

● SERIAL STORY

CARIBBEAN CRISIS

BY EATON K. GOLDTHWAITE

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JUNE ENLISTS

CHAPTER XIX

SOMEONE was standing in the corridor; someone's hand was on the knob of the door. Talcott was in a terrible spot then. If this were Halsey returning, he would spend the rest of his shipboard days in the brig. If it were the steward, wondering why he took so long, he would be a little better off. But he would have to show the envelope to prove good faith and the steward, when Halsey's search began, would remember. Why, he thought agonizedly, couldn't I have said a magazine? The fumbling at the knob stopped and knuckles sounded against the polished wood panel. That wouldn't be Halsey. "Who's there?" Talcott called.

"Constantine," the professor's voice quavered. "Didn't get a chance to speak to you in the dining room— Is your headache any better?"

Blessed relief! "Quite, thank you," trying to make his voice sound like Halsey's. "May I come in?"

"Not just now. I'm dressing." "Oh." Disappointment. Then, "All right. See you on deck." Talcott waited, counting to 20 by hundreds, and with the envelope tucked under his arm, stepped nonchalantly to the corridor. The professor was gone and the steward was nowhere in sight. A short distance aft a couple blocked the passageway, discussing plans for the evening.

What to do with the envelope. Put it back? Halsey would immediately see the rip in the flap and would naturally assume that the true contents had been appropriated and blank paper substituted. No. Better to take the thing and leave it overboard. Unless— Could Struthers' report be written in invisible ink? Under ordinary circumstances such a thing would have smacked too much of fiction. Now, he wasn't so sure.

He couldn't hide it in his cabin. Search and discovery would leave him without a straw of defense. No. Find a hiding place, and soon. There wasn't much time—

He found it. In, of all places, the fire hose locker right beside the door to Halsey's stateroom. Only a snap-catch held its glass-enclosed front and Talcott, swinging out the ribbon-racked hose, placed the envelope behind.

HE was pacing the deck when he saw a lone figure leaning over the rail, watching the moon. It was June Paterson and at his approach she glanced up and then hastily away. "Hello," she said dispiritedly.

"Hello yourself," he replied with forced joviality. "Where are the rest of our playmates?"

"If you mean Martha Swenson, she's with the doctor. Looking at the moon. Maybe you'd like to join her."

He tucked her hand under his arm. "Let's find a couple of chairs and look at the moon ourselves. That is, if you can stand my company."

She didn't answer that, but she accompanied him. Which in itself was an answer of sorts. Forward they found two unoccupied chairs, a little apart from the others.

"You like to sit beside me?" asked June, as they sat watching the moon's path on the water.

"I do." "Are you sure you trust me?" "More than I trust myself." She sighed. "I'm terribly glad. Really, I'm not a bad person. I just have the unhappy faculty of hurting most the people I want to hurt the least."

"I suppose you refer to your spying on MacDowell and me back on Abas Island?"

Her head turned quickly. "Spying? Do you mean the time I walked into MacDowell's room? I wasn't spying. You were so wrapped up in yourselves you didn't even hear me. And I was a little bit angry with you because you wouldn't take Leonard Halsey's suggestion."

"Halsey's?" "Yes. It was he who told MacDowell to remind you of your rights of fighting extradition if you so desired. Didn't MacDowell tell you that?"

So that was how it was. MacDowell, still groggy from the blow on his head, had forgotten who gave him the idea. No wonder Halsey's attitude had changed. Halsey had been trying to help him. Halsey and the girl. Sighing he said, "I'm sorry June. I owe both you and Halsey an apology. I'm pretty much mixed up."

"I'm not surprised. I've kept silent because you acted so—so darned formal and disapproving. It was your attitude that made me mad. But I couldn't help noticing what was happening to you. You're not a criminal. I don't know what's behind all this, or why. But I do know you."

SUDDENLY he understood. Her petulance. Her seeming spoilsedness. Her swift changes of mood. She, an old acquaintance and cousin of his best friend had been expecting fun, or at least a welcome. And how had he acted? She was talking again; low, as

if it were painful: "You forget that I grew up with Lowell. He was my ideal. Anything that he admired I admired, and your virtues and accomplishments were standard bywords. It was I who wormed you into our first blind date."

And he had doubted her! She was in effect confessing that she had fallen in love with him as a girl; that as a woman she had accepted him as a standard to be held above other men.

"You strong silent men! I shall be persistent. How much money are you supposed to have stolen?" "I—I can't discuss it, June."

"Is it your pride? I shall further cast mine to the winds to tell you that I visited Saint Thomas with the sole purpose and intent of seeing you."

"Good heaven!" "It's true. You can imagine my chagrin when I discovered how far Abas was from Saint Thomas. I had the notion that it was right next door. Do I bore you?"

"No, no!" Against his will, it came out in a tumbling rush. Everything, his frameup, his suspicions, his fears. No smallest item did he leave out, even to discovering that the "report" in Halsey's envelope was nothing but sheets of blank paper.

At its end she was silent; so silent that he leaned over in annoyance, thinking she must have fallen asleep. But she was very much awake, and the flash in her eyes warned him to turn.

His room steward, the one he had asked about the grotesque bald-headed man, stood by his chair. "Mr. Talcott, sir? The gentleman, Mr. MacDowell, wishes to see you immediately. On the boat deck, sir. He said it was important."

