

SERIAL STORY—

# MURDER TO MUSIC

By NARD JONES

**CAST OF CHARACTERS—**  
**MYRNA DOMBEY**—Heroine. Wife of the sensational swing band leader.  
**ROBERT TAIT**—Hero. Newspaper photographer—detective.  
**ANNE LESTER**—Myrna's closest friend.  
**DANNIE FELLBY**—Officer assigned to investigate Ludden Dombey's murder.

Yesterday, Tait and Anne start out for the country where Myrna may be hiding and Tait reveals that after the shooting he found Myrna's bag with a gun in it.

## CHAPTER FIVE

TAIT turned quickly to see how Anne would receive the news that there had been a revolver in Myrna's bag. Even in the dim light from the instrument panel he could see her face blanch.

"That's not true!" "It is, though," Tait said. "Did Myrna own a gun?" "Never that I know of," Anne answered quickly. "Someone was trying to make her seem the guilty one."

"I hope you're right. But shooting Ludden Dombey and getting that gun into Myrna's bag before the lights went on would be a neat trick. And, if she wasn't implicated in some way, why has she run away?"

Anne sighed. "Heaven knows why. But it isn't because she had anything to do with it. I know that. I'd bet my very life on it." They lapsed into silence, and Bob Tait pressed the coupe hard. They had long since left gasoline stations and roadside stands. Farmhouses were growing fewer. Soon they were in a country of vast rolling hills, with an occasional tree standing early in the darkness. "I'd forgotten there was a country like this," Tait said suddenly. "Reminds me of when I was a kid. But I liked it better in the daytime, then—and I think I still prefer some light on it."

ANNE shuddered involuntarily. "It is lonely. I wonder if I haven't been wrong, getting us out here."

"I'm afraid you have, pal. I can't imagine Myrna rushing out here in a rented car or a cab—to stay alone in a shack."

"She wouldn't be afraid. Oh—I hope we're right."

"And so do I," breathed Tait fervently. "If this is a wild goose chase we've lost some valuable time." He looked at the girl beside him. "And if ever I find you were leading me along the wrong path purposely I'll wring your neck with my bare hands."

Anne was not resentful of Tait's doubt. She merely said, "I'm more anxious to find Myrna than anyone."

The countryside grew more hilly, and Tait had to resort to time and again to the car's second gear. "We're getting near," Anne said at last. "There's a fork in the road just along here. Take the road to the left."

In the next quarter of a mile Tait's lights picked out the fork, and his hand pulled the steering wheel abruptly to the left. The road grew narrower and more rutted. "Are you sure we're right?" he asked, slowing down. "This looks to me like one of those roads that peter into a lane."

Anne was peering through the windshield. "I'm sure this is the road. The cottage is right up there on that hill. It—"

She stopped suddenly and pointed. "Look! There's a light! It's there!"

Tait increased his speed. "Good!"

He scanned the darker outline of hill above them. "I don't see any light. Are you sure?"

"Positive. We'll probably see it again at the next curve in the road."

"I wonder if we ought to go the rest of the way on foot?" Tait mused. "We might frighten her out of the cottage. After all, she doesn't know you and I are out here after her."

Anne nodded. "You won't be able to drive much further, anyhow. We'll come to a fence-line, and the rest of the way is along a footpath."

EVEN as she spoke, the fence loomed ahead, and the road ended without ceremony. Tait turned the ignition switch and the lights. "Can you find the path?" he said in a low voice.

Anne was quietly opening the door of the car. "Yes. But we should be able to see the light from here. She must have turned it out."

Tait nodded grimly, and slid out of the car behind Anne. They started through the blackness. Tait held firmly to Anne's arm to keep her from stumbling, but he had to let himself be guided.

A host of worried thoughts flitted through Bob's Tait's head. Nothing but the sheerest sort of desperation, or a mind temporarily unhinged, could have made a girl like Myrna seek this place. And if she were desperate, and that desperation was caused by guilt, then what would keep her from shooting them down as they stole along the path in the darkness? If she had been burning a light, as Anne insisted, and had extinguished it, then she must have seen or heard the car.

