

# MURDER at PIRATE'S 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. Judy finds Roddy Lane's diamond in the handbag she left at the church the day of the auction. Lily Kendall is found dead, with Hugh Norcross' scarf wrapped around her neck. The guests have reassured themselves that Roddy Lane is not on the "head."

New continue with Judy's story.

## CHAPTER XIV

"You can breathe easy. He isn't there. We hunted from attic to cellar. No sign of anything—food, I mean. Just his open suitcase, with the clothes the way I told you when I climbed up and looked in the window that time with the Rev. De Witt. There's a bird. He's stopped splitting the atmosphere lately."

Just then a cowbell, shaken vigorously by an angry hand, made us turn to see my Aunt Nella at the rear steps.

"Comin' right along, m'dear!" yelled Uncle Wylie.

"Me, too. Not that I could eat." Potter stared miserably at the sea. "You might as well have the picture, Judy. She'll never want it, now. It's a poor time to speak of it, but I was tickled silly at the commission to paint her portrait. Not that I'm very good at it," he added modestly. "I'll leave the painting outside your door, shall I?"

Outside your door? Would he sneak in and grab that \$500?

I thanked Mr. Potter for the painting, wondering, as he walked swiftly toward the cowbell. But the others were coming down the drive, so we waited for them, Mr. Quincy and I. Hugh was in the lead.

"Just as Quade said—nothing there. However he knew it." He took the chair from me. "Let me do that, Judy. You look tired to death."

"Never felt better in my life, but I could go for some of that chowder."

Victor asked, "Your uncle get back O. K.?"

I inclined my head. "Gone in to dinner. Auntie's furious. Better all hurry up. Whatever she's got ready she hates to have it get cold."

"Where's friend Potter?" De Witt asked quietly.

"Gone on ahead. Feels pretty badly about losing his commissions. Miss—Miss Kendall gave him two, you know, but this good Boy Scout made up for one of 'em. Wouldn't let me pay for the church."

"Lovely to hang up in the kiddies' bedroom some day, Judy, and tell 'em bedtime stories about what happened there," Hugh said.

Nobody was amused. Everybody was in the doldrums. What dinner party could be gay with a charred corpse to the right and a bruised or strangled one to the left?

"Why didn't he wait for us?" Victor said, half to himself.

I explained about the painting he was leaving outside my door. When we reached the inn my aunt beckoned me with a ladle.

"Go up and look," Victor whispered, "or shall I?"

"You go. I've got to help serve," I answered.

Albion Potter was coming down the stairs. "Hope you like it—in spite of everything," he smiled at me, and passed on into the dining room.

Victor started up and I hurried out to my scolding auntie, trying to make up for my absence by telling her the news. I thought the cucumber dishes looked stingy and was slicing another when she made me cut my finger with:

"Thank goodness, there won't be any more beads to sweep up!" Which just goes to show how a round of murders will make a person callous.

I finished the cucumbers and took them in. The guests were nearly all seated, munching the salted crackers we served with the chowder.

I set down Victor's chowder and a dish for myself. My aunt had "et," she said, and wanted me to.

He came presently and sat down opposite me. "Money's there," he whispered. "Painting's wet. Had to scrub the stuff off my hands. That's why I was so long."

Bessie Norcross was absent. Didn't want any lunch, she'd told Aunt Nella. She was going to take a sleeping powder and lock herself in her room. Would Mrs. Gerry please so inform her brother?

Mrs. Gerry did. "Took poor Miss Kendall's death awful hard. She was bawling her eyes out. Kept saying, 'Hughie never done it!' As if any one'd think you did!"

Several spoons were halted in mid-air. Several pairs of eyes, I saw, shot suspicious glances at poor Hugh, trying to eat his chowder with a fork.

"There are plenty of policemen, shall we say, Mrs. Gerry, who might not be so lenient with Norcross as you are," squeaked Mr. Quincy. His eyes no longer twinkled; they glittered.

Hugh's chair scraped backward, but he pulled it up again without a word when the minister added: "Let him who is without evil cast the

first stone. Personally, and without recrimination, I think it looks bad for all of us." For a moment I liked the pompous De Witt.

"Did you look in the tent?" Aunt Nella asked. "I've got a feelin' Roddy's around here somewhere, hidin'."

Uncle Wylie, for the first time, was eating his repast with the guests. Nothing short of murder could have made him bring in his dinner from the kitchen, but there he was at a rear table.

"Don't be ridic'ous, Nella. Looked in the tent every time I passed it today. Hunted all over our barn. Only place I ain't been is Mr. Quade's trailer." He bit off a healthful chunk of bread. "Could Lane conceal himself in one of your cubbyholes?" he asked Victor.

"Not a chance. The trailer's been searched. I still have the keys."

The minister turned around in his chair. "Boathouse was locked, too, wasn't it? Yet somebody's been there. Is it likely Lane would scuttle his own boats? Much as I despised him, I can't but hope he just left the Head in a natural way. The fire was an accident, which burned a poor old deaf man."

"And Miss Kendall?" Albion Potter was still bitter, apparently about his lost commission to do her portrait.

"Accident, too? Fell into the Pirate's Mouth."

Hugh flung down his napkin. "Nice of you, De Witt, but it won't go. Not just then I thought I heard a step on the stairs.

I held my breath and listened. Yes, the old stair creaked. Lightly, to be sure; but someone was walking up or down. The other guests didn't appear to notice. They were probably too busy eating.

Victor was saying, "The thing to do now—"

"Excuse me," I said, and hurried into the hallway and looked up the stairs. I caught a wish of a woman's skirts and presently a door closed. Bessie Norcross, of course! Maybe her sleeping medicine hadn't worked yet. She'd started to come down to luncheon, and finding the crew had not yet finished, retreated. That was it. I retreated, too, relieved. Victor and the minister were having some sort of a pow-wow over what to do next.

I glanced at the dining-room clock. Why, it still lacked three minutes to 1! What a day! Already I'd lived a hundred years.

"How long would it take you to get one of those boats fit to cross the gap under where the bridge was?" Victor asked Uncle Wylie.

"The cove, you mean. Gap's too tricky for us Headers. Wouldn't take long if I had some help gettin' her down."

"But why don't the authorities turn up?" Potter ventured. "Even a fool milkman would report an accident, wouldn't he?"

"Mebbe he did. But it's dinner-time," Aunt Nella interposed. "If you knew Pirate Headers the way we do, you'd know they wouldn't miss their vittles, come murder or the Day of Judgment."

"She's right that time," my uncle said. "But there'll be a sailboat or some'n along before I could patch up The Eleanor. Whyn't you all just take it easy till someone turns up? Fixed me a megaphone, but don't see as I'll need it now. Wind's turned. Carry what we say across." He finished his last morsel of cottage pudding, folded his napkin neatly and offered, "I'll go set by the bridge and wait. Shall I?"

Trust Uncle Wylie to choose "to set" instead of repairing a leaky bottom!

"We'll come along and join you, Gerry," the minister said. "Want me to push your chair, Mr. Quincy?"

"No, thanks," returned Mr. Quincy coldly. "I'll keep away from cliffs and broken bridges till the police get here."

"I move we go have another look at Mr. Quade's trailer," Hugh said. "I'm remembering a few things besides the scarf," he added darkly. "Go with me, Potter?"

Albion shrugged. "Oh, I might as well. Nothing to paint—now. I wish to heaven the police would come, so a body could settle down again." Reluctantly he followed the leader, as per usual.

Hugh stopped by my chair. "Judy, if my sister should come down while we're gone, tell her every thing's all right, will you?"

"Of course, Hugh."

He smiled at me wanly. "Darn the whole business. I told Bessie she was a fool to come here. Old memories! Couldn't she have settled them at some other resort—Hyannis or Nantucket? No, she was anxious to see if she was cured of her affection for that—that bouncer. Well, she's got her—" He muttered something that sounded like belly-flop, and immediately added, "Paradise, me, Judy. I don't know what I'm saying." And went out with Potter.

