

# OCTAGON HOUSE

BY PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR

...So Far: Unscrupulous ...Lorne, whose husband's post office mural has a Quonomet, is murdered by a left handed blow from her sister's knife. Pam Frye appeals to Asy Mayo, Cape Cod detective, telling him she found \$50,000 worth of ambergris which Marina tried to claim, and hid it after discovering the murder. Pam disappears from Asy's house because an unknown person, who smokes Turkish tobacco, is trailing her to learn the whereabouts of the ambergris. Asy discovers that agreeable Tim Carr, a boarder at the Frye's Octagon House, is left handed, smokes Turkish tobacco, and had a mural in New York; wealthy Roddy Strutt smashed a new plane in the square; and gobby Nettie Hobbs is swearing Pam is the murderer.

### Chapter 14

#### Asy In Disguise

ASEY walked back to the kitchen door and yelled for Jennie. "Where's Syl's truck?" "That old thing? Down in the back garden. He was gettin' loam." "He won't need it today if he's quohoggin'." Asy said, "I'm going to take it. An' where's my old paintin' overalls an' coat?" "Asy Mayo, Jennie said in desperation, "you can't wear them in public! They're all torn, so torn I didn't even mend 'em." "Jennie," Asy said, "you roust out my paintin' overalls, an' my coat. An' that cap. Oh, Asy, you can't go out wearin' that cap! It makes you look like Uncle Corny!" "Asy shouted, Uncle Corny, one of the family's black sheep, had died in the drunkard's home. "Go long, Jennie," he said. "I'm supposedly not workin' on this case—an' don't you dare tell a soul I am, hear me? Less you want Pam Frye in jail! An' if I go in my car, with my ev'ryday clothes, they'll bother the life out of me." "You're goin' to disguise yourself!" Jennie said. "Oh, I see. I didn't understand."

"I'm goin' disguised as Uncle Corny," Asy told her with a grin, "an' if you don't hustle, I'll get real props, like a bottle of gin for my pocket. I sort of think that people won't pay much attention to me, in that outfit, an' with Syl's truck."

When he reappeared in ten minutes, Jennie freely admitted that she had never seen the like in all her many days. "Look here, woman," Asy picked up a cap from the table. "This ain't the one I mean. This is my nice clean new one. I want the old dirty one that says in red letters I USE PLYNY'S PAINT—DO YOU?"

"Asy, please!" Asy roared in his quarterdeck below until Jennie, to stop the noise, reluctantly produced it. "It'll make you look just like a convict, with that funny visor. You use Plyny's Paint—you know right well that you do no such thing!" "Asy laughed. "Then that makes it more of a disguise than meets the eye, don't it? Anyone that knows me knows I don't use Plyny's Paint, an'—oh, let it pass," he added hurriedly, noticing her expression of bewilderment. "Let it pass."

Jennie eyed the Colt he inserted in a shoulder holster under his painting coat. "If you was settin' out to see anyone but Nettie Hobbs," she remarked, "I'd say for you that thing behind her. But she deserves a gun poked at her! What're you waitin' for, why'n't you get started?"

"Sore About The Mural" "GLASSES," Asy said. "Isn't there an old pair with gold rims around somewhere? They belonged to someone or other. You find 'em while I get me the rest of my trappings." "Not a gin bottle!" Jennie said anxiously.

"Nope, just some paint an' brushes. What would you say was the predominant color in Quonomet, white an' green?" "An' yellow," Asy said. "I forgot 'em," Asy said, "entirely. Well, if they need paintin', it'll have to be with the punkin' I got left over from the kitchen floor. I ain't got any yellow."

Jennie pronounced later when he put on the old glasses she had found in the sewing machine drawer. "Now," she said, "you look like a deacon. An' if you try to drive Syl's truck with 'em on, Asy, you'll kill yourself. They was Aunt Phrone's, an' she got 'em from a mail order house with a test-your-own-eyes card, an' the only time she wore 'em, she walked plumb into the cistern!"

After a brief interlude in Syl's potato patch, during which the truck barely escaped overturning, Asy came to the conclusion that perhaps Jennie was right about the glasses. Regretfully, he put them in his pocket for future use. He called by his friend the state policeman, on duty at the Quonomet four corners, without even getting a second glance. Quonomet's Main Street ignored him, except for two sleek haired and sunburned salesmen, who made loud inquiries about the price of hay.

