# The Unstralian

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recent collection "For Your Eyes Only."

A \* \*

IAN FLEMING'S Secret Service Agent James Bond (Eton, Sandhurst) and man-bout town makes Paris his town in our long exciting story FROM A VIEW TO A KILL' (see pages 16-17).

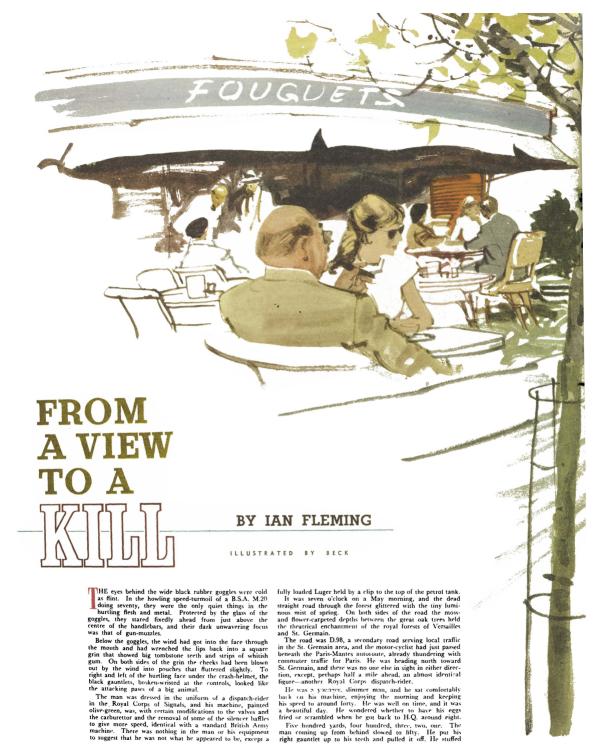
Connoisseurs of Mr. Bond will be delighted to find that he is still delightfully knowledgeable about foreign drinks ("champagne a l'orange," fine a l'eau' — cognac and water, "Americano"—bitter campari, vermouth, lemon peel, and soda).

Ian Fleming, once a Fleet

Inn Fleming, once a Fleet Street journalist, wrote his first best-seller, "Gasino Roy-ale," in Jamaica ten years ago.

ago.

Since then he has written seven more, all about James Bond, Number 007 in the English Secret Service. Our short story comes from his





He raised a cheerful right thumb in recognition and cut his speed to thirty, waiting for the other man to drift up alongside. With one eye on the road ahead and the other on the approaching silhouette in the mirror, he ran through the names of the British riders in the Special Service Transportation Unit at Headquarters Command. Albert, Sid, Wallymight be Wally, same thick build. Good show! He'd he able to bull his beat show they little sid to the cantenna Jonies. to pull his leg about that little girl in the canteen-Louise. Elise, Lise—what the devil was her name?

Plise, Lise—what the devil was her name?

The man with the gun had slowed. Now he was fifty yards away. His face, undistorted by the wind, had set into blunt, hard, perhaps Slav lines. A red spark burned behind the black, aimed muzzles of the eyes. Forty yards, thirty. A single magpie flew out of the forest ahead of the young distribution of the forest ahead of the young distribution. It fled clumsily across the road into the bushes behind a Michelin sign that said that St. Germain was one kilometre to go. The young man grinned and raised an

man's clothes, and at the flowers, and then lay quiet.

The killer executed a narrow turn and stopped with his machine pointing back the way he had come. He stamped down the wheel-rest, pulled his machine up on to it, and walked in among the wildflowers under the trees. He knelt down beside the dead man and brusquely pulled back an eye-

Just as roughly he tore the black leather dispatch-case off Just as roughly he fore the black learner atsplatch-case off the corpse and ripped open the buttons of the tunic and removed a battered leather wallet. He werenched a chea-writtwarth so sharply off the left write that the chrome ex-panding bracelet snapped in half. He stood up and slung the dispatch-case over his shoulder.

While he stowed the wallet and the watch away in his tunio pocket he listened. There were only forest sounds

To page 43

and the slow tick of hot metal from the crashed B.S.A. The killer retraced his steps to the road. He walked slowly, scuff-ing leaves over the tyremarks in the soft earth and moss. He in the soft earth and moss. He took extra trouble over the deep scars in the ditch and the grass verge, and then stood be-side his motor-cycle and looked back toward the lily of the valley patch.

backy towards.

John Lad! Probably only the
police dogs would get it, and,
with ten miles of road to cover,
they would be hours, perhaps
days — plenty long enough.
The main thing in these jobs
margin. He could have shot
the man at force yet to wently,
and taking the watch and the
—pro touches.

Pleased with himself, the

Pleased with himself, the man heaved his machine off its rest, vaulted smartly into the saddle, and kicked down on the starter. Slowly, so as not to show skidmarks, he accelerated away back down the road and in a minute or so he was doing seventy again and the wind had redraym the turnip grin across his face.

Around the scene of the killing, the forest, which had held its breath while it was done, slowly began to breathe

JAMES BOND had his first drink of the evening at Fouquet's. It was not a solid drink. One cannot drink seriously in French cafes. Out of doors on a pavement in the sun is no place for vodka or whisky or gin. A "cognac and water" is fairly serious, but it intoxicates without tasting which is the sun in the sun is no place for vodka or dear the sun is no place for vodka or dear the sun is no place for vodka or dear the sun is not place for the sun is not place for the sun in the sun is not place for the sun is not pla intoxicates without tasting very good. A "glass of champagne" or "a champagne with orange" is all right before luncheon, but in the evening one glass leads to another glass and a bottle of to another glass and a bottle of indifferent champagne is a bad foundation for the night. Pernod is possible, but it should be drunk in company, and, anyway, Bond had never liked the stuff because its liquorice taste reminded him of his childhood.

