

# OCTAGON HOUSE

BY PHEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR

The Story So Far: Asey Mayo, Cape Code detective, is investigating the murder of Marina Lorne, whose husband's post office mural has enraged Quamomet. She was killed by a left handed blow from the knife of her sister, Pam Frye, who lives in Octagon House. Interested parties are: Tim Carr, once married to Marina; Jack Lorne, the artist; Roddy Strutt, whose plane crashed the night of the murder; Peggy Boone, another artist; Jennings, an exotic plumber; and persons unknown who smoke Turkish tobacco, burned down the barn, killed Asey, Tim and Pam's father, and destroyed Jack's mural sketches. Missing is a \$50,000 lump of ambergris belonging to Pam. Interfering Roddy's injured pilot, Asey learns the crash was deliberate, and that Marina and a lot of others had probably seen the ambergris from the plane before Pam found it on the beach. Unable to get it away from Pam, Marina was going to use Roddy in a hatching scheme.

fooled, I'm it. But look here, Asey, here's what's bothering me. I've been flooded with petitions—before the murder and after—and I'm plain that Quamomet is mad. Now, I can settle the thing in time, and get the mural condemned for being unsanitary, or something—God knows it is! But I've got to let the shouting die down first. I can't touch the thing now. And the town—

"Is impatient?"

"More than that," Elliott said. "Here. Take a look at some of my anonymous mail."

Asey read through half a dozen. "Pam and the rest all spoke the truth," he said finally. "Quamomet's mad clear through. In a way, you can't blame 'em."

"I don't," Elliott said. "I'm in that mural, too! They'll do something crazy and get everyone into hot water. See here, Asey, this murder business. How much of it is due to the mural?"

"I don't honestly know," Asey said. "I don't know. If the person who killed Marina killed her because she inspired her husband to stick in those caricatures, then it was a native who knew enough about her art to know that she'd be responsible. People do odd things when they're mad, particularly when a lot of 'em are all mad about the same thing. But I wonder now," he paused and

## Chapter 37

### Problems Of A Congressman

AS Asey left the hospital, a large black sedan drew up. Elliott, the Congressman from the district, hurried up to him.

"You're one of the hardest men to find, Asey," he said, "that I



"There's no justice," Elliott said, "None at all."

ever knew. I've been on your trail since yesterday afternoon."

Asey grinned. "How's things," he inquired. "From the rockbound coasts of Maine to the sunny shores of California?"

"It's fate, I suppose," Elliott said, "that the only time in my life I used that sentence was also the only time you ever heard me speak. Listen, this Quamomet business is getting me hot under the collar. The citizens are aroused. I'm pretty aroused myself. The post office and this damn mural—do you know how they happened?"

Asey waved toward the coupé. "Come sit down," he said, "and tell me. I been wonderin' just what part you played in that. An' I don't mind sayin', I think you'd ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am. Look, you know me, and you know I've done as much for this neck of the woods as anyone could do for a solid Republican block crying in the wilderness. And you know how little ice I cut."

"I'd almost forgotten," Asey said, "about modest an' honest politicians. It's wonderful."

"I'm a member," Elliott said, "of one of the most feeble and impotent committees existing. Bear that in mind. And bear in mind that last winter I was sick. I had three operations, interspersed with pneumonia. And frankly, I didn't care much about the government at that time. I paid no attention to it. I didn't know that for various and sundry reasons that committee had suddenly become vastly important, and my vote infinitely so. People came to see me in the hospital and said, I had a swell new post office, where did I want it?"

"And you said, Quamomet?" Asey demanded.

"Why, I didn't believe them!" Elliott said. "I thought they were kidding. I said, kidding back with a straight face, the one town on the Cape that needed a luxurious post office was Quamomet. They said okay, and asked me how I spelled it. Then I got sick again, and then in a comparatively healthy interlude, the boys came back and said, did I want a mural? I said, sure. I still thought they were kidding."

### A Good Defacing

"MEANTIME," Asey said, "you might find that the paints ain't proper paints. Non-union. Or that the dampness is eatin' into Myles Standish's hair. Get the D.A.R. to pass a resolution—"

"Oh, they have. They have!"

"Well, fix things so that the mural has to have a cloth hung over it."

"I wish," Elliott said, "that I dared to subsidize a couple of good bums, and have them take the chance of getting caught, just to cover that mural with tar for me. A good defacing would solve everything. Oh, there is one thing more. Carveth Strutt has been after me, yelping about Roddy. Says he's being menaced—"

"Somehow," Asey said, "Roddy is mixed up in this Marina business. He's been menaced because it's such a nice alibi, like if you'd been menaced, then no one'll believe for an instant that you had anything to do with the murder."

Elliott whistled.

