

# OCTAGON HOUSE

BY PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR

11.2.33. So Far: Unscrupulous Marina Lorne, whose husband's post office mural has aroused Quonomet, is murdered by a left handed blur from her sister's knife. Suspected Pam Fry disappears because an unknown person who smokes Turkish tobacco is trailing her to discover the whereabouts of \$50,000 worth of ambergris she found the day of the murder. Agreeable Tim Carr, a boomer at the Frey's Octagon House, is left handed, smokes Turkish tobacco, and hated Marina. Asey Mayo, Cape Cod detective, eavesdrops outside the Woman's Exchange on gabby Nettie Hobbs who swears Pam is the murderer. Peppy Boone, artist, tells Nettie she is a liar. Then Roddy Strutt, whose plane smashed in the square the night before, pays Nettie to keep his name out of her story.

carting off that plane in handfals You'd think they never seen a plane before. Well, I don't care. I tried to do my duty, but now I've given up. Asey, what in the name of God makes people act this way? What's that plane mean to 'em anyhow? It ain't got a thing to do with the murder or the mural.

"Well," Asey sat down beside him, "what's pickle limes got to do with that? Or flower seeders made out of old coffee tins? But people are buyin' pickle limes an cut-up coffee cans over at the Exchange, like this was the last chance they had to buy 'em in this world. Jerry, what time last night did this plane crash?"

## Chapter 16 Roddy's Check

Asey was brought to earth by Nettie's voice at his elbow. "What do you think you're doing?"

"What's that?" Asey hastily put on the gold rimmed glasses before turning around. "What's that?"

"What do you think you're doing?" Nettie raised her voice, and Asey promptly took his cue. "What say?"

"What are you doing?" Nettie bellowed.

"Paintin'," Asey said, gently. "Who told you to paint her?"

What do you mean, trespassing and defacing my property—get away before I call the constable!"

"What say?" Asey asked.

"What's that? I'm a mite hard of hearin', marm."

He made her repeat it five times, and then he assumed an injured expression.

"You mean, this ain't the Red Men's Hall?"

"It's the Woman's Exchange!" Nettie yelled. "The Woman's Exchange! Woman's Exchange!"

"They do?" Asey said. "I want to know, now!"

"You deaf old fool, this isn't the Red Men's Hall, this is—"

"Then if it ain't the Red Men's Hall," Asey peered down at her, "then you owe me fifty cents for time, an' a quarter for paint. I'll make it sixty cents cash money."

Finally, from sheer exhaustion, she gave him the sixty cents. Asey pocketed it gravely, and removed himself and his cans.

It was no task to mingle with the crowd until Nettie emerged from the alley, and he could hardly have helped joining in with the young mob that followed her up the street to the bank.

Farking his paint cans on the back doorstep, Asey rolled up the bank's rear door and knocked on the glass of the president's little cubby hole. He had always wondered why he had allowed himself to be made an honorary director of the bank's main branch, and now, he thought as he waited, he knew.



"What are you doing?" Nettie bellowed.

"Between one and two," Jerry said. "It busted up a couple of cars, and bruised up Earl Jennings and some others. It was Roddy that did it, but the pilot feller got hurt the worst."

"Where is he, in the hospital?" Jerry nodded. "Someone got an ambulance and took him over to Pochet. I just heard someone say that Roddy wouldn't even pay the ambulance bill. Said he hadn't ordered it. You know, Asey, I keep hearin' there's a special little corner of Hell all set apart for people like Roddy. Sometimes he's so dumb, you wouldn't believe it. Sometimes he just scatters money. Then again he's so tight with five cents, you'd like to sock him. And sly—say, he's so sly, damn those tourists! Look, they're pullin' that other wing apart!"

Asey suggested that Jerry might be able to stop them, if he really tried.

"I s'pose so," Jerry said. "I s'pose I could, if I put my mind to it. I would, if it was anyone else's plane. Somehow I don't care about Roddy's. I can't see how the town's liable for any damage people do. We never asked him to land his plane here. We—say, I wonder if we could sue him for obstructin' town highways?"

