

● SERIAL STORY

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR

BY BLANCHE ROBERTS

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ESCAPE

CHAPTER IX

FOR the next few minutes they alternated their conversations between whispers and loud talk. "If I only had a gun," he whispered despairingly, "I might do something!"

Her eyes lighted with a smile. Without making a comment she put her hand into her purse and drew out the small automatic. He was astonished, but his fingers closed over it and her hand too. Forgetting to be watchful he exclaimed:

"Did I ever tell you, Judith Kingsley, that you are the most wonderful creature on earth and the loveliest?"

He snatched a kiss from the upturned face. She drew back quickly, her heart racing and her eyes soft. "Tom," she murmured.

A door suddenly opened and Karl came in, followed by some men.

"Ready to talk, Burke?" demanded Karl.

Judith realized the men had been waiting for some sign that she was not a stranger to Tom, and now his words had given them their cue. They knew now he would be willing to sell the plane's secrets to save her. In the end they probably would kill them both. She stared in mounting terror at them.

"Are you ready to talk, Mr. Burke?" Karl repeated. His voice was a bit high as if he were exasperated at having to ask his question again.

Burke's lean, sun-tanned face gave no hint of his thoughts, but Judith detected the stubborn set of his jaws.

"I have nothing to say now, or at any other time."

"No? Perhaps in a little while, my friend, you will be glad to tell all I want to know." There was a savageness in Karl's eyes and his hands drew into tight fists at his side. "We have ways of making men talk."

Karl glanced at his watch. Heavy, his eyes narrowed and watchful, focused a gun on Judith and Tom.

A swift urge came over Judith to throw off her fear and break the awful silence in the room. Once again her fighting spirit soared to her rescue.

"I haven't had anything to eat, yet," she said suddenly. The men were startled by the calmness of her tone. "You did promise me food." She tried her winsome smile, but it had no effect on Karl. Heavy's mouth twisted at the corner with the beginning of a grin, but only for a moment. Then his face became the hard mask of a moment before.

A man standing back of Judith spoke: "The dame is made of ice." She turned slowly and saw the man who had kidnapped her in the taxi.

Karl said curtly: "Bring in the tray of food," and the man back of her moved away to carry out the order.

NOT once did Heavy relax his vigil with the gun. Burke kept his gaze fastened on Karl though Judith knew he was watching the other man from the corner of his keen eyes. Tom had her gun and she knew he was waiting an opportunity to use it. It would be suicide to try anything now. Her thoughts made her shiver. The blond spy with his close-cropped hair gave her a curious glance.

"Cold?"

Judith looked at him but did not offer to answer his question. Instead, she turned her blue eyes on Tom. He moved his steady gaze to her face for an instant. Tom still loved her, she realized, though no word passed between them.

"Your nose is shiny," Tom said critically.

Judith's mouth fell open and for a minute she had the mad desire to slap him. Burning with anger, she turned her back on him and opened her purse, drawing out a vanity case. She applied the puff so her nose with more vigor than was necessary.

"Better?" she asked acidly while the captors looked on slightly puzzled at the act going on before them.

He shrugged. "A little." When the food was before her, the men stood guard like so many buzzards. Judith grew more self-conscious with every bite she took. But she was hungry, even if this might be her last meal on earth. The thought occurred that the food might be poisoned, but she cast it aside. It was not their time to die yet.

Just as she finished her meal another man came in the room and whispered to Karl, excitedly. They spoke in a foreign language, but Judith guessed from their manner that the matter was serious.

Sharp commands were given at once, and she and Tom were pushed roughly through a door and down a dark hall. Muffled sounds and shouts came from behind them, but they moved on until all was silent around them. Before a closed door, a blindfold was tied over their eyes. Then they were ushered out and into a car.

JUDITH sat between Tom and Karl as they sped away through the night. Two other men sat on the little seats in front of them and Judith could guess they held guns on them. Tom's hand found hers and the pressure of his warm fingers was reassuring. Her own fingers clung tightly to his. Darkness had brought her close to Tom again. He bent his head to touch hers.

"You're a swell girl, Judith," he whispered and his lips brushed her red hair.

Judith opened her mouth to speak but closed it again.

"If you persist in talking, you will be gagged," Karl threatened.

At the threat, Tom's body had grown rigid and the grip of his

fingers had almost paralyzed her hand. She waited for him to relax and then she turned to face her enemy.

"Could you take this thing off my eyes?" she asked softly.

Without answering, he reached up and pulled the fold from around her head. She rubbed her eyes and then took in the gunmen watching her closely, guns in sight. She drew a deep breath.

"You can take his off, too," Karl told her, and she removed Burke's bandage.

After that, there was silence except for the purring of the engine as they slipped through the night. Judith wondered where her detective body-guards could be, but surmised they were responsible for their sudden exit from the house. She dared not try to look out the back of the car, and all the other windows were shaded.

Tom's fingers moved along her wrist, back and forth, searching for something. She realized in a moment what it was. Her watch. She wanted to tell him what she had done with it, but couldn't. She lay her other hand over his.

Finally, the car turned toward the shore where Judith could hear the roar of the breakers, and stopped at a deserted dock. The men got out and motioned Judith and Tom from the car. Karl and one of the guards walked in front and Heavy came behind them.

Again Tom's hand found hers and their fingers twined tightly as they walked down the boards over the water. She wanted desperately to whisper that she loved him and that all the things she had said when they parted ways were lies. But then... The pressure on her hand gripped harder.

