

# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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recent collection "For Your Eyes Only."

IAN FLEMING'S Secret Service Agent James Bond (Eton, Sandhurst) and man-about 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"—champagne with orange, "fine a l'eau"—cognac and water, "Americano"—bitter campari, vermouth, lemon peel, and soda).

Ian Fleming, once a Fleet Street journalist, wrote his first best-seller, "Casino Royale," in Jamaica ten years 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



# FROM A VIEW TO A KILL

BY IAN FLEMING

ILLUSTRATED BY BECK

**T**HE eyes behind the wide black rubber goggles were cold as flint. In the howling speed-turmoil of a B.S.A. M.20 doing seventy, they were the only quiet things in the hurtling flesh and metal. Protected by the glass of the goggles, they stared fixedly ahead from just above the centre of the handlebars, and their dark unwavering focus was that of gun-muzzles.

Below the goggles, the wind had got into the face through the mouth and had wrenched the lips back into a square grin that showed big tombstone teeth and strips of whitish gum. On both sides of the grin the cheeks had been blown out by the wind into pouches that fluttered slightly. To right and left of the hurtling face under the crash-helmet, the black gauntlets, broken-wristed at the controls, looked like the attacking paws of a big animal.

The man was dressed in the uniform of a dispatch- rider in the Royal Corps of Signals, and his machine, painted olive-green, was, with certain modifications to the valves and the carburettor and the removal of some of the silencer baffles to give more speed, identical with a standard British Army machine. There was nothing in the man or his equipment to suggest that he was not what he appeared to be, except a

fully loaded Luger held by a clip to the top of the petrol tank.

It was seven o'clock on a May morning, and the dead straight road through the forest glittered with the tiny luminous mist of spring. On both sides of the road the moss- and flower-carpeted depths between the great oak trees held the theatrical enchantment of the royal forests of Versailles and St. Germain.

The road was D.98, a secondary road serving local traffic in the St. Germain area, and the motor-cyclist had just passed beneath the Paris-Mantes autoroute, already thundering with commuter traffic for Paris. He was heading north toward St. Germain, and there was no one else in sight in either direction, except, perhaps half a mile ahead, an almost identical figure—another Royal Corps dispatch-rider.

He was a younger, slimmer man, and he sat comfortably back on his machine, enjoying the morning and keeping his speed to around forty. He was well on time, and it was a beautiful day. He wondered whether to have his eggs fried or scrambled when he got back to H.Q. around eight.

Five hundred yards, four hundred, three, two, one. The man coming up from behind slowed to fifty. He put his right gauntlet up to his teeth and pulled it off. He stuffed

"Let's go," James Bond said to Mary Ann as they stood beside her black sedan.



the gauntlet between the buttons of his tunic and reached down and unclipped the gun.

By now he must have been big in the driving-mirror of the young man ahead, for suddenly the young man jerked his head around, surprised to find another dispatch-rider on his run at that time of the morning. He expected that it would be an American or perhaps French military police. It might be anyone from the eight NATO nations that made up the staff of SHAPE, but when he recognised the uniform of the corps he was astonished and delighted. Who the heck could it be?

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, Wally—might be Wally, same thick build. Good show! He'd be able to pull his leg about that little girl in the canteen—Louise, Elise, 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 dispatch-rider. 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

ironical finger in salute and self-protection—"One magpie is sorrow."

Twenty yards behind him the man with the gun took both hands off the handlebars, lifted the Luger, rested it carefully on his left forearm, and fired one shot.

The young man's hands whipped off his controls and met across the centre of his spine. His machine veered across the road, jumped a narrow ditch, and ploughed into a patch of grass and lilies-of-the-valley. There it rose up on its screaming back wheel and slowly crashed backwards on top of its dead rider. The B.S.A. coughed and kicked and tore at the young 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 eyelid.

Just as roughly he tore the black leather dispatch-case off the corpse and ripped open the buttons of the tunic and removed a battered leather wallet. He wrenched a cheap wristwatch so sharply off the left wrist that the chrome expanding 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 tunic pocket he listened. There were only forest sounds

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# Continuing . . . FROM A VIEW TO A KILL

from page 17

and the slow tick of hot metal from the crashed B.S.A. The fitter retraced his steps to the road. He walked slowly, scuffing leaves over the tyre marks. It was extra trouble over the deep scars in the ditch and the grass verge, and then stood before his motorcycle as if he had found the lily of the valley patch.

