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● SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN FERRY COMMAND

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

CHAPTER I

In the bleak Newfoundland predawn, swirling snow slashed and **bit at** the huddled group of **official** witnesses awaiting the **execution of** Lemoy Statler. It was **the morning** of December 6, 1941,

Over the rim of the high stone **fence** surrounding the penitentiary **jail** yard, the witnesses could **see** the lightening outline of **Quidividi** Lake.

To their rear, house lights were **winking** into the murkiness to join **the** lonely street lamps of St. **John's.** From the Atlantic wastes **three** miles to the east moaned a **melancholy,** salty wind.

"Dammit!" snapped one **of the shivering** figures, **"Why** don't **they** bring him out and get it **over** with?"

"Aw relax!" rasped another. **"If the poor** beggar isn't **in a hurry** why should we be?"

The door into the jail yard **opened.**

Framed in the light was **a uniformed** man with **a** broom. **He half** ran to the portable **scaffold erected** close to the jail wall and **hurriedly** began sweeping the **steps** leading up to the trap door.

"Very thoughtful," commented **a witness, "it** would be tough if **Statler** slipped and sprained an **ankle on his** way up. . . ."

Sudden silence fell as a group **of dark** figures surrounding a **coatless** man with opened collar **appeared** in the doorway. The swishing of the broom on the scaffold steps took on an exaggerated sound.

Quickly the procession was formed outside the door. The jail chaplain was praying in a low, flat montone. Tall members of the Newfoundland Constabulary fell in on either side of the condemned man. Immediately behind him was a plumpish, red-faced man wearing a cap—a Canadian hangman imported for Newfoundland's first hanging in decades. Three officials completed the procession.

As they mounted the steps, two muffled figures stepped through the door and stood in the shadow of the scaffold. As one held up a match to the other's cigaret, their faces were revealed in the flare. One was a distinguished-looking, white-haired man in his sixties, the other a bronzed, handsome man in his middle thirties.

"Ghastly business, Dawson," the first one growled. "Wish the plane from England had been delayed. This would have been something I'd rather have missed. You chaps in the Intelligence Department get hardened, I suppose, but . . ."

"But never that hard, Sir Frederick," interrupted Clyde Dawson. "In fact, this business hurts me more than you can imagine. You see . . ." he paused for a second, "I actually grew very attached to Lemoy Statler and cursed the necessity of seeing him killed off—"

* * *

He halted abruptly and pointed to the scaffold. In the eerie light of a single electric floodlamp the hangman was strapping the condemned man's feet together. Quickly he followed with the hood and slipped the noose carefully into position—knot directly under the left ear.

Through the hood, clearly and without trace of faltering, came the condemned man's voice:

". . . as we forgive those who trespass against . . ."

In one fast motion the hangman's hand swept back to the lever and the trap door clanged open. Lemoy Statler's body hit the end of the rope with a jerking thud.

You could almost hear the snowflakes fall.

Two of the witnesses, evidently doctors, walked toward the body, tugging stethoscopes from their pockets.

Clyde Dawson turned to the door. Sir Frederick Lemsborough, governor of Newfoundland, followed him. In the chief jailer's office they shook hands with an American colonel.

"The colonel worked on the investigation with the Newfoundland constabulary and myself," explained Dawson. "You see, one of the murdered men was an American soldier."

Sir Frederick nodded:

"Yes, I knew that—most unfortunate."

"Well, sir," Dawson said, "the case was clear cut. Lemoy Statler was caught red-handed by a constable as he dashed out of a speakeasy early one morning last September. A woman's scream—she ran the speakeasy—prompted the constable to hold Statler. In his pocket was a still-smoking revolver, and a good supply of money in a wallet stamped with the name of Capt. Gilbert Cathcart.

"Cathcart was found upstairs, shot through the head. With him, also dead, was an American soldier. Investigation revealed they had both been killed by Statler's gun.

"We found that Statler had apparently gone to much trouble to cultivate Cathcart's friendship at the Newfoundland Hotel. Cathcart was drinking heavily as the autopsy revealed and, while Statler had also appeared badly intoxicated, a test made immediately at Police Headquarters showed he had been feigning drunkeness, obviously for the purpose of winning Cathcart's confidence.

