

The Creeping Man

by Frances Shelley Wees

YESTERDAY: Michael, Tuck and Bunney agree to play at different tables so they can study everyone at the Deane's bridge party. The other guests are Dr. and Mrs. McBain, Miss Lissey, Duncan Murchison, Mrs. Murchison, Jared Devoe, and old Mrs. Devoe.

"We feel pretty lucky to have the Murchison house," he said at a moment. "When is Dr. Murchison coming back?"

"I don't know. As a matter of fact, I didn't know he was going. He's rather a queer duck. Reserved. His wife could tell you."

"She's a good looking woman," Michael said.

"Um. She's very vivacious. There was another silence. Then "You may think I appear unduly interested in the Murchisons," Michael said, "but I heard a very strange rumor the other day. I've been thinking as we sat here that I ought to tell you about it. It isn't the sort of thing..."

"Rumor? About the Murchisons?"

"About Dr. Murchison. I heard that Murchison was quite a ladies' man at heart, underneath his cynicism, and that he had... taken a lady with him on his trip."

McBain stared at him incredulously, then snorted angrily. "I never heard such nonsense in my life," he said. "He was the last man in the world to have that sort of him. He wasn't in the least interested in women. I'd be willing to take my oath that he has never looked at a woman other than his wife. Since he's lived next door to me for three years, and since I've been working with him constantly, I think I am qualified to judge."

"It's a strange how rumors start," McBain said. "Did your informant go so far as to mention the name of any woman?"

"No. Perhaps he didn't mean to be taken seriously. He was probably angry because Murchison had plucked him. I'm glad you've put me straight."

McBain subsided into his chair. "I should like to deal with any such scandal-mongers," he said. "If you hear any more rumors, refer the person who starts them to me, will you, Fred? I can't have a respectable colleague's character set up like that. And, it's damned bad for the University."

High And Low

MRS. DEANE'S voice broke in upon them. "Won't you gentlemen come to supper, please? The table is almost ready." She held the door open invitingly.

The table, under the shaded candles, was a dark shining pool, upon whose surface lace and silver made intricate patterns. At one end, Mrs. Murchison was sitting with the score cards spread before her. She added them and checked them, and as the rest sat down she looked up and around the table until she saw Devoe.

"Jared," she called, "you seem to have two score cards. Neither is signed, but they are both in your very writing."

He went around beside her. "That's mine," he showed her. "It looks as if I were low, doesn't it?"

"Perhaps the other one is mine," said Mrs. McBain suddenly. "I do believe I forgot to sign it."

"It must be; there seems to be no other here for you. Then that is all. I am ready, Mrs. Deane."

Mrs. Deane handed them over to her husband. "You read them out, please," she said. "Numbers always confuse me."

He peered at them closely. "Dr. McBain seems to be high," he said after a pause. "And—really, my dear, does one always tell whose score is low? It seems hardly the part of etiquette."

"You don't need to read it out," said Tuck despondently. "I know. It's mine."

The rest of the evening went; banteringly, lightly, yet to the three who had come to watch, to listen and to gather impressions, every sentence, every smile, was questioned closely and remembered. And just as supper was over Mrs. Deane's rambling tongue touched upon the most surprising thing of all.

She looked across the table at Mrs. Murchison, at the moment sparkling up at Michael, and said calmly, "I do wish you'd worn your necklace, Mrs. Murchison. I do think it's so beautiful."

There was something in that dark face that reminded Tuck of the episode of the pipe.

"My necklace?"

"Yes, the lovely diamonds you wore on Christmas Eve, at the faculty dance. I don't suppose you wore it at an informal party but—" her voice went on and on. Tuck's eyes went quickly to every face around the table. Duncan Murchison was stony, immovable. The McBains, sitting next him, were untroubled and went on eating calmly. Jared Devoe was smiling at his cousin. Old Mrs. Devoe sat unblinkingly, her fork poised in her hand. But Miss Lissey was staring at her plate, her eyes shielded against the light.

Mrs. Deane finished.

"Oh," Mrs. Murchison said without excitement. "Those weren't diamonds, Mrs. Deane. Only brilliants, they are. I could not think what you were meaning. Surely, if you liked it, I will wear it again."

Mr. Deane coughed behind his hand. "They were very fine brilliants," he said. "My wife called my attention to them. Twelve of them, was it not? On a chain?"

"Yes, I believe that is right." She put her hand to her throat suddenly. "I got them in Paris a year or two ago."

"Lovely, lovely brilliants," Mrs. Deane sighed. "Lovely. Twelve of them—on a fine chain."

