

Death's BRIGHT DIAMONDS

by Lionel Mosher

TURN-ABOUT

BRUCE TEMPLE, big, but with all the hardness melted away, sat in his Cogsaw.

"But grave-robbing!" Brenda said.

"That was Eric's idea," Temple answered her. "You may remember that Phineas Hudson's casket had already been selected by him and was stored in the house at Lousburg Square. Well, Phineas had said in both Eric's and my presence that, if he ever got his hands on the Ostermann diamonds, he would either see that they were returned to the rightful owners or take them to the grave with him. Eric thought they might be concealed in the lining of the coffin."

"What had you and Phineas Hudson do with the Ostermann diamonds?" Brenda asked.

"That," Temple said, "goes a long way back. In 1939 Eric Woolf made Phineas Hudson what seemed like an innocent proposition. Remember this was before the war.

"Eric had formed the Atlantic Distributing Company. They dealt in German optical goods and marketed large quantities at incredibly low prices. Eric admitted suavity that American prejudice against infiltration of German goods would be more easily overcome by the presence of Phineas Hudson's name on the letterhead as chairman of the board. The money was good; Phineas Hudson's fortune was gone. He accepted.

"When he found out that it was a front for Nazi activities, it was too late to pull out."

"But, father," Brenda said, "how did you come in on this?"

"QUITE by accident," replied Temple. "I had been approached by Peter Xavier to aid in the disposition of the Oster-

mann collection. The idea was that if the stones were marketed into the private collections of men of means, they would bring a higher price. Xavier's title seemed clear. I accepted the commission.

"I was to receive the gems from Calavestri. But Phineas, through Eric, got wind of a plot of the Gestapo to lift the stones. He told me of it and I started at once for Lisbon to intercept Calavestri, naming Phineas as authorized agent to accept delivery in my absence if I should fail."

"But Calavestri didn't go to Lisbon," I said.

"No," Temple drew thoughtfully on his cigar. "She went to Africa, got passage somehow from Dakar to Natal, and came here from South America."

"Where did Booker come in?" I asked.

"Xavier hired him to watch Calavestri," replied Temple. "He lost her trail when she went to Africa but picked it up again in Boston."

"How about me?"

"Booker had been informed of the substitution of Hudson for me. He thought he had a good contact in you to grab the stones and dispose of them to his own profit. Then things got badly fouled up. Booker lifted the stones after Calavestri's death."

"Did he kill her?"

"No," Temple shook his head. "She was killed by Nazi agents who mistakenly thought she was carrying the stones with her when she tried to contact you."

"But why did she do that?"

"Panic," Temple said. "She wanted to pull out of the deal. Booker had been after her to abscond with the stones. You looked honest."

"And credulous," I said. "What was Booker doing at The Ledges?"

"Hiding out," Temple said. "He pushed his nuisance value so hard with Phineas that Phineas gave him asylum. Then Phineas had

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Washington Merry-Go-Round

Other practices learned recently from the Nazis include the more efficient setting of booby traps in Manila buildings, and the use of rockets on Luzon and Iwo Jima. Fortunately for us, the native guerrillas on Mindanao have managed to nullify most of the Jap preparations since Leyte was invaded.

Official Records

Water turned off, April 23:
E. E. Litton, 1404 Walnut street; C. Mellinger, 908 Oak street; Paul C. Bull, 1305 7th street.

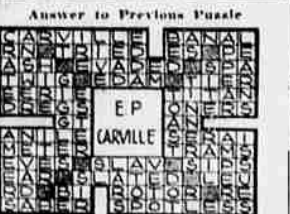
Water turned on, April 23:
Mrs. Wally Nelson, 1709 Jefferson avenue; Mrs. Tom Kinzer, 2114 Second street; Mrs. Carrie Romine, 2808 Greenwood avenue; Edward Yohn, 2713 Fourth street; J. A. Cunningham, 510 C avenue; Harry A. Chambers, 808 B avenue; C. Mellinger, 503 N avenue; C. C. Bull, 1305 Seventh street.

Building Permits
W. B. Evans, alter and repair one story frame garage, 2108 Cedar street, \$50.
L. W. Mardis, alter and repair one story frame chicken house, 201 Benton street, \$25.
Roy Mason, wreck one story frame garage, 1802 Penn avenue.
Oregon Tractor company, alter a two story implement house, 1719 Fifth street, \$40.

One of the most popular delicacies or dishes on the Faroe islands is dried whale meat.

U. S. Legislator

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 16 Pictured U. S. representative. | 1 Heroic |
| 13 Cushion | 2 Unit of coinage |
| 15 Relief (art) | 3 Mistreat |
| 16 Ailing | 4 Lord Lieutenant (ab.) |
| 17 Girl's name | 5 Pronoun |
| 19 Sailor | 6 Percussion instrument |
| 20 Hint | 7 Greases |
| 22 Sweet potatoes | 8 The gums |
| 23 Turns to left | 9 Government issue (ab.) |
| 24 Pouch | 10 Envoy |
| 26 Protrude | 11 Acknowledge |
| 27 In what place? | 12 Weeps |
| 29 Employers | 14 Askew |
| 32 Army order (ab.) | 18 Symbol for samarium |
| 33 Symbol for sodium | 21 Serious |
| 34 Nota bene (ab.) | |
| 35 Exclamation | |
| 36 Removes | |
| 38 Savor | |
| 40 Monosaccharide | |
| 41 Single | |
| 42 Portion | |
| 44 Her maiden name was | |
| 48 Dips | |
| 51 Exist | |
| 52 Day of court sessions (2 words) | |
| 53 Ocean | |
| 55 Rhythm | |
| 57 Better | |
| 59 Checked in development | |
| 60 Strained | |



to try to beat you down here when you had to aim where you were needed."

"It was Booker then who hit me in the cellar."

"Yes," Temple answered, "and who took a shot at you in your room. But he got into the wrong room. He was looking for Phineas."

"Did father set fire to The Ledges?" Pat asked.

Bruce Temple looked thoughtful. He said:

"Booker."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know he didn't," Temple said. "Phineas framed that little message in Nicholas's mirror; then after he had got you all out, he went back and took the stones from Booker at the point of a pistol. He was hard pressed so he cached the stones in the cemetery, and some time after that Eric got him."

BRENDA's lovely eyes were on her father. She said:

"I still don't see how that explains your presence in the Sandy Point graveyard with a shovel."

Bruce Temple looked quizzically at his daughter.

"Wasn't it a good thing for you and Nick that I was?" he asked.

"Yes, father," she said.

"Remember I was still the best bet for disposing of the stones. From the time Phineas and I faked that motor trouble at The Ledges it was all-out war between two decadent old gentlemen and a prowling wolf."

"Nick," Pat said.

"Yes?"

"Charley will take me home."

I looked up.

"You don't mind?" asked Charley.

"No," I said.

"You're sure?" asked Charley.

"Sure, I'm sure," I said.

"Well—" Charley said.

Pat and Brenda laughed.

"What's funny?" I asked.

"We're tired," Brenda said, "and we feel silly. Don't worry about Nick; I'll take care of him."

"Will you?" I said.

Brenda's cheeks were agreeably flushed. She said:

"Yes, I will. And don't you think I can't."

THE END

Sun Dress



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