

● SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN FERRY COMMAND

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

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CHAPTER I

IN the bleak Newfoundland prison, swirling snow slashed and bit at the huddled group of official witnesses awaiting the execution of Lemoy Statter. It was the morning of December 6, 1941. Over the rim of the high stone fence surrounding the penitentiary jail yard, the witnesses could see the outline of Quidi Vidi Lake.

The door into the jail yard opened.

Framed in the light was a uniformed man with a broom. He half ran to the portable scaffold erected close to the jail wall and hurriedly began sweeping the steps leading up to the trap door.

Sudden silence fell as a group of dark figures surrounding a coatless man with opened collar appeared in the doorway.

Quickly the procession was formed outside the door. The jail chaplain was praying in a low, flat monotone. Tall members of the Newfoundland Constabulary fell in on either side of the condemned man. Immediately behind him was a plumpish, red-faced man wearing a cap—Canadian handman imported for Newfoundland's first hanging in decades.

Three officials completed the procession. As they mounted the steps, two muffled figures stepped through the door and stood in the shadow of the scaffold. As one held up a match to the other's cigarette, their faces were revealed in the flare.

One was a distinguished-looking, white-haired man in his sixties, the other a bronzed, handsome man in his middle thirties.

"Ghastly business, Dawson," the first one growled. "Wish the plane from England had been delayed. This would have been something I'd rather have missed. You chaps in the Intelligence Department get hardened, I suppose, but..."

"But never that hard, Sir Frederick," interrupted Clyde Dawson. "In fact, this business hurts me more than you can imagine. You see..."

"I actually grew very attached to Lemoy Statter and cursed the necessity of seeing him killed off—"

HE halted abruptly and pointed to the scaffold. In the eerie light of a single electric floodlamp the hangman was strapping the condemned man's feet together. Quickly he followed with the hood and slipped the noose carefully into position—knot directly under the left ear.

In one fast motion the hangman's hand swept back to the lever and the trap door clanged open. Lemoy Statter's body hit the end of the rope with a jerking thud.

Clyde Dawson turned to the door. Sir Frederick Lemsborough, governor of Newfoundland, followed him. In the chief jailer's office they shook hands with an American colonel.

"The colonel worked on the investigation with the Newfoundland constabulary and myself," explained Dawson. "You see, one of the murdered men was an American soldier."

"Sir Frederick nodded: "Yes, I know that—most unfortunate."

"Well, sir," Dawson said, "the case was clear cut. Lemoy Statter was caught red-handed by a constable as he dashed out of a speakeasy early one morning last September. A woman's scream—she ran the speakeasy—prompted the constable to hold Statter. In his pocket was a still-smoking revolver, and a good supply of money in a wallet stamped with the name of Capt. Gilbert Cathcart."

"Cathcart was found upstairs, shot through the head. With him, also dead, was an American soldier. Investigation revealed they had both been killed by Statter's gun."

"We found that Statter had apparently gone to much trouble to cultivate Cathcart's friendship at the Newfoundland Hotel. Cathcart was drinking heavily as the autopsy revealed, and while Statter had also appeared badly intoxicated, a test made immediately at Police Headquarters showed he had been feigning drunkenness, obviously for the purpose of winning Cathcart's confidence."

"The woman speakeasy keeper testified she heard Cathcart yell: 'You dirty thief, I'll...' then came the gun shots. We don't know how the American soldier filled in but have every reason to believe the poor chap just happened to be on the scene and stopped a bullet."

"Statter's passport was found to be a phony, as was his registration card. He had no police record but refused to give the minutest hint of his identity. In fact, he didn't even take the stand."

"And I must explain something else—would you mind leaving us for a moment, Chief?" Dawson smiled an apology to the chief jailer and waited for the door to close. "There is a story behind the story. What we have told you was what the jury heard. The rest we suppressed for reasons which, we feel confident, you will approve."

Sir Frederick's eyebrows lifted.

"In the wallet, besides the money..." Dawson's words fell slowly and methodically, "was a large quantity of data of the most secret technical nature pertaining to the Royal Air Force Ferry Command service..."

"What?" cut in the governor.

"Yes, most vital data. Captain Cathcart was an important civilian technician of the Ferry Command."

"And Statter, you presume, an enemy agent?"

Dawson and the colonel nodded.

"There would seem every indication that such was the case. His personal baggage, while telling us nothing of his identity, showed he was well off financially. And he was of the cultured type best described as 'cosmopolitan.'"

know. But he really missed her—and plenty. P. S. Dawson: Don't get excited, old man, she is NOT Hedy Lamarr."

(To Be Continued)

In these days of iconoclasts and disillusionment, may we not for our own satisfaction and for protection against the virus that infects the modern world, live by the highest standards and know of ethical conduct and good sportsmanship?—Philip D. Reed, WPB official.

In the post-war world we do not want any master races. Only slaves dream of the mastery of the world.—Sir Gerald Campbell, British minister to the United States.

A man has credit because he isn't in the habit of living on it.

