

"Yes," Childers replies, "and you seem to want my cooperation in that, but I still want to know what you would do if you were DuMont."

"You mean you'll only tell the truth if I pass your test?" you ask.

"I am an old man," Childers says. "I follow my conscience. I have nothing to fear from governments."

"True," you reply. "Very well then. I would do nothing to harm the whales."

"Ah," Childers replies. "Then you have no need to interview me."

You are puzzled and dismayed by Childers' behavior. Why does he choose to talk in riddles? You bid him good-by and return to your car. Before you get there, you feel a jolting pressure in your back. You tilt back. A rope flips over your head and around your neck—then a blow falls on your head.

