

# THE BOOMERANG CLUE

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

**SYNOPSIS:** At last Bobby Jones and Frankie Bennett have learned, with the help of their friend Badger, that Roger Bassington-French is the villain of the mysterious murder of Alan Corcoran. And they have him securely bound on the floor of his cottage in Chipping Somerton. But they do not know where Moira Nicholson is, and they do not have proof that will convict Roger before a jury. Roger is quietly laughing at them from his uncomfortable position on the floor.

## Chapter 40

**MOIRA**  
NOBODY had as yet evolved any plans. Bobby rather doubtfully murmured something about police.

"Much the best thing to do," said Roger cheerfully. "Ring them up and hand me over to them. The charge will be abduction. I suppose I can't very well deny that." He looked at Frankie. "I shall plead a guilty passion."

Frankie reddened. "What about murder?" she asked.

"My dear, you haven't any evidence. Positively none. Think it over and you'll see you haven't."

"Badger," said Bobby, "you'd better stay here and keep an eye on him. I'll go down and ring up the police."

"You'd better be careful," said Frankie. "We don't know how many of them there may be in the house."

"No one but me," said Roger. "I was carrying this through single-handed."

Bobby bent over and tested the knots.

"He's all right," he said. "Safe as houses. We'd better all go down together. We can lock the door."

"Terribly distrustful, aren't you, my dear chap?" said Roger. "There's a pistol in my pocket if you'd like it. It may make you feel happier, and it's certainly no good to me in my present position."

Bobby bent down and extracted the weapon.

"Kind of you to mention it," he said. "If you want to know, it does make me feel happier."

Bobby took the candle and they fled out of the attic, leaving Roger lying on the floor. Bobby locked the door and put the key in his pocket. He held the pistol in his hand.

"I'll go first," he said. "We've got to be quite sure and not make a mess of things now."

A rather rickety flight of steps led down to the main landing. Everything was quiet. Bobby looked over the banisters. The telephone was in the hall below.

"We'd better look into these rooms first," he said. "We don't want to be taken in the rear."

He suggested taking her off then and there to a good nursing home in the neighborhood.

To this Bobby and Frankie agreed, not seeing what else could be done. Having given their own names and addresses to the inspector, who appeared to disbelieve utterly in Frankie's, they themselves were allowed to leave Tudor Cottage, and with the assistance of the inspector succeeded in gaining admission to the "Seven Stars" in the village.

Here, still feeling that they were regarded as criminals, they were only too thankful to go to their rooms, a double one for Bobby and Badger, and a very minute single one for Frankie.

A few minutes after they had all retired, a knock came on Bobby's door. It was Frankie.

"I've thought of something," she said. "If that fool of a police inspector persists in thinking that we made all this up, at any rate I've got evidence that I was chloroformed."

"Have you? Where?"

"In the coal-bucket," said Frankie with decision.

EXHAUSTED by all her adventures, Frankie slept late the next morning. It was half-past ten when she came down to the small coffee-room to find Bobby waiting for her.

"Hallo, Frankie, here you are at last."

"Don't be so horribly vigorous, my dear," Frankie subsided onto a chair. "It must be the sandbagging," said Bobby. "It's probably broken up adhesions in the brain. I feel absolutely full of pep and vim and bright ideas and a longing to dash out and do things."

"Well, why not dash?" said Frankie languidly.

"I have dashed. I've been with Inspector Hammond for the last half hour. We'll have to let it go as a practical joke, Frankie, for the moment."

"Oh, but, Bobby—"

"I said for the moment. We've got to get to the bottom of this, Frankie. We're on the right spot and all we've got to do is to get down to it. We don't want Roger Bassington-French for abduction. We want him for murder."

"And we'll get him," said Frankie with a revival of spirit.

"That's more like it!" said Bobby approvingly. "Drink some more tea."

"How's Moira?"

"Pretty bad. She came round in the most awful state of nerves. Scared stiff apparently. She's gone up to London—to a nursing home place in Queen's Gate. She says she'll feel safe there."