No, in cafes you have to drink the least offensive of the orink the least offensive of the musical comedy drinks that go with them, and Bond always had the same thing — an Americano — bitter campari, vermouth, a large slice of lemon peel, and soda. When Bond was in Paris he

when Bond was in Paris he invariably stuck to the same addresses. He stayed at the Terminus Nord, because he liked station hotels and because this was the least pretentious and most anonymous of them. He had been stayed at the Bond was good enough and it amused him to watch the people.

If he wanted a solid drink he had it at Harry's Bar, both because of the solidity of the drinks and because, on his first ignorant visit to Paris at the same than the stayed of the solidity of the drinks and because, on his first ignorant visit to Paris at the same than the

## Continuing . . . FROM A VIEW

the Austro-Hungarian border. It had been a question of getting a certain Hungarian out. Bond had been sent from London specially to direct the operation over the head of Station V. This had been unpopular with the Vienna Station.

The man had been killed in the frontier minefield. There would have to be a Court of Inquiry. Bond was due back Inquiry. Bond was due back at his London headquarters on the following day to make his report, and the thought of it all depressed him. Today had all depressed nim. Ioday had been so beautiful—one of those days when you almost believe that Paris is beautiful and gay —and Bond had decided to the town just one more chance

He would somehow find himself a girl who was a real girl, and he would take her to dinand he would take her to din-re at some make-believe place in the Bois like the Armenon-ville. To clean the money-look out of her eyes—for it would certainly be there — he would as soon as possible give her fifty thousand francs. He would say to her: "I propose to call you Donatienne, or pos-sibly Solange, because these are more that witt my mod and names that suit my mood and the evening. We knew each other before and you lent me other before and you lent me this money because I was in a jam. Here it is, and now we will tell each other what we have been doing since we last met in St. Tropez a year ago.

"In the meantime, here is the menu and the wine list and you must choose what will

#### from page 17

make you happy and fat." And she would look relieved, and she would laugh and say: "But, she would laugh and say: "But, James, I do not want to be fat." And there they would be, started on the myth of "Paris in the Spring," and Bond would stay sober and be interested in her and everything she said.

And by the end of the even-ing it would not be his fault if it transpired that there was in fact no shred of truth left in the old fairytale of "A good time in Paris."

time in Paris."

Sitting in Fouquet's, waiting for his Americano, Bond smiled at his vehemence. He knew that he was only playing at this faatasy for the satisfaction of launching a last kick at a town he had cordially disliked since the war. Since 1945 he had not had a happy day in Paris. day in Paris

The waiter's tray clattered down on the marble-topped table. With a slick one-handed jerk that Bond had never been jerk that Bond had never been able to copy, the waiter's bottle-opened prised the cap off the Perrier. The man slipped the ticket under the ice-bucket, said a mechanical "voila, M'sicur" and darted away.

M'sieur' and darted away.

Bond put ice into his drink, filled it to the top with soda, and took a long pull at it. He sat back and lit a cigarette. Of course the evening would be a disaster. Even supposing he found the girl in the next hour or so, the contents would cer-

tainly not stand up to the

out of the centre stream of traffic, cut across the inside line of cars, and pulled in to double-park at the kerb. There double-park at the kerb. There was the usual screaming of brakes, hooting and yelling. Quite unmoved, a girl got out of the car and, leaving the traffic to sort itself out, walked across the footpath.

across the lootpath.

Bond sat up. She had everything, but absolutely everything, that belonged in his fantasy. She was tall and, although her figure was hidden by a light raincoat, the way she moved and the way she held herself promised that it would be beautiful.

be beautiful.

The face had the gaiety and bravado that went with her driving, but now there was impatience in the compressed lips and the eyes fretted as she pushed diagonally through the moving crowd.

Bond watched her narrowly

as she reached the edge of the tables and came up the aisle. Of course it was hopeless. She Of course it was hopoless. She was coming to meet someone—her sweetheart. She was the sort of woman who always belongs to somebody else. She was tate for him. That's why she was in such a hurry. And she was looking straight at him. She was smiling... Before Bond could pull himself to be some such a chair and sat down. She smiled rather tautly into his startled eyes. "I'm sort I'm late, and I'm afraid we've got to get moving at once.

You're wanted at the office."
She added under her breath:
"Crash dive."

Bond jerked himself back to reality. Whoever she was, she was certainly from "the firm." "Crash dive" was a slang expression the Secret Service had borrowed from the Submarine pression the Secret Service had berrowed from the Submarine Service. It meant bad news—the worst. Bond dug into his pocket and slid some coins over the ticket. He said, "Right, let's go," and got up and followed her across to her car. It was still obstructing the inner lane of traffic. Any minute now there would be a policeman. Annry faces glared

ute now there would be a policeman. Angry faces glared at them as they climbed in. The girl had left the engine running. She banged the gears into second and slid out into the traffic.

Bond looked sideways at her. The pale skin was velvet. The blond hair was silk—to the roots. He said: "Where are you from and what's it

She said, concentrating on te traffic: "From the Station. rade two assistant. Number She said, concentrating on the traffic. 'From the Station. Grade two assistant Number 765 on duty, Mary Ann Russell off. I've no idea what it's all about. I just saw the signal from H.Q. — personal from M to Head of Station. Most Immediate and all that. He was to find you at once and if necessary use Security to help. Head of F said you always went to the same places when you were in Paris, and I and another girl were given a list.

clumsy."

