using the Commonwealth Bureau of Statistics Retail Price Index Numbers. These should only be taken as an approximation, and a very rough one for American and English currencies. Nevertheless even these are much better than none. To provide a little more perspective, in 1907, seven years before Lindsay was born, the ‘Harvester’ ruling set a weekly basic wage for Australians of 42 shillings, which in 2008 would have been \$276.50.

If Lindsay Hardy is to have a biography more worthy of his life and writing, I need to know about the mainly missing years 1933 to 1939 and more about his years in London from 1966 to 1994. Anyone who may be able to tell me more about Lindsay Hardy, please contact me.

Peter Adamson, Walkerville, December 2010.

Acknowledgments

I have listed those who helped me in the order that I contacted them, except for Hardy’s relations. My thanks for their encouragement and assistance to:

Dinah Milgate, better known by her maiden name of Shearing, who played leads in several Hardy serials including Hedy Bergner in the first Gregory Keen serial *Dossier on Dumetrius*, and who went on to enjoy a celebrated career in radio and television, and, possibly more importantly, live theatre;

Reg James, who when 16 started work at Grace Gibson Radio Productions as an office boy in 1946, stayed at Gibson’s through the entire post-war period of the golden age of Australian radio drama and beyond to 1992, and is now Gibson’s honorary archivist;

Alan White, best known in Australia as *Nightbeat's* Randy Stone, who wrote from London of his memories of Lindsay Hardy, but who did not know him in London;

Andrea Adams, Anthony Laube, Janet Whittington and Ethel Young for information about the Hardy family and young Lindsay; and Dr Elizabeth Doyle for providing me with family background, Hardy's genealogy, and all sorts of other information;

Dr Henry Fellner for his observations on Hardy's war wounds and illnesses, the cause of Lindsay's wife's death and the nature of their marriage;

Sergeant Dean Adams, Corporal Bill Cail and Private Bill McEvoy of the 2/48th, for interesting, productive and enthusiastic conversations about Lindsay and the 2/48th;

Brig O.H. 'Zac' Isaksson of the 2/48th, who also knew Lindsay in Adelaide;

Peter Hall, my valued Eurasian cousin, for discovering Hardy's first wife, and obtaining the dates of Hardy and his second wife's arrivals in England from New York and Melbourne, and their death certificates from London, and;

Peter Philp, former announcer and journalist with 3KZ, who gave me permission to use material from interviews with radio people from his nearly finished *Complete History of Australian Radio Drama* (for simplicity information from Peter's *History* is indicated by the superscript ^{PP} rather than a numbered endnote);

David Donaldson, for finding more about Hardy's maltreatment by Hollywood, tracking down a copy of the short story *Moon Song Road*, as well as copies of the feature films *World for Ransom* and *Love is a Ball*, and other cinematic memorabilia;

Jonathan Romilly Harry, who as a boy listened to the Keen serials, for information about his father Romilly Harry;

the staffs of the St Peters and State Libraries;

the staff of the National Film and Sound Archive. I visited there in October 2009 to read every piece of paper that they had relating to Hardy. Graham Shirley, Matthew Davies and the Library staff were most helpful, but it is sufficient to say of their archives that seven days after I had notified the Archive of my visit no action had even been started to find and retrieve the papers from storage. References to material held there are indicated by the superscript ^{NFSA} ;

six members of Hardy's family: three nephews, two nieces and a grandniece. Because Lindsay's sisters would not talk to their children about him, his nieces and nephews know little of him, but what they know has confirmed much and provided critical insights into his personality. Where not specifically attributed, their contributions, some because they wish to remain anonymous, are indicated by the superscript ^F. Quotes from Paul de Burgh-Day's typed account of his two visits to his Uncle in London in 1989 and 1993 are indicated ^{PdBD}. His niece kindly lent me 100 pages of correspondence, mainly letters from Lindsay to his mother and his sister Marjory. The letters and conversations enabled me to correct several major misunderstandings and to flesh out 'Uncle Lindsay's' character. The letters were fascinating, and, judging by them, Hardy's dark side was a lighter shade of dark than I had previously imagined—it became so much lighter that during his last years in London it was scarcely dark at all. Mark Day kindly lent me documents, photographs (many of which are in Appendix 9) and letters to his mother;

finally, in time, my debt to Anne Knight for proof-reading is huge.

Introduction

Who was Lindsay Hardy?

Death Notice

Hardy, Lindsay John. Suddenly in London February 9, 1994.* A brilliant man, a solitary man, a writer, a playwright, and absent brother, much loved by his sisters Alfreda Olive and Marjory Erica. He will be with us as we remember him.

The Advertiser, Adelaide, 11/2/1994.

Lindsay John Hardy

1914-1994

A brilliant man—a solitary man; a writer, a playwright [*sic*—an absent brother—childless, seemingly friendless but rich, with the admiration and enjoyed company of visiting nephews and nieces from his family in Australia—much loved by his two sisters.

The manner of his passing would have almost pleased him.

He will be with us as we remember him.

9 Feb 94

The latter was written by Alfreda, but found amongst Marjory's papers. Possibly a first draft or the text of a death notice for a London newspaper.

‘He was a very good soldier.’ Corporal Bill Cail, who served with Hardy in the 2/48th.⁴

‘Suspense serials were his forte and he was the best of all the Australians.’ Reg James⁵

‘... the best writer of suspense-thriller serials in Australian radio in the late 1940s and the 1950s.’

Richard Lane, author of *The Golden Age of Australian Radio Drama 1923 - 1960*⁶

‘His creativity was such that actors were half way to their characterisations before they started, just by reading his scripts.’

Dinah Shearing⁷

‘He wrote superior stuff ... he was the sort who made you think “I wish I could be in one of his”.’

Bud Tingwell⁸

‘The writers of the time were an eclectic lot, and going hell for leather on the episodes probably made their work so exciting. Lindsay was rated among the very best.’

Alan White⁹

‘He was a fine writer, the thriller serials he wrote for Grace Gibson Productions were

* The correct date was the 7th.

‘Lindsay Hardy ... has been writing exclusively for radio since 1947. Previous to this, he was variously, a student, a soldier, and a sometime expatriate beachcomber. He met the counter part of his Major Gregory Keen in London after the war’

A Grace Gibson Radio Productions publicity blurb for *Deadly Nightshade*^{NFSA}

Grace Gibson’s ‘Talented writers ... were encouraged to write their own serials—with some outstanding results such as Lindsay Hardy’s spy thrillers ‘Dossier on Dumetrius’, ‘Deadly Nightshade’ and ‘Twenty Six Hours’.

Lynne Murphy in the *Australian Dictionary of Biography*¹¹

The blurbs on the dust jackets of two of his novels, *Requiem for a Redhead* (1953) and *The Nightshade Ring* (1954):*

Lindsay Hardy emerged from World War II —where he found plenty of both “action and suspense”— as a sergeant of infantry with an excellent constitution (from drinking the arak[†] brewed by Djebel Druse tribesmen in Syria) shell fragments in the left thigh (from a German gunner at Alamein), and a fairly useless left arm (from a Japanese in New Guinea who fielded a grenade and tossed it back). The ordinary round of civilian life had no particular appeal in 1946 so Hardy left Sydney for London in a Norwegian tramp steamer, by way of Calcutta, Dar-es-Salaam, Mozambique, Panama,[‡] and Liverpool.

His next year and a half was spent in London, mainly in pubs, in the company of ex-commandos, Navy, and RAF men, all of whom were determined to make their fortunes doing something that was never quite legal, always in some far-off place you had to look up on the map, involved sailing about the tropics in disposals MTB boats[§] or landing craft, and never seemed to come off. But in the Soho cellars and Knightsbridge pubs wonderful tales were told and wonderful dreams were dreamed, so that when Hardy returned to his native Australia in 1948^{**} he was in possession of a fund of stories and a gallery of types, and he began his professional writing for the Australian Broadcasting Commission.^{††}

A million and a half words later television in the U.S. beckoned. Hardy, now married to a charming creature called Sue, set out for darkest Hollywood to write for Fireside Theatre and other TV producers. After seeing a number of TV stories emerge as utter rubbish, and the screen play for a feature movie debased

* To omit repeated material the two have been edited together.

† Arak, or arrack, is a spirit distilled from whatever is available, for example: dates, toddy (the fermented sap of various palms including the toddy palm), sugar cane, grain, rice &c. The usual fermenting agent is molasses. When not well made it can be rough and injurious, containing significant quantities of methyl alcohol and fusel oils &c. According to a Lebanese Druze woman living in Adelaide, arak is a clear spirit flavoured with aniseed. (This I can confirm, as the drink she poured me smelt and tasted of aniseed.) It is usually diluted with water resulting in a milky solution. Sometimes ice, and even snow, is also added. It is very similar to the Greek drink Ouzo.

‡ This would make more sense if the trip had been via Suez not Panama. Was this a publisher’s error, or was Hardy having a joke at the expense of readers? That seems unlikely as he was reputedly pedantic about accuracy.

§ MTBs or motor torpedo boats were small, shallow draft, manoeuvrable, usually wood hulled, high speed craft, some of which towards the end of World War II could reach 40 knots. One variety was 71’6” long. MTBs and MGBs, motor gun boats, were sometimes called ‘fly-weight terrors’.

** For reasons which will be stated in chapter 3, the years 1948 and 1946, in the previous paragraph, cannot be correct.

†† It was called the Commission from 1932-83.

and torn to shreds, he left the Coast for New York to write *REQUIEM FOR A REDHEAD*, the first of a number of books dealing with the life and times of Gregory George Athelston Keen,* an individual he knew under a variety of names during the post-war years in London.

and,

But for all the adventurous tales he heard, it wasn't until after he returned to his native Australia to try his hand at radio writing, and until after he had traveled on to Hollywood to have a fling at television writing that Lindsay Hardy settled down to writing a book. It was during those post-war years in London, however that he came across the character of Gregory George Athelston Keen, although the author says he met him under a variety of other names.

The blurb on a paperback version of his third novel *Show No Mercy*, 1955:

After graduating from Adelaide University in Australia, Lindsay Hardy served with the Australian Imperial Forces against Rommel in North Africa and against the Japanese in New Guinea.

After the war he toured Europe, the Caribbean and the Far East before turning to writing radio scripts. In 1952 he came to Hollywood to write for the TV market.

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When, in the late 1990s, I began searching for information on Lindsay Hardy I found two references: a listing of four novels, preceded by a few lines of biography, in John Loder's *Australian Crime Fiction : A bibliography 1857-1993*, and sometime later a reference in a bibliography of Australian writers to Loder. Next I read several mentions of Hardy in Richard Lane's *The Golden Age of Australian Radio Drama 1923 - 1960*. But what had happened to Hardy after 1960? I wrote to Lane who replied that he last saw Lindsay Hardy 'in a pub in London in 1965, with Don Joyce and Guy Doleman'.<sup>12</sup> When I found copies of Hardy's first two novels, fortunately preserved with their dust jackets intact, I realized that Loder's 'biography' of Hardy, and another account found later on the internet, were based on the publisher's blurbs. A potentially dangerous practice: were the blurbs wild exaggerations or true?

When Hardy left Australia for the last time in 1958 he was a household name. So, how was it possible for Australia's 'best writer of suspense-thriller serials' to become by the mid-1960s a virtual unknown in his home country? How could a man, whose serials for over a decade had at times enthralled and often terrified maybe half Australia's wireless listeners, be forgotten so quickly?

As the blurbs on the novels stated that Hardy had served in World War II, I sought a copy of his war record. Marilyn at the National Archives found four possibles (assuming Lindsay was his first given name<sup>†</sup> and that he did not adopt a pseudonym): Lindsays—Gordon, John, Maurice and Victor. To narrow the field she searched for 'Gregory Keen' radio serials and books, without any luck, before finding a Lindsay Hardy who had written two serials for B.B.C. television: *A Mask for Alexis* (broadcast in 1959) and *Walk a Crooked Mile* (broadcast in 1961). Finally she found a reference to an Australian writer called Lindsay Hardy who was born in Victor Harbor. Of the four possibles, one, Lindsay John Hardy, was born in Victor Harbor.

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\* As this was supposedly the first edition of the first Gregory Keen novel why did the blurb state that it was 'the first of a number of books' about Keen? Did the blurb writer already know that there were already three radio serials about Keen? Did Hardy write the blurb?

† There were also a Cecil Lindsay Hardy and a Norman Lindsay Hardy.

# 1. Starting Points: from Lindsay Street, Victor Harbor to Sydney September 1914 to 28 December 1939

On 15 November 1910 Harold Milton Hardy, a pharmacist aged 23 (son of Alfred Hardy), married Adelaide Olive Coles aged 24 (daughter of John Coles) at the Methodist Church in Snowtown, South Australia. Their first child, Alfreda Olive, was born at Rose Park in Adelaide on 22 July 1912. Lindsay John, their only son, was born on 17 September 1914 at Victor Harbor, South Australia. On 9 July 1917 Marjory Erica, their last child, was born. They lived in the premises attached to Harold Hardy's chemist's shop.\* Their grandchildren 'were always told that Grandpa was the first person in S[outh] A[ustralia] to open a chemist shop that ... sold more than just pharmaceutical supplies and mum was very proud of that as were fellow Victor Harborians.'<sup>F</sup> Later, Harold simultaneously ran another pharmacy in Port Elliot.<sup>†</sup> By 1930 the family was living in Lindsay Street.

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The following description of the Hardy family is a composite drawn from two women who knew them at Victor Harbor, Ethel Young (née Tregonning) and especially Janet Whittington (née Richardson), as well as Andrea Adams who knew Lindsay's sister Alfreda in Adelaide, and a grandniece¹³ who knew the family but never met Lindsay.

The Hardys were a very proper family. Harold and Adelaide were pillars of St Augustine's, Victor Harbor's Anglican Church. Harold's service as warden and parish secretary is commemorated by a lay reader's chair. One parishioner recalls Mr Hardy being Superintendent of the St Augustine's Sunday School.¹⁴

Mr Hardy was a nice man, as was his family. Janet Whittington has fond memories of going for drives with the Hardys. They would drive into the country, and after lunch Mr and Mrs Hardy would sleep, leaving the children to play.

The Hardys were musical. Mrs Hardy was in the Victor Harbor Symphony Orchestra and taught music and violin—but did not want to mention it, did not want people to know.

Mrs Hardy was ambitious. She was always the first to acquire new modern appliances. And she made sure that people knew of their arrival by inviting them in to inspect the new purchase. The family may not, however, have been well off, partly because of Mrs Hardy's extravagance. If so that could explain her teaching music. Mrs Hardy was also, according to a relation who does not wish to be named, puritanical, aloof, snobbish, anti-Catholic, over-sensitive and easily offended. She probably would not have allowed her children to play with Catholics, or others that she considered undesirable for a variety of social, class and economic prejudices.

Her grandchildren remember her as very determined and possibly a harsh disciplinarian.

* For locals and pilgrims, the shop was on the corner of Coral and Stuart Streets opposite the Town Hall.

[†] According to Sands & MacDougall's Directory of 1919 'H.M. Hardy, a Chemist, lived at Victor Harbor'. The 1927 Directory records 'Hardy H.M.—Bennett mngr Pt Elliot'; and in 1934 'Hardy H.M., J.P., Chemist Victor Harbor & Port Elliot'. Victor Harbor's population, according to the official 1921 census, was 1,818.

One possible explanation for Mrs Hardy's behaviour and character is that she was an illegitimate child adopted by a family called Lamb, whose surname she took. Some of her grandchildren thought her maiden name was Lamb until they were told the truth at her funeral.^F Even though it is a very simple and obvious explanation for her behaviour, it is credible to suggest that Mrs Hardy was over-compensating for her illegitimacy and adoption. If children model themselves on their parents then to what extent did hers adopt her style?

The Hardys may also have been a very literate family because not only did they own a huge Webster's dictionary, but it stood, ready for use—and presumably for all to see—on its own slant-topped desk or lectern in the lounge. According to one source, this was part of the family's 'huge façade' that both daughters, influenced by their mother, continued to maintain throughout their adult life. (Irrespective of the reason, in later years Lindsay's elder sister, Alfreda, displayed the family dictionary in prominent view on its special lectern in her own home.)

Lindsay was a 'spoilt boy' who 'did what he wanted to do'. He was also 'wild', with a 'no one's going to tell me anything' attitude. Lindsay, like his mother, was ambitious, but reclusive.

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At the end of his primary schooling, in 1926, Lindsay obtained the Qualifying Certificate (Q.C.) and so could proceed to secondary school. As the nearest high school was in Strathalbyn, he travelled there daily by train with many other students from Victor.\* At the end of 1929 he passed the Intermediate (now year 10) Examination in English, Arithmetic, Mathematics I & II and Geology, and one other subject, probably History.

Harold Hardy was Chairman of the Victor Harbor Primary School Council that finally succeeded in getting a high school in Victor. He was also elected to the new High School's Council. (A 'Mrs Hardy', possibly Harold's wife, was also elected to the latter Council.)

The following year, on 4 February 1930, when Victor Harbor High School opened—in the former *Wonderview* cinema—Lindsay and his two sisters enrolled. Alfreda, in her only year there, became its first female head prefect. The school's 61 students were taught by a headmaster and two female teachers.

Lindsay was in Leaving (now year 11) and the Leaving classroom was the cinema's dress circle or upstairs gallery. He came top each term, but probably did not have much competition as there were only three others in the class. Nevertheless, as Dux of Leaving, he was also the first Dux of the School. He sat for the Leaving Examinations in English, Arithmetic, Mathematics I & II, Physics and Chemistry. (He also studied Latin but did not sit for it.). According to his school report he played four sports: 'F.C.T.S.'—probably Australian Rules Football, cricket, tennis and swimming, and his one stated occupational interest was Engineering.<sup>15</sup> In the same year Adelaide's *The Advertiser*, on 21 March, reported that 'A permanent orchestra has been formed' at Victor Harbor, and noted that the librarian was Mr. Lindsay Hardy and the leader Mrs H.M. Hardy.

In 1931 and 1932 Lindsay studied Electrical Engineering at the University of Adelaide. (In January 1932, a Lindsay Hardy, probably our Lindsay, was fined 10/- plus £1 costs for using an expired train ticket at Alberton.<sup>16</sup>) From his University record he

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\* Strathalbyn High School, now Fleurieu Peninsula High School.

appears not to have been a dedicated student. In 1932 he had to repeat some subjects from first year. He then dropped out. Unless there were two Lindsay Hardys in Adelaide in 1932 he passed Fitting and Turning at the School of Mines, on North Terrace next to the University.

It would have cost his parents a significant amount of money to send their son to the University of Adelaide. If he did not commute daily from Victor Harbor, then they would also have had to pay for his board and lodgings. When he failed, not only were their hopes for him dashed, but they would probably have bitterly regretted the money wasted on him.

Sometime in the 1930s, according to one of the women, he acquired his own motor car,\* which was very unusual as South Australia was in depression from about the mid 20s to the late 30s. (South Australia was already suffering from a significant depression well before the Wall Street Crash of 1929. Unemployment was as high or higher in South Australia than possibly anywhere else in the world including Germany.)

Also, probably in the 30s, his nieces and nephews believe that Hardy fell decidedly out of favour with his immediate family. His two sisters, Alfreda and Marjory, both refused to discuss their brother with their children. However, they made it clear to them that Lindsay had fallen into disfavour with his parents and with them. His dropping out of University may have been the first cause of friction. Alfreda's sons, Paul de Burgh-Day and Mark Day, speculated that the reason for the break was sexual transgression—Mark even thought that it was possibly rape.<sup>17</sup>

Some time in the 1930s Hardy worked as a shop assistant at the well-known Rundle Street department store Craven and Co.—popularly known as 'Cravens'. O.H. 'Zac' Isaksson, later a Brigadier, also worked there. He describes Hardy as 'nice', 'attractive', 'reflective'—a man who made 'sensible comments'—'entertaining', 'easy to talk to', but also 'impetuous', 'very emotional' and short-tempered. He was 'very tidy', and 'always looked after himself physically'.<sup>18</sup>

A newspaper reference to Hardy being a guest at a party for two debutantes at *Birk's Piccadilly* shows that he was living in Adelaide in May 1935.<sup>19</sup> On 1937 in Sydney he married Yvonne Coralie Pennington.<sup>20</sup> A photograph of Mrs L.J. Hardy in the social pages of *The Advertiser* on 4 February 1938 gave the couple's address as Park Road, Kensington Park. In August the same year Lindsay Hardy, definitely our man, was fined £2 plus 10/- costs for 'Speeding over intersection'. At the time he was a 'motor salesman' still living at Park Road, his parents' house.<sup>21</sup> The next information about him occurs on his enlistment papers in Sydney, December 1939, where his occupation is given as a salesman, and in which, in answer to the question 'Are you married, single or widower?' he states that he was single. His short-lived marriage had ended in either divorce or annulment. Was the early end of Hardy's marriage the cause of, or another cause of, his fall from grace? (It is certain that he was not a widower, because in 1945 'Yvonne Coralie Bryden-Brown (formerly Hardy)' was divorced by her husband for 'desertion by non-compliance with restitution order', that is refusal for twelve months to resume cohabitation or allow Mr Bryden-Brown to exercise his conjugal rights.)

In 1938 Harold Hardy, aged 51, died at 61 Park Road, Kensington Park. Accord-

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\* This cannot be checked as the car registration records for that period were accidentally destroyed years ago.

ing to one of his grandchildren, his wife did not erect a headstone to his memory. The current headstone was erected by his two daughters after their mother's death 31 years later. That a headstone was not erected at the time may have been either because his wife was too grief-stricken, did not bother to or lacked the money. The latter is supported by the fact that Harold's will was not submitted to the Probate Court, indicating that he left no property or shares and minimal other assets. Harold had been ill for some time and his death was not a surprise. One of the women who knew the family thought, without definite evidence, that he was so hard pressed to earn money to pay for his wife's extravagance that he suicided—possibly bringing on his death by taking something available to him as a pharmacist. If so, this may also account for the lack of affection shown on the headstone when it was eventually erected. (See below.)

After Harold Hardy's death the family moved to North Adelaide where Mrs Hardy opened a Private Hotel\* at 88 Barnard Street to, according to her daughter Marjory, support herself and her children. Yet by then even Marjory, her youngest child, had turned 21, Alfreda was 26, and Lindsay was probably already in Sydney.

A niece notes that Lindsay repeatedly promised much but never began any of his great projects; that he repeatedly borrowed money, which he did not repay; and that when he left South Australia he disappointed his sisters further by not writing to them, and that that may have been the final straw in his fall from favor.

On 28 December 1939 Lindsay Hardy, salesman, enlisted at Paddington in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Australian Imperial Force. A hint at his character, in his enlistment papers and throughout his life, was that he spelt Victor Harbour with a u even though the u is not used on maps or any other official spellings.

## 2. To World War II: the Middle East and New Guinea 28 December 1939 to 29 November 1943

On the 1st of September 1939 Germany invaded Poland. On the 3rd Great Britain declared war upon Germany, and 'as a result' the same day, Australia's Prime Minister, Robert Menzies announced: 'Australia is also at war.' On the 15th Prime Minister Menzies called for volunteers to form a new infantry division, which, in due course, became the 6th.

On 28 December 1939 Lindsay Hardy enlisted at Paddington in the 6th Division, Australian Service Corps. With only three days to spare he was to become one of a relatively small number of Australians later known as 'Thirty-Niners'—those who enlisted to defend Britain against the Nazi menace at a time when Australia was not directly threatened. Gavin Long in *To Benghazi* put their motivation succinctly and brilliantly: 'War had been declared; Britain was in danger; Australians should be there.'<sup>22</sup> In addition there was for many the desire for adventure, for overseas travel and possibly for escape from home commitments. For Hardy though, it seems to me likely that adventure and travel were probably primary.

Britain hoped to defend Egypt using only Dominion and Commonwealth troops—Australians, New Zealanders and Indians. The troops had to embark urgently, because it was anticipated that the Empire would soon be critically short of merchant and pas-

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\* Private Hotels or Guest Houses did not have liquor licences.

senger ships. So the 6th Division sailed for the Middle East on 9 January 1940 to relieve British forces there; and Hardy, though enlisted for less than a fortnight, was with them.

Together with New Zealanders, the 6th disembarked at Kantara\* (El Qantara) on the Suez Canal on 12-13 February 1940, then 'entrained' to Southern Palestine to finish training. Though most troops were housed in camps along the coast road from Gaza north to Julis, Hardy went on to Qastina where an advance party from the 6th had already established an embryonic H.Q. Amazingly quickly Hardy was in trouble: on 16 February he 'Broke Camp Bounds' and was 'Fined £2'.<sup>23</sup> †

Just 24 days after disembarking Hardy was admitted to hospital at Sarafand for five days for what may have been a fractured mastoid—'Fract [or d] /& mase [or c]'. (The original is virtually indecipherable.)‡ Five days after discharge he was diagnosed with influenza and spent a month in hospital at Qastina. Five days later—34 days after disembarking—he was back in Hospital at Gaza Ridge where he was diagnosed with 'Qe/c arthritis'. It appears that he spent the next five months in hospital and convalescing. On 18 June the Medical Board assessed him as 'Permanently Unfit'. He waited at Beit Jirja from 30 September for evacuation to Australia.

Hardy was invalided home on 14 November, disembarking in Sydney a month later on 16 December. Within a week he returned to his home state. Arriving just before Christmas, he was given three weeks leave. Two days after returning to duty he was admitted to the Camp Hospital at Wayville with rheumatism. Five days later he was given a month's sick leave but was re-admitted on 27 January 'To C. Hospital (Utheritis [sic]) transfd to Isolation Hosp Keswick ... Admitted Isolation (V.D. G).'

It may be that Hardy's influenza, rheumatism, arthritis and urethritis were misdiagnoses for venereal disease, specifically gonorrhoea. If so, did he catch V.D. when he 'Broke Camp Bounds' just two days after disembarking in the Middle East? If so, he was not alone. Australian military authorities, well aware of the high incidence of V.D. among Australian soldiers in the Great War, took steps to prevent a recurrence in the Middle East in the Second. They ran what were called 'controlled brothels' and issued troops with condoms.<sup>24</sup> However, significant numbers still caught V.D. because 'most men when they go to brothels are intoxicated, they often did not follow the procedures [such as using condoms] or go to uncontrolled brothels'<sup>25</sup> or caught it 'from other sources in the villages'.<sup>26</sup> In any case, after a fortnight in the Isolation Hospital at Keswick Hardy was released.

A fortnight later he was again in trouble with the Army: 'CRIME. AWL from 0830 hrs 28.2.41 until 2000 hrs 1.3.41.' 'Admonished' he had to forfeit '2 days pay and allowances'.

Though still 'pending discharge' as permanently medically unfit, Hardy's health subsequently improved so much that he remained in service and undertook special training. From mid March 1941 he trained with the 3TBN (3rd Tank Battalion).

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* Place names and their spellings are those used by the Australians who fought in and wrote about the war.

† About 125 year 2005 Australian dollars.

‡ Soldiers' defence service records were written by clerks, from doctors' and others notes, so there is the problem of the clerk's writing and his ability to understand the doctors' writing.

Meanwhile, with the dramatic German advances through the Low Countries and into France, the Australian Government called for more volunteers, and the 7th, 8th and 9th Divisions came into being. On 22 May 1940, for example, the Government decided to form the 8th Division. Just four days later the evacuation began of Allied forces from Dunkirk.

With Britain herself clearly imperilled, recruits flocked to the Australian Imperial Forces (A.I.F.). In South Australia, volunteers from city and country, poured into the Wayville Showgrounds. There, with a few from the other states, they became the 2/48th* Australian Infantry Battalion.†

On 18 November 1940 the 2/48th sailed from Outer Harbour to the Middle East. After completing training at Dimra in Southern Palestine, it went to the Western Desert, where it retreated to Tobruk in what became known as the ‘Benghazi handicap’, and from April to September 1941 endured siege at Tobruk.

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In the meantime, back in South Australia Hardy continued training, and on 9 April 1941 was recorded as being with ‘2/48th Reinf’s’: he had been transferred to what came to be the most highly decorated Australian Battalion in the Second World War.

The reinforcements for the 2/48th, Hardy among them, left Australia on 18 September 1941, and disembarked ‘in East’ on 20 October. The next months were spent training. For Hardy, after disembarking, five months passed without trouble until, on 31 March 1942 for ‘Conduct to the prejudice of Good Order and Military Discipline’, he was ‘Reduced’ from Acting Sergeant to ‘A/Cpl’.

Eventually the original 2/48th was evacuated from Tobruk to Palestine and Syria, ‘arriv[ing] at Le Gault Barracks [near Tripoli in Lebanon] on 19th January 1942. Here’, wrote John Glenn, in the battalion history *Tobruk to Tarakan The Story of a Fighting Unit*, ‘we were to remain for two months.’

The best the enemy‡ could do was to supply potent arack to the men. This slow-acting, locally produced intoxicant had the explosive power of a bangalore torpedo§; it immobilised its victim for days after it hit.<sup>27</sup>

But, the 2/48th did not remain at Le Gault barracks for two months, as it spent some months at nearby towns.

Glenn’s mention of ‘arack’ reminded me of the reference to it on the back cover of *Requiem for a Redhead*: ‘... drinking the arak brewed by Djebel Druze tribesmen in Syria ...’ Was this true or was this Hardy the imaginative story-teller talking?

The Jebel Druze (also now known as Jabal and French Djebel) is both a mountain (the Mountain of the Druzes) and the region around it in Syria where a significant number of Druzes live. The people are also known as the Jebel Druze. The area begins 30 miles east of the Sea of Galilee and 30 miles south of Damascus, and extends eastward for about 45 miles.<sup>28</sup> On 8 June 1941 the Allies attacked Syria because it was

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\* Battalion names are written either 2/48th or 2/48; and pronounced, according to a friend whose father fought with the 2/48th, 2nd 48 or 2nd 48th.

† The 2/48th, initially part of the 7th Division, was transferred to the 9th Division’s 26th brigade. The troops of the 2/48th were disappointed when they first learnt, on 26 February 1941, of their transfer. The 9th’s two other brigades were the 20th and 24th.

‡ Presumably Glenn did not mean a literal enemy but the Lebanese.

§ A bomb in a long metal tube intended to blow gaps through barbed-wire defences.

ruled by Vichy France. ‘The main components of the invading force were to be the Australian 7<sup>th</sup> Division ..., the veteran 5<sup>th</sup> Indian Brigade ...; and six Free French battalions.’<sup>29</sup> They defeated the Vichy French and an armistice came into operation on 13<sup>th</sup> July. Beginning at the end of 1941 these troops were relieved by the 9<sup>th</sup> Division, of which the 2/48<sup>th</sup> was a part.<sup>30</sup> Their task was to guard against any German attempt to attack into the Middle East from the north (from the Caucasus if the Germans were successful in Russia, or from Turkey). According to John Glenn they were sent to northern Syria, where their task was coastal defence.<sup>31</sup> They travelled there and back on the western side of the Sea of Galilee. They did not go near the Jebel Druze, and to have gone there alone would, according to reports at the time, have been to risk having one’s throat cut. So, almost certainly, Hardy did not go there. But did he drink their arak? An Adelaide Druze man told me that at that time the Jebel Druze were not distilling it. As for drinking arak he probably did. On this point Corporal Bill Cail confirms that during the War Hardy was a heavy drinker.<sup>32</sup>

In an article about this period, published in 1960, Hardy threw some light on what it was like to be young men in the prime of their lives trained to peak fighting fitness away from their homes with no diversions. In *No Rules At All : War seemed easy to these Australian soldiers after they played the colonel’s new game*, he describes Australian soldiers playing a unique—and very rough—game of football. His account is so extreme that I wondered whether he made it up. However, Sergeant Dean Adams, who also served in the 2/48th, confirmed that football matches between teams consisting of whole military companies (about 100 men) were so rough that they had to be banned because of the number of bones being broken.<sup>33</sup> These games had rules, but the games Lindsay describes were unique because they literally had ‘no rules at all’.

In *No Rules at All* the battalion Colonel, a South Australian, wanted his men to play Australian Rules, but by this time there were so many Rugby-playing reinforcements, New South Welshmen and Queenslanders, that he could not overrule their opposition. To solve the impasse the Colonel announced a game in which there would be ‘no rules at all’. Matches would be between platoons. The soldiers were keener than Keen’s mustard to play—and they played hard. And they played hard on the stony slopes of Mt Torbal. The injury rate, in addition to sprains and bent noses, included so many broken collarbones and ribs, ankles and wrists, arms and legs that it threatened to significantly reduce the battalion’s fighting strength. The inevitable happened: in early June 1942 a notice announced that henceforth football games were to be played according to either Rugby League or Australian Rules. Back to the main story.

In late June the 2/48th returned from nearby towns to Le Gault barracks at Tripoli. Now rested and reinforced, the Battalion travelled south into Palestine, west across the Sinai Desert and ultimately to North Africa.<sup>34</sup> They had returned to the Western Desert in time to take part in fighting one of the critical battles of the War around Tel el Eisa—a prelude to October 1942’s decisive battle at El Alamein.

In most wars there are many days of bombardment and close-quarters fighting, carnage and chaos, and, unimaginable horror and suffering. Lindsay Hardy endured and fought through some of them.

In July 1942, to the west of El Alamein, the 2/48th played a crucial role in the Battle of Tel el Eisa. The main and decisive attack—‘largely a 26th Brigade affair’<sup>35</sup>—

began on 22 July. Although two of the 26th Brigade's three battalions\* were forced to fall back, the 2/48th took up the attack. 'It was an epic battle. There was no dead ground on that desert field; every square metre was raked by machine-gun fire and shell.'<sup>36</sup> That day Private A.S. 'Stan' Gurney, of the 2/48th won the V.C.—it was awarded posthumously—and Hardy received a shrapnel wound to his left thigh. As Rommel was too savaged to counterattack, 'Tel el Eisa rested safely in the hands of the 2/48th. It would never be lost.'<sup>37</sup> Arguably this victory was a turning point not only in North Africa but in World War II.

Like so many who served overseas Hardy continued to fall victim to illnesses. On 7 August, while still in hospital recovering from his shrapnel wound, he caught 'Epidemic Hepatitis'<sup>†</sup> and had to stay in hospital to the end of the month.

Hardy must have recovered quickly from hepatitis because Corporal Bill Cail<sup>38</sup> vividly recalls, after the fall of El Alamein, an incident involving Hardy and two Arabs. Hardy had a pistol—a Luger, probably taken from a German. Noticing that it was missing, he looked for the thieves. He saw two Arabs, assumed that they were the culprits, and gave chase. He caught them and whipped them with a length of field telephone cable until they handed over the pistol and pleaded for him to stop thrashing them. Private Bill McEvoy remarked that he would have 'taken great pleasure in that'.<sup>39</sup> Bill Cail described Lindsay as 'a wild bastard', 'a loner' 'who kept to himself', 'a boozier pretty well', and a man who, even in Army uniform, was 'well turned out'. (Impeccable dress was a marked trait of Hardy and his two sisters.<sup>F</sup>) Bill McEvoy agrees that he was 'wild' and remembers him as 'neat' and 'vain', as 'very private' and 'quiet ... quiet until he got worked up ... angry—he blew his top for no reason at all.'

Hardy left the Middle East on 1 February 1943, disembarking at Melbourne on the 25th. Within a week he went AWOL once more, this time for eight hours from midnight on 1 March, and again on the 18th 'whilst still a patient'.

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On 3 August 1943, after four months of jungle training in north Queensland, the 2/48th and Hardy embarked from Cairns for New Guinea arriving at Milne Bay on the 6th. Hardy was almost immediately in trouble: 'Charged on the 7th with Conduct to the prejudice, etc' and on the 30th 'Neglect to the prejudice, etc', he was found guilty and 'Severely Reprimanded' on the 31st.

The 9th Division, including the 2/48th, left Milne Bay on 2 September, and landed east of Lae on the 4th. On the 16th, the 7th and 9th Divisions entered Lae.

Then it fell to the 9th to take Finschhafen and Sattelberg on the east coast of the Huon Peninsula. Finschhafen was theirs on 2 October. The next objective, Sattelberg, was a strongly defended 3,287 foot high mountain plateau, six miles from the coast, and important to the Japanese because the surrounding country could be observed from it.

By 20 October most of the 2/48th, which until now had been held mainly in reserve, were deployed along the southern banks of the Siki River south of Katika. From 24 October their patrols penetrated deep towards Katika and the Sattelberg Road. The Sattelberg Road or Track, depending on the author, was at best scarcely a road and at

* Each brigade contained three battalions. The 26th Brigade consisted of the 2/48th and two Victorian battalions, the 2/23rd and 2/24th.

