MYSTERY PUZZLE

"THE MICROFILM AFFAIR"

A MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. MYSTERY STORY

WITH A PICTURE PUZZLE SOLUTION

1. READ THE MYSTERY STORY
2. PUT PUZZLE TOGETHER FOR CLUES
3. CUT BACK PAGE FOR SOLUTION
THE MICROFILM AFFAIR

This was quite an assignment for U.N.C.L.E.'s intrepid agent, Napoleon Solo. All he had to do was locate the THRUSH headquarters in this obscure Balkan province and then get to their secret records. U.N.C.L.E. wanted the list of THRUSH'S agents in the Western Hemisphere.

Things had gone too easy for Solo. He, single-handedly, invaded their headquarters, had located their records, and secretly photographed their files. He had the list of their agents recorded on microfilm. Solo could hardly believe his luck. Perhaps his success was due to his boldness in going directly to their headquarters, in only slight disguise. Perhaps THRUSH never expected U.N.C.L.E. to be so foolish as to try anything here where they controlled the local government as well as the police.

Whatever the reason, Solo had done it! He had the valuable tiny cylinder of microfilm and had safely arrived back at his hotel. Hurriedly he packed and arranged for a flight back to his New York headquarters. He worked so fast that he hadn't even notified his secret "contact" in the hotel that all was well and he was leaving. Of course, he did not have to worry about that, because the "contact" was the bellboy captain in the hotel. He would be coming up for his bags soon. Breathing a sigh of relief, Solo went to the window to take a last look at the beautiful scenery of this country. The window faced the front of the hotel and, being five flights up, Solo had a good view of the distant mountain range. His relief was short-lived, however, as a screech of brakes in the street caused him to glance down to the hotel entrance below and Solo knew he was in trouble.

Four THRUSH agents were piling out of the car with drawn guns. Solo knew they had discovered him and were on their way to intercept the film before he could get it out of the country. He knew he couldn't get help from the police as they were in league with THRUSH. It would be only a matter of minutes before they would be bursting into his room to search for the damaging evidence. Solo didn't care about himself, but somehow he had to hide the film from them and make sure it got back to New York — whether he ever got there or not. In the minutes he had left, he worked furiously on this problem.

When THRUSH'S strong-arm men burst into the smoke-filled room, Solo was sitting relaxed in a chair, calmly puffing a pipe. He greeted them with his sly grin and offered no protest as the leader backed him up against the wall with drawn gun.
"We know who you are, Solo," he growled, "and we know what you are hiding."

Solo raised his hands slowly as the man leveled the gun at his chest, and jerked the pipe from his mouth. "Check this out, Boris," he ordered, as he handed the pipe to his companion. "Solo, you smoke vile tobacco. This room smells like a fertilizer factory. The rest of you search everything — the furniture, pictures, lamps, the bed — his luggage — everything. Don't underestimate him, he's a clever one." Boris emptied the pipe into the ash tray on the small table, removed the stem and carefully examined it for hidden openings.

Solo was impassive as his coat was removed in preparation for a thorough search of his person. The famous U.N.C.L.E. agent's gun was pulled from its holster. The THRUSH agent expertly disarmed the gun by removing the clip and emptying the bullets out. He replaced the clip and thrust the gun into his pocket. "Thanks for the gun, Solo, you won't be able to use this where you're going," he grinned. While this was going on, Solo's pockets were emptied and everything examined.

The THRUSH men were quite busy for the next few minutes. These experts went about their search with a thoroughness that Solo had to admire. The furniture was examined minutely, the cushions ripped open, and wooden parts tested for hollow compartments. The pictures on the wall were tested and even the soap in the bathroom was sliced to see if it was hiding the tell-tale capsule of microfilm. The leader was examining Solo with fiendish glee and was not very gentle about it.

As the men started to examine the packed bags, the leader said, "Never mind them. Let's get out of here and take him and his bags with us. We can give them a real going-over at headquarters."

As they started out the door, the bell-captain arrived. This was Solo's last chance to advise his secret contact. Calmly turning to the bell-captain, Solo said, "I probably won't be back, so you can tell the manager that I've checked out." While Solo was being pushed through the door, he shouted, "By the way, the room is a little upset." With a knowing wink to the THRUSH leader, he added, "If you find any of my personal effects, send them to my New York address."
THE SOLUTION TO THE MYSTERY

The microfilm is in one of the bullets on the table in front of Solo.

Explanation

When Solo saw the THRUSH agent pull up in the car, his mind started working furiously. He knew that his gun would be taken away from him and he knew how these evil criminals reasoned. He expected that the first thing that a searcher would do would be to empty the bullets out of the gun and then keep this valuable piece of "hardware" for his own.

Solo quickly removed the bullet clip from his gun, extracted a bullet and pried the lead nose away from the cartridge. He emptied the gun powder into the ash tray and, rolling the film into a tight cylinder, wedged it into the empty cartridge. After replacing the "nose", he put the bullet back into the clip and then the assembled gun into its holster.

He had one more task to do — get rid of the gun powder in the ash tray. This was simple. He lit a match to it and it burned rapidly in a quick puff of smoke. Solo immediately knew he had made a mistake in doing this, because the sharp, acrid smell of the burned powder would give a valuable clue to the THRUSH agents. Quickly he packed and lit a pipe, puffing it furiously so as to fill the room with the pipe smoke. He hoped the tobacco smell would blend with the gunpowder so as to disguise the odor. It worked! The THRUSH agent thought the pipe smelled like a "fertilizer factory."

After they left the room, the bell-captain made his own search. When he examined the bullets, he recognized the tampered cartridge. It was a simple matter to send the film through the mail to New York.

What happened to Solo? Well, that's another story.
Solo was successful. They had left the microfilm in the room — right under their noses. The bell-captain found it and forwarded the list to the U.N.C.L.E. headquarters in New York.

How did he do it? Solo had found a perfect hiding place for the microfilm and had guessed correctly that it would be left behind.

Make the puzzle and you will find the answer. The microfilm is on the table right in front of Solo. The sealed pages of this booklet give the detailed explanation of how Solo hid the film. Try to guess the answer after you have made the puzzle. Then cut open the pages to see if you solved the mystery correctly.

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