Bond said: "You were fine. Bond said: "You were fine. How were you going to handle it if I'd had a girl with me? She laughed. "I was going to do much the same, except call you 'sir.' I was only worried about how you'd dispose of the girl. If she started a scene I was going to offer to take her home in my car and for you to take a taxi." out to take a taxi." out to take a taxi." out to take a taxi." "The years. This is my "Five years. This is my

"Five years. This is my first time with a Station."

wrapping.

A battered black sedan broke

TO

"How do you like it?"
"I like the work all right. The evenings and days off raza a bit. It's not easy to make friends in Paris without"—her mouth turned down with irony — "without all the rest. I mean," she hastened to add, "I'm not a prude and all tab, but somehow the French make the whole business such a hore. out somenow the French make the whole business such a bore. I mean I've had to give up tak-ing the Metro or buses. Some of the pinches really hurt. It's the limit.

A KILL

"So to get around I bought this car cheap, and other cars seem to keep out of my way. As long as you don't catch the other driver's eye, you can take on even the meanest of them. They're afraid you haven't seen them. And they're worried by the bashed-about

look of the car. They give you a wide berth."
They had come to the Rond Point. As if to demonstrate her theory, sine tore round it and went straight at the line of traffic coming up from the Place de la Concorde. Miraculously it divided and let her through into the Avenue Matignon.

Bond said: "Pretty good. But don't make it a habit." She laughed. She turned in-to the Avenue Gabrielle and pulled up outside the Paris headquarters of the Secret Service. "I only try that sort of manoeuvre in the line of duty."

main Station yesterday mora-ing. The weekly run from the SIIAPE. Intelligence Division with the Summaries, Joint Intelligence papers, Iron Cur-tain Order of Battle — all the top gen. One shot in the back. Took his dispatch-case and his wallet and watch."

Bond said: "That's bad. No chance that it was an ordinary hold-up. Or do they think the wallet and watch were cover?"

and many of the third were to the construction of the construction

men and an Italian but the head of their Counter Intelligence and Security section is a German!"

Bond whistled.

The trouble is that this trouble is all SHAPE needs to bring M to heel. Anyway, he says you're to get down there right away. Ues fixed up clearance for you cot to Colonel Schreiber, Headquarters Command Security Branch. American. Efficient chap. He's been handling the properties of the properties of the properties of the security of the security

HE pointed with a pencil. "Here's Versailles, and here, just north of the nark, is the big junction of the Paris-Mantes and the Versailles autoriuse. A couple of hundred yards north of that, on N.184, Every Wednesday, Special Services dispatch-rider leaves SHAPE with the weekly Intelligence stuff I told you about.

of manoeuvre in the line of duty."
Bond got out and came round to her side of the car. He said: "Well, pten the pricking me up. When this whirl is over, can pick you pin exchange? I four get the property of the pricking me to the pricking me about.

"He has to get to this little village called Fourqueux, just outside St. Germain, to deliver his stuff to the duty officer at our H.Q, and report back to SHAPE by seven-thirty. Rather than go through all this builtup area, for security reasons his orders are to take this N.307 to St. Nom. turn right-handed

his orders are to take this N.307 to St. Nom, turn right-handed on to D.98, and go under the autoroute and through the forest of St. Germain. "The distance is about twelve kilometres, and taking it easy he'll do the trip in under a quarter of an hour. Well, yesterday it was a corporal from the Corps of Signals, good solid man called Bates, and when he hadn't reported back by seven fortry-five they sent another walked quickly in through the archway.
Wing-Commander Rattray, Head ol Station F, was a fattish man with pink cheeks and fair hair brussed straight back. He dressed in a manered tashion with turned-back cuffs and double slits to his coat, bow-ties and fancy waistcoats. He made a goodlying, wine-and-food-society impression. He greeted Bond with relief. "Who found you?" "Russell. At Fouquet's. Is she new?"

hadn't reported back by seven forty-five they sent another rider to look for him. Not a trace, and he hadn't reported arour H<sub>c</sub>O-fifteen the Security Branch was on the job and by he had he hadn't police and security were told and search security were told and search satties got under way. The bolice and beautiful the vertical security were told and search cops found him, but not till the evening around six, and by that time if there had hadned to the security were told and search so the security were told and search security with the security security was security with the security was security with the security of the security was security with the security was security was security was security with the security was security with reliet. "Who sound your "Russell. At Fouque's." Is she new?"
"Six months. She's a good one. But take a pew. There's the hell of a flap on and I've got to brief you and get you going." He bent to his intercomposition of the second of th

dogs found him, but not till the evening around six, and by that time if there had been any clues on the road they'd been wiped out by the traffic. To Boat of "All the usual steps have been taken—frontiers, ports, aerodromes, and so forth. But that sort of thing won't have been to be the state of the st

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 3, 1962

by midday or into an embassy in Paris inside an hour."
Bond said impatiently: "Exactly! And so what the hell over And the part of the country to do it all over again, but better head of F smiled sympathetically. "Matter of fact I put nuch the same point of view to M over the scrambler." The the country of show SHAPE he was taking the snow SHAPE he was taking the business just as seriously as they were. You happened to be available and more or less on the spot, and he said you had the sort of mind that might pick up the invisible factor.

factor.
"I asked him what he meant. and he said that at all closely guarded headquarters there's bound to be an invisible man—

guarded headquarters there's bound to be an invisible man—a man everyone takes so much for granted that he just aim for granted that all those sort of jobs were done by enlisted men. M told me not to be so, literal-inded and the said: "All right, then. I'll see what I can do. Who do I report back to?" "Here. M doesn't want the St. Germain unit to get involved. Anything you have to printer to London. But I may not be available when you call up. I'll make someone you'ut duty officer and you'll be able to get them any time in the duty officer and you in be able to get them any time in the twenty-four hours. Russell can do it. Suit you?" "Yes," said Bond. "That'll be all right."

