

SERIAL STORY
SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR
 BY BLANCHE ROBERTS

"MENTAL CASE"
 CHAPTER XI
 FOR a moment the cabin of the schooner was deathly quiet. Then Burke spoke.
 "Let go of her!" he said from between closed teeth. "Take your dirty hands off her!"
 "So you have decided to tell us things about the bomber?" prompted Karl, grinning with victory but retaining his hold on Judith.
 "He is not," Judith cut in. "Do what you like but he's not talking. He is not selling American defense for my sake." She turned her eyes on Burke. "Don't say anything, Tom."
 Then the foreigner slapped her. The blow staggered her and she reeled back against the wall.
 "Stop it!" roared Tom, and broke loose from Heavy's grasp. He could not do much, tied as he was, but he made a lunge for Karl. The force of his body knocked the man over and broke the hold on Judith.
 While they scrambled to get Burke under control, Judith dashed up the cabin steps. One of the men yelled and sprang after her, but she did not pause. She was just one jump ahead of the man as she reached the rail. His hands grabbed at her as she plunged overboard. The cold splash of water took her breath away for an instant. Judith thought, "They're sure I will drown. Maybe I will."
 But with determination she started swimming for the lighted horizon. She would not let herself think of Tom back there in the schooner. If she could reach shore she could summon help. Just then the clouds and fog lifted for a few minutes and the moon came out brightly. She saw that she was not so far from a cove. If only she could reach it without being tossed against the rocks!
 A swell rose, tossing her over and under as it broke into a white foam. When she came out of it, splashing water, another one caught her and bounced her around like a grain of sand. But it carried her a little nearer the cove.
 A blackness settled over her as she felt herself go down and down.

JUDITH moved, groaned and slowly opened her eyes. She saw a blue sky overhead. She sat up and looked about in bewilderment. She was in a little cove protected by rock on three sides, the pounding ocean on the other. The tide was out; when it came in, she might be swept out to sea again. The thought brought her instantly to her feet.
 Shivering with her damp clothes and the biting air, she set out to scale the rocky wall. Sharp rocks bit at her hands and brought blood. Her long fingernails broke like paper. Her shoes were gone and her clothes were in rags. But tugging, pulling, slipping, she finally reached the top of the cliff.
 She sought to pierce the heavy fog blowing in from the sea. As she was about to turn away, the fog suddenly thinned and she saw a number of pleasure boats anchored down the coast, but she had no idea which one she had escaped from. And now was not the time to ponder. She had to get to the authorities and find help for Tom.
 She turned and started away, fighting the nausea in the pit of her stomach. The going was slow and the rough east wind bruised her feet. Again and again she fell, rose wearily to her feet and stumbled on.
 At last she reached a lettuce farm and went up to the little house. There she collapsed on the doorstep. A Chinaman came hurrying out to stare at her. Her throat was so dry she couldn't talk until he handed her a drink of water.
 "Can you take me to town?" she managed to ask in a weak whisper.
 "No no gotee car, la dee," he sang, and lifted his hands helplessly.
 "A wagon?" she suggested hopefully.
 He shook his head. "No gotee." But he pointed to a mule, and there was a happy smile on his face.
 "Me sxy," he told her.
 Judith leaned her head against the post of the porch and tears dimmed her blue eyes. "How am I to ride a mule?" she wondered. "But I have to."
 The old man was gone a long time down at the barn. When he did return Judith's lips slowly parted in amazement.
 The mule was harnessed to the barn door. The Chinaman was grinning broadly. Judith laughed despite her misery.
 "COME along, la dee," he called, and stopped for her.
 Judith stepped on the sled but decided quickly she had better sit down. She was skinned and bleeding. Her once beautiful curls were matted and she was dirty. She looked worse than a tramp.
 The town they reached hours later was hardly more than a wide spot in the road. The Chinaman took her to the only store. She thanked him profusely for his aid.
 Judith went inside the building. She tried to explain to the man about her capture and escape, and how she was washed to the rocky shore. He stared at her, nodding his head, but by his look she knew he did not believe a word of her story.
 "You will help me, won't you?" she begged, her eyes tragic. "Get me a car?"
 "Sure, miss. Just a minute. I'll call one." He went to the back of the store.
 But what the grocer really called was an ambulance, as Judith discovered when the car came clanging to a stop before

