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THE NEW SERIES No.

# TARZAN

AND THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN

by Burton Weston



Based on some of the characters  
created by Edgar Rice Burroughs

ABOUT THE AUTHOR AND THE SERIES: Today's great interest in the adventures of Tarzan and some of the many other exciting characters created by the master storyteller, Edgar Rice Burroughs, has brought a demand for new, fresh Tarzan stories. With this book, Gold Star Books begins to fill that demand. Gold Star Books asked a talented, young California writer,

Barton Werper, to create new Tarzan adventures, based on some of the original Tarzan characters, "Tarzan and the Abominable Snowman" is the fourth of this series by Mr. Werper whose previous work includes several television scripts and magazine short stories.

TARZAN  
AND THE  
ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

*Fourth in The New Tarzan Series*

*By Barton Werper*



A GOLD STAR BOOK

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## Chapter 1

### SAFARI PLANNED

AS happened not too infrequently, John, Lord Greystoke, heir and scion of vast estates in England, was completely bored with so-called "civilization." Jungle-bred, nurtured, suckled and trained by the giant apes of the African veldts and jungles, he felt much more at home in the crotch of a tree, wearing a loincloth, carrying spear, bow and the knife that had once belonged to his father, whom he'd never really known. To the denizens of these wild places, both friend and traditional foe, he was known simply as "Tarzan."

Tarzan of the Apes, and no man could ask for higher honor. At least, this was the opinion of Tarzan himself, and he cared surprisingly little for the opinion of others —except, perhaps, that of his mate, Jane, Jane Clayton, once the belle of society in Baltimore, Maryland. And Jane had adapted almost as quickly to the life in the jungle as had Tarzan, who, until he met her, had known no other. It was Jane who had taught him to speak English, who had insisted that he improve himself, take his rightful place in society. And Jane had allowed Tarzan to teach their son. Jack, the ways of the jungle, while she sat patiently in their bungalow amidst Tarzan's vast African holdings, and gave him a bit more than the basic rudiments of an education, so that when the boy was finally to go off to England to acquire somewhat more polish and knowledge of the world outside Africa, he would not be handicapped. Nor was he. Now Jack was off at Oxford, and the bungalow was once again all theirs.

All Jane's, in fact, for Tarzan had decided to take a few days off for sport. With Basuli, trusted chieftain of the Waziri, and a handful of warriors, the giant ape-man had stripped off the habiliments of civilization and raced off through the trees, once again to pit his jungle-trained wits against the savage denizens of the African jungle. Jane, sighing, had accepted his decision with remarkable, restraint and accepted a perfunctory kiss on the cheek.

After all, it would only be for a few days. Jane was well provided for, well-guarded. Safer than in London traffic. And very lonely.

In faraway London, matters were moving along. Had been for some months, in fact.

The Hon. Freddy Keys-Smythe, a light-hearted soul and veteran of many an expedition to strange lands and places and a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Science, sat at a small table in company with three other persons. It was an oddly assorted group. Freddy was a fragile-appearing man, which was utter and complete nonsense, for his strength had been proved on many occasions. Strength of body, mind and character. What Freddy Keys-Smythe wanted, he usually wangled, one way or another.

He stroked a small toothbrush of a moustache which he fondly believed made him look both older and wiser and did neither—and glanced at the rather florid, imposing figure seated across the table.

"Well, Sir Edward," he said, almost too casually, for much depended on the other's answer, "there it is. All laid out neat and tidy. Not a decimal point out of place. The Royal Academy has agreed to a grant of forty thousand quid for this expedition, providing, of course, that you'll do the same. In return, you're to have first publication rights and a daily wireless report once we're actually in the field."

Sir Edward Newhall had memorized the figures quoted as to passage, equipment, supplies and the rest of it, at first glance. He pushed the neat blue folder away from in front of his place at the table, reached thoughtfully for the bottle of dry sherry and poured a glass. He sipped thoughtfully. Sir Edward was not a man given to throwing his money about carelessly, although he could have probably done so without much discomfort. He was one of the wealthiest newspaper publishers in the world, with a whole string of them. He was tough, shrewd, unassuming and merciless in his business dealings. More, he had an unerring sense of news. He ran crusading newspapers, but would drop a crusade instantly if it did not materially aid circulation. He looked at the man on his left and Teddy's right. "Mr. Burke?"

Arthur Burke was a well-set-up man in his early thirties. He happened, at the moment, to have just concluded a campaign that had sharply increased circulation in nearly all the areas serviced by the Newhall "empire" (called so because it was, in fact, an empire with a great deal of influence in matters of government, and because the front-running newspaper in this mighty chain of newspapers was the London Daily Empire).

Burke was excited by the idea, but had learned from bitter experience to never, never seem too eager to embark upon a circulation-building stunt. He shook his head slightly. "Well, Sir Edward, it all seems a bit 'iffy' to me. Of course, it would be a fantastically successful campaign 'if' successful, 'if' something other than hints and rumors could be brought out, 'if' one could get clear, distinct motion pictures of these creatures or, better still, bring back a live specimen or so."

Sir Edward nodded. "It's also occurred to me, Mr. Keys-Smythe, that even the alleged 'sightings' of these beasts has been confined to the Himalayas. On what basis do you suggest Mount Kilimanjaro?"

Freddy leaned back, appearing as nonchalant as possible. "There have been *more* sightings in the Himalayas, Sir Edward. But by no means have all been there. There have been sightings, some of them so documented as to be undeniable, from such diverse spots as the Urals, Northern California in the United States, Canada and so forth and so on. Including Kilimanjaro." He bent forward again, earnestly. "Sir, I point out one other item. All sightings have been accidental. No expedition has ever set out, not to this day, with the deliberate intent of tracking one or more of the creatures down. The rest have been mountain-climbing expeditions and the like."

Sir Edward lit a cigar, let out a puff of smoke. "If the damned creatures even exist, eh?"

"Sir Edward, the gorilla was believed by naturalists and scientists to be a myth. May I point out that the first gorilla was brought out of the Congo in 1931? The Panda bear was actually 'discovered' even later. Well, so much for that. Let me put it this way, sir: I believe in the *yeti*. And the Academy believes in me."

There was silence around the table as Sir Edward pulled the prospectus back before him, glancing through it again. He puffed on his cigar thoughtfully. "It occurs to me that you're asking for a hell of a lot of money. Forty thousand pounds. Eh, Arthur?"

Burke knew, right then, that the Old Map was going to go for the proposition. He knew, too, that he was going to be allowed to go along, to protect the publishing chain's interests. He took the plunge, aware that his employer was waiting for some word of encouragement. "Oh, indeed. Yes. And still, the Royal Academy is willing to put that sum at the gentleman's disposal if some- one should match it. I daresay the other newspapers have wind of this. I should truly dislike losing all the circulation we've so recently gained, simply because of . . . well, let that go, sir. After all, that's for the business office to say, isn't it?"

"It's for me to say, by Gad, sir I All right, young Keys-Smythe, I have a few objections to this—ah—prospectus of yours. I'll want a good reporter from my organization to accompany the expedition. Burke, will you be willing to accompany this safari?"

"Of course, sir. Very happy to oblige."

"Um. And I also notice that you've no person listed who has actually seen one of the damned things. What about that, eh? You might be chasing some mountainside gorilla, eh? Or a bear, or whatever. What about that?"

"All laid on," Freddy said, blithely. "I've engaged the services of Teemu, a Sherpa 'Tiger.' Been up and down the slopes of the Himalayas more often than I've been to Charing Cross. He's seen them, tracked them, fought with them. When he was a lad, he and his father spent a wretched night in a small stone hut at the twenty thousand-foot level, fighting off one or more. He says they threw stones, climbed on the roof, ripping out huge logs and brush. He also says they fear fire. Extremely strong beasts, if beasts they are. Shy, though. And quite large. Never see them in daylight."

"Should have bagged one of the blighters. Right then and there."

Keys-Smythe smiled, faintly. "All very well and good, sir. Unfortunately, the Sherpa know nothing of killing. Nor crime. They have no weapons, and their entire psychological make-up would make them helpless to attack anything or anyone. They live in peace with each other and the world. When they need meat, they call in a man who is both publicly and privately shunned. He kills their beasts quickly, leaves them to hang, taking his pay in choice cuts of meat. Their only form of punishment is banishment, which, I might add, is fairly lethal on the high slopes."

Arthur Burke nodded in agreement. "Read something of that, myself. I take it you know Kilimanjaro?"

Freddy shook his head. "Not really. However, I know someone who does. Lord Greystoke."

"John Clayton? Now, that's something like it. He's going along?"

Freddie smiled with a confidence he didn't really feel. "I'm almost sure he will. After all, he makes his home not too awfully far from Mount Kilimanjaro. And he has a faithful band of African warriors, the Waziri, who will not only make excellent bearers but who should guard our little expedition against all sorts of dangers that we can scarcely imagine at this state of the game, eh?"

"You've contacted him?" This question was asked from under beetled brows. The eyes beneath were sharp, penetrating.

"Six—no, seven days ago, I talked to his son. Jack, who's up at Oxford. Jack promised to cable

that very day. In fact. Jack is anxious to join the expedition himself. I'm sure it's all set."

For the first time, the fourth person at the table spoke. It was a girl, an attractive, green-eyed, aristocratic girl. The daughter, to be specific, of Sir Edward, who both adored and distrusted her. She was, to be honest, a hoyden. Not her fault, really. She was his only child. He, like so many others of the peerage, had hoped fondly for sons, but it was not to be. Her mother had died in childbirth, and Patricia had had a rather haphazard rearing. "I'm going with the expedition, daddy!"

"Nonsense. A young girl like you going off to God knows where, surrounded by all those—those savages? And wild animals?"

"Yes."

"Impossible. Utterly and absolutely and completely impossible." He stared about the table. "You understand that, gentlemen? Under no circumstances is she to be included in this plan." The Honorable Freddy Keys-Smythe broke into the conversation eagerly. "Then—there is to be an expedition?"

"Depends upon Lord Greystoke, I should say. Yes. It definitely depends upon Lord Greystoke. He's to share the leadership with you. Agreed?"

"Oh, absolutely. Sir Edward. May I say, you'll never regret this!"

"That remains to be seen," Newhall sniffed.

Arthur Burke, reporter extraordinary, smiled inwardly. He had been quietly engaged to the beauteous Pat Newhall for some months. He had long ago discovered that whatever Patricia wanted, Patricia got. He hoped they could make comfortable accommodations for her. Inevitably, Miss Newhall would be a member of the expedition to search for the elusive, half-mythical yeti.

## Chapter 2

### WOMEN'S WILES

TARZAN sat lazily in a comfortable nest in the middle terrace of the forest, a few miles from the thorn boma where he and the six Waziri who'd come away with him on this little holiday had spent the night. That is, the Waziri had spent the night there, rather uneasily, one of them standing guard at all times, replenishing the fire which served the dual purpose of keeping the five sleeping figures warm, and keeping out the predators of the night, for this was lion country, and Samba had oft been known to relish a succulent native almost as well as a young Bara, the deer. Yes, only six figures were in the boma; Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle, was also a predator. On these little trips, he hunted at night with the other predators, and, having made his kill, lazed through the warm African mornings. This was the finest time of all, with the sun midway up the horizon. Tarzan's nostrils twitched as he caught the scent of cooking topi, which he'd pounced upon just after daybreak and dropped into the boma for his crew. He'd saved a small haunch for himself, which he had stuck into the fork of the tree beside him and from which, with great content, he cut a strip now and again, wolfing it down. This habit was reprehensible to the natives and absolutely intolerable to Jane; hence these little expeditions. At the bungalow on his estate. Lord Greystoke politely gave way to the civilized method of preparing food, although it was noted that he

could hardly abide the sight of a well-done roast. It was all right, it filled one's belly, he ruminated, chewing with appreciation on his raw strip of meat, but as for food—well. Jane, understanding his problem, because she knew her lord and master had been raised as a wild jungle beast, always saw to it that his meat was rare, even a little bloody, but she insisted that for the sake of appearances it must be at least seared. Nor could he abide what is popularly known as "hung" meat, that is, game which was allowed to cool for several days to make it more tender. The degree of tenderness mattered not at all to the ape-man, who utterly and completely failed to fathom this nicety of so-called civilization. Why did one have teeth, if not to bite and tear? Such nonsense! For that matter, why have "civilization" at all? Tarzan had sampled civilization, and held it, for the most part, in contempt. Jungle beasts, on the whole, were far superior to Man. If they fought, it was for the sport of it, not because of some vague political or economical concept. If they killed, they killed to fill their bellies. A leader of a pack *led* the pack; he didn't relegate his duties to underlings. The leader was the strongest, the most cunning, the swiftest. He personally meted out justice, and swiftly, without mercy. Each beast had a sworn enemy, and whenever the two met, there was a battle, but this was part of nature's plan, to keep the jungle population constant. On the infrequent occasions that Tarzan, as Lord Greystoke, was compelled to don the trappings of civilization and journey to London, he did so with the greatest reluctance. As a member of the nobility, he was invited to a round of boring teas and dinners (where the beef was invariably overdone!), and listened to conversations and confidences which he did not particularly care to hear and which he usually did not understand. At one of these affairs, Jane had learned to recognize the danger signals. Lord and Lady Greystoke customarily left the proceedings early, and Lord Greystoke would be in one of his black moods which even his beloved Jane found it difficult to overcome.

Factually, had it not been for Jane, who loved all such social functions, it is highly doubtful that Tarzan would ever have gone to England to claim his heritage and his title.

Ah, well, the ape-man mused, munching on his strip of meat, it was little enough to ask, he supposed. His beloved Jane spent the greater part of the year in the jungle with him, and was well-schooled in the ways of the jungle. She was almost as adept as the tarmangani himself in living there. She was a worthy mate for the Lord of the Jungle. And she didn't begrudge him these little forays from time to time, so long as the bean crops were in, and the kaffir corn had been harvested, so that the natives who formed Tarzan's retinue would not know want.

Suddenly, Tarzan tensed—he sniffed the breeze. Almost certainly his keen nostrils sensed the approach of Numa, the lion, whom the natives called "Simba." Numa was certainly approaching, and Tarzan, with his unerring jungle knowledge, knew it would be an old beast, gone kill-less for the night, perhaps many nights, and drawn by the scent of Tarzan's fresh kill. The ape-man dropped from his perch in the middle terrace to the lower terrace, teeth bared, poised for the kill. He loosened the knife in its sheath, looking about the small glade beneath the tree for a tell-tale motion of the scrub and underbrush. . . there it was!

Numa slunk, belly low, into the little clearing, seeking the meat he'd smelled. Tarzan looked at the lion with contempt. It was a very old lion, gaunt, scrawny, with a mangy-looking mane, greying muzzle and an obvious limp. The ape-man watched with slitted grey eyes. Hardly a worthy opponent, but possibly the most dangerous of all beasts to the unwary native, for lions such as this were the sort which, unable to catch the fleet zebra or hartebeest, lay in wait for the solitary hunter, or raided native villages, carrying off children or old people. No need for a challenge here, and a standup fight, which the ape-man loved best of all in the world; no, this would almost be a mercy killing.

At that moment, there was the sound of running feet on the trail leading into and across the little clearing. Tarzan glanced quickly in the direction of the noise and saw one of his Waziri approaching rapidly, bearing a cleft stick with a message in the tip. Numa whirled to face the approaching runner, and



crouched to charge, tail lashing. Unsheathing his knife, the ape-man sprang to the back of Numa in the nick of time! Left arm under, the lion's neck, steely thighs clamped firmly and with unbelievable strength about the lion's barrel, Tarzan plunged the long blade time and time again into the side and neck of the beast, while it reared savagely, roaring and snarling. Almost, in his contempt for the old lion, he allowed it to escape his grasp, but with a final roar, the animal keeled over, with vast quantities of bloody froth spilling from its snapping jaws. Tarzan stabbed once again, to ensure the kill, and, with a mighty shudder, the lion died. Tarzan wiped his knife in its ragged mane, then, placing a foot on its back, threw back his head and gave the frightful and frightening cry of the bull ape. For a second only he stood there, then turned his head slowly, with still burning eyes, to stare with contempt at the Waziri, who was leaning against the tree, staring awestruck at Tarzan.

"You are Amusi, eldest son of my chieftain, Basuli?"

Teeth chattering, the native nodded. "Yes, lord."

Tarzan grunted in disgust. "Have you passed the rites of manhood?"

"I have not yet killed my first lion, lord."

"Nor will you, Amusi, if you move so carelessly, so noisily through the jungle. It is far more likely that a lion will kill you! Give me the message, return to the compound, and tell your father what happened. Tell him Tarzan said you were to be punished for your carelessness. Tell him that you will do women's work for a week."

"But—but—" Amusi knew you obeyed Tarzan in all things, on pain of much worse indignities than a week of women's work. He glanced again at the ape-man's stern visage, turned and trotted back up the trail, this time on silent feet. Tarzan smiled briefly at the disconsolate youth's retreating figure. He was a fine boy, this Amusi, but, like all youngsters, apt to become overconfident, and overconfidence led to carelessness, and that, in the jungle, usually led to death.

Dismissing the incident, the ape-man took the message from the cleft stick, and sat down upon the recumbent figure of Numa to read it. It was a rather lengthy cable, and he noted that it was addressed to Lord and Lady Greystoke, and that its having been opened meant that Lady Greystoke was aware of its contents.

FREDDY KEYS-SMYTHE ASKS ME TO INTERVENE WITH YOU TO LEAD EXPEDITION  
TO KILIMANJARO IN SEARCH OF QUOTE YETI UNQUOTE POPULARLY KNOWN AS  
ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN STOP THERE WILL

BE ONE WOMAN WITH GROUP SO PERHAPS MOTHER COULD ACCOMPANY STOP I  
HOPE YOU ACCEPT AS I PLAN TO JOIN WITH YOU A WEEK AFTER EXPEDITION  
SCHEDULED TO START AND AM HOMESICK STOP PARTY

OF SIX WHICH INCLUDES PILOT AND COPILOT WILL LEAVE HERE AND ARRIVE  
YOUR LANDING STRIP AT COMPOUND TWO WEEKS AFTER RECEIVING YOUR  
CONSENT STOP ALL MY LOVE TO YOU BOTH

It was signed "Jack," and Tarzan felt a warm glow as he thought of the fine son Jane had given him. He re-read the cable thoughtfully, considering. There had been rumors of a strange, hairy tribe of

men, or man-like creatures, which lived somewhere high up on the mountain of Kilimanjaro, but until this moment, Tarzan had never considered seeking them out. He looked forward with little or no relish to guiding a group of people through the game country and the hostile tribes and the often waterless plains that lay between his holdings and Kilimanjaro, but he supposed it could be done. Folding the cable, he thrust it into his loincloth, leaped back up into the middle terrace, and, recovering his spear and his bow and quiver of arrows, sped off through the boughs and the creepers until he reached the thorn boma and his six fellow-vacationing Waziri followers. "I return to the compound," he announced, as they looked up from their feast which they'd just finished scorching over a small fire. "Follow when you will."

Tarzan swung back up into the trees, this time to the upper terrace where the going was faster, and in a few hours dropped to the ground near his huge, sprawling bungalow. He looked about with interest. Everyone seemed to be industriously working. The women, that is. Waziri warriors scorned manual labor. He nodded with satisfaction, waved to Basuli, his chieftain, and trotted to the bungalow. Jane stopped him at the door.

"Go take a shower, dear. You smell of blood and lion. I suppose you read the cable from Jack?"

Tarzan grumbled. "A fine reception! 'Go take a shower,' indeed. Yes, I read the cable. You aren't coming with the safari."

"Yes, dear. We'll discuss it later. Now, your shower. I'll have one of the boys lay out your things, and I'll stir up a nice cold pitcher of fruit juice for you."

Tarzan stalked off in great dignity.

And took his shower. Later in the day, Jane pointed out that the expedition would be a lengthy one, and that it was only fair that she, too, be allowed the pleasure of the company of her son. Jack. Also, there would be the Englishwoman on the safari, and she would dearly love to exchange some girl-talk, an opportunity which didn't present itself every day, also that she was certainly better equipped and jungle-trained than the other woman, and that safeguarding one woman was just as much trouble, no more, than safeguarding two, and that . . .

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Jane! All right. All right. We'll cable our acceptance."

"I have, dear. Immediately I read Jack's message."

Tarzan muttered under his breath and went outside to confer with Basuli. Women!

Arthur Burke and Patricia Newhall sat in a quiet little restaurant, sipping an excellent brandy after an excellent dinner.

"You know," he sighed, "I shall miss you like the very devil, Pat. It promises to be quite a lengthy affair, this brainstorm of Freddy's."

"I'm glad."

"Glad I'm going to miss you, darling?"

"Oh, no," she said, demurely. "Glad it's going to be lengthy. I'm going along, you see!"

Burke choked on his brandy, reached hurriedly for his serviette. "You're *what?*" he finally gasped out. "How in the world did you ever . . . why. Sir Edward was positively adamant about it."

"Yes, well, when I pointed out that you and I were engaged, he rather came round. *After* what appeared to be a mild case of apoplexy."

The reporter shook his head. "He knows?"

