

**SERIAL STORY**  
**SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR**

BY BLANCHE ROBERTS

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**THE STORY:** Judith Kingsley and Tom Burke are employees of an airplane factory. At the height of a lovers' quarrel they are both sent to the firm's west coast factory—Judith to investigate a "blake" in the organization, Tom to above the desert on an airplane. Two men draw guns as the copilot lands the plane. They seize the pilot and take Tom to a waiting car. Tom sits in the car in the darkness as the men come back.

**STOLEN RIDE**

**CHAPTER IV**  
The car brushed the sage bush behind which Judith huddled, and stopped a few feet beyond her. Three men got out and ran to the plane. She crept to the car and peered in cautiously. It was empty. Without a second's hesitation, she opened the door and got in. She felt around in the dark for the switch. The engine started immediately and, shoving it into gear, she pulled the car around just as she heard someone yell from within the airliner.

She hadn't known an automobile could gather so much speed in so short a time. She followed the tracks across the desert. For fully 200 yards the trail ran perfectly straight. She shut off the lights as a gun cracked behind her. Dirt and gravel flew up and sprayed the car with dust. Other shots followed quickly but went wild. When she judged she had gone the length of the trail, she turned the lights back on, just in time to keep from missing the tracks she was following.

A faint light burned in the distance and she slowed the car. As she drew nearer, a snarl took shape and from its window came the light she had seen. She stopped the car some yards from the house and got out, the small gun gripped tightly in her right hand. Trembling a little, she moved silently forward to look in at the window. She felt sure she would find Tom Burke held a captive inside.

By standing on her toes and craning her neck, Judith could see in. Burke was tied hand and foot, sitting on a box that faced the window. Moving to the other side of the opening, she could see there was only one man guarding the prisoner, the co-pilot. The two were just sitting there.

Judith let her face be framed in the window, hoping Tom would see her. He did. But only a slight flicker of his dark eyes gave hint to her presence. He turned his head and spoke to the pilot and she knew it was to keep the man's attention so he would not discover her.

She crept to the door, the gun ready for action, her heart hammering against her ribs. On the threshold, she poised for action. "Put up your hands!" she told the pilot firmly. There was not a tremor in her voice though her knees shook violently and threatened to give way.

The man whirled, reaching upward with his arms as he did so. "There's a knife in my coat pocket," Tom told her. "Cut me loose."

She advanced across the floor of the small room, her gaze never leaving the man whose hands were extended in the air above his head. There was no mistaking the coldness and daring in his eyes and Judith did not once underestimate him as she reached for the knife. She knew if the man made a move her finger would squeeze the trigger.

She worked hard at the ropes with the knife in her left hand and as the last thread was cut from around Tom's wrists, her eyes flickered from the man across the room. There was a quick movement and Burke made a dive for the pilot, his feet still tied together. The two went down together.

"Beat it!" yelled Tom between blows, as he rolled over and over on the floor with his adversary. But Judith hesitated, watching for a chance to use her gun.

"Get to San Diego," he ordered hoarsely. "Go on, Judy!"

She left and ran quickly to the car. She did not look back but drove furiously down the road, hoping it would lead her toward her destination. She would not let herself think of Tom fighting back there in the cabin with that man. If the plans had not been in her possession, there would have been no "But she not only had a duty to her company, she now had one to her government."

Before long, she struck a highway, and breathed a little easier. "I wonder how much gas this car has in it?" she asked herself and switched on the dash light. A feeling of horror enveloped her—the tank was nearly empty. But as if in answer to her prayers, her headlights picked out a small station by the side of the road. It was closed, but she refused to be dismayed.

She pulled the big car into the drive and honked. She kept on honking until she woke the man who was sleeping in the rear of his station. He came out, rubbing his eyes and grumbling loudly. "I'm sorry to disturb you but I have to have some gas," Judith told him earnestly and his eyes widened at the sight of a pretty young woman. "You will just have to open up and sell me some."

"Why sure," he agreed, his mood changing instantly. "Always glad to oblige a lady. How many?" she asked as he unlocked the pump. "Fill it up," she instructed, "and please hurry."

As she sat there, two cars whizzed by and each time her heart came into her throat, for fear they might be her pursuers. The man put the cap on the tank and she handed him a ten-dollar bill. He went in after the change and while he was gone a car drove in behind her and stopped. A man said: "Why—that's Burke's car, isn't it?"

That was all Judith needed to hear to make her shift into gear and drive off without her change. Driving a stolen car was bad enough. But when some men recognized it and were probably a part of the spy ring she was running from, it was high time to move on, and fast!

In a moment, she saw the headlights of the other car swing onto the highway. After that, she never looked up from the road in front of her as the speedometer hovered over and above the 90 mark. She quickly passed the two cars in front of her.

