

SERIAL STORY
THE EDGE OF DARKNESS
 BY WILLIAM WOODS

THE STORY: Major Ruck reveals his identity as an English spy, and entrusts Gerd and Karen with a code book, and reports that help is coming. Meanwhile, Captain von Klenow, the head of the house of Sixtus Andersen, the schoolmaster, the schoolmaster calmly accepts notification that he must leave within 48 hours.

WILL SHE BETRAY HIM?
CHAPTER XII
 THAT night Karl Fischer stood guard at the dock from midnight until 4. Under a cold sky hazy with stars, the boat's rudder still. The war ended dark and bitter under him, swept on an incoming tide. He paced slowly back and forth with a rifle over his bony shoulder, and stamped his feet to keep warm.

He dreaded guard duty at night. It meant he was alone and had to think... of the towers and halls of Göttingen, and the life he had deserted for a world in which he had no place. "God," he thought, "three years ago, who would have dreamed I would be here tonight?" At first, after leaving the University and being drafted into the army, he had thought it ironic that in a sort of desperation he still carried a dog-eared Aristotle in his pocket.

"Sleep sound, Karen," he thought, "I was a fool to make you angry." Now he knew he had been thinking of her all this time, and the same feeling came back to him he had had sitting beside her on the grass.

He paced faster along the dock. The gun grew terrible in weight upon his shoulder. He thought the night would never end. He thought, "What do I want in the world?" Karen, Karen, you are the truth, I have no other," and did not know what he meant. Two hours and a half, and then he could sleep. Afterwards there would be drill, but at 4 o'clock in the afternoon he was free until night guard.

He would go up to the sater. It would be 5 o'clock when he came across the pasture. Almost the same time as last. A warm feeling came over him as he thought. Perhaps she would be standing at the door, or he would go to the back and find her working in the garden. She would be angry with him from the other day.

At 4 o'clock the following afternoon he started up the hill. First, under the trees, he climbed slowly on a matted pathway of dead leaves, trying to plan what he would say. When the first rise was behind him he went faster and faster, cutting across the valley with the stream at its center, and then up the other side along the forest rim.

It was dim under the trees. Karl had not covered a hundred yards before he saw her coming down the ridge opposite, leading a young calf on a rope. Her yellow skirts swirled between the trees and then vanished again. He heard the calf lowing, and then the crunch of her boots on the pebbles, and found it very difficult to breathe.

When she turned a bend she saw him, and stopped, with her arms straight at her sides, but the calf kept walking and pulled her slowly along.

After a moment he forced himself to say, "Gruss Gott, Karen."

"Gruss Gott," she answered slowly.

Then he looked over at her. Her round, yellow head was turned upward. The speckled sunlight fitted over her dark blouse and bodice, and over her firm and rounded arms. He saw her black boots, light about her firm calves, halfway to the knee.

"I got them muddy in the farm yard... the boots," she said. "They're getting awfully old, though." And then she looked straight up at his face. He took one step and flung his long arms awkwardly around her, held her close, both of them silent and breathless. She put her head on his shoulder and said, "I thought you would never come."

UP in his chamber Ruck paced back and forth, caught by those brooding fears that always possessed him in the last hours of the assignment. Four nights ago the British had landed him down the coast in a fast launch. In Namsos he had showed his forged credentials and commandeered a staff car and driver, saying he had come up by train from Copenhagen. But now the only way out was to go north, so at noon he was taking the passenger boat for Narvik. There he would go to his rooms, get a passport and fresh clothing, and some time the following night, catch the little local train down over the Swedish border.

He burned his notes carefully in the grate and broke up the ashes. Most of the night before had been spent memorizing... coastal geography, gun emplacements, material, anti-aircraft positions. Like thousands of other men scattered in all the cities and towns of Europe, he went over in his mind all the instructions he had received. Nothing forgotten. No slips made.

He was standing at the window when a knock came at the door. He went over quickly and opened. His heart sank. In the blinding light that flooded through the broad, open windows, he saw her, a slender dark-haired girl.

Seeing her brought back those old days when they had called him the crazy Englishman, that Sunday morning in Warsaw in the last summer before the war. He had gone out for a gallop under the trees in the Lazienki Gardens, and met the German military attaché cantering with a Polish girl beside him.

"Good morning," the officer had smiled, and pulled up to shake hands.

