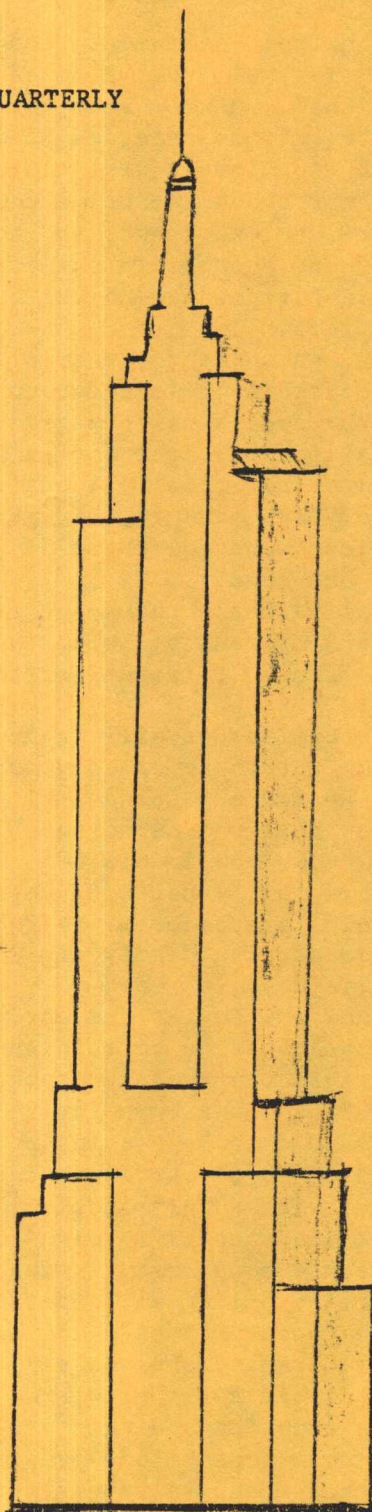


DOC SAVAGE QUARTERLY



WORLDS TALLEST BUILDING FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY

JUST WHAT THE WORLD NEEDED . . .

another A Doc Savage fanzine. Welcome to the Doc Savage Quarterly, published four times a year. Contributions will be welcomed with open arms and if your own articles, art, etc. is published you will receive a free copy of the issue it will appear in. If you want contributions returned please include a self-addressed and stamped envelope. The first four issues will contain a minimum of advertizing to see how it works. Did you hear about the crime that took place January 4 1980? It seems a man came into a store, pulled a gun, and asked for all the money. The clerk said there is no money and showed him the empty cash drawer to prove it. The would-be crook said alright as he had no bullets, showing the clerk his empty gun as proof after which he left!

On the grim side though, an unarmed 16year old girl was killed by British soldiers at a roadblock in Northern Ireland for not stopping at the checkpoint to check her identification. Why does a uniform give a person permission to do something he could get put in jail or executed for as a private citizen?

On January 10th Afgan rebels virtually identical to those described by author Kenneth Robeson half a century ago managed to fight back the modern Soviet army and retake one of their own cities. And now there are Soviet planes flying patrols offshore of Iran. It makes one wonder...

Speaking of Iran we really should thank the people of Canada somehow for their Embassy staff who smuggled 6 Americans out with them when they left Tehran on 1-28. Wasn't that ironic when the Iranian Foreign Minister found out about it and called it "against international law."

Well anyway this and future issues will be devoted to Doc Savage almost total and exclusivly but please don't turn to us only as there are other good publications such as the Doc Savage Club Reader and Duende.

Speaking of Doc Savage, those who have read "The Squeeking Goblen" might be amused to learn that Clint McCoy, now in his 80's is getting married, and he says he vividly remembers the feud his family had with the Hatfields in Kentucky - even though the McCoy's and Hatfields are peaceful neighbors now (they were both interviewed recently on "60 Minutes concerning deadly air pollution in their valley from the burning coal nearby in coalfields).

Have you ever noticed how antiSoviet the early Doc Savage stories were? Some referred to an unnamed European nation or foreign agent who clearly was not German. This changed in the WW2 stories, then changed back to antiSoviet again after the war. I don't know about you but I was born in 1958 so the only way I can find out an accurate feeling of the 1930's is by reading pulps. History books for example virtually ignor pre-1960's drug abuse and I was unaware of it until a Doc Savage story mentioned a gang member with such a problem. Except for the 10¢ pulps like Doc people would probably be ignorant of foreign places and things. A joke in Russian circles goes "A person who speaks 3 languages is called trilingual. A person who speaks 2 languages is called bilingual. A person who speaks one language is called an American." When you think about it could you have told the difference between Iran and Mongolia five years ago? Granted a person can't foretell what will happen.

