# THE PHONE BOOTH MURDER

by Phoebe Atwood Taylor

Chapter 18

**About Guns**

ASEY shook his head.

"This model she was tryn' to walk off with," he said, "is a twenty-two, Jennie. It's a Colt. It's what they call a Sports Model Woodsman, an' it's the gun that was on the floor when we first found her in the phone booth. To judge from that wound, I'd say, off-hand, that this Miss Olive was shot with a twenty-two, an' it seems's if this ought to be the one someone used."

"Well, for land's sakes, ain't it?"

"Wa-el," Asey said, "the gun I seen Washy stick into his hip pocket might be the twin of this one, Jennie. I know for sure that's a twenty-two, because when I run into him out in the woods, he spoke about takin' a pot shot at a chicken thief with his little twenty-two. An' Mrs. Clutterfield's chauffeur said that washy'd been target shootin' around reckless this evenin'. Maybe Mrs. Doane thought this gun was her husband's. I don't know. What the average woman thinks about guns is somethin' I never been able to understand much. They don't seem to realize that guns ain't like cups an' saucers, somethin' you can shift around an' nobody be the wiser. No matter how much you try to shift guns around, the truth comes out in the wash, anyway."

"What you mean?"

"As soon as Doc Cummings gets here an' gets his part over with, we'll put Hanson's experts to work on the gun situation," Asey said. "If there was a dozen twenty-twos lyin' loose around this inn, they could tell you in no time just which one of 'em the bullet was fired from that killed her."

"I see," Jennie said dubiously. "I see. 'What's keepin' that daughter, I wonder? You suppose Mrs. Doane's primin' her, maybe?"

Asey shrugged.

"Seems to me," Jennie went on, "she'd ought to have been around. Seems to me someone must have been around this place this evening'! Miss Olive was at the four corners a little before six. 'Bout ten of six or so. She was here, dead, when we come at six. I do keep thinkin' someone ought to have been here, Asey. What about dinner? Wasn't anybody goin' to eat dinner here?"

"Apparently not, near as I can make out," Asey said. "From what I gathered up here an' there, Mrs. Clutterfield got sore because there might not be clams—Mrs. Doane had doubts about you gettin' 'em here, I guess—an' so she flounced off to the club. Rankin come back with Judge Houghton, so I gather he had dinner with him. I s'pose with her migraine, Mrs. Hingham wasn't going to dine. But Washy was here, shootin' his little twenty-two. An' Mrs. Clutterfield's chauffeur come back for her dress. An' this girl Freddy told me was there in the livin' room all the time from three o'clock on, but I'm inclined to think she meant she was there all the time except when she was somewheres else. Jennie, want to help me out?"

"'Course, if I can."

**Errand for Jennie**

"WHILE I'm busy with the doc, an' Hanson, an' odds an' ends, will you linger around Washy an' Mrs. Doane? Particularly her. Notice anythin' they keep you from seein', or lookin' at. Act just as little like a business woman as she thinks you are."

"That won't be hard," Jennie said.

"Uh-huh," Asey said. "Well, don't be too dumb, but don't be terrible bright, either. An' for the love of Pete, don't dicker with her!"

Jennie looked at him curiously for a moment.

"You're lots more suspicious about her than you was, Assey. I can tell by the sound of your voice. You are, ain't you?"

"Wa-el," Asey said, "in a sort of way, yes. You remember when we was waitin' for the Army column at the four corners? When you barged out to talk to the soldier with the lantern, I sat there in the truck an' watched that big sign on the opposite corner. It was one of those neon jiggers that flashes red an' then white, an' then sort of dances, an' makes a figure."

"What of it?"

"That," Asey said, "was Joe's gas station."

Jennie gave a little squeal.

"It was? Why—yes, I remember, now! The 'J' blinked all the time. Why, Asey, if she was waitin' there! Why—she might have seen Miss Olive! Maybe she hailed her! Maybe, after Miss Olive drove across, after the trucks jammed up, maybe Miss Olive picked her up an' brought her here! Why, Asey, it sort of takes my breath away!"

"It does sort of open up new vistas, don't it?" Asey agreed. "Well, you pop inside, Jennie, an' chase that girl out here, an' 'start in with your eye-peelin'."

