

# 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 \$800 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. 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. A new guest, Victor Quade, arrives.

Now continue with Judy's story.

## CHAPTER III

"Wylie's gone to the village to see about gettin' the sink drain fixed," Aunt Nella murmured drowsily. That meant Rockville beyond Pirates Neck, where the rest of the boarders probably were. I went down the two flights—Auntie and I have rooms in the attic—and reported.

"We'll just have to wait," Mr. Quincy said. "It's after ten o'clock. Someone will be along soon. No celebration in Rockville to keep 'em late—fireworks display or silly bonfire."

"I could walk it," Mr. Quade objected. "Only four or five miles, isn't it?"

"If you do, you'll take Miss Jason and push me, young man!"

Victor grinned, and I felt completely disarmed. No man with lovely teeth like that could be a cold-blooded villain. "Maybe you're right," he said. "You're sure there's nobody at the castle who could?"

"What do you, a stranger, know about the castle?"

"Nothing, except that the garage man said it was empty. I could have the whole grounds to work in. He also recommended Mrs. Gerry's pies. Can't beat that combination—solitude and good pie."

Someone was coming down the stairs. We all looked up to see Hugh Norcross pausing to smooth his slick hair and straighten an already meticulously correct tie before he entered. "Did you knock on my door a while ago, Miss Jason?"

"Why, yes, I did. You didn't answer. This is Mr. Quade. Mr. Norcross."

Hugh bowed swiftly and then turned again to me. "I thought it was my sister. Next time it's you, announce yourself, young lady."

"Nice brother!"

"Well, there's such a thing as self-defense. Bessie's very nervous. Had three fits this evening. Wanted me to thrash Lane for—what he said to poor Mr. De Witt. Said she'd fix him if he ever came around here again. Tell him a thing or two herself. Why," he broke off, "what makes you all look so funny? Anything wrong?"

Thaddeus Quincy spoke up: "Where's Bessie now?"

"Sound asleep, thank be! I just peeked."

"And I suppose you were reading—between fits?" Victor Quade asked nonchalantly.

"I was. Ethics of Spinoza, since you ask." Was he telling the truth? Before we had a chance to tell him about my gruesome discovery in the basement of the church Lily Kendall came toddling into the room and plunked herself down on the nearest stuffed chair.

"Gee, I'm tuckered!" She fanned herself with a chubby ringed hand, fingering her beads with the other. "Well, Judy, I see you beat me home. Oh, introduce me! Another boarder?"

Victor Quade received her melting smile politely.

Mr. Quincy cut in: "Miss Kendall, you've been walking, I take it, the long way round. See anybody between here and the church?"

Lily shook her chin. "Only you—down there at the steps. Me, I wandered all over, through the Lane castle grounds." She inquired of Mr. Quade. Then, "If you mean the Lane feller, no, I didn't see him. Nobody there, looks like. Why?"

I thought the silence would never end. Victor Quade just stared at Lily till she again demanded, "Why? What you all so mysterious about?"

"You didn't know the Lane feller has been killed, I presume?"

"Killed! Auto accident?"

"Murder."

Lily's pink beads broke and spattered in all directions. Then her pleasant face lighted. "Oh, boy! Think of the publicity. Wish my niece was here. Pictures all over the newspapers and no fake stuff, either. Why, you couldn't buy it. Interviews and everything! Who shot him?"

"Who said he was shot?" Victor threw at her. "Was he?"

"Search me. Maybe somebody stuck a knife in his back. Somebody wanted to last night, all right. I heard what I heard. And I saw what I saw. I ain't insinuating nothing, Mr. Quincy, but you did leave the table first, and I did see you down at the church a little while ago."

Thaddeus Quincy's lip curled. "Oh, surely. I marooned down in my wheel chair and knifed him." He was looking at Quade now. "Then I cut the telephone wires so the police couldn't be notified."

"You're sure you didn't see anybody skulking about during your walk?" Mr. Quade asked Lily.

"No, sirree. Why ask me?"

Where's the rest of the gang? Gone to the movies? Nothing else doin' in Rockville, so I decided to stay home."

"They ought to be back pretty soon if they have," Hugh said, offering cigarettes to everybody. "What's say you and I wander down the road to meet them, Mr. Quade?"

A muffled boom that was not the sea rattled the windows of the old house. No cannon crackers ever made that noise, either.

"What was that?" we cried in unison.

