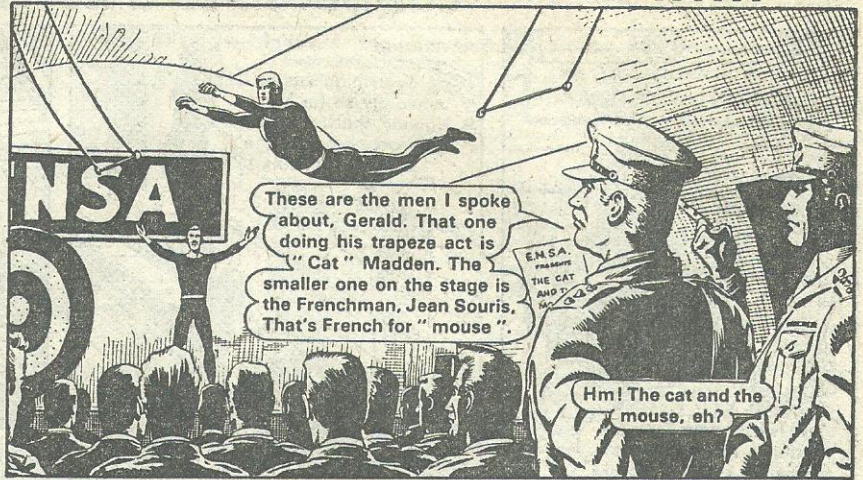


STARTS TODAY—A GRIPPING WARTIME TALE WITH

CAT AND MOUSE

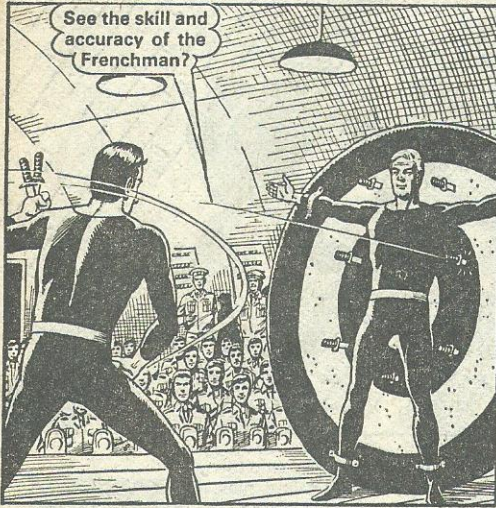


These are the men I spoke about, Gerald. That one doing his trapeze act is "Cat" Madden. The smaller one on the stage is the Frenchman, Jean Souris. That's French for "mouse".

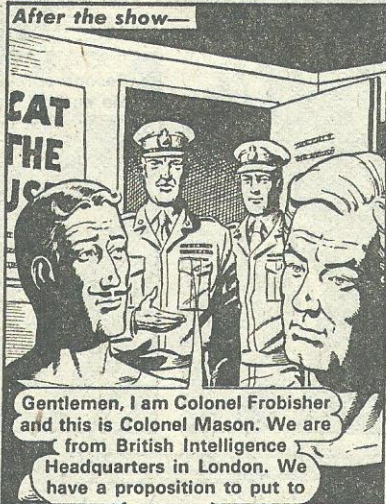
ENSA. PRESENTS THE CAT AND MOUSE.

Hm! The cat and the mouse, eh?

In a big army camp near Salisbury in 1941, a show for the soldiers was in progress.

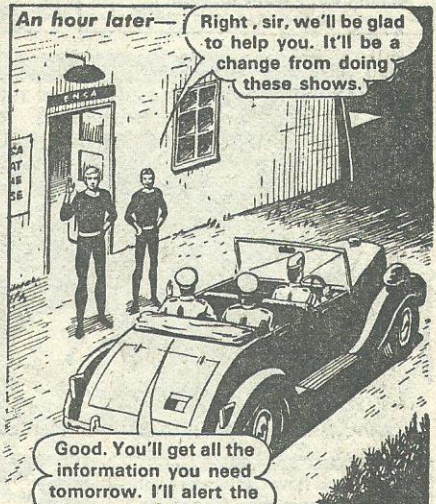


See the skill and accuracy of the Frenchman?



