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"SALADA"

● SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN FERRY COMMAND

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

SYNOPSIS

Aboard a boat from Newfoundland to Canada, Clyde Dawson, Canadian Intelligence Department, finds a box containing the hand of Lemoy Statler, a spy who has been hanged in Newfoundland for murder. Tracing him through the passenger list, Dawson captures Paul Dexel, a confederate of the hanged man in spy operations against the R. A. F. Bomber Ferry Command. Traces of ink show that fingerprints have been taken of the dead man's hand. With Dexel captured, Dawson proceeds toward Chicago, following the clew of Statler's cryptic note about a broken "reunion date" and a girl who looks like a famous actress.

* * *

THE GIRL IN THE CASE

CHAPTER V

At LaGuardia airport in New York, a cable caught up with Clyde Dawson just as he was boarding an evening plane for Chicago. It was from the chief of police at St. John's and read:

"Body of man executed here December six found by cemetery caretaker to have been mutilated in vault STOP Right hand missing STOP Fankly am up well known tree but chasing down every lead STOP Have you any ideas?"

Dawson smiled to himself as he took a telegraph blank from the waiting messenger. It must have hurt the chief—a graduate of Scotland Yard's famed Criminal Investigation Department—to cable such a confession of frustration, and Dawson pictured the chief's eyebrows lifting when he would read the reply:

"Think nothing of it Chief STOP The missing hand is temporarily in cold storage at North Sydney while the playful lad who did the chopping is being detained by the Dominion Intelligence Department in Halifax STOP Will explain fully later STOP Will be at Eddington Hotel in Chicago for few days if you wish contact with me Regards"

The flight to Chicago was a pleasant one. The dinner was good, the sunset delightful, and the plane purred along with bumpless ease. The investigator folded his newspaper to enjoy the serenity divorced from a few hours from war and murder and hangings and the sorry panorama of human tragedy.

* * *

The dean of State University received Dawson the next afternoon and got to the point immediately.

"Now here's the story about Darwin Lemoy . . ."

"Who?"

"Darwin Lemoy, the man whose picture was sent to me by your department at Ottawa . . ."

So that was it, mused Dawson. Lemoy Statler's real name was Darwin Lemoy.

"Well, Lemoy was one of the university's all-time, all-round athletic stars. He was particuarly able in hockey . . ."

"Baseball too, perhaps?"

"Oh yes, baseball too. He captained a championship diamond team, but it was in hockey that he won his brightest spurs. I even understand that at one time the Boston Bruins and Chicago Hawks made him offers, but he said he wasn't interested in professional sport. But he apparently changed his mind later on because, after graduating from law school in 1929 and practicing for a few years, we heard that he had gone abroad to play hockey for a Czechoslovakian team in 1935. Two years later, however, he attended a reunion here and starred in an 'Old Boys' versus 'Today's Boys' hockey game. We have the reunions every five years and . . ."

"That makes one due this year—what month, dean?" asked Dawson.

"This month, in two weeks' time. But we had no report from Darwin Lemoy. The publicity committee tried to locate him, but all letters came back stamped with 'No Such Person at This Address.' Perhaps you can give me some idea about what happened . . ."

"I'm sorry," replied Dawson quietly. "I cannot divulge any information except that he will not be available for this reunion. You may tell anybody that much but no more and, under no consideration, tell who gave the information. If I'm to keep my promise about secrecy you must reciprocate, right?"

* * *

The dean dismissed the matter with a wave of his hand.

"The only other information I can give you is that I heard from a number of sources—mostly fellow alumni—that they had grown rather irked with Lemoy. Apparently his ideas had undergone some queer twists in recent years . . ."

"In what way?"

"Well, he seemed to defend the Nazi system whenever occasion arose, and appeared to have a plentiful and impressive array of figures to back up opinions at all times."

The dean showed the investigator a number of photographs. Lemoy Statler was undoubtedly Darwin Lemoy. Numerous clippings acompanied the photos — mostly from a sport column by one Fergie O'Meara.

* * *

Dawson took a taxi to the Chicago Star office. Fergie O'Meara, a kindly-mannered Irishman, wheeled around from his typewriter.

"I'm in an awful rush, but I always have time for a friend of Darwin Lemoy's," he boomed at Dawson's single sentence of introduction "Maybe you can tell me where the son of a gun is—he's wanted for the 'Old Boys' game at State on . . ."