† Now called 'hep 1', it was then the only known form of hepatitis. Most patients fully recovered from it.

worst a narrow, muddy, precipitously sided track. When the Japanese abandoned their attacks on Katika the 2/48th began concentrating towards Sattelberg. The battalion was allocated, with tank support, the final stage of the campaign—to complete the advance along the Sattelberg Road, culminating in the direct assault on the Sattelberg fortress. In preparation it frequently patrolled deep into enemy lines.

The 2/48th left their starting point, Jivevaneng, on 16 November to take over the offensive. Jivevaneng was 1,400 feet below and a little under 6,000 yards distant from Sattelberg. Sergeant Dean Adams of the 2/48th's Fifteen Platoon describes the attack along the very narrow track to Sattelberg as consisting of numerous 'sharp little battles': 'close fighting, in very thick bamboo, so thick that soldiers had to force their way through it'—with 'Japs everywhere'.⁴⁰ The entire distance was hard fought. One of the places where the advance was held up was Coconut Ridge, just 2,000 yards west of Jivevaneng. Patrols to Coconut Ridge indicated that the Japanese would vigorously defend the narrow Sattelberg Track which at that point could not be skirted around.

'"Vicious" is the only apt word for the fighting on 17 November 1943. Coconut Ridge carried one and a half enemy companies.'⁴¹ At 4 p.m., after a full day of fighting, near the northern slopes of Coconut Ridge, B Company's

Ten Platoon ... was ordered to move through the low ground to the right, but it immediately came under fire from well-prepared positions and from bunkers roofed with coconut logs. These were manned with machine-guns, and there were snipers hidden in the trees. The terrific fire to which the platoon was subjected forced it to withdraw. Lieutenant Norton was the first to fall [he died] from a sniper's bullet. Corporal Lindsay Hardy, who had already been wounded, threw a grenade, which a Nip promptly caught and threw back. It exploded against Lindsay's elbow, severely injuring his arm.'⁴²

Thus John H. Glenn in *Tobruk to Tarakan* confirmed the story on the dust jacket blurbs. Sergeant Dean Adams, although he could not see Hardy when he was 'badly injured' as he was about 50 yards behind him, recalls him walking out supported between two soldiers.⁴³

Hardy apparently had received a 'GSW' (gun shot wound) before the grenade inflicted a 'compd frac L forearm'. And for Hardy the war was over—but not its effects.

An abandoned Sattelberg was taken on 24 November, and 'Diver' Derrick raised the Australian flag there.

On 29 November Hardy left New Guinea: 'Emplaned Port Moresby & deplaned Townsville.'

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Sergeant Dean Adams told me that the worst aspect of fighting in the jungles of New Guinea and elsewhere was the lack of privacy. Australian soldiers were used to defecating, even urinating, in private. In the jungle there was no privacy. Soldiers could often not stray off the track because of the hazards of the terrain and Japanese snipers. They had to defecate near, even within view of, their companions. For soldiers suffering from dysentery and diarrhoea, when bowels opened without warning, the lack of privacy was at its worst. To maximize their embarrassment and physical discomfort, there was no lavatory paper—only leaves, fronds and grass.

When modern day Australians walk the Kokoda Trail thinking that they are reliv-

ing, to some extent, the suffering of the soldiers, I ask them to consider doing it without a change of clothes; without regular food; without hot food or drink; without dry clothes or any form of roof to shelter them from rain; without knowing that should they fall and sprain a wrist or ankle, or break a limb, or cut themselves—and possibly die of gangrene—or become ill, that a helicopter will take them to a hospital—and finally to do it without lavatory paper.

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By war's end the 2/48th had become, admittedly only by the narrowest of margins, the most decorated battalion in the Second A.I.F with four Victoria Crosses and 96 other decorations. Private Gurney was the first to win the V.C. at the Battle of Tel el Eisa on 22 July 1942. At the Battle of Alamein in the last week of October 1942 Private P.E. Gratwick and Sergeant W.H. Kibby won V.C's. All three were awarded posthumously. Thomas Currie 'Diver' Derrick, the most decorated Australian soldier in the war, won the D.C.M. (Distinguished Conduct Medal) at Tel el Eisa on 10 July 1942, and the V.C. on 23 November 1943 in the assault on Sattelberg. Derrick was wounded at Tarakan on 23 May 1945, and died the following day. The overall cost was also very high: 318 dead and a further 703 wounded.⁴⁴ Hardy had fought in gallant and inspiring company.

3. Back in Australia November 1943 to December 1944, then off to Britain

Having returned to Australia on 29 November, 1943 Hardy was transferred from hospital to hospital. He arrived in Adelaide on 22 January 1944. Though still hospitalized he went AWOL three times in one fortnight in February. Indeed, after returning from AWOL at 1955 hours on the 18th he went AWOL for the third time—only 10 minutes later—at 2005 hours. He spent the next three months either at 105 AGH (Australian General Hospital, built in 1942, more commonly known as the Repatriation Hospital at Daw Park) or in Kapara Convalescent Home at Glenelg. During March he suffered a bout of malaria. He went AWOL again from hospital on the 19th from 0900 to 2200. As a result he was held 'in confinement awaiting trial' for 12 days before facing a District Court Martial at Keswick on 3 April, where he was found guilty, reprimanded and had to forfeit 13 days pay.

The injury to his elbow was severe enough to cause him, on 11 May, to be declared unfit for military service. He remained in hospital until 15 May. He was finally discharged from the Army on 23 August 1944.

According to the dust jacket blurb of *Requiem for a Redhead*, he 'emerge[d] from World War II ... as a sergeant ...'. In fact, having entered as a private, been promoted five times, reaching acting sergeant, and demoted three times, he finished as a corporal.

Despite his demotions he was a good leader of men. When Hardy joined the 2/48th he again met O.H. 'Zac' Isaksson (either in Palestine or North Africa or both). Although their meetings were rare, as Isaksson was in charge of a different company, he recalls of Hardy that 'when a platoon sergeant' 'the Digs liked him ...'.⁴⁵

The injury sustained in New Guinea, initially described as 'Comp Frac L. Forearm' affected Hardy for the rest of his life. On 20 November 1943 it is described as 'Compd Frac ulna & radius L, GSW Forearm L.' Its significance begins to become

apparent in the description of 22 January 1944: 'Frac L ulna with ulna nerve injury.' Its long-term seriousness is probably recognized in the description of 11 May 1944 '... Fract L ulnar with ulnar nerve lesion'. This would explain the description on the dust jacket of *Requiem* that the war left him with 'a fairly useless left arm'. How useless? Judging by a photograph he may have been able to type with both hands, but was unable to do up a collar or knot a tie because he could not raise his arm high enough.⁴⁶

Meanwhile the *South Australian Police Gazette* of 10 May 1944 in its list of 'APPEHENSIONS DURING THE WEEK' stated: 'LINDSAY JOHN HARDY, (30) , ... attempted rape on MARY LENNARD, committed for trial.' *The Advertiser* stated that on 5 May 1944

A soldier with four years overseas service was committed for trial on a charge of having, on April 30, at Adelaide, assaulted a young woman with intent to have carnal knowledge without consent.

Bail was allowed, and an order was made prohibiting the publication of the defendant's name.⁴⁷

On 6 June at the Supreme Court Justice Reed refused to continue suppressing 'the name of Lindsay John Hardy, 29, soldier, of Springbank [now Panorama], who pleaded not guilty to a charge that ... he assaulted a 19-year-old single woman with intent to ravish her.' Hardy's trial by jury took three days. In their opening remarks the girl was described by the Crown Prosecutor as 'slightly lame' and by Hardy's lawyer as 'irresponsible'.⁴⁸ *The News*, the evening paper, reported that

... the young woman concerned, who was lame, had been to a rather late party in Carrington street. She left about 1.50 a.m. to walk to where she shared a room with another young woman in Gilles street.

In Halifax Street Hardy, who was a stranger to her, spoke to her and walked home with her.

The girl's story was that he then caught hold of her arm and compelled her to go to the South Parklands, where he pushed her to the ground and she struggled with him.

As a subterfuge she told him he could go home with her. They went back to her room, and she left him on the verandah while she went in and told the other girl what had happened.

Her friend went outside and got rid of Hardy.

Hardy had told the police that the girl had consented to his advances.

(Proceeding.)⁴⁹

The following day the morning paper reported the essence of the defence: 'Hardy ... told the police that he had not assaulted the girl, who assented to his advances.' It continued:

... the girl, who was slightly lame, was going home late from a party, when Hardy joined company with her. After some conversation he forced her into the parklands and attempted to commit the offence charged. She resisted, and he used some violence to her. At length, by pretending to agree to his going to her room, she was able to get him to walk to her home, where she got help from a friend.⁵⁰

That evening, according to *The News*, Hardy's lawyer stated that

Hardy ... spoke to the girl when he overtook her, and walked home with her. Hardy would say that he was with the girl for about an hour and a half altogether, and that when he suggested that they go to the park she walked with him and that they sat down together. He denied that there was any forcing. He also denied that on their return to the house the girl's friend came out and ordered him away.⁵¹

Of Adelaide's two dailies the evening paper, *The News*—owned by Keith Murdoch, Rupert's father—was considered the sensationalist, scandalmonger. However, it was the morning paper that next day went into more detail.

... [Hardy's lawyer] stated that his client met the young woman as she was walking home, and she raised no objection to his company. They sat for some time on the verandah of her home, where she let him kiss her several times. He suggested that they go to the parklands, and she walked there without any forcing, and they sat down. Further intimacies occurred, and thinking that he was being encouraged he proceeded with other overtures. She said, "We will go home," and they returned to the house where she went indoors, leaving him outside.⁵²

The dailies, to sensationalize the trial, stated that Hardy had been charged with 'having ... assaulted a young woman with intent to have carnal knowledge without consent.' and '[assaulting] a ... woman with intent to ravish her.' The actual charge was attempted rape—no mention of assault.

The following day, 8 June, the trial was completed, the jury found Hardy not guilty and he was discharged.

Fortunately for Hardy and his family the case was not reported in *The Truth*, probably because Hardy was acquitted. Nevertheless, the dailies' accounts no doubt scandalized many at a time when such things were not mentioned in polite society. (This was still such a prudish period that during the trial in testimony and cross-examination the word 'person' was euphemistically used for both penis and vulva.) So despite being acquitted, Hardy's niece told me, after I related the above to her, that the family would have been 'mortified'.^F

If the newspaper accounts damaged Hardy's reputation then his frankness in court, not reported in the newspapers, would have shocked most Adelaideans even more, especially Mrs Adelaide Olive Hardy and her daughters. Had Mrs Hardy attended the trial she would have been traumatized and outraged. For simplicity of punctuation I have edited several paragraphs of Hardy's testimony into one.

I ... pulled her jumper up a little and attempted to undo the tag of her brassieres. She said, "Be careful coupons are short", and then she said "Never mind" and pulled them up herself, baring her left breast. I then kissed her on the breast. She seemed to be enjoying it very much and so I said to her "Let me take your pants off." I said "Come on Mary" it's cold and there's no need to beat about the bush. When I said "Come on Mary" she gave a little squeal—not a scream—it was playful. Young women spend half their time making such noises. She said "It's too cold come to my room." I am no expert on kissing, but I have not been

kissed like that before or since. I suppose she thought I was impressed with the value of what I was going to get. I expected that the girl would allow me to have intercourse with her—I had every reason for expecting it. She seemed to be at least as keen on it as I. I will say that we were equally keen. I was keen up to a point—one qualification—a very important one—is that malaria has a particular debilitating effect. I would have been more passionately inclined towards this girl 5 years ago than I was at this time. I did have an erection whilst I was lying on the ground with her. I think I could have had intercourse with her—could have discharged my obligations as a man.

The trial and the publicity almost certainly were the cause of Hardy's dramatic fall from family favour. Whether the fall had begun in the 1930s we shall probably never know. Subsequent events have to be interpreted in light of the charge and the trial. It seems likely that as soon as possible after the trial he decided to leave Adelaide. His discharge from the Army became effective on 23 August, leaving him free to go more or less wherever he liked. And he liked to go overseas. On 4 December 1944 he was issued at Port Adelaide with a *Seaman's Document of Identity*.

As you may recall the blurbs on *Requiem* and *The Nightshade Ring* stated that Hardy, finding civilian life dull in 1946, sailed to London, spent the next 18 months there, returning to Australia in 1948 with material for stories. This conflicts, as will soon be seen, with the dates of his first serials and with his letters. So how reliable are the dust jacket blurbs as a whole? Despite these discrepancies, they seem, especially with regard to his lifestyle, quite accurate. Commenting on them Dinah Shearing said, 'Nothing could be exaggerated about Lindsay Hardy—he was that sort of man.'⁵³

The blurbs also mentioned that Hardy listened to ex-servicemen recounting their adventures, some of which were not quite legal activities involving Motor Torpedo Boats. His nephew Paul de Burgh-Day recalls hearing from Hardy that after the War Hardy himself was involved in gun running using MTBs. This could have been just Hardy bravado but maybe Reminiscing to his nephew in 1993:

He talked of some of his early life — at least post WWII. He told me how his elbow was smashed, and how British soldiers saved his life—as he had saved some—and buried some of them in the desert. After the war, trained to kill, he had no *raison d'être*. He alluded to a rather wild and shady life—things he is not proud of.

There were no specifics about what he was up to immediately after the war, but there is no doubt that much of his writing drew from his post war experiences. Today he is quite philosophical about his younger years. No excuses. "That's how I was." Military service and the war had its influence.

Like so many other soldiers, after 4½ years in the Army, trained to peak fitness, and fighting in some of the toughest campaigns in the War, Hardy when he left Army, was at a loss: his life had no purpose. And after the trial for attempted rape it seems that his family shunned him—he had brought disgrace upon them. This explains why his two sisters refused ever to speak about him to their children.

So what did Hardy do? The wage book of the Norwegian *M.S. Tijuca* confirms that he went to sea—as a 'Greaser'—not in 1946, but in December 1944. He was

signed on at Port Adelaide on 4 December 1944, the same day that he was issued with his *Seaman's Document of Identity*. His initial destination was Port Pirie. Thence to New South Wales where he spent at least 10 days in Sydney before visiting Port Kembla. By January 11 he was in Melbourne, by 24 February Calcutta, then in the first week of April he was back in Port Adelaide. In the last week in April he was in Sydney. Before he left Sydney the War in Europe ended, on 8 May. At the end of the month the *Tijuca* was in Brisbane, mid July Liverpool and late July at Swansea in Wales, where he remained until 10 November 1945, the date of his last pay. The trip to Britain would not have been without risk as the war with Japan did not end until 15 August. On the penultimate day of 1945 his *Seaman's Document of Identity* was stamped at 'Embarked Tyne Ports', 250 miles north of Swansea and on the other side of Britain. It is possible that Hardy went from Swansea to London then to Tyne Ports where he embarked, again as a seaman. The blurbs claim he spent 'a year and a half in London' and that 'After the war he toured Europe, the Caribbean and the Far East before turning to writing radio scripts'. However, according to a letter written in 19 July 1947 to his mother, Hardy was back in Adelaide in early 1946: 'My only regret is that I did not come to Melbourne eighteen months ago instead of banging my head against the tiny Adelaide wall.' At the time he wrote that letter he was living at The Esplanade Hotel, St Kilda. (It is worth noting that Hardy's letters, whether written or typed, very rarely contain any crossings out or alterations.) His nephew Paul de Burgh-Day wrote that in his late 70s Hardy recalled that

... one day when he was about 32 years [1946], he discovered that he had a talent with words and with writing. He came home to Australia and wrote radio serials for the ABC for A£2 each.

In another version of the story, on more than one occasion Hardy, in his mid 70s, told his grandniece that he left Australia and worked his way to England on a Norwegian tramp steamer, because the profession of writing was not adequately recognized in Australia. He said that he was working for the A.B.C. when his cheque account became overdrawn by twopence. He went to the bank and explained that he was working and that his next pay from the A.B.C. was due. When the bank officer asked him what he did for a living, he replied that he was a writer. He was then asked, possibly repeatedly, but 'what do you do for a living?' Angered he left Australia.^F This reaction is so excessive that it seems an unlikely story, but others have testified to his unpredictable temper. This version seems unlikely but somewhere there may have been some truth in it, for in Melbourne he may have submitted a few items to the A.B.C. However, the A.B.C. has no records of his assertions, but this could be either because it did not employ writers on its staff, paying them instead on a piecework basis, or because of incomplete and lost records.

If the likelihood of inaccuracies of memory are taken into account then, on balance, I think it likely that Hardy having arrived in Tyne Ports at the very end of 1945 worked his way back to Australia as a seaman via Europe, the Caribbean and the Far East. As he was back in Adelaide early in 1946, he could not have spent much time in the countries visited on the way. Once home he may then have done some work for the A.B.C., but his big break, as will be soon revealed, was being hired by Donovan Joyce in late 1946 or early 1947.

An aside on Hardy's interest in mathematics. Written by him, probably in 1945, in the back of his *M.S. Tijuca* wage book is this puzzle:

Holly is older than Mistletoe. Each year H. and M. divide in proportion to their ages a sum = product of their ages in pounds.

10 yrs ago Holly had £19.4 more than M. How much extra does Holly get this year?

4. Back in Australia in 1946, Hardy begins writing for radio then or 1947

Having lost some of the use of his left arm, fortunately Hardy's active and vivid imagination, 'enriched' with his war service, and an amazing ability to write, allowed him to earn a living; but not before he visited Britain and maybe London where he listened to the 'wonderful tales ... and wonderful dreams' that provided him, according to the blurbs on his first two novels, with 'a fund of stories and a gallery of types'.

I have chosen to tell the next part of Hardy's story as a combined biography and bibliography of his work.

Where not otherwise stated all titles are of radio serials—some of which he re-wrote as novels, then again as television serials. The reverse occurred with one short story becoming a radio serial. At least three of his radio serials were made into feature films, though Hardy only wrote the screenplay for one of them.

Before proceeding, a sentence about 'transcription' is needed. Radio stations and production companies recorded programmes, mainly serials, onto masters, initially wax cylinders, from which they were transcribed onto discs for broadcast.

All Hardy's radio serials, with one exception, were of 104 twelve and three quarter minute episodes. (Twelve and three quarter minutes, including 'intros' and 'out-ros', left radio stations two and a quarter minutes per quarter hour for advertisements and announcements. Stations mainly broadcast them either as one episode each night from Monday to Thursday, or two episodes a night on two week nights, or four episodes on say Sunday night. For scheduling convenience serials were usually sold in standard packages of 104 twelve minute episodes so that each package would last for 26 weeks or half a year. Hence, *26 Hours* 104 episodes ran for 26 hours.) Most dates cited for radio serials are for year of first broadcast. Because of the time taken to write and record radio serials, some may not have been broadcast until the following year. Hardy's frequent moves makes it difficult to locate where he was when he wrote some of his serials and books.

The production details of a number of serials are confusing. For example, one source states that *Knave of Hearts* was produced by Donovan Joyce while another states that it was released under Joyce's recording company label and the production company was Grace Gibson's. These 'facts' may not be contradictory as Joyce almost certainly produced and released the serial but had it recorded at Gibson's studios. On the basis of the evidence available to me, the production company for all of Lindsay Hardy's 11 radio serials, except for the first three Gregory Keen adventures, was Donovan Joyce Productions, even though they were recorded at Gibson's. The other three were pro-

duced by Grace Gibson Radio Productions in 1951-2.

I include what may seem mere trivial detail because it affects access to Hardy's serials. One would expect the copyright to remain with the production company, and copyright ownership is an issue because it is blocking access to the serials. Specifically, if copyright to the serials written for Donovan Joyce was not acquired by Grace Gibson and sold on, then copyright will not belong to the present owner of Gibson's. If so any owners of sets of original recordings may be able to copy and distribute them as they see fit.

Finally some comments about the names Lindsay Hardy gave to his characters and to places. He was fascinated with names, especially exotic and alien sounding ones. My spelling of a lot of the foreign names in the serials is based solely on their sounds, some from memories 25 to 50 years old. A few spellings were corrected from scripts and others from his novels, but there still will be errors. When Hardy re-used characters' names from his serials in his novels, he sometimes changed them slightly, for example: Bruno Walter Kesselring becomes Marcus Walter Kesselring, and Richard Mark Heyden becomes Robert Hayden. Sometimes I have indicated this using a slash as in Bruno/Marcus.

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Hardy's writing career began in the mid 40s when Australian radio was booming. The Second World War ended importation of pre-recorded or transcription programmes, especially drama, from North America and Britain. Presumably, I reasoned, space could not be wasted on transporting frivolities across the oceans in merchant shipping that was in short supply and continuously in danger of being sunk by submarines. Lynne Murphy agrees: 'The ban on the importation of non-essential goods during the war was a boon for Australian-made products including radio programs ...'.<sup>54</sup> That may have been true, but, according to Richard Lane, the reason was 'a ban on the importation of American transcriptions to conserve currency'.<sup>55</sup> In any case when importation ceased, local producers seized the opportunity to expand. Moreover, with the rationing of newsprint during the War, advertisers had little choice but to abandon papers and transfer their business to radio. This unexpected influx of revenue resulted in the commercial stations pouring money into local production. The trend continued after the War. The Golden Age of Radio Drama peaked, with both commercial stations and the A.B.C. broadcasting high quality drama—serials and prestige winning plays—specially aimed at night time listeners. It has been estimated that the A.B.C. came to spend £1 million (equivalent to anything from 45 to 64 million year 2008 dollars) and commercial stations only slightly less on drama. On commercial radio Australian drama exceeded 95% of drama broadcast.<sup>56</sup> Into this boom came Lindsay Hardy. And into Lindsay Hardy's life came Donovan Joyce (1910-80).

Joyce had set up his own transcription production business in Melbourne in 1945. It, like Grace Gibson's and others, produced radio programmes, especially serials, which they sold in Australia and then overseas.

Donovan Joyce recalled to radio historian Peter Philp:

... the first time I met the chap [at the London Hotel, Melbourne]. He had the bum out of his pants. He was a wild looking, unshaven bastard. I asked him what he wanted and he replied: "To write". "Why?" "Because I want to eat."

‘Joyce invited him to submit some scripts. Hardy’s first success was an episode of *The Passing Parade* called Sign of the Times.’ This was followed by some more scripts for *Parade* and for other half hour series.<sup>PP</sup> Whether Hardy wrote before this for the A.B.C. is conjectural, however, to make the transition *in one move* from having written nothing to successful radio writer with Joyce seems unlikely.

On 20 June 1947 Hardy wrote to his mother that ‘The position at the Australian Broadcasting Commission is still hanging fire.’ And that he had ‘finished two half hour plays’ for Joyce. He also states that he is working for Australian National Airways being paid ‘the princely sum of £6·8·0 weekly [\$382 year 2008 dollars], and after making my contribution to Mr Chifley I retain just under £5·8 [\$322].’ If he had looked like Joyce described him—‘bum out of his pants ... a wild looking, unshaven bastard’—then it is unlikely he would have been employed by A.N.A. Moreover, all other sources state that Hardy dressed immaculately. Perhaps the desire to be the raconteur overwhelmed Joyce’s memory.

On 19 July 1947 Hardy wrote to his mother that Joyce

has accepted three [radio plays] at seven guineas\* each and I have from him a contract for one half-hour play each week for an indefinite period ... . From now my earnings will be £14-12-0 weekly — £7-7-0 from the radio and £6-18 from the Airways. But this is only the beginning. I am working on two plays and a serial.

In the same letter he reveals some of his motivation: ‘Independence is precious as you well know and in a year’s time I shall be completely independent — of jobs and people.’ A month later, on 21 August he wrote:

I have now done seven plays for Donovan Joyce and I can rely on his contract as a regular thing. There’s also a tremendous amount of other writing for radio to be done here, but it is necessary to get about to dig it up. So, after thinking it over carefully, I decided to leave the Airways job ... .

He was aware that his mother would regard resigning from A.N.A. as rash: ‘I know you will say silly fellow or something ...’. But he was full—overfull—of optimism: ‘Very soon now things will eventuate with a rush and I will be very well off.’ and ‘In six months I’ll be sitting on the top of the world ...’. He adds that ‘... I hope you will be able to benefit by it as much as I do.’ Then comes a slightly contradictory, revealing statement: ‘I’m paying my way and I’ve bought some new clothes, thanks of course to you.’

In September he wrote: ‘My stuff is beginning to come on the air regularly.’ He then mentions *Passing Parade*. Again ambitious and optimistic he goes on:

At present I am working on a show of my own, a series of fifty two plays about life in London, called *Tales of Piccadilly*. I don’t see that it is possible to fail because wherever I go I hear the same tale: there is a dearth of script writers in Mel-

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\* A guinea was 21 shillings or £1/1/0. In the 1950s professional fees, and the prices of luxury goods such as paintings, racehorses, furs, even millinery from chic shops, were still stated in guineas. To cynics this was a pretentious upper-class ploy to increase profit with a 5% surcharge.

bourne.

That is the only mention I have come across of *Tales of Piccadilly*. (The 1970s British television series *Tales of Piccadilly* appears to be entirely unrelated.) However, to write plays about life in London indicates that Hardy was familiar with the city, especially as he thought that one must be familiar with one's subject to write about it. Ten years later he wrote:

I have to compete with other authors. To do that I have to be at least as knowledgeable, and to get that all-round experience you have to have moved about. If you try to write about things you don't know, the result is laughable — it is a fact of the writer's life.<sup>57</sup>

Back to the September 1947 letter where he outlines how much time it takes him to write plays.

I am fairly prolific of ideas but it takes me 18 hours to do a half hour script of which the actual composition takes about three. The other fifteen are taken in writing the thing roughly and then typing a neat copy. If I could dictate the things to a typist I could do three times as many and really make some money.

At this point, for those who have not used typewriters, it is time to consider the effect on typing of his injured arm. With full use of both arms and hands Hardy would have been able to type efficiently. If he had sufficient use of his left arm and hand to operate the shift key he could have typed capital letters efficiently, but typing capitals with one hand, especially on the heavy manual typewriters of the 40s and 50s, was awkward and slow. If he was not able to type with his left arm at all his typing would have been very slow and laborious.

Hardy's May 1948 letter reveals that he is indebted to his mother. Because 'my venture ... has turned into a complete flop', he has been unable to repay the £100 (\$5,402 year 2008 dollars) she lent him, but hopes to now. Then follows the explanation.

... [3AW] persuaded us to let [Willie Fennell] play "Alf", in the Alf and Aubrey. Very well. From the first it became apparent — to me at any rate, that he was not only not up to the part but utterly hopeless. He had not the faintest idea and ... was doing nothing but ruin otherwise good records. ... we [were told to go] ahead and made our records, only to have the sponsor ... back out at the last minute on the grounds that Fennell was terrible. ... the arrangement was that [3AW] should buy the show direct from us, and ... should bear the brunt financially and not us. ... There was a good deal of argument ..., but it's settled now although all they are going to do is recoup us for our costs. Their cheque may be sometime coming through so that I am going to be late repaying you ... .

He then breaks the news that 'The Passing Parade is finished for a year' but Joyce has offered him other work.

Then one day Joyce rang early ... . What are you doing he said? I told him, looking for a job. So he said, you have one, here. This was his offer. I am to

write 260 three-quarter hour scripts at eight a week for three guineas each. That makes £25-4-0 a week for 32½ weeks. So far so good. Now, he said, instead of battling away in that hotel room of yours, why not come on my staff and work in here? Of course, I leapt at the chance. ... [Then] Joyce's scheme is to spend the [next] 5 months digging up 52 more Passing Parade subjects, when the programme will be revived, with me writing it, for another year.

Hardy also wrote, possibly beginning in 1948, for the documentary series

*A Matter of Luck*, a programme dedicated to the greatest inventor and scientific discoverer the world has known—Lady Luck. And bringing you in one complete 30 minute presentation two authentic stories of remarkable scientific achievement ... dramatized from factual research material by L.J. Hardy. A Donovan Joyce Production.<sup>58</sup>

Tragically for my biography there are no more letters until August 1952.

Hardy's really big break came when Joyce asked him to write serials. He wrote his first two serials for Joyce: *The Lillian Dale Affair* and *Office Wife*. Sources differ about when and the order in which they were written or broadcast, ranging from 1946 to 1949.<sup>59</sup> They were probably written and recorded in 1948 and 1949.

*The Lillian Dale Affair* starred Dinah Shearing as Lillian. It was introduced with the words: 'The story of a scoundrel'. Probably set in the late 1800s this 'romantic tale' 'was about the aristocratic Dale family, who had dominated their local English county for nearly 1,000 years.' It concluded with: 'The Lillian Dale Affair, suggested by certain of the famous Barchester novels by Anthony Trollope, was written by L.J. Hardy.\*' 'Some would say a new excellence had begun in commercial radio writing' with 'a style and quality rarely seen in commercial radio.'<sup>PP</sup>

Then Joyce suggested the idea for *Office Wife*.<sup>PP</sup> *Office Wife* (208 quarter-hour episodes) was subtitled: *The story of the girl who married her boss, and of the girl who took over*. Set in Melbourne, it was the story of a businessman who spent so much time away from home with his attractive secretary that his wife became suspicious and jealous, and they separated. Its plot also includes commercial fraud and swindle, a woman driven to suicide by Harry Jefferson Palmer—a cad, 'Incapable of love, but [who] had to make conquests'—and who is framed for murder.

After 40 to 50 years of television it is hard to recall or imagine just how big radio was in its heyday, and, therefore, the celebrity status of its leading actors, producers and writers. So much money was made each week that 'During 1947-48 [Joyce] flew leading Sydney actresses Lyndall Barbour and Dinah Shearing over to Melbourne to play roles specially tailored for them in the serials *The Devil's Duchess* [by Ru Pullan], *The Lillian Dale Affair* and *Office Wife*.'<sup>60</sup>

In August 1950 Hardy submitted a play to the Australian Broadcasting Commis-

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\* Unlike Hardy's later commercial radio serials *Lillian Dale*'s episodes were a fraction longer than 15 minutes and had no separate 'intros' or 'outros'. So, where were the advertisements played? Probably over the long passages of introductory and closing music. Just over 100 seconds of music followed the announcement of the title and subtitle and a similar amount after the closing announcement.

sion called *The Deauville Bracelet*.<sup>\*</sup> It was accepted the same month. His address at the time was 594 St Kilda Road, Melbourne.<sup>61</sup> (*The Deauville Bracelet* was broadcast on 2FC on 3 February 1951 in the A.B.C's 'series of special Jubilee Australian plays'. A reviewer notes, possibly with some parochial annoyance, 'The story is about gambling on the French Riviera and appears to have nothing to do with Australia.'<sup>62</sup> And he was right, it had nothing to do with Australia.

Hardy was now in demand by listeners and sponsors, but 'According to Joyce, this highly talented man had two problems. He drank too much and refused to spice his stories with sex, subtle as it had to be in the 1950s. "He couldn't handle writing about sex, so he refused to attempt it," Joyce remarked.'<sup>PP</sup> When Hardy enthusiastically showed Joyce the first episodes of a new serial Joyce insisted that he include more sex, and assumed that he would get his way in the belief that Hardy's career depended on him. He was wrong: Hardy posted the pilot episodes to Grace Gibson Productions in Sydney.<sup>PP</sup>

Joyce's insistence that Hardy add more sex puzzles me. Just how much sex did Joyce want? Or, more to the point, just how explicit did he want Hardy to be? As Hardy was certainly able to write about romance, presumably it was the explicitness of sex that was the sticking point. The few episodes that I have heard of *Office Wife* were significantly driven by sexual motive and contained sexual situations. In any case, this was not enough for Joyce, who decided that Hardy had to include more sex in his future stories. At 37 one can assume that Hardy's character was probably set, and if he did not want to write explicitly about sex he probably would not.

## 5. Hardy moves to Sydney in 1950

Hardy reacted to Joyce's ultimatum by sending his new story to Grace Gibson (1905-89) in Sydney.<sup>†</sup> 'When Lindsay submitted *Dossier on Dumetrius*, I swooped on it,' Grace Gibson said.<sup>PP</sup> Tragically for him, Joyce lost his number one writer, and Hardy moved to Sydney where he wrote his first three Gregory Keen serials for Gibson: *Dossier on Dumetrius* (broadcast 1951), *Deadly Nightshade* (broadcast 1952) and *26 Hours* (broadcast 1952-3). In all three Bruce Stewart, a New Zealander, played Keen, Ivon Vander Sgt Tom Coutts, and Moray Powell Col Milo Julian Fentriss. (Coutts is correctly pronounced with a long oo as in 'coots', however, the actors pronounced it 'cuts'. When Hardy heard the mispronunciation he stormed into the recording studio irately demanding to know why the actors could not read. The explanation was that none of them had heard the name before and Bruce Stewart thought that he had heard it pronounced 'cuts' in New Zealand. So they agreed on that. For consistency, the error having been made, the mispronunciation had to be maintained through all five Gregory Keen serials. A similar story may explain why Miss Bergner's given name Hedy was

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<sup>\*</sup> Although the title on the typescript is spelt *The Beauville Bracelet* this was probably a mis-typing of Deauville, because the bracelet is won at the casino in Deauville and the A.B.C's record card refers to it as *The Deaville* [sic] *Bracelet*.

<sup>†</sup> Grace Gibson was born in Texas. She first came to Australia in 1934 to work for 2GB, and then founded Artransa, the 2GB-Macquarie network's transcription business. She returned to the USA in 1941, but came back to Australia and founded Grace Gibson Radio Productions in 1944. Her lifestyle was luxurious. See *Radio Call* 23 January 1957, p. 16.

pronounced ‘haydy’ not ‘hedy’.<sup>PP</sup>) Guy Doleman (1923-96) was the ‘baddest’ of the baddies in the first two. He was also, in real life, ‘one of the wildest of the Sydney radio pack who played and lived hard’.<sup>PP</sup>

Now it is time to remember the blurbs on the back of his first two books, that told of Hardy’s time in London after the war:

... in the company of ex-commandos, Navy, and RAF men, all of whom were determined to make their fortunes doing something that was never quite legal, always in some far-off place ... in the Soho cellars and Knightsbridge pubs [where] wonderful tales were told and wonderful dreams were dreamed, so that when Hardy returned ... he was in possession of a fund of stories and a gallery of types ... [including] the character of Gregory George Athelston Keen, [who] ... he met ... under a variety of other names.

Was Hardy’s enthusiasm for the serial featuring Gregory Keen, and for his determination not to alter it, because it was the first one to be based on that memorable period?

*Dossier* demonstrated such a knowledge of London that Hardy almost certainly was familiar with the city. So it is reasonable to assume that he spent some time there. But was it after the War? I have often wondered whether he wandered to and around London in the 30s—and maybe again after the War.

*Dossier on Dumetrius*—‘A document now gathering dust in a silent room.’—perhaps the best serial Hardy wrote, was set in post-war London, where Dumetrius is hunting down missing loot stolen by the Nazis. Dinah Shearing played Hedy Bergner, with whom Keen fell in love, and Alan White played Hank Godowski. According to a Grace Gibson publicity blurb ‘the background of the story is semi-factual’. At least one station—Adelaide’s 5AD—claimed that it was ‘based on fact’.<sup>63</sup> However, according to Reg James, it was standard practice for advertising writers for radio programmes to exaggerate and fabricate.) Nevertheless, *Dossier* soon became the talk of wireless listeners in all States. One Adelaide columnist wrote: ‘Powerful. ... “Dossier on Dumetrius” is just about the last word in high-powered serial fare. ... I don’t think I’ve heard so many people discuss a serial quite so much as this one.’ He attributed its popularity to ‘terrific atmosphere’, ‘its action’ and also to ‘the choice of names. Such names as Dumetrius, Yotti Bloom (that’s the way it’s pronounced anyway), Hedy Bergner, Mylo Fentriss, and others add ... colour to the story.’<sup>64</sup> ‘So popular [was] “Dossier on Dumetrius” ... that its sequel “Deadly Nightshade” was bought by 13 stations in five States before production had started.’<sup>65</sup> The enormous success of this serial across the Tasman was highlighted by the fact that Members of the New Zealand Parliament rose early so that they would be home in time to hear the last episode.<sup>PP</sup>

*Dossier* received rave responses from advertisers and radio stations: ‘the best production we have ever sponsored’.<sup>NFSA</sup> 2HD aired it six nights a week and wrote to Grace Gibson Productions: ‘Colossal listening audience ... all of Newcastle stay at home at nights until Dossier on Dumetrius has concluded. ... the greatest programme ever to be presented in Newcastle.’<sup>NFSA</sup> Anecdotal evidence says that the managers of some rural cinemas were forced to delay screening times so that customers could listen to *Dossier* before coming the ‘flics’. The Vacuum Oil Company, which sponsored the Keen serials, wrote to Grace Gibson: ‘No feature in New Zealand has ever received the publicity that was afforded to Dumetrius ... The fame of the Dumetrius serial per-



haps makes publicity for *Deadly Nightshade* unnecessary.’<sup>PP</sup> That it starred New Zealanders Bruce Stewart and Guy Doleman contributed to its popularity there. Back in Adelaide *Radio Call* also proclaimed the success of the Keen serials: ‘Station 5AD, which appears to have cornered the high-powered serials market, introduced us to “Deadly Nightshade”, sequel to “Dossier on Dumetrius” in the 9 o’clock Sunday night channel.’<sup>66</sup>

Those who can remember listening to the serial will recall each episode beginning with a whistled 6 note phrase which is taken up by an orchestra. Dumetrius’s compulsive whistling of the phrase leads to his undoing. The theme, the last 40 seconds of *Eastern Court*, was an inspired choice; especially as the mood set by the composition until then was quite different and relatively forgettable. Leighton Lucas (1903-1982) who composed it also composed mood music for motion pictures. It was taken from an E.M.I. disc of music composed exclusively for use on radio, motion pictures and television.

Hardy was paid £3/10/0<sup>NFSA</sup> an episode amounting to £364 for the very successful serial—or \$14,997 year 2008 dollars for the whole of *Dossier*.

It is tempting to assume that some writers put themselves and their dreams in their writings, and I have often wondered whether in *Dossier* Keen’s feelings for Hedy, whom he fell tragically in love with and who was killed in the final sequence of events, may have derived from a love in his own life. In this regard the final words of the serial, spoken by Keen, may be full of real meaning: ‘But one thing I will never forget—Hedy. Hedy will be with me ... forever.’

With radio audiences and sponsors wanting more of Keen and Coutts, Grace Gibson had a problem. Hardy, who had wanted the very vile villain Dumetrius to survive, now refused to write another serial featuring Keen. A battle of the wills ensued. She persuaded him to write another Keen story but he insisted on ‘reviving’ Dumetrius in the form of his half-brother, to be played naturally by Doleman.<sup>PP & 67</sup>

Gibson had another problem with Hardy because ‘While developing his characters, he wanted a say in who was playing them. When Hardy lost the argument, he would attempt to kill off the character in future episodes.’<sup>PP</sup>

Before moving on to the second Gregory Keen serial I must mention that Hardy contributed, probably in the very early 1950s, to *Four Corners and Seven Seas*, a series of 52 twelve minute ‘True stories from every corner of the globe’. The announcer introduced each programme with:

From the chronicles of travellers and adventurers the world over come these authenticated accounts of unusual people and unusual events, bringing you in one presentation a strange but true story from the four corners and the seven seas.

Some were written by Hardy, others by established script-writers including Richard Lane, who also produced them.<sup>68</sup> According to Reg James it was a minor production for Artransa, and its self-contained stories were used as fillers.<sup>69</sup> (Artransa was 2GB’s transcription company and sold its products to 2GB and its Macquarie Network.) Judging by the two Hardy scripts I have read—No. 4 *The Maharajah’s Elephant* and No 8 *The Hoodoo Ship*—although the anecdotal accounts may have been authenticated, their truth probably was not.<sup>70</sup>

In *Deadly Nightshade*—‘A story that unfolds like the petals of a deadly flower.’—

Keen's task is to find out the fate of a number of missing scientists and of two missing M.I.5 agents. Margot Lee, whom Hardy did not want in the serial<sup>PP</sup>, played Keen's contact Evelyn Channell, and as noted Guy Doleman played the typically sinisterly named baddy Felix Huberman, Dumetrius's half-brother. Did Hardy 'relate' Dumetrius and Felix to make more credible their being both played by the very distinctive voice of Guy Doleman? In episode 101 Hardy asked for 'THE LONGEST AND LOUDEST SKID EVER HEARD ON AIR'.<sup>NFSA</sup> With *Deadly Nightshade* 'Gregory Keen was now the hottest property in Australian radio advertising'.<sup>PP</sup> When Gibson instructed Hardy to write a third Keen serial, without Doleman, Hardy agreed to both conditions even though he did not want to write another Keen story.<sup>PP</sup>

Photographs of Hardy are rare. I have seen only two from the period when he was writing for Gibson: a studio portrait made for Gibson, and a shot of him at his typewriter surrounded by actors. In both he presents well being good looking, well built, clean cut and well dressed. The latter especially fits the family style, as, according to his grandniece, 'Uncle Lindsay and his sisters were always impeccably dressed—and he wore cravats.'<sup>F</sup>

In *26 Hours*—subtitled *The record of a night and a day and the fall of another night*—Keen and Coutts are sent to post-war Berlin, still in ruins, to acquire diaries stolen from a maniacal American Major-General, Richard C. Grumann. Manfred von Remer has the diaries, which, if they fell into wrong—Soviet—hands, could spark World War III. (Always insistent that foreign names be correctly pronounced Hardy's script notes that Remer is to be pronounced Ramer.<sup>NFSA</sup>) Keen has to compete for them with the East Berlin Communists and with Heinrich Schiller who leads a group of Nazis intent upon launching the Fourth Reich. Schiller, the worst of the baddies, was played by Allan Trevor. As usual Keen fell in love, this time with Anna Hoffman played by Gloria Peyton.

According to a Grace Gibson publicity blurb:

The plot of the story is justified by, and based on, the following two celebrated affairs:

1) June, 1944. During the war, the British Ambassador to Turkey was kept informed of the Allies' most secret plans and operations. He had a personal valet—an Axis agent—who went by the code name of "Cicero." Through incredible mismanagement, Cicero had access to all manner of top-secret documents and developed a technique for micro-photographing them and selling them to the Axis powers.\*

2) November, 1951. Major General Robert W. Grow recently provided the Soviet with their best propaganda ever, by allowing his diary to be stolen by a Russian agent. A Communist Paper in Germany has published excerpts from the diary he kept as military attaché in Moscow. Sample (War Now! As soon as possible. Now!) He will be court martialled on charges of "improperly recording ... and failing to properly safeguard classified military information" ...

Although the plot of *26 Hours* is driven by the stealing of Grow's diaries, the Cicero story is totally irrelevant.

For dramatic reasons it was almost the rule that characters in radio dramas were

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\* Cicero's story was serialized for radio the following year as *Five Fingers*, but not by Hardy.

slightly to significantly over-written and over-played. To television-age audiences some sound more like caricatures and this is very much the case with the Americans in *26 Hours*. However, the almost excessive hamming and exaggeration of Yank character traits in *26 Hours*, reflected, says Reg James, 'Lindsay's ... poor opinion of Americans'<sup>71</sup>—an opinion that may have resulted, at least partly, from his war service in New Guinea. They are portrayed as loud-mouthed, brash, over-confident, blundering, and fascinatingly, over-reliant on technology—prophetic perhaps of American adventurism especially from Viet Nam onwards. Fifty years later, immediately after terrorists crashed jet airliners into the World Trade Centre's twin towers in New York, American intelligence was criticized for not knowing of the intended plot, and was accused of over-reliance on technology and failure to have agents on the ground. Exactly the criticism that Fentriss made of them in *26 Hours*. Additionally some of the Americans are ready to use interrogative methods repulsive to M.I.5. So when Col Wayne B. Craven arranges for Anna Hoffmann to be 'treated well' but sent to an American military hospital to be interrogated by military doctor Major Winthrop Shaw, using the truth drug sodium pentothal, Keen and Craven nearly come to blows.<sup>72</sup> Moreover, Fentriss prophetically remarks:

What's the world coming to ... . You know I sometimes fear that we'll only be able to fight 'em by using their own methods, so that one day there won't be a fig to choose between us. I wish I'd been born under the First Elizabeth. Things were simpler then.<sup>73</sup>

This was written during the Korean War (1950-3) when U.N. forces caught by the Communists were, amongst other things being, what is now known as, water-boarded. Under President George W. Bush tortures such as water-boarding became approved routine.\*

Although Keen is at times tempted to resort to the ruthless murderous methods of his enemies, when the crunch comes, he remains true to his ideals. Given the opportunity of throwing a Mills bomb, a high-explosive hand grenade, into Schiller's hideout and killing him and his most brutal henchmen he resists temptation, reasoning: 'What are you? A butcher like Schiller and his men?'<sup>74</sup>

Returning to the end of *26 Hours*. Determined to end the career of Keen, Hardy tried to kill him off in the last episode 'shooting' him three times in the chest. Gibson prevented that but allowed Keen to lose his left arm, so that M.I.5 would have to remove him from its list of active agents and retire him to a desk. Moreover, the generous Americans give Keen and Coutts half a million dollars in gold to divide up between them, thus presumably to ensure that they both retire from M.I.5.

Once again the popularity of a Keen serial was amazing. 3KZ's Programme manager Kevin O'Gorman said: 'When *26 Hours* concluded in Melbourne, 3KZ had to open its auditorium, which sat 120 people, because those who had missed the final episode demanded to hear it. The response was so great that replays continued in the auditorium over three weeks.'<sup>PP</sup>

As part of its ongoing publicity and sales initiatives, Grace Gibson Productions

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\* There is a graphic first-hand experience of water-boarding by the North Koreans at Pyongyang in Eric Williams's *Great Escape Stories*, Penguin, 1963, pp. 231-2 taken from Captain Anthony Farrar-Hockley's *The edge of the Sword*.

compiled, after *26 Hours*, a list of the radio stations that had broadcast *Deadly Nightshade*. It listed 81 Australian stations as well as the New Zealand Broadcasting Corporation, Fiji Broadcasting Commission, Trinidad Broadcasting Co. Ltd., Jamaica Broadcasting Company, Federal Broadcasting Corporation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Kenya Broadcasting Service, Barbados Rediffusion Ltd. It noted that a station in Hong Kong was running a third repeat and that another repeat was occurring on 'Voice of Rediffusion (closed circuit)' in Trinidad, and I recall a mention of Singapore. (This agrees with Reg James who says that they were not sold to the United Kingdom.<sup>75</sup> One wonders why.) Lynne Murphy states that by 1954 Gibson was also selling to Canada.<sup>76</sup>

These first three Gregory Keen serials are described in more length in chapter 4.

The length of a Keen script was almost always exactly 6 double-spaced foolscap pages.

It seems that, even while writing *26 Hours*, Hardy was planning to try his luck overseas for he was issued a passport in June 1952.

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Joyce's flamboyant life at this time may give an insight into Hardy's own—or to which he aspired:

A great deal of [Joyce's] business with actors and writers was carried out in bars—only the best ones—at all hours of day and night. There was a time when he came up frequently from Melbourne to Sydney, leaving Melbourne around eight in the evening, driving through the night in his high-powered sports car, arriving in Sydney* early next morning to go about his business, and at night he would be part of the company seated on high stools around Reg's Bar at Double Bay. His most constant companions then were writer Lindsay Hardy and actor Guy Doleman. Lindsay wrote some of Joyce's best serials and Guy acted in them.^{77†}

The three were not only close friends but drinking companions—indeed for them friendship and drinking sessions were probably inseparable *sine qua nons*. 'And when Donovan Joyce, Guy Doleman and Hardy got together, [said Reg James]—what an incredible trio. They were just so bad.'^{PP}

According to anecdote,

On one occasion Grace Gibson refused to allow Hardy [to] leave until he had completed episodes for the next recording of *Dumetrius*. Doleman and Joyce headed off to start their drinking. Before long, Hardy appeared at the bar. They jibed him about escaping through a window. Nothing as strenuous as that, explained Hardy, ... [who had typed] out the lead pages for the next six episodes, then pinned each to six blank pages to make them look like completed chapters. He presented them to Grace and walked out. Surprisingly nobody checked the scripts and that night Hardy was able to return to the office and complete the episodes.^{PP}

* The shortest route via Albury would have been at least 860 kilometres.

† As well as a producer Joyce was a writer, and R.R. Walker implies (in *The Magic Spark* ... p. 59) that Hardy may have contributed to serials not credited to him: 'Joyce wrote a lot of the material [for broadcast] himself, with Lindsay Hardy, later to achieve success in England, as a feature-writer.'

For Hardy alcohol was a problem, even without ‘having’ to drink with friends and colleagues—and Doleman and Joyce were reputedly heavy drinkers themselves. Possibly as a consequence of his war service—remember the arack—he had become a heavy drinker especially of whisky. Reg James recalls that ‘much of his drinking was done alone’ and at times he would have to be woken while in his office and pressed to finish scripts.⁷⁸ He was, however, normally more reliable than that: ‘Lindsay usually finished writing each week’s supply [of 4 quarter-hour episodes] on the Friday before Monday recording.’⁷⁹ This schedule also reveals how much pressure the actors and sound effects people were under with so little time for rehearsal. Whatever the truth, and some testify to even worse problems meeting deadlines, Grace Gibson put up with his unreliability only because, as she later said herself,^{PP} she recognized his outstanding talent. ‘There were times when Hardy would disappear and go on a binge and Grace would send out her people to find him.’^{PP} ‘When Grace Gibson herself once located him in a bar at the *Ushers*, Lindsay felt the full force of Grace’s dominant personality.’ Peter Philp quotes Reg James as saying: ‘He would sometimes sleep in the office over the weekend.’ And ‘I remember being told that as soon as he arrived, to get him into the office and stand guard at the door and to make sure he didn’t come out until he had finished his writing.’ For a time Ross Napier, an up and coming young writer, ‘When he moved in [to Gibson’s] ... shared an office with Lindsay Hardy. On the occasions that Grace locked Hardy in until he had finished his episodes, Napier found himself imprisoned too.’^{PP} Was it possible that alcohol was essential to unlock the creative genius?

Dinah Shearing recalls that:

One day, after a morning’s recording, Guy Doleman and I were about to lunch at a nearby restaurant and decided to ask Lindsay to join us. Guy was very fond of him. Guy asked ... where we could find Lindsay. We were told that Lindsay had four episodes to complete and that he’d been locked in a room with a table, a typewriter and little else and “there he’d stay until they were done”. Bizarre. We found the room, Guy turned the key and entered and it was all true, except that he also had a bottle of Scotch to consume. He didn’t join us and said, with great good-humour, “I don’t mind, I have to get the damned things done.”

We watched for a few minutes, increasingly amazed. He would think for a short period, then begin to type and not stop until the scene was finished. He was so familiar with his characters that he didn’t need to pause in writing their dialogue.⁸⁰

And Ivon Vander recalled:

At one time, while recording the Gregory Keen series, he wrote at least three episodes, handing us one page at a time while we were in the studio. He must have had his story format so implanted in his mind that he did not have to think. It just flowed. It was just like putting on a gramophone record.^{PP}

Despite Hardy’s problems with alcohol Dinah Shearing states: ‘I never saw any display of “drunken behaviour”. He was never out of control or garrulous. He was always polite and quietly spoken.’⁸¹

Both Dinah Shearing and Reg James were surprised that he survived past his fif-

ties, thinking that the drinking would have killed him well before 1994. ‘He must have given up drinking,’ Reg James remarked⁸²—but he didn’t.

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Hardy’s writing ability was so esteemed and valued that, unlike some writers, he never allowed himself to be pressured or bullied into writing shoddy scripts. Moreover, he was unwilling to ‘allow others to have input into his scripts.’<sup>PP</sup> Ross Napier, who found Hardy a ‘great companion’, recollected to Peter Philp: ‘I found that Hardy took time over his work. He was not a prolific writer.’

According to Reg James, if Lindsay did not like the way someone was playing their part in one of his serials he would write the part out. So when Margot Lee—despite being one of Australia’s most eminent radio actresses—was not playing Evelyn Channell to his satisfaction in *Deadly Nightshade* he strangled her.<sup>83</sup> Not only does this attest to Hardy’s standing with producers and directors but indicates that he may have let his plots develop as he wrote them.

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In Sydney in 1952 Hardy married Gene Claire Collins. She was born in Oxford New Zealand on 6 May 1919. She was nearly 5 years younger than her husband. Called Sue on the blurb of *Requiem for a Redhead*,⁸⁴ she was also known to his family in Adelaide as Sue, and signed her letters Sue.

At this time Hardy was somewhat too well-dressed, stylish and maybe avant-garde for some Sydneysiders.

He was a colourful young fellow in those days. ... [influenced by] Europe, he didn’t fit the local image. In a pub he was accosted and attacked by a ‘dinkum Aussie’ who called him a poofter because he had on a pink shirt with a colourful tie. The fellow pushed Lindsay. He snapped and his combat skills came back and despite his more or less useless [left] arm, he knew how to deal with his tormentor. He clearly made a mess of the fellow and was charged with assault. He and Sue left Australia for good soon after.^{PdBD}

Before leaving for ‘Hollywood to write for the TV market’⁸⁵, ‘He told the press that he had already written a show for N.B.C. television and wanted to concentrate on screen writing.’^{PP}

It is probable that Hardy went to Hollywood largely because he felt under-rewarded in Australia. Gibson paid her writers and actors weekly in cash. Some came to think that she exploited them because, first, the one-off payments included re-run rights, and second, she never mentioned the possibility of selling overseas broadcast rights. Hardy, as one of her most successful writers—possibly the most, would have been one of the worst affected as his serials were rebroadcast several times in Australia, widely broadcast overseas where they were sometimes re-run as well. Lynne Murphy states of Gibson that ‘Stories of her tight-fistedness abound, yet her staff were fiercely loyal to her ...’⁸⁶ Perhaps her staff was loyal because her stinginess fell mainly upon actors and script writers. She was a hard woman. ‘Typical of Grace was her quip when told of a fire in a rival production studio: “Nothing trivial, I hope.”’⁸⁷ It is also worth considering whether Gibson’s ownership of copyright for Hardy’s first three Keen serials had some bearing on the fact that not one of them, when later re-written as nov-

els, was ever published in Australia. Another factor may have been that the stories were already too well known to Australia's avid wireless listeners.

Despite their dispute over *Dossier* and Hardy's 'defection' to Gibson, remarkably Hardy and Joyce remained the best of friends: indeed 'It was Don who gave Lindsay the solid gold cigarette case to wish him well, not Grace.'^{PP}

Probably just before departing for America, Hardy and Sue visited Adelaide, where some of his family remember meeting him at Parafield Aerodrome.

The Hardys departed from Melbourne aboard the *M.S. Mirrabooka* for Canada, arriving in Vancouver on 6 August 1952.

6. Writing in Hollywood and New York 1952-1953

In Canada Lindsay's wife Sue wrote an enthusiastic letter to his mother, saying amongst other things, 'We have been in Vancouver for seven days, we leave tonight by train for Hollywood, we are so looking forward to it.' The affectionate letter ends 'Lots and lots of Love Sue.' They crossed into the U.S.A. on the 12th and by 26 September they were living, so the letterhead says, at 2247 Vista Del Mar Avenue Los Angeles 28, California. Sue writes excitedly, almost fragmentedly, punctuating with dashes as she dashes through the news joyously:

Dear Mother,

... Lindsay has been very busy writing — they are screaming out for his stuff here — he really needs six pairs of hands — it's all just too wonderful — how well we have made out here Now we have a lovely home to live in — we seem to have been here for years — Mother I don't have to move out of the house to buy a thing —

Hardy tried his luck and was quickly successful, writing television drama 'for Fireside Theatre* and other TV producers'.⁸⁸ About two months after he left Australia he wrote to Donovan Joyce 'saying that he had signed a contract to script 39 half hour TV programmes. The deal was worth more than 15,000 pounds—\$U.S.39,000. In addition he had already sold two TV shows for nearly 1,000 pounds.'^{PP} If these figures are not exaggerated then Lindsay Hardy was making very, very big money as £1,000 is approaching \$30,000 year 2008 Australian dollars. In Australia Grace Gibson had been paying him £3/10/0 for each quarter hour episode of *Dossier* or £14 a week (\$520 or \$13,520 for a 6 month series).[†] The \$39,000, however, was probably for a deal that Hardy was hoping to sign with the publisher Colliers. (See below.)

Hardy may have moved to the U.S. because, especially being recently married, he

* *Fireside Theatre* was the first successful filmed (as distinct from live) series on American network television. It consisted of half-hour stories introduced by a host and ran on N.B.C. from 1949 to 1958. From 55-58 it was hosted by Jane Wyman, and known as the *Jane Wyman Show/Theatre* or *Jane Wyman Presents*. From 1950 to 53 it was one of America's 10 most watched programmes, rating 2nd, 7th, 10th and 9th. From inception to 1955, possibly beyond, it never dropped out of the top 30.

† The costings records for *Dossier*, held at the National Film and Sound Archive, give an average cost for a typical episode of £25 (\$1,053), of which £5 was for script. Was this the payment to Hardy or did it include retyping onto wax stencils and running off multiple copies? The average cost for an episode of *Deadly Nightshade* was in the low £30s.

was not managing on what Gibson was paying him, for he ‘... admitted that when he was approached by the producer of Fireside Theatre, Frank Wisbar, he was broke. Now he was the proud owner of a Mercury Lincoln, a home, his own printed note paper and a German Shepherd dog.’^{PP} This may all have been true, except that it was a neighbor who owned ‘an Alsatian’—the Hardys owned two Siamese kittens.⁸⁹

Not only did Hardy write for *Fireside Theatre* but wrote at least two teleplays for the hour-long television series *China Smith* starring Dan Duryea. The series was set in Singapore, but filmed in Hollywood. The two teleplays that I have learnt of were titled Cruise to Colombo and Straight Settlement (presumably a pun on straight, as in not crooked, and Straits Settlements.) In the first, China Smith is hired by a man visiting Singapore to help him disappear. He tells Smith that he wants to disappear because his heart has been broken, however, Smith quickly finds another likely motive In the second story drugs critical to saving the life of a very wealthy and powerful Singaporean are thought to have been stolen by Smith. (The credits for the latter divide responsibility between ‘Robert C. Dennis Story’ and ‘Lindsay Hardy Writer’.) In a letter to his mother written on 17 January 1953 there is proof of the rapidity of his success.

I have done a lot more work, one thing which you may one day see. It’s my first full length picture called “Fu Chow Road” [see below] a story of violence and intrigue in Singapore. It’s not the sort of picture I imagine you would enjoy but of course you have to write for the market. It is being filmed in Mexico City in February and I am anxious to see how it turns out. Last Friday night I watched the first of my own stuff on television and how odd it seemed to see one’s own name stuck up there on the screen in large letters. Sue was wildly excited.

A meteoric success coming only five months after arriving in Hollywood, and three years before television came to Australia.

Hardy goes on to tell his mother about Hollywood.

But for all that [the good aspects], Hollywood is a strange and disconcerting place. It would be very hard to make any real friends here, everyone is too anxious to get on and the man who does you a favour today may be a deadly competitor tomorrow. Everything goes at a hundred miles an hour and millionaires are made and unmade overnight. The movie industry exists by make-believe and too many people don’t seem to know where the make-believe ends and the reality begins.

Of course, amongst those eager to get on was Lindsay Hardy himself, as the next paragraph shows.

The fortune making deal with William Collier is still not concluded. All the scripts are in New York and so forth and I’m trying not to think too much about it — thirty nine thousand dollars is a lot of money in anyone’s language I am doing well selling the ½ hour television scripts and if the movie is a success big things may come of this. [See appendix 5.] In addition to the fee of 1500 dollars, (which has not yet been paid) I am to get 5% of its earnings ... but I am learning not to count on anything in Hollywood but money in the bank. You

can't count on a solitary thing till you have it in your hand.

If one U.S. Dollar equalled ten Australian shillings (the dollar was probably worth more than this), then the \$U.S.39,000 was in 2008 Australian dollars at least \$628,776. The deal may have been to publish his Major Keen serials as novels.

Fu Chow Road probably began as a script for *China Smith* and was filmed as *World for Ransom*. *World for Ransom* (82 minutes, black & white) was produced by Robert Aldrich & Bernard Tabakin and directed by Aldrich. It was filmed in April 1953, released in January 1954 and in New York premiered at *The Palace* 'with eight acts of vaudeville'⁹⁰. Set in Singapore, it starred Dan Duryea (as Private Detective Mike Callahan), Marian Carr (Frennessey), Patric Knowles (Julian March), Reginald Denny (Major Bone), Douglass Dumbrille (Inspector McCollum) and Arthur Shields (Sean O'Connor), Gene Lockhart (Alexis Pederas), Lou Nova (Guzik), and Nigel Bruce (Governor Coutts). Although Hardy revelled in exotic names, for him to call a character Pederas, so close to pederast, the literal meaning of which is a man who has sexual relations with a boy (or vice versa), seems to me very unHardy. But as his script was altered (see below) one cannot know what was his: for example, the controversial 'innovation' of Frennessey's lesbianism and/or bisexuality. The one very brief, supposedly lesbian, scene was cut by the censors, despite which all who write about Aldrich make disproportionately much of it. (See below, *Moon Song Road*, for more evidence that Frennessey's lesbianism was not of Hardy's making.) Hardy's comment to his mother that 'I am anxious to see how it turns out' was probably meant lightly, but given what happened was warranted. Despite the lesbianism, the plot and the exotic setting were typically Hardy. For what it's worth, in the film, the hero, an Irish expatriate working in Singapore as a private investigator (Mike Callahan), is hired by a singer and former lover (Frennessey) who correctly suspects that her husband (Julian Marsh) is working with criminals. Indeed, he is in a conspiracy to kidnap a hydrogen bomb scientist. When I saw the film it was obvious that the essence of the plot was the same as that of *Deadly Nightshade*. In both a gang headed by a mastermind is kidnapping scientists on their way to Australia. There are other similarities too, such as a passage of identical dialogue between the protagonist and a barman, and in both the chief, ruthless thug is called Guzik, and the names Coutts and Frennessey occur in his Australian radio serials.

The film was shot in only ten or eleven days, and at times it shows, for example when Mike Callahan in a left-hand drive car is followed by the British security's Major Bone into the hinterland of Malaya driving an American Jeep on the bonnet of which remains the U.S. Army's identifying five pointed white star. That it is shot in California is confirmed by a scene set amongst Australian eucalypts, which were extensively planted in that west coast state. The British *Monthly Film Bulletin* rated *Ransom* as poor saying that it was '... an indifferent and far-fetched melodrama with a confused narrative. Dan Duryea, characteristically, works hard to make something of a part which obviously does not work.'⁹¹ Very unHardy. His plots were excellent—far-fetched yes, but not confused—and his Australian radio actors loved playing his characters.

Hardy considered that Hollywood's directing and producing were destroying his teleplays, and specifically thought his 'screenplay for a feature movie [presumably

World for Ransom] debased and torn to shreds'.^{92*} An uncredited writer, Hugo Butler, was employed to change his script. Butler's name could not be included on the credits because he was a blacklisted victim of Senator Joseph McCarthy. (For more see appendix 6: Aldrich's lies about the writing of *World for Ransom*.)

The Hardys now encountered a visa problem. In his ten page letter to his mother of 17 January 1953 this was one of several issues he discussed in detail.

But there is one unfortunate aspect of our affairs that I have to report. As you know, Sue and I entered America as temporary visitors, with permits that have to be renewed every three months. We expected to live on here, applying for the status of residential aliens, and renewing our permits until the papers as residents came through. But recently a new law was passed ... designed to protect the U.S. against the entry and residence of Communists or Communist sympathisers, but its effect is to make permanent residence in America more difficult for every one. To cut a long story short, we have to leave here on April the 15th, go to Canada, go through certain formalities in Vancouver with the American consul, and then, when the formalities are completed, re-enter the U.S. as resident aliens It's all rather worrying as we don't know whether we will have to wait in Canada for six weeks or six months, and so we are doing everything possible to get as much money together as we can before April the 15th.

So in April the Hardys moved to Vancouver. A telegram in May 1953 from Lindsay and Sue sending birthday greetings to his mother came from London. Entries in Gene Hardy's passport show her in Ontario, mainly in Toronto, from 8 July to sometime after 15 October. Nearly four years pass before the next letter is available. So what happened after May will be partly conjectural. However, four years later he wrote to his mother: 'But we couldn't solve our immigration problems and the prospect of fame and fortune vanished overnight.'⁹³ This view is also held by Hardy's family⁹⁴, and was repeated later in Grace Gibson publicity that the Hardys went to Canada because his U.S. 'Visitor's Visa expired'^{NFSA}. If the Americans had not decided to crack down on Communists Hardy may have earned the money that he dreamt of making in America and appeared so close to making. What might have been.

According to the blurb on *Requiem for a Redhead*: 'After seeing a number of TV stories emerge as utter rubbish, and the screen play for a feature movie debased and torn to shreds, he left the Coast for New York to write REQUIEM FOR A REDHEAD' There, in Manhattan, he finished in 1953 a novel version of *Dossier on Dumetrius* which he had begun in Hollywood—*Requiem for a Redhead*. *The Nightshade Ring*, from the radio serial *Deadly Nightshade*, was finished in 'August, 1953' and published the following year.⁹⁵ If this is true then the Hardys returned from London for him to finish the book. Four pieces of evidence support this. First, Gene Hardy's passport shows that she landed in Toronto on 11 March 1954. She was possibly on the way to the U.S.A., as, second, *The Sydney Morning Herald* stated on 10 July 1954 that Hardy was living in New York. Third, Hardy withdrew money from the Bank of Montreal, Toronto, Ontario from 22 February to 23 March, and fourth, British transport records

* An insomniac friend claims to have read on the internet a reference to Hardy suing, or trying to sue, Robert Aldrich for degrading his screenplay. Unfortunately neither he nor I have been able to find it again.

show that the Hardys sailed in the *T.S.S. Neptunia** from New York back to England, arriving in Southampton 10 September 1954. (Overall the evidence is complicated and to avoid repetition I shall leave it to version two below.)

Now back to the novels *Requiem* and *Nightshade*. Their dedications confirm the importance to Hardy of Doleman and Joyce:

To
Guy Hamilton Doleman,
Sometimes known as Dumetrius

To *Donovan Joyce*, in gratitude
for a Sign of the Times.

A photo on the dust jackets of the first editions of *Requiem for a Redhead* and *The Nightshade Ring* shows him probably wearing a safari jacket and a plain cravat, with a large, wide, black moustache and a partial beard, a slightly disabled left arm, one superciliously raised eyebrow, and staring sinisterly from the corner of narrowed eyelids. The narrowed eyelids could have been caused by squinting into bright sun, a mistake which the professional photographer (Marc Drake of Pasadena, California) should have avoided. The end result is sinister. Dinah Shearing wrote having seen it:

Those photos are revealing are they not? ... one bodes positively evil! Or perhaps machiavellian! The Lindsay I knew was a quiet gentleman—or was I perhaps too young and naïve to see?⁹⁶

A psychiatrist, who never met him, wondered whether he was acting. If so, your guess is as good as mine whether this photograph shows a dark side to Hardy.

Because Bruce Ferrier, Grace Gibson Productions current owner, refused to allow me to listen to any of Hardy's serials, my more detailed reviews of the first three serials had to be based on the much shorter novel versions, and so the novel versions are included here.

To reduce a radio serial to a novel much had to be omitted. The action in each episode of a Hardy serial lasted for about 11 minutes (not counting theme music, the recapping of the story to date and the closure at the end). So the action for the whole 104 episodes ran for 19 hours. To read a typical Hardy novel aloud would, by my estimates, take 6 to 7½ hours. Putting aside the fact that his novels contain passages of description not found in the serials, 60% to 68% of the action had to be omitted. This may partly explain why some of those who heard the serials were very disappointed by the novels.

Reading *Requiem for a Redhead* quickly transported me back to the atmosphere of the radio serial. One can almost hear Coutts's familiar references to his aunt, such as: '... chase me Aunt Minnie round the bomb craters ...'. And the Col. Fentriss of the wireless is immediately evoked by: '... how astonishingly Fentriss went with the room, never more so than today, in grey flannel, yellow waistcoat, red carnation, and his silver hair with the groomed tufts brushed up above each ear.'⁹⁷ While the plot and characters of serial and book versions are very similar, there are nevertheless some marked differences. In the novel there is more sex and several hints of sexual perversion, though

* T.S.S. stands for Turbine Steam Ship.

both are suggested not described: ‘He’s an ingenious fellow [Yottie Blum]—he has some remarkable variations on the act of love.’⁹⁸ When Yottie Blum lifts the skirt of a woman tied to a bed and knocked out by the anæsthetic truth drug sodium pentothal* he is asked what pleasure he would find with an unconscious woman, but the question is not answered as Yottie has to leave almost immediately. However, the violence at times is explicit and detailed—sickeningly so, when Jelly-boy Boone:

... took Coutts in a bear hug at the small of his back, pressing the knuckles into the spine. Coutts felt his ribs cracking and his lungs being crushed under the pressure. They stamped about in the narrow dark alley; Coutts trying to get away from the wall into position, Jelly-boy bringing his knees up in savage stabs to Coutts’s groin. Coutts could scarcely breathe; his lungs were constricted. The pressure was doubling him back with his spine almost breaking, and he could feel the knee pounding up into his middle, ripping and tearing at the muscles of his abdomen. Jelly-boy was trying to rupture him, so that his intestine would hang open and unprotected, protruding in a bag of skin. Coutts turned his extended hands knuckles up, clenched and with the thumbs protruding inwards. He jabbed the thumbs together just below Jelly-boy’s ears and jawbone, grinding them into the arteries on both sides of the neck. Jelly-boy’s eyes popped, his mouth opened wide as though choking. Coutts jabbed again and again, gouging in under the bone. With the blood pounding in his ears, Jelly-boy gave up the grip and they broke apart ...⁹⁹

The long, heart-rending death scene in the serial, where inside a dilapidated warehouse on the East India Docks Keen cradles the dying Hedy, is cut to a few lines in the novel. The serial script, without the actors’ voices to sustain it, could not work in prose. (As the readers of the novel would not know the name of the tune *Eastern Court* nor its name, the fatal theme whistled by Dumetrius, Hardy substitutes ‘a few bars from the opening movement of the Spanish Rhapsody of Liszt.’ Liszt’s *Hungarian Rhapsodies* are famous, but did he compose a Spanish one? Yes, the not well known *Rhapsodie Espagnole* in 1863. Yet another reminder that Hardy was a knowledgeable man.)

The Nightshade Ring is set in a city described as ‘the largest, richest, most violent city in the southern hemisphere.’¹⁰⁰ And the city is, Fentriss tells Keen, in the country ‘Where the tennis players come from’.¹⁰¹ From that Australians would naturally assume that the country was Australia, though they would then and now probably be surprised to be told that the most violent city in the southern hemisphere was their largest capital Sydney. However, in Sydney, Keen, while tied in a chair, receives an extremely violent and vicious beating at the hands of two local minor criminals¹⁰²—thus ‘proving’ the violence of the city. The names of two characters in the novel, one minor and one passing, are of interest: Keen refers to a London friend called Frennessey¹⁰³ the same name as the female lead in *World for Ransom*; and the name of the doctor who patches Keen up after the beating, namely Eugene ‘Gene’ Collins¹⁰⁴, is very similar to Hardy’s wife’s maiden name, Gene Claire Collins. In the serial Felix Huberman is Dumetrius’s half-brother, not so in the novel. (As mentioned earlier, in the serials Hardy needed to account for Dumetrius and Felix being played by the same very memorable voice.)

* Known also as thiopentone sodium and thiopental sodium this barbiturate was used intravenously as a general anæsthetic and as a truth drug.

Possibly because Hardy was writing about his own country there is less specific detail about places and fewer place names and addresses than in *Requiem*. However, the make and often the type of cars driven by his wealthy characters are all mentioned: dark green Jaguar XK, Jaguar Mark VII sedan, black Buick sedan, Chevrolet, grey Lincoln convertible and, most prestigious of all, a red and black drop-head Daimler. To those used to the term semi-trailers it may come as a surprise that Hardy calls them ‘diesel tractor-trailers’, and Australians may be almost shocked when an Australian character tells Keen that the noise on the roof was caused not by a possum but by an ‘opossum’. In the novel Evelyn Channell is not killed off. Not only is this novel dedicated to Donovan Joyce but there seems to be a passing reference to him in the line: ‘a sedan driven by a bearded radio producer returning from a party at Cape Remittance’.¹⁰⁵ There is also a reference to Joyce’s studios in Kapell Court, Melbourne: Australia’s security service’s Sydney headquarters are in the non-existent Capel Court. Finally the amount of whisky, pink gin, martinis and beer consumed by the leading characters is staggering—or would make most men and women stagger. Almost whenever they relax they drink alcohol. Of course, Lindsay Hardy drank too much himself.

Nightshade, like *Dossier/Requiem*, is set in the Cold War and written within short memory of the horrors of World War II. In the post-war refugee camps in Europe, where according to the novel more than a million applied for entry to Australia, Felix Huberman was a member of the ‘screening commission’ in Germany that decided who would be allowed into Australia, and, seeing the opportunity to set up an international criminal organization—The Nightshade Ring—he selected for entry to Australia ‘wanted criminals, ex-Gestapo men, men whose backgrounds went back to Auschwitz and Buchenwald’.¹⁰⁶ The worst of them became Felix’s number one henchman Josip Mikhailovitch ‘Mike’ Guzik, a Yugoslav (Croat in the serial) who had worked for the Gestapo. Thus Hardy, as in *Dossier on Dumetrius*, was able to people his story with German and Slavic named baddies who carried with them the whole menace of Nazism. However, the head of the gang was a woman, Carlotta Magnani (also called Tiger Lily), born in the Turkish town of Scutari, one time Gestapo agent and later wife of the abducted scientist Kesselring. When outstanding scientists begin to go missing, the last being Bruno Kesselring who was bound for the Woomera rocket range* in the Australian desert, two ‘M.I. Five’ agents are sent to Australia to find out what is happening. When the agents are killed in transit, Fentriss sends Keen to investigate. In Sydney Keen is set up by a senior officer in Commonwealth Security—Felix Huberman. The story comes to a typically dramatic and unpredictable Hardy conclusion. With Keen and Kesselring facing certain abduction or death, unexpectedly and just in time Russians from their Embassy in Canberra arrive, shoot Felix and Carlotta and themselves prepare to abduct Kesselring and Keen on a submarine to Vladivostok. Then suddenly, hours earlier than scheduled, Coutts arrives with help as the Australians had been alerted that something was amiss when a destroyer located a submarine just off shore—and sank it. When I read the last few scripts of the radio serial they were so different from the novel, that they again emphasized the need to listen to the serials. (But my request to listen to them has been refused.) The end of the novel was probably rewritten to play on Cold

* In the novel Bruno is renamed Marcus Walter Kesselring. In the serial he is a chemist, in the novel an atomic scientist. In the serial Keen arrived at Rose Bay by flying boat, in the novel at Kingsford Smith Airport by jet.

War fears and so to have more appeal to the U.S. market.

Two Signet paperback editions of *The Nightshade Ring* came out in the same year as the hardback, and their back cover blurb describes Hardy as ‘a hypnotic master of the spy thriller’ and states that Anthony Boucher in the *New York Times* described the novel as ‘A pure blood-and-thunder opus and an exciting one.’¹⁰⁷ Hardy made numerous small changes to the paperback edition mainly to modernize and Americanize it. For example, in the paperback Sydneysiders no longer listened to ‘radio-phonographs’ but to ‘stereo sets and TV’ even though television did not come to Australia until two years later for the 1956 Melbourne Olympic Games and stereo came much later again; the ‘radio producer’ became a ‘TV producer’; and, probably to pander to the American Cold War mood, Carlotta was no longer a former Gestapo agent but worked for the M.V.D.^{*108} Even several of the cars in the paperback differ from those in the hardback, for example, a red and black drop-head Daimler becomes a Rolls Royce and one of the Jaguars becomes an E-type.

Beginning on 10 July 1954 the *Sydney Morning Herald* serialized *The Nightshade Ring*. In an accompanying blurb about Hardy it said that after serving in New Guinea he ‘went to sea for several years, then tried his hand at writing serials and features for Australian radio.’ Previous claims that he went to sea for up to about 18 months now became ‘several years’. Not possible, just publicity romance.

Here is as an appropriate a place as any to mention that the action of both *Dossier on Dumetrius* and *Deadly Nightshade* occurs against a background of smuggling war criminals and wanted Nazis and their collaborators from Europe’s Displaced Persons’ camps to the West. In *Dossier* the wanted men are being smuggled into England, in *Deadly Nightshade* into Australia. *Dossier* opens with M.I.5 concerned about the issuing of fake identity papers to criminals, who as the story progresses we learn are Nazis and Nazi collaborators. Dumetrius is assisted in his search for Nazi loot (stolen from Jews and other subject peoples) by a gang of criminal Poles from the D.P. camps. At the very end of the novel Dumetrius reveals that he was not after the millions for himself but to take to South America to finance the revival of the aims of the Third Reich. In *Deadly Nightshade* Felix Huberman’s gang consists of ex-Gestapo agents and his chief henchman, being a Croat from Yugoslavia, was, therefore, probably a member of the Ustashi. It has now been established beyond any reasonable doubt by numerous authors, including Australia’s Mark Aarons, that thousands of men, including many of the most wanted war criminals, were given false identity papers (often by the Vatican) and sent to safety in South America, Canada, Australia, England and even the U.S.A. Those who escaped along the ‘ratlines’, in addition to Germans, included Nazi collaborators, prominent amongst whom were Poles, Ukrainians, Byelorussians (White Russians), Croats and Balts from Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. As mentioned earlier 5AD advertising claimed that *Dossier* was ‘based on fact’. It also claimed that it came ‘FROM THE CASE FILES OF M.I.5.’¹⁰⁹ Was this advertising fantasy or fact? We may never know about the story, but we do know that war criminals and other Nazis were given refuge in England and Australia, and that many escaped to South America hoping to revive Hitler’s Reich. It is reasonable to assume that Hardy was aware of the escape of war criminals and included the fact in his Gregory Keen serials at a time when

* Ministerstvo vnutrennikh del, Ministry of Internal Affairs, the Soviet police organization since 1946, successor to the N.K.V.D.

the Australian government and security service were in total denial. The interesting question is, how did he know? Or, of even more interest if he were told, who told him, and why?

In October 1954 the American men's fiction magazine *Bluebook* published a Hardy short story *Moon Song Road* in which he recycled those parts of *World for Ransom* that were not re-cycled from *Deadly Nightshade*. As mentioned above the essence of the plot of both *Ransom* and *Nightshade* is the disappearance of defence scientists. The rest of *Ransom*, which is set in Singapore and Malaya, is different from *Nightshade*. *Moon Song Road* replaces the *Nightshade* recycled plot of *Ransom* with a new plot driver. Callaghan becomes Slattery, an American traitor and dealer in illegal arms, who has a stash of guns, ammunition and grenades hidden in the Malayan jungle. In *Ransom* the kidnapped scientist is hidden in an identical place. Slattery is approached by Krupa, a communist leader, to supply arms to the guerrilla uprising against the British in Malaya. But Slattery, a U.S. Lieutenant Commander, is only pretending to be a traitor. He has been undercover chasing Krupa for three years. The trip to the jungle hideout and the fighting that occurs there is reproduced almost identically from *Ransom*. Notably there is not a hint of lesbianism in the Frennessey of *Moon Song Road*, who is uncomplicatedly in love with Slattery, which indicates that her lesbianism in *Ransom* was introduced by Butler and/or Aldrich.

Hardy rewrote *26 Hours* as a short novel titled *The Faceless Ones* for the November 1954 edition of *Bluebook*.¹¹⁰ In 1955 it was published in a longer version as *Show No Mercy* by Popular Library in Toronto. *Show No Mercy* was peopled with typical Hardy women, its front cover describing one of them, the decoy Anna Hoffman, as 'Blond, alluring and dangerous!' There were significant changes to the basic plot of the serial to make the novel more acceptable to the American market. In the serial the diaries of American Major General Richard C. Grumann are stolen and an attempt is made to sell them to the Americans via M.I.5.* Earlier I mentioned that Grumann was based on the real life American Major General Robert W. Grow, military attaché in Moscow, whose diaries were stolen by a Russian agent.¹¹¹ Grow/Grumann, according to the allegations at the time and the serial, was a maniacal advocate of the pre-emptive war, and that his diaries read like actual American plans for war. To publish this in America would make the novel unpalatable and possibly actionable—Grow could have had a case to sue for libel. So, in a brilliant twist to the story, the journals of Admiral Foreman, Naval Attaché at an unspecified embassy, are taken from his body when he is killed in a plane crash at Greiskirchen just inside the Austrian border, and then copying his handwriting, a set of forgeries are created outlining the case for war against the Soviets. So Grumann was converted from a dangerous maniac into Foreman the victim of an air crash and a plot to profit from his death. There are numerous other differences in the novel to names, places and characters, and most notably the anti-Americanism of the serial is not just toned down but entirely absent. Indeed the senior and most stupid of the American officers in *26 Hours*, Col. Wayne Craven is replaced by a stubborn, stupid British Brigadier Charlton Browning; and a heroic American Christopher Miles sacrifices his life to help Keen, Coutts and their 'prisoner' escape from East Berlin. Of the three Gregory Keen serials rewritten as novels this one is by

* A study of Grumann, published a few years ago, apparently exonerates him.

far the most altered. It was of course also greatly reduced in length. Unlike the serial which occupied 19 hours of radio (omitting ‘intros’ and ‘outros’, theme music and advertisements) *Show No Mercy* could be read aloud in 5 to 6 hours.

While in East Berlin, Keen breached the wall of a prison using ‘sticky bombs’. When preparing for the near impossible exploit Keen explained the construction and use of sticky bombs in considerable detail. Almost certainly Hardy acquired this knowledge in North Africa where his battalion used them against German tanks. Keen’s nonchalance is reflected in lines such as ‘a Luger, a commonplace accessory of my calling.’¹¹² Hardy’s realistic cynical appraisal of Russian Communist Party power is displayed memorably in: ‘It was becoming important, quite important, for a conscientious secret police officer to know *who* to intrigue against.’¹¹³

In 1956 the story was republished in hard cover as *The Faceless Ones* by Robert Hale in London. A quick browse indicates the two book versions to be virtually identical. However, I did notice one omission from the British edition. In the Canadian version Keen went to the flat of a young prostitute called Berta who was offering him information in exchange for money and sex—Keen being very attractive to women. Keen reluctantly obliged and enjoyed his brief liaison, but later felt some remorse. In the British edition Keen shoves the money down the front of her dress, refuses her desire for sex and drives off leaving her outside her flat. (I also noticed a minor publishing history discrepancy: although published first in Toronto in 1955, the British version of 1956 claims to be the first edition.)

The publisher’s blurb in *Show No Mercy* states that Lindsay was a graduate of the University of Adelaide, but, as mentioned earlier, he dropped out of Electrical Engineering after second year.

The novel versions of the three ‘Gregory Keen’ serials were translated into at least seven or eight languages. (See appendix 2 for details.)

In its January 1955 issue, another U.S. men’s fiction magazine, *Cosmopolitan*, published Hardy’s novelette *Morning-After Murder*. Sub-headed a ‘Complete Mystery Novel’, it is set in Hollywood and Bill North’s house at Malibu. Bill North, a former U.S. marine, now a Hollywood teleplay writer, is framed by his boss for the murder of a popular movie actor, who is the boss’s wife’s lover. North and his friend, Tom Fitzgibbon, with whom he served in the War, solve the crime and clear Bill. There are at least three intriguing aspects to this story. Shot through the spine in the war Fitzgibbon is now a paraplegic, but very independent. He is North’s best friend and North is very protective of him. As Hardy was twice wounded in the War, and so slightly disabled himself, did he introduce Fitzgibbon in an attempt to increase empathy for those disabled by war? Was Fitzgibbon a minor Hardy alter ego? Finally, when Bill North states about his boss: ‘... I enjoyed working for him because he left his writers alone. That is, he left what you wrote alone!’¹¹⁴ he was certainly swiping at those Hollywood television and movie producers and directors who altered, and in Hardy’s view, ruined his scripts. For Hardy independence was precious and he practised what he preached: years later Ross Napier recalled that ‘he never tried to tell you how to do the job. But if you wanted advice he would offer some.’^{PP}

Hardy also suffered, according to Peter Philp from rejection by American writers:

But not everybody welcomed Hardy’s appearance in Los Angeles. Some fellow script writers saw the arrival of the Australian as another mouth to feed. One

commented to Hardy: ‘You’re an Australian There are real writers in this town Why don’t you get a pick and shovel job?’

This would have been particularly unfair, even insulting, especially as Hardy’s left arm, as is easily seen in a photograph taken in Hollywood, was partly useless.

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There are two conflicting versions of what happened next: either Hardy returned directly to Australia or moved to Canada, then to England before returning to Australia.

## 7. To Canada, London, New York, London, Sydney, London, Sydney 1953-1957

### Donovan Joyce’s Version

Although initially Hardy was very successful, his drinking and unreliability may have accompanied him to Hollywood. Fortunately for Hardy, even though he had left Joyce for Gibson the two men remained close friends.

Joyce remained close enough ... to know when times had turned tough ... ; much of it induced by Hardy’s drinking problems and unreliability. ‘I heard that at some stage the family was down to eating baked beans. Times were bad,’ Joyce recalled. ‘I invited Lindsay back to Australia to write a new series ... for me. I offered him 20 pounds an episode.’ Need and friendship saw Hardy back in Australia, living in Joyce’s Sydney home ... . It was here that Hardy wrote most of his new batch of serials.’<sup>PP</sup>

If Joyce did offer him £20 an episode (6 times what Gibson had paid for *Dossier*) he was paying him very highly—about \$500 an episode, \$2,000 a week, over \$100,000 a year.

Before Hardy even started writing, Joyce had contracted the Major Broadcasting Network to buy five serials including two more Gregory Keens ‘for 60,000 pounds [\$1.6 million]. Sight unseen.’<sup>PP</sup>

Hardy then began work on *Stranger in Paradise*. Each episode began: ‘*Stranger in Paradise* is adapted for radio broadcast by Lindsay Hardy in London from his *Cosmopolitan* magazine story of the same title.’<sup>115</sup> (In fact the story was titled *Morning-After Murder*.) If it was written in Sydney then the ‘in London’ was a publicity gimmick, but there is other evidence that it was written in London.

### Hardy’s and Others’ Versions

The Hardys moved from New York to Canada in 1953. The Gibson publicity blurb, referred to above, goes on to state that he wrote his novels in Canada, but Hardy states at the end of his first two novels that he wrote them in New York. (The blurb continues that he had a contract with *Cosmopolitan* magazine for whom his first short story, *Stranger In Paradise* [actually *Morning-After Murder*], was written in London.) The Hardys probably lived in Canada through 1954, with Lindsay possibly visiting New York to finish his first two novels. After which, the BBC’s *Radio Times* states he ‘came to London in 1955’.<sup>116</sup>

So, is Joyce or the publicity right? Neither and both. Irrespective of whether Joyce paid Hardy, and it seems likely that he did, the Hardys migrated to London not to Sydney. So once again Joyce's recollection is shown to be flawed, but how flawed? The references to Hardy's drinking problems and unreliability and that the Hardys were 'down to eating baked beans' seem on balance to be examples of never letting the facts get in the way of a good story. Similarly he could have exaggerated the remuneration he offered Hardy, and Hardy certainly did not write 'his new batch of serials' while 'living in Joyce's Sydney home'. So most of this Donovan Joyce version seems to be at worst pure invention, next creative or exaggerated imagination, or, excusably, failing memory.

The Hardy's were in France in Spring 1956 (see below), and correspondence confirms that they were living at 5, Buckingham Mews, Stafford Place, London. S.W.1 by Christmas of that year. And, Hardy, looking back, wrote to his mother on 24<sup>th</sup> February 1964 from 46, Beaufort Gardens, London, S.W.3:

... I have to stay close to the source of my income. I should never have returned to Sydney [from London] in 1957, a fatal mistake from which I am still trying to recover. By now I should be comfortably off and famous ... .

Here is the place to note the great decline of radio, and radio drama in particular, in Australia. In the years immediately following the beginning of television in the eastern states in 1956—the year Melbourne hosted the Olympic games—the market for radio drama, both plays and serials, declined. (Television did not arrive in the state of Hardy's birth, South Australia, until 1959.) As radio drama was not replaced by Australian television drama, and there was no significant local cinema industry, opportunities for local writers, actors and producers disappeared. As a result, many who wished to continue in their chosen careers went overseas, especially to England.

Nevertheless at his high point Joyce was exporting to 16 countries and was especially successful in South Africa;<sup>117</sup> so it can be assumed that the serials Hardy wrote for him were being broadcast in some, or even all, of these countries.

### In London and Sydney

He came to London with Sue, lived the full and exciting life.<sup>PdBD</sup>

In London he expanded *Morning-After Murder* into the radio serial *A Stranger in Paradise*. He sent the script to Donovan Joyce in Australia. It was produced and released by Joyce, though made at Gibson's, and probably broadcast in 1956. It 'instantly put Hardy and Joyce back at the top of the drama industry.'<sup>PP</sup>

Earlier I wrote that in the short story *Morning-After Murder* Hardy was certainly swiping at those Hollywood television and movie producers and directors who altered, and in his view, ruined his scripts. Peter Philp, commenting on the serial version goes further:

One suspects that much of the story was based on the life and struggles of an Australian radio writer who had dared to snare work for himself in the labour protected US and be seen to be taking business away from the in crowd.

In episode 44 Hardy, very briefly, referred to himself:

FENIMORE     I want the final version of the script of *Fu Chow Road* from the agency delivered to my place by 3.  
HOLMES        It came in yesterday. I've already looked at it.  
FENIMORE     What's it like?  
HOLMES        Terrible. We will have to put a writer onto it. That character Hardy will have to smarten up if he wants to keep eating.

As *Fu Chow Road* was the original title for *World for Ransom*, this is almost certainly a reference to Aldrich bringing in another writer to significantly alter—'debased and torn to shreds'—Hardy's script.

It was a suspense mystery set in Hollywood, and starred Guy Doleman, as Bill North, who found himself stuck with a corpse and framed for murder ... . (To me Doleman's performance does not fit the character of Bill North. I suspect that Doleman played himself and that self was fine for dismissive, arrogant, pompous, sarcastic, sneering, supercilious arch villains who believed themselves superior to mortal men, but inappropriate for a goody battling baddies.)

Irrespective of where it was written, it was a typical Hardy success.

... *Stranger in Paradise*, a fast moving mystery serial, ... had Sunday night listeners on the edge of their seats for an hour each week.

Agitated listeners who missed the last episode wrote in hundreds to station 2UE begging to know the happy ending, so 2UE prudently decided to rebroadcast the whole serial in quarter hour episodes each morning.<sup>118</sup>

Grace Gibson's publicity department's writers excelled in their blurb about *Stranger in Paradise*: 'It has been more than written—it has been designed ... and therein lies the vital difference between Hardy's work and that of others.'<sup>NFSA</sup> I wonder what Grace's other writers thought of this. This description does not fit the writing style described by Dinah Shearing or Ivon Vander, nor the style of a man who on occasions had to be locked in a room with a bottle of whisky to force him to complete the week's four episodes.

Meanwhile Hardy's first two Keen novels had been successfully published in France. They were so successful that his French publisher, LES PRESSES DE LA CITÉ, wrote to him from Paris on November 25<sup>th</sup> 1955:

Dear Mr. Hardy,

I allow myself writing to you as your publisher in France where THE NIGHTSHADE RING and REQUIEM FOR A REDHEAD are concerned. I beg to remind you that we named them TOUTE LA GOMME and REQUIEM POUR UNE ROUQUINE.

They BOTH met a very warm success among our readers who are just only deploring the limited number of your books and claiming for a further work. I feel sure myself that you could make a success of any book of the type spy story.

In the case you would come in France we would be very glad to meet you through Mademoiselle SCIALTIEL who is a private relation of ours and who is paying a personal attention to your interests.

Remaining quite at your disposal to arrange anything to help if you had an opportunity to come, and looking forward to hear from you, I am

Yours very truly,  
[illegible signature]  
LES PRESSES DE LA CITE

The Hardy's flew to Touquet-Paris-Plage on the English Channel on 6 March 1956. Presumably they visited his publishers in Paris, before travelling to the Côte d'Azur. On '10 AVRIL 1956', addressed to 'Monsieur Lindsay HARDY, Appartement 15, Palais des Iles, La Croisette, - CANNES – (Alpes-Maritimes), Mademoiselle Marguerite D. Scialtiel, via his bank, placed 'à votre disposition' 68,440 Francs. The Boulevard de la Croisette, is a very expensive address being, according to the tourist guides, a palm-lined 'extravagance of grand hotels, luxury shops and boutiques'. Either the Hardys visited the French Riviera so that Hardy, who was adamant that one could only write about places he was familiar with, could learn about the place in preparation for writing the serial *Knave of Hearts*, or maybe visiting the Riviera gave him the idea for the serial.<sup>119</sup>

While still in England Hardy wrote *Walk a Crooked Mile* which he also sent to Joyce. It centred around '... an international gold robbery that takes you from the luxury of London to the intrigue of Tangier'.<sup>120</sup> In it David Beckett 'agrees to take a gang of criminals and a stolen load of gold bullion from England to Tangiers aboard his ocean-going Yacht [sic]'.<sup>121</sup> Beckett, played by Guy Doleman, was not a villain but a man with a boat who hired it to criminals. The serial opened memorably:

From a London mews called Lime Street, where the plans were laid and the die was cast at the sign of the Hangman's Arms, they set out to Walk a Crooked Mile. Some of them didn't quite make it. Written in London by Lindsay Hardy. A Donovan Joyce Production.

It went into production in Sydney in mid 1956—possibly directed by Hardy, for writing to his mother on 3 January 1957 from 194, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.5. an emotional Hardy regrets that he and Sue were not 'able to stay longer' in Adelaide the previous year:

In fact, we wished we'd had the whole year in Adelaide instead of dreadful Sydney, but of course I had to be on deck there one day of every week to produce those radio shows, ... .

So Hardy wrote serials in London, returned to Australia to direct them in Sydney, then, possibly after visiting Adelaide, if he left Australia his wife, they departed from Fremantle on 13 December 1956.<sup>122</sup>

While he was in Australia *Dossier on Dumetrius* was made into the British feature film *Assignment Redhead* (screenplay by its director Maclean Rogers, 79 minutes, black

and white). This supporting feature was a poor adaptation of the Hardy story. In February 1962 an American version, 12 minutes shorter, was released in the U.S. as *Million Dollar Manhunt*.<sup>\*</sup> Hardy, writing to his mother in March 1958, dismissed it as ‘terrible’:

The movie, “Assignment Redhead” or whatever they called it, was made with my full knowledge and consent ... . I got very little for it but knowing the book was rubbish I didn’t care. ... they made an absolute hash of the story, such as it was, and I haven’t troubled to see it myself, but according to the reports from those who have, it is a terrible picture, what is known in the trade as a “turkey”.

Although the critics agreed that *Assignment* was second rate, worldwide sales of *Requiem* show that the book was popular with readers of spy and adventure stories in numerous countries. For what it is worth I enjoyed it.

Returning to Hardy’s revealing letter of January 1957. He wanted to visit his mother, but in a year managed ‘only those two brief days’. He wanted to ‘[have] one last look at my own country to decide finally where we would settle’. (In those days Australians were British subjects and so they could migrate freely between the United Kingdom and Australia.) ‘I was running dry mentally, I was soaked by the taxes for hundreds of pounds extra that I’d earmarked for you’. It seems that Hardy was a poor financial manager, though taxation fell heavily and unfairly on writers and others who received occasional large lump sums. Whether he really had ‘earmarked’ the money for his mother no one can know. He expresses sympathy for his mother because she was struggling to make a success of her reception business at Lordello House, on Adelaide’s prestigious East Terrace.<sup>†</sup> Then, partly to comfort her, came the familiar lament of disappointed Australians who have been less successful than they wished:

But one can’t get away from the fact that there, and all over every square inch of Australia, there is a certain inertia, a dead weight of stodgy other people, and there’s not much reward for imagination or vision. That’s why I won’t ever live in it again — unless you’re in step with the mob you’re howled down, there’s no room for the individual who wants to differ.

Next he promises to repay her.

Money — I’m going hammer and tongs this year so you won’t ever have to worry about money again. It’s awful to think of you upset because you had to mention a miserable couple of hundred [\$5,643] to me — I’ve done it to you often enough, and good heavens, you’re my mother.

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<sup>\*</sup> The *American Film Institute Catalogue Feature Films 1961-70* wrongly attributes the source of *Million Dollar Manhunt* to Al Bocca’s *Requiem for a Redhead*. Both Hardy and Bocca in 1953 published books called *Requiem for a Redhead*. Bocca, literally Italian for mouth, was one of British writer Bevis Winter’s several pseudonyms. (From a letter from Gary Warren Neibuhr, 17 October 2005, of Private Investigator Entertainment Services, Milwaukee, U.S.A.)

<sup>†</sup> It is ironic that the puritanical Adelaide Hardy had anything to do with Lordello House, as its name was only one letter away from Bordello House. The now demolished Lordello House, at 206 East Terrace Adelaide, was next to the home of the father and son Nobel Prize winners William and Lawrence Bragg. It was probably one of the city’s late nineteenth century mansions.

In a year in Australia he also mismanaged his financial affairs.

... and with the tax fellows' swindle and other things being about a thousand pounds less well off than I should have been, again I wasn't up to scratch. So all I was able to give you were tears. My heart gave a wrench when we left you at the aerodrome, and the only consolation was that there is still the future. ... . The only way to turn dreams into reality is to work harder and harder and make more money, and that's what I'm setting out to do.

One cannot help but think that by now his family thought that they needed not more promises and regrets but commonsense and restrained spending. Soon there is more of the big talk: 'I have to make tens of thousands and to do that I must be in America or England, there's no other way.' Very unrealistically ambitious when £10,000 Australian had the buying power of a little over \$280,000 year 2008 dollars. Having stated that if his mother, Adelaide, and her friend Guy (George Wallis Swann) cannot come to London, he will fly 'this time to Adelaide, never again Sydney.' He concludes 'You have always come up trumps time and time again, now it's up to me.' One can easily imagine his family thinking that here were the usual unrealistic promises, more promises and empty words.

Although Hardy seemed not to be averse to Guy, Adelaide's grandchildren were. They considered him 'creepy', did not like him and some were frightened of him. He was 15 years younger than Adelaide but 'doted on her' and put 'her on a pedestal'.<sup>F</sup> He eventually married her. Alfreda and Marjory may have thought that he was after Adelaide Olive's money—probably not knowing that she always lived on the edge of her means.

Given the strength of his conviction that to make money he must work in America or England, and having left Australia in December, it is amazing that 6 weeks later, on 12 February 1957, Hardy wrote to his mother from 167, Darling Point Road, Darling Point, Sydney.

I have come back to Sydney for about twenty different reasons — to take advantage of large amounts of money to be made, to have another look at Australia so Sue and I can make up our minds once and for all where we're finally going to settle, to see you again, to fulfil obligations and commitments assumed two years ago overseas and so on. Now I'm here and living in a kind of daze to keep up with the programmes I'm writing, get them produced, and invent more. I get up early in the morning, work like a madman, tumble into bed, get up & hammer away, tumble into bed and so on. I'm a sort of partner in the business rather than just an author, and although there's a lot of money coming I have to wait for it.

It may have been that the real reason he came back was to fulfil his agreement with Donovan Joyce, to whom he still owed two Gregory Keen serials. His comment that he was 'a sort of partner in the business' may have been bravado, and his family probably thought 'Here we go again' when he wrote 'although there's a lot of money coming I have to wait for it.' Then follow more excuses.

Some time ago I insured myself heavily as one of a husband's duties to a wife and

the payments have to be kept up in London. Travelling around the world these days costs you a mint of money. I came out by plane, Sue arrived by ship ... . We've searched high and low for a flat in this dreadful city but we're still living and working in one double room for 20 guineas [\$580] a week — it's iniquitous. ... . And the infuriating thing is that I'm doing well although up to now and for some months ahead I won't have a shilling to spare ... . ... after five years all over the world I haven't got a thousand up my sleeve, after publishing books and making pictures and all the rest of it, but the money I have made has gone on equipping myself mentally to go on making more. I had a choice to make five years ago. I was at the top of the radio tree in Australia. I had served my apprenticeship and I was about to reap the reward. But did I want to be a cuck\* on this narrow Australian dunghill ... . Was that my life's ambition? The answer was no, and so I have been living a second apprenticeship all over the place. ... . ... and I haven't that thousand [\$27,598] to spare and put off writing [to you] from day to day hoping it'll be there for you. I've tossed and turned at night wondering what to do — throw everything up for a year and come to Adelaide and help out personally? But where would that get us. .... ... I was thousands ahead in New York when we moved to London, thousands ahead when we left London for France, a year ago, and now, after coming all the way out here just when you are up against it [his mother was having trouble making her guest house profitable], I can't command a penny piece until money begins to flow again.

Then he laments about his car, a 1938 Rolls Royce Wraith saloon, number plate AUT 555:<sup>†</sup>

... I wanted to drive when we had our homecoming, but my car's still in London ... . I left it there to be overhauled and then shipped out. Soon I'll have to find the bill for the work on it or lose the thing — and that's the pickle I'm in ... .

Critically in all this he begs the question of where, in a year, did the thousands go? To me he comes across as unrealistically ambitious: remember that the women who knew him as a boy at Victor Harbor said he was ambitious like his mother, a 'spoilt boy' who 'did what he wanted to do' with an attitude of 'no one's going to tell me anything'. He was also apparently a man who could not live within his means. Writing of accommodation and its costs in Sydney he is either exaggerating wildly for effect or is delusional.

I've been shown very little more than tumble down kennels for 30, 40, 50 guineas a week or else the greedy wretches want a thousands pounds for a rag of carpet and a tatter of Venetian blinds.

To put this into perspective in year 2008 dollars, 10 guineas today would be \$290, 30 guineas would be \$869, 50 guineas \$1,449, and £1,000 \$27,600. He then regrets 'I'm sorry to be such a hopeless failure of a son' and expresses his 'sense of guilt at not pulling my weight'. And 'In London I must have said to Sue a hundred times that I

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\* Short for cuckoo or Hardy's spelling of kook?

† Wraiths were manufactured in 1938 and 1939, the onset of the war limited production to 491.

wouldn't be happy till I had you provided for.' Next some revealing regrets and self pity.

But after the U.S. adventure I began to realise [*sic*] more and more that if you have been born and lived the first thirty years of your life in Australia, you're never going to compete in the outside world of literature until you have broadened and widened you[r] whole outlook, and the only way to do that is to live and to experience and to see. What you actually are comes out in what you put on paper. If you are content to write small things on small subjects you'll never get rich or get stature. I'd be well off now if I'd been satisfied to carry on in Sydney and let the cheap little success and cheap little standing be my peak. But I'm not rich yet and that's the price I'm paying for ambition.

He ignores the fact that plenty of people have become moderately rich to rich or occasionally very rich and with stature, if only popular stature, by '[writing] small things on small subjects' or other small endeavors. He also ignores the fact that he was always primarily a writer of suspense thrillers, a genre that many would not consider literature at all. Apart from his first serial and the comedy *Knave of Hearts*, with its modicum of thriller suspense, every serial, novel and short story he wrote was essentially crime or spy adventure. Touches of delusion litter this and other letters. At what he did he was first rate and gave countless hours of memorable entertainment to millions of people in Australia and in numerous other countries in the English-speaking world. I do not think it exaggerating to say that Lindsay Hardy and Gregory Keen were the Ian Fleming and James Bond of the early 50s. Moreover, he pre-dated Fleming, whose first novel *Casino Royal* was published in 1953 after *Dossier*, *Nightshade* and *26 Hours* were written and broadcast, and in the same year that *Requiem* was published. That for most people would have been enough. (The first Bond film, *Dr No*, was made in 1962. If its budget and cast had been lavished on *World for Ransom* ... . Hardy's first two films were made too early, and in the wrong decade. What might have been?)

Hardy, having written four pages before that 'for some months ahead I won't have a shilling to spare', asks his mother: 'What I want to know now is your exact position. In a month or so I'll be able to send you a certain amount every month, but would it help?' He considers that '... if Adelaide's anything like Sydney you and Guy couldn't do with less than £50 a week ... .' In Adelaide in 1957 £50 (\$1,380) a week was an above average wage on which a husband, wife and two or three children were expected to live comfortably.

Hardy's family probably thought that with income from his radio serials, television plays, two feature films made from his stories and the sale of his books he must have been well off. Judging by the popularity of *The Nightshade Ring* they should have been right. I do not know how many copies it sold, but in the year that it was first published in hardback it was released as a Signet paperback which was reprinted at least once. At least three editions in one year indicate very high sales. His income later included royalties from translations of his first three Keen stories.

On 22 August the same year Hardy writes again from Sydney to his mother. Sue and he will be flying to Adelaide on Tuesday night, 'So we should be at East Terrace well before ten. We'll be with you for the two nights and then I have to be back in Melbourne late Thursday afternoon.' I assume that they got there.



Next, in 1956 or 57, came *A Mask for Alexis* a typical Hardy serial—a suspense thriller set anywhere but in Australia. Its hero, Christopher March, is a London lawyer and secretary to businessman Alexis Brant. Brant instructs Marsh to go to Paris on business for him. When Marsh arrives at the airport he is arrested for murdering Brant, escapes from the police, and decides that, to save his own life, he'll have to find out who killed Brant. The story may have been inspired by the life and murder in 1955 of international financier and swindler Serge Rubinstein (also Rubenstein). A publicity blurb having mentioned several financiers who handled millions and were fabulous swindlers continues

... the queerest fish of them all, a man whose identity was shrouded in mystery, Serge Rubinstein. Rubinstein's unsolved murder took place not long ago in New York and many and varied were the theories brought forward to account for his death. Who knows—in the tale of Alexis Brant we may be offering another explanation and it might even be close to the truth.<sup>NFSA</sup>

Guy Doleman was not in the cast. Joyce directed the first ten episodes then Hardy took over.<sup>PP</sup> Each episode began:

*A Mask for Alexis* ... At first the search was for a girl, and then for a melody, and at the end for the face behind the mask. Written in Sydney and directed by Lindsay Hardy. A Donovan Joyce Production.<sup>'123</sup>

James Condon, who played the lead, made some riveting observations about Hardy's directing:

Lindsay Hardy was a very eccentric but a wonderful man. He would arrive in his sola[r] topee [pith helmet], jodhpurs and riding whip. Lindsay would beat himself on the legs with his riding whip and cry out '... no ...'.<sup>PP</sup>

A riding whip! Perhaps he did have a cruel streak in him—or else he was a poseur.

The first episode of the *Knave of Hearts* began: 'The knave of clubs, the knave of spades, the knave of diamonds three, fell victims to love, but not the fourth, the knave of hearts was he.' Then continued, as every other episode did: 'The Knave of Hearts, a tale of fair game, fair ladies, and four rogues ... and the sad fate that caught up with them all.'<sup>124</sup> According to the credits it was written in London. A Grace Gibson Publicity blurb states that its characters were 'creatures of their own weaknesses rather than fiendish villains!' and that it portrayed amongst other things '... the disease which hits some women late in life ... that of wanting to rehabilitate a scoundrel ...'.<sup>NFSA</sup> It is Hardy's only comedy serial. The blurb described it as 'a satirical drama'. It starred Guy Doleman as Mr Timothy Pimm, an internationally active matchmaker specializing in marrying daughters of the mainly American nouveau riche to hard up aristocrats. Pimm described his business as 'capital gains through blondes'. It 'did not enjoy the same success as the other shows,' writes Reg James, 'perhaps listeners weren't ready for a comedy drama.'<sup>125</sup> Moreover, Australian radio listeners used to Hardy's fiendish villains were probably disappointed, and, additionally, may not have appreciated satire.

The Hardys sailed to England departing from Melbourne on the *M.V. Australia Star*, arriving in Hull, on the north eastern coast, on 10 October 1957.

## 8. To London—never to return—1958-1994

On 17 January 1958 Hardy wrote to his mother asking her to send ‘bank slips for me to sign’. He is at last sending her money. He and Sue are back in London at Cromwell Road. Apparently they rented their flat while away because Hardy retrieves his library which he stored in his Rolls-Royce which was itself still in storage.

Meanwhile back in Australia replays had ensured that Gregory Keen had not been forgotten and so, to fulfil Joyce’s contract, Hardy wrote his last two Gregory Keen serials.<sup>PP</sup>

By now I’m well back into my routine of hammering out the next to last of the radio shows so I can become an author again. I’m going to turn the tale of Mr Pimm into a book, and with luck make money out of it . . . .

So Hardy regards writing novels, not radio serials, as distinguishing authors from script writers.

In the last two Keen serials Allan Trevor replaced Bruce Stewart as Keen, but Guy Doleman still played the baddies, Sebastian and Manfred. Each episode of the first, *Two Roads To Samarra*, concluded with ‘written in Paris by Lindsay Hardy: a Donovan Joyce Production’. This was probably a fiction used to promote the serial by ‘romanticizing’ it by association with the exotic image of being written in Paris. The credits at the end of *Samarra* say that it was directed by Hardy, though Hardy’s letters indicate that he never returned to Australia. Remember such fictions were common practice in the radio industry and applied especially to the press releases and newspaper advertisements written by the staff of businesses making programmes for wireless. The same disregard for the truth probably ‘animates’ the dust jacket and cover blurbs of Lindsay’s novels, though I still believe that there was much truth in them.

*Two Roads to Samarra* was subtitled ‘The high road and the low road and at the end of them both for Denzo Bagradjan death was waiting.’ It was sold to 75 Australian stations, the New Zealand Broadcasting Corporation, and to the U.S.A and Jamaica. It was set in Scotland, London and Europe. Hardy built on existing ‘facts’ about Keen and his associates: Keen still lived in fashionable Mount Street, Inspector Frayne still worked at Scotland Yard, Milo Fentriss was still his Commanding Officer and Tom Coutts his faithful right-hand man. Moreover, as Mount Street was in reality not far from Hamilton Place, in *Samarra* Keen recalls that Hamilton Place was once the home of Alexis Brant, a character in *A Mask for Alexis*.<sup>PP</sup> In *Samarra* Keen, now with only one arm, is assigned the task of keeping alive the daughter of Denzo Bagradjan, a fabulously wealthy and ruthless businessman. The story features no less than three alluring women: Andrea, who works for Denzo, played by Ruth Cracknell; Denzo’s daughter Jasmine, played by Coralie Neville; and Denise Martel, a decoy stand-in for Jasmine, played by June Salter. Denzo’s unpleasantness was memorably demonstrated to Keen when he triumphantly fed imported live hummingbirds to his carnivorous Venus Fly Traps. A sleeper, that is a spy planted in advance for possible future use, in Denzo’s Kilcraigie Castle is now, from time to time, activated and broadcasts his intelligence reports to the Soviet Union’s notorious overseas kidnapping and assassination service,

Smersh,\* using a ‘uhf scrambler’ to render them unintelligible. The sound of the scrambled, high-pitched human voice is a particularly chilling sound effect, especially when listening to the serial, as some Australian families did, in the dark.<sup>†</sup>

No one in *Two Roads to Samarra* went near Samarra, a town in central Iraq on the Tigris.<sup>‡</sup> Samarra entered the story this way. Keen remarked to Jasmine Bagradjan on the extremity of their predicament surrounded in a hotel by Smersh: ‘Going on as we are is like keeping an appointment in Samarra.’ A few moments later Jasmine asked him: ‘What did you mean just now about keeping an appointment in Samarra?’

‘It’s an old tale of Persian folk lore and expresses the eastern idea of fate. It goes something like this.

‘A servant met death in the market place and Death smiled and raised a hand in greeting. The servant rushed in terror to tell his master ... he’d seen Death in the market place. So the master called for his fastest camel saying, “I’ll escape death: I will flee to Samarra.”

‘And later the servant met Death in the market place again and Death said, “Why when we met before did you run from me in terror? It was not you I came seeking, it was your master.”

‘And the servant said, “He escaped you, he fled to Samarra.”

‘And Death replied, “I know. That is where I have my appointment with him tonight—in Samarra.” ’

[A frightened Jasmine replied:] ‘When he thought he was fleeing, the master was only going to meet Death.’

‘There was no escape.’

‘Wherever we flee are we only rushing to meet Smersh?’

‘Tom Coutts is no servant in the market place. We are going through them, if we have to shoot our way from here to the gates of Kilcraigie.’<sup>§</sup>

Keen falls in love with Jasmine, who is killed. Then, though still mourning for Jasmine, he finds solace with Denise Martel. *Samarra* ends with possibly yet another attempt to end Keen’s career—Fentriss retires him. But as Hardy had a contract with

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\* SMERSH was the Ninth Section of the Special Division, for Terror and Diversion, of the Second Directorate of Russian Security. It was named SMERSH from about 1942/3 to 1947. However, the sound SMERSH so appealed to Western writers that it became the ‘popular’ name for the agency that, before and after that period, executed and kidnapped spies and enemies, especially outside the Soviet Union. The name, coined by Stalin, is a contraction of Smert Shpionam meaning Death to Spies. It was SMERSH who arrested Alexander Solzenitsyn in 1945 for allegedly criticizing Stalin.

<sup>†</sup> In 2009 I asked two audiences, totalling about 150 people, if they listened to radio drama in the 40s and 50s in the dark. About 10% indicated yes.

<sup>‡</sup> It is easily confused with Samara on the River Samara in the former Soviet Union north of the Caspian Sea, renamed Keibyshev in 1935.

<sup>§</sup> The story about Death keeping an appointment in Samarra, or Samarkand, or Baghdad, dates back at least to the ninth century Sufi philosopher, Fudail ibn Ayad’s *Hikayat-I-Naqshita* (*When Death Comes to Baghdad*), reprinted in Idriess Shah’s *Tales of the Dervishes*, 1960. Some claim that its origins lie in the Talmud. It became well-known in the West when Somerset Maugham (1874-1965) included it in his last play *Sheppey*, published 1933, and in a short story *Appointment in Samarra*. Having read it in *Sheppey*, John O’Hara (1905-70) used it as the title of his 1934 novel *Appointment in Samarra*. Agatha Christie (1891-1976) used the same story in her 1938 Poirot novel, set in Transjordan, *Appointment with Death*.

Joyce to write two more Keen serials—there was one still to go.

A Grace Gibson publicity blurb for *Two Roads to Samarra* states that Hardy

was the first serial writer to discover the fascination of squeezing the plot of his tale into the smallest possible time span, and thus adding a most compelling element of the “dish” set before the radio listener. There was no attenuated and protracted plot thinly spread over months of time. Hardy plots featuring Major Keen were all condensed into a week ... a day [in *26 Hours*]!<sup>NFSA</sup>

It also states that ‘Some stations ended their playing of one serial only to flip the discs over and start again at episode 1 ... by public demand.’<sup>NFSA</sup>

On 25 January 1958, Hardy, after rejoicing once more at having his books ‘on the shelves again’, continues:

Soon I hope to have the Rolls-Royce itself, and since I’ve a book coming along that’s supposed to take place in the highlands, some time in June or July we’re planning to drive right up to Scotland ... .

Much of *Samarra* was set in Scotland but he would have finished it before the intended trip. Did he have another story in mind? If so it seems not to have eventuated.

By the time of his letter of March 1958 to his mother he has no money to spare, and writes:

I have been working away as usual, finishing off the last of the wireless programmes [*The Smell of Terror*]. Now comes the transition period when I have to get back to my books, and, I hope and pray, a lot more money than we’ve seen in the last two years.

He concludes: ‘may I soon prosper for you.’

After *Samarra*—after Keen, Coutts and Fentriss have all retired from M.I.5—Denise invites Keen to visit her on Casa Valencia, the 6,000 acre estate she had bought on the imaginary island Republic of San Diego in the Caribbean. Keen, who has not adapted to civilian life, accepts and so flies to holiday with Denise. Each episode of *The Smell of Terror* begins

Something’s wrong with the Caribbean night, those eyes that should be friendly—blank; those lips which should be smiling invitingly—grim; that door which should be open to you—closed; that window which should be bright—dark, shuttered; then you get it, sign by sign it builds up and up and up, until it sours your nostrils and you can almost taste it ... *The Smell of Terror*.<sup>126</sup>

Keen, on arrival, is suspected by the right-hand man of the vicious dictator General Mendoza of being a former commando hired to train guerrilla opposition to Mendoza. The right-hand man, von Gebhardt was played by Guy Doleman, and Mendoza by Moray Powell who previously had played Fentriss. In due course Coutts joins Keen. Hardy’s anti-Americanism surfaces again, this time in the form of an American oil company, Cariboilco that protects Mendoza and does some of his dirty work. Cariboilco uses its own goon squad to protect its interests, which it thinks Keen threatens.

The story climaxes when Von Gebhardt's thugs grab Denise, Keen and Coutts, seize Mendoza's only son and trade him for Denise, and the guerrillas overthrow Mendoza. The new leader Lorenzo immediately betrays the democratic ideals for which he stood and, amongst other things, not only fails to kick out Cariboilco but signs with the company an even more lucrative deal than Mendoza had. Cariboilco and America are reaffirmed as immoral, ruthless parasites preying on weak, developing countries. Keen, with Denise, returns to an idyllic village in Devon. Once there he makes it clear that he intends to return to the peaceful life he was leading before it was interrupted by his recent exploits in San Diego.

Peter Philp describes the search for the right theme music for *Terror*.

This end of the earth republic, with the undertones of poverty, repression and civil war warranted a sombre musical score. Quite by accident somebody played a 78 [r.p.m.] recording of when the Saints Go Marching In at 33 and a third [r.p.m.]. It was difficult to pick the melody but ... it sounded haunting and a little Latin.'

*Terror*, the last of the serials Hardy was contracted to write for Donovan Joyce Productions, was directed by Donovan Joyce and recorded at Gibson's. (Grace Gibson publicity says that it was directed by Hardy<sup>NFSA</sup>.) The credits say that it was written in London.

*The Smell of Terror* was not only the last serial he wrote for Joyce, but the last work for any Australian enterprise. It may have been about this time that Joyce, unable to make the transition from radio to television, just gave up.<sup>127</sup> He seems to have sold his company, possibly including copyright to his productions, to Gibson.

By the end of the year the Hardys are living at 51, Ennismore Gardens, London. S.W.7. Hardy wrote to his mother on 10 November 1958, amongst other things railing at the Australian hand that had fed him:

By February I had finished the last of those hateful wireless programmes, never to go back to them. I should never have been tempted to take them up after making the break years ago. The trip to Australia at the time I made it was a ruinous mistake. Now I am writing books again I have to start at the bottom again, as it were, having thrown away the groundwork of getting me known that was done by the first three books. But never mind, it will come again.

I have finished one new book\* and now we are both waiting, full of suspense, for the verdict on it from the London publishers and New York. It may do well, it may just bring in our steady living as the others did. In the meantime, of course, I am hard at work on another. And so it goes.

Yes, we are both well, touch wood, nothing ever seems to go wrong with us. We still have no car; when you sit down to write a book for six months you have no income for six months, and so we have had to take it quietly. When I think of the money wasted on going out to that detestable Sydney, and then having to pay £20 a week for one room with no cooking facilities so that we had to take all our meals out, and so on and so on. I ask myself how I could have been such a fool. Never again. Next time I come to Australia it will be just to Adelaide to see you and the girls ...

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\* *The Grand Duke and Mr Pimm*, his adaptation of *Knave of Hearts*.

His next letter of 6 January 1959 contains good news.

I hope you enjoy the tale of the scoundrelly Mr. Pimm and his band of rogues. It is selling well in America and has been bought in Hollywood for a picture, and sometime soon I shall be off to New York to write the screenplay and so forth.

*The Grand Duke and Mr. Pimm* was well reviewed, being described as a funny, frothy, gay, romance with a well-crafted and exciting plot. Several reviewers thought that it should be made into a musical or motion picture—at least if Cary Grant played the lead. Roger Becket in the *New York Herald Tribune*, 1 November 1959, summarized Pimm's attitude to matchmaking succinctly: '... Mr. Pimm argues, heiresses will always be exposed to exploitation, and it is better to have it professionally, imaginatively organized, than left to chance.'

In the same letter, the next good news though is not quite as good: 'I have been writing a series of plays for the B.B.C. They don't pay a tremendous lot.' Then he confides that times had been bad: 'We were forced to live very quietly indeed for a time but that didn't kill us, and loving London as we do, more and more each year, going hungry was no hardship.' Towards the end of his letter, reflecting on his mother's failure to turn the two-storey Lordello House into a flourishing reception house, he again attacks Australians, specifically Adelaideans:

Unfortunately I have no trust in the people of the City of Adelaide. They are not up to what you have tried to do, and never have been, and there is the saying, cast not thy pearls before swine. Cruel but true.

To me this passage is particularly revealing. It points first to Lindsay and his mother both being ambitious, probably overly ambitious; second that Lindsay—and possibly his mother—blamed Australians for their failure to realize their ambitions. It also provides more evidence that the assessment of them both, made in the twenties by the women from Victor Harbor, was accurate.

*The Grand Duke and Mr Pimm* was published in 1959 in New York by Harper & Bros, and in the following year came the first British edition by Jonathan Cape. Cape's dust jacket blurb described it and its author thus: 'Lindsay Hardy, as expert and delightful a humorous writer as has appeared in a long time, has concocted a delicious novel.' Although such pronouncements are infamous for hyperbole, over 40 years later the novel still has freshness, dash and style. It is set in the French Riviera, with American and British characters designed to appeal to readers on both sides of the North Atlantic. The two male leads, Mr Timothy Pimm and Julian Soames, could be seen as self-portraits reflecting Hardy's own style of elegance and suavity. Mr. Pimm schemes to match a young American heiress, Annabelle Mehaffey, to a near penniless young aristocrat. For Pimm matchmaking is not exploitation, but providing suitable young bachelors in the place of unscrupulous cads. He believes that young heiresses are so gullible as to be unable to detect knaves. He's right with regard to Annabelle as Peggy Browning, one of her staff, laments: 'She's simply too good hearted to see through people. We have to see through them for her.' And so Pimm concludes that he must 'marry Annabelle, to protect her from herself.'<sup>128</sup> Indeed, Annabelle is ripe for the picking,

especially as she is so over-protected that she has little chance to meet men: she expressed her longing for a lover with well-chosen words: ‘... and I know what it is I’m bored for want of.’<sup>129</sup> Annabelle’s Aunt Matilda questions Pimm’s integrity and asks his co-conspirators: ‘When Mr Pimm goes on and on ... about unscrupulous knaves and rascals, and perils and pitfalls, and rich girls being pursued for their fortunes and all the rest of it, do you think that ... it’s possible that he really and honestly believes it?’<sup>130</sup> She is assured that he does. Pimm’s plan goes wrong when Annabelle is kidnapped and taken to Tangier. Pimm, aghast and outraged, leads his team in pursuit ‘because he wasn’t going to have his young ladies carried off by nobodies.’<sup>131</sup> Annabelle is daringly rescued, and in due course marries Pimm’s chosen suitor. But the story is still not over. The novel concludes with ‘The out-Pimming of Mr Pimm’<sup>132</sup>, who is himself trapped into marriage by Matilda Mehaffey, the heiress’s aunt, of whom he had previously thought: ‘She’s simply too good hearted to see through people.’<sup>133</sup> The cessation of Pimm’s bachelorhood is occasioned cleverly—though tenuously—by Pimm’s and Matilda’s different interpretation of ‘marry her.’<sup>134</sup> Pimm claims that he meant to find a match for Matilda, while Matilda claims that he proposed marriage to her. In any case, Pimm, being every inch a gentleman, naturally marries her.

It is tempting to see some of Pimm’s attitudes as Hardy’s. For example, ‘Not that he [Mr Pimm] was a snob, good heavens, heavens no, never. But it was such a comfort to know only the best people.’<sup>135</sup> Hardy writes as though he is quite familiar with the wealthy world of the Riviera: using the appropriate words, plage (beach or shore), rouquine (red-head), pied-à-terre (a lodging, other than a principal residence, maintained for secondary or occasional use). And, in 1959, when most Australians probably had never heard of Lapsang Souchong, it is the preferred brew of ‘his’ wealthy Americans. Finally, one wonders about Hardy’s attitude to Australians when one of his characters considers how to disguise himself:

‘I could always shove [my hat] on back to front.’  
‘Then you’d look like an Australian.’<sup>136</sup>

In 1959 Hardy ‘reduced’ his murder mystery *A Mask for Alexis* from 104 quarter hour episodes to 6 half hour episodes for B.B.C. T.V. A contemporary article about the serial in England’s *Radio Times* stated: ‘... the author, Lindsay Hardy, is a familiar name in Australian broadcasting, where in four years he has had one-hundred-and-fifty documentaries and one-thousand-three-hundred serial episodes produced ...’<sup>137</sup> If in the four years 1955-8 he wrote 1300 episodes of 104 episode serials, then he would have scripted 12½ serials. In fact he wrote only 11 serials for Australian radio in the 12 years 1946-52 and 1955-1959.\*

It appears, from Hardy’s mother’s change of address,<sup>138</sup> that some time during 1960, at the age of 74, she gave up her Lordello House venture. On 6 December that year Hardy began his letter to her beginning with the usual near grovelling apology: ‘Forgive me, as I have said so often before, for being such a wretched correspondent and generally poor son.’ He relates that ‘Not long ago I had three months in New York, working on the screenplay of Mr Pimm’, that filming is to start in ‘the Spring, and of

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\* The reference to documentaries is the only mention I have come across of him writing them in the period 1955-58. Perhaps the writer had in mind the earlier documentaries such as *Passing Parade*, *A Matter of Luck* and *Four Corners and Seven Seas*.

course I am looking forward to it anxiously', partly because 'the first of the cheques [will only begin] arriving when they actually start shooting.' Back in Britain: 'I have had some successful plays on B.B.C. television, the last one only last Sunday night. It was well received.\* Slowly, slowly, I am getting a bit of a name, and with the name comes money.' Next comes reflection:

I often wonder how on earth, after those wandering pre- and post-war years, I ever came to be an author. The credit must surely be yours. Well I remember how you battled against the dead weight of narrow people and narrow opinions in those early years. My two loves are good reading and good music. [His mother taught him the violin]. Independence of thought and spirit is the mast I nail my flag to. Whatever qualities I have could only have come from you, no one else.

The Hardys are still in their 'tiny flat, overlooking the square' but

now we plan to make ourselves a real [permanent] home next year. We are going to look for a tumbledown cottage out in the countryside somewhere, with some ground and if we are lucky, a little walled garden. Sue loves decorating, and there is nothing I enjoy more than banging away with a hammer and some nails. We hope to do our cottage up ourselves. If we can get it for a song, everything we do will be money in the bank ...

But why leave a city that they so love? Just two paragraphs later Hardy describes their idyllic London life and their great pleasure in the people and the place.

The winter is closing in and the weatherman tells us it is going to be a harsh one. But that is all part of London and no one seems to mind. You would roar with laughter to see Sue going out to do her shopping, big rubber boots on her feet, bundled up to the eyes against the cold, scarf round her head like a Russian peasant woman. But she loves every minute of it. London, contrary to so many people's belief, is the friendliest of cities. She has her paper-man with his poor red frost-bitten nose but as cheery as a cock-sparrow for all that. On the coldest days she takes him his thermos of coffee (with a wee drop of rum in it, for his health's sake) picking it up empty on her way home. And her funny little flower-woman with the barrow on the corner. And the courtly old gentlemen who ask how Mr. Hardy's writing is coming along. And so on. Whatever stiffness there ever was in London must have disappeared with the war.

It could be a passage from a romantic novel by say J.B. Priestley, paying tribute to the city and its dwellers. Given Hardy's many lyrical descriptions of London and how much he and Sue love London, its people and its dynamism, it comes as a surprise that they planned to move to the country. However, this was probably a pipedream, and, predictably, it came to nothing. Typically the letter concludes

Even now, I am only just beginning to claw my way out of the financial mess I was in with taxes and so on when I came back from that disastrous year in Sydney. Next year will see the tide turn, I pray. Next year.

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\* The play was *The Assassins*, which is mentioned below.



The play referred to above was *The Assassins*, which B.B.C. T.V. broadcast on 1 December 1960 as its hour and a quarter long, prestigious *The Sunday-Night Play*. The *Radio Times* (a weekly guide to 'BBC tv and sound') has this synopsis:

A quiet evening at home for a normal fairly prosperous middle-class family is suddenly disrupted by the arrival of two strangers—two men with a mission, fanatical and ruthless, prepared to kill if necessary; but these men are not criminals—they would be described by some as patriots.<sup>139</sup>

*Radio Times* also gave it a feature write-up.

Anyone who saw Lindsay Hardy's serial *A Mask for Alexis* will know that he is very well able to build up suspense and deal out some surprises. In his latest play he does both, and adds some interesting characterisations and argument to sustain the interest in what is, to say the least of it, an explosive situation. Imagine an ordinary suburban family, mother, father, and three children settling down after dinner for a quiet domestic evening. Father (played by Maurice Denham) is due to go out to meet a business acquaintance; the younger son (played by Dane Howell) is about due for bed; and the other two, Peter (Derek Fowlds) and Nina (Diana Beevers) are involved in homework and reading. Suddenly the evening is shattered by the arrival of two armed assassins, intent on taking over the house for their particular sinister purpose.

Robert Urquhart and Thomas Heathcote play the parts of the two men with a mission, and Anne Pichon takes the part of the mother.

The author is an Australian who came to London in 1955, has had four novels published, and many serials and documentaries broadcast on the Australian radio. He has also worked in Hollywood, writing for films and television.

In late April 1961 Hardy placed his Rolls Royce in storage and suspended his car insurance. He wrote to his insurance company: 'I expect to be leaving London shortly for five or six months'. In fact on 18 April at the Surrey Quarter Sessions he had been disqualified from driving for one year for 'Driving whilst unfit through Drink or Drugs.' The disqualification was removed on 21 November of the same year.<sup>140</sup>

By 17 September 1961 the Hardys had moved to 17 Brompton Square, London, S.W.3. because Ennismore Gardens had become too noisy and 'the producers are not shooting Mr. Pimm till next May, June and July'. On the plus side, Sue had successfully had a 'nasty growth well-formed and thriving, attached to her womb and the attendant parts' removed and found to be not malignant, *The Assassins* had been sold to the Australian Broadcasting Commission', and 'a six-part serial of mine called "Walk a Crooked Mile" has just been shown in England and will sooner or later be going to Australia.' He concluded his letter to his mother with his usual regrets that although money is coming he gets 'so ashamed' because he can't help her, then grizzles that 'Taxes are my bane. I just get ahead, and then crash! Along comes the next tax bill.' His tax problems he probably shared with all writers who are paid infrequently and in relatively large sums: however, he was one of those unable to manage his financial affairs competently.

Despite his tax problems and complaints, reading between the lines of Hardy's letters to his mother, it seems that while in London, and possibly because of his love for

Sue and his Anglophilia, the wild-tempered former loner mellowed. He may even have significantly reduced his consumption of alcohol.

*Walk a Crooked Mile* was his second six-part serial for B.B.C. television. It was broadcast the same year. 'Commenting on his thriller, Lindsay Hardy said: "I like my goons to have stature. That's why I've set my story in the film world. They can all drive around in Bentleys that way".'<sup>141</sup> And he informed his mother that 'It seems altogether too easy to hit on titles that some one else has used.'<sup>142</sup>

Because the titles of his two serials for the B.B.C.—*A Mask for Alexis* and *Walk a Crooked Mile*—were identical to those of two of his previous Australian radio serials, I had assumed that both B.B.C. serials were adaptations of the Australian ones. However, although the plots of both *Mask for Alexis* titles appear to be the same, the plot for the TV serial *Walk a Crooked Mile* is totally different from the radio serial of the same name. The radio serial was about a gold robbery and set in London and Tangier; whereas, the television serial is a murder mystery, in which a film star, Gordon Cheviot, is framed for the murder of a man with whose wife he has been having an affair. Its plot is the third re-working of *Morning-After Murder*, via *A Stranger in Paradise*. The writer Bill North becomes the film star, Gordon Cheviot. In the first version the star is murdered for having an affair with his boss's wife. Despite obvious differences there are numerous parallels: both accused are followed by private detectives; after the corpse is found in their car boot they go into hiding; there is a gambling debt; the enquiry agent is shot dead and his office broken into and so on.

Hardy's letter to his mother of 17 December 1961 reveals that he has at last sent more money to his mother, wishes that it was 'a thousand pounds', states that 'I would be much happier to know that you were under my wing entirely', 'So expect more as soon as I can manage'. 'All the doctors are paid and what expensive chaps they can be, once you start going to Harley Street. And Sue is almost back to normal ...'. 'To give Sue something to think about we now have a small Dachshund dog called Heifetz after my favourite violinist.' He looks hopefully to the future:

I am going to use up the cold months with hard work — some more for the BBC, another book for which my publishers keep asking, and at long last, I hope, a play. The play is the thing! Ah, to be able to pull it off. It is the last step on the long road from Melbourne and Sydney radio. I would love to have those wasted years again, but there, who wouldn't. I am the most fortunate of men to be able to do what I do, and I never forget how much of my good fortune is due to you.

There is also more proof of his mellowing, maybe even his notorious temper has waned.

I have told how the flat looks over Brompton Square on one side, and the church of Holy Trinity on the other. In fact, from the little bow window upstairs in which I am now typing, I am looking straight out to it. It is a beautiful old church going back heaven knows how long. But its Vicar, alas, is known as the Mad Bellringer of Trinity Square. He really loves his carillon of bells and some Sundays the din is deafening. He has some sort of loudspeaker arrangement up in his tower and at weddings or christenings, before Matins and Evensong, the sexton is sent scurrying up to set the things pealing. I was already to address myself to him — please, couldn't that volume be turned down just a trifle? Then

one day at about 7 a.m. I was out on the terrace with the dog, mug of coffee in hand, when a cheery hail came up from below and there he was, a burly, cassocked figure out on his vestry steps taking the morning air. We exchanged shouted pleasantries and agreed on one or two essentials and before I knew it we were the best of friends. How could one quarrel with such a warm and gentle priest? So now each Sabbath morn I just shut the window and stick it out. And do you know, it is not really so bad, once you get used to it.

Writing to his mother on 12 February 1962, Hardy, except for one matter, is optimistic and reaffirms the delight he and Sue have in living in England.

I am busy with more work for the BBC and also the other people, the commercial fellows. These are the months to buckle down, so that I can take the sunny days off later in the year. We love our picnics. Sue makes some sandwiches, puts in hard boiled eggs and pickled onions, and off we go into the country lanes. And that is the thing about England that I can never get used to. There are fifty two million people tucked into this small island, and you expect to find not a square yard of empty space to spare. But don't believe it. Once you are off the main roads all is peaceful and quiet. You pull up under a spreading old oak and the only sounds are the twittering of birds and the mooing of the occasional cow. A wisp of smoke rises from the farmhouse chimney, and in the distance, the village church raises its spire. And it is the tidiness of the countryside that never fails to surprise the eye. England can be pictured as one large sort of self-watering garden without a leaf or blade of grass out of place.

But there is the one matter of concern.

Sue asks to be forgiven for not writing for such a time. She has had a strange shaking of the right arm and hand — she continually spills her cups of tea unless she leaves the cups only half full, and odd as it may sound, she actually cannot write properly. . . . All she has is a mysterious sort of palsy.

Judging by this description Sue could have had shaking palsy (paralysis agitans), a form of Parkinsonism; but, at 43 she would have been unusually young to have this condition.

Australia House issued Hardy with a new passport on 22 March. Shortly after, he altered his car insurance to cover a second driver, Wing Commander L. Lewington, for 50 days beginning on 10 May. Although his passport was stamped not valid for U.S.S.R., Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, East Germany and Roumania, he had it endorsed to include them. Visas for the C.C.C.P., German Democratic Republic, Czechoslovak Socialist Republic and Poland show that he spent three months travelling behind the iron curtain. The last visa, for Austria, was dated 8 June. This was the holiday that referred to by one of his nephews when he wrote of Hardy's life in America and after being full of

Many adventures—one a risky drive in his Bentley [Rolls Royce Wraith actually] behind the Iron Curtain. I didn't get the finer details, but they were lucky to get out again—a fast drive through mountain passes late at night.<sup>PdBD</sup>

Hardy's wife Sue died soon after their return, on 24 June at their home. Her

death, if seen by her husband who worked at home, would have distressed him because its symptoms would have been violent and they would have lasted for several minutes: ‘asphyxia due to inhalation of vomit’. At the time she was taking disulfiram, an aversion treatment for alcoholism.<sup>143</sup> An inquest was held and death was found to be the result of ‘misadventure’. If one drinks alcohol while taking disulfiram one experiences a range of very uncomfortable symptoms. As one of those symptoms is vomiting then it may be that Sue drank alcohol while taking disulfiram and died as a result, hence, presumably, the finding of death by misadventure.

There came reports of Sue being ill. Later we came to understand she was an alcoholic. Then she died. Silence from Lindsay.

But suddenly, according to Lindsay something snapped in Sue—he says he doesn’t understand why—she hit the bottle in a big way. He tried to get her off it. He put her in a sanatorium which cost him £200 a week [in year 2008 about \$A5,800] back in the later 1950s and early 60s (we didn’t discuss precise time frames). Sue died. Lindsay was shattered. The massive costs had bled him dry. He was bankrupted.<sup>PdBD</sup>

That Sue ‘suddenly ... hit the bottle in a big way’ does not mean that before this she was not, at least to some degree, dependent on alcohol. If so, then the Hardys’ marriage may have been, as my friend Dr Henry Fellner observed when we discussed Sue’s death, ‘a ménage à trois where trois is the bottle’. Such relationships are not uncommon as the partners understand each other’s need, are unlikely to be judgemental, and may be able to help each other through life. It is also possible that the shock of her operation for cancer the previous year may have triggered her plunge into alcoholism. Years later, reflecting on a relation’s very difficult marriage to a woman who suffered from schizophrenia, Hardy remarked somewhat enigmatically that he had ‘once, though for different reasons, trodden the same path’.<sup>144</sup>

In 1962 *The Grand Duke and Mr Pimm* was released as the feature film *Love is A Ball* (U.S., 112 minutes, Technicolor, Panavision), and in Great Britain as *All This and Money Too*. It was directed by David Swift who, with Tom and Frank Waldman, wrote the screenplay. It took little more than the essence of the plot from Hardy, and resulted in a bland and boring travesty. (It starred Glenn Ford, Charles Boyer, Hope Lange, Ricardo Montalban, Telly Savalas, Ruth McDevitt and Ulla Jacobson, with music by Michel Legrand.) Hardy, who referred to the book and the film as *Mr Pimm*, exaggerated, but only slightly, when he stated that the film

bore no relation to the book whatever—plot gone, people gone. You would never know there had ever been a book. What makes the movie men tick I cannot understand. They buy a story, get A, B, C, and D to write various screenplays from it, and then shoot a movie about something else entirely. So what are you to make of them? It was in colour and looked very pretty... but apart from that it had nothing and was not too well received. Not that it made a scrap of difference to me. I had been paid and the money handed over to doctors and hospitals long before it ever appeared on the screen. In my last letter to Marty Poll [the producer] I asked him why, oh why Marty-boy, do you bother to buy books at all? He hummed and hawed. We are still friends.<sup>145</sup>

In the same year Hardy wrote two self-contained hour-long episodes for the television series *Man of the World*—Specialist for the Kill and Masquerade in Spain.<sup>\*</sup> The hero, Michael Strait, a have-camera-will-travel-the-world photographer played by Craig Stevens, would have appealed to Hardy. (Henry Mancini composed the theme, and later the music for the series that gave Stevens international fame—*Peter Gunn*.) Judging by a very brief synopsis of Masquerade in Spain it may have been a re-working of the plot of *Two Roads to Samarra* in that it was about a beautiful and rich young woman, whose father fears that she is in grave danger, and both stories feature very attractive young women. In *Two Roads* Keen was assigned to protect the daughter; in Masquerade Strait's job is to photograph her, but events lead to his protecting her. (In both *Masquerade* and *Samarra* the baddies are called Denzo and Sebastian.) In Specialist for the Kill, Strait, on an assignment in Berlin for a fashion magazine, discovers a plot to kill an industrialist. (Two of the characters have names used previously by Hardy: Polikoff and Guzik.)

The pilot episode of *Man of the World* inspired another series which was broadcast late in 1963: *The Sentimental Agent* starring Carlos Thompson as Carlos Varela. Hardy wrote two hour-long episodes for it: Express Delivery and Meet My Son, Henry.<sup>†</sup> Varela's style like Strait's would also have appealed to Hardy: Varela was in the import-export business, travelled the world, wore white suits, affected a longish cigarette holder, and had a talent for exposing felons. Both series were filmed in black and white on location and at Shepparton Studios in England for Lew Grade's ITC UK (Independent Television Company, Ltd).

The next letter that I have seen from Lindsay to his mother, from 46, Beaufort Gardens, London, S.W.3, on 23 November 1963 is a tale of woe.

... I have just come out of prison, Where to begin?

For the two years before Sue died and the months after, I could get no work done and things were going from bad to worse, my head seemed to be tied in a knot. So last December I sold my car [he must have been very low] and went off to a fishing village ... on the coast of Spain where you can live for almost nothing. There to write a new book.

Later he mentions 'thousands of picture money gone on doctors and hospitals' leaving him again 'empty-handed ... when you need it the most.' 'I rage with frustration.'

The Australian newspaperman who took his flat abandoned it in January and never forwarded any of his mail. Back in London Hardy was invited by a friend to visit him at his

cottage in the country near Henley-on-Thames. One Saturday I went there ... with some other people ... . It was suggested that being a very experienced motorist, I should do the driving back to London at about one in the morning, and I did. To come to grief while passing through a town fittingly called Slough, partly by my own bad management, mostly, according to even the police themselves, through plain unadulterated ill-fortune. I was spoken to by a constable while waiting for a red light — at that hour of the morning he had nothing better to do

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<sup>\*</sup> Hardy wrote episodes 2 and 11 for the first of the series' two seasons.

<sup>†</sup> There were 13 episodes in all, of which Hardy wrote numbers 3 and 6.

than peer in at passing motorists on their way home. I was taken in and charged with driving under the influence. I could not get my own doctor on the scene, and police doctors always make an adverse report unless you can balance on your head for them — that's what they are for. I could not raise the hundred guineas for counsel and had to conduct my own defence. I struck the wrong judge and wrong jury and under new legislation in England the penalties can be harsh. I can still feel my astonishment, the ground opening, when the bench said, you will go to prison for six months. It was the first prison sentence under the new laws, to make an example, no doubt. So it was in all the papers. And for nothing: No accident, no dangerous driving — nothing. But it happened, ... even strangers go out of their way to insist that there is no stigma, and it is over and in the past.\*

Hardy's letter of 24 February 1964 reveals that he is now sending money to his mother again, and he is working: 'I have one [book] still put aside at present while I do more for the BBC, who have just commissioned a new six-part serial.' He also refers back to his time in gaol.

It is true: the lighter we are the better. I lost a couple of stone on my enforced holiday and am all the fitter for it. (Only yesterday a peer of the realm, an old Etonian, ex-Captain of Her Majesty's Grenadier Guards, a Member of the Stock Exchange with his title to boot, was sentenced to six months for the same thing. So you chuckle too. I don't keep such bad company after all, do I?)

The serial he referred to was almost certainly broadcast as *The Sleeper*. The essence of its plot is very similar to that of *26 Hours*: a plane crash in Poland kills an American Admiral whose politically explosive diaries—the Farnsworth Journals—then come into the possession of someone who will only sell them to Britain. (Both *26 Hours* and *The Sleeper* have characters called Romilly and Keipert.)<sup>146</sup>

On 26 April 1964 Hardy wrote: 'I have only yesterday come back from three weeks in Scotland, having at long last written another serial for the BBC and being required on location for its filming.' As the only Hardy story that I know of which would have required shooting in Scotland was *Samarra*, perhaps this was a new story, for as far as I know the B.B.C. did not film *Samarra*.

The London summer of 1964 was 'an Australian summer, month after month of sunshine.'

I have been taking pencil and pad and scribbling away in the park, with the lake and its ducks, youngsters rowing and sailing on one side, masses of green trees on the other. Lucky I am able to work at my crust in the open. On unproductive days I have been walking up and down the Thames between Kew and Richmond, ten and fifteen miles a day. My friends call me Towpath Hardy. Towpath Hardy has just had another six-part play on the BBC called "The Sleeper". They tell me it will get out to you eventually. What fun if you could see it. Now I am bashing on at yet another, with a huge blockbuster book on the stocks as well as a stage play. Both will take some time to finish and get into final shape. Then

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\* Endorsements in Hardy's Driving Licence state that at the Buckinghamshire Quarter Sessions on 1 July 1963, for driving under the influence of alcohol on 13 April, he was sentenced to six months imprisonment and disqualified for driving for three years.

we'll see.<sup>147</sup>

In November his mother, Adelaide Olive Hardy, at age 78, married George 'Guy' Swann,<sup>148</sup> her companion since at least 1947. She changed her name to Hardy-Swann. That their reception was at the *South Australian Hotel* says a lot about her attitude to money. 'The South', as it was known throughout South Australia, was the prestige hotel—it had no peers. This very elegant, 3-storeyed, nineteenth century building with slim classical columns supporting full-width balconies, stood on North Terrace opposite Parliament House. It was easily the most expensive place to stay, to eat and to hold parties and receptions. It was patronized by the large landholders, especially graziers, by industrialists and top businessmen, and by Adelaide's self-proclaimed social élite. All the celebrities stayed there including, earlier in the year, *The Beatles*. 'The South' was most certainly the last place that an assetless woman, who had failed to make a success of her accommodation and reception businesses and needed money from her often broke struggling son, would ever have considered holding her wedding reception. But for Adelaide Olive Hardy-Swann, putting on a show to maintain the façade meant more than prudence. Recall the women who knew her at Victor Harbor in the 1910s and 20s. They thought that she was ambitious, and that she made sure that people knew she was the first to acquire new modern appliances. They also suspected that her family was not well off, because of her extravagance. Her son seems to have taken after her. Curiously, judging by his letters, Lindsay, unlike the rest of her family, never realized that there was no substance behind Adelaide Olive's façade. His feeling of indebtedness to her and deep love for her seems to have blinded him to that huge flaw in her character.

By 16 December 1965 Hardy is living at 21, Draycott Avenue, London, S.W.3. He writes positively to his mother.

I have been working all through the summer and autumn churning out two more serials for the BBC, both of which I hope you will see next year. There is generally a six-month lag before they get out there—that is, taking for granted that they will be sold in Australia. Then too I have finished a huge book based on the desert war [presumably the 'blockbuster']. This I am sitting on for a few more months, letting it simmer before I go through it again. It is pretty tough stuff, so much so that the publishers may jib. Well, we'll see. I should hate to have it banned.\*

I lead a very quiet life. I still walk about fifty miles a week when I am not typing, so that by now I really know London. It is a vast and wonderful old city so that one never gets bored. When I am between stories I march alone unseeing, in the dream world where fiction comes from. I know enough people and have no wish to make new friends. When a serial is in production, as now, I go to rehearsals on Mondays, being careful not to hurt actors' feelings [if true, he has mellowed] ... Then on the succeeding Friday I go to the BBC studios at Hammer-smith ... Here the recording of the particular episode takes place, after a day of hysterical frenzy in which it seems that the whole thing must end in disaster. But no.

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\* It was never published. The typescript may have been destroyed in Australia.

Another six-part British television serial by Hardy, *The Man in the Mirror*, was released on 15 January 1966. It tells how the British Treasury, determined to destroy a gang of criminals laundering counterfeit money, infiltrated into their ranks the double of a well-known forger. This, as far as I know, is an original story. It was also the last piece that I have found that he wrote or had accepted.

In addition to being sold to Australia, and presumably other English speaking countries, it appears that at least some of Hardy's B.B.C. serials were broadcast in other languages. I have come across references to Czech, French, Finnish and Romanian versions. The revenue from the overseas sales would have been substantial, but whether Hardy received royalties for them I do not know.

This leaves an unsolved problem: Hardy's two 'Italian' novels. They were published in 1966 in *Segretissimo (Most Secret)*, a weekly espionage fiction magazine, which began as a monthly in September 1960. *Occhio per occhio spia per spia (Eye for eye spy for spy)* was issue 125 and *Missili, dollari e rubli (Missiles, dollars and rubles)* was issue 130. It may be that both were also published as books: *Occhio* in 1966 in Mondadori King Yellows, and *Missili* by Mondadori in its Urania collection or series. Interestingly, neither story, judging only by the titles, resembles any earlier Hardy creations. However, some internet references state that *Missili* was originally *The Nightshade Ring*. If so, Hardy must have updated *Nightshade* by making a few changes or significantly rewriting it. I have not been able to acquire a copy of either.

Some time after the death of her husband in 1965 Hardy's sister Alfreda went to England for up to two years, and spent some time staying with or visiting her brother.<sup>F</sup>

Letters from her in the UK with notes about how difficult Lindsay was—how distressed she seemed to be about him. Accounts of his brilliance with the Times Crossword—specifically, he could sit and contemplate the crossword for 15 minutes, fold it up and put it away, then sit down and set out correctly the entire completed in [sic] puzzle without further reference to the paper! In the years that follow, there were spasmodic letters. Some positive and entertaining, others dark and brooding. To me, Uncle Lindsay was an enigma.<sup>PdBD</sup>

In a letter to his mother on 2 November 1966, from Apartment 2A, "Las Delicias", Estepona, Malaga, S. Spain, Hardy mentions Alfreda's presence. As she was 'well established and moving to Canterbury soon', he embarked for Gibraltar on 24 September. Finding it 'the noisiest town on earth, twenty-four hours a day', and too expensive, he left for Spain where he landed on his feet: 'I am in a first rate little flat, everything brand new, in a new block on the seafront, fully equipped, all for a fiver a week.' (About \$A143.) However, this flat, like many others, was built during a boom without proper regard for ensuring reliable utilities, and so supplies of water, gas and electricity were liable to cease, at any time without warning, and with annoying frequency.

Visas stamped Gibraltar and Algeciras (just over the border in Spain) showed that he must have crossed the border, possibly several times, during his stay in Spain.

He mentions that *Man in the Mirror* has been sold to the Australian Broadcasting Commission, and that 'I am working on yet another one for the BBC and I have various other irons in the fire'.

As a permanently disabled soldier, Hardy was eligible for a pension from Australia's Repatriation Department. Because of problems with paperwork payment had



ceased: 'I have enclosed their scrap of paper for them. See that they pay the arrears in- to the bank for you without delay.' He writes to his mother again from Spain exactly a month later: ' ... I hope the money will come to you regularly from now on.' 'Write when this repatriation business has sorted itself out for you ... .' Apparently she was not signing the form, or at least not signing it in the right place—in the middle of the page. The mother who held the expensive wedding reception at 'The South' is now accepting his disability pension.

That Hardy has mellowed and is less reclusive is shown by his enjoyment of other people's company, and 'incidents' such this.

An afterthought. Next time you are posting a letter, instead of putting on the one stamp for the right amount, I wonder if you could make it up of two or three smaller stamps. The small boys will jump for joy.

After spending three months away, Hardy returned from Spain, landing at London Airport on 30 December.

Sometime in 1967 Hardy was declared bankrupt, and had to pay a creditor £100 at a minimum of at least £2 a month. In late 1969, when he applied for discharge from bankruptcy, he was described by the court documents as a 'Clerk, lately Author'. On 5 November 1969 his application for discharge was granted. The final payment, of £2 a month for £100, was made in October 1975.<sup>149</sup>

On 27 August 1969 Hardy wrote to his mother from 21, Haverfield Gardens, Kew, Surrey:

I have at last heard again from the pension people. They had written previously saying that the pension was cancelled in May, 1966 on the grounds that I had failed to notify them of my change of address from Grant Avenue, Toorak. Heavens alone knows what made them think I ever lived there ... . [His mother lived there for awhile.]

The play is coming along.\* I have high hopes that it will get me out of the doldrums where I have been for the last three years, brought about by an argument with the tax man which I finally lost. Taxes are a curse laid on all of us, and on writers officialdom goes out of its way to put a special blight. In short, I have been struggling to pay off a huge bill, bit by bit, and I am only now seeing the light at the end of the tunnel. Not that I mind living quietly now that I am on my own. I am quite content with plenty of books, some music, the gardens nearby, and the company of a Siamese cat called Archie who has moved in from I know not where and established himself as a lodger. The only thing I regret is that I would rather be living quietly in Adelaide, but it is no use crying for the moon. Or perhaps we should start crying for the planet Venus now that the Americans have actually got the moon.

That he would 'rather be living quietly in Adelaide' was a dramatic change of heart—if he meant it.

During his writing life Hardy had problems with the tax men in Australia, the U.S. and England. It may not have been all his fault as the combination of high taxes on oc-

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\* This is the only reference that I have found to this play.

casional large sums and provisional tax made it hard for many writers to manage their budgets, especially if they had to live for months and months on the last payment while the current story was being written.

Hardy's mother died the same year aged 83, and was buried with her first husband. It was then that the headstone was erected.<sup>F</sup> The headstone is a small two page open book—a popular choice.<sup>150</sup> There is a blank space across the top of the book where the banner 'In Loving Memory Of' usually appears. Both inscriptions are very plain and brief, lacking any of the usual words of affection such as beloved husband or loved wife, or even 'Rest in Peace'. Harold's reads: 'HAROLD MILTON HARDY 5<sup>TH</sup> OCT. 1938. FATHER OF FREDA, LINDSAY & MARJORY.' Her inscription is even sparser than her first husband's: 'ADELAIDE OLIVE OUR MOTHER 1<sup>ST</sup> Nov. 1969.' Although she was buried as Adelaide Olive Hardy-Swann, there is no mention of any surname.

As with her first husband Harold, her will was not submitted to the Probate Court, because she left very little. This lends further support to the claim that Mrs Hardy was an extravagant woman. At the time of her death she was living at 16 Tudor Avenue, Dulwich, one of Adelaide's more expensive suburbs. She kept up the pretence of wealth to the last, by living constantly in rented premises<sup>F</sup> and maybe living on the edge of bankruptcy.

In late 1975 Hardy was still living at 21 Haverfield Gardens, Kew, Surrey.

George Swann died 8 years later, on 6 September 1977, in South Australia. He was born at Glenelg in 1901 and so was 15 years younger than his wife. The inscription on his headstone screams that his family were convinced that something had gone very wrong with his life: 'George Wallis Swann in memory of what might have been. Sister Marion and family Western Australia. Out of darkness into light.'

Back to Lindsay Hardy. He apparently sold nothing after 1966, and probably had to live on his savings plus royalties. As a result, eventually—fifteen years later—financial necessity forced him to move one more time.

From 1969, the year of his mother's death, I know of no more letters from Hardy to his family for seven years, until a letter to his older sister Alfreda just before Christmas 1976, in which he requests the 'address of the Bank in King William Street where my great nest-egg lies a-mouldering'. Perhaps he kept money in Adelaide as a result of his bankruptcy problems in England, though he says that there was only enough in it for 'a really decent lunch'.

By 19 August 1978 Hardy was living at '17, Old Deer Park Gardens, Richmond-upon-Thames, Surrey.' On that day he wrote to Alfreda, who was ill, waiting more hospitalization and surgery:

And so I offer Hardy's Eve of Battle Law which goes something like this: when a dreaded event is coming up and there is no way out, the anticipation is always worse than the reality. When the crunch finally arrives some inner strength comes to our aid. A voice deep inside our being says, if this is all it is, if this is the very worst that can happen, what have I to fear? And we endure the dreaded event, and survive. So take comfort.

He then waxed lyrical about England:

The UK is greener than green; flowers and climbing things like Virginia creeper don't know what to do with themselves and grow and grow and wave their tendrils before your very eyes.

In his next letter to Alfreda, 9 June 1979, he denounced both the Welfare State and the Soviet Union. 'The Welfare State is all very fine but it opens the door wide to envy and rancour and it spoon-feeds the weak, the stupid, the lazy, the inadequate at the expense of the industrious and vigorous.' After visiting a Russian Exhibition he commented that 'Their science and technology when applied to weapons is first class ...', but their consumer goods 'are pathetic and they exhibit [them] as though totally unaware of the impression it leaves with the observer ...'. In the same letter he vehemently scorns the average person: 'If there is one thing wrong with the modern world it is that the common man is inheriting the earth, and sad to say the thing about the common man is that he is common.' He restated his contempt two years later: '... the common man. He hasn't got any intellect, or he would not be a common man. The appeal must be to his heart!'<sup>151</sup> His views were probably the logical consequence of his mother's influence or actual inculcation. Hardy held many views with extreme conviction.

And the whole Hugh Hefner Playboy Bunny Club philosophy is repugnant to me and my kind. Its appeal is to that type of man I have always detested and held in contempt, the macho stud, the man who has never given or received a decent act of love in his life, the pot belly and bald head smelling of brandy and cigars who sleeps with a whore and then goes about boasting of his sexual prowess, the man who runs to kiss the backside of Cassius Clay [Mohammed Ali] or Jack Nicklaus but wouldn't cross the road to say good morning to Yehudi Menuhin ... and who proves his virility by taking a gun and twenty friends and shooting some harmless wild animal, who thinks the proof of his courage is the willingness to indulge in a bar brawl, but when the fight is to the death, for an honourable cause, is never anywhere to be seen.

And, in the same letter, he refers, amongst others he despised, to 'Catholic IRA bigots', 'the proliferating lunatic Palestinian terrorists, those Israeli Jews whose attitude to the Palestinians is exactly that of the Nazi S.S. to the Jews,' ETA and the Red Brigades.<sup>152</sup> A year later he again expressed his contempt for hunters: '... the thought of people taking a gun and shooting such creatures [elephants] for fun makes my blood boil. If there is one man I would dearly love to have had the chance of punching fairly and squarely on the nose it is Ernest Hemingway.'<sup>153</sup>

Hardy also disliked, to the point of contempt, modern abstract art. One wonders whether he is teasing or trying to provoke his sister Alfreda, an art dealer and art lover, when he wrote to her on 27 October 1980:

On the subject of abstraction, do this. Go to the Library and turn up the McGraw-Hill Encyclopedia of Science, volume 3, page 394, Computer Graphics, where there is a colour plate of some "paintings" one of which would not have disgraced Turner himself. Give them some thought, then let me have your comments.

In March 1981 he returned, this time at length—two and a half typed A4 pages—to the subject. I have condensed his attack.

As I struggle to understand this subject I cannot resist thinking that somewhere, between the Post-Impressionists and the present, abstract art has run off the rails, aided and abetted by a body of criticism which has abdicated its prime responsibility, that is, to apply intellectual rigour to artistic creativity.

Consider a young man and his girl who lay out some canvas on the floor, cover themselves with pigments of various colours, and then get down on the floor and couple, thus besmearing the canvas with a totally random pattern of paint. The young man lays down a second canvas, arranges some leaking paint pots over the wheels of his bike, and pedals backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, around and about, again totally at random, producing a second random pattern. From the very fact of randomness, from the complete lack of any intellectual content in their production, neither canvas, by definition, can possibly be called a work of art. Now imagine both to be on the wall of a gallery. I say to the young man, “These are not works of art. They are the merest haphazard daubs.” He points to a nearby Kandinsky, a Jackson Pollock, a Klee, a Mondrian and says, “If they are works of art, then my canvasses are works of art.” How is one to refute the young man. On what grounds does one argue with him? Without rigorous criticism to appeal to I am all at sea. And there is no such criticism that I can find, only reams of posturing words, to me obscure when not totally opaque. The critics might as well argue for artistic merit in a Rorschach blot.

On 25 May 1981 Hardy made his last move, into a one roomed flat plus kitchen, at 23 Garrett House, 166 Kingston Lane, Teddington.<sup>154</sup> Garrett House was, and probably still is, a large home for retirees and pensioners. His next letter to Alfreda on 28 June 1981 describes his feelings and the flat:

It is the last move I shall ever have to make, thank god, the place is m-i-n-e mine. ... I am now better off than at any time since Brompton Square [1961-64] ... . It is like coming home after exile in the wilderness—after twelve years I can once again swing a cat. The address may sound as though I am out in the country but it is within a stone’s throw of Teddington Lock in the Thames, a well-known beauty spot on the river, halfway between Twickenham and Kingston in a smallish new two-story block, upstairs, looking out over trees, a garden and green. It is not very big but for me, bang on: an entrance hall with tons of closet space, one room 21 x 12 with a large picture window, bathroom with a shower, and a roomy up-to-the-minute kitchen. There is a wee village nearby to shop in, and over a dozen pubs ... . ... I am a much happier hermit than for ages ... . The agents’ euphemism for such quarters is ‘studio apartment’.

In the freezing winter of 1981 Hardy, now 67, wrote on 12 December to Alfreda:

I have my computer (which plugs into the TV for its terminal) on one hand, shelves of books, everyone an old friend, on the other. I am as mentally active as when I was a schoolboy, if I am awake I am reading or attacking some mathematical concept, which in my view is as it should be.

I have been going over the dates of the great mathematicians of the past, an astounding number of whom made old bones in centuries when one was lucky to live beyond forty or so. ... intellectual activity is good for us ...

Three months later, his belief in thinking had not diminished: 'I have ... bought the Encyclopedia Britannica, 30 volumes, each of 1,100 pages ... I intend to read it cover to cover and when finished turn to page 1 and start all over again!'<sup>155</sup> He remained physically and mentally active as this remark just over a year later attests: '... I am brown, doing my daily march in shirt, shorts and dark glasses, armed only with The Times, whose crossword I still consider [only] done if solved in the head, no pen.'<sup>156</sup> He adds: 'I have drawn up a screed, the Hardy Short Course in Times Crossword Puzzle Solving ...' and offers to send his sister a copy. He then returned to his attack on abstract art. Provoked by the price of a Piet Mondrian, and some other abstracts, Hardy cited them as

an excuse to mount my abstract art hobby horse once more. ... in five minutes or so, a bright child could have done it, I wrote a programme that reproduces the Mondrian, full colour, on the [TV] screen.\* ... not something rather like it, the very painting itself. Now then. No computer programme written from now till the end of time will ever generate a Rembrandt, a Constable, a Degas ... I have worked out another programme ... that produces marvellous Jackson Pollocks, ... a third which does Paul Klee. My Klees, I admit, are not yet quite up to snuff, they do not capture his total, vacuous triviality. ... As for Mark Rothko, I can get a Mark Rothko merely by switching the machine on with its connections crossed, thus causing it to malfunction.

On 22 February 1984, Hardy, after suffering severe influenza, wrote to Alfreda about one of its effects: 'Christ alone knows what the Bengalis in the village market made of the aged gent who comes creeping in like a dying tortoise for rice and ice cream, rice and ice cream.'

Writing to Alfreda on 14 December 1986 Hardy made one of several references to his fascination with science and mathematics, showed his readiness to embrace the latest computer technology, and the joy that they all gave him.

And I no longer live alone, I have for permanent companion (and chess opponent) an even more advanced computer with which I spend hours at a time. How dull! I hear the witless wights declaring. Like hell. I am continually making new friends of the intellect. One of the latest is a chap called B.B. Mandelbrot, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, author of a book called 'The Fractal Geometry of Nature'. ... I have been working with the computer to cause it to generate some of these fractals, in particular two mind bogglers called von Koch's Snowflake and the Sierpinski gasket. Weird stuff. And weirder still the discovery by one O.J. Feigenbaum, University of California, of a totally new number in science, the universal Coefficient of Chaos. I forgive you if at this point you begin to suspect that I might be making it all up, including the names of the mathematicians, but I swear to you that it is all real, and in part comes from the Britannica Year Book of Science to which I contribute.

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\* Hardy owned 'a Sinclair 16K Spectrum computer which plugs into the TV.'

The forecast is for snow and temperatures well below zero. This then is how I intend to spend Christmas. Drawbridge up, portcullis down, curtains drawn against the whistling wind outside, heater on, goose-neck lamp adjusted, Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor on the player, and me crouched over the computer keyboard, furrowed of brow, struggling to make a glimmer of sense of the Feigenbaumian of Chaos. Wish me luck.

In the same letter he mentions that he 'I gave up smoking on my 70<sup>th</sup> birthday [1984], I have cut down on booze, and I have to watch what I eat and how much of it ...'. He reminisces on his continuing love of 'motor racing in the street' referring to street circuits: '... I purely love it, always have and still do.'

The attraction for me, apart from motor racing's mix of loud noise and violent activity with advanced science and engineering, is the fact that it is at the very opposite pole from the world of punk rock and drug addiction, skinheads, simpering faggotry, and now Aids. Also, of course, it is above all fun. Once upon a time when the world was young I used to follow the Grands Prix all over Europe, getting away before first light on to the autostrada or autobahn, heading for wherever it was through the summer dawn at a steady ninety miles an hour to Francorchamps, Monza, Zandvoort, Hockenheim, Nurburgring, over the hill and faraway.

Next he answers one of Alfreda's questions.

You ask, what do I do to fill my time. Dear girl, there are simply not enough hours in the day, even though most of my being takes place up in my head. I always have been an omnivorous reader. The wand the good fairy waved over my cradle gave me an ability for sustained concentration and the capacity for learning. I have nothing but contempt for those who pretend, as a cover for their own stupidity, that it is impossible to learn anything unless someone takes us by the hand and teaches us.'

Hardy's nephews Mark Day and Paul de Burgh-Day visited him while he was living at Garrett House in 1987 and 1989 respectively. The latter recounts his visit of just a few hours.

I had found him exactly as I had been told by the housekeeper at Garrett House where he has lived for many years. He was huddled, alone, quite diminutive and old, in a corner of his pub with a pint of ale, a sandwich and of course The Times, folded to show only ... the crossword. When I approached and introduced myself, for the first time since 1941, he was a bit taken aback. Quite alarmed at first, quickly taking a bottle of pills from his pocket and popping one into his mouth at frequent intervals. ... . He seemed quite old and frail, and he talked mostly of his poor eyesight and his declining health. His world had become Garrett House, the hospital, the pub and his little bit of shopping for food.

It is clear from his Paul's memory and from Hardy's letters to Alfreda 18 December 1988 and 16 December 1989 and to Marjory on 17 December 1989 that his lifestyle and health had deteriorated significantly since 1969. He tells Alfreda that

One of two birthdays ago I started getting dizzy fits out of the blue accompanied by ... a sort of snow blindness, the world turning dazzling, snow white! The attacks did not last long and at first I applied Hardy's Third Law, which says that if you ignore an ague or palsy it will sooner or later go away. But this time the Third Law failed to work. The fits became more frequent and longer lasting, and then one day being struck sightless while in the middle of crossing a busy street standing there staring at the South Pole with cars whizzing by, drivers shouting and blaring their horns, tyres skidding, I thought it was really time I hauled down my flag and went to see the quack ...

Following laser treatment with the aid of a 'magnifying glass and thickish lenses I can read.' His right eye remained afflicted by a 'ragged blind patch in the centre of vision.' As a result of his dealings with doctors he concluded that under the National Health Service 'the relation between doctor and patient has become that of the veterinary surgeon to a horse.' In context he means that just as vets don't talk to horses to explain their condition, so doctors do not tell human patients. He eventually found out that he was suffering from 'diabetic retinopathy'. The whole letter pokes fun so successfully at the British Medical Establishment that I have included it as an appendix. In his next letter to Alfreda he tells of a 'quite horrible' chest infection, so bad that eventually

The quack had to come ... . He talked ambulance and hospital to which I turned thumbs down, on the grounds that if my number was coming up I would bloody well meet it alone under my own roof, not lying strangling in some state institution, surrounded by strangers. So he wrote his prescriptions and finally the infection came under control. But not entirely. Apart from being wrung out I could feel a furtive something, lurking between tripe and giblets, a malignancy, under a wet stone. Sure enough, in March and early April, there was a repeat performance ... . This time some of the sawdust really ran out. ... . To conclude the pneumococcus saga, I thought I was in the clear until in the middle of one night early in July I woke to realise I was in for round three. It is over now but I have been creeping about like an insect half trodden on. Somewhere in the paroxysms I must have had a slight stroke and now come equipped with a dragging left leg. So what? It neither aches nor twinges and I was not planning any marathon walks. But coming up out of the hole has been a matter of an inch at a time. I have felt like the spider that bit you, climbing out of a drain.

Still. ... I still do not look so terrible. ... I have the clear complexion and rosy cheeks of one who practically lives on the tiny pillules\* of glycerol trinitrate.† I have been told that I may survive for another ten years or bite the dust tomorrow. Again, so what? What is there that I should hang on for? The knowledge that one may snuff it any second I find invigorating. It gives me an interest in life.

Enough, enough.

One of the blessings I count is the fact that there is a wee village just across the road and round the corner, there and back half a bus stop, say, rejoicing in a couple of shops, this and that, a chemist, and a cornershop newsagent, [run by] my

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\* The word is not in the *Shorter Oxford*, *Macquarie* or *Collins* English dictionaries.

† For angina & heart failure, and also known as glyceryl trinitrate & nitroglycerine.

friend Mr. Patel who comes from Calcutta ...

He then returns to his contempt for the art world, this time the big dealers and auctioneers. The dealers 'define the value of a work to be the amount realised at auction for a similar work by the same artist. It follows from this that if one owns several paintings, by say Picasso, to increase their value dramatically one then buys another similar Picasso for several times what one paid for one's other Picassos. Each Picasso now becomes worth the price paid for the latest acquisition. One doesn't even have to have the money to buy another Picasso, the dealer lends it to the buyer. The end result is that the value of one's art assets has gone up dramatically.

He tells Marjory that he has had three bouts of pneumonia during the first half of 1989, then continues:

Until just about now I have been a rag doll getting over it. But I am delighted to say, finally back to full bounce, except that at some stage in the paroxysm of coughing I must have had a small stroke and now come equipped with a dragging left leg. So what? It does not ache, and I was not planning on a walk to John O'Groats any way.

It is tempting to think that the deterioration began with his wife's illness and death. '... Lindsay dropped out. He retired from life, from the world. He became a recluse. He has no friends.'<sup>PdBD</sup> Nevertheless, he appears to have been content and there is more evidence in his letter to Marjory that he has mellowed.

Another of the blessings I count is the small "village" nearby, just across the street and around the corner ... It has a this-shop, a that-shop, the chemist, a post-office, and most important of all, the corner-shop newsagents owned by my friend Mr Patel, who comes from Calcutta ... In Mr. Patel's shop you not only could not swing a cat, you could not swing a mouse. Not a cubic inch of dusty space is there to spare. He is the head of a family of forty, tiny tots with huge eyes to great-grannies in saris, wizened as monkeys, all of whom help in the shop, often all at once. The point is that in this ant-nest Mr. Patel contrives to sell absolutely everything. You name it, somewhere he has it. If not to hand, he disappears through a bead curtain. There is the sound of loud rummaging, of boxes being flung about, till after a minute out comes Mr. Patel, ... smile of triumph, article in hand.

Hardy, who studied electrical engineering at the University of Adelaide—though unsuccessfully—was now exercising his scientific aptitude. In doing so he used a superior and fast British computer made by Acorn for BBC Microcomputer Systems, and subscribed to the publication *BBC Acorn User*.

I am generally happy and never bored, thanks to the companionship of a marvellously swift computer called Archimedes. Like any other computer, if you make mistakes in programming that asks it to do something impossible it stops automatically, flashing-up an error message, "number too great", "division by zero", "syntax error"—something of that sort. Well, Archimedes has two speakers and the ability to synthesize sounds, and after a great deal of trial and error I have pro-



grammed the machine to enunciate two distinct words. Now it no longer flashes an error message when I commit a blunder. It says, in a weird tone admittedly but loud and clear, either “fool” or “dunce”. One day I had a meter man in and at the very second when his back was turned, Archimedes chose to speak up. The meter man almost jumped out of his skin. It was exactly like having a parson in the room, and a parrot that had been taught to swear.

He is also rather ‘playful’, as his letter of 5 February 1990 shows.

Being carried away with the Xmas spirit I addressed the envelope with multi-coloured felt-tip pens, all very festive and jolly. Yesterday I was saddened when it was returned ... limp and bedraggled, ... your address leached out to an indecipherable smear. I know nothing about the chemistry of felt-tip inks. If you get some on your fingers you have to scrub to get it off, but they are possibly highly soluble in alcohol. So. Did your letter come in contact with a leaking bottle of perfume, or booze even, at 30,000ft.? Forever a mystery.

In the last letter that I have seen that Hardy wrote to Alfreda, on 18 December 1990, he describes himself, alluding to *The Portrait of Dorian Grey*, ‘as I, the portrait, come more and more to resemble some reclusive, tree-dwelling, ape-like species ....’ Then he describes the unexpected arrival of visitors into his reclusive world: ‘that autumn afternoon deep in my subterranean computer world, full fathom five, when the door opened and in trooped Mark, Scott and Emma’—his nephew Mark Day and Mark’s children. Next comes nearly two pages of over-the-top adoration of Margaret Thatcher, who elsewhere he occasionally described as the Pry Mincer.<sup>157</sup> Then on to attack ‘Those new professional bores, the ecology freaks, the self-appointed Greens’ with their warnings the ‘world’s getting hotter, prepare to meet thy doom’ and when the temperatures drop the ‘world’s getting colder [because of the Ozone hole], prepare to meet thy doom’. For someone very interested in the latest science this seems out-of-character, especially as—possibly he is becoming forgetful—his adored Margaret Thatcher so believed in climate change that she funded a large research facility to investigate it, and who, in the same year as his letter stated to the 2nd World Climate Change Conference: ‘The danger of global warming is ... real enough for us to make changes and sacrifices, so that we do not live at the expense of future generations.’ He next comments that all in Britain are doing materially well: ‘And my own newsagent, a Mr Patel from Calcutta who has a beautiful white smile and to whom nothing is too much trouble, has just bought himself a Mercedes Benz 260 SEL.’ He also remarks that although everyone in England is wealthier than ever before, including the working class who are now able to holiday in the Caribbean, they nevertheless complain about their lot.

Writing to Marjory, on an electric typewriter, on 3 July 1992—over a year after the event—Hardy asked her ‘not to wring your hands and say oh dear dear, poor chap’ because of yet another disabling affliction.

... I woke up one day with a paralysed right wrist and hand, and since my left arm has not worked properly since the morning of November 17<sup>th</sup> 1944 [actually 1943] I have been in rather a pickle. ... . But having no pinch between first finger and thumb there are a score of things I have trouble with, including holding

a pen, opening tins, getting on a bus, buttoning a shirt, having a shave. Finding the answers is no hardship, on the contrary, they give one an interest in life. Instead of writing cheques I flash a piece of plastic at them in the bank and make a left-handed scrawl. To open a tin you tread on it and punch a series of holes with the opener. To button a shirt, wear a sweater. To shave, grow a beard. I have done so and look perfectly dreadful, like some discarded and motheaten old god, rendered permanently bad-tempered through neglect and absence of true believers. And to write letters, buy a new electric typewriter, which I am now christening and cannot yet drive. After my trusty old museum-piece Royal, this bloody thing — just the slightest touch and it goes grope, whirr, and takes on a life of its own.<sup>158</sup>

He regrets: ‘Apart from the ties of family [whom he almost never sees] I am a total stranger, an old centurion in whose company the young can hardly be expected to take pleasure.’ He asks her to

... draw me a genealogical chart. ... [of] your descendants ... so that I will be able to keep track of them by ready reference. Even if we are never to meet, it seems dreadful not to know who is who. While you are about it, let me have your bank account number. It will simplify the paper work on some I hope far-distant day.

Marjory complied with both requests, though reluctantly to the second.<sup>159</sup>

Hardy’s grandniece contacted him in London in mid to late 1992 (according to her grandmother’s 1992 Christmas card). Although he seemed to want to meet her, because of his illnesses he was reclusive and did not think that she would want to visit him. He put her off. She had probably not read the letter in which he wrote: ‘I am a total stranger, an old centurion in whose company the young can hardly be expected to take pleasure.’ Nevertheless, she tried again, this time successfully, and recalls that by this time he had chronic diabetes as well as severe heart disease.<sup>F</sup> That he had diabetes has implications for his death, as one effect of severe diabetes is to reduce one’s ability to feel pain, so diabetics, unless told what symptoms to look for, can have heart attacks without knowing.

His nephew Paul visited him again in July 1993.

He seems to live in semi darkness, except for his tiny kitchen. But he explained that the semi darkness makes it easier to see his computer screen. ... . And he had just finished watching the F1 [Formula One] Grand Prix on TV. Rather into F1 it seems.

Instantly excited to see me, he had quickly reached for his bottle of heart pills which he popped under his tongue at frequent intervals. Worried, as I had been on my last visit four years before, that he might drop off the twig, I said: “Hell Lindsay, don’t pop off now! I wouldn’t want that on my conscience.” “No matter,” he replied, “I’ve had my time already, more than I deserve. If I go now, so be it?”

There was no doubt that his health was much better. He was quite active in his movements, and his eyes were much better than before. He emerged from the kitchen with a two thirds full bottle of Scotch and a couple of glasses. “No ice”,

he apologised, pouring us both a solid shot. We talked. He talked. “Shut up and listen!” I told myself. Over several hours, the Scotch bottle slowly emptied, and I learnt something of my Uncle’s life.

Sharp as a tack! Four hours of the most intellectually stimulating discussion I have experienced for years. In a random sequence emerged pictures of his life.\* Lindsay is a determined recluse. After Sue died, he withdrew from life.

And he has his computer. It is part of his intellectual stimulation. He writes things for himself, and he devises programs—complex ones he says. I didn’t get an understanding of what they are, or what they do. But along with his Times Crossword, the computer has become his challenge in life. He knows what is going on around the world and he has intense views on what he sees and reads. . . .

At 79 years ... he reckons he has lived longer than he deserves. He has no fear of passing on. His body has been failing—his eyes—but they are not too bad now; his right hand, the nerves have failed and he has little feeling, which makes using his computer and many other things a bit of a challenge. But he has not given up on challenges one bit. The mind is all there. A recluse, an urban hermit maybe, but still a great intellect and a razor sharp wit.

By 8pm, the Scotch had all gone, Lindsay had “chainsmoked” his way through a considerable number of heart pills, and I had to get back to Lancaster Gate. As the British Rail train clacked its way back to SE1, I began to regret that I had virtually ignored the existence of my Uncle for so long. I committed myself to making sure I would visit him every time I can get to London, for as long as he is alive. I have no doubt that I have seen only a few snapshots from a thick album.

Lindsay John Hardy had a heart attack on a bus<sup>F</sup> and died in hospital on 7 February 1994.

His will did not have to be submitted for probate because his estate was too small—less than £5,000. So, despite his success as a writer, sufficient at its height to allow him to drive a Rolls Royce, the cost of his wife’s medical treatment and care, the length of his post-writing years so long, and probably his spirit consumption so high, he died a relatively poor man.

When he died, his grandniece, who was about to fly back to Australia from Southampton where she had been working, was asked by her mother to visit Hardy’s flat to collect his personal papers and belongings. When she searched his flat she concluded that he was leading a hand to mouth existence—‘1 plate, 1 knife, 1 fork’—and significantly she saw no sign of alcohol. That he had both diabetes and heart disease, may explain the lack of alcohol. That he was still mentally active was indicated by his computer which had been left running for 5 days solving an algorithm. She returned to Australia with a suitcase full of letters, Christmas cards, personal papers and other memorabilia,<sup>160</sup> including a small photograph of herself when she was about 19.

They were intended for his two sisters, but the older and more dominant one, Alfreda, pulled rank, and only a few were given to Marjory. Paul de Burgh-Day believes that his mother probably destroyed most of, if not all of the rest. However, one of the

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\* These ‘pictures’ I have related above when they occurred.

items brought back was this undated letter, written interestingly to Lindsay's younger sister:

London

Dear Marjorie,\*

This is the last letter, promised to Freda long ago, to let her know that I have died. I have gone with only one real regret: that I could not have known you better over the years when I was an exile from Australia. When I was alive I took heart in the lines from Shakespeare: We owe life one death, so if we square the account today we are quits for tomorrow. Well then, I am finally quits for tomorrow. And it is only death, which comes to all.

I have little to bequeath you, only affection. Sooner or later you should receive some small cheques, one from Canberra, the other from London. I have directed that my remains are to go to a teaching hospital for the benefit of students and are then to be cremated and got rid of, leaving no rites of passage, no headstone to moulder.

You possibly know, or can guess at, my views on the after life. If I am right then that is that, with nothing more to be said. But if I am wrong then so much the better and you can be sure that one day, far into the future, it is a promise, I will be at the airport to meet you.

For the time being then,

Goodbye,

Love,

Lindsay.

## 9. The writer and the man: Who was Lindsay Hardy?

I like my goons to have stature. That's why I've set my story in the film world. They can all drive around in Bentleys that way.<sup>161</sup>

Lindsay Hardy

The greatest in his field and by far the most colourful.<sup>PP</sup>

Richard Lane

... he seems to have always been a 'tearaway' with no respect for authority of any kind. I remember him as a gently taciturn fellow, with a quietly grim sense of humour and a short arm.<sup>162</sup>

[Despite his drinking] ... I never saw any display of 'drunken behaviour'. He was never out of control or garrulous. He was always polite and quietly spoken.

[He was not] a rather racy sort of character. ... and his friends in the business were the rogues. But his dress and manner gave the impression of good taste ... an educated and pleasant man. An enigma.<sup>163</sup>

On reflection, I'd say that Lindsay was a quiet, courteous, artistic soul who was probably born into the wrong family and maybe had failed to live up to their expectations of him ... . Perhaps that's why also he had a problem with alcohol.<sup>164</sup>

Dinah Shearing

Lindsay's writing reflected his distinctive personality; charming, elegant and mysterious. He was always well dressed and groomed; with a quiet, affable manner—everyone liked him.

There was something of the international about him, cosmopolitan—it wouldn't have been a surprise if he worked for M.I.5—an Ian Fleming character.

Nobody knew of his private life, and in the Sydney radio world at that time, everyone knew everybody's business—but not Lindsay's.

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\* Although Marjory ended her name with a y, Lindsay always ended it ie.

The writers of the time were an eclectic lot, ... . Lindsay was rated among the very best.<sup>165</sup>

... Lindsay's story is as enigmatic, and therefore as interesting and romantic as they come.<sup>166</sup>

Most authors look nothing like their creations—Lindsay was the exception.<sup>167</sup>

Alan White

### The Writer and His Writing

Hardy's use of exotic settings and exotic proper nouns may have indicated a desire to live in either a phantasy world—or possibly anywhere but Australia.

Hardy was fascinated by the sound of names—especially foreign and unusual names. He used them particularly effectively in post-war Australia. Listening to his suspense serials in the 1950s, when most Australians still shivered at memories of Nazi atrocities, the very sound of German personal and place names evoked menace and sent shivers through audiences—especially those who listened to the wireless with the lights turned off.

When most Australians had never been overseas Hardy provided verisimilitude and mystery through frequent use of exotic places and their names, especially British and European, and extra-especially those of London and Berlin. Indeed, Hardy was so enthralled with the exotic that he set only two of his eleven radio serials in Australia. London's re-assuring Victoria Embankment, the Thames, Bowler's Lane, *St Augustine's* in Hammersmith, the *Nag's Head* and *Bailey's Hotel* in Knightsbridge contrasted with Berlin's threatening, harsh sounding Spandau Canal, Augartenstrasse 46, Potsdamerplatz, Schottzplatz, Steinplatz, Kopenicker, Kreutzberg, Konigstrasse, Krummstrasse, Kurfürstenbrücke and Kurfürstendamm, Kaiserdamm, Muhlendamm, Wilhelm der Grosse, Wilmersdorf, Minsterhof, Praterhof, Zinderhof, and, perhaps ironically, the French named *Café Lorraine* in Friedrichstrasse (Lichtenstrasse in the novel) where Keen waits to hear his contact's identifying password 'Cointreau'. (As a result the events became known as Operation Cointreau.) In *Requiem for a Redhead* many of the streets and even the lanes are the real thing. A near tangible atmosphere—immediacy, authenticity and credibility—were created by correct detail, such as the names of airports and the exact locations of murders; for example, in *The Nightshade Ring*, Keen's two predecessors are murdered on the way to Sydney, one in Rome in 'an alley off the Via Flavia' and the other in Singapore 'flung off a wharf at the water-front end of Fu Chow Road'.<sup>168</sup> In *Requiem* he even specifies the length of high speed car journeys in minutes, and fractions thereof, from place to place, and gives the exact locations of public telephone boxes. The amount of detail in *Requiem* indicates that either before and/or immediately after the war Hardy had spent considerable time in London.

He relished memorable and elaborate personal names—'some for the gentlemen, some for the dames'<sup>169</sup>—such as Denzo and Jasmine Bagradjan, Denzil and Eustace Maninley\*, Charlton Browning, Beaumont Sutton, Urqhart, Piggy Quinn and Jelly-boy Boone; and foreign names especially German and Slavic, such as Hedy /heidi/ Bergner, Fritz Werfel, Felix Huberman, Manfred von Gebhardt, Johann Keipert, Heinrich Schiller, Joseph/Josip Mikhailovitch 'Mike' Guzik, Martin Gonski, Mike Malinski, Hank Godowski, Josip Briz, Yottie Blum /blum/, Polikoff, Zarahoff and the M.V.D's Pavlov and the Smersh assassin Popof. Although smaller in number other languages were also

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\* Eustace in the radio serial, Denzil in the novel.

sources of names, such as: Carlotta Magnani, Fleur Du Pont (Marchand in the novel), Pierre Delahaye, Paul Bonnet, Tony Marzotti, Manoel Torres, Cristoforo, Martinez and Mendoza; and Reuben Janis, alias Max Rubinstein. Even Huberman's dog was called Carlo. (Naturally, given Huberman's Nazism, the dog was a huge Alsatian in the radio serial, then a snarling Doberman pinscher in the novel.) Hardy especially delighted in calling people by their full names, often with rank: Major Gregory George Athelston Keen and Colonel Milo Julian Fentriss; and Richard Mark Hayden, Romilly Justin Harries, Marcus Walter Kesselring, Manfred Gottlieb von Remer (vov Mayerling in the novel), Karl Alexis Scammell, Dr Rudolph Martin Buchmann, and Baroness Ronda Averell Natalie Bohlen von Seidlitz (née Stuart) and her husband Ludwig Heinrich Bohlen von Seidlitz (Heidlitz in the novel), former commander of the gas chambers at Malthausen. (Seydlitz is another German surname/spelling.) Of course, it was mostly the villains who had the most exotic names. And so, in the novel, while searching London's underworld for one of the very worst, came the inspired quip: 'The men they spoke to knew nothing in a variety of Middle European accents.'<sup>170</sup>

I am certain that *Dossier's* Dr Rudolph Martin Buchmann, pronounced "book-man", was named after Martin Adolf Bormann ('Reichleiter, head of the Nazi Party chancery and secretary of the Führer'<sup>171</sup>) especially as it was Bormann who amassed and managed the enormous Nazi funds and treasure, much of which, after the War, he transferred to South America.<sup>172</sup> In *26 Hours* Baroness Bohlen von Seidlitz and her husband were probably named after the pro-Hitler, armaments manufacturer Gustav Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach. Were other characters named after real people, and, if so, who and how many? Another possibility, in the novel version of *26 Hours*, is the pander Riefenstahl. A pander is a person who caters for the base passions and vulgar desires of others or, more specifically, procures sexual partners for others. Is this a reference to the Nazi propagandist Leni Riefenstahl who made motion pictures for Adolf Hitler (such as *Victory of Faith* in 1933 and *Triumph of the Will* in 1934, the latter portraying the Nazi Party Rally at Nuremburg) extolling the values of Germanic physical beauty and Aryan superiority, determination and power. I suspect that Hardy considered Riefenstahl a pander to Hitler and the Nazis.

Hardy may also named some of his characters after people whom he knew. In addition to Dr Eugene Collins in *Deadly Nightshade*, in the next Keen serial, *26 Hours*, there is a very learned, British spy called called Romilly Harries. In *The Sleeper*, a BBC serial based on *26 Hours* two of the leading characters are Simon and Anne Romilly. Finally, some of the action in *A Mask for Alexis* occurs at the Romilly Club. Just seven years older than Hardy was a very well known South Australian by the memorable name of Romilly Harry, a wealthy lawyer and businessman, who bought a large, landmark, 1880s commercial and residential building which he renamed called Romilly House. Romilly and his wife were well-known on the social scene. And Romilly was flamboyant, a characteristic that would have appealed to Hardy. One of his sons, Jonathan Romilly Harry, agrees with me that even if Hardy did not know his father personally he would have known of him, and we both think it very likely that Romilly Harries and the Romilly Club were named after him.<sup>173</sup>

The 50s were also Cold War years when the Communist threat was real and Slavic names and institutions evoked fear. And so Hardy employed the names of well-known Cold War institutions. What better to evoke a reliable force for good than M.I.5 on the

Victoria Embankment and the American O.S.S. (Office of Strategic Services); and to evoke foreboding and terror East Germany's Volkspolizei or Vopos, and the ultimate sound of evil, the name of the Kremlin's kidnapping and assassination agency—Smersh.

Hardy also seems occasionally to be playful in naming his characters: in the novel version of *26 Hours* there is a passing reference to a character named Fido Barker.

The diversity of Hardy's proper nouns, their rich and exotic sounds, was an essential characteristic of his writing and his audience appeal—and a wonderful gift to radio actors.

What, if anything, does the writing tell us about the man?

Frequent and heavy drinking, especially of spirits and Scotch in particular, and smoking cigarettes and cigars—the latter usually exotic—featured prominently in Hardy's writing. Felix Huberman even had a bar in one of his cars. Were drinking and smoking also clues to Hardy's lifestyle or just an accepted—even essential—ingredient of the genre in which he specialized? Certainly the genre, then and still, seems to include the automatic resort to describing character and of providing stage business by drinking and smoking, accompanied by, to my liking, far too much detail about brands and cocktail 'recipes'.

Coutts's fight with Jelly-boy Boone and the beating of Keen by Sydney criminals in *The Nightshade Ring* are so violent that they support Reg James's view that Hardy was 'fascinated by violence' and Corporal Bill Cail's comment, on the whipping of the two Arabs, that he may have had a 'cruel streak'.<sup>174</sup>

Virtually all those who knew the Hardys considered them a very proper family, though one that 'was a huge façade', and they thought that somehow Lindsay must have disgraced himself in his family's eyes, so much so that they rejected him and he left South Australia never to return. His dropping out of Engineering certainly would have disappointed his parents, and may have begun his fall from grace, especially as his family probably had had to make significant sacrifices to pay his tuition fees and board and lodgings in Adelaide. His aloof, ambitious, pretentious, determined mother would have nourished great expectations for him, and almost certainly have bragged about him going to the 'Varsity—she would have been extremely disappointed. Perhaps his contracting V.D. while in the Army and his lapses of military discipline point to another explanation—did they consider him a womanizer? If the wild, headstrong Lindsay had during his undergraduate years been a partying playboy, then this would have been sufficient to disgrace him in the estimation of his proper family and puritanical mother. Then of course came the 1944 trial for attempted rape, which would have completed his disgrace and rejection.

There is another possible contributing factor. Did Hardy in the 30s fall passionately in love? This theory originates in the suspicion that despite Gregory Keen having a passionate love interest in every serial, there was only one true irreplaceable love in his life—Hedy Bergner. If so was there only one true love in Lindsay's life? And, if so, who was she? Did she contribute to Hardy's fall from favor?

Following that speculation reveals possible connections between Hardy's life and Keen's life. Did Hardy want to kill off Keen because he preferred baddies to goodies, or because Keen was in part an alter ego who reminded him of past torments? In *Dos-*

sier Keen fell in love with the love of his life, Hedy Bergner. In *Deadly Nightshade* he is still in love with her. In *Nightshade* Sherry Reed is concerned that Keen is drinking to excess, is impersonal and won't talk about himself.

'You don't seem to care tuppence whether you live or get killed. You've taken the most appalling risks since you arrived here, and you are as chilly as a glacier, you come up as tight as a bowstring. All you do is drink and drink and drink without turning a hair. What makes you tick? ... . You fend me off with an armour of indifference. ... . Are you in love with someone else? You're not married are you?' 'No.' 'Are you in love?' 'Yes.' 'Who is she?' 'A corpse named Hedy Bergner.' ... . 'Was she pretty?' 'She was a murderess.' 'Oh I give up. I'm going to turn in.'<sup>175</sup>

At the end of *Nightshade* he was plagued by memories of the villainous Hedy Bergner and Kesselring's tragic doomed love for the evil Carlotta. Did this reflect a true life love for an essentially bad woman whom he could not escape? At this point neither Hardy nor Keen have married. At this point also Keen refers to his occupation as 'this dreadful profession'. His doomed love for Hedy probably explains his obsession with his job to the point where he seems not to care whether he lives or dies. Just over half way through *26 Hours*, Keen, again under pressure from a woman, Anna Hoffmann, to give up his work, remarks, 'I'll become a stranger to compassion.'<sup>176</sup> Was this something Hardy saw happening to himself and feared?

At the end of *26 Hours* Keen lost his left arm, but had fallen in love with Anna Hoffmann. In World War II Hardy's left arm was permanently injured, and after *26 Hours* he married for the only time, Gene Claire Collins. Had Keen finally distanced himself enough from Hedy to love Anna, or rather had Hardy finally distanced himself enough from some unknown love of the 30s or 40s to love Gene?

There is an aspect to Hardy's attitude to his wife that is both bizarre, some might think sinister—even sadistic. I earlier mentioned the similarity in the names of his wife, Gene Claire Collins, and of a character in *Nightshade*, Dr Eugene 'Gene' Collins. Hardy probably began writing *Nightshade* in August or September 1951 and finished it about May or June 1952. He married Gene Collins in 1952. That he should name a male character after his wife seems odd enough but that the man should be a baddy is bizarre. In the *Nightshade* serial Dr Gene Collins is in love with and hopes to marry Sherry Reed—until she meets and falls in love with Gregory Keen. Collins attempts to end their relationship, though begged not to by Sherry, by reporting Keen (who as Sammy Rice is wanted for murder) to the police. This fails as Keen escapes and in due course wins the confidence of the police. Collins, still desperately in love with Sherry, and still thinking that he must get rid of Keen to have a chance with her, concludes that his best option is to inform Huberman and the Nightshade Ring that Keen is still alive knowing that they will try to murder him. What does this say about Hardy's attitude to his wife, whom letters show he loved, that he named such a wicked traitor after her? The mind boggles Freudianly.

Harold Hardy, Lindsay's father, had been in poor health for at least several years before he died in 1938 when his son was only 24. Lindsay joined the A.I.F. in December the



following year. Possibly already shunned by his family, Hardy fought in North Africa and New Guinea before having to leave the Army with a permanently injured left arm. Always a loner, perhaps what he saw and experienced in World War II in North Africa and New Guinea pushed him into reliance on alcohol. A reliance that may have been exacerbated, when living in Melbourne and Sydney, by keeping company with the hard-drinking Guy Doleman and Donovan Joyce.

After Lindsay's radio serials made him famous, his socially pretentious mother apparently so disapproved of them that she refused to acknowledge that the Lindsay Hardy who wrote them was her son.<sup>177</sup> If this were the case, were his drinking and possible self-esteem problems exacerbated by this, and then aggravated when his wife died only a few years after their marriage without having any children? With the assistance of alcohol did he live increasingly in the phantasy world that he may have aspired to in real life? Did Lindsay, who liked his 'goons to have stature' and 'to drive around in Bentleys', seek refuge from lack of self-esteem in a dream world? When I asked Dinah Shearing whether she thought that Gregory Keen was a Hardy alter ego she replied with an actor's insight:

I think he might have imagined himself to have been capable of the work of G.K. because that part was so well-written. Keen was an honourable character to the end whereas Dumetrius was written quite differently with one person in mind—an actor [Guy Doleman] with different speech patterns.<sup>178</sup>

Irrespective of whether Keen was a Hardy alter ego it is interesting that Reg James in his early twenties believed Lindsay when he told him that during the Second World War he captained a Motor Torpedo Boat.<sup>179</sup> Was he merely having Reg on or phantasizing? There is very little to confirm or rebut these speculations. For example, his sister Marjory remarked that, although a writer, he was not a good correspondent—he rarely wrote to his sisters. However, there is a hint to his aspirations to be found in the Bentleys that Lindsay liked his goons to drive. Moreover, Dinah Shearing was told by an 'expat' actor holidaying in France possibly in the early 60s, that he saw him in southern France driving Bentley's even more prestigious stable mate, a Rolls Royce. But not a black or grey or pale powder blue Rolls but one "liveried" distinctively and eye-catchingly yellow—if the anecdote is correct in this detail. (Was the car his own black Rolls repainted yellow? Or another model, such as one of the two tone Rolls Royces that were in fashion in the 1930s, which were often painted black and yellow.) Nothing could be much more esteem-compensating or promoting than a yellow Rolls. His sister Marjory attested to the importance to him of the very expensive marque: 'He was very proud of his Rolls Royce. The pride of his life.' Now back to speculation. I am very intrigued why Hardy was so intent to kill off Gregory Keen, his most popular character—a character that Dinah Shearing and Alan White considered may have been his alter ego. Or was it precisely because Keen was his alter ego? Was Hardy's alcohol soaked-existence too much of a contrast? Or was his alter ego found amongst his oh-so-memorable villains. Remember that while he wanted to write no more of Keen, he wanted to continue writing about Dumetrius.

Hardy's two best and constant friends were Joyce and Doleman, and his relationship to

Doleman may tell us much about Hardy. Joyce regarded Hardy as a ‘hero worshipper ... who liked to have somebody to look up to. He loved his character Dumetrius—so evil yet so suave.’\* And Dumetrius was conceived for Guy Doleman to play.’<sup>PP</sup> Moreover, ‘To know Doleman was to know Dumetrius.’<sup>PP</sup> and Hardy was ‘fascinated by [Guy Doleman] this arrogant New Zealander, who was [like Hardy] always impeccably dressed ... . However, this fascination finally turned into a type of hero worship whereby Hardy wanted Doleman to star in everything he wrote.’<sup>PP</sup> Doleman was controversial. Some thought him charming and considerate others thought him inconsiderate, superior, arrogant, exploitative. His similarity to the suave screen persona of George Sanders came readily to his contemporaries’ minds. Alistair Duncan described him as ‘one of the wild boys ... a hard drinker, hard player who could rough it with the best of the street boys.’<sup>PP</sup> However, the idea of Doleman fighting with ruffians, if that is what was meant, seems unlikely to me—most unsuave and unGeorge Sanders. Reg James ‘recalled a story about Guy arriving at the Hotel Australia in Sydney ... and swinging open the door. The door hit a woman walking by. A guy with the woman, stopped and clocked Doleman in the jaw. Guy was just so arrogant.’<sup>PP</sup> Reg James also heard that Doleman brought an end to his career in Hollywood—before it even started—by loudly and obscenely insulting Merle Oberon to her face at a party.<sup>180</sup> Remembering that Joyce said Hardy ‘loved his character Dumetrius—so evil yet suave’, perhaps he hero worshipped Doleman for his evil Dumetrius side? Does this indicate a basic characteristic in Hardy? Does it confirm the cruel streak? Does it explain why he wanted to kill the good Keen but not the evil Dumetrius? Did he only kill off his well-developed evil characters and prevent their triumph because any other course was unacceptable to producers, listeners and sponsors?

Did Hardy fear the dark side in himself? Did he drink to escape it or was drink its expression? Was there really a dark side to his character?

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As for the apparent cessation of his writing after 1966 perhaps he had already run out of ideas and had been relying increasingly on adapting old stories to television? But why? Hardy turned 50 in 1964 and twenty five or more years of heavy drinking could have had adverse effects, including upon his ability to write. Perhaps his stories were rejected? Perhaps the death of his wife in 1962 had a long term depressing effect?

Richard Lane last saw him in a bar in London in 1965 with Doleman and Joyce. His nephew Mark Day, who visited him in London in the 80s, recalls him living alone, a man easily drunk on gin.¹⁸¹ I leave the last word on his drinking to Dinah Shearing: ‘I’ve never known an alcoholic who did not have some buried sadness.’¹⁸²

Hardy appeared to mellow in London. After her husband died Alfreda visited England where she stayed for about two years. She either stayed with her brother or visited him a number of times. Her niece believes that after that visit the two were closer and that Lindsay then wrote to Alfreda relatively frequently. According to Andrea Adams, Alfreda, apparently anticipating the confirmation of her worst impression of him, found instead a pleasant, refined man, and changed her mind about him.¹⁸³ By this time he had experienced significant success and Alfreda would have met a man

* The name Dumetrius—not Demetrius—is one of Hardy’s most memorable. Was it his creation or did he come across it in *To Let* a novel in *The Forsyte Saga*, 1922? John Galsworthy’s Dumetrius was an art dealer in London’s Suffolk Street, but unlike the Nazi Dumetrius he was a Jew.

who, as Dinah Shearing commented, ‘After his successes in England, ... was obviously very happy—those actors who saw him then can attest to his emotional well-being.’¹⁸⁴ In any case Alfreda’s revised opinion may explain the warmth and understanding of the death notice that she and her sister put in Adelaide’s *The Advertiser*. In contrast, according to Paul de Burgh-Day, letters from his mother Alfreda from England contained ‘notes about how difficult Lindsay was—how distressed she seemed to be about him.’ He was left with the impression that the Lindsay she met was ‘a bastard, ... a monster’¹⁸⁵: the reverse of the impression that Paul gained from his two meetings with him.

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In 2014, Chuck Potter, an American admirer of Lindsay’s, sent me a copy of James Salter’s *Burning the Days Recollection*, and drew my attention to the following reminiscence:

In the office one day [in Hollywood] I was introduced to an Australian, with a round, lively face and brown-edged teeth.

“My dear fellow!” he cried enthusiastically.

His name was Lindsay Hardy. He was a prodigal and to Wilkinson like a son. [Wilkinson was a literary agent who worked for Colliers. Hardy, while in Hollywood, was hoping to sign a major contract with the publisher Colliers.]

He’d been in the war, in New Guinea and the desert.

“What was it like?” Max asked.

“We polished our rifles.” Hardy intoned, ‘and killed the Hun in the hills of Jesus.”

He was in New York to try to write a film script from a book of his that had been sold to the movies. Meanwhile he was living lavishly, a delight to women. They were crowded into his past as well. [Here follows a story about a woman Lindsay had met in Brisbane.]

“I don’t know that happened to his script. When the money ran out he would swim for the Narrows, he always claimed, and eventually he went back to England. A few years later I learnt that his luck had gone bad. His wife had died of alcoholism and he had no money to pay heavy fines for speeding and reckless driving. “He was tough,” Max Wilkinson reminisced, “fond of drink. He had an old Rolls-Royce that he loved.” There was no word of him, however. he had vanished completely.

His name brought happiness, though, even to the children of those who had known him. I was talking to her one night, listening in awe to story of her girlhood. ... [her mother] had no difficulty in attracting men, though most of them, her daughter told me, were no good. There was one, however, “A great guy. He was a writer.” Had I ever heard of a book called *The Grand Duke and Mr Pimm*?

“Lindsay Hardy,” I said.

“You know him?” she cried ecstatically.

“Yes.”

“I can’t believe it. Whatever happened to him?”

He swam for the Narrows crossed my mind, but I said only, “I’m not sure.”¹⁸⁶

Appendix 1

More on Hardy's trial for attempted rape

An all male jury, especially in 1944, would have been very unlikely to convict a soldier of attempted rape, especially one who had fought in North Africa and New Guinea and was seriously injured, unless the evidence was overwhelmingly against him. The evidence against Hardy was not overwhelming.

Miss Mary Lennard testified that when walking home from a party at about 1.30 a.m. Hardy caught up with her and said that he wanted a room. She suggested the Red Shield and he replied that it was too late. He then walked with her all the way to the front verandah of the house where she shared a room with Geraldine Mary Woods. 'He spoke in a very refined way.' 'He spoke like an Englishman.' She could smell alcohol on his breath and said that his speech was 'blurred'. He talked about books and his war service. She felt sympathy for him because he had fought in New Guinea. He told her his name. After talking for over half an hour Hardy suggested that they go to the parklands, and he forced her to accompany him. There he kissed her and tried to seduce her and applied force to have intercourse. For 15 of the 20 minutes while in the park she struggled with him on the ground. Eventually, desperate, she adopted the ruse that because it was cold they should go back to her room. Back at the house she walked around the back so that she could unlock the front door from the inside. Instead she went to her bedroom, and told her room mate Miss Woods what had happened to her in the park. Miss Woods decided to get rid of Hardy, opened the front door and ordered him to leave. When Miss Woods opened the door she saw Hardy with his pants down. Hardy struggled with Miss Woods wanting to get in but she prevented him entering the house. 'She gradually got the door closed!'

Miss Lennard claimed to bruises, abrasions, finger marks and scratch marks on her neck, elbows, knees, and one of her hips.

Miss Woods testified that after closing the door she woke the landlord and called the police.

Ten minutes later two policemen in a sidecar arrived with Hardy, who had stopped them on the way. One constable interviewed Miss Lennard and the other interviewed Hardy. The former said that he examined Miss Lennard for injuries but found none. His examination was carried out by torch and streetlight, which he claimed was sufficient. They thought Hardy was 'perfectly sober', and one of them testified that 'Miss Woods was very excited—and she appeared venomous—more so than Miss Lennard did.'

On Sunday morning both girls went to Mass and Miss Lennard testified that she went to see Mr McNeill, whose house she was at on Saturday night. Mr McNeill and his wife both testified that they saw no injuries on her—except for an abrasion on her knee which he knew was no more than half an hour old as it had 'not then started to dry' and 'blood was still oozing'.

Margaret Isabelle Ottaway, a woman police constable, examined Lennard on the morning of Monday 1 May, finding abrasions on a knee, a bruise on a hip, an abrasion

or scratch on the right side of her neck, bruising on her arm & elbow, and finger marks around her throat.

The defence suggested that the injuries seen by Ottaway were self-inflicted after the alleged attempted rape. (Hardy had other ideas which are mentioned below.)

Hardy testified that at the time of the alleged crime he was on weekend leave from Kapara Convalescent Home. He was wearing a splint on his left hand that he would have to wear for a year. At the time of the trial he was at Northfield Hospital with malaria. He stated that 'I have one "crime" in the Army, for accidentally shooting a man.' He said that 'She was a charming girl.' 'It was during that last 10 minutes of our being together on the verandah that I decided to try to have intercourse with her.' He admitted to walking her to the park, and making advances to her. When she wanted to return to her room because it was cold he thought that she wanted to have intercourse with him there [he did not know at that time that Miss Woods was already in it]—but instead he conjectured that she '... told Miss Woods that I was a pest and that I was to be got rid of.'

The following day, Sunday morning, Hardy voluntarily went to the watch house* and spoke to the two constables, and to Constable Winckel of the Detective Office, who said that he appeared to be shocked at the allegations of violence and force.

The accuser, Miss Lennard, did not tell her story in step by step chronological order, but jumped all over the place. Moreover, the defence suggested that the evidence she gave earlier in the Police Court differed at times from that given in the Supreme Court, and that some of her evidence was contradicted by that of her friend and room mate Miss Woods.

It was ironic that, except for denying trying to force her to have intercourse with him, Hardy was more open than Miss Lennard about their slap and tickle. For example, he testified that 'I then kissed her on the breast' and she that 'I deny that he kissed me on my bare breast.' Furthermore, he was totally open about his intentions.

Moreover, Miss Lennard's evidence was inconsistent. While she maintained that he tried to force himself upon her she also stated that when she told him to get his hand off her knee he did so. 'He didn't pull my clothes up or put his hands on my person [her vulva], either inside or outside my clothes, or on my leg.' 'He didn't do anything worse than give me a good squeeze.' Is this the testimony of a girl who genuinely believes that a man tried to rape her or of one who has been pushed against her will to make the allegations? Is she, in any case, too embarrassed to admit that she allowed him to kiss, cuddle and fondle her?

The jurors would have asked themselves obvious questions, including: if he had intended to rape her, why did he tell her his name and some of his service details? How could a girl with a deformed hip hold off a fit, battle-hardened soldier, even one with an injured left arm? How could Miss Woods have prevented Hardy from pushing the front door open? Wouldn't all the noise have woken the landlord whose bedroom fronted the verandah? They would also have wondered at the credibility of her statement that 'Right up to the time he pulled me on the ground I thought we were just going [to the parklands] for a walk and a talk.'

* Watch house is the name used, in some Australian States, for the place where people under temporary arrest, such as those who will go before the courts the following morning, are detained.

Neither girl would have expected the personal attacks on their characters made by the defence lawyer. He indulged in the usual disgusting suggestions that have degraded cross-examination in our legal system since time 'immoral'. I include them here to show that the blatant use of unsubstantiated allegation and suggestive rumor is nothing new. Although some of the defence's questions are not recorded in the transcript one can conclude what they were from Miss Woods's answers:

- 'I wasn't dismissed from there—I didn't leave there under a cloud.'
- 'I haven't an ungovernable temper.'
- 'I did not kick a girl in the stomach at the Catholic Hostel.'
- 'I wasn't thrown out of there or expelled from there.'
- 'I wasn't thrown out of the A.L.P., but I resigned from there.'

Some of his questions were recorded, especially the most damaging allegations:

- He suggested that Woods's normal conversation was smutty, and that when she worked at Quambi, as a nurse, she had a reputation for 'telling smutty yarns until the early hours of the morning.' Woods denied both allegations, and added that she had worked at Quambi 'a very long time ago'.*
- 'Is it a fact that you have been for many months going around to small shops in the neighbourhood and running up an a/c and leave the storekeepers lamenting?' 'No.'
- 'Have you and Miss Lennard a reputation for being unduly friendly?' which in the context of his other questions implied that they were man-hating lesbians.
- In the context of World War II it was particularly damning to ask her: 'Do you know that you have a reputation ... for being pro-Italian and Miss Lennard of being pro-Irish.' 'A. I have only heard that from Mr McNeill.'

One does not have to read between the lines to realize that the defence was implying that Lennard and Woods were lesbians, but that Lennard was also receptive to male advances, that when Miss Lennard returned home with Hardy, Miss Woods was so outraged that she initiated the complaints against Hardy, persuaded Miss Lennard to testify against him, and that finally that Miss Lennard's injuries were self-inflicted before she went to see the police woman on Monday. I suspect that the all male jury accepted these suggestions.

That Miss Lennard's testimony was at times equivocal could have been interpreted as not wanting to testify against Hardy. On the one hand she testified that he used force against her, 'Threw me onto the ground', 'Then he slapped me across the face and used force', held her by the throat and 'offered me £2', 'He picked me up and threw me on the ground', that 'The struggle on the ground was pretty tense' and that 'He said he wanted to naughty me. He did try to.' On the other hand, as mentioned above, she stated that when she told him to get his hand off her knee he did so, that 'He didn't pull my clothes up ...' and 'He didn't do anything worse than give me a good squeeze.' Most of her 'back-tracking' came later in her testimony and during cross-examination. This sounds like a girl who may have been pressured into laying charges against Hardy, but who in the court was trying also to tell the truth. This theory also explains the in-

* Apparently Quambi was first located in Pennington Terrace North Adelaide, then at South Terrace, Adelaide. In 1913-15 it housed the Mareeba Babies Hospital. At other times it was a nursing home cum maternity hospital, and a private hospital cum maternity hospital.

ternal inconsistencies in her testimony and the discrepancies between hers and Miss Woods's testimonies. Assuming the two were not lesbians it is still possible that Woods egged Lennard on or put her up to it.

Was Hardy guilty or not guilty? If her injuries were self-inflicted then it seems likely that he was not guilty. But even if they were not self-inflicted they could have been caused by rolling around on the ground, and the bruises merely by Hardy squeezing her. Towards the end of his testimony Hardy said he had three theories to explain Miss Lennard's behaviour including changing her mind when confronted by Miss Woods, but that the third was 'too 'grimy' to be explained in Court. One can only speculate about the last. My conjecture is that he thought that sometime after he left Misses Woods's and Lennard's house that they either engaged in vigorous sex themselves or that Miss Woods purposefully inflicted the injuries on Miss Lennard.

Appendix 2

Hardy on the British Medical Establishment

LINDSAY HARDY

18 December 1988

23 Garrett House
166 Kingston Lane
Teddington MDDX TW11 9HD

Dear Alfreda,

Yes, I have owed you a letter for an age and I am sorry, but I have not been seeing trribly well and I purely detest having to report physical infirmities, preferring very much to shut up about aches and pains. But you deserve an explanation so now read on.

One or two birthdays ago I started getting dizzy fits out of the blue accompanied by what I can only describe as a sort of snow blindness, the world turning dazzling snow white. The attacks did not last long and at first I applied Hardy's Third Law, which says that if you ignore an ague or palsy it will sooner or later go away. But this time the third law failed to work. The fits became more frequent and longer lasting and then, after one day being struck sightless while in the middle of crossing a busy street, standing there staring at the South Pole with cars whizzing by, drivers shouting and blaring their horns, tyres skidding, I thought it really was time I hauled down my flag and went to see the quack, a nice enough chap called Bradley on whose panel I found myself following dear old Adrian Crawley, who died.

Bradley listened politely to my tale and then came with some drops and his shufti-scope to peer into my eyes, telling me to look in this dircction, look in that. Finally he said, "Ah". Bradley's panel has five doctors all told, three men, two women, and he pressed some buttons for the others to come along the passage and see what Bradley had here.

One by one they came with their shuftiscopes, to shine their bright little lights and peer. One of the women doctors said "Ooh". All the others said, "Ah". When they had gone I said to Bradley, "What is the trouble, am I going blind, should I start thiking about a tin cup and a white stick?" Bradley said, "I will make an appointment for you, to see the Eye Man, a little further up the road."

So I went to see the Eye Man, a veru important fellow, with a vastly more impressive shuftiscope than Bradley's and a nurse to put the eye drops in. He asked questions, peered, called for different coloured eye drops, pale puce this trip, made delicate adjustments to his shuftiscope, switched it from white to red to blue. Finally he said, "Ah". I tried the Eye Man. I said, "What the hell is it, am I going blind, should I start putting my name down at St. Dunstans?" He said, "I will make an appointment for you at the Eye Clinic, at the hospital a little further up the road."

So on the appointed day I trundled myself to the Eye Clinic, to be led by a form of Matron into the presence of the eye surgeon, a Great Man, as one could see at a glance from his veritable Star Wars shuftiscope and the fact that he was attended by a court of tremendously deferential younger men, all studying under him to become Eye Men themselves, or one day, perhaps even a Great Man, who knew? Being an Interesting Case I too was treated with deference, the younger men hanging on the Great Man's every word, through an examination that went on for an age until at the end of it I said to the Great Man, "Do let me hear the worst, am I losing my sight?" He said, "I will make arrangements for you to undergo a course of laser beam treatment at Royal West Middlesex Hospital, a good deal further up the road."

Well, things got rather worse before they got better. The treatment itself, intertesting when one could be

objective about it, was unpleasant and uncomfortable (the head is held absolutely immobile in a sort of vise, the eye propped goggle-eye wide open, staring straight into the very muzzle of the laser beam gun) and I went through a bad patch of groping and stumbling about in busses and supermarkets before turning the corner. My left eye, which was always the weaker, is back more or less to normal and with a hand-held magnifying glass and thickish lenses I can read, and with a little one handed determination, still type. The right eye on which I have always depended is left with a ragged blind patch in the centre of vision, that is to say, if I turn my eye the blind patch turns with it. But I can see perfectly well around the edges; in fact, my peripheral vision on one side has become unnaturally acute, or seems to be, so that I am continually starting at imaginary spiders and lizards crouched there on the wall.

So. There we are. I am training myself to concentrate on what is just to the right of where I am looking, and getting better at it (if I wanted to look at a ring on the little finger of your upheld hand I would stare at your thumb) and all in all I am dead lucky. Only a few pre-laser years ago I would have gone blind and spent the rest of my life being driven by a Labrador dog, instead of which, thanks to the boffins and the British NHS, I am still under my own steam, suffering no pain, merely inconvenience, even if at times it is maddening. I do not know what you read in Adelaide about the National Health (more correctly, the National Elf), it is a marvellous institution, despite the attempts to use it as a political shuttlecock by unscrupulous stump orators of the labour left. But it has given rise to a strange sociological phenomenon: the relationship between doctor and patient has become that of the veterinary surgeon to a horse. A kindly, highly skilled and dedicated vet to be sure, but a vet and the horse he is treating just the same.

It can be seen most clearly when the doctor is asked for information. Subconsciously he has come to feel, since he presents no bill and the patient writes no cheque, pay Dr. So-and-So, that it is really none of the patient's business what is wrong with him. It is the doctor's business. The patient may think he is a patient, but actually the minute he walks through the surgery door he becomes a horse. A Case. It is the doctor who has the file on him, who studies the symptoms, arrives at a diagnosis, and decides on the treatment. What's it got to do with the patient? and the doctor should not be expected to take time off to tell him all about it, giving a name, an -itis, an -opathy, to what ails the chap, when it is purely a medical term, having meaning only to members of the profession. The horse, the patient, should content himself with knowing that he is in good hands, and instructions for taking his pills will be found on the bottle.

This is why I had such trouble finding out the name of my particular -itis. I finally got it out of the laser beam nurse as she was putting some pupil-distending drug into my eye: diabetic retinopathy. I was tempted to reply to her, "Strewth".

This will have to do for now. There are two other subjects I want to discuss with you, but they will keep for a day or two. With best wishes for your health and well-being, and renewed regrets for the long silence,

Love,
Lindsay

Appendix 3

Chronological bibliography of Lindsay Hardy's known writing

- The place where Hardy wrote the work is, if known, shown after the title.
- Series, as distinct from serials, have stand-alone or self-contained episodes.
- Broadcast dates, if known, are for first broadcast except if stated otherwise.
- Some of Hardy's Major Keen novels were translated into at least eight languages. Those I know of are listed in Appendix 3.
- Also included are two feature films, underlined, adapted by others.

In the late 1940s Hardy was in Melbourne writing for Donovan Joyce

- ***The Passing Parade*** Melbourne
half-hour documentaries of unknown number, of which Hardy wrote some, broadcast probably began in 1945 (not to be confused with a long American series of three minute fillers).¹⁸⁷ The *Australian Dictionary of Biography* says there were over 150 episodes including 'many scripted by Joyce'.
- ***A Matter of Luck*** Melbourne
half-hour documentaries of unknown number, Hardy wrote some, probably written in 1948, broadcast date unknown.
- ***The Lillian Dale Affair*** Melbourne
radio serial, 104 episodes quarter-hour episodes, depending on the source, it was written/recorded any time from 1946 to 1949 inclusive, but probably 1948.
- ***Office Wife*** Melbourne
radio serial, 208 quarter-hour episodes, written/recorded, depending on the source, any time from 1947 to 1949 inclusive, but probably 1948-9.
- ***The Deauville Bracelet*** Melbourne
half-hour light to farcical comedy for the Australian Broadcasting Commission, submitted and accepted August 1950.

In 1950 Hardy moved from Melbourne to Sydney

- ***Dossier on Dumetrius*** Sydney
the first Major Keen radio serial, 104 quarter-hour episodes, recorded at A.R.C. (Australian Recording Co.) 28/8/1950-23/7/1951, and broadcast 1951.
- ***Four Corners and Seven Seas*** probably Sydney
radio series of 52 self-contained quarter-hour stories supposedly based on fact, used for fillers, written by several writers including Hardy, probably very early 1950s.
- ***Deadly Nightshade*** Sydney
the second Major Keen radio serial, 104 quarter-hour episodes, recorded at A.R.C. (Australian Recording Co.) 28/11/1951-20/6/1952, broadcast 1952.
- ***26 Hours*** Sydney
the third Major Keen radio serial, 104 quarter-hour episodes, recorded 2/6/1952-4/11/52, and broadcast 1952 to 1953.

In August 1952 the Hardys moved to Hollywood

- **Teleplays** for Fireside Theatre and others Hollywood
of these I have only found one: ***The Deauville Bracelet***, originally a radio play, went to air on 9 June 1953.
- ***Cruise to Colombo* and *Straight Settlement*** Hollywood
two, hour-long, self-contained stories for the television series *China Smith*, written 1953.
- ***World for Ransom*** Hollywood
screenplay, originally a teleplay ***Fu Chow Road*** for the *China Smith* television series, written early 1953, filmed April 1953, greatly altered to Hardy's extreme displeasure.
- ***Requiem for a Redhead*** New York (possibly begun in Hollywood)
novel version of *Dossier on Dumetrius*, published 1953.

- ***The Nightshade Ring*** New York
novel version of *Deadly Nightshade*, published 1954.
- ***The nightshade Ring***, beginning on 10 July 1954 was serialized in the *Sydney Morning Herald*.
- ***Moon Song Road*** Probably New York or Canada
short story published in *Bluebook*, October 1954, adapted from his screenplay for *World for Ransom*.
- ***The Faceless Ones*** Probably New York or Canada
short novel version of *26 Hours* published in *Bluebook*, November 1954.
- ***Morning-After Murder*** Probably New York or Canada
short novel published in *Cosmopolitan*, January 1955.
- ***Show No Mercy*** Probably New York or Canada
full-length novel version of *26 Hours* published in Toronto in 1955.

During 1953 the Hardys moved via Canada to London

- *Assignment Redhead*, 1956, U.S. version *Million Dollar Manhunt*, feature film of *Dossier on Dumetrius/Requiem for a Redhead*, but Hardy did not write the screenplay.
- ***A Stranger in Paradise*** London
radio crime thriller serial, 104 quarter-hour episodes, written in 1955/56, produced and broadcast in Australia in 1956, expanded version of *Morning-After Murder*.
- ***Walk a Crooked Mile*** London
radio adventure crime serial, 104 quarter-hour episodes, made in Australia mid 1956.
- ***The Faceless Ones***
second novel version of *26 Hours*, almost identical to *Show No Mercy*, published 1956.

In 1956 the Hardys returned to Sydney, went briefly back to London, then in 1957 returned to Sydney for one year

- ***A Mask for Alexis*** Sydney
radio mystery crime serial of 104 quarter-hour episodes, probably broadcast 1957 or 1958.
- ***Knave of Hearts*** Sydney
light-hearted radio serial, 104 quarter-hour episodes, broadcast 1957 or 1958.

The Hardys returned permanently to England 1958

- ***Two Roads to Samarra*** possibly started in Sydney but definitely finished in London (though 'promo' claims Paris)
fourth Major Keen radio serial, 104 quarter-hour episodes, written late 1957-early 1958.
- ***The Smell of Terror*** London
the last Major Keen radio serial, 104 quarter-hour episodes, written 1958.
- ***A Mask for Alexis*** London
six, half-hour episode, television mystery crime serial, reduced from radio serial of the same name, broadcast by B.B.C. 1959.
- ***The Grand Duke and Mr Pimm*** London
novel version of *Knave of Hearts*, published in New York and London in 1959.
- No Rules At All War seemed easy to these Australian soldiers after they played the colonel's new game, *Sports Illustrated*, 14 November 1960, U.S.A., place where

written unknown

article about Australian soldiers in World War II playing a unique—and very rough—game of football.

- ***The Assassins*** England

thriller teleplay written in 1960 and broadcast on 1 December as BBC TV's *The Sunday-Night Play*, not a reworking of any of his radio serials.

- ***Walk a Crooked Mile*** England

six, half-hour episode, television serial, first broadcast by B.B.C. 20 June 1961, but not with the plot of his radio serial of the same name, but a re-working of *Morning-After Murder/Stranger in Paradise*.

- ***Million Dollar Manhunt***, 1962, shortened version of the feature film *Assignment Redhead* for release in the U.S.A.

- ***Specialist for the Kill*** and ***Masquerade in Spain*** England

two, hour-long self-contained stories for the television series *Man of the World* telecast 1962 and 1963 by I.T.C., with plot of latter similar to that of *Two Roads to Samarra*.

- ***Love is a Ball*** feature film made in Hollywood, adapted, but not by Hardy, from *Knave of Hearts/The Grand Duke and Mr Pimm*, released in 1963, and in the U.K. as *All This and Money Too*.

- ***Express Delivery*** and ***Meet My Son, Henry*** England

two, one hour stories for the I.T.C. series *The Sentimental Agent*, telecast in 1964.

- ***The Sleeper*** England

six, half-hour episode, television serial, first broadcast by B.B.C. 24 August 1964, with plot similar to that of *26 Hours*. IMBd refers to this as a TV movie.

- ***The Man in the Mirror*** England

six, half-hour episode, television serial, which appears to be a new story, made in England, first broadcast 15 January 1966.

- ***Segretissimo — Occhio per occhio spia per spia***

Translation: *Most Secret* (the name of the magazine/series) — *eye for eye spy for spy*, published in 1966 by Mondadori, no synopsis available.

- ***Segretissimo — Missili, dollari e rubli***

Translation *Most Secret* (the name of the magazine/series) — *Missiles, dollars and rubles*, published in 1966 or early 1967 by Mondadori, an up-dated *Deadly Nightshade*.

Appendix 4

Hardy's novels were translated into at least eight languages

and an unknown number of his BBC television serials were translated into an unknown number of European languages.¹⁸⁸

The first three 'Gregory Keen' novels, those from the serials written for Grace Gibson, were translated into French, German, Italian, Japanese, Norwegian, Portuguese, Spanish, Turkish and maybe more.

- French: *Requiem pour une rouquine* (*Requiem for a Redhead*), *Toute la gomme* (*The Nightshade Ring*) and *Une mesure pour rien!* (*The Faceless Ones*).
- German: *Requiem nach Mitternacht* (*Requiem for a Redhead*) and *In den Fängen des Teufels*, (*The Nightshade Ring*).
- Italian: *Occhio per occhio spia per spia* (*eye for eye spy for spy*) and *Missili, dollari*

e rubli (Missiles, dollars and rubles) published in *Mondadori: Secret* a weekly espionage magazine. *Occhio* may be a new story, but *Missili* seems to be an up-date of *The Nightshade Ring*.

- Japanese: *Supein no kaso: kadai* (*Masquerade in Spain*). Plot possibly similar to *Two Roads to Samarra*, like teleplay *Masquerade in Spain*.
- Norwegian: *Skygger i natten* (*The Nightshade Ring*).
- Portuguese: *Cerco sinistro* (*The Nightshade Ring*) and *Requiem para uma ruiva* (*Requiem for a Redhead*).
- Spanish: *El círculo sombrío* (*The Nightshade Ring*).
- Turkish: *Berlin'de tuzak* (*Show No Mercy/The Faceless Ones*), *Casus* (*Requiem for a Redhead*) and *Ölüm çemberi* (*The Nightshade Ring*).

Appendix 5

Lindsay Hardy's Recycled Plots

Although Hardy recycled his plots, as far as I know, he never recycled any plot in the same genre.

The Deauville Bracelet: two versions; radio play written in Melbourne and accepted by the A.B.C. in August 1950, then recycled in Hollywood for *Fireside Theatre* where it went to air on 9 June 1953.

Dossier on Dumetrius: two Hardy versions; radio serial written 1950-51, published in 1953 as the novel *Requiem for a Redhead*. (Made into a feature film *Assignment Redhead* in 1956, but Hardy did not write the screenplay. It was shortened then released in the U.S. in 1962 as *Million Dollar Manhunt*.)

Deadly Nightshade: four versions, first being the radio serial written in 1951-2. In 1953 the essence of the plot became the basis of the screenplay *World for Ransom*. It was published in 1954 as the novel *The Nightshade Ring*. Beginning on 10 July 1954 a serialized version appeared in the *Sydney Morning Herald*.

Moon Song Road: published October 1954, is a recycling of those parts of *World for Ransom* that were not already re-cycled from *Deadly Nightshade*.

26 Hours: four versions; radio serial written 1952, rewritten as a novelette *The Faceless Ones* and published in the monthly men's magazine *Bluebook*, November 1954; published in Canada in 1955 as the novel *Show No Mercy*, republished as *The Faceless Ones* in London in 1956; rewritten as *The Sleeper*, a six half-hour episode television serial broadcast by the B.B.C. in 1964.

Morning-After Murder: three versions; a short novel published in the monthly men's magazine *Cosmopolitan*, January 1955; rewritten in England as a crime thriller serial and sent to Australia where it was broadcast as *A Stranger in Paradise*; then rewritten as *Walk a Crooked Mile*, as a six half-hour episode television serial broadcast by the B.B.C. in 1961. (Hardy also wrote an Australian radio serial called *Walk a Crooked Mile*, but with a different plot.)

A Mask for Alexis: two versions; a mystery radio serial written in 1957 was rewritten into a six half-hour episode television serial of the same name, and broadcast by the B.B.C. 1959.

Knave of Hearts: two Hardy versions; a light-hearted radio serial written in 1957, was published in 1959 as the novel *The Grand Duke and Mr Pimm*. (It was adapted, but not by Hardy, as the feature film *Love is a Ball* and released in 1963, and then in the U.K. as *All This and Money Too*.)

Two Roads to Samarra: possibly three versions; Gregory Keen radio serial written 1957-58, seems to have been the idea for *Masquerade in Spain*, an hour-long self-contained episode for the television series *Man of the World*, broadcast in 1962 or 1963. This raises the probability that the novel translated into Japanese in 1962 as *Supein no kaso : kadai*, (*Masquerade in Spain*) was an adaptation of *Two Roads to Samarra*.

Appendix 6

Most of the main and some of the minor characters in the five Major Gregory Keen Serials

In the first three serials Major Gregory George Athelston Keen was played by Bruce Stewart, he was then replaced by Allan Trevor. In the first two serials Sergeant Tom Coutts (incorrectly pronounced 'cuts') was, except for the first two episodes of *Dossier*, played by Ivon Vander. Col. Milo Julian Fentriss was always played by Moray Powell, but in the last serial, with Fentriss retired from M.I.5, Powell played a ruthless dictator.

Dossier on Dumetrius

Dumetrius
Guy Doleman
Hedy /heidi/ Bergner
Dinah Shearing
Peter Ridgway
Reg Goldsworthy
Margaret Ridgway
June Atwell
Yottie Blum /blum/
Dennys (Dennis) Glenney
Paul Bonnet
Leonard Teale (originally Thiele)
Dr Rudolph Buchmann
Richard Ashley
Hank Godowski
Alan White
Dora
Ruth Cracknell

Deadly Nightshade

Carlotta Magnani
Sheila Sewell
Evelyn Channell
Margot Lee
Felix Huberman
Guy Doleman
Nicholas 'Nikey' Barnes
Richard Ashley
Sher ry Reed
Brenda Dunrich

Twenty-Six Hours

Anna Hoffman
Gloria Payten
Col Wayne Craven
Grant Taylor
Johnny Marcus
Harp McGuire
Ronda Stuart, Baroness Bohlen von Seidlitz
Lyndall Barbour
Romilly Harries
Bill Eldridge
Otto Richter
Reg Goldsworthy
Johann Keipert
Walter Sullivan
Heinrich Schiller
Allan Trevor
Manfred Gottlieb von Remer
Richard Ashley
M.V.D. chief Pavlov
John Tate

Two Roads to Samarra

Sgt Tom Coutts
Ben Gabriel
Denzo Bagradjan
Gordon Glenwright
Andrea Ward
Ruth Cracknell
Denise Martel
June Salter
Jasmine Bagradjan
Coralie Neville

Sebastian
 Guy Doleman
 Popov
 Grant Taylor
 Kelpie Buchanan
 David Eadie
 Bruno
 Leon Thau
 Ros Stein
 Peter Williams

The Smell of Terror

Sgt Tom Coutts
 John Bushelle
 Denise Martel
 June Salter
 Geoff Harrigan
 John Meillion

Audrey
 Lyndall Barbour
 General Mendoza
 Moray Powell
 Manfred Von Gebhardt
 Guy Doleman
 Max Jacoby
 Harp McGuire
 Julio Mendoza
 Richard Meikle
 Lorenzo
 Al Garcia
 Adam Clay
 Gordon Glenwright
 Michael Raven
 Owen Weingott
 Doretta
 Diana Perryman
 Peter Webster
 John Llewellyn

Appendix 7

Robert Aldrich's lies about the writing of *World for Ransom*

In *Robert Aldrich Interviews* Aldrich scorns the idea that Lindsay Hardy had anything to do with writing *World for Ransom*. In 1970 he is unequivocal: the authorship 'went in- to arbitration with the Writer's [sic] Guild, and another guy [Lindsay Hardy] got total screen credit on it. It was a joke. He [Hardy] no more wrote that script than walk on water. [Hugo] Butler made that total screenplay.' (p. 62)

To start at the beginning, it is agreed that the idea for *World for Ransom* came from *China Smith*, a television series starring Dan Duryea. Aldrich himself said it 'was a blown up *China Smith*' (p.100), but gives two different accounts of the film's origins. In 1968 he said that while working on *China Smith*, he 'conceived the idea of making a feature film' (p.43), and that 'during ten spare days another fellow and I sat down and wrote a story that became *World for Ransom*.' (p. 43) Was the other man Butler? In 1970, within a minute of denying that Hardy wrote it, Aldrich was asked about the ori- gins of *Ransom*, and contradicted his earlier account: 'We had a break in the *China Smiths* We had about four weeks off [not ten days] and we told [Bernard] Tabak- in, who was producing the series, that if he could come up with a script, we would all donate our services. I guess that's literally what we did.' (p.62) In 1976 Aldrich goes off at a tangent stating that *Ransom* consisted of 'bits and pieces stolen from different directors It was thievery in the night' (p. 100) If true then Aldrich and But- ler, if they wrote it, plagiarized it.

Despite Aldrich's dismissive remarks, the Writers' Guild sided with Lindsay Har- dy and in the film's credits Hardy alone is acknowledged as its writer. It is reasonable to assume that the Writers' Guild must have had good reasons for supporting Hardy. I do not know what they were, but I do know that *World for Ransom* has too much in common with Hardy's serial *Deadly Nightshade* to be explained away as coincidence. First, the plot. The essence of *Ransom*'s plot is the same as that of *Nightshade*: in

Nightshade a gang headed by a mastermind is kidnapping defence scientists on their way to Australia; in *Ransom* a gang headed by a mastermind kidnaps a scientist specializing in detonating H-Bombs, on his way to Australia. Second, the characters' names. That there is a Sgt Coutts in the serial and a Governor Coutts in the film could be a coincidence, but not that the chief thug in both should have the unlikely name of Guzik. In *Nightshade* Keen travels to Sydney as Richard Hayden, in *Ransom* the scientist Sean O'Connor travels to Singapore as Robert Hayden. Even more significant, in the radio serial *Deadly Nightshade* there is a passing mention of a woman with the very unusual name of Frennessy. Third, and decisive proof of Hardy's involvement, is that both *Nightshade* and *Ransom* contain a passage of identical dialogue in which Keen/Callahan bribes a barman. Fourth, that the film is set in a Singapore still ruled by the British, with whom Hardy was familiar, also supports his involvement. There may be more proof in the radio serial but Bruce Ferrier, the current owner of Grace Gibson Productions, refused to let me listen to any of the Lindsay Hardy serials including *Deadly Nightshade*.

Aldrich states one, that he and another man wrote the story; two, that Takabin came up with the script; three, that at least some of it was plagiarized; and four, that Hardy did not write it. It could be that Tabakin asked Hardy to write it, but Aldrich, dissatisfied with his screenplay, asked Hugo to alter it, and in doing so Hugo added plagiarized material. This would also explain Frennessy's unHardy-like supposed bisexuality/lesbianism which was censored from the film.

Alain Silver and James Ursini in *What Ever Happened to Robert Aldrich?* provide a likely account of the origins of *Ransom*: 'Aldrich returned to work on the *China Smith* series, and ... proposed to the producer of *China Smith*, Bernard Tabakin, that he could work with the star, crew, and sets of *China Smith* to co-produce and direct a feature during a hiatus in the series work. The result was *World for Ransom* The script had originated as a proposed episode of the series by Australian writer Lindsay Hardy. The basic premise which revolved around a third world plot* to kidnap a nuclear physicist ... was full of torturous [sic] plots in the original screenplay. Aldrich brought in black-listed scenarist Hugo Butler to adapt the material with him' (p.9) This acknowledges Hardy and partly explains the real reason why Butler was never credited—because he was blacklisted.

Seventeen years after the film was made, though not even asked by the interviewer who wrote *Ransom*, Aldrich out of the blue denies Hardy's authorship and abuses him. So it seems very likely that Aldrich had a deep and significant dislike of Hardy. If so, why did Aldrich so resent Hardy getting the credit for writing the screenplay? Two answers readily suggest themselves, though they may have nothing to do with it. They are that he found Hardy difficult to work with because of his alcohol caused unreliability and his well-established frequent refusal to write what directors and producers wanted.

Interestingly Aldrich's other comments on *Ransom* are also often confused and even contradictory. In the book *Interviews* he says that it made money, did not make money; that it was liked, not liked; that it was good, not good: 'We made a little picture that nobody liked and very few people saw ... parts of which I like very much—called

* The plot was not a third world one. It was headed by a European, who employed Europeans for the critical jobs. In any case Singapore, before and after independence, was scarcely a Third World country, its anti-Communism clearly aligned it with the West.

World for Ransom. Parts of it were pretty bad’ (p.23) ‘[Harold] Hecht and [Burt] Lancaster saw *World for Ransom* and liked it’ (p.54) ‘We made it ... but nobody got paid.’ (p.36) ‘We sold it, made a little money, and it did rather well.’ (p.100) Not a matter of who do you believe, but when, if ever, can Aldrich be believed?

Although Aldrich knows that *World for Ransom* was a rushed job—‘we did it in ten days’—he claimed that ‘it looked like it was done in thirty or forty.’ (p.100) To me, that the film was shot in ten days sometimes shows, especially when Callahan drives into the hinterland of Malaya in an American left-hand drive car, and is pursued by British security’s Major Bone in an American Jeep on the bonnet of which remains the U.S. Army’s identifying five-pointed white star.

Interestingly too, there is no substantial expression of Frennessey’s lesbianism and/or bisexuality in *Ransom*, yet some critics make a lot of it. It was all censored out and may, in any case, have consisted only of a single kiss—copied from Dietrich in *Morocco*. The only hint left of lesbianism is that Frennessey dresses as a man in top hat and tails when she sings at *The Golden Poppy* nightclub. In itself this means nothing, as women so dressed were not rare, and in any case she could have been performing a tribute to Fred Astaire. But if, while so dressed she kissed a woman, then lesbianism would be a possible interpretation. Fascination with the censored lesbianism and/or bisexuality leads some critics to rash assertions. Alain Silver (www.sensesofcinema, 2002) states that ‘For [Frennessey and Lylah Clare], Lesbianism is an alternative to the men who love them obsessively and want desperately to control their behaviour.’ As Callahan shows no desire to control Frennessey, there is absolutely no evidence in *Ransom* to support this conclusion. Nor is there anything to support Silver and Ursini’s assertion that Frennessey ‘suggests that March’s platonic affection was what she wanted because men are repellent to her.’ (p.233) One wonders whether they have ever watched the film. According to the critic Martyn Auty (*The TimeOut Film Guide*, 2nd ed., p.751.) Aldrich said of her supposed lesbianism: ‘The whole point of the lesbianism ... was that Duryea could forgive her past life with men, but couldn’t handle her love for women.’ All that conveyed in one kiss? Or more Aldrich waffle? Sounds to me like Aldrich making it up after the non-event.

Back to Hardy. Hardy originally wrote *Deadly Nightshade* as a radio serial. He produced a version for the television series *China Smith*, titled *Fu Chow Road*, which was instead made as *World for Ransom*. He then rewrote the serial as a novel, *The Nightshade Ring*, in which it contained a location from *World for Ransom*. Hardy even made some more changes—mainly modernizing and Americanizing—to the paperback edition that followed the same year. He also wrote a short story version called *Moon Song Road* in which he included the new material for *World for Ransom*.

Appendix 8

Wireless serials: production costs and profits just after World War II

This ‘analysis’, to describe it over grandly, uses figures from R.R. Walker, *The Magic Spark The story of the first fifty years of Radio in Australia*, 1973, pp. 59-60, and from Grace Gibson Radio Productions’s records kept at the National Film and Sound Archive.

Pounds are usually followed by their estimated buying power expressed in year 2008 dollars using retail price index number 3,160 for 2008 and earlier numbers from the *Commonwealth Year Book*, 1997.

In the early post war years one company, ‘Australian [sic] Radio Productions’*, received for each quarter-hour serial sold to all state capital cities a total of £33/10/0, plus from 10/- to £2 from each country radio station. For a rough idea of what this meant the sums need to be adjusted for inflation. From the period 1945-1949 to the year 2008 the value of Australian currency deflated by an average 28.6 times.[†] Thus £33/10/0 becomes \$1,916 year 2008 dollars (10/- becomes \$57 and £1 becomes \$114). So capital city sales for a typical 104 quarter hour episode serial (26 hour total running time) amounted to \$199,285.

Additional returns came from rural and overseas sales. Programmes, including series and serials, were often sold to well over 15 countries, among them: New Zealand, Singapore, Malaya, Hong Kong, South Africa, Kenya, Nigeria, Rhodesia and the United States. The two principle export markets were probably New Zealand and South Africa, who paid £8 to £10 (\$458 to \$572) and £10 to £20 (\$572 to \$1,144) respectively for each episode. At the above rates a serial of 104 quarter hour episodes sold to the state capitals, plus to 3 country stations in each state at £1 an episode, plus to 2 stations in New Zealand at £8 each and say one to each of South Africa’s four states at £15 each would return £13,260 or \$758,472—that is £127/10/0 or \$7,293 per episode.

On top of this, royalties were paid for both Australian and overseas re-run rights.

How much of this did the writers, actors and actresses receive? To estimate this I have used Walker’s figures for Australasian Radio Productions. A.R.P., to determine the prices to charge for each quarter-hour episode, itemized its production costs. Unfortunately these ‘costs’ have to be treated with caution as Walker seems on some occasions to use the words ‘costs’ and ‘prices’ interchangeably. Hence, with regards to the following figures, he does not make it clear whether they are for actual costs or costs plus profit margin. They were: script £4 (\$229), cast of 6 to 8 £9 (\$515), recording and processing £8/10/0 (\$486), pressings[‡] £2/10/0 (\$143), and overhead & production £6 (\$343). Because this totals to a neat round figure of £30 (\$1,716) per quarter-hour, it seems likely that it was the amount charged by A.R.P. for national broadcast rights and

* The company was almost certainly the one founded by Morris West: Australasian—not Australian—Radio productions.

[†] Retail Price Index Numbers for 1945 to 1955 and for 1959 and 2008: 1945 100, 1946 102, 1947 106, 1948 117, 1949 128; 1950 140, 1951 167, 1952 196, 1959 237 and 2008 3,160. The average Retail Price Index Number for the period 1945-49 is 110.6

[‡] ‘Pressings’ presumably refers to the transcription discs for radio stations. Is this figure for the 6 discs for the state capitals or does it include copies for country and overseas stations?

so included profit margins.* Given that these figures probably include costs plus profit margins, actors and actresses received less than £1/5/0 (\$71.50) per episode (\$7,436 for a 104 episode serial if playing in every episode) with no extra payments for re-runs or overseas sales. No wonder they, together with the writers and others employed on a cash per episode basis, thought that they were being underpaid. (If an actor was playing in 5 serials simultaneously, and recording a total of 20 episodes each week he would be paid \$74,360 a year.)

Lindsay Hardy, writing just after this period for Grace Gibson Radio Productions, seems to have written only 4 episodes a week. The costing records for *Dossier* (1950-1) give an average cost for a typical episode of £25, of which £5 was for script. But the latter probably included, in addition to the payment to Hardy, retyping onto wax stencils and running off multiple copies. (The average cost for an episode of *Deadly Nightshade* in 1952 was in the low £30s.) According to Grace Gibson's records Hardy was paid £3/10/0 an episode for *Dossier*, £14 a week, amounting to £364 for the whole 6 month serial—\$14,997 or \$29,994 a year if employed for every week. As Hardy was much less prolific than the near incredible rates attained by some writers of long-running soap operas, he probably received significantly less pay a week than most writers. (The 'fiercely ambitious' Carol Lansbury (1929-91), the mother who neglected and abandoned Malcolm Turnbull, 'dictated her many, many soap operas to her secretary, two or three at once, at the same time knitting a Fair Isle sweater "to occupy my mind"'. Richard Lane, *The Golden Age of Australian Radio Drama*, Volume Two, 2000, p. 77.) Although most actors and actresses in Hardy serials, except for the star Bruce Stewart, only received about 60% of Hardy's pay per episode, many of them earned more a week because they recorded episodes of several or more programmes a week.†

As mentioned in the biography Grace Gibson Productions stated that *Deadly Nightshade* was broadcast on 81 Australian and 8 overseas stations. Assuming £33/10/0 for the sales to the capital cities—probably an underestimate—and £1 for each of the 75 rural stations—another underestimate—Gibson would have received £108/10/0 (\$3,494) per episode, \$363,345 for the serial for initial broadcast in Australia only. The writer and average cast (if seven) received a total of \$580 an episode—an average of \$72.50 each.

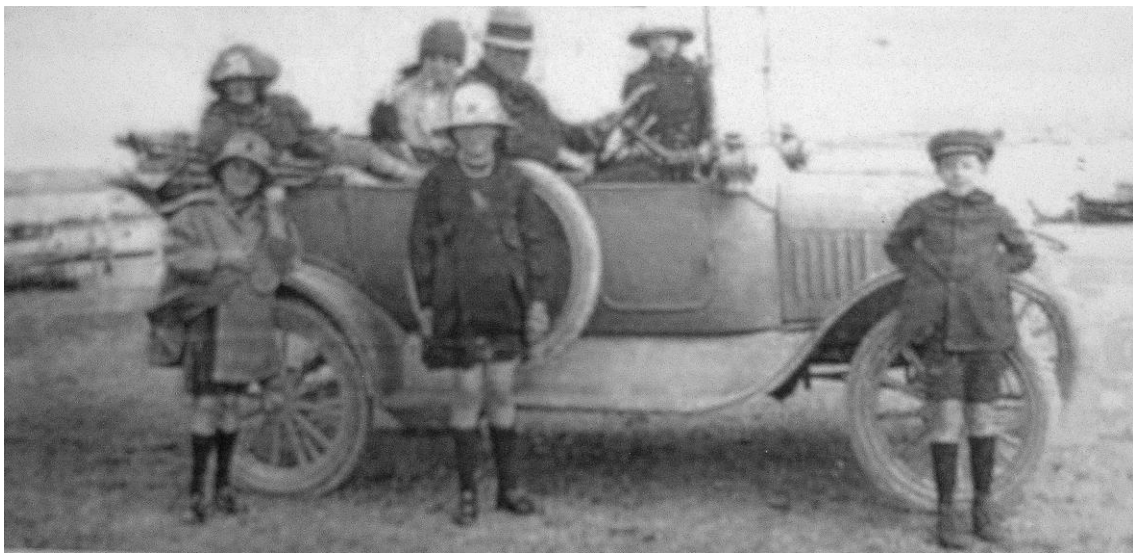
To provide some more perspective, in 1959, when Hardy's last Keen serial was being broadcast, television came to Adelaide. A black and white television set cost up to about £250 and a Holden sedan about £1,000, in year 2008 dollars \$6,664 and \$26,600 respectively‡.

When he came back from Hollywood Donovan Joyce, according to Joyce, paid Hardy far more than Grace Gibson had done.

* Other figures given by Walker do not help. For example 'most [production houses] would negotiate a Sydney-Melbourne deal in the expectation that half to two-thirds of the cost could be amortised. Early post-war prices would range from £30 to £40 a quarter-hour episode.'

† For the first episode of *Deadly Nightshade* Bruce Stewart got £2/8/0, the other actors £2/0/6 each.

‡ To 'convert' 1959 pounds to 2008 dollars multiply by 2 to convert pounds to dollars then by 13.7 for inflation.

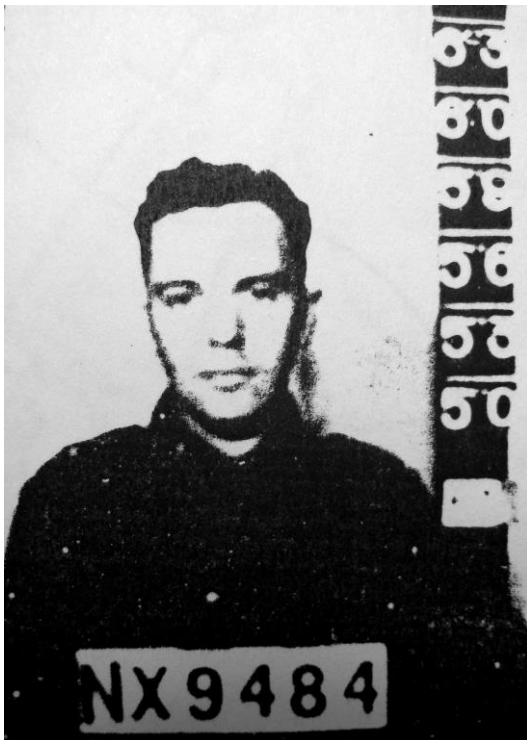


The Hardy family in 1923, possibly on a picnic probably near or even in Victor Harbor.

Left to right: Rebecca Lamb, Olive Hardy, Harold Hardy, Marjory Hardy

Standing: Edna Rundell, Alfreda Hardy and Lindsay Hardy

(Could Rebecca Lamb have been Olive's mother by adoption? If so, Rebecca would probably have been required by Olive not to admit their relationship in front of outsiders.)



Lindsay Hardy's army 'mug' shots taken on enlistment in Sydney (hence the number begins with N for N.S.W. not S for South Australia), December 1939.

THIS DOCUMENT OF IDENTITY is issued to
LINDSAY JOHN HARDY
 a British subject by *birth to enable *him to engage
 in a seafaring occupation.
 * Strike out which does not apply.

PORT ADELAIDE
14 DEC 1944.

Superintendent,
 Mercantile Marine Office.
 (By Authority of the
 Minister for the Interior.)
 SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Payment made for photograph
 PHOTOGRAPH OF BEARER.

PERSONAL PARTICULARS OF BEARER.

Place of Birth VICTOR HARBOUR SOUTH
 Date of Birth 17-9-1914
 Height 5 ft 8 ins. Colour of eyes BROWN
 Colour of hair BLACK
 Any Special Peculiarities SCAR RIGHT WRIST

Specimen Signature of Bearer
L.J. Hardy

IMPORTANT.—This Document of Identity should be carefully preserved by the person to whom it is issued and not allowed to leave his possession, unless he is required to surrender it to an authorized officer. If it is lost or stolen, the fact must be immediately reported to the nearest Superintendent, Mercantile Marine Office.

Seaman's Document of Identity, 4 December 1944



Close up of Seaman's identity 1944 photograph, and formal studio portrait, probably taken about 1952 in Sydney.



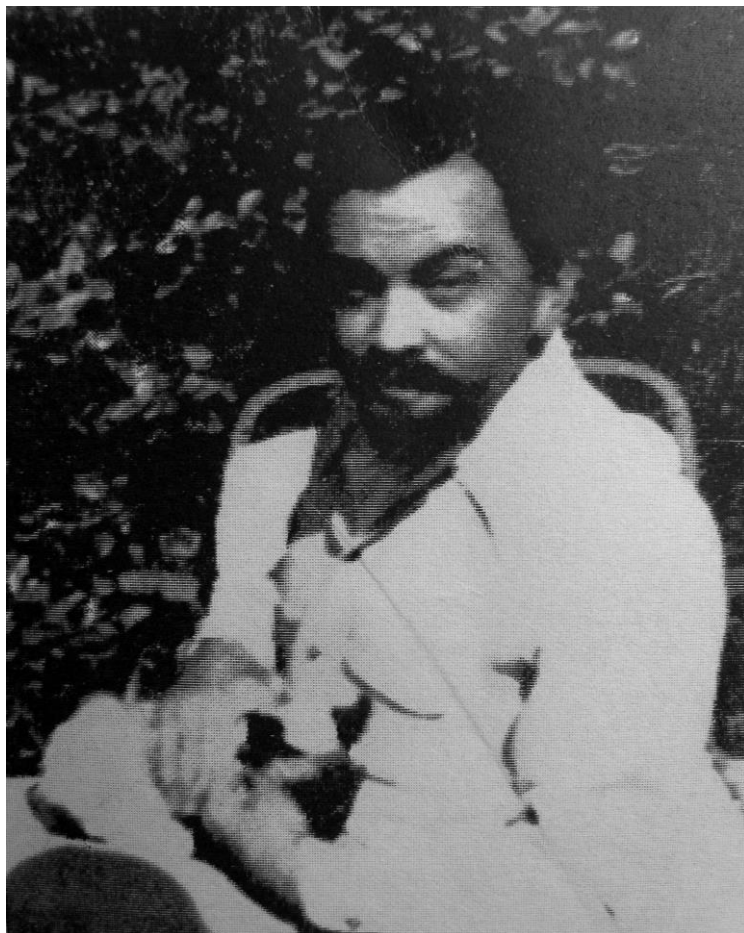
Lawrence Cecil (radio director), William Eldridge, Grace Gibson (producer and owner of Grace Gibson Productions), Lindsay Hardy, Bruce Steward (who played Gregory Keen in the first three serials), and Margo Lee (who played Evelyn Channell in *Deadly Nightshade*). Probably taken during scripting of *Deadly Nightshade*, 1952.



Gene Claire Hardy (née Collins) passport photograph probably taken in 1952. Known to all the Hardys as Sue. She was born in Oxford New Zealand on 6 May 1919, and died in London 1962. Probably photographed at a party in Hollywood in 1952–3.



Mr and Mrs Hardy, possibly at a party in Hollywood, 1952-3.



Lindsay in publicity shot, taken in Pasadena, holding one of the Hardys' two Siamese cats 1952-3.



Gene 'Sue' Hardy probably photographed in Hollywood, 1952-3.



Gene ‘Sue’ Hardy probably photographed in Hollywood, 1952-3. Unknown woman, and the Hardys, probably in Canada in 1953 or 1954.



Gene ‘Sue’ Hardy, probably in London, with Lindsay’s 1938 Rolls Royce Wraith saloon. Was AUT short for author? Lindsay probably bought the car shortly after arriving in England—certainly he owned it by 1957.



Gene 'Sue' Hardy feeding two black cats outside one of their London homes.



Passport photograph taken in 1962, the year that Gene 'Sue' died. London Transport Concession identity card, taken after Lindsay had had laser therapy for diabetic retinopathy in 1988, and was also prescribed thick glasses.

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 177 From conversations with Janet Whittington and between Anthony Laube and Ethel Young.
 178 Dinah Shearing in a letter to Peter Adamson, 23 November 2005.
 179 From a telephone conversation with Reg James, 7 September 2008.
 180 From at least two, undated, telephone conversations with Reg James.
 181 From a telephone conversation with Mark Day, 3 September 2006.
 182 Dinah Shearing in a letter to Peter Adamson, 23 February 2006.
 183 From a telephone conversation with Andrea Adams, 17 September 2006.
 184 Dinah Shearing in a letter to Peter Adamson, 23 November 2006.

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- ¹⁸⁵ From a telephone conversation with Paul de Burgh-Day, February 2010.
¹⁸⁶ James Salter, *Burning the Days* *Recollection*, pp. 310-11.
¹⁸⁷ From a conversation with Peter Philp in Adelaide on 25 June 2009.
¹⁸⁸ Internet reference to a Finnish translation of one of Hardy's BBC television serials, and
some other similar references.