Continued tomorrow

On the RADIO CHAINS

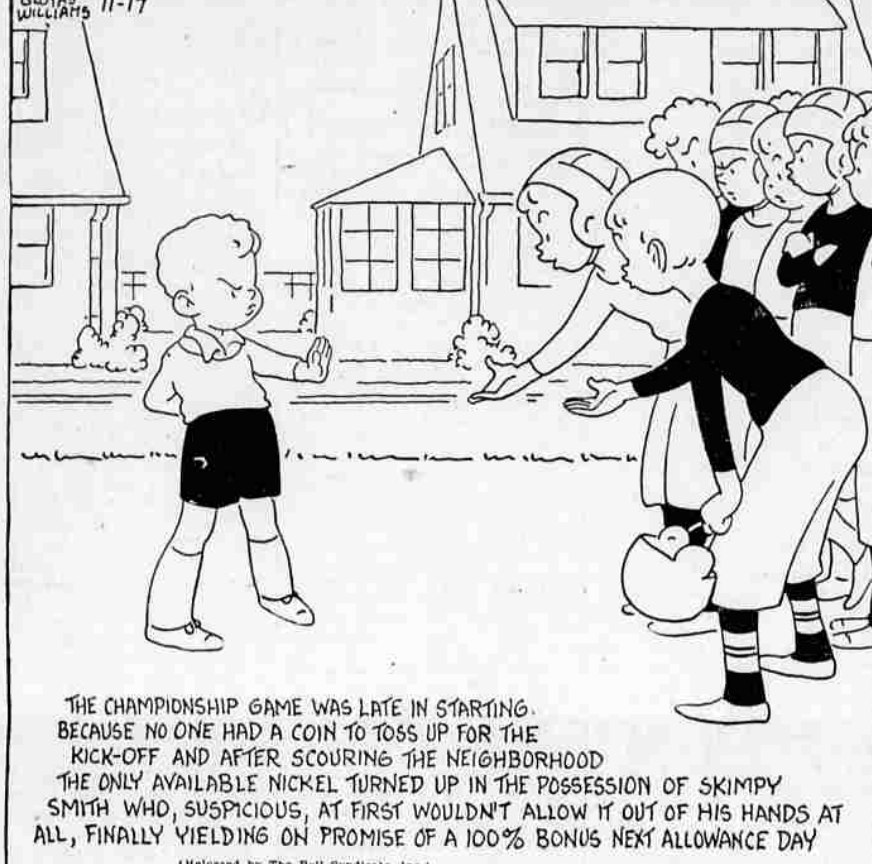
Where to Find Them or the Dial: Kex, Portland, 1180; KFI, 646; Los Angeles, KOA, 1470; Spokane, KGO, 790; San Francisco, KGW, 620; Portland, KJR, 970; Seattle, KNX, 1050; Los Angeles, KOA, 830; Denver, KOIN, 940; Portland, KOMO, 926; Seattle, KPO, 630; San Francisco, KSL, 1180; Salt Lake, KJR, KEX; Avalon Time, KPO, KFI, KGO, KEX; Pearce's Gang, KNX, KSL, KQW; Radio Guild, KGO; Fred Allen, KPO, KGW, KFI; Noble's Orch., KGO, KEX; News, KJR; 10:00—Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KNX, KSL; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOIN; 10:30—Madriguera's Orch., KGO, KFI, KJR, KEX; Ravazza's Orch., KGO; Concert Hall, KPO; 11:00—Gray's Orch., KOIN; Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KGW.

Wednesday: 5:00—Frank and Archie, KEX; KJR; Sunset Shadows, KGO; Waring's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; 5:30—Kelsey's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGO; Music for Listening, KGO, KJR; 6:00—Sketch, KGO, KEX, KJR; Star Theater, KSL, KOIN, KNX; Orch., KOMO; Safety First, KPO; 6:30—Drama, KEX; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW; Convention, KGO; News, KJR; 7:00—Sketch, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Kyrer's Program, KPO, KGW, KFI; Shield's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; 7:30—Burns and Allen, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Adventures, KJR; 8:00—Waring's Orch., KPO; Breezing Along, KGO, KJR, KEX; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; 8:15—I Love a Mystery, KPO, KGW, KFI; Lum and Abner, KSL, KNX, KOIN; 8:30—Whiteman's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Quiz Program, KGO.

Thursday: 5:00—Frank and Archie, KEX; KJR; Sunset Shadows, KGO; 5:30—Drama, KOMO; Kelsey's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Army Band, KPO, KGW, KFI; 6:00—Major Bowes, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Good News of 1940, KPO, KFI, KGW; Sketch, KGO, KEX, KJR; 7:00—Columbia Workshop, KOIN; Music, KFI; Music Hall, KPO, KFI, KGW; 7:30—Sports Pop-offs, KNX, KOIN; Vivki Chase, KGO; News, KSL; 8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Cutler's Orch., KEX; Aloha Land, KGO; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; 8:15—Sam Hays, KNX; Cutler's Orch., KGO; I Love a Mystery, KPO, KGW, KFI; 8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI; Ask-It-Basket, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Lyman's Orch., KGO; 9:00—Strange as It Seems, KNX.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

