

# THE ANGRY GHOST

A Doc Savage Adventure By Kenneth Robeson

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DOC SAVAGE PROTECTS HIS COUNTRY WHEN HE DESTROYS

## THE ANGRY GHOST

by **KENNETH ROBESON**

*A Complete Book-length Novel*

### Chapter I THE TROUBLE AT ROCKAWAY

THE mystery started at Rockaway Beach. Rockaway is a beach on the south

shore of Long Island not far from New York City where white sand stretches into distance beside the endless blue of the Atlantic, and where breakers climb up monotonously and collapse into foam with coughing sounds.

The cautious girl appeared at dawn. She looked around carefully, saw the beach was deserted, and was plainly relieved.

There was one bathhouse open at this ungodly morning hour of five thirty. The Negress attendant shoved out a brown paper envelope.

“Check your valuables in this, miss,” the attendant said.

It was one of those envelopes on the flaps of which you write your name for purposes of identification when reclaiming it.

The girl wrote, “*Annabel Lynn*.”

“Oh!” she gasped, and quickly wadded the envelope and dropped it on the sand in front of the bathhouse check window. “I made a mistake,” she explained. “Please give me another envelope.”

Her only mistake had been in absent-mindedly writing her correct name on the flap.

She got another envelope and signed it “*Mary Gallagher*,” and filled it with her wrist watch and some money.

While she was doing that, she very carefully stamped the other envelope into the sand with her heel and made sure it was covered with sand.

As soon as Annabel Lynn had entered the bathhouse to change, the Negress attendant, who was a tidy soul, leaned over the counter with the idea of locating the first envelope, the one that had been discarded. She intended to pick it up and put it in the trash basket. The attendant was vaguely surprised when she did not see the envelope. She had not noticed Annabel Lynn carefully burying it.

Annabel Lynn appeared in a bathing suit. She would have done nicely for a magazine cover. Beneath a tight rubber cap, there was visible some soft blond hair. Her lips were nice. Her features were Nordic, beautiful in a regal, classic way. Her figure would have caused an admiring silence, had the beach not been deserted.

The attendant breathed admiringly, “She sho’ is a morning glory.”

Annabel Lynn walked down to the surf and stood there.

After a while, curiosity impelled the attendant to take another look for the crumpled first envelope. She was puzzled as to what had become of it. So she leaned over the counter again and eyed at the sand.

A small pit now gaped in the sand where Annabel Lynn had hurled the wadded envelope.

The attendant stared. That pit hadn’t been there a few moments before. Had someone crawled around the corner of the bathhouse and dug—

Something queer happened to Annabel Lynn at this point.

ANNABEL LYNN suddenly got very rigid, her willowy tall form stiffening and then beginning to tremble. Her trembling was no shiver caused by cold water, but great shuddering that made the girl’s hands clench as though someone had spilled ice water on her.

The strangeness of her behavior increased.

Slim hands left her sides and moved with difficulty toward her throat; she clutched at her throat as if trying to throw off something that was strangling her.

Next her fingers raked down over her graceful shoulders—making ripping motions as though trying to pull something loose.

There was nothing visible molesting her. No one on the beach, and only a few early strollers on the boardwalk.

Annabel Lynn suddenly seemed to win her struggle. She staggered backward, as though released. Whirling, she raced along the white sand, long, firm, damp legs flashing in the first rays of morning sunlight.

“Help! Help!” she screamed.

Her voice was full of rending terror.

The soldier was one of the early strollers on the boardwalk. The army gives its men the habit of getting up early, and a number of officers, vacationing at Rockaway, were on the boardwalk. This one wore the regulation officer’s uniform

of the United States army. He jerked to a halt, and stared.

Annabel Lynn was headed in his direction, so he merely stood and waited.

As the girl drew closer, he understood her terrified cries for help. The army man looked to see who was chasing the tall blond girl, saw nothing, and his jaw sagged.

"What the—"

Because this girl was very pretty, he did the natural thing—he caught the girl, grasping her arm. She was panting.

"What's the trouble, girl?"

"I . . . I—" Annabel Lynn, too breathless to talk, cast a quick glance over her shoulder. The army man noted the girl's pallid cheeks, the tremor that was still upon her lips.

"Something had . . . had hold of me!" she gasped.

Again the soldier gazed up and down the beach—all he saw was gleaming white sand, sky and water.

"Maybe a fish bit you?"

"Eh?"

"Or a lobster pinched you?"

Annabel Lynn shook her blond head quickly. "Hardly!"

Her eyes got wider, more horrified. "You couldn't . . . see it. It felt as if something was . . . well it was a stinging sensation all over. As if some kind of an invisible jellyfish had gotten hold of me."

The army officer narrowed his eyes. She was such a lovely girl. He couldn't quite understand her remarks. But she looked sane.

He said, "You're not trying to tell me something grabbed you."

"I . . . yes.

"Now look," said the man soothingly, let's get this straight—"

"Thank you . . . I . . . I've got to be going," the girl interrupted. She swung on her heel, starting away.

The army man stopped her. "I'm a little worried about you. Sure you're all right?"

"It's quite all right now. I . . . I must hurry. I have a car parked back there a ways. Thank you."

But the army man was persistent—this girl was pretty enough to make any man persistent. "Wait! Maybe I

can catch that dingus that had hold of you."

"Don't be silly," she said quickly.

"But—"

"You see, it's . . . gone," the girl explained. "It's gone. And even if it wasn't, you wouldn't be able to see it."

"It's—" The officer's sharp eyes popped. "*What* is gone? What the heck is this, anyway?"

"Please—please forget it!" the girl said. She walked rapidly toward the roadway, slim legs driving her feet through the loose, slippery sand.

TWO men had been watching the incident. The pair were so concealed that the girl would not have seen their figures even had she been seeking them. The beach sand had formed small dunes. Protruding from the tops of the dunes were bunches of sea grass, tall and scraggly grass that concealed the two men as they lay flat. They did not have nice faces. They hardly looked like the kind who would spend time enjoying the view at the seashore.

One growled, "See that! She was tellin' that army guy something!"

"That wasn't so good," his partner agreed. He fingered something—the check-room envelope on which Annabel Lynn had signed her correct name by mistake. "Good thing I crawled around the bathhouse and got this envelope. I figured there was something familiar about her."

"Yeah—she wasn't on that beach to go swimmin'."

"Sure. You saw how she acted."

"Yes. She got touched by it. She was right in the way! And she's got some idea where it was, I bet."

The other man's hard-looking eyes widened, and he said with some awe, "Jeepers! You think she told that army guy what it *was*?"

"She might've."

"Hell!"

"I'll say it's hell. In that case, we'll have to take care of *both* of them!"

"Match you to see who takes the girl."

They matched nickels.

## Cast of Characters in "The Angry Ghost"

DOC SAVAGE—"The Man of Bronze"—A remarkable personage who follows an unusual profession—righting wrongs and punishing evildoers. He is a mental wizard, a physical marvel, a skilled scientist. He is assisted in this adventure by his little group of companions, including:

HAM—Whose real name is Brigadier General Theodore Marley Brooks. Ham is one of the nation's leading lawyers, a fashion-plate, a fast thinker and a clever fighter. Often he fights with a specially devised sword-cane, tipped with a drug which puts his opponents into a quick sleep. For pastime he brawls with

MONK—At least that's what he's called, for he's a homely, hairy man with a 260-pound gorilla body. Yet Andrew Blodgett Mayfair, his real name, is regarded as one of the greatest living chemists, and as a fighter is only equalled by Doc himself and by

RENNY—Or Colonel John Renwick, to name him correctly, a giant of a man over six feet tall and tipping the beam at two hundred. Renny is an accomplished engineer, and he can fight like blazes with his great fists. He's an entirely different type from

LONG TOM—Who isn't tall as his nickname might indicate, but small in stature and unhealthy looking—although his health is really excellent; perfect, in fact. This man, Thomas J. Roberts he was christened, is such a skilled electrical expert that the world knows him pretty generally as "the wizard of the juice."

Others in the story are:

WARREN ALLEN—Who seems like just an overdressed English dude but is much more than that.

AMBROSE—Who acts like a thug but is a pretty smooth guy.

ANNABEL LYNN—A girl that Monk goes for in a big way.

NANNY HANKS—An old babe that goes for Monk in a big way.

COLONEL JASON LYNN—Who in his own special field is as famous an inventive wizard, almost, as Doc Savage himself.

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"I get the dame!" the heavier of the two chuckled.

The pair separated, one trailing the army officer, to whom Annabel Lynn had spoken.

The other, crouching low and keeping behind the dunes, followed the tall blond girl as she secured her clothing, and without changing, hurried to her car. The machine was a small green coupé, parked at the end of a road that ended here at the dunes. It would be necessary,

the pursuer saw, for the girl to back the car and turn to leave.

Just as the girl reached the coupé door, the man got up and ran. He was not worried about being seen now. The girl still had to turn the car. There was plenty of time to overtake her.

The man made one error. He did not figure on a woman being able to drive backward almost as expertly as forward. The girl got a glimpse of the man. She leaped into the car. A motor kept warm by

the morning sun snapped quickly into life. She slapped the car in gear, gunned the motor, handled the machine deftly. The man came leaping after the car.

But the girl got away.

The man stood staring, and sweat came out on his face, and his eyes suddenly were full of fear. He muttered, "Now this is going to be a nice mess!"

Annabel Lynn drove at high speed until she reached an arterial highway, then drove more carefully. Only once did she stop, and then to take only a moment to slip her dress over her head. She still wore beach slippers.

She stopped at all red lights, observed all the speed limits, carefully doing nothing that might attract the attention of a police officer.

Yet she looked frightened enough to call a dozen policemen. Her cheeks had lost color. Her wide gray-blue eyes held the stare of a person who had experienced shock.

From time to time, as the girl drove, she raised a slender hand to her throat and touched her arms or her shoulders. Each time she made this motion, she shuddered.

At a midtown Manhattan hotel, a doorman took charge of the car and Annabel Lynn hurried through the lobby, got her key and went to an elevator. On the eleventh floor, she waited in the carpeted hallway until the elevator door slid shut and the cage departed. She looked furtively up and down the long hall. Seeing no one, she stepped quickly to a door. Her hands were trembling.

When she had locked the door behind her, she collapsed on the bed. Her whole form shook with uncontrollable shuddering.

After calmness came back, she sat up, and her mouth was determined.

She went to the table where she had dropped her purse.

The object she removed from the purse was a small black notebook that seemed to be filled with names and numbers. Annabel Lynn thumbed the pages of the booklet, then her lips moved silently as she memorized a number. She sat down at the phone near the head of the bed, gave the number to the hotel

operator, waited several moments while the connection was being made.

Her decision to call the phone number apparently had lifted weight from her shoulders—she was obviously relieved.

A supervisor's voice said, "Pardon me, but are you calling the unlisted phone number of Clark Savage, Jr.?"

"That is correct. I must speak to Doc Savage!"

"Sorry," said the supervisor, "but that number does not answer."

Slowly, almost dazedly, Annabel Lynn hung up—gone was the relieved expression of a moment ago; her eyes widened uneasily.

## **Chapter II MESSAGE FOR DOC**

ANNABEL LYNN had tried to contact Doc Savage at ten thirty that morning, at noon, at two o'clock, then at four. She did not leave her room and at six she decided to risk the chance—she was obviously afraid to leave her hotel room—and go see the bronze man in person.

She donned black—black dress, hose, shoes and hat, even wore a black veil that concealed her features. Black was a color that permitted one to merge well with the night.

When finally, she was ready, she opened her room door cautiously, peered up and down the hallway, then moved quickly toward the elevators. Later she was in a cab headed downtown, without having been molested.

She changed cabs three times, and made absolutely certain that she was not being trailed.

Then she directed the cab to one of New York City's tallest buildings. An elevator whisked her swiftly to the topmost floor, the quick ascent setting her ears to ringing.

There was a long, plain hallway of rich marble.

There was also a man.

The man was about forty, well-dressed, slim-waisted; he carried a black cane. He was not bad-looking.

A legend on a bronze-colored door read, "*Clark Savage, Jr.*"

The tall man stepped aside as Annabel Lynn moved to the door, pressed a buzzer and waited. The well-dressed man paused and stared at her in a well-bred way.

"You looking for Doc Savage?" he asked.

"I—" the girl hesitated.

"Doc is out of town," the stranger advised her. "I'm afraid you'll find no one else there, either."

Behind the black-net veil which partially concealed her features, Annabel Lynn's eyes were distraught.

Doc Savage was a remarkable man who followed an unusual profession. Doc was a mental wizard, physical marvel and skilled scientist. His strange profession was the righting of wrongs and punishing of evil-doers, particularly in such instances when the established authorities seemed unable or unwilling to do the job. He worked without pay, having a private source of enormous wealth of his own which was rather mysterious.

The elaborately dressed man said, "Perhaps I can help you. I am Brigadier General Theodore Marley Brooks, one of the assistants of Doc Savage—"

"Ham Brooks!" Annabel Lynn gasped.

"Yes."

"If I can't find Doc Savage, maybe I should talk to you."

The man smiled. "Maybe we could have dinner together while you talk."

"I . . . well, yes," the girl said, realizing she was hungry.

The man moved to the elevator, pressed the button and soon they were descending.

"I have a car waiting," the man continued, smiling pleasantly.

A quick shower had come up, and the streets were wet. A large closed car stood at the curb near the building entrance.

"My friends," the dapper man said.

Men were seated in the back of the car. The driver leaned over, opened

the door on the curb side, and the girls companion said, "We will squeeze in the front. Unconventional, but if you don't mind, I will drop my friends at their club."

Annabel Lynn climbed in, sat between driver and the dapper man. The car pulled away from the curb. Her gaze moved to the rear-view mirror—faces in the rear were a trifle vague in the dusk of early evening. Then she gave a start. There was something wrong with the whole situation.

She gasped, "One of those men in the back—he was on Rockaway Beach this morning!"

From the rear seat, there was a satisfied, harsh laugh.

"Sis, you should have remembered that sooner!"

THE heavy car began doing forty on the wet pavement. The driver swung, took a side street, and thereafter kept away from thoroughfares that were too thickly congested. The girl sat stiffly. Warning words came from the well-dressed man seated so close to her.

"You shouldn't have tried to phone Doc Savage," he said, and laughed silkily. "Or to see him, either."

Annabel Lynn was puzzled. "But how—"

"Twenty bucks looked good to that switchboard operator at your hotel, sister! She told us. She kept you from getting through to the bronze guy."

Behind the veil, Annabel Lynn's eyes grew wide.

One of the men continued, "That army guy you talked to on the beach this mornin' got away, babe. So now we want to know just what you told him. Also, *why did you want to reach Doc Savage?*"

Annabel Lynn compressed her lips, said nothing.

"You know what was happening there on the beach this morning, don't you?" the man growled.

The girl kept silent.

Ahead, a busy intersection loomed. The car driver was timing his speed so he would hit the green light. In the middle of the intersection stood a traffic cop. The driver removed his foot

from the gas peddle; he was taking no chances on arousing the suspicions of the traffic cop.

Suddenly, Annabel Lynn's foot shot out, came down on the brake. Down as hard as she could push.

Rubber squealed as the wheels locked. Tires failed to hold on the wet pavement. The heavy car went into a skid, slithered sidewise, smacked into a car in the adjoining traffic lane. A car behind crashed into them. There was uproar. The cop was running toward them.

The policeman yelled, "Hey, what d'you think this is?"

Annabel Lynn scrambled out of the car, ducked for the sidewalk with flashing speed.

The cop yelled, "Hey!"

But Annabel Lynn's slender tall figure moved like a shadow between stalled machines. She made a zigzag course through a triple line of stalled cars, reached the other side of the street where traffic was still moving in the opposite direction. An empty cab was just rolling past, and the girl hailed the driver and climbed into the cab's rear seat.

She ordered, "Pennsylvania Station. Hurry!"

As they rolled down a ramp beneath the great railroad station, Annabel Lynn took a check book from her purse and made out a check to the hotel at which she'd been stopping. She handed the check to the cab driver after she got out.