"Huh!" Jennie said. "I'll eye-peel, all right!"

The door had scarcely closed beind her when Asey heard the scrunch of gravel as a car rolled up the driveway.

Stepping off the porch, Asey looked around the side of the ell.

It was Hanson and Rankin, getting out of a large, red, grocery supply truck, which backfired several times, then lurched around the turntable and drove away.

Asey whistled to them, and chuckled as he saw them look at each other meaningly before they strolled over to him.

"Mr. Mayo, I presume?" Rankin inquired. "Er—remember us?"

"I'm sorry," Asey said. "I had to see a fat lady about a dead goat Hanson, Jennie found the body. Come take a look."

Rankin nearly fell off the porch when Hanson's flashlight illuminated the face of the woman under the Boston rocker.

"It's Miss Olive!" he cried. "I thought of everyone else at the Inn, but I never even considered Miss Olive! Mayo, this is ghastly!"

"Who is she?" Hanson demanded.

"She's a schoolteacher," Rankin still sounded dazed. "Miss Olive. Miss Olive Beadle. She comes from somewhere around Boston. One of the Newtons, I think. She stays here at the Inn every summer. Has for years. Everybody in town knows Miss Olive. She's an institution here at the Inn."

"You never said a word about her when I asked you who was staying at the Inn!" Hanson said.

"I never thought of her! It's just as I told Mayo, just now! I never thought of her in connection with anything like this! Elissa, or her husband, or Lady Boop—yes! I could understand that! Particularly Elissa! But Miss Olive—why, I just can't believe this! What happened? Was she killed out here?"

"She was shot in the phone booth, in the livin' room," Asey said. "She was there when Jennie an' I first seen her."

**"They Don't Agree"**

"THE phone booth? Rankin sat down heavily on the step. "My God! I saw her go in there!"

"When?" Asey asked.

"I came down the stairs with her! She said she had to phone, and asked me if I had two nickels for a dime, and I did, and I gave 'em to her, and she went into the phone booth! My God!"

"What time was this?" Asey asked again.

"This afternoon—oh, half past four or quarter past four, some time around there. Freddy was there at the desk in the living room. I gave her the nickels and went on uptown—that was when she was killed, wasn't it, Mayo?"

"I don't think so," Asey said. "Jennie an' I both saw her at the four corners this evenin'. She was killed in the phone booth around six, I'd say. Then Mrs. Doane found the body an' moved it here."

"Mrs. Doane?" Rankin said. Mrs. D? She moved her- Is that how you lost the body? Mrs. Doane moved her? My God, I don't understand any of this! You mean, she really found the body, and she moved it?"

Asey's summary of the proceedings to date and the part that Mrs. Doane played was a marvel of brevity and conciseness.

"Say, I don't like this! Fanson said when he finished. "This don't look so hot to me! You say that chauffeur said he saw Mrs. Doane here when he came to get Mrs. Blutterfield's dress—"

"Clutterfield," Asey said.

"Well, whoever she is. And Mrs. Doane says she was at Joe's gas station—why, there's no reason why this Miss Olive might not have picked her up, right there! I bet you we'll find out the two of 'em had a quarrel, or a fight, or something! That's what I bet!"

"I bet you don't!" Rankin said. "I never knew Miss Olive to fight with anyone. And she's a particularly good friend of Mrs. D. In fact, I don't think I ever knew anyone to get along any better with Mrs. D."

Hanson shrugged.

"Well, if she was killed in the phone booth around six, let's round up all the people who were around then, Asey, and get towork. Ought to have been plenty of people around about that time."

"Uh-huh," Asey said. "Seems like there ought, don't it? But the place was empty, except for this Mrs. Higham, an't it took a whale of a lot of effort on Jennie's an' my part to drag her to the door of her room half an hour later. She was sick with migraine. An'—"

"I thought you understood Mayo," Rankin interrupted, "that Elissa's migraine was a fake."

"Well, if Mrs. Hingham was here, that gives us something to start with," Hannson said. "She'd ought to know something about this Miss Olive, and what went on."

Rankin smiled.

