

SERIAL STORY

SECRET VOYAGE

BY JOSEPH L. CHADWICK

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YESTERDAY: Jim prepares to leave to salvage the Aurora. Jeff... Hammond comes on board... Jim says the Aurora is his last offer...

MYSTERIOUS SKELETON

CHAPTER VIII

MALLORY eyed the visitor with unconcealed bad humor. He wondered if this was the fellow who had been with Eric...

The man wore a white tropical suit that was well tailored. He had brown curly hair, blue eyes, and a friendly smile...

Jim said, "Keep your money, mister. And get off my ship." "Malloory, I have five thousand dollars on me. It's yours if you want it."

That was a jolt. Jim felt mentally rocked under its impact. "Listen, just keep talking. I'll listen, if you talk long."

"Money talks better than I do, mister," said the man in his usual way. He brought out a small, brown leather bag...

"And all I have to do for fifty-five thousand," Jim said, "is to tell you the Aurora's location?"

"That and break your contract with Jeffrey Hammond. Your ship is ready to sail. You might take it to South America."

"Does this money come from the Aurora?" "Does it matter where it comes from?" "That's not answering my question."

"Forbes" said the careful voice, "I've seen this money." "Which, Jim reflected, could be the Aurora's. "And if I take you up, mister?"

The man shrugged. "I told you once that you'd deal with me or have trouble. I'm a patient man, Malloory, but this is my last offer."

His voice was low, as careful as ever, but Jim had no illusions about him. "I gave Hammond my word, mister, and I never break my word."

"I was afraid of that." "And any trouble you've got, I'll handle."

The man shrugged again, closed his wallet and returned it to his pocket. A faint smile curled his lips, and above the smile his eyes turned chill and dangerous. "Well, I'll be seeing you, Malloory baby."

And he went ashore. Curly Bates came on deck from the engine room. Jim said, "See where that fellow goes, Curly. Find out what you can about him."

"Is it the guy with the money?" "The guy with a lot of money," Jim said.

Curly got back to the Aurora shortly after 6. He shook his head gloomily. "He walked down Collins avenue a long ways," he said. "Then back again. He went into a bar. I waited a while, then went in. He must have gone out another door. He must have known I was following him."

THE Caribbean was a crystal blue under the blazing tropic sun. The sea was calm, and everything peaceful, when the Aurora dropped an anchor from above the Sonora's resting place. It was hard to imagine that anything could happen there. It was illogical to think that any other boat could find the position.

Jim got into a rubber suit and went down that first afternoon, not to work but to look over the job. The depth was great for a rubber suit. When he felt the ship's deck under the leaden shoes he worried a little about the pressure. It was dark down there, an eerie greenish darkness, and the ship was merely a vague black bulk. He talked over the telephone, asking for more pressure and for an underwater lamp.

When the lamp came down on a line he moved along the deck. Movement was difficult for the deck slanted sharply to starboard, and the current was strong. Jim had landed on the foredeck and, after examining the forward hold hatches, he directed his light on the bridge. What he saw told him why the Sonora's captain and first officer had been lost. The bridge was wrecked, quite thoroughly wrecked, and the twisted remains were charred and blistered as if by fire. Or an explosion.

(To Be Continued)

REPLIES ROLLED IN—Rep. Lewis D. Thill, Wisconsin Republican, was all but swamped by the more than 5,000 replies he got in his poll—ballots being sent to every tenth in the Fifth Wisconsin district—on whether America should enter the war. His figures returns already tabulated are: 4,694 voting "no"; 411 voting "yes."

SIDE GLANCES



BRON

balls for five cents, mister—but when Rusty wags his tail I always know we're going to get a dime!

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE

Ready, Willing and Able

By HAROLD GRAY



POPEYE

Now Showing—"NO TIME TO TALK NOW!"

Tomorrow—"AN INTERRUPTED CALL!"

By E. C. SEGAR



Secret Agent X-9

By Robert Storm



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Something to Remember

By MARTIN



WASH TUBBS

Four to One

By CRANE



ALLEY OOP

Uncle Sam Wants Him

By V. T. HAMLIN



OUR BOARDING HOUSE - with - MAJOR HOOPLE

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS



TURKIYES POSTALARI



Turkey Straddles Road To Rich Oil Reserves

TURKEY sits on the fence in World War II torn between pro-ally sentiments and pro-axis realities. British defeats in Africa and the Balkans and the many victories of the Nazi legions have rendered Turkey a pawn in the game of power politics. The Turkish predicament is due to the fact that the country straddles an intended German right-of-way to the oil fields of Iraq and Iran. It is estimated Germany needs 7,000,000 and Italy 2,000,000 tons of oil annually to run axis war machines. The rich Mosul oil fields of Iraq alone produce half that much. When World War II broke out Turkey vehemently stated her intention to protect her borders with a million bayonets against all aggressors. That talk was replaced by an uneasy silence as Hitler's blitzkrieg swept through Europe. Optimistic figures list Turkish army strength at 1,000,000, with a potential reserve of 7,000,000. Actually that figure might well be halved. Included in the reserve are such units as the Scout Buglers, which the government honored philatelically in 1938 in the stamp above, whose military value is slight.