



READER'S DIGEST

Condensed
BOOKS

CHASE
THE WIND

BEYOND
CAPRICORN

THE DRAGON

SADIE SHAPIRO
IN MIAMI

READER'S DIGEST CONDENSED BOOKS

READER'S DIGEST CONDENSED BOOKS

Editor: Barbara Ker Wilson

Editorial Assistant: Susan Wratten

Art: Douglas Albion

Published by

Reader's Digest Services Pty. Limited
The Reader's Digest Building,
26-32 Waterloo Street, Surry Hills, 2010,
N.S.W., Australia.

First Edition

©1978 Reader's Digest Services Pty. Limited

©1978 The Reader's Digest Association Limited

All rights reserved throughout the world. Reproduction in any manner in whole or part in English or other languages prohibited.

**Printed and bound by John Sands Proprietary Limited,
Herbert & Frederick Streets, Artarmon, N.S.W., Australia.**

READER'S DIGEST

CONDENSED BOOKS

CHASE THE WIND

BY E. V. THOMPSON

Published by Macmillan, London

BEYOND CATHEDRALS

BY BETTY ROBERTS

Published by Collins, London

THE DRAGON

BY ALFRED COPPEL

Published by Macmillan, London

SADIE SHAPIRO IN MIAMI

BY ROBERT KIMMEL SMITH

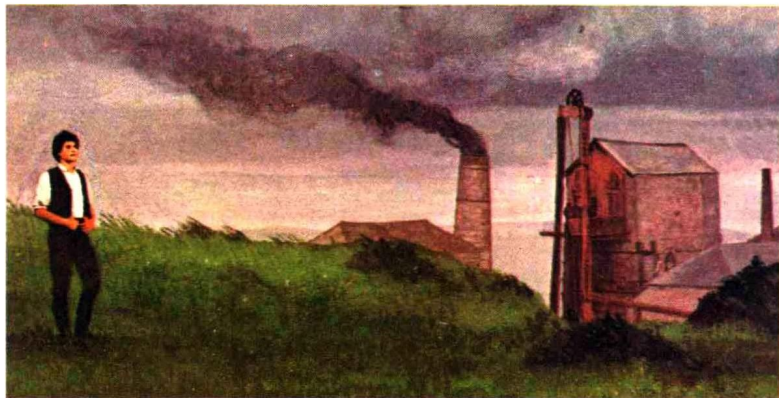
Published by Simon & Schuster, Inc., New York

READER'S DIGEST SERVICES PTY. LIMITED.
SYDNEY • AUCKLAND

IN THIS VOLUME

CHASE THE WIND by *E. V. Thompson* (p. 9)

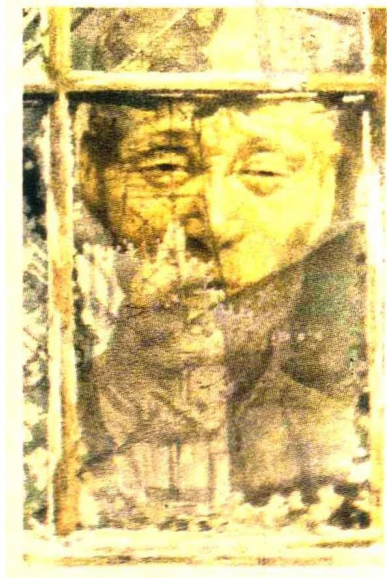
This sweeping family saga of young love and class hatred marks the arrival of a masterly new storyteller. Set in the Cornwall of the 1840s, against a background of the smouldering trade union movement, it is the story of Josh Retallick, an ambitious young copper miner hellbent on reform, and the wild and beautiful Miriam Trago.



THE DRAGON by *Alfred Coppel* (p. 267)

In the desolate plains of Central Asia the Chinese have built a mysterious weapon known as The Dragon. When its power is unleashed it will dramatically upset the delicate balance of world forces, already threatened by a secret power struggle in Russia. As this struggle adds a new dimension to the ever-present conflict between East and West, the American president's plane flies towards Moscow, and events move inexorably towards a spine-chilling climax.

Alfred Coppel has written a gripping human story of civilization on the brink of disaster.



**SADIE SHAPIRO IN
MIAMI** *by Robert Kimmel
Smith* (p. 421)

Sadie Shapiro, author of the world's most famous knitting book, is back again in one of her hand-knitted jogging suits. Only this time the zesty septuagenarian finds herself caught up in a shaky real estate scheme — and almost lands in jail. Undaunted, she turns the tables with riotous results, and the impending crisis is transformed into a crusade. A lighthearted caper by one of America's most shameless matchmakers and best-loved senior citizens.

