

SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN FERRY COMMAND

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

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BOMBER TO MONTREAL

CHAPTER X

CLYDE DAWSON was repairing the ravages of his stormy session with the spy ring in the Turkish bath of his Chicago hotel when, at about 8 o'clock that night, a telephone call was plugged into the stateroom. It was the chief agent of the F. B. I. "Something of special interest for you, Dawson," he said. "Your good-looking girl friend boarded a Canadian Colonial Airways plane at LaGuardia Field in New York 20 minutes ago. Our Manhattan office wants to know if they'll have the plane radioed back... It will be over American soil for about an hour more—it's the regular evening plane for Montreal."

"No, let her go... I've a sudden hunch and want her to have a little more rope. My compliments to your Manhattan office—damn smart co-operation. One more favor, old man, the War Supplies Office must have a Traffic Routing Department. Would you use your authority to find out if the man in charge last night was, by chance, asked for any travel information by Carole Fiske?"

"We're one jump ahead of you there—I was about to tell you that we have received a report on the very subject. It was a lucky guess—the actually did call up about 10:30 last night and asked about flying schedules..."

"Where to?" "This will tickle you—she asked for the best route to Newfoundland via Halifax..." "It fits," Dawson murmured. From the Turkish bath he phoned directly to the Ferry Command headquarters in Montreal and had them locate the Air Marshal. Half an hour later Dawson was on his way to an airport just outside the Chicago limits. There was an Army Air Force officer waiting for him at the gate.

"I'm instructed to take you directly to the field, Mr. Dawson," he said crisply. "There's a twin-engine bomber being held for you on Ferry Command instructions..."

AT Detroit the plane had to land for customs and immigration clearance and Dawson took advantage of the few minutes to phone the Montreal bureau of the Canadian Intelligence. He gave instructions for the 1:45 TCA plane to be held in case he was late and if a reservation was made for one Carole Fiske—she would have to use her right name unless she had a phony passport—to reserve the seat beside her for him. If the seat was already reserved he ordered that intelligence priority be used to secure it. It was a rough trip, with the plane flying into a strong headwind. But at 1:35 a. m. the pilot beckoned to Dawson and the latter squeezed his way past the large inside gasoline tank installed for the transatlantic flight.

"We're over Dorval now," the pilot yelled. "Sorry it took so long—that wind was plenty stiff." Dawson hurried to the TCA airport office. Outside the doorway, a man stepped out of the shadows. It was a Montreal bureau officer. "I've got your ticket here—thought you might not want to go inside because the girl is waiting with the other passengers..." "Nice going," Dawson cut in, "go inside and tell the dispatcher all's set for the take-off anytime, and I've gone directly to the plane. You hand in my ticket—they usually pick them up at the desk."

Dawson heard the flight announcement on the loudspeaker and saw the passengers filing through the door. Carole Fiske came out alone. Dawson swung into stride beside her. "Hello," he said simply. Carole Fiske halted in consternation as she recognized Dawson. But she quickly recovered her poise. One hand slipped out of her muff and she held it close to her body. In it was a snub-nosed automatic.

"Don't try to stop me from taking this plane, mister, or you're a dead pigeon—I swear it!" Dawson laughed. "The surest way of missing your plane would be to shoot me here, sweetheart. Instead of trying to stop you I'm actually making the jaunt in the next seat—chummy, eh?"

The girl was obviously suspicious. Keeping the gun trained on him she hid it with her muff. "Very well, let's go!" she commanded in lowered tone.

WHEN they reached the side of the waiting TCA plane, Carole Fiske slowed her pace and gave an almost imperceptible gesture with her head for Dawson to mount the movable stairway first. "Emily Post wouldn't approve," grinned Dawson. On the second step he stopped suddenly as from the corner of his eye he caught a quick movement—a man had slipped up silently behind the girl and pinned her arms. "Drop that gun!" he snarled into her ear. It was the Montreal agent and Dawson had completely forgotten about him. Of course the agent had picked up the bit of side-drama outside the waiting room and... Dawson heard the hostess coming through the plane door, evidently attracted by the commotion. This was no time for delicacy. Jumping lightly from the second step, he punched hard and true over the girl's shoulder straight into the agent's face. The latter reeled back, stumbled and piled into the snowdrift. Dawson made a flying jaunt and landed squarely on the stunned man.

