

• SERIAL STORY

'I AM A MURDERER'

BY MORRIS MARKEY

Copyright, 1942, NEA Service, Inc.

CHAPTER XIX
CYNTHIA laid the cablegram on the table standing at the arm of her chair.

"I see," she said. But it was plain that she did not see at all. "Of course you do," said Lieutenant Thatcher.

"That is the extraordinary note this man left on the desk. It may be the ravings of a crazy man, of course. But you see, we can't depend on that."

"There is not much," she began. And then, in a very tired, small voice, she told all of them the same story which she had told Vaughan Dunbar on that night beside the pool.

When she was done, there was complete silence for a little time. Even Lieutenant Thatcher seemed unable to pick up the thread of his talk, and Captain Meehan was lost in a study.

Lieutenant Thatcher coughed, and stood up, and went to the window. Then he sat down again.

"Thank you, Miss Merrivether," he said. "You have helped us a great deal." Which was certainly not quite the truth.

HE spoke for the first time, in his cold, methodical voice. "Is there anything at all, any small or apparently unimportant thing, which you have not told us?"

"I was only remembering—oh, it was nothing. Let it drop."

Lieutenant Thatcher was quick to say, "Please. We must have it." "I was only thinking of the day of the game, when he came to lunch and almost immediately got a wire calling him back to town."

Cynthia said, in her steadiest voice, "It would be possible, wouldn't it, that if he were a let's say a spy—the people he knows would deny knowing him, and the records in Washington would be kept secret."

"We shall consider the point," Lieutenant Thatcher said. "I am glad you brought it up, Miss Merrivether."

And the telephone rang. They could hear it sharp and loud from the hall. The butler came to say it was for Lieutenant Thatcher.

When they got to the place where it had been found—after a rushing drive—they muttered to themselves, Thatcher and Meehan and Henry Prentiss and Mitchell Grace, and the burden of their muttering was that Vaughan Dunbar was a very clever devil indeed.

For, lashed to either side from hood to rear bumper, there were canvas signs held in rigid wooden frames. The signs were white, and upon them the lettering was crimson:

ASSOCIATED WILLKIE CLUBS OF LONG ISLAND
We The People Want
WENDELL L. WILLKIE FOR PRESIDENT

pletely concealed. The license plate itself was half hidden by a flap of carefully torn canvas which fluttered down from the end of one of the signs. But it was Vaughan Dunbar's license plate, VR-2121-Y. An alert member of the Garden City Police Department had noticed it as he cruised through the grounds.

They got a squad of these same local policemen, and began a systematic examination of the building. It had more than a hundred apartments, and each of them had its bell rung, and the occupants of each were asked questions.

The police, and his own newspaper, continued the search for Bill Stewart, prowling somewhere over the embattled continent of Europe. And back at Stone House, Lieutenant Thatcher lifted his cocktail glass to his lips, sighed, swallowed sparingly, and regarded Captain Meehan with care.

(To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"What shall I do now, sir? It knows the password!"



Wouldn't you love to do this ... YOU CAN!

Step right up, folks, try your hand at punching Hirohito. You can sock him in the teeth and kick him in the seat.

All you need is extra cash—To get it, clean your storeroom, Sell the things you never use, Buy bonds to seal the Japs' doom.

Herald & News Want-Ads Get Results

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



GARGOYLES, NOW USED AS DECORATIVE WATER SPOUTS, ONCE REPRESENTED EVIL SPIRITS FLEEING FROM THE BUILDINGS.



A SINGLE PLANT OF WINTER RYE PRODUCED FOURTEEN BILLION ROOTHAIRS WITH A TOTAL LENGTH OF 6,600 MILES.

WHERE'S ELMER? ANSWER: Liberia, on the west coast of Africa

NEXT: How are diamonds helping in the war?

AMERICAN POET

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for American poet and other words.

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for various words and a portrait of a man.



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY Out Our Way By J. R. Williams



Red Ryder



Little Orphan Annie



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



By Fred Harmon



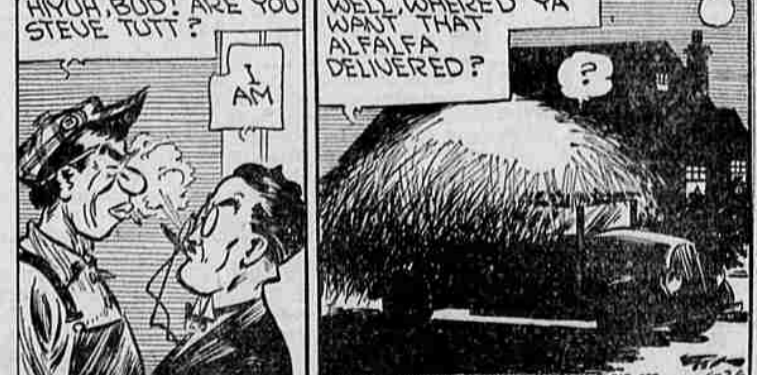
By Harold Gray



By Blosser



By Crane



By Martin



By V. T. Hamlin