Suddenly Tait held Anne from a further forward step. "This is foolish," he whispered. "There's no telling what that girl may do next. You'd better let her know who you are."

Anne nodded. There in the darkness she called Myrna's name clearly, it echoed and re-echoed. But there was no answer from the cottage shrouded in blackness. "That's okay," Tait said. "At least she knows you're here. She's probably being cautious, but she won't be trying any fireworks."

TAIT stopped, clutched Anne's arm. Unmistakably, there was a thrashing in the brush near the shack. Yet Tait was positive that the door had not opened since the dwelling had come into their view.

Anne heard it, too, and stood back fearfully against him. Tait reached into his pocket, clutched the revolver he had found in Myrna's bag. "Myrna Dombey—"

he called the words suddenly and clearly. "If that's Myrna Dombey we want to help you. If it isn't, then come on down the path—with your hands in the air."

HOLD EVERYTHING

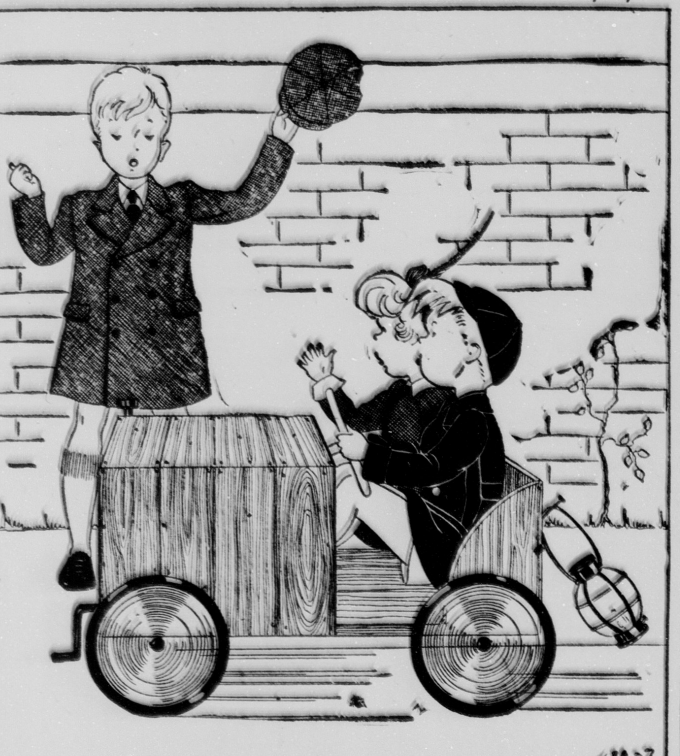
By Clyde Lewis



"Please, lady, why don't ya make another stab at paying for this thing?"

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Hitch-hikers haven't got a speck of pride—they'd ride in ANY old rattlesnake."

GRIN AND BEAR IT

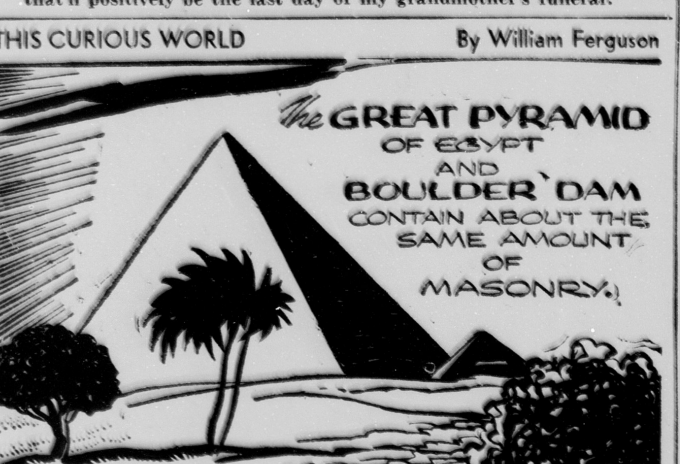
By Lichty



"Well, then can I have tomorrow off? If the Yankees keep winning that'll positively be the last day of my grandmother's funeral!"