Not bad! Probably only the police dogs would get it, and, with terms of a minute or so, they could be hours, perhaps days — plenty long enough. The main thing in these jobs was to have enough safety for the man at forty yards, but he had preferred to get to twenty. And taking the watch and the hat had been nice touches — pleases with himself, the man heaved his machine off its rest, vaulted smartly into the saddle, and started 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 redrawn the turnip grin across his face.

Around the scene of the killing, the fog, the mist held its breath while it was done, slowly began to breathe again.

**J**AMES BOND had his first drink of the evening at Fouquet's. It was not a solid drink. One cannot drink Scotch in France. Out of doors on a pavement in the sun is no place for vodka or whisky or gin. A "cognac and brandy" is fairly steady, but it 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 indifferent champagne is a bad foundation for the night. Periodic is possible, but it should be drunk in company, and, anyway, Bond had never liked the stuff because its liquoric taste reminded him of his childhood.

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

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 lunch at the Cafe de la Paix, the Rotonde, or the Dome, because the food 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 age of sixteen, he had done what Harry's advertisement in the "Continental Daily Mail" had told him to do, and had said to his taxi-driver, "Sank Reo Doe Noo." That had started one of the most interesting evenings of his life, culminating in the loss of his notecase.

For dinner Bond went to one of the great restaurants — Vefour, the Caneton, Lucas-Carton, or the Cochon d'Or. These he considered, whatever Michelin might say about the Tour d'Argent, Maxim's and the like, to have somehow avoided the tarnish of the expensive account and the dollar. Anyway, he paid for his cooking. After dinner he generally went to the Place Pigalle to see what would happen to him. When, usually nothing, he would walk home across Paris to the Gare du Nord and go to bed.

Tonight Bond decided to tear up this duty address book and have himself an old-fashioned good time. He was on his way through Paris after a dinnally failed assignment on

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 back. 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 at his London headquarters on the following day to make his report, and the thought of it all depressed him. Today had been so beautiful — one of those days when you almost believe that Paris is beautiful and gay — and Bond had decided to give the town just one more chance.

He would somehow find himself a girl who was a real girl, and he would take her to dinner and she would believe her place in the Bois like the Armenoville. To clean the monkey-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 possibly Solange, because these are names that suit my mood and the evening. We know each 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

make you happy and fat." And she would look relieved, and 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 evening it would not be his fault if it transpired that there was in fact no shred of truth left in the old fairy tale of "A good 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 fantasy 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.

The waiter's rick clattered down on the marble-topped table. With a slick one-handed jerk that Bond had never been able to copy, the waiter's bottle opened prised the cap off the Ferrer. The man slipped the ticket under the ice-bucket which said a mechanical "voilà, 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 wrapping of a battered black sedan broke out of the centre stream of traffic, cut across the inside of the cars, and pulled in to double-park at the kerb. There was the usual screaming of brakes, hooting and yelling. Traffic unmoved, a girl got out the window and the way she held herself promised that it would be beautiful.

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.

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 was something to meet someone — her sweetheart. She was the sort of woman who always belongs to somebody else. She was looking for him. Why she was in such a hurry.

And she was looking straight at him. She was smiling. . . . Of course Bond could pull himself together, but now there was up to his table and had drawn out a chair and sat down.

She smiled rather tautly into his startled eyes. "I'm sorry 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 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. 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 your fringes and what's it all about?"

She said, concentrating on the traffic: "From the Station. Grade two assistant. Number 755 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."

She smiled. "I'd only tried Harry's Bar, and after Fouquet's I was going to start on the restaurants. It was marvellous picking you up like that. I hope I wasn't very clumsy."

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 suppose of the girl. If she started a scene I was going to offer to take her home in my car and for her to take a taxi."

"You sound pretty resourceful. How long have you been in the Service?" "Five years." This it my first time with a Station."

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

"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 to even the meanest of them. They're afraid you haven't seen them. And they're worried by the bashed-about-

"The trouble is that this rotten business is all SHAPE needs to bring M to heel. Anyway, he says you're to get down there right away. I've fixed up clearance for you. Got your right to move up to report to Colonel Schreiber, Headquarters Command Security Branch. American. Efficient chap. He's been handling the thing from the beginning. He's already done just about all that there was to be done."

"What's his name?" "What actually happened?" "Head of F picked up a map from his desk and walked over with it. It was the big-scale Michelin map of Paris."