"He does now. Welcome to the family, dear."

"Women!" Burke said. "Women. Will I ever understand 'em!"

Patricia chuckled. "I trust not, dear heart. It would take so much fun out of your life if you did!"

### Chapter 3

#### THE EXPEDITION BEGINS

THE Hon. Freddy Keys-Smythe took a long, last look at the stencil on the large box which was firmly secured to the winch of the steamer, checked the number against a list he held on a note-board and waved to the winch operator. Promptly, that worthy started the winch drum revolving with a clatter of steam. In a moment, the cargo net was suspended directly over the open hatch aft, and a pair of husky stevedores guided it carefully down into the hold. Freddy heaved a sigh of relief.

"Well, chaps," he said to a tanned, ready-for-any thing pair, "I fancy that does it. I'm sure there's something we've overlooked, but I can't imagine what it would be. Oh, well. It's sure to turn up missing just when we need it most. Never known it to fail. Let's have a little spot, eh? I never thought we'd get the expedition to this stage."

The trio walked briskly up the pier and turned into the "Tar and Spar," a dockside pub well-known for its stout ale, strong rum and tasty chowders. Inside, it was cool and dim, with the comforting smell that appeals only to the masculine, and which takes some hundreds of years to impregnate itself into oak beams. They lined up at the bar, where the owner, a rascally-looking chap who might have stepped right off Bluebeard's quarterdeck did his best—with notably poor success—to appear genial and friendly. What he thought to be a smile of welcome was a scowl to frighten the unknowing into a state of shock. Never mind. His uncouth exterior served only to conceal a heart as tender as the most solid granite.

"Well, then, gents," he rasped. "Are you all loaded, then?"

"Right you are," Freddy said, cheerfully. "Let's have a round of drinks here. Rum would be appropriate, I believe. Right, Al? Charley? And have one yourself, landlord."

"Hardly a drink for gentry," said the bartender. "I have some excellent Scots whisky. Here, I'll stand for this round myself!"

"Rum," Freddy repeated, firmly. "Rum, the drink for adventurers. And then some chowder. Great, steaming bowls of it. And some crisp bread. And a bottle of a good, light, very white wine. Gad, I'm hungry for the first time in weeks. Is the chowder good tonight. Bates?"

"Fair tear your heart out, sir," that worthy replied. "One of the finest fish chowders you'll ever smack a lip over." He slapped down three mugs of rum, filled one for himself, raised it in a toast. "To your success, what- ever it may be you're after!"

"Chug-a-lug!" Freddy replied, almost choking as the fiery liquid seemed to burn a path down his throat. He slammed his mug on the bar, eyes streaming. Al and Charley, pilot and co-pilot for the expedition, fared little better. The landlord drank his as if it were water.

"Ah, gents, that's the stuff, all right. Clears the gullet for a hearty meal. Now, if you'll kindly excuse me, I'll go shake up me missus and you'll have your chowder in half a mo'."

Al chuckled. "Not *too* awfully mild, was it?"

Freddy stared at him incredulously. "I didn't know you were from Sussex."

The chowder came before the conversation went further, huge steaming bowls of it, and the trio sat at a rough deal table worn smooth by the passage of years, the rubbing of many elbows, spilled candlewax and beer. The bowls were wooden, the spoons were man-sized, and the bread was crisp and delicious. Bates brought over three frothing pints of ale. "Here's the stuff you want, gents, with my chowder. None of that Frenchy wine. Honest British ale! Now eat and drink hearty. Give me a shout if you need more of anything. I'll Just go along back in the kitchen and have a bit of the chowder meself." He slumped away, and for the next ten minutes there was no sound except those made by three hungry, high-spirited men. Finally, with a sigh, the Hon. Freddy wiped his bowl clean with a scrap of bread, washed it down with the last of his pint and leaned back, satiated and well-content. In a moment, the other two followed suit.

"Well, then, we're off, is it?" asked the co-pilot, Charley.

Keys-Smythe nodded, belching politely. "Yes. And I shan't be sorry. I've had the devil of a time with that blighter Teemu, our Sherpa friend. Been evicted from rather scroungy lodgings three times in the past three days."

"Bad moral type? Drunk?"

"Nothing like that. You see, these chaps live high in the Himalayas. Protect themselves from the cold by liberal latherings of rancid yak butter. All very well and good in the snow, I daresay, but with central heating/" and Freddy shuddered, "horrible."

"Um. I suppose he'll stink the plane up quite a bit, too. Still, that's all a part of it. We're leaving day after tomorrow, correct?"

"Yes, from Croyden. Al, I'll leave it up to you to file the flight plans and of course you and Charley will be out there bright and early to meet and greet our arriving guests and their luggage. I've a couple of last minute thank-you calls to make, one to young Jack, Lord Greystoke's son, and one on good old Sir Edward. Then I'll round up dear Teemu, taxi outthere, and away we go. One suggestion: if you chaps require any last-minute personal gear, better get it while you can. There'll be no stores where we're going!"

Spirits were high at the Greystoke estate in the jungle, Tarzan admitted to himself. Jane, busy with plans for entertaining their guests until their supplies had been packed in and the expedition could make up, had the entire plantation in a pleasantly dizzying turmoil. Basuli and a few of his best hunters were sent out with instructions to bring back birds and beasts. The children were fishing, the women readying the guest houses and digging yams, picking the freshest from the very last bean crop, grinding kaffir corn so that Jane could make some of her famous corn bread. The late-growing vegetables in the garden were stripped from their vines. Fresh butter was being churned, rugs beaten, fresh mats woven. Only Tarzan had nothing to do, and found himself underfoot. He retreated to his study, meticulously oiling and cleaning the few rifles he owned, then went into Jack's room, and cleaned *his* rifles and sidearms, and after that went back to his own study and closed the door firmly behind him. Here, at least, he wouldn't be underfoot.

He wished the expedition were leaving within the hour. He thought he'd never been so blasted tired of the excited chatter of females as they went about their tasks. Indeed, he wondered where they'd all come from.

To make matters worse, he'd never heard of any of the members of the expedition team, male *or* female, with the lone exception of the Hon. Freddy Keys-Smythe who was a nice enough young fellow, he supposed—Tarzan had met him at a party in London a few years back—but something of an ass in Lord Greystoke's considered opinion. No, if it weren't that this silly safari in search of a probably nonexistent beast was going to enable him to see his son. Jack, for a long visit, he'd have been tempted, even at this late date, to call the whole thing off.

And so the master of the Greystoke estates and holdings sat glumly in his study, reading back issues of "Punch" and other publications, until dinner was announced.

He seated himself across from a rosy cheeked Jane, who immediately excused herself and bounced off into the kitchen to give some order or other. When she returned, all efficiency, Tarzan pointed to the table. "What's this?"

"The last of the roast boar, dear," she said. "It's delicious, cold. And there's some excellent cheese. And cook has a lovely tart for you, afterwards. And that's some lovely hot bread, from white flour, too, that a couple of the girls have been baking all day."

Tarzan threw down his napkin in disgust. "Ye gods, woman! Hat bread and cold pig meat! What kind of food is that to set before a man?"

Jane looked pained. "I think it's a very proper meal. Remember, we've been so busy cooking and cleaning all day that . . ."

"That you didn't have time to cook a proper dinner for me!"

"John Clayton, don't you dare raise your voice to me," she told him. "It's the best that could be done under the circumstances. Just remember, there are thousands of starving, underprivileged people who would sell their souls for a meal that good!"

"Well, I'm neither starving nor underprivileged. Lady Greystoke."

With vast dignity, Tarzan rose from the table and stalked out the back door, leaving Jane in tears.

Tarzan spent the night in the Waziri compound, swapping polite lies with the elders of the tribe while Basuli's eldest wife prepared him a newly killed rack of topi. He would have preferred it raw, but out of deference to his host who, like all the Waziri, could not stand the sight of the great white ape tearing away at raw meat, allowed the woman to turn it three or four times on the spit. No matter, it was hardly warmed through. Much better than well-done, cold boar meat, certainly. Tarzan wolfed it down, and would have been completely happy except that lurking in the back of his mind was the knowledge that Jane was going to be most upset and terribly mad in the morning.

Fortunately for Tarzan, the plane bearing the safari team arrived earlier in the morning than anticipated, and Jane was so busy playing the hostess that she didn't have time to berate her husband. But if the glances she shot his way from time to time were at all indicative, he would hear more about the matter when this new night fell.

## Chapter 4

### THE PLAN

AFTER the introductions were made all around, Jane led Patricia Newhall away, the pair of them chatting brightly, and Lord Greystoke led the men to the cool, spacious veranda that surrounded the bungalow on three sides.

"If any of you would care for a cold drink before luncheon," Tarzan said, "I'll just call one of the servants."

"Well, Lord Greystoke," Arthur Burke answered, "I could do with a cold beer. Or is that possible? Lord, I'd no idea it was so hot here."

"Yes, of course." Tarzan clapped his hands, and one of the girls who worked for Jane around the bungalow came to the porch. The men gave their orders, all except Teemu, the Sherpa, who gave a rather silly giggle at the sight of the young girl. She giggled in reply, then retreated in a panic under the stern eye of her employer. "What about this chap? Does he speak any English at all?"

The Hon. Freddy Keys-Smythe shook his head. "A half-dozen words. Fortunately, I managed to acquire a fair smattering of his language."

"Strange-looking fellow. Mongolian type, yet not quite."

"Yes. No one seems to know, really. They've lived for what seems to have been several thousand years in the same general area, on the slopes of the Himalayas, with quite a concentration in the area about Mt. Everest. Inbred, of course. Each is related to the other. Crime is unknown among them, as are weapons. Remarkable survival instincts and abilities. What belongs to one belongs to all, loosely speaking."

"Ah. Sort of a commune?"

"I don't think that would quite describe it. Lord Greystoke. No, again it comes back to a matter of survival. They live in what one might term a sort of perpetual disaster area. Each man has his own home, his own wife, his own herd of yak, a scraggly vegetable patch. The greater part of each day is spent in simply surviving. In seeking out edible roots and berries, in moving the herds of yak to better grazing, in storing up food for the long, bitterly cold winters. When disaster strikes one of them, a snowslide or the like, it really strikes at them all, for who knows where it will strike next, you see? If a man loses his wife, his closest relative invites him to use his wife until such a time as there may be an eligible female. If a sudden blizzard wipes out a herd of yak belonging to one man, all the others in the community chip in, so to speak, a yak apiece, until he again has a herd. Their two most priceless possessions are children—who, by the way, are shamefully spoiled—and the yak."

Arthur Burke looted curiously at the object of their conversation. "I say, you mentioned the fact that they carry no weapons? What about predators?"

"Ah, yes. Well, you see, old boy, where they live there simply aren't any. None. No other race of people. No savage animals. Therefore, their culture, such as it is, has no need of weapons. Hence, no weapons."

"What of the yeti?" Tarzan inquired.

"Our friend the Abominable Snowman?" Keys-Smythe sought for words. "That's a bit difficult to explain. Our chap here has had one rather unnerving experience with a pair of them, but . . ."

But before the conversation could go any further, the girl came to summon them for luncheon. Tarzan clattered something at her in Waziri, and she nodded, giggling. "I say, Keys-Smythe," Lord Greystoke said, hardly able to restrain a smile, "I've taken the liberty of asking the girl to guide Teemu to the native compound for food. I assume it would be more to his taste, and while my own nostrils aren't easily offended, it is a rather warm day. Would you be kind enough to relay the message?"

Freddy addressed the Sherpa in his native tongue, and Teemu got quickly to his feet, nodding and grinning. The girl beckoned to him, giggling again, and Teemu giggled in return, following her. "I do believe the old beggar's falling in love," Freddy said. "Well, I hope the girl likes the odor of rancid yak butter. Old Teemu's got about thirty-five years of it rubbed into his hide to protect him from the elements, and no foreseeable amount of bathing's going to wash *that* off!"

Laughing, the man trooped in to a delicious midday meal.

Jedak, the bull ape, leader of the great apes, had mounted guard over his sleeping tribe. They had feasted and danced all night, as they paid tribute to Goro, the moon, and now they slept the sleep of exhaustion. That was good and as it should be. Idly, with fingers the size of a banana, he scratched his shaggy hide, eyes narrowed and yellowed fangs bared as, with a grunt of pleasure, he located the bothersome mite that had burrowed its way down to his skin. He shifted into a more comfortable position in the fork of the tree, almost drowsing off, then came alert at a buzzing in the sky. Without hesitation, he raced upward through the middle terrace to the upper terrace, moving with incredible speed and agility despite his enormous bulk, carefully but unconsciously choosing limbs which would bear his massive weight. He shaded his little red-rimmed eyes with one great paw, swaying precariously in the thinner branches. There it was! One of the silver birds, gleaming in the flashing rays of the morning sunlight. It circled twice, then started to descend, and from past experience he knew it would land at the home of Tarzan, the white-skinned mangani. Doubtless it portended something. He would have to think about this.

He dropped back to the middle terrace, giving Taglat a mighty kick which brought that worthy awake with a start. "You keep watch now. I sleep. When the sun is directly overhead, waken Chulk. There are many things we must do tonight. Perhaps. I must think on it."

Grumbling at such cavalier treatment, Taglat dropped to the lower terrace to keep a lookout for daytime predators, and Jedak took over his nest. He settled himself in comfortably, vainly trying to dredge up from the depths of his brain some thought which the sight of the silver bird had started, but before the thought arrived, he fell fast asleep. A caterpillar, crawling across his face, awakened him momentarily, and without opening his eyes he reached up and popped it into his mouth, munching contentedly, then fell fast asleep again.

When he finally awakened, it was midafternoon, and he led his tribe to the drinking hole for water. After the bulls had refreshed themselves, they stood a rather restless and absentminded guard as the shes and the pups moved in to quench their thirst. Two of the pups got into a squealing argument, which ended in one of them getting thoroughly ducked. Jedak cuffed the other, sending the furry little fellow tumbling end over end. "Never pollute the waterhole," he warned. "That is The Law!"

Taglat, who had a longer memory than most of the great apes, asked Jedak, "You said we had much to do tonight, Jedak?"

"What we do is for me to decide!" Jedak barked, stomping furiously on the ground.

So ended that exchange. In all truth, Jedak had, for the time being, at least, forgotten all about the silver bird, let alone what it was that it had reminded him to do.

Glumly, the leader ordered his people to seek nuts, berries, grubs, or anything that passed for a diet with them. His mate, Neeta, sensing his unease, kept her distance. Jedak's rages were unpredictable. The others chattered amiably enough among themselves, and the cubs, as usual, tumbled about in the brush, straying away from the pack with their distracted mothers chasing and slapping them impartially.

Shortly before the dinner hour, Jane, Lady Greystoke, tapped lightly on Patricia's door. The afternoon siesta had freshened the younger girl's beauty, and she looked positively radiant. "Do come in. Lady Greystoke," she exclaimed upon seeing her hostess. "I do hope I haven't overslept. I was quite exhausted."

"Call me 'Jane' my dear. I think any titles would be out of place under the circumstances; the only two women on a long and arduous journey."

"You know, this is my first trip to Africa. I'm terribly thrilled, and perhaps just a bit frightened."

Jane raised her eyebrows questioningly. "Frightened? But you mustn't be. It's all in knowing the country, you see."

"For example, those tall, fierce-looking natives wearing the gaudiest trappings, and always leaning on their spears, some of them with lion's tails fastened to their belts. Aren't you terribly frightened of them, you, a European member of the nobility?"

"Oh, didn't you know? I'm an American by birth. I came to Africa by a most unusual method. Shipwreck. And here is where I met and married John. I'd never seen England before our marriage . . .



And, no, dear, I'm not terrified of those 'savages' you describe. They're our Waziri warriors, a sort of palace guard. The women and girls who work around the bungalow, the guest houses and the garden are their wives. I assure you that I might occasionally feel a bit frightened if it were not for the Waziri. They positively worship John, and I sort of bask in the reflected glory."

"But what do they do? I mean, the women seem to be working all the time, but I've never seen one of the men ..."

Jane laughed. "You've never seen one do manual labor? Nor will you, my dear. No, I'm afraid the Waziri is a complete male chauvinist. There's much for them to do, however. You see, my dear, our holdings here are quite large. As large, say, as England. There are tens of thousands of natives to police and keep in order. Hundreds of thousands of acres of staple crops to plant, protect from wild game, cultivate and harvest. Then, too, we have—oh, a hundred thousand head of cattle, more or less. And there is game to be killed for the tables of all these people, many of whom we forbid to carry arms of any sort, and so they must be provided for, you see. And there are poachers to keep out, man-killing beasts to track down and slay before they decimate our villages; oh, any number of things. You might almost call the Waziri our constabulary."

Patricia listened to all this with gloaming eyes, enthralled. "Why," she said, gasping, "it's a kingdom you run here, isn't it? And Lord Greystoke is the king!"

Jane patted the other girl on the arm. "If so, he's a most benevolent despot. Our holdings here hardly pay their way. In fact, just the opposite, like as not. You see, John loves this country as it is, unspoiled, with a natural balance of things, if you know what I mean. Of course, he realizes, as I do, that progress is inevitable, but he wants his people to be prepared, without any government hanky-panky. I'm sure some sort of formal recognition from England could be easily arranged, but then in would come the European to exploit these wonderful, primitive people, to cheat them, to spread disease and distrust, to put one faction against another. John's way is slow, but it's orderly and proving most effective, by the way. It would be difficult, if not downright impossible, for you to see the changes that have been made here in the past twenty years, but to me it's absolutely incredible. Well, enough of that. Tell me all about your young man. Mr. Burke is your fiancé, isn't he?"

Patricia dimpled. "He's—well, he's just wonderful, Jane. Intelligent, without being the slightest bit stuffy. He has a way of getting right at the heart of things, and he . . . well, he's simply . . ."

And so went the girl-talk, each boasting, understandably of her man.

Lord Greystoke stood up, immaculate in dinner clothes and strikingly handsome. "I trust you found dinner to your satisfaction," he said. "Ladies, we leave you to your own devices and perhaps a bit of sherry. Gentlemen, brandy and cigars in the den?"

Tarzan knew the formalities of society, although he found them a bit stuffy. He neither drank nor smoke, but was nothing like a prude about it. It was simply that he'd never had the opportunity to acquire either of the pleasant vices. Still, he managed to keep an excellent cellar and a well-stocked humidor, and as they entered the study he waved to a table set out with bottles, glasses, soda and even, incredibly, ice!

"By Jove, Lord Greystoke, you do yourself well out here in the midst of nowhere!" That came from Arthur Burke. "Of all things, ice!"

Tarzan smiled. "Nothing sensational about it, Mr. Burke. Lady Greystoke decided several years ago that we were a bit primitive. As a consequence, we brought in a bit of equipment by lorry. Generators, lighting fixtures, fridge and deep freezers galore. Plus an ice-making machine."

"I suppose you had the devil of a time getting the natives accustomed to them, eh? Looking inside for 'devils' and all that?"

"No, Mr. Burke. That's a common misconception, I'm afraid, too widely held by the European. If I don't sound too stuffy. I'd like to explain that. It's a question of semantics, really. For example, a native or, for that matter, one of the great apes, will call an airplane a 'silver bird,' although he knows perfectly well that it is some sort of machine that flies through the air and carries people and luggage. It's just that 'silver bird' fits his tongue with a great deal more ease. As with a piece of electrical equipment. It buzzes, perhaps, or gives off little blue sparks, and certainly will 'bite' you if you place your finger on the wrong connections, eh? We call such a device a motor, and he calls it a 'devil,' and who's to say who has the right of it? He doesn't pretend to know exactly what makes it run, but no more do you nor I. So much for that. Gentlemen, I suggest we take this opportunity to acquaint me, at least, with some more details of this yeti we seek, and exactly what your plans are, Freddy, in setting about it once we reach the spot. I'll undertake to guide the party there, but I haven't the least idea of what it is we're looking for, nor how we're to go about whatever it is we're going about. I presume you want to either bag one or bring him out alive, is that it?"

The Hon. Freddy Keys-Smythe warmed to his subject. "First, the yeti. The name is a Sherpa word, which actually was wrongly translated into the rather picturesque 'Abominable Snowman.' Actually, a more correct translation (although one cannot translate literally from the Sherpa tongue) would be 'Rock man' or 'Man who lives in rocks.' This should give us at least a hint of where to look, eh? They range in height from about four feet to seven or even possibly eight feet."

"That small?" Burke inquired, sounding rather disappointed.

"If it will give you any cheer, old man, the one sighted in Northern California was reported to be considerably larger, something between ten and twelve feet in height and incredibly strong. Picked up a wheel off a piece of earth-moving equipment that weighed in at well over eight hundred pounds and tossed it across a road and down a cliffside. Took a block and tackle to recover it. No, I think I should settle for one of the pups, if that's what the little ones are. Or they might be the females. We've simply no way of knowing. As to the nature of the beast, they seem terrifically shy and retiring, retreating rapidly when startled and seldom seen in the daytime at all. Their diet is berries, twigs, certain kinds of lichen, small rodents. When forced by hunger, apparently, they will go far astray from their regular habitat to raid cattle—one was seen carrying off an entire ox—and such other cultivated items as yams, corn, and so on."

