

SERIAL STORY

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR

BY BLANCHE ROBERTS

THE ENEMY AGAIN

CHAPTER X

THERE were no shots from above, but a murmur of excited voices reached Tom and Judith. Flashlights played all around, never quite spotting them under the wharf. For a few seconds the swimmers stopped paddling in the water and huddled together, holding to the barnacle post.

"This can't last long, Judy," Burke whispered hoarsely, his teeth chattering. "They'll find us sure. They know we're under here."

"Let's take a chance of swimming for it," Judith said. "If they shoot at us it might attract attention and bring help of some kind. They may not take that chance. Anyway, I'd rather drown than freeze to death," she said, shivering.

"Then come on, darling." The endearing word strengthened her with new hope.

They moved in and around the boats, swimming as quietly as possible, but their pursuers' lights picked them out. No shots came, but Judith was tense with fear. Swimming furiously now, they drew out of the lights' range and reached a white schooner anchored off shore. With great difficulty Tom got himself aboard and pulled her up. They were exhausted and cold.

"I'm not sure this is a safe place but it gives us a chance," Tom panted, scanning the darkness.

"Surely they can't hound us much longer. The detective should be along soon. He was to follow me." Judith drew her shoulders forward and wrapped her arms around herself for protection against the cold air. "I'm freezing, Tom—simply freezing to death."

He took her hand and pulled her along the deck to the cabin door. Luckily it was not locked. Judith stumbled down the first step but he caught her up in his arms and set her safely on the floor below. His arms dropped away from her at once while her heart cried out to him not to let her go.

"If I can find some old clothes for us," he said, fumbling in the dark for closets. "We've got to get out of these wet things before we catch pneumonia."

There was nothing to be found, but he kept looking. Judith's fingers discovered a blanket on one of the bunks and she wrapped herself in it, wet clothes and all, and sat down on the edge of the bunk. Quite without warning, she laughed—a laugh that was next to tears and hysterics.

"When I get out of this mess, the company owes me a real vacation and another raise in salary. I'll never be the same."

"You poor, sweet darling," said Tom softly from across the room. Judith stared in the direction of his voice. Her heart thumped against her ribs so loudly she wondered if he couldn't hear it.

A devilish impulse rose in her to taunt him. "Don't tell me you really have a heart."

"One that beats for a redhead," he laughed. "Now don't try to make me say more, Judy, not until we are out of this. Then I'll prove what a real sentimental streak I have. What you have gone through for me..."

"You don't owe me a thing, Tom Burke," she flared hotly. "I have only been following orders. It's my job—the job you thought so stupid for a girl."

There was a swift movement and Judith felt herself pulled into strong arms and against a wet coat and a body that shivered with cold. His hand tilted her head back and he kissed her—a kiss that set her whole body tingling with excitement. He freed her lips but held her tightly in his arms.

"It's a free world, Judy, darling," he told her huskily. "I have a right to be sentimental any time I want to and without changing my mind about things." She pushed at him and struggled to get out of his arms. Another minute and she would be weeping.

"Well, I don't want any of your love," she said and wondered why she was telling such a lie. It was the only thing in the world she did want.

"No?" He kissed her again. Slowly, she felt herself sink into a well of happiness and then just as slowly come back to the present. Against her will, her arms clung to him. Then he let go of her so abruptly that she fell back to the bunk. He drew in a sharp breath and moved away from her.

Judith was too stubborn to give way to tears and let him know he had won. Instead she got angry. "Let's have a light—spies or no spies," she demanded and stood up.

"Judith, sweet—" he said, "why don't you give in and say—" He broke off abruptly. "Sh—" he whispered. Her heart beat chokingly.

Into the quiet came the sound, close at hand, of oars dipping into the sea.

"Oh, Tom!" she whispered and stumbled forward against him, forgetting her anger, wanting only the love and protection of his arms. "You were right, investigation is not a girl's job. She should stay at home and—Oh, Tom!"

"Yes, Judy," he said. "I'm sorry I was so mean, darling, about your job." He put a finger under her chin, lifting her tear-wet face. "I do love you, sweetheart. I have every minute of the time. Please keep on being brave."

HE pushed her from him and she huddled in a dark corner. She

heard him swear.

"The Pacific has your gun but I've still got a good right fist." They waited, Tom poised at the foot of the steps, every muscle drawn tight. Judith scarcely breathed. This would be either the beginning or the end of things for them, but at least she and Tom were back together.

