

TAKE A PACKAGE OF Kraft Macaroni and Cheese Dinner

(NEW RICHER, GOLDEN CHEESE FLAVOR!)

TURN IT INTO A hearty One Dish Meal



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Kraft Tuna Triumph
TONIGHT

Make it with new, better-than-ever

Kraft Macaroni and Cheese Dinner... and either tuna or salmon

Add to 1½ cups medium-thick cream sauce and heat: 1 7-oz. can of tuna, drained and flaked (or use a 7¾-oz. can of salmon), 1 tsp. chopped green pepper, 1 tsp. chopped pimiento. Fix Kraft Macaroni and Cheese Dinner as directed on package. Heap it on a round serving plate, make a depression in center and fill with hot creamed mixture. Surround with hot, cooked carrots, sliced and seasoned.

In each package of Kraft Macaroni and Cheese Dinner there's enough special fast-cooking macaroni for four... and plenty of golden-rich Kraft cheese flavor, grated

and ready to add. Wonderful "as is". Better still when you do easy stunts like this that turn it into hearty one dish meals your family will love!

MAKES 4 HUSKY HELPINGS



FREE RECIPES!

Write to:
Kraft Dinner,
Box 7168, Dept. A,
Chicago 77, Illinois

The Case of Too Many Clues

by William T. Brannon

ROSS ARNOLD was a mild-mannered man who lived peacefully with his wife in a modest country home in Hillsborough County, Florida. On Aug. 16, 1940, he drove to Plant City, eight miles west, to cash his paycheck from his job on a road-construction project. He never returned.

His body was found in a mangrove swamp a short distance from his home the next morning; he had been stabbed to death. His car was missing. The sheriff immediately sent out a radio alarm.

Two girls who lived near the scene said that when they were returning from Plant City about 9 o'clock the night before, they heard loud, angry voices from the swamp. They didn't recognize the voices.

Apparently, then, Arnold had been killed in a quarrel. The coroner fixed the time of death at about 9 o'clock.

Searching officers found many clues: a blood-stained shirt with some of the pearl buttons ripped off; two cigaret butts; a new hat; and size eight footprints in the moist earth. Arnold couldn't have worn the shirt—it was too small for him; nor were the footprints his. Plaster casts were made.

Investigation in Plant City disclosed that Arnold had cashed his paycheck, stocked up on groceries, and bought the new hat. On the way home he had stopped to chat with a neighbor.

Officers learned that Arnold had no known enemies. Robbery was the only apparent motive.

Arnold's car was found near the scene of the crime. The front seat was blood-stained and there was a cigaret butt on the floor. Technicians found fingerprints of two different individuals. One set had been made by Arnold; the others apparently were those of the killer.

The prints were checked at Tampa police headquarters, but they didn't



match any on file. Shops in Plant City and Tampa were canvassed, but none had sold the shirt.

After a few weeks, it seemed the case would go into the unsolved file. But Sheriff Hugh Culbreath was determined to find a solution.

He had the stains on the shirt analyzed. Most were blood, but others were made by berries. "Try to find out who owns the shirt," he told his deputies. "Also, get the name of every berry picker in the county."

THE DEPUTIES spent four futile days before they came to the Williams home. The elder Williams couldn't identify the shirt, nor could his son, Francis. Pressed by the deputies, Williams said he had another son, Jack, who had gone north in August to look for work. Jack had lived with his wife in a cottage behind the house. The cottage had burned when Jack left.

"What kind of work did Jack do?" a deputy asked.

"He was a berry picker, but he didn't make enough to support his family. That's why he went north."

The deputy poked around in the ruins of the cottage. The only thing of interest he found was a singed mail-order catalogue. "I'll bet that's where the shirt came from," he told Sheriff Culbreath.

The sheriff obtained a snapshot of Jack Williams and sent copies to law-enforcement agencies throughout the country. Then pieces of the shirt were sent to the mail-order house for checking.

Jack Williams was found in Tennessee but denied the crime.

Meanwhile, a surprising reply had come from the mail-order house. Only one shirt matching the sample had been sold in the area—to a man named Frank Bohm, not Williams.

Bohm, also a berry picker, admitted he owned the shirt but denied any part in the crime. "I didn't even know Arnold. And I have no idea

how the shirt got out there."

Bohm was held while the officers investigated. They found a waitress who recalled that he had been in her restaurant about the middle of August—with Jack Williams. She remembered them because Bohm had tried to date her.

The suspect readily admitted this. He said it was on Aug. 16—he recalled the date because Jack was going north the next day and it was a farewell meeting. He said he had driven Jack home about 8 o'clock, then had gone home himself.

"Aug. 16 was the day Ross Arnold was murdered," Sheriff Culbreath reminded him. "And you passed by the spot where he was killed."

"Well, it's a coincidence," Bohm insisted. "I didn't kill him."

Bohm's fingerprints didn't match those found in the car, but his shoes were size eight. Because of this and the shirt, he was held on suspicion. Still vigorously denying the crime, Jack Williams was returned to Tampa. He denied any knowledge of the shirt. But he also wore a size eight shoe and his fingerprints matched those found in Arnold's car.

"That doesn't prove anything," he said. "Arnold and I were old friends and I was in his car a lot."

SHERIFF CULBREATH was stymied.

The blood-stained shirt belonged to Bohm, whose shoes were the same size as the footprints. The fingerprints in the car were those of Williams, whose shoes also were size eight.

Which was the killer? Or were both involved?

Under questioning, Bohm had been calm, but Williams was nervous. He took a few puffs from a cigaret, then threw it away. The sheriff picked it up.

"All right, Williams," he said. "I know you're the killer." He reached into a drawer, withdrew an envelope, and displayed the contents.

Art by Elmer Smith

"We found this at the scene of the crime. Now, do you want to talk?"

Williams studied the evidence spread on the desk, then nodded. He said he had met Bohm on Aug. 16 and they had some drinks. After leaving Plant City, they drove around restlessly. The night was hot and they removed their shirts, tossing them onto the back seat of Bohm's car.

About 8 o'clock, Bohm had driven him home. He grabbed a shirt from the back, discovering afterward that it was the wrong one.

"I put it on, anyway, and went in the house. My wife was mad because I had been drinking. Then I got mad and walked out."

He had walked down the road, stopping when he came to a parked car. Arnold was in the front seat. He said he had stopped to cool off before going home. Williams was broke, but he knew it was pay day for Arnold. He decided to rob his friend and started an argument as a pretext to get Arnold out of the car. Finally Williams stabbed him. As Arnold fell to the ground, he grabbed at Williams' shirt and ripped it.

Arnold had only six dollars, which Williams took. Then he tore off the shirt and threw it in the bushes, meanwhile nervously smoking cigarettes. He drove away in Arnold's car, later abandoning it.

The next morning, Williams set fire to his cottage to destroy any evidence there, never dreaming that the mail-order catalogue would lead to his arrest. But he was convicted of murder and sentenced to life.

The case had many clues—almost too many—but the one that caused Williams to break was the half-smoked cigaret he discarded while being questioned. Not only was it the same brand as the three found at the scene of the crime, but the end on all four had been chewed exactly the same way.

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