THE PHONE BOOTH MURDER

by Phoebe Atwood Taylor

YESTERDAY: Asey Mayo, the Cape Cod detective, has agreed to help deliver some clams, but it turns out to be Jennie who does the job. After defeating hail, the army, and collaborating with a faintly mysterious woman in a small car, they arrive at the Whale Inn with the clams—and it is deserted. Asey wants only something to eat. But Jennie wants to investigate, and to talk. Especially to talk.

Chapter Three

Corpse At The Phone

"ASEY, there must be somebody here! See this workbasket on the table?" Jennie stooped over suddenly and picked up something from the floor. "Why! Oh."

"What's that?"

"I thought 'twas a tomato, but it's only a pincushion fell out of the basket. Asey, where is everybody?"

"Wa-el, that must be their official desk." He pointed to a corner where a cupboard had unobtrusively been cut down to form a little cubbyhole. "That shelf's got the register on it, an' a phone. Ain't there a bell? Ought to be one."

"There ain't. I looked."

"I get it," Asey said. "Look, What's a mess beetle, Asey? I thought first he said best needle, but then it sounded more like mess beetle. The man's either got the wrong number or else he's mad as a hatter. Mess beetle! Asey, what we goin' to do? I think this is awful queer! Seems as if there ought to be somebody around here somewheres, in a place supposed to be so tony as this!"

"Wa-el," Asey said, "I'm goin' to dry myself over by the fire, an' when someone does condescend to come, I'm goin' to order us some dinner. I'm not goin' to tackle that road home in Syl's vehicle till I'm sure the Army's out of the way. I wouldn't put it beyond that earnest soldier with the lantern to be there waitin' for you."

"I don't care about that soldier! Asey, now I'm beginnin' to get mad! Don't you think we ought to find someone?"

"I think it's high time someone was findin' us." Asey strolled over to the fire. "Whyn't you try some of these doors an' see where they lead to?"

"An' s'pose," Jennie returned with asperity, "that I land up in somebody's bedroom?"

Asey suggested that she could always knock first.

"I don't remember anythin' about the layout of this floor," he said, "an' I suspect it's been made over considerable, but I don't think there'd be bedrooms here. Anyways, if I had this deep-seated urge of yours to find folks, I certainly should."

"It's that woman that was at the red light!"

there's wirin' to the door. They got a buzzer there, but with the current off it don't buzz. After someone lighted the candles, they remembered the buzzer wouldn't work, an' now they're scurryin' around findin' a bell. That's the answer, Jennie."

"Huh!" Jennie said. "It's after six, Asey. S'pose she won't believe we got here at six because she didn't hear us come?"

"She will." Asey leaned his head back and opened his mouth wide.

"No! Don't!" Jennie said. "You mustn't let out one of those awful quarter-deck bellows in here! It wouldn't be right!"

"Well," Asey said, "what you goin' to do? You goin' to make your presence known, or you goin' to stand here an' worry about it? Make up your mind! Me, I'm soakin' wet an' starvin' hungry, an' I want to get these clams delivered so's I can dry out an' get fed. Which way's the dinin' room, I wonder? Ought to be someone there, or in the kitchen, this time of evenin'!"

"This way, I think."

Jennie started hesitantly for the closed door at her left, and then she paused.

"Asey, I don't know which way it is. You go find someone! If you used to know this place, you ought to know where the dinin' room was—"

She broke off as the telephone started to ring.

"This'll unearth someone," Asey said, as the phone continued to ring and ring.

He and Jennie looked expectantly at the four closed doors.

But no one came.

"Well, for mercy's sakes!" Jennie said. "This place is beginnin' to get on my nerves! What'll we do about that phone?"

"Answer it," Asey said.

"You think we ought to?" Jennie asked as he strode across the room.

Asey picked up the receiver.

Mess Beetle

"HELLO," he said briskly. "This is the Whale Inn speakin'. What? What's that?"

Jennie nudged him. "Who is it? What do they want?"

Asey turned to her and held out the receiver.

"Somethin' about a beetle. See if you can make sense of it."

Jennie listened, said what-what-what a number of times, and then passed the receiver back to Asey.

"He's hung up," she said helplessly. "He swore an' hung up.

"She's Dead!"

THRUSTING out her hand, she grasped the door knob nearest her, and then she hesitated.

"You really think it's all right to go lookin' around?"

"Sure," Asey said. "Go on."

Jennie yanked open the door.

"It's just a closet—Asey!" Her scream split his eardrums. "Asey, look!"

Grabbing up the candelabrum from the mantelpiece, Asey held it high and strode over beside her.

The closet, which was about four feet square, clearly served as the Inn's public telephone booth.

And sitting on a little chair, with her head slumped forward against the coin box, was a woman.

Jennie pointed a shaking forefinger at her.

"Asey! It's that woman that was at the red light, the one with the umbrella! She's dead! And look—there's a gun in the corner, next to her glasses!"

