

• SERIAL STORY

# MURDER IN FERRY COMMAND

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

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## BREAKFAST IN HALIFAX

### CHAPTER XI

THE motors broke into a sullen roar and the big plane started down the runway to turn into the flare path. Clyde Dawson and Carole Fiske watched the lights of the Montreal airport sink away below them. Up and up they rose until the plane emerged into a mystic world whose dome was painted with moonlight and whose floor was a sea of fluffy, rolling soapuds.

"Did you really get the message from Darwin?"

"I did," he answered.

Dawson reached into his inside coat pocket and withdrew a wallet. From it he took a reprint of the snapshot given him by the condemned man just before the death march.

The girl took it from his hand and held it up to the moonlight entering the window.

Dawson, watching her intently, suddenly felt the frustration all men feel in face of feminine tears. Silently he saw her lower the picture and turn her glistening eyes to the window. He knew now that this girl loved Darwin Lemoy.

Sharp on schedule, the TCA plane circled the Moncton, N. B., airport at 5:10 a. m. As it landed, Dawson leaned over to the girl.

"Come along," he said gently, "I'll buy you a cup of coffee."

Carole Fiske looked at him strangely. Then she unfastened the safety belt.

"Thank you, I will."

In the airport restaurant Dawson waited until she had finished her beverage.

"Tell me," he asked, "how did you know my name? I didn't mention it in Chicago..."

"John knew who you were—he told me."

Dawson felt his pulse quicken. This was a situation he hadn't bargained for. His present plan—in fact, the most important aspect of his whole investigation depended on her NOT knowing his identity. Paul Dexel must have cabled from the train that he, Dawson, was bound for Canada. He had probably added the investigator's description.

"And what did the guide lug have to say about me?" he asked, calmly sipping at his coffee.

"That you are Clyde Dawson—an international double-crosser, a renegade of both sides in this war who sells to the highest bidder..."

...that you have somehow secured inside information about our organization and are working a type of blackmail scheme on Darwin Lemoy—the snapshot proves it."

Dawson breathed a sigh of relief. This was a break—a beauty if ever he had one. John, of course, had lied to the girl... unless the girl knew the truth and was deliberately lying to throw him off the track.

Excusing himself, Dawson found a phone, rushed through a call to the Canadian Intelligence Bureau at Halifax, and queried the agent on duty about Paul Dexel. It was as he had expected—the man had simply laughed off all questions. They had nothing on him, he claimed, and he had no intention, it seemed, of altering the condition. In fact, the agent added with a touch of sarcasm, the Halifax Bureau really didn't know enough about the case to quiz the prisoner intelligently. For that part they really didn't have enough to hold him.

"Okay, I'll attend to that part of it for you," Dawson said. "I haven't time to go into detail but the plane should land at Dartmouth about 6:15. Which means that a girl and I will likely be having breakfast together in the Nova Scotia Hotel between 7 and 7:30 in the main dining room. Now listen closely and do exactly what I tell you..."

For the remainder of the flight, Dawson stayed clear of the one topic in which they were mutually interested. Anyway, the girl seemed unwilling to chat.

The plane was 15 minutes late landing at Dartmouth, just across the harbor from Halifax. In the airline autobus while crossing on the ferry, Dawson struck up conversation again.

"Would you care to have breakfast with me?"

"Very well," she said unenthusiastically.

The hotel lobby was surprisingly busy for the early hour. Dawson ushered the girl into the dining room opposite the main entrance, and placed her so she was facing the entrance. He selected the chair at the four-place table that allowed him a side view of the entrance.

The girl's eyes were fixed on him.

"You're a strange man—I find it..." the sentence choked off in her throat. Dawson saw her staring wildly at the entrance and knew without turning his head that she had seen Paul Dexel. There would, of course, be agents with him.

Carole Fiske turned in her chair, face white as chalk:

"Oh God," she cried, "it can't be—Paul Dexel was murdered..."

Darwin did..."

Dawson leaned over quickly, slid an arm around her waist and kissed her on the cheek.

In the entrance, Paul Dexel tugged madly against the restraining arms of the agents:

"You rotten double-crosser," he shrieked, "I'll cut your tongue out for this!"

CONSCIOUS that all in the dining room had ceased eating while the waiters stared in frank amazement, Dawson resumed his seat as Dexel was being escorted from the doorway.

"Why did you do that?" her voice came in a low hiss.

