

You return to McKim's office and close the door behind you.

"Did you figure out who took DuMont's letter?" he asks.

"Yes, you!"

"What? What—me? Why, that's preposterous," he replies.

"No, it's not. It has to be you, because if Mrs. Bower had taken the letter she never would have reported it missing. And, since she is innocent, we can assume she was telling the truth when she said that two other letters were never taken from under the ashtray. Yet you were so anxious to show that DuMont's letter had been taken before you got there that you insisted that there were no letters under the ashtray."

McKim doesn't blink an eye. Instead, he reaches in his desk, pulls out a letter, and shows it to you.

"Since you want to know what DuMont said in that letter, here it is," he says.

"You mean you took this letter before the president could see it?" you reply.

"Read it," McKim says.

You glance at the handwriting. DuMont wrote it, all right. The letter reads:

Dear Mr. President:

I have discovered the new whaling is a signal telling where the whales disappear to—an enormous underwater cavern under Desolation Island, off the east coast of Greenland.

I will be happy to discuss this with you. Meanwhile, I urge that the crews of the whales be preserved as their rightful property.

Respectfully yours,
Claude DuMont