

CARIBBEAN CRISIS

BY EATON K. GOLDTHWAITE

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THE PROFESSOR MOVES

CHAPTER XXIV

BRILLIANT sunshine, as if relenting for the storm, splashed the decks of the Blue Petrel as Bill Talcott sat in a deck chair and told June Paterson, for the twentieth time, that he didn't know how he had come to be in Marina Swenson's cabin. She was beginning to believe him, too; probably she had all along, but you wouldn't have known it from the frigid way in which she endured his presence. She was about to speak now when Halsey came along.

Halsey dropped into a chair and sighed, blowing out his lips in exasperation. "Swenson still sticks to the same story," he said. "Claims she didn't know Webber, didn't know of him, had never seen him before the night he came to her here on the ship. She says that Webber, or von Stampf, take your choice; anyhow, bald-headed frightened her half to death. Knew her right name, which incidentally is Swanzig; described her father down to the last wrinkle and threatened to put the screws to him unless she played along. Her job was to compromise Talcott so he wouldn't dare open his head; as if you, you poor dumb brute, weren't sufficiently compromised already."

Talcott squirmed. "Cut it out—it was a fool stunt, her starting that argument with the doctor and making so much noise she brought the whole ship down on her ears. It made me clean forget Webber's threats."

June Paterson sighed. "I guess you don't understand women. Which brings to my mind that despite the fact Mr. Webber hasn't been caught, I'm still unscathed. I wish I could bring myself to believe that you were as doped as you claim."

Halsey grinned. "You've been lucky, my pet. And you've had a big seaman trotting at your heels like a spaniel for the last two days."

"Yeah," Talcott said. "Where does he go when you sleep?"

"That's for you to find out, Mr. Casanova!"

From the companionway Captain Pringle's square figure loomed. A radiogram was tucked in his huge fist. His eyes twinkled pleasantly and he said, "I see everybody's on speaking terms again. You'll be interested to know, Talcott, the pin that doped you also cured my ship's physician. Some kind of stuff South American Indians use in hunting. It paralyzes the game and they walk up and finish them. Thought you'd like to know," and his eyes twinkled briefly as they rested on June Paterson.

"Thanks. No sign of Webber?"

"None. There must be some place on this ship I don't know about, unless he finally did jump overboard. If he's still aboard, we'll get him when the immigration lineup starts. We'll be in at 4 o'clock. Despite the storm, we've made a record run, I believe. We're going to have quite a reception. Half the Army. But here, you might as well read your own messages."

"Probably from Saint Thomas about some woman you left stranded," June Paterson sniffed.

TALCOTT rubbed his nose. "Sorry to disappoint you. It's from your esteemed cousin. He says that one Jerome K. Winters is considerably embarrassed to discover that his nearest and most efficient secretary is a Nazi agent—serves him right! And Lowell says he'll be on hand with a squad of picked men to finish our unfinished business."

"Which reminds me," Halsey said. "Is that darned report still safely hidden?"

"Safe as a church. Unless a fire breaks out."

Halsey looked puzzled. "A fire?" he gasped.

Talcott chuckled.

It was just one more unscheduled thrill for the passengers of the Blue Petrel. As if a hurricane, a murder and a Nazi agent running around loose weren't enough, the Army had to take over the business of landing.

And take over they did. Not at the pier, but in quarantine. At least 20 of them; clear-eyed young chaps who looked and acted as if they knew exactly what they were about. Led by a lean, wiry young man whose uniform bore the insignia of a captain. He stood at an impromptu desk in the main lounge, asking questions and performing an inspection which slowed down the immigration line to a snail's pace.

Other strange things were going on, too. For instance, a sad-eyed, sea-faced man who had been taken over Cabin K with the full consent both of the late occupant, Mr. Leonard Halsey, and the ship's captain, Seth Pringle. There had been some kind of mysterious business in which the flashing and mysterious William Talcott had marched at the head of a squad of four to, of all places, the fire hose. He had opened the cabinet and, in the presence of the squad, removed therefrom a bulky envelope. Then the squad had right-faced and marched into Cabin K, and marched right out again. But without the envelope.

And it was much more puzzling when the cause of all the trouble, Mr. Talcott, had his turn and came face-to-face with the young captain. The startled passengers saw the supposed ebullient mur-

derer and the stiff Army officer in a combination bear-hug dance and Sioux Indian reunion, complete with war cries.

It dragged on unbearably. Dumpy, sniffling dowagers; doddering old gentlemen; returning college students; school teachers. The same questions. The same sharp scrutiny.

There was an interruption; one of the squad superintending search of the fire hose compartment came marching up. Saluted smartly, grinned, said, "Formula Nine did it, sir. We got the goods."

And what on earth was Formula Nine? What could it possibly have to do with fire hoses and fat envelopes and a sad-eyed, sad-faced man who occupied a cabin just as if he were at home?