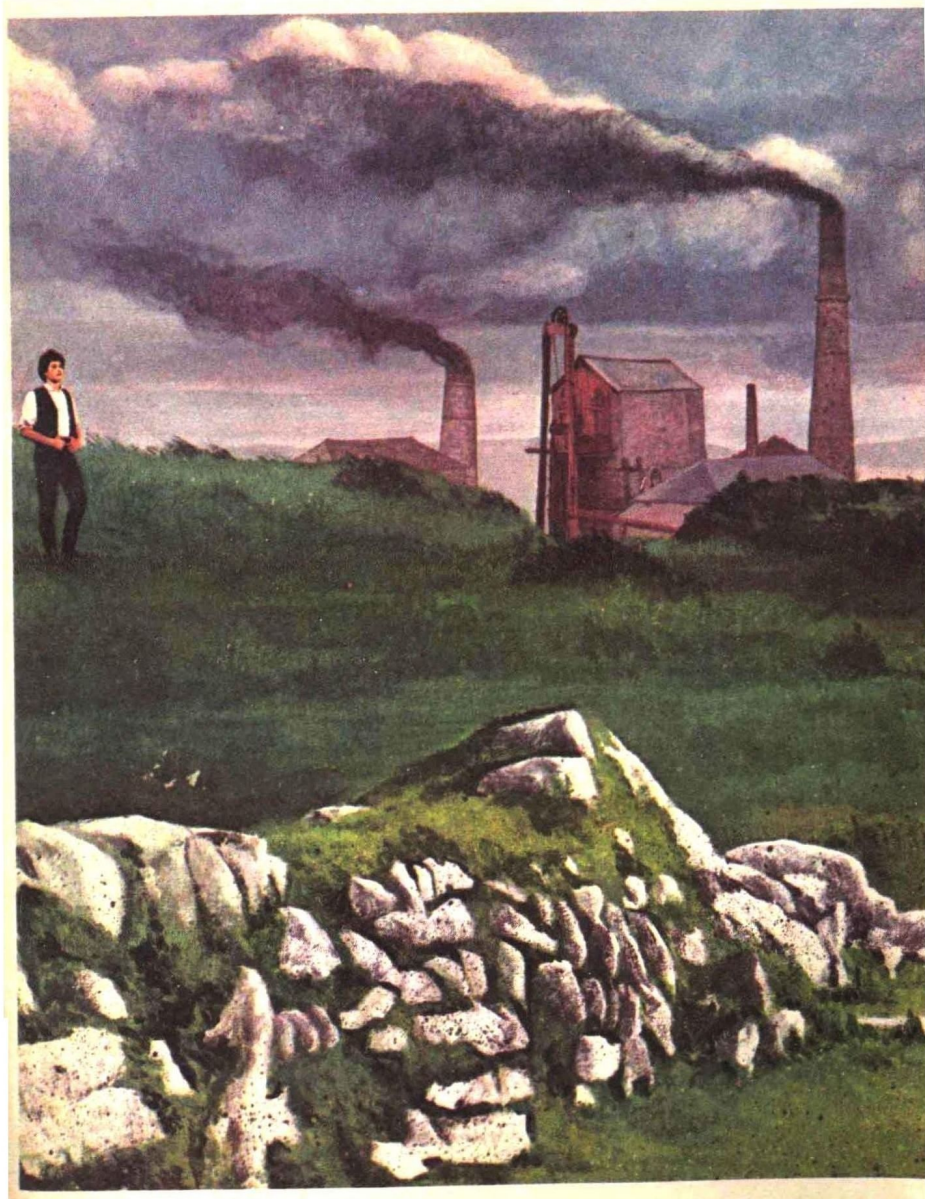


BEYOND CAPRICORN *by Betty Roland* (p. 183)

For city-born Anna, stranded in the Northern Territory without money or friends, her romantic dreams shattered by the consequences of her headstrong decision to marry a stranger, Senior Constable Mark Gillespie seems to offer salvation from an intolerable situation.

But Mark's pursuit of an Aboriginal murderer has become an obsession with him . . . an obsession that delays his recognition of the fateful role Anna is to play in his life.



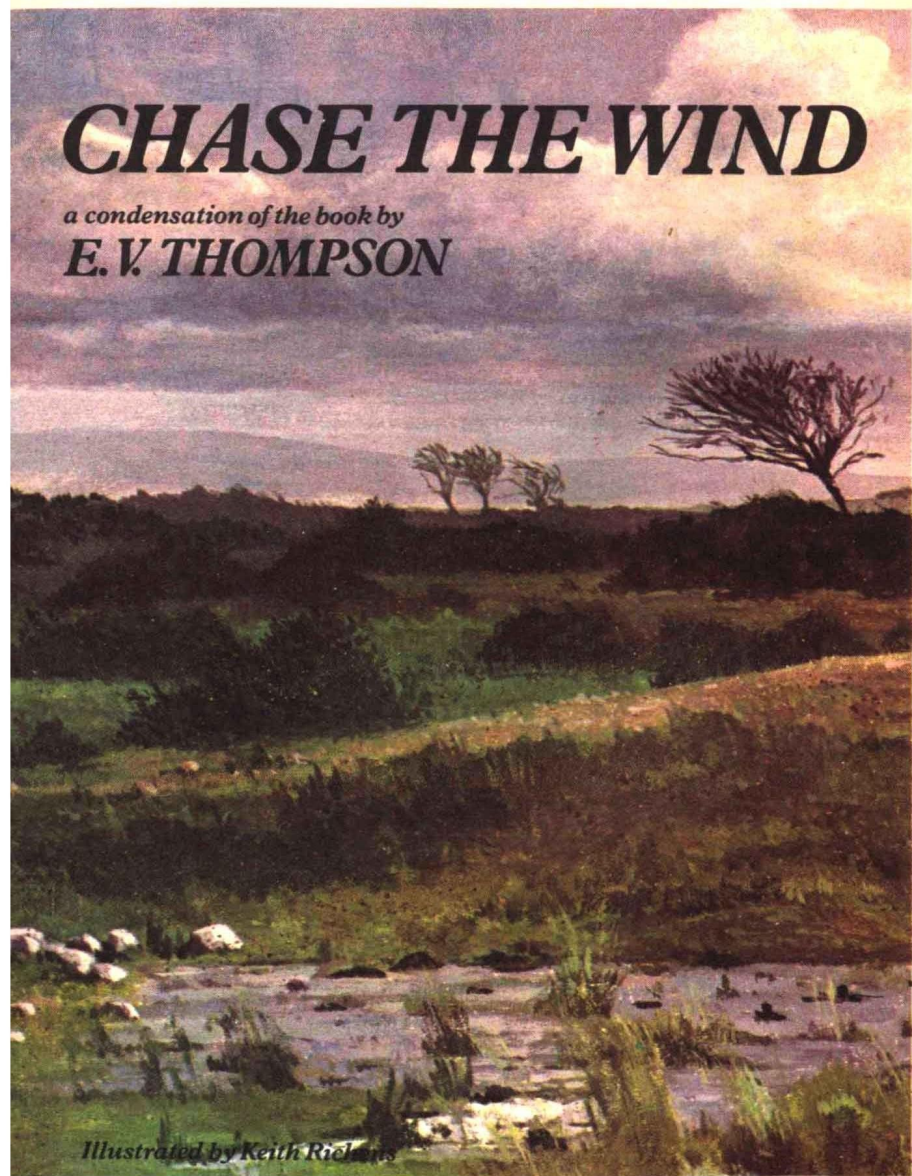


CHASE THE WIND

a condensation of the book by

E. V. THOMPSON

Illustrated by Keith Richards





Cornwall in the 1840s wasn't all pretty fishing villages. There was fishing certainly, but there were also copper and tin mines where Cornishmen worked—and often died—in pathetic squalor far below

the springy moorland turf.

The miners, led by dedicated men like the ambitious Preacher Thackeray, were in turmoil. And young Josh Retallick, a miner's son educated—some might say—beyond his station, was caught up in that turmoil. Torn this way and that by his idealism and his love for the reckless Miriam, he was to be drawn inexorably into the seething conflict.

It was an age when the threat of deportation hung over every man who dared question the doings of his betters. The scene was set for violence, and violence and love each play their part in this remarkable first novel.

Chapter 1

Ninety fathoms below grass, in the darkness at the bottom of the main vertical shaft of Wheal Sharptor copper mine, Joshua Retallick stepped from the ladder onto the ore-strewn floor. The boy took a couple of shaky steps, his legs trembling from the long climb down.

Above him, so far up that the clean, star-studded sky could not be seen, was a small, square hole. Through this was hoisted the copper ore that would make one man rich and send fifty more to premature graves.

Josh moved to one side as boots scraped on the wooden rungs overhead. The night shift was coming down after him. As each man stepped onto the floor he would flex his arms, easing his shoulder muscles, muscles knotted by the prolonged fear of falling.

The miners passed through the openings into the tunnels that sloped gently away from the main shaft. Once inside they paused to light the yellow candles that each man relied upon to give him light to work and warning of foul air.