"Please take that to the hotel. It will pay my bill. Ask the baggage clerk to have my bags forwarded to the Union Station in Washington, D. C." The girl handed over a five-dollar bill along with the check. "And this is for yourself."

The driver beamed around a missing tooth. "You bet, ma'am. And thanks! You know they ain't many people trust a cab driver like this. I appreciate it."

Even this precaution of not returning to her hotel worried her—perhaps the men who sought her would learn of the forwarding of her baggage. That was why she had given no hotel address in Washington—had used only the Union Station. It would be safer.

SHE learned that she had a half hour to wait for the next Washington train. She bought her ticket, an evening paper, then located a deserted corner in the huge waiting room and sat down on a bench that faced away from the vast rotunda.

An item on the first page of the paper got her attention.

#### HOT WORDS FLY IN ARMY CEMENT CASE

Repeated angry exchanges of words today marked the progress of the army's examination into the strange matter of how the gun foundations at Fort Atlantic came to collapse.

Henry T. Neely, contractor who built the foundations, at one time leaped up and screamed "Liar!" at army officers.

The girl read the article with a pale-faced, unnatural interest.

It seemed the United States government had let out a contract for construction of new antiaircraft gun emplacements at Fort Atlantic, and months had been spent placing reinforcements and pouring cement for gun bases that, it was said, were second to none in the country.

A few days before, a government engineer had made a routine inspection—when he finished, a lot of people were wild-eyed; none of them more wild-eyed than the contractor.

For during the inspection, the startling fact had developed that the extensive gun foundations were *worthless*. Sand and cement and gravel and even steel had disintegrated, fallen apart.

Government engineers blamed the trouble on too little cement, too much sand. The contractor—Henry T. Neely was one of the biggest in business—had called the government men liars. He offered bills and figures to prove that he had used the correct proportion of sand, cement and gravel.

But the army engineers were adamant. Seeing was believing, in their





one of the best orchestras—no slam-bang bunch of wild Indians called a swing band, but a soft ensemble that played with feeling.

Inside, no man was dressed in anything as vulgar as a tux. Full tails was the thing. Preferably a ribbon across the chest, also.

"I'm jolly well glad to meet you again," said a young man who was rather more slim and handsome than Monk liked them.

"This is Warren—Warren Allen," Ham told the homely chemist.

Monk put Warren Allen down in his mental black book as a rather elegant piece of manhood. Not that one should hold appearances against a fellow—particularly when the appearances were much on the handsome side. Monk really had nothing against Warren Allen except the fellow's good looks. That, and the fellow's English accent, which was a little on the heavy edge.

"Pleased t'meetcha," Monk said unenthusiastically.

"Right over here," advised Warren Allen, "is the young lady who wishes to meet you."

He led them over to the vision that was Annabel Lynn, and performed introductions.

Then, to Monk's pleased astonishment, Warren Allen had the good grace to excuse himself and walk away.

"This," Monk said instantly, "is going to be a wonderful evening. Meeting a girl as pretty as you starts it off with a crash like thunder."

"I want to talk to you," the girl said.

They found a small private anteroom. Annabel Lynn said, "I . . . I tried to reach Doc Savage, and he wasn't there." She looked around, as though fearful even someone might be listening.

"Yes?" Ham suggested.

"It's . . . I'm afraid. It's not even safe to talk here. Could you meet me some place else, say in an hour?"

There was fear in the depths of the girl's eyes, and she asked, "You'll meet me? You see, *I've got something to tell Doc Savage!*"

Ham nodded.

"Meet me at the La Grecia restaurant at Norfolk and Y streets," the girl suggested.

"In half an hour," Ham agreed.

After the girl had departed, Monk put on a remarkable villainous green topcoat which he wore over his full dress suit, and they hailed a cab.

Ham rested his polished black cane—a sword-cane—which he always carried, against the seat beside him. "That girl is scared."

"Yeah. There must be something wrong. Maybe we oughta contact Doc. We're only down here on business, to lobby for free hospital care for everybody. There was nothin' said about gettin' into trouble."

Ham glanced over his shoulder once or twice. Their cab turned various corners. Ham continued to watch over his shoulder.

"Well, if you ask me, trouble is at hand."

"Eh?"

"We're being followed."

Monk looked suddenly interested. "Where?"

"It's that sedan. Been trailing us for the last few minutes."

THE trailing sedan was not in sight when they finally pulled up before the small curtained-window restaurant that had been mentioned as the meeting place. And neither was blond Annabel Lynn in view.

To their astonishment, Warren Allen came running out of the eating place just as they climbed out of the cab. In fact, Warren Allen rushed out so fast that he crashed into Monk. He started to make apologies, then took a look at the hairy chemist's green topcoat—which hardly befitted the "soup and tails" Monk was wearing—and shuddered.

"My word!" Warren Allen exploded. "These Americans! There's positively no telling what rags they'll wear next."

Monk was tempted to let go with a haymaker. Ham kicked and took bark from Monk's shins.

“Nice little restaurant,” Ham said. “I see you like it, too.”

Warren Allen gave Ham a direct look from level gray eyes. “My word, quite! Yes. But . . . oh . . . to tell the truth I was sent here by Miss Annabel Lynn to meet you.”

Monk said, “Where’s the girl?”

Warren Allen looked worried. “I . . . well, she’s at another spot.”

“Where?” Monk was getting suspicious.

“The Treasury Building.”

“The Treasury—what the heck! This time of night? That place would be closed now.”

The tall blond man, who was so obviously English, agreed. “Quite!” he said. “But she went there and she asked me to bring you.”

“Why?”

“I do not know.”

Warren Allen had a debonair manner that was not even second to smartly dressed Ham’s. The two men, Ham and Warren Allen, sized one another up, and each apparently admired the other’s choice in wearing apparel. Monk was disgusted.

“Let’s go!” the homely chemist growled.

Warren Allen said, “I have my own car parked just ahead there.”

He indicated a sleek-looking, expensive roadster. Then he mentioned two direct routes to the Treasury Building, and told Ham which one to take.

Monk and Ham got back in their own cab.

Warren Allen called, “Watch for a green cab when you get there. She is in such a cab and may be waiting in the machine.”

Warren Allen left in one direction; Ham and hairy Monk took another. Both routes would bring them to the great stone Treasury Building located near the White House. On the rear seat of the cab, dapper Ham fooled with his black cane.

“Funny,” he remarked. “We no sooner met Annabel Lynn than something went wrong. She was scared, wanted to see us in privacy. She didn’t show up. Also, there was that large sedan which was following us.”

Monk said abruptly, “Did you say was followin’ us?”

“Of course.”

“Look!” Monk said.

The large sedan had suddenly reappeared, and had swerved across the narrow street in front of them, blocking their path.

As the cab driver slammed on his brakes to avoid a crash, grim-faced Monk flung open the cab door and went piling out into the street.

## Chapter IV CARS IN THE NIGHT

IT was late in the night and there was no traffic on this particular narrow thoroughfare; the long sedan had blocked the path of the cab completely.

Men now piled out of the blockading sedan. A street lamp nearby cast feeble glow over faces that were coarse and grim. There were at least a half-dozen assailants.

One snarled, “That’s the pair! Grab ‘em!”

But Monk already had made up his mind about who was to do the grabbing. He dived for the group. His great fists started pumping.

Three men piled on Monk, dumped him to the street. Another started jumping up and down on him. Monk grabbed assorted legs, twisted, howled.

The cab driver headed for points distant.

Ham never used Monk’s roughhouse tactics. He unsheathed his sword-cane. It flashed in the faint glow of street lights.

Ham began pricking men with the blade. His victims soon got down on knees, as though looking for a hole in which to hide, then one by one sprawled out and lay still. For the tip of Ham’s cane contained a violent anaesthetic drug which produced brief unconsciousness.

Monk was still swinging. Practically at empty air. Then he realized there was only a single figure facing him, and he almost swung at it before he decided it was Ham.



well-tailored clothes; in the poor light, Monk had mistaken the fellow for Ham.

Monk said, “Blazes!” He rubbed a numb jaw. “Where’s that Treasury Building where that danged Englishman said the girl would be waiting?”

Ham pointed with his sword-cane. “Two blocks down the street yonder.”

The stone building was a great grim stone tube in the night. Windows were dark.

Abruptly, a cab rolled under the nearby street light, stopped—then started away swiftly after the occupant had opened the door and leaned out to stare.

Monk yelled, “Looks like our girl in that hack!”

Ham barked, “And the cab is green!” He was remembering Warren Allen’s statement that the girl would be in a green cab.

“This is a frame-up!” Monk howled. “The girl and that Allen led us into a trap.”

Monk said, “I’ll get her! You watch these mugs!”

Monk started running, trying to overtake the girl’s cab. Annabel Lynn apparently held the key to whatever this mystery was all about.

And then the shaking sensation seized Monk and Ham.

MONK stopped, astounded by the ripping, tearing-apart sensation that went through his whole body. It felt as though unseen, giant hands—hundreds of hands—had grasped them and were shaking them.

They gagged, staggered around, clutched at various parts of their own bodies.

Ham gasped, “Ugg . . . I . . . ah . . . Jehoshaphat!”

The peculiar sensation stopped. As swiftly as it had come, it was gone. Monk let out a long howl.

“What could that have been?” Monk gasped.

Ham looked all around, saw nothing.

“You guess,” he said.

Then he saw that Monk was suddenly staring at the huge Treasury Building. Monk shouted, “*Look!*”

A part of the great Treasury Building had started to collapse. A single corner of the massive edifice was giving way in a miniature land slide of pulverized rock, cement and sand, the stuff pouring out over the sidewalk, overflowing into the street. Fixtures and equipment that were obviously a part of a room somewhere in that part of the building, followed out into the street. The land slide of rock and sand made a great racket. People seemingly appearing from nowhere, there began to be bedlam. Front doors of the Treasury Building burst open; excited guards piled out into the street. There was the moan of police-car sirens; soon blue-coated men were swarming all around the place. Cars were jammed in the wide streets, more machines rolling up and adding to the confusion.

Monk said, “Blazes! A hold-up, I’ll bet.”

“You didn’t see any gunmen trying to get away from there, did you?”

Monk had to admit he had seen no one trying to escape from the place.

“And you didn’t hear any explosion, did you?” Ham added.

“Then what was it?”

“Search me. It was as though the corner just caved out of that building.”

“Yeah,” Monk murmured.

Both of them had forgotten their late foes. Then they remembered, and went back.

Their attackers were all gone. They must have been helped to escape.

The time was approximately twelve twenty.

MONK said thoughtfully. “Damn queer that girl left word she was coming here—and then those mugs tried to get us. It still looks like a trick to me.”

The only vehicle nearby was a large milk truck moving slowly along the street a little ahead of Monk and Ham. It was the type of milk truck used to supply hotels and restaurants.

“Hey, truck!” Monk called. “How’s a chance for a lift?”

The driver turned his head slightly, said over his shoulder to someone in the vanlike body, “Hear that, Ambrose? These lugs want a lift. They didn’t know we was plannin’ to invite ‘em!”

The man got out of the truck, and Monk and Ham found themselves staring into the muzzle of a gun that loomed big in the murk.

From behind the gun, a voice ordered, “Climb in, pals. It’s our night to be lucky.”

The leader of their new acquaintances seemed to be named Ambrose. Ambrose had a lot of face, a lot of jaw, and a lot of gun. He wagged the gun, covering Monk and Ham as they swung into the rear of the truck.

There was a partition across half of the rear truck compartment.

They never did see what was in the other half of the truck, although it didn’t strike them as important at the time.

In dressing for the affair at the Embassy Club, Monk and Ham had left behind their weapons, including the machine pistols which Doc Savage’s men usually carried. Getting Monk into full dress had been hard enough, and there would have been no space left to conceal a shoulder holster anyway.

“Nice going, Ambrose,” a voice said.

Ambrose, it appeared, was backed up by at least two hard-looking henchmen, the second of whom added, “Lie down, you two!”

Monk was the kind of fellow who needed a lot of convincing. His bull-like head lowered, and he dived at the nearest man. His fists started pumping. Ham, who still carried his sword-cane, tried to swing it into use. But the surprise attack failed. Someone dropped a gun butt—it felt like the Washington Monument—on the hairy chemist’s head and he lost all interest in the battle. A fist was used on Ham’s jaw.

Later, when they woke up, there was no longer swaying motion of the truck moving. Everything was oddly silent. It was also incredibly dark.

Monk, always a humorist of sorts, muttered, “I ain’t dead, I hope.”

Ham’s voice said, “Shut up, you misfit. I’m trying to figure out where we are.”

The lawyer’s words came out of the blackness somewhere close to Monk. The chemist tried to rise, realized that he was tied up hand and foot. He asked, “Where the blazes are we?”

“Garage of some kind, I think,” Ham said. “They just went out to another room. Some of them are going to try to catch the girl.”

“You mean *the* girl?” Monk asked in the darkness. He was trying to squirm around to reach his feet, but his hands were tied behind him.

“Yes—Annabel Lynn,” Ham said. “Seems they’re looking for her, too. And from what I overheard, I think they know where to find her. Damn these ropes!”

Monk said, “Wait.” He inched across the cement floor and located Ham, got close to him, instructed, “Use your teeth. My vest pocket. There’s a cigar in there.”

“Cigar?” the lawyer asked. “What good will—”

“Get the blasted thing out!”

Ham twisted his neck until he was able to grip the cigar with his teeth, pull it out and drop it to the floor. Monk rolled over, found the thing with his bound hands, broke it and felt powder run on to the floor.

Monk explained, “Some stuff Doc invented. It’ll rot these cords as soon as it’s been exposed to the air a second.”

Monk was pressing his wrists down close to the cement, against the powder. He tugged. A strand parted. Another. The bindings fell apart. Monk untied his ankles and got Ham free.

“Nice goin’ on my part, eh?” Monk chuckled.

“Unless you want your head shot off by these guys, keep quiet! They’re somewhere outside in another room.”

They crawled through the darkness, hands outstretched to intercept any object in their path. They reached a wall. There was a door. Ham slowly eased it open.

THE door gave onto a weed-filled field that was bare and desolate in a starry night. Thick silence was everywhere.

Monk piped sadly, "An' I was gonna muss up them guys!" He looked around. "Blazes, this isn't a garage. It's just a shack in an old dump."

It was true. There was no sign of truck, men or habitation. Far off in the distance, there was a reddish glow in the sky.

Ham pointed at the glow. "Probably Washington," he said.

"Danged if it ain't a long way off. I hope we don't have to walk."

Ham, his usually meticulous person somewhat battered and decrepit, started toward a dusty road that was nearby.

He said, "You can wait and see if you can sprout wings, if you want to."

Monk scowled and followed. His evening clothes were torn. His starched shirt was ripped open over his hairy chest. There was a lump on his forehead.

He said to Ham, "Can you figure it out, smart-pants."

"Those men who jumped us knew we were going to meet her. They were working with the gang on that phony milk truck near the Treasury Building. They didn't want us to talk to that girl."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"I thought you were going to figure out all the answers."

Ham lapsed into an offended silence.

Later, "I wonder what was in the other half of that truck?" he pondered aloud.

Monk apparently didn't hear that.

"Where we gonna find the girl?" the homely chemist grunted.

"The logical place to start would be her hotel."

"What one?"

"How would I know? We'll just have to try 'em all."

"Maybe she don't live in a hotel. We don't know anything about her."

"Oh, stop trying to think of things to make it worse than it is."

"Maybe we ought to tell Doc about the whole business."

For once, Ham agreed. "Perhaps we ought."

That started both of them thinking about getting a phone call through to Doc Savage, in New York. They quickened their pace through the quiet night, and did not see a car, moving without lights, far back in the road behind them.

Monk stopped suddenly.

"Hey—blazes!" he exploded.

A remarkable-looking figure had come out of the darkness with a flashlight and a gun. They made out the gun—it was pointed at them—as soon as their eyes became accustomed to the flashlight glare.

"My name," said the weird-looking one, "is Nanny Hanks. We had better get acquainted."