Speaking of foretelling I had a rather wierd dream in September last year (1979) about a volcano or something erupting and then exploding just north of California. I don't have any idea what it means but if one erupts over here better keep away from it (always good advice for those near volcanoes anyway). I don't usually have night mares but I sure woke up from this one with a feeling of dread as if lives were in danger. Sure nothing I can do about it, whatever it means. Well, anyway, enough of this ranting on and on. Hope you like this modest effort at a Doc Savage "fanzine"

Hidalgo Company
Post Office Box 127
El Camino Real
Santa Margarita, CA 93453



A NEW MOVIE by Bill Laidlaw, a review

A new movie is out starting December 1979. It stars six men* but one is by far the most interesting according to fans. He has the strength of several men, and can out fight them if the need arises. But he can sometimes avoid a noisy fight by using a nerve pinch on his adversaries' neck at the shoulder. He and the men with him have ultramodern weapons but they don't like killing so their unusual sounding guns usually put attackers to sleep instead of killing; although a slight change enables the weapons to be used to blow a hole in practically anything. Women are a bother when they fall for him, as he is totally committed to his work and has (successfully) tried to suppress his emotions from childhood. In fact, his enemies can rarely tell what he is thinking from his lack of expression. His mind is the most disciplined of those around him, multidigit numbers multiplied in his head is no problem; even blueprints for a new machine are completely thought out before they are put on paper. His photographic memory can instantly remember a huge number of subjects. He can even read various kinds of hieroglyphics and quickly decode those he doesn't know. Although an expert in many fields, his main field is science.

The vehicle they use is the fastest known to Man at the time, although a badguy occasionally shows up with something newer, or tries to steal theirs.

In the first adventure (the original version, not the two hour re-filmed version) the main character and his aids visit a place where the last descendants of a once great civilization are living. In this adventure the main character is somewhat more of a lifetaker (admittedly in self defense or to save another's life). He eventually leaves them and the girl who tried to get him to fall in love with her, only to return years later. In other adventures the main character and his aids find themselves up against Nazis when they try to find the real Fuhrer. In another they put an end to several gangster mobs fighting for control of a city. One finds them on the trail of a man who plans to fire a missile into Moscow, presumably starting another World War. Another involves an institution that rehabilitates criminals by first wiping out all memory of their past. A similar adventure finds them facing a man who is responsible for killing hundreds

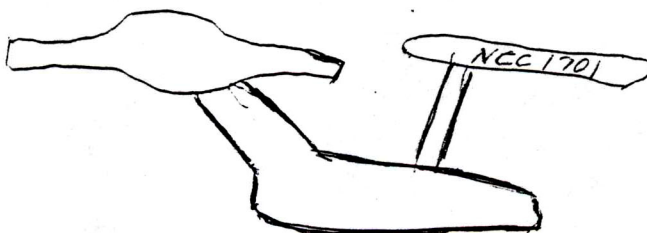
and has been committed but the treatment was not complete, and he organized other inmates in order to take over the institution as a stepping stone to power.

This movie is a completely new story based on all of the preceding, but it is not a Doc Savage movie even though all the previous described Doc Savage and his 182 adventures in the 1930's and 1940's. The movie is based on the TV series Star Trek (see Doc Savage Club Reader #5). The Creator and Executive Producer of Star Trek is Gene Roddenbury, a man who obviously read a good deal of the original Doc Savage stories, or maybe the ones that were reissued in 1964, since the TV series did not start until 1965.

The movie is about an enemy supermachine that comes into our galaxy and starts destroying ships of our sides as well as those of an enemy civilization (which has a fictional name), which probably cause some tensions at first. The movie, which stars the same characters the TV series did, is a kind of a Doc Savage adventure in space. Don't think it is Buck Rogers or Battlestar Galactica, it is much better written along the lines of the Doc Savage adventures. Highly recommended.

