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VAN WYCK MASON'S The CASTLE ISLAND CASE with CANDID CAMERA CLUES by HENRY CLAY GIPSON

CHAPTER XVIII Belatedly memory of the early morning's tragedy came to quiet the party and Terry James, to Clara Sue's obvious chagrin, commenced yawning around eleven. Gibbons and Gall reappeared, their color brightened by more than the sea breeze. "If you'll excuse me, Mrs. Grafton," the collector begged, "I'd better be pushing along. "Must you go?" "Afraid so. You see my kicker's out of order again and the wind is dying fast, so before the tide changes I'd better get over to St. David's. "Though Barbara Grafton politely urged the other guests to stay up, her tone lacked conviction and presently the group dwindled until Sir George Pakenham, Grafton and Allenby alone were left in Freebooter's Hall's spacious living room. "Well, I certainly am delighted to run across you again," Sir George said. "Lord, how times does fly. "Doesn't it?" Grafton cried. "Faster each year of your life. How did you like the Lake Tana country?" "Not a bad spot, better than the West Coast. Only thing out there is shoot and drink and try not to think too much about home. By the way," he turned to Grafton, "the ship's radio picked up something about trouble down in one of those South American Republics. Don't know which one—confounded operator didn't bother to get it all. You haven't seen a paper, have you?" "Why no. I don't think there can be anything to it," Grafton replied. "It's the sort of thing that straight off if the trouble was anywhere near Ecuador." He smiled at Pakenham. "Well, tomorrow will be a heavy day so, if you'll excuse me, I'm all for hitting the hay." and he absently watched the host. The Englishman's head inclined sinisterly from the room. On the other side he turned to Allenby who had settled back to commune with his pipe and with himself. "I say, Major," he inquired in a low voice, "why did you tell them you were a banker?" "Because I am Sir George." "Nonsense! The Englishmen snapped and the line of his jaw grew more pronounced. "I've heard of your famous inquiry on the barony of the S.S. Pyramid. Oh, on the ship knew you, too, said you were with some insurance company."



Something hot and blinding . . . dealt ALLENBY a stunning blow and he crashed over backward

ures. These operations have brought into existence the thriving towns of San Simon and Quebrana. "Due to the difficult terrain separating the Rio Loja valley from the Coast ports, water power and electricity are destined to form a vital factor in the development of the Rio Loja gold fields. A small company organized with German capital has been in operation but has been unable to satisfy the ever growing demand for power. Reliable estimates—

Something hot and blinding as a red-hot poker dealt Roger Allenby a stunning blow and he reeled side-ward in the development of the Rio Loja gold fields. A small company organized with German capital has been in operation but has been unable to satisfy the ever growing demand for power. Reliable estimates—

Leaving Parker sleepily to extinguish the downstairs lights, Allenby stumped upstairs to his room. Moodily he switched on a desk light. Phew! To appear as a convincing banker would be far from easy. He'd have to have figures at his finger's tips so he decided, first of all, to run over the data so carefully compiled by a Wall Street associate of the Inter-Ocean Company. After pulling out his brief case, he opened the French doors in the interests of fresh air and noted how very humid the night was becoming. He sighed, rubbing eyes which felt hot and dry. Um. This was reminiscent of preparations for one of those woe-begone wartime trips into Switzerland. Yet he was not unconfident; he knew he had mastered the knack of retaining, for a short period, an amazing mass of information. "Fiscal Report for the Province of Loja in the Republic of Ecuador: 1. Mining: (a) In 1927 the alluvial gold ore produced in this Province was valued at twenty-five million sucres, but by 1935, ore production values had risen to forty million

Rolling his eyes upward he discerned a neat hole made by a bullet and then viewed a fine sprinkling of plaster on the floor beneath it. Funny, no one had noticed. Then he recalled Creepy's earlier activities. That rat hunter—accident or design? Convinced that, by this time, the sniper must have disappeared, he slipped his hand forward and very slowly pushed to its shutters, then the window itself. Next, holding his head well forward lest the blood stain on his dinner coat, he sought the bathroom and there examined the wound. His findings sobered him still more. Had the bullet struck a cent half inch to the left, Roger Allenby would have been lying unattractively dead in the next room. As it was, the slug had dug a short, but rather painful, furrow at the base of his hairline. After checking the bleeding, and disinfecting the wound with a dab of little compress and, with anger beginning to smoulder within him, addressed his full attention to the evidence. He had been leisurely in his investigation, almost too leisurely but now he pictured the guilty person well aware of peril and seeking to put a stop to the investigation. He saw the killer certain that he, Allenby, was no banker. Did the sniper think him dead? Probably so therefore anything he could find out before morning would be of double value. He must apply himself for several hours; at that nervous concentration none of his three associates must find him in ignorance of any plausible detail. Such a mishap

Man O' War comes of age March 29. And the way we get it from Will Hamut, Man O' War is still the greatest horse alive. Man O' War was foaled March 29, 1917. Technically, of course, he was born on the 28th, but for every registered thoroughbred becomes a year older in the record on the first of the year, no matter if he was born Dec. 31.

"They ain't never been a boss like Man O' War," says Will. "And, furthermore, they ain't never like personal valet. He has a chest like a potato barrel and a drawl you could slice with a butter knife. On Samuel D. Riddle's Faraway farm near here, the big negro personally looks after the grooming of his charges. He liked to ride the record in 21 starts as a two and three year old and since has sired well past 250 thoroughbreds. He was bred there in the tackroom beside a purring stove. Will looks up from his polishing. It's Man O' War's saddle he's dusting up. "I don't want to be famous nohow. Man O' War's famous—that enough." Across the concrete drive, in a spotless white barn bordered by green, Man O' War munches his hay. Big Will leads the way. "Gentlemen," he says, "you is looking at the greatest hoss of all time. His teeth is perfect, his wind is perfect, his digestion is perfect—and gentlemen, look at them legs. Ever see legs like that on a hoss Man O' War's age?" Man O' War enters the stud in 1921 and is still in demand. His foals, through last year, averaged race earnings of \$6,750. They won 646 races, placed 672 and showed in 645. The average per foal stands at the top among averages of 27 leading sires listed in available records.

Sires Derby Winners "Big Red" has sired two Kentucky Derby winners—War Admiral (1937) and Clyde Van Dusen (1929). Man O' War himself, so honored in the Bluegrass as Lexington American Legion Post was named after him, never won the Kentucky Derby; did not, in fact, ever race in Kentucky.

He suffered his only defeat when, as a two year old, he ran second in the Sanford Memorial at Saratoga. Man O' War earned \$54,465 in his two years on the track, but Big Will says if curses had been the same in "Big Red's" day as now he would have won about seven million

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Great Racehorse Active At 21

LONDON, March 16—If Wolverhampton Wanderers win the English football league championship this year—and they still have a good chance of doing so—round Major Frank Buckley is ready to give a lot of the credit to gland-injection treatments. These treatments have become a recognized and valued feature of the Wolves' training since last October. "As far as it is possible to produce a tireless football squad, the Wolves are that team. We take hard matches in our stride," said Manager Buckley who also takes the treatment. He credits injections some of his players received with placing the team in the league running and is collecting statistics for presentation to the Football Association at the end of the season. The report will include comparisons between players who have received gland treatment and those who have not. Before and after a number of selected matches each player's blood pressure is taken and his nervous reflexes tested. After a particularly hard game with the league-leading Brentford team on heavy ground Major Buckley tested his players. Two were not in condition to play another 90 minutes. These two had not taken gland treatment. Latest convert to glandular treatment is Coventry City, now fighting for promotion to the first division.

102, Now In Hospital Recalls Gaspé Feat

HALIFAX, March 17—J. D. McLeall will be leaving his hospital soon. Stricken suddenly last Saturday, the 102-year-old man was rushed to hospital and underwent an immediate major operation. He rallied splendidly and is talking now about getting up soon. A native of Scotland, McLeall lived for more than 90 years in Prince Edward Island. Twenty-five years ago he had two fingers and a thumb severed from

Church Praises Football Players

YORK, England, March 16—York City's form-upsetting march in the 1937-8 English football cup tournament has ended, but its bid has found a D.C. as the records owned by northern section clubs since formation of the circuit in 1921. Made up of electricians, shoemakers, workers, laborers and railwaymen, the third division entry hit record books when they reached the fifth round. They bowed out of the running in the next stage, beaten 2-1 by Huddersfield Town, first-division candidate. The cost of this team was about £50 (\$250), paid for Peter Spooner said to be the shiest man in football. The rest were obtained by Manager Tom Mitchell for practically nothing. Their weekly wage bill is £75 (\$375), contrasted with the £200 (\$1,000) paid weekly by most first-division clubs. In its great cup run York defeated Halifax Town, Clapton Orient, Coventry City, West Bromwich Albion and Middlesbrough. Coventry, the Albion and Middlesbrough are leading English teams. After York had successfully passed the fifth round with a 1-0 victory over Middlesbrough, major-league representative, the players went to church on mass the next day. Rev. G. O. Beach, vicar of the attack, read the lesson and Norm Wharton, goalkeeper, played the organ. Rev. G. O. Beach, vicar and former player, said: "We congratulate the York team. I do not see why we should not do so in God's house. Three of you who join me in congratulating them say 'Aye.' His sentiments were endorsed. These footballers deserved the praise of the football world. They met and conquered high-class clubs and they are consoling themselves with their sixth-round victory over their home country—Yorkshire.

Start them young . . . and start them right! Children don't balk at cleaning out the tub if you make it easy for them. Keep a can of Bon Ami handy in the bathroom. It gets off that "bathtub ring" without hard rubbing. It rinses away clean, too . . . and leaves a high polish behind! And best of all, it's easy on hands. For Bon Ami contains no harsh, caustic substances that make the skin all red and rough. "hasn't scratched yet!"

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