**H**E pointed with a pencil. "Here's Versailles, and here, just north of the park, is the big junction of the Sables-Mantes and the Versailles autoroutes. A couple of hundred yards north of that, on N.184, is the Avenue des Yvelines. Report at seven in the morning, a Special Services dispatch-rider leaves SHAPE with the weekly Intelligence stuff. I told you 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 built-up area, for security reasons you 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, to-day it was a corporal from the Corps of Signals, good solid man called Bates, and when he hadn't reported for duty — they sent another rider to look for him. Not a trace, and he hadn't reported at our H.Q."

"He's right-hundred the Security Branch was on the job, and by nine the roadblocks were up. The police and Security were told and search parties got under way. The dogs found him, but not till the evening around six, and by that time he'd been on any clues on the road they'd been wiped out by the traffic."

Head of F handed the map to Bond: "All the steps have been taken — frontiers, ports, aerodromes, and so forth. But that sort of thing is the job of a professional job, wherever did it could have had the stuff out of the country."

"Russell. At Fouquet's." "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. I've got to see to it, and pressed down a switch. "Signal to M, please. Personal from Head of Station, Located at Fourqueux, now. Okay?" Bond pulled a chair over by the open window. Half an hour before he had been fed-up with Paris, and he was going. Now he hoped he would be staving in.

Head of F said: "Somebody got out a downpour from SHAPE to the St. Ger-

main Station yesterday morning. The weekly run from the SHAPE Intelligence Division with the Summaries, Joint Intelligence papers, the certain Order of Battle — all the top gear. One shot in the back. Took his dispatch-case and his wallet and he was gone."

Bond said: "That's bad. No chance that it was an ordinary hold-up. Or do they think the bullet and watch were cover?" "SHAPE Security can't make up their minds. On the whole, they guess it was cover. Seven o'clock this morning's a very fine time for a hold-up. But you can argue it out with them when you get down there. M's senses were as his personal representative. He's worried. Apart from the loss of the Intelligence department, I think people have never liked having one of our own in the Reservation, so to speak."

"For years they've been trying to get the St. Germain unit incorporated in the SHAPE Intelligence set-up. But you know what M is, independent old devil. He's never been happy about NATO Security. What's the SHAPE Intelligence Division there are not only a couple of Frenchmen and an Italian but the head of their Counter Intelligence and Security section is a German!"

Bond whistled. "The trouble is that this rotten business is all SHAPE needs to bring M to heel. Anyway, he says you're to get down there right away. I've fixed up clearance for you. Got your right to move up to report to Colonel Schreiber, Headquarters Command Security Branch. American. Efficient chap. He's been handling the thing from the beginning. He's already done just about all that there was to be done."

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# Continuing . . . FROM A VIEW TO A KILL

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by midday or into an embassy in Paris inside an hour."

"Bond said impatiently: "Exactly! And so what the hell does M expect me to do? Tell SHAPE Security to do it all over again, but seriously, with the help of F smiled sympathetically. "Matter of fact I put much the same point of view to M over the scrambling. That's why we're F was quite reasonable. Said he wanted to show 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 might be the sort of person I might pick up the invisible factor."

"I asked him what he meant, and he said that at all closely guarded headquarters there's bound to be an invisible man—a man everyone takes so much for granted that he's never noticed—like gardener, window-cleaner, postman. I said that SHAPE had thought of that, and he said all those things were done by enlisted men. M told me not to be so literal-minded and hung up."

"He said, '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 say I'll put straight on the printer to London. But I may be able to make you call up. I'll make someone your duty officer and you'll be able to get them any time in the next four hours. Russell can do it. Suit you?"

"Yes," said Bond. "That'll be all right."

THE battered sedan, commandeered by Rattray, smelled of her. There were bits of her in all those compartments—half a packet of milk chocolate, a bit of paper containing tobby-pins, a paperback John O'Hara, a single black suede glove. Bond thought about her as far as the Etiole and then closed his mind to her and nudged the car along fast through the Bois.

Rattray had said it would take about fifteen minutes at fifty. Bond said to halve the time and double the time and to tell Colonel Schreiber that he would be with him by nine-thirty. After the Porte du St. Cloud there was little traffic, and Bond held seventy on the autoroute until the second exit road came up on his right and there was the red arrow for SHAPE. Bond turned up the slope and on to N164.

Two hundred yards farther, in the centre of the road, was the traffic policeman Bond had been told to look out for. The policeman waved him in through the big gates on the left and he pulled up at the first check-point. A grey-uniformed American policeman hung out of his cabin and glanced at his pass.

He was told to pull inside and hold it. Now a French policeman took his pass, noted the details on a printed form, gave him a large windscreen number, and waved him on.

As Bond pulled into the car park, with theatrical suddenness a hundred arc-lights blazed and lit up the scene of the following humpings in front of him.

