

SERIAL STORY
THE TERRIBLE EYE
BY EDWIN RUTT

CHET LOOKS WORRIED

CHAPTER XII

A FRIGHTENING creature confronted Meath. Its torso was vaguely reminiscent of the Grand Central Station. Apellike arms depended from the shoulders and the hands that complemented them looked like close connections of the Smithfield Ham family. But the piece de resistance of the entire assembly was the face.

It was a face that had endured much wear and tear. Great trench-like furrows had set up lines of communications from the corners of the eyes to the corners of the mouth. The mouth itself was cavernous and inhabited by sparse, snaggle teeth.

Miss Meath, however, gazed upon the badlands with equanimity. Then her gaze traveled to the kitchen sink wherein reposed a bevy of empty bottles.

"You big palooka," said Meath sharply. "You've been dunking yourself again."

The unpurged old of The Angel squirmed. "Aw, Gollie. What else I gotta do till Sat'dy night?"

"You show up plastered Saturday night," said Meath portentously, "and I'll strangle you with my bare hands. I'm warning you, Joe Slynicki."

Mr. Slynicki frowned. He was duly proud of his surname. But he preferred a soubriquet which, he felt, had been merited through professional excellence.

"My name is Joe the Cracker," he said, with a kind of rugged dignity.

"Okay, Cracker," Meath said. "You don't need to dwell upon the fact that you can open safes. You wouldn't be with me on this job otherwise. But you get yourself fried Saturday and . . ."

The Cracker interrupted, switching the subject.

"Geez, Gollie," he said, an unholy leer on his craggy visage. "Ya sure hand me a laugh in dem clothes. Reminds me of a teacher wot usta loin me joggerty in Public School Nummer Two Hunnert 'n Twenny-Seven."

"If any teacher ever taught you anything," Meath said caustically, "they ought to stick her in the Smithsonian Institution."

"Ya don't look much like da Gollie Swan I see foist in da second row of da chorus," observed the Cracker.

"Front row, you lug. But skip it. Listen, Joe, I've got a job for you today."

"Yeah?" The Cracker evinced interest. "Wul, lead me to da ice-house." To give Mr. Slynicki his due, there was not a lazy joint in his fingers.

"It isn't a safe time," Meath said. "You know the general layout at Wildover by now, don't you, Cracker?"

"Sollingly," averred Mr. Slynicki. "I got it all in me head when I was up dere da udder day casin' da jernt."

"Well, do you know anything about horses?"

"Hosses? Ya mean da ponies?"

"Not precisely. What I mean is, can you handle a horse?"

"Kin I handle a hoss?" The Cracker spoke scathingly. "Why, Gollie, when I wuz young an' so dumb I worked fer a livin' I usta be on a milk route."

"That's perfect, then," said Meath. "Now, Joe, get this into your thick head . . ."

A few minutes later when Miss Gertrude Swan, alias Meath, left the dilapidated hideout, Joe the Cracker was a somewhat wiser man. He was not, however, wise to a certain diamond tiara. Miss Meath had proceeded on the theory that what safe-blowers do not know will not hurt them.

MR. CHESTER SAXON sat on a bench at the Larchville Airport and surveyed the two gentlemen before him in puzzled fashion. Mr. Saxon was, indeed, tall and handsome. But handsome, Jonah Logan decided, in a superficial way. The Saxon countenance lacked character. There was a let's-give-up-the-ghost look about the chin that even the deer-god in Chet's flashing black eyes could not completely camouflage.

"What you've told me," Chet said now, "is the dopest thing I've ever heard."

His tone also implied doubt of Jonah as an accredited emissary. And Jonah resented it.

"I can't help that," he said, keeping control. "It's exactly what she told me to tell you."

"Then she must have gone off her rocker," Mr. Saxon said. "Because the whole idea is just plain nuts. Even Mahoney, here, could see that."

Ever since introductions, Mr. Saxon had referred to Mahoney in pardonable error, as "Mahoney."

"Mahoney," said Mahoney now, making the correction a trifle fiercely. "Not Mahoney."

"Okay, Mahoney," Chet grinned, then became serious again. "But, as I say, even Mahoney could see the weakness of this."

Mahoney muttered darkly. Jonah took up the theme again.

"Listen," he said, "it isn't for me to tell you what Hildy's like. After all, she's your gal." This cost him a pang. "That being the case you ought to know that she has a strong romantic side to her nature. She wants her marriage to be memorable. Distinguished by something out of the ordinary. And she looks upon you as a kind of . . . well, mechanized Loch-invar."