At the entrance to Depot Square stood a local traffic cop whose relationship to Asy was about the same as that of Pam Frye to Nettie Hobbs. As Syl's truck approached, he put up his hand and blew his whistle importantly. Asy did his best to obey, but the brakes of Syl's truck were unaccustomed to quick stops, and Asy coasted on up to the rope barriers that were keeping the throng of people of what was left of Roddy's plane. The cop marched up to him. "Where's your inspection tag? What's the matter with your brakes? Gimme your license and registration."

"I haven't any registration," Asy said honestly. "An' my license is in my other coat. The trouble is, Jerry, I ain't used to these brakes of Syl's. They work all right, but they're sort of fractious, like, Now—" "I've got 'em," Asy said. "An' I was drivin' on the wrong side, too. I guess, Jerry, if you didn't recognize me without the car an' the Stetson, no one will. Can I park this crate an' slink off about my business, or do you jail me?" "Asy, have you got into this mess at last? Thank God. We're all goin' crazy. That state cop Hanson of his put I heard that the selectmen were intendin' to ask you over. It's not Pam that killed her sister, it's someone here that was sore about the faces in the mural."

"Jerry," Asy said. "I come to Quonomet to bring a load of loam an' to do some paintin'. That's all. An' you'd better yell at me some more—" Jerry winked elaborately and raised his voice.

**Heated Voices** THEY spent the next quarter hour putting on an act that charmed the tourist trade. Finally, after promising never to ignore another stop signal, Asy took his paint cans and brushes out the rear of the truck, and joined the crowd that swarmed the streets. The space in front of Nettie Hobbs's store was teeming with people. Obviously the Woman's Exchange was having a land office business. Asy edged his way to the windows and stared.

There were fancy calico pan holders, crocheted lettuce bags, aprons of every style and color—all apparently designed for the oversize figure. Asy thought. Any one of them would have made a fine pup tent. There were huge quantities of luncheon sets, embroidered dish towels, beribboned cushions bristling with pins, and lines of doll-like door stops made from milk bottles. There were pies, cakes, rolls, dishes of homemade fudge. There was a jar—it was almost a tank—of pickle limes. And the tourist trade was buying just left and right.

"Now I wonder," Asy murmured, "I wonder if maybe the ladies ain't pullin' a fast one. It was the wife of the minister with the wart, who darted out to talk to a woman standing near Asy, who confirmed his suspicions that the ladies with church fair material."

"Jane, you've got to help! The Baptists have more aprons—go get 'em from Minnie. And a quilt for the church's! She's out back now, talkin' to someone—more reporters, I shouldn't wonder!" Asy edged his way out of the crowd and along the sidewalk to the narrow alley that separated the Exchange from Red Men's Hall. Swinging his paint cans, he marched up the alley and through the gate into the yard at the rear. Voices—heated voices—issued from the open window in the ell.

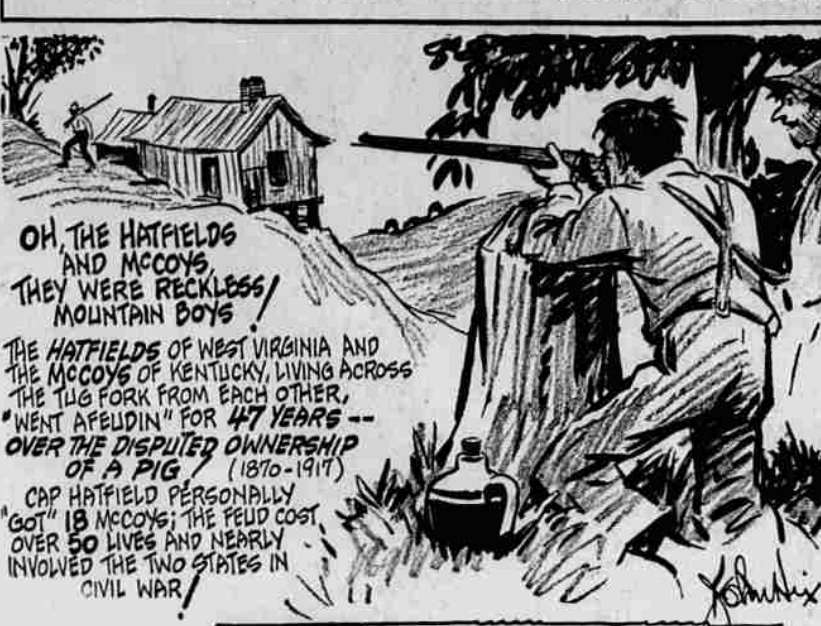
"The whole thing's absurd, and you know it's absurd, an' you know you're talkin' like a shrill croaker!" The woman who was speaking accented her words with a good hearty thump on something that resounded emphatically. "What! It was Nettie Hobbs whose voice rose to a shrill scream. "What do you mean? I saw Pam Frye kill her, I tell you, I saw it with my own eyes."

