

• SERIAL STORY

SECRET VOYAGE

BY JOSEPH L. CHADWICK

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YESTERDAY, Jim Mallory and Mary Larsen decided the only way to get into the hold of the Sonora was to wait until the ship was in the harbor. After waiting for a long time, they saw the ship's lights in the distance. The ship was in the harbor, and they decided to wait until the ship was in the harbor. The ship was in the harbor, and they decided to wait until the ship was in the harbor.

SCUTTLED

CHAPTER X

JIM MALLORY still looked at Mary Larsen when Lois Hammond came and slipped her arm through his. He thought: "So she didn't become Eric Forbes' secretary." And he might have hoped Mary was now interested in the things he had said to her back home—were it not for his suspicions.

Lois said, her voice soft, "It's good to see you again, Jim." And he looked from Mary to her. Lois' lips smiled but her eyes were dark and stormy. She had seen his too-long glance at the other girl, and she had read its meaning. She hadn't liked that glance at all.

"It's good to see you again," he said. And, for the other girl's benefit, he lay his hand on Lois' hand and fondly squeezed it. "He turned to Jeffery Hammond. 'I'd like to talk with you, sir, alone.'"

"Of course, Mallory. Come to my cabin." In the cabin, Hammond faced him with evident embarrassment. His hands shook as he lit a cigar. "Well, let's have it, Mallory."

"There's no ore in the Sonora's foreward hold," Jim said. "I've a hunch there's none in the after holds. I want an explanation."

"Very well, I shall give you an explanation. I came here for that purpose. Back in Miami Beach, Mr. Forbes and I made you an offer. We wanted you to drop your plans for salvaging the Sonora. You wouldn't deal with us, and you threatened to do the job on your own. We couldn't afford to let you do that. I went into this thing with you merely to secure your secrecy."

"You didn't want me to report anything to the Coast Guard or to the Maritime Commission?" "That's right. You know, of course, how the Sonora was sunk."

"By shellfire?" "No. She was scuttled. The first mate, Halloran, opened the sea cocks. But she had been shelled. We didn't want her brought into port full of holes because of the excitement and the scandal it would cause."

"Wasn't Halloran lost at sea?" "He was wounded. The crew put him ashore at Cuba. He was in a hospital there for a month. That's the last I heard of him."

"I'm beginning to see what happened," Jim said. "But not why." HAMMOND'S face looked suddenly old and tired. "The Sonora carried oil and rubber out of South America, and not manganese. That is why the cargo was not insured. She sailed for European waters, had a rendezvous with a belligerent ship, and transferred the cargo. Rubber and oil are badly needed over there. Just as the rendezvous was ending, a British warship appeared in the dusk. The Sonora and the other ship ran for it, and the warship began firing. The Sonora was hit a dozen times, her captain killed and Halloran wounded, but she got away. Halloran brought her down into the Caribbean, for secrecy, but the Coast Guard had been tipped off to look for an unknown American ship that had been in the war zones."

"And so," Jim said, "you ordered Halloran to scuttle her?" "Exactly. Then you came along. We hadn't figured on the Sonora being found. You can see how much we had at stake. The reputation of the line, and a whole mess of trouble with the government."

Jim nodded. "But why did you take the risk in the first place?" "The company has been in financial trouble since the war started," Hammond replied, his voice burdened. Eric Forbes made a contact which led to the Sonora's sinking. I shan't put all the blame on Forbes, however, for I gave my consent. Forbes' contact paid well, and we took the risks."

"And so I was a meddling fool," Jim said. "I butted in, caused you a lot of grief, and you gave me enough rope."

"Not exactly that, Mallory. You're a stubborn young man. I had to string along with you. Now I'm offering you a way out. Five thousand dollars above your expenses—for your silence."

"I don't go in for blackmail, Hammond."

"Then you'll report to the Coast Guard?" "No. But if the Coast Guard comes asking me questions, I'll answer them."

"You've had a lot of expense. Let me pay that."

Jim shook his head. "No dice, Hammond," he said, and turned to the door. Hammond's voice halted him.

"What are your plans, then, Mallory?"

"I'm going to stick around here. I'm not satisfied that the Sonora hasn't something to salvage. As I told you, someone else is interested in her—to the tune of 25 grand."

Hammond frowned; it was a worried frown. "I can't understand that. Who could know about the Sonora? What cargo could

she have carried?" "That's something you should ask the Sonora's first mate, Bert Halloran," Jim said, and went out.

HE found Lois sitting in a deck-chair under the after-deck awning. She said, her voice caressing, "Sit beside me, darling, and tell me how your salvage work is coming."