HE battered sedan, HE battered sedan, smelled of her. There were bits of her in the glove compartment—half a packet of milk chocolate, a twist of paper containing bobby-pins, a paper-back John O'Hara, a single black suede glove. Bond thought about her as far as the Etoile her and pushed the car along fast through the Bois.

Rattray had said it would take about feream in the said it would take about force and pushed the car along fast through the Bois.

Rattray had said it would take about fifteen minutes at fifty. Bond said to halve the speed and double the time and to tell Colonel Schreiber that he would be with him by speed and double the time and to tell Colonel Schreiber that he would be with him by the colonel Schreiber that he would be with him by the colonel Schreiber that he would be with him by the colonel Schreiber that he would be the colonel schreiber that he colonel schreiber that

## Continuing . . . FROM A VIEW TO A KILL

from page 43

As Bond pulled into the car park, with theatrical sudden-ness a hundred arc-lights blazed and lit up the acre of low-lying hutments in front of him. clared emergency in this matter, standing security and security ops committees were set up, and from that moment Feeling naked, Bond walked on every angle, every hint of a clue has been run to earth. Feeling naked, Bond walked across the open gravel beneath the flags of the NATO countries and ran up the four shalow steps to the wide glass doors that gave entrance to the Su-

that gave entrance to the Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe. Now there was the main Security desk. American and French military police again checked his pass. He was handed over to a red-capped British M.P. and led off down the main corridor past endless office doors.

dor past endless office doors. They bore no names but the usual alphabetical abracadabra of all headquarters. One said "Comstrikfulant and Saclant Liaison to Saceur." Bond asked what it meant. The military police man said stolidly: "Couldn't jiehtly say it?"

what it meant. The military police man said stolidily: police man said stolidily: "Couldn't rightly say, sir." Medical door that said "Colonel G. A. Schreiber, Chief of Security, Headquarters Command" was a ramord-traight, middle-aged American with greying hair and the politely negative manner of a bank manager.

After cautiously amiable preliminaries, Bond congratulated the Colonel on his security. He said: "All these checks and double checks don't make it

double checks don't make it easy for the opposition. Have you ever lost anything before, or have you ever found signs of a serious attempt at a coup?"

coup?"
"No to both questions, Commander. I'm quite satisfied about Headquarters. It's only the outlying units that worry me. Apart from this section of your Secret Service, we have various detached signal units. Then, of course, there are the Home Ministries of fourteen different nations. I can't ambout the course, when the course the services were serviced to the services of the services with the course of the services with the course of the services with the course of the services with the s

those quarters."
"It can't be an easy job," agreed Bond. "Now, about this mes. Has anything les come up since Wing-Commander Rattray spoke to you last?"

Severed the spinal cord. Probably fired at around thirty yards, give or take ten yards. Assuming our man was ridis.

Assuming our man was riding a straight course, the bullet must have been fired from dead

must have been fired from dead astern on a level trajectory. Since it can't have been a man standing in the road, the killer must have been moving in or on some vehicle." "So your man would have seen him in the driving-mir-ror?"

"If your riders find them-selves being followed, do they have any instructions about taking evasive action?" The Colonel smiled slightly. They for told to go like hell." "And at what speed did your man crash?" "Not fast, they think. Be-tween twenty and forty. What man they will be the server of the monder?" If was wondering if you'd decided whether it was a pro or an amateur job. If your nan wan't trying to get away,

or an amateur job. If your man wann't trying to get away, and assuming he saw the killer is only a probability, that suggests only a probability, that suggests only a probability, that suggests only a probability in the second rather than foe. That could mean some sort of a disguise that would fit in with the settled that the second ready here—something your man would accept even at that hour had been a some probability of the second ready and th

A small frown had been

those quarters."

ror?"
"Probably."

"And I can tell you, Com-"And I can tell you, Commander," he Colonel raised one well-manicured hand and let it descred in soft emphasis on his blotting-pad, "any man who can come up with an even remotely original idea on this case will have to be closely related to Einstein. There is only the continus, repeat nothing, repeat nothing, repeat nothing, repeat nothing, let be compared to the continue of the

less assignment he had ever less assignment he had ever been on. If the top security brains of fourteen countries were stumped, what hope had he got?

By the time he was in bed that night, in the spartan luxury of the visitors' overnight quarters. Bond had decided he quarters, Bond had decided ne would give it a couple more days—largely for the sake of keeping in touch with Mary Ann Russell for as long as possible—and then chuck it.

Not two, but four, days later. Not two, but four, days later, as the dawn came up over the Forest of St. Germain, James Bond was lying along the thick branch of an oak tree keeping watch over a small empty glade that lay deep among the trees bordering D.98, the road of the murder. He was dressed from head

might be worth while covering the whole forest. Sorry' — the voice sounded un-sorry — "but regative, aboutely negative."

"Oh. My fault for the wasted time. Mind if I have a talk with the handler?"

"Sure, sure. Anything you want. By the way, Commander, but the same of the wasted wasted to be around? Glad to have you with us for as long as you like. But it's a question of your room. Seems there's a big party coming in from Holland in a few days' time. Admin says they're a bit pushed for space."

