

# THE BOOMERANG CLUE

Chapter 48  
KENYA

**B**obby handed back the letter and with a sigh Frankie took it. "He's really a very remarkable person," she said.

"You always had a fancy for him," said Bobby coldly.

"He had charm," said Frankie. "So had Moira," she added.

Bobby blushed. "It was very queer that all the time the clue to the whole thing should have been in the Vicarage," he said.

"You do know, don't you, Frankie, that Carstairs had actually written to Evans—to Mrs. Roberts, that is?"

Frankie nodded. "Telling her that he was coming to see her and that he wanted information about Mrs. Templeton who he had reason to believe was a dangerous international crook wanted by the police."

"And then when he's pushed over the cliff she doesn't put two and two together!" said Bobby bitterly.

"That's because the man who went over the cliff was Pritchard," said Frankie. "That identification was a very clever bit of work. If a man called Pritchard is pushed over, how could it be a man called Carstairs? That's how the ordinary mind works."

"The funny thing is that she recognized Cayman," went on Bobby. "At least she caught a glimpse of him when Roberts was letting him in and asked him who it was. And he said it was a Mr. Cayman and she said, 'Funny—he's the dead spit of a gentleman I used to be in service with.'"

"Can you beat it?" said Frankie. "Even Basington-French gave himself away once or twice," she continued. "But like an idiot I never spotted it."

"Did he?"

"Yes, when Sylvia said that the picture in the paper was very like Carstairs, he said there wasn't much likeness really—showing he'd seen the dead man. And then later he said to me that he never saw the dead man's face."

"How on earth did you spot Moira, Frankie?"

"I think it was the description of Mrs. Templeton," said Frankie dreamily. "Everyone said she was such a nice lady. Now that didn't seem to fit with the Cayman woman. No servant would describe her as a 'nice lady.' And then we got to the Vicarage and Moira was there and it suddenly came to me—Suppose Moira was Mrs. Templeton!"

"Very bright of you," said Frankie. "I'm sorry for Sylvia," said Frankie. "With Moira dragging Roger into it, it's been a terrible lot of publicity for her. But Dr. Nicholson has stuck by her and I shouldn't

be at all surprised if he and Sylvia ended by making a match of it."

"Everything seems to have ended very fortunately," said Bobby. "Badger's doing well at the garage, thanks to your father. And also thanks to your father, I've got this perfectly marvellous job."

"Is it a marvellous job?"

"Managing a coffee estate out in Kenya on a whacking big acre? I should think so. It's just the sort of thing I used to dream about."

He paused. "People come out to Kenya a good deal on trips," he said with intention.

"Quite a lot of people live out there," said Frankie demurely.

"Oh, Frankie, you wouldn't!" He blushed, stammered, recovered himself. "W-w-would you?"

"I would," said Frankie. "I mean, I will."

"I've been keen about you always," said Bobby in a stifled voice. "I used to be miserable—knowing, I mean, that it was no good."

"I suppose that's what made you so rude that day on the golf links."

"Yes, I was feeling pretty grim."

"H'm," said Frankie. "What about Moira?"

Bobby looked uncomfortable. "Her face did sort of get me," he admitted. "It's a better face than mine," said Frankie generously.

"IT ISN'T—but it sort of haunted me. And then, when we were up in the attic and you were so plucky about things—well, Moira just faded out. I was hardly interested in what happened to her. It was you—only you. You were simply splendid! So frightfully plucky."

"I wasn't feeling plucky inside," said Frankie. "I was all shaking. But I wanted you to admire me."

"I did, darling. I do. I always have. I always shall. Are you sure you won't hate it out in Kenya?"

"I shall adore it. I was fed up with England."

"Frankie."

"Bobby."

"If you will come in here," said the Vicar, opening the door and ushering in the advance guard of the Dorcas Society. He shut the door precipitately and apologized. "My—er—one of my sons. He is—er—engaged."

A member of the Dorcas Society said archly that it looked like it.

"A good boy," said the Vicar. "Inclined at one time not to take life seriously. But he has improved very much of late. He is going out to manage a coffee estate in Kenya."

Said one member of the Dorcas Society to another in a whisper: "Did you see? It was Lady Frances Derwent he was kissing!"

In an hour's time the news was all over Marchell.

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THE END

## SEARS ROEBUCK PROFITS JUMP

CHICAGO, March 26.—(AP) Sears Roebuck & Co. reported net profit today for the fiscal year ended Jan. 29 of \$21,192,118, an increase of 42 per cent over the previous year.

## COQUILLE GEOLOGIST DROPS DEAD IN HILLS

PORT ORFORD, Ore., March 26.—(AP)—John Ellis Loreman, 66, an oil geologist of Coquille dropped dead while scouting through the hills of Curry county, 12 miles east of here, with four other men.

