

*Tribute cont'd from pg 11*

there's an officer there waiting for you." Fairchild drew his hand through his hair in a gesture of exasperation. "They thought he was dead drunk, not dead."

"Did he appear to have been drinking?" Fegan asked.

"There was a glass on the floor that looked like he had dropped it when he passed out and a half bottle of scotch on the table."

"And you haven't touched anything?"

"No. Just taken pictures of the body and the room. Thought we do a thorough job of gathering evidence when you'd done your job."

"Seems like a natural end for a man like Charlie... to die with a drink in his hand I mean," Hilda remarked.

Fegan got back to his feet, "Let's go see. Coming with us Hilda? ... or do you want me to drop you off at home?"

"Might as well come along," Hilda agreed.

Corporal Fairchild picked his hat off the file cabinet and tucked it under his arm. "Oh yes and the bottle had an export label on it." He picked up his note pad from the desk and tucked it into his pocket, "Sounds like it came from Sam Monday."

"Ah yes, our local entrepreneur," Fegan shook his head, "Bootleggers

are like prostitutes, put one out of business and another sets up."

"Yes, John has spoken to Samuel about bootlegging on church property, but Samuel just tells him he only keeps a few bottles on hand for people who run out when the liquor stores are closed. John doesn't want to fire the old man and leave him homeless, but he certainly doesn't approve of his sideline," Hilda said trying to explain the community's condoning of the sexton's activities.

Jeremy and Hilda were silent as they drove to Lower Town, past the comfortable but small old houses, some shabby, some freshly painted, some with yards filled with flowers, some with yards filled with junk just left lying. There was evidence of a block of brick storey and a half row housing being "rehabilitated", the word used by developers to cover the generally cosmetic renovation of older houses for quick resale at big profit. It was on the street behind this development that Charlie and Agnes's house was located. As they drove past these houses, Hilda noted that construction had evidently stopped, for there were no workmen around, nor was there evidence that there had been anyone working there that day.

The CID van was parked in the Turley driveway so Jeremy parked the car at the curb, Corporal Fairchild pulled

in behind them. The door to the house was opened by the officer left to stand guard. To Hilda, entering the house that had been the home of her friend, and to be there under these circumstances was very moving. Many emotions warred with each other, from anger that Charlie had been such a vicious man, to remorse that she had allowed herself to exclude Agnes from so much of the town's social life. Momentarily a flash of anger at Pearl Grayson for having fostered this rejection of Agnes, filled Hilda's mind, and she found herself entertaining, for the first time, the thought that Pearl could have had motive for wanting Agnes dead.

Sadly Hilda realized she would never view her friends again in quite the same light. Imagine losing your social innocence late in your fifties. Would she ever be able to explain her mistrust of her friends, those who would be proven innocent, to herself let alone to them. Of one thing she was certain, she knew by the strength of the feeling, that one of the guests at her dinner party had murdered Agnes and now quite probably Charlie.

**Read**

**Chap 10**

**in the June issue of the Mirror**

### **Druella Acantha Malvina's Column**

When a local farmer entered the church, he was that he and the minister were the only ones there. Rev. Peter asked him if he wanted him to preach the sermon. The farmer said, "I may not be very smart, but if only one cow showed up, I'd feed her." So the minister started to preach - an hour passed - then 2 - then 2 1/2 hours and finally he finished. When he asked the farmer how he liked the sermon, the farmer answered slowly, "Well, I may not be very smart, but if I went to feed my cattle and only one showed up, I sure wouldn't feed it the whole load."

**A little Gem** - The trouble with being a good sport is that you have to lose to prove it.

#### **Honey Ginger Chicken Kebabs**

Boneless chicken, cut into chunks, green pepper, onion, celery, cut into chunks  
mushrooms  
Thread above ingredients alternately on skewers and place in baking dish.  
Pour marinade over and leave overnight  
Cook on Barbecue or under grill 15 to 20 minutes

#### **Marinade**

3 tbsp honey  
1 tbsp Dijon mustard  
1 tbsp Brown sugar  
2 tsp. fresh ginger chopped fine  
minced garlic clove  
2 tbsp oil  
1/4 cup cider vinegar