

of garden furniture, gardening tools, discarded china, and old books. Even the door to the wine cellar fell open easily.

"We'll hide in the room with the garden tools," Baylor whispered. "In midwinter no one will be likely to use it." They entered a room smelling faintly of fertilizer, loam, and insecticides and sat down on a pile of gunny-sacks to wait. Complete silence had settled over the house.

"How long must we wait, Tony?" Jiggs asked nervously.

"An hour or so, perhaps longer. If the Probars are dining out tonight—and since the house tour was here today, I suspect that they are—the servants will retire to their wing soon. If the Probars return here for dinner, we'll be working late."

She wiggled next to him. "I don't mind."

"Neither do I."

"I wish I could have a cigarette."

"So do I, but not a chance. They might notice the smell."

After a few minutes Jiggs began to tremble.

"What's the matter, honey?"

"I think we're out of our class, Tony. What can people like us do to stop people like this? They're so rich, so powerful, so ruthless."

"We'll know when the night is over, Jiggsy. But remember, I haven't a choice. Even if I called it quits right now, I couldn't go back to my little niche and leave it up to Sessena. I'm wanted for murder."

Jiggs squeezed his hand in the dark. "I forgot. I'm doing this for Tony Baylor, not 'world freedom.' It sort of brings it down to my size."

He drew her to him and kissed her on the tip of her nose. "Thanks."

"I can't help it if I think small. I'm no Joan of Arc. I just bite and scratch for people I like."

"Like?"

"Love."

His firm lips pressed against her soft yielding ones,

and they lay back together on the dusty sacks. "There are worse ways to pass the time," he murmured.

"Sort of portable entertainment." She bit his ear gently.

"Better?"

"Uh huh. This I know."

When he looked at the radium-illuminated dial of his wristwatch it was seven-thirty. "We're going to have to go to work, sweetheart. No more moonlight and roses in an indoor potting shed."

She stretched and stroked the back of his neck with her finger tips. "I am beginning to like it here."

He got to his feet and held out a hand for her in the darkness. "Up we go."

"What do we do now?"

"We'll have to find a way out of this cellar. The stairs we came down are too close to the servants' wing. We might be seen." They reentered the center passageway of the cellar. At the far end, it branched sharply to the right. Heavy steel bulkheads reaching from the floor to the ceiling blocked their way.

"What are those?" Jiggs whispered.

Baylor played his flashlight about. "I think that is the exterior of one side of the swimming pool. As I remember it from the day I had lunch here, there was an indoor pool and a solarium in a wing opposite the breakfast room."

Jiggs shivered. "Let's hope it doesn't spring a leak. There must be tons of water behind those steel walls."

Baylor moved about. "Yes, here's the water heater and the filtering system." He placed one hand on a narrow steel ladder which rose up toward the ceiling adjacent to one of the steel bulkheads. "Hold this light, Jiggsy, I'm going to climb this. It may be the pool area."

Jiggs played the light beam on him as he climbed. At the top of the ladder he paused and then descended again. "There's a trapdoor up there that I imagine leads to the pool. I need something to pry it open. Wait here until I can look in the garden tool room."

"Wait, nothing," Jiggs said positively. "I'll go with you."

They returned in a few minutes with a twelve-inch pruning knife mounted on the end of a six-foot pole. Its curved end and inside edge was razor sharp. Baylor mounted the ladder again and worked with the knife against the trapdoor while Jiggs held the light beam on him from the foot of the ladder. She could hear metal scrape against metal, then with a grating sound the trapdoor opened. Baylor soundlessly raised it a crack. He pushed it open and disappeared from view.

"Hey!" she said in alarm under her breath. Showing the flashlight into her coat pocket, she hurriedly climbed up the ladder after him. She emerged into a huge quiet room. There was the sound of running water, and in the light of a quarter moon, she sensed almost as much as she saw the swimming pool before her. Water was gushing from the mouth of a stone head at the end of the pool. Baylor extended his hand and helped her through the trapdoor.

