

• 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 Hoppe Merriwether in the library of the Stone House estate—and of the events leading up to it. At the moment a party is in progress at the Colonel's house. Present are his attractive daughter, Cynthia; Fred West, a half-breed; and Mitchell Grace, the Colonel's secretary, and others of the party. An unexpected arrival is Vaughan Dunbar, a foreign correspondent who brings a message from one of Cynthia's close friends.

NEWS OF BILL STEWART

CHAPTER VI
VAUGHAN DUNBAR spoke slowly and earnestly, in a very low tone, with just the faintest memory of the Scotch Highlands in his phrases. He lounged back in the half-light, his fingertips together, his smooth black hair catching a gleam now and again from the electric bulbs which shone upon the swimming pool hard by.

Cynthia liked him. She thought to herself that for some absurd reason she was pleased that he had not thought to apologize for the rather elaborate formality of his white tie and tailcoat. That was, she thought, the way things were done in Europe—and why should those ways be changed merely because the country night was warm?

"Bill told me," he said, "of the wonderful things you did for him—that time."

"I did little enough. The darling..."

"Yes. That is really the word for old Bill. He is a darling chap—whether in the savage heat of North Africa or the wretchedness of a bistro in Sofia. But a tough one, too. I can tell you that, Miss Merriwether."

"Go on. Please do. What does he say? Does he ever get ill? Is he drinking very much? Is there enough to eat?"

Vaughan Dunbar's low voice launched out. He chose his phrases with care and with great deliberation, and drew the portrait of Bill Stewart's life in Europe and Africa and the Near East. Cynthia listened, enthralled—until Vaughan Dunbar seemed hardly a presence at all, but a mirror reflecting Old Bill, as he wound his strong, devil-may-care way through the bitter mazes of pain and death.

She was startled when Fred West spoke to her. And she was not pleased.

"What goes?" Fred West inquired. "I have some weird memory that this was supposed to be a celebration."

"Oh, Fred," she said. "You startled me."

"Happy indeed to learn I can make some sort of impression on you."

Vaughan Dunbar was standing. "I really did not mean to monopolize Miss Merriwether."

Fred looked at him. The look was not that of a friend. Fred said to Cynthia, "Colonel Merriwether would like to see Mr. Dunbar. Something about getting the lowdown on the European situation."

They walked toward the house, and Vaughan Dunbar sat down beside Colonel Merriwether's desk, and lighted one of the Colonel's cigars, and Fred took a not altogether willing Cynthia off to the dance floor. The musicians had warmed by now and were giving out more lively tunes, and the wine had sown the seeds of merriment.

For something beyond an hour, Vaughan Dunbar conversed with Colonel Merriwether, as others of the guests came in and listened a while and moved out again, telling the tale of European anguish: of veiled hopes, of fear in the lands whose cities bear such queer and jolly names, of incredible strength in Germany and incredible aloofness in England.

But despite the fact that certain of the guests found seats and remained in the library, there was no general discussion. For that was not the manner of the Colonel's library at Stone House.

Toward midnight, Vaughan Dunbar arose to go, and Penny Hunter (who saw this happen) told Mitchell Grace to fetch Cynthia (her word being "pronto") and Cynthia came hurrying.

"But Mr. Dunbar will stay with us—mustn't he, Colonel?"

But before the Colonel could give his measured answer, Dunbar hastened to say that he could not think of remaining as house guest. Delightful hospitality, profoundly appreciated—but he had his quarters in the city and certain work which would...

"Then you will come back very soon?" a most disappointed Cynthia answered. And Colonel Merriwether spoke also, saying that he would be grateful for further opportunity to share Mr. Dunbar's company and to receive more enlightenment upon the confused events abroad—

...but Mr. Dunbar was more than welcome to make himself at home at Stone House.

"You are most kind," said Vaughan Dunbar. He seemed, for an astonishing moment, to be confused, or taken aback. But that was for only the most fleeting breath of time.

"If you like any sort of riding, next time you come, we're fresh in with horses," Cynthia said.

Dunbar said, without smiling, "I am afraid I should cut a rather

sorry figure. My early education was neglected in that direction."

"But we shall expect you back again."

"Delighted—if I may. You have been so very kind, Miss Merriwether."

"Even a creditor, if he's Bill Stewart's pal, is a friend around here."

"Then I am happy to believe that Bill's debtors are welcome also."

"Sunday is the polo final. You'll be with us then—and no arguments, please."

"I will be most happy."

Cynthia walked with him to his car, which stood in the driveway. She shook hands with him and thanked him for coming with such wonderful news of Bill Stewart.

He said that he would have the wit to telephone before doing such a thing again. She said it would not be all that formal, unless he insisted upon making it so. And he got into his roadster and drove away toward the city.

Cynthia Merriwether was to be forgiven, perhaps, for the relish with which she told Henry Prentiss of Vaughan Dunbar's arrival upon the scene at Gull Point. The idea of stirring a twinge of jealousy within the breast of that cavalier soul was, of course, beside the point. But he had run out on the party—the pig. And he had been downright abrupt concerning the reasons for that running out. If only he had used a little diplomacy—like business duties, or seeing the doctor, or even an old college chum.

She tried her best to tell him about Vaughan Dunbar. He tried his best not to listen. But when the last cocktail was gone he knew, though he pretended not to know, that Mr. Vaughan Dunbar was a gentleman of poise, manner, breeding and accomplishment—that any woman would pause at least twice before deciding that

he was just another Britishman of the Upper Classes and therefore to be regarded as a bore, a chiseler, a presumptuous ass and more than likely a fraud.

