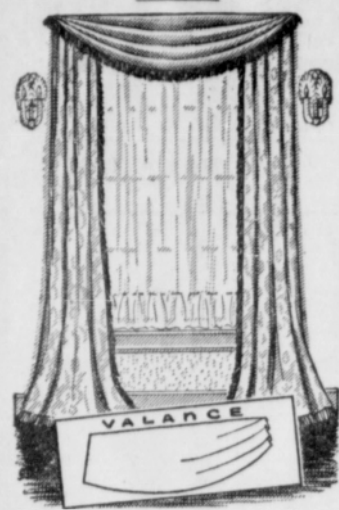


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Vanished Men

By GEORGE MARSH

THE STORY SO FAR: Bound for the Chibougamau gold country, six men lost their lives on the Nottaway river. Red Malone, Garrett Finlay, brother of one of the six, and Blaise, half-breed guide, arrive at Nottaway posing as surveyors.

INSTALLMENT TEN

Malone flashed his pocket torch on the face of his friend, swollen beyond recognition. "By the father of all the moose, Blaise, look at him!"

"By gar, boss, w'ere you get dem bite?"

"You mean to say you two didn't hear the 45 a few hours back?" demanded Garry.

"Not a shot! I saw through the glasses that you and Lise were sitting pretty cozy on the beach and everything looked all right, so Blaise and I took a paddle up the lake.

"We came back around five, couldn't find you, so turned Flame loose. Then we lost him."

"Yes," laughed Garry, "everything was all right except that Tete-Blanche and his mob jumped me after she left. But I got three or four before they cracked me from behind with a club. I came to, lashed to a tree in a small bog back in the bush. Flame, bless 'im! took their trail and found me. Then he chewed the thongs on my wrists."

"I told you, Garry!" burst out Red, flourishing his long arms in his anger. "Blaise and I warned you! The little, doublecrossing—"

"Wait till you hear the story, Red. It's a queer one!"

As they paddled back to camp, Finlay told the story in detail. "Well, what do you think, Constable Malone?"

"It looks like wolf eat wolf, now, Sergeant Finlay. If we don't get this Tete-Blanche, he's bound to get us! After today it'll be no quarter."

"Well, what's your idea, Blaise?" asked Finlay.

"We get dat white-head, quick, or we navare leave de lake. Dey goin' to hunt us like starve wolf. Some night we go straight to Isadore's place, I put a knife into Tete-Blanche in bees bed and we take Isadore to de railroad."

"Steady! Not so bloodthirsty!" objected Finlay, splashing water on his tortured face and chest. "We happen to be police, you know. My orders are to investigate the disappearance of six men."

"Until we can show that Isadore has a vital reason for keeping white men out of this country we've got no motive for his having them shot."

"I thought, of course, it was placer gold, somewhere on the river, Isadore was covering," said Red, "but Wabistan's never seen them working the bars."

"That's just it. We can't show a plausible motive for murdering these men. Haven't scratched the surface of this case yet, Red."

"You're right, chief. And if he succeeds in turning the Montagnais against us, we'll never get out of this country."

"They'll swarm on us. If we have to disclose the fact that we're police, Isadore will blame the Indians, stand pat and we're licked."

"Exactly, and he'll bring charges against me for firing on his men without cause."

Red snorted in disgust. "Why, you had to fight 'em, Garry! You knew they'd wipe you out if they took you and there'd be no proof of what happened. Of course, it's regulations but, after what we know and what they tried to do to you, what are you going to call it when Blaise and I meet up with this Tete-Blanche?"

"Self-defense, Red!" Garry chuckled.

"Thanks, Sergeant Finlay! Do you know this is the toughest assignment you and I ever had? You asked for it and got it because you were a trained surveyor before you joined the force."

CHAPTER XI

The returning Peterboro was met at the camp by Wabistan and his two sons. Beneath his thatch of grizzled hair and seamed forehead the old man's eyes were beady with excitement. "Ver' bad time at head of lake!" he announced.

Kinebik gove de Montagnais whiskey an' tell dem white man make de chil' sick, an' more will die if de 'Evil Eye on Three Leg' stay on Waswanipi." The startled Indian peered into Garry's caricature of a face as he took his hand. "How you come dis way?" he demanded.

Finlay attempted a twisted smile. "Your friend, Tete-Blanche, tied me up and left me to the bugs."

The muscles in Blaise Brassard's jaw bulged. "When we leave Waswanipi," he rasped in Cree, "we leave Tete-Blanche in the ground and take Isadore with us! He has broken the law and given the Montagnais whiskey!"

"Take Isadore with you? Are you police sent by the Fathers at Ottawa?" excitedly demanded the old man.

Blaise shook his head. "No, but we are sent by the Fathers to make a picture of the lakes." He repeated his talk with Wabistan to his friends.

"He's right, Blaise," said Garry. "They've shown their hand. After today they've got to get rid of us to save their skins. And they'll use Kinebik and this evil eye mumbo-jumbo to do it."

Finlay receives an anonymous letter suggesting that the six men were not drowned as reported. Suspicion prevails that Isadore, rich for man, has made a gold strike and aims to keep prospectors out of the country at any cost. The three

"Well, what's our next move, chief?" demanded Red, fidgeting like a bear on a chain. "After what they tried today I'm not sleeping sound until I get my hooks on this white head."

"Don't underestimate that bird, Red," warned Garry as he sat stripped to the waist by the fire, rubbing his tormented body with the soda solution. "He's quick as an otter. I was sure I had him today. He wasn't ten yards away and coming in, head on, when I threw the gun on him! I never made a worse miss."

"You don't make many, Garry. Now what are the orders?"

"I'm going to Matagami to have a report for headquarters relayed by canoe to the railroad. It's my alibi and last will and testament," said the blinded man, nursing his puffed face. "With these wild Montagnais crazy with Isadore's whiskey and fed up with the idea that we've sickened their children, we've got the chance a rabbit has with a snowy owl."

Malone stopped his pacing, bent and peered anxiously into the fire-lit face of his friend. Then he faltered: "You're—you're not sending—for help?"

An effigy of a smile touched Finlay's distorted features. "Do you think I am, Red?"

"Not the Sergeant Garrett Finlay who wintered on the Liard River with—not the man I saw bluff those miners at Fort McLeod!"

"No, we'll play this through, the four of us, as we started," said Finlay.

"That night Jules was in the trade-room with Tete-Blanche, Tetu and Labelle. I listened at the open window. They are going to take a guard at the outlet of the lake, the Quiet Water. They'll try to ambush you."

"Your lives depend on your leaving at once!"

"I implore you, Garry Finlay, trust me and send an answer by Louis. If you wish to reach me, later, leave a note under the big rock on the bathing beach. Louis will get it. Please, oh, please believe that I was honest that day, that I—that you're my only hope."

"Lise."

Finlay's brown hands were unsteady as he finished the letter. As wind driven surf pounds a beach, wave on wave of emotion had beaten through him as he read. He read the letter again while the waiting Malone and Blaise scowled.

Finlay handed the letter to the disturbed Malone. "We were wrong, Red. This letter is honest and explains the whole thing. It couldn't have been faked and, besides, they know it wouldn't work the second time. There's news here that'll interest you. When you read it, you'll agree that Isadore couldn't have had a hand in this. It's too damned straight!"

Malone slowly wagged his head as he took the letter. "What the women will do to a good man!" he sighed. But, gradually, as he read, the sneer on his incredulous face smoothed out.

"Well, I'll be shot at sunrise if I don't think the kid is on the level!" exploded Malone, returning the letter to Garry. "I've handed her some pretty raw compliments, Garry, but I'm goin' to take them all back right here and now. Isadore'd never play it this way if he was behind this. That girl can sure write a letter, and boy! is she weak on Sergeant Garrett Finlay? Some medicine man, chief!"

The blood drifted up over Finlay's brown neck and cheeks as he met Malone's grin. "Red, we're going to take care of her!" he said quietly.

Malone thrust out a big-wristed hand and gripped Garry's. "We are, chief, and so is Blaise! Aren't you, Blaise, you old sour face?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"Don't underestimate that bird, Red."

lay. "I'm going to report that we've found the bodies of two men who had been shot, not drowned, and were, ourselves, fired on, on the Nottaway; that I was ambushed and, finally, that we're going to stick until the arrival in August of a mysterious plane from the Bay when, if we live that long, there'll be a showdown. Because of the gravity of this Indian situation, I am advising the dispatch of a police plane in September to view our graves and clean up the case. This looks to me like the Waterloo of Sergeant Finlay and Constable Malone."

A look of incredulity lay on Malone's freckled face. He squinted curiously at his chief: "You're not talking like your old self, Garry. You've taken a tough lacing from those bugs. You're in misery. And you're naturally sore over the scurvy trick that Jane played on you. But when the poison's worked out of your system you're going to feel better about this jam we're in. I tell you we're going to bust Isadore wide open and if those Montagnais start to hunt us, there'll be plenty of red widows in these parts."

"You may be right, Red," Finlay raised his face with his closed eyes to his friend. "But if we're licked, we'll go down with our colors flying!"

In the morning Wabistan left for the head of the lake to carry on his losing fight against the medicine man. For two days Garry's physical condition kept him in camp, then the swelling began to leave his eyes and he could see. The afternoon of the third day, on his return from the gill-nets with Moise Wabistan, Blaise announced: "Cano' movin' up de shore!"