"The woman speakeasy keeper testified she heard Cathcart yell: You dirty thief, I'll . .." then came the gun shots. We don't know how the American soldier fitted in but have every reason to believe the poor chap just happened to be on the scene and stopped a bullet.

"Statler's passport was found to be a phony, was his registration card. He had no police record but refused to give the minutest hint of his identity. In fact, he didn't even take the stand.

"And I must explain something else —would you mind leaving us for a moment, Chief? Dawson smiled an apology to the chief jailer and waited for the door to close. "There is a story behind the story. What we have told you was what the jury heard. The rest we suppressed for reasons which, we feel confident, you will approve."

Sir Frederick's eyebrows lifted.

* * *

"In the wallet, besides the money . . ." Dawson's words fell slowly and methodically, "was a large quantity of data of the most secret technical nature pertaining to the Royal Air Force Ferry Command service . . ."

"What?" cut in the governor,

"Yes, most vital data. Captain Cathcart was an important civilian technician of the Ferry Command."

"And Statler, you presume, an enemy agent?"

Dawson and the colonel nodded.

"There would seem every indication that such was the case. His personal baggage, while telling us nothing of his identity, showed he was well off financially. And he was of the cultured type best described as 'cosmopolitan.' "

"Tell me," asked Sir Frederick, "how did he act at the last?"

"That's curious," Dawson commented. "The Federal Bureau of Investigation at Washington was also interested in that point. Statler was icy nerve itself. I secured permission to sit out the night with him in the death cell in the hope that he would drop some clew. But he chatted breezily about everything else but himself and the case. He refused the chaplain and wouldn't even leave a letter for any relatives . . . by Jove, I forgot . . ."

The calm air of professional investigator abruptly dropped from Dawson. Excitedly he reached into an inside pocket and drew out a white envelope.

"Just two minutes before the death march," he explained tensely, "Statler handed me this with a wide grin on his face. He asked that I open it only after the 'show' and I was so edged up the incident slipped my mind until this moment."

* * *

He had been running a penknife along one end of the envelope as he talked. Gingerly he squeezed it open and drew out its lone content—a colored snapshot.

Eagerly the three men bent over the table . . . staring up at them was a remarkably beautiful girl with black hair and a superb figure. She was dressed in neatly fitting sport slacks and leaning against a green boat.

"Strange," said the colonel, "she seems vaguely familiar—I've seen that face somewhere before."

Dawson had turned over the snopshot. Suddenly he laughed outright.

"I was thinking the same thing —the explanation is on the back in Statler's writing."

Again they bent over the snapshot.

"If you ever meet this girl just say the other half of the reunion date couldn't make it—unexpectedly tied up, you know. But he really missed her—and plenty. P. S. to Dawson: Don't get excited, old man, she is NOT Hedy Lamarr."

(Continued Next Week)

"A.M. FROCK" IS NEAT AND TRIM

By Anne Adams

It's 8 a.m. and you have a busy **day ahead!** But being busy is no **excuse for not** being well-groomed **— especially** since you can get **such** pretty, modern home frocks **like** this one designed by Anne **Adams.** Pattern 4003 slims you **down** just at the most strategic **places**—the bias side sections come **below** the waist and give you a **longer-torso** effect that is charm**ing,** wearable. Do make the frock **in checks or** small plaids to show **off** this effect! A scalloped neck**line** and scalloped short sleeves **are** feminine . . . Point them up **with** ric-rac! Two other sleeve **lengths** are optional; an all-around **belt** is too. To make the back **view as slender** as the front, **a neck-to-hem** panel is used.

Pattern 4003 is available in **women's sizes** 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, **44,** 46 and 48. Size 36 takes 4¼ **yards** 35-inch fabric.

Send twenty cents (20c) in **coins** (stamps cannot be accepted) **for** this Anne Adams pattern to **Room** 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, **Toronto.** Write plainly size, **name,** address and style number.

