

'I AM A MURDERER'

BY MORRIS MARKEY

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WHO IS 'DUNBAR'?

CHAPTER XVIII
LIEUTENANT THATCHER of the State Police sat now, in Vaughan Dunbar's hotel room, facing Captain Meehan of the New York homicide squad, and sucking moodily at his pipe. They had gone through the clothing, piece by piece, the shoes and the toilet articles and even the lining of the suitcase.

All was in discreet order. The clothing was expensive, most of it from London and some from New York. But this difference in origins was judged by the two officers rather than the fashioning and the materials than from the labels. Because there were no labels. And no initials. And the laundry marks on the linen were simply those of the hotel laundry.

There were neither portfolios, brief cases, nor wallets. And nowhere a scrap of paper bearing the written word.

The fingerprint men had found ample material upon which to exercise their magic. On furniture and toilet bottles, on door knobs and water faucets and window catches, there were dozens of clear prints—and all of them were identical with those on the pistol which had killed Colonel Merriwether.

Such information as the hotel manager could vouchsafe was unprovocative. Mr. Vaughan Dunbar had arrived in a taxicab with his luggage about an hour after the landing of a clipper ship from Lisbon at LaGuardia Field. He had registered as of London, asked for unpretentious accommodations, and established himself with quiet dignity.

His hours had been irregular. There were nights when he did not sleep in his rooms at all. But he had made few demands upon the house staff.

The telephone calls of record were not many: Several to Stone House, and several messages from Stone House—one or two to the British Legation at Washington—one to a press connection office in New York. Outgoing telegrams across the hotel desk: None.

At the garage, it was verified that Vaughan Dunbar's car had been a 1940 Packard convertible, with black leather upholstery, license number V-2121-Y. It had appeared to be practically new when it was brought in, though it was not the custom of the garage to take speedometer readings. Nor was it the custom to mark down engine numbers or other identifications. Neither did the garage preserve a record of the comings and goings of its clients' automobiles, unless they were chauffeur-driven.

That was all. And Lieutenant Thatcher was frowning.

"When will these rich people learn?" he asked glumly. "They take in any stranger that has a good front. He robs them if he doesn't kill them. And when we are called in they think we are being crude when we ask, 'What do you know about this man?'"

"I grant you, those people out there at Merriwether's place were pretty much upset tonight, and I had no chance to talk with the girl. But as far as I could make out, the fellow just drove up, said something about knowing an old friend of the family, and they took him lovingly into the fold. He was a pal, right off. And who is he? That's the first thing we've got to find out. Unless we come up to him."

"Let's get ahead with the routine," said Captain Meehan. He was an imperturbable man, of a colder and more cynical breed than his colleagues. He bent over the writing desk, and put down slowly:

1. Check Clipper ship.
2. Prints and description to FBI.
3. Check British legation.
4. Check banks.
5. Check State Department for passport visas.

Then he lifted his slow glance to Lieutenant Thatcher. "I understand he was some sort of newspaperman."

Lieutenant Thatcher grunted. "The people out there gathered something like that—in a vague way."

Captain Meehan wrote again:

6. Check press associations.
7. Check U. S. offices of all English papers and press associations.

"We'll get going on this in the morning," he said, "unless he's been picked up by them."

"One more thing," Lieutenant Thatcher said. He picked up the pen and wrote:

8. Check Merriwether's past history.

The morning came, and the routine of inquiry began its steady course. The day wore through, with no news at all of Vaughan Dunbar. And on the following day, which was Tuesday, Lieutenant Thatcher and Captain Meehan sat in the drawing room at Stone House, looking at Cynthia Merriwether, and Fred West, and Fred's cousin Anne, and Mitchell Grace, and Henry Prentiss, and Dr. Fleming. All of them had but lately come from the funeral of Col. Wesley Hope Merriwether.

In a rather flat voice, Lieutenant Thatcher said, "Captain Meehan has generously agreed to help us. He has no obligation to do so. But since the man lived in a Manhattan hotel, he is willing to cooperate."

Cynthia was very calm, but she seemed chilled, and her face was without expression.

"Thank you, Captain Meehan,"

she said.

The captain bent his head in a slight bow.

Lieutenant Thatcher went on more briskly. "It is a great pity you did not inquire more carefully into this man's credentials. I must report to you that we have absolutely no trace of him. And here are the immediate results of our routine investigation:

"He did not arrive on the Trans-Atlantic Clipper, and we have no idea how he did arrive in this country—supposing that he has not been here all the time.

