THE PHONE BOOTH MURDER

by Phoebe Atwood Taylor

YESTERDAY, Asey Mayo is the famous Cape Cod detective, but tonight he is merely helping Jennie deliver some clams her husband dug. Asey had a lot of trouble reaching the Whale Inn, and when he and Jennie finally got there, the place was deserted. At least there was no living person around — but when Jennie looked in the phone booth, there was a corpse sitting on the little chair.

Chapter Four

Nickel In Her Hand

"JENNIE, hold that candelabra thing high, an' hold it straight, an' don't sob so! This is the strangest business I ever—"

"It's terrible, Asey," Jennie said. "Look, there's a stain on the back of her coat, see it? Somebody shot her, Asey!"

"Uh-huh, I know it. Shot her in the back. An' someone's trod on her glasses. The rim's all bent. But, Jennie, I still—"

"There a nickel in her right hand!" Jennie interrupted. "She was goin' to phone, an' someone come in here an' killed her. That's why there isn't anybody here! Everyone's run away!"

The furrow between Asey's eyes deepened.

"Jennie, put that candle thing on the table, an' bring the rest of the candles over here. This is just plain strange. Did you see that little sedan outside anywhere when we come? I don't remember it."

"My mind wasn't on cars when we come here," Jennie returned. "My mind was on clams. I wouldn't have noticed a dozen cars. I s'pose hers is parked around toward the back somewheres. It must be."

Asey turned around and stood framed in the closet doorway as Je...ie brought over a third candelabrum and set it on the table.

"Know what I think?" he said. "I think this must be that woman's twin. I don't think this is the same woman we seen. I'm almost positive sure it can't be her, Jennie."

"That so?" Jennie said. "Well, you take a look at the initials on that bag. O.E.B. The woman at the red lights had initials on her pocketbook with the white stitchin', an' they was O.E.B., too! I near twisted my neck out of joint tryin' to see what they was without gettin' rained on. I thought of twins right away when I opened that closet door, bu when I seen them initials on that bag, I knew it was the same one."

Asey leaned against the door jamb and looked again at the slumped figure in the closet, and tried to conjure up a mental picture of the slight figure under the umbrella. He could remember her voice. It was a little breathless, but low and firm and as determined as Jennie's had been.

He remembered what she said to the soldier with the red lantern when she urged him to let her pass the four corners intersection. It was a condensed, logical appeal with no touch of emotionalism like Jennie's frenzied exhortations about the imperative need for delivering her husband's clams.

And Asey could remember the rain pouring off her umbrella in a series of little jetting streams, and her quick impulsive gesture as she extended her umbrella toward Jennie.

Vaguely, he remembered her tweed coat. But other than the fact that she seemed adequately clad, Asey could recall nothing personal about her at all.

But women noticed things, personal things, about other women, and Jennie's power of observing insignificant detail was nothing short of phenomental. Jennie could tell unerringly what dress a member of the Sewing Circle wore to a meeting the week before Christmas. She could remember, item by item, the menus of dinners she had eaten twenty years ago, just how everything was cooked, and just what the pattern was of the plates they had been served in. She remembered how furniture was placed, and what flowers grew in what spot in people's gardens.

And when she was confronted by a strange woman, Jennie's observational powers reached heights.

In short, Jennie was probably not mistaken.

"Except," Asey said, "there's one thing. Her shoes, Jennie. That's the rub. She's dry! Her shoes an' stockin's an' all!"

"Nylon stockin's," Jennie said promptly. "They dry in two shakes. An' when I said to her that we'd probably both catch our death of cold from wet feet, she said she was lucky enough to have a dry pair of shoes in her car. Said she'd picked 'em up from the cobbler's this afternoon. An' the tweed in her coat's most likely been waterproofed by that process they have. Like Syl's Mackinaw. It never even gets damp. I tell you, Asey, it's her an' no mistake about it! It's her! I know—"

The Chase

SHE broke off suddenly, and when she spoke again Asey could barely hear her husky whisper.

"Asey, you hear that noise?"

"Noise? I hear rain, an' gutters gurglin'," Asey said.

"I don't mean that. I mean outside. Listen. Someone's out there on those front steps! Don't twist around an' look, just you listen!"

Asey listened.

"I can't hear a thing, Jennie," he said at last. "I think it's just your imagination. An' I'll grant you," he added, "that this's enough to set anyone's imagination leapin' around in circles. I still—"

From the steps outside there came a thud and a raitle, and then smaller rattles, and finally a good-sized bang.

"There was someone!" Jennie said. "He's knocked over a bucket of clams!"

Asey raced for the door.

There was no one in sight, but he could hear the sound of footsteps pounding around the side of the Inn.

Disregarding Jennie's plaintive protests that she didn't want to be left alone in that place, Asey promptly set off in pursuit.

He followed the sound of the footsteps as they crunched along the Inn's neavily graveled driveway, and swung off to the right when they did. For a moment the noise of the rain and the wind drowned them out, but then he heard crackling sounds, as if someone had plunged into a pile of branches, so he set off again.

That was just what had happened, he told himself as he ran toward the continued snapping. is fellow had slammed into a brush pile, and now he was foundering his way through.

Asey lengthened his stride, and almost at once fell headlong into a puddle.

Picking himself up, he shook t . water off his coat, brushed the mud from his chin, and listened.

From somewhere behind him, a Quisset church bell began to peal out urgently, completely drowning out any other possible sounds.

Asey wiped his face with a muddy handkerchief and waited for the bell to stop. Then he realized that the bell was signaling, four long peals and two short ones. That meant that the Quisset Fire Department, unable to use its regular siren with the electric current off, was utilizing the church bell to call its members, and tell them where the blaze was.