** And frequently one woman, making 7 stars in all.*

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DR. BILL LAIDLAW, D.N. -- A FEW NON-MEDICAL THOUGHTS


Someone is choking in a restaurant. He starts to turn deep red and possibly even bluish, from lack of air. What do you do? One of the accepted methods is the bear hug in which you place your arms around the victim from behind, squeezing just below the rib cage to force the object out of their windpipe and thus saving a life.

Suppose someone has just been hit by a car and you are one of the first to arrive to the injured person. Don't move them at all if you can help it as broken bones possibly including nerve damage could worsen. Stop bleeding by placing direct pressure with your hand over the cut. Once bleeding is under control make sure that help is on the way. If they are not breathing you should start mouth to mouth respiration as soon as possible as the brain can only survive intact for about 12 minutes without breathing to supply it with oxygen. For complete information I urge you to get a copy of the First Aid book put out by the Red Cross. They also have an advanced first aid course at many fire and police departments - check around in your area. You could save a friend or relative someday.

What if the injured is a stranger, won't I be sued if I help and they reconsider later? Don't worry, if you come onto someone who needs first aid you are protected by a relatively new law in the United States which exempts you from a lawsuit stemming from first aid given under such circumstances.

Why is the above title of this article say non-medical? It is because none of this is given as advice, only information as I am not a full licensed medical doctor (even though I have had advanced training that is given to medics) so if you are interested in any of the above please do not write to me for further information, call you local Red Cross or fire department (also for information on first aid courses).

What will you do the next time someone needs help? Your first aid and training, or lack of it could one day be a life & death matter.



DR. BILL LAIDLAW, D.N.

Pulp#	Book#	Title
1	1	THE MAN OF BRONZE
2	8	THE LAND OF TERROR
3	68	QUEST OF THE SPIDER
4	4	THE POLAR TREASURE
5	19	PIRATE OF THE PACIFIC
6	17	THE RED SKULL
7	6	THE LOST OASIS
8	18	THE SARGASSO OGRE
9	22	THE CZAR OF FEAR
10	10	THE PHANTOM CITY
11	5	BRAND OF THE WEREWOLF
12	43	THE MAN WHO SHOOK THE EARTH
13	3	METEOR MENACE
14	7	THE MONSTERS
15	69	THE MYSTERY ON THE SNOW
16	80	THE KING MAKER
17	2	THE THOUSAND HEADED MAN
18	35	THE SQUEAKING GOBLIN
19	11	FEAR CAY
20	26	DEATH IN SILVER
21	44	THE SEA MAGICIAN
22	31	THE ANNIHILIST
23	9	THE MYSTIC MULLAH
24	38	RED SNOW
25	13	LAND OF ALWAYS-NIGHT
26	16	THE SPOOK LEGION
27	20	THE SECRET IN THE SKY
28	88	THE ROAR DEVIL
29	12	QUEST OF THE QUI
30	70	SPOOK HOLE
31	60	THE MAJII
32	32	DUST OF DEATH
33	15	MURDER MELODY
34	14	THE FANTASTIC ISLAND
35	71	MURDER MIRAGE
36	27	MYSTERY UNDER THE SEA
37	72	THE METAL MASTER
38	45	THE MEN WHO SMILED NO MORE
39	73	THE SEVEN AGATE DEVILS
40	51	THE HAUNTED OCEAN
41	76	THE BLACK SPOT
42	46	THE MIDAS MAN
43	21	COLD DEATH
44	77	THE SOUTH POLE TERROR
45	36	RESURRECTION DAY
46	52	THE VANISHER
47	47	LAND OF LONG JUJU
48	74	THE DERRICK DEVIL
49	53	THE MENTAL WIZARD
50	33	THE TERROR IN THE NAVY
51	34	MAD EYES
52	75	THE LAND OF FEAR
53	54	HE COULD STOP THE WORLD
54	89	OST (REPRINTED AS <u>THE MAGIC ISLAND</u>)
55	48	THE FEATHERED OCTOPUS
56	28	REPEL (REPRINTD AS <u>THE DEADLY DWARF</u>)
57	49	THE SEA ANGEL
58	55	THE GOLDEN PERIL
59	61	THE LIVING-FIRE MENACE
60	84	THE MOUNTAIN MONSTER
61	50	DEVIL ON THE MOON

