

MURDER at PIRATE'S HEAD

By ISABEL WAITT / W-A-U RELEASE

THE STORY SO FAR: Judy Jason, who is telling the story, receives an anonymous letter enclosing \$800 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. Lily Kendall is found dead, with Hugh Norcross scarf around her neck. Some of the guests succeed in halting a passing sailor and sending him for the police. Judy accidentally brushes against the wet paint on Albion Potter's picture, revealing underneath, a picture of Lily Kendall's niece.

Now continue with Judy's story.

CHAPTER XVIII

I could see the whole group had stopped to listen. And also that the sailboat had completely disappeared. Victor bent over Mr. Quincy's chair and whispered to him.

"With a monkey," I went on. "A cute little monkey looking at itself in a vanity mirror."

"Arlene Parker," I overheard Quincy whisper to Victor. Evidently he heard what I was telling Potter, too. "Did you say she had a monkey in her arms?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Just a coincidence, I suppose. But Arlene Parker did a magazine cover a while ago of some movie star holding a monkey. 'Movie Beauties' it was. Just wondered if it might have been this niece of Miss Kendall's—what's her name?"

"Gloria Lovelace. Know her, Potter?"

His wide eyes held Victor's as he shook his head. "Never been West," he said.

"Judy, I'd like to see that portrait, if you'll get it," Victor said. "Perhaps Mr. Quincy can tell if it's this Gloria Lovelace."

"Oh, it is," I said quickly. "It's on her bureau now. I just compared it."

"Get the painting."

I brought down the double picture and they all gathered around to look at first one side and then the other.

"There, you see?" Albion pointed. "The initials prove I didn't paint the portrait, just as I said." Anyone could see he was telling the truth, for the letters were blunt print on the church side and sort of hieroglyphics on the other; but both distinctly A. P.

"Same as the cover, all right. How'd you get hold of it, Potter?"

For a moment I thought he seemed a little confused. "Picked it up in a second-hand store in Boston. Liked the monkey. Why should I have to tell you people I couldn't afford a lot of canvases."

Thaddeus Quincy played with his cane. "Too bad you daubed that green paint on. Think you could get it all off some way? Arlene's husband would pay you a fat price for that picture."

"You know him?" Victor asked. "Know of him. Who doesn't? Albert Parker—the famous movie director. He nearly went nuts when his wife ran away with Lane, but it wasn't until after she came home again to die that he began collecting her work."

"You—you can have it back, Mr. Potter."

"Keep it, Judy," he said, a bit huskily. "Sell it if you like. I don't care."

"Of course you don't, Parker." Potter whirled on Victor. "What did you call me?"

"I called you Albert Parker—Arlene's husband. Coincidences like this don't just happen except in story books. Your initials and Potter's, I mean. Your having a picture in your possession worth a lot of money and you ostensibly so hard up. Easy enough to trace, once the police get here, or do you deny it?"

Across the cove a little speck appeared on the water. Was it the police boat?

"No, I don't deny it," Potter retorted. "What if I am Parker? Where does that get you? Any more of a motive for scotching that snake than Quincy's here? Sure, I'm Parker. What the hell of it?"

"If you're trying to connect me with Lane's death you're out of luck, that's all. I went to town that night. That let's me out. Dropped into the movies. The picture was 'Love's Tirade.' Want me to tell you all about it?"

"Not if you directed it in the making," Victor said.

"Why, damn you, Quade—I've got the stub in my pocket somewhere, I think." He fished around in several pockets of his dowsy, unpressed, much-worn gray suit and produced a purple stub. "Thank God I saved that!"

I gawked at the stub along with the rest of them. I'd been to the movies a lot at the Head myself and couldn't help noticing.

"But that's an afternoon stub," I said. "They're pink at night."

"Thanks, Judy," Victor frowned at poor Potter, who nervously began to light the first cigar I'd ever seen him smoke. It had a fine aroma, not nasty like Uncle Wylie's pipe. "You'll have to fish for another stub."

Potter pretended to fish. "I've been to the show more than once," he sneered. "If you're trying to put me on the spot for this business I'll say right now I had no reason to push Lily Kendall into the ledges

down there and I never saw Old Man Brown."

"Oh, look! Here it comes!" There could be no mistaking that the speck had grown considerably larger and was heading our way.

"Well, thanks be!"

"Won't be long now!"

"No, that fingerprint in your vanity case powder will soon be identified, Judy. Then we'll see if it matches the one on what I saw on the rocks near the Pirate's Mouth and the partial whorls on the Lane diamond."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Hugh Norcross.

"Prints. Fingerprints. We have three—probably more—but three that will count. The fellow who parked that evidence in Judy's compact—"

"But it was only a bead!"

