

# CARIBBEAN CONSPIRACY

by BRENDA CONRAD

THE STORY SO FAR: Anne Heywood, beautiful daughter of a wealthy New York newspaper publisher, goes to Puerto Rico on an assignment for her father's paper. Also on the island are Pete Wilcox, a reporter on her father's paper, now a U. S. Army intelligence officer; Miguel Valera, a Puerto Rican educated in the United States whose orders to report to an army camp were abruptly cancelled; Richard Taussig, an engineer whose identity as a German agent is suspected but not yet proved; and Russell Porter, a young American engineer, and his wife, Sue. Aware that she must get the story she was sent for Anne follows Mr. Taussig to a secret rendezvous. Hiding in the shadows is Miguel Valera.

## CHAPTER XI

Anne bent her head down and drew farther back into the darkness. Miguel's hand dropped hers, moved back to his hip pocket and rested there. Her heart beat faster. There must be four or five of them, she thought, trying to count the shuffling feet above her.

Anne closed her eyes and took a long breath. She felt Miguel's taut body relax . . . and then go rigid again so instantly that she opened her eyes in sudden fright. A fifth man had joined the group. It was Diego Gongaro.

Miguel's body was like a steel wire quivering under the impact of a sudden blow. His breath was coming so sharply that Anne thought the men outside must hear it. What had happened she didn't know. Then suddenly it came to her. He hadn't known his uncle was there. He hadn't even known he might be there.

"Let's get out of here, quick," Miguel said quietly.

They slipped through the tunnel and out into the street. He took her arm. As they started down the street, away from the direction she'd come in, Anne glanced back. There was no one in sight. They turned the corner.

She got into the car, tired, desperately tired, all of a sudden. "Miguel," she said.

"Wait a while, Anne."

She sank back against the seat. It was probably just hunger, she thought, but it was funny how this see-sawing of emotions took it out of you. She felt like an old sponge.

He maneuvered the car through the dark streets. They came out suddenly in front of the great Indian laurel tree in the Post Office Plaza. Anne sat up abruptly. She hadn't an idea how they'd got there so quickly.

"Where were we, Miguel?" she asked.

He looked at her sharply.

"If you don't know where you were it's better for you not to know," he said evenly, after a moment. "I wish you could forget the whole thing."

They were both silent for an instant. Then he said, "You've got to promise me very seriously you'll never say a word about it to anyone."

"What were you doing there? And in Mr. Taussig's room the other night?"

"Then you did know," Miguel said without turning his head. His eyes were fixed on the ocean in front of them. "I'm sorry. I hope I didn't hurt you . . . or frighten you too much. I think you'd better tell me all about it. I couldn't ask you before."

"It wasn't you that told Taussig I was there?"

Miguel turned abruptly. "Does he know?"

"He knows about me," Anne said. "I don't know about you."

"Listen, Anne," he said earnestly. "You've got to tell me everything you know. It's more important than you think. Have you told Wilcox?"

Anne shook her head. "He thinks you're a spy, or something. I did too. But you're not, are you? I didn't want to believe it. Tell me you're not."

"I'll tell you something no one here knows," he said slowly. "I'm trusting you, Anne. In a way I have to—so you'll see you have to keep absolutely quiet . . . to everybody, Wilcox and everybody else."

"Does . . . your father know?"

He shook his head.

"The Commanding General knows there's somebody here—he doesn't know it's me."

He looked around and lowered his voice so that she could hardly hear him.

"The War Department sent me down on a special mission. I can't tell you what it is, exactly. I wasn't sure—until tonight—that Taussig was mixed up in it. I don't know how much he is. And how far I succeed depends on no one knowing I'm doing it. You see that, don't you?"

"I thought we didn't use 'agents provocateurs' in democracies," Anne said.

"Right now we're using whatever we have to."

"Wouldn't it be better if G 2 knew about you, so they wouldn't follow you around?"

He shook his head. "It's better for them to know. As long as certain people know G 2 is on my trail they won't be suspicious. And they'll know it sooner or later."

"But isn't it dangerous—working alone?"