"If Elissa knows more than her name, or ever troubled to say more than 'Good mornin' to Miss Olive, I'll be very much surrpised," he said.

"They don't get along, huh?" Hanson asked quickly.

**To be continued**

# BEND MILL WAGE WALKOUT AT END

Bend, Dec. 8.—(AP)—Nearly 1000 CIO lumber workers accepted a compromise wage proposal Saturday ending a 10-day strike at the Brooks-Scanlon Lumber company.

The proposal, negotiated by a federal conciliator, offered a 2½-cent-an-hour wage increase and a week's paid vacation. The union had asked the vacation and a 7½-cent increase.

GIFTS FOR HIM
25c to $25
Barkers
Store for Men

## GALLS CREEK RANCHER BUYS 240-ACRE PLACE

Gold Hill, Dec. 8.—(Spl.)—James Estremado, Galls Creek rancher, has recently purchased the property known as the Sleepy Hollow ranch, from the Federal Land bank. The property is a 240-acre ranch located at the mouth of Sardine creek, across the railroad track from the Pacific highway. The Estremados plan on building a new home there in the near future.

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

## 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**

**Monday**

5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Vox Pop, KSL, KOIN; Adventure in Toyland, KEX; Stars of Today, KGW; Jane Arden, KOMO; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.

5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KEX, KJR; Cocktail Hour, KGW; Bill Henry, KNX; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; November Overcoaters, KOMO; Waltz Rhythm, KPO; Voices of Yesterday, KSL.

6:00 p. m.—Lux Radio Theater, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Dr. I. Q., Jim McClain, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Cinnamon Bear, KEX; Rose Resnick, KGO; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—For America We Sing, KGO, KEX; That Brewster Boy, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Best of the Week, KJR.

7:00 p. m.—Mercury Theater, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Monday Merry-Go-Round, KEX, KJR; Contented Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

7:30 p. m.—Cavalcade of America, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Modern Music, KEX; Greater Washington Hour, KJR.

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

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

8:30 p. m.—I Love a Mystery, KGO, KEX, KJR; Voice of Richard Crooks, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Gay Nineties Revue, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

9:00 p. m.—Telephone Hour, KPO, KOMO, KGW; True or False, KGO, KJR, KEX; Vox Pop, KNX; News, KOIN; Sports, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Hawthorne House, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Hollywood Showcase, KNX, KOIN; Nat'l Radio Forum, KGO; News, KSL, KJR; Moonlight Sonata, KEX.

10:00 p. m.—Henry Busse's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Masterworks of Music, KSL; News, KNX; Five Star Final, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Orch., KGW; Stanley Kenton's Orch., KJR; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Ran Wilde's Orch., KGO; The World Today, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Bob Bradley and Erwin Yeo, KSL, KOIN; String Serenade, KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KNX, KGO; Reveries, KOMO.

**Tuesday**

5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Are You a Missing Heir, KSL; Jane Arden, KOMO; Adventure in Toyland, KEX; News, KOIN; Stars of Today, KGW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.

5:30 p. m. News of the World, KGO, KJR, KEX; The Arkansas Traveler, KSL; Horace Heidt's Treasure Chest, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Today's Best Buys, KNX; Eyes of the World, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Burns and Allen, KPO, KGW, KOMO; We, the People, KSL; Anita Carol, KOIN; Cinnamon Bear, KEX; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR; Second Husband, KNX.

6:30 p. m.—Symphony Concert, KGO, KEX; Who, What, Where and Why, KNX, KOIN; Fibber McGee, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

7:00 p. m.—Bob Hope, KOMO, KGW, KPO; Glenn Miller's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN.

7:30 p. m.—Red Skelton, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Treasury Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; Second Husband, KSL.

8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

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

8:30 p. m. Johnny Presents, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Are You a Missing Heir, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL.

9:00 p. m.—We, the People, KOIN, KNX; Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Adventures of the Thin Man, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Sports, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Arkansas Traveler, KNX, KOIN; Mal Hallett's Orch., KGO; News, KJR, KSL; Moonlight Serenade, KEX.