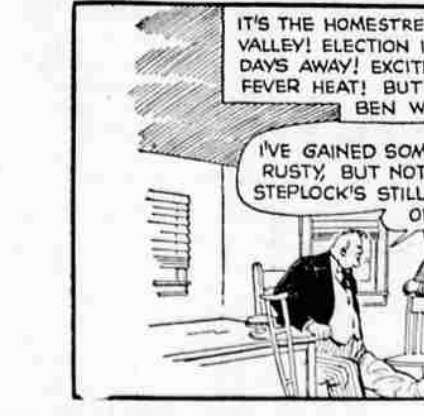


THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME WAS LATE IN STARTING. BECAUSE NO ONE HAD A COIN TO TOSS UP FOR THE KICK-OFF AND AFTER SCOURING THE NEIGHBORHOOD THE ONLY AVAILABLE NICKEL TURNED UP IN THE POSSESSION OF SKIMPY SMITH WHO, SUSPICIOUS, AT FIRST WOULDN'T ALLOW IT OUT OF HIS HANDS AT ALL, FINALLY YIELDING ON PROMISE OF A 100% BONUS NEXT ALLOWANCE DAY

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Interrupted Confession!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Welcome Interruption!



THE NEBBS—No Vision?



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Welcome Interruption!



THE NEBBS—No Vision?



EUGENE AIRPORT SITES SURVEYED

Eugene, Ore., Nov. 22.—(P)—Sites for a new airport for Eugene were inspected today by local citizens and airline officials.

Included in the group of visitors were Paul Morris, airport engineer with the civil aeronautics authority, B. M. Jacobs, also of the C. A. A., and W. C. Ables, from the traffic department of United Airlines. Several sites north and south of the city received favorable comment from the officials.

Ables reaffirmed the recent announcement here that United Airlines would make regular stops here if Eugene makes a suitable port available. This city of 25,000 would then be an hour from Portland and three from San Francisco, via the airlines. Of about a dozen "international languages" invented by scholars, none has come into general use.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



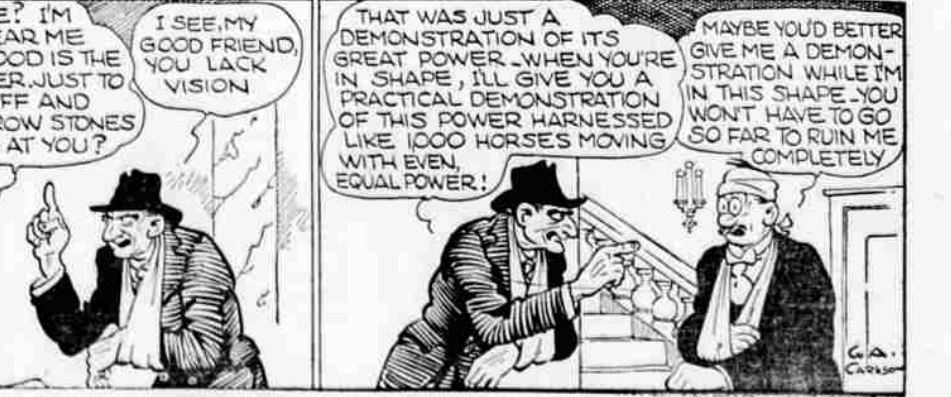
PICTURE-A-DAY Title of the "World's Most Regularly Photographed Girl" would probably go to Annette Avers, 7 1/2 of Portage, Wis. Franklin Avers, her father, an amateur photographer, who has photographed her every day since she was a baby, plans his poses ahead of time, seeking to make each one unique. RICE MARRIAGE It's an old Javanese custom—the marriage of two sheaves of rice from the first of the seasons' harvest. These first ears are plucked by a priest and, tied with anointed flowers, are ceremoniously married in the granary in the presence of wedding "guests" — represented by other sheaves. TOMORROW: U-Boats and Battleships.



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Welcome Interruption!



THE NEBBS—No Vision?



Bad Boy. New York, Nov. 22. — (P) — Henry Trieste, 39, plunged to his death from the roof of a six-story apartment house on East 12th street. Police found this note in his room: "I don't deserve to live. I am a bad boy."

Truck Fees Set Record. Salem, Nov. 22. — (P) — Fees paid by operators of motor trucks during September to the public utilities commissioner set an all-time record of \$121,158, the total being about \$10,000 more than the previous high mark set in October, 1937.

Unlucky Crow. Newhaven, Eng. — (P) — When a crow lit on a power pylon here, he caused a short circuit, cutting of the town's power. He himself burst into flames and fell on a sheep, which was also burned.

War Jobs Restricted. Portland, Nov. 22. — (P) — Because war industries require mainly skilled workers, war orders will not take many workers off the WPA, Col. F. C. Harrington, national administrator, said last night.