

The Creeping Man

by Frances Shelley Wees

YESTERDAY Mrs. Murchison...
"I checked when Tuck finds a pipe that was newer out of her husband's hand. Bunny sleuths also, and discovers that Mrs. Murchison does not know where her husband is. That night, the study is broken into."

Chapter Eight
Michael Tells All
"Come in, Tuck," Michael said. "Pretty smart guy, whoever he is. That clatter warned him. He shut the door behind him, picked the key from the floor and turned the lock."

The smaller of the two big rugs was hung over the glass doors that led to the dining room. The blinds on every window were drawn close and the Indian blanket from the couch was lying on the floor as if it had been hung over the panes of the long glass door which led to the sun porch."

"He certainly wasn't taking any chances on being seen," he decided.

Michael was surveying the room minutely.

"Now what the devil do you suppose he was after?" he said wonderingly. "There isn't anything in the place worth stealing."

"Hidden passages," Tuck said lightly. A sudden thought had struck her, but she was not letting Michael know all she knew. "Secret rooms," she repeated.

At the moment another tap sounded sharply, and Tuck for all her nonchalance, jumped. Michael grinned at her. "It's Bunny," he said, and she shot the bolt on the dining room door. Bunny was rapping on the door to the kitchen, and saying "Let me in, you two! This door's locked."

Michael turned the key and opened the door. Bunny came and unrolled, stood there with her hands in the pockets of her black silk dressing gown.

"What's up?" she asked coolly. "A party? Or are they chattering in us? I heard pots and pans banging."

"Burglars," Michael said briefly. "Oh, well, well. Where's Tuck?"

"Surveying the ruins."

With lifted eyebrows Bunny strolled through the dining room and looked into the disordered study. "What was burgled?" she asked Tuck. "Do we keep the family diamonds in here?"

"It's true, Bunny, honestly," Tuck told her. "There was some body in here. We heard them tapping on the walls."

"But whatever for, Michael?" Bunny's face expressed the sincerest amazement.

"I really didn't inquire," Michael told her. "It certainly is beyond me. I don't understand it at all."

Tuck looked at him scornfully. "Isn't that funny," she said. "You really ought to have things better arranged. Imagine not being able to understand it."

Bunny laughed suddenly. "You know what I think," she said calmly. "I think it's about time you stopped being mysterious, Michael. Tuck's getting cross. And, if you really don't understand this burglary, maybe you could use a little help in unraveling your little problem. The Problem of the Missing Professor."

Michael swallowed. "How in the devil did you ferret out this business of a Missing Professor? Nobody knows he's missing. Not a soul. Not his most intimate friends."

"Higgins does," Bunny said quickly.

"And Mrs. Murchison knows," Tuck supplemented.

Michael growled. "You haven't been around asking them questions, have you?"

"It would have served you perfectly well right if we had," Tuck informed him. "Trying to keep us in the dark while you sneaked around finding out all sorts of interesting things."

"Not very many," Michael muttered.

"Will you tell us all you know?" "I am about," he said. "I will."

Think—Suspect—Wonder
Tuck dropped into the big leather chair by the fireplace and hugged her knees excitedly. "Go on, then," she commanded. "Start at the beginning. Is he missing?"

"He is."

"Did he disappear?" "He did."

"When?" "When?"

"Can't you find him?" "They cannot." He explained in detail the very careful search made by the police.

The two girls listened in silence. Bunny's eyes on the toe of her slipper. Tuck's following Michael's lips as he spoke. There was a little silence.

"So they think—they suspect—they wonder?" "Exactly," Michael agreed. "You have it, honey. They think they suspect and they wonder. But they don't know. And that's why we're here."

"I knew it," Tuck said. "Michael Forrester, why in the name of goodness didn't you tell us Bunny and me, right at the beginning? We've lost an awful lot of time. What we should have done at the beginning was to get acquainted with the Devoes and Mrs. Murchison and have Duane Murchison out here to tuck and start finding things out."

Michael tilted her chin with his finger. "You've answered your own question there, Tuck. That's exactly what we shouldn't have done. I expressly stated that we were to act as much like disinterested people as possible, if not more so. And we have, unless..."

"Unless I created some suspicious snooping around. Well, I didn't."

"Then we've been here a week without a drop of curiosity around the place we dropped into."

"What about Miss Lissey?" "There is that question. Unless your imagination..."