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER—Wrong.

For a breathless second there was only silence. Then the thrashing started again, wildly this time, and they saw a figure run down the hillside, away from the path. It was a figure in trousers, unmistakably, and yet Tait dared not shoot for fear it might be Myrna.

"I'm—Im afraid," whispered Anne with a queer catch in her voice. "Let's hurry."

She began running headlong toward the cottage, heedless of un-

seen danger. The next thing Tait knew she had thrown open the door, stood staring into an even deeper blackness.

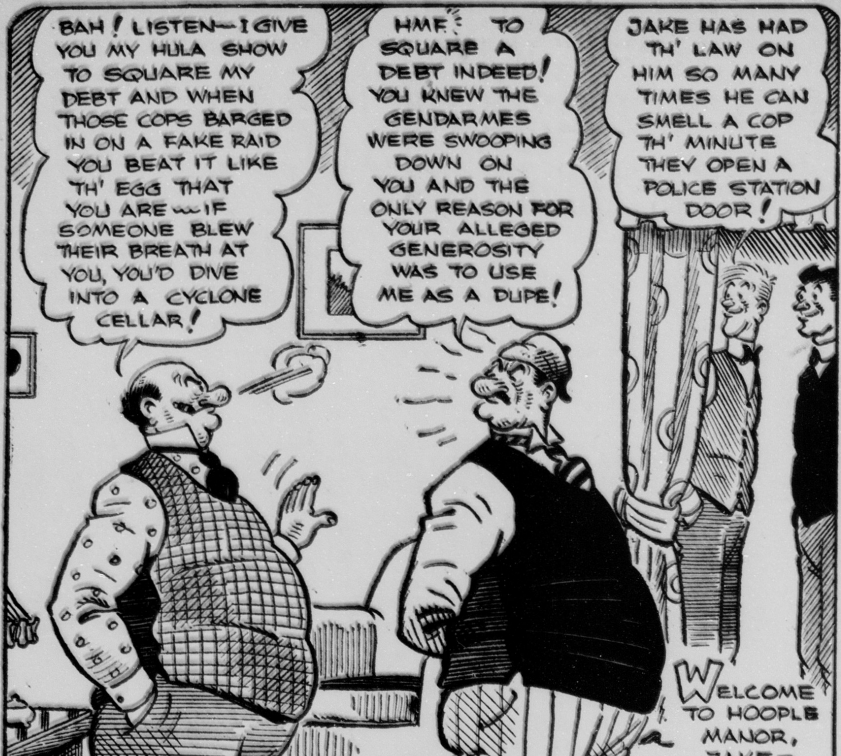
"Myrna? Myrna, please. It's Anne."

Tait flashed a light and held it aloft. There in a corner of the room, the flickering light was reflected in two fear-widened eyes.

(To Be Continued)  
 (All events and characters in this story are wholly fictitious)

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople



"HMF! TO SQUARE A DEBT INDEED! YOU KNEW THE GENDARMES WERE SWEEPING DOWN ON YOU AND THE ONLY REASON FOR YOUR ALLEGED GENEROSITY WAS TO USE ME AS A DUPE!"

LI'L ABNER



"DAISY MAE MUSTA GAVE UP TH SEARCH, RECKON IT'S SAFE FO ME NOW T' COME OUT FUM UNDER!"

"HOLD STILL, WHATEVER YO IS OR AH'LL DRILL YO!"

"WAL--NOT EXACTLY. YO IS A WOMAN-FOLK, AN ME-AH IS A MEN-FOLK."

"AT LAST! AH HAS MET UP WIF ONE MAH MAMMY ALLUS TOLD ME 'MEN IS TH' CROOKEST O' ALL BEASTS!' FO A MINUTE AH THOUGHT TH' CROTTER WAS HUMAN. AH'LL SHOOT HIM AN' SKIN HIM!"

"K-KEE-ER! FUL WIP THE SHOOTIN' IRON..."

