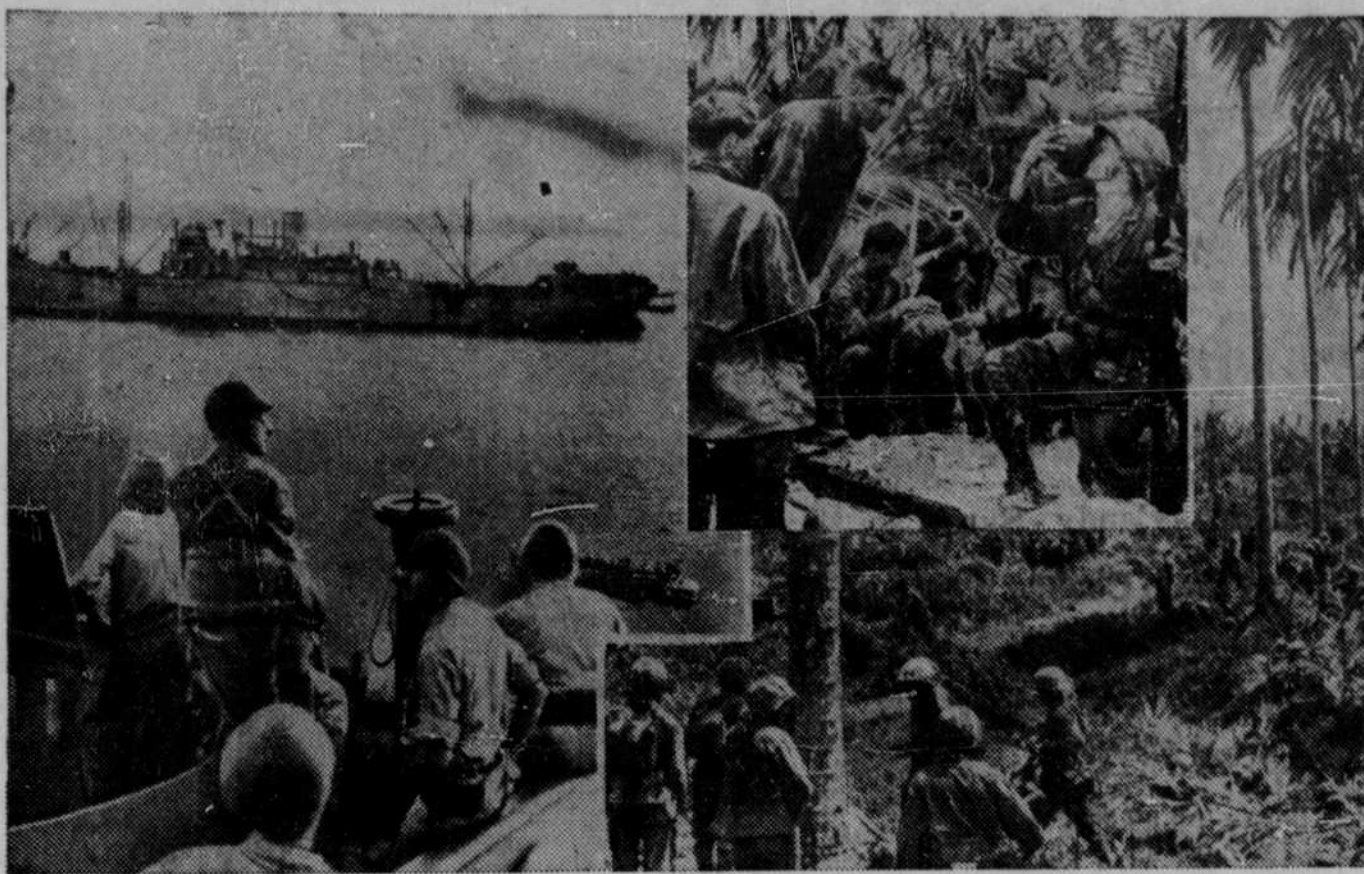
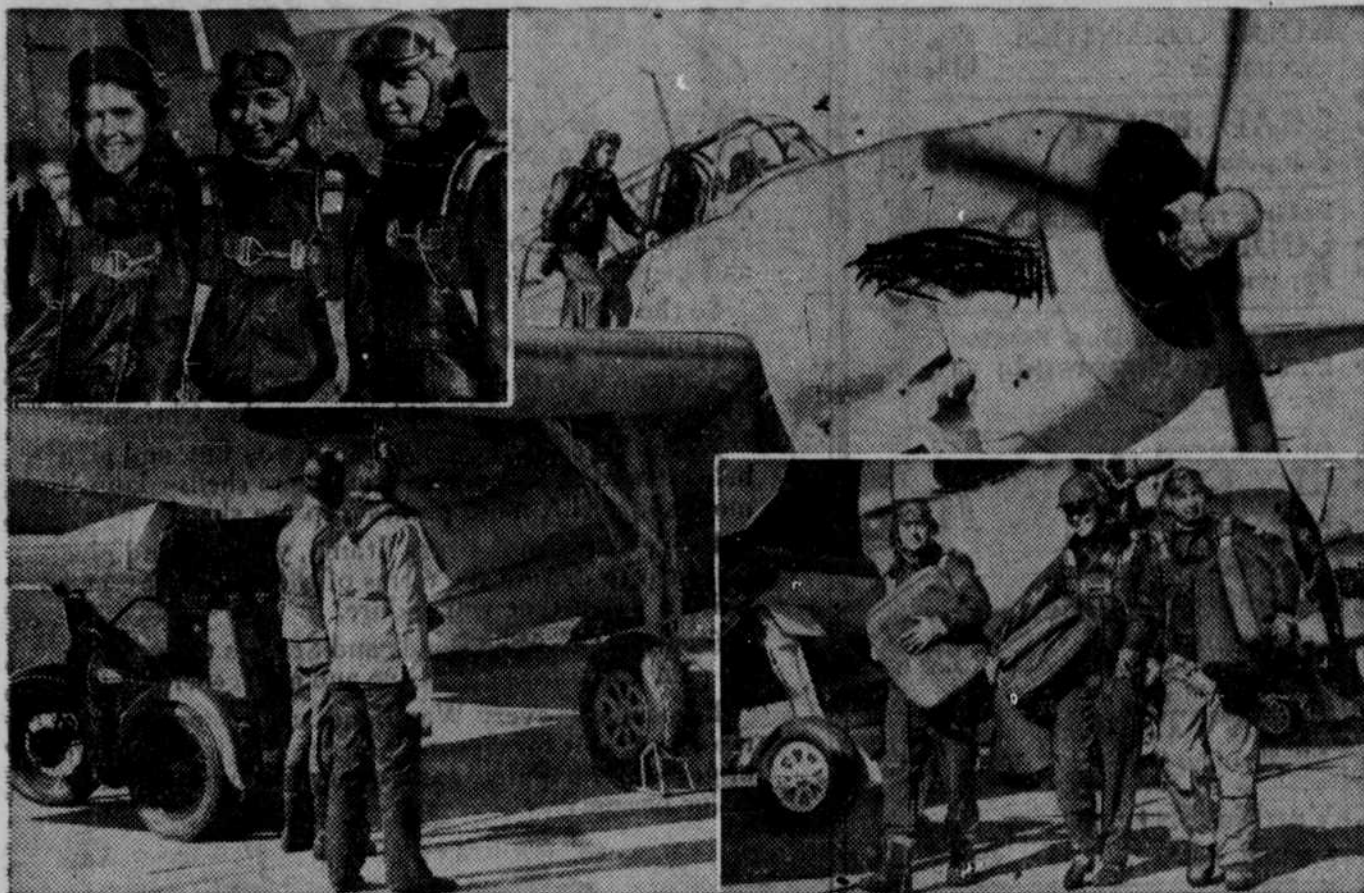