Bond had not expected to get on well with Colonel Schreiber and he had not done to be supported to the work of the wasted to be what my Chief has to say and a support of the wasted to be with the work of the wasted to be with the work of the manner of both men were running out and the low receivers brook the line

men were running out and the

men were running out and the two receivers broke the line simultaneously. The chief handler was a Frenchman from the Landes He had the quick sly eyes of a poacher. Bond met him at the kennels, but the handler's proximity was too much for the Alastiana and, to get away in the challenge of the control of the desired of the control of th

is nothing there."

is nothing there."
"Do you mean to say they didn't check once?"
The handler scratched his head. "We had trouble with a bit of game, Monsieur. There was a hare or two. A couple of foxes' earth. We had quite a time getting them away from a clearing, near the Carrefour a clearing, near the Carrefour and the spinies."
"Oh." Bond was only mildly interested. "Show me. Who were these gipies?"
The handler pointed daintily with a griny little finger.

The handler pointed daintily with a grimy little finger. "These are the names from the old days. Here is the Etoile Parfaite, and here, where the killing took place, is the Carrefour des Curieux. And here, forming the bottom of the triangle, is the Carrefour Royal. It makes," he added dramatic aross with the road of deaths cross with the road of deaths.

of death."

He took a pencil out of his pocket and made a dot just off the crossroads. "And this is the clearing, Monsieur. There is the clearing, Monsieur. There was a gipsy caravan there for most of the winter. They left last month. Cleaned the place up all right, but, for the dogs, their scent will hang about there for months."

Bond thanked him, and after inspections of the cleaner of

Bond thanked him, and after inspecting and admiring the dogs and making some small talk about the handler's profession he got into the sedan and went off to the gendarmerie in St. Germain. Yes, crainly they had known other than the sedant of the sedant had been as the sedant of French, but they had behaved themselves. There had been no complaints, Six men

haved themselves. There had been no complaints. Six men and two women. No. No one had seen them go. One morning they just weren't there any more. Might have been gone a week for all one knew. They had chosen an isolated spot. Bond took the D.98 through the forest. When the great autoroute bridge showed up a quarter of a mile ahead over the road, Bond accelerated and and coasted silently until he came to the Carrefour Royal. He stopped and got out of the He stopped and got out of the car without a sound, and, feel-ing rather foolish, softly en-tered the forest and walked tly en-walked with great circumspection to-

ward where the clearing would be. Twenty yards inside the trees he came to it. He stood in the fringe of bushes and trees and examined it car-fully. Then he walked in and went over it from end to end.

went over it from end to end.
The clearing was about as big as two tennis courts and floored in thick grass and most rhere was one large patch of ililes of the valley and under the bordering trees a scattering of bluebells. To one side there was a low mound completely surrounded and covered with

was a low mound completely surrounded and covered with brambles and briar roses now thickly in bloom. Bond walked round this and sazed in among the roose, but there was nothing to see except the earthy and the room of the cound and then went to the room of the clearing that would be nearest to the road. Here there was easy access through the trees. Were there traces of a path, a slight flattening of the leaves? Not mose than would have been left by the gipsies or last year's pictures. On the edge of the road there was a narrow passage between two trees.

road there was a narrow passage between two trees. Casually Bond bent to ex-amine the trunks. He stiffened and dropped to a crouch. With a fingernail, he delicately scraped away a narrow aliver of caked mud. It hid a deep scratch in the tree-trunk. He caught the scraps of mud in his free hand.

The now spat and moistened the mud and care fully filled up the scratch again. There were three camouflaged scratches on one tree and four on the other.

cratches on one tree and four on the other.

Bond walked quickly out of the trees on to the road. His car had stopped on a slight slope leading down under the autoroute bridge. Although there was some protection from the boom of the traffic on the autoroute, Bond pushed the car, the gears when he was well under the bridge.

And now Bond was back in the clearing above it, and he still did not know if his hunch had been right. It had been M's dictum that had put him on the scent—if it was a scent—and the mention of the grown of the still did not know if his hunch dogs smelled ... Most of the winter ... they went last month. No complaints ... One morning they just weren't there are now more!"

The invisible factor. The invisible man. The people who are so much part of the back there're there or not. Six men

invisible main. In epople was are so much part of the background that you don't know if they're there or not. Six ma and two girls and they hardis spoke a word of French. Good cover, gipsies. You could be cover, gipsies. You could be agree, because you were only some of the caravan. Had some of in the caravan. Had some of them stayed, built themselves a hide-out during the winter, a secret place from which the hijacking of the top-secret ispatches had been the first sortie?

Bond had thought he was

dispatches had been the first sortie?

Bond had thought he was sortie?

Bond had thought he was building fantasies until he found the scratches, on the two trees. They were just at the height where, if one was the predate might catch against the bark. It could all be a pipedream, but it was good enough for Bond.

The only question in him was the bark. It could all be a pipedream, but it was good enough for Bond.

The only question in him down was the properties of the propert

Bond said goodbye to constant Schreiber and moved to a camp-bed in the unit's H.Q.—an anonymous house in an anonymous village back-street.

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the minutes of the various meetings to bring myself up to date, and if one of your men could show me the way to my quarters.

"I'll have those papers ready for you after you've had a meal and a drink. They'll be in my office. They can't be taken out, of course, but you'll find everything to hand next door, and Proctor will be able to fill you in on anything that's missing." A small frown had been gathering a cross Colonel Schreiber's smooth forehead. "Comminander," there was an edge of tension in the voice, "we have, of course, been considering every angle of this case, including the one you mention. At midday yesterday the commanding general de-

missing."
"Okay? Then we'll meet again in the morning."
Bond said good-night and followed the aide out. As he walked along the neutral-painted, neutral-smelling corridors, he reflected that this was probably the most hope-

to foot in parachutists' camou to foot in parachuists' camou-lage :- green, brown, and black. Even his hands were covered with the stuff, and covered with the stuff, and eyes and mouth. It was good camoulage which would be eyes and mouth. It was good camoulage which would be still better when the sun was higher and the shadows blacker, and from anywhere on blacker, and from anywhere on low the high branch, he could not be seen. not be seen.

