

Worthless Check Charge Followed By Another

A Whitestone complainant appeared yesterday to add to the troubles of Arthur D. Anderson of 150 South Middle road, Great Neck, at his scheduled hearing on a charge of handing out a worthless check.

He was Elbert Davis, a canvasser, of 151-64 10th avenue, who said Anderson failed to pay wages of \$31.88 due him on July 6. The defendant obtained an adjournment to Oct. 30 in Flushing Magistrate's Court.

The Great Neck man was first accused by Ariene M. Dwyer, 22, a typist, of 217-14 43rd avenue, Great Neck, of giving her a \$14.85 check which returned from a bank marked "account closed" on June 29 at 39-01 Main street, Flushing.

Anderson, under \$100 bail, has pleaded not guilty to both charges.

MITCHEL FIELD NOW MAJOR BASE

The air forces at Mitchel Field are making intensive preparations for possible war.

Orders from the War Department today designated Mitchel Field as a major base in the new Northeast Air District—one of four set out in the whole country.

Meanwhile, 816 officers and men in the 9th Bombardment Group are packing to leave Mitchel Field early next month for Panama, taking 40 big bombers.

The 27th and 22nd Bombardment Groups and the 18th Reconnaissance Squadron are going to Langley Field, Va., and the 97th Observation Group will shift to Lawson Field, Ga., with its 11 planes and 250 men.

In Hartford, Conn., today the 7th Pursuit Group of 35 planes and 817 men and officers are preparing to move down to Mitchel Field as soon as the other detachments leave Mitchel Field, thereafter, will be a main base for pursuit planes, used chiefly in defensive work.

That We May Live

by Bruno Branzel

The story thus far: Kay Dennis, for four years a private detective in New York, suspects an international angle in the activities of Phillip Stover, a young man whose worried mother has hired Kay to find out where he is getting his extensive funds. She communicates with the F.B.I. and is subsequently asked by Special Agent Stanley to further probe the mysteries of the Old World Restaurant where, in the course of shadowing Stover, she discovered a secret panel in a phone booth leading to some kind of meeting place. Unwilling even to confide in the man she loves, Beck Creighton, Kay goes to the Old World with her bodyguard, Vince Reeves. Pretending they are drunk, they enter the phone booth, presumably to call friends; then Kay opens the panel and descends to the secret passage alone.

CHAPTER V.

For an instant after the secret door of the phone booth closed behind her, Kay stood motionless in the passageway beneath the Old World Restaurant. The darkness and the silence were oppressive, choking. Overhead, in the phone booth, she knew Vince Reeves was phoning his sister to make the race sound real—if anyone were listening outside. But Kay could not hear the big ex-marine's voice. That meant not one thing. The floor under the phone booth was soundproofed.

Kay moved forward cautiously, through the impenetrable blackness. The passageway seemed to run straight back from the rear of the restaurant. Where it eventually led, she had no idea. Somewhere in it she expected to find Phillip Stover. Not 10 minutes earlier Vince had seen him enter the phone booth above. And since he wasn't there when Kay and Vince entered to call their spurious friends, Steve and Marge, it was evident Stover had come down into this passageway through the secret door in the booth.

As she stole forward along the dark passageway, Kay tried to keep track of each fleeting second. She had three minutes, possibly four, in which to carry out the job assigned her by Stanley of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. If Vince remained in the phone booth much longer than the time allotted, someone in the restaurant doubtless would become suspicious. Suspicion would lead to investigation. That would be fatal.

Kay's small, mouth tightened. Three minutes—four at the most—in which to answer half a dozen questions of desperately vital importance to the security of the

United States. Was the Old World Restaurant a spy cell for that group of foreign powers Stanley had said planned to strike the country a devastating blow from within? And what of Phillip Stover? Was he a traitor to his own country? Had he joined forces with the mysterious agents of those foreign powers?

Kay would know, if Special Agent Stanley's shrewdly laid plans worked out. Inconspicuously he had with Beck Creighton in her office a few minutes ago. Beck, wanting her free for dinner, had insisted that she forget Phillip Stover. He had thought Kay was trailing him simply to report his strange actions to his mother. Beck had called it a trifling case, unworthy of Kay's talents as a private detective. As she felt her way along the passageway, Kay wondered what Beck would say if he knew she were here at the Old World, on the mission she was performing.

The suddenly, without warning, all of Stanley's carefully mapped plans were knocked into a cocked hat.

Several yards ahead of Kay, a thin thread of light suddenly appeared in the left wall of the passageway. Instantly a door opened. It was the door in front of which Kay had seen Phillip Stover salute the stranger the night she had discovered the passage. Dim light flooded out. Kay's sharp reflexes rescued her from disastrous immobility. In a flash she had shrunk against the wall in which the door was located.

Voices sounded inside the room. A chair scraped back. An instant later a man partially appeared in the doorway. He turned back, facing the interior of the room, but still visible to Kay, as a sharp, curt voice from within barked:

"One moment, please."

Kay flattened desperately against the wall, gently slid open her purse. Her fingers closed firmly on a small automatic.

The man in the doorway cleared his throat. His voice was crisp, cold, respectful.

"You have further instructions you wish to give, captain?" he asked with a pronounced accent.

A suave, cold voice replied curtly, authoritatively:

"You have your instructions. I merely wish to add a final warning."