Tarzan listened with rapt attention. It sounded almost as if it were his friends, the great apes, that were being discussed.

Burke interrupted again, "One moment, Mr. Keys-Smythe. I believe you mentioned that your precious Teemu and his father had been under attack by a pair of them? Would you call that shy?"

Freddy took this question seriously. "There were rather unusual circumstances prevailing. Teemu and his father were many miles away from their own area seeking some stray yak when a sudden blizzard struck. Teemu's father recalled an old stone hut that he'd used for shelter before. To stay out in the storm, exposed, would be certain death, even for a Sherpa, who is almost immune to cold. They eventually found the hut, made their way inside and barricaded the door against the storm. Teemu's father kindled a

small fire, and they settled in for the night. Several hours later, they heard the door being violently shaken. They called out 'Who is there?' but heard only a peculiar, grunting sound that was about half whistle. Incidentally, gentlemen, this is a common factor that ties in so many of the reports from so many places over such a long period of time. Teemu had never heard it before, but his father had, and whispered to Teemu: 'Yeti.' There was a small window in one wall of the hut, which had been shuttered with such material as had come to hand sometime in the past, and this suddenly burst open, admitting a blast of icy air and snow, and then through the window came a long, hairy arm which groped about blindly. Both men were terrified, and Teemu grasped a brand from the fire and thrust it against the arm. Needless to say the arm was hastily withdrawn. Once again there was a banging at the front door, which bulged ominously, and then a pounding upon the roof of the low hut. Suddenly, one of the stout planks was peeled back and a face that was frighteningly human stared down at them. Teemu brandished his torch at it again, and it disappeared. Teemu and his father rushed to the small window, and could see a pair of burly, hairy figures dashing off into the storm. Teemu's theory, and I'll accept it for lack of a better one, was that the yeti had been using the abandoned hut for shelter themselves and were enraged to find it closed to them. You will note, however, that as soon as they found the hut was occupied by *humans*, they fled."

"Quite a story." Quite a story." Burke seemed a bit cynical.

Keys-Smythe shrugged. "You're under no obligation to believe it, of course. However, I do, if for no other reason than that no Sherpa has ever been known to lie. Another of their curious traits, eh? Let's see, as to their general description, in addition to the discrepancy in size, which might be accounted for in any number of ways, we have the extremely human-looking faces. Their heads are large and come to a sort of conical point, giving them a grotesque appearance. Their arms are quite long, although not apelike, and their feet are extremely large, out of all proportion, in fact. It's been theorized that this enables them to go where others can't; that is to say, a sort of built-in Snowshoe. And one last detail, although I rather hate to mention it. Their hair, or fur if you prefer, is of a rather grizzled shade, with considerable reddish and greyish hairs in it. And, "he glanced about the room with a half-smile, "the point the naturalists choke on: on the bottom half of their bodies, the hair grows upward. On the upper half, the hair grows *downward*. Make of it what you will, but dozens of verified sightings confirm this."

"Whatever for?"

"When we find one," Tarzan interjected smoothly, "I suppose we'll see. Now, what preparations have you made for actually capturing one?"

"Ah!" Freddie rubbed his hands together. "All the usual, of course. Heavy caliber ammo, stun grenades, nets, ropes, the rest of it. But my pride and joy is twofold. First, I've laid in a good supply of bait. Delicacies the yeti is known to enjoy. I plan to bait the trap, not just wait until the beggar shows up and pot him. And the *piPce de r sistance* is a round half-dozen of the newest thing out; the hypodermic gun. Deadly accurate up to three hundred yards, silent so that you can get in more than one shot, and it'll knock down an elephant and keep him knocked down within a minute after he's been hit. Carries a powerful drug that's guaranteed to keep our friend under for six hours. Ample time to photograph him from all angles, truss him up and haul him back to base camp. There, I'll give him another shot in the arm, and the boys, Al and Charley Jhere, can give him first-class passage, by airplane, to dear old London."

The pilot and co-pilot, neither of whom had said a word up until now, glanced at each other. Al spoke up. "Freddy Keys-Smythe, you're barmy, that's what you are."

Freddy looked at him in astonishment. "Whyever would you say a thing like that?"

"D'you seriously think that my pal Charley and I are going to share an airplane with a beast like that? I mean to say, what if he snaps to, regains consciousness?"

"Impossible."

"How the blinking devil do you know it's impossible? You've never drugged one, before have you? No one's ever drugged one before, have they? No bloody chance, young Fred. This isn't mutiny, but it's damned near it!"

Again, Tarzan stepped into the breach. "Gentlemen, I think we're losing our tempers in idle speculation. First let's find our yeti, then let's capture him, and then we can decide what to do with him. Now, Fred, when's all your gear due in?"

"Any time after tomorrow. Burke, here, will be particularly glad to see it. He'll want to get his radio laid on for London. He's covering this for a newspaper syndicate, you know."

"Oh? I hadn't understood. Pity you didn't mention it, Burke. Perfectly good all-channel transmitter-receiver in the radio shack. Why don't you pop out and warm it up. Know how to operate one? It's just along the hall, the green door at the end. I think you'll find everything you need there."

Burke got to his feet with a mumbled "Thank you," and left the study on the double.

The remaining men sat at a large table, and Lord Greystoke took out pads and pencils, politely offering them about. He also pulled down a detailed map of Africa from the wall.

"I expect we'd better get organized," he said. "We won't want to delay a moment longer than necessary. The country between here and Kilimanjaro isn't hospitable at the best of times, but when the rains come is almost impassable for heavy equipment. I suggest we transport as much of the gear as possible in lorries, which will considerably cut down on our travel time. I'll send the Waziri out ahead tomorrow to scout the way. Now, Freddy, exactly what does your gear weigh? We'll have to break it up into fifty-pound packs, you know. I'll want to know how many native bearers to use, and where to set up a base and supply camp."

Happily, the men turned to their work.

## Chapter 5

### ADVENTURE—AND COMPLICATIONS

THE day following, Freddy went with Al and Charley in their plane to scout the terrain. They were to fly to the very base of Kilimanjaro in order to establish where, if anywhere, a landing strip might be figured out and a possible supply dump and base camp established. The trio invited Tarzan to accompany them, but he pointed out that he knew the route perfectly well, and that he knew nothing of their requirements so far as a landing strip might be concerned. Additionally, he had to call a somewhat lengthy meeting with Basuli and a picked band of Waziri in order to get a ground scouting party off that same day. It was necessary to know exactly what might be encountered in the way of game, waterholes and hostile tribes on the long and arduous overland journey. Al's plane lifted off rather sluggishly, as they had taken on an

extra cargo of fuel. They thought it possible that they would not return until the next day.

Burke stayed alternately in the guest house, typing out dispatches to his newspaper or in the radio shack, reading them aloud to a receiver on the other end in England.

Jane and Patricia did girl things, doing each other's hair, sorting out their wardrobe for the trip, storing some things away, packing others. Jane's anxiety to get away from the cares and responsibilities of managing the bungalow and the women servants was manifest. After luncheon, Tarzan went back to his garages, where, accompanied by an efficient native who was chief mechanic, he made sure that his rolling stock, two large lorries and a pair of Land Rovers, was in top condition. All the vehicles were thoroughly inspected. Both lorries were equipped with winches which had come in handy on past expeditions when fording streams. Each vehicle carried a full complement of tools, fire extinguishers, spare tires and emergency rations and ammunition. So far as could possibly be, each vehicle was self-sustained and capable, with jerry cans of both petrol and water, of sustaining its passengers for many hundreds of miles under just about any conditions. It was late afternoon before Tarzan had finished his inspection and everything was brought up to his standards. Tarzan made a routine check through the native compound, asking one of the remaining Waziri, "What of the strange one, Teemu?"

Grinning, the warrior pointed off to a corner of the area. There, "Teemu, surrounded by an admiring, chattering group of natives, was performing a sort of shuffling dance, keeping his own time by snapping his fingers. "Very popular, lord." He spat. "Although one must indeed admit he has a most peculiar odor about him. Still, if he should get lost, he would be easy to track, is it not so?"

Tarzan slapped the warrior on the shoulder. "Indeed. Look after him well. He is a man of many strange skills, and needful to the success of the safari."

Dinner that night was informal, and following the meal, Jane announced her intention of retiring early. Burke went off to send a message through to London. Patricia settled down in the enormous living room, turning on the wireless to some dance music, and Tarzan restlessly prowled through the bungalow, went outside to look at the sky, then back into the house and into his study, where he again pulled the map from the wall to study. Africa, he thought for perhaps the thousandth time, is such a vast continent, and so little of it is actually known. He placed his finger on a spot he'd always wanted to explore. Strange rumors were afoot about that land. Even the yeti would take a poor second to such weird beings. And here, not a hundred miles away but almost impregnable, was still another. He shifted his attention to the area in and around Kilimanjaro. Yeti, eh? He held a few thoughts, speculations really. Time would tell, he supposed. Rum chap, Freddy Keys-Smythe. How enthused could one man get over a hobby?

His rather tenuous chain of thought was broken by a firm knock at the door. "Come in."

It was Arthur Burke, with a sheaf of paper in his hand. "Busy, Lord Greystoke?"

"Not at all." He indicated the map. "Just looking over the prospects."

"I wonder if I might ask you to read over this dispatch before I send it off? I feel I owe it to you. I've accepted your hospitality, broken bread with you, and I'm even using your wireless equipment until mine arrives tomorrow or next day."

Tarzan took the sheaf of papers curiously looking at the younger man. "You mean you wish my permission to send this? It must be pretty bad, then."

"I suppose it depends upon how you look at it. I can tell you that my fiancée doesn't approve of it,

not a bit."

Tarzan nodded. "I see. Well, Mr. Burke, I'm going to read it to assuage my own curiosity, but I'm certainly not going to forbid you to use my equipment for the purpose of sending it on in. That would be a bit foolish, wouldn't it? After all, your own gear, as you so aptly point out, will be here in a day or so, and I'm sure you'd send it at that time, anyway."

"Yes, sir, I would. However, please read it. I'd be most interested in your opinion."

Tarzan sat at his desk while Burke remained standing. The English lord perused it rapidly, nodding his head from time to time. Finally, he gathered it up, handed it to the younger man. "Very well written," he said, quietly. "I should imagine your publisher will be most pleased. I must confess that it was my understanding that you were here to do a story on the search for the Abominable Snowman. Doesn't this stray rather far afield?"

Burke shrugged. "That, sir, is of course your interpretation of it. I feel duty-bound to report the news where and when I find it."

"News?" Tarzan asked, quietly. "How old are you, young Burke? Twenty-seven, twenty-eight? You should have seen this country that long ago. Just that long ago. Head-hunting, witch doctors, tribal warfare, disease, starvation. No cultivated fields, no shelters. In the domain I was granted by the Crown, you'll today find none of that. None. Our health rate is far better than England's. There is no violent death, except that occasioned by the predator, which wreaks a great deal less damage on 'my slaves' as you choose to call them, than do the taxicabs and omnibuses in London. Another point you failed to mention, if you are presenting the news objectively, is that all my workmen are paid, in cash or kind. The outlying villagers are living on my land. I exact no tribute from them. I ask only that they live in peace. My payroll runs into the thousands. Those Act on my pay- roll are free to leave at any time they see fit."

Burke pounced upon a point. "Cash or kind?"

Lord Greystoke was losing his temper, if not his composure. "Quite so. Pounds, shillings and pence. Or, if they choose, cattle, corn and beans."

"That they raise themselves? Come now. Lord Greystoke!"

Tarzan refused to be ruffled by this obviously barbed question. "Mr. Burke, I find your attitude strangely adolescent, if not juvenile. These people are of the soil. They have few opportunities to spend hard cash. Cattle, crops—it's the medium of exchange here. And this is a highly agricultural society. However, we digress. By all means, send your message to London. By the way, have you had a signal from Freddy? Or have you tried to contact him? We should have had something on the wireless by now. He was to have called in when he set down for the night."

"Not a word." "Try, won't you? Before your signal to London? I'll be here for a bit."

"Of course. Lord Greystoke. And thank you very much."

Tarzan smiled thinly. "Not at all."

Burke left, closing the door behind him, and Tarzan heaved a deep sigh. Ah, well. It wasn't the first time he'd been accused of exploiting the natives, although this would be the first time it got headline play in the newspapers. He returned his attention to the map of Africa. With a blue pencil, he marked a

point where the Waziri scouts should be at just about this time. He computed his own ability to move through the jungle, added to this the speed of the scouts, and made another mark. This is where he would catch them on the morrow, if no signal was forthcoming from Freddy Keys-Smythe tonight.

It was early in the same afternoon when Freddy Keys-Smythe leaned forward and tapped his pilot, Al, on the shoulder. The altimeter read 8,000 feet, although they seemed to be flying at sea level. Kilimanjaro rose sharply before them. "Take her down a bit," Freddy suggested, "and let's see if this is a logical place. Looks rather good to me."

Al handed the dual controls over to Charley, the copilot, turned in his seat and shouted back to Freddy, "Bit gusty, old man. And Lord only knows how deep that snow may be." However, he tapped Charley on the shoulder and pointed downward, then made a circling motion with his hand, which was a signal to indicate that they might well descend, then circle the area of interest. "I take it to be about twenty miles from a base camp."

"Yes. Well, if this is a reasonably decent landing area, it's certain that we can make the twenty miles, either way, in a day of hard marching. And I've noticed nothing else that seems even remotely possible, have you?"

"Shall we signal Lord Greystoke?"

"In a moment. First, let's have a good low look at this place. Strong crosswinds, right? Should keep a runway clear for us under all but the most adverse conditions. Perhaps we can set down here for the night, do a bit of exploring and staking-out in the morning, then return and get the equipment organized."

By now, the trio in their airplane were skimming along ascant hundred feet above the surface, circling the proposed area. "On the far side. I'd say," Al shouted back. "Looks reasonably flat. Shall we try, Freddy?"

"Why not?"

"Ah. Then easy does it, Charley. I don't like this crosswind, but there it is, isn't it? I'll just crank down the wheels . . . yes. Now, once more around, while I lower the flaps, and let her in easy. Easy. If you feel the least drag, which might come from deep snow, shout out, and give her full throttle."

The three sat tense, as the light craft shuddered and bucked in the treacherous crosswind, then settled, with a slight sidewise motion, fishtailing so that the landing would be made in a smooth, orderly fashion.

Ten feet above the "runway" . . . five . . . three . . . and then a treacherous crossdraft caught the small plane and upended one wing into the snow. The craft spun about, one wing buckling, and Charley, wisely, cut the ignition. Strangely, no one was injured, no one was even shaken up physically. The wing that had first touched the snow was completely out of sight. It was soft, powdery snow, and apparently many feet indepth. Even had the landing been a perfect three-point landing, the ship was doomed, and they all were aware of the fact.

## TARZAN, JEDAK AND BASULI TO THE RESCUE!

THE trio sat in stunned silence for a moment. The Hon. Freddy Keys-Smythe was the first to speak. "Well, now, chaps; bit of a mess, isn't it? No one hurt, I trust?"

Al, the pilot, shook his head. "Bloody awful mess though. I've no idea as to how we're going to get out of it."

"No more have I," agreed Charley, the co-pilot.

"Wireless working?"

"Let's give it a shot, although I should think it very unlikely. We've been using a trailing antenna, which I should guess is buried somewhere in the snow. Charley, see what we have in the way of juice, eh? I should think, Fred," Al added, thoughtfully, "it's cold out there."

Keys-Smythe looked out the windscreen. "Yes. And dusk coming on. It's going to be rather a hairy night, I should imagine. Best get into some warm gear."

Al nodded, grim-faced, got up and went through a locker, pulling out assorted items of winter clothing, including fur-lined flight boots. "Thank heavens, we're all right on food," he remarked, as he struggled into a pair of sheepskin lined pants, grunting as he bent over to fasten the zippers. He straightened up, still breathing heavily. "We've a Primus stove, which shouldn't be too deadly so far as fumes are concerned, if we can crack a porthole just a wee bit. Tea, cocoa, tinned meat, bread, jam, margarine. And a lovely big bottle of brandy. Should do ourselves well. It's a question now of making contact. How's the wireless doing, Charley?"

The co-pilot glanced up, took one earphone off. "Eh? Oh, I've some lovely dance music. Care to hear? But we can't transmit. Not without an antenna. We have a spare stored in here somewhere. I should think if we could lash it up some way from the front of the plane to the rudder, we might be able to send a 'Mayday' out. We'd best get at it, though. This cold really knocks batteries out of action in a hurry, you know."

The three men struggled, in the confined quarters of the aircraft, to get into their arctic gear, then, taking some tools and the spare antenna wire, stepped outside into a howling gale. What would have been a simple, half-hour operation anywhere else turned into a nightmare. Some three hours later, they were finished. It needed only to fasten the leads into the transmitter and to hope that the cold hadn't finished the batteries altogether. The trio scrambled back into the darkened ship, closing the door securely behind them. They all three stood there in the dark for a moment. The plane was scarcely warmer than the night outside, but at least they were out of the howling gale that battered against the aircraft, rocking it. They took off their mittens, slapping their hands together in exquisite agony.

"We'd best see if we can transmit," Al suggested.

"I quite agree," said Freddy. "But the inner man must be nourished. Al, you locate the brandy. I'll pump up the good old stove, and make us a bit of cocoa. Nice, hot cocoa. Ordinarily, I loathe and abhor cocoa, but not tonight. Whatever time is it, and where's the torch?"



Queen Ak-Ahmen lay back luxuriously as a slave girl gilded her toenails. She had been terribly bored since her consort—her ninth consort (or was it her tenth?)—had "mysteriously" met his untimely end. She smiled to herself, picked up a mirror made from a polished bit of bronze, and admired her own beauty. Unfortunate, she thought, that no man was deserving of such loveliness. She wondered who her next consort might be, and what new poison she might try with him. Ra, brute that he was, had died too easily, although all unsuspecting, in her arms. She shuddered deliciously at the thought. The next one, she promised herself, would suffer. Pain, pain to bring screams of agony from the very depths of his soul and laughter to her lips! Impatiently, she kicked the slave girl in the face. "Clumsy fool!"

The terrified girl groveled on the floor.

"Oh, get out! Leave me! I shall not kill you," Ak-Ahmen said, scornfully. "Not just yet, at any rate!"

Idly, she rang a golden bell at her side. Immediately, the doors to her luxurious chamber were flung open by two huge slaves, and a rather pompous individual entered, approaching her throne and bowing at every second step. Impatiently, she waved for the slaves to close the doors, then turned her attention to the man. "Have the Elders chosen my next consort, Ra-Man?"

"No, Majesty. There are few volunteers for the position. All know of your charms, but all are also aware that it is but a short-lived future."

She sat upright, nostrils dilated, eyes fairly shooting forth sparks. "I demand a consort. Within one day, or heads shall fall. Perhaps you would like to be my consort, Ra-Man!"

"Majesty, I am old. What service could I render you? Fear not, one shall be obtained. Young. Lusty. Servile. One who will . . ." his evil eyes matched hers for a moment, ". . . die resisting, unbelieving to the very end."

She licked her lips with a pointed tongue. "Really? You can find me such a one? Within a day?"

"One can only try."

"One had best succeed. That is a promise."

The attendant bowed his head, gravely. "I bring you other news. Queen."

"Oh? Excellent. I am bored, Ra-Man. Let it be news of interest."

"Even so. Only a short time ago, a metal bird came to earth just north of here. It is crippled. It carried passengers. They have been observed moving about it, possibly attempting to bring it back to life. We can simply let them die from the coldness of the outside, or . . ."

"No, no! You must bring them here, to me! Oh, how delicious. See you—a banquet. Yes, a banquet. And no trickery, no poisons! Not," and she licked her lips, "until I, Ak-Ahmen, decide just what to do with them. Think of it! New ones to tease, titillate, torture and kill, all to the glory of the gods!" Her face was ecstatic.

"Then I shall . . ."

"Yes, yes," she cried impatiently. "Send the yeti for them. And send my slave girls to me. And have food and wines prepared. This shall be a night to remember! Go, quickly!" She sank back, panting, as the man left the room. The gods were good, indeed! Love, passion, death, pain!

Tarzan sat on the edge of the canopied bed he shared with his wife, Jane, chatting quietly. She knew something was bothering him, and knew him well enough (who better?) to know that he must talk this out of his system.

"I somehow feel, darling," he told her, "this whole expedition is a terrible mistake. As much as I want to see Jack, and as much as I love the jungle, this idea of chaperoning a lot of people around in surroundings with which they are not familiar doesn't appeal to me."

"Still," Jane pointed out, "you gave your word."

He sighed. "Yes. I know. Young Burke—now there's a fair example. Allowed me to read his dispatch to London, about me. Us. We're slaveholders, Jane, according to him, in the finest tradition of the cotton plantations of your native land!"

"He did that?" Jane was incredulous.

"Indeed. By the way, my dear, he had some information—which he'd twisted all around, of course—that certainly couldn't have come from anyone other than myself or you. Have you talked with him at any length?"

