

Room and Board . . . By Gene Ahern



THE PHONE BOOTH MURDER

by Phoebe Atwood Taylor

"The Papers"

And, although Asey hadn't considered this particular angle of the situation before, he couldn't stake his oath that the goat was the only thing Alfred had buried. And, after all, Miss Olive was still missing.

"If that goat was a red heron," Asey murmured to himself, "I'm going to look one plumb dumb fool!"

He strode over toward the kitchen ell.

The lights went out before he got there, and as he peered around the corner, Washy, in a belted mackinaw and with his little blue knitted cap on his head, sidled out the kitchen door and started down the path.

He didn't exactly run, but he walked so rapidly on tiptoe that the effect was the same, and he held his head down and his shoulders crouched a little, as if he were trying to make himself small.

With a puzzled look on his face, Asey watched for a moment, and then quietly set off down the path after him.

He heard a crackling sound as Washy left the path and skirted the brush pile, and then the soft crunching of his sneakers as he hurried along down another gravel path.

Keeping well behind him, Asey followed him around a small pond, through a pine woods, and down a little sloping hill to the bay shore.

Washy paused for a moment at the edge of the beach grass and then continued more slowly toward the gaunt outlines of a bathhouse that loomed out of the fog.

Waves lapped on the shore beyond, and a bell buoy rang hollowly from Quisset Harbor, and then Asey heard the rattle of keys and the click of a padlock.

Washy swung open the bathhouse door, emerged a moment later with a shovel, and then began to dig industriously in the sand.

After a few moments he stopped, jabbed his shovel upright into the sand, and took something from the pocket of his mackinaw.

Asey strolled forward.

His hands were in the pockets of his coat and he almost sauntered up to Washy, but he was ready to meet anything from a frontal attack with the shovel to what used to be Washy's piece de resistance, a sort of elementary flying tackle.

"By gorry, it's you, Asey!" Washy said in a voice of pleased relief. "I must say I'm glad I been tryin' to get hold of you all evenin' long to see what you thought was best for me to do about these cussed things. Here, You take 'em."

He held out a flat fifty cigarette tin.

Asey took it with caution. Washy was also a past master of the extended hand and the hearty grip. And when you came to and picked yourself up, you found your arm was broken.

"What's this, Washy?" "It's them cussed papers. Honest, Asey, I been like to go crazy, with them cussed cops stickin' their cussed noses into everything, for fear they'd find 'em an' start askin' my wife—say, you met my wife now, ain't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"Then you know, if they find these papers an' ask her about 'em, I'm a goner! I kept thinkin' I'd be all right as soon as Miss Olive come back. But with her away, no one wouldn't ever believe me. Anyhow, now you got 'em," he hooked his arm chummily in Asey's, "an' everything's okay. My, my, it's good to get them cussed things off my mind, I can tell you. Come on back up to the house, Asey, an' let's us talk about the ole days—"

"Wait up," Asey disengaged himself warily. He still didn't trust Washy even in this mood of benign good humor. "What's all this about papers?"

"Oh, they're in the box. Come on out of this damp an' fog an'—"

"Hold on, Washy! Come back here! What are these papers, an' what's the idea of buryin' 'em?"

"I told you!" Washy said impatiently. "I don't want them

cussed cops to take 'em to my wife an' ask her any questions about 'em, because then I'd be a goner! So I thought I'd just bury 'em out of the way till Miss Olive come back, because then people'd believe me—say, Asey, you don't think nothin' happened to her, do you?"

"I hope not. Washy, stop dancin' around, an' tell me what these papers are!"

"They're just the notes," Washy took Asey's arm again. "She wouldn't never take 'em, you see. She said she trusted me. But I said, 'Miss Olive, with a sum of money like that, you got to have a note.' I told her that ten years ago. So I makes out a note. N'en as I paid her back, I made out other notes. She gives me a receipt every time I pay her back. The receipts is in that box, too."

"Do I understand," Asey was honestly bewildered, "that you owe her money?"

"Only two thousand now," Washy said with pride. "I paid back the other five."

"Washy," Asey said, "come over here an' sit down on these bathhouse steps an' let me get this straightened out. Miss Olive once lent you seven thousand dollars? What for?" Asey asked.

Washy understood his question. "You see, ten years ago the bank foreclosed. Kind of hard, times was then. An' the cussedest part was, Asey, I had the money to pay 'em with, on-ly it was all tied up in this schooner. Ever know Sim Smith?"

At Six Per Cent "I was partners with Sim Smith in this schooner," Washy said. "That's where my money was tied up. I knew I'd get the money back all right, some day, but the bank, it had to get paid cash money then, see?"

Asey nodded.

"Well," Washy continued, "I was feelin' pretty blue about it all when Miss Olive came to me

one day, out in the kitchen, an' said she knew how things was, an' she'd like to lend me the cash money to pay the bank. Only she didn't want Mrs. Doane to know. So—

"Why not?"