Pulp#	Book#	Title
62	62	THE PIRATE'S GHOST
63	64	THE MOTION MENACE
64	63	THE SUBMARINE MYSTERY
65	56	THE GIGGLING GHOSTS
66	58	THE MUNITIONS MASTER
67	83	THE RED TERRORS
68	23	FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE
69	65	THE GREEN DEATH
70	79	THE DEVIL GENGHIS
71	66	MAD MESA
72	59	THE YELLOW CLOUD
73	67	THE FRECKLED SHARK
74	39	WORLD'S FAIR GOBLIN
75	42	THE GOLD OGRE
76	30	THE FLAMING FALCONS
77	41	MERCHANTS OF DISASTER
78	78	THE CRIMSON SERPENT
79	57	POISON ISLAND
80	81	THE STONE MAN
81	37	HEX
82	40	THE DAGGER IN THE SKY
83	29	THE OTHER WORLD
84	86	THE ANGRY GHOST
85	87	THE SPOTTED MEN
86	82	THE EVIL GNOME
87	85	THE BOSS OF TERROR
88	92	THE AWFUL EGG
89	90	THE FLYING GOBLIN
90	93	TUNNEL TERROR
91	91	THE PURPLE DRAGON
92		DEVILS OF THE DEEP
93		THE AWFUL DYNASTY
94		THE MEN VANISHED
95	25	THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND
96		BEQUEST OF EVIL
97		THE ALL-WHITE ELF
98		THE GOLDEN MAN
99		THE PINK LADY
100		THE HEADLESS MAN
101	24	THE GREEN EAGLE
102		MYSTERY ISLAND
103		THE MINDLESS MONSTERS
104		BIRDS OF DEATH
105		THE INVISIBLE BOX MONSTERS
106		PERIL IN THE NORTH
107		THE RUSTLING DEATH
108		MEN OF FEAR
109		THE TOO-WISE OWL
110		THE MAGIC FOREST
111		PIRATE ISLE
112		THE SPEAKING STONE
113		THE MAN WHO FELL UP
114		THE THREE WILD MEN
115		THE FIERY MENACE
116		THE LAUGH OF DEATH
117		THEY DIED TWICE
118		THE DEVIL'S BLACK ROCK
119		THE TIME TERROR
120		WAVES OF DEATH
121		THE BLACK, BLACK WITCH
122		THE KING OF TERROR

Pulp#	Book#	Title
123		THE TALKING DEVIL
124		THE RUNNING SKELETONS
125	96	MYSTERY ON HAPPY BONES
126		THE MENTAL MONSTER
127	99	HELL BELOW
128		THE GOBLINS
129		THE SECRET OF THE SU
130		THE SPOOK OF GRANDPA EBEN
131		ACCORDING to PLAN of a eyed MYSTIC
132		DEATH HAD YELLOW EYES
133		THE DERELICT OF SKULL SHOAL
134		THE WHISKER OF HERCULES
135		THE THREE DEVILS
136		THE PHARAOH'S GHOST
137		THE MAN WHO WAS SCARED
138		THE SHAPE OF TERROR
139		WEIRD VALLEY
140		JIU SAN
141	97	SATAN BLACK
142	100	THE LOST GIANT
143	94	VIOLENT NIGHT (RE. AS THE HATE MASTER)
144		STRANGE FISH
145		THE TEN TON SNAKES
146	98	CARGO UNKNOWN
147		ROCK SINISTER
148		THE TERRIBLE STORK
149		KING JOE CAY
150		THE WEE ONES
151		TERROR TAKES 7
152		THE THING THAT PURSUED
153		TROUBLE ON PARADE
154		THE SCREAMING MAN
155		MEASURES FOR A COFFIN
156		SE-PAH-POO
157		TERROR AND THE LONELY WIDOW
158		FIVE FATHOMS DEAD
159		DEATH IS A ROUND BLACK SPOT
160		COLORS FOR MURDER
161		FIRE AND ICE
162		THREE TIMES A CORPSE
163		THE EXPLODING LAKE
164		DEATH IN LITTLE HOUSES
165		THE DEVIL IS JONES
166		THE DISAPPEARING LADY
167		TARGET FOR DEATH
168		THE DEATH LADY
169		DANGER LIES EAST
170		NO LIGHT TO DIE BY
171		THE MONKEY SUIT
172		LET'S KILL AMES
173		ONCE OVER LIGHTLY
174		I DIED YESTERDAY
175		THE PURE EVIL
176		TERROR WEARS NO SHOES
177		THE ANGRY CANARY
178		THE SWOONING LADY
179		THE GREEN MASTER
180		RETURN FROM CORMORAL
---	95	IN HELL, MADONNA (RE. as THE RED SPIDER)
182		UP FROM EARTH'S CENTER
---	---	DOC SAVAGE, HIS APOCALYPTIC LIFE

Notes:

For simplicity, all 182 Doc Savage novels were numbered strait thru for easier cross reference. For the actual dates on which they were originally published see the list in Jose Farmer's book DOC SAVAGE HIS APOCALYPTIC LIFE currently published by Bantam.