"I think we can enter the house from here. We're on the opposite side of the house from the servants' wing." On three sides, the pool was enclosed by great glass windows which rose from ground level, and, curving inward, formed a portion of the roof. The fourth side of the great room, running along the length of the pool and nearest to the house, was a windowless wall. In this wall they found a door. It opened noiselessly into a long gallery with windows on the left side and a series of doors leading to changing rooms on the right. Their footfalls as they moved cautiously along were muffled by woven matting on the floor.

At the end of the gallery, they climbed a short flight of stairs and entered the house. They were in a wood-paneled library which they had seen briefly on the house tour from a cordoned alcove. A single lamp had been lit near a reading chair in the corner, casting a small puddle of light in the shadows. They stood immobile and listened. The short pendulum of a clock on the mantel swung quickly

back and forth, the sound of its ticking amplified in the silence. At the other end of the house, they could hear the voices and laughter of the servants. The Probans were out and the help was relaxing. A telephone rang shrilly in the distance. Someone answered it on the second ring.

Baylor put his mouth close to Jiggs' ear. "You take one half of this room. I'll take the other half. If you see anything interesting, let me know. We'll try to do all of the rooms, if our luck holds."

"What about the kitchen and the servants' wing?"
"That's impossible, but there's only one chance in a thousand that what we are looking for is in the servants' wing. If it exists, it's in this end of the house under lock and key."

They examined the library and the drawing rooms on the first floor. Then they silently mounted the heavily carpeted main staircase to the second floor and entered one by one the bedrooms opening off a center hall which ran the length of the house. They were uninterrupted, except for a short, breathless wait in a closet while a maid turned down the beds in each of the two bedrooms opening off a small sitting room.

It was past nine o'clock when Baylor shook his head in discouragement. "Nothing. Not a damn thing."

"How about secret passages, Tony?" Jiggs said, her eyes shining.

"You've been reading too many romantic novels. This house was built in the fifties, long after secret passages."

"We built air-raid shelters in the fifties," she said stubbornly. "What if they built an air-raid shelter and used it as a command post? The contractor wouldn't know the difference and they could hire servants that wouldn't know it existed."

Baylor stared at her. "You know, Jiggsy, maybe you're right. An air-raid shelter would be a perfect excuse for all they would need, separate ventilation and electrical systems, radio antennae, fireproof doors. If it exists, it would have to open off one of the ground floor rooms. Let's

go through them again and see if we can find some unaccounted for space that could conceal the entrance."

They returned quietly to the first floor and carefully paced off the rooms. Other than providing for shallow storage closets and deep set windows, the walls were of conventional thickness. "All that's left is the pool house," Baylor whispered. "Then we've had it."

They reentered the pool house. In the darkness, to the sound of water splashing into the pool, they paced off the interior of the windowless wall. Baylor worked with one of the glass doors opening into the garden and unbolted it. He slipped outside and paced off the exterior of the windowless wall. His voice held an edge of excitement when he reentered the pool house. "This series of cabinets," he gestured, "is against a wall eighteen inches thick, but in the corner opposite the gallery, the wall swings outward in an arc. There is a space several feet wide to be accounted for. It may just hold machinery for the pool or it may be the entrance to the underground room that we're looking for." He ran his hands over the smooth marble panels that covered that portion of the wall. "Nothing," he muttered. He began his examination again using the flashlight sparingly. After fifteen desperate, fruitless minutes, he straightened up and wiped his face with a handkerchief. "There's got to be a door here somewhere, but where in hell is it?" "It may be electrical," Jiggs said. "Where's the light switch? It might be on the same panel." She moved away in the darkness.

The overhead lights of the great room suddenly flared on, momentarily blinding them. As Baylor's eyes adjusted to the light, he found himself looking across the end of the pool at a tall, good-looking man who had entered by the gallery door. Jiggs, seeking the light switch, had moved beyond the door before it opened and was behind the man, staring white faced over his shoulder. He looked familiar to Baylor. It was Boyd Raaff.

