The Case of the Wolf with Two Tales

by Lloyd Biggle, Jr.

In the gathering darkness, the River Thames looked like a broad, dark high road, which course it was. We were gathered on the dimly lit roof of a riverbank warehouse on the Sur side, with the bulk of the City of London across the river and to our northwest. The nightgl of the vast metropolis was just forming in the newly settled darkness. To our left the lights Tower Bridge formed a shining barricade across the river, and while I watched, it raised i bascules to allow a brightly lighted freighter to pass. Tugboats, ornamented with green and running lights, pursued their own anonymous errands. The few wharves where freighters w still unloading were flooded with light.

The incessant swish of the river reached us faintly. Occasionally a ship's hooter sounde hoarse warning—for no reason discernible to us. From the street behind us, the clatter of horses' hooves came and went.

The sensation I felt was that of someone perched on the rim of a volcano waiting for an eruption, which was silly. The eruption had already occurred. That vast metropolis across river was tense with a fear it had not experienced since the days of Jack the Ripper more th decade before, and each night the descent of darkness plunged it into terror.

Chief Inspector Mewer began pacing back and forth as if calculating the roof's dimensi Professor Carnley, the Canadian zoologist who was our expert consultant for the night, rela in the chair provided for him, head tilted back as though the gentle breezes were already bringing him clues too delicate for a nonzoologist's coarse perceptions to grasp. Lady Sara Varnley, Britain's finest detective, also occupied a chair and waited calmly.

The other member of our party, Mr. Charles Elcock, was fussing with the dark lantern h had brought in case the dim light the Chief Inspector provided proved inadequate. He also checking and rechecking his equipment. His antics were irritating the Chief Inspector, who little confidence in university professors and even less in machines.

Suddenly I heard it—a long, eerie, melancholy note. Its beginning had been strangely muffled, and it seemed without end. It simply went on and on. It was unspeakably sad and uncanny, and it was terrifying London—in part because it was so unusual. That sound had n been heard in remote parts of Britain since the seventeenth century nor in the vicinity of Lo for more centuries than anyone cared to count: the howl of a wild wolf.

Elcock had gone into action immediately. His equipment, in addition to his dark lantern consisted of a gramophone, one capable of recording sound, and he directed its curved hor toward the wolf call and set its cylinder turning.

The Chief Inspector halted his pacing and stood searching the distant black, light-speck

shore for the sound's invisible source. Lady Sara did not move. The Professor leaned back, hands folded against his chest, and listened with a faint smile on his face.

The chilling sound continued. I could understand the terror a wolf's howl inspired in a l traveler in wild country. Heard in the heart of London it was horrifying enough—especially a London already seized by panic. During the past ten days the wolf had howled on five nig each night a woman had disappeared.

The howl broke off abruptly. Once again the night was filled with the mundane sounds the river. They had continued all along, of course, but as we strained to hear the wolf, we h been unaware of them.

Chief Inspector Mewer strode over to Professor Carnley. As soon as he made certain th Elcock had stopped his recording machine, he demanded, “Well?”

Before the Professor could answer, the cry began again. It started on a lower pitch, ros abruptly, and then continued as the same eerie wail we had heard before. It did not seem lo but it was carrying an enormous distance—not only across the Thames but throughout much the East End of London.

The Chief Inspector turned away. Nothing more was said until the wolf's howl broke of second time and Elcock had stopped his recording machine again. “Is it a wolf?” Chief Inspector Mewer demanded.

“It is undoubtedly a wolf's howl,” Professor Carnley answered carefully.

The Chief Inspector stared at him. “Why do you put that way?”

“It is a wolf's howl, but no wolf made it. It was made by a human, probably a man who spent considerable time listening to wolves and has a gift for mimicry. It wouldn't fool anyo who has heard wolves howling in the wild. It is a thin wail rather than the rich, full-throate howl of a wolf.”

“Are you telling me this whole show is a fake?”