This list has been constructed in such a way that the numbers of books recently reprinted can easily be written or typed in to the Book# column.

For a list of all known ghost writers of Doc Savage pulps (not all the authors are listed in Jose Farmer's book) see a copy of Duende #2 (advertised in Doc Savage Reader).

For a free update reprinted Doc pulps including any title change (updates sent out annually) send a self addressed stamped envelope (and note what it's for).

By the way, a free full color flyer is available which shows the Empire State Building on the cover by day, on the back cover by night, and inside the flyer a cutaway drawing shows the location of the floors - the 20th, 10th, 50th, 86th at 1050 feet up, from which ships at sea can be seen 40 miles away, the 102nd floor observatory from which visibility on a clear day is 80 miles, and the world's greatest TV tower on top of the old mooring mast (according to TV Guide magazine I read that all TV shows for the three networks are broadcast by microwave from the Building) from which all UHF and VHF TV stations in the metropolitan area broadcast, reaching 8 million TV sets in four states.

A photo shows the marble sided lobby on the first floor and a small map shows various locations in Manhattan.

Four photographs show the four compass direction views from the top including the now finished Chrysler Building and in the distance the World Trade Center. (Both the Empire State Building and the Chrysler Building were built 1929 to 1931 so Man of Bronze story had to have taken place a couple of years before it was written in 1932 or published in '33) Send a request for the free flyer from:

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING OBSERVATORY
350 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10001

The HIDALGO TRADING CORPORATION OF AMERICA In 1979 by Operative 1701

Salt in huge quantities is bought by many cities to combat icy roads in winter. New York is no exception. It is said that after about two winters, a car is too rusty to use anymore from the briney combination.

If that is true, the fifteen year old convertible that rattled past the entrance of one of Manhattan's tallest skyscrapers was a living testimony that a good mechanic can keep anything running. A used car dealer would probably take one look, offer to buy the tires, and junk the rest. But a closer examination would reveal bulletproof windows, doors, body, and headlights. In fact, the only place not protected by plexiglass were the puncture proof tires. The Italian racing engine had never gone through the sound barrier, but it seemed to passengers to come close at times.

The seeming wreck turned off Fifth Avenue onto a side street and into a building. Once inside, the building's door closed and the car passed under the street into a subbasement of the skyscraper.

The man who got out of the vehicle seemed as wide as two men despite being hardly over five feet tall. But he moved with surprising agility to the elevator, which shot up at a speed that would have given an elevator inspector white hair.

The apish character stepped out of the elevator a little under a dozen stories below the observatory on the eighty-sixth floor. He crossed the hallway to a solid metal door which, although it didn't look it, was half a foot thick and set in a special frame.

The man reached to one side of the door and scratched a spot on the wall, then sniffed the spot with his pug nose. The spot was covered with millions of microscopic bubbles and breaking a few of these particular ones gave off a strong scent of freshly cut lawn, which told him that none of his associates were in the office suite of rooms for at least an hour.

He turned the doorknob and stepped into a reception room where he was greeted by a secretary typing behind a huge inlaid table. She looked up, smiled, and handed him a scribbled message.

"Your wife called, she's on her way here to meet you. Sounded as if she were overjoyed that you were in town."

The man visibly brightened and said, "When did she call?"

"Just a few minutes, she should be here anytime now."

The man turned to the door and squeaked, "I'll be in my room, Alice"

"Miss Jones to you," she said with a smile to his flirting attitude.

The man entered the office of a corporation which he had cofounded

many years before as one of the directors, partially because of his talent as a chemical genius. The corporation had supposedly been founded mainly to trade with Latin American countries but over the years had taken on projects all over the globe, which was all right because its charter had been worked over by an expert attorney to be purposely vague about its existence.

