

WOMEN WON'T TALK

BY RENE RYERSON MART

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INQUEST
CHAPTER XII
I DIDN'T sleep much that night because of something that occurred to me after I went upstairs to bed.
I remembered about the gun. The first summer after Michael's death Walter had been nervous about Margaret and me staying alone in the big house at night, and he had insisted that I have a revolver for protection. But I had been more afraid of the gun than I had of prowlers, so I put it far back in one of the drawers of my writing desk.
I started toward the desk by the windows, before I realized that the gun wouldn't be there. It was in my own room—the turquoise room.
So I got into bed and turned off the light. But remembering about the gun, I started the whole hideous evening revolving in my mind—my walk to Mattison's cottage, my scare in the woods (how far away and unreal that seemed now), Shaw badgering Connie into a terrified confession by showing her the heel she had lost in the ravine and the note from Derek.

Suddenly I sat straight up in bed. What a blind fool I had been. That note—it hadn't been sent to Connie at all!
That's how it happened that I lay awake until the black velvet squares of the windows turned gray and the birds began to cheep boldly with the brightening day. I fell asleep then from sheer exhaustion, and it was broad daylight when I awoke.
I got up and slipped on a brilliant Chinese robe, a favorite of mine with its wide sleeves lined with scarlet silk, and went down the hall to the turquoise room—Connie's for the time being. The door was ajar and the room was empty. I went over to the desk and pulled open all the drawers and searched it thoroughly.
The gun wasn't there!

Derek's funeral was set for that afternoon, and just after breakfast Shaw phoned saying that the coroner's inquest was to be held at 10:30 that morning in Middleton, and that Connie and I would have to be there. So I turned the final arrangements for the funeral over to Walter and he took the roadster and drove into Liston to the undertaker's. John drove Connie and me to Middleton in the big car, and Kathy went along for moral support.

Connie and I were called as the first witnesses. We were sworn in and had to tell exactly how and where we found Derek's body. There were no cross-questions. It wasn't much of an ordeal.

Then Chief Deputy Shaw took the stand. He began with my telephone call to the sheriff's office, gave the time the call came in, proceeded briskly to tell of his arrival at Kraiktower, his inspection of the body, and ended with a brief summation of our statements to him which fixed the probable time of the crime.

Next he produced some photographs of the body and the cave and showed them to the coroner. Also the bullet which had been taken from Derek's body! Shaw said it was a bullet from a .38 but that the gun from which it had been fired had not yet been found.

The coroner then asked him if that was all, and he said it was. I knew I gasped. He hadn't mentioned the heel from Connie's slipper that had been found under Derek's body, or the note from Derek.

The autopsy surgeon was the next witness called. He described the bullet wound in technical terms which simmered down to the fact that one bullet had been fired into Derek's chest and had pierced his heart. Death, he said, had been instantaneous.

The doctor's closing statement carried me back to that moment in the ravine when I had knelt beside Derek's body and felt his warm cheek and wondered at the surprised look on his dead face. Death had not only been quick, I thought, it had been unexpected. It had come from the hand of someone in whom he had never suspected danger. Black horror again rolled over my mind.

I got a grip on myself and tried to fasten my attention on the present proceedings in that musty, ill-ventilated court house ante-room. The coroner was calling for Margaret Grady to take the stand.

He explained that he hadn't served Mrs. Grady, the grandmother of the dead man, with a summons to appear, because she was in a state of collapse. The coroner and the sheriff and the assistant prosecutor conferred, and then the coroner said that the inquest would be adjourned until such time as Margaret Grady could be present to answer questions.

Derek's father and step-mother had arrived when we got home. They were up in Margaret's room. I went up to see them.

Will Grady is still a handsome man despite his grizzled hair. Derek got his looks from him. Will rose to his feet and shook hands with me and introduced me to his wife. She was big, blond, flashy. And her eyes were set too close together. She murmured a



7567 by Alice Brooks

Cool and crisp for summer, these ivy linens. The pattern contains motifs to embroider (they are mostly in outline and single stitch) on cloths, scarf, towels, pillow cases. You'll find complete relaxation in doing this needlework. Pattern 7567 contains a transfer pattern of 12 motifs ranging from 4 by 12 to 14 by 2 inches; list of materials needed.

To obtain this pattern send 11 cents in coin to The Herald and News, Household Arts Dept., Klamath Falls. Do not send this picture, but keep it and the number for reference. Be sure to wrap coin securely, as a loose coin often slips out of the envelope. Requests for patterns should read, "Send pattern No. _____ to _____ followed by your name and address."



"You'd better go out and have lunch—I can't work on an empty stomach!"

conventional acknowledgment, and her eyes went over me jealously from patent pumps to Revlon nail polish, not missing the suit by Schiaparelli or the diamond rings. Without lifting a finger I had made an enemy.

I asked Will if he and his wife would like to stay a day or two with Margaret. I said we could put them up in the tower.

"Thank ye, Mrs. Kraik," Will said.
His wife sniffed. A born troublemaker if ever I saw one.
(To Be Continued)

Time is working for us now.—Adml. Chester Nimitz, South Pacific commander.

