

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 her handbag. 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.

Now continue with Judy's story.

CHAPTER XVI

"She confessed to save—him!" Even I could see it, now that Victor had pointed it out. During the reading, I'd noticed a few discrepancies in Bessie's confession, but nowhere near the number he had. Take the wind itself, for instance. It couldn't have blown the blue scarf back into the Pirate's Mouth because there was a land breeze before the tide turned, and the place was entirely sheltered.

"We've got to show it to the police."

"And incriminate the brother she tried to save?"

"May not incriminate him," Victor said. "It's the cleverest thing I ever read. What Bessie says about her light not showing from the path to the bluff, little things like that. And her timing's pretty good, too, only she's forgotten Mr. Quincy was sitting on the piazza all the evening, until she wheeled him down to the church. He saw her go up to her room, before dark, and she didn't come down again. But Hugh did, he admits. I think it may have been Hugh you spoke to, later."

We were walking back rapidly to where the men were working on the boat. Thaddeus Quincy had managed the ramp somehow, and was wheeling himself toward us with his table cloth tied to his cane. He passed us, giving me a reproachful glance, I thought.

"Don't forget what I told you, Judy." And he shot a warning nod at Victor. Then he stationed himself in the middle of the road and began waving his signal.

"We've got to find Norcross and tell him about this, Judy."

"He's around somewhere. I should think the scarf would eliminate him from the suspects, wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps."

"That makes you and me, Bessie and Hugh, Aunt Nella and Uncle Wylie, who aren't on the list. Why, it only leaves Potter and De Witt and Quincy!"

"Sounds simple, doesn't it? Are you forgetting your Uncle Wylie knew Miss Kendall hadn't been strangled, at a glance. He was right, it happens, but personally I had to make an examination, to be sure."

"Now, who's crazy? Maybe he made an examination, too!"

I rushed up the steps in high dudgeon. Perhaps I'd better take Thaddeus Quincy's advice. Victor Quade seemed to say things like that every little while which forced me to suspect the suspicioner, Wylie Gerry!

Hugh Norcross was coming down the stairs. He came directly toward me. "Bessie says she gave you a letter for me. I don't know what's gotten into her. She won't speak to me. Locked herself in."

Was she afraid of him? I was glad I could see the men across the road and hear my aunt's movements in the kitchen. Then Bessie's despair made me forget my own fear.

"You didn't give her any more of that sleeping medicine?"

"I'll say I didn't. She takes far too much of the stuff. Why, an overdose—"

"Exactly. Don't let her have it. You'll understand when you—"

I nearly said when he'd read the letter, which would have been an admission that I'd done so myself.

"You're sweet, Judy. My sister's nerves are an awful care. Go up and see if you can get her to quiet down, will you? I wish she was out of this mess. And you, too. When it's over there's something I want to say to you. Just now all I dare say or think of is—be careful." He was squeezing my hand till it hurt.

"Where's the letter?"

"Mr. Quade has it. He's with the others at the barn. He told me to find you. It's important, Hugh." He took a few steps forward.

"You tell Bessie I'll be back soon, will you?"

"Sure," I said, glad to escape the frowning gaze of his haggard eyes. I knocked on Bessie's door. She was crying.

"Hughie? I can't sleep! I can't sleep!"

finally, tiptoeing past poor Lily Kendall's room and on up into my own.

The picture of the now hateful old church stood in a corner of the hall near my door, where Victor had moved it when he'd gone to see if the \$500 was still there. It stood on a newspaper, where Albion Potter had thoughtfully placed it to save the floor. I didn't pick it up until I'd made sure about the money. It was still where I'd left it! Certain peculiarities in the letter came to my mind, and it occurred to me at least Bessie had given me some hand-writing to compare, only I hadn't examined it closely. I'd go down and try to take a look. But first I picked up the picture to put it into my room.

A wet painting isn't easy to handle, but when it's wet on both sides it is really difficult. Potter had painted the entire back of the canvas an apple green, which was even wetter than parts of the picture itself. I, too, got it on my hands, and just when I placed the thing under one of the windows to dry, it fell over. I made a grab, fearing it would be spoiled and smooched, and caught it, doing more damage probably than as if I'd let it go. Now my hands and a bit of floor beneath the newspaper were a horrid sight. I seized the paper and tried to wipe off the place where my hand had been, mopping up the back miserably. Then I stood the picture up again and raced downstairs to wash my hands. Never heard of painting a canvas on both sides before. Perhaps the artists did it that way now or maybe Potter had painted on the

"I want to talk. I want to confess. I wish to God the police would come—say, what's Potter running for?"

We could all see the artist climbing into his car and driving like mad down the narrow Neck.

"To get Gerry to help us launch the boat."

For a moment our eyes watched the car, but our ears were tuned to Hugh. He was ranting, almost the way his sister did.