British Destroyed Burma's Oilfields

The British did a good job of destroying anything of value in Burma before they relinquished the country to superior Japanese forces. Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, who was governor of Burma told of the "absolute devastation" wrought in Burma, and said the job of destroying the oilfields and plant was in charge of W. L. Forster.

He described Forster as the "greatest saboteur in history."

"Whatever little mistakes he made when he destroyed oilfields in the Dutch East Indies he corrected in Burma and I am told some of the Burma oilfields may never come back into production," said Sir Reginald.

Dieppe Race Track

British pilots, back from the Dieppe raid, told how a United Nations task force went ashore, captured the Dieppe race course and converted it into an emergency air field. At least one pilot, forced down during an action, landed on the field, destroyed his plane, and returned to England with the commandos.

Jamaica is the largest and most valuable of the British West Indies.

ISSUE 37—'42

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

THE FRUIT SEASON IS HERE

These are the days when our local fruits are ripening and when we should take advantage of their deliciousness by canning some for the winter months which are to come. The subject of canning is such a broad one that it is impossible to treat each method properly in such a small space. Briefly the following are the best methods:

Preparation: All fruit should be picked carefully and then prepared according to type. Large fruits should be cut in pieces and if dry and pulpy, such as apples and pears, should be covered with water before simmering until tender. Small juicy fruits require no water.

Open Kettle Canning: If fruit is moderately acid and very juicy use no water but cover with sugar and let stand over night. In the morning cook until tender with as little stirring as possible. Fruits less juicy should be covered with a sugar syrup and cooked until tender.

Hot Pack: Fruit is prepared as above but cooked for a shorter length of time. Pour into hot sterilized jars to within about ½ inch of the top. Adjust rubber rings (dipped in boiling water), cover with sterilized top seal and leave jar ring partly screwed (if spring top is used do not adjust second spring). Place jars in rack in the kettle; cover well with water at same temperature as jars and bring to a boil. Boil for required time and be sure that the jars do not touch each other. If this process is done in the oven have a carefully controlled temperature of 275 degrees. Remove from water bath, tighten and seal. Invert jars while cooling to test leaks. If using steam pressure cooker follow directions given by manufacturer.

Cold Pack Canning: Pack fruit into jars (sterilized) to within one inch of the top. Place fruit and sugar in alternate layers in proportion to the desired syrup. (Thin syrup ½ cup sugar to 1 of fruit and heavy syrup 1 cup sugar to 1 of fruit). Cover with cold water until overflowing. Adjust rubbers and tops as for hot pack. Place on rack and cook slowly as in the hot pack method.

Jams and Conserves: Measure fruit and cover with enough water to simmer until tender. Add warmed sugar providing ¾ cup to one cup of fruit. Continue to simmer until thick, stirring frequently. Skim. Turn into sterilized jars and cover at once with a thin layer of hot paraffin. When cool apply another layer of paraffin to assure perfect sealing.

Jellies: Select fruits that are not dead ripe. Clean and cook until very tender. Pour into a scalded jelly bag and allow to drip into a scalded container. Do not squeeze the bag. Heat juice to boiling point and simmer ten to twenty minutes. Add warmed sugar allowing ¾ cup of sugar to one of juice. Stir over heat until sugar dissolves. Boil gently (skimming as necessary) until a few drops of the solution "sets" when tested in cold water.

Jellies With Pectin: Fruits such as blueberries and raspberries require the addition of pectin to make them jell. The best advice for these fruits is to adhere strictly to directions given with Pectin or any similar commercial preparations.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is vn ready to listen to your ::pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

Two-Man Plant Leads War Drive

60-Year-Old Man and 79-Year-Old Helper Work 105 Hours A Week

The two-man production staff of a plant at Bay City, Mich.—a 60-year-old employer and his 79-year-old employee—received a large American Flag poster, official recognition as a labor-management production drive committee, and a letter from Donald M. Nelson commending their efforts.

Jake Sparling wrote President Roosevelt that he and Percy Fogelsonger, his entire "staff," had been working an average of 15 hours a day, seven days a week, and had made 18,000 steel flanges for war machinery.