“About the whole show I wouldn't know. The wolf's howl is certainly a fake.”

In one corner of the roof was a stairway with an enclosed stairwell. We turned our attention to it as clumping footsteps approached the top. It was a recently promoted detecti who had not yet managed to break the walking habit he'd acquired through years of ploddin beat.

He spoke to the Chief Inspector. “Inspector Hardy telephoned, sir.”

“Yes?”

“There's another woman missing.”

All of us were staggered. The night was peaceful. Lives seemed to be going their routin ways—on the river and, as far as we could tell, in the shadowy city beyond it.

The constable added, “Inspector Hardy thinks they've got the building surrounded when the wolf was howling. It's a warehouse right on the river.”

“Let me know at once if he telephones again,” the Chief Inspector said.

The constable clumped back down the stairs. Mr. Elcock asked, “Would you like to hea it?”

“Wait,” the Chief Inspector said. “We don't know that the performance is over. I hope h go right on howling until Hardy's men nab him.”

“What will you charge him with?” Lady Sara asked, a note of amusement in her voice. “Howling at the moon to the embarrassment of the Metropolitan Police?”

“If he is kidnapping a woman each time he howls—”

“But there's no evidence that he has any connection with that. If he were howling at the of the disappearances, he has an unimpeachable alibi.”

“He has certainly made a public nuisance of himself and caused inconvenience to a lot people. We're not going to just turn him loose and tell him to be good.”

“Perhaps you should wait until you catch him before deciding.”

The Chief Inspector was silent.

All of us waited in silence. The minutes seemed frozen; clocks no longer measured time Finally the constable clumped back up the stairway.

“Inspector Hardy called again. They searched that warehouse, but there was no one the The Inspector still thinks its roof was the place where the wolf was howling. He can't understand how it got away. He had his men all set with nets to capture it.”

“How do they know it was the right place if the wolf was gone?” the Chief Inspector as “Did they find anything at all?”

The constable coughed discreetly. He sounded apologetic when he spoke. “There was a pile of freshly gnawed bones.”

* * *

On the following day the newspapers adorned themselves with large, black type that w have alarmed any population even if the panicky stories it related did not. The gist of their reports was that six women had been attacked and eaten by ferocious wolves. The wolves smugly howled their satisfaction, and all of this had taken place virtually under the noses o complacent constabulary that was helpless to do anything at all to protect the citizens of

London.

The Home Secretary summoned everyone concerned to what he called a strategy meeti
“Panic meeting would have been a better term for it,” Lady Sara observed. But she went an
took me along—not, she assured me, in order to learn anything, either about wolves or abo
the missing women, but to observe the convolutions of higher police thinking.

Professor Carnley was the principal witness. “First of all, that sound everyone found s
alarming was not a wolf's howl,” he announced firmly. “It was a human voice mimicking a
wolf's howl. It was not badly done, but I've heard far better imitations. Second, the notion t
a pack of wolves has taken up residence in the middle of London and is preying on unwary
citizens is preposterous. Wolves avoid human habitations. My neighbour tells me a badger
resides at the bottom of his garden. A wolf wouldn't do that. Further, a pack of wolves cou
move about this city unseen. If they were here, they wouldn't stay a moment longer than it to
them to leave. Wolves need large territories to function in. They may cover a hundred mile
more in their incessant search for food. I point out that there has been no reliable report of
anyone's seeing even one wolf.

“Finally, the assumption that women are falling prey to a wolf or wolves is equally
preposterous. There is no documented evidence of a North American wolf ever killing a
human. There is, of course, a long folk tradition of European wolves preying on humans. It
even left its mark on children's nursery stories—consider ‘Little Red Riding Hood’ and ‘T
Three Little Pigs.’ But this is a peasant tradition belonging to rural, even wild, regions. Th
forests of the Pyrenees, for example, not the streets of Paris or Berlin.”

“Do wolves always hunt in packs?” Lady Sara asked.

“They seem to prefer to, but they have been observed hunting alone with considerable
success.”