## WHERE THERE'S A WILL

Justice of Peace Frank B. Tichenor held a coroner's inquest in the snow and rain-drenched hills, and said death was caused by apoplexy.

## By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

COMES IN TO SAY THERE'S NOBODY OUT TO PLAY WITH AND HE'D LIKE TO PLAY INDOORS NOW

MOTHER EXPLAINS IT'S BETTER FOR HIM TO BE OUT IN THE GOOD FRESH AIR. GOES OUT SADLY

IS IN AGAIN IN A FEW MINUTES TO ASK HOW LONG HE HAS TO STAY OUT?

MARCHES IN PRESENTLY ANNOUNCING HE IS THIRSTY. TAKES VERY LONG GETTING DRINK

AFTER BRIEF INTERVAL RETURNS INDOORS. FINDS MOTHER IS IN ATTIC AND PLODS UPSTAIRS

EXPLAINS HE JUST WANTED TO TELL HER ABOUT A BIG BLACK DOG THAT WENT BY

GOES OUT AND COMES RIGHT IN LOOKING FOR HIS HAT

A FEW MINUTES LATER COMES IN TO SAY HE THINKS HE HAS A PAIN IN HIS KNEE. MOTHER, SIGHING, LETS HIM STAY IN

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 3-26 (Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

MAGELLAN WAS MURDERED IN THE OCEAN THAT HE NAMED PACIFIC, MEANING PEACEFUL

UPSIDE DOWN TREE—A 140-FOOT TREE THAT WAS UPROOTED, TURNED OVER AND PLANTED UPSIDE DOWN BY FLOOD WATER

AN OUNCE OF RADIUM IS WORTH MORE THAN A TON OF GOLD

Republican River valley, Colo.

SAMUEL PEPPY'S DIARY—WHICH HE WROTE IN A COMPLICATED SHORTHAND CODE SO THAT NO ONE COULD READ IT, HAS BEEN DECIPHERED AND PUBLISHED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD...

3-24-36 McWhiggin Syndicate, Inc.

Samuel Pepys, English official in the late 17th century, for nine years kept a diary which he took extreme precautions to keep perfectly secret. He intended that no one would ever know the contents of his day to day record of his own thoughts and acts. The diary was written in shorthand, a system published in 1841, but it was further complicated by using foreign languages in some places, and by introducing his own varieties of shorthand when writing down some passages that he was particularly anxious to have forever secret.

Magellan named the Pacific ocean because when he first encountered its waters on his famous and ill-fated expedition to encircle the globe he found it calm and peaceful. Strange as it seems, it was on an island in the peaceful Pacific—in the Philippines—that Magellan was killed. The expedition continued around the world and was the first to circumnavigate the globe.

Gold at \$35 an ounce amounts to \$1,200,000 per 2000-pound ton. Radium is valued at about \$2,000,000 per ounce—almost twice as much for an ounce of radium as for a ton of gold.

Tomorrow: The Boston Tea Party.

## JUNIOR HIGH TO GIVE OPERETTA 'PURPLE PIGEON'

By Winston Campbell

The combined glee clubs of Medford Junior high will present "The Purple Pigeon," an operetta in two acts, Friday, April 8, at 8 p. m.

The story concerns an imaginary "forgotten kingdom" whose inhabitants have no knowledge of the outside world.

Certain customs prevail in this beautiful enchanted land, whose weak and pompous ruler, King Pompo, is dominated by the mysterious prophet, Shush the 13th. Each day at sunset the prophet reads the next day's happenings from a magic scroll kept in the tower, and only events that are foretold can come to pass, on pain of death to those who forget the rule.

The action begins with Princess Fioralida awaiting with dread the naming of her marriage day. She has been betrothed to the prophet. Her twin companions, Tira and Lira, also await with great concern the day's reading from the scroll.

Tira and the gloomy captain of the guard, or perhaps unknown, wish to be married. Lira is looking for a sweetheart. The princess hopes to evade the marriage with the prophet by reason of an old legend in the kingdom regarding the coming of a great purple pigeon to rescue a princess in distress.

However, Tira takes matters in her own hands. She steals the key to the sacred tower and seizes the magic scroll. At this same moment there arrives a great purple pigeon, named the Pigeon, bearing an American aviator and his Irish mechanic. The loss of the scroll makes it possible for the prophet to seize the stranger and the captain of the guard, who were responsible for the key to the tower. The prophet holds them all for execution in the week following. However, at the conclusion, all of the lovers are reunited and general happiness prevails.

Ensemble choruses comprised of soldiers and girls of the court, there will be novelty dances by the court dancers and servants. The operetta this year has beautiful music and excellent comedy and scenery.

One hundred seats are being reserved downstairs and may be purchased by calling at Junior high or by telephoning 770.