Suddenly Tom plunged into the water, dragging her with him. They went under with a mighty splash and the cold Pacific was breath-taking, but only for a sec-

ond. She was an excellent swimmer and with Tom's hand to guide her, they dived for the protection of the wharf.

(To Be Continued)

now approaching flood stage. The next step is for our military, industrial and shipping experts to direct its full force against the centers of enemy power.—President Roosevelt.

The preservation of freedom is not the obligation of any single people in any one part of the world; it is an obligation of all peace-loving peoples throughout the world.—King George of Greece.

Many a politician who is bent on running for office is broke as a result.

"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 Clothing 8TH and MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



WINDMILLS
ORIGINALLY WERE USED FOR GRINDING GRAIN... HENCE THE NAME "MILL!"

QUODING ODDS



"IN THE ARMY, THE OFFICER OF THE DAY IS ALSO THE OFFICER OF THE DAY AT NIGHT," SAID PRIVATE OLIVER LUNDGREN, ENJOI, OKLAHOMA.

EGGS
OF THE AUSTRALIAN REQUIRE MORE THAN TWO MONTHS TO HATCH.



NEXT: Silent death for the Japanese.

WHEELED VEHICLE

HORIZONTAL

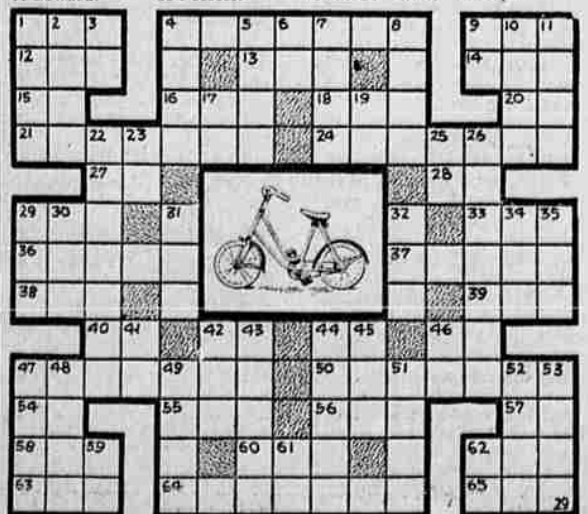
- Meat.
- Pictured vehicle.
- It is also built for —
- Bustle.
- Over (poet).
- Pig.
- Symbol for —
- Make an error
- Native metal.
- Railroad (abbr.).
- Worked into a mass, as dough.
- Agreeable.
- Mountain (abbr.).
- From.
- Devooured.
- Distant.
- Body of troops.
- Greek letter.
- Beverage.
- Modern.
- Behold!
- Like.
- Toward.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

MEDICAL STATION
ARINAGHULETE
TRAWL DIP ALPHA
TELA FIELD LEER
EDRI ERE RE
RIADDO REFERENCE
SARIA MEDICAL
OTIES LAPIN
DIAL THURTS REAR
ALMED SOT SANDS
DAINOB DHEINIE
SLATTER DOCTORS

VERTICAL

- Notch.
- Arabian gulf.
- Month (abbr.).
- Trained.
- String.
- Biblical pronoun.
- Bird.
- Level.
- Symbol for thorium.
- Fish bait.
- Giant.
- Music note.
- Rhode Island
- Possess.
- 46 We.
- 47 Solid rock.
- 50 Examine.
- 54 Hatchet.
- 55 Hawaiian.
- 56 Corded fabric.
- 57 International language.
- 58 Bone.
- 60 Female sheep.
- 62 She.
- 63 Pig pen.
- 64 Takes into custody.
- 65 Possess.
- 22 Precious stone.
- 23 Near.
- 25 Therefore.
- 26 Misdeed.
- 29 Perform.
- 30 Foot digit.
- 31 Request.
- 32 Folding bed.
- 34 Grow old.
- 35 Uncooked.
- 41 Either.
- 42 Aviator.
- 43 One who skis.
- 44 It saves rubber for —
- 45 Unit.
- 46 Not down.
- 47 It is steered by handle.
- 48 Egress.
- 49 Genus of trees.
- 51 Health resorts.
- 52 Ship's company.
- 53 Ripped.
- 59 Beside.
- 61 Us.
- 62 Stop!



Out Our Way
By J. R. Williams

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON.

RED RYDER AND THE SHERIFF'S POSSE SEARCH THE HILLS FOR AN OUTLAW WHO HAS CUNNINGLY CREATED A KIDNAP HOAX, ROBBED THE BANK WHILE THE POSSE RIDES, AND SHOT LITTLE PEPPER, WHO REMAINED IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!

Red Ryder



Red Ryder



Little Orphan Annie



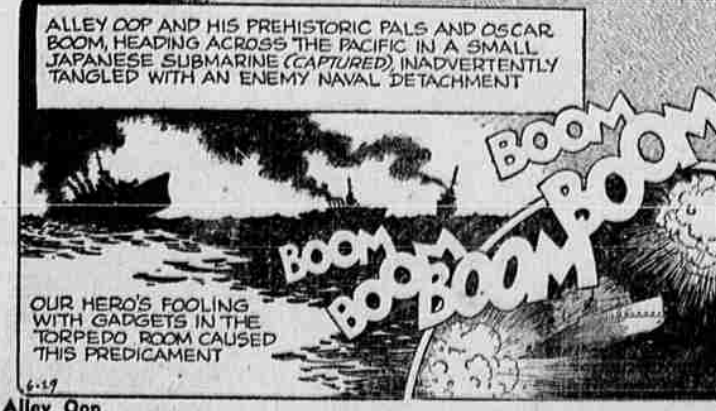
Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople