

THE PHONE BOOTH MURDER

by Phoebe Atwood Taylor

YESTERDAY: What started out to be a clam-delivering expedition for Asay Mayo, the Cape Cod detective, has turned into a murder case. Asay and Jennie found a corpse in the phone booth at the deserted Whale Inn, and then Jennie heard steps on the porch and Asay took out after a man he could not see. Now the man has Asay covered, and Asay is a much puzzled detective.

Chapter Five

A Girl Shows Up

NO CHICKENS tonight, brother! The man's flashlight found Asay's face. "No more free chickens for you out of my coop—say, you, what's your name?" "Mayo," Asay said. "I'll admit to trespassing, mister, but I ain't after your chickens. I'm just trying to find my way—"

"I knew who you was! Asay Mayo! Knew you in a minute! Say, you don't remember me, do you?" "Considerin'," Asay said, "that I can't see your face, no."

The man obligingly swung the flashlight so that it illuminated his long, narrow, clean-shaven face and his shining bald head, on the side of which a blue knitted cap perched cockily.

ed as he strode through a series of puddles, to renew old friendships, even if he had the faintest idea who the man might be. Never, to the best of his knowledge, had he ever seen this hearty, bald person before in his life.

Before he reached the inn, the electric current returned to Quisset. The street lights came on, the church spire on the main street revealed itself in a glow of floodlights, and somewhere a thwarted clock chimed twenty-two before someone mercifully put a stop to it.

The rain even began to let up as he turned into the inn's driveway, past the little whale-shaped light Jennie had mentioned. Not that the rain's stopping would make any difference now to his thoroughly saturated, best gray suit. Asay thought, as he passed Syl's truck and briskly mounted the steps.

He was prepared and ready for one of Jennie's more vehement onslaughts, for a torrent of slightly querulous questions as to where he had been anyway, and what he'd been doing, and why on earth he'd dared to leave her alone so long in that place.

But Jennie wasn't in the living room.

Softly shaded electric lamps were burning, the candles and candelabra were back in their proper places, the telephone closet door was closed.

But there was no sign of Jennie.

It illuminated his long, narrow, clean-shaven face.

"There!" the man said. "I guess you remember me now, all right! Well, well, Asay! I always meant to get over to see you since I settled here, but I don't get much of a chance to get away very often."

He paused. "I guess you know my wife."

"No, 'frail I don't," Asay gently eased himself from the man's grasp.

"If you did, you'd understand—say, come along to my shed. That's where I spend my spare time when I'm not workin' my fingers to the bone. You know, I always thought some day you'd turn up like this."

Asay chuckled.

"I don't think," he said, "I ever turned up like this before anywhere, least of all in Quisset. Except for drivin' up the main street, I don't ever see much of the town. Say, where's the Whale Inn?"

"Down the line," the man pointed with his flashlight. "This is all my land here. I'm doing pretty well, Asay. Own place, own garden, own chickens—say, I thought you were the fellow that's been swimpin' 'em. What do you know about that? The shed's this way. Come over an' dry out an' let's have a chat about old times. Certainly can't beat the old days!"

Taking Asay's arm, he propelled him toward the shed, happily repeating his conviction that nothing was like the old days.

"I'd like nothin' better than to chat with you," Asay said, "some time. But—"

"What's the matter with right now?"

"Wa-el," Asay said, "right now I got some pressin' business I got to get along to. So—"

"No time like the present!" the man said. "After not seeing me for thirty years, you certainly got a few minutes to talk over old times with me, or you're not the man I take you for! Come on!"

No Jennie

ASEY had a sudden inspiration.

"Listen!" he said. "Hear that? I think I do hear someone after your chickens! You go that way an' I'll go this way an' head him off!"

"Take my flash," the man pressed it into Asay's hand. "I got a little twenty-two here, and if you'll locate him, I'll scare him off for good with a pot shot!"

"Give me time, now!" Asay said. He waited until the man had hurried away, and then he proceeded in the direction of the inn.

This was no time, Asay reflect-

In two strides Asay crossed the room and yanked open the door of the phone closet.

He breathed a sigh of relief as he closed the door.

The body was still there, anyway!

"May I help you?"

Asay pivoted around so quickly that he nearly lost his balance.

Newcomer

OVER in the far corner of the room, her head and shoulders just visible behind the cupboard shelf where the inn telephone and register rested, was a pleasant-looking, dark-haired girl.

"May I help you?" the girl repeated, and stood up.

