

SERIAL STORY

CALIBAN FROM CALEB

BY NORMAN KAHL

YESTERDAY: Angus gets away from the highway patrolmen, but he finds himself surrounded by a crowd of policemen. There he finds himself looking for a way out of the jam.

ADDIE ADDS HER BIT

CHAPTER IV  
WHEN Angus wakes up, his head feels like a concrete block. He opens his eyes and looks around. Then he closes them and remembers a lot of cops and police cars and more cops than he ever saw in one place before in all his life.

Angus is thinking how nice it would be if he were in Caleb, just being pursued by some smooth-talking heel. Doubtless the heel has a mustache. The vision is too much for Angus. He jumps up and notices for the first time the guard peering at him through the bars.

The guard is not a pleasant-looking sight. He has a neck that would be more becoming on a crocodile and he has a club in his hand. The man is not quite as big as Angus, but he is the best New York police department build dig up on short notice.

"I'm all right now," says Angus cheerfully. "You can let me out."

"Sure. Remind me in 1980, while the inspector wants to see you. He's waitin'. Better be peaceful."

WHEN Angus enters Inspector Callahan's office, the room is full of cops and men with cameras and guys who take one look at Angus and start writing. A flashlight bulb goes off about a foot from his face, and Angus dives for the cameraman who locks himself in the inspector's washroom and refuses to come out.

A dozen officers pile on Angus and hurl him in a chair. After a couple of minutes, Angus figures out that the gray-haired man with the iron jaw and the ruddy face, who is glaring at him from behind the desk is Inspector Callahan.

"So you're Angus MacPhillips?" says the inspector, and he looks Angus up and down.

"Yes, sir," says Angus. "Glad to meet you, sir." He waits and nothing happens, so he says, "Nice day, isn't it?"

"It was," barked the inspector. "Now, Mr. MacPhillips, can you tell me, if I'm not imposing on you, just what in hell you thought you were doing this morning?"

"I was looking for my girl and a couple of policemen stopped me."

Inspector Callahan explodes. "A couple of policemen! Look at this mob in here. Every one of them was mixed up in that riot. They're all here except the two that resigned and the three that ain't out of the hospital yet."

Angus looks around and smiles at the cops, but his smile freezes when he sees that most of them have bandages on their faces and several are wearing dark glasses.

"Too bad," he murmurs sympathetically. "I haven't time to describe all your crimes in one afternoon," says the inspector, "but I can give you a rough idea. You are charged with speeding, driving without an inter-state license, stealing a truck and butter valued at \$650, going through more stoplights than I thought we had in New York and resisting an officer—plural. Now maybe you'd like to start from the beginning to explain."

Even Angus can see there is no sense in arguing with this individual. So after he is back in his cell he just lies down on his bunk and thinks how nice it would be if she weren't so impulsive.

WHEN Angus wakes up, he is in a cold sweat and the morning sun is coming through his little window. The guard, whose name is Joe, is rattling his club along the bars. "For a guy what's got every broken law in the books on his conscience you sure sleep like a bear. Come on, you're wanted in the inspector's office."

For a minute after he steps into Inspector Callahan's office, Angus is sure he is still having his nightmare and then the idea slowly sinks in that the girl sitting next to the inspector's desk—the girl in the soft, silky brown dress with the white, bubbly collar, and the sheer silk stockings and high-heeled shoes—is Adoreen Mickle-twidge, prettiest girl in Dipple-swink county.

"Addie!" Angus gulps. "Gee, I was worried about you. Are you all right? I was gonna—"

"Maybe you didn't see the papers, Mr. MacPhillips," she says acidly. "Of course not, jailbirds don't read papers—or do they? Anyway, you have made me the laughing stock of New York. You

ruined my career, my whole life, Mr. MacPhillips, that's all! Look at this paper: 'CALIBAN AND ARIEL! LONE WARRIOR BESIEGES GOTHAM TO WIN FAIR DAMSEL.' Nuts!"

"Why, Addie! Gosh, I didn't mean to make you sore. You didn't get fired, did you?"

"Fired from what?"

"Your job—the one you wrote about. Dancin' in a chorus, or something."

Adoreen is scornful. "Oh, that! It was gone when I got there. Anyway, I wouldn't have taken it. It was in a burlesque show."

Angus is shocked, but he says, "Look, Addie, when I get out here—"

Inspector Callahan motions to the guard. "She can't wait that long, MacPhillips—even if she wanted to—which she doesn't. Now that Miss Mickle-twidge has told you what she wanted to say, you may as well go back and ponder on your sins until the court can set aside a week, or so to handle all the charges against you."

AFTER he gets back to his cell, Angus is lonelier than he has ever been before. He wonders if he can smash the bars, and then he is ashamed of himself because Joe trusts him so. He doesn't know that the bull-necked jailer has an arsenal handy just a couple of yards from Angus's cell.

In the afternoon, he asks the jailer to play double solitaire with him, so Joe stuffs some brass knuckles and a six-shooter in his pocket and brings a couple of decks of cards into the cell. After supper, Angus sits on his bunk and chews a stick of gum until the lights go out. Then he rolls in and manages to get some sleep.

Joe is yelling his name when he comes to. It is morning again, and for a minute he thinks he is back in Pop Wergenhimer's hotel in Moosehart and Pop is waking him up to drive the truck back to Caleb. But when Angus sees the guard's face, he remembers where he is and grunts unhappily.

"Get up, MacPhillips," Joe is yelling. "There's a dame to see you. She's in the inspector's office." Angus glares at Joe. Adoreen said yesterday she wasn't going to see him again—ever. And there isn't any other girl in the whole city of New York who knows him.

"What's her name, Joe?" Angus asks.

"A Miss Margate—and hurry up."

Angus looks at Joe and then scratches his head. There is something funny here. He doesn't know any Miss Margate.

(To Be Continued)

By HAROLD GRAY

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Secret Agent X-9



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

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ALLEY OOP

Squeeze Play

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE - with - MAJOR HOOPLE

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS



ZAMZAM SURVIVORS REACH SPAIN.—American survivors of the Egyptian liner Zamzam, sunk in the south Atlantic by a German raider, reach the railway station at San Sebastian, Spain, from St. Jean de Luz in occupied France where they were landed. They are on their way home by way of Lisbon, Portugal.

SIDE GLANCES



Stories in STAMPS



Danzig's Free City Status Short-Lived

IRONIC is this Danzig stamp, issued just before the Nazi occupation and still bearing the legend, "Free State of Danzig." The stamp depicts the signing of the treaty between Danzig and Sweden, thus ending an early 18th century war in which Sweden found herself engaged with Poland and Denmark. The stamp was issued in 1939 to commemorate the reunion of Danzig and Prussia in 1914 and served as a harbinger of events which were to follow swiftly. Danzig became a free city under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. Previously it had been the capital of East Prussia, but when World War I ended, Poland insisted on getting Danzig as an outlet to the sea. Hesitant to grant this request in view of Danzig's 98 per cent German population, the peace conference compromised by setting up Danzig as a free, to be administered by the League of Nations.

It was Wedg... it's just an old married couple having a nice quiet quarrel.