"Bless you, yes! Brilliant rainbow, square cut, worth a small fortune. The killer may have wiped your golf club clean of prints, Norcross, but he pulled a boner when he left his finger touch Judy's powder."

"And this thing which you saw on the rocks near the Pirate's

Mouth, Potter's tone was scathing. "Where is it now?"

De Witt spoke from the doorway. "I'd like to know, too."

"The police will tell you," Victor said. "Let's go meet them."

"Let's," Albion Potter tore down the steps, taking the path toward the woods by the barn, but suddenly he stopped short and veered for the wharf. He leaped into the Eleanor and pushed off before the crowd realized what was happening. "I'll meet them!" he cried, rowing for dear life in the leaky boat.

By the time the men reached the rickety wharf, the Eleanor, carrying Potter, was out of reach.

"Man, you'll sink!" called my Uncle Wylie, and at that I didn't bother with the quest of the willow stump but tore after the others.

Aunt Nella came trotting along, too. "Is he crazy! Leakin' like a sieve!"

Indeed, the water covered several inches above the boat's bottom.

"Come on back," Victor cried. "You'll never reach the police."

Potter glowered over his shoulder, though he kept tugging at the oars, putting more distance between him and the wharf. He made little progress, but enough so that no one, had he desired, could leap aboard. The other boat was getting bigger and bigger. Only the matter of a few minutes.

The screen door banged behind us. Bessie Norcross came running down to where her brother was standing.

"Hughie, darling! There's a launch coming. Stay with me till it's over." Then she was among us, asking questions and clinging to her brother.

Hugh told her to be quiet. "Shall I swim out to him, Quade?"

Victor shook his head. "He'd only fight you."

"You bet I would!" Potter said grimly, bracing his feet as the water seeped over his shoes. "I missed when I threw Lane's revolver over the cliff and it landed in a crevice of the rocks, but I'm going to make it this time. You've got a stupendous mystery to write, Victor Quade. Make a colossal picture. Wish I might have the directing of it. Anything you'd like me to clear up? You'll have to talk fast."

"Yes, sir. Where's the body of Roddy Lane? In the sea?" De Witt asked.

Albion grimaced, pointing an oar at the ruins of the shed. "That's Lane!"

"Then where's Old Man Brown?" yelled Uncle Wylie.

"Let me, please," Victor said. "She's filling fast. You, of course, were Old Man Brown, Mr. Parker?

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You came here and established yourself in that old shack as a recluse, for the sole purpose of taking vengeance on Lane, whom you knew was coming to the Head. That right?"

"God, yes! I adored my wife. She—she wanted to go on with her career as a magazine illustrator. I let her. She did movie stars for covers of movie periodicals, mostly. Among others, several paintings of Gloria Lovelace. Lane," Potter cried bitterly, "was always hanging around Hollywood actresses—lavishing money he'd stolen on them. Kept my wife strapped, after the first infatuation had worn off. Played her for a sucker, though I didn't know it till she came home, broken-hearted, after he'd cast her aside for a new pretty face. Arlene was found in her car in the garage. Monoxide. Paper said it was an accident, but I knew better."

"You knew where Lane kept his misbegotten funds? He'd told your wife he would repay her loans—that right?"

Parker, or Potter as I thought of him, leaned on the oars and bowed his head. "Let it out to Arlene, just as he did to Quincy's daughter, he had a big wad hidden in the basement of the church. I dug it up. It's now—what's left of it, about \$200,000—deposited in a bank of Boston. Discovered it the day before Lane came, while I was ostensibly fishing off the rocks. Hope at least a percentage can be returned to the rightful claimants."

"Disguised as a deaf old man, whom nobody ever saw very distinctly? The ear apparatus, thick lenses and the stoop made an easy impersonation. Not very difficult to get yourself up as a recluse. Suppose your business as a director made that second nature. But how did you dare to come to the inn in the role of an obscure artist?"

"That," Potter said, "was to be my alibi. Lane had never known me. I doubt if he'd ever seen me in passing. My wife—women don't acquaint their husbands with their—their boy friends. As Potter, I was safe, I thought. I don't really paint, as you must know from the church picture, but Arlene taught me a little just for fun. It came in handy, or I thought it would. Really it led to my undoing. But skip it. The thing was that Old Man Brown was established at the Head. You know they saw the light burning in the fish shed last night. I'd left it to make folks think Brown was at home. After the fire, Brown's glasses and earphone would be found in the bushes, instead of beside his charred body. If Lane vanished the same night, it would look as if Lane might have killed him, wouldn't it? Left the big earphone outside the fire area to do away with any theory of accident—Lane's fingerprints on it!"

