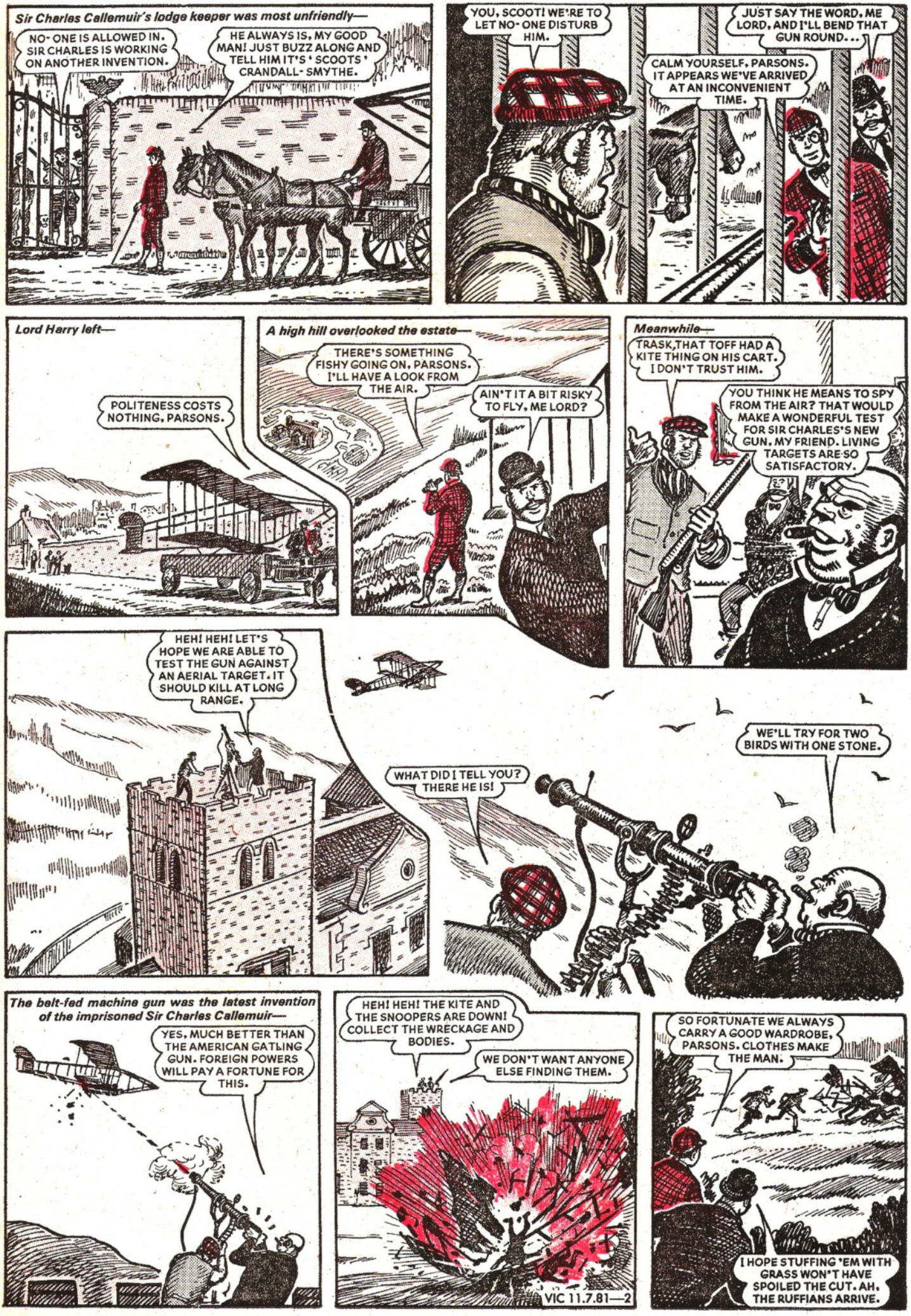
Sir Charles Callemuir's lodge keeper was most unfriendly—
NO- ONE IS ALLOWED IN. SIR CHARLES IS WORKING ON ANOTHER INVENTION.
HE ALWAYS IS, MY GOOD MAN! JUST BUZZ ALONG AND TELL HIM IT'S 'SCOOTS' CRANDALL- SMYTHE.
YOU, SCOOT! WE'RE TO LET NO- ONE DISTURB HIM.
JUST SAY THE WORD, ME LORD, AND I'LL BEND THAT GUN ROUND...
CALM YOURSELF, PARSONS. IT APPEARS WE'VE ARRIVED AT AN INCONVENIENT TIME.
Lord Harry left—
POLITENESS COSTS NOTHING, PARSONS.
A high hill overlooked the estate—
THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON, PARSONS. I'LL HAVE A LOOK FROM THE AIR.
AIN'T IT A BIT RISKY TO FLY, ME LORD?
Meanwhile—
TRASK, THAT TOFF HAD A KITE THING ON HIS CART. I DON'T TRUST HIM.
YOU THINK HE MEANS TO SPY FROM THE AIR? THAT WOULD MAKE A WONDERFUL TEST FOR SIR CHARLES'S NEW GUN, MY FRIEND. LIVING TARGETS ARE SO SATISFACTORY.
HEH! HEH! LET'S HOPE WE ARE ABLE TO TEST THE GUN AGAINST AN AERIAL TARGET. IT SHOULD KILL AT LONG RANGE.
WHAT DID I TELL YOU? THERE HE IS!
WE'LL TRY FOR TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.
The belt-fed machine gun was the latest invention of the imprisoned Sir Charles Callemuir—
YES, MUCH BETTER THAN THE AMERICAN GATLING GUN. FOREIGN POWERS WILL PAY A FORTUNE FOR THIS.
HEH! HEH! THE KITE AND THE SNOOPERS ARE DOWN! COLLECT THE WRECKAGE AND BODIES.
WE DON'T WANT ANYONE ELSE FINDING THEM.
SO FORTUNATE WE ALWAYS CARRY A GOOD WARDROBE, PARSONS. CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN.
I HOPE STUFFING 'EM WITH GRASS WON'T HAVE SPOILED THE CUT. AH, THE RUFFIANS ARRIVE.
VIC 11.7.81—2