U. S. Marines Win First Round on Bougainville



United States marines are shown as they battled their way through vicious Japanese defense tactics to form a six-mile-long beachhead on Bougainville island in the South Pacific. Left: As marines take to landing barges smoke is seen rising from Jap installations. Top inset: Tired marines drink water and rest behind a Jap pillbox. Right: Trees on Bougainville are stripped of leaves and branches by intensive bombardment.

Women Put Hellcats, Avengers Through Paces



Test piloting was once considered a typically masculine profession. But at the Grumman air field, N. Y., three lady pilots are putting new high-powered Hellcats and Avengers through rigorous paces. Top left: Close-ups of three women doing a man's job. Cecilie ("Teddy") Kenyon (left), Barbara K. Jayne (center) and Elizabeth Hooker. Center: One of the trio prepares to deliver a new plane to the navy. Bottom right: The three ladybirds walking past a row of new Hellcats.

High Allied Leaders Plan New Moves



Present at a recent conference of Allied chiefs of staff in North Africa were these high-ranking men, representing the land, sea and air commands. Left to right: Admiral Sir John Cunningham, commander in chief of the Allied fleet in the Mediterranean; Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, commander in chief of Allied forces in that area; and Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder.

Back on Her Feet



Another child is added to the many cured of the crippling effects of infantile paralysis via the Kenny method. Sister Kenny encourages a five-year-old to stand on her tip-toes in Jersey City, N. J.

Piece of Concrete Wrecks Train



After hitting a piece of concrete on the rails, this train jumped its tracks, crashed into a steel trolley pole and careened 30 feet across a street, stopping only two feet from the home of Oscar Houman. He later said he thought the noise was an earthquake. The accident occurred in Berkeley, Calif. Seven passengers received minor injuries.