"Does Roddy—oh, I don't like that! His other uncle in Washington—oh, Asey, I don't like this! I'm having enough trouble as it is, with the hot-headed citizens of Quamomet. I definitely don't want the Struts to ride into battle. I know they're bums, but their money's handy. Not just for politics, either. Next, just for politics, park out of Carveth, and I'm banking on Dighton to get the Milk Fund out of the red. Is Roddy really involved?"

"I think so."

"There is no justice," Elliott said. "None at all. If Roddy's involved, can't you wait till I get the park and the fund money?"

Asey grinned at Elliott's anguished tones. "I've already waited too long on Roddy," he said.

### Hot Water

"AN' then you got sick again?"

"Exactly," Elliott said. "And well, think what I thought when I saw the pictures of the place!"

"Well, there's the story of that if ever a Congressman got

thought about Earl Jennings. "If anyone could get mad enough by himself to murder—well, I don't know."

"They can get mad enough!" Elliott said. "Though I suppose that riot last night sort of cooled 'em."

"Praps," Asey said. "But someone sneaked into Jack Lorne's house yesterday evening" and destroyed all of his stuff they could lay their hands on, includin' the sketches of the mural. I think that your best bet is to call in the Quamomet selectmen and tell 'em that you'll get the mural removed, just as soon as you can."

Asey visits the post office, tomorrow

**HESS FIRES OPENING SHOTS IN CAMPAIGN**

EUGENE, July 11.—(AP)—Henry L. Hess, La Grande, Democratic gubernatorial candidate, fired opening shots of his campaign here Sunday when he described himself as "the only candidate who could bring co-operation between the federal administration and the state government."

Bidding for support of those who voted for Governor Martin in the primary, Hess said, "there is no reason why Martin supporters should not vote for me. The governor and myself are personal friends, our only differences being on political issues."

Hess termed "silly" charges that he would pardon "labor goons."

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

**WALDPORF PLANNING 2-DAY CELEBRATION**

WALDPORF, Ore.—(AP)—Waldford, the beautifully located little city on the shores of the Pacific ocean, in Lincoln county, is having a two-day celebration, Saturday and Sunday, July 23 and 24.

This celebration is being sponsored by the townpeople, the Lions club and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Saturday's program will consist of water sports, swimming and boat races, a baseball game, tennis and various concessions. An airplane will take passengers for trips above the ocean and the surrounding timbered hills.

Sunday's main attraction will be the big free crab feed, included on

# 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 RIVER-QUEEN!

MARY B. GREENE, 70, IS CAPTAIN AND OWNER OF THE OHIO RIVER'S LARGEST OVERNIGHT PASSENGER STEAMBOAT—THE GORDON C. GREENE! (Operating between Louisville and Cincinnati) SHE HAS SPENT HALF A CENTURY AS A RIVER PILOT!



THE PACK RAT IS NOT A RAT—IT IS A MOUSE! (Genus Neotoma)



GOLFERS PLAY THROUGH 3 TOWNS AND 1 CITY ON THE YALE GOLF COURSE, Conn. (West Haven, Woodbridge, Orange and New Haven)

PLATY OF THE SPRATT OPTICAL CO. HAS HIS CAR SERVICED BY PRATT OF THE PLATT SERVICE STATION, Santa Ana, Cal.

7-11-38

**Queen of the River**  
A lifetime on the beautiful Ohio as captain and pilot of her own steamboat has been the amazing career of Mrs. Mary B. Greene of Cincinnati.

Born in a small Ohio town on the Muskingum, a tributary of the Ohio waterway, in 1868, Mary early became fascinated with river life. Strange cargoes floated by on big flatboats bound for Memphis and New Orleans. Sidewheelers carried important men and pretty ladies up and down the river, from Louisville to Pittsburgh. Shortly she married Gordon C. Greene, a young river man who had recently won his pilot's and master's papers. She made her home aboard Greene's steamboat, the H. K. Bedford. There she took an interest in navigation and under her husband's tutelage soon was able to pass a rigid examination and herself become a licensed pilot.

Greene's business rapidly enlarged; he decided to build a new boat, the Str. Argand. Captain Mary Greene took charge of her first command as master and pilot of the new steamboat.

In 1904 Greene ordered his first side-wheeler—the Greenland. On her maiden voyage Captain Mary Greene undertook the job of piloting her down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to St. Louis for the world's fair—a distance of 1,200 miles.

Mrs. Greene raised three boys on the river, and they in turn cap-

taind newer steamboats on the Greene Line. Eventually there were 11 boats in this inland fleet.

Widowed a number of years, Mrs. Greene weathered the 1929 depression and successfully bid for the purchase of the Louisville-Cincinnati line, which she still operates with six steel steamers, including the Gordon C. Greene, largest overnight passenger steamboat on the river, named for her husband.

