

Voyage to Cocos Island: The long awaited conclusion

powered by the mercenary, who subsequently escaped with his cohorts in a submarine?"

"Pretty close, but no cigar. They came by helicopter, actually. But, not to worry: I've told the authorities."

"Let's hope they're not as corrupt as Igula and his friends," Sam commented wryly. "Maria, tell him what happened to us."

The girl was only too ready to do so. "We got trapped in a cave, in the mountain side, but we managed to backtrack through the debris until we got to the subterranean lake."

"Huh?" Freebie asked.

"You see, we had found this pond at the end of the creek, with a treasure chest at the bottom. But when we got back to it, the bottom had fallen out because of the earthquake..."

"Earthquake?"

"Oh, didn't you feel it? It was colossal."

"Well, I felt a slight tremor, but I thought it was my nervousness when Igula almost cut my throat."

"Anyway, we were almost trapped in the cave, but we managed to escape through the bottom of the pond into that cave I found yesterday. That's when we found the treasure."

"Treasure?"

"What is there, an echo in here?" Sam clinched. "You bet there was a treasure! The chest we had seen in the pond broke open during the earthquake, and left gold bars and Spanish doubloons strewn all over the place."

"Then that must be the treasure of Edward Davis, from /&é," Freebie concluded.

"Darn right, and we've probably only hit the top of the iceberg," Sam agreed.

"Let's hope there's some ice down there too," chimed in Maria. "I could use some new jewellery!"

On this happy note, they retired for the night. The next two days were spent in recovering Davis' treasure. Then, not wishing to

overstay their welcome on the fateful island, the trio set sail for Panama with a storage bay full of valuable trinkets.

Arriving in the capital city of Panama, the trio went once more to the American Embassy to file their papers, and "declare" their treasure. Along the way, they were surprised to see the streets filled with jubilating people, tossing confetti in the air and cheering noisily.

"Looks like they're having a darn good time here," observed Freebie astutely. "This isn't some national holiday, is it?"

Sam had stopped to pick up an English newspaper, and showed his friends the headlines. "Maybe this will answer your question," he said to Freebie.

"Young Americans Assist in the Capture of Carlos and Company", Freebie read aloud. "That isn't us, is it?" Sam nodded wisely.

Freebie went on to read: "Young Americans, on treasure hunt to Cocos Island, encounter international terrorists Carlos and Cal Igula and fail their attempt to capture the Panama Canal." I don't believe it!

"Believe it...or else!" Sam remarked mysteriously.

"Just how much did you tell those guys?" Maria asked.

"Everything but about the mole on your..."

"Never mind. I guess we're famous now, whether we like to or not."

"What do you mean we?" Freebie demanded. "It was me who saved the day, not you guys."

"Well, excuse me!" Maria retorted. "Who do you think found the treasure, bolloonhead?"

"Easy, folks, we're in Latin America," cautioned Sensible Sam. "We don't want to start a riot."

When they got to the embassy, they identified themselves at the desk and sat down to wait for a chat with the ambassador. It wasn't long before they got his attention. He came to the door himself and ushered them into his of-

fice. As they sat down, he welcomed them and praised them for their bravery.

"It isn't every day that we apprehend crazies like Carlos and Igula," he told them.

"Igula's not crazy, he's just like you and me," defended Freebie. The others regarded him strangely.

"Anyway, if there's anything I can do for you kids, just let me know," invited the diplomat.

"Well, actually there is one thing..." Sam began. "But it's hardly worth mentioning."

"Name it."

"You see, we found a bit of...treasure...on Cocos Island." The ambassador's jaw dropped a foot. Sam held up one hand, as if to restrain him. "It wasn't much, mind you, just a few gems and coins we picked up in a cave..."

"Did you say 'treasure?'" the diplomat stared in rapt attention at Sam, his eyes aglaze.

"He meant pleasure!" corrected Maria, hastily. "It was a pleasure to visit the island!"

"That's a new one on me," remarked the ambassador, dryly. "I hear it's one..."

"Heavenly place!" Maria cut in. "You have to see the place to understand."

"Enough of this," Freebie interjected. "Let's face the facts. It's time to spill the beans. Yes, we found a treasure." Then he proceeded to give out the details. When he finished, the diplomat sat in silence for a few moments before responding.

"Do you people understand the laws involved in recovering treasure?" he asked the trio.

"In the US, yes," Sam replied.

"Well, as you know, this is Latin America!" smiled the diplomat wryly. "Let me explain the procedures for you..."

He did, at length, but I won't. If you really want to know all about it, consult your local lawyer; or, better yet, insult him. After all, who's responsible for all

that legalese red tape and gobbledegook?? I digress...

As it finally turned out, the treasure was confiscated by the Panamanian government to help pay off the national debt, but as compensation, the trio were given a few token coins and a chequed for \$10,000, tax-free, in appreciation of their service to the government. It was with mixed sentiments that the trio sailed away from Panama City and down the canal they had saved. However, upon arrival in their home-town of Key West, their spirits picked up. In fact, it wasn't long until they were picking up spirits (the liquid kind) in the Treasure Trove.

"Who's playing tonight?" Freebie asked the barkeep. "Don't you know? It's the Best Damn Band in the Land."

"No kidding? Who's that, Stalking Feet? Stynx? The J. Guiles Band?"

"Nope, I told you their name. They'll be on in a minute."

...And so life returned to a certain degree of (ab)normality for our heroes, until one day:

"Hey, fellas, you'll never guess what I found out!" Freebie called out, from his corner of the galley.

"Put a lid on it, Freeb," snapped Maria. "All we need is some peace and quiet right now."

Meanwhile, up on the fo'c'stle of the Beach Bum, Sam the Sailor gazed through his telescope off in to the distance.

"Land Ho!" he called, as focussed on a well-tanned blonde beach bunny, sunbathing on a nearby yacht.

"Country Wife" being filmed for T.V.

STRATFORD, Ontario, Stratford's production of "The Country Wife," which has just completed its run at the Avon Theatre went before television cameras November 1. It is being produced for television by Renaissance Productions Limited in association with the Global TV Network.

Renaissance Productions Limited is an independent television production company whose principals are John Thomson, Malcolm Silver and David Greene. "The Country Wife" will be directed for television by Mr. Thomson and air on Global television sometime during the winter of 1984.

"In addition to our established arrangement with Global, "Country Wife" has excited strong interest among many potential international distributors," says Thomson, "and we at Renaissance are happy to be moving forward with a production of this quality and entertainment value. We trust this will be the first of many such collaborations with the Festival."

All of the original cast (with the exception of Rosemary Dunsmore replaced by Susan Morgan) will be featured in the two-hour television version. "I congratulate Paul Morton and David Mintz at Global along with our colleagues at Renaissance for their enterprise in bringing "Country Wife" to audiences across Canada," said John Hirsch, Festival Artistic Director. Further support for "Country Wife" on television comes from an on-going relationship with Gulf Canada, who sponsored the stage production and have extended their commitment to include the television version. In addition Continental Bank of Canada will be sponsoring this event.

Executive Director Gerry Eldred says, "Country Wife" is the third major television production with guaranteed distribution on a major network to emerge from the 1983 season.