"You could always try," Asey said. "While you're at it, collect parkin' fees from him, too. You got signs up sayin' that more'n an hour parkin' is illegal, an' that plane's been there for hours. Nick him. So the pilot's in Pochet?"

"Yes, poor feller," Jerry said. "He'll prob'ly rot there before Roddy takes any notice. He—are you goin'?"

"Yup," Asey picked up his paint cans. "You ain't any idea, Jerry, how many spots there is in this town that needs a little slappin' up with paint."

"The Pilot Feller"

"I've given up," he said. "I've given up. You might as well try to stop Niag'ra, as these tourists. They don't give a damn how many cars they jam into this place, or how many they bump. They've busted down the ropes, and they're

More questions arise, tomorrow.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**WIND TRAPS--**  
of Hyderabad, India, ARE ERECTED ON ROOFTOPS TO VENTILATE HOUSES BY DEFLECTING THE MONSOON BREEZES DOWNWARD!

**AN AMERICAN--**  
JOHN D. BRADBURN, WAS THE FIRST MEXICAN OFFICER TO TAKE UP ARMS AGAINST THE TEXANS IN THEIR FIGHT FOR INDEPENDENCE!  
- Anahuac, 1832 -

**RUDY YORK--**  
Detroit Tigers' rookie catcher SCORED 18 HOME RUNS IN A SINGLE MONTH! (AUGUST, 1937)

**SCISSORS CAN BE SPELLED 58,365,440 DIFFERENT WAYS!**

John Hix  
6-15-38  
Medford Tribune

ported to have written all the combinations.

Eventually he gained a high commission in Mexico's army and was placed in charge at Anahuac in 1832. There he exerted a tyrannical hand of authority, although Anahuac contained an American colony.

Two of the Americans residing there—Patrick Jack and William Travis—objected to Bradburn's methods and were quickly jailed. A committee of Americans organized to obtain Jack and Travis' release, and as a consequence a Mexican sentry was killed—first bloodshed in Texas' bid for freedom. An open skirmish broke out, and Mexican Colonel Piedras took command, heard charges against Bradburn and, strange as it seems, ordered his arrest! The punishment meted out to him is unknown.

Tomorrow: Heavenly traffic jam.

Spelling Scissors.

Strange as it seems, there are 58,365,440 different ways of spelling the word "scissors"—yet only one of them is correct!

Lexicographers, always on the alert to startle the American public with such observations, figured out the amazing number of combinations in this manner:

There are six elementary sounds in the word, they point out, the first of which can be indicated by 17 combinations. The second can be indicated by 36, the third by 17, the fourth by 33, the fifth by 10 and the sixth by 17.

By merely multiplying together the number of possible combinations, they obtained the number 58,365,440. However, spody has yet been reported to have written all the combinations.

Other words and names are almost equally versatile; the name of the great bard, Shakespeare, can be spelled some 4,000 different ways. In fact he is known to have changed the spelling of his own name 30 times.

Traitor to Texas.

A renegade American, John Davis Bradburn, launched himself on a nefarious career in the 1820's when with a smuggled saw, he filed his way out of a Tennessee jail and headed for the Mexican border.

Bradburn joined the revolution going on there at the time and gained some reputation as a patriot, as well as the favor of Iturbide, under whom he fought.

Collects Madonna Pictures

MENOMONIE, Wis. (AP)—Nearly 1300 different representations of the Madonna are in the collection of Mrs. R. A. Zimmerman, wife of a Menomonic pharmacist and a former art instructor.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

chairman of the Legion disaster relief committee, gave a talk on the work carried on throughout the nation in recent years and urged local preparedness at all times. He cited the Bandon fire as one of the outstanding Oregon examples of accomplishment in disaster relief by the American Legion.

Carl Goettal of Spokane, Wash. was also a guest of the meeting and gave a brief talk on Legion activities in his state.

Plans for the annual fathers and sons banquet were discussed and it was decided to hold this year's event in October.