"I'm funny that way," Dawson shrugged. "Ever since I was only so high I've done that to pretty girls..."

"Shut up!" Carole Fiske cut in. "Were you deliberately doing that for the benefit of the man in the doorway..."

"Paul Dexel—you mentioned his name when you saw him—remember?" Dawson was serious now.

"All right, Paul Dexel. Answer my question!"

"To make him spill all he knows about you and your mob. And if you're wise you'll do some talking your..."

In one quick movement the girl had picked up her cup of coffee and flipped the contents directly into the investigator's face. As he lurched back, she rose and called for the headwaiter.

"This man has insistently annoyed me throughout a plane trip and now at breakfast I cannot stand his insults any longer. I..."

Putting her hand to her eyes and sobbing audibly, she ran for the door.

Dawson threw aside the napkin with which he had been wiping his face and started after her. "You little wildcat!" he muttered.

The headwaiter grabbed him by the arm and two army officers jumped up from a nearby table, planting themselves in front of Dawson.

"Out of my way, gentlemen," he later spoke quickly. "That girl is trying to escape..."

"Quite evidently she is," the headwaiter interrupted. "Just wait a minute for the hotel detective,

please. He'll want to ask you some questions."

"Don't waste precious time," snapped Dawson, "there are my credentials..." As he reached into his inside pocket a blank look came over his face. Suddenly he laughed.

"That's out—my credentials are in my suitcase, so all I can do is admit I'm a lowdown masher and a menace to young ladies."

(To Be Continued)

Wherever there's gas rationing, folks who don't have that auto use tax stamp stuck on their windshield are stuck themselves.

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## NORTHERN NATION

### HORIZONTAL

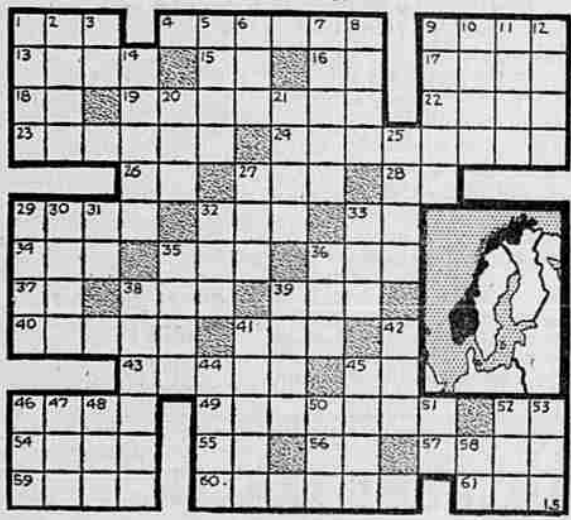
- 1 Prohibit.
- 4 Depicted country.
- 9 Shell fish.
- 13 Soon.
- 15 Depart.
- 16 Myself.
- 17 Genus of frogs.
- 18 Symbol for samarium.
- 19 Made of earth.
- 22 Among.
- 23 Evade.
- 24 The whole.
- 26 Music note.
- 27 Possessed.
- 28 Military police (abbr.).
- 29 Go by.
- 32 Boring tool.
- 33 1416.
- 34 Bustle.
- 35 Fish.
- 36 Suitable.
- 37 West Indies (abbr.).
- 38 Sack.
- 39 Grain.
- 40 Precipitous.
- 41 Is (Latin).
- 43 Noisy feast.

### Answer to Previous Puzzle

JOHN MARSHALL  
NEAT MOWERS  
RE MIRE TILLES  
ASS LARD NO TEA  
STUN PRONG LETT  
SEPIA ODA IDEAS  
R CAROMEDIN  
GRESE SSE SPIRE  
RIME VUNIT  
ODET AL GOA  
AS SO SEES  
N RAS TALE  
BIOS DARK