"The victim used as the killer!" Victor emphasized. "Mighty clever. Regular movie style."

"Wasn't it! I could get my revenge and make my victim the supposed murderer in hiding. That's why I left a time bomb at the bridge—to supposedly give Lane a head start and confuse the police. Smashed the boats for the same reason, but it was a mistake draining his car—too clever. Cut off his means of escape."

"Milkman received a phone call from Rockville to leave the milk at the end of the route, on the Fourth, and keep his mouth shut about what he saw, and he'd find an extra \$20 in one of his milk bottles the next day. Give it to him, will you, Judy, out of the fund I sent you for the church? You see, I wasn't sure I'd find Lane's money before the auction, so had you buy the church where I could browse around later, if necessary. It wasn't necessary, and I'm truly sorry I let you in for suspicion. However, keep it for what you will and don't think too badly of me."

I felt my eyes filling as he looked my way. The water was up to his knees! Any moment I was sure the old Eleanor would disappear into the bay. The chug-chug of the police launch was growing louder and louder. I couldn't speak. I could only nod my head and cry.

Bessie Norcross screamed: "He did it! I didn't! I didn't! I only confessed to save my brother." The fact just seemed to dawn upon her.

"We know it. Take her away, Norcross," Victor said impatiently. He could see the nearness of the police boat, too, and the creeping water in the other.

But Hugh merely turned to quiet Bessie. He put his arm around her and I saw her bury her face against his coat.

De Witt asked eagerly: "Find any ledgers, Potter? That church business I told you about. Wasn't in New York. It was here. Lane was one of my deacons—the elder Lane, I mean. How I'd like to have the case reopened! His suicide, tantamount to a confession, brought about my pardon. The church funds were on deposit in the bank. There was a forged check. He must have suspected his son was responsible for everything. About ruined me. I dropped the Smith from my name when I finally was allowed to preach again."

He hadn't, Potter said, found any books or other papers. Only cash and negotiable securities.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



FIRST-AID to the AILING HOUSE

by Roger B. Whitman

Roger B. Whitman—WNU Features.

You may not be able to replace worn or broken household equipment. This is war. Government priorities come first. So take care of what you have . . . as well as you possibly can. This column by the homeowner's friend tells you how.

CELLAR CLOTHES CLOSET

Question: Last fall I built a cedar closet in our cellar to keep clothes protected from moths. Now I find the clothes kept there have become moldy. Our cellar is a little damp, but the walls of the closet are at least five inches away from the concrete walls and floor. How can I protect the clothes and get rid of the mold?

Answer: You possibly might be able to do a moistureproof job on the clothes closet by insulating all surfaces with insulation board; then cover all exterior surfaces with heavy asphalt paint. But my advice is to give up the idea of storing clothing in the damp cellar. You would find it much more practical to lay in several garment bags, the kind with zippers, if you still can get them, and store your garments upstairs. First, of course, all clothing should be cleaned thoroughly and the bags provided with plenty of "paradi" (moth flakes) and moth balls.

Furnace Smokes

Question: Our furnace has been smoking for the last two or three years when the door is left open. The damper that is supposed to control that part does not seem to function. Have had it gone over by furnace men, but they do not seem to be able to cure the trouble. It draws well when the door is closed, and heats properly. What is the trouble?

Answer: When a furnace is in operation all doors should be closed. When draft is necessary the damper in the asphalt door should be opened, but the door itself should remain closed. If the damper does not operate properly it may need replacement. Ask the maker of your furnace to send you a copy of his instructions on the proper operation of the unit.

Painting Brick

Question: I plan on painting a cottage built of common brick, over which there is a coating of cement. This cement has been painted several times. However, some of the paint has peeled off in spots. Some of the cement has cracked and fallen off, which since has been repatched. What sort of paint would be best to use on this cottage?

Answer: Since the walls presumably have been painted with an oil paint, use a good quality outside house paint. Or if your local paint dealer has a good brand of oil base brick and cement coating you could use that. If the old paint has peeled badly, it may be necessary to remove it first before repainting.

Roots in Sewer

Question: After having my sewer pipe "rodded" out, the workman informed me that the pipe was matted with tree roots and would require digging up. An oil treatment was suggested. What do you advise?

Answer: A pound or two of copper sulphate, dissolved in a pair of warm water, then poured down the sewer may be more effective than oil. Of course, if the pipe is matted badly with roots, it may be necessary to remove them first; then use the chemical to prevent further growth. If you can locate a plumber who has a root-removing machine, with rotary knives, the job can be done without digging up the pipe.

