

MURDER at PIRATES' HEAD

By ISABEL WAITT

W.N.U. RELEASE

THE STORY SO FAR: Judy Jason, who is telling the story, receives an anonymous letter enclosing \$500 and asking her to bid for an abandoned church to be auctioned the next day. She suspects, in turn, each of the guests at the inn where she is staying. They are the Reverend Jonas DeWitt, Lily Kendall, Thaddeus Quincy, Albion Potter, Hugh Norcross and his sister, Bessie. Other possibilities are Aunt Nella and Uncle Wylie, owners of the inn. But the sender of the letter is still unknown when Judy bids for the church and gets it. That night she finds a hand protruding from an old sea chest. By a ring she recognizes it as Roddy Lane's.

Now continue with Judy's story.

CHAPTER II

We headed toward the inn, and all the while Mr. Quincy was trying to get a coherent story out of me.

"Are you sure the hand was Roddy Lane's?"

"Positively. Who else wears such a big square diamond? Noticed it particularly yesterday. The sun made it wink just as it did tonight."

"He had it coming to him!" You'd have thought Roddy was Public Enemy No. 1 from Mr. Q.'s tone.

We were abreast of the old fishshed, where the light still glowed dimly. I stopped, panting.

"He wouldn't have a telephone, would he, Judy?" His cane pointed toward Brown's.

"Doubt it. Deaf the way he is. We'd better keep on to the inn."

"Well, take it easy. Rest a bit," Mr. Q. said. "Or maybe you'd better run along alone. Leave me here."

"Nothing doing!" I began to push again. Later I was to wish we'd stopped to break the news to Old Man Brown. But now we struggled on without speaking, though Mr. Quincy reiterated, "Lane certainly had it coming to him." And I knew we were both thinking of the same thing—the scene at the inn the evening before.

In a flash I could see our guests seated at the tables. I was helping our little high schooler serve, and wondering which, if one of them, had sent me the \$500.

The Reverend Jonas De Witt demanded clams. Once he'd been a preacher in New York who'd "supplied" the Rockville Center Church in Summer and boomed at his helpless parishioners like the ninth wave in a storm at sea. He knew his religious creed, according to Uncle Wylie, and his golf. Indeed, before making arrangements at the inn he'd inquired minutely about a golf course, asking, as I now recalled, if there wasn't a short cut to it through the Lane estate. Uncle Wylie had carried in his golf clubs. "S a wonder the Reverend would come way over here, anyway. Sh'd think he'd hate the sight of the Lane place. Old Man Lane skinned him worse'n us. Danged if I don't take that boundary line to court."

Aunt Nella had sputtered back: "Don't get started on the Lanes. Fifteen years' feud over a few measly inches! Land sakes—dead, ain't he? And his good-for-nothin' son out West. So, get to shuckin' those peas."

And now Roddy was dead, too! Funny how little things come back to you in the aftermath of terror.

Lily Kendall sat beside Mr. Albion Potter, our painter, whose key I'd snatched for Bessie Norcross. Self-effacing, untidy, he was a negative sort of person, with a disconcerting way of staring you down.

More likely it was Hugh Norcross, or the Reverend Mr. De Witt, or even Mr. Quincy. Hugh rather interested me, when he could escape his clinging vine of a sister. Here was an eligible male, and did she know it! Bessie, as she repeatedly told the world, had already endured one nervous breakdown and appeared hell-bent to enjoy another. She and her brother were in their later twenties and had summered at the Head before. Evidently, from snatches of conversation I caught, she loathed the place. Yet she'd come again. Why? "—knew I was trying to forget!" I heard her exclaim once, and then Hugh's gentle exhortation: "—five years—prove to yourself—hurt any more—out West—ever meet him face to face!" Now, as it came back to me, I wondered. Out West? Were they speaking of Roddy Lane?