He pulled a chair up beside hers and sat down. "There isn't any salvage, Lois. Here's a man on the verge of bankruptcy."

"You're joking, Jim."

"Not a little bit. What makes you think I'd joke about that?"

"Oh, a little conversation I overheard before we sailed."

"Let me in on it," he said, regarding her curiously. He could see that her eyes had become strangely calculating.

"It was nothing, really. Just something Eric Forbes and father's secretary were discussing."

Jim tried to keep a poker face. He made a careful thing of lighting a cigarette. "Go on," he said. He didn't notice the sly glance Lois gave him. "Forbes was trying to get our little Mary to go back to New York as his secretary, and she was refusing. He wanted to know if you were the reason for her refusal. She said that you

might be."

"And Forbes?"

"He said, 'Why, because you know Mallory is about to strike it rich?'"

"I think the sheriff is waiting for me back at Miami Beach," Lois's bantering smile vanished, and a blazing fury was bright in her eyes. "Well, I know when I'm being told off," she said bitterly. "And I have eyes in my head. You want that girl, and it doesn't matter to you that she would have preferred Eric Forbes if she couldn't count on your getting some money! The mercenary little—"

(To Be Continued)

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By William Ferguson

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DETROIT, IN THE AMERICAN BASEBALL LEAGUE, HAS NEVER FINISHED IN LAST PLACE.



ANSWER: It would be safer to shoot the lioness, for the male probably would then flee. If you shot the lion, the lioness most likely would charge.

PRIZE-WINNING AUTHOR

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Ocean (abbr.).
- 3 Anatomy (abbr.).
- 7 Network.
- 11 Two (prefix).
- 13 Place for manufacturing.
- 15 Glorified.
- 17 Shred of cloth.
- 18 Slag.
- 19 Indite.
- 20 Hard, smooth coatings.
- 22 Seize.
- 24 Ages.
- 26 Positive pole.
- 27 Sharp.
- 28 Brown pigment.
- 30 Front of foot.
- 31 Having ears.
- 32 Inclinations.
- 33 Article of apparel.
- 34 Company (abbr.).
- 35 Baby's first word.
- 36 Part of head (plural).
- 40 Nautical expression.
- 44 Roof of mouth.
- 45 State.
- 46 Against (pl.).
- 47 Noddy breathing.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HA HELM GARY EH
IT ALICE ARTIAL
PENDENT GA HELD
EEN EVE POM
MEWS BOA COOPER
ORT PARROTS LIVE
LA WAG CARY
ESTER CREDO
SURE J AYER
TRI FE MENT
SECRET BATS
EAN SOS AIS
CADI SE CINDERS
UP SAME ANTE AT
DM ENID BAID YE

VERTICAL

- 14 Appetizer.
- 16 Term of holding.
- 19 Plague.
- 21 Sound of a cow.
- 23 Furniture (pl.).
- 25 First name of 49 horizontal.
- 27 Companies of travelers.
- 29 Takes as one's own.
- 31 Saga.
- 36 Springs.
- 37 Gallops.
- 38 Places of worship.
- 1 About.
- 39 Compass point.
- 41 Brades.
- 42 Notched.
- 43 Large plant.
- 49 Pollack.
- 50 Engrave.
- 51 Persia.
- 52 Neither good nor bad.
- 56 Prefix.
- 57 Compass point.
- 59 Sloth.
- 60 Printer's measure.
- 62 Prefix.
- 63 Spain (abbr.).



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



RED RYDER

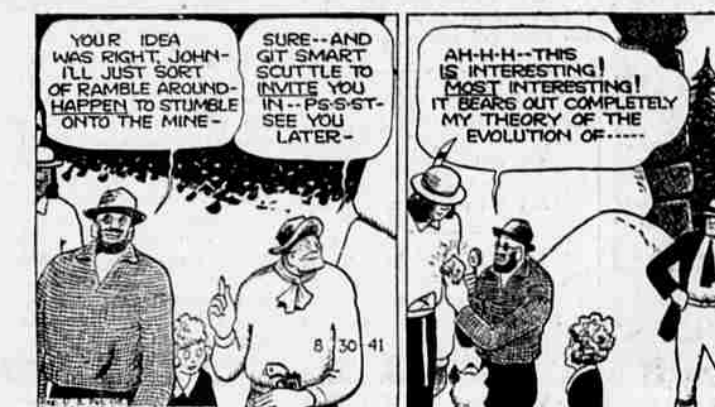


By Fred Harman



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

By Harold Gray



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By Martin



WASH TUBBS

By Crane



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

By Blosser



ALLEY OOP

By V. T. Hamlin

