

Saved by the Bear

Jed Concord passed away on Tuesday, July 10, in Franklin, a small town in northern Missouri. He was only 54 years old. A lifetime as a drummer in a rock and roll band had brought about premature deafness. He was run over by an ice cream truck whose tinkling bells were meant to warn him of impending danger. Unfortunately for Jed, the sounds of the bells were well out of his hearing range.

Besides his house and a meager savings account, Jed had little to show for his 36 years as a drummer. He did, however, have one item of value – a mint condition 1926 Chrysler Imperial, series E-80, seven-passenger automobile. It was valuable not only due to its age and flawless condition, but also because it had been Walter P. Chrysler's personal car.

Jed's sole living heirs were his twins, Jenny and Jeep, now grown up and living on their own. Jenny lived in Franklin with her husband Horace Dodge. Jeep was completing his doctorate at the University of Missouri. In his will, Jed had left his house to Jenny and his car to Jeep.

Jed's funeral had been on Friday, July 13th. Jeep left Franklin the very next day to resume his research project in Pottersville, MO. He had left the Chrysler in Jenny's care.

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Monte Carlo was the curator in charge of the historic automobile collection at the Henry Ford Museum. He enjoyed his work, but frequently longed for a little more excitement in his life. His girlfriend, Opal Kadet, was an associate geology professor at Wayne State University in Detroit, MI. Opal often visited exotic places to study volcanic eruptions and earthquakes. Sometimes Monte was envious of Opal's freedom to travel so freely around the world.

On the night of Monday, July 16th, Monte received a call from his old friend Sidney Ferrari, an editor for *Car and Driver Magazine*. He often heard about privately owned antique automobiles. It was Sidney who had told Monte about the Chrysler in Franklin.

The very next day, Monte made an appointment with Steven Hamp, president of the museum. During a brief meeting, Monte persuaded Steven that the 1926 Chrysler would be an excellent addition to the Henry Ford Museum's antique car exhibit. Steven approved Monte's traveling to Missouri to contact the owner to make a fair and reasonable offer for purchase of the car.

When Monte told Opal about his upcoming trip to Missouri, she asked whether she could accompany him. Monte was thrilled with that idea and made reservations to fly to Kansas City the following day, Wednesday, July 18th.

The flight to Kansas City was uneventful. They arrived at 11:00 AM. Within an hour they had claimed their luggage, picked up their rental car, and prepared to leave the airport.

Opal, who had always been intrigued with maps, had brought along a Missouri Highway Map and the U.S.G.S. Franklin Quadrangle. Opal volunteered to serve as navigator. As they were about to leave the airport, she turned to the Kansas City and Vicinity Inset on the back of the state highway map. She asked Monte to depart the **1 KC-I** International Airport (B-2) on Route D East. They passed under I-29 and soon came to I-435. They turned onto I-435 east. After traveling less than four miles, they crossed the county line.

Glancing at the I-35/I-435 intersection on the map, Monte asked, "What's all that yellow around the intersection?"

Opal, consulting the map key, replied, "The yellow indicates a/an **2KC-I**."

After traveling another 3.7 miles on I-435, Monte crossed a wide river and asked, "Is that the Mississippi?"

"No," Opal replied, "that's the **3 KC-I** River, but it does flow into the Mississippi near St. Louis." This river serves as the boundary between **4 KC-I** and **5 KC-I** counties NE of Kansas City.

"When do we exit I-435?"

"When we get to I-70 at exit number **6 KC-I**, we will be merging onto I-70 east."

In a short while, Monte turned east onto I-70, and soon their route took them out of the area shown on the Kansas City Inset. Opal flipped the highway map to its other side showing the entire State of Missouri.

"How far is Franklin?" Monte asked.

"Franklin is west of Columbia (H-12). Using the Mileage Log on the highway map, it is **7 HM** miles from Kansas City to Columbia. Since the distance to Columbia is considerably less, I'd estimate that it's about 100 miles."