"Sounded like an explosion," Victor Quade said.

A moment we sat petrified as the rumbling noise of an explosion came to our ears.

Hugh Norcross tore up the stairs as Aunt Nella tore down.

"Judy, where's your Uncle Wylie?" She stood just outside the door, but we could all see her bare feet. "What was that noise?"

"We don't know, Auntie. Why don't you go back to bed? Just somebody celebrating the Fourth."

"Why should she go back to bed?" Mr. Quincy wanted to know. "She's in this thing, too."

"Don't Miss' Gerry know he's been killed?" shrilled Lily.

Aunt Nella keeled but caught herself. Victor sprang to help her into the room, while we all explained at once it wasn't her husband who'd been murdered.

"Lane!" Aunt Nella sat up trembling. "Bessie! And I don't blame her a mite." (Trust the Head to remember a five-year-old scandal!)

Hugh was back. "Keep my sister's name out of this. She didn't hear the—the explosion, thanks be."

"Get your aunt dressed, Miss—is it Jason? Come on, you," Mr. Quade grabbed hold of Hugh's arm. "Let's

investigate. Something happened down the road. Accident probably. May need help."

"Wait. Wait my first-aid kit?"

"Good girl. Hurry."

I ran upstairs to the medicine closet, where I'd marked a shoebox on a top shelf "first aid." It had sterilized gauze, adhesive tape, an iodine swab and vaseline in it.

But the kit wasn't needed, after all. I'd barely reached the front hall when two cars brought home the rest of our guests. They joined the others, while Lily, Hugh, Mr. Quincy in his chair, and Aunt Nella, who'd managed to get into her robe but stood shivering in bare feet, plied them with questions.

I began to count them, all talking at once about the explosion: Albion Potter and the Rev. Jonas De Witt, but where was Uncle Wylie?

"Where's Wylie?" lisped Aunt Nella.

I put my arm around her. "He's all right or they'd say so. The explosion wrecked the bridge."

"What bridge? I don't remember a bridge between here and the mainland," Victor Quade said. "Dark when I came in. The fog and all."

"You wouldn't notice it at night," Hugh said. "Just a short affair over a bit of the Neck. Pirate's Head is really an island."

"Mean a person could walk across? Marshland, isn't it?"

"No. Not there. Rocky. Dangerous currents. Regular rip tide. Take a mighty strong swimmer, that gap. The water swirls and eddies into a regular whirlpool. Darned narrow escape they had, if you ask me."

It was difficult to find out what'd happened when all made such a din. But the bridge had blown up not long after the two cars had crossed safely over. They'd both stopped and gone back, but had seen nobody, and so come on. All agreed the bridge was out of commission, either by a bomb or dynamite.

"The murderer did it, of course," shrilled Lily, "so's he could make a getaway before we called the police."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Murderer!" They gasped, wide-eyed.

"Oh, dear! Where's my husband?" piped Aunt Nella.

The Reverend De Witt stood up. "Don't be alarmed, my good woman. He's out in the car." He boomed oratorically on all occasions, even now.

"Is he hurt? Why doesn't he come in?" Aunt Nella started for the door. Albion Potter blocked the way. "I'll get him, Mrs. Gerry. He isn't hurt." A sort of sickly grin crept round his mouth. "Just slightly—slightly—"

"—under the weather? He'll sleep it off," grinned Lily Kendall.

"Mr. Potter and I brought him home with us," the clergyman said as Aunt Nella wriggled past him with a loud "H'mmm!" He spread his hand as if he were giving the benediction. "Now what's all this about a murder?"

"Suppose you talk, Quade," Thaddeus Quincy said. "This young man, Victor Quade, is a writer. He arrived at the Head in a trailer to write fiction, inspired by the inn pies and the Lane estate. That right?"

Victor smiled. "In a way. Go on."

"No, you go on. Tell 'em the whole business. We're all here but Wylie Gerry, and he's hors de combat."

"That's French for drunk," Lily whispered to me. "Ain't this thrilling? My, I'm glad I didn't go to Bar Harbor."

Victor Quade took the floor and gave the facts as he knew them. How he'd arrived after dark and waited in the inn parlor till we found him. How Mr. Quincy and I had gone down to the church for my handbag to find a key to fit Bessie Norcross's door, and how I'd seen Lane's dead hand sticking out of the lid of the sea chest in the cellar. How the wires of the phone had been found cut. And now the bridge blown up.

