

**SERIAL STORY**  
**THE EDGE OF DARKNESS**  
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 BY WILLIAM WOODS  
 NEA SERVICE, INC.

**GUNS FOR FREEDOM**  
 CHAPTER XXII

STENSGARD shivered with a vague foreboding, though he did not at first realize what the old man meant. "It's time we started," he said. "You can tell us on the way."

But Malken paid no attention. Importantly he went to the alcove door, and then to the hall to make sure no one was listening. "Thought our Quisling might be hiding in the corner," he said.

"If you mean my son," the doctor snapped angrily, "I forbade him the house this morning. He's living at the hotel."

"Well," said Malken, nodding good-naturedly. "I didn't know. My congratulations. As a matter of fact, I myself had a visitor from the hotel this afternoon. She brought me my news. Well, what news?" he cried.

"Ja," Malken said, "Ja, Dr. Stensgard. If you will go to the dock tonight between ten and four you will find a soldier named Karl Fischer. He's the man you've been looking for."

The doctor's face turned white. He wet his lips and saw they were all gazing expectantly up at him. "Is... is that so?" he stammered. "You are sure of the name?"

Malken nodded.

Stensgard started up the stairs, but at that moment Gunnar went over to him and put a hand on his shoulder. "There will be time later," he murmured, and then when the doctor still seemed uncertain, added, "If you wish... we can go with you later... to the dock."

"Of course," Stensgard said confusedly. "It might be better. He will be armed." What he meant by that he did not know, or what he would do, what they would be expecting him to do.

THE summer house was bare, swept by a cold sea wind that cut even the inland fjord water into rough crests and valleys.

They brought down the gasoline tins quietly, carefully, and handed them forward onto the boats. In the dark, Gunnar and Sverre Trog, the other fisherman, primed the motors, filled the tanks, and stowed two tins under each of the stern seats. Then the doctor came down, carrying compass, light and binoculars, and went ashore again to get the oars. They were to row out beyond earshot of the point before they started the motors.

The boats themselves were two 18-foot sloops that Stensgard had bought years before for summer sailing.

When everything was ready, equipment checked, and the six who were going had clambered aboard, a signal was arranged for their return.

Lars Malken, standing in the summer house and wishing with all his heart that he could go, was surprised to see how quickly they got away. One minute they were still ashore; the next they had cut off and were lost from sight in the darkness. Only Gunnar's voice carried faintly over the water, saying, "We catch the tide both ways. Ought to be back by 11 o'clock."

WHEN they had rowed about a quarter of an hour beyond the point Gunnar called for them to the ship cars in the other boat, and at the same time went aft himself to start the motor.

It seemed to the doctor that they rode at least an hour, though it was only a little more than half that time. He got wet through with the seas that poured in over the side, and the snow that seemed more like sleet driven in the wind, cut at his eyes until he had to turn aft in order to see at all.

Just at that moment he heard the motor stop. He turned in time to see Gunnar swing the tiller hard around and rise to one knee, looking back for the other boat. And then off in the darkness they heard a loud halloo, and there to starboard was Sverre Trog standing in the stern of the second sloop. It was five after 10 by the doctor's watch.

What happened then came so quickly that only Sverre Trog, who was by good fortune looking in the right direction, saw all of it. "I was standing aft," he told them later on shore, "and in a rolling sea so I could hardly keep my feet, when all of a sudden I caught sight of it blowing off to the north. First a line of white breakers and something like a fish in the middle, and then all at once she was up, not 50 yards away, with a lot of sailors pouring fast out of the hatch, training a light and a deck gun on us. Gunnar whipped around then, and everybody yelled out, and we heard a voice calling over 'Doctor... doctor, are you there?' It was that easy. Two minutes later we were tied up alongside and they started lifting the boxes down to us."

Ruck, in a light brown raincoat, leaned over to shake hands with the doctor, and when the boats were fast, helped him up onto the narrow, spray-lashed deck.

Stensgard hardly heard Ruck talking. "I'll only take a few minutes," the man was saying. "Thank God it's a bad night. Even have a wireless sender for you." And a moment later, "How's Miss Bjarnesen up at the hotel? Darned clever woman you have there."

