

# THE FORGOTTEN FLEET MYSTERY

by Van Wyck Mason

### SYNOPSIS

...a wharf in Patuxtontown, Mary-  
land, ex-Colonel Donald Colby,  
A. D. C. to General Gonzalo  
...beats up Tod Ferguson,  
...for insulting Gen-  
...Benet, daughter of Capt. Be-  
...of the "America." Ferguson  
...was murdered on the ship.  
...Geneva confides in Colby  
...she had brought two men from  
...to work for her fa-  
...They were afraid to stay  
...you wouldn't be," she says. A  
...look creeps into Colby's eyes.  
...he demanded crisply,  
...we talk?" Geneva tells Col-  
...her father is in charge of a  
...of old liners laid up by the  
...Board awaiting purchas-  
...It is impossible to get a watch-  
...three men have disap-  
...Colby takes the job. On  
...the girl calls to the "Mon-  
...on which she lives with her  
...The ghostlike ships and  
...atmosphere fill Colby with  
...Dutton, one of the  
...men, picks up Geneva and  
...in a rowboat. As they near  
...Monticello," three shots and a  
...pierce the air. The girl fears  
...her father. Leaving Geneva on  
...Monticello," Colby and Dut-  
...in search of the captain.

### CHAPTER V

...was across a passenger's  
...plank lashed from the rail of  
...great liner to the rail of the  
...that the two groped their way  
...a chilly gloom that smelt  
...rats, rotten wood and bilge  
...Somewhere a bitter uttered  
...croak and when some  
...nesting in a lifeboat just over  
...fell to fighting with shrill and  
...squeals, a tiny cold impulse  
...the length of the recruit's  
...Donald Colby, very familiar  
...the Kronprinzessin Cecelie, it  
...indescribably weird to once  
...tread these decks which he  
...heard echo to the dainty feet  
...of countesses, and of  
...resans. Odd, that he should  
...seen these same decks rasped  
...scarred by the hobnails of  
...American doughboys." Now the  
...sails were warped and weather-  
...and lengths of hose laid out  
...protection against fire crawled  
...where like pale serpents of

*Famous for its Freshness*

# JFG

## SPECIAL COFFEE

Save The Coupons

### NORTH CAROLINA FACTS!

THE 3,000 AND MORE INDIANS ON CHEROKEE RESERVATION ARE DESCENDANTS OF A GROUP THAT DEFIED REMOVAL TO THE WEST BY UNITED STATES FORCES UNDER GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT IN 1838

WINSTON-SALEM, DURHAM AND REIDSVILLE HAVE THE LARGEST TOBACCO FACTORIES IN THE WORLD!

JULY 1942	
1	2
3	4
5	6
7	8
9	10
11	12
13	14
15	16
17	18
19	20
21	22
23	24
25	26
27	28
29	30
31	

**A MILLION DOLLARS A MONTH IS PAID NORTH CAROLINA WORKERS BY THE LEGAL BEER INDUSTRY**

Most North Carolina beer dealers merit public approval because they respect the privileges conferred by state and local licenses. They are law-abiding, as you want them to be.

Wherever beer may be sold amid surroundings distasteful to you and to the industry, this Committee—in cooperation with law officers—is helping to eliminate these few law-violators.

Without customers, such places cannot exist. YOU can help by dealing only with the respectable beer dealers who are on the side of law and decency.

For Victory — Buy War Bonds and Stamps

## BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

North Carolina Committee

EDGAR H. BAIN, State Director 813-817 Commercial Bldg. Raleigh, N.C.

impossible length.  
"The Kaiser Wilhelm and the Kronprinzessin Cecelie rechristened Monticello and Mount Vernon served as U. S. army transports in 1917-1919.  
"That yeh sounded like maybe it came from forrad," Dutton whispered, so they cautiously made their way up the broad deserted deck toward the Mount Vernon's bow.  
"Look out!" screamed inner voices in Colby's brain. "There's danger here—"  
Bitterly the ex-soldier cursed that muffling fog while scanning every shadow, every corner of the palm garden through which they passed. A definitely nerve racking business, that of stalking an unknown menace through the dark. It was therefore not the least surprising that Colby halted as though paralyzed when a voice from the shadows snapped, "Put 'em up!"  
Grown wise with the passage of turbulent years, Donald Colby knew better than to try for a "Smith & Wesson show-down." He obeyed immediately. Dutton, however, uttered a nervous little cry.  
"Hey, lay off, Ike—this guy is the new watchman."  
"What?" Impressively incredulous he was among the shadows.  
"Where—? How?"  
"Yeh—put that damn gun away."  
"Stand still," snapped the man called Ike—"I ain't blushing you Dutton—you walk too blasted quiet to suit me."  
"What're you aoin' on the Vernon?" countered the swarthy man at Colby's side. "You're supposed to be on the America."  
"Heard them shots—Seen the Copper anywheres?"  
"No. We was lookin' for him ourselves."  
"Was you?" Colby was puzzled at the stranger's manifestly suspicious tone.  
"Yes. Come'on out—this is Colby—meet Ike Mears."