We listened to Mr. Elcock's recording. It had a thin, tinny sound and was far less chilli
the Home Secretary's office than the original had been on the bank of the Thames.

Chief Inspector Mewer challenged Professor Carnley's assertion about wolves’ killing
humans. He had done his own research. “An adult wolf can reach a weight of one hundred
seventy-five pounds, a length of five feet or more, and a height of more than three feet,” he
said. “All the books I investigated called wolves cunning, skilled, and savage predators. A
woman taken unawares wouldn't stand much chance against one and no chance at all agains
pack.”

“A wolf that size would be an unusually large specimen—in fact, a rare specimen. It oc
so infrequently that a zoologist like myself could study wolves for a lifetime and never
encounter one.” The Professor added impatiently, “It hardly matters whether a nonexistent
is large or small. There are no wolf packs in London. As yet no one has seen—or heard—e
one wolf in London.”

“A lot of people think they have,” Chief Inspector Mewer muttered.

The Home Secretary's office was crammed with every high police officer available. As they exchanged views, all of them talked freely and sometimes simultaneously. The result w not brilliant. They had already reinforced the East End police substantially. Now they deci to borrow police from cities as far away as Birmingham and Liverpool to further reinforce them.

The Home Secretary listened with growing impatience. Finally he turned to Lady Sara. had already contributed Professor Carnley to the investigation as well as Mr. Elcock and h gramophone. The Home Secretary wanted more. “You must have formed some kind of theo about all this, Sara. What is it?”

“All of this argument is directed at the wrong question,” she said. “To wolf or not to w has nothing to do with it. The question is—how could anyone possibly profit from frighteni large area of London with wolf howls and by abducting six impoverished, perfectly ordina East End housewives? I think I know, but I'm not ready to expound the answer. The climax won't come for another day or two, and until then, the picture will remain muddled. I will venture a prediction, though. Something sensational is going to happen tonight, and it won't an iota to transfer more police reinforcements to the East End. I recommend that you move brigade of infantry—not to accomplish anything with the mystery of the wolf and the missin women but to reassure the populace.”

“Well!” the Home Secretary said indignantly. “Calling in the army—that would be—w We can't use a brigade of infantry as police auxiliaries. If it were a matter of civil unrest o something like that, perhaps. But merely to police the streets...”

“After tonight there will be considerable civil unrest—in the East End and throughout t remainder of London,” Lady Sara said.

“What's going to happen?”

“That I don't know,” Lady Sara said. “Thus far, the perpetrators of this mystery, be it cr or prank or whatever, have shown considerable resource. No doubt they will continue to d I'll be waiting with interest to see what their next move will be.”

“So will we all,” the Home Secretary said dryly.

As we boarded Lady Sara's waiting carriage, I asked, “What do we do next?”

“Go home and take a nap,” she said. “We may be up all night.”

* * *

Lady Sara established her East End headquarters in the Old Bosun, a small pub in Cabl Street—close to the docks but just north of the unsavoury streets favoured by sailors of all nationalities and those who preyed on them.

Lady Sara had marshaled her own small brigade. It consisted of myself; Charles Tuppe and Rick Allward, her footmen, both capable detectives; and a full three score of the most reliable street people among those she employed from time to time: street sweepers, costermongers, scavengers, street performers—people from the immense wash of humanity striving to survive in London. Lady Sara had first given them routine chores to perform, the tried them with more complicated assignments. Those who showed genuine talent were rewarded with regular part-time employment and a welcome addition to their scant earning

She placed them where she thought their unusual powers of observation would be of greatest use. We made ourselves comfortable in the pub and made a foray from time to time find out what was happening.

Nothing was happening. No one caught a hint of a wolf, either real or imitation. The nig was as quiet as a night in London's East End ever was. Rowdy sailors raised their voices f time to time. Their songs echoed up to us from riverside pubs. The strident sounds of ships the river seemed surprisingly near. The incessant rumble of street traffic—hooves clatterin the iron-rimmed wheels of wagons and carts, headed for London's markets, grinding on cobblestones—hung in the background. Cable Street was a considerable thoroughfare in its own right and heavily traveled.