"She never did have much nerve," said Frankie.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**GUAM—**  
in the Pacific,  
was captured by the U.S. from Spain before anybody there knew the Spanish-American war was being fought! When the U.S.S. Charleston opened fire on the island defenses the governor thought it was a salute!

Wrigley's Flavor is Fresh as a Spring Morning

Wrigley's Spearmint The Perfect Gum The Flavor Lasts

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Golden Girl Abandons Hope!

TOMMY, SKEETER AND THE GOLDEN GIRL HAD JUST RESIGNED THEMSELVES TO THEIR FATE AS THE HOWLING HORDE OF SAVAGES BORE DOWN UPON THEM—BUT JUST AT THIS MOMENT THEIR ATTENTION WAS ATTRACTED BY—

A PLANE!—SKEETS—THREE PLANES

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Settling In!

BOY, OH BOY, IS THIS SOME PLACE TO HIT THE HAY, AND LOOKIT HERE, WE GOTTA PRIVATE BATH!

MR. CAYMAN, SAID FRANKIE IMMEDIATELY. "WHERE DID YOU GET IT?"

"LAST NIGHT. IT HAD SLIPPED DOWN BEHIND THE TELEPHONE."

"THEN IT SEEMS PRETTY CLEAR TO MR. AND MRS. TEMPLETON HERE. WAIT A MINUTE."

THE NEBBS—Agreed

RUDY, YOU HAVEN'T BEEN LOOKING ANY TOO WELL LATELY

THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH ME. WHAT GIVES YOU THAT IDEA?

YOU LOOK A BIT DRAWN WITH ALL THAT MENTAL WORRY—I THINK YOU OUGHT TO GO AWAY SOME PLACE FOR A NICE REST

WELL, I THINK THAT'S GOOD SOUND ADVICE AND I'LL TAKE IT AND I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME

NOW, THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL SUGGESTION AND ONE I'LL PROMISE YOU'LL GET NO ARGUMENT ON

# SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY THREW THE ANNUAL RUMMAGE SALE INTO CONFUSION WHEN HE DISCOVERED THAT THE LADY WHO HAD COME AROUND COLLECTING FOR IT HAD SOMEHOW INCLUDED HIS DRESS SUIT WHICH HE HAD LEFT IN THE HALL READY FOR THE CLEANERS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

THAT'S MY PIE!

I'M SORRY!

WELL, THEN, GIVE IT TO ME!

BUT I'M NOT THAT SORRY!

OKAY!

By HAL FORREST

WITH DEADLY ACCURACY THE AERIAL BOMBS FIND THEIR OBJECTIVE—

By EDWIN ALGER

ILL COME LATER, CRIP—I WANT TO GET UNPACKED AND FIND MR. THORPE'S LETTER TO DR. KILOVITCH—

THERE IT IS WHERE I WON'T MISS IT—

GET A LOAD O' THE VIEW OUT THIS WINDOW, BEN! IF I'D GROW WINGS UP HERE I'D KNOW JUST HOW AN ANGEL FEELS!

By SOL HESS

# VALLEE MUST GO IF SCANDALS RUN TO BE CONTINUED

NEW YORK, March 20.—(AP)—The "nasty" name that crooner Rudy Vallee called producer George White and the sock on the nose at Broadway agree he got in return, may close the current edition of the "scandals," produced by White and crooned by Vallee.

Rudy was barred from yesterday afternoon's performance, and said a spokesman for White:

"The gross jumped \$500 over the matinee's week ago."

Vallee obtained a formal claim sheet from Equity to file claim to his full salary whether he works or not.

By closing the show Saturday, White could wait six weeks and then reopen without Vallee in the cast.

The physical fighting started at an early morning cast meeting Wednesday when White told the company that he wanted to shut down and why—to get rid of Rudy.

My personal attention given to all watch repairs factory style workman ship reasonably priced and thorough ly guaranteed Joe W. Johnson

Factory style workmanship that oughly guaranteed You watch or jewelry repairs, receive my personal attention. Joe W. Johnson.

White decided yesterday that if Actors Equity will let him tear up Vallee's run-of-the-play contract, the show will go on. Otherwise it will close Saturday night.