Feeling naked, Bond walked across the open gravel beneath the flags of the NATO countries, two long steps to the wide glass doors that gave entrance to the Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers in Europe. He was the American and French military police again checked his pass. He was handed a British M.P. and led off down the main corridor past endless office doors. They bore no names but the usual alphabetical abracadabra of all headquarters. One said "Konstruktifklat and Saclant Liaison to Saecur." Bond asked what it meant. The military policeman said stolidly: "Couldn't rightly say, sir."

Behind a door that said "Colonel G. Schreiber, Chief of Security, Headquarters Command" was a ramrod-straight, middle-aged American with graying hair. He looked at Bond in a hostile, 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 easy for the opposition. Have you ever lost anything before, or do you ever fear signs of a serious attempt at a coup?"

"No to both questions, Commander. I'm quite satisfied about Headquarters and only the outlying units that worry me. Apart from this section of your Secret Service, we have various detached sign units. In some of course, there are the Home Ministries of fourteen different nations. I can't answer for what may leak through those quarters."

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

"Got the bullet," Luger. Severed the spinal cord. Probably fired from only ten yards, give or take ten yards. Assuming our man was riding a straight course, the bullet 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-mirror."

"Probably."

"If your riders find themselves being followed, do they have any instructions about taking evasive action?"

The Colonel smiled slightly. "They're told to go like hell."

"And at what speed do you mean?"

"Not fast, they think. Between twenty and forty. What are you getting at, Commander?"

"I was wondering if you'd decided whether it was a pro or an amateur job. If your man wasn't trying to get away, and assuming he saw you in his mirror, which I agree is only a probability, that suggests that he accepted the mission on his tail, as friend rather than foe. That could mean some sort of a disguise that would fit in with the set-up here—something he wouldn't accept even at that hour of the morning."

A small frown had been gathering across Colonel Schreiber's smooth forehead. "Commander," 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-

clared emergency in this matter, standing security and security ops committees were set up, and from that moment on every angle, every hint of a clue has been run to earth."

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

Bond smiled sympathetically. He got to his feet. "In that case, Colonel, I won't waste any more of your time this evening. If I could just have

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 would give it a couple more days—largely for the sake of Ann Russell for as long as possible—and then chuck it.

"Not two, but four, days later, as the dawn came up over the Forest of St. Germain, James Bond was lying along the thick green of a small empty glade 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 — but the voice sounded un-sorry — "but negative, absolutely negative."

"Oh, My fault for the walk with the handler?"

"Sure, sure. Anything you want. By the way, Commander, how are you and the dog? Would be around? Glad to have you with us for as long as you like. But it's a question of your room. Should I have a party coming in from Holland in a few days' time. Admin says they're a bit pushed for space."

Bond had not expected to see him and went to the corner of the clearing that would be nearest to the road. Here there was easy access through the trees to the edge of a path, a slight flattening of the leaves? Not more than would have been left by the gipsies or last year's picnickers. On the edge of the road there was a narrow passage between two trees.

He had the quick eyes of a poacher. Bond met him at the kennels, but the handler's proximity was too much for the Alsatians and, to get away from the noise, he took Bond into the duty-room, a tiny office with binoculars hanging from pegs, and waterproofs, gumboots, dog-barnes, and other gear stacked round the walls.

There were a couple of deal chairs and a table covered with a large-scale map of the Forest of St. Germain. This had been marked off into pencilled squares. The handler made a gesture over the map. "The dogs covered it all, Monsieur. 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' earths. We had quite a time getting them away from a clearing near the Carrefour Royal. They probably still smelled the gipsies."

"Oh," Bond was only mildly interested. "Show me. Who were these gipsies?"

The handler pointed daintily with a grimy little finger. "There's the name of the old days. Here is the Etiole Parfaite, and here, where the killing took place, is the Carrefour Parfaite, and here, where the bottom of the triangle, is the Carrefour Royal. It makes, he added dramatically, "a cross with the road 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 was a gipsy caravan there for most of the winter. They left last month. Cleaned the place then all right, but for the dog's scent will hang about there for months."

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 to the kennels in St. Germain. Yes, certainly he had known the gipsies. Real Romany-looking fellows, all right, but not of French, but they had behaved themselves. There had been no complaints. Six men and two women. Bond had seen them go. One morning they just weren't there any more. Might have been gone a time, but he was sure they had chosen an isolated spot.

