

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Pierre, Great Hunter, Found Something He Could Not Kill

By BILLY ROSE

From the province of Manitoba in Canada comes the strange tale of Pierre Montevlain, the hunter. Your acceptance or rejection of it will depend on the kind of pixies under your hat. . . . For many years, Pierre, a man with the strength of a caribou, lived in almost medieval splendor in a chateau overlooking Lake Winnipeg. Only two things interested him—hunting and drinking, and the measure of the man was that he was more concerned with the potency than the taste of his liquor, and cared little what it was he shot as long as he made the kill.

When he was forty, he married Emilie d'Arbesine, a girl of good family from the Winnipegosis district, and when she presented him with a son a year later he toasted his heir in Hudson Bay rum and predicted that he, too, would some day be a great hunter.



Billy Rose

His wife, however, hated the continual killing, and as the child grew older she was happy that he showed no inclination for the hunt. To encourage his love of wild life, she gave him a silver medallion of St. Francis of Assisi, patron saint of birds and beasts, and hung it around his neck on a thin gold chain. "I've heard it said that when people die their souls enter other living things, sometimes an animal," she told him.

A FEW MONTHS before the boy's ninth birthday, his father found a new-born fawn in the forest and presented it to his son. The lad named it Francois, bottle-fed it until the shakiness went out of its legs, and trained it until it followed him around like a puppy.

On his birthday a few weeks later, Pierre gave his son another present, a specially-constructed rifle, small enough for a boy to carry but in all other respects an

efficient instrument of destruction.

"Tomorrow," he said, "we will go hunting."

The youngster said nothing, but later asked his mother what he should do.

"You must go with your father," said Emilie.

"You told me that when people die their souls go into animals," said the boy. "Wouldn't it be like killing a person?"

"Your father thinks differently," said the lad.

Pierre, who had been drinking on the porch, overheard the conversation. Addressing himself to his son, he said, "There will be no more women's talk. You will become a man and a hunter like your father. Tomorrow we go to the woods, but your first lesson will be tonight. Take your rifle and shoot the fawn."

Terrified, the boy nodded and went to the barn. He prodded the fawn with a stick and tried to frighten it into the forest. But the pet, thinking it was a new game, took a few playful leaps and then frisked back for more sport. Finally, the boy placed the medallion of St. Francis around the fawn's neck. It needed divine protection more than he.

HALF AN HOUR later, Pierre back on the porch, was roused from

The Presence

WHERE two or three are gathered together, Lord, We have your promise that you will be there, We cling to it your dear unbroken word, We bring the burdens that we cannot bear, We bring our heart's deep gratitude and praise And all the supplications of our days

And you are here among us as we plead, We reach our hands to touch your garment's hem Your treasure house is opened for our need As much for us today, Lord, as for them Who walked beside you on the earthy roads, And found your hand beneath their heavy loads

So Lord, within our midst, and by our side, Continue still to be our strength and guide.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

his rum by a shot and walked out to the barn, certain that the boy, like a true Montevlain, had obeyed his order. Instead, on the earth floor he found his son's body, blood oozing through the shirt, while the fawn, the medallion dangling from its neck, stood near by.

Crazed, Pierre picked up the rifle and pumped the remaining bullets into the animal's heart. Then

he tore the talisman from the carcass.

Next day the boy was buried with the medallion of St. Francis again around his neck, and after the funeral Emilie went back to her own village.

From then on, the great hunter became the great butcher. Day after day, he killed as if bent on exterminating every animal in the forest, and at night he drank and cursed his wife for her ideas about souls and animals.

One evening the following summer he saw a giant stag at the far end of the garden. He reached for his gun and followed it down to the lake. At the water's edge the animal paused and Pierre lifted the gun to his shoulder, but instead of a giant stag he saw a frightened fawn. Its eyes reminded him of two other sets of eyes, but he fired, and the animal gave a little jump and fell dead. Attracted by something on its neck, he walked over to see what it was . . .

The villagers were not surprised a few days later when they learned that Pierre Montevlain had died of a stroke. But there was much talk about the object found in the dead man's hand—a silver medallion of St. Francis of Assisi suspended on a thin gold chain.

The Fiction Corner

CASE OF FORGERY

By Richard H. Wilkinson

"THERE'S A CURIOUS TWIST to this case, inspector," George Jackson, president of the Medville National Bank was saying. "Anthony Page, who deposited \$25,000 with us on Monday, decided to use his right name at the last moment."

"His right name? What do you mean?"

"Anthony Page is a fiction writer. His real name is Edward Thurston. Recently a distant uncle died and left him a small fortune — \$25,000 to be exact. Page consulted me about investments. I advised him not to invest in anything while the market was in its present unstable condition. He agreed, and decided to deposit the money in our bank until things looked better."

"He came in early Monday morning and made the deposit, decided to use his real name of Edward Thurston at the last moment. On Wednesday, a check for \$5,000, signed by Edward Thurston, was presented and cashed by one of our tellers."

"I have questioned Thurston. He says he left for Chicago directly after depositing the money, and swears he told no one about his decision to use his real name. He had signed no checks against his account!"

Inspector Kent Clifford reflectively lighted a cigar.

"You say that Thurston made his deposit early on Monday morning?"

"As far as I can find out," the president offered, "there were only two men in the bank while Thurston was here." He handed the officer a slip of paper. "Here are their names and addresses. Both are well known to all of us, men of high repute."



Simon's eyes grew wide . . . for a moment he stared as though struck, then impulsively turned and bolted.

Inspector Clifford studied the names. "Now tell me what your clerks were up to."

"Nothing unusual. Getting things ready to start the day. Making sure deposit blanks, pens, blotters, ink, etc. were on the lobby counters. Arranging their cash . . ."

Inspector Clifford snapped his fingers. "That's it. Come on, we're going to call on these two men."

THE FIRST CALL was on a man named Simons in the suburban town of Sharonfield. Mrs. Simons answered their knock.

"Harry is away. Is there anything I can do?"

Following previous instructions from Clifford, Jackson said: "We made a mistake in his monthly statement last week. Do you happen to know whether he has it handy?"

"It may be on his desk. Will you come inside?"

They followed her into the house. There was a small den off the living room containing a desk. Mrs. Simons began opening drawers and peering into them. For a moment Inspector Clifford stood idly by. Then suddenly he stepped forward and snatched something from one of the drawers.

Before the startled eyes of Mrs. Simons and the astonished gaze of President Jackson, he strode over to a window, studied the thing.

"Simon's our man," he said.

"This proves it. Now—" He broke off as the front door opened and closed.

As Clifford finished speaking, Simons, a tall spare man, appeared in the doorway, stopped and looked about in bewilderment.

"I'm Inspector Clifford of police headquarters," the officer said, stepping forward. "Simons, I arrest you for forging Edward Thurston's name to a check for \$5,000."

Simons' eyes grew wide. The color drained from his cheeks. For a moment he stared as though struck, then impulsively turned and bolted.

Anticipating the move, Inspector Clifford leaped forward. His fingers caught hold of the tall man's collar, and yanked him backward.

"Quite simple when explained," Clifford was saying later. "Simons probably needed money. He was in the bank when Page was making his deposit, and picked up the blotter Page had used when signing his name. It was a new blotter, and the imprint therefor was definitely easy to copy for forgery purposes."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

- | | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| ACROSS | 3. Look askance | 21. Resort |
| 1. Burrowing animal | 4. Blundered | 22. European shark |
| 5. Mother | 5. Chart | 24. Kettles |
| 9. River (Eur.) | 6. Constellation | 27. God of pleasure (Egypt.) |
| 10. City (Rum.) | 7. Elephant-like animals (extinct) | 29. Let it stand (print.) |
| 11. Snake title (Turk.) | 8. Cling to | 30. Mistakes |
| 14. Exist | 11. Sleeveless garments | 31. Color |
| 15. Twilled fabric | 13. Insects | 33. Master (obs.) |
| 17. Denary | 16. A pastry dessert | 34. Whirl |
| 13. Fortify | 19. Domicile | 36. To sweeten |
| 20. Twist out of shape | 19. Domicile | 40. Past tense of "bid" |
| 23. Break suddenly | | |
| 25. Lyric poems | | |
| 26. Weep convulsively | | |
| 28. Mountain (Phil.) | | |
| 29. Kind of dog | | |
| 32. Concludes | | |
| 35. Ringlets | | |
| 37. Soak | | |
| 38. Blunder | | |
| 39. Confer knighthood upon | | |
| 41. Music note | | |
| 42. A pulled candy (var.) | | |
| 45. A street Arab | | |
| 47. Standard | | |
| 48. Settlement, SW Arab. | | |
| 49. Not fast | | |
| 50. Network | | |

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56

The Washington Merry-Go-Round

DREW PEARSON

'Airtight' Case Iced

IT IS NOT OFTEN that treasury agents turn up a tax fraud case against a big corporation. This is partly because most big corporations have their books audited by reputable firms, but also because it is almost impossible for the T-men to scrutinize carefully the complicated books of the big corporations.

The internal revenue bureau is so understaffed—thanks largely to the recent GOP 80th congress—that it is impossible for its agents to take enough time to go through all corporate books.

Recently, however, treasury agents stumbled into what they considered an airtight tax fraud case against the Mid-Continent Petroleum corporation in Tulsa, Okla.

The case was considered so airtight that there was not the slightest doubt, they thought, about criminal prosecution. However, the wire-pullers got busy and the criminal aspects of the Mid-Continent case are now on ice.

The oil company will not have to pay a tax bill of six million dollars plus 50 per cent penalty, as recommended by the T-men. Instead, honest taxpayers will have to make up the difference.

The reason for the treasury's case against Mid-Continent was that a former accountant for the company had furnished the evidence for the government.

Employee Got Data

While working for the company, he had caught it making capital expenditures for plant expansion during the war years and then charging them up as "repairs."

Though the lower offices of Mid-Continent showed the real nature of the improvements, these improvements were changed to read "repairs," when the books went up to the top office. Repairs, of course, are tax deductible, while improvements are a capital investment and not deductible.