"I came down here to kill Lane for what he did to my sister. I saw him coming down the Castle driveway. We went over to the church and fought it out, man to man. Hit him too hard, I guess. Anyway, he died and I put him in the chest, just as Judy said. I ought to have locked it, but I heard someone coming."

Following the pattern—following the pattern—just like the letter.

"Hugh, let me see that a minute. I'll give it right back," I said to him. He didn't seem to care what he did. He automatically handed me the crumpled ball of a letter. I turned my back and took a good look at the writing. Neat, tiny, very individualistic. Nothing at all like mine, with the money, I gave it back to him.

"—so I tied the scarf around her neck and choked her," he was almost shouting. "But she wouldn't fall through the Pirate's Mouth, so—"

"God help us all!" ejaculated De Witt.

I could see Potter's car coming back with my uncle. "How much money was it you sent me, Hughie?" I had never called him that pet name before, but he was so distraught, and I couldn't think him capable of all those crimes.

"What ails him?" Albion Potter asked.

"He's confessed," shrilled Mr. Quincy. Anyone would have thought he was enjoying himself.

"Norcross? Well, I vum!" Uncle Wylie marched straight up to Hugh. "Keep your trap shut, young feller, me lad. Ifen you did kill Lane I guess we'd all back you up. It was—self-defense, warn't it?"

"And Old Man Brown?"

"And Miss Kendall?"

The men gathered around the boat, shaking their heads and murmuring to themselves. They might be good witnesses as far as Lane was concerned, but the others—

Uncle Wylie screamed in a high falsetto, the way he did whenever he wanted anything: "Nella!"

Auntie came running.

"Where'd you hide the Eleanor's rollers?"

"Hide 'em? How should I know? Up in the barn chamber, ain't they?" She stood, a trim whisp of a woman in a neat checkered bib apron, her gnarled hands on her hips. Then, catching sight of Hugh, "You sick, Mr. Norcross?"

Hugh raised haggard eyes and said nothing.

"I declare I feel a spell comin' on, too. Want some of my elderberry wine?" Her eye fell on the patch on the boat. "Land sakes! I'd rather put to sea in a barrel, 'tain't safe, is it, Wylie?"

Uncle Wylie was examining the patch. He looked at it outside and in, then he scratched his head. "Never git across the gap. Cove neither. Course we can roll her down and see. Me, I'd tear that thing off and do it right."

"Why don't you do it then?" his wife asked tartly.

"Take too long. Let's see if she'll hold water."

"Oh, what the heck!" Hugh sprang up to help get a log under the Eleanor. "Let's get going. I want the police to come. I want to be arrested before my sister comes down."

Thaddeus Quincy wheeled himself out of the way. De Witt stood with closed eyes, praying again. I thought, Potter and Uncle Wylie took hold of the boat.

Aunt Nella came down the steps and I went to meet her. She shot a querulous glance at Hugh and asked me what he'd meant. I tried to tell her in a breath.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



Greet the Day With a Well-Balanced Breakfast (See Recipes Below)

Good Morning!

What's your breakfast? A squirt of orange juice and a sip of coffee or fruit, cereal, eggs, toast and coffee? No need to tell you which one you can start a man-sized day's work on, is there? A breakfast should supply almost a third of the day's calories and food value.

A slight breakfast will prevent you from waking up fully—and thus starting to realize your full quota of production whether you're on the home or factory front. But, treat the first meal of the day with the same respect you do the other two, and you find yourself refreshed and more than ready to do your job—and do it well.

If you're still in doubt about the value of a good breakfast, look at breakfasts fed servicemen. Do you think they could get up and do their work if it weren't for fruit, cereals, eggs, toast or hotbread, and beverage for their first fare of the day? No, ma'am.

Breakfast affords a grand chance for you to get your vitamin B1—that important morale vitamin which prevents nervousness and restlessness. You need this vitamin every day—and its best sources are whole grain cereal and bread—and yeast.

On warmer days, serve oatmeal or whole wheat cereal, on cooler days, use the enriched, ready-to-eat cereals which are unrationed. When the berries and fruits start coming in, use a few of them with the cereals for a delightful breakfast dish.

Breakfast is a good way to take care of the citrus fruit requirement of the day, too. A half grapefruit, a large orange or a large glass of orange juice will fulfill the vitamin C quota of the day. Remember, however, that vitamin C is easily destroyed by air, and that means you should not squeeze or cut up oranges until just before serving.

Old-Fashioned Popovers.
3 eggs
1 1/2 cups milk
1 1/2 cups enriched flour
1/2 teaspoon salt

Sift flour and salt into a bowl. Beat eggs and add milk to them and stir gradually into the flour to make a smooth batter, then beat thoroughly with egg beater; put hot greased muffin tins two-thirds full of mixture. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees) half hour, then in moderate (350-degree) oven 15 minutes until brown. Note: No leavening agent is used in popovers, and their rising action is dependent upon thorough beating.

