

• SERIAL STORY  
**MURDER IN FERRY COMMAND**  
BY A. W. O'BRIEN

THE STORY: About a boat from Newfoundland to Canada, Clyde Dawson, Canadian Intelligence Department, finds a box containing the hand of Lemoy Statter, a spy who has been named in Department-to-kill orders. Tracing him through the passenger list, Dawson captures Paul Dezel, a confederate of the hanged man in spy operations against the R. A. F. Bomber Ferry Command. Dezel's hand shows that fingerprints have been taken of Dezel's man's hand. With Dezel captured, Dawson proceeds toward Chicago, following the lead of Statter's cryptic note about a broken "reunion date" and a girl who looks like a famous actress.

**THE GIRL IN THE CASE**  
CHAPTER V  
AT LaGuardia airport in New York, a cable caught up with Clyde Dawson just as he was boarding an evening plane for Chicago. It was from the chief of police at St. John's and read: "Body of man executed here December six found by cemetery caretaker to have been mutilated in vault STOP Right hand missing STOP Frankly am up well known tree but chasing down every lead STOP Have you any ideas?" Dawson smiled to himself as he took a telegraph blank from the waiting messenger. It must have hurt the chief—a graduate of Scotland Yard's famed Criminal Investigation Department—like such a frustrated confession. "Think nothing of it Chief STOP The missing hand is temporarily in cold storage at North Sydney while the playful lad who did the chopping is being detained by the Dominion Intelligence Department in Halifax STOP Will explain fully later STOP Will be at Edgington Hotel in Chicago for few days if you wish contact with me Regards"

The dean of State University received Dawson the next afternoon and got to the point immediately. "Now here's the story about Darwin Lemoy . . ."

"Who?" "Darwin Lemoy, the man whose picture was sent to me by your department at Ottawa . . ." So that was it, mused Dawson. Lemoy Statter's real name was Darwin Lemoy. "Well, Lemoy was one of the university's all-time, all-round athletic stars. He was particularly able in hockey . . ." "Baseball, too, perhaps?" "Oh yes, baseball too. He captained a championship diamond team, but it was in hockey that he won his brightest spurs. I even understand that at one time the Boston Bruins and Chicago Hawks made him offers, but he said he wasn't interested in professional sport. But he apparently changed his mind later on because, after graduating from law school in 1929 and practicing for a few years, we heard that he had gone abroad to play hockey for a Czechoslovakian team in 1935. Two years later, however, he attended a reunion here and starred in an 'Old Boys' versus 'Today's Boys' hockey game. We have the reunions every five years and . . ."

"That makes one due this year—what month, dean?" asked Dawson. "This month, in two weeks' time. But we had no report from Darwin Lemoy. The publicity committee tried to locate him, but all letters came back stamped with 'No Such Person at This Address.' Perhaps you can give me some idea about what happened . . ."

"I'm sorry," replied Dawson quickly. "I cannot divulge any information except that he will not be available for this reunion." The dean dismissed the matter with the wave of his hand. "The only other information I can give you is that I heard from a number of sources—mostly fellow alumni—that they had grown rather irked with Lemoy. Apparently his ideas had undergone some queer twists in recent years . . ."

"In what way?" "Well, he seemed to defend the Nazi system whenever occasion arose, and appeared to have a plentiful and impressive array of figures to back up opinions at all times. The dean showed the investigator a number of photographs of Darwin Lemoy. Numerous clippings accompanied the photos—mostly from a sport column by one Fergie O'Meara. Dawson took a taxi to the Chicago Star office. Fergie O'Meara, a kindly-mannered Irishman, wheeled around from his typewriter. "I'm in a awful rush, but I always have time for a friend of Darwin Lemoy's," he boomed at Dawson's single sentence of introduction. "Maybe you can tell me where the son of a gun is—he's wanted for the 'Old Boys' game at State on . . ."

