



TARZAN AND THE MADMAN

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**TARZAN AND THE
MADMAN**

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I landed, I crashed against the castle wall. It must have been that that knocked me cuckoo.”

“Do you suppose she’ll fly?” asked Sandra.

“If she won’t, we’ll make her,” said Rand.

While the others pumped up the tires, praying fervently that they would hold, Rand disassembled the carburetor, found the trouble, and corrected it.

There followed inspection and lubrication; and two hours later, they sat tensely in the cabin, each holding his breath, as Rand prepared to start the engine.

Almost instantly they were rewarded with the roar of propeller and exhaust.

“Now if those tires will hold,” said Rand. “Perhaps you’d all better get out and let me try it alone.”

“No,” said Sandra, “not I”; nor would Tarzan nor Bolton-Chilton desert him.

Rand taxied along the shelf and turned back into the wind. “If you want to take that gold out,” said Tarzan, “now you have the means. There’s a place to land not far from where Crump and Minsky died.”

“Not I,” said Bolton-Chilton. “I have all I need; so has Rand; and I’m quite sure that the daughter of Timothy Pickerall doesn’t need any more; but how about you, Tarzan?”

Tarzan smiled. “What would I do with gold?” he asked.

Rand brought the ship around into the wind and started down the shelf, constantly accelerating. The tail lifted from the ground. The motor was running wide open now. The tires held.

“Thank God,” murmured Sandra, as the ship rose gracefully into the air. “Thank God for everything.”