Mr. Quincy also sat at the big table, so Lily had her pick of the three men. Hugh and Bessie Norcross occupied a table by themselves. They all suffered over Lily's chief topic of conversation — her niece, Gloria Lovelace, who was rising in pictures in Hollywood.

Well, there they all sat, that memorable evening before, discussing the auction to take place the next day. I listened for dear life to their comments to get a line on my unknown donor. "The old dump would make a swell bonfire for the Fourth," Hugh Norcross said. "Lovely place to watch sunsets"—this from Lily Kendall. "Maybe I'll bid. Good spot to think in," Mr. Quincy grinned. "Me, I'm going to paint it," Albion Potter exclaimed. But it was the minister, trying to look dignified and eat a special order of steamed clams at the same time, who gave me pause with: "Preached there one Summer, years ago. Rather fancy the old church myself. Sentimental reasons."

Sentimental reasons! The very

words in my mysterious appeal. I filled his glass till it overflowed as I stared at him.

"Sorry, folks." I jumped a mile as a newcomer spoke from the door. "Couldn't help overhearing. I happen to want the old landmark. Better plan on some lively bidding."

Roddy Lane! Same brown suit with tie to match, same bachelor button he affected for his button-hole, same swagger, same dangerous dark eyes, but with a new square-cut diamond flashing from his little finger. Seven years since I'd seen him, yet he'd not changed. I was 14 at the time, and he'd given me my first kiss at a party. Not a nice kiss. I'd slapped his face instinctively. But now I was hostess and he was a guest, so I stepped forward. Maybe it was my copper-colored hair, but he knew me, too. "Well, if it isn't little Judy Jason." His eye ran over me. "My, you've grown into a beautiful woman! Feed me till after the auction?" I took his order, wondering was he the one.

A commotion was taking place at the main table. Mr. Quincy began muttering something about the bad odor and working his wheels. Hugh sprang to help him, narrowly missing Lane's toes. Bessie left the table, head high. Jonas De Witt's chair scraped. "Too thick for me!" The guests' high words floated back from the piazza down the empty hall. Even in the dining room

Do I know you?" He rose, and I saw at once that not only was his voice different, being quietly controlled, while Roddy bit off his words; but he was younger. His eyes, while just as compelling as Lane's, invited confidence; while Roddy's fascinated.

"You seem terribly upset," Mr. Quade said. "Sit down, why don't you? Can I get you something? A glass of water?"

"No, thanks." I slumped into a chair and heard a hysterical giggle coming out of me that sounded like Lily Kendall. "You—you wish to take your meals at the inn? Our rates—oh, I can't, Mr. Quade. You see, there's just been a—murder here. You wouldn't want to get mixed up with it. If you'll help me push a wheelchair up the ramp I'll call the police."

"A murder?" he shot at me. "Did you say—murder?"

As he bent over my chair a chill crept up my spine. Who was this person? How long had he been here? Could it have been her, Mr. Quincy and I had heard scuffling over near the Lanes? What was he doing at Pirates Head, anyway? Could he be the killer?

Victor Quade read the questioning fear in my eyes. "Nothing could drive me away now," he said quietly. "You needn't be afraid. I didn't do it—whatever it is. I'm trying to write stories. And this—don't you see? It lets me in at the beginning of a mystery. Where's the phone? I'll call the police."

I felt a little reassured and reminded him of Mr. Quincy; but he said never mind Mr. Quincy. Lead him to the phone. It was in my cubicle of an office, back of the sitting room which had been converted into a bedroom for our invalid. We went in and Victor Quade, firing questions at me right and left, lifted the receiver.

"Hlo? Hlo?" Then, jiggling the hook, "Emergency! Police!" He tried several times, but got no answer. "I might have known. We'll find the wire's been cut." He began investigating, while I wondered how he knew unless he'd cut it himself "Outside, probably," he added. "I could hear poor Thaddeus Quincy calling my name. 'Please help me with the wheel chair.' I said 'There doesn't seem to be anybody else around.'"

