

OCTAGON HOUSE

BY PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR

The Story So Far: Quamnet is aroused when its citizens are caricatured in the post office mural. The next night the artist's wife, unscrupulous Marina Lorne, is murdered with her sister's knife Pamela Frye appeals to Asey Mayo, Cape Cod detective, telling him she found \$50,000 worth of ambergris which Marina tried to claim and hid it after discovering Marina dead in the garage. Because Asey indicates that someone near them, smoking Turkish tobacco, is listening, Pam announces a false hiding-place for the ambergris. As soon as the mysterious listener creeps into the woods, police cars arrive.

Chapter Six

Left Handed Killer

"YOU can't get up the path, now—Pam, will you take a duck-in? Till we see what they're—" "Asey!" It was Hanson, the police lieutenant, who yelled. "Up to," Asey finished swiftly. "Get in the water, keep under the wharf, out of sight. Can you?" "I'll try it. Take this," she passed



"Get under the wharf—out of sight. Quick!"

over a slip of paper that he knew was the agreement Marina had written on the ambergris sharing. "Quick—" She slid over the wharf and into the water as Hanson yelled again. "Asey! Asey Mayo! For heaven's sake, why can't he—Asey!" "Hello!" Asey said, blinking as a flashlight hit him full in the face. "Tryin' to blind me, Hanson, or bust my ear drums?" "Asey," Hanson said, "we've got some new business for you. Dull as ditchwater it's been since you've been gone, and now you're back, things happen. It's a nice murder, Marina Lorne, she's the wife of that artist that did the Quamnet mural, she's been stabbed out in her garage. One of old man Frye's daughters—lives in the Octagon House, you know? Well, it's the other daughter's knife, and they hated each other like poison, and Jack Lorne says this other daughter's been jealous of him and his wife, and Nettie Hobbs was over at Octagon House tonight, and she says this other daughter, Pam, was nervous as a witch, almost out of her mind. And—"

"In other words," Asey interrupted, "Pam Frye killed her sister Marina Lorne."

"Yeah. She beat it when Lorne accused her. It's a cinch. Nettie saw her go to the garage around nine, someone else saw her come out. It's all plain as daylight."

"Then why," Asey said, "tear over here to tell me about it, Hanson? Why—"

"Crack-Brained Outfit"

"BECAUSE," the stocky figure of Dr. Cummings, Asey's own doctor, the district medical examiner, loomed in the path, "because I made him, Asey, that's why! Because I made him. Listen to me, I'll stake my life that Marina Lorne was stabbed by a left-handed person. Got that? Well, I know Pam Frye. She's right handed. And she busted her left arm last winter. And furthermore, I don't care if Nettie Hobbs saw Pam Frye kill her sister. I wouldn't believe it, do you hear me?"

"Most every one," Asey said said gently, "from here to Provincetown heard you, Doc."

"Damn it," Cummings stamped onto the wharf, "damn it, I don't care if I wake up the whole bloody town, I don't care if I wake up the whole bloody Cape! I'm mad, I'm so mad I can't talk. I'm so mad that words dry up within me. I'm speechless. I'm speechless with violent and uncontrollable rage!"

For ten minutes Dr. Cummings proceeded to enlarge on the extent of his speechlessness and the violence and fury of his anger. Un-

derneath the wharf, in water, up to her armpits, Pam Frye writhed in silent laughter. Dr. Cummings' chronic attacks of speechlessness had intrigued her through measles, mumps, whooping cough, appendicitis, a broken arm, and a large variety of assorted stomach aches, contusions and abrasions.

"What you're drivin' at, Doc," Asey stemmed the apparently endless flow of words, "is that you don't think that Pam Frye killed her sister, an' Hanson thinks she did."

"In a nutshell, yes. It's a physical impossibility, Asey. At least it's impossible for Pam. I'll swear she couldn't have struck a left handed blow with that force. She has a strong right arm, and she's very right handed. And besides, it's a psychological impossibility. I know Pam Frye. I know she couldn't kill anyone. And God knows," Cummings added wrathfully, "if anyone ever presented two people with adequate motives for murder, Marina presented 'em to Pam and Aaron Frye! Asey, what I want you to do is come over to Quamnet and convince this crackbrained, dunderheaded outfit which laughingly calls itself the police, that Pam Frye did not kill

her sister. My Heavens, I'm exhausted."

He sounded it, Asey thought.

"Woman in a Fury"

"WHERE'S the girl?" he asked. "She's beat it," Hanson said. "She wouldn't beat it if she wasn't guilty, would she? Innocent people don't run away and hide."

