

### 400 Vets Off Rolls for Failure to Comply

Nearly 400 Nebraska World War II veterans taking training or educational courses under the GI bill of rights remain off the subsistence payrolls because they have failed to report their earnings as required by law, according to Ira M. DeWalt, a contact representative for the Veterans administration.

He explained that the wage reports were due November 5, that the subsistence allowance of 1,500 Nebraska veterans were originally suspended for failure to comply.

"About 75 percent of those suspended," DeWalt said, "have been reinstated by reporting their incomes in response to followup letters sent out by the VA's regional office."

Mrs. Gerald Hansen, Mrs. Francis Kelly and Mrs. Kenneth Hemelstrand spent several days in Sioux City with Mrs. John Dalton, who is in St. Vincent's hospital there.

Miss Mary Pribil, a registered nurse at St. Vincent's hospital, Sioux City, arrived Monday to spend the holidays with her father.

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## BEST NEW YEAR WISHES

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Our earnest hope as we face the coming year is that we may continue our pleasant relationship with our many patrons and that they, as well as all the folks in our community, enjoy the holiday and the days to follow in peace, contentment and good health.

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# Murder in Plain Sight



fair, even though he was married to Shari Lynn at the time. He and Shari probably had some sort of arrangement, for the only business Vallaincourt practiced was preying on wealthy women."

Miss Bigelow's chin came up. She seemed to be steeling herself for what she knew was to come.

"Vallaincourt probably intended to marry Victoria until he found that the Bigelow fortune was controlled by you, to be passed on to Veronica at her marriage."

"To Veronica's husband, Mr. McCale."

"Yes, yes." He held up his hand. "How he obtained that information is theory, but not illogical theory. In view of the nonchalance of his character at that time and the open, too worldly outlook of both Victoria and Stephen, it is not wrong to assume that, in a moment of rallery, they told him. Possibly they mentioned that he was barking up the wrong tree—that while you allowed Vicky and Stephen generous allowances, the real gold bags were Veronica's, with your and Sybil's approval, of course. Yes, the whole thing must have been hatched before Victoria and Stephen came home to prepare the way, for in the meantime Vallaincourt had to di-



"You sure this is the guy, Duke?"

voice Shari Lynn, no doubt promising that when he got his hands on the money and had salted away a few million, he would renege and remarry Shari."

"How horrible." She shuddered. "But Stephen and Victoria? What would they have gained?"

### While McCale Talks The Murderer Escapes

"That's where the real Machiavellian touch came in. Victoria, no doubt, thought Curt would marry her eventually and that they would live on Veronica's money. You see, there were two women Curt fooled."

"Fooled?"

"Of course. But to go back a bit, Victoria brought Curt home as a friend she had run into in New York. He wooed Veronica, who forgot her childhood romance with Christopher Storm overnight in the excitement of the biological spell Vallaincourt was able to cast. Everything was going fine. The wedding over, a few months for Curt to manipulate the Bigelow money, and Victoria would have Curt. Stephen would have—he thought—Karen."

Miss Bigelow closed her eyes in anguish. McCale continued in a rush of words.

Even Christopher Storm was convinced of Vallaincourt's sincerity. He had met Curt that morning and in a rush of boyish feeling had deeded The Nest, the house he had built for Veronica and himself. That left the others out in the cold. Better now that Veronica should marry Storm than Vallaincourt, if he was going to turn his back on them. Storm, at least, would see that they had their allowances, maybe something more. But Curt, in his complete about-face, could not be relied upon. He might cut them off completely, in disgust with himself and them, too. You can't take chances with a reformed rake. He is liable to become very self-righteous and unapproachable. You see? Curt Vallaincourt had to die."

Miss Bigelow's eyes remained closed. She was breathing heavily. McCale hurried on.

"Vallaincourt, of course, had told only Veronica, to whom he had made full confession, and Christopher Storm because he was forced to, and Shari Lynn. Shari Lynn, fatalistic in all things, probably more so about the enigmatic Curt, set out to do a little blackmailing. Knowing that he hadn't come clean to the four who were in the plot, she started plans for extortion. She got in touch with Karen and threatened to let the cat out of the bag before the wedding bells rang. Although they all knew that something was wrong, that there was a rat somewhere, Karen decided to be on the safe side. She took \$500 with her to The White Abbey for Lynn

that night. She surprised Vallaincourt with her, and believe me, surprised was the word for Curt. He was utterly nonplussed when Karen walked in. She was observed by my secretary and myself; by her husband who was there on his own account, probably to watch for Shari Lynn. Sybil was there, too. She and Karen met on the steps. No doubt she was upset over the rumor that Curt had been seen with the Lynn woman, and in her muddled way, wanted to see for herself."

Hard bunches showed against McCale's jawline and his face looked relentless in the shadows.

"The next afternoon, Curt Vallaincourt was shot on your doorstep."

Miss Bigelow sat up straight, shaking herself out of her reverie.

"We—we saw the murderer?" she whispered.

"Yes," he answered slowly.

"Think back. What was it we saw?"

"Why," she faltered, "there was a woman with red hair. Veronica!"

"No," he said. "Not Veronica. That was Shari Lynn—in a red wig."

She gave a cry of surprise.

