

TVWORLD **6_d**

Complete Midland ITV programmes

SATURDAY AUG 14—FRIDAY AUG 20



Hughie Green: Opportunity Knocks! Saturday 6.30

IN COLOUR

**BLACKPOOL
NIGHT OUT**

**SIX DREAM
WORLDS OF
ALFIE BASS**

CHILDREN'S SPECIAL

**ZOO TIME
FAVOURITES**



Part Two of
TV WORLD'S NEW
John Drake adventure

NIGHTMARE ON THE BEND OF DEATH

A British agent named Miles disappears in Yugoslavia. John Drake is recalled from holiday and sent to find him—or to take his place. Harris—who briefs Drake on his mission—says that Miles had been waiting for a Russian bio-chemist called Vorov. The Russian was in Albania, working against his will for the Chinese and Albanian governments.

Vorov now plans to defect, says Harris, and is bringing over a sample of some new gas or virus the Chinese have developed.

Before leaving England, Drake goes to the Midlands factory of a hardware company. Miles was ostensibly the company's representative in the Balkans, and Drake will purport to work for the same firm. Once he reaches Belgrade, Harris says, Drake will find a local agent named Shastrif waiting . . .

TWO o'clock in the morning is a bad time to cross into Eastern Europe. John Drake pulled into the Yugoslavian border control in the Wurzen Pass prepared for anything up to an hour's delay.

A short guard in a tall greatcoat took Drake's papers wordlessly and disappeared into the control post. Drake revised his estimate. Two hours. The duty officer was probably asleep.

Drake got out of his car and stamped around. Even on a summer night there was a biting chill in the air in the pass. But he needed to stretch his legs. Apart from a brief halt for petrol he had not stopped since leaving Innsbruck.

He was tired. His back ached and his eyes felt gritty. He thought longingly of his empty bed in the hotel at Looe. If Harris hadn't found him, he thought bitterly, he would be there now — tucked up and snoring away with the best of

them. Harris, of course, would be asleep, not sitting up worrying about Drake. And Kite, who had brought the Cooper S to meet Drake off the plane, would have his head down somewhere in Innsbruck.

Presumably even Shastrif — who Drake had to contact in Belgrade — was now lying peacefully on some over-stuffed feather mattress, unconcerned that Drake was having to drive through the night to reach him.

