

"THE CRUISE TO NOWHERE"

by JERRY FROSCHER

SYNOPSIS

Chapin comes to and finds himself aboard a strange yacht. He can remember he was in a club. There had been a party and he was struck on the head. He is about to approach a landing over the rail violently when the man goes into his stateroom and locks the door. A moan and a groaning, "It's murder—murder—I tell you!" issues from the stateroom. Chapin rushes in just as the man, a millionaire publisher, dies to the floor—dead! Hart, Chapin's employer, Dick Hampton, advertising manager of Hart's magazine, "Gay Fiction," appears. He is puzzled by his own presence on the yacht. Chapin and Hampton look up to see a white-haired woman standing in the doorway. "What are you doing aboard this yacht?" she demands; then she looks at the publisher and exclaims "Daddy!" Chapin wonders about her relationship to the publisher for, as far as he knew, Hart's only child—a boy—had been dead twenty years. The story deepens with the appearance of Grace Devin, Hart's secretary, and Phil Ryder, the jockey, who also claim they were shanghaied. Chapin goes to question the man who was seasick. Getting no sense to his knock, Chapin fears the man may be dead.

"I am Mrs. Glass," the woman maintained haughtily. "Mr. Dupont is my lawyer. Will you please, all of you, explain immediately the meaning of your intrusion on my yacht?"

"I was taken for a ride—lady—honest—" Ryder burred, earnestly, removing his cap, and putting it on over his other ear, with a gesture of nervousness.

"My father-in-law has been murdered," she announced, grimly.

Chapin wondered why she called herself Mrs. Montgomery-Glass, if she had been the wife of Hart's dead son? Strange, also, he thought that Sidney Hart had never mentioned her. And that the woman might know something about the poison. Her dramatic entrance into the lounge might have been well-planned. Her surprise at finding a stranger on board—well feigned. . . . She was saying: "All four of you will be held on suspicion. There is something very mysterious and queer going on here. Four people

of them to stand petrified for a moment. Another wild howl, and a series of jumbled noises, forced them into action. Dupont darted toward the door at the port side. The others crowded each other in their haste to keep up with him—and were met in the doorway by a gesticulating, brown-skinned man, who in his panic, crashed into them, and fell on his knees, frothing at the mouth, muttering inarticulately, a hideous expression contorting his features.

Dupont seized him by both arms, and jerked him roughly to his feet.

Dupont began to talk in the language that sounded like the lingo used by the men on the forecastle, and the white man on the bridge, Chapin thought. He seemed to speak fluently. It was obvious that the brown-skinned man understood, but whatever had terrorized him had bereft him of the power of coherent speech. Dupont shook him, and thundered phrases that sounded like threats.



Hampton made a dash for him, and landed a smashing right fist straight on the jaw. Dupont staggered back.

CHAPTER III

The door of the lounge was locked open. Voices were clearly audible, as the four approached. A man's voice was predominant. "Chapin entered first, and recognized the stout man of Room 1 whom he had visualized just now as the man who was seasick."

The man was dressed in a dark business suit. He looked well-groomed. He was coming toward the woman with the white hair. She was standing with her back toward the dead man. The man was facing the doorway, and he caught sight of the four, he said: "I thought you said that there were two strange men on board? It looks like three, and a woman."

"I am one of Mr. Hart's secretaries," Grace Devin began in a calm voice, which she intended to be calm, and averted her eyes from the figure on the floor.

"What are you people doing on this yacht?" the man barked brusquely. "So this is Mrs. Montgomery-Glass?" Grace said, ironically, and Chapin, watching her, thought that she eyes betrayed a cynical expression, as though she knew something disagreeable about the lady in the blue robe.

smuggling themselves on board my yacht—and Daddy Hart murdered—"

"Just a moment, Mrs. Glass. Better let me handle the situation," Dupont intervened, suavely. "First I should like to know—"

But whatever he wanted to know was evaded for the moment. A screech, that was ear-splitting, and seemed to shatter the air, caused all

Mrs. Montgomery-Glass kept saying, impatiently: "What's the matter with the darn fool?"

Finally, Dupont dismissed the man, after he had managed a few words. And, mopping his forehead, and with a gesture of nervousness, he said: "This is terrible! The captain is dead! That black was so frightened, he couldn't talk. From what I could make out, he found the captain on the bridge suffering with pains in his stomach, and ran to get the mate. When he returned, the captain was dead. These Maoris always scream and carry on at the sight of death. I suppose the captain was killed by the same hand that killed Mr. Hart. It was very unfortunate that I became so beastly seasick the moment we left port. Otherwise, I might have seen something of what was going on around here."