"Oh, she does?" said Chet. "Now you listen, Mr. Logan. If I get this, Hildy wants me to make a landing on the Channing place at midnight Saturday. She—or somebody else—will put out a flare for me. Then we're to take off from there, fly to Greenwich, rout out a J. P. and get married. And nobody's supposed to know about it. Well, I ask you. Does it make sense?"

"No girl about to be married ever makes sense," said Jonah

categorically.

MR. SAXON bent beeline brows upon him. "So, Mahoney? But you won't be sitting in an airplane trying to land on a dime at midnight?"

Mahoney gave him a black look, but said nothing.

"Miss Channing gives me to understand that the field she speaks of is perfectly level."

"Maybe," said Chet grudgingly. "But it's all screwball. Why don't I just drive up to the wall in my car and collect her?"

"You forget that strong romantic strain I mentioned," said Jonah wearily. "Hildy wants to be snatched from under her father's nose, as it were. In a bizarre manner, I take it."

Chet got up, paced for a minute. "Oh, well," he said, at length, "if that's the way she wants it. She's probably letting me in for a swell crack-up, though."

Jonah eyed him disapprovingly. Was this the response of a great lover? The fellow should have been transported. Instead, his mind seemed filled with fooling things.

"There is one more message," he said coldly. "I am to inform you that Mr. Channing is plotting against you. When you get your commission in the Air Corps, he plans to have you put to work in some—er—gosh—awful place. Such as Iceland."

Chet gasped. "Why, the dirty scound—so. How'd you find this out?"

"From Hildy. Mr. Channing made the threat direct to her."

"But he couldn't get away with it. Do you think the Army stands for outside interference?"

"I don't think anything," said Jonah. "I'm only telling you."

"Geez, Gollie," he said, an unholy leer on his craggy visage. "Ya sure hand me a laugh in dem clothes. Reminds me of a teacher wot usta loin me joggerty in Public School Nummer Two Hunnert 'n Twenny-Seven."

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"No girl about to be married ever makes sense," said Jonah

"Well, it's ridiculous." Nevertheless, Chet looked worried. "You never know," Jonah said, just to make him feel better. (To Be Continued)

On your generation rests the supreme responsibility for saving that priceless heritage which has been won for us by the sacrifices of the generations of those who have gone before. Let us not forget that that which has been won by sacrifices cannot be held without it.—Justice Harlan F. Stone to Amherst graduates.



At SEARS . . . IT'S NOT THE IDLE RICH WHO CLIP THE COUPONS

No indeed! It's the regular folks who sometimes run short of money and like the convenience of Purchase Coupons in their purse. Get a bookful today and spend them like cash when you need them. Small down payment, usual carrying charge. GET YOURS TODAY AT Your SEARS CREDIT Office

By William Ferguson

THIS CURIOUS WORLD



QUOTING ODDS

PEOPLE LIKE TO BE SMILED AT, BUT NOT LAUGHED AT, SAYS MERLE MEERER, MUKWONGDO, WIS.

2-19

NEXT: Did George Washington wear a wig?

U. S. FOOD ADMINISTRATOR

HORIZONTAL

1.4 Pictured U. S. food administrator.

15. Wordplay.

16. Allments.

17. Court (abbr.).

18. Mercenary.

19. Ornamental knob.

20. Us.

21. Refurbish.

22. Flower part.

23. Kind of bread.

24. Possesses.

25. Symbol for iridium.

26. Require.

27. Print measure.

28. Beverage.

29. Transpose (abbr.).

30. Ellis English (abbr.).

31. Mimic.

32. Upward.

33. Dine.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

LELAND MORRIS

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LELAND MORRIS

LELAND MORRIS

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LELAND MORRIS

LELAND MORRIS

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LELAND MORRIS

LELAND MORRIS

LELAND MORRIS

LELAND MORRIS

LELAND MORRIS

LELAND MORRIS

LELAND MORRIS

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



NO CONTEST

2-19

RED RYDER

WE BREAK-UP JAIL NOW WE GO BACK TO PAINTED VALLEY, RED RYDER.

NO LITTLE DEVER! WE'VE GOT TO CLEAR OUR NAME BY CATCHING THE REAL OUTLAW WHO FRAMED US.

OUR HORSES ARE WELL HIDDEN—NOW WE'LL GET BUSY!

IT'S JUST LIKELY THAT COUPLE LEFT SOMETHING IN THEIR CADDY THAT WILL GIVE US A LEAD TO TRAIL 'EM BY!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE SULLY, A MASKED MAN RESEMBLING RED RYDER ENTERS THE EXPRESS OFFICE.

RED RYDER! YEH! NOW HAND OVER THAT GOLD SHIPMENT!

2-19

By Fred Harmon

Hold Everything!

What's the idea of hitting me for a handout, Homer? You must need glasses!

