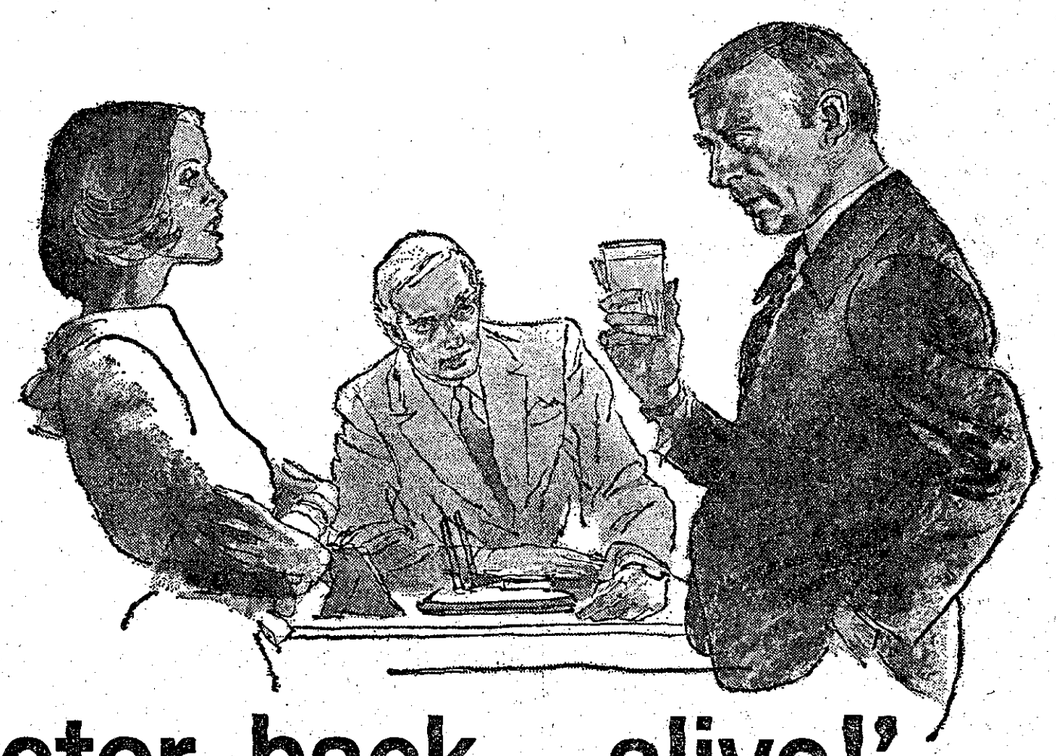
Callan!

FILE ON A TIRED TRAITOR

'Go and bring this defector back—alive!'



'I'm an undercover man for the Scottish Nationalists'

by JAMES MITCHELL

"SOMEBODY seems to think he's seen Alfred Dawes," said Hunter. "*Dawes? . . . He must be clocking on a bit now,*" said Callan. "Nonsense." Hunter's voice was testy. "He can't be a day over 60. A man in his prime." Oh dear, oh dear, thought Callan. When will I learn to be tactful?

"Dawes," Hunter said again. "The first of the great defectors. Sell all thou hast and give it to the Russians. . . ."

"*He sold for cash then?*" Hunter glared, and Callan added gently, "*It was a little before my time.*"

"How you do harp on age," said Hunter. "But it was a cash deal. The K.G.B. gave him a quarter of a million, and he gave them all he knew about the H-bomb we were trying to make . . . he knew rather a lot."

"*Where was he spotted?*" Callan asked.

"Cordoba," said Hunter.

"*Where?*"

"It's in Spain," said Hunter kindly. "More precisely in Andalucia, Moorish city. You'll like it."

"*I'm going then?*"

"Indeed you are," said Hunter. "You're going to bring him back."

Hunter swivelled to the drinks table, measured precise amounts of ice, Chivas Regal and water into a Waterford tumbler, and handed the mixture to Callan, his hands as sure as a pharmacist's . . . Callan took a healthy swig. He hated defector jobs: so often they invoked heart rending grief.

"*Who spotted him?*" he asked.

"Keith," said Hunter.

"*Sandy Keith?*"

"Mr. Alexander Keith to you," said Hunter. "He's only addressed as Sandy when he appears on that squalid little box."

Sandy Keith, thought Callan. Telly pundit. King of the highbrow chat-shows. Whimsically intellectual, diffidently progressive—and with a dash, no more, of Scottish feyness.

"*He would recognise Dawes after all these years?*"

"Twenty-seven," said Hunter. "Indeed he would. They were at Cambridge together—as undergraduates and dons. He served as secretary to the H-bomb group Dawes worked with.—as a civil servant, that is. Keith's not a scientist." He waited until Callan had taken another sip of whisky.

