

SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN FERRY COMMAND

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

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THE STORY: A note, written by a man on the eve of his execution for murder, has brought Clyde Dawson to Chicago, Dawson, Canadian Intelligence Department investigator, is on the trail of spies operating against the R. A. F. Bomber Ferry Command. In 1941, Dawson found "Canada" has captured a would-be assassin, Paul Dezel, member of the spy gang, in Chicago. Dawson finds a photo of an American soldier murdered by Lemoy Butler, the hanged man, in a rooming house where lives Carole Fiske, the mysterious girl referred to in a sinister cryptic note.

ON THE SPOT

CHAPTER VI
DAWSON walked slowly to the fireplace and picked the photograph of the ledge for closer examination. Yes, those features were unmistakable.

The presence of the photo here placed the dead soldier squarely into the mystery, adding a further complication. Just where did he fit in with the girl Carole Fiske? His name—Dawson had to think twice before recalling it—was Private Bernard Skrol...

"What do you want?" Dawson whipped around—he hadn't heard anyone coming along the hall. Framed in the archway leading into the room was a tall, heavy man with bushy eyebrows and harsh features. His resemblance to the unfriendly housekeeper who had let him in was almost startling. His right hand was buried deep in a sport jacket pocket.

"I came to see Miss Fiske." "I know—you said a message from Lemoy," rasped the other. "Spill it, smart guy!" Dawson's smile faded. "Go plumb to hell!" he said. The man took a step toward the investigator, lifting his hand in his right coat pocket suggestively. But he halted as a girl entered the room.

One glance told Dawson she was Carole Fiske—the girl of the excited Lemoy's snapshot. "What's going on here, John?" her voice cut in sharply. "This guy says he has a message for you from Lemoy—I told him he'd better speak up or else..." "Shut up, John, you're acting like a fool," she said. Then turning to Dawson, "Who are you?" "You wouldn't know me by name—I just happened to meet Lemoy a few days ago in Halifax. When I mentioned that I had to visit Chicago on business for my company he asked me to give you a buzz and... must I tell him, too?" he pointed to the glowering John.

"Don't mind him, go on with the message." "Well—I, it wasn't much but I thought it might be nicer to drop around and see you in person. He said to tell you the other half of the reunion date couldn't make it but he really missed her—and plenty. That was all except..." Dawson grinned. "That he wanted to see you are NOT Heddy Lamarr." "Was there nothing else? Did he say where he was going?" "No," shrugged Dawson. "He apparently wasn't sure where he would be going. He gave me the impression it would be a long trip. A swell fellow, Lemoy, I liked him very..."

"You're a liar!" snarled the man called John. SOMETHING snapped in Dawson. His role of good-natured salesman vanished in a surge of hatred. With one quick step he came within range and his right fist lashed out with sledge-hammer force. John crashed over backwards, one of the old-fashioned chairs breaking under his weight. As he hit the floor, Dawson dived—one hand clutching the downed man's throat while a knee pinned the pocketed hand on the floor.

"When I lift my knee," he growled into John's ear, "pull out that hand—empty—or I'll flatten that nose on your ugly face." His knee lifted a few inches and John's hand slid slowly out of the pocket.

With a quick flip, Dawson rolled the big fellow on his side, dipped into his jacket and came out with a black automatic. Straightening up, he gave his clothes a quick brushing and walked to the girl. "When I go," he said, handing her the gun, "give this back to your boy friend—better advise him to stop playing with this thing." His tone lowered, "I'll be at the Eddington Hotel."

Back in his hotel room, Dawson let the cold water tap run on the bleeding knuckles of his hand. The girl interested Dawson. Of course, he had had little time to study her and the conversation had been limited. But she was really a beautiful creature. And from what he had been able to judge she didn't seem the hard type. Yet she was sure of herself. Of one thing, however, Dawson was certain—she would get in touch with him somehow, here at the hotel. He couldn't have said enough to do more than arouse her interest about Lemoy yet... what made John so positive that Dawson had been lying?