"Just a minute, Mr. O'Meara," laughed Dawson. "I can't tell you where he is—I'm trying to find that out, too. Being an old friend of the family in town on business I thought you, as his most loyal historian, might be able to give some lead."

"No ch[illegible] do. As a matter of fact, I'm a litt[illegible] that he didn't drop me a note. We used to see a lot of one another at college games, and his friends were my friends . . ."

"Then maybe this will prove the lead," cut in Dawson, taking the girl's picture from his pocket. "Did you, by any chance, ever come across this girl in company with him?"

O'Meara took one glance at the picture and his eyes lit up: "Well, well . . . this picture is very familiar to me. Last time I saw Lemoy—it was a year ago or so—the Star was running a Movie Double contest and he entered this picture. She was some girl he knew from Homewood—that's a suburb—and I remmeber he got a big kick out of it when she won the weekly cash award. . ."

Dawson concealed his eagerness.

"If she won a cash award that means your cashier will likely have a record of her name and address . . ."

O'Meara was already on the phone. "I'll have it in a jiffy—if you get any news, give me a call, huh?"

* * *

Ten minutes later Dawson was in a taxi bound for Homewood, his pulse quickening.

Outside a conservative limestone house, Dawson paid the driver and slowly mounted the steps, studying every external detail from force of habit.

A tall dark woman in housekeeper's garb answered the doorbell.

"Is Miss Carole Fiske in?" he asked, fairly holding his breath for the answer.

The dark woman glared at him before speaking. "Miss Fiske isn't here."

Dawson played a long shot. Lowering his voice he said: "I have a message for her from Lemoy."

The dark woman seemed uncertain. Finally she opened the door.

"Just wait in the parlor. She will be home from the office in a short while . . ."

"Office? Perhaps I could pick her up. Where . . ."

The housekeeper spoke curtly: "The War Supplies Department does not permit callers—just wait in the parlor."

Thanking her, Dawson entered.

Abruptly Dawson tensed as he saw a framed photograph on the fireplace ledge. It was that of an American soldier—a sharp-faced man of about 28. There was no mistaking him—remembering faces was Dawson's forte.

The picture was that of the American soldier whose body had been found beside that of the Royal Air Force Ferry Command captain in the speakeasy in St. John's, Newfoundland . . . one of the two murders for which Lemoy Statler, alias Darwin Lemoy, had been hanged!

(Continued Next Week)

KIDDIE JUMPER STYLE

By Anne Adams

Adams presents a brand [illegible]n of an old favorite—[illegible]—in Pattern 4160. The [illegible]rndl style; the top is [illegible] contrast waist-[illegible]nal. The [illegible]se has short or long [illegible]

Pattern 4160 is available in children's sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, jumper, takes 1⅝ yards 39-inch; blouse, ¾ yard 35-inch.

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.

Cigarette Shower

As a gesture of goodwill and encouragement, R.A.F. fliers dropped 1,000,000 cigarettes wrapped in 50,000 red, white and blue packages over the Netherlands the night of Sept. 1, a day after the 62nd birthday of Queen Wilhelmina, Aneta, the Netherlands News Agency, reported today.

Russians Proud Of War Doctors

So successful has become the work of Red army hospitals that 70 per cent of the wounded men who enter them are later discharged fit for active duty, according to "Information Bulletin," issued from the Soviet embassy at Washington. The Russians point proudly to their progress in the treatment of skull wounds, which caused 75 per cent fatalities in the First Great War, and to the development of better methods of dealing with shock.

Praise is given to the heroism of Red army doctors in the field. The case of Prof. Alexander Vishnevski, well-known surgeon, is cited. This doctor has performed more than 400 difficult operations in field hospitals.

"During one operation, the patient," says the Bulletin, "while on the operating table was struck in the leg by a machine-gun bullet from an enemy plane. Vishnevski completed one operation and proceeded immediately to the second—extracting a bullet within one minute after it had struck."

Another Soviet doctor, Surgeon Spasski, was operating on a wounded soldier for a hip wound when the patient "complained of severe pain and a feeling of heaviness in the wound. The surgeon discovered an unexploded 37 millimetre anti-tank shell imbedded in the flesh and successfully extracted it."