We got Mr. Quincy into the house and held a consultation. Both men, I noticed, eyed the other suspiciously. Victor Quade raced out again.

"Follow him, Judy! Don't let him get away. How do we know?" I raced out, too. Victor was coming back. "Just as I thought. Cut on the outside, not far from where you were, Mr. Quincy."

"I don't like your implication, sir," Mr. Quincy punctuated his remark with his cane. Could he have cut the wires? What with? I was remembering I'd bumped into him in the aisle of the church, so he could manage without his chair.

"Never mind the implication. If you cut them, the police will soon find out. The point is, they've got to be notified. How? Doesn't seem to be anyone here. Phone's useless. My car's in a garage in Rockville. I was towed in—my trailer, I mean —by the garage people, who parked me on the bluff and drove back to town. Is there another car I could borrow?"

There wasn't. Everybody'd gone to town, apparently; even Uncle Wylie. He'd ridden in Albion Potter's car, since his own had its innards dismantled out in the barn. Mr. Quincy looked relieved.

I tapped on all the bedroom doors, but evidently nobody was in. Aunt Nella was nearly asleep. She was working terribly hard to make ends meet, the season having only begun. I decided not to tell her the dreadful news, but to let Uncle Wylie do it. Where was he, I asked.

come to the auction, despite the fact I'd heard him threaten to bid lively. Maybe that was camouflage. Maybe he'd sent me the forty twenty-dollar bills to bid for him. And now that he was dead I'd never know why.

Aunt Nella let off an indignant mouthful before I could get my breath at the foot of the steps. We had, it eventuated, acquired a new "mealer." He'd come in a trailer and asked permission to park on the bluff, over beyond the Lane castle, where outlands cut in at an angle. He might stay a week, or a month, or the summer. Anyway Aunt Nella was furious, because she'd been mixing bread and had to receive him. He was in the parlor now reading a book. I'd better go right in and make terms, she said. She was going straight to bed.

Mr. Quincy nodded. "Go ahead, Judy. Sign him on the dotted line, and then get him to help me up the ramp."

"Before—?"

"Before. Might not, otherwise." "Might not what?" Aunt Nella queried, but trotted back to the kitchen, while I entered our front parlor, blinking into the bright light.

"Ooooooooooh!" I let out a little scream. "Nnnnnnot yyyyyou!" Call it nerves, but the man had on a brown suit. His hair and eyes were very dark. Even his size was about the same. No wonder I thought I'd seen a ghost.

"Why not I? I'm Victor Quade. Do I know you?" He rose, and I saw at once that not only was his voice different, being quietly controlled, while Roddy bit off his words; but he was younger. His eyes, while just as compelling as Lane's, invited confidence; while Roddy's fascinated.

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Snow White Furs to Fit Every Purse Fill Winter Style Picture

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



SNOW white furs whether costly or of the surprisingly inexpensive types are writing a fascinating chapter into the current winter fashion story. Style-alert college girls, 'teen-agers, careerists, ladies of more leisure, all are clamoring for the new white furs so outstanding in the fashion parade these days.

The younger set's preference is for "sporty," casual types like the cape of white lambskin or the coat styled in boxy lines, or the lumber jacket versions that are part of fur and part of red or green wool. These young moderns, having discovered how adorable these white furs look when their white jersey or white corduroy date dresses, are setting up a hue and cry for "any kind of fur, just so it's white."

The opera throngs pay homage to exquisite ermine which all goes to show that enthusiasm is running high for white peltry whether it be surprisingly inexpensive or of the costly patrician type that costs a "pretty penny."

For out and out flattery it's the lovely snow white furs shown this season that will give it to you. Wear a snow white neck-piece (one of the smart new stole types). Or, if it is a coat, jacket or cape, or a complete ensemble including hat and muff that you choose, be assured it's white magic will make you look your prettiest wherever you go.