From the gloom beneath a ladder stair leading to the boat deck appeared one of the largest men Colby had seen in some time. A service belt was weighting his right hand as he materialized out of the silvery mist and same swinging over the warped and spotted deck.  
"Howdy," he said shortly. "You hear them shots just now?"  
"Of course," came Colby's prompt reply. "That's why we're here."  
"Oh, yeah?"  
"Believe it or not. All I give a damn about is earning forty a month and doing my job."  
At that moment the moon came nearer to piercing the clouds and so revealed to Colby a shrewd and not unhandsome feace which was marred by a broken nose. Massive shoulders were outlined in an out-at-elbows seaman's jersey bearing the words "Mount Vernon" done in broken and stained white flannel.  
"Reckon I'm right glad to have you here," he suddenly said to Colby. "We need somebody with nerve on these here relics."  
Here, Colby was telling himself, was a positive character; Mears would certainly have to be reckoned with—whether good or bad. Aloud he said, "How about that yell—? Who could have been hurt?"  
"Dunno, so we might as well get rolling. Has he got a light Hank?"  
"No," Dutton said, "and he can't have mine—I'm going on to the Washington to locate Norton—"  
And he shuffled hurriedly away.  
Mears grunted and switched his light into Colby's face.  
"What's your racket, Mister? You ain't no oysterman—"  
"I'm a man who's just found a new job, that all."  
"You lead the way," Colby drily suggested when Mears stepped aside at the head of a ladder leading to B deck.  
"What's the matter—afraid?" came the big man's sharp query. He gave the impression of trying to come to a decision concerning his companion.  
"No. Only I don't know the ship!"  
"You're not so dumb—Well, don't make no sudden motion—that's all. We'll begin with B deck—shot sounded like it was down there somewheres."

Switching on a powerful flashlight the watchman trained it on a doorway above which remained affixed a small bronze plaque reading "Schreibzimmer." Something like an electric current set Colby's finger tips to buzzing when a teak wood door bound in sadly verdigrised brass swung inward and a chill, sour-smelling stream of air poured out. Colby waited until the big watchman proceeded some thirty feet into a vast dim room and only then did he follow with right hand negligently dropped into a sagging side pocket.  
Such an interval then he was musing served as a double precaution, it ought to minimize the chances of a single bullet cutting down both of them and conversely increased the advantage of his own capable marksmanship. Anybody

can kill at point blank range. Like a luminous finger, Mears' flashlight briefly touched another plate which said, "Rauchzimmer" and then lit a series of handsomely carved and panelled walls, and filtered over heavy frescoes and windows of stained glass ornate with all the deplorable taste of a pre-war German decorator. Even now a faint odor of tobacco still persisted.  
Hollowly, footsteps of the pair sounded in the first class lounge when they tiptoed by a huge fireplace above which a lavish rococo mantel of solid mahogany threw back gleams of tarnish gold leaf and a series of voluptuous bosomed nymphs smiled woodenly down. Colby's nerves grew gradually tauter, though he cursed himself for an over-imaginative idiot. How very dark it was! How many corners might conceal a crouching marksman.  
"Seems like there ain't nothing in here," Mears called in a hoarse whisper. "Hey! What's wrong?"  
Colby had halted beside a long linen covered settee and with head thrown back was sniffing the air. Slowly he sank onto his knees at the same time beckoning his companion.  
"Smell it?" he breathed when the other, all suspicious, knelt down beside him.  
"What the devil are you talkin' about?" Mears tensely demanded.  
"We'd better be careful. I'm sure I smell fresh blood somewhere—"  
Colby explained. "Comes from there—" With his pistol he indicated a doorway leading into a passage.  
"Listen—" The big watchman grew rigid and his eyes sought

