

● SERIAL STORY

CARIBBEAN CRISIS

BY EATON K. GOLDTHWAITE

COPYRIGHT, 1942, NEA SERVICE, INC.

FAREWELL TO ABAS

CHAPTER XIII

BILL TALCOTT'S change of manner had one immediate if unforeseen effect. It scared the daylight out of Professor Constantine.

Apparently Martha Swenson had said something to the Professor about Bill Talcott's being a "poetical" prisoner, and he had studiously remained out of the way. But as a member of the group assembled on the pier he couldn't very well avoid Talcott, and when orders crackled from the deposed boss's lips he acted as if he expected knives and blackjacks to appear in an encores of his entry to Abas Island. When the launch came alongside, the Professor was first board, stowing himself as far forward as the confines of space would allow. And there he barricaded himself with luggage, muttering and munching pills.

June Paterson, unpredictable creature, also suffered an abrupt transformation. Came down from her high horse, lowered her nose and chin, inspected Bill Talcott with a new light in her wide gray-blue eyes. It made him uncomfortable, because each time he happened to glance in her direction she would blush and glance hastily away. This was a new problem; vaguely he wished she would keep on acting as a spoiled brat because that way he knew, or thought he did, how to handle her.

Martha Swenson's attitude had changed, too. Because she knew he was in trouble of some kind her sympathies were aroused. There was a new glow of warmth in her dark eyes and by accident or design he found her nearer to him; heard her low, disturbing voice directed to him more frequently. The change was startling, and he discovered it was a change he rather liked.

Struthers didn't come down to see them off. Another conference with Halsey and transfer of the precious envelope had wound him up. The last time Talcott saw him he was headed for the office. Even Halsey had been a little nettled. Talcott had overheard him confiding to June Paterson that sometimes people took themselves entirely too seriously.

To Talcott himself, Halsey had nothing to say. Plainly embarrassed he was over the way in which his handling of the transportation problem had turned out. Once in the launch he sat by June Paterson and maintained a gloom silence, occupying himself with a study of fleeting nimbus clouds. MacDowell had nothing to say either. Apparently angry at Bill Talcott for refusing his advice, he wedged himself near the stern and kept solemn aloofness. There were plenty of problems other than Talcott to bother him. Already, as Sebastian turned the rooky craft toward dark water, MacDowell's ears were assuming an unbecoming shade of green.

ONLY black Tomas remained on the pier to watch them go. The massive native was proudly erect, accepting his new responsibility with greatest dignity. As the churning wake widened the distance between them Bill Talcott realized suddenly that he was not going away, that in truth he had never really been there. Physically, yes. His body had existed on Abas Island. He had followed a routine, had worked, produced, eaten, slept and sometimes played. But he had never truly been a part of Abas.

He had brought his own world with him, his customs, traditions, thoughts and inhibitions. That world he had never left behind; had worn it all the while as a suit of armor. Of Abas he had never been and could never be a part. He and his kind could come here for a hundred or a thousand years, but Abas would always belong to the men of whom huge, patient, childlike Tomas was a symbolic figure.

The great brass ball of the sun dropped into the sea. Brief twilight and then the moon, which had been high in the heavens since 3 o'clock, took on ghostly radiance. Low clouds moved swiftly in the brisk northeast trades.

Under the expert hand of Sebastian the sturdy launch ate up the miles in quiet, vibrationless performance. "What time will we get in?" Halsey asked Bill Talcott in his first direct approach since quitting the pier.

"I'd say at 4 o'clock or so," "Four! Will we be able to get hotel accommodations?" "I don't know. At worst, we can pass the few remaining hours in the launch."

June Paterson had lighted a cigarette and behind his glowing tip her eyes smoldered. "You don't seem to worry much about the comfort of your guests," she murmured in another abrupt shift to flippancy.

"In any event we can't land until we've had permission from the harbor-master," Talcott answered patiently. "We'll have to clear immigration. Just what luck we'll strike arousing anybody, I don't know."

Halsey grumbled, "Don't see why we can't tie up and go to a hotel. The authorities can wait until morning."

Talcott couldn't resist it. "Do you think Struthers would approve?"

"Damn Struthers! I know that I for one am hungry, tired and uncomfortable. I wish to heaven we'd thought to bring sandwiches!"

A lump in the stern bestirred itself. "Food!" MacDowell groaned. "Don't nobody mention that word again!"