With an exclamation of disbelief, Asey leaned forward and peered at the woman, and then, as the hot candle wax dripped down on his hand from the tilted candelabrum, he held it out toward Jennie.

"Take this an' raise it up, will you, so's I can get in there an' see? Higher! Jennie, this somehow don't hardly seem like it could be possible!"

"There she is!" Jennie's voice was shriller and a full octave higher than usual. "There she is! An' it's her!"

"I s'pose," Asey stared at the stain on the back of the woman's tweed coat, below her left shoulder blade. "I s'pose it's possible she could've cut off the main road an' raced back here before we trundled up in Syl's truck. That's possible. I could've done it myself in my car, easy. An' it looks like that woman. But—Jennie, are you sure she's the same one?"

"Look at that pocketbook with the white stitchin'! Look at them low-heeled shoes! An' that felt hat, an' the tweed coat, an' her gray hair low on her neck! An' them steel-rimmed glasses!"

To be continued

ROBESON AT FORT

Fort Lewis, Nov. 20.—(AP)—Paul Robeson, the noted American Negro baritone, will dedicate in a Thanksgiving day ceremony the new chapel to be used by negro troops stationed at Fort Lewis.

AMERICA'S FINEST SHIRT
ARROW
find them at
Barker's
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Charlie McCarthy Is People's Choice

New York, Nov. 20.—(Special News Service)—The latest Hooper report, which surveys radio program preferences, has Charlie McCarthy in the lead with 30.1 points, closely followed by Fibber McGee and Molly with 29. Others in the first six run in this order: Walter Winchell, Aldrich Family, Bob Hope and Jack Benny.

Closing time for Classified Ads 9 a. m.—Too Late to Classify 12:30 p. m.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:
Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALE (MBS) 1330, Portland; KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland; KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1510, Spokane; KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco; KGW (NBC-Red) 620, Portland; KJR (NBC-Blue) 1000, Seattle; KNX (CBS) 1070, Los Angeles; KOA (NBC-Red) 850, Denver; KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland; KOMO (NBC-Red) 950, Seattle; KPO (NBC-Red) 680, San Francisco; KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.
Time Shown is PST

Thursday.

5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR, KEX; Death Valley Days, KSL; Jane Arden, KOMO; Stars of Today, KGW; Eyes of the World, KOIN; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.

5:30 p. m.—Duffy's Tavern, KSL; News of the World, KGO, KEX, KJR; Ricardo's Rhapsodies, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Tonight's Best Buys, KNX; Leon F. Drews, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Secret City, KEX; Major Bowes', KNX, KSL, KOIN; News, Here and Abroad, KGO; Bing Crosby, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Joe Gallichio's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.

7:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Cugat Rumba Revue, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Rudy Vallee, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—Frank Fay, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, Here and Abroad, KGO, KEX, KJR; Who Dunnit? KNX, KOIN, KSL.

8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; March of Time, KJR, KGO, KEX.

8:15 p. m.—Lum and Abner, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Lanny Ross, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

8:30 p. m.—Maudie's Diary, KNX, KOIN; Saunders of Circle X, KGO, KEX; Fanny Brice, KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KSL; Hot Stove League, KJR; Flowers for the Living, KEX.

9:00 p. m.—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Duffy's Tavern, KNX, KOIN; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Sports, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Freddie Ebener's Orch., KPO, KGW; Dance Orch., KGO; Death Valley Days, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL, KJR; Moonlight Sonata, KEX; Musical Quinella, KOMO.

10:00 p. m.—America's Town Meeting of the Air, KGO, KJR, KEX; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KNX; Five Star Final, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KGW; Reid Tanner's Orch., KSL; Masterworks of Music, KNX; The World Today, KOIN; Industry and Defense, KOMO; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Etchings in Brass, KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KJR, KEX; Ken Stevens, KSL, KOIN; News, KNX, KGO; Emmanuel Tabernacle, KOMO.

Friday

5:00 p. m.—Kate Smith Hour, KSL; Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR, KEX; Jane Arden, KOMO; Stars of Today, KGW; Eyes of the World, KOIN; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.

5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KEX; Bill Henry, KNX; Cocktail Hour, KGW; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; Three-Four Time, KOMO.

6:00 p. m.—Secret City, KGO, KEX; What's On Your Mind, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Waltz Time, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Michael and Kitty, KGO, KEX; Uncle Walter's Dog House, KPO, KGW, KOMO; First Nighter, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

7:00 p. m.—Hollywood Premiere, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Wings of Destiny, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Candlelight Concerts, KEX; What's Doing in Sports, KGO; Fish Finder, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—Pierce's Gang, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Grand Central Station, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Weekly Spectator, KGO, KJR; Modern Music Box, KEX.

8:00 p. m.—Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Romance and Rhythm, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:15 p. m.—Lanny Ross, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Lum and Abner, KPO KGW, KOMO; Along the Sidelines, KJR.