The night seemed peaceful, but there were noticeable differences between the London saw and heard when we ventured outside the Old Bosun and the London of normal times. F one thing, there were no women about. Even in the sailors' dives, where women sometimes seemed to outnumber the sailors, there were none. London was still terrified. Especially its women were terrified.

For another, pedestrian street traffic was noticeably diminished, and the street vendors seemed to be taking the night off. Usually their stalls and barrows, marked by flaring naphth lights that brightened long lengths of the major streets, were surrounded by crowds of genia customers. Now few of them could be seen.

We were returning from a foray and had stopped to talk with one of Lady Sara's agents when it happened. A drunken sailor, weaving about uncertainly, staggered a few steps into narrow alley he was passing. There was a roaring growl followed by scream after scream. large, dark animal had seized him.

Although there were few pedestrians about, help reached him quickly. Several passersb rushed to his aid—and were savagely bitten. Nothing succeeded in driving the animal away and Lady Sara, who had produced a small revolver when the fracas started, kept circling th struggle and waiting for the convolutions of thrashing limbs and snapping teeth to leave her opening for an unobstructed shot. Finally one came, and she shot the animal dead.

It was a wolf. At least, in the darkened alley it looked uncommonly like one, but we had time for fine zoological distinctions. The wolf's victim had been savagely mauled; he needed medical attention. Further, sounds of other attacks—screams of victims, shouts of those tryi to help, and savage growls—reached us from all directions.

We dashed along Cable Street to the next victim and rescued two more, Lady Sara shoo both animals, before enough police arrived to take over. The police truncheon proved an excellent weapon against a wolf's attack: one animal after another had its skull crushed.

Even before all the wolves were accounted for, Chief Inspector Mewer sent for Profes Carnley, and the professor quickly settled the wolf pack. “These are dogs,” he said. “Mongrels, every one of them, though most have some German shepherd blood.”

“Are they part wolf?” Chief Inspector Mewer demanded. He was not going to surrende wolf pack easily.

“There's a theory,” Professor Carnley said, “that all dogs are descended from wolves, b even if it's true, these particular dogs haven't had wolf ancestors more recently than prehist times. I'll grant you they are large and unusually savage dogs. It wouldn't surprise me if the been deliberately starved to make this performance more convincing. That is for autopsies determine, and I recommend them. But autopsies won't make them anything but dogs.”

The final toll was twenty-one—twenty-one savage dogs and a considerably larger num of injured people, since the dogs had turned on anyone who came to the rescue of their vict One child, a boy of ten, had been bitten so severely that he lay near death in London Hospit Hastily summoned doctors were still patching up the wounded and deciding which of them needed to be hospitalized when there floated over the East End a sound that seemed more terrifying each time I heard it: the howl of a wolf.

It was morning before we learned that another woman was missing.

* * *

Sally Dobson's husband worked at night doing street repairs. After her husband went to work, she had visited a sister who lived in the same building. The sister, an invalid, had a letter that needed posting. Since the pillarbox was only a few doors away, Sally volunteere post it for her. She intended to go home as soon as she had done so, but she wasn't there wh the husband returned from work and there was no sign of her having spent the night there.

The missing women now totaled seven.

The Home Secretary invited Lady Sara to attend another meeting, but she declined. Inst she spent an intense two hours studying a map of London and filling several pages with not We heard the results of the meeting immediately after it concluded. Certain low-crime area London were to be completely denuded of police so a massive force could be thrown into t East End to settle the wolf question permanently. Among those areas were Belgravia, May and St. John's Wood, as well as such remote suburbs as Hampstead and Highgate and close communities like Camden Town, Islington, and Hoxton.

