

# The Creeping Man

by Frances Shelley Wees

YESTERDAY: Devoe tells Michael, Tuck and Bunn that Murchison has disappeared, warns them of Miss Lissey's scandal-mongering, and clumsily tries to throw suspicion on Duncan.

## Chapter 22 Walk In The Woods

MICHAEL, coming home after a harrowing day at the office, decided to leave Christabel at the garage nearest the campus and walk across to the Horseshoe. As he explained to Tuck later, Christabel's congenial defect had cropped up again. Her congenial defect was a certain tendency toward collecting, in some mysterious and wholly puzzling manner, rust in her gas tank. No one not even the bluckest and most greasy mechanic could explain it. When it happened, when sufficient of the rusty particles had climbed warily into her bronchial tubes, Christabel coughed and choked and spluttered like an old lady with the asthma and finally refused to go until some ministering spirit had blown down her throat.

Michael passed through the pine grove and turned to the right on the path that led directly to the back gate of the Murchison house. As he did so he saw before him on the path the flutter of a light skirt and thought instantly that it was Tuck, come to meet him. But before he could make out the identity of the skirt's owner she had left the path and turned off among the trees along the river bank.

So Michael turned off the path too, into the trees at the left, and dodged quickly from tree to tree, trying to keep Tuck—as he thought—in sight and not letting her see him. Apparently she was out for an afternoon constitutional. From where she had left the path it was nearly a quarter of a mile to the edge of the river, but she traversed it quickly—now and then he caught the gleam of the sun on her dress as he followed warily. At last she reached the edge of the wood and was walking out in the open and Michael halted as he came to the edge of the shelter, and stood there behind a big pine watching her, for he had realized at his first clear glimpse of her that this was Tuck, but an older and more dignified Tuck, with a more dignified whitening hair—Alix Lissey. He was about to turn and slip silently off to the path again, having no desire to talk with her or be seen by her; then he saw what she was doing.

Miss Lissey was making her way through the undergrowth and over the rocks very slowly, bent double as if she had lost something and was looking earnestly for it. But the strange part of her searching was that she was doing it with one of those large reading glasses to be found on most elderly desks. She was progressing very slowly and everything," Michael muttered.

Once in a while she got right down on her knees and surveyed the rocks with extreme care; and again she would stand and stare ahead of her for several moments before progressing another step.

"Now what in the devil," Michael asked himself, rubbing his chin, "is she looking for?"

He moved silently along the wood as Miss Lissey moved. It was a shot through the still afternoon, and Alix Lissey swung round from her contemplation of the landscape. Her hand was pressed to her breast; her face was chalk white. There was utter horror in her eyes. She saw him. Afterward he realized that she could not possibly have recognized him in that moment; what she saw was a man, a blur of white face and dark clothes, lurking there among the trees spying on her. The sight unnerved her completely. She put a shaking hand over her mouth, but she made no attempt to run; rather she stood there as the rabbit might have stood, confronted with a snake. Michael remembered that, too, afterward.

He stepped out from under the trees.

"Sorry if I frightened you, Miss Lissey," he said apologetically. She stared at him.

"I thought you were my wife, out for a walk, and I followed you," he explained, as she still seemed unable to talk.

She dropped her hand. The rouge on her cheeks stood out in two brilliant hectic spots.

"It's a beautiful day, isn't it?" Michael continued, stepping out beside her. She put a shuddering hand on her shoulders.

"I thought you were—a bear," she said angrily.

"Bear? Are there bears in these woods?"

"Why not? Why did you come sneaking along there in the dark? You must have seen I wasn't your wife, the first time you looked at me," she said with a trace of bitterness. "Spying on me. Following me around. Spying. That's what you were doing."

"More spied upon than spying," Michael paraphrased to himself in a murmur. She had the grace to flush.

"What I am doing is my own affair," she said with acerbity.

"Certainly," Michael agreed politely.

"If I choose to come out for a quiet walk in the woods by myself, I see no reason why I should be accused of . . . of anything underhanded."

"Of course not, Miss Lissey." His eyes, perhaps unconsciously, strayed to the handle of the reading glass which protruded from the pocket of her jacket. She put her hand over it hastily, and turned defiantly away from him.