"We're trapped. Miss Kendall was right. Whoever killed Lane had no intention of our getting back to town tonight to get the police," Hugh said. "What are we going to do?"

"We're going to keep quiet and let Mr. Quade talk," Mr. Quincy said, thumping his cane. "The rest of us were just one happy family till he came along. Let him continue. Maybe he'll give himself away."

"Right," Victor showed those marvelous teeth of his in a smile which could make anyone believe him a saint. "The question is, what are we to do? I would have called the police, but my car is in a Rockville garage. Now your cars are useless on account of the bridge. It's high tide. Anyone feel like swimming across, and then walking the—just how far is it?"

The bridge is about half a mile from the Head and four miles from town. Hugh said he was darned if he'd leave his sister at a time like that. Mr. Quincy shook his head resignedly. That left only the Reverend, who boomed his swimming days were over, and Victor Quade. "It would be suicide for me," Victor said. "Doctor's orders. This trailer business, with the dabbling at writing, is because I'm recovering from a recent illness."

"But the police will be here, anyway, won't they?" De Witt said. "They must have heard the explosion in Rockville."

The men doubted it. Certainly it hadn't sounded very loud in the inn parlor so close by. If they did hear it, they'd put it down to shindigs the night before the Fourth. The milkman would be coming to the Head—when? Not till around noon!

"Let's see—it's now 11 o'clock. The explosion occurred—when? Quarter of?"

We let it go at approximately that. The movies close early in Rockville, and the two cars had come along together.

"Perhaps the police will come. Meanwhile, why don't we all try to act as normally as possible until day!" He broke off as a shrill cry from outside came from Aunt Nella.

"Wylie! Wylie!"

We hadn't noticed that Albion Potter, who'd gone out with my aunt, had come back and was standing in the doorway. "He—he wasn't in the car, Mrs. Gerry," he stammered. "She's hunting all over creation in her bare feet. He can't be far."

"No, I should imagine not," boomed the preacher. He broke off, and suggested, after some hesitation: "If—the water isn't too rough, I could row a boat." Yes, and escape, I couldn't but think. Hadn't Lane called him Smith? Maybe he was an ex-convict.

"You could not," Mr. Quincy said with finality. "Isn't any." And that was that.

"I'm going after my aunt. Will someone come with me. She'll know."

"I will." Hugh was on one side and Victor Quade on the other. But the whole crowd followed. We hadn't gone six yards before Aunt Nella gave a thin piercing scream that sounded down toward the sea.

"Help! Helllllll!"

Fellmell into the fog we ran. "Coming, Auntie!" I called in answer to her call for help.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Lounging Apparel Has One Aim—To Keep You as Warm as Ever!

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



LET north winds blow and let it snow and snow! Nor can drastic fuel rationing frighten us at all this season now that Dame Fashion has taken the matter in hand, popping right up impromptu with a very fine priorities "keep warm" plan all her own. Her magic prescription for keeping warm, happy and serene during chilly days and nights? It's warm, cuddly lounging robes and nightwear as lovely as can be and every whit as practical and "comfy" as lovely. So "cheerio" is the word, for though the thermometer reads in terms of patriotic degrees, you may relax in comfort in enchanting well-padded and cold-defying housecoats, lounging pajamas, dressing gowns and nighties that will laugh at draughts and banish the shivers.

The use of glamorous fabrics for these new leisure styles has made them as elegant as they are luxuriously comfortable. This "stay-at-home" program, enforced now that unnecessary travel is taboo, isn't going to be so bad after all if we are going to be privileged to wear beguiling indoor apparel fashioned of such luscious rayon fabrics as jewel-toned, crush-resistant velvets, supple crepes, sleek satins and crisp taffetas sharing honors with deep-fitted rayon fleeces and oh-so-comfy, kitten-soft spun rayon flannels for eye-catching long-sleeved lounging styles of unusual grace and charm.

For coolish evenings at home when the thermometer is low, fashion gives us strikingly styled cover-up hostess pajamas and housecoats in warm crush-resistant velvet or soft draping crepes or satins designed to grace the drawing room as well as the boudoir. Warm and lovely is the gracious housecoat centered in the above illustration. There's a delectable color harmony achieved in combining soft orchid

rayon satin with crush-resistant rayon velvet in a deep amethyst tone, as the designer did for this charming creation. The softly tied sash holds the fashionable surplice closing snugly in place.