**NOTICE OF SALE**  
On Monday, July 27th, 1942, at 11:00 o'clock, a. m. at the Court-house door in the Town of Waynesville, Haywood County, N. C., I will offer for sale at public outcry to the highest bidder for cash the following described lands and premises situate in said County and State, to-wit:

Being Lot No. 1 of the Underwood tract, BEGINNING at a stake in the old Turner line, corner of Lot No. 2, and runs N. 5° E. 32 1/2 poles to a stake, corner of the W. B. Ferguson 3-7/10 acre tract; thence with the line of the same three calls as follows: N. 87° W. 14 poles to a stake on West bank of road; North 13 poles to a stake; N. 15° E. 9 poles to a stake on top of ridge; thence up ridge as follows: S. 75° W. 12 poles; S. 67° W. 7 poles; S. 25 1/2° W. 5 poles; S. 28° W. 8 poles; S. 41° W. 16 poles with Giles line to a stake; S. 28° W. 8 poles to a stake in road; thence with same S. 64° W. 6 poles; S. 47° W. 6 poles; S. 24 1/2° W. 10 1/2 poles to a stake in forks of road, corner of Lot No. 2; thence with same, S. 88° E. 58 poles to the BEGINNING, containing 17 1/2 acres, as per survey and plat of O. O. Sanford.

**EXCEPTING and RESERVING** from the foregoing tract or parcel of land the following lots or parcels of land heretofore conveyed by W. C. Medford et ux, to the following grantees:  
D. L. Putnam et ux, dated May 1, 1920, recorded Book 55, page 412; D. L. Putnam dated March 8, 1921, recorded Book 59, page 11; Sam Melton et ux, dated January 2, 1922, recorded Book 59, page 127; T. C. Norris and J. C. Norris, dated November 11, 1922, recorded Book 59, page 372; Jerry Liner and Hugh J. Sloan, dated February 16, 1925, Book 63, page 550; Record of Deeds of Haywood County; reference is hereby made to the above deeds and records for full and perfect description of the lands herein excepted.  
Sale made pursuant to the power of sale contained in that certain deed of trust from Mary Moody and husband, Fred H. Moody, to A. T. Ward, Trustee for Haywood Home Building & Loan Association, dated April 30th, 1941, recorded in Book 42, at page 364, Haywood County Registry, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness secured therein, and reference is hereby made to said instrument and record for all the terms and conditions thereof.  
This June 23rd, 1942.  
A. T. WARD, Trustee.

No. 1202—July 2-9-16-23.

## They Keep Score on the Japs



The seven tiny flags of the Rising Sun of Japan represent the number of Nip planes sent plummeting earthward by Lieut. E. Scott McCuskey, shown in his plane at Hawaii. Ensign George Henry Gay (left) is the official score keeper. Pilots of the McCuskey type, have made it possible for the United States to gain control of the air in recent battles. (Central Press)

can kill at point blank range. Like a luminous finger, Mears' flashlight briefly touched another plate which said, "Rauchzimmer" and then lit a series of handsomely carved and panelled walls, and filtered over heavy frescoes and windows of stained glass ornate with all the deplorable taste of a pre-war German decorator. Even now a faint odor of tobacco still persisted.  
Hollowly, footsteps of the pair sounded in the first class lounge when they tiptoed by a huge fireplace above which a lavish rococo mantel of solid mahogany threw back gleams of tarnish gold leaf and a series of voluptuous bosomed nymphs smiled woodenly down. Colby's nerves grew gradually tauter, though he cursed himself for an over-imaginative idiot. How very dark it was! How many corners might conceal a crouching marksman.  
"Seems like there ain't nothing in here," Mears called in a hoarse whisper. "Hey! What's wrong?"  
Colby had halted beside a long linen covered settee and with head thrown back was sniffing the air. Slowly he sank onto his knees at the same time beckoning his companion.  
"Smell it?" he breathed when the other, all suspicious, knelt down beside him.  
"What the devil are you talkin' about?" Mears tensely demanded.  
"We'd better be careful. I'm sure I smell fresh blood somewhere—"  
Colby explained. "Comes from there—" With his pistol he indicated a doorway leading into a passage.  
"Listen—" The big watchman grew rigid and his eyes sought