He passed thru the office into a large room which at first glance looked like the mad scientist's laboratory in an old movie. A light came on above the door, signifying the telephone ringing - the ringer had been removed so as to not disturb delicate experiments.

"Who is it Alice?"

"The Chicago office, it's an attorney friend of yours."

"I'll answer it anyway. Put him on."

There was a click and the long distance line was connected.

"Is this Mr. Mayfair?"

"Yes it is, is this Virginia O'Hare's lawyer?" This was in reference to a recently decided case in which a woman was awarded \$850,000 because her belly button was off center after plastic surgery, a rather frivolous case.

"No it is not, you ugly baboon! You know full well I had nothing to do with that lawsuit, you...you..."

"Anyway, what's so all fired important?"

"Where's Doc? I've got to talk to him."

"I dunno. Last I heard two days ago he was with Clarksix and Renny in Nicarao country. Whatsa matter?"

"Well listen, you hairy mistake. Doc doesn't answer the call I put out. The Russian President wants to talk to him and Renny. If they call, pass along the message. Not only that, but Johnny called from Alaska and said Renny will have to re-route the secret project he's on up there. And another thing. Someone by the name of Linda Walters is on her way to the Los Angeles office, her phone call said something about life and death."

"What ever became of boring days?"

"Did you get all that down, Short and Ugly?"

"If I didn't, Alice did while she was eavesdropping."

"It just so happens I did, you two clowns. It is part of my job. And the name is still Miss Jones."

"Say bye-bye to Miss Jones, Mr. Ham."

From the phone in Chicago came a disgusted snort and a click of the connection being broken. As a joke, a few days previous Mr. Mayfair (also known as Monk) had acquired a meat packing plant then had the firm deliver a ton of ham to the lobby of the hotel where the lawyer maintained his penthouse apartment, which had almost gotten him kicked out. Since then,

he had been particularly sensitive to his old nickname 'Ham' when Monk said it.

Monk had turned back to his test tubes when the door opened. Alice Jones informed him that his wife was here. A moment later she walked in.

Despite her years, and thanks partially to an herb which inhibits aging, the woman entering was a virtual knockout. With her light brown eyes, bronze hair, and tanned complexion, she appeared to be a Latin American contestant in a beauty contest. She embraced him like a long lost brother who had just returned. He asked why the extra attention.

"You're supposed to be dead! I mean, they said you were dead as a passenger on a plane that crashed."

"Oh that. I cancelled at the last minute to take a later flight after some research I was doing had the deadline advanced. It's that formula I've been working on for liquid methane as cheap fuel for cars. I didn't know my name was still on their list. Where have you been the past few days?"

"You name it, I've probably been there," she said exhaustedly. "Canada, Alaska, Chicago, Florida, and here. I have been on a real tour setting up new offices for my cosmetics company. If I don't see a little excitement soon I'll take on a dictator somewhere or something."

"OK. You want a job here?"

"Try and keep me away!"

"Somebody by the name of Linda Walters is on the way to the L.A. office with a matter of life and death. That's all Ham said. Suppose we meet her?"

"Let's go."

The two left the Hidalgo Trading Corporation offices and took the elevator to the basement where they got into a small private subway car which shot to, and under, the Hudson River, emerging inside an unmarked warehouse on the shoreline.

The dingy warehouse contained many shipments of all kinds in one part of the building, and a few airplanes and boats in the other. They got into a jet powered helicopter virtually identical to a model used by the military, along with their single piece of luggage.

The first successful helicopter had been built in 1938 Germany, from a basic sketch made in 1907 by a British scientist. The design had been smuggled out of Germany and the Hidalgo Trading Company had improved it almost constantly to the present.

But helicopters are still relatively slow compared to planes, so when the helicopter left the river entrance of the warehouse it was to go to a military base, where a long-range (and still experimental) hypersonic airplane was fueled and waiting. It was soon at full throttle westward.

At that moment, Renny looked around the dingy cellar where he and the other two were holed up. The man who had supposed to be the revolution leader had been captured by the Presidente dictator's private troops and enough information tortured from him to smash the revolution battle and some of those in charge. If Doc and Renny made it out of there alive they would be cheating the odds. Their plane had been captured and no one knew their present home.

Clarksix eased into a basement window, glancing around their temporary hideout as he entered.

"We may have a chance. I have greased a few palms and we may be to the border tonight. Lucky the Presidente has had to sink to hiring a lot of men who will work for the highest bidder. What have you learned?"