"How are things on the Hill?" Baylor asked inanely. His forced grin felt wooden. "I see you didn't get murdered by the boogey-men."

"I went to a lot of trouble to frighten a little sense into you, Baylor. Too bad it failed. Either I'm a bad actor or you are hopelessly stupid. Leaving that trapdoor into the cellar open suggests that you're stupid."

"Right now I feel pretty stupid."

"I would think so. You were a fool to come here, Baylor. You were a fool to press your luck when you didn't even know what the score was."

"I know what the score is now."

"Your side is losing."

"It looks that way."

Raaff gestured with a pistol he held in his hand. "Move over here. We're going bye-bye."

Out of the corner of his eye, Baylor could see Jiggs inching along the edge of the pool toward Raaff. He forced himself to look straight ahead. "Where are we going?" "That's no concern of yours, Baylor. All you need to know is that this is the end of the line."

"You treat me right and you might learn something interesting." He could sense Jiggs only a few feet away.

"Really? You have nothing to tell us."

"I know what the CIA is doing about you."

Raaff laughed. "So do I. Nothing." He gestured with the pistol. "Move. I'm in a hurry."

Jiggs had edged close enough. She threw herself on Raaff, thrusting his gun arm up and sinking her teeth into the forearm as she wrapped both legs about his torso. Raaff gave a startled cry of pain. The gun dropped into the swimming pool. He staggered a moment before he flung Jiggs from him. She struck her head on the pool's coping and rolled over once before lying still, one hand trailing over the pool's edge into the water.

Baylor had moved rapidly around the pool toward Raaff, but before he could reach him he had recovered. He whipped out a knife and, crouching, began to move toward Baylor. His handsome face was distorted and his eyes were swollen, the pupils dilated in homicidal fury. "First you, then the girl," he said thickly.

Baylor began to retreat. Somewhere—he glanced

frantically around him. His eyes fell on the pruning knife that he had used to pry open the trapdoor to the pool house. He ran and seized it as Raaff lunged for him with the knife. Baylor swung the clumsy six-foot shaft in a wide arc, twisting his body to gain maximum momentum. The razor-sharp inside edge of the hooked knife caught Raaff in the center of the neck. It sliced effortlessly into the jugular vein before it stopped. The impact, and Raaff's forward momentum, wrenched the handle from Baylor's hands. Raaff staggered another step forward, a stricken look on his face, then with the long handle of the pruning knife extending grotesquely from his half severed head, he fell sidewise into the pool. A heavy red stream of blood gushing from his neck made a broad, trailing ribbon in the water above the body as it settled to the bottom.

Baylor stared aghast at the body in the pool. As he recovered from his sense of personal danger and realized what he had done, a wave of nausea swept over him. He fought to keep from retching. He took several deep breaths, then ran around the pool to Jiggs and scooped water from the pool to her face. She stirred as her eyes fluttered open. "What? What?" As recollection flooded over her she sat up abruptly. "Where is he?"

Baylor gestured to the dark figure at the bottom of the pool.

Jiggs stared. "Is he—?"

"Yes."

She paled, put a hand to her mouth, and then gaining control of herself, drew a tremulous breath. "Good. I didn't like him." Baylor began to strip down. "What are you going to do, Tony?"

"I'm going in after Raaff," he said, his voice still unsteady.

"Why, for God's sake? He's dead."

"I want to see what he had on him. Keys maybe. We may need them."

"Oh."

Baylor gritted his teeth and dove naked into the

bloodied water. He towed Raaff's body to the shallow end, felt through his pockets, and removed a set of keys. Then he let him sink again, the body coming to rest at the three foot depth, the pruning knife handle protruding upward at an angle out of the water.

Baylor swam to the uncontaminated part of the pool and cleansed himself, then he pulled himself up onto the pool's coping, breathing in little gasps.

