

WOMEN WON'T TALK

BY RENE RYERSON MART

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THE CATCH

CHAPTER XIX

AFTER lunch the four of us, Connie, Walter, Kathy and I, went out on the east terrace. We were all jittery from nervous strain and it was with relief that we saw long-legged Clint Mattison striding up from the woods. Kathy hailed him and he came up on the terrace grinning his attractive grin.

Mattison remarked about the weather, said it was grand or something equally inane, and Kathy agreed with him with so much vivacity that I sat up and took notice. I watched her and Mattison and began to conjecture like a sentimental old busy-body. Mattison maneuvered the conversation around to fishing and reminded Kathy of her unfulfilled promise to go with him. He wanted to know if the following morning would be all right.

Kathy said she couldn't, that we had a guest coming and she'd be tied up for a few days. I noticed that she didn't tell Mattison who it was.

Little Judy came bounding out on the terrace through the study door and ran up to Connie and hugged her tightly. Connie kissed her and asked her where Jack was. This cherub looked mysterious and a worried frown cleaved Connie's white forehead.

But Kathy laughed. She had glimpsed Jack and pointed him out to the rest of us. He had somehow escaped from Imogene Lake's vigilant eye and had had another try at Clint Mattison's fishing gear in the hall. Now, dragging a rod behind him he was slipping stealthily from the back hall door toward the lily pool at the far end of the east lawn. Kathy started to call out to him, but Mattison stopped her.

"Let him alone. He won't hurt the rod. Let's see what he does."

From beginning to end of that affair Clint Mattison was my jinx. JACK knew what to do all right.

He perched himself on the edge of the pool, got the stick back over his shoulder as he had seen Walter do, and then tried to fling it forward over the water. Of course the line unreeled as the stick went forward, and Jack threw down the rod and began to pull the line in by hand. Connie murmured worriedly something about the hook and catching it in his fingers.

Mattison said he'd forgotten about that. He started down the steps and across the lawn toward the pool.

By the time he reached him Jack was pulling hard on the line. It must have been caught on something, Mattison picked up the rod from the ground, reeled in the line until it was taut, and with weaving motions untangled the hook from whatever was holding it.

He started reeling in again and at last stopped over and picked something up from the shallow edge of the pool.

Dropping the fishing stick he turned and came back to the terrace. On the flat of his palm he carried a gun.

There was red rust at the end of its short blunt barrel and on the handle, and a shred of black cloth was caught between the hammer and the barrel.

I stared at it and wondered if it was the one missing from my desk in the turquoise room. It looked like it. But then all guns look alike to me.

Mattison said something about the water and the rust having removed any possible fingerprints. Gingerly he thumbed the catch and swung the cylinder out to one side, and slowly turned it around looking into the bullet chambers. One bullet was missing. Kathy was standing beside me. I felt her shiver.

"We'll have to turn it over to the police," Mattison said slowly. "It's probably the gun that killed Derek Grady."

I LIFTED my eyes from the gun and looked back at the sun splashed pool where Jack and Mattison had found it. It's an artificial pool, part of the landscaping of shrubs and evergreens that form a backdrop to the side lawn and reach from the circle of the driveway to the ravine some distance back of the spot where Derek's body was found.

If the person who had shot Derek wanted to return to the house without being seen, the most natural thing in the world would have been to follow the ravine back to this line of shrubbery, and

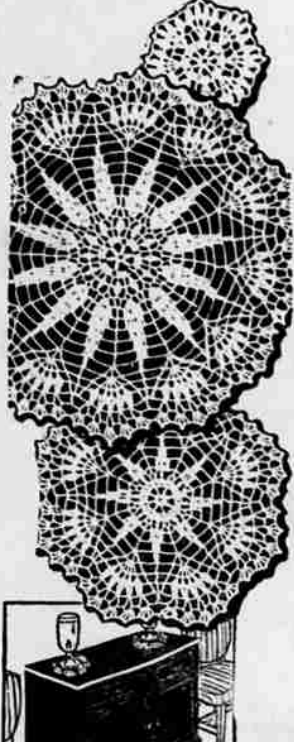
then approach the back hall door using it for concealment just as Jack had done when he had been trying to reach the pool without being seen with the fishing stick. It was as clear in my mind as if I were seeing it actually happen. The murderer stealing back to the house—our house, passing within a few feet of the pool, which is deep at the far end and filled with lily pads, and on the impulse of a moment throwing the gun into the water hoping that it would never be found.

I made my decision. "There is one thing I think you ought to know before you hand that gun over to the police," I said, and my voice sounded hollow. "It is probably mine."

I watched their faces. All I saw was incredulity and horror and sick shock. Mattison's head jerked up and he looked at me and I tried to outstare the probing suspicion in his eyes.

"I had one," I explained carefully, "in my desk upstairs. And

LACY CROCHET INEXPENSIVE LUXURY



by Alice Brooks

Lacy doilies, the delight of every housewife, are yours with ease. These three convenient sizes are perfect on luncheon table or buffet—lovely as centerpieces, too. Do them in string or in fine cotton. They measure 16, 11 and 5 inches in the former. Pattern 7235 contains directions for doilies; materials needed; stitches.

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."

7235

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"You shouldn't have rented this room to that butterfly collector!"

FUNNY BUSINESS



"Hurry up and get by—you guys from the 13th Bombing Squadron make me nervous!"

