

THE BOOMERANG CLUE

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

SYNOPSIS: While Bobby Jones and Dr. Thomas are playing golf near their home in Wales they find a man dying at the foot of a cliff. Bobby is haunted almost as much by the woman's face he saw on a photograph in the man's pocket as by the occurrence itself. He has been in London for a few days, and on the train home he meets his friend, Lady Frances Darnley, a childhood friend whom he has not seen for some time. Frankie is bored with London and all too thrilled with the prospect of going home either.

Chapter Four ABOUT BADGER

Bobby's relationship with Frankie was a peculiar one. As children he and his brothers had played with the children at the Castle. Now that they were all grown up, they seldom came across each other. When they did, they still used Christian names.

"I'm so tired of everything," said Frankie in a weary voice. "Aren't you?"

Bobby considered. "No, I don't think I am."

"My dear, how wonderful!" said Frankie.

"I don't mean I'm hearty," said Bobby, anxious not to create a painful impression. "I just can't stand people who are hearty."

Frankie shuddered at the mere



Bobby had played at the castle.

mention of the word. "I know," she murmured. "They're dreadful."

They looked at each other sympathetically.

"By the way," said Frankie suddenly, "what's all this about a man falling over the cliffs?"

"Dr. Thomas and I found him," said Bobby. "How did you know about it, Frankie?"

"Saw it in the paper. Look."

SHE indicated with her finger a small paragraph headed "Fatal Accident in Sea Mist."

The victim of the tragedy at Marchholt was identified late last night by means of a photograph which he was carrying. The photograph proved to be that of Mrs. Leo Cayman.

Mrs. Cayman was communicated with and journeyed at once to Marchholt, where she identified the deceased as her brother, Alex Fritchard. Mr. Fritchard had recently returned from Spain. He had been out of England for ten years and was just starting upon a walking tour. The inquest will be held at Marchholt tomorrow.

Bobby's thoughts flew back to the strangely haunting face of the photograph. "I believe I shall have to give evidence at the inquest," he said.

"How thrilling! I shall come and bear you."

"I don't suppose there will be anything thrilling about it," said Bobby. "We just found him, you know."

"Was he dead?"

"No—not then. He died about a quarter of an hour later. I was alone with him." He paused.

"Rather grim," said Frankie with that immediate understanding that Bobby's father had lacked.

"Of course he didn't feel anything—"

"No?"

"But all the same—well—you see, he looked awfully alive—that sort of person—rather a rotten way to finish—just stepping off a cliff in a silly bit of mist."

"I get you, Steve," said Frankie and again the queer phrase represented sympathy and understanding. "Did you see the sister?" she asked presently.

"No. I've been up in town two days. Had to see a friend of mine about a garage business we're going in for. You remember him, Badger Dendon?"

"I suppose nobody pushed him over, did they?" asked Frankie as she handed her dressing-case to her maid.

"Pushed him over? Good Lord, no. Why?"

"Well, it would make it much more exciting, wouldn't it?" said Frankie idly.

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Mrs. Cayman disappoints Bobby, tomorrow.

ACHIEVES HONOR FOR FIRE WORK

Because of his outstanding work in the Rogue River national forest, K. P. McReynolds, assistant forester, has been selected to represent Oregon and Washington at the all-service conference to be held in Spokane the latter part of the month to discuss and formulate better forest fire control methods and policies. Mr. McReynolds, supervisor, announced today. Mr. McReynolds will leave for Spokane February 17.

All of the forest districts of the entire country will be represented at the Spokane conference. Mr. Janouch said.

"Selection of Mr. McReynolds is an honor not only to him but to this

"Do it!"

"Of course you do. You must remember good old Badger. He squints."

Frankie wrinkled her brows.

"He's got an awfully silly kind of laugh—Haw, haw, haw—like that," continued Bobby helpfully.

STILL Frankie wrinkled her brows.

"Fell off his pony when we were kids," continued Bobby. "Stuck in the mud head-down, and we had to pull him out by the legs."

"Oh!" said Frankie in a flood of recollection. "I know now. He stammered."

"He still does," said Bobby proudly.

"Didn't he run a chicken farm and it went bust?" inquired Frankie.

"That's right."

"And then he went into a stock broker's office and they fired him after a month?"

"That's it."

"And then they sent him to Australia and he came back?"

"Yes."

"Bobby," said Frankie, "you're not putting any money into this business venture, I hope?"

"I haven't got any money to put," said Bobby.

"That's just as well," said Frankie.

"Naturally," went on Bobby.

"Badger has tried to get hold of someone with a little capital to invest. But it isn't so easy as you'd think."

"When you look round you," said Frankie, "you wouldn't believe people had any sense at all, but they have."

The point of these remarks seemed at last to strike Bobby.

"Look here, Frankie," he said. "Badger's one of the best—one of the very best."

"They always are," said Frankie. "Who are?"

"The ones who go to Australia and come back again. How did he get hold of the money to start this business?"

"An aunt or something died and left him a garage for six cars, with three rooms over, and his people stumped up a hundred pounds to buy second-hand cars with. You'd be surprised what bargains there are to be had in second-hand cars."

"I bought one once," said Frankie. "It's a painful subject. Don't let's talk of it. What did you want to leave the Navy for? They didn't ask you, did they? Not at your age."

Bobby flushed. "Eyes," he said grimly.

It was just after five o'clock when they reached Selemah, which was the station for Marchholt.

"The car's meeting me," said Frankie. "I'll give you a lift."

"Thanks. That will save me carrying this beastly thing for two miles." He kicked his suitcase disparagingly.

"Three miles, not two," said Frankie.

"Two miles if you go by the footpath over the links."

"The one where—"

"Yes—where that fellow went over."

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district as well," Mr. Janouch declared. "He was recognized because of the splendid fire record established last year in the Rogue River national forest."

Mr. McReynolds, the supervisor related, evolved two new methods of suppressing forest fires. One was the reorganization of crews to obtain the maximum efficiency and the other was the utilization of caterpillar tractors equipped with special apparatus.

Inmate Hangs Self

BALEM, Feb. 6.—(AP)—Grace Lovelace, 38, state hospital patient hanged herself with a towel early this morning, officials reported. The patient was committed to the hospital from Portland November 24, 1933. Her mother in Chehalis, Wash., and husband in Portland were notified by hospital authorities of her death.

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE WOOD DUCK CARRIES ITS YOUNG ON ITS FEET...

THE FISH THAT ACTUALLY FLIES...

THE HATCHET FISH TAKES TO THE AIR IN A TRUE FLIGHT—ALL OTHER "FLYING FISH" MERELY GLIDE THROUGH THE AIR

R. PERCIVAL THREW A CRICKET BALL 422 FEET... Durham Sands—1889

SAINT BY CHANCE—HAFIZ, Mohammedan poet, WAS DENIED BURIAL RITES UNTIL A CHILD OPENED A BOOK OF HAFIZ'S WORKS AT RANDOM TO THESE WORDS: "HE FARETH TO HEAVEN." THE POET WAS THEN GIVEN A CHURCH BURIAL AND MADE A SAINT...

Strange as it seems, the Persian poet, Hafiz, was saved from an ignominious burial and elevated to sainthood in the Mohammedan church by the chance opening of a book of his poems by a child. When the poet died, church authorities differed as to his right to be buried with Mohammedan church rites.

They decided to settle the matter by lots. A book of Hafiz's poems was given to a child who was told to open it. The place to which the volume was opened, they believed, would give some clue. When the book was opened by the child, church authorities looked with amazement upon these words by the poet:

"Withhold not thy foot from Hafiz; For though he be drowned in sin, He fareth forth to Heaven."

The poet was immediately given a church burial, and later made a saint. His tomb at Shiraz became a shrine of Mohammedanism and pilgrims still visit it there. Hafiz lived in the latter part of the 14th century, and is remembered as the writer of strange short pieces in which some readers claimed to see a mystic meaning.

The familiar "flying fishes" that may be seen in coastal waters do not fly—they merely glide through the air. A true flying fish, however, is found in fresh water streams of South America. This fish, popularly called the hatchet fish, has powerful muscles controlling the pectoral fins with which it can propel itself for short distances through the air in true flight.

Tomorrow: The Successful Failure. Report 2-castes

PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 6.—(AP)—All known or suspected cases of measles should be reported promptly, the state board of health urged today. New cases for the week ending Feb. 4 totalled 549.

THE FLAVOR LASTS—THAT'S THE POINT! THE FLAVOR LASTS AWK!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

THE PERFECT GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

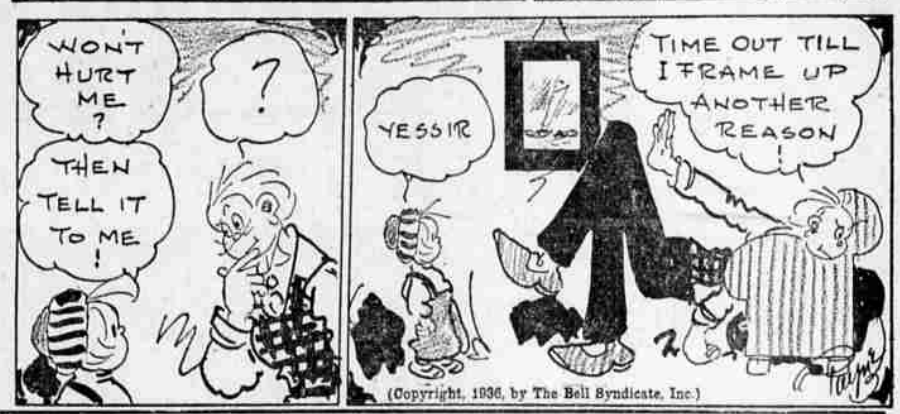
THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

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AFTER DOING YOUR BEST TO SEND THE YOUNG GUESTS OF THE BIRTHDAY PARTY HOME WITH ALL THEIR BELONGINGS YOU ARE STILL LEFT WITH A RESIDUE OF AN UMBRELLA, 1/2 PAIRS OF GLOVES, A SCARF, A CAP, TWO HANDKERCHIEFS, AND THREE RUBBERS, NONE MATES

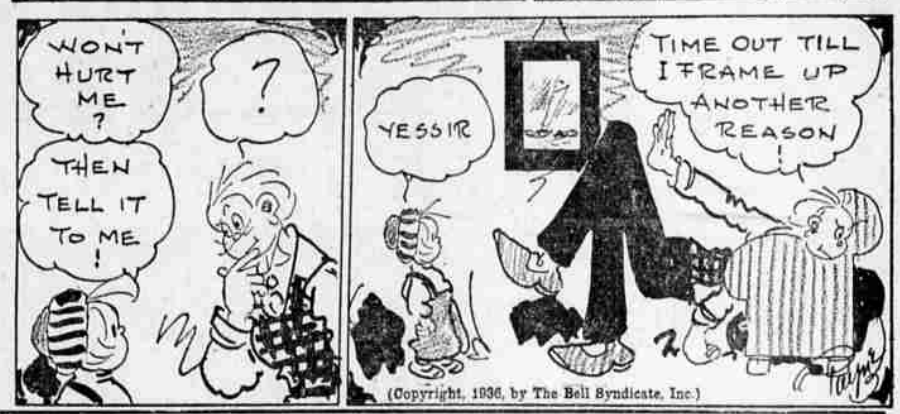
S'MATTER POP—By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Panche Bargains With the Fisherman!



HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Closeup!



EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Out of the Bag



SOL HESS

