• SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN FERRY COMMAND

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

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THE STORY: Lemoy Statler has been hanged in Newfoundland for the murder of two men. But Statler was a spy as well as a murderer, and Clyde Dawson of the Canadian Intelligence Department must find Statler's confederates in a fifth-column operation against the R. A. F. Bomber Ferry Command. All he has to go on is a snapshot of a girl who looks like a famous movie actress and a cryptic note about a broken "reunion date," which the hanged man gave him just before the execution.

DISCOVERIES

CHAPTER II

AFTERWARDS Clyde Dawson wondered what prompted him to attend the formal inquest that followed the hanging. There was no apparent need for him as a member of the Canadian Intelligence Department to attend—in fact, he had plenty of reason not to go because in the pre-execution period he had developed a sincere liking for the condemned Lemoy Statler.

But the girl's snapshot with its humorous reference to Hedy Lamarr had left him restless. Blind alleys made him unhappy. Statler's death didn't remove the necessity of tracing backwards to possible spy ring connections. If he was involved with others they certainly followed the trial and saw no espionage was hinted. They would feel that Statler, true to the spy's code, had kept his identity hidden even to death.

That afternoon while having lunch at the Newfoundland Hotel, Dawson was paged for a telephone call. It was the undertaker he had hired.

"Sorry to bother you, Mr. Dawson," he said, "but you told me to report anything unusual I may have found before removing the body to the graveyard. Well there was only one thing—perhaps it is silly but . . ."

"Yes, yes, what is it?" cut in Dawson.

"Well, sir, in the heel of the dead man's right shoe between the sock and the flesh, was a piece of beefsteak."

"A piece of beefsteak?" exclaimed Dawson. "Was anything hidden in it?"

"Nothing that I could find. It was just a good piece of sirloin cut to the exact shape of his heel. Of course, it might be poisoned or . . ."

Dawson told the undertaker not to remove the body until he had further orders. Slowly he walked back to the dining room, his mind in utter confusion.

"There are more goofy twists to this case than a pretzel," he muttered to himself. "Now why would a condemned man hide a piece of beefsteak in the heel of his shoe?"

The chief jailer knew nothing about it but summoned the six guards who had alternated in pairs on the Death Watch for eight-hour shifts. The answer to the riddle was almost ridiculously simple.

"This Statler fella hurt his heel walking in his stocking feet to the wash basin yesterday," one of the guards declared. "He stepped on a bit of plaster and caused what he called a bone bruise. He limped after that and then asked me to get him a little bit of raw steak about the size of his heel—said it was the only way to fix a heel hurt that way."

Dawson's eyes were beginning to sparkle.

"Any of you ever hear of that remedy before?"

The chief jailer and guards all shook their heads.

"That's because, gentlemen, you were never athletes. This has been a great help to me—thanks a million to you all."

DAWSON actually felt cheerful as he phoned the American colonel. The first ray of light had poked through the mystery.

The colonel listened attentively to Dawson's request. Yes, the U. S. Army force had a physical instructor with them, a Sergt. Del Rose, formerly with some Illinois college—an all-round athlete and a topnotch instructor.

Within an hour, Rose was in the chief jailer's office. Dawson seated him at the desk and explained the purpose of his request:

"If you aren't squeamish, sergeant, there's a job to be done here and I believe you are probably the only man in Newfoundland qualified to do it . . ." the sergeant smiled appreciation. "A few rooms down there lies the body of a man who was hanged this morning. I learned that he had bruised the bottom of his heel yesterday and ordered a piece of beefsteak to place against the flesh. That indicated to me that he had at some time taken part in major athletics, because it is a trick used only by topnotch trainers . . ."

The sergeant interrupted:

"Perfectly true, Mr. Dawson. I have met many doctors who didn't know that trick."

"Fine! Now, sergeant, here is the job. Could you examine that body and give me any hint of what particular sport or sports he played in—judging solely from signs of any old injuries that may still be evident?"

The sergeant remained silent for a full minute before replying:

"I believe I could make a good stab at it.

"My initial observation would be that the man has all the exterior signs of a former athlete," said Rose, looking intently at the body. "That was a while back but not so very far—perhaps 10 to 15 years ago. He isn't flabby as non-athletic men of his size often are. Again, it is fairly obvious that his left shoulder had been broken at some time—it is larger than the right and of rather awkward shape."

Dawson pointed to an obvious suture marking on the dead man's right side.

"Yes, I noticed that," commented Rose. "It certainly isn't a post-operative incision. I'd say it was made by some knife-like point—say, like a hockey skate. There are also marks of blows around the mouth, deep ridges that have almost disappeared with the years. They are more likely hockey injuries than any other type."

EACH man picked up one of the stiffened hands and unclenched the fists—an extremely difficult task.

"Uh-huh," said Dawson, "he played baseball all right—not as much as a professional, perhaps, but quite a bit judging by one badly twisted finger knuckle and another partially twisted on his right hand."

"That's so," agreed the sergeant, "you notice the fingers on his left hand are intact because he must have worn the glove on this one. Now let's look at his hip . . . no doubt about it. Mr. Dawson, you note there is a patch of oddly colored skin on his left hip. That's the result of what we call 'strawberries' in baseball—bruised, torn patches of skin caused by sliding into bases."

There were no suture marks on the fronts of the deceased's legs but they noted a slight one over the Achilles tendon at the rear of the ankle bone.

"Might have been done either by a skate or a baseball cleat," murmured the sergeant, but . . ." he leaned over the right foot, "here is something positively definite. You see this suture marking along the inside of the foot? Well, that was almost 99 per cent certain to have been caused by a skate tip."