# On the RADIO CHAINS

STATIONS Where to Find Them on the Dial. Kes, Portland, 1180; KFI, 640. Los Angeles; KGA, 1470; Spokane, KGO, 790; San Francisco; KGW, 620; Portland; KJR, 970; Seattle; KXN, 1050; Los Angeles; KOA, 830; Denver; KOIN, 940; Portland; KOMO, 920; Seattle; KPO, 630; San Francisco; KSL, 1180; Salt Lake.

Tuesday, 5:00—Aldrich Family, KPO, KFI, KGW; Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR; Sunset Shadows, KGO.

5:30—Sherlock Holmes, KGO, KEX, KJR; Hald's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; uesday Night Party, KSL.

6:00—Hollywood, KGO, KEX; Music Room, KPO, KGW, KFI.

6:30—Pibber McGee, KPO, KFI, KGW; Crosby's Orch., KXN, KSL, KOIN; Human Side of Literature, KGO; News, KJR.

7:00—Address of Cordell Hull, KGO, KEX; Bob Hope, KPO, KGW, KFI; Calling All Cars, KXN.

7:30—Pop-Ops, KXN, KOIN; Drama KGO; Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW.

8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW; Amos and Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:15—Jimmy Fidler, KSL, KOIN; I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW.

8:30—Aldrich Family, KGO, KEX.

KJR: Johnny Presents, KPO, KFI, KGW; Big Town, KOIN, KXN.

9:00—Tuesday Night Party, KOIN, KXN; Good Morning Tonight, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dance Hour, KGO.

9:30—Messner's Orch., KGO, KEX; Battle of the Saxes, KPO, KGW, KFI; We, The People, KXN, KOIN; News, KJR.

10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Mariguera's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.

10:30—Foster's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Saunders's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.

11:00—Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX, Gray's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KXN, KGW.

Wednesday, 5:00—Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR; Sunset Shadows, KGO; Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW.

5:30—Kelsey's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; We Present, KGO, KJR.

6:00—Beyond Reasonable Doubt, KGO, KEX, KJR; Theater, KSL, KOIN, KXN; Drama, KOMO; Musical Soiree, KFI, KGW; Safety First, KPO.

6:15—Tip-toe the Clown, KGO; Musical Soiree, KPO.

6:30—Horse and Buggy Days, KGO, KEX; Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KJR.

7:00—Sketch, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Kyser's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Football Award, KGO, KJR, KEX.

7:30—Burns and Allen, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Adventures in Photography, KGO, KJR.

8:00—Waring's Orch., KPO; Breez-

ing Along, KGO, KJR, KEX; Amos and Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL.

8:15—I Love a Mystery, KPO, KGW, KFI; Lum and Abner, KSL, KXN, KOIN.

8:30—Whiteman's Orch., KXN, KSL, KOIN; Quiz Prgm., KGO, KJR, KEX; Aviation Time, KPO, KFI, KGW.

9:00—Pearson's Gang, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Fred Allen, KPO, KGW, KFI; Marriage Club, KGO.

9:30—Noble's Orch., KGO, KEX, News, KJR.

10:00—Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Sullivan, KXN, KSL; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KOIN.

10:30—Madriguera's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.

11:00—Gray's Orch., KOIN; Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KGW.

Killed In Action

Helsinki, Dec. 5.—(P)—Lieutenant Vuurima Gallen-Kallela, son of Finland's great national painter, has been killed on the eastern front while leading a patrol against the crew of a Russian bomber fighting in a forest. The whole bomber crew was killed.

Washington, Dec. 5.—(P)—Resident Commissioner Santiago Iglesias, representing Puerto Rico in congress, died today in Garfield hospital after a brief illness. He was 67 years old.

# CROWLEY WILL ACCEPT UTILITY CHAIRMANSHIP

Washington, Dec. 5.—(P)—Chairman Leo Crowley of the federal deposit insurance corporation said today he would accept the position of chairman of the board of the Standard Gas and Electric company but would remain with the FDIC several months to clean up several problems.

Crowley discussed his plans with reporters after talking with President Roosevelt about "the whole banking situation."

Asked whether he might remain with the FDIC for as much as six months, Crowley said "for a few months, put it that way."