One of the men, Renny, smashed a huge fist and said, "Nothing. Absolutely nothing. The guy that owns this dump hasn't returned. Musta been captured, or killed in the street."

Doc Savage remained quiet, somewhat proud of Clarksix' success but wondering if perhaps Monk was too much of an influence...

Suddenly a knock came at the basement door upstairs.

Johnny finished the rock sample coring process and returned to his temporary headquarters to analyze them. He had been working for a month going over government surveys of the Seward Peninsula and doing his own samplings. He went to the shortwave radio and sent a message in code to Ham in Chicago saying everything looked alright in the new location for Renny's project. He asked about Renny.

"I haven't the foggiest idea where Renny is, Johnny. Our people are there to help if they can but it's fairly sticky down there now. If they can reach the border area we can get them out of the country. I'll keep you posted. Are you finished there?"

"Yes. To finish my research I'll need cooperation with the Russians. And Doc's the only one with enough pull to get permission for that. I will be at Wales, ALASKA tonight if you want to reach me."

Ham signed off. The conversation had all been in code and sent from a frozen wasteland somewhere near the coast of Alaska to one of the tallest buildings in Chicago (if not the world). Johnny had used small words partly because of the gravity of the situation and partly because Ham had long ago threatened to use longwinded legalese, which Johnny understood as much as Ham understood Johnny's ten dollar words (which was not as much as Monk, although he would never have admitted it).

Ham called Monk on the radio.

"Whatcha want, shyster?"

"I am still awaiting word from Doc here. Where are you?"

"We're somewhere over Arizona - don't ask me where. All that sand looks the same to me."

"We? Who's with you?" Ham demanded.

"My vision of loveliness."

"Put her on...Hello, Pat?"

"What is it, Ham?"

"What was the idea of letting Monk almost get me kicked out of my apartment? You handle his expenses so you must have known about the packing plant transaction."

"Yes, but he didn't tell me what he was going to do. I thought it was a shrewd business move."

"well, alright. I believe you. But you should know by now that the only thing that stays in his head more than an hour is a cold. Listen. Linda Walters is at Los Angeles now with Long Tom at the office there. Set down at the heliport on the roof and push the red button."

"The red button. Got it. Call you when we get there. Out."

Following the orders, they ignored the seemingly ridiculous landing instructions and landed at a private landing strip nicknamed by Monk as the 'Red Button' because of a large red dot on top of the nearby building. Evidently Ham feared the conversation might have been heard and was taking no chances.

The plane had used up most of the fuel in the first several minutes and glided most of the way far above the earth like a manned rocket. It had landed like a plane which had lost its engines because it was, literally, out of gas.

They left the plane with mechanics at the strip and drove one of the highpowered cars kept there to the office, located a mile away at the other end of the airport.

In the office they met Linda Walters. Miss Walters wore a gray dress which looked like a complete contradiction to her figure and features. She seemed very worried about something.

"Where are the engineers, Doc Savage and Mr. Renwick? They are supposed to be in Alaska, are they not?"

Monk looked as if he were a homicide detective who had just found someone holding a smoking gun.

"How do you know about Renny's project? It's supposed to be a secret. What do you know about his whereabouts?"

The woman appeared flustered, said, "I read, that is, I heard about the project. You see, my parents live on the Seward Peninsula in Alaska. They told me about it and there were warnings in town that Doc Savage would be

killed if he came. No one knows where the rumors came from. They... they even killed my father because he wanted to work on the project." Miss Walters sobbed twice and buried her face in a handkerchief.

Pat nudged Monk and said, "We'll get you some Kleenex. Don't upset yourself more."

Pat left the room with a perplexed Monk in tow. Once in the next room with the door closed Pat said, "She's a phony. I can spot a woman lying a mile a way and she's laying it on thick."

In the office, Miss Walters sobbed twice, evidently deep in thought about something troubling. Monk and Pat returned to the room and asked her what they could do. She said if they couldn't locate Doc and Renny they might as well go to Alaska.

They made plans to depart at once, Long Tom staying in Los Angeles to hold down the fort and continue with his work.

The knocking on the door ceased and a voice said in Spanish, "I am your amigo. The one with whom you spoke in the brown building about leaving the country."

