

• SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN FERRY COMMAND

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

NEA SERVICE, INC.

ESCAPE—THE HARD WAY

CHAPTER VIII
 LIKE a person waking under a strange roof and attempting to figure where he is, Dawson fought through a haze of pain to clear his mind. The least motion of his body brought savage darts while his head pounded mercilessly. His mouth was dry as parchment and his tongue evidently swollen. As he twisted a bit to the right the pain increased around his heart... then he remembered John's closing words and the flash of pain.

His wrists and ankles were numb, for which he was grateful. They were badly swollen, but he'd be able to work on them without too much suffering.

The gray light of pre-dawn trickled through a skylight into his storeroom prison. Peering at the forms about him he concluded a number of them were packing cases. That meant rough, jagged edges.

Picking out a large one propped in a corner, he began the ordeal of wriggling toward it. Eventually he made it, panting for breath.

Slowly he maneuvered for position, lifting his bound legs and propping them against the high rough edge. Muttering a silent prayer that the packing case wouldn't move with the weight of his legs, he drew them up and down so that the rope binding his ankles scraped on the edge. Until he got the use of his legs he couldn't stand up to free his hands the same way.

It was a long, tedious job—hours it seemed—while the gray light changed to bright sunlight. Frequently he felt his head swimming, but Dawson continued scraping. It had to be done easily lest the sound awaken his captors. A door had shut almost directly below him and... yes, somebody was mounting the stairs!

Frantically, Dawson poured every ounce of power into the scraping... the rope was stretching... break, damn you, break... there was a key grinding in the lock... one more last push—that did it... the rope parted! Digging his teeth into his lips to suppress his sobbing breath, Dawson swung his legs over to one side and stretched out still just as the door swung open.

The dusty rays from the skylight reflected on a revolver in a man's hand—it wasn't John; it must be the other man who had helped carry him the night before. Suspiciously, the man looked from the spot where they had thrown the captive to the shadowy corner. Slowly he approached, gun aimed squarely at Dawson.

Dawson barely opened his eyes as he spoke.
 "Look at my ankles—something has happened!"

It was a desperate gamble, but Dawson put everything on the fact that he was in a dark corner and the man would have to bend over to see... It was working—he was bending over curiously... now was the moment!

With every last bit of strength drawn from the reserve of a well-conditioned physique, Dawson steadied himself with his left foot and kicked upwards with his right. It landed with a sickening crunch and the man crumbled.

Gradually, Dawson scrambled to his feet—he had never realized before how difficult it was to rise from the floor with one's hands tied.

Backing into the door so that he grasped the doorknob with his tied hands, he closed it softly. Then he moved quickly across the storeroom and turned his back to the packing case edge, using the scraping method on the wrist rope.

It took even longer than the other, but the tough strands finally parted. For fully five minutes he rubbed the angry, swollen wrists before turning to the man on the floor. From a packing case he stripped a length of wire and deftly bound him.

Picking up the revolver, he opened the door gingerly and stepped into the hall. Still no sounds except from the kitchen.

Identifying the hall through which he had been carried as that of the second floor, he walked on tiptoe, pausing at the door beside the main staircase leading to the ground floor. It had been a man's room.

JOHN was in bed—sleeping peacefully. Dawson was beside him in a flash, switching the revolver around so that he grasped it by the barrel.

He shook the sleeping man tenderly.
 "Wake up, cutie, and see who's here!" he said in a loud whisper. The regular breathing ceased and John's eyes fluttered open. For a second he stared up unseeing, then sat bolt upright, his mouth opening in the prelude to a yell.

into the girl's room. He pushed it open and went in—revolver first. One quick glance told him it was unoccupied—the bed had not been slept in. John was still standing rock-like in terror at the head of the stairs.

"Okay, chum," Dawson grinned. "Let's go downstairs."

As they passed the prostrate form of the housekeeper, the investigator examined her briefly.

"Sorry, grandma," he said, "but you should be a nice girl." Digging his gun into John's back, he continued, "and you keep right at the end of this gun while I phone—just in case there should be somebody else in this den of rats."

Using only one hand, Dawson flipped the phone off the hook and dialed "Operator." Lifting the receiver he barked:

"Federal Bureau of Investigation—emergency!"

Almost immediately, he was through to the officer in charge. "This is Clyde Dawson of the Canadian Intelligence Department..."

"John half turned and Dawson dug the gun into his back bone. 'I've bagged a nest of Nazis you'll want to meet—please make it fast.' He gave the address and the phone clicked.

Just as Dawson hung up, the doorbell sounded. Wheeling quickly, he pointed to the floor: "Lie down, toothless—flat on your back and one move to get up will be your last!"

Dawson stepped backwards to the door and peered through the glass. It was the postman. Shifting his revolver to the other hand, he opened the door.

"Special delivery letter for Mr. John Dexel."

"Till sign for it," Dawson replied. Closing the door again, he looked at the letter, his curiosity

instantly aroused. The postmark was North Sydney, Nova Scotia. Dawson didn't hesitate. He tore the letter open.

