

OCTAGON HOUSE

BY PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR



The Story So Far: Nearly everyone in Quannomet had a motive for murdering unscrupulous Marina Lorne, including the enraged citizens caricatured in her husband's post office mural. But Asey Mayo, Cape Cod detective, thinks she was killed for a \$50,000 lump of ambergris belonging to her sister Pam Frye. Although she was killed by a left handed blow from Pam's knife, Asey believes both Pam and left handed Tim Carr, a boarder at the Frye's Octagon House are innocent. Marina was once married to Tim, and also played around with Roddy Strutt. Then the barn is set on fire by someone trying to locate the missing ambergris, and Asey, Tim and Pam's father are knocked out by person or persons unknown. Two troopers, who disappeared, are found stranded on Dune Island.

Chapter 33

A Nice Idea, Anyway

"WE GOT the guy who knocked us out," said the short trooper. "Where?" Asey asked briefly. "We got two pictures, while it was still light. O'Malley had his camera. He's a camera fan, see? And we'll get that guy—"

"Where's the camera?" Asey demanded.

"Where'd you put it, Shorty?" O'Malley asked.

"Me? You've got it."

"I gave it to you. You've got it!" "Say, I guess—"

"Wait up," Asey said. "Who had it last?"

"When we got out of the boat," O'Malley said, "I had it, and I give it to Shorty to hold while I tried to pull the boat up, but the undertow was too much—"

"So we let the old tub go, but we kept the camera dry," O'Malley said. "Then we walked over here. It was daybreak then, and we went to sleep. Were we ever dead!"

"And you've been sleepin' ever since?"

"No," Shorty said, "we got up and tried to haul a fishing boat to take us off. The engine waked us about nine. But they just waded at us and went on. Thought we was just being friendly, I guess."

"Ever think of swimming back?" Asey inquired.

After a poignant silence, Shorty admitted that whereas they could swim, they were not experts.

"I see," Asey said. "Now, where's the camera?"

It was Timothy who finally found it, buried deep in the soft dry sand of the dune.

"But your pictures have pfft," he said. "See? The film's exposed. One of you gave the camera a good swift kick with a nice heavy boot. It's coming apart—nice dripping parts! Here—"

O'Malley grabbed it from him, and then turned to his companion.

"You—"

"No," Shorty said firmly, "I didn't. That's where you was sleeping last. And you been kicking around a lot. You done it yourself. Well, there's that bright idea of yours all—"

"Let's just sum it up," Asey said before O'Malley could let himself go. "by admittin' that the pictures was a nice idea that didn't work. Now, let's rest. What happened to you?"

It began, Shorty announced, with him. He thought he saw someone near the barn. Before setting out to investigate, he called O'Malley, and the two of them went back to the woods together.

"We headed for the barn," Shorty said, "and then I seen something move in the woods to the right, so we went there, and some one made a noise, and I pushed through a bush near that sort of summer house, and wham! That was that. Somebody bluffed me."

"And he squeaked," O'Malley said, "and I come running up to where he was—and bam! I got mine. I never was hit so hard in all my life! The guy must of had a billy. When I come to, my head was splitting. And then I found Shorty, and then we heard someone running—bov, was that a chase!"

"A Horrid Scowl!"

"YOU got knocked out before the fire," Asey said. "I see. Then the feller went to Lorne's and accounted for Aaron. Now, what about the fire?"

"What fire?" Shorty said. "After we pulled ourselves together, we seen someone running, beyond Jack Lorne's, and I chased him clear to Chatham—"

"What? Who was it? How?"

"We grabbed a car parked there by the corner. Belonged to some tourist. I guess Had Indiana plates. And we chased this guy, and was running—he got into a sedan with Jersey plates. He turned out to be a tourist, too. Nice guy. He was taking pictures of the scene of the crime for his collection," O'Malley said. "Bov, did he ever have an outfit?"

"Then what?"

"We started back in this Indiana car," Shorty said, "and we left it where we found it, and then we seen this other guy running out of the woods—that place was lousy with people! So we run after him—"

"By then," Tim said, "the biffer having laid me and you out, I suppose. I'm—"

"Let em go on," Asey said, "an see if it turns out like I think."

