

The Creeping Man

by Frances Shelley Wees

Chapter 40

Pursuit

MICHAEL and Bunny came back to the house only a few minutes after Tuck had left. Michael was whistling as he ran up the steps to the sun porch, and talking to Bunny over his shoulder. "Well, it clears the air a little," he was saying, agreeing with something she had already said. Then, "Tuck!" he called.

"I guess she's gone to bed," he said as Bunny came in and stood beside him. They went into the house. Michael went through to the kitchen to find Charlotte Jean. It was dark out there.

"I wonder where Charlotte Jean is?" he said. "It's only half past eight."

Bunny looked at him with the beginning of a troubled frown. "It's her evening off, Michael, and I didn't think about it. Tuck shouldn't have been left alone, feeling so ill."

Michael was half way up the stairs by the time she had finished. The bedroom door was closed. He put his hand on the knob and opened it very softly, so as not to disturb Tuck.

Her bed had not been disturbed. He came down again in two steps. "She's not there," he said quietly.

She's nowhere downstairs either, "Tuck!" Bunny called. "Tuck!" Then she went to the door and called, "Kitty, kitty!"

"Agamemnon's not around either," she said after a moment. "She's not in the house, Michael. He never goes away unless she does."

Michael went out and stood in the garden. He looked over at the Deane's. There was a light in an upper room.

"She may have gone over to see Gordon," he said, and started swiftly for the gate.

He did not knock, but opened the door and ran up the stairs. Mrs. Deane was there alone.

"Has Tuck been here?" Michael asked softly.

"Yes," she whispered. "Gordon wanted to tell you something and the came instead. But the poor boy couldn't talk intelligibly, I'm afraid. I don't think she understood what..."

"Where is she now?"

"Why, I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Forrester. I haven't the slightest idea. She went out of here and home, I suppose. She didn't..."

"What did he tell her?"

"Why, that's just what I was telling you. I don't think he told her much of anything although it seemed to be troubling him terribly. He said something about a Creeping Man, I remember, as if he were having a nightmare. He said the Creeping Man came up out of the ground and hit him."

"Where did he come up out of the ground?"

"On the cliffs, Mr. Forrester. And..."

Michael was gone. Bunny was waiting on the porch. "Isn't she there?"

"No," he muttered; "the cliffs." He ran across to the path. Bunny followed him. Fear lent her wings. The sun was gone. The open space on the cliff was dark.

"Tuck!" Michael called. "Tuck! Where are you?"

There was no answer. He called again. Bunny stood beside him, listening.

"Hush," she whispered after a moment. "Do you hear that? Doesn't it sound like... Kitty-kitty!" she called.

The sound resolved itself into a loud mew.

They ran toward it. The cat leaped again. Michael reached into his pocket and drew out a flashlight. He turned it on ahead of them.

There, on top of a stump, mewling anxiously and sniffing at it, sat Agamemnon. He turned his head toward them and blinked in the light. He gave another loud, pitiful mew.

It Opens

"IT'S the stump, Michael," Bunny said, excitedly. "Look at it. She's touched that stump lately. He can tell, Michael. He loves her so."

He turned the light on it and they both examined it carefully. It did not take long to discover the mark of the saw; but it took longer to discover its significance.

"I believe it opens," Bunny said eagerly. "Michael, I'm positive the night we saw him he came up just about here."

"Through the stump?"

"He might. There might be a fissure in the rock down below."

Michael drew a long breath. "A fissure in the rock," he repeated. "That would be it. Look here, Bunny, is this a knot I've got my fingers on, or isn't it?"

She held the light closer. "It looks like it."

He twisted with his fingers. "Well, it isn't. It's a pin that lifts out." He took his knife from his pocket, opened it with shaking fingers, and worked at the knot. Then he leaned on the stump and it gave way.

Michael was down the narrow steps without a moment's hesitation. Bunny followed him. He took the flashlight from her once he was safely on the flight, and held it out before him. Far below he saw a ledge of rock and another flight of winding stairs; and below that a narrow cave, with water at the bottom. He went on down to the ledge of rock and walked along it as far as he could reach. He was standing in a solid wall of rock, it appeared. Rock. He looked about him. There above him, at the right, stood Bunny. She was just beneath the stumps now. She was about

Honors Ford

Detroit—(U.P.)—Mu Sigma Pi, vocational educational fraternity at Wayne university, has presented Henry Ford with an honor key in recognition of his achievement in industrial and vocational education.

Flying Grandmother

Ann Arbor, Mich.—(U.P.)—Flying Grandmother" they call 59-year-old Mrs. W. Carl Rufus, wife of a University of Michigan astronomy professor. She owns a plane and has done 85 hours of solo flying.

Orange and lemon trees are being planted on Baldhead Island, North Carolina's unique tropical belt.

On the RADIO CHAINS

Where to Find Them or the Dial

- STATIONS**
- Where to Find Them or the Dial
- Kex, Portland, 1180; KFI, 840 Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 620, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830 Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 926, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; RSL, 1180, Salt Lake.
- Friday.**
- 5:00—Frank and Archie, KJR; Sunset Shadows, KGO, Melody Time, KPO; Don't Forget, KFI.
- 5:30—Etchings in Brass, KGO, KJR; Musical Vignettes, KFI.
- 6:00—Plantation Party, KGO, KEX, KJR; Waltz Time, KPO, KFI, KGW; Prof. Quiz, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
- 6:30—Cavalcade of Hits, KGO; First Nighter, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Jesse's Variety Program, KPO, KFI, KGW.
- 7:00—Drama, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Lombardo's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; 7:30—Story Behind the Headlines, KGO, Olsen's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Drama, KPO.
- 8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Buckaroo, KGO, KEX, KJR.
- 8:15—1 Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW; Lum and Abner, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
- 8:30—Himber's Orch., KEX; Death
- 9:00—Tucker's Orch., KGO, KJR; Heidt's Orch., KOMO; Kate Smith, KNX, KOIN; London Letter, KPO.
- 9:30—Quintessential Musicals, KGO, KEX; University Explorer, KGO, News, KJR.
- 10:00—Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL; News, KOIN.
- 10:30—Heidt's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Highlanders, KGO; Deutch's Orch., KSL; Owen's Orch., KNX, KFI; Gray's Orch., KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KNX, KGW.
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- 5:30—Etchings in Brass, KGO, KJR; Musical Vignettes, KFI.
- 6:—Plantation Party, KGO, KEX, KJR; Waltz Time, KPO, KFI, KGW; Prof. Quiz, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
- 6:30—Cavalcade of Hits, KGO; First Night, KNX, KSL, KOIN; George Jessel's Variety Program, KPO, KFI, KGW.
- 7:00—Drama, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Lombardo's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.
- 7:30—Story Behind the Headlines, KGO; Olsen's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Big Town, KPO.
- 8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Buckaroo, KGO, KEX, KJR.
- 8:15—1 Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI,

COOPERATIVE STORE FOR RELIEFERS WILL BE OPENED IN LOS A.

Sacramento, Dec. 29.—(P)—The first administration-sponsored consumers cooperative store, a unit in Governor Olson's self-help program, will be opened in Los Angeles Tuesday.

The governor described the store as a "frank experiment" in an effort to remove unemployed from state relief rolls to self-help projects.

The store will be for exclusive use of SRA direct relief clients. No other persons will be permitted to make purchases or become associate members. Trading will be for cash which

2,000 ITALIANS JOIN FINNS AGAINST REDS

London, Dec. 29.—(P)—An Exchange Telegraph (British news agency) dispatch from Helsinki today said it was reported without confirmation that 2,000 Italian volunteers had arrived at Tornio to fight for Finland against Soviet Russia.

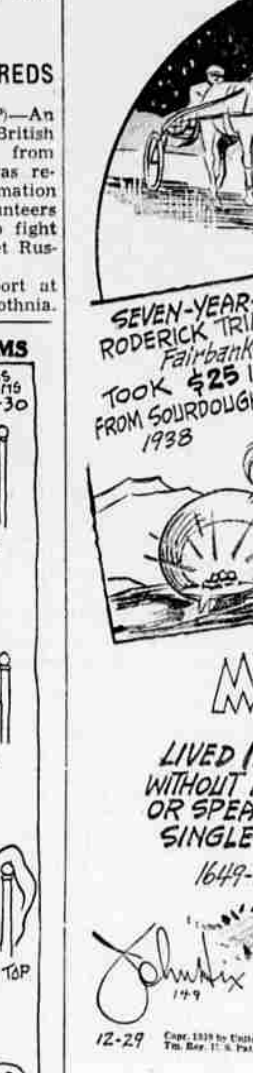
Tornio is a Finnish port at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia.

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD RODERICK TRIMBLE TOOK \$25 IN GOLD FROM SOURDOUGH CREEK 1938

ARE HELD ANNUALLY AT THE CAMDEN, MAINE, WINTER CARNIVAL...

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



METAL TOOTH FILLINGS CAN ACTUALLY GIVE YOU AN ELECTRIC SHOCK!