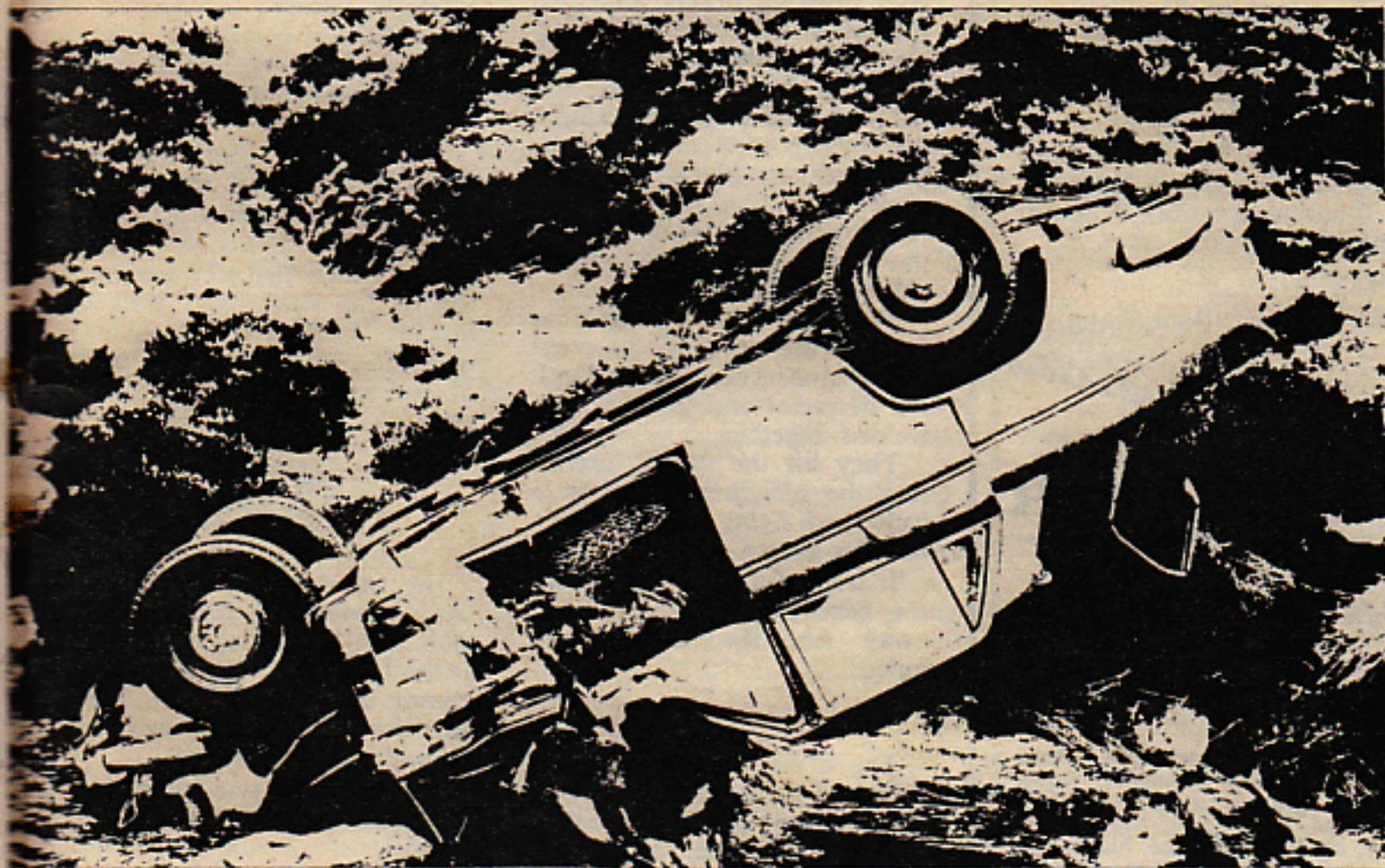


The whole damned world was asleep — including, no doubt, that blasted customs officer — while he still had 400 aching, dusty miles ahead of him. And when he got to Belgrade what was the betting that Miles would have turned up, utterly unaware of the panic he had started in London?

Drake climbed back into the car and slammed the door maliciously. He got out the flask of coffee and the liver-

DANGER MAN SHARK BAIT

by
ROBERT HOLMES



It seemed a long time before the echoes died away. Then, for a moment, the night was quiet...

würst sandwiches he had bought in Innsbruck, and stared morosely over at the control post.

There was an oblong of yellow light for a moment as the door opened. The guard came tramping back towards him.

Drake screwed the cap of the coffee flask on again and slid back the window. So something was wrong with his papers.

Another signature required somewhere, or a rubber stamp in the wrong place. The Yugoslavs were the world's prize bureaucrats.

The guard bent down and handed Drake his papers. "Hvala, gospodinay," he said, grinning. Drake caught the scent of garlic.

He looked at his watch. Ten minutes? Unbelievable! But the guard was already raising the barrier.

"Well, thank you, too," Drake said. He started the engine and let the car roll forward into Yugoslavia. He

began to feel more cheerful. It was a twisting, tortuous 60 miles from here to Ljubljana but at least the road was decently surfaced. And at Ljubljana he would strike the *autoput*; with any luck he'd be in Belgrade in time for a late breakfast.

A 100 yards from the frontier, Drake changed into top and flicked his headlamps to main beam. He didn't notice the big Fiat that was parked off the road without lights—though he did notice the grey Volkswagen a 100 yards further on.

Its driver was stooped disconsolately over the engine as Drake passed. Drake felt sorry for him. The Wurzen Pass was not the sort of place one would choose to break down in.

The driver watched Drake's tail-lights dwindle away down the road, and then bent over his engine again. He was a big man with a bushy red moustache that effectively concealed the expression of his mouth.

Despite the cold, he was

wearing only thin slacks and a denim shirt with sleeve pockets of the style favoured by French truck drivers.