It had come about like It had come about like this.
The first two days at SHAPE
had been the expected waste
of time. Bond had achieved
nothing except to make himself nothing except to make himself mildly unpopular with the per-sistence of his double-checking questions. On the morning of the third day he was about to go and say his goodbyes when, he had a telephone call from the Colonel.

"Oh, Commander, thought I'd let you know that the last team of police dogs got in late last night -- your idea that it

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 3, 1962

The unit had provided the camoullage outfit and the four Secret Service men who ran the unit had happily put themselves under Bond's orders. They realised as well as Bond did that if Bond managed to wipe the eye of the whole security machine of SHAPE, the Secret machine of SHAPE, the Secret Service would have won a price-less feather in its cap "cise" the SHAPE Tilly Com-mand, and M's worries over the independence of his unit would be gone for ever. Bond, lying along the oak branch, smilled to himself. Pri-

vate armies, private wars. How much energy they siphoned off

much energy they siphoned off from the common cause, how much fire they directed away from the common enemy! Six-thirty. Time for break-fast. Cautiously Bond's right hand fumbled in his clothing and came up to the slit of his mouth. Bond made the glucose tablet last as long as possible and then sucked another. His

eyes never left the glade.

The red squirrel that had appeared at first light and had been steadily eating away a young beech shoots ever since ran a few feet nearer to the ran a rew leet nearer to the rosebushes on the mound, picked up something, and began turning it in his paws and nibbling at it.

Two wood-pigeons that had Two wood-pigeons that had been noisily courting among the thick grass started to make clumsy, fluttering love. Bees clustered thick among the roses on the mound, and from where he was, perhaps twenty yards away from and above the mound. Bond could just hear their summery sound. It was a scene from a fairytale — the birds, and the great shafts of sunlieth lancine down through the tall trees into the pool of glistening green.

Bond had climbed to his hideout at four in the morning hideout at four in the morning and he had never examined so closely or for so long the transition from night to a glorious day. He suddenly felt rather foolish. Any moment now and some silly bird would come and sit on his head!

IT was the pigeons that gave the first alarm. With a loud clatter they took off and dashed into the trees. All the birds followed, and the squirre, Now the glade was quite quiet except for the soft hum of the bees. What had sounded the alarm? Bond's heart began to shunn His eves hunted, quarthump. His eyes hunted, quar-tering the glade for a clue.

Something was moving among the roses. It was a tiny movement, but an extraordinary one. Slowly, inch by inch, a single thorny stem, an inch, a single thorny stem, an unnaturally straight and rather thick one, was rising through the upper branches. It went on rising until it was a clear foot above the bush.

Then it stopped. There was a solitary pink rose at the tip of the term.

a solitary pink rose at the tip of the stem. Separated from the bush it looked unnatural, but only if one happened to have watched the whole pro-cess. At a casual glance it case at the casual planes is ease. Now, silently, the petals of the rose seemed to swited and expand, the yellow pistile and expand, and sun glinted on a glass lens the size of a shil-ling.

The lens seemed to be looking straight at Bond, but then very, very slowly the rose-cye began to turn on its stem and continued to turn until the lens continued to turn until the lens was again looking at Bond and the whole glade had been minutely surveyed. As if satisfied, the petals softly swivelled to cover the eye and very slowly the single rose descended to join the others.

Bond's breath came out with Bond's breath came out with a rush. He momentarily closed his eyes to rest them. Gipsies! If that piece of machinery was any evidence, inside the mound, deep down in the earth, was certainly the most professional left-behind spy unit that had

#### Continuing ... FROM A VIEW TO A KILL

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ever been devised — far more brilliant than anything England and prepared to operate in the wake of a successful German invasion, far better than what the Germans themselves had left behind in the Ardennes. A shiver of excitement and anticipation—almost of fear-ran down Bond's spine. So he had been which the ever been devised -- far more

So he had been right! But

So he had been right! But what was to be the next act? Now, from the direction of the mound, came a thin high-pitched whine — the sound of an electric motor at very high revs. The rosebush trembled shightly. The brest took off, hovered, and settled again, solwly, a jagged fissure formed down the crowdly widened. Now the two hoothly widened. Now the two hoothly widened. The dark aperture broadened the control of the bush were opening like double doors. The dark aperture broadened The dark aperture broadened until Bond could see the roots of the bush running into the earth on both sides of the opening doorway.

The whine of machinery was a glint of metal from the edges of the curved doors. It was like the opening of a hinged Easter egg. In a moment the two segments stood apart and the two halvest of the rosebush, still alive which bees, were splayed widely open. Now the inside of the metal castson that supported the earth analed to the sun. There was a glint of pale electric light from the dark aperture between the curved doors.

The whine of the motor had The whine of machinery was

The whine of the motor had stopped. A head and shoulders appeared, and then the rest of the man. He climbed softly out the man. He climbed softly out and crouched, looking sharply round the glade. There was a gun—a Luger—in his hand. Satisfied, he turned and ges-tured into the shaft. The head and shoulders of a second man appeared. He handed up three pairs of what looked like snow-

appeared. He handed up three pairs of what looked like snow-shoes and ducked out of sight. The first man selected a pair and knelt and strapped them over his boots. Now he moved about more freely, leaving no footprints, for the grass flattened only momentarily under the wide mesh and then rose slowly again. Bond smiled to himself. Clever devills.

