

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 finds in an old chest, the body of a man identified as Roddy Lane. The body disappears a few hours later. A fish shed burns, apparently killing an old man named Brown who is supposed to have lived there. Lily Kendall is found dead, with Hugh Norcross' scarf around her neck. Albion Potter gives Judy a picture of the church he has just finished. Bessie Norcross writes a confession. Hugh insists that his sister only confessed to save him.

Now continue with Judy's story.

CHAPTER XVII

Auntie was urging me to go back to the house. The boat was already at the water's edge. I wanted to see the final splash and learn if it would be safe. I hoped Victor Quade wouldn't get into it, when, with a mighty shove, it slipped into the bay.

As a matter of fact, nobody did. Just then Thaddeus Quincy let out a yell and waved his red table cloth like anything. Sure enough, a sail boat was making for our wharf. She had no tender, but as she came about the men hastily tied the Eleanor and stood shouting till it was a wonder anything could be made of it.

"Ahoy, there!" yelled the man. "Lane ready? Lost my tender." So he'd come expecting Roddy to go sailing with him. And Roddy hadn't kept the date.

"Lane's not here!" shrilled Quincy. "There's been a—"

De Witt held up his hands. "Let me, my friends." Then he belted: "Send the police—at once. Murder! Understand?"

The man let go the tiller a second to megaphone with his hands. "Not Lane! Did you say—murder? When he didn't show up I came after him. You want the police?"

I was sure he was going to capsize, but he righted his craft and sailed slowly, oh, it seemed so slowly, toward town across the cove.

"It won't be long now," Potter said, "and I'm utterly glad. Sorry for Norcross, though."

Uncle Wylie pulled at his old corn-cob pipe a moment. "Nella, where's my pipe? You know, the one I like."

"Where the police can't find it. How'd I know anybody'd confess? I—I burned it!"

"Dang it! Burned my best pipe! That was a smart thing to do! What'll the police think when they find you've deliberately burned some of the evidence?" Uncle Wylie was mad.

"Let 'em think what they please," Aunt Nella swept up the steps with dignity. "Come along, Mr. Norcross." She had no intention of sharing her precious elderberry wine with all of us.

But Hugh sank down in a chair, his head slumped forward and a dazed expression on his face, as if he could no longer take it all in. I sat in the next chair.

"Be a relief to be let alone in a nice quiet cell," he said to nobody in particular. "Only my own nerves to consider, for a change. I believe it'll be a rest. Maybe poor Bessie will snap out of it. Help her, Judy. And know this, before they come: If things hadn't turned out this way, I was going to tell you something. It doesn't matter now. You wouldn't want to hear it from a fiend like me."

I could still see the sailboat disappearing in the opposite direction. The sun was hot. Below us lay the charred place where the fish shed had stood, with its gruesome exhibit. Beyond, poor Lily, whom the men had thought best to leave where she was—cruel as it seemed to us all.

"There are plenty of people on this porch who could be convicted on evidence against them, the same as you, it seems to me, Hugh. Personally I can't see what you could have to say to me, after the way you tried to involve me in this awful affair," I said to him.

"Nobody could pin anything on you on account of the \$500 I sent you."

"In \$50 bills?"

He let it ride. "I wish they'd come and take me away. Suspense is terrible."

"Hughie, why did you put that glass bead in my powder compact and leave the bag for De Witt to find? You must have known it would implicate me."

"Oh, yes; the bead. It was a nice one. I found it. Thought you could give it back to Miss Kendall. Always picking 'em up for her."

"So you were. Pretty kind to a person you'd planned to kill." We'd been almost whispering, but now I got up to go into the house.

"Fraid it won't wash, Hugh Norcross; any more than the pool of blood Bessie says was at the foot of the church steps. No one else saw any traces of it. She's covering for you, and you're doing the same for her."

A whisper came between us. "Shut up, Judy! Go on with the act, Norcross. Know your innocent, but it'll throw the real you-know-who guard." Then aloud Victor said, so that the others could all hear: "Now that Norcross has cleaned his slate, can any of the remainder of you throw any light on various angles? Might keep some of it from the au-

thorities, if it had nothing to do with the crimes—that is."

I saw my aunt turn her back and knew the teeth were being plunked in again. "Mr. Gerry and I will not mind their questions. I'll own up to destroying the pipe. Bet most wives burn up a smelly pipe or two. It's silly to think, even if it dropped out of Wylie's pocket at the fish shed, it could have set the fire. Burned him, wouldn't it? Why don't you come clean about your daughter, Mr. Quincy? Can't do any harm now."

