RSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1940

## "CARIBBEAN LOOT"

By WHITMAN CHAMBERS

CHAPTER VIII ded on my back in the mud. ing my knife out of its I rolled over and struggled feet. I was in atter darkfor the black ooze had been to such an extent that aler was absolutely opaque, at have been standing in a sea

scively I reached for my we and shut off my air so could listen for the native There was no slightest save that which came over dephone line from the Whip-

neone barking orders, the of feet on the ueck, and suddenly my name, "Leslie! you Dick," I spoke softly,

knew from experience how carried in the water. hey've got a diver down, all

wit I know it!" I answered dely. "I just tangled with We rolled down the deck my suit. the mud."

a armed boat crew over to man. arto. I've already ordered fines clear?'

doubt it. You might give a the deck from the top rail. right."

in't help but foul on somea minute."

betray the position of the diver. Then I hear a faint,

came from in front of me cuts-" ald not have traveled far.

mpped my knife tightly and allow you to murder the man by to be reversed, it would be too bad creased. my arm. Opening my air cutting his air line. He started this for the native



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I opened my valve. I heard Hoffman's protesting voice, but his words were lost in the roar of air in my ears. I smiled, despite the valve wide, I inhaled a dozen deep situation-it was a good thing lungsful and allowed the foul air

to have air.'

on the ground.

They seemed as many hours to me,

From time to time I shut off my

I heard nothing further, no slight-

est sound that would betray the

game," I reflected. "Fair enough

I can wait as long as he can."

"He's decided to play a waiting

The minutes dragged slowly by,

Once or twice Hoffman tried to

cut the native's air line. Each

thing. I'm going to finish it. It's

my nght and i'll see it through in

my own way. That's all now. Got

in the suit to clear. Then I shut off the air and listened. No sound save the swift pounding of my heart and the faint noise from the deck above. The water was still inky black and gave no indication of clearing. I

pocket on the floor of the sea, protected from whatever slight cur- I first gained my feet after that rents there were by the deck and plunge down the deck. And I had the superstructure, which rose on three sides of us.

hide and seek in the darkness, with death the stake. I didn't like it a

Again I heard that faint squish as a foot was lifted from the mud, air and listened for the other diver. It came now, from a little to my right. I knew the other man was searching for me, moving blindly Andegoyan's position.

Caught him trying to cut my instant of contact to slash open

an order. Then, "I'm send- air when I heard a call from Hoff- persuade me to allow his men to

diver's lines are fouled. They ordered Huertas to pull him up and

go. I rolled all the way themselves. The line is fouled, all that a faint light was beginning

Got to have air now. See mine. That makes us even." "Are you crazy, Ray? Listen, roiled water was gradually clear-

every nerve on edge, strain- diver's air line. How about it? If other,

Dick Hoffman was my friend; superior officers may be defied, but not often with impuliny. With my legs wide apart, my left hand stretched out like a fighter on guard, my right drawn back to plunge home my knife, I waited in the inky darkness. ]

realized that we were in a virtual

It might be hours before the water cleared sufficiently for us to see one another. Hours of playing

little bit.

through the water, ready at the

Well, two could play at that heard Hoffman curse and game. I was about to turn on my

"Leslie, Ray! My boat crew ras to haul up his man. Are just signaled back that the other my air to cut off further conver-

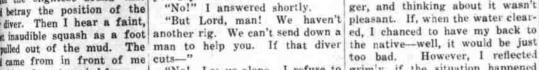
when he refused they grabbed the every nerve on edge, every muscle ittle pause. "We're pulling." life line and tried to haul him tense and straining. Then I noted

"Fair enough," I said. "So are slowly moving currents on the floor

den't open my air valve at guy! My men have just signaled ing. Another hour possibly less, I waited for several min- asking if they should cut the other and we would be able to see each

for the slightest sound that betray the position of the "No!" I answered shortly.

"No! Let us alone. I refuse to grimly, if the situation happened



move.

sation.

Unless the Andegoyan's air line was cut-and I knew Hoffman would not cut it without my order-there was no way of avoiding a fight. Neither of us could

e cape to the surface without laburiously climbing up on deck and te'en ing his fouled lines, and either or us dared make the first

while the Tous the situation luggish tide moved about the foundered ship and clotared the

We saw one another at the same open the safe?" instant. Knives outthrust, we "I've got Bill that penetrated from above grew shoes, our heavy belts.

## F. D. R.'s Train 26-Ounce Baby Doing Fine Halted: Package **Put Under Bridge**

WASHINGTON-President Roosevelt's special train rolled into Union Station after a 40-minute delay attributed by Secretary Stephen Early to the discoverey of a package-which turned out to be empty-under a trestle on the line of travel.

The train was halted about half way between Albany and Poughkeepsie, on a return run to Washington. Early said the package was only a cheap empty jewel case which a man spotted by a track-walker apparently had tried to hide.

Early said the man, who was not caught, was observed well before the train was due at the trestle and that the trackwalker had "done an excellent piece of detective work."

tion to Jenson. He shouldn't have much trouble getting into that room. Then I'm going to turn in for an hour or so. I'm fagged out," I went to sleep in the command-

Huffman came in and woke me.

'Jenson brought up two of your precious bars of bullior.

measurably better after my sleep. Let's see 'em."

Come on.'

We went to the wardroom. Two canvas sacks lay on the table. I felt exhilarated, eager, like a well- ercised my arms and legs to drive hefted one of them. "Boy, they're

> "Ever see gold that wasn't?" Hoffman grinned.

