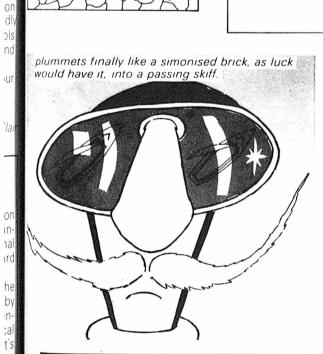
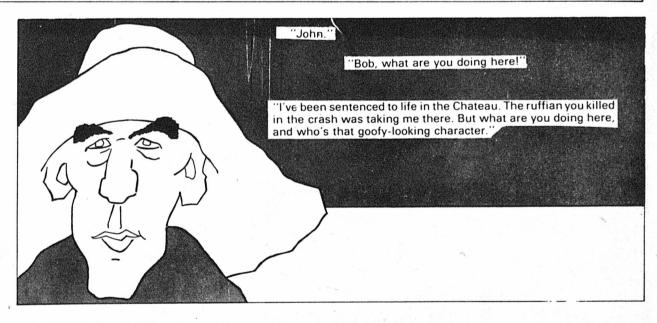
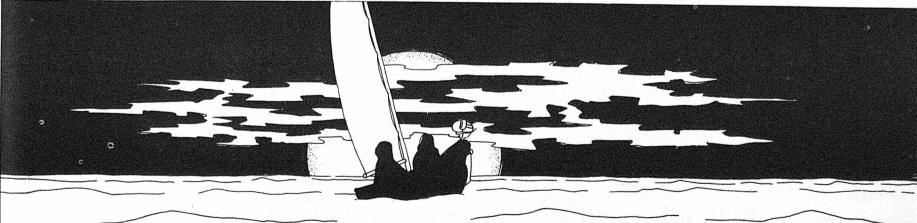


Thousands of feet above the tormented Atlantic swells, the two push-off under cover of the pre-sunrise eastern mist. But the flimsy craft, not up to the moment, sinks slowly at first

and







Dief tells the story as the three now set sail into the sunrise bound for the Queen Maud Gulf, in the northwest passage, en route to the western expanses of Prince Peter the Great.

HOOSIDE OF MAN