The eastern sky turned pink as daybreak neared and Judith reached some foothills. She slowed enough to lift her eyes to the rear view mirror. Nothing was behind her—not a car in sight. She let out a long, weary sigh and relaxed her aching back against the car cushion. She was exhausted. Her eyes burned from the strain of the night's wild drive. She was thankful for the light of day.

"I've got to get rid of this car," she thought. "Maybe I could hitch-hike the rest of the way."

She approached the outer edge of a small town where everything seemed still asleep. She turned down a deserted street and parked the car. Crawling out stiffly, she did a few stretching exercises and was soon limber enough to walk back to the highway. She walked through town to the opposite side and sat down in a protected spot to rest.

She waited for a ride, letting several cars go by unaccosted. Finally she spotted a big truck coming down the road. She stood up and moved to the side of the pavement, lifting her thumb as

she had seen hitch-hikers do. She could not keep the amused little grin from her face. The truck slowed, stopped. A burly fellow leaned over and opened the cab door.

"Hop in sister," he invited, grinning.  
(To Be Continued)

Making light of your troubles may help you to see the way clear.

**COZY**  
LONGVIEW, Wash., (AP)—A dozen lumber mill workers decided "this war is everybody's funeral if we don't win it."

So they're saving their private automobile and are using a larger machine to carry them to work.

With benches installed, they find the new vehicle quite cozy—it's a hearse.

By the time it gets cool enough to go to sleep it's time to get up.

**WE STILL HAVE COMPLETE STOCK OF SMALL HOME APPLIANCES**

- ★ IRONS
- ★ TOASTERS
- ★ CLOCKS
- ★ WAFFLE IRONS

**UHLIG'S**  
1026 MAIN

**THIS CURIOUS WORLD** By William Ferguson



**THE GREAT BARRIER REEF**  
OFF THE COAST OF QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA, COVERING AN AREA OF 100,000 SQUARE MILES... WAS BUILT ENTIRELY BY COUNTLESS MILLIONS OF TINY LITTLE CREATURES KNOWN AS POLYPS!



ANSWER: Supine.  
NEXT: Spring housecleaning.

**SCREEN ACTRESS**

**HORIZONTAL**

14 Pictured motion picture actress.

10 Thick preserve.

13 Beverage.

14 Skill.

15 Greek letter.

16 Note in Guido's scale.

17 Edge.

18 Bind.

19 Exclamations.

20 Pale.

21 Level.

22 Ragout of partly roasted game.

25 Interdiction.

26 Pertaining to old age.

28 Not as warm.

30 Mysell.

31 A seeking (law).

32 Form of headdress.

33 Burmese public shed.

34 Upon.

35 Thorny.

**Answer to Previous Puzzle**

PATRICK HURLEY  
BOAST SPOIL  
FEZ LAG HER LIE  
AREA NEWER AIRS  
LEANE APART  
LITS PATRI  
TEASES EROSIN  
ERNEE NOTE  
MAD AC FINE  
OSTEMU FIT MD  
OSPAIRS PAPER'S  
WARDPARTMENT

36 Rutaceous tree of India.

39 Roman magistrates.

43 Native metals.

44 Doves' home.

45 Solemn promise.

46 Female saint (abbr.).

49 Cover.

51 Swiss river.

52 Fish.

53 Children's game.

54 Girl's name.

37 Pair of horses.

8 Moral principles.

9 Short-napped fabric.

10 Gem.

11 Winged.

12 Large landed estate.

22 Great hunters.

24 Behold!

25 Containing vowel sounds.

27 Inclines.

28 Exuded.

35 Near by.

36 She is a actress.

37 Corrode.

38 More recent.

40 Burdens.

41 Public storehouse.

42 Modern Syriac cursive script.

46 Station (abbr.).

47 Color.

48 Her's product.

49 Gibbon.

50 Father.

**Wash Tubbs**

MEET ME ON TH' RAIL S.X. - AT TH' FAR TURN

RIGHTO!

SEVERAL DAYS HAVE PASSED SINCE OUR PREHISTORIC FRIENDS AND OSCAR BOOM SET OFF FOR THE ORIENT IN THEIR CAPTURED JAP SUBMARINE. DAYS OF SKULKING ALONG SUBMERGED SURFACING ONLY AT NIGHT TO MAKE TIME

BUT THE STRAIN IS BE-GINNING TO TELL ON BOOM, ON WHOM THE ENTIRE BURDEN OF OPERATION HAS RESTED

BOYS I'VE GOTTA HAVE SOME SLEEP.. BUT WAKE ME IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG

NO HONK

**Alley Oop**

**THE "ALL OUT" SIGNAL** By J. R. Williams

I'M GONNA TRY TO MAKE IT COME OUT THROUGH MY NOSE-- DON'T YOU WISH YOU COULD MAKE IT COME OUT THROUGH YOUR EYES?

YES! ANY PLACE-- ANY PLACE!