"It's important," Miguel said. "Now begin at the beginning."

Anne hesitated.

"—If a member of my family seems to be involved," he said quietly, "don't hide it. I wouldn't."

"It's just your uncle," Anne said quickly, as if his uncle didn't matter. "You don't think your father . . ."

His voice was a little unsteady. "I hope not. My father means very much to me. Go on."

There were only a few cars in front of the Escambron when Miguel pulled in to the curb. As they got to the door a car coming along the road stopped so suddenly that it sounded as if the brakes had been torn from their linings with an anguished shriek.

"The way you people here punish cars," Anne said without turning.

Miguel looked back. The man at the wheel was not a Puerto Rican. He was Captain Peter Wilcox of the United States Army. He was sitting there staring at them. Miguel hesitated for an instant, turned and followed Anne inside. After all, it was a Saxon who said whatever it was about love and war. Furthermore he had the sharp impression that Captain Wilcox was drunk.

Mr. Richard Taussig had never taken the doctrine of the Master Race particularly seriously, nor did he regard himself, per se, as an example of it. He was a realist and a business man, and his business was Empire, or rather the undermining of existing empires leading to their

destruction in the interests of what he referred to as World Order but thought of merely as New Empire for Old.

He had spent too many years in too many ends and corners and crossroads of the world to think that any one nation was in itself superior to all others and especially ordained by God for world domination. He was, however, aware that the desire for world domination, exclusively and without regard for existing concepts of law and ethics, and the acceptance of any and every means to attain it, were the most powerful weapons the human mind could forge. A realist by nature, he had become a cynic by necessity, and an eminently successful opportunist by scientific application of whatever means came to hand. He did not object to men or governments who respected the virtues of honesty, tolerance and sincerity. On the contrary, he preferred dealing with them, because they were always the slowest to recognize the Indian sign of the Double Cross, and by the time they did recognize it it was too late.

On the other hand, Mr. Taussig was thinking of it as he crossed the Granada lobby toward the newsstand, they were unknown and frequently unpredictable aspects, imponderables, he called them, that had to be recognized and dealt with. Sometimes it took the form of the honesty and unselfishness of a particular individual. More often, in his experience, it was what he'd tried to warn Diego Gongaro about that morning. He had in fact wondered many times whether the emotional equation, coming in with its attendant jealousy, wasn't actually more trouble than it was help. Graciela's rage against the American girl had been a help, certainly, but Miguel Valera's apparent entanglement with her was anything but. Young Wilcox's tod, Wilcox fortunately wasn't particularly important. If he had a roving commission and was in his own country, it would be a horse of another color.

As it was, his hands were tied, first by Army regulations and second by his unfamiliarity with either the people or the terrain.

Miguel Valera was different. He was, as far as Mr. Taussig could see, potentially much more useful than his uncle, slightly tarred by his connection with the war in Spain.

Perhaps he should have taken a chance and let Gongaro bring him to their meeting that night. Gongaro was positive his nephew was in complete agreement with them. His devotion to his father would make him ready to put Don Alvaro's passive ideas into action if he could be shown the way.

But Mr. Taussig wasn't so sure. It was the emotional equation coming in again. He'd seen him with Anne Heywood on the ship and seen them together in San Juan. He'd seen the look in Miguel's face. He'd seen it in other men's faces and knew what it meant.

Mr. Taussig bought a newspaper and made his way across the lobby to the desk to get his key.

It was extraordinary, he was thinking, how Anne Heywood got in the way. Not only tangibly with Miguel and little Mrs. Porter, but intangibly too. The fact that she was at all serious about him was in effect a potential surveillance that he couldn't afford to risk.

He stopped in front of the counter. The clerk put his hand up in the pigeon-hole numbered 110, and turned back. "No, she hasn't come in."

The girl standing there hesitated, apparently reluctant to go. Mr. Taussig glanced her over with an appraising eye, wondering what she wanted with Miss Heywood. She was Puerto Rican, dark and full-blown at that brief attractive stage before avoirdupois and middle age set in at thirty. She was expensively dressed, almost too much so, and obviously nervous and ill at ease. She was also obviously determined.

