

# OCTAGON HOUSE

BY PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR



...story So Far: Asy Mayo, Cape Code detective, is investigating yesterday's murder of Marina Lorne, whose husband's post office mural has aroused Quonomet. She was killed by a left-handed blow from her sister's knife. Suspected Pam Frye disappears after hiding \$50,000 worth of ambergris she found. Roddy Strutt's silybing plane crash looks deliberate, and the movie alibi of agreeable Tim Carr, boarder at the Frye's Octagon House, is false. Asy overhears Tim's grandmother ask him, "Where did the girl put it?" Then Asy asks Pam's father if he knew about the ambergris and where Pam hid it. Aaron Frye disclaims knowledge unconvincingly. Asy tells Aaron to watch the Carrs.

## Chapter 22 Two Sheets Of Paper

THERE was no sign of Aaron Frye or the Carr family. "What happened?" Asy asked the lone trooper in front of Octagon House. "Supper time, for one thing, and fan dancers."

"What?"  
"Yeah, I hear they got a regular midway going full blast up town. Streets of Paris, or something. Quonomet's gone nuts, if you ask me. Getting hot, ain't it?"

Asy took off his cap and mopped his forehead. "Hot," he agreed, "on all sides."



It was enough to make a far stronger man weep.

The trooper grinned. "You'd ought to keep that cap on," he said. "Once you get out from under that visor, you're yore."

Asy thrust his cap into his pocket. "Between you an' me," he said, "it binds me, anyway. Where's Hanson gone?"

"Out after you, I think. He's got a new idea, and I think it's good. I think the boy's got something. Of course he claims he had it all along, and this business of Pam was just a blind, I wouldn't know."

"Jack Lorne, huh?" Asy asked. "That was my idea," the trooper admitted, "but Lorne's got the hell of an alibi. A couple of summer folks picked him up at a garage in Chatham last night, around eight-thirty. His car'd gone on the blink. They had a few drinks on the way home, and then they dumped him off here around a quarter of eleven. People across the street seen 'em. Pam Frye had already phoned for someone to come to Octagon House. We checked up on everything. The couple's okay. The garage time's okay. The guy at the road house remembers 'em. So Lorne's out of it. He—there he is, see? Going alone in that convertible? Whee," he added, as brakes squealed, "I guess he's changed his mind and is coming here."

Asy watched curiously as Jack Lorne got out of his car and crawled through the barricade.

He wore lumpy, paint-stained dungarees and a faded red polo shirt on which two gold safety pins served for buttons. He was amazingly young looking, in spite of the day's growth of beard on his face. And even the beard couldn't hide the weakness of that mouth and chin.

"We Must Find Her!"

"WHERE'S Hanson?" he demanded petulantly. "Where is the man? Away? Well, when's he coming back?"

"I don't know," the trooper said. "Tonight, later, probably. If this mob up in the village doesn't take up his time."

"What does he think this is, a mard-gras or a murder case?" Lorne turned and looked at Asy. "You're Jennings's helper, aren't you? Thank God. That water system's all hawire again. He didn't begin to fix it yesterday. The bathroom's overflowing all over the place, and the tank in the cellar is leaking in all the places he said

he fixed. You are Jennings's helper, aren't you?"

"No," Asy said, "that's just my incognito. I'm Asy Mayo."

"Well, thank heaven for that, Lorne said, "I want you almost more than I want Jennings. Peggy Boone and I've been hunting for you in relays all afternoon. Where's Pam, do you know?"

Asy shook his head. "Doesn't Peggy Boone know? Somehow I thought she would."

"She doesn't! I don't. We've been to all the people she might have gone to, and no one's seen her. We've got to find her. We must!"

"To hand her over to the cops, you mean?"

"No!" Lorne said. "Of course not. What a crazy idea!"

