

MURDER IN FERRY COMMAND

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

THE ELUSIVE CAROLE

CHAPTER XII

UNDER the distant and disappearing scrutiny of the head-waiter Clyde Dawson picked up his reservation at the desk, then began a search for Carole Fiske, who had fled the dining room after throwing a cup of coffee in his face.

Dawson knew in advance the search would be futile. No black-haired girl had passed through the main entrance in the last 10 minutes, the doorman said. Nor had such a girl used either of the two elevators during that time. A man assured him that the girl was in neither of the ladies' lounges.

She had cried out that it couldn't be... that Paul Dexel was murdered and had started to say something about Darwin.

Her implied ignorance of the executed man's fate had always puzzled the investigator. After all, it would be wiser for her to pretend no knowledge of the Newfoundland drama. . . Yet, there had been no faking about her exclamation. And what had Dexel, supposedly murdered, to do with it? Who had told her that lie and why?

In 15 minutes he was at his bureau office. The agents who had escorted Dexel to the hotel were waiting for him.

"That touching scene did something to the Strong Silent Man," one grinned. "He was talking to himself all the way back here. Better go right in and quiz him—we'll work the diagraph from this room."

Paul Dexel half rose from his chair in his bleak detention room as Dawson entered.

"Think you're a smart copper," he snarled, "but you won't get anything out of me—no matter what she told you. I know my rights as a citizen."

DAWSON clutched Dexel by the coat lapels and tugged him to his feet, shaking the man like a cat with a mouse.

"Listen, stupid," he said, biting off each word sharply, "we've rounded up the whole Chicago set-up. The Northern Maine unit has been mired by this time by the G-men, plus heaven knows how many other units. And, as for you, we know you had Darwin Lemoy's hand in your cabin and found towels with fingerprint ink on them. There was also ink on the tips of the corpse's hand."

A door opened and one of the agents handed Dawson a telegram. "That will tell you," the investigator continued, "our Montreal bureau just raided the Dorval address you so kindly provided and has secured abundant evidence that it was a link in your extensive spy system on the Ferry Command operations. Your cohorts have, of course, been apprehended."

Dexel was the picture of mental agony.

"I'll talk," Dexel spoke hoarsely. For over two hours the men talked.

When Dawson came out into the main office his face wore a peculiar expression . . . for the first time he seemed worried.

"Have you located Carole Fiske yet?"

The other shifted uneasily. "It's a bad break—we haven't got her but know where she is. She apparently rushed down to the docks in a taxi and found a ship about to sail for Newfoundland. It was sheer luck—the purser had a cabin for two that had only one man in it, an officer's wife, and he gave Fiske the other bunk."

"Did the ship sail?"

"Yes, Fiske flashed some identification from the War Supplies Department, claimed she was on urgent business and got through in a rush. As luck would have it, this all happened just a few minutes before sailing time—at 7:50 a. m. It is now after 10."

"That means the ship is out of the Narrows and on the open sea. Likely in convoy," Dawson's face was grim. "I can't signal it to return. What's the ship's name?"

"The Fort Gengary—out of Boston bound for St. John's."

Dawson held up his hand. "Okay, now contact the Eastern Air Command and ask for a plane to fly me up there. I must be in St. John's before the girl arrives. Phone me at the hotel—I'm going to pack."

ON the way back to the Nova Scotian, Dawson pondered the amazing story Dexel had told him. It was so utterly fantastic yet so obviously true. Years of exciting detective work, and reading of involved spy hunts had produced nothing like this. Yet it all fitted so perfectly it couldn't be false.

Dawson walked quickly through the hotel lobby and went up to his room. Opening the door, he paused abruptly. There was a man with his back to the door bending over his open suitcase and probing through the contents. Dawson slipped a hand inside his coat to his revolver holster and stepped into the room.

As he did so, a second man whipped from the darkened bathroom and pinned Dawson's arms to his sides.

Vainly, Clyde Dawson tried to shake himself free from the strong arms of the man who had grabbed him from behind. Meanwhile, the one who had been searching through his suitcase dashed across the room and tugged the investigator's revolver from the shoulder holster.

"Take it easy," an authoritative voice growled. "We're from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police."

Dawson ceased struggling. "Hell," he panted, "let's stop playing games—we're on the same team. I'm Dominion Intelligence—you'll find my credentials in a false bottom compartment of the suitcase your pal was amusing himself with."

When Dawson had satisfied the Mounties as to his identity, one of them drew a sheet of writing paper from his pocket and handed it to Dawson.

"Perhaps you can give us a hint as to what this is all about, then?" the Mountie queried. "You'll notice the letter about you was properly signed—we seldom act on anonymous tips of this nature. Urgency was suggested in its being sent by a messenger from the dock. The hotel detective told us there had been strange behavior on your part reported this morning."

Dawson was reading the note—letterheaded "S. S. Fort Gengary."