The line moved on. Thinner, now. Less crowding from behind. There weren't so many left, a man and wife, and then the hypochondriac, Professor Constantine.

The professor winked at Bill Talcott. "Style, eh?" he remarked with a grin. "Makes you feel important—You know, that man who just passed. Perfect Neanderthal, don't you think? Notice the shoulders and arms—"

Talcott didn't notice the perfect Neanderthal, but he did notice Professor Constantine. The professor possessed a mop of dyed, woolly hair. He also possessed violent and uncontrollable eyebrows patterned much along the lines of those of a famous labor leader. But behind his thick-lensed glasses he had no eyelashes!

"Professor," Talcott said, smiling grimly. "I believe you claim to have been picked up in Martinique by a certain smuggler named Jackson. It wouldn't be possible, would it, that you had been in Saint Thomas instead to secure certain defense plans which

were recently revealed by the use of Formula Nine on Struthers' report to the company?"

Constantine declined to hear. He moved, shuttleside, to the rail. His leg went up and over he went. (To Be Concluded)

HOLD EVERYTHING!



That's all he gets, nurse—gas rationing, you know!

Fluorescent Lamps and Starters Available!

Also All Shapes and Sizes G. E. Mazda Lamps

UHLIG'S



Out Our Way By J. R. Williams. WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY 6-17



Red Ryder WITH HIS HORSE CONCEALED, A LONE HIGHWAYMAN WAITS FOR THE STAGE AS RED RYDER PUSHES THE HORSES DOWN THE ROAD. HERE IT COMES... ON TIME, TOO! HERE'S WHERE BIG BOY GIVES THE PEOPLE OF MAVERICK A NEW TRICK! 6-17



No! THE HORSE IS A 1908 FREE-WHEELER = Our Boarding House With Major Hoopla



STOP...AND STICK 'EM UP, RED HEAD! YOU'RE BARKIN' UP THE WRONG TREE! I'VE GOT NO PAY LOAD...JUST A LADY PASSENGER! AND SHE'S WHAT I'M AFTER! 6-17 By Fred Harman

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

THE MONGOOSE. INTRODUCED INTO THE WEST INDIES TO KILL RATS, FOUND DOMESTIC POULTRY MORE TO ITS LIKING AND BECAME, ITSELF, A SERIOUS PEST.

HELP THE USO

WE IN AMERICA THINK OF SOY BEANS AS A NEW DEVELOPMENT, BUT THE CHINESE WERE GROWING THEM AS EARLY AS 2638 B.C.

ONE CANNOT SEE WITH A GLASS EYE, ALTHOUGH IT MAY LOOK GOOD! CARL L. CROOK, ASHEVILLE, N.C.



Little Orphan Annie HELEN, YOU'RE CAPTAIN O' YOUR BLOCK ON ASH STREET—GET FOUR LIEUTENANTS AND GO TO WORK COLLECTIN' OLD PAPER AN' JUNK AN' GETTIN' IT TO FINEGAN'S PASTURE—DON'T MISS A THING! COLONEL ANNIE!



WHY, LORETTA, YOU'LL BE MY MAJOR—YOU'LL SORTA CIRCULATE AN' KEEP AN EYE ON TH' CAPTAINS—KEEP 'EM HUSTLIN'—SHOW 'EM HOW WHERE YOU HAVE TO— WHERE WILL I FIND YOU, IF I RUN INTO SOMETHIN' I CAN'T HANDLE? I'LL BE AROUND—THERE'S BOUND TO BE OLD STOVES AM' STUFF TOO BIG TO HANDLE—I GOTTA DIG UP A TRUCK SOME PLACE—FOR FREE— ED CASEY'S GOT A TRUCK—WELL, I'LL SEE YAH LATER, COLONEL ANNIE— 6-17 By Harold Gray



Mr. PARSONS WILL JUDGE THE CONTEST, AND HIS DECISION WILL BE FINAL! Freckles and His Friends



WHO'S MR. PARSONS? SUSPECT FRAME-UP! PROBABLY SOME JERK WHO'LL VOTE FOR HIS OWN GIRL. I WONDER HOW OLD HE IS? I'M EIGHTY... DOGGONIT!!! 6-17 By Blosser



Wash Tubbs CURSED FILIPINOS! DO THEY NEVER REALIZE WHEN THEY ARE CONQUERED? OKAY, BOYS, THEY'VE TAKEN TO COVER! LET'S SCATTER! 6-17



SURPRISE 'EM AND SMACK 'EM—THAT'S THE IDEA! BUT NEVER GIVE THEM AN OPPORTUNITY TO HIT BACK! WILL NOT DO FOR JAPANESE DEFEAT TO BECOME KNOWN. PLEASE REPORT ALL QUIET TO NEWSPAPERS. RUSH REINFORCEMENTS AT ONCE! 6-17 By Crane

