

SERIAL STORY

CALIBAN FROM CALEB

BY NORMAN KAHL

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YESTERDAY: Angus hurries to Adoreen's apartment and finds it swarming with policemen, who were called when Adoreen screamed. Angus goes back to the truck where Spike and two of his men are tied up. Angus makes Spike tell him where Castaloni's secret hideout is, and when they drive up in the darkness, Angus begins walking toward the house. Just then floodlights are turned on and a shot rings out. Angus drops to the ground.

ANGUS CRASHES THROUGH

CHAPTER XI

ANGUS is lying in the tall grass, flat on his face, like he is never going to get up again. The floodlights are still on and the grounds look like the middle of Madison Square Garden on night night.

Castaloni is a pretty good shot. That bullet came so close that Angus could nearly read the caliber as it went by. Angus does not wish to get shot just now—but at the same time, he is convinced that the inside of that house with the Broccoli King is no place for Adoreen to be.

Angus tenses his muscles. Then he springs to his feet and streaks back toward the truck. He takes another dive into the grass just as another bullet whistles by in the general vicinity of where his ear was a split-second before. Without stalling this time, Angus makes a final dash for the truck and hops inside just as another chunk of sizzling lead crashes through the night.

Spike is sitting up as gracefully as the ropes on his body will allow. His face is white and he does not seem to be enjoying life. Angus sees Butch and Trigger. Tim have their eyes wide open, but they look as if they have just been invited to be guests of honor at a cannibal clambake.

"We ain't got no room with us, Angus," Spike says. "You threw them away. If we had them—"

"Wouldn't do no good," Angus says sadly. "I never shot a gun in my life. If I wasn't so dumb I could think of something to do to get Adoreen out of there."

Angus reaches down and turns the ignition key. He starts backing up toward the road. He can see the house pretty clearly now. It is sort of low, with a wing on each side. There are big French windows in each wing. If he could only get up close enough, it would be no trick at all busting his way in. The windows are almost big enough for a truck to get through—

A TRUCK! Gosh, why didn't he think of that right away. He jams on the brakes and Spike falls back and smashes his head into Butch's stomach. There is a swish

of wind and Butch's eyes close again.

"Can't you be more careful, Angus," Spike groans. "Someone's liable to get hurt."

Angus doesn't pay attention to him. The house is completely dark now, but the floodlights are still on outside. The shots and Adoreen's screams came from the right wing. Around the left side of the building there is a broad clearing and the grass isn't quite so long.

Spike is still trying to figure out some way to keep from bouncing around the floor in the back of the truck. "Angus, not that way. Hey, Angus... turn sharper."

Angus is steering a wide semicircle. When the nose of the truck is pointed right at that big French window in the left wing, he straightens out the wheels and pushes his foot down on the accelerator as far as it will go. Spike gets back on his knees just in time to see what is happening.

"Holy smoke!" he yells. "Angus! Are you crazy? You're gonna run smack into the house."

Angus leans back in the seat and takes a firm grip on the wheel. "Yeah. Just hang on like I told you. Here it comes—"

THE French windows are just big enough for the truck to get through with a little scraping along the frames. Angus' aim is perfect and the crashing of glass sounds like somebody in a china shop is releasing a few suppressed ambitions. The truck rips through the curtains, and when the glass stops falling and the truck is standing in the middle of Castaloni's sunroom, the place looks as if a panzer division just passed through.

There is a bridge table hanging on the radiator cap and the front bumper is caught in a sofa. Angus sighs regretfully over the destruction and slides out of the truck. He is feeling his way through the debris when somebody turns a flashlight on him and then a lamp is lighted.

In the doorway of what was previously a cheerful sunroom stands Castaloni. He is holding an ugly hunk of blue steel in his right hand and pointing the barrel right at Angus. "That was a mistake, MacPhillips," he says, and he says it slowly, like he means it was the last mistake Angus will ever make.

"Where's Addie?" Angus asks. Adoreen answers that herself. Angus can't see her, but her voice comes from somewhere in the other end of the house. "I'm here, Angus—in the kitchen. I'm all right," she says, even though her voice doesn't sound like it. "Be careful, Angus. He'll kill you."

"Shut up!" Castaloni snarls back at her.

"Don't talk to Addie like that," Angus protests.

Castaloni looks at Angus surprised, and then that unpleasant smile breaks out. "Were you, by any chance, referring to me, Mr. MacPhillips?" Castaloni asks in a nasty voice.

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have done that... looked so surprised. But he can't help it, because Adoreen is standing right behind Castaloni and she has a funny, wild glint in her eyes. In her right hand she is clutching a frying pan and is raising it over Castaloni's head. The racket chief sees by Angus' face that something is going on. He swings around, his fingers tight on the gun, just as Adoreen starts the skillet on its way down.

(To Be Continued)

Blitz Weary



These men of the 44th division show what the roar and speed of modern warfare means in terms of fatigue as they catch a cat-nap at Fort Meade, Md., on their dash from Fort Dix, N. J., to war games in Virginia.

AUTHORITY ON WORDS

HORIZONTAL

1 Author of a fine English dictionary.

10 Malarial fever.

11 Stream.

12 Stiff collar.

13 To bark.

14 Mother.

15 Home library.

16 Joker.

17 Genus of rats.

18 Into.

19 Soft cap.

20 Aerugo.

21 Skillet.

22 Haunt.

23 Correct.

24 Holm oak.

25 Bee's home.

26 Animal.

27 Over (abbr.).

28 Mohammedan judge.

29 Long tooth.

30 No good (abbr.).

31 Tea boxes.

32 New England (abbr.).

33 Chief garment in Ceylon.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

LILLIAN RUSSELL

DOE REFER OVA

LENT GALES WIND

USE POPULAR LEE

X ROTE

UNTIL L

ROAMED LILLIAN

INRE AH HILA

A FRO ACER

NUGGETS BROILER

TREAD TOE ELIDE

DER SERAI LED

MUSICAL UNUSUAL

40 Electrified

41 Because.

42 Gentle.

43 Forest.

44 Tax.

45 Half.

46 To declaim.

47 Dirties.

48 He was a

49 by profession.

50 He wrote a

51 most popular

52 first.

53 Sweet potato.

54 Mold.

55 Pale.

56 To meditate.

57 Senior (abbr.).

58 Senior (abbr.).

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