

SERIAL STORY

I AM A MURDERER

BY MORRIS MARKEY

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THE STORY: This is the story of the "perfect crime" - the murder of Col. Wesley Hope Merriwether in the library of his Long Island estate...

CHAPTER II

As usual, the huge, pale green stands surrounding the Broken Hill Club polo field were empty and a little desolate even in the bright sunshine.

Members' games were put to it to attract mothers, fathers who grumbled that the game had gone to pieces since their day, and a thin sprinkling of debutantes.

Henry Prentiss helped Toby Parker and Fred West to unload their gear, and then went off to chat with his teammates.

His admonitions were cheerful, but exact - which pony to play in each period - what moves to make when Parker got on the ball with his fast mounts - what precautions to take against the same Parker's inherent weakness in the matter of fouling.

Then girls were brought up tight. The men began climbing into their saddles. And Henry Prentiss walked with Cynthia Merriwether over the soft grass to her box in the clubhouse enclosure.

When they were in their seats they were surrounded by perhaps a hundred other spectators, who nodded at them, or waved and called greetings.

Mrs. Porter West, who sat some distance behind and above Cynthia and Prentiss, gave no very sharp attention to the opening moments of the play.

She stared at Cynthia and Prentiss, her face without expression, but her eyes were drawn slightly together, and the poisons of frustration and resentment and anger brewed within her heart.

Mrs. Porter West was, as the saying goes, of the old school; the old Long Island school which had carefully forgotten that the family fortunes got their primordial start in paper bags or imitation velvet.

Neither passions of the grand order, the perpetuation of blue blood, nor the sustenance of social prestige were the desiderata. The young were supposed to fall in love where it would do the most good.

If a Beacham family fell upon troubled times, for example, it was the decent and proper thing for a Crandall family (currently able to increase its string of Irish Hunters and even pay its tailor's bills) to send forth a youth or a maiden, as the case might be, and by the perfectly ordinary process of matrimony bring the situation into a seemly balance.

THE youths and the maidens had a deplorable word for this state of things. The word was: lousy. But it was difficult for them to be too selfish or stubborn when roast prime ribs for the family and No. 1 crushed oats for the mangers were at stake.

Not to put too fine a point upon it, Mrs. Porter West had reached the considered conclusion that Cynthia Merriwether was a suitable wife for Frederick Halliburton West, not merely Yale '37, but captain of Yale's polo team, and by no means neglected in the photographic art of either sporting page or rotogravure reports of hunt balls and kindred fetes.

That her son, Fred, had turned out to be really an amusing, and

friendly, and unpretentious sort of young man did not enter into her calculations at all. Those calculations, on the contrary, were based in sound, realistic fashion upon the absurd things which all this excitement - silly wars and depressions and such - had done to the trust funds left behind when Porter Gordon West, sound horseman and furthermore an enviable judge of hounds, had gone to his ultimate peace.

To his eternal praise, let it be said that Fred West was neither deceived nor a deceiver. When he moved dutifully beneath his mother's goad and broached the matter to Cynthia, he was direct if something less than subtle.

"To open it out," he said, "I'm nuts about you and want to marry you. To close it off, I suppose, I've got to tell you my family needs dough. You've got it, or your old man has. I'm just putting it straight on the line for you. There's no use my saying take it or leave it, because I know damn well you're going to leave it. But I've got the right to say that no matter how obvious it is, this money business hasn't anything to do with the way I go for you. Oh, hell - you're already bored with the whole idea. . . ."

She had not laughed. Which was something. She had taken his reluctant hand.

"You're sweet," she said. "That's the sweetest, nicest thing I ever heard anybody say. Listen, Fred. Just let's see a lot of each other this summer. What say? Wouldn't we be a couple of chumps to go off and quit speaking and having people sorry for us?"

"Oh, you mean that kid stuff." "Certainly I do. Men have an awful time making any sense out of it when a girl says, 'I haven't got marriage in the back of my

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



AN AUTOMOBILE THAT GETS 22 MILES TO A GALLON OF GAS WHEN WARMED UP AND GOING 25 MILES AN HOUR, GETS ONLY 2 MILES PER GALLON WHEN THE MOTOR IS COLD!

A SORE THROAT IS A PAIN IN THE NECK, SAYS MRS. ELISABETH JONES, Monro, Louisiana.

U. S. SENATOR

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words. Includes a small portrait of a man.

Large crossword puzzle grid with a portrait of a man in the center.



Alley Oop



"Nothing today, thank you!"

Marines Use a New Rubber Stamp

PORTLAND, Jan. 5 (AP)—The navy's mailmen are bearing down these days on stamp cancellations. The old, familiar cancellation marks are gone from letters arriving here from marines overseas, and in their stead are these rubber-stamped legends: "Tojo is a bum, Hitler a heel," and "Praise D'Lord, Pass de Ammu."

If it's a "frozen" article you need, advertise for a used one in the classified

bean. But they mean it sometimes. I mean it now, Fred.

"You're O. K.," he said. "How about something that comes in a glass with a lot of ice?"

Which was the extent of the wooing, and Fred got some deep, inner satisfaction out of it because she had called him a man.

(To Be Continued)



Overloading



Red Ryder



Little Orohan Anni



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



By Fred Harmon



By Harold Gray



By Blosser



By Crane



By Martin



By V. T. Hamlin