10:00 p. m.—Ran Wilde's Orch., KGO, KEX; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Masterworks of Music, KSL; News, KNX; Five Star Final, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Tiny Hill's Orch., KSL; Charles Dant's Orch., KGW; Stanley Kenton's Orch., KGO, KJR; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX; The World Today, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Chuck Wagon Days, KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Ken Stevens and Edwin Yeo, KSL, KOIN; News, KNX; Reveries, KOMO.

Bighorn sheep prefer sweet mountain grasses and flowers and eat coarse food only when grasses are not available.

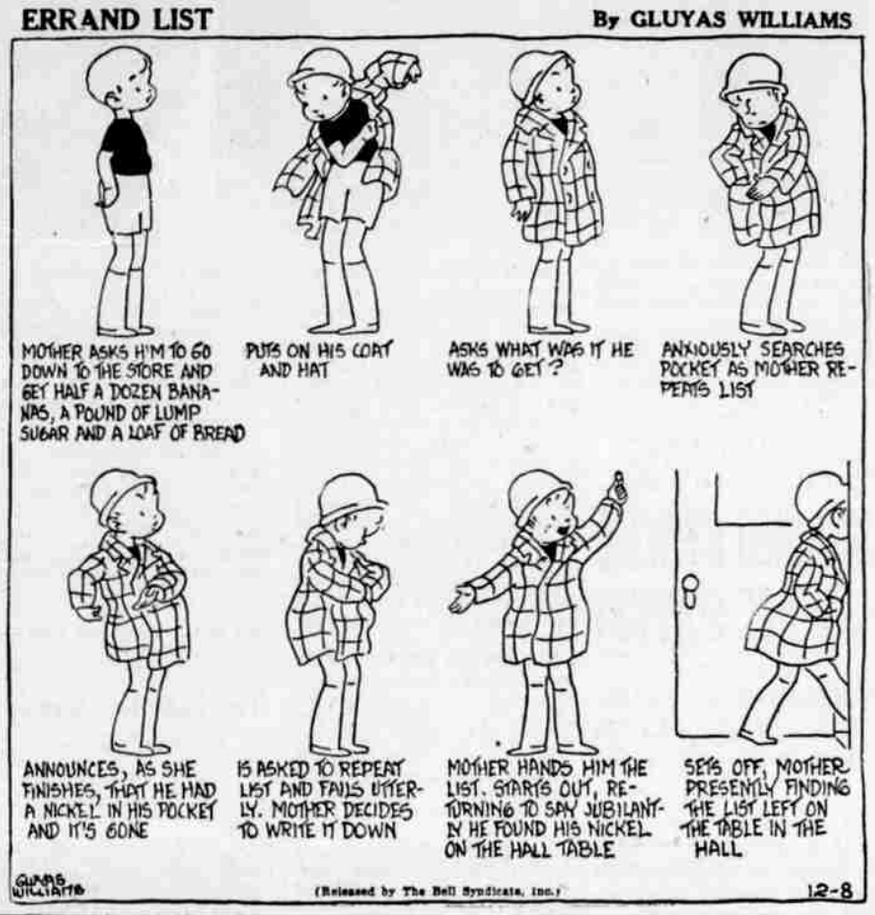
## ANNUAL BENEFIT DANCE AT GOLD HILL SATURDAY

Gold Hill, Dec. 8.—(Spl.)—The annual Christmas benefit dance will be sponsored by the Oddfellow lodge on December 20th. It is expected that tickets will be placed on sale soon, and music will be furnished by local talent, according to present plans.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## ERRAND LIST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS




## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

MONEY WINNER

Until 1933 the record made in 1885 by Fred Archer, English jockey, of 246 wins in one year was considered unbeatable. Then Gordon Richards, who had already chalked up 145 victories in 1931 and 190 by 1932, began to get up steam. By October 19, 1933, he had won 213, with 13 consecutive wins in three days! He had won the last two at Nottingham on October 3, all six at Chepstow on October 4, and then gone on to take the first five on the second day of the meet! With 36 racing days left in the year, he went on to top Archer's 48-year-old record by 13 wins—making 259 victories in all!

TOMORROW: Real Ship of the Deserti

LI'L ABNER—The Letter

By AL CAPP

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Into the Spider's Web!

By HAL FORREST

THE NEBBS—Going My Way?

By SOL HESS