Mayor by Coin Flip  
Jefferson, O.—(U.P.)—Gilbert H. Myers won the office of mayor of North Kingsville by the flip of a coin. Myers had tied with P. H. Boerngen. Both declined a recount of votes, and agreed to let the coin decide.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



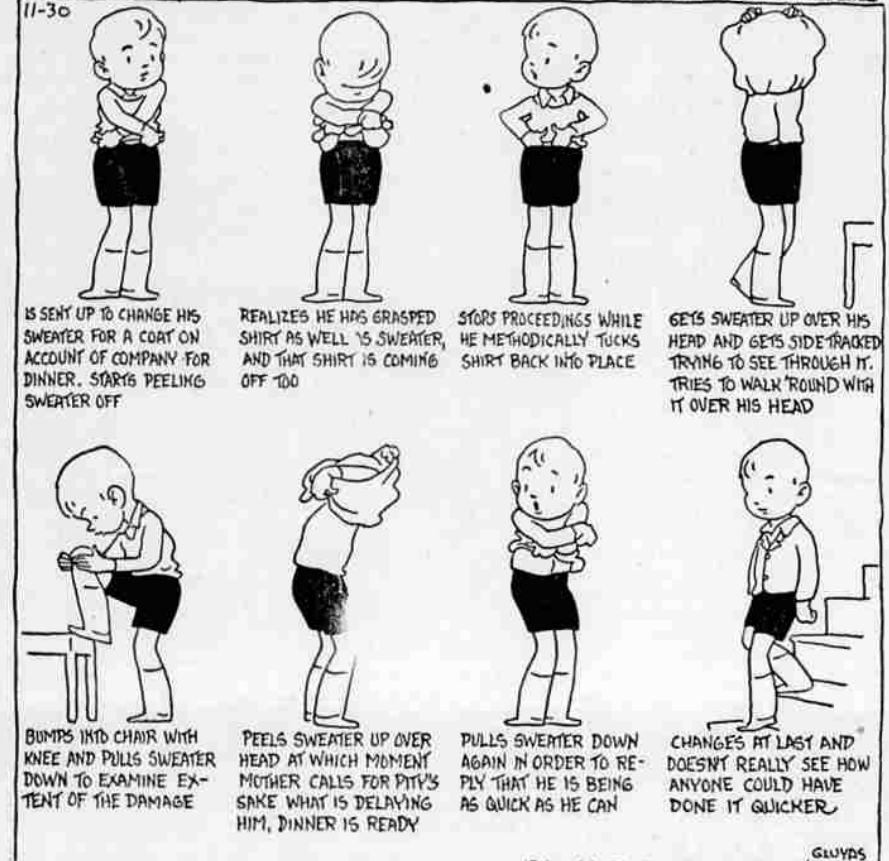
THE "HUMAN" ROOT  
When in 1860 the grave of Roger Williams, founder of Rhode Island, was opened nothing remained of Williams—not even a bit of bone. But in place of his body was found the weird sap root of an apple tree that had forced its way into the coffin, assuming the exact position in which Williams had been buried 177 years previously. The root now is deposited with the Rhode Island Historical society.

MAN-O-WAR  
Commander-in-chief of the combined French and British Armies is Maurice Gamelin, a 67-year old soldier. Gamelin was born at 282 Boulevard St. Germain, Paris, across from the war ministry on whose lawn he played war games as a child. Now he holds more military authority than any French officer since Napoleon.

Tomorrow: Strange "Cat-astrophe."

# QUICK CHANGE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IS SENT UP TO CHANGE HIS SWEATER FOR A COAT ON ACCOUNT OF COMPANY FOR DINNER. STARTS PEELING SWEATER OFF

REALIZES HE HAS GRASPED SHIRT AS WELL AS SWEATER, AND THAT SHIRT IS COMING OFF TOO

STARTS PROCEEDINGS WHILE SHEET PROCEEDS TO PLACE

GETS SWEATER UP OVER HIS HEAD AND GETS SIDE-TRACKED TRYING TO SEE THROUGH IT. TRIES TO WALK ROUND WITH IT OVER HIS HEAD

BUMPS INTO CHAIR WITH KNEE AND PULLS SWEATER DOWN TO EXAMINE EXTENT OF THE DAMAGE

PEELS SWEATER UP OVER HEAD AT WHICH MOMENT MOTHER CALLS FOR PITY'S SAKE WHAT IS DELAYING HIM, DINNER IS READY

PULLS SWEATER DOWN AGAIN IN ORDER TO REPLY THAT HE IS BEING AS QUICK AS HE CAN

CHANGES AT LAST AND DOESN'T REALLY SEE HOW ANYONE COULD HAVE DONE IT QUICKER.