Fleet To Portland

PORTLAND, Ore., March 26.—(AP) City Commissioner R. E. Riley announced today that Admiral Joseph M. Beeves and other high naval officers of Long Beach, Calif., tentatively promised to send an armada of five cruisers, 12 destroyers and a tender to Portland during fleet week, August 2 to 10.

## 'EMPEROR JONES' WILL BE STAGED BY NORMAL CAST

Against a background of tropical forest, Eugene O'Neill's drama of the super-egoistic negro who wanted to be boss will be unfolded by the Southern Oregon Normal school players at the school auditorium April 3 and 4, in the presentation of "Emperor Jones."

Angus L. Bowmer, dramatics instructor, is directing the play, which is expected to be one of the best of the always worthwhile SONS productions. Rehearsals and the construction of scenery are rapidly nearing completion. The illusion of an unfriendly jungle will be obtained by the use of draperies, the first time such a medium has been used by the school dramatists.

Draperies lend themselves admirably to the creation of a supernatural atmosphere, essential to the staging of "Emperor Jones," Bowmer stated. He is being assisted in the work by Mrs. Bowmer.

Complicated lighting to heighten the unusual scenery effects is also being worked out.

The leading figure in the production, Emperor Brutus Jones, will be played by Robert Steadman. Director Bowmer will don grease paint and costumes to play the important character of Smithers, a cockney trader.

Others of the cast are: Native woman, Roberta Nourse; Jeff, a Pullman porter, Vernon Carlon; negro chain gang, John Hare; Wayne Smith, Stanley Glicks; George Stevenson, Jimmy Foster; overseer, Gordon McNealy; galley ship crew and native soldiers, same as the negro chain gang.

Also, southern planters, Ed Butce and Linn Johnson; southern ladies, Dorothy Price and Dorothy Jackson; auctioneer, Gordon McNealy; slaves, Howard Smith, Joe Stevens, Roberta Nourse; witch-doctor, Jim Foster; Lem, a native chief, Tom Carlon.

FINE EUGENE MAN \$100 ON GAMBLING CHARGE

EUGENE, Ore., March 26.—(AP) Circuit Judge O. F. Skipsworth fined Ed Key \$100 when he pleaded guilty to a charge of permitting gambling in a building.

The court dismissed similar charges against Ed Eisenstein, and Ivan Barton. The two men recently were convicted of conducting a gambling game.

EUGENE, Ore., March 26.—(AP) The Eugene water board authorized a salary increase averaging about eight percent for its 60-odd employees. The change, to be effective April 1, was to equitize salaries.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY

WHILE FLYING TOWARD THREE-POINT THE MOTOR IN TOMMY'S PLANE FAILED, ONLY TO PICK UP A LITTLE—THE SHIP LIMPED ON UNCERTAINTY AND FAILED AGAIN—AND NOW TOMMY IS FORCED TO MAKE A "DEAD STICK" LANDING IN A NARROW CANYON 2455.

AND—AT THREE-POINT—

NO USE, CHIEF, THEIR RADIO'S CUT OUT

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT DOWN—WIND—GET READY FOR A CRASH LANDING, SKEETS—

HAL FORREST

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Crip's Impression

MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME, MY LADS—AND YOU, BEN, WHEN YOU WRITE MR. THORPE PLEASE TELL HIM I AM WORKING VERY, VERY HARD—

YOU DID NOT ASK HIM FOR THE LETTER, DOCTOR—

IT IS OBVIOUS THE BOY TELLS THE TRUTH—THAT THORPE HAS SENT HIM—

NOTHING IS CERTAIN, DEAR DOCTOR! I MIGHT YOU ASK HIM FOR IDENTIFICATION—WE CANNOT TAKE CHANCES NOW!

VERY WELL, HASSIM—I WILL, TO PLEASE YOU—

WELL, CRIP, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE PLACE?

OKE BY ME, BEN, BUT THERE'S SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT THAT'S CREEPY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, THOUGH—

## THE NEBBS—Pool butterfly

MR. NEBBS, WHY DON'T YOU GET AWAY? THESE VACATIONS YOU JUMP RIGHT INTO ARE ALWAYS THE BEST—WITH A PLANNED VACATION, THE ANTICIPATION IS ALWAYS BETTER THAN THE REALIZATION.

YOU TELL THAT TO MY WIFE! SHE'S UPSTAIRS GETTING FITTED FOR A FLOCK OF NEW GOWNS—SHE'S GOT A GAL WITH A MOUTHFUL OF PINS WALKING AROUND HER LIKE A COOPER GOES AROUND A BARREL!

SHE'S GETTING AN EVENING GOWN WITH ENOUGH SKIRT TO MAKE A TENT FOR A CIRCUS AND ABOVE THAT THERE ISN'T ENOUGH MATERIAL TO MAKE A NAPKIN FOR A CANARY BIRD!

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