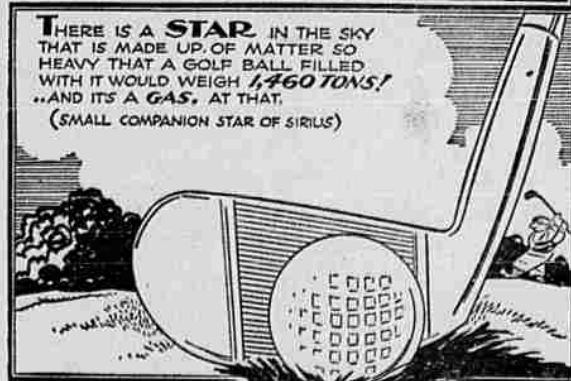
### VERTICAL

- 1 Nazis use it.
- 45 Perform.
- 46 Breathing organ.
- 49 Corrosion.
- 52 Each (abbr.).
- 54 On the lee.
- 55 Symbol for nickel.
- 56 Eithor.
- 57 Revolve.
- 59 Has existed.
- 60 Delegate.
- 61 Inspect closely.
- 12 Manufactured.
- 14 Approaches.
- 20 Gorilla.
- 21 Warmth.
- 25 Send forth.
- 27 Has concealed.
- 29 Animal's feet.
- 30 Entrance.
- 31 Therefore.
- 32 Marsh.
- 33 Deep hole.
- 35 Type of garment.
- 36 Fleishy.
- 38 One of its Atlantic coast cities is.
- 39 Capital of this country is.
- 41 Weird.
- 42 Low.
- 44 Sell.
- 45 Earth.
- 46 Laboratory (abbr.).
- 48 Born.
- 50 French coin.
- 51 New Testament (abbr.).
- 52 Make an error.
- 53 Some.
- 58 Not down.



## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



### SLIPPING ODDS



### MISTLETOE SEED



NEXT: Cannon led to the invention of what?



Out Our Way By J. R. Williams ENGLISH TWEEDS



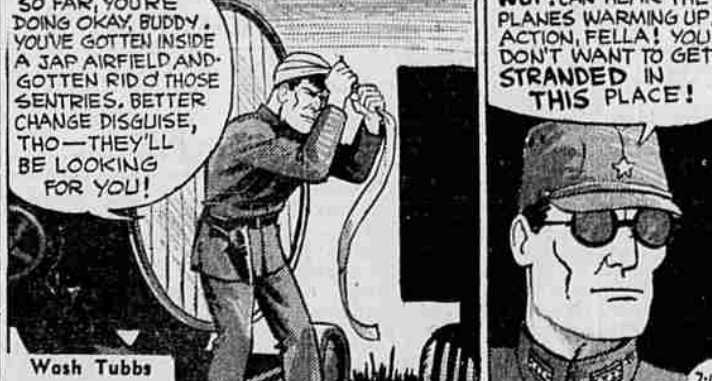
Red Ryder



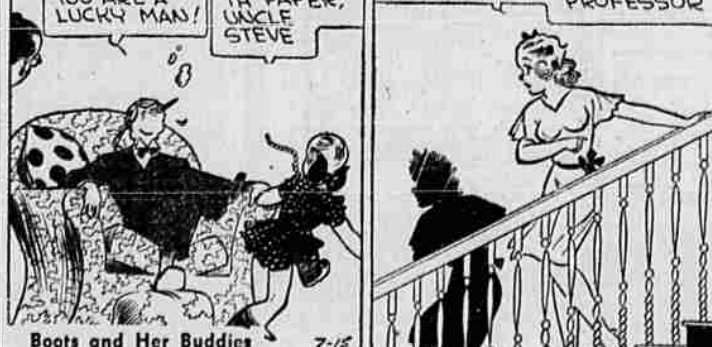
Little Orphan Annie



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



He's Trotting Himself Tonight



By Fred Horman



By Harold Gray



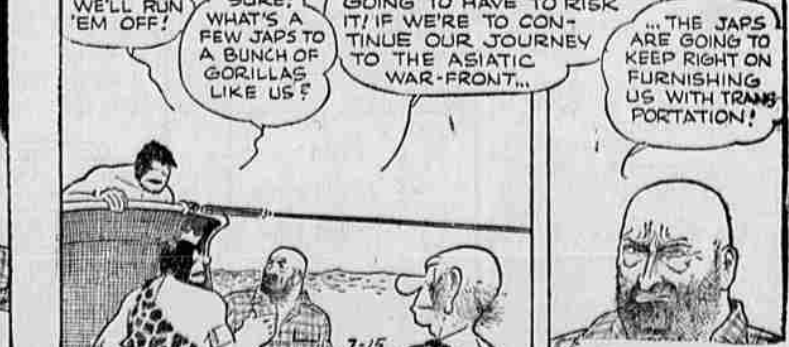
By Blosser



By Crane



By Martin



By V. T. Hamlin