Red got his glasses from the tent. "Well, I'll be whip-sawed if that double-crossing Jane hasn't had the gall to send that boy hunting for us, again!" snorted Malone.

"Sure it's the one who brought that message?" asked Finlay, alive to the sudden tightening of his throat, the jump of his pulse.

"Absolutely," said Red, his binoculars at his eyes. "Got to hand it to that kid! He's game to show up here after what happened."

A hundred yards from shore the canoe man held his paddle with

men start out on the Nottaway, and visit Isadore in his magnificent home. Finlay meets Lise, Isadore's stepdaughter, in response to an appeal to save her. He is ambushed and knocked unconscious. Malone and Blaise find him.

spread hands above his head, the Montagnais gesture of friendliness. Then he drew something white from his shirt and waved it.

"He's shaking like a bush in the wind," commented Malone. "Tell him to come in to the beach."

The canoe moved in to the beach. "Well, here's where she tries to alibi herself out of it." His freckled face sour with disgust Red handed Finlay a skin wrapper containing a letter. "What a nerve that little de-coy duck packs in that swell shape of hers! She's as tough as raw-hide but who'd guess it with that face!"

Finlay ignored his friend's characterization of Lise Demarais. He began to read:

"After what has happened you have good reason never to trust me again. The very thought drives me frantic. But I had to write you. I swear I did not know they had followed me. If I had, could I have acted that way before those breeds? Could I have lost my head—done what I did? Do you think me as cheap as that? But I'm not sorry. I'm terribly glad. Believe it or not, I was honest. I was carried far out to sea. I've never met a man like you, Garry Finlay!"

"That night Labelle rushed in and called Jules from the table. When he returned, I knew by his face something awful had happened. 'You met Finlay this afternoon, damn you!' he roared. 'Now three men are dead and another hurt! But this fake surveyor paid for it tonight!' Then he struck me in the face!"

"It was all so sudden—so ghastly. He wouldn't tell us what had happened. I didn't know whether you were alive or dead. He accused me of trying to betray him. When I asked him what there was to betray he started towards me and I ran to my room to get my pistol. He'll never strike me again—never!"

"Oh, I beg you to believe me! I knew nothing—nothing about those men! They saw my canoe leave for the swimming beach and followed. They never had done it before. I was sick not knowing what I had done to you. And I was so terribly alone—so helpless! I didn't dare trust Corinne. She talks too much. Finally I found Louis Mikisik, my messenger, and he listened outside Tete-Blanche's cabin and learned that you had been left to die in a swamp. If I had known where you were, Garry Finlay, I would have found you, that night. But I could only suffer and pray."

"In the morning I saw Tete-Blanche and Tetu returning in a canoe to the post. Jules met them on the shore and acted like a wild man. Later Louis told me that you had escaped. I went to my room and cried. You were alive—alive and free!"

"Last night Jules was in the trade-room with Tete-Blanche, Tetu and Labelle. I listened at the open window. They are going to take a guard at the outlet of the lake, the Quiet Water. They'll try to ambush you."

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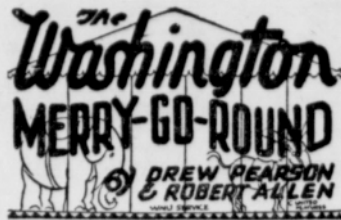
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(TO BE CONTINUED)



Washington, D. C.

BRITISH AND U. S. POLICY U. S. diplomats are not shouting it from the housetops, but there have been two important occasions when the British put a very restraining hand on American foreign policy, and checked major moves in the South Atlantic and the Pacific.

One move was last May when it became conclusively apparent that the Vichy government was the tool of Hitler and when many U. S. strategists favored the taking of Martinique and the Azores, and perhaps even a landing force at Dakar in French West Africa.

But the Churchill government protested that this would take U. S. ships away from transporting supplies to the Battle of Britain; would focus American attention upon another part of the world. So Roosevelt kept out of the South Atlantic.

The second move was about two weeks ago when Mr. Churchill telephoned the President to advise against any showdown with the Japanese in the Pacific. His advice came shortly after the new pro-Nazi cabinet took office in Tokyo. Churchill urged that the battle in Europe was the main show and the United States should not get absorbed with side-shows.

Regarding this Churchill advice, there continues to be a wide rift inside the Roosevelt administration. And incidentally, there is not complete unity on this point inside the British government. Australian sentiment leans toward a cleaning up of the Pacific situation, after which all parts of the British Empire, plus perhaps the United States, could concentrate on Europe.

Rift in Administration. Inside the Roosevelt administration, the men who urge a go-slow policy toward Japan are Admiral Stark, chief of naval operations, and the state department. On the other side are many of the other admirals, including Admiral Ernest King, commander of the Atlantic fleet, who says he can get along in the Atlantic merely with his present contingent of destroyers and light cruisers, which are all that are needed for convoying.

The first big point of the "strong policy" admirals is that every day of delay weakens the Russians, and the Russians are the big potential allies of the United States against Japan. With Russian bombing planes operating from Vladivostok against the paper and bamboo houses of Tokyo and Yokohama, the Japanese would be up against it.

The second big point urged by these admirals is one which not many people realize: When the United States went into the last war, Japan was on our side. There was no need to worry about the Pacific. But this time, the minute the U.S.A. becomes embroiled in Europe, it has to guard its back door against a traditional and very potent rival.

Therefore, argues the Pacific school within the navy, let's face our enemies one by one rather than have two jumping on us later and from opposite directions.

There is nothing the navy dreads more than the idea of attack in two oceans at once—attacks aimed at Alaska on one side and Brazil on the other. That is why some of the admirals so resent the phone calls from Winston Churchill.

U. S. DESTROYERS The submarine situation which forced the Reuben James and now threatens all U. S. destroyers in the North Atlantic, is far different from that of the last war.

Today, German submarines operate in gangs or wolfpacks of three to five, lurking in the path of a convoy, and without putting their periscopes out of the water. They do not even run their engines. Thus the approaching destroyer cannot pick up the subs with its sound detector, but the subs, on the other hand, can hear the engines of the approaching convoy.

Then when the convoy is within range, the subs release their torpedoes, sometimes blind. In other words, they do not lift their periscopes but frequently fire merely in the direction of the approaching engines. Because convoys travel so close together these days, hits are almost certain.

Submarines fire blind chiefly in the daylight. At night, on the other hand, when the submarine cannot be seen, it comes to the surface. This is one reason for the increased number of merchant vessel casualties since September, for as the nights became longer, U-boats have longer hours to operate on the surface.

CAPITAL CHAFF Says an official in the Finnish legation, "Eighty-five per cent of my people desire the defeat of Germany—but 100 per cent desire the defeat of Russia!"

Peru's air attaché in Washington, Col. Armando Revoredo, cried "To hell with the Good Neighbor policy" when Uncle Sam requisitioned Peru's 18 bombing planes. But actually he is a good friend of the U.S.A., was responsible for changing Peru's aviation instruction from Italian to American.

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teach a performing bear to dance by chaining it on a heated pan, says Collier's. Arabian camel drivers sometimes appease their animal's anger toward themselves by allowing it to bite and shake one of their discarded garments for several minutes.

African natives sometimes find a hippopotamus so sluggish that it will allow them to fish from its back in the middle of a stream.

Bear's Pan Dance

Jugoslavian peasants sometimes teach a performing bear to dance by chaining it on a heated pan, says Collier's. Arabian camel drivers sometimes appease their animal's anger toward themselves by allowing it to bite and shake one of their discarded garments for several minutes.

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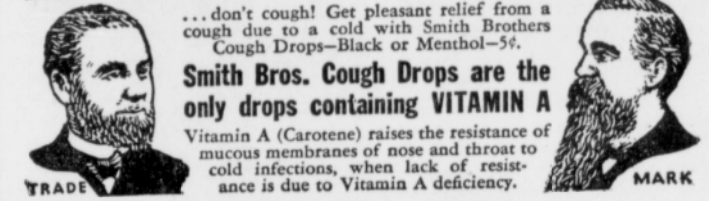
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Weakens by Exaggeration We always weaken whatever we exaggerate.—LaHarpe.

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First Virtue I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent.—Cato.

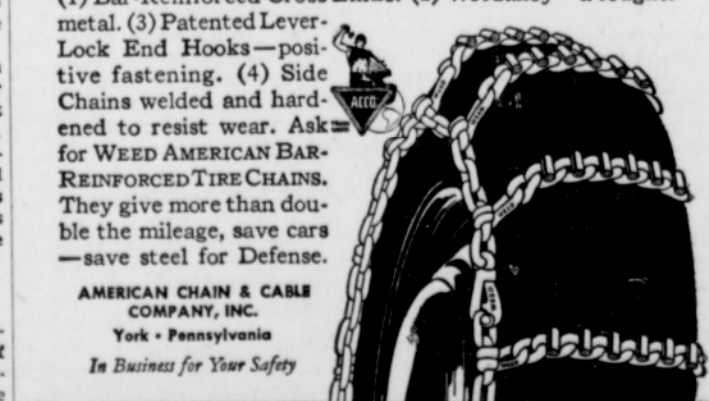
Customs Change The customs and fashions of men change like leaves on the bough, some of which go and others come.—Dante.



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