She will still take a turn at the wheel, and during the summer months Mrs. Greene lives on her "flagship," looking after the welfare and comfort of her passengers.

Tomorrow: The Spaniard who became a Maya chief.

**Infant Likes His Briar**  
TORONTO — (UP) — A year ago youthful Alphonse Robert Aida picked up his father's pipe and started smoking. Today, not quite 3 years old, Robert still is smoking the briar. Papa Aida says when the babe first saw the pipe he became curious so permitted the child to try it in hopes a mild sickness might discourage Robert from smoking.

**Two Extremes in Taxes**  
LONDON, Ont.—(UP)—The dead-

**TAILSPIN TOMMY—Surprise!**



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Seeing Things!

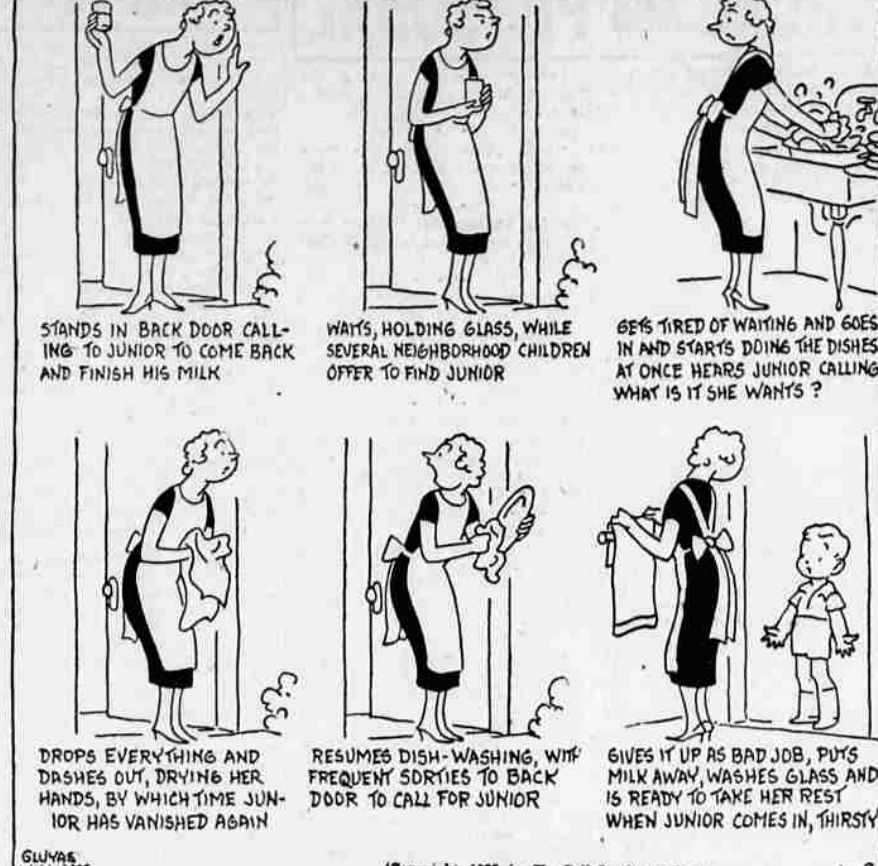


THE NEBBS—Oh, Pardon Me



# UNFINISHED BUSINESS

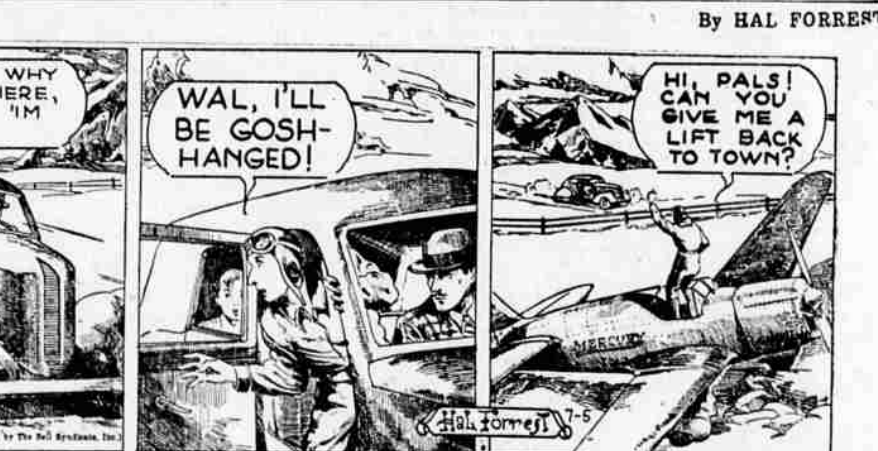
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S MATTER POI By O. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS

