

"PLUS FOURS" CROOK GAOLED

Won Tatt's Sweep: Ran Into Great Wealth On Racecourse

NOW LANGUISHES AT LONG BAY

MONEY—his own or anybody else's—means nothing to Robert Mayer, the once leviathan racecourse gambler, who has now been branded as a crook.

THE man who nearly wrecked the bookmakers' ring in Adelaide a few years ago, is now marked with the convict's broad arrow in Long Bay Penitentiary. IT was on racecourses that he made his amazing rise to fortune. It was on a racecourse last week that Detective-sergeant Delaney and Detective Crosbie brought about his shame and downfall.

SOME years ago Robert Mayer, then an underpaid tailor in Adelaide, won a first prize in a Tattersall's sweep and from that foundation he built up a huge gambling fortune which he squandered with lavish abandon.

In those days he was surrounded by friends who gaily joined in his spendthrift career.

He drank nothing but champagne and when he passed a bank note across the bar counter he would refuse to take the change; the change was not worth worrying about; it was mere litter in the pockets of the man into whose hands thousands of pounds were pouring in a stream of lucky bets.

Barmaids scrambled to serve him. Strangers jostled through the circle of friends, which clustered around him in an uproarious bodyguard, just to shake the hand of this betting Croesus.

If he had a bet on a racecourse there was such a scramble to follow his lead that the horse was quickly installed as favorite.

Now he plods the monotonous round at Long Bay!

This is his own story: "I had never had very much money in my life nor any expectation of amassing much until I struck a horse in a Tattersall's sweep.

"I rushed to the owner and offered

to lay him a thousand to nothing. He pooh-poohed the offer, brushed it aside, said that its stablemate was sure to be the winner. I went to the jockey. He said that he had been working-out the horse and it could not get within lengths of its stable companion.

"But something urged me not to be dismayed. And though I had been discouraged by the owner and jockey I went and raised every penny that I could beg or borrow and backed the animal.

"I won first prize in Tattersall's and took a thousand pounds out of the ring besides. I also won a couple of hundred on the tote, but in the mad excitement I lost the tickets. I could have gone and got the money by making a declaration, but I didn't bother about it. It was not worth the trouble just for a couple of hundred "smackers."

Career on Turf.

"I resigned from the tailoring business. I went and ordered myself some of the most expensive togs obtainable in Adelaide.

"Then I started my career on the turf. I could not lose. My luck was simply incredible. Bookmakers closed their books and bags at the sight of me, and I had to have secret runners to "set" my bets.

"I was the jeweller's friend because every time anyone admired my diamond pins, cuff-links or rings I would say, "Take it as a present from your pal, Bob Mayer."

"They followed me like disciples around a prophet. They eagerly sought to hear what horses I fancied. When

to lay him a thousand to nothing. He pooh-poohed the offer, brushed it aside.	I laughed, everybody laughed. When I scowled they pressed forward to placate me.
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"Up till this I had been a punter with amazing

had been a punter with amazing luck. I decided to tackle the other end of racing and I bought the smart performer 'Not Guilty.' I smile nowadays when I think of the name I gave that unlucky piece of horseflesh. From the day I got 'Not Guilty' my luck changed, and soon I found myself without a 'cracker.'

"Now I owe money everywhere. To one bookmaker in Melbourne I owe £2000. To another I owe £1000. I cannot remember the smaller amounts, but they will all get paid when I strike it lucky again. And I will strike it because I am a game bettor."

Mayer was at Victoria Park Racecourse on Wednesday engrossed in his task of trying to pick a row of winners—one winner is not good enough for him, betting to the limit of his resources on each one.

He was standing frowning into his racebook when a heavy hand fell on his shoulder, and he turned to find himself looking into the faces of Detective-sergeant Delaney and Detective Crosbie.

"Going to take you into headquarters for a little talk," said Delaney.

"You've made a mistake. You can't do that."

"Come on, Mayer."

At headquarters they found a hunting watch in his pocket. A watch which had been stolen from Walter Carter, city insurance broker, last month.

tral Police Court on Thursday afternoon, charged with stealing the watch and money from Mr. Carter; with stealing jewellery and money from Dr. T. J. Freeman; and (thirdly) with stealing jewellery and money from Frederick Layton, of the Commercial Union Insurance Company. Mayer pleaded guilty to the three charges.

Detective-sergeant Delaney explained that last month Mayer, whom he described as a polished confidence man, went to the Concord Golf Club with a city doctor to whom he (Mayer) had represented himself to be a surgeon visiting Sydney.

He was introduced to the golfers as "doctor," and during the progress of the match (Newington College Old Boys versus Concord Club members) somebody went through the pockets of the three gentlemen mentioned in the charges.

Sergeant Toole, police prosecutor, said, "This man has been convicted of similar crimes in other States. He is known as the 'Plus-fours Crook,' because of his passion for golf and smart clothes."

Mayer was sentenced to six months imprisonment on each of the three charges.

And the former Midas of the racecourses was sent to gaol.



THE MAN WHO HAD THOUSANDS and spent them; Robert Mayer.

In due course Mayer was presented before Mr. Stevenson, S.M., at the Central Police Court on Thursday afternoon, charged with stealing the watch