Lady Sara pursed her lips. “The East End will be so crowded with police that neither t nor the criminals will have room to turn around,” she observed. “We now must appeal to a higher authority.” She telephoned the Prime Minister's secretary, who was one of her nume

cousins, and asked him to arrange an appointment with that august person.

She returned from it in a far better mood. She said, “The Prime Minister differs from th Home Secretary in having a glimmer of intelligence. He can be reasoned with.”

As a result, for the next twelve hours Lady Sara Varnley was the most powerful person London. She immediately got her brigade of infantry with several reserve battalions in case they were needed. The brigadier called on her within the hour for orders. Before he left, th Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police arrived. He had received a highly confidential memorandum directly from the Prime Minister but endorsed by the Home Secretary en rout until further notice, he would receive his orders from Lady Sara—and no one in Scotland Y except the Commissioner himself was to know this.

Lady Sara and I had never worked harder than we did that afternoon. For her, short briefings of army officers alternated with interminable, highly confidential discussions wit police officers she selected herself. While that was going on, I ranged over much of Londo visiting and approving sites Lady Sara had selected from her map. Once I had done so, I to police and army officers to see their assigned positions, and I made certain they understood what they were to do.

The Prime Minister himself undertook to keep any mention of what was going on out of newspapers. He never told Lady Sara how he managed this.

When evening came, the army began to move into the East End. Armed soldiers took up positions Lady Sara had selected. Groups of two or three were stationed on every street corner, and squads patrolled the area. At other times such a clumsy demonstration of force would have been met with indignation, but not on this evening. The citizens had had enough wolves.

At police stations all about London, police were climbing onto lorries, wagons, even borrowed horse buses, for their trip to the East End, where they were to reinforce the polic there. Those who saw them loading up failed to see them in secluded byways a short time l unloading and, as darkness fell, quietly making their way back to their districts on foot. On they arrived, they did not report to their stations or assume their usual activities of patrollin their beats. Instead, officers whom Lady Sara had briefed posted them at strategic places o roads leading into and out of their districts.

Night settled in—a quiet night, all over London. No wolf howled in the East End, and n wild dogs appeared. In the rest of London, police officers keeping carefully under cover tabulated traffic moving into certain districts. Belgravia, Mayfair, and St. John's Wood we home to many wealthy people. Carriage traffic was commonplace, but there seemed to be a unusual amount of such traffic even for those elegant addresses. Also, there were oddities: lorries, for example, their loads covered with canvas, whose nighttime presence in such neighbourhoods was rare indeed. The concealed officers dutifully tabulated them but made effort to investigate. Finally the traffic diminished to normal. The police officers relaxed.

In the East End life was returning to normal. Vendors, reassured by the presence of the army, returned to their stands or brought their barrows. Some of them did a brisk business supplying soldiers with food and drink. In the remainder of London life also seemed monotonously normal.

I witnessed the first incident myself. It happened shortly before midnight, and I was wit group of police positioned on Sloane Street just south of Knightsbridge. A carriage came clomping along Sloane Street headed north—two coachmen on the box, two footmen at the rear, and, inside, an erect, cloaked, top-hatted figure whose silhouette strongly resembled t of a well-known earl.

As the carriage approached the Knightsbridge intersection, a wagon pulled across the s in front of it, and a uniformed police officer stepped out and signaled the carriage to halt. It so. The top-hatted figure inside leaned out. “What's the trouble, officer?”

“There's an obstruction up ahead, sir. We'll have it cleared shortly.”

“Very well.”

“We'll have to keep the street clear, sir.”

Police officers had seized each horse's harness; others positioned themselves on either of the carriage. They began to turn the carriage aside into Basil Street.

“I say!” the top-hatted figure exclaimed. “This shouldn't be necessary!”

The footmen suddenly dropped to the ground and ran for it. The coachmen had a higher leap, but they followed at once. All four were quickly collared. A constable opened the do and invited the top-hatted figure to step out. He balked—and was evicted with force and handcuffed.

