

SERIAL STORY

CALIBAN FROM CALEB

BY NORMAN KAHL

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YESTERDAY: With Castaloni firing at him from the house, Angus dashes back to the truck and starts to pull away, when he gets an idea. He rams the truck through a large French window into Castaloni's sunroom. Castaloni is standing in a doorway pointing a gun at him. Adoreen sneaks up behind the racket chief and raises an iron skillet over his head, just as Castaloni swings around.

PEACE-IT'S WONDERFUL

CHAPTER XII It is undoubtedly the sight of that frying pan that unnerves Castaloni. He tries to duck as Adoreen swings the pan down on his head, but he is a little too late. The cast-iron utensil catches him on the back of the head just as he pulls the trigger of his gun.

The bullet rips a hole in the rug, and in the next instant Adoreen clips him behind the knees just as Angus shoves his fist into the racketeer's face. The Broccoli King doesn't look a bit dangerous, lying there on the floor with his eyes closed and his breath coming in loud, even gasps.

"Oh, my goodness," says Adoreen, with a pardonable touch of pride. "Look what I've done." "Gee whiz, Addie," Angus says, "you shouldn't have done it. You saved my life, but you mighta got hurt."

"Now look here, Angus. If you think I was going to stand by and let this—this heel kill you, you've got another guess coming. You never did know how to take care of yourself."

"I guess that's right, Addie. I guess I gotta have you to look after me." Adoreen hesitates a second as if she is going to melt, and then her eyes snap back to normal. "Right now we've got to do something about this. Will that truck run?"

"Sure, I guess so. I'll make it run." Even Angus is a little surprised when the engine actually starts. The front fenders are off, and the body of the truck is wrinkled up from stern to prow. With the Broccoli King stretched out next to his former henchmen in the back of the truck, Angus, with Adoreen sitting next to him, manages to back out of the sunroom.

It is hard to understand how Angus gets that truck back as far as he does. Maybe the people who see him along the way just don't believe it. Or maybe they don't want to go fooling around with anything they are sure is supernatural.

Anyway, it is not until after Angus and Adoreen have crossed back into Manhattan that they hear the wail of a siren over the rattle of loose tin. It makes no difference to Angus this time if a policeman wishes to converse with him, since he is headed for Inspector Callahan's office anyway. So he pulls over to the curb and waits with a peculiarly clear conscience.

What Angus isn't expecting is the gun this copper jerks out of his holster and points at him. He

"This is all a mistake, Inspector. Angus didn't do anything, except maybe steal that truck." Callahan explodes. "Except steal that truck! Young lady, may I rectify to you, as well as my shattered mind will permit, that section of New York state's criminal code which provides—"

"I mean," says Adoreen, "he had to steal that truck. You see, some men were going to kill him, and they took him out in the country. So he had to beat them up a little, and then he had to steal the truck to get back."

Callahan is still skeptical. "So he comes back and kidnaps you?" "No, Angus didn't do that. Mrs. Fitzwater did. He's the man who gave me the job at the Purple Pelican. Only his name isn't Fitzwater—it's Castaloni, and he's a crook."

Callahan is getting interested. "Holy smokes! So it's Fitzwater. I always thought there was something phony about that guy. But how'd you get away?"

"Well, that's how Angus got the truck all smashed up," Adoreen explains. "He came out to save me, and had to drive the truck through the wall into Mr. Castaloni's house."

"All right, boys—hide 'em," Callahan orders. The officers put away their guns. "Now, Miss Micklethwaite, I'm beginning to get interested. Maybe this story is on the level. Anyway, we'll try to pick up Castaloni, now that we know who he is, and question him."

Angus leans against the truck. "You won't have to do that, Inspector," he says. "He's right here—in the back of the truck. The three fellows who wanted to kill me are in there, too. They work for Mr. Castaloni."

In a flash, all the guns are out again, and they are pointed at the truck. Callahan grabs the doors and swings them open, and everybody jumps back. When they see the four squirming men, tied up neat as Christmas presents, they put their guns away.

The Inspector jumps into the truck. Castaloni has revived and he is asking please to be taken to some safe jail where Angus can't get at him. Spike is also awake, and he is willing to answer a few pertinent questions.

