

BLACK HAWK

The phantom of Indiana

BY LOU WEDEMAR

EDITOR'S NOTE—The narrative, "Black Hawk" is purely fiction and its leading characters exist only in the author's imagination.

SYNOPSIS

Black Hawk, who signs his letters with a winged death's head, has threatened to destroy all industry in central Indiana. Robert Martine, wealthy Indianapolis maverick of military intelligence, U. S. army reserve, has been assigned to the case. Following a mysterious explosion at Ft. Harrison, shortly after Black Hawk's death, the Indianapolis postoffice, Major Martine, with Ava Breen, who is betrothed to Dr. St. George, joined Dr. St. George's staff to get her out of possible danger. On their return, Ava receives a warning from the Black Hawk to stay away from Major Martine.

CHAPTER FOUR

ALARMED by the delivery of the threatening note to Ava, perhaps more than by anything else that had occurred, Bob insisted that he take her home at once.

A newsboy screaming on the corner of Meridian and St. Clair streets halted him long enough to buy papers. As he drove on he saw the headlines:

"BLACK HAWK" THREATENS UNION STATION!
"Police Issue Warning to Public!"
"Phantom Maniac Causes Panic in Central Indiana!"

Although it was midnight, lights burned in the Breen home when they drove up, as well as in the St. George's house next door. As they crossed the lawn, Ava thought she saw a figure skulking under the trees, but dismissed it as imagination. Later she wished she had called Bob's attention to it.

There were voices in the library, but Bob and Ava stopped, as soon as they were inside the house, to read the newspapers.

"Indianapolis and central Indiana were menaced tonight by a phantom bomber, calling himself 'Black Hawk,' and boasting that he had caused the noon-hour explosion in the postoffice, in which more than fifty persons were injured," one account began.

"The situation was so fantastic as to be almost incredible, the police and federal authorities took the news very seriously."

"There is no doubt that a dam-maniac is at large," said Police Chief Morrissey.

"I issued a general warning to the public and set up police lines to keep all persons at a distance from the Union Station, which 'Black Hawk' threatens to destroy within a few hours."

Adjoining was a photostatic copy of Black Hawk's latest message, apparently sent in triplicate to The Times, News and Star.

"To the Editor," it read. "Please print this warning to everybody. I have warned the authorities, but they pay no attention to me."

"We do not want to take any more lives than are necessary, but we are determined to gain full possession of central Indiana."

"Every living person must depart at once from the area shown on the maps I sent to the President and Governor McNutt. To enforce my demands I have many willing men, complete equipment, and a powerful new explosive modeled on a discovery made in one of your chemical plants, one drop of which will wreck your biggest buildings."

"I am sorry that some of you were injured at the post office today. That was intended only as a warning to a meddler, who is powerless to save you. But it proves that I am in earnest and you can not escape the consequences of disobeying me."

"Stay away from Union Station at South Illinois street and Jackson place, as I intend to try out my explosive on it tonight."

"There is no use sending fools out to catch me. I am a master of disguise."

"Yours, Black Hawk."

With it was a telegraphed photo of the circled map, sent from Washington.

They were silent for a moment: Bob was considering this new devil.

"He sounds like an educated person," said Ava.

"He can't be, if he thinks he can fight the whole civilized world."

Bob turned away. "May I use your telephone?"

"While he was trying to locate Chief Morrissey, Ava went into the library where she found her father with Dr. St. George and another man whom she did not know."

"Bob will be here in a minute," she said. "He is phoning. Have you seen the latest papers?"

"Thank you, daughter. I was getting worried about you. May I present Mr. Wilfred Beaumont? He's the gentleman from Greenwich Village I was telling you about?"

Wilfred Beaumont was a personage such as is seldom seen outside an art colony—tall, ascetic, with longish hair and wistful, sorrowing eyes. He took Ava's hand with a flourish and kissed it.

"I hope you won't mind if I say so," he murmured, "but you are the most beautiful woman I have seen in Indianapolis."

Ava blushed, and Mr. Breen laughed.

"Don't mind him, Ava. Mr. Beaumont's poet. I've explained to Dr. St. George. Mr. Beaumont was on a lecture tour, but his lecture at the lodge didn't bring in enough money to pay his transportation to Cleveland, his next stop."

