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"Now, Mike, you might as well drive the ladies over. There's plenty of room for 'em in back with your camera. Mike," Sullivan explained proudly, "wants to be a police photographer."

We were jounced over to the cabin.

The sheriff and the doctor came by the path. Hunter greeted the former genially.

"Swell job for you, Slough."

Betsey shuddered at his jovial tone, but Sullivan nodded abstractedly.

Mike lugged in his apparatus and we followed into the tiny room. The body lay as I had found it, covered by a blanket. Two kerosene lamps provided sufficient illumination for me to make a closer inspection than I had on my previous visit.

The sardine tin still lay under the table, just as Ginger had found it. From a curtained closet at the far corner of the room I could see suits and a coat hanging. A large half-unpacked bag lay on a chair; beside it was one of those expanding suitcases whose flatness showed that its contents had been removed.

The doctor had left his kit on the untouched bed. On top of the table next to the lamps were various small articles, a razor, a watch and an open platinum cigarette case full of the long brown Cuban cigarettes Sanborn affected. A tennis racquet in a press was the only object on the top of a chest of drawers.

"Everything like you saw it?" Sullivan asked me.

"As far as I can tell. I took only a brief glance."

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