2-19

SALVAGE IDEAS FOR VIVID SCATTER RUGS

7410

by Alice Brooks

Get into the Victory scrap — with this clever salvage idea! Here are instructions for making nine rugs with scraps of material and yarn rescued from old knitted and unwoven articles. They're different in type and design — practical needlecraft for your home. Instructions 7410 contain directions; list of materials needed; pattern parts if needed.

To obtain this pattern send 11 cents in coin to The Herald and News, Household Arts Dept., Klamath Falls. Do not send this picture, but keep it and the number for reference. Be sure to wrap coin securely, as a loose coin often slips out of the envelope. Requests for patterns should read, "Send pattern No. _____, to _____ followed by your name and address."

If your dealer is out for the duration, advertise for a used one in the want-ads.

Little Orphan Annie

WHADDYU KNOW-- A LITTLE ROOM-- CUT RIGHT OUT O' TH SOLID ROCK-- BUT DRY AS A BONE-- AND FURNITURE-- OLD FURNITURE-- BUT LOOK AT THAT SANDY!

TH' CHAIRS! THEY'RE ALL SET ALONG IN A ROW, EACH IN A ROW, THAT'S SURE FUNNY-- WHY WOULD PEOPLE WANT TO SIT IN A ROW, AS IF AT A THEATRE--?

---AND FACIN A WALL! I DON'T GET IT-- BUT WAIT A SECOND-- THERE'S SORT OF A LEDGE ALL ALONG IN FRONT O' TH CHAIRS--

AN LITTLE HOLES, SORTA LIKE IN A PEEP SHOW-- HA! HA! MIMAGINE, A PEEP SHOW IN A HOLE IN TH' GROUND LIKE THIS! WELL, I'LL JUST PRETEND IT IS A PEEP SHOW, AND ME WITH A RINGSIDE SEAT!

2-19-43

By Harold Gray

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopla



NO PANTS, NO SHOW

2-19

By Fred Harmon

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2-19

By Fred Harmon

Freckles and His Friends

WHAT IS THE BIG IDEA OF YANKING US ALL AWAY FROM OUR DANCE?

I DON'T WANNA HAVE TO SHARE JERRY WITH ANYBODY! BESIDES, YOU GUYS GAVE ME INSTRUCTIONS NOT TO TELL THE TRUTH FOR TWO WEEKS!

YOU OVER-DID IT!

BUT YOU MADE ME LIE TO HILDA AND SHE'S MAD AT ME-- SO I TOLD BIGGER LIES IN ORDER TO KEEP JERRY!

CALL JERRY AND MAKE HER HAVE NO USE FOR YOU!

YOU MEAN I GOTTA COMMIT ROMANTIC SUICIDE?

2-19

By Blosser

Wash Tubbs

HOLY SMOKE! CAPN EASY AND MAX HITLER MUST SURE BE CATCHING IT!

NO TIME TO THINK ABOUT THAT-- GET THESE GLIDERS OUT! GET THE LIGHTS READY!

IT'S GOING TO BE A CLOSE SHAVE GETTING AWAY-- PLACE ALL CAPTURED DOCUMENTS IN THE FIRST GLIDER.

YES, SIR.

LIGHTS ARE READY, SIR. FIRST PLANE COMING IN FOR PICK-UP!

ALL ABOARD FIRST GLIDER. GREAT GUNS! WHY DOESN'T EASY COME ON?

MAYBE HE CAN'T GET AWAY, SIR.

2-19

By Crane

Boots and Her Buddies

NOW WAIT-- YOU MEAN YOU EXPECT MR. BUFFINGTON TO GIVE YOU A NEW BOMBER BECAUSE--

IT'S SO DRAFTY I MIGHT CATCH MY DEATH OF COLD.

WELL-- SPOSE YOU JUST UNWIND AND I'LL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR YOU.

I DON'T WANT TUNWIND-- I WANT JUSTICE.

THERE-- THAT OLD PELICAN-- HE LOOKS LIKE A BIG SHOT-- HEY, YOU!

OH, MY! GOSH-- MR. BUFFINGTON!

2-19

By V. T. Hamlin

Allep Oop

YOU MEAN YOU TWO REALLY WOULD TRY TO LICK ALL OF US TOGETHER JUST CAUSE THEM THREE KIDS SAID YOU COULD DO IT?

I DON'T SAY WE'D TRY-- I SAID WE'D DO IT!

LET'S GO! NOT VES! WE CAN'T! WE CAN'T!

THEY'RE BLUFFIN'! SO LOU! SO LOU!

HEY! HEY!

OUR VISITORS SEEM TO BE DIVIDED ON TH' QUESTION OF OUR ABILITY TO DELIVER.

SO IT WOULD APPEAR-- FROM HERE.

2-19

By Martin

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