

ch6

2/5/44

ew, the cigar-stand girl at the Garfield  
ys he spent most of that time talking to  
r. It must therefore be put down as  
ossible that Sondauer could have re-  
rned to Durbin's house."

Horace nodded and waited.  
Colonel Primrose went on deliber-  
ately, "There is a third apparent im-  
possibility that seems to complicate mat-  
ers a good deal. But I think perhaps I  
an offer a legally tenable explanation of  
it. Mrs. Ross claims Durbin telephoned  
her after nine o'clock. The police sur-  
geons maintain he must have been dead  
as early as eight o'clock. Rigor had not  
only set in by the time they performed  
the autopsy, shortly after he was taken  
away, it was fairly well advanced. I'm  
offering two possible explanations for  
that, with the object of showing that the  
surgeons are absolutely unable to state  
the time of death. First, the autopsy  
showed that Durbin had dysentery. You  
remember that curiously sallow com-  
plexion of his. He probably also had  
malaria and virtually all the diseases one  
picks up in the tropics and the Far East.  
But the dysentery alone would cause  
rigor mortis to set in very fast.

"But another point. Rigor also sets  
in with extreme rapidity when people die  
under great emotional stress. The classic  
example, in all the books, is that at the  
Battle of Antietam the bodies of soldiers  
were found rigid in the very act of charg-  
ing over a fence, their rifles still in posi-  
tion. If, for example, with his curious  
cataphobia, Durbin had been con-  
fronted by a cat at the time he was killed,  
rigor would have begun to set in almost  
instantaneously."

"Is there any reason to believe he was  
confronted by a cat?" Horace asked.

"None at all," Colonel Primrose said.  
He hesitated again for a moment. "I  
think, however, that he was confronted  
by someone whose being there, in that  
way, carried with it a very powerful emo-  
tional supercharge, let's say, to his heart  
and brain and nervous system—to his  
whole being. I'm getting here to what I  
want your opinion about, because—to  
get back to my two impossibles again—  
it's precisely the effect that Duleep  
Singh, or Sondauer either, could have  
had, with their past relationships with  
him."

"Have you any evidence about their  
past relationships with him?"

"No," Colonel Primrose said. "All the  
digging we can do is here at home. And  
that's why I've come to you."

He stopped to light his cigar again.

"I want to state a purely hypothetical  
case to you," he said quietly, "and I  
want your opinion. My guess is that

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## B-V TAMALE PIE

*A la Rector*

Our good neighbors, the Mexicans, can't claim all the credit for this appetizing Tamale Pie. Wilson's B-V adds its "meat magic" to this recipe.

B-V is an extra fine meat extract with vegetable seasoning. It supplies the full rich *meat flavor* that might otherwise be lacking today in your favorite casserole dishes, stews, spaghetti, aspics, leftovers. Imparts wholesome meaty taste to your gravies and soups, too.

Wilson's B-V goes further, because it is concentrated. A little B-V adds a lot of good rich meat flavor. As indispensable as salt and pepper. At dealers everywhere.

NO POINTS NEEDED.



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Brown 1/2 lb. ground beef in 2 tbsp. fat; add 1 clove garlic, minced, 1 tsp. chili powder, 2 tsp. sugar, 2 1/2 cups sieved tomatoes and 3 tsp. B-V. Simmer 15 minutes and thicken with 2 tbsp. flour. Pour into greased casserole lined with cornmeal mush (made with 1 cup meal, 4 cups water and 2 tsp. B-V). Top with remaining mush cut diamond-shaped and bake 30 minutes at 350° F. Makes 6 generous servings.

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The Wilson label protects your table



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