Thaddeus Quincy pounded the steps with his cane. He was sitting in his chair down at the foot of the lawn, and now his face seemed strangely contorted as he glared at my aunt.

"Couldn't you leave her out of it!" he thundered. He had a motive, too! He had a stalwart cane. He could get around alone, for hadn't I blundered into him in the church aisle? Had his daughter been another of Roddy's victims? And why hadn't my aunt told me? A new respect for her came over me as Mr. Quincy sputtered: "She had nothing to do with this. Six years ago, my only child fell in love with and married that cad, Lane, while I was in Baden-Baden taking the cure. I was only gone nine months, but I never saw her husband until night before last, when he walked into the dining room here. He'd gone through the little money my daughter had received from her mother and deserted her for another woman before I came home. You can't imagine the refined cruelty he practiced on my little girl, before she went to Reno and divorced him. Now she's happily married again. You can see

how I feel about it."

"You mean my prison record? It'll doubtless be raked up. I'll just say this: 'I lost money in the Lane Bank failure—several thousand dollars. I came here—summers—Rockville, I mean—and preached there, as well as in New York. Because of a scandal, I was ousted from both churches. Some of the funds for maintenance were missing. The police received an anonymous letter hinting that there might be a connection between the embezzlement at the bank and the church affair—perfectly ridiculous. I was accused and sent to prison and served nine months; then one of my deacons confessed. I always thought Lane might have sent that anonymous letter. No proof could be found. There was a horrible interval of suspicion before the police accused me. At the church everyone thought him guilty. His father had come to me and I'd talked with Roddy earlier; that is, tried to get him to do the right thing. If he had taken poor people's savings or forged my name to a certain check I prayed with him to clear his conscience. He told me to go to—Hades. His father, my friend, shot himself, but that wasn't until after I'd been tried and convicted and served time. Now you know, and if you'll excuse me—' He left us and went to his room.

Victor announced quite bluntly, "Several things sound fishy to me. I wouldn't advise anyone to try to get away—in the Eleanor, for instance."

"Including yourself?" cried Hugh.

"Including myself."

He was rehearsing his own status when I went in. I was a sight and the police were due any minute. We might all be taken to Rockville for questioning. I'd fix my hair and jump into a clean dress. That dotted blue voile would do. I hurried to my room. The money? Yes, it was still there!

I started to open my closet door and saw I'd have to move the church picture again. Oh, dear, more paint! But this time I was careful and turned it farther along the wall, taking hold of one corner and reversing the painting. Suddenly I sat back on my heels and stared. As plain as day the face of a funny little monkey showed through the place where I'd wiped it with a newspaper a little while ago. The only monkey I knew of as a pet belonged to Gloria Lovelace—Lily Kendall's niece! I began to wonder what the rest of the picture looked like.

The paint was still wet. As I swiped at it with paper a portrait emerged daubily. Nothing distinct—but a young woman with oodles of curls holding a monkey. If I could get some linseed oil or even kerosene, maybe I'd have a portrait. Two initials came to view—A. P., down in one corner. Albion Potter, of course.

I recalled a picture of Lily's niece—the movie star—and a monkey. I knew I shouldn't, but I deliberately went into Miss Kendall's room. And the first thing I saw was a photograph I'd often noticed before of a pretty girl with lots of hair holding up a pet monkey. That was queer enough. Had Lily given Albion Potter a commission to do a portrait of her niece that must be it. Yes; there it was. A little linseed oil and anyone could see the subjects were the same. The painting, what I could see of it, looked very good.

I went up and put on my dotted voile and joined the others before the police came. "That was a swell portrait you did of Miss Kendall's niece, Mr. Potter." I smiled at him.

"Only I wish you hadn't painted over it."

"Wh-why, I never did a portrait of her niece in my life!"

"But your initials are on it," I persisted. "On the back of the picture of the church you gave me."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

bridge collapsed. Norcross averted his sister. And Miss Kendall fell. All we have to do is wait for the police, who should arrive in—' he took out his watch. "—about fifteen or twenty minutes."

Victor's hands pat-a-caked silently. "Very, very interesting, Mr. Quincy. And the wind tied the blue scarf around Lily's neck?"

"You should know. I wasn't down there. We'd all left the church and gone to the bridge. You stayed a while, didn't you?"