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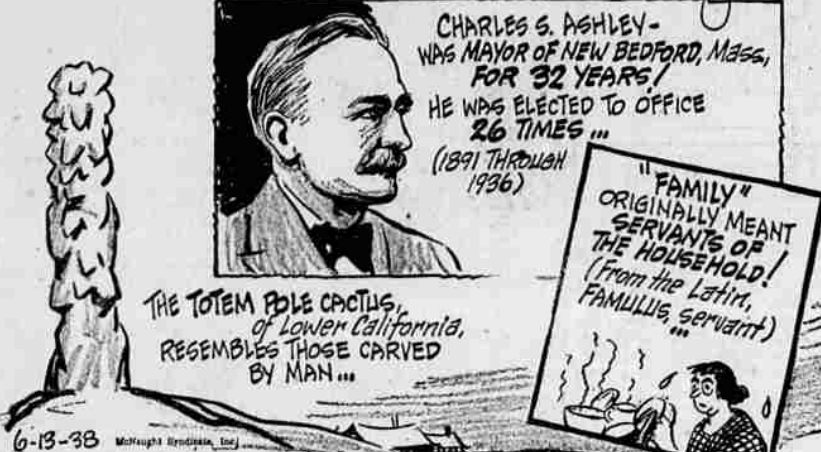
Who is talking to Nettie Hobbs? Read Monday's chapter.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**OH, THE HATFIELDS AND MCCOYS, THEY WERE RECKLESS MOUNTAIN BOYS**  
THE HATFIELDS OF WEST VIRGINIA AND THE MCCOYS OF KENTUCKY, LIVING ACROSS THE TUG FORK FROM EACH OTHER, WENT APELDIN' FOR 47 YEARS -- OVER THE DISPUTED OWNERSHIP OF A PIG (1870-1917)  
CAP HATFIELD PERSONALLY GOT 18 MCCOYS; THE FEUD COST OVER 50 LIVES AND NEARLY INVOLVED THE TWO STATES IN CIVIL WAR!



6-13-38 Mchright Syndicate, Inc.

**Hatfields and McCoys**  
The hills of Kentucky, famous for their feuds, witnessed one of the longest and bloodiest inter-family wars on record in the famous Hatfield-McCoy feud.

It all started back in 1870 when Floyd (Hoag) Hatfield, who lived on the West Virginia side of the Tug fork of the Big Sandy river, one day drove some razorbacks out of the hills and corralled them at Stringtown.

Randolph McCoy happened by and, on examining the contents of the pen, noticed what he believed was a McCoy brand on one of the razorbacks. Hatfield refused to turn the hog over to McCoy, so the latter took the matter to court.

The trial was held at Raccoon Hollow, Deacon Hatfield presiding. Both factions turned out en masse—shot guns, slize shots and cap and ball pistols gleam in evidence. Jews and catcalls marked the proceedings which ended—quite naturally—in a decision in favor of the Hatfields.

Then and there the storm brewed. The McCoys left the court room grumbling, while the Hatfields stayed on and celebrated their victory. Late in the evening the Hatfields left for their homes, only to be ambushed by the McCoys armed with sticks and stoney. Hatfield refused to turn the hog over to McCoy, so the latter took the matter to court.

It was also revealed during the testimony that Plaintiff Renker has been married five times.

**WEDNESDAY DEADLINE IN PAYMENT OF TAX**  
Wednesday, June 15, is the final date for ayment of second quarter taxes, to avoid interest penalty. Interest will be charged on the second quarter if not paid before Wednesday.

**START CHERRY PICKING IN MEDFORD DISTRICT**  
Picking of the Rogue River valley cherry crop has started on a small scale, in some sections, according to County Horticulturist A. B. Cordy. The crop is now coloring up fast, and picking is expected to be in full swing within a week or ten days, under present weather conditions.

Brisk showers, beneficial to gardens fell Saturday in the Lake Creek and the Butte Falls districts.