"No. No, not with Arthur. Patricia and I have had some fairly long discussions, though. She seemed so interested in . . . oh, no!" Jane placed the back of her hand across her mouth in shock. "John, she simply *couldn't* have . . . she *wouldn't* do a thing like that!"

Lord Greystoke smiled. "Come, come, my dear. It isn't all that bad. No doubt the boy feels he's perfectly within his rights to report anything as he sees it, and if it's any consolation to you, he told me not half an hour ago that she strongly disapproved of the story he was going to file. At any rate, this is all beside the point. I doubt that anything very dreadful is going to happen to us as a result of this rather immature type of reporting. No, I just have a bad feeling about this expedition. I heartily wish I hadn't been brought into it. I heartily wish that I'd had the moral courage to say 'no' to the idea, although I must confess it seemed an excellent one at the time I was approached. Ah, well, I daresay we shall live through it all. We generally manage to survive, don't we? By the way, no report from Freddy's plane as yet. I'm a bit concerned, although it's possible, I suppose, that some geographical fault between here and Kilimanjaro could blank out the wireless . . ." A knock on the door interrupted the English lord.

He opened it. It was Arthur Burke. "Yes?" Tarzan's voice was colder than he'd meant it to sound.

"I'm sorry. Lord Greystoke. I thought you'd like to know. I've finally picked up Freddy on the wireless. He's standing by. Would you care to have a talk with him?"

"By all means. Right with you, and thank you very much. excuse me, darling. Now perhaps we'll learn something." Tarzan strode rapidly to the radio room, seating himself before the console, and pressed the "talk" switch. "Hullo, Freddy. Greystoke here." He released the switch, pressed an earphone tighter. Keys-Smythe's voice came in faintly, amidst much popping and crackling. The words were

almost indistinguishable. Tarzan shook his head impatiently, pressed the "talk" switch once more. "Say again. Say again. We do not read you." He released the switch, and this time, apparently in mid-sentence, Freddy's voice rang out clarion clear."

"... so you see, we're quite all right. A bit chilly, but nothing we can't handle until tomorrow. We're in the cabin, of the plane that is, and it's quite cold but quite tight. If you could fly down so that you could get here tomorrow, and drop us off some supplies of a rather substantial nature. I'm sure we can make our way out of this. Don't try to land here. I repeat, do not try to land here. We'll have smoke going for you by daylight so you can spot us, and then perhaps you can find a suitable landing place not too awfully far away, and we'll make our way to you. Over."

Tarzan took a moment to consider. If he left in three hours, say, he should just about be there by daylight. Ample time to service his own small plane, rig up some parachute drops of fuel and food and medical supplies. "Consider it laid on," he said. "See you bright and early, then. My regards to Al and Charley. Watch out for things that go 'bump' in the night. Any further requests or information? I take it you're north of Kilimanjaro?"

"Yes. On a plateau at no more than eight thousand feet. You'll find us easily. Hold on a moment. Al wants a word with me." Tarzan could hear some excited conversation, and Freddy came back on the microphone. "Al and Charley have just spotted four strange figures approaching the plane. Wait, I'll just 'rub this window ... ah, yes, there are a couple of them. Weird-looking devils. Whatever could be out on a night like this in a blizzard and forty-below weather? Wait, wait ... one of them's at the door to the ship! My God, the metal's actually bending. Fantastic strength. Al—Al, get the rifle. Right through the door. That's it." Tarzan heard a rifle shot. He sat glued to his chair in fascination. "Quick, Lord Greystoke, get this down. They're at least eight feet tall, and they have pointed heads. And their strength ... I've never seen anything like it. Oh, oh ... there goes the door, and now ... " The message broke off, abruptly. Even the carrier beam was silent. It seemed likely that one of the strange beings had ripped loose a jury-rigged antenna.

Tarzan leaped to his feet, thrust the headset to the startled Burke, and ordered in a tone that brooked no interference: "Stay on it. See if you can raise them again. I'll check with you in ten minutes. This is serious."

"Tarzan raced out to the native compound, ordered the first sentry he saw to locate Basuli and Teemu and bring them to him within five minutes, ready to travel.

He went to his own quarters, rapidly changed into his favorite gear, which was, quite simply, loincloth, bow and arrows, spears and the knife that had been given to him by his father. He went into the bedroom. Jane was sleeping quietly. He placed a tender kiss on her brow, then went back into the radio room. Burke looked at him in astonishment. "Where's the masquerade?"

"This is my hunting gear," Tarzan said. "Now here's what you're to do. The gear arrives in the morning. The lorries are all set to roll. Transfer the material. Tell Lady Greystoke that I've gone on ahead, and to make all speed. Tell her I'm taking Basuli and the Sherpa with me, and that we're going as far as we can go by airplane. Freddy's in serious trouble. I have Waziri scouts ahead, and I'll try to rejoin the safari as soon as possible. Got all that?"

"Yes, but ... " Burke stammered.

"That's all, then. Better turn in, get as much sleep as you can. You have a rocky road ahead of you."

Tarzan turned on his heel and swung out the door, trotting across the yard. As he reached the shadows surrounding the compound, he heard the snuffling growl of a great ape, and whirled in his tracks. He received a formal greeting, one he really had no time for.

"I am Jedak," came the challenge, "I kill!"

"I am Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle and of all mangani and tarmangani within it. I kill!"

The giant figure advanced from the shadows, pounding its feet upon the ground in a simulated rage. Often, such simulated rages turned into the real thing. Ceremonially, Tarzan pounded his feet upon the ground, and growled, fiercely. Jedak dropped to all fours, strutting in a circle on his knuckles, muttering curses, and Tarzan did the same. Formalities over, the pair straightened. Jedak wiped a clumsy paw across his snout. "I needed to see you, Tarzan. Now, I do not know why."

Jedak was ailing with the curse that had kept the great apes at their stage of civilization for thousands of years; an overwhelming curiosity and a faulty memory. Tarzan was struck with an idea. "I go to make war against a strange enemy. He is said to be stronger than any mangani, any bull."

Jedak went into a chattering rage, stomping about in great circles, ripping up clumps of grass. "No beast can stand against the mangani," he boasted, thumping his chest in a fashion that threatened to collapse his ribs. "I, Jedak, mightiest of the mangani, say this! Where is this beast? Take me to him. I will tear him to shreds before your eyes!"

"You would have to go," Tarzan said, "in the silver bird."

Jedak paused in his boasting for a split second. "The silver bird? Me? Never!"

Tarzan made a "tcha" of disgust. "Go back to your shes and your pups, Jedak. You grow old. Too old, perhaps, to fight. Perhaps you can kill a dik-dik tomorrow, and stomp and boast about it."

"Wait! I am Jedak. I do not know fear. I got"

"Good. Come along. We leave at once. There will be two others with us. Basuli, my Waziri chieftain, and a strange one, with a most peculiar smell. But needful to us. He is a tracker of such game."

Tarzan turned and walked away. After a moment, Jedak followed. Truthfully, the great shaggy ape had no fear in his heart, but the silver bird . . . well, if Tarzan could do it, so could Jedak. Puzzled, the great ape wondered what had driven him with a compulsion to this spot on this night for driven he surely had been!

## Chapter 7

### BANQUET OF DEATH

THE Hon. Freddy Keys-Smythe, together with Al and Charley, had been overwhelmed. There was no other word for it. Overwhelmed. Rifle shots had apparently had no effect upon the great beasts

who had captured them. Each had been picked up rather like a rag doll, and the party had started up the snow slope. Struggle was futile. The beasts (Freddy was sure they were yeti) trotted off at a mile-consuming trot. The motion was intolerable, but not nearly so intolerable as the rank, fetid odor given off by their shaggy hides. Freddy shuddered, not so much from the cold or the odor, as from the fact that these brutes had literally peeled away the sides of the aircraft, plucking the adventurers out as if they had been peas in a not particularly difficult pod. Well, he thought, with a certain grim amusement, we found our yeti. You're a brilliant theoretician, old boy, but something of a clod!

Time began to be unreal. Had they been moving for ten minutes, an hour, two? The blizzard had stopped, and now only the bitter cold remained. Still the yeti showed no signs of slackening their pace. Now they arrived at what appeared to be a snow-cliff. Without breaking stride, the giant beasts, with their human burdens, climbed an almost vertical path, seemingly without effort. Halfway up the face, the party stopped, while one of the unencumbered yeti passed them on the impossibly narrow trail, and tugged at a hidden boulder. It slid open, revealing a narrow passageway, dimly lit by some sort of light which came from nowhere and everywhere. The party filed in, the lone yeti remaining behind to pull the door shut behind them. Nor was the trip yet over. Once again, with the peculiar mile-consuming trot, the party and its captors raced through what appeared to be miles of tunnels hewn from the living rock. Gradually, it became warmer. They turned off into several different branches of the tunnel, until Freddy was completely confused. He was certain that, if he'd been freed at the moment, he could never find his way back to the surface. Finally, after what might have been a good half-hour, the group reached what appeared to be a dead end of the passageway. Here, their captors sat them on their feet, and one of the strange beasts pressed on the door which had been masked by stone. It swung open, and, without further ado, the trio was hustled through. The door closed behind them. They were in a well-lit and luxuriously furnished room. A curiously garbed man faced them. In almost impeccable English, he greeted them:

"Welcome. I am Ra-Man, servant to her majesty, Queen Ak-Ahmen. We had word of your accident, and sent servants to fetch you. You will find fresh garments in these quarters, drink on yon table. Her Majesty knows of your presence, and invites you to attend a feast in your honor shortly. Within the hour. Please to consider yourselves our honored guests. I will send slave girls to attend to your needs. Baths, unguents, robing." He bowed, and disappeared through a door near him.

"I'll be damned," breathed Freddy. "I'll be eternally damned. Who would have even dreamed it?"

"Not me, that's for bloody sure and certain," Al observed. "Slave girls? Lads, I have a feeling we're prisoners, of sorts, but you must admit it's a fine way to be a prisoner. I was in a P.O.W. camp during the late, great conflict, and it wouldn't hold a candle to this treatment. Let's have a snort of that juice, whatever it is, shall we?" Charley had already picked up one of the bottles, unstopped it and was sniffing cautiously. "Funny sort of smell," he commented, "but most definitely alcoholic." He poured out a bit in the cups that accompanied the bottle, raised a drink to his lips, sipped it cautiously. "Ahh. Tasty, in a strange sort of way. Like nothing I've ever tasted before. But it must be a hundred proof, at least. Well, lads, cheers!" He downed it at a gulp, shivered. "That'll take the frost out of your bones, boys!"

"I'm up," Al said, and picking one of the cups from the table, drained it. "Arrgh! Good-ol Freddy, you'd best tuck a lip about one of these depth-bombs. Make a new man of you."

Freddy obliged, shuddering as the fiery liquid burned its way down his throat. "Shouldn't drink much of this, fellows. Best to keep our wits about us, don't you think?"

"Perhaps just one more," Al suggested, tilting the bottle. "It's been a hairy night, after all."

The trio finished their second drink, and Charley had fished out a packet of Players cigarettes, which he passed around; as they were lighting up, a quartet of scantily attired slave girls entered, giggling and talking excitedly among themselves. One of the girls went to the far wall, opening a door that had not been readily discernible, and pointed. The Hon. Freddy walked over, looked into the next room. He turned around.

"It's a bathroom, chaps. Marble, no less, and unless I've lost my marbles, the fittings are all ingold. Who's for a hot bath?"

Al thought about this. "I could use one. What about these little darlings, though? Are they in for spectator sports, fun and games or what?"

Charley joined Al at the door, looking over his shoulder. "Lord love a duck, it's a regular swimming pool. How's the water, then, Fred?"

Keys-Smythe bent over, ran a hand through the water. "Hot. Damned hot. Japanese style."

"I could do with a splash. Well, ladies of the ensemble, ready or not. I'm shedding my clothing." Without further ado, Charley started to undress. He stopped midway through. "Should hang onto my watch," he observed. "Ah, there's a bit of a shelf." He took his watch off, noting the time, then finished stripping and splashed into the pool, coming up yowling from the heat. "Hoy! I feel like a bloody lobster." The slave girls stood about watching with interest, pointing, whispering to each other and giggling. "Ah, what's all that?" Charley said, splashing them with water. "You'll see funnier sights than this before the evening's over, I'll warrant. Well, fellows, aren't you joining me?"

Somewhat more slowly, the other men stripped and jumped into the water. They played about for a few moments, becoming almost torpid. Charley was the first one out, and as he slowly climbed to the edge of the pool, he was greeted with a bucketful of cold water, then a rough towel was wrapped about his body as he was still gasping for breath, and one of the girls began to rub him down thoroughly.

Fred and Al watched this with interest. "Well, Al?"

"Well, Freddy? You're our leader. Set the pace. I don't mind the rubdown, that bucket of cold water has me a bit stymied. After you. Honorable Keys-Smythe."

With sudden resolution, Freddy cried out "Up the Blues!" and sprang from the pool, to be greeted by a buckets of water. Grinning, both Fred and Charley waited for Al. He swam to one end of the pool and back nonchalantly. "Let's get out of there, boy. We've an engagement with her majesty."

Al stared helplessly at the resolute slave girl who stood poised with the water bucket. Suddenly, he sprang over the edge of the pool, shouting, ""There I I've done you in this . . . aaagh !"

"Stiff upper lip, old man," Freddy advised, between convulsions of mirth. "Don't you think those blue bumps do something for him, Charley?"

"Undoubtedly. Looks like a chenille bedspread, doesn't he?"

"Um. Well, lads, shall we see what they have ready for us? We've an audience with her majesty, you know. I suppose it'll be some sort of ceremonial robe, something of the sort. I say, are we honored guests, prisoners, or what?"

"Very funny," Al commented between chattering teeth. "Still, there's a certain element of humor. I say, do either of you men feel that we're enjoying the traditional last meal of the condemned? This is all too aw- fully smooth, if you follow me. We did get through to Lord Greystoke, didn't we?"

Freddy, being helped into a ceremonial robe by one of the slave girls, frowned. "Yes. Yes, of course we did. I've no idea how much of it he heard. The static was ferocious." He turned, admiring the flow of his silken robe. "I'm sure he knows the approximate location of the plane. I'm equally sure he doesn't know where *we* are. I certainly don't, at any rate. So far, so good, though, wouldn't you say?"

Charley, already robed and anointed, was back at the bottle of liquor. He poured himself another. "If I am about to die, let me die happy. That is to say, drunk." He lifted his mug in a salute, drank the stuff, visibly staggering when it hit bottom. "There's a fortune in this stuff."

Two of the slave girls were helping Al into his robes when the knock came at the door. The girls prostrated themselves upon the floor, and the door swung open to admit the majordomo, prime minister, or whatever he was.

"Ah," he said, smiling blandly. "I see you are prepared."

"Prepared?" the Hon. Freddy asked. "That's a poor choice of words, isn't it? Dressed, one might say, and eager to meet her majesty. Queen Ak-Ahmen."

Ra-Man smiled blandly. "Just so. Come then. Music, food, dancing girls await you. You are indeed honored guests. Seldom do our yeti bring us Englishmen. The queen is most pleased to receive you. A special section above the amphitheater has been reserved for you."

"Amphitheater?" That was Freddy.

"Of course. Where we hold the games during dinner. Most enjoyable, most refreshing. Please to follow me."

With a shrug and a look at each other, the trio followed the high priest—if that was what he answered to—out the door. Charley cast a glance over his shoulder and winked at one of the slave girls, who giggled and then, unbelievably, winked in return. "I'll be damned," Charley muttered under his breath.

It was not yet daylight, yet the tiny plane, flying high above the forest and the veldt, buzzed along confidently, Tarzan at the controls. Beside him, acting as co-pilot, was Basuli, chieftain of the Waziri, a fierce, proud warrior who had learned, under Tarzan's tutelage, to fly a light plane as well as anyone in the world. In the rear seats sat Teemu, the Sherpa, who had ridden in many aircraft, and behind him sat Jedak, the great ape, muttering and cursing. Teemu seemed oblivious to the fact that he was on the narrow edge of having his jugular vein literally ripped out by the yellow, angry fangs of the great ape.

"I am Jedak," that worthy snarled, "and I kill. Tarzan, this one before me makes my stomach rumble. He truly stinks."

Tarzan glanced over his shoulder. "This is a small matter. He is needful. Rest. Conserve your strength. It will only be a short time, now."

Jedak subsided, still muttering. Actually, now that he was aloft in the silver bird, he rather enjoyed it. The tribe would hear much of this when he returned; Chulk, Taglat, Kerchak, Tublat, Terkoz.

... he would have much to say. What other mangani except Jedak and Tarzan had ever floated above the trees like this? He scratched himself nervously, wishing he had a succulent grub upon which to munch.

Another hour passed, and finally the foothills about the base of Mount Kilimanjaro came into view. Tarzan called out instructions. "The snow that the expedition talked of, the blizzard, has stopped. Now, we must keep a sharp lookout for another silver bird, this one upon the ground. Jedak, look out the window. If you see such a thing, tell me."

Jedak grunted, started to look out the window. He felt a bit dizzy, but height actually meant little to him. He and his ancestors before him had been raised in the giant trees of the jungle, many of them rearing to heights of a hundred feet or more, Teemu, without instruction in any language he could comprehend, nevertheless instinctively knew that which they were searching for, and Tarzan turned the controls over to Basuli, himself looking downward through the night. "Take it down to two hundred feet, Basuli," he ordered, and they circled slowly, seeking, seeking.

"I think," Jedak growled, "yes, I think I see a bird. A silver bird. With one wing in the air and the other under the snow. Just below us."

Slowly, Basuli turned the plane, so that all might look.

There it was. The expedition's plane, from which had come the extraordinary signal some hours before. "Take us up, Basuli," Tarzan ordered, and stepped back into another compartment, where he discarded some of his gear, putting his body into a fleece-lined flying suit, and fur-lined boots. He glanced at Teemu. Teemu was as bundled up against the cold as one could get. Questioningly, Tarzan pointed to the ground, then made a motion as of a man parachuting downward. Teemu nodded, knowing exactly what Lord Greystoke meant. Tarzan glanced at Jedak, and decided there was little one could do for him.

"Jedak," Tarzan said, "will you follow me? It is needful to truss yourself to a sort of harness that will lower you, very gently, to the ground. We shall go arm in arm, like true brothers. If one dies, both die. It is not without risk. Well?"

"Where Tarzan goes," growled the ape, "Jedak can also go."

"Good." Tarzan busied himself, as the small plane climbed for altitude, in getting out the parachutes. Jedak's chute took considerable adjustment, but Tarzan finally managed to slip it over the great ape's immense shoulders. Teemu, who had often dropped from planes and helicopters in his chosen profession as a guide, slid into his smoothly.

Tarzan strapped his own chute onto his broad shoulders, and checked the altimeter.

"Basuli, after we jump, take the plane back to safe country, land and seek out your scouts. Then I want you to bring the rest of the party to the wrecked plane. We will establish contact with you in a couple of days. Understood?"

"Understood. We now have six hundred feet. Another hundred?"

"Circle, Basuli. This should about do it. Let's open the door." He motioned to the Sherpa. "All right, Teemu, out you go!" Without hesitation, the Sherpa stepped out the door, fell a few feet and pulled his ripcord. The giant envelope blossomed over his head.

"Jedak. You and I, together. Like true brothers." He knew better than to ask the ape to count to



ten and pull the ripcord. Apes could only count to three. Jedak swallowed mightily, but allowed Tarzan to encircle him with an arm. The pair leaped together. Tarzan counted "five" and reached across to pull Jedak's ripcord, then dropped free for a second and pulled his own. Both chutes opened, and the strangely assorted trio floated to the ground.

It was Jedak's first experience with snow, and he came to his feet with pendulous lips snarled back, yellow fangs snapping at the insubstantial stuff, howling dire curses and threatening the very life and limb of the accursed Tarzan. He fought futilely against the shrouds of his parachute, and finally, in an entangled mass, wallowed in the snow. Tarzan, who had unsnapped his own harness as soon as he'd touched down, became weak from laughter at the sight of the enraged and outraged brute. Even Teemu, who had been until now somewhat overawed by the size and obvious savagery of the great ape, started to laugh. Jedak became more enraged than ever, and the more his anger mounted, the more tightly did his bonds envelop him, until Tarzan, unable to see the poor beast subjected to any more self-inflicted torture, slapped over and, avoiding the snapping anthropoid fangs, unclipped the harness and unwound several of the shroud lines. Freed, Jedak was, if possible, more indignant than ever. He stormed about, tossing up great handfuls of snow, screaming, beating his breast, making short rushes toward Tarzan and an alarmed Teemu, threatening to disembowel them, to stomp them into the very snow beneath them. Tarzan stood calm, waiting for the anthropoid's anger to expend itself. Finally, Jedak ran out of things to say. A few final curses spilled from his mouth, then he calmed down. He snuffled. "It is very cold here," he complained. "Why do we just stand here? Why do we not move? There must be a place to go, else why would we subject ourselves to such pain and torture?"

"Why, indeed?" Tarzan answered. "We seek the lair of a mysterious creature called the 'yeti.' This one," and he indicated Teemu, the Sherpa, "is most expert in these matters. First, we must make our way to the silver bird which will fly no more. From there, this one will lead us."