(To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"When do you think you'll get around to that furlough you promised me, Captain?"

HAVE YOUR RADIO REPAIRED NOW!

Repair parts are still available in limited quantities, but future manufacture has been curtailed.

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UHLIG'S

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS, STUDYING WEATHER, LANDED BY PLANE ON AN ICE FLOE AT THE NORTH POLE AND DRIFTED WITH THE ICE FOR MORE THAN SIX MONTHS AND COVERED A DISTANCE OF 800 MILES! ...1937...



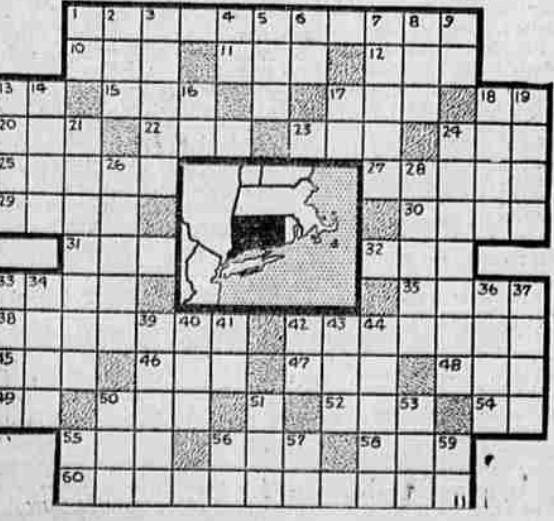
THE COMMON ORANGE, OR HEDGE APPLE, OR MID WESTERN UNITED STATES, IS A COUSIN OF THE BREADFRUIT, FAMOUS PRODUCT OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

IN GOING FROM SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, TO LONDON, IS IT NEARER BY WAY OF THE SUEZ OR THE PANAMA CANAL?

ANSWER: By Suez, slightly. Approximately 12,000 miles by Suez; 12,800 by Panama.

EASTERN STATE

- | | | |
|---|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| HORIZONTAL | Answer to Previous Puzzle | 19 Poems. |
| 1 Depicted state. | ALFRED LUNT | 21 Dampen. |
| 10 Anger. | KILLER LOTION | 24 Animals. |
| 11 Card game. | MAID REINE | 26 Western cattle |
| 12 Beverage. | IN MT. BATS | 28 Carnivorous mammal. |
| 13 Lower case (abbr.). | SAGA A | 33 A variety of products are here. |
| 15 Consume. | EMU UP | 34 Among. |
| 17 Open (poet.). | E LARP | 36 Easy bounding gait. |
| 18 Exclamation. | SE VIAL | 37 Long-necked aquatic bird. |
| 20 Uncle. | SE VIAL | 39 Inactive. |
| 22 Shred. | AX H SCAN | 40 Vulgar fellow. |
| 23 Son. | NOF OP SEREN | 41 Symbol for silver. |
| 24 Evil. | REPENT HOMAGE | 42 South Carolina (abbr.). |
| 25 Intersect. | ZERO ACTING | 43 Set. |
| 27 Not fresh. | | 44 Betel palm. |
| 29 Contract into wrinkles. | | 50 Greek letter. |
| 30 Day in Roman month. | | 51 Loiter behind. |
| 31 Day. | | 53 Hard-shelled dry fruit. |
| 32 Ovum. | | 55 Any. |
| 33 Companion. | | 56 Music note. |
| 35 Snaky fish (pl.). | | 57 Postscript (abbr.). |
| 38 It is part of the United States of — | | 59 Exist. |
| 42 Bird. | | |
| 43 Loud noise. | | |
| 46 Small house. | | |
| 47 Mongrel. | | |
| 48 Health resort. | | |



THE GREAT OUTDOORS INDOORS! Out Our Way By J. R. Williams



Red Ryder



Little Orphan Annie



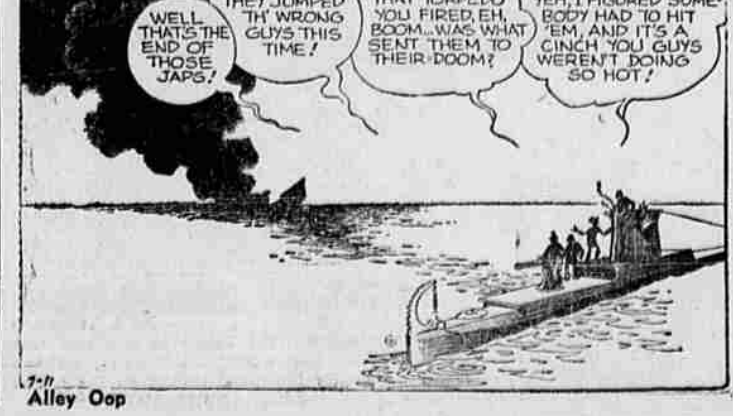
Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



By Fred Harman



By Harold Gray



By Blosser



By Crane



By Martin



By V. T. Hamlin