Josh followed one of the miners along the tunnel where he knew Ben, his father, was working. At first, the tunnel was narrow, with water oozing from the walls. Then, suddenly and dramatically, it opened out into a huge vault, eighty feet wide and thirty high, lit by flickering candles. Here there had been a seam of near-pure copper. Now it was a rock-walled emptiness, the ore

long since fed into the belly of a Swansea smelting house and disgorged as gleaming blocks of metal, to be shipped in tall-rigged vessels to a world eager for high-grade Cornish copper.

A dirty, sweating figure, stripped to the waist and pushing a laden wheelbarrow, appeared in the vast chamber. Seeing the new arrivals he rested the wheelbarrow, and called back down the tunnel. "Time to finish, Ben. Night shift are here."

The call was taken up by unseen men in other tunnels, "Knock it off! Night men are here!"

Men cramped in unnatural postures gratefully eased their way back from exploratory borings and headed towards the main shaft to begin the long climb to air and home. The young miner who had first signalled the arrival of the relief shift grinned at Josh. "Has Preacher Thackeray given up trying to learn you? Does he think you should be working below ground wi' us now?"

"No." Josh grinned back. "Lessons ended early. There's a meeting of the benefit union at the St. Cleer chapel tonight."

"I wouldn't mention anything about it to your dad. He's not too happy wi' talk about Thackeray's 'union'."

Budge Pearn towelled his body with his rough-spun shirt. At eighteen he was four years older than Josh. His mother had died in childbirth. His father had been killed in a mining accident when Budge was seven years old and he had been taken into the Retallick household.

"When are you coming up to see my Jenny and the baby?" He pronounced it "bebbly". "Little Gwen's right handsome now."

"I know. Jenny brought her down home today. That reminds me. You'd better not be late home. Mother gave Jenny some boiling bacon for your supper."

"I'll be up on the moor before your dad sets foot on the ladder. Give my love to your mother." And, with a cheery wave, Budge was gone.

FARTHER ALONG the tunnel, Ben Retallick crawled back over a heap of newly-dug ore. He was one of the most experienced miners on Wheal Sharptor. But at thirty-five years of age he was reckoned an "old man" by mining standards. The 1830s were an

era when a miner who had seen his fortieth birthday below ground was something of a rarity.

Outside, in the wide tunnel, Ben stood upright slowly and saw his son. "What are you doing down here, Josh?"

"My lesson finished early. I thought I'd meet you."

Ben saw Budge Pearn's half-filled wheelbarrow and frowned. It was time the lad learned that a man always emptied his own wheelbarrow below ground. Then he smiled at his own thoughts. Budge had plenty of time to learn. With a pretty wife and baby daughter waiting for him at home, there was more reason to be on the surface than trundling another man's ore down here for three pounds a month.

"Come on, son. Let's go up top and taste some fresh air."

At the ladder there was a great deal of good-natured banter and jostling between the men. Ben stood back. At the end of a shift he had neither the energy of the youngsters nor patience with them.

Another man also lacked patience. Moses Trago elbowed his irritable way through to the ladder. Broad-shouldered and brutal, Moses cared for no man. Behind him, walking in his brother's shadow, the quieter John Trago loomed just as large.

The arrival of the two men put an end to the miners' good humour and Ben and Josh shuffled quietly forward with the others.

This was the part of mining that Ben found more difficult with each passing day. From ninety fathoms down there were five hundred and forty ladder rungs to be climbed before a man's head rose from the hole in the ground. There had been a time when Ben would count them. But no more. These days he gritted his teeth, and climbed blindly.

Once on the ladders all talking ceased. A man would regret each mouthful of wasted air when he arrived, lungs roaring for oxygen, at the top of the shaft. Josh was aware of this and he climbed steadily and carefully ahead of his father.

Never a pleasant experience, tonight the climb suddenly became a nightmare. Josh and Ben were on the fourth ladder, almost fifty feet from the bottom of the shaft, when there was a blood-freezing scream from high above them.

Chase the Wind

Josh had no idea what was happening, but it was a sound Ben had known many times. His "'Ware below!" rang out and he used the same breath to clamber up to share a rung with Josh. "Swing behind the ladder," he hissed. When the boy obeyed, Ben closed his arms about his son and held him tight against the ladder with arms and knees.

Most times a falling man would mercifully smash his head against the side of the shaft and know no more. This one was not so fortunate. The scream had died to a low, inhuman sound as he flailed past Josh and his father, but he remained conscious until he crashed onto the floor of the shaft. Josh would remember the sound of it for as long as he lived.

For two full seconds there was silence. It was broken by the clattering of boots as the men on the lower ladders scrambled back down.

"Ben! Ben Retallick!" the cry went up.