"Franklin is quite small. How did you find it on the map so quickly?"

"I used the Missouri Index to reference Franklin's location as being in section **8 HM**. You're right, Monte. Franklin is small. Its population is only **9 HM**."

There was little conversation during the remainder of the trip. Monte concentrated on his driving, and Opal studied the Franklin Quad. She noted that the map was drawn in the **10 F** series and that its scale was **11 F**. She was surprised to find that the map had two contour intervals. Most of the map had a 20-foot contour interval, but the bottom portion had a **12 F** foot contour interval. The dividing line between the two intervals, located in sectors 7 and 8, was State Route Z, a **13 F** (A. primary B. secondary, C. light-duty) road. In the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ 36 T49N-R17W was a cemetery with **14 F** Chapel next to it. The elevation of the chapel was **15 F** feet above sea level.

Franklin is in sector **16 F** (answer with a number) on the quad. Just north of town is the largest lake on the map. Its name is **17 F** Lake. Its source of water is Cottonwood Creek, a/an **18 F** (A. Perennial, B. intermittent) stream.

Upon arriving in Franklin, Monte stopped to ask for directions to the Concord house. He was told that no one would be at the house, and that he should visit Jed's daughter, Jenny.

As Monte got back into the car, he muttered, "I wonder what these people do for a living?"

Opal, pointing to Franklin on the topographic map, replied, "Some may be involved in agriculture. That pattern of small green squares surrounding the name of the town is the symbol for **19 F**."

As Monte nodded, he spotted an unfamiliar symbol on the quad.

"What's this?" asked Monte as he placed his finger on a black plus-like symbol in the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ 2 T49N-R17W.

"That's a **20 F** tick mark," Opal explained. "It can be used to determine coordinates for any location on the map. There are four tick marks on all 7.5-minute quads. The coordinates for this particular one are **21 F** N. latitude and **22 F** W. longitude."

When they arrived at Jenny's house, they found both her and her husband, Horace, at home. They explained that they had come to Franklin in hopes of purchasing the Chrysler. Jenny

informed them that her father, Jed, had passed away and that her brother, Jeep, now owned the Chrysler. Jeep was in Pottersville completing research for his doctoral dissertation. Jenny said her brother would quite likely consider selling the car because, quite honestly, he needed the money to complete his academic studies.

Monte asked whether he could see the Chrysler. Horace led the way to the garage where the Chrysler was being stored. At the sight of the car, Monte was so overwhelmed that he didn't know whether to jump up and down or cry. He knew immediately that he must add this beauty to the Henry Ford Museum's collection.

"How can we get in touch with Jeep?" Monte asked.

"I'll call him right now," Jenny replied.

They returned to the house, and Jenny dialed Jeep's apartment.

"No answer," Jenny muttered. "I'll try his cell phone."

After what seemed like hours, Jenny turned to Horace and said, in a very concerned tone of voice, "That's strange. Jeep never goes anywhere without his cell phone."

"We'll try again after dinner," Horace replied. "Would you like to stay?"

"No, we don't wish to take up your afternoon," Opal explained. "We'll go sightseeing and return around 8:00 PM. If that's okay?"

"Sounds like a good plan to me," Jenny responded. "Jeep should be home by then."

"You must visit Boonesboro," Horace suggested. "It has a number of fascinating historic buildings."

"Thanks. That's a fantastic idea!" Monte replied, as he and Opal were about to leave the house and return to their car.

When in the car, Opal once again took out the Franklin Quad. After a few moments she said, "Boonesboro is in sector 4 of the quad."

"How will I know which road to take?"

"There's only one road going west out of Franklin, and you're on it," mused Opal patiently. "Anyway, this **24-F** (A. primary, B. light-duty, C. unimproved) road will turn SSW and dead-end at M-87. Turn right. In about 0.35 miles, M-87 turns to the right. Stay on M-87. If you don't turn, we'll be on M-Z, and that'd take us far out of our way. M-87 will take us right into Boonesboro."