Asy looked at him. "But I heard tell that you said she killed your wife, an—"

"Yes, I know. I did. I thought so. You'd have thought so too, last night. Look, sit down here and let me talk. I've got to talk with someone. If I don't I'll go mad. I want—"

"Say," the trooper said, "if you two're going to talk just guard the place here for me, will you, for a few minutes? I want to see where Shorty went. He ought to be out back there, and I haven't seen him for a long while. Just because things look quiet isn't any reason for him to take a nap—"

"Okay," Asy said. "We'll sit here, how, Lorne, what's come over you to change your mind so?"

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# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**CHARLES H. SNOW --**  
Napa, Calif.  
BLIND AUTHOR OF  
WESTERN NOVELS  
IN THE PAST 20 YEARS HAS WRITTEN  
107 BOOKS, 100 OF WHICH HAVE BEEN  
PUBLISHED!  
ENGLAND IS HIS BIGGEST MARKET...  
NOW 61 SNOW LOST HIS SIGHT  
24 YEARS AGO IN AN EXPLOSION



**ERWIN RUDOLPH --**  
Expert pocket billiardist  
MADE 184 CONSECUTIVE  
CALLED BALLS IN A  
WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP  
MATCH!  
-Detroit, Mich.,  
1929-



SECTIONS OF  
RAILROAD TRACK,  
4000 FEET LONG,  
WERE LAID IN ONE PIECE  
IN THE BLOSSBURG TUNNEL,  
near Helena, Montana...  
EACH WEIGHED 85 TONS!



ANCIENT ROMANS MARKED OFF  
TOWN SITES WITH CHALK BEFORE  
BUILDING ON THEM, THEN PLOWED THE  
LINE WITH A WHITE BULL AND HEIFER

## Blind Author

Through the eyes of Charles H. Snow, prolific California author, countless thousands of readers have for the past 20 years seen vivid pictures of western life described in Snow's many novels.

Yet, strange as it seems, Charles Snow is blind. A quarter century ago he was robbed of his eyesight by an explosion of rabbit bit, he says, the accident failed to rob him of his sense of humor.

"The average person cannot realize how funny or unimportant he is until he puts on a blindfold and realizes how little he counts in the great scheme of things," Snow says.

"While some people look upon what I have done as remarkable, I do not

something had to be done and fiction seemed to be that something that would return a living."

At the suggestion of his older brother, Snow bought an old typewriter soon after losing his sight and began to write. Strange as it seems, he received rejection slips for over three years before he sold a story—and since then has written 107 novels, 100 of which have been published!

Snow's biggest market is England. His British readers have avidly followed his stories of plasmans and cowpunchers; his books have been translated into seven foreign languages.

"I wrote all my stories direct on the typewriter," Snow says, "having each day's work read to me." The

first draft is turned over to a secretary for correction of obvious errors, and then read to me for revision of facts, characters, details of plot and so on—one of the most particular parts of the work."

**Founding a Town**  
Ancient Romans followed a strange practice in laying out new towns.

First they traced the town limits on the ground with chalk, then followed the line with a furrow, ploughed with a team consisting of a white bull and heifer hitched together.

Musolini followed this ancient custom recently in founding the town of Aprilia in the Pontine Marshes near Rome.

Tomorrow: Horror at Halifax.

from 1933 to 1936. His mother and three sisters also survive.

**LOS ANGELES, June 22.—(AP)—**Plans to reorganize the Los Angeles police department, with the possibility that J. Edgar Hoover, of the federal bureau of investigation, will be asked to assist, were announced today by Mayor Frank I. Shaw.

**Find Plane Victims**  
PLIN PLON, Man, June 22.—(AP)—Bodies of Archie Turnbull, manager-pilot of Turnbull Airways, and Allan J. Wallace, member of a geological survey party, were found yesterday in the wreckage of their Bellanca plane on the southeast shore of Lauric lake.

**LOS ANGELES, June 22.—(AP)—**Bishop Ernest V. Shayler, of Omaha, Neb., and Mrs. Frances Milbank, prominent club woman, were married today in the church in which they met 13 years ago. The bishop of the Eastern Nebraska Episcopal Diocese, who retired last year, and the widow of a Los Angeles financier wed before relatives and a few intimate friends.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Makes a Promise!



## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Wilfred Tells All

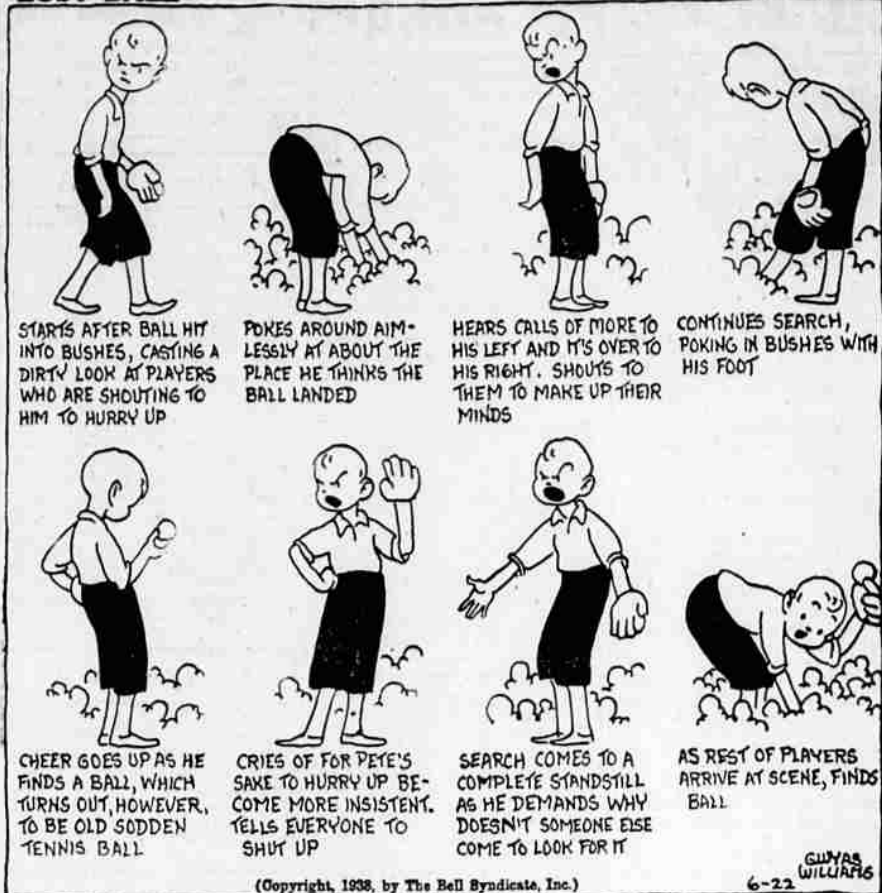


## THE NEBBS—You Can't Tell



## LOST BALL

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



## SMATTER POI

By O M PAYNE



## DROWNING SEEN DUE TO ILLEGAL FISHING

**ROSEBURG, Ore., June 22.—(AP)—**As an aftermath of the drowning at Elkton, June 14, of Louis C. Farmer, Cottage Grove resident, complaints were issued in the justice court here today for the arrest of Sherron Colley, Elkton, and William Huff, Cottage Grove. The two men are charged, according to Sergeant Paul Parsons of the state police, with fishing with a net in closed waters.

State police and sheriff's officers investigating the death of Farmer found and confiscated nets and other gear with which the men are alleged to have been fishing at Elkton, several miles above the commercial dam in the Unquiqua river, Parsons said.

## AMERICAN BOYS DIE FIGHTING FOR SPAIN

**SEATTLE, June 22.—(AP)—**Thane Summers, 25, University of Washington graduate and former university teaching fellow, has been killed fighting in the loyalist cause in Spain, his father, Attorney Lane Summers, said today.

He received the word from the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, which young Summers joined as a volunteer early last year. Friends here had received numerous letters from Spain describing the fighting.

Robert Pettibohn, Hoquiam, a battalion member, was also killed recently, the Seattle office of the battalion was notified.

Summers attended the university