Jiggs rubbed the side of her head as Baylor dressed.

"I think I'm going to have a goose-egg."

"How do you feel?"

"O.K. The dizzy feeling is leaving."

"Oh, for God's sake," he said.

"What?"

Baylor brought his hand out of his coat pocket.

"Here's the gun Sessena gave me. I forgot all about it."

Jiggs began to laugh weakly. "Oh, Tony!"

Baylor grinned shakily. "Actually, the pruning knife was better than the gun even if it was gory. The gun would have attracted attention."

Jiggs nodded, the tension escaping from her as both tears and laughter.

"Maybe Sessena is right. It's the inspired amateur we need. Not the gifted amateur," Baylor added bleakly.

Jiggs kissed him. "Come on, tough guy. It's a long night. Inspired or gifted or clubfooted. We're all we got."

He hugged her. "Just before Raaff walked through that door, you said something very intelligent, Jiggs. What was it?"

She thought. "I said that the hidden door might be electrical."

Baylor took out Raaff's keys and examined them. He held up a three-inch piece of metal, one-eighth of an inch square with a slightly fluted end. "This may be a device for turning on an electrical switch." They moved around the edge of the pool house looking for a small hole into which the metal would fit. In the glow of the electric lights they could see for the first time that the pool house was deco-

rated in designs resembling Byzantine mosaics in silver and gold on blue marble. Biblical figures in bas-relief decorated the huge windowless wall.

They slowly examined the wall again. "I still can't find anything this gadget would fit in," Baylor said desperately.

Jiggs was looking at the water flooding out of the gaping mouth of the stone head at the end of the pool. It was the head of Lucifer. "Isn't that ugly? It fits the place exactly."

Baylor contemplated it morosely. "Hot fire should be coming out of the mouth, not water. Or lightening bolts." His expression changed and his inspection of the Lucifer head became more intense. He turned to Jiggs, a note of elation in his voice. "I think I've got the answer. There's a small hole in the pupil of Lucifer's eye." With shaking hands, he inserted the thin shaft of metal. It went into the hole easily and stopped. He tried to turn it but it refused to budge. He hesitated, then pushed the metal inward with a sharp thrust. There was a very distinct click. Some twenty feet away, the marble panelled wall swung slightly ajar.

"We've found it. We've found it!" Jiggs's voice was exultant. She kissed Baylor on the cheek. They switched off the pool house lights and swung the panelled wall all the way open. A circular iron staircase curved down into a well about twenty feet deep. At the bottom of the staircase was a steel door. Baylor fumbled with Raaff's keys in the light of the flashlight and found one to fit the lock. The door slid open noiselessly on finely honed ball bearings. Baylor groped for a light switch and flipped it on. The glow of light revealed a room about fifteen feet square with radio receiving and transmitting equipment, filing cabinets, and a long laboratory type work bench. A broad grin spread slowly over his face and seizing Jiggs under the arms, he lifted her high in the air and kissed her on the lips. "We've got them!" he said exultantly. "We've got them!"

A hurried inspection of the room revealed a small photographer's dark room and numerous complicated

pieces of photography equipment including a series of powerful lens.

The filing cabinets were locked, but he soon opened them with a jimmy from the kit of burglar tools Sessena had given him. Hurriedly he rifled through the files, extracted several, and laid them on the laboratory table for closer inspection. After several minutes of careful examination, he turned to Jiggs. "I'm going to photograph these with Sessena's camera. Bring that portable light over here, Jiggsy, and then hold these pages flat under the light while I click away."

"What are they?"

"Records of the organization, assignments of agents, amounts paid. No names mentioned, only numbers, but it may make sense to Sessena. Then there are a lot of notes on bacteriological warfare. I'm going to photograph the interior of this room, all of its equipment and as many pages of these files as I can. Then we'll take a few original pages along for fingerprints."

They worked steadily for fifteen minutes. "Were done, Jiggs. We have all we need." Baylor said with a relieved sigh. He found a briefcase on a shelf and dropped the camera and the extracted files into it.