"Just a minute, Mr. O'Meara," laughed Dawson. "I can't tell you where he is—I'm trying to find that out, too. Being an old friend of the family in town on business I thought you, as his most loyal historian, might be able to give some lead." "No can do. As a matter of fact, I'm a little hurt that he didn't drop me a note. We used to see a lot of one another at college games, and his friends were my friends . . ."

"Then maybe this will prove the lead," cut in Dawson, taking the girl's picture from his pocket. "Did you, by any chance, ever come across this girl in company with him?" O'Meara took one glance at the picture and his eyes lit up. "Well, well, this picture is very familiar to me. Last time I saw Lemoy—it was a year ago or so—the Star was running a Movie Double contest and he entered this picture. She was some girl he knew from Homewood—that's a suburb

**HOLD EVERYTHING!**  
MADAM SEER  
KNOWS ALL!  
"Hey, Steve, how do you want your eggs?"

**"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

(To Be Continued)  
Read The Classified Page

**THIS CURIOUS WORLD** By William Ferguson

**FIVE SKIES FILLED WITH FULL MOONS WOULD JUST ABOUT EQUAL THE LIGHTING POWER OF THE SUN.**  
"But for ROMANTIC POWER, I'LL TAKE ONE MOON!"

**QUOTING ODDS**  
IN SOME TYPES OF INSECTS, ONE EGG WILL HATCH OUT A THOUSAND OR MORE OFFSPRING.  
"All women like to be called kittens, but none likes to be called a cat."  
—LUTY HARRIS, ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA.

**STRONG FORTRESS**

**HORIZONTAL**  
1 Pictured famous strong-hold.  
13 Before.  
14 Be victorious.  
15 Auricle.  
16 Narrow inlet.  
17 Father.  
18 Greek letter.  
19 Night before holidays.  
20 Limb.  
21 Permit.  
22 Paid notices.  
23 Arid.  
24 Dessert.  
25 Hour (abbr.).  
26 Affirmative.  
27 Part of "be."  
28 Symbol for calcium.  
29 Always have time for a friend of Darwin Lemoy's.  
30 Dawson's single sentence of introduction.  
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**VERTICAL**  
12 Male sheep.  
22 Attempt.  
24 Point a weapon.  
25 Composition in verse.  
27 Still.  
28 Note book.  
29 Garments.  
31 Fish eggs.  
33 Offspring.  
35 Vehicle.  
37 Employ.  
39 Cover.  
41 Standing room only (abbr.).  
42 Merriment.  
44 Hindu village.  
45 Intended.  
46 Loud noise.  
48 Egyptian bird.  
49 Nimble.  
50 Rip.  
51 Units of weight.  
52 Seal.  
53 Three (prefix).  
55 For.  
56 Bind.  
57 Half-cms.

**THE AMATEURS**  
Out Our Way  
By J. R. Williams

**Red Ryder**  
HUMP! SERIAL NUMBERS OF THE STOLEN BANK MONEY! BUT, RED—THEM BANDITS WON'T SPEND THAT MONEY IN THESE PARTS!  
BUT ONE OF THE BANDITS WAS A WOMAN, AND I'M BETTIN' ON HER SPENDING SOME!

**Little Orphan Annie**  
I BRING JUDGE BULGE LIKE YOU SAID, MRS. SLEET—  
HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. SLEET?  
WELL—SO YOU FINALLY GOT HERE, SAM—ABOUT TIME YOU'D BETTER GET AT THOSE POTATO BUGS RIGHT AWAY, JED—  
HERE I'VE BEEN FIGURING ONLY MEN WERE ANY GOOD IN A WAR—BAH! THAT'S GAY NINETEEN STUFF—ANNIE'S BEEN TELLING ME ABOUT THE JUNIOR COMMANDOS  
YOU'RE MY BANKER! WHY DON'T YOU EVER TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON? DON'T BANKERS GIVE ANY INFORMATION OR ONLY LEND IT AT INTEREST ON SOUND COLLATERAL?  
WELL—NAI HA! I—THAT IS—  
BAH! I'M BUYING WAR BONDS—ALL I CAN GET! FROM THE JUNIOR COMMANDOS! BUT ANNE HESIT ENOUGH! WHY DON'T YOU SUPPLY HER? SHE CAN SELL 'EM—MORE THAN YOU CAN DO, EH?  
I— I SURE WILL—I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS RIGHT AWAY!