He did not look up again as the Fiat went by. Apparently he had rectified the trouble because when he got back into the car, a few seconds later, the engine fired at the first turn of the starter. The big man drove off without remembering to switch on his lights...

Drake, two miles ahead, slipped into second as he came to a series of hairpins. The road would be dropping all the time. According to his maps, the route followed a natural valley for the next 20 kilometres.

Headlights flashed briefly across the rear mirror. Another car was following him through the hairpins. Drake frowned. There had been nobody behind him at the border—apart from the parked Volkswagen—and he hadn't seen another car since leaving Villach.

Coming out of the last bend, Drake put his right foot down

firmly. Presumably the Volkswagen driver had got going again and was trying to make up for lost time. If so he was crazy to come down a mountainside at that speed. It would be healthier to stay well in front of him.

At the end of the half-mile straight, Drake saw the lights in his mirror again as the following car swung out of the last hairpin. They were the headlights of a bigger car than a Volkswagen.



Now the road plunged sharply to the left down a rock-scattered slope and the lights disappeared from the mirror once more. Drake took the corner with the throttle wide open, wheels clipping the verge, and wondered why he was feeling that familiar prickle at the back of his neck.

There was no reason for it, he chided himself.

He had been in Yugoslavia only 20 minutes. Nobody could possibly know that he had arrived yet.

If every car that came up behind him was going to give him the jitters, he thought, he'd be a nervous wreck by the time he reached Belgrade.

Furthermore, he was driving much too fast for an English tourist, a staid factory manager on his first trip to the Continent.

Deliberately, Drake eased back on the throttle. At last, there was a long straight coming up ahead. It would be a good place to let the other car go by.



He slowed down to a gentle 40, and now the lights silvered his mirror for the third time.

Drake pulled well over to his right and watched the headlights leap towards him. Again he felt a moment of doubt. There was something purposeful about the speed of the car that was overtaking him.

It was a Fiat he saw, as it swung out to pass, one of the big saloons that could top the hundred mark with ease.

Twenty yards from him the

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TINGHA & TUCKER club

President: JEAN MORTON
 Chair-Bears: TINGHA AND TUCKER
 Treasurer: KIKI THE KANGAROO
 Secretary: WILLIE WOMBAT

HELLO CHILDREN . . .

WE all had a simply marvellous time at the Club's annual general meeting last Sunday and we do hope you did, too. Kiki was very annoyed that we wouldn't let him enter the TV WORLD Doodly competition but, as we told him, a kangaroo would look silly on a bicycle!

Who won the bicycles after all? The judges are having a hard time making up their minds because there were a lot of very clever entries. But we shall be able to tell you soon.

One of our favourite nursery rhymes is "Goosey Goosey

Gander." Willy likes to be the Old Man and on Tuesday you will see what happens when he does not say his prayers!

The next Club meeting is at Kingsbury, Tamworth, on Saturday, August 21, at a fete to raise money for The Guide Dogs for The Blind Association. Will you be there?

Meanwhile,
 Woomerang, Boomerang,

Love from *Jean Morton*
 and TINGHA TUCKER

DOODLY WIN YOUR OWN PAIR OF BEARS

EVERY week two children can each win a pair of Tingha and Tucker glove puppets for the cleverest entries in the Doodly competition.

To enter, draw a picture below, using the five lines already there. Use pen or pencil — but do not colour it.

Send your entry to the address on the form to arrive by first post, Tuesday, August 17.

In judging the contest the Editor will take age into account. His decision is final.

Doodly No. 8 winners: Anne Brown, aged 7, of Springfield Road, Coventry, who turned the lines into a sailor, and Susan Jane Mawhinney, aged 9, of Cutsdean Close, Northfield, Birmingham. Susan used the lines to show a man poking the fire.