Warm as toast and pretty as a picture is the fitted and flared robe to the left in the group. It uses lavishly quilted rayon satin in glamorous "icing" pink. Wide collar points add flattery at the neck and a matching sash ties softly at the trim waistline. And while we are dealing with the quilted theme, here's a fascinating bit of fashion news—it's the new-this-season use of myriads of lace ruffles on quilted coats of gaily printed taffeta or crepe. Gives the prettily feminine touch!

Perhaps the most exciting event that is taking place in the realm of boudoir fashions is the revival of the long-sleeved nightgown. At last we've had to admit that grandma had the right idea when she slumbered peacefully in long sleeved "nighties." And now that we are proving for ourselves the comfort and satisfaction of long sleeves, the lingerie departments all report just one request after another for "a nightgown with long sleeves, please."

What's more, the nightgowns with long sleeves are being so prettily styled you feel the urge to buy at first sight. Then, too, they are made of soft, warmish fabrics the very feel of which glows with warmth. Never on record has there been such a "rush" for flannelette long-sleeved gowns. And if you are quite discrediting in your taste you'll be charmed with the idea of dainty spun rayon challis for your night-robe. The quaint and lovely "covered-up" nightgown shown to the right in the above picture is both warm and flattering in fine rose-printed challis. Note how winsome! It is trimmed with wide lace ruffles at neck and sleeve.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

### Huge Muffs



If you want to make a stunning appearance wherever you go this winter, choose a suit of bright red wool like that pictured above. See to it that the collarless jacket fastens at the waist with a large jet button, for a touch of jet on your costume is a stroke of genius when it comes to interpreting smart fashion these days. To carry out your costume theme to perfection, complement your bright red suit with a blouse of black sheer wool, wear a tall-crowned hat that glories in a wealth of fur matched to the huge silver fox muffs you carry. Fashion especially emphasizes the importance of enormous muffs.

### Floral Buttons Enhance Flower-Toned Ensembles

The mad rush for buttons will continue right on into spring according to latest reports from fashion headquarters. All the style previews give evidence of a renewed enthusiasm for decorative buttons. The new plastic buttons in the same color of the suit or dress fabric seen on so many of the spring costumes are really beautiful.

Suits featured in flower colors take on buttons that work out such fascinating schemes as purple suits and dresses with pansy buttons, or violets if you prefer, Lily-of-the-valley button motifs done in plastic enhance suits that accent green tones. The continuation of jeweled buttons on the spring fashions, especially rhinestones, is welcome news.

### Snow Togs Have Bright Linings and Gay Colors

In skating suits wool of shetland type is best liked with warm interlining for the jacket and velveteen for the collar. Norwegian blue, black, red and dark green are favorite colors.

The princess style dress in red corduroy is a leader. It is also popular in velveteen. Skirts in bright shetland wool or velveteen, made circular and lined with bizarre patchwork print cotton are also favorites.

### Good Tweeds

There is a decided trend toward sane, careful buying this fall, seen in the tendency to seek the best quality materials and reliable workmanship. This is reflected in the fact that there is an increased demand for quality tweeds in both suits and coats.

## Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

SAID my favorite taxi driver, "So I picks up this couple, and as we starts off he says something to her, and his voice is so familiar that I looks around, and sure enough, it's Ronald Colman. He thinks I didn't get the address, and says it again, and I says 'I know, but Mr. Colman, I had to look at you; I seen all your pictures.' So he's regular; he moves to the jump seat, and we talk, and I tell him which pictures I didn't like, and why. And he agrees with me; he didn't like 'em either. Then he laughs and says: 'What do you think of my wife?' And I says: 'I always knew you was a good actor; now I know you're a good picker too!'"

Incidentally, Mr. Colman was in New York for a rest, after completing "Stand By for Action"; "Random Harvest," the very good picture which he did with Greer Garson, was packing the huge Radio City Music Hall to the roof.

When Mary Martin leaped to stardom by singing "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" in a Broadway musical, she wore a fur coat. Back in New York to appear on CBS' "Stage Door

Canteen," she gave it to John S. Staniszewski, America's most torpedoed seaman—it'll be made into a fur vest and worn that North Atlantic run, if Staniszewski can bear to have it cut up!

Twenty 16 mm. prints of "Star Spangled Rhythm," an all-star Paramount musical, have been presented by the motion picture industry's War Activities committee to the army; they'll go to battle stations in various parts of the world.