## Chapter V MYSTERY AT 12:20

IN New York City, Doc Savage drove into the unusual basement garage of his skyscraper headquarters. He had just arrived from a waterfront hangar, where he had left Long Tom Roberts and Renny Renwick, two of his group of five associates. For some days, Doc and the two men had been working on a diving-bell device that the bronze man was hoping to perfect at his Hudson River warehouse-hangar. Long Tom and Renny were cleaning up details and would join him shortly.

Standing beside his car, Doc Savage was of unusual size; he could easily glance across the roof of the big machine. His shoulders did not seem unnaturally broad until one compared their width to the car-door opening. The whole remarkable physique of the bronze giant was of the same symmetrical largeness. His skin was unusual, as though bronzed by tropical suns; his hair, which lay smooth against his head, was of a bronze hue somewhat darker.









## Chapter VI NANNY HANKS

IT was shortly later that Doc Savage received a telephone call from Ham and Monk, in Washington. Ham spoke from a cigar-store booth in the suburbs of the capital. The lawyer told about meeting Annabel Lynn, of the run-in with the fake milk-truck thugs. Doc listened attentively. "Why does Annabel Lynn wish to see me?"

Ham's voice was disgusted over the wire. "Search me, Doc! And now she's disappeared. Right after that Treasury Building trouble, we saw her leaving in a hurry—"

"Treasury Building?"

"Part of the Treasury Building collapsed!" Ham explained. "It just seemed to disintegrate. Queerest thing you ever saw."

Doc Savage's flake-gold eyes became restless.

"Collapsed?"

"That's right. Just a little after midnight. Guess the news-papers haven't got it out yet."

"What was the *exact* time?" Doc Savage asked.

For a moment, there was silence. Then the lawyer said, "Well, I happened to glance at my watch, Doc. It was just twenty minutes after twelve."

"And there was no explosion?"

"No."

The bronze man reached a decision. "We will leave for Washington immediately. It is imperative that we locate the girl. At what hotel are you stopping?"

Ham named the hotel.

"We should be there in two hours," Doc advised. "The trip from here should take no longer than that."

Doc Savage turned to Renny and Long Tom.

"Renny," Doc said quietly, "you are acquainted with Major Woods at Fort Atlantic, on Long Island?"

"Yes."

"You are interested in military matters—particularly fort construction, since you are an engineer. You know

about the recent trouble out there with the aircraft gun-bases?"

"Yes. I've been reading about that in the papers—hey! You don't mean—" Renny looked at the demolished instruments and cases in the laboratory. "Holy cow!"

Doc said, "You and Long Tom might go to Fort Atlantic immediately. You will investigate the gun-base trouble that has been featured in the newspapers—and note the fact that Rockaway Beach is very near Fort Atlantic. That may mean something."

"Where will you be, Doc?" Long Tom asked.

"Washington."

Doc entered a queer-looking car which traveled inside a pneumatic tube—dubbed the "flea run" by hairy Monk. This device was an underground shortcut that carried passengers to the water-front hangar of Doc Savage in a matter of moments.

Doc rolled a small speed plane to the landing stage located adjacent to the Hudson River, and some minutes later, he was in the air and pointing the nose of the ship toward Washington. The plane was capable of making three hundred miles an hour, which meant hardly more than an hour should be needed for the trip to Washington—but it took longer than that.

Flying over Chesapeake Bay, Doc had some rather strange trouble.

Because there were low clouds over the Chesapeake, the bronze man had brought the plane down to less than a thousand feet; and in order to keep on the radio beam in case the ceiling clamped down, he had headed in close to shore. He had been riding the radio beam ten minutes or so when the trouble struck.

First, it touched the ship itself—something like an invisible hand seemed to clutch the wing tips, then shake them violently, as a mastiff might waggle a small terrier. One moment the plane was flying smoothly; the next it was a wild, weaving thing apparently trying to shake itself apart.

Next, the bronze giant experienced a peculiar trembling sensation in his own body—his chest seemed to tighten; his ears hurt; abruptly

it felt as if his great muscles were being shaken from his frame.

There was nothing that could be seen! The fast plane was out of control while Doc Savage, with will power and strength, was trying to fight off the queer vibrating attack long enough to think of a way out of the predicament. The plane was going into a plunging dive; it would be only seconds until it lost all altitude.

Beads of perspiration stood on the bronze man's metallic features as, struggling against the rippling sensation all through his body, he partially righted the plane. Then he saw the right wing—the wing was shaking itself loose. In a few seconds it would rip free from the fuselage and the plane would be a tumbling, unmanageable death ship.

And as abruptly as the unseen, fantastic phenomenon had gripped the ship, it was gone. But too late; already the left wing was doubling slowly in the middle.

Beside the bronze man in the cockpit was a folded parachute; he always carried the safety device. Seemingly unmindful of the plane's zigzag course, of the fact that it was tumbling toward the river, he yanked the harness over his back and shoulders. Then he threw himself clear of the ship, waited the usual ten seconds with a grip on the ripcord ring, then yanked. A scant few hundred feet below was water and land; he was near the shore line.

A few hundred feet above a scraggly beach, the chute opened and checked the bronze man's downward plunge. He landed in knee-deep water close to the shore, waded out on ground, surrounded by pale darkness. Doc freed himself from the harness, gathered up the chute and carried it with him as he climbed out of the water.

He concealed the parachute in bushes on shore. Then he turned to stare out over the dark, wide river.

Barely discernible in the mist were the running lights, hull and masts of a small craft which resembled a bug-eye-type oyster schooner. The vessel had made no attempt to come to the bronze man's aid; it was heading down the river. Doc Savage, on an impulse, decided not

to let whoever was on that craft know that he had not met death in the plane.

The plane plunged somewhere out near the middle of the river. The schooner chugged away, and there was silence.

IT was daylight when Doc Savage reached Washington. A farmer going to market took Doc into Baltimore; there a hired cab covered the forty miles to the capital in close to forty minutes. The sun had turned very bright.

Doc phoned his New York headquarters. Renny and Long Tom were not there—evidently they had gone out on Long Island, but a robot machine, one of the bronze man's scientific devices, recorded the message. The mechanical voice of the contrivance made a preliminary speech, saying, *"This is the office of Clark Savage, Jr. There is no one here but you may talk and your message will be mechanically recorded. It will be delivered upon the return of someone to this office."*

Doc spoke for the recording device, leaving word for either Renny or Long Tom to bring another of his planes down to Washington. He explained that the one he was using had been lost.

Doc then proceeded to the downtown hotel where Monk and Ham were stopping. At the desk, a sleepy room clerk looked up—Doc was attired in a trench coat—and stared abruptly. Many persons knew Doc Savage by sight; this particular man did not, but he was awed by the bronze man's size and strange flake-gold eyes.

"I . . . ah . . . is there something—"

"You have two gentlemen stopping here, Mr. Mayfair and Mr. Brooks. Are they in?"

"You are—"

"Savage—Clark Savage."

"Word was left for you to go right up. Room fourteen-twelve."

Doc nodded, walked to the elevators and a moment later was let out on the fourteenth floor; he proceeded down a carpeted hallway, paused before the door of fourteen-twelve. The bronze man, ready to knock, suddenly paused

with his hand inches from the door. He stood listening.

Behind the panel of the heavy door, there had been the sound of a low cough—a woman's cough.

Doc Savage used care not to make a sound, turned the knob until he learned the room was unlocked, then opened the door a crack. Light was turned on inside the room. He eased the door open wider. At first, he saw no one, only a dresser, desk, suitcases upon a stand, shaded bridge lamp. He stepped quietly inside.

The woman said brightly, "Well, mercy me, it's about time you got here!"

She was about the homeliest female the bronze man had ever seen.

SHE was middle-aged, if one wanted to be generous. She wore an old-fashioned black dress hinting of many petticoats beneath; her black shoes buttoned high up her ankles; her black straw hat had a straight, wide brim. She was dumpy. She had a face rather startlingly like a Great Dane dog.

"Well, my! I was just saying it was about time you got here."

"There must be a mistake."

"No mistake," the woman said. "Doc Savage, aren't you?"

"That's right."

"You'd better get busy then."

"Eh?"

"Mercy me, yes! Those two assistants of yours—that Monk and the one called Ham—well, they're in a mess of trouble."

Doc Savage thought he had entered the wrong room by mistake; he changed his mind.

"They didn't mention you, Miss—"

"Nanny Hanks."

The woman used her large, unshapely hands to smooth her dress. She smiled; it was hard to tell whether the smile was something cheerful, or a grimace.

"They're chasing after that woman, Annabel Lynn, and she's got them all tangled up and chasing wild geese."

Doc's unusual eyes sharpened. "Just who are you?"

For answer, the woman took something from a large, old-fashioned handbag that she held on her lap. It was a small black case, and from the case she took a card, which she passed to the bronze man.

He saw in a glance that the card bore the emblem of the U. S. Secret Service, identifying the bearer as one Nanny Hanks, an operative. The bronze man's eyebrows raised a trifle. He fingered the identification card a moment, then passed it back.

Nanny Hanks said, "Don't let my looks fool you. I want to warn you about this Annabel Lynn. She's got one young man involved already—a chap named Warren Allen, an Englishman. And now she's after Monk and Ham."

Doc smiled. "In other words, you don't like her?"

The homely woman bristled. "Do you know what I think she really is?"

"What?"

"A foreign secret agent! And somehow she's connected with this Fort Atlantic trouble. You know—where the antiaircraft gun foundations disintegrated."

"Do you know where Monk and Ham are now?"

Nanny Hanks nodded. "That's why I was waiting for you. I know that they telephoned you tonight. I can show you where they are—or, at least, tell you how to get there."

"Suppose we do that," Doc suggested.

Nanny Hanks stood up, shook out the folds of her rather comical black dress and stepped briskly toward the hall door. "I have an angle of my own to investigate on this thing. But I'll tell you where I think they took Monk and Ham. I'll get in touch with you later."

"You can't go with me?"

"No. Sorry."

"I'm sorry, too. Where are Monk and Ham?"

"Out near the U. S. Soldiers' Home. There is a reservoir nearby, and a woods, and you look for an old workshed. They're there."

"Why are they there?"

"I don't know. I guess that silly Annabel decoyed them there."

"Can you give me any more information about this mystery?"

"No. Haven't any more."

Out on the street, they parted, and the dumpy, homely woman hurried down the block and turned the corner.

Two cabs were at the stand near the hotel entrance; Doc hailed one hack, gave the driver orders to let him out near the U. S. Soldiers' Home.

After the cab pulled away from the curb, Nanny Hanks came back from around the corner and stood watching the taxi as it disappeared down the street.

"That," she remarked, "should settle several things."

## **Chapter VII RESERVOIR RENDEZVOUS**

THE cab in which Doc Savage was riding ran north to the outskirts of Washington. Near the Soldiers' Home he left the cab, told the driver not to wait, and walked toward a parklike woods which surrounded the reservoir. The woods were thick, deep, shaded, on a morning that was already starting to get hot. Doc Savage followed a path that bordered a steep embankment, partially concealed by trees.

Nanny Hanks had said there would be a workshed.

He walked for some time, but did not pick up any sign of a workshed; he climbed a bank and, still protected by low trees, looked out over the placid, clear water of the reservoir.

To the right, down near more woods at one end of the lake, he saw a small stone building; it appeared to be a place where supplies for the reservoir might be stored. There seemed to be no one about.

Shielded by the trees, Doc proceeded silently toward the shed. He could hear a pump working somewhere; the sound apparently came from some other building farther along the tree-lined embankment bordering the reservoir. There was no indication that anyone was in the shed.

The heavy door could be fastened with a padlock; the padlock hung, unlatched, on the hasp. The door stood ajar.

There was a dank, earthy smell to the place—and the sound of pumping was louder. At first, after the outdoors sunlight, it was hard to see clearly; Doc made out tools stacked against walls of the stone building. From a coat pocket, he took a flashlight, shot white glare around the small room. There was nothing of consequence except another door, also open, across the room.

Stone steps led downward. The sound of a pump working was much louder now. The steps ended in a tunnel that led underground, probably a passageway that led to a valve gate beneath the reservoir.

Doc was on the point of turning back when something caught his eye. He centered the light ray on the open doorway above the steps. The thing that had attracted his attention was a piece of cloth, a bit of fabric caught on the roughness of the door frame.

The bronze man pulled the bit of cloth loose, studied it beneath the flashlight glow. He noted that it was a specimen of dark, expensive cloth that might have come from a full-dress suit. The material was of very expensive weave, imported, rather rare. Doc's flake-gold eyes became thoughtful.

Ham owned a dozen full-dress suits made with just such expensive fabric.

Doc went down the stairs, but more cautiously now, not using the flashlight. He felt his way. The tunnel was long and straight, led downward; the walls were cold and damp, the air dank. There was no sound save the throbbing of the distant pump, growing louder with nearness. The tunnel finally ended in another small room. Doc stepped carefully inside, shot the light glow around.

The pump noise seemed to come from a grating set in the center of the cement floor. Doc started over to take a look—and the door through which he had entered slammed shut.



*Doc was on the point of turning back up the stairway when something unusual caught his eye!*

Doc leaped, caught hold of the dog-arm that was used for opening the heavy door; it would not budge. Then his sensitive nostrils caught something else. Odor! A hissing sound became audible. Whitish vapor began seeping beneath the door; it spread rapidly filling the small chamber.

Doc held his breath and fought the door. But he could not hold his breath forever, and the gas kept coming. He tried the grating. Steel, and fastened down.

He staggered about for a while, knees sagging until he folded to the hard flooring. He lay very still, hands beneath his face.







Some distance up the street from the hotel, a small coupé was parked. The woman seated behind the wheel—she had incredibly homely features—saw Doc Savage enter the hotel.

Nanny Hanks, the woman in the coupé, watched the bronze giant out of sight in the hostelry. She said:

“Well, mercy me—I’ll be damned! We can’t have him messing with this thing!”

### Chapter VIII WASHINGTON INTERVIEW

IT was noon when Doc Savage again returned to the hotel where Monk and Ham had a room. At the desk, Doc learned that neither of his aids had yet returned; he asked if there had been any message from New York, or the arrival of any of his assistants from there, but the clerk had no messages.

Doc became thoughtful. He had left word on the mechanical-recorder device at his headquarters for either Renny or Long Tom to bring down another plane. The assignment he had given them to visit Fort Atlantic should have been covered by now, or they should have checked with the office. It was a little strange that neither had contacted him.

He left a message for Monk and Ham, should they return, and went back to the police car. The driver was reading a newspaper which had just come out, and he pointed to headlines and exclaimed:

“Say, look at this, will you?”

The headline read:

U. S. ARMY’S  
NEWEST GUN  
COLLAPSES

Baltimore Md.—It was learned from reliable sources that a new 155-millimeter gun, with a range of about fifteen miles, has collapsed on its ten-wheel rubber-tired mobile base at Fort James. The gun, weighing more than fifteen tons, had been temporarily placed at the fort at the channel entrance to Baltimore.

Doc intently scanned the news item. The fort mentioned was on the Chesapeake—and not far from where he had crashed in his plane during the night—after the craft had been so strangely seized by that shaking phenomenon.

The item continued:

It seems that a guard, stationed on the grounds where the new gun was being kept, discovered the queer state of affairs just after dawn. Army officials are releasing little information, but it is understood that the gun was found to be little more than a pile of loose iron fragments and metallic powder.

“Strange, ain’t it?” the police-car driver asked, when Doc Savage had finished reading.

Doc’s answer puzzled the cop.

“Perhaps not as strange as it seems,” Doc said thoughtfully. “Perhaps it begins to get very clear.”

Doc Savage seldom divulged his ideas; if he saw any connection between the anti-aircraft gun-base trouble at Fort Atlantic, and this newest gun-collapse mystery near Baltimore, he said nothing, it being his custom to say little until he had a complete solution to a mystery. He said, “Drive to the war-department building.”

The police driver slipped the car into gear, and ten minutes later the bronze man was going up the steps to the great edifice that housed the state, war and navy departments. To a receptionist in the lobby he said quietly, “It is quite urgent that I see the secretary of war.”