Dawson cut in: "Okay, sergeant—now in what sports would you say Lemoy Statler specialized?"

The other's reply was immediate.

"Baseball and hockey beyond a doubt—and quite a bit of it. But I agree with you that he hasn't the appearance of injury marks of a man who had been through the professional mill. Was he an educated chap?"

"Very much so," answered Dawson. "I wouldn't be surprised if he had been a law student, because of his chance remarks about the trial.

"He was likely an athlete at some university," Dawson concluded, "where they play a lot of hockey and baseball. There can't be so many of them in Canada and the Northern States. If the department at Ottawa sends out circulars containing the photo of Statler taken after his arrest to all such universities and mentions that he was likely a prominent university athlete specializing in hockey and baseball about 10 or 15 years ago, there is an excellent chance that we'll learn his identity from one of them . . ."

Dawson turned to the undertaker, "Carry on with the funeral—and be sure to replace the piece of beefsteak on the heel. I hope it helps poor Lemoy as much as it helped me!"

(To Be Continued)

Independently and with full knowledge of her destiny, Chile is now aroused by the call of democracy, and before long, I am sure, we shall join the ranks of those fighting to save democracy.—Chilean Senator Eduardo Cruz-Coke, rightist leader.

It is particularly important

We Are Still Getting
THOR WASHERS and IRONERS
UHLIG'S
1026 Main

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

ANSWER: You hiccup!

CIVILIAN DEFENSE UNIT

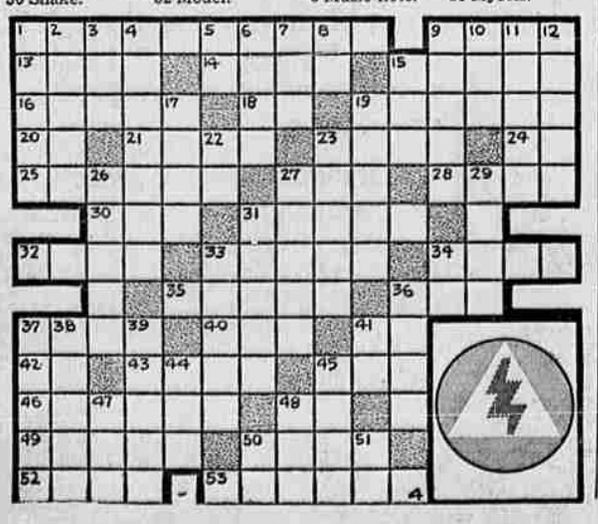
HORIZONTAL

1 Depicted is insignia of U. S. Civilian Defense ——.
9 Girls and —— from 15 to 21 are eligible in this group.
13 Italian royal family name.
14 Concern.
15 Wall painting.
16 Storehouse.
18 Louisiana (abbr.).
19 Combat.
20 Toward.
21 Woody plant.
23 Lack.
24 Symbol for tellurium.
25 Leap.
27 Aeriform fuel
28 Chair.
30 Type measures.
31 Hackneyed.
32 Not early.
33 Chatter.
34 Cow's product
35 Designs.
36 Snake.
37 Exclamation of sorrow.
40 Perform.
41 District attorney (abbr.).
42 Sorrow.
43 Has gone.
45 Tree.
46 Fiery.
48 Symbol for chromium.
49 Sultan's decree.
50 Composition in verse.
52 Model.
53 Rugged mountain crests.

VERTICAL

1 Encounters.
2 Bar by estoppel.
3 Station (abbr.).
4 Position in fencing.
5 North Carolina (abbr.).
6 Heavy wind.
7 Age.
8 Music note.
9 Drives headfirst.
10 Refuse.
11 Crimean seaport.
12 Frozen rain.
15 Male.
17 Sea eagles.
19 Sew loosely.
22 Egyptology (abbr.).
23 Stays.
26 Networks (anat.).
27 Concede.
29 Assam silkworm.
31 Essay.
33 Factory.
34 Month (abbr.)
36 Small sailing vessel.
37 Wait for.
38 English truck.
39 Native of Sweden.
41 Gods.
44 Compass point
45 Chafe.
47 Dibble.
48 Mine shaft hut.
50 Pair (abbr.).
51 Myself.

Answer to Previous Puzzle



Out Our Way By J. R. Williams — THE GLASS JAW

Red Ryder

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople

By Fred Harman

Little Orphan Annie — By Harold Gray

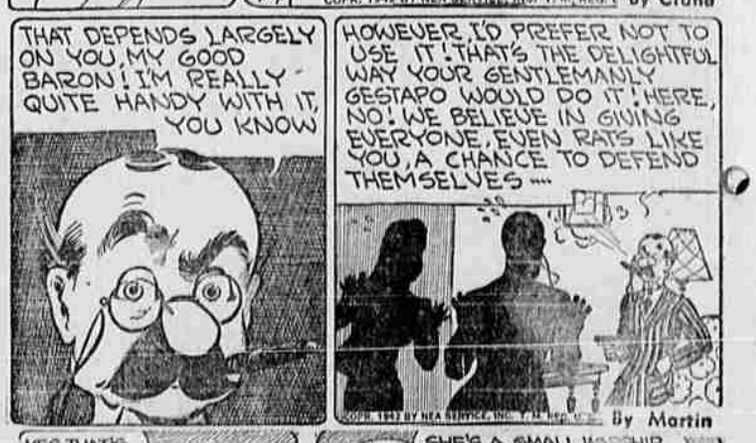
Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser

Wash Tubbs

By Crane

Boots and Her Buddies



By Martin

Alley Oop

By V. T. Hamlin