All dressed for skiing, sleighing or skating is the merry-faced maiden above to the left in the illustration. Hers is typically a sports outfit. The jacket is for the most part of white fur, with just enough bright wool fabric to stress color contrast. The gloves and the hat of

white fur complete the ensemble.

Capes like the hooded white lambskin type centered at the top in the above picture are going over big with the college crowd. This sort of cape is one of those treasurable possessions that can be worn over one's suit in the daytime or over one's winter sports outfit. And for evening it makes the perfect wrap with one's party frock. You'll love the flattery of its face-framing hood, and the fact that it is a reversible type lined with Breton blue water-repellent poplin makes it perfect for all-purpose wear. So, you see, being made to "weather" the weather this cape not only ranks high in flattery but is ever so practical as well.

Trending to the somewhat more formal is the smart white coat to the right. The fur is white South American lamb. Here is a style-right coat that can go everywhere and be in perfect taste.

The portrait in the inset shows how exquisitely white ermine is attuned to jewels, to a smart formal hairdo and to the environs of formal functions. Note the desirous detailing of the neckline. At many dinner parties the long, sleek black dinner gown worn with pearl jewelry, and topped with a tiny white ermine dinner hat, with a dainty white fur muff carried for effect, constitutes the perfect formal costume. With daytime suits little white fur hats are worn, for fashion is placing emphasis on white millinery this season. Add white gloves, white fur neckpiece and a muff for the ensemble de luxe. Often the hat is of black velvet or felt with a bow or swatch of white fur.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

'Cover-Up' Style



Here you see the type of dinner gown for which best-dressed women are expressing a decided preference this winter. It has the slim lines, the very swank "cover-up" look which is so importantly stressed for formal gowns. The bodice is smoothly molded to accent figure perfection and, as you will observe, the narrow skirt has a slit hemline that gives an exotic air to the entire costume picture. The decorative pockets done in glistening beaded embroidery add the final touch of loveliness to this superb dinner gown.

Necessity Revives Home Sewers' Art

Now that everyone must conserve in every direction as a wartime victory measure, women are turning to home sewing as a means of making the most of what they have. Especially is the art of home sewing due for a revival now that traveling and motoring restrictions lead to more stay-at-home days and long after-dark hours.

This new interest in the "make your own" idea has so impressed merchants there is a movement throughout fashion centers to offer sewing lessons in the larger stores. The reaction to this movement has been most encouraging and the urge to sew is becoming widespread, so much so that it is considered the smart thing to be knitting, crocheting, doing fine needlework, and many women are so ambitious they are undertaking the family sewing.

Lace-Over-Print Idea May Start a New Style

A very interesting and refreshingly new fashion was recently launched by a leading designer when a charming two-piece was shown in an advance collection.

The twosome consists of a print dress complete in itself for general wear. For dressier occasions it is designed to serve as a slip under an exquisitely sheer black lace dress which is made to complete the ensemble. The print dress was also shown topped with a lace redingote. There is every reason to believe that this lace-over-print idea will develop into an important vogue.

New Year's Eve 'Sandwich Bar' Enlivens Party

"Snack" time at your New Year's eve party will be much more fun if you let your guests make their own lunch, fill their own plates and sit wherever they please. Such a scheme will encourage an informal spirit, especially among some of the guests who may not know each other very well. Moreover, it will be an inexpensive method of entertaining them.

The principal requisite for the occasion is a Sandwich Bar, holding all the "makings." Any well-decorated table sufficient to hold a variety of sandwich ingredients will serve the purpose.

The Sandwich Bar should contain:

- 1 loaf of sliced white bread
- 1 loaf of sliced whole wheat bread
- 1 loaf of sliced rye or pumpernickel bread
- ½ pound baked ham
- 1 pound of butter
- ½ pound liver sausage
- ½ pound cooked tongue
- ½ pound American cheese
- ½ pound cream cheese
- Assorted cookies and cake

The quantity of each of the above may be decreased or increased, depending on the number attending the party. Pickles, olives, relishes, mustard and mayonnaise should be included on the table.