For a moment, the woman looked as if she was going to say, “You can’t just walk in here and get to see the secretary of war.” But when Doc added, “The name is Clark Savage, Jr.,” the receptionist swallowed hastily and dialed—not the assistant secretary to the secretary—but the secretary of war rear admiral himself. “Clark Savage, Jr., to see you,” she advised.

Shortly, a man in uniform appeared at the receptionist’s desk, smiled at Doc, said quietly, “Right this way, sir.” The woman stared after the

bronze giant. She was impressed, for no one in Washington could have gained quicker admittance to the head of the war department.

HAD the receptionist seen the room into which the bronze man was ushered, she would have been more impressed. It was a long, somber-looking place that looked like a director's board room, and Doc Savage recognized many of the men seated solemnly around the table—high-ranking officials of the war and navy departments. Expressions on their faces indicated they had not gathered to swap jokes.

Rear Admiral Harvey Benton—a short, slender man with alert, sharp eyes—came forward and shook hands with the bronze man, and he said, "It must be important business that brings you to Washington?"

Others stood up and nodded to Doc. The work of Doc Savage was well known here in Washington; often he had been called in to help various governmental departments when some particularly knotty problem cropped up.

Doc came to the point quickly.

He said, "You quite recently had a mysterious building collapse here in Washington—the Treasury Building."

One of the men seated at the table said, "We are convinced that it was a bold, reckless attempt to rob a part of the treasury. Luckily, police and other guards arrived in time to scare the crooks off." The speaker gave a forced smile.

Doc nodded, but his expression did not indicate whether he agreed or disagreed with the man's statement.

"A new gun base at Fort Atlantic, located at a vital spot on Long Island, has been found worthless."

There was an uncomfortable stir among the men seated around the table. Someone said with forced easiness, "Contractor trouble! Too much sand, not enough cement."

Doc made no comment on that, although he knew the contractor had an enviable record for reliable work. He continued: "And now, early this morning, the army's newest long-range gun

collapsed. This, too, happened at a vital point along the Atlantic coast."

The silence got electric—somewhat like the quiet in a death chamber just before a man is electrocuted. A chair scraped on the polished floor; someone coughed.

Doc said, "Has it occurred to you gentlemen that there might be a connection between these incidents?"

It was Rear Admiral Benton who spoke up. "We have already discussed such possibilities. And we have learned that the whole thing was merely coincidence."

He gave Doc a big grin—a grin he worked hard to make. "You had something in mind, sir?"

For a moment, Doc's strange flake-gold eyes stirred restlessly. "This thing might be even bigger than *you* think," he said. "And incidentally, you're not fooling me."

"You're having a pipe dream, Savage," a man said.

Doc gave a brief smile. "Perhaps I am wrong. Thank you, gentlemen, for the interview."

Doc turned, and there was a forced air of this-is-just-a-little-social-gathering as he went out.

The bronze man had said nothing of the strange vibration that had hit himself and his plane somewhere over the Chesapeake, of the demolished instruments in his laboratory, or of the mystery as to why unknown individuals were suddenly interested in killing himself and some of his men. He was a little angry—a mood in which he rarely permitted himself to fall. He had never forced his services upon any organization. People in trouble sought him; but in this case he had been trying to forestall a menace that was still vague and unknown.

IN the room which Doc had left, excitement broke loose, many men talking at once. One man barked, "You see, even *he* suspects!" And another yelled, "The President is seeing us at four o'clock. Gentlemen, there is need for action. Every scientific device the government

owns must be used to locate whatever *thing* is causing this damage!"

A third man groaned, "The newspapers have got to be warned. If someone hits on what we suspect is the *real* truth, my friends, there might be panic!"

OUTSIDE the building, Doc Savage climbed back in the police prowler car that had been placed at his disposal.

The driver said, "Know what?"

Doc looked at the burly cab driver. "Eh?"

"I wish they would follow me around."

"I fail to get your meaning."

"Dame following you!"

The driver pointed down the street, to where a small coupé was parked. He added, "I noticed that car in the rear-view mirror a couple times when we were driving up here. It pulled up there ahead after you went inside, and she's been there ever since. She's been waiting for you to come out."

Doc said, "We might check on that"

"How?" the cop driver queried.

"By seeing if she follows us again."

"Good idea."

The driver put the prowler car in gear and eased down the street at ordinary speed. Then he stepped on the gas, did some fancy cutting in and out of traffic, around various corners, reached another main thoroughfare and slowed down again. He looked in the mirror.

"You see? She's still on our trail."

Doc nodded. He said, "Mind if I take the wheel a moment?"

The cop slid over and Doc took his place. What the prowler-car driver learned about the game of four-wheeled hide-and-seek in the next ten minutes was breathtaking. They finally ended up on a busy thoroughfare in midtown, where Doc drove carefully once again.

He turned the wheel over to the driver. "Let her pick up your trail again, then lose her if you can. Keep her interested in trailing you. I get off here—just slow down."

Doc stepped from the running board as the cop swung in close to the curb. When the officer looked back later, Doc Savage had disappeared. He had stepped into a taxicab that had been parked at the corner. So quiet was the bronze man's entry into his hack, the cabbie looked startled.

Doc said, "Wait here. There is a car I want you to follow."

Later, the small coupé came swiftly along the street. Its driver had again spotted the police prowler car and was following at a discreet distance.

Doc instructed, "Follow that coupé."

He had gotten a look at the coupé's occupant—it was Nanny Hanks.

DOC SAVAGE'S brief turn at the wheel of the squad car must have been instructive to the police driver. For he showed sudden improvement in the hare-and-hound business—before they had gone two miles, he had lost Nanny Hanks and her coupé.

The homely-faced woman slowed down and seemed to be on the verge of parking, then she swung down a side street and stepped on the gas. Apparently she had decided upon some other move. The shift in plans pleased the bronze man; to the cab driver, he said, "Now follow her. Try not to make it obvious."

Doc Savage, having reversed the procedure of being pursued, and being now the pursuer, followed a trail that led away from the downtown section and out Pennsylvania Avenue until they had crossed the Anacosta River. There, Nanny Hanks swung her coupé right, and soon it was apparent that they were following the highway to Bolling Field, the big army airport.

The midday traffic was fairly heavy, and there was nothing particularly noticeable about the cab trailing the coupé; there were many cabs on the road.

At a large gate to Bolling Field, Nanny Hanks stopped a moment, showed something to the guard—evidently she was exhibiting a pass, for Nanny Hanks was quickly admitted.







cars had stopped and people were climbing out of the machines to stare at this thing that had happened to the bridge.

The bridge itself looked like some giant Coney Island slide, lower at one end than at the other. Luckily, it had not dropped far enough to plunge into the river. Such cars as had been on it were jammed one against the other along its length. People had piled from the machines and were lined against the bridge rails. Some were already leaping into the water far below, fearing the bridge might collapse farther. There apparently had been no cars near the end that had collapsed when the actual damage occurred.

Then the vibration struck their plane—only the merest touch, as though they might have been merely brushed by the very edge of some fantastic, incarnate, ethereal monster. The plane shook from end to end for a moment.

Monk, Ham, Nanny Hanks were all hurled about.

The bronze man—he had experienced this incredible thing once before, over the Chesapeake—forced his great hands to be rock-steady on the controls. But the strange phenomenon lasted only a moment.

Doc brought the plane down fast for a landing near his water-front hangar; later they were climbing out inside the great warehouse-hangar. Doc said, "We may have an answer to this business as soon as we reach the lab."

When they reached the eighty-sixth floor headquarters of the bronze man, Doc left Monk and Nanny Hanks in the reception room, while he hurried into the laboratory. He had not explained his comment about having an answer to the bridge collapse and its connection, possibly, with the other happenings. First, he wanted to make certain of something.

He went directly to a complicated instrument which he had installed before flying to Washington. The apparatus was another seismograph for registering exact time of earth disturbances—an instrument similar to the one that had been shattered in his laboratory earlier.

Doc studied the chart in the sensitive machine. The seismoscope showed no time indication of an earth shock. It indicated nothing whatsoever.

No explosive blast, then, had demolished that bridge support.

Doc Savage made one more investigation—he mounted a narrow stairway, concealed in the laboratory walls, which led upward to the roof of the skyscraper. Atop the building was a dirigible mooring-mast, a device that was ornamental rather than practical, which thrust up another hundred feet into the air. A circular staircase led up inside this, and Doc reached the top.

Mounted here, at a point which put them farthest from the city noises, was a battery of aircraft-defense listener-locators. The complicated devices, utilizing super-sensitive parabolic microphones and amplifiers, were sensitive enough to detect the buzzing of a fly hundreds of feet distant.

Such sounds as the listeners received were recorded automatically on cylinders. Doc played back the recordings, listening intently to the sounds which had been recorded about the time—there was a time-indicating device in connection with the recorded cylinders—that the bridge had collapsed.

He found something that interested him, for he made a telephone call to the nearest army headquarters.

"I want a stratosphere plane," he said. "One which is capable of flying extremely high, and extremely fast. Complete oxygen equipment aboard."

"The ship will be waiting when you need it."

DOC returned to the reception room. Monk, seated in a deep chair, was scowling at Nanny Hanks, who was looking at the hairy chemist fondly. At least her attitude was one that was supposed to indicate a fond regard for Monk—although to Monk, it looked as if Nanny Hanks was trying to scare away a wolf. Monk looked at Doc and his lips moved.

"Gosh, what a homely morsel," Monk said. Doc read his lips.





outside New York City, and found the officer in charge.

"You have the stratosphere plane for which I asked?" the bronze man inquired.

The officer indicated a plane—largely streamlined motor cowling, with just a little wing—that stood on the tarmac. "There it is."

"Oxygen tanks?"

"Aboard. That ship will go higher than any other plane on earth. You should know. It was your design from which the thing was built. The ship holds the present altitude record. Not that particular ship, but one just like it."

Doc Savage was satisfied. He changed the subject, asking, "How many of the new type of listener-locator devices for spotting airplanes do you have?"

"More than the public imagines, probably," the officer said cautiously. "To tell you the exact figure, I would have to consult records."

"That is not important. The main thing is: How soon could you get them into action?"

"Ten minutes, I should say. We have all the listeners connected with short-wave radio, and the crews are frequently drilled for alarm duty."

"I may want you to use them on short notice," Doc said.

"To spot a plane for you, you mean?"

Instead of answering the query directly, Doc said, "The listening devices are equipped with telephonic headsets, are they not? So that the crew can distinguish the exact nature of any sounds that may be picked up for an altitude of as much as thirty thousand feet."

"That's right. The crews can listen with headsets."

"Good." The bronze man nodded. "If I need the services of the listeners, I will possibly be able to tell you exactly what kind of a sound to listen for."

"Then you don't want to use them to spot a plane?"

"What we're trying to spot," Doc Savage told him, "is a good deal more sinister than any plane."

Without elaborating on this rather mysterious remark, the bronze man

walked to the plane. He was familiar with the type of craft, having created the basic designs for the ship. He noted that the instrument layout in the cockpit had been altered from his own layout, and improved, he was willing to admit.

A glance at the windsock over the hangars gave him wind direction—it would be necessary, in order to take off, to taxi across the field, turn, and come back. He operated the compressed air starter, got the big motor exploding slowly, then checked gauges and oxygen supply.

THE cabin was a type that could be closed in entirely, hermetically sealed. Even so, a suit or oxygen helmet was necessary when flying at extremely high altitudes.

He gunned the motor, and the craft began moving across the tarmac.

A man came running toward the ship. He wore an army uniform, was in a great hurry. He climbed into the cabin apologetically.

"Awfully sorry," he said. "Got orders from Washington to send an observer along with you in this plane. We're frightfully embarrassed about it, but—well, orders are orders. My name is Philips." He extended his hand.

Doc shook hands with Philips, then they took the air, the plane lunging across the field pouring a drool of red sparks from exhaust stacks. Up . . . up . . . up. Five thousand, ten thousand, fifteen thousand feet. Doc handled the controls, kept busy watching gas and oil pressures, and preparing to compensate for the changes in atmospheric pressure.

When they hit thirty thousand feet altitude, if it had not been for the oxygen suits both men wore, they would have been unconscious. Almost six miles below, the island of Manhattan was an elongated smear of light in a world of blackness. The stratosphere plane, under Doc's guidance, lined out for Fort Watson, on Staten Island.

Doc was going to look into the summons he had received from Annabel Lynn—the note which had said her uncle was the key to the whole mystery.



off, sir! He knocked a gate guard out when the guard wouldn't let him in."

"It had to be something like that, I figured," Doc said. Then he turned back to the cockpit. The imposter, Philips, was stirring in the seat, slowly regaining consciousness.

Doc dragged Philips out, handed him over to waiting guards.

"We better question him," Doc said.

They took the passenger to the nearby field office. There, bleak-eyed Philips came entirely out of his stupor; Doc's nerve-paralyzing pressure on the man's neck had been only sufficient to keep the fellow helpless a short time.

The would-be killer glared at those assembled around him. He was holding his broken wrist, and there was baleful hate in his eyes as he looked at Doc.

The bronze man asked, "Who ordered you here? Who ordered you to kill me?"

The man continued to glare, said nothing.

From a special vest beneath his coat—an equipment vest that fitted neatly under his clothing—Doc took a small hypodermic syringe. The fake co-pilot's flying suit was removed. The ambulance attendant, at Doc Savage's instructions, rolled back the captive's sleeve.

Doc explained briefly, "Truth serum. It should make him talk."

He gave the surly-looking pilot the injection. The serum, while it worked more often than not, was not infallible in making close-mouthed captives reveal information. In this case, the most vital information needed was the name of the person or persons intent on eliminating Doc Savage, and the nature of the weird being, force or power—whatever it was—that was causing buildings to collapse.

"What is this trouble all about?" Doc asked.

The captive opened his mouth, trying not to speak. He was trying to fight the effects of the drug which made him want to talk—the stuff wasn't working on him properly. Perspiration stood out on his brow. But something else showed in his eyes. Fear. Intense, stark fear.

Doc Savage was the first to notice it, and simultaneously he observed that the captive pilot shot a brief glance toward a small window in the room.

The bronze man whirled just as a shot crashed into the room.

The captive staggered, clawed air, then slowly folded to the floor, landing half on his side and half on his back, and a small gout of blood tumbled from the bullet hole in the center of his forehead. Almost immediately, the lights went out. Not only the lights within the office, but the big airport floodlights as well.

Instantly, there was confusion. Excited cries.

Everyone discovered this as they raced outside to seize the killer who had shot Philips. All they found was blackness and confusion. The gunman had escaped.

Doc thought back grimly and realized that he must have been close to learning the solution of a great many things; that accounted for Philips having been killed. Only for a small detail, a piece of instinctive precaution, Doc Savage would have perhaps received the same fate—he had been out of line with the window in the airfield office.

There was a great deal of dashing around, searching and asking questions, but it came to nothing.

## **Chapter XI SCREAM IN THE NIGHT**

MONK and Ham were becoming particularly interested in finding the attractive, regal-looking Annabel Lynn. Somewhere near the eastern shore of Staten Island, the two were walking. It was almost midnight, and intensely dark. They had left their car parked at the end of a road that led to a sandy stretch of deserted beach; they were now headed northward, toward the United States government reservation known as Fort Watson.

They were interested in finding a girl with gray-blue eyes, who was tall and slender and lovely, who, in well-dressed Ham's opinion—to say nothing of the opinion of Monk—was one of the most

exquisite pieces of femininity he had ever encountered.

Off to the right lay the ocean, and through the darkness came the occasional, mournful note of a fog horn, a warning to liners entering the Narrows to New York that there was shoal near.

Monk and Ham pushed along, making noise for their own entertainment, for another half mile.

Finally a wire fence loomed up in the darkness, and on a pole embedded in the sand was a sign:

WARNING  
U. S. GOVERNMENT  
RESERVATION  
KEEP OUT!

The two men ignored the warning and climbed through the wire.

Monk said gloomily: "I don't think Annabel Lynn is here. They don't allow women in these forts."

"I was thinking of that," agreed Ham. "Maybe there was something phony about that note at headquarters."