After the show—

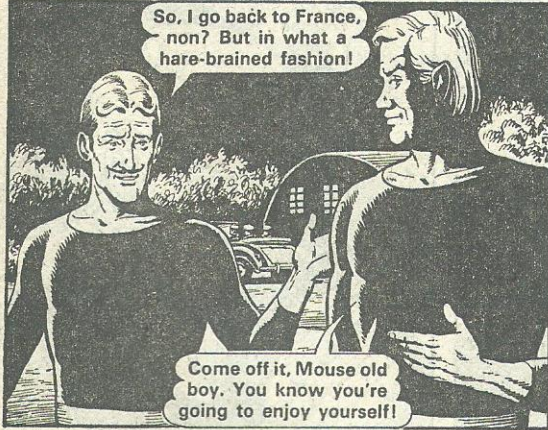
Gentlemen, I am Colonel Frobisher and this is Colonel Mason. We are from British Intelligence Headquarters in London. We have a proposition to put to you . . .



An hour later—

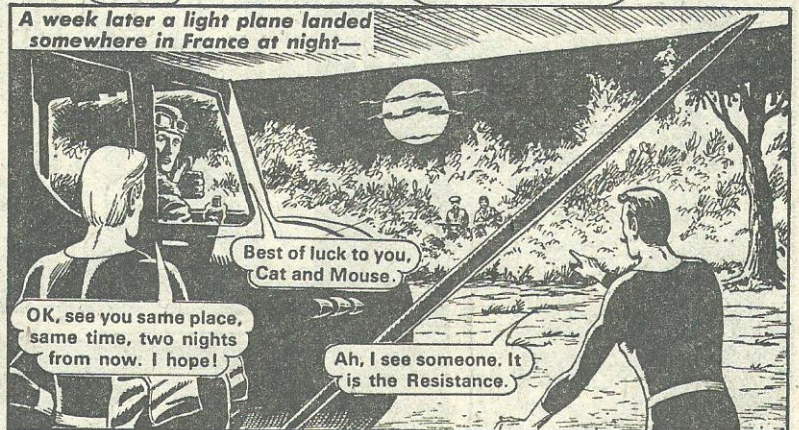
Right, sir, we'll be glad to help you. It'll be a change from doing these shows.

Good. You'll get all the information you need tomorrow. I'll alert the Resistance in France.



So, I go back to France, non? But in what a hare-brained fashion!

Come off it, Mouse old boy. You know you're going to enjoy yourself!



A week later a light plane landed somewhere in France at night—

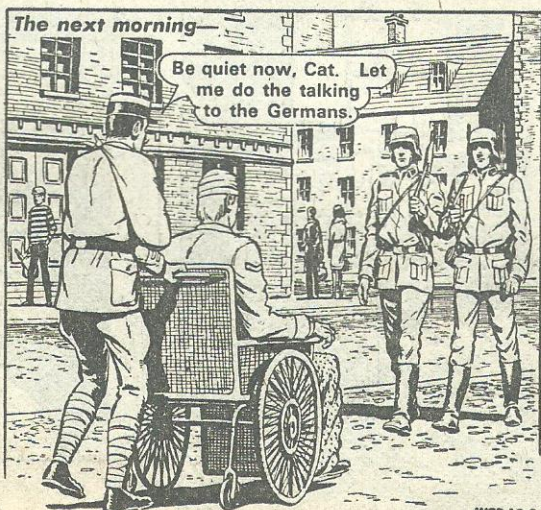
Best of luck to you, Cat and Mouse.

OK, see you same place, same time, two nights from now. I hope!

Ah, I see someone. It is the Resistance.



We have everything ready. The uniforms, the wheelchair. Come . . .



The next morning—

Be quiet now, Cat. Let me do the talking to the Germans.



Oui, we are just two poor wounded soldiers out for an airing from hospital. Our passes are good, n'est ce pas?

Ja, but be back in hospital before curfew.