Toasted Sandwiches.

Some of the guests may like their sandwiches toasted. So it will be a hospitable gesture to have your electric grill or toaster on the table.

The arrangement of the food will be an important factor in adding to the snack's eye-appeal. The following suggestions may be helpful:

Have a large bread board as the center of operations on the Sandwich Bar. Stack the sliced bread on either side of the bread board and arrange the various meats on platters nearby. In smaller dishes, place softened butter, cream cheese, relishes and mayonnaise.

As an added surprise, something new, like "Shrimp a la 1943," will make a decided hit with your guests. This is not hard to prepare and it will add zest to the party.

Here is the recipe:

Mix together ½ cup chopped shrimp, ½ cup minced celery, 1 teaspoon each of chopped pickles, olives and pimientos. Stir in 3 tablespoons of mayonnaise, ¼ teaspoon lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon minced parsley. Spread the mixture in tiny hot biscuits. This recipe makes enough for about 30 tiny biscuits.

New Year's Customs Survive in Scotland

Bonnie Scotland is the home of two quaint New Year's customs that warm the hearts of all who follow them. These are the ceremonies of "First Footing" and of "Hogmanay."

"First Footing" is a rite reserved for midnight of New Year's eve. A person who after the stroke of 12 o'clock sets foot inside the home of a friend or relative is believed to bring that home good luck for the remainder of the year. He is expected to bring some slight offering as a token of his good wishes. He is warmly received and is the privileged friend throughout the year. Tradition has it that a tall dark man is the best "First Footer."

"Hogmanay" is also a New Year's eve custom, reserved for children.

The youngsters go from house to house chanting:

"Hogmanay, Trollalay, Gie us your white bread, And none o' your gray."

In response, those who are serenaded respond by giving the children gifts of small oat cakes, short bread and currant bun.

New Year's Resolutions Once Strenuous Affair

Practically every country observes New Year's, but none more uproariously than the Scots who have singled it out as a national festival.

One old custom which is still observed at several towns along the coast dates to the time when fire and the sun were the principal objects of worship. A barrel is cut in half, and the top part is broken into faggots and piled into the lower half after being mixed with a generous allowance of tar. The barrel is then stuck on a pole, set alight and carried blazing through the village.

When burning faggots topple out of the burning mass, there is a fierce struggle for possession, for those who manage to capture such pieces will have good fortune for the next year. After a tour of the village, the burning barrel is carried to a stone altar on the side of a hill and allowed to burn itself out.

New Year's Oracle

A curious custom of "dipping" the Bible on New Year's morning as an oracle for the coming months was a feature of the holiday's celebration in some parts of England a century ago. The ceremony took place before breakfast. The book was opened at random and the finger of the seeker was placed upon any chapter that chanced to be contained in the two open pages. The contents of the chapter were then construed as foretelling the seeker's fortune for the remainder of the year.

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Venezuela Aids Lovers
All the world loves a lover, says the proverb, but it has remained for Venezuela to do something about it. In that South American country, the authorities permit love letters to go through the post at half rate, provided they are sent in bright red envelopes.

SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

Why wheel alignment is a "must" in rubber conservation. When a wheel is only ¼ inch out of alignment the car is being dragged sideways 87 feet in every mile. That's tire scuffing at its worst.

Transportation in private automobiles in 1941 totaled 501 billion passenger miles, compared with about 29½ billion in railroads, about 27½ billion in electric railways, 25½ billion in buses and 1,370,000 passenger miles on domestic airlines. Big numbers, all, but they show motor transportation to be six times greater than all other forms combined.

It has been estimated that the United States military service will require 325,000 long tons of crude rubber in 1943.

Overloading a truck tire 10 per cent will cause a decrease of 18 per cent in the mileage; 50 per cent overload cuts mileage 60 per cent.

Jerry Shaw

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