Phone 342. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

**TAILSPIN TOMMY—Guardian Angel**



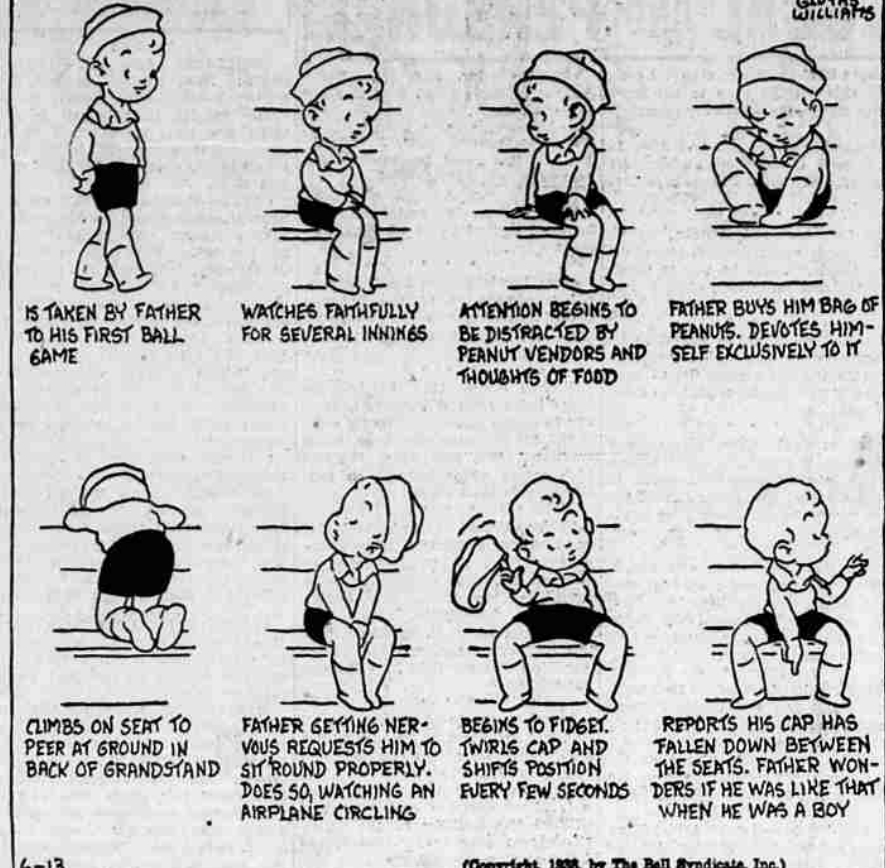
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**BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Rusty's Prediction**



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## VERY YOUNG FAN By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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## S'MATTER POE By C. M. PAYNE

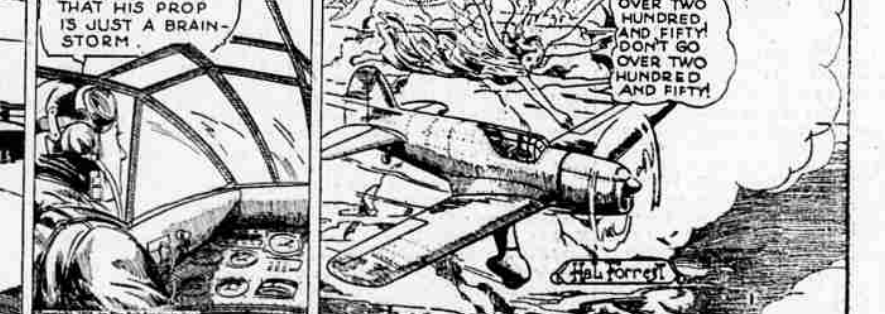


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## By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



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## PORTLAND YOUTH SHOT BY OFFICER RENKER AWARDED VERDICT FOR \$1

Fourth and Alder streets. Later police arrested Erbes' roommate, Don E. Carlson, 21, and are holding him for investigation.

Portland, Ore., June 13.—(P)—His effort to elude two Portland policemen who sought to question him Saturday night brought death to Wilbur R. Erbes, 23, Portland. Detective S. S. Heath shot Erbes after the latter tried to run the officer down and falling in that, took flight. The car traveled about a block, stopped and began backing up. Heath and Detective W. A. Peterson jumped aboard, unmeshed the gear lever and found Erbes slumped over the wheel. He died shortly after arrival at a hospital. Police learned the car had been stolen a few hours before from a parking lot. The shooting occurred at 4:30 p.m.

George Renker was awarded a \$1 verdict in his civil suit against Carl Renker, his nephew, in justice court Saturday. George Renker sued for \$64, allegedly due for a board bill. The nephew paid the \$1 verdict.

Justice of the Peace W. R. Coleman ruled the \$1 award, covering borrowed money in the amount, should be paid. Testimony showed the nephew and wife had come to the Renker home, at his invitation, and that they had expended sums for groceries.