The clerk handed Mr. Taussig his key and two call slips, said "Good evening, sir," in English and turned back to the girl. His attitude was interesting, Mr. Taussig thought. It was as if he had to be polite to her but nevertheless wanted to get her out as quickly as possible.

"You can leave a message for her," he said. "She's usually very late."

The girl moved away without answering, wandered over to the arcade and sat down, looking around with a kind of moody defiance in her set face. She apparently had made up her mind to see the American girl and was not going to be stopped.

"Who is that young lady?" Mr. Taussig inquired, with a slight frown as if he knew her very well but couldn't quite place her at the moment.

The clerk looked at him politely but blankly. "I don't know her name," he said, with exactly the effect of saying "It's none of your business, sir."

Mr. Taussig looked at the slips in his hand. Mrs. Russell Porter had called him at six-thirty. Mrs. R. Porter had called at eight-thirty and left her telephone number. There were two more slips for calls in his room that had been left earlier. It was working out very nicely, on the whole. Mr. Taussig glanced back at the girl by the door. She was sitting tight. He looked at his watch. It was not quite ten, and this might be interesting. The girl obviously had something on her mind she intended getting off before she went away. On the other hand, time seemed to be important. She kept looking nervously at the clock and comparing it with the gold watch pinned on her dress.

Then she got up abruptly and went to the writing desk. Mr. Taussig watched her chewing the end of the pen, writing, crumpling up what she wrote and stuffing the paper into her bag. Suddenly, in something like despair, she threw the pen down and hurried out without having written anything.

Mr. Taussig went slowly over to the arcade. She was going quickly down the drive. He saw, indistinctly because of his short-range vision, that a car stopped for her to get in and went off toward Santurce, not San Juan.

He went over to the elevator. There was something about the incident that disturbed him without his being able to say exactly what it was. It was another of the intangibles that seemed to make action imperative, before they became tangibles to disrupt his plans. He walked slowly down the hall to his room. A letter that he had been writing in his head from time to time since he talked to Gongaro in the morning was going through his mind again. It was very clear to him. Tomorrow night he would put it on paper for the morning Clipper.

"My dear friend," the letter would say. "Thank you for the Guide Book to this beautiful and historic island. It has been interesting and invaluable."

"Have you heard of the tragic thing that happened here today? A beautiful American girl, Miss Anne Heywood, met her death by a frightful accident at the Central Valera. My efforts to save her very nearly resulted in the loss of my own life, which I should gladly have given to save hers."

"She and I were the guests of Señor Alvaro Valera on his sugar plantation outside of San Juan. Señor Valera was not with us, only the foreman of the mill and Señor Diego Gongaro. Señorita Gongaro was also along, but she did not go through the plant with us. Thank God she was spared that."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



They slipped through the tunnel and out into the street.

# Improved Uniform International SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

## Lesson for December 12

Lesson subjects and Scripture texts selected and copyrighted by International Council of Religious Education; used by permission.

### CHRIST'S NEW COMMANDMENT

LESSON TEXT—Mark 12:28-34; John 13:34, 35; 15:10-14.  
GOLDEN TEXT—A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another: as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.—John 13:34.

The "new commandment" of love which Christ gave was not new in the sense of then first being known, but new in its application (John 13:34). Only since Christ had come did men know how to love in truth.

This commandment of love was also first in time, being given before the Ten Commandments (see Lev. 19:18). Then, too, it declared the fundamental of all spiritual life, the first thing man needed to know, that God is love.

It also must take first place in man's thinking, for even as the Decalogue (Ten Commandments) is the heart of all moral law, so love for God and our fellow man is that which makes the Decalogue effective in our lives. Love and obedience go together (John 15:10).

Our lesson teaches us four things—

#### I. Love God (Mark 12:28-30)

Because "God is love" (I John 4:8) He desires man's perfect love toward Him. Because the essence of His being is love, He loves us, and enables us to love Him.