"Miss Olive said Mrs. Doane'd make a lot of fuss over her, an' things wouldn't be the same, an' nothin' but hard feelin's ever come when one woman lent another woman money—I think she was right, don't you, Asey? An' when them cussed cops started pokin' around tonight, I thought to myself, I wasn't goin' to have this spoiled now if I could help it. It'd look awful funny if they asked my wife to explain about the notes an' she didn't know, see, an' nobody'd believe me if Miss Olive wasn't there."

"Washy, where in time'd Miss Olive get this cash money to pay you with? They told me she was a schoolteacher."

"Oh, she's one of them careful ones, I guess," Washy said. "Think of it, my wife not knowin' about this! When I get the last cent paid up, I'm goin' to tell her an' show her the notes, an' that's goin' to be a great day, Asey, I can tell you! Asey, you don't think anything's happened to Miss Olive tonight, do you?"

"I don't know, Asey opened the tin box, struck a match, and held up one of the papers. It was a note, all right. Washy was apparently telling the truth.

"I hope you noticed," Washy said proudly, "that I pay her six percent interest, too. I pay that regular, out of my own pay, an' what I pick up shootin' crap with fellers like Rankin around the Inn."

"Where's that gun of yours?" Asey asked. "Got it in your pocket now?"

"Oh, I give that to one of them cops," Washy said. "I told him I had a gun, an' a license, an' give 'em to him, right away. But you know what I was thinkin' tonight?"

"What?"

"I was t'inkin' if anyone's harmed Miss Olive, I don't know but what I might cut loose enough to make up for all them quiet years. I'd like to locate her, Asey, an' be sure she was all right. Can't you figger out some way we can find her?"

"I done my best," Asey assured him. "Tell me one more thing, Washy. This feller Alfred, Lady Boop's chauffeur. You see him go into the Inn this evenin'—"

More On Alfred "I told them cops I took a pot shot at him," Washy said with a snicker. "I couldn't help myself. I always wanted to, an' there he stood outlined against that ell, big as a barge! I knew I hadn't ought to of, but I couldn't help myself. I just had to, Asey."

"Wasn't carryin' anythin'," was he? "Asey asked, "Like a large bundle, maybe?"

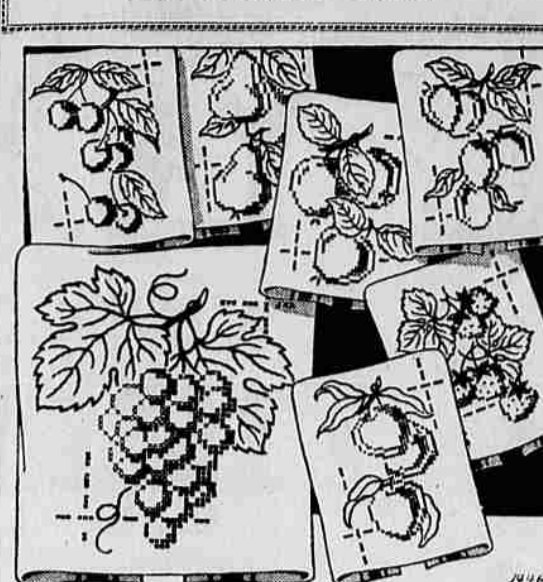
Washy laughed. "Say, you couldn't tell, with him? Once I seen him walk in that kind of a waddle of his from the garage to the car, an' it wasn't till ten minutes later that I realized he'd been luggin' a tire all the time! He ain't such a bad shot. Used to be a cop, you know."

"Alfred? He was a cop?"

"(To be continued)

Brazil is considering the establishment of a wood pulp industry.

For Kitchen Color



Home decoration for the duration may mean nothing more than refurbishing the things we have. To some housewives, it may mean adding some cheerful embroidery to the household linens. Here is a pattern to help brighten up the kitchen towels, or to change a set of plain place mats into luncheon set for gay affairs. The seven fruit motifs are rainbow-hued and make interesting needlework in a combination of embroidery stitches. Pattern envelope contains hot-iron transfers for 7 designs, each about 5 by 6 inches; color chart, stitch illustrations and full directions. Send 11 cents (coin) for Pattern No. 1446 to Capital Journal, Needle Arts Dept., 149 New Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif.

Radio Programs

- 9:00—News
9:30—South American Salute
10:00—The Dance
10:30—News
KOIN—720 Kilocycles
Wednesday P. M.
5:00—Ernie Gill Orch. CBS
5:30—Happy Flannery, News, CBS
6:00—Mayor of the Town, CBS
6:30—Golden Melodies
7:00—Great Moments in Music, CBS
7:30—Heathman Concert
8:00—Dr. Christian, CBS
8:30—Sammy Kaye Orch., CBS
9:00—Northwest Neighbors
10:00—Five Star Final
10:30—The World Today, CBS
11:30—Air-Flie of the Air
12:00—Henry Busse Orch., CBS
12:30—Manny Strand Orch., CBS
Midnight to 5 a.m.—Music and News