"Let's go, Tony," Jiggs begged, an urgent note in her voice. "I'm getting nervous."

"We're on our way, darling, laden with treasure," Baylor replied gaily. He reached to close the briefcase.

"Not just yet, Baylor," a low, calm voice spoke behind them at the door. Baylor spun around. Philus Probar, dressed in a dinner jacket was smiling at him cordially. Had it not been for the pistol he held in his right hand, he might have been paying a social call. He spoke over his shoulder. "Come down, Dar. It's our friend, Baylor and a rather attractive young thing whom I haven't met."

The sound of footsteps came from the metal stairway and Mrs. Probar appeared, carefully lifting the skirt of a formal green dinner dress. Her eyes and the set of her lips revealed a cold rage which she made no effort to hide. She sat down very deliberately on a stool before the radio

transmitter and stared malevolently at Baylor and Jiggs.

Probar remained standing in an almost indolent attitude. He lit a cigarette with his left hand, keeping the gun steady in his right. "Well, now," he drawled. "You *have* been a busy young gent since we had lunch together." He slowly exhaled cigarette smoke and made a little gesture with his gun. "I see you have been going through my files. I admire your enterprise, Baylor. You have, with some ingenuity, managed to fatally enmesh yourself and this young lady in affairs much too important for you to comprehend. A pity. The very qualities that attracted Mrs. Probar and me have been your undoing. Of course, the alarm light that we found flashing in our bedroom on our return from dinner played its part."

"Who is this forlorn little bird who has become ensnared with you, Tony?" Mrs. Probar's eyes slowly travelled up and down Jiggs's figure.

"A friend."

"I was wondering why she would get involved in this stupid adventure of yours. I suppose she loves you." Jiggs's eyes flashed. "I have my loves and hates."

Probar smiled at her. "Spirit! I like that. Unfortunately, spirit can help or hurt. It led you into a hopeless snare, little bird, and it won't help you to get out again. It is irrelevant." He yawned. "A lot of things are irrelevant. You are both irrelevant." He moved the pistol. "Step over here, Baylor. I always take the rudimentary precautions." He deftly frisked Baylor and found Sessena's pistol. His eyebrows arched. "Rather a good choice, Baylor. I may have underestimated you." He dropped the pistol into his pocket and ran an exploratory hand over Jiggs. "Very nice. I have definitely underestimated you, Baylor. We'll leave now, as we all came, through the pool house. We'll sort out later this chaos you have made of our records."

Baylor and Jiggs led the way up the ladder to the pool house with an alert Probar immediately behind them and Mrs. Probar following.

"We are going to take you into the countryside," Probar said easily when they all were standing beside the

pool now bathed again in the glow of the electric lights. "What we do with you then rather depends on the circumstances. At best, you will return mentally prepared to confess to any crimes we might suggest. At the worst, you will die." He turned to Mrs. Probar. "You'd better find Boyd. We are going to need him. So like him to sleep through all of this."

"I can help you there," Baylor said evenly. "He's in the pool."

The Probars looked at him questioningly, then their eyes followed his to the shallow end of the pool where the pruned knife handle projected upward from the dim shape beneath the surface of the water.

Mrs. Probar's face turned incomprehendingly to Baylor's. As she slowly realized what she had seen, she gave a strangled cry and began to run down the pool side toward the grotesque shadow at its end. She stopped on the edge of the pool near the body and shouted in a hoarse, cracked voice, "You're lying, damn you! It's a lie! That is not a—*not a person!*"

Her words reverberated hollowly in the vaulted room. No one answered. She stood in a strained attitude of indecision, staring into the water, then she threw her evening wrap and purse from her with a convulsive gesture and jumped into the waist deep pool. She pushed frantically through the blood stained water. She hesitated on reaching Raaff's body, then bent down and lifted it toward the surface. When she saw his lifeless distorted features and the gaping wound in the neck with the pruned knife still wedged in its center, she emitted a terrible sound, half a cry of anguish and half a cry of animal rage. She took the wet face between her hands and bending over tried to cradle it against her breast.