And, Asey thought, if he knew anything about fire departments, that bell would be rung until every last man jack in the department had phoned in that he was on the way.

Footsteps

WITH a shrug, Asey turned back toward the Inn. It was pretty much of a wild-goose chase anyway, this was, and he shouldn't have left Jennie there all alone. At least he should have waited long enough to tell her to phone Hanson of the state police and report this business.

The bell finally stopped, as he strode along, and at once he heard footsteps, very near and moving toward him.

Swinging around, Asey dashed for the person, who nimbly ducked and raced away.

And again the church bell started ringing, a carefree, concerted pealing which Asey diagnosed either as Quisset's "All Out" or its "False Alarm" signal. There was no doubt, in any event, but what the fire department meant everyone within a radius of ten miles to know that the situation was under control.

He was glad for Quisset, but under the circumstances he couldn't have followed the sound of a scissors-grinder with a bell.

"Huh!" Asey said aloud, and marched for the Inn.

For his part, he couldn't imagine why anyone should be sneaking around the front door of the Whale Inn, anyway. A person who belonged there would have entered without any preliminary lurking. Conversely a person who didn't belong there, and had designs on the silver, say, would hardly reconnoiter around the front door. And, finally, anyone involved with the shooting of the woman in the telephone booth would, if he had any sense, stay away from the place.

He was so busy thinking about the Inn, the prowler, and the woman in the telephone booth that it didn't dawn on Asey for some time that, in spite of his being constantly in motion, he didn't appear to be reaching the Inn.

He stopped and looked around him.

There were no lights to be seen, anywhere. No houses, not even a tree, loomed in the rain.

Asey sighed.

It had been many years since he'd been forced to use a compass on Cape Cod, but he had to admit the need of one now. He was lost.

He fished around in his breast-pocket for a full minute before he remembered that he wasn't wearing his everyday clothes or carrying his big old-fashioned watch with the compass face.

"Oh, well," Asey murmured wearily, and turned to the right. Qu....., was a small village, but it wasn't so small that you could lose touch with it entirely in such a brief tramp.

He walked on, sloshed through a small brook, and then, ahead, he saw someone duck nimbly behind a pine tree.

He was just gathering himself together to lung forward and grab the man, when the man lunged first and grabbed Asey.

To be continued

Manufacture of chemicals, including coal tar products, industrial chemicals, such as carbide, sodium, and magnesium metals, and like products, is now nearly a billion dollar annual industry, according to the census bureau. More than 60,000 people are employed in the industry and the annual payroll is over $100,000,000. Such chemicals are produced in 543 factories.

A typist, copying names at the rate of one every five seconds, would require over 50 years to copy the names in the census list of nearly 132,000,000 persons.

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Time Shown Is PST

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.

Saturday

5:00 p. m.—Ran Wilde's Orch., KGO, KEX; Music of the Americas, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Sports Story, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

5:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Boy Meets Band, KGO, KEX; News Review, KNX, KSL; News, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Your Hit Parade, KSL; Barn Dance, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Message of Israel, KGO, KEX; Hi, Neighbor, KNX, KOIN; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Frank Black Presents, KJR, KEX; Sports, KOIN, KNX.

7:00 p. m.—Hemisphere Review, KGO, KEX, KJR; Sports Newsreel, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

7:30 p. m.—Grand Ole Opry, KPO, KGW, KOMO; University Explorer, KGO, KEX, KJR; Dr. Pepper Parade, KNX; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; American Challenge, KSL.

8:00 p. m.—Bishop and the Gargoyle, KGO, KJR, KEX; Truth or Consequences, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Guy Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.

8:30 p. m.—Knickerbocker Playhouse, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Spin and Win, KGO, KJR, KEX; Hobby Lobby, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

9:00 p. m.—News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Paul Whiteman's Orch., KGO, KEX; Your Hit Parade, KNX, KOIN; Serenade, KJR; Sports, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—The Edwards, KGO, KEX; Best of the Week, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KSL, KJR.

10:00 p. m.—Two Round Jamboree, KGO, KJR, KEX; Larry Carr, KOMO; News, KGW, KNX, KOIN, KPO; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Two Round Jamboree, KGO, KJR; Reid Tanner's Orch., KSL; The Quiet Hour, KEX; People's Platform, KNX; World Today, KOIN; Bob McGrew's Orch., KOMO; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Frances Weiner, KPO, KGW; Martha Mears, KSL, KOIN; Carl Ravazza's Orch., KJR, KEX; News, KNX; The Quiet Hour, KEX; Reveries, KOMO.

LICENSE DRAWING SET

Salem, Nov. 21.—(AP)—The annual drawing for the first 100 of the 1942 automobile license plates will be held at 10:30 a. m. Friday, Secretary of State Earl Snell said today. About 25,000 applications will be in the drawing.

CORVALLIS WILL BUY 499 ACRES FOR PORT

Corvallis, Ore., Nov. 21.—(AP) The city council has authorized purchase of 499 acres three and one-half miles south of here at $75 an acre for a municipal airport.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

BULL DERBY

The Island of Madura, with a population of about 2,000,000, lies just off Java and is a part of the Dutch East Indies. In the famed bull races, usually held in the fall, the owner of the animals acts as his own "jockey." Large amounts are wagered on the outcome of these contests.

PARLIAMENT ECLIPSE

Because Parliament would not agree with him on the policy of certain tax levies, Charles I dissolved the body and it did not meet again for 11 years. This is the longest period in English history in which a Parliament did not meet!

SUNDAY: First Armored Car!

LI'L ABNER—Lover's Lament!! By AL CAPP

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Danger Below! By HAL FORREST

THE NEBBS—A Good Idea By SOL HESS