There is more here than a commandment or the performing of a duty. There is the recognition of a controlling principle of all life. In a day of multiplication of powerful machines and organizations, when man is "power conscious" in an unusual way, it is well to recall that the greatest power in all the world is the power of love.

Then let us not forget that all true love should rest upon fellowship with God. It has no real foundation if it does not.

#### II. Love Your Neighbor (Mark 12:31-34)

Everything about our relationship to Christ and to God expresses itself in our living. No spiritual truth is simply to be admired, or kept on a shelf as a cherished possession. It is to be put to work in the affairs of life.

Love for God means love for our neighbor. If we do not love our neighbor (and that means our fellow man—Luke 10:25-42) how then does the love of God abide in our hearts?

It is worthy of note that the recognition and appreciation of this truth on the part of the scribe brought him near to the kingdom of God, but not into it. He was "not far from," but he was not in it. It is terrifying to think how close men may come to entering without doing so. Reader, have you entered into eternal life through Jesus Christ?

#### III. Love Your Brethren (John 13:34, 35)

Here we come within the circle of believers and see that the distinctive thing about their fellowship should be love for one another.

The old commandment of love becomes a new one because Christ shows that the measure of that love is to be His great love for us. How did Christ love us? With a perfect, unselfish and thoughtful devotion, which so deeply desired the very most and best for us that He was willing to lay down His holy life as our Saviour from sin.

The thing which marked the early church with glorious distinction was that in a world that hated, they loved one another, and in a world that killed and destroyed, they were even willing to die for their brethren. Tertullian of Carthage (Tunis) said, in the second century, that the enemies of Christianity said of the Christians, "See how they love one another."

#### IV. Love Is Obedient, Joyful and Sacrificial (John 15:10-14)

Love is not an impulsive, erratic movement of man's nature which tries to make up for neglect and unkindness by occasional displays of generosity and thoughtfulness. No indeed. Love walks the straight and steady way of obedience to God's commandments.

Keeping God's law is not accomplished by reading it, or talking about it, or even learning it by heart, but by definitely practicing its precepts.

This brings joy into our lives—the real and perfect joy of Christ. How little we appreciate what this means. Our fellowship with the Lord calls for obedience and sacrifice, but that is not a burdensome, dull, distressing experience. It is a joyful one. Who counts it a trial to do that which pleases a loved one? Do we really love God? Then we will rejoice in our response to His will, yes, in any possible act of devotion.

Love draws no limiting line beyond which it will not go. Love says: "I count not my life dear, if in giving it I may bring deliverance to my friends."

We shall not question His guidance nor blush to own His name, even though the testimony may mean our death. This we shall do for Christ's sake, and for the sake of a suffering humanity.

# Who's News This Week

By Delos Wheeler Lovelace

Consolidated Features.—WNU Release.

NEW YORK.—In those days Detroit, Mich., was full of easy money. At the Central Drug store a boy from Cass high in short pants could pick up \$2.50 a week just for delivering pre-

## Stephen Foster of This Era Sticks To His 'Alexander'

scriptions—4 p. m. to 9 and every other Sunday off. Out of that he had to repair his bike, but usually he could manage a dime or a nickel, for the Empire theater. Marvelous movies, and a fat little singer named Brown! Brown sat on a piano long before Helen Morgan, and in 1911 he was forever singing Alexander's Ragtime Band. "Come on and hear! Come on and hear!"

Irving Berlin, himself only 23 then, marked a whole high school generation with that enduring song. Other songs of his marked other generations, and two wars. And now "My British Buddy" is melodic quick silver in London where Berlin's "This Is the Army" repeats its American success.

Ever since he rose above the job of singing waiter, Berlin has composed in F sharp. That is a toughie, six black keys hard to pick out, and only two easy white fellows. But it hasn't lowered output of quality. And at 55, more nearly than any rival, he is the Stephen Foster of this day.

Luckier than Foster, he is rich. Instead of the 33 cents his first song earned, each one now nets baskets full of bills. His first wife died after his first success, but for 17 pleasant years he has been married to Ellin, daughter of the late, rocco Clarence H. Mackay. They have three girls.