"And I refuse, Miss Breen, absolutely refuse to allow any one to lend me the money! I am proud, if I am poor, and if Indianapolis doesn't care enough for poetry to pay what little I asked, I shall stay here until it does!"

"At whose expense, I wonder?" Dr. St. George growled, hurling aside the newspaper he had taken.

"I SHALL accept no charity, if that is what you mean," said Beaumont. He stared at Dr. St. George, piercingly, and then leaped to his feet. "Now I know you!" he cried.

"Professor St. George! I took a course in Indian poetry from you at Columbia. I thought I remembered your beard, and your bass voice."

"I haven't taught at Columbia in years," responded Dr. St. George gruffly.

"But you are interested in the subject?"

"Dr. St. George is probably our foremost expert on Indian history," Mr. Breen interposed. "Some day,

Mr. Beaumont, we may be able to persuade him to show us his collection of arrowheads, blankets, canoes and things."

Dr. St. George was addressing himself to Ava.

"We had an engagement for dinner, my dear!"

"I'm sorry, Lionel. I had to drive Dolly to Crow's Nest."

"I don't like to have you running around with conditions as unsettled as they are," St. George said.

"There's no telling where this Black Hawk may strike next."

"So you take it seriously, Doctor?" interjected Mr. Breen.

"If the letter writer is really the man who bombed the postoffice, I certainly am, Ava, don't you think you would better go away some place until this is over?"

"Go away! Why?"

"You have been seen in company with Major Martine, and from what Mr. Breen tells me in confidence, I understand he is mixed up in this Black Hawk thing pretty deeply."

"He's investigating it, yes. But if he—if father has to stay here, I'm going to stay, too."

Mr. Breen smiled thanks to his daughter.

"It may surprise you," he said, "to know that I have a theory about this business."

"A theory?" asked Beaumont.

"Yes. I have an idea I may be able to provide the authorities with a clue. I used to know something about explosives, during war days, and I noticed something peculiar in the way the force was exerted by the blast in my office today."

St. George snorted.

"Better leave detective work to real detectives, like Major Martine," he said, as Bob entered the room.

Martine explained that he must leave at once.

"We are going down to Union Station to look over the situation," he said. To Ava he added, "I hope you'll forgive me for keeping you out."

"That's quite all right."

There was no warmth in her voice, and Bob noticed that St. George had his eyes fixed on her.

"He's afraid she likes me," Bob thought.

Aloud he said, "Good night."

"Say," exclaimed Beaumont, "I'd like to go with you. May I?"

"Not tonight, if you don't mind. Some other time. We'll be glad of all the help we can get, before this is over."

MR. BREEN saw him to the door. It had barely closed behind him when a figure stepped out of the shadow and said:

"Come with me, Major Martine!"

Before stepping outside the Breen house, Bob paused long enough to peer through the glass panel of the door.

The incidents of the last few hours had not changed the happy-go-lucky disposition that made him take break-neck chances at polo, but they had made him temporarily a little more cautious.

He might be called upon at any time to do battle with the mysterious phantom, Black Hawk, or his men. Lives depended upon him—Ava's life, and that of countless others.

As he stepped out into the night, closing the door after him, he was relieved to see no foe awaiting him. Through the trees that lined North Meridian street came the faint chiming of a churchbell. All life seemed arrested; it was as if he were alone in the world, fighting a deadly unseen foe.

At that moment a figure materialized in front of him—a crouching, menacing figure in whose eyes shone the light of fanaticism.

Bob found himself looking into the shiny barrel of a revolver, held in hands as steady as iron.

The figure spoke.

"Come with me, Major Martine!"

Tomorrow—Black Hawk's Wings Over Union Station.

NATIONAL COLLEGE HEADS MEET HERE

State University Boards to Convene Wednesday.

Annual meeting of governing boards of state universities and allied institutions will open Wednesday afternoon at the Indiana university medical center, and will be continued Thursday, Friday and Saturday at Bloomington.

Most of the leading state universities of the United States, Hawaii and Puerto Rico are members. The meeting is to consider problems of higher education, including budgets, enrollments, new projects, experimental work and adjustment to present economic conditions.

Luncheon is scheduled at the medical center Wednesday, followed by inspection of Riley hospital and other units.

Welcoming address will be given at Bloomington Thursday by President William Lowe Bryan of Indiana, who with Mrs. Bryan will hold a reception Friday afternoon. Governor Paul V. McNutt will speak at a dinner Friday. The visitors will attend the Purdue-Indiana football game Saturday afternoon.