An officer flashed his lantern. “If it isn't Wondrous Willie Waller. I heard you were goi straight. It only goes to show how unreliable rumours are. What do we have here? A whole carriage-load of sacks.” He rapped on one of them. “Could that be plate from some aristoc mansion? We'll quickly find out.”

The captives were led away; police officers replaced the coachmen and drove the carr out of sight. The wagon was moved aside, setting the stage for the next victim.

It was happening through all of those wealthy districts whose police had supposedly abandoned them for the night. By two A.M. a large number of housebreakers had been caug with the goods. In addition to Wondrous Willie, there were other underworld celebrities—among them Slick Eddie Wait, who always dressed like a graduate of Oxford whose agility in scaling wastepipes was without equal; Roscoe Billingham, the sad-eyed s of a prominent family who was called the Prince of the Jimmy by his colleagues because o deft technique in opening windows (when I saw him being handcuffed, he looked even sadder-eyed); Gentleman James Uppington, who loved to enter luxurious residences in the

hours and pretend he actually was a gentleman, treating himself to a glass of port and smok one of his unwilling host's cigars while extracting plate, jewelry, and other expensive and easily marketable knickknacks; and Flypaper Nick, so-called because when he entered a ho at night everything stuck to him.

It was a clean sweep of London's most notorious housebreakers. Lady Sara, who had se her headquarters in the Home Secretary's office under his doleful eye, calmly made a list o those caught as the police telephoned to report each new bag. Culprits tried to haul away th loot along the most unlikely routes leading out of the various districts, but Lady Sara had placed her men carefully. As the night waned, word somehow got back to those housebreak still at work that something had gone wrong. They abandoned carriages, lorries with their loads of ladders, and sacks containing fortunes in stolen goods, and tried to escape on foot, Lady Sara's net snared them anyway. Even when they left all the large items behind, their g had made them stuff their pockets, and there was plenty of evidence on their persons.

Dawn was breaking when a group of high-ranking police officers joined us. Lady Sara made her final tabulations, gave the Home Secretary a nod of satisfaction, and prepared to depart.

“We want to know how you did it,” the Home Secretary said.

“By asking the right question,” Lady Sara said. “I told you what it was two days ago. W possible profit could come to anyone through those phony wolf howls and the abduction of those harmless, impoverished women? Increasing the police presence in the East End each night would inevitably leave other parts of London severely underpoliced. The only ones w could profit from that were London's housebreakers—but in order to cash in, they would ha to have a spy in Scotland Yard who could give them advance notice as to what districts wo be underpoliced on a given night. I put the spy in check by pretending to transfer police to t East End but secretly bringing them back and placing them strategically. As a result, we ha thinned the ranks of London's burglars for some time to come.

“Unfortunately, none of them will talk, so we'll never know who thought up this caper. They aren't going to tell you who their Scotland Yard spy is, either. No doubt all of this wa brought about by a chance encounter between one thief with imagination and another who somehow had learned to imitate a wolf. They had the intelligence to foresee that a true reig terror in the East End would force the police to take drastic action and move in reinforcem from other parts of London. From that point, the housebreakers did a truly admirable amou work. They had to ‘spot the lay’ on houses all over London so they would have a list of alternatives when the most desirable ones had to be scratched because of unforeseen circumstances—the owner hosting a party that ran late, servants up late, people alert in nea houses, or whatever. Successful burglars are excessively cautious people.”

“How did you guess they'd turn wild dogs loose?” Chief Inspector Mewer demanded.

“I didn't. I guessed they must have some drastic move in reserve because they would kn that any expert in wolves would be able to tell the police that theirs was a fake. Once that

information got around, the reign of terror would be over and their ingenious plan would st
to unravel. Their spy in Scotland Yard was able to pass the word to them the moment I brou
in Professor Carnley, and they played their trump card, the wild dogs, before the Professor
verdict could be made generally known."

"The people wouldn't have believed us anyway," Chief Inspector Mewer observed. "T
women were still missing, and their number was still increasing."