"What are we going to do?" Mrs. Glass asked, frantically. "We'll all be murdered the next thing we know. These people ought to be put in irons."

"I'm thinking about how we are going to make port, with only the mate to navigate," Dupont said, huskily.

"Hell!" enunciated Mrs. Glass, crossly. "I can run this boat. What do you think I bought it for? I'll do my turn on the bridge, if that dumb mate can't stay awake long enough. We can't be so very far out. We didn't sail until after midnight, did we? Hurry up and decide what you are going to do with these stowaways, Paul."

Chapin grinned at the word, remembering the carefully packed suitcase, with his name printed on the tag. He was also conscious of a dual personality displayed by the woman. One moment she seemed to possess distinctly feminine qualities, and in the next to assume an air of masculinity.

Hampton was saying: "We are

Sub-Zero Temperatures No Aid to Fire Fighters



Sub-zero temperatures in Chicago and in many other sections of the United States hamper fire fighters as shown by this picture of a frozen and immobile fire engine at the scene of a fire.

Deer Restocking Gets Underway In Western Carolina

Deer Being Trapped And Shipped Into Area From Eastern Carolina

The first shipment of deer from Eastern North Carolina are now ready to be planted on lands in the western part of the state. This first shipment will be placed in Buncombe County. The deer are being trapped on the Fort Bragg Reservation which is one of the few spots in North Carolina that is over-populated. These deer are being trapped and transported under the supervision of C. N. Mease, Refuge Supervisor and his refuge protectors.

"Western North Carolina is the section of the state where we have the thinnest deer population," Mr. Chalk said, and "we are doing everything possible to get this section restocked as in times gone by it was one of the best and most popular deer hunting areas. He is even arranging for purchase from either Pennsylvania or Michigan for deer to transplant in areas in Western North Carolina. According to estimates there are between eighty and ninety thousand deer in North Carolina with the western section containing only some ten or twelve thousand at the most. The Pisgah National Forest officials have been requested for the past few years to place their surplus deer from the Pisgah National Forest in North Carolina instead of shipping them out of the state as there are thousands of acres of land in Western North Carolina which do not at the present contain a deer population.

The deer being trapped on the Fort Bragg Reservation and those purchased by the department will be identified by ear tags and the forest service requested to refrain from shipping these deer out of the state if they should wander on the Pisgah Game Preserve and be caught in their traps. The deer will be placed on refuge areas and other protected areas within the western section.

SYRUP

A process has been perfected whereby over-ripe and cull strawberries can be converted into a palatable table syrup, with some of this product already for sale on the market.

EXTENDED

The U. S. Department of Agriculture has announced that the Food Order Stamp plan for distributing surplus agricultural commodities will be extended to Greenville, S. C., and the rest of Greenville County.

Certain varieties of unbreakable buttons are made from blood.

Here and There

By HILDA WAY GWYN

(Continued from page 2)

him through his business. . . .

As we compare this country with others . . . and consider the howls of tax payers, in the U. S. A., of which we have to admit we have been one . . . and have often joined in the LOUD COMPLAINT, of where we are headed . . . we come back to the thought . . . how much wiser it is to pay out money to make this country a better place in which to live . . . for our communities to "have a heart" for the unfortunates . . . than to spend it on guns . . . on ammunition . . . to keep a "firing line" along some battling frontier . . . with its

der hit wherever he could squeeze in, and Grace Devin unhooked a chair from the floor, and battered one man over the head from behind. He fell forward. Dupont sprang into the fray, and seized the jockey and pummeled him. Hampton went to Ryder's aid with an oath—"You miserable coward!" he hissed at Dupont.

(To Be Continued)
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staggering cost . . . for we all know that even the money spent by Uncle Sam in the past few years would not be a drop in the bucket . . . as compared to the next war . . . the picture is colored by our own viewpoint . . . when we think about the burden of taxes on our own bit of property in Haywood . . . and the headache it gives us to pay them . . . we get when we look at the matter from a drab black and white effect . . . but a humanitarian viewpoint . . . with consideration in our heart for the great common good of us all . . . the picture flames out in technicolor . . . and we would not go back to the court house of a decade ago . . . so as time marches on . . . we have to either fall in step . . . or drop out of line, a disgruntled member of society . . . in this ever changing world . . . Here comes the man we have been waiting to interview . . . but we have had a grand time . . . waiting and letting our thoughts race through the court house offices . . . as we watched the melting snow on the hillside across the way . . . sitting by a nice warm radiator. . . .

LICENSE REVOKED

The drivers' license of Dewey Fish, route one, Canton, Charles Penland, route two, Waynesville, have been revoked, both on charges of driving while drunk. Both were found guilty in police court in Canton.

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