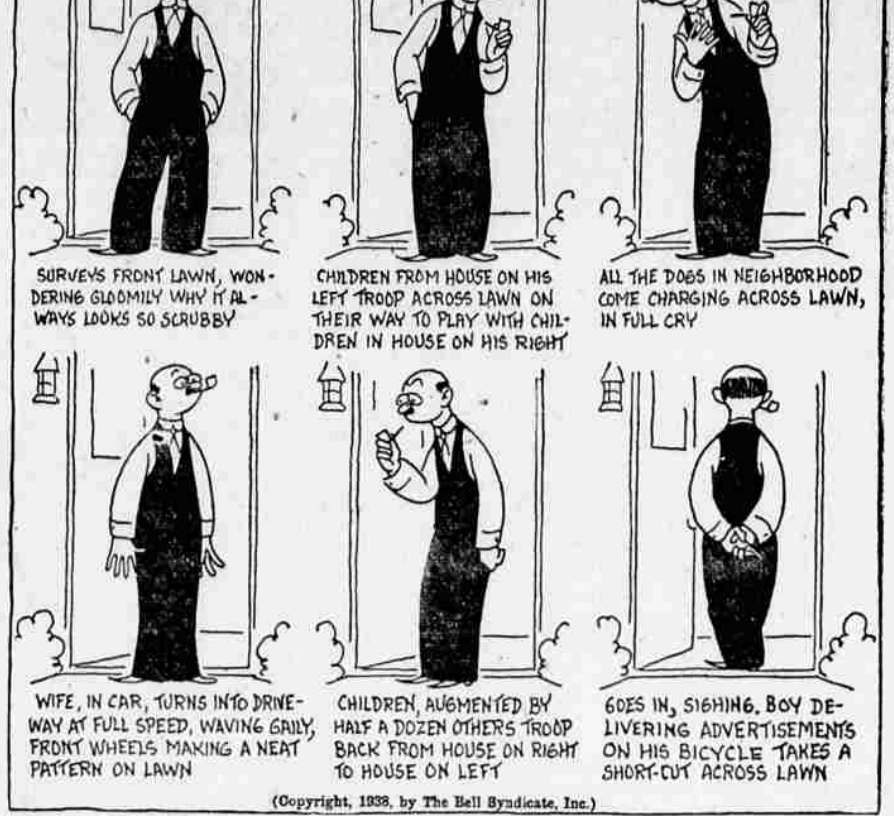
## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Acts Mysterious



By HAL FORRESTER

# FRONT LAWN

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



By GUYAS WILLIAMS

## S MATTER POI

By O. M. PAYNE



By O. M. PAYNE

# LEGION FINDING COOPERATION IN CAMP FOR BOYS

Medford will be well represented at this year's encampment of the Beaver Boys' state, according to reports made at the last meeting of the local American Legion post. This national project of the American Legion is meeting with splendid response here and several local service clubs and other organizations are joining with Medford post in sending boys to learn the principles of self-government. To date, the following groups plan to

sponsor local youths in the Legion activity: Medford post, two boys; Legion auxiliary, one; Kiwanis club one; Lions club, one; Active club one, and I. O. O. F. lodge, one.

Any other organizations or individuals desiring to participate in the Legion project are urged to contact Elmer Wilson, chairman, at once.

A report on the Legion Junior baseball progress was given by H. I. Bailey in the absence of Chairman Robert Ebel. Commander Newbury appointed O. L. Overmyer chairman of a committee to circulate petitions on the school tax sponsored by the Legion and Parent-Teachers association.

It was announced that the auxiliary would hold a picnic at Jackson Hot Springs this evening. All Legionnaires and their families are cordially invited to attend. The following committee was appointed to assist the ladies in arranging the picnic: Kay Kay, chairman; Mrs. Robert Overmyer, secretary; Mrs. F. C. Bunch, treasurer; and Dr. F. C. Bunch, Duncan Nease of Portland, state

More questions arise, tomorrow.

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Chance!



By EDWIN ALGER

## THE NEBBS—A Helping Mind



By SOL HEPNER