"You won't like him," he said. "That doesn't matter. Just talk to him—then go and fetch Dawes for me."

His hands scooped up the file from the Sheraton table, and handed it to Callan: yellow cover, surveillance only.

"*You don't want Dawes knocked off, then?*" Callan asked as he took it.

"Certainly not: just bring him to me, as I said."

Good dog, thought Callan. Fetch it. Good boy. He finished the whisky and rose.

"*Suppose he won't come?*"

"I have every confidence in your powers of persuasion," *said Hunter.*

Once Callan would have argued that one, but not any more. Hunter wanted Dawes, and all Callan could do about it was the best he could, and he wouldn't know what that would be till he got to Cordoba. Best to save his breath. He walked to the door, then turned, one question still unasked.

"*Why won't I like Sandy Keith?*"

"*He's not likeable,*" said Hunter.

CALLAN spent the rest of the day with Dawes's file, and mulled over it as he drove to Keith's house in Hampstead. Alfred Dawes, M.A.(Cantab.), Ph.D., a whizz-kid grammar school boy who had won a physics scholarship to his college, and gone on to achieve fantastic things by the time he was thirty—and then, when he was thirty-three, betrayed his country, took the money and ran.

It took all sorts, Callan thought, but the ones who took the money sooner or later had to talk to Hunter, even if Hunter had to wait 27 years and Callan had to bring them back from Spain. Good dog. Fetch. Fetch.

He parked the car by a neat little Georgian box a stroll away from the Vale of Health. Gleaming maroon doors; gleaming brass knocker. Very nice. Callan walked up a path of worn brick between two manicured lawns, and a girl looked up from the flower-bed she was weeding: a long-legged brunette with a pouting mouth and eyes that deplored his suit.

"Yes?" she said.

"*Mr. Keith,*" said Callan. "*I have an appointment.*"

She didn't believe it: she wouldn't have believed it if he'd told her what two and two made.

"*Mr. Hunter sent me,*" Callan said. "*My name's Callan.*"

"I see." She stood up then, taking off her gardening gloves. Her legs were admirable, but her mouth still pouted. "Somehow we hadn't expected anyone quite so——" Her voice tailed off, and Callan wished desperately to know quite so what and hated her for not telling him, as she preceded him to the front door.

"You'd better come in. I suppose," she said then, as he did so. "You didn't bring a briefcase—I mean for tape-recorders and things?"

"*No briefcase,*" said Callan. No .357 Magnum either, he thought, but then I didn't expect I'd have to shoot my way in. . . . She waited while he wiped his feet.

DOWN a corridor, then a room that held a Persian carpet, an oil by Derain and a water-colour by Turner, and a Sheraton sofa-table almost as good as Hunter's—a room that would be insured for scores of thousands of pounds. Chat shows, it seemed, paid well.

The man behind the desk seemed smaller than he looked on the box, small, spry and enormously fit for a man of 60.

"It's the man from Security," the girl said. "He says his name's Callan."

"Then he's probably lying," said Keith. "All Security men do." He smiled to show that there were no hard feelings. "Get him a drink, Kirsty."

The girl poured from a bottle as if it contained her life's blood, and handed it to Callan.

"*I'd like water with it,*" he said.

"It's fifteen year old single malt," said the girl.

"*I'd still like water.*"

She picked up a carafe and drowned his drink.

"I take it you're not a Scot, Mr. Callan," said Keith.

"*No,*" said Callan. "*I'm not.*" He sipped his whisky-flavoured water. "*But then I'm a liar; so when I say No I probably mean Yes and I'm an undercover man for the Scottish Nationalists.*" He smiled to show that there were no hard feelings.

The girl, Kirsty, looked furious, but Keith merely nodded as one acknowledging a point scored by an opponent on a chat show.

"You've come about Dawes," he said. "What will you do to him?"

Sandy Keith's eyes were expectant, anticipating a treat.

"*What I'm told,*" said Callan, and Keith's mouth pouted as the girl's had done. Callan looked from him to Kirsty.

"*This is very confidential stuff,*" he said. "*I think it would be better if we talked alone.*"

"But we are alone," said Keith. "Kirsty knows all my secrets."

She isn't going to know mine, thought Callan.

"Besides, she was there when I saw Dawes."

"*Perhaps you'd explain where you come into this, Miss—*" Callan said.

"Miss Lomax," said the girl. "Christine Lomax. I'm Sandy's—Mr. Keith's P.A.—personal assistant. We'd been researching a programme on cities in decay—that's why we were in Cordoba—and—"

"And we saw Alfred Dawes," said Keith.