Bond took the D.98 through the forest. When the great autoroute bridge was a quarter of a mile ahead over the road, Bond accelerated and then switched off the engine and stepped silently into the Carrefour Royal. He stopped and got out of the sedan with a sound, and feeling rather foolish, softly entering the forest and 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 carefully. There he walked in and went over it from end to end.

The clearing was about as big as two tennis courts and flooded in thick grass and moss. There was one large tree of lilies of the valley, and under the bordering trees a scattering of bluebells. To one side there was a low mound, completely covered with a carpet of brambles and briar roses now thickly in bloom. Bond walked round this and gazed in among the trees, but there was nothing to see except the earthy shape of the mound.

Bond took one last look round and then went to the corner of the clearing that would be nearest to the road. Here there was easy access through the trees to the edge of a path, a slight flattening of the leaves? Not more than would have been left by the gipsies or last year's picnickers. On the edge of the road there was a narrow passage between two trees.

Casually Bond bent to examine the quick eyes of a poacher. Bond met him at the kennels, but the handler's proximity was too much for the Alsatians and, to get away from the noise, he took Bond into the duty-room, a tiny office with binoculars hanging from pegs, and waterproofs, gumboots, dog-barnes, and other gear stacked round the walls.

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from page 44

The unit had provided the camouflage outfit and the four Secret Service men who ran the unit had happily put themselves under Bond's orders. . . .

Bond, lying along the oak branch, smiled at himself. Private armies, private wars. How much energy they siphoned off from the common cause. . . .

Six-thirty. Time for breakfast. Cautiously Bond's right hand fumbled in his clothing. . . .

The red squirrel that had appeared at first light and had been feeding calmly away from the young beech shoots ever since ran a few feet nearer to the rosebushes on the mound. . . .

Two wood-pigeons that had been noisily courting among the beech grass started to make clumsy, fluttering love. . . .

Bond had climbed to his hideout at four in the morning and he had never examined so closely as for so long the transition from night to day. . . .

It was the pigeons that gave the first alarm. With a quick clatter they took off and dashed into the trees. . . .

Then it stopped. There was a solitary pink rose at the tip of the stem. Separated from the bush it looked unnatural. . . .

Bond let out a long sigh of released tension and laid his head softly down on the branch to rest. . . .

Bond's breath came out with a rush. He momentarily closed his eyes to rest them. . . .

ever been devised — far more brilliant than anything England had prepared to operate in the wake of a successful German invasion. . . .

Now two halves of the tunnel of an electric motor at very high revs. The rosebush trembled slightly. . . .

The white of machinery was louder and there was a glint of metal from the curved doors. . . .

The whine of the motor had stopped. A head and shoulders appeared, and then the rest of the man. . . .

The first man stepped a sign and knelt and straddled a pair of his boots. . . .

Then the second man emerged. He was followed by a third. . . .

Bond let out a long sigh of released tension and laid his head softly down on the branch to rest. . . .

That evening Bond's routine call with Mary Ann Russell was a stormy one. . . .

Bond said sharply: "You'll do nothing of the sort. Colonel Keith is my best friend. . . .

There would be many good enemy secrets down that shaft unit when it was outside the hideout. . . .

crime sort of thing. He couldn't care less. He's practically closed the file on this business. . . .

"Darn M! Darn you! Darn the whole silly Service!" There were angry tears in the voice. . . .

"There was resignation in the voice. "Oh, all right. You don't have to put your rank on me. . . .

"Thanks, Mary Ann. And will you have dinner with me tomorrow night? . . .

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Rojo, and there was the struggle of St. Nom. Here he would be turning right to go to the "death route" as the haulier had called it. . . .

Bond pulled the grass verge and once more looked at the barrel. . . .

Bond took the sharp corner and accelerated up to fifty. . . .

Ahead the oily tarmac glittered dead straight for two miles through the enchanted forest. . . .

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Bond could not see down the shaft, but within seconds the first man was out and putting on his snowshoes and the second . . .

WHEN he was about twenty feet along the leading man said something softly in what sounded like Russian. . . .

He gestured with the muzzle of the Colt. The leading man took a few steps and swung himself forward. . . .

Now a hand was at his right wrist and his gun was being slowly turned on him. . . .

Suddenly the gun-muzzle had gone and the weight of the man was off him. . . .

Nobody answered. The men looked embarrassed. . . .

Bond walked toward them. "You're not being rough on me, are you?" . . .

Suddenly Bond caught a trace of movement behind the men. . . .

An extra leg showed a woman's hand. Bond laughed out loud. . . .

Bond let out a long sigh of released tension and laid his head softly down on the branch to rest. . . .

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