

THE MOUNTAINS OF Portugal are known for their steep gorges and stunning views, a perfect spot for hikers like Jan deWys, president of the deWys Trust, Holland's richest charitable foundation. Jan and his assistant, Margo, were combining business with pleasure, taking care of paperwork in the morning hours, then hiking throughout the beautiful summer afternoons.

It was Thursday, their last full day at the Pinhão Spa. They had just finished lunch with Gordon Armgaard, a fellow Netherlander they met just the day before. Gordon and the young millionaire had a lot in common and got along instantly.

"I know you have to get to the Lisbon airport," Jan said as Gordon packed up his rental car. "But you certainly have time for one last hike."

Margo, sensible as always, came up with the solution. "Gordon can drive us to the river trail. All three of us can hike for an hour or so. Gordon will drive to the airport from there, and we'll walk back. It's not very far."

Gordon finally agreed. They were getting into his red Renault when a voice stopped them. "Jan! What a coincidence." It was Sophia deWys, Jan's estranged wife, who was just emerging from a taxi with her luggage. "I had no idea you were here."

Jan seemed delighted by the encounter, but Margo did not. "What a coincidence," the middle-aged assistant echoed. "We were just leaving." And before anyone could object, Margo bundled her employer into the car, and they sped off.

Sophia spent her day by the pool, waiting for their return. Late that afternoon, she saw the two hikers coming down the trail. "We're exhausted," Margo called out from a distance. "Maybe we'll see you tomorrow at breakfast."

On Friday morning, Sophia got up early—early for her. It was 10 A.M. when the Italian-born beauty came down to the lobby, just in time to see Margo at the front desk, checking out. Sophia had hoped to spend a few minutes with her estranged husband, but Jan was nowhere to be found. By the time Sophia wandered out the main door, it was too late. All

she saw was the back of his head as he drove off in the rented Mercedes. Margo, in the passenger seat, turned around, saw Sophia in the doorway, and smiled triumphantly.

Early that afternoon, the Mercedes arrived at Vimioso. As the crowd flew, the picturesque village was only 30 kilometers from Pinhão, but upstream and on the other side of the Douro River. The rocky, twisting roads made the trip into a 3-hour ordeal. Despite the miserable drizzle, Jan deWys decided on some exercise. At 2:30, he approached the concierge and asked for a hiking map. "My assistant doesn't want to go with me," he explained with a cheery shrug. The millionaire adjusted his sunglasses and waved good-bye to Margo, who was in the lounge having tea.

"Was that Mr. deWys?" the Englishwoman next to her inquired. Margo nodded. They had introduced themselves only a few minutes earlier and were exchanging small talk. Gloria Westin and her husband both worked for International Infant Charities. "Wait till I tell my Horace," Gloria gushed. "For years, we've been trying to get a meeting with Jan deWys. Horace is out hiking, too. Maybe they'll run into each other."

The Westins never got their meeting. That evening, when Jan deWys still hadn't returned, Margo raised the alarm. Other hikers had seen deWys hiking off by himself, but no one had seen him after 3 P.M.

It was late the next morning when a female hiker came across his belongings. Off the narrow trail, along a steep slope, she found the sunglasses and his monogrammed walking stick. Scuff marks and broken twigs led to the edge of a cliff. A hundred feet below, Jan deWys's backpack had latched itself onto a branch in the middle of the deep, swiftly flowing Douro.

For two days the police searched, going downstream farther and farther until they found him. Jan's bloated remains were lodged between a pair of boulders in the middle of the river, a kilometer from the Douro bridge, and an amazing twenty-five kilometers from the spot where he'd fallen in.

"No. Not fallen in," the local doctor told the police offi-

cials. "Hit over the head and pushed in." He showed them the contusion and explained the evidence. "Clearly a case of murder."

Whodunit? (1) Who killed Jan deWys? (2) What was the motive? (3) How did the killer hope to fool the police?