He is a gloomy self-critic and his own list of his best 11 leaves out "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning" and "God Bless America." Cass high students of 1911 will be glad, however, to learn that it includes "Alexander."

Hubert Scott-Paine had been a little quicker at blocking uppercuts, maybe the Nazis would be doing better these days on the English channel.

## Turned Face Away From Uppercuts to Build Speedy Boats

British MTBs and MGBs, all Scott-Paine-designed. And he turned to such work after a boxing tour with a French circus convinced him he was in a business in which a man rose only to fall again.

The turn, lucky for Britain, was made before the last war. First of Scott-Paine designed aircraft and through the war years he laid the foundation of a fortune so sizeable that 15 years ago he could plan to loaf the rest of his born days. He had a wife, a son, three daughters to enjoy them.

About then, however, he came upon a derelict Southampton shipyard, irresistible to a man who had always wanted to build a better marine engine. He set to work with the help of various men, including one long-jawed fellow called Shaw. This was really the incredible Lawrence of Arabia.

The Southampton yard after a time produced the fastest single-engine produced speedboat in the world. And in this war it sets the pattern for those terrific little motor torpedo and gun boats flying the Union Jack under Nazi noses. There will be no second retirement for Scott-Paine for a while. He isn't, of course, at retirement age even now. He is only 53.

SIR HERBERT EMERSON, a nearly perfect product of the British civil service, lays plans these days for cleaning up the polyglot mess that Hitler is about to leave in Germany he once hoped to make pure Nordic. That hope must be thin today, with 9,000,000 drafted alien laborers in the country and Germany's own sons dying in far-away battle.

Sir Herbert heads up the Inter-governmental Committee on Refugees. When peace comes he will direct and attempt to shift as nearly as possible back to their own homes 30,000,000 men, women and children uprooted by the war the Nazis forced upon Europe.

This isn't a bureaucrat's job, but it is probably one for a man who knows all the ways of snipping bureaucracy's red tape and on that count Emerson qualifies.

He triumphed over the maze of civil service to become one of India's chief administrators. He was Britain's top man in forested Bashahr, and again in fertile Mandi, and finally governor of all the Punjab with its five enriching rivers and its 30,000,000 or more souls. He has had his present post for nearly four years.

About then he came over here to consult with Washington, and turned out to be medium tall, fairly heavy, with a direct quizzical gaze, and a trick of taking off his glasses and twiddling them as he talked.

**WAR ON ALL FRONTS**  
A SERIES OF SPECIAL ARTICLES BY THE LEADING WAR CORRESPONDENTS

## Post-War World

By Charles E. Kettering

(WNU Feature—Through special arrangement with The American Magazine.)

Everybody talks these days about what kind of a world we shall have after the war. There are two kinds of fellows to watch out for: One kind says we are going to have a heaven on earth; the other kind says the world is going to pot. They are like the two sides of an electric switch—one all light and the other all darkness. But life doesn't work that way.

I think we are going to be somewhere in between—and the nature of that in-betweenness is going to depend on how well we—all of us—think and plan as we go along.

But a lot of what passes for "post-war planning" is really "post-war wishing." The way to tell the difference is this: Does the scheme assume that human nature will be different after the war? If it does, it's post-war wishing.

### Human Race Plods On.

The human race has been around for a couple of million years. I don't know how many thousand wars it has fought during that time. But the human race keeps plodding along in the same sort of direction. It has a powerful continuity about it. This war is not going to upset all that. We can do something to change our method of thinking, and that is very important. But changing the nature of us humans is something else again.

So, when a plan says that after this war is over everybody is going to be a good neighbor and a nice fellow and so on, I think you can question that.

"Well, even so," say the wishful gazers, "it will be a wonderful world. Look at all the marvelous new inventions made during the war. Plastics, radar, synthetic rubber, new light metals, helicopters, and all the rest. Won't they make a bright new world?"

I'm an optimist, too, but I like to ask questions. Which of those things was invented during the war? Answer: Not any of them. All represent great achievement; all have been highly developed under the pressure of war; but all were invented and well started before the war. All the countries are fighting this war on prewar technologies. There have been improvements in processes, production methods, but not so much in fundamentals.