"*Could you tell us exactly where?*" Callan asked.

Keith said at once, "I don't remember. Neither does Kirsty." He settled himself into his telly pundit's pose and reached for his pipe—a gesture Callan had seen him make a dozen times, just before he switched off the set.

"A funny thing about memory," said Keith. "It almost always needs what is called a trigger. I knew Dawes for almost 15 years—knew him, observed him, was concerned with him. I still am concerned."

Callan nodded, as if in agreement. "*That's why you shopped him,*" he said.

Again it was Miss Lomax who displayed anger.

"No indeed," said Keith. "It was why I did my duty as a citizen . . . Why I'm trying to do it now—if only you could supply that trigger I requested."

And there it was: unless you tell me what you'll do to Dawes, I won't tell you a damn thing.

Callan told Keith what he wanted to hear: "*I can't give you details,*" he began.

"It would be improper of me to request them," said Keith.

"*But Dawes is accountable for his actions,*" said Callan. "*He will be brought to account.*"

"By you?"

"*That's not decided yet.*"

"I hope it's you," said Keith. "I've dealt with your sort before—during my days at the Ministry. You look as if you'd be more than adequate at that sort of accounting."

The nastiest compliment I ever received, *thought Callan.*

"Cordoba the beautiful," said Keith. "The most exquisite of mosques, the loveliest of balconied streets where Christian and Arab and Jew lived together and were content under the benign rule of Moorish kings.—And then, alas, Cordoba fell."

Stop writing your script, thought Callan. Just tell me where Dawes is and let me get back to sanity.

"Cordoba—one of the three great jewels in the Moslem crown. The equal of Damascus, or what John Milton calls the great Alcairo——."

"*Whereabouts is Dawes?*" said Callan.

"I'll take you to him," *said Keith.*

"That won't be necessary."

"Oh, but it will," Keith said. "Kirsty and I are going back there to do some work on the programme—and anyway, I insist."

And Callan knew he meant it: if there was to be a death, Keith wanted to be in on it, otherwise his memory would go again, and so would Kirsty's.

Callan put down his glass of whisky'd water, and said: "*I'll pass on what you've told me.*"

"Please do," said Keith, and Callan rose. "*That Milton you mentioned—does he write your scripts for you?*" he asked. Keith nodded again: he could afford to. He was well ahead on points . . . Kirsty Lomax led Callan to the door. When they reached it she said, "You're damn rude."

"*I know,*" said Callan. "*I worry about it. Do you think it could be because of the company I keep?*"

The door slammed behind him, and he got into the car, drove off towards the heath.

He'd heard there had been foxes sighted there, and sure enough he saw one, that dashed across the road in front of him with a pigeon in its mouth. It was a charming beast, flaring russet pelt, jaunty movements, and so he swerved to avoid it—and the fox repaid him by saving his life. For as he swerved the bullet entered the windscreen to his left, thudded into the passenger seat and kept on going.

The windscreen's safety glass instantly became a jellied mass of fragments, clinging together opaquely, but even so Callan put his foot down and kept going, on into a deserted by-road, braked, and leaped from the car, right hand instantly reaching for a .357 Magnum he wasn't carrying.

He hadn't thought he'd need one just to drive across Hampstead Heath.

"UNOCCUPIED house with a balcony," said Hunter. "Ideal for a sniper. No fingerprints or anything of that sort. No cartridge shell. One wouldn't expect that if it was a pro. But we have identified the bullet. Russian—or so the boffins think. High velocity. That probably means a Kalashkinov rifle with a telesconic sight. You were lucky. . . Who knew you'd be going that way?"

"*Keith,*" said Callan. "*And the girl saw me drive off.*"

"But why on earth should he?" said Hunter.

Callan shrugged. "*You were right about one thing,*" he said. "*He really is not likeable.*"

★

"But Mr. Callan, it doesn't make sense," said Lonely.

"*I'm whimsical,*" said Callan. "*I always was. Even in the Scrubs.*"

Lonely sighed. He could never understand Mr. Callan's passion for breaking into posh gaffs and then not nicking anything.

"*All I want you to do,*" said Callan, "*is open up the place and accept a modest fee.*"

"How modest?" said Lonely.

"*A hundred nicker.*"

"Blimey," said Lonely. "It must be a tough one."

"*Manson alarm system,*" added Callan. "*I saw it.*"

The smell came then, but the merest whiff, the first hint of a breeze that could yet become a gale force wind.

"Mansons is murder," said Lonely. "It could take hours."

"*Take as long as you like,*" said Callan. "*The owner's away.*"

"You're sure?"