Clever devil!

The second man emerged. He was followed by a third. Between them they manhandled a motor-yele out of the shaft as motor-yele out of the shaft as the second holding it slung between them by harness webbing when the best of the shaft and the trees toward the road. There was something extraordinarily sinister about the way they softly high - stepped along through the shadows, lifting and carefully placing each big webbed foot in turn.

webbed foot in turn.

Bond let out a long sigh of released tension and laid his head softly down on the branch to relax the strain in his neck muscles. So that was the score been the last small detail could now be added to the file. While the two underlings were dressed in grey overalls, the leader was wearing the uniform of the

go the high-speed Ciphers? There would be many good incre would be many good enemy secrets down that shaft if Bond could round up the unit when it was outside the hideout. And what a chance to

feed back phony intelligence to GRU, the Soviet Military Intelligence Apparat, which was presumably the control! Bond's thoughts raced.

Bond's thoughts raced.

The two underlings were coming back. They went into the shalt and the toler with this machine would be a mong the bushes of the care of the road. Bond further of the son the weekly run, which was unlikely, or he was assuming that SHAPE would now change the routine for additional security.

These were careful people.
Probably their orders were to clean up as much as possible before the summer came and before the summer came and there were too many holiday-makers about in the forest. Then the unit might be pulled out and put back again in the winter. Who could say what crime sort of thing. He couldn't care less. He's practically closed the file on this business. Now, be a good girl and do as you're told. Just put my report on the printer to M. He'll see the point

printer to M. He'll see the point of me cleaning this thing up. He won't object."
"Darn M! Darn you! Darn the whole silly Service!" There were angry tears in the voice. "You're just a lot of chil-dren playing at Red Indians. Taking these people on by your-self! It's showing off. That's all it is. Showing off."

Bond was beginning to get annoyed. He said: "That's enough Mary Ann. Put that report on the printer. I'm sorry, but it's an order."

sorry, but it's an order."
There was resignation in the voice. "Oh, all right. You don't have to pull your rank on me. But don't get burt. At least you'll have the boys from the local Station to pick up the bits. Good luck." "Thanks, Mary Ann. And will you have dinner with me tomorrow night? Some place like Armenoville. Fink cham-

Roi, and there was the straggle of St. Nom. Here he would be turning sharp right on to D.98 the "death route." as the handler had called it. Bond handler had called it. Bond pulled into the grass verge and once more looked to the long-barrel. 45 Colt. He put the warm gun back against his stomach and left the jacket button undone. On your marks! Get set

Bond took the sharp corner and accelerated up to fifty. The viaduct carrying the Paris autoroute loomed up ahead. The dark mouth of the tunnel The dark mouth of the tunnel beneath it opened and swallowed him. The noise of his exhaust was gigantic, and for an instant there was a tunnel smell of cold and damp. Then he was out in the sunshine again and immediately across the Carrefour Royal.

Ahead the oily tarmac glittered dead straight for two miles through the enchanted forest and there was a sweet forest and there was a sweet smell of leaves and dew. Bond cut his speed to forty. The driving-mirror by his left hand shivered slightly with his speed. It showed nothing but an empty unfurfing vista of road between lines of trees that curled away behind him like a green wake. No sign of the killer. Had he taken fright? Had there been some hitch?

Had there been some hitch?
But then there was a tiny black speck in the centre of the convex glass—a midge that became a fly and then a bee and then a beetle. Now it was a crash-helmet bent low over headlblack became too be a crash-helmet bent low over handlebars between two big black paws. He was coming fast! Bond's eyes flickered from the mirror to the road ahead and back to the mirror. When the killer's right hand went for his gun . . ! Bond slowed — thirty-five,

thirty, twenty. Ahead the tar mac was smooth as metal. A last quick look in the mirror. The right hand had left the handlebars. The sun on the man's goggles made huge fiery eyes below the rim of the crash-helmet. Now! Bond braked fercely and skidded the bike through forty-five degrees, killing the engine. He was not quite quick enough on the draw. quite draw.

draw.

The killer's gun flared twice and a bullet tore into the saddle-springs beside Bond's thigh. But then the Colt spoke its single word, and the killer and his bike, as if lassoed from within the forest werend crazily. within the forest, veered crazily off the road, leapt the ditch, and crashed head on into the trunk of a beech. For a moment the tangle of man and machinery clung to the broad trunk and then, with a metallic death-rattle, toppled backwards

death-rattle, toppled backwarus into the grass. Bond got off his machine and walked over to the ugly twist of khaki and smoking steel. There was no need to feel for a pulse. Wherever the bullet had struck the crash-elmet had smashed like an eggshell. Bond turned away and thrust his gun back into eggshell. Bond turned away and thrust his gun back into the front of his tunic. He had been lucky. It would not do to press his luck. He got on the bike and accelerated back down the road.

He leant the bike up against

He leant the bike up against one of the scarred trees just inside the forest and walked softly through to the edge of the clearing. He took up his stand in the shadow of the big beech. He moistened his lips and gave, as near as he could, and the big the waited. Had he got the whistle wrong?

wrong? But then the bush trembled and the high, thin whine be-gan. Bond hooked his right and the nign, time ".....gan. Bond hooked his right thumb through his belt within inches of the gun-butt. He hoped he would not have to do any more killing. The two underlings had not seemed to be armed. With any luck they would come quietly. Now the csrved doors were open. From where he was

Bond could not see down the shaft, but within seconds the shaft, but within seconds the shaft, but within seconds the second followed. Snowthees second followed. Snowthee second followed. Snowthee should be shaft missed a best, the had for spotten them! They must be hidden back there in the bushes. Blasted fool! Would they notice? The two men came slowly toward him, delicately placing their feet.

their feet.

about twenty feet away, the leading man said something softly in what sounded like Russian. When Bond did not reply, the two men stopped their tracks. They stared at their tracks. They stared at him in astonishment, waiting perhaps for the answer to a password. Bond sensed trouble, He whipped out his gun and moved toward them, crouching.