Jedak looked unconvinced, but willing. "Let it be so. Only let us not stand here in the cold, the bitter cold. Let us move."

Daylight was just breaking. The oddly assorted trio could see the rays of the morning sun glinting off the fuselage of the downed aircraft. Tarzan waved at it, and they moved off in that direction, Teemu, the Sherpa, now in his native element, as enthusiastic as a bird dog out flushing quail. He fairly bounded through the snow. Tarzan followed more stoically, and Jedak brought up the rear, still raging and cursing at the unfamiliar substance, at the bitter cold, at Tarzan and at the foolish impulse that had brought him along on such a completely outlandish trip.

Reaching the downed plane, they circled it. The blizzard, which had long since blown itself out, had eliminated just about any tracks, but the Sherpa, holding out his arms in a "halt" signal, dropped to his knees and blew his breath across the snow, lifting a faint powder. He nodded to himself with satisfaction, moved forward about a yard, repeated the strange gesture. Then he looked at Tarzan and grinned, beckoning him forward. Teemu pointed to the ground. There was a faint indication of . . . something. "Yeti!" Teemu exclaimed.

"Yeti?"

Teemu nodded, highly pleased with himself. Again, he scrabbled forward in the snow for about three or four feet, blew the fine powder away, pointed down to a huge footprint, which was clearly outlined. "Yeti!" He stood, rubbing the snow from his hairy garments, then pointed upward. "Yeti." Tarzan nodded to assure the Sherpa that he understood, then waved him forward. "We are on the trail of the strange beast," Tarzan told Jedak. "You would do well to be alert and silent, cunning. They are very huge, very savage, very strong."

Jedak, who had stopped to examine the more obvious footprint, snuffled. "I have not seen one, so I cannot say. Certainly," the ape added, with a surprising sense of humor, "if this is an example, they have big feet."

The three figures made their ways slowly, cautiously up the snow slope.

They were not unobserved, however.

Several miles behind the jump spot, where Teemu, Tarzan and Jedak had stepped off into space, Basuli selected a clear strip, and brought the small plane down safely. He was an incongruous figure as he stepped from the airplane, a beplumed, fully equipped Waziri chieftain. That is to say, aside from aloincloth of leopard skin, a lion's tail attached to his belt, leggings of boarskin, and many necklaces about his neck of alternating crocodile and lion's teeth, plus his assegai, or spear, Basuli was more or less naked, as unlikely a pilot as one might encounter in a lifetime.

Basuli brought out a tarpaulin, hurriedly covering the engine, then pegging it into the ground as protection against any unforeseen wintry blasts. This done, the Waziri started to backtrack, to find his advance party of scouts. The fleet-footed warriors shouldn't be too far away. He sensed danger, and he wanted his warriors at his back. It was still so cold that the very air seared Basuli's lungs, but he trotted doggedly along, never slackening pace. Fortunately, his course was mostly downhill. Now it was a question of time. He paused from time to time, to test the ground under his feet. Certainly, it seemed to him, the lorries and the Land Rovers should be able to drive right up to the aircraft. From there, it would be a matter of packing in equipment and fire- power to the downed aircraft of the Hon. Freddy Keys-Smythe, and from there, a simple matter of following an obvious spoor.

Freddy, Al and Charley were hailed forth from their rather luxurious "prison" quarters, and led to a vast amphitheatre. Row upon row of seats, banquettes and tables surrounded an arena. They were escorted to a semi- private sort of loge, attended by three slave girls, one for each of them. The arena was filling up with people. Meanwhile, during what might bebest described as a

pre-games ceremony, the slave girls brought them more of the strange, aromatic beverage, offering them cups of it, holding it to their lips. A rather musky perfume seemed to fill the air, and there was a crowd noise, as of anticipation.

"It sounds," Charley remarked, waving away a slave, "as if they're getting ready for a rugger match."

"Yes," Al agreed. "But you know something, old man? I have a most uncomfortable feeling about all this. Freddy? Are you happy?"

Keys-Smythe shook his head. "No. What do you make these people out to be, anyway? Oriental, yet not quite."

Before either Charley or Al could answer, a gong sounded, so loudly and so commandingly that all conversation stopped. In silence, the entire assemblage waited. From a shadowy alcove somewhere in the rear of the arena, armed guards, highly oiled, appeared. Following the guards came slave girls, waving incense braziers, and then, in a litter, perhaps the most beautiful woman any of the trio had ever seen. She was carried to a box directly above the arena, helped to her feet. Freddy noted that their

erstwhile friend, Ra-Man, was very much in evidence. The woman was escorted to a huge, golden throne. She sat there, immobile, for a pause that seemed like many minutes, although it was really only seconds. She slowly turned her head, looking directly at the three captives. Without taking her glance from them, she clapped her hands, softly. Immediately, a group of musicians filed into the arena, beneath the spectators, and took up their positions. At a wave from Ra-Man, they started to play an Oriental type of music, and from both ends of the amphitheatre, dancing in the sand that covered it, came twenty, thirty beautiful slave girls.

The queen turned her burning gaze to the spectacle below, watching with hooded eyes. The weird music swirled, as the girls, all but nude, twisted and writhed to the pace of the frenetic flageolets and drums. One girl faltered, missing a step, and the queen raised her arm. The music stopped immediately. The queen pointed to the offending dancer, and at once a giant guard stepped out from beneath the royal box. He picked up the offending dancer, and looked at the queen. She nodded, and with no more emotion than cracking a walnut, the giant guard snapped the girl's spine across his knee, then tossed her carelessly to the sidelines. The music started again, and the dancers continued their routine.

Keys-Smythe was studying the queen's face as this event transpired, and he noted that her nostrils had flared with satisfaction. "Lads," he said, softly, "yon'sa mean woman."

"Aye," Al agreed, holding up his cup to one of the slave girls. "I think I'll have another small belt of the booze. Tomorrow seems so very far away!"

## Chapter 8

### BURKE'S LAW

FROM the outset, the safari, consisting of loads of equipment, stacked high and really, upon a bit of hindsight, too much for their limited transport, had been cursed. They'd gotten under way shortly before noon. Arthur Burke had explained, as best he could, what Lord Greystoke had expected, wanted. Jane, in turn, had translated into Waziri. Loading alone was a problem. One crate, marked "Z-112" (and Burke had no idea at all what that meant) had slipped and crushed the foot of a perfectly good warrior, which immediately put the *rest* of the warriors into somewhat of a temper. Next, one of the Land Rovers would not start. There was no good reason for it. Tarzan's chief mechanic assured Burke, through Lady Greystoke, that "such devils are often unpredictable," and Burke fully expected a witch doctor to show up in full regalia to exorcise the devils that lurked within the mechanism.

Once under way, Burke had just heaved a sigh of relief when the axle on the leading lorry had snapped. There was no shade in sight, and it was two sweltering hours before the necessary repairs could be made. The newspaperman was meanwhile turning a bright strawberry red from the unremitting glare of the noonday African sun, and was perfectly aware of the fact that he was cutting somewhat less than a heroic figure in the eyes of Lady Greystoke, his fiancée Patricia Newhall and the assorted porters and Waziri warriors and drivers who formed the intrepid band of devil-may-care adventurers who were riding forth to the rescue, much as the cavalry rode forth to the rescue (if his American history served him) of the settlers from the Comanche Indians.

Finally repaired and under way again, Burke was horrified to see the second lorry in line,

immediately ahead of him, swerve, run off the track and crash into a tree. They had been on their way three hours, across perfectly flat and level country, and it seemed unlikely that conditions would be more ideal for the balance of the trip. With a grim despair, Burke climbed down, beckoning to Jane to translate for him. Together they approached the lorry, which obviously had sustained a certain amount of damage. Clouds of steam arose from the bonnet. Quite obviously the radiator was all wrapped up. Burke felt the perspiration streaming down his neck, and was acutely aware of a small cloud of insects that formed about him, getting into his nostrils. He swiped at them halfheartedly. "Lady Greystoke," he said, "please ask what happened. What has gone wrong."

Jane chattered a few words in Waziri, then turned to Burke. "The driver had a sunstroke."

Burke's jaw dropped. "Good God! But he's a . . . a *native*!"

"Just so. Still, Mr. Burke, natives are human. They have their limits, too, you know. Ah, good! Here comes the chief mechanic."

Burke took off his cork helmet, mopping his brow. "Good. I expect he can tell us how long repairs will take. I must say. Lady Greystoke, that this has hardly been an auspicious start. What does the chap say?"

The mechanic was carefully examining the radiator. Other hands had taken the driver from the lorry and laid him under the scant shade afforded by a thorn tree, where they were bathing his brow with wet cloths. The mechanic straightened after completing his examination, stared thoughtfully off at the horizon, shaking his head. Jane spoke to him, and he answered in a few swift words.

"What's the beggar say?" Burke asked, bluntly. He was far too hot, too angry for the niceties.

"He will have to get it back to the garage for repairs. He figures he can drive a few miles at a time, then he will have to stop to let it cool off, and then go on again. It will probably take him the rest of the day and well into the night. He asks for a pair of guards, as he must go through lion country after nightfall. He will rejoin us, if all goes well, sometime tomorrow."

Burke slapped himself on the forehead, groaning. "We'll have to move some of the load, then. My generator and my wireless are on that lorry. Lady Greystoke, I think perhaps this safari is doomed to failure. Preordained, one might say. Have you ever heard of a thing called, God save the mark, 'Burke's Law'?"

Jane Clayton shook her head.

"It goes like this: 'Whatever *can* go wrong, *will* go wrongs I never really gave it much thought until now. Well, I must get cracking. There surely," he said, bitterly, "must be *something* else to go wrong before nightfall!"

However, after moving part of the load so that the wireless would be available, the balance of the day was uneventful, aside from one rather sticky incident when the Land Rover in which the women were riding bogged down in an "easy" river crossing shortly before dusk. Fortunately, the winch was working, and it took only a moment to run a cable to a tree on the far bank, while Burke waded in midstream, shouting and giving orders to a completely uncomprehending group of natives. Eventually, the Land Rover was hauled out, and a mile or so along the trace the safari made camp for the night.

That evening, after dinner. Lady Greystoke touched Arthur Burke on the arm. "You were very

brave," she told him.

"Brave? A strange choice of words. Lady Greystoke. Forbearing, perhaps, but hardly brave."

"No, no," and she was most insistent. "Brave. Even Lord Greystoke wouldn't have waded about in that river the way you did. It's positively crawling with crocodiles, you know!"

"Good Lord," Burke groaned, and went into his tent. He uncorked a bottle of Scotch, and poured five fingers into a tumbler, draining it at a gulp.

Tarzan and Jedak, the great ape, followed at a distance, both considerably winded by the high altitude. Teemu, the Sherpa guide, on the contrary, fairly romped up the (to him) easy slope. Jedak had long since stifled his rage, and was no longer waving his arms. He plodded along behind Tarzan, little puffs of vapor coming from his nostrils. It was turning into something of a nightmare when the Sherpa suddenly stopped, looked over his shoulder at the trailing pair and, with hand signals, ordered them to halt and wait for his return. Gratefully, Tarzan and Jedak sank to their haunches. "I will never think again," Jedak said.

Tarzan looked at him curiously. "What?"

Jedak regarded the snowy slopes with disgust, shivered. "I will never think again. To think is to do wrong. Look at me. I had one thought. It was needful to see you in order to have this thought explained to me. Now, here I crouch, shivering in this white stuff, shivering like a dik-dik hiding under a small bush. One is better off to feel, to act, but not to think. Also, I am hungry."

"Do not dwell upon it, old friend. Soon, we will find this creature we are tracking. Then our blood will warm from combat!"

Jedak looked away, which was an expression of indifference. "Such a creature is welcome to his land, if this is his land. I have never before seen anything such as this. Nor do I wish to see more of it."

"But you learn. Now you have seen what you did not know of. So you learn. Which is how both mangani and tarmangani acquire wisdom."

"Perhaps. I would speak with you of something, if you will not think me stupid, or boastful. Truthfully, I do not know the meaning of it, yet I think it has a meaning. My cub."

"Yes?"

Jedak gloomed for a second or so. "My cub. A few suns ago, he brought me a gift. A strange gift. A sharp-pointed rock stuck in the fork of a sturdy branch and wrapped firmly into place with stout vines." Jedak wiped his muzzle with a giant paw, looked cautiously at Tarzan. "He told me it was a 'hit-stick,' and that many of the other cubs had also made them. This is a strange thing. Do you think it is good?"

"It is a sign," Tarzan said, marveling. "Your people, Jedak, move forward. Always it is the cubs that move forward. It will be a good thing for bringing down small game and birds."

"That is another thing," Jedak said. "The mangani have always eaten fruits, yams, roots,

vegetables, berries. Meat only when nothing else was at hand and our bellies growled from hunger. Yet I note that the cubs prefer meat above all else." He shook his head. "It is not a natural thing. Well, we talk no more of it now. My head hurts from so many thoughts. What has happened to The One Who Stinks?" He was referring to Teemu, the Sherpa, who just then popped back into sight, and waved them on forward.

Tarzan felt a distressing lack of communication here, but had forthwith to resign himself to the fact that aside from hand signals there could be no way of ascertaining what the Sherpa had in mind. For the first time, Tarzan felt a distinct sense of unease. Jedak, too, with the almost unerring instinct of the beast, was rolling his head from side to side as they crept slowly up the slope. They reached the shadow of a snow cliff, and Teemu beckoned them forward.

At that moment, before any of the trio could prepare for a defense, several enormous figures leaped upon them, bearing them to the ground. Jedak screamed in impotent rage. Tarzan fought silently, but futilely. Teemu was overwhelmed at once.

The ape-man's steely thighs and sinewy muscles were helpless against the superhuman strength.

The yeti had allowed their victims to come to them!

## Chapter 9

### FORCES UNITED

IT was sometime before dawn and sometime after mid- night when Jane became aware of a third presence in the tent she shared with Patricia Newhall. A leathery finger touched her, tentatively, and a tentative voice said "Whuff." Jane came immediately awake, senses alert. Without opening her eyes, she scented the presence of something other than a human in the tent. Instinctively, she knew it was not a completely alien or dangerous presence. She allowed herself a second or two, then said, questioningly, "Nendat?"

Now Jane opened her eyes, seeing in silhouette the giant, shaggy figure of Jedak's mate squatting on the ground cloth beside Jane's cot. "What do you here?" Nendat snuffled again. "All night, last night, my mate, Jedak, was restless. He went to the compound of Tarzan, your mate."

Jane sat up, holding her blanket about her as a sort of protection against the cold night air. "And?" she prompted.

"Jedak and Tarzan flew away in the silver bird together. With others."

"Jedak? In the silver bird?"

So I have been told. By Chulk, who followed Jedak last night. Jedak is too---" the she-ape groped for a word –bold. Brave. Curious. He is my mate and the father of my pups. Leader of the tribe. I . . . I worry." The she-ape looked imploringly at Jane. Jane wrapped a companionable arm about Nendat's huge shoulders.

Your mate and mine," Jane said, comfortingly "are the two strongest in the forest. Tarzan looks to protect the safety of some tarmangani who seek a strange beast. Undoubtedly, Jedak wished to accompany him. They are old friends, despite their growlings at each other. Nendat, how far is your tribe encamped from here? I have an idea."

The giant she-ape delicately rubbed a nostril with the tip of a huge finger. "I could go there and back, when Goro, the moon, reaches the top branches in the trees. A short time."

"Do you have an old she who can watch the pups? So that the rest of the tribe can come with us? I have a feeling we may need all the help we can get."

Nendat scratched energetically as she thought this out. There is Katala. She is old, very old, but still able to handle the pups."

Jane nodded. "Good. Bring four tribe to the clearing within a short time, the shortest possible. I will speak to them. Who is leader in Jedak's absence?"

"Chulk. Or Taglat. I will bring the tribe. You will meet us?"

"Give me a call, and I will join you outside the boma. Hasten, then, Nendat. I await you. I think it would be good if we joined forces."

Nendat reached out and touched Jane's face, gently, then quietly, like a bulky ghost, went out from under the end of the tent. Jane, estimating that she had another hour before Nendat could possibly return, lay back down. Across the tent, Patricia Newhall murmured in her sleep. There should have been word from Tarzan by now. Jane was as worried as Nendat. She doubted, very seriously, if the she-ape would be able to round up the tribe of great apes and bring them within a reasonable distance of the camp. Even if this near-impossible feat could be accomplished, it was even more unlikely that Nendat's efforts would keep the apes together for a long trek into unfamiliar terrain. It was impossible, Jane knew, to keep the giant anthropoid's interest focused on any one thing for more than a short period of time. Still, Nendat was entitled to her try. Jane dosed her eyes, dozing off.

At almost the same instant, a runner came into camp, one of the Waziri scouts. He was living testimony to the iron discipline Basuli placed upon his warriors. No Waziri, except under the strictest orders, would think of racing through lion country at night. Intrepid though they were, they had a healthy regard for the beast that was the fiercest in the jungle. This messenger stood, flanks heaving and great streams of sweat coursing down his sides, as he told his tale to the men on the night guard. More than once, he had passed within mere feet, inches, of the cough of a hungry, night-prowling carnivore. He regained his composure as he boasted of the mighty trip he had taken. The listening warriors gave the proper cries of adulation and respect. He was given a gourd of water from which he drank mightily, then he asked to speak to the mate of the great white-skinned ape. "It would also be needful," he added, important with the orders he had been given, "to rouse the warriors, and to pack the vehicles. We must move out at once."

"In the midst of the night?"

"Even so." The runner was scornful. "Do you fear the night? I came through many miles of it, alone. Please awaken Tarzan's mate. I must speak with her. Stand around, or start packing. It is all one with me."

Several oily branches were cast upon the campfire to brighten up the scene. The cook prepared

coffee, laid out bread, jam and butter for the English, put on a pot of water to boil to make cous-cous for the Waziri, for it is well-known that one cannot travel well on an empty belly, and Jane came out of her tent, fully dressed. The runner, who had been waiting for her appearance, strode to her, gave his message. "Basuli sent me through the night, knowing that I am the bravest of his warriors, to bring this message—Tarzan, Jedak the ape, and 'He Who Stinks' jumped with the silken cloths from the silver bird, high on the side of the mountain. Basuli flew the bird back to the low ground, then sought me out. He believes you should come at once as there is evidence of great danger. Warriors and supplies are urgently needed. This is my message."

Jane's heart sank a little. "In moments we shall leave. Get yourself some food and rest. You are not to help with the loading. You have done enough. How far is the silver bird from here?"

"I ran five hours. It is," he added, honestly, "perhaps a six-hour run, but I heard Simba cough several times, which lent a certain speed to my feet."

Jane smiled. "Understandable. You have done well, and I shall see that Basuli hears of it. Now, rest while you may. There are many things to do."

After the boy left, Jane summoned another of the camp guards, sent him to wake Arthur Burke. She spent a few moments checking the preparations for loading the transport, then, taking a rifle, went outside the thorn boma, circling, searching for Nendat and the great apes. She heard a faint crackling of brush once, and turned, rifle at the ready. There was a silence, the flash of yellow-green eyes as a flicker of light danced through the thorn boma, then the eyes disappeared. Whatever it was had disappeared. She returned to camp, a bit disappointed. She joined Burke and Pat for coffee. Burke excused himself after a few bites of bread and jam, and, carrying his steaming mug of coffee, went to his generator and cranked it up, then turned on his transmitter and called London, giving the latest details. He took only a few moments, then snapped the switch shut, cut off the generator, and supervised the loading of the most important (to him) equipment. A half-hour after the runner had arrived in camp, the safari was pressing on again, southward, to search for Basuli and, presumably, Tarzan and the rest of the ill-fated yeti expedition.

And after another half-hour had passed, Nendat, in company with Chulk and Taglat and the rest of the great apes, arrived at the campsite. A smoldering bed of coals, not quite extinguished, told that a party had been here.

"Here are the tracks," Nendat said. "They have departed to the south. We shall follow."

"Foolish she," Chulk growled, stalking about the boma. He found a discarded bit of bread and jam, stuffed it into his maw. "What purpose would this serve?" He looked about for another bit of bread, hopefully.

"Then I go, alone if I must. Jedak is with Tarzan. Tarzan's mate has said it would be a good thing if we were all to go."

Taglat looked as embarrassed as it is possible for a great ape to look. "I do not believe in this thing, Nendat," he said, looking away from her to signify indifference, "but I will go. No, I will lead the way. None is more skillful on the trail than Taglat."

Chulk dropped to all fours, neck bristling and yellowed fangs gloaming. He stomped his feet in a



poor imitation of one of the famed rages indulged in from time to time by the missing Jedak. "I am most skillful on the trail. None can trail like Chulk!" he challenged.

The thoughtful Terkoz, always a balancing factor in these tribal disputes, remarked, "We shall see. Let us see which is the more skillful. Nendat, let us go. When these two finish arguing, perhaps they can follow in our path."