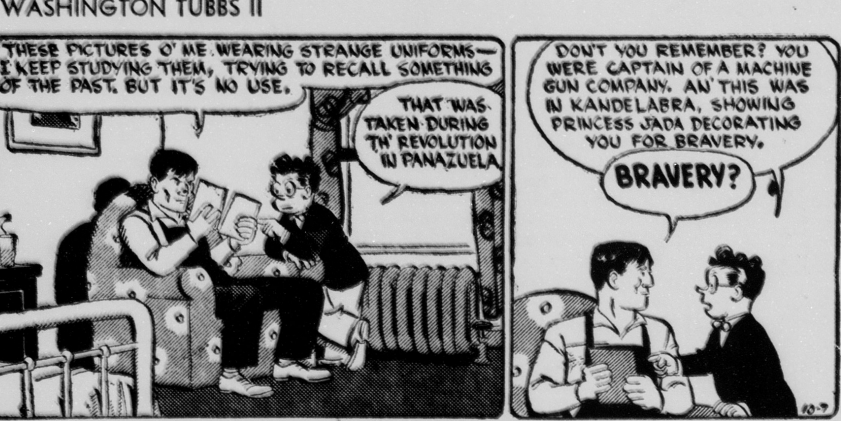
"O.K.--HOW ABOUT NEXT WEEK?"

"I'LL TELL SPIDER BROWN RIGHT AWAY--- I WAS JUST ON MY WAY TO RETURN HIS SWEATER!"

"OH, OH! THINK FAST MR. SLUGGO!"

By Bushmiller

WASHINGTON TUBBS II



"THESE PICTURES O' ME WEARING STRANGE UNIFORMS-- I'VE BEEN STUDYING THEM, TRYING TO RECALL SOMETHING OF THE PAST, BUT IT'S NO USE."

"THAT WAS TAKEN DURING TH' REVOLUTION IN PANAZUELA."

"DON'T YOU REMEMBER? YOU WERE CAPTAIN O' A MACHINE GUN COMPANY, AN THIS WAS IN KANDELARERA, SHOWING PRINCESS JADA DECORATING YOU FOR BRAVERY."

"BRAVERY?"

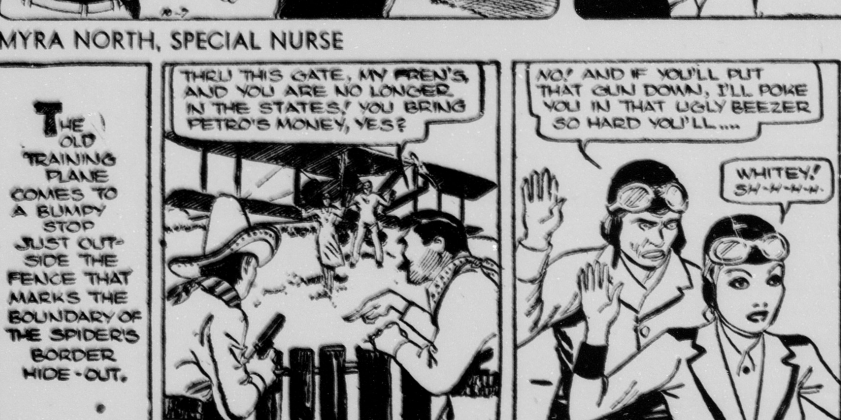
"SURE! YOU GOT MEDALS BY THE TRUNK. YOU BUILT THRU WARS, REVOLUTIONS AN GUN FIGHTS BY TH' DOZENS. WHY WE FOUGHT EVERY- THING FROM SPERM WHALES TO BORNEO HEAD-HUNTERS!"

"IT ALL SEEMS SO STRANGE. I DON'T FEEL BRAVE, IN FACT I'D PROBABLY RUN AT THE SLIGHTEST DANGER."

"HO, HO! DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT, BUDDIE. WHEN YOU'RE TH' FIGHT- INGEST RUCKAROOS THAT EVER LIVED, THERE'S NOTHING YOU'RE AFRAID O'!"

By Crane

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



"IS THIS ONE LEVEL?"