"My darling, my love, my sweetheart, my baby, what have they done to you? What have they done?"

She lost her footing on the slippery pool floor in her agitation, and the corpse floated away from her as she fell sideways, her head disappearing momentarily below the surface. She emerged coughing and gagging, her dress and

coiffure in ruins. Probar stood at the pool's edge near Baylor and Jiggs staring at her in amazement, his face ashen white. "Darwin," he called in a firm but emotional voice. "Come to your senses. There is nothing that you can do."

She gazed up at him dumbly from the water, then, with one brief backward glance at Raaff's body she walked through the shallow water to the ladder and climbed up to the pool's deck. She bent over and retrieved her purse. When she had straightened and began to walk toward them she had what appeared to be a small water pistol in her hand. Her eyes fastened on Baylor with a homicidal malevolence. "You God damned ghoul," she said in a low, choked voice, saliva bubbling at the corner of her mouth. "You bastard! You killed the finest man that ever walked this earth."

Probar glanced at the water pistol and spoke sharply, "Darwin. Not that. Not here. Come to your senses."

She continued to advance on Baylor. "Do you know what is in this water pistol?" she snarled. "Sarin, the great nerve destroyer developed by the United States for its chemical warfare and stolen for China and the people's revolution by us. One drop in either of your eyes and you will die the death you deserve in one minute." Her face twisted into a passion-wracked grimace intended for a smile. "I'm going to shoot Sarin into your eyes, Baylor. Your vision will blur and dim, your nose will run, your chest will feel as if there is a steel band across it. You will drool and sweat and vomit. You will twitch and jerk. You will have a convulsion and, at last, far too soon for my enjoyment, you will die. It will only last a minute or two, Baylor, but for you it will be hell beyond your most fevered imaginations. For me, it will be the sweetest revenge available on this earth. You killed my lover. My baby." Tears began to stream down her face.

Jiggs stared at her aghast. "You're insane."

Probar, ignoring his prisoners, moved toward his wife, his face livid. "You? In love with Raaff? You loved that worthless bastard?"

She barely acknowledged his presence. "Shut up! What do you know about men like Boyd Raaff? Compared to him you are a cold, sexless, unimaginative clod."

Probar's face flushed a deep purple. "Silence!" he shouted in a hoarse voice. He raised his gun handle to strike her across the face. Instinctively, she recoiled and raised her water pistol. As he struck her, an innocent looking stream of colorless liquid shot from the gun and struck Probar in the eyes. He screamed and, dropping his gun, clawed at both eyes with his fingers. He staggered a step or two and fell to his knees gagging and retching. While Mrs. Probar lay half stunned from his blow, Baylor fell upon her and wrenched the lethal water pistol from her grasp. He then quickly turned and picked up Probar's gun which had fallen on the pool deck and retrieved Sessena's pistol from Probar's pocket.

Mrs. Probar struggled to her feet. She stood a moment shaking with impotent rage, her face streaked with lines of mascara which marked the course of her tears. Turning away, she picked up her sodden skirts and began to run like a wet, ungainly ostrich toward the door leading to the underground room. Before Baylor reacted, she half slid and half fell down the curving staircase into the well. At its bottom she reached for a heavy switch concealed under the staircase and having pulled it forward, looked up at Baylor like a wayward child from a sitting position. "Destruction device," she giggled insanely. "Destruction device." Her hand swept up to cover her mouth and she swallowed convulsively. The distinctive, bitter odor of cyanide wafted up the staircase.