Then the scream came out of the darkness somewhere ahead, emanating from a spot where there was the vague outline of some massive structure above the beach, and the terrified yell came from there. And the outcry dispelled all thoughts the two aids might have had about there being no women allowed at the fort, for it was a girl's high-pitched, frantic cry that they were hearing.

THEY lunged forward now. Up the loose sand of the beach, climbing over rocks and an embankment that rose above the shore, the two raced toward the source of that outcry.

A high wall of part of the fort bulked before them. Last dying echoes of the girl's scream, like the last jangle of breaking glass, seemed to come from somewhere beneath this very wall, close ahead.

Monk, worried, barked, "You got a flashlight?"

Ham was already pulling a flashlight from his pocket. He thumbed it on, sent the white beam waving ahead,

and the glare revealed a prisonlike wall on their left, with rough, stony ground underfoot.

A blond girl in a two-piece knitted suit was just lifting herself from her knees, where she seemed to have fallen on the stony ground below the fort wall. Her shapely, slim legs flashed in the glow of Ham's flashlight as she started running again, and her slender hand hovered near her throat in terror.

"Annabel!" Monk howled.  
"Annabel Lynn!"

Ham, always the more self-controlled of the two, drew up short. He called to the tall blond girl, "Miss Lynn! It's the two Doc Savage men you met in Washington!"

After that, the girl halted in the flashlight glare, but seemed undecided as to which way to turn or what to do. Then she stumbled toward Monk and Ham holding out her slim hands, gasping, "Oh, thank heavens!"

Ham caught the girl's hands, held them reassuringly as she trembled against him, while Monk glared wrathfully at the dapper lawyer.

Monk, not to be outdone in chivalry, grinned at the girl.

"Remember me?" the hairy chemist said hopefully. "I've been trying to help you ever since we made that appointment to meet in the restaurant in Washington."

For a moment, in her fright, the girl stared at Monk.

The girl began talking. She said, "My friend, Warren Allen, was with me. Something is terribly wrong around here." She bit her lip. "We couldn't get inside the fort. We were prowling around, seeking an entrance. You see, I have an uncle who is connected with the army. He's supposed to be here at the fort, and I've simply got to find him!"

She stopped for breath—or to get her story straight; it was hard to tell which.

"Yes?" Ham prompted.

"Well, that's when everything occurred at once."

"What happened?"

"Warren Allen and I were walking along the base of this wall, and suddenly two men appeared and grabbed him.

There was a fight.” She paused and shuddered. “Warren gasped out for me to run. I guess that I . . . I got panicky and screamed.” Annabel Lynn clutched at Ham’s arm again. “And then you appeared. . . and now—we’ve got to find Warren!”

Monk looked hopeful. If there was going to be a fight, he would enjoy it; the prospects seemed very good.

“Where did they take him?” the chemist demanded.

Annabel Lynn waved her slender arm, and her large gray-blue eyes again mirrored fright.

“Back there some place!” she gasped. “Please hurry!”

THEY rushed in the direction the girl indicated, but found no Warren Allen—they encountered nothing whatsoever, in fact.

Then they located a huge hole in the fort walls; an aperture where it appeared as though a giant grinding-machine had pulverized sand, rock and stone. The débris which had been the solid wall was a loose heap on the earth.

The hole yawned black and massive before their eyes. Behind it was a wide-open entrance to the fort itself.

“Oh! What did that?” gasped Annabel Lynn.

Ham said in awe, “It looks just like that Treasury Building collapse.”

Annabel Lynn’s expression was changing; something crept into the depths of her lovely eyes; her shapely hands clenched, and she started trembling. She said in a strange voice, “It—Then it’s all true!”

Curious, watching her, Ham asked, “What’s true?”

For a moment, it seemed that Annabel Lynn was going to give a reply that made sense. Then her eyes took on a secretive look and she seemed to be fighting to repress and get control of herself.

Monk, puzzled, said, “Well, go on. Tell us. What is the truth? What is behind this?”

Abruptly, the girl’s trembling subsided. She looked suddenly

composed. “I—It’s nothing. It was just something that—I was nervous, and said something that didn’t make sense.”

“None of it makes sense!” Monk complained.

The girl looked at the hole in the wall and suggested: “We’ve got to find Warren Allen. Maybe if we crawled through there, we could hear the two men who seized him. They must be carrying Warren.”

They followed the girl, but not before they had exchanged significant nudges in the darkness. Perhaps both were recalling that they had seen Annabel Lynn loitering near the scene of that Treasury Building collapse in Washington.

There were things about Annabel Lynn that were puzzling, to say the least.

They found two dead guards inside the fort walls.

## Chapter XII DEATH FOR TWO

THE hole in the outer wall was really a tunnel-size opening into a basement storage room of some sort inside the fort. The dead men—they had died in peculiar positions, clutching at their chests—were obviously military watchmen, for they carried watchmen’s clocks and apparently had been making the rounds of the huge, grim building. The nature of the fate that had stricken them, dropping them in their tracks, was a mystery. There were no marks on their bodies.

The room itself was a shambles. Various gun parts must have been in neat racks and steel bins along the stone walls; now everything—parts, racks, bits of steel—were scrap iron strewn about the floor.

One wall showed indications of caving in shortly. There were cracks in the thick cement floor.

Annabel Lynn was shaking again. Ham said quickly, “This place looks none too safe. We’d better get out.”

The dapper lawyer produced a flashlight which furnished a white funnel of illumination.

They advanced through various other basementlike rooms, coming finally to a heavy steel door with a sign in red which warned:

KEEP OUT!

Monk, always inquisitive, opened the door, poked in the beam of the flashlight which he had taken from Ham. He howled, "Yeo-o-ow!" He jumped back.

The girl and Ham leaped forward to see what had drawn the startled exclamation. Both gasped.

The room was a storage vault for big shells and various kinds of ammunition. There was a conveyer device which led somewhere above, and apparently the shells and other supplies could be quickly moved to gun placements at various points of the fort.

Monk squealed, "Imagine if that . . . that *thing* had hit this place instead of the wall! It would've blown Staten Island over around the State of Iowa somewhere!"

Ham was thoughtful. "I wish Doc was here."

Annabel Lynn's pretty eyes were wide. "I've got to tell Doc Savage the truth," she said grimly. "Only such a man can stop this infernal thing in time."

Ham's eyes went sharp. "Just what do you know about this mystery?" he demanded.

The tall, blond girl frowned at the nattily attired lawyer. "Have you ever been to Rockaway Beach?" she asked unexpectedly.

"No. But I know where it is."

"Well, I was not sure until I trailed it there," the girl said. "I was swimming—when I thought no one was watching—and that terrible shaking sensation seized me. It was like something tearing me apart."

"What was it?"

The girl shuddered. "I know by this time that I miraculously escaped death. Because Rockaway Beach is close to Fort Atlantic, and that is where the gun base collapsed. Uncle Jason knows about that, and he can stop it. I mean, this terrible thing—this whole mess—he can stop it. I've got to find him."

Ham nodded. "Which makes it *all* very clear, I must say," he suggested dryly. "Now listen, why don't you start at the first and tell—"

From behind where they were standing, a harsh voice rapped, "You'd better skip it, sister!"

Monk whirled and let out a gulp. The thick, solid-looking man standing in the opening to a nearby passageway apparently had no gun, although he looked tough enough to get by without one.

The hairy chemist had made a dive for the big fellow. Monk was impulsive. And it was then that the man tossed the egg.

The object landed near Monk's feet, and it made a soft *plop!* Only it wasn't an egg; something that looked like gas and smelled like a boiled cabbage spread through the passageway.

Ham and Monk and the girl also jumped clear of the gas mushrooming from the hard floor.

The big, thickset attacker had dived back into an adjoining room. Monk rushed after him, howling at the same time—those fighting howls of Monk's were extraordinary; usually Monk talked in a thin, piping voice, but once he got in battle, he bellowed like a bull.

Monk made a flying tackle at the big man's legs, dragged the fellow to the floor. Then Monk picked up the assailant, and bounced him off the nearest wall. Ham, unsheathing his sword-cane, had moved in to help. But the hairy chemist's heave had knocked the attacker senseless.

Monk figured that he was getting started at making a favorable impression on attractive Annabel Lynn. "I could lick a half dozen like him," Monk boasted.

He got his chance. Three more men came piling out of a doorway and rushed to the attack. Monk whooped. Ham swung to meet the attack with his sword-cane.

Annabel Lynn seized Ham's flashlight and sprayed light over the scene.

A gun went off, its crash resounding around the stone walls. Ham's sword caught the man's gun arm,



"That attack on you, Warren? What happened?" Annabel asked.

Apparently the man had remarkable emotional control, for he seemed unaffected by the incident. Calmly, he said, "I broke loose from them, escaped, and later trailed them down to the beach. They left in a small boat, because I heard a gas engine out there on the water." He hesitated, then shrugged. "I wasn't too keen on tangling with them. They were armed."

"Do *you* know what is behind all this mystery?" Ham demanded.

"No idea at all."

"But you're mixed up in it."

"I am only helping Annabel Lynn," Warren Allen explained virtuously. "She asked me to come with her to help find her uncle. It was a night trip, and this is a lonely spot for a girl alone, so naturally I came."

Ham suggested, "We've got to find a phone and get in touch with Doc. He will want to know about this trouble here."

He led the way back into the fort. Apparently lights in the place had been put out of commission by the force that had smashed a gigantic hole through one wall, for Ham tried several light switches and got no results. He continued to use his flashlight. The others trailed behind the lunging beam of light.

"Let's scatter and look for a phone," Ham said. They separated.

In a small room, evidently a commander's office, Ham found a desk phone. He lifted the receiver and rattled the hook. For a while, he waited patiently. There was no answer.

Impatient, the lawyer rattled the hook and said, "Operator! Operator!" with some sharpness.

The line was dead, and Ham turned with the idea of rejoining Monk, Warren Allen and the girl, who could not be far away.

A man appeared in the doorway with a great deal of blue-steel gun in his fist and snarled, "That phone ain't all that's gonna be out of order around here!" The man stepped into the room, gun leveling.

Ham jumped, snapping off his flash and yanking his slender sword-cane from its polished, wooden sheath. The tip of the blade was coated with quick-acting anaesthetic, and it frequently saved the lawyer's life.

Ham moved smoothly, in total darkness, instinct telling him about where the other man was. Abruptly, the gun made a loud sound in the small room; it almost hurt Ham's eardrums.

Luckily, the lead went wild. Ham stepped forward, speared with the sword. He sought what he hoped was his attacker's chest.

Ham, however, made an error—he got too close to the man. Something came out of the gloom and connected with his lean jaw. He had a hunch what it was—one of the long ramrodlike cleaning bars for the big guns. It took the lawyer off his feet, threw him across the room and piled him headfirst into the far wall.

As he passed out, he had a hazy recollection of someone snapping, "Now we better get the one that looks like an ape!"

MONK was having troubles of his own at the moment. As he had ambled into a room looking for a telephone, something had hit him solidly from behind.

A muffled scream from the girl, Annabel Lynn, and the beginning of an outcry from Warren Allen made the disaster rather complete.

Monk, dazed but far from kayoed, went into action. They were trying—more than one man had hold of him—to half drag, half shove him into some space that was beyond the room where Ham had disappeared. It seemed to Monk that a dozen thugs must have jumped him.

Fists slugged away at his battered jaw; knuckles raked his scarred features. It didn't take much of that to get Monk mad. He grabbed assorted legs, arms, heads and did all the battering he could. He heard breath explode from tortured lungs; yelps of pain come from his unseen assailants' throats.

Monk convulsed and threw off his attackers as though they were so many midgets. He bellowed, and cracked heads



together. After a while he drew up short, and he realized that he was swinging at air.

"Blazes!" he snorted, disappointed. He stumbled over senseless figures, bent down, searched through pockets until he found a flashlight. Switching it on, he took one look at the unconscious forms, shrugged and dashed out to see what had happened to the girl and her friend. Also what had detained his partner Ham.

And Monk found no one. No Ham. No girl. No Warren Allen.

Monk started a more complete search of the place.

Ten minutes later, worried and puzzled about the disappearance of everyone, Monk raced to the car which he and Ham had driven to the fort. Perhaps they had gone back to the machine.

But they hadn't. There was no one at the car.

Monk decided he had better reach Doc. Climbing in the car, he switched on the short-wave radio transmitter receiver located behind the dash. When the set warmed up, he tried to raise a reply from Doc's skyscraper headquarters.

He did not get Doc—what he got, instead, was a dull rumbling noise that mystified him at first; then he realized that it was a voice, Renny's voice, and the giant engineer was saying over and over:

"Doc, are you listening in? Long Tom and I seized somewhere near Connecticut shore. Probably near New London. Doc, hope you are listening in. Long Tom and I need help. Hurry!"

Renny's bull-like voice soon faded. Monk whirled various knobs on the special built-in set. All he could get was hum of the tubes themselves and static.

"Hell's bells!" yelled Monk, who rarely used profanity.

He forgot the senseless men back at the fort. He forgot everything but getting in touch with Doc Savage as soon as possible.

Monk sent the big car hurtling toward New York. In a remarkably short time, he was in the express elevator being lifted to the bronze man's headquarters. The sun was rising over the horizon and

shining brightly through hallway windows up here high above the still-dozing city.

Monk, his short, stocky legs moving like pistons, hurried to the great door of bronze that was the main entrance to the skyscraper headquarters.

The door opened before the chemist was barely up to it, and Monk started to exclaim, "Doc—"

But it wasn't Doc.

It was homely Nanny Hanks, and she let out a cry of joy, jumped toward the chemist with open arms and said, "You poor dear! Look at your face and clothes! Something terrible must have happened to you!"

Monk backed off from the woman and stood glaring. Finally, he blurted, "Look, Ham is missing!"

"Yes, but—"

"Annabel is missing!"

Nanny Hanks grimaced.

"And Warren Allen is missing!

And now Long Tom and Renny are in some kind of jam. Have I got trouble!"

"You poor dear!" said Nanny Hanks solicitously.

Monk threw up his arms, dropped wearily into a chair. "And now *you* turn up!" He shook his head sadly, asked, "How did you get in?"

"I guess the place wasn't locked. I walked in."

"You started out with us—and we missed you down in front of the building. What happened?"

"I went in a drugstore to get some aspirin. This thing is giving me a headache. When I came out, you were gone. You ran off and left me." Nanny Hanks looked sadly at Monk and asked, "You said Renny and Long Tom are in trouble?"

Monk nodded dismally. "Yep."

"Well, I can tell you something about them."

Monk jumped. "What?"

"I picked them up on the short-wave radio here," Nanny Hanks went on. "They discovered something out there at Fort Atlantic, on Long Island."

"Yes?"

"And now they've been grabbed by somebody, because of what they found out."



engineer, Renny, might give them trouble, but puny-looking Long Tom would be a cinch. One man only tackled the thin electrical wizard; the rest made for Renny.

The one man found himself flat on the ground within a second after he made a clutch for Long Tom.

The other men were piling on giant Renny. Long Tom flew into the mêlée and started grabbing throats, and the attackers conceivably got the impression a bobcat had suddenly been turned loose. Long Tom moved with blurred, amazing speed.

Renny was flailing with his two pail-size fists.

The fight—a tangled, swaying, snarling mass—worked its way toward the nearby beach. Purposefully, Renny and Long Tom got the mêlée into the surf. They ducked heads into the salty water.

More attackers came running along the beach, to the aid of their henchmen. That finished the affair. Renny and Long Tom were overpowered, knocked senseless.

They were carried to their own plane and dumped into the baggage compartment. They were then tied hand and foot. The plane, carrying Renny and Long Tom and some of their captors, then took off in the darkness preceding dawn.

It was some time later that Renny, recovering from the knockout, managed to squirm his way along the floor of the baggage compartment in which they had been locked, and managed to locate a spare short-wave radio. The radio was an emergency unit carried in one of Doc's metal equipment cases. Renny got it out, put it in operation, and began calling with his mouth so close to the mike that his tone was a mumble.

From conversation overheard by Renny, he estimated their whereabouts. Feet and hands bound, and his thoughts rather hazy, he did his best.