Doc and Renny squeezed behind the stairway while Clarksix unbolted the door. A rebel wearing a stolen government uniform came in, alone and unarmed. He told Clarksix he and his two friends could leave that night after dark. If the man was lying, he was doing an excellent job of it as all three men in the room were experts and came to the conclusion he wasn't.

They left the room at the prescribed time and with the aid of several people in the underground, reached the border. There they were driven by converted fishing boat to Mexico, where a fast jet was fueled for a quick takeoff. One of their amigos along the way stayed with them.

A deadline was drawing near that could be even more important than the revolution they were leaving. Doc explained that they were no longer needed there anyway, the rich having joined with the peasants in the revolution, leaving the local dictator with a small army but virtually no citizens. Following a popular custom, he called the rebels a bunch of communists, but that ruse was wearing thin. And murdering a U.S. newsman wasn't helping.

They took an even faster jet from Los Angeles after joining Monk and company, with one passenger apparently left to pilot a separate plane ahead while everyone piled in. Both planes flew high above the ground until they came to within a few hundred miles of the Alaskan coastline, when the first plane exploded.

The second plane landed at an airport in Alaska. Renny emerged and went straight to the local law, where he informed them in no uncertain terms that his associate, Doc Savage, had been killed when his airplane had been

destroyed by a sea-to-air guided missile.

About that time Monk and the others came from the plane. They added to the chaos, Monk reminding the local authorities of Doc's status. Then Monk got Renny aside and said, "What really happened? Is this a trick to make whoever we're up against think Doc's dead?"

Renny told Monk that it wasn't. Doc had hidden in their plane and he had guided the plane ahead by remote control, but it really had been destroyed by a missile fired by persons unknown from a ship of sub.

"But I can't figure out why Doc thought they'd only destroy his plane."

"Who's 'at with you?"

"A guy who helped us out of the country in the revolution. Said he had had enough and wanted to come along."

The two ultramodern speedships left stood on the airstrip, looking out of place on a landing field normally used only by prop-jobs with low landing speeds for the short area they had to land on. Monk and Pat had flown their own plane behind Renny and above, hidden by clouds.

A furtive figure placed something under the wings of one plane and then returned to the building. It was Renny's plane, and the one which hid Doc.

An hour later both ships were completely refueled and ready to go. Everyone piled into one plane while Renny returned to his alone. This time nothing happened. Nothing, that is, until Renny's ship apparently went into a stall and smashed into the side of a remote mountain.

The second plane came back to look but it was soon aparent that nothing larger than a breadbox was left in the tangled mess. There had been no parachute.

They flew on to where Johnny was camped and landed. Johnny met them at the airstrip on Wales Point. He appeared rather superamalgamated.

"What are you doing here? Ham was supposed to head you off to Moscow."

Clarksix, who had been navigating, checked the plane's radio and then mentally kicked himself. All the radio equipment was untouched except for the Hidalgo communications, which had been cut from the aerial line. It had been rewired to a 'dummy load', an aerial which neither broadcasts nor will receive messages but makes the transmitter meter function normally.

Evidently someone in the plane itself had done it in flight, since Monk had talked to Ham from Los Angeles to Chicago using it.

Monk knew Johnny was having a problem of some kind but Johnny had insisted on speaking directly with Doc. They had thought nothing of the silence, thinking Johnny wanted to talk in person.

They walked to the building that served as the local airport terminal.

killed if he came. No one knows where the rumors came from. They... they even killed my father because he wanted to work on the project." Miss Walters sobbed twice and buried her face in a handkerchief.

Pat nudged Monk and said, "We'll get you some Kleenex. Don't upset yourself more."

Pat left the room with a perplexed Monk in tow. Once in the next room with the door closed Pat said, "She's a phony. I can spot a woman lying a mile a way and she's laying it on thick."

In the office, Miss Walters sobbed twice, evidently deep in thought about something troubling. Monk and Pat returned to the room and asked her what they could do. She said if they couldn't locate Doc and Renny they might as well go to Alaska.

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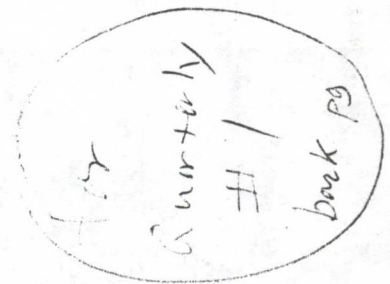
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