"Never mind the poke," Dawson hissed, "act as if you are drunk and we're going in for a little horseplay..."

Both men began grunting and laughing as they rolled, Dawson finally yelling in a tone of mock surrender: "Enough... enough... you got me, Joe." They rose to their feet brushing the snow off their clothes. Carole Fiske was obviously amazed but she took a quick glance at the frowning hostess and played her part: "Come on, darling," she spoke impatiently, "the plane is waiting—send your frisky friend on his way."

With apparent unsteadiness, Dawson followed up the steps, checked in with the hostess and sat down heavily in his seat. The girl and he had the two end spaces. She was staring at him coldly. "Nice way to treat a Boy Scout pal doing his good deed," she commented crisply, "but why did you wreck it?" Dawson took from his pocket an object which he tossed into her lap. It was the snub-nosed automatic.

"You dropped it outside," he said. "Now come again with the \$300 question." Carole Fiske shoved the gun into her purse, frankly bewildered. "I asked you why you wrecked an excellent opportunity to turn the tables on me out there?" Dawson puckered his lips and tapped his fingers together thoughtfully: "Maybe it's because I like to see good-looking girls given a chance to achieve their ultimate ambition in life. You, for example..." he turned to face her squarely, "seem to have the burning and laudable purpose of killing me off. You put me on the spot in Chicago,

then you threaten to make me a dead pigeon out here—I'd never forgive myself if I didn't let you kill me sometime. But, meanwhile... his tone changed, "if you start playing with that peashooter again I'll turn you over my knee. Understand, my little lamb?"

(To Be Continued) We can take satisfaction in the knowledge that in every meeting with the enemy since Dec. 7 his losses have greatly exceeded ours. —Admiral Chester M. Nimitz, Pacific Fleet commander in chief.

A free India would ally herself with those who would help her in defense. Japan and the group of powers with her represent a social philosophy that is exceedingly wrong and dangerous. —Jawaharlal Nehru, Indian nationalist leader.

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 By William Ferguson



"DIVE BOMBER!" THE OSPREY, OR FISH HAWK, BUILDS ITS NEST OF LARGE STICKS... BUT IT DOES NOT PICK THEM UP OFF THE GROUND! INSTEAD, IT DIVES AT DEAD TREE LIMBS, KNOCKING THEM OFF... AND THEN CATCHES THEM IN ITS TALONS BEFORE THEY STRIKE THE EARTH.



JOE DIMAGGIO PLAYED 425 CONSECUTIVE BASEBALL GAMES BEFORE BEING CAUGHT STEALING. ANSWER: Goodby Mamma, I'm Off to Yokohama; Flamingo; One Dozen Roses.

EARLY LAWMAKER

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for words like 'RONALD REAGAN', 'CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE U. S.', 'EXTINGUISHED BIRD', etc.

Small portrait of a man, likely related to the crossword puzzle clues.



Out Our Way By J. R. Williams



Red Ryder



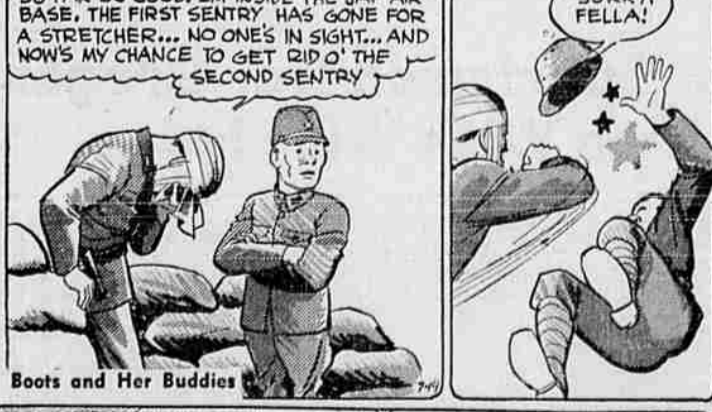
Little Orphan Annie



Freckles and His Friends



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



Alley Oop



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



OR THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE



By Fred Harman



By Harold Gray



By Blosser



By Crane



By Martin

By V. T. Hamlin