Years of silence. Believed to be a case without parallel, Mrs. Gray of Northfleet, Kent, England, who died in 1770 at the great age of 121, in all that time neither spoke nor heard a single sound. A deaf mute, Mrs. Gray was noted for her cheerful disposition.

SHOCKING MOUTHS

Recent investigation shows that mouths of many persons act as "generators" of electricity! A mouth which contains two dissimilar metallic materials (teeth fillings) in contact on upper and lower jaw often registers galvanic electricity, if the teeth are covered with saliva. Nearly all such patients examined complained of frequent nerve shocks.

Sunday: The Major Loves the Seal

BLANKETS

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

12-30

REALIZES IN MIDDLE OF NIGHT THAT HE IS TOO WARM.

AFTER LONG STRUGGLE WITH WILL POWER ROUSES HIMSELF ENOUGH TO TAKE A BLANKET OFF

SOON REALIZES THAT HE INADVERTENTLY TOOK BOTH BLANKETS OFF AND IS NOW TOO COLD EXCEPT WHERE BLANKETS ARE BUNCHED

SOME TIME LATER GATHERS ENOUGH WILL POWER TO PULL ONE UP AGAIN

UNFORTUNATELY PULLS THE TOP ONE, SO THAT UNDER ONE IS STILL BUNCHED UNCOMFORTABLY ON HIS FEET

BY TREMENDOUS EXERCISE OF ENERGY THROWS TOP BLANKET OFF AND PULLS UNDER ONE UP

SNUGLES DOWN HAPPILY UNTIL HE REALIZES HE HAS PULLED BLANKET AND SHEET OFF HIS FEET

TRIES SLEEPILY TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, GETTING COMPLETELY ENTANGLED WITH BED CLOTHES, EVENTUALLY DROPPING OFF FROM SHEER EXHAUSTION

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Heading For a Crack-Up!

THOSE CRAZY ROOKIES... FLYING THAT SHIP?... GREAT GUNS! THEY'LL BE KILLED!

LOOK OUT!!! THEY'RE DIVING ON US!

C-C-CHUCK... MEBBE YEW'RE P-PUSHIN' TH' S-STICK FORWARD... T-TOO MUCH.

OKAY! OKAY! YOU KNOW SO MUCH!... YOU TAKE TH' STICK!

THE MOTOR'S CONKED!

THEY'LL CRASH SURE!

12-19-39

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—

GUESS IT'S THE END, EH, BEN?

THE END OF WHAT, RUSTY?

WHY KID OURSELVES? THE END OF HAPPY VALLEY AS A REAL-ESTATE SUBDIVISION—LISTEN, PAL! THIS PLACE IS AN OIL CAMP!

I CAN'T BLAME FOLKS, THOUGH—WHEN THAT BIG DOUGH COMES OVER THE MOUNTAIN, WHAT CAN A GUY DO?

NEVER MIND! MAYOR BALLINGER'LL DO SOMETHING!

YOU THINK SO? GOSH, BEN, IF THE MAYOR EVEN LIFTS HIS LITTLE FINGER AGAINST OIL, THE FOLKS OF HAPPY VALLEY'LL RIDE HIM OUT O' TOWN ON A RAIL!

12-19-39

THE NEBBS—Confidence

SAY, EMBERT, PARDON ME—THIS IS NOT PROMPTED BY SUSPICION OR LACK OF CONFIDENCE IN YOUR INTEGRITY, BUT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS EXPERIMENTING WITH THE POWER PILLS HOW IS IT THAT YOU CAN'T REMEMBER THE FORMULA

MR. NEBS, TO BEGIN WITH MY MEMORY JUST ISN'T A MEMORY AT ALL—AND IT ISN'T SO MUCH WHAT GOES INTO THIS FORMULA, AND THERE ARE MANY THINGS, BUT THE EXACT AMOUNT OF EACH

OH-OH!

I SEE... I UNDERSTAND

I ASSURED YOU WHEN I GAVE YOU HALF OF THIS FORMULA THAT IT WAS HALF OF MY LIFE'S WORK. I HOPE YOU HAVE GUARDED YOUR HALF WITH AS MUCH DILIGENCE AS I HAVE MINE—AND I HOPE I'VE MADE NO MISTAKE!

OH, NO! NO! YOU HAVE MADE NO MISTAKE IN MY HONESTY!! YOU'LL FIND YOU'LL HAVE FUN TRUSTING ME

12-23

By HAL FOREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS

By SOL HESS

By SOL HESS