

SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN CONVOY

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

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YESTERDAY in England, Greg is sent to Aldershot Camp, where he battles himself in work for the next three days. He is given a premature leave of absence, decides to go to London. He is low in spirits when he arrives, since, before reaching London, he had agreed to meet her in London at the "Welcome Snail" inn. When he arrives in London, he takes a cab, doesn't know where to go. Finally he tells the driver to take him to the "Welcome Snail."

JOAN IS WAITING

CHAPTER XII

FOR fully 15 minutes the little taxi twisted and turned through the night. Lieutenant Rollins was marking to himself that the gray-haired driver must have cat's eyes. At irregular intervals, two-decker buses roared by and melted again into the darkness. There were few, if any, autos other than taxis. Astonishingly few, too, were evidences of air raid damage.

Finally, his cab drew up beside a curb. A chubby little Frenchman in impeccable formal attire greeted him. "Bon soir, Monsieur. I am Pierre..." Then looking over Greg's shoulder, "You are alone, oui?"

The officer smiled. "Oui, I am alone."

"This way, Monsieur," Pierre turned toward the curiously narrow dining room, then stopped abruptly. "You are not, by any chance, Lieutenant Rollins, non?"

Greg halted in surprise. "Yes, I am Lieutenant Rollins, but how in the world..."

Pierre's face fairly beamed. He waved excitedly toward a table in the corner, and Greg's heart stood still. It was a dream. It must be... a cruel dream that...

But, no, she was actually smiling at him and beckoning to the other chair. It was Joan Davaar!

As if in a daze, Rollins approached. Automatically, he removed his cap, tucked his cane under his left arm and bowed. Still automatically, he sat in the chair as Pierre placed it under him.

"Good evening, Greg, aren't you glad to see me?"

Rollins finally found his tongue. Impulsively he reached out his hands and clasped hers. "Of course I am, Joan. I'm so glad I could... no matter what..."

She laughed happily. "I knew you'd say that. You are a very lovable person, Greg. I phoned out to Aldershot this evening and found you had gone on leave. There was only one place I could hope to meet you, and even then I doubted... but you remembered."

Greg's face was troubled, but he still held her hands in his across the table. "Forget it, Joan. You must have escaped, and you are in danger. What can we...?"

She laughed again, gently removing one hand. "Just a minute, Sir Galahad. I'm disobeying the strictest of orders in showing you this paper, but I'm a woman, too, and I'm afraid, rather in love." She opened a folded letter from her purse.

GREG's eyes widened as he read. It bore the letterhead of the British Intelligence and was signed by one of the most famous names in England!

The letter was addressed to "Agent R-72 Joan Connaught" and contained warm personal congratulations for "your most commendable counter-espionage work in connection with Troopship Convoy MX."

Mixed joy and bewilderment stood out on Greg's face. "But, Joan, what...?"

"I was planted in the German Embassy at Ottawa through devious channels 15 months before the outbreak of the war and, shortly before you sailed, I drew another assignment, to play the role of a nurse—with the name Davaar—on 'T'."

"I kept watching the light flashes from the battle cruiser in order to keep in touch with what was going on. I knew the code and was on guard lest the cruiser see the nightly searchlight business and warn our O. C."

Rollins interrupted. "Then the Nazi agent must have been..."

She made a motion for him to lower his voice. "Yes, it was Harry Miley. Poor Tess found out first!"

"That explains," murmured Rollins, "why he was so curious about you. He must have seen you approaching that night on deck, put two and two together when he saw you studying the cruiser signals and was on the watch for any secret discussions between us, just in case I was with you."

"Check. And, the night I caught him red-handed, there was no choice but to shoot him when he tried to go for his gun. I had just taken the flashlight from his hand when you came up from the rear. I couldn't reveal my identity to you, but did so privately to the colonel after you left. Secret papers were found in Miley's gas mask."

Balkans this time. She searched Greg's troubled eyes.

"But they can't, Joan, dear," he said in a hoarse whisper. "I've only found you again. Not so soon..."

"It's no use, Greg," she injected tenderly. "This is war, and I must go."

Rollins had already shown he could act when action was necessary.

"Then what would normally take months must be done in two hours." He spoke in measured tones. "Will you marry me tonight—now?"

There was no hesitation on the girl's part. She nodded.

Rollins jumped to his feet and picked her up from her chair.

Pierre was tapping their shoulders, his face reflecting supreme embarrassment. "Monsieur, Mademoiselle... pliz, you are in the 'Welcome Snail'..."

He turned as a gale of laughter swept through the little restaurant. Pierre, being a discerning head-waiter, quick to appreciate the moods of his customers, shrugged his shoulders in a gesture of tremendous helplessness.

"C'est la guerre!" he apologized.

THE END

Have you discovered yet that vacation travel broadens and flattens you at the same time?

The University of Pittsburgh football team is known as the "Panthers."

One of our most popular war games is played with six cubes numbered from one to six.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

IN THE STAR CLUSTER KNOWN AS "M-THIRTEEN" THE STARS APPEAR TO BE PACKED TOGETHER IN A COMPACT MASS... BUT ACTUALLY NO TWO ARE CLOSER TOGETHER THAN SIX TRILLION MILES.

SEND IN YOUR "ODDS" FOR US TO QUOTE!!

WHEN A HOUSE BURNS UP, IT BURNS DOWN! SAYS RALPH L. KEMPER, DENVER, COLO.

NOT AS DRY AS YOU THINK! NEVADA RANKS SIXTEENTH AMONG THE STATES IN SQUARE MILES OF INLAND WATER AREA.

NEXT: A turtle that fishes for its food.

INSPIRED ACTRESS

HORIZONTAL

1. Actress called the "Divine Sarah."

13 Alleged force.

14 Coal digger.

16 Transcriber.

17 Bone.

19 Eagle's claw.

21 Snake-like.

22 Grating.

24 Bottoms.

25 To slash.

27 Small memorial.

30 Age.

30 Arsenate of copper.

33 Type measure.

34 Roundworm.

35 Verbal ending.

37 Bows of light.

38 To dry up.

40 Electric unit.

42 Dolphinlike cetacean.

44 Pale brown.

45 To stitch.

47 More positive.



This Free French pilot attached to an RAF Hurricane squadron fighting in Africa was missing in the desert a month and given up for dead. When a British armored car found him he looked like this.

FRIENDLY CREDIT

ON ALL PURCHASES OF MEN'S WEAR

- No Interest
- No Carrying Charge
- No Red Tape

OREGON WOOLEN STORE
8TH AND MAIN

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



RED RYDER



By Fred Harman

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



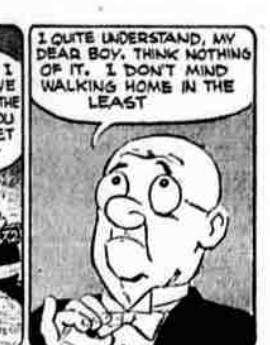
By Harold Gray

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



By Martin

WASH TUBS



By Crane

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



By Blosser

ALLEY OOP



By V. T. Hamlin