Baylor tumbled down the stairs and, stepping over the body of Mrs. Probar, dashed into the underground room. With one continuous motion he scooped up the briefcase, turned, and lept back up the stairs. At the top, he seized Jiggs's hand and, pulling her after him as he ran, plunged through the unbolted pool door and down a gravelled garden path faintly illuminated by the winter moon. They had reached the edge of the woods at the foot of the garden when they felt a blast of heat and heard a

great roar and shattering of glass behind them. Flames leapt up into the dark sky from the pool house to light their way as they turned and fled breathlessly through the trees toward the river.

TWENTY-ONE

ERNE Sessena stared down at the picture negatives and the papers on the table before him. He ran a hand through his hair and grimaced.

"No good, Ernie?" Baylor asked anxiously. "As far as it goes, and as I see it, I think we have conclusive proof that the Probars were spies for the Chinese Communists and that Boyd Raaff was a principal lieutenant. He controlled Williams and told him what to bird dog on at the Pentagon and at Fort Detrick. While Williams knew Raaff, it appears that he did not know the Probars."

He pushed at the disordered pile before him. "The spy ring did pass top secret information on our bacteriological research to the Chinese. It's all here." He stood silently for a moment, dissatisfied. "There's just one aspect of it that bothers me. The ring seemed to have an infallible instinct for what was important and what wasn't. Williams could only pull and photograph a few files without detection. He chose a winner every time. How did he do that?"

"You said that Raaff told him what to photograph," Baylor reminded him.

"How did Raaff always choose a winner? He was only a Committee staff member."

"Maybe Mr. Probar instructed Raaff," Jiggs interjected.

"How would Probar know?" Sessena lit a cigarette and stared morosely out of the window. "We aren't at the bottom of this yet, kiddos."

"Maybe Rutledge helped. He certainly tried to keep me away from the Committee," Baylor said.

Sessena slowly shook his head. "No. Rutledge couldn't swing it. I think he's in the clear." He frowned and then continued slowly. "The reason Raaff knew what to tell Williams to photograph in the BW files was that secret testimony in executive session was given before the Committee on the subject. I learned a few days ago from Army Intelligence that there is a direct correlation between documents passed to the Reds and secret testimony given before the Committee. The only reason Raaff and Williams could select vital information to photograph from the Pentagon files is because Raaff learned about it during testimony before the Committee."

A slow grin spread over Sessena's face and he jabbed a finger in the air at Baylor and Jiggs. "The selective process didn't occur when Raaff told Williams what to photograph, it occurred when the Committee decided upon the secret testimony it would hear. Probar got the BW data through Raaff and Williams only because the Committee asked for secret testimony on the BW matters in which Probar was interested. If the Committee had been investigating army housing or army procurement procedures, Probar would have been nowhere."

"Who chooses the subjects the Committee investigates?" Baylor asked.

"The chairman."

"Sam Fensterer?"

Sessena nodded. "It has to be Fensterer. No one but the Chairman had the control over the staff and the subject

matter that was required to make this espionage gambit work."

"How about another member of the Committee? Vehnik or Orne for instance. They were egging Fensterer on at the CIA hearings."

Sessena shook his head. "No, this has lasted too long. They might have persuaded or cajoled Fensterer into doing what they wanted once or twice, but over a period of several weeks? No, whoever handled this was his own man. It had to be the chairman. Probar was our spy, Junior, but God help us no one less than Sam Fensterer may be our spymaster. The hell of it is we don't know if he is or not."

"You just said he was."

"Logic says he is. If you'll pardon the expression, I've known in my gut for some time it was Fensterer, but we don't *know* it in the sense of resolving all doubt, in the sense of concrete proof. We can't hang him because he was a friend of Probar. Half of Congress were friends of Probar. Probar managed trust accounts for Fensterer. Well, why not? Probar was his lawyer. Everything can be explained away, even his current effort on the Hill to discredit the FBI and the CIA. I say it's Fensterer because it couldn't be anyone else but Fensterer, but that isn't proof. No one gives a damn what Ernie Sessena thinks about one of the giants of the Congress."

Jiggs turned from drying the breakfast dishes, a dish cloth in her hands. "I think you're wrong, Ernie. Mr. Fensterer can't be involved. He's a very important man. I don't believe for one minute that Congressmen become spies."