the store. The attendants came in. "Here she is, boys," said the man.
 "Why—why?" Judith stammered. "I don't want an ambulance. I asked for a car." She turned on the owner of the store, her eyes blazing. "You old hypocrite! You can't do this to me. Take your hands off!" she yelled at the attendants as they took her by the arms and led her, struggling, to the waiting ambulance.
 "Mental case," said the man, following them. "Talks about spies and escaping in the ocean."
 "You old viper," screamed Judith as she was forced into the car and the door closed. "Don't you take me to a hospital, I warned the white-coated man. I want to go to the Watson Airplane factory in San Diego."
 "Sure, miss," agreed the young doctor soothingly.
 "You think I'm crazy? Well, what you're doing is crazy—interfering with justice and letting criminals escape! You can't do this."
 "Please don't worry, miss," he said.
 "The name is Miss Kingsly and I am employed by the Watson Airplane Co. I was kidnaped by spies. Can't you understand?"
 "If you will just be quiet, Miss Kingsly," he began.
 "Keep quiet yourself," she snapped at him.
 She huddled as far away as she could get while the ambulance roared down the highway. She clenched her fists and bit hard on her lower lip to keep from crying. She refused to answer the questions put to her by the young interne.
 It was the last straw when the car rolled to a stop and she looked out to see the hospital before her. She burst into a flood of tears.
 The nurse at the desk motioned with her hand to inquire if it were a mental case. The attendants nodded as they led Judith to the elevator.
 (To Be Concluded)

HOLD EVERYTHING!

Read Classified Ads for Results

"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

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

GIRAFFES
 FIGHT ONE ANOTHER BY USING THEIR HEADS IN THE MANNER OF SLEDGE HAMMERS! THE LONG NECK GIVES THEM TREMENDOUS LEVERAGE AND STRIKING POWER.

MR. MALPEDE, MEANING "BAD FOOT," IS SHOE SALESMAN IN DENVER, COLORADO.

A PIN IS POINTED IN ONE DIRECTION AND HEADED IN ANOTHER. BY P. A. SEELY, FORT MADISON, IOWA.

HINDU LEADER

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured Hindu leader, **DELOSEMMONS**

12 Ripped, **CHASTE E PATELS**

13 Suffering, **RAG E DRY L ROE**

14 Belongs to it, **OSISA**

16 Print measures, **OPTIC C HAWAII**

17 Deep hole, **ESSE O RISK**

18 Inquire, **TIC O OFF I ROI**

19 In what way? **ANATTA A LAMENT**

21 Produce, **LION S AMEN**

23 Exist, **PLETISTOCENE**

24 Wild, **equality.**

26 No, **45 Ocean.**

27 Type im- **46 Exclude.** **2 Hymn of**

pressions, **31 Status.** **praise.**

30 Statues, **48 Long Island**

31 Calm, **(abbr.).** **3 Near.**

32 Precious stone **(abbr.).** **4 Garden tool.**

33 South Amer- **50 Beverage.** **5 Armed force.**

ican nation, **51 Toward.** **6 Vegetable**

34 Seal, **52 Bustle.** **substance.**

37 Mouth parts **54 He lives** **7 Put to use.**

of an insect, **in** **8 Placed.**

41 Prince, **55 He is an** **9 Insect's egg.**

42 Christmas- **associate of** **10 Half an em.**

states, **Mohandas** **11 Feet dis-**

43 State of, **pleased at.** **53 Upon.**

How about it, Oscar?

SAINTS BE PRAISED! IT'S AS DARK AS A BLACK CAT! COME ON UP, BOYS

NOT A NIP IN SIGHT! BY GADFREY, OOP, WE MAY GET OUT OF THIS WITH WHOLE SKINS YET!

SEE...IT'S A CINCINCH THAT IF WE CAN'T SEE THEM, THEY CAN'T SEE US!

WHADAYA SAY WE JAM TH' SPURS TO THIS SHEBANG AND MAKE A FEW KNOTS?

AND GET US TIED IN KNOTS! OH, NO! AS LONG AS THEY CAN'T SEE US, I'M STARTING NO MOTORS FOR THEM TO HEAR... WE'RE LYING DOGGO FOR A SPELL!

Out Our Way By J. R. Williams

THE FLANK ATTACK

SUGAR, I DON'T THINK I'D STARE SO INSULTIN' AT THEM DUDE RANCHERS-- THEY CAN'T HELP IT 'CAUSE THEY WAN'T QUIT HERE WHEN YOU AN' CARSON AN' GOPY USED TO HUNT BUFFALOES! ER WAS THAT LEVIN AN' CLARK YOU WAS WITH?

THE FOOL! HE'LL GET US INTO A FIGHT! WHY DOESN'T CURLY THROW HIM OUT?

WE GOT TO KEEP HIM WITH US-- HE'S SENSITIVE 'BOUT HIS AGE AN' CURLY'S GETTIN' HIM TURNED ONTO HIMSELF, TO HELP HIM AROUND!

Red Ryder

RED RYDER... H-HELMUM! BAD MAN AND WOMAN ROB-UM BANK AND SHOOT LITTLE BEAVER!

POOR LITTLE FELLOW! HE'S DELIRIOUS... I'VE DONE ALL I CAN TO HELP!

HE'LL DIE IF PA DOESN'T FETCH THAT DOCTOR IN TIME! OH, WHAT WILL DO!

Little Orphan Annie

YEP--I GOTTA GET TH' LONDOWN ON OLD MRS SLEET BEFORE I TACKLE HER--ER--AH--HE-LO!

EH? OH--HELLO--VERSSELF!

