



They gave Miss Dover a chair behind the screen, and a lot of men came in

## Deadly Visitor

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

A girl's memory of a voice gives Detective O'Malley the solution to a vicious murder

THIS is one of them mystery murders," O'Malley said. "A girl got found killed on East River Drive. They got who she was because another girl that she lived with had reported her missing. The roommate's name is Miss Dover. The dead kid was named Miss Mallin. She belonged in Connecticut but was in Manhattan studying music. Her parents is dead, and left her some money, and her aunt and uncle brought her up. She was engaged to marry a guy in Connecticut but went with other men too. She had a date to go out with some guy and she went with him and she never come back."

"With whom?" I asked.

"That's it. The roommate can't tell us."

"Is it the idea that the man she went out with murdered her?"

"No doubt of it, but we got no idea who."

The girl's aunt and uncle had come to Manhattan and were at a hotel. We saw them. They were a Mr. and Mrs. Chalers, her only relatives, a small, gray-haired couple. They appeared overwhelmed by grief and I was sorry for them. The dead girl's fiancé was with them. His name was Hopel. He was a big young man, good-looking, with not much expression, and he was plainly nervous.

"You got no idea who might have killed your niece?" O'Malley asked them.

"We haven't."

"Well, don't you know who she went around with?"

"Oh, yes," the aunt replied. "She told us about them, but there isn't any of them who would have killed her."

"Well, how about you?" O'Malley inquired of Hopel. "You know your girl had dates with other fellows?"

"Yes, certainly. It would have been foolish of her not to go out places. She'd nearly completed her music course, and we were to be married as soon as it was finished. Until then, I thought she ought to have her liberty."

We saw the girl's roommate. Miss Dover was a music student also. The girls had a nice apartment.

"How was this?" O'Malley asked her.

"I wish I could tell you. It's terrible! Laura had a date with someone but she didn't tell me with whom."

"Didn't she usually tell you who she had a date with?"

"Yes. She didn't this time. He rang the bell while she was dressing and I started to go to the door, but she stopped me and went herself. I had a feeling she didn't want me to know who the man was. She opened the door only a little and spoke to him and he spoke to her, but I couldn't see him."

"Yeah? What did he say?"

"He said he'd wait in the car. So then he went and did that."

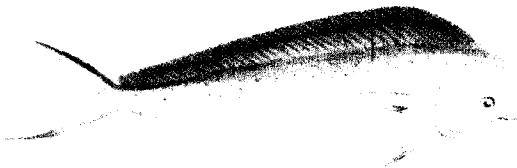
"You see the car?"

"No; we can't (Continued on page 79)

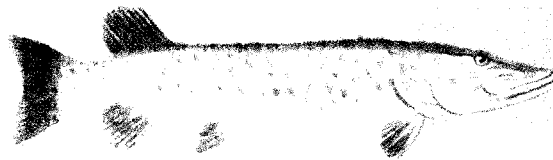




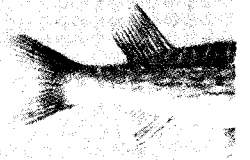
**ALBACORE**  
15-20 lbs.



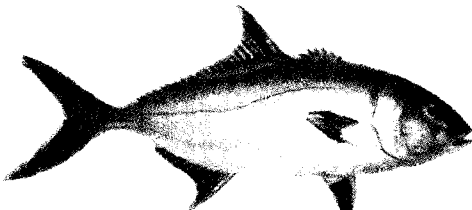
**DOLPHIN**  
30-40 lbs.



**MUSKELLUNGE**  
40-50 lbs.



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**AMBERJACK**  
30-40 lbs.



**GRAYLING**  
2-4 lbs.



**YELLOW PERCH**  
1-2 lbs.



**POMPA**  
4-6 lb



**BARRACUDA**  
35-60 lbs.



**LARGEMOUTHED BLACK BASS**  
8-10 lbs., North—12-18 lbs., Florida



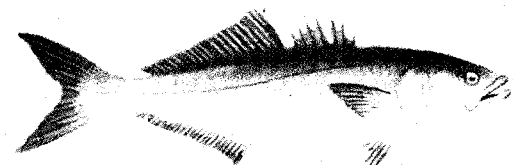
**SMALLMOUTHED BLACK BASS**  
6-8 lbs.



**SEA BASS**  
3-5 lbs.



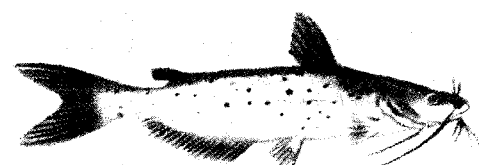
**STRIPED BASS**  
40-50 lbs.



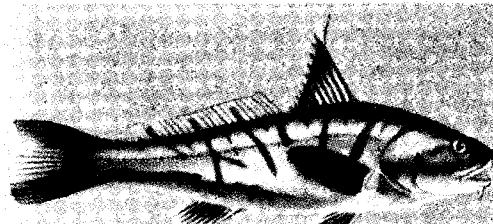
**BLUEFISH**  
12-14 lbs.



