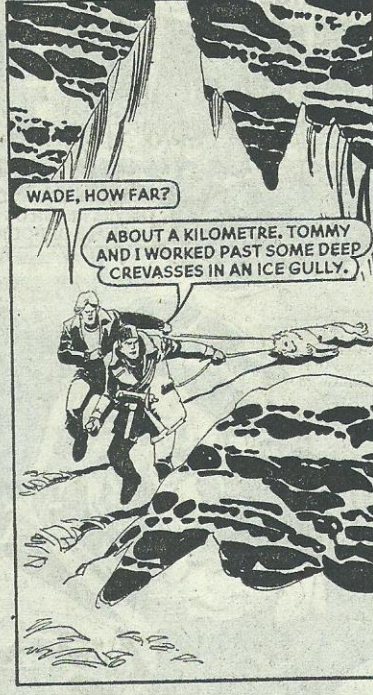


"Yet I shall break him!"



SO PERHAPS THEY CAN BE FOOLED BY A DRAG-TRAIL.



WADE, HOW FAR?

ABOUT A KILOMETRE. TOMMY AND I WORKED PAST SOME DEEP CREVASSES IN AN ICE GULLY.



Later...

THIS 'UN LOOKS DEEP ENOUGH.



SORRY, DOG.



WHAT IF THE DOGS SNIFF OUT OUR SCENT UP THE GULLY?

THAT'S WHERE AMMONIA COMES IN HANDY.



A TINGLING NOSE SHOULD PERSUADE THOSE DOGS THAT THE OTHER TRAIL IS MORE INTERESTING.



SO NOW WE WAIT.

WE WAIT AND WE USE THE GUARD'S RADIO TO LISTEN IN ON THE CHAT AMONG THOSE TROOPS.



A 'COPTER!

SOMEBODY GOING UP TO THE BEAM INSTALLATION.



The helicopter brought an interrogation expert to question Tommy Cook.

WONDERFUL CONTROL. NO BLINKING OR FLINCHING — EVEN YOUR PUPILS DO NOT DILATE. YET YOUR BRAIN SCAN SHOWS YOU TO BE CONSCIOUS.



A SELF-INDUCED TRANCE, COLONEL. THIS MAN QUITE OBVIOUSLY IS A HIGHLY TRAINED AGENT. YET I SHALL BREAK HIM!

THAT IS WHY YOU ARE HERE, PROFESSOR.