Mr. Sparling said "the old gent and myself" would like a pennant.

Mr. Roosevelt sent the letter to Mr. Nelson, Chairman of the War production Board, who not only sent a large American Flag poster surmounting the inscription "Give It Your Best," but ordered Mr. Sparling's name to lead all the rest of the plants formally entered in the war-production drive "in recognition of the example the entire working force of your plant is setting for the rest of the nation."

Mr. Nelson suggested the working schedule of Mr. Sparling and Mr. Fogelsonger was "a little too strenuous for some even younger workmen to maintain, even though you two gentlemen seem to thrive on it."

The Sparling-Fogelsonger "labor - management committee" makes flanges used on wooden pipes that are installed in large defense plants.

Mr. Sparling ran the tiny shop by himself before the war, making pulleys and doing odd jobs repairing machinery. His "expansion" for war production consisted of hiring Mr. Fogelsonger, who had been in the habit of spending much time in the shop.

Labor - management relations have been "ideal," according to Mr. Sparling. When they need money, he explained, he goes to the pipe company which uses their flanges to "take out what we need for grub and living expenses and buy bonds with what's left."

A Bit Of Humor In Dieppe Battle

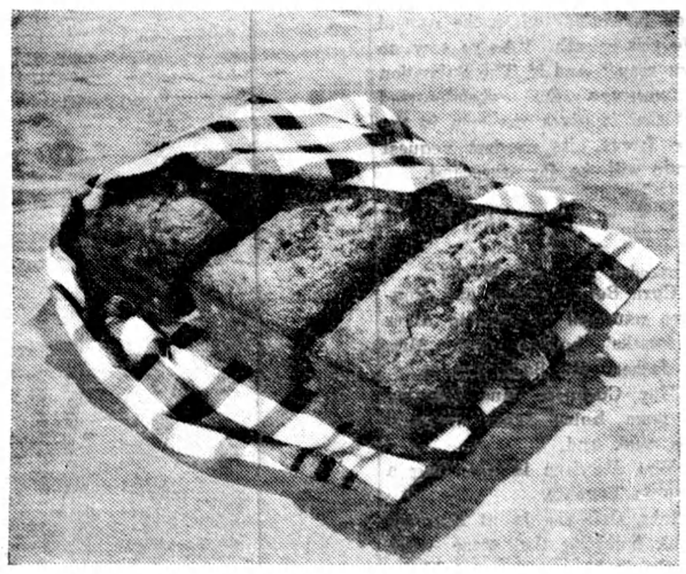
There was a bit of grim humor aboard a British destroyer as hundreds of four-inch shells were being fired into German strong points along the coast at Dieppe, a British naval observer revealed recently.

He stood on the bridge of one destroyer and said he listened to a first lieutenant of only 23 giving spotting directions to his officer of quarters, an even younger sub-lieutenant.

Once, the observer said, he heard the first lieutenant remark:

"Albert, your shots are falling short on the cliff face. It may be an idea to bring the enemy down with the cliff but I think it is rather a long-term policy."

HOME BAKED BRAN NUT BREAD



For the older generation one of the pleasantest memories of childhood is baking day when a warm fragrance of crisp golden loaves filled the kitchen.

Today home baking is staging a revival, but fortunately "quick" breads are usurping the place of the old fashioned leavened bread. Popular is All-Bran Nut Bread. This glorious tasting loaf is both rich in vitamins and magnificent in flavor. Actually, it's good enough to take the place of those rich desserts that have been banished from the war-time dinner table. Directions for making this bread follow:

All-Bran Nut Bread

1	egg	¾	cup All-Bran
¾	cup sugar	2¼	cups flour
1	cup milk	1	teaspoon salt
2	tablespoons melted shortening	3	teaspoons baking powder

¾ cup chopped nut meats

Beat eggs and sugar until light. Add milk, shortening and All-Bran. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; combine with nut meats; add to first mixture, stirring only until flour disappears. Bake in greased loaf pan with waxed paper in the bottom, in moderate oven (350°F.) about 1 hour and 10 minutes.

Yield: 1 loaf (4½ x 9½ inch pan).

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