Her rose-colored linen dress was crisp, the girl herself was completely poised and unruffled. She neither looked nor sounded as if she had any inkling of the presence of that slumped-over figure in the telephone closet across the room.

The girl cleared her throat and spoke a little louder.

"May I help you? May I direct you anywhere?"

The infection of her voice suggested that directing Asay to two other places would be the only possible help she could offer him.

Asay removed from his head the soaked, shapeless thing which had, until recently, been his best gray hat.

"Perhaps," he said, "you could direct me to my Cousin Jennie."

"Does she live in Quisset?" the girl said. "If she does, and you'll tell me her full name, I'd be glad to look her up in the telephone book for you."

Asay half-learned and half-sat on a corner of the center table and looked curiously at the girl.

The best actress in the world, if she had seen or come in contact with Jennie Mayo, couldn't pretend otherwise. Jennie wasn't a person you passed over lightly. And the best actress in the world, if she knew of that body in the closet, couldn't pretend otherwise. That body was something else you didn't pass over lightly.

"Now, I sort of wonder," Asay said aloud, "how this all transpires. D'you mind telling me who you are, and how long you've been here?"

"My name is Doane," the girl said. "My mother, Mrs. Doane, manages this inn. It's the Whale Inn, by the way, and I rather think it's not the place you're looking for. You want the Commercial House, don't you?"

To be continued.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:
Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALE (NBS) 1230, Portland.
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland.
KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1510, Spokane.
KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco.
KGO (NBC-Red) 620, Portland.
KJR (NBC-Blue) 1000, Seattle.
KJW (NBC-Red) 1070, Los Angeles.
KOA (NBC-Red) 850, Denver.
KOLN (CBS) 970, Portland.
KOMO (NBC-Red) 950, Seattle.
KPO (NBC-Red) 680, San Francisco.
KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Sunday

5:00 p. m.—Edgar Bergen, KPO, KGO, KGO, Blue Echoes, KGO, KEX, Columbia Workshop, KXN, KSL, KOIN, Gospel Clinic, KJR.
5:30 p. m.—Moyd Wright, KJR, KEX; One Man's Family, KPO, KGO, KGO, Spelling Bee, KXN; Musical Highlights, KGO; Castles in the Air, KOIN; Off the Record, KSL.
6:00 p. m.—Sunday Evening Hour, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Granddaddy and His Pals, KGO, KJR; Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KGO, KGO.
6:30 p. m.—Bookman's Notebook, KGO; American Album of Familiar Music, KPO, KGO, KGO; News, KEX; Conf. of Jews and Christians, KJR.
7:00 p. m.—Hour of Charm, KPO.

KOMO, KOW: Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR; Take it or Leave it, KXN, KSL, KOIN.
7:30 p. m.—Helen Hayes, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, KPO, KOW, KGO.
8:00 p. m.—Crime Doctor, KXN, KOIN; Vera Vague, KPO, KOW, KGO; Inner Sanctum, KEX, KJR, KGO, News, KSL.
8:30 p. m.—Jack Benny, KGO, KEX, KJR; I Was There, KXN, KOIN; Beau Soir Musicals, KGO; Highway Night Express, KGO; Etchings in Brass, KPO.
9:00 p. m.—Walter Winchell, KPO, KGO, KOW; Irene Rich, KGO, KJR, KEX; Hollywood Playhouse, KXN; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; String Ensemble, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—News, KJR; Highway Night Express, KEX; Menorah Book of Melodies, KGO; Quiz of Two Cities, KGO, KOW; Baker Theater, KOIN; Regal Ramblings, KPO; Sunday Evening on Temple Square, KSL.
10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOW, KGO; Screen Guild Theater, KXN; Alvino Rey's Orch., KGO, KEX, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Shining Hour, KJR; Salton Orch., KSL.
10:30 p. m.—Paul Whiteman's Orch., KGO; Dance Orch., KXN, KOIN; Amen Corner, KEX; Sabbath Services, KSL.
11:00 p. m.—Bill Clifford's Orch., KEX; Ken Stevens, KOIN, KSL; Strings That Sing, KPO, KGO; News, KXN, KSL, KOIN.