"ABSOLUTELY! YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO TELL ME I'M THROWING THIS DANCE--- BUT I'LL PAY THE FREIGHT!"

"FRECK WOULDN'T LIKE TO KNOW THAT-- AND BESIDES, MY DOUGH COMES IN ALL THE POPULAR SHADES!"

"HE DOESN'T HAVE TO KNOW THAT-- AND BESIDES, MY DOUGH COMES IN ALL THE POPULAR SHADES!"

"I MANAGE TO BE THERE! THEY'LL BE THERE! FOUR BUCKS APICE! AND WE'LL PLAY TILL 11! THE OLD ADORCE TEA ROOM!"

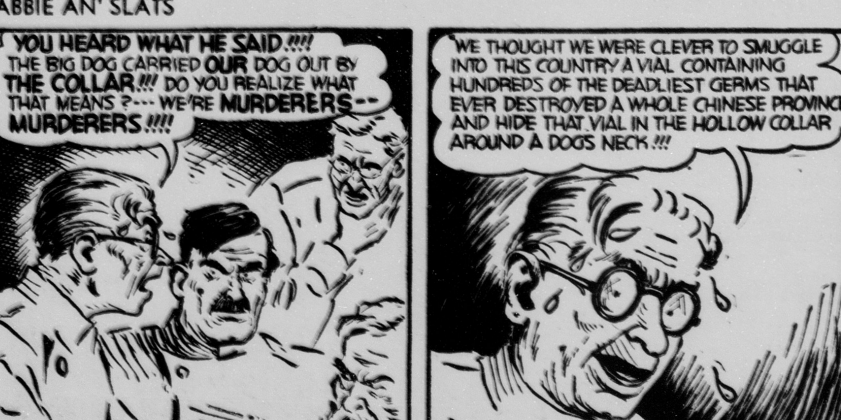
"YEAH-- AT THE OLD ADORCE TEA ROOM!"

"DID YOU PUT OVER?"

"IT WAS A CINC! YOUNG MR. MC GOOSEY WAS HIS NAME. IT WAS A NOOSE--- NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS PUSH HIM OFF THE LIMB!"

By Thompson and Coll

MYRNA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



"THE OLD TRAINING PLANE COMES TO A BUMPY STOP! JUST OUT- SIDE THE FENCE THAT MARKS THE BOUNDARY OF THE SPIDER'S BORDER, HIDE-OUT."

"THRU THIS GATE, MY PREN'S AND YOU ARE NO LONGER AT THE STATES! YOU BRING PETRO'S MONEY, YES?"

"NO? AND IF YOU'LL PUT THAT GUN DOWN, I'LL POME IN IN THAT LUGLY BEEZER SO HARD YOU'LL..."

"WHITELY! SH--N--N--"

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



"GOOD NIGHT? HUNTIN' BEFORE WORK? IT'S GUYS LIKE YOU WHO WILLED OFF TH' VAST HERDS OF BUFFALO THAT ROAMED THIS COUNTRY AT ONE TIME."

"YES, AND IT'S GUYS LIKE YOU WHO WOULD HAVE A BUFFALO IN EVERY BACK YARD!"

"HE'S RIGHT-- THEY WOULD BE NOW IF THEY'D KEPT ON... IMAGINE A BUFFALO IN EVERY BACK YARD IN NEW YORK CITY!"

"NO, THEY ROAMED IN HERDS-- THEY SAY TH' HERDS WAS SO BIG THEY'D HOLD A TRAIN UP FEEL. HOURS. TRAFFIC LIGHTS DELAY ME LONG ENOUGH-- I DON'T WANT NO BUFFALOES!"

THE HUNTSMAN

By Al Capp

NANCY



"I WONDER IF SPIDER BROWN IS AS TOUGH AS PEOPLE SAY, HE IS!"

"HOT DOG!-- THERE HE IS!--"

"HEY YOU!"

"SO!-- AT LAST I'VE FOUND YOU, SPIDER BROWN!-- I WANNA FIGHT YOU!-- JUST NAME D' DATE!"

"O.K.-- HOW ABOUT NEXT WEEK?"

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