"Yes. With Judy." Did Lily's death coincide with the gull's cry? I felt sure it had. Victor changed the subject. "Why? Anything to add, Potter?"

The artist jumped, his wide eyes bulging wider. "Me?" He shrugged. "Not a thing. Came here to paint, and a fine chance I've had! Never saw or heard of the place before. Went to Rockville first, just as you did, Quade, and a fellow said, when I bought some linseed oil and turpentine, 'If it's scenery you want, go to the Head.' So I came and liked it, and now wish I hadn't." It was the longest speech I'd ever heard from him.

The minister wasn't saying a thing. He stood by the rail, his sermon forgotten, gazing out toward Rockville. But he faced us quietly when Victor spoke to him.

"And you, De Witt, want to add a word?"

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers

Homemakers May Learn Ration Wisdom Through Study.



This easily prepared gelatin dessert uses all unrationed food. It's pretty but easy to make, and will top off either a light or heavy meal.

These are times when changes are the fashion—and that particularly applies to changes in foods and cooking methods. Mrs. America can no longer dash to the grocer's and get enough canned or processed foods to put together a quick meal. Nor can she get together a meal, even one that would take time, with those rationed foods.

Points must be budgeted far more carefully than dollars and cents in the past! That is the realization every homemaker has been feeling since Ration Book II went into effect. Out of that has arisen one maxim: never to buy a canned or processed food if a fresh one is available.

Confusion, indecision, and slowness in buying were the adjectives grocers used when buying with War Ration Book II began. But this is gradually wearing away as Mrs. America learns new shopping methods.

Since point values change monthly, it's a good idea to keep a list of point values on hand when making the menu. Plan menus for a week at a time—marketing lists and budget lists all on hand when you're doing this important bit of work. Don't go to the store and wander aimlessly, selecting whatever appeals to the eye. Even if you have four or five ration books from which to spend, it's certain you won't get enough out of them by the hit or miss method.

Keep on the lookout for point values which may change—they vary from month to month and sometimes change during the month as the public's buying habits are watched.

Haphazard shopping, meal-planning, and carelessness about the health of the family are out of date. The homemaker must be alert and vigilant now as never before to make of her family the strongest and healthiest possible unit—for a healthy America is a strong America.

Lamb is fairly easily obtainable meat and second to pork, richest source of thiamin—our morale vitamin. Very little, if any, lamb is being sent to the armed forces and Allies, and that means it is for civilian use.

Baked Lamb Loaf. (Serves 8 to 10)
1 1/2 pounds ground lamb
1/2 cups bread crumbs
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons minced green pepper
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
3 tablespoons grated onion

Lynn Says:

Fresh Vegetables: To those of you accustomed to using canned vegetables and learning how many they serve, these hints are given on how many fresh vegetables will serve:

- Asparagus: One pound yields two cups, cut, serve two to four.
- Beans, green or yellow: yields three to three and one-half cups, serves four or five.
- Beets: One pound yields three to four servings. Use young beet greens as vegetable, too!
- Broccoli: One pound serves four to five.
- Cabbage: One pound, shredded, yields three and one-half cups. One pound cooked serves three.
- Parsnips: Four medium sized roots make a pound, serves four to five.
- Peas: One pound gives two servings.
- Spinach: One pound serves three to four.
- Turnips: One pound yields three to four servings.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menus

- *Deviled Egg, Macaroni and Pea Salad
- Hot Biscuits with Jam
- *Marmalade Bavarian Milk
- *Recipe Given

1 cup cooked peas
2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
Soak crumbs and mix well with meat and other ingredients. Pack into a loaf pan. Bake in a 300 degree oven for 1 1/2 hours. This may also be baked in a ring mold and served with parsleyed potatoes.

Fish will come into more popularity to help extend our main dishes when ration points will not cover that major item:

Fish Loaf. (Serves 6)
2 cups cooked, flaked fish (leftover may be used)

2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1 tablespoon minced onion
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 cup fine, soft bread crumbs
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
2 eggs, separated
1/2 cup milk
2 teaspoons lemon juice

Shred the fish. Sauté green pepper and onion in butter, add to fish with bread crumbs and seasonings. Beat egg yolks, add milk and then add to fish mixture. Stir in lemon juice. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Poured into a greased loaf pan, set in a pan of hot water. Bake for 1 hour in a 350-degree oven. Serve with white sauce to which hard-cooked eggs have been added.