GEE! THAT'S SURE A SWELL-LOOKIN' GARDEN. MISTER--GUESS YOU KNOW HOW TO GROW THINGS?

HUMPH! NOT WHAT OLD MRS. SLEET THINKS-- BUT IT'S NICE O' YOU TO SAY SO-- AIN'T YOUR NAME ANNIE?

YES-- I'M ANNIE-- BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?

HEH! HEH! OH, I GIT AROUND HEARD A LOT O' NICE THINGS ABOUT YOU--MY NAME'S JED-- I'M HER GARDENER.

HONEST, NOW--SHE'S REALLY NOT HALF AS BAD AS THEY SAY IS SHE?

OH, I DUNNO-- SHE'S PLENTY HARD BUT SHE'S SQUARE-- I'LL GIVE ER HER DUE THERE-- CAN'T RIGHTLY BLAME HER, I RECKON--

LOST HER HUSBAND AND HER ONLY SON, BOTH IN TH' LAST WAR--IF I CHANGED HER--SHE WAS RIGHT NICE BEFORE THIR--HMM--CHANGE ANYBODY I RECKON-- IT WAS A FEARFUL BLOW--

GEE!

Freckles and His Friends

... THIS SMALL DEFENSE PLANT IS SITUATED NEAR LAKE MALLARD-- THEY NEED BOYS WHO CAN TYPE AND RUN ERRANDS!

AND YOU'VE RECOMMENDED ME?

I SENT IN YOUR NAME ALONG WITH LARD SMITH'S-- THE POSITIONS ARE OPEN, BUT YOU MUST DECIDE QUICKLY!

Wash Tubbs

THAT, TITO, IS THE GREATEST SIGHT I EVER SAW-- THE SINKING OF A JAP DESTROYER

AND WE DID IT, SIR!

Boots and Her Buddies

SENSING DANGER, BOOTS THOUGHT FAST AND TOLD THE "BARON" SHE WAS MR. HIGH'S DAUGHTER! IT WAS A BRAVE GESTURE-- BUT A DANGEROUS ONE! SHE HAS BEEN TAKEN BY FORCE TO A DOWN-TOWN HOTEL

SOMEONE SWIPED BOOTS! OH, GEE WIZZ-- SHE'S A GONER!

WHO-- WHICH-- WHERE?

PUG-- STOP YELLING AND TELL US WHAT HAPPENED!

Alley Oop

HOW ABOUT IT, OSCAR?

SAINTS BE PRAISED! IT'S AS DARK AS A BLACK CAT! COME ON UP, BOYS

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Our Boarding House With Major Hoople

CHARMED TO MEET YOU, MISS SHEPWHISTLE! I'M TOLD YOUR FATHER IS A HORSE ENTHUSIAST-- IT WOULD BE DELIGHTFUL TO HASH OVER TURF AFFAIRS WITH HIM-- HAR-RUMPH!

OH, YES, MAJOR! WHY NOT COME ALONG NOW? MR. RODGERS AND I ARE JUST GOING TO THE SUITE!

YOU TWO SHORT-WAVE STATIONS ARE NOT IN THIS HOOKUP, SO TUNE OUT! THE MAJOR IS ENOUGH GUM ON MY HEEL!

YOU DON'T PANIC US WITH THAT BLUE-BOOK FROWN-- WE KNOW YOU'VE GOT HOLES IN BOTH SOCKS! --SO COUNT US IN!

COUPLE BECOMES A CROWD

Little Beaver

NAN, YOU'NS FELLA! I DIDN'T SEE ANY KIDNAPER, BUT WE HAD BANDITS IN MAVERICK! THEY KILLED THE BANKER AND SHOT A KID-- LITTLE BEAVER! I'M GOIN' FOR A DOC!

GREAT SCOTT! TAKE ME TO HIM-- THE DOC'S IN THIS POSSE!

By Harold Gray

I'VE ALREADY SPOKEN TO LARD AND... WHAT DID HE DECIDE TO DO?

WITH A WHOLE NATION DEPENDING ON ME, WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?

By Blosser

OR, RATHER, YOU DID IT, CAPTAIN EASY! EVEN WHEN THEY CAPTURED US, YOU DIDN'T GIVE UP!

LET'S NOT WASTE TIME TALKING ABOUT IT, ALL TARNATIONS GOING TO BUST LOOSE! LET'S SCAT!

YES, EVEN NOW A PLANE IS CIRCLING OVER-HEAD

HMM! THAT'S THE AMERICAN WHO WAS TO PICK ME UP! HE'S WAITING FOR A FLASHLIGHT SIGNAL INDICATING IT'S SAFE TO LAND, BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, IT ISN'T SAFE-- I DON'T DARE GIVE THE SIGNAL... HE'LL HAVE TO RETURN TO CHINA ALONE

By Crane

THERE YOU CAN TALK NOW-- BUT I WARN YOU, IT IS USELESS TO CAUSE ANY DISTURBANCE

WHOEVER YOU ARE-- HOW DARE YOU?

TSK TSK! HOW QUAINT!

By Martin

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