"How far to Boonesboro?"

"Monte, who cares?" asked Opal. "We have four hours before we are expected back at the Dodge's"

Feeling somewhat guilty for her earlier remarks, Opal determined the distance using a piece of string and the diagrammatic scale on the map. She later said, "Once we've turned onto M-87, it's **25 F** miles to the junction of M-87 and M-J in Boonesboro."

Monte, oblivious to Opal's tone of voice, said, "I've heard of the Public Land Survey System. What is the PLSS of Boonesboro?"

"The PLSS description of Boonesboro is **26 F**," replied Opal. (Assume the city limits of Boonesboro to be where a majority of the houses are located.)

Monte and Opal found Boonesboro to be a delightful little town. They visited several 19th century buildings and ate at a small restaurant specializing in catfish. They found the food delicious. After they had eaten, they headed back to Franklin and arrived at the Dodge home at 8:06 PM.

Jenny once again tried to call Jeep, but there was no answer. It was apparent to everyone that Jenny was concerned. Horace told Jenny that if she hadn't gotten into touch with Jeep by morning, they would drive to Pottersville. Opal asked if she and Monte could accompany them, should the trip prove necessary. Jenny replied that she would be delighted to have them join Monte and her.

The next morning, Monte and Opal arrived at the Dodge's home at 7:00 AM. Jenny said that she still had not been able to contact Jeep. At 7:30 AM, they left Franklin in Horace's new Chevy Suburban.

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After his father's funeral, Jeep had returned to his rented house in Pottersville. He was eager to return to his research studies of an ancient Native American burial site for a number of reasons. First, and foremost, it would help him deal with the loss of his father. Second, he wanted to finish his research by fall so he could complete his dissertation during the winter and receive his doctorate the following May. Third, he was worried that someone might stumble onto the site and disturb, or worse still, steal the many priceless artifacts. His fourth reason to get back to Pottersville was to visit his girlfriend, Lucy Cadillac, who lived there with her parents. On Wednesday, as Monte and Opal were on their way to Franklin, Jeep packed his lunch and left for the burial site.

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Morris Saleen was a St. Louis art dealer whose specialty was stolen merchandise. He was currently under investigation by the FBI for criminal violations in several mid-western states. Morris was planning to sneak out of the country, but he happened to be eavesdropping in on a conversation between two University of Missouri anthropology professors. They were discussing the extraordinarily fine pieces of Native American art Jeep had recently discovered.

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Morris had visited the university and discovered that, although no one knew the exact location of the treasure, it definitely was somewhere near Pottersville. Morris and his partner, Cuda Volare, had driven to Pottersville late Tuesday evening, July 17th. They had discovered where Jeep lived, driven to his house, and waited for Jeep to leave. Jeep left the house at about 3:00 PM on Wednesday. This was much later than usual because he had been busily working on site maps.

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Jeep drove west out of Pottersville (sector 6 on the Pottersville Quad) on M-K. He traveled at an azimuth of **27 P** as he was leaving. After driving for about a mile, he turned right on M-KK. He stayed on M-KK past the **28 P** Church (sector 5) at the intersection of M-KK and M-AD. Next he passed a vertical control station marking an elevation of **29 P** feet. He turned right onto an unimproved dirt road (just past the NW graticule) and parked near the only building on the road, a mining office. The office, like the three nearby mines to the NW, had been vacated several years before.

As Jeep got out of his car he thought he saw another car, but neglected to give it much thought. He walked toward the first mine (SE ¼ NW ¼ 32 T24N-R10W). Reaching the mine, at an approximate elevation of **30 P** feet, he glanced back at the mining office to see whether anyone was there.

He turned west, passed two more mines, and arrived at a small pond near the burial site. Jeep was startled at the sound of a branch snapping. He immediately turned and spotted two men, hardly dressed for outdoor activities, nearly 200 feet away.

