

MURDER WILL NOT OUT //

by WHITMAN CHAMBERS

CHAPTER IV

calling me a rat, mis-
grated.
"No one is a rat, down
be proves he's a rat and
down here. What do you
Helen Gates?"
"She's that singer
in the aisles at
fair."
"You're wasn't she?"
"I didn't call her a pal. I
before I got put on the
her since you came off
I only been off three days,
can skip the pal, Finelli.
you see the floor show to-
I seen it, it was awful."
"You tumble that the
we billed as Chiquita
Gates?"
"I thought Chiquita was a
Helen Gates is a white gal
like Helen Gates can do
makeup and an accent.
do you know where she
the devil should I know?"
Finelli demanded testily.
"I laid out on the bed in
pajamas. She was murdered
half an hour ago."
"I guzzled his Scotch, set
his glass, shrugged ponder-
ously. "Well, she was a
little wench, Helen Gates."
"Yes," Jake Luff agreed.
Munson lurched back from

the bar. "Why you—"
"Easy, Red!" Johnnie urged.
"Now look, Finelli. You land here
this afternoon, just three days off
the Rock. A few hours after you
check in Helen Gates is found murdered
behind the Casino. You
knew Helen Gates in Chicago.
What's the logical conclusion?
What'd she have on you, Finelli?
How much did she try to shake
you down for? Did you know you
broke her jaw when you hit her?
Or did your handsome little pal
here do your dirty work? I'm
merely asking."
"And I'm merely clammng. Go
on from there, mug."
"No. I've gone far enough. Is
there anything you want to say
before we take you over to Tia-
juna, thrown you in the can and
start working you over? I might
point out, Finelli, that this is Mex-
ico. You've probably seen mugs
whittled down by Chicago coppers.
But you haven't seen anything
until you've seen these Mexicans
work over a guy."
Finelli snapped his glass onto
the bar. "You're bluffing, big boy,
and Mogo Finelli don't bluff worth
a cent."
For a long moment the two men
stood eye to eye, the tall, thick
man with the black eyes and the
prison pallor, and the tall, thin
man with the gray eyes and the
ruddy tan. Then Johnnie shrugged.
"I hope you haven't planned to
leave Fuente Fria soon. Mr. Fi-
nelli."
"I'll leave whenever I please!"
"No," Johnnie shook his head,
smiling wanly. "You may not

Burley Growers Plan Quota Vote November 23



These are important days for Burley tobacco growers—and for business, too—as is shown in the above scenes. Growers not only are preparing for the marketing season which will soon begin, but they also will vote in a referendum on marketing quotas Saturday, November 23. Triple-A committeemen point out that it is important for all growers to cast their ballots in the referendum, since the question of quotas for a three-year period is presented for the first time. With quotas for a three-year period, growers can expect better prices than with quotas for a one-year period, committeemen state. Better prices to farmers mean better business for everyone in the Burley area. Full details of the referendum can be obtained from the County AAA office or from AAA committeemen. Convenient voting places will be announced.

and bumped her, all the time figuring that we, the hired help, would never say a word about Finelli's being here because that would give the place a bad name. Like it?"

Red Munson had turned sidewise to the long bar and was watching Mogo Finelli, 50 feet away, toss off a double whiskey. Red's hands were shaking and his jaw clenched as he turned back to Johnnie.

"Like it!" he growled. "I like it so well I got a notion to get a rod and kill the rat here and now."
Johnnie chuckled, a bit sadly, and shook his head. "As my assistant, kid, your job is to help me build up the reputation of Fuente Fria, not knock it down by shooting rats in the Casino."
"Yeah, but whenever I think of that poor kid, and look at Finelli's greasy map—"
"Skip it, Red," Johnnie ordered mildly. "And point out Leland Ramage to me, if he's here."
"He's here, all right. He's bucking the number one wheel. That tall guy with the thin brown hair and the dark glasses."
"Oh, yes. Well, this isn't going to be pleasant but it has to be done. Let's get it over with."
Five minutes later Leland Ramage and Harry Smith were sitting behind the gold grill in the cashier's office of the Casino.
"Mr. De Voe," the smug young multi-millionaire was saying. "I have told your assistant that I never give out interviews and never—"
"One minute, sir!" John cut in. "I'm not asking for an interview. Mr. Munson here assured you when you landed this afternoon that your wishes would be respected. And that goes double for me."
"Then—"
"Mr. Ramage, after dinner this evening you entertained a young woman at your table. Her name was Chiquita."
The two men across the wide mahogany desk were not slow. They got the implication.
"WAS Chiquita!" the chunky Harry Smith said blankly.
"Her body was found half an hour ago behind the Casino. She'd been brutally murdered."
"Good heavens!" the tall Leland Ramage gasped. "Think of—think of the notoriety—if this gets out. For me, I mean. Heavens! Think of it!"
Johnnie De Voe's good right fist clenched behind his back. He swept the other with icy eyes, said crisply, "I prefer to think of that poor young girl."
"Yeah," the husky pilot drawled calmly. "It was kind of tough on her."
"Tough," Red Munson gritted under his breath.
"As nearly as I can figure out," Johnnie went on, "you were the last person she talked with at any length. Is it too impertinent to ask what you talked about?"
"Why—why nothing of any importance," said the arrogant young man. "What does one talk about to a strange entertainer in a cafe?"
"Cafe!" Red Munson muttered. "He calls Fuente Fria a cafe!"
"I mean," Johnnie patiently pursued, "did she give you any inkling that she was frightened? Any hint that she was worried, that she was in fear of her life? Did she seem upset, distraught?"
Leland Ramage looked at the pilot. And that young man drawled as he painstakingly lit a cigaret: "She seemed calm enough to me. A very cool young lady, I should say. Not a bit awed at sitting there with—"
"Why should she be awed?" Red Munson snorted angrily.
"Mr. Munson, please! Johnnie pleaded. Then to the others: "The lad is a bit upset. We—we both of us—thought a lot of Chiquita." He cleared his throat, fumbled for a

Letters To The Editor

CLEAR UP SITUATION
Editor The Mountaineer:
Just for the purpose of keeping the record straight please let me call your attention to the fact that there was no political contest between Tom Garrett and myself for the office of Justice of the Peace in Clyde township. For your information Clyde township was entitled to three magistrates as are all the township in Haywood county and the State of North Carolina.
Mr. Garrett filed as the only Democratic candidate and Horace Sentelle was the only Republican candidate and we were both elected and will take the oath of office along with other successful candidates in December.
When once you familiarize yourself with the custom as well as with the state law regarding this matter you will find that I was not defeated by Mr. Garrett, although he did poll more votes than I did.
Assuring you of my very best personal wishes, I am
Yours very truly,
HORACE SENTELLE.

ourselves and Mr. Bridges in reproducing this letter:
Dear Mr. Bridges:
Hearty congratulations to you on rounding out 50 years of splendid service to the home paper and through it to the people of Haywood. What a record! I do not believe that there is another like it in old Haywood.
And Mrs. Gwyn did both you and herself proud by the dandy write-up she gave you—and all that praise was deserved.
I remember the old woolen mill and all the changes in the ownership and management of the paper ever since it was founded. And you have been a part of the paper for 50 years—a wonderful record. You are not an individual, you are an institution.
Again congratulations and best wishes from another
Old-timer,
E. W. GUDGER.

EDITOR'S NOTE—We are sorry that our news article on the outcome of the election left the wrong impression regarding Mr. Sentelle. We know that the people of not only Clyde township, but the entire county, are glad to know that he will continue as a justice of peace, a place he has filled well for many years.

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