DIVIDED NATION

HORIZONTAL

1 Depicted country.

3 Abduct.

5 Greek letter.

9 Watchful.

13 Type measure.

14 Right (abbr.).

16 Musical instrument.

18 Other than.

20 Senior (abbr.).

21 It has a naval base at —.

24 South American rodent.

26 Perch.

27 Belonging to him.

29 Acetiform fuel.

30 Guided.

32 Temporarily.

34 Because.

35 Prince.

36 Genuine.

37 Place.

39 Its chief of government, Pierre —.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

JOHN L. MCCREA
SITA RAS. GREENE
ATTI SETON OILER
ET CELLOZINE
BUREAU L. RED
ARERIA OTIPE
CAMER BIANAL
GASISTE ELIC
GESSIN MCRA SORTS
MORAL SKI TITENET
OSAGES EIDSTAB
TIERCE E PEST

VERTICAL

1 Fortified places.

2 Part of "be."

3 Void.

4 Merit.

5 European race (var.).

6 Not shallow.

7 New Mexico (abbr.).

8 Its former capital, —.

11 Us.

12 Music note.

15 Labor.

17 Pronoun.

19 Sorrowful.

20 Celestial body.

22 Indian.

23 Noise.

25 Self.

27 Hourly.

28 Junk.

31 Algerian ruler.

32 Nothing.

33 Long fish.

34 Soar.

37 Path.

38 Insect.

40 Brewing tub.

42 Capital of unoccupied section.

43 Unit.

45 Distant.

47 Bad.

48 Expect.

49 Large quantity.

52 Beside.

53 Either.

54 Plural (abbr.).

41 However.

42 Moving truck.

44 Lick up.

46 Aim.

49 Mother.

50 Symbol for cerium.

51 Part of speech.

53 Boat paddle.

54 3,1416.

55 Trials.

56 Color.

57 Therefore.

ALLEY OOP

WELL, MISTER TUM! IT'S BEEN QUITE A WHILE SINCE YOU'VE FAVORED US WITH A VISIT!

THAT'S RIGHT, DOC, BUT WE'VE BEEN PRETTY BUSY, BOY'S EVERYBODY?

JUST FINE! ANY F.B.I. BUSINESS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD?

WELL, YES... BY THE WAY, HOW'S MY OLD FRIEND, ALLEY OOP?

OH HE'S ALL RIGHT, BUT...MY START, DON'T TELL ME IT'S OOP YOU'RE AFTER?!

OH, NO, I DON'T THINK SO...HE HASN'T BEEN UP TO ANY MONKEY BUSINESS, HAS HE?

...BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THERE HASN'T BEEN SOME MONKEY BUSINESS AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!



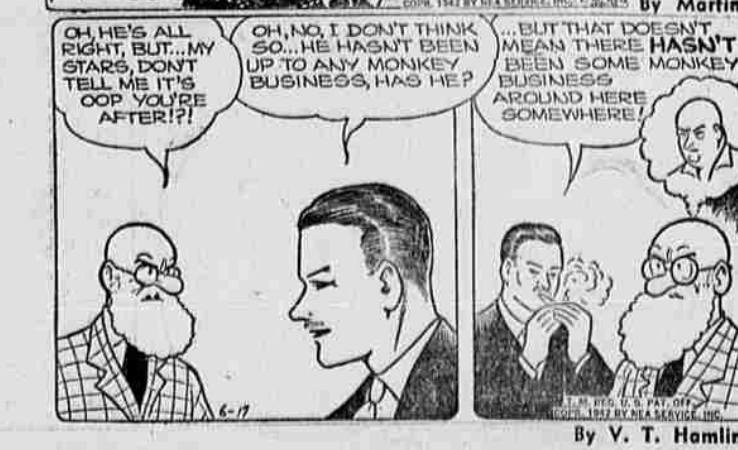
YEAH, MAN! MISTUH HIGH—DAT'S WHO NOT 'BETTEM' HIGH? SAY, HAVE YA HEARD? YEAH, BO-OY OH BOY! HEY, 'BETTEM' HIGH IS HERE! 6-17



LIKE WILD-FIRE FROM ONE END OF THE TRACK TO THE OTHER, THE NEWS SPREADS THAT J.X. 'BETTEM' HIGH IS PRESENT! GIMME SOMETHIN' HOT, WILL YA, J.X.? IT'S TOUGH LATELY BY PLENTY; TH' LITTLE WOMAN AINT SO WELL—AN' BOTH KIDS... COME OVER HERE, TONY—I WANT TO TALK TO YOU 6-17 By Martin



ALLEY OOP 6-17



6-17 By V. T. Hamlin