This was the call that Monk had heard on Staten Island, and which had sent him back to headquarters—the same call of which Nanny Hanks told Monk at Doc Savage's headquarters.

Back at Doc Savage's headquarters, Nanny Hanks and homely Monk were puzzled—or at least, Monk

was bewildered. They had not decided what should be done. Monk, also, was no little worried about the predicament of his partner Ham.

Shortly after this, Ham arrived—not the smartly-dressed, dapper pride of Harvard, but a bedraggled, weary-looking Ham, with his face bruised, his expensively tailored clothes in shreds. Even his usually polished sword-cane was scuffed.

Ham stalked into the room and sank into a chair.

"Where's Annabel Lynn?" Monk asked.

"Haven't you got her?" Ham demanded. "There was a lot of excitement out at that fort, and when it was over, I couldn't find anybody. I just got back from there."

"No, I haven't got the girl. I thought she was with you."

"That's a fine note!" Ham complained. He lifted his voice to a yell. "Why in blazes didn't you take care of her, you homely dope!"

Nanny Hanks got between the two aids before mayhem could be committed.

She said, "Mercy me, you two better think about Doc Savage!"

"Doc?" Ham asked. "What's wrong?"

"He left a message for you," said Nanny Hanks quietly.

Monk jumped. "Message?"

It was the first time Nanny Hanks had mentioned the message.

"I heard it," said the stout woman, matter-of-factly. She motioned to a cabinet built into the wall. "It's on that recording machine."

The machine was a device constructed with two electromagnets, between which passed a thin steel wire. The apparatus used a similar principle to the phonograph, only in this case the recording was made by variable magnetizing of the wire instead of on a record. By playing the wire back, the original recording could be obtained.

Ham ran the wire through the instrument and the deep, magnetic voice of Doc Savage said, "Have gone to Connecticut. Renny and Long Tom in

trouble near New London. Suspect they are held at some cove near there. And whole mystery seems to have that direction. Let Nanny Hanks help you and follow. Will contact you later."

Monk groaned. "I heard Renny callin' for help, too! Got the message just before I drove back here from the fort." The chemist suddenly looked worried, added: "Blazes, what about Annabel Lynn and that Englishman? You say you never saw them after we got separated, lookin' for a telephone there at the fort?"

Ham shrugged hopelessly. "They were gone. No trace of them. I have a hunch those crooks captured them and made off in a boat."

For a moment, there was gloomy silence.

Ham growled something and started toward another room, to get a change of clothing.

Nanny Hanks said, "Wait, you two. You want to know something?"

Monk would have liked to ignore the woman, but curiosity impelled him to ask, "What?"

"I know where that Long Tom and Renny are!"

Both men gave a start. Ham had paused in the doorway to the adjoining room. His eyes narrowed, and he said, "You seem to know everything. How come you're so full of information, but you only put it out by dabs and dribbles?"

Monk scowled and added, "Yeah. How come?"

"Don't you ever trust anybody when they ask you to?" Nanny Hanks countered.

"Not if I can get out of it."

"I don't see how you can get out of trusting me," Nanny Hanks said. "I know where Renny and Long Tom probably can be found. I'll take you there. Or you can refuse my help, if you wish."

"We're not refusing anybody's help," Monk said.

Shortly after this, they got started. They went back down to the street, where Monk had left the limousine; Nanny Hanks and Ham piled in.

They failed to notice the truck which pulled away from the curb a half block behind them. The vehicle was one

similar to the sound trucks used by news-reel companies, only its paneled sides were painted black. The truck kept behind the two aids of Doc Savage as they drove toward Connecticut.

DOC SAVAGE was flying low over the curving Connecticut shore line. The bronze man, using binoculars occasionally, was at the moment intent on scanning every inlet and cove that was tucked away south of New London. The plane in which Doc flew was the government ship borrowed at the time of Doc's experience with Philips, the would-be killer who had been slain before he could give information while under the influence of truth serum.

The fact that the bronze man had borrowed a military plane was being kept secret. Now that Doc Savage's life was in danger, there was no sense of inviting menace by taking the chances of enemies recognizing one of his own planes. Government planes of this type were plentiful enough to confuse a foe.

The mystery had cropped up in a new place. During the night, so Doc had been informed, a submarine lying at anchor at the New London sub base, had gone to the bottom. Luckily, no men had been lost. Divers had been sent down to learn what had caused the sinking of the sub.

Their report had been that a section of the submarine had collapsed. It could have hardly been a flaw in the workmanship, for the sub had been in commission for some months. As one diver reported, it was as though some impossible force had caused a good portion of the sub to simply collapse.

Furthermore, Doc had picked up Renny's call for aid. That had simplified matters a great deal, for Renny had left the portable radio which he had used switched on, and it had been a simple matter to use the direction finder with which the navy plane was equipped. Doc had been rotating the directional loop, watching the pointer, comparing it with the compass card—and flying, he knew, steadily nearer and nearer the radio which Renny had used.

Suddenly, as the bronze man leaned over the cockpit and studied the shore line below, he dipped his elevators and dropped swiftly. His flake-gold eyes were sharp.

To any other observer, the cove which Doc had just passed might have appeared as a sleepy, deserted little inlet far out near an isolated, drab bit of coast line. Trees grew up close to the water's edge; there wasn't a sign of life anywhere.

But concealed beneath tree branches dipping over the shore edge, Doc Savage saw the bit of something that gleamed in the hot sun. He circled low, came back, throttled his motors, and skimmed more closely over the quiet-looking inlet. This time his unusual eyes caught sight of a low metal wing, streamlined and sleek—the wing of a fast amphibian plane moored close under the trees along the shore, and covered with fresh-cut branches.

There was nothing unusual about a plane being tied up in a cove along a bit of lonesome Connecticut coast—but what was startling was that the plane was one of the bronze man's own ships! The radio he had traced down with the direction finder was obviously on that ship.

DOC SAVAGE barely grazed the treetops with the plane's undercarriage, gunned the motor, gained a little altitude and took a quick survey of the shore line beneath him. Adjacent to the cove in which he had seen his own ship, he saw another inlet that was one of the many indentations in this dreary stretch of land.

He glided down to a smooth landing, taxied toward the shore, cut his motors and climbed out in hip-deep water. The inlet was calm, smooth. He anchored the navy plane and started quickly toward the nearby woods that crowded close to a rocky beach.

Doc considered the possible fate that might have befallen Renny and Long Tom as he worked his way silently toward the adjacent cove. The big engineer and the electrical wizard, Long Tom, had been sent to the Long Island location of Fort Atlantic to investigate the mystery of the worthless gun-base. The two aids had

used one of Doc's amphibians for a quick flight to the fort—which was the last he had heard of them until now a call for aid had come over the special wave length used by all the bronze man's radio sets. Obviously, it had come from the streamlined amphibian lying here in this cove. So Renny and Long Tom had been in trouble on their own plane.

He kept to the woods, circled the cove until he was beyond and behind the concealed plane. Doc heard no movement. It was hot and quiet. Bees buzzed lazily somewhere close by; evidently there was a bee tree near.

For several moments, from concealing bushes, Doc watched the moored plane. Apparently there was no one about. Silently, he moved out into the open and headed quickly toward the ship. It was only necessary to take a dozen steps through shallow water in order to reach the amphibian; he swung agilely aboard.

There was a control compartment forward, a small cabin to the rear of this. Doc opened the cabin door, squinted his eyes a trifle against the gloom inside the ship, then stepped inside. Muffled through-the-nose sounds came from the two figures lying bound and gagged upon the floor.

One figure was well over six feet, with a long sad face that looked as unhappy as an undertaker viewing the Fountain of Eternal Youth, and who, when untied, stood up and said, "Holy cow, Doc!" in a voice that crashed in the cabin interior.

"You hurt, Renny?" Doc asked.

"My dignity hasn't been helped any."

"How about Long Tom?"

"Oh, they didn't do anything but boot both of us around," Renny said. "However, I think they were going to kill us later."

Doc got Long Tom untied and on his feet.

"You two might explain what happened."

Renny rumbled, "We got out to Fort Atlantic. Long Tom discovered something about the way the cement of that antiaircraft gun base had

disintegrated, and was just going to report the fact when an army of guys jumped us."

"At least a dozen of them," Long Tom put in more accurately. "They got us tied up and took us to our plane. And here we are!"

"Where are the men now?"

"They're somewhere close, I think. We gathered that they only kept us alive because they're meeting someone near here. Seems they're waiting for some further orders. Incidentally, while we were flying here, Renny managed to crawl to the microphone and send out that message before they came back to gag him."

"You have any ideas about this thing?" Doc asked the electrical wizard.

"It's something which is moving from place to place." Long Tom frowned. "But I can't understand why it has got a mad on at government buildings. Hell, we ain't at war with anybody!"

"That's true," admitted the bronze man. "And yet, whatever this thing is, it is obviously directing itself against the security of coast-line fortifications."

Renny, puzzled, asked, "Anybody declared war on us?"

Doc shook his head. "Relations with all foreign countries are the same as usual," he said.

"Which means everybody in Europe's tryin' to borrow money from us," boomed Renny.

Doc, happening to glance outside the cabin window, said quietly, "It wouldn't be surprising if those men yonder were some of them."

HIS two aids swung to follow Doc's gaze, and it was big Renny who breathed, "Holy cow! Look at the size of them. If you ask me, every one of those guys is a trained soldier."

At least a dozen men of massive stature were lined along the shore. Several had already started through the shallow water toward the plane. Nordic in type, all well over six feet, the men spoke to each other in a foreign tongue.

They had no suspicion of trouble.

When they were very near the plane, Doc Savage moved. The cabin door had been open. From the pocket of his concealed equipment vest, Doc grasped a fistful of small pellets. Several of these he tossed out upon the water, in front of the approaching mob.

Immediately, the water must have created some chemical reaction in the pellets, for they burst with terrific detonations, knocked up sheets of water, and blue flame seared the nearer of the yelling attackers. They started to retreat with singed faces and scorched hair.

"Come on!" Renny bellowed. He leaped out of the plane, followed by unhealthy-looking Long Tom. Doc threw some more of the pellets and joined his two aids.

The exploding missiles created a barrage behind which moved Doc and his partners. Renny leaped through a sheet of rising flame, let out a bull roar and started swinging.

Within seconds, everyone of the blond-haired giants had disappeared into the woods. The surprise had been complete.

For a while there was yelling and the sound of brush being trampled and confusion. And finally—silence. Silence that was thick and still and enveloping.

"They're gone," Doc advised. "We might remove the distributor mechanism from the motor so that they cannot steal the ship in case they do come back. Also, try contacting Monk and Ham. A woman named Nanny Hanks is with them."

Doc Savage explained briefly about the woman undercover operative. He said nothing regarding her forged identification card—strangely enough, the bronze man seemed content to give Nanny Banks free rein.

Long Tom removed an essential part from the distributor on the motor; the motor could not possibly be started without the part. Next, he moved into the cockpit, and tuned in the short-wave radio. Tubes hummed. "Hello Monk—hello Ham," Long Tom said into the microphone.

"Blazes!" said a small voice from the speaker.

"THAT'S Monk!" Long Tom exclaimed. Doc and Renny had joined him.

Doc picked up the microphone. "Monk?" he queried.

The hairy chemist yelled, "*Doc, where are you? Have you found Renny and Long Tom?*"

Doc explained what had taken place, gave his location, asked where the chemist and his partner were now.

Monk replied, "*U. S. Highway ten miles west of New London. Look, Doc, there's been a truck following us all morning. We're lettin' them keep us in sight, and thought we might lead them into a trap.*"

"What kind of truck?" Doc asked.

"*One of the movie sound trucks, it looks like,*" Monk hurried.

Doc's eyes were suddenly thoughtful.

He said quickly, "Keep the truck in sight, Monk. And now here's what you are to do."

The bronze man, in coming down for a landing on the adjacent inlet, had taken in the surrounding terrain carefully. The U. S. highway ten miles west of New London passed through a village only about two or three miles from this isolated shore spot, and Doc had observed a dusty, winding road that led from the main highway back in this direction.

Doc gave brief directions, told the hairy chemist how close they could come to this inlet by taking the old road. He finished with, "Let those in the truck see you turn in here. Draw them in. That is important. We'll handle the rest."

"O. K., Doc," said Monk.

Later, Doc and Long Tom and Renny waited somewhere along the narrow dusty road, where it wound down and ended in woods near the shore. The big limousine containing Monk and Ham, and Nanny Hanks swung into view.

Doc quickly directed the car beneath concealing trees off the road.

"Where's the trailing truck?"

"Close behind us!" Monk explained.

Sending Nanny Hanks to a place of safety, Doc and his men prepared to

waylay the truck. They waited five minutes . . . ten.

It was obvious that their quarry had, either through luck or cleverness, outsmarted them.

## Chapter XV DOC TRAILS NANNY

AT ten that same night, the disappearance of the sound truck, the vanishing of tall and regal Annabel Lynn and her friend, Warren Allen, remained a puzzle.

Monk and Ham, worried about Annabel, had told Doc Savage what they knew of Uncle Jason, whom the blond girl was seeking. Apparently, Jason was the key to the mystery, Monk and Ham assured Doc that the girl had told them.

Search for the sound truck had covered nearby Connecticut communities, but they had found no trace of the vehicle.

At ten thirty, Doc Savage contacted an army official in New York, using a radio set installed in the army plane that had been placed at his disposal. Doc spoke for some time with the official.

He came back to report, "Annabel Lynn and Warren Allen are somewhere near New London. They have been seen there tonight."

When they joined homely Nanny Hanks, she made no comment as Annabel Lynn's name was mentioned. Previously, she'd always had a remark to put in. But since the bronze man's statement concerning Annabel Lynn and Warren Allen being seen somewhere near New London, Nanny Hanks had remained unusually quiet.

It was shortly after this that Monk, looking around to make certain that Nanny Hanks wasn't on the verge of making another pass at him, let out a startled bark.

"What's wrong with you now?"

Ham asked.

"She's gone again!"

"Who?"

"That vanishing wonder around here—Nanny Hanks!"

Doc Savage seemed to reach an abrupt decision; he spoke tersely.

"All of you start a search for Annabel Lynn and that friend of hers—the Englishman," Doc ordered. "Bring them back here, if you locate them."

Without further explanations, Doc left his men. The bronze man—he had not mentioned the fact to the others—had seen the departure of Nanny Hanks; he had watched, and he knew in what direction she had gone. He now followed her through the night.

The bronze giant carried a small case taken from the limousine that Monk and Ham had driven out from New York—a metal case of the type used as containers for the variety of scientific gadgets which he had occasion to use.

NANNY HANKS lost no time in reaching the main highway that led toward the seaport town of New London. She got out on the highway pavement and started trying to thumb a ride; there was determination in the way she went about getting a lift.

Doc Savage, suspecting her purpose, moved back to the security of high bushes bordering the road. In the next few moments, as Nanny Hanks tried for rides, the bronze man worked quickly with materials taken from the equipment case.

When the woman undercover operative was picked up by a passing truck, a bent, long-looking farmer appeared beside the road and raced after the vehicle. The stoop-shouldered farmer was Doc Savage, and he managed to swing onto the tailboard of the truck. The highway was a through route to Boston; many trucks were on the road, and there was considerable traffic noise, so that it was very infrequently that Doc caught a word from the driver's compartment.

Seated in the big cab of the truck, the driver asked, "Going far, mom?"

"Reckon not," she said. "Just a piece. I'll let you know after a bit where I want to git out."

Doc, moving back to the rear of the truck, watched the road and wondered

if the woman's destination was New London.

They were soon entering the street-lighted outskirts of the town. Rumbling through downtown streets, Doc kept a sharp lookout, prepared for the truck to stop. It did not halt.

They rolled on out of town, across the narrow Thames River, then the truck suddenly slowed. Doc dropped off quickly, took cover and watched Nanny Hanks climb out. The section was a river-front district of shacks and places to hire fishing boats and tackle.

The bronze man waited until the truck had gone on, and Nanny Hanks had moved ahead, then stepped out boldly and followed the homely woman, depending on his disguise.