can kill at point blank range. Like a luminous finger, Mears' flashlight briefly touched another plate which said, "Rauchzimmer" and then lit a series of handsomely carved and panelled walls, and filtered over heavy frescoes and windows of stained glass ornate with all the deplorable taste of a pre-war German decorator. Even now a faint odor of tobacco still persisted.  
Hollowly, footsteps of the pair sounded in the first class lounge when they tiptoed by a huge fireplace above which a lavish rococo mantel of solid mahogany threw back gleams of tarnish gold leaf and a series of voluptuous bosomed nymphs smiled woodenly down. Colby's nerves grew gradually tauter, though he cursed himself for an over-imaginative idiot. How very dark it was! How many corners might conceal a crouching marksman.  
"Seems like there ain't nothing in here," Mears called in a hoarse whisper. "Hey! What's wrong?"  
Colby had halted beside a long linen covered settee and with head thrown back was sniffing the air. Slowly he sank onto his knees at the same time beckoning his companion.  
"Smell it?" he breathed when the other, all suspicious, knelt down beside him.  
"What the devil are you talkin' about?" Mears tensely demanded.  
"We'd better be careful. I'm sure I smell fresh blood somewhere—"  
Colby explained. "Comes from there—" With his pistol he indicated a doorway leading into a passage.  
"Listen—" The big watchman grew rigid and his eyes sought

can kill at point blank range. Like a luminous finger, Mears' flashlight briefly touched another plate which said, "Rauchzimmer" and then lit a series of handsomely carved and panelled walls, and filtered over heavy frescoes and windows of stained glass ornate with all the deplorable taste of a pre-war German decorator. Even now a faint odor of tobacco still persisted.  
Hollowly, footsteps of the pair sounded in the first class lounge when they tiptoed by a huge fireplace above which a lavish rococo mantel of solid mahogany threw back gleams of tarnish gold leaf and a series of voluptuous bosomed nymphs smiled woodenly down. Colby's nerves grew gradually tauter, though he cursed himself for an over-imaginative idiot. How very dark it was! How many corners might conceal a crouching marksman.  
"Seems like there ain't nothing in here," Mears called in a hoarse whisper. "Hey! What's wrong?"  
Colby had halted beside a long linen covered settee and with head thrown back was sniffing the air. Slowly he sank onto his knees at the same time beckoning his companion.  
"Smell it?" he breathed when the other, all suspicious, knelt down beside him.  
"What the devil are you talkin' about?" Mears tensely demanded.  
"We'd better be careful. I'm sure I smell fresh blood somewhere—"  
Colby explained. "Comes from there—" With his pistol he indicated a doorway leading into a passage.  
"Listen—" The big watchman grew rigid and his eyes sought

can kill at point blank range. Like a luminous finger, Mears' flashlight briefly touched another plate which said, "Rauchzimmer" and then lit a series of handsomely carved and panelled walls, and filtered over heavy frescoes and windows of stained glass ornate with all the deplorable taste of a pre-war German decorator. Even now a faint odor of tobacco still persisted.  
Hollowly, footsteps of the pair sounded in the first class lounge when they tiptoed by a huge fireplace above which a lavish rococo mantel of solid mahogany threw back gleams of tarnish gold leaf and a series of voluptuous bosomed nymphs smiled woodenly down. Colby's nerves grew gradually tauter, though he cursed himself for an over-imaginative idiot. How very dark it was! How many corners might conceal a crouching marksman.  
"Seems like there ain't nothing in here," Mears called in a hoarse whisper. "Hey! What's wrong?"  
Colby had halted beside a long linen covered settee and with head thrown back was sniffing the air. Slowly he sank onto his knees at the same time beckoning his companion.  
"Smell it?" he breathed when the other, all suspicious, knelt down beside him.  
"What the devil are you talkin' about?" Mears tensely demanded.  
"We'd better be careful. I'm sure I smell fresh blood somewhere—"  
Colby explained. "Comes from there—" With his pistol he indicated a doorway leading into a passage.  
"Listen—" The big watchman grew rigid and his eyes sought

**TOURISTS INDUSTRY**  
GOOD PLACE TO LIVE  
WAYNESVILLE  
AGRICULTURE

All conveniences of city gas  
**GRADING GAS SERVICE**  
Cooking Water Heating Heating Installed Anywhere  
Essotane Metered Service

**Real Home Cooking**  
If you like real healthful, appetizing, home cooking, then here's the place to get it.  
**DINNER PARTIES**  
MRS. H. W. BURNETTE  
Phone 317-W Brookmont Dr.

**BUY WAR BONDS**  
From Uncle Sam and Your Insurance From  
**Atkins Insurance Agency**  
58 N. Main St., Waynesville

\* Newest Modern Stitcher  
\* Modern LAMAC-WELD for Invisible Soling.  
**Champion Shoe Shop**

See The Mountaineer For Fine Printing

## Travel In Park Drops 40 Percent

**More People From Ohio Enter Park Than Visitors From North Carolina In June.**

Travel in the park for June was 40 per cent under last year, according to the actual count survey, according to J. Ross Eakin, superintendent.  
The total showed 101,674 people in 31,373 vehicles entered the park in June. The visitors were from 42 states and the District of Columbia, Hawaii and England.  
An interesting fact about the June survey, was that more people from Ohio entered the park than from North Carolina. There were 3,359 Ohio cars as compared with 2,996 from the Tar Heel State. The Ohio cars carried 10,111 passengers while the North Carolina cars had 10,009. Illinois was next to North Carolina with 7,894 people. Tennessee led all states with 47,552 visitors.

## TRANSACTIONS IN Real Estate

(As Recorded to Monday Noon Of This Week)

**Beaverdam Township**  
T. J. Harkin, et ux to T. K. Harkin, et ux.  
Frank Smathers, et ux, et al to G. C. Watts, et ux.  
R. C. Kinsland, et ux to C. E. Hendrix, et ux.

**Clyde Township**  
T. L. Green, Com. to Earl Bolden, et ux.

**Crabtree Township**  
J. L. Henderson, et ux to J. D. Henderson, et ux.

**Jonathan Creek Township**  
Boone Brown, et ux to David Brown.

**Pigeon Township**  
William C. Kinsland to C. H. Scruggs, et ux.

**Waynesville Township**  
J. R. Morgan, et ux to Floyd Cody, et ux.  
Pearson Caldwell, et ux to Newton Gaddy, et ux.  
W. A. Bradley, et ux to Paul Anderson, et ux.

with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Webb.  
Boone Swayngim, who has been sick, is feeling some better now.  
Mrs. Edna Fisher and children motored to Glenville Sunday.  
Everywhere I have sought rest and found it not except sitting apart in a nook with a little book. —Thomas A. Kempis.

For Quality and Real Service, see These Firms!

SAVE TIME — SAVE MONEY

Eyes Examined Glasses Fitted  
**CONSULT DR. R. KING HARPE OPTOMETRIST**  
125 Main Street Wells Bldg. Canton, N. C.

**FOOD PREPARED AND SERVED AS YOU LIKE IT CHARLIE'S CAFE**  
A Modern Seating Place With the Open-View Kitchen  
Delicious Appetizing Regular Sizzling Breakfast Plate Lunch Dinner Steaks  
**Sunday Dinner For Entire Family**

See **Service Cleaners**  
For Service First—Satisfaction Always  
In the Basement of the Boyd Building Entrance through the Boyd Furniture Store  
Phone 196

**NO MORE "MATS" TO PUT THE WRONG-DOERS ON**  
Los Angeles city officials will not be able to get wrong-doers on the mat any more.  
The reason—no more floor mats in city hall.  
The rubber drive, you know.



Most of us knock on wood or refuse to walk under ladders. "Play safe," we say. Much more important, play safe with your insurance protection. Let this agency take care of it. We will do a good job.

**L. N. Davis & Co.**  
Real Estate—Rentals—Insurance  
"Satisfaction With Safety"  
Phone 77 Main Street

**When Your Back Hurts -**  
And Your Strength and Energy Is Below Par  
It may be caused by disorder of kidney function that permits poisonous waste to accumulate. For truly many people feel tired, weak and miserable when the kidneys fail to remove excess acids and other waste matter from the blood.  
You may suffer nagging backache, rheumatic pains, headaches, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling. Sometimes frequent and scanty urination with smarting and burning is another sign that something is wrong with the kidneys or bladder.  
There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won countrywide approval than on something less favorably known. Doan's have been tried and tested many years. Are at all drug stores. Get Doan's today.

**DOAN'S PILLS**

**Junaluska Supply Machine Shop**  
Phone 88  
Specializing In  
\* Welding  
\* Brazing  
\* General Repair  
\* Garage Work  
**LATHE & PLANER WORK**

**Invitation**  
We invite you to come here next time you're hungry. We know that the foods we use are the finest obtainable, and we feel sure that our expert cooking, efficient service and fair prices will please you. See you soon?

**Green Tree Tea Room**  
"Your Meeting Place"  
Phone 9165