My laundry is in India. I can't get it until next week. U. S. pilot's plaint in Washington.

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

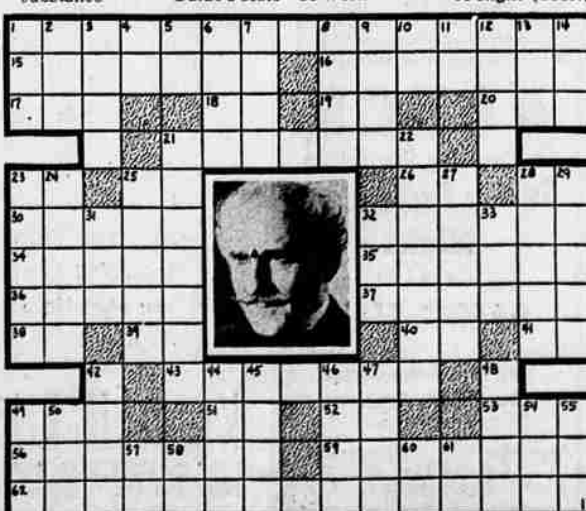


PALOMAR OBSERVATORY. FUTURE HOME OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST TELESCOPE, STANDS ON A GRANITE MOUNTAIN IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA THAT NOT ONLY IS RISING SLOWLY ABOVE THE SURROUNDING PLAIN, BUT ALSO IS MOVING SLOWLY WESTWARD.

ANSWER: Jeannette. The others are names of the Dionne quintuplets.

MUSIC DIRECTOR

HORIZONTAL	Answer to Previous Puzzle	22 Remote
1 Pictured musician,	WARHAWK	23 Decrease
15 Refractory	AD HOC	24 Titled
16 Rower	LET ONE	25 Severe
17 Greek letter	KNIT DEITY	26 Indian
18 Symbol for erbium	NAG CURTIS	27 Set of opinions
19 Either	PATIO	28 adhered to
20 Appropriate	ANAR	29 Leather thong
21 Made more decorative	LATHE	30 Weight of
22 Any	HA CHINA	31 Snake
23 Spain (abbr.)	SHE HOODOOS	32 Self
24 Type of moth	NO CALL	33 Moccasins
25 Cases (abbr.)	ON ALOE	34 Layman
26 Cudgel	WEAPONS	35 Man's name
27 Type of moth	49 Winglike part	36 Wife of George
28 Cudgel	51 Morindin dye	37 raint in Ar-
29 Person of long experience	52 Symbol for sodium	38 thurian legend
30 Earth	53 Fish eggs	39 Above
31 Chinese memorial	54 Reform	40 Bird
32 Editor (abbr.)	55 Of Iberia	41 Black
33 New Testa-	56 He is a famous	42 Group of three
34 Type of moth	57 He is a famous	43 Limb
35 Prince	58 He is a famous	44 Rumanian
36 Person of long experience	59 He is a famous	45 coin
37 Earth	60 He is a famous	46 Boat paddle
38 Chinese memorial	61 He is a famous	47 Abstract being
39 Editor (abbr.)	62 He is a famous	48 Symbol for
40 New Testa-	1 Exist	49 Lithium
41 Type of moth	2 Soak flax	50 Short sleep
42 Compass point	3 Former Rus-	51 Interest
43 Opus (abbr.)	4 Note in	52 (abbr.)
44 Simple substance	5 Guido's scale	53 Work



"The tuba player's short of wind again!"

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



"PAN" CAKES

The ban on cuffs for men's trousers has been lifted, but due to restrictions on the length of trouser legs, tall men will still be short.

Berlin radio reports earthquakes have shaken some sections of Germany. We have a hunch they were dropped from planes.

Sixteen of the peaks in the Great Smoky mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee are more than 6000 feet high.

Red Ryder



Red Ryder



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Allep Oop



Little Orphan Annie

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



Our Boarding House



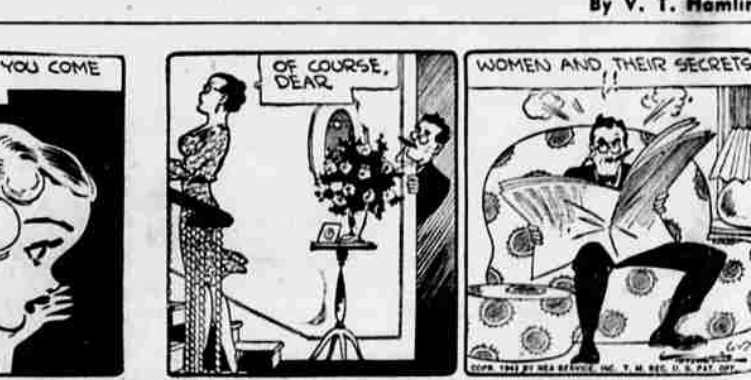
Our Boarding House



Our Boarding House



Our Boarding House



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Our Boarding House



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