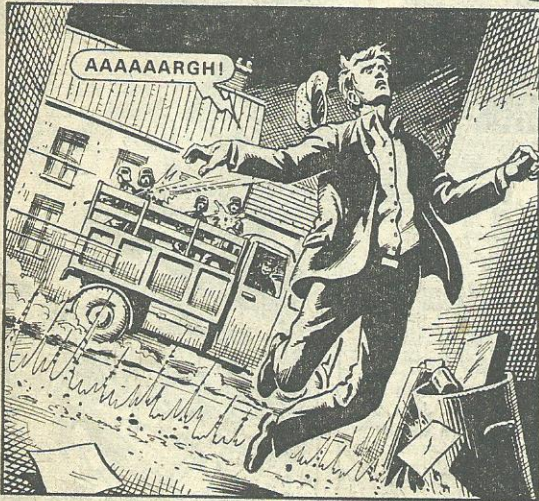


# CAT AND MOUSE

"CAT" MADDEN, ace trapeze artiste, and his French pal, Jean Souris, "The Mouse", a professional knife-thrower, became special agents during the Second World War. In the occupied French town of Vannes it was nine o'clock at night, curfew hour—



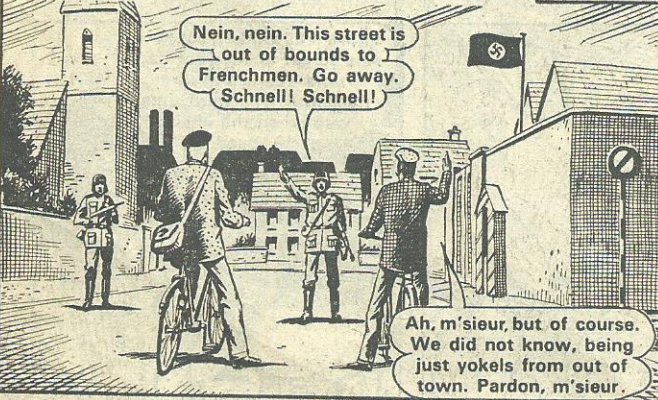
Three days later an officer of the Free French forces arrived at the Military Intelligence Branch of the war office in England.

This Hauptmann Schackenberger is not a man, he is a monster! He has made a twenty-one hundred hours curfew and right on time he races out of the barracks and shoots down any Frenchman he sees breaking the curfew. Sir, he has GOT to be eliminated!

Yes, yes, indeed. He is due for the chop all right. And I think I know who will do the job. Leave everything to me. The people of Vannes will soon have their revenge.



A few days later, two countrymen cycled up a street in Vannes.

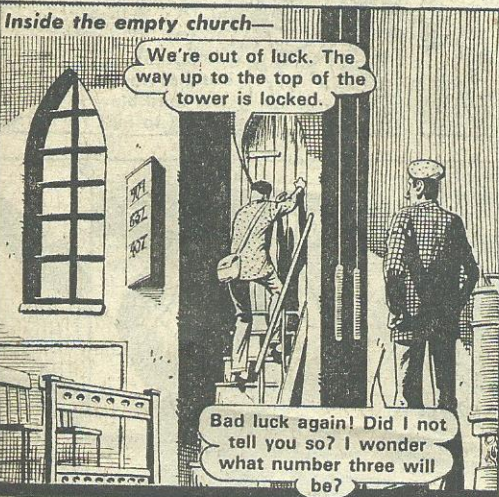
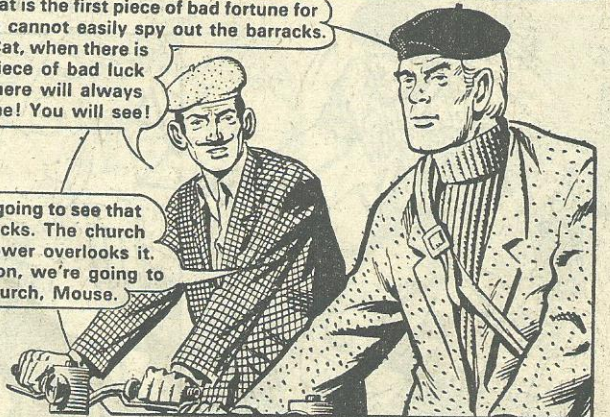


Nein, nein. This street is out of bounds to Frenchmen. Go away. Schnell! Schnell!

Ah, m'sieur, but of course. We did not know, being just yokels from out of town. Pardon, m'sieur.

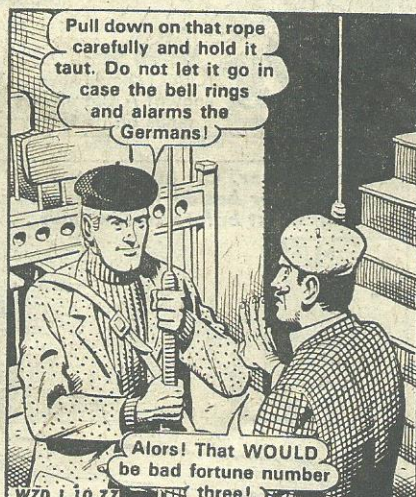
So, that is the first piece of bad fortune for us. We cannot easily spy out the barracks. And, Cat, when there is one piece of bad luck... there will always be three! You will see!

I'm going to see that barracks. The church bell-tower overlooks it. Come on, we're going to church, Mouse.



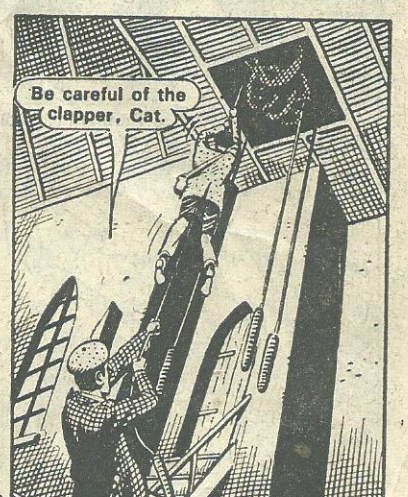
We're out of luck. The way up to the top of the tower is locked.

Bad luck again! Did I not tell you so? I wonder what number three will be?



Pull down on that rope carefully and hold it taut. Do not let it go in case the bell rings and alarms the Germans!

Alors! That WOULD be bad fortune number three!



Be careful of the clapper, Cat.