

SERIAL STORY MURDER IN FERRY COMMAND

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

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BOMBER TO MONTREAL

CHAPTER X

DAWSON was repairing the ravages of his stormy session with the spy ring in the bath of his Chicago hotel at about 8 o'clock that a telephone call was made to the steam room. It was the chief agent of the F. B. I. of special interest to Dawson. "Your girl friend boarded a Colonial Airways plane from New York City 10 minutes ago. Our Manhattan office wants to know if they'll be over American soil for an hour more—it's the evening plane for Montreal."

"I've a sudden hunch and want her to have more rope. My complete cooperation. One smart co-operation. In favor, old man, the War Office must have a Traffic Department. Would you in your authority last night was asked for any travel information by Carole Fiske?"

"I was about to tell you I was receiving a report on the actual did call up at 10:30 last night and asked for flying schedules."

"This will tickle you—Newfoundland via Halifax."

"Dawson murmured. The Turkish both he and Dawson took advantage of the few minutes to the Montreal bureau of the Intelligence. He gave instructions for the 1:45 TCA to be held in case he was and if a reservation was made use Carole Fiske—she would use her right name unless had a phony passport—to have the seat beside her for if the seat was already reserved that Intelli-

gence priority be used to secure it. It was a rough trip, with the plane flying into a strong headwind. But at 1:35 a. m. the pilot beckoned to Dawson and the latter squeezed his way past the large inside gasoline tank installed for the transatlantic flight.

"We're over Dorval now," the pilot yelled. "Sorry it took so long—that wind was plenty stiff."

Dawson hurried to the TCA airport office.

Outside the doorway, a man stepped out of the shadows. It was a Montreal bureau officer. "I've got your ticket here—thought you might not want to go inside because the girl is waiting with the other passengers."

"Nice going," Dawson cut in, "go inside and tell the dispatcher all's set for the take-off anytime, and I've gone directly to the plane. You hand in my ticket—they usually pick them up at the desk."

Dawson heard the flight announcement on the loudspeaker and saw the passengers filing through the door.

Carole Fiske came out alone. Dawson swung into stride beside her.

"Hello," he said simply. Carole Fiske halted in consternation as she recognized Dawson. But she quickly recovered her poise. One hand slipped out of her muff and she held it close to her body. It was a snub-nosed automatic.

"Don't try to stop me from taking this plane, mister, or you're a dead pigeon—I swear it!" Dawson laughed. "The surest way of missing your plane would be to shoot me here, sweetheart. Instead of trying to stop you I'm actually making the jaunt in the next seat—chummy, eh?"

The girl was obviously suspicious. Keeping the gun trained on him she hid it with her muff.

"Very well, let's go!" she commanded in lowered tone.

WHEN they reached the side of the waiting TCA plane, Carole Fiske slowed her pace and gave an almost imperceptible gesture with her head for Dawson to mount the movable stairway first. "Emily Post wouldn't approve," grinned Dawson.

On the second step he stopped suddenly as from the corner of his eye he caught a quick movement—a man had slipped up silently behind the girl and pinned her arms.

"Drop that gun!" he snarled into her ear. It was the Montreal agent and Dawson had completely forgotten about him. Of course the agent had picked up the bit of side-drama outside the waiting

room and . . . Dawson heard the hostess coming through the plane door, evidently attracted by the commotion. This was no time for delicacy.

Jumping lightly from the second step, he punched hard and true over the girl's shoulder straight into the agent's face. The latter reeled back, stumbled and plied into the snowdrift. Dawson made a flying leap and landed squarely on the stunned man.

"Never mind the poke," Dawson hissed, "act as if you are drunk and we're going in for a little horseplay . . ."

Both men began grunting and laughing as they rolled, Dawson finally yelling in a tone of mock surrender:

"Enough . . . enough . . . you got me, Joe."

They rose to their feet brushing the snow off their clothes. Carole Fiske was obviously amazed but she took a quick glance at the frowning hostess and played her part:

"Come on, darling," she spoke impatiently, "the plane is waiting—send your frisky friend on his way!"

With apparent unsteadiness, Dawson followed up the steps, checked in with the hostess and sat down heavily in his seat. The girl and he had the two end spaces.

She was staring at him coldly. "Nice way to treat a boy Scout pal doing his good deed," she commented crisply, "but why did you wreck it?"

Dawson took from his pocket an object which he tossed into her lap. It was the snub-nosed automatic.