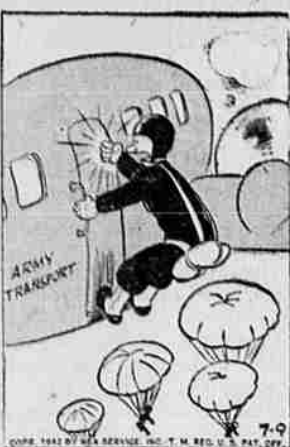
"I understand, Miss Fiske," Dawson interrupted. "Nine-thirty it will be. I'll slip out the rear way just in case anybody follows me and spots you. Right?" "Right," she replied.

It was 9:15 when Dawson put on his coat and hat. As an afterthought, he reached into his suitcase and took out a revolver. Taking the stairs with the red fire lights, he found his way to the ground floor. Unobserved, he came to a double door with a bolt and spring lock on the inside. Sliding back the bolt, he turned the lock and one of the doors opened onto a paved lane.

Dawson stepped out, turning around to pull the door shut behind him. As he did so, he heard an automobile's gears grind and a motor spring to life. From the corner of one eye he saw a brown mass rushing along the lane and the flash of a gun... Dawson plunged heading to the narrow sidewalk from the second step, bullets whistling into the heavy glass of the double door.

It all happened in a split-second but Dawson was on one knee as the wheels passed... like a sprinter at a track meet he dashed after the car and leapt onto the rear bumper. He just had time for one glance through the rear glass before the car lurched with tires screaming around a corner and Dawson tumbled hard to the street. Blood was streaming down his face and he knew his knee had been hurt but he didn't even hear the chatter of the curious crowd gathering around as he rose painfully to his feet. Burning into his mind was what he had seen in that one flashing glimpse through the auto window... two men in the front seat and between them—looking back directly into his eyes—the mysterious Carole Fiske. (To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!



Open up! I changed my mind!

David Farragut said, "Damn the torpedoes, go ahead," at Mobile Bay.

Advertisement for UHLIG'S radio repair service. Text: 'HAVE YOUR RADIO REPAIRED NOW! Repair parts are still available in limited quantities, but future manufacture has been curtailed. WE SERVICE ALL MODELS. UHLIG'S 1026 Main'

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

A collection of illustrations and text about various natural phenomena. Includes 'The CANNON BALLS OF MOERAKI POINT, NEW ZEALAND!', 'DADDY-LONG-LEGS IS KNOWN IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WORLD AS HARPNET SPIDER, BLOOD SPIDER AND SPINNING SPIDER...', and 'THE BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS'.

ANSWER: The battle of Chattanooga, during the War Between the States, in which General Hooker gained the summit of Look-out Mountain.

FAMOUS ACTOR

A crossword puzzle grid with clues for famous actors. Clues include '1 Pictured late actor', '10 Stupefy', '11 Fowl', '12 Mixture', '14 Limits', '18 Moccasins', '19 Unit of work', '20 Collection of facts', '21 Obtain', '22 Either', '23 Any', '24 Consumed', '26 Babylonian deity', '27 Office of Civilian Defense (abbr.)', '28 Golf mounds', '30 Skill', '31 Chest bone', '33 And', '35 One who inherits', '38 Upward', '40 Right side (abbr.)', '14 Blot', '15 Senior (abbr.)', '16 Grabbers', '17 Male deer', '22 He was a stage actor for 60 years', '23 Weasel', '27 Refuse', '29 Courtesy title', '32 Underdeveloped plant shoots', '34 Change into bone', '36 Type of fur', '37 Peruses', '39 Deep holes', '42 Meet', '43 Suddenly', '44 Preparatory (abbr.)', '46 Onward', '48 Fish', '50 Measures of area', '51 Limit (comb. form)', '53 Rocky pinnacle', '55 Exclamation', '56 Rough lava.'

A crossword puzzle grid with a portrait of a man in the center. The portrait is of a man with a mustache, likely a famous actor mentioned in the clues.



THE NATURE LOVER By J. R. Williams



Red Ryder



Little Orphan Annie



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubs



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



THEY SEE THE DANGER SIGNAL ON HIS NECK



By Harold Gray



By Harold Gray



By Harold Gray



By Harold Gray



By Harold Gray