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Gives Some Preliminary Instructions!



SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT FLYING, WITHOUT THE NECESSARY GROUND WORK, EH, CHUCK?

SURE! I HEARD ALL ABOUT IT ON THE RADIO! YOUSE WISE GUYS TRY TO MAKE IT SOUND HARD... SO'S YUH CAN KEEP TH' DUMB STUDES HERE A LONG TIME. AN MAKE MORE DOUGH!

I... AIN'T GOIN' UP 'TILL I KNOW HOW TO FLY, MISTER TOMKINS! I BEEN READIN' ABOUT ACCIDENTS... TO STUDENTS THAT SOLOES TOO SUDDEN-LIKE!

LEM, I THINK YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE! AND IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, I'LL MAKE A FLYER OUT OF YOU YET!

AW-WERTS-NAY!

AS FOR YOU, GALOON, EX-CHAMP, I'M PAID TO TEACH FLYING, AND I TEACH IT MY WAY! IF YOU DON'T LIKE MY INSTRUCTIONS YOU CAN STEP BACK OF THE HANGARS AND TELL ME I'M WRONG!

I MIGHT TAKE YUH UP ON THAT!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—We'll Say He Is!



HMM! GUESS MR. STEPLOCK AIN'T GOIN' TO WAIT AROUND— BUT, HOLD ON, FOLKS! YAIN'T HEARD NOTHIN'!

LEMME HAVE THAT DOUBLE PHOTOGRAPH JIM CRANE ENLARGED FOR US, BEN!

FOLKS, THIS HERE IS A ROGUE'S GALLERY PICTURE— D'YOU RECOGNIZE THE GENT?

STEPLOCK! IT'S STEPLOCK! WOW! THIS IS GOOD!

FOLKS, WE'VE HAD A PAROLED JAILBIRD RUNNIN' FOR MAYOR OF THIS TOWN! AN' HE'S STILL RUNNIN'! BUT THANK THE LORD HE'S NOW RUNNIN' OUT O' HAPPY VALLEY!

THE NEBBES—Money No Object?



BUDY NOW HAS EMBERT'S LABORATORY AND STOCK OF POWER PILLS MOVED INTO THE OLD BARN ON HIS PREMISES MUCH TO THE RELIEF OF THE GUESTS AND STAFF OF HIS HOTEL

I WANT AN ESTIMATE MR. DETTMERS TO REMODEL THIS BUILDING SO IT CAN BE USED AS A LABORATORY

WE WANT A NICE JOB AND WERE NOT GOING TO STOP AT A FEW DOLLARS TO HAVE IT DONE RIGHT

THIS ISN'T MUCH OF A BUILDING TO START WITH— LIKE TRYING TO MAKE A DRESS SUIT OUT OF A GUNNY SACK

WERE JUST GOING TO USE IT FOR EXPERIMENTAL PURPOSES— IT DONT HAVE TO BE SO FANCY TO BEGIN WITH

I'LL DRAW UP PLANS AND GIVE YOU AN ESTIMATE

USE A SHORT PENCIL AND GIVE ME A SHORT PRICE— HOLD THE PENCIL TIGHT— DONT LET IT SLIP AT MY EXPENSE

# CALIFORNIA VOTE SET NEW RECORD

Sacramento, Calif., Dec. 5.—(P)—More persons voted Nov. 7 when the Ham and Eggs pension plan was defeated than at any other election—special or regular—in California history. Secretary of State Frank C. Jordan announced today.

The official declaration of the special election vote showed 2,974,406 persons voted, represent-

ing 82.48 per cent of the 3,605,907 total registration. The previous high vote was 2,712,342, cast at the 1937 general election.

Poet-Soldier Dies  
Peiping, Dec. 5.—(P)—Marshal Wu Pei-fu, 61, poet-soldier of republican China, died today after an operation for an infected tooth, the Japanese news agency, Domei, reported. Wu had lived in obscurity since the armies were routed by Chiang Kai-Shek, now generalissimo of the national government, in 1926. The Japanese had tried vainly to enlist his aid.

As for you, Galoon, ex-champ, I'm paid to teach flying, and I teach it my way! If you don't like my instructions you can step back of the hangars and tell me I'm wrong!

I might take you up on that!

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BY SOL HESS