CHAPTER I

THE man left Stoksund, mor than halfway up the west coast of Norway, at nightfall, and long past midnight, after the lone-

long past midnight, after the lonely roads, came staggering up to
his cousin's farm near the little
fishing village of Trollness. With
the last of his strength he crept
across the court and tossed a
handful of pebbles up at the bedroom window.

Knut Osterholm, the farmer,
woke out of uneasy sleep, threw
up the blind with a clatter, and
saw the man in the bright moonlight, standing down in the cobbled yard, his hands burned black
and his shoulder bloody under a
torn shirt. The barn and the big
storehouse, with gables like ghosts,
threw their silver shadows all
around him.

storehouse, with gables like ghosts, threw their silver shadows all around him.

Quickly the farmer slipped on his clothes and went out to hide him in the hayloft of the barn. Then he limped off in a great hurry toward Trollness to rouse the only doctor in town. It was over a mile to the little cluster of huildings at the edge of the fjord. Twice he just slipped past a body of troops evidently searching the small, thatched houses down the crooked side streets.

It was after 3 when he and the plump doctor (who wore a furlined jacket and a bearskin cap, and kept rubbing his hands together against the cold) climbed back up into the dry loft where the visitor was lying in the straw. After a long while the east began to glow behind the ragged mountains. The farmer limped to the north window. Shivering a little, he pulled his red woolen jacket closer about him, and gazed eagerly at his long, rich fields that stretched all moist and quiet

eagerly at his long, rich fields that stretched all moist and quiet toward the village—narrow and black, with the bedrock of the mountains at arm's length under the sod.

"You had better go," he said at last, turning, "If the commandant comes out this far with his squad

"I know." The doctor stood up wearily. "We have to be more careful than ever. I'll talk to Gunnar Brogge in town."

"Brogge. Yes, he's the man."
"We fight, Knut," he said. "It will be very dangerous, but at last we fight." The bugle call died away. The sun hit the window and spilled in over the granary floor.

THE doctor was a dapper, middle-aged man who always gave the impression of having just been shaved and powdered. He stepped out so heartily on his short legs, and peppered the little stones in the road so briskly with his stick that anyone who met him would have thought him a young David roaring out to kill a dozen Phillistines before breakfast. Despite the early hour, he was, as usual, immaculate in Oxford tweeds, and very important, for he, Martin Stensgard, was a doctor of medicine from Oslo, and mayor of Trollness as well. He had a son whom he never mentioned, and a daughter he thought the most wonderful in Norway, for she was his daughter. His quiet wisp of a wife knew him better than anyone else in the world, and she was afraid of him.

As he got farther into town he saw the women out successing their THE doctor was a dapper, mid-

was afraid of him.

As he got farther into town he saw the women out sweeping their walks. Rough, hip-booted fishermen in corduroys and dark shirts were finishing their early morning work at the flowerbeds, or striding hurriedly down toward the dock. They were big men, tanned, and sea-salted, with blunt gnarled hands, knife-scarred a dozen times over. Fish and salt sea hung in the air between the house fronts and the signboards of the little shops in the center of the village, crept over the old of the village, crept over the old wharf where the boats were rid-ing alongside the dark, wet, wood-en piling, and lay reeking on the blood- and scale-stained dock in front of the warehouse, where every night the day's catch was salted and barrel-packed for ship-

Dr. Stensgard stopped in front of his own white fence, and impatiently watched the men going past him on the road.

Some ten minutes passed while he waited. Then a burly,

he waited. Then a burly, sullen-looking fellow in a black lumberjacket came striding out of the nearest side street and turned down toward the square. The doctor went over quickly and tapped him on the shoulder with his stick. "Good morning, Gun-nar."

The fisherman turned slowly and gazed down at the plump, pink face under the bearskin cap. "Good morning."

Looking from side to side, the doctor muttered in a lower voice, "I want to talk to you." Without waiting for an answer, he turned, poked his gate open with his sick, and strode into the house.