Monday
5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KEX, KJR; Vox Pop, KSL, KOIN; Stars of Today, KOW; Jane Arden, KPO; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.
5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KEX, KJR; Cocktail Hour, KGW; Bill Henry, KXN; Scattergood Baines, KOIN; November Overcasters, KGO; Waltz Rhythm, KPO; Voices of Yesterday, KSL.
6:00 p. m.—Radio Theater, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Dr. I. Q. Jim McGeehan, KPO, KOW, KGO; Secret City, KGO, KEX; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—For America We Sing, KGO, KEX; That Brewster Boy, KPO, KGO, KOW; Tropical Moods, KJR.
7:00 p. m.—Mercury Theater, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Monday Merry-Go-Round, KEX, KJR; Contested Hour, KPO, KOW, KGO.
7:30 p. m.—Cavalade of America, KPO, KOW, KGO; Blondie, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Greater Washington Hour, KJR.
8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KOW, KGO; Herbert Marshall, KGO, KJR, KEX.
8:15 p. m.—Lanny Ross, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Lum and Abner, KPO, KOW, KGO; Gay Nineties Revue, KXN, KSL, KOIN.

8:00 p. m.—Telephone Hour, KPO, KOW, KOW; True or False, KGO, KJR, KEX; Vox Pop, KXN; News, KOIN; Sports, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Hawthorne House, KPO, KOW, KGO; Hollywood Showcase, KXN, KOIN; Nat'l Radio Forum, KGO; News, KSL, KJR; Moonlight Sonata, KEX.
10:00 p. m.—Paul Whiteman's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KOW, KGO; Masterworks of Music, KEX, News, KXN; Five Star Final, KOIN.
10:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KGW, KGO, KOW; Alvino Rey's

Orch., KJR; John Sullivan's Orch., KSL; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Ed Masterworks of Music, KXN; The World Today, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO.
11:00 p. m.—Bob Bradley, KSL, KOIN; String Serenade, KPO, KOW; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KXN; Beveries, KOW.

KLAMATH SHIVERS IN YEAR'S RECORD COLD

Klamath Falls, Nov. 21.—(AP)—A temperature of 18 degrees card.

recorded here this morning was the lowest for all of 1941 according to the official weather bureau. The reading at Chemult, 80 miles north of here was 10 degrees.
Gulfport, Miss., Nov. 21.—(AP)—An American-born German with a swastika and the word Hitler tattooed across his chest was charged here today with violating the selective service act by not having a registration

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



GRANDFATHER OF THE ARMORED CAR!
"SADLER'S FLYING ARTILLERY"—A WAR CHARIOT MOUNTED WITH 2 3-POUNDER GUNS...INVENTED IN ENGLAND, 1799...

MUSICAL TEETH!
FOR 4 MONTHS AFTER HAVING DENTAL WORK DONE, MRS. FRED STUTZ, INDIANAPOLIS, COULD HEAR RADIO PROGRAMS WITHOUT HAVING THE RADIO TURNED ON! HER TEETH FORMED A RECEIVING SET...

NILFRED HETZEL SHOT 66 STRAIGHT BASKETBALL FOUL SHOTS FROM HIS KNEES! Howard Lake, Minn., 1940...

TWO SPECIES OF U.S. FIR TREES PRODUCE CORK! (Cork-bark fir—Douglas fir)

DENTAL RECEPTION
Shortly after having some dental work done, Mrs. Stutz was riding in the car with her husband and heard faint music. She asked him if the car radio was turned on, and he replied that she must be "hearing things." Switching on the set she was surprised to hear a selection being played that was identical to the one heard without benefit of radio! This condition lasted about four months, during which Mrs. Stutz often heard faint music and occasionally, voices. Another routine visit to the dentist destroyed the self-contained receiving set! Mrs. Stutz has no explanation of the phenomenon.
MONDAY: Golden Stool of Ashanti!

By AL CAPP

LAST MINUTE PHONE CALL

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FOLLOWS WIFE OUT OF HOUSE, ARGUING WHOSE FAULT IT IS THEY'RE GOING TO BE LATE

SDOPS SHORT AS HE HEARS TELEPHONE RING

SDOPS ARGUING WHETHER HIS PHONE, THE PEOPLE'S NEXT DOOR, OR IN THE HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET

DECIDES HIS TEETH AND RUSHES BACK, SEEMING TO BE ALL THUMBS AS HE TRIES TO GET FRONT-DOOR KEY OUT

GETS DOOR OPEN AT LAST AND DARTS IN, TRYING TO GET TO PHONE BEFORE IT SDOPS RINGING!

CALLS TO WIFE IT'S FOR HER, WIFE BY NOW BEING OUT OF EARSHOT HAS HUNG UP

RUSHES OUT TO SIDE-WALK AND CALLS HER BACK, WIFE GETTING TO PHONE JUST AFTER PARTY HAS HUNG UP

FOLLOWS HER OUT OF HOUSE AGAIN, ARGUING WHOSE FAULT IT IS THEY'RE GOING TO BE LATER THAN EVER

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

LIT ABNER—Social Lion!