"You dropped it outside," he said. "Now come again with the \$36 question."

Carole Fiske shoved the gun into her purse, frankly bewildered. "I asked you why you wrecked an excellent opportunity to turn the tables on me out there?" Dawson puckered his lips and tapped his fingers together thoughtfully.

"Maybe it's because I like to see good-looking girls given a chance to achieve their ultimate ambition in life. You, for example. . . ." he turned to face her squarely, "seem to have the burning and laudable purpose of killing me off. You put me on the spot in Chicago, then you threaten to make me a dead pigeon out here—I'd never forgive myself if I didn't let you kill me sometime. But, meanwhile . . ." his tone changed, "if you start playing with that peashooter again I'll turn you over my knee. Understand, my little lamb!"

(To Be Continued)



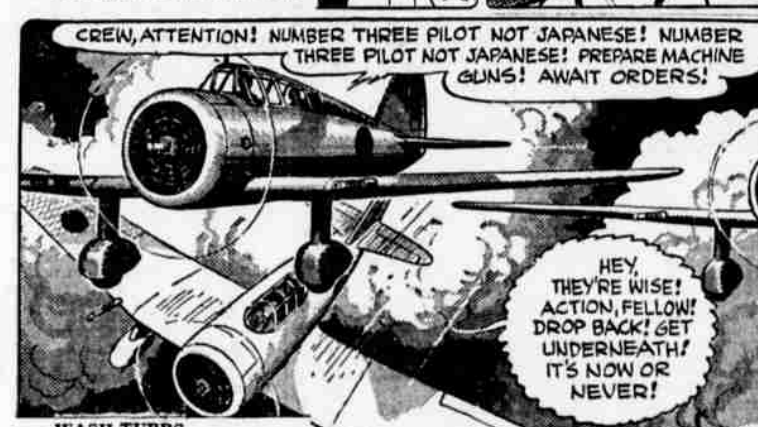
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



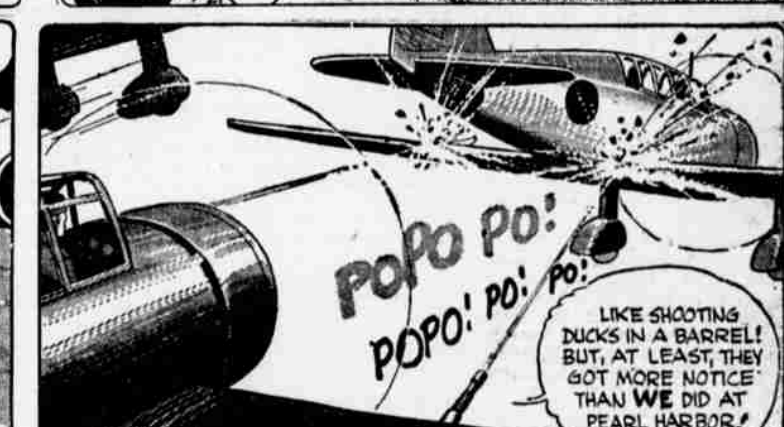
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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



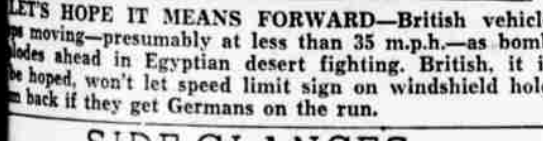
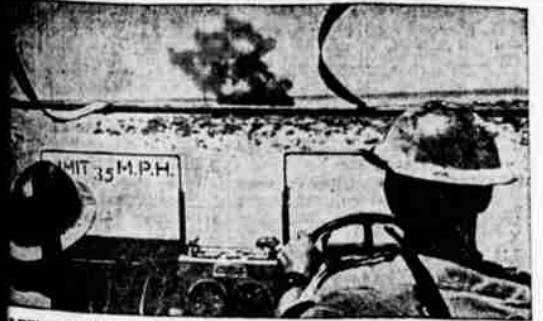
ALLEY OOP



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



DETROIT (AP)—The Detroit plane had to land for customs and immigration and Dawson took advantage of the few minutes to the Montreal bureau of the Intelligence. He gave instructions for the 1:45 TCA to be held in case he was and if a reservation was made use Carole Fiske—she would use her right name unless had a phony passport—to have the seat beside her for if the seat was already reserved that Intelli-