**Freckles and His Friends**  
SEE YOU LATER, PAL—JEAN'S SWIMMING ALONE—SO I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO SPEAK TO HER!  
YOU CHUMP—YOU JUST HAD YOUR LUNCH!  
HOW FAR CAN YOU SWIM, ADONIS?  
ABOUT A QUARTER OF MILE—THEN I GET FAGGED!  
WELL, YOU'RE THAT FAR OUT NOW—HAD YOU THOUGHT OF HAVING TO SWIM BACK?  
SHE SAVED MY LIFE, FRECK! I THINK SHE LIKES ME!  
SURE, LARD—SURE! SHE HAD HER ARM AROUND YOU THE WHOLE WAY!

**Wash Tubbs**  
THESE DETAILS ARE IMPORTANT, TITO! HOW FAR'S THE HOSPITAL FROM THE GATE?  
IT IS HERE, QUITE A DISTANCE.  
AND WHAT TIME IS REVEILLE?  
AT SIX.

**Boots and Her Buddies**  
OVERTAKEN JUST AFTER SUN-UP BY A JAPANESE GUN BOAT, BUT SECURE FOR THE MOMENT BY VIRTUE OF THE RED DISK ON THEIR CONNING TOWER—  
ATTA BOY, OOP—WE'LL FIT 'EM A FIT!  
YOU SAID IT, GUY—IT'S THEM OR US!

**Alley Oop**  
OOP AND HIS COMPANIES JUMPED INTO ACTION WHEN THEIR PURSUER CAME WITHIN HAILING DISTANCE—MEANWHILE OSCAR BOOM ALTERS THE SUB'S COURSE  
HOW WE DOIN', OOP? THAT ONE GO?  
DUNNO—GIMME ANOTHER SHELL, QUICK!  
LOWER YER SIGHTS! MY-OMY, THAT ONE WAS A WAY HIGH!  
AND SO WAS THEIRS, BUT ONLY A BIT—LOOK OUT THEIR NEXT ONE AIN'T A HIT!

**OUR BOARDING HOUSE WITH MAJOR HOOPLE**  
YOU'LL RUE THIS DAY, COL. SHEPWHISTLE!  
THE JOKE'S ON ME, MAJOR! WHEN I SAW YOUR OUTFIT CRAWLING ALONG I EXPECTED TO HEAR THE TINKLE OF A COWBELL—IF THAT REALLY IS A HORSE, ALL I CAN SAY IS YOU'RE DEPRIVING THE MARKET OF A USEFUL GET OF PIANO KEYS!

**WHAT? YOU ORDERED SOME NEW CLOTHES? YOU LITTLE FOOL!**  
I TOLD YOU TO WAIT 'TIL WE GET BACK EAST!  
BUT YOU DON'T EXPECT LITTLE LIZ TO TRAVEL IN THESE RAGS, DO YOU, BIGBOY?

**By Harold Gray**  
I— I SURE WILL—I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS RIGHT AWAY!

**By Blosser**  
GOOD! THEN FEW ARE AWAKE WHEN THE 5:30 DAWN PATROL TAKES OFF. IF I CAN SLIP ONTO THE FIELD IN A JAP UNIFORM AT, SAY, 5:15—  
IMPOSSIBLE!  
YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A JAP, CAPTAIN EASY, OR SPEAK THE LANGUAGE, OR KNOW THE PASSWORD, HOW WOULD YOU GET BY THE SENTRIES?I THINK I HAVE A PLAN, TITO. GET ME SOME BANDAGES AND A LIVE CHICKEN

**By Crane**  
I MUST GIVE TONY SOME MORE WINNERS FOR HELPING ME OUT  
AND BOOTS! WHAT A CLEVER, BRAVE GUY! I CAN'T GET OVER WHAT SHE DID TO SAVE MY LITTLE PUG!

**By Martin**  
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