I looked at him sharply. "I wonder,"

I fumbled with the drawstring at the top of the bag. It came unfastened and I jerked the sack the Whipple, I was worn out and off the bar. The "gold bullion" was irascible. Dick Hoffman had the dull gray.

Hoffman cried. "It's lead!" and, after my suit was stripped off,

(To be Continued)

ant's cabin. It was just dusk when

"Well, old socks," Dick grinned,

I swung to my feet, feeling im-"Good stuff! Where are they?

"Out on the wardroom table.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" Dick I went down to the wardroom and



An all-American Eagle Squadron of thirty-four Americans, rac, from crop dusters to society play boys, is ready to take the air for England under command of Wii-tiam E. G. Taylor, 35, a first lieu tenant in the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve.

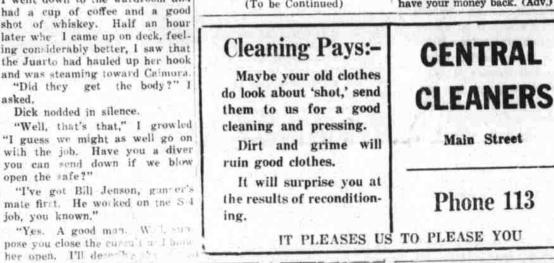
More than one-half of the 153,-000,000 pounds of live poultry reaching New York City each year is shipped by motor truck.



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It contains no narcotics. No matter how many medicines you have tried, tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough, per-mitting rest and sleep, or you are to have your money back. (Adv.)





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The 12-inch ruler indicates the size of 21/2-months-old Virginia Rose Burgess, "toy baby" of New York's Bellevue Hospital. The infant weighed one pound ten ounces at birth and was given only one chance in a thousand of surviving, but now weighs three pounds two ounces, and is believed out of danger.

time I curly refused and turned on stronger.

straining eyes peered this way and dive. An hour passed, an hour with that, striving for a glimpse of the to penetrate my face place. The

trained and confident boxer waitof the sea were at work. The does queer things to a man. There is no accounting for the

vagaries of current at the bottom I was fully conscious of my danof the sea. Possibly the tide changed. Possibly the Juarto or the Whipple turned over her engines to shift her position slightly. Whatever the cause, the sluggish current that moved through that, However, I reflected pocket in the sea was suddenly in- good sense not to ask me questions

One minute I could see my outstretched arm only dimly. The next minute, the current was sweeping away the mist of silt like a sudden gust of wind clears away the smoke above an anchored ship.

I leaned forward on my toes knife ready, every sense alert. The light grew brighter. The last of the roily water was swept away. And then, not 10 feet away, 1 "I guess we might as well go on

made out the form of the other, diver. muddy water' with exasperating, nerve-racking slowness. The light

lurched forward. We moved not as two fighters might leap toward each other in a prize ring, but slowly and ponderously, hampered by our inflated suits, our weighted

The native struck first, lunging

Though the depth had not been I could see my outstretched arm, great, I knew I should take a full weary now and cramped. My hour's decompression after such a That part of the diver's routine

native. My heart throbbed under has always irked me-and I'm not the tension of waiting. Hot blood alone-and as I hung suspended poured through my veins and I 40 feet below the surface, and exthe nirogen out of my blood, I certainly heavy!" ing for the gong. High pressure feh that never before in my life had I so longed to see the sun and to breath a good lungful of air untainted by the oil of the compressor. I had no desire to come down

with the bends, however, so stayed the full hour at 40 feet. When I was finally hauled aboard

Dick nodded in silence.

job, you known."

her open. I'll de-n-b-

asked.



ke a fencer holds a foil. I must ave moved instinctively; I know didn't have time to think, to renon that I could not parry such a thrust. I dropped to my knees and aught the blow on my metal reastplate.

My own knife swung upward in short arc. I felt and heard the ip of heavy canvas. Then, with the muddy darkness closing in on me, I dropped my knife and caught he Andegoyan's right hand with both hands.

Our helmets were touching now. and I could hear the native cursng. I knew that, although my tnife had not even pricked to the man's skin, I had him.

With his suit ripped open from reastplate to helt, he could never gain the surface alive. His prerious air would escape. The pressure of the sea, no longer equalzed by the pressure within his uit, would force the upper part of is body into his breastplate and helmet. Divers call it a "squeeze;" It isn't a pleasant thing to think about.

I hung to the native's writt grimly, holding his knife away from my own suit, waiting for that terrific pressure of nearly 50 pounds to the square inch to do its work. I had not long to wait. The man's struggles became more and more feeble. At last they ceased altogether.

Dropping the lifeless arm, I relaxed against the perpendicular leck while I got my breath. I was completely exhausted, more from nervous strain than from physical exertion. I barely had the strength to reach up and close my air valve and call to the deck. Hoffman was still at the phones.

"Ray! Are you all right?" h shouted anxiously.

"Yes, I'm all right. I'll be coming up as soon as I clear my lines." "Is it-all over?"

"Yes. It's all over. I'll let you know when I want a pull."

I turned on my air again. Cautiously inflating my suit until I was almost light enough to float. I pulled myself up the steep deck by my own life line. Soon above the area of murky water, I saw that both my lines and those of the native diver's had fouled on a cargo winch. I cleared all four lines without much difficulty and asked for a pull to 40 feet.

I had been down, Hoffman told me, for more than two hours.



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