"It won't increase further. There would be no point in it."

"But those who were missing are still missing," Chief Inspector Mewer persisted. "Yo
gave us the housebreakers, I'll grant you that, and it's a very fine achievement, but where *ar*
missing women? How will you go about finding them?"

"I won't," Lady Sara said. "I expect them to be released shortly, since their disappearan
is no longer of use to those who abducted them."

Six of them returned home two days later. They had an odd story to tell. They had been
seized, quickly bound and gagged and wrapped in a rug, loaded into some kind of wagon, a
given what seemed an interminable—and extremely uncomfortable—ride. Somewhere outs
of London they were unbound and assured that nothing bad was going to happen to them. Th
first stayed in a farmhouse, closely watched. When their total had increased to four, they w
given an all-night ride in a carriage and then held prisoner in another farmhouse. Eventually
there were seven of them.

The day after the housebreaking fiasco, they were each given five pounds "for any
inconvenience suffered" plus money for a railway ticket and cabfare home after they reache
London. After another long carriage ride—unbound, this time—they were let out at a rural
railway halt. None of the six could recall its name. There was no building; probably the na
had been painted on a sign somewhere, but they never saw it. They were shown how to sto
London train and left there. There were still seven of them.

The six who arrived home had no idea what had happened to the missing woman. She h
been with them when they boarded the train and for some time afterward; suddenly she was
They also remembered very little about the train ride. The strain of being held captive had
exhausted them, and they mostly slept. Like typical East End women, when they reached
Liverpool Station, all six of them chose to walk home rather than waste a shilling on a cab.

The seventh woman, Sadie Buddle, returned two days later. Lady Sara and I accompan
Chief Inspector Mewer when he went to interview her. Her story was a simple one. On the
way back to London with the others, she suddenly noticed that the train had arrived in Bish
Stortford. A sister she hadn't seen in donkey's years lived there, and she decided to visit he
She hadn't time to wake the others and tell them. It took a mad dash to get off the train befo
started again. She found her sister's house after a confused hour of seeking directions and h
her visit. That taken care of, she resumed her journey home. No, she hadn't worried about h
family. Her children were grown. Her husband had been on a binge, or several binges, and

hadn't missed her.

We emerged from the ramshackle building where she lived and looked about us. Dusk h settled in. The East End had recovered its jaunty atmosphere. It was Saturday night, the stre were crowded, and vendors with naphtha flares lighting their barrows and stalls were doin brisk business.

"We'll hope this writes*finis* to the wolf business," the Chief Inspector said. Then he fro All of us froze. From somewhere toward the river came the unmistakable, lonely moan of a wolf. Anyone in London would now recognize that cry wherever it was heard.

The Chief Inspector started at a run, with us following. He picked up reinforcements al the way, as every constable we met recognized him and spontaneously joined our chase. W pounded along Wapping High Street past the Town of Ramsgate, a small riverside pub. Up ahead a crowd had gathered. The howl continued, and we had no difficulty at all in tracing directly to where the crowd was standing.

The howl came from an upstairs window of the Wapping Marine Police Station, and in street below, a group of police officers, university students, and citizens from nearby house were listening with interest.

The howler was Professor Carnley, who had brought a group of students to spend the d studying zoology along the Thames. While he and his students were having dinner at a near pub, some police officers overheard his discussion of wolf howls and challenged him to a demonstration. His imitation of a wolf was at least as chilling as the one we had heard sev nights previously.

The Chief Inspector ordered him to turn off the wolf and come down to join us. When h emerged from the station, the Chief Inspector told him, "We've had enough wolf howls."

"Oh," the professor said as though that hadn't occurred to him, and probably it hadn't. " be sure. I was merely demonstrating—"

"No more demonstrations," the Chief Inspector said severely.

"I see. The tale of the wolf is told."

"The tale of the wolf is told," Lady Sara agreed. "But the tale of the housebreakers has some years to run in His Majesty's prisons."