Not Much That's New. Actually, not so very much has come along in the way of new inventions during the war. And most of these embody refinements and adaptations rather than new principles. To my mind, it is an open question whether basic discovery has been helped or hindered by the war.

But the wishful gazers are not discouraged. They are drawing and designing the most miraculous post-war automobiles. They are painting lovely pictures of them. Some are made of transparent plastic and shaped like an egg. Others have a gadget where you attach helicopter blades or airplane wings and fly away to the office or to Honolulu. Wonderful!

Everybody seems to be designing post-war cars except the automotive engineers. They are too busy making weapons. Besides, they know that you can't change faster than the customer will let you go. The public is the boss, and the wishes of the public can be learned only in the stress and strain of hard competition. Through that, the American motor companies produced the best cars in the world before the war, and will do so again after the war.

Offhand, I would say that the post-war car will look much more like an automobile than like an egg. It will steer with a wheel, rather than with radar. And it will continue, for a long time to come, to derive its power and strength chiefly from steel. The tendency will be toward a smaller, more finely built engine, burning a higher-octane fuel—more power in a smaller package.

If you think it over, you will see why there cannot be revolutionary changes in familiar American mass-production articles immediately after the war. Most factories which used to make cars, refrigerators, washing machines, and the rest are now making the machinery of war.

After the war, they must first be reconverted to peacetime production, a huge task in itself, which must be accomplished as quickly as possible in order to provide employment and to make up the great shortages that have developed. Therefore, most of the post-war models, while improved in detail, will not differ radically from the last prewar models. Next, the new inventions must go through the laborious, time-consuming testing which intervenes between the laboratory, the sample, and practical utility.

**ON THE HOME FRONT**  
with RUTH WYETH SPEARS  
MADE FROM 7YDS. OF 35" BLUE GINGHAM  
-35" -35" -35"  
COTTON FRINGE EDGES SPREAD  
CORNICE OVER BED CUT WITH A JIG SAW!  
KALEIDOSCOPE QUILT BLOCK PATTERN USED HERE FOR A TOP SPREAD WITH A FLOOR LENGTH GINGHAM SPREAD UNDER THE MATTRESS AND OVER THE SPRINGS

## DO YOU know the Kaleidoscope quilt pattern?

A block is shown here. It is put together so that from every angle it makes a different design. One of these fascinating quilts made in two tones of blue and white started all the sewing and sawing for the attractive bed nook you see in the sketch. The bed and woodwork are painted white. The built-in closets and book shelves at each side of the bed are connected with a scalloped cornice of thin wood. Widths of blue gingham are stitched together for the full curtain.

NOTE—Mrs. Spears has prepared a pattern for the Kaleidoscope quilt (No. 200) and for the cornice scallops (No. 201) to be cut with a key hole or jig saw. Patterns are 15 cents each and may be ordered direct from:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS  
Bedford Hills New York  
Drawer 10  
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern ordered.  
Name .....  
Address .....

## CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

### MISCELLANEOUS

PLAY CHECKERS EXPERTLY! 36-page book shows how! 25c. A. J. MANTELL, 500 Southern Blvd., Bronx 55, New York.

### Head of Miss Liberty

The head of the Statue of Liberty can accommodate 40 persons standing upright.

### YOU CAN'T BUY ASPIRIN

that can do more for you than St. Joseph Aspirin. Why pay more? World's largest seller at 10c. Demand St. Joseph Aspirin.

### Dinosaur Eggs

The eggs of the great dinosaurs probably were as big as footballs.

## COLDS!

### ROBBERS OF HEALTH!

Don't fool with a cold! Neglected, it may easily develop into a more serious condition. Rest—avoid exposure. And for usual colds, get Grove's Cold Tablets. They're like a doctor's prescription—that is, a multiple medicine. Work on all these symptoms of a cold . . . headaches—body aches—fever—nasal stuffiness.

Why just suffer along? Take Grove's Cold Tablets exactly as