

• SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN FERRY COMMAND

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

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G-MEN IN ACTION

CHAPTER IX

INSIDE the letter addressed to John Dexel, Clyde Dawson found a white slip of paper bearing a set of fingerprints. Accompanying it was a brief note:

"John," it stated simply, "these are Statler's prints. I believe you will find the thumb print corresponds with the print found on the filing cabinet. Paul."

Paul? That didn't take much figuring—it was Paul Dexel, the corpse-mutilator he had captured in North Sydney. But how and when had Paul managed to post the letter with the fingerprints obviously taken from the hand? . . . Dawson shook his head angrily. He was getting dense—of course, Paul Dexel had mailed the letter aboard the Caribou before debarking and it had been sent to the North Sydney post office.

Outside, a siren was sounding and an auto screeched to a stop. Hurried footsteps—he stepped backward again and opened the door. Four men were there, the leader a keen-eyed young man of about 28. He looked at the battered, disheveled investigator.

"Glad to see you—I'm Dawson," the latter identified himself. "Please have a man guard this fellow and the woman, send another to the storeroom at the top of the second flight of stairs, and you accompany me—I'll give you a full explanation shortly."

The G-man followed him up stairs where Dawson led him directly to the door of the room containing the charts and radio apparatus. It was locked. Dawson probed for his keys in vain then applied his shoulder. Once, twice . . . the third time the door gave way.

"Take a quick look around, please . . ." he beckoned, "you have my word there's a gang here you'll be interested in. Right now I'm desperately anxious to get down with you to the War Supplies Department—wherever that is—and nab the woman member, a girl who seems to be missing."

The War Supplies Department was a good four miles away. The G-man's badge rushed him through an inquiry desk man into the Personnel Office.

"We want to see Miss Carol Fiske—immediately," Dawson said.

The manager looked up at the starting men: "Miss Fiske is not at work—she sent a note to her local manager stating that her mother had taken suddenly ill last evening and that she was taking a night train. Miss Fiske did not say where she was going!"

DAWSON, although dog-tired and aching in every joint from his strenuous ordeal, enjoyed seeing the G-man machine in action at close range.

The agent in charge accompanied him directly to the Edgington Hotel from the War Supplies Office and checked over the credentials Dawson had stored.

"Everything is apparently quite in order," smiled the G-man, "although my department will be quite insistent on demanding a reason for your not reporting."

Dawson nodded. "Quite right," he agreed, "except that I had no way of knowing whether I was merely tracking down an unfortunate love affair or sniffing into something big. Tonight I hoped to find out definitely at the limestone house."

"Uh-huh, I guess I would have done the same thing," the other agreed. "However, let's rush back to the happy little homestead and see what's cooking with our Heinie pals. I'll phone our bureau from there to speed through a description of the girl on our teletype system and . . . have you by any chance seen a photo of her?"

"There's one hanging on her bedroom wall upstairs." "You certainly did get around that house. I'll use the picture for a wirephoto release. Thus, we should have her picked up wherever she has gone . . ."

"Maybe she hasn't left town at all," mused Dawson.

"The G-man's eyebrows lifted: "That's quite true. I'll also notify the Chicago police."

On their way back to the limestone house, Dawson completed the story, omitting nothing. "Sounds like a Boris Karloff movie," the G-man remarked, "but there is no doubt you've been dealing with a tough bunch of babies—at least, they WERE tough. That house looked like a casualty clearing station during a blitz raid when we arrived . . . you must feel that you've squared accounts?"

Dawson's face was expressionless.

"Not yet . . . too many of my pals have been killed by these Hun vermin to date to leave me satisfied so easily. There's the girl, and I'm sure, several other undercover workers in the gang bent on playing havoc with the Ferry Command."

AT the house Dawson marveled to see how the place had been transformed into a hive of activity. The filing cabinet had disclosed invaluable data including correspondence of an incriminating type with a number of persons. Wireless experts were testing the receiving set and already recording incoming messages. Two had already been received—in English from "amateur" senders. But the messages were obviously coded and decoders were breaking them down.

"Here's an interesting message we picked up, sir," one of the agents said. "Some amateur in northern Maine started at this wave length—we didn't even move a dial—about expecting a head-achy weekend with four old college pals motoring in this morning

and three other friends have shown up the night before and, from the looks of it, wouldn't be surprised if the parade continues during the next two days. It strikes me as curious that he should so suddenly be deluged by touring friends . . ."

Dawson drew the head agent aside: "That's an easy one to figure out. If the sender is in northern Maine he is likely spotting Ferry Command planes en route to Newfoundland from Montreal . . ."

"But why would they detour over Maine?"

"You entertain a popular delusion, my friend," Dawson replied. "There's no detour entailed. Take a look at that map up on the wall and you'll note a straight line from Montreal to eastern Newfoundland cuts across northern Maine. He's telling this branch that three planes flew over him last night, four more this morning and good flying conditions are indicated for two days . . . this is a big weekend, Right?"