Solemnly Callan licked his finger. "*Cross my heart and hope to die. And I'll be your minder, won't I?*"

"Oh well, in that case," said Lonely, and suddenly there was no hint of a smell. "You're on, Mr. Callan. Always happy to oblige a friend. . . Could I have it in oncers?"

He got it in oncers, and opened up Keith's gaff in a manner that was an education just to watch, first waiting in cover for the Panda car to drive by, then a quick nip round the back to immobilise the alarm system by the kitchen window, then slowly, painstakingly, cutting a hole in the window, reaching through to unscrew a second alarm, before he swung the window wide, climbed in without a sound, and opened the back door to admit Callan.

They went to the drawing room, and Lonely opened up the filing cabinet for Callan to browse through . . . Lonely wandered restlessly, and finished up by a glass display case that held a collection of snuff boxes. Callan looked up then . . . Lonely loved snuff boxes.

"*See if you can find*

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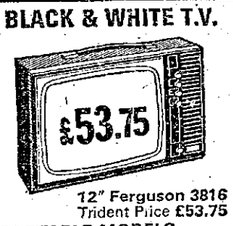

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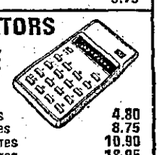

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Carmen 500DH Dryer	5.45
Carmen K20 Curlers	12.95
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Trident BONDS

OPENING TIMES

MON. TUES. 10 am–5.30 pm
WED. THURS. FRI. 10 am–8.00 pm
SAT. 9 am–5.30 pm
*EACH TRIDENT IS CLOSED FOR A FULL DAY ON YOUR LOCAL TOWNS HALF DAY

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BIRMINGHAM Erdington 58 High St. Tel: 021-382 3455
BIRMINGHAM Ward End, Fox & Goose Centre. Tel: 021-783 7040
BRISTOL Staple Hill Precinct, Fishponds. Tel: 567156
CARDIFF 100 Clifton St. Tel: 496018
CHELTENHAM 28 Edinburgh Place, Coronation Square. Tel: 35112
COSELEY 23 Roseville Centre. Tel: Sedgley 73993
COVENTRY Church Lane/Walsgrave Rd. Tel: 457021
DERBY Derwent St. Tel: 46297
EASTBOURNE 137 Seaside Rd. Tel: 37017.
EXETER St. Thomas Centre, Cowick St. Tel: 51139
GRIMSBY 27 Osborne St. Tel: 52033
HEREFORD 72 Wide Marsh St. Tel: 55108
IPSWICH Carr Precinct. Tel: 55033
LEICESTER 82 The Parade, Oadby. Tel: 717888
LINCOLN 11 Allenby Industrial Estate. Tel: 24649
MARGATE 126 High St. Tel: Thanet 27835
NEWPORT 12 Clarence Place. Tel: 56932
NORTHAMPTON Kingsthorpe Centre, Market Harborough Rd. Tel: 712774
NORWICH 62 London St. Tel: 21545
NOTTINGHAM 112 Radford Rd. Gregory Boulevard. Tel: 74361
PAIGNTON 7 Hyde Rd. Tel: 523837
PETERBOROUGH 6 Bretton Centre. Tel: 263995
PLYMOUTH 12 Stonehouse St. Tel: 60575
POOLE Rossmore Parade, Ringwood Rd., Parkstone. Tel: Parkstone 748952
PORTSMOUTH 140 Fratton Rd. Tel: 23854
SHREWSBURY 33 Riverside Centre. Tel: 50214
SOUTHAMPTON Shirley Precinct, Redcar St. Tel: 781657
STOKE 39 London Rd. Tel: 46094
SWINDON 93 Cricklade Rd. Tel: 31945
TRURO Duke St./Prince's St. Tel: 6567.
WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA 797 London Rd. Tel: Southend 713423
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Carleton St., Dolphin Square Precinct. Tel: 32346
WOLVERHAMPTON Cleveland St. Tel: 772443
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EALING 145 Uxbridge Rd, W13. Tel: 01-567 4259
FARNHAM The Borough. Tel: 25829
FINCHLEY 832 High Rd., N12. Tel: 01-446 3476
GREENWICH 154 Trafalgar Rd. Tel: 01-858 3872
HARROW 11 Masons Avenue, Wealdstone. Tel: 01-427 3111
HIGH WYCOMBE 48 Frogmoor. Tel: 36941
HOVE 58 Boundary Rd. Tel: Brighton 411480
ILFORD 110 Goodmayes Rd., Goodmayes. Tel: 01-599 9296
LEYTONSTONE 771 High Rd. Tel: 01-556 3450
PETTS WOOD 17 Chatsworth Parade, Queensway. Tel: Orpington 37900
PURLEY Royal Oak Centre. Tel: 01-668 6845
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REIGATE 87 Bell St. Tel: 40447
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