"The Federal Bureau of Investigation has no record of his fingerprints, or name, or description.

"The official British authorities have no knowledge of him whatever, despite the fact that he appears to have communicated with them by telephone at least once. That call, of course, may have been a blind.

"He had no account, or letter of credit, in any New York bank.

"Our State Department has no record of an entrance visa given to Vaughan Dunbar, no record of his passport, either a British or an American one.

"He seems to have telephoned to the United Press in New York. On the other hand, the manager there tells us that one of his editors, the man who might possibly have dealt with Dunbar, himself went to England by airplane four days ago.

"The New York office of the British Overseas Dispatch informed us that their agency once had a correspondent named Vaughan Dunbar. The last they had heard of him was a series

of dispatches from Capetown, four years ago. We cabled to the BOD head office in London, and here is their reply."

He handed the cablegram to Cynthia.

"To our best knowledge, Vaughan Dunbar died of fever on the Gold Coast in 1936."

(To Be Continued)

Speaking of the March of Dimes, we sincerely hope that everybody loves a parade!

If you're short on gas, just remember that it is a lot safer to skid on foot.



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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

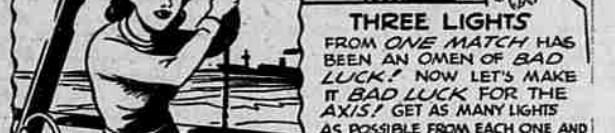
By William Ferguson



SIZE IS A HANDICAP IN THE WORLD OF ANIMALS! MAN HAS TO MAKE GAME LAWS TO KEEP THE LARGE ONES FROM BECOMING EXTINCT, WHILE HE STUDIES METHODS OF KEEPING THE SMALL ONES FROM BECOMING TOO NUMEROUS.



QUIDDING ODDS
 "YOU CAN MAN A BOAT WITH WOMEN," SAID DR. ELMO DE' PAOLI, New York, N.Y.



THREE LIGHTS FROM ONE MATCH HAS BEEN AN OMEN OF BAD LUCK! NOW LET'S MAKE IT BAD LUCK FOR THE AXIS! GET AS MANY LIGHTS AS POSSIBLE FROM EACH ONE AND CONSERVE MATCHES.

NAVAL VESSEL

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured type of warship

13 Perform.

14 Vessels like this help Japs in the Solomons.

15 Entreaty.

16 Behold!

17 That one.

18 Still.

19 Limb.

20 Therefore.

21 Shoe latchet.

22 Steeped morsel.

23 American Expeditionary Force (abbr.).

24 Gas spout.

25 Foolish.

26 Father.

27 Pertaining to vision.

28 Timothy (abbr.).

29 Damp.

30 Negative.

40 Ox.

41 Scat.

42 Note of scale.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

ARMY AIR FORCE ROSEA INCA ILLINE RASMEDILE

AFITLE ROSA US ARMY REDOUK AIR FORCE MA DS VAST IDES ACRES ESTE EARS TEARY MEN

12 Plant part.

22 Wager.

24 Marked with indentations.

25 Nearly.

26 Fruit conserve

28 Less.

30 Long Island, (abbr.).

31 Pocketbook.

32 U. S. lost of these at Midway.

33 Explosive sound.

34 Fish.

36 Limp.

37 Sick.

38 Water barrier.

44 Brick carrier.

46 Symbol for nickel.

48 Peested.

52 U. S. lost the in the Solomons.

53 Pertaining to ashes.

55 Yawn.

56 Broad smile.

58 Self.

59 No (Latin).

60 Knock.

61 Over (poet.).

CROSSWORD

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20

21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32

33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44

45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56

57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68

69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80



Out Our Way
 By J. R. Williams



HEY...HEY! COME ON BACK! WE'LL HELP YOU!

ME STILL PLENTY GUS-DUSTED THEM CLOSE DOOR IN OUR FACE!

I KNOW, LITTLE BEAVER-- BUT WE'VE GOT TO HAVE THEIR HELP, NOW IT'S OFFERED!



YEAH-IT WORKED OUT FINE--NOSY READ THE SCHOOL PRINCIPAL ASKED ANNIE ALL ABOUT YOU, AS I WAS SURE HE WOULD--

W-W-WHAT DID SHE TELL HIM?

HA! HA! WHY, THAT YOU'RE BUSY ON YOUR NEW BOOK--SEE NO ONE--AND READL PEDDLE IT ALL OVER RIVERSIDE, OF COURSE--

FINE! FINE! NOW MAYBE THOSE YOKELS WILL QUIT SUSPECTING THAT I'M A PHONY! EH, CHIEF?