Victor was having a word with Uncle Wylie at the foot of the front steps, and Aunt Nella was corralling me to help her.

"Dishes, Judy. Please!"

"You bet, Auntie. Feel terribly guilty, but—" And I gave her all the dirt while we hustled through.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Thaddeus Quincy chuckled, and soon a nervous ripple ran around the tables.

Uncle Wylie rose to help me with the trays. "Don't mind Mrs. Gerry," he half-whispered. "She gets uppity when her puddin' sauce is lumpy."

At that we all laughed aloud, and Uncle joined in. It wasn't decent. It wasn't seemly, but we couldn't help it. Our nerves were at the breaking point.

The minister sobered us down again. "Judy, is the rest of the money you received still where you left it?"

I glanced at Victor. "Yes," I said. "It's all there."

"Doesn't it occur to you Miss Kendall, for reasons unknown to us now, might have sent it? She apparently had plenty of this world's goods, in a small way, of course, judging by her clothes, and her offer to Potter here of \$50 for a portrait, on top of the bid of twenty-five for the church. And, as I recall, she was the one who wanted to search the basement. Acted strange about the Pirate's Mouth investigation, too. Lay down on the rock, remember—after Mr. Quade said there was nothing there."

"Would she bid against herself?" I asked. "She was the one who bid me up to three hundred at the auction. Why? If she knew she was certain to have use of the church through me, anyway?"

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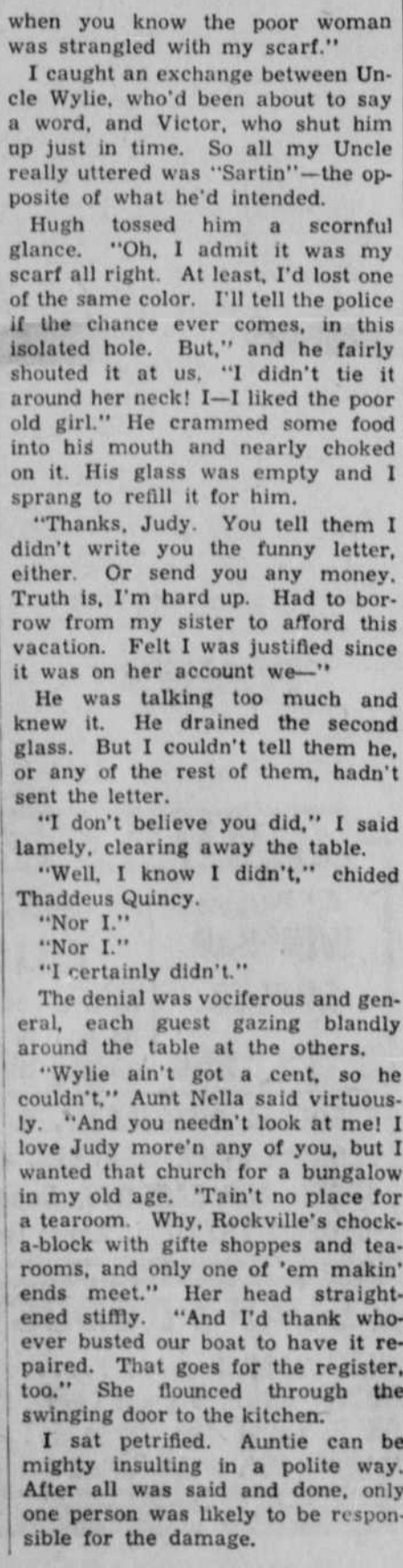
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Mrs. Madge Lewis, ex-saleslady (above), tests old tooth paste and other tubes for metal content. Shown at right are some of the millions of old tooth paste, shaving cream and other metal tubes received at the reclamation plant of the Tin Salvage Institute.



Three housewives with husbands in the service sort empty metal tubes that will be melted down. These workers separate tin and lead tubes from containers made of other metals.

## Empty Tubes a U. S. Tin Mine

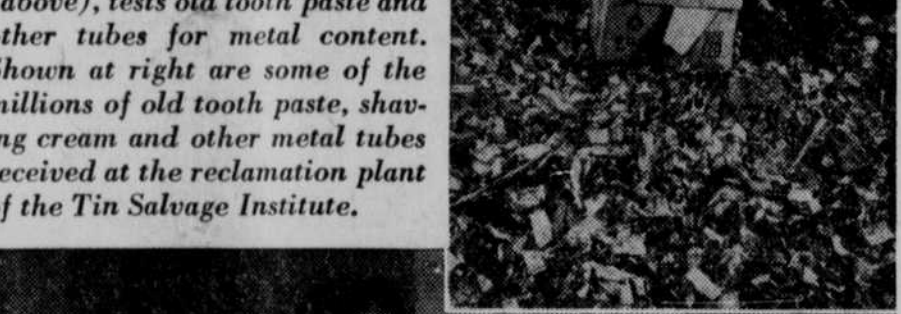
By exchanging an old tube for a new tube we are helping to win the war. Through a salvage program devised by the government a plant for reclaiming tin from squeezed-out tubes is now recovering several tons of pure tin daily.

Millions of empty tubes which once contained tooth paste, shaving cream, ointments, shoe polish, etc., go through the furnaces of the Salvage Institute at Newark, N. J., a non-profit organization operating under the Metals Reserve company of the Reconstruction Finance corporation.

Recovery of tin from metal tubes begins at drug and other stores, under the tube-for-a-tube exchange plan, as shown in picture at top.



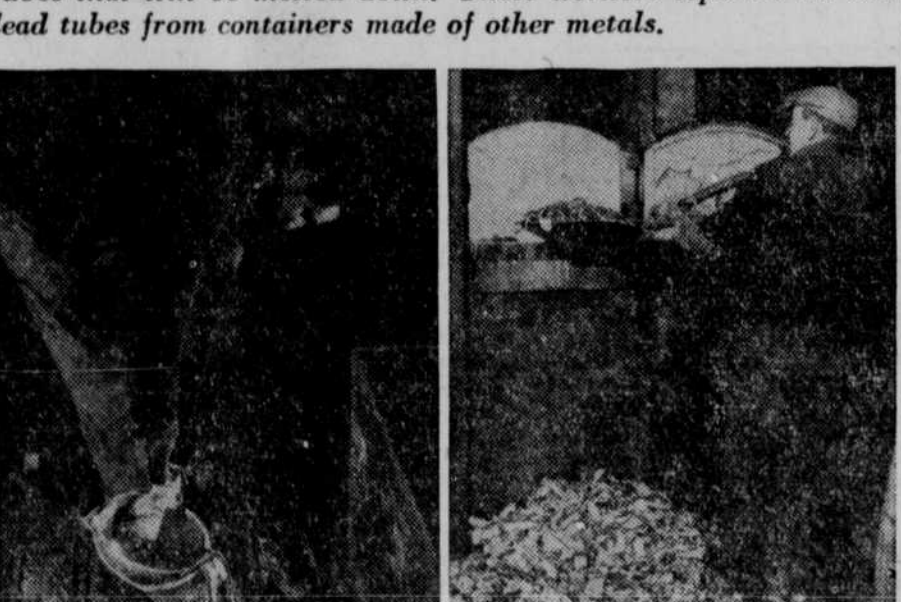
Victory Parade



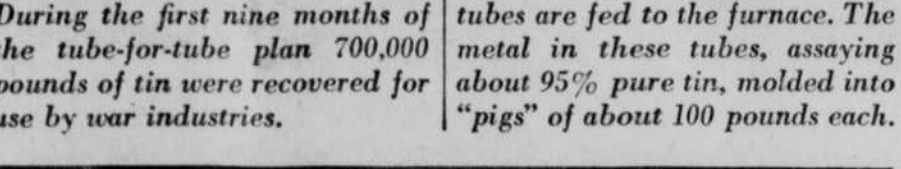
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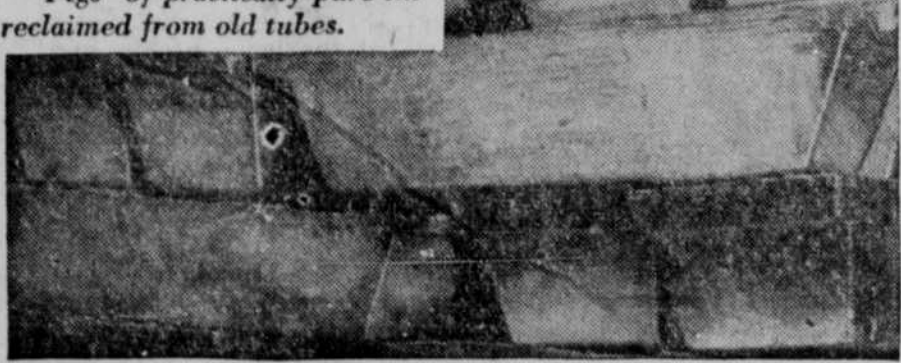
Pouring molten tin into molds. During the first nine months of the tube-for-tube plan 700,000 pounds of tin were recovered for use by war industries.



Following sorting and testing, tubes are fed to the furnace. The metal in these tubes, assaying about 95% pure tin, molded into "pigs" of about 100 pounds each.



Joseph Schott, age 18, is tending a remelting furnace.



"Pigs" of practically pure tin reclaimed from old tubes.

## Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE  
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

ON THE first day of shooting for "Mrs. Miniver" Greer Garson was knocked down in a street scene by a boy on a bicycle. On the first day for "Madame Curie" she was knocked down by a camera perambulator. "Maybe it's a good omen," said she. "But I hope I never start a picture in a scene with a locomotive!" Nobody was surprised when "Mrs. Miniver" got the Academy Award for the best picture of 1942; it was especially good news to Major William Wyler, who directed—he recently directed the filming of the bombing of the German naval base at Wilhelms-

haven.

Nan Wynn, the popular radio, night club and motion picture singer, has been placed under long-term contract by Columbia, and will



NAN WYNN

get a star build-up. She's already been given the top role in the new musical, "Rhapsody in A Flat."

An actual attack by British Coastal Command planes on Nazi raiders in northern waters is shown in "Coastal Command," the factual film released by RKO. It was made by the producers of "Target for Tonight," the British navy co-operating.

If you think you're busy, consider Anna Lee, one of the many stars of "Forever and a Day." While working in "Commandos Strike at Dawn" she turned up at the RKO studios at 10 every night and worked till past midnight in "Forever and a Day"—also managed her house and family. The only stipulation she made was that after finishing her day's work she must have time off to put her two babies to bed before starting her swing shift at RKO.

Robert Haymes also got a Columbia break. With time for only one more film before being inducted into the army, he was removed from the lead of "Doughboys in Ireland"—and replaced by Kenny Baker—and assigned to the romantic lead in "Two Senoritas From Chicago," the two senoritas being those two very lovely ladies, Jinx Falkenburg and Joan Davis!

That Charles Boyer production, so badly titled "Flesh and Fantasy," has a new and better title, "For All We Know." Robert Cummings and Betty Field have been given the romantic leads in the fourth and final sequence.

New Yorkers have learned that the place to be caught during a blackout is a radio studio—instead of turning their guests loose to wait in the corridors, the stars turn to and put on a show. Burns and Allen, the "Duffy's Tavern" folks and the members of "The Aldrich Family" can all give a superb extemporaneous show when the sirens scream.

A stranger in Culver City might think that Leo the Lion has turned prize fight promoter. Five big name boxers are working there. Freddy Steele, ex-middleweight kingpin, has been coaching Richard Carlson for "The Man Down Under"; Maxie Rosenbloom's working in "Right About Face," as are Lou Nova and Jack Roper; Johnny Indrissano, former lightweight threat, now a referee, is technical adviser.