"Sounds logical," the G-man affirmed. "This is really developing into something. By playing possum and leaving our men on the job around here we should eventually pick up leads to most of the organization . . ."

Two other agents entered, half-dragging a frightened and surprised man of about 40 between them.

"Says his name is Sammy Bullock, sir. He drove up to the rear in a truck—claims he was to pick up a packing case . . ."

"Check," cut in Dawson. "There was a Sammy supposed to pick up a packing case—with my body in it. And, since the gang would hardly have entrusted such a cart-age job to anybody but a trusted member of their organization, I'd suggest you put Sammy through

the wringer—he'll squawk. His breed always does." The chief agent signaled and the G-man took away the scowling Sammy. (To Be Continued)

The record of the War Production Board speaks for itself. The production we are getting is due to the teamwork of many able men.

—Donald Nelson, WPB chairman.

We used to talk about merging with Canada. We are merging with Canada now, but by a process of legal osmosis.

—Payson S. Wild, Jr., associate professor of government at Harvard University.

"TAKE 90 DAYS TO PAY—THE OREGON WOOLLEN WAY!"

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• NO RED TAPE

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OREGON WOOLLEN STORE

Klamath's Credit Clothing 8TH and MAIN

MOTION PICTURE STAR

HORIZONTAL

1.6 Pictured motion picture star.

12 Fury.

14 Aviators.

16 Jumbled type.

18 Father.

19 Belonging to us.

21 Size of shot.

22 Exclamation.

23 Finish.

25 Hybrid fruit.

27 Ukulele (abbr.).

28 Sign.

30 Knock.

32 Near.

34 Us.

36 Onion-like vegetable.

37 Theme.

38 Symbol for tellurium.

40 Biblical pronoun.

41 Repeat.

43 Animal.

45 Pea shell.

47 He is now in the U. S. . . .

Answer to Previous Puzzle

CONNECTICUT

IRE LOO ALE

LOM RAGTASE YAD

CROSS STALE

KNIT CONNECT

SECC EGG

ATEEELS

AMERICA SPARROW

DIN NAG CUR SPA

EDITED LITEN

AAARAPICUB

NUTMEGSTATE

27 Not down.

29 He is a star.

31 Malicious burning.

32 Perform.

33 Article.

34 Direction.

35 Organ of sight.

39 Small room.

41 Doctor of Medicine (abbr.).

42 Oak fruit.

43 Whirling.

44 We.

45 Dessert.

46 From.

48 Virginia (abbr.).

49 Grow old.

50 Behold!

52 Stop!

53 Still.

55 Pistol.

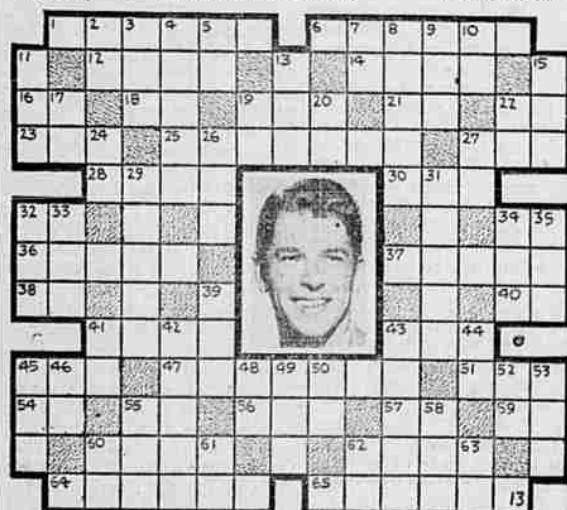
58 Mineral rock.

60 Toward.

61 Compass point.

62 District Attorney (abbr.).

63 Half an em.



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



NEXT: Feathered dive bombers.



Out Our Way By J. R. Williams



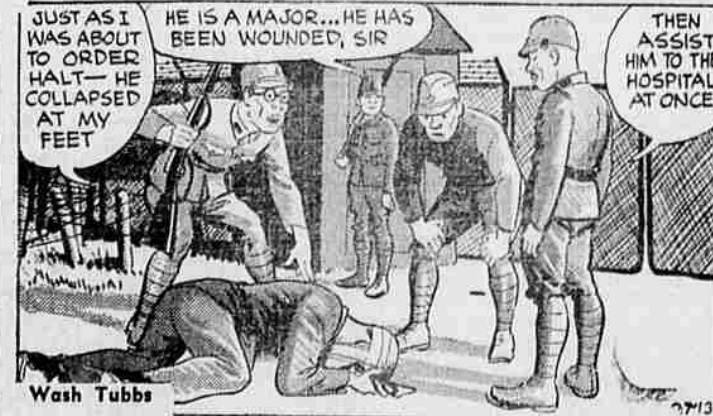
Red Ryder



Little Orphan Annie



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



By Fred Horman



By Harold Gray



By Blosser



By Crane



By Martin



By V. T. Hamlin