

● SERIAL STORY
SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR
BY BLANCHE ROBERTS

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THE STORY: Judith Kingsley and Tom Burke are employees of an airplane factory. Following a series of mysterious "leaks" in the organization, Tom is taken to the firm's west coast branch—Judith to investigate a "leak" in the organization. Tom is taken to the firm's west coast branch—Judith to investigate a "leak" in the organization. Tom is taken to the firm's west coast branch—Judith to investigate a "leak" in the organization.

CHAPTER V
THE grinning driver opened the door and Judith climbed up into the truck without a second invitation.

"Thanks," she said to him, relieved. "Where are you headed for?"

"San Diego," he answered. "Where do you want to go?"

"To San Diego. May I ride all the way, please?"

"Sure, baby, why not?" He pulled the truck back into the road.

Judith settled back. This was a break, she thought. She'd have been an easy prey to follow, in the bandits' car. This way, there was less chance of them catching up with her.

At noon they stopped at a roadside cafe. Judith was ravenously hungry. She had not eaten since last night when the plane stopped.

She peered around in her newfound friend cautiously. Instantly, she recognized Heavy and the foreigner, Karl Her.

He read it and looked at her sharply. She inclined her head toward the other men, and he saw the fear in her eyes.

"Those are the men I escaped from last night. They must not catch me again. They are dangerous. The blond one is a foreigner. He would kill me, I think."

"No," she answered readily, not taking offense at his question.

"That's it," gasped Judith. She caught Harry's arm and her nails cut into his flesh.

"You asked for it!" yelled Harry out of his window. "Here I come!"

He jerked the truck to the middle of the road. There was a screeching of tires as the speeding car swerved into the ditch and hit the embankment.

Without a backward glance, Harry put the accelerator to the floor and sped on.

"You can come up for air now," he told Judith, with grim satisfaction. "Nobody's going to make me pull over and stop if I don't want to—not while I'm driving this wagon."

As they rolled on down the highway, Judith realized she must change her course. Harry had become a friend—a good friend—in these few short hours, and as long as she was with him, his life was in danger.

About sundown, Harry pulled into a dumpy looking tourist camp and stopped.

"Well, baby, here's where we spend the night. Not much to look at, but it's clean enough. I'll see about getting you a cabin. I usually sleep in the truck."

"If you'll get some groceries from the woman in there, Harry, I'll cook us a nice meal. I'm awfully hungry. Some coffee, and steak and bread," she suggested.

returned soon, laden with the groceries. While Judith prepared the meal, he sat watching her with quick eyes.

"I just can't figure you out," he said once.

"Don't try to, Harry," she answered. "Everything will be all right now, I'm sure. Thanks to you," she added.

WHEN he went in to wash up, Judith opened her purse quickly and seized the sleeping medicine. Into his coffee she put two doses.

"Two spoons of one of sugar, Harry?" she called to him.

"Two spoons, baby," he answered, coming back into the room. "You're sure a swell girl—cooking supper and making it so homelike."

"I'm trying to repay you for your kindness today," she said.

"Here—drink your coffee while it's hot and I'll finish trying the steak. I never drink coffee at night. It keeps me awake."

Judith took as long as she could to finish the rest of the meal and put it on the table.

She waited a moment, then slipped quietly from her chair. She put on her hat, took two \$10 bills from her purse and stuffed them into his shirt pocket where she had seen him put the truck keys.

She tiptoed out the door. No one was around the other cabins as she made her way to the back. It was quite dark.

A man said: "There's the truck all right. We'll get a cabin next to it."

Judith's heart stood still as she recognized Heavy's voice.

(To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!



No use making any vacation plans this year, Virgil!

"TAKE 90 DAYS TO PAY — THE OREGON WOOLEN WAY!"

- NO INTEREST
- NO CARRYING CHARGE
- NO RED TAPE

USE YOUR CASH TO BUY BONDS TO BUY CLOTHES

MEN'S COMPLETE FURNISHINGS, WORK CLOTHES and SHOES

OREGON WOOLEN STORE
Klamath's Credit Clothiers
8TH and MAIN.



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

Out Our Way
By J. R. Williams



Red Ryder



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



By Fred Harman

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



Barbie and Blood-Letter

IT ONCE WAS THE CUSTOM TO DRAIN OFF A PART OF THE BLOOD IN THE SPRINGTIME, WITH THE IDEA THAT A NEW DISEASE-FREE SUPPLY WOULD BE DEVELOPED TO TAKE ITS PLACE, THEREBY MAKING A PERSON MORE HEALTHY.

COMMANDO LEADER

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured leader of British commandoes.

12 Before.

13 By.

14 Narrow inlet.

15 Negative.

17 Affirmative.

19 Humor.

21 Finish.

23 Equipment.

25 Pedal digit.

27 Small rug.

29 Lock opener.

31 Boy.

33 Born.

37 Compass point.

38 To no extent.

41 Fate.

43 Mineral rock.

45 Aluminum (symbol).

47 Metal.

49 Pinch.

50 Aged.

52 Spinning toy.

54 Standard of value.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

18 Offspring.

20 Beret.

22 Lair.

24 Light brown.

26 Long fish.

28 Also.

30 Still.

32 Period.

34 Age.

36 For.

38 Rodent.

40 Point.

42 Symbol for titanium.

44 Sprite.

46 Bit of wood.

48 Short sleep.

51 Immerse.

53 Friend.

55 Decay.

57 Free.

59 Two (prefix).

61 Auricle.

63 Explosive.

65 Half (prefix).

67 Shortly.

69 Title.

71 Existed.

73 Parent.

75 Greek letter.

77 Exclamation.

79 Toward.

VERTICAL

2 Music note.

3 Arid.

4 Encounter.

5 Above.

6 Novel.

7 Neat.

8 Area measure.

9 Cravat.

10 Army vehicle.

11 Sodium (symbol).

16 Lubricant.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22

23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

31 32 33 34 35 36 37

38 39 40 41 42 43 44

45 46 47 48 49 50 51

52 53 54 55 56 57

58 59 60 61 62

63 64 65 66 67

68 69 70 71 72 73

74 75 76 77 78 79

80



Little Orphan Annie



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



By Harold Gray



By Blosser



By Crane



By Martin



By V. T. Hamlin