"They don't, Jiggs, at least they haven't as far as we know, but they could." A sad ghost of a smile touched his lips. "You see, it's the money, sis. Some men will do anything for money, even Congressmen. In espionage, millions of dollars change hands every day. It's one of the world's big industries. After all, why not? Why should we in the United States spend less on espionage, the practice of the elementary techniques of survival in a jungle world, than we spend on cigarettes? And remember, our enemies don't recruit spies from among our leading citizens, including in-

cumbent Congressmen. They know that our leaders in politics, labor, education, and business can't be recruited for a shoddy ill-paid adventure. What they do recruit are ambitious and restless young men and women whom they can train and finance as they are making their careers.

"They do try to elect spies to the Congress. Why not? If Sam Fenster is their man, he is many times more valuable than an aircraft carrier or a squadron of airplanes. If it takes fifteen or twenty years and ten or twenty million dollars judiciously spent to create a Sam Fenster, what of it? It's worth it."

"But Fenster is so rich, so powerful, so well known. Even if he were a spy, why is he still a spy? He's got it made."

"Because he can't stop. He can't risk being exposed. One thing leads to another. When he began, he was a nobody. No doubt he rose in politics because of the undercover money and the contacts furnished by the Communists. After a few years, a time may have come when he wished that he was on his own. He didn't need help. He was becoming Mr. Big. But it was too late. He was their creature. He couldn't break away without destroying himself. It probably was the same for the Probars. They didn't always live on Foxhall Road."

Figgs nodded unhappily. "It sounds just awful. I didn't know that the world was like that."

Sessena ground out his cigarette. "Of course, we can drop it here and no one will criticize us. If Fenster is involved, he'll accept an unspoken armistice. He'll call the dogs off us. We can emerge into the sun today from this crummy apartment and be welcomed back into polite society. The police and the FBI will again resume building their case against Wong for the murder of Bennington. They know damn well that he did it and that you didn't. You have more than enough dirt for a Pulitzer Prize story. I have more than done my duty. The Establishment will be relieved that we didn't push farther and discover the horrible, the ultimate truth. Washington prefers that some things not be proved. It can live with unresolved doubts,

but naked unpalatable truth touching highly placed persons and institutions, well, that's something else again. Have we had enough? Do we resolve the last doubt? Or do we forget it?"

Baylor slowly shook his head. "No, we don't forget it. We don't have the big boy. It's our reaching toward the high places that shook the Establishment and pulled the FBI and the CIA off the case. It was reaching too high that made us fugitives in the capital of our own country. That's the big story, Elmer. You think that it took Sam Fenster to suck that vital information from the Pentagon top secret files to the Armed Services Committee where Rauff and Williams could get their hands on it. I think it took a Fenster to pull the FBI and the CIA off the case. Probar wasn't big enough for that. We can't have these suspicions of Fenster and then leave him alone. If he is the spymaster, we have to pull him down, we have to prove that a spy can't get away with treason no matter how highly he's placed, no matter how much influence he has. We have to prove that such a man is not above the law merely because most people haven't the courage to believe the worst and investigate him."

Sessena grinned at him. "We go all the way or bust a gut trying, right?"

"Right?" Baylor looked elated. Figgs shivered. "After the last two nights, I'm shattered. I hope there isn't any more blood."

A thought struck Baylor and he grinned wryly as his elation slowly drained away. "How do we get to Fenster, Elmer? He won't make a move now. He's heard of the explosion and the fire at the Probars'. The bodies in the ashes will be identified. He knows that his spy ring is destroyed. He may even guess why, but he'll go to ground. He'll wait, sitting in his citadel atop Capitol Hill. It'll pay him to wait. In five or ten years he may be Speaker of the House. He might even be President of the United States." He smiled bleakly at Sessena.

"Oh, it's not as bad as all that," Sessena drawled. "We have Williams."