When the Inspector is finished with the racketeers, he gives some orders and looks around for Angus and Adoreen. He finds them standing in the shadow of a building on the sidewalk. Angus' arm is around Adoreen's slim waist, and they don't seem to be interested in any further technicalities of the law.

"I don't like to interrupt," says Callahan in a kindly sort of gruff voice, "but Spike Mudge is ready to speak his piece and something tells me Castaloni won't be hard to crack. Spike already told me enough to convince me that the broccoli racket is nipped in the bud. I hate to admit it, MacPhillips, but you did a pretty thorough job."

Angus is flustered. "Aw, it ain't much, Inspector. Addie here did most of it." "Just one more thing," the Inspector interrupts. "I've been thinking, MacPhillips, that if you gonna be hanging around New York, I'd feel safer if I knew just where you were all the time. Now I know a few people around town. I can get you a good job. And after you satisfy the residence requirement, maybe you can pass the exams and get on the force. If you're gonna stick around, I'd just as soon have you on our side. How about it?"

"Gosh, Inspector," says Angus. (Continued on Page 19)

THIMBLE THEATER



BUCK ROGERS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP

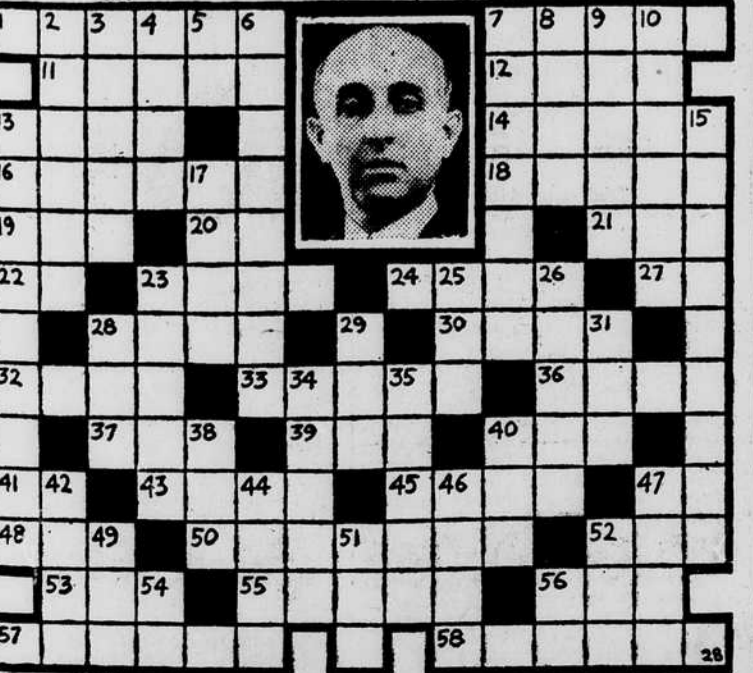


LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



MODERN STATESMAN

- Answer to Previous Puzzle
17 President of Peru.
11 Jasper.
12 Tardy.
13 Offers.
14 To make amends.
16 To hire.
18 Warm.
19 Born.
20 Upon.
21 Coin.
22 Like.
23 To match.
24 Promise.
27 South Carolina (abbr.).
28 Doom.
30 State of bliss.
32 Wading bird.
33 Giver.
36 For fear that.
37 2000 pounds.
39 Cat's call.
40 Golf term.
41 Electric unit.
43 Breeding places.
45 Greedy.
47 Negative.
48 Anything steeped.
50 Insane person.
52 Yonder.
53 To drink dog fashion.
55 Embankment.
56 Fuel.
57 He is carrying out an extensive reform program.
9 Coral island.
10 Refutes.
13 He succeeded as president.
15 is free in his land.
17 Animal.
23 Stone worker.
25 Over (contr.).
26 Erased.
28 Becoming.
29 African antelope.
31 Born.
34 To deem.
35 To make a speech.
38 Nothing.
40 Twitching.
42 Song for one.
44 Not sharp.
46 Scene.
47 Snout.
49 Logger's boot.
51 Hail!
52 Wild ox.
54 Jumbled type.
56 Grain (abbr.).



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