Tuck pounded her fist on the arm of her chair. "The next person who says that to me will get poison in his soup," she said flatly. "It isn't imagination. It's sense. I suppose next you'll say I imagined Mrs. Murchison was frightened stiff when I took over that pipe. Or that Bunny imagined what she said to her over the phone."

"What pipe? Who said to Bunny over the phone? Said what?" "Tuck and Bunny explained that together, in a sort of recitative duet, one taking up where the other left off. Michael listened with the deepest attention, but he was most interested in the story of the pipe."

"Can you repeat her exact words, Tuck?" he asked anxiously. He had lit a cigarette now, and was listening with brows squinted to keep out the smoke.

On the RADIO CHAINS

STATIONS

Where to Find Them on the Dial:
 Rex, Portland, 1180; KFI, 640
 Los Angeles; KGA, 1470; Spokane;
 KGO, 790; San Francisco; KGW
 620; Portland; KJH, 970; Seattle;
 KXN, 1050; Los Angeles; KOA, 830;
 Denver; KOIN, 910; Portland;
 KOMO, 920; Seattle; KPO, 630; San
 Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

Sunday
 5:00—Edgar Bergen, KPO, KGW,
 KFI; Festival of Music, KOIN, KJH,
 KEX; Adventures, KOIN, KXN, KSL,
 KGW; Ben Bernie, KNX, KOIN; Mr.
 District Attorney, KGO, KJH, KEX
 9:30—Chester's Orch., KNX; Mar-
 tin's Orch., KGO, KEX; One Man's
 Family, KPO, KFI, KGW; News,
 KJR.
 10:00—Martin's Music, KGO, KJR,
 KEX; News Reporter, KPO, KFI,
 KGW; News, KNX, KOIN.
 10:30—Owens' Orch., KOIN, KNX;
 Noble's Orch., KGO, KJR.
 11:00—Gray's Orch., KOIN, KSL;
 Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KGW,
 KFI; News, KNX.

Monday
 5:00—Quaker Party, KPO, KFI,
 KGW; Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR;
 Sunset Shadows, KGO.
 6:00—Note Book, KGO; Manhat-
 tan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KGW,
 KFI; Sunday Evening Hour, KNX,
 KSL, KOIN.
 6:30—Organist, KGO, KJR, KEX;
 Album of Familiar Music, KPO,
 KGW, KFI.
 7:00—William Hillman, KGW;
 Playhouse, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Sleep
 Serenade, KPO; Hour of Charm,
 KGO, KJR, KFI; Himber's
 Orch., KGW.
 7:30—Carnival, YPO, KFI, KGW;
 Cherio, KGO, KJR.
 8:00—Ranny Week's Orch., KGO;
 Hobby Lobby, KNX, KOIN; Night
 Editor, KPO, KGW, KFI; News, KEX.
 8:15—Irene Rich, KPO, KFI, KGW;
 Weeks' Orch., KEX, KJR.
 8:30—Sweet and Low, KGO, KJR;
 Jack Benny, KPO, KGW, KFI; Arm-
 strong's Orch., KOIN; War News,
 KNX.
 9:00—Walter Winchell, KPO, KFI,
 KGW; Ben Bernie, KNX, KOIN; Mr.
 District Attorney, KGO, KJH, KEX
 9:30—Chester's Orch., KNX; Mar-
 tin's Orch., KGO, KEX; One Man's
 Family, KPO, KFI, KGW; News,
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 KGW; News, KNX, KOIN.
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 Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KGW,
 KFI; News, KNX.

INDICT BROWDER ON NEW CHARGE

New York, Nov. 18. —(AP)—Earl Browder, general secretary of the communist party in the United States, was indicted for the second time by a federal grand jury today for allegedly having made false statements to procure passports and for using these passports.

The new indictment charged that Browder used the name of "Albert Henry Richards" on one occasion.

In the first indictment, returned against the communist leader last month, it was charged he used the name of "Nicholas Dozenberg" and "George Morris."

Browder is free under \$7,500 bail on the first indictment.

Commutes by Plane
 Kent, O. (UP)—Galen Edward Elser, a graduate music student in Kent State university, flies his own monoplane every day from Youngstown to Kent to attend classes—a total of 2,500 commuting miles every year.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

WALLACE WADE—Veteran football coach, in 20 YEARS HAS WON ONLY 2 GAMES BY ONE POINT—BOTH WITH THE SAME SCORE—20-19!