There were cautious steps above. Then a flashlight poured down the steps. A man started down. Tom made a flying tackle for his legs and brought him down hard. A quick right to his jaw put him out for the moment. Tom saw the man was Heavy.

A second man had appeared, and Judith cried out sharply as she saw him raise the butt of his gun to bring down on Tom's head. Her warning came a second too late and Tom's dodge did not take him out of reach of a glancing blow. He went down, and in that moment the spies won the upper hand.

"I will shoot," said Karl menacingly as Tom struggled to his feet, "if you make a move."

The third man kept the cabin well lighted with his torches, and at the same time made sure the portholes were closed and curtained.

"That was a foolish move you made back there," Karl remarked. "I could have shot you easily—both of you."

"This is a good spot as any," said Heavy, scrambling to his feet and shaking his head. He drew a cord from his pocket and set to work binding Burke's hands and legs; then he pushed him into a chair.

"You will talk now," "No!"

"All right," Karl reached a hand for Judith. She gritted her teeth as the man's fingers dug into the flesh of her arm, but kept her face averted so Tom could not see the flash of pain in her eyes.

(To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"Yes, Madam, those are our ceiling prices!"

For the first time in the history of the human race there can be enough of everything to go round. Poverty is not inevitable any more. — Donald M. Nelson, chairman War Production Board.

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 NEGROS OF THE PHILIPPINES HAVE FOUND THE SILENT POISON DARTS OF THE **BLOWEN** ARE PERFECT WEAPONS FOR PICKING OFF JAPANESE IN THE FORESTS.

KWIK KOPPER

U. S. SUGAR RATION BOOKS AND INSTRUCTIONS CONSUMED ABOUT 30,000 POUNDS OF SUGAR.

NAME A FISH THAT IS PART OF A SHOE... ONE THAT IS USED IN DUELS... ONE THAT IS MELANCHOLY... ONE THAT IS MASTER OF A SHIP.

ANSWER: Sole, sword, blue, skipper.

U. S. ARMY LEADER

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Pictured U. S. Army leader.
- 10 Highway.
- 11 Unyielding courage.
- 12 Modest.
- 14 Mustelene mammal (pl.).
- 17 Tatter.
- 18 Thirsty.
- 19 Fish eggs.
- 20 Bones.
- 23 Measure.
- 24 Symbol for sodium.
- 26 Bustle.
- 28 Eye.
- 29 He is head of the U. S. Army—an
- 30 Lieutenant (abbr.).
- 31 Native metal.
- 32 Existence.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

VERTICAL

- 12 Blood money.
- 13 Possesses.
- 15 Parcel of land.
- 16 Observe.
- 21 Old-womanish.
- 22 Bestial person.
- 23 Grass cutter.
- 25 Personate.
- 27 Oriental dwelling.
- 32 Greek letter.
- 33 Babylonian moon god.
- 34 Head part.
- 36 Goddess of peace.
- 37 Male offspring.
- 38 Small violin.
- 39 Not early.
- 40 Siuan Indian.
- 42 Go hungry.
- 43 Domesticated.
- 46 Serame.
- 47 Cuckoo.
- 48 Varnish.
- 49 Males.

Crossword puzzle grid with a small illustration of a man in a military uniform.

GIVE ME THAT! HAND IT HERE! THERE MUST BE A LETTER FOR ME!

GIVE ME THAT MAIL! I'VE BEEN WAITING A WHOLE WEEK FOR A LETTER—GIVE IT HERE!

EASY, NOW—EASY! WITH JUST A BEAU IN TH' FAMILY, IT USED TO BE DANGEROUS TO BRING IN THE MAIL—BUT NOW, WITH A BEAU AN' A BROTHER IN THE WAR, IT'S POSITIVELY PERILOUS!

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

THE BANKER'S DEAD, BUT LITTLE BEAVER'S STILL BREATHIN'—THOSE DIRTY OUTLAWS!

HURRY, PA! THE DOCTOR IS RIDING WITH THE POSSE—

—BUT WE'VE GOT TO DO WHAT WE CAN TO SAVE LITTLE BEAVER!

Red Ryder

HMM—THAT'S WHERE OLD MRS. SLEET LIVES—EVEN TH' OUTSIDE O' THAT PLACE LOOKS COLD AN' GLOOMY—

THEY SAY SHE'S A TERROR—TH' POOR KID WHO TRIED TO SELL HER BONDS GOT TH' DOOR SLAMMED RIGHT IN HIS FACE.

