

SERIAL STORY

CALIBAN FROM CALEB

BY NORMAN KAHL

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YESTERDAY, Angus wakes up in a jail cell and is taken before New York Police Inspector Callahan, where he tells his story to newspaper reporters. Next morning, he is called back to the inspector's office. Adoreen is there, smiling because of publicity in valuing her. Downcast, he returns to his cell until the following day, when his jailer tells him a mysterious Miss Margate is waiting to see him in the inspector's office.

PAY DAY FOR ANGUS

CHAPTER V

THE minute Angus steps into Inspector Callahan's office for the third time in three days to meet the mysterious Miss Margate, he knows there is something hairy.

The girl he finds there with the Inspector is wearing a green dress, cut low in front and higher from the floor than Angus considers respectable. But she is smiling and looking as if she is glad to see him, which is very strange, because the girl's name is Adoreen Micklewidge and not Miss Margate.

Angus pulls at his ear-lobe and frowns. "What's the matter with Micklewidge. It's a good name. You shouldn't oughta go around changing your name, Addie. It ain't decent, exactly."

Adoreen's eyes twinkle like moon lights. "I didn't change it, Angus. Mr. Fitzwater did. He said there wasn't any glamor in Micklewidge."

"Who's Mr. Fitzwater?" Angus asks, belligerently.

"Now Angus, don't be mad. I'm not mad at you anymore. Mr. Fitzwater read about me in the paper and he gave me a job singing in his night club. He owns a big night club called the Purple Pelican where all sorts of actors and actresses go, and he has taken an interest in my career."

INSPECTOR CALLAHAN clears his throat and it sounds like the whistle on the Staten Island ferry. "This is against my better judgment, MacPhillips," he says, "but it's a toss-up whether you'll be more of a menace to society in or out of jail. Miss Micklewidge, Miss Margate has been in touch with your former boss, Mr. Wittenbaum, and that gentleman agrees to drop charges if you will pay him \$650 cash for the better you smeared over seven states, and if the truck is returned."

"I do not vouch for the personal feelings of the state trooper you attempted to fricassee on the highways of our dear beloved neighboring state, but his superiors are willing to forget the whole incident if you will pay a \$50 fine and solemnly promise never to set foot within the sacred precincts of that commonwealth again."

Angus' face is not exactly a picture of sunny radiance. "My goodness, that's a lot of money."

"Wait," says the Inspector. "I'm not finished. Now we come to the city of New York. No amount of money could settle for the loss of dignity suffered by this department on that black day when you arrived. However, for a \$100 fine to cover just a small portion of the offenses, I think we can get the others dismissed by the court. For another \$50, you can hire someone to take Mr. Wittenbaum's truck back to Caleb, since that intelligent gentleman specified you were not to set foot anywhere on his property again. That would come to \$650. Can you swing it?"

Angus is suffering acutely. "I've got \$875 in the bank at Caleb and \$3.50 which they took away when I came in here."

IT is three days later before everybody in three states is satisfied. Angus has \$28.50 to his name when he steps out on New York's sidewalks. He calls Adoreen from a drug store and she tells him she is sorry, but Mr. Fitzwater is going to take her to lunch on a matter of business and that he will do the same every day for a week or so.

When Angus gets back on the street, he has a strange and uncomfortable feeling. For the first time in his life, he has a thirst for something stronger than pure grapefruit. He turns into a doorway and enters a smoke-filled room with a bar stretched from the curtained window about halfway along one wall.

"Cider," says Angus. A scraggly looking guy near the end of the bar gets a coughing fit and blows beer foam all over his vest. The bartender is thinking how he could have learned the plumber's trade 30 years ago if he'd used his head. "Look," says he, "are you tryin' the funny? We don't sell no cider here."

"All right," says Angus. "Ginger ale."

The bartender squints at Angus another full minute before he pours something out of a tall bottle under the bar and slides the glass to Angus.

It is some time before Angus notices the rat-face little man who has left the table in the dark corner and is standing next to him. Three big fellows are standing behind the little guy.