(Alabama over Wash., 1926; Duke over Georgia Tech, 1937)

CUT THE ABOVE FIGURE INTO 2 PIECES—WHICH, FITTED TOGETHER, FORM A SOLID SQUARE. (Answer Monday)

PARLIAMENT MEMBERS—Great Britain, RESIGN BY APPLYING FOR A JOB THAT DOES NOT EXIST! ("Steward and Bailiff of the Three Hundreds of Chiltern")

SHEER SILK IS NOT NEW! WOMEN OF ANCIENT ROME WORE SEMI-TRANSPARENT DRESSES OF THE MATERIAL 2000 YEARS AGO... THE GARMENTS WERE EVENTUALLY BANNED BECAUSE THEY WERE CONSIDERED RISQUE

Because British Parliament members can resign their seats only to accept another office under the Crown, they apply for a job that doesn't exist. Granted this office, they are automatically out of Parliament.

MONDAY: Discovery by Accident.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

FRED PERLEY WAS IN A BAD WAY WHEN HE GOT A STORM WINDOW WHERE HE COULDN'T LET GO UNTIL HE HAD PUT SOME SCREWS IN, AND HIS WIFE WHO WAS HELPING BY PASSING HIM TOOLS HAD JUST SEEN THE LAUNDRY-MAN PASSING WITH WHOM SHE WANTED TO HAVE WORDS ABOUT A MISSING SHIRT

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—New Evidence Unearthed!

I WAS ON THE POINT OF LEARNING FROM DIRK, THE IDENTITY OF THE PERSON RESPONSIBLE FOR THOSE CRASHES. WHEN THIS TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED.

GREAT GUNS!

TOMMY! THE CHIEF FOUND THE AUTOMATIC CAMERA THAT WAS FIXED ON SKEETER'S PLANE FOR CLOSE-UP SHOTS!

IT LANDED IN SOME BRUSH... AND THE FILM WASN'T DAMAGED. I SAW IT PROJECTED.

TOMMY, THAT FILM SHOWS WHAT REALLY HAPPENED ON SKEETS' SHIP... BEFORE IT CRASHED!... COME ON! YOU MUST SEE IT!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—But Intimating It?

...AND I'M GETTING ALONG FINE, RUSTY! NOW, TELL ME, AM I BACK IN PUBLIC FAVOR SINCE I SOCKED STEPHOCK?

REMEMBER, YOU SAID YOU THOUGHT IT'D MAKE VOTES FOR ME AND THE LORD KNOWS I NEED 'EM— SAY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, RUSTY?

WHEREUPON, WILLIS BALLINGER WAS TOLD OF BEN'S MYSTERIOUS CONVERSATION WITH GENE WALLY, THE OIL MAN, AND BEN'S EQUALLY MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE FROM TOWN!

GOOD HEAVENS! HAS BEN RUN OUT ON US?

I AIN'T SAYIN' THAT, MR. BALLINGER! I AIN'T SAYIN' IT!

BUT, MY CONSCIENCE, IT LOOKS THAT WAY!

THE NEBBS—Success With a Bang

I WISH I HAD A FRIEND LIKE YOU HAVE IN ME, BRINGING A FORTUNE TO YOUR DOOR— I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION THAT WILL TAKE ALL DOUBT OUT OF YOUR MIND IF THERE IS ANY THERE

I JUST DILUTE THIS POWER PILL IN A SMALL BOTTLE OF NOXAGE WATER. THEN DROP IT OFF THIS CLIFF AND YOU SEE THE RESULT—1000 HORSES SET FREE

TOSS IT OVER MY CURIOUSITY IS AT THE LIMIT OF MY ENDURANCE

SEE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU? I DIDN'T LIE TO YOU— YOU WERE A LUCKY FELLOW WHEN YOU MET ME

LUCKY, HECK! I'M ALL IN PIECES!

DIES PREDICTS MANY DUE FOR INDICTMENT

Chicago, Nov. 18.—(AP)—Congressman Martin Dies, chairman of the congressional committee investigating un-Americanism, predicted today that "there will be hundreds of indictments—

and convictions—of persons who have violated the laws of this country in spreading subversive propaganda."

The Texas congressman made this statement upon his arrival to resume, after a lapse of several weeks, an investigation of communist, fascist and Nazi activities in Chicago.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.