Ruck glanced laughingly at the little body that sat so proud-



He stiffened, and kept watching her face. His arms tensed. (To Be Continued)

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OH, THIS? WHY THERE'S A SPOT IN THIS WINDER THAT MAGNIFIES THE EYE IN THE NEEDLE! BLIT TH' SPOT AINT ANY BIGGER THAN THE EYE IN TH' NEEDLE, AN' NOW YOU HAV TO FIND 'EM BOTH! OODN... WHAT A BRAIN!



RED RYDER EMPLOYED HIS GAIT TO WARN DONNELLY THAT MINX MARTIN AND HIS MEN WERE GOING TO AMBUSH HIM WHEN HE CROSSED THE RIVER WITH A HERD OF CATTLE. DONNELLY'S TURNIN' HIS HERD BACK--HE AINT COMIN' ACROSS--HE HEARD RYDER'S SPOTS. I'LL KILL THAT RED HEAD! SCATTER OUT! HE'S IN THESE WILLOWS!



I SUPPOSE YOU'VE HEARD THE BIG BROADCAST ABOUT HIS NIBS BECOMING A TEACHER!... IT'S MY BET HE SUGGESTS THAT INSTEAD OF THE USUAL APPLES THE PUPILS BRING A JUG OF CIDER, MEDIUM HARD! IF HE CAN BLUFF THROUGH THE SCHOOL BOARD EXAM, I'LL PUT ON THE DUNCE CAP!... THE OLD BOY'S IDEA OF THE THREE R'S IS REFRESHMENT, RELAXATION AND RECESS! ANYWAY, HAVE YOU NOTICED HE'S DOING HIS PITCHING THESE EVENINGS IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY?... THAT'S A TOUCHDOWN FROM KICKOFF FOR AN OLD LAMPPOST LEANER LIKE HIM!



TAKE CHARGE OF THE HERD, SCRIP! I'M GONNA HUNT DOWN RED RYDER! HE PUT MINX WISE WE'RE CROSSIN' THE RIVER TONIGHT-- AND HE'S GONNA PAY FOR DOUBLE CROSSIN' DADDY DONNELLY, GITRA!



THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

The BRITISH.
 TO WHOM THE SUZ CANAL MEANS SO MUCH NOW, TRIED DESPERATELY TO PREVENT ITS CONSTRUCTION.

GRASS GOIT.
 "GRASS GOIT," SHE ANSWERED SLOWLY.

GRASS GOIT.
 "GRASS GOIT," SHE ANSWERED SLOWLY.

U. S. OFFICIAL

HORIZONTAL

1,6 Pictured U.S. official.

10 He directs labor relations for the U.S.

14 Blue.

15 Great Lake.

16 Smell.

17 Aims.

19 Social class.

21 Paid notice.

23 Judicial order.

24 Sea eagle.

25 Iridium (symbol).

27 Symbol for tellurium.

28 Half an em.

29 Compass point.

30 Further appearance.

33 Blinks.

36 Alleged force.

37 Rhode Island (abbr.).

38 Provides food.

42 Railroad station.

45 Morindin dye.

46 Well (prefix).

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

OKLAHOMA SOONER REASONS COMPARE BERATE PACERITA SPA PERI REED MA CANTATAS TRIGGER SLIT EE IDEAL RILLE NS IAGO DREVAII INDUSTRY ET BARE ELA AGE SATRAP TEL SOPRANO S REPEALE

