

SERIAL STORY
SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR

BY BLANCHE ROBERTS

6-26
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THE STORY: Judith Kingsly and Tom Burke, employees of airplane factories, are en route to the west coast. When foreign agents kidnap Tom from a plane with the new bomber plans which Tom had slipped, she is rescued by the agents, she finds Tom in a cabin, leaves him fighting with his captors, thumps two spies and after many narrow escapes, eludes the pursuers and reaches San Diego.

CHAPTER VII
It was after 1 o'clock in the afternoon when Judith opened her tired and swollen eyes. She hadn't intended to sleep so long, but once asleep she could not waken. Every bone and muscle in her exhausted body ached. It took all her strength and will power to get out of bed.

She walked to the window and looked down on the crowded street. For no apparent reason her heart quickened its beat and intuition told her the car parked across from the hotel belonged to the spy ring. A man walked slowly up and down the street, occasionally glancing at the hotel entrance.

"They have found out in some way that I am here." A gleam of light came into her eyes as she turned from the window to the telephone.

"Please send me a maid," she told the man at the desk. And while she waited, she mused: "I've come this far on my own and I can go the rest of the way. I'll deliver these plans in person and nothing is going to stop me."

To the maid she said, "Could I rent a uniform from you?"

"Oh, yes, miss," the girl replied eagerly at the sight of the bill in Judith's hand. "I'll get it for you now."

Judith left the hotel by the servants' entrance without being accosted and found a cab. An hour later she entered the manager's office at the west coast factory.

He looked up, startled at seeing a smiling, redheaded maid standing before him. He cleared his throat while Judith enjoyed his embarrassment.

"I don't blame you for being amazed, Mr. Mathews. I'm Judith Kingsly of the eastern office. I have the plans Mr. Burke was bringing to you. Sorry they are late in arriving."

Mathews got hastily to his feet and came around the desk to take her hands. There was deep admiration in his eyes.

"You got through!" he exclaimed, overjoyed. "When we heard Tom Burke was missing we had just about given up hopes of the plans. Mr. Watson has been frantic about you. You'd better call the home office right away. Here"—he pushed her into a chair—"I'll have the call put right through for you."

"But what happened to Tom Burke?" Judith asked fearfully. Mathews shook his head slowly. "We don't know. The plane was located yesterday and brought in. The passengers told us what happened before and after your disappearance, but they were all hazy about the looks of the men."

"The last time I saw Tom," said Judith, her voice low and her eyes misty, "he was fighting with his captor. He ordered me to leave. I had the plans. He dropped them in my seat when they were taking him off the liner. The spies had him in a shack near where the plane was brought down."

"The FBI men found the shack. It was empty, of course."

"Of course," she repeated. "They would have Tom with them. So he must be all right," she said, more for her own benefit than for the manager's.

When the long distance call came through, Judith gave Watson a brief resume of her experiences.

"I didn't know I was letting you in for all that," Watson told her coyly. "I want you to stay out there in California for a rest. Three weeks' vacation—and a raise, too."

She hung up, and lifted sad, speculative eyes to Mathews. But immediately another idea made her eyes sparkle with adventure. "I can help find Tom Burke and the spy ring. I'm sure of it."

"How?"

"She shrugged her slim shoulders. "Just leave it to me. Those spies have been on my trail constantly. Just because I have delivered the plans doesn't mean they will let me go free. I rather imagine they'd like to get hold of me if for no other reason than to put me out of the picture."

Mathews sat silent and concerned. Judith walked to a window and looked out.

"I wouldn't be surprised if someone was waiting for me right now."

"We wouldn't think of letting you take such a chance," Mathews exploded. "I'm going to send you back east in a private plane from the field here."

Judith shook her head. "Tom's life may be at stake," she said crisply, then added smilingly, "Besides, I've just been promised three weeks' vacation."

"Let's hear your plan, Miss Kingsly."

"Those men won't let Tom go—not while he knows things they can use, or while he knows their hideouts. If I can help the Federal men catch the spies and rescue Tom, I think it is my duty—a duty I want to perform."

She put a hand on Mathews' arm. "The only way to find Burke quickly is for them to take me. You can have someone trail me, can't you?"

He nodded, but there was a deep frown between his eyes. "There is no guarantee that they won't kill you before you can be rescued. We just can't take that risk."

way, you know," she added defiantly. "Tom Burke would do the same for me and not even ask permission."

"Any man who had ever laid eyes on that red head of yours would fight for you, Miss Kingsly."