He gestured with the muzzle He gestured with the muzzle of the Colt. The leading man shouted an order and threw himself forward. At the same time the second man made a dash back toward the hide-out. A rifle boomed from among the trees and the man's right leg buckled under him. The men from the Station broke cover and came running, Bond ell to one knee and clubbed ell to one knee and clubbed. cover and came running. Bond fell to one knee and clubbed upwards with his gun-barrel at the hurtling body. It made contact, but then the man was on him. Bond saw fingernails flashing toward his eyes, ducked, and ran into an uppercut.

Now a hand was at his right Now a hand was at his right wrist and his gun was being slowly turned on him. Not wanting to kill, he had kept the safety-catch up. He tried to get his thumb to it. A boot hit him in the side of the head and he let the gun go and fell back. Through a red mist he saw the muzzle of the gun pointing at his face. The pointing at his face. thought flashed through mind that he was going to die
—die for showing mercy . . .

—die for showing mercy. ...
Suddenly the gun-muzzle had
gone and the weight of the
man was off him. Bond got to
his knees and then to his feet.
The body, spreadeagled in the
grass beside him, gave a last
kick. There were bloody rents
in the back of the dungarees.
Bond looked round. The four
men from the Station were in men from the Station were in a group. Bond undid the strap of his crash-helmet and rubbed the side of his head. He said: "Well, thanks. Who did it?"

"Well, thanks. Who did it?"
Nobody answered. The men looked embarrassed.
Bond walked toward them, puzzled. "What's up?"
Suddenly Bond caught a trace of movement behind the men awoman's leg. Bond laughed out to did. The men grinned sheepishly and looked behind them. Mary Ann. Russell in a brown. Mary Ann Russell, in a brown shirt and black jeans, came out shirt and black ieans, came oyther behands up. One of the hands held what looked like a 22 target pistol. She brought her hands down and tucked the pistol into the top of her jeans. She came up to Bond. She said anxiously: "You won't blame anxbody, will you? I just wouldn't let them leave this morning without me." Her

morning without me." Her eves pleaded. "Rather lucky I did come, really. I mean, I just happened to get to you first. No one wanted to shoot for fear

No one wanted to shoot for fear of hitting you."

Bond smiled into her eyes. He said: "If you han't come, I'd have had to break that dinner date." He turned back the men. his " I'd have had to break that din-ner date." He turned back to the men, his voice businessilke. "All right. One of you take the motor-bike and report the gist of this to Colonel Schreiber. Sav we're waiting for his team before we take a look at the hide-out. And would he inhide-out. And would he include a couple of anti-sabotage men. That shaft may be booby-trapped. All right?"

Bond took the girl by the arm. He said: "Come over here. I want to show you a bird's nest."

nest."
"Is that an order?"
"Yes." (Copyright)

the long-term plans were? Sufficient that the leader was preparing for another kill.

paring for another kill.

The minutes ticked by. At seven-ten the leader reappeared. He stood in the shadow of a big tree at the edge of the clearing and whistled once on a brief, high, birdlike note. Immediately the rosebush began to open and the two underlings came out and followed the leader back into the trees. But the stood of the control of th them down into the shaft and the two halves of the rosebush closed swiftly behind him.

closed swiftly behind him.

Half an hour later life had
started up in the glade again.
An hour later still, when the
high sun had darkened the
shadows, James Bond silently
edged barkwards along his
branch, dropped softly on to
a patch of moss behind some
brambles, and melted carefully
back into the forest.

That evening Bond's routine call with Mary Ann Russell was a stormy one. She said: "You're crazy. I'm not going to let you do it. I'm going to get Head of F to ring up Colonel Schreiber and tell him the whole story. This is SHAPE'S job. Not yours."

Bond said sharply: "You'll de nothing of the sort. Colonel Schreiber says he's perfectly happy to let me make a dummy run tomorrow morning instead of the duty dispatch-rider. That's all he needs to know at this stage. Reconstruction of the pagne and gipsy violins. Paris in the spring routine."

"Yes," she said seriously. "I'd like that. But then take care all the more, would you? Please?"

"Of course I will. Don't orry. Good night."

"Night."

Bond spent the rest of the evening putting a last high polish on his plans and giving a final briefing to the four men from the Station.

It was another beautiful day Bond, sitting comfortably astride the throbbing B.S.A. waiting for the off, could hardly waiting for the off, could hardly believe in the ambush that would now be waiting for him just beyond the Carrefour Royal. The corporal from the Signal Corps who had handed him his empty dispatch-cas and was about to give him the signal to go said: "You look as if you'd been in the Royal Corps all your life, sir. Time as if you been in the Royal Corps all your life, sir. Time dyou like the bike, sir?" "Goes like a dream. If do roctten what fun these things are."

sotten what fun these things are."
"Give me a nice little sedan any day, sir." The corporal looked at his watch. "Seven o'clock just coming up." He held up his thumb. "Okay." Bond pulled the soggles down over his eyes, lifted a hand to the corporal, kicked the machine into gear, and wheeled off across the gravel and through the main gates.

Off 184 and on to 307, through Bailly and Noisy-le-