Wednesday Programs

- KSLM—1200 Kilocycles
Wednesday P. M.
5:00—Felipe Gil and Jose Navarro
5:30—Golden Melodies
6:00—Tommy's Headlines
6:30—Evening Serenade
7:00—News in Brief
7:30—Williamette Valley Opinions
8:00—War Fronts in Review
8:30—Treasury Star Parade

Donald Duck



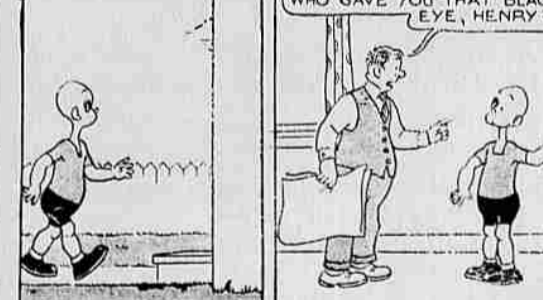
By Walt Disney

The Nebbs



By Hess

Henry



By Carl Anderson

Little Orphan Annie



By Harold Gray

The Gumms



By Gus Edson

- KGW—410 Kilocycles
Wednesday P. M.
3:30—H. V. Kaiterborn, NRC
4:00—Eddie Cantor, CBS
4:30—Mr. District Attorney, NBC
5:00—Kay Kyser's Melopoe, NBC
5:30—Fred Waring in Pleasure Time, NBC
6:00—Tommy Dorsey Orch., NBC
6:30—Point Sublime, NBC
6:50—Scramby Amby, NRC
7:00—News Flash, NBC
7:30—Scandinavia for Food
8:00—Orson Concert, NBC
11:30—War News Roundup
12:00—2 a.m.—Swing Shift

- KEX—1100 Kilocycles
Wednesday P. M.
5:00—Terry and the Pirates, BN
5:30—Jack Armstrong, BN
6:00—Bon Hartman, BN
6:30—Spotlight Bands, BN
7:00—Raymond Gram Swing, BN
7:30—Musical Interlude
8:00—Earl Godwin, BN
8:30—Manhattan at Midnight, BN
9:00—John Freedom, BN
9:30—News Headlines and Highlights
10:30—Alec Templeton, BN
11:30—Broadway Bandwagon
12:00—This Moving World, BN
12:30—War News Roundup

- KOAC—350 Kilocycles
Wednesday P. M.
5:00—Swing Out
5:30—Vessers
6:15—United Press News
6:30—Kearney Farm Hour
7:30—School of Music
8:00—Gardening for Food
9:00—Higher Education in Wartime
9:30—Independent Colleges
9:45—United Press News
10:00—Swing Shift

- KXII—750 Kilocycles
Wednesday P. M.
5:00—News
5:30—Uncle Sam
6:00—War Commentary
6:30—Twilight Symphonette
7:00—March of History
7:30—Studio "C" Party
8:00—Bites

- Thursday Programs
KSLM—1200 Kilocycles
Thursday A. M.
7:00—News in Brief
7:30—News
8:00—News from Husker
8:30—News Bulletin
9:00—Pastor's Call
9:30—News from Home Program
10:00—World in Review
10:30—Music
11:00—Songs Like It Sweet
11:30—Williamette U Chapel
12:00—Orchestra
12:30—Blissful Serenade
1:00—Lum 'n' Abner
1:30—Mildred's Melodies
2:00—Isle of Paradise
2:30—Keystone String Quartette
3:00—KSLM Concert Hour
4:00—Lawrence's Sisters Orch.
4:30—Tealime Times

- KOIN—720 Kilocycles
Thursday A. M.
6:00—Northwest Farm Reporter
6:30—News
7:15—Wake Up News
7:30—Dick Jay, News, CBS
8:00—Consumer News
8:30—Stories America Loves, CBS
9:00—Kate Smith Speaks, CBS
9:30—Romance of Helen Trent, CBS
10:00—Life Can Be Beautiful, CBS
10:30—Vic and Sade, CBS
11:00—Young Dr. Kallouf, CBS
11:30—We Love and Learn, CBS
12:00—Singing Sweethearts, CBS

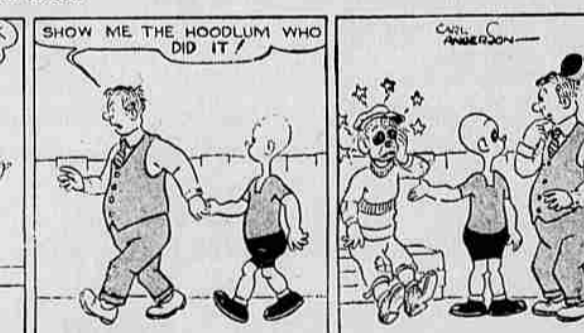
Love in Bloom!



By Carl Anderson



By Carl Anderson



By Edgar Rice Burroughs



By Bud Fisher



Aw, Well, We'll Have to Take This Up with the Bar Association