(To Be Continued)

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

FRIGATE BIRD IS A SEA FOWL, YET CANNOT SWIM... A FISH EATER, BUT NEVER TOUCHES THE WATER EXCEPT WITH ITS BILL TIP.

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Goggles adjusted and ready for a take-off is Tech Order, flying mascot of the Cloudhoppers Squadron at Army Air Forces gunnery school, Tyndall Field, Fla. Named for a pilot's plans instructions, the flying pouch is sitting on the navigator's table of a big bomber.

HOLD EVERYTHING!

55 MOUNTAIN QUEEN



"Gives it an authentic touch, don't you think?"

he was just another Britishman of the Upper Classes and therefore to be regarded as a bore, a chiseler, a presumptuous ass and more than likely a fraud.

(To Be Continued)



Out Our Way By J. R. Williams



Ked Kyaer



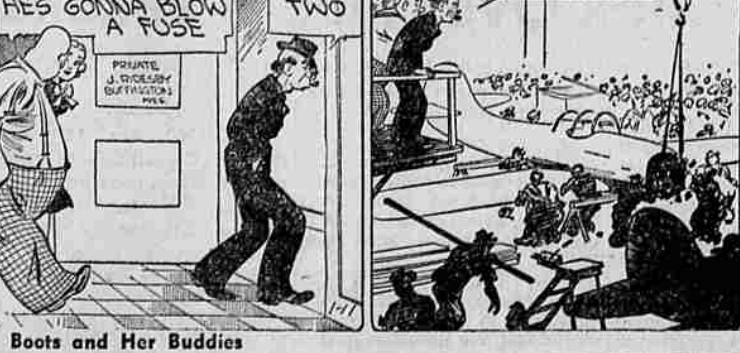
Lirrie Orphan Annie



Freddie and his friends



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



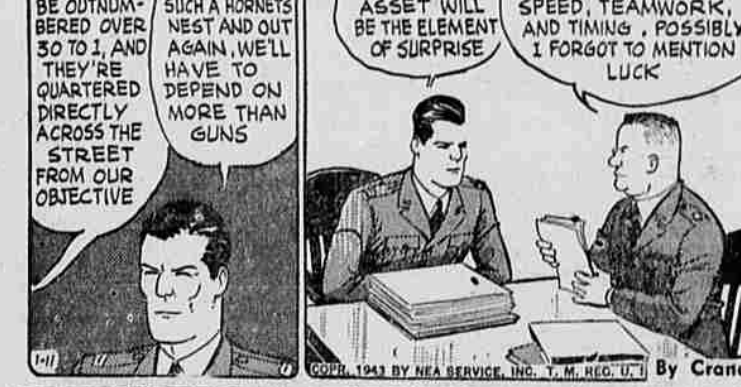
By Fred Harmon



By Harold Gray



By Blosser



By Crano



By Martin



By V. T. Hamlin

MOVIE ACTRESS

- | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----------------------------|---------------|-------------|----------------------|--------------|---------|-----------|----------|--------------------|--------------------|----------|---------------|----------|------------|-----------------------|------------|--------------------|----------------|-------------|------------------|------------------|---------------------|-----------------|--------------------|-----------|-------------------|------------------|-----------------|--------------|-------------------|------------------|---------------|-------------|--------------|----------|-------------------------|----------|--------------|--------------|-------------------------|---------|------------|
| 17 Pictured movie actress. | 20 Reluctant. | 23 Recluse. | 26 Turn toward east. | 29 Sorcerer. | 32 Any. | 35 Catch. | 38 From. | 41 Courts (abbr.). | 44 States (abbr.). | 47 Unit. | 50 Excursion. | 53 Buzz. | 56 Fondle. | 59 Spread for drying. | 62 Employ. | 65 Spanish dollar. | 68 Half an em. | 9 Property. | 10 She has long. | 13 Part of "be." | 15 African bustard. | 18 2000 pounds. | 21 Three (prefix). | 23 Dined. | 25 Kind of plant. | 27 Not suitable. | 28 Acknowledge. | 29 Formerly. | 32 Type measures. | 34 Jurisdiction. | 37 Sequester. | 40 Ensnare. | 41 Endeavor. | 43 Just. | 44 She—in screen plays. | 48 Ment. | 48 Festival. | 50 Location. | 52 Musical composition. | 54 Him. | 57 Toward. |
|----------------------------|---------------|-------------|----------------------|--------------|---------|-----------|----------|--------------------|--------------------|----------|---------------|----------|------------|-----------------------|------------|--------------------|----------------|-------------|------------------|------------------|---------------------|-----------------|--------------------|-----------|-------------------|------------------|-----------------|--------------|-------------------|------------------|---------------|-------------|--------------|----------|-------------------------|----------|--------------|--------------|-------------------------|---------|------------|

Answer to Previous Puzzle

1. SOUTH DAKOTA
 2. MEAL
 3. PIERRE
 4. CARROLL
 5. RAR
 6. RAW
 7. OCAS
 8. SPARK
 9. ROSE
 10. MAIMS
 11. EST
 12. TOWER
 13. AN
 14. ECAD
 15. DAD
 16. SOUTH DAKOTA
 17. ST
 18. EPI
 19. LET UP A
 20. ATOM
 21. TRAPS
 22. EDAM
 23. LAN
 24. ARE
 25. ATE
 26. IRE
 27. LIGNIN
 28. SETTLE
 29. COYOTE
 30. STATE

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9.
 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20.
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 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60.
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