"I Dood It" is now before the cameras at Metro's Culver City Studios, with Red Skelton providing the laughs, Eleanor Powell (who's talking about quitting picture-making,) performing some spectacular dances, and Jimmy Dorsey and his band providing the music.

Just received a copy of "Salute," the smart little 20-page magazine which RKO prints and mails to nearly 600 service men from the parent or affiliated companies. RKO's the first movie company to do this for its men and girls who've joined the armed forces; "Salute" gives them news from home and gives them a directory of other RKO-ites who've joined up.

The Irving Pichel certainly have an interest in "The Moon Is Down," now in the making at 20th Century-Fox. Violette Wilson (Mrs. Pichel) is appearing in it, and Pichel is directing the picture and also playing a tavern-keeper.

When Marguerite Chapman's 18-year-old brother joins up he'll be the fourth to enter the navy. Fred's in Panama, Ed's in Hawaii, Harold's on the East coast. And Marguerite's playing a sailor's daughter in Columbia's "Destroyer," to make it complete.

Gracie Allen takes her regular radio shows in her stride. But after a recent one she made a 15-minute recording with George, Jack Benny and Eddie Cantor for the Office of War Information's gas rationing campaign—and had a bad case of stage fright!

Paul Muni is the star of Broadway's revival of "Counselor-at-Law," but the curtain wouldn't ring up on Saturdays if Ann Thomas didn't do a bit of hustling. "Able's Irish Rose" goes off the air at 8:30 p. m., and Ann leaps for the theater, to open the play at 8:35, in her role of switchboard operator.

ODDS AND ENDS

Somehow Ilka Chase and Mary Martin persuaded Herbert Hoover to wink when they were photographed with him after appearing on CBS' Stage Door Canteen program.

Walter O'Keefe wants to make a personal tour of Alaskan service camps; if he does, his "Battle of the Sexes" program on NBC will be broadcast from the West coast.

When Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland start work together in "Girl Crazy" it will mark their eighth picture as a team; they joined talents first in "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry," in 1937.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Dip the knot on the end of that new halter rope in glue and let it dry a few days before you use it, and you won't have any trouble keeping the knot in it. Better use waterproof glue if you can get it.

A few cranberries added to applesauce when cooking will give it a delightfully new and interesting flavor.

If a fruit pie runs out in the oven, sprinkle salt over the spilled juice and the oven will not become filled with smoke.

To oil a door lock, dip key into oil and turn several times in lock.

When liquid glue has hardened so as to be unfit for use, try softening it with a bit of hot vinegar, just a little at a time.

When removing good buttons from worn-out overalls, cut about two inches of the surrounding cloth with the button. This can be used on other overalls where the button has been pulled out—the button and patch are in one piece.

## Relief At Last For Your Cough

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

## CREOMULSION

for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

## Half-Bushel Pockets

American mothers who despair over their son's junk-filled pockets should be glad that Junior wasn't born in Korea. Korean men have their pockets in their sleeves; capacity is half a bushel!

## NO ASPIRIN

can do more for you than St. Joseph Aspirin. So why pay more? World's largest seller at 10c. 36 tablets 20c, 100 for only 35c.

## Use of Reindeer

Approximately 35,000 reindeer are consumed yearly in Alaska by the native Indians and Eskimos for food and clothing.

## Gas on Stomach

Relieved in 5 minutes or double money back. When excess stomach acid causes painful, sour, flatulent gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually prescribe the fastest-acting medicine known for symptomatic relief—medicine like those in Bell-sens Tablets. No laxative. Bell-sens brings comfort in a fifty or double your money back on return of bottle to us. 50c at all druggists.

## Continents of Salt

If all the salt were taken from the oceans it would make 4,500,000 cubic miles—14½ times the size of Europe above high-water mark.

## Use at first sign of a COLD

666 TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS, COUGH DROPS.

Try "Rub-My-Tim"—a Wonderful Liniment

## BUY UNITED STATES BONDS AND STAMPS

That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action

Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up at night, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

Try Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to pass off harmful excess body waste. They have had more than half a century of public approval. Are recommended by grateful users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

## DOAN'S PILLS

Bargains YES!

You find them announced in the columns of this paper by merchants of our community who do not feel they must keep the quality of their merchandise or their prices under cover. It is safe to buy of the merchant who ADVERTISES.