

# CARIBBEAN CRISIS

BY EATON K. GOLDTHWAITE

COPYRIGHT, 1942, NEA SERVICE, INC.

## THE PLAN IS REVEALED

**CHAPTER XXI**  
**A KNIFE.** Sebastian had been killed like this. A thrust from behind while asleep. Sebastian, MacDowell—the tall was mounting.

The call to the deck had been a decoy. An assassin had lurked there in wait. Already MacDowell was dead or dying. Only the lurch of the ship had saved Talcott. No wonder Struthers hadn't been worried about what would develop on Talcott's return to New York! At last the plan was completely revealed.

A trumped-up charge so ridiculous that Talcott would be completely willing to return and "face the music"; a dumb detective who would be so seakick as to be unable to defend himself; so dumb that whatever they had told him would sound like gospel truth; so dumb that he could be eliminated at the proper time.

That was the final piece in the auditor's fabric. It was to appear that Talcott, unable to face disgrace, had murdered the detective and then jumped overboard.

Unsteadily he drew a shaking hand before his eyes and turned away from the horribly still form. Sebastian, MacDowell, Talcott almost—What was the end? With Talcott still alive, what would happen next? Up to now it had been perfectly planned, perfectly timed and executed. They had stuck him with a corpse. When he went to report it to the captain the story would come out. He was, he realized, in as bad a position as if he had succeeded in tossing him overboard.

No. Not quite. He was still alive.

Who had been the assailant on the boat deck? Halsey? It couldn't possibly have been Halsey. Halsey was in the lounge, playing bridge with June Paterson and Martha Swenson and the doctor. And the attacker had been a smaller man than Halsey; strong though he might be, Talcott couldn't have disposed of Halsey so easily.

Who, then? Webber? Talcott recalled the business of the voices at the door. The more he thought of it the more positive he became that Webber had been on the outside and the steward on the inside of the door when a prearranged conversation was exchanged. It was the steward who had told him who Webber was supposed to be; that definitely lined the steward with Webber.

But, who was Webber? "Think," he said savagely. "You've got to think. You've seen him before. Him or his likeness. A photograph, maybe—"

And then with stumpling force it struck him. The gray-eyed man at the desk in the little room in Charlotte Amalia. The smudged copy of a photo made twenty years before. "This man is a Nazi agent; brilliant and unscrupulous. He speaks five languages as easily as if each were his mother tongue. We believe him to be in the Islands—"

Webber was Baron Gerhardt von Stampf!

The ship was not improving in stability. They seemed to be running into a blow. In the pitching stateroom with a dead man for a companion, Talcott dressed rapidly. There could be no sleep for him now. He had to act, and act quickly. A double advantage he possessed now; Webber's plan had failed and he knew who Webber was. It was a slim margin but he had to act on it before Webber became suspicious.

The Nazi agent had gone out from his cabin shortly after the arrival of his "message." The message had been a blind; an opportunity for Webber to change places with the steward. Thus there were at least two against him. How many more? He could not tell.

Should he gamble and go straight to the captain now? It was the proper course, but he wasn't so sure. The majority of masters would, after listening to his story, put him in irons and then conduct their own investigation. Being in irons wouldn't gain him anything.

Nor could he ride to New York with a dead man as cabin mate. The steward would report it and he'd be in irons anyway. Talcott slipped from his stateroom. The corridor was deserted and he passed a moment before Webber's door. No sound. The bald-head hadn't come back. No use trying to break in. He already knew what he wanted to know about him anyway.

On deck he walked rapidly, eyeing with apparent casualness the occupants of chairs. Martha Swenson and the ship's doctor he saw and nodded to them. Further along Professor Constantine was still curled up in sleep, this time with a blanket tucked around him. In the lounge he saw Halsey and June Paterson over empty, ice-melted glasses. She saw him and a welcome light flashed in her eyes. "Oh! There's Bill Talcott!" So he went in.

The drinks arrived, putting an end to conversation, and Halsey lifted his and said quite calmly, "I suppose you realize that either you or I are next on the list? Suppose we drink to it!" June Paterson lifted her glass but could not force herself to swallow. In her mind was the horribly still figure of Sebastian. (To Be Continued)

## RENO DIVORCE CHARGE

RENO, Nev., June 10—Divorce suits filed here included: Cecil A. Cunningham vs. Elsie Cunningham of Klamath Falls, Ore.; married Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 24, 1924; cruelty.

Yosemite National park was visited by 567,081 persons in 154,238 private automobiles in 1940.

## FRIENDLY CREDIT

ON ALL PURCHASES OF MEN'S WEAR

- No Interest
- No Carrying Charge
- No Red Tape

## OREGON WOOLEN STORE

8TH AND MAIN

The color drained from the blonde girl's lips, but other than this momentary lapse she suffered no loss of control. Halsey's jaw muscles knotted and a nerve beneath his left eye jumped. "You're quite sure?" he asked calmly.

"Positive."

"How was it done?"

"A knife."

Halsey carried it beautifully. Called, sharply, "Steward! Take Mr. Talcott's order and bring us another round!" and then, satisfied that they were not noticed by the other patrons, said, "Talcott, I think the time has come for us to lay all our cards on the table. We're as safe here as anywhere. I suggest that, in answering my questions you keep your voice as low as possible; let's appear to be in conversation only. You entered my cabin and secured an envelope given to me by Struthers. Correct?"

"Yes."

"You opened it?"

"Yes."

"What did it contain?"

"Nothing but blank paper."

Halsey smiled at the anecdote. "I suspected as much. What did you do with it?"

"I hid it."

"Securely?"

"I think so."

## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



**LOU GEHRIG**  
BORN IN JUNE, 1903  
JOINED N.Y. YANKEES JUNE, 1923  
FIRST APPEARED IN MAJOR LEAGUE GAME JUNE, 1923  
BEGAN WORLD'S RECORD CONSECUTIVE GAME STREAK JUNE, 1925  
HIT FOUR HOME RUNS IN A SINGLE GAME JUNE, 1932  
DIED JUNE, 1941.

**SARDINES**  
GET THEIR NAME FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN ISLANDS OF SARDINIA.



THE TERM "DONNYBROOK FAIR" IS USED OFTEN TO DESCRIBE WHAT KIND OF A GATHERING

ANSWER: One characterized by rioting and fighting.

NEXT: What bird cannot fold its wings?

## CIVILIAN DEFENSE GROUP

### HORIZONTAL

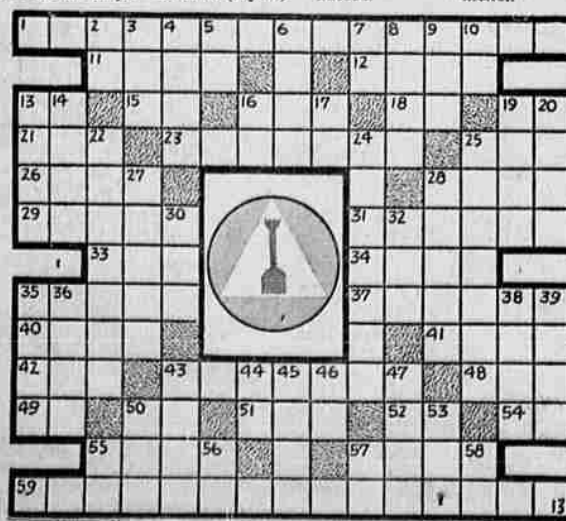
- 1 Depicted is insignia of U. S. Civilian Defense
- 11 British god of underworld.
- 12 Native of Morocco.
- 13 Giant king of Bashan.
- 15 Year (abbr.).
- 16 Moccasin.
- 18 Symbol for selenium.
- 19 Postscript (abbr.).
- 21 Social insect.
- 23 Substance.
- 25 Scottish sheepfold.
- 26 Sailors.
- 28 High.
- 29 Narrate.
- 31 Rate of duty imposed on imports and exports.
- 33 Buggy land.
- 34 War god.
- 35 Floats of logs.
- 37 Dogmas.
- 40 Genus of bees.
- 41 Fall in drops.

### Answer to Previous Puzzle

OWEN ROBERTS  
SPAR EAR ARTS  
REED BARON YEAR  
INN TAM WEE PTE  
ND TAR NJ LA  
K BUNS OWEN DUBA  
FUR ROBERTS DOT  
L SNOW EGOT  
AL SIP REI PO  
SOS LIP LAR WAN  
HOPI TAPIR PRICE  
KISS REE PUNT  
COURTLING

### VERTICAL

- 2 They work to restore flow of — after air raid.
- 24 Puts into notation.
- 25 Those who raise.
- 27 Lets stand.
- 28 Inclination.
- 30 Abstract being.
- 32 Exist.
- 35 Hasty.
- 36 Mimics.
- 38 Gratuities.
- 39 Extend across.
- 43 Persian priestly caste.
- 44 Doctor (abbr.).
- 45 Insignificant (abbr.).
- 46 Egyptian (abbr.).
- 47 Monkey.
- 50 Folding bed.
- 53 Strike.
- 55 Transpose (abbr.).
- 56 Alternating current (abbr.).
- 57 Senior (abbr.).
- 58 Symbol for nickel.



Out Our Way By J. R. Williams

THE DAILY GRIND

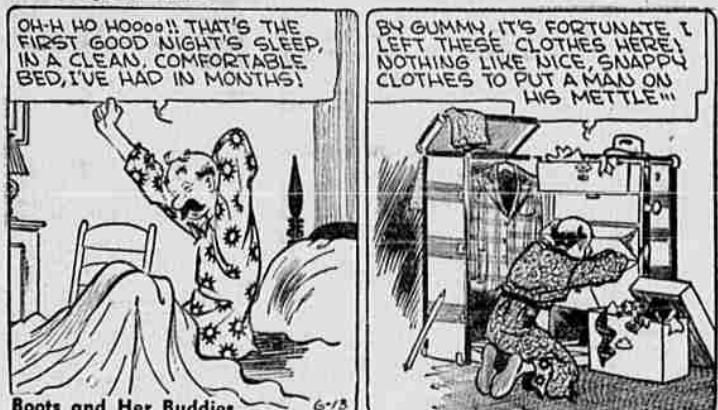
J.R. WILLIAMS 6-13



Red Ryder



Little Orphan Annie



Boots and Her Buddies



Wash Tubbs



Freckles and His Friends



Alley Oop



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople

RUSTY SONG



By Harold Gray



By V. T. Hamlin