Once in the surgery, he tossed the fur cap into a chair, smoothed down his damp, blond hair, and pulled the shades. "We fight," he burst out, "We are to get guns from England. The whole coast is to be armed."

Gunnar lifted his head. His whole body grew tense, but his expressed did not chase.

whole body grew tense, but his expression did not change. Per-haps it was this calm, this utter steadfastness, that had made him the leader of all the fishermen in

the leader of all the fishermen in town.

"Yesterday there was a battle down the coast." Stensgard put down his stick, took off his jacket, hung it up neatly, and began walking up and down very fast. Gunnar Brogge followed him silently with fervid eyes.

"Last night," the fierce little man said, "Knut Osterholm came down here at 3 in the morning. No, a little before, 10 minutes to the hour it was. His cousin Hammer had got through from Stokaund with a bullet in his shoulder and half the skin off his arms

from a fire." "Past the guard on the road?

from a fire."

"Past the guard on the road? They were searching houses last night."

"They were?" asked the doctor. "Must have had news of the fighting. Anyway, Hammer made it, God knows how. And not only here in town, but 15 miles on foot, past a dozen patrols. As I said, there was a battle in Stoksund. They fought for five hours before they were besten. Casualties on both sides."

"Were they insane?" asked Gunnar slowly. "They didn't stand a chance." But his heart pounded and pounded. How many nights he had dreamed that a thing like this would happen.

The doctor saw his face. "Ha! Too much for you, eh? You can't believe it." Suddenly he drew very close, eyes tense like a conspirator's. "But now, with half the occupying forces sent out of Norway to the Russian front, now is the time to strike. We know it. The English know it, and down in Stoksund they had been getting guns, picking them up at night in small boats from English ships off shore. But they were betrayed." He backed away and glared at the fisherman fiercely. "Some fool of a woman. She told the Germans the guns were buried in the gardens. They came with searching parties, and then it started. House to house, the men defending themselves. What else could they do? Imagine! Or have I told you? Fifty or sixty were killed on both sides."

For several moments Gunnar Brogge stood motionless, looking the decount of the searching.

killed on both sides."

For several moments Gunnar
Brogge stood motionless, looking
at the doctor. A great, confident
joy welled up in him that made
him hardly able to talk. He said,
"We have to be careful . . . how we go about it . . . when the guns HOLD EVERYTHING



"It's patriotic to save some-thing, so we came south to we came save fuel!"

## Contrary to

Are Still Available and Will Continue to Be.

Available in Daylight and White

Dial 5512

(To Be Continued)

Recent Rumors Fluorescent Lamps

1026 Main

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William



The B.F. GOODRICH CO. MADE A PAIR OF MILITARY HEELS FOR GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR FROM A SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD PIECE OF RUBBER ... AN OLD RAILROAD SHOCK ABSORBER TURNED IN DURING THE SCRAP DRIVE BY A GOODRICH

PIGHTERONG ? 11-10)

ANSWER: Right. Both crocodiles and alligators are found.

## ACTOR—DIRECTOR

13 He works in HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle 14 Act of avoiding. 17 Curved like 11 Right-hand STYE SEM JUN ES N 18 That which results page. 12 Jumps. 13 Laughter PILY ON E A 20 Arsenic (comb. form).

STAGERW WEN AND 23 No.

ARR AL EAT FIME 26 Convex molding.

ADMIRAL PURSE Molding. 28 Summer (Ft.). 16 Against. 17 Area measure. 19 Eggs (biol.). 21 Insect. 22 Born. 28 Compass point 28 Summer (Fr.). 29 Hindu month.

24 Girl's name. 26 Flogs (colloq.) 40 Caterpillar 56 He is an --hair. VERTICAL

27 Type of thread (pl.). 41 Wood s (pl.). 42 Head c armadillo. 44 Recent 30 Yard (abbr.). 47 Lair. 48 From. 41 Wood sorrel 31 Near. 48 From.
32 Chaldean city. 49 Saplent.
32 Deciliter 50 Greek letter

cloth.

form).