WHY ARE YOU UP SO EARLY, FRECKLES?

GOTTA GIVE LARD HIS FIRST INITIATION ASSIGNMENT-- BUT THE LINE IS BUSY!

MRS. ALTER WOULD LIKE YOU TO PICK UP HER COUSIN'S TRUNK AT THE DEPOT, SON!



GOOD HEAVENS! WHEN?

HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS, PENNY? THAT DANCER, MONA MONA, HAS BEEN ARRESTED AS A GERMAN SPY



OH, I DON'T KNOW. SEVERAL NIGHTS AGO, I THINK. THEY KEPT IT A SECRET UNTIL THEY CAUGHT HER ACCOMPICE

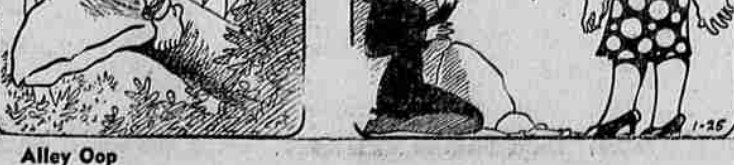
DO-DO YOU KNOW WHO CAUGHT HER?



LAWY MISS C--HERE COMES THE P'FESSOR AND MISS PUG! LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE BRINGING THEM LITTLE CRITTERS BACK

OH, DEAR! THE PET SHOP IS CLOSED FOR THE DURATION

GEE--WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'EM?



WHILE ALLEY COP CONTINUES HIS SEARCH FOR THE MISSING FOOLY...

COOLA, AS GOOD AS HER PROMISE HAS OUTFITTED QUEEN LUMPA IN TWENTIETH CENTURY FINERY!

I GUESS THAT'S TH' FIRST THING TO DO!



OUR BOARDING HOUSE WITH MAJOR HOOPLE
 By Fred Harmon



WELL, IF IT ISN'T LITTLE LEO! WHEN DID HIS MOTHER BRING HIM?--AND SLEEPING SO PEACEFULLY!--OR, WAIT! MAYBE YOU DROPPED HIM ON HIS HEAD, YOU BIG ELK, AND HE'S UNCONSCIOUS!

WHY, MARTHA! HOW COULD YOU SUGGEST SUCH A THING?-- THE LITTLE MAN BELLOVED FOR A SPELL AFTER HIS MAMA LEFT HIM, BUT I FED HIM A DELICIOUS WARMED-OVER DISH I FOUND IN THE ICEBOX-- THEN LULLED HIM INTO BLISSFUL SLUMBER WITH THE SOFT STRAINS OF MY GUITAR!



WE DO, BUT HAVE TO LEAD-UM RED RYDER! HIM PLENTY BLIND FROM BEE STINGS!

SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU FOLKS! CAN YOU GIVE ME A BED, FOOD AND BANDAGE MY EYES?

WE'LL BANDAGE YOUR EYES, ALL RIGHT!



NOW, CHILDREN! REMEMBER! NO RACING AND PUSHING! YOU'RE LITTLE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AREN'T YOU? DISMISSED!

SHE'S TH' NEW KID--

HER NAME'S ANNIE--

ANNIE WARBUCKS? SA-A-Y-- THAT'S TH' SAME NAME AS COLONEL ANNIE WHO STARTED TH' JUNIOR COMMANDOS--

YEAH! ANNIE WARBUCKS!



I GOTTA DO IT, AND WHAT'S MORE I GOTTA FIB AND SAY--

OKAY, MOM! I LOVE TO WORK!

-- AND SAM, HE DIDN'T GRUMBLE OR GROAN A BIT! I TELL YOU THE BOY ISN'T WELL!



OH, I DON'T KNOW. SEVERAL NIGHTS AGO, I THINK. THEY KEPT IT A SECRET UNTIL THEY CAUGHT HER ACCOMPICE

DO-DO YOU KNOW WHO CAUGHT HER?



PUG, FIX A PLACE IN THE GARAGE FOR THE LITTLE PESTS TO STAY TONIGHT-- AND DON'T LET ANY OF THEM GET AWAY

--AND SEND IT TO PROF. STEVE TUTT'S HOUSE RIGHT AWAY--

OH, BOY!



MY STARS, LUMPA--TEEDLE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT CLUB? DRESSED AS YOU ARE--

IT JUST ISN'T PROPER!

PROBABLY NOT, DEARIE, BUT THEN NEITHER IS MY OLD MAN!