Insulated Furnace

Question: Our hot-water furnace when installed was covered with asbestos cement about one-half inch thick on the sides, and one-quarter inch on top. Poultry netting was attached first, and asbestos cement was put on. Can I improve on this?

Answer: Yes; insulation on all parts of the boiler should be about one inch thick. It can be applied over the present insulation.

Insulation

Question: Is it possible for a layman to insulate a two-story four-family brick house? If so, what materials are needed?

Answer: If the house has an attic space under a peak roof, insulation can be put into this space by a layman. But if the roof is flat a professional should be engaged to do the work.

Paint for Cement Block

Question: I want to paint and brighten up my cement block garage. Could I use ordinary cement, mixed and thinned with water, for this? I want to apply the material with a brush.

Answer: I should prefer a cement based paint, which is an excellent commercial preparation containing a binder.

Farm Topics

Women in Great Farm Mobilization

Taking Over Jobs Of Fighting Kin

Food is becoming more than ever "woman's business."

In 1943 she not only buys it and prepares it for her family. She's growing it and harvesting it, as well!

From the Atlantic to the Pacific come reports of a highly successful feminine occupation of the land. Women are handling tractors, driving farm trucks, running combines and other machines, and even riding the range on some of the West's broad grazing acres.

They're taking over the jobs of husbands and brothers in the armed forces, and of the thousands of hired workers also lost to Uncle Sam's army and navy and industrial plants.

Back in the days of World War I women "farmerettes" did their part, too, but agriculture has changed since 1917. Today's farm is a highly mechanized plant, with tractors



7480

YOUR small daughter will love making her own bed with this charming embroidery on the spread. It's a dainty old-fashioned doll, complete with pantalettes, hoop skirt and bonnet. Use gay colors.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If the butter is too hard, heat a pan with hot water or otherwise, pour water out and invert pan over butter dish. This does the trick and softens the butter evenly.

In order to conserve your woolen clothes, alternate your clothes so that you don't keep wearing the same thing one day after the other. This method gives the wool fibers a chance to relax and spring back into shape. It also saves on pressing, which is hard on woolen fabrics.

In putting on window screens, be sure that they are securely fastened. Otherwise a tragedy may result should a child lean against the screen.

When rolling doors get rusty and hard to open and shut, simply put a little axle grease on the track. Then the doors will open and shut like new.

Boiling diapers at least once a week is advisable to prevent diaper rash appearing on the baby's tender skin.

It is cheaper to put on a new roof when the old one shows signs of wear, than to have rain leak through and cause redecorating as well as reshingling expense. Leaky roofs are expensive.

Good Care Assures More Young Lambs

Saving a high percentage of the new lamb crop and getting them ready for an early market is one of the important wartime jobs of the American farmer, according to Dale C. Snodgrass, animal husbandry extension specialist of North Carolina State college.

By following a few simple, well-established practices, the sheepman can be sure of success with his young animals. Snodgrass lists some of these practices as follows:

Have the ewes in a good, strong, thrifty condition before lambing, and be sure that the flock is securely separated from other stock, especially hogs.

Do not disturb a ewe at lambing time, unless she needs help, but be sure to stay on the job. Carelessness may mean the loss of a lamb. See that the young lamb nurses and does not become chilled. Should the ewe disown her lamb, try to get her to claim it.

Gradually increase the feed given to the ewe after the lamb is about one week old to stimulate the flow of milk. During lambing time, the ewe should be housed at night and during bad weather.

If a new-born lamb becomes chilled, take it to a warm room and put it in warm water up to its neck. After the young animal is warm, take it out of the water and dry it thoroughly before placing it with the ewe in a warm dry place.

Conserving Fuel

It is clear that farmers have a vital stake in the conservation of gasoline and fuel oil. If supplies run too low, not only will production and distribution of essential food and fiber be hindered, but the ability of many farmers to continue operation will be endangered.

Farmers can be assured the amounts of gasoline and fuel oil which they actually need for productive uses and heating. Any uses beyond these must be eliminated.

For you to make



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SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

A single 10-ton ponton bridge sets up 3200 pounds of rubber and 2.01 pounds are used for each roll of adhesive plaster made for the Army's medical corps.

We've heard a lot about tire switching lately, but the practice would become more common if every driver realized that equalizing wear on all tires can increase tread mileage as much as 50%.

With conservation in mind, keep your rubber goods in a cool, dark place, preferably away from direct heat, or exposure to sunlight, oil and grease.

To make the bullet-sealing gasoline tanks of a Flying Fortress require 1600 pounds of rubber.

Perthumium Argentatum is what botanists call Guayule (pronounced Yoo-Lee) a scrubby desert shrub of Central America and Southwest U.S. which is being developed for its rubber content.

Jerry Fleet

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