JUNE PATERSON laughed easily.

As swift and unpredictable as the wind, her mood was off on another track. "I remember," she said softly, "when I was a very little girl. We lived in the central part of New York State, and in the fall we would always go on picnics. Uncle Jack, Lowell's father, had a big farm and there was a huge woodlot with a wonderful brook meandering through it. We used to ramble through the woods, gathering butternuts and chestnuts to roast over the fire Uncle Jack and daddy had built on a slope of rock by the brook.

"One day Lowell and I decided that we wanted to go swimming and the brook was much too shallow. So while mother and Aunt Ida and my sisters and cousins were laying out the food on blankets, and daddy and Uncle Jack and the other men were smoking their pipes and talking about the county fair and harness racing and crops, Lowell and I built a dam. There was a narrow place where the brook had worn through soft rock and we chucked it full of stones and plugged the leaks with sod and leaves. We worked like beavers and everybody was so busy they didn't take any notice of us.

"All of a sudden we heard a lot of yells and daddy and Uncle Jack came running. Our dam was so successful the brook had made a pond and the potato salad and sandwiches were floating around and the fire was out. And that was the end of the picnic."

Halsey and Martha Swenson joined in her laughter, and even the Professor seemed to think it funny enough to venture a chuckle. But Bill Talcott was silent. Her recital had caused a wave of nostalgia to sweep over him. He remembered Lowell's

farm; remembered the woods and the brook and the butternut trees. But through all this memory, stirred by an evident offer of truce on the girl's part, lingered the shadow that she had been spying while he and MacDowell talked.

(To Be Continued)

Women have shown that they can do or learn to do almost any kind of work, and we may require a more general use of them in war work—Paul V. McNutt, war manpower commission chairman.

Fundamentally, the world has no need for a new order, but only an honest application of the historical Christian ideal.—Prime Minister Jan C. Smuts of South Africa.

It's your own fault if your nose is all that you have to look forward to.

FRIENDLY CREDIT

ON ALL PURCHASES OF MEN'S WEAR

- No Interest
- No Carrying Charge
- No Red Tape

OREGON WOOLEN STORE
8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND HORATIO NELSON WOULD HAVE BEEN REJECTED BY A MODERN DRAFT BOARD! WASHINGTON HAD FALSE TEETH, WHILE NELSON HAD AN ARM AND AN EYE MISSING.



WEATHER MEN SAY... MOST FOGS DISAPPEAR BETWEEN 8 AND 10 IN THE MORNING.

AN ITINERANT PREACHER GOES FROM TOWN TO TOWN WANDERS OFF THE SUBJECT IS POORLY EDUCATED

ANSWER: One who goes from town to town.

NEXT: Insurance against nagging wives!

SCREEN ACTOR

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Pictured screen actor, C. —
- 10 Remain.
- 11 External (comb. form).
- 12 Baglike part.
- 14 Period.
- 16 Rubber tree.
- 17 Upright shaft.
- 25 Poems.
- 22 Write.
- 24 Blood.
- 25 Sweet secretion (pl.).
- 27 Fish.
- 28 Clear.
- 29 Entangle.
- 31 Spirited horses.
- 32 Sleth.
- 33 Lariat.
- 34 Symbol for tin.
- 35 Restrains.
- 37 Tries the flavor of.
- 42 Color slightly.
- 43 Weird.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

CLARINET, HURTLE, R TUTOR, SEROW, Q OR MESA, EDGE, MU, WED MESSAGE, PEA, DEAR, E SEAL, DYES, CLARINET, PH, SALE, BENNY, ALLY, R TEAR, RUE SWALLOW, TWO, TR COIN, AGER, NU, T BURN, TULIP, N, EXCEED, REED, BIRD

VERTICAL

- 13 British protectorate.
- 15 Double (prefix).
- 16 Employ.
- 18 Dry.
- 19 Scatters for drying.
- 21 Elastic.
- 23 Perfect type.
- 24 Supposed.
- 26 Symbol for samarium.
- 28 Lieutenant (abbr.).
- 30 Pairs (abbr.).
- 31 Perched.
- 33 Pierce.
- 36 Wary.
- 37 Symbol for tellurium.
- 39 One (Scott.).
- 40 Ireland.
- 41 Perceived.
- 45 Crystal gazer.
- 48 High.
- 50 Bustle.
- 53 Type of moth.
- 55 Decelerator (abbr.).