Sour Milk Griddle Cakes.
1 1/2 cups flour
1 cup buttermilk
1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 tablespoon sugar
2 eggs

Sift flour and sugar; dissolve soda in buttermilk and add to flour. Drop in unbeaten eggs and beat well, then fold in butter. Drop by spoonfuls on a hot, greased griddle and brown on both sides.

Flannel Cakes.
2 eggs
1 1/2 cups milk
2 cups enriched flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons sugar
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
3 teaspoons baking powder

Sift all dry ingredients. Beat egg yolks and add to milk. Pour this into the flour, add melted butter, and lastly the well-beaten eggs. Drop by spoonfuls on hot, greased griddle and serve with syrup, preserves or jelly.

Crisp Waffles.
(Makes 4 4-section waffles)
2 cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks, well beaten
1 cup milk
1/2 cup melted shortening
2 egg whites

Sift flour, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift again. Combine egg yolks and milk, add to flour, beating until smooth. Add shortening. Beat egg whites until they hold up but are still moist, then fold into batter. Bake on hot waffle iron.

Lynn Chambers welcomes you to submit your household queries to her problem clinic. Send your letters to her at Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago, Illinois. Don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Star Dust

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

THE little town of Brawley, Calif., woke up one morning recently to find a motorized battalion of German troops, armed to the teeth, lining the streets. As the Mexican border's only 25 miles away, the townsfolk were a bit jittery. Then they took another look at the "invaders" and recognized them as Brawley high school boys, drafted by Columbia Pictures to represent a unit of the Nazi Afrika Korps in the picture "Somewhere in Sahara." Humphrey Bogart's starred in it.

Janice Gilbert, who's twenty, has been acting since she was eight, has been on the radio since she was ten. On "The O'Neills" she plays "Janice O'Neill" and also an infant



JANICE GILBERT

and four children. But her most famous juvenile role is "Little Orphan Annie"—when she tours army camps, entertaining the boys, she gets vociferous requests for a session with "Annie."

The night Ann Ayars, Metro starlet, sang for the boys at Fort MacArthur, Calif., she got a rousing reception, but could have dispensed with part of it. Arriving in a pouring rain, she was escorted to the hall by a new recruit who led her smack into a deep puddle at the stage door. Ann fell in to her hips. She says that most of what the soldiers saw of her was mud!

Any Hollywood personage who discovers Lupe Velez watching him intently is likely to be uneasy; experience shows that Lupe's just gathering material for a devastatingly funny impersonation of him. Her imitations seldom reach the screen, but in "Redhead from Manhattan" she does several imitations of fellow stars. She plays identical cousins, both of whom are revue stars.

Lionel Barrymore was in a dangerous spot a while back, and it wasn't one of those things that are part of a scenario, when the actor knows he'll be rescued. Driving home, he miscalculated the depth of flood water near his ranch, and found himself sitting in his stalled car in water up to his neck. The swift current started moving the car toward deeper water. But neighboring farmers came along with chains and hauled the car back onto the highway. The car was ruined, but the famous Barrymore wasn't damaged.

When Robert Ryan joined the army he knew that he'd have a job when he came back; he has a contract with RKO that assures his return to the screen at the war's end, at a salary exceeding the one he was getting when he left. His work in "Bombardier" and "The Sky's the Limit" was responsible for the scrapping of the old contract and the writing of the more favorable new one.

Bob Hope's set for another of those cross-country tours of army, navy and marine posts and bases, which is good news for the men who'll benefit; he gives them a swell show. In fact, he probably works harder at entertaining servicemen than at anything else.

Jack Miller, orchestra director for Kate Smith and "The Aldrich Family," can drop off to sleep any time. He dozed off in the studio before a recent "Aldrich Family" broadcast, so the cast slipped out and sent a page in to wake him and explain that the program was over and all visitors must leave. He spent a frenzied five minutes before he caught up with the truth.

ODDS AND ENDS
The voice which Willy Maher uses for "Wilbur" on the Tommy Riggs broadcasts is going into the movies for the second time, as the lead in the Metro cartoon, "The Scrawny Squirrel" . . . After three years' preparation, King Vidor is nearly ready to begin production of "America," starring Brian Donlevy . . . Helmut Dantine, the Nazi aviator of "Mrs. Miniver," has a leading role in Warner Bros.' "To the Last Man," starring Errol Flynn . . . New Orleans' famous French market, exactly as it was back in the year 1835, has been erected as a setting for "Saratoga Trunk."

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Every beginning is cheerful; the threshold is the place of expectation.—Goethe.

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From an old French word "mes" derived from the Latin word "missus" meaning a course at a meal, comes the Army's name "mess" for its breakfast, dinner, and supper. Favorite meal with the soldier is chicken dinner—his favorite cigarette, Camel. (Based on actual sales records from Post Exchanges.) A carton of Camels, by the way, is the gift he prefers first of all from the folks back home. He's said so. Local tobacco dealers are featuring Camel cartons to send anywhere to men in the armed forces.—Adv.

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