The British crew, in sweaters, wool caps and dungarees, were handing the brown boxes over the side, with a quartermaster calling out their contents. "Four light machine guns. Fifteen thousand rounds of 50-caliber ammunition. One hundred hand grenades. Three hundred bayonets." Gunnar and Sverre were standing in the boats at the submarine's side, carrying the boxes over to Oluf and the butcher to be stowed below decks. "Here come the rifles," the quartermaster called. "Three hundred, an' don't stop 't count 'em." They were in six cases, packed in grease.

"Ho, Gunnar," Sverre called,

"We could make a little army with this."

Osterholm, behind him, could hardly hide his disappointment. "The old story," he was thinking bitterly. "Four machine guns against the German army." But he did not say a word. After all, they should be glad to get that much.

"All clear," a man called out below. It was young Oluf, and the doctor felt better to hear the strong Norwegian voice.

A few feet away on the dark, sloping deck, the quartermaster was trying to explain something to Gunnar about the machine guns, and Ruck, lowering darkly over them both, was acting as interpreter.

"All clear."

The snow had already formed a gray patch on the rolling side of the conning tower. Under it on the black steel, Stensgard could read the numerals "717."

So this was England, their ally. "Good luck," a sailor called down to Gunnar, and the fisherman turned, laughing and waving his arm back over his head.

Gunnar sat at the tiller, and they turned and made for land on the ingoing tide. Looking back he saw the black hull of the submarine go dark. In half a minute more it had vanished altogether.

The journey in was very swift, and because the boat were heavily laden they rode a good deal more smoothly. When in half an hour they cut the motors and came gliding in at the fjord mouth with the dark hills rising again around them, young Sverre Trog in the other boat dropped the tiller and cheered silently. Then he put a match to the oil lamp on the seat beside him.

And when they saw the answering light on shore, swinging almost jubilantly up and down at

the cargo they were bringing in, they drew in the oars. Every one of them felt suddenly tired.  
 (To Be Continued)



"I said 'mark time!' Well, what's the joke?"

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**THIS CURIOUS WORLD** By William Ferguson



WHEN YOU'RE OUT FRONT OF YOUR HOUSE, OR OUT BACK OF YOUR HOUSE, YOU'RE OUTSIDE OF YOUR HOUSE? PETER WATTS, HARTFORD, N.Y.



THE AVERAGE SOLDIER EATS TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT MORE FOOD THAN HE DID AS A CIVILIAN.

**ATLANTIC GUARDIAN**

**HORIZONTAL**

1 Pictured convoy guard, U. S. Navy

6 Merriment

9 Hang in folds

14 Marine duck

15 Monkey

16 Artist's stand

17 And (Latin)

18 Portal

20 At what time?

22 Part of "be"

23 Jewish month

24 Kind of poetry

26 Lade water from

28 Bends downward

31 Upon

32 Type measure

34 Myself

35 Exclamation

36 Forward

38 Therefore

39 Us

41 Military

42 Distortion

44 Ourselves

45 Whether

47 Beverages

49 Bird's home

**Answer to Previous Puzzle**

26 Fish

4 Interfere with

5 East Indian canoe

6 Remotely

7 Upward

8 Novel

9 Profound

10 Pertaining to frogs

11 Like

12 Vegetable

13 Tree

19 Either

21 Him

23 Sloth

25 Company

26 It hunts U- (pl.)

27 Any

29 Perform

30 It helps convoy (pl.)

33 Low, as a cow

34 Pile and stow away

37 All right (colloq.)

38 Deviate

40 Heaten

41 Mother

44 Half an em.

44 Indian

46 Winnow

48 Ells English (abbr.)

50 Appear

52 Approach

53 Snake

54 She

56 Immerse

57 Emmet

58 Wood sorrel

59 Greeted

61 International language

63 Whirlwind

65 North Latitude (abbr.)

**VERTICAL**

1 Insect

2 Ignited

3 Fish

4 Interfere with

5 East Indian canoe

6 Remotely

7 Upward

8 Novel

9 Profound

10 Pertaining to frogs

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61 International language

63 Whirlwind

65 North Latitude (abbr.)



Out Our Way By J. R. Williams



Red Ryder



Little Orphan Annie



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



NARCOLEPSY MEANS DESIRE TO GO TO SLEEP



I'll bet you my shirt you can't buy a ton of hay in this whole valley! Go try!



THAT WOULD BE A WONDERFUL ARRANGEMENT



Okay, then how about having lunch with me?



AND NOW, MR. WITTS, I DEMAND AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF THIS DRESS THAT WAS RUINED!



OH, YOU HAVE YUH? OKAY, CHUM, GIVE!