"R. C. M. P. Counter-Espionage Section, Halifax," it began. "There is a man using the name Clyde Dawson whom you will probably find at the Nova Scotian Hotel. I have reason to believe he is engaged in activities counter to the Defense of Canada Regulations. If you work fast, serious harm of a nature I will disclose later may be averted. He is a cunning and dangerous type. By the time you get this my ship will be en route to St. John's, Newfoundland, from whence I shall contact you."

It was signed, "Carole Fiske," and, in brackets below, "an employee of the War Supplies Department, Chicago."

Dawson laughed shortly. "That's easy to explain. The girl thought I was a sort of international spy who sells to the highest bidder and decided it was time to end it. I'm now hurrying by R. C. A. F. plane to St. John's to head her off from a most distasteful discovery. An official statement releasing the R. C. M. P. from further responsibility in the

investigation will be forwarded to you. . . O. K.?"

The Mounties shook hands with Dawson and they all laughed good-naturedly over the comic side of the scene.

(To Be Continued)

YES, REALLY

MINNEAPOLIS, Kas. (AP)—Mr. and Mrs. William Eldringhoff looked, then looked again at their barn roof.

Sure enough, there was a calf up there, astride the ridgepole, bellowing loudly.

They guessed an electrical storm frightened him and he climbed over several connecting sheds to reach his precarious perch.

The average American family spends \$10 a year for soap—and that's where the little kids get it in the neck.

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RADIO
REPAIRED
NOW!

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

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UHLIG'S
1026 Main

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



THE CANNON, WITH ITS PROJECTILE EXPLODED BY POWDER, LED TO THE INVENTION OF ENGINES, WITH CYLINDERS AND PISTONS.



BIRDS THAT FLY WELL HAVE MORE DARE THAN THOSE THAT DO NOT.

CAN YOU NAME THREE INANIMATE OBJECTS, USED ON A FARM, THAT HAVE TEETH?

ANSWER: Harrow, rake, saw, mowing machine.

HERO'S SON

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured son of a famous general.

12 Consumer.

13 Steeple.

14 Auricle.

16 Babylonian deity.

18 Symbol for samarium.

19 Dutch measure.

22 Girl's name.

23 Babbie.

25 Tollytry case.

26 Six (abbr.).

28 Alleged force.

30 Solicitor General (abbr.).

31 Threefold (comb. form).

23 Provided.

34 Ethiopia (abbr.).

35 Persia.

36 Separate.

37 Louise (abbr.).

39 Behold!

41 Indo-Chinese language.

42 Accomplish.

43 Measure.

44 Symbol for

Answer to Previous Puzzle.

1 BAN NORWAY CLAN

2 ANON GO ME RANA

3 SA EARTHEN AMID

4 ESCAPE ENSEMBLE

5 RE HAD MP

6 PASS BIT PI

7 ADD COD FIT

8 WI BAG OAT

9 STEEP EST MO

10 REVEL DO

11 LUNG EROSION EA

12 ALEE NIOBURN

13 BEEN DEPUTY PRY

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VERTICAL

2 Bird.

3 Laughter

4 Indian.

5 Gather a harvest.

6 Written form of mister.

7 Symbol for cesium.

8 Church part.

9 Narrow inlet.

10 Transpose (abbr.).

11 Warmth.

14 His father is now defending

15 Antecedents.

20 They are now in

21 His father is one of the generals of modern times.

23 Avoidupolis (abbr.).

25 Editor (abbr.).

28 Within.

29 Concerning.

32 Rodent.

33 Sick.

34 Dine.

38 Music note.

40 Either.

43 Postscript (abbr.).

45 Morindin dye.

48 State (Fr.).

49 Cut of meat.

50 Part of "be."

51 Against (prefix).

53 Beige.

55 Greek letter.

57 Benjamin (abbr.).

60 Symbol for sodium.

61 Candle power (abbr.).

62 Tin (symbol).

63 Electrical term.



Out Our Way
By J. R. Williams

THE DEGENERATES



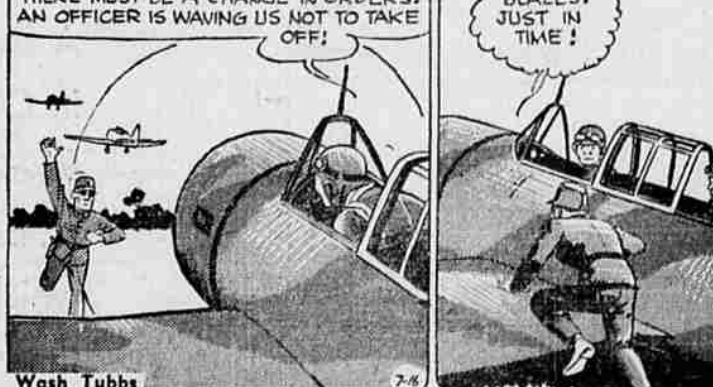
Red Ryder



Little Orphan Annie



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



Just Hang Onto Your Hat



By Fred Horman



By Harold Gray



By Blosser



By Crane



By Martin



By V. T. Homlin