VERTICAL

1 Sun god.

2 Symbol for azote.

3 Drag along.

4 Boat's bow.

5 Listener.

6 Most superior.

7 Area measure.

8 Grain.

9 Term of endearment.

10 Short letter.

11 American humorist.

12 Verso (abbr.).

13 Year (abbr.).

18 Row.

20 Crystallized water.

21 Dined.

22 Lair.

25 Writing fluid.

26 Legal point.

31 Folding bed.

32 Lyric poem.

34 Anger.

35 Pinch.

38 Head cover.

39 Beverage.

40 Shaping tool.

41 Capital of Fiji Islands.

42 Animal.

43 Individual.

44 Paving substance.

49 Man (Latin).

50 Redact.

51 Gait.

52 Ages.

53 Highway.

55 Lump.

57 Twisted.

58 Plural (abbr.).

59 Music note.

61 Negative.

63 Id est (abbr.).

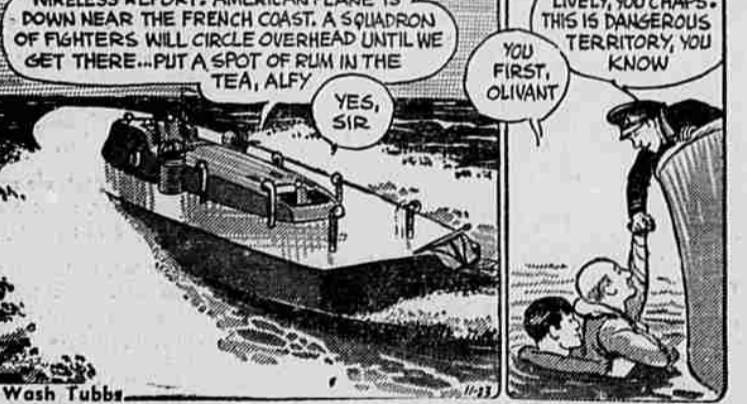
64 Like.



OH! YOU! YOU! YOU! DOCTOR ZEE! I'VE SEEN YOUR PICTURE! AND 1-1... SHUT UP AND DO YOUR JOB! YOU'RE GOING GREAT! HURRY! HURRY! BUT THIS IS THE ZEE OPERATION-- YOUR OPERATION! IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE TO SAVE THE CHILD-- BUT-- I CAN'T GO ON... HERE! YOU'VE GOT TWO HANDS! GRAB THIS LIGHT WITH ONE! QUICK! THAT SCALPEL!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, PEST? HILDA TOLD ME HOW MUCH YOUR UNCLE LEFT YOU, MR. GRUBBLE, AND... DOES MILLIE MCCOY KNOW? NO, SIR! AND IF I GET BACK THAT LETTER YOU WROTE, CAN I HAVE DATES WITH HILDA AGAIN!



WIRELESS REPORT: AMERICAN PLANE IS DOWN NEAR THE FRENCH COAST. A SQUADRON OF FIGHTERS WILL CIRCLE OVERHEAD UNTIL WE GET THERE--PUT A SPOT OF RUM IN THE TEA, ALFY. YES, SIR. LIVELY, YOU CHAPS-- THIS IS DANGEROUS TERRITORY, YOU KNOW. YOU FIRST, OLIVANT.



AH! SEE? THERE! MIKE-- YOU HOLD THIS LIGHT-- DOCTOR CLOVER AND I WILL NEED ALL THREE OF OUR HANDS NOW-- HA! NICE WORK, DOCTOR CLOVER! QUICK ACTION UNDOUBTEDLY HAS SAVED THIS CHILD'S LIFE-- B-B-BUT DOCTOR ZEE! I'D HAVE FAILED BUT FOR YOU-- DOCTOR! DOCTOR ZEE! WAIT!... OH... WHY DID HE RUN AWAY?



HOW CAN YOU GET THE LETTER? YOU JUST SIGN THIS PAPER, AUTHORIZING ME TO ACT AS YOUR AGENT! I'LL DO THE REST! IF YOU GET THAT LETTER BACK, I'LL EVEN KISS YOU! KISS ME? MR. GRUBBLE, WITH SUCH A PRETTY GIRL IN THE HOUSE, ARE YOU GONNA DO A WOMAN'S WORK?



THAT'S PUG'S VOICE! BOO OOTS!



LEND A HAND WITH THE WOUNDED CHAP, ALBERT. TAKE THE OTHERS BELOW AND GET THEM WARM, ALFY. IT ISN'T PLEASANT BEING IN THE CHANNEL THIS TIME 'O' YEAR. BACK TO MARGATE... FULL SPEED! YES, SIR!



OH, FERD-- THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE! SOMEONE HAS STOLEN PUG! JUST NOW? FOLLOW THAT CAR!

ALLEY OOP

NO, SIR, GENERAL WE'VE SEARCHED EVERYTHING AN EVERY BODY! DADGUM TH' DING DING IS GONG! OOP'S MAD AGAIN... THERE HE GOES, THROWIN' STUFF! GOSH... SOMEBODY GOT HIT!

OW! WOTTA CALAMITY!

THERE! I KNEW OOP'S CRAZY TEMPER WOULD HURT SOMEBODY-- SOME TIME WHO'S THIS GUY? I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE! ME NEITHER... BUT HE'S SURE OUT COLD! TH' MISSING CHART OF OUR COAST-- DEFENSE WORKS-- HOORAY!



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



By V. T. Hamlin