Jeep knew instantly that these two men were up to no good. He couldn't permit them to follow him to the site, so he kept on walking. From the pond he walked at an azimuth of 310 degrees, carefully marking his trail with a hatchet. By the time he had reached the county line, he had traveled **31 P** miles from the pond. Glancing back, Jeep saw that the two men were still in pursuit. Increasing his pace a bit, Jeep left Howell County and entered **32 P** County.

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When he reached the County Line, Morris stopped and waited for Cuda to catch up.

"He knows we're following him. He'll never lead us to the artifacts now," Morris grumbled.

"Let's catch him and make him talk," panted the totally out-of-shape Cuda.

They picked up their pace, but continued along the same azimuth. In the N ½ NE ¼ 25 T24N-R11W, they crossed two intermittent streams. One was Butler Hollow; the other was **33 P**. It was flowing to the **34 P** (A. NE, B. SE, C. SW, D. NW).

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Jeep watched the two men as they crossed the streams. Very concerned about the predicament in which he found himself, he decided to call his girlfriend, Lucy, whose father happened to be the sheriff. He searched through his backpack and, to his dismay, found that his cell phone was not there.

The remainder of the day, Jeep skillfully avoided his pursuers. As darkness approached, Jeep sought out a secure hiding place on Low Gap Ridge (sector 3, Cureall NW Quad). The next morning, Jeep discovered that the two men had also spent the night on Low Gap Ridge. Their camp was only 100 feet from his hiding place. Jeep remained hidden.

The men spent a long time plotting how they should proceed. Jeep was certain they were "cooking up" some sinister plan to capture him and force him to talk. Finally, at about 10:00 AM, the men started walking toward Jeep's hiding place. Knowing they would probably spot him soon, Jeep started walking toward the SW on Low Gap Ridge. The men did spot him and immediately started running in his direction.

Jeep was younger, in much better shape, and dressed for the woods, but he was also carrying nearly 50 pounds of equipment. He was gradually putting distance between himself and his pursuers, but not nearly as much as he would have liked.

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With Horace at the wheel, Jenny, Monte, and Opal left Franklin for the trip to Pottersville. They stopped for gas in Jefferson City (J-12 on the highway map). Opal spotted a map store across the street. She J-walked across the street and soon returned with an assortment of maps.

"What did you buy?" Jenny asked.

"I bought the Pottersville Quad, and just to be sure, I also bought a copy of each adjoining quad."

"How did you know which quads to buy?" Horace inquired.

"The margins of topographic maps include the names of all adjoining quads. On the Pottersville quad, for example, you can find that the quad to the SE is **35 P**."

They parted Jefferson City, traveling south on US-63.

"How far to Pottersville?" Monte asked.

"We have driven it before, but I can't remember the exact mileage," Horace replied. "We stay on US-63 until we get to West Plains. Then it's about 15 miles west to Pottersville."

The highway map gives the distance between Jefferson City and West Plains as **36 HM** miles," Opal told Monte.

On their way to West Plains, they passed **37 HM** just north of Vichy (L-13). It isn't large enough for 737's, but it could handle small planes. As they drove through Rolla (L-13), they saw signs for the University of **38 HM**. Near the town of Willow Springs (P-13), they crossed the **39 HM** River.

Reaching West Plains, population **40 HM**, they turned right onto M-K and proceeded to Pottersville.

They drove to Jeep's house, but found that he wasn't there. Jenny asked Horace to drive to Lucy's house. Jenny and Horace had met Lucy on a number of occasions. Fortunately, Lucy was home and told them that she, too, was worried about Jeep. She had not seen nor heard from him for two whole days.

"Let's hike to the burial site," Lucy shouted as she grabbed her backpack.

"You know where it is?" Jenny asked.

"I'm the only one other than Jeep who does know."

As they approached the mining office, they spotted two vehicles, Jeep's and one they had not seen before. They hiked to the burial site near the little pond. Lucy noticed three sets of footprints. One set had been made by boots; the other two by dress shoes. The site was completely deserted. By now, they were quite certain as to what was happening. Opal was happy that she had brought along her topographic maps.