They had chased the man to the river, where he grabbed a boat and they followed him in their leaky tub. Pam's boats had caught their eye, but the chains had thwarted them in their haste.

"Then," Shorty said, "all of a sudden we got into a current, and the oars we found in the boat wasn't much, and one got lost overboard, and while we tried to get that—"

"You lost the other," Asey said. "How'd you know?"

Asey sighed. "People always do. Well, I guess it happened about the way I thought. He got you, Tim, an' then he got these two, and then he got Aaron Frye. Shorty an' O'Malley got sidetracked to Chatham, an' during that time the biffer got me. Then, as he left the woods he run into the troopers comin' back, an' they all had their little boat trip—when'd you take your pictures?"

"When we came back from Chatham, as he was on the edge of the woods. You see, I had my camera ready to take a shot—"

"What did he look like?"

"He was big."

"An' strong," Asey said. "Yes, know all that. But what did he look like? How tall was he? What size?"

Fifteen minutes of questionin' brought forth only the information that the man was big and dark.

"You followed him all that time an' that's all you can tell?" Asey demanded.

"It was dark in the woods," Shorty said. "And he was big an' dark—"

"Big and dark," Tim said, "and doubtless about to start on a long, long journey overseas. Why, I saw more of him in a tenth of a second than you two did in all your chase! I know that he had a horrid scowl!—what did you say, Asey?"

THE DOUGHNUT QUEEN!
Miss Helen Purviance—
Salvation Army lassie,
PERSONALLY MADE AND
DISTRIBUTED 1,000,000 DOUGHNUTS
TO MEN OF THE A.E.F. DURING
THE WORLD WAR!

**SHE ORIGINATED THE CUSTOM
AT MONTE-SUR-SOUX, FRANCE...
SHE HAS MADE ONLY
3 BATCHES SINCE THE WAR!**

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



The adage that "an army marches on its stomach" inspired Brigadier Helen Purviance, a Salvation Army lassie during the World war to give the boys in the A.E.F. some good old home cooking.

Stationed at Monte-sur-Soux, France, she cast about for some good American food, easy to prepare, that would satisfy the appetites of "her army." The Salvation Army's supplies, however, were limited.

"Finally we discovered that we could make doughnuts with what we had," she recalls. "We made a cutter out of an evaporated milk can and a shaving stick holder. We used a grape-julee bottle for rolling-pin. The soldiers were tickled to death."

Before the war ended, Miss Purviance estimates she made 1,000,000 doughnuts. Recently, during a Salvation Army drive for funds, she made another batch of "sinkers"—only the third since the war.

First Twine-Knotted.

John F. Appleby, an 18-year-old Wisconsin farm boy, one day in 1850 tired of the monotonous task of tying bundles of grain by hand, and set out to devise a machine to do the work for him.

He constructed a model of a machine that would tie a knot in a piece of twine, but he lacked funds to build a working machine. He finally persuaded his school teacher to loan him \$50 and started to work. All went well until the teacher de-

cidated that he wanted the money back.

Young Appleby was forced to sell at auction all of his belongings to pay back the man, and his twine-knotted model went on the block for 17 cents. A friend bought it—and gave it back to him!

Another interruption from the Civil war held up progress on the invention, but eventually Appleby completed his machine and sold full rights to William Dearing, a manufacturer. Today nine-tenths of the world's bound grain is handled by machines patterned after Appleby's original model!

Tomorrow: What classmate of Calvin Coolidge (Amherst, '95) voted him "most likely to succeed"—and himself received all remaining ballots?

The individual mess kit of a soldier in the U. S. Army consists of one tin cup, knife, fork, spoon and meat can.

Rural villages in Germany which have no motion picture houses are now visited by motor trucks which contain complete projection outfits.

Chaplin's Second Weds Third Time
LOS ANGELES, July 6.—(AP)—Lita Grey Chaplin Aguirre, second wife of Film Comedian Charles Chaplin, and her business manager, Arthur P. Day, Jr., were married today at a Manhattan beach Catholic church by Father Peter Conway.