Soon he was walking back along the side of the highway, thence down a flight of rickety wooden steps that led to a string of fishing shacks and water-front boat-rental docks.

Being summer, and warm, many of the places were open all night. They rented canoes, rowboats and skiffs for fishing. Several buildings ahead, Doc saw dumpy Nanny Hanks climbing into a flat-bottomed rowboat; evidently she had just rented the craft.

Doc, stalling for time, started looking over some boats. Perhaps a farmer interested in taking himself a night rowboat ride was a little unusual, but when Doc tendered a sizable deposit to the caretaker on duty, no questions were asked.

Nanny Hanks had disappeared downstream, rowing close along the shore, by the time Doc pushed off in his own craft. A significant point occurred to the bronze man. On this very side of the Thames, not far above here, was located the U. S. Naval Station and submarine base. But Nanny Hanks apparently was not headed that way—she was going downriver toward Long Island Sound, less than three miles away. Doc followed quietly, making no noise as he managed the oars expertly in the calm water.

After a while, Doc heard no dip of oars ahead, no creak of oarlocks in the still night. He held his own oars out of the water and listened tensely.



Ahead, a voice spoke challengingly. Nanny Hanks replied. Then the two voices lowered, and there was talking; Doc could not catch the words. But he heard the woman's rowboat bump some kind of dock; then steps were hurrying swiftly along a string-piece. There was a sharp clank like an iron door closing and then silence.

Doc moved ahead quietly, found a wooden dock, carefully tied his rowboat. He swung up a ladder to the planks, started walking toward shore, then halted.

On the far side of the dock something loomed up out of the water—something that hardly belonged here, several miles downriver from the naval station. It was the conning tower of a small submarine, and the major part of the sub was beneath water level.

WITH as little sound as possible, Doc stepped down a short gangplank that led to the conning tower hatchway. His powerful fingers, working carefully, found and gripped the hatch opening and raised silently.

A glow of light came from the control room below, and voices talking, several of them. Doc listened.

Nanny Hanks was saying, "—and so he'll be at the navy yard tomorrow. You can make an appointment with him."

"At what time?" a voice with a foreign accent asked.

"About eleven o'clock tomorrow morning," replied Nanny Hanks.

"Jason Lynn is ready to make a deal, yes?" The speaker had a sleekly smooth voice, markedly foreign.

"Yes," said Nanny Hanks briefly. "I understand you are moving to the base near Boston tonight."

"Correct."

"And what about this girl—this Annabel Lynn?"

The purring laugh came again. "Don't worry about Annabel Lynn!"

That seemed to be the end of the interview; there was sound of feet moving about. Doc started to lower the hatch opening—and someone landed on his back with the force of a hurtling juggernaut.

He was thrown to one side by the impact. The hatch cover slipped from his grasp, slapped down with a crash. Doc whirled, tried to reach for the shoulders of the man who had somehow managed to slip up on him so silently.

He saw three figures. Vague, heavy men, menacing forms in the gloom of the river front. The one man who had jumped the bronze man gripped Doc's arms. He yelled to his two assistants, "Quick! Slug him!"

But Doc took them off guard. He moved with blurred speed, sent the man holding his arms over his head. The fellow landed in a sprawl somewhere on the dock. Another assailant leaped in, confident that he was going to finish off the man in the farmer's garb. An arm slapped him side-wise and he tumbled into the water.

The third found hands around his neck; he was yanked off his feet. He went up in the air, kicking frantically, and he did a somersault, hit the water alongside the dock.

Doc Savage had no desire to be recognized; so far, wearing the disguise, he did not believe they had guessed his identity. He deliberately let the first of the men coming up out of the sub hit him with a pipe wrench. He had seen the wrench as the man came out of the hatch; it swung a second later, and Doc let it land, being sure to go backward so that the blow had no more force than a hard-slugging fist.

Doc toppled backward toward the water, made a splash as he hit the surface and went under. He didn't come up.

The wrench-wielder yelled, "Got him! He's done for!"

Men crowded around the string-piece and looked relieved when the slugged figure did not again come to the surface.

"Who was he?"

"Some apple-knocker who came aboard to gander."

"He hear anything?"

"What difference does it make now?"

Doc Savage dived deep, swam underwater for many yards and emerged

some distance from the spot, coming up close to shore, then working his way carefully out of the river. On dry land he moved silently through marsh grass bordering the spot.

Sometime after midnight, the bronze man returned to the meeting place at the cove where the amphibian plane was anchored.

His men had not yet returned, so Doc left a message for them.

Then he took his borrowed army plane that was still lying at anchor in the adjacent inlet and flew to New York.

## Chapter XVI JASON

SOMETIME before dawn that morning, there was mysterious trouble at the defense fortification outside the channel entrance to Boston Harbor. The fort was built on a point of land near Neponset. The single road that wound out to the spot was always under heavy guard; later, army sentries on the road declared no movement of cars or persons had occurred during the night. Likewise, airplane sound-detectors placed at strategic points along the coast line showed no unaccounted-for planes in the vicinity.

But nevertheless a fantastic thing happened at the fortification, and somehow the news leaked out and got into the newspapers. Extras were on the downtown Boston streets by ten o'clock that morning. And Doc Savage read the headlines as he rode toward a Boston hotel.

Several gun placements at Fort Point—that was the newest location menaced—had completely collapsed, apparently by some power that had weirdly disintegrated sand, stone and cement. Huge long-range guns, so the papers said, were useless wrecks embedded in the pulverized foundations. It would take weeks to dig them out, and even then many of the long-range weapons themselves were said to be so damaged as to be worthless.

Less than a half hour before, the bronze man had arrived from New York.

He had left the army plane at New York, returned in one of his own planes. A strange assortment of equipment was stored in the plane, where it was under police guard in Boston Harbor. Besides his visit to the Boston hotel—the Pilgrim Prince—Doc was also anxious for word from Renny, Long Tom and the others. On his message left at the meeting place at the cove, he had mentioned this hotel.

The desk clerk nodded, "Colonel Jason Lynn will see you at once, Mr. Savage. Room 213."

Doc got up and disappeared toward the elevators, and as he did so, Monk and Ham, in some kind of heated argument, walked into the hotel entrance.

Neither of them had seen the bronze man, although they had found the message about the meeting at this hotel.

A girl with pretty red hair had paused to glance at dapper Ham, the scarred-faced, homely-looking Monk.

The red-haired girl giggled, then hurried toward the exit of the hotel.

A moment later the page boy came up to Ham and Monk and asked, "Are you the gentlemen who are to meet Mr. Savage?"

They nodded.

"Well, you are to go up to Room 213," said the page boy.

Upstairs, they were introduced to Jason Lynn by Doc Savage.

JASON LYNN was a large, pompous man with heavy walrus mustache and a prominent stomach, rather the picture of a comic-strip financier.

Doc Savage said, "This is Jason Lynn, Annabel's uncle. We had just agreed on that fact when you arrived."

"Yes, I have a niece named Annabel Lynn," agreed the old fellow.

"Then," said Monk, "you can explain this business of things falling to pieces. Now, start at the beginning and tell us the whole story."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Jason Lynn said.

"You don't!"

"Emphatically."

Monk looked a little groggy. "You mean to tell me that we've got our noses in another empty hole?" The homely chemist turned to Doc Savage. "Maybe this is the wrong Uncle Jason, Doc."

"He is the only Uncle Jason that Annabel Lynn has, Doc explained. "I checked with people who know Annabel Lynn—you will recall that she was fairly well known in Washington—and this is the only Uncle Jason she owns."

"I'm sure Annabel has no other Uncle Jason," said Jason Lynn.

"Perhaps," ventured Jason Lynn, "you are victims of one of my niece's hallucinations."

"Hallucinations?"

"Off moments, if you like that expression better," said Jason Lynn. He assumed an air of reluctantly making an admission. "You see, my niece Annabel does queer things at times. I am afraid—well, she had a hard fall when she was a child, which might explain it."

WHEN Doc Savage was downstairs and out on the street, he moved to a spot where Monk and Ham had parked the large limousine.

Renny and Long Tom were waiting in the machine.

"Any luck?" Long Tom asked.

Monk made a zero circle with his fingers.

"Yes, let's kind of have a roundup," Renny suggested. "It might help."

Ham said, "I'll contribute this much: We know that buildings, planes, forts and guns are falling to pieces."

"Yeah. As if an angry ghost was goin' around raisin' the dickens," Monk said.

"Where do you get that ghost stuff, stupid?" Ham demanded.

Renny boomed, "Ghost, or no ghost, there's men mixed up in it, too. A mysterious gang that keeps bobbing up. A gang that we've trailed as far as Boston."

"Our summary," Doc Savage said, "leaves us where we started." The bronze man now issued instructions. "All of you get to the plane as soon as possible." He gave the location of the ship.

"Do not watch the plane so much as keep an eye open for persons who seem to have a suspicious interest in it," Doc said.

His explanation did not make much sense, and he did not elaborate upon it, but turned and walked away, and Monk and the others, after staring after him, puzzled, entered the limousine and drove off in the direction of the harbor where the plane was moored.

Doc Savage—this would have surprised Monk and the others—went back to Jason Lynn's hotel room and knocked on the door.

"What is it?" Jason Lynn called.

"Telegram marked urgent," Doc Savage said, changing his voice.

Jason Lynn opened the door. "I say! What . . . what—"

Doc walked in, closed the door, said quietly, "Sorry. I wanted to have another talk with you."

"I have no desire—"

"I was fairly certain you wouldn't have," Doc Savage said, and he took Jason Lynn by the neck with both hands and they began fighting.

## Chapter XVII TWO OF A KIND

AT eleven o'clock that morning, tall, pompous Jason Lynn climbed from a cab in Charlestown, a part of Boston where the navy yard was located, and met a man who was waiting for him in front of a building near one of the gates to the naval base.

Jason Lynn was carrying something in a brief case, and he handled the bag carefully.

The man who met Jason Lynn was outstanding in neither appearance nor dress; quite plain and quiet-spoken, he appeared to be a foreigner of some sort.

Jason Lynn asked, "The meeting has been arranged?"

The man nodded. "The deal, if satisfactory, will be closed today."

They got in another cab, rode for some time as the quiet stranger gave directions to the driver. Somewhere north

of Boston, near the water front, they got out and the man led Jason Lynn to an old house squatting like a fat hen near a row of docks.

"In here," the man directed.

The cab left. Apparently the neighborhood was deserted.

The house was the only one in the vicinity, and even the windows were boarded. The two men went inside.

To Jason Lynn, the stranger said, "You understand, I believe, that you are to go blindfolded? That was the orders from our leader."

"Quite," said Jason Lynn.

He was quickly blindfolded, led down a flight of stairs and along a passageway. The tunnel apparently ended beneath a dock, because there was the salty smell of the ocean and the sound of foghorns offshore.

Jason Lynn was led up a gangplank, across a deck, down a companionway and into a darkened cabin. Soon there was the throb of engines, and the boat cast off.

For some time, Jason Lynn was left in the cabin. He was permitted to remove the blindfold, but he noted that the porthole opening had been painted black on the outside. Lights were turned on within the cabin. There was no way to tell whether the vessel was heading out to sea, or moving up the coast line.

Jason picked the lock rather expertly. Then he eased open the door and stepped out into a passageway; a moment later he was gliding along the corridor.

Voices were talking behind a closed cabin door farther along the gloomy passageway. For some moments, Jason Lynn listened. When there was movement inside the cabin, as if the occupants were preparing to leave, he hurried back to his own room.

He had not been able to understand the voices in the cabin.

ABOUT two hours later, throbbing of the boat's motors stopped and shortly the vessel bumped against something that might have been a wharf—or another

boat. There was no motion except a gentle rocking.

The quiet, plain-looking man who had first met Jason Lynn returned to the cabin, said, "All right. Bring your case. The boss is here."

Jason Lynn was escorted to another cabin. In the room were seated several men who were obviously hired thugs. The one person who did not look like a gunman was masked and sat behind a large desk across the cabin.

In a quiet, well-modulated voice, he said, "You have the plans for your device with you?"

The Englishman, instead of answering the question directly, said, "I am ready to make a deal. The U. S. government is ready to pay a handsome price for my invention, sir. If your offer is sufficient, however, that is a different story."

"One thing," said the masked man seated opposite. "You are positive that your device can stop this—well, shall we give it the name the newspapers are beginning to use—the angry ghost?"

"Absolutely," said Jason Lynn. "It has been tested—though U. S. army officials think I am still working on it. They need that device, sir, to stop the havoc being wrought by—yes, we might as well call it the angry ghost."

The masked man smiled thinly. "Fine! We'll give you a million dollars for those plans. And I would like to close the deal here and now."

"You have the currency?"

The masked man placed a suitcase on the desk and opened it. It was full of bills of large denomination.

Jason Lynn stood up, opened his briefcase, dumped out a stack of perfectly blank papers.

Yelps of rage came from the hard-faced men seated in the cabin. The masked man demanded, "What kind of a trick is this?"

Very calmly, Jason Lynn said, "No trick, my dear man. I merely wanted to know that you meant what you said about buying my invention. The real plans are safe in a vault at my hotel. I shall be glad to return with them later, and you can

have the money ready. Meanwhile, I must add a little to my price."

"Price? What do you mean?"

"Simply this," said Jason Lynn. "I happen to know that you are holding two people captive. One is my niece, Annabel Lynn. The other is her friend, Warren Allen. They must be put ashore with me and set free. Otherwise the deal is off!"

The masked man gave a start. Then he said, "You're quite a clever person, sir."

THEY used care—the long ride in the boat, then the blindfold was put on his eyes—in returning Jason Lynn to the shore somewhere north of Boston. It was dark when the boat put in, and apparently the trip had occupied the long period of time in order to make source of the contact confusing.

Jason Lynn got a surprise as soon as he stepped on shore.

Young Warren Allen and blond Annabel Lynn rushed to him, the girl crying, "Uncle Jason!" She was almost in tears as she kissed him.

"Great Scott!" gasped Jason Lynn. "How did you get here? I thought they had you prisoner?"

"They did. They just put us ashore!"

Jason Lynn saw now that the vessel that had brought him was a sleek, fast yacht. The quiet-looking man who had originally met him called down from the deck:

"We are returning your niece and her friend to you as a gesture to show you that we are straight shooters. We finish our deal tomorrow night. The place: Kittery Point near Portsmouth. You will find an old shack exactly one mile north of the Point, at a small inlet. Wait until you see a signal from offshore at ten o'clock."

Jason Lynn called, "Quite clear. I shall bring the plans with me. Have the money ready."

AT the hotel entrance, Warren Allen said, "I have an errand to do, my dear. I take it you're going to Kittery Point too?"

The blond, tall girl nodded. "Call me later. We can catch a train first thing in the morning." She hooked her arm through her uncle's. "We'll all go together. And Warren—thanks for not asking questions. You're sweet for helping without knowing what it is all about."

Warren Allen departed, and the girl and Jason Lynn hurried to Jason's room.

Once inside, Annabel Lynn drew up short, gave a startled gasp, and stared from the Jason Lynn with her to the Jason Lynn waiting across the room.

There were, it appeared, two pompous Jason Lynns!

But the Jason Lynn with the girl—the one who had made the trip—placed his hands on his face, twisted at his features, and waxlike substance and the walrus mustaches came off. From his eyes, he removed small colored glass shells that had concealed orbs of rich flake-gold. From beneath his clothing he removed padding that had made him look stout.

Annabel Lynn cried, "Why . . . you . . . you're Doc Savage!"

Doc said, "Quite!" His English accent was perfect.

Doc said to the girl's real uncle into whose arms she had now run, "The place is Kittery Point, near Portsmouth, tomorrow night."

The real Jason Lynn looked startled. "That's almost on top of Fort Smith!"

"Exactly," said Doc. "They plan to kill two birds with one stone. You had better proceed there by train. Do nothing that will arouse their suspicions." Doc explained about the signal that was to be given at ten o'clock, at the inlet near Kittery Point. "My men will be close by."

The bronze man looked at blond Annabel Lynn.

"I don't understand this," the girl said.