So far Jean Gabin's American pictures haven't been up to the standard of the French ones that made him famous. But it looks as if he might remedy that situation this summer; he's obtained his release from 20th Century-Fox and will be starred by RKO in a picture to be written and produced by Dudley Nichols, and directed by Jean Renoir, which looks like a perfect combination.

ODDS AND ENDS—Kay Kyser and the band have started their third year of entertaining the boys in the armed forces; in the first two years they played for more than 4,000,000 soldiers, sailors and marines. . . . Robert Benchley returns to Metro to write and star in a new series of shorts. . . . Alec Templeton gives a half-hour miniature concert prior to his broadcasts. . . . Fred Allen is the only man who has been master of ceremonies on radio's two biggest quiz programs—"Take It or Leave It" and "Information Please." . . . Ginny Simms has been named "the girl with whom a paratrooper would most love to be stranded in a parachute."

## TRY ALL-BRAN "BRANBURGERS" TO STRETCH MEAT

You want to make the meat you buy today go as far as possible—and still serve it as tasty as possible. Well, here's a grand way to stretch hamburgers and at the same time give them new taste-interest! Make "Branburgers"—with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN! Delicious! Also, gives you all the valuable proteins, carbohydrates, vitamins and minerals found in ALL-BRAN!

**Kellogg's All-Bran Branburgers**

1 egg	1 cup milk
2 teaspoons salt	3/4 cup catsup
3/4 teaspoon pepper	1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran
2 tablespoons oil	1 All-Bran
1 minced onion	1 pound ground beef
1 tablespoon chopped parsley	

Beat egg slightly, add salt, pepper, onion, parsley, milk, catsup and All-Bran. Let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Add beef and mix thoroughly. Shape into 12 patties. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) about 30 minutes or broil about 20 minutes.

Yield: 12 servings (12 2 1/2 inch branburgers).

## How To Relieve Bronchitis

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

**Fountain of Mercury**  
The Mercury fountain, exhibited at the Paris Exposition in 1937, spouted mercury, the liquid metal, instead of water. Incidentally, this display had to be heavily guarded because the 34 gallons of mercury required to operate it cost \$17,750.



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The name GROVE'S on every package of B Complex Vitamins is your bond of assurance—a symbol of guaranteed quality. Unit for unit, you can't get finer quality vitamins. They're distributed by makers of famous Bromo Quinine Cold Tablets, GROVE'S B Complex Vitamins are economical! Regular size—just twenty-nine cents. Large size, more than a month's supply—only one dollar. Get GROVE'S B Complex Vitamins today!

**GROVE'S B COMPLEX VITAMINS**

Medical officers have long recognized tobacco as an aid to morale among our armed forces. Surveys among the men themselves have shown that tobacco is their favorite gift. If you have a friend or relative in the Army, Navy, Marines, or Coast Guard who smokes a pipe or rolls his own, nothing would be more appreciated than a pound of his favorite tobacco. Prince Albert, the world's largest-selling smoking tobacco, in the pound can is recommended by local dealers as an ideal gift for men in the service.—Adv.

## Acid Indigestion

Relieved in 5 minutes or double money back

When excess stomach acid causes painful, suffocating gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually prescribe the fastest-acting medicine known for symptomatic relief—Mentholatum. Mentholatum Tablets. No laxative. Mentholatum brings comfort in a jiffy or double your money back on return of bottle to us. See at all druggists.

## Use at first sign of a COLD 666

666 TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS, COUGH DROPS.

Try "Rub-My-Tism"—a Wonderful Liniment

## One Thing Well Done

It is better to say, "This one thing I do," than to say, "These forty things I dabble in."—Washington Gladden.

## QUICK RELIEF FOR STUFFY NOSE

When nostrils are clogged—reach for cooling Mentholatum, quick!

Instantly it releases vapor "Mentholations" that start 4 vital actions: 1) They help thin out thick mucus; 2) Soothe irritated membranes; 3) Help reduce swollen passages; 4) Stimulate nasal blood supply. Every breath brings quick relief! Jars 30¢.

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