It's gone." Kathy was the first to recover the power of speech. Her hand was shaking as she took hold of my arm. "Gram—you don't know what you're saying. Who would have taken your gun?"

Against my will I found myself remembering how convincingly Kathy had lied to Shaw about not knowing Derek.

(To Be Continued)

Classified Ads Bring Results.



AT SEARS... IT'S NOT THE IDLE RICH WHO CLIP THE COUPONS

No indeed! It's the regular folks who sometimes run short of money and like the convenience of Purchase Coupons in their purse. Get a booklet today and spend them like cash when you need them. Small down payment, usual carrying charge.

GET YOURS TODAY AT Your SEARS CREDIT Office

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



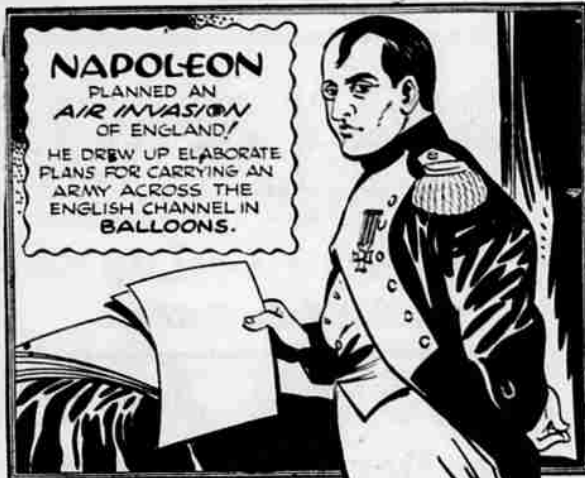
WAR HITS THE PRESS

NEWBERRY, S. C. (AP)—The Newberry Sun, a weekly, carried this announcement by Editor O. F. Armfield:

"This will be the last issue of the Sun for the duration. The army has called our last employee, the third in a little over a year. We know the nation will survive without the Sun, but it cannot live without victory in this war."

By William Ferguson

THIS CURIOUS WORLD



CHANGING ODDS



SUGAR CANE WAS GROWN IN ANCIENT TIMES, BUT FOR SYRACUSE, NOT SUGAR! SUGAR DID NOT COME INTO USE UNTIL ABOUT 600 A.D.

7235

SCREEN STAR

1 Pictured movie star	9 Journeys	13 Lade out water	14 Nobleman	15 Indo-Chinese tribesman	16 Behold!	17 Print measure	18 For fear that	20 Fall in drops	22 Area measure	23 Five and five	25 Legal point	26 Iniquity	27 Emmet	28 Like	30 Correlative of either	31 Document	34 Middle	38 Morindin dye	39 Near	40 International language	41 Pay back	44 Creative force	47 Within	48 Uranium (symbol)	49 High card	51 Edge of dress
2 Skill	29 Upon	31 Standard of value	32 Beverage	33 Shaft of light	34 Container	35 Greek letter	36 Make a mistake	37 Fish eggs	42 Dessert	43 Any	45 Symbol for tungsten	46 Vase	49 Tunes	50 Ship's staff	51 Suggest	52 Early English (abbr.)	53 Man's quantity	55 Actual name	56 Direct current (abbr.)	58 Oil (prefix) aggregation	59 Musical	61 Meadow	63 Chop	68 Exclamation	70 Accomplish	
54 Bright color	57 Head (elang)	60 Tridium (symbol)	61 Place	62 Every	64 Louisiana (abbr.)	65 Musical note	66 Half an em	67 Scorch	69 Paradise	71 Perspiration	72 She is a well-known star	1 Aid	2 Cognomen (symbol)	4 Everything	5 Otherwise	6 Land parcels	7 Lawrence (abbr.)	8 Totals up	9 Counterpart	10 Knock	11 Program	12 Kind	19 Erbium (symbol)	21 Rhode Island (abbr.)	24 Short sleep	



Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopla



Red Ryder



By Fred Harmon

Freckles and His Friends



By Blosser

Wash Tubbs



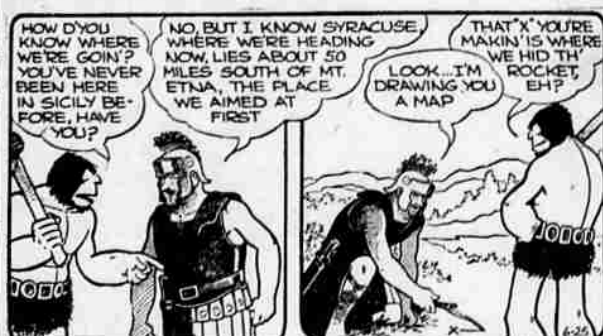
By Crane

Boots and Her Buddies



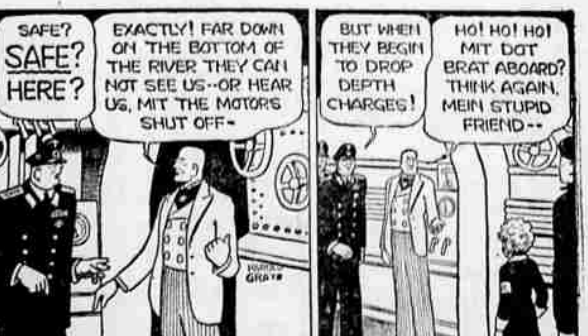
By V. T. Hamlin

Allep Oop



By Martin

Little Orphan Annie



By Harold Gray