Nendat swung into the closest tree, rapidly climbing to the upper terrace where the boughs were thinner and travel was swifter. Terkoz followed, and, in a moment, so did the boastful Chulk, then Taglat, Kerchak and Tub-lat. Six apes in all, one of them a she, but a formidable fighting force. Few living creatures could stand against them or, standing, survive the battle. In a savage competition, they tried to outdo each other in daring leaps, in sheer speed, so that, in moments only, they saw the headlights of the safari, and, moments later, were loping along in the middle terrace, keeping pace, none of them even so much as winded.

On the ground, the safari wasn't doing nearly as well. One of the Land Rovers had become stuck, and a grunting cursing group of proud Waziri warriors was trying to get it unglued from an impossibly sticky morass which hadn't been apparent in the light from the headlamps. Jane was impatiently stalking about the small caravan, when she heard her name called in the language of the great apes. She moved into the shadows, and Nendat swung down beside her. "You got the tribe?" Jane asked, almost unbelieving.

"Five of them and myself. How long will the [there was no word for 'safari' in the language of the apes] tarmangani be here?"

Jane shook her head. Tears came to her eyes, unbidden. "I do not know. I know only that I belong at the side of my mate, Tarzan."

The she-ape reached out and stroked Jane's lovely hair. "Yes. Why not come with us?"

Jane bit her lip. It would have been criminal, she knew, to leave Burke and Patricia out here by themselves. Still there was the Waziri bodyguard. Surely, in three or four hours, the safari could reach the airplane, which was presumably going to be the site of the base camp. "Wait on me," she whispered to Nendat. "I'll be back in a moment."

Jane hastened to the Land Rover in which she and Patricia had been riding, reached into a hamper and took out her own jungle garb. Under the astonished eyes of the British girl, Jane changed, then slung a bow and a quiver of arrows on her shoulder. "Lady Greystoke, whatever are you doing?" cried Patricia, who'd never seen Jane dressed for jungle travel.

"I leave you here," Jane said. "I will meet you at the plane. Tell Arthur to head due south by compass. No time to explain."

Patricia Newhall looked on in utter astonishment as Jane swung into the nearest tree and disappeared from sight.

Suddenly, the British girl was frightened. More frightened than she'd ever been in her life.

## Chapter 10

## TO THE ARENA

"GOD! " Freddy Keys-Smythe said, at the sight of the broken body of the dancing girl tossed carelessly against the side of the arena, as the dance progressed. "These people are brutes!"

Al took a deep breath. "Makes you wonder, doesn't it? Are we guests or are we the next order of sacrifice?"

Food and drink were brought to their box by slave girls, and they started to eat, sparingly. It might have been a bad thing to have any sort of appetite, considering what they'd just seen, but hunger is a natural impulse, not to be denied by the niceties. All three were still famished from their exertions of the day and night. Charley picked up a bit of meat, dripping with sauce, took a bite, and mumbled acknowledgement of its tastiness. "What time is it, anyway?"

Al glanced at his wrist watch. "Just past six in the morning. I suppose time doesn't mean a great deal in this rather subterranean place. I say, the queen is looking this way!"

Indeed she was. She had passed over Freddy and Al with a glance, but her eyes had settled on Charley. "You might be the new prince, or whatever, old man," Al reassured him. "Yon queen certainly is looking you over. Well, lad, you're a splendid physical specimen. I hope you'll do old England proud!"

Queen Ak-Ahmen, comfortably ensconced in her royal box, beckoned to her chamberlain, Ra-Man. She held a level gaze on Charley, as she whispered into Ra-Man's ear. He nodded understanding, started to thread his way through the crowded arena towards the three Englishmen. With a clash of cymbals, the dance came to an end. The queen clapped her hands, as the arena cleared, and a yeti, possibly eight feet tall, emerged from a tunnel at one end of the stadium, and picked up the broken body of the dancer who had been killed at the queen's order. The yeti tucked the body carelessly over its shoulder and left the arena at a trot.

Al let out a long sigh. "Did you see the beggar," he implored. "Did you see it? Eight feet of muscle. Good Lord, nothing could stand against such a monstrosity!"

Charley had another bite of food, picked up a flagon of wine and drank heavily. "Well, lads, it's undoubtedly the custom of the country."

Al put down a piece of fruit, wiped his hands on his silken robe. "Here comes Ra-Man. He's looking right at you, Charley, old boot. You must be the most virile looking among us."

The Hon. Freddy was off on a tangent of his own. "The damned things are *bears*! They really are. Discount the human-type face on them. Take everything else into consideration. They're bears, by the Lord! As big or bigger than the Kodiak, off Kodiak island! Unbelievable. And with a considerably higher degree of intelligence. But they are bears, of a sort."

Freddy fell silent as Ra-Man bowed courteously. He turned his attention to the blushing Charley. "Congratulations, sir," he murmured. "Her Majesty, Ak-Ahmen, would have you by her side for the remainder of the games."

"Goodbye, good old Charley," Al said, unsympathetically. "Happy everything to you."

" 'And then there were two,' " Freddy quoted somewhat haphazardly.

"Thanks, fellows. I don't know what I did to deserve this honor."

"Well," Al said, thoughtfully, "it's a curse to be beautiful, old man. We must carry our burdens." He held aloft another rib dripping with sauce. "By the way, Ra-Man, my congratulations. Excellent bit of meat. What is it? Mountain goat?"

Ra-Man, graciously indicating that Charley should lead the way, turned back with a smile. "Yeti," he said. "Quite young. It is excellent, isn't it?"

Al felt a knot in his stomach, and very narrowly escaped committing an outrageous social blunder. All about them the amphitheatre was filled with the same type of people as the queen and her suzerain. They were laughing, apparently placing wagers on whatever was to happen next, and feasting from apparently inexhaustible supplies of delicacies. "Look like Egyptians, by George!" Freddy Keys-Smythe said. "Amazing!"

Al took a drink of the liquor, coughed, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. He'd only been half- listening. "What?"

"I do believe we've stumbled upon a lost tribe of Egyptians," Freddy breathed.

"Stumbled upon? We were bloody well had, old man!"

"No matter." Freddy was impatient of details. "That would explain so many things. Take a look at that golden headband of the queen's. See? A golden asp. Aha! Just what Cleopatra is reliably reported to have habitually worn. Note her costume—"

"Or lack of it," Al interjected.

"—gossamer skirt, anklets, sandals. Bare breasts."

"I noticed," Al said. "I assure you that I noticed."

"Definitely Egyptian. Why, man, this is the greatest find since—well, there's really no comparison. Just think of it. A living slice of Egypt as she was thousands upon thousands of years ago! Just wait until I get some photos of this. Perhaps some tape recordings of their speech."

Al looked at Freddy with what was a genuine sympathy. "Fred, old man, you don't think for a moment that we're getting out of this alive, do you?"

"I don't understand what you. . ."

At that moment, there was the blast of a curious trumpet, and the gates at one end of the arena swung open. Three giant slaves, armed with scimitars, entered, crossed to the box of the queen and saluted. They wore no armor, and except for short breechclouts, were nude. Their bodies glistened in the flickering lights of the torches that lit the battleground.

The men must have averaged seven feet each in height and were extraordinarily well-muscled. Now the trumpet blew again, and from the other end of the arena, through a great door, entered a yeti.

The beast carried no weapons. It looked with strangely intelligent eyes at the screaming assemblage and its uncannily human-like face seemed almost wistful. It dwarfed the three men, standing a good three feet taller than the tallest of the trio. As yet it made no move, other than its initial entrance. Al nudged Freddy, nodded toward the royal box. Charley was unhappily seated beside the queen, who was clutching his arm with a talon-like grasp, licking her lips in evil anticipation of the slaughter that was about to take place on the arena floor. Freddy shook his head, returning his own attention to the spectacle.

Now the yeti advanced slowly, regarding each of its opponents warily. As its muscles rippled, old scars showed beneath the heavy fur. This was apparently a veteran fighter. The slaves, as if at a prearranged plan, separated. One moved to the left of the slowly advancing beast, another to the right, while the third slipped around the arena until he was behind. Now the yeti stopped in its tracks, as if in indecision, glancing in turn at all three of its attackers. Brandishing their giant, deadly, curved scimitars, the three slaves started to close in, a step at a time, upon the beast. The yeti made a sound between a grunt and a whistle, took one step toward an advancing slave, then whirled and charged the slave creeping up on him from behind. A sweep of its giant paw, and that slave's scimitar went whistling off across the arena, and the slave himself screamed in agony, his useless arm dangling, broken. Without pause, the yeti charged still another slave, sustaining a mighty blow of the scimitar. Seemingly immune to pain, it wrapped both massive arms about its victim, and squeezed just once. It was holding a lifeless corpse! And now, the beast flung the body in its arms at the third slave, knocking him sprawling, then raced to him and stomped on his prostrate form, literally crushing the life from his body!

The slave with the broken arm was on his knees before the queen, begging for mercy. The yeti, bleeding horribly from the cut that had been inflicted upon it, but seemingly insensate to the pain, waddled quietly across the arena, paying no heed to the imploring man, but watching the face of the queen intently. Freddy and Al stared with horror-stricken fascination as a sneer came to her face. She made a slashing motion with her hand, and the yeti calmly readied forward and broke the man a neck, much as one would kill a rabbit. The mob cheered, and the queen sank back, appearing drained and exhausted. She beckoned imperiously to Charley, who handed her a golden goblet from which she quaffed deeply.

Still bleeding, the yeti paced about the arena, picking up all three bodies, and carried them out through the door through which it had entered. More slaves entered, sprinkling sand over the bloody spots in the arena.

Freddy and Al sat silent for a moment. "Quite a show," Freddy said, finally.

"Umm. Wonder when we'll be the feature attraction? I almost envy Charley. I think." It was only a matter of moments before Al had his answer.

Ra-Man came back to their box, whispered for them to follow him. Out of the arena, they made their way down silent passageways. They re-entered their quarters, accompanied by the queen's man and a pair of guards.

"What now?" Al asked, reaching for the bottle that was still waiting there, and pouring himself a stiff drink. "Instant courage!" He gravely advised Freddy. "Better have some yourself. I think we're in for an interesting session."

Ra-Man smiled. "Her Majesty wished to see you two go against a very small yeti. What would you like for weapons? Scimitars? Spears?"

"I don't suppose you have a little thing known as a machine gun, do you? I thought not. Too bad.

Cheer up, Freddy. I think I'll have a spear or so, Ra-Man. Oh, by the way, what happens to our pal? Good old Charley?"

"He is to be, as I understand it, the new prince consort. It is not a ... comfortable title, and has been held by many. Usually," Ra-Man added, practically, "for a very short time. Ak-Ahmen is a very wicked queen. I could wish that something might happen to . . . but I talk too much, and loose talk means death. I believe you gentlemen really have the best of it. If you survive, you will receive great honors. Your friend will receive the honors first, and then . . . well. I will have a slave fetch your weapons. You're to be ready in a few moments. Remember to salute the queen. She's been known to get stuffy about such an oversight. Good luck. And it's only to be a very small yeti."

"Thanks," Keys-Smythe said bitterly. "Thanks loads."

Miles away from this scene, a lone figure raced across the veldt taking to the trees when there were trees, eating up ground at a deceptively mile-consuming lope where there were none. Close observation would have shown that this lone figure carried a Mannlicher sporting rifle and a bandoleer of cartridges. In point of fact, there was considerable travel across the veldt on the trail to Kilimanjaro.

First, Jane and the pack of great apes, flying through the trees in response to Basuli's summons. Then came a party of Waziri scouts, at a dog trot, then the three motor vehicles, making tough going of it in the night, but still making forward progress. And, of course, well behind everyone, that lone figure, racing through the night.

## Chapter 11

### THE WRATH OF TARZAN

JANE and the great apes were first to reach Tarzan's aircraft. It was just breaking dawn, and the light, feeble as the first rays appeared, was filtered through a heavy ground fog that made distances deceptive and lent an eerie, half-world character to the scene. Also, now that she'd ceased her race through the night, Jane found she was cold, very cold, attired only in her scanty garment of the finest deerskin.

Basuli opened the door to the cockpit of the plane and climbed out. "My runner reached you, then?"

"Yes. The others will be here shortly. The mangani, the apes, came with me. What can we do?"

Basuli shook his head. "I know not. I have been up to the wrecked aircraft of the Englishmen, which is where Tarzan, He Who Stinks and Jedak leaped from our aircraft, but saw nothing but a snow-covered slope, and some tracks in the snow. I sense great danger, lady. Surely the Englishmen would not have gone ahead up the mountain without their equipment, is it not so? Also I thought I . . ." He broke off, staring at the mountain.

"What?" prompted Jane. "You thought you what?"

Basuli shook his head unhappily. "I thought I saw a creature high up on the slope. At first I thought it might be Jedak returning with a message for me, and so I waited as it started down the slope to

me. It was not an ape, although it was covered with hair. It made a strange whistling noise. Mistress, I ran. I, Basuli, ran!"

"The yeti!" Jane exclaimed. She'd only half-believed in their existence, but now there could be no doubt. Nor was there any doubt that her mate was in great danger. She looked over her shoulder at the great apes who were standing at a little distance. No yeti, she was sure, could stand against the combined brute force of the band of apes. A gleam came to her eye. "We shall go on to the wrecked airplane," she told Basuli. "Wait here, and when the others come up, your Waziri, send them after us, and when the vehicles come up, send them along, too. It should be only a matter of an hour or so. We go ahead to scout the way and decide what must be done."

"But, mistress . . ." Basuli started to plead. It was too late for him to finish whatever he was going to say, because Jane had leaped away down the trail and the great apes followed. The Waziri chieftain frowned. He didn't know what a yeti might be, but he knew there was something evil on the snowy slopes of Kilimanjaro. Anxiously he scanned the horizon for a glimpse of his Waziri, who should be appearing at any moment.

Capturing Tarzan was one thing; keeping the ape-man captive was something else again. The reception of the second three men was markedly different from that afforded the first group. Tarzan, Teemu and Jedak were unceremoniously thrust into what was evidently a cage designed to hold the untamed yeti, for it was immediately apparent to Tarzan that there were two kinds of the Abominable Snowmen. Those who were disciplined and those who were wild. These latter were confined in just such cages as that the three men now inhabited. There was a continual cacophony of grunts, whistles, and an occasional scream of anger as they fought among themselves. The stench was almost overpowering, something like that of a charnel house. Jedak repeatedly shook his head, snorting, trying futilely to rid his nostrils of the awful smell. Even Teemu, the Sherpa, himself no bed of roses, visibly paled. After tossing the men in the pen, the yeti were replaced by a single human, a guard, who apparently was in charge of the wild yeti stockade. He carelessly shot a bolt to lock them in, then walked away muttering to himself. Apparently, Tarzan thought, he would have to report their presence. Tarzan stripped off his heavy clothing, stood only in his loincloth. He picked up his bow and quiver of arrows which the yeti had apparently not regarded as a weapon, felt at his side to make sure he still had his knife, and looked with grim amusement at Jedak. "I think we shall go pay a visit," he said. Jedak snarled agreement. Tarzan reached through the bars of their cell door, unlatched the bolt. If it was such a simple arrangement, he could not but wonder at its purpose at all, then he realized that the yeti did not have fingers, but paws, and the bolt required the use of fingers. As simple as that. He swung the door open cautiously, saw no one, and beckoned the ape and the Sherpa to follow him. Jedak bared his yellow fangs in a snarl, furious and savage, ready to fight, to kill, to die if must be. Teemu was a guide, not a warrior, but he followed. Mainly because there was nothing else to do.

Patricia sat huddled next to Arthur Burke as the small caravan made its way through the night. A faint glow on the horizon indicated that morning was very nearly breaking and Burke heaved a sigh of relief. He was bone-tired and not in the best of moods. Patricia was half-awake, half-asleep. A sudden jolt as the Land Rover hit a chuckhole brought her suddenly to full consciousness. The first birds were twittering and crying in the first pale light of the sun, and off in the jungle which they were skirting, monkeys started their day-long chattering and fighting among themselves. A feeding lion raised its huge head, jaws dripping with blood from its kill of the night, but after staring at them with bright yellow eyes for a moment, returned to its feeding. Patricia shuddered.

"A bit spooked, old girl? Well, if it's any consolation, so am I. Not just this," and he waved his hand to indicate the jungle and its denizens, "but I have a strange feeling, somewhere down in the pit of my stomach, that there's big, really big trouble ahead. Think of Lady Greystoke taking off in the trees like a blasted monkey! Wait until London reads that tomorrow!"

"Arthur, you didn't!"

"But of course I did. I'm here to get a story, and a story I'm going to turn in. That bit about her ladyship will certainly jolt any number of old dowagers in Mayfair! And why not? She did do it, didn't she? We saw it with our own eyes, didn't we? One reports the facts, Patricia. Your dad would expect no less of me."

They rode in silence for a little while. "Arthur, did you really turn in that other story—about Lord Greystoke's feudal estate and the natives working for nothing?"

"I did. After I'd shown it to his blasted lordship. I told you I was going to do as much. Did you really expect me not to do it?"

The girl sighed. "No. I suppose not. But much of what you used was based on information given me by Lady Greystoke. Didn't Lord Greystoke object?"

Arthur snorted. "Object? Not he! Likely thinks he's above all that. Gave me some rot about 'not understanding the country' and 'improvement of conditions over the past years.' Well, my lass, I know exploitation of the lower classes when I see it, and here's a shining example; not, mind you, that he necessarily realizes what he's doing himself. Soft of a benevolent despot, if you know what I mean, and very likely honestly amazed that anyone might look at it differently."

"I suppose you're right. But he's such a fine, brave man."

"Brave? What in the world does he have to be 'brave' about? Look, Pat, he's got those blasted Waziri to do his dirty work for him. And don't tell me they're not living a cut higher on the hog than the other poor devils. If it comes down to personal bravery, I doubt very much if he's braver than the next one, even including this reporter!"

"Do you really know that much about him, Arthur?" she asked gently.

"I know that much about mankind, my dear. My years of observing and reporting on the strange behavior of that curious creature known as 'man' has taught me one thing; bravery comes to a screeching halt at a certain stage of the game." The small caravan came to a halt. "Hullo, I believe we've reached Greystoke's aircraft. Yes, there it is, just ahead. Well, this is as far as we go for now, old girl. Let's get out and stretch our legs a bit while the boys set up camp and make some coffee. Gad, I'm bushed! I hope this expedition doesn't take a great deal longer. I wonder if we'll see an Abominable Snowman today? I must see to my photographic equipment, and I expect it might be the wise thing to set up the wireless and get a flash off to London, dateline: 'Base Camp.' Sounds terribly impressive, doesn't it?"

But the caravan didn't unload there. Instead, after a consultation with the drivers, Basuli came over to the newspaperman and, in halting although understandable English, explained that, under orders from Lady Greystoke, the two Land Rovers and the lorry were to press along as far as they could toward the site of the wrecked aircraft, there to set up the camp. Burke nodded, unhappily, and climbed stiffly back into the vehicle.

Jane's capture by the yeti was accomplished with ridiculous ease. She and the small band of great apes arrived at the scene of the crashed plane and looked about for indications of what might or might not have happened. It was bitterly cold, and even the apes, with their shaggy fur, were shivering. A figure appeared on the slope to their left; it paused, then approached cautiously. Chulk was first to notice, and he called out softly to the others, "Some creature approaches."

Whatever it was, it was still too far away for the apes or Jane to note in any detail. It came closer, hesitantly, stopping for long intervals as if to assure itself that no harm would befall it. It appeared extremely shy. As it came closer, one could note that it was completely unlike an ape. It was vaguely humanoid in form. Now it was close enough so that Jane and the apes could hear its call, a cross between a grunt and a whistle. It sounded almost plaintive, as if anxious to make friends after first reassuring itself that no harm would come to it.

Chulk growled softly to the others, "As soon as it comes a little nearer, we will charge it and overwhelm it. It is in my mind that this is the creature which has brought all this trouble upon Tarzan and the others." Elaborately, with jungle cunning, he turned his back on the slowly approaching beast, as did the other apes, pretending a great interest in a nonexistent object at their feet. Finally, hearing the whistling bark from no more than a few yards away, Chulk screamed, "Now!" and in a body the great apes wheeled and charged up the slope, thrashing and making poor headway through the snow. The beast was close enough for Jane to get a good look at it. It was, she knew, a yeti, and she shuddered at the human-looking face.

The Abominable Snowman alternately ran and halted, allowing the apes to almost reach him, then whirling and retreating further up the slope. Chulk and the others were by now in a fine state of anger, and even the gentle Nendat was uttering dire promises. But while the apes floundered in the deep snow, the yeti ran easily on top of it, as if on snowshoes. It was really no contest, and had the apes been less enraged or less frustrated, they would have abandoned the pursuit. Soon, in a matter of moments, they were high on the slope. Suddenly, there was a grunt and whistle directly behind Jane, and as she whirled, taking a horrified look at the Abominable Snowman just behind her, a steely arm clamped about her, she was carelessly tossed over a shoulder, and the Snowman trotted rapidly up the slope, veering away from the struggling apes. It was the oldest stratagem in the world; while one attracted the pack, another worked around behind it and picked the weakest off. Jane was obviously the weakest, hence the most logical. When the Snowman who had acted as decoy for the pack saw his fellow making off with Jane, he gave a last, derisive whistle, and fairly raced across the snow, leaving the bewildered and enraged apes in hopeless confusion. Nendat was first to see what had happened. "Look, they have taken Tarzan's she!"