<p>DOODLY No. 11</p>	<p>DOODLY No. 11</p> <p>The Tingha and Tucker Club, TV WORLD, 189, High Holborn, London, W.C.9B.</p> <p>AGE:</p> <p>NAME</p> <p>(Capital letters)</p> <p>ADDRESS</p> <p>(Capital letters)</p> <p>COUNTY</p>
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SEE THESE MEMBERS ON TELEVISION

THESE are the members who will be seen in the next opening film of *The Tingha and Tucker Club* programme (Monday to Friday, 4.45):

Deborah Michele King, York Road, Harlescote, Shropshire; Karen and Stephen Yates, St. Judes Avenue, Studley, Warwick; Sharon and Paul Hopkins, Garrison Lane, Small Heath, Birmingham; Anne Redshaw, Curzon Street, Ibstock, Leicester; Kevin

Lee, Romney Avenue, Chesterton, Staffs.; Martin Meadows, Toxlydate Crescent, Redditch, Worcester; Paul Durrant, Whitchurch Avenue, Darley Dale, Derby; Ian Bentley, Victory Avenue, Chase Terrace, Walsall, Staffs; Yvonne Jones, Goseley Avenue, Hartshorne, Derby; Miss W. Norton, King Edwards Road, Ladywood, Birmingham; Denise and Angela Stanton, Spon Lane, West Bromwich, Staffs; Karen and Stuart Dixon, East View, Evenley, Northants.

DANGER MAN SHARK BAIT



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big car's nose seemed to dip and Drake heard its tyres shrieking on the tarmac.

The Fiat rocked past him with smoking brakes and then started to fall back alongside. Slanting Asiatic eyes searched for him from the passenger window, and in the moonlight the muzzle of a machine carbine was as black as death itself.

Instinctively, Drake swung the wheel and threw himself sideways across the car.

The Mini hit the bigger car just at the rear of its front wheel arch. There was a rending of metal and the two cars welded together.

They hit the verge, lurched into the air, then rolled in a welter of flying debris into a boulder-strewn gully.

It seemed a long time before the echoes of the crash died away. And then it was very quiet.

* * *

The driver of the Fiat was surprised to find Lim Ho lying on him. Very politely, he asked Lim Ho to get up and allow him to breathe. His friend took no notice, however, and eventually the driver was forced to push him off.

He couldn't help noticing that there was something wrong with the top of Lim Ho's head. He got out of the wreck and sat on the ground. He knew there was something important he had to remember, but the pain in his chest was very bad.

After a while he remembered the orders Colonel Sung had given them. He pulled himself slowly to his feet. The European was lying with his legs jammed over a broken seat back, and there was blood all over his face and shirt.

The driver took out his handkerchief and soaked it in the

petrol that dripped steadily from the Fiat's shattered tank.

He balled the saturated cloth in his hand and felt for his cigarette lighter.

He thought it quite probable that the European was already dead. Sung would be pleased with him.

Back on the road the big man with the red moustache took a Luger from the glove compartment of his car.

He pushed the gun into the top of his slacks and walked quickly, but quietly, down towards the gully along the trail of twisted metal and broken glass.



He wondered if he would find anyone alive. The Englishman had looked so impatient at the frontier, as though every minute was vital to him. Was this the appointment he had been destined to keep?

The big man remembered a favourite saying of his Turkish grandfather: *Death is a black camel who kneels at every man's door . . .*

Down in the gully a tiny spurt of flame broke the darkness. The big man jerked the Luger from his belt and broke into a run.

The flame flared into a yellow ball and he saw a flat Chinese face turned towards him.

He fired twice without breaking his stride, and the driver clawed at the air with a hand like a blazing faggot, then fell back against the crumpled mass of wreckage.

The roof of the little car was folded back like the cover of a book with a broken binding. The Englishman was lying on his back. It was hard

LOOKING AHEAD

Programme summary for Saturday, August 21

2.0 News	5.15 Sir Francis Drake
2.5 Summer Sport	5.45 News
2.10 Tennis from Scarborough	5.50 Lucky Stars Summer Spin
2.25 Racing from Ripon	6.30 Opportunity Knocks
2.35 Tennis	7.20 Hong Kong
2.55 Racing	8.15 The Frankie Vaughan Show
3.5 Show Jumping	8.50 Hawaiian Eye
3.25 Racing	9.40 News
3.35 Show Jumping	9.50 Ghost Squad
3.45 Tennis	10.50 ABC Weekend
4.0 Professional Wrestling	11.20 Time to Remember followed by the Weather and Epilogue
5.5 Sports Round-up	