"Fought!" Cummings snorted. "Why you cops stick to those worn clichés, I will never know! If you were confronted with the murdered body of your sister, and her husband screaming that he'd told the police you'd killed her, I venture to say, my fine fellow, you'd run! I'd run myself. Any one would! Anyone with a grain of sense—"

"Listen," Hanson said, "she ran away, and that's enough for me. And she won't get far, because she doesn't know how to drive, and she hasn't any car. And she hasn't any money. Lorne said she'd try to get away in her boat, so we've got that guarded. We're stopping all cars up at the bridges, up Cape, so she can't burn a ride and get away. She's crazy about her father, and sooner or later she'll get in touch with him—he didn't know about it, he was away. We'll get her through him. Now, Asey, I want you to come over and talk with Lorne, and this Hobbs woman, and see the body, and convince this pill peddler he's crazy. A woman in a fury can do anything, even to stabbing with her left hand—why, we had a woman in East Brimlow, she—"

"She doubtless," Cummings said icily, "murdered her husband with a razor blade held between her teeth, being armless and legless. I've no doubt at all. Ripley's cartoons are full of just such quaint coincidences. The fact remains, Pam Frye did not kill her sister, and Asey, I want you to come and prove it!"

Asey yawned elaborately, while Hanson and the doctor stared at him in surprise. It was not Asey Mayo's custom to greet cases with such languor.

"As a matter of fact," Asey said, "I got back here in town today after four rough days up from Jamaica, an' I been out in my boat since early afternoon, an' to be downright honest with you, I'm sleepy. An' furthermore—"

"What!" Cummings raised his voice. "What? The fact that Pam Frye is shortly going to be arrested by that brainless thing—that doesn't move you any? Asey, you've got to come!"

invited to contact Mr. Bowmer at the normal school and try out for one or more of the parts.

Ancient Yeast Works

WEAVERVILLE, Calif.—(AP)—Mrs. Dave Willburn's yeast is 80 years old, but she still bakes satisfactory bread with it, she says.

MISSISSIPPI FIGHTS MAD DOG MALADIES

JACKSON, Miss.—(AP)—Mad dogs—animals suffering from hydrophobia or rabies—may soon become a thing of the past in Mississippi. To stamp them out, a new law provides for a station in each of the 82 counties for inoculation against the malady. It will be unhealthy for dogs and expensive for owners if the stations are not patronized.

Mollere, the great French dramatist, was the son of a valet of Louis XIII.

Four plays are slated for this year's production. "Twelfth Night" and "Taming of the Shrew" will be repeated from last year, with "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice" as the two new productions.

A dozen talented young actors from all over the United States are coming here for the summer and will take part in the plays, but their presence will not jeopardize chances of local people interested in taking part.

Bowmer pointed out.

Forty took part in last year's three plays, which included 80 roles. This year's four plays will include more than 120 roles and a greatly enlarged cast will be needed.

The festival this year promises to be the finest in the history of the production. Last year's record attendance assured ample financial support and enabled the festival director to expand their plans in every direction this season.

Young actors who are spending the summer in the valley and can profit by the Shakespearean experience are

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



LORD BYRON—Famous English poet, while attending Cambridge, kept in his house:
TAME BEAR
DOGS
MONKEYS
CATS
EAGLE
CROW
FALCON
PEACOCKS
GUINEA PIGS AND
EGYPTIAN CRANE!
1805-07

JIMMY RING, "Phillies" pitcher, finished a 12-inning game without a single fielding chance! (vs. Brooklyn, Sept. 30, 1923)

ICE BALLAST—WAS CARRIED BY SHIPS OUT OF MAINE, 1880-90... THE HARD KENNEBEC RIVER ICE LASTED FOR DAYS...

THE SUCCESSFUL FAILURE! ARTHUR YOUNG—British agriculturist, 4 TIMES FAILED IN FARMING VENTURES—THEN MADE A FORTUNE WRITING BOOKS ON "HOW TO FARM" AND BECAME ENGLAND'S SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE!—18th century—

The Successful Failure

Arthur Young, former British secretary of the board of agriculture who made a fortune writing books on "how to farm," himself was unable to make a living tilling the soil.

Strange as it seems, this great authority, whose "Annals of Agriculture" for years have been the "farm bibles" of England, Russia and France, four times tried to make a go of farming—and four times failed at it.

Born in London, 1741, young Young at 22 went to Bradford where his mother gave him 80 acres to farm. After three years, Young checked his budget and found he was operating at a tremendous loss. Later, he assumed management of

a fine, 300-acre farm in Essex, where he launched several new experiments in farming. Needless to say, Young again lost money, and finally paid a farmer \$500 to take the job off his hands. His successor made a fortune from the place.

Finding himself in financial difficulty, Young wrote and sold a book on the subject he knew best but prospered in least—animal husbandry. Cheered on by the thought that he might yet become a successful tiller of the soil, Young took the proceeds from his book's sale and bought another 100-acre farm in Hertfordshire. Again, he failed to make it pay.

Young began to realize he could better tell other people how to farm than farm himself, so he traded the estate for the pen. Volume after volume poured forth: "Essay on Management of Hogs"; "The Farmer's Guide in Hiring and Stocking a Farm"; "Rural Economy"; "A Course in Experimental Agriculture"; "The Farmer's Calendar."

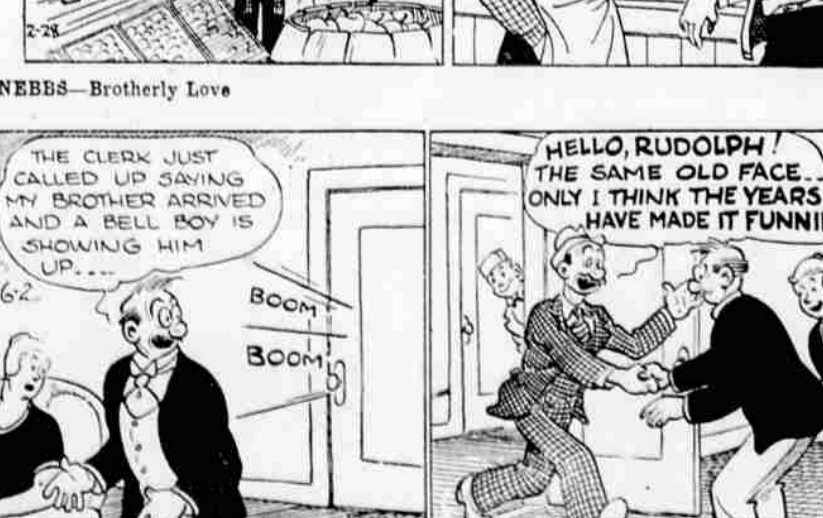
From 1771 he wrote; his first year netted \$5,835. The king praised his work; the Royal Society elected him a fellow. From 1784 until 1815 he turned out "Annals of Agriculture," a 46-volume masterpiece of advice on farming.

From these writings he bought his greatest farm of all—a 4,400-acre affair in Yorkshire—a 4,400-acre "White Elephant" which he soon disposed of as he had the others. But Arthur Young's triumph came when, in 1793, he was appointed secretary of the board of agriculture set up by parliament!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Paul Gets a Shock!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Bad News?

THE NEBBES—Brotherly Love



THE CLERK JUST CALLED UP SAYING MY BROTHER ARRIVED AND A BELL BOY IS SHOWING HIM UP...

HELLO, RUDOLPH! THE SAME OLD FACE... ONLY I THINK THE YEARS HAVE MADE IT FUNNIER!

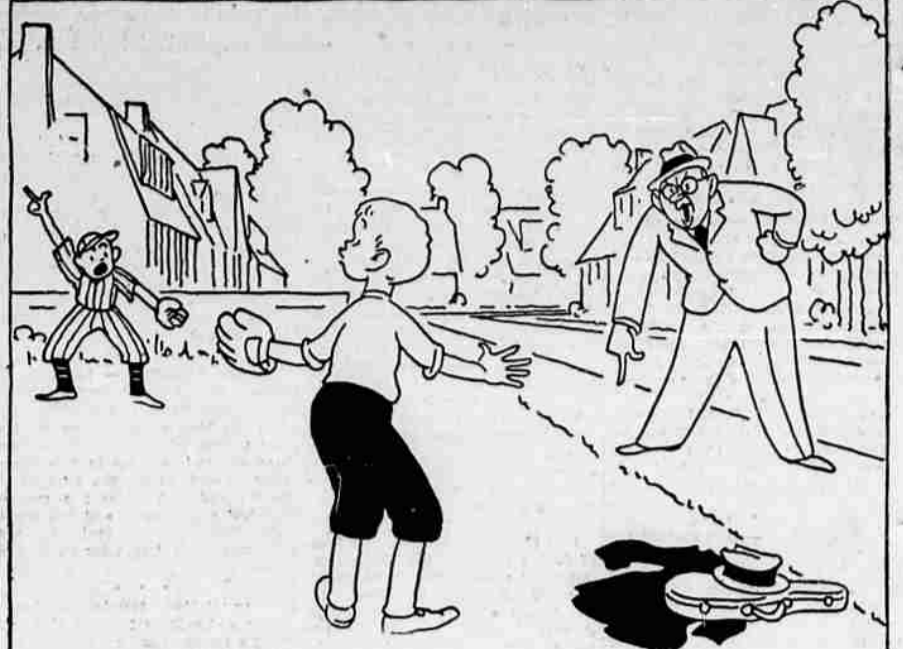
THIS IS MY WIFE, FANNY

HELLO FANNY, YOU CHUBBY ANGEL... I NEVER COULD GO FOR THESE GALS THAT HAD JUST ENOUGH SKIN OVER THEIR CHASSIS TO HIDE THE BONES!

AND JUST HOW DID YOU GET UP ENOUGH NERVE TO ASK THIS GORGEOUS CREATURE TO MARRY YOU?... REMEMBER FATHER USED TO SAY—IT WASN'T YOUR BRAINS THAT O GET YOU THROUGH... IT WAS YOUR NERVE!

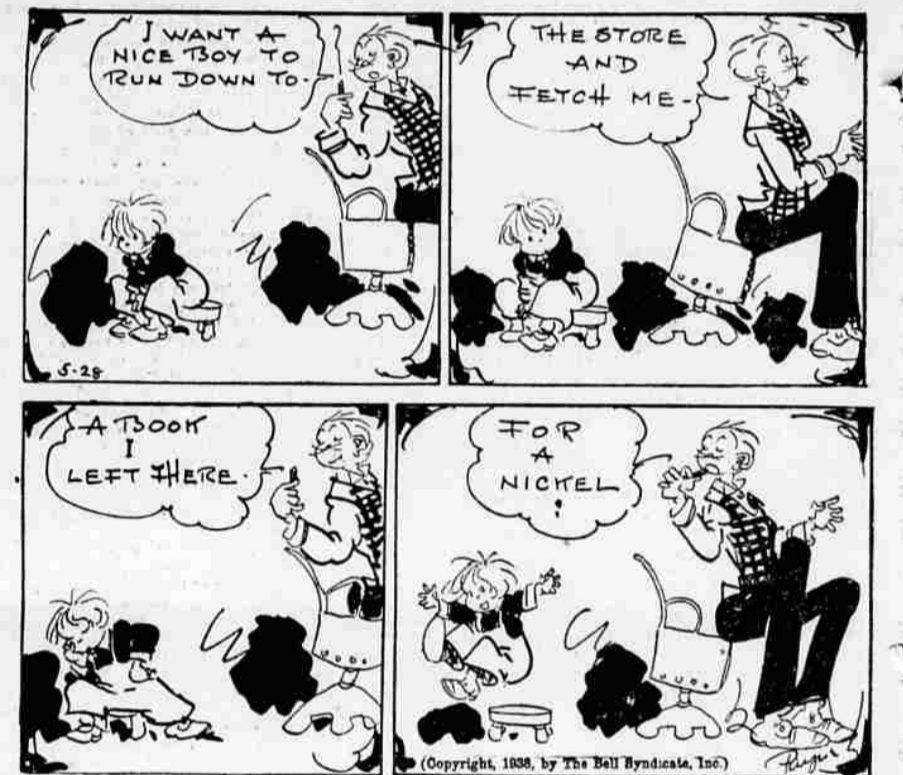
DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



JUST AS YOUR FATHER HAS DISCOVERED YOU PATROLLING CENTER FIELD, AND HAS RECOMMENDED, IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOUR COMING ALONG WITHOUT A SINGLE SECOND'S DELAY, A FLY BALL IS HIT YOUR WAY

By C. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



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AUDITIONS TO START MONDAY EVENING FOR SHAKESPEAREAN CAST

Auditions for this summer's fourth Annual Oregon Shakespearean Festival will begin Monday evening at 8 o'clock in the Southern Oregon Normal school auditorium in Ashland, and will be continued throughout the week.

Prof. Angus L. Bowmer, festival director, is inviting all interested in southern Oregon to try out for this year's series of plays. The festival will be held from August 8 to 13 inclusive, on the outdoor Elizabethan stage in Ashland's beautiful Littlefield park.