BETH-EL TO SPONSOR THANKSGIVING DANCE

Mildred Harris Chaplin is Hostess for Annual Event Here.

Mildred Harris Chaplin, former wife of the film comedian, will be the hostess at the annual Beth-El benefit dance and floor show Thanksgiving night on the Indiana road.

This year's dance is to be called a "Night in Paris." The dance is sponsored by the Beth-El temple, the Sisterhood and Beth-El Men's Club.

Mrs. Chaplin will be here with the California synopsists. It will be her first appearance in Indianapolis. Heading Mrs. Chaplin's floor show will be the dance team of Juan and Juanita.

A ticket committee, headed by Max Farb and Dr. Phil Fallender, report reservations to the dance being made daily.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



ALLEY OOP



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN THE APE MAN

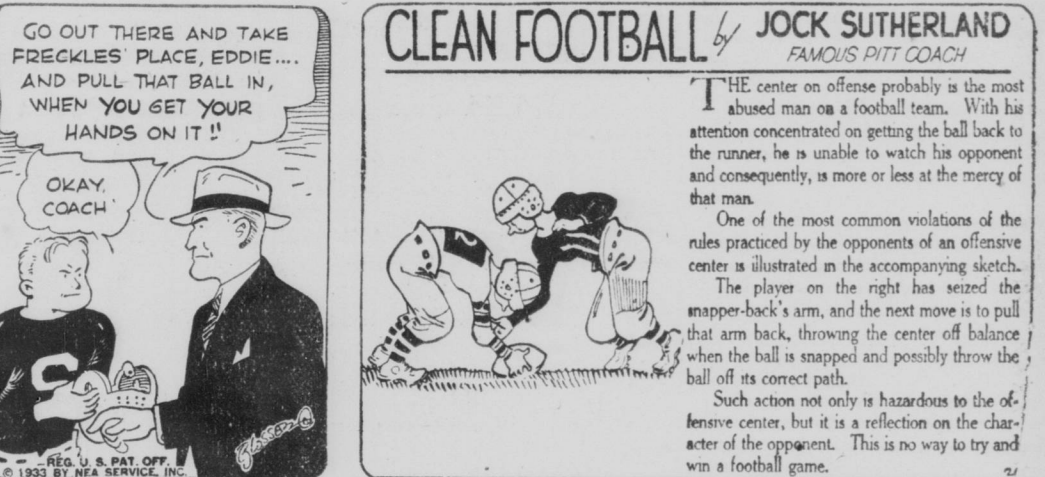


OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



CLEAN FOOTBALL



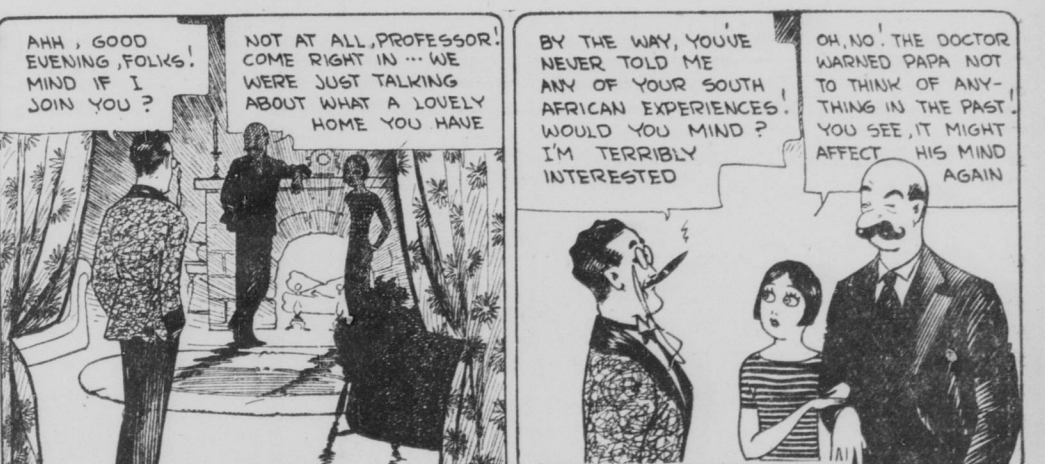
—By Crane



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