New Italian Leader?



Senator Benedetto Croce, an Italian philosopher who is revered by all anti-fascist elements in Italy, is pictured at his villa in Capri. He has been mentioned as a logical leader of an Italian republic.



Elsa Chatfield, Hollywood artist, is cut off from the will of her Aunt Kitty, who died from an overdose of morphine. Hunt Rogers, professional sleuth, and Barry Madison, an amateur detective, go to Mazatlan, Mexico, to solve what they believe to be Kitty Chatfield's murder. On arrival they find that Elsa's party had preceded them by plane. During a fiesta at Sam Chatfield's ranch (Sam is Elsa's father) Rogers questions the guests about the death of Sam's sister. All have a motive. They go to the courtyard and while watching the dancing Maria announces the death of James Chesebro. The Mexican police arrive and examine the body. Death was the result of a knife thrust.

CHAPTER X

"Why, then, did the others push you forward as if you knew something?"

"I go over the house seeking my pay; they do not have the money in the kitchen, sir. It is for this reason they push me forward."

"So you were wandering about the house, then?" said Lombardo. "What did you see?"

"I am walking in a place, sir, which Maria tells me is the passage way that leads to the room where the gentleman was murdered. There I see a man enter a door, sir, which must be the door to the room. For I have described it well to Maria, sir."

"Who was the man, Pedro?" "That I do not know, sir." "Was he wearing a sombrero?" "Yes, sir."

"What kind?" "It was large and black. I think it was of felt. The head and shoulders were in shadows, sir, but in the hand he carried a whip."

"Was he Mexican or American, Pedro?"

"Sir, I do not know."

"What kind of a whip did he have? You said he carried a whip."

"It was about so long, sir," and Pedro's thin brown hands measured a space in air about eighteen inches in length. "It was, I think, what you call a quirt, sir."

"A quirt, so?" Lombardo turned to look meaningfully at Alvarez, his eyebrows arched, his lips parted slightly. He turned back to the pulque man. "Do you see among us, Pedro, such a man as you have described? I warn you to be very careful; these are gentlemen."

Pedro's sharp little eyes, to my alarm, were suddenly upon me; he inspected me carefully, then shifted to Sam Chatfield who sat beside me. Finally he quitted our host's short figure and moved to Huntoon Rogers. He dismissed him with a glance, then came back to me, as if some doubt lingered in his mind. "I did not see the face, sir," Pedro reminded Lombardo.

Huntoon Rogers spoke for the first time. "It is impossible, Senor Lombardo. Senor Madison was with me when Maria came with the news of the murder." "And all of the evening, senor?" I answered the question. "No," I said. "But the remainder of the time I was with either Senor Rumble, or Senorita Chatfield."

"Yes, of course," said Lombardo. "Pedro is wrong." He waved the pulque man away abruptly, saying sternly, "It is enough, Pedro; you are mistaken about this man." He pointed to me. "Do not make any more mistakes."

"Yes, sir," replied Pedro, springing up from the chair and vanishing in the shadows near the door.

"The quirt," Lombardo said, "I do not understand. Was it the purpose to whip the victim and then kill him? The lashes on the face, Miguel, were they made so recently?" he turned to Doctor Cruz.

"They were made much earlier, Otilio."

"How did he get them? Did the one who gave them to him return, and this time kill him with a knife?"

No one answered the questions. "Is there anyone else among the servants whom you wish to interrogate?" inquired our host.

"No, sir, I am interested now in other things."

"Come this way, then," said Sam Chatfield, leading us from the kitchen.

An atmosphere of gloom seemed to pervade the huge living room when we entered. Margaret and Dwight Nichols sat with Berta, talking quietly. Elsa and Reed Barton had withdrawn to a shadowy corner. George Rumble sat on the bench of the grand piano smoking. "I think," began Sam Chatfield hesitantly, "that Senor Lombardo has a few questions to ask."

"Only a very few, ladies and gentlemen," Lombardo said, bowing courteously. "The Senorita," and his eyes sought out Elsa in the background, "if I may, please; I wish to ask of her a question." Elsa moved forward, still wearing the colored costume in which she had danced with Reed Barton, and stood before Lombardo.

"A thousand pardons, senorita," began Lombardo, yielding to an obvious embarrassment that swept over him. "I ask the question: Have you worn the costume of the China Poblana all evening?"

"Yes, of course," Elsa replied, somewhat puzzled. "I put it on at dusk."

"Then you cannot be the one," said Lombardo.

George Rumble got up from his seat on the piano bench. He walked over to Lombardo.

"Elsa is out of it; you can't tangle her in this thing. And all I want to say is what about a sombrero? I notice mine is missing from the rack near the front door. I don't accuse anybody of stealing it, you understand; but what about a sombrero?"