The man in the doorway bowed stiffly. "Yes, captain," he said.

"You are to keep this in your mind every instant," came the reply. "D-day is almost at hand. . . . Kay became more alert as his expression "D-day" reached her ears. It had a terse, businesslike ring to it. The owner of the clipped voice continued.

"D-day will come before the week ends. Keep that in your mind, waking and sleeping. Every member of the System must work with unflinching precision and loy-

alty. Everything our glorious future, the glorious world victory, depends upon the absolute perfection with which our plans are executed."

The man in the doorway bowed stiffly again.

"I understand, captain," he said. The voice of the man addressed as "captain" became icy, metallic.

"If any member of the System fails, it means death. No mercy will be shown. Only weaklings fail. And we are not weaklings." His voice was curt with dismissal.

"You are responsible for operations at C-21. You have your orders. You may go."

The man snapped to attention, gave the same foreign salute Kay had seen Phillip Stover give, and spun on his heel. Kay's hand jerked the little automatic from its resting place in her purse. The man in the doorway turned sharply, then walked swiftly down the passage away from Kay. He did not turn his head, disappearing finally around a turn in the passage.

Before Kay had time to ease the gasp caught in her throat, the door of the room closed. But instead she heard the voice of Phillip Stover reply to a crisp, authoritative question from the captain.

With the door closed, darkness again engulfed the passageway. For a moment Kay remained flattened against the wall. Then she stole forward to the door of the room. The effort was useless. No sound, not even a silver of light, came out. Kay bit her lip. The room, like the phone booth back in the restaurant, was soundproofed.

Then, and not until then, the enormity of what she had overheard struck her. She stood staring into the darkness, beads of perspiration standing out on her forehead. This was no headquarters of a harmless foreign social club! These men were no simple foreign folk, interested in gossip of the countries from which they had come! They were spies, saboteurs, fifth columnists! What ever they were, they were efficient, deadly, fanatical in their belief of their right to power and world victory.

Kay turned quickly back toward the phone booth. She had the desperate, important information Special Agent Stanley had sent her to get.

"D-day." The expression hammered through Kay's mind with increasing rapidity as she felt her way toward the steps. "D-day. . . . What did it mean? What was going to happen on "D-day"?"

Kay reached the end of the inky passageway and pulled herself up onto the handrail of the steps leading to the phone booth. As she had done on entering, she was avoiding the steps in case they were connected to a warning bell somewhere. With a hand that trembled, Kay rapped on the panel, giving the signal she had prearranged with Vince Reeves. There was no answer. She waited an instant, then repeated the call. There was no answer.

Then she realized the truth. The floor and wall of the booth were soundproofed. Vince couldn't hear her. She rapped sharply on the booth's wall with the metal edge of her purse.

For an instant there was no response. Then the secret door slid open soundlessly. Kay scrambled into the phone booth without waiting to speak. Inside the booth she whispered:

"Close it, Vince."

Vince reached down and pressed the concealed spring operating the wall door. The door slid shut silently. The phone booth light flicked on overhead.

"We've got to get out of here, Vince," Kay whispered. "I've found out what Mr. Stanley sent me to find out. And it's worse than I thought."

The big ex-marine's leathery face jerked tight. He grabbed the phone receiver he'd left dangling and said in a loud voice. "Okay, Steve. We'll come up to your place. . . . Yeah, right away!"

He slammed up the receiver with a whispered aside to Kay. "My sister thinks I've went nuts!"

Then he pushed open the phone booth door and, arm in arm, Kay and he emerged as they had gone in—with every evidence of being thoroughly stiff.

Halfway to the bar, Kay stopped in her tracks. Sprawled nonchalantly on a stool, a cool, tall glass before him, sat Beck Creighton. Before she could check herself, Kay, still in character, said a surprised:

"Hello!"

Beck regarded her casually, from the tips of her daintily slipped toes, to the crown of her jaunty sport hat. A faint, patronizing smile flicked across his handsome face. But his eyes did not smile. They were cold, unfriendly, faithless. There was not a flicker of recognition in them. He half turned on his stool and threw a

NEW BUS SETUP LINKS BRONX SPAN AND BOROUGH HALL

North Shore Extension Gives Service Via Flushing Center

Extension of Route Q-44 of the North Shore Bus Company to provide through service from Borough Hall at Kew Gardens to West Farms Square, the Bronx, via Main street, Flushing, and the Whitestone Bridge, via Main street, Flushing, and the Whitestone Bridge was announced today by the bus company.

The route has been combined with the former World Fair-Flushing-Bronx line, enabling passengers from the new Regency Park section and other communities along the Main street extension to ride to Whitestone without transferring or

paying an extra fare. Passengers continuing over the Whitestone Bridge to the Bronx, however, will have to pay an extra nickel.

The new route, now operating, is as follows:

Beginning at 78th avenue and Queens boulevard, Kew Gardens, along Grand Central parkway, Union turnpike, Veigh place, Main

street, through downtown Flushing, Northern boulevard, Union street, 14th avenue, Belt parkway service road, Whitestone Bridge, Eastern boulevard, the Bronx, and East 177th street to Boston road, with a Westchester Square branch operating through Benson and Trapman avenues, Overing street, Zerega avenue and Eastern boulevard.

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