

Nov. 5, 1943

## The Rocking Chair Mystery.

### The coroner's play

The little house ~~was~~ <sup>stood</sup> on the <sup>mine-dotted</sup> edge of town, near the northern Michigan town of National Mine, <sup>the railroad tracks run from</sup> <sup>It was New Year's day.</sup> near one of the iron mines. There was the usual knot of silent, curious people, <sup>who fell back</sup> as we made our way <sup>into</sup> the snow-covered path <sup>into</sup> the ~~house~~ <sup>low</sup> kitchen.

Perhaps because I was the prosecutor, the coroner and sheriff <sup>and fingerprint man</sup> stood aside to let me enter the bedroom <sup>which also</sup> <sup>with the</sup> <sup>over</sup> first. <sup>precede</sup> them into the <sup>conscious of the glow</sup> <sup>of their country,</sup> bedroom. I mentally braced myself and entered.

The <sup>dead</sup> woman still lay in bed, <sup>swollen</sup> <sup>about the face and head!</sup> <sup>simple Gingham</sup> mutilated and beaten. She was clad in a <sup>the fingerprint man and</sup> dress. While the coroner, who was also a physician, and the fingerprint man <sup>preceded with</sup> their investigation <sup>stuff,</sup> the sheriff and I stood around looking very professional and wishing we were a hundred miles away. <sup>At least I did.</sup> <sup>Looking at the</sup> <sup>so</sup> <sup>my idea of appropriate</sup> <sup>recreation for</sup> <sup>New Year's day</sup> The victim of a violent murder <sup>did not</sup> come under the head of recreation for New Year's day.

The doctor and the f. p. man worked swiftly and quietly. I shivered and buttoned my overcoat at the throat. The dismal little house was cold; seeming colder than outside. <sup>finally</sup> "It's cold in here, Bob," the Sheriff said to me, ~~to~~

- Bill
- ① Charter copies - Publication?
  - ② Revision

Ordinary civil remedies would not  
that  
we feel ~~that~~ the weapon which would best produce  
results would be <sup>one</sup> requiring her physical presence in  
Detroit, either voluntarily, or in response

I considered this <sup>sage</sup> ~~sage~~ deduction, pursing  
my lips and knitting - I think the phrase goes -  
my brows. I had been prosecuting but a year and had  
become "quite a brow-knitter." I cautiously agreed.  
"Yes, Sheriff, damn cold!"  
properly ~~paid~~ exchange seemed to afford  
this ~~glance~~ us an excuse to walk into the  
out of sight ~~and~~ <sup>went</sup> kitchen. I ~~attached~~ <sup>went</sup> over to the sink. ~~It was~~  
In it stood a <sup>dish</sup> pan filled with <sup>unwashed</sup> ~~soiled~~ dishes; two cups and  
two soiled plates and corresponding ~~cutlery~~  
silverware.

sight of her.

Sanders,

frequent flavor,  
savoring it