The steward trotted away and Talcott climbed to his feet. June

Paterson arose also, saying, "Now that we have completely bared our souls I'd like to enlist on your side. I'm really very clever." He looked at her thoughtfully, and suddenly gathering her in his arms, kissed her hard on the mouth. Nor did she try to pull away.

(To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"Squad halt!"

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



OLDER PARENTS ARE MORE LIKELY TO HAVE TWINS THAN ARE YOUNGER PARENTS.



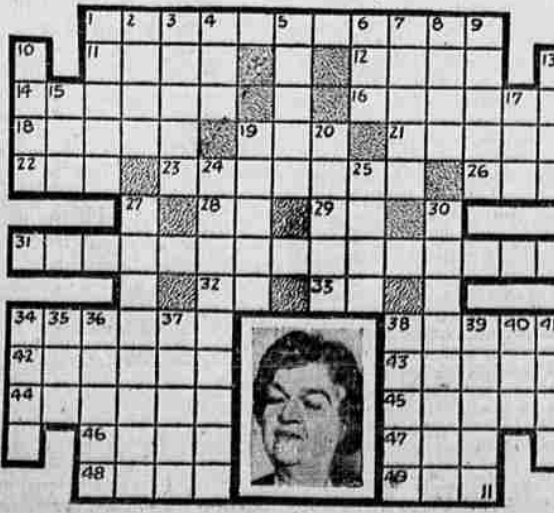
IF YOU MULTIPLY THE NUMBER OF KITTENS THAT LOST THEIR MITTENS BY THE NUMBER OF BLACKBIRDS BAKED IN A PIE, WHAT WILL BE THE CORRECT ANSWER?

ANSWER: Three little kittens . . . four and 20 blackbirds . . . answer, 72.

NEXT: The shortest line between two points.

U. S. CONGRESSWOMAN

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1 Pictured U. S. Congresswoman.
 - 11 Interpret.
 - 12 Norse deity.
 - 14 Transgressor.
 - 16 Cylinder used in making farina.
 - 18 Mourning Virgin.
 - 19 East (Fr.).
 - 21 One affected with leprosy.
 - 22 Sister (abbr.).
 - 23 Family.
 - 26 Matching group.
 - 28 New Testament.
 - 29 Railroad (abbr.).
 - 31 She is a member of the U. S. House of
- ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE**
- 1 Statue of Liberty.
 - 2 Ohio.
 - 3 Error.
 - 4 Need.
 - 5 Edit.
 - 6 Ear.
 - 7 Mean.
 - 8 Hiss.
 - 9 Alarm.
 - 10 G.
 - 11 T.
 - 12 F.
 - 13 Scar.
 - 14 An.
 - 15 Trial.
 - 16 Toe.
 - 17 At.
 - 18 Ego.
 - 19 Ene.
 - 20 Steam.
 - 21 Deans.
 - 22 It.
 - 23 Alto.
 - 24 Tape.
 - 25 Dies.
 - 26 Opal.
 - 27 Stand.
 - 28 Atom.
 - 29 Governor.
 - 30 Island.
- VERTICAL**
- 1 Sea eagles.
 - 2 Slight depression.
 - 3 Perfect type.
 - 4 Thrice (music).
 - 5 Elevate.
 - 6 Obtained.
 - 7 Magistrate of ancient Rome.
 - 8 Mature.
 - 9 Clips off suddenly.
 - 10 Snakes.
 - 11 Engric.
 - 12 Three (Roman).
 - 13 Golf mound.
 - 14 Penetrate.
 - 15 Small pie.
 - 16 Interpolaters.
 - 17 Chick-pea.
 - 18 One who promises.
 - 19 Java sparrow.
 - 20 Cut.
 - 21 Irregularly.
 - 22 God of the sky (myth.).
 - 23 Humid.
 - 24 Follow.
 - 25 Complete.
 - 26 Complications.
 - 27 as in a drama.
 - 28 Observe.
 - 29 Actual being.



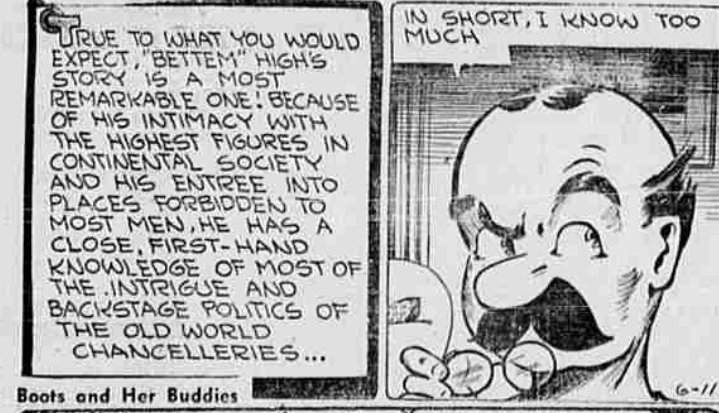
Out Our Way By J. R. Williams



Red Ryder



Little Orphan Annie



Boots and Her Buddies



Wash Tubbs



Freckles and His Friends



Alley Oop



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



Yes, the Penitentiary, and I Took Sally Away, Hoping to Start a New Life Where I Wasn't Known!



By Harold Gray



By Martin



By Crane



By Blosser



By V. T. Homlin