"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

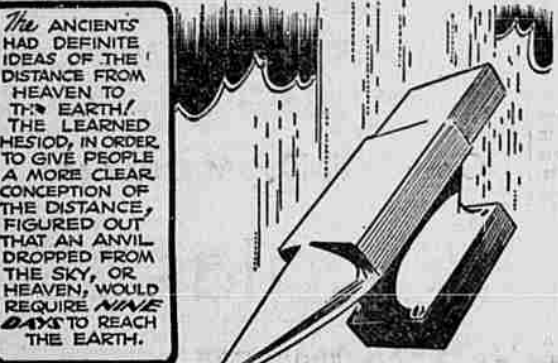
MEN'S COMPLETE FURNISHINGS, WORK CLOTHES and SHOES

OREGON WOOLEN STORE

Klamath's Credit Clothing 8TH and MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



THE ANCIENTS HAD DEFINITE IDEAS OF THE DISTANCE FROM HEAVEN TO THE EARTH. THE LEARNED HESIOD, IN ORDER TO GIVE PEOPLE A MORE CLEAR CONCEPTION OF THE DISTANCE, FIGURED OUT THAT AN ANVIL DROPPED FROM THE SKY, OR HEAVEN, WOULD REQUIRE NINE DAYS TO REACH THE EARTH.

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPY, 1942 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

QUICK ODDS

HURRY FOR GEORGE WASHINGTON!

A GARDENER PLANTS SEEDS IN SMALL DEPRESSIONS IN THE GROUND AND CALLS THEM "HILLS!"

THE UNITED STATES IS OLDER THAN ITS FATHER! Says R. L. Gwynn, Springfield, N. C.

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MOVIE ACTRESS

HORIZONTAL									
1 Compass point	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
3,7 Pictured movie actress	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
9 Father.	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
11 Beverage.	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37
13 East Indies (abbr.).	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46
14 Work.	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55
16 Electrified particle.	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64
17 She was born in the — of Montana.	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73
18 Variety of quartz.	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82
19 International language.	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91
21 Runic (abbr.).	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
22 Upon.									
23 Climbing plant.									
26 Otherwise.									
29 Measure of duration.									
30 All right (colloq.).									
32 Growl loudly.									
33 Deceased.									
35 Government issue (abbr.).									
37 Bind.									

Answer to Previous Puzzle

15 From. ●

16 That one.

20 Stew.

22 Whirlwind.

24 Imitation.

26 Eagle's nest.

27 Cabin.

28 Coil of threat.

29 Attempt.

31 Unusual.

34 Skills.

36 Frightened.

38 Railroad (abbr.).

39 Ingenious.

40 Lubricates.

41 Music note.

42 Courts (abbr.).

43 Anecdote.

44 Female servants.

45 Not shut.

48 Stove part.

49 True mean (abbr.).

51 Symbol for europium.

53 Behold!

55 Half an em.

58 Symbol for samarium.

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YOU AIN'T HURT, PHIL— STAY RIGHT THERE A MINUTE— WE WANT TO INVESTIGATE TH' CAUSE OF THIS!

HOW COULD HE GET PULLED OVER THAT WAY WHEN TH' MACHINE RUNS THE OTHER WAY?

IT USED TO BE A DISGRACE TO GET CAUGHT IN A MACHINE WHEN THEY WAS EASY TO GET CAUGHT IN— NOW WITH THEM MADE SAFE, YOU'RE A KIND OF A HERO!

THAT'S TH' WAY IT IS, THOUGH, IF YOU MAKE A FOOL OF YOURSELF— MAKIN' A FOOL OF SOME BODY ELSE, YOU'LL GIT TH' BIGGEST FOLLOWIN'!

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Out Our Way FOOLING THE INVENTOR

By J. R. Williams

POOR LITTLE DEAFER— SHOT! I CAN'T STAND IT, OLD TIMER— I WISH IT WAS ME!

TAKE IT EASY, RYDER! THE DOG'S TAKIN' THE BULLET OUT NOW!

BUT IT'S ALL MY FAULT— IF I'D ONLY LET HIM GO WITH ME, IT—

Red Ryder

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CAESAR'S GHOST! IF IT ISN'T ARMISTICE, MY OLD JOCKEY! EGAD, BOY, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I AM JUST HARNESSING OUR OLD FRIEND DREADNAUGHT FOR AN EXERCISE BREEZE! AFTER ALL, THESE YEARS YOU RETURN JUST IN TIME TO DRIVE THE HORSE YOU USED TO RIDE!

DOGGONE EF HIT AIN'T MISTAH MAJOR! I WAS JUST MOBEYIN' PASSIN' TH' BARN'S DIG MAWNNIN' WHEN OL' DREADNAUGHT WHINNY HOWDY AT ME, AN I RECOLLECT OLD TIMES! I'D KNOW DAT HOGS ANYWHERE, MISTAH MAJOR, EVEN IN A LINK OB SAUSAGE!

REUNION OF TURF INTERESTS

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople

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