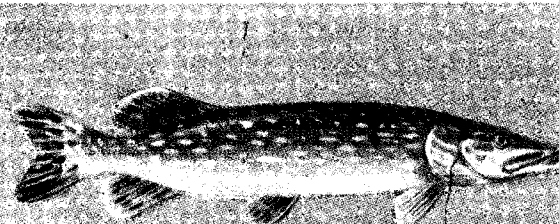
**BONITO**  
15-20 lbs.



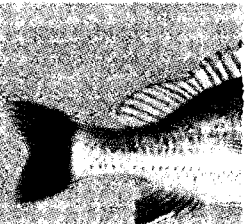
**CHANNEL CATFISH**  
10-15 lbs.



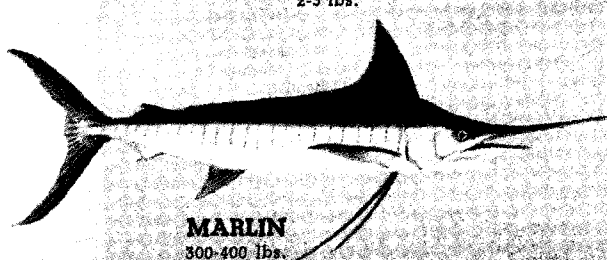
**KINGFISH**  
2-3 lbs.



**GREAT NORTHERN PIKE**  
15-30 lbs.



**RED SNA**  
10-15 lb



**MARLIN**  
300-400 lbs.



**WALLEYED PIKE**  
8-12 lbs.

# Fishing Can be Fun

By Ben Ames Williams

DRAWINGS BY ROLF KLEP

Don't remember too many rules if you want to enjoy fishing, advises Mr. Williams, who argues, from happy experience, that you don't have to depend on skill to catch fish

EVERY fisherman who has tried to smuggle into the house, unseen by his wife, his new rod or his new assortment of flies or his latest consignment of fishing tackle of any sort, has heard of the barefoot boy with the bent pin who caught all the fish. His wife speaks of that boy as familiarly as if she knew him personally.

He appears on magazine covers, but you will never see him on a trout brook. I don't mean to say that he does not exist; but he does not catch fish with a bent pin. On any water you care to mention, the properly equipped fisherman will win every time.

I speak from experience on both sides of the argument. In fact, my first fishing was done without even a pin. I tied a piece of meat on the end of a string, threw it into a muddy Mississippi creek and presently pulled it out well draped with crawfish.

Later I tried bent-pin fishing, but I never caught a fish on a bent pin, unless it was one of those wooden goldfish for which you may angle at a church supper.

I never caught a fish until I bought

three regular store hooks for a penny. I caught twelve that afternoon—sunfish and suckers and catfish, some of them a full four inches long—and since then I have never gone fishing without first providing myself with the proper tackle.

I fished that first day with a cut pole and a piece of string, a nail for a sinker and a cork out of an olive bottle for a float. In later years, on trout brooks in Maine, I saw small boys with equally primitive equipment; but I never met such a boy, on the brook or off it, who had caught any fish, or who really believed that there were fish in the brook to be caught. They went fishing just because it was fun to go fishing, which is the best of reasons.

### A Leader with a Legend

So I have become a tackle addict, particularly of light tackle. Among my fishing souvenirs there is a fragment of leader, with a Brown Hackle dry fly attached to its end. The leader is badly chafed at a spot near the fly, and at another spot some two feet above. That leader never was strong enough to lift a three-pound weight off the floor without breaking. Every time I look at it today I see in my mind's eye Seven Mile Pool on the North Branch of the Codroy, in Newfoundland, and a certain

eighteen-pound salmon that was still jumping violently thirty-five minutes after I hooked him, and that was gaffed by torchlight after a fight of an hour and ten minutes.

I took him on a light rod, with light gear. If by any miracle I had hooked him on a bamboo pole with an ordinary line and hook, I could have horsed him ashore in twenty seconds—thus missing one of the most delightful hours of my life.

I do not mean to suggest that tackle makes the fisherman. I once took a friend to Lake Winnepesaukee in the spring of the year to troll for lake trout. He had no equipment, so I loaned him a bait-casting rod, and an open reel full of copper line. We were fishing in a little old steamboat about twenty feet long which chugged peacefully around the lake. The first time my friend's bait hit bottom, he thought he had a bite, and he struck so violently that I told him he didn't have to be quite so strenuous. He assured me that if a fish really hit his bait, he would be as calm as the Sphinx; but a few minutes later he did hook a fish. He screamed with excitement, and began to reel in so rapidly that he jerked the fish almost up to the side of the boat. The fish lay there, dazed by the experience; and the copper line went slack and three or four coils

Game fish vary in weight according to location. Figures beneath names indicate maximum weight ranges.