8:30 p. m.—Don't Be Personal, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Gang Busters, KGO, KEX, KJR; Playhouse, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

9:00 p. m.—Radio Chatter, KPO; Pigskin Party, KGO, KJR, KEX; Kate Smith Hour, KNX, KOIN; Univ. of Oregon Forum, KGW; Along the Sidelines, KJR; Sports, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Paul Whiteman's Orch., KGO, KJR; Chuckwagon Days, KPO, KOMO; News, KSL, KJR; Moonlight Sonata, KEX; Symphony of Melody, KGW.

10:00 p. m.—Hollywood Legion Stadium Fights, KGO, KEX, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KNX, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

10:30 p. m.—The Land That Never Was, KOMO; Hollywood Legion Stadium Fights, KGO; Dance Orch., KGW; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Northwest Bible Institute, KJR; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Bob McGrew's Orch., KOMO; Eight Mysterious Hats, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Pickard Family, KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX; Ken Stevens, KOIN, KSL; News, KNX; Scandinavian Music, KJR; Reveries, KOMO.

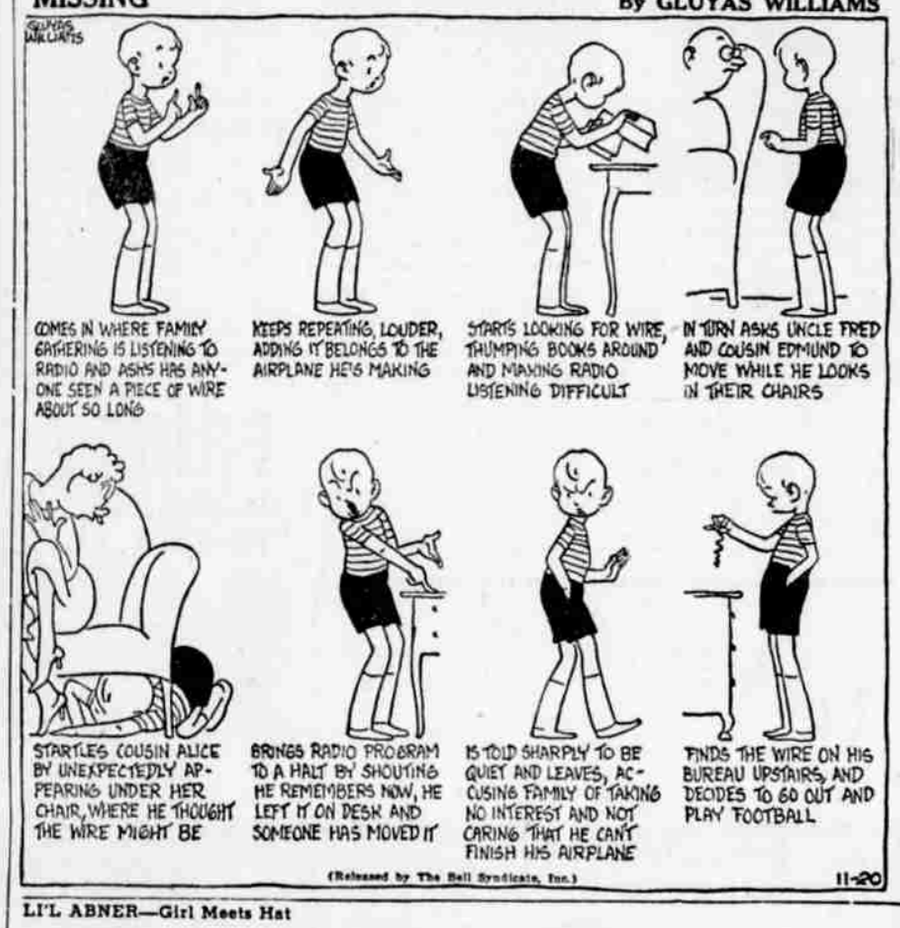
JAPANESE DIET SPEECH WITHHELD FROM PUBLIC

Tokyo, Nov. 20.—(AP)—A diet member's speech which was banned for publication and declared "improper for this session" leg yesterday to the member's resignation and created a sensation in the extraordinary session of Japan's parliament.

No hint of the speech's contents was permitted to reach the public.

MISSING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

ICECAPADE

Attempting to put a 50-pound block of ice into his home refrigerator, Carl Petersen lost control and dropped the chunk on his foot. The blow broke three toes.

HIGH FLYERS

The turbo-supercharger enables bombers to fly at heights ranging above 40,000 feet and thus escape anti-aircraft fire and fighter planes not equipped to reach such altitudes. The device was developed over a period of 25 years, dating from World war I, and was the original invention of Dr. Sanford A. Moss, General Electric engineer.

Tomorrow: Bull Derby!

LI'L ABNER—Girl Meets Hat

By AL CAPP

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Storm Clouds Ahead!

By HAL FORREST

THE NEBBS—The Customer Is Always Wrong

By SOL HESS