"Then—"

"No. She did not shoot him. She was not near enough. She saw who did and tried to blackmail afterward, to her sorrow."

"Then it must have been the other one—the other woman—the one in the raincoat."

"That was Sybil. She saw the murder, but in her confusion did not recognize the murderer—then. Think, Miss Bigelow. When we looked out of the window two or three times in those few minutes before the shot—think Wasn't there someone else there? Someone already waiting?"

He picked up the black kerchief and dropped it in her lap. She stared at it blankly for a long horrible moment. Then she understood.

"Yes—yes," she said, finally.

"Awful—for Sybil. Oh, God!" She buried her face in quivering hands.

In the silence that followed, McCale heard a soft footfall outside the door. Someone was tiptoeing quickly, furtively, toward the service stairs.

In a flash it came to McCale that during the time he had spent in preparing Miss Bigelow for the coming arrest, his lengthy explanation, his gift of gab—had given someone the needed few minutes to plan escape. For a moment he felt panic, not knowing what to do next, where to turn. Excitement raised the hair on the back of his hands. He controlled himself with a titanic effort of will.

Not stopping to explain to the old lady who sat motionless, he raced out into the hall, threw open the front door. He was in a frenzy. He ran down the front steps into blinding sleet.

For a moment, he was utterly befuddled. Anger mounted in him like a flame—anger at himself. He had lost. He turned to retrace his steps when he heard a sound near him. He looked into the dark wetness and saw a form materialize out of nothing and walk toward the curb. He recognized the snug-fitting pants, pea jacket and round hat of a sailor.

He stepped up to him quickly, fumbling for a cigarette, and said, "Got a light, buddy?"

A match flared suddenly and McCale looked up over the flame to stare into the dangerously narrowed blue eyes of Stephen Bigelow.

The man gave a growl, making a quick gesture with his right hand.

"I wouldn't do that," McCale said, his voice harsh. "This block is lousy with police. You'd better come quietly. Every one of them has a gun. They've got a bead on you right now. They'll shoot—to kill."

Then Bigelow said, "Not before I get you, they don't." He fumbled in his coat and laughed hysterically.

### 'I Should Have Noticed That Sailor'

In that instant, McCale's knee came up with all the force he could muster. Bigelow gave a sharp cry of agony and doubled up on the sidewalk, tripping McCale as he went down. It was not until that moment that Rocky loomed up out of the fog.

"Gosh!" McCale heard Rocky say as he gripped the fallen man under the shoulders, bringing him upright. "The Navy! You sure this is the guy, Duke?"

"No less." McCale gingerly felt the wounded arm on which he had fallen. "Mr. Stephen Bigelow in the uniform of Uncle Sam. He joined the navy once—remember? He must have saved his suit. Oh yes, and his pistol. By the way, see if his black kerchief is missing." It was.

Bigelow mounted the steps between Rocky and the officer. All the fight was gone from him.

A squad car slid up to the curbstone as McCale turned to follow the trio. He walked over to it and opened the door with a flourish.

"Welcome!" He bowed as Donlevy stepped out. "Late as usual, Lieutenant."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### CHAMBERS NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Stevens, of Atkinson, visited the Dean Stevens family Saturday.

Ben Medcalf arrived home Sunday via plane, from a visit with relatives at Shreveport, La.

Mrs. C. V. Robertson, Mrs. Charley Spann, Mrs. H. C. Walter and Mrs. Elwyn Robertson made a trip to Grand Island, Monday.

The Bethany Presbyterian church east of town presented a Christmas program Sunday evening.

### AUCTION

Saturday, Dec. 28, 1946

12:30 sharp

New and Used

Farm Machinery & Equipment

Tractors —

1 new International M tractor

1 new International H tractor

1 International Regular

Farmall

1 G M John Deere with cultivator

1 John Deere A with 226 picker

2 John Deere B

1 John Deere G P

1 S C Case with cultivator

1 A C Tractor and cultivator

Compickers —

Several 2-M International

2 No. 226 John Deere

1 No. 101 John Deere

2 No. 15 John Deere

1 No. 10 John Deere

1 No. 20 John Deere

1 new Wood Bros.

3 Wood Bros.

1 Mpls Moline 2-row snapper

1 Case 2-row snapper

1 Koolman mounted 2-row

1 1-M International

1 1-P International

Miscellaneous —

1 new Oliver Baler, pickup attachment

1 International Baler, pickup attachment

Several discs, 12 to 21 foot

1 4-section drag

1 new drill, 11 foot

1 15-30 J D D Tractor and Threshing machine

1 15 ft. Grain Auger elevator

1 Erie Computing tank truck pump

2 Country delivery tank wagons

3 30-gallon Lubsters

1 flat poultry bed

55 gallon oil barrels

And many other items too numerous to list.

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We are dropping this happy New Year greeting to all the good friends of ours in this community whose patronage and good will means so much to us. May all good things be yours throughout the New Year.

### M & M Cafe

## CORDIAL NEW YEAR GREETINGS



# 1947

As 1946 limps meekly out the back door and the advent of a bright new year is upon us, we wish to take this opportunity to thank you for your many courtesies during this past year. May you encounter only joy and happiness in the coming months, and may each day bring you closer to the fulfillment of your every dream for the future.

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