Lombardo turned to Alvarez and said in Spanish, "Fetch the sombrero from the room, please." He turned back to Rumble. "In a moment, Senor Rumble, I will show you the sombrero I speak of." Alvarez returned promptly with the black felt sombrero.

"Do you recognize the sombrero, senor?" Lombardo inquired, holding it out to Rumble.

"Sure. It's my hat. A while ago when I was out that way I missed it."

Rogers answered, "We found it in the room where Chesebro was murdered."

A curious expression came over Rumble's face; the dark eyes seemed to grow darker.

As he stood there before us the chief of police conceived an idea; it was first observable in a narrowing of his large dark eyes, a cocking

savage attack upon Chesebro. Lombardo took it.

"Yours?" he asked, gesturing toward Elsa.

"No; not mine. It belongs here on the rancho. I found it, when I wanted a whip, on the rack outside where the hats hang."

"Ah, so?" Lombardo turned the quirt about in his hands, examining it. It interested Lombardo who studied it for a moment. Finally and without releasing his hold he held it out toward Pedro. "Is this the whip you saw, Pedro?"

The pulque man took one quick, fascinated glance, then looked away. "I do not know, sir; there was a whip in the hand."

"Come; the gentlemen, please; the ladies, no. Follow me." Lombardo spoke quickly. He led the way toward the sombrero room where the body of Chesebro still lay in its huge mound within the dim pool of candlelight.

"Where were you when you saw the man enter the room?" Lombardo demanded.

"I am here, sir," he answered, pointing with a trembling finger to a tall piece of furniture against the wall. "I hear the man coming, and I feel I have trespassed where I should not go. So I conceal myself there and wait for him to pass."

"Very well, Pedro; you stand there now, and one of the gentlemen will put on the sombrero and carry the whip and walk past you."

"I did not see the face, sir; I see only the back," the pulque man reminded him as he took his station.

"Now, which of you will be the first?" Lombardo asked, ignoring the man's remark.

Reed Barton stepped forward, still dressed in the costume of the Charro, except for his own sombrero which he had left among the others on the rack near the front door.

"Ah, so? Thank you, sir," Lombardo gave him Rumble's hat, which Reed set atop his head, greatly increasing the height of his tall figure. "Now the whip," said Lombardo, and that was given him. "And now, Pedro, the gentleman comes from this direction and walks to the door, opens it and enters, is it not so?"

"Yes, sir."

Reed withdrew and began a slow but steady walk down the dim passageway to the door behind which lay the body of the murdered man. I drew back against the wall beside Rogers, whose body was crowded close against mine. I felt a tenseness in his muscles and realized with what extraordinary alertness his eyes followed the tall figure of Reed Barton as he re-enacted the dread prologue to the death of Chesebro. Slowly, inevitably, he approached the door to the room. Rogers had become so intent upon this re-enactment that he was drawn a few steps after him, studying the figure, his every action and movement. As Reed touched the doorknob, when we all were intent upon this last act before we should turn to demand of the pulque man his verdict, there was a sudden rustling sound behind us. It was followed by a rapid shuffle of feet in loose guayaches, and before our astonished gaze as we turned, Pedro, the pulque man, was running away as fast as his thin legs could carry him.

Nor did we find him later that night after the police had taken their departure, their questions exhausted, their plan of re-enactment of the murder scene abruptly ended by the departure of Pedro, although, directed by Sam Chatfield, we searched diligently. There was an old moon. The others at last had scattered. Only Huntoon Rogers and I lingered in the patio.

"What do you make of it, Hunt?" I inquired, meaning the night's tragic happening and the comic opera exit of the star witness. He was slow to reply. At last he said: "Did you see the whip at any time during Reed's walk down the dim passageway? He carried it in his hand, you know."

"I saw him take the whip."

"But did you see it in his hand as he walked?"

"No."

"Does that not strike you as interesting?"

"It means much, I think; it explains what has happened. In the kitchen when Pedro described the appearance of Chesebro's murderer, he put the whip in his hand. Pedro took his stand at the spot where he says he observed the death march, so to speak. But the whip is not visible carried quietly at the side.

"Therefore, Barry, it is simple to reason that Pedro either lied when he said the man carried a whip, or he saw him elsewhere in the house at a time and place where the whip was plainly visible."

We sat together in the patio turning over the possibilities that lay close to the fact, the corollaries that might flow from it. Did Pedro, therefore, also hold the secret of that other murder far to the north of us in California and distant now in time by more than a year? Finally, I said what was in my thoughts.

"Reed Barton?"

Huntoon Rogers did not reply at once. He leaned forward on the bench, his hands upon his knees, staring into the shadows at our feet.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"But what do you know about the death of the gentleman in the big room?"

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