As the days become warmer we will gradually begin adding salads for our main dishes, to help save on pointage. Here is a splendid suggestion, using all unrationed foods:

*Deviled Egg, Macaroni and Pea Salad. (Serves 8)

10 to 12 deviled eggs
1 package (12 to 16-ounce) macaroni
2 1/2 cups cooked, fresh peas
French dressing
Radish roses
Salad greens—optional
Deviled eggs

10 to 12 hard-cooked eggs
2 tablespoons salad dressing
2 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar
1 1/2 teaspoons mustard
1/2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon celery salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper

Cut a half-inch slice from round end of egg. Cut a saw tooth edge around white, if desired. Remove yolk carefully. Press yolks and bits of leftover whites through sieve, add remaining ingredients and beat until light and fluffy. Refill shells, using pastry tube for decorating top, if desired.

Boil macaroni in salted water according to directions on package. Drain, rinse, then drain thoroughly. Marinate with a little french dressing, then chill.

Cook peas, drain, and save stock for soup. Marinate peas in french dressing.

To make salad, heap macaroni in center of dish. Alternate deviled eggs and radish roses around edge, pressing them into macaroni. Fill with a border of peas between shell and macaroni.

"Ladies in Gray," a story of the American women who are working in government hospitals to help rehabilitate the wounded, will be produced by Metro with the co-operation of the war department and the Red Cross.

For the first time in eight years Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Verree Teasdale, will appear together in a picture; they'll be seen in "Hi Diddle Diddle" as a husband-wife team, and are planning to continue as a starring partnership.

Ann Shirley and Walter Reed, who took screen tests together when they were 13, for child parts in a Brian Foy picture, have the romantic leads in "Bombardier." He didn't immediately recognize her when they met at the RKO studio; in the days when they made those tests together she was known as "Dawn O'Day"—the kind of name that always used to be inflicted on child actresses.

ODDS AND ENDS—Gloria Blondell, sister of Joan, is carving a career for herself, very successfully, in "I Love a Mystery" . . . Victor Borgie's doing fine; after appearing in "Broadway Melody of 1943," he'll appear in a picture with Hedy Lamarr, as her leading man . . . Pierre Auriant, making his starring debut here as leading man in "Assignment in Brittany," looks like just what's needed in Hollywood, where good leading men are scarcer than hen's teeth . . . To date, Ralph Edwards' "Truth or Consequences" broadcasts from various cities have been sellouts; he hopes to sell \$20,000,000 worth of war bonds on his tour.

There's an ambitious plan under way to open United Artists' "Stage Door Canteen" on all fighting fronts simultaneously—practically all over the world, as well as on ships at sea. The event will be brought to the American public by radio; the famous folk of the show world who appear in the picture will participate, and there'll be conversations between them and the men of the armed forces.

Lum and Abner, who must deliver their fourth picture to RKO by June 1, are still searching frantically for just the right story. Meantime, their second film, "Bashful Bachelor," still makes money; the third, "Two Weeks to Live," is just out.

At the request of King Haakon of Norway, the English offices of Warner Bros. have asked that a print of "Edge of Darkness" be sent over immediately for a special showing; the print was rushed to Lisbon by Clipper, then to London. Starring Ann Sheridan and Errol Flynn, with a cast including Walter Huston, Judith Anderson, Ruth Gordon and Morris Carnovsky, it tells the story of the revolt of a Norwegian village against the Nazi invaders; it's a picture fit for a king, showing the spirit of his native land.

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Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO
By VIRGINIA VALE
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

IT'S hard to write about Signe Hasso because only superlatives should be used, and there's so much to say. Very beautiful, talented and intelligent, the young Swedish dramatic star is famous on the Scandinavian stage and in England. She put in her year of waiting here for her quota number, so that she could act, by writing for Swedish newspapers; even covered the President's press conferences. She's a superb actress,



SIGNE HASSO

beautifully trained. You'll get just a small sample of her work in Metro's thrilling "Assignment in Brittany"; she stands out in a cast including such experts as Margaret Wycherly, Richard Whorf, John Emery and George Coulouris.

Christine Gordon, making her American debut in "I Walked With a Zombie," plays the zombie, the longest role in this RKO film. In Czechoslovakia Miss Gordon was well known on the stage, screen and radio—in this picture she doesn't speak a word!

Carlton Morse, whose "One Man's Family" has been a ten-year favorite on the air, is finally making a screen treatment of it for United Artists. What with still doing the famous radio serial and having his "I Love a Mystery" broadcast again, he's fairly busy.

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