It was her third marriage. Her divorce from Henry Aguirre, Jr., became final last Friday.

After the ceremony, the bride and Chaplin's sons, Charles, Jr., 13, and Sydney Chaplin, 12, tied tin cans to the automobile in which the newlyweds departed.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Will Crash!



DON'T YOU SEE? IF JERRY GOT THAT ACCIDENT OFF OF TOMMY'S GLOVE, TOMMY MUST HAVE GOT IT FROM HIS CONTROL WIRES!

OH, MY GOSH!

CHIEF! WE FLAGGED TAILSPIN AND RADIOED HIM. BUT... BUT...

BUT HE DIDN'T GET OUR SIGNALS TO LAND, AND HE'S OUT OF SIGHT NOW!

TOMMY WILL CRASH!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Number 2



BEN, I JUST WEIGHED THE BIGGEST ONE IN THE NEW BATCH—GUESS HOW MUCH? SIXTY-SEVEN POUNDS!

WOW!

RUSTY, I'M GOING IN TO SEE JASON—I'M GOING TO MAKE HIM FEEL GOOD—I'LL SHOW HIM THAT TURKEY!

SWELL! THAT'LL BE REAL MEDICINE FOR HIM—

'COURSE, WILFRED, I'M POSITIVE THAT BIRD IN THE CHAMBER WINDOW IS A FREAK—WE'LL HAVE THE WEBSTER KID DANCING SOON TO OUR TUNE—

I HOPE SO!

GOOD GRIEF, WILFRED, THERE'S ANOTHER ONE!

THE NEBBS—Registering with Steve



I'VE GOT A LOT OF DOUGH INVESTED IN THIS BROTHER UP TO DATE... HE WAS A GREAT TRAVELER UNTIL HE FOUND ME AND IT LOOKS LIKE THE NEXT STOP WILL BE THE CEMETERY

LISTEN, BROTHER, YOU CAN TAKE THAT UNWELCOME LOOK OFF YOUR COUNTENANCE. I JUST PAID MY BILL UP TO THE MINUTE, SO REMEMBER WHEN YOU GO BY MY TABLE AND PEEK INTO MY PLATE, WHATEVER LIES THEREIN IS GOING TO BE PAID FOR AND YOU CAN REJOICE

HE'S GETTING READY TO SUE ME THAT'S WHY HE PAID HIS BILL, BUT WHATEVER HAPPENS I'M GOING TO BUY HIM A NEW PIPE... THAT ONE HAS THE SWEET AROMA OF A DISCONTENTED POLECAT

THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE DISCOVERY THAT THE BOTTLE OPENER HAS BEEN LEFT AT HOME, EVERY ONE IMMEDIATELY DEVELOPING A RAGING THIRST

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

SMATTER POI



SS-SSH!

YES'M!

SMATTER?

THA LADY NEXT DOOR—HER FIFI IS ASLEEP

WHO IS FIFI?

THAS HER LITTLE DAWG?

By HAL FORREST

PACKERS CHARGE WALLACE UNFAIR

CHICAGO, July 6.—(AP)—Swift & Company, in an appeal filed with the United States circuit court of appeals, today charged Secretary of Agriculture Wallace with attempting to give it out of competition.

The allegation was made in the company's appeal from Secretary Wallace's order that it "cease and desist" from the "unjustly discriminatory" credit, discount and weight practices.

The company, charged in ten separate counts with violation of the packers and stockyards act, opposed the findings as contrary to the evidence presented. The whole pro-

Scottsboro Negro Receives Clemency

MONTGOMERY, Ala., July 6.—(AP)—Governor Bibb Graves today commuted to life imprisonment the death sentence of Clarence Norris, negro "Scottsboro case" defendant.

He acted a few minutes after the Alabama board of pardons recommended commutation for Norris, the only one of four convicted in the mass rape to be sentenced to death in re-trials of the widely-publicized case last year.

Three others, of nine negroes originally accused of raping two white women aboard a freight train in 1931, are serving long-term sentences.

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