She blushed, but continued her argument. "You see, I know three of the men in the ring—the ones on the plane. If they aren't caught, I'd live in terror all my life. They would know I could identify them and they would want me out of the way. And as long as they are at large, our country is in real danger."

Mathews threw up his hands. "All right," he laughed. "I never could win an argument with a pretty woman. I'll get in touch with the government men right now."

She grinned, elated over her quick victory. As soon as he put through his call, she said: "I'd like some money. My boss said nothing was too good for me."

"That's right, young lady. We will take down the serial numbers just to be on the safe side. They might take it away from you."

"And I'd like a new outfit to wear. This maid's uniform doesn't do me justice." She laughed. "I want to at least look my best if I am to be captured by the enemy. I might be able to flirt my way out. Can you order something sent here, right away?"

"Here"—he handed her the telephone—"get anything you want. I'll send my secretary to help you."

Just before 5 o'clock she was ready to leave the plane factory. She said goodbye to the manager, a bright smile on her face, and walked out, head up. She knew there was a man watching her, ready to take up the trail if anything happened to her. She felt secure and unafraid as she stepped into a waiting taxi.

(To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!



6-26
"Ain't you scared the FBI will nab you for evading the 10 per cent tax on fares?"

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

- NO INTEREST
- NO CARRYING CHARGE
- NO RED TAPE

USE YOUR CASH TO BUY BONDS YOUR CREDIT TO BUY CLOTHES

MEN'S COMPLETE FURNISHINGS, WORK CLOTHES and SHOES

OREGON WOOLEN STORE

Klamath's Credit Clothiers
8TH and MAIN



6-26
THE INDIGNITY
Out Our Way
By J. R. Williams



6-26
Red Ryder



6-26
Our Boarding House With Major Hoople
He did get \$3 off that way



6-26
By Fred Harman

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



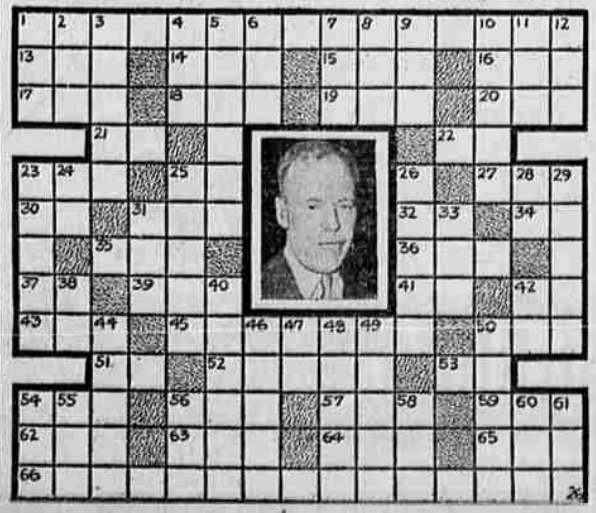
THE RETICULATED PYTHON
WHICH INHABITS BURMA, INDIA, CHINA, AND THE MALAY PENINSULA, ATTAINS A LENGTH OF 70 FEET. THIS IS THE LARGEST OF ALL LIVING SNAKES AND IS LARGER THAN ANY KNOWN FOSSIL OF PREHISTORIC SPECIES.



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NEXT: Weather and the axis.

U. S. OFFICIAL

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1 Pictured U. S. Under-secretary of War.
 - 13 Shoemaker's tool.
 - 14 Exist.
 - 15 Wise bird.
 - 16 Cravat.
 - 17 Born.
 - 18 Light brown.
 - 19 Man's nickname.
 - 20 Altitude (abbr.).
 - 21 Like.
 - 22 Either.
 - 23 Was seated.
 - 25 Myself.
 - 27 Place (abbr.).
 - 30 Court (abbr.).
 - 31 Evergreen tree.
 - 32 Music note.
 - 34 Measure of area.
 - 35 Wager.
 - 36 Past.
 - 37 Part of "be."
 - 39 Age.
 - 41 Month (abbr.).
 - 42 Print measure.
- VERTICAL**
- 1 Toward.
 - 2 Be indebted.
 - 3 Cry like a sheep.
 - 4 Rodent.
 - 5 Swapper.
 - 6 Writing implement.
 - 7 Infant.
 - 8 One and one.
 - 9 Tree.



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6-26
Little Orphan Annie



6-26
Freckles and His Friends



6-26
Wash Tubbs



6-26
Boots and Her Buddies



6-26
Alley Oop



6-26
By Harold Gray



6-26
By Blosser



6-26
By Crane



6-26
By Martin



6-26
By V. T. Hamlin