(pl.). 52 Doctor of Theology (abbr.). 34 District in Hawaii. 37 Inferior cotton

53 Craze. 39 Wave (comb.

35 Feminine 42 Head covering 1 Either. 44 Recent. 2 Corded fabric. 36 Slowly (music). 38 Color. 3 Crust over a sore. 4 Musteline mammals. 5 Face part. 6 Dash.

38 Color.
42 Tip.
43 Fruit.
44 Close to.
45 Toiletry case.
46 Lack.
49 Baglike part.
51 Female saint
(abbr.).
53 Parent.
55 Senior (abbr.) 7 Smooth. 8 Not early. 9 Roof finial. 10 Steamship 55 Senior (abbr.)

DIET, MAJOR AND STILL EGAD, MEN! IT BEHOOVES US ALL TO FALL INTO STEP WITH MARTHA'S MEAT CONGERVATION PROGRAM! FOR YOU, WITH ENOUGH SUET HAVE THE STRENGTH HOARDED UNDER YOUR FASTING FREQUENTLY IS GOOD FOR A CHAP-T RECALL A
GOBI DESERT SAFARI WHEN
I GAINED FIVE POUNDS ON
A TWO-WEEK DIET OF TO WATCH STEAM SHOVELS, VEST TO MAKE A SQUIRREL ASHAMED OF DUT WE CAN'T DO HIS WALNUTS! CACTUS ON BIRCH BARK SALAD! YOU LIKE CACTUS, GO Out Our Way By J. R. Williams SIT ON IT=

I'M DAD DONNELLY! I LEFT THIS HAS TO DO THE NOTE PINNED TO YOUR SADDLE BLANKET INVITIN DAUGHTER AND TOUR FOREMAN "FURTHER REPORTS, FROM AN ENEMY SOURCE, ASSERT THAT OLIVER WARBLICKS, THE FORMER INDUSTRIAL TYCOON, SERVING AS LIEUTEMANT GENERAL WITH ONE OF OUR ALLIES, WAS KILLED IN ACTION, TOGETHER WITH HIS ENTIPE STAFF.

"IT IS CLAIMED WARBUCKS AND A SMALL FORCE WERE AMBUSHED IN A JUNGLE TRAP AND WERE WIPED OUT TO THE LAST MAN---WE MUST REMEMBER THIS IS AN ENEMY CLAIM, AND UNCONFIRMED BY THE ALLIED COMMAND"-



MISUNDERSTOOD!

AND YOU'RE A



WHY, I'M TAKIN' THIS
TO BRING TH' KIDS
HOME ON -- I'VE
STUNTED MY GROWTH
ENOUGH, PACKIN'
SNOOZERS HOME
FROM MOVIES

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

IT DOES - INDIRECTLY THE TOWN PROBABLY THINKS YOU AND ME ARE NOW ENEMIES



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople

By Fred Rarman



GOMING TO A

GATHER AROUND, ALL OF YOU! COME ON!COME ON! I HAVE SOME NEWS

TURNS AND RETRACES

THE GERMANS BELIEVE EASY

AND OLIVANT

A GETAWAY

IN A VEHICLE OF SOME KIND.

BUT THEY

HAVEN'T!

WERE'S WHAT

Wash Tubbs

6000 OF

BILLY!TIL BET HE HAD SOME-THING TO

DO WITH

THE LETTER BEGINS - "DEAR SNOOKY -

SUCH EXPRESSIONS AS "ITSY - BITSY
CUDDLE BUG "WOULD
SOUND SILLY IN
COURT, WOULDN'T
THEY, MR. GRUBBLE?

A FOX

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO THE WAR





HE BROUGHT

FROM ENG

MIXTURE WHICH HE

TO HIS AND OLIVANT'S

BOOTS

APPLIES







RIDE . THEY'LL BE SEARCHING THE HIGHWAYS FOR US AND NOT IN THE FIELDS