**Red Ryder**

THE WHOLE TOWN'S JOINED OUR POLICE TO CHASE THAT WOMAN KIDNAPER, SHERIFF!

IT'S THE WORST CRIME THAT'S HIT THIS COUNTY SINCE I'VE BEEN TINY! THIS BADGE!

**Little Orphan Annie**

WE DON'T NEED THIS TOWN DIRECTORY, BUT WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH IT, ANNE?

OH, WE NEED IT IN OUR JUNIOR COMMANDO WORK--

I BROUGHT THE COLORED PENCILS YOU ASKED FOR, COLONEL ANNIE--

FINE! NOW NEXT TO TH' NAME O' EVERYONE WHO HELPED BY GIVIN' OLD IRON OR PAPER OR LUMINUM, WE MAKE A BLUE MARK!

THOSE WHO HIRE JUNIOR COMMANDOS TO RUN ERRANDS, SO WE CAN USE TH' MONEY TO BUY WAR STAMPS, GET A RED MARK--

GEE! THAT WAY WE CAN TELL WHAT EVERYBODY IN TOWN HAS DONE, EH?

BUT SUPPOSIN ANYBODY JUST REFUSES TO DO A THING, EVEN THOUGH THEY CAN, AN' WON'T EVEN TRY! WHAT COLOR WILL YOU MARK THEM?

IF THEY WON'T EVEN TRY TO HELP WHEN OUR COUNTRY NEEDS TH' HELP O' EVERYONE, WHY THAT'S EASY-- FOR THEM WE USE A YELLOW MARK!

**Freckles and His Friends**

I INSURED A LOT OF ROMANCES, AND EVERY JEAN WHO LOST HIS GIRL IS NOW GOING OUT WITH MINE!

WHO WROTE THESE POLICIES, SON?

I DID!

WELL, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY LEGAL DOCUMENTS SO MIXED UP!

**Boots and Her Buddies**

THERE'S THE JAP DESTROYER, THE PROBLEM NOW, YOUNG TITO, IS TO--

SHHH! I HEARD SOME ONE COUGH

**Boots and Her Buddies**

ONE OF MY BOYS SPOTTED 'EM, A GUY AN' A GAL IN BOX 17. RIGHT AFTER YOU PASSED, THEY WENT INTO A HUDDLE... AN' THEY WEREN'T TALKIN' ABOUT HORSES

GOOD! GOOD WORK, TONY! COME, I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THEM!

**Alley Oop**

GOSH, HE'S PLUMB WORE OUT-- DEAD TO TH' WORLD!

YEH, BUT HE DIDN'T HAFTA DO EVERYTHING HIMSELF.. WE COULD RUN THIS CAN IF ONLY WE KNEW WHICH GADGETS TO JIGGLE!

BY GUM, GUZ, DIDJUH EVER SEE SO MANY DO-JIGGERS IN YOUR LIFE?

SURE A MESS O' 'EM.. I BET EVEN TH' JAPS THAT BUILT IT DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE ALL FOR!

**Our Boarding House With Major Hoople**

REMEMBER NOW, MEN! I AM DR. CATCHWELL FINCH, THE ANIMAL SPECIALIST! WHEN I OFFER TO INSPECT THIS GOOD FARMER'S LIVESTOCK FOR DISTEMPER, SURELY HE'LL BE GLAD TO PROVIDE US A CHICKEN DINNER AND SOME OATS FOR DREADNAUGHT!

THIS IS ONE BUNT I HOPE YOU BEAT OUT! EITHER THAT OR DREADNAUGHT'S HARNESS IS THE MAIN COURSE I'LL TAKE THE COLLAR!

YOU'D BETTER START YOUR SPECIALIZING ON THAT AIREDALE FROWNING IN THE YARD!

OR LEAVE THE GATE OPEN =

**By Fred Harmon**

SPREAD OUT, MEN-- JUST LIKE YOU WERE RIDIN' CIRCLE 7 THE OUTLAW CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ALL O' US!

MEANWHILE, LITTLE BEAVER IS PUZZLED BY A HORSE HE VAGUELY REMEMBERS, STANDING BY THE BANK.

**By Harold Gray**

THE WAY THEY ARE WORDED, EVERY ONE OF YOUR POLICY HOLDERS OWES YOU \$5 IN-STEAD OF VICE VERSA!

HUH???

DAD, AM I GETTING TOO OLD TO GIVE YOU A GREAT BIG KISS?

**By Blosser**

OVER THERE! LOOK! THERE'S A BOAT-- AND A SENTRY GUARDING IT

WELL, WELL, WELL, I'VE BEEN WONDERING HOW WE'D SMACK THIS DESTROYER HARD ENOUGH TO CAUSE AN EXPLOSION! NOW I KNOW-- WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT BOAT!

**By Crane**

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**By Martin**

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**By V. T. Hamlin**

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