

SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN CONVOY

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

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YESTERDAY: At the Court of Investigation, composed of Col. and Lieutenant Miles, witnesses told what they knew of Tees' death. The sentry explains he left his post for a time because he became seasick, and when he came back, he stumbled over the body of Tees. Rollins is questioned and admits he saw Tees at about 11:30 and that he was out on the deck, seeking to protect Tees, he lies and says he was asleep.

TO THE LIFEBOATS

CHAPTER VI

MIRACULOUSLY, the February wind died around midday, and by 3 o'clock, summer sunshine bathed the convoy, now sailing the kindly Gulf Stream. Like statues the officers and men aboard "T 9" stood in formation around the flag-draped coffin containing the murdered body of Captain Tees. Only the gentle murmur of the ocean, swishing along the sides of the liner, could be heard.

Through the sounding of the lonely Last Post and Reveille came the heavy splash of the weighted coffin hitting the sea.

"Oh God, oh God!" sobbed Rollins through tightened lips. A hand touched his arm, squeezing it gently.

"You poor, dear boy—I'm dreadfully sorry!"

Abruptly he turned his blood-shot eyes from the treacherously inviting swell that had just swallowed the body of his friend. For several seconds he stared fiercely into her very soul, then shook his head.

"You couldn't have... I'm going crazy... I'm..."

She was plainly puzzled. "What are you talking about, Greg?"

In reply, he clasped one of her hands on the rail and pressed it until she felt like screaming. He talked as he had never talked before—of Syd's grand widowed mother and young sister and his fiancée. Those carefree days at McGill. Of gay episodes on skiing weekends in the Laurentians.

AS is the way with the Atlantic in February, the weather had made another lightning change in early evening. Cold blasts zipped in with the Florida-like zephyrs and overcoats appeared once more. Within an hour a sleek-like snow was lashing the decks and labored groans were coming from the ocean greyhound's beams. The roll in zigzagging time became so intense that the bridge tournament was canceled for the night.

Greg was just as glad. He wanted to lie back and think, think, think... somewhere in the crazy pattern must be a clue that

The sentry on duty saw an officer standing in the shadow of a lifeboat.

would lead to a solution. The murderer or murderers must be still on the boat. A knock on the door interrupted him.

It was Harry Miles.

He apologized for bursting in but wanted to ask a few questions about Tees' background in the hope some lead would be found.

The Old Man, he added, confidentially, seemed sold on the opinion that some soldier had committed the crime, due to the nature of the wound. There might have been some man with a gambling or personal jealousy motive for...

"Nothing doing there, Harry," Rollins rasped. "Tees lived a clean life and only gambled occasionally for a tenth of a cent in bridge. Now supposing you ask me what you really came to ask me."

Harry looked at Rollins sharply.

"Okay, Greg, if you don't mind me repeating myself... You were alone, weren't you, up there on deck when Tees found you? Or, were you trying to cover up somebody at the inquiry this morning?"

Rollins swung his feet out of the bunk. "What are you digging for? Why should I want to cover up anybody? Maybe you have some idea of whom I'm covering up—if I am?"

"Hold your horses!" Miles cut in. "You needn't be so touchy. I've got an investigation job shoved on me which you should want to assist. My purpose in asking that question is simply that

the sentry on duty saw an officer standing in the shadow of the lifeboat near the murder scene around midnight. I thought you might have seen one of the boys out there when passing with Tees and didn't want to put him on an awkward spot by admitting you left him there."

Rollins was relieved but managed to hide it. They chatted on friendly terms for a while before Miles rose to leave.

At the cabin door he paused and asked casually: "By the way, Greg, who is the swell nurse you're interested in?"

Rollins felt his muscles tense but he managed to show a grin. "I suppose you'd like to know, huh?"

LONG after Miles left, Greg sat motionless on the side of the swaying bunk. Why the crack about the nurse following the repetition of the query about his having been alone on deck? Was it accidental or based upon some knowledge?

Sleep came fitfully. The cabin was terribly stuffy. Greg opened weary eyes and looked at the porthole. Regulations prohibited opening it during hours of darkness, but who would know the difference as long as he didn't switch on the cabin lights?

He stood on his bunk and unwearying the heavy clamps.

Afterwards, he often wondered what made him look up since it forced him to twist his

head in a very awkward position, especially with the ship tossing about.

But there wasn't a doubt in the world about it—somebody was flashing a small light towards the sea!

The light was being flashed from "A" deck, and he could make out a human form bending over it. Apparently the person was holding the light on top of the railing and standing in such a way as to hide the light from anybody on the ship.

From somewhere on the deck above him had come the unmistakable crack of a rifle... Even above the noises of the ship and

FRIENDLY CREDIT

ON ALL PURCHASES
OF MEN'S WEAR

- No Interest
- No Carrying Charge
- No Red Tape

OREGON
WOOLEN STORE
8TH AND MAIN

Advises Russians



Foremost British authority on German tactics, Lieut.-Gen. Frank Mason-MacFarlane, above, has arrived in Moscow with British military and economic mission to help Russia plot battle against invasion.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

THE FIRST HIGHWAY TRAIL MARKERS WERE TREES! INDIANS BENT SAPLINGS TO SHOW DIRECTIONS, AND SOME OF THESE, GROWN TO MATURITY, MAY BE SEEN TODAY.



A WHITE OAK, AT HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

GUINIA PIGS MULTIPLY QUICKLY, BUT IT TAKES A LONG TIME TO BE AN ADULT. SAYS RICHARD QUINCY, MASS.

JANE AND JUNE BALLER AND YELL LEADERS AT PRESCOTT, ARIZONA, SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL.

TWO PLUS TWO IS FOUR!

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LINKS CHAMPION

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle

1. G Top ranking sports star.

9 His sport.

13 Rigid.

14 Suitable.

15 Pertaining to the poles.

16 Electric term.

17 Matrimonial.

20 Type standard.

21 Grandparental.

23 Sand hills.

24 Enraptured.

25 Iron.

27 Courtesy title.

29 To prepare for publication.

31 South America (abbr.).

32 Sun god.

34 Painting.

37 God of war.

39 To free.

40 Lawyer's charge.

41 Wall projection.

44 Measure.

45 Toward sea.

46 Combustion particle.

49 To ford.

53 Approaches.

55 Data.

56 Band director's stick.

57 Projecting contrivance.

60 He was the — in the National Open Golf tournament.

61 At 39, he is the — man to

15 Plural (abbr.).

18 Paid — publicity.

19 Like.

21 He is an — by nationality.

22 Youths.

26 Metric measure.

28 Bet.

30 Kite ends.

31 Furtive move.

33 Ascended.

35 Structural unit.

36 Provided.

38 Region.

42 Title.

43 Sudden terror.

47 Nominal value.

48 Tatter.

49 To fend off.

50 Preposition.

51 To fare.

52 Half an em.

54 To woo.

56 Golden apple tree: (abbr.).

58 Transposed. (abbr.).

59 Pep.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



HUE WHO HESITATES IS NOT ALWAYS LOST

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



By Fred Harman

By Harold Gray

By Martin

By Crane

By Blossie

By V. T. Hamlin