Mid-Continent officials gave careful instructions that the receipts and orders for the improvements be destroyed, but one of its bookkeepers just as carefully retained them and turned them over to the treasury. As a result, the case was considered ironclad.

The agent who first handled this case was Frank W. Lohn, chief of intelligence for the Kansas City district. He recommended criminal prosecution and sent the case on to Mike Seltzer, chief of the penal division of the Kansas City office.

But while the case was still pending in Kansas City, Daniel Bolich, deputy commissioner of internal revenue in Washington, requested a conference at Oklahoma City. This was held, and Bolich, for reasons best known to himself, came all the way to Oklahoma from Washington to participate in the conference. Lohn and Seltzer, who also participated, informed him that the Mid-Continent case was fraud and should be prosecuted.

Despite this, Commissioner Bolich ordered the investigation stopped and had the case transferred to Washington.

When the case reached Washington, a conference was held in Bolich's office, at which general counsel Charles Oliphant was not represented. This is highly unusual. For, ordinarily, a criminal case must go to the chief counsel's office for disposal. It does not go to the office of a deputy commissioner.

Counsel By-Passed

However, Bolich ordered it to his office and although the general counsel was not represented, the defaulting oil company was represented by Benjamin Saunders of the law firm of Charley Hamel.

Hamel, former head of the board of tax appeals, and formerly in the internal revenue bureau, is a Republican who sometimes has been retained by leading Democrats suffering from tax troubles. It was Hamel who expertly handled the income-tax cases of Boss Frank Hague of Jersey City and Mayor Ed Kelly of Chicago, both during the Hoover administration.

At this conference, commissioner Bolich finally decided to let Mid-Continent off for three million—instead of six million recommended by the T-men. He also decided against any appreciable fraud penalty.

Only after this was decided did Bolich send the case to general counsel Oliphant with instructions to close the penal side of the case—in other words, drop criminal prosecution.

Deputy Commissioner Bolich was former head of internal revenue intelligence in New York, at which time he was close to many Tammany leaders. He was sent to his present key spot in Washington by Joe Nunan, another Tammany man, who once served as commissioner of internal revenue.

FIRST AID TO THE AILING HOUSE

BY ROGER C. WHITMAN

Painting Table Pad

QUESTION: Can you tell me of something that will darken table pads that are finished with white imitation leather or something of that kind? I would like to have them brown.

ANSWER: After washing and rinsing the surfaces, allow them to dry thoroughly. Wipe with turpentine and finish with two coats of quick-drying enamel. Dull the gloss of the first coat when hard and dry by rubbing lightly with very fine sandpaper. Dust off well and then apply the second coat.

TOUCH AIDS SPIDERS

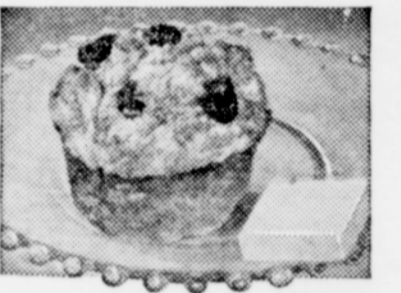
Spiders have eight eyes, yet they do not have to rely on their sight to weave their webs. Their touch is so sensitive that they can spin their delicately-designed webs in complete darkness.

BEST YOU EVER ATE

POP SOME TONITE

CRISP - TENDER DELICIOUS

JOLLY TIME POP CORN



NEW! KELLOGG-QUICK ALL-BRAN MUFFINS WITH RAISINS

No creaming! No egg-beating! Just one easy stirring when you make these delicious muffins!

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 3/4 cup milk | 1/4 cup sugar |
| 1 cup sifted flour | 1 egg |
| 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder | 2 tablespoons soft shortening |
| | 1/2 cup raisins |

- Combine All-Bran and milk in mixing bowl.
- Sift flour, baking powder, salt into same bowl. Add sugar, egg, shortening, raisins. Stir only until combined.
- Fill greased muffin pans 3/4 full. Bake in preheated moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 25 minutes. Yield: 9 medium muffins, 2 1/2 inches across.

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Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

BY INEZ GERHARD

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR., making his screen debut in Eagle Lion's "The Sundowners," is afraid of just one thing—that he will unconsciously copy his famous father. Playing a quick-triggered cowboy, he had two elderly actresses who had played with John, Sr., to check on his work; after seeing "The Great Profile" and part of "Richard III," he was up-



JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.

set at finding that many of his own mannerisms were like his father's. He is 17 now, and says that maybe when he is 21, with his own acting style set, he will see some of his father's old pictures. Robert Sterling, Robert Preston, Chill Wills and Cathy Downs are also in "The Sundowners."

Two clothing manufacturers have offered Merlin Brando a \$10,000 wardrobe if he'll abandon his blue jeans. Teresa Wright, on "The Men" set, said "You look as if you had just returned from a long week-end inside a washing machine."

Red-haired Susan Hayward makes her strongest bid for Academy honors in Samuel Goldwyn's "My Foolish Heart" — worked every day from morning to night to get done in time to be shown before the year's end, and so be eligible