"I'm here. Who was it who fell?"

"Budge Pearn."

"Oh my God! His poor maid." Suddenly Ben felt old and tired. "Wait for me at the fifty fathom level," he told his son. "There's nothing you can do here."

Josh turned and climbed numbly, not sure whether the lump in his throat would make him cry or be sick. Budge Pearn had been as a big brother to him.

BEHIND HIM, down on the floor of the shaft, Ben looked at the smashed body and thought of the young wasted life. "Poor maid!" he repeated. Though only a few weeks past her seventeenth birthday, Jenny Pearn was now a widow with a baby to support. Like Budge she was an orphan, her father having died in an identical accident.

Tom Shovell, the shift captain, swung off the ladder and bent down over the body. Then he looked sympathetically at Ben. "You get on home. We'll do what's necessary here." Ben nodded. "I'd be obliged if you would take it on yourself to tell Jenny. You—or Jesse." Jesse was Ben's wife. "I needn't tell you how sorry I am, Ben. He was a well-liked lad."

"There's little comfort in that for poor Jenny."

He began the climb to the surface once more. At the fifty fathom level Josh joined him. On the surface, the miners clustered round the top of the shaft murmured their sympathy.

There was a chill March wind blowing on the moor. Ben and Josh took the path that wound over the shoulder of the tor, towards the small cluster of slate and granite cottages huddled in a shallow depression on the east-facing slope.

"How . . . how do you think it happened?" Josh asked, speaking for the first time since they had left the shaft.

"I expect Budge was in a hurry. Probably trod on a loose rung. I've seen it happen too often."

He stopped talking as they heard a woman's light footsteps running and stumbling along the path towards them.

"Ben! Is that you? Oh thank God you're safe! Thank God!" Jesse Retallick clung to her husband, shaking violently. "They told me there'd been an accident. Was anyone hurt?"

"It was Budge." Ben felt her stiffen in his arms. "He fell from the ladder."

"He's dead then." It was a statement of fact, not a question.

"Yes," said Ben gently, "Jenny hasn't been told yet. I was going to see her but it might be better if you did."

Jesse was silent for a long time. Then she burst out, "Why? Why did it have to be Budge? The two of them had found so much happiness together. It's that damned mine. Worn ladders, frayed ropes"

"Enough now, Jesse. It gives us our living."

"Try to tell that to Budge—God rest his soul." She sobbed once, a long, uneven breath. But she slipped from Ben's arms when he tried to comfort her.

"I'll go to Jenny now. Before she hears the news from someone else." She moved away along the path and her voice came to them from the darkness. "Ben?"

"Yes?"

"I'm not forgetting to thank God it wasn't you."

As she hurried off, her words reminded Ben of the disconcerting, impetuous girl he had married, and he loved her for it.

IN THE KITCHEN of their small granite cottage on the outskirts of Henwood village, Josh ladled stew from the cooking pot on the fire into two bowls while Ben eased his boots off. They sat, eating in silence. Small but spotless, the kitchen served as dining and living room. In the one other downstairs room all the "best" possessions were housed.

Suddenly the door banged open and Jesse Retallick bundled Jenny Budge inside, a thin, pale girl with little Gwen clutched wailing to her. Jesse took her straight through into the best room.

A minute later Jesse was back. "Josh, make yourself a bed on the floor in our room upstairs. Jenny will be moving into yours. Ben, bring some fire in here She hasn't started crying yet. When it comes it will be all the worse for the waiting."

Josh left his father filling a bucket with live coals from the kitchen stove, and made his bed up in a corner of his parents' bedroom. He was lying in it when his father came into the darkened room.

Ben saw the glitter of tears on his son's cheek. He said nothing but walked to the window and looked down the valley. There was light shining from the large windows of the chapel and he guessed the body of Budge Pearn had arrived there.

Then he heard the sound from the room downstairs. Starting as a low moan it quickly swelled and expanded until it burst out as a sob. Then Jenny began crying. Painful as it was to listen to, Ben felt a sense of relief. Now, Jenny was someone to comfort, a young girl who had lost her man. Before, she had been unapproachable, locked away where no one could join her.

Ben went downstairs, put on his boots and coat and let himself out of the house. Despite the chill east wind he found a great many villagers gathered in the Henwood chapel. There were inquiries from all sides about Jenny as he strode in the door. The women in the crowd knew that tomorrow, or the next day, it might be their turn. The mines were notorious widow-makers.

The inside of the small chapel was clean and stark. Ben was surprised to see the preacher inside. The Reverend Wrightwick Roberts was not a resident preacher. He rode the North Hill Methodist circuit. Only the larger communities like St. Cleer,