"Have one on me," says the little guy, whose gray hat is pulled down halfway over his eyes. Angus is glad to be neighborly. He drinks up his ginger ale and pushes his glass toward the bartender. "Spike Mudge is the name," says the stranger. "You look like somebody's been kicking you in the teeth."

"I don't feel so good," says Angus. "I ain't got a job, and I'm broke and I guess I lost my girl and I just got outa jail."

"Whew!" says Spike, respectfully. "Maybe you wanta talk it over with us. Maybe we kin help you. These is my buddies. I didn't get the name."

"Glad to know ya, Angus. This is Butch McGilluddy and Holman the Hoist and Trigger Tim-friends of mine."

Angus shakes hands all around.

SPIKE says, "A husky guy like you don't needa worry about a job. How'dja like to work for me?"

Angus looks suspicious. "A job, you mean?"

"Sure. Easy work, good pay. It isn't every day I can find a guy who's built like a battleship."

Angus brightens up. "What do I do, Spike?"

Spike looks at the dead-pan faces of the other mugs who are examining their drinks. "I'll explain," says Spike. "This burg is filled with lots of people who ain't got no scruples. They ain't got no respect for the law."

"Now there are a lot of commission merchants in the city who sell thousands of dollars worth of broccoli every day. Sometimes these broccoli dealers get elugged or their commission houses are wrecked or someone pours kerosene over their broccoli. So the Big Boss, Luigi Castaloni, forms an association and the dealers pay us to protect them. Get it?"

Angus' spirits have soared. "I'll feel kinda good doing some honest work again. What are you paying?"

"One hundred smackers," Angus frowns. "Gosh, Spike, I was getting hundred and a quarter back in Caleb."

"Okay. No arguments. One and a quarter it is. Find a place to stay and meet me back here same time tomorrow. I'll give you a week's pay in advance so you can find a bunk somewhere."

Spike passes over five bills—two fifties, two tens and a five.

Angus counts them three times before he says, "What did you say you was payin' me?"

"One hundred and twenty-five berries a week. Don't tell me you're still not satisfied."

Angus is too weak to speak. What he got in Caleb for driving Mr. Wittenbaum's truck was \$125 a month.

(To Be Continued)



Chances are a marine or dough-boy wouldn't get far with Janice Robinson, the decoration above. Light Navy Air Corps insignia on her bathing suit show which branch has heart of Miami miss.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: During the Civil War, when it was used by both sides.

CAOUTCHOUC

HORIZONTAL

1 Elastic substance obtained from trees.

7 It is a juice in its raw state.

11 To depart.

12 Concept.

13 One who melts.

14 Deer forest.

16 Smooth.

17 Dandy.

18 Note in scale.

20 Color.

21 And.

22 Hour (abbr.).

23 Kava.

25 Gave.

30 Cot.

31 Meal.

33 Pertaining to the sun.

34 Unfolding.

35 To rub out.

37 Male sheep.

38 Band leader's stick.

39 Ache.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

MANUEL MURRA

BIDS M

ENGAGE

NEE ON

AS MATE

V FATE

IBIS DONOR

ES NIDI

SOP LUNATIC

LAP LEVEE

SOCIAL E

WORKER

41 Fruit.

43 Shoe parts.

47 It is gathered in the River valley.

50 Prophets.

51 Child's napkin.

53 Time.

54 Unit of work.

55 To happen again.

57 God of sky.

58 Today it is grown mostly in the

59 To tax.

15 Its

process is called vulcanizing.

19 Always.

22 Brave man.

24 Data.

26 Giantess of fate.

27 Room recess.

28 To drive in.

29 Noun ending.

30 However.

32 To sprinkle.

34 Maple seeds.

36 Organs of hearing.

38 Swelling.

40 Exists.

42 Musical note.

44 Nobleman.

46 Important food.

48 Division of earth's surface.

49 Burden.

51 Common verb.

52 Bushel (abbr.).

55 Right angel.

56 Egyptian god.



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



By Fred Harman



By Harold Gray



By Martin



By Crane



By Blosser



By V. T. Hamlin