SHE CALLED HIM A DIRTY LITTLE PEDDLER—SHE'S A PLENTY TOUGH NUMBER—HM—M—WISH I KNEW MORE ABOUT HER—

"DADDY" USED TO SAY IF YER PLANNIN' ON HAVIN' BUSINESS DEALIN' WITH ANYONE, FIND OUT ALL ABOUT 'EM FIRST—

KNOW THEIR FINANCIAL RATH—DON'T THINK SHE'S GOT ANY WEAKNESSES—WHO THEIR FRIENDS ARE—HOW AN' WHERE THEY SPEND THEIR TIME—

H—M—M—I KNOW SHE'S RICH—ONE WEAKNESS IS HER TEMPER—DON'T THINK SHE'S GOT ANY FRIENDS FROM WHAT I HEAR—SPENDS ALL HER TIME IN THAT HOUSE—I GOTTA GET MORE DOPE ON HER SOME WAY.

Little Orphan Annie

---AND I WAS HURT BECAUSE YOU INSURED EVERYBODY'S ROMANCE BUT YOUR OWN!

I FELT THAT IF YOU DIDN'T CARE WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR ROMANCE, I WOULDN'T CARE EITHER!

HONEY CHILE, YOU'RE MISTAKEN! I HAVE TWENTY-EIGHT POLICIES THAT PROTECT OUR ROMANCE FROM INVASION!

OH, LARDIE, I COULD KISS YOU FOR THAT!

GO AHEAD AND TRY, HILDA! I'M CURIOUS TO SEE IF I'D PUT UP A STRUGGLE!

Freckles and His Friends

THE RECOGNITION SIGNAL, LIEUTENANT, OR I SHALL FIRE!

QUICK TITO! JUMP!

Wash Tubbs

NICELY DONE! THAT WAS SMART, PUTTING YOUR HAT WITH THAT HEAVY VEIL OVER HER FACE!

BUT OF COURSE

SHE'S JUST SUBJECT TO FAINTING SPELLS, POOR THING

738

Alley Oop

DOIN', BOOM? D'VA THINK YOU CAN GET US UP ON TOP OF TH' WATER ABOVE THE BLASTIN' WE'VE TAKEN?

I DON'T KNOW, OOP, BUT IF WE DO MAKE IT, OUR ONE HOPE IS THAT IT'S SO DARK THEY CAN'T SEE US!

SLOWLY THE BOW OF THE TORTURED SUBMARINE BEGINS TO RISE

OTHERWISE THOSE NIPS'LL BLOW US TO KINGDOM COME!

By V. T. Hamlin

WHO'S THE BLOND SUGAR BUSTER IS HOARDING OVER ON THE BEACH? SINCE HE MET THE GAL HE'S GOT US BRACKETED WITH MEAGLES EPIDEMICS!

SHE'S THE DAUGHTER OF THAT TALKING TOTEM POLE WHO GIT6 AROUND BLOWING BOURBON BUBBLES ABOUT HIS TROTTLING HORSES! —THEY LEAVE A WHOLE FLOOR OF THE HOTEL AND MUST HAVE ALL KINDS OF JAM IN THE CLOSET!

EGAD, I MUST MEET HER FATHER—OUR LOVE OF THOROUGH BREDS THROUGH A BOND OF INTEREST BETWEEN US!

HM! NO DOUBT A WELL-STOCKED CELLAR, TOO!

The Bond May Be Bonded

THE BULLET MUST BE EXTRACTED QUICK! PA, YOU'LL HAVE TO RIDE TO MONTE VISTA FOR A DOCTOR!

IT'S A LONG RIDE FOR AN OLD MAN LIKE ME, MA, BUT I'LL TRY!

By Fred Harmon

By Harold Gray

By Blosser

By Crane

NOW TO REMOVE THE GAG! SHE'S A SPIRITED, ATTRACTIVE LITTLE BAGGAGE, I MUST SAY! OLD HIGH NEVER WAS SATISFIED WITH ANYTHING BUT THE BEST

YES, IT WOULD BE A PITY TO SPOIL SUCH A PRETTY LITTLE FACE—IF SHE DOESN'T BEHAVE

By Martin

WELL, WE'VE IT... NOW TO GET OUT OF THIS TIN CAN BEFORE THEY START SCATTERING IT ALL OVER THE PACIFIC!

TO GET OUTA HERE'S MY GREATEST WISH... I DON'T CRAVE THIS LIVIN' LIKE A FISH!

By V. T. Hamlin