"What shall we do?" Taglat asked.

The prudent, thoughtful and wise Terkoz said, "It might be better to return to the broken silver bird and await the arrival of the others."

Chulk by now had worked himself into a fine rage, and if he hadn't quite worked up the head of steam that Jedak frequently did, he gave a fine imitation of it. "Never!" he howled. "I am Chulk. I kill!" It was impossible to stomp convincingly in the soft snow, but he tried.

"In Jedak's absence, you are the leader," Terkoz finally agreed, after waiting for Chulk to run out of expletives, howls of rage and outlandish promises as to what he would personally do to any of these



beasts that he encountered. "Still, I think it best that one remain to tell the tarmangani what has happened here. The rest of us can trail the strange creatures."

Chulk, somewhat mollified, grunted. "Exactly what I was going to do. Nendat, you are the she in this group. You will return to the broken silver bird and wait for the tarmangani."

Nendat started to protest, then kept silent. The shes of her people did not argue with the bulls. Reluctantly, she turned and went down the slope to the plane, and stood watching as the remaining five great apes trudged slowly in the footprints of the yeti which had carried Jane away.

Tarzan, his knife loose in its sheath and ready to hand, led the way through the dank, poorly illuminated tunnel. Smoky torches were stuck in the walls at irregular intervals. Behind them, the yeti in their pens barked and whistled. Teemu, the Sherpa, was not anything like being over his original fright. Certainly he'd expected no nightmarish scene such as this. He was a man of the outdoors, of the snow and the glaciers and the rocky slopes of the mountains. He felt as if the very tunnel walls were closing in upon him; additionally, he was a man of peace, a man unfamiliar with weapons, with fighting, with killing, and he seemed surrounded by death and disaster. Jedak brought up the rear, and his famed temper was rapidly reaching the boiling point. They came to an abrupt turn in the tunnel, and Tarzan, hearing approaching footsteps, motioned his companions back, and pressed against the wall. The guard, who apparently was in charge of the wild yeti pens, was returning. As he rounded the corner, Tarzan quite unemotionally and without a second thought, slipped his knife blade smoothly into the fellow's rib cage. He died instantly, and Tarzan let the body lie where it fell, stepping over it and continuing on his silent way. The Sherpa, terrified by this sudden, silent death, whimpered softly, and froze in his tracks until an impatient Jedak gave him a mighty shove. They continued for perhaps a hundred yards more, then emerged into a sort of antechamber. At the far end was a grilled door. Tarzan peered through the grille. They were underneath a sort of amphitheatre. Unseen by the screaming crowd in the seats above the arena, two guards stood with their backs to the door. In the center of the arena, clad in loincloths and armed with spear and scimitar, stood, of all people, Freddy Keys-Smythe and Al, the airplane pilot! And now, a yeti, a relatively small one, appeared in Tarzan's limited view. Al threw his spear and missed, and the Abominable Snowman moved with incredible speed to the attack. Freddy raced across the arena and took a cut with his scimitar, inflicting little real damage. The arena stands rocked with laughter. Angered, Tarzan realized it was very likely that the death of these two men was furnishing a comic relief and wondered, with a passing thought, what manner of people could still survive in the world today who found death so amusing. He tested the gates easily, found them unlocked. He nodded to Jedak, and the pair slipped through. Jedak snapped the spine of one guard, dropping the body to the floor of the anteroom. Tarzan wound a sinewy arm about the other's throat, and struck, just once, with his knife. Carefully, he lowered the body to the floor, looking around for Teemu. Impatiently, he reached back through the gate for the Sherpa, hauling him into the anteroom under the arena, closed the doors and dropped a huge bar into place. At least, they'd be safe from attack from the wild yeti pens. Jedak had worked himself up into a fine rage, and before Tarzan could stop him, he raced out onto the floor of the arena, growling horribly, and sprang upon the surprised yeti, yellowed fangs gloaming, froth dripping from his lips. Under the first impact, the Snowman went down, with Jedak snarling at its throat, attempting to rip out its jugular; a cry of astonishment went up from the stands at this unforeseen development. Almost, the yeti died from that surprise attack, for Jedak was a powerful brute, strongest and most savage of all the great apes, but the Snowman, small as it was, was incredibly strong, out of all proportion to its size. It rolled clear, bleeding profusely, and aimed a blow at Jedak that cuffed him halfway across the arena, unconscious and unmoving. With a careless glance at the two humans in the arena, it hobbled across to finish off the great ape. As it reached for the prostrate form, there was the hum of a bowstring, and an arrow appeared as if by magic in its breast. He pawed at the shaft with annoyance. A strangely human

expression of surprise came over its countenance as it fell over dead.

Tarzan strode into the arena, placed a foot upon the yeti's body, and gave the blood-curdling, soul-chilling victory cry of the great ape!

In terror, the Sherpa turned, lifted the heavy bar, opened the gates and raced down the passageway, back to the wild yeti pens, seeking the mountain surface and what security he would find there. He was killed by a careless swipe of a yeti paw before he'd gone a hundred yards; not only had he died in vain, but Tarzan's back was now exposed to whatever might emerge from the tunnel!

The figure of the lone man carrying the Mannlicher rifle and the bandoleer of cartridges arrived at the fallen aircraft before the caravan did. He trotted easily up to the ship. Nendat growled warningly, preparing to charge him. He laughed easily. "Would you kill me, then?" he asked in the language of the great apes.

Nendat peered at him from under beetled brows. "Tarzan's pup?"

"Yes. Now, tell me, what has happened here?"

Nendat told him, to the best of his ability.

"Good. I go." He began to work his way up the snow slope. Nendat suddenly felt better.

## Chapter 12

### AND THEN THERE WAS ONE

THE three vehicles pulled up shortly below the fallen airplane, with the trailing Land Rover, carrying a native driver and helper, skidding helplessly into a rut churned up by the aircraft's landing gear.

"I do believe we've arrived," Burke remarked to Patricia. "Finally. Now, I've simply got to set up my generator and wireless and call this bit into London. Excuse me, darling."

Patricia nodded, watching as the natives unloaded the transmitter and its component parts. Elsewhere, a sort of kitchen was rather miraculously taking shape, and a beaming native cook was making coffee. Bacon and eggs were cooking within minutes, giving off an appetizing fragrance, and despite the extreme cold, all seemed well.

Patricia stretched, yawning. It had been a long night, indeed. Arthur was a dear, really, although inclined to take himself and his "mission" a bit too seriously. She fancied that Sir Edward, her dad, would have agreed, while at the same time giving all due credit to Burke's nose for news, for the sort of news that would build circulation.

He appeared suddenly at her side. "Darling," he said, "it'll be a moment or so before we can get the set warmed up and tuned in. Any personal messages for your dad?"

"You might mention that I'm alive and well. But lonesome."

"Lonesome? I'm here." Burke seemed genuinely amazed.

"Ah. There's that, isn't there? Oh, darling," she went on, in a burst of rather frightened thought, "do you realize we're the only two Europeans still active? Where has everyone gone? There's just you and me, and we really know nothing of this strange country. I'm terribly frightened."

"There's that, isn't there?" he, said, softly, thinking it over. "Everyone's gone but us. Lord and Lady Greystoke. Freddy. Al, Charley. Even the Sherpa, Teemu. No really rational person left but us. Rather a lonesome figure we cut, don't we? And we can't even speak the language. Hullo, here comes a fairly intelligent-looking native. Yes, fellow?"

"I am Basuli." That much, at least, was in plain English.

"Ah," Burke said. "Basuli, eh? Big man?" The last was a sneer.

"Chieftain of the Waziri."

"Really? How nice for you! And what is this visit all about?"

If Basuli had not been so emotionally upset, he could have made a much better answer. As it was, the aggressiveness of the Englishman and the urgency of the moment almost rendered him speechless.

He pointed to the slopes of Kilimanjaro. "Tarzan—gone. His mate—gone. He Who Stinks—gone. Jedak, gone." He waved again at the slopes. "The mangani, the apes—gone. The tarmangani, the Englishmen, gone. All gone. Only Nendat remains. Jedak's mate."

"Gone where?"

Basuli shrugged, elaborately. "Who is to say? Up into the mountains. By the magic (it was the only word he could think of) of the mangani which is not a mangani. I have heard it called yeti."

"By jove," Burke whispered, "the Abominable Snowman. Pat, I simply must get this on the wireless at once. Tell me, ah . . . Basuli? Yes, Basuli. Tell me, what did these monsters look like? Big? Small? Fierce?"

Basuli looked at the reporter with reproach. "You do nothing to rescue these people? I think this is strange. They are your people, are they not?"

"Well, you see, I'm a reporter," Burke said. "That is to say that I . . . well, dammit, I doubt if I can express to you exactly what I do. My duty is to report to the world what is happening here. Surely you can understand that."

"You leave your people to die, to be killed, and make no attempt to rescue them? This I do not understand."

Burke flushed. "I don't see your people, Basuli, so bloody anxious to go charging away through the snow. They seem to be standing about. I have my duties to perform, and you have yours. Good

enough. Now if you'll just direct some of your men to unload my gear and get it set up, I must report to my chief. By the way, where did the woman just go?"

Basuli looked about. "She has slipped away. The tents, I see, are up. Perhaps she rests. Perhaps she changes her clothing. Who knows about women?"

When Burke and Basuli had started talking, Patricia had wandered away, bored by the conversation. She felt a little less love for Burke, if the truth be known. He did seem rather shallow, as compared to the others, Keys-Smythe, Charley, Al, Lord Greystoke. Still, she reflected, walking behind a newly erected tent, he *was* her husband-to-be. And, she reassured herself, a fine man and a good reporter, perhaps the best in the world.

She circled the tent, and as she was behind it, she heard a combination of a bark and a whistle, both softly pitched. She whirled, took one look at the shaggy body, pointed head and human features, and fainted dead away. The Abominable Snowman phlegmatically hoisted her to his shoulder and raced across the snowy terrain, unseen by any in camp.

Now, Arthur Burke was the only European still walking around free on the safari.

Moments later, the camp was in an uproar as everyone searched for Patricia. It was Nendat, the she-ape, who found the footprints of the yeti, and pointed them out to Basuli, who in turn pointed them out to Burke.

Ak-Ahmen, peering at the tableau in the arena below her, leaned back, motioning to Ra-Man. "Test him. This is indeed a consort worthy of Ak-Ahmen. Look at the size of him, the beauty of him, the way he stands defiant, as if he fears nothing. Indeed, I think he truly fears nothing. Bring yeti to the arena. Large ones. Three of them. Leave him his weapons, let us see how he does. This is truly a formidable man. Beautiful."

Ra-Man bowed, waved a hand, and a gong sounded, resoundingly: It rang in the quarters of the wild yeti, but its counterpart rang also within the arena. The populace of the city in the mountain stirred restlessly.

A slave, wearing the golden collar of royal slavery, which also marked him as a human warrior, came softly to Ra-Man's side, whispered into his ear. Ra-Man nodded, leaning over to the queen and passed the message along. She, too, nodded, albeit impatiently. Her attention was directed to the giant in the center of the arena. She motioned with her head, negligently, toward Charley, who was seated at her side. "Take this one to the feeding pens," she instructed a guard.

Charley had missed nothing of what had been going on, nor did he misread the avid expression on Ak-Ahmen's face. "Fickle bit of fluff, isn't she?" he remarked to the guard who hauled him abruptly to his feet, shoving him down the aisle and into a ramp leading to the yeti quarters.

Tarzan, straddling his fallen foe in the midst of the amphitheatre, turned at a new, hysterical pitch in the crowd noise. His eyes took in the possibilities. Freddy and Al were huddled against the barricades, remaining as unobtrusive as possible. The form of Jedak was still motionless upon the arena floor. Presumably, the great ape was dead. Now, from the doors which Tarzan had barricaded, but which the whimpering Teemu had unbolted in his attempt to retreat to the surface of the earth, there emerged slowly three yeti.

They dwarfed the dead one. The smallest was a full eight feet in height. The largest was almost twelve feet tall, and the other was somewhere in between.

Tarzan, with magnificent aplomb, wasted not a second. These beasts weren't in the arena to discuss philosophy. They were here to kill him, as speedily, as rapidly as possible. He moved. An arrow was notched into his bow, faster than it takes to mention it, and sped on its way to find a place in the heart of the tallest, most mighty of the Abominable Snowmen. It came on, nevertheless. One more arrow to the same spot, then the ape-man sprang aside from the charge of the second, smallest of the three, to bring his knife up, completely disemboweling the third. This beast fell to the arena, clutching and whistling.

The smaller Snowman stopped short in its tracks, looking the situation over. There was no evidence of fear, but of cunning. It circled to the left as Tarzan stalked it, knife at the ready. Tarzan turned to face the beast. Above them, the crowd was going wild, screaming, urging a kill.

Queen Ak-Ahmen licked her lips. Here was truly a consort worthy of her royalty.

Suddenly, with the lithe grace of a panther, Tarzan sprang, attaching himself irremovably to the back of the third yeti. An arm encircled it, his steely thighs crouched about its barrel, and his knife stabbed repeatedly into its side until, at last, with a despairing whistle, it sank to its knees and died.

Tarzan again sprang erect, placing his foot upon the body, and gave the cry of the great ape!

The sound was still echoing about the arena, bringing terror to those who heard it, when the beast which was supposedly dead, the one that had been disemboweled, struggled to its feet, and with a last, despairing struggle, staggered a few feet to the ape-man, who had his back turned as he howled his triumphant challenge, and swung a mighty paw at the Lord of the Jungle. Tarzan was stunned into insensibility.

It mattered little that the three yeti were dead, dead at the hands of the mightiest of the jungle creatures. Tarzan was stunned, helpless.

The games ended on the spot.

## Chapter 13

### CHARGE OF THE BULL APES!

JANE, Lady Greystoke, hadn't swooned. Rather, she had been rudely slapped alongside her head when she'd drawn her knife and attempted to plant the shining blade deep into the body of the yeti which had kidnapped her. Thus, she was unconscious for the greater part of the slow journey up the snow slope, high onto the side of Kilimanjaro, thence into a hidden passageway hewn from the living rock.

She opened her eyes, recovering from the cruel blow, staring at the silken hangings overhead. She was aware of a woman's voice sobbing nearby, and rolled her head weakly on the soft pillow. Patricia Newhall! Unlike Jane, Patricia had offered no resistance—indeed, she was too frightened, too bewildered to offer any. Instead, alternately swooning into periods of unconsciousness and then

semi-lucid moments of consciousness, she'd been delivered to this same chamber, and here she sat, bewailing her fate, and with some justice. The future looked bleak for both women.

"Patricia," Jane said, weakly, raising a hand in a sort of greeting. The girl ran to the side of Jane's couch, sank to her knees, sobbing. "Oh, Jane, whatever are they going to do with us? I'm terrified!"

"I shouldn't worry too much, my dear," Lady Greystoke advised the younger woman. "After all. Lord Greystoke is here, somewhere. As are Freddy and Al and Charley. And Jedak, the great ape. And the little Sherpa. I'm sure no harm will come to us. All we can do now is wait to see what fate has in store for us. Is Arthur all right?"

"Yes. Yes, I'm sure he is. He's probably calling London right now," Pat added, bitterly, "giving them an 'exclusive' on my being kidnapped by the Abominable Snowman. And he has all that equipment. Special weapons, stun grenades, mountain climbing equipment."

Jane started to rise on one arm, the better to reassure the young girl, then sank back, groaning. Her head swam from the effect of the blow she'd sustained at the hands of the yeti. "I—I must rest for a moment longer," she said, weakly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Jane. Is there anything I can do?"

Jane smiled, wanly. "You might try prayer, my dear. I think this is one time we can use some divine assistance."

Tarzan, too, woke up in strange surroundings. He was aware of the smell of incense, of luxurious satin sheets and deep pillows. Soft oriental music played faintly in the background. He blinked, slid a hand down his thigh. His knife was gone. A strange man was standing beside the couch on which he reclined, he saw as he turned his head slowly.

"Ah," the man said, in nearly perfect English. "I see you are coming around. Good. Excellent. Her Majesty, Queen Ak-Ahmen, will be pleased. I believe she wishes to speak with you as soon as you are fully recovered. Now, a spot of brandy? Wine, perhaps? Or we have a sort of native drink, made from some rather exotic berries growing high on the slopes of Kilimanjaro. Or would you like something to eat?"

Tarzan looked further about the room. Giant slaves, armed with razor-sharp scimitars, guarded the entrance. "Where am I?"

"You are in my quarters," the man said, smiling thinly. "I am Ra-Man, Lord High Chamberlain, I suppose you would say, to Ak-Ahmen. She is smitten with you. Infatuated, one might say. Never has she seen such brute strength in mortal man. Nor, I must admit with all honesty, neither have I. Listen to me. We have little time. Ak-Ahmen, as you have seen, is an evil woman. Evil! She leads her people in the paths of vice, profligacy, drunkenness."

Tarzan cast a cynical eye at him. "You are her Lord High Chamberlain, are you not? Then this must be the sort of rulership you endorse."

Ra-Man shook his head, impatiently. "No, you do not understand. Against her, and her tame yeti, I can do nothing. The guards, the human guards, are loyal to me to a man. Yet, we could not stand

against the yeti. She gives them a drug, I know not what it is, nor her source of supply. All I know is that Ak-Ahmen, and only Ak-Ahmen, can control them."

The ape-man was curious. "What exactly are you people, anyway?"

"We were—are—Egyptians. Many years ago, almost buried in time, we were forced to flee Egypt, flee from the wrath of the Pharaohs, who abhorred the twisted blood-lines that made this tribe so evil. Ak-Ahmen is the last of her seed. With her, this evil tribe dies. At least, her rulership shall die with her, unless she can produce what she likes to think of as a 'worthy heir.' A male heir. You have been chosen to become her consort, to father this hell-child. Now do you understand?"

Curious, Tarzan asked, "And if I should agree to this, what would be my ultimate fate?"

"You would be killed; fed to the tame yeti."

"They eat human flesh?"

Ra-Man shrugged. "There is precious little other flesh for them to eat. When one is killed in the arena, he is fed to the yeti."

"And what do you eat?" "As I said, there is precious little to eat. We eat yeti. They are, after all, little more than cattle."

"The cats and the rats," mused Tarzan.

"I do not understand you."

"I suppose not." Tarzan lay silent for a minute longer, then sat up. "You have a proposal to make?"

"I do. You and you alone will be in a position to be alone, absolutely alone, with Ak-Ahmen. Kill her. I shall then become ruler, and I will see to it that your entire party is freed to return to your regular lives. We shall become friends, allies. Peace will come to my people with honest, fair rule. Why should we live like animals, burrowed into the side of a mountain, unable to take advantage of new ways, better ways?"

Tarzan thought it a stirring speech, but for some reason he couldn't quite bring himself to trust this rather too suave, oily man. "I will think upon it," he said.

"You will do it? You will kill her?"

"I will think upon it. Now, take me to her, if she is ready to receive me. These things get no better with the passage of time."

Ra-Man bowed slightly. "How true. If you mention our conversation to the queen, I am a dying man."

Tarzan looked at him curiously. "Do you fear death so much, then? There are far worse things. And as for that, a wise man once said we are all dying men. Dying from the day of our birth. I think it does not matter if some die a bit sooner than others. However, you have my word for it. I shall not mention this conversation."

"Thank you." Beads of sweat stood out on the man's forehead. There was no doubt that, even if not completely sincere in his promises, he was honest enough about the fear he felt of the queen. "Oh," he added, "your knife. I almost forgot to return it." He reached beneath his flowing multi-colored robes and produced the knife that had once belonged to Tarzan's father. "This might be useful, no?" he said, meaningfully.

Tarzan inspected the knife and the keenness of its blade, then slid it into the sheath at his waist. Without speaking, he nodded. The chamberlain clapped his hands, and the guards opened the doors. Tarzan left, flanked on either side by guards who were almost as big and stoutly muscled as he, himself. To what? He wished he knew.

Basuli could stand the inactivity no longer. He fetched up his Waziri warriors, and told them, grimly, "We go to the mountain, into the biting cold. It is our duty. There will be no turning back. We take nothing with us but our assegai, our hunting spears. The first warrior who hesitates will be struck down by my own hand. Is this understood?"

This was Waziri talk, the sort of talk his people could understand. There was no cheering, no yelping and jumping up and down. No stimulation was needed; the Waziri were always ready to do battle, and what better cause than this? Silently, with deadly purpose, the Waziri, in single file, raced to the downed plane and up, high up onto the snow slope, taking turns breaking trail, following like great, glistening, silent hounds the plainly marked trail before them. In moments, they had caught up with the clumsier, less well-organized great apes, and with Jack, Tarzan's son. The trail all had been following ended abruptly at a huge, apparently immovable boulder. Some superhuman strength had moved it into place, and the combined efforts of the great apes had not been enough to move it. With a shout, Basuli urged his forces to join their strength with that of the huge anthropoids, and slowly at first, and then with increasing speed, the huge boulder rolled aside, and then went bounding down into the valley below.

Jack held up a hand. "It is needful," he said in the language of the apes, "that one go first as a scout. This gun gives me the strength of many. I shall scout the way, then return and lead you." He repeated the message in the tongue of the Waziri. Quickly, before an objection could be raised, he turned and entered the black tunnel. He had no idea as to its destination. It was enough to know that his mother, his father and his friends had been brought this way. Where they had gone, he could follow.

The arena had long since grown quiet. Even the last of the stragglers had gone to their quarters. If there was a clean-up crew, or a watchman, which seemed likely, no such had as yet made an appearance. A single flickering torch still burned, giving off only a hint of illumination. Jedak, the great ape, had been left for dead. Sprawled about the arena were other figures. Several yeti, a pair of very dead guards, what appeared to be a spectator who had been overcome by excitement and fallen many feet over the rail to be dashed to his death on the hard floor of the fighting arena. Jedak, alone, lived. He had been stunned; indeed, the blow he had sustained would have killed a man instantly. But huge neck muscles and a superb condition had allowed him to live. Cautiously, the giant shaggy figure turned its head, almost groaning aloud with the pain. Jedak looked in all directions, senses at the alert. Nothing moved, not a whisper of sound entered the arena. Slowly, he got to his feet, staying close to the wall, against which he felt it necessary to lean for support from time to time. Brute cunning told him he would be overmatched in any pitched battle. He had to bring help. Tarzan, he presumed, was either dead or captive, or he, Jedak, would not have been left alone. Very well, so be it. He would return with



assistance. If Tarzan was dead, then his death would be avenged. If he was alive, Jedak and whatever help he could summon should free him and destroy this hateful place! He knew only one way out—the way by which they had entered. He half walked, half stumbled to the huge grilled doors under the arena, opened them cautiously, then stood peering, sniffing. Nothing strange. A hundred yards down, at the blind turn in the tunnel, he stopped, again listening and sniffing. No sound came to his ears, not even the whistling bark of the strange creatures. Out in the flickering torchlight now, he moved more rapidly. He passed the wild yeti pens, but they all seemed to be sleeping. Nowhere did he hear a challenge. No guard appeared to be on duty. Past the pens, the tunnel again angled, and again he was traveling in darkness. He proceeded with caution, and had just come to a halt, the odor of strange tarmangani strong in his nostrils, when he was suddenly clubbed from behind, expertly, just by the ear. He fell, unconscious, dropping like a rock. A torch played on his body, then switched to his features.

"Good lord," Jack muttered under his breath. "Jedak! I wonder where the others are?"

Leaving the leader of the giant apes lying there, for there was little else to do with him. Jack, now using his torch, raced back to the tunnel entrance. "Come with me, quickly," he ordered both the Waziri and the great apes. "I have just found Jedak! Prudently, he decided to say no more at the moment.

The pair of guards escorted Tarzan down winding halls. No dungeons, these. The walls were hung with costly, indeed priceless, tapestries. The floor was carpeted with some thick material. Instead of murky torches, ornate lamps of purest gold swung from the roof. They paused before a door guarded by yet another pair of the huge slaves, and Tarzan's escort spoke to the others in a strange tongue. One of the guards tapped firmly on the door, and a melodious voice answered in the same tongue. He swung open the door, and motioned Tarzan and his escort inside. Reclining on a couch, with a slave girl waving a fan of some sort of plumes over her head, reclined the queen. She was incredibly lovely. She was wearing only a gossamer-thin gown which only enhanced her beauty, and certainly concealed it not at all. Her only jewelry was a giant scarab suspended from a thin golden chain, which swung between her breasts. About her brow was a golden band, ending in a forward-thrusting serpent's head.

She broke the silence. "Welcome," she said with mock humility. "Welcome to my humble quarters. I trust you will find . . . everything to your satisfaction."

She inclined her head toward the door, and the guards bowed, backing to the door and closing it softly behind them.

"Now," she said, smiling faintly. "We are alone."

"Do you not fear being alone with me?" Tarzan asked, practically.

"I fear no one. Nothing. Should I fear you?" Her smile was enticing, an open invitation. "Perhaps you should fear me, rather."

"Perhaps," Tarzan said. "How is it you speak English?"

Her eyes widened in mock surprise. Seemingly she mocked at everyone, everything, even at life itself. "You don't think you're the first Englishman to visit Kilimanjaro? Many have . . . disappeared . . . on its slopes. Yes. Some of them in the most interesting ways. Here, come sit beside me. I suppose Ra-Man has told you I am taking you for my consort?"

"I prefer to stand, just yet, anyway, until I know exactly what it is you have in mind for me."

Her laugh pealed like a silver bell. "Come now. Surely we shan't find it necessary to go into clinical detail. Tell me, do you find me so distasteful? Repulsive? Ugly? Or am I beautiful, desirable?"

"Certainly you're not ugly. I find you beautiful, yes." But Tarzan was looking below the surface, deep into her eyes. What he saw there was beautiful as a cobra is beautiful: beautiful, but dangerous, deadly, to be watched every moment. They were eyes which had too long looked on cruelty and torture, on death in the name of some savage lust. "Have I nothing to say about being your consort?"

"Of course not. I am the queen. What I want, I take." Tarzan's lips quirked at the corners. "Without discussing this from a purely clinical viewpoint, it occurs to me that you wish children, a male offspring. If I decide not to cooperate, there's precious little you can do about it, is there?"

Her eyes glittered coldly. "There are drugs. I prefer not to use them. I thought you might have some such maidenly objections," she added with a certain ill-concealed scorn, "so I have arranged a little surprise for you. Come with me." She clapped her hands, and the doors swung open. The guards who had accompanied Tarzan to the queen's chambers entered and took their place at either side of him. The pair at the door fell in behind, and the queen followed, attended only by a pair of hand-maidens. Thus the little procession made its way to the queen's box in the arena. This time, although the torches had been lighted and the bodies dragged out, there was no one there but Ra-Man, who stood gravely beside the queen's throne. The queen indicated a seat beside her, and Tarzan sank down, half-apprehensively. Immediately, before he could resist, he was seized and bound with strong fetters to the stone chair. "How much lovelier," Ak-Ahmen murmured, amusement in her eyes, "were you bound to me by the sweet bonds of love!"

Tarzan growled deeply in his throat, trying the bonds. They were not going to move. Ra-Man looked significantly at Tarzan's knife, and slowly closed one eye in a conspiratorial wink when the queen's head was turned.

Now slaves brought two stout posts to the center of the arena, placing them in holes that had already been prepared in the arena floor, tamping dirt firmly about them until they were immovable, as if set in hardened concrete.

Now two women were led out, and tied to the stakes. The slaves tested their bonds, then stepped back, bowing in the direction of the queen's box. Tarzan felt his heart stand still. He strained mightily at his bonds, gritting his teeth to keep from crying out. "What have you done? What are you doing to those women?"

One was Patricia Newhall, and the other was Jane. Jane's eyes sought those of her husband. She stood proudly. Afraid, she undoubtedly was, but Tarzan knew she would never show that fear. Patricia was whimpering and moaning in terror, struggling against her bonds to no avail.

Ak-Ahmen smiled again. "Ah, so we have touched a sore spot, have we? You see, the choice is really rather simple, isn't it? You agree to become my consort, *for the rest of your life*. I'm sure you'll find it an interesting life—although perhaps a short one. In exchange for that, I shall order the women freed. Oh, not to go outside, of course, that would never do, would it? But I shall save their lives. I shall give them to my guards. Poor chaps, they have so little recreation of that sort."

"Never," Tarzan gritted between clenched teeth. "Never. By all the gods. I'd rather see them die than treated like animals!"

"Then so you shall, my dear," the queen said calmly. She waved a negligent hand, a gong sounded somewhere in the bowels of the amphitheatre, and a pair of giant yeti shuffled into the arena. "This should be most interesting," the queen said through taut lips. "We've never given them females before. Not live ones. I wonder what they'll do?" She leaned forward eagerly, tongue licking her lips, nostrils dilated, eyes slitted. Whatever of beauty she'd possessed had utterly disappeared.

Tarzan felt a hand at his belt. Ra-Man removed the knife. All eyes were on the spectacle in the arena as the yeti circled the women cautiously, casting worried glances at the royal box as if to reassure themselves they could, indeed, do as they pleased with the two females.

With a swift movement, Ra-Man plunged the knife into the queen's heart, and shoved her crumpling body over the edge of the box onto the arena floor below. He turned quickly to the guard. "I am king," he thundered. "I charge you—I am king. My person is sacred."

The guards dropped to their knees, pledging their fealty. It mattered little to them who ruled them. They were slaves and the children of slaves. They had always been ruled by one god figure or another. Ra-Man would do as well as the next. Besides, who else was there?

Quickly, Ra-Man slashed Tarzan's bonds, handed him the knife still red with Ak-Ahman's blood. "Do what you can," he said to Tarzan, pointing to the floor of the arena. "I will bring help as quickly as I can."

Tarzan leaped over the edge, landing like a great cat on his feet, lips curled in a snarl, roaring a mighty challenge. The pair of yeti looked at him almost indifferently. One of them broke away from his inspection of the women and waddled almost casually over to the ape-man. Tarzan crouched and sprang high in the air, trying to slide his knife into the beast's throat, but missed. He was flung back halfway across the arena with shocking force, landing almost directly beneath the royal box. Ra-Man, far from seeking help, had seated himself in the royal box and, chin in hand was watching the show with the greatest of interest, a mocking smile upon his face. Tarzan cursed, got to his feet and ducked the oncoming charge of the Snowman. Now the other took a little interest in the fight, and, with a backward glance at the women, closed in on the ape-man alongside his companion.

Suddenly, two rifle shots rang out, almost together. Both yeti stumbled and fell, and from the mouth of the tunnel came a horde of leaping, yelling great apes and Waziri warriors. "Kill! Kill!" Jedak screamed, once again his old, surly self, stomping his feet in fury. Tarzan pointed to the royal box, and a rain of assegai, the throwing spear of the Waziri, descended, to be followed by three or four scrambling bull apes. Three of the guards were slain by the spears. The other, fleeing for his life, was caught from behind, and his throat torn out by an enraged Jedak. Chulk and Taglat gave the new "king" a rather kinder death, although no less fatal. They simply flung his body to the floor of the arena, then amused themselves by leaping onto it.

Tarzan raced to the stakes in the center of the arena, cutting Jane's bonds. She fell into his arms, but there were no tears. Gently, he set her aside, and freed the hysterical Newhall girl. He disengaged himself from her clutching hands, called Jane to his side. "Get her out of here," he said. "Outside. You'll be all right now. I have some unfinished business."

## Chapter 14

## SAFARI'S END

THE apes and the Waziri spread throughout the whole city in the side of Kilimanjaro, killing as they went. Tarzan made no effort to halt them. This was an evil people, a race which did not belong in his beloved country. Two more of the "tame" yeti, under the influence of the mysterious drug, were found and immediately dispatched with enthusiasm.

Jack, for it was he who had killed the yeti in the arena, accompanied his father as they searched for Freddy Keys-Smythe, Al and Charley. They finally found them in a cold, dank room deep in the side of the mountain.

"What's happened?" Freddy wanted to know.

"Practically everything," Tarzan replied, gravely. "I'm afraid your Sherpa was killed. Otherwise, we're all of us all right, thanks to Jack. Son, perhaps you'd best leave Oxford for good and take over for your old dad. I think perhaps I'm losing my grip."

Jack laughed. "Of course you are. Practically feeble."

Jedak came shambling slowly into the arena where all had finally assembled. He was rather shamefacedly carrying a tiny yeti, perhaps two feet in height, and certainly no older than two years' if that old. Its strangely human face looked at the crowd of people imploringly, and it clutched Jedak's rough hair with tiny fingers. "We killed its mother," Jedak said, apologetically. "Still, I have it in my mind that this is what the Englishman with the crippled silver bird came here for, so perhaps it is a good thing. Only . . . what shall I do with it? It will not turn loose of me."

Tarzan laughed. "Excellent. Take it outside, and give it over to Nendat. She can care for it until we arrange for the Englishman to get another silver bird." Changing to English, he said to Freddy, "Well, there's your Abominable Snowman for you. Treat him kindly and he'll grow into a great giant of a fellow."

Freddy shuddered delicately. "When he does, the London Zoo is going to have a new tenant. This 'un's just about as big as I want to ever see one again!"

"Well, on your way. Oh, yes—d'you have some explosive in that great tangle of equipment you never had a chance to use?"

"Absolutely. How much d'you need?"

"As much as you have. I want to make a really big bang. Take a couple of the Waziri with you and send them back up to the entrance with it." He spoke to Basuli, who detailed two men. Freddy, Charley and Al, followed by Jedak and the tiny yeti went with the party.

After they'd gone, Tarzan spoke to Jedak and then to Basuli.

"You've both been over this place with a fine-tooth comb. Is there another exit or entrance?"

"Only a few ventilator shafts, lord. Too small for any person to climb through. Natural chimneys in the rock."

"Good. Here is what is in my mind. Undoubtedly, many of these people escaped your tender attentions. There must be dozens, even hundreds of places to hide. To my way of thinking, these are anevil people. The so-called 'tame' yeti were the vicious ones, the killers, because they had been drugged. The wild yeti are timid, shy and peace-loving. I would release them onto the mountainside, to let them find new caves in which to live their natural lives. And then I will use the explosive which is even now being fetched, and seal up this evil city, and such of its inhabitants as remain, forever."

"It is a good thing," Basuli said.

"One thing more," Tarzan asked. "What of the children here? They are innocent, certainly."

"There are no children. Lord," Jedak answered. "The little ones were placed in one large room for safekeeping. The 'tame' yeti discovered them and killed them all. Every one. I saw this thing with my own eyes."

"So be it," Tarzan said. "Well, Jack, shall we go?" They left the arena, all of them, after a last long look around. On their way down the passage, they opened the doors to the wild yeti pens, driving the docile beasts before them. The Abominable Snowmen raced in riotous freedom across the snowy slopes of Kilimanjaro, overjoyed in their liberty. In a few moments, all had disappeared from sight, and only an occasional whistle borne on a vagrant breeze attested to even their existence.

With the arrival of the explosives, Tarzan planted charges into and far above the entrance to the tunnel. Unreeling wire, he backed down the snowslope. At a safe distance, he pressed the plunger, and the entire side of the mountain rolled down with a mighty roar, sealing off the mysterious home of the Abominable Snowmen and the Lost Tribe of Egypt forever.

Jane, Tarzan and Jack, swung off through the trees, making their way back to the bungalow. Al, Charley, Keys-Smythe and the little yeti flew Lord Greystoke's airplane back to its landing strip, leaving the others to bring up at a more leisurely pace.

The great apes, with no particular destination in mind, just wandered off, and Basuli and his Waziri made good time with their mile-consuming lope. Arthur Burke was preparing to do on-the-spot interviews when he arrived back at the Greystoke estate, and was elated when London told him the newspapers had enjoyed another boost in circulation, and that there would be a fat bonus waiting for him upon his return.

Finally, all was over. The gear had been transported back to dockside and loaded. Most of it hadn't been unpacked. It was the night before the expedition's departure, and a huge dinner had been enjoyed by all. Patricia looked wonderingly at Jane in a simple frock. Tarzan, who insisted that this "be a comfortable dinner," was lounging about, examining Jack's Mannlicher rifle, dressed in a pair of comfortable slacks, shoes especially made for him in London of eland hide, and a short sleeved shirt. The publisher's daughter shook her head. Impossible that these were the people who could, if necessary, live at the same level as the beasts of the jungle, who could face death so unflinchingly. She felt less than adequate. Al and Charley had got into the brandy and were standing on the broad verandah, speculating on what the morrow's weather might be like. Jack and Freddy were seated out in the grass, knees up, talking about old friends. Jack promised to look Freddy up as soon as he returned to Oxford, which would not likely be for a matter of two or three weeks. Romping in the grass beside them was the baby yeti, which had, finally adopted Freddy as its "mother," much to his expressed disgust. "Just look at the little blighter. Rather revolting, actually."

"What have you decided to call him?" Patricia asked, strolling out onto the grass. The small yeti

saw her, ran whistling and leaped into Freddy's arms.

"'Steamboat' seems rather a good name for him," Freddy said. "Just hear that whistle. I wonder if you can housebreak the blighters?"

"What a curious thought!"

"Not really. He's terribly shy, the little monster, and —well, he seems to have made up his mind firmly that I'm 'family,' so to speak. He'll be getting a hell of a lot of going-over you know; biologists, scientists, all that. I could probably make life a bit easier for him if I could at least take him home nights. Just for a while, of course, until he gets a bit older, more independent."

"Freddy Keys-Smythe, you're actually blushing!"

"Don't talk nonsense. Where's that newspaper feller of yours?"

"Probably at the wireless again." She shrugged, indifferently. "He's hardly been away for a moment since we got back."

"Fine romance. Just you wait until he sees tonight's moon. I have it on authority it's going to be a wizard one!"

"If he sees it," Patricia said, abruptly turning on her heel, and speaking the last words over her shoulder "he'll see it alone. I'm going to break off our engagement, just as soon as I can pry him loose from the wireless."

Tarzan put Jack's rifle carefully in the rack, went over to join his wife. He put his arm about her, tenderly "Well," he said, "that's that, isn't it? And tomorrow we'll have Jack all to ourselves. I believe I'll stroll about a bit, perhaps stop by the native compound and chat with old Basuli for a bit and then turn in. Jane," he complained, "do you know I'm actually tired? Exhausted!"

"And no wonder, dear. You've had a rather exhausting few days and nights."

"I think I'm getting too old for this sort of thing," he said. "Perhaps we ought to give it up and move to London. You've always wanted to go to London."

Jane reached up and kissed her mate on the cheek with soft, loving lips. "Darling fool. Of course I want to go to London. I love London. But only to visit. This is our home, dear. Now go chat with your friend Basuli. Oh, did you give young Burke a story?"

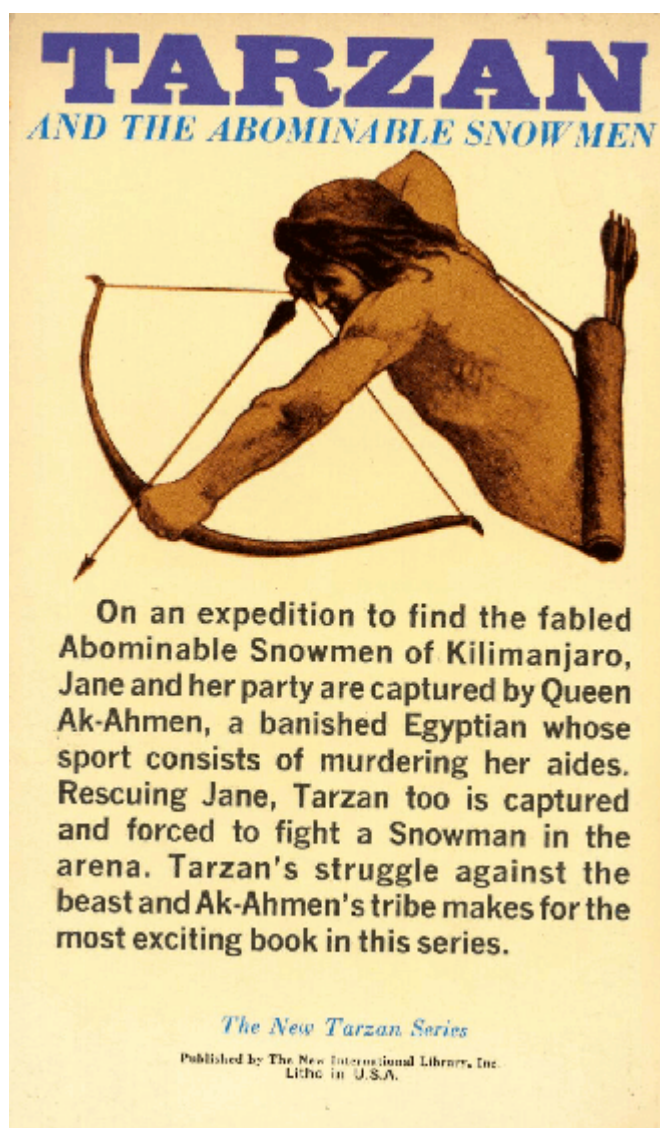
Tarzan grinned. "Sort of. All he needs to know, anyway."

"I'm afraid he has rather a shock coming, poor fellow. Patricia has decided to call off their engagement."

"Ah? Bully for her. Well, I'll just be off, then."

Jane watched with fond eyes as the broad back of her man walked away into the night. She sighed, took a last look around at her guests, then slipped into the house to supervise the girls in the cleaning and washing-up after dinner.

Out on the grass the little Abominable Snowman rolled over clumsily, like a puppy, and Freddy's rich, ringing laugh could be heard by everyone there.



On an expedition to find the fabled Abominable Snowmen of Kilimanjaro, Jane and her party are captured by Queen Ak-Ahmen, a banished Egyptian whose sport consists of murdering her aides. Rescuing Jane, Tarzan too is captured and forced to fight a Snowman in the arena. Tarzan's struggle against the beast and Ak-Ahmen's tribe makes for the most exciting book in this series.

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