Lucy led the way as they carefully followed the trail Jeep had marked. It meandered a bit, but finally they reached Low Gap Ridge (sector 3, Cureall NW Quad). Lucy identified the spot where Jeep had spent the night and also the primitive campsite of the two men who were following him.

Opal couldn't locate Low Gap Ridge on the Pottersville Quad, so she was certain they had already crossed the west neat line of the Pottersville quad. This neat line indicated a longitude of **41 P W**. They were now within the boundaries of the Cureall NW Quad. Soon she located Low Gap Ridge in Sector 3.

Lucy searched for footprints to determine which direction the two men had gone. When she spotted several shoe impressions, she knew that Jeep and his pursuers were running. Lucy called out to the others, and they scurried to join her.

Jeep scampered down Low Gap Ridge, turned west, crossed an intermittent stream, and climbed a steep slope. He was on Devil's Backbone (sector 3, Cureall NW Quad). There was an unimproved dirt road on the top of Devil's Backbone. Jeep ran south along the road. The road turned west, then SW before it joined another dirt road (the intersection of the two roads is in the SW ¼ SW ¼ 26 T24N-R11W). While at the intersection, Jeep heard a sound behind him. He turned, stepped into a rut, and fell. As he stood up, a sharp pain shot through him. Painfully aware that he had sprained his ankle, Jeep limped off the road and into the thick underbrush. Jeep immediately decided where he must go.

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Morris and Cuda had gradually been losing ground in their attempt to overtake Jeep. They were about 300 feet behind him when they saw him turn, fall, and limp off the road.

"I think it's a trick," Morris said.

"What should we do?" Cuda asked.

"I'll stay on the road, and you cut through the woods. We'll try to outflank him."

Morris was at the intersection where Jeep had fallen when he heard a terrible growl. Cuda suddenly came flying out of the woods, a large black bear close to his heels. Morris and Cuda ran to the nearest tree and climbed as high as they could. The bear lumbered over to the tree, stood up on his hind legs, and tried to grab Cuda's ankle. Within moments, her two curious cubs had joined her.

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Jeep heard the commotion, but continued limping toward his chosen destination. He had to get to the High Place Lookout Tower (NW ¼ 34 T24N-R11W) for he knew there was a phone in the tower to call for help.

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About 30 minutes later, Lucy, Jenny, Horace, Opal, and Monte arrived at the intersection and spotted the two men high in a tree, fearfully staring down at a disgruntled bear.

"Lucy, hand me the field glasses!" Monte demanded.

Monte trained the field glasses on the two men in the tree, and said, "That sleezy-looking dude is Morris Saleen. Every museum in the country has received a wanted poster with his picture on it."

"I'll call my father and ask him to pick up those two guys," Lucy said.

Lucy told her father that the two men could be found at about **42 C** kilometers from the High Point Lookout Tower at a bearing of **43 C**.

"Now, let's find Jeep," Lucy said. "That bear and her cubs will keep those two guys treed until the police arrive."

"Where could Jeep possibly have gone?" Jenny wondered aloud.

"I bet he's headed for the High Place Lookout Tower to use the phone," Lucy replied.

"According to the topo map, the bearing from here to the tower is **44 C**. I have a compass in my backpack," Lucy said. "Let's go!"

“How tall is the lookout tower?” Monte asked.

“The map doesn’t include the height of the tower, but its base is at **45 C** feet above sea level.”

As they approached the tower, they saw that Jeep had already crawled half way up. Horace and Monte helped him back down.

Lucy called her father once again and asked that he send a helicopter for Jeep. Her father reminded Lucy that Howell County didn’t have a helicopter, but said that he would immediately dispatch an ambulance from West Plains.

Jenny introduced Jeep to Monte and Opal. After discussing the long ordeal Jeep had been through for the past two days, Monte asked Jeep whether he would be willing to sell the Chrysler for display in the museum. Desperate for money, as Jenny had said he might be, Jeep agreed to the sale.