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

APPETIZING AUTUMN DISHES

Probably there is no other subject about which the homemakers are hearing so much these last few weeks as "Meat Shortage." Of course next in order would be the many debates about rationing of various articles. Others may feel at the present moment that there is only one important subject and that is "Income Tax." Regardless of which subject is most important the homemakers task is how to feed the family well and keep everyone happy. To most of us clouds gathered on the horizon recently as eggs, one of the main substitutes for meat, were soaring in price.

To help solve these problems we suggest the following recipes:

Carrot Loaf

2½ cups cooked carrots
1 medium size onion
1 cup diced celery
2 tablespoons green pepper
3 eggs
1 cup condensed milk
2 teaspoons salt
Dash of pepper
Dash of mace
2 cups cooked rice

Put carrots, onion, celery and green pepper through the food chopper, use finest blade. Beat eggs well, add to vegetables with seasoning and milk. Fold in rice and pour into buttered mold. Bake in a moderate oven 350°F. for 40 minutes.

This with a green salad makes a splendid menu for luncheon or supper.

Kidney Bean Salad

1 medium can cooked kidney beans
1 cup chopped celery
½ cup canned peas
1 cup diced veal or bacon (if you have it)
1 tablespoon minced onion
Salt

Rinse the sauce from the beans. Drain the peas. Marinate the beans, peas and celery in French Dressing for ½ hour. Add meat, onion and seasoning. Blend with mayonnaise.

Noodles and Corn

1 8 ounce package noodles
1 can chicken broth
1 can corn
Cracker crumbs
Some grated cheese

Cook noodles in boiling broth until liquid is all absorbed. Add corn and turn into greased casserole. Top with crackers and grated cheese and bake at 350°F. for 30 minutes.

Salmon Mousse Salad

1 tablespoon gelatine
¼ cup cold water
½ cup mayonnaise
2 cups flaked salmon
½ cup carrot, finely chopped
½ cup cream, whipped
Dash of salt

Soak gelatine in cold water for 5 minutes and dissolve over hot water. Whip into mayonnaise. Fold in whipped cream and remaining ingredients. Pour into individual molds or one large one. Chill.

Salmon Loaf

2 cups flaked salmon
1 cup cooked rice
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne pepper
2 eggs
¾ cup sweet milk
1 tablespoon melted butter
1 teaspoon minced parsley
½ tablespoon lemon juice
Few scrapings onion

Remove skin from salmon and flake the fish. Mix well with other ingredients. Turn into a well-greased loaf cake pan and bake in an oven of 325°F. about one hour. If desired the pan may be placed in a larger pan of water and the salmon oven poached. Serve with egg sauce.

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 :npet 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.

The new Archbishop of Canterbury has been enrolled as a British Boy Scout.

Jabs at Japs Strike Home

Anti-Nazi cartoons of this type, drawn by Bill Moran of Hawaii, are being distributed to Japanese in the islands to impress upon them the true nature of Japan's present government. Top cartoon is self-explanatory; lower depicts war lord Tojo holding a tea house orgy with his favorite geisha girl—Death. From his cup spills the blood of Japan's youth. Such lack of dignity is distasteful to island Japs.

You Will Enjoy Postum

TRY Postum today. Its robust, satisfying flavor is delicious . . . and it saves on sugar, too.

You can prepare Postum right in the cup, either with boiling water or hot milk. It is quick, easy and economical.

Postum contains no caffeine or tannin. Everyone can drink it safely.

In Praise of Potatoes

No compliment is now too high for the potato, which is to be our staple and support of the Winter. Still, the familiar "spud" began its English life with abundant bouquets.

"These potatoes," wrote Hawkins in 1565, "be the most delicate rootes that may be eaten and doe far exceede our passeneps or carets." Now the men of science are busy clearing the reputation of the potato of its supposed faults. It is not, we are told, a stodgy lump of starch: it is not fattening. It is, instead, a nest of vitamins, a calorific jewel.

Antiquity praised it for its flavor; we, more gravely, for health. Whichever way you take it, the potato appears "a darrlin' thing," as Sean O'Casey's Joxer Daly would have said, a patriot of perfect behavior, and the root of all virtues.

Bullfrogs in the Solomon Islands weigh as much as two pounds.

A FAMOUS BRAND

Ogden's

FINE CUT

In the early '90's, when J. H. Wallace drove a herd of cattle up into Alberta from Idaho and started the now famous Wallace Ranch, the "Hat" Brand was his identification. The brand is still in use by Ross Ranches, at Aden, Alberta.

"HAT" Brand of the WALLACE RANCH