I'M ABOUT TO PRESENT YOU TO PRINCESS NO-NO! SHE'S ACCUSTOMED TO ONLY THE FINEST SOCIETY AND SO I WANT YOU TO BE WITTY AND CHARMING!!

OH, YAS'-M! ALL BE WITTY AN' CHARMIN'! THASS EASY FO' ME!-

PRINCESS! MAY I PRESENT MY NEPHEW, MR. YOKUM!

HOWDY, YO' HONOR, WAL'-IT'LL SHORE BE A NICE DAY, EF IT DON'T RAIN CATS AN' HAWKS!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Baiting the Trap!



U.S. ARMY AMPHIBIO TO S.S. BARDOO... WE NEED PETROL... WILL YOU STAND BY TO REFUEL US, PLEASE?

WE CANNOT STOP, OR WE SHALL MISS OUR RENDEZVOUS WITH THE RAIDERS V-X WHICH WE MUST REFUEL TONIGHT! TELL THEM NO!

IN THE RADIO ROOM OF THE STEAMER IS TOMMY'S OLD ENEMY, BARON VON HOPSEIG, A BLACK PATCH OVER ONE EYE AS A SOUVENIR OF HIS ESCAPE FROM HIS EXPLODED YACHT



RECKON A'LL GO UPSTAIRS, TAKE MAH SHOES OFF AN' STICK MAH FEET OUT TH' WINDOW 'T'COOL 'EM OFF!

OH-HOW CHARMING HIS RUSTIC WIT IS!!

(SHE'S MISTAKING HIS UNCOMFORTING FOR WIT AND CHARM!—I'M SO RELIEVED!)

Y-YES-HE HAS A FINE HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS!

UM-M! HASN'T HE?-

By HAL FORREST



CAPT. TOMMY TOMKINS FIN U.S. ARMY AMPHIBIO... DID YOU GET MY CALL?... COME ON IN, S.S. BARDOO

EH?...?? CAPTAIN TOMKINS?!!!!

WAIT!...TELL HIM, YESS... TO LAND! A-HA!... AT LAST THAT MEDDLESOME YANKEE FLYER, WHO FRUSTRATED MY PLANS AT BERNADO, IS ABOUT TO BE DELIVERED INTO MY HANDS!

By SOL HESS

THE NEBBS—Bad News



IT NOW SEEMS THAT EMMA NOT ONLY SPRAINED HER BACK CRAWLING UNDER THE SIDEWALK BUT SHE ALSO CONTRACTED A SEVERE COLD THAT MIGHT PROVE A BIT SERIOUS.

MISS GRUNTLEY I'VE BEEN SENT HERE TO EXAMINE YOU PROFESSIONALLY TO DETERMINE YOUR CONDITION

I DIDNT SEND FOR NO DOCTOR AINT I GOT EXPENSE ENOUGH I MAYBE GOT TO PAY \$4.50 FOR REPAIRING THE SIDEWALK!

THIS WONT BE NO EXPENSE TO YOU... MR. NEBB CARRIES OCCUPATIONAL INSURANCE WHICH COVERS ALL HIS HELP FOR ACCIDENTS OR SICKNESS

WELL, IF IT'S FOR NOTHING I DONT HAVE TO BE PARTICULAR WHAT YOU KNOW, BUT YOU DONT LOOK SO HEALTHY YOURSELF

GLUB! MOAN...

NOW, MISS GRUNTLEY TAKE A DEEP BREATH...AS I THOUGHT IT SOUNDS LIKE GEARS THAT DONT MESH, YOU HAVE TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL... YOU NEED THAT CARE...YOU CANT BE LEFT ALONE

TRAGEDY

Camas, Wash., Nov. 22.—(AP)—Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Newman returned from a neighbor's last night to find their home in flames and their two children suffocated.

COW SHOW CLOSED

San Francisco, Nov. 22.—(AP)—The Grand National Livestock Exposition's eight-day stand at the \$2,500,000 "cow palace" closed tonight in a final flurry of horse show and rodeo competition.

CEMETERY URGED

Washington, Nov. 22.—(AP)—Passage of a bill authorizing the war department to buy, construct and maintain a national cemetery near Portland was urged by Rep. Angell (R-Ore.) yesterday.

PINE ORDERS DROP

Portland, Nov. 22.—(AP)—The order file shrunk to 63,431,000 board feet during the week ending November 15, the Western Pine Association reported today.

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