"Your uncle and I came to an agreement," Doc explained. "We fought a little, then we made up. We understand each other now—we have decided to work together."

Nodding to Jason Lynn, Doc went out. Half an hour later, at the harbor water

front, a navy gig ferried him out to the large plane that was being guarded by his men.

Monk, Ham, Renny and Long Tom were there.

Nanny Hanks, who had been seated out of sight in the rear of the plane cabin, now came forward.

Monk pointed at Nanny Hanks.

"She cropped up again," he explained.

Nanny Hanks grinned. "I wanted to be in on the ghost-catching," she said.

## Chapter XVIII THE ANGRY GHOST ARRIVES

LATER that night, Doc Savage's group, with equipment, moved northward from Boston Harbor in Doc's large plane. The bronze man himself was at the controls, and towering Renny, the engineer, did the navigating—and the navigating was no small task, because the night was very dark. On board were Long Tom, Monk, Ham and Nanny Hanks, and the cabin of the ship was crowded with a weird assortment of scientific apparatus and devices.

Doc said, "We'll land somewhere just north of the river entrance to Portsmouth, Maine."

Doc had a map in his hands and now he spread it out; he indicated various positions on the map. "Monk, you will go here with one of the sound-detector devices—one of the electrical listeners such as the army and navy uses to locate planes. We have several along."

Doc moved his finger a trifle on the map. "Long Tom will be *here*. And Ham, you cover *this* point. All of you will carry short-wave radio equipment and report any movement of anything out at sea, or in the air. I will be somewhere near *here*." The bronze man indicated another point, the isolated inlet near Kittery Point

Doc returned to the controls; Renny had been flying. It was Doc who brought the huge plane down, near dawn, at a spot on a lonesome shore line below Kittery Point. The bronze man explained:

"We have about six hours start. But there is no time to lose."

They taxied the huge ship to shore and started unloading; afterward Doc directed the concealing of the big plane with branches and foliage cut on shore.

Monk got Doc Savage aside, asked, "Say, Doc, about this sour-puss, Nanny Hanks. I don't trust her. We know she's not a government agent. By havin' her around, ain't we harboring a viper in our bosoms, as the sayin' goes?"

Doc said, "Nanny Hanks is a very clever operative of the United States government," he stated. "She pretended to be a fake in order to get in with foreign secret agents and learn their movements. What she has accomplished has never been done by any other woman operative."

THE day was quiet—a cocked-gun kind of quiet. Concealed at vital points along the rocky coast line, Doc's assistants used sound-detector devices. It was Ham who noted that all the detectors were placed in the vicinity of Fort Smith, adjacent to Kittery Point. Instructions to each man was to report immediately on any movement of anything out at sea, or in the air.

Doc had his other equipment installed in a shack at the isolated inlet at Kittery Point. Strangely, this seemed to include most of the bronze man's more antiquated apparatus.

Monk saw that Doc had simply gathered together a litter of apparatus that *looked* impressive.

Annabel Lynn, accompanied by her uncle, Jason, and Warren Allen arrived at nine that night. It was only an hour now to the appointed time when the contact was to be made.

The bronze man explained to Jason Lynn, his niece Annabel and Warren Allen, "You will stay ashore when the contact is made."

Jason Lynn swallowed. "But—"

"Allow us to handle everything."

Shortly thereafter, Doc Savage put on the make-up that transformed him into a second pompous Jason Lynn.

Lights were turned off inside the shack; they waited in silence. Fog rolled in from the Atlantic and clung wetly to clothing; there was the sound of surf on the nearby rocky shore, and frequent dismal croaking of night things in the darkness.

It was near ten when the radio began speaking in the darkness of the old shack. It was Long Tom's voice, and the electrical expert sounded excited.

"Doc!" Long Tom's voice came, "*Something out here offshore. It's heading for the inlet. Can't tell what the thing is, but there's powerful motor sound. Something that sounds like Diesels!*"

Speaking into the radio microphone, Doc advised, "Return here at once."

In the following minutes, Renny, Monk and Ham each reported similar movement of the unseen vessel.

"Come back here at once," Doc directed each of them.

They assembled in a compact group—Jason Lynn, Annabel, Warren Allen, Monk, Ham, Renny, Long Tom, Nanny Hanks and Doc Savage.

Doc Savage said, "We will separate now, and meet at the shack down by the beach. We can go more quietly one at a time. I will go first. The rest of you scatter, and make your way as silently as you can to the shack."

The bronze man left the others, moved rapidly, and was soon lost to sight in the night.

When Monk and Ham reached the shack, they discovered Renny and Long Tom already there. Some time later, Warren Allen put in an appearance, then Nanny Hanks.

There was quite a delay before Annabel Lynn and her uncle, Jason Lynn, arrived. And not long thereafter, Doc Savage joined them.

THE bronze man indicated the shack in which he had placed the conglomeration of apparatus.

"As you know," he said, "Jason Lynn had invented a method of ending this fantastic menace that has become known as the angry ghost.

"Unknown to any of you, we visited the laboratory," Doc continued, "and secured the necessary apparatus, which we have assembled here in this shack. We are about to test the effectiveness of our machinery."

"You think the angry ghost is going to pop up around here?" Monk asked innocently.

"Exactly," Doc said.

"And the gadget in there"—Monk pointed at the shack—"will lay the ghost. That the idea?"

"Yes."

Monk couldn't help snorting. "What makes you so sure the angry ghost, as they call it, is going to be here?"

"The submarine is approaching," Doc said.

"Sub— Holy cow!" Renny rumbled. "That was what I picked up over the listener."

Doc said, "The submarine probably brought the angry ghost to those forts where the gun bases were damaged, and it must have been lying in the East River when the bridge collapsed in New York City."

"But what about the Treasury Building collapse in Washington, the attack on our headquarters when your instruments were smashed, and some other times?"

"Recall the truck in which you were hauled about in Washington, when you were prisoners?" Doc asked. "Half of the truck body was partitioned off, I believe you said."

"Yes." Monk's jaw fell. "Great Scott, Doc! You mean we were riding around with the *thing* in the other half of that truck?"

"Very likely. And you recall the sound truck which was following you toward New London—the sound truck we failed to capture? That truck was undoubtedly used to transport this—well, the angry ghost.

"For a time," Doc conceded, "I was on the wrong trail. I thought the menace was coming from the air. I borrowed an army stratosphere plane, but did not find anything."

They could hear the submarine engines now without any aid from the

supersensitive electrical pickups. The craft had moved into the cove, and seemed to be anchoring.

Doc said, "No time for more talk. Nanny Hanks—Jason Lynn—Annabel—Warren Allen—you four get up the hill to the right of this shack. Wait there. If anything happens to us—if we should fail to whip this thing—you will flee for your lives. Run for it. Get to the army or navy authorities and tell them all you know."

Jason Lynn, Annabel, Warren Allen and Nanny Hanks left Doc Savage and the others. It was very dark. Jason Lynn led the way for the first few minutes; then Warren Allen spoke up in a hoarse whisper.

"Mr. Lynn, said Warren Allen, "aren't you losing your way? You're not heading for the hillock where Doc Savage told us to wait."

"Maybe I am getting lost in the dark," Jason Lynn said, rather gruffly.

Within the next few yards, Jason Lynn chose a convenient spot to stumble—a spot where there were plenty of rocks. When he stood up again, he carried a round rock, slightly larger than a baseball, in his fist.

Jason Lynn used the rock to strike Warren Allen on the head. Warren Allen dropped, instantly senseless.

"You want me to tie him?" Nanny Hanks asked calmly.

"Yes," said Jason Lynn. "Tie him and gag him. We've got a lot to do, and not many minutes to do it."

## Chapter XIX THE GHOST LAYING

DOC SAVAGE gathered his men on the beach and said, "Now here is the plan. I am going out as Jason Lynn, presumably carrying the designs for the device to stop the angry ghost. After I reach the submarine, you raid the submarine. Close in fast, and if we make a good surprise attack, we may be able to whip them."

"How do we get out to the sub?" Ham asked.

"Better swim," Doc said. "They would spot a boat." The bronze man

moved into some nearby bushes and came out with several small sacks filled with ordinary cork fishnet floats such as fishermen use.

"Here are floats," he said. "After you get in the water, discard corks until these will just keep you on the surface. If searchlights are swung toward you, you must be able to submerge and stay under until the light moves on."

"But Doc," Monk gulped. "What if this angry ghost takes a hand in the fight?"

Doc was already moving down to the beach. He did not answer.

A boat came from the submarine.

"Jason Lynn," called a quiet voice.

"Here," Doc said. He looked and sounded like Jason Lynn.

"Get in the boat," he was ordered.

Moments later he was in the small rowboat and pulling out of the inlet. A searchlight sprang toward them from close offshore, and Doc knew that there was deep water all around here. It was easy for the sub—he knew that it was the small submarine he had seen near New London—to come in close. The sub soon loomed out of the half-mist

Looking back, Doc observed that objects on shore were indistinct seen from here. The men rowing the collapsible steel boat, two of them, said nothing.

The boat bumped the steel, dark sides of the submarine. Immediately, someone spoke. "Jason Lynn?"

"Yes," said Doc.

"Over this way," said the voice.

Then Doc Savage saw the speaker's figure, standing near a curved ladder that led overside. The bronze man swung aboard. He was immediately escorted down the hatch to the control room just below.

The quiet-looking man with the accent, the one who had contacted Doc the day before, stood in the small room that was lined with switchboards and devices for control of the submarine. Other men crowded in through a heavy steel bulkhead doorway. All were big and grim-faced and quiet.

There was no sign of the masked man.



The quiet-voiced man said, "I'm afraid this is as long as you fool us. *You see, we happen to know that you are Doc Savage.*"

GUNS appeared, a ring of them that menaced the bronze man.

The fellow with the quiet voice was obviously elated.

"We aren't fools, as you're discovering," he said. "We know that you talked to Jason Lynn, and persuaded him not to sell out to us, as well as help trap us."

One of the ring of men cocked his revolver and asked, "Now?"

"Not yet," the quiet-voiced man said quickly. "We will let him live for a minute or two. He is a very famous man. He deserves a few moments and a few last words."

Doc said, "Good idea. You may not be as smooth as you thought."

"Eh?" They stared at him, startled.

"When I went to the rear admiral in Washington and offered to help, I began to get an inkling of the truth," Doc Savage explained without particular emotion. "The navy didn't want the truth to get out—didn't want the world to know that an enemy could wander up and down our coast line with impunity, putting bridges and forts and guns out of commission. So my offer of help was refused—because things I do sometimes get into the newspapers."

The quiet man smiled. "You know, then, that my country is trying to borrow money from your United States?"

"Yes. I know, too, that your country was one of those which borrowed heavily from America during the World War, then repudiated its debt—as a result of which repudiation, America would refuse to make your nation a loan now."

"That is true. Why deny it?"

"So your country began a campaign of extortion. You started demolishing forts and bridges and public buildings. The idea was merely to create so much fantastic damage that you would force the United States to make the loan. In other words, you thought you would convince the government it was cheaper

to make the loan than to suffer all this damage and embarrassing publicity."

"All quite true. What else do you know?"

"A secret agent of the United States government was serving as go-between for you and the United States government," Doc said. "The agent was a woman—Nanny Hanks."

The other smiled, but nodded. "Nanny Hanks must have told you that. So she is *really* a Federal agent! We thought she was a fake. Her credentials were forgeries."

"Deliberately forged to deceive you and others."

"Who would Nanny Hanks want to deceive beside ourselves?" The man was becoming intensely interested.

"Annabel Lynn, for one," Doc said.

"You know who Miss Lynn really is?"

"A secret agent for the English government," Doc said. "She was assigned to the task of finding the secret of—shall we continue to call it the angry ghost?"

"And her uncle, Jason Lynn?"

"An inventor, on the staff of the English army research department, who had perfected what he is convinced is a defense against the—angry ghost."

The quiet man smiled thinly. "That term—the angry ghost—is childish," he said. "Suppose we call the device by its true designation."

"Which is?"

"A sonic cohesion destroyer," the man explained. "By the way, we also happen to know that Jason Lynn furnished this apparatus, a neutralizing device, and that you have it set up in a shack on shore, on the chance you might get an opportunity to use it. I think we will destroy that shack and the apparatus now, then send a raiding party ashore to find the real Jason Lynn."

THE "sonic cohesion destroyer," as the man had termed it, was mounted on an elevator so that it could be lifted out through a hatch in the submarine deck. The contrivance was in place, a highly



saturated with chemicals, was a filter which would serve as a fairly effective gas mask.

Monk and others were wearing similar handkerchief masks.

Doc lunged at Ambrose as the man leaped away from the intricate sonic cohesion destroyer apparatus. He swung a fist. Ambrose made a barking sound, walked backward; his knees hit the rail and he flipped over into the sea.

Renny was howling, swinging his big fists. Whenever he missed a blow, he all but followed his huge fist into the air. When he did not miss, he bruised flesh or broke bones.

Monk had started his usual howling. He had two men down, was trying to roll with them into the sea.

Ham had bad luck, and lost his sword-cane before he got a chance to use it. A man snatched the weapon, hurled it into the sea.

Long Tom, standing clear of the general mêlée, unlimbered one of the supermachine pistols—small weapons, not much larger than automatics—which spouted mercy bullets, slugs which produced quick unconsciousness without doing much physical damage.

There were not many men on deck. The fight was fairly even. They stood a good chance of winning—until someone in the sub control room began filling the ballast tanks and submerging the undersea craft.

The sub went down quickly, with crash-dive speed. Men were fighting to get the hatches closed.

Monk fought clear of his opponents, raced along the deck, and grabbed the painter of the collapsible boat. But instead of leaping into the boat, he yanked the little craft up bodily on deck.

The collapsible boat was not heavy, and Monk was fabulously strong. Monk jammed the small craft, bow-first, into the handiest deck hatch opening. He remained there, fighting off men who tried to get the boat out of the hatch, until water came boiling up over the deck and washed him away.

Monk had effectively prevented the closing of the hatch, so that a flood of sea water poured into the craft as it sank.

Doc, diving clear of the swirl of water, lifted his voice.

“Flares!” he shouted. “Use flares.”

The flares were small pellets, magnesium combined with other chemicals, which floated and burned with intense glare, unhampered by water.

By that light, Doc Savage located Ambrose and another man swimming in the bay. He overhauled them, laid his fist against their jaws to produce unconsciousness, and towed them ashore.

THE navy planes arrived shortly after midnight. They had been summoned by Doc Savage, using his portable radio, and they brought divers and diving equipment—as well as Rear Admiral Benton.

Rear Admiral Benton was the high navy officer who had refused Doc Savage’s help in Washington, and he was a little sheepish about the whole thing.

“We made an error in judgment,” he said. “Although, as a matter of fact, we had been specifically warned that you were not to be called in to aid in the case.”

“I understand,” Doc said pleasantly.

“I fear the public won’t,” the rear admiral muttered. “Here is a little half-baked European country which was trying to extort a big loan from the United States, and going up and down our coast destroying military equipment and public structures at will. And we refused help from the one man who finally managed to corner the troublemakers and overcome them—meaning yourself.”

“The public need not know about this,” Doc Savage said.

Rear Admiral Benton swallowed twice. “You mean that?” he asked.

“Of course.” Newspaper publicity was one of the things which Doc Savage had found it wise to avoid whenever possible. He explained this. “Let it be known simply that the Federal government cornered the extortionists



The bronze man guided them to a spot in the brush nearby, where a bound figure lay. The bound man glared at them, said several things, using words which could not be found in any dictionary.

"Warren Allen!" Monk exploded.

"The leader of that submarine gang," Doc said. "Warren Allen signaled them with a flashlight as they were coming into the cove tonight. That is how they happened to know about the fake apparatus we rigged in the shack. As a matter of fact, that is why we did so much futile chasing about throughout the affair. Warren Allen was keeping them posted as to our moves."

Warren Allen was handcuffed and hauled away.

Monk watched him go with considerable pleasure.

"That," said Monk, "leaves the coast clear for me, as far as Annabel Lynn is concerned."

THE END

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