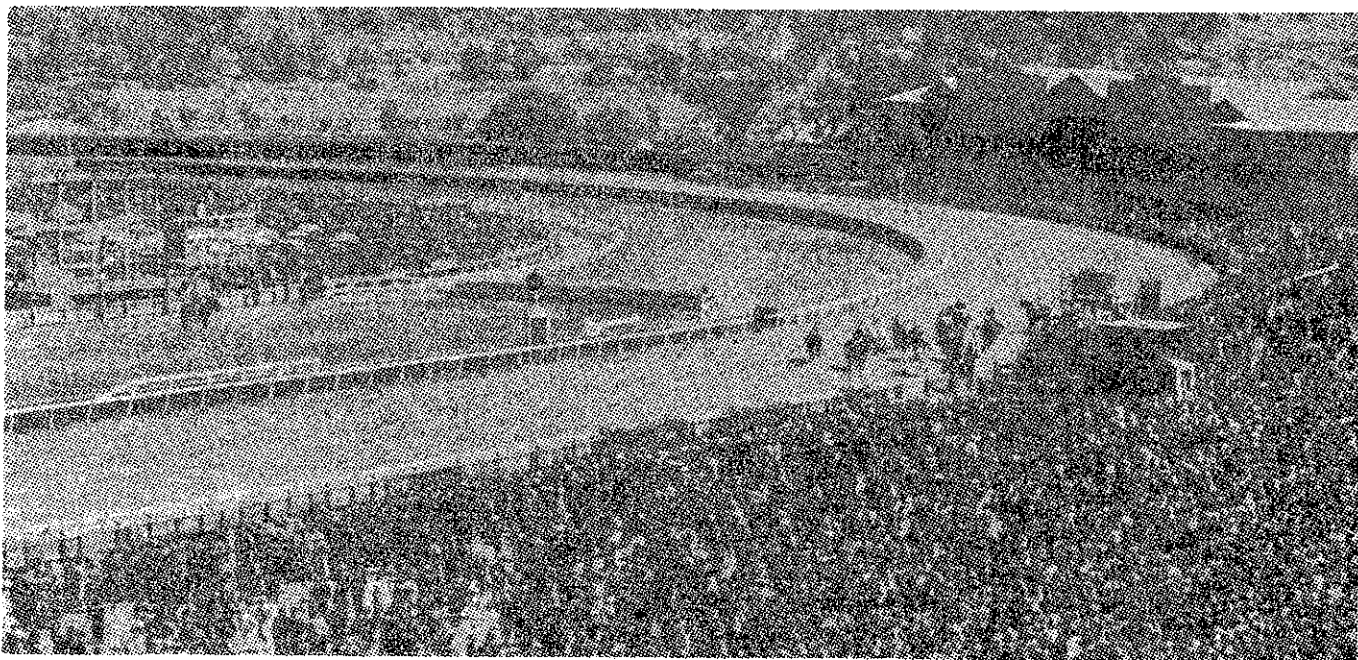


PORTRAIT OF AN



His Villains Throve On The Lovely Melbourne Cup Course

"HERE he is," said the lady who showed me his portrait. "He is not anything like what I had imagined." I stared at the picture of the late Mr. Nathaniel Gould with interest.

I quite agreed. Goodness knows what one had expected. The portrait of a gentleman in corduroys, perhaps, with a straw behind his ear, sitting on a rough-hewn table writing by the light of a stable lantern.

Or perhaps the portrait of a gentleman with a stout red face illuminated by a lighted cigar, with the band on it, and wearing a suit of checks visible a good four furlongs away.

Jolly Vicar's Sidesman

WHAT I saw instead was the portrait of a benign elderly gentleman with the air of a jolly vicar's sidesman. Silver locks curled round in a fringe to the bald, high dome of the forehead. There was a flowing moustache under the long, well-shaped nose, dark, well-shaped eyebrows above the pleasant eyes.

The gentleman was corpulent, but comfortably and not grossly so. He wore a butterfly collar and a smart bow tie. Well-starched cuffs gleamed from the ends of the sleeves of his coat of quiet and good cloth. The waistcoat and coat were amply filled by the elderly gentleman's form.

He sat at an old-fashioned writing table that had delicately curved and designed legs. On the third finger of the left hand he wore a ring.

You felt immediately on making the acquaintance of the portrait that you were in the presence of a gentleman, somewhat of the old school, who knew, however, precisely what was what; who was very particular about conduct and manners and the social rules of paying one's debts, and yet had an eye to a "flutter on a horse" or to a pretty face.

THIS is the quaint tale of how Nathaniel ("Nat") Gould, famous turf writer, turns out to have been no horsey man in bright checks with a straw behind his ear, but an Englishman of the old school, faithful in every detail to the code of an elderly Tory. Nat Gould's first novel, "The Double Event," has been revived after a lapse of forty years, and adapted to radio. It is now being heard from the four Commercial stations in New Zealand.

THIS, then, was Mr. Nat. Gould. This was the man who had taken some good hours out of one's life when at the age of ten the discovery had been made of a pile of fascinating paper-

backed novels of horse-racing, and villainy of the deepest dye and true love of the purest shade, with virtue ever triumphant in the end over the forces of darkness. So that, for hours on end, one had sat in a locked room reading the tales as voraciously as possible before someone came in and said: "You shouldn't read trash!"

Trash?—It May Have Been

TRASH? Well, from the lofty watch-tower of pure literature it may have been trash. But if there is more exciting reading for a youngster, with heroes ever fighting more manfully against vice and crime, I have never read it.

And now, when much that was called literature forty years ago has gone to oblivion, Nat. Gould has remounted his magic steed, has entered for the Radio Stakes and, to-day, at all the Commercial stations in New Zealand, goes on the air as hot favourite.

"Double Event," the first novel he wrote of all his 130 books, has been dramatised in Australia for the air in serial form. Though he wrote long before radio was thought of, his work was just made for the air.

It takes a modern medium like radio to keep up with the tempo of beating hoofs and heroes who are always just one jump ahead of the villainous villain.

THE story is just what one expects it to be, just like all the other stories that thrilled the millions of Nat. Gould's readers.

Caloola is a fiery Australian colt with a temper quick as his pace. The fortunes of nobly-born Jack Drayton, who has mysteriously left England for